

China Reconstructs

VOL. V. NO. 10

OCTOBER 1956

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1221-132 ST., EDMONTON





Fireworks over Tien An Men Square, Peking, on China's National Day, October 1.

To Our Readers

The World Has Come Closer

EXACTLY four years ago, in the first eleven days of October 1952, a historic gathering took place in Peking—the Peace Conference of the Asian and Pacific Regions. What gave this meeting its unique character was the fact that the great majority of the 367 delegates who attended represented the peace forces in countries that had freshly won, or were striving to win, national independence and freedom from foreign oppression.

At that time the idea was still held by many people—and it was a stumbling block to the development of broad action for peace—that the world was irrevocably divided into two camps. To the Asian and Pacific Peace Conference came many people who desired to be in no camp, but who passionately believed that their countries must live in friendship and harmony in order to safeguard and extend their peoples' right to self-determination. They were deeply convinced that this goal was inseparable from the achievement of lasting world peace.

LOOKING back from the viewpoint of today, it is perhaps a little difficult to recall how remote—albeit desirable—seemed some of the ideas which the delegates discussed with one another so eagerly then. The Korean cease-fire, the declaration of the Five Principles for Peaceful Coexistence, the restoration of peace in Indo-China—all these were still things of the future. Each has marked a tremendous new stage in the relaxation of tension, and each has shown the will and determination of the people for peace.

The desire for friendly contact was expressed in resolutions which pledged the delegates to seek ways of extending cultural and economic ties between their countries. For China at that time, the arrival of the peace delegates from 37 countries, only three short years after the beginning of her peaceful reconstruction, was the beginning of a series of friendly contacts which have gone on widening ever since.

In 1955 alone, this country welcomed more than 4,000 guests, coming from over 60 countries. During the same period more than 3,000 Chinese representatives went to over 30 countries abroad, paying friendly visits and strengthening the economic and cultural relations with them.

CULTURAL exchange is an outstanding force for the building up of peace and friendship. Who could have foreseen the warmth of the welcome accorded to the Peking opera troupe that visited Europe last year? Who could have guessed that by this year the troupe would have set off to visit a number of countries in Latin America as well? Agreement has even been reached on an exchange of visits and performances between United States and Chinese theatrical groups, though this has not been implemented because of the opposition by the United States government.

As for trade contacts, readers of *China Reconstructs* will not need to be reminded how these are growing, always on the principle of equality, mutual benefit and mutual respect for national sovereignty. China not only benefits from the cooperation of the Soviet Union and other socialist countries. She is also enlarging her trade with the non-socialist countries and is finding herself able to contribute something to the economic development of those industrially less advanced than herself.

Though not yet represented in the United Nations, China now maintains diplomatic relations with 26 countries having an aggregate population of over one thousand million. With other countries, she has developed trade and cultural relations of the most varied kinds. All this demonstrates the Chinese people's contribution, and their desire to contribute further, toward the relation of world peace.

CHINA RECONSTRUCTS

VOL. V NO. 10

OCTOBER 1956

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
PUBLISHED BY
THE CHINA WELFARE INSTITUTE
(SOONG CHING LING, CHAIRMAN)

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A VILLAGE MOVES TO SOCIALISM

FRONT COVER: A graceful leap by Chang Fei-tzu, a girl gymnast who may be seen at the Melbourne Olympics.

BACK COVER: Rock chrysanthemum. Photos by Chang Shui-cheng

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THE



Chairman Mao with leading Chinese scientists at the Second Plenary Session of the CPPCC. On his left: engineer, Mao Yi-sheng and chemist, Hou Teh-pang.

LIU SHU-CHING, the smartly-dressed chairman of the board of directors of a big moving picture theatre in Kunming, mounted the rostrum to address the 1956 annual meeting of the National Committee of the Chinese People's Political Consultative Conference. At the time of the liberation, she said, she had fled to the United States, where two of her three daughters were then studying (the third was in France). Some time afterwards, when progressive friends cabled to assure her that she would be welcome, she had come back to her home. But this was mainly because she was homesick and worried about her property. She was still afraid of "the Communists", and told her daughters that if she wrote what she really thought she would sign her letters to them "Mother", and if not, "Mama".

For the first two years she occasionally called on her daughters to "come back home" but signed "Mama". Gradually what she saw impressed her: China's rising prestige in the world, the immense scale of the things that were done, the improvement of living standards. Moreover, the new government was helping capitalists like herself to keep

their businesses running, take part in political life, and find their proper place in the dawning socialist society.

Energetic and capable, Mrs. Liu wanted more and more to participate in the general progress. She began to feel ashamed of her original attitude. She wrote to her daughters, "Come back, I will meet you in Canton", and signed "Mother".

But her letter was misunderstood. Canton is the nearest city to Hongkong, so the daughters, looking for hidden meanings, decided that she was hinting at a desire to slip out of China. Their response was to buy a plane ticket to the U.S.A. and deposit it in Hongkong for her to pick up. It took much effort and explanation to persuade the girls, made suspicious by foreign press propaganda and earlier letters received from the mother herself, that she really meant what she said. Now two of them have returned; one is still in the United States.

"I will keep on reporting what great things are happening in our country. I will try to get not only my third daughter but all other patriotic Chinese to come home and take part." So said Mrs. Liu from the rostrum.

There are many other people like this businesswoman. The change in their outlook, which takes place against the background of China's developing revolution, can be described as the process of their conscious integration in the united front—a union of various classes in China. The policy of the united front is to rally as many people as possible to take an active part in the building of socialism. The Chinese People's Political Consultative Conference is the concrete form of the united front—bringing together the different classes, mainly through the various political parties and people's organizations such as trade unions, youth organizations, or religious associations.

Why a United Front?

China's united front has played a key part in the nation's destinies. Its possibility and usefulness were understood, and the first steps to build it were taken some thirty years ago when the Chinese Communist Party took the initiative to look for allies on the basis of its analysis of who were the oppressors and who the oppressed in the old Chinese society.

The workers and peasants were the chief, most unwavering and most self-sacrificing fighters for China's liberation. This was natural, because they are the vast majority of the nation, and the old order was destroying their very lives. But the petty bourgeoisie—the small shopkeepers and workshop-owners and the handicraftsmen, professionals and pedlars who did not employ labour, were also on the edge of bankruptcy. They also wanted and needed change and were dependable allies in the revolution. Finally there were the national capitalists, substantial middle-class people like Mrs. Liu. In old China, they were directly oppressed in day-to-day unequal conflict and competition by the big

STRUGGLE FOR UNITY

LI PO-TI

monopolists who were at the same time officials and were closely connected both with the foreign imperialists and the landlords. Although the national capitalists wavered at different periods, they ended by supporting the revolution or at least remaining neutral.

Helped by these factors, the new democratic revolution, led by the Communist Party which always sought to extend the united front, was won in 1949. Imperialist control of China was shaken off, the property of the bureaucrat-capitalists was confiscated, the landlords' land was divided among the peasants. The only classes that remained in China were those within the united front. Now the task was to keep them together and to further consolidate their unity to build a new China.

Consultation

It was due to the Chinese Communist Party's policy of continued unity, and of consulting all other patriotic people and organizations, that the Chinese People's Political Consultative Conference was brought together in 1949. The representatives were nominated by the various democratic parties, the people's organizations, national minorities, overseas Chinese, the People's Liberation Army and the local governments of the different liberated areas; a number of eminent individuals were also invited to take part.

The first Conference proclaimed the new People's Republic of China. It adopted the Common Programme which temporarily served as the constitutional basis of the state. The process by which unanimity was reached on this programme shows very well the spirit of consultation that prevailed. In preparing its draft, the Communist Party consulted the leading figures of all democratic

classes and circles and made seven revisions in the programme before it was submitted to the Conference.

Chou En-lai, who headed the drafting group, reported that some people had wanted to write a statement into the Common Programme that China would go on first to socialism, then to a communist society. This was the only way for the nation, he affirmed, but it would be an error to write it into a constitutional document until the majority of the people had made such a view their own. That could only come about as a result of the dissemination of socialist ideas, which were not yet general, and of giving the people an opportunity to become certain of their correctness in practice.

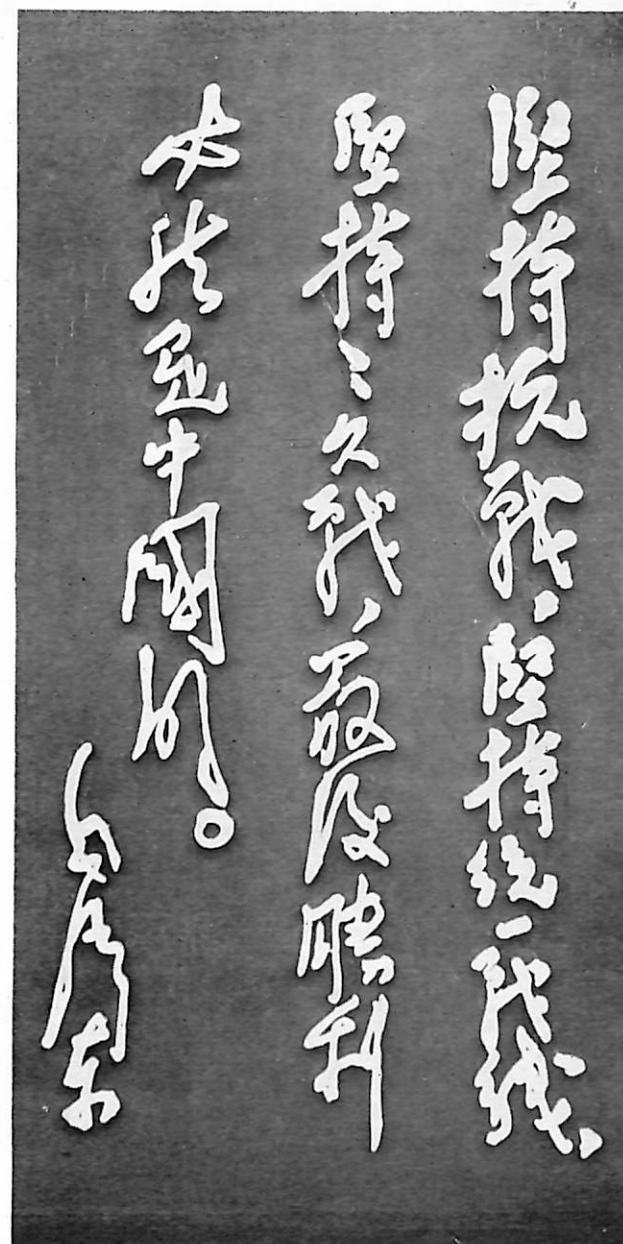
The United Front Today

In the following years, as everyone knows, China achieved the rehabilitation of her economy and the democratic reconstruction of her whole life. Facts showed the advantages of the socialist road to the whole people. So the socialist goal that had been omitted from the Common Programme of 1949 was included in its successor, the Constitution of 1954. This too was proposed by the

A facsimile of Chairman Mao's handwriting, written during the Anti-Japanese War. It reads: "We must persistently carry on the War of Resistance, maintain the united front, and keep up the protracted war. The final victory will surely be ours."

Communist Party and was thoroughly discussed with all other united front groups and parties, and by almost the entire adult population, with the result that many revisions were proposed and made. Other key measures that have brought about big social changes in China were handled in the same way.

In 1954, the CPPCC handed over its function as China's interim parliament to the National People's Congress, elected by universal





Overseas Chinese leader, Tan Kah-kee.



Kuo Lin-shuang, general manager of Shanghai's Wing On department store.



Mainuer, a Uighur woman.



suffrage and including people from all democratic parties and classes. After this, however, the CPPCC did not dissolve itself. It continues as a consultative organ of the united front, and has become more comprehensive in composition. Today, while the Congress makes decisions binding on all organs of state, the CPPCC, reflecting public opinion on all matters, may propose action to the Congress or to other state organs. It nominates candidates for the National People's Congress, and its local committees do the same for the local people's congresses. It also helps to settle problems arising from social change or conflict. It took a big part in such important discussions as those on the new currency, the conscription law, and the reform of the Chinese written language. Each man and woman in it is a bridge to others in his or her field or circle, reflecting their views and suggestions to the government, clarifying the government's policy to his fellow-members and friends, and rallying them to take an active part in the building of socialism. This is true both of the national and local committees, so practically everyone's opinion is represented.

The standing committee of the national CPPCC, which acts for it between sessions, holds consultations on important questions of home and foreign affairs. It helps to draft proposed legislation and its advice is often sought by the State Council (China's Cabinet) on current matters. It has eleven special panels which meet regularly and make a point of inviting non-members to give their ideas on foreign affairs, culture, science, social welfare, Chinese people abroad, women, medicine, religion, industry and commerce, health and nationalities.

Unity and Struggle

The united front has all along operated on the principle of "unity and struggle; struggle for the sake of unity". For several years, the main form of the struggle was that of socialism versus capitalism. China's national capitalists, it must

Wang Yu-kun, chairman of an agricultural producers' co-op in Hopei province.

be said, have had a history different from those of many countries: they have been allied to the revolution led by the Communist Party and, in the building of the new China, their enterprises contributed by producing necessary goods, by training workers and technicians, and by paying taxes. But they resembled other capitalists in that they lived by exploiting labour for profit, which naturally brought them into conflict with the working class.

The "movement against the five evils" in 1952 was a struggle led by the Communist Party and the government to put an end to corruption, a practice common in the old society, which was holding up national construction. It began with a movement to expose graft by government officials. The trail led to the capitalists, some of whom were bribing them. Workers and employees in private concerns mobilized themselves to run a fine-tooth comb through the affairs of these units for the "five evils": bribery of officials, tax evasion, theft of state property, cheating on government contracts, and stealing confidential government economic information for the purpose of private speculation. The CPPCC and the China Democratic National Construction Association (a political party whose members are mostly capitalists) played a big part in this campaign through discussions and talks with the law-breakers. They got them to see the wrongness and hopelessness of such capitalist behaviour in the new China by helping them to realize the harm such practices brought to the nation, which had just recovered its independence and self-respect.

Year by year both the socialist and the capitalist sectors of China's newly-prosperous economy expanded, but the state-owned socialist sector, with more investment, went forward faster. There was a similar process in the countryside. The land reform had created an agriculture based on small private holdings; this could have led, in the course of time, to a fresh turn to capitalism in the countryside as the richer peasants were able to buy out the less suc-

cessful small farmers. However, the peasants settled this issue by the formation of agricultural producers' cooperatives, which was first gradual and then accelerated to embrace the vast majority of peasants at the end of 1955.

It was after this "high tide of socialism in the countryside", that the capitalists came face to face with the decisive step in their own socialist transformation. The state-run part of industry was ever stronger and better equipped, agricultural raw materials and markets were now state and cooperative controlled, so that the remaining private enterprises were a small island in a growing socialist sea. Inside these enterprises, the workers did not strike, it is true, since they knew the importance of production for the nation. But they did not work as enthusiastically as in the state enterprises, where they knew no personal gains were involved. The capitalists became anxious about their own future.

The solution was found. An executive committee meeting of the All-China Federation of Industry and Commerce was called to consider these questions. The representatives were invited to a preliminary discussion during which Chairman Mao Tse-tung explained how China was building socialism, and showed the place of private industry and trade in this. They heard reports by vice-premiers Chen Yun and Chen Yi. The capitalists could keep in step with the inevitable development and not lose by it, they said. They could gear their enterprises into the state plan by investing them as shares in state-private joint enterprises. In so doing, they could collect interest on their assets, retain their salaries, get positions matching their ability, be accorded a respected political status, and gradually become true members of the socialist society, giving according to their abilities, with rewards based on the social value of their labour.

To carry this out well, the State Council consulted the Standing Committee of the CPPCC, the China Democratic National Construction Association and the All-China Federation of Industry and

Commerce on interest rates to be paid to capitalists who had invested their assets as shares in state-private joint enterprises. Many relevant questions worrying the capitalists were also settled. Were scrap and other unused materials in factory yards, for instance, to be valued as assets for the purpose of interest payments? (Decision: yes.) Were hospitals and workers' housing built at the capitalists' expense to be considered as part of the private shares? (Decision: yes.) The capitalists have been given positions appropriate to their experience and capacity in the joint enterprises and state corporations. When some who had technical skill were placed in non-technical jobs, the CPPCC representatives called the attention of the government to it.

The Struggle Today

Today, the struggle takes place through the gradual transformation of non-working-class people into workers. Capitalist ownership continues to exist only in the form of interest on capital. The capitalists are becoming state employees. With more and more people of different backgrounds working in state or state-private joint enterprises or in cooperatives, attitudes inherited from class upbringing clash inside, not outside, the government departments, schools, factories and farms.

Our intellectuals, for instance, are mainly working for government or public organizations and are part of the working class by virtue of their position. But since most of them were born in landlord families or those of urban or rural capitalists, they still retain non-working-class attitudes. Li Pei-wen, a CPPCC representative, recently enumerated some of the attitudes he had observed among research workers: "Tendencies of non-cooperation . . . each one thinking he is the top and looking down on others. Tendencies to exploit others' labour . . . sometimes the head of a research group claims his colleagues' contributions as his own." Here class struggle takes the form of a conflict of



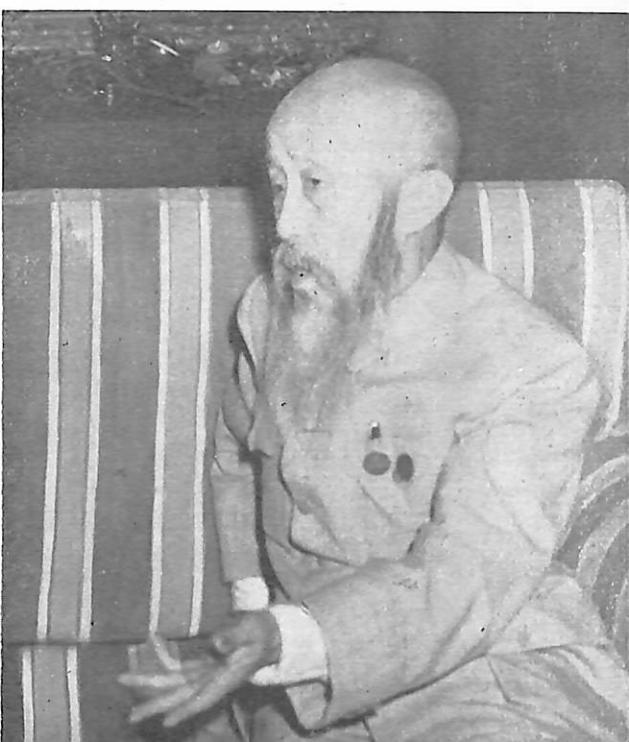
Cheng Chien, former Kuomintang general, now governor of Hunan Province.



Buddhist monk, Chu Tsan, Master of Dharma.



Chou Yi-hsin, astronomer.



Chairman of the China Democratic League, Shen Chun-ju.

ideas and ways—between “me first” considerations and those which give precedence to public benefit.

The capitalists who have become managers and employees have also naturally retained many of their old habits of thought and behaviour. But the interest which they get on their property is fixed at a definite rate, regardless of whether the enterprise makes more or less profit. Their sense of profit-making is weakening. They are more and more immersed in the work from which they derive salaries, prospects of advancement and the respect of their fellows.

Meanwhile, clashing attitudes and methods of work are handled through argument, criticism and explanation. A CPPCC representative from Chungking gave an example of this at the last session. A small owner who had become chief of a workshop in a bigger plant neglected his job. He had all the necessary skill; he just wouldn't apply it. Things in his shop got so bad that it was nicknamed the “below standard shop”, a bottleneck and a headache to all. The government representative in the plant, its trade union officials and Communist Party branch secretary tried again and again to reason him out of it. Finally he spoke his mind. The shop was a big one, he said. There was a lot to do there. If he once put his shoulder to the wheel, all sorts of responsibilities would fall on him. He didn't want such a burden. What was more, he didn't think the workers in the shop were up to scratch.

In a labour emulation campaign that came soon afterwards, this man worked hard side by side with the workers, planning, helping get rid of hitches, improving various processes. He really put his back into it; his shop not only caught up but won a banner. He had found a new stimulus in life.

A Session and its Results

The growth of unity among all classes is increasingly clearing the path for China's advance in science and culture. Last January, as the CPPCC held its 1956 session in its big new marble-columned auditorium in Peking, all strata of

Chinese society were buzzing with discussion on vital problems connected with the rapid socialist reorganization of many phases of the nation's life.

Premier Chou En-lai, concurrently the CPPCC's chairman, reported to the session on key questions of home and foreign affairs. Two of his statements gained nation-wide and world attention. One was a new, far-reaching declaration on the peaceful liberation of Taiwan. The other dealt with the role of intellectuals in China, naturally a matter of great interest to the conference, many of whose members belong to this category. Our long-backward country, Premier Chou said, has set itself the task of reaching the most advanced world levels in science and technology within twelve years. To do this, its educated people must be properly reinforced and employed. They must also be provided with working and living conditions, including material rewards, under which they can contribute their best.

Further developments on the question, as on others, were a vivid example of the work of the CPPCC. Members of the national committee are given facilities to travel anywhere in the country they wish, to go into matters on the spot, and local representatives do the same in their own territorial sphere. In all cases, government departments must on request open their files for their inspection, answer all questions, and respond promptly to suggestions and criticisms forwarded to them. These, incidentally, are sometimes directed not only toward the government but toward the Communist Party.

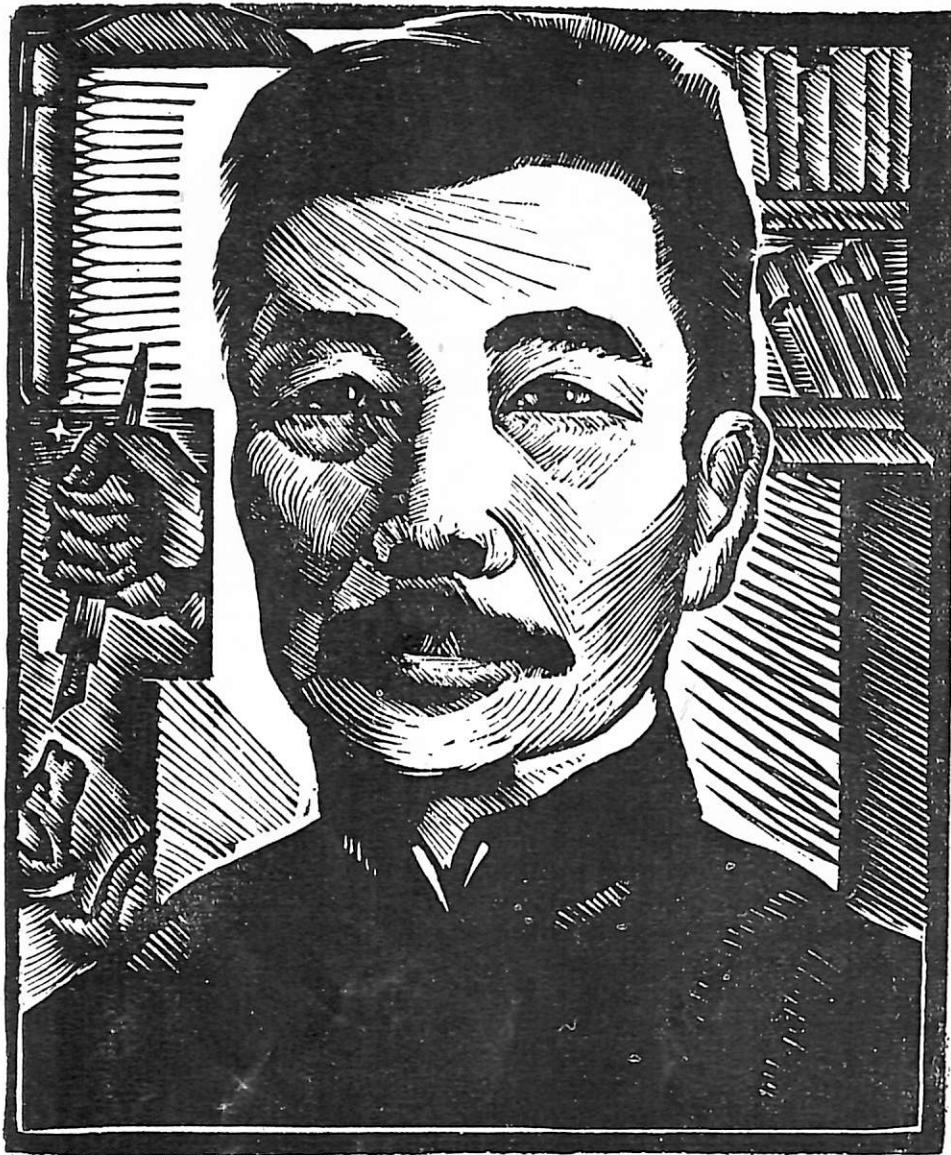
After Premier Chou's talk on the intellectuals, a number of CPPCC members inspected the living and working conditions of highly qualified brain-workers in different places. They noted in their voluminous findings that many important forward steps had been made. Scientists had been provided with assistants, and better equipment and more literature were being ordered at home and abroad. The salaries of many brain-workers had been raised

and the new nation-wide wage-rise, now being put into operation, would raise them still more. In Shanghai, intellectuals had moved into luxurious apartments formerly occupied by high executives of foreign firms. But, some reported, there were certain Communist Party members working in government, education and industry who did not respect the opinion of non-Party experts in these fields, and seemed to want to run the whole show themselves.

At the National People's Congress held in June, five months after the CPPCC session, these criticisms were given attention in a report by Li Wei-han, head of the United Front Work Department of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, who said many of them were valid. “Comrades with such shortcomings and faults,” he pointed out, “are still suffering from a sectarian style of work and a closed-door outlook. They still don't understand what Chairman Mao Tse-tung has pointed out to us, that ‘affairs of state are the public concern of the whole people, not the private business of a party or group. Hence Communists are duty-bound to co-operate in a democratic spirit with non-Party people and must not act in disregard of other people's opinions and monopolize everything.’”

The following month, national and local committees of the Chinese Communist Party summoned special meetings to investigate the whole field of united front work. Leaders of other parties, capitalists, representatives from national minority and religious circles and departmental and other heads who are not members of the Chinese Communist Party were invited to give their criticisms and suggestions for further strengthening the unity between all sections of the people.

Li Wei-han, speaking on the occasion mentioned above, spoke of the future in these terms: “The Chinese Communist Party should coexist with democratic parties over a long period of time, and there should be mutual supervision and first of all supervision over the Chinese Communist Party.”



Lu Hsun. A woodcut made in 1936 by Li Chun.

LU HSUN

HSIA YEN

LU HSUN...was not only a great man of letters, but also a great thinker and a great revolutionary . . . an unprecedented hero on the cultural front, the most correct, the bravest, the firmest, most loyal and the most zealous hero who stormed and broke up the enemy's front. The path he took is precisely the path of the new culture of the Chinese nation."

With these words, written in 1940, Mao Tse-tung summed up the character and significance of China's great revolutionary writer. As we commemorate the 20th anniversary of Lu Hsun's death on October 19 this year, we see afresh how closely his progress—from

patriotic idealist to man of conscious struggle—reflects and parallels the progress of the great battle of ideas that accompanied the breaking up of the old society in China and her advance to the new day.

Lu Hsun, whose real name was Chou Shu-jen, was born on September 25, 1881, in Shaohsing, Chekiang province. His family was of the kind known as "scholar gentry"—well-to-do landowners who could afford to have their sons educated for an intellectual career. But during his early adolescence it was on the verge of bankruptcy. His mother was a village woman. The boy grew up with a rebellious hatred of middle-class sham and a

deep feeling for the suffering and misery of the peasants, together with an admiration for their common-sense wisdom and downrightness. This knowledge and emotion found eloquent expression in his writing in the years to come.

Until he was 17, a year after the death of his father, Lu Hsun lived at home. The period of his youth was that of the final decay of the Manchu dynasty and the crumbling of China's national sovereignty. After the Opium War in 1840 China had fallen an easy prey to foreign imperialism, and the corrupt Manchu government made successive concessions of vital territory and interests in order to help prolong its decadent rule. China was rapidly becoming a semi-colony and stood, moreover, in grave danger of partition.

It was a time of great social unrest and of much new thinking. Lu Hsun's father was something of a reformist, a believer in constitutional monarchy. But the most patriotic and forward-looking of China's intellectuals were turning to the bourgeois-reformist ideas of the West to seek a way for their country. Their idea was that China's salvation lay in adopting western science and technique, along with western political theories and systems of rule.

Seeking Remedies

These thoughts took root in the mind of the young, sensitive Lu Hsun. At 18 he went to Nanking to enrol in the government's Naval College and a year later transferred to the Mining School attached to the Kiangnan Army School. This was his first experience of the new world of science. In place of the ancient academic studies that had hitherto bounded his education he found—as he afterwards wrote, to his great astonishment—"that there were such things as natural science, mathematics, geography, history . . ." He embraced their study with avidity, convinced, like many of his contemporaries, that science by itself could solve the problems of poverty, ignorance and slavery that he saw around him.

The four years he spent in Nanking were years of successive national crises. The Emperor Kwang

Hsu's ill-fated efforts at governmental reform were suppressed by a palace revolt in 1898. The Boxer Uprising, the sacking of Peking by foreign troops in 1900, and the Boxer Protocol of 1901 which further bartered away China's national independence—all these events helped to shape his political understanding.

In 1902, after graduating from the Mining School he went to Japan, then the mecca of Chinese students athirst for modern scientific knowledge. He had decided to take up medicine, and enrolled in the Sendai Medical School. He discovered Huxley's essays, which he read with enormous interest, and he began to make translations of foreign scientific novels like Jules Verne's *Journey to the Moon* and *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*. He wrote a *Manual of Minerals in China* and was the first to introduce and popularize Marie Curie's discovery of radium.

Tokyo at that time was a centre for Chinese revolutionaries living abroad in voluntary or enforced exile. In the course of time Lu Hsun was drawn into their circles and made numerous friends. Through discussion with them and through his own reading he began to consider, he wrote later, "that medicine was after all not of prime importance". It was more urgent, he said, to cure the people's numbness of spirit. Determined to make this his task, he left the medical school, and after an unsuccessful attempt with a group of friends to launch a literary magazine called *New Life*, he returned to China.

Frustration

When the 1911 revolution led by Dr. Sun Yat-sen succeeded in overthrowing the Manchu regime, Lu Hsun was the principal of the Teachers' Training School in his home town. Exhilarated by the long-awaited victory which seemed to hold the promise of a break with

the feudal evils of the past, he organized his students into "lecture brigades" to go out into the streets and expound the meaning of events to the people. Following the establishment of the provisional government of the Chinese Republic in Nanking he was invited to go there to take up a post in the Ministry of Education, and from thence he went, a little later, to Peking.

But the succeeding years were years of bewilderment, frustration and near-despair for those who had pinned their faith on bourgeois reforms. The monarchy was overthrown, but the roots which sustained feudalism and imperialism went scathless. Personal rivalry

broke out among the leaders of the new government; the popular support which would have enabled it to challenge reaction and make far-reaching changes had never been sought; China remained a hapless semi-colony of foreign imperialist powers while warlords, each dominating his own region, undermined the authority of the central government. Lu Hsun fell into a mood of frustration, angry and disappointed, searching for "a new political power" but unable to find it. Up to the time of the first world war he confined himself to his teaching activities and to making studies of classical literature.

Then like a thunderbolt, like a torch that illumined the way forward for all oppressed peoples, came the October Revolution in Russia. China's progressive intellectuals were ripe for its message. Bourgeois reforms had failed them. They turned towards Marxism as the road to independence and progress for their country. The rising tide of the "new culture"—the expression of the demands of the people—was ready to burst its banks, and it did so in the great cultural and popular upsurge that followed the May Fourth student movement of 1919.

In 1918 Lu Hsun wrote his first short story (and China's first modern short story in the vernacular), *The Diary of a Madman*. Symbolizing in biting satire the evils of the feudal family system and its devouring of the individual, it was an epoch-making work in Chinese literature, and remains so today.

The Way Forward

The new culture had discovered its path, and with the formation of the Chinese Communist Party in 1921 it found its guiding ideas and its leading forces—Marxism and the working class. In the same year, Lu Hsun wrote his best known and most characteristic tale, *The True Story of Ah Q*, again a satire but full of profound sympathy for the Chinese peasant who, weighed down by feudal oppression, finds excuses for his inability to combat his evil fate.



Woodcut illustration by Ku Yuan for Lu Hsun's short story, "Native Place".

From 1920 onwards, while he was teaching literature at Peking University and other colleges, Lu Hsun engaged in a tremendous variety of literary work. Besides his own writing he was contributing to the magazine *New Youth*, editing literary supplements for a number of newspapers and journals, and helping his students to set up literary circles and groups. He read and revised their manuscripts. He supported them in their political struggles, protesting and clamouring by their side against the reactionary deeds of the government.

Courage in Dark Days

By August 1926 his position had become so dangerous that he was obliged to leave Peking. He went south, and after a short period at Amoy University and later at the Sun Yat-sen University in Canton, he eventually settled in Shanghai. This was in 1927, the year in which Chiang Kai-shek betrayed the rising Chinese revolution—the new, proletarian revolution—and went over to the side of reaction.

During the ten years that followed—the last ten years of Lu Hsun's life, the reactionary Kuomintang rule was at its most oppressive. Hundreds of thousands of patriots, workers and peasants were murdered. Progressive literature was banned. Those were the darkest days for the forces of progress. Yet in these very days Lu Hsun showed his most uncompromising courage, waging fierce and constant battles and growing into a towering figure in the new cultural movement. In 1930 he took the lead in organizing the Left-Wing Writers' Association, rallying under its banner outstanding writers of the time. The Association had the guidance and full support of the Communist Party. But it was Lu Hsun with his boundless confidence and combative spirit who welded it together. His name, his fighting experience and his writing were chiefly responsible for the Association's power to stand up to the Kuomintang's onslaughts until it was voluntarily dissolved in 1936.

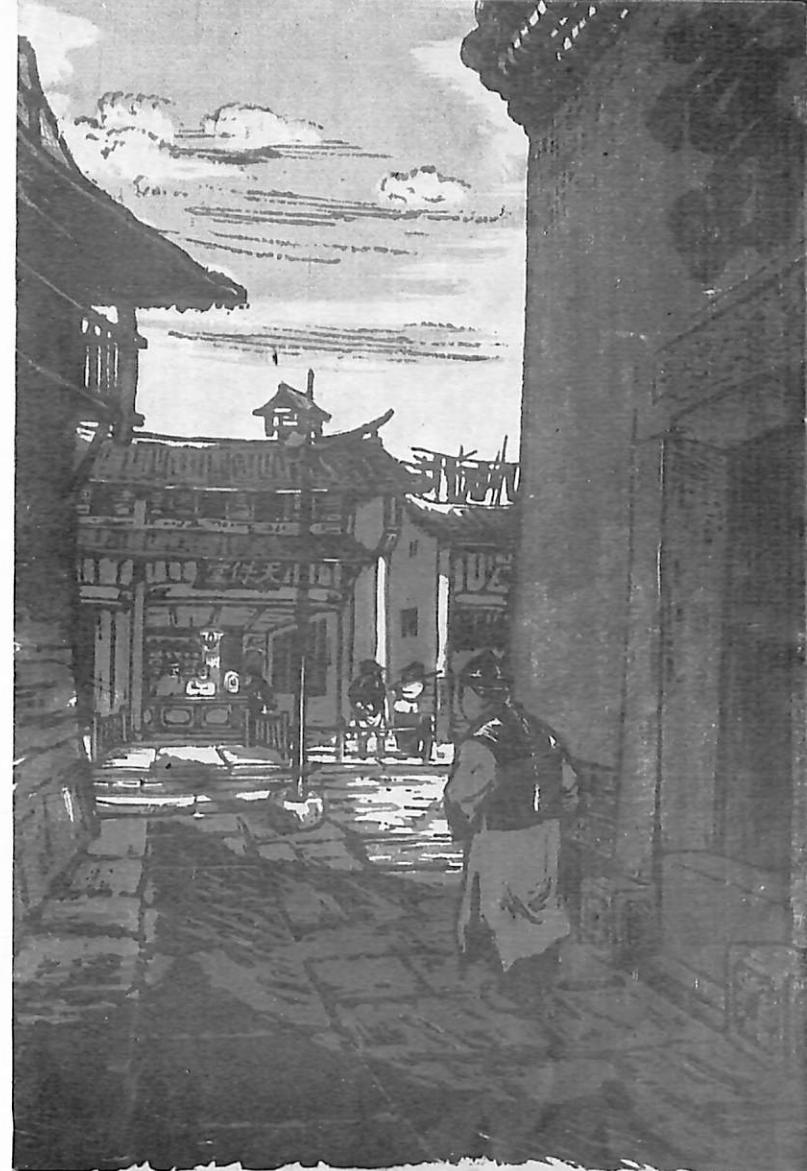
From the time of his coming to Shanghai, his direction was clear

and definite. He had believed in "democracy and science" but now he had come to see that they could only become reality in the hands of a new class, recently emerged onto the historic stage—the working class. Though never a member of the Communist Party, he pledged himself to make his writing "obey the orders of the revolutionary vanguard", announcing proudly: "I feel absolutely certain that a proletarian society will come. Not only have all my doubts been swept away, I have gained greater courage."

He Died Fighting

In constant danger of arrest, he worked steadfastly and unafraid. He started magazines, he wrote innumerable stories, articles and essays. He translated foreign novels and poetry, choosing what he called "works that shout and protest". He was often compelled to publish his own articles under assumed names to escape arrest, yet his readers invariably recognized his unmistakably clear, pungent style. He took part in all sorts of actions in defence of political prisoners or in protest against the ruthless terror and censorship that reigned.

His last years were a desperate fight against ill-health. He refused to rest or to go into hospital. Tuberculosis, as his wife wrote after his death, "never suited him". He could not bear to lie quietly, not working, not reading, not acting. From March to May of 1936 he was working on his translation of Gogol's *Dead Souls*. From July 1 to the day of his death, he was writing every day. He completed more essays in September than he had done in August. Even in the first days of October he produced



An imaginary scene from Lu Hsun's boyhood, "going from pawnshop to pharmacy" during his father's illness. Woodcut by Yang Ko-yang.

several articles, sharp and forceful as ever. On the day before his death he was at work on a new essay, never to be finished. He died on October 19, 1936.

The Communist Party sent a telegram to the Kuomintang government demanding that he be accorded a state funeral and that the ban on his works be lifted. The government ignored both these requests, and sent police agents to watch who attended the burial. The funeral was a triumph—like a review of the patriotic forces of the nation, for though time and place had not been announced because of threatened police reprisals, thousands of people came to pay farewell to Lu Hsun as he lay in his last sleep and thousands followed his funeral procession and heard the memorial meeting at his graveside. The police dared not interfere. He was too great for them.



Sheng Li at his machine.

The New Champion

FEI LI-WEN

YOU old ox! How can anyone break records with you!" said Sheng Li. He was apostrophizing the big grey-painted vertical boring machine on which he had started working that day for the first time.

"Hey, Master Sheng" said an excited voice behind him. "Listen to this! We've doubled our work quota today in our shop!" Sheng Li turned to the voluble young fellow from the Hydraulic Transmission Shop, who seemed to have sprung from nowhere.

"Now I'm going to master the methods you showed us and catch you up at aeroplane speed, see if I don't!" continued the youngster, pointing at Sheng's chest challengingly. "You've shown the way. We've got to catch up with you—more than half the fellows in our shop are already using your methods."

He dashed away again, and Sheng Li stood wrapped in thought. A stout man in his middle thirties, he had been a factory worker since he was thirteen but had been a lathe-operator only since liberation. In the past two years he'd become a notable figure among the workers all over the city.

He looked across at his old lathe, the one on which he had earned his fame. He had devised over forty different working tools for it, and on it he had finished his five-year quota in less than three. Some two months ago he had achieved the highest cutting speed ever known in Shanghai—1,821 feet per minute. Now his record was being beaten all over the place, even in his own factory. He loved that lathe, and had been looking forward to getting even better performances on it.

"But what shall I do now?" he thought. "With this old ox I'll be

left way behind. I'll never get more than 328 feet a minute out of this. Why on earth did the management transfer me to work on it just now, in the middle of a competition?" Raising his head, he caught sight of the slogans pasted on the opposite wall: *Learn from Sheng Li!* "I'll go and talk to the leadership about it," he decided.

Before he had gone more than a few paces, however, he stopped, recalling the meeting a few days ago when it had been announced that the production quota for the whole factory had been increased. "Each machine counts," he said to himself. "Supposing everyone refused to work this one because it is slow and awkward? We'd never get the job done."

HE returned, and taking up the blueprints began to work again, puzzling to himself: "None of the methods I've been using are possible on this thing. Yet it's a solid job. Why can't I make it run faster?"

Someone touched him on the shoulder. It was the factory director, a friendly smile on his face.

"Why so gloomy?" he asked. "I suppose you're worried because you've been put to work on the old ox, are you? It's a good thing we have a chap like you to work on a problem lathe like this one."

"I was just racking my brains . . ." began Sheng Li, feeling rather shamefaced.

"Fine! What do you plan to do?" asked the other. "All the cutters in Shanghai are gaining on you, you know. How are you going to keep the lead?"

"I was thinking about increasing the power. The lathe would probably run faster if we did that. But I don't know if the Power and Maintenance Department would agree."

"I'll talk to them myself. I'll tell your workshop head to back you up and get people to help you. The rest depends on you."

The Director walked off with rapid, energetic steps, leaving Sheng Li feeling much happier. Patting the lathe, he said to it: "Now, you old ox, we'll turn you into an aeroplane!"

ON a bright Saturday morning about a month later, Sheng Li set off for work in a happy mood. It was the day he had been waiting for. After working late for many nights on his drawings, he had taken them to the Power and Maintenance Department, who had had them checked by the draughtsmen. As a result of the joint efforts of all concerned, the speed of the lathe had been increased from 300 to 820 revolutions per minute. Today Sheng Li was going to try it out.

A crowd of people stood waiting for him in the workshop. The Trade Union committee member in charge of production for the factory, Chang Hsi-pao, called out: "Hurry up, Old Sheng! There's a young worker at the Shanghai Steam Turbine Factory called Sung Wan-ching, who's just succeeded in cutting 3,461 feet per minute. And he's only a junior!"

"What's that? And he's a junior, you say?"

"Yes, he's beaten all you champions. You'd better watch out. The press are coming to watch your try-out this morning."

EVERYONE gathered round the "old ox". The headstock was spinning at full speed. Sweating profusely, Sheng Li fixed his eye on the workpiece and turned the handle of the tool-post. Faster and faster the metal shavings curled off, turning from blue to purple. But before half the piece was finished, smoke was coming from the edge of the tool.

"Disengage, quick! The edge is burning!" cried Chang Hsi-pao.

As the lathe slowed down and stopped, the crowd let out a deep sigh. Sheng Li started it up again with a fresh tool. But the result was the same. One of the reporters spoke:

"Comrade Sheng Li, it only began to burn when you increased the speed to 4,222 feet. It was all right when you were working at 3,478 feet a minute, and though it wasn't what you hoped, it's still higher than Sung Wan-ching's. Can we publish it as a new record?"

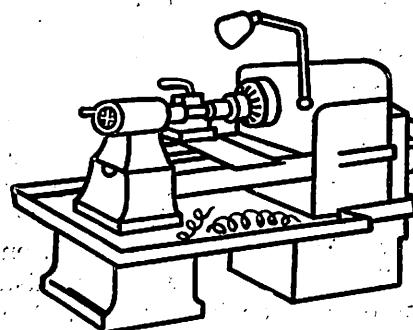
"What kind of record do you call it when the tool burns?" growled Sheng Li. "This isn't a horse-race, It's a matter of production!" And he turned back to the machine.

Although next day was Sunday, Sheng Li did not stay at home. He was at the house of Chang Hsi-pao, the trade union representative, early in the morning. He was not satisfied until Chang had agreed to approach the tool-room workers first thing next day to improve the lapping. "For high-speed cutting, the tool must be as smooth as glass so as to avoid friction on the cutting edge," said Chang. "We'll get the lapping workers to help you tomorrow."

On the evening of the following day, Sheng Li's eight-year-old son met him at the door as he came home, and signalled him to enter quietly. They tiptoed into the living room. The radio was on and his wife, holding the baby in her lap, was listening to it. Sheng Li smiled. He guessed what was coming:

"Today Sheng Li, the famous high-speed cutter, has set up a new record. He has succeeded in cutting 4,222 feet in a minute, beating the former champions Chen Ken-jung and Sung Wan-ching. The two young workers have stated that they will try to do better. The competition is still on."

"I don't know how many days I'll keep the record," said Sheng Li.



THREE days later he was in a car, on the way to the Shanghai Steam Turbine Factory, to watch the performance of Sung Wan-ching, one of his young challengers.

"He'll expect some help and advice from you because of your experience," said the secretary of the factory's Youth League, who was riding with him.

"No, I shall be learning from him today," said Sheng. Nevertheless, deep down he thought it quite likely that he might be asked to give a demonstration of his own skill. He felt in his pockets, and found two special ceramic turning tools which had been presented to him by a famous Soviet turner who had visited his factory not long before.

There was a crowd of over two hundred people there when they arrived, mostly workers who had come to watch the performance. Sheng Li shook hands with the rather frail-looking lad at the lathe, who said: "I'm so excited that you could come, Master Sheng."

"Keep cool," said Sheng Li, patting his shoulder. Then he helped him set the machine up for the test.

The performance began. All eyes were on Sung Wan-ching and his lathe. Sheng from force of habit counted the number of revolutions and the diameter of the workpiece. To his great astonishment he found that the machine was cutting at a speed of 4,265 feet per minute. Thinking he must have been mistaken, he rubbed his eyes and counted again. No, he was right. Sung Wan-ching had broken the record again.

Suddenly there was a strange, sharp noise and the lathe came to a standstill. Sung Wan-ching, his face a fiery red, was removing a burnt tool from the lathe.

"Don't worry. It often happens at a try-out," said Sheng. "Slow down your feed a bit with the next one."

Sung put in a new tool and started cutting again. But again the tool began to burn. He tried again, and again until his last remaining tool was done. The visiting workers began to murmur together. "Yes, he's quick, but it's no use if he burns his tools." "Don't forget, he's only a youngster." Then Sheng heard someone say: "Better

ask Sheng Li to show us how it's done so that we shan't have come all this way for nothing."

Sheng bethought himself of the two special tools in his pocket. People were looking in his direction as if they were about to ask him to give a demonstration.

"No," he thought to himself. "There are a lot of inexperienced young lads like Sung Wan-ching in the country. If he succeeds, it'll be a tremendous thing for them. They need confidence that they can master these advanced methods. That's far more important than if I win the competition or not."

HURRIEDLY he pushed his way through the crowd to where the youngster was standing, his head down and his hands in his pockets.

"Here, try these," said Sheng Li, holding out the two special tools. "They're extra hard, they were given me by a Soviet worker. Look, I'll help you fix it!"

"I can't. I'm too worked up now," faltered the youngster. "It would be better for you to do it."

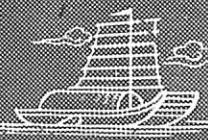
"Nonsense, you'll be all right. Just behave as if you were on an ordinary shift and don't think about the rest of us."

The lathe started up again. Sung Wan-ching guided the tool with tremendous concentration as everyone watched tensely. The swarf flew up like a shower of arrows. Then the whole crowd of workers seemed suddenly to relax; they began to smile and nod their heads. Sheng Li loosened his hands, which he had been holding clenched with anxiety. The sound of the lathe died down. There was a burst of applause.

People crowded up to the machine. His hands trembling and his eyes sparkling with tears, Sung Wan-ching handed back the tools to Sheng Li, saying "Thank you, thank you..."

The chairman announced that Sung had just achieved a cutting speed of 4,452 feet per minute. Two grimy hands gripped one another hard. The old champion and the new one smiled at each other.

Trade Winds



Foreign Trade Arbitration Committee

IN the normal course of foreign trade, there are always problems over which disputes may arise. They may concern such matters as specifications for merchandise or its quality and quantity, the delivery schedule for goods, the explanation and execution of contracts, questions of payment, packaging, transport or insurance. With the rapid expansion of her foreign trade, it became imperative for China to find some method of settling such routine matters fairly and quickly. For this reason, a Foreign Trade Arbitration Committee has been set up for the first time in China.

Established last April, this independent, non-governmental group aims at the prompt, reasonable settlement of trading disputes by means of arbitration. When both parties agree to accept this method, it generally involves less time, simpler procedure and lower cost than if the matter were taken to a court of law in the country of either party involved. For many years a similar system of trade arbitration has been customary in other countries.

Set up as a permanent separate body under the China Committee for the Promotion of International Trade, the Arbitration Committee consists of 21 members chosen by the parent group from among persons with special knowledge and experience in trade, commerce, industry, transport, insurance, law or related fields. At its first meeting on April 2, Chi Chao-ting, one of China's well-known economists, was elected chairman; Prof. Chou Keng-sheng, an international law specialist, and Tai Hsiu-tsang, an expert in law, vice-chairmen.

Cases Handled

The Arbitration Committee will handle disputes arising from trade transactions between foreign indi-

viduals, firms or economic organizations and Chinese firms or economic organizations. But it may also arbitrate in cases where both parties are foreign if called on to do so.

This is the way the mechanics of arbitration will work.

When a case is submitted to the Committee, each party is given the opportunity to choose an arbitrator from among its members. The two persons named then select an umpire, also from among the members of the Committee, who will act jointly with them in what is known as the Arbitration Tribunal, which actually hears the case. If they so desire, the disputing parties may also agree upon a single arbitrator.

Tribunal Hearing

In the hearing before the Tribunal, and in related proceedings, each side may appoint an attorney, who may be a foreign citizen. If it requires clarification of any questions concerning technical matters or business practices, the Arbitration Tribunal may consult such experts as it needs, who may also be either Chinese or foreign citizens. Hearings are in open sessions unless either party requests that they be closed. When the Arbitration Tribunal reaches its decision, this will be announced, along with the reasons for it. Both sides are expected to accept this as final and to execute it within the time limit set by the Tribunal. If this is not done, one of the parties may petition the People's Court of the People's Republic of China to enforce it in accordance with law. To pay the costs of the arbitration, the Committee may collect a fee of not more than one per cent of the amount of the claim. In this way, both sides are able to estimate the cost of the arbitration process before it begins.



A group of demobilized soldiers leave for Kansu to join construction work.

Settlers 'Go West'

TAN AI-CHING

WALKING through the busy thoroughfares or quieter side-lanes of Peking these days, one is struck by the number of posters and slogans saying: "Sign up for Kansu Province to Help Agriculture and Live Prosperously!" or "Honour to Those Going to Kansu to Grow Food for the Country!"

Many of the neighbourhood wall-newspapers, mostly done in coloured chalks on blackboards at street corners, contain messages from people who have already settled in Kansu. They tell what they found in this province fifteen hundred miles to the west, and how they are settling down there.

It is not only from the capital that settlers are going to new lands. There is a movement from other cities like Harbin, Tientsin, Shanghai and Canton, and from densely populated rural areas near the coast. Besides the Northwest, many migrants have already established new homes in sparsely populated parts of Northeast and Southwest China, on Hainan Island and elsewhere.

Because China is very thickly settled in some places, and very sparsely in others, the government plans to help two to three million people move to Kansu from the heavily populated North China provinces and crowded cities like Peking. Rich fertile land awaits settlers along the Ordos bend of the Yellow River, the only stretch of "China's Sorrow" that flows evenly and quietly, without flooding. Thickly crossed with irrigation canals, the loess soil yields fine crops of rice, wheat, green beans, soya beans and millet. When the water is diverted into the paddy-fields in the autumn, the farmers get a further "harvest"—from the fish with which the river teems.

This rich region, with an agricultural history going back to deep antiquity, lost much of its original population under the rule of the warlord Ma Hung-kuei, who bled it for some twenty years before the liberation. High taxation and prohibitive prices had resulted from Ma's monopoly of trade. Massacres and the press-ganging of young men for his armies also

forced the peasants to flee. But now Kansu needs people. Industry, including huge oil-fields, is developing there. New cities are springing up fast. All the local resources are being brought into use.

Why Migrate?

It is easy enough to see why peasants should flock there, once travelling expenses are provided, from areas where there is more pressure on the land. But what makes city-dwellers willing to face the pioneer life? What kind of people are the 13,000 who have already emigrated from Peking to Kansu, or the other thousands now getting ready to follow them?

The answer is that old Peking was always a "consumer" city, where small traders outnumbered productive workers. Even after becoming the capital of the People's Republic of China, it had something of an unemployment problem. Thousands of people made a precarious living as hawkers, porters, pedicab drivers, junk-collectors or scavengers. Though growing prosperity made their livelihood easier right after the liberation, modern urban development is now cutting out their old-fashioned trades. More and better public transport is replacing the pedicab—which no one will be sorry to see go, because it is a violation of human dignity to be pulled about by a fellow-man. The change from private to joint state-private trade is leading to better shopping centres, which means less door-to-door sales by pedlars. Such people are attracted by work prospects in a region with an assured future.

Chang Shu-ching and Sun Kwang-hwa, who have decided to emigrate to Kansu with their families, have both been pedicab-drivers for more than fifteen years. Pedicabs—tricycles with the passenger seated in the rear—were long the principal means of transport in the city. The men who pedalled them always found it hard to get a living, especially when the Kuomintang inflation was at its worst. At that time they used to demand the fare from their passengers before starting, dash to the nearest shop to buy some grain and put it in a sack they always carried with them. If they did not



Migrants from Peking plough up waste land in Kansu province.

do this, their money would often be worth half as much before they had reached their destination. After Peking was liberated, they set up a trade-union of their own and did better. But with trams and buses carrying passengers faster and more cheaply, most pedicabs were gradually relegated to the lanes and by-ways.

"I have got to think about a new job before it gets too late," says Sun Kwang-hwa. "That's why, when the government offered to help us to go to farm in Kansu, I decided to leave."

"Drum-Beaters and Hawkers"

Also disappearing are the "drum-beaters", who were once a common sight—and sound—as they went through residential streets tapping a miniature drum held in the palm of their hand. Their business was to buy unwanted curios, scrap metal and other "valuable" junk. Peking, capital of the old imperial dynasty, had many aristocratic and official families. After the downfall of the emperors, and particularly after long years of war, many of them lived by respectfully discreet back-door sales of ancestral heirlooms, old paintings and rare porcelains. The "drum-beaters", the confidential buyers, sold such things to customers, including dealers with shops of their own, in the fifty-

year-old "Ghost Market"—open only between two and four in the morning—where as often as not thieves also brought stolen property to dispose of. After 1949 the Ghost Market became the "Morning Market", opening at 7 a.m., and the stallkeepers set up their own elected committee to run it for the greater benefit of traders and customers alike.

But lately the "drum-beaters" have felt their business coming to an end. People are no longer so keen to get rid of their small family treasures for a bit of cash. Moreover, the new society judges worth by labour. As one "drum-beater" put it: "There are honours and awards for model workers and model peasants nowadays, but there'll never be a model drum-beater!" Such men too are beginning to look for a new life in Kansu.

So are Peking's vegetable-hawkers. Many, in the past, were landless peasants who could not make a living in their villages and came to the city. It was relatively easy to set up in their trade because all the equipment needed was a carrying pole and two baskets, plus a little money for the day's goods. But Peking had too many such hawkers. More recently, especially since the change to joint state-private trade brought a more convenient distribution of markets,

some went back to nearby villages to join agricultural producers' co-operatives. Others found the prospect of Kansu more alluring.

How They Enrol

Enrolment for Kansu is completely voluntary. The city government holds neighbourhood meetings where reports and full explanations are given, with maps and photographs. People are encouraged to raise their questions and doubts: Is life as comfortable as in Peking? Is the climate warm enough? What fuel do people use to heat their homes? Are there proper schools for the children? When queries like these have been answered in full detail, no one feels that he is taking a step in the dark.

Last spring the government arranged for a party of about fifty Peking people, including many pedicab drivers, to go on a free visit to a part of Kansu where former residents had already settled. The descriptions with which they returned were encouraging. They brought samples of wheat and rice which surprised people with the size of their grains, and bits of coal from the Holan mountains. One man carried a branch of elm with fat green buds and sprouting leaves. When he had left Peking the weather was still extremely cold, but on arrival in Kansu a few days later he had found elm trees already sprouting. So the climate was not as forbidding as he had thought.

Before accepting any settler, the government makes two requirements. There must be at least one able-bodied person in the family. And every working or studying member, except the small children of course, must agree to the move. In one household, the parents decided to go but their son, who was in middle school, was afraid he might not have a chance to go on with his education. It took time to convince him that he could do as well in a new middle school which has been opened in the resettlement area. Until he was sure, the family's departure was held up. In another family the eldest son and one of the girls decided to go after receiving a letter from a former

schoolmate, who was already on the spot. In this case, it was they who persuaded their parents to go.

Last-minute Problems

A problem that often arises before leaving is that of outstanding debts. Here the neighbourhood residents' committee lends a hand. It calls the creditors together and tries to get them to agree that the debtors will pay when they have got established. Quite often, the creditors decide to write the debt off, to give the migrant a clear start.

When such matters are solved, settlers move into a government reception centre to await departure. They have a medical examination, and hear talks about conditions in the agricultural producers' cooperatives they will join. They go off on special trains, some carrying as many as 1,400 people. Travel is free. During the whole journey—two days by train and four by road, all food, accommodation and medical care are provided by the government. Thirty officials and seven doctors are permanently employed on escorting migrants to Kansu.

On a recent trip, twin boys were born *en route*. The rule is that a woman over five months pregnant shall not leave until her child is born. But this mother had been so eager to get off that she had hidden the facts. A midwife among the passengers delivered the twins in a staff compartment. A telegram was sent ahead to Sian in Shensi province, where an ambulance removed the mother and infants to hospital. With them went gifts of food, clothing and sweetmeats, donated by fellow passengers.

What They Find

And when they arrive? In a letter to his former neighbours in Peking, a man named Wu Ching-jui wrote: "At Yingchuan, our trucks could scarcely enter the city gates because thousands of people were waiting on the main street to welcome us. There were the Mayor, other officials of the municipal government, and students with drums and bands. You could hardly hear yourself speak for the cheering and the noise of the fireworks. In the

evening we were all taken to a Peking opera, very well done by a local company."

Other migrants wrote how pleasantly surprised they were by the houses built for them by agricultural producers' cooperatives. It was good to see the same kind of *kang*, or heated brick beds, that they were accustomed to in Peking. Entering their new homes, they found the fires lit, and the evening meal cooked ready for them. Even the lamps were filled with kerosene. There was a supply of rice, flour, vegetables and other food in the larders. For a whole year after arrival the government supplies each migrant family with grain and fuel. Aid in money continues until settlers get the first dividends from their agricultural producers' cooperatives, after the autumn harvest.

About one in ten of the Peking migrants is a Muslim of Hui nationality. These people join cooperatives in one of the Hui autonomous areas of Kansu. Wang

Hung, a Muslim youngster, wrote to his grandparents in Peking: "Our cooperative is big—674 households. There are two and a half acres of land for every person in it, man, woman and child. For every household, there is a cow. The co-op has a big flock of sheep and lots of chickens. Father is working in the No. 1 team of the co-op. It is very beautiful here, I've never seen such scenery.... Close by is a mosque as big as the one in Cow Street, Peking's largest. I've decided to keep on studying. The family has enough income without my help."

Involved in helping the migrants are the national Ministry of Railways, the Peking Bureau of Civil Administration, the Peking Public Health Bureau, Women's Federation and Trade Union Council, as well as many smaller organizations.

In many parts of China, new settlers are building prosperity on vast stretches of land, long uncultivated and unused.



Yin Hung-tu, (left) deputy head of Holan county, Kansu province, comes to visit Ching Yu-kun's (right) new home. The latter has just come from Peking.



PLANTING AND HARVEST



Planting Rice near Chungking, Szechuan Province. Photo by P. N. Sharma

Harvesting Wheat near Tali, Yunnan Province. Photo by Ngao En-hung

A Sinkiang Story

BASIL DAVIDSON



The medical unit, encamped in an alpine pasture in the Tien Shan range, many thousands of feet above sea level.

IMAGINE a country of snow-capped mountains that tower in giant ramparts round the fringes of the worst desert in the world. Between these mountains and this desert, and strung out like rare green beads on a necklace, there lie many oases, large and small, and in these oases men have managed to live for as long as history remembers, and no doubt much longer. Above them in the mountains, wherever good pastures can be found, other kinds of men have also found a home, tending their flocks and living the nomad life that you will find all the way through Central Asia.

These peoples of Sinkiang—situated in the far northwest of China—numbered in 1949 between four and a half and five million. They were for the most part a ruined people deep in misery, their survival rate dangerously low, their health undermined with diseases for which no cure, let alone prevention, then seemed possible. Cholera, smallpox, typhus, syphilis; these were some of the troubles they suffered from.

They had few doctors, just how few nobody could tell. Nobody knew the appalling truth until the People's Liberation Army brought in its wake the chance as well as the determination to find out. Then it was discovered that the whole of Sinkiang, through these last years of the old regime, had six fully qualified and ten partly qualified doctors.

Even this handful of medical practitioners, scattered across a country half the size of Western Europe, had practically no drugs left to use. They had no hope at all, in that black past, of getting more. When my friend Dr. Habibullah Tadeyev went down to the southern oasis of Yarkand (Soche), beneath the mountains that lead southwards over into Kashmir and Afghanistan, in order to take charge of Yarkand Hospital a few weeks after liberation, he found an absolute lack of drugs for everyday ailments. But he found forty kinds of drugs, he tells me, for rare ailments: none of them had been used, so far as he could tell, for years. Misery and

demoralization were the reigning spirit among the handful of half-trained nurses and quarter-trained medical staff that he found at Yarkand Hospital.

It will not surprise anyone familiar with China today that the medical position at Yarkand should have changed. But it may surprise them to know just how much it has changed. As I lately saw for myself, the Yarkand oasis now has six fully qualified and eight partly qualified doctors, almost as many as the whole of Sinkiang seven years ago. They include two surgeons, one pediatrician, one ear-nose-and-throat specialist, and one gynaecologist.

In the High Pamir

This progress refers to the settled populations of the oases that string around the burning rocks of the Takla Makan Desert. Even more interesting perhaps, because more difficult to achieve, is the progress among the stock-breeding nomads of the Tien Shan mountains and the plateau of the High Pamir. For these nomads

are exceedingly remote, difficult to reach, and seldom settled in one place for more than a few months.

It was through looking into this side of things that I came to have the pleasure and the valuable experience of meeting a team of Chinese medical specialists led by Dr. George Hatem, known in China as Ma Hai-teh. I knew that he and his colleagues, Dr. Chen and Dr. Yin, were working on preventive medicine among groups of Kazakh stock-breeders in the Tien Shan. But I also knew that they were far away and hard to reach, somewhere near the snow line of a range of peaks that march along the frontiers of Sinkiang and of Soviet Central Asia. I had had little hope of being able to meet them, let alone visit them. But the seemingly impossible is regularly possible in China nowadays. I was able to visit them and stay with them for several days.

I was in the north Sinkiang town of Ili (some two hours' flying from Alma Ata on the north and Urumchi, the Sinkiang capital, on the south) when Dr. Ma came in from the mountains on some mission connected with his work. He dropped into my hotel to see me, having heard that I was there, and suggested that I go back with him to see what preventive health work was doing for the Kazakh people of the remote Tien Shan. Next day we took off in a Soviet *Gaz 69*, a cross-country vehicle of great capacities, and drove for twelve hours.

Ma Hai-teh is a youngish man around the age of fifty, I should say, whose many years in China have not removed a full and fruity command of the American language, nor habits of hospitality and easy-going friendliness that make Americans, when that is how they are, the best of people. Like his late friend and fellow-worker, Norman Bethune, George Hatem threw in his lot with the cause of China's revolution when many of the hardest years had yet to be endured. It is not easy to get him to talk about himself. But I rather think, from diligent questioning, that he came to China in the first place, after qualifying in

the United States and a period of post-graduate studies in Syria, to specialize in tropical medicine. But 1935 found him in Yenan, and the hard fighting years that followed found him as a medical practitioner and surgeon in the ranks of the People's Liberation Army.

After the fighting was done, there came the period of reconstruction. So far as medicine was concerned, it was time and again a task of building entirely new institutions. Among many new medical organizations established after 1949, not the least important was the Central Research Institute of Skin and Venereal Diseases. It was of this Institute that Ma Hai-teh became a member.

Of his own work and that of his immediate colleagues he told me as we drove into the mountains. "The job of our team, and of teams like ours, is to cover the great grasslands of Mongolia and Turkestan, Tibet and so on, to find out what's never been known until now, the real state of these peoples' health. Especially, we are working on the organization and establishment of preventive medical work among the minority people, Uighurs and Mongols and Kazakhs and Kirghiz and a host of others, and on the training of local doctors."

This preventive work, he went on, had to be seen against the background of China's long-term

plan to eliminate principal diseases and epidemics within twelve years from 1956. Last year he and his colleagues, Dr. Chen and Dr. Yin, were in the grasslands of Inner Mongolia, towards Hailar not far from China's northeastern border, and also in the mountains of western Kansu. This year they are in Sinkiang and later on they will be moving into the hills and valleys of Chinghai province where it adjoins Tibet. Next year they will go into Tibet itself.

Dr. Ma and his colleagues stay three or four months in selected areas. In that time they conduct a preliminary survey of several thousand cases both in order to chart the condition of local health and welfare, and to take a more or less numerous group of local doctors through the whole process of registration, statistical recording, health examination, treatment, and so on. "We initiate a process of preventive medical work that can be carried on by the region's own doctors—men and women, for the most part, who are drawn from the minority peoples themselves, and who have already had three years' medical training."

Three Days at Balak-Su

Late that afternoon we went up by a steep pass through the foothills of the Tien Shan and emerged into a wide grassland plateau encircled by remote mountains. Late



In a yurt clinic, a Kazakh woman prepares to give blood for a routine test.



Dr. Ma Hai-teh at work in the yurt which he shares with his colleagues, Dr. Chen and Dr. Yin.

that night we reached a little river and a group of yurts; this was Balak-Su. From here the Soviet frontier is only one day's ride on a good horse.

Three days at Balak-Su were something to remember. Dr. Mussojan, the Kazakh doctor who is in charge of the Sinkiang branch of the Institute of Skin and Venereal Diseases, had decided that Dr. Ma's team should begin its work with a relatively numerous group of Kazakh nomads whose summer pastures are in the neighbourhood. In this exceedingly remote corner of China, accordingly, I found a circle of 16 yurts whose inhabitants, apart from Dr. Ma and his two colleagues and Dr. Mussojan, included 35 doctors of Uighur, Kazakh, Uzbek, Kirghiz and other Sinkiang nationalities, as well as nurses and a complement of laboratory workers. There could scarcely be a more impressive proof of the fact that China's revolution reaches into the farther-

most regions and leaves nobody and nothing uncared for and untouched.

Next morning, after a good night's sleep on a camp-bed in Dr. Ma's yurt, I watched the patients beginning to arrive. They came in from their yurts that were pitched on green hill-sides, men and women and children riding, for everyone rides in Kazakhland, and presented themselves for registration. "We get about 150 a day," Dr. Ma said, "and now we're nearly at the end of our preliminary survey of about 3,000 people near Balak-Su." After they have had some months of practical experience under the guidance of Dr. Ma's team, these local doctors, who are under Dr. Mussojan's general command, will then branch out on

their own. They will systematically cover all these mountain and pasture-lands from one end to the other, examining, prescribing, inoculating, until the loneliest yurt is reached and the health of its inhabitants attended to.

I watched the people coming on their horses. Not far away a small tent was pitched by itself. Dr. Ma told me why, and it was an interesting story. Some days ago a woman had ridden in with her husband and brother. She was desperately ill, barely able to sit on her horse. But her family, believing that she would certainly die if nothing were done, and having heard that "the Peking doctors" were encamped at Balak-Su, decided that she must endure the pain of travel and ride in search of them. She rode for four days across these giant mountains, but she was still alive when they arrived.

The "Peking doctors" examined her and said that there was no reason why she should die. She

would have to have a minor operation and careful treatment for several weeks. So her husband and her brother pitched the tent they had with them, purchased food for her and left her with blankets and household necessities, and rode back to their flocks the way they had come. Every morning, as I saw while I was there, she came up for treatment. The rest of the time she cooked for herself and lay under her blankets and felt glad.

Hospitals, Mobile and Stationary

Now the good thing about this story, to my mind, is not that doctors should do their best for a sick woman, but that Kazakh families should ride for days in search of doctors—with the certain knowledge of not riding in vain. And I heard of many such cases. In the grasslands of Inner Mongolia, for instance, it is evidently a regular practice now for stock-breeding nomads to ride in with their tents and household gear whenever a medical team is working in the neighbourhood, and camp around it for as long as their health problems require. "In these grasslands, where people are always on the move," Dr. Ma said, "we don't build permanent hospitals. We establish medical centres and equip them with what they need, and then people come with their own tents and beds and bedding. These temporary 'hospitals' last for as long as they need to last, and then everyone moves. One day the 'hospital' is there, the next day everything has vanished over the skyline."

All this, of course, refers to the work of preventive medicine and minor ailments. Surgical and serious cases are sent either to proper hospitals established in places of permanent settlement or else still further afield. A British pioneer in the field of accident surgery, Dr. Horn, who is also working in China, told me one day that he had just treated, in Peking, a little Mongol girl whom the Inner Mongolian authorities had sent down from distant grasslands, since they had no specialist of that kind themselves.

These doctors are laying sound health foundations for peoples

whom the Chinese Empire and the Kuomintang had left to shift for themselves as well or as ill as they might. Upon these new foundations the Chinese Central Government, and the governments of the two big autonomous regions (Inner Mongolia and Sinkiang, with Tibet now about to make a third) are in the course of building a whole structure of preventive and curative medicine. Within a few months from now, for example, the Sinkiang-Uighur Autonomous Region (named after the largest minority in Sinkiang) will celebrate the opening of one of the most extensive and well-equipped medical universities in any part of Asia. Already its buildings on the outskirts of Urumchi, as I saw this summer, are near completion and partially in use; its laboratories, besides being air-conditioned, include some of the best equipment that is anywhere available.

Seed for the Harvest

The consequences will be many. By the end of 1967, for example, this medical university is to provide Sinkiang with as many as 1,680 fully qualified doctors. From six doctors to 1,680 in 12 years is no small achievement. What is perhaps still more important is that these new medical battalions will be drawn from the peoples of Sinkiang itself.

Dr. Ma and Dr. Chen and Dr. Yin, an indomitable trio, will have left Sinkiang by the time this article appears. They will be bumping and jolting on their truck across the grasslands of Chinghai, disappearing into blue distances that border on the mountains of Tibet, their passage little more than a cloud of dust and a fearful thrill for countless little shepherd boys. But behind them in the hills of Sinkiang, far up where green pastures disappear beneath snows that never melt, more than 30 well-trained doctors will be hard at work, applying what they have learnt as they move from one uncharted valley to another. They will have sown a harvest of knowledge, understanding and practical relief that will now come up, year by year, a thousand fold. And this is what good government really means.

Language Corner



Making an Appointment on the Telephone

HERE is a real-life situation. Mr. Chen rings up Mr. Wang on the phone, but he isn't there, so a later call is arranged for.

喂, 請 王 先 生 听 電 話。

Uei, king Wang Hiansheng ting dianhua.

Hello, please call Mr. Wang to the telephone.

他 出 去 了 嗎? 什 么 时 侯 可 以 回 来?

Ta chukyle ma? Shenme shihou keji huilai?

Has he gone out? When will he be back?

那 么, 我 在 中 午 再 打 电 話 罢。

Name, wo zai zhungwu zae daa dianhua ba.

Well, I'll ring up again at noon time.

这兒 的 电 話 号 碼 是 3 5 7 8 9。

Zher de dianhua hauma sh san-u-ki-ba-giu.

The telephone number here is 35789.

我 有 事 情 要 跟 他 商 量。

Wo jou shiking jau gen ta shangliang.

I have a matter to consult with him.

如 果 他 回 來 得 早, 請 他 打 电 話 給 我。

Ruguo ta huilai de zau, king ta daa dianhua gei wo.

If he comes back early, please tell him to telephone to me.

Vocabulary

Uei	Hello	zhèr	this place; here
tīng	to listen to	háumǎ	number
dìanhuà	telephone	shíkíng	matter; business
daa diànghuà	to call on the phone		
kějí	may	shānglǐang	to consult
name	well; then	rúguō	if; in case
zae (zài)	again	húilái	to come back

Grammar

In Chinese, adverbs are usually placed before the verbs they qualify. But in the last sentence above, the adverb *zau* (early) is put after the verb *huilai* (to come back) because *de*, which has no meaning in itself, links up the adverb to the verb it modifies. Here *de* (得) is used to describe the manner of action. It is quite different from the *de* (的) you have learnt before, which shows the possessive case. The latter is placed after a noun and also before another noun. For example:

中國 的 京 城

Zhunghuo de gingcheng (the capital of China). (See our lesson of February 1956.) By contrast, the *de* (得) in this lesson is put before the adverb and after the verb.

Phonetic Note

According to tradition, every syllable of a Chinese word is divided into (1) an initial, or the beginning sound and (2) a final, or the rest of the syllable. Example: in the syllable *kan*, "k" is the initial and "an" the final.

All the consonants except *j*, *w* and *ng* are used only as initials. There are 21 such initials, which are usually grouped as follows: pronounced with the lips (*b*, *p*, *m*, *f*); teeth (*d*, *t*, *n*, *l*); back tongue (*g*, *k*, *h*); with the blade of the tongue near the hard palate (*gi*, *ki*, *hi*); with the tip of the tongue curved back (*zh*, *ch*, *sh*, *r*); and with the tip of the tongue touching the teeth and making a hissing sound (*z*, *c*, *s*).

A final can be formed consisting of one "vowel" (*a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, *y*); of two or more "vowels" put together (*ai*, *au*, *uai*, *iau*, etc.); or of a vowel followed by a nasal consonant (*an*, *ang*, *ian*, *uang*, etc.). *J* and *w* are half vowels which are parts of finals. Some syllables, a minority, do not have initials at all.

CLOSE-PLANTING CATCHES ON

LIU CHUNG-HSUAN

HOW ABOUT some more science?" Shih Wen-chih shouted to me as I walked past the co-op field where he was working, on my way to the university experimental farm. I stepped up for a chat. "We've really learned something," he went on. "With that new variety of wheat, and with close-planting, we are now getting three times our old yield.

"We have a technical study group in our co-op now," he added. "That's why I'm hurrying you. We're all ready to introduce any other new methods your Institute works out."

Though he did not know it, Shih Wen-chih's reference to close-planting drove home a lesson I myself had learned. We agronomists had developed a new strain of wheat that would resist rust and had a stronger straw so that it would stand up better. But that hadn't entailed any change in our way of thinking. Close-planting, on the other hand, had only been introduced after we had overcome our conservative prejudices.

Close-planting can be applied to various crops. Methods differ, but in the case of wheat it means drastically reducing the space between rows. In China, the traditional between-row distance was from 13 to 18 inches. But some close-planted fields have rows no more than 2.9 inches apart. In most cases, however, the peasants don't have the right implements to set them quite so close.

First Acquaintance and Doubts

I personally first heard of this method in the spring of 1950. Professor Tsai Hsu of the Peking Agricultural Institute, where I

was lecturing, had just returned from a national agricultural conference. He told us that F. C. Lutsenko, a Soviet agronomist, had said in conversation that Soviet farmers were planting wheat in rows only 5.9 inches apart, and planning to halve the distance. Some 130 lb. of seed were being sown to the acre, about 80 per cent more than was customary in China.

Despite my great respect for Professor Tsai, who had been my own teacher, I could not help being sceptical. The plants would not have room to breathe, I argued, and it would be impossible to get in and hoe the weeds. Professor Tsai had not brought information to clarify these points and was not so sure about the method himself. So we dropped the matter and returned to our work of breeding new varieties.

In the autumn of the same year, we heard that the Shuangchiao State Farm, near Peking, had achieved an unusually heavy yield of cotton. It turned out that, with advice from Lutsenko, they had used the close-planting method. "But this was cotton," I reasoned. "And even the 'close-planted' rows were two feet apart, which left plenty of room for hoeing."

Soon afterwards, when the director of our experimental farm consulted me as to whether we should attempt close-planting for wheat, I advised against it. He too was hesitant and we did not try it that year. We weren't the only doubters. Close-planting was debated at the North China Conference on Agricultural Techniques, held in January 1951. But it was opposed by many delegates,

so the conference recommended widening the distance between the rows even further and increasing the amount of seed sown in each row.

Proofs of Efficacy

The Ministry of Agriculture was not satisfied with this decision, and arranged its own test on a large piece of land at the Shuangchiao State Farm,* where wheat was close-planted the following season. The result was that plots sown with rows 6.5 inches apart produced 80 per cent more wheat than those sown 18 inches apart. And the thing that amazed everybody was that, far from the wheat being choked by weeds, the nearness of the rows itself seemed to prevent weeds from developing.

It was the sight of Shuangchiao's experimental fields that convinced me too. So I was very interested when the Ministry invited Lutsenko to give a detailed report on what was done in this respect in the Soviet Union. Lutsenko went into great detail concerning the amount of seed to be used and the preferred width between the rows. He explained that the reason for higher yields was that the seed was more evenly distributed, and the soil more fully utilized. Moreover, the evaporation of moisture from the land was reduced by the shade given by the thick growth, which at the same time kept down the weeds.

In the meantime, the Ministry gave publicity to a discovery that

* "Peasant Girl to Farm Leader", written by Chi Feng-yin, the woman deputy-director of the farm, gave some account of its activity. It appeared in *China Reconstructs* No. 4, 1954.



Harvesting wheat grown by the close-planting method at the Bright Light Agricultural Producers' Co-op in Shansi province.

our own Chinese peasants had worked out similar results for themselves. Investigators had found that, in a certain county in Shantung province, a method of wheat planting known as "nestling" had long been in use. Furrows eight inches wide were set eight to nine inches apart. The seed was scattered evenly in the furrows by hand, using 112 to 132 lb. per acre. Young plants were "nested" in these furrows, generously manured and watered. Yields were 2,700 to 4,200 lb. per acre, or from 60 to 180 per cent higher than those from fields cultivated in the ordinary way.

The peasants who developed this method had done so because of local land hunger. For generations it had been localized mainly in one village, and even there it was only used on a part of the land, since it required more fertilizer and labour. After the liberation, when the farm folk became more prosperous, it was adopted more widely and spread to nearby counties. Although the Shantung method was too much like gardening to be promoted on a wide scale, its underlying principles

were those of close-planting, providing further proof of its feasibility.

Convincing the Peasants

What with one thing and another, the Ministry that same year branded the North China conference decision as an error, and called for all wheat growers to adopt close-planting. I helped promote it, and one of the peasants I convinced was Shih Wen-chih, to whom I have referred at the start of this article. He, and the others, had had many questions. Their doubts fell mainly into three categories.

1. The Shuangchiao State Farm had used modern seeding machines which the peasants could not yet afford. They had to make the furrows with grub hoes or ploughs, which made it difficult to shorten the distance between the rows.

2. The State Farm's experiments were done on unirrigated land. If wheat were close-planted on irrigated land it would probably fall flat because it would not get enough air and light, and the straw might rot at the base.

3. Some dry, sandy land was already so poor that its yield was not much greater than the seed

sown. What was the use of investing more seed on such soil?

The only way to answer was by practical demonstration. The Peking Municipal Bureau of Agriculture and Forestry asked a number of scientific institutions, including our university, to cooperate. Professor Tsai was asked to direct our experiments. I myself was working on the university farm that year on the development of some new wheat strains. So I too pitched in, taking part in the close-planting work from start to finish.

The main tasks we set ourselves were to work out a practical method of cultivation and to prove that close-planting did not make the crop more liable to fall over. We also wished to study the effect of close-planting on dry, sandy land.

Some forward-looking peasants around Peking had already tried it, but their only tools were ploughs and hoes so they couldn't bring the rows closer than 10.5 inches apart. We knew that in some other parts of North China the peasants used a cheap, simple, wooden two-row seeder

that could overcome this handicap, and we decided to try working with this. The distance between its spouts was 11 inches. But by overlapping when working, the distance could be reduced by half.

It was decided to sow 1.88 million seeds per acre on the irrigated land and a little less on the dry land. The strain we used on irrigated soil was rather heavier than average; at this rate we were sowing about 148 lb. per acre.

As for the crops "lying down", we knew that this arose from weakness of the straw in the local wheat. Sometimes, also, it was the result of applying too much nitrogen. We had already introduced several new strains, with stronger straw, which some peasants had used successfully. What we now had to show was that close-planting was not synonymous with crowding, and that there would be no question of the wheat falling flat because it did not get enough air and light. Actually in close-planting, although the rows are close together more space is allowed between the plants in the rows, so in one way it is easier for light to penetrate and air to circulate.

Of course the question of raising yields is also connected with that of using better varieties, able to take more fertilizer. For our test, we used improved seed on the irrigated land, and a common variety on the dry land. In this way we were able to demonstrate the potentialities of close-planting and what could be done with the resources already at hand.

In June 1953 when our wheat was ripe, agronomists and peasant representatives from the surrounding areas were invited to come and inspect it. They were amazed at what they found—thick, sturdy

wheat on the irrigated land yielding 4,200 lb. per acre. Some of them had done as well or better on small half-acre plots, but to see it happen over an extensive area was something new. Actually, the yield was 72 per cent more than the local average.

Even more surprising to many was our record on dry land—2,000 lb. per acre, or 137 per cent more than the local average under similar conditions.

Large-scale application

When they had had a good look



Close-planting has also proved efficient in rice-growing. A visiting team from the Ministry of Agriculture examining the harvest at a cooperative in Kwangtung province.

and heard in detail how the crop had been cultivated, the peasants were convinced and inspired to try the new method. One of them, I remember, advised us to give it a new name to overcome some of the misconceptions. "When I myself first heard of it," he said, "I imagined the wheat growing thick as a horse's mane, which didn't make sense. Why not call it 'wider planting on closer rows'? Then everyone will see the point."

Two years after the Peking experiments, close-planting had been adopted in many parts of the country. In one section of Shansi province, all the blacksmiths were mobilized to help add an additional spout to 40,000 old-type two-row seeders. In the Northeast, where agricultural cooperatives were organized earlier than in other places, 75 per cent of the wheat was being sown with modern-type horse-drawn seed drills which set the rows at the required width.

Agronomists have now worked out the most desirable spacing for rows and amounts of seed to be sown for various districts, and this information is being publicized among the peasants. In the Peking area, for instance, it is recommended to sow two million seeds per acre, in rows 5.9 inches apart. Actually, even better results can be obtained if the rows are as close as 2.9 inches, but this cannot be done until improved farm implements are available.

In 1955, it was estimated that 25 million acres, or 37 per cent of the land sown to wheat throughout the country, were close-planted, in accordance with the recommendations of agronomists for the different localities. In most of the remaining wheat-growing

areas, traditional methods had been modified to bring them nearer to close-planting. All this had much to do with the fact that the total estimated wheat crop for 1956 was 25 million tons, as against 18.12 million tons in 1952.

Chinese agronomists are quite sure now of the benefits of close-planting. A widespread publicity campaign is under way to make it universal. Most important of all, peasants like my friend Shih Wenchih have tasted the benefits of science—and want more of it.

Teacher of Her People

HAN TZU

On a raw, blustery evening in the winter of 1952, a short, plump young woman with a brown complexion and sturdy legs trudged into the village of Majihchiao, high in the Taliang mountain range in what was then Sikang province.* Her name was Yueh Chiao, and she was the new teacher. On her back was a big pack containing clothes, bedding and food. She had walked 25 miles that day over rain-slippery mountain paths, through tall forbidding forests and quaggy marshes.

The villagers, who like herself were of Yi nationality, knew of Yueh Chiao's coming, and weren't too happy about it. At that time they were still organized on a more or less tribal basis, and elements of slavery continued to exist among them. Remnant Kuomintang forces still lurked near this freshly-liberated region. When word came that the village was going to have a school, many rumours had been spread: "The new government will remove all the children from their homes and their parents will never see them" was one. "The teacher is coming to take all the Yi children and turn them into Hans"** was another.

Yueh Chiao, born in another district where the population was a mixed one, could speak the Han language as well as her mother-tongue. Her appearance and be-

haviour made the villagers regard her as "half a Han". What's more, she was not of peasant origin, but the daughter of a sort of bailiff who used to collect tribute for local chieftains.

Another thing that made Yueh Chiao unusual was that she had had an education. Her parents had sent her to a Han school (there were none for Yis then) when she was only six years old. That was not because they were particularly enlightened. It was because a soothsayer had prophesied that, if this child remained at home, she would "bring misfortune" to her family. So boarding school was adopted as a solution.

From the school, Yueh Chiao went on to a teachers' training institute. When she graduated, a couple of years after the liberation, she was asked to go and open a school in the wild, remote mountains. She agreed willingly. Fired with the new ideas, she was eager to help lift her fellow Yis out of their age-old backwardness.

A Cold Reception

At Majihchiao village, the girl got no welcome at all. People went into their cottages when she approached, hurriedly closing their doors. She called on a man named Mahiaho who held the hereditary rank of *tu-ssu*, bestowed on local chiefs by past Chinese rulers to aid their control of minority tribes or clans. Mahiaho had some contact with the district people's government and finally agreed to let her sleep in his barn. But no provision was made for the teacher to get or cook her food. The village, where everything was exchanged by

* Sikang province has now been abolished. Part of it, including the Taliang Yi Autonomous Area, has been incorporated in Szechuan province, the rest in Tibet.

** The Hans are the majority nationality of China.



Ah Chiao (left) with another Yi delegate at the National Conference of Young Builders of Socialism in Peking in 1955.

barter, had neither market nor shop. When Yueh Chiao offered money for what she needed, nobody wanted it. For the first few days she lived on the rice and dried vegetables she had brought with her.

But the new teacher held firm because she knew what to expect and what she wanted. She had been sent by the "government"—a word which to the Yi people, in the past, had meant nothing but plunder, oppression and the press-ganging of young men for the Kuomintang armies. It had been explained to her when she set out: "You yourself, by the way you act, will have to prove to the people that our new government is different, that it regards all nationalities as equals. Make friends with the chiefs, keep close to the people. Even if you can get only one pupil, teach him."

It was a responsible task for a 21-year-old girl. She began to tackle it by trying to win the confidence and respect of her cool host, the *tu-ssu* Mahiaho, most influential of the villagers. A widower, he lived with his two small sons and a daughter. Yueh Chiao took every opportunity to help with the housework, being very careful to conform with local custom and ask permission before doing anything. She performed

little motherly services for the chief's children, mending their torn clothes and encouraging them to wash and keep their hair combed. They soon took to her, and never tired of listening to her songs and stories.

After a few days, the father's hostile reserve began to break down. He offered her food and wine, and told the neighbours to let her have vegetables and other produce. Some time later, he had a rough partition put up in the barn so that she did not have to sleep amid the cattle. When Mahiaho began to call her Ah Chiao —to match the names of his children, Ah Po, Ah Tse and Ah Chu —she knew she had been accepted.

Making Friends

Along with their chief, other villagers began to thaw. An early friend Yueh Chiao made was Shamalolo, wife of a second *tu-ssu* who lived not far away. Shamalolo, who had two children, was as suspicious as everyone else at the idea of a school. But she liked to talk to the young teacher, and told her many stories of the blood-feuds between rival clans that had made life miserable for the local Yis in the past. Before these had been settled through mediation by the new government, she said, it had been dangerous to travel even to the next village three miles away, and she herself had never been there. So you had to give the liberation credit — at least for that.

Ah Chiao, as everyone called her now, told Shamalolo something the woman had not so far understood, just why the government had exerted itself to reconcile the feuds. The old Kuomintang officials, she explained, had found the old tribal quarrels very useful, and indeed had fostered them so they could "divide and rule". The People's Government, on the other hand, was interested in uniting the Yi people so that they could fight together against poverty and backwardness.

"I myself was called a savage and a barbarian by my schoolmates because I was a Yi," she told the interested Shamalolo. "I was even afraid to go out and play

during breaks, but crouched at the back of the classroom, hiding from the Han children who mocked at me." Later, in the teachers' training school, she had been made the scapegoat for a theft which she had never committed, and had had to leave. It was only after the liberation that the school's new principal had asked her to come back. She had been warmly welcomed, and provided with a special living-grant.

"Why do you think the government has sent me here?" said Ah Chiao. "It's because it wants us Yi people to govern ourselves, and to do it properly we must know how to read and write. Only witch-doctors were literate up to now, and the kind of writing they use in their magic is of no use for writing down ordinary talk. Last year the government invented a new script that can be learned quickly by anyone."

When Shamalolo suddenly became very ill, Ah Chiao, merely by writing a letter, was able to arrange for her to go to hospital. That was what finally caused the woman and her husband to give up their suspicion of schooling. When Shamalolo returned, cured, they asked if Ah Chiao would teach their children.

School Begins

In the middle of January 1953, Ah Chiao opened her first class. She had three pupils, two belonging to Shamalolo's family, and one other. The classroom was a corner of the barn where she lived; she had swept and decorated it to make it as pleasant as possible.

By now she was friendly with several more neighbours, visiting their homes and helping them with problems. In the same month that her "school" began, the government sent supplies of cloth to the village for making winter garments. But many of the poorer people had never worn anything better than rags and sacking, with an old sheepskin to cover them during the winter. Most of the women did not even know how to make the cloth up. Ah Chiao taught them to cut out and sew, and herself made 18 garments for

various families. As she went from house to house, she also talked about how to improve health through cleanliness and urged the people to kill rats. She persuaded them by counting up how much grain they lost each year from these vermin. Over 2,000 rats were killed in the village, much food was saved, and people began to say: "This new government is really something different. It is concerned to help us improve our lives!"

By the end of the school's first month, six more pupils joined. But lessons were still irregular. The children, like their parents, did not know the meaning of study; they came to school and went home whenever they felt like it. Ah Chiao began by teaching singing and dancing, which the children enjoyed. When they were tired, she would let them sit in a circle, out of doors if the weather was fine, and tell them stories. Sometimes she joined in "knuckle-stones", their favourite game. Between games she would make pictures with the stones, outlining the shape of a man, a horse or a flower on the ground, and the children thought that it was fun to copy her.

Then she started forming letters in the same way. "What's that?" the children asked. "This is writing," the teacher replied, and explained what it meant to be able to send a letter to a faraway place instead of having to go there yourself and talk. "Teach us to write, teach us to write!" clamoured the children. This was a big victory.

Confidence is Won

The most uphill work, however, was to inculcate discipline and habits of study. Once, as the teacher sat reading, Ah Po, Mahiaho's 11-year-old son, suddenly snatched a brand of wood from the stove and thrust it against her cheek. For an instant the pain almost made her lose her self-control. The boy threw down the stick and crouched in the corner, trembling with fear. All the others watched to see what she would do. Ah Chiao buried her burned face in her hands for a moment, then went over to Ah Po slowly and patted him on the head. "Don't

be scared," she said. "Tell me why you did it!" He stared at her and remained silent. She did not press him, recalling that he was a neglected, motherless child, and so very much depended on her behaviour.

A few nights afterwards, when Ah Po was not feeling well, she sat beside his bed tending him. Suddenly he said, "I was bad to you the other day. I didn't feel like studying, and I thought if I hurt you you would beat me. Then I wouldn't come to school any more. But I want to study really . . ."

The New Schoolhouse

All the people began to talk about the teacher who did not beat her pupils. By the middle of the summer there were fifteen children in the class. And when money arrived from the government to build a new schoolhouse, all the villagers proved eager to help in the work. One morning Ah Chiao awoke to find all the men gone. When she asked where they were, the women laughed and would not tell her. At dusk one of them called, "Come out and look!" The men were coming back loaded with reeds which they had cut for thatching the schoolhouse roof.

In August, Ah Chiao and her pupils were ensconced in their new building, two stories high, with classrooms, an office, sleeping quarters and a kitchen. The children, by now, were keen to study. Their parents were quite friendly. But having had it thrust down their throats so long that all Yis were "backward", they were still sceptical about whether their children could really learn.

Village opinion was completely won over only at the end of 1954, when five of the earliest pupils could already write simple letters in the Latin script devised for the Yis, and twelve could do simple arithmetic and read the newspaper. The different families, whom Ah Chiao informed regularly of their children's progress,

now began to take great pride in these accomplishments. "You see!" they said, "Yis can read books!"

As for the pupils, they adored their teacher. Whenever she went off down the mountain for a meeting with the county education authorities, they came to see her off. When she returned, they would run to meet her like a flock of young birds. Once when she had been away for some days she found several blades of grass in the drawer of her desk. They had been put there by the children, one at a time, to count the days of her absence.

And it was not only the children who had come to love and rely on Ah Chiao. The Yi women came to her constantly to talk about their problems and unburden their hearts. An 18-year-old girl named Ah Lu, for instance, was a victim of a pre-arranged marriage. Her mother-in-law treated her abominably and she had run away from home several times. Ah Chiao could not interfere in family mat-

ters, but she gave the young wife courage by painting the future. She showed her that, with the general progress that was now assured, the backward customs and attitudes of thousands of years were bound to change quickly—as they had done in the rest of the country. "If you hadn't told me of socialism coming," Ah Lu said gratefully, "I would have had only one way out, to kill myself. Now I have something to work for and look forward to."

In all her free hours, the teacher was besieged by people who came to talk. It was only when she was preparing her lessons by lamplight that they left her to herself.

By late 1955, the village school had thirty-five pupils, five of them girls. A second teacher had arrived to help. Ah Chiao was elected a "first-grade model teacher" for the province and travelled, as a delegate to the National Conference of Young Builders of Socialism, to faraway Peking.



"Ah Chiao opened her first class.
She had three pupils . . ."

Drawing by Liu Chi-yu



Supper after the theatre at the hantun stall.

ALONG the sidewalks of Peking, on the smaller streets just around the corner from the thoroughfares, the open-air food stalls are a common sight. They are frequently no more than a few unpainted boards across two trestles, or a small wheelbarrow or two-wheeled cart with a stove and cooking pot built into one end, a piece of canvas suspended on two poles overhead to keep off the sun or rain. In case of a really bad downpour, the whole shop can be whisked away in a few seconds. Customers sit on rough wooden benches, eating or watching their orders being cooked.

The stalls do a brisk business from 6 to 9 a.m., and between 7 p.m. and midnight. Work starts about 4 a.m. as batch after batch of bread, and pan after pan of fried cakes, are prepared to sustain the thousands of Peking breakfasters—factory and office workers, students, pedicab and truck drivers, who turn the streets into a lively restaurant. For a very low price one can buy a hurried bite or a substantial,

leisurely meal. A good many Peking workers breakfast at home or in the cafeterias at their place of employment; but for a large number of them, a snack on the way to work is quicker and more convenient. For working women or busy housewives, lining up for a moment to buy cooked food for their families is faster and easier than lighting the small coal-burner on which most households depend. And there is always a breakfast stall within reach.

So varied is the menu that it's not necessary to eat the same thing more than once in three months. For a light meal there is creamy almond "tea", made of rice flour, ground walnuts and sugar; or bean "milk", made from ground dried soya beans. For a beverage with more body, one can have hot milk or tea poured over one or two beaten eggs, or sweetened barley gruel or "tea-soup". The latter demands special skill from the outdoor chef, and the only signboard its seller needs is his giant copper teapot, which stands between two and three feet high and is heated by a small fire. The customer's bowl is one-third filled with a batter consisting mainly of flour, sugar, sesame-seed paste and ground walnuts. Then, holding the bowl in

Open-Air Snacks in Peking

CHIN SHOU-SHENG

one hand, the chef tips the teapot with a rapid downward swing so that the spurt of boiling water from its spout hits the batter with just the proper force to make it puff up into a soft gelatinous gruel that rises to the top of the bowl.

Those who like eggs for breakfast will find them cooked a number of ways at the sidewalk shops. My favourite is the rolled egg-pancake, which after its introduction to Peking from Tientsin about 20 years ago has become a popular breakfast with Peking residents. In my opinion the best rolled egg-pancake maker is "Old Wang," who sets up shop about 6 a.m. every day opposite the cultural club on Nanhoyen Street. On a round, slightly convex, greased pan, he spreads a spoonful of maize-flour batter, on top of which he breaks an egg, or two, if you wish. After a dash of hot oil and a sprinkle of crushed green onions, the pancake is turned. On the other side, a dash of thick bean sauce is added and the whole thing is rolled over a fried dough fritter—all in exactly 1 minute 18 seconds. It costs .11 *fen** and, eaten with a 5 *fen* bowl of bean milk, provides an ample breakfast for half the price of a pack of cigarettes. After making more than 100 pancakes, Wang folds up business about 10 a.m., has lunch, and spends the rest of the day at his favourite pastime, chess.

*1 *fen*=approximately 3/5ths of one penny (English).

Since wheat is a staple grain in North China, there is also a variety of baked breads, fully or half-leavened, or unleavened, some topped with sesame seed and some filled with meat or green onions. Most interesting is the "horseshoe." The dough is slapped against the arched inner wall of the small brick oven, so that the roll comes out shaped like a horseshoe.

Although Chinese people consider breakfast a light meal and eat their largest meal at noon, for those exceptions who want a big morning meal there are steamed breads with pork or mutton fillings or 'plate cake'. To make the latter, a batter of coarsely-ground rice is spread over a layer of cooked dates and red beans which line the bottom of a round steamer 18 inches across. After steaming for an hour, the cake is turned out, sprinkled with cold water and pressed in a piece of clean cloth to solidify it, then sliced and sold by the ounce. Each customer's piece comes dipped in sugar. A 20-fen piece of "plate cake" is filling until lunchtime.

NIIGHT snacks at Peking's outdoor counters are meaty and substantial. In the evening after work, the streets again become lively. Since the shops remain open until 9 o'clock, late shoppers can stop along the street for a bite or an inexpensive full meal. As steady customers they have night-shift workers, opera-goers, and folks like poets and writers who prefer to work at night. Business,

say stall-keepers, is better than ever.

The most popular late snack is the small meat-dumpling called *hunton*, frequently known abroad by its Cantonese name *wonton*. Nearly every theatre, cinema or shopping area has a *hunton* stall nearby. The best I've tasted is made by Old Man Hou, who sets up his counter nightly opposite the Peking Theatre on Tunganmen Street. His dumplings are known for their wafer-thin dough wrapping, tender meat fillings and rich soup. Filled with chopped lean pork and a touch of soya sauce, and boiled in meat-bone and chicken stock, his dumplings are ready in three minutes. One serving, consisting of about 20 of them, with soup poured into a good-sized bowl over shredded parsley, laver, dried shrimp, vinegar, soya sauce, pepper and thin green pea sprouts, costs 10 fen.

A dumpling stall seldom stands by itself, but is usually flanked by a baked-bread booth and a meat counter selling smoked pork, pickled beef and all kinds of sausages. A typical Peking night snack is a bowl of *hunton* with two meat-stuffed baked rolls, all for 30 fen. A real connoisseur of stall dining knows that the chicken in the dumpling broth is at its tenderest just before closing time. He will frequently order half a chicken, dip the slices in soya sauce and wash them down with a glass of wine, which many *hunton* counters also sell. The friendly stall-keeper is always willing to chat about the play or opera his cus-

tomer has just seen, and help him make up his mind in case he can't decide between wine or beer.

ANOTHER low-priced night snack is stewed beancurd. Somewhat resembling cottage cheese in appearance and consistency, it is cut into thick triangles, sautéed in oil and then boiled in well-seasoned stock. Meat-balls prepared this way are even more delectable. Night stalls also sell eggs hard-boiled in tea and soya sauce, and served with hard-baked bread.

The stalls are open all through the year. When one hears a street vendor drawing: "Kueihua yuanhsiao!" one knows that winter has really arrived, for it is time to eat glutinous rice dumplings. They are apricot-sized, made of glutinous rice which has become soft and sticky from long simmering, and filled with a sweet stuffing of sesame seed paste, date paste or dried shredded cassia flowers. The season for these dumplings lasts about three months, reaching its peak during the celebration of the traditional new year, about mid or late February.

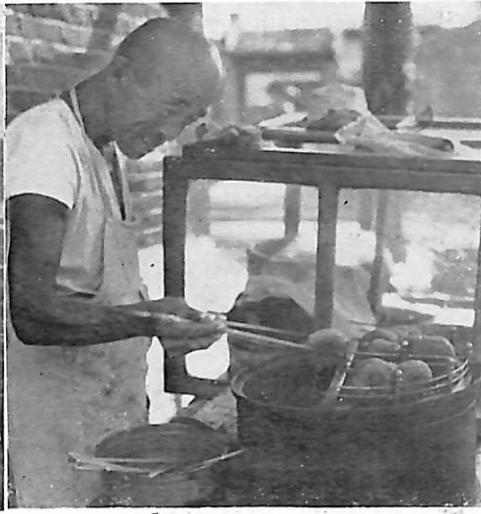
A winter evening snack native to Peking is sheep's head, boiled whole and served cold sprinkled with salt and pepper. The slices must be cut so thin that when they are placed over a paper with writing on it, the characters may be clearly seen. The colder the slices the better, and a sheep's head connoisseur will be satisfied only with a piece which is covered with a thin film of ice.



Technique for "tea soup".



Rolled egg-pancake.



Fried sweet cake.



Home and Children



Tiger Booties for Baby

AMONG the captivating things about the way Chinese babies are dressed are the little "animal shoes" they often wear on their feet.

A mother carries her solemn-eyed poppet about with benign-faced tigers, piglets, phoenix, mandarin ducks or butterflies adorning its toes. This custom has prevailed for centuries.

About two thousand years ago, according to our *Tse Yuan* dictionary, tiger shoes were popular throughout the country for grown-ups and children alike.

The shoes are made from dress remnants in a variety of materials ranging from rich satin and brocade to toughest homespun. Here we will tell you how to make a pair of tiger booties, which would make a sensation if worn by your baby or sent as a gift to a friend with small children.

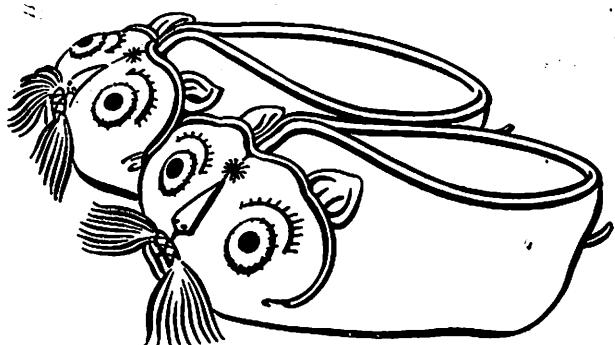
TIGER BOOTIES: Transfer the design shown to graph paper. (The bootee should be five inches on the fold.) If you choose a stiff material for the outside, then take a soft material for

the lining, and vice versa. The lining is cut the same size as the outside. Whiskers and eyebrows should be made of contrasting silk embroidery thread. Unusual colour combinations add to the effectiveness: ice blue/shocking pink; tropical green/scarlet; chartreuse/indigo.

First embroider the eyebrows with a running stitch. Applique white cloth for eyes and make the pupils with black satin stitch or French knots. Fold the diamond shaped nose twice, first diagonally from top to bottom, then in half. (It will now be a small triangle.) Place the raw edges down centre of face and seam the two halves of face together. Leave a generous part of the nose in the seam to make it steady. Stuff a little cotton up the nose to make it stand up and finish with French knots for nostrils. (The French knots should be drawn tight enough

to flatten the end of the nose and keep the cotton stuffing in place.)

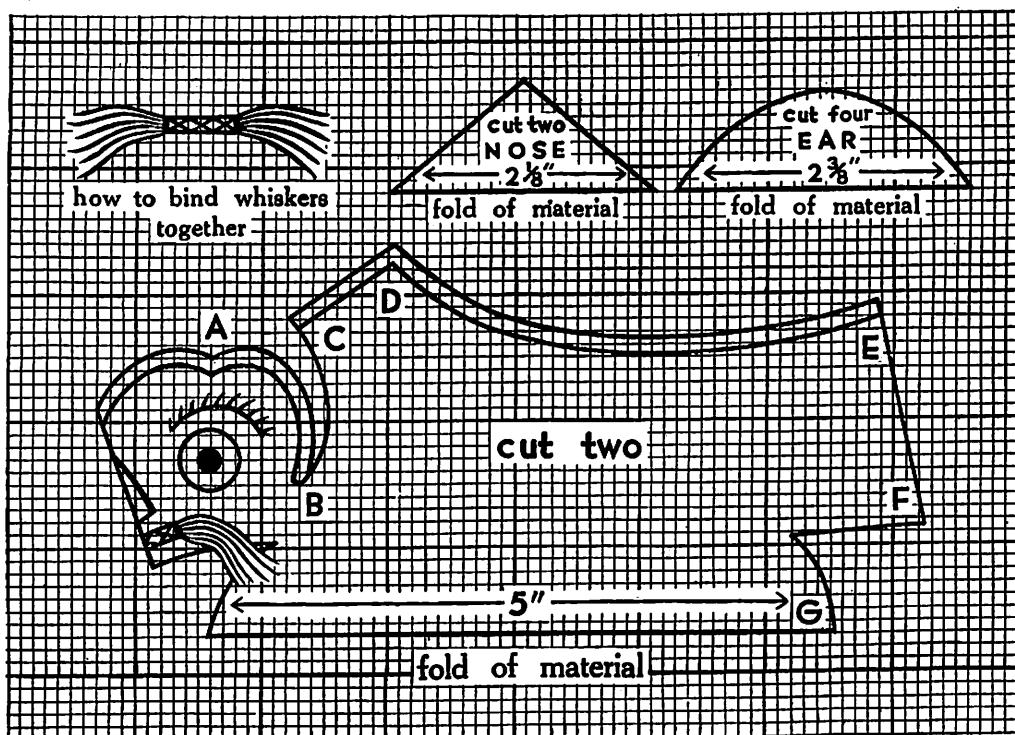
Now take bias binding in same or contrasting colour and sew round the top and head starting at E and following the double line in the pattern. Don't bind between B and C. Leave binding free on inside of shoe. The raw edges will afterwards be covered by shoe lining. Seam shoe together at back (E-F) and sew the heel to the sole (matching F to G), turning in the edges.



In the same way, sew the sole at the toe to the top under the tiger's chin. Fold the ears twice, put two small pleats on the side with the raw edges, and tack on to the inside of the head at A.

Seam the lining down the face and the back of the heel, and sew on to lining sole at heel and toe. Fit into the bootee and blind stitch to the bias binding round the head to B. Then blind-stitch lining to binding round the top of the shoe (C to E). The remaining piece B to C can be left unstitched. Now seam the two sides together between C and D, taking care the stitches don't show. Tack the head to the front of the shoe between the indentations above the eyes.

Whiskers are the last touch. Wind embroidery silk round a card $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. Slip off the card and bind the centre as shown. Tack the whiskers on under the nose and the tiger is finished. A two-inch tail may be added by sewing a strip of bias into a tight little roll and sewing it in the seam of the heel.





Dancing Display

Theatre Notes

THE PEKING School of Dance, China's first regular national ballet school, gave a concert performance in the big open-air theatre in Chungshan (Sun Yat-sen) Park at the end of its summer term. The programme, with 34 numbers including excerpts from classical ballet, Chinese and international folk dances and Chinese classical items, provided an excellent opportunity to review the progress of the school since its formation two years ago.

Founded in 1954 by the Ministry of Cultural Affairs, the school aims to provide a seven-year training, which includes general education up to high school level, for some 300 students of 11 years old and upwards. They have been selected from among gifted children in primary and secondary schools or, in the case of the older pupils, from performers in the dance and song companies of the People's Liberation Army and those of various cities and national minority areas. Since none of these, with the exception of the Army companies, has been in existence more than a very few years, it will be seen that the general body of experience is not great. All the more remarkable, therefore, is the high standard of the performance, particularly in the classical Western ballet, an entirely new medium for Chinese dancers.

THE BALLET numbers selected for the display were popular ones—dances from Tschai-kovsky's *Sleeping Beauty* and the *Nutcracker Suite*, Glazunov's *Raymonda*, Delibes' *Coppelia* and Strauss waltzes. Particularly fresh and energetic was the performance of the Waltz from the *Sleeping Beauty* by a group of teachers and students together, while the earnest concentration of the three children who danced the Shepherd Boy dance from *Nutcracker* was highly endearing.

The folk-dances from the Soviet Union, Rumania and Yugoslavia filled the stage with stimulating movement and the colour of brilliant peasant costumes. A mock-stately version of the mazurka by a Soviet composer performed by first and second year students, and the vigorous, whirling Rumanian dance—in which some young Vietnamese students attending the school also took part—were specially infectious in their gaiety and humour.

OVER half the dances in the programme were composed by members of the teaching staff or students of the school's choreography class. These adapted some of the elements of Chinese classical and folk dancing to express stories and ideas from present-day life—



A young ballerina in the Shepherd Boy dance from the *Nutcracker Suite*.

tractor driver and collective-farm girl, grandpa and grandma going to literacy classes, the traditional spring outing of peasants in the Huai River valley. Notably successful were the adaptations of some of the minority peoples' dances, such as the robust yet fluid Ordos Dance from Inner Mongolia, which won a first prize in the folk dance contest at the Fifth World Youth Festival in Warsaw last year. This was composed by Chia Cho-kuang, a choreography student who is himself a member of the Inner Mongolian Song and Dance Ensemble.

The music for the dances in this latter group, composed or arranged by the school's music department or by outside composers, was mostly based on folk tunes and had a strong national flavour. The school has its own orchestra of traditional Chinese instruments. For the performance, this was augmented by the Orchestra of the People's Liberation Army.



A Tibetan folk-dance.

Rashness Abroad Brings Trouble at Home

Wen-kung, Duke of Chin, who reigned from 636 to 628 B.C., sent out his army to conquer the state of Wei. One of his nobles laughed heartily when he heard the Duke's decision. When the Duke asked him why he was so amused, the noble told the following story.

"Once, when one of my neighbours was going home with his wife, he saw a woman picking mulberry leaves. She



was so attractive that he stopped to flirt with her. But when he turned round, he saw another man beckoning to his wife. I've just thought how rash he was, and that's what made me laugh."

The Duke saw the point and ordered his army home at once. And it was well he did so. No sooner had his troops arrived than his borders were attacked by an army from another state.



The Edge of the Jest

In the fourth century B.C. Ling-kung, Duke of Wei, had two favourite ministers. He liked them so much per-

sonally that he paid no attention when they cheated him and the state. At his court there was a jester who was a dwarf. One morning, he told how he had dreamed of seeing the Duke by a kitchen fire. The Duke was insulted: "How dare you dream about me and a kitchen fire?" he raged. "Don't you know that only the sun can appear in a dream about a ruler?"

"Yes," the dwarf calmly replied. "That's when the ruler shines as brightly as the sun and nothing can dim his light. But perhaps my dream was right. A kitchen fire shines too, only anyone can block its light and warmth by standing before it. My dream might have been different if there were no one standing between Your Highness and his subjects."

The Duke thought hard and dismissed the wicked ministers.

What Makes a Good Doctor

Pien Chueh, a famous physician of the fifth century B.C., once said that he was only a third-rate doctor. His hearers protested, but he insisted that what he said was true. This is how he explained it.

"My eldest brother is able to detect and cure disease before it becomes apparent. That makes him a first-class physician. But it seems to others as though he has never treated a patient, so he is hardly known.

"My second brother cures people when symptoms are only beginning to appear. This is admirable too, but it makes people think that he can only cure minor ailments.

"I have won the greatest fame. But think of the reason. Isn't it because I can't detect early symptoms and have to cure diseases after they have already become serious, with big doses of medicine or major surgery?"



Drawings by Mi Wen-huan.

Our Contributors

HSIA YEN, well-known playwright, is vice-minister of cultural affairs and a deputy to China's National People's Congress. As a student, he was active in the May Fourth Movement of 1919. After returning from Japan in 1927, he began writing and together with Lu Hsun and Mao Tun was among the original organizers of the Left-Wing Writers' Association and the Left-Wing Dramatists' Association. He has been chief editor of several progressive newspapers in Shanghai, Canton and other cities. Among his plays are *Under the Eaves of Shanghai*, *Fascist Germs* and *Trial*.



FEI LI-WEN is a 25-year-old reporter for the *Labour Daily* in Shanghai. His short story "One Short Year", written

while he was still a lathe operator in the Shanghai Diesel Engine Factory, appeared in *China Reconstructs* No. 6, 1956. He was transferred to the *Labour Daily* because of his exceptional writing talent.



BASIL DAVIDSON is a British journalist and novelist who spent several weeks in Sinkiang in June and July of this year. He is specially well-known for his studies of the colonial liberation movements in Africa. His article, "Peking After Four Years", appeared in *China Reconstructs* in August 1956.



LIU CHUNG-HSUAN is a lecturer at Peking Agricultural University. He specializes in the breeding of wheat and has taken a part in experiments for the application and promotion of close-planting methods of cultivation.



HAN TZU, a member of the Union of Chinese Writers, was formerly an editor of the *Huainan Daily*. In 1938, when she was seventeen, she joined the New Fourth Army. Her book of short stories entitled *Dispute* vividly describes the life in China's Liberated Areas. Another collection, entitled *Peace Museum*, is about the Chinese People's Volunteers in Korea.



CHIN SHOU-SHENG, one of the editors of the monthly magazine *Peking Literature and Art*, has lived in Peking all his life. He graduated from the School of Chinese Literature of Peking University in 1931, and is a specialist in all phases of Peking life and culture.



LI PO-TI, author of "The Struggle for Unity" and **TAN AI-CHING**, author of "Settlers 'Go West'", are staff writers for *China Reconstructs*.

Our Postbag

Exciting Statistics

Statistics on output in industry and agriculture which I would have once considered dull and meaningless have in *China Reconstructs* become exciting, because they are presented as the achievement of the workers in raising their living standards. I liked the story of Hsieh Tuan in the December issue. It brought to mind the words of a song Paul Robeson sang:

*It lightens the burden of labour
When each bends his back with his neighbour
So each for all and all for each until we reach our journey's end.*

I. KEETH
Edinburgh, Scotland

Paper-cuts Admired

I have shown my Chinese paper-cuts to as many people as possible and everyone is amazed at the fineness of the work. One lady to whom I gave some of the pictures has framed them and placed them in a prominent place in her home, where they are much admired.

I would like to close by congratulating you on recent issues of "our magazine" as we now call it in this household. Every issue is better than the last. I was most interested in "Peking's Old Houses" in the April issue, especially as one such is the home of *China Reconstructs'* staff.

BEVERLEY R. DORAN
Wirlinga, N.S.W., Australia

A Swedish Sailor's Interest

Recently I read a book about China written by a Swedish author, Artur Lundkvist, who visited China in the autumn of 1954. I have been interested in your country since I visited it several times as a sailor in 1931-33. I have been greatly impressed to learn what you have achieved since the liberation and I will try to follow your fight for better conditions for the people by reading your magazine.

KURT SELLBERG
Göteborg, Sweden

Wants More on Language Reform

As a new reader of *China Reconstructs*, I am favourably impressed by the high standard of production and illustration, and by the low price of the magazine.

People I have shown the magazine to are particularly interested in the problem of language reform; having a phonetic language ourselves, it is not easy to grasp the difficulties you meet concerned with the technique of type-setting and telegraphy. We would like to read more of the progress being made towards language reform.

R. PRINCE
Bromley, Kent, England

A Polish Professor Writes

I have the pleasure of informing you that your excellent paper offers for people like myself—who are very much interested in your country—the best opportunity to obtain a general view of your recent developments and successes.

PROF. LESZEK KASPRZYK
Cracow, Poland

Counters Slander

If everybody read *China Reconstructs*, they would not believe the slander and

lies that come over the radio. I am a war orphan and I have two sisters and three brothers. My father was killed by the Japanese in 1944.

WILLIAM D. VERRAN
Sydney, Australia

Wants News of Christians' Life

We Christians here are very delighted to read the article by Bishop Ting Kuang-hsun in your June issue. We will be more grateful if you can give us an insight into Catholic lives, their ways of living and the churches in our motherland.

As Chinese we are naturally very proud of the progress made by new China in the fields of industry and electric power.

KHOO YAK HUN

Sumatra, Indonesia

(We would like to refer this reader to our September 1955 issue, in which there is an article entitled "A Catholic Doctor", by Yang Shih-ta.—Ed.)

Didn't Like Front Cover

I was sorry to see one thing. That was the cover page of the June issue. The cover pages of your previous issues were different and much more beautiful than this one. I sincerely hope that you will improve it the next issue.

May I suggest one more thing? Why don't you bring out another edition of this magazine in the Hindi language?

KAILASH NATH PAL
Mahson, Uttar Pradesh, India

(We would very much like to have a Hindi edition but regret that we do not at present have the necessary facilities. What do other readers think of our June front cover—Ed.)

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