

扶輪社員費吳生到延安會見毛澤東
Meeting with Mao Tse-Tung and Chou En-Lai
By Rotarian Missionary George A. Fitch
A trip to Yan An the Communist Capital in 1940
By Herbert K. Lau (劉敬恒) (Rotary China Historian)
28 February 2015



費吳生（左）、毛澤東（中）、梁小初
George A. Fitch (left), Mao Tse-Tung (center), and S. C. Leung

Dr. George Ashmore Fitch (費吳生博士) (1883–1979), of Claremont, California, U.S.A., was born in Soochow (*Suzhou*) (吳縣), Ch'ing Empire, in 1883. He was an American Rotarian missionary in the Republic of China, “chief executive” of the Young Men’s Christian Association (YMCA), and International Committee Nanking Safety Zone (國際委員會南京難民區難民收容所) Administrative Director who compiled a diary and filmed some of the atrocities committed by the Imperial Japanese Army in Nanking (*Nanjing*) (南京) in December 1937. George began serving with the YMCA in Shanghai, China, in 1909 and later served as head of YMCA in Korea before the outbreak of The Korean War in 1950. During 1946, he was Regional Director for the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration (UNRRA) (聯合國善後救濟總署) in China. In the 1950s, George also served in Taiwan and Hong Kong as Field Director for the America’s Committee to Aid Refugee Chinese Intellectuals (ARCI) (美國援助中國知識人士協會).

Instrumentally in helping formation of several Rotary clubs in the Republic of China (中華民國), George was the Shanghai Rotary Club President (上海扶輪社社長) in 1930-1931. When the International YMCA in China moved to the then wartime China’s capital Chungking (*Chongqing*) (重慶), George joined the local Chungking Rotary Club (重慶扶輪社) and served as Club President again in 1942-1943. He later also joined Seoul Rotary Club in Korea and Taipei Rotary Club (臺北扶輪社) in Taiwan, respectively.

After the United States President Richard Nixon's official visit to the People's Republic of China (中華人民共和國) in February 1972 eventually led to diplomatic relations between the two nations, George wrote to *《The Rotarian》* Magazine:

“Having spent most of my life in China, where I was born and where I organized a number of Rotary clubs, I know how erroneous it would be to let our youth think that most of the 800 million people in mainland China like the tyranny of the communist regime.

I also know Mao Tse-Tung and Chou En-Lai, having been their guest in Yen'An (延安) for three days. Later I tried, in vain, to negotiate through Chou for cooperation in rebuilding the dikes on their area when, under UNRRA, I was in charge of the re-diversion of the Yellow River. They can be pleasant hosts, but when it comes to negotiating, their demands are high and their concession nil.

My idea of communist China is hardly a 'figment of my imagination.' My family has lived there, serving in educational, medical, and YMCA-YWCA work for over a hundred years.”

What was the discussion between George with Mao Tse-Tung (*Mao Zedong*) (毛澤東) and Chou En-Lai (*Zhou Enlai*) (周恩來)? In his memoirs *《My Eighty Years in China》*, George had written the story of his visit in 1940 to meet the China Communist Party (中國共產黨) leaders at their base in Yen'an (*Yan'an*) (延安). Excerpted below in the following pages is the whole story.

《My Eighty Years in China》 (1967) by Dr. George Ashmore Fitch

Chapter XIV – China's Great Northwest – A Trip to Yen'an, the Communist Capital

Actually this trip was being made in response to a request from a small group of Christians in Yen'an to the National Committee YMCA for permission to organize a local Association there. When I told Chou En-lai of this request, he suggested that, as he would be going there himself within a couple of weeks, we join him in Sian and make the journey together. That three-day trip is one I shall never forget for it was over some of the worst roads I have ever traveled. I was assigned a place beside the driver of the fifth truck, my colleagues in three others. There were five in all, each carrying an average of about forty-five passengers. Most of them were students going to the Communist University. They were a jolly lot and made the trip lively with their Party songs. The country through which we drove the first day was one of the most famous burial grounds in China. Here were the graves of emperors and princes of the T'ang and earlier dynasties, all covered by great mounds of sand, some of enormous size. An interesting thing about these graves is that the inner chamber where the coffin lies is covered with a veritable mountain of loose sand, this in turn by a heavy layer of packed loess. They are thus practically impregnable to robbers for it is impossible to tunnel into them and remove the sand. It would take an army of men and months of labor. The road which leads up from the river is still known as the “Carrying Sand Road,” although it is centuries since it was used for this purpose.

Once across the plain we found ourselves riding over a high plateau of loess wheat-lands which were cut here and there by deep canyons with almost vertical walls---for all the world like the Grand Canyons of the Colorado but on a smaller scale. The region is a hunter's paradise. The gullies and ravines abound in all kinds of game. Once we stopped to watch a lone wolf trot leisurely through the fields, eyeing us the while.

Breakdowns are common. You count yourself lucky to get through a day without more than a couple of them that may delay you from a day to a week. Spare tires are not carried. They are too scarce here in the Northwest, and they cost too much, so a puncture or a blowout must be repaired. If you ever tried to blow up a truck tire with an ordinary foot pump, with the temperature around a hundred degrees in a shade – and no shade within miles---you swear you won't get caught this way again. I tried helping out a couple of times, just by way of diversion. I didn't last long. Nor are there service stations along the way. You carry enough gas with you for the entire trip. And if you burn out a bearing or have a breakdown, you're just out of luck.

But it's the rain you fear most. When it rains, even a little, a loess road becomes impassable. It's as slippery as grease. You can only wait until it stops raining and the road dries again. Well, it rained. Fortunately we were nearing our destination for that night and were in the hills again where there was a bit of stone at times, so we made it somehow. Though how we escaped slithering off the road and over the bank a dozen times will always remain a mystery. Time and again it was: "All out, and push!"

We were at a small city called Pei Tungkwan, the center of a rich coal, lime and wheat area. The Chinese were rapidly building a railway to it from Sian, using rails which they salvaged from a section of the Lung Hai Railway, by then occupied by the Japanese. Until it was finished they were obliged to bring the coal down to Sian by pony and ox cart, a very expensive means of transportation. This railway would open up an area of great potential wealth which had been practically untouched and which would also greatly aid their growing industries.

It was here, too, that I ran into the caravan that was taking the remains of the great Genhis Khan from where they had rested for centuries in the heart of the Ordos Desert in Mongolia to a new burial place near Lanchow to the northwest---truly an historical pilgrimage. The Japanese, at Paotow, were within a hundred miles of Etsingol and it was feared that they might attempt to capture the silver caskets which contained the bones of the patron saint of the Mongols, and his wife, and capitalize on them---just as they had done with Prince Henry Pu-yi in Manchuria. To forestall this the Government, with the consent of the descendants of the Great Khan, were now moving his remains and also his casque and sword and imperial robe to a safer place. Across the road from the humble inn where I had put up was a Buddhist temple in which Prince Kung-pu Tsa-pu, the direct lineal descendant of Genghis Khan, and other members of the cortege were staying. In the morning I went over to pay my respects and was most cordially received. I was even escorted by the Prince and his bright young son to the new Dodge truck which was carrying the precious freight. The curtains were raised so that I could peek within. The silver caskets were packed in stout wooden boxes and these were wrapped in quilts of red silk. The entire truck was lined with silk quilts, in fact, and the journey was being made in easy stages so as to avoid undue jolting along the road. The Prince, his son and four banner men, in full ancient military regalia, lined up for me in front of the Khan's casket to be photographed, and I used the picture in an article syndicated by NEA Service over my name. Years later I was to accompany General Wedemeyer on a pilgrimage which we made to the new resting place of these relics in Kansu.

The truck I had been traveling in was having carburetor trouble, so it was decided to leave it in Pei Tungkwan and distribute the passengers and luggage into the other four. I was now in No. 4, a Chevy, and in due time the next day we started merrily forth, a bit crowded but quite a jolly party. Then that ominous knock in the engine! Our driver and his helper took the entire engine apart. Our worst fears were realized---it was burned out bearings. We were many miles from the nearest town and only heavily loaded pony carts were passing us. Not a chance for a lift. My small suitcase and bedroll, too, were on one of the other trucks ahead of us.

I think I have never seen a Chinese show impatience or distress in a like situation, so it was up to me to show them that I could be as philosophical as they were. Something would probably show up in time, and meanwhile we could tell stories and sing some more songs. In about three hours something did show up. It was our old abandoned Ford, with its carburetor now repaired and working smoothly. It had picked up a dozen new passengers, so now there was a problem of getting everyone into it. There were thirty-eight of us, and of course all our baggage and some freight---quite a load for a 1½ ton Ford. I gladly accepted a perch on top of the driver's cab, where with three others I hung on for dear life while the truck plunged and rocked and bumped over those terrible roads. At times those behind us would shout "low bridge!" or its equivalent in Chinese, as we approached trees with low over-hanging branches, or passed under a telegraph wire that frequently sagged across the road, or entered the stone gateway of some town or city. The four of us would promptly fall flat on our backs. Thus we were saved countless times from decapitation. It was a great game and caused a lot of merriment.

It was late when we stopped that night, and cold, for we were at one of the highest points on the road, I had no bedding with me, nor did the very poor inn where we stayed have anything to offer. A bricks k'ang, too, is not exactly a comfortable thing to sleep on, especially for one of my build, without something between oneself and it. General Chen came to the rescue. I would not only share his k'ang, but his orderly would find me a p'u-kai, a cotton quilt. I feared it would be the orderly's own, but the favor was not to be refused. There were apologies for its being soiled, and soiled it certainly was; but one can't be squeamish if he insists on traveling off the beaten path in China. Fortunately it was too cold for bugs that are apt to be a pest in these places.

The third and last day was one to be remembered, and not altogether pleasantly so. For fifteen hours I held my perch stop the driver's cab while we careened over those appalling roads. A number, even some of our soldiers were car sick. And then the dust! Clouds of dust, as fine as talcum powder, rolled up from behind and through the bottom of the truck and settled on us, until our clothing, faces, eye brows, were covered with it. Loess not only has the property of vertical cleavage but it is so fine that when it is rubbed between the thumb and finger it disappears into the pores of the skin.

Once we stopped for fifteen minutes to help another truck that had stalled get started on its way again. Half an hour later we caught up with it a second time. It was on its side and down an embankment but fortunately no one was seriously hurt. They have no wrecking trucks in the Northwest, but it's wonderful what fifty or a hundred farmers called in from the fields can do.

We were most courteously received by the Secretary of the Social Bureau when we arrived in Yen-an. Each day he made appointments for us and had a courteous guide take us to such places as we wanted to see. My days were crowded and I walked until my legs ached. There are no conveyances in Yen-an, outside of one ambulance. No horses, no rickshas, so it's "shank's mare," everywhere. And there is no tipping. Even the lads who took our bags to the hotel politely

refused the proffered tip. "Hotel," did I say? "The Grand Northwest Hotel," it was labeled, but it consisted of nothing but a series of caves dug out of the loess cliff. My room, like all the rest (perhaps a dozen) had a platform twelve inches high at one end for a bed, a crude table and bench and washstand at the other. The door had tissue paper panes instead of glass. This gave me a certain amount of light, while a bean-oil wick gave me enough to get to bed by at night. The dining room was just a large cave, with tables and benches for perhaps twenty. The food was fair, mostly steamed wheat bread and noodles.

Everything was in caves. The Japanese had destroyed practically the entire city. The Resist Japan University, which claimed five thousand students who walked from cave classroom to classroom carrying their stools with them; the Women's College; the Lu Shan Art Academy; the hospital, labor offices---practically everything was housed in caves. We found that caves weren't so bad after all. They were cool in summer and comfortably warm in winter, and they cost little to make. They did have a fairly large auditorium, however, where theatricals, lectures, concerts and various public events were held.

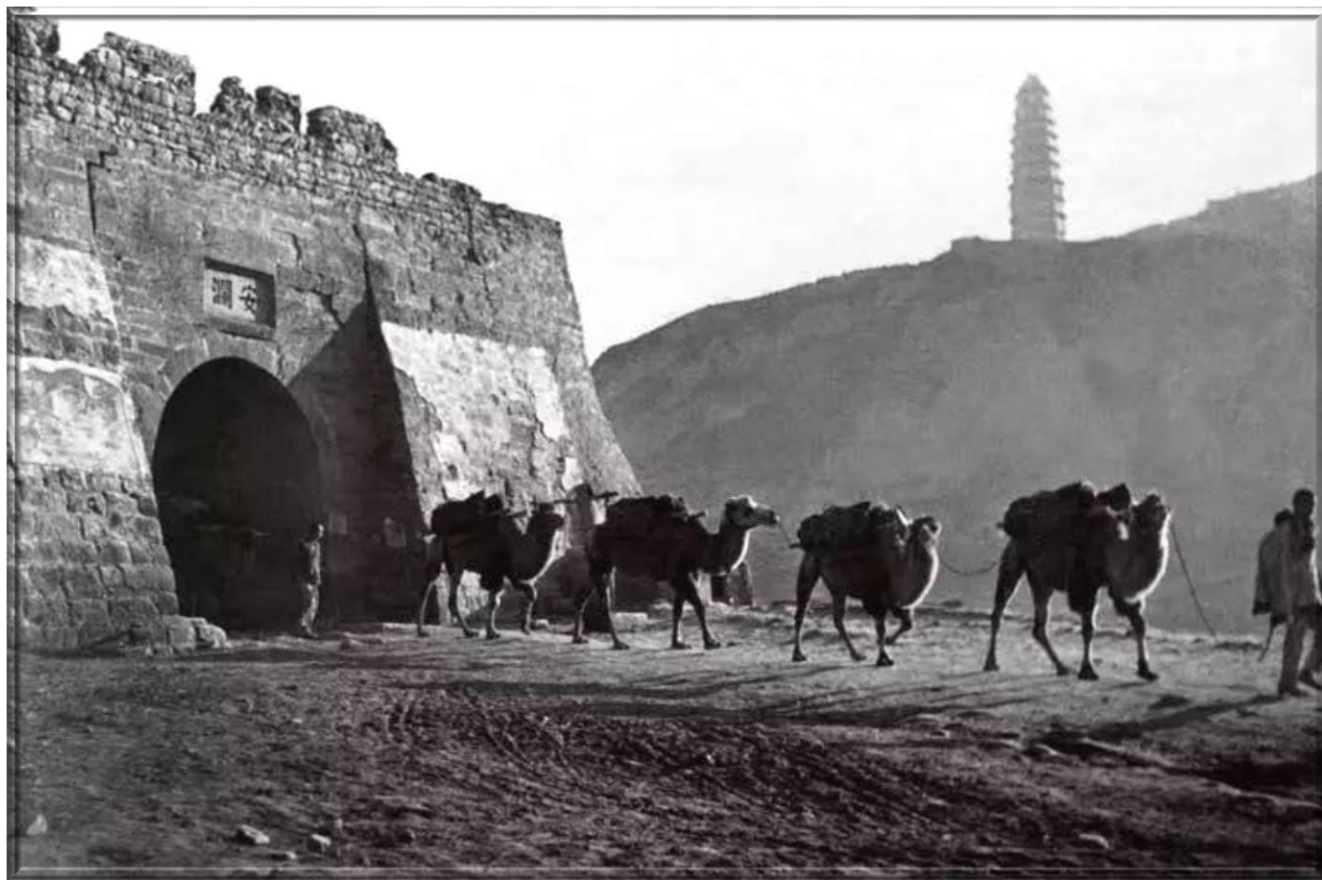
We had the opportunity of attending two most interesting events which were given in our honor, and that of Chou En-lai, according to the announcement. One was a play by Gorki, "The Mother," in Chinese translation, of course. The acting was superb. I couldn't make out at first how the actors succeeded in looking so very Russian until I discovered that it was chiefly because of their made-up noses. It was a musical program that interested me most, however. It was composed by the Lu Shun Academy, a cantata of about a dozen cantos, sung by a chorus of a hundred voices and accompanied by a remarkable orchestra. It was called "The Yellow River." Each canto was introduced by a diseur. It commenced with Morning on the River, followed by The Workers, Evening, Famine, Grief of the Women, Exiles, War Comes to the Yellow River, etc. The voices were good, but it was the orchestra that really intrigued me. There were two western-type violins and mandolin. The cello was made from a five-gallon Standard Oil can with a neck of some kind of hard wood. The rest were all Chinese instruments---fiddles, flutes, percussions, etc. Both words and music were composed by students and teachers of the Academy. Some of the latter had studied in Russia, and I found myself deeply stirred at times.

During one of the intermissions an unusually attractive girl of about ten came and sat between Mao Tze-tung and myself and asked us to write something in her autograph book. Her parents, Chou told me, had both been killed by the Japanese. She had been rescued by some soldiers and brought to Yen-an six months before and put into school. As Chou commenced to write she said, "Now don't put the same thing in my book that you do in all the others. I want something different." My contribution was in English and at the end I wrote "China will win!" When Chou translated this for her she asked: "Why does he say 'China will win'? Of course China will win!" She looked at me in such wide-eyed surprise at my writing anything so obvious that I couldn't help feeling I had been very maladroit.

Time and space forbid giving here even a summary of the interviews we had with most of the other Communist leaders, for we saw practically all of them. Certainly some of them were of timely interest. When I asked if we sponsored the opening of a YMCA in Yen-an and sent a trained secretary for this work, could such a person (who would be a Christian) become a member of the Communist Party, if it seemed desirable for him to do so? Both Mao and Chou replied that he would have to avow atheism before being admitted to membership.

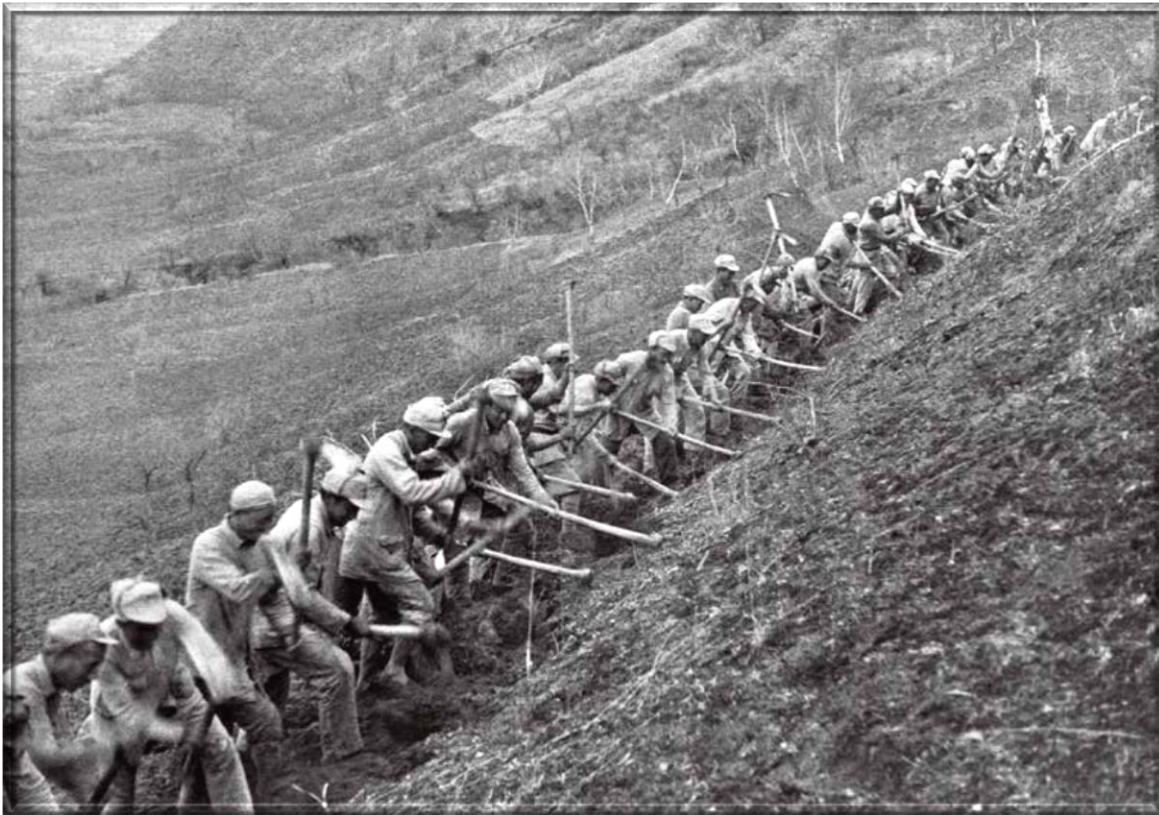
Our last evening we were invited to attend a farewell supper on the open terrace above the valley for a group of graduates in the propaganda school, who were just leaving for the front. There was a program of speeches and songs and plays, and I was invited to say a few words to them. Unfortunately I did not realize that these young men and women were going forth the next day to propagate the doctrines of Communism in areas which were under the control of the National Government! This was something that I could hardly tell my friends when I got back to Chungking.

I finally left Yen'an with the impression that while some things I had seen and heard were certainly laudable, yet so were some things I had seen in South Africa, also in Germany as Hitler was coming into power, and that Communist China was under a dictatorship and was virtually a slave state. Enthusiasm and a certain degree of happiness were quite possible under these conditions, but certainly this was not the form of government I would wish to live under or have my children experience. To help keep the Chinese from being strangled by this diabolical octopus would be worth almost anything.



清晨，一支運輸駝隊穿過延安古城的安瀾門。

In the early morning, a transport camel team passed through the Anlan Gate of the ancient city of Yen'an.



1940 年—在陝西延安的中國共產黨根據地的生活。
1940 - Life in the headquarters of the Communist Party of China in Yen'An, Shaanxi Province.



1940 年—在陝西延安的中國共產黨根據地的生活。
1940 - Life in the headquarters of the Communist Party of China in Yen'An, Shaanxi Province.

扶輪社員費吳生到延安會見毛澤東



費吳生博士 (Dr. George Ashmore Fitch) (1883-1979)，美國籍傳教士，1883 年出生於大清國江蘇省吳縣（蘇州）。國際基督教青年會(International Committee Y.M.C.A.)中華民國全國委員會總幹事、國際委員會南京難民安全區行政主任。1937 年 12 月，他拍攝了並用日記寫下了日本帝國陸軍在南京犯下的暴行。費吳生於 1909 年開始在中國上海為基督教青年會服務，後來在 1950 年朝鮮戰爭爆發前，擔任韓國基督教青年會的負責人。1946 年，他擔任聯合國善後救濟總署 (UNRRA) 在中國的區域主任。1950 年代，費吳生也曾在臺灣和香港擔任美國援助中國知識分子協會(America's Committee to Aid Refugee Chinese Intellectuals)的執行幹事。

費吳生對扶助在中華民國成立多家扶輪社發揮了重要作用，在 1930-1931 年度擔任上海扶輪社(Shanghai Rotary Club)社長。當基督教青年會總辦事處遷往當時的戰時陪都重慶時，費吳生加入了當地的重慶扶輪社(Chungking Rotary Club)，並於 1942-1943 年度任社長。1950 年後，他也分別加入韓國漢城扶輪社(Seoul Rotary Club)和臺灣臺北扶輪社(Taipei Rotary Club)。



基督教青年會(Young Men's Christian Association)最早在中國設立的組織是在 1885 年，由傳教士施美志(George Blood Smyth)在福州鶴齡英華中學 (Anglo-Chinese College)，傳教士畢海瀾(Harlan Page Beach)在北京通州潞河書院，分別成立的學校青年會。以後各地陸續成立青年會。1895 年 10 月，基督教青年會北美協會派遣在中國出生的青年會幹事來會理 (David Willard Lyon) 到中國發展組織，於當年 12 月 8 日在天津正式成立了天津基督教青年會，當時的稱呼叫做「學塾基督會」。1897 年 6 月 6 日，會所落成。1906 年王正廷在日本創辦「中華留日基督教青年會」。到 1912 年，青年會在中國已經設立市會 25 處，校會 125 處。

基督教青年會在中國的全國組織在 1912 年成立於上海。當時的名稱是「中華基督教青年會全國組合」(The National Committee of the Y.M.C.A. in China)，首任總幹事為美國南部美以美會 (Methodist Episcopal Church South) 教士巴樂滿 (Fletcher Sims Brockman 1867-1944)，

副總幹事為中國的王正廷。1915 年 11 月改稱「中華基督教青年會全國協會」(Young Men's Christian Association of China)，一直沿用至今。1915 年，巴樂滿返美後由王正廷接任。1917 年余日章接替王正廷擔任總幹事，直到 1936 年。1936 年-1949 年總幹事是梁小初。

1940 年，位於重慶的中華基督教青年會全國協會總辦事處收到了來自陝甘寧邊區一個不同尋常的請求，要求派代表去延安訪問，並商談在邊區(共產黨佔領區)設立基督教青年會的事宜。經過商議，決定由國際基督教青年會總部代表費吳生，陪同中華基督教青年會全國協會總幹事梁小初和幹事江文漢，一同前往延安考察。

接到此項任務之後，當時人還在重慶的費吳生便想方設法地搭乘歐亞航空公司的飛機，經過五小時的飛行，來到了西安。戰區服務團的一位負責人在機場接到他之後，便把他送到了當地英國浸禮會傳教士慕德的家裡，與已經到達那兒的梁小初和江文漢會合。在隨後的兩天中，費吳生拜訪了國民黨第三十四集團軍總司令胡宗南，並去醫院看望了一位老朋友生病住院的女兒，後者在採訪陝甘寧邊區八路軍的過程中感染了猩紅熱。

第三天，他們一行三人，便跟隨由中國共產黨周恩來率領的一支由五輛卡車組成的車隊，前往陝甘寧邊區的首府延安。時值盛夏，一路上酷暑難當，這註定是一次令他永生難忘的旅行。

這次訪問延安的起因，是陝甘寧邊區的一小群基督徒給中華基督教青年會全國委員會寫信，請求准許在當地建立一個青年會的組織。當費吳生把這一請求轉告給周恩來時，後者便馬上建議中華基督教青年會全國委員會的代表，到西安的八路軍辦事處來找他，並隨他一起到延安去進行訪問。

從西安到延安這為期三天的旅程異常艱苦，因為沿途的路況極其惡劣。費吳生開始被安排坐在第五輛卡車的駕駛員旁邊的座位，他的兩位同事分別坐在其他兩輛卡車上。這五輛卡車上平均每輛都載有 45 名乘客，大部分人都是到延安抗日軍政大學去求學的青年學生。他們興致勃勃，一路上都唱著革命歌曲。車隊第一天經過了中國最有名的一個帝陵，那兒埋葬著唐朝以前各個朝代的皇帝和王爺們。所有的墳墓上都堆積著沙土，有的墳墓本身就是一座小山。有趣的是，擺放在陵墓內室的皇帝靈柩上堆滿了沙土，其上面還有一層層夯實的黃土。所以盜墓賊挖的坑道，幾乎無法穿透堆積如山並已夯實的黃土層。如果真的要這樣做的話，那就需要有一支龐大的軍隊來充當苦力，並且要花數月的時間，才能夠有希望進入陵墓的內室。從黃河邊通往帝陵的那條路，至今仍被稱作「運沙路」。

車隊穿越了平原之後，便進入了一片已被開墾為麥田的黃土高地。在高地上到處都可見陡峭的斷裂深溝，其驚險程度堪比美國的科羅拉多大峽谷。這兒是獵人的天堂，因在那些深谷裡有許多獵物出沒。有一次車隊停下來時候，費吳生看到一隻孤獨的野狼從公路上悠閒地經過。甚至還大搖大擺地停在車前，與車上的人對視了好一陣子。

一路上，卡車經常會這樣因故障而停下來。走這條路的車隊因路況太差，或備用零件和輪胎不足，滯留在路上好幾天甚至一星期都是常事。費吳生為自己沒遇上這樣的情況而深感慶倖，但是當他在華氏 100 度的高溫下頂著毒辣的太陽，氣喘吁吁地用腳蹬的打氣筒給剛補好的汽車輪胎打氣時，還是暗自詛咒自己命苦。

然而，人們最害怕的還是下雨。因為只要下一點小雨，黃土鋪成的公路便會變得泥濘不堪，像潤滑油一樣使卡車的輪胎無法前行。在這種情況下，人們只有等到雨下完和公路乾燥了之後，

才能夠重新上路。第一天，車隊在路上果然遇上了下雨。但幸好他們在那天晚上已經接近了要住宿的地點，車隊也已駛上了有碎石的山路，所以他們終於能最後平安到達目的地。一路上大約共出現了十幾次險情，坐在車上的人一次次地下去推車，但畢竟還是避免了車毀人亡的慘劇。

第一天他們就宿的是一個叫北潼關的小城，當地盛產煤炭、石灰和小麥。費吳生看到人們正在用從隴海鐵路搶運出來的鐵軌，加緊修建一條從西安通往那兒的鐵路。但是在鐵路修成之前，人們還是只能用馬車或牛車一點點地把煤炭運出去。鐵路的修成，將能夠給這塊尚未得到充分開發的地區，帶來巨大的財富。

正是在這個小城裡，費吳生一行遇上了一個車隊。車隊將成吉思汗的遺骸，從安葬了幾百年的內蒙古鄂爾多斯戈壁灘腹地，遷往蘭州西北面的新埋葬地點。這是一次令人驚心動魄的朝聖之旅。日本軍隊此時已經佔領了一百英里之外的包頭，人們擔心日軍會企圖搶奪純銀棺柩，內有成吉思汗這位蒙古保護神及其正宮娘娘的遺骸；並且擔心日軍會像在滿洲國對溥儀所做的那樣，「挾天子而令諸侯」。為防萬一，重慶的國民政府在取得成吉思汗後代的同意之後，決定將成吉思汗的遺骸、銀柩、寶劍和皇袍等都轉移到一個安全的地方去。成吉思汗的直系後代貢布扎普親王及其隨從，就住在在費吳生等人下榻旅店對面的一個喇嘛廟裡。

第二天天亮之後，費吳生特地過去登門拜訪，受到了貢布扎普親王的親切接待。親王和他的幼子還專門陪費吳生去看了成吉思汗銀柩，裝載在一輛嶄新的道吉卡車上。親王撩起車廂內的幕簾，以便能使費吳生看得更加清楚。銀柩安置在結實的木棺之中，木棺的四周包裹著紅綢。整個卡車都是用紅綢裝飾，運送途中的一段段路程安排得都很短，而且車速也開得很慢，以免引起過大的震動。為了留下一個永久性的紀念，親王和他的兒子，還有四位穿官服的旗人，在成吉思汗的銀柩前站成一排，讓費吳生拍了一張具有歷史意義的照片。

第二天上午，由於費吳生所乘坐的那輛汽車汽化器出了毛病，無法再往前開，所以臨時決定把它留在北潼關進行修理。車上的人都分散到其他四輛卡車上去，費吳生被分到了第四輛車上。出發的時候，這輛雪佛萊牌卡車並沒有什麼問題。車上雖然擠了一點，但是大家都興高采烈。但是在途中，發動機突然發出了沉悶的撞擊聲。駕駛員立即停車，與助手一起將發動機拆了開來。人們最擔心的事情發生了——發動機的軸承被燒壞了。離最近的城市還有幾十里路遠，但路上只是偶爾有滿載的馬車從他們身邊經過。根本就沒有機會搭便車，而且費吳生的行李箱子還在前面的另一輛卡車上。

由於同車的中國人都沒有流露出焦慮的樣子，所以費吳生也只能裝出一副無所謂的樣子，繼續跟人說笑和耐心等待奇跡的出現。三小時之後，果然救星降臨了。他原來坐的那輛福特牌卡車修好了汽化器，趕了上來，現在它運行一切正常。但車上坐了十二位新乘客，所以如何讓每個人都能坐上汽車變成了新的難題。因為要搭車的共有 38 人，再加上每個人的行李，這對於一輛載重一噸半的福特車來說，確實有點勉為其難。費吳生和其他三個人，只能坐在駕駛室的頂上。不時地，當汽車經過一座橋、一棵大樹或電線杆時，坐在後面的人會大聲喊「低頭」。於是坐在駕駛室頂上的那四個人馬上就得向後躺倒，以免頭被割掉。這就像是在做一場遊戲，引來了一陣陣的歡笑。

當天晚上到達目的地之後，天色已經很晚，氣溫降得很低。費吳生沒有鋪蓋，無法睡覺。而且客棧房間裡的土炕，對於他的高大身材來說，也太短了一點。這時八路軍的一位陳將軍，來幫他解決了難題。他不僅把自己的炕讓給了費吳生，而且還讓警衛員去給他找來了一條棉被。費吳

生覺得那可能是警衛員自己的鋪蓋，所以不好意思接受，可是卻無法推辭。警衛員還為棉被太髒而向他道歉，但到了這個地步，誰也顧不上棉被是否髒了。幸好當時氣溫較低，臭蟲也沒有積極地出來活動。

第三天，也是該旅程的最後一天。真是令費吳生難以忘懷，而且這些記憶並非都是愉快的。因為那天他在汽車駕駛室的頂上，整整顛簸了十五個小時。好多人，包括士兵們在內，都暈車了。他們的衣服、臉、眉毛上都蒙上了厚厚的一層灰。黃土不僅具有垂直開裂的特質，而且顆粒非常小。假如把它放在大拇指與食指指尖撚一下的話，它甚至會消失在皮膚的毛孔之中。

路上他們的車停了 15 分鐘，以便幫助另一輛拋錨的車重新啟動起來。但是半小時以後，他們又趕上了那輛車。這一次那輛車翻進了路邊的溝裡，幸好車上的人沒有受傷。大西北沒有起重車，在這種情況下，只有叫來五十名或一百名農民，把那輛車重新再抬回到路上。

到達延安之後，中華基督教青年會的三位代表，受到了邊區社會局幹事的熱情接待。他每天為他們安排他們所想要見的人，而且還派了一位彬彬有禮的嚮導，帶他們去他們想要看的地方。毛澤東還親自到梁小初、江文漢和費吳生居住的窯洞來看望，作為回訪。費吳生一行，也去拜謁了王明和周恩來等人。

費吳生在延安的排程很緊，每天走得兩腿酸疼。除了有一輛醫院的急救車之外，在延安找不到其他的交通工具。既找不到馬，也找不到黃包車。所以無論去哪兒，都得靠兩條腿走路。而且也不同意付小費，就連幫我們把行李搬進旅館房間的少年，也有禮貌地謝絕了客人們給他的小費。說到旅館，這個掛著「大西北旅館」的地方，除了在黃土絕壁上挖出來的一系列窯洞之外，其他什麼也沒有。費吳生的房間就像其他十幾個房間一樣，只有一個十二英寸高的土炕。房間的另一端，有一張簡陋的桌子和椅子，以及一個臉盆架子。門上的窗沒有裝玻璃，只是糊著窗紙，從那兒可以投進來一點光線。除此之外，只有一盞油燈。它的光亮，僅僅能使人在夜晚借光上床而已。食堂就是個大一點的窯洞，裡面擺著桌子和大約二十張凳子，食物倒還算可以。

這兒所有的事情，幾乎都是在窯洞裡進行的，因為日軍飛機的轟炸摧毀了整個城市。抗日軍政大學號稱有五千個學生，他們白天上課時從一個窯洞走到另一個窯洞，每個人都隨身帶著小凳子。女子學院、魯迅藝術學院、醫院、工會辦公室等，全都是在窯洞裡。費吳生一行後來發現窯洞其實也有優點——它們冬暖夏涼，建造的成本很低。延安確實還有一個相當大的禮堂，所有的演出、講演、音樂會和各種公共集會，基本上都是在那個大禮堂裡舉行的。

在延安期間，費吳生一行還參加了兩次由周恩來專門為歡迎他們而舉行的文藝表演，費吳生在回憶錄中說這兩次活動「極其有趣」。第一次是演出話劇高爾基(Aleksey Maksimovich Peshkov)的《母親》，對白當然都是翻譯成中文的。演員的表演非常精彩，費吳生起初弄不明白，為什麼中國演員演俄國人會演得那麼像。後來他才逐漸發現了其中的奧秘，原來那些演員在化妝時用麵粉做了假的高鼻子。然而使他印象更深的，還是第二次由魯迅藝術學院創作並演出的音樂節目《黃河》。這是由十二組不同的音樂曲目匯合而成的交響音樂大合唱，氣勢磅礴，威武雄壯。每一組曲目，都是先由朗誦藝術家來念開場白作為導引的。第一組曲目表現黃河的早晨，接下來的各組曲目分別表現黃河上的船工、黃河的黃昏、大饑荒、女子的哀傷、流亡、戰爭的降臨等等。如訴如泣，但又振奮人心。有的聲樂部分唱得很美，但是費吳生最感興趣的是為該合唱伴奏的交響樂樂器。其中有西方音樂中的兩把小提琴和一把曼陀林，大提琴是在標準石油公司的煤油桶上釘上一塊硬木板製作而成的。其餘的全是中國樂器——二胡、笛子和打擊樂器等。歌詞

和音樂全是魯迅藝術學院的師生原創的，其中有些教師曾經在俄國留學。費吳生承認，他自己被這些音樂所深深打動。

在中場休息的時候，有一位十歲左右的漂亮小女孩過來，坐在了費吳生與毛澤東之間，並且要求他們在自己的簽名本上留言。周恩來告訴費吳生，她的父母在戰爭中被日本人打死了。她是被八路軍的戰士們救出，並帶到延安來上學念書的。當周恩來在她的本子裡留言時，她說：「可別在我的本子裡，寫那些你已經給別人寫過的東西。我要你寫一些與眾不同的話。」費吳生的留言是用英語寫的，結尾的時候，他還專門用中文寫了「中國必勝」。小姑娘睜大眼睛，詫異地看著他，似乎是為他寫了那麼一句誰都知道的大白話而感到驚訝。費吳生禁不住感到有點尷尬。

雖然費吳生跟陝甘寧邊區的領導人在私下交往的時候都很愉快，但是在正式會談時他還是深切感覺到了相互之間的隔閡與分歧。當他問道，假如要由中華基督教青年會全國委員會來延安創辦青年會，並專門派一位幹事來負責此事的話，那麼這位幹事是否能夠參加共產黨？毛澤東和周恩來都不約而同地回答說，那位幹事必須要首先宣佈接受無神論，才有資格加入共產黨。由於共產黨領導人在宗教信仰的問題上態度如此鮮明，中華基督教青年會全國委員會的代表們，自然難以跟他們在「設立陝甘寧邊區的基督教青年會」問題上，達成共識。

費吳生一行在延安停留的最後一晚，應邀參加了為歡送抗大畢業生奔赴前線而舉行的宴會。會上安排了講演和文藝演出，費吳生應邀也發表了演講。但是他沒有意識到，這些即將畢業的青年男女，是被派往各地去宣傳共產主義信仰的。他說了一些不合時宜的話，這令他後來感到追悔莫及。

費吳生帶著極其複雜的心情，離開了延安。一方面，他承認自己在那兒所看到的很多反映人們高度熱情和積極向上的東西，是值得受到讚揚的。但另一方面，他又對自己的所見所聞，持保留態度。因為根據他自己的解釋，他過去在實行種族分離政策的南非和希特勒掌權下的德國，也看到過類似的情況。但某種程度上的熱情和幸福感，並不能夠改變這兩個專制國家的根本性質。

