

In War Time

CHINA



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IN WAR-TORN CHINA

MAJID KHAN

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GENERAL EDITOR
YUSUF MEHERALLY

IN WAR-TORN CHINA

BY

KAMALADEVI

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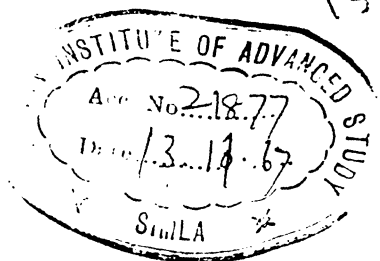
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THE AUTHOR

Shrimati Kamaladevi, nationally known writer speaker, political worker, is President-Elect of the All-India Women's Conference. She was in England when the present World War broke out. Earlier she had re-visited many of the countries of Europe and revived the contacts she had formed during previous visits. In October 1939, she crossed over to the United States of America and spent the next eighteen months there speaking to large audiences on India. On her way back, she stopped at various countries of the Far East and her impressions of China are embodied in the present work.

Kamaladevi has been to prison several times in the service of her country. She is one of the most prominent members of the All-India Congress Socialist Party.

P R E F A C E

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INTRODUCTION

BY THE EDITOR

This little book is an eye-witness account of War-Torn China written by one of the outstanding leaders of India's struggle for freedom. Shrimati Kamaladevi, at the conclusion of a prolonged world tour, spent several months in Japan, China and the other countries of the Far East, which have been so much in the newspaper headlines lately. Her style of writing is lively and chatty, and she manages to compress an amazing amount of information, enlivened by anecdote, into the following pages. During her visit, she met many distinguished leaders of China, including Marshal and Madame Chiang Kai Shek as also Dr. Wang Ching Wei, the head of the pro-Japanese Nanking Government. She visited a variety of institutions, studied the working of the Chinese Industrial Co-operatives which have so started the world, talked to the leaders of the New Life Movements and acquainted herself with various projects of social and cultural reconstruction now on the way. Her book is a good record of the temper of the Chinese people today. In the plethora of volumes recently published on China, Shrimati Kamaladevi's account will remain not only as a sincere and straightforward piece of reporting but will also find a place alike for the charm of her manner of reporting and the sympathy and insight she shows into the lives of the Chinese people.

INTRODUCTION

And her account is particularly timely now. For both China and India have been following each other's struggle for emancipation with increasing interest.

The points of comparison between the two countries are also numerous. Both are vast countries with huge populations. China's 460 millions and India's 400 millions, between them comprise 40 per cent. of the population of the world. Both are rich raw material producing countries with untapped and immeasurable potential resources; both have an immense home market; Western industrialism has met both with bayonet in hand; both have been victims of imperialism.

While the British succeeded in establishing their exclusive paramountcy over India. China became a prey to the aggressive attentions of the various "Great" Powers. Western Capitalism, frantically in search of new sources of raw materials, markets for manufactured goods and fruitful field for investment, cast greedy eyes on this vast country. It was their mutual jealousies alone that prevented a formal partition of China and resulted merely in her being split up into "spheres of influence."

Few countries indeed have faced such vicissitudes of fortune in recent years as China. The forties and the fifties of the nineteenth century were an eventful period in the Far East, when the gun-boats of the

"foreign devils" started vigorously intruding themselves into the lives of the people on the Pacific border. After the Scandal of the Opium Wars, Great Britain established herself at strategic points along the great Yangste river, in Tibet and other places. Russia occupied posts on the Manchurian, Mongolian and the Sinkiang borders; France grabbed Indo-China, while German bases of expansion started from the Shantung peninsula. Japan, a comparative late-comer at the imperialist table, tried to make up for lost time after her victory in the Sino-Japanese War of 1894-95.

The Celestial Empire seemed helpless before the organised might and the modern armaments of the West. The Boxer Rebellion was the last despairing effort to rid the country of the hated foreigner. Its failure imposed fresh burdens on the country. For its social effects one must read in a book like Lin Yu-tang's "A Moment in Peking."

The Sun Yat Sen Revolution started a new epoch in China. The Manchu Emperor was swept off the board of history. China was proclaimed a democratic republic. But her troubles only increased, for the rapacity of her rival landlords financed by different Western powers to keep the country in a state of chaos, took a heavy toll. Gradually consolidation came under the Kuomintang and Marshal Chiang Kai Shek but not without many ups and downs.

The movement of which Dr. Sun Yat Sen was the inspiring leader was every much more than a political

revolution. In its wake came the rebellion of Youth against the ancient code that barred the progress of modernity. Nowhere have students played such a decisive role in public affairs as in China. Educated in the Western Seats of learning and acquiring a nodding acquaintance with the intoxicating and glamorous culture of the Occident, they felt an irresistible attraction for the disturbing ideas of Tolstoi, Marx and Bertrand Russell. More than that Everything that was old was thrown into the dust-bin and Western learning, customs, manners, dress and sophistication were welcomed as the last word in civilisation. The family tradition, the pivot of the old social code, was rudely shaken, the classical system of education received a fatal blow; the Chinese Mandarin was pulled down from his high pedestal and drowned in an ocean of ridicule. It was not till writers like Hu Shih and Lin Yu-tang came on the scene that the reforming movement acquired some ballast and an attempt was made to fuse all that was best in the old with the new.

The New Life Movement, inaugurated by Madame Chiang Kai Shek, has been an attempt to sweep away the rotten core of old China and retain, at the same time, its valuable elements and combine that with the progressive Western science and technique. New schools and universities were built, the co-operative movement was revitalised with rural credit societies as their pivot, better farming methods and care of the livestock were pushed forward; graft and squeeze

were resolutely sought to be eliminated, mass illiteracy was actively combated and ideas of modern sanitation and hygiene vigorously promoted. Selling opium became a penal offence and discarding smoking a virtue. A great reforming zeal swept over the country and its echoes reached the farthest corners of the land.

Now came the Japanese invasion in 1931, resulting in heavy loss of territory, and then again in 1937. It created many new problems and solved many old ones. For one thing, it put an end to the long drawn out Civil War between the nationalist government and the communists. A new spirit of unity and sacrifice made itself felt all over the country. The remarkable Japanese army, with its equally remarkable modern equipment, found itself defied and held at bay for nearly five years by the scantily armed Chinese guerillas.

The recent Japanese victories in the Far East against the United Nations and particularly the fall of Singapore, Hong Kong, Malaya, the Phillippines, the Dutch East Indies and Burma have astounded the whole world and proved the might of Japan's fighting forces. It has also thrown into relief the greatness of China's effort in resisting Japan for so many years, and against such unimaginable odds.

The question on everybody's lips today is: Will China be able to continue her resistance even after the closing of the last road that connected her with the outside world? The reply of the Chinese leaders, especially Generallissimo Chiang Kai Shek is emphatically

in the affirmative. Japan's latest offensive against China is still in progress and is causing visible anxiety. Whatever its final outcome the magnificence of China's resistance has filled the world with admiration and astonishment. From July 7, 1942 China enters on the sixth year of War.

Into that battling China, fighting with her back to the wall, Shrimati Kamaladevi went to deepen the bonds of friendship, already established by the visit of Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru and the Indian Medical Mission and the untiring efforts of Rabindranath Tagore and his Santiniketan University. Nearly fifteen hundred years ago, the Chinese Scholar Fa Hien came to India in search of Buddhist lore. Three centuries later Houang Tsang, one of the greatest Chinaman of his age spent several years in India and has left an imperishable record of our country as it was at the time—at the peak of civilisation. Today the Indians are returning those visits, in an effort to strengthen the ancient bonds that tie the two countries together. If this little book helps even a little in that task it will not have been written in vain. At the same time, it is also a challenging invitation to young India to be up and make the same great sacrifices for the freedom of their country that the Youth of China is so cheerfully and so courageously making today. The supreme concern before Young India is the freedom of their country for the liberation of one-fifth of humanity, from foreign rules, cannot but have a profound effect on the cause of events the world over.

YUSUF MEHERALLY.

"IN WAR TORN CHINA"

To most people, the Chinese Struggle is a vague thing. To some, it is even futile. Still, China has wrung a flood of sincere admiration that is almost unparalleled in its unanimity from the world. Asia has been the easy hunting ground for ambitious Western adventurers and China has been as much bled by them as the rest of the Orient. But no Eastern country has been served as devotedly and as selflessly by a band of Westerners as China. In fact their services to China have been decisive and may prove even more pronounced in the future. In this, China is a unique exception. Until I visited China this had puzzled me. I had even attributed it wholly to the fact that the aggressor in China today was Japan and not a Western Power. Now I know that although this may be so in the case of Foreign administrators and big interests, it is not true of the Common people. Those who visit China can easily find the answer to this. Her spirit stands revealed not merely in the delicate curves and colours of a Ming Vase, or the rich lines tracing the mountains and streams on an ancient scroll. It stands superbly undaunted, unbendable, in the face of the darkest disaster. In a way, America had brought this China closer to me and I was eager to see that spirit in action.

I had secured permission from the Japanese Foreign Office to tour "Occupied China" Just four hours before my departure from Tokyo, the blow fell. The Japanese military in China refused me entry. The Tokyo Foreign Office confessed itself helpless. My open expression of sympathy with free China had earned me this. A lady friend of mine was sent to ask me if I would abandon my trip to Chungking, China's War Time Capital. I had felt intensely irritated by restrictions imposed by the British. My passport had been virtually scratched in London—the new endorsement being good enough only to return to India and for transit through the countries my boat touched. I was certainly in no mood to let other authorities direct or control my movements. If I meant to go into China I would do so. It was natural perhaps that the Japanese Military should resent this.

I then decided to concentrate at least on Nanking. But how to cut through the Japanese Military cordon? Luckily I met the Minister for Social Affairs of the Nanking Government in Shanghai. Into his ears I poured my tale of woe, why was I, an Indian, an Oriental debarred from going into China? Surely, I could not be treated as a foreigner. (In the Orient only westerners are called foreigners.) He was a sensitive man and I saw his face twitch. "You shall come to Nanking and you will be welcomed as a visitor from India should be. Beyond that, we are helpless," he said with emphasis. In a few minutes he had Nanking on the telephone. "When do you

wish to go?" he asked. "Tomorrow morning" I said. I would take no risks by delaying.

Armed with the necessary letters, I proceeded to the Shanghai Railway Station next morning. I was perplexed at the sight that met me. Hundreds of people stood lined up in a queue at the entrance. All the approaches were fenced in long rows and the crowd moved between them very very slowly. How could one ever take the train at this rate, I wondered. Then I discovered to my relief that the passage was reserved for the non-Chinese, through which I could enter. At the gate I was stopped. All baggage had to be examined. This was the explanation for these enclosures and the queue hold-ups.

A few minutes later I realised how futile were all these precautions. At the ticket counter I was given the astounding news that there were no trains running to Nanking at the moment. The scheduled trains had been suspended, since a train on that route had been blown up by the Chinese Guerillas. These were normal occurrences. Nobody could say when the service would be resumed. I felt frustrated. But I decided simply to wait around until some train got up steam for Nanking.

Late in the afternoon a slow train moved out, although, normally trains do not run after nightfall in these "Guerilla" areas. A friend, who had travelled on that route once, had told me he had sat with a revolver in his hands, throughout the trip.

I literally sat with my life in my hands. Half of every compartment was occupied by the Military.

Soldiers with guns moved up and down the central passage which runs right through these trains. These carriages looked obviously Japanese in design. My neighbour whispered confirmation into my ear, adding "The Chinese took away or destroyed most of their railways." Armed guards stood with pointed guns all along the platform. And this four years after the Chinese had left Shanghai and its vicinity: These were some of the "comforts" of occupation.

I passed through several miles of destroyed suburbs. The ravage was great, the attempts at rebuilding negligible. The reason was obvious. No foreign power probably ever held a conquered country so unrealistically as Japan holds China today.

It is perhaps misleading to use the term occupied area for any part of China except a few lone cities that stand like lonely islands amidst stormy seas. Wherever the Japanese are it is a war area, regardless of whether the fighting takes the form of positional, mobile, or guerilla warfare.

The eleven provinces affected contain nine hundred and forty one districts. Of these, five hundred and eighty-three, or about sixty-two per cent., are still intact, administered by Magistrates under the Chungking Government. Of the rest, in 35 districts, only the chief towns are in Japanese hands, while in the rural parts, constituting twenty-six per cent. of area, the magistrates of free China still carry on. After four years of war, the districts effectively controlled by the Japanese, apart from cities like Peiping,

Teinstin, Shanghai, Hankow and Canton, number only thirty-three. Even this niggardly harvest of a devastating war which has meant an investment of thirty-five billion yens is subject to constant harassment by the nimble, restless guerillas.

It is noteworthy that Chinese Provincial Governments still function in these "Occupied Areas," and in 1939 for the first time since the Japanese marched into Manchuria, the Chinese Central Government appointed a Chairman for the four North-eastern provinces, now comprising the puppet State of Manchukuo. (Here, twelve Chinese divisions are fighting for the liberation of thirty millions. A detachment of the Eight Route Army, advancing from East Hopei along the shores of the Gulf of Chihli, has already penetrated into Manchuria from the Great Wall. This is the first Chinese regular force to enter this territory lost in 1931.)

Communication between "Occupied" cities is precarious. There is only nominal, not effectual, service between Shanghai and Peiping. The Air Route operates at present mainly because the Chinese do not possess sufficient aircraft compelling the guerillas to confine their activities to the ground. When they get equipped for the air, it will be a different story. There is no connection between Peiping and Hankow except for the military planes. Hankow is like an isolated fortress. Nobody except on military business is permitted. In Peiping even sight-seers are warned, and they make the round of those gorgeous palaces and temples, armed. It used to be

said that there can be no China without Peiping, "Whoever holds Peiping holds China." So the belief goes. Peiping the eternal city, the dream of the ages, the Mecca of the Chinese, was for centuries "the forbidden city," its very walls seemed sanctified. One dreamed of it in one's inmost heart, gazed at its golden dragon-shaped roofs from afar with awe. It was not merely the dwelling place of the Emperor or the seat of the Government. It was also the nursery of Chinese culture. Here the flower of Chinese intellect blossomed and burgeoned. Here also the sands of social and political consciousness first stirred, the storm gathered force to later sweep the country.

Shrewd, far sighted, Generalissimo Chiang saw the inevitability of Japanese aggression and the threat to this most treasured of Chinese creations—Peiping. He did, what no Chinese dared to do,—moved the Capital to Nanking. At all costs the ancient city must be saved from the ugly ravages of modern warfare.

With heavy heart but that characteristic quiet submissiveness to supreme need of the country, all China bowed to this decision.

"Whoever holds Peiping holds China" was not lost upon the Japanese. They were as anxious to keep it intact as the Chinese. Amidst the clash and roar of hates and bombs, the two warring enemies agreed to spare this talisman city.

Today Peiping still stands with its noble structures, its exquisite temples, and matchless Palaces, like a

IN WAR TORN CHINA

still monument in which is entombed the China that once was, the cynosure and wonder of the world. But the soul of China slumbers here no more. The streets that once hummed with life, are silent. The salons, where new thoughts and beauties shaped themselves, are empty. China has cast away its ancient gorgeous trapping, and risen in its pristine strength and vitality to wing on new adventures to new pastures, to build a new China.

NANKING

The route between Shanghai and Nanking which was once one of the main arteries of China, is today one of the most deserted and dismal. The land is fertile and one sees plenty of green and water everywhere. But so little of life. Big farms lie abandoned. The few homes that escaped destruction are falling into disuse.

The story of the Chinese migration is almost unprecedented in History. No exact figures are available but roughly 30 to 40 millions moved across this vast continent, over an area of 1,500 miles. Of these, ten millions were assisted by Government. It is inconceivable that peasants sprung from their ancestral soil, tied to their land by tradition and sentiment, a land hallowed by faith and the bones of their ancestors, their one means of livelihood, should have so willingly left it at the call of their country. What indomitable spirit was it that moved them? What superb optimism? It is almost like a myth.

The devastation everywhere was great. The whole drama seemed to unfold itself as one crept up the roadway along which had moved Japan's invading army. All along the line, every few yards stood a soldier with a pointed gun. There was a tense heaviness and strain in the atmosphere. The passengers were silent and only indulged in occasional whispers. Every time the train moved after the stop,

uniformed men came along and searched the person of every passanger. At every station were the same long lines of men and women waiting, as at Shanghai.

Evening was creeping over the world bringing with it the twilight hush. The sharp angles of the landscape were being softened in the greying light. It was as though some kindly hand were trying to cover up even the gaping wounds in this torn countryside.

We were nearing Nanking. Suddenly I gave a gasp of thrill. There before me stood the Great Wall of China, even as it had stood through the centuries, a silent and gaunt witness to how many scenes and events. How childish and futile would seem today the effort to build a wall to shut out the world! Yet while the Maginot Line and the Stalin Line have cracked and collapsed, here stands this superb structure, ageless through the ages, immovable through swift moving time, almost a challenge to the ravage of time. It has withstood not merely the ruthless hand of time, it has defied the weapons of modern warfare. The Japanese brought their artillery to hammer on it—again and again, the columns were hurled against it to be broken in pieces, like delicate China dashed to the floor. In desperation the Japanese Command ordered the soldiers to scale this unbreakable wall—The suicide squads went forward. Each soldier as he reached the top became an easy target for the Chinese guns within the walls. One by one they fell like dry leaves softly slipping to the ground—slowly the dead mounted up. The China Wall consists really of two walls running parallel to each

other with a corridor between. This filled up slowly with the falling dead and on this bridge of corpses, the Japanese army secured a footing to pour into the city. Not only the Chinese, but today, even the Japanese, have a superstition about a wall that even modern batteries cannot pierce.

There was nobody to meet me at the Station as I had not intimated my arrival, not being sure of the train. No taxis were available. I took a bus to the hotel where I knew a room had been reserved for me. A few yards ahead at the City Gates, we were made to alight, and our bags gone through once again.

The place seemed oppressive, as I strolled out into the night. Here was a Ghost City. Even babies seemed to hush their cries. Long afterwards in Chungking I recalled this experience. What a contrast the two were; one was dead, even in the midst of quiet—the other, alive, while death rained around.

In the morning I tried to contact Wang-Chiang-Wei's Secretariat. Nobody at the hotel knew its location. I tried the travel bureau with no success; nor could any of the offices around give me the information. Of the former offices of Chiang's days, many had been destroyed. Those which were intact were occupied by the Japanese Military. Japanese soldiers were in evidence everywhere. In fact, Nanking was like a Military Camp, although, it is now supposed to have an independent Chinese Government. Of the original million and a half population of Nanking barely two hundred thousand remain, with an additional hundred

thousand Japanese troops for the protection of Nanking—an astoundingly large number.

After two hours of fruitless search, I decided to abandon the hunt for the new Government Headquarters. It seemed incredible that the people should not know, but it was true nevertheless. I decided to do some sightseeing of my own, until luck should come my way. The first thing I naturally thought of was the Sun-Yat-Sen Memorial. Here again I met with continued disappointment. "We never heard of this gentleman" came the single answer to my persistent query. "The father of the Chinese people." I tried, with no better result. This seemed terrible, and then it dawned on me that he must be known by his Chinese name, something I had entirely omitted to acquaint myself with. The whole trip was taking on a nightmarishness, when my taxi driver gave the welcome news he had secured the services of a man who knew the Secretariat.

I met the members of the Wang-Chiang-Wei's Government. Wang was the only impressive person in that group. Undoubtedly one of the ablest and cleverest, he was the right hand man of Dr. Sun, with General Chiang running a close race with him. In fact, so commendable were Wang's interpretations of Dr. Sun's principles that his books came to be prescribed as texts in Schools. Ten years ago Wang indulged in one of his usual coups to unseat Chiang and failed. The rivalry persisted. Intellectually, Wang may be superior. But he lacks Chiang's driving power and strength of purpose. Each still proudly claims to be the one and only custodian of Dr. Sun's teachings. Quiet,

undaunted Madame Sun, however, is dissatisfied with both. All alone on the little island of Kowloon, a British possession, she is bravely struggling to keep green her husband's principles.

The Wang Government is one of the most pathetic sights. Torn by internal conflicts, dominated by the Japanese Military, harassed by Chinese Terrorists, it drags on an unenviable existence. It has no army of its own and is completely at the mercy of the Japanese Military. Wang has felt repeatedly humiliated by the Japanese Government's continued attempts at rapprochement with General Chiang. Last summer he took a trip to Tokyo in great desperation. "You better decide whether you want Chiang or me," he threatened. The Foreign Minister shrugged his shoulders and drawled out in the slow, sleepy way, so characteristic of the Japanese, "Is that so?" *North China Daily News*, Wang's paper made a vague comment: "Wang's mission to Tokyo has not met with the success that was expected." To pacify this recalcitrant and prevent a volte-face, the Japanese Government offered Wang a loan with which he was to purchase Japanese goods to meet Nanking's needs. But Wang knew this was only a clever manoeuvre to get rid of and use the quantities of worthless Japanese paper *yen* strewn around the Shanghai Markets, and which everybody kept successfully smuggling into Japan much to the Government's consternation.

Wang's Government consists of formless opportunists and the Japanese Government is frequently called upon to compose their differences. Six months ago

Wang expanded his Cabinet hoping to satisfy many of the disgruntled elements. Three months later, unable to cope with the squabbles, he took over most of the portfolios himself, nearly forcing a big crisis. A few days later, China was reverberating with one more bloody episode—an attempt on Wang, his inevitable hair-breath escape, while all his body-guards were killed. This has been a frequent tale since the establishment of this Government. Wang is trusted by none, lest of all by Japan. The general impression is that he is Generalissimo Chiang's own man, that when the erection of a Puppet Government became certain to Chiang's discerning eye, he decided to put up his own man at its head. This is perhaps an unconscious tribute to Chiang's brilliance.

CHUNGKING

Chungking, the war-time capital of China, has in recent years become a veritable place of pilgrimage. The route to Chungking was then limited to a single air service connected with Burma on the west, and Hong-kong in the south. The air service is a daring venture that speaks volumes for the dogged determination of the Chinese. It has a waiting list longer than that of any other service in the world. Wide-eyed people with bated breath make this hazardous trip to see this wonder of a new world being created out of the ashes of the old.

The only feasible communication between the East and the West of China is the Yangtse River that literally flows down from the Szechwan Province where Chungking is situated. Eastwards, along which the industries and commerce of China grew, down to the main port of Shanghai—China's main outer gateway. Up this river barges, heavily loaded with goods from the invaded area, were pulled by strong hands. Whole factories, school equipment, museum treasures, laboratories, motor cars, lorries, railway carriages, even rails and sleepers, in short anything that could be carried. For months the indefatigable Chinese dragged these heavy loads up this great waterway—their one unflinching line, to transplant old China on a new soil.

For weeks my attempts to contact Chungking by mail or telegraph had failed, shut in by Japanese

ensorship in Shanghai side and British censorship in Hongkong. Two powerful imperialist armies were blocking the only line of communication open. Finally an American friend succeeded in getting a message round via Manila: In 24 hours, arrangements to fly from Hongkong to Chungking were completed. I still had the biggest hurdle to cross—Hongkong. For two days I stormed up and down the room, held a virtual prisoner in my hotel in Hongkong. On the third day, in the early hours of the morning, I was put aboard the China clipper by the Hongkong authorities. The British Ambassador to China had intervened to get me out. Chungking had evidently not felt very happy to see a prospective guest of Generalissimo and Madame Chiang, detained.

Chungking balances itself on the hill tops, steep and severe like a fortress. The plane as it approaches the City, heaves over peaks, curves dangerously and bends in and out of hills and suddenly slips on to a narrow stony strip of land along the Yangtse River. The usual generous open airport is not to be seen, nor the hospitable rest rooms. All around is bleak and barren, with sheer mountains rising on all sides. Two large cloth umbrellas shelter the few immigration and customs officials, while people stand around indifferent to the drizzle or the sun.

Where was the City and how did one get there, I puzzled. "You cross the river in a *Sampan* (a Chinese craft) and then get carried up in a sedan chair," some one informed. In Chungking, you are either

ascending or descending. Everything about Chungking is strenuous.

I had been told Chungking is hot and steaming, so I had not brought a single warm garment. After shivering all night in the plane, I shivered a little more when I landed. The cold ate into my bones as I sat in the air raid shelter. Two hours later, by afternoon I was sweating. I retired to bed lightly clad, fanning myself. By midnight, I had slipped under two blankets; by morning I was crying for more. Chungking weather makes the notorious English weather seem sober and normal.

According to all reports, the ravages in Chungking are far greater than in London except that the former does not get the same publicity. I landed myself in one of the worst raids of the season, continuous for nine days and nights with short respites no longer than a couple of hours.

The first severe raids on Chungking transformed the midtown section of the city into a mad inferno of flames. Seven huge conflagrations were counted at nightfall, roaring through the heart of the city in a swath a mile and a half wide and a half mile broad. By the time night fell the red glow of the flames illuminated the countryside for mile around.

The conflagration razed four-fifths of Chungking's once busy down-town district. Streets, lanes, and shops and civilian quarters were turned into heaps of charred ruins, and in between them stood a forest of gaunt walls bearing testimony to the city that once was.

Forces of reconstruction began to work immediately. Chungking city was given a new facade. Most of the old buildings, four or five stories high, were gone after the attacks. Out of the ruins rose mostly one story, but nevertheless bright and compact, shops and houses.

A walk along Chungking's main thoroughfares will find every shop busy and the streets thronged with pedestrians and vehicles. Life is carried on in hastily improvised structures, built out of material retrieved from the ruins. Buses are crowded to capacity.

In spite of continuous raids, life goes on as best as it can. Offices start work before seven and put in two to three hours of work until the bombers arrive. After the all-clear is given late in the afternoon, work is resumed again. But it is not quite so simple as all that. The experience is pretty shattering. On an average, well over a hundred planes a day come in four waves of 27 to 30 each, sometimes, even over 60 planes at a time, and on the average, each plane drops six to eight bombs, depending on the weight of the missiles.

The Japanese, luckily for China, are not very happy navigators. They rarely come when weather is bad. So, bad weather is good weather in Chungking. Moonless nights are also comparatively free from raids. But the raids have increased in intensity from year to year. Yet, more people have kept coming into the city and there is more business all round. Even as the all-clear sounds, the clean-up men get busy. Linesmen try to hitch up the wires by evening.

People, bombed out of their homes and shops, collect what is left; straightaway start building temporary shacks, prepare tea over camp fires, and share their troubles with the neighbours. There is an air of friendliness and comradeship, no sign of panic or despair. Some times the bombs fall into the river bringing to the surface such fish as had never been seen before, a boon to the fishermen.

The A. R. P. system is one of the best in the world. People come from all parts of the globe to study it. China has two unique advantages, mountains and vast area. The mountains offer unlimited shelters—caves—blasted out of rocks—that can house nearly all the population of a city in perfect safety, so nobody need get killed except through personal negligence.

The 500 metre tunnel in the down-town section of Chungking as an air raid shelter has today become one of the wonders of the world. In the early days it was the scene of a great tragedy, when hundreds died, suffocated due to lack of air. Today, however, efforts have been made to make conditions relatively safe. The tunnel has three entrances, one straight, the other two, through a discending 20 metre sloping stairway. As a protection against splinters, a thick stone wall has been built. A 50 metre space in the middle of the tunnel has been marked off to be left, open with a wire fence set up to bar people from this section which leads to a dead end. At the safe rate of 10 people for each metre there is total accommodation for 4,100 persons. On one side are two rows of seats, one row consisting of benches and

another of air tight wooden boxes. The seats on the other side are stones. A drainage system keeps water away from the tunnel. The power for lighting and ventilating is generated by a Diesel Engine installed in a room beside the entrance and run on vegetable oil.

The enemy planes have to traverse long areas of free China before getting to their objectives. This gives the cities a fairly long warning. Two methods are used: On every hilltop is a pole; when the Japanese scouting planes start, a triangle is displayed. When the bombing planes take off from their bases, a big red ball is hoisted; when they enter the province, two red balls go up; and when they near the city, both the balls come down. With the first ball, the people start packing and getting ready for the shelters. The second warning finds them on the march. This is indeed an impressive sight—hundreds of thousands walking in single file, in perfect order and discipline, in complete silence, carrying their precious belongings, babies strapped to the backs of women, occasionally swinging the sick or the disabled! Each is supplied with a ticket marked with the number of the shelter allotted to each. Only in that particular shelter, will the holder of that ticket be admitted. Nobody is permitted to leave before the all-clear is given.

There is another mode of warning, more graphic, but works with the same clock-work precision. At every cross-road is installed a huge circular board, representing a sort of a map. The centre is painted red to indicate the City. In the distance are marked

the Japanese bases, with a couple of toy planes at rest. When the bombers begin their journey the toy planes begin to move on the board. Every few intervals, the listening-in posts throughout the area these bombing planes are traversing, keep on sending messages to the Capital, giving the exact position of the planes. So, in roughly over two hours, one can arrange one's schedule, watching this, as one would the hands of a clock. I once did a whole morning's shopping with its aid.

The baptism of fire, which Chungking underwent in the past two summers, helped in the construction of new roads. As a result of the extensive destruction, streets were widened, the ground was levelled, and old houses were razed to make way for new roads.

When many eating-houses were destroyed in air raids, the Bureau of Social Affairs of the Chungking Municipal Government opened fourteen public dining halls serving food at prices much lower than those charged in ordinary restaurants. The bureau also purchased cooking utensils, bowls, chopsticks and spoons to give to those made homeless by raids.

To check unreasonable increases in commodity prices, the authorities have also established a chain of public stores supplying daily necessities to the public at prices lower than those quoted on the market.

Any account of the Chinese Government must begin with the Kuomintang Party, organised more than forty years ago. It came into power in 1927

following the end of the struggle against the Northern War Lords and British Imperialism. Its founder, Dr. Sun, having died two years earlier, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek became its head and still remains so. Its supreme authority is vested in the National Congress, the delegates to which are elected by provincial and local party headquarters. The Central Executive and Supervisory Committee with a membership of 260, constitutes the highest functioning authority between sessions of the Congress. When the executive is not in session, a Standing Committee takes charge of routine affairs and a political committee of affairs relating to Government. For the war period, however, the Executive functions in a reduced form as the Supreme Defence Council.

The Central Government deriving its mandate from the Executive Committee, consists of five departments known as the Yuans. The Executive, the Legislative, Judicial, Examination, and Control. The last two Yuans were Dr. Sun's special creation, the former, for the traditional method of selecting civil servants through competitive examinations, and the latter, for impeaching Government Officials when necessary.

The National Government itself has three divisions—one, the Chairman of the National Government, and the State Council with 36 members; two, the five Yuans and ministries; three, organs directly under the Government, such as the National Military Council. The Executive Yuan is the most important, and is somewhat like a Cabinet, except that it is respon-

sible to the Party alone and not to any representative assembly. Nor is the Legislative Yuan a Parliamentary Assembly. Its members are appointed or dismissed, upon recommendation of its President.

In response to popular wishes, a People's Convention was held and a provisional constitution adopted in 1931, but, for the time being, the Kuomintang Party was to exercise the governing powers as Trustees of the people. After the war began the National Government organised the Advisory Council but at the Emergency Kuomintang Congress held in 1938 at Hankow, it was decided to form the People's Political Council in order to "unify the national strength, to utilise the best minds of the nation, and to facilitate the formulation and execution of national policies." This council has a membership of 240.

Headquarters of China's gigantic forces of resistance and reconstruction, Chungking, while it lacks Peiping's imposing structures, has a superb moral stature that has brought it the world's homage. Here are gathered today experienced men and women that have gone into voluntary exile for national freedom's sake. Here, they pool their knowledge to serve their country's cause, isolated from the world, struggling to live on limited supplies.

My trip out was even more exciting than my trip into Chungking. The air service has no fixed schedules. If you wish to leave on a particular day, you need to start making attempts well ahead. The timings are entirely determined by raids. Having to fly over 'Occupied' territory necessarily confines

the trip to night time, usually after midnight. I had already made one fruitless attempt. The next night, after a long wait, the outgoing plane arrived towards dawn. Almost simultaneously sounded the air raid alarm. We took off immediately, flew for hours, unaware where we were headed. All we knew, was that we were flying for sweet lift. But we had to sit tight, as though it were a most normal trip. After four hours we landed in a field, to wait there without shelter, without food, until the generous darkness should descend to give us safe passage over the enemy occupied country. Looking like an illuminated carpet, Hongkong was already asleep when we came in. We had been on the road almost 24 hours, to cover a distance that normally takes less than five hours. Still I felt it was worth it, every single moment of it. I only regretted it had all been so brief.

CHINA'S ECONOMIC FRONT

Last year a famous New Zealand sculptor presented the world with his finest creation, a face with sharp well-cut features, an aquiline nose and a determined mouth. It was Rewi Alley, the father of the Chinese Industrial Co-operatives, a movement now attaining a world-wide importance.

China's struggle on the economic front is even more hazardous than on the military. In fact, the military line can hold only as long as the economic does not collapse. By 1938 Japanese War machine had destroyed some 80 per cent. of Chinese industries making thousands of skilled hands idle, and able bodies destitute. The Japanese were driving on ruthlessly with their plan to exploit and harness Chinese resources for the ultimate conquest of China. In the conquered area Japan was striving to make the machines turn once again, offering Chinese businessmen half the interest in their old manufacturing concerns, now in Japanese hands. The other half was to be in Japanese control. Some of the Chinese were beginning to succumb. It looked as though China's zero hour was drawing near.

Around a tea table in Shanghai, in the house of Nym Wales (Mrs. Edgar Snow), sat an earnest group with serious, set mien. Then sun dipped low, the tea cups remained cold, half emptied. Was China's sun to go down and the night descend on her? Out of the struggling twilight broke a lone star—the Indusco, as these Co-operatives are called.

It was obvious that if China were to continue her resistance against Japan, her economic front would have to be fortified, which meant that she must develop production, at all costs. The plan was to construct throughout China flexible, decentralized, small industries, using local materials to supply the manufactured goods necessary to the life of the people. The co-operative form of industry was chosen as one which gives the workman the best chance to develop initiative, responsibility, and security. It was expected that small scale co-operative industry would help to solve the problem of raw materials in the interior, and would lay the foundation for a sound industrial life, valuable both to the community and to the individual.

All over Free China today, and even behind the enemy lines, are found the familiar signs of a red triangle containing two Chinese characters: Kung Ho (Work Together). The original idea was first translated into action by a group of American-educated enterprising Chinese youths, known as the Baillie Boys, under the able leadership of Rewi Alley. Mr. Baillie was an American Missionary who, in course of time, came to realise that what China needed was not a new religion, but technical men in all fields. He made himself responsible for the training abroad of a batch of promising lads. Although he did not live to see the magnificent fruit of his inspirations, his memory lives on. These boys gladly threw up their lucrative jobs and set to reconstruct China's Economy.

Today there are, after $2\frac{1}{2}$ years, a network of 3,000 Co-operatives employing 50,000 workers. The total

capitalization is ten million Chinese dollars, the monthly production is valued at 1.3 million. Thus every month they more than reproduce the value of the capital.

Through such an industrial movement, not only could skilled Chinese workers in refugee camps be prevented from working for the Japanese, but, they could be induced to move into the hinterland of China to become self-conscious, self-supporting and self-respecting, productive citizens to man the new economic bulwark against the Japanese invasion.

The industries are not scattered at random. Before any co-operative is organized, investigations are made to insure that there are (1) raw materials near at hand, (2) skilled workmanship available, and (3) a market for the finished product. Where these three do not co-exist at one place, a compromise is effected.

This is how each unit is set into motion. Seven or more workers band themselves together. Each buys a minimum number of shares. Then either the promotion agency, i.e., the Chinese Industrial Co-operatives, popularly known as Indusco, or else a Bank, loans them money to run the business. A small board of directors take responsibility for it. In large concerns, a skilled manager is employed. General meeting of members has supreme authority in the society. Usually the workers receive current wages, but in some places they decide themselves to take only enough to live on and save the remainder of the wage-amount to run the business, reimbursing them-

selves from the profits at the end of the year. From the profits, certain amounts are set apart for reserve, for education and welfare work, promotion of industries. The balance, usually about half, is divided amongst the workers as a bonus on the wages they have earned in the society during the year. Thus, they realise it is their own business. They run it, they take risks on it. They take loans they have to pay back on a specified date. They get the profits, and benefit the community generally. No private enterprise could have had the same selfless loyalty of the workers. Only such a basis and democratic institution could have met so grave a situation and mobilised an entire people as the Indusco has done. For the only possession, most of the poor Chinese had, was a spinning or a primitive tool, even doors and tiles from the roof having been sold to buy food.

Certain principles are basic in the C. I. C. Every member, except a very occasional businessman, must be at work with his hands. Wages must be as level as possible. There is to be no employment of hired workers. Apprentices must be paid well and made co-operators as soon as possible. The elementary first principle of democracy, the ruling of a production unity in its own interest, is one that is easily understood and acted upon, as also the conviction that the best way is the right way, so that progressive methods can be readily adopted. Thus is being consolidated a new economic line of defence, based on producer units.

They soon learn to link industries. The paper co-ops use lime burnt from a lime burning co-op; oil

pressing co-ops supply wood-working and umbrella co-ops, and so on, through the 120 trades the Indusco has organised so far. The Indusco chain must include every type of consumer goods possible, bringing in all the rural trades and modernising them. Standardisation and large scale marketing and buying facilities enable them to better production.

Three industrial zones are marked out: The rear, where heavy industries that cannot be mobile have to be located, as far away from the war area as possible. A middle zone, more or less exposed to aerial bombardment, where small scale mobile industries can be run.

The guerilla industry zone in the fighting areas, and even behind the Japanese lines, movable units that shift with the change in the active theatres of war.

The co-operatives can be grouped roughly into ten lines: textiles, chemicals, sewing and clothing, mining and metallurgy, building construction, food, machinery, culture and stationery, transport and miscellaneous. Of these, textile, tops the list.

Business, or the economic factor, is not the sole concern of these co-operatives. Every depot sponsors programmes of popular education, medical care, education and recreation centres, schools, nurseries for children, and other members of the workers.

Far from being automatons of production, the co-operative members are trained to be self reliant and self-respecting workers, having individually as well

as collectively, a strength all their own. Technical training is also given to refugees preparatory to setting them up in co-operative workshops. For the improvement of technique and introduction of simple modern methods, the C. I. C. itself engages in research work in textile at Chengtu, Chemical industries in the Northwest and Southwest, in addition to much minor research, in every part of the country, by enthusiastic technicians anxious to improve machine and processes.

For the strengthening of the organization and fuller understanding of democratic methods by the societies, training courses for organizers and co-op members are constantly maintained in every region. In addition, there are also accounting classes, and an institute for the training of higher staff.

More recently, special training has been given to disabled soldiers, so that they can be organized into co-operatives and rehabilitated by learning some kind of light industrial work.

The theory and practice of co-operation is taught to men and women by the C. I. C. There are schools with mixed curriculum, half, consisting of the usual school work, and the other, instruction in practical factory work. Products of these school workshops are simple, though artistic, and set in new style; children's eating and drinking sets, school stationery, working models of all sorts. The class rooms are built by the boys themselves, at about one-third the cost. These 600 Indusco schools are becoming increas-

ingly self-supporting. In addition, they are centres of education for the area they are located in. Evening classes, health lectures, concerts are arranged here. Mothers from farm or factory homes are introduced by these pupils to a world of new ideas. Technical training is also given to refugees to set them up again. Indusco engineers have shown much ingenuity in front line areas. At one place, the sudden descent of the Japanese made evacuation imperative. The machines were too heavy to be moved. The workers simply cut through the roof at the four corners and let the roof fall in, completely covering up the precious machinery.

As far as "guerilla industry" is concerned, the Indusco is at its best in southeast Shansi where its units operate in a hit-and-run manner, close to, or, behind enemy position. "Stay as long as possible," is the policy adopted by the industrial co-operatives which keep their machinery busy even to the accompaniment of gunfire. Often, the members have to move bag and baggage when their plants are threatened by military engagements. Only too frequently do they have to trek across hills with their equipment, raw materials and personal belongings. When there is insufficient time to dismantle the machinery and carry it away, members of these mobile industrial units do their best to conceal what they have to leave behind for the time being.

Despite heavy military activities during the spring and summer months of 1940, 36 co-operatives in south-

east Shansi produced, during that period, more than 1,000,000 worth of goods, three quarters of which were daily necessities for the troops. Only \$5,372 worth of co-op property was lost during the year and stoppage of operation was kept to a minimum. Although a few of the societies had to suspend work for several months last year, total net profit for all societies was still more than enough to cover all losses, as available statistics show that 22 co-operatives reported a total profit of \$6,257.74 for 1940.

The Induscos in the firing line have had the most romantic careers. They produce everything from matches to charcoal burning engines. Co-operatives members cross back and forth through the fighting lines to get in raw material and take out finished goods. One centre with only 20,000 capital was able to collect 125,000 worth of raw silk from behind Japanese lines, simply on the promise to pay when it had been sold. 36 co-ops have put out a million dollars worth of goods in the midst of military action.

In the Northern front is a 100-mile stretch of No Man's Land, the only properly constituted authority there is an Indusco Depot; all the members are armed. In the records, we read of the expulsion of a former Chairman for "DESERTION IN THE FACE OF THE ENEMY," and a congratulatory citation of a woman who, single-handed, dismantled several looms and buried the essential parts, when the enemy was less than a mile away. These 539 members when last heard, were still pursuing their work, alone, with no Chinese force to protect them in sight, a heaven of

hope to the few scattered people around. Once, in a neighbouring village when the Japanese entered, the co-op. workers shaved their heads and disguised themselves, buried their tools and waited around for the enemy to clear out and enable them to restart work. They would not fly.

To the above list should be added the disabled soldiers' co-operative organized by the women's department, so that mangled souls can still be converted into useful self-supporting citizens.

All over the country, new spinning jennies have been introduced, and men and women taught to use them, and almost every depot has co-operatives engaged in weaving, supplying some of the immense amount of cloth sorely needed in China.

Two years ago, the Chinese soldiers were freezing on the Northern front. Not a single factory was left standing. Blankets from India were piled up in Indo-China for lack of transport. The Government asked the C. I. C. in desperation. Came an enthusiastic YES.

No spinning Machinery, no machines for shrinking and felting blankets, no synthetic dyes were available. Above all, thousands of women had to be trained to spin. Still, between August when the work started and December when the supplies went out, 400,000 blankets had been turned out.

Regarding Indusco mining, in five districts refugees wash gold, in another five, coal is mined, and in still another five, iron is mined and melted. New tech-

niques are being introduced—improvements of the old ones, yet making use of local resources.

C. I. C. machine-shop co-ops engage mainly in making spinning wheels, looms, lathes, and other machinery needed in small-scale industry. There are on the average 50 or more mechanics working in each.

Chungking, which looks as though some monster had been hammering widely and recklessly at it, still hums with many industries. I saw a machine-shop situated in some rickety bamboo shacks hugging the side of a hill, already shaken by bombs. But within, the belts whirred with the precision of a modern metal works. A week before, the workers had built a recreation hall, acquired a hundred odd books, and seemed pleased with themselves.

Away on the other side of the Yangtse, standing high on a cliff overlooking the river, there were two units of a different kind. These manufactured soap and tallow candles which they sold not only in Chungking but in many other towns in West China. Again, the same picture of industry benefiting by combinations of skills and energies that could not otherwise have been drawn together. The chairman of one unit was a teacher of chemistry, who was now putting his science to work in places, where in wartime, it is more essential than in the class room.

The other soap co-op was composed of refugees who had once worked together thousands of miles away in Tsingtao. But bombings destroyed most of their machinery and left them all penniless.

The one had been master, and the others, his employees. Today, they were working as comrades, and sharing responsibility and profits alike.

In an underground place, machines and electrical goods were being turned out. There is a tannery and an inviting shoe foundry, standing in the open, about two miles from the city. In a lonely, broken temple, I come upon a humming noisesome factory at work.

In Chungking today you can buy co-operative products from all parts. Stockings, tiles, towels, woollens, rugs, canned meat, glass-ware pottery, leather-ware, metalware, tooth-brushes, various chemicals, etc.

“While the C. I. C. is a product of the war, it looks beyond the war period, however long it may be. The co-operatives that are already organized, and are to be started, will not terminate with economic structure of the New China,” says the latest C. I. C. Report.

CHINA'S ARMY

For very nearly five years China's army has been fighting alone a desperate battle, lacking though in war material, but certainly not in courage. The iron logic of events has, however, secured at last what no appeal to conscience or principles could secure. For while China had been facing want of artillery, heavy guns, aircraft and other war supplies, the United States, the British Empire, the Netherlands, East Indies, had between them, been supplying to Japan 90 per cent. of her essential war materials. And while the democrats from San Francisco to Cairo were crying out that aid should go to China, American oil, Canadian nickel, and Dutch rubber were playing their essential part in furthering the slaughter. China was ignominiously starved by those very countries that were loudest in asserting their faith in democracy. The Chinese are fond of quoting an old proverb: 'A lot of noise upstairs, but no one coming down.' That has been the true state of affairs with regard to aid to China.

Little is known of the Chinese army except in a vague sort of way. But this army has begun to definitely intrigue the world, since the breathless collapse of country after country in the Pacific before the oncoming Japanese tide. It is, therefore, interesting to learn something about an army that has so successfully resisted this irresistible machine for many years. The Chinese army consists of 300 divi-

sions with about five million men and with another ten million in reserve or under training; also, eight hundred thousand guerillas rendering invaluable assistance, and another six hundred thousand behind the enemy lines. This army holds a 2,800 mile line through which the Japanese have not been able to break through, in spite of successes here and there. So far, Japan is reported to have lost about two million men, a loss she can ill-afford. She still maintains some 37 divisions in China, with another eight or nine in Manchuria. It is obvious Japan does not find it profitable to launch a large scale offensive there. It is natural her roving eyes should covet easier prizes. The world hears even less of China's sleek and mobile soldiers; her lean, sinewy men. There is an unusual eagerness in their eyes, that speak of constant alertness. It has the youngest generals in the world, ranging between thirty and forty. Their pay is very slender and their families have to work hard. They are members of world's worst equipped army. China is in no condition to manufacture or provide adequate equipment. It is said that there is one rifle between every ten soldiers. A fully equipped Chinese soldier would easily outrage the conventional picture of a soldier. Besides his rifle and bayonet he receives a straw rain hat, a monthly allowance for a pair of straw sandals instead of shoes or stockings, an old French "canned" gas mask, trench shovel, leather cartridge belt, an old second-hand helmet, a lumpy cotton blanket costing U. S. 50 cents, a cloth for wrapping extra bits of clothing and a little bag for his personal possessions. He, and most

of his comrades, cannot afford even soap or a tooth-brush.

Most of the world's armies wear wool. This "embattled peasant" is wearing five pieces of cheap coarse cotton held together with wooden buttons. The thin wrinkled coat comes from China's central cotton region and has to last for one entire year, as also his faded shorts, puttees and under garments.

A private's pay is $10\frac{1}{2}$ dollars per month in Chinese National currency, which is equal to 50 cents in the United States or about Rs. 1-12-0. From this he must pay \$9 for food consisting of two level tin cup-fulls of the cheapest rice for a whole day. This is occasionally covered by a few watery greens. Sometimes he sees meat, fruit, fish, eggs and salt as he marches by a country market. He almost never eats them.

Given the equipment, there is no doubt that these soldiers would have produced more decisive results. Their stand in Shanghai was superb! Even now, handicapped as they are, they can, on occasions, deal out severe blows to the infinitely better equipped Japanese troops as at Taierchewang or Kanlunkarau (at the latter, they drove the Japanese out of strongly entrenched positions at fortified points). It is, moreover, interesting to note that as the war has proceeded, and Japan has won battle after battle, captured city by city, she has found it necessary to increase her divisions, steadily from 25 to 37—Japan had not quite bargained for this—having banked on an easy victory with a relatively small force. Most amazing of all,

—from 1940, the Chinese, who are expected to be down and out, driven into the interior of Szechwan, have actually been taking the offensive, and even now, in several sectors, they still pursue it. The increase in initiative on the part of the Chinese is the most encouraging sign of all, and such a contrast to the Pacific war where Japan retains all the initiative and aggressiveness absolutely unchecked.

Even more revealing still, the Japanese penetrated 1,144,000 square kilometers in the first period, only 77,000 in the second, although employing 12 more divisions. In reality, the Japanese control only points and lines, which, in total, would be one-tenth of the entire affected area.

The exploits of the Eighth Route and the new Fourth armies have become almost legendary. (The former, recruited originally by the Communists, was, after the establishment of the United Front between the Kuomintang and the Communist Party, incorporated into the Chinese Army.) These two are essentially Peoples' armies, created out of them and supported by them. The new fourth was built up from cadres of experienced guerilla fighters, and include peasant guards. Armed with unrivalled knowledge of the terrain, it has been a sharp thorn in the side of the Japanese and Nanking Governments.

Even the children of the soldiers are taught in army schools to serve as orderlies, messengers, and for various types of propaganda and publicity work.

The work of the Chinese Guerillas has been one of the brightest chapters in China's War History. Without their varied tactics of matchless ingenuity, the resistance could never have been maintained. Their services have been noteworthy, not in the military field alone, but also, in the constructive and the industrial.

Great stress is laid on the political education of the army. Every soldier is taught that he is fighting for "the preservation of Justice and Freedom against tyranny and oppression, and the building of an international order, in which nations can work freely together, and solve their mutual problems by lawful and peaceful methods."

Hundreds of men and women are specially trained, for educational purposes, under the directions of the Political Training Board.

China's strength lies in the fact that China's people, as a whole, have been carrying on the war. No modern war has a chance, unless the people feel they are fighting for something worth fighting for, unless, the war is to them a real experience of an expansion of freedom, and there is complete co-ordination between the Government and the people.

The epic of China's Scorched Earth Policy has engraved itself in the hearts of all freedom loving people—when, for instance, the orders went forth for the destruction of roads, not only the modern highways had to go, but even the "old roads"—the flagged paths through the fields. Thus, thousands bent to the

task of destroying the very roads that had been built with such labour and pride only a short while ago. In some cases, they have been ploughed, in some flooded, others, covered with young trees. On one road I have seen, for nearly two hundred miles, trenches ten to twenty feet deep dug.

This policy of obstruction and destruction, efficacious though it be, from the military point of view, has, nevertheless, very tragic results in increasing a hundredfold, the sufferings of the population at large, especially, of the difficulties of caring for the wounded. Removal of the wounded by quick and easy means is rendered impossible having to depend entirely on human transport. The journey lasts from five to ten days, at times even twenty, due to lack of sufficient number of stretcher bearers. A vast army of carriers is needed not only for the wounded, but also to carry food and ammunitions, etc. A chain of receiving stations at every 16 miles is located in temples or large family houses. But for the heavily wounded the journey is a terrible ordeal! The wounded must be cared for within eight hours of receiving the wound to prevent sepsis. There are no adequate beds and men have to lie on straw, on the mud or stone floors. Sometimes even protection against sun or rain cannot be provided.

There is, first of all, the background of general educational and social backwardness of China. When the war began there were only about 5,000 doctors and an equal number of qualified nurses. Normally, the medical crop of an army should be 10% of the

total military personnel with a force of three million in the front rank and many more millions under military training. China's medical personnel is hopelessly inadequate and she has been forced to use a vast hoard of untrained people. Lack of drugs, instruments, various medical supplies is very great. Operations are sometimes performed without anaesthetic. Many die from want of the simplest drugs, especially anti-septics. The Chinese have tried to find substitutes made from herbs but this drug factory can barely supply 3% of the demand. Malaria claims as many victims as the bullets in the Yangtse Valley due to want of quinine.

The economic problem is the biggest in relation to health. Almost 80 to 90% of the population has for years been on poor diet and has little resistance left today—under war conditions this begins to tell much more.

Therefore the defects of nutrition occupy first place in the health programme, today. Not only the soldiers but the farmers have to be taught principles of health and place of diet in it. The farmers are just as much front line resisters as the soldiers. They are persuaded to carry on cultivation at the front even near the Japanese Line to supply adequate food to the fighting forces. This also alleviates the transport problem.

People are being taught by the medical corps what to eat and what not to—farmers encouraged to grow certain crops. Half the food in certain sectors is

produced in the war area itself. The medical units of the army also produce locally several articles such as dressing, forceps, sterilisers, autoclaves, incubators, etc.

Nor is training of medical personnel easy. Even the supply of text books is difficult, not to speak of simple technical equipment. Still, in the face of it all, the army and the people bravely carry on. Nearly 60% of the medical personnel has been trained by the army itself and each year the training facilities are increased.

To each training school an orthopaedic centre is attached to prevent needless disability or deformity among the wounded. Amidst all this wear and tear and fearful struggle, laboratories specializing in diagnosis of diseases and control of epidemic, are working.

Today behind the long front lines are employed 1,50,000 medical persons of all ranks from doctors and nurses to stretcher bearers whose duty is to render first aid and see the wounded to the hospitals. Chinese peasants behind the lines have been unusually helpful in relaying the sick or wounded from one village to another or feeding them en route.

The army tries to look after the mental as well as the physical condition of the patient. The daily life of the patients is well organized. Seven to ten patients form a group and each hospital consists of several such groups. Each has a leader who sees

that the newspaper is circulated and that the patients do not find life too monotonous. Usually, the leader is a political worker attached to the hospital, but sometimes a patient who is recuperating. Every week-end a meeting is held, at which a report on current events is given. There are also songs, dances and short plays contributed by the convalescent patients. A drama corps is attached to each of the bigger hospitals, and they give shows from time to time.

WOMEN OF CHINA

As one surveys the women's world today, one fact emerges; the role of women in the East has been more basic and more dynamic than in the West. This is true even of the Soviet territory. No eastern community of women has found it necessary to crusade against men and exchange missiles with them. They have been able to find their place in life more naturally and with less resistance from men than has been the experience of women in the West. This is the encouraging tale of the much-maligned and so-called "down-trodden" oriental women, highly painted by western writers.

It is, therefore, not at all surprising that some of the most outstanding women of today should be eastern. In all the eastern countries, in which one has to include Russia with its vast Asiatic population, we see women engaged in a struggle for the larger human rights, for this has been characteristic of the Orient.

In few countries of the world do women enjoy the equal status as do the women of China. Legally they are on an equal footing with the men. It is one of the very few countries where divorce can be arranged by mutual consent. The respective lawyers of the two parties, in fact, can meet and fix the whole thing, delicately sparing the couple all the disagreeableness attendants on a law-suit, ugly incriminations and cooked up adulteries.

Compared with India the women's movement in China is of more recent development. Today, however, in the 21 provinces, there are 317 Women's organizations. Their work is varied. Part of it is carried on by the Women's Advisory Council of the New Life Movement inaugurated by Generalissimo Chiang-Kai-Shek. This council was formed to co-ordinate the work of hundreds of organizations that sprang up with the outbreak of war. The work of this council is one of the monumental achievements of China. It operates through nine departments.

The Co-ordinating Department: It links up the many varied activities and acts as liaison for all Women's organizations. It also keeps these organizations in touch with national movements of particular interest to women.

Training Department: Without a trained personnel, systematic work of a lasting character is impossible. So centres are opened where women are taught how to approach rural communities, organize industrial co-operatives, spread adult education, first aid instruction, teach principles of health, improve the standard of living, take care of refugees, create cultural projects and a host of useful nation-building services. They are also taught to operate in the war services, in Red Cross, nursing, ambulance work, making bandages, running kitchens, etc.

War Area Service Department: This covers all types of activity from enlistment in the army to nurs-

ing the wounded. These women train farmer women for service in their areas so that this work can find a permanent base there. They also work in base and field hospitals. They nurse, write letters for the wounded, teach the three R's, to the illiterate, cheer them with song and theatricals, and keep up their morale, generally. Their most significant role is drawing closer bonds between the army and the people. The importance of this can be realised when we recall, how low a position the fighting forces have always held in China and how they made themselves an anathema through the adventures of war-lords, laying waste the country so often. The new role of the present army has to be impressed upon the people. Most of the old-time mercenary soldier type has been weeded out, replaced by patriotic, freedom loving recruits, who feel an identity of interest with the masses, which the latter more than reciprocate.

Assuming of such services by women was not an easy task in conservative China. But it is a tribute to the girls and people alike that the former have won the complete confidence of the latter, and they are hailed everywhere with cheer. Even young women are treated with respect by old women who often need to become their pupils.

The Rural Service Department: The task of this section is to educate the people in politics, especially Dr. Sun's Three People's Principles, the Principle of Livelihood in particular. The workers carry on in co-operation with the Cultural Department, to improve the cultural standard. It is effected through house to

house visits, holding meetings conducting classes, giving amateur theatricals, issuing pictorial posters to show important current events of national importance.

The Livelihood Department : This is rather a misleading title. But originally it was created to assist in migration, evacuating women labourers from affected cities, settling them in new centres, finding new jobs for them. Now it deals with social questions, especially pertaining to women workers—a sort of social department. It also acts as an employment bureau, and gives general information regarding the whereabouts of men in the army, sends letters to them on behalf of their womenfolk etc. It runs an experimental centre to turn out workers to improve the economic and social standard of women all over the country.

Cultural Department : This provides all the material needed by the War, Rural, and other services and women's organizations. It publishes news-sheets, weeklies, monthlies and conducts a special women's page for "Central Daily News," Free China's best known newspaper and organ of the Government.

War Relief Department : This includes the Women's Association and the Refugee Children's Association. It has raised money, secured medical and surgical equipment, winter garments for soldiers. It helps bombed civilians and families of recruits. It has trained, and is maintaining hundreds of women in hospitals. It has also a productive section to meet military requirements. It operates factories to turn out garments for wounded soldiers. These are worked mostly by families of re-

recruits who thus earn their livelihood as well. It occasionally sends out well known leaders to the front to encourage and enthuse the boys and take them comfort kits.

Refugees Children Department: Through its 16 branches it cares for 25,000 children, now come to be called—"Warphans", gathered from various fronts and housed in 47 homes. Most of them arrived in such a battered condition that in the first year, keeping them alive was about the most that could be done. In the second year, however, attempts to educate them were launched. It was no easy task, coming as they did from divers parts of the country, with different dialects, different modes of living, used to different food. But patience and perseverance has worked wonders. Vocational work not only proved attractive to the children but also provided a useful outlet for their exuberant spirits. Toys are carved, wood fashioned, cloth woven, shoes sewn, crops and gardens raised, cattle reared, and most of other useful jobs taught. Some of the older and better trained ones go out to teach others.

While the children in these orphanages in the rear are growing up to become useful citizens, and, if necessary, some day will resist imperialistic dominion, many orphans in the guerilla war regions have already taken part in the struggle. The best example is to be found in Shansi where children, many of them orphans of guerilla soldier families, usually from twelve to sixteen years old, have organized themselves into a

"Traitor Prevention Corps". Units are formed consisting of three boys or girls. Often, one can see them lighting little fingers or digging in the debris caused by Japanese bombs. They are searching for pieces of burnt wood that they will use for charcoal writing. They write slogans to urge for close co-operation between the army and people, for refusal to serve as guides to the invaders. Sometimes, they write slogans in Japanese:—'Don't sacrifice yourself for the sake of your militarists and plutocrats'. These they put on any piece of broken wall that is left standing.

In South Shansi, only a few months ago, ninety children worked in about fifty villages, mobilised all the children therein and organised four hundred and thirty units of traitor prevention corps. In several instances these units helped the guerilla forces to capture Japanese soldiers. On many occasions they helped the Red Cross to deliver messages.

In the guerilla war regions, many singing corps and dramatic corps made up of these children have been organized. Apart from such activities, these children still maintain their regular classes in which they report and discuss their experiences and receive lectures and criticism from the local leaders. Those over twelve years old do their own washing, sewing and even cooking.

Travellers from the interior who have been to these places, have all been impressed by two outstanding characteristics of the children: the vigour of their instinct to resist and fight, and their eagerness for know-

ledge. Indeed, their capacity to contribute to the future of China is very great. In full realisation of this, special nurseries have been formed to carry out the best possible education programme, to turn these helpless orphans of today into builders of world civilisation tomorrow.

Perhaps the best example of this kind of nursery is that located just outside the city of Yen-an, in northern Shansi. There are about 200 orphans, from new-born babies to children of five or six years, all housed in the caves on the hillside. Most of these are orphans of guerilla soldiers although a few are refugee peasant children. Almost every little member of this nursery is lively and expressive, an index of a free and progressive type of education. All these children can sing and ask intelligent questions. They are being educated as a group and not as individuals.

Of course, these are only a few of the vast number of orphans of the war who are fortunate enough to be protected by such care and education. The forty-seven orphanages in the rear are far from being adequate to take care of all those in need. In the Southeast corner of Shansi, where an orphanage for 6,000 should be built, the existing one now only accommodates 500, and only 40 are girls. The accommodation in the Yen-an region is also limited, in relation to the enormous demand.

The most serious problem with regard to the care of orphans is under-nourishment resulting from a complete lack of vitamins in their diet. In many orphanages in Szechuan there is a general condition of night

blindness, caused by lack of vitamin "A". In Shansi, in the active guerilla areas, the children are fed on maize or corn and practically nothing else. In the bitter cold winter of Yen-an the orphans in the nursery can only be given salted vegetables and millet. They suffer from Beri-beri as a result, and they badly need calcium which can be obtained from bean-curd, and cod liver oil. Orphans everywhere in China need concentrated vitamin foods, cod liver oil, milk, clothing.

Any gift to these builders of the future is a direct contribution to human advancement. China is educating the orphans of war not with the idea of destruction and aggression but for social reconstruction and peace.

The Production Department: This concerns itself mainly with the promotion of different industries, especially through the co-operatives, chiefly sericulture, weaving and embroidery. It also conducts research for improving sericulture and cotton production. Recently, remic fibre was improved through experiment and is now able to retain 95 per cent. of its durability as against 20 per cent. under the old process. Industries have been started in out of the way places thus offering new opportunities to the local people. In one district alone 1,500 co-operative members are engaged in producing cotton.

Besides these there are Government Work Corps. The wife of the head of each Government department is responsible for organizing the women. Each of these has several sub-corps. Wives of cabinet members are responsible for mobilising the wives of their staff mem-

bers. In the War Ministry Corps for instance, there are 25,000 women, with 50 odd Sub-Corps, operating under it in various parts. All these women are full time workers but get only less than five rupees a month as allowance, and no salaries. They get board and lodging and two uniforms.

Women in areas adjacent to the Japanese lines have organized themselves along with the children, to keep a look out for spies. Their alertness has resulted in the arrest of several suspects. Then there are the Guerilla women, who not only guard their villages when their husbands are away, but also carry on harassing activities in enemy areas. They also help in building highways. The 240 miles of Kansu section of the Szechwan-Kansu highway will stand as the immortal monument to the women of Kansu. Thousands have worked on it, just as they did on the Kansu-Sikiang highway, with very primitive tools. They have their share in almost every road.

Short of active service, Kwangsi's amazons dressed in Khaki uniforms and steel helmets, carrying hand grenades follow the troops everywhere, carry on guerilla work, help in evacuation, rescue refugees, etc. Kwantung has the honour of having organized the first women gendarmes. They have guarded strategic supply lines and positions when all available troops had to be rushed to the firing line. In every Government organization there are women. There are 15 in the People's Political Council. Women are equally active in the newspaper world. Nearly half the number of reporters at any Press Conference in China

were women. This is astonishing when we realise that three years ago there were barely two journals run by women in the whole of China. Today there are over 50.

One cannot do better than sum up in the words of Madame Chiang: "No account of China's reconstruction programme would be complete without mention of the significant role Chinese women have played in the defence of their country against Japanese aggression. First, because new ideas in China, generally more revolutionary than in the west, are accepted with a swiftness as startling as it is effective. Second, the Chinese woman has learned, even in her restricted seclusion, to adapt her talents to everchanging conditions with a flexibility and ease born of natural aptitude and necessity."

HOW CHINA CARES FOR ITS SCHOOLS

Last summer three boys that completed their high school, tramped 55 days to take the entrance examination in a university in Free China. Here they found themselves part of a large assemblage of applicants, only one in ten of whom could be admitted because of the limited accommodation. Each University limits itself to the students belonging to the area it originally came from. In this university over 90 per cent. of the students came from homes 1,500 miles distant, which is a long long way when communications are blocked by enemy lines.

It is the deliberate war time policy of China to maintain education at all costs. The lamp of thirty centuries scholarly tradition must not be allowed to be blown out. So students are not normally permitted to go to the front, for, wholesale destruction of the intellectual youths of a country robs it of its best future leadership. The tragedy of Europe in the last war consisted in this, that the best were killed off. Japan is fast facing a similar tragedy. Japan's Universities are being rapidly depleted. I remember a Japanese lady wistfully telling me, "You know the women of China are sorry for us because the finest flower of the Japanese nation is being killed off, while that of China is being zealously preserved."

An all round progress is registered in educational institutions of all grades in Free China. The end of 1940 saw an increase of four in higher institutions over

the pre-war figures placed at 108, although of these, 91 had been destroyed or rendered useless. There was of course a corresponding increase in the number of students from 31 to 44 thousands in colleges alone. Courses in productive education such as wood-working gardening, elementary agriculture in the lower, foundry and blacksmithing in the higher classes have been made compulsory since China launched out on reconstruction and industrialisation as a result of the war.

In the partially occupied areas educational efforts have been redoubled to offset the Japanese educational offensive. Social education is emphasised and training classes and circuit corps are organized to impart the rudiments of social science to the masses. In these are included drama schools, some of them experimental. The last has been visual education mainly through educational films. Every provincial Government now has a visual education department, a visual education institute offering a two years course has also been established. The transplanting of educational institutions from the eastern to the western cities is in itself an epic. Some schools have settled in old temples, discarded castles or private homes. Others particularly in the North have dug into the hillsides or into caves. Thousands of students can sometimes be seen housed in rows of neat arched caves thirty or forty feet deep. I remember one medical school where an open air less room was cut entirely from the loose clay of a hillside. Comfortable benches with backs for the students, the platform and table for the professor, all made out of the same material.

Most of the universities live together in clusters that they might share equipments and staff. The refugee students are crowded together, sometimes, eight in a room. They sleep on double-decker bunks, with flat boards for mattress. The majority wear unbleached flax homespun. The average student budget for a year is around Rs. 150 which they find very hard to secure. Many of them are on half rations. Most of them are completely cut off from their families and can get no support. Over 60 per cent. need outside help. Many of them try to get jobs. A self-help committee aids them in this. But their condition is very hard and heart rending. In summer they give their vacations to constructive services projects. Some go to medical bases, help refugees, spread public health and adult education, study agricultural developments, organise industrial co-operatives and do countless other jobs. They also live in the co-operatives to teach the three R's and principles of co-operation, and organize group singing, a new innovation in the people's life.

Adversity fosters a great spirit of comradeship amongst them. Recently, when the students of one University had their dormitories destroyed, the students of another held concerts and campaigned for funds to restore the place.

There is recognition that victory depends as much on factors of education as on those of economics. Experiments are underway in all lines. A single agricultural college has 118 projects. The Research Institute of Nankai University is another example.

Prior to the war the institute possessed 20,400 volumes. Fortunately, most of these were moved out of the danger zone even while fighting was a few yards away. The next day the Nankai University was attacked and destroyed. The books kept moving towards Chungking by long and hazardous route. Upto the summer of this year only 90 out of the 127 cases had arrived at the new location of the Institute near Chungking. The others were still on the way. But the Chinese never despair.

Even more amazing is the shifting of whole laboratories, through the helter-skelter of a raging war, with communications interrupted or risky. Yet all that could be moved has been. When I visited the university in Nanking, now a mere skeleton, I found it sadly depleted. It had a few hundred books for library and a few glass jars or tubes for laboratory. The total number of students from the infant to the university classes was hardly 800, a mere shadow university, it seemed.

We had been experiencing a particularly severe air raid one morning. After the batch of planes departed I came out for a breath of air. Right across was a horrible blaze—"Those are the university grounds," someone remarked, pointing to the dull orange, I shuddered. Next day I visited this place of disaster. The two Universities of Chungking and Nankai are situated in the outskirts of the capital. Educational institutions have been Japan's targets everywhere.

Laughing unconcernedly as though it were some childish fun, cracking little jokes, the President of the

University guided me through the shambles, scraping over strewn plaster, shattered glass, broken roofing and a whole heap of indescribable mess. Then he beckoned me with a kind of suppressed excitement. Like a child leading to its secret treasure house, he led me down the steps into the cellar. "This is our treasure trough", he whispered, as though some evil spirits might hear and do some harm. There was stored the precious laboratory brought across 1,500 miles. During the raid it went into the cellar, in the quiet hours, it was brought to the surface and the room hummed with life. Thus were those rare delicate instruments saved from dark disaster. The President's nonchalant tone sounded as though it were the most normal thing in the world to be raided.

We had barely finished the round of the University when the grim warning came. Once more the University became the main target. The concussion threw many of us off our seats in the shelter. Evidently a bomb had landed close by. We emerged after several hours, to find the main hall of the University, a magnificent structure, completely destroyed, so also the dining hall. In a few minutes everybody was on the clearing job. Not a twitch of the face, not a sigh. The bomb had landed in the garden only a few yards away from the entrance to the main building—just a narrow escape. "Only one casualty", the President murmured. A workman had fallen asleep in the hall and failed to note the signal. He had evidently got mixed up with the rest of the debris. His failure to put in his appearance when the usual roll-call was taken after the all-

clear gave the clue, later confirmed by the findings of a solitary arm amidst the rubbish heap; all that was left of him. He was given a decent burial with a pompous coffin and all. Such is the daily life of the University during the bombing season. But work was never suspended.

Amongst the new institutions is K'ang Ta, or the Anti-Japanese University, as it is popularly called, situated at Yen-an. Over 10,000 men and women from all parts of the country are under training here, housed in caves. They leave equipped to serve China in the army, in every district, in the rear of the Japanese. The institution trains partisan commanders and political workers. The classes started work in 1937 with a batch of 300. The next class rose to 1,500, the third to 10,000 and this year even this number has been exceeded. The present achievement has been possible through the enthusiasm of the students and the sacrifices of professors, many of whom gave up more lucrative jobs and better economic prospects in "Occupied China" to serve their country's freedom struggle.

The drive against illiteracy is carried on through primary schools for children and citizenship schools for adults. These are being organized according to a five-year plan. In some places adult education is carried on through mass education movement. This is done through evening classes, whereas, in the citizenship schools for adult education regular all day classes are held, with a full course covering four years.

For instance, in Chungking alone the anti-illiteracy campaign launched two years ago has so far enabled 55,000 men and women to read newspapers and write simple letters.

There is a fund to give relief to teacher refugees from distressed areas. Thirty chairs have been established to accommodate them. It also maintains 100 research fellows and 70 graduate research assistants to help them.

It is no coincidence that two of China's War-time cabinet Members are engineers. Through China's 5,000 years of History, engineers have played an important part in the life of this dominantly agricultural country. The legendary Emperor Mu of the second millennium B.C. was an outstanding hydraulic engineer, who is said to have won his throne by his success in engineering. That today there should be greater emphasis on engineering is natural. Thousands of youths have been trained and are under training. They show a distinct preference to scientific and technical courses. Last year, more than half of the matriculates, took up engineering, science, medicine, agriculture, etc. One of the most important and unique achievements of Chinese Engineers and technical students, was the dismantling, packing, shipping and re-assembling of factories, under almost impossible conditions.

The rise of aviation is also the result of the war, for there was little done in this field before 1937. Though still in its infant stage, increasing number of students are engaging themselves in this important

branch. The Chinese population in the United States have opened a special aviation institute where Chinese youth can go to be trained at the expense of the community. Most of the instructors in this institute are now Chinese who were trained in the States.

China at war is keener on music than at any other time, especially as a means of strengthening and enthusing the morale of soldiers and civilians alike. There is a special Commission on Music Education, consisting of very talented men in addition to spreading music through schools and colleges, large choirs are organized. Another important work it does is compiling song books. There is a research section that hunts for old songs of the dynasties, for primitive tribal songs, to make them available to the public, and also publishes literature on all aspects of Chinese music.

There is also a Commission on Character Education, which is Generalissimo's special concern. It can perhaps be traced to the Christian influence on Generalissimo especially through his wife's family. He believes that by holding forth on the importance of developing the eight cardinal virtues, an upright, capable, law-abiding nation can be produced. Whether this can be achieved through moral lessons is a moot question and there is considerable difference of opinion on that. The New Life Movement also springs from the same source and those who join it are enjoined to lead a very pure abstemious life, avoiding smoking and stimulants. I personally feel from experience that more dynamic factors than this Evangelical fervour is hammering the Chinese into a people of moral stature.

CHINA'S CULTURAL PROGRESS

China's efforts in the general constructive field have gone on apace, with expansion all round. There has been an increase in the area under cultivation and production as well. Before the war, the economic enterprises were confined to a few heavy industries situated in coastal towns. Today, her industries range over a large field including iron, steel, mechanical, electrical, chemical and mining: projects are in full swing, although inadequate to meet her requirements, still spread out over larger areas. In fact China's economic policy aims at self-sufficiency and reconstruction. The activities are directed towards the fulfilment of a threefold purpose: (1) encouraging production in the rear; (2) assisting industry, mining and commerce and (3) promoting new enterprises. Since the westward removal of industrial plants the Government appropriates large amounts of money to start big productive undertakings of its own; and at the same time, financial and technical assistance is being given to private enterprises so that they may produce with maximum efficiency.

There has been a general increase in the output of crops. The increase in co-operative financing in the farming regions has resulted in considerably alleviating the pains of needy peasants from loan sharks. The monthly interest rate is 1.2% in co-operative loans which are the cheapest rate in rural areas.

As a rule, farmers are encouraged to engage in more than one supplementary occupation with the combination of animal husbandry and vegetable growing predominant. Weaving and spinning absorb 21 per cent., small trades and jobs 17%, straw hats 12 per cent, whilst other grow fruits and mulberry trees, raise bees, make sandals and ropes. The Government promotes many of these industries.

Products of new factories in China range from high grade steel to soap and cosmetics. The different provinces have development corporations to encourage and improve production. The dyes produced according to experiments compare favourably with German products. In the famous paper producing district of Tunglanglil—and paper factories are mostly hand-craft shops with some of them supplemented with small machines. The China Chemical Works produce all manner of toilet requisites and cosmetics. Factories are also being established for the production of synthetic diesel oil and gasoline. Systematic dredging of inland rivers and conducting trial runs on unchartered waterways form an important aspect of navigation. So also hydraulic works carried out on various rivers.

In this war, people are faced with engineering problems that have no counter part in history, especially has it been so for China. Armies of enormous sizes have had to be moved without sufficient means of transport. Armaments and munitions to be supplied, although not locally manufactured. The mechanised units and army lorries to be furnished with

oil and lubricants, although not produced sufficiently at home. Notwithstanding these difficulties, the Chinese engineers have carried on with indomitable courage, determination and perseverance. Shipyards, iron and steel works, mining machinery, mills, factories, all that could be moved into the interior regions, were shifted. A network of highways, with a mileage almost double the pre-war dates, has been opened for traffic. When all other means of communications with the outside world were blocked, China reached out for her wings, and over the stern unfriendly mountains established regular air routes.

Most amazing of all, is the maintaining of, and even expansion of, postal service. The means of carrying letters ranges from air planes to couriers on foot and pack animals who reach the remote corners of the mountainous region. Equally amazing is the laying of telephones in these inhospitable mountainous country. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been spent in the construction of underground bomb-proof shelters for the telephone exchanges and in the laying out of subterranean wires and cables. By so doing, telephone communications can be maintained even during the more intense bombing and damages caused by air raids. The newly completed bomb-proof exchange cut entirely of solid rocks and further strengthened with reinforced concrete is a marvel in itself, well lighted, well ventilated and well designed the spacious underground structure houses, an exchange for one thousand five hundred trunk lines. The bulk of the equipment installed therein was

removed from the former telephone exchanges in cities now under Japanese occupation. Behind these sets of equipment there lies many an epic of heroism connected with the great exodus from the coast into the interior.

China's progress on the cultural front is no less noteworthy. One of the striking points is the permeation of culture down to the people. Formerly cultural activities were mainly confined to the cities. The present happy transformation has resulted in a turnout of cultural productions in a more popular form, better adapted to the masses.

The Chinese assert that Japan's attack on China's cultural front is deliberate from the beginning, as is evidenced by the wholesale destruction of educational institutions, libraries, museums and the persecution of cultural workers. When this failed to kill the creative urge, a new drive was launched this time under a subtle pseudo-Chinese garb—Dr. Sun Yat Sen's Three People's Principles while China's slogan of National Salvation through Resistance was to be replaced by National Salvation through Peace. Even their war songs they said were mutilated with new words.

Vast strides have been made in the dramatic field. Each dramatic troupe is also a political group, pursuing a socio-political objective, devoted to study and discussion, and seeking to work out its ideal through the dramatic project.

These troupes travel all over the country, going into remote country sides for educating the masses

through drama. It is inevitable that war should dominate their themes, but other problems vitally affecting the every day life of the common people are also treated.

Two big Chinese moving studios in Chungking have been producing pictures with, naturally, the war as their common theme. In addition, there are a number of amateur dramatic clubs. For those who enjoy them, they appear as the experimental theatre in Chungking, and provide excellent shows. This is an attempt to use an old, conventional, well-established technique for current purposes by giving it a modern topical content. Thus old moods perfect it. The ancient storytelling technique with the aid of dramas is another example. Skits are successfully presented to portray current events, Living Newspapers as they are rightly called. Another form of interest is the *Ta Ho Chang*, a kind of chorus. New kinds of orchestras are organised with all manner of improvised instruments. For instance, I saw a kind of a first cousin to the club made out of a five gallon petrol tin, producing a long mellow tone.

Literature has also become infused with the new spirit. Writers actively come to share the life of the common people especially during harvest time and festivals. Art is thus directly linked with the life of the people.

Students are trained to carry the cultural campaign into the countryside. Special institutions operate for this purpose, the most famous being the *Luyi Lu Hsun* situated in Yen-en. Shensi Province. It is housed in

caves to protect it from bombs. A veritable cultural treasury has been concentrated here. The artists teach the history and social theory of art in addition to working in their respective fields, and train artists not only to be good creators but also servers of humanity to express the hopes and aspirations of the masses and to portray their tasks and achievements.

The literary faculty of Luyi carries on in a new way and its workers and students do not spend their time in long, closeted hours of study and writing, but go in for practical methods, such as working with the peasants at harvest time, passing the two week Chinese New Year vacation in peasant homes, travelling with the troops at the front and after these periods, coming back to write. Practice and theory are not separated but blended into one. Most of the works written have a real mass flavour and a tang of present expression. They are full of the patriotic feeling of the people. A large number of poems, short stories, songs, novels and "Ta Ku" ballads have been written. Poetry too in these new surroundings is not for "the four hundred" but for the four hundred and fifty millions. In the large cities and villages, poems are painted on the walls like slogans and are a subject of attention and discussion by the people.

Not confining itself to the four teaching faculties of music, painting, literature and drama, Luyi carries on in addition numerous other activities, thus earning for itself the role of leader in the art and literary movements of China. It has included in its

organisation a number of special research departments, trained many small dramatic troupes touring the country and organised a special dramatic company working among the troops. A small theatre movement is led and directed by Luyi, and it has founded what is known as the Fushih Studio which does not limit itself to drawing upon the personnel of Luyi but includes any and all people interested in art work, and puts on major productions. Several choirs of more than a hundred singers have been formed, as well as several smaller ones which tour the country, especially the fronts.

Besides all these activities, there is an editing and publishing department which produces collections of different works such as plays, short stories, wood-cut albums, novels, songs, new style Chinese operas and a monthly literary journal of the academy called *New Art*. This same department also translated the current reports of the International Association for the Defence of Culture, articles on literature from the foreign press, and the works of foreign writers.

The "Ivory-Towerists" have little place in the China of today. Art has joined the general arsenal of China to defeat the forces of reaction without and within. This is borne out by artists like Chang Jy Kan, who uses his gift of finger painting (an ancient Chinese method) with skill and effect, or paintings of Yeh Ch'ien Yu who portrays the agony, hope and dream of China through simple Chinese scenes and people of the soil such as the famous picture titled "Homeless by the Yellow River" or the Young Miss. Ai Lien Tai, the dancer, who has created stirring

numbers like "Alarm" danced to a drum accompaniment in a Chinese peasant costume or the Guerilla March, a spectacular piece done in the national flag costume.

The record in the graphic arts is no less impressive. It was introduced only a few years ago by Lu Hsun and has since swept China. In the production of wood-cuts, a real national form has been evolved using China's wealthy graphic experience, for instance, telling a story in series of cuts. The wood-cut itself is not new to China, ranking as one of the earliest arts. But impact of the West has lent a new vigour to it.

Even the hospital is now included in the educational and cultural programme. Each hospital has attached to it a school of culture and a music instructor. The teachers at the schools give lessons to nurses, ward boys and others in elementary Chinese literature and history. They also tell them the meaning and significance of the present War. The illiterates are given education in the three "Rs." The music teacher teaches them patriotic songs. Nurses and others connected with the hospitals also receive technical education. At Yen-an there are schools and Universities which give higher education in Chinese literature, history, economics, drawing, painting and music.

A music lover once remarked that music in China alone is sufficient to keep the country lively. The fact is that whereas in the pre-war days there were

only two orchestras in China, there are today several. They are all helped by the Government. Musicians are doing their best to portray with their compositions the undaunted military spirit which premeates the people. "Not that but Immortality," one of the pieces composed by the well-known Mr. Ma which never fails to inspire the people.

The most inspiring sight, whether at the front or the rear, is mass singing. Popular songs, dealing with the National struggle against aggression, are sung by thousands, accompanied by brass bands. No festivity or social function is complete today without the singing of songs. Mass singing is, however, a new innovation in China, nevertheless it has spread all over into the mud huts, the green fields, the factories and workshops, into the lone mountains, down the river's bosom. These songs are stirring triumphal arches of melodies, songs whose words encourage the people to struggle for freedom, full of pep to enthuse flagging spirits. All the movement and rhythm of old folk songs is absorbed into new creations—the chants of boatmen, the calls of the streets, the slow drone of trampers on the road, the heaving sighs of stone cutters, the daring calls of fisherfolk, the wishful hum of water carriers; all these and much more are in these songs. They throb with the thrill of a new life.

Under the auspices of educational institutions and cultural associations, exhibitions of all kinds have been held. The people's Educational Institute was a few months ago the scene of an antiques exhibition

in which 1,000 examples of Chinese calligraphy, bronze and stone articles, earthenware and coins were on display.

Among other exhibitions held lately were: an extensive collection of newspapers and magazines published in China and abroad; photographs showing life in Sikiang, the new province between Szechwan and Tibet; Chinese drawings and paintings; Chinese Calligraphy; Photographs depicting the life of Chinese soldiers at the front; a food exhibition aimed at teaching the public the nutritious value of different kinds of food and an engineering exhibition.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

BY YUSUF MEHERALLY

Of books on China, there is no end and fresh ones are being added to the massive total every succeeding year. For a fuller list of books on China, Japan and the countries of the Far East, the readers is referred to *What To Read—A Study Syllabus* written by the present writer. This bibliographical note is compiled for those who wish to have a compact list for ready reference.

China and Japan published by the Royal Institute of International Affairs, London, is a good book to start with.

The latest book on the present war is a semi-official publication *China—After Five Years of War*, which gives in detail, the Chinese view-point (China Publishing Company, Chungking, 1942).

For the background, the best book is still Bertrand Russell's "*The Problem of China*" A bigger book is L.A. Lyall's *China* in the Modern World Series. A handy little book in *The Chinese* by Winifred Galbraith in the Pelican Series.

The two outstanding leaders of Modern China are Sun Yat Sen and Chiang Kai Shek. Sun Yat Sen is to China what Mahatma Gandhi is to India or what

Lenin has been to Soviet Russia. His autobiography entitled "*Memoirs of a Chinese Revolutionary*" is full of interest, though perhaps the best book on his life is Lyon Sherman's rather critical '*Sun Yat Sen*'. Dr. Sun's three Principles of the People are discussed in his "*San Min Chu*."

Hollington Tong's *Chiang Kai Shek* easily remains the best biographical account of the Chinese Generalissimo.

The Inner History of the Chinese Revolution by Tang Leang Li is an interpretation of Chinese history in nineteen twenties and thirties from the view-point of Wang Ching Wai, the head of the present pro-Japanese Nanking Government.

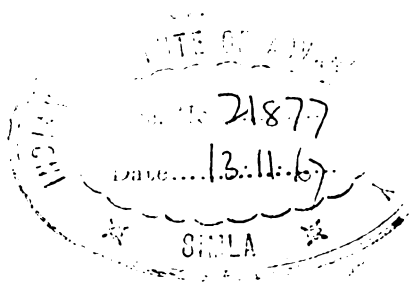
The much publicised part of the communists is discussed in Edgar Snow's *Red Star over China* and *Scorched Earth*.

A stimulating discussion of Chinese labour and agrarian problems will be found in Professor R. H. Tawney's *Land And Labour In China*. Also important are Dr. Chen Han Seng's "*Agrarian Problem in China*" published in the *Problems of the Pacific* issued by the Institute of Pacific Affairs, New York, and Chuan-Hua Lowe's "*Facing Labour Issues In China*."

Of the numerous recent books, Graham Peck's "*Through China's Wall*" and Joys Homer's "*Dawn Watch in China*" are worthy of mention.

No list on China would be complete without a special mention of the remarkable books of Lin Yu-Tang. The following are specially recommended as indispensable reading. "*My Country And My People*", "*The Importance of Living*" and a novel "*Moment In Peking*".

Pearl Buck's famous trilogy *The House of Earth*, which includes the *Good Earth* is one of the masterpieces of fiction. The same author's "*The Patriot*" describes the present Sino-Japanese conflict in a most interesting setting. Her *Dragon Seed* is perhaps the first novel dealing with occupied China. An interesting collection of Chinese short stories will be found in *Living China*. Another famous novel is "*Storm Over Shanghai*" by the well-known French writer, Andre Malraux.



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