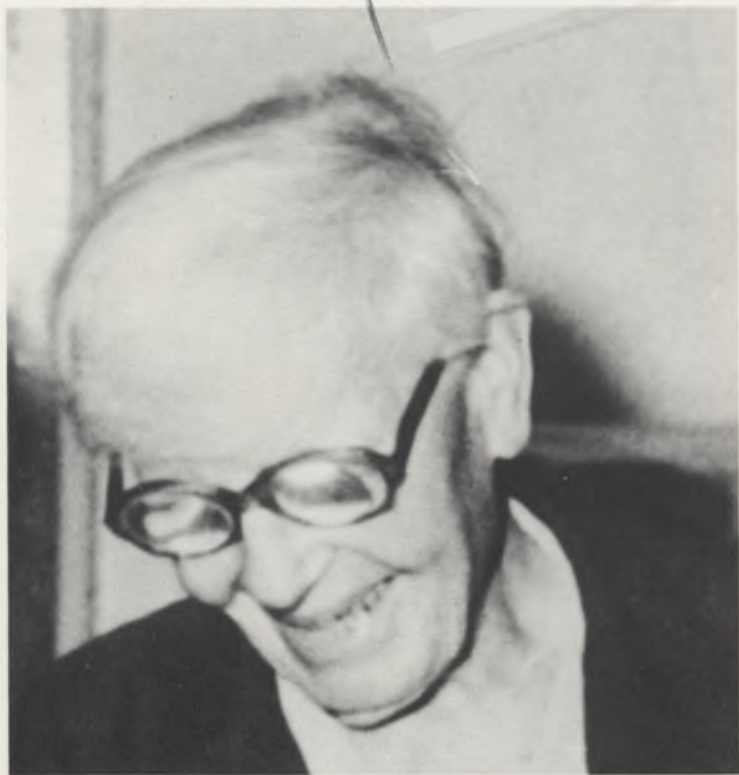


**far  
east**

*Reporter*

**MAUD RUSSELL**  
**Remembered**



**1893 — 1989**

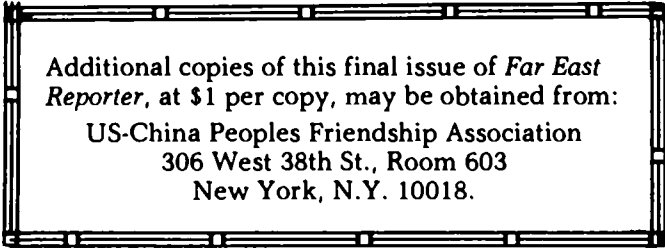
## INTRODUCTION

Maud Russell died Nov. 6, 1989, at the age of 96. While she had outlived many of those closest to her she had a legion of younger friends, and the memorial service held at New York City's Ethical Culture Society on December 16 was very well attended. The meaningful and poignant recollections and messages from the lectern provided a portrait of an extraordinary life.

Among those present were Consuls Wu Jida and Yao Shanzhou of the People's Republic of China. They, the many messages from China friends, and a wreath from the Consulate General gave vivid evidence of Maud's lifelong effort to serve the Chinese, as well as the American people.

The *Far East Reporter* was published by Maud for 37 years, and it is fitting that this final issue preserve in print major excerpts from these recollections and tributes.

Ira Gollobin, friend and close associate of Maud for nearly five decades, organized the remembrance meeting with help from Hugh Deane, Richard Pastor, Marianne Welch, Edna Slatkin, Jiansheng Tang and others. Norval Welch made a video film of the service, and he and Marianne have generously taken on the typography and production of this compilation. Dick Pastor edited the texts.



Additional copies of this final issue of *Far East Reporter*, at \$1 per copy, may be obtained from:

US-China Peoples Friendship Association  
306 West 38th St., Room 603  
New York, N.Y. 10018.

## Tribute to Maud

I met Maud for the first time in 1946 at a meeting of the Committee for a Democratic Far Eastern Policy, and learned of her background in China. In 1917 an opening arose for a YWCA secretary in China, and Maud had energetically and successfully pressed her candidacy.

She spent the next 26 years in China, years which spanned an intense, revolutionary period. She was an eyewitness to the May 4th, 1919 student movement against the sale by the warload government of concessions to foreign powers. She remembered how student after student climbed on sawhorses to speak, how each in turn was pulled off and arrested, and how they shouted "Down with the rotten government. Save your country!"

As a YWCA secretary Maud identified herself with all the student, labor and other popular movements, helping them in a myriad of ways. One, for example, was organizing a literacy campaign for rickshaw pullers.

Thrust amidst pitched battles that were raging between the warlords and the revolutionary forces, she had the strength to contend against great odds and severe hardships, and to prevail. Typical was her behavior in Changsha in 1930. The city was under siege, and despite the U.S. Consul's order to Americans to leave, Maud stayed on. After the revolutionary forces captured Changsha in June of that year the British and American missionaries who had fled conducted a memorial service for Maud, commending her soul to the Lord only to have her reappear shortly thereafter, smiling and well.

Maud's dedicated work, courage and forward-looking outlook led inevitably to close working relations and friendships with Agnes Smedley, Edgar Snow, Helen Foster Snow (Nym Wales), Evans Carlson, Rewi Alley, Israel Epstein, Ida Pruitt, Talitha Gerlach and many others. Why did she, in 1943, leave China? Simply, she told her superior at the YWCA, because "I want to get home and work. I don't have any real responsibility. I want to go home and be a responsible citizen."

Maud helped form the Committee for a Democratic Far Eastern Policy in 1945, serving as Executive Director from 1946 to 1952. The Committee opposed U.S. intervention in China's civil war, and after the People's Republic was established in 1949, it urged our government to follow a policy of friendship, trade and recognition.

Early on, in 1948, Maud had decided not to be desk-bound in New York City. By 1951, and continuing through 1978, she arranged itineraries that involved traveling some 25,000 miles a year to address meetings in churches, union halls, universities, schools, farmhouses — she even spoke at

an Indian Reservation and a penitentiary. She appeared at picnics, on TV and radio, and gave many newspaper interviews. At times her meetings had an unanticipated spice, as when she wrote me "How I get myself into everything from striptease night clubs to prayer meetings I'll never know." For eight to nine months, from March to December, Maud traveled through 20 states, her car crammed with books, pamphlets and films along with her clothes.

The Committee for a Democratic Far Eastern Policy was dissolved in 1952, and then and there Maud initiated the *Far East Reporter*. She was determined to present the facts about the Far East and to refute the myths and misrepresentations with which the American public was being deluged. She secured articles from experts on the Far East, but wrote many of the issues herself. It is no mean feat that she obtained about one thousand subscribers, even though each year she was away from her New York office for eight to nine months.

Despite very modest speaking fees she managed to cover the cost of traveling, printing and mailing expenses, and office costs, including the wages of one assistant.

Equally mind-boggling is how Maud managed to keep abreast of events and to prepare, and continually update, her talks while traveling; how she could secure over a hundred and thirty speaking engagements a year, establishing a network of local coordinators with whose help she organized a national speaking schedule.

At age 74 Maud wrote "Life gets busier and busier." And she sent me some examples: July 12, 1974, Atlanta, 9 a.m. TV appearance; 12 noon, a newspaper interview; 7:30 p.m., a film showing to the local U.S.-China People's Friendship Association. The next day: interview with the *Atlanta Constitution* at 9 a.m., a radio interview at two in the afternoon, and another film showing in the evening.

For years Maud's activities had irked powerful groups in Washington. They were concerned about the considerable favorable coverage she was receiving in the media for a policy of friendship, trade and recognition of People's China. In May, 1956, the Senate Internal Security Committee subpoenaed her to appear before it. Undaunted Maud wrote her subscribers "*Far East Reporter* is not intimidated." As far as she was concerned "If you don't run they can't chase you."

Maud's itineraries included Ku Klux Klan hotbeds in the deep south, as well as Minute Men and Birchite strongholds in the West. She wrote me that she had "learned to live with their hate-filled tirades." She was at ease with herself: "If you respect yourself no one can insult you."

Despite her strenuous schedule Maud always left time for play. And she looked forward to spending Thanksgiving with her folks in Hayward,

California. She was especially fond of children. One time, her hosts' four children and their eight-year-old cousin learned that Maud would be leaving soon and proposed to "let the air out of her tires so she can't go away." Maud considered that quite a compliment.

She often ended her letters to me with the joyous "Great life!" And sometimes with the Biblical words "I have a goodly heritage. My lines fall unto me in pleasant places."

Came the year 1978: Maud was driving in Wisconsin and was sideswiped, or she sideswiped another car. Her car was wrecked, but she escaped unharmed and returned to New York. I visited her and noticed, standing smack in the middle of a number of beautiful Chinese art objects the license plate of her car. Mystified, I asked her why the plate was put there. She teased me, saying "Because of the letters on the plate, QWI." Finally she explained: "Quit While Intact."

Maud continued to put out *Far East Reporter* during the final eleven years of her life. Nor did she remain housebound, even though she increasingly suffered from arthritis in her hips. In 1980 she went with a group to Nicaragua, and in 1981 traveled with her sister Lelia to Ireland. Maud wrote: "Change keeps me from getting set in old ways, and opens up new friendships." "The climate of change is coming and we must help it. Even our small breath helps the sailing into the future."

As to the people's strength, as to their capacity to better their lot in life and achieve a finer, truly human society, Maud had first hand experience and profound and unshakeable faith. And to the very end she remained a learner.

For 72 years, in traveling across the length and breadth of China and then of the United States, as well as when she became housebound and immersed herself in studying and writing, she could truly say, in the words of Walt Whitman's *Song of the Open Road*, with which I have taken poetic liberties . . .

*"I take to the open road,  
Healthy, free, the world before me,  
The long brown path before me leading to wherever I choose.  
Henceforth I ask not good fortune, I, myself, am good fortune.  
Strong and content, I travel the open road  
of life, immense in passion, pulse and power,  
Cheerful, for freest action!"*

Maud was a woman of the future. She carried forward the freedom traditions embodied in the insights, aspirations and achievements of certain great predecessors: the internationalism of Thomas Paine, the struggle for women's rights of Susan B. Anthony and Lucretia Mott, the eman-

cipation journeys of Sojourner Truth and Harriet Tubman.

Maud was always deeply rooted in the current struggles of the American people and of peoples the world over. At the same time she looked to distant reaches of the social horizon to a finer American society in which life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness would truly be every American's birthright. She says to each of us, again in Whitman's words, "Come, I will make this continent indissoluble, I will make the most splendid race the sun ever shone upon." This is Maud's ultimate legacy and her challenge.

**Ira Gollobin**

## **Pioneer for Peace**

I am sorry to receive the news of Maud Russell's death, and regret that I cannot attend your memorial service for her.

Maud was a pioneer for peace and international understanding throughout most of this century, a world citizen bringing together the peoples of China and the USA.

I first met Maud in Knoxville, Tennessee in the early 1950s, when she was a circuit rider (by auto) throughout the country in her single-person evangelism to educate our people about China. She was attacked by local McCarthyites there, as in many place elsewhere, but she went right on with her cause of planetary good will and world peace — the cause that she handed on to us in better shape and with brighter promise than she found it when she set out as a pioneer so many years ago.

Now she rests from her labors, but remains in the bosom of our inspired unrest.

**Howard L. Parsons, Prof. Emeritus,  
Dept. of Philosophy, University of Bridgeport**



Remembering Maud Russell . . .

## The USCPFA Connections 友

The U.S.-China Peoples Friendship Association of New York was organized in the summer of 1971 in the wake of the "pingpong opening" to China more than a year and a half before President Nixon made his historic journey to Beijing. Maud was among the very first to join and remained a member until her death. The USCPFA gained a presence in many cities in the early 1970s, linked first in regions and then in 1974 in the present national association.

The founding convention, held in Los Angeles, of course addressed the problems of working effectively for friendship with the people of China and understanding Chinese realities, but it also paid respect to those who had striven for these goals in the years of the McCarthy and other inquisitions and elected Maud Russell an honorary member of its National Steering Committee, now called the Board of Directors.

Maud continued for some years her speaking tours of the country. Meanwhile the *Far East Reporter* appeared regularly. But she was no longer virtually a one-person friendship effort, but was allied with an expanding movement. The changes for the better made her work less trying and more satisfying. She reflected on them in a message to the USCPFA's second convention, held in Chicago in 1975.

"Gone are the days when hecklers, provocateurs, and infiltrating government agents were serious concerns. In the fifties and early sixties an initial question at many meetings was 'Have security precautions been taken?' or 'Is there a way to get out if we are attacked?' No longer does one have to borrow a locally registered car in areas where a New York State-registered car would surely cause security danger for the speaker and the audience, no longer do blinds have to be drawn in homes where black friends are meeting. No longer does a car with black and white friends have to forego the pleasure of stopping at an ice cream parlor . . ."

And she went on: "An equally satisfying political development is to see individuals and groups who in the earlier years were interested in presenting China now evolving into organized U.S.-China People's Friendship Associations. What a richness of continuing relationships I have with individuals who have stayed steady throughout the McCarthy and Nixon periods, who now join with younger association members."

Maud attended many meetings of the New York Chapter of the USCPFA and often had something to say, but came less frequently as deafness set in. She could talk comfortably with friends one-on-one but at gatherings the noises flooded in on her. But the issues of the *Far East Reporter*

continued to be published and happily several members of the chapter including myself were able to be a help to her.

In May of 1983 as Maud approached her 90th birthday the chapter honored her at a memorable banquet. Morris and Sarah Willdorf took a splendid photo of her as Maud reminisced. There she is, strong facial features under hair turned from sandy to white, its often unruly forelock in place, her sturdy frame in one of her tailored suits, usually blue, her non-sense shoes hidden by the lectern. And her words, as always, were forthright, direct and eloquent as she explained, speaking without notes, how a young YWCA missionary had come to embrace the cause of the Chinese people's struggle for national independence and social justice.

Maud was in failing health in the summer of 1989, but understood perfectly the meaning of Tiananmen. She read approvingly the statement critical of the crackdown issued by the New York Chapter and immediately put a helpful check in the mail. To the very end, for Maud, there was never any gap between what she believed to be the truth and justice and what she did.

**Hugh Deane**

## **A Woman of Our Time**

Maud Russell was a great woman of our time — not only a great friend of the Chinese people but also a great human being, solid as a rock and sharp as an arrow.

I remember when a snooping stooge came around to the old committee office and tried to ingratiate himself with her by saying that his name, too, was Russell. Maud's reply: "You must have been one of the Russells that dropped off along the way."

Her branch of the family tree held out past the great plains, deserts and Death Valley all the way to the Pacific — and on across!

She didn't ever drop out, although she never expected — who did? — that the way would be so much longer and more complicated than anyone could anticipate.

On her own road she stopped for nothing but ice cream; no one else could turn vanilla into fuel for such burning energy!

If there were any pearly gates their keeper would surely jump as she drew up and gave notice with one of those piercing whistles through her fingers — did you ever hear her? — that "Here I come with a car full of literature."

**Israel Epstein**, Editor-in-Chief Emeritus  
*of China Reconstructs*



## **"I Have a Goodly Heritage" Maud Russell (1893 - 1989)**

I met Maud Russell in 1976 when our family moved to New York City, where I took up the directorship of the China Program of the National Council of Churches in the U.S.A.

In 1976 Maud was already 83 years of age, yet in mind, spirit and vitality she was never an old person. To our public meetings on China at the Council she always brought zest and enthusiasm. Maud looked at things socially, politically and internationally.

In these days when student demonstrations and democracy are very much on our hearts and minds, we recall that when Maud went to China in 1917 to work with the Chinese YWCA, her lasting impression of her arrival in Shanghai was a huge student demonstration which demanded the removal of American gunboats from the Yangtze River. "It was the students of China," she would tell her friends with profound gratitude, "who gave me my political and social education. Through them I learned that my own country was a colonial power and an imperialist nation."

Maud Russell's work with students in the Chinese YWCA coincided with the May Fourth Movement in China which began in 1919. One of her close associates in Changsha, Hunan Province, was young Cora Deng Yuzhi, Maud's lifelong friend of seven decades, who says "Maud helped me to study English. She also taught me to read something about revolution. Whatever little knowledge I had about socialist thinking was started through my contact with Maud."

When I first met her, Maud gave me the impression that she was blunt and even caustic, especially towards people like myself who are directly connected with organized religion. Yet in her own concerns for social and economic justice, the good society, and personal integrity Maud was very *religious* in the best sense of the word. In her personal commitment, dedication and untiring sacrifice of self, time, money and talent for the greater common good, she was recklessly extravagant. "I am a very free person," she told us. "I didn't have to worry about a husband, children or anything, so I was always faced with the question of how best to use my freedom to do things that people less free than I cannot do."

Maud was never shy in speaking her mind, even when she thought aloud to herself. I always knew her as a person who wore a hearing aid, oftentimes a faulty one at that. Not realizing it she would often speak to herself at a volume that all in the room could distinctly hear. It was in just such a situation when we were hosting a delegation from the Chinese People's Association for Peace and Disarmament where quite unaware, Maud exclaimed exactly how she felt. Some of our church people were telling the Chinese delegation about our concerns for peace in Central

America and our strong opposition to the Reagan policies there, when we were interrupted by Maud's clearly audible comment, presumably to herself, "If that's Christianity I'm all for it!"

Writing about the YWCA in China during Maud Russell's time historian Emily Honig has this to say:

The first organization to provide effective political education for women workers was not the Chinese Communist Party but the YWCA. Beginning in the 1930s the YWCA night schools taught women workers how to read, how to speak in public and how to analyse the social structure of which, as women and as workers, they were a part. The YWCA schools were the first to arrange social activities with women from various mills and industries. In due course some graduates of the YWCA schools became political activists. By the 1940s many of those women had joined the CCP; even more interesting, many women Party members had joined the YWCA.

At Thanksgiving dinner in our home in 1987 someone asked Maud why she was doing all the wonderful things she was doing. Without hesitation or apology she told of her early church upbringing in Hayward, California. "I grew up in a progressive Congregational church. I was always part of the Sunday school, and practically ran the 'Christian Endeavor,' so I was not hidebound when I went to China. I was ready for all the changes that were happening to China and also all the changes that were happening in my own life." And not without emotion she added "I have a goodly heritage. The lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places. A worker that needeth not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

In recent years Maud was not happy about the direction in which China seems to be going. At the same time she was rejoicing in the fact that the Chinese people were enjoying more long-awaited consumer goods and a relatively better standard of living. Even though she deplored China's "get rich quick" mentality, which permeates the modernization drive, she was not against a better deal for the ordinary Chinese citizen.

If she were here today, I'm sure Maud would continue to rightly divide the word of truth for both the China and the America she loved so well. Perhaps the words of Jeremiah the Prophet can fittingly capture Maud Russell's goodly heritage:

Let not the wise glory in their wisdom,  
Let not the mighty glory in their might,  
Let not the rich glory in their riches,  
But let them who glory, glory in this, that  
they know and understand me, that I am  
a God who practices kindness, justice, and  
integrity in all the earth, for in these things  
do I delight, says God.

**Franklin Woo**

*Franklin Woo is Associate Director, East Asia and the Pacific Division of International Ministries, National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A.*

## A Michigan Tribute

I would like to share with you some memories of Maud from the perspective of the midwest. For over a quarter of a century I was lucky enough to know Maud, to hear her speak, and to benefit from the *Far East Reporter*. I was one of the countless number of people across the country whose lives were touched by Maud's and were made the better for it.

Maud was a sort of 20th Century "Johnny Appleseed." She traveled far and wide sowing seeds of friendship between the peoples of the U.S. and China, and struggling to make her crop grow even in ground that so-called common sense would say was not very fertile. She would return, year after year to nurture her seedlings. She did not leave them neglected, nor did she leave the local gardeners without instructions! Here are some reminiscences from her Michigan garden and her Michigan gardeners.

Clara Vincent, a 95-year-old witness to peacemaking, told me how delighted she was to have been part of Maud's efforts over the years to educate people about world peace and especially about peace with China. Clara heard Maud speak in the 1950s at the home of Lucy and Carl Haessler, but Clara soon had Maud speaking to her local Universalist Church where, as Clara recalls "she had a remarkable way of reaching people and opening their eyes to the truth about China."

Harry Lee, a retired school teacher, recalled that as a second-generation Chinese-American student in the nineteen thirties he spent many tearful hours viewing the newsreel sufferings of his brothers and sisters in China. Several decades later, in the nineteen sixties, he had the good fortune to meet Maud Russell and to help arrange for her to speak to students and spread the truth about events in China. It was through her efforts that he was able to fulfill the wish he'd had since childhood to be helpful in some small way to the Chinese people and to all humanity.

Maud's friends were, and are, legion. A group of Detroit friends, James and Grace Boggs, Richard Feldman and Sharon Howell, recalled Maud's indomitable spirit when she continued with her commitment to a midwest speaking tour even after a car accident!

Maud's endurance was legendary. My husband, Stuart Dowty, and I thought we were pretty energetic. Back in the late nineteen sixties we worked for the Radical Education Project, publishing and distributing literature including, of course, the *Far East Reporter*. A bunch of us on the REP staff would pile into a car and drive to a conference half way across the country, twenty-four hours of driving, trading off the driving among four of us. We thought that was really something — and then came Maud! One morning she called our home in Detroit. "Can I stay the night?" she asked. "I'm coming in tomorrow afternoon." "Fine," we told her, and asked where she was calling from. "Glacier International Peace Park,"

she told us, "see you tomorrow." Sure enough, she showed up late the following afternoon, having made the thirty-hour trip as a solo driver going straight through! When she got drowsy she would pull over to the side of the road and take a nap, she told us. But she couldn't stay with us for any length of time — she had to leave the following evening so that she'd arrive at her Manhattan apartment during daylight hours and could unload the car with the help of friends in her building.

Maud had a wonderful disdain for problems that might dismay a lesser soul. Rudy Simons recalled her visit to the local CBS television studio in Detroit. It was a frosty winter morning in 1977, with a major snow storm further snarling already congested streets. Maud was scheduled for a seven a.m. talk show, and Rudy dragged himself out to meet her at the studio. Maud appeared punctually, having navigated the drive across town in the dark. The hosts were, as usual, suave and superficial, concerned about the weather and the health of their septuagenarian guest. What was Maud concerned about? Guess! She didn't follow the normal game plan, where the hosts ask a question, the guest gives a brief answer and they comment and chit-chat, cut for a commercial, and then if the guest is lucky a chance for another brief question and answer. It was one question, and Maud was off on an answer which was lively, informative and *non-stop!* She cut through their fluffery like a buzz saw, and expounded at great length about China. When she paused for breath her hosts were so astounded at this performance by a 'little old woman' that they asked another question and off she went again! She packed more information into that fifteen-minute segment than most people could get into an hour-long interview. When the show ended she simply took off for her next stop on a busy schedule of appearances around Detroit.

All of this makes Maud appear terribly serious. She was serious, but she also had a grand sense of humor. She also had one overriding priority: a deep seated, profound passion for *ice cream!* I remember driving her from our home in Detroit to a speaking engagement in Ann Arbor forty miles away. The audience was very receptive, the program went late, and most everything was closed by the time we started our trip home. Then we sighted the glow of a Howard Johnson's sign off the side of the expressway. Maud was instantly awake, and at her command I brought the car to a screeching stop at an exit under construction so we could double back for an 'ice cream fix.'

Maud was respected. Maud was admired. Maud will be remembered with love.

**Janet Goldwasser**

## We Met in Nicaragua

Maud has been for me a friend, surrogate grandma, client, teacher and more, and I'd like to speak to each of those roles specifically.

We met in Nicaragua in December, 1980. It was the second officially organized tour for North Americans after the Sandinista triumph, led by the North American Congress on Latin America (NACLA). At the age of 88, I'm sure Maud considered whether she might be a burden to the group, but her motivation was so strong that, thankfully, she joined our group of 40 diverse people. She was often frustrated by not being able to hear well, but more often she was curious, forthright and observant. We visited day care centers, a mental health institution, a shoe cooperative, a coffee cooperative, union halls and meetings, and met with government leaders. Maud's enthusiasm was such that over and above these intensive ten days she chose the demanding four-day extension to Bluefields over country dirt roads.

Maud later asked me to come to her home in New York to work with her as a "body worker." She helped me clarify my style of working, and would ask me how best to describe this new field of work that I do. She finally decided that I was a "bodily movement educator." She was my critic, teacher, pupil and colleague. As a critic she would ask "Why are you working with me? You should be helping children who can benefit from this for the rest of their lives." We both knew I was giving to her so that she could continue to give her love and work to others, and also because I thoroughly enjoyed the honor of spending time with her.

Maud was my best student, equalled only by Ira Gollobin. She rode her bicycle a half mile two times a day for many years, and was still doing so when I last saw her in September. She did her exercises for each part of her body, self-selecting from the many that I taught, creating an efficient program that she adhered to faithfully and with wonderful benefits: continued mobility of her previously injured legs, arthritic shoulder and fingers, and weaning herself from the use of anti-inflammatory medications.

Maud learned easily, in part because she had been exposed to one of the wisest of body-mind systems, Chinese medicine. She had benefited from acupuncture in China long before it was acceptable here. She taught me about it, and gave me charts of acupuncture and encouraged me to learn about China. She clipped every single article that had to do with exercise, fitness, health, dance, Chinese medicine, Chinese exercise and breath therapy. I owe her many thanks for those files. She also provided great intellectual stimulus. Through wonderful conversation about multitudes of subjects Maud kept me current.

She taught me about the aging process — the challenge of reaching one's toenails to file them, putting on shoes, cleaning the floor, getting in and out of the bathtub and improvising new arrangements. I was delighted that with our combined efforts she regained walking after her accidents and hip replacement operations. She always found ways to stay active, alert and excited about life. She even called her periods in the hospital vacations, appreciative of the attention and care she received.

However, it was painful to her that each month of this year she was losing her stability more and more. This meant that she was beginning to waiver and truly fear falling. The potential of losing her independence to travel and to do for herself made her unhappy, so I feel happy that she lived a life of complete dignity as she wanted.

Maud shared Christmas dinner with our family in 1987 and 1988 and we'll miss her very much this year. I am wearing something that she gave me last Christmas, a gift that is very special to me. It is a pendant from China with two beautiful birds engraved in it. For me it is a symbol that I feel she shares with each of you. Above the soaring birds, in Chinese, is written "Our hearts together, we fly together."

**Martha Eddy**



## One of My Heroes

Ever since my youth Maud Russell has been one of my heroes. In 1939, give or take a year, she came to West China from "down river." She was a YWCA secretary and my parents were educational missionaries. They became instant friends because they shared a hope for the downfall of the fascist-type government of Chiang Kai-shek.

Maud came often to our house and I sat in on long discussions about social and political affairs. Maud brought us left-wing books and periodicals. She introduced me to Anna Louise Strong's book *I Change Worlds*, and I caused a stir in my missionary-kid school with a rave review in my "oral composition" class. I was also impressed by Maud's outspoken participation in a liberal-and-left "Democracy Discussion Group" which my father had helped to organize on the mission university campus.

About that time Maud's left-wing books in the Chinese language were moved from the YWCA library to a curtained bookcase in our home. Any Chinese caught reading such books risked imprisonment or death. Nevertheless, many Chinese, including YWCA and YMCA secretaries, came to our house to read the books. Maud was clearly loved and respected by many, many Chinese friends, especially those who were or who became revolutionary-minded.

After beginning my college education in the United States, I got a summer job in New York City. I spent many evenings working with Maud at the Committee for a Democratic Far Eastern Policy. The following year I got a full-time summer job with the Committee, and the summer after that did more volunteer work.

During those times Maud played a major role in my political education. I well remember the week we spent our lunch hours at the National Headquarters of the YWCA. Their staff was on strike and we were on the picket line. I felt awkward, conspicuous and ridiculous at first, but by the end I could almost out-shout Maud!

By the summer of 1949 the Committee was in trouble. Liberal support dwindled under the onslaught of McCarthyite redbaiting. Donations dropped off, and the Committee was \$4,000 in debt. Creditors began to threaten legal action, and Maud gave up her salary and worked for nothing from then on.

Maud was truly an amazing person. She lived the simple life, working for a better world with single-minded devotion. She joined the struggle with unbounded vitality and zest. I fully intend to nominate her for Saint-hood, when the Vatican turns socialist. But no forlorn martyr, she. Maud loved life and loved people. She enjoyed the struggle, and never doubted that a democratic, cooperative, humane society would emerge out of the ruins of every society built on power and greed.

I am sure that Maud knew that her tireless efforts brought new understanding to thousands and thousands of people. What she probably did not know is that her example inspired everyone who knew her. To know Maud was to be reminded of your ideals and to be moved to work for them. She made us all better people.

The world needs heroes. When we remember them and honor them, and celebrate their lives as we are doing here today, we enrich our own lives and take up the banner of hope.

We are not here to mourn but to remember.

And to remember Maud is to draw on her energy to revitalize our vision of a better world.

**Don Willmott**  
Toronto, Canada

## One of a Kind

By dictionary definition, Maud was exactly that. Just consider the word *kind* — “sympathetic, friendly, gentle, generous, cordial, loving . . .” All Maud’s essential characteristics, which helped those of us who knew her improve our own lives.

Our memories of Maud go back to the early 1950s, when she lectured in Berkeley about the need to understand and appreciate China. My wife Marian heard her then.

In 1961 she bought a co-op apartment in Pleasant Homes, where she lived for 28 years. She soon became a good and friendly neighbor, generous with her time.

She was also a very serious person about her work, spending many hours a day in writing and lecturing on the need for understanding between the U.S. and China. But she had time to share her experiences with others, including our son Tom. She invited him to a pingpong tournament between Chinese and American teams two decades ago. Tom’s interest in China eventually led him to study the Chinese language and culture, and helped him decide on a career in linguistics.

Maud is gone, but her spirit will always remain with us. We will remember her for her positive outlook on life, for her dedication to truth and honesty, and for her cheery “Hello, Howard” every time we passed each other. She always called me Howard, though my name is Sam, and I regret never having asked her why. But do you know, I liked it!

**Sam Howard**





Attending a conference in San Francisco, Maud Russell, then Executive Director of the Committee for a Democratic Far Eastern Policy, points to a plaque honoring Dr. Sun Yat-sen. With her is Edward Bell, active member of the Committee, and now a member of the New York USCPFA.

## Maud Russell — A Lifelong Fighter for a Better World

There is a Chinese saying to characterize certain extraordinary figures: *sheng min bu xi, zhan dou bu zi*, meaning one who "goes on fighting until one breathes one's last." This is exactly what Maud Russell, an old friend of the Chinese people, has shown us with her lifelong record as a militant fighter for truth.

As early as the 1924-27 Chinese revolution, Maud, as a welfare worker and teacher for the YWCA, was supporting in Changsha, Hunan Province, the literacy and organizing campaigns among the despised and oppressed rickshaw pullers. She spoke to the people in their own language and shared their feelings and lives, so they forgot she was a foreigner.

As a "people's astronaut" for 25 years Maud traveled 500,000 miles by car, over twice the distance to the moon, to bring the truth about the Far East to every corner of her own country, the United States.

Since 1952 until the unfinished current issue in 1989, Maud published *The Far East Reporter*, making available significant facts and analyses contributed by competent writers on the Far East. This was uniquely a one-person operation, written, edited, typed, printed, mailed and promoted by herself. She always made her point in explicit terms, no matter if it agreed or disagreed with the opinions of her close friends.

Every new year, her specially designed and typewritten "Season's Greetings to My Friends" always carried a new, militant message. For 1989 she was "concerned about the gap between our traditional American dream and the vast current negation of that dream." Over the last decade I always looked forward to receiving such an inspiring message from her. What will come for 1990? Though there will be no more specially-designed greeting cards, Maud's resounding voice will continue to send us her eternal, militant message: Keep on fighting for the equality of mankind and a better world for all the people.

Salute, dear Maud!

**Zhang Yan**

*Zhang Yan, former First Vice Editor-in-Chief of the monthly magazine, CHINA RECONSTRUCTS (now CHINA TODAY), is vice president of the newly established Friends of China Research Foundation in Beijing.*

## Maud Russell and the Cooperatives

On April 3, 1938, a small group of us, Chinese and Westerners, launched the Chinese Industrial Cooperative Movement in Shanghai, an effort to contribute production capabilities to the desperate Chinese war effort and at the same time to give Chinese workers a democratic experience. That is how I first came to hear of Maud Russell.

Rewi Alley told me that a YWCA secretary had given money from her salary — I think it was \$40 U.S. — to the Indusco cause, and that her donation had made possible the survival of the ancient Jingdezhen porcelain works in Jiangxe on the Yangtze, about which Longfellow wrote a poem.

A few very old and ailing Jingdezhen workers were facing death, but refusing to reveal the secrets of their craft. But they changed their minds when told that the money was available to form a cooperative which would save the famed industry. At that time it took only \$7 to put a man or woman to work in a cooperative. Rewi told me that Maud was a friend of his and that she was daft about porcelain, which she was collecting. (Years later she gave her valuable and extensive collection to museums here).

My book, *China Builds for Democracy*, reminds me that money from Maud also financed the purchase of 17 Chinese-made knitting machines in Hankou, and that altogether "Miss Russell's personal contributions have probably set up about 100 refugee women in cooperatives."

Maud's was the first outside contribution to Indusco and was an epic event for me, but of course was just one of the countless things she did in behalf of the Chinese people and of American understanding of what was happening in China.

The concept of what I call "bridging" is important in my thinking. Maud Russell, Talitha Gerlach and others who served the progressive YWCA in China helped to bridge the Protestant ethic and Chinese Marxist socialism.

It strikes me that it would be a shining thing if Indusco, revived some years ago, started a cooperative honoring Maud Russell to which the YWCA, Protestants and all of us who admired and respected Maud could contribute.

**Helen Foster Snow**



## Maud Replies to Her Inquisitors on the People's Right to Know

*On March 8, 1956, Maud Russell appeared before a subcommittee of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary investigating "the efforts that Communists have made to influence our Far Eastern Policy."*

*Excerpts of the testimony were read at the memorial service. Ruth Baharas took the part of Maud, and Richard Pastor read the lines of the interrogators, Senator Herman Welker and Chief Counsel Robert Morris.*

**Mr. Morris:** Roughly, how many lectures do you make a year?

**Miss Russell:** Well, when I am in the field I do one about every other day.

**Mr. Morris:** That would be about 150 or 160 a year?

**Miss Russell:** Somewhere around there.

**Mr. Morris:** What is the actual lecture fee for your talks?

**Miss Russell:** I ask a minimum of \$10. Sometimes I get \$50 or \$100. It runs \$15, \$20, \$25.

**Senator Welker:** In addition to your expenses, Miss Russell?

**Miss Russell:** Expenses come out of that.

**Senator Welker:** Come out of the \$10?

**Miss Russell:** Out of my speaking fee.

**Senator Welker:** You get a fee of \$10 and your expenses come out of your fees?

**Miss Russell:** That is right. It is not like a senatorial expense account. I cover about 25,000 miles on \$800, including all expenses. I wish the senators could match it.

\* \* \*

**Senator Welker:** Now, Miss Russell, I have been handed documents which have been identified by you as having been published by your *Far East Reporter*, a number of them here, as you see. And I hold in my hand one which is printed with red and white in it, and it says: "Constitution (Fundamental Law) of the People's Republic of China, with editorial introduction;" price 20 cents. Now, you printed that, or your concern printed that, did you not?

**Miss Russell:** I printed it.

**Senator Welker:** And what did you do with that? Did you distribute it or sell it?

**Miss Russell:** I sent it to my subscribers. I sold it throughout the country, sold it through bookstores.

**Senator Welker:** Can you give me any idea of about how many you printed or sold?

**Miss Russell:** Oh, about four or five thousand.

**Senator Welker:** Have you printed the Constitution of the United States and distributed it to people throughout the country?

**Miss Russell:** That is available. They studied it in school. What I was trying to do is tell the people what is going on in the Far East, and that is pertinent.

**Senator Welker:** I ask you if you distributed the Constitution of the United States?

**Miss Russell:** No, it is not in the Far Eastern policy.

**Senator Welker:** You specialized in the Constitution of the People's Republic of China?

**Miss Russell:** I specialized in material on the Far East.

**Senator Welker:** And you didn't spend any time whatsoever in helping the American people study their own Constitution?

**Miss Russell:** Yes, I have. I think the fact that I speak out on an issue that people like you don't agree with is a help to people understanding their citizens' rights under the Constitution.

**Senator Welker:** You haven't used your press to send out the Constitution of the United States with editorial introduction, have you?

**Miss Russell:** I have presented material on the Far East, which is not available otherwise.

**Senator Welker:** When is the last time you read the Constitution of the United States?

**Miss Russell:** Oh, I read it every now and then. I don't think I have read it through. I say, I read here and there, particularly of my rights under the Constitution.

**Senator Welker:** You read the Fifth Amendment?

**Miss Russell:** Not only the fifth; there are other pertinent parts.

**Senator Welker:** I suppose you read the first, and Mr. Hinton brought in the fourth, and the tenth, and a few others like that.

**Miss Russell:** Are you insinuating that these are not public documents?

**Senator Welker:** Not in the least.

**Miss Russell:** I do read them. I stand on my rights on them.

**Senator Welker:** I believe I know about as much about that Bill of Rights as you do.

**Miss Russell:** I hope so.

**Senator Welker:** I am just wondering what other provisions of the Constitution of the United States have you read and studied in the last few

years since you have been in this world.

**Miss Russell:** That is not pertinent to this.

**Senator Welker:** It isn't?

**Miss Russell:** No.

**Senator Welker:** Not very pertinent?

**Miss Russell:** No. I am an American citizen who knows her rights under the Constitution.

## **What's to be Done?**

We just received the sad news that Maud Russell passed away, peacefully and without pain. We express our heartfelt condolences over her death.

Maud Russell went to Changsha in 1918. We, then fellow YWCAers, met her in the 1920s, and since then she has been our good, old and beloved friend.

Maud leaves a legacy of a fine and fighting life. Thus our long-time friends have responsibilities to carry on the work which she so marvelously advanced. We would be grateful for your suggestions as to what is best for us to do.

**Talitha Gerlach & Cora Deng**

## **From YWCA and YMCA Colleagues**

We deeply mourn the passing away of Maud Russell. She is a genuine friend of the Chinese people. Her efforts toward promoting friendship and understanding between the American and Chinese people will always be cherished by us.

**Deng Yu-Zhi (Cora Deng), Shih Ru-Zhang (Phoebe), Li Shou-Pao  
and other friends in the YWCA & YMCA of China**

## **Friends to Friends**

(by cable)

SHOCKED TO LEARN PASSING AWAY OF MISS MAUD RUSSELL. ON BEHALF OF THE CHINESE PEOPLE'S ASSOCIATION FOR FRIENDSHIP WITH FOREIGN COUNTRIES AND HER CHINESE FRIENDS HERE MAY I EXPRESS OUR HEARTFELT CONDOLENCES. MAUD RUSSELL WAS A GOOD FRIEND OF THE CHINESE PEOPLE FOR YEARS. SHE HAS MADE TIRELESS AND SELFLESS EFFORTS FOR SUPPORTING THE CHINESE PEOPLE'S JUST CAUSE AND PROMOTING SINO-AMERICAN PEOPLE'S FRIENDSHIP. THE CHINESE PEOPLE WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER HER.

**HAN XU, PRESIDENT**



## A Niece's Memories of Maud

The first time I remember seeing Maud was when Grandma Russell, Dad, Mom, Eleanor and I went to meet her at the train station in Oakland, California, when she came home from China on one of her furloughs. I don't remember how old Eleanor and I were, but we were very, very young. And this was a special occasion.

It became even more special when Maud settled in up the street at Grandma's, because it was ice cream time all the time. I guess at least once a day Maud would drive into the driveway and honk the horn. No matter what we were doing Eleanor and I would hop into the car, sometimes bringing our friends with us, and cousins Sally and Sonny (Lloyd Jr.) who lived down the street. Grandma and her two sons, Bart and Lloyd and their young families, all lived within a block and a half of each other on Russell Way, part of the original Russell ranch. When we were with Maud we never settled for just one ice cream stop — we had to get cones at all three creameries in town and compare notes. I don't think we ever decided which was our favorite creamery so we continued to taste-test each of them until Maud left us and returned to China. As I remember, she was in town for about six months every fourth year.

Another highlight was when Maud would invite us all over to Grandma's for a pottery evening. She would open two or three basket-trunks of her ancient Chinese pottery and tell us something about the origin, the dynasty, and how she came about getting each particular piece. And then, of course, she would serve ice cream in some of the special pieces at the end of the evening.

Also a treat for us was a game she invented. She taught us to use chopsticks, and then gave us points for picking up different pieces of candy. Cinnamon hearts were small and really tricky ones, so we got extra points for successfully getting them. And of course the winner would receive some little Chinese trinket. We loved the game.

Thanksgiving was always a special Russell holiday. And there was such a void this year, because there was no phone call to Maud to look forward to. I will miss Maud.

**Barbara (Bobbie) Russell, niece**

## **Maud Russell — Inspirational!**

She was many things to many people in many places around the country and around the world, but to her family she was always simply our Aunt Maud.

For us it was nothing less than an honor to have her in the family. We were always proud of this woman who was more than just a relative — she was truly a role model.

She never stopped working, teaching, learning and expanding her mind and encouraging us to do the same. Never a follower, she felt strongly about what she perceived to be wrong in our country, and wasn't afraid to speak out about it — a mark of the best kind of American. But beyond being strong-willed and politically active, she never missed an event: Christmas, birthdays, graduations, weddings, divorces — she was there. And when the letters and packages arrived from her we could never doubt that there would be something unique inside: information about distant lands and other ways of living, stories that were unbelievable but which we always believed, always something progressive, educational, positive.

We all feel lucky to be part of her stock. Whether it was the Aunt Maud who would send remarkable anecdotes from her years in China, the Aunt Maud who at the age of 84 taught her 15-year-old grand nephew how to shrill-whistle through his teeth, or the Aunt Maud who would breeze through town with a car packed full of clothes but had time to play jelly bean games with the kids after teaching them some Chinese words. We always loved and respected her, quite simply as Aunt Maud, one of the sharpest, most caring, fascinating, inspirational people we ever had the good fortune to know.

Most certainly, her special place in our minds and our hearts will not soon fade away.

**Susan Pardee, Patricia Fulham, nieces  
John Pardee, grand nephew**

## **Well Above Most**

Since I was a young boy I have always admired my Aunt Maud. I especially appreciated her straightforwardness and her dry humor. Her intelligence and life's accomplishments truly place her well above most people. Her job being done, I know she will rest in peace.

**Lloyd Russell, nephew**



## A Good Sport

I am the oldest of Maud's nieces. My first memory of Maud was when she got off the train in Oakland on home leave from China. I remember a day that she was skating with us and fell down. I was amazed at what a good sport she was.

Another day she displayed a lot of the pottery she had brought home from China. Our youngest cousin must have been three or four years old. His mother told him not to touch the pottery, to just look, but Maud said she wanted all the children to feel it as well as to just look. It was more important to her to have us really enjoy and appreciate it.

When my daughter Jan and I went to see her in New York she had just had a lung operation two or three weeks earlier. She was then in her eighties, but fixed dinner for us. She always made little of anything that happened to her health.

She was always interested in whatever her five nieces and one nephew were involved in. The last time she was in California she stayed with me for a week before going on. I took her for a number of drives to show her how Hayward had changed, and she always saw many positive things that I had taken for granted.

I will remember her as a very positive, exciting person, and one whom I always looked forward to seeing.

**Eleanor Russell Chandler, niece**



## Six Years Earlier

*Among the many congratulatory messages honoring Maud Russell on her 90th birthday in 1983 were those received from these four lifelong friends.*

**REWI ALLEY** — Maud is an activist in the people's cause, who will not give up. One hopes that her days amongst her people be long and ever more fruitful for the cause of U.S.-China friendship to which she has so intelligently and so determinedly dedicated herself.

**WILLIAM HINTON** — When I returned from China in 1953 I barnstormed the country for a year, speaking on the land revolution to any audience that would contribute something to my expenses. Many times, when I told people something important about the Chinese way of creating a new life they would say "We know, Maud Russell told us that." In those days Maud was already a one-woman U.S.-China Friendship Association, and she has stopped only long enough to return several times to China in search of new material and new inspiration.

**SOONG CHING LING (Mme. Sun Yat-sen)** — You have earned our honor and respect for your steadfast dedication throughout these years . . . What a strenuous program you carry out, of travel, speaking, writing, editing the **Far East Reporter**, which we too read with much interest! And despite your untiring activity you have remained so energetic, youthful, and full of beans as we observed on your 1972 visit to China! Truly I admire your unselfishness and loyalty to this cause — to serve the people unreservedly and bring better understanding among them.

**SHIRLEY GRAHAM DUBOIS** — Joyfully you can now see the fruits of your untiring and valiant efforts blossoming and blooming all around you. Alone, you carried the banner of truth about China throughout the land. With no financial gains for yourself, you devoted your time and strength and mind to this personal crusade. No harassment, no hardship, no danger deterred or turned you from this course. You come thus to your ninetieth birthday, whole, triumphant. From the bottom of my heart I congratulate you. May the apples of long life keep you well and strong!



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**Maud Russell goes to the microphone at a 1946 meeting sponsored by the Committee for a Democratic Far Eastern Policy. Seated to the left is a committee colleague, Esther Gollobin, later active in the New York and national USCPFA.**