

七十年

戴妮丝等著

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LIVING IN CHINA

By Nine Authors from Abroad

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英汉对照



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戴妮丝 等著

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Sam Ginsbourg

A Voyage into the Future

On March 14, 1947, I left Kuomintang-ruled Shanghai aboard an UNRRA boat headed for one of the Liberated Areas — Yantai (Chefu), Shandong. I had bought a one-way ticket: I was not coming back.

This turning point in my destinies had not come on the spur of the moment, it was the inevitable result of the thoughts and feelings brewing in me since 1926 when I came to China. From the April 12, 1927 massacre of Chinese workers by Chiang Kai-shek and his imperialist masters to the huge demonstration of protest against the raping of a Beijing (Peking) University student by an American marine in December 1946 — I had been an eye-witness of it all. If I had been no more than a sympathizer till then, after Victory Day I felt, I knew I could remain one no longer. I was faced with a choice. I could go to the United States where my folks were staying at the time. But the unseemly role being played by the U.S. in what was happening in China, and the offensive, at times indecent, behaviour of many of the officers and men of the U.S. Navy, made me averse to following this course of action. Or I could become an active participant in China's affairs, an idea that appealed to me more and more. I had been in China most of my life. I owed

奔向未来的航程

金诗伯

1947年3月14日，我登上了一条联合国善后救济总署的船，离开国民党统治下的上海，驶往山东烟台解放区。我买的是单程票，决心不回上海了。

这是我一生当中的转折点。这个转折点并不是出于一时的心血来潮，而是我打从1926年来华以后，在思想感情上经过长期酝酿的必然结果。从1927年4月12日蒋介石及其帝国主义主子对中国工人进行大屠杀之时起，直到1946年12月掀起的大规模游行示威——抗议美国海军陆战队士兵强奸北京大学女生的暴行——之日止，对于这一切，我都是目击者、见证人。如果当时我只不过是个同情者的话，那末，胜利以后，我觉得，不能再像过去那样仅仅止于表示同情了。我面临着这样两种抉择：要么，去美国，因为那儿还有我的亲友。可是，当时中国所发生的一切，美国都在其中扮演着不光彩的角色，而且许多美国海军官兵所表现出来的那种无礼的、甚至往往是下流无耻的行径，使我对去美国的选择产生了厌恶的感情；要么就积极参与中国的事务——这个念头，越来越强烈地打动着。我的大半生是在中国度过的。对于这样一个幅员辽阔、江山多娇

much to this vast, beautiful land and to its long-suffering but courageous people. Lately some friends had told me many exciting and inspiring things about the Liberated Areas, where a new, free, democratic life was being built. It took me almost nine months to make up my mind, to make the necessary preparations and to secure the permission of the Communist Party Office in Shanghai — and here I was, off on my voyage into the future.

A month after my arrival in Yantai a very close friend of mine wrote to me from Shanghai. I do not remember now what else he said in his letter. But I do remember clearly a question he put to me: "What the hell do you think you, a foreigner, an intellectual, are doing, going off to join the Chinese revolution, a peasant revolution?"

I did not answer my friend at the time. I doubt I could have given him a very coherent or fully convincing answer then. Today, looking back upon the past 30 years it gives me particular pleasure to reply to my friend's question. Because today I am convinced that I, a foreigner, an intellectual, have done right.

A Change of Status. I came to Yantai as an "international friend", a guest, and enjoyed all the "privileges" that went with the title, mainly taking part in the endless banquets given by the mayor in honour of the foreigners, friends and otherwise, who were arriving with every ship.

Three months of this treatment were more than enough for me. I yearned to leave the guest-house, where we lived. It seemed to my stern and frugal eyes as a wart on the face of the stern and frugal Yantai, engaged to a man in strenuous war effort.

的国家，对于这个国家的饱经忧患但却是勇敢无畏的人民，我是抱有深深的感激之情的。后来，又有一些朋友向我介绍了许多有关解放区的十分令人振奋、令人鼓舞的情况。一种新的、自由民主的生活正在那里建立起来。我花了差不多九个月的时间来下定决心，并进行各种必要的准备，然后又获得了上海共产党领导机关的批准——从此，我就踏上了奔向未来的航程。

到达烟台后只有一个来月，我的一位亲密的朋友从上海给我写来了一封信。他在这封信里说的一些其他事情，现在我都不记得了。但是，我却非常清楚地记得他向我提出的这样一个问题：你到底想要干什么呢？一个外国人，一个知识分子，居然想要参加中国的革命，一个农民革命？

对这位朋友所提出的这个问题，当时我没有给他答复，因为我怕自己不能条分缕析地把道理讲清楚，让他完全信服。今天，回顾过去三十年的岁月，我不禁满怀兴奋地要在这里回答我那位朋友的问题了。因为，我今天已经坚信不疑：我这个外国人，我这个知识分子，做对了。

身份的变迁 我是以“国际友人”和客人的身份来到烟台的。由于这个身份，我享受了种种“特殊待遇”，主要是参加市长举行的那些没完没了的宴会，这些宴会都是为了欢迎和招待那些随船到来的外国人和朋友们的。

这种待遇持续了三个月，对我来说实在太过分了。我巴不得赶快离开宾馆。在我严肃而朴实的心目中，对烟台这样一个严肃、朴素并且正在从事紧张的战争活动的城市来说，宾馆就象是它脸上的一个赘疣。

Some time in June I handed in an application requesting to be admitted to the ranks of revolutionary cadres. The answer was not long in coming: my application had received favourable consideration. The day came when I put on the blue cadre uniform and sat down to dine at the same table as the other cadres. The uniform was made of rough cloth, it did not fit me very well. The food was frugal. Although mine was somewhat better than what the others had, it could not begin to be compared with what I had been used to. But I was happy and proud and extremely excited — from that day on I was a member of the great family of revolutionary cadres.

Incidentally, I never again wore a Western suit (except when called upon to perform the roles of Eisenhower and Brezhnev, of English capitalists in plays and burlesques), and never again ate Western food (except at banquets).

A Lesson in Patriotism. That same summer in Yantai, in a small meeting hall transformed into a make-shift courthouse, the drunken driver of an American jeep, a Westerner, was tried and sentenced for running over a Chinese. For the first time in China's modern history a foreigner was judged on Chinese soil by a Chinese court for a crime committed against a Chinese citizen. In one stroke an end was put to the extraterritorial rights behind which the most heinous crimes had been perpetrated against the Chinese people by foreigners for near a century. Ghosts of Ward and Seymour and Scott and other "conquerors" of China must have shuddered in their graves that day.

In my pre-liberation days in Shanghai I knew that foreigners committing offenses against Chinese were judged in the court of the country to which the foreigner belonged, according to the given country's laws. I had always taken this for

六月，我递交了一份申请书，要求参加革命干部队伍。没过多久，我就得到了回话；我的申请顺利地经过了审核。我盼望的一天终于来到了：我穿上了兰色的干部服，并像其他干部一样和他们同坐在一张桌子上吃饭。制服是粗布做的，穿起来不大合身；伙食很简单（我的饭菜还是要比别人的好一些），虽然不能和我过去经常吃的饭食相比，但我却感到很高兴、很自豪、很兴奋。打那以后，我就成为革命干部大家庭的一员了。

除了在偶然的情况下，我再也不穿西服了（除非是让我在滑稽戏等演出中扮演艾森豪威尔和勃列日涅夫或英国的资本家时才穿一次）。我也不再吃西餐了（除非参加宴会）。

爱国主义的一课 就在这年夏天，在烟台的一个法庭上（这个法庭是在一间小会议室里临时布置的），一辆美国吉普车的司机——一个西方人——受到了审判，因为他喝醉了酒，开车压死了一个中国人。在中国的土地上，由中国的法庭来审判一个对中国公民犯下了罪行的外国人，这在中国的近代史上还是破天荒第一次。在过去将近一个世纪的漫长时期中，那些对中国人民犯下了严重罪行的外国人，都得到了治外法权的庇护。而这一天，烟台的这场审判，一举宣告了治外法权的寿终正寝。华德(Ward)，西摩(Seymour)，施高塔(Scott)以及其他妄图“征服”中国的那帮家伙，他们的阴魂这一天也准得在坟墓中战慄、发抖。

解放前，我在上海的时候，看到那些对中国人犯了罪的外国人，都由其所属的国家按照该国的法律进行审理。我还老是认为理当如此呢。看了烟台的审讯，尤其是听了

granted. The trial in Yantai, particularly the speeches of the public procurator and the presiding judge, opened my eyes to the iniquity of the extraterritorial rights. In a sense, the trial was a test for me. "Whose side are you on?" was the question I had to answer to myself that day. As I sat in the courthouse, scenes of what I had witnessed in Shanghai during my 20-year stay there passed before my mind: the beflagged warships of all nations strung along the Huangpu River, foreign patrols marching all over our streets, Sikh machine-gunners atop Black Marias shooting down revolutionary workers, abusive signs at the park gates forbidding Chinese to enter, American jeeps driven by drunken G.I.'s running down passers by in the centre of town. For the first time in my life I considered all this from the viewpoint of a Chinese, I felt hatred and revulsion against the foreign imperialists who had inflicted all these sufferings and humiliations upon MY people. Thus, in a Yantai courthouse I felt a surge of patriotism that was with the years to grow into a deep love for the fair land which I call today my motherland.

Work. I did some work in Yantai: helped edit an English-language newspaper, did some translations (in co-operation with others), helped some comrades learn English, wrote a few short articles for the local paper. None of it was full-time work, but it kept me pretty busy. I did not get paid for any of it, except for the articles (I contributed the money to the Support-the-Front Fund). But it never entered my mind that there should be any remuneration. Looking back upon those days, I realize what a significant change it was in my way of thinking. "No work — no pay" was giving way to "Work not for money, but for a common cause".

In the years that followed, until the early 50s, I was on the supply system. I was provided with clothes, food and

检察官和审判长所说的那一席话，这才打开了我的眼界，使我懂得了治外法权是不公正的。

从某种意义上来说，这场审判对我也是一个考验。你究竟站在哪一边？——这是我在那一天必须对自己作出回答的一个问题。当我坐在法庭上的时候，我在上海二十年间所亲眼见到的那些情景，都一幕一幕地在我脑子里浮现了出来：那成串地排列在黄浦江上高悬着外国旗帜的一艘艘军舰，那趾高气扬地巡逻在我们的大街小巷上的外国巡捕，那高踞在巡警车顶上用机枪向革命工人疯狂扫射的锡克族机枪手，那悬挂在公园门口，禁止中国人进入的侮辱性牌子，那驾着吉普车在市中心横冲直闯、压死行人的喝得烂醉的美国兵……对于这一切，我有生以来第一次以一个中国人的观点来看待。我对帝国主义分子强加在**我的**同胞头上的这种种苦难和屈辱，感到深恶痛绝。因此，当我坐在烟台的法庭上时，一股强烈的爱国主义的感情在我的内心奔腾激荡，与日俱增，终于促使我对这个美丽的、在今天我可以称之为祖国的国家产生了深沉的爱。

工 作 我在烟台这段期间，曾做过这样一些事情：协助编辑一份英文报纸，和别人合作搞一些翻译，帮助一些同志学习英语，给当地的报纸写点短小的文章。上述这些，虽然没有一样是专职，但已经把我忙得不可开交了，除了写文章有点稿酬而外（我把稿酬捐作了支前基金），其他工作都是义务劳动。我也从来没有想过应当获得任何报酬。回顾过去这些日子，我觉得我的思想经历了一个多么有意义的变化——“干活挣钱”变成了“工作不是为了钱，而是为了共同的事业”。

在往后的几年中，直到五十年代初，我过的都是供给制生活，衣服和食品都是供给的，另外还有几毛钱的津

given an allowance of a few *jiao* to keep me in cigarettes, toothpaste and other daily necessities. (The allowance was increased considerably when we got into the towns.)

Warmth. This period of my life ended on September 20, when the Kuomintang troops reached the outskirts of Yantai and we had to evacuate the city and flee into the countryside. The deepest impression I had of my six months in Yantai was one of warmth, the invariably warm attitude on the part of the leading cadres, the comrades, all the people I came into contact with. There was unceasing care for my welfare that expressed itself in a thousand ways. It made me feel that I must on no account let the leadership down, gave me confidence, helped me overcome difficulties that came my way now and then.

I had new occasion to feel this warmth the very day we went into the countryside. We had done about 100 *li* that day and in the evening stopped off at a small village near the county centre of Muping. That night in a small hut lit dimly by kerosene lamps, I was unexpectedly invited to attend a banquet held in honour of my birthday! It was the most moving and fantastic birthday I have ever had in my life. The autumn of 1947 was a very difficult time for China, for Shandong and especially for Yantai. And yet my comrades had managed somehow in the midst of evacuation cares not to forget the date and to bring along out of Yantai canned stuffs and wines and all else needed for a very sumptuous meal for more than 20 persons. I had had my share of splendid birthday parties before then, but this one with its warm speeches and toasts and camaraderie will forever stand out in my memory.

The winter that followed was a harsh and hungry one. Food was severely rationed. Yet in spite of this, one of my

贴，作为买香烟、牙膏和其他一些日用品的零花钱。（进城以后，生活津贴就大大增加了。）

亲切、热情 我这一阶段的生活在9月20号就结束了。当时，国民党军队已逼近烟台郊区，我们不得不撤离城市，转入农村。我在烟台一共呆了六个月。我在这儿得到的最深刻的印象就是亲切、热情。无论是领导干部还是一般同志，凡是我所接触过的人，他们的态度都很亲切、很热情。在生活福利方面，大家对我更是多方照顾、关怀备至。这一切，使我深深感到，决不能辜负领导的期望；这一切，也使我充满了信心，帮助我克服了不时遇到的种种困难。

就在我们转入农村的头一天，我又得到了新的机会来领受这种暖人心窝的亲热情谊。这一天，我们走了一百里路，晚上就在离牟平县中心不远的一个小村落歇了下来。我完全没有想到，就在这个晚上，在一间点着煤油灯的昏暗的小小茅屋里，我竟被邀请去参加一个为庆祝我的生日而举行的宴会。这是我一生中所度过的一个最珍奇、最感人的生日。1947年秋，正是中国处境艰难的时刻，山东，特别是烟台，尤其如此。然而，同志们在为布置撤退而操心的百忙中还没有忘记我的生日，而且还想方设法从烟台带出来了一些罐头、酒以及其他食品。这些东西足足够二十多个人美餐一顿。在此之前，我也曾不止一次地参加过庆祝生日的盛会，但是，只有这一次，只有在这一次筵席上的热情祝酒和亲切讲话以及深厚的同志情谊，才将在我的思想上留下永远不能忘却的记忆。

那年的冬天是一个严酷的缺粮的冬天，食品是严格配给的。尽管困难这么大，但是，有一天，我的一位同志——

comrades, a splendid middle-aged woman, one day prepared a bowl of delicious steaming dumplings for me, with her own hands. Only much later did I learn that she was the secretary of our Party branch (because of the Kuomintang presence in the area the then Party organization was still underground). To this day, when I eat dumplings, I recall the bowl, eaten on a *kang* (a heatable brick bed), with the secretary watching me with affection as I downed one dumpling after another, hoping that I was satisfied with her culinary skill.

Some months later I and my interpreter were staying with a poor peasant family in a small mountain village. I was having a very bad attack of duodenal ulcers, an ailment that had been bothering me for years and had not improved with the hardships of the life in the countryside. The lady of the house, seeing me lying on the *kang* obviously in pain, was terribly worried about me. She kept coming in asking after my well-being. And then one day she suddenly disappeared for the whole morning. When she came in again, she was carrying a platter piled high with steaming dumplings. Each dumpling caused me excruciating pain, but not for the world would I have shown it. The old lady had gotten up at dawn and walked more than 5 *li* to a marketplace, where with a few hard-earned cents constituting probably a considerable part of her savings, she bought some meat to make dumplings for the bearded "international friend" who was trying to do his bit for the Chinese people. In those war days, when peasants ate meat once a year, during the Spring Festival, it was nothing less than a deed of real love.

Learning the Language. I had come to the Liberated Areas knowing at most a hundred Chinese words, knowing,

一位热情的中年妇女——还亲手给我做了一碗美味的热气腾腾的饺子。过了很久以后，我才知道她就是我们当时的支部书记（因为那时国民党还呆在这个地区，所以党的组织仍处在地下状态）。直到今天，每当我吃饺子的时候，我就情不自禁地总要想起当年那个盛饺子的碗，想起当年坐在炕上吃饺子的情景，更想起这位支部书记，她亲切地看着我把饺子一个接一个地往下咽，希望我能对她的烹调手艺感到满意。

几个月以后，我和我的翻译一起住在一个小山村的——一户贫农家里。当时我正患十二指肠溃疡，病得很厉害。这个病把我折磨好多年了。由于农村生活十分艰苦，所以一直不见好转。房东老大娘看到我躺在床上那副显然很痛苦的样子，心里很着急，不断进来向我问长问短。忽然有一天，整整一个上午都没见到她的影儿。当她再进到我屋子里来的时候，手里却端着满满一大盘正冒着热气的饺子。我每咽下一个饺子都很痛苦。但是，我绝不能流露出来。这位老太太在那天，天刚蒙蒙亮就起了床，紧赶慢赶地走了五里多路才来到一个集市上。在这儿，她掏出了好不容易才挣得的几角几分钱——这点钱也许就是她的大部分积蓄——买了点肉回来专门做饺子给我这位满脸胡子的、想为中国人民作点工作的“国际友人”吃。在那战火纷飞的年月里，农民在一年之内，也只是在过春节的时候，才能够吃到一次肉，这件事体现了真正的友爱。

学中文 我来解放区时，最多不过认识一百个汉字。我知道“妈”、“马”、“麻”、“骂”这几个字都是发