活生僑華
時事述評

日本悲鳴

進駐東京

八月十五日，日本投降，日本帝國主義侵略大陸，侵害弱國的發動太平洋大戰，興起於東亞。然而出於歷史的必然性，日本大陸的軍事侵略，最終導致了日本的敗局。在此，我們應當深刻地認識到，日本的悲鳴，是對日本侵略者罪行的懲罰，也是對人類和平的渴望。

言之接受

日本帝國主義者的野心，最終被歷史的洪流所摧毀。日本的悲鳴，是對日本侵略者罪行的懲罰，也是對人類和平的渴望。在日本投降的那一刻，全世界人民都為之振奮。

中國大陸，經歷了長達數年的持續戰爭，最終以日本的敗局而告終。我們應當深感慶幸，感謝那些為之獻身的英雄們。

滿洲台湳

滿洲台湳，是中國的歷史遺址，是中國的故土。過去的歷史，過去的真相，我們不能忘記。

中國實現

中國大陸，經歷了長期的戰爭，終於實現了和平統一。我們應當慶祝，感謝那些為之獻身的英雄們。

民主統一

中國大陸，經歷了長期的戰爭，終於實現了民主統一。我們應當慶祝，感謝那些為之獻身的英雄們。

年來，人民所希望的將實現聯合政府實行，中國大陸的民主統一，是我們的目標。
華僑的呼聲

華僑三百萬暹羅

華僑的呼聲

在自由國土上，過着最痛苦生活的三百年暹羅華僑，今天已經可以昂首挺胸了。在暹羅反法西斯戰爭全面勝利的華僑，現在暹羅政府已經派代表在仰光的華僑會合商討，成立暹羅華僑妥約。在暹羅政府代表華僑，紐約世界反法西斯戰勝代表華僑，現在暹羅華僑的妥約，為將委員長與華僑代表，將成爲中國近代史上最光榮的一页！

接管南洋

接到與聯軍接管南洋的電報後，附日佔領內各大特區，華僑代表華僑，與中國共同接管，多係英國艦隊接管，與中國共同接管，多係英國艦隊接管，與中國共同接管。各華僑在中國近代史上，將成爲中國近代史上最光榮的一页！

編者——
救華僑子弟們易水

中國不亡，這是因為中國民族有五千年的光輝文化，戰敗下來的日本人，今天最少承認這一點是過去認識上的錯誤，其新外相重光葵一再強調已認識中國民族。

法西斯是茶毒文化的魔鬼，德國不來亞的三年半，對馬來亞文化也注下他們的毒箭，尤其對於後一代子孫的教育，他是想用最殘酷的手段一relax馬來亞各民族的文化，尤其是中國的文化種子，使華僑兒童都能得到一點簡單的建誘，詳細補教方案的擬定不是本文的目的，這里，我們想提出一點簡單的建議：

編者附白

封閉了三年有半的喉舌和尖刀，在這一旦放輕重上天日的當兒，自然少不知不覺的覺得要發作，奉教壓制的熱情要表現，所以我們，免去一切因勢利導和鎮壓的筆調，把我們的愛情考慮於當下，我們希票大家把來起錐頭觸覺的一切困難而發利。

束教民國

大國民風度

夢寐子

中國一旦獲得全面勝利，已確立成世界四大強國之一的成為領導世界的四大強國之一的總要條件，是有我們民族的政府指導，在海外侮辱的僑胞，身居異域，不必顧慮外人加害，我們先要明瞭，做強大國民，並不

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文化動態

出版消息

隨着勝利的呼聲，我們重見了文
化光的來源！

可以說是馬來文化史上的黑暗時期，稱
為人民的苦難，因為他在法西斯的淫威下
被無差別的摧殘人民，失去新聞紙的報導
與情報的動力。

在馬來西亞的革命中，中國報紙出版後，南方
民衆對於真實的中國報紙的出版，感到無比的喜
悅。這些報紙不僅代表了馬來人在中國的
地位，也增進了馬來人對於中國的認識。

在馬來西亞的革命中，中國報紙的出版，使馬
來人重新找回了他們的自豪感，也增進了他們
對於中國的認識。
寫速方地

十二月，日本投降的消息在新加坡传开。八月十日，日本投降的旗帜在新加坡全境飘扬，大家无不欢欣鼓舞。这一天，新加坡的街头巷尾都是庆祝的景象。人们纷纷涌上街头，欢声雷动，烟花燃放，不亦乐乎。现在，他们再也不用担心炮火的威胁，可以尽情享受和平的时光。}

——吉隆坡

十三日的早晨，新加坡街头满是庆祝的人群。八月八日，日本投降的消息传遍了新加坡的每一个角落。人们手舞足蹈，载歌载舞，欢庆胜利的到来。}

——新加坡
1945年8月20日起，每天都有联军的飞机在甲板上空来回盘旋，轰炸。这是一道标志，表示战争已经结束。随着日本的投降，太平洋战争也宣告结束。

自1941年12月7日珍珠港事件以来，美国和日本之间的战争持续了四年多。在这期间，美国在太平洋地区的扩张和强大的海军力量，以及日本的顽强抵抗，使得战争变得异常艰苦。

然而，随着1945年8月6日、9日相继对日本广岛、长崎投掷原子弹，以及苏联的参战，日本最终在9月2日宣布无条件投降。

在战争中，无数的士兵和无辜的平民付出了生命和代价。这场战争不仅改变了世界格局，也留下了深刻的历史教训。
ed the berths as if they were looking for outlaws. The feeling they expressed showed their spirit of struggle and patience in suffering during the past three years.

When the train came to Kluang, the Japanese soldiers that were withdrawn from Singapore were found crowding the platforms. The chaotic scene resembled a picture of bandits. Heaps of ammunition disorderly piled up looked like booties of pirates. In the acrodrome could be seen lying a dozen of old-fashioned airplanes which seemed to have been attacked by rheumatism or hemiplegia. A few marines were seen patrolling around the provisions. This told us that Singapore had revived and the dwerfish briganda had been routed.

The guard of the train informed us that with the present rate of running we were supposed to arrive at Singapore by ten p.m. to breathe the pure air of the city. When the train left Johore Bahru at the island, I therefore went out of the berth with wild excitement that made me yell and shout. The dark shadow of militarism has now become extinct. We seem to have been reborn to-day. We have hibernated for three and half years. We may now sing "The March of the Volunteers' Band." Let us sing "Rise, rise," and let the echo run in all the cars.

But this last train of ours was delayed by the eliciting of Japanese troops. Three miles to Bukit Timah Road the train began to stop. It ceased running for a whole hour. All passengers became agitated, and yet the train did not start. The surrendered armies surged forward like billows. Cars were running here and there to carry the troops. We began to realize that unless we steered our own muscular car, number II, we would not reach the town as we expected. The half-dozen boatmen joined us in the trip. Along the road we saw Japanese officers cycling to the interned quarters. We remembered that three and half years ago it was on the bicycles that their vanguard entered Malaya, but now it was also on the bicycles that their vanguard was going to hibernate in the interned quarters. Several privates brought with them their packages stuffed probably with treasures despoiled from the poor inhabitants of Singapore. This illustrates that a greedy man will always hold to his possessions even upon entering his narrow house. The Japanese soldiers that chanced to hold Malaya were rats that happened to occupy a rice granary, but upon their flight these rats regretted that they were too tiny to carry on their backs the whole granary or even a single sack.

I remember it was also the car number II that brought me from Thailand to Malaya three years ago. I traversed the jungles of tropical mountains where my car was constantly filled with the roars of tigers and my eyes filled with the sight of tracks of wild elephants. How I trembled when I attempted to pass through the blockaded lines of the Japanese troops. To-day, however, I strolled freely on Bukit Timah Road. What a heroic spirit I was now possessing.

While advancing from Selegie Road to Hill Street our journey was obstructed by a motor car in which rode Peace Maintenance Guard organized for the purpose of keeping order under the auspices of the Chinese Relief Society. The guard declared that the allies would land that evening and so our crew was going on. We at once made inquiries about the conditions of the city. They informed us that there had been bloody conflicts between the Chinese and the policemen in town and advised us to pass the night in populous quarters. With a firm belief in them, I chose a spot on the five-foot-way of an unknown street as my royal bed; there I passed my night as a vagabond did.

By our correspondent.

We welcome contributors who will favour us their experiences during the past three and half years in any field on any subject they are inclined to write. We especially welcome suggestions towards reconstruction and rehabilitation of China and works of scientific nature.

The editor.
September 5, 1945.

The day was dawning. The train in Kuala Lumpur Station bound for Singapore was crowded with passengers and Japanese troops ordered to assemble in Jurong. The melancholous atmosphere permeated by the odour of latrine at the station bore down the patience of the writer. All the berths, aisles, and even the stairs of cars were all filled so that ventilation was very difficult. The upper berths were piled up not only with luggage but with passengers as well. What a danger it presented. This reminded the reader of the picture he witnessed of the scene of evacuation three and half years ago. All the while I had been standing on the track near the locomotive, for the seat I reserved for myself was the coal pile near the locomotive. The train started; the morning breeze whirled around us; I looked forward for free Singapore. The life which had all these years been trembling, I believed now, began to actually belong to me.

When the train arrived at Seremban I struggled to secure a spot in the car. The Japanese soldiers, having rolled themselves as silkworms, fell into a sound (?). sleep after extreme fatigue. They appeared like prisoners waiting for the final judgment. A few ex-officers of administration exhibited greater downcast spirit. The former haughty and arrogant attitude has now been dissolved until it was converted into the gloom locked up in the knitted brows. Most of the passengers were itinerant business women and a handful of former evacuates from “Syonan” that were now returning to Singapore. Their cars were so filled with clamorous conversation that it nearly rent my head into pieces. They all entertained exuberant delight. Some of them assured themselves the soon arrival of the day when they should smoke 555 cigarettes and eat bread, which they have not tasted for three and half years. They almost watered their mouths just as opium smokers craving for a dose. A French priest and two Frenchmen who came on board at Seremban became the objects of interest during the whole trip. This tells how ardently people have been longing for the arrival of the allied troops. Now, these three Frenchmen came from Bahau. Their white skin was now tinged brown, a brand of Yamato domination. They smiled and nodded to every Chinese. This was a sign of spiritual friendship. What an honour it was to be a Chinese at present.

The train was a long one; moreover it was drawing behind traffic car. The latte was filled with Chinese labourers. With the scent of a reporter I made inquiries about them. I found that they were those who had been forced by the Japanese to construct the Thailand-Burma Railway. Under the unbounded grace of the Japanese Mikado those labourers had suffered far greater pains than the prisoners. One third of them perished in the scourg of forced labour, but the two-thirds who survived were either very much enfeebled or still being attacked by malaria. As the southern portion of the Thailand Railway has been bombed, transportation has become so difficult that they had to walk part of the journey and ride the rest of the journey before they reached Malaya. At all events they could be considered resurrected. Six of them were boatmen in Chinese vessel that sailed to Bangkok from Singapore. Along the east coast of Bangkok they met the submarine of allies. After they were delivered to the submarine, the vessel was sunk on purpose. The most interesting part of their report was, “It is a regret that we could not speak any ‘Red-haired language’. All we could remember of what they said was ‘Come on, Come on’.”

At three p.m. we arrived at Gemas. The two-thousand passengers of the train formed themselves a troop of starved soldiers, brawling and clamouring to the platforms for food. The advance from Gemas to Johore presented a greater promise and brighter aspect. The day was also warmer and clearer. In the mine area or rubber plantation there were hauled the three-starred red flag representing the three great peoples of Malaya, unfurling and dazzling. At Labis and Segamat Stations we witnessed the guerilla, alias the anti-Japanese armed army that was keeping peace and order. Some of the member search-
A hearty Welcome to the Triumphant Armies of
The United Nations.

-- Chiang Liu. --

With the decline of the ascendency of the Axis and the termination of the reign of atrocity humanity is now ushered into a new epoch of promising brilliancy and progress. With ardent enthusiasm and utmost delight, we extend to you the Triumphant and Righteous Allied Armies our hearty welcome.

We welcome you, for you have come in an opportune time to save us from further brutal domination. Indeed, as Bernhardi has said, "War is holy, war is beautiful!" But no war is holier and more beautiful than the one that eliminates the war itself. For a period of nearly a decade justice has fled to the beasts. It was only after your strenuous efforts, wonderful stratagems, unswerving devotion to cause, and willing sacrifices that the world is saved from the jaws of hell and wrested from the mouth of destruction. We welcome you, because you represent justice; it is justice itself that we welcome.

We welcome you, for you have come to save our morality from extinction. Since the commencement of the horrible regime human society in the south has been in the process of being deprived of its normal character. Sense of loyalty has been benumbed to such an extent that people have been compelled to subscribe to a cause which they neither understood nor appreciated. Economic straits which have led to guiles and decepts in commercial dealings have shaken the foundation of amicable confidence. Courtesy as well as chivalry has been ostracized under the piratical sense and usage of ceremony. Integrity has been usurped of its place by ostensible practice of corruption in all spheres, political, economic, or social. Conception of disgrace has been banished from thousand minds so that to them right and wrong appeared equally weighty or trifling. For a time it has been questioned whether it was brutal prowess or reason that dominates the world. But you have come in an opportune time to save us from sinking beneath the level of human beings. We welcome you, because you survive morality; it is morality that we welcome.

Finally we welcome you, for you have come to save civilization from decadence. With the temporary eclipse of Allied Power no art, no science, no literature, no speech found any adequate chance of self-expression. Even the expounding of scriptural tenets of various cults was denied freedom of delivery. Schools and other centers of education have been drilled and driven to such degree that they compared favorably in virtue with circus. Thousands of youth have been blighted of the prime of their life; their future thickened in clouds of gloom with the time. The promising blossom of enlightenment which has been expected of the younger generation has been withered. But you have come in an opportune time to save the civilization from being drowned in the abyss. We welcome you, because you initiate the renaissance of civilization; it is renaissance that we welcome.

We begin to dream that the policy of mercantilism will soon vanish in the colonies. We catch glimpses that Singapore becomes the melting pot into which all peoples are amalgamated as well as assimilated. We predict that in near future national as well as racial consciousness will be obliterated. We perceive that all will fight under a single standard of righteousness against nothing but evil. Without shedding blood we shall unite ourselves to battle against diseases, pests, famine, flood, or calamity of whatever nature that chances to infest mankind. We shall unite ourselves to fight against sexual inequality or double standard of morality, class distinction, concentration of wealth in a few hands, and the monopoly of intellect. The arrival of the Allied Forces marks the beginning of the epoch of enlightenment. Hail to the Allied Forces, Hail to the United Nations! Hail to Mankind! 
FOREWORD

This publication is an attempt to promote the mutual understanding between the local-born and the China-born Chinese with a view to assimilation. The editors do not presume themselves as intellectual elites that would dictate or even direct the life of the public, but they do endeavour to portray the various aspects of both elements with an unprejudiced and scientific attitude. Our task is one not of destructive criticism, sarcastic representation, or political propaganda, but of sociological study, sympathetic appreciation, and suggestive amelioration of necessary features. The plant of culture in the near past had just been sprouting when the Yamato relentless domination crushed its buds, broke its stem, and smashed its root. It is now our responsibility to replant, to nurture, to cultivate, to irrigate, to accelerate the bloom and to hasten the process of fruit-bearing. We realize the magnitude of our labour but we will not shrink from the contribution of our little share despite the mediocrity of our caliber.

Our first effort is to obliterate the demarcation between the terms local-born and China-born. We earnestly hope that such conception will soon die a natural death. Birth place hardly serves as a bond in either group, nor is it a barrier between the two. It is the duty of each to assist the other not to bring either at bay. We all are human beings capable of higher development through cooperation. The theory of monogenesis teaches us that all races branch out from a single family tree. Human beings are not by nature so perverted or depraved as we used to imagine, but exceedingly docile and inclined to virtue as the affective side of our mental life predominates over the rational. This may not be the best possible world, but it is a world that may be and can be bettered.

Our second effort is to relegate our view of life in general. Our competition does not lie in the field of material possession, but in the development of higher values such as science, art, literature, philosophy which may, in turn, promote a more abundant production of human necessities of life, more equitable distribution of wealth, and a more sensible way of appreciation and appropriation of capital, labour, and product to the welfare of mankind. We are bound to rise above the idea of Epicurian hedonism in order to distinguish ourselves from other forms of life.

Such being the purpose of this publication, we expect that the reading public will enlist their sympathies with our efforts and contribute to its success.

The Editor.