895.13
Y94

Daughters and Sons

By Yuan Ching and Kung Chueh

FOREIGN LANGUAGES PRESS
PEKING 1958

Daughters and Sons

By Yuan Ching and Kung Chueh

FOREIGN LANGUAGES PRESS
PEKING 1958

Translated by

SIDNEY SHAPIRO

Printed in the People's Republic of China

CONTENTS

Chapter I
Upheaval 9

Chapter II
The Communists 27

Chapter III
The Guerrillas 46

Chapter IV
Dirty Japanese Tactics 68

Chapter V
The Groom 81

Chapter VI
Wild-Goose Squadron 95

Chapter VII
A Gold Chain 109

Chapter VIII
Iron Heel 130

Chapter IX
The Inquisition 151

Chapter X
Beds of Ice 170

Chapter XI
Vulnerable Fortresses 177

Chapter XII
Last Drop of Blood 193

Chapter XIII
Into the Tiger's Lair 206

Chapter XIV
A Marriage Is Arranged 219

Chapter XV
Leadership 239

Chapter XVI
Love and Hate 251

Chapter XVII
The Big Fish Get Away 266

Chapter XVIII
The Paths Cross 286

Chapter XIX
The Big Counter-Offensive 300

Chapter XX
Victory 316

试读结束：需要全本请在线购买： www.ertongbook.c

Chapter 1

Upheaval

In Shenchia Village on the shore of Paiyang Lake lived an elderly peasant widower and his two sons, Ta-shui who was twenty-one and Hsiao-shui who was twelve. They owned less than an acre of lake shallows on which they raised reeds. They were heavily in debt to Shen, the mayor, who was the biggest landlord and the most active money-lender in the village. Shen's clan, for generations, had been the local feudal lords, as was indicated by the very name of the village, "Shenchia," meaning "Shen Family."

*Tieh** wanted Ta-shui to take a bride and was willing to borrow more money from Shen to finance the marriage. Since their financial status was already precarious, Ta-shui was more concerned about the marriage question than the news that the Japanese were advancing on Peking, a hundred miles to the north.

"Things are bad enough as it is," he protested. "If we keep borrowing, we'll end up by losing our miserable little plot of ground too."

Tieh felt that the house was really much too hard to manage without a woman around to run things. He insisted that they could assume the additional burden. Ta-shui didn't agree. Powerfully built, with broad shoulders, brawny arms, Ta-shui was a hard worker. He thought that if he would put his back to it, and labour day and

---

**Tieh* is a familiar term for "father."

night, they could get rid of the debt. Then he would feel free to marry.

While the family argument was raging, on July 7, 1937, the Japanese struck at the Marco Polo Bridge outside of Peking. The war between China and Japan had begun.

In Shenchia, acting on orders from the Kuomintang army, the police rounded up peasants to dig trenches. Ta-shui was among those conscripted. The police behaved in their usual brutal fashion and he was cracked on the head with a club several times during the month they spent digging.

The trenches turned out to be a waste of work. The Kuomintang army appeared briefly in the village during its rapid retreat, pausing only long enough to pillage and loot. The police force left next, as news arrived of the fall of one large town after another. Every day Japanese planes, wheeling overhead, dropped bombs on the cities. The big officials, carrying their gold and silver money, departed for healthier climes, closely followed by the petty officials who took away as much as they could of whatever wasn't nailed down.

The villagers were beginning to become uneasy. One afternoon Ta-shui walked over to the village administration office to see whether he could learn any late news. He found a crowd of peasants standing around in the courtyard, all ears to a conversation between the mayor and some of the local gentry. The latter were so scared that they forgot their fancy speech affectations, and were arguing among themselves.

"Let's beat it! What's the use of sticking your neck out and waiting for the axe?"

"And leave all this property behind? I'm going to wait and see which way the wind blows! . . ."

Most people went around with their hearts in their mouths. They became even more frightened when, the following day, refugees from the fighting zones began pouring in—some crying, and all very upset.

Ta-shui, his father and his brother Hsiao-shui were planting wheat on a little piece of land they had leased from Shen. They had no draught animals; the brothers pulled the seeder while their father guided it from behind. Since the seeder was heavy and Hsiao-shui was little more than a child, Ta-shui did most of the pulling. Built like an ox, he dragged the seeder almost effortlessly.

"At a time like this, you're planting wheat!" marvelled one of the refugees. "Do you think you'll be here to eat it?"

Ta-shui stopped pulling and straightened his back. "He's right, we're probably planting for nothing," he said worriedly to his father. "We'd better leave."

Tieh glared at him. "Where'll we run to? Get back to your pulling, boy. If we die, then there's no problem. If we live, we've still got to eat!"

Ta-shui had an elder cousin named Blacky Tsai who also lived in Shenchia with his wife and child. Blacky hadn't been home for many months. He was secretly a member of the Communist Party, and was called "Blacky" because of his dark ruddy complexion. Originally a blacksmith, he had opened a small restaurant as a front and helped revolutionaries move about from one part of the region to another. Then the police put on a "Communist eradication" campaign. Things got too hot for him and he had to leave. His wife supported herself and the child by weaving mats and baskets.

The refugees kept arriving in ever increasing numbers, and found living quarters wherever they could. Mrs. Blacky Tsai was one of the many villagers in Shenchia required to put up friends or relatives running from the Japanese scourge. Her mother, Mrs. Yang, and her younger sister, Mei, appeared at her door one afternoon. They had fled from their home town which was already occupied by the Japanese. It was only fifty miles west of Shenchia.

"What shall we do?" said Mrs. Yang in despair. "Bandits and deserters are everywhere. . . . Where can I go with this girl and get away from all this trouble? She's grown up, and should be married by now. I've thought and thought, but I don't see any way out. . . ."

A few days later, Mrs. Tsai approached *Tieh* about making a match between Ta-shui and her sister. Father was delighted.

"That's wonderful!" he smiled. "We don't have much money now, but if your mother will consent. . . ."

"Who wants to get married in these unsettled times," Ta-shui mumbled, but his heart pounded queerly.

In the past, Mei had come to Shenchia often to visit her elder sister. Ta-shui had met her there and talked with her several times. She was a very pretty girl, a capable housekeeper with a pleasant disposition. Once Ta-shui went to ask Mrs. Tsai to do some mending for him. She was out, but Mei, who was visiting at the time, did the job neatly and quickly, without a word.

Mei is a fine girl, thought Ta-shui. I certainly would be happy, if I were married to her. . . .

Mrs. Tsai knew how he felt. Now that she had his father's consent, she returned home to talk it over with her mother.

Mei was sitting on the *kang*,* busy with needle and thread. She was seventeen, slim, but quite strong. She could carry a full bucket of water a long way without having to set it down. Her mother was old-fashioned and made her wear a long thick braid and bangs. As her sister and mother talked, Mei raised her big eyes for a moment. She saw her sister smiling in her direction, and guessed that they were discussing her prospective marriage. She began to blush furiously. Keeping her head down as if intent on her work, she listened closely to what was being said.

---

*A brick oven-bed.

Ta-shui is a fine boy—honest and sweet, she thought. If I could marry a good-hearted peasant like him, I'd be content all my life. . . .

To her surprise and disappointment, her mother couldn't make up her mind. Ta-shui's family was so poor. . . . "There's no rush about this," said Mrs. Yang finally. "We'll talk it over again later."

It soon became apparent that Mrs. Tsai couldn't afford to take care of her two guests. Mei and her mother moved to the home of another relative in a nearby village. The marriage question was left in abeyance.

*

In the fall, the bandits got busy. They menaced every village. The gangs would force the villages to give them official status. Posing as their "protectors," they constantly made levies for "upkeep."

In Shenchia, there was a small operator named Li who had one gun and five men. One day he went to Shen, the mayor, and asked, "What about it? All the other villages have organized. Unless we do the same, I can't promise to give protection."

Li was well known as a local tough. His private gang having run off, the mayor had no choice but to consent. That afternoon, the villagers were summoned to meet in the temple courtyard. Ta-shui and his father attended. His pistol stuck in his belt, Li got up on the steps and addressed the gathering. He used new terms he had recently heard but about whose meaning he was more than a little vague.

"It's like this," he said. "Every village has a protection group, and we've got to have one too—paid for by the village. These days we've all got to work together and share everything with one another. This is called 'communizing.' "

He stepped down, pulled out a pack of cigarettes, and began handing them out. "Let's communize!" he said grandly.

Cooking facilities and sleeping quarters for the gang were promptly set up in the temple.

Tieh angrily tugged Ta-shui's arm. "Let's go home to work — these people are all crazy!"

Later that afternoon, Hsiao, a young peasant neighbour, asked Ta-shui to join the band with him. Ta-shui shook his head.

"No one in my family was ever mixed up in that kind of dirty business," he said.

In the nearby village of Hochuang, another gang of bandits was formed. It was headed by one Ho, a big landlord who owned about 750 acres. Ho was a member of the Kuomintang Party and had been a staff officer in the Kuomintang army. Chin-lung, a shrewd, cruel young man, was Ho's bodyguard and a ranking officer in the "Hochuang Company." The gang, which was quite large, had a considerable number of guns and was full of army deserters and former police. Li, knowing his crew could never stand up against the Hochuang crowd, joined forces with it.

Ho's enlarged gang roved from one village to the next, commandeering food. Their demands usually were in terms of 1,000 lbs. — whether meat or wheat, oil or vinegar. The peasants were very hard pressed. In addition, the gang would make levies of money on the entire village.

Meanwhile the Japanese were moving south along the railway to the west. Because this was quite far from the Paiyang villages, one could still draw a breath.

One afternoon Ta-shui sat with his father in a little boat, while his brother Hsiao-shui did the rowing. After travelling about half a mile, they came out of the inlet into Paiyang Lake. In the clear shallow water along the shore there was a dense growth of reeds, which belonged

试读结束：需要全本请在线购买： www.ertongbook.c

to them. They stepped out of the boat and wielded their gleaming sickles.

Oblivious to the cries of the water fowl startled by their presence, they worked steadily. Overhead, a hawk was slowly circling. Ta-shui wondered whether he and Mei could ever get married. He had no way of knowing that, against her will, her mother had already engaged her to someone else, and set the date for the wedding. The lucky man was the bodyguard, now turned bandit, Chin-lung!

The sun was almost set; its scarlet reflection on the surface of the water dazzled the eyes. Heavily laden with reeds, the boat moved sluggishly back in the direction of the dyke, the two brothers straining at the oars. By the time they unloaded the cargo on the shore, it was dark and the moon had reached the tree-tops.

The following morning, Ta-shui and *Tieh* turned most of their reeds over to Shen to meet an interest payment. A few hours later, Ho's bandits imposed a fresh levy which wiped out the small surplus of reeds left.

The next day, Chin-lung, a pistol strapped round his waist, came riding towards Shenchia on a big mule. He was looking for recruits to his bandit gang. On the road he saw Ta-shui picking manure with a wooden bucket and shovel. Reining to a stop, he cocked his head to one side and flashed a couple of gold teeth in greeting.

"Hey, stupid — what are you doing that for?" he called. "Come in with us and eat white rolls and stewed pork!"

Ta-shui knew what kind of man Chin-lung was. He broke into a nervous sweat. "I'm no good at that sort of thing," he replied confusedly.

"What! You mean you don't know how to eat white rolls and stewed pork?" mocked Chin-lung coldly.

Ta-shui couldn't think of anything to say. He continued slowly along the road with his head down, scooping up manure and putting it into his bucket.

Chin-lung watched him scornfully. "You weren't made right, you've got your eyes in your behind!" he hooted. He kicked up his mule, swung his crop and galloped off.

Ta-shui glared after him until he disappeared.

*

In October, forces of the Communist-led Eighth Route Army under General Lu Cheng-tsao camped a few miles from Shenchia. One of Ta-shui's neighbours had seen them on his way back from a market town where he had gone to sell home-made cloth. He couldn't praise them enough — how different they were from the "guzzle-and-swill soldiers," as he described the bandits. He told how they wore rough cloth uniforms, ate millet, fought the Japanese, looked after the peasants and cleaned up the bandits.

"That's what I call a real army!" he said, sticking up a thumb from a clenched fist. "Join them, if you want to fight the Japanese! Anybody who joins the guzzle-and-swill soldiers is crazy!"

The same kind of reports came from all over. Immediately, dozens of young men wanted to enlist in the "Pa Lu," as the Communist Eighth Route Army was then called.* The "Hochuang Company," afraid the Pa Lu would wipe it out, hastily decided to call itself a "self-defence corps." It was joined by another Kuomintang officer, a former army captain named Kuo, who had deserted during the mass exodus of Chiang Kai-shek's men. Ho recognized him as one of his own kind and dignified him with the title of "vice-commander." The two worked well together. They ruled the region as if it were their own small kingdom.

By now, Ta-shui was weary of waiting for news about his marriage. While Mrs. Tsai didn't have the courage

*In the liberated areas the term "Pa Lu" (Eighth Route) was often used synonymously for all Communist-led military and government organizations.

to tell him the truth, since such a long time had already expired, he guessed that there was no hope. At home, economic conditions were going from bad to worse. Half the time they didn't have enough to eat. Ta-shui felt depressed and resentful.

"This is the limit!" he said to his father. "We're practically starving. We'd be better off if I joined the Pa Lu."

"You're out of your mind! Don't get mixed up in things that don't concern you. You'll be getting married soon—"

"I'm never going to get married! I'll be a monk with hair! I want to join the army!"

"I told you you can't go," yelled *Tieh*, angrily rapping him on the head with his long pipe. "You insist on talking about it — you insist!"

Ta-shui scowled and rolled over on the *kang*. Covering his head with the quilt, he went to sleep.

The following morning, Ta-shui's cousin, Blacky Tsai, unexpectedly returned to Shenchia. He was healthy and in fine spirits, though his clothes were a mass of patches. On seeing Ta-shui again, his bristly moustache twisted into a grin. The two chatted animatedly and with great affection.

Friends and neighbours, hearing that Blacky had come home, began dropping in. He was known to be a straightforward, honest man, and people liked being with him and talking with him. His two-room house was soon crowded with visitors.

This was the period of "Kuomintang-Communist Co-operation," and Blacky Tsai no longer had to hide. He told his friends the war news and of the new slogans that were sweeping the country — "Defeat Japanese Imperialism," "Mobilize the Whole Nation," "Improve the People's Livelihood". . . . The peasants savoured these new phrases with interest.

Ta-shui remained after everyone else had left. His cousin looked at him intently.

"Are you willing to be a slave in a defeated country?" Blacky suddenly asked.

"No one wants that," said Ta-shui. "Didn't you just get through telling us how terrible that would be?"

"Good!" said Blacky softly. "Work with me. We'll form a militia. When the Japanese come, we'll fight them!"

Ta-shui had heard his cousin talk for over an hour, but there were still some things he couldn't believe.

"How can we beat them empty-handed?" he asked.

Blacky Tsai laughed. "We don't have to worry that there are thousands of Japanese. The only thing to fear is that the people won't rise against them soon enough. Once the people are aroused, we can't lose! We have arms. Tomorrow help me move some here — what do you say?"

Ta-shui was flabbergasted. "All right," he stammered, "but tomorrow I've got some work to do."

"There's nothing to be afraid of," Blacky smiled. "We'll go together. No one will pay any attention to two cousins out for a walk. I guarantee that nothing will happen."

Ta-shui hesitated. "I'll have to ask my father," he said evasively.

His cousin shook his head and clapped Ta-shui on the shoulder. "Old brother, don't talk to him about this. I don't want to take any chances of this leaking out." He leaned over and whispered his plan into Ta-shui's ear.

Ta-shui thought a moment. "Fine, let's do it that way," he laughed. After receiving a few more words of encouragement, he returned home.

The following day, the two men set out, each carrying a shoulder pole with two large empty wicker fish baskets — one on each end. To anyone who asked where they were heading, Blacky replied casually that they were going to buy fish to resell at retail.

Once outside the village, they followed the dyke a distance, then cut over to the west. At dusk, they reached

the village of Hohsi on the Fu River. An old lady opened the door of a small house in response to their knock. She peered at them in the light of an oil lamp which she carried in her hand.

"I've come for the things," Blacky said in a low voice.

The white-haired lady led them to an inner courtyard. There she pulled out a big burlap bag from its hiding place in a stack of grain stalks and opened it. It was full of hand grenades — about three hundred of them — all sizes. The men filled the four baskets and covered them tightly with lotus leaves. The old lady gave them some water and corn muffins while Blacky talked with her quietly for a few minutes. Then they lifted their carrying poles on to their shoulders and started back through the night.

"Who gave us so many bombs?" Ta-shui asked in a whisper, as they strode swiftly along the dark road.

"They're hand grenades, and nobody gave them to us," laughed his cousin. "We gathered them. When the Kuomintang army ran away, they left behind great quantities of munitions. Most of the rifles and pistols we collected we've turned over to General Lu. We'll do fine with these few hand grenades — you'll see!"

It was almost dawn when they arrived back at the village. They went directly to the school which hadn't been used since the Japanese attack at Lukouchiao (Marco Polo Bridge). Shuang the weaver, who worked a tiny plot of ground in his spare time, was waiting for them in the school yard. The skinny little fellow was extremely dextrous. He had already dug two deep holes in the earthen floor of the teachers' room. Working quietly, the three men began burying the grenades. They finished as the cocks started to crow.

•

During the next few days, Blacky Tsai organized about a dozen men. Meeting every night in the abandoned

school, they decided upon the name of "Anti-Japanese Militia." At the same time, they let it be known that General Lu had issued powerful Mauser pistols to them. They spread the word that they would settle with anyone who opposed fighting the Japanese.

Ta-shui worked during the day and ran around with his cousin at night. He was pleased and fascinated by the new world which Blacky was opening to him.

"What craziness are you up to?" *Tieh* asked him one day.

"Resisting the Japanese!"

"Today you can't see hair nor hide of a couple of hundred thousand Kuomintang troops who tried to resist them. What have a handful of men like you got that'll lick 'em?"

"Is it better not to try and just knuckle under?"

Tieh had no answer; Ta-shui followed up his advantage. "If you won't let me do this, I'll join the army."

"People will pull you by your nose! Anyhow, I can't control you. Do as you please!" *Tieh* surrendered grumpily.

Mayor Shen was worried to see that Blacky Tsai had organized an enthusiastic group of men around him. Shen was afraid they might start "communizing" the property of the wealthy. By then, a few of his former personal gang had drifted back and that stiffened the mayor's spine. His first impulse was to crush Tsai's group immediately. But when he heard that they had guns, he decided to send Kulu, one of his old gang, to do a bit of spying first.

That night, Kulu was spotted by the man on sentry duty as he sneaked up to the abandoned school. Tun, the sentry, a great hulk of a young fellow, was hiding in the shadows.

"Who's there? — answer at once or I fire!" he roared.

Kulu thought Tun really had a gun and was scared speechless, but he didn't dare to run. Tun grabbed him

试读结束：需要全本请在线购买： www.ertongbook.c