

EDGAR SNOW'S CHINA

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**A PERSONAL ACCOUNT
OF THE CHINESE REVOLUTION
COMPILED FROM THE WRITINGS
OF EDGAR SNOW**

BY LOIS WHEELER SNOW



Random House
New York

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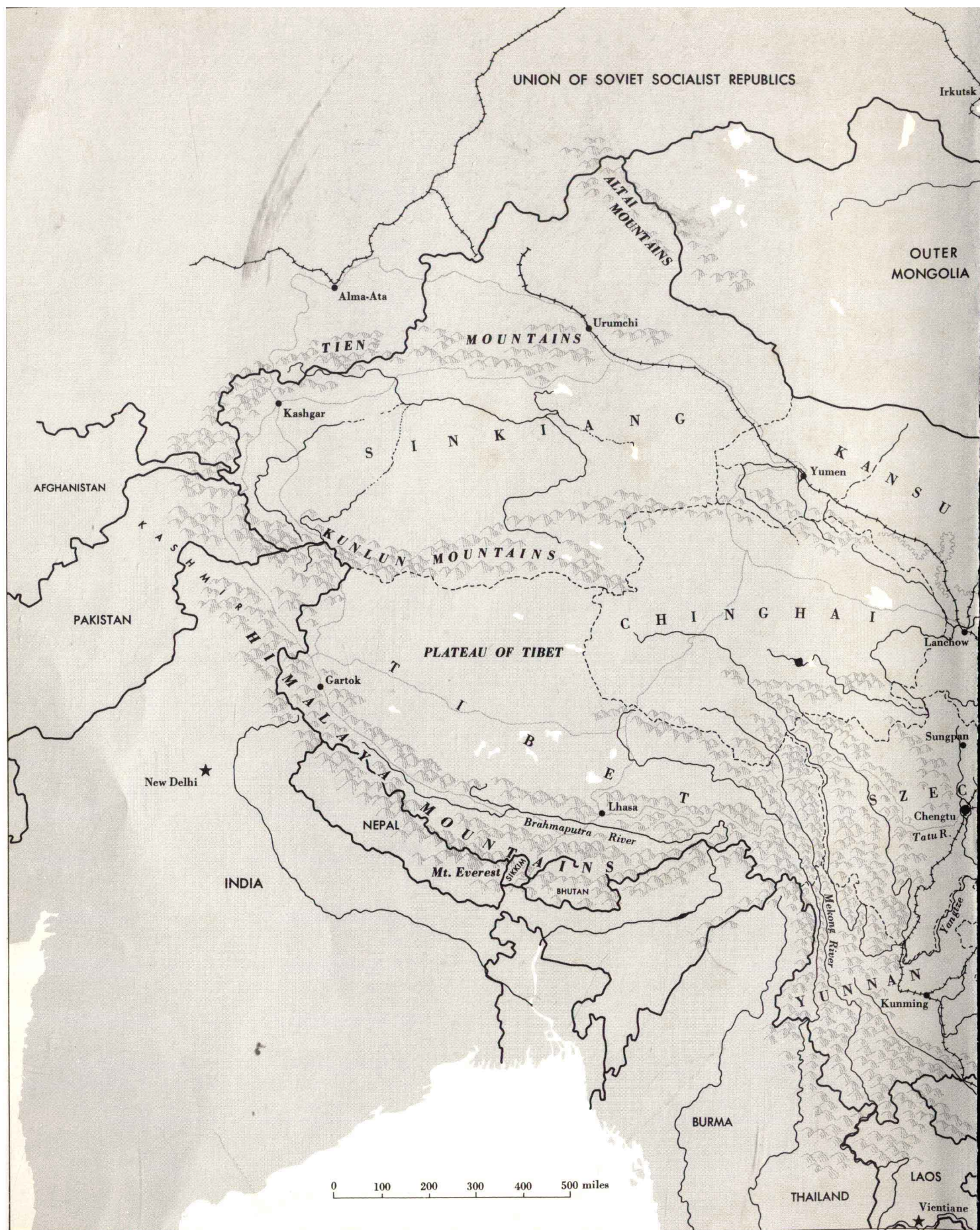
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EDGAR SNOW'S **CHINA**





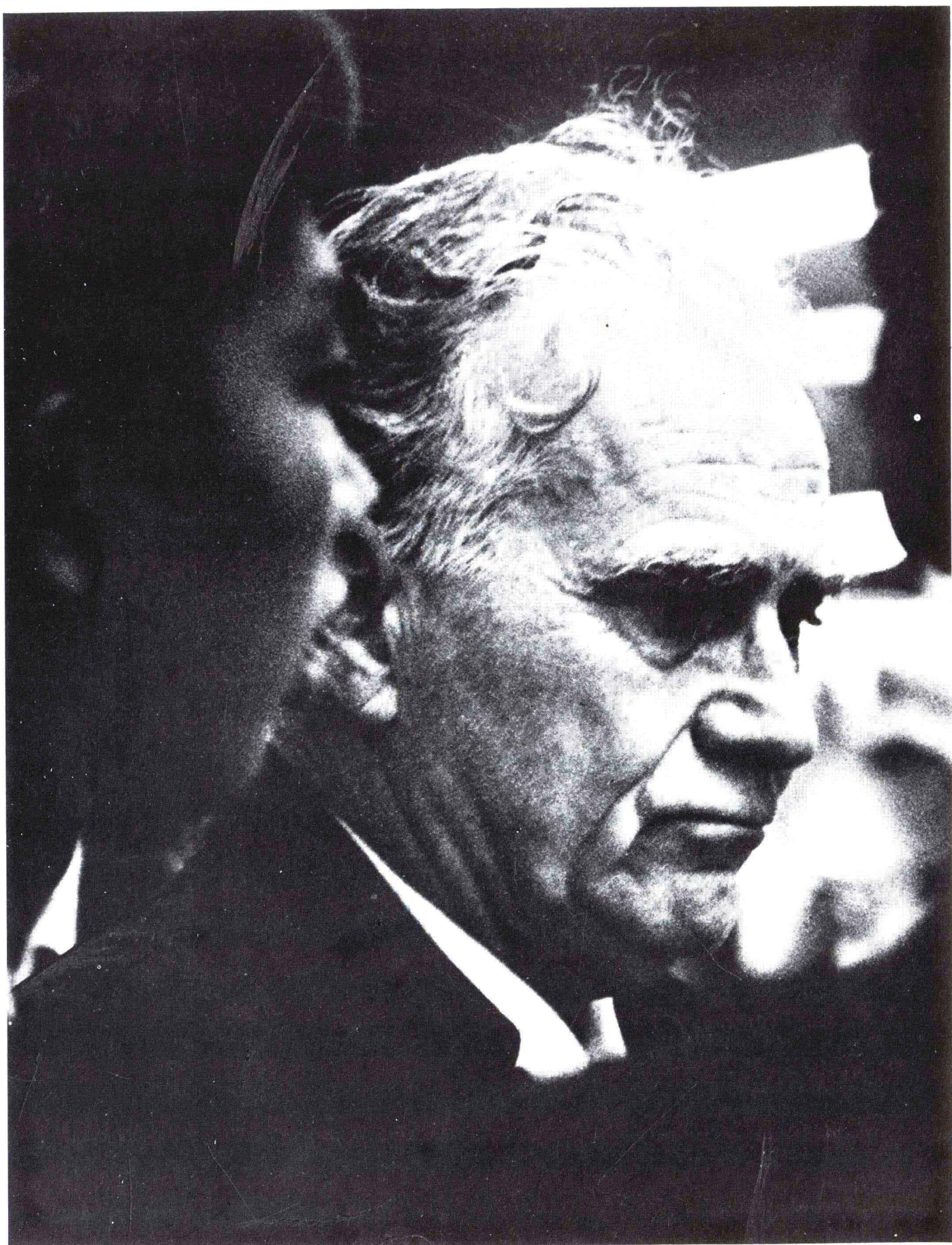
Books by Edgar Snow

Far Eastern Front
Living China
Red Star Over China
The Battle for Asia
People on Our Side
The Pattern of Soviet Power
Stalin Must Have Peace
Random Notes on Red China
Journey to the Beginning
Red China Today: The Other Side of the River
The Long Revolution

Books by Lois Wheeler Snow

China on Stage
A Death With Dignity

For *Peter, Frederic, Harris—*
and Inge and Anna



Foreword

Most of this book is by Edgar Snow. Because he is not here to put it together, I have done it in my own form and way. Many of the photographs were taken by him; all the text is his, culled by me from the books, letters, diaries, and newspaper and magazine articles he wrote as a foreign journalist in China from the time he reached Shanghai in 1928, until he watched from afar the victory of obscure “bandit men and women” when the country’s civil war came to an end in 1949. Those victors included people he had known in the war-torn, tumultuous cities and in the vast, sprawling stretches of countryside, as well as in the loess-hill cave towns where outlawed leaders (for whose heads, severed or in place, the Kuomintang offered millions of dollars reward) had been joined by students, artists, workers, peasants and soldiers in common battle against foreign invaders and a “rich man’s government which continued to feast as poor men starved and died.”

He had been part of that. I know it only from his words, from the films and photographs he collected, and from the participants and onlookers I met during the twenty-five years I shared with him. This attempt to show through his eyes and written words the sequence of China’s revolutionary course, and the people engaged in that strife, is mine merely in effort. The substance is Edgar Snow’s. This he left in my care, and I have used a part of it to provide a background for those people—many born after the events—who would like to understand better the past of today’s awakened giant. The result is not intended to be a history of China’s revolution. It is an account of one man’s efforts to *report* that revolution, a chronicle of his response to a country he saw fighting to unshackle itself from feudal bonds and crippling backwardness—a China diminished in pride and strength through foreign aggression and choked by its government’s betrayal of its own revolution and an arrogant denial of its citizens’ rights.

For well over a decade before the emergence of the People’s Republic of China, Edgar Snow had, as an outside observer, unusual contact with those people and their leaders. He knew both the Kuomintang, which had inherited and subsequently

misused the principles of the Nationalist government’s founding father, Dr. Sun Yat-sen, as well as the Communists, who, fighting for those principles, albeit in the context of Chinese Marxism, gained the support of multitudes and achieved a radically different kind of revolution. His personal, intimate story is history witnessed as it unfolded. It is a direct outcome of traditional—if not always typical—American journalism, from a citizen of the “show me” state of Missouri.

I first met the author in 1946 at a Manhattan after-the-theater party given by actors, artists and writers, for Russian war relief—he, a well-known correspondent; I, a young actress whose Western roots had been transplanted to flourish forever (I thought at the time) in the city of New York. I knew him as the author of *Red Star Over China*, which I had read years before in the painstaking process of investigating the library my brother had built up to supplement the family’s leather-covered editions of Dickens, Shakespeare, Thackeray and black-bound encyclopedia arrayed in well-worn rows in our Stockton, California, living room. Brother Ray’s collection included some fascinating strangers: Dostoyevsky, Boccaccio, Théophile Gautier (whose enticing name was bestowed on at least one member of each generation of our pet goldfish), Faulkner, John Reed—and Edgar Snow. As readable as an epic novel, *Red Star* founded my interest in China, though my main concentration, however, in those years of Hitler, Franco, Mussolini, Hirohito and World War II, was on establishing myself as a Broadway actress. It was in this role that I married the returned war correspondent and became steadily more interested in international concerns. I continued work in theater, films and television until the then almighty hand of Senator Joseph McCarthy put a halt to both Ed’s and my professional activities. Seeking less restrictive conditions, we moved, with our two children, to Switzerland. The change ended my cherished career as an actress, but Ed fared better. Newspapers and magazines abroad welcomed his knowledge and experience. Communications with Chinese citizens engaged in diplomatic and other normal affairs in European capitals (forbidden at that time in the United States) led to

return trips to the People's Republic (also forbidden to almost all Americans in those years of hostility and mutual fear between the two countries). Our son Christopher and our daughter Sian ("Western Peace," in Chinese) grew up, therefore, on the shores of Lake Geneva and the forested slopes of the Swiss Jura, while I (slowly) forsook further ideas of Hollywood and Broadway. During this period Ed renewed his contacts with the China he had last seen in the early 1940s. On October 1, 1970, we were there—I for the first time—the two of us standing beside Mao Tse-tung on the great height of Peking's Tien An Men, sharing the cheers received by the Chinese leadership from the multitude thronged below in the enormous square. Above the crowd a gigantic sign urged the peoples of the world to "Unite to defeat the U.S. aggressors and all their running dogs!" It was an astonishing moment: our presence there among the Chinese heads of state carried a message of important change and Ed was the instrument through which those leaders chose to forecast that future.

Born in Kansas City, Missouri, in 1905, Ed was the youngest of three children. His father owned a small printing company which allowed the family modest living conditions and started off the third child's absorption with the printed word.

"My father," Ed wrote in his autobiography, "believed in making my brother and me work, on Saturdays and during vacations, 'to learn that money represents labor.' When I was nine I began to help carry packages from the Snow Printing Company to the *Kansas City Star*, a glamorous building with a great living heart in its pressroom. There I worshipped the editors from afar." And there in those early days the seed was planted which produced the young journalist years later in a country as far removed from his Midwestern birthplace as China.

Working summers as a not yet teen-age office boy for the Katy Line railway provided him with weekend passes for trips to the Ozarks and a beginning interest in travel. That led to greener pastures at age fourteen when, Ed recalled, he accompanied two schoolmates

in Bob's new Model T touring car, an adventure of which I managed to keep my parents in the dark until we were well on the way. For most of the trip we followed the then unpaved Santa Fe Trail, which over long stretches dis-

appeared altogether in the sand and boulders. Bob joined his parents in Santa Monica; Charlie and I, having spent all our money, had to bum our way home. If I had not seen the Pacific that summer I might never have fixed so firmly in my mind the ambition to sail across it. And if I had not bumed my way on freight trains up the coast of California, and through the Feather River Canyon and the Royal Gorge of Colorado, I would not have known, so early, the taste of rough adventure, the infinite variety of nature and man, and the kindness of strangers to an adolescent just discovering that he had the muscle, if not the brains, to do a man's job in the world.

That autumn when I went back to high school I discovered in *Les Misérables* some "foreign" characters who reminded me of some of the workers and unemployed—just "bums" to respectable people—whom I had met and come to like during my summer's adventure. Hugo opened up a strange new world of ideas and great moral and political issues for me and involved me in history in a faraway and stirring time. It was only now that reading became vicarious travel for me and the second best thing to action. My early Wanderjahr and its consequences probably did more to shape my life than all my formal education. "A man's life," says the Chinese proverb, "is a candle in the wind."

The shape of Ed's life was global. He viewed the world as a whole, he embraced people and ideas from many lands, he knew the "have-gots" and the "have-nots," the mighty and the poor. A projected "year's travel round the world" after college stretched out to a lifetime of activities and relationships that kept him both in the mainstream and off the beaten path during the sixty-five years he spent on this troubled, and to him, often beautiful planet. China, and China's revolution, was a dominant factor in Ed's development. Arriving in the "Celestial Kingdom" in 1928, he remained, the first time, for well over a decade—fascinated by the history and heritage, held by the people and their time-hewn problems, intrigued by the rumblings of revolution heard in the distance beyond most foreigners' unconcern. When he sought out that revolution, and saw it up close, he responded, as a reporter and as a human being, to one of the most unusual and profound shake-ups in history.

Though Ed covered and wrote about vastly different, far-flung areas—India, Burma, Indochina, Iran, Arabia, Africa, Europe, Mexico and the Soviet

Union—in and out of war,* the name Snow became particularly identified with China. He describes his feelings about that personal association as he left thirteen years after his arrival, to return to the United States in 1941:

I would still be for the cause of China; in the main the cause of the Chinese was on the side of truth, of right and justice. I would be for any measure which might help the Chinese people to help themselves, for in that way only could they find themselves. But I would never again imagine that I personally was anything more to China than an alien corn adrift on vast tides of history with a logic of its own and beyond my power to alter or my birthright to judge.

Yet China had claimed a part of me even if I could make no claim on her. In place of my youthful ignorance of meanings of words and statistics there were real scenes and personalities—until famine now meant a naked young girl with breasts a million years old, and horror meant an army of rats I saw feasting on the suppurating flesh of still-living soldiers left helpless and untended on a charred battlefield; until rebellion meant the fury I felt when I saw a child turned into a pack animal and forced to walk on all fours, and “Communism” was a youthful peasant I knew fighting to avenge the execution of fifty-six members of his clan-family, held jointly responsible when three of its sons joined the Red Army; until war was the slit belly of a girl ravished and thrown naked before me on the streets of Chapei, and murder was the yellow corpse of an unwanted baby tossed onto a garbage heap in an alley near the Ministry of Health; until Japan’s “anti-Communist leadership in Asia” was the feet and arms of orphan girls buried in the debris of a building bombed before my eyes, and inhumanity the laughter of idle men in silk watching one beggar choke another to death in a street fight in Szechuan over a handful of leftover rice; until I had seen dark frozen fear and cowardice in myself and courage and resolution in lowly men and women I had once childishly supposed my inferiors.

Yes, I would be part of that. And part of me would always remain with China’s tawny hills, her terraced emerald fields, her island temples seen in the early morning mist, a few of her sons and daughters who had trusted or loved me, her bankrupt cheerful civilized peasants who had sheltered and fed me, her brown, ragged, shining-eyed children, the equals and the lovers I had known, and above all the lousy, unpaid, hungry, despised, peasant foot-soldier who in the mysterious sacrifice of his own life alone now gave value to all life and put the stamp of nobility upon the struggle of a great people to survive and to go forward.

After the founding of the People’s Republic Ed returned to China on three long visits—singular events for an American during those years of armed support for Chiang Kai-shek on Taiwan and the quarantine placed by the United States government on the newly born country. Civil war had ended and the revolutionaries had come to power. But the country had been plundered and impoverished, and faced new problems that compounded those existing from the past: lack of enough productive land, and food to fill the millions of bellies; industries impaired, communications disrupted or destroyed; families sacrificed to the ravages of war and uncontrolled nature. The treasury, and treasures, of China had been shipped away by alert Kuomintang leaders long before their fall, and more loot had been ripped off by others fleeing at the last minute to Hong Kong, Taiwan or Riverdale, New York. To flush out hidden enemy agents, to eradicate gangsterism and criminals who fed off the vulnerable, to rehabilitate prostitutes and drug addicts, to furnish housing, provide education, build up and dispense medical care, to pull together the millions of disparate citizens, to salvage the weak, to reach the remote, these endless obstacles had to be surmounted by the new government.

In 1960 Ed returned to China for his first visit since the end of World War II. For a decade, no other American correspondent had been there, and he would remain, for almost a decade more, the only one. He saw the Chinese coping with and surviving the effects of external embargo and internal hardship, and encountered a China engaged in new battles, standing up against adversities and isolation, armed mainly with the tremendous labor power of its hard-working citizens. But few Americans understood—few, even, were interested in understanding—the realities of an enor-

* As a reporter Edgar Snow represented at various times the *Chicago Tribune*, the *London Daily Herald*, the *New York Herald Tribune* and the *New York Sun*. His reports appeared in *Life* and the *Saturday Evening Post*, for which he became a world correspondent and an associate editor.

mous Communist China they saw as a giant threat to their security and well-being. Secondhand reports pictured millions of “blue ants” starving to death under maniacal leaders bent on taking over the “civilized world.” The United Nations meekly followed the United States in ostracizing the one fourth of humanity who lived in the People’s Republic, and anyone who wrote with objectivity and knowledge on the subject was looked upon as a partisan and proselytizer. Over the years, while the United States denied the real China’s existence, Ed had conversations lasting many hours with Mao Tse-tung, Chou En-lai and others in the party hierarchy, as well as with the people, high and low, whom he met on trips which reached far into the provinces and hinterlands. He questioned, probed, discussed and wrote extensively about what he saw and heard, though with the exception of two books published in the United States,* this information—and this unique and close American link with Chinese leadership—was discounted or disparaged by much of the American press† and by most of the American government. Numerous overtures made by the People’s Republic to reopen communications with the United States had been rebuffed, and by 1960 Ed’s return to China was, in his words, “strenuously opposed by the Eisenhower Administration, as had been true of every effort made by Americans on a non-official level who understood something of the historical contradictions, and their portent for the U.S.A.” Once back in Peking, Ed realized that certain Chinese leaders were hopeful that his visit “might help build a bridge or two,” though they clearly stated their doubt that the United States was interested in bridge building. Reflecting on that, Ed wrote:

I thought they exaggerated the resistance of Washington to the introduction of useful information. When I returned to the United States, however, I had to revise my opinion;

* *Red China Today* (New York: Random House, Vintage Books, 1971), and *The Long Revolution* (Random House, 1972).

† *Look* magazine sponsored the trip to China in 1960 but published only one of three contracted pieces. Magazines of limited and special circulation, *The Nation*, *New Republic* and *Monthly Review*, quite often carried Snow’s articles during those years. It was *Le Nouveau Candide* in Paris which first brought out his articles in 1964–65 and the Milan weekly *Epoca*, the series from 1970. These had wide distribution and attention throughout Western Europe and in Japan.

the official wall was a great deal more solid than I had supposed. After a brief colloquy with Dean Rusk, the newly appointed Secretary of State [of the Kennedy Administration], I was left with the impression that the Chinese had been right. . . . It would take a long time and very much hard work by the “alert and knowledgeable citizenry” to break out of the trap. That it would change, that it was gradually changing, was becoming evident. There would be strong counterattacks against agonizing attempts to reach an objective understanding, which would be denounced as appeasement. The way ahead was hard but the bridges could, and ultimately must, be built.

All that was “pre-Ping-Pong.” In 1971, when the American table-tennis team was unexpectedly invited to visit Peking—and accepted the invitation—the resulting thaw affected the freeze on America’s most directly informed China reporter. *Life* magazine eagerly seized the opportunity to publish an article by Edgar Snow in which he revealed that Mao Tse-tung had personally informed him Richard Nixon would be welcome to visit China, “either as a tourist or as President.”

It was Ed’s last “scoop.” His reporting stopped when he died of cancer the very week the then President began his journey to Peking—an almost unbelievable irony, considering the careers of the two men. Ed was not only aware of the significance of the presidential voyage, he was also aware of the “triumph of lies and slander, spearheaded by McCarthy and Nixon, which charged Roosevelt, Marshall, Stilwell, Truman, Acheson and loyal men of the U.S. Foreign Service with betrayal of our country and ‘selling China to the Russians.’”

After Ed died, I took half of his ashes to China to be buried in a small green garden on the campus of Peking University. This had once been part of Yenching, where he had taught journalism and learned from the political courage of Chinese youths that history can, indeed, be changed. Later, in the United States, I placed the remaining ashes in the garden of a friend’s home beside the Hudson River, according to a request Ed left on a piece of paper he meant me to see when he was no longer here. He had written:

I love China. I should like part of me to stay there after death as it always did during life. America fostered and nourished me. I should like part of me placed by the Hudson River, before it enters the Atlantic to touch Europe

and all the shores of mankind of which I felt a part, as I have known good men in almost every land.

Premier Chou En-lai and his wife, Teng Ying-chao, along with other Chinese and foreign friends, attended the ceremony in Peking. Chinese representatives to the United Nations and different friends and family performed equally simple and beautiful rites in New York.

Ed was joined in death in 1976 by three of China's best-beloved "Red bandits"—Chou En-lai, Chu Teh and, finally, Mao Tse-tung. Their long-held hope was fulfilled several years later when other sometime Chinese "bandits," led by Vice Premier Teng Hsiao-ping and Foreign Minister Huang Hua, traveled to Washington, D.C., to formalize recognition and friendship between the Chinese and American peoples and governments. It was a time for rejoicing—perhaps, who knows, even for those "out there," where kindred souls may have echoed an ethereal "ganbei."

Because of my husband's special experience with China's past, I have put together relevant excerpts from his writings to provide some firsthand insight on the why and how of the birth of the People's Republic of China, recorded by a man who was on the scene during its gestation. "Behind its revolutionary choice of today," Ed noted, "lie reasons of history quite unlike those which made the United States and Western Europe."

In composing this book, I have taken material quite freely out of context—paragraphs out of chapters, sentences out of paragraphs, and at times, I have deleted words from sentences for continuity's sake. I have sometimes changed present-tense verbs to past tense, to avoid confusion between what took place when the author was writing about events he had just witnessed, and what is happening today. I trust that in doing this I have not distorted or changed any original meanings, even though such selectivity does result in major simplification that could only be prevented if I used the whole—an obvious impossibility in view of the size and scope of this presentation.

In *Red Star Over China* and the other Snow books, the Wade-Giles system of transliteration (romanization) is used. I have changed this to what can be called "modified Wade-Giles"—that is, dropping the aspirates employed to aid in pronunciation in that system (as in Teng Hsiao-p'ing)

but keeping the hyphen (as in Mao Tse-tung). I made the decision not to use the new *pin yin* method, which is now employed in China and in most current foreign translations of the Chinese language, simply because to do so would drastically alter the original text.

For those who are interested in reading the works from which these excerpts have been taken, at the back of the book there is a list of Edgar Snow's eleven books. Many public libraries can supply a complete accumulation of his detailed reporting.

A word about the photographs. They come from different sources. A good many were taken by Ed himself. He photographed first as a "tourist," then as a journalist—always as an amateur—from his arrival in China. His was the first pictorial account made of the newly arrived Red Army in far north-western China in 1936. A great regret to him was the limited amount of film he was able to bring with him on the hazardous journey that took him into the life of those people who were to become the founders of a new China. That any of the photographed results returned with him was a near miracle. On that visit, the Chinese Communists also allowed him to copy a few rare photographs which survived the Long March and which show some of the people and events in the Kiangsi soviets (1928–35), prior to the enforced retreat from the Southeast to their new base in Shensi.

The photograph on the jacket cover has a story behind it. In Peking, in 1979, I visited the home of my good friends Gladys and Yang Hsien-yi. By sheer coincidence that evening I met a young worker, Fu Ching-sheng, a relative of the Yangs, who had come to present them with a woodcut of Edgar Snow against a background of scenes out of *Red Star* times. It is Ed's entrance into the folk art of China. Lu Hsun, China's most prestigious modern writer, fathered the woodcut movement in his country. He encouraged young artists to take up the art as an easy and inexpensive way to record and reflect the life of the people and the time. That Fu Ching-sheng, worker-artist, chose an American journalist as his subject is implicit recognition of the role of Edgar Snow as a friend of the Chinese people and recorder of their revolutionary struggle.

Friends contributed generously. They make up a group of international personalities intimately associated with China's revolution; among them are Rewi Alley, Ma Hai-teh, Chou Su-fei, Anna Wang Martens, James Bertram, Israel Epstein and Fred-eric Dahlmann. It was to Anna Martens that Mao

Tse-tung said, "If you haven't had lice yet, you don't understand China." Anna understood; so did all the abovementioned. The American theater photographer Joseph Abeles, who found himself in unfamiliar drama (and lice) in World War II, allowed me the use of his pictures of Kunming at that time.

The People's Republic of China was equally generous. Under the auspices of the Chinese People's Friendship Association and its president, Wang Ping-nan, I was given access to museums and photo archives in Peking, where most records of the revolution are available. China Photos, the Museum of Revolutionary History, *China Reconstructs* magazine, and the Military Museum were the principal contributors. The Chungking Photo Archives supplied photographs of that important wartime locale. I was wonderfully assisted by Hao Po, who herself took many photographs from the Yen-an days on through the 1949 victory, and by my hostesses, Yu Shih-liang and Pu Nin.

Inge Morath accompanied me to China in the spring of 1979 to lend her keen professional eye to the complex task of choosing from the hundreds of

pictures that the Chinese put for our selection. On our return to the United States she, in spite of her own pressing work, continued with invaluable pictorial help and advice as the book took on its present form.

Though I alone am responsible for the selection of text, I owe a debt of gratitude to those who helped me in that selection or who, in various ways, assisted in the shaping of this undertaking. John Service and Edmund Clubb were of particular encouragement and help from the beginning, as was a host of friends who especially include Harris Russell, Peter Entell, Frederic Dahlmann, John Fairbank, Anna Wang Martens, Mark Selden, Jean Highland, Trudie Schafer, Mary Heathcote, Jean Pohoryles, Hans Maeder, James Bertram, Israel Epstein, Norma Chan, James Peck, Achilles Demain, Frank Taylor, Douglas and Marie Gorsline, Jack Belden, my sister Kashin Wheeler, and my son and daughter, Christopher and Sian Snow.

Lois Wheeler Snow
New York, N.Y.

Chronology

I. Last days of the Monarchy

1840-42

The "Opium War," during which Great Britain forcibly opens China to foreign trade. It is followed by the granting of territorial concessions and rights of inland navigation and missionary activity. The British take Hong Kong.

1860

China accepts Russian annexation of eastern Siberia.

1864

Near-victorious Taiping (Great Peace) Rebellion crushed by Sino-Manchu forces under Tseng Kuo-fan, helped by British army regulars and mixed European and American mercenaries. Chinese revolution "postponed sixty years." Following French penetration and seizure of Indochina (1862), encroachments increasingly reduce the Manchu-Chinese Empire to semicolonial status.

1866

Sun Yat-sen (founder of Tung Meng Hui, precursor of Kuomintang, or Nationalist Party) born in Kwangtung province.

1868

Czarist Russia annexes Bokhara and begins penetration toward Chinese Turkestan.

1869

Suez Canal completed.

1870

Lenin born.

1879

Chen Tu-hsiu (first general secretary, 1921-27, of Kungchintang, or Chinese Communist Party) born in Anhui province. Rapid expansion of French and British colonial empires in Africa.

1883-85

Franco-Chinese War. Chinese troops in Indochina, defending Peking's claim to suzerainty there, are defeated. France also acquires new territorial political concessions in China. Britain ends China's suzerainty in Burma.

1889

Cecil Rhodes establishes British South African Company.

1893

Mao Tse-tung born in Hunan province. France extends its Indochinese colonial power to Laos and Cambodia.

1894-95

Sino-Japanese War. China forced to cede Taiwan (Formosa) to Japan and abandon ancient claims to suzerainty over Korea.

1898

"Hundred Days Reform" under the Kuang-hsu emperor. Dowager Empress Tzu Hsi imprisons him and returns to power, to remain real ruler until her death (1908). United States defeats Spain, takes Philippines.

1899

"Open Door" doctrine proclaimed by U.S.A. "Equal opportunity" for foreign powers in the economic and commercial "development" of China.

1900

So-called Boxer Rebellion. Anti-foreign uprising. Allied reprisals include mass executions, crushing indemnities, new concessions, legalized foreign garrisons between Tientsin and Peking, etc. Czarist Russia takes China's port of Talien (Dairen), builds naval base (Port Arthur), acquires railway concessions across China's three northeastern provinces (Manchuria). Mao Tse-tung works as laborer on his father's farm.

1902

Anglo-Japanese alliance.

1904-05

Russo-Japanese War. Japan gets Port Arthur, Dairen, Russia's concessions in South Manchuria (China) and Russian lease over Liaotung Peninsula, plus other "rights." Dr. Sun Yat-sen forms revolutionary Alliance Society in Tokyo.

1905

First Russian Revolution.

1911

Republican revolution (the “First Revolution”) overthrows Manchu power in Central and South China. At Nanking, Sun Yat-sen declared president of provisional government, first Chinese Republic. Student Mao Tse-tung joins rebel army; resigns after six months, thinking “revolution over.”

II. The Republic and the Warlords (1912–27)

1912

Rulers of Manchu Dynasty formally abdicate. Sun Yat-sen resigns in favor of Yuan Shih-kai, as president of the Republic of China. Peking is its capital. Kuomintang (Nationalists) dominates first parliament, forms cabinet. Italy takes Libya.

1912–14

Provisional constitution and parliament suspended by militarist Yuan Shih-kai, who becomes dictator. European war begins.

1915

Japan imposes “Twenty-one Demands,” their effort to reduce China to vassal state. Yuan Shih-kai accepts most of the demands. Cabinet resigns. Japan seizes Tsingtao, a German concession in China. Yuan Shih-kai attempts to re-establish monarchy, with himself as emperor.

1916

Second (Republican) Revolution; overthrow of Yuan Shih-kai by “revolt of the generals” led by Tsai O. Era of warlords begins.

1917

Peking “shadow government” declares war on Germany. Generalissimo Sun Yat-sen, heading separate provisional regime in Canton, also declares war. In Hunan, Mao Tse-tung becomes co-founder of radical youth group. The October Revolution occurs in Russia.

1918

End of World War I. Mao Tse-tung becomes assistant to Li Ta-chao, librarian of Peking University.

1918–19

175,000 laborers sent overseas to help allies, 400 “Work-Study” students include Chou En-lai.

1919

May Fourth Movement. Nationwide student demonstrations against Versailles Treaty award of Ger-

many’s China concessions to Japan. Beginning of modern nationalist movement.

1920

League of Nations established.

1921

Chinese Communist Party formally organized at First Congress, Shanghai. Mao is chosen secretary of CP of Hunan. Revolution in Mongolia.

1923

Sun Yat-sen agrees to accept Soviet aid and form united front with CCP. Communists may now hold joint membership in Kuomintang, led by Sun.

III. Nationalist Revolution; KMT-Communist United Front (1923–27)

1923

At Third Congress of CCP, in Canton, Mao Tse-tung elected to Central Committee and chief of organization.

1925

Sun Yat-sen dies. Chiang Kai-shek becomes commander in chief.

1926

Nationalist Northern Expedition launched from Canton under supreme military command of Chiang Kai-shek.

IV. First Communist Nationalist Civil War (1927–37)

1927

Stalin victorious over Trotsky. Mao Tse-tung calls poor peasants “main force” of revolution, demands confiscation of landlords’ land. In April, Chiang Kai-shek leads anti-Communist coup, “beheads party”; Communists reduced, by four-fifths, to 10,000. Mao leads peasant uprising in Hunan (August); defeated, he flees to mountain stronghold, Chinggangshan.

1928

Chiang Kai-shek establishes nominal centralized control over China under Nationalist government (a Kuomintang, one-party dictatorship). Mao and Chu Teh form first “Red Army” of China.

1929

Mao Tse-tung and Chu Teh conquer rural territories around Juichin, Kiangsi, where a soviet government