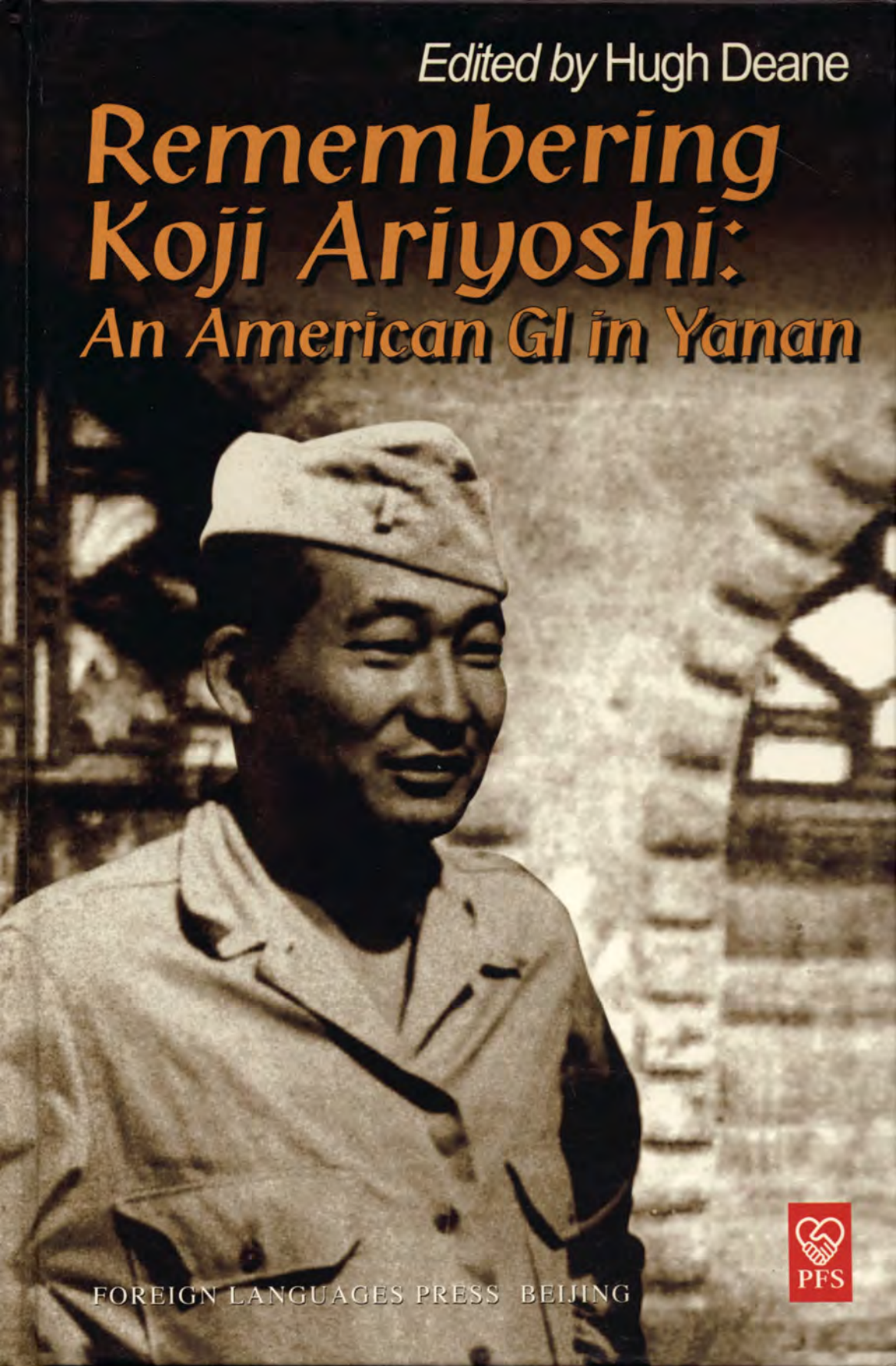
Edited by Hugh Deane

Remembering Koji Ariyoshi: An American GI in Yanan



FOREIGN LANGUAGES PRESS BEIJING

PFS

The China Society for People's Friendship Stud
tion with the Foreign Languages Press (FLP) in Beijing has arranged for re-publication, in the series entitled ***Light on China***, of some fifty books written in English between the 1860s and the founding years of the People's Republic, by journalistic and other sympathetic eyewitnesses of the revolutionary events described. Most of these books have long been out of print, but are now being brought back to life for the benefit of readers in China and abroad.

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Hugh Deane, Editor

Foreign Languages Press

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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

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PREFACE

On October 26, 1976 the national US-China Peoples Friendship Association informed the local associations and organizing committees of the death three days earlier of Koji Ariyoshi, a member of the National Steering Committee and president of the USCPFA of Honolulu.

It announced the establishment of an annual Koji Ariyoshi Award and the decision to publish a collection of his China writings so that "a whole new generation will come to know this extraordinary man and learn from his experiences."

This booklet realizes that decision.

A great deal of scurrying and searching took place to locate articles and photos. Roger Ariyoshi did most of it. Chad Taniguchi, Gail Miyasaki and David Nolan contributed photos or articles or both. Members of the National Publications Committee read the manuscript critically and made many corrections and useful suggestions. Esther Gollobin and Richard Pastor corrected the galleys.

The Honolulu Star-Bulletin generously gave the USCPFA permission to reprint substantial portions of the many articles Ariyoshi contributed to it and also provided photos from its files.

Some minor editorial changes have been made in Ariyoshi's texts but the substance has not been tampered with.

The memorial essay on Ariyoshi was first published by the Southern Region. With some changes it appeared later in Eastern Horizon (XVI No. 3, March 1977) and New China (Vol. 3, No. 4, Winter 1977).

HUGH DEANE

FOREWORD

Thinking of Koji Ariyoshi

Koji Ariyoshi's friendship carried with it all his strong courage, steadfast loyalty, and warm humanity. As it was with individuals, so it was also with his friendship for China.

After working together in Yenan in 1945, we each went our somewhat troubled ways. Only infrequently, and usually through friends, did we hear of each other. But after I retired in 1962, we started writing. It was then that I realized how much China had meant to him. For an American in the 1960s, China was hopelessly inaccessible. More practically, I urged that he write a history (which we still need in 1978) of the Dixie Mission and of his experience with it. He was interested: I was delighted to learn that he had notes and much material. There were even talks concerning academic and financial help, and about finding a publisher.

Then, suddenly, President Nixon decided that *he*

wished to visit China. Koji wrote me at once. Surely, he thought, this would change the situation. Yes, I replied, but it might take time for the privilege to trickle down to the citizenry. But it was not really very long. The next month, I was among a lucky few invited by Premier Chou En-lai. On my way to China in September, 1971, I stopped in Honolulu to meet an exuberantly hopeful Koji and to carry letters from him to Madame Sun (Soong Ching Ling) and others in China. It was not many months until he was following me across the pacific to his old friends.

What a pity that Koji could not participate in the recent Dixie Mission reunion visit to China. His spirit certainly was there.

JOHN S. SERVICE

Koji Ariyoshi: In Memoriam

Koji Ariyoshi: In Memoriam

In a highly publicized trial in 1952-53, Koji Ariyoshi, editor of the Honolulu Record, and six other Hawaiians were convicted of conspiring to overthrow the government of the United States by force and violence, in violation of the Smith Act. ("We're trying you for what's in your head," the prosecutor snapped at him once.) In June of 1953 Ariyoshi was sentenced to five years in prison, but appeal proceedings won a reversal after dragging on for five years.

FBI agents arrested Ariyoshi on August 28, 1951. That evening, out on bail, he went to the Record office and found, as he wrote years later to a friend, that the staff "thought we were done for." If the staff believed that, what were the plantation workers and other readers of the weekly newspaper thinking? He pounded out a long article, Meaning of the Arrests, which "stiffened the backs of the people."

That article was followed by another, My Thoughts: For Which I Stand Indicted, which turned into a series of

59 under that title. A sustained act of resistance to McCarthyism, the series linked the crackdown on Communists and other dissidents to the domestic assault on unions and other popular organizations and to the worldwide U.S. offensive against revolutions and national movements. He went into the specifics of his own experiences and thinking to show how he had come to his conclusions.

And, as a powerful counterpoint to a U.S. scene marked by considerable pessimism and retreat, he told the China story. He told what he had himself seen there, and he related that to an overall account of how the Chinese people had stood up to their oppressors and begun the transformation of an ancient society. Of the 59 articles, 32 deal wholly or in part with China. They are a treasure of U.S.-China peoples' friendship. The centerpiece of this memorial publication, The Yenan Experience, is a contraction of them, with substantial quotations.

In Article XXVII of the My Thoughts series, Ariyoshi described how profoundly moved he was by his first view, a view from the air, of China. His feelings then presaged many moving experiences to come. The My Thoughts articles tell how, step by step, a Nisei worker turned GI gave his heart and mind to the Chinese revolution.

China had long been in Ariyoshi's consciousness. At the University of Hawaii he had pleaded China's case

against Japan to Nisei students and others, helped to raise money for Chinese students fleeing westward from the Japanese invaders, and written an article for the student paper about a university in caves, in Yenan. But Ariyoshi was reached by China for deeper reasons, because of what he had gone through, because of what he was.

Ariyoshi was born in Kona in 1914. He was the son of an indentured sugar plantation worker who became a small coffee farmer—one of the victims of Japanese feudalism who knocked at Hawaii's golden door and found waiting a life of toil so hard that strong men gulped soy sauce to induce a fever that would give them a day of rest. And he was the son of a small woman with calloused, grass-stained hands who ended every day prostrate with exhaustion.

He learned early about struggle. About the 200 Japanese sugar workers who in 1890 threw down their tools and marched 18 hours on Honolulu to obtain redress of grievances and who, rebuffed, came on again. About the sugar strikes of 1909 and 1920. And when he was in jail, his mother reminded relatives that the great leaders of those strikes, Yasutaro Soga, Fred Makino and others, had been there before him.

As a child, Ariyoshi picked ripe coffee berries. As a teenager, he scrambled for any sort of job, handicapped by the depression and his Japanese extraction. "Because I have worked almost all my life with my hands, even

while a student, my loyalty has always been with the downtrodden, the workers and the farmers," he wrote in Article I of My Thoughts. He pulped coffee, clerked store, was a bricklayer's helper, did WPA road work, drove trucks, worked in a pineapple cannery. Finally he caught on as a longshoreman, working the docks in Honolulu and later in San Francisco, becoming a militant member of the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union led by Harry Bridges.

Ariyoshi was an asker of many questions, a thirsty reader. He scoured libraries that seemed to be overflowing with the works of Zane Grey for books of substance. He found Theodore Dreiser's An American Tragedy and, moved, read it again and yet again. Years later he was deeply pleased to discover that his son Roger was a serious reader. Returning home late at night after long hours of work, he would "find my son waiting for me. He wanted to discuss Plato, Socrates, Voltaire, Marx and Lenin, and Mao Tsetung. We would have a dialogue till two and three in the morning and you can imagine the feeling of satisfaction I obtained from such an opportunity."

In 1937 work on the docks bought Ariyoshi study at the University of Hawaii, and conscientious study won him a scholarship at the University of Georgia, where he took a course in journalism. In Georgia he was busy with more than book learning. He had applied to go to the

University of Georgia because of a stimulating talk with author Erskine Caldwell, and with the help of Caldwell's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ira C. Caldwell, he found for himself that Tobacco Road was not fiction, as some of his fellow students claimed, but a harsh reality—and later in India, Ceylon and China he learned the broader truth, observed by Mrs. Caldwell, that "Tobacco Road is not just in Georgia. It's a belt running around the world."

And experiences with Black people gave him a lasting fellow feeling for those who rode the back of the bus.

Ariyoshi was working on the San Francisco docks when the Japanese struck at Pearl Harbor. He was one of the 110,000 persons of Japanese ancestry—many of them citizens like him—who were placed in detention camps. The watch towers and barbed wire of Manzanar were for him, as for many prisoners before and since, a school—teaching him, among other things, that rights don't depend on what the law says but on the organized strength of understanding people. Scores of thousands, including his wife Taeko, were in the camps until 1945. His daughter Linda was born there. The gate opened for him first because of the need of Idaho beet farmers for people to do stoop labor, and stayed open because of the army's need for Japanese-speaking personnel. Manzanar lived in Ariyoshi's consciousness. Six months before he died he wrote an account of it in the form of a letter to his

granddaughter Wendi. He wanted those who came after to know of this bitter time.

Ariyoshi volunteered for the army in December 1943 and was assigned to the China-Burma-India Theater after training in intelligence in Minnesota. His China tour ended in July 1946 and he shipped out of Shanghai for home.

Settling in New York with his wife and young daughter, Ariyoshi became active in the Committee for a Democratic Far Eastern Policy. This predecessor of the US-China Peoples Friendship Association was formed to oppose U.S. intervention in China's civil war and in revolutions and nationalist movements elsewhere in Asia. Ariyoshi helped prepare and hand out leaflets and organize meetings, and he contributed to the committee's publication, Far East Spotlight, which named him a consultant. And he put a great deal of time into writing a book on his Yenan experience. Reynal & Hitchcock accepted it and paid him an advance but cancelled publication after the onset of McCarthyism.

In 1948 Ariyoshi with his family returned to Hawaii and founded the Honolulu Record, a weekly newspaper addressed to working people. His longtime friend Dave Thompson, education director of the ILWU, said this about the Record in his speech at the memorial service for Ariyoshi: "As the only anti-establishment paper in those days, the Record had great influence in spite of

intense Cold War and McCarthyite pressures. Thousands subscribed and passed it from hand to hand to many more because it brought out information and raised issues that would otherwise have been buried."

During the trial Ariyoshi gave up a night's sleep to get the paper out. Years later he wrote to a friend: "I kept my usual schedule during the trial of printing the paper from 12 midnight Wednesday to morning, folding it and having it ready for stamping, labeling and mailing by the staff and volunteers who came in the morning. I went home to bathe and headed for the courthouse." Despite the loss of sleep, he went on, "I never dozed a single moment, for the trial was like a battlefield. The phonies, stoolpigeons, etc., were having their day but all have rotted away."

The burden of the Record became insupportable and in 1958, after a life of 10 years, it ceased publication. Ariyoshi served the Teamsters and Hotel and Restaurant Employees for a while as editor and educator, and then opened a flower shop. The selection of the first location was an artful compromise. The shop had to be within reach of customers but not so prominent that it would excite the rabid anti-Communists. Despite circumspection, Ariyoshi was often referred to as "the Red florist."

For years Ariyoshi was isolated. But the social struggles and anti-war movement of the 1960s gradually changed that. In 1970 student pressure brought about the

establishment of an Ethnic Studies Program at the University of Hawaii and Ariyoshi was an obvious resource. Dave Thompson recalled at the memorial service that students "began to come to Koji for his knowledge and guidance. He helped lobby for the program, lectured in it, resumed his research and writing and spent many hundreds of hours rapping and working with the young instructors who conducted the program."

The late Governor John A. Burns appointed Ariyoshi to the Hawaii Foundation for History and the Humanities and he served as its president.

The ping-pong opening that culminated in Nixon's China visit of February 1972 brought immediate changes in Ariyoshi's life. He became a sought-after authority on China. In 1971 Soong Ching Ling, an old friend, saw to it that he was among the first to be invited to the People's Republic, and in this first of four visits (one with a film crew from Hawaii Public Television), he found the new China of reality even more impressive than the picture of China he had formed reading and cherished in his thoughts. The Honolulu Star Bulletin published many articles by him, and schools and organizations that had shunned him now invited him to speak.

Ariyoshi was a principal initiator of the Hawaii-China Peoples Friendship Association (now the US-China Peoples Friendship Association of Honolulu), and served as its president from the beginning. He was chief editor of

the association's China Newsletter. He played a leading role in the formation of the national US-China Peoples Friendship Association and was elected an at-large member of the National Steering Committee at the 1974 founding convention in Los Angeles and at succeeding conventions in Chicago and Philadelphia.

Through a slide show Ariyoshi brought the story of his Yenan experience to USCPFA and other audiences in all parts of the country. And he brought his experience and understanding to bear on the policy issues of the USCPFA's first years. He was influential in the successful efforts to establish a southern region, make the local associations membership organizations, launch a broad campaign for normal US-China relations, and make outreach to workers and minorities a national priority.

Throughout his years of involvement with ethnic studies and the USCPFA, Ariyoshi put in long hours in his flower business, principally located in later years in the Hawaiian Prince Hotel on Nahua Street. He took pride in being one who labored with his hands and in being able to add flower to flower and create beauty. Addressing a class of Ethnic Studies at the University of Hawaii, he told the students, many of whom knew him only as a lecturer, that every day he made floral arrangements, wedding bouquets and funeral wreaths, and packed and unpacked flowers. "And you can see me driving all around town making deliveries." In a note to a distant

friend on a Christmas Day, he wrote: "If you were here, I'd make up a beautiful Christmas basket for you and your family. I am good with flowers, though not at much else..."

Addressing a Buddhist audience in Honolulu in 1971, he said that "I have seen change and sought change in society, and by choice taken up unpopular causes. There were times in my life when I could have taken a different route. Had I done so, I could never have achieved inner satisfaction."

He expressed similar thoughts in his final lecture to his Ethnic Studies students:

"When you talk of the long view, a proper question is which side are you on? Look to the changing world and prepare for it with a long view. Whether one likes it or not, whether you like it or not, change will come everywhere, in Africa, South and Latin America, Asia, and in our own country. Just remember that 70 percent of the world's people are Third World people seeking change, liberation, independence and freedom from foreign domination in order to be masters of their country, to create a better life ...In your lifetime, the realities of the Third World will move closer to you. Study, discuss and investigate and don't let history bypass you."

Ariyoshi did not go gentle into the good night. He fought against the fading of the light by taking on work, writing, lecturing, attending USCPFA meetings. Just

weeks before his final hospitalization he was a vigorous participant in the USCPFA convention in Philadelphia, though at nights he lay in pain, grateful if he was able to doze. As Thompson said at the memorial service, "He didn't submit. He fought to live and amazed us all."

In April 1976, six months before Ariyoshi's death, the Hawaii House of Representatives unanimously adopted a resolution* honoring him. It cited his fight for the rights of interned Japanese at Manzanar, his courageous resistance to McCarthyism, his founding of the USCPFA of Honolulu, and his long commitment to social change.

When he worked on the docks in the green of his years, Ariyoshi was a member of one of the star teams—teams of especially strong, agile and alert men capable of handling the trickiest and heaviest loads. He left the docks for other things, but he never left the star team.

HUGH DEANE

*Complete text on page 101.

The Yenan Experience

The Yenan Experience

The quoted sections and most of the other information are from My Thoughts: For Which I Stand Indicted, a series of articles which Koji Ariyoshi wrote in 1951 for the Honolulu Star Bulletin.

Early in the summer of 1944 Koji Ariyoshi, late of the Manzanar Detention Camp, flew over the Himalayas—The Hump—to Kunming, capital of Yunnan Province and a U.S. military center. "Only a few times have I been moved so deeply by the sight of land as I was when I saw China for the first time from the sky," he wrote later. He saw scarred land, cultivated to the hilltops, showing every mark of human toil. From the sky he saw "so much beauty on the face of the good earth," but when he hiked around the countryside afoot, he saw "a picture of poverty and struggling humanity." In the village he looked into the faces of peasants who handed over 50 to 60 percent of their crops to landlords for rent, and in Kunming he saw both "pompous, porky and smooth-skinned landlords drinking and dining and wasting food" and on narrow, cobble-stoned

streets "GIs hurrying away as emaciated, sore-covered beggars in tattered rags ran after them." He recalled:

"Joe, no papa, no mama, no first sergeant," old Chinese who didn't speak English said, in begging for money. Prostitutes limped up to touch GIs along dark streets, rasping "Hey, Joe, Hey Joe!" Their vulgar, accented English, all that they knew, flowed with a mixture of cussing and swearing they had learned from GIs. Like souvenir peddlers and money changers and pimps, these prostitutes used the famed "battle cry of Kunming."

"You say how much!" they said with a strong challenge, if one even as much as paused or said a word to them.

All this was part of the whole life and death struggle going on everywhere.

His mind mulling over the painful contrasts of China as it was five years short of Liberation, Ariyoshi flew to the fog-shrouded, much-bombed wartime capital of Chungking, on the western Yangtse. There he undertook his first assignment—to investigate efforts to change the thinking of Japanese prisoners of war. Weeks of observation and discussion left him with two conclusions. Patient approaches to Japanese prisoners could prevail over Bushido* indoctrination. Captives had been converted

*Bushido—a feudal code of behavior stressing self-sacrifice which was one of the ideological props of Japanese militarism.

and formed into teams which had gone to the front lines and carried on propaganda work aimed at demoralizing Japanese troops. Ariyoshi was dismayed to learn also that Chiang Kai-shek's authoritarian regime quickly discerned a threat in a Japanese captives' movement and placed such limitations on it that by 1944 it had been reduced to a show window used to impress visiting journalists and diplomats.

But in north China, in the vast areas liberated by the Communist-led Eighth Route Army and the guerrillas who fought with it, a real program of prisoner conversion was proving increasingly effective. Ariyoshi heard this many times in Chungking. Then, late in October, 1944, the China director of the U.S. Office of War Information (OWI) arranged for him to spend a month in Yenan, the Communist base in northern Shensi, to see for himself and prepare a report that might benefit U.S. handling of captives.

That month stretched into 19 with the 30-member U.S. military observer group sent to Yenan the previous July—called Dixie Mission because it was located in "rebel" territory. When he left, he was the senior member in length of service, and he had been promoted from a T4, a technical sergeant, to a second lieutenant. But the main change was inside him. He came away a staunch partisan of the Chinese revolution.

Shortly after boarding the C-47 that took him to

Yenan, Ariyoshi was given a clue to what to expect:

"...the major general passed the word around to us enlisted men that from now on we were to forget rank. We should not hesitate to talk to them freely and there was to be no wall created by rank. In their area, we must live like them, he said.

An enlisted man said, "In other words, in Rome do as the Romans do."

"I guess that's it," the general said.

In its northward course, the transport crossed over the wall of soldiers that separated Chiang Kai-shek's China from the new China in hard birth. Chiang and his officialdom saw the Communist areas as a more serious adversary than the Japanese. "The Japanese are just a skin ailment, while the Communists are a disease of the heart," they often said, and assigned a half-million of their best troops to blockade Yenan. Supplies, even medical supplies, were not allowed through. Students and others trying to reach the Liberated Areas were imprisoned; many were tortured to make them abjure sympathy with a resistance to the Japanese that was also beginning to change Chinese society. The U.S. was then unhappy over Chiang's divisive policy. It viewed the Communist-led Eighth Route and New Fourth armies in north and central China as necessary ingredients of the effort to bring Japan down. It wanted weather reports from north China and the cooperation of guerrillas in

rescuing downed American pilots, and it looked ahead to possible joint military operations along the China coast. General Joseph Stilwell, before Chiang forced his recall, and the U.S. military and diplomats even after that, urged Chiang to preserve China's unity. In the spring and summer of 1944 sustained U.S. pressure brought about a visit to Yenan by American and other foreign correspondents and the establishment of Dixie Mission.

The divide behind, the plane flew over the barren loess hills and valleys of northern Shensi Province and finally a north-south valley with a silvery stream and a pagoda on a hill, and beside the stream, Yenan.

The land looked old and tired, bare after the autumn harvest. It was terribly wrinkled by the ageless force of erosion. Everything looked ancient, peaceful and desolate. A few buildings were in sight. A fairly large Western-style church nestled close against a hillside. It was the most impressive edifice. But more striking than anything were the caves, hundreds and hundreds of them pockmarking hillsides and cliffs, tier upon tier, up from the valley floor.

We headed down the valley toward the landing strip. Ox-carts driven by white-turbaned natives toiled their lumbering way northward and southward along a dusty road along the airstrip. Camels led by nomads clad in furs also moved on the road.

The arriving Americans received a warm welcome.

It seemed that everyone in Yenan had come to greet us. Most of them were clad in blue or black cottonpadded uniforms while others still wore thin cotton uniforms. Women were dressed like men. Deep caps hid their hair altogether. They wore no rouge or lipstick. One saw chapped cheeks and lips painted over with honey to prevent further aggravation.

I was introduced to Colonel David Barrett, who in turn introduced me to Chinese officials. Among the many, one name sounded familiar, the name of General Chu Teh.

I saw a kindly face, broad and seamed, half-smiling at me. A warm, firm hand gripped mine. The man before me was like a peasant, extremely simple in appearance, clad in a faded, brown woolen-tweed uniform. He was stocky and heavy. This was the legendary Chu Teh, commander-in-chief of the Communist-led forces.

In his first weeks in Yenan, Ariyoshi found out, first by talking to the Americans who had come before him, and then learning for himself, that the area, called the Shensi-Kansu-Ninghsia (Shen-Kan-Ning) Border Region, was truly a unique segment of China and of all Asia. No beggars, no prostitutes, no hands stretched out for bribes. Life was austere, but all ate and were clothed. The first

important steps were being taken to ease the age-old burden of the peasantry and to give the people a say in the making of decisions. A spirit of caring and selflessness prevailed. Some of the Americans called the area Shangri-La. "If you describe things the way they are in reports, they'll think you are making propaganda, so be very careful," a captain cautioned Ariyoshi.

This story was then making the rounds among the Americans:

When the first contingent of American military personnel flew to Yenan, the transport damaged its propeller when one of the wheels dropped into an old grave. The transport's crew stayed over, waiting for parts from Chungking. That night the 18th Group Army(earlier the Eighth Route Army), which was the designation of Communist-led forces, gave a dance to honor the Americans. A tech sergeant of the plane's crew made passes at a young woman, thinking what he did in Chungking was permissible in Yenan.

The next day, General Yeh Chien-ying,* the chief of staff of the 18th Group Army, visited Colonel Barrett, the U.S. commander, and indignantly protested the

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* Yeh held a succession of important posts following Liberation and in 1977 was elected vice chairman of the Chinese Communist Party.

GIs' conduct. He said that the Chinese would provide the Americans with clean entertainment and that the GIs should forget propaganda they might have heard about Communist "free love" and that sort of thing. He said Yenan was not Chungking. General Yeh explained that the women were equal with men in Yenan; that prostitution did not exist and any incident of such was corrected as soon as it was discovered.

Colonel Barrett called his group together. He scolded that the Americans were embarrassed and threatened that anyone violating the social customs and values of Yenan would be sent back to Chungking as punishment. This was indeed punishment, for no American wanted to be sent back to depressing Chungking. The colonel suggested that the officers and men get rid of their supply of prophylactics immediately. One captain had an extremely large supply. When the Chinese heard about the large aggregate supply, they asked the Americans not to throw away the prophylactics. They wanted to use them in the hospitals for medical purposes.

"Save your old razor blades and cigarette cellophane covers for the Chinese. They are blockaded here and can use these items also," an officer told us.

Ariyoshi plunged into his work of investigating the prisoner program. He spent days in cold caves talking to the responsible cadres, most of them Japanese exiles, and listening to the halting efforts of prisoners to express new thoughts about themselves, Japan and the war. In the evenings he typed with numbed fingers reports destined for distant, and presumably skeptical, superiors.

The prisoner re-education program in Yenan was the most advanced of any in World War ll. By 1944, after slow and painful beginnings, it had made real progress, partially solving two formidable problems. The first problem was to obtain live prisoners. Peasant guerrillas enraged over the smashing of their villages by the Imperial Army killed many captives early in the war. They had to be brought to make a distinction between Japan's rulers and the people, even those in uniform, and to see that interrogated and converted prisoners were a war asset. Mass discussions were persuasive. Abuse and killing of captives became a rarity.

The second problem, the toughest, was getting anywhere with prisoners. The first captives lay on their bunks day and night, in a state of profound depression, refusing even to wash their faces, their thoughts on suicide. But gradually their ideas of Bushido and the shame they felt at having been taken prisoner by a people they had been taught to look down on yielded to outstretched hands and weeks of discussion. A Japanese

People's Emancipation League was formed. Teams of former prisoners went to the front-line guerrilla areas and addressed Japanese units over loudspeakers, sometimes with positive results.

To Ariyoshi the story of Blockhouse 50* exemplified the value of the program:

The Japanese 80th Battalion or Takei Tai was garrisoned in north Hopei Province in 1944. It dominated the country by a network of blockhouses, solid castles of brick and stone in which soldiers lived. In the spring and autumn the soldiers sauntered out to mop up the countryside, plunder grain and return to their strongholds.

Blockhouse 50 was in one of the perimeter villages. Like the others, it was an island of tyranny in the middle of resisting China. It was formidable, with a tower full of loopholes for machine guns and rifles. Around it was a high wall and, beyond it, the remnants of a blockhouse which had been destroyed by Chinese Reds. The demolished fortress once housed puppet troops that had been locally conscripted.

Sixteen Japanese soldiers lived in Blockhouse 50. Formerly there were 17 but Corporal Shiratori had been captured. Lieutenant Koga, in charge, was

* Portions of Ariyoshi's account are omitted.

high-strung, nervous and mean to his men, especially to Private Morimoto, a man of 40 who constantly thought of his home and children.

One night the lieutenant heard a familiar voice. The guerrillas were around his blockhouse and JPEL members were "night broadcasting" under cover of the darkness. Through a megaphone, one began shouting:

"I am Corporal Shiratori. Do you remember me? I am now a member of the Japanese People's Emancipation League..."

"You fool! Traitor, you! You are a disgrace to the Emperor!" And the lieutenant furiously sprayed the area with machine gun bullets and yelled at his own men to keep firing.

When the din died down, from the darkness beyond, nostalgic recorded music came to them. The men stood by loopholes with ears turned to catch every refrain.

"Why did you beat Private Morimoto today? Why don't you let Corporal Noguchi read our leaflets?" shouted Shiratori.

"Shiratori, if you are a Japanese you will return to the Imperial army. I will give you the opportunity ..."

"No, thank you, I am much happier here! Japan is fighting an unjust war. Why do you kill the

Chinese, rape innocent women and take grain?"

The night wore on and Koga got angrier and angrier and sporadically shot into the darkness. Each time phonograph music drifted back to the blockhouse. Shiratori said he knew Private Ono's sore foot was not any better because Koga would not send him to the hospital.

Did Private Ushio receive any letter after the last one he got three weeks ago? Shiratori asked. He was reading letters which the guerrillas captured and later forwarded to the blockhouse. He told Koga he was sending his former comrades comfort kits, rice wine and playing cards the next day and asked the officer not to confiscate them.

Twice a week Shiratori returned and he got bolder each time. He urged the soldiers to disobey Koga, a "rotten officer." He explained about the JPEL and asked them to come over. He also tapped telephone wires, listened in on conversations which went on between blockhouses, talked to the soldiers. Sometimes he cut in while Koga was talking and the lieutenant would hang up angrily. Koga shifted his demoralized men and brought in fresh troops.

Once Private Mori, a secret member of the JPEL recruited in Blockhouse 50, informed Shiratori through a Chinese peddler that Koga had received an order to go on a pillaging expedition.

When Koga went on his mission with 50 men, puppet transport laborers and carts, he found all the grain hidden and not a peasant left in the villages.

Shiratori ribbed Koga about this in his night broadcast. Mori deserted to the JPEL one dark night. Then Corporal Goto and Private Hoshino slipped away during a pillaging expedition. They searched the countryside for the Communist-led guerrillas and were captured by militiamen who took them to headquarters where Shiratori welcomed them. In all, Koga lost nine men through desertion. Out of these, five came to Yenan and I talked with them.

As Ariyoshi's extended beyond the originally scheduled 30 days, his assignments broadened. He debriefed rescued pilots and other U.S. military personnel who had visited the guerrilla areas and he interviewed Japanese and Korean refugees and deserters for intelligence purposes.* Much of his time was given to the U.S. propaganda effort in north China, conducted by the Office of War Information with the cooperation of the Communist authorities.

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*Five of Ariyoshi's intelligence reports are in The Amerasia Papers: A Clue to the Catastrophe of China, Volume II (U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 1970).

In 1944 and early 1945, when relations between the U.S. and Yenan were good, U.S. films, film strips and photo collections were shown throughout the Communist-held areas. The photo section of the 18th Group Army did the showing, using an old gasoline generator and a projector and amplifier taken from village to village on an ox-cart and a mule. In the Yenan area Ariyoshi himself showed U.S. documentary films on an OWI projector. Films on the TVA, farm mechanization and factory production were well received, but one titled "Farmer Henry Brown," about a successful black farmer, led to a discussion in which students expressed skepticism:

"This is not all true, is it," one of them asked me.

"Yes, it is," I told him.

"I don't believe you," he said, shaking his head.

"There are Negro farmers who are doing quite well."

"But they are so few. Most of them are poor, worse off than our poor peasants."

"We have poor sharecroppers, surely."

"Why don't you show pictures about them?"

He thought we should show the good and the bad, not only the good, so that the film would point to improvement.

Others would join in the discussion and tell me

of rural life in China, the superstitions of peasants and how they were being combated, and of the model farms and labor heroes. And in talking to them I learned many things which I would never have been able to observe during my short stay in China and because of my limited background knowledge of the vast country.

The period of good relations was marked by cooperative work in such areas as weather reporting and intelligence gathering and by mutual learning—the Chinese learned that not all the Americans were womanizers who drank too much and many of the Americans adapted themselves to and came to like the simple, purposeful society about them. The Chinese and the Americans entered into an unending dialogue on a wide variety of subjects. The Communist liaison officers (one of them was Huang Hua, earlier Edgar Snow's interpreter, later China's foreign minister) and other cadres and students asked many questions, about the trade union movement in the United States, about the growth of giant corporations dominating the economy, about Roosevelt and his policies.

Only Ariyoshi and one other GI could discuss unions with any real knowledge. Some of the officers were vehemently anti-union, and this surprised and shocked some of their Chinese listeners.

In general, the Americans were favorably impressed

by the life around them, so different from what they had encountered in Kunming and Chungking. Largely ignorant of Marxism ("Was this guy Karl Marx the first Russian dictator?" a perplexed officer asked once), some Americans concluded that since what they observed was good, Chinese Communists couldn't really be Communists. This led to discussions in the mess hall, which was named Whittlesey Hall by the Communists in honor of the one member of Dixie Mission who lost his life in the area:

How are Communists supposed to behave? the liaison officers asked. Had the Americans seen any Communists before they came into Yenan?

The Americans said they had not.

Then where did they get such ideas? the liaison officers asked. Questions like this stumped the Americans.

I enjoyed listening to such discussions. We Americans knew almost nothing of Marxism or scientific socialism which the liaison officers talked about. Perhaps there was no American observer in Yenan who had given time to reading the works of Marx, Engels and Lenin. In the waiting room of the bathhouse we used three times a week the portraits of these men hung from the wall, alongside those of Roosevelt, Stalin, Churchill and Chiang Kai-shek. We were among people who studied from the works

of Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin and Mao Tsetung more seriously than we did from works of Plato, Aristotle, Kant, Berkeley and John Dewey.

One American in Yenan, not a member of Dixie Mission, had studied Marxism-Leninism and could discuss informatively Chinese Communist perspectives and Mao's thinking. He was Dr. George Hatem, who had arrived in the Communist-held northwest with Edgar Snow in 1936 and was here for good. Becoming a Chinese citizen and adopting the name Ma Hai-teh, he was beginning a life of service to Chinese medicine and the health of the people. Dr. Ma ate many of his meals in the American mess hall, usually arriving with his close friend Huang Hua, and took part in the lively conversations there and in the frequent evening bull sessions. Ariyoshi learned a lot from him and years later wrote, "China has had no greater friend among Americans than Ma Hai-teh."

Though the Americans were denied pleasures of the flesh available to them elsewhere, entertainment was provided for them by the Chinese. Every Saturday night they crossed the Yen River and went to a dance at army headquarters.

We entered a barn-like auditorium. Almost every week General Chu Teh rushed out to greet us. He led us to a corner where live charcoal gave off a warm glow from makeshift burners. He poured us

tea, piled dried watermelon seeds on a table for us to chew. We cracked them with our teeth and spit out the shells.

Chu Teh huddled with his chief of staff, the exuberantly jolly General Yeh Chien-ying, and the two went around to talk to women sitting along the walls. Soon we were swarmed over by them and they kept us dancing all evening.

I watched legendary Chu Teh dance the first night. His break with the feudal past, with all its lush living, for the life of a revolutionary, becoming one of the leaders of the Chinese Communists, is a story in itself.

An enlisted man who had read Agnes Smedley's book on Red China suddenly exploded, as he also watched Chu Teh:

"How in hell did Agnes teach that guerrilla leader to dance?"

The general was chugging along in a very businesslike manner with his left arm folded in toward his shoulder. There was not a bit of variety in his step. But he was keeping good time with the music—produced by a squeaking Chinese violin, a drum, cymbals and a relic of a portable piano—whether it was "Jingle Bells" or a Shensi folk song. He never seemed to stop dancing once he got started, and the women were flattered to dance with him.

Ariyoshi saw the turn in U.S. policy. From one of hesitant movement toward cooperation with the Communist forces in north and central China it changed into a counterrevolutionary effort in support of the Chiang regime. Overtures to the Communists were replaced by barely concealed hostility. As long as Japan appeared to be a formidable adversary, as long as the U.S. military analysis envisaged massive ground operations, a strong case could be made for joint arrangements with the forces fighting against Japan in areas extending, brokenly, from Inner Mongolia to Hainan Island. Stilwell was for cooperation as were John S. Service and almost all of his State Department colleagues in China. But as the tide of the war turned and the perimeter of Japanese-held territories shrank, the anti-Communist ideologues and friends of Chiang in U.S. top circles became assertive. The recall of Stilwell in October 1944 was the first of a series of successes for them. The incineration of flesh at Hiroshima and Nagasaki and the collapse of Japan fixed the American commitment to sustain the Chiang regime.

A self-promoting, eccentric and finally negative role in the making of U.S. policy was played by Patrick J. Hurley, an oil millionaire from Oklahoma, whom President Roosevelt sent to China as his envoy in the fall of 1944 following the recall of Stilwell and the resignation of Ambassador Clarence E. Gauss. Hurley initially set

himself as a builder of Chinese unity, as a peace-minded mediator between the Communists and the Kuomintang, but his objective, like that covertly pursued by the Marshall Mission later, was an agreement embodying Communist subservience to the Kuomintang. The false promise of Hurley's arrival in Yenan was replete with dramatic contrasts, of which Ariyoshi was a sharp observer:

On November 7, 1944, we expected a transport from the 10th Weather Squadron stationed in Chengtu, but not from our headquarters in Chungking. No sooner had the weather plane set down its wheels on the Yenan airstrip than four fighters suddenly came roaring out of the south, circled over our valley and buzzed low over the runway to give it the once-over. Then from the west a C-47 came droning over the airfield at a more leisurely pace.

Colonel David Barrett, our commander, began giving orders in great excitement: "Get Mao Tse-tung down to the airfield right away! Tell him General Hurley is here!"

The airfield was quite a distance from the Date Garden where Mao and General Chu Teh lived. In the meantime, General Hurley, tall, trim and strikingly colorful, stepped down from his plane, his every move seemingly calculated to produce the

best poses for the cameras which were already clicking.

Finally the Chinese leaders arrived. Mao stepped out of his vehicle and casually threw one end of his knitted woolen scarf across his shoulder. He was tall and of medium build. A deep cotton cap covered his long, jet-black hair and partly hid his high forehead, features sharply characterized in his portraits etched on village walls and public buildings all over Red China. He was dressed simply, like his colleagues, and he gave a surface appearance of an odd combination of an intellectual and a peasant.

A liaison officer spoke to Mao, who hurried to meet Hurley. As Mao smilingly approached Hurley with extended hand, every eye turned on them. For in this pastoral setting, history was being made.

For 17 years the Chinese Communists had been called bandits and at one time high prices had been put on the heads of top leaders—dead or alive—by Chiang. Once Chiang offered $250,000 (Chinese) for Mao's head. Mao answered by offering $1 for Chiang's head. Repeated "bandit suppression campaigns" had dislodged the Reds from southeast China and they marched 6,500 miles to northwest China. They grew phenomenally in strength during the anti-Japanese war and now an American Presi-

dential envoy had come to them in mediating Nationalist-Communist negotiations. Mao was then a leader of 90,000,000 Chinese.

When the handshaking ceremony was over, Generals Hurley and Chu Teh led in reviewing the guards of honor. Captain John Colling of OSS trained his motion picture camera on the colorful Hurley who within the busy next hour instructed the captain and all GIs with cameras that he wanted all the negatives of pictures taken of him.

The subject was worth a million: the contrast was perfect. Here were modern aircraft against a background of eroded hills, caves, white-turbaned, smiling peasants and ox-carts, and sheepskin-clad nomads with camel caravans. A tall millionaire, decked in the best uniform that money could buy, ornamented with brass and ribbons galore—marched beside stout General Chu Teh, plainly and simply attired, like the guards in cottonpadded uniforms who were being reviewed.

Hurley, an Oklahoma orphan who had worked in coal mines, become a lawyer and an oil magnate, was a Horatio Alger character and the incarnation of American industrial capitalism. Chu Teh, who had given away his eminent military rank in the old feudal society and had broken away from the opium habit and concubines for the simple and

harsh life of a revolutionary, personified China's workers and peasants.

Like a seasoned ham actor, Hurley played up to the cameras. Auspiciously he gripped the visor of his cap with a sweep of his hand, swung the cap over his head and vigorously waved it in short spiral motions as he pierced the north China stillness with a blood-curdling whooping "yahoo" of the Choctaw Indians.

Chu Teh was startled in the midst of this solemn military ceremony. For a few seconds he gaped at Hurley, who had regained his composure and was looking straight into the cameras as he continued to pass in review.

"Why, a peacock couldn't have done any better," someone commented.

The changes in U.S. policy wrought changes in Dixie Mission—changes which both caused Ariyoshi mental anguish and gave him vastly expanded duties and opportunities for observation.

In February of 1945 John S. Service, the chief political officer of the Yenan mission, and his Foreign Service colleagues attached to the U.S. Embassy in Chunking urged in a carefully prepared policy recommendation that the U.S. desist from giving exclusive support to the Chiang Kai-shek regime, the growing weakness of which was obvious, and thus make possible

a flexible American policy in a future certain to be marked by Chinese civil strife. The advice of this group of experienced China diplomats was rejected by the State Department ("Spanish moss hung from its chandeliers," Service had observed earlier) and the White House, and in the spring Hurley forced Service's recall. Service left Yenan April 1, removing from this incubator of China's future the author of a series of reports on it that have stood up to the test of time.

Removed also was the officer in charge, Colonel Barrett, who higher-ups falsely thought was becoming a Communist sympathizer. (Barrett later served as military attache in Taipei.) Barrel's successor was instructed by General Albert C. Wedemeyer, Stilwell's successor, to minimize American cooperation with the Communists.

As members of the mission were recalled and replaced in conjunction with the U.S. policy shift, relations with the Communists deteriorated quickly. Many of the remaining officers, among them some who a few months before had been full of praise of the Shensi-Kansu-Ninghsia Border Region, took to baiting the Communist liaison officers and other cadres, engaging them in constant argument and giving tongue to their hostility. Differences in rank among the Americans had been minimized in deference to Communist practice, but now protocol was restored. In the mess hall separate tables were set up for the officers and GIs. Morale in the

mission declined and consumption of the potent Tiger Bone wine increased. One officer was acknowledged to hold the lead in breaking emptied earthen Tiger Bone bottles against the walls of his cave.

OSS officers in Yenan, pushing for permission to set up a radio network, bragged that an OSS demolition team, loaded down with machine guns, mortars and light automatic pieces, could outfight a company or even a battalion of Communist guerrillas. A few weeks later the OSS did send a four-man demolition team and one Chinese who was a Kuomintang secret police agent into north China. Armed peasants captured it without firing a shot.* The OSS pulled out of Yenan for good. The four Americans were held prisoner until Japan surrendered. With the departure of Service, Ariyoshi came to be recognized as the member of the mission with the most comprehensive knowledge of the Communist areas and he was called on repeatedly to brief his own superiors in Yenan and the principal U.S. military and diplomatic representatives in China. He twice gave long verbal reports to General Wedemeyer in Chungking, repeating one to Ambassador Hurley. He was sent to Shanghai to

*Captain George Wuchinich, in command of the OSS team, recounted this incident and described his very favorable impressions of Yenan in an article titled An OSS Team Meets the Eighth Route Army, China and Us, New York, Vol. 3, No. 5, September-October1974. Wuchinich and Ariyoshi became friends.

brief four air force generals, and he was questioned extensively by General George C. Marshall early in 1946 as he began his vain counterrevolutionary mediation effort.

For Ariyoshi the onrush of events in 1945-46—the retreat and then the collapse of Japan, the Kuomintang-Communist confrontation, and the increasingly open U.S. policy of intervention in support of the Kuomintang—meant a flurry of assignments and much travel, though Yenan remained his base. Wherever he went, he looked closely and listened hard, putting questions to people of all sorts, and this diverse experience strengthened his feelings of partisanship for the forces of revolution and his dismay over the direction of U.S. policy.

He returned briefly to Kunming and was aghast to discover that Japanese prisoners of war were being abused by Chinese Nationalist soldiers under American command.

He escorted from Yenan to Chungking the Communist members of the Chinese delegation to the new United Nations. What began as routine turned into a nightmare when during a stopover in Chengtu, Kuomintang officers and agents harassed and threatened Tung Pi-wu and the other Communist delegates. By his presence through a sleepless night Ariyoshi prevented a serious incident.

During a stay in Chungking he had a memorable conversation with Soong Ching Ling (Mme. Sun Yat-sen)

who had broken with her sisters, the wives of Chiang Kai-shek and H.H. Kung, when the Kuomintang turned reactionary in 1927 but who had taken up residence in the wartime capital in the interests of national unity.

Visiting her in her home, which was kept under close surveillance by Chiang's secret police, Ariyoshi was plied with questions about the flow of medical supplies to the guerrilla areas (the China Defense League, founded by Soong Ching Ling, was trying to get supplies through) and about the livelihood of the peasants. "But she also seemed interested in the Nisei during our conversation," Ariyoshi wrote. "She knew a great deal about the evacuation (the internment of Japanese) and about the AJA (Americans of Japanese Ancestry) 100th Infantry Battalion and the 442nd Combat Team. She was proud of the Nisei role in the war of liberation, as she called it. She said it was remarkable that my people were coming through the evacuation experiences with dignity and new strength."

Ariyoshi admired Soong Ching Ling for her steadfast political courage to the end of his days. That she reciprocated his esteem was revealed dramatically at the time of his Smith Act trial in 1952-53 when she sent him her mother's wedding dress in the expectation that it could raise money for his defense.

In Yenan, immediately after Japan's capitulation, Ariyoshi saw the impressive beginning of another long

march—the departure of many thousands of people eastward to take up new assignments in areas taken over from the Japanese. While they went on foot, U.S. ships and planes were transporting Kuomintang troops to key points occupied by the Japanese in what was plainly an effort to beat the Communist troops and cadres to them. "You will see that the tortoise will win the race," cadres in Yenan assured him.

Months later, in Shantung Province bordering the Yellow Sea, Ariyoshi met a student who had made the trek:

She told me that on the first day her unit covered 81 li (27 miles). She said the pace was the same every day. Then every night, dramatic corps of the army, including adolescents, put on skits in villages. Yang ko, the folk dance of Northwest China, which had spread the length and breadth of Yenan territory, made a big hit with the peasants in newly liberated villages. Peasants learned the simple three steps and danced to the songs with a message for peace, democracy, land reform, lower taxes, clean government and abundant production.

"This was something new to them," she explained, as the peasants had previously danced to the songs of and for the landlords. "I don't think we have had anything like this in China. I could feel the songs and dances moving and stirring the peasants. They

awaken the peasants who will some day be their own masters."

And late into the night I listened to this youth from a middle-class home who had been served by servants all her life and who was being introduced to the Chinese countryside. She said the Chinese people now had hopes of a strong new China, where foreigners would stop pushing them around in their own city streets. I knew she was speaking the thoughts of many.

Later to the south, in the Kiangsu-Anhwei Border Region, Ariyoshi met a cadre-newspaper reporter who went for evening walks with him.

During the war she had carried a flat-bed mimeograph machine on her back. She had moved around with guerrilla units and issued news bulletins to soldiers every five days. She said when the Japanese launched mopping-up operations she had to be on the go all the time. When it rained and there was no shelter, she leaned against walls, trees or anything upright and went to sleep with the mimeograph well covered on her back. If she found rocks, she piled them and stood on them to keep her feet out of the puddles.

She told me how she had gone into Japanese occupied villages to organize resistance forces by conducting "winter schools" or night schools.

"The peasants helped me to escape many times," she said. "I am short and even if the puppets fired at me, I offered a small target." And she laughed.

In the next minute she was telling me of her ambition of wanting to continue her studies so that she could help her people. Personal advancement seemed a consideration she had dropped by the wayside long ago.

On the first of two visits to Kalgan, gate city to Inner Mongolia, Ariyoshi saw people newly conscious of their united strength elect members of the city council. Illiterates—80 to 85 percent of the people—took part, voting by dropping beans in jars placed behind the backs of lined up candidates. A merchant, puffing on his long pipe, casually remarked to Ariyoshi and a companion: "It seems now the toilers have their chance. Up to now, they have had nothing to do with the government."

As Ariyoshi was seeing something of a new China in birth, he was keeping a sharp eye on his fellow Americans and thinking constantly of American policy. He cringed to hear GIs call Chinese "Slopeys" and in various ways demonstrate prejudice and ignorance. But he found, too, in Yenan and elsewhere, proof that Americans and Chinese could be friends. He was pained to see tentative friendships withered by the veering of U.S. policy, but he was heartened by incidents showing

that some Americans did not go with the tide. He recorded the story of Edward Rohrbough, an OWI news editor in Fukien, in the southeast, who staged a one-man, one-week sitdown strike in a prison in a vain effort to save the life of Yang Chao, an OWI employee who was arrested and tortured by the Kuomintang police.

Ariyoshi interviewed an American pilot who had been rescued by north China guerrillas.* People in many villages sheltered the pilot and helped him evade Japanese and puppet troops until he got across the Yellow River to safety in Yenan. By the time of the interview the U.S. was already siding with Chiang Kai-shek in spreading the civil war. The pilot told Ariyoshi he didn't want to fly any more in view of that. "If we helped the Chinese peasants to get a better deal, there would be no war; there would

*In 1973 Amalia Hinsdell, widow of an American pilot, Oliver Hinsdell, who was rescued by Communist guerrillas in north China, brought two Peace Rose plants to China in an expression of gratitude. One was presented to Premier Chou En-lai. In 1978 members of Dixie Mission and their wives and grown children toured China on what they called Dixie Mission II—a mission of nostalgia and friendship. At one of the many banquets Teng Ying-chao had beside her a rose from the plant given her late husband five years before. "I replanted the rose," she told the guests. "I cared for it, and it flourished—this rose of Chinese-American friendship." See Our Roses Grow in China by Amalia Hinsdell, New China magazine, Vol. 3, No. 2 (summer 1977), and 'Dixie Mission II,' or China Revisited by Donald K. Emmerson, New York Times, June 3, 1978.

be peace," the pilot said.

And Ariyoshi was among those who were deeply troubled by the Brooke Dolan affair. Dolan, a captain, had gone east from Yenan into the Shansi-Chahar-Hopei Border Region in the halcyon period of Yenan-U.S. relations. This had happened to him:

> **"Early one morning Dolan was resting in a peasant's hut with a guerrilla unit when the Japanese attacked. The guerrillas, who had extensive underground tunnels, in some areas connecting several villages, hid in a cave under the hut. The Japanese walked overhead. The Chinese commander's wife had a child with her and she hushed him when he began to cry. When the Japanese left and Dolan and the Chinese came out of the tunnel, which was a shallow one, the commander's wife held a dead child in her arms. She had smothered him to death rather than expose Dolan and his guards.**

Before he left the area, not knowing of the anti-Communist turn of U.S. policy, Dolan gave a stirring speech of friendship. He looked ahead to American troops and Chinese guerrillas fighting together against the Japanese. When he returned to Yenan and saw the strained relations between Dixie Mission and the Chinese, he went into a state of depression. He went to Chungking and committed suicide. "Some said he had personal problems and others said his experiences in north China,

tied in with American policy, had a lot to do with his mental state," Ariyoshi wrote.

Later Ariyoshi saw for himself the effect of U.S. support of Chiang. With a radio team he rode on horseback south of Yenan to investigate repeated Communist charges that U.S. arms were being used against their forces by Kuomintang troops.

The fighting was going on at Yehtai Mountain and on my way there I stopped at a sub-region headquarters of the Communist-led army. A general in command told me that after Chiang's troops had pounded the mountain area with American guns and bazookas, there wasn't a blade of grass standing.

At the front, I found Kuomintang troops had overrun Communist-held territory. They had been as ruthless to the peasants as the Japanese soldiers.

I visited villages Chiang's soldiers had occupied and looted. Whatever they could not haul away on stolen oxcarts and pack animals they rendered useless. They had destroyed furniture, large iron kettles and quilts. They had mixed corn, wheat and millet with manure to render the grain inedible. Deep-water wells of this mountainous region were filled with earth and precious ropes for drawing water were stolen or cut to pieces. Pigs and chickens had been slaughtered and their entrails stuffed in table and dresser drawers or hung in the cave houses.

In a village school the Nationalist soldiers had defecated as they had done elsewhere, and had splashed human excrement on the walls.

A young woman, just released by Chiang's soldiers, reported to me that she had been dragged from one blockhouse to another and raped for many days. An old woman past 75 was the only one in a village evacuated by the Nationalists just before we arrived. She was sitting, unable to walk, because she, too, had been raped many times.

Everywhere on the village walls the Chiang soldiers had written: "The Red Army cannot last long; we have American guns."

I met hundreds of homeless refugees who demanded that I cross the line of fire to visit their ravaged homes the Nationalists were still occupying. They said that as an American it was my responsibility to report everything to my government which was backing the Chinese government.

"Go to our village," an old woman begged me.

She said the Kuomintang troops would not shoot me since we were backing them. And she pointed to my uniform.

And the peasants brought me mortar shells and fins marked "U.S." They even collected pieces of shrapnel.

Upon his return to Yenan, Chu Teh, Chou En-lai and

Chen Yi, then commander of the New Fourth Army, later foreign minister, questioned Ariyoshi closely and asked him to report his findings to U.S. headquarters in Chungking.

Chu Teh said, "We want to ask your government to take back all lend-lease equipment from China, for every bit of it will now be used by Chiang Kai-shek to kill Chinese people."

Chou added, "Your country was the arsenal of democracy in this war. America supplied the allies. But let me remind you it will go down in history that we who fought most consistently and longest against fascism got nothing from your great arsenal. We fought alone."

Ariyoshi's reports and briefings encompassed not only his investigation of the use of U.S. arms against Communist forces but an overall evaluation of the military and political situation as civil war loomed. In September, 1945 he was sent to Chungking to report to General Wedemeyer, whose top aides were freely predicting that Chiang's 39 U.S.-trained divisions would mop up the Communist forces in three months. Wedemeyer began their conversation cordially, saying he had many questions to ask and welcomed candid replies.

For a while I gave a thorough analysis of the strength of the Communist-led peasant army. The general interrupted me to remind me that the Nationalists had 19 American-trained divisions and

that 20 more would be brought up.

I asked the general: Suppose, under the most favorable conditions, we were able to place Chiang's divisions in the exact positions the Japanese occupied, could his troops do half as well against partisans? I said the war records of both armies gave good indication of their respective abilities.

I discussed Yenan's guerrilla warfare, which did not require extensive supply trains. The guerrillas lived off the land and fought with popular support.

I also said the guerrillas would slash communication lines. They would force the Nationalists to contend with their military tactics. And while politics was the Yenan force's cutting edge, graft and corruption would weaken the Nationalists. Eventually, heavy American equipment would become an encumbrance to the Nationalists. U.S.-supplied arms would pass into the hands of the Yenan forces. The struggle would drag on into a bitter war of attrition. Chiang could never crush the guerrillas in three months. His corrupt regime would eventually crumble.*

Responding to Wedemeyer's statement that the Communist Party was split wide open, Ariyoshi gave an

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*In his book The China Tangle, Herbert Feis summarized a section of the report Ariyoshi made following his trip (*See page 49*)

account of the party congress held that spring, which had strongly supported Mao's leadership and worked out a comprehensive program reflecting Mao's thinking. Wedemeyer's face turned cloudy and his manner brusque but he directed Ariyoshi to repeat his assessment to Ambassador Hurley, who wholly dismissed it. Shaking his finger in Ariyoshi's face, Hurley scolded, "Young man, you have been fooled by Communist propaganda." He said it twice

Three months later, in November, Ariyoshi reported to Wedemeyer again. The weaknesses of the Chiang regime were already becoming evident, and he found the general more willing to accept a critical estimate of

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to the Yehtai Mountain area. The report, forwarded to Washington on Nov. 27, 1945, stated, in Feis's words, "that the troops which the Generalissimo was now using against the Communists were not wholly loyal to him. Most of them were forcibly impressed into the army. They were in strange territory and would be susceptible to Communist propaganda. Soon... the Generalissimo would have 39 American-trained and American-equipped divisions. But they were not trained for the Communist type of guerrilla warfare, and even if they were all used they were not likely to be able to take charge at once of the Communists, the defectors, war lords, and other enemies. It was easy ... to underestimate Communist strength because most of it was intangible. It was a combined defense army, local guerrilla, self-defense corps, youth corps, and so forth—a combination which had shown its effectiveness against the Japanese. It would be able to blockade the cities held by the government forces and cut their communications.

Chiang and his civil war capabilities. Wedemeyer and his staff questioned Ariyoshi thoroughly. Finally an aide asked, What if the U.S. were to commit its full force to Chiang's side?

I discussed the growing chorus of protests in the U.S. against intervention. Would the people oppose, remain silent or support such a military adventure, which would involve our country in years of warfare? The Japanese troops bogged down in China. They lived off the land. How much better could white soldiers in blockhouses in the Chinese countryside do? And exposed to constant guerrilla action for months and months?

At this session I recall we disagreed on this point. The generals felt the GIs could crush Yenan's forces in short order. I reminded them that in September they told me that Chiang's forces could do that in three months.

A month later Ariyoshi was in Shanghai in connection with the arrival of General Marshall. His immediate assignment was to investigate an incident which marred the beginning of the general's mission. Several thousand students had marched to the airport to greet Marshall and ask him to work for peace in China. They were sidetracked, beaten and their leaders jailed by Chiang's police, Ariyoshi discovered. The police substituted a welcoming group with no peace slogans.

But the students did not subside. In and out of Shanghai that winter, Ariyoshi was impressed by parading students shouting "Stop civil war!" and "Lonely GIs, go home!" A January 15 demonstration that brought out 100,000 workers "made the U.S. military brass hats gnash their teeth in helplessness," Ariyoshi wrote. On one trip to Shanghai he just missed a GI we-want-to-go-home demonstration which greeted U.S. Secretary of War Patterson.

Ariyoshi's China tour ended in July 1946. His last weeks in China were spent in guerrilla-held areas in central China and in Shanghai, where he took ship for home. His latest experiences reinforced his conviction that China's revolution was out of the reach of U.S. intervention.

In the Kiangsu-Anhwei Border Region, he met an Oberlin graduate, an anti-Chiang member of the Kuomintang, who told him, "The Chinese people are very sensitive to foreign intervention. From students to illiterate peasants, by everyone in China, intervention will be understood, no matter under what guise it comes. On this score, the illiterate Chinese understand better than well-educated Americans. Imperialists and their Chinese running dogs have plagued China too long."

On the plane to Shanghai, en route home, Ariyoshi, as he had when he had flown into China, looked down on the countryside, but this time he saw more than beauty

and the mark of human toil. He saw people in motion:

This land below us was a "Tobacco Road" but it was transforming through the struggles of the people. Here, the land problem was being solved.

In the rural areas of north China the peasants were organized. They were breaking away from the traditions of their ancestors who lived isolated, ignorant lives. The peasants among whom I moved in the liberated and guerrilla areas stirred and pressed for a change for the better.

Below him the Kuomintang and Communist armies faced each other, maneuvering for advantage. He knew one was the instrument of the peasants pressing for change and would prevail.

A Fresh Look Around

A Fresh Look Around

Excerpts from articles written by Koji Ariyoshi in China in 1972-73. All were published in the Honolulu Star-Bulletin.

A Reunion With Chou En-lai

PEKING

We met with Premier Chou En-lai after midnight and talked until almost three in the morning in the Great Hall of the People, the nerve center of the Chinese government.

The discussion was cordial and low key.

In the long run, Chou said, it will be the people, not government leaders, who will resolve the fundamental questions between countries.

When the people take the initiative, the premier said, it will be easier to come to agreement.

I had known Chou 27 years ago when he and Chairman Mao Tsetung and other Communist leaders were living in the caves of Yenan, working toward the

revolution that was to unite China after years of civil war and the struggle against the Japanese invaders. I was a member of a U.S. Army intelligence unit assigned to liaison duties with the Communists.

Now, in February 1972, I thought to myself, as the 74-year-old Chou talked, that he was just as warm and considerate as he had been in our earlier meetings. The talk ranged from people-to-people relations between countries to national debts, grain surpluses and cigarette smoking. Chou said repeatedly that differences and disputes must be discussed to be resolved.

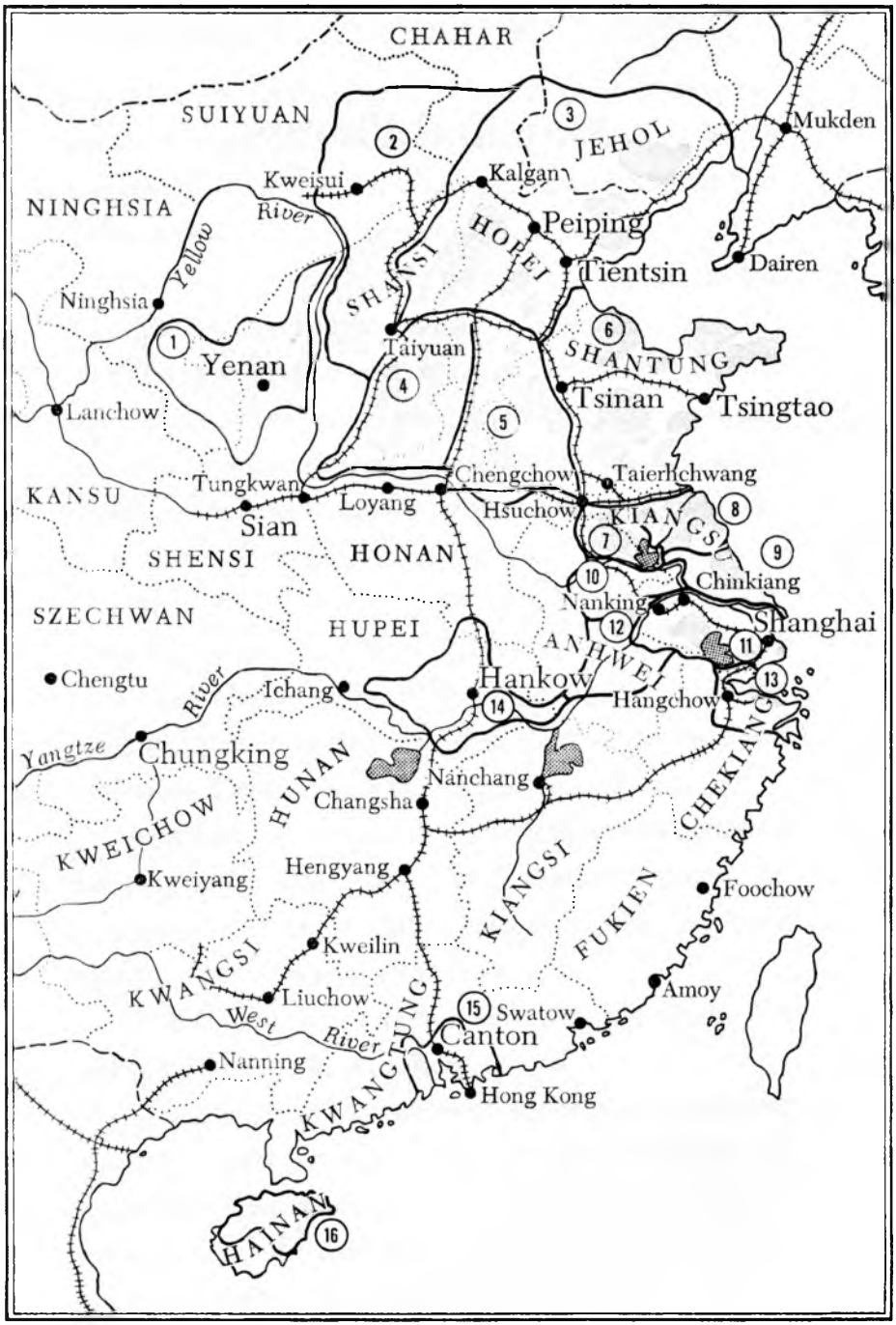
After the Nixon visit, he remarked, relations between China and the United States will take a "twist and turn" road. He stressed that he placed high hopes on the American people to find and pursue a road to peace and friendship. The emphasis on "people" was strong.

China has what it has today only because it relies on the people, he said. "Our living standard is low," he commented, so that it can be said that China is a poor country. "But we all have food to eat."

The United States, he noted, has surplus grain, but still some Americans go hungry.

China prefers to have low salaries for its people and gradually raise income as the economy develops, he explained. China's policy is not radical. To be "solid," a country must have a strong economic base. Without this, he asked, what can one do when faced with a mass of

Map and Photos


CHAHAR
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The map on the facing page shows China as it was in the fall of 1944, when Koji Ariyoshi arrived in Yenan.

The regions controlled by the Communists are shaded and numbered, one to 16, as follows:

NORTH CHINA

1. Shensi-Kansu-Ninghsia
2. Shansi-Suiyuan
3. Shansi-Chahar-Hopei
4. Shansi-Hopei-Honan
5. Hopei-Shantung-Honan
6. Shantung

CENTRAL CHINA

7. North Anhwei
8. North Kiangsu
9. Central Kiangsu
10. South Anhwei
11. South Kiangsu
12. Central Anhwei
13. East Chekiang
14. Hupeh-Hunan-Anhwei

SOUTH CHINA

15. Kwangtung
16. Hainan

With Koji Ariyoshi are, to right, Dr. Ma Hai-teh (George Hatem), an unidentified member of Dixie Mission, and Huang Hua, then a liaison officer, later China's foreign minister.

Above, a mass rally in Yenan. Below, Chairman Mao greets General Patrick Hurley, U.S. envoy, at the Yenan airfield.

Ariyoshi took this historic photo of the trio of top Communist leaders, Chu Teh, Mao Tsetung and Chou En-lai.

Colonel David Barrett, in command of Dixie Mission, with Chou En-lai.

Mao Tsetung and Lieutenant Koji Ariyoshi, Yenan

On facing page, views of Yenan's cave dwellings, cut into the loess hills. Above, Ariyoshi posed in front of his old cave home when he returned to Yenan in 1972.

Members of Dixie Mission put in a day's work enlarging and improving the airstrip so that it could handle the DC-3 that linked the Americans with the outside world. John S. Service is in the center.

Ariyoshi with Teng Ying-chao (Mme. Chou En-lai), Chu Teh (top, facing page) and Chairman Mao.

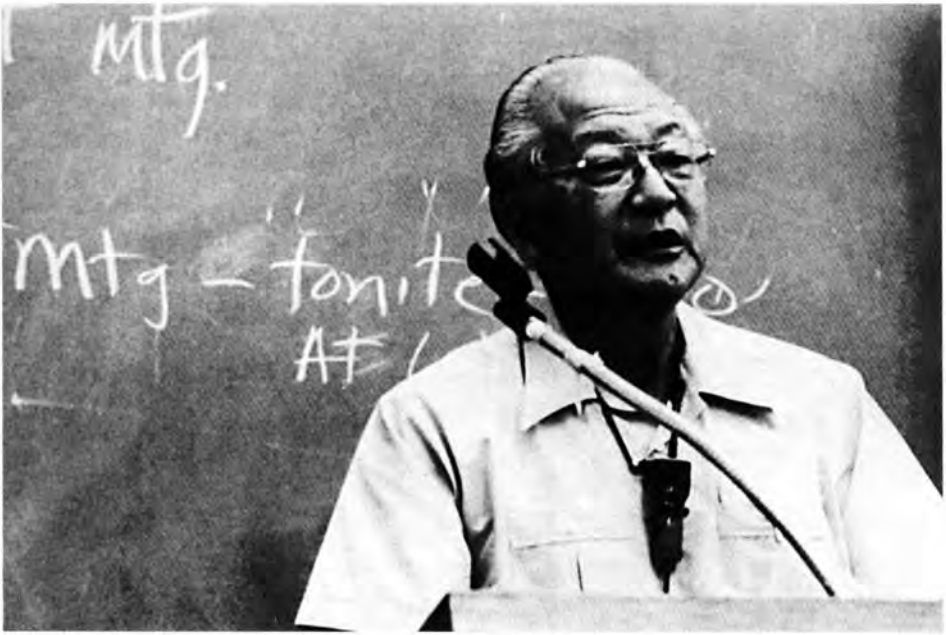
Ariyoshi received a warm greeting from Premier Chou En-lai when he arrived for a long midnight conversation in February 1972.

Coming for tea at an airfield reception are, from left, Colonel Barrett, Chu Teh and Mao Tsetung.

A photo display in Yenan. The U.S. Office of War Information, through Ariyoshi, supplied many widely shown photos.

Koji Ariyoshi interviewed many peasants who described to him how US-armed Kuomintang troops were occupying and looting their villages and abusing the people.

A close look at Tachai, and a talk with its moving spirit, Chen Yung-kwei, a vice premier of the People's Republic, were the subject of one of Koji Ariyoshi's 1972 reports to the Honolulu Star-Bulletin. Ariyoshi was one of the first Americans to visit the model production brigade in the Shansi hills. He found dramatic changes in the countryside since his Yenan experience of 1944-46.



Lecturing on the Japanese experience in Hawaii at the University of Hawaii.

Ariyoshi goes over Ethnic Studies course plans with instructors at University of Hawaii. From left are Roland Kotani, Grace Imira, Clinton Maeshiro, Ariyoshi, Chad Taniguchi, Lisa Tojo and Clifford Hagashi. Gail Miyasaki was the photographer.

At work in his shop Polynesian Exotics.

A 1976 portrait by Gordon Deane.

nuclear weapons? China's nuclear armament program is still in the experimental stage, according to Chou.

China is not a superpower, he said.

The premier suggested that we talk with him as an individual to help the flow of exchange. I was the leader of a group of 16 Americans. I sat on Chou's right and he addressed me first, asking about the days in Yenan and about the Japanese and Chinese in Hawaii and the mainland United States. He treated me as the honored guest and we had a good exchange of opinion.

We exchanged greetings after 25 years!

During the conversation, Chou said that China has paid all external and internal debts and levies no personal tax. On the other hand, he noted, the United States has a high national debt and is now trying to raise the ceiling even higher.

In discussing the economics of China, the premier said that in order to advance to socialism, industry and agriculture must grow, side by side. China is trying to solve this and pays particular attention to agriculture. The priorities for China are agriculture, light industry and heavy industry—in that order, he said. "Only in this way can we make our country richer and not dependent on others."

At three in the morning, when we bundled ourselves up to leave the building, snow was still falling. I thought of remarks Chou had made about the value of the writ-

ings of Edgar Snow, the American journalist and author, now seriously ill in Switzerland,* who traveled widely in China during the years of the news blackout.

At the outset of our discussion, the premier had expressed the wish for an exchange of ideas. It seemed to me, as we left the building and walked to our waiting cars in the snow, that he had structured the fundamental approach of China to the major issues of the world.

A Woman Factory Administrator

KALGAN

Wang Kwei-hua is 37, a mother of three, the top administrator and a political leader of a cigarette factory and a vice chairman of the revolutionary committee of Hopei Province. Revolutionary committees run brigades, communes, counties, municipalities, provinces and factories.

In this industrial city northwest of the Great Wall where I was the first foreigner to visit since the Cultural Revolution of 1966-69, Wang is a leading woman worker.

"Before Liberation (December 1948, in Kalgan), I was an illiterate," she said. "I could neither read nor recognize my name in characters. I had the urge to learn but I could not afford it."

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* Snow died later that month, on February 21, 1972.

We were in a big conference room with a long table and many chairs, a standard facility at every factory and commune brigade.

"I used to carry a basket on my back from the time my memory begins, poking and clawing heaps of ashes for pieces of unburnt coal. This we sold."

She has worked in the factory since Liberation for 22 years. She was 15 when the Communist-led army liberated Kalgan. She proudly told me that she now reads four volumes of Mao Tsetung's Selected Works and six books written by Marx and Lenin.

"Two of our comrades here were child laborers for the Japanese when they ran the cigarette factory," Wang said, nodding toward Wang Shao-wen and Wang Chien-kuo.

The first Wang started working for the East Ocean Tobacco Co., Ltd. at 11 years of age. He packed cigarettes by hand for 12 hours a day. The Japanese flogged child laborers when they did not meet the quota. They were searched every day with arms raised.

He is now a standing committee member of the factory's revolutionary committee and is in charge of equipment, which is now totally mechanized.

The second Wang worked for the Japanese since he was nine. He is a member of the factory's revolutionary committee and heads sales. "The Japanese paid us one catty (1.1 pound) of millet mixed with sand a day," he said.

When the Communist-led army took Kalgan, child laborers were put on a three-hours-a-day schedule, with study the balance of the day. Wang has mastered 2,500 characters and writes articles for the Kalgan daily.

"The Cultural Revolution inspired us to make drastic innovations in production," Mme. Wang said. "In 1971 our production increased further. We built in our own machine shop a revolving tobacco slicer which has 3.5 times the efficiency of our old vertical slicers."

As we walked from one processing room to another, we came to the nursery where breast-fed babies to six-and-a-half year-olds are looked after while mothers work. There were 40 in the nursery and 27 in the breast-feeding room. Cribs are neatly lined and the room is clean and heated. Mothers take time out to be with their babies. The older children sang a song from the Red Lantern, an anti-Japanese war opera.

Mme. Wang said maternity leave is 57 days with full pay. Workers received work clothes and gloves. Benefit funds have increased 36 times compared to 1950. These funds help pay for nursery care, infant nursing, medical care, sanitation and the safety program. Compared with 1950, pay has increased 2.1 times.

"After liberation, we followed Chairman Mao's principle of self-criticism and hard work. We gave full play to the wisdom and strength of old workers," Mme. Wang said.

The View From the Air Has Changed

YENAN

As we circled Sian, after taking off in a Russian-built two-propeller plane, I studied the land below—my first look at China from the air in 25 years.

I could see new developments in the outskirts, outside the city wall. New factories with tens of thousands of workers are situated in satellite communities. In the inner city educational institutions, large hotels like the People's Mansion where I stayed, hospitals, government buildings and even some factories and apartment buildings are taking the place of small, old dwellings and shops.

Sian is on a plain. As we headed northward, I saw farmland without boundaries for long distances. Years ago I marveled at the small patches of picturesque checkerboard and jigsaw-puzzle farm plots. Now I saw long furrows where tractors had turned the soil in the autumn to draw moisture into the ground. This is commune farming.

Now roads, long and straight, meet at the forks and go their way. Irrigation ditches are everywhere.

This is loess country where powdery dust from the Gobi Desert has blown in for centuries and settled, covering the terrain 200 feet deep in some places. As you fly closer to Yenan the loess hills are less terraced. Peasants farm the slopes. But old style farming is changing.

What does a young woman like Wang Su-chuen think of the future? She was the hostess of our plane. The passenger load was light, so she had time to talk to me.

She is 26, a mother of a year-old daughter and wife of a pilot on another plane. She was born in Shenyang, Liaoning Province, in the northeast. Her parents were poor peasants. They grew sorghum. Rice would not grow.

Now when she visits her sister in her native village, she sees fields of rice. "This is like everywhere in our country," she said. "We grow better crops."

She has not lost her touch for farming. In Sian, where she lives, the workers of the airline have a farm.

The aircraft began to bounce. This was warning that we were approaching Yenan airfield. When we landed and I saw the modern airport building, I felt like Rip Van Winkle. Here long ago Mao Tsetung, Chou En-lai and General Chu Teh often rushed down from the deep valley far to the northwest. They came in a converted ambulance and a flatbed truck with siding, powdered with dust to greet VIPs. Camels and nomads from the steppes and peasants of Yenan stood in the distance and watched the flying machines.

Return to Yenan Brings a Flood of Memories

YENAN

The Yenan which beat the pulse of the Chinese

Communist movement during World War II and brought it to power is in the caves on the hillsides.

The caves and mud huts where Chairman Mao Tsetung lived are restored and preserved for history. More caves are in process of restoration.

Twenty-five years ago, as a member of a U.S. Army intelligence team working with the Communists here, I viewed this long valley with many branch valleys full of cave dwellings as a mecca. Overseas Chinese from Indonesia, Southeast Asia and the United States had come here, generally with two purposes—to fight the Japanese aggressors and to take part in the Chinese revolution to advance the nation from feudalism to an industrial society, free of foreign domination.

The Japanese anti-militarists were based here, reeducating Japanese prisoners of war and turning them to fight Japan through psychological warfare. The Korean independence movement was located in a nearby valley and I often started out immediately after breakfast and walked about five miles to spend the day there.

Foreign Communists I talked to said the Chinese Communists were unique. Some were aghast at the number of meetings they held at all levels and very long meetings at that. This cut into valued time needed for urgent work, they felt. But meetings for education, meetings to discuss the correct policy, meetings to agree on decisions and meetings for other purposes were held,

and many spoke up and lengthened meetings. Then there were self-criticism meetings to cultivate and mold character and the revolutionary spirit.

This valley where all the activity flourished was more than the heart of the Chinese revolution. It was also a nerve center. You still see the two-story party headquarters and near it the assembly hall made of stone, with stars fixed in the triangle where the roofs meet, just as they were when Chairman Mao and his comrades hammered and forged their policies to come to power and lead the nation.

The secluded Date Garden, which was set up for members of the Political Bureau in 1942, and where Mao moved to live and work in a cave in 1943, is restored. The furnishings are spartan and the atmosphere austere. Mud-brick floors and stiff unfinished chairs, a desk with pencil, brush, ink, pot of oil with wick and a small kerosene lamp—they are there.

A guide explains that Mao wrote his first drafts in pencil. He used his pencil till there was no place to hold, at which time he attached the cover of his brush to the pencil so that he could use nearly all the pencil lead. His final draft was written with ink and brush. Mao was frugal and all must learn from his simple living and hard struggle, the guide said.

Years ago in Yenan I heard from two foreign Communists that Mao's Chinese comrades tried to persuade

him that there was no need for him to grow his own tobacco and vegetables. His time could be used more productively. But Mao insisted that all party members, leaders and recruits too, must engage in productive labor. The plot he farmed is still there behind the party headquarters.

The army headquarters is still there, remindful of dynamic General Yeh Chien-ying, who maintained close contact with our United States Army Observer Section.

The barnlike structure with timber rafters adjacent to the army headquarters is preserved. This building echoes the past when there was for us much laughter, music and dancing.

I remember the first night I crossed the shallow Yen River with other American servicemen and headed for the barn, as we called it. It was winter. General Chu Teh waited for us and he and his wife hurried us to meet waiting Chinese partners, many of them wives of leaders.

We all danced. Mao Tsetung is tall. He held out his left hand with palm up and his partner placed her hand on it. He swung wide and circled and seemed to like the waltz. Chu Teh chugged with shoulders curled forward. He went straight from one end of the hall to the other, turned and came back with unchanging dance steps. Chou En-lai swayed and kept rhythm with his body, smoothly moving between dancers, amiable as usual.

This was friendship.

Yenan: Changes and Recollections

YENAN

This long valley of Yenan has changed markedly since I lived here during World War II.

Yenan is now a city with buildings painted in dark colors and storefronts of vertical boards removed in the morning. Before, people lived in caves. The new residents live in one-story homes in three suburbs. The population is new and numbers 50,000.

When the 6,500-mile Long March ended near here, only a few thousand people lived in Yenan. After the Communists saved Chiang Kai-shek's life in Sian, south of here, a short-lived united front was formed. During this period thousands upon thousands of middle school and university students walked to Yenan. They were trained to resist Japan in guerrilla warfare. They dug caves, raised their own food. By 1940 an estimated 100,000 people were here.

When I was here in 1944-46 about 80,000 people were living in the caves. Others had moved to the war fronts. Most of those still here when Japan was defeated streamed out of this valley to participate in the taking of cities and towns before Chiang's troops moved in with U.S. transportation support.

The spirit of Yenan—seasoned revolutionaries living a simple life, struggling hard to carry the revolution to the end—is nurtured and propagated by Chairman Mao's

exhortations and examples.

Years ago almost no structure worth noting existed in the main valley. The old city had been made a shambles by Japanese bombing. In a valley to the southeast the Border Region government hall stood by a shopping center. Near it was the guest house. Today these buildings remain, crowded in by new structures.

In the past we walked, or occasionally used the few jeeps of our military mission. Today human—and animal—drawn carts crowd the streets. Bicycles are plentiful. Truck trailers haul steel and pipes. A bridge with three spans connects the two sides of the valley over the Yen River. In the mid-1940s we walked over a foot-bridge made of planks and branches.

In the past, self-sustaining valleys of caves housed universities, hospitals and government bodies. There were 80 home-type and very small factories producing soap, paper, matches, candles and the like. Today there are 200 factories, most of them small—chemical fertilizer plants, steel works, a farm equipment factory, a textile mill.

A paved highway now links Yenan with Sian. Another highway leads northwest to Yulin. A Yenan-Sian railway connection is planned.

The airport is being enlarged. It was first built when the U.S. mission came to Yenan. About 350,000 to 400,000 man-days were employed. Chu Teh and Yeh

Chien-ying put in their quota of work along with peasants, workers, students and nomads who came on camels. We Americans also worked with them a day or two.

My old cave is now the home of a teacher and his family. The door was closed and a horizontal chimney puffing smoke protruded from a lattice window pasted with rice paper. Now the new resident has a coal stove, electricity and running water.

In this cave Chin Han, an orderly, looked after my needs. In the winter he brought embered charcoal into the cave in the morning and at night. He brought me a pan of warm water for washing and shaving. Later we built a bathhouse, now gone.

Chin Han daily scraped the tallow from my table and brought me candles when the new ones ran low. The scraped tallow he returned to the factory. He and the other orderlies also salvaged paper, tinfoil and other material.

The Americans at first struggled with the Oriental-type straddle privy, and with chopsticks too. But in good spirits all learned.

The field next to our caves where guerrillas threw dummy hand grenades is covered with buildings. A middle school with 1,300 students has replaced our compound. New classrooms resound with children reciting in unison. A loudspeaker broadcasts announcements and news.

The mess hall is boarded up. The liaison officer building where Huang Hua, now ambassador to the United Nations, once lived in a simply furnished room—with a couple of wooden chairs, a table and a plank bed supported by saw horses—is in disrepair and ready to be taken down.

Our mission compound was one of very few places with an orchard. Today buildings have taken over. But in the valley poplar, peach and other trees are everywhere, and on the banks of the Yen River stands of trees hold the once shifting ground.

We visited the conference room where Mao Tsetung met with his generals before evacuating the Yenan valley in the face of the advance of the Kuomintang troops. He told them they would be back in a year, two years at most. Yenan was retaken in eight months.

A Memory of Two Friendly Americans

SIAN

How do the Chinese people feel toward Americans after 23 years of disrupted relationship between our countries? They tell me without hesitation that we are friends—that the American and Chinese people are friends, as apart from "U.S. imperialist leaders."

At Kalgan hundreds of students sweeping snow clapped their hands as I rode by in a car. At an opera performed by the propaganda team of the Little Red

Soldiers in Kalgan, people stood up and clapped their hands as I walked in. In factory after factory my experience has been the same.

Today in this ancient city of Sian, I visited a cotton dyeing and printing plant with 2,000 workers. The factory's administrative team of young men talked freely with me, just as others have done in plants and communes I visited. They showed me technological innovations. They were rebuilding or altering huge machines that print and bathe cotton cloth as it streams through from one end to the other, from roll to roll.

I was invited to the factory's pre-school where 350 youngsters 18 months to six years of age are cared for under conditions and standards comparable to well-run pre-schools in Honolulu. The youngest group below the age of two jumped and clapped their hands and sang for me. As I watched them and their older nursery mates, I was happy to see such attitudes.

China has suffered foreign aggressions and exploitation. Yet hatred against individual foreigners is not part of nurturing the new generations. Enemy powers and hostile administrations are explained, and the children are told that the individual people of these countries are their friends. The capacity of Chinese for friendship with other peoples, including Americans, is great. I discovered this in many places.

I recently visited an old office building here used by

the Communist Eight Route Army from 1937 to 1946. The office was constantly under the surveillance of Nationalist secret police. Almost no outsider dared visit it.

Tan Ping, who was 20 then and a squad leader of guards at the office, was delighted to learn that I had been to Yenan. He opened his hands and held his arms in front of him as though carrying a heavy package.

"Two American soldiers came here once with beer, many cans of beer," he said with a flabbergasted smile. "We had no interpreter but we knew they were friendly. They were clothed in woolen uniforms and caps like those our officers wore in Yenan."

He pointed to some old furniture. "We invited them to sit at a table. They sat here, at this table."

A staff member of the Eighth Route Army office knew a few words of English. "We invited the Americans to have dinner with us. We asked what they wanted to eat. They walked out to the vegetable garden there where our new school stands. They pointed to spinach. So we prepared dishes of spinach with meat and other dishes.

"They were happy. They came here to be friends. They were not concerned about the Kuomintang secret agents who watched our office and harassed us. This fact was very well known. These Americans were passing through Sian from Yenan."

I suggested that they must have been downed

American pilots who had been rescued behind Japanese lines and brought to safety in Yenan by guerrillas and peasant militia, whose families suffered because they were suspected of harboring American airmen. There were many rescued Americans. I said they must have had their uniforms fitted in Yenan because Americans are bigger physically than Chinese.

"Your story answers who they were and why they came, maybe to express their friendly spirit, not minding the secret police," Tan Ping said. He was still smiling.

Tachai Points the Way

TACHAI

During the early phase of the Cultural Revolution in 1966 and 1967, up to 30, 000 youths from the cities—male and female—daily walked the mountainous roads of southeastern Shansi Province to visit and draw inspiration from the Tachai Brigade of the Tachai Commune.

The brigade occupies a crescent, rimmed by ridges and filled by embankments of terraces. A small land area is kept untouched to remind the young what the village was like before, when people died of starvation and children and mothers were sold.

The old terrain is gullied. Steep slopes are gashed by water.

Men and women have changed the surface of the land, and yearly the terraces are becoming fewer as

higher terraces are levelled and combined with the one next below. The ridges become a flat land and the land becomes ready for mechanization.

Wolf's Lair alone took 6,700 man-days to be transformed. Today you find 42 embankments built with rocks moved by overhead cable car and by carrying poles from higher elevations. In all, 20 mou (a mou is about one-sixth of an acre) of terraced land in the gully became fit for farming. Twenty mou of land is not much of an area to farmers in Hawaii but to Tachai, where 300 to 400 people live off 450 mou, nearly all slope land, it is bountiful.

The 450 mou have now increased to nearly 800.

Sung Li-ying, a woman brigade leader, told me the rocks of the retaining walls of terraces would reach Peking and back if placed in a row.

Now 2,000 to 3,000 people from all over China are coming daily to observe and hear the story of Tachai, for Chairman Mao has called on the nation to "Learn from Tachai" in agriculture.

Before August 1945, the Japanese occupied this region. Tachai was so poor and remote that many villagers 15 miles away did not know of its existence, according to Sung Li-ying. Tachai was then controlled by a landlord with three children. He held 80 percent of the land. Three of the peasants were in the rich category. This Tachai is gone but people remember and will

continue to remember it.

The three-story guest house where I stayed has steam heating, running water and electricity. I ate breakfast with Sung Li-ying, who is vice chairman of the revolutionary committee of the brigade and deputy secretary of the Communist Party branch. As boiled eggs, roasted chicken, scrambled eggs, noodles, white rice, vegetables, roast pork, bean curd and candied rice and soup crowded a round table, I asked her, "Did the landlord eat as well in the old days?"

She laughed, "Never."

Tachai, without irrigation water, never grew rice. Water had to be fetched from a distance during drought. Only the landlord cultivated a small patch of wheat, for home use. Others grew millet, sorghum and corn. Wheat was beyond their means. Bean curd was never heard of. Peasants often went hungry and begged in the villages.

Sung Li-ying knows so much about the landlord because her father sold her to him when she was 13. In the old society many fathers did that to pay a debt or acquire much needed money. The landlord bought Sung Li-ying to become the wife of a hired hand. Today they are still happily married.

The living quarters of Tachai have been completely rebuilt with rocks and timber. During the 1963 floods, 78 of 83 cave dwellings were destroyed or severely damaged. Crops were washed away, retaining walls crumbled

and soil was carried away.

Tachai quickly mobilized, recouped its crop losses and rebuilt its living quarters. Word of its spirit reached Mao Tsetung.

The man who moved Tachai to rebuild on its own was Chen Yung-kwei*, its party secretary and brigade leader and also head of the revolutionary committee of Hsiyang County. Earlier he had exhorted his villagers to tear down the ridges and slopes, fill the gullies and build terraces. Now a great part of their work had been destroyed by the flood.

He called on members of his party branch to be his shock troops and asked them to accept his "three don'ts":

- We do not want state relief funds.
- We do not want state food.
- We do not want state material.

After much debate in the brigade, his party branch convinced the brigade workers. Rebuilding and replanting and saving of damaged crops began. A bumper crop resulted.

Chen Yung-kwei, the inspirational leader of peasants of the poor Shansi hills, possibly is the best known man in the People's Republic of China next to Chairman Mao and Premier Chou En-lai. As a child he was a beggar, left an

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*Chen today is a vice premier and a member of the party's political bureau.

orphan at six by a father who committed suicide because he was too old to find employment. His father had already sold his mother and a younger brother and his elder sister.

At nine Chen became a shepherd; at 11, a hired laborer in Tachai. He learned to read at 43 after he joined the Communist Party. His assistant, Sung Li-ying, says that Chen "does not make notes but when he returns from a meeting he gives a complete report."

Wearing in snowy winter a white towel turban on his head and black, cotton-padded clothes, he told me:

"You must change the people, then the people will change the face of the land. And when the land changes, production increases, and the quality of life of the people changes."

He took great joy in telling me that the people are not hungry any more. He said that in 1964 Hsiyang County produced 80 million catties (a catty is about one pound) of grain. In 1971 it produced 240 million catties and sold to the state 80 million catties. In homes in Tachai I saw huge casks filled with grain, more than enough for a year.

How China Aids Developing Nations

TAIYUAN

A bottom section of a steel mold to cast truck chassis rested on a heavy steel bench. It was 26½ feet long and weighed 12 tons. "This is for Pakistan," said

Chang Chu-tien, who heads production at the Taiyuan Heavy Machinery Factory in Shansi Province. This plant has 10,700 workers.

A few yards from the mold stood a vertical steel frame for a 3,000-ton oil press which will press burning steel into the mold to shape the chassis. When completed the press will be crated for Pakistan.

I spent nearly two hours touring the factory, which comprises 21 workshops. Eleven are for production and the remainder are for subsidiary work.

Chang Chun-tien, who is a member of the revolutionary committee which runs the factory, explained that according to the state plan of the People's Republic of China, the factory produces equipment for friendly countries. "International aid and support is our bounden duty," he declared.

I am interested in the aid new China gives, since China is itself a developing country.

Before leaving Hawaii I participated in a panel discussion on trade with the People's Republic of China. This conference was sponsored by the State of Hawaii and participants came from the Mainland, Canada, Australia and Hawaii.

Dr. Stephen Whalley, professor at the University of Hawaii, who participated in the panel, said new China has given more foreign aid without strings attached to developing countries than any other country in the world.

Many at the conference were surprised by this.

China's aid is varied. A well-informed Chinese friend told me, "We have received foreign aid. We have learned from that experience. We keep the good part and discard the bad lessons."

Obviously the reference was to Russian aid. The Chinese say the Soviet Union gave solid assistance during Stalin's period. This was during the post-World War II years when the Soviet Union was rebuilding its war-devastated country.

What are some of the lessons? Chinese technicians who go to foreign countries live just like their counterparts—not in huge hotels—and they forego the life of elite technicians whose families accompany them.

China does not buy equipment cheap from satellite countries, mark it up for good profit and market it to a fraternal country. China does not have satellites.

China does not seek raw material cheap from developing countries. It uses its own resources, even if, for example, import of iron were more "profitable" than Chinese ore of low yield.

I have met numerous Japanese businessmen in Hong Kong and in the People's Republic of China. They travel widely throughout the world. They all say that China adheres strictly to its generous Eight Principles of Foreign Aid.

I have been through new China's textile mills and a

huge printing plant, and when I see so many inspectors in semi-finishing and finishing departments to ascertain quality, I wonder if all this attention is necessary. I have run a printing plant and know what automatic presses and bindery equipment can do. The equipment I've seen here is modern. Workers have ingeniously innovated feeders of presses to trip when double sheets come through and to eject the double sheet so that paper will not get jammed and onto the ink rollers. Down time for presses is reduced.

A Japanese businessman told me he saw Chinese technicians and specialists in Tanzania where the People's Republic is building a railway line.

With a smile and a surprised look he told me, "The Chinese live exactly like the natives. They work beside them. They ask for no special privileges. I've never seen anything like this. This is the first time in our world we have had such people."

New China Finds Lessons in Artifacts of Past

PEKING

During China's Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, Americans were told that the Red Guards went on rampages, destroying historic treasures to smash the image of the past. We were further informed that China has lost valued artifacts and relics from ancient times.

But a recent visitor to China wrote to me before I

left Honolulu that the "Chinese take very good care of their antiquities."

I am on the board of trustees of the Hawaii Foundation for History and the Humanities. One of our trustees, Dr. Wilhelm Solheim III, an archeologist, asked me to look into archeological work in the new China. My finding is that it has been intensified. It is a big field in China, bigger than ever since the Cultural Revolution.

When foundations for buildings were dug in the intensified construction program, ancient sites were discovered. The People's Liberation Army, which engages in production and construction, and the peasants have found artifacts and ancient sites.

In a Sian museum which exhibits artifacts in three buildings, one building displayed 2,000 items discovered since the Cultural Revolution. The 2,000 pieces are a portion of the 159,691 artifacts discovered since the Cultural Revolution in Shensi Province alone.

When I visited the Sian museum, A section was devoted to the contents of two huge vats discovered underground by construction workers digging a factory foundation. In these vats an ancient aristocrat had hidden 1,000 pieces of gold, silver, jade ornaments, coins and other valuables. Their value is placed at the equivalent of $6 million U.S.

These hidden treasures go back to the Tang Dynasty. Japanese and Roman coins found in the vats disclosed

that trading existed with these countries 1,300 years ago.

In another building I saw the coffin of the nine-year-old daughter of an aristocrat, dated 608 A.D. It was found in 1954 at a west Sian construction site. This coffin is made of marble-like dark rock and is carved and shaped like a house. It contained gold and silver jewelry. An inscription says whoever dares to open the coffin will be killed instantly.

Another section of the museum houses the Forest of Tablets, where carved stone tablets are lined up. Set on sculptured turtles, the tablets have carved into them over 650,000 characters. They date back to the Tang Dynasty and include 13 complete works of Confucius and Mencius.

Also in Sian I climbed the Bell Tower in the center of the old city. Built in the Ming Dynasty 600 years ago, it has been restored and well kept. I was told the Kuomintang kept political prisoners as well as troops there. A bell weighing 2½ tons was formerly suspended from the ceiling and is now on the second flight platform. The Mings struck the bell in the morning and in the evening beat drums in the Drum Tower located to the northwest.

In my view, China has two major kinds of historic preservations. One is the ancient; the other is revolutionary. The former includes such places as the Imperial Palace in Peking, which is visited by 82,000 people daily, and the Ming tombs outside of Peking, which cost eight

million taels of silver, the equivalent of enough grain to feed a million people for six and a half years.

In contrast, there are revolutionary historic sites. The places where Chairman Mao lived and worked in Yenan are preserved. These are in the caves. The furnishings are spartan.

The Chinese are propagandized to visit both the ancient and revolutionary sites. What are they told by guides and what do they learn from the printed matter given them?

The revolutionary sites represent simplicity of life; the ancient are ornate and extravagant. The first emphasize dedication to a cause to serve the people; the latter give the story of human exploitation and cruelty. They represent ego, indolence and decadence.

The hundreds of millions who visit these sites every year know Chairman Mao's instruction: "Let the past serve the present."

Notes of a Window Shopper

PEKING

Window shopping in Peking is fun even if the sidewalk is snow-covered in the early morning. People from the offices, schools and shops are out on the streets chipping ice and scraping snow. The People's Liberation Army is out too and sets the pace. As the wide avenues are cleared of snow, the sidewalks are swept.

At the corner of North Tung An Street I entered a large food market. It was 10 in the morning and people were out buying pork, fish, ducks and vegetables. At the pork counter a butcher was slicing meat from a side of hog. About 20 people were in line. There were pre-cut pork pieces but these did not interest the customers.

Dishes of mixed vegetables with sliced pork placed on top were displayed for workers to pick up on their way home from work. Prices ranged from 20 to 40 cents a dish, enough for three to four people.

The vegetables were beautifully displayed on a slanting board that featured tomatoes, green and red peppers, root products and many types of green vegetables. These came from greenhouses which can be seen in suburban communes. Vegetable cellars also provide greens. Carts loaded with vegetables are lumbering their way into the city all day long.

Shopping bags are made of net. Fruits and vegetables are unwrapped and you see people riding trains and airplanes with net bags well stocked with fruits and vegetables. Meat and fish are wrapped. Sanitation seems to be carefully observed.

Twenty-five years ago I stood in stores or near small street stands to watch customers haggle over prices. This engagement of wit and tenacity to get the best of each other seemed a national game, without which the profit-motivated business had no color. For a few cents a

customer would stick around for 15 minutes to try to get his price. Most of the stores where workers shopped were unsanitary.

I looked into a shoe repair store. Behind a long counter sat six workers. Among them were two girls about 18 to 20, sewing soles of shoes and laughing with customers as stories were exchanged. The chairs at the counter were all taken. A second-hand store was well stocked with clothing, radios, cameras, watches and even a few women's fur coats. A few doors away a shop was selling new radios, transistors, watches and cameras.

All the stores are run by the state. The government keeps the price of food stable and low. A single factory worker eats three meals a day at the cafeteria for about 12 yuan a month. His rent is one to three yuan. His pay is entirely take-home pay because there is no personal income tax.

In the Tung An Market, which was formerly a bazaar, I saw facial cream, powder, lotion and a fragrant water used for mosquito bites. I saw no lipstick, though actors and actresses use it. This made me recall my discussion in Yenan 25 years ago with a top Communist leader who has since passed away. He declared that a country led by the Communists would not be concerned about women's facial makeup. He came close to sneering at the time and effort people of many countries spend to attract the opposite sex.

Book stores seem exceedingly popular. The New China Book Store on Peking's Wang Fu Jing Street is the most spacious store I have walked into in China. The aisle spaces are wide and the store is now crowded with products. I was told that on Sundays the store is jammed. Books are very reasonable. Children's story books in pamphlet size are a few cents. Marxist classics are likewise low-priced.

In a second-hand book store nearby I saw farmers and soldiers poring over mimeographed books on well-drilling and small grain mill production. There is great interest in China on the commune and factory workshop level in the making of new machines and the renovating and improvement of old machines to increase efficiency.

Wang Fu Jing Street is one of three major shopping centers in Peking. In a choice sidewalk spot covering about 100 feet, copies of the People's Daily were put up in glass-cased frames with roofing. People stood by to read. In the United States a well-decorated store front would replace the display of newspapers at a choice spot like this.

Ships With Names from Mao's Poems

SHANGHAI

Sen Tsao-feng of the Shanghai Shipbuilding and Repair Yard sat in her hard-back chair, a hand resting on a long conference table in front of her, and listened with

an amused smile as I repeated:

"As far as you know, the Kuomintang didn't build any ship to speak of? Not even a 2,000-ton ship?"

In the 50 years before 1949, when the Communists took over, the shipyard repaired ships, only small ships. "The Kuomintang bureaucratic capitalists even brought in old ships, dismantled them and sold parts for scrap," she said.

"No sizeable ship built in any yard in Shanghai?" I asked.

Sen, a member of the revolutionary committee which is the shipyard's administrative body, reached out and picked up a box of matches.

"Before Liberation all Chinese called this 'foreign fire.' We called a nail a 'foreign nail.' Kerosene was 'foreign oil.' How could a country which used 'foreign' to describe so many of our simple needs build ships?" she asked.

The other members of the revolutionary committee around the table nodded agreement and laughed heartily.

I spent many hours in the shipyard because I like ships. I was once a longshoreman and understand ships better than transistors, oil refineries and production machinery shown me in China.

Wu Kuo-tseng, vice chairman of the revolutionary committee, seemed proud of the yard's achievements. During the years 1966-69 in the Cultural Revolution, he

said, "Through self-reliance we not only did repair work but blazed our own path to build ships. We formed our three-in-one group advocated by Chairman Mao. This is a combination of representatives of the workers, technicians and old leaders. In a few months we had a design for a freighter of 10,000 tons with a diesel motor of 10,000 horse power."

The shipyard's 3,000-ton drydock was too small. Some workers said a new one was necessary. To build the diesel engine a bigger shop was needed, some argued.

The majority of us said we must and can improvise. This we did by extending the existing facility. And in April 1970 we launched our first 10,000-ton freighter, Storm Thunder. In 1971, while repairing ships, the yard built two more 10,000-ton freighters. Vista, the second ship, was launched in August 1971. Storm Cloud is being fitted with interior works. All names of ships come from Chairman Mao's poems.

The first freighter under construction in 1972 is the 13,000-ton China, now in the drydock. I saw its diesel engine being made in the old shop which skeptics said was too small.

This is a medium-size shipyard. Big yards produce 25,000-ton ships.

Pay is divided into eight grades. The lowest for middle school graduates is 42 yuan a month and the

highest is 126 yuan. Rent in the shipyard dormitory for a single worker is 1.20 yuan a month for room, water and electricity. A family pays two to three yuan for rent of two rooms, plus a kitchen and bathroom shared with another family.

A single worker pays 12 to 15 yuan a month for three meals a day in the cafeteria. Married people can eat hot lunches daily in the cafeteria for four to five yuan a month.

Including Sundays, workers get 63 days off a year. Retirement age is 60 for men and 50 for women. Retirement pay is 70 percent of the highest pay earned by a veteran worker with 20 years of service. After 20 years on the job, the average retiree gets 90 to 100 yuan monthly.

On VD, Sex and Marriage

CHUNG CHAN COUNTY

Do premarital and extramarital sexual affairs exist in the puritan new China? I put this question to an old friend—a high-ranking doctor—one night in Peking.

Yes, he said, there is such activity, but it is rare.

What about the incidence of venereal disease? On an earlier occasion I had discussed venereal disease and prostitution with another doctor, Ma Hai-teh, an old friend from Yenan days.

Dr. Ma had organized and led the campaign to

stamp out VD and other communicable diseases in the new China. Ma's original name was George Hatem. He is an American who went into the guerrilla area of China in 1936 with Edgar Snow.

The doctor with whom I was discussing sexual attitudes smiled when I asked about VD, thinking perhaps I had doubts that China had eradicated it. I told him I had read an article by Dr. Ma which said that VD was eradicated in a period of less than 15 years.

My host replied, "In the last 10 years of medical practice, I have treated only one case of venereal disease. The patient was a visitor from abroad."

Later I visited Chung Shan County on the southern tip of China near Macao and Hong Kong. The opportunity presented itself for me to pose questions on sex and morality among young silk factory workers. In a reception room, a standard facility in every factory and in most commune brigades (villages), I sat across from four members of the revolutionary committee.

Eighty percent of the factory workers were women between 16 and 24 and 20 percent were men of the same ages. The factory is built against a stone cliff, away from population centers. It is new, and dormitories were still being built. The young people live in temporary lodgings nearby or with families.

I asked if the house mothers or matrons of the lodgings experienced problems with girls sneaking out at

night. With the population only 20 percent male, competition among the girls must be keen, I said.

The group laughed, as did two young girls who were serving us tea. Committee members said there was no need for matrons because the youngsters were well-behaved and had plenty of activities to occupy themselves. "Our young people are highly motivated," one said. "They are interested in building our country. They work hard and they study."

What about marriage?

The girls laughed again. The members said that the young people choose their mates. Most marriages are "love marriages."

"Our young people have the freedom to choose. In the old society marriages were mostly arranged by parents and elders," one said.

"Look at our youngsters," the chairman of the revolutionary committee said, nodding his head toward the two girls. "They have no fear of being sold as in the old society. They do not go begging. From the time of their birth, they are cared for by their parents and society. This you can say is one of the great achievements of our government."

A Museum Recalls the Sacrifices

CANTON

At 6:55 one morning, music poured out softly from

a street loudspeaker. In the semi-darkness in this old city of revolutions, it sounded like a mother shaking her son.

My guide and interpreter from the Chinese People's Association for Friendship with Foreign Countries came and a chauffeur drove us to the Peasant Movement Institute. Two thousand people visit it daily.

Hsieh Hun-ping, one of 42 guides of the Institute, stood by the entrance, expecting us. He took us to a reception room. China is everlastingly a hospitable country. Everywhere you go there are facilities established by the government to receive guests so that they can rest.

But this reception room was different. On one wall hung Mao's photograph, retouched in color and enlarged, taken in 1925. On another wall were two frames with a panel of three photographs each. These are dead heroes of the Chinese revolution and they belong to Mao's family.

The left panel begins with Mao Tse-min, Mao's younger brother born in 1896. He became a Communist in 1922 and participated in the Long March of 6,500 miles in 1934. He was killed by the Kuomintang in 1943 in Sinkiang Province.

Mao's youngest brother occupies the center spot. Mao Tse-tan was born in 1905. He became a Communist in 1923. He died in 1925 in Juichin (Kiangsi) for the revolution.

A beautiful, quiet woman with eyes a little sad looks

inward toward her two brothers-in-law from her end position. She is Yang Kai-hui, Mao's wife, who was killed by Chiang Kai-shek's forces in 1930 at Changsha at 29 years of age. Her hair is neatly trimmed short, as was the custom then. She was born in 1901 and became a Communist in 1922, the year after the Chinese Communist Party was founded. Mao has written a poem to her.

In the next frame Mao's niece, Mao Tsien-chen, is to the left. She was born in 1905, became a Communist in 1923 and died in 1929 in the fight against Chiang Kai-shek's forces in Hunan Province.

Mao's son, Mao An-ying, is next—born in 1922, a Communist Party member in 1943 and a casualty of the Korean War in 1950.

Mao's nephew, Mao Chu-hsing, occupies the right position in the frame. He was born in 1927 and joined China's revolutionary struggle in 1945. He was killed by the Kuomintang in Shansi in 1946.

"Now let us visit the Institute," Hsieh said, and I joined hundreds of Chinese, young and old, in groups of 10 to 15, each with a guide.

The office Mao Tsetung used is in a corner, with his desk and bunk reproduced to original specifications. Next is the office of his faculty.

In 1926 Mao was a leader in the Kuomintang. The Nationalists and the Communists were then cooperating to defeat the northern warlords. Mao was invited by the

peasants' movement department of the United Front to head the Institute as director. He held the post from March 1926 on and brought to it 327 students from 20 provinces, many of them peasants and young leaders. Mao taught class analysis, peasant problems, rural education and geography.

I looked at the hundreds of visitors in the courtyard and the rooms. They were all young. The overthrow of the Kuomintang and the Liberation of 1949 are events they have not experienced. But they are daily told about the past, the past when landlords and other rulers brutalized the people, took from them, and killed them.

Mao was 32 then and Chou En-lai 27. To stress the importance of the training and nurturing of valuable cadres, a huge wallboard inscription gives this message to departing visitors: A Single Spark Can Start a Prairie Fire.

The Life of Nomadic Peoples Has Changed Too

CANTON

In the Kalgan (Changchiakou) area far to the north which I visited recently, a local ballad goes:

A gust of wind brings a gust of sand,
People pass by but none settle down.
Icicles form before winter comes,
Never a peach or apricot blossom the year round.

Twenty-five years ago when I visited Kalgan, I did

not see apples and pears in restaurants and hotel rooms. Today, as in all regions I have visited, my hosts boast of native-grown apples and pears they offer me. Peaches and grapes are abundant in season.

I remember seeing herdsmen and nomads camping in tents only a short distance from my hotel. Camels were on their bellies with folded legs. Now the old hotel is an inconspicuous building in a much bigger city with industries. I drove far out to the foot of a mountain where the city is reaching out and did not see a camel.

This does not mean that camels for transportation have disappeared. New community centers with stores have developed in areas unsettled in the old days. So herdsmen need not come far into Kalgan to stock up on provisions.

I am told that nomadic life is getting out of style in the sandy plateaus. Herdsmen and former nomads live in brigade villages that form communes. They have coal to heat their homes for the first time in their lives. In the past they burned manure and grass for fuel. Now they use manure for fertilizer and grass for fodder.

Today grass grows well since extensive reforestation projects help block wild winds. Sands do not shift as in the past, and the soil is irrigated.

Water on the plateaus of the Kalgan region was found only recently, about 18 years after the People's Republic was established. The peasants and herdsmen

dug wells but water was not discovered. During the Cultural Revolution, when enthusiastic youths fired by the exhortations of Chairman Mao arrived in the area, they dug wells in more places and much deeper and water was found. In four counties alone 3,300 wells have been sunk since the Cultural Revolution and the result is acres of irrigated land.

The life style of nomads and herdsmen has changed as communities mushroom in former deserts and semi-deserts. The people have their own trained paramedics, the barefoot doctors. The people can now drink water with safety. Communicable diseases have mostly been wiped out.

I see the increase of domestic animals and their improvement by breeding as a tremendous advance for China, an achievement difficult to envision a quarter of a century ago.

Recently on my way to the Great Wall, I observed hundreds of carts drawn by animals. This procession of dray animals who were well-fed and strong was impressive to me. The China I knew 25 years ago was short of animals to pull plows, and many fields were too small to be worked with animals economically. The pneumatic tires on carts made me remember the days when men and women with ropes on their shoulders chanted and groaned as they pulled heavily loaded carts, many with iron rimmed wheels.

On the farms today I see tractors and small motorized "walking tractors" with three wheels. On some communes bulldozers are leveling the land, but pieces of equipment such as this are very few.

Life is still hard but seems greatly improved for the people of China. When hundreds of thousands work together to conquer the land, tame the wind with trees and quench the thirst of the soil by irrigation, it makes me feel—watching them—that they enjoy the challenges.

Winter is the time to build dikes, move the course of rivers, build irrigation systems, and improve river beds and hill slopes to produce heavier yields. Fifteen-year-olds are working with adults past 60. People pour out of commune brigades and fill river beds to haul away rocks and carry in new soil.

In this winter of snow, below-freezing temperature, and biting wind, as I stand and watch them I realize we have been cut off from China too long.

The China Awaiting President Nixon

HONG KONG

President Nixon's visit to the People's Republic of China will have long-term meaningful results if he approaches Peking with the purpose of building friendship.

If he assumes a position of strength to win concessions on major Asian issues which have already

almost brought the United States to a dead end, he and the American people will be disappointed.

After a month-and-a-half tour of China, talking to Premier Chou En-lai and people at all levels—peasants, workers, officials, students, teachers—I found:

1. China wants to discuss disputed problems and for this reason invited the President.

2. After 22 years of U.S. wars on China's perimeter and threat of invasion, economic embargo, denial of a U.N. seat, and nuclear arms threat, China is stronger and healthier and resolute in its determination to build a socialist country and support socialist developments elsewhere.

3. China wants peace. Its posture is defense, with a network of tunnels under cities. If attacked, people told me they will fight to the end in a huge country with one-fourth the world's population. Despite two decades of external threats, the Chinese are cheerful and confident.

4. China is in the arena of world diplomacy. At all levels people impress me that for the first time in human history, a major power is trading on the world scene without exploiting the disadvantaged countries. China has no colonies. Its foreign policy is friendship and mutual benefit. China has learned from the treatment it experienced during years of Soviet aid. Peking's policy now is to provide extensive foreign aid, with no strings

attached.

I hope that before the President leaves Hawaii, he will look at some photographs of old China—children with fear and insecurity etched on their faces, beggars grasping cans and carrying babies on their backs, people in rags, parents selling children and peasants tilling small plots for landlords with ancient tools.

This will enable the President to see the new China better, just as my past observations have. He will see the healthy children of China. He will see people abounding with international friendship and immense pride in their motherland and the man who made this possible, Mao Tsetung.

Koji Ariyoshi's Legacy

Koji Ariyoshi's Legacy

Like Chou En-lai, whom he admired, Koji steeled himself against pain and served selflessly to the end. He leaves us a legacy

—of writings;

—of activities and interests which we can help to carry on;

—of young people whom he helped and inspired;

—and especially the encouraging memory of a real man and a productive, courageous life of service to the people, always loyal to the best in human values.

Dave Thompson
Honolulu

An unanswered letter from Koji Ariyoshi lies on my desk. Returning from a trip, I found it waiting for me. Before I could reply, news came of his death. Now I must say what Koji in his modesty would not have wanted to hear in his lifetime.

You had broad shoulders, Koji, and deep steady-

flowing strength. You believed in the plain people of China, of the United States, of the world. You knew struggle and labor were needed to achieve their common interests and you determined to shoulder the heavier load, leaving the light to others.

The roots of your strength were several. You inherited the fine, enduring qualities of the Japanese poor peasantry. You grew up amidst the struggles of the workers and minorities of the United States.

In Yenan you saw, as so many did, the certainty that the age-old hope of victory for the working people could and would become reality. You pondered the reasons and studied the scientific truths. In the decades since, your confidence has not been disappointed. It triumphs over all blows, distortions, twists and turns—stronger as each is overcome.

Your response to oppression—class or national—was never to get out from under or seek one-man "self-liberation." You harnessed yourself unstintingly to the plow of the future for all the oppressed, with all the oppressed.

The paper tigers of reaction McCarthyized you, indicted you, tried to make it impossible for you to function publicly or even find a job and earn a living. But they could never crush you or force you under the burden of everyday cares to renounce or fade out of the fight.

In recent years you brought your tireless energy to the great cause of friendship between the peoples of China and the United States. You wrote, organized, edited, taught, grew and helped others to grow. You did all this after the fatigue of long working days—during early morning and late night hours of unremitting study and effort.

Such a life does not evaporate like a drop of dew but flows down to swell the mighty ocean of all the peoples. Through those whom you impelled to go persistently forward, and those whom they in turn impel, you will always live on as part of the irresistible tide.

Israel Epstein
Peking

Honoring and Commending
Koji Ariyoshi

Honoring and Commending Koji Ariyoshi

The Eighth Legislature of the House of Representatives of the State of Hawaii passed the following resolution at its regular session in 1976:

WHEREAS, Koji Ariyoshi, the son of coffee farmers in Kona, Hawaii, has continuously supported and helped advance the struggle of Hawaii's working people to achieve dignity, democratic rights, and a better life for themselves, their children, and others; and

WHEREAS, and Koji Ariyoshi began to do this as a young dockworker in the ports of Honolulu San Francisco; and

WHEREAS, Koji Ariyoshi exhibited stable leadership and fought for the rights of Japanese Americans while interned in the Manzanar Relocation Center, California; and

WHEREAS, Koji Ariyoshi volunteered for the United States Army from Manzanar and served as an

intelligence officer in India, Burma, and China during and after World War II; and

WHEREAS, upon returning to Hawaii, Koji Ariyoshi continued his work as editor of the progressive newspaper, The Honolulu Record, between 1948 and 1958, and persisted during times of hysteria and government harassment such as the McCarthy period when he and six others were arrested and convicted in 1952 under the notorious Smith Act for "conspiring to teach and advocate the overthrow of the government by force and violence," which conviction was overturned by a higher court in 1958; and

WHEREAS, Koji Ariyoshi has promoted friendship and understanding between the people of Hawaii and the people of the People's Republic of China by writing of his experiences in China, and by his role as president of the US-China Peoples Friendship Association of Hawaii since it was founded three years ago; and

WHEREAS, Koji Ariyoshi has contributed to our understanding of Hawaii's history, United States history, and the history of United States-China relations through his service as lecturer in the University of Hawaii's Ethnic Studies Program, and through his many writings; and

WHEREAS, Koji Ariyoshi has inspired and motivated people to use their energy, time and talents toward improving the quality of life in Hawaii and the world

through personal example and through his writings; and

WHEREAS, Koji Ariyoshi's dedication to truth and social justice has caused him to remain firm in his convictions with a positive outlook toward the future, even when doing so is unpopular and difficult; now, therefore,

BE IT RESOLVED by the House of Representatives of the Eighth Legislature that the State of Hawaii honor and commend Koji Ariyoshi for unselfish and untiring efforts in helping improve conditions of working people, service to our country, contributions in education, promotion of friendship between the American and Chinese people, and contributions toward improving the quality of life for people in Hawaii; and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that certified copies of this Resolution be sent to Koji Ariyoshi; his wife, Taeko Ariyoshi; his daughter, Linda Yoneyama; and his son, Roger Ariyoshi; and to the US-China Peoples Friendship Association of Hawaii.

A Last Word: Koji Ariyoshi's Message to His Namesake

A Last Word: Koji Ariyoshi's Message to His Namesake

In September 1976, a month before he died, Koji Ariyoshi wrote a letter to his namesake, Sudie Ariyoshi Nolan, baby daughter of David and Becky Nolan. This is part of it:

Welcome to our world full of challenges! It is a promising world vastly matured in some sectors, but in the main underdeveloped. There are elements and forces for progressive development to uplift the quality of life of the vast majority we identify as the common people.

You will learn that the compass of human societies is set in the direction of change and the helmsmen change their watch as mankind crosses newer horizons. The historical trend is for the common people to take the bridge, grip the helmsman's wheel, and steer the ship to a distant, promising harbor.

You could not have chosen a better time to join us. I envision an exciting, useful and satisfying life ahead for you.

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