

JAMIES G. 艾幼章

# ENDICOTT

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## REBEL OUT OF CHINA



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革命者

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James G.  
Endicott:  
Rebel  
Out of  
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STEPHEN ENDICOTT

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TO MARY AUSTIN

The sounding cataract  
Haunted me like a passion ... I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:  
A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things.

William Wordsworth, 'Tintern Abbey'

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# Foreword

More and more students of history are coming to see the inadequacy of viewing the modern Western missionary spirit simply as an isolated religious phenomenon representing the Christians' response to Christ's commission to his disciples. It was very much a manifestation, on the religious scene, of the broader socio-economic and politico-military movement looking beyond the limits of national boundaries. In spite of the good intentions motivating many individual missionaries, their whole upbringing and captivity to the prevailing understanding of the social and international situation within which the missionary enterprise operated made it very hard indeed for them to transcend their milieu.

Many missionaries are frustrated when they are confronted with the tremendous fact of human suffering. The social systems in countries to which they are sent are found to be producing poverty and misery and estranging and grinding men and women on a scale much too large for the few mission hospitals, orphanages, and vocational training centres to try to catch up. But they usually do not dare to think seriously in terms of some basic structural revolution.

Some missionaries, whose first concern is not so much the institutional church and its 'public relations' as the true welfare of the masses of the people, can achieve some sort of break-through as a result of their openness to progressive intellectuals and their ability to see signs of hope in the people's struggle for independence and liberation. They have not allowed themselves to be deterred by the fact that the struggle is under the leadership of persons who in large number profess an unbelief in God but have proceeded to make friends with them and to try to learn from them. They have found meaning for themselves in serving the people's cause.

Jim Endicott is a good representative of this breed. He has given Christian-

ity an image which China in revolution can somehow begin to understand. Today, thirty years since liberation, there is in China a Christianity to which revolution is no longer such a stranger, and a revolution to which Christianity is not such a stranger either. Jim Endicott contributed much to the evolution of both.

His indefatigable, interpretative work on behalf of China and of peace has generated international understanding and friendship in a remarkable way.

This biography is more than a significant monument in scientific historical research; because of his personality, it is a source of inspiration to those who hunger for a model of Christian engagement in the world.

Toronto, November 1979

K.H. Ting  
Vice-president  
Nanking University  
People's Republic of China

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# Preface

Immediately after the Chinese revolutionary civil war of 1945-49, in which he had taken some part, my father began to write his life story, entitling it 'Roar of the Red Dragon.' It had exciting chapter headings such as 'Battle of the Embassy' and 'Maiden in Distress.' With less than twenty pages typed, however, he became involved in other battles in Canada and let his memoirs lapse in favour of what he considered to be more important tasks. Another attempt to tell his story was made by my mother, who took a more personal approach, calling her projected volume 'Life with Jim.' She knew all the highlights but left the work until it was too late and her health failed before she had progressed very far. Her writing and the materials she collected, now deposited in the Public Archives of Canada, provided none the less the voluminous sources upon which my own account of this remarkably vigorous, vexing yet lovable, inquisitive, controversial, non-conforming, uncovenanted, committed, and courageous man is largely based.

In recording what my father has said about people and social movements I have not forgotten that he had a flair for exaggeration at times. This flaw in an otherwise admirable character was a by-product of his intense emotional energy, his passion for social justice. It was sometimes seized upon by those who wished to distract attention from the burden of his message as a means of discrediting his influence; by and large they 'strained out a gnat and swallowed a camel' (Matthew 23:24).

Not a scientist or a professional writer, he was a preacher, a reformer/revolutionary, as well as an historian and presenter of information often omitted in the commercial press. He acted, not in the interests of a party or group in which he hoped to exert power, but in the interests of people whose sufferings were so vivid to him that he felt impelled to change the conditions that created them. He was concerned about truth also, as setting people free

from the bondage of prejudice, the blindness of personal interests without concern for the broader welfare; but it is probably fair to say that only as the revelation of that truth would improve that welfare was he willing to give his life to it. Truth in itself may be a beautiful but barren possession.

The reader will find full references to sources at the back of the book. Apart from talking to my father and reading the private correspondence and family documents referred to above, the chief sources for this biography have been the transcripts of interviews conducted with him in 1966 by Marjorie McEnaney for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation; the archives of the West China Mission of the United Church of Canada, located at Victoria University in Toronto; the files of the Historical Division of the Department of External Affairs in Ottawa; Federal Bureau of Investigation files held by the National Archives in Washington; newspapers, magazines, records of House of Commons debates, privately printed pamphlets; interviews with relatives, friends, and many associates in Austria, Canada, China, France, Germany, Great Britain, Hungary, Japan, Romania, and the United States. A request to visit the Soviet Union to conduct interviews was refused.

I am indebted to all those who contributed to the making of this book and acknowledge with special gratitude the criticisms and suggestions given by Kay Riddell, Shirley Endicott Small, Donald Willmott, Lena Endicott, and Richard Allen in the earlier stages, to Betsy Anderson and Nora McMurtry for help with research, to Marion Keresztesi for the index, and to Gerald Hallowell, my editor, for his skills, resourcefulness, and good humour in helping to prepare the final draft. I also thank the Killam Programme of the Canada Council for the Senior Research Fellowship that allowed me time free from teaching Chinese history and Third World politics to pursue this subject.

30 January 1980

Stephen L. Endicott  
Atkinson College  
York University





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PART ONE

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# BEGINNINGS

1898-1925





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INTRODUCING  
JAMES G. ENDICOTT:  
VERY REVEREND JAMES  
ENDICOTT BEFORE A CROWD  
OF TEN THOUSAND AT  
MAPLE LEAF GARDENS,  
TORONTO, 11 MAY 1952

I do not find it any particular dishonor to be introducing my son. I suppose there is no one that ought to be made to do it more than I, for I had something to do with introducing him into the world. At any rate, I've known him a long time, and I've known him very intimately ...

But, first of all, I want to say this – that there are two things which stand out to everybody. One is that he was received and welcomed – an enthusiastic welcome – during the past few months, by the people of China of all classes – a welcome such as has never been granted before to any Canadian. And one would have thought, from a casual looking at the case, that Canadians would be rather glad of such a welcome for a member of the Canadian family, and an honorable member of society, an ex-soldier of His Majesty, a man who's given his life to good causes. One would have thought that we would all have rejoiced in this. But he comes back from that welcome in China to find himself Public Enemy Number One. Now I don't believe that that stigma comes from the heart of the Canadian people – not by any means ...

I doubt if any other man in the country could have had the type of welcome he got, in the quarters where he got it. He was able to preach in all the types of Christian churches there – and there *are* churches in China, you know, living, vital, working churches, yet. He was able to preach in them to packed congregations. He was introduced at meetings by the presidents of the greatest universities in China, and the students gave him tumultuous acclaim. He spoke to peasants; he spoke to learned groups. He did all that in China, and I say he comes back to be called Public Enemy Number One ...

You must remember this, that he was born in a foreign land, and in a city far from the coast, over 1,800 miles up in the interior of China, in a very ancient city. Now, we hadn't any cars in that city, nor radios, nor movie pictures. He

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missed the inspiration and the education – the sanctifying influence – of Hollywood. Yes, he missed all that ...

Now, what did he have, then – as a little lad born in a place like that? Well, he had his father and mother. And he had a thing that we used to talk about as Family Worship. Perhaps you have heard of it. It is a thing that used to take place. Now, that Family Worship business had something to do with making him what he has become. Anything about his development that isn't what it should be must be credited partly, or debited partly, to his father and to that Family Worship every morning – every morning – and to the Bible. He wouldn't have been Public Enemy Number One today if it hadn't been for those things ...

Now then, another thing about it was this: we didn't deal, in those Family Worship days, with a thousand and one things we might have dealt with, but we concentrated mainly on great personages in the Bible.

There was Moses, for example, and Elijah, and Amos, and Daniel. Now, you get a boy thinking that all over, and, presently, this is what you've got. You've got a young lad looking at these characters back there: *there* was Moses, *there* was Pharaoh, and the one was challenging the other. There was a situation of slavery and exploitation of the people, and there was this brave man who said: 'Let my people go!' Well, Jim had to take his choice; he either had to stand with Pharaoh or else with Moses. And he *plumped for Moses!* ...

And then we came to Daniel, you see, and he had to stand for Daniel. He took his time about it, and it became quite clear to him that Belshazar and Nebuchadnezzar and Darius and the rest of them were flimsy things compared with that man Daniel. Now, you know, we had a hymn about Daniel from our old Sunday School. We used to sing it sixty years ago in Canada. Do you know it? It wasn't high-class poetry but it had some sound substance in it. It went this way:

'Dare to be a Daniel;  
Dare to stand alone!  
Dare to have a purpose true  
And dare to make it known!'

Now the difference between Jim and a thousand ministers today is this: they say, 'Dare to admire a Daniel!' but they seldom think of saying, 'Dare to be one.' And it makes a difference! ...

But most remarkable of all is this: Jim saw that if you're going to be effective you must be contemporaneous. If Jim had stood for talking about the old prophets and old martyrs and all the men who lived a long time ago, they'd never have made him Public Enemy Number One ... But the trouble is this,

## 5 Beginnings

that he saw that every one of the prophets was contemporary. They spoke to contemporary men and contemporary situations. You see, it was a living Pharaoh and a living Moses that you see pictured in the Bible ...

So that here was where my son's troubles began. He said, 'If this was true in the days of Moses, it's true now. And it'll be just as true in China as it is anywhere else.' And so, five or six years ago, he was faced again with the necessity of choosing between two types of leadership. He astonished the people of Canada by declaring that the best man to lead China was a Communist by the name of Mao Tse-tung, and the worst man was Chiang Kai-shek.

Now that's the trouble. He should have kept away from contemporary things. But if you do, you are not quite so effective as we ought to be. He spoke out, and there wasn't a man from China in Canada that knew Chiang Kai-shek and his whole organization better than he did. He spoke to Chiang face to face about the situation in China at that time. He warned him that things were bad and must be changed. He warned our ambassador repeatedly and at length about what was going on. Yes, he played the game, all right. And then he announced, to my astonishment and to the astonishment of everybody, what the outcome of the civil war in China would be. Jim didn't wait until things had happened. He said then, in 1947, 'Although Chiang Kai-shek commands the finest army China ever had, the best equipped army - American equipped - and although he holds every important city in China but one, Chiang Kai-shek is doomed. He deserves to be kicked out and he will be kicked out.'

And all the leading papers in Canada, except two or three, denounced Jim for predicting Chiang's doom. You see, this attitude of the press today isn't a new thing. They've been after Jim for years, because he dared to see what was there to be seen and to tell what he had seen. And he has proven himself, up to date, a true prophet of how things would happen and what would turn out in China.

So that's my introduction to him. He hasn't failed us; he hasn't failed his father and mother. I still remember his mother when he came back from France after the first war ... she heard awful stories of what happened to the boys in Paris and elsewhere. And when he came home she took him aside ... [and] came back to me with these words, 'Daddy, he's all right. He's as good a boy as when he went out to France to fight.'

And that's my message to you tonight. He's as good a boy tonight, in spite of all the howlings of the lions. Most of them now have been manicured, as far as their claws go, and they occupy carpeted dens. But in spite of them all, I'm as proud of him as though they had sent out a ticker-tape welcome for him when he came back to Toronto.





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# In the shadow of the white pagoda

Less than a week after they first arrived in Kiating in 1895, having travelled down the Min River from Chengtu on a chartered junk, James and Sarah Endicott would be forced to flee.

A small city of fifty thousand in western China, Kiating was the hub of Loshan hsien (Happy Mountain County) in the prosperous and populous province of Szechuan, the region of four streams. Built upon a high ledge of rock, it was surrounded by an imposing wall of red sandstone, crenellated in medieval fashion.

The buildings of the magistrate's offices, on the high ground in the centre, blended with the graceful, curving, grey-tiled roofs of the residential and business quarters below. Crowded, noisy restaurants and inns, shops for making umbrellas and straw sandals and displaying copper and steel utensils, stores with quality silks or cotton fabrics from England, vendors selling incense and candles made from wax gathered off the 'insect trees,' all these and more lined the relatively wide and smoothly cobbled streets.

As the foreign travellers pushed through the crowded streets to the southwestern part of the city, they looked across a vast expanse where the waters of three rivers, the Tatu, the Ya, and the Min, flowed together creating a large whirlpool. On the far shore, with the turbulent water swirling at its feet, sat a magnificent Buddha; sixty feet across the shoulders and 230 feet high, it had been cut into the cliff during the Tang dynasty and still gazed down on the city twelve centuries later. Off to the right, thirty miles distant but clearly visible, was Mount Omei, another giant symbol of idol worshipping: rising eleven thousand feet above sea-level, the mountain was a sacred place known throughout China for its Buddhist monasteries, 'thick as teeth on a comb,' dedicated to PuHsien, the Buddha of Universal Light. Priests and pilgrims, little old women with bound feet, groups of young people from distant