

GEORGE HOGG

**I SEE
A NEW
CHINA**

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I SEE A NEW CHINA

by

GEORGE HOGG

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PREFACE

Huang Hua

It is a great honor for me to write a preface for the new, PFS (China Society for People's Friendship Studies) 50-book series under the general title of *Light on China*. All these books were written in English by journalistic and other eyewitnesses of the events described. I have read many of them over the seven decades since my student days at Yenching University. With some of the outstanding authors in this series I have ties of personal friendship, mutual regard, and warm memories dating from before the Chinese people's Liberation in 1949.

Looking back and forward, I am convinced that China is pursuing the right course in building a strong and prosperous country in a rapidly changing world with its complex and sometimes volatile developments.

The books in this series cover a span of some 150 years, from the mid 19th to the early 21st century. The numerous events in China, the sufferings and struggles of the Chinese people, their history and culture, and their dreams and aspirations were written by

foreign observers animated by the spirit of friendship, equality and cooperation. Owing to copyright matters and other difficulties, not all eligible books have as yet been included.

The founder of the first Chinese republic, Dr. Sun Yat-sen wrote in his Testament in 1925, “For forty years I have devoted myself to the cause of the people’s revolution with but one end in view: the elevation of China to a position of freedom and equality among the nations. My experiences during those forty years have convinced me that to attain this goal we must bring about an awakening of our own people and ally ourselves in common struggle with those people of the world who regard us as equals.”

Chairman Mao Zedong declared, at the triumphal founding of the People’s Republic in 1949, “The Chinese people have stood up.” Today, having passed its 53rd anniversary, we see the vast forward strides that have been taken, and note that many more remain to be made.

Many foreign observers have traced and reported the real historical movement of modern China, that is: from humiliation — through struggle — to victory. Seeking understanding and friendship with the Chinese people, their insight and perspective were in basic harmony with the real developments in China. But there have been others who viewed China and the Chinese people through glasses tinted by hostile prejudice or ignorance and have invariably made irrelevant observations that could not stand the test of time. This needs to be better understood by young people and students, at home and abroad. The PFS series *Light on China* can help them gain an overview of what went before, is happening now, and will

emerge in the future.

Young students in China can additionally benefit from these works by seeing how foreign journalists and authors use fluent English to record and present historical, philosophical, and socio-political issues and choices in China. For millions of students in China, English has become a compulsory second language. These texts will also have many-sided usefulness in conveying knowledge of our country to other peoples.

Students abroad, on their part, may be helped by the example of warm, direct accounts and impressions of China presented by their elders in the language that most readily reaches them.

Above all, this timely and needed series should help build bridges of friendship and mutual understanding. Good books long out of print will be brought back to strengthen the edifice.

My hearty thanks and congratulations go first to ex-Premier Zhu Rongji, who has been an effective supporter of this new, PFS series. They go to all engaged in this worthy project, the Foreign Languages Press, our China Society for People's Friendship Studies, and others who have given their efforts and cooperation.

Chairman Mao Zedong has written: "So many deeds cry out to be done, and always urgently. The world rolls on, time presses. Ten thousand years are too long. Seize the day, seize the hour."

The hour has come for making these books available to young people in China and abroad whose destiny is to build a better world together. Let this series add a small brick to that structure.

Beijing, Autumn 2003

Introduction

We face a new world. The hands and minds that have worked on destruction will have to be turned to work for better living and a reconstructed new age. Many will find the change-over difficult. But mankind everywhere will demand a new deal. There will have to be new leaders who will lead in a new way—whose minds will be clear, and whose quiet determination has been forged hard.

They will not stand, decked with medals, in front of acclaiming thousands. Their names may never be known outside their circle of work associates. But they will be the salt of the new era that we are now preparing to enter. There must be many such men working in our present world of horror, preparing themselves and others for the work that lies ahead.

George Hogg is a man with an unusual background. Brought up in a strongly antimilitarist family—he is the nephew of that militant pacifist Muriel Lester—his early education was in a “crank” rank international school in Switzerland, and was carried on through orthodox English public-school lines to Oxford. On graduating in 1937 he caught a boat for America, hitch-hiked through most parts of the States, and landed in Shanghai early in 1938. It was not long before he had made his way to the rugged terrain of the Northwest, where he has stayed ever since.

I first met him in Hankow, where he was staying in the American Episcopal Mission with Bishop Roots. Later, as United Press correspondent, he was one of the first to come to our earliest Chinese Industrial Co-operatives

office in the New Life Movement Building, for a story on the co-ops. Those were busy days, filled with all the enthusiasm of China's first year's struggle for resistance. When, in October 1938, the Japanese got close to Hankow, I went west to Shensi and he, after waiting for the fall of the city, went east in a Jap plane to Shanghai. He remained in my mind as a happy broad-shouldered young giant in shirt, shorts and straw sandals, with the bearing of a forward in the Rugby football pack.

Then for a year I forgot him, until a letter arrived from the Northwest H. Q. of C.I.C. in Paochi. He had traveled from Shanghai through Japan, Korea and Manchuria into North China, and finally slipped out of Peiping to join the guerillas. Delayed for months by typhus, floods, and one of the first large-scale Japanese "cleaning-up campaigns" against the guerillas, he had come down on foot across the lines into Free China to work as English Secretary to Lu Kuang-mien, director of the work promoting industrial co-operatives in the rear of the lines.

Lu is a man who can use men, and valued enthusiasm. Through him, George had the chance to learn much. He wrote what he saw and lived through of the human struggles entailed in a young co-operative movement, and helped maintain active international interest in better living for the Chinese people. He pushed for the underdog always.... He could have joined the gang of correspondents that sit and stew in international capitals, and so have had much of the comforts and much more of the excitement of life. But he kept to the field—learned to speak Chinese excellently without an accent; learned all the Chinese songs he could find, and became much in demand at co-operative gatherings in consequence; started to inspect co-operatives throughout the Northwest, and after a year or so learned how to make a report that contained a good deal of meat; fell in love with most of the pretty girls, but never let that keep him from his work.

His big chance came when a technical school for co-operative apprentices was started. The need for junior technicians in Indusco had long been felt—youths who would stand in between the old-fashioned conservative peasant and the engineer, who would be able to live in rural conditions, but

who would have a knowledge of cause and effect with regard to the tools and machinery they used, the organization they worked in, and the forces which surrounded them. As a schoolmaster he became an immediate success. He was able to hold together a group of Chinese and foreign fellow teachers, and to inspire the boys with a vision of what they could do in Indusco. He will leave his print on those boys, and is already a part of many of them. He is one of those Westerners who have brought to China a real contribution, and made some amends for the sins of those who have come to this country to take away livelihood—not bring it. Through his being and working, many blades of grass will grow in places where none grew before.

The story that is told unconsciously here is the progress of a man in understanding the very complex situation that confronts all those who work on basic things for the new world, where the old world has not yet loosened its hold.

REWI ALLEY

Shensi

September, 1943

Foreword

Partly because many of the places concerned are mountain tracts and tiny hamlets, and partly because it would be bad wartime etiquette to mention the hideouts of one's hosts, this book is short on place names. A broad outline of my travels may, however, be helpful:—

From Peiping—down the Japanese-held Pinghan Railway—to Paoting-fu; and thence branching out into the free countryside. Over the plains of central Hopei Province; and across the railway again to the guerilla government and army headquarters of the Shansi-Chahar-Hopei Border Region. Then south—across the Chengtai Railway at Niangtzekwan—and down the Shansi-Hopei border for a roundabout with the guerillas in southeastern Shansi and a stay at Chu Teh's headquarters; farther south to the Yellow River, at Yuanchu, and across the river to the Lunghai Railway, which carried me westward to Sian. From Sian to Paochi, birthplace of the Chinese Industrial Co-operatives. From Paochi, a series of excursions to the cooperative centers in the Northwest, up the Yellow River to the loess cliffs and camel-worn trade routes of Lanchow. Down the Han River to the cotton fields and rice paddies of Hupeh; and north again, across the Yellow River at Loyang, to the industrial guerillas working in the T'ai Hang Mountains.

Northwest China, which is the central setting for the whole book, is known as "The cradle of Chinese civilization." It is known as a historic scene of racial and political struggle; as a vast economic hinterland only recently being opened up as Japan drives Chinese initiative out of the coastal cities; as a military base of vital strategic importance, in which guerillas and young stu-

dents are teaching the people to live new lives of resistance; as a place where modern social influences are trying to establish themselves under conditions much the same as existed for tens of centuries before China ever admitted Western civilization. For all these reasons, the Northwest is an ideal place from which to watch New China taking shape. Here the nation's stirring is at its lustiest. Here is seen at its best the Chinese people's amazing adaptability.

What I wanted was to live among the people themselves, to see what the war was doing to their daily lives, to find what new forms of society were developing under guerilla government, and what new industrial revolution was taking place in the hidden villages. How were the students, professors and businessmen, I wondered, getting along with the farmers, and how were the peasant craftsmen faring side by side with skilled workers from Shanghai and Hankow? What actually *happened* to the refugees once they got beyond sight of the city walls? How were the Army's famous "little devils" growing up, and how were the Japanese prisoners making out with the people whose homes and women they had once ravaged? What sort of songs did the people sing and what sort of plays made a hit with them under the circumstances? How long could they stand it, and could the countryside really hope to conquer the cities?

In the next few years the world is going to change faster than it has ever changed before, and we who live in it must learn above all to be versatile. Personal experience of reconstruction within war has already given a kind of steel-cored mobility to millions of individualistic young Chinese. Fanatical self-surrender has given something of the same vigorous buoyancy to millions of fascist youth in Germany and Japan, and it is these latter millions that seem likely to increase until the democratic peoples find some way of coordinating and inspiring their own good intentions. Is it not likely that the Chinese, meeting modern catastrophe with the wisdom of their forty centuries, have discovered much that will help us to remake the world for democracy?

GEORGE A. HOGG

Paochi, Shensi

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CHAPTER I

Northern Base

As I rolled up in my quilt on the warm *k'ang* of the inn, while jaunty muleteers supped loudly off millet soup and a crowd of village children swarmed round the doorway to gape at the foreigner in bed, it seemed strange that only a few hours before I had still been in the Peiping world of electric buttons, soft sheets and spring beds. "Is this enjoyable, or is it just one of those things that are going to be nice to look back on?" I wondered, pulling the quilt up over my ears to shut out the mule's good-night bray.

I awoke shivering and with a splitting headache through which the mule's reveille went like a Molotov bread-basket. Kathleen Hall, a New Zealand nurse on her way from Peiping to her mission hospital in western Hopei, immediately took me in charge, swathed me in blankets and tucked me back into a cart. I remember her scampering like a rabbit over the fields all day to find the best roads, while I sat churlishly in my blankets. Later, when the mountains became too steep for the cart, I remember an almost insurmountable problem of how to keep my balance on top of a donkey's packsaddle piled with bedding. Then a clean whitewashed gateway and someone saying "*Taola!*"—"Arrived!"—and the next thing was three weeks later, lying on a comfortably rustling straw mattress and looking out through the window at a big elm tree. The kindly influence of domestic lice put to work in my system

a month previously had triumphed over the wild typhus-carrier of the species. My case of typhus fever was mending.

Old men on doors, babies and children in their mothers' arms, ashen-faced young soldiers on crutches, waited patiently all day in front of the consulting room. Often in the night there would be a call at the door, and the nurse would take her hurricane lamp and her dog to hurry over the mountains, returning at dawn to make ready for another long day's work. The people seemed to trust her as a friend; but not all of them trusted her medicines, so it often happened that she was called in only after all other methods had failed. After the local midwife had done her best with dirty fingers, rusty hooks and scissors, after the local physician had tried pummeling, bloodletting and opium, after the family had wasted long hours and precious coppers in the temple, the nurse would be sent for at some midnight zero hour, and this would be made the test of her skill and of her faith.

As I lay on my bed or sat around my room, the old and the new sounds of the village came floating in the window. Just around dawn there was the whistle setting the pace for the local Self-Defense Corps marching to drill, and sometimes the reveille of regular soldiers who were quartered across the stream. The chirping of magpies and sparrows took up the next hours until the village was fully awake, and then throughout the day came the full-throated cry of the itinerant food-sellers, the tricky tapping of the peddler's conch, and the touring tinsmith's whinnying gong. At about five o'clock the school children came out onto the village threshing floor to practise their songs and drill, and from that time on until ten at night there were constant whistlings, muffled tramping of many cloth shoes running past in the dust, slogans shouted hoarsely from men's throats, and the singsong of modern China as women and girls went out to night school.

One day during my convalescence I walked among the "crocodiles" of all the people's organizations, up the sandy riverbed to their meeting place. First went the Self-Defense Corps, which is the guerilla government's organization specially for mobilizing civilian war work in co-operation with the fighters. Behind it came the Farmers', the Workers', the Women's and the

Young Men's Associations, which together form a democratic system of their own, having direct access to the government authorities at all stages up to the Central Government of the Shansi-Chahar-Hopei Border Region. Pink and green paper pennants fluttered everywhere from the ranks, inscribed with slogans. Here and there the Men of the Month could be seen proudly bearing banners inscribed with lucky red airplanes, while the blushing boobies tried to hide white flags flaunting yellow turtles.

At one end of the big dusty space was a raised stage, surrounded on three sides with matting. Right underneath it sat the members of the Children's Corps. An infantile conductor led them in song, rhythmically and with complete abandon. Behind them the women, then the wide deep rows of men armed with red-tasseled broadswords and homemade pikes; and at the back the soldiers.

"The object of this meeting," the local *hsien* magistrate led off, "is to explain what the Japanese mean when they say they want peace, and what answer has been given them by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek." Heads were bent forward, mouths wide open, brows furrowed. "Japan's peace is not peace between equals, but peace in which we are the slaves and Japan is our master." When he had finished, someone stepped forward to call the slogans, and each one was taken up with a roar and a forest of raised fists by the crowd.

The people of the "Occupied" North seemed in many ways more patriotic than those of the free Southwest. Wherever I went, at this time, there were big wall pictures of Chiang Kai-shek. Meetings in his support, such as the one I attended, were being held in every district, and his proclamations were publicized in printed and spoken form. I saw statements and programs issued from Chungking made up into pamphlets printed on guerilla presses and taught to the soldiers' and people's organizations.

Soon after the meeting, I went to call on the young *hsien* magistrate, who turned out to be a university graduate from Tientsin. He had just returned from one of the regular bimonthly meetings with magistrates of the six neighboring *hsien*, and told me of the plans that had been discussed for

the establishment of industrial co-operatives over the countryside of the Border Region. "They will improve the people's livelihood, make use of latent resources, replace our lost city industries, cut out the need to buy Japanese goods, and ultimately lay the foundations for victorious peacetime reconstruction" he quoted me happily from his pamphlet. I left him poring over another pamphlet, fished out of my baggage, which told of the progress that Chinese Industrial Co-operatives ("Indusco") had made south of the Yellow River. The interest and enthusiasm of a magistrate in this obscure little mountain *hsien* behind the Japanese lines over a plan first mooted in Shanghai and afterwards put into action from Hankow and Chungking, seemed like proof, then, of China's unity. It remained proof of basic unity between the people of China, even as the country settled down into two increasingly differentiated halves—for Indusco went on developing independently on both sides of the internal front.

II

One day a group of horsemen clattered through our village and pulled up at the hospital. "We've come for the foreigner," they explained, producing an invitation from General Nieh to visit him farther west. A few hours later we had left our horses and were climbing past a pair of sentries corseted in hand grenades to Nieh's H.Q. in a temple.

General Nieh Jung-chen is Commander in Chief for all the guerilla forces in the Border Region of Shansi-Chahar-Hopei. After completing his military training as a young man in Paris, he had returned to take up a position as instructor in Chiang Kai-shek's Whampoa Military Academy, and later, at the time of the Kuomintang-Communist split, had joined the First Red Army of Lin P'iao, making the Long March with it from Kiangsi to Shensi. In 1937 it was he, together with the Border Region's chairman, Sung Sao-wen, who first conceived the idea of setting up an organized government for the countryside after the Japanese had advanced along the railways and the old officials had fled. "This Border Region is only carrying on until it can be linked

with the rear and sink its identity into that of Free China," said General Nieh to me, later.

I stayed a week in his headquarters, spending six or seven hours each day talking with the army and government men (there was little to distinguish them from each other) who dropped in to see Nieh. Then we packed up and set off on horseback up a winding gray valley of sand, through which the water trickled over a string of boat-shaped gardens. Along the lower slopes on either side cherry and pear trees were in bloom. Brown hills lay behind, and purple razor-edge peaks stood up like stage scenery in the distance. This was the second day of my life on horseback.

The conversation turned on the Japanese national characteristics as we sat round to supper that night. "They are very polite about entering each other's houses," remarked a returned graduate from Tokyo Imperial University. "For a long time after the first railways were built, each train pulling out of the station left many pairs of wooden *geta* neatly lined along the edge of the platform!"

Next day we saw one of the pieces of hooliganism that might have been expected to blot out such memories. A huge Buddhist temple had been reduced to rubble by gunfire at blank-range, and for miles up and down the valley the people's homes stood charred and roofless; their owners were poking among the wreckage for remnants or camping out on the hillsides. Such was Japan's "lesson" for the guerillas and the people who helped them. For if the people had to rebuild their houses they could grow no crops, and if they could grow no crops how could they and the guerillas remain? Then *Dai Nippon* could rule as sole monarch of a black and blistered countryside, inheritor of more hatred than Cromwell and the English kings ever sowed in Ireland.

In a village near Fuping, Chairman Sung Sao-wen and some other government men were waiting for Nieh to hold a joint conference on *Chuin-min ho tso*—"Army-people co-operation."

"In the actual business of collecting grain, cloth and man power for the army," explained Chairman Sung, "the people have a direct say and right of