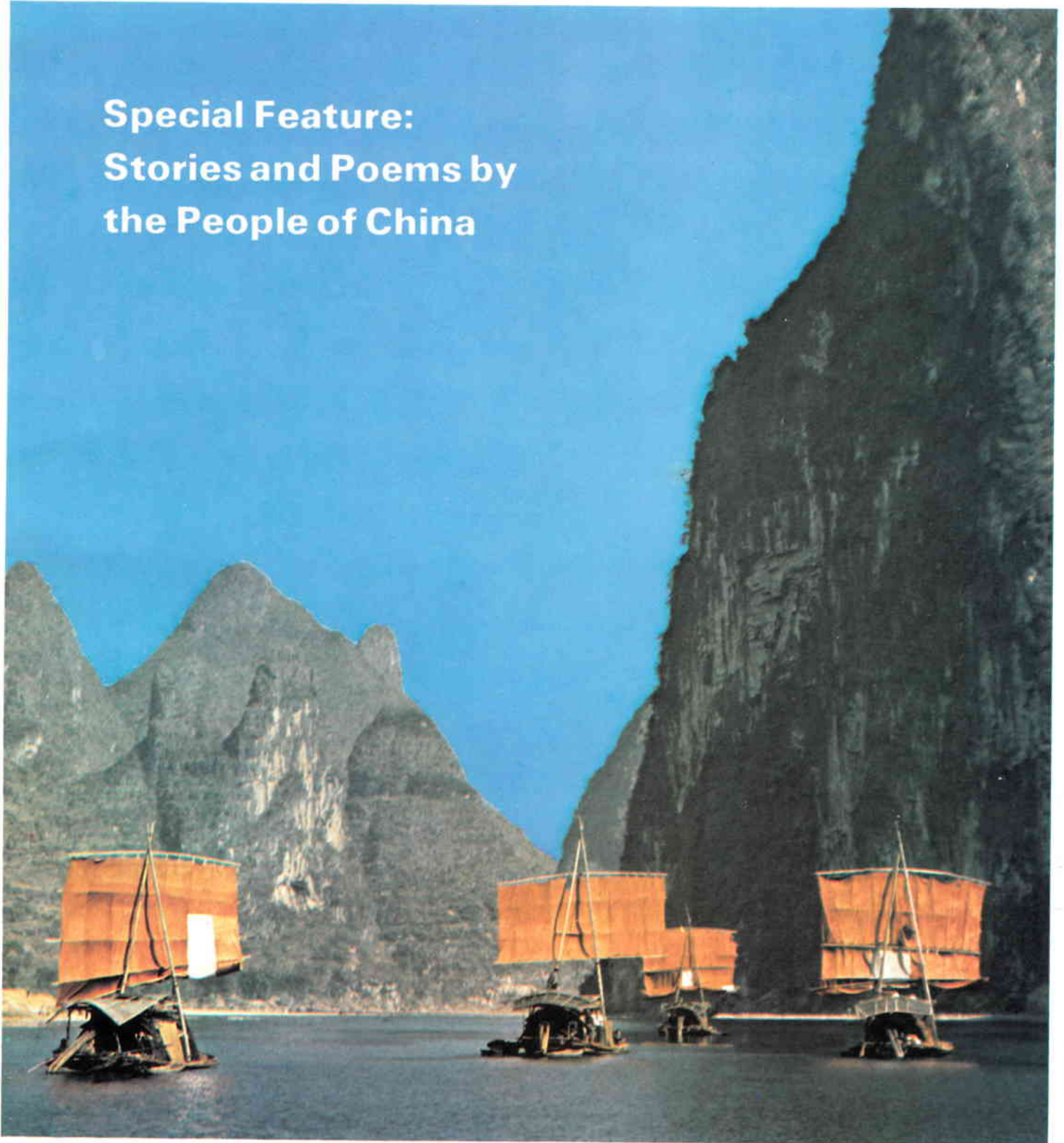


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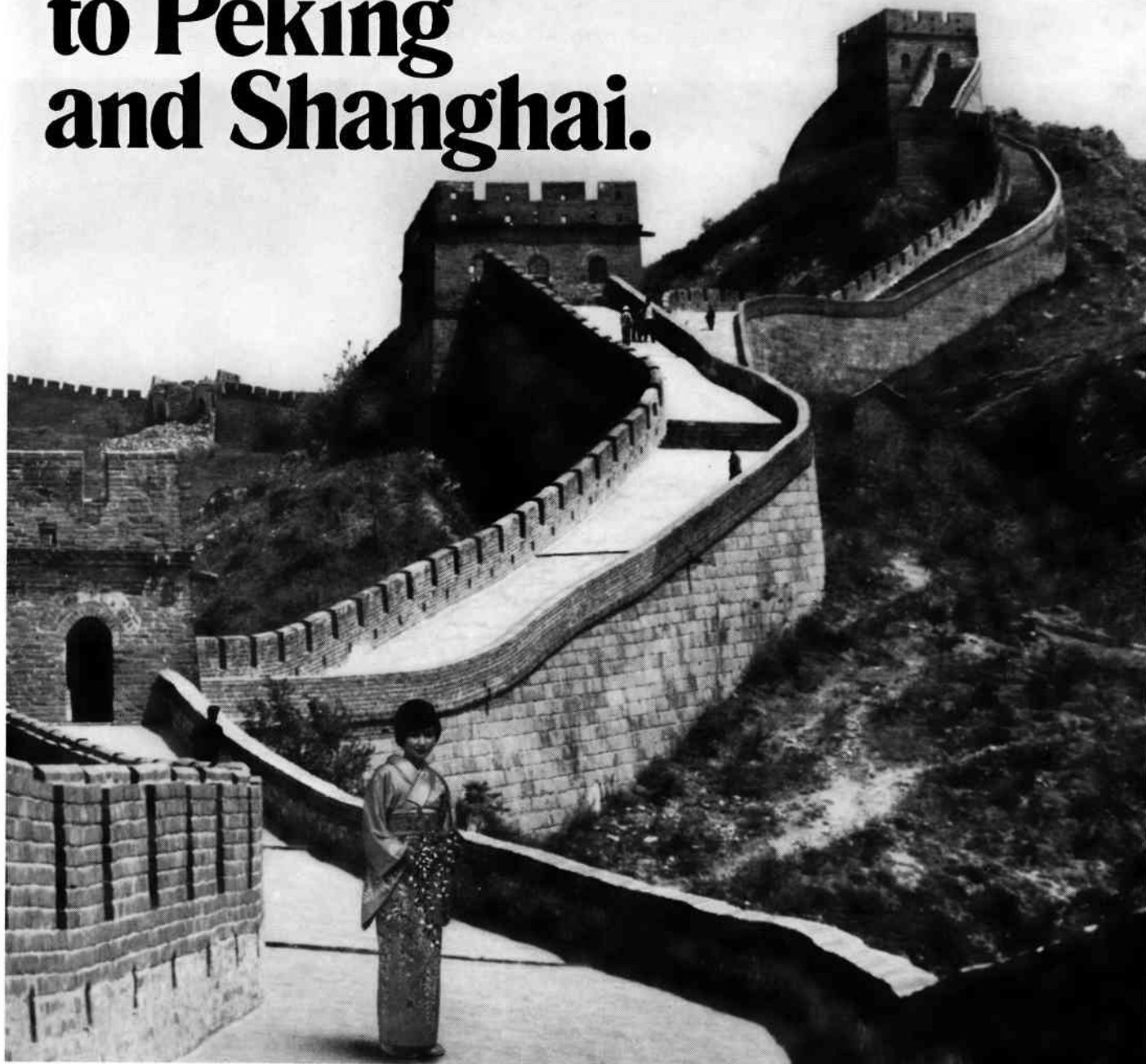
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# NewChina

September 1976

Published quarterly by the US-China Peoples Friendship Association  
Volume 2, Number 2

**Cover:** Photo by Shu Chang  
*On the Li River near Guilin (Kweilin)*

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## USCPFA News

**Detroit** China slides and puppet shows, including "Red Detachment" and "Little Sister," drew an enthusiastic response at the Monnier School, an all-Black working class elementary school, enrollment 1,500. The program began with a talk on China by the school's career guidance counselor, Dianne Perry. The shows were geared to the various grade levels, with the students in groups of 100. Teachers were briefed well in advance, each receiving a copy of NEW CHINA's education issue that many read cover-to-cover.

**Albany** Unita Blackwell Wright, who has electrified audiences nationally with descriptions of her experiences in China and America, toured the Eastern region earlier this year. A series of Albany meetings, with largely Black audiences, were among her most successful. Her reception at Albany Street Academy, for children who might otherwise be dropouts, was both poignant and heartening: many students felt that the visit was the best thing that had happened at the school.

**New Orleans** A variety of programs included a skit based on Jack Belden's

"Goldflower's Story"; a dinner party with home-cooked Chinese food to raise funds for Frank Aseron's China trip; and a program of Afro-American dancers and drummers following the showing of *Freedom Railway*, which was introduced by a well-known community member, Brother Kaluma.

**Nashville** Some 75 people registered for the Regional Health Conference held in cooperation with Meharry Medical College and Vanderbilt University during the May 1st weekend. Area health workers, many from Appalachia, jammed the discussion and workshop sessions, which included all phases of health and medicine in China. Dr. Victor Sidel was the keynote speaker.

**Albuquerque** Reaching out and growing, Albuquerque now has sister Associations in Santa Fe and Taos. A whirlwind two-month period this spring included a program on "Children in the PRC" before the Annual Conference of the New Mexico Association for the Education of Young Children; a talk by Han Suyin co-sponsored by the University of New Mexico which attracted 500 listeners; an appearance by Ellen Brotsky on Station KZIA's popular one-hour talk show; and a general membership meeting that heard Junella Haynes, assistant director of the Native American

Studies Program at UNM, describe her recent trip to China.

**Norfolk** Literally taking to the hills, Norfolk activists trekked into Appalachia's Black and working class areas, talking largely to unemployed farm and mine workers. Slides, movies, and discussions dramatized China's achievement of full employment, an inflation-free economy, and a healthy, well-fed population. The Association also broke new ground for future expansion of the friendship movement with a program in Richmond before a broad gathering at the community house of a predominantly Black musicians' collective called "Ju Ju."

**Philadelphia** A Book Club Committee is holding monthly discussion meetings. Focusing on a previously announced book, which participants are urged to read, a panel of four initiates the discussion, followed by audience comments and questions. May featured Joshua S. Horn's *Away With All Pests* and a panel of two doctors, a registered nurse, and a paraprofessional. The format encourages both experienced and inexperienced speakers to prepare a joint presentation; more participation, since the audience can join in without having read the book; and a more open-ended discussion. 60-70 people have been attending and many copies of the books have been sold at the meetings.

**Corvallis** "Friendship Night" slide shows at the homes of interested community members have provided excellent outreach. As many as 50 people have attended these informal gatherings where visitors returned from China speak on topics of special interest to the audience.

With several departments of Oregon State University, Corvallis co-sponsored the Berkeley USCPFA's exhibit of historical photographs, many quite rare, portraying life in old and new China. Some 1,000 people attended. Associations interested in the display should contact: The Chinese Modern History Research Committee, c/o Shirley and Jerry Chan, 2508 73rd Avenue, Oakland, Calif. 94605. Telephone: 415-568-0504.

**New York** The National Steering Committee has approved the making of filmstrips based on the School Resources Committee's slide shows on drugs and on the children of China. The NSC will also finance a Spanish translation of the texts.

A fund-raising party honoring Ida Pruitt inspired a poem by Rewi Alley for the occasion and the donation of a book of sketches and a signed lithograph from artist Chen Chi.

September 1976

New China

Volume 2, Number 2

41 Union Square West, Room 721, New York, N.Y. 10003

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The opinions expressed in signed articles are not necessarily those of NEW CHINA or the US-China Peoples Friendship Association. Items signed by the National Steering Committee represent the national voice of the USCPFA. NEW CHINA welcomes ideas for articles. Authors should first submit a one-page outline. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope with all submissions.

Correction, June 1976 issue: The woodcut on p. 26, top right, is "Competitor in the Revolutionary Contest" by Wang Yu-sheng, Ye Xin, and Wang Yong-hui.

# CP Air does all the little things that make a big airline even bigger.

The new Cultural Resources Committee, which supplies dances, play readings, photo exhibits, and slide shows to other committees, provided rich fare for the Program Committee's Women's Day Fair in Greenwich Village. A premiere performance of dance excerpts from *Red Detachment of Women* and a Chinese play, *The Women's Representative*, embellished a program that featured Han Suyin and Susan Warren. All-day movies, slide shows, merchandise, literature sales, and Chinese food made the affair one of the local's most successful.

**Washington, D.C.** Roy Johnson, head of Government Employees United Against Racial Discrimination and a recent visitor to China, spoke before 150 people at the People's Congregational Church. He described his trip as "a wonderful experience" that exploded various misconceptions about the PRC. *The Afro-American*, a leading Black newspaper, reported on the meeting at length.

**Eugene** The Berkeley photo exhibit also attracted 1,000 visitors to the EMU Gallery at the University of Oregon. The Eugene local co-sponsored the show with the Asian Student Association. A campaign around the Taiwan question produced a guest editorial for the University's *Daily Emerald* and interviews with Association members on radio stations KZEL and KWAX.

**Chicago** An all-day workshop for Chicago-area teachers on "Growing Up in China Today" was held in April in cooperation with the University of Chicago's Center for Far Eastern Studies. Leading professionals participated.

A women's luncheon attracted 400 for Helen Rosen's slides on health care in China.

**Denver** Chinese-Americans who recently visited China provided commentary for slide shows during an all-day program on modern China at the University of Denver. The Association also collaborated in a five-part study program on China with the First Unitarian Church.

**Ithaca** The Association co-sponsored two programs on health care with the Chinese Students Association of Cornell at which Samuel and Helen Rosen showed the film *Acupuncture Anesthesia* to a full house on the campus and gave a slide show on "Health and Education" at the Tompkins County Hospital.

**Santa Barbara** A five-part evening series was co-sponsored with the Santa Barbara Adult Education Division. USCPFA activist



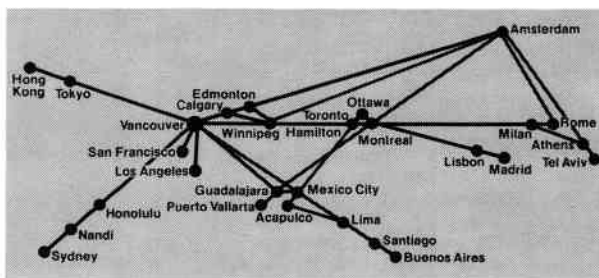
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PANTHEON 

Bob Sollen wrote a series of articles about his China trip for the *Santa Barbara News-Press*, of which he is a staff member. Tabloid reprints are available for 10 cents from USCPFA, P.O. Box 2052, Santa Barbara, Calif. 93102.

**Madison** In-service education courses on new China offering professional advancement credit have attracted over 50 public school teachers. Three 20-hour courses have been completed.

**Nassau County** (New York) Monthly public meetings have presented Unita Blackwell Wright, the Ricketts, and Frank Kehl. Meanwhile, Nassau's Margaret Whitman has spoken before nearly 30 locals throughout the country and shown the Shirley MacLaine movie. On May 4, Adelphi University awarded Ms. Whitman an honorary degree, Fellow of the School of Social Work, "for distinguished contribution and leadership in service to people."

**Kansas City** (Missouri) On February 15, the City Council memorialized the anniversary of the death of Edgar Snow, a native of the city, with a resolution recognizing that the USCPFA is continuing his work of advancing friendship with China.

Media outreach was outstanding during the year. A front-page interview with Steering Committee member Margie Eucalyptus appeared in the *Kansas City Star*; four radio programs on WHB featured Association members; four China-related programs were televised on KMBC's *Kaleidoscope*; and a Lois Wheeler Snow interview was taped for the National Public Radio FM Network.

**West Side Los Angeles** Mass media were the key to successful outreach in southern California. The Association completed a series of China educationals at the California Institute of the Arts and attracted film-makers, video technicians, audio-visual consultants, and photographers as new members. Spring's highlights were educational TV movies, radio interviews, and a three-day film festival.

**San Francisco** A fund-raising meeting combined a showing of *Freedom Railway* with a discussion of Susan Warren's related NEW CHINA article, "No Strings Attached." Donors received a free copy of the magazine. In a campaign to promote NEW CHINA, all members were contacted and urged to sell the magazine.

**Minneapolis** John Moshi, a Tanzanian graduate student in African Studies, provided commentary at a showing of *Freedom*

*Railway* at the University of Minnesota. 150 persons applauded his description of the positive effects of the railroad on Tanzania.

**Atlanta** A broad outreach program made a remarkable media breakthrough: a China friendship cover story in the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution Sunday Magazine* (circ. 540,000), profusely illustrated with color photographs. It described in detail the Atlanta Association's history and activity.

A series of 10-week study courses has been initiated in Atlanta's school system.

### BRIEFLY NOTED

**The South** Roland Berger toured the region, speaking on radio and TV and to Associations in Birmingham, Atlanta, Austin, Sarasota, and Miami. Esther Gollobin, in a similar tour, noted the unique rural outreach of the various locals, and the direct participation of working class and minority groups in friendship work.

The **Houston** Organizing Committee appropriately celebrated the Spring Festival with a dinner at a restaurant called "New China." **Miami** has organized broad-based study groups that meet twice a month. **Gainesville** reached out with an outstanding Sunday-supplement story in the *Sun*.

**Westchester** (New York) has doubled its membership within three months of accreditation. Student members of the **Tucson** local have received recognition by the University of Arizona and are eligible for university funding. **Milwaukee's** "International Night" at the University of Wisconsin included films on China, with brisk sales of food, literature, and China products. In **Olympia** two successful China seminars of six sessions each were held at a local community center. Sally Hurtado of **Sonoma County** (California), a Chicana who visited China last year, addressed a monthly public meeting on "Parallels in Third World Education: China and the U.S." Some 300 people in **Pittsburgh** heard Carma Hinton speak on "Women in China" in a program co-sponsored by the Women's Union of the University of Pittsburgh.

NEW CHINA won a silver award for graphic excellence in the Neographics '76 Exhibit. NEW CHINA was also honored by the Chinese community in New York with a fund-raising dinner at which Lois Wheeler Snow spoke of her Xinjiang (Sinkiang) trip. Helen Rosen hosted a fund-raising Chinese dinner sponsored by Julie Belafonte, Anita Ellis, and Lucy Jarvis at the home of Sidney Glazier. Han Suyin spoke and showed slides of her Tibet trip.

NEW CHINA welcomes news of Association activities around the country.

## Down to the Countryside

by Pat and Roger Howard

### *Two Canadian teachers join the movement to learn from Dazhai*

An exciting new movement to build "Dazhai (Tachai)-type" counties was getting under way in the countryside when we arrived in China last fall. In a speech launching the mobilization at the mid-October national conference on learning from Dazhai in agriculture, Hua Guo-feng, now Premier, said there were already 300 counties which, like the model Dazhai Brigade, excel in production, organization, and political consciousness. He set a goal of turning one-third of China's 2,200 counties into models by 1980. The aim of this new movement, which Hua described as equal in significance to the land reform movement after Liberation, is to organize agriculture on a county-wide basis, and eventually on a national basis, so that farm workers from both poor and richly fertile areas enjoy equal living standards. In order to do this without lowering anyone's economic level, it is necessary to improve the productivity of the poorer areas.

Most of the students, teachers, and cadres from the Foreign Languages Institute in Guangzhou (Kwangchow) where we

---

PAT AND ROGER HOWARD went to study philosophy in Peking with the first group of Canadian exchange students in 1973 and returned to China in fall 1975 to teach English. They have frequently written for People's Friendship, published by the Canada-China Friendship Society of Saskatchewan.

teach English were sent to Dongguan County, about 37 miles southeast of Guangzhou, to help in the transformation. The railway workers told us that for weeks, trainload after trainload of workers, students, teachers, doctors, nurses, intellectuals, and professional people had been coming down to the countryside from Guangzhou. Later we learned that more than 10,000 people went to Dongguan County alone.

To transform a whole county into a Dazhai-type model is no easy task. Dongguan has 1,060,000 people who are organized into over 3,500 teams. To create a model county, every team must be outstanding. In the present movement special emphasis is being placed on strengthening the leadership in the backward units to enable them to make great leaps in political consciousness, organization, and production. The village where we stayed was one of these backward units receiving extra help from the commune, the county, and even from Guangzhou.

Last year's production in our brigade (made up of many teams) averaged 799 *jin* per *mu*. (A *jin* = 1.1 pounds; a *mu* =  $\frac{1}{6}$  acre.) Many other brigades got well over 1,000 *jin* and some even topped 2,000, so you can see the gap in production is pretty large. One problem is natural conditions. This brigade is located in a hilly area of

poor clay soil. In the past, most of the plowing was done with water buffalos on small, irregular fields. It would be impossible to use tractors on these small patches, which vary a foot or more in height from one to the next. Drought and water-logging destroyed many crops every year. The only solution is land-leveling and digging irrigation and drainage channels on a massive scale. This is what we did with our hoes, shovels, and shoulder poles in the gigantic worksite outside our village.

The work was very hard. Especially the first few days we were exhausted by the end of the day and could hardly wait to crawl under our quilts laid out over makeshift straw beds on the floor of the village granary. The students and teachers lived together in every available space, from the office to old temples and gun towers. The peasants would have gladly put us up in their homes but there were just too many of us. Many of the older men and women stayed home to heat water in large pots on their wood-burning stoves so the students and teachers could have hot baths in the evenings. At first we tried to claim we did not have the habit of bathing every night, but still they boiled the water and scolded us all the next day about the waste of fuel when we failed to show up. After several days of such scolding we finally went to one old grandpa's house for baths. While Pat

bathed, Roger sat and chatted with the old couple. They asked about farming in Canada; Roger told them about the struggles of the farmers on the prairies.

We were very impressed with our worker, peasant, and soldier students. Because they have lived in the countryside or have worked on the school farm attached to our Institute, they know how to use hoes, shovels, and shoulder poles with effect. Their hands are calloused and their shoulders strong. Nevertheless, they had been studying for a year and more and were a little out of shape. Many got blisters and very sore muscles during the first few days. They really worked hard but at the same time were always laughing and teasing each other and in very high spirits. One day it rained and no one had brought raincoats out to the drainage ditch we were digging. It was half an hour's walk from the worksite back to our "dormitory." Everyone decided to stick it out and work in the rain. The peasants begged the students to go back but they refused. This simple deed of working in the rain cemented the relationship between the peasants and students and teachers.

The collective spirit of the students has to be experienced to be believed. No one ever had to organize the many small chores of fetching water, filling thermoses, cleaning the latrine. The students just did everything as a matter of course. We ourselves had to struggle to get to do anything at all.



Using the traditional Chinese pole-and-bucket to carry water is hard work – even though these young women make it look easy. (Photo: D. Louie)



A young peasant tends vegetable field. (Photo: D. Louie)





Men, women, even children all over China join the drive to increase production and to modernize agriculture. The hard work they do now will mean far less physical labor in the future. (Photo: D. Louie)

The first few days Pat was caught off guard and even found the toothpaste already spread on her toothbrush when she climbed out from under her quilt in the morning. It got so it was really a pleasure to find an empty thermos to fill. It's hard to explain but it's very satisfying to be part of such a collective.

The best time was in the late afternoons when we walked back from the fields carrying our hoes and shovels on our shoulders. The low-lying sun cast a soft rosy light over the fields and a tired but happy feeling filled us as we thought of the work done that day. As the days went by we began to see the truth in the notion that teachers have much to learn from their students. Even when they are speaking in broken English, they express many profound things. But it is their actions, their attitude toward labor, their wonderful ability to unite with the peasants, and their collective organizing skills that are most impressive.

We were astounded at how hard the peasant women worked. Many who look so tiny and delicate are actually very tough. We couldn't begin to balance, let alone carry any distance, the heavy basketloads of soil these women expertly transported with their shoulder poles. The women laughed till they had tears in their eyes at the sight of Roger bouncing along with two half-filled baskets of soil dangling from a wildly rocking pole on his bony shoulders. The more he tried to get the rhythm of the baskets to match his bouncing step, the more clumsy and hilarious he looked. In the end we both had to specialize in breaking the soil and filling baskets and leave the carrying to the experts.

Some of the villages of Dongguan follow the customs of the Hakka or "guest people," a cultural sub-group of the Han Chinese who originally moved to South China from the north hundreds of years ago. The women wear little black aprons with beautifully woven bright-colored apron ties and broad-brimmed straw hats with black cloth fringes. Even the older women wear their hair in long braids tied with bright pink yarn. Only in the coldest weather do they wear shoes, even though they all own several pairs. Unlike the other Han Chinese women, the Hakka women never had bound feet and always did field labor alongside the men. The Hakka peasants are known for their warm hospitality, and our experience confirmed this.

In order to understand how the cooperative spirit we found among the peasants and students developed, we visited older peasants and got a blow-by-blow account of the history of struggle with local bullies and landlords and the collectivization process from mutual aid to communes. The

present movement aims at raising the level of production in the countryside so that a further transition from communal to state ownership of agriculture becomes possible. Eventually a family's standard of living will be determined not according to how much its own commune produces, as now, but rather by distribution of the national surplus countrywide. Thus inequalities arising from different natural conditions and levels of development will be overcome, as is already the case for factory workers.

We visited an old couple, Luo Dong-hai and his wife Li Mei-hao, and their two sons. The older son is the team's accountant and the younger is in lower middle school. The father is 58 years old and the mother 48, though both looked in their sixties or more. Both were very small people with weather-beaten, leathery faces which lit up in wrinkled smiles when they spoke. He did most of the talking. Their Hakka dialect was incomprehensible to the teacher we brought along, so one of the students who is herself from the Guangdong (Kwangtung) countryside translated. She is one of the slower and more shy students, and we were very pleased to see her pluck up courage when she saw she was needed.

We asked about the situation in the village before Liberation. The old man said they had to pay 250 *jin* of grain for every *mu* of land rented from the landlords. If the weather was perfect the most they could get was under 400 *jin*. If they failed to pay the rent on time they had to pay 10 per cent interest each *month* for money borrowed to pay the rent. All year they could eat only thin porridge made with cassava and wild roots and herbs. Though they grew rice, they seldom had any left over to eat themselves. They often got sick from the things they ate to stop the hunger pains.

The worst thing, Luo said, was the perpetual fear of being robbed. The landlords and rich peasants and their bullies often robbed the poor peasants of their few possessions. Once a landlord came with several of his thugs to their house. Luo was just a boy at the time. His father was dead and his mother was not at home. They bound and gagged him, burned his feet and hands, and stole everything in the house, including all his clothes, leaving him only his underwear. A bit later in our conversation, Luo pulled a wallet from his pocket. Before Liberation only landlords carried wallets, he said—today, everyone has a wallet and no one is afraid to carry money.

He described how the underground Communist Party organization began to mobilize the peasants in about 1945, how they were fiercely repressed by the Kuomintang (KMT) but persisted in organizing guerrillas and the militia to protect the peasants from the landlords and KMT

soldiers. He told us about the struggles to uncover and capture counter-revolutionaries after Liberation and then about the land reform and the stages in the collectivization of the rural economy. "Our village," he said proudly, "was the first agricultural producers' co-op in the area." He pointed to the team leader who had come with us and said that his uncle organized this first co-op. The hard years of 1959-61 set back the formation of the commune, but it was finally consolidated in 1962.

That year was a turning point for them, Luo said. Before 1962 he had never seen a watch. They first began wearing regular shoes that year. Li Mei-hao showed us the wooden sandals she had worn before then. It was also in 1962, she recalled, that they started to grind grain by machine and installed electricity in the commune. They began delivering grain to the state with a tractor rather than the old shoulder poles. Bicycles, movies twice a month, new houses replacing the old shacks, bright new clothes, plenty of sugar and oil, and some money in the bank were other benefits of collectivization. The brigade's personal savings now amounted to 130,000 *yuan* (\$52,000) and no one was in debt. This year for Spring Festival the village would have one goose per *person* to celebrate the holiday; in the past only the landlords and rich peasants could enjoy the holiday while the poor went hungry as on every other day.

The old man explained that last year he spent a month in the hospital being treated for TB. Because he carried such heavy loads as a porter in the old society, his lungs hardened and now give him quite a lot of pain. Before Liberation he would have just suffered and waited for death. Now he pays 3 *yuan* (\$1.20) a year for unlimited care by doctors sent by Chairman Mao and the Party. All the great changes in his life, he said, were due to the wise leadership of Chairman Mao and the Party.

Everytime we meet older peasants like these we are struck by their fierce feelings of loyalty to Chairman Mao and the Party; they feel a personal debt of gratitude for liberation from the old society. It is different with our young students who were born since Liberation and have known life only in the new society. That is why they go to the factories and villages to talk to the older workers and peasants and learn from them the necessity of persevering and continuing the Revolution and never forgetting the class struggle. At the same time their labor power is helping to transform the land to make more complete mechanization of farming possible. This will mean further advances in living standards and a less backbreaking day's work for the peasants of Dongguan County. ●

# Private Cars? Who Needs Them!

by Chieu Chang

## *Urban planning simplifies transportation in China*

Most Americans are surprised to learn that there are no private automobiles in China. Chinese city streets are full of people on foot, or on bicycles, trucks, buses, and trolleys. The few cars to be seen are either government-owned, and on government business, or else belong to foreign embassies.

How do the Chinese manage without cars? Mostly, very well indeed – thanks to a major emphasis on public transportation and to careful, people-oriented urban planning.

When I visited China, I stayed for some weeks with Chinese relatives and had a good chance to see how people get around in a society without cars. My sister and brother-in-law live in the old section of the city of Luoyang (Loyang), population about one million. They both work in a factory within easy walking distance of their home – about a quarter of a mile. Because the usual Chinese lunch break is two to three hours, they also walk home for lunch and a nap before returning to work. The food market where my sister shops every morning (there are few refrigerators in China) is about half a mile away.

Within this same half-mile radius are a department store and other specialty stores, the post office, bank, theaters, meeting halls, medical clinics, and other public facilities. My sister's younger daughter walks daily to her high school classes, to meetings, sports events, and other activities. At first I was surprised to note that she walked alone, even on the darkest nights, to the local movie house or to visit friends. But there is practically no street crime in China, and no one is afraid to walk in the streets at night.

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CHIEU CHANG, who left China in 1948, is presently the City Traffic Engineer for Hayward, Calif., and a Fellow of the Institute of Transportation Engineers. He visited the People's Republic for two months in late 1974–early 1975 and has written several technical articles on transportation in China.

For expeditions to outlying regional parks, museums, sports stadiums, and other spots of interest, family members catch buses at the local bus terminal. For longer trips, they can take a bus to the nearest railway station. My sister's eldest daughter works in a factory about five miles from home, and a free monthly bus pass from the



“No trucks, tractors, or horses,” warns this sign. (Photo: L. Wallerstein)

factory solves her commuting problem. Because the pass is for unlimited rides, she also uses it for other trips. She eats lunch every day in the factory cafeteria, at a cost of about 10 cents American money.

The mixture of homes, workplaces, shops, and public facilities in my sister's neighborhood is no accident, but the result of careful planning. This same mixture is found in new suburban developments and in many older sections of cities where poor housing has been replaced and older buildings converted to new uses.

Transportation is deeply related to land use and life style. In socialist China, land use is people-oriented and the life style

emphasizes public ownership not only of transportation facilities, but of all the means of production and distribution. The mixture of homes, factories, neighborhood workshops, stores, and other facilities is designed to “serve the people.” Land use is determined by people's needs rather than by the economic or other considerations which often govern land use in other countries. From the point of view of individual families, stable, self-sufficient neighborhoods offer easy local access to almost all their daily needs. From the point of view of the city as a whole, this arrangement eliminates the problems of transporting large numbers of people from place to place on a daily basis.

Those people who do have to commute in China do not have to cope with many of the problems characteristic of American city traffic. My wife's sister and brother-in-law live on the outskirts of Guangzhou (Kwangchow), a city of about three million. They travel about four miles by bicycle every day to their jobs downtown. Sometimes they also pedal home at noon for lunch and a nap.

Commuting by bicycle in China is no great hardship, nor is it particularly hazardous. In contrast to most Western countries, there are not many cars and trucks to contend with. Traffic accidents are rare, and there are few reckless and aggressive drivers. As a rule, drivers, cyclists, and pedestrians are cautious and courteous to one another. They seem willing to share the road with great good humor – despite the lack of bike warning signs, conspicuous pavement markings, or “stop” and “yield” signs at intersections. Some key crossings are controlled by signals manually operated by traffic police officers, but patrol cars are a rare sight on the streets of China.

How good is the quality of public transportation in China? In many bus trips around cities and suburban areas, I found the buses clean, cheap, and convenient.

Waiting times were usually quite short, buses were relatively uncrowded except during rush hours, and I could get connecting buses to wherever I wanted to go. The minimum bus fare is about 2 cents American money; for longer distances, the fare increases. The total fare from my hotel in Peking to a resort area 25 miles outside the city was less than 30 cents (about 9 cents for a city trolley and less than 20 cents for the connecting suburban bus). There is no transit tax, just as there is no income tax and no inflation.

Clean, fast, comfortable trains are the major means of long-distance travel. There is a small but growing air transport system, and steamboats are used on rivers and lakes. In many parts of the countryside, commune-owned trucks and other work-oriented vehicles help transport people as well as produce.

In judging the present transport system, it is useful to measure it against the past. Before 1949, both public and private automotive transport were undeveloped. Only a few rich people owned private cars, which were imported from other countries. Single railway lines connected only major cities near the coast. Throughout most of China's vast area, there was no mechanized transport at all. In the narrow, crowded city streets, those who could afford them hired sedan chairs or rickshas carried or pulled by human beings. In the countryside, a peasant who owned a cart and draft animal was the envy of his fellow villagers. When they traveled at all, the poor went on foot, even over long distances.

Since 1949, the People's Republic has worked energetically to create an effective, mechanized public transport system. In Peking, the number of buses has been increased from a mere handful to over 3,000 per day. Tens of thousands of miles of railways and highways have been built, joining even the remote interior provinces to the urban coastal region. Narrow city streets have been widened, paved, and rounded at the corners to accommodate increased automotive traffic; curbs and gutters have been added. Many streets are divided by landscaped medians. On major roadways, white lines near the curb help separate bicycles from motor vehicles.

The People's Republic now manufactures thousands of motor vehicles every year, mostly public transport and work vehicles – buses, trolleys, trucks, vans, and jeeps. The oil industry produces enough for China's own needs and for export. Thus transportation has been completely transformed since 1949 – although there are still problems. Transport networks need to be expanded into remote rural areas. Older highway and railway lines need upgrading. In cities, streets are becoming more crowded



In urban areas, all destinations are easily accessible on foot, bicycle, or public transport. (Photo: F. Levy)



Buses, trucks, bicycles, pedestrians – but virtually no private cars on Chinese streets. (Photo: J. Nesi)



New and old vehicles traverse the streets of Peking. (Photo: F. Levy)



Chinese "parking lots": bicycle racks like these in Qingdao (Tsingtao) are provided for workers at many Chinese factories and offices. (Photo: F. Kehl)

and there is more air pollution due to motor vehicles. The Chinese, enormously proud of what they have achieved so far, are quite confident of their ability to solve any future problems.

Will China ever turn to private car ownership? Probably not. The Chinese are well aware of the undesirable effects of dependence on private cars in many Western countries: high rates of traffic deaths and injuries, congestion, air and noise pollution, depletion of oil resources, and the high cost of individual upkeep. Producing cars on a large scale would also mean diverting vast resources from projects which have far higher priority for the Chinese – such as mechanizing agriculture and developing a modern industrial state.

More important, however, is the fact that China is a socialist country. In developing a sound system of public transportation, combined with careful urban planning, the Chinese are helping to demonstrate that people can live quite happily in a modern society without the slightest need or desire for private cars. To the Chinese, this merely illustrates the benefits of public rather than private ownership in building a better society. ●

# Read All About It

by Max Beagarie

## *A printer and trade unionist meets his Chinese counterparts*

When doctors and nurses go to China, they want to see hospitals and clinics and meet barefoot doctors. Teachers want to see schools and universities and meet teachers. After more than 30 years as a printer, I wanted to visit a printing plant and meet my fellow printers.

There was a lot of interest in my trip at the newspaper where I work. Many printers asked me to find out about working conditions and unions in China. They were so genuinely interested it seemed a good idea to take something with me that would express their feelings of friendship. Two large sheets of parchment paper were inscribed in English and Chinese with the message "Greetings to Chinese Printers from San Francisco Printers." In a very short time, 251 printers signed their names, almost completely covering the pages. Along with these I took official greetings from my Local 21 of the International Typographical Union.

Printing has a long history in China. The first record of block printing is from 868 A.D. and the first movable type dates from 1045, some 400 years before the Gutenberg Bible. In the early 17th century, the Italian Jesuit Matteo Ricci observed firsthand the advanced development of printing in China and reported that the Chinese "print far more books in any year than any other nation."

Wanting to see how the People's Republic had carried forward this tradition, while in Peking I went with another trade unionist to visit the Xinhua (Hsinhua) Publishing House. We were greeted by three members

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*Max Beagarie is a printer at the San Francisco Newspaper Publishing Company and a member of the Bay Area Typographical Union. He went to China in June 1974.*



Printer Max Beagarie examining the equipment of a modern Chinese printing plant. (Photo: M. Beagarie)

of the Revolutionary Committee, who took us through the bright and airy plant. Most of the machines were made in China, although there were some from East Germany and one from the United States. During the Anti-Japanese War, 1937-45, Xinhua was called the New Book Printing House. In 1945, Chiang Kai-shek's Kuomintang took control of the plant and ran it under the propaganda ministry. Shortly before the Liberation Army entered Peking in 1949, Chiang had the plant burned.

Today the rebuilt plant is a very busy place. About 3,400 men and women print

books in 16 different languages, mainly the works of Marx, Lenin, and Mao Tsetung. They also print the English-language magazines we are familiar with, such as *China Pictorial* and *China Reconstructs*, as well as *Nationalities Pictorial*, about China's minorities, which is distributed in Chinese only. Much of the beautiful color printing we see from China comes from this plant.

We stopped to see several women printers setting Chinese characters by hand, still a necessity because instead of composing words by means of an alphabet, each word is a separate character. A simple book

requires 3,700 characters, I was told, and a more advanced one 4,700. There are about 20,000 characters in general use. *Hanyu pinyin*, or phonetic writing in the Roman alphabet, can be set by machine.

At one machine we saw several 13-year-old primary school students. They were taking their turn in an "open door" school program, working several hours a day for three weeks to learn what it means to do an industrial job.

People were going about their tasks in an atmosphere of calm and unhurried efficiency while overhead were banners with anti-Confucius slogans, part of a current nationwide political movement to criticize backward ideas. We learned that the workers were also studying the concept of the dictatorship of the proletariat, another nationwide movement to ensure that society is run in the interests of China's majority and does not slip back toward capitalism. As we walked around the plant, a word we frequently heard in reference to ourselves was *gongren*, meaning worker. The Chinese were really happy to meet us. It made me feel that more working people should have the opportunity to visit China.

Later, when we were in the guest room for tea and discussion, I presented greetings from the U.S. printers. The Vice-Chairman of the Revolutionary Committee accepted my presentation, saying it was a sign of the true feelings of the American people toward the Chinese people. Then on behalf of his co-workers he presented me with many examples of the color work produced at Xinhua, including *China Pictorial* and scenic brochures of China's cities. In the discussion that followed, the Revolutionary Committee members answered my many questions about working conditions and unions in China before and after Liberation.

Prior to 1949, workers were expected to labor from 12 to 18 hours a day. Sometimes they also had to moonlight just to eke out an existence. There were no safety controls. Often, if a person was hurt on the job, or got sick, he or she was simply fired. There was little schooling or medical care. A worker who resisted, joined a union, or went out on strike was subject to the utmost brutality. Workers had nothing to say in the running of the factory, much less of the government.

For decades before 1949, Chinese workers

struggled to change these conditions. By the time of the civil war of 1927, about three million workers had joined unions. Of these, the miners were the largest group with 500,000, closely followed by the long-shoremen and the textile workers. The printers had about 50,000 members. This period was characterized by many strikes. Most important were the 1923 Peking-Hankow Railway workers' strike, which failed, and the 1922 Hongkong seamen's strike, which succeeded. During the three days of the Canton Commune in December 1927, more than 5,000 union men and women were killed in the streets by the Kuomintang.

The pre-Liberation unions of China had many limitations. Demands of women workers, especially in the textile factories, were not given enough support by the men. Nor was there much contact with the peasantry. It was the leadership of the Communist Party which enabled both men and women workers and the peasantry to unite to overthrow the old society and win the Revolution.

The situation of workers today at Xinhua Publishing House is a sign of how things have changed. The eight-hour day, six-day week is standard, as at other factories in China. All workers have seven paid holidays a year, including May Day, the international workers' holiday, which is celebrated on a grand scale. Those who work far from their home towns get two additional weeks off with pay to visit their families. Most workers at Xinhua live in low-rent factory-owned housing near the plant. They get two 15-minute tea breaks in addition to their lunch time, and can go out for a smoke whenever they like. The workers participate in setting the production quota for the factory and collectively decide their work pace in relation to that quota.

About half of Xinhua's work force is female. Women get the same pay as men, are allowed paid maternity leave of 56 to 70 days, and are assigned light work after giving birth. Day care is provided for the children of working parents.

There is no overtime pay and no bonuses, as money is not used to stimulate workers to produce more. Apprenticeship training lasts two to three years, and salary increases are determined by the workers themselves, based on political consciousness, enthusiasm in work, seniority, and skill. Workers also choose the foremen and have the right to criticize them. Foremen have to put in one day a week on the shop floor doing various jobs from running machines to sweeping. No one can be fired for incompetence. Any worker who cannot make it on a particular job has the right to try



Because the written language employs thousands of characters, Chinese books have to be typeset by hand. (Photo: F. Levy)

another one. Workers with a bad attitude toward the work are criticized by their co-workers, who try to educate them and raise their political consciousness.

Retirement age is 55 for women and 60 for men, but those who want to continue working can do so as long as they are in good health. All workers retire with 70 percent of their wages and are entitled to free medical care.

When I asked about the trade unions in China today, I found that they have a different function from unions in the United States. Because the working class of China has state power, and since the workers

themselves, under the leadership of the Communist Party, manage the factory through their representatives on the Revolutionary Committee, they do not engage in collective bargaining for wages or better working conditions. The primary function of the union at Xinhua is to oversee the safety of the workers, organize and conduct political and technical education classes, and provide the connecting link between the masses of workers and the Revolutionary Committee which manages the factory. The union also organizes special family welfare funds and cultural and recreational activities for workers.

Unions in China still have to wage class struggle, but it's different from the struggle they took up before the Revolution, and different from the way things are in this country. Workers in China now have to fight against the old bourgeois ideas and the danger of a restoration of capitalism. Before the Cultural Revolution, trade unions concentrated on mobilizing workers to increase production. Having lost their political bearings, they neglected the struggle against those who wanted to restore the old order and promoted the use of material incentives, such as bonuses and higher salaries for managers. During this period, under the influence of Liu Shao-chi, the former head of state who was criticized severely during the Cultural Revolution, everyone could join a union, including former landlords and capitalists. These practices came under sharp attack during the Cultural Revolution, and the unions stopped functioning.

Today, unions have been reconstituted on a new basis. Only workers can join. The concept of serving the people has replaced bonuses and other material rewards as the incentive for increased production. Managers do a regular stint of work in the plant; workers participate in running the factories. The theme of workers' study groups all over China is the dictatorship of the proletariat – the overall leadership of society by the workers themselves, in alliance with the peasants, and their rule over those classes that would like to go back to capitalism.

The new Chinese Constitution, adopted in 1975, emphasizes the workers' right to strike. But it is unlikely that the workers in China will have to use the strike weapon in the way U.S. workers do – to demand higher wages, shorter hours, and better working conditions. Instead, a strike would be used as a protest against a manager or Party cadre acting in a bureaucratic manner, or otherwise not responding to the interests and needs of the workers.

What I saw and heard at Xinhua Publishing House impressed upon me how dramatic the changes have been since the Communist Party and its chairman Mao Tsetung led the Revolution to victory 26 years ago. Chinese workers are proud of their accomplishments – decent working conditions that are the envy of many an American visitor; recreational facilities, schools, and hospitals available at minimal or no cost; democratically run unions; and a future in their own hands. But Chinese workers are not complacent. The gains they enjoy have cost hard work and struggle. To build and preserve socialist China, they know more hard work and struggle lie ahead. ●



Photo: A. Topping

## Automation: No Threat

Although I saw many forklift trucks and huge cranes on the Shanghai docks, there was less mechanization there than on American docks. They didn't have the more modern container cranes like we do. So, many more people would be working in the hold of a ship in Shanghai than in San Francisco, sometimes twice the number we would have. Yet in 1970 in Shanghai alone, they moved the same amount of cargo as we did on the entire West Coast.

I was surprised to hear that the workers built some of the cranes themselves. They discovered that some of the ships' cranes were unable to hoist heavy machinery, so they went ahead and built some of their own cranes that would.

I asked them if they were afraid of automation and they replied that they weren't because automation made their job easier. "What happens when you're automated out of a job?" I asked. "We'll move next door and build a new warehouse and begin doing something else," one of the workers replied. We got similar answers to this question at a transformer factory, a watch factory, and a machine tools factory.

It was kind of amazing. There's just no fear of automation.

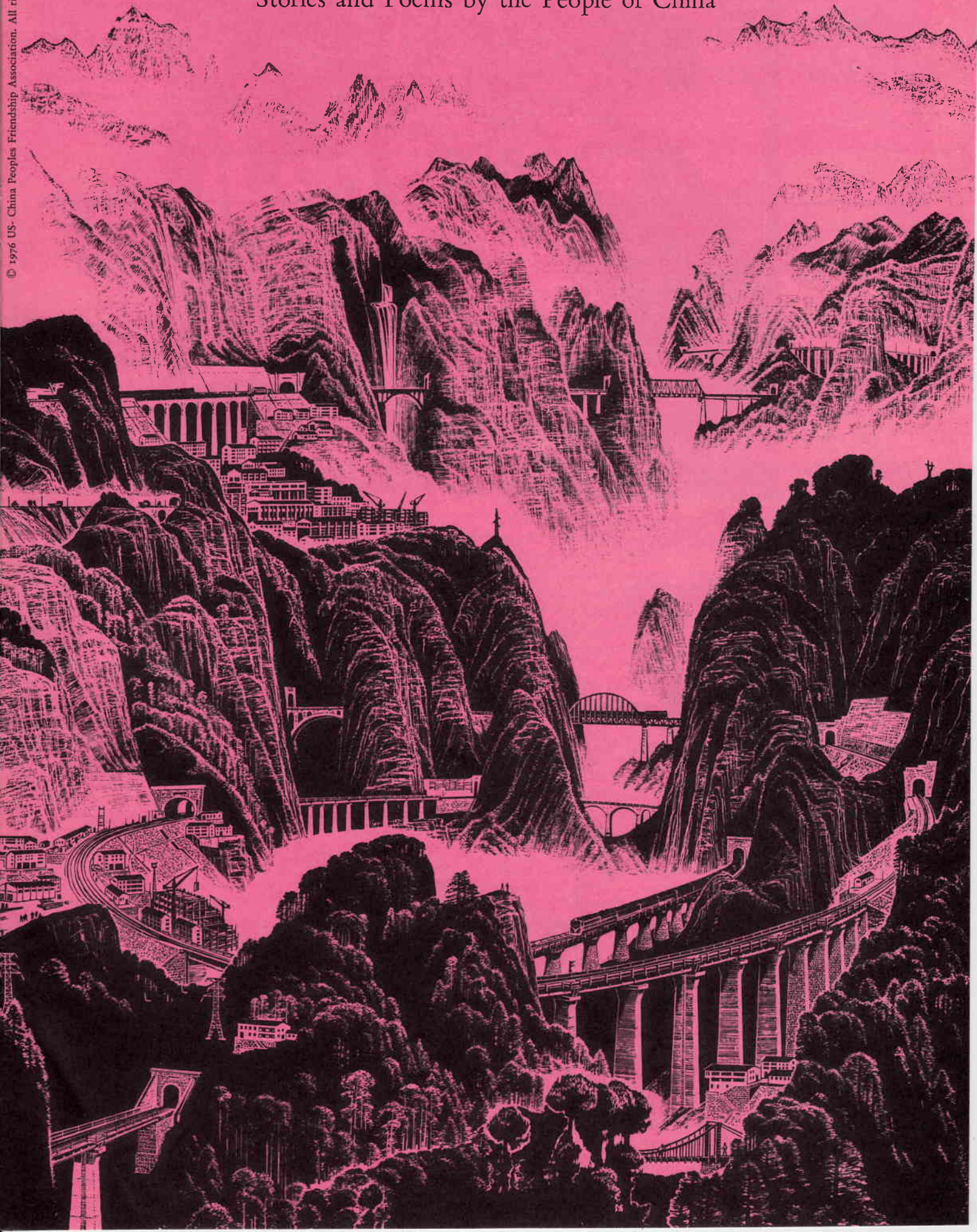
Richie Austin  
San Francisco longshoreman



# Root, Branch, and Flower

Stories and Poems by the People of China

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## Two Poems by Mao Tsetung

Chingkang Mountain, or Ching kangshan, straddles the borders of Hunan and Kiangsi Provinces. It was here in 1927-28 that Mao Tsetung established the first rural "Red base" with remnants of the revolutionary armies, which soon grew and repulsed repeated assaults by Chiang Kai-shek's forces. In the process a new Red Army was formed and the strategy and tactics of peasant guerrilla war evolved. The 1928 poem speaks of a battle against Chiang's troops, who were beaten back when they tried to break into the base through the pass at Huangyang (Huangyangchieh). In 1965, on the eve of the Cultural Revolution, Mao exults in what the Chinese people have accomplished since they "dared to scale the heights" of Ching kangshan.

### Chingkang Mountain

Fall 1928

*Low on the mountain our flags and banners  
and on the peak an echo of bugles and drums.  
Around us a thousand circles of enemy armies  
yet we are rock.*

*No one cracks through our forest of walls,  
through our fortress of wills joined as one.  
From the front lines at Huangyang the big guns roar  
saying the enemy army fled in the night.*

Translated by  
Willis Barnstone

生在望云  
在望云  
生在望云  
生在望云

Mao Tsetung's own calligraphy  
from "Chingkang Mountain"

### Ching kangshan Revisited

May 1965

*I have long aspired to reach for the clouds,  
Again I come from afar  
To climb Ching kangshan, our old haunt.  
Past scenes are transformed,  
Orioles sing, swallows swirl,  
Streams purl everywhere  
And the road mounts skyward.  
Once Huangyangchieh is passed  
No other perilous place calls for a glance.*

*Wind and thunder are stirring,  
Flags and banners are flying  
Wherever men live.  
Thirty-eight years are fled  
With a mere snap of the fingers.  
We can clasp the moon in the Ninth Heaven  
And seize turtles deep down in the Five Seas:  
We'll return amid triumphant song and laughter.  
Nothing is hard in this world  
If you dare to scale the heights.*

## Passing the Orchard

Li Ying

Gnats swarm, wasps buzz,  
As our cart lumbers through the orchard;  
For miles around the fragrance  
Is heady as wine;  
The sound of singing  
Floats above the tree-tops,  
Then the song ends,  
Someone calls from among the trees,  
And the carter looking up wonders:  
Who can that be?  
There among the fruit trees  
Flashes a red check jacket.  
Hah! So it's Chao-chao  
Who lives in the back lane;  
Just a slip of a girl  
But she has plenty of spirit.  
Last year she finished a course on forestry,  
Now she's home experimenting  
To improve our peaches by grafting.

We follow the highway, passing the stone bridge,  
A dog barks in the village ahead,  
And not far away someone calls:  
"My sixth boy has finished school,  
He's home for good,  
Grown sturdier now and tall;  
He's been learning to make fertilizer,  
He looks a well fertilized young plant himself!"  
The carter bursts out laughing  
And cheerfully cracks his whip.  
"In the past," says he,  
"When kids went to school in town,  
They were like roasted beans  
Popping off as soon as done.  
Now, the birds return to the wood,  
Rivers flow into the sea,  
Carts keep to the road. . . .  
This line of Chairman Mao's is really good!"  
He fills his pipe and flourishes his whip,  
While I look back  
At the red fruit  
Ripening so fast on the boughs.

Li Ying is a soldier and spare-time poet. This poem is from his collection *Jujube Grove Village*, 1972.

## A Slip of a Girl

Lin Chi

It was the factory's day off. But Li Ju-hai, leader of the carpentry section, had got up bright and early. Sitting back on a bamboo chair sipping strong tea, he was turning over a problem in his mind.

Li had been through the mill in the old society. Now, in his mid-fifties, he was the most competent carpenter in the whole works. But Li had a weakness: he was a stickler for rules and regulations. When their carpentry shop was first set up it lacked an orderly system. Tools of different kinds were stacked on top of each other, nails of different sizes were stored away together. Li took the lead in putting an end to this chaos by getting his mates to draw up regulations whereby nails, chisels, planes, and so forth were classified and kept apart according to specification, so that the men could easily put their hands on any tool they wanted. This made the work go more smoothly. As time went by, Li came to know the new system so well that he could pick out any tool he wanted blindfold. Thus he took considerable pride in this brain-child of his.

One day a young worker who was new to the section and didn't know Li's ways happened to move a box of nails to where he could reach it more easily.

"What are you doing?" demanded Li. "A place for everything and everything in its place, that's the rule of this shop. Don't throw things out of gear by moving that box." He plonked the box of nails back in its place. When the young fellow looked put out, Li regretted having spoken so sharply. But then he thought: "In production you've got to have rules. Those young fellows are too careless. In their eagerness to speed up the work they don't take enough care of the tools. If they damage something, that will be too bad."

So Li's rules were inviolate. Until, strange to say, his own daughter Hsiao-ling started ignoring them. The problem exercising his mind today concerned this "naughty" daughter of his.

Li Hsiao-ling, though already a young worker of twenty, to her father was nothing but a slip of a girl. The previous afternoon Party Secretary Chou Kang of the carpentry shop had consulted Li about a replacement for his assistant chief Chen Chih-chiang, who had just been transferred to another job. Li ran through the names of all the carpenters in his section, proposing several in turn. Finally, however, Secretary Chou asked: "How about your Hsiao-ling, Old Li?"

"What, her! Hsiao-ling? . . . She's just a slip of a girl. That would never do. . . ."

The Party Secretary burst out laughing. "You mustn't look down on girls, Old Li. Times have changed. Plenty of girls are doing a man's job today. What reasons have you for saying that Hsiao-ling wouldn't make a good assistant chief?"

Li grunted, at a loss for an answer. Then he mumbled: "Let me sleep on it before we decide anything."

So now, sipping tea, Li was thinking over this problem.

The strong fragrant tea stimulated his faculties. Twirling his

graying mustache he ran his mind over the past, determined to find some good reason why his daughter should not be made assistant leader.

"Got it!" he exclaimed to himself. "Two good reasons why she isn't up to the job."

Li's two reasons were as follows:

The day that his daughter was taken on as an apprentice, Li had taken her to sign on. The manager asked her what job she wanted to do.

"What do you say, dad?" she asked.

Li had smiled and said to the manager: "Draftsman, checker, lathe-operator, miller, those are all good jobs for girls. What's your idea, Old Wang?"

Before the manager could reply, Hsiao-ling twitched her father's jacket. Shyly yet firmly she spoke up: "I want to be a carpenter."

Li was a bit annoyed. Since the creation of the world, who had ever seen a girl work at a carpenter's bench? A sharp retort was on the tip of his tongue when the manager asked with a smile:

"Why do you want to be a carpenter, Hsiao-ling?"

"Hm." Li shot the girl a forbidding glance. "Do you think carpentry is fun, like riding a rocking-horse, eh?"

Unabashed by the manager's presence, his daughter retorted: "Who's thinking of having fun? Time and again at home I've heard you say that now that the factory's expanding production it's particularly short of carpenters. That's why I want to be a carpenter."

"I see you're an observant girl who uses her head," the manager commented approvingly. "Let her have her way, Old Li. If it doesn't work out, she can switch to another job later."

At this, Hsiao-ling beamed, her flushed face pretty as a rose. But her father felt as if he had swallowed a scalding hot dumpling. He could not get a word out.

Hsiao-ling quickly learned her trade. She was soon an adept in handling saw, plane, axe, and chisel. Before long, though, she was guilty of a blunder which made her old man huff and puff with exasperation.

It was Saturday and Hsiao-ling was hurrying to finish making a keel molding. It seemed to her a simple job and there was a good film to see that evening, so, picking up a piece of wood at random, she set about planing it. When she had finished and checked the measurements, she put this mold on the shelf and hurried cheerfully to the canteen. But her father chased after her and dragged her back.

Hsiao-ling had no idea what the trouble was till Li, glowering, held up the mold she had made.

"Is seeing a film more important than work?" he growled. "How can you play around with a production task assigned by the state?" Hsiao-ling's look of dismay reminded him that she was still fairly new to the job. He therefore continued more gently: "This is unseasoned timber you've used. It may warp. If the mold changes shape, it'll produce nothing but rejects. Understand?"

Only then did Hsiao-ling realize the enormity of her offense. She felt thoroughly ashamed of her carelessness. "I'll do another, dad," she volunteered.

Her obvious remorse disarmed Li Ju-hai. "Go and have your supper," he said. "The film will soon be starting." Pulling out a carpenter's bench, he chose a suitable piece of wood and set about making a new mold himself.

Li had never forgotten this incident. He now told himself: "Hsiao-ling's too feather-brained to be assistant leader. She'd mess things up for sure. This is reason number one."

And reason number two? Why, Hsiao-ling kept undermining his regulations. She had told one workmate: "Now that we've

expanded production and taken on more hands. when we all go for tools at the start of a shift there's such a crowd round the stores that it slows up the work. That old way of stacking tools ought to be changed." To another workmate she said: "We need a new method of doing things. This old one just holds us up. We must revolutionize it. . . ."

Quite a few men in the section had been dissatisfied with the old regulations. With Hsiao-ling egging them on, even the assistant chief Chen Chih-chiang backed them up. And a day came when Hsiao-ling said to Li: "Our work's the concern of our whole section, dad. Now we all want to make some changes. How about it?"

Li thought: This is all your doing, you baggage! Concealing his annoyance, however, he said: "Well, I don't object to changes within reason. But with no regulations, things would get snarled up."

Since the section chief's attitude had changed, in their spare time the carpenters overhauled the whole storeroom, rearranging tools and equipment in the way most convenient for work.

And Hsiao-ling lost no time in pointing out to her father: "We find this new system much handier, dad."

"So you say. Well, time will show."

The men hid their smiles at this, but Hsiao-ling burst out laughing. Her mates at once set up a din, sawing, planing, and drilling to drown the sound of her laughter. But it was too late - Li had already heard it. "So you're laughing at your old man, you young minx!" he thought. "How can a provoking slip of a girl like this be made assistant chief of our section?"



First thing the next morning, Li told Chou Kang these two "reasons" for not promoting Hsiao-ling. The Party Secretary simply smiled.

"As for the first case, Old Li," he said, "Hsiao-ling saw her mistake and hasn't repeated it. As for the second, it may well be to her credit. To my mind, Hsiao-ling's shaping well. She studies hard and goes deep into problems, has drive but isn't reckless. That's the sort of assistant section chief we need, I say."

Li neither nodded nor shook his head. "I couldn't set my mind at rest, Old Chou, if she were appointed assistant chief," he answered. "Let her try it out for a while before making a final decision. How about that?"

Chou Kang knew what was in the section chief's mind. "All right," he agreed. "We'll put her on probation."

So Hsiao-ling became "probationary assistant chief."

"Watch your step, Hsiao-ling," her father warned her. "Don't throw a spanner in the works while you're on probation. Refer everything to me, see?"

Her father's apprehensions made Hsiao-ling more conscious than ever of the weight of her new responsibility. But then she told herself: "If I study really hard and consult the others whenever problems come up, learning as I work, it shouldn't be too difficult."

"You must give me plenty of advice, dad," she begged.

Li hid his pleasure at this and simply grunted: "It's deeds that count, not words."

In the days that followed, Li observed that Hsiao-ling never slacked for a single moment and the routine work of the section was running smoothly. What's more, the girl used her head. She kept abreast with current events and gave the lead in study meetings. This helped put his mind at rest and lightened his own load. What reassured him most, however, was the fact that the section's monthly production quota would be fulfilled at least two days ahead of schedule.

Just at this point, though, the factory accepted a job of work for the army. The carpentry shop would have to turn out a large number of props. A meeting was instantly called to decide how to allocate this task between the different sections.

Li carefully evaluated the new spirit in his section since Hsiao-ling's appointment as assistant chief. Then in a loud booming voice he asked to be given one-third of the overall task. This would so far exceed the workshop's original plan that for a moment everyone was dumbfounded. But since Li's section had always fulfilled its quota, they stopped worrying and clapped to show their approval. And Li's resolute, confident manner made the leadership grant his request.

The first to leave the meeting, Li hurried exuberantly back to his section to share the good news with his daughter. She had not turned up, however, by the end of the shift. After hesitating for a



while, he cleaned the electric saw, ready to start work as soon as the timber arrived. Then he went home.

Soon after Li reached home Hsiao-ling arrived back. At once he told her of their new assignment. She had in fact heard the news from Party Secretary Chou and was delighted by her father's boldness in shouldering heavy loads. But once they started discussing how to carry out the task, high words passed between father and daughter.

Li had already figured things out at the meeting. He repeated his plan to his daughter: "We'll reallocate our manpower, run three shifts, keep our electric saw going day and night, and organize a 'relay race.' That way we can be sure of finishing our third of the work on time."

"Even if we do, dad, what about the other two-thirds?"

"What do you mean?" Li demanded in surprise. "We can't do anything about the other two-thirds. We'll be doing pretty well to finish our own one-third."

"I've been making inquiries," said Hsiao-ling. "The other

sections already have a heavy workload. They've accepted this new assignment cheerfully, but they're up against a whole lot of difficulties."

"That can't be helped. We mustn't bite off more than we can chew. We've nothing to be ashamed of, taking on one-third."

"Having nothing to be ashamed of is not enough, dad. To show real responsibility toward the Revolution we must do better than that."

Li thought: "Trying to run before you can walk, you're bound to come a cropper." But all he said was: "If it isn't enough, tell me what you would do."

"I've got an idea—if only you'll back me up." Hsiao-ling decided that the time had come to put her cards on the table. "If we change our section's single-blade saw into a double-blade job, we can finish not only our third of the work but help out with the other two-thirds. What do you say, dad?"

"That's no use. That would simply mess things up." Li sawed the air to stress his disapproval.

Mere mention of a double-blade saw made Li see red. A few years previously some of the carpenters had tried making one. To start with, he had not been against the idea. But as the days passed and all their efforts failed, their section fell behind in its work. Then in exasperation he burst out: "Until you fall, you don't know how slippery the road is. If you'll stop all this talk about double-blades and fix the single-blade back, I'll give you a medal."

"Just because it didn't work before doesn't mean we can't fix it this time, dad. A double-blade. . . ."

"So now you're on about it!" snapped Li. "Our single-blade saw is working fine, why make a double-blade one? You just can't do it. But while you're trying, you'll spoil my single-blade saw."

"Remember what Chairman Mao says, dad. Failure is indeed the mother of success."

This made a dent in Li's resistance. In a much milder tone he replied: "I'm all for scientific experiments. But I'll never forgive you if you hold up that one-third we've taken on."

"Secretary Chou has summed up the reasons for that failure before. We've drawn up a plan, and the repair shop has promised us all-out support. Besides, we've a foundation to build on."

"What foundation?"

"Old Chang and some others in our section have already had a go at it." Hsiao-ling spoke confidently. "Besides, we've the two cement bases left over from their previous trial. That's a foundation, isn't it?"

Having no way to refute this, her father tried another line of defense. "The lumber will be here two days from now. If you can fix the saw in three days, that's all right with me."

Hsiao-ling jumped for joy at this and at once rushed out.

That night the carpentry shop was brightly lit. Only the clink of metal and remarks exchanged by men hard at work broke the silence.

By the time Hsiao-ling reached the workshop, Old Chang and some others had dismantled the saw and fetched the parts for the double-blade saw from the storeroom. She promptly rolled up her sleeves and plunged into the fray with them.

Presently Li arrived. Although very skeptical about this venture, as section leader he could not just look idly on. Besides, he mustn't allow the young people to spoil any equipment through carelessness.

The work went ahead fairly fast, according to plan. Two days later they tried out the saw. But because of excessive vibration, it didn't work. Everybody's spirit sank, while Li thought to himself: "I told you so."

Hsiao-ling enlisted the help of Chou Kang and some other old

workers. After investigation they decided that the failure was due to inadequate horsepower as well as to faults in the frame. Chou Kang immediately fetched another motor, while Hsiao-ling and the rest repaired the frame. Some of the new parts required had yet to be made, but after two days of hard work the men were tired out. Chou Kang made them go home while he stayed behind to help Li and Hsiao-ling make the new parts.

On the morning of the third day, the electric saw was still not working. Li started pacing up and down frantically. He searched high and low for Hsiao-ling but could not find her. Then someone told him she was probably sleeping in the temporary hostel. "So after causing all this trouble she's taking it easy!" he fumed. He rushed to the hostel, only to draw a blank again. When he returned to the workshop, Hsiao-ling was hard at work there.

"See here!" he snapped. "You haven't managed to make a double-blade saw and you've stopped the single-blade saw from working too. What's the idea?"

"Go back and wait. Presently I'll come and fetch you."

Hsiao-ling's eyes were bloodshot. Her father said no more. A truckload of timber arriving now at the door, he hastily helped unload it. He was in the middle of this job when shouts from the workshop made him dash back inside.

Everyone had gathered round the electric saw. Some were kneeling down to watch the driving mechanism; others, smiling all over their faces, were looking at the planks turned out. Hsiao-ling, red in the face with exertion, was feeding lumber into the rotating saw. The whirring blades scattered sawdust over her, and the shop was filled with the fragrance of fresh wood. Chou Kang tipped Hsiao-ling a wink.

"Come and try this out, dad!" she called.

Li went up to the saw. With the skill born of long practice he pushed a log on to the table. The rasp of the blades lifted a weight from his mind. When he had sawn one prop, Chou Kang standing opposite took the neatly sawn piece and asked with a smile: "Well, how about it, Old Li?"

Li brushed the shavings off his clothes, twitched his graying mustache, and grunted a couple of times. "Hm. Up to standard," was his verdict.

A roar of laughter greeted this announcement.



The "one-third" quota was speedily completed. Li's section promptly went on to help with the other "two-thirds."

A spring shower early that morning had freshened the air. The kapok trees lining the highway were in flower, with blossoms red as flame. The young rice shoots in the sunlit fields were a vivid green.

On the way to work Hsiao-ling asked her father: "Have you figured out, dad, how many days ahead of schedule our section will fulfill its assignment this month?"

"A whole week at least, I make it."

"Our section really has nothing to be ashamed of." Hsiao-ling cocked her head to watch her father's reaction.

"See here, Hsiao-ling," he answered seriously. "A fledgling just trying out its wings has no cause to feel proud." An apt phrase he had heard came to his mind, and he added: "To show real responsibility to the Revolution it isn't enough having nothing to be ashamed of. Understand?"

"I understand, dad." Hsiao-ling covered her mouth to hide a smile, not laughing outright this time. Never before had her old man seemed to her so lovable. She inhaled a deep breath of fresh air and quickened her pace, advancing by her father's side along the broad, sunlit highway.

## Ulan Bulgod, the Red Eagle

Chu Yu-yuan

*A young hero is acclaimed on the Kolchin Steppe,\*  
Named Ulan Bulgod, which means Red Eagle.  
Everyone tells tales of brave exploits  
As numerous as the wild flowers that cover our grasslands.*

*Some tell how Red Eagle walked three days and nights  
Through sleet and snow to save a flock of sheep;  
Others, how Ulan Bulgod with clothes soaked in water  
Plunged into a blazing fire to rescue winter fodder.*

*So on horseback I gallop over the wide Kolchin Steppe,  
Impatient to find and interview this hero;  
Many I meet have the same name, but when questioned,  
They all reply, "Oh no, that wasn't me!"*

*The first I met was a young girl herding sheep,  
The second was a young chap on a tractor's seat,  
The third was going to teach some scattered pupils,  
Another was transporting goods for sale.*

*Finally, confused, I called on an old herdsman  
And said, "Where can I find this young hero?"  
Pointing to circling eagles in the sky, he asked,  
"Comrade, which young eagle are you looking for?"*

*While I stared at him bewildered,  
His laughter rang out loud and clear. "We herdsmen  
Call all school-leavers who settle here, Ulan Bulgod,  
For are they not all fine red eagles?"*

\*In Inner Mongolia.



## Our Barefoot Doctor

Liang Shang-chuan

*I, old Musu, who have long been blind,  
Can now once more see the light of day.  
For scores of years I lost my sight,  
Now tears of joy fill my eyes.  
The darkness in which I groped for many years  
Has been swept away for ever.  
When first I regained my sight, I asked,  
"Which doctor has done this for me?"*

*Ah, it's you, our barefoot doctor,  
The new doctor who has come to help our Yi folk!  
Though only now I see you for the first time,  
Long has my heart felt your kindness.  
Although your looks were quite unknown to me  
I knew and recognized your voice quite well;  
But I had no clear picture of you in my mind,  
Till you gave me back my sight!*

*As I gaze at you, my dear young girl,  
It reminds me of my daughter's bitter end.  
When once the slave-owner's son was ill,  
The bimo\* said a ghost was haunting him and that  
To appease the ghost, another child must die.  
The slave-owner chose my young daughter for his victim.  
Powerless to avenge my poor murdered child,  
Burning rage and grief blotted out my sight.*

*At our meeting to denounce the past, you wept with us;  
Together we found the root cause of all our woes.  
With the sorrows of us slaves imprinted on your heart  
Even when unsolicited, you still go to cure the sick.  
Seeking healing herbs, you've climbed our mountains,  
Braving frost and snow or the darkest night,  
You always go where you're most needed.  
Your medical kit you carry everywhere,  
Your lantern is always filled and ready.  
All our Yi folk are full of praise for you,  
You have become one of our own flesh and blood.*

\*The Yi national minority's  
name for a sorcerer  
(southwest China).

## Uncle Ni

Mao Ying

I only met Uncle Ni once, yet the older I grow, the deeper and more significant becomes the impression he made on me.

I met Uncle Ni in April 1943 when I had just left home and was on my way to a revolutionary base area behind the enemy's lines. I had been told beforehand that the journey would take me three days, that I must myself find a place to sleep the first night on the way, but the second night I could go to Uncle Ni's house at "Hell's Corner." Why was the place called Hell's Corner? It was because Uncle Ni lived in Puchiang County and especially in Nita Village. Some ten miles to the east of it was a base area, a place fit for human beings to live in, which was led by our Communist Party. West of the village, the area was all occupied by the enemy [the Japanese]. This was literally a "hell" on earth. Living there on the border, the old man's task was to be guide and liaison man for those who were going behind the enemy's lines to join the New Fourth Army led by the Communist Party.

I arrived at Nita Village just at sunset and right away met a group of children. Before I had time to ask them where Uncle Ni lived, one of the older ones came up to me and asked, "Who are you looking for?"

"Uncle Ni."

"Come with me, I'll take you to him," he offered and led me to a small hut at the east end of the village. He indicated it with a nod, then turned and left me.

When I looked at the hut I thought it well situated, being surrounded and screened by a thicket of green bamboo. I called out "Uncle Ni" several times. Since there was no answer, I pushed the door open and went in. As I glanced inside I frowned, for the room was as small as a snail's shell. Along one wall there was a stove with two cauldrons on it. There was clean water in the larger one but the smaller one was cluttered up with two dirty bowls and a pair of chopsticks. A bed stood against the opposite wall with a tattered mosquito net hung over it. Though the net must once have been white it was now discolored and dirty from the smoke and dust of years. There was no table. Besides a small millstone which took up the space in the center of the room, there were two benches, one with an oil lamp on it. I called again, still there was no answer. I began to wonder if this was the right place. Just then, a great bundle of faggots was propelled through the door, so large that all I could see of the person carrying it was a pair of feet in straw sandals. I hurried over to relieve the man of the bundle, giving him a chance to straighten up. Strangely enough he showed no expression whatsoever while he calmly looked me over from head to toe. He only said bluntly, "Just pile the faggots by the stove."

As I was doing this, he asked, "Did you come here looking for me?" I gave him the password, "I want to see Uncle Ni who sells Yiwu piglets." He grunted and sat down. Not until he had lit up his pipe did he invite me to sit down on the other bench. I had a chance to look him over then. He wore an old-fashioned jacket of blue homespun with an old belt tied clumsily around his waist.

His face still wore that dead-pan look but I discovered there was a sharp glint in his eyes.

According to an old saying, "A guest must do as his host does." There was so much the two of us should have talked about, such as what my name was, where I came from, where I had stayed the previous night, what difficulties I'd encountered on the way and so on. . . . I could have answered all such questions easily if only he had asked me. But the old man didn't ask a single one. I was very puzzled. Why was he so cold and indifferent?

When he had finished his pipeful, he slowly knocked out the ashes on the sole of his sandal. After that he stood up and announced, "Now we'll prepare a meal." He drew out a sack from beneath the bed and poured out some corn into a pan. Without any hesitation he put me to work, saying, "Come on, you grind the corn while I boil some water."

A moment later the room became a little livelier with the rhythmic creaking of the millstone and the crackle of the faggots in the stove. But neither of us said a single word; it was as though we were both deaf mutes. The meal was finally cooked in what I felt to be an almost unbearable silence.

The old man lit the lamp, put the lid of the water-vat on the millstone to serve as a table, and scooped up a bowl of corn gruel for each of us. When I began to eat, he finally broke the silence to ask, "Can you manage to eat this all right?"

Not wanting him to misunderstand and think I couldn't stomach such coarse grain, I put the bowl to my lips and answered with a smile, "Oh, yes, I like it very much."

"Like it? But you don't seem to know how to eat it!" Watching me as I slurped some more of the gruel into my mouth with my chopsticks, Uncle Ni actually smiled. This was the first time he had done so since my arrival. I was pleased and continued slurping eagerly. Suddenly my hand holding the chopsticks was gripped tightly. I looked up then to find Uncle Ni bending over me.

"You should eat it like this. . . ." He showed me then how to scoop up the thick gruel properly with my chopsticks. Sitting down again, he held up his own bowl to his lips and said with an air of self-assurance, "This way, the gruel will remain thick right to the bottom of the bowl. You can finish it up so clean you won't even need to wash it!"

After we had eaten, without waiting for his orders, I began to wash up. He sat there puffing away at his pipe, not bothering to stop me or make any polite remarks.

Soon everything was put away. Uncle Ni, lamp in one hand, took up a quilt from his bed. "Time to get some sleep," he said. I followed him up a short ladder into a tiny loft. He helped me to pile up some straw for a bed and filled the open skylight with a bundle of straw too. Indicating my bed with his chin, he asked again, "Will you be able to sleep all right?"

After the experience I'd had eating the corn gruel, I thought I understood what he meant, more or less. Putting down my small parcel of belongings, I stretched out on the straw and imitating his tone said reassuringly, "I'll sleep well like this."

"Wait a minute! The enemy as a rule doesn't dare to come here in the night so you can take off your long gown and shoes before you sleep. If anything happens, keep calm and don't run around." This was the longest speech he had made since I arrived and I was more than pleased. I took off my gown and threw it aside casually, then kicked off my shoes quickly without bothering to untie the laces. But telling me to get up, carefully he spread the gown over the straw like a sheet, then he covered me with the quilt he had brought from his own bed. When I was settled he picked up my worn-out gym-shoes and examined them by lamplight. I thought that this would be a good chance to talk to him, but before I

could say a word he took up the lamp and turned to go. When he was already on the ladder, he raised the lamp higher and turned back to say, "You'll have to be up early tomorrow morning, so get to sleep now!"

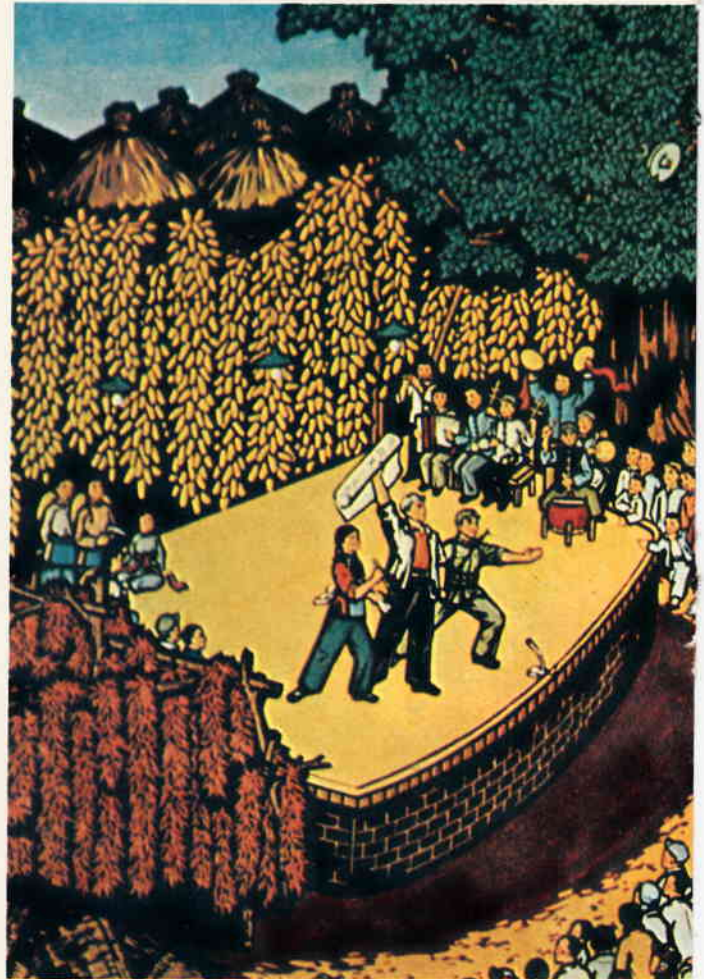
Uncle Ni had to wake me the next morning. I opened my eyes to find a pale light visible through the skylight. Thinking that I had overslept, I dressed in a hurry.

"Don't be flustered," Uncle Ni remarked. "The cock has only crowed once."

Downstairs beside the millstone, I found two pairs of new straw sandals and a frame for making them. A closer look at the lamp showed it was almost bone-dry. "Uncle must have worked the whole night through," I said as though talking to myself but Uncle Ni pretended not to hear me. He put some golden corn cakes already cooked on the millstone. "Help yourself and be quick. We should start out right away."

After breakfast the old man handed me one pair of straw sandals. "Put them on! We'll have to travel through the mountains." Before I could protest, he had bent down and was undoing my shoestrings.

"Do you know how to put these on?" he questioned me again. This time he was quite sure I couldn't manage. He helped me to put on the sandals, fastened the strings for me and asked me to take a few steps to see how they felt. I thought they were a perfect fit, but he made me take them off again so that he could adjust them a little.





After he was satisfied and I had tied them on again, he took off his belt and gave it to me. Holding it, I was at a loss, not knowing what to do with it. He tucked up my gown and, tying the belt tightly round my waist, made the gown look more like a jacket.

"Let's get started now," he ordered. "I'll go with you for a short distance." He tucked a sickle under his belt and holding a long staff with pointed ends went out of the hut.

Outside, a bright moon hung high in the sky. Uncle Ni told me to keep about twenty paces behind him. This meant that I still couldn't speak, although I was bursting with things to tell him.

We walked together for about ten miles instead of a short distance. When the rim of the rising sun showed above the horizon, we were already high on a mountain between the counties of Puchiang and Yiwu. We had walked fast and climbed steadily uphill so that I was panting and Uncle Ni's forehead was glistening with sweat. There he stopped, proudly standing with legs firmly astride, his staff in one hand, facing the sun and gazing fondly at the vast landscape below. There was a glint of gold on the distant streams and ponds while nearby valleys were all shrouded in a gauzy morning mist. As the cocks crowed again lustily here and there, I imagined I could hear the soldiers marching out for their morning drill in the revolutionary base area and the people going cheerfully to work. Only then did I notice that Uncle Ni's face, far from being dead-pan, showed deep emotion.

He asked me my name then and told me that it was a rule he had made for himself not to ask the name of anyone he was taking to the revolutionary base until he reached this mountain top.

"Comrade Hsiao Wang," the old man said slowly, "down there at the foot of this mountain is our base area and so my mission ends here. . . ."

I looked up at Uncle Ni, seeing him standing there as he had so many times before, with the sun rising behind the mountains, sending off countless youngsters like myself to join the revolutionary ranks.

The two of us stood there in silent exaltation for quite a while. Then Uncle Ni grasped my hands and put the other pair of sandals into them. These were made of pale yellow glutinous rice straw and looked both pliable and strong. . . .



A year later when our base area was expanded, Nita Village was liberated too. One day when our unit was near the village I and some other comrades who, like me, had been escorted to the base area by Uncle Ni decided to visit the old man. But our political commissar told us that Uncle Ni had long since left the village. Where had he gone, we wanted to know. The political commissar smiled. "We are all leading normal lives now, Uncle Ni's still living at 'Hell's Corner.' You'll meet him some day when there is no more 'hell' anywhere in our country."

## Performing

Li Fa-mo

*What shall we use for a mirror?  
The high gorge offers a lake of green.  
What shall we use for make-up?  
Sorghum for red, corn for yellow.*

*On the smooth stone slab we make our stage,  
The bean and squash trellises are the curtains.  
Spectators crowd the drying ground,  
Kids are straddling the japonica trees.*

*The first act is "Learn from Tachai,"  
Portraying new events in our area.  
The background scenery is real:  
A tumbling waterfall hangs from the sky.*

*On the stage, songs celebrate the bumper harvest.  
The audience inwardly thrills at what it hears.  
Applause, laughter, cheers—  
Hearts vibrate like the threshing machine.*

*The performance ends,  
Teams of carrying poles and baskets  
rush toward the valley.  
Oh, where are the performers?  
Look where the rice stalks wave and bend. . . .*

Translated by  
Dorothy Loo Kehl



## A Peck Measure at the Criticism Meeting

Wang Hsin-min

*The meeting to debunk Lin Piao and Confucius  
Seethes with rage, rings with accusations.  
The old team leader gets in first,  
A peck measure raised high in his hand.*

*See this measure, the landlord's peck measure,  
Gaping like the bloody jaws of a ravening tiger!  
One peck of grain, a thousand pecks of tears:  
In the old days our tears flowed like rivers.  
The landlords batted on our tears,  
On the marrow of our bones.*

*This measure, this peck measure,  
Cannot measure all our wrongs and hatred.  
The Confucians' "benevolence,"  
Lin Piao's "forbearance,"  
Were cannibals' canons—  
They preyed on our flesh and blood.*

*The old team leader's fulmination  
Fills the hearts of the villagers with blazing anger.  
Lin Piao tried to put the clock back,  
To bring this peck measure back into use again  
And let the landlords trample over us—  
We must fight, fight these pests to the end!*

Wang Hsin-min is a member  
of the Hsiao-chin-chuang Production  
Brigade near Tientsin, known  
throughout China for its poetry.

## The Giant's Shoes

Written collectively by soldiers after a  
long-distance march during maneuvers

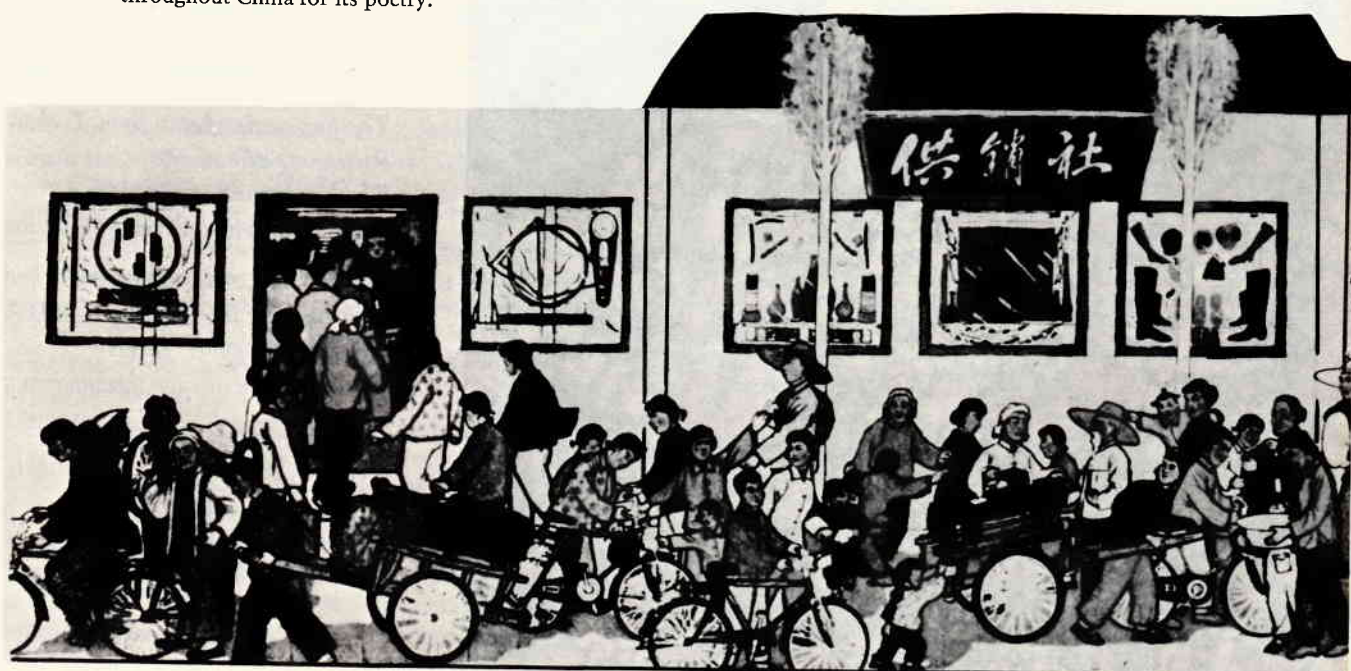
*After a mock assault and surprise attack,  
Our troops bivouac at Pine Village.  
Big Liu, a fighter in Squad No. 2,  
Arrives with cloth shoes worn right through.*

*The men are concerned, but not one of them  
Carries a spare pair of such big shoes.  
With a broad grin Big Liu laughs and says,  
"I like walking barefoot better anyway!"*

*At dawn next day when the bugle sounds,  
The village Party Secretary arrives, carrying  
A pair of brand-new shoes, each neat stitch sewn with love.  
Armymen and people are as close as fish and water.*

*The new shoes fit Big Liu just fine.  
He's very grateful. Cudgeling his brains, he asks,  
"Did a scout come from the village last night,  
And measure my big feet while I slept?"*

*The Party Secretary chuckles. Waving his pipe  
He solves the puzzle and explains quite easily,  
"When you carried water for the villagers last night,  
They measured your bare footprint in the mud!"*



Better and Better  
Every Day  
Huang Sheng-hsiao

*The day before yesterday when a loaded freighter came,  
We carried its cargo up the slope piece by piece,  
But in one whole day and night,  
Moved but one-tenth of it.*

*Yesterday another shipload of goods arrived,  
We pulled them up in the small flat carts we'd made.  
Faster than the previous day by quite a bit,  
But our sweat would have filled several cauldrons.*

*Today there's another freighter waiting at the dock,  
And we're prepared with a far better device.  
Its load we'll place on our new conveyer belts,  
One man then can do the work of dozens.*

*But tomorrow when another cargo ship arrives,  
We'll move so fast it'll take your breath away,  
Amazed, you'll see our new super-crane  
Haul vessel and cargo both together to  
the warehouse gate.*

Huang Sheng-hsiao is  
a longshoreman on the  
middle Yangtze and  
a prolific poet.



## Crosstalk

Li Run-jie

Translated by David Owen  
from "The Production-Brigade Leader"

*Crosstalk is a North China form of comic folk-art, written only in northern (Peking) dialect. It features two characters who banter back and forth for 30-45 minutes in a definite rhythm, capping sections of the dialogue with punch-lines.*

- A. The old and the new society are different.  
B. They have basic differences. -  
A. In the old society the peasants were oppressed; in the new society the peasants are emancipated.  
B. Right.  
A. In the old society creditors were all over the house; in the new society good-news posters cover the whole door.  
B. Right.  
A. In the old society 40 years was considered a long life; in the new society to live to be 90 is not considered anything new.  
B. Right.  
A. In the old society women were oppressed; in the new society the women control the men.  
B. Right. . . . Eh? No! What you ought to say is that in the new society men and women are equal.  
A. Equal? I can't say that!  
B. Why not?  
A. Look at our production-brigade. The brigade leader is a woman, the deputy leader is a woman, the work-points recorder is a woman, the political instructor of the militia is a woman. . . .  
B. They're all women?  
A. Only the accountant is a man; but he has no guts!  
B. Why?  
A. He's found a sweetheart, who is also a woman.  
B. You idiot!  
A. You see, in our brigade the women have occupied all the leading positions. Aren't the women controlling the men?  
B. What does that matter? As long as they have a certain ability to work, put the public interest first, ignore personal interest, and love the collective organization, anyone can be a leader, whether they are male or female.  
A. That's what the members of the commune say. They say our brigade leader does her job well, she's a hero in work, a hero in struggle, a real hero, a hero among women. . . .  
B. Why so many "heroes"?  
A. There's altogether too much of the hero about her. . . .  
B. How do you come to know so much about her?  
A. Everyone knows. . . .  
B. . . . Your brigade leader sounds all right.  
A. She's all right to other people.  
B. And to you?  
A. Mean!  
B. How is she mean?  
A. When she allocates land for individual use she gives me the worst plot; when she assigns work she gives me the most tiring jobs; I get the smallest number of work-points, and the lowest

grain allowance.

B. In other words she still isn't thorough enough in her work.

A. Not thorough enough? She explains things all day long, she does manual work in the fields with the other members of the commune during working hours, she goes and chats with them during her spare time, and she knows all my opinions and difficulties.

B. So she can help you to solve your problems.

A. Not only haven't I had any problems solved, but when she eats at my house she won't even give me any food money.

B. Now that's not right; you ought to report it to her superiors.

A. I have, but it's no use.

B. What did they say?

A. They said that this brigade leader doesn't have to give me any food money when she eats at my home.

B. Why?

A. Because she's my wife.

B. How was I supposed to know! My wife doesn't give me food money when she eats at home either!

A. So you and I are both in the same boat.

B. You must be joking!

A. Anyway, each year she's classed as a "Five Good."

B. What's that?

A. Her patriotism and love for the commune are good, her manual work and productivity are good, her respect for law and order is good, her sense of unity and mutual help is good, her diligence, thrift, and support of the family are good.

B. You ought to learn from your wife.

A. Oh, I'm not so bad myself.

B. Are you also a "Five Good"?

A. I'm a "Five Old."

B. What's that?

A. I'm old fashioned, an old inhabitant, I'm always making mistakes, I'm always being criticized, and I never admit I'm wrong.

B. I wouldn't expect you to admit all that!

A. So there are great contradictions between her with her "Five Goods" and me with my "Five Olds."

B. That's inevitable; your contradiction is between public and private interests.

A. No, it's a contradiction of love.

B. A contradiction of love?

A. Yes, my wife says publicly that she doesn't love me the most.

B. Oh! Who does she love the most?

A. The People's Commune.

B. Oh, so she loves the collective organization; that's good.

A. What do you mean, good? She's my wife; she should love me first.

B. What an attitude! There's really no contradiction between loving the community and loving you.

A. There's a very big contradiction. I'll give you an example which will explain this problem properly.

B. Go ahead.

A. Well, for a long time we had wanted to buy a radio. With a lot of difficulty we saved 180 [in currency], and one day when she was going into town for a meeting I told her to pick out a radio she liked and bring it back with her.

B. Yes?

A. I stood just outside the village from sunset till the moon was up.

B. Waiting for your wife?

A. Waiting for my radio!

B. Waiting for your radio!

A. As I waited I thought how good it would be to have a radio.

After work I would be able to have a wash, then turn on the radio and listen to whatever I wanted. The more I thought about it the happier I became . . . (loudly) Hey!

B. What are you getting so excited about?

A. She's back. I shouted to her from a long way off:

"Hey! Have you bought it?"

"Yes."

"What make?"

"Anti-drought."

B. When has there ever been a radio called "Anti-drought"?

## The Party Secretary's Office Desk Song Ge

*The Secretary's house*

*Is always locked;*

*The Secretary's desk*

*Is often bare.*

*To locate the Secretary's work-site is not easy,  
You have to walk all over the nine gullies and  
ten hill slopes. . . .*

*Where is the Secretary's office?*

*Where is the Secretary's desk?*

*They differ according to the four seasons,*

*A fixed place is impossible to name.*

*On the "East is Red" tractor, the rake shed,*

*The dam top, between the rows of crops,*

*at the wheel barrows—*

*The work-site changes with the season,*

*One knee makes the desk.*

*A conversation on planting over a pipe of tobacco,*

*Hearts are inspired fiery warm;*

*Spades and picks transform the hilltops,*

*Contradictions are resolved on the site;*

*New calluses on the hands replace the old,*

*Rough as a file.*

*Once we were chatting of this and that,*

*He pointed to the lush green and said,*

*"Jade green walls,*

*Flower-covered desk,*

*The fresh breeze like a fan to blow away the heat,*

*Every canal can quench my thirst.*

*May I ask:*

*What office is as vast as this?*

*Chairman Mao makes it possible to see the world*

*and be tempered by the wind and rain.*

*A room is too small to contain my office desk!"*

Translated by  
Dorothy Loo Kehl

A. Perhaps it's a new model.

B. I've never heard of it.

A. "How many tubes?"

"No tubes."

B. She said, no tubes.

A. It's probably a transistor.

B. Oh!

A. "Where have you put it?"

"On the truck, behind."

I ran to look. . . .

B. A radio.

A. A water-pump!

B. Who's talking about water-pumps??

A. "Did you forget to buy the radio?"

"No, I didn't forget."

"If you didn't forget, why didn't you buy it?"

"Because there wasn't enough money to buy the pump, so I threw in the 180 for our radio."

B. She sacrificed the personal for the communal; your wife did right.



## The Ten-Year Plan

Tuan Jui-hsia

Work starts at eight in the machine tool plant. But for Ku Ah-ming, Party Secretary of the third workshop, the working day starts at seven. Rain or shine, summer or winter, he is invariably there at seven sharp.

However, in the plant, changes occur with every passing day. At the time our story starts, all the workers were busy discussing the draft for a ten-year plan or, as Old Chou, Vice-secretary of the plant Party committee, liked to put it, the changes to be brought about in the next ten years. Take the avenue from the gate to the main building, for instance. That had already changed, for two rows of young poplars had just been planted there.

Only the day before, Ku had noticed the slender silvery saplings shaking in the cold wind. Today, he was surprised to see that thick straw ropes had been wound round the trunks, protecting them from the cold. Bamboo poles supporting some of the smaller saplings formed the character *jen* (人) for "man." There was no need to ask who had done this – it had to be Old Chou.

Ku remembered the week before, while out planting trees in response to the Party committee's call as part of the ten-year plan, he himself had remarked, "We'll have two fine rows of green trees here next spring."

Old Chou had quickly pointed out that even fine saplings need a helping hand when a storm bears down on them. So Ku was certain that it was Old Chou who had lent them this helping hand.

As he walked on toward the third workshop, the roar of a motor broke the calm of the morning. Wondering who was working at that early hour, he quickened his step. From the door, he caught sight of two gray heads in close consultation in front of a precision-tool machine. As the signal lights blinked on and off, he recognized Old Pan, a veteran worker and the third workshop's most skilled technician, deep in discussion with a sturdy figure in a cotton-padded jacket. It was Old Chou. He seemed to be commenting on the shiny new part in his hand. Old Pan pushed a button, and the spindle whirled.

So Old Chou had already arrived to tackle the question of quality. Little Yang had been operating this new precision-tool machine for barely a week before an inspector reported that the number of rejects he turned out was too high. That was three days ago and now Old Chou had come to do something about it. For as head of the plant's operations section, Old Chou set high standards. Luckily Ku himself had already decided that Yang must go back to his old lathe. Pleased that he had taken the matter in hand before Chou's arrival, he went into his own office.

He leisurely lit a cigarette before spreading the draft of the ten-year plan out on his desk. The first item on the agenda at their pre-shift meeting that morning was to study the plan in detail, point by point. In ten years' time, this workshop's output alone would surpass the whole factory's present production. His heart glowed at the thought. But there were plenty of obstacles to surmount. Their shortage of technicians, for one thing, was going to present a problem.

He thought about the substandard parts produced by the young workers. This was the result of a decision taken at a meeting of the whole plant held the previous week. Representatives of all the shops had made speeches about the ten-year plan, then the discussion was opened to all. Young Pai, secretary of the third workshop's Youth League branch, strode up to the platform to speak in the name of three young workers who had just finished their apprenticeship. After a short introduction, he criticized Ku openly. His were fighting words. "Our workshop seems to be having great difficulty in fulfilling the production quota for this fourth quarter, and yet three brand-new precision-tool machines are lying idle in the storeroom. Why?"

"That's the spirit! They're three young tigers." Old Chou nudged Ku who sat next to him on the platform.

"Bold enough to climb up to the sky if you give them a ladder," Ku retorted wryly.

"Then why not give them one?" responded Old Chou eagerly. "At the crucial moment we must lend them a hand too."

"What! Give . . . well, all right." So Ku after some thought supported the young men's request to be allowed to operate the new machines. His speech received an ovation. But who were the workers applauding, the young men or Ku?

The following week, Ku received the inspector's report that the young workers were producing too many rejects. Little Yang was the worst. Ku told him he must give up working on the new lathe. But it was only after a long talk that the young man was persuaded to accept his decision.

He was still lost in thought when Old Pan stepped into his office. A mysterious smile flickered on his face as he handed Ku a "letter" written on the back of an oily scrap of blueprint. Ku saw characters as big as dates:

*Ah-ming,*

*Could you please find out the number of workers in your shop who will be retiring within the next ten years?*

*Chou Chang-lin*

Ku's smile vanished and his black eyebrows knit in a frown. He shrugged, shaking the old cotton-padded jacket draped over his shoulders. As he reread the note, he thought: "Strange! Old Chou is neither head of the personnel section nor chairman of the trade union. Why does he want this figure?" Then, since Old Chou never acted without reason, he surmised that some problem in his workshop had caught Chou's attention. That note probably spelled trouble.

That morning toward the end of their pre-shift meeting, Ku asked the question Old Chou had posed.

"Who will be retiring within the next ten years? A show of hands, please, comrades." A wry smile played about his lips.

There was a sudden silence in the workshop. The workers, nearly 200 strong, all exchanged glances of surprise. Old Pan, due to retire the following year, was the first to put up his hand. Then, one after another, the veteran workers raised their hands. Some young workers could hardly contain their laughter. But at sight of the serious expression on the older men's faces, they no longer felt like laughing. Ten years! What did it mean to each and every one? Little Yang, his heart missing a beat, suddenly remembered something that had happened the previous evening.

After a game of table tennis with Young Pai, he had walked with him to a bench beside the main road in the plant. There, they sat down and had a long talk. In the middle of their discussion, Yang blurted out: "I'm quitting! I'm not up to operating the new machine. Better stick to my old work. That'll save me more dressings down from Old Stick-in-the-Mud!"



"If you do that, you'll only give him a chance to say how right he is," Pai objected. "He's already singing the old tune: 'You can't operate a new precision-tool machine if you don't have ten years' working experience behind you!' According to the old rules anyone who produces rejects should lose his bonus or be reprimanded!"

This Old Stick-in-the-Mud was a man in his forties who had been head of the technical section before the Cultural Revolution. Now working at the grassroots as an inspector, he hated the new ways and kept hankering after the old regulations. So the workers had given him that nickname.

"But Master Ku has already told me that it doesn't matter what type of work we do - helping to build socialism is what counts. What answer can I give to that?" Yang hung his head in discouragement.

"Don't worry. Let's go and find him. Don't forget our pledge at the meeting."

A resonant voice rang out behind them, "How old are you, Little Yang?"

Both looked round. It was the Party Vice-secretary. While working nearby, Old Chou had overheard their conversation. Wearing only a sweater, he was busy wrapping straw ropes around the slender poplar saplings.

"Twenty." Yang stood up to answer.

"Still a Red Guard at the beginning of the Cultural Revolution, weren't you?" Old Chou asked, working all the while.

"No, I was only a Little Red Soldier."

"Oh!" Old Chou stopped his work. Wiping the sweat from his brow he eyed the young man, his lined face wrinkled in a smile. Then he spoke gravely, "In another ten years, you'll be thirty. Have you thought of that? Each of us must work out his own ten-year plan."

Recalling those words now, Yang felt the weight on his should-

ers. He must speak his mind. But seeing Ku gravely counting hands, he sat down again.

Standing high on a bench, Ku surveyed that sea of raised hands and familiar faces. He felt a pang. Sixty workers in all, including himself. . . . These old mates of his, the shop's vanguard in both class struggle and technical innovations, would all be retiring within ten years. Such are the laws of nature, he thought with a sigh.

"The meeting is over," he announced abruptly, sweeping his hand as if to dispel his depression. He jumped off the bench and went back to his office. There he went over the draft of the plan again. He had the feeling he'd left out something in drawing it up, but couldn't put his finger on it. So he decided to consult Old Chou.

Everyone was hard at work to fulfill the production quota for the last quarter. In the operations office, there was a steady rhythm of abacuses clicking, telephones ringing, and footsteps hurrying. The walls, too, were hung with production charts, a big blackboard covered with messages and announcements, maps of China and of the world. . . . The place had become a real battle headquarters!

Old Chou wasn't at his desk, but on it lay the shiny new part he had been examining that morning. Ku recognized, at one glance, the reject Yang had turned out a few days before. What a waste of fine steel! He sighed. Then he noticed that the part had been set on the draft of the ten-year plan for the whole plant. Looking closer, he saw that someone had penciled a comment on the cover. The characters were as big as dates:

*Good steel is wasted when the workers are careless. But if we don't tackle this problem correctly, we shall waste precious manpower. The plan is excellent. But let's pause and think. Can it be carried out if we rely only on veterans like ourselves? In the third work-*

shop 30% of the men will be retiring in the next ten years. Shouldn't we be as concerned about training the younger generation as we are about the quality of our products? Which one of us has never produced a reject in his life? All masters were once apprentices. We are all cadres who were former workers. Though we do less manual work now we are doing a kind of work which allows no rejects. I suggest discussing this problem at the Party committee meeting called to study the ten-year plan.

Ku's eyes had grown misty. He seemed to see Old Chou himself standing before him, with his graying temples, wrinkled forehead, and bright eyes. He seemed to hear him asking these important questions. Although he worked in a small office twenty meters square, Old Chou saw so far ahead. Picking up a pencil, Ku carefully wrote "30%" where Old Chou had left a question mark. He realized now what he had left out in his plan. The word "man" flashed into his mind. That was the vital factor. They needed successors to man their revolutionary posts.

"Where's Old Chou?" he asked.

The man sitting opposite pointed to the blackboard. There it was written: Chou Chang-lin has gone to the Party committee meeting about the plan.

Ku strode out of the office and hurried along the wide tree-lined avenue. Gusts of wind swayed the rows of saplings. Old Chou's words came back to him: "We should lend a helping hand when a storm bears down on them." He now understood the profound significance of these words. Recalling how Old Stick-in-the-Mud had used Yang's rejects to boost the old regulations, Ku clenched his fist, then marched forward with new determination. He would hold a study class in the third workshop.

The wide roads in the plant compound were bathed in sunshine. In the distance, the young worker Yang was striding along the avenue, full of vigor and vitality, like the sun at eight or nine in the morning.

### Sources and Acknowledgments

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**There are new writers in China today. Several of the stories and poems were written by workers, peasants, and soldiers in their spare time. The people who are mastering nature, developing science and technology, and learning their history are also creating a new literature. In their hands, culture, too, becomes a weapon in the struggle to change society.**

— The Editors

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## Friendship Has A History

# EDGAR SNOW

by John S. Service

"I was 22," Edgar Snow tells us in *Journey to the Beginning*, "and I had picked up a few dollars in Wall Street speculation which gave me just enough of a stake, I thought, to finance a year of parsimonious traveling and adventuring around the world. I planned to return to New York after the year, make a fortune before I was 30, and devote the rest of my life to leisurely study and writing. . . . I had, on my itinerary, allotted six weeks to China."

Little could the youth foresee his future. From 1928 to 1972, China was to be the principal focus of his life. As a journalist, he made an unmatched contribution to Western understanding of the changes within China. More remarkable, his reports (though for the foreign press) had great influence within China at a critical period; they are still the principal source for the Chinese on the life of Mao Tsetung. Although Snow was not a Communist, he kept the staunch friendship and trust of the Chinese leaders.

Edgar Snow is probably the first Westerner to be called a friend and interpreter of China, by broad opinion in post-1949 China, as well as in the West. I first met Ed in Peking on December 9, 1935, when I was a neophyte Foreign Service officer. The students were demonstrating against the acceptance of Japanese demands that would weaken the National Government's control

over North China. It was not hard to pick out Snow from the small foreign press group on hand. He spoke effective Chinese, which was surprising when most foreign



Edgar Snow in 1971, after his last trip to China. (Photo: Oliver Clubb)

newsmen were in treaty ports and got their news from English-speaking representatives of the National Government, warlords, and foreign diplomats. Even more interesting was that he was well acquainted with many student leaders and had some knowledge of their plans.

To anyone interested in China, Ed Snow's name was already well known. He

had been writing for J. B. Powell's *China Weekly Review* and, as a roving correspondent for various journals, had been free to follow whatever stories seemed important. He had also written *Far Eastern Front*, probably the best reportage of the Japanese "undeclared war" in Manchuria and Shanghai.

As we became acquainted, I learned more about his contacts and interests. Yanjing (Yenching) University, where he taught part-time, put him in touch with liberals and resurgent student nationalism. A friendly collaboration with Lu Hsun and others was leading to a volume of translations of contemporary Chinese authors little known outside China. Through these contacts and a warm friendship with Madame Sun Yat-sen (Soong Ching Ling), he was getting news which the Kuomintang was doing its best to suppress. Mao and his comrades were alive and reasonably well in North Shaanxi (Shensi) — but rigidly blockaded.

In Peking, I joined a small, informal group of Chinese and foreigners that met monthly to hear research papers or to discuss the state of the world. Ed Snow was a regular member. For several months after June 1936, we were aware that Ed was "out of town." I had no inkling of where.

In late October, the press, using Chinese sources, said that Ed had been executed by the "Reds." Actually, he was back in Peking but lying low until he could get some reports written and hand-carried out of reach of Chinese censorship. Ed held a press conference at the American Embassy, and the story — and Mao's interviews with

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his proposal for ending the civil war – hit the front pages. The Kuomintang labeled it a hoax.

Characteristically, Ed, despite all the pressures, showed up at our next discussion meeting and gave us a preview of *Red Star Over China*. The impact on us was stunning. Suddenly there was a new factor in the China equation, of uncertain but potentially vital significance. Until Ed's trip, there had been virtually no firsthand reports on the Chinese Communists.

Ed, though he scorned the wire-service men's competitive spirit, had produced one of the great scoops of all time. History did help in the timing. In December 1936, less than two months after Ed left the Northwest, Chiang Kai-shek was "detained" at Xian (Sian) by the "young Marshal," Zhang Xue-liang (Chang Hsueh-liang). Before *Red Star Over China* was finished, the Japanese attack at Marco Polo Bridge (Lukouchiao) had made real the Chinese united front which Ed had foreseen. He had to do some hurried rewriting to keep up with events. Gollancz published the book in October 1937; within a few weeks, more than 100,000 copies had been sold.

In China, the book created the greatest sensation and had the most direct political influence. There had been no way for Chinese newsmen to reach the Communists, and if there had been, they could not have published. Even if they could have, the tale might have seemed too sensational for belief. The reports of a respected foreign correspondent were different. Snow's stories in the foreign press quickly filtered through the Chinese intellectual community.

One thing is abundantly clear from *Red Star*, and from everything else Ed wrote. Not ideas nor ideology absorbed him, nor great international encounters and diplomacy. ". . . What interested me was chiefly people, all kinds of people, and what they thought and said and how they lived; rather than officials, and what they said . . . about what 'the people' thought and said. . . ."

Several attributes followed from this almost passionate humanity. One was the rejection of a detached neutrality. "Each of us," he insisted, "is a piece of any history that affects our lives." And so, "China's cause was now my cause, and I linked this sentiment with a commitment against fascism, Nazism, and imperialism everywhere." It is astonishing, remembering all the travel, work, and writing in those war-time days, that he was able to devote so much time to organizing, raising funds, politicking, and fighting against Kuomintang suspicion on behalf of causes such as the Chinese Industrial Cooperatives and Madame Sun Yat-sen's China Defense League.

Unreserved friendship was another part

of Ed's humanity. One example must suffice. After the Japanese attack in July 1937, their army seized the railways in North China. Peking was isolated for several weeks until a skeleton service to Tianjin (Tientsin) was restored. I got on one of the first trains and discovered that Ed was also aboard, headed for Shanghai. I was surprised at an *amah* (nursemaid) he was carefully keeping under his eye. He muttered vaguely that

Industrial Cooperatives were losing ground. Ed was exhausted and, for the first time, one felt, discouraged. He returned to America and settled down to a pleasant domestic life in Closter, New Jersey.

This was not fated to last. China was "lost" in 1949, and by the early 1950s Senator Joe McCarthy was insisting that Americans had been responsible. Ed seemed not to be a primary target, but the China



With Mao Tsetung in the Communist camp in Yan'an (Yenan), 1936.  
(Photo: Random House)

she would be in serious trouble if discovered by the Japanese. Seven years later, in Yan'an (Yenan) I recognized her as Deng Ying-chao (Teng Ying-chao), the wife of Chou En-lai. Ed knew full well that he too would also be in serious trouble if the Japanese had discovered her.

By 1941, Ed was *non grata* in Kuomintang China. His visit to Yan'an in 1939 was the last any Westerner could make for five years. Evading Chinese censorship by filing his reports from Hongkong, Ed had informed the world of the New Fourth Army Incident of January 1941, when Chiang Kai-shek's forces attacked part of this Communist-led unit. The united front no longer existed, the Chinese

field then was small and relatively close-knit. His name became a common thread in the news. It did him no good to note he had been the first and most insistent in saying that Mao and his men were "real Communists"; that others, not he, had minimized them as "agrarian reformers."

His livelihood depended on writing. He tried reporting about America, but the *Saturday Evening Post* finally found it impossible to keep him on. One could never find *Red Star* or other books by Ed in bookstores. Need turned him to *Journey to the Beginning*. At Harvard, John K. Fairbank persuaded him to gather up previously unused materials in "Random Notes on Red China," but this was only mimeo-



In 1970, Edgar and Lois Snow were invited to appear with Mao Tsetung, Chou En-lai, and other leaders to review the October 1st National Day celebration in Peking – a singular honor for Americans. Publication in the *Peking People's Daily* of a picture showing Snow with the Chinese leaders on Tian An Men was the first hint that a change in U.S.-China relations was in the offing. (Photo: Random House)

graphed for the few China scholars still active.

His second wife, Lois, an actress, was “blacklisted,” and for several years could get no professional work. Ed had left China because he did not wish to be “an Ishmael in a foreign land.” Now he was an Ishmael in his native land. In 1959 he moved his family to Switzerland. Though he kept his American citizenship, he never returned to America to live.

In 1960, Ed finally made it back to China, “legally,” but over the strenuous opposition of the Republican administration. After five months in China, he wrote a solid, thoroughly documented book, *The Other Side of the River*. (It was updated and reissued in 1970 as *Red China Today*.)

From his talks with Mao and Chou, Ed believed the incoming Kennedy administration might be interested in the Sino-Soviet split, obvious as yet only in China, and the hinted willingness of the Chinese leaders to rebuild a bridge to the United States. Back briefly in this country in early 1961, he was brushed off by the new Secretary of State.

Ed returned to China in 1965 and finally for another five months in 1970. His perceptive reporting, published now in leading American magazines and around the world, made him again the outstanding writer –

and the only American – describing China from personal observation. On each visit, he had traveled extensively. He had long, frank talks with Mao and Chou. He was an old and trusted friend, and one of the few Western visitors with a real knowledge of the country. And it must certainly have been in the Chinese leaders’ minds that he was their chief contact with the American people.

By 1970, America had indicated an interest in relaxing the confrontation that had lasted since 1949. It was the Chinese turn to signal. On October 1, Ed and his wife were invited to stand with Mao atop Tian An Men to review the National Day parade. Mao told Ed later that the Chinese would be glad to receive Richard Nixon, as president or as tourist.

Ed died at his home in Eysins, Switzerland, on February 15, 1972, only three days before President Nixon set out for China. A week earlier President Nixon had written Ed: “. . . your distinguished career is respected and appreciated.” It was, I believe, the first friendly gesture from the American government since his friendship with Franklin Roosevelt. At Ed’s death, Mao wrote: “. . . he made important contributions in promoting mutual understanding and friendship between the Chinese and American peoples. His memory will live

forever in the hearts of the Chinese people.”

A realistic and successful foreign policy depends on a knowledge and understanding of the people you deal with. The pure scholar has his role, but there is no substitute for direct contact and observation. The best field reporting depends also on empathy and the ability to see the problems and aspirations of a foreign people. These qualities, as well as his reputation for honest reporting, commended Ed Snow to the Chinese leaders and gave Ed’s reporting on China its pre-eminent greatness.

This is not to suggest that Ed reported more with his heart than his head. He called the shots as he saw them, and his reports have stood the test of time to an astonishing degree. His foresights based on them have become history. They were valid largely because they *did* combine heart and head. It was his misfortune (and that of a generation of Americans involved in China) that China became such an emotional and political issue that his reporting was not acceptable.

Snow lived through much darkness. But he also saw American policy beginning to turn away from two decades of ignoring the human realities in China. He lived, too, to see his own great contribution recognized by both countries. The best possible memorial to Ed Snow is to continue to build friendly relations with China. ●

# A Big Welcome for the Taiwan Team

by Wen Zeng Liu

*"One China" is an important issue at the National Games in Peking*

At a regular athletic event in China, the audience only cheers for outstanding plays, but whenever our Taiwan team scored a point, even if it was by sheer luck, the whole stadium would rock with cheers.

A Taiwan team at the Third National Games in the People's Republic? I know it sounds strange. But the Chinese concern for the people of Taiwan Province is strong, and Taiwanese living on the mainland and abroad were invited to form an athletic delegation to represent the island.

Born and raised in Taiwan, though now living in the United States, I felt I was qualified to represent Taiwan. So, as a 15-year-old gymnast, I sent in my application.

While waiting for an answer, I practiced with new vigor. Then, in August, came the news from China - I had been selected to be a member of the Taiwan team!

The Athletic Delegation of Taiwan Province, as it finally came together in the huge Friendship Hotel complex in Peking, consisted of 279 athletes and physical culture workers who help educate others in physical well-being. Fifty-five came from Canada, the United States, Germany, Switzerland, and Japan, and the rest from various parts of China. The youngest was an 11-year-old ping-pong player, the oldest a 53-year-old chess player; the average age was about 22. We were to compete in men's volleyball and baseball, men's and women's basketball, badminton, ping-pong, swimming, gymnastics, fencing, weightlifting, shooting, archery, cycling, track and field, Chinese and international chess, and *wei qi* (go).

I should note that, athletically speaking, our team was generally weaker than those from other provinces, which have sports federations and formal training programs. The Taiwanese living throughout China had started formal training in March,



Eleven-year-old Zhou Shou-yu (left), born in Taiwan Province and now living in the U.S., competes in the 100-meter dash. (Photo: New China News Agency)

while those of us from overseas only began in August.

All the delegations had arrived by early September. The gymnasts of other teams showed a special warmth for our group from still unliberated Taiwan. They rushed over to welcome us and took time from their own training to help us correct our mistakes. We trained from three to six hours daily except on Sunday. During our trips to and from the training ground we often sang, learning many new songs from athletes of other provinces. We were all a

little shy about it at first, but our team leader would burst into song with his fine baritone. Our Taiwan team soon became known as one of the most musical.

The Games began on September 12 and ended September 28. At the opening ceremony, when our delegation marched in, the spectators burst out clapping just at the sight of our flag. Once we entered the stadium the applause became thunderous, following us like a huge wave as we marched.

As we stood with the delegations of

WEN ZENG (THERESA) LIU is a 15-year-old high school student from Corona, N.Y.



The Taiwan women's basketball team in a closely contested game with the Liaoning Province team. (Photo: New China News Agency)

other provinces, united with the wildly cheering audience, the phrase "Taiwan is an inseparable part of China" became forever engraved on my heart. No matter how the regime in Taiwan had tried to harass or stop us, and even though they had prevented the athletes in Taiwan itself from going to Peking, we had joined together, from the mainland and overseas, to form a Taiwan Delegation. Nothing can hold back the march of history!

In gymnastics competition, two or three events usually take place at the same time. But whenever the Taiwan gymnasts were on, everything else stopped and attention was focused on us. I had never competed in a national event before, so I was rather nervous. The day my turn came, I concentrated hard on warming up. One of our teammates fell off the balance beam while doing a difficult movement. The entire audience held its breath. When she got up and completed the movement, everyone clapped hard enough to shake the stadium.

My event was a floor exercise. When the music started I forgot everything else and did the routine I had practiced for weeks. After I finished there was great applause. Even though I knew I wasn't very good, the other gymnasts all gathered to congratulate me. This same heartwarming feeling was experienced by everyone on the Taiwan team.

The awards won by our delegation included fifth place in baseball, second in junior gymnastics (by one of our 14-year-old boys), and eighth in tennis.

Throughout our tour of China after the Games, we were welcomed with cheers and tears because we represented the severed province of Taiwan. After visits to Yan'an and Xian (Yenan, Sian), we arrived at Chongqing, Sichuan Province (Chungking, Szechuan). I think what impressed us most there was that it looked, felt, and smelled remarkably like Taiwan! During the long drive from the airport to the city we had our noses pressed against the window try-

ing to absorb it all: the water buffalos in the rice paddies, the farmers wearing straw hats and bamboo capes to protect them from the constant drizzle, and the all-enveloping lush greenness of bamboo leaves. I was also struck by the special warmth of the people. A few hundred gathered and stood in the rain singing "Taiwan Compatriots, Our Own Brothers." Moved, we stood in the rain with them and sang back "We Are Determined to Liberate Taiwan."

Our group disbanded in Shanghai on October 23 and eight of us decided to see what life was like in the northern countryside. We went to Shijiazhuang, the capital of Hebei (Hopei) Province, and visited communes nearby. The whole area was a vast battleground, with work teams everywhere, red flags waving, and signs reading "Complete Mechanization in Three Years" and "In Agriculture, Learn from Dazhai (Tachai)." We had visited Dazhai and seen the bumper harvest from the terraced fields and how even the space beside the road was used to grow hemp for rope, so we knew the meaning of "Learn from Dazhai."

We went to Three Corners Village Brigade and lived at the home of "Aunt" Suan, a commune member. There, for the first time, I slept on a *kang*, the special concrete bed popular in the north under which a fire can be lit for warmth. While there, we shoveled earth and helped harvest the cotton. We began shoveling with great speed and energy, but soon the earth seemed to get heavier and heavier and my hands started to hurt. I was all ready to quit but, seeing the commune members digging away, I gritted my teeth and went on. I now have an idea how much backbreaking labor is involved in growing my daily food and can truly appreciate the people who grow it.

During our stay, many "aunts" in the village insisted good-naturedly that we eat at their homes, saying that since Taiwan compatriots don't come often they must seize the chance to invite us. During the entire trip there were many emotional parting scenes. At various stops we would give our poetry recital. Our teammate from the Gaoshan (Kaoshan) minority nationality read the part that told of the bitter life under the Chiang regime. She, the team, and the audience were often overwhelmed by emotion over the difference between what she found in the new society and what she had suffered in Taiwan.

Needless to say, there were deeply moving scenes at Peking Airport when we finally parted from all those who had become so dear to us in those three months. But the mood soon brightened at the thought that one day we could meet again on the island of Taiwan. ●

# “They Played to Our Strength”

*Graham Steenhoven, head of the U.S. Table Tennis Association, talks about ping-pong diplomacy*

*How were you able to visit China in 1971?*

I was working in the personnel department of the Chrysler Corporation – I worked there over 46 years – and helped the workers organize a ping-pong team. Then I became president of the United States Table Tennis Association and vice-president of the International Table Tennis Federation (ITTF). I was the leader of a delegation that went to Japan for the world tournament in 1971.

The Chinese had not been in a world competition for six years. When they quit playing in 1965 they were the world champions. The first time I met an official of the Chinese delegation was when Sang Chung, the acting president of the Chinese Table Tennis Association, came to the meeting in Japan. There was a proposal before the group that Taiwan be admitted to the ITTF, which was completely out of order, and to which Sang Chung responded. He made some references to imperialism – an implication that America was involved – but we didn't react to that. We understood his point of view, and he acted properly, the way I would have acted being the official delegate. At the coffee break Sang Chung and his interpreter were standing next to me and I introduced myself. I always carry Kennedy half dollars when I travel to use as souvenirs. I offered one to each of them and they graciously accepted.

About ten days later I was invited to discuss with them how we might be able to go to China to play friendly matches. I pointed out that we were all amateurs and most of us had paid our own way to Japan. If we went to China we would lose our group rate. They said, “We'll take care of it.” There was absolutely no expense for the 15 of us in the U.S. delegation. We were

delighted to have the opportunity to play table tennis with the world's best.

So that's how we went to China. I had been advised by a reporter in Japan that the Chinese were inviting us to embarrass us. I told him that that was ridiculous since they were No. 1 in the world and we were No. 22. They didn't have to take us to China to embarrass us. They could do that anywhere! I felt it was a friendly gesture to the people of the United States, and we answered in a friendly way. My personal opinion was that we were sort of a trial balloon to see if the Chinese people accepted us, and if the American people accepted the fact that we had gone to China. We were told it was people-to-people.

*What did you see in China?*

I knew nothing about China, literally nothing. We met a Canadian reporter on the train who suggested we ask to see the Great Wall and to meet Chou En-lai. When they asked us what we would like to do I said, “Well, we'd like to see the Great Wall, the university, a commune, and we'd like to meet Chou En-lai.” I never expected we'd be that lucky, but indeed we saw everything we asked for. We were on a tight schedule from 8 in the morning until 10 or 11 at night and had more banquets than we could take. And I was treated as if I was President of the United States!

*I heard that Chou En-lai asked your group for criticism.*

Well, he asked everyone. There were representatives of five countries there, seated alphabetically: Canada, Columbia, England, Nigeria, and the United States. So we had the advantage of listening to what everyone else said before they got to us.

Chou En-lai said, “Please criticize us or we'll never learn from you.”

This is not a bad philosophy. After all, constructive criticism is helpful. But nobody criticized them. So when he got

around to me I felt somebody should respond.

I said, “You asked us to criticize you and I have a criticism.”

The place got as quiet as a tomb. His eyes kind of twinkled and he asked through the interpreter: “Well, what is it?”

I answered, “You feed us too much.” And that broke him up. That moment has got to be the high point of my experience. I really admired Chou En-lai. I thought he was really terrific. I wish he had been a Chrysler executive — it would have helped us out!

*When did you ask the Chinese to send a team to the United States?*

The second day after I got there. They said, “We'll let you know.” Then they came back later and said they would.

Of course, I was delighted. I said, “Don't tell anybody while we're still here. Then if we offend you by our behavior or manners while we're in China you can withdraw your offer to come to the United States. Only you and I will know.”

They said, “If that's what you want, that's all right.”

So no one knew that they had said they were coming to the United States. None of our group knew. None of the press knew. At the meeting with Chou En-lai each representative asked, “Will you please send a team to our country?”

When our turn came I didn't ask, but our team captain – he figured Steenhoven blew it – said, “Premier, will you please send a team to our country?”

With a sort of wave of his hand he answered, “I think we'll leave that up to the leader of your delegation, Mr. Steenhoven.” I was drinking tea at the time. I just tipped my cup and took a sip. He knew the score and I knew.

I didn't announce that the Chinese would be sending a table tennis team to the

*Interviewer MARY HEERS lives in Detroit and is an active friend of China.*

United States until the day after I got back. Within two hours I got a call from the President of the United States asking me to meet him in Washington the next day. Then for a long time I didn't hear from the Chinese. Finally they sent me a message through Ron Ziegler, who was in China making arrangements for the President's trip. It said, "Tell Steenhoven the team will be there when the flowers are in full bloom." Later a telegram came to my house saying they would arrive April 12, 1972.

*When you were in China did you play much ping-pong?*

Our team played in Peking and Shanghai in exhibitions and we also practiced with the Chinese players. Really, they were very helpful and not at all secretive about their techniques.

Their discipline was what impressed me the most. They also have a different style. They use a pen-holder grip, although they're not all pen-holders, and we use a shake-hands grip. I was told that they encourage

over the net. And they can analyze by lines on the table just what angles can be used accurately and which ones are impossible. The Chinese don't play by the trial-and-error method but by analytic experience of the game itself.

In that country of 800 million people there are about 200 million table tennis players. I saw kids playing in the street on two board planks on a couple of sawhorses. I saw babies teething on table tennis bats.

*The Chinese have a slogan, "Friendship first, competition second." Do you have some examples of how that is applied?*

The Chinese played to our strength. They wouldn't deliberately miss a shot. That would really be an insult. If we won any matches it was because they played to our forehand if we had a lousy backhand. If you're the stronger of the two and want to get any fun out of the game you don't destroy the other guy by hitting the ball to the place where he can't return it. So you continually hit to his strength. Otherwise it's

The men's and women's teams both won in India in 1975.

*What happened when the Chinese team came to the United States in 1972?*

We had a sellout everywhere we went. When we were in Peking we played to 18,000 people. I asked if people paid to get in; they said some did. I asked how much; they said 5 cents. The agreement we made when they came here was that it would be a people-to-people thing. We could have charged any amount for tickets in Detroit, but the price was 1 to 3 dollars. This is about a third the regular price for any event at Cobo Hall. We did not make any money on the exhibition games; that was not our intention. We were asked to take the Chinese team to places like Reno and Las Vegas for astronomical prices. Instead we played at the University of Michigan, the University of Maryland, in a Chrysler stamping plant, and in the United Nations for charity, which the Chinese arranged.

Are you aware that the fellow who led their table tennis team in the United States is one of the commissioners in China? Zhuang Zedong (Chuang Tse-tung) is Commissioner of Physical Education and Sports. He's a remarkable man, a fine man. When we were visiting the Chrysler plant where I worked, Zhuang was asked to play a demonstration match. He agreed to play if I would too. He is three times world champion, and I'm not a good player. I never made the U.S. team. But he played to my strength, and the score was 5-3; he made it respectable.

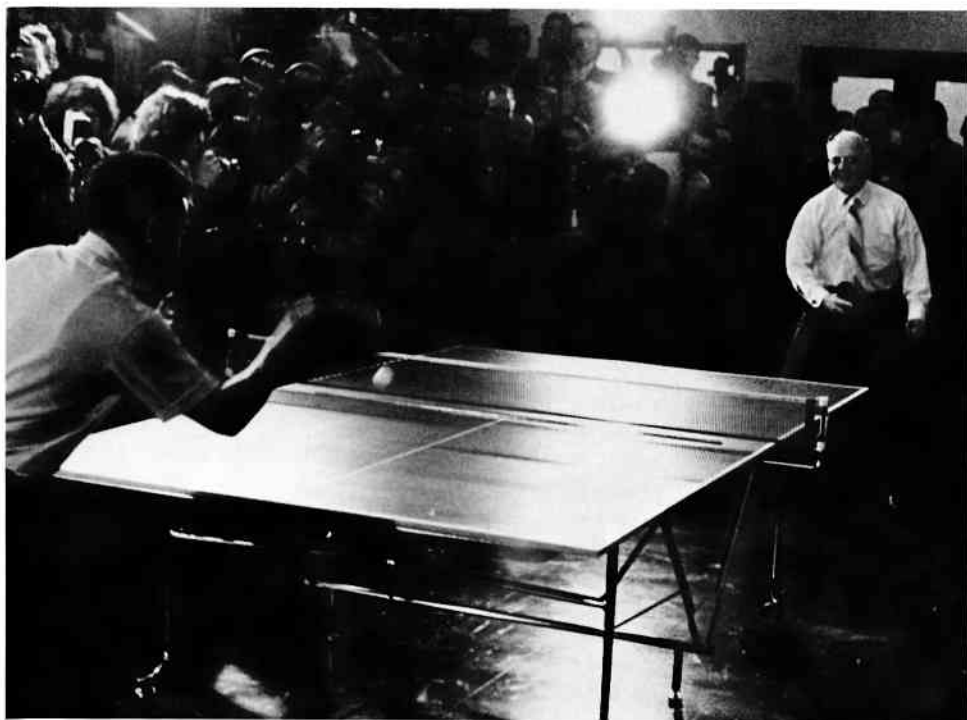
Another way they cooperated to put on a good show was to play one of their choppers against one of our players who was a hitter. A hitter is a guy who slams the ball all the time. A chopper is one who does the backspin. Then the game becomes a contrast of styles and a better exhibition.

*What would you like to say in conclusion?*

I deliberately did not take a camera to China because I felt that as the leader of the group I couldn't stop to take pictures. One day I was kidding around with my interpreter and some of his friends. I said, "You had better give me some pictures of me in China or people won't believe that I was here."

They gave me a package on the train when I left China for Hongkong. They told me we had been very well received and they had very good reports from every place we visited.

When I got home I found that I had been given a 16 mm. film of what they had shown on Peking television. They also gave me a script of the film in English. From April 1971 to April 1975 I have given 118 talks using that film. I will continue to do so. It's been a very rewarding experience. ●



Zhuang Zedong, an international champion and member of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, plays a demonstration match with Graham Steenhoven during the Chinese ping-pong team's visit to American workers at a Chrysler plant in Detroit, April 1972. (Photo: G. Steenhoven)

all styles so that their national team would be exposed to them without having to leave the country. I saw a picture of Mao using a shake-hands grip.

For their type of play they need terrific leg muscles, strength, and agility. They've also made a serious study of what happens to the ball when you hit it. They can scientifically predict how a ball with top spin travels and how it will dive as it gets

no contest. Those are the matches I think we won. I think any Chinese high school kid could destroy any of our players.

When they lost there were no tantrums; nobody broke a bat. I never heard anybody brag, "Wait till you get my serve" or "I've got the best chop in the business." They were very nice, very polite.

*Did they win the world championship last year?*

# CABBAGE

by Ben Elman

When you think of a staple food of China, you probably think first of rice, but Chinese cabbage – *bai cai* – a tall-stalked vegetable some 15 inches high and 6 inches in diameter, is the cheapest, most widely used vegetable in northern Chinese cooking. Tasty and nutritious, it is the basis for a variety of dishes.

Just about everybody in the community gets involved in growing and harvesting cabbage. There's a secret to producing a vegetable of unusually large size with a compact, tender center. School children can be seen going out to the fields as part of their work program when the cabbages are half grown to help with the painstaking process of tying up each individual cabbage with straw rope two-thirds of the way from the ground, causing the leaves to wrap around themselves. Protected by the outer leaves which have been prevented from unfolding, the inner leaves become the close-grown, tasty heart prized in Chinese cooking.

At harvest time in late October or early November, each cabbage is cut at the root with a scythe and collected and stacked by hand before being loaded on trucks to be taken to storage areas or to markets to be sold. Harvesters often form long lines, passing each cabbage from one person to another for stacking.

The portion to be stored is often placed in large underground cellars where it will keep through the winter. The cellars are constructed by digging a wide hole several feet deep, then covering it with a roof made of clay and straw mats; slots are left in the roof to allow air to circulate on relatively warm winter days. There are entrances on two

sides and the cabbages down below are stacked in carefully laid-out aisles. The stacks make ideal hiding places for children, who can often be found playing hide-and-seek among them.

From time to time during the winter the cabbages are restacked, for if the cellar becomes too warm they will spoil, or if too cold, they will freeze. The heads in the middle of the stacks are moved to the outside rows by a slow rotation process, and any rotten leaves are removed at once. As the winter wears on, the cabbages gradually diminish in size, but if they are properly stored at the right temperature, the loss is minimal.

Large dining halls for factory workers, teachers, students, or hospital workers usually have a cellar nearby where the cabbages needed for daily use are stored. But not everyone in China has access to a storage cellar. People living in city apartments periodically shop for large amounts of cabbage and store it in apartment hallways or the corners of rooms. In parts of northern China where the climate is too dry to produce much cabbage and big storage cellars are not practical, the crop is usually pickled, dried, or salted and then stored in jars.

*Bai cai*, sometimes called celery cabbage, is often available in the markets of our larger cities. You may not want to build a cellar and go through the careful process of storing cabbage for the entire winter as the northern Chinese do, but if you try one or more of the following recipes, you will taste a sample of authentic, everyday Chinese fare and perhaps discover firsthand why the storage process is worth all the trouble.

Each recipe serves 4-6 as part of a larger meal.

## Simmering Cabbage

½ lb. Chinese cabbage  
1 tsp. salt  
6 Tbs. peanut oil  
1 or 2 scallion stalks,  
cut in large pieces  
2 cups water

Separate cabbage leaves and wash with plain water. Dry and chop into pieces ½ inch wide and 1 inch long.

Heat oil in a frying pan over a high flame. Add scallions and fry for 1 minute. Add cabbage, stirring frequently; add salt and continue stirring. Add the water and allow to simmer for 5 minutes before serving.

## Cabbage with Red Peppers

1 lb. Chinese cabbage  
½ cup whole dry red peppers  
10 Chinese dried peppercorns  
1½ tsp. minced ginger  
½ tsp. cornstarch  
¾ tsp. soy sauce  
½ tsp. cooking wine  
1½ tsp. sesame oil  
1½ tsp. sugar  
1½ tsp. rice vinegar  
12 Tbs. peanut oil

Wash and cut cabbage as above.

Cut red peppers into ½-inch lengths after cleaning and removing seeds.

Combine cornstarch, soy sauce, wine, sesame oil, sugar, and vinegar, stirring until cornstarch and sugar are completely dissolved.

Heat 6 Tbs. peanut oil in a frying pan, add cabbage, and fry over high flame for 1 minute. Remove cabbage and drain in strainer.

BEN ELMAN is a graduate student at the University of Pennsylvania.





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Heat 6 more Tbs. peanut oil and add red peppers, peppercorns, and ginger. Add cabbage and remaining ingredients. Fry for 2–3 minutes, stirring constantly. Serve.

### Cabbage with Chestnuts

15–25 fresh or dried peeled chestnuts  
1½ lbs. Chinese cabbage  
¾ cup peanut oil  
2¼ tsp. soy sauce  
½ cup water  
1½ tsp. sugar  
Salt to taste

Wash separated cabbage leaves as above and cut into 1½- or 2-inch squares.

To prepare fresh chestnuts: slash the shells and boil for 20–30 minutes. Cool and peel. Dried peeled chestnuts: soak for 2–3 hours, then simmer in water to cover for 1 hour or until tender. Drain.

Heat the oil in a large frying pan until very hot, add cabbage, and cook for about 10 minutes over high heat, stirring often. Stir in soy sauce, water, sugar, and salt. Cover and cook 8–10 minutes.

Add the chestnuts, cover, and cook over low heat about 5 minutes. Uncover, turn heat up high, and stir until most of the liquid has evaporated.

### Cabbage with Shredded Pork

¾ lb. Chinese cabbage  
6 oz. canned bamboo shoots, drained  
¼ lb. lean pork  
1 Tbs. soy sauce  
4 Tbs. peanut oil  
½ tsp. sugar  
Salt to taste

Wash cabbage as above. Shred the leaves fine into 2-inch lengths.

Drop the bamboo shoots into boiling water and simmer about 5 minutes. Drain and cool. Cut into thin slices and then into thin strips 2 inches long.

Slice the pork thin and shred the slices fine in 2-inch lengths. Place the shreds in a bowl and stir in the soy sauce, coating the meat.

Place a sieve or colander in a mixing bowl.

Heat 2 Tbs. oil in a frying pan over high heat and when it is nearly smoking, add the pork, stirring quickly. When the pork begins to brown (about 2 minutes), drain in the sieve and set meat and juices aside.

Wipe the frying pan clean and add 2 Tbs. oil. Add bamboo shoots and stir for about 30 seconds. Add cabbage and cook to wilt, stirring constantly. Add the pork juices, sugar, and salt. Stir for 3–4 minutes. Cover

and cook 3 minutes more, until cabbage is done. Add meat, stirring quickly until well-mixed and hot (about 2 minutes).

If not to be served immediately, keep warm in a heatproof dish over very low heat, or reheat later.

### Cabbage with Cream Sauce

1¼ lbs. Chinese cabbage  
4 Tbs. milk  
3 tsp. salt  
1 tsp. sugar  
1 Tbs. cornstarch  
1½ Tbs. cold water  
1 cup soup broth  
6 Tbs. peanut oil

Wash cabbage as above and cut into pieces ½ inch by 2 inches.

Dissolve cornstarch in the water.

Heat 4 Tbs. peanut oil in frying pan and add cabbage. Stir over high flame for 3 minutes until cabbage becomes soft. Add salt and sugar and stir. Remove from pan and place in strainer to drain.

Heat 1 Tbs. peanut oil and add soup broth. When it boils, add cornstarch mixture and salt and stir until thickened. Add milk and 1 Tbs. peanut oil, stir well, and then remove half the sauce. Add cabbage to sauce left in pan and mix well.

Place mixture on serving plate and top with remaining sauce.

### Cabbage with Chicken Oil

1 lb. Chinese cabbage  
1 cup soup broth  
2½ tsp. salt  
2 slices ginger  
3 dried Chinese mushrooms  
3 slices ham  
½ oz. dried shrimp  
1½ tsp. cornstarch  
1½ tsp. water  
1½ tsp. rendered chicken fat  
1½ tsp. cooking wine  
4 Tbs. peanut oil

Wash cabbage as above and cut into squares.

Soak mushrooms in warm water for 30 minutes, drain, and slice.

Dissolve cornstarch in 1½ tsp. water.

Heat 2 Tbs. peanut oil in frying pan, and add cabbage, ½ cup of broth, and 1 tsp. salt. Cook for 1–2 minutes, stirring frequently. Remove and place in strainer to drain.

Heat 2 Tbs. peanut oil and add ginger, mushrooms, ham, and dried shrimp. Add wine, cabbage, remaining broth, and 1½ tsp. salt. Stir. When mixture boils, add cornstarch mixture and stir. Add chicken fat, stir, and cook for 2–3 minutes before serving.

## Letters

I have just subscribed to my second year of *NEW CHINA*. I have found the articles in each issue interesting and refreshing. I noticed your masthead statement that "NEW CHINA welcomes ideas for articles." Many readers would welcome a discussion of why the People's Republic of China so eagerly received former President Richard M. Nixon. As you probably know, Mr. Nixon does not "set well" with a great many citizens in the U.S. An article on the question would be extremely interesting at the moment.

Thank you, and keep publishing this high quality magazine.

Douglas Bishop  
Suitland, Md.

I think you will agree that it is most difficult to support your cause at this time, when the People's Republic of China can brazenly invite this Mr. Richard Nixon and give him such courtesies. This man has harmed millions of Americans and people all over

the world for so long. How can they do this? What selfishness are they exhibiting?

David Pollock  
Little Silver, N.J.

Your magazine is very attractive and interesting. As a link for better relations between the U.S. and China, perhaps you can explain why ex-President Richard Nixon is, according to reports, so welcome in China. He had almost no virtue and his crimes against Indochina and other nations should never be forgotten. The U.S. is fortunate to be rid of him, and a welcome by China, if because of his initial visit, appears very subjective and not consistent with its expressed ideology. Can you suggest any other reasons?

Charles G. Santora  
Ventnor, N.J.

*"Politics: Why China Invited Nixon," page 44, deals with these and other questions raised by NEW CHINA readers.*

I am so pleased with your magazine, I don't know where to begin. I like its information, style and boldness. I love the letters

section. We need this magazine. I hope it only improves and becomes a more-often thing. We grassroots need you to "tell it like it is" in China today.

Doug Hill  
San Diego, Calif.

Please send me five of the last edition concerning the Chinese educational system. I showed my slides this week to a community college class and a high school class - 50 minutes isn't long enough! But I've been appalled to learn that the students have never studied the history of China.

The *NEW CHINA* magazines are terrific. I do hope we can get them into many hands.

Mary Jenkins  
Arlington, Va.

Congratulations on the work you have done thus far and continued successes during the months ahead!

Helen and Scott Nearing  
Social Science Institute  
Harborside, Me.

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# BULLETIN

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a NEW CHINA subscription. Many of our residents are very pleased to have the opportunity to read your literature. They are becoming very much informed.

J. F. Mitchell  
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Congratulations on the occasion of your first birthday. NEW CHINA is a most enlightening magazine, the kind of motivation U.S.-China peoples' friendship needs. I wish we had a similar periodical over here. Thanks for the model; we'll try to keep up the pace.

Reimer Hoffman  
Hamburg, Germany

*Letters to NEW CHINA have been excerpted for publication.*

## Politics: Why China Invited Nixon

When China's leadership invited ex-president Richard M. Nixon to China last February, some Americans were puzzled or dismayed. What did the invitation mean, what were the policy issues behind it?

The aims of China's leadership in inviting Nixon seem to have been threefold: to exert pressure on the U.S. government to make some progress in normalizing U.S.-China relations; to intensify the debate over U.S.-Soviet detente in top U.S. political circles; and to put a sharp question before the people of the United States and the world – the importance of preparing for the possibility of war between the two superpowers.

If these assumptions are true, did the Chinese succeed in their aims? The answer calls for a brief look at some important prior developments, for Nixon's controversial second trip to China had its roots in the world situation that compelled him to make his first visit in 1972.

From 1949 to 1972, it was U.S. government policy to try to isolate the People's Republic of China (PRC), while promoting the Chiang Kai-shek government on Taiwan Island as a separate entity. The PRC proved viable, however, and consolidated its national strength. In recognition of this achievement, the United Nations in 1971 finally overrode U.S. opposition and confirmed the PRC as the sole representative of China. The Nixon administration found it necessary to initiate a new approach to visit Peking. On February 28, 1972, he and the late Premier Chou En-lai signed the

Shanghai Communique, in which the United States, acknowledging that "there is but one China and that Taiwan is a part of China," pledged to withdraw U.S. military installations and forces from the island.

This historic document, which signaled a significant breakthrough toward normalizing U.S.-China relations, had immediate positive results. Scores of other countries, previously hesitant, established diplomatic relations with the PRC. People-to-people friendship also grew as thousands of Americans visited China and groups of Chinese were invited to this and other countries.

The Communique which Nixon signed, affirming "that the normalization of relations between the two countries is not only in the interest of the Chinese and American peoples but also contributes to the relaxation of tension in Asia and the world," expressed "the hope that the gains achieved during this visit would open up new prospects for the relations between the two countries. . . ."

The U.S. government, however, permitted the opposite to take place. It allowed, for example, the opening of additional Taiwan consulate offices in the United States and authorized Northrop to build 100 jet fighter planes on Taiwan. Although President Ford had an opportunity during his 1975 visit to give greater meaning to the spirit of the 1972 declaration, no positive steps, no communique of any sort, came of that visit.

It can be presumed that it was to focus world attention on the 1972 Shanghai Communique that the Chinese leadership then made arrangements to receive Nixon on the eve of the document's fourth anniversary. As the signer of the Communique, he was the symbol of a major and positive political event in the history of the two countries.

At the banquet for Nixon, Hua Guo-feng, then Acting Premier and now Premier, delivered this toast: "We remain convinced that so long as both sides earnestly implement the principles of the Shanghai Communique, Sino-U.S. relations will further improve, and that this conforms to the common desire of the Chinese and American peoples."

In the same toast, Hua picked up a second theme – what the Chinese have referred to as the dangerous illusion of detente: "The danger of the outbreak of a new war keeps growing as a result of the intense rivalry for world hegemony, and in particular, that imperialism which flaunts the signboard of 'socialism' [the USSR] has reached out its grasping hands everywhere and carried out rabid expansion; it has become the main source of war."

Why did the Chinese leaders choose to dramatize this concern by inviting Richard

Nixon rather than some other public figure?

The Chinese are undoubtedly aware that, since the end of the Indochina War, the sharpest division of opinion on the international situation in top U.S. circles is over the question of just how dangerous Soviet expansionism is to U.S. government interests. In the U.S. media this deep rift is usually couched in terms of the foes vs. the proponents of detente. Last fall, before President Ford's visit to China, the bitterest opponents in this struggle were then-Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger, against detente, and Secretary of State Henry Kissinger, its main architect on the U.S. side. In an unprecedented move, Schlesinger was fired – but Kissinger was also removed as National Security Adviser.

When Ford and Kissinger arrived in Peking, the struggle was still unresolved, and the Chinese told both of them that detente was a total and dangerous illusion. Neither seemed to accept the Chinese analysis. In making the same point to Richard Nixon in the toast, Hua Guo-feng was addressing the ex-president in whose administration the detente policy was adopted. If Nixon, a former proponent of detente, now rejected it on the basis of a different assessment of reality, that would have an even greater impact.

A third major theme of Hua Guo-feng's toast was the need to anticipate the danger of a new war resulting from intense rivalry for control of the world. This is a position expressed by the PRC at many international gatherings where media coverage will carry it to an audience far beyond the meeting hall: "The only realistic and effective way to cope with this situation," Hua said, "is for the peoples of the world to heighten their vigilance, strengthen their unity, and get well prepared against war."

In their New Year's editorial this year, the Chinese observed: "All the basic contradictions in the world are daily sharpening. The forces for both revolution and war are visibly increasing." A *Peking Review* article accompanying the editorial concluded an analysis of the world in 1975 this way: "Whether war gives rise to revolution or revolution prevents war, the people will emerge victorious and win the future."

The Chinese seem to orient their foreign policy according to this long-range analysis. This includes dealing with those leaders who, for whatever reasons, take stands that objectively parallel what the Chinese see as the long-term trend in the world. Nixon was forced by circumstances to take the step that pointed the U.S. government toward normalization in 1972. Yet his act was objectively more realistic in terms of world trends than views held in top circles at the time – for example, those of Congress.

When the leaders of capitalist countries take initiatives like Nixon's, the Chinese note and remember them: Edward Heath of Great Britain was invited to visit China after he had lost his posts as Prime Minister and leader of the Conservative Party. Why? Because when Heath was in office, he had worked actively to strengthen Western Europe's independence vis-a-vis both the United States and the USSR. His support of Britain's entry into the Common Market is one instance.

Last year, President Marcos of the Philippines was invited to Peking for a banquet and Chairman Mao shook his hand. Normal relations were established between the two countries, and the Philippines broke ties with the Chiang regime on Taiwan. This indicated Marcos' willingness to assert some independence from the U.S. government, in addition to being an obvious blow to Chiang.

These invitations to dinner in Peking reflect the Chinese leaders' view of what state-to-state relations mean - and what they *don't* mean. Back in April 1946, Mao noted that it was possible for the socialist countries to reach certain compromises with capitalist governments, but that these did not "require the people of the countries of

the capitalist world to follow suit and make compromises at home. The people in those countries will continue to wage different struggles in accordance with their different conditions."

Nixon was a state leader ousted from office and most Americans find him and Watergate hateful. Surely the Chinese leaders are aware of this. But it's very likely that they don't see Nixon as very different from previous U.S. leaders whose acts and policies China has sharply condemned. U.S. intervention in China's internal affairs around the Taiwan question has been the policy of every administration, Democratic and Republican, since Truman's. The U.S. war in Indochina was the policy of four administrations. And the U.S. press has revealed that it was the CIA under Kennedy which assassinated the Congolese leader Patrice Lumumba, and that it was Johnson's FBI which harassed Martin Luther King, Jr. This is probably the context in which the Chinese see Nixon; what he did was not unique.

Given a few months' perspective, what can now be concluded about the effect of inviting Nixon to Peking?

Shortly after Nixon's visit in February, President Ford - who had declined to take

any steps to advance U.S.-China relations during his December trip to the PRC - announced a reduction by half of the remaining U.S. troops on Taiwan. Moreover, the struggle around the nature of detente sharpened in top U.S. political circles, especially following events in Angola and Nixon's Peking comments on harboring illusions about "signatures on paper," referring to the 1975 Helsinki detente conference. Finally, many Americans have begun to consider the implications of the danger of war resulting from the intensifying contention between the two super-powers.

As of April, the latest word from the U.S. government on the Taiwan question came in President Ford's congratulatory message to Hua Guo-feng on being designated Premier: ". . . let me again reaffirm the determination of the United States to *complete* the normalization of our relations on the basis of the Shanghai Communiqué." (Emphasis added.)

This was the farthest any top official had gone to date in committing the United States to fully carry out the 1972 agreement.

Frank Kehl  
New York, N.Y.

## NEW CHINA BOOKSHOP

As a service to our readers we offer the following items on subjects in this issue, as well as basic books on China.

**Behind the Great Wall of China: Photographs from 1870 to the Present** edited by Cornell Capa. Historic pictures by Edgar Snow, Nym Wales, Cartier-Bresson, Capa, and others, with statements by the photographers. Includes rare photos of the Chinese leadership. Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1972. 110 pp. Cloth, \$12.50.

**Peasant Paintings from Huhsien County** Colorful and exuberant collection of contemporary Chinese peasant art created by spare-time painters "with hoe in one hand and brush in the other." Foreign Languages Press (Peking), 1974. 80 pp. Paper, \$5.95.

**An Eye to China** by David Selbourne. An unusual study by a British playwright, combining poetic narrative, photography, and dialogue with the Chinese whom Selbourne met. The Black Liberator Press (London), 1975. 215 pp. Paper, \$3.50.

**China's Uninterrupted Revolution: From 1840 to the Present** edited by Victor Nee and James Peck. Essays on the Chinese Revolution and the process of social transformation, including studies of "Maoism and Motivation" and "Revolution Versus Modernization and Revisionism." Pantheon Books, 1975. 480 pp. Paper, \$5.95.

**Inside the Cultural Revolution** by Jack Chen. The author worked in China from 1950 to 1970 as a journalist, editor, and artist. Macmillan, 1975. 483 pp. Cloth, \$15.95.

**Along the Yellow River** Beautiful color photos with text describing the peoples of the Yellow River Valley and their scientific, industrial, and agricultural projects. Foreign Languages Press (Peking), 1975. 141 pp. Paper, \$4.50.

**Selected Articles Criticizing Lin Piao and Confucius, Vol. II.** Reprints from China on the current movement to root out backward ideas. Foreign Languages Press (Peking), 1975. 229 pp. Paper, 75 cents.

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## Books

**Women in Chinese Society.** Edited by Margery Wolf and Roxane Witke. Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press, 1975. 315 pp. Cloth, \$12.50.

**The Women's Movement in China: A Selection of Readings, 1949-1973.** By Elisabeth Croll. London: Anglo-Chinese Educational Institute, Modern China Series No. 6, 1974. 115 pp. Paper, \$2.50.

One result of the revived feminist movement in America and England since the 1960s has been that many scholars are now researching previously ignored or disdained subjects related to women. At the same time, many Western feminists have become interested in the conditions of women during the revolutionary process in 20th-century China. These two books reflect the convergence of these interests, but unfortunately

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USCPFA pamphlets on "The Taiwan Question: Roadblock to Friendship" and "Opium and China: New China Kicked the Habit." Single copies, 25 cents; 50-200, 20 cents; over 200, 15 cents. For single or small orders write to the nearest USCPFA chapter; for bulk orders write USCPFA National Office. Addresses, opposite page.

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they will disappoint people who are eager to grasp the main issues concerning women in the Chinese Revolution but who are not China specialists.

*Women in Chinese Society*, containing ten scholarly articles on subjects from the 16th century to the present, grew out of a 1971 conference of anthropologists, sociologists, historians, and literary experts on women in Chinese society. Although a number of the essays are quite interesting, there is little internal coherence.

Roxane Witke's "Chiang Ch'ing's [Jiang Qing's] Coming of Age," one of two essays on events in the People's Republic, is based upon some lengthy 1972 interviews with Jiang, the only female member of the Communist Party Political Bureau and wife of Chairman Mao. The material on her early life is valuable but she does not come alive as a person and a revolutionary as Mao does in Edgar Snow's *Red Star Over China*. The glimpses we get of her personality reflect what is apparently the author's negative stereotype of women in power: vain, spiteful, and insecure. Let us hope that Witke's forthcoming book on Jiang Qing's life will have more insight into Jiang's role in the Chinese Revolution.

Delia Davin's "Women in the Countryside" is an excellent account of the problems that rural women faced in the 1950s as they entered production and struggled for equal pay in a social context where, in contrast to the cities, feudal ideas were still strong and household work and childrearing could not easily be socialized. For me, this was the most useful article in the book.

The essays by anthropologists include fine studies by Marjorie Topley on the societies formed by female silk weavers in Guangdong (Kwangtung) during the 1930s to avoid marriage and childbearing, and Emily Ahern's analysis of superstitions and myths surrounding birth and menstruation. Others, based on field work in villages, deal with Chinese women in Taiwan and Hongkong.

Other articles focus on a 16th century Ming official's views of women; women in the late Ch'ing period, centering on the life of Qiu Qin (Ch'iu Chin), who defied convention by leaving her family to engage in revolutionary activities that led to her execution in 1907; and women writers of the 1920s. Each of these essays contributes something new to our understanding of women in Chinese history.

*The Women's Movement in China*, aimed at non-specialists, contains 49 items published in China from 1949 to 1973. The items are grouped under four categories - women's organizations, family roles, social roles, and ideological emancipation - with headnotes throughout and the text of the 1950 Marriage Law appended. Although the

### Note on Spelling of Chinese Words

Chinese proper names in *NEW CHINA* are generally spelled in *Hanyu pinyin*, the romanization system now used in the People's Republic to render pronunciation in the official common dialect. Since *pinyin* is relatively new to Americans, in most cases the more familiar spellings are given in parentheses at a word's first appearance in each article. In book titles or direct quotations using other forms of romanization, the *pinyin* follows in square brackets. A few familiar proper nouns are spelled as they usually appear in U.S. publications.

selection of documents is good and the Marriage Law text is useful, the arrangement of the texts is a serious weakness. Topical rather than chronological, it is confusing and occasionally even misleading. The reader gets no sense of the dynamics of Chinese society over the past 25 years, no idea of the way that women's issues have related to other political and social trends in China.

The result is a very static picture of women's status in China, whereas, in fact the struggle for women's emancipation has ebbed and surged during the past quarter-century. The Great Leap Forward of 1957-59, the Cultural Revolution which began in 1965, and the recent campaign to criticize Confucius and Lin Piao have been periods of great advances for women, while the "three difficult years" (1959-61) and the early 1960s period of "capitalist roaders" led by Liu Shao-chi saw some reverses on woman-related issues. Croll's arrangement of the documents does not bring out the shifts in emphasis on women's issues which reflect the changing political currents. This is especially serious when articles of the early 1960s are intermixed with those of earlier and later periods.

This weakness might have been somewhat compensated for if the editor had provided an overview of the major questions as a framework for the texts, but the too-brief introduction - only two and a half pages - does not do this. Croll's book is a useful reference work for readers already knowledgeable about women in China. But those who want a good introductory work on the subject will not find it here.

We still need a good concise survey of Chinese women during the past 100 years to help us place women's struggles in the context of China's revolutionary movements.

Linda Shin  
Los Angeles, Calif.

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