A. Vibert Douglas

Travels

China Visit

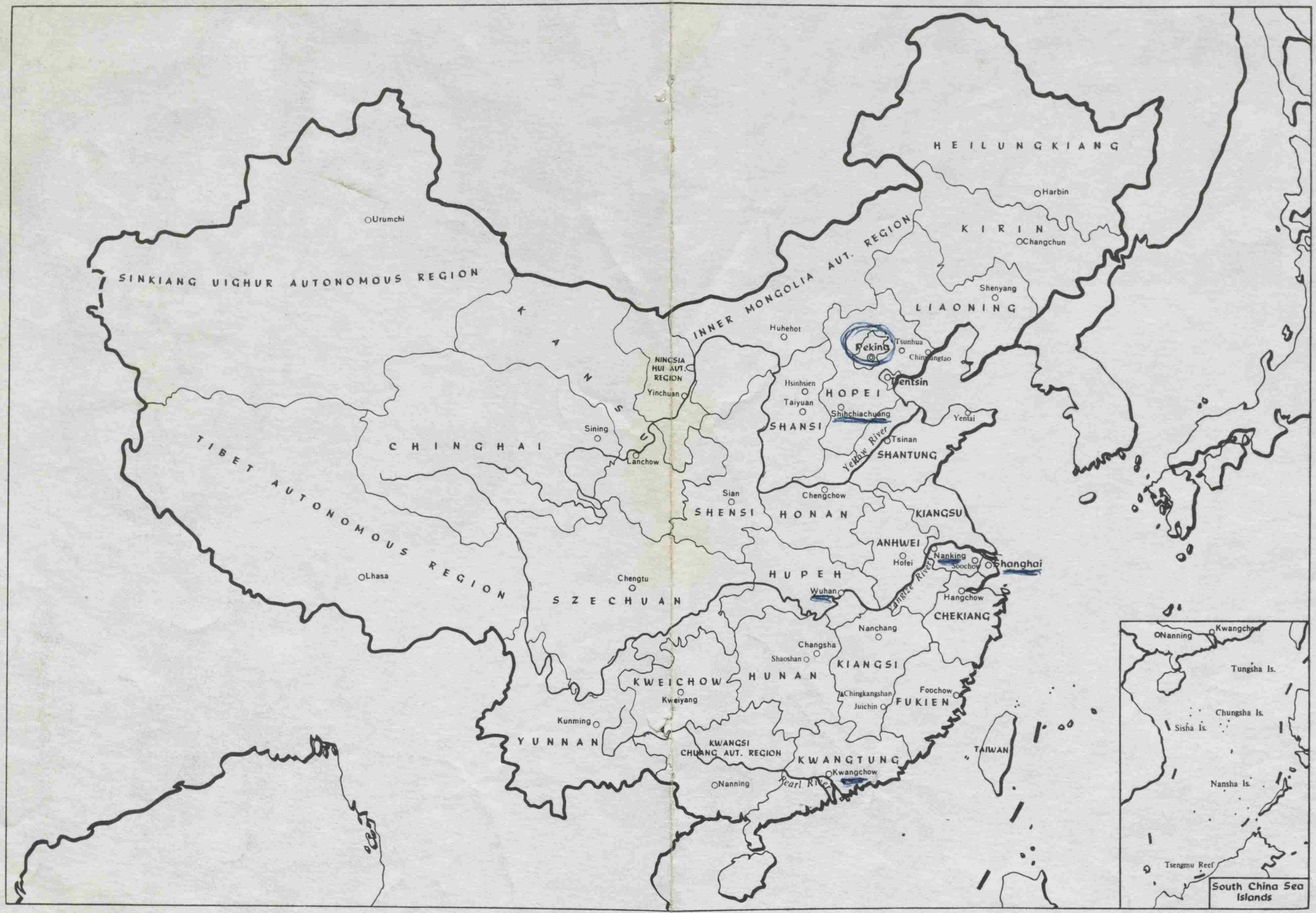
52.

2303.9

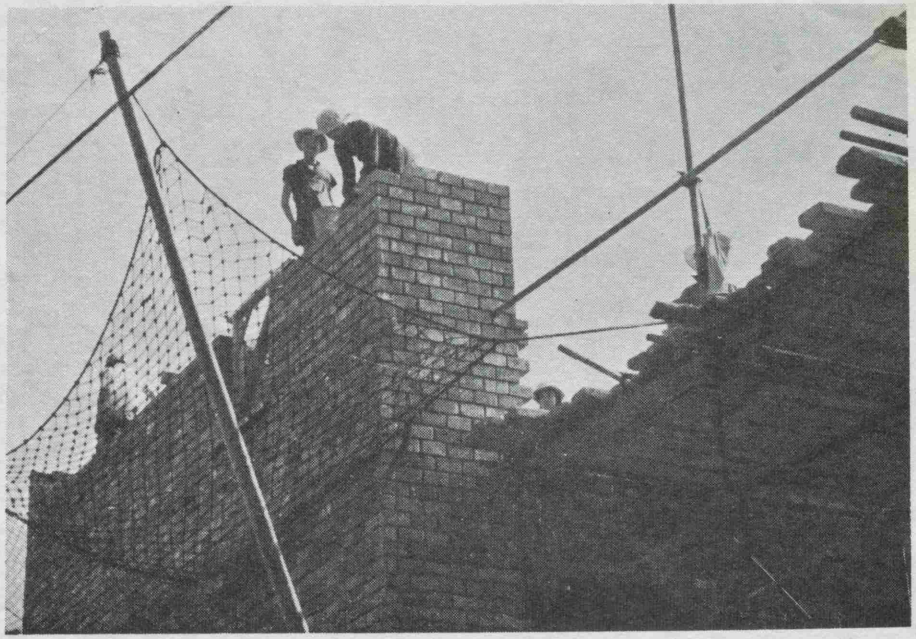
Box 2

File 17


歡 迎
MCGILL CHINA TOUR
旅遊服務有限公司


HEILUNGKIANG
Harbin
KIRIN
Changchun
Urumchi
SINKIANG UIGHUR AUTONOMOUS REGION
INNER MONGOLIA AUT. REGION
Shenyang
LIAONING
Huhehot
Peking
Tsunhua
Chinwangtao
NINGSIA HUI AUT. REGION
Yinchuan
Tientsin
Hsinhsien
HOPEI
Taiyuan
Shihchiachuang
SHANSI
Yentai
Sining
CHINGHAI
Tsinan
Yellow River
SHANTUNG
Lanchow
TIBET AUTONOMOUS REGION
Sian
Chengchow
SHENSI
HONAN
KIANGSU
ANHWEI
Hofei
Nanking
Soochow
Shanghai
Lhasa
Chengtu
HUPEH
Wuhan
Yangtze River
Hangchow
SZECHUAN
CHEKIANG
Nanchang
Changsha
Shaoshan
KIANGSI
KWEICHOW
HUNAN
Chingkangshan
Foochow
Kweiyang
Juichin
FUKIEN
Kunming
YUNNAN
KWANGSI CHUANG AUT. REGION
KWANGTUNG
TAIWAN
Kwangchow
Nanning
Pearl River
Nanning
Kwangchow
Tungsha Is.
Chungsha Is.
Sisha Is.
Nansha Is.
Tsengmu Reef
South China Sea Islands

Nanking primary school drama group doing an African dance.



Construction college students at work, Nanking.

Photos by Rewi Alley

Practical Education
in the classroom

of 600,000,000 people. One lesson in Mao's modernization primer, for instance, teaches how a wheelbarrow can free two men for tasks that cannot be done with a shoulderpole, and that an oxcart releases nine men for work at a higher level than brute force. Since 500,000,000 of China's 600,000,000 souls are unschooled peasants, their progress must be advanced by just such short and tedious steps. Yet the accumulation of those steps is confidently expected to take China past Britain's output of steel in the next fifteen years.

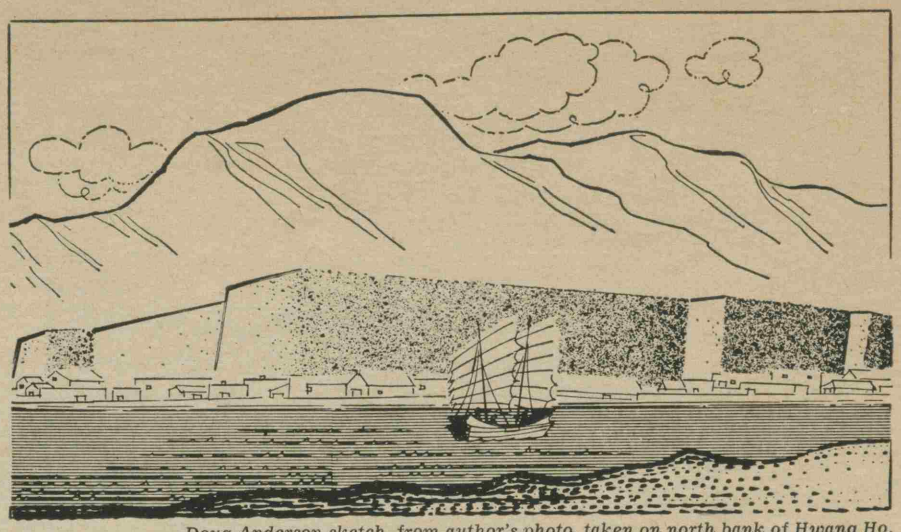
Scientists are people, and it is patently wrong to say that they are free of bias and prejudice. But they do recognize objectivity as a desirable trait in its own right. Professor Wilson separates what he saw from what he was told. Some of his one-sentence observations could profitably be spelt out to page length. On an evening stroll, for instance, he tells of witnessing steel being made in a blast furnace as small as a barrel. The Rand Corporation—a select band of scientists paid by the U.S. Air Force to gear our defense thinking to unpleasant realities—classifies this miniaturization of modern industry in several categories of significance: (a) it shows that the Chinese are avoiding the early Russian mistake of slavishly copying enterprises too gigantic for quick development by an agrarian society (b) it would make the country "extraordinarily resilient under enemy attack, . . . well adapted to the task of recuperation in a post-attack period, . . . and . . . considerably less sensitive to the hazards of modern military conflict than . . . even . . . most . . . other Communist countries." Whatever one may think of the way Mao's government is running China, it would be foolhardy to ignore the appeal that modernization-on-a-small-scale inevitably has for the poor and underdeveloped lands around China, to the west of those lands, on the African continent, and still further west in South America.

Professor Wilson also tells us that the scientists on whom China's future depends were trained principally in Western schools and "cannot in my opinion be thought of entirely apart from our Western culture." They have borrowed Communism from the Russians, but they have mixed it with an invigorating strain of American competitive spirit. The brave sound is unmistakable in their marching song:

"Rip holes in the sky—
we'll patch them!
Crack the earth's crust—
we'll mend it!
For we can tame oceans,
We can move mountains."

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

A Visit Behind the Ancient Wall of Lanchow



—Doug Anderson sketch, from author's photo, taken on north bank of Hwang Ho.

RED CHINA'S HIDDEN CAPITAL OF SCIENCE

An Exclusive Eyewitness Report

By J. TUZO WILSON, *President, International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics.*

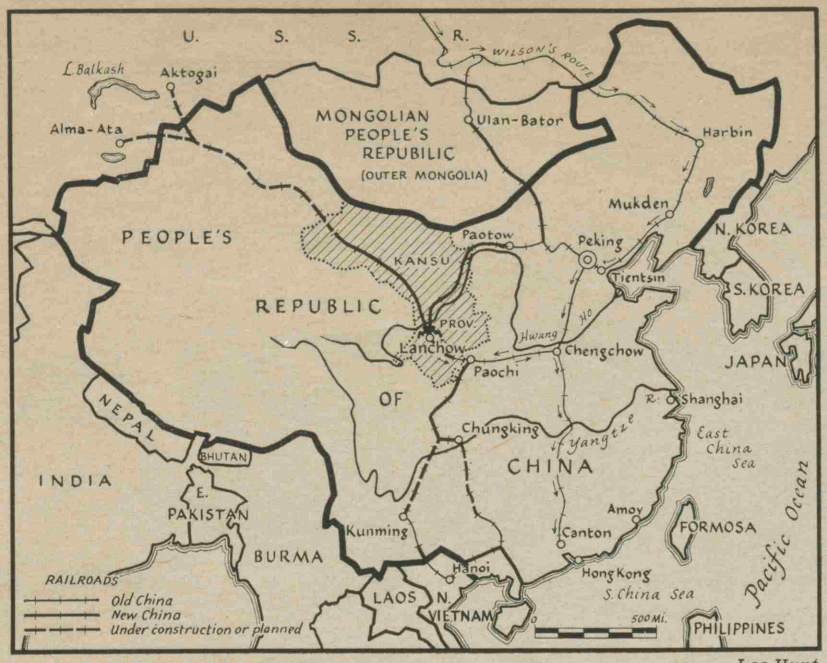
—LANCHOW,
PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC OF CHINA.

THESE notes are being written as I travel about the interior of China. I am setting them down in small books of a size convenient for propping on a crossed knee. As I write I am being jiggled and jostled in automobiles and on railway carriages, and the result is a truncated longhand which I believe cannot be deciphered by anyone else but me. By the time I get out of China and have a chance to read them, perhaps even I may not be able to break the code. In any case, I am sure that the name Lanchow will be enough to remind me of the end of an idle debate I had carried on with myself for many years. The subject of the argument was: Which is the fastest growing city in the world? The three traditional competitors had been Sao Paulo in Brazil, Houston in Texas, and Toronto in Canada, my own home. None of those three old favorites is any longer in the running now that I have seen Lanchow.

Somewhere in the neighborhood of Lanchow (pronounced Lan-jó) the Chinese race emerged in ages past. Lanchow itself is an ancient abode, long a principal gateway to China from Central Asia. It lies on the old Silk Road around the Tibetan mountains to Turkestan, India, Arabia, and Europe. As far back as the Chin dynasty (200 B.C.) it was known as the Golden City, as much for the yellow loess that has blown from the western deserts and drifted deep on its hills as for its entreport trade and its rich fields and orchards.

The old city is surrounded by a formidable wall of mud brick, thirty feet thick and nearly as high, tightly arched around a mountain spur on the south bank of the Hwang Ho (Yellow River) at a point where the valley restraining the stream broadens into a sudden plain probably a dozen miles long. The wall is breached now by many roads and will undoubtedly be taken away in time, but it is at present a picturesque fortress within which the clay walls and dusty tile roofs of the houses cling to the hills like so many inverted swallows' nests whose occupants have been disturbed by the incredible noise, the belching smokestacks, the clouds of dust, and the strange new restlessness that science has intruded both upstream and down into the passive waiting of the old Orient.

Mr. Tien Yu-San, the dark and genial, always polite and almost al-



—Lee Hunt.

Jade Gate, reached from West through Kansu Corridor, was classical China's front door. Rail map above shows how modern China again is facing inland.

ways smiling interpreter who accompanied me here from Peking on a railway sleeper, is in a sense a symbol of the prevailing turbulence. In 1946, he was a high school teacher of Chinese literature. Assigned to classes in Lanchow, he was still a two-weeks walk away from his school when the train stopped at what was at that time the railway terminus in Paochi. For a whole fortnight he had trudged alongside an oxcart that trundled his books and clothing through the mountain gorges of the Wei Ho before he finally reached his pupils. The city he entered then, footsore and weary, had a population of 118,000 and was regarded as an Ultima Thule by the people of China's eastern plains. Who but a criminal, the plainsmen asked, should be sent to so desolate a spot, where the summer is hot and arid and the winter wind is cold—a place where the trees are few, the hills overgrazed and barren?

THE Mr. Tien who entered Lanchow in company with me in the late summer of 1958 is a translator of scientific documents and papers. The city he brought me to is peopled by 800,000 souls. Kansu Province, of which Lanchow is the capital, has tripled its old populace of 10,000,000. The railway tracks no longer end at Paochi, nor even at Lanchow, but run 800 miles to the northwest and are steadily approaching the Russian border. What this means depends on the map you read. On a map of China proper, Lanchow appears on the western marches. On a map of greater China —which includes the vast and formerly remote reaches of Mongolia, Sinkiang, and Tibet—Lanchow marks the strategic as well as the geographic center. The new Chinese regime is clearly planning the development of the city with that in mind.

The rails that connect Lanchow with Paochi are hard proof of a thrilling feat of engineering. They creep around hundreds of hairpin turns on the sides of precipitous gorges while the locomotive engineers whistle repeated warning to track crews eternally watchful for the crash of rockslides. Through all of an afternoon, the following night, and the next morning our train wove in and out of a succession of 187 tunnels to the poignant rise and fall of the cry of escaping steam. And the Paochi-Lanchow line is only one of Lanchow's new rail routes. Another parallels the Great Wall from here directly into Peking, connecting near Peking with a new line northward to Russia's Lake Baikal through Ulan-Bator in Outer Mongolia. I was told that the Lanchow-Peking traffic had opened on 1 August 1958, and I saw the reinforced concrete bridge just east of Lanchow by which the track crosses the Hwang Ho. Even more formidable than any of these "forward leaps" (to use the fashionable Chinese slogan of the moment) is the railway from Paochi south across the 12,000 foot Tsin Ling mountains to Chungking. It connects the Hwang Ho and the Yangtze valleys, ends the historic separation between northern and southern China, and ties both directly to Moscow. The route runs far inland, is guarded by the rugged terrain it traverses, and is much shorter than the Trans-Siberian line on which I traveled for eight days to reach Mr. Tien.

Lanchow is lonely, as its critics lament. The mountains that tower several thousand feet above its 5,000 foot elevation are forbidding. But the skies are as clear here as those over Denver, Colorado; the hills, with some slight rearrangement, might be the same ones that are now behind Boulder in that same state of the United States; there is enough rainfall to grow grain and support grazing; and irrigated orchards grow fruits unsurpassed in all China. Lanchow is, in short, a challenge from nature, and it is being confronted by the most enthusiastic cadres of Mao Tse-tung. Here one sees the new China at work most actively. The volume of construction underway is staggering. I shall describe exactly what I saw during the three days I was in the city. But first I should explain how it was that I came to be in the People's Republic of China and why I chose to visit Lanchow.

• • •

LAST spring, when I learned that I would be a Canadian delegate to the meeting of the Committee for the International Geophysical Year in Moscow early in August, it occurred to me that it would be interesting and might be useful to return to Canada by travelling across Asia to the Pacific. Accordingly I wrote to the secretaries of both the Academia Sinica in Peking and of the Academia Sinica in Taipeh proposing such a trip. I explained to these dignitaries of the National Academies of Science of the two Chinas that I would like to see something of the geophysical work being done under their respective jurisdictions and, in my role as president of the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics, to discuss with them a matter of concern to the IUGG: that among the Union's fifty-five members, the only major country not represented is China.

Not everyone realizes the quiet but wide influence of arrangements reached through the IUGG and its sister societies in the International Council of Scientific Unions. The very fact that I could send letters to China and get replies within a few days is proof of the existence of common rules for carriage of mails. It is likewise paradoxical that throughout the Communist Chinese shelling of Nationalist Chinese troops on Matsu and Quemoy, the mainland scientists telegraphed their usual weather reports to meteorological stations on For-

mosa. In other fields, the scientific study of the Earth cannot be properly carried on if large gaps exist in our exchange of information. Chinese earthquakes, for example, are of great importance to other lands, while China has much to gain in many ways.

In view of the international situation, I did not, of course, expect to solve the problems at once. Indeed, I had no authority to do so. But I could at least explore the difficulties which had to be overcome before China could be represented in the IUGG, and I could show the scientists whom I visited that there was an international interest in their work.

Before leaving home, I obtained unanimous authority to make the trip on behalf of the IUGG. As a Canadian citizen, I consulted my government. It had no objection. The Canadian, Russian, and Chinese authorities were all so helpful that shortly before 8 o'clock in the evening of 18 August last, having attended the IGY meeting in Moscow, I took a taxi alone to the Yaroslavl station there and boarded the Moscow-Peking express on the Trans-Siberian Railway without having had much more trouble than is involved in catching a train anywhere else.

The carriage that I had boarded in Moscow brought me through Harbin, Mukden, and Tientsin to Peking. Mr. Tien was there to greet me in English. Several Chinese scientists and representatives of the Communist government travel service were with him. It was a relief to be able to converse freely in English again. During the whole of the way across Siberia, no one on the train appeared to have the least knowledge of English, nor of French, the only foreign language of which I have much knowledge. I had to order meals in the dining car with the few words of Russian I had learned during the IGY meetings in Moscow. But I must say I ate well.

My Chinese hosts took me to a room in the newest wing of the large and modern Peking Hotel. This hostelry is seven stories high and fifty windows wide across the front. Its servants are uniformed and polite. They will not accept the smallest tip, although prices are very low. No one locks his room door. The whole place is clean and polished. It is clearly a show place, inhabited by guests of the government and visitors from all six continents.

I was ushered into the European restaurant for lunch. I asked for the Chinese restaurant instead, explaining that since crossing the border and until I left China, I intended to eat nothing but Chinese food with chopsticks. This pleased my hosts very much and I in turn was gratified by Mr. Tien's apparent difficulty in finding the Chinese restaurant—the principal restaurant in the largest hotel in Peking. His momentary uncertainty assured me that I was indeed in the hands of genuine scientists and not in the hands of professional guides.

Mr. Tien has accompanied me everywhere I have gone in China. But he has not shadowed me nor spied upon me. I have enjoyed his company and his help. As far as language is concerned, however, I sometimes think I could almost get along without him. Most of the senior scientists I have met speak English or at least understand it. Quite a few of them are graduates of American, European, and Canadian universities and cannot, in my opinion, be thought of entirely apart from our Western culture.

ASIDE from a little sightseeing, my first day and a half in Peking were chiefly spent in meeting some of the Chinese scientists and discussing my itinerary. They proposed that I spend nine days in Peking and then two or three days in each of Nanking, Shanghai, Hanchow, and Canton. I told them as politely as I could that while I agreed about Peking, I thought the coast was less interesting than the interior of China from the point of view of a geophysicist and that if convenient, I would prefer to go inland up the Hwang Ho to the ancient capital of Sian and thence to Lanchow.

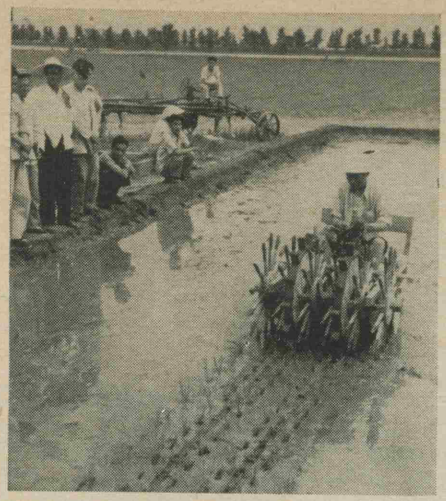
On my second evening in the Communist Chinese capital, Dr. Pei Li-Sheng, the secretary of the Academia Sinica, tendered me a Peking duck dinner, a delicious but formidable affair in about twelve courses. At the beginning of the feast Dr. Pei warmly assured me that I and any of my compatriots would always be welcome in China because Canada was the land of Dr. Bethune and the Chinese people would never forget Dr. Bethune. I was flabbergasted. I had only the vaguest recollection of even hearing of this doctor. It turned out that he was a Canadian who started a blood transfusion service during the troubles in China. As the Chinese are traditionally averse to blood transfusions, he had given his own blood on occasion as an example. He had died of infection and had been made into something of a hero.

I thanked Dr. Bethune inwardly for giving me a good sendoff. As the meal proceeded I learned that the Academia Sinica has the grant-giving functions of the National Science Foundation in the United States, as well as the more traditional scientific responsibilities of the National Academy of Sciences. It governs all basic research on the China mainland. It controls some fifty-odd scientific institutes, among them an Institute of Geophysics and Meteorology, an Institute of Geology, an Institute of Paleontology in Nanking, and an Institute of Vertebrate Paleontology in Peking. This last has a working group in Choukoudien, site of the famous caves where the 500,000-year-old bones of the Peking man were found.

During the dinner with Dr. Pei, I exchanged views with him on the

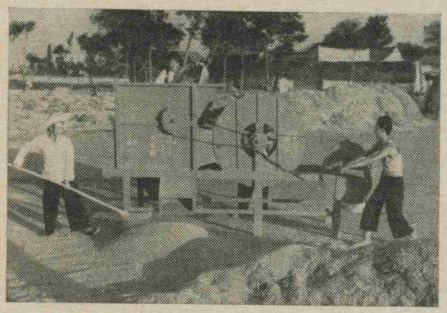
—*J. Tuzo Wilson.*

Street scene in Lanchow, caught by shutter-bug scientist Wilson. The fifteen-foot-deep ditch hides scores of diggers. Background: science library. Not shown: bedlam.



—*Eastfoto.*

A bike-like rice planter . . .



—*Eastfoto.*

. . . a hand-powered winnower . . .

—*Eastfoto.*

. . . a man-driven dredge . . .

problems of cooperation between the geophysicists of the People's Republic of China and the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics. We drank many toasts in the mild Chinese wines and liquors. Fortunately, no decisions had to be made.

I started my tour of scientific work in China next morning by driving to the Institute of Geophysics and Meteorology. This establishment is one of a great collection of hundreds of new laboratories, office buildings, and dormitories laid out along treelined avenues new-cut through the onetime vegetable gardens northwest of the city. I was immediately impressed, but not fully appreciative of the immensity of the undertaking until a second visit when the Chinese car driver got lost in the welter of construction. It seems quite possible that as many as 100,000 scientists and students might soon be working in the area. The Institute I visited was only a very tiny part of this tremendous development, but its one new permanent building was typical of nearly all the other new university buildings, so I shall describe it.

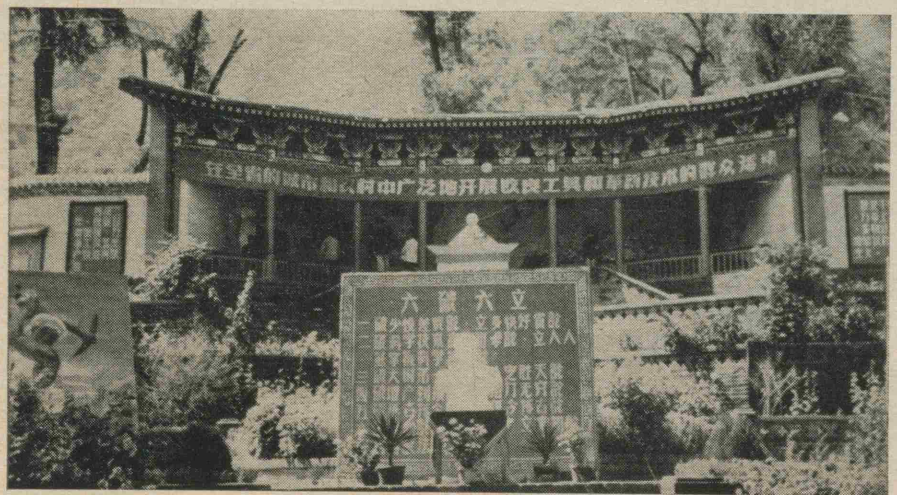
It is well-built of grey brick, three stories high, with a tile roof. Inside are three stairways connecting central corridors which run the length of the rectangular building. On each floor and in the basement are a couple of dozen rooms with white plastered walls, terrazzo flooring, electric lights, running water, a few coils for steam heat, and doors and windows that open and shut properly. The senior scientists have bare and simple offices of their own, equipped with the necessary furniture and plenty of books. Laboratories have good benches, blackboards, sinks, adequate outlets for electricity, water, and gas.

I was told that the Institute of Geophysics and Meteorology had been formed in 1928 as an Institute of Meteorology. Seven years later, according to my hosts, there were only fifty meteorological stations in China. Now, they stated, there are 1500 stations (of which 400 are pilot balloon stations and seventy radiosonde) contributing four times daily to the composition of daily, three-day, and monthly forecasts.

I went first to the Institute directorate and there, over a comforting cup of green tea, I was greeted by the director, Dr. Chao Chin-Chan; the assistant director, Dr. Chang Wen-Yu; and Dr. Lee Shan-Pang. All spoke English. Dr. Lee had certainly visited the United States. He has 150 seismologists working for him in stations scattered about the country. His staff is said to man thirty stations, which seems reasonable since I saw three of them and in Moscow the Russians had told me they received bulletins from twenty-three and expected soon to be hearing from sixteen more. The seismographs used in Dr. Lee's network are of five main types, one a simple instrument designed by Dr. Lee for the purpose of getting a network started quickly when he was told to do that in 1951.

DR. LEE'S chief research project arose from the desire of government for a map or maps indicating the frequency and intensity of earthquakes to be expected in every part of China. This was to allow suitable precautions in erecting dams, bridges, buildings, railways, and so forth. As is well known, many parts of China have severe earthquakes from time to time. Since only two seismograph stations had been operated under the old regime, the instrumental records were adequate only in those regions where earthquakes are so numerous that useful data could be obtained during the very few years of the new network's existence. For the plains, where quakes are less frequent but may be dangerous, Dr. Lee put 150 historians to work for two years reviewing the whole literature of China. They found about 10,000 useful references to individual earthquakes occurring between 1189 B.C. and the present. Through careful analysis of this very imperfect and varied data, Dr. Lee has drawn preliminary drafts of the required maps. Two of the three volumes of his remarkable report have already been published and favorably reviewed in the *Bulletin of the Seismological Society of America.*

Many of the scientists at the Institute of Geophysics and Meteorology are college graduates, but it seems also possible for a bright apprentice to become engaged in research and to obtain a bachelor's degree or diploma later. I think the Institute has research



—*J. Tuzo Wilson.*

. . . are typical peasant make-it-yourself primitive labor-savers, designed of native materials, which Professor Wilson saw displayed in this temple-become-museum.

students and can award candidates degrees (roughly equivalent to Ph.D's,) but I am not quite clear on this point, perhaps because the policy is changing. Some such Institutes in the U.S.S.R. and in China, even though they are not related to universities, certainly do have the power to grant higher degrees.

ANOTHER curious feature of the Chinese approach to science is the wall posters which can be seen in varying numbers in almost every building. These large sheets of colored paper are covered with Chinese writing which, I was told, were statements of criticism or of praise which anyone might put up, directed against the director or anyone else in the establishment. I take it they are frequently personal and pointed, but I feel it improbable that they are spontaneous.

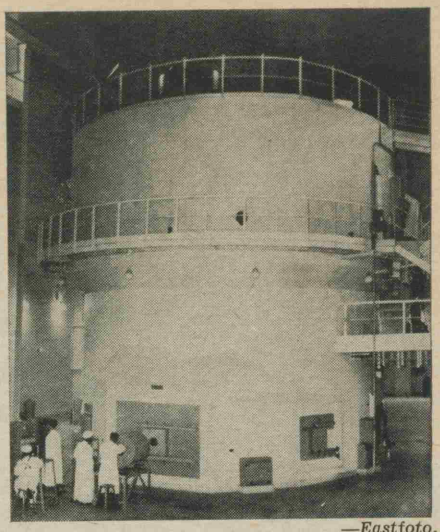
In most of the places I have visited, the directors seem to have been chosen for their scientific or technical experience, but I suppose that some of them may be regarded from time to time as less politically mature and correct than their employees. Likewise some of the employees might occasionally stand in need of correction. It seems to me that the wall poster is one ingenious method of keeping technically competent directors and indeed everyone on the correct political path without destroying their authority. Nevertheless, I wonder about the peace of mind of the director of one place I entered which was so plastered with posters in large Chinese characters that there was no more room on the walls; the posters were hung on strings across the corridors, so that it was a little like an obstacle race to visit the laboratories.

A THIRD new element in the modern Chinese culture is physical exercise. In the past, intellectuals in China looked down upon physical labor in any form, an attitude that tended to make them impractical and was resented by the laborers. To avoid continuation of this custom, the present regime is very insistent that everyone engage in both forms of activity. Therefore, in the middle of the morning and again in the afternoon at all offices, institutes, and colleges, bells ring, loudspeakers are turned on and everyone troops outside for ten minutes of physical exercise to gay music. In many ways this seems to be an improvement on the coffee break. The practice is taken quite seriously, for I have seen charwomen stop scrubbing and stand up and do ten minutes of calisthenics before resuming their scrubbing again.

In furtherance of the new activist philosophy there is also emphasis on sport, chiefly basketball. The nets can be seen all over China. They are so numerous that it seemed to me it would have been better to refer to Canada as the land of Dr. Naismith (who was born in Ontario and who invented basketball) rather than as the land of Dr. Bethune.

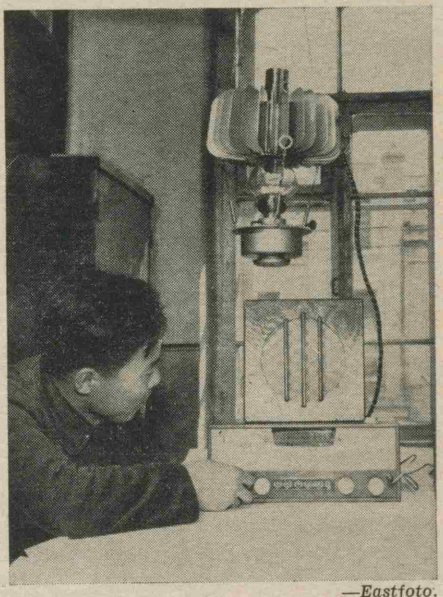
Space permits only an impressionistic picture of what I saw, heard, and felt during the remainder of my nine days in Peking and the three days I spent in Sian before leaving for Lanchow . . . Bargains in silk, embroidery, furs, and handicraft of every kind go begging in the Peking shops. No one would dare to wear anything but the plainest clothes in China today and there are no tourists. . . . The Chinese opera is cheap, well attended, melodramatic, with an intense noise of gongs: the battles of the hero with the tiger and the villain are the best stage fights I ever hope to see . . . The Peking Central Geophysical Observatory includes a new solar observatory and apparatus for the study of cosmic rays . . . Five more teeth of the Peking Man have recently been found . . . One of the two Institutes of Geology in Peking has completed the mapping of much of China, except Tibet, on a one-millionth scale; at the other Institute I saw instruments associated with the measurement of radioactivity and chemical laboratories devoted to the study of germanium, gallium, and indium—all metals useful in transistors. . . . The Institute of Geological Prospecting, a teaching unit of the Ministry of Geology, has 6,000 students, a faculty of 600, a five-year course and six departments of instruction: geological surveying, prospecting for minerals, prospecting for petroleum and natural gas, geophysical exploration, hydraulic and engineering geology, and mining geology. . . . Night and correspondence courses of all kinds are common phenomena. . . . Girls work alongside boys in machine shops everywhere. . . .

I was told that there are now 200 colleges and universities on the mainland with about 480,000 students. . . . It is government policy to unify the spoken language of all the 600 million people of the Chinese or Han race by teaching only the Mandarin (Pekingese) dialect in primary schools (other dialects may continue to be spoken in homes). This would enable everyone to understand one another and to listen to the same broadcasts. It would also simplify communication of exact scientific information by allowing the introduction of a new written language based on Mandarin and phonetically spelt in the English alphabet with some accents. . . . The intent is to abolish illiteracy and to have primary schools



—*Eastfoto.*

China also enjoys sophisticated science: A Russian-designed Atom-furnace . . .



—*Eastfoto.*

. . . and a transistorized kerosene lamp that generates electricity.

in every village. . . . In senior high schools a second language is started —usually English or Russian but permissibly also German, French, or Japanese. . . . College students must learn one language fluently and must be able to read a second. . . .

The railway between Peking and Paochi is in the process of being double-tracked across the Hwang Ho. When the train entered the junction city of Chengchow, I counted: 191 large new buildings which might house factories or institutes, a water tower, a parachute practice tower, a new railway station, ten iron or steel furnaces, and an electric power switch station. There are numerous electric lines in this district, even far out in the country. . . . Around Sian, the capital of the Chin dynasty which first

unified China 2200 years ago, the great increase in building has revealed many archeological sites, one of which holds relics of the two last of the five neolithic stages of man's development about 5,000 years ago.

• • •

MR. TIEN and I arrived in Lanchow by train from Sian shortly after breakfast. We had eaten as we descended from the loesshills through a broad valley whose sides were terraced in grain fields and at whose bottom were flat patches of irrigated rice crops and turnips. Dr. Tung Chieh, an agriculturalist, the very active and busy director of the local branch of the Academia Sinica, met us with two companions at the station on the plain east of the old city wall.

We drove along a broad boulevard, directly north for a mile and a half towards the Hwang Ho. While yet only part way to the river, we stopped at an intersection with an east-west boulevard. Three lines of poplar trees divided each of the two highways into four roads, giving each a total width of ten traffic lanes. At the junction, a small circular park had been planted with trees and flowers. On the four corners facing the park were a research building of the Academy, the University of Lanchow, a new hotel, and a vacant lot.

On this formerly empty plain, Dr. Tung pointed out, the new city of Lanchow is being built. In its present state it reminds me of Edmonton, Alberta, or Lincoln, Nebraska, when I first saw those two cities twenty-five years ago — planned in magnificent style but rather gap-toothed. There are fine buildings, with large vacant spaces between them occupied by piles of construction materials, disreputable shacks and derelict walls and gardens. There is, however, this difference between what I see in Lanchow and what I had seen in Edmonton and Lincoln: in Lanchow, besides scores of new buildings, scores more are in process of erection.

The trees, planted in 1956, are already twenty feet high. Someday they will grace splendid avenues. But their present appearance is marred by the presence in every large street of ditches fifteen feet deep, in which sewers and water mains are being laid down by thousands of people working twenty-four hours a day in all parts of the city at once. The work is spurred on by the blare of gay and martial music from a hundred loudspeakers hung on lampposts. Since the streets are largely blocked with the piles of earth from the ditches and with the waiting lengths of pipe, and since the loose earth produces great clouds of dust, the cars and trucks can work their way through the melee of bicycles and horse-drawn carts only by slow degrees and the continuous blowing of horns.

Surviving the bedlam as far as the hotel, I found that establishment excellent. It was seven stories high, with thirty-six large windows across the facade fronting on the park. Room 301, to which I was escorted, was a two-room suite with a tiled private bathroom and a balcony overlooking the center of Lanchow's explosive expansion.

It was decided that Mr. Tien and I should spend the first morning with

---

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XXXII

NEW CHINA HAND

—Randolph MacDonald: Eaton's.

J. TUZO WILSON has one of the loftiest names in all of science. He shares it with Mt. Tuzo (altitude, 10,658 feet) in the Canadian Rockies. The relationship sounds odd but is quite natural. The mountain and the man were named by the same woman. In fact, the late Henrietta Tuzo, English-born daughter of a Hudson's Bay doctor-turned-banker, met her future husband in the course of her christening climb of Mt. Tuzo in 1906, and two years after that meeting J. Tuzo Wilson was born.

As a child, Tuzo listened to his mother's reminiscences of the mountains. In time he began to wonder how mountains grew. What happened in the Earth's crust to push mountains and continents up from the sea? What were the natural laws that governed these movements? To find out, Tuzo took a B.A. in geology and physics at Toronto University (after public schooling in Ottawa, where his father, John Wilson, was controller of civil aviation for the Dominion government), an M.A. at Cambridge (which this year also awarded him a Doctorate of Science), and a Ph.D. at Princeton. Then he left his books to join the Canadian Geological Survey in mapping the great unknown stretches of his country, whose history has been so largely determined by its mountains and its mountain roots.

When the Commonwealth of nations to which Canada belongs was threatened by Hitler's Germany, John Tuzo Wilson enlisted in its defense as an Army engineer. He served abroad for four years, returning to Ottawa as a Lieutenant Colonel in charge of Operations Research at Canadian Army headquarters. From there he directed Exercise Muskox, an eighty-day mechanized expedition from Hudson's Bay across 3,100 miles of Arctic tundra to the Peace River country in Canada's oil-rich west. For the brilliance of this performance he was twice decorated: by the Americans with the Legion of Merit, and by his own people as an Officer of the British Empire.

Peace took him back to the University of Toronto as Professor of Geophysics. He began to weave his practical experience into the theory his students found in their textbooks. By insisting on an understanding of the fundamental physical processes which operate within the Earth, he lifted his courses out of the static realm of old-fashioned geology. His reputation for dynamic teaching spread to other parts of the British Commonwealth. He was invited to lecture in Australia and South Africa. Last year the horizon of recognition widened further with his election as president of the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics, largest of the societies comprising the International Council of Scientific Unions. How the responsibilities attached to this honor led him to China he explains in these pages.

In the midst of travel that has carried him twice around the globe in the last few years, Professor Wilson has managed to continue his own scientific research. Among the latest of fifty or more technical studies bearing his name is a 1958 map of the glaciology of Canada. His eminence and influence both at home and abroad is now established in his position as one of the twenty-one members of the National Research Council, the Canadian equivalent of our own National Science Foundation. The weight of all this has not diminished the Professor's sense of humor. With his wife (the former Isabel Dickson of Ottawa) and two daughters (Pat, 14, and Sue, 11) he finds considerable fun between the family's Toronto house in Roxborough Street East and a fifty-year-old cabin on Georgian Bay, which Mrs. Wilson named "Woodlouse Welcome" before the Professor made it respectable by building onto it a study which he dubbed "Awry on the Rocks." —ROBERTA SILMAN.

China Visit, 1974

For nine years I had been longing to visit China. Five efforts failed, but not the sixth. On a Thursday in mid May I walked across the short bridge from the Territories north of Kowloon and stepped onto Chinese soil.

Three interpreters, all French speaking, met our McGill Group of twenty: we were from Montreal, ergo we must be French speaking Canadians. With some delay, one of the Three was replaced by an English speaking interpreter and these Three accompanied us throughout our three-week sojourn in China. After all the border-crossing formalities were over, we lined up at the Bank wicket to convert money into Chinese yuan (1 yuan about 50 cents). Then we were led into a large reception room with lace curtains, cream linen covered easy chairs, low tables and the first of innumerable cups of tea. Here we were briefed on our itinerary, radically different from the outline received from Peking two months earlier. This briefing reception was to be repeated in every city or every factory, mill, museum, old people's home, hospital, commune, school and university, always followed at the close of our visit by a question and answer period and more tea.

At this first briefing we were told of the nation-wide campaign to discredit Lin Piao and erase from the minds of the people the pernicious teachings of Confucius — feudalism, ancestor worship, subservience of tenant to landlord, of worker to employer, of woman to man, and learning

for its own sake and for advancement in the hierarchy of officialdom — all these ideas must be crashed out. Lin Piao was departing from the teachings of Chairman Mao to advocate a stratification of society, return to a moderate capitalism, and an élite of the mind. All of this is anathema to the true spirit of the revolution. Posters with anti-Confucius and anti-Lin Piao slogans ~~were~~ are everywhere, on the streets, in public buildings, in factories and schools, and visitors must not take pictures of them - nor should we photograph railway bridges and soldiers. Apart from these restrictions we could photograph anything but courtesy demanded that we ask permission of individuals before using our cameras on them — and no movie cameras at all. This last injunction we had heard before leaving Canada so none of our group had brought one.

Here too, at this first briefing session we were told what we would hear every ~~time~~ day for three weeks that Canadian visitors were very specially welcome because Dr Norman Bethune, a Canadian, had come to the Chinese people at the time of their great need in their struggle for liberation, had given of himself without stint and died in the service to the Liberation Army. What an amazing story this is, in less than two years of herculean effort,

operating by day and by night as close to the battle front as he could get, organizing a base hospital and forward stations, training surgeons and nurses, inspiring every one around him, whether soldier or peasant, Norman Bethune created an atmosphere of indomitable courage and has become a legend to millions of Chinese. Mao's eulogy of him is learned by heart by school children across the land.

Twelve days later we were in the city of Shichiachiang (pronounced shejhaochang) to which Bethune's base hospital was moved in 1959. The large low building is named Bethune International Peace Hospital of the Chinese Liberation Army. In front of it is an imposing statue of him. The hospital serves civilians as well as army personnel. All its doctors, surgeons, nurses and employees wear army khaki under their white gowns. Following the instructions of Chairman Mao, we were told, the staff are also 'production workers' running a farm behind the hospital to supply all the vegetables, fruit, milk and eggs required.

Here after the welcoming reception with tea and apples from the hospital orchard, we were decked out in white caps, gauze masks, coats & canvas slippers and taken to watch a Tonsilectomy under acupuncture anesthesia. Two fine steel needles inserted at the back of the neck had been activated by slow alternating current for a short time before the operation and by hand during the operation. About an hour later

we saw this man sitting up in bed in a bright five-bed ward, where he drank a glass of milk without apparent difficulty. We saw a boy of about 12 years whose broken arm had two narrow splints rather than the western plaster cast, a procedure believed to permit more rapid mending and much greater flexibility. We saw a little lad of perhaps 5 years being treated for polio ~~of~~ in his left leg ~~with~~ by insertion for 10 or 15 seconds each of 3 needles above the knee and one below. This had been done daily for about two weeks and he could now walk a few steps. Full recovery was expected with continued treatment for a few weeks. In a 6-bed ward four labourers, ~~who~~ had been incapassitated by pain in the low back regions, were lying face down each with two needles inserted one on either side of the spine near the hips. These were activated by slow A.C. for 20 minutes twice daily. We were told that very very rarely was an appendix removed, the treatment was now by herbal medicine.

Men and women trained for a few months in the hospitals to do first aid, To treat simple ailments and to diagnose serious ones are known as the "bare foot doctors". Thousands of these staff the medical clinics in the villages of the communes, in the towns and in many sections of the large cities. We saw one, a young woman, in charge of the clinic

in a district of north Peking. She had two nurses assisting her and they had treated 59 babies, children and adults that day. In their spare time they prepared the simpler herbal medicines on the spot. A wall display showed a selection of common herbs, pressed and mounted on cardboard. In this district, one of 9 into which Peking is divided, we met with representatives of its National Revolutionary Committee in a large handsome room in the corner of two courts, beautified with trees and flowers. This had been the home of a wealthy family "before the liberation"; now the smaller buildings around the courts housed eight families in 3 or 4 room units. This district was subdivided into 25 areas each with its Neighbourhood and Residence Committees. The former organizes the workshops and factories for the wives whose babies and small children are in crèches and kindergartens. These women earn wages and have also "the satisfaction of contributing to the national productivity."* Middle school students do their stint of social service by working in hospitals or shopping centre or factory. This Committee also organizes the discussion periods for political education and study of national and international affairs. The Residence committees are locally organized by the retired elderly people + some house wives. They assist old people to shop, get meals and "study politics"; they aid school children with their lessons and generally keep an eye on local welfare.

* In the shop we visited these young women were producing electric lights & bulbs under the supervision of a few trained workmans.

The detailed organization of all this is overwhelming and it seems to extend to every man, woman and child and every phase of life in city, town and commune -

This ~~detail~~ efficiency of central planning is evident, too, in the work of the China Travel Service which arranges every detail of the tours of foreign groups; and how diverse they are - In the large dining room of the Nationals Hotel, in Peking on the great wide, tree-lined boulevard called Chan Gan our two tables had a placard with Canada printed on one side and the three equivalent Chinese characters on the reverse. Other tables here indicated groups from Finland, Luxemburg, Sweden, U.S.A., North Vietnam, Ethiopia, Korea, & Japan - In one city we encountered another Canadian group, working men from northern B.C. and the Northwest Territories under the leadership of a well-spoken, bearded young man who told me he was a social worker in the Yukon - That the Revolutionary Committee officials who greeted us, later answered our questions, and bade us farewell in every institution or commune we visited, had been carefully briefed was very obvious - Not only the often lengthy tributes to Dr Bethune but in closing the assurance that the Peoples Republic of China sought friendship with ~~xxxx~~ the people of every nation, that ties with Canada were very strong, that we were to take the greetings of the people of China to the people of Canada, and that they hoped we would all return again to visit China.

or in other cities

On one wall of the spacious foyer of ~~The Nationals~~ Shanghai's Peace Hotel were the words in bold gold letters on a red background: "Long live the unity of the people of the world", "Vive la grande ~~s~~olidarité des peuples du ~~M~~monde".

~~Pictures~~ portraits of chairman Mao are in evidence everywhere, in reception rooms and entrance halls and in school classrooms. Often also four portraits are side by side, Marx, Engels, Lenin Stalin. Asked by one of our group during question period at Shanghai University Teacher Training College why they included Stalin when we in the West think of him as a cruel ruthless tyrant, the reply was an admission that he made "mistakes" but his Marxist achievements in maintaining the socialist state after Lenin's death far outweighed his errors.

In ~~Can~~ Kwang chang (the Chinese name for Canton) we walked through the beautiful park with its trees, flowers, waters, bridges and pavillions commemorating (since 1957) the 5000 communist workers killed by Chiang Kai shek's orders in 1927; we saw the pavillion erected to honour the memory of Sun Yat-sen; we visited the elegant four-storey mansion of a former war lord, surrounded by trees on a little hill overlooking the city; now a museum

with a fine display of 6000 BC shards and pottery, down through Han & Ming, bronze & porcelain, to the present time.

We were taken to see one of many government-run kindergartens, greeted on arrival by brightly dressed, singing, clapping children. The only colour one sees in Chinese clothing is on the little children, the older children and adults are all in dark trousers with navy blue or white Mao jackets, occasionally grey, and the khaki of police & liberation army. In the classrooms we saw lessons in honesty being taught with slides of "the lost penny" "the lost handkerchief" & with each slide one small child would be called upon to tell the story, which each did without a trace of shy nervousness, the sequels being that the penny was given to a policeman, and the handkerchief washed, folded and returned to its owner. Training in manual dexterity was combined with the duty to do something of value to the state, a lesson driven home throughout the educational system. ~~Four~~ months of study then one in the ~~wood~~-work shop or the metal-work factory was the rule in the ~~Shanghai Teacher Training College~~ Tientsin Middle School. In the kindergarten at low tables the children picked the cork out of pop-bottle tops which would be collected for recycling; they cut discarded black ~~plastic~~ rubber pieces into small fragments for recycling; or they folded stamped-out cardboard into little boxes which would go to some factory for filling with we knew not what. In another room they were colouring

or drawing, the favourite objects seemed to be warships and airplanes. Others were out in the large playground, doing exercises, or dancing, or running exciting relay races.

We visited a silk mill and a pottery. The lovely silks, the figurines, cloisinés and jars of every size and kind are almost entirely for export. Here as in the famous carpet factory of Tientsin, cotton mill, farm tools and grinding machine factories visited elsewhere, it was the same story — 8 working hours, 6 days a week; 7 statutory holidays in the year; free medical care and hospitalization if required; paid accident or illness leave; paid leave once a year with ~~free~~ transportation to another part of China, if ones parents reside there, for a week or longer if the distance is very great; retirement for women at 50, for men at 60, with pension of 70% of the last wages. The spread in wages is large, rising from the minimum of a beginner with 2 years of service and skill. A highly paid worker may receive more than a supervisor of a section of the plant. A retired worker may elect to continue working part or full time, often at less strenuous work. In the pottery factory in Kwangchong a beginner received 42 yuan per month whereas a highly skilled man of 70 doing exquisite cloisiné work

We visited two communes, one on the outskirts of Shanghai, the other on the north side of the great Yellow River, a long bus drive from the city of Chengchow which lies 20 miles south of the river. This was No 1 commune, the pioneer one which so impressed Chairman Mao on his visit to it that he gave instructions for its example to be followed throughout the country. In a small stone building far out by a pumping station in the grain fields are preserved the chair Mao sat in and the table on which are his chop sticks, plate, covered mug and the thermos from which his tea was poured, all on a raised platform cordoned off from the rest of the room. On the walls were greatly enlarged photographs of the Chairman's visit to various parts of the commune. It reminded one of the care with which similar furnishings and utensils used by Royalty are preserved in our country. This vast commune comprised many villages and was organized into 38 production brigades. We visited only two, one where great fields of ripe wheat were being reaped by dozens of men with sickles; and one where cattle, cows, pigs, horses and donkeys, chicken, geese, ducks and rabbits were raised. We were told that the previous year 500,000 kilos of grain, 2,300,000 kilos of cotton and 8000 pigs had been sold to the government. In other parts of the commune were rice paddies, orchards and market gardens.

Before liberation under the old feudal landlords only 25% of the area was under cultivation and droughts or floods brought starvation and death to hundreds. Now 95% of the land is irrigated and cultivated.

A Thousand miles of dykes have been constructed over the centuries along the Yellow (or Kwang) River. These have been strengthened and masonry abutments built to divert the currents in flood time from the places of worst erosion. We walked on the dyke just north of Chengchiang at the very place where Chiang Kai shek had ordered the dyke blasted open in order to flood the land to the South to prevent ~~the~~ Japanese ~~liberation~~ army from conquering the delta region. This without regard for the ~~loss of~~ many thousands of peasants who lost their lives by drowning or starvation. A ~~splendid~~ Yellow River Exhibition displayed excellent models of the upper reaches of the river in the high mountains of the north west, where contour terracing on a vast scale is preventing soil erosion, controlling the water run off so that large new areas for rice paddies are now in production. Reservoirs and canals lead the water where it is needed and reduce the volume of flood water in the great river. One exhibit consisted of two glass jars about 10 inches high containing Yellow River water taken, one before and one during the time of flood. On settling, the one

contained about one inch ~~(approximately)~~ of yellow-red sediment and the other about 3 inches. No wonder the river is yellow and the delta so fertile.

No words are adequate to describe the Forbidden City in the heart of Peking, walled and double moated palace of the Manchu Emperors. What a tribute to the skill and exquisite artistry of ~~thousands~~ hundreds of Chinese craftsmen~~ over centuries~~. Spacious courtyards, one beyond the other with intricately carved grey stone terraces, steps bridges, balustrades; each court dominated by a large red lacquer pavillion gracefully lifting its shimmering glazed tile roof in gentle curves from ornate corners to ridge pole.; the central pavillion flanked by lovely smaller ones in each successive court; The interiors of the royal pavillions, its pillers, walls, ceiling and Throne in the three audience chambers, ornate beyond description, colored carvings in wood, in molded plaster, in elaborate porcelain; gold and silver candlesticks, ornate lanterns suspended from the ceiling and the imposing royal dais and Throne inlaid with ivory, precious metal and gems. Beyond all this lies a maze of smaller courts with trees and flowers and the living quarters of the Empress, concubines, officials of the Court and attendants; and then the gardens

with their water & great trees and gutted.

An hours drive north of Peking through wheat fields, rice paddies and villages brings one to the foot hills of the long mountain range that separates Inner Mongolia from the North China Plain. Over these mountains came the Mongolian raiding parties who decimated the Chinese villages, plundering and killing with terrible ferocity. Hence arose the Great Wall of China from the east coast nearly 2000 miles, down into the valleys up over the ridges on and on westward, the triumph of 221 B.C., the burial place within its massive masonry of thousands of Chinese peasants forcibly brought from near and from far to work on its construction.

A few miles south of the Wall, in a semicircle of the foot hills are the Ming Tombs, deep underground chambers whose entrances, save one, are unexcavated. In this one, discovered during the Cultural Revolution and carefully opened up, were found the vast store of treasures, a selection of which form part of the travelling exhibition of Chinese art displayed in Europe and in the autumn of 1974 in Toronto. Four barrel-vaulted chambers were found at a level 90 steps below the steeply sloping approach to the entrance gateway. The long

central corridor being filled with marble chairs, couches & throne. One's thoughts kept jumping to the Egyptian Valley of the Kings and the much smaller Tomb of Tutankamun.

Before our visit to the University of Peking we had asked if we might meet and talk shop with our counterparts on their faculty. The university lies in a spacious area like a park, with avenues of trees, a small lake across which on a wooded knoll was the astronomical observatory, and quite widely separated the buildings for the various disciplines. At the welcoming reception we found that our desires had been met and we were introduced to an engineer an astronomer, a chemist, a physicist, a psychologist, a sociologist, an economist and a medical doctor. Interpreters were provided for each of these, but mine, unfortunately, knew very little scientific vocabulary which greatly hampered my conversation with Professor Shan Zun, a radio astronomer who has 48 students in his department.

Entrance requirements to the university are three-fold. Excellence at the high school level is essential, after which the student is

or a hospital

posted to a commune or a factory or mill, where he learns from the workers, living with them and participating in their ideological discussions and social projects. Two reports must accompany his application to enter university after a period of one or more years, one from the local Revolutionary Committee of the commune ~~of~~ or industry or institution, recommending him as well grounded in Marx-Engels theories and sound in his political attitudes, the other from the Committee which sizes up a ~~the~~ worker's attitude to his job and his fellow workers, his zeal in contributing to the welfare of his community in the full spirit of the precepts of Chairman Mao. One of our professors pressed the question of making exception for the rare student of genius, of outstanding ability — say a young mathematician — who was not in the least socially well oriented. But the answer was: No exceptions and no one is born a genius. "But we all know", said one of our party "that Chairman Mao is a genius". No, came the answer after some rapid exchange of talk in Chinese between three of our hosts; Chairman Mao was not born a genius, he became great through effort and suffering and study and toil and danger and ~~his~~ unremitting pursuit of his own high revolutionary ideals.

Looking back on these three crowded weeks in the Peoples Republic of China when something was programmed for every morning, afternoon and about ~~eighteen~~ sixteen evenings, I think with amusement of the local guide who welcomed us at one city with the words "Since most of you are over-age ..." and then proceeded to set forth a programme for our three days into which it seemed as though nothing more could possibly be inserted if we were to eat three meals a day and sleep 6 or eight hours each night. Actually ~~the age of~~ ~~only three of our group of twenty were under fifty years of age~~ ~~[illegible]~~ (and fifty is retiring age for women, ~~sixty~~ 60 for men. I think of the evening performance in the open air theatre inside the walls and moat of the Forbidden City where acrobats, jugglers and comic magicians delighted a crowd of happy citizens overflowing with good ~~humour~~ spirits and humour; and of three concerts of ancient and modern stringed instruments and percussions, one by small school children, one by gifted senior middle school students and one superb concert by a professional orchestra, and of yet another entertainment under the trees of a commune with a group of eight men playing wind and string instruments and ~~for~~ four five young women in bright costumes performing traditional and revolutionary dances. ~~for one~~ I think of the night at the Revolutionary Opera called Azalia Mountain — fine mountain stage settings and lighting, good costumes, excellent dynamic acting, the wicked tyrannical landlord carrying off a peasants daughter, the battle to rescue her between peasants aided by men and women of the Liberation Army and the tyrant's retainers, into which to the immense delight of the audience marvellous acrobatics were ~~performed~~ introduced, somersaults with drawn swords under swinging broad swords — what action! what timing!

I live again the 20-hour train journey from ~~Tientsin~~ Shanghai to Tientsin, the ever-changing yet ever repeating successions of endless neat rice paddies, fields of ripening wheat and of green cotton all over the flat eastern plain of China; the first view of the Yangtse in mid-afternoon as we crossed the great Nanking bridge, the change of sound as we crossed the long bridge over the Yellow in midnight darkness; the cleanliness and comfort of the four-bunk compartment with its spotless pillows and padded coverlet for each bunk and white lace window curtain, its little window table with four covered mugs, tea bags and large thermos of boiling water; the dining car with tables for four, where, as in all our hotels, six or more dishes of sea-food, meat, chicken, eggs - all in tasty dances with light cooked green vegetables or roasted nuts, ~~were produced to accompany under the bowls~~, our bowls of rice, all washed down with unlimited quantities of good light beer. A similar but longer journey of 26 hours took us from Chengchow on the Yellow River to Canton. Towards the close of our three weeks. Again the glimpses of endless rice paddies, the net-work of irrigation canals and ditches, the villages, the towns and cities, the peasants ankle deep in some of the later-planting paddies or with sickle in hand cutting the golden wheat where two crops a season could be grown; in the misty light of dawn as we ran off the vast delta land of the great plain of south east China into the mountains with its

rivers, sailing junks, diesel powered barges, ferries, and fishermen in their sampans; commune workers setting forth on foot or on the ubiquitous bicycles to their days work, a bowed peasant with wooden yoke across his shoulders climbing up from the river with two buckets of water. Finally on that early morning as the train sped towards the Pearl River and Kwangchong, I saw the bold outlines of the mountains half obscured by the ~~mists in the valleys~~ slowly rising to thin out into soft wisps, exactly as the Chinese artists have portrayed them for many centuries.

The contrast between the hopeless subservience of the millions in the old days of feudalism, without education, without protection from flood or drought, without sanitation and health care and the China of today where hope and self-respect are established and the spirit of cooperation for the good of all is fanned daily by the inspiration of one great man's leadership, surely this is one of the greatest achievements in the long history of the human race. It is a classless society for the vast majority, but inevitably superior intelligence and leadership qualities bring some men and women to the top. Working hours are long, ~~and~~ holidays

are few and luxuries are unknown for this inevitably great majority. For a minority life is less austere. There are no gold braided uniforms, no titles, but senior members of government offices are at home in an ambassador's drawing room. Our always friendly, cheerful and efficient guides have interesting and not too strenuous lives; engineers and professional men in general, teachers and professors escape the drudgery of the factory worker or mill hand and have the richness of their own intellectual worlds. The revolutionary aim is to sublimate all ambition into concern for the good of all, the welfare of the state. When will another Lin Pao arise to advocate giving personal ambition the green light? We cannot see into the future but we can applaud the miracle of the present.

A. Vibert Douglas

1974 Sept 17.

China Visit, 1974

For nine years I had been longing to visit China. Five efforts failed, but not the sixth. On a Thursday in mid May I walked across the short bridge from the Territories north of Kowloon and stepped onto Chinese soil.

Three interpreters, all French speaking, met our McGill Group of twenty: we were from Montreal, ergo we must be French-speaking Canadians. With some delay, one of the three was replaced by an English-speaking interpreter and these three accompanied us throughout our three-week sojourn in China. After all the border-crossing formalities were over, we lined up at the Bank wicket to convert money into Chinese yuan (1 yuan about 50 cents). Then we were led into a large reception room with lace curtains, cream linen covered easy chairs, low tables and the first of innumerable cups of tea. Here we were briefed on our itinerary, radically different from the outline received from Peking two months earlier. This briefing reception was to be repeated in every city, in every factory, mill, museum, old people's home, hospital, commune, school and university, always followed at the close of our visits by a question and answer period and more tea.

At this first briefing we were told of the nationwide campaign to discredit Lin Piao and erase from the minds of the people the pernicious teachings of Confucius - feudalism, ancestor worship, subserviance of tenant to landlord, of worker to employer, of woman to man, and learning for its own sake and for advancement in the hierarchy of officialdom - all these ideas must be crushed out. Lin Piao was departing from the teachings of Chairman Mao to advocate a stratification of society, return to a moderate capitalism, and an élite of the mind. All of this is anathama to the true spirit of the revolution. Posters with anti-Confucius and anti-Lin Piao slogans are everywhere, on the streets, in public buildings, in factories and schools, and visitors must not take pictures of them - nor should we photograph railway bridges and soldiers. Apart from these restrictions we

could photograph anything but courtesy demanded that we ask permission of individuals before using our cameras on them - and no movie cameras at all. This last injunction we had heard before leaving Canada so none of our group had brought one.

Here too, at this first briefing session we were told what we would hear every day for three weeks: that Canadian visitors were very specially welcome because Dr. Norman Bethune, a Canadian, had come to the Chinese people at the time of their great need in their struggle for liberation, had given of himself without stint and died in the service to the Liberation Army. What an amazing story this is; in less than two years of herculean effort, operating by day and by night as close to the battle front as he could get, organizing a base hospital and forward stations, training surgeons and nurses, inspiring everyone around him, whether soldier or peasant, Norman Bethune created an atmosphere of indomitable courage and has become a legend to millions of Chinese. Mao's eulogy of him is learned by heart by school children across the land.

Twelve days later we were in the city of Shichiachiang (pronounced shejhaochong) to which Bethune's base hospital was moved in 1959. The large low building is named Bethune International Peace Hospital of the Chinese Liberation Army. In front of it is an imposing statue of him. The hospital serves civilians as well as army personnel. All its doctors, surgeons, nurses and employees wear army khaki under their white gowns. Following the instructions of Chairman Mao, we were told, the staff are also 'production workers' running a farm behind the hospital to supply all the vegetables, fruits, milk and eggs required. Here after the welcoming reception with tea and apples from the hospital orchard, we were decked out in white caps, gauze masks, coats & canvas slippers and taken to watch a tonsilectomy under acupuncture anaesthesia. Two fine steel needles inserted at the back of the neck had been activated by slow alternating current for a short

time before the operation and by hand during the operation. About an hour later we saw this man sitting up in bed in a bright five-bed ward, where he drank a glass of milk without apparent difficulty. We saw a boy of about 12 years whose broken arm had two narrow splints rather than the western plaster cast, a procedure believed to permit more rapid mending and much greater flexibility. We saw a little lad of perhaps 5 years being treated for polio in his left leg by inserting for 10 or 15 seconds each of 3 needles above the knee and one below. This had been done daily for about two weeks and he could now walk a few steps. Full recovery was expected with continued treatment for a few weeks. In a 6-bed ward four labourers, who had been incapacitated by pain in the low back regions, were lying face down each with two needles inserted one on either side of the spine near the hips. These were activated by slow A.C. for 20 minutes twice daily. We were told that very very rarely was an appendix removed; the treatment was now by herbal medicine.

Men and women trained for a few months in the hospitals to do first aid, to treat simple ailments and to diagnose serious ones are known as the "bare foot doctors". Thousands of these staff the medical clinics in the villages of the communes, in the towns and in many sections of the large cities. We saw one, a young woman, in charge of the clinic in a district of north Peking. She had two nurses assisting her and they had treated 59 babies, children and adults that day. In their spare time they prepared the simpler herbal medicines on the spot. A wall display showed a selection of common herbs, pressed and mounted on cardboard. In this district, one of 9 into which Peking is divided, we met with representatives of its National Revolutionary Committee in a large handsome room in the inner of two courts, beautified with trees and flowers. This had been the home of a wealthy family "before the liberation". Now the smaller buildings around the courts housed eight families in 3 or 4 room units. This district was subdivided

into 25 areas each with its Neighbourhood and Residence Committees. The former organizes the workshops and factories for the wives whose babies and small children are in crêches and kindergartens. These women earn wages and have also "the satisfaction of contributing to the national productivity". In the shop we visited, these young women were producing electric light bulbs under the supervision of a few trained workmen. Middle school students do their stint of social service by working in hospital or shopping centre or factory. This committee also organizes the discussion periods for political education and study of national and international affairs. The Residence committees are locally organized by the retired elderly people and some housewives. They assist old people to shop, to get meals and "study politics". They aid school children with their lessons and generally keep an eye on local welfare. The detailed organization of all this is overwhelming and it seems to extend to every man, woman and child and every phase of life in city, town and commune.

This efficiency of central planning is evident, too, in the work of the China Travel Service which arranges every detail of the tours of foreign groups; and, how diverse they are. In the large dining room of the Nationals Hotel in Peking on the great wide, tree-lined boulevard called Chan Gan, our two tables had a placard with Canada printed on one side and the three equivalent Chinese characters on the reverse. Other tables here or in other cities indicated groups from Finland, Luxembourg, Sweden, U.S.A., North Vietnam, Ethiopia, North Korea and Japan. In one city we encountered another Canadian group, working men from northern B.C. and the Northwest Territories under the leadership of a well-spoken, bearded young man who told me he was a social worker in the Yukon. That the Revolutionary Committee officials who greeted us, later answered our questions, and bade us farewell in every institution or commune we visited, had been carefully briefed was very obvious - not only the often lengthy tributes to Dr. Bethune but in closing the assurance

that the People's Republic of China sought friendship with the people of every nation, that ties with Canada were very strong, that we were to take the greetings of the people of China to the people of Canada, and that they hoped we would all return again to visit China. On one wall of the spacious foyer of Shanghai's Peace Hotel were the words in bold gold letters on a red background: "Long live the unity of the people of the world", "Vive la grande solidarité des peuples du monde".

Portraits of Chairman Mao are in evidence everywhere, in reception rooms and entrance halls and in school classrooms. Often also four portraits are side by side: Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin. Asked by one of our group during question period at Shanghai University Teacher Training College why they included Stalin when we in the West think of him as a cruel ruthless tyrant, the reply was an admission that he made 'mistakes' but his Marxist achievements in maintaining the socialist state after Lenin's death far outweighted his errors.

In Kwangchang (the Chinese name for Canton) we walked through the beautiful park with its trees, flowers, waters, bridges and pavillions commemorating since 1957 the 5,000 Communist workers killed by Chiang Kaishek's orders in 1927; we saw the pavillion erected to honour the memory of Sun Yat-sen; we visited the elegant four-storey mansion of a former war lord, surrounded by trees on a little hill overlooking the city, now a museum with a fine display of 6,000 B.C. shards and of potters, down through Han to Ming, bronze and porcelain, to the present time.

We were taken to see one of many government-run kindergartens, greeted on arrival by brightly dressed, singing, clapping children. The only colour one sees in Chinese clothing is on the little children, the older children and adults all in dark trousers with ~~many~~ navy blue or white Mao jackets, occasionally grey, and the khaki of police and liberation army. In the classrooms we saw lessons in honesty being taught with slides of "the lost penny" and "the lost handkerchief",

and with each slide one small child would be called upon to tell the story, which each did without a trace of shy nervousness, the sequels being that the penny was given to a policeman, and the handkerchief washed, folded and returned to its owner. Training in manual dexterity was combined with the duty to do something of value to the state, a lesson driven home throughout the educational system. Four months of study, then one in the wood-work shop or the metal-work factory was the rule in the Tientsin middle school. In the kindergarten at low tables the children picked the cork out of pop bottle tops which would be collected for recycling; they cut discarded black rubber pieces into small fragments for recycling; or they folded stamped-out cardboard into little boxes which would go to some factory for filling with we knew not what. In another room they were colouring or drawing; the favourite objects seemed to be warships and airplanes. Others were out in the large playground, doing exercises, or dancing, or running exciting relay races.

We visited a silk mill and a pottery mill. The lovely silks, the figurines, cloisonné and jars of every size and kind are almost entirely for export. Here, as in the famous carpet factory of Tientsin, and in cotton mill, farm tool and grinding machine factories visited elsewhere, it was the same story - 8 working hours, 6 days a week; 7 statutory holidays in the year; free medical care and hospitalization if required; paid accident or illness leave; paid leave once a year with free transportation to another part of China, if one's parents reside there, for a week or longer if the distance is very great; retirement for women at 50, for men at 60, with pension of 70% of the last wages. The spread in wages is large, rising from the minimum of a beginner with the years of service and skill. A highly paid worker may receive more than a supervisor of a section of the plant. A retired worker may elect to continue working part or full time, often at less strenuous work. In the pottery factory in Kwangchong a beginner received 42 yuan per month whereas a highly skilled man of 70 doing exquisite cloisonné work with 30 years experience

earned 200 yuan monthly.

Remuneration in the communes is different. Families receive a basic amount of food according to need. They can augment it by cultivating their private plots after the day's work on the commune is completed or by purchases at the commune store. The excess produce of the commune, whether grain, rice, fruit, cotton, wool, livestock or other is sold to the Government at government-fixed rates. This money is divided several ways. Some goes to augment the commune capital fund for emergency demands, for improving the commune by developing irrigation, and bringing new land into productivity, for farm machinery, establishment of repair shops, clothing or shoe factories and so forth. The aim is to make each commune as self-sufficient as possible. Each has its own hospital, medical clinics, schools and crêches. Some of the commune earnings go into a fund for helping the old and incapacitated people; and some is divided amongst all the workers for their personal needs, clothing, a bicycle, a radio or whatever. Each commune has a cooperative bank where a worker can deposit part of his annual earnings at about 3% interest on every 100 yuan at least 10 months in the bank.

We visited two communes, one on the outskirts of Shanghai, the other on the north side of the great Yellow River, a long bus drive from the city of Chengchong ~~Chong~~, which lies 20 miles south of the river. This was No. 1 commune, the pioneer one which so impressed Chairman Mao on his visit to it that he gave instruction for its example to be followed throughout the country. In a small stone building far out by a pumping station in the grain fields are preserved the chair Mao sat on and the table on which are his chopsticks, plate, covered mug and the thermos from which his tea was poured, all on a raised platform cordoned off from the rest of the room. On the walls were greatly enlarged photographs of the Chairman's visit to various parts of the commune. It reminded one of the care with which similar furnishings and utensils used by Royalty are preserved in our country. This vast commune comprised many villages and was organized into 38 production brigades. We

visited only two, one where great fields of ripe wheat were being reaped by dozens of men with sickles; and one where cattle, cows, pigs, horses and donkeys, chicken, geese, ducks and rabbits were raised. We were told that the previous year 500,000 kilos of grain, 2,300,000 kilos of cotton and 8,000 pigs had been sold to the government. In other parts of the commune were rice paddies, orchards and market gardens. Before liberation under the old feudal landlords, only 25% of the area was under cultivation and droughts or floods brought starvation and death to hundreds. Now 95% of the land is irrigated and cultivated.

A thousand miles of dykes have been constructed over the centuries along the Yellow (or Kwang) River. These have been strengthened and masonry abutments built to divert the currents in flood time from the places of worst erosion. We walked on the dyke just north of Cheng Chong at the very place where Chiang Kaishek had ordered the dyke blasted open in order to flood the land to the south to prevent the Japanese army from conquering the delta region, this without regard for the many thousands of peasants who lost their lives by drowning or starvation. A Yellow River Exhibition displayed excellent models of the upper reaches of the river in the high mountains of the northwest, where contour terracing on a vast scale is preventing soil erosion, controlling the water run-off so that large new areas for rice paddies are now in production. Reservoirs and canals lead the water where it is needed and reduce the volume of flood water in the great river. One exhibit consisted of two glass jars about 10 inches high containing Yellow River water taken, one before and one during the time of flood. On settling, the one contained about one inch of yellow-red sediment and the other about 3 inches. No wonder the river is yellow and delta so fertile.

No words are adequate to describe the Forbidden City in the heart of Peking, walled and double moated palace of the Manchu Emperors. What a tribute to the skill and exquisite artistry of thousands of Chinese craftsmen. Spacious courtyards, one

beyond the other with intricately carved grey stone terraces, steps, bridges, and balustrades; each court dominated by a large red lacquer pavillion gracefully lifting its shimmering glazed tile roof in gentle curves from ornate corners to ridge pole; the central pavillion flanked by lovely smaller ones in each successive court; the interiors of the royal pavillions, ~~its~~ the pillars, walls, ceilings and thrones in the three audience chambers, ornate beyond description, coloured carvings in wood, in molded plaster, in elaborate porcelain; gold and silver candlesticks, ornate lanterns suspended from the ceiling and the imposing royal dais and throne inlaid with ivory, precious metal and gems. Beyond all this lies a maze of smaller courts with trees and flowers and the living quarters of the Empress, concubines, officials of the Court and attendants; and then the gardens with their water, great trees and grottos.

An hour's drive north of Peking through wheat fields, rice paddies and villages brings one to the foot hills of the long mountain range that separates Inner Mongolia from the North China Plain. Over these mountains came the Mongolian raiding parties who decimated the Chinese villagers, plundering and killing with terrible ferocity. Hence arose the Great Wall of China from the east coast nearly 2,000 miles down into the valleys, up over the ridges on and on westward, the triumph ~~of~~ completed in 221 B.C., the burial place within its massive masonry of thousands of Chinese peasants forcibly brought from near and far to work on its construction.

A few miles south of the Wall, in a semicircle of the foothills are the Ming Tombs, deep underground chambers whose entrances, save one, are unexcavated. In this one, discovered during the Cultural Revolution and carefully opened up, were found the vast store of treasures, a selection of which form part of the travelling exhibition of Chinese art displayed in Europe and, in the autumn of 1974, in Toronto. Four barrel-vaulted chambers were found at a level 90 steps below the steeply sloping approach to the entrance gateway, the central corridor being filled with marble chairs,

couches and throne. One's thoughts kept jumping to the Egyptian Valley of the Kings and the much smaller Tomb of Tutankammon.

Before our visit to the University of Peking we had asked if we might meet and talk shop with our counterparts on their Faculty. The university lies in a spacious area like a park, with avenues of trees, a small lake across which, on a wooded knoll, was the astronomical observatory, and quite widely separated were the buildings for the various disciplines. At the welcoming reception we found that our desires had been met and we were introduced to an engineer, an astronomer, a chemist, a physiologist, a psychologist, a sociologist, an economist and a medical doctor. Interpreters were provided for each of these, but mine, unfortunately, knew very little scientific vocabulary, which greatly hampered my conversation with Professor Shan Zun, a radio astronomer who has 48 students in his department.

Entrance requirements to the university are three-fold. Excellence at the high school level is essential, after which the student is posted to a commune or a factory or mill or a hospital where he learns from the workers, living with them and participating in their ideological discussions and social projects. Two reports must accompany his application to enter university after a period of one or more years, one from the local Revolutionary Committee of the commune on industry or institution, recommending him as well grounded in Marx-Engels theories and sound in his political attitudes, the other from the Committee which sizes up a worker's attitude to his job and his fellow workers, his zeal in contributing to the welfare of his community in the full spirit of the precepts of Chairman Mao. One of our professors pressed this question of making exception for the rare student of genius, of outstanding ability - say a young mathematician who was not in the least socially well oriented. But the answer was: no exceptions and no one is born a genius. "But we all know", said one of our party "that Chairman Mao is a genius". No, came the answer after some rapid exchange of talk in Chinese between three of our hosts;

Chairman Mao was not born a genius, he became great through effort and suffering and study and toil and danger and unremitting pursuit of his own high revolutionary ideals.

Looking back on these three crowded weeks in the People's Republic of China when something was programmed for every mroning, afternoon and about eighteen evenings, I think with amusement of the local guide who welcomed us at one city with the words "Since most of your are over-age ..." and then proceeded to set forth a programme for our three days into which it seemed as though nothing more could possibly be inserted if we were to eat three meals a day and sleep six or eight hours each night. Actually only three of our group of twenty were under fifty years of age, and fifty is retiring age for women, sixty for men. I think of the evening performance in the open air theatre inside the walls and moat of the Forbidden City where acrobats, jugglers and comic magicians delighted a crowd of happy citizens overflowing with good spirits and humour; and of three concerts of ancient and modern stringed instruments and percussions, one by small school children, one by gifted senior middle school students and one superb concert by a professional orchestra, and of yet another entertainment under the trees of a commune with a group of eight men playing wind and string instruments and four or five young women in bright costumes performing traditional and revolutionary dances. I think of the night at the Revolutionary Opera called Azalia Mountain —— fine mountain stage settings and lighting, good costumes, excellent dynamic acting, the wicked tyranical landlord carrying off a peasant's daughter, the battle to rescue her between peasants aided by men and women of the Liberation Army and the tyrant's retainers, into which to the immense delight of the audience marvellous acrobatics were introduced, summersaults with drawn swords under swinging broad swords - what action! what timing!

I live again the 20-hour train journey from Shanghai to Tientsin, the ever

changing yet ever repeating successions of endless neat rice paddies, fields of ripening wheat and of green cotton all over the flat eastern plain of China; the first view of the Yangtse in mid-afternoon as we crossed the great Nanking bridge; the change of sound as we crossed the long bridge over the Yellow in midnight darkness; the cleanliness and comfort of the four-bunk compartment with its spotless pillow and padded coverlet for each bunk and white lace window curtain, its little window table with four covered mugs, tea bags and large thermos of boiling water; the dining car with tables for four, where, as in all our hotels, six or more dishes of seafood, meat, chicken, eggs - all in tasty sauces with lightly cooked green vegetables or roasted nuts were produced to accompany our bowls of rice, all washed down with unlimited quantities of good light beer. A similar but longer journey of 26 hours took us from Chengchow on the Yellow River to Canton, towards the close of our three weeks. Again the glimpses of endless rice paddies, the network of irrigation canals and ditches, the villages, the towns and cities, the peasants ankle deep in some of the later-planting paddies or with sickle in hand cutting the golden wheat where two crops a season could be grown; in the misty light of dawn as we ran off the vast delta land of the great plain of southeast China into the mountains with its rivers, sailing junks, diesel powered barges, ferries and fishermen in their sampans; commune workers setting forth on foot or on the ubiquitous bicycles to their day's work; a bowed peasant with wooden yoke across his shoulders climbing up from the river with two buckets of water. Finally on that early morning as the train sped towards the Pearl River and Kwangchong, I saw the bold outlines of the mountains half obscured by the mists slowly rising to thin out into soft wisps, exactly as the Chinese artists have portrayed them for many centuries.

The contrast between the hopeless subservience of the millions in the old days of feudalism, without education, without protection from flood or drought, from famine or disease,

without sanitation and health care and the China of today where hope and self-respect are established and the spirit of cooperation for the good of all is fanned daily by the inspiration of one great man's leadership - surely this is one of the greatest achievements in the long history of the human race. It is a classless society for the vast majority, but inevitably superior intelligence and leadership qualities bring some men and women to the top. Working hours are long, holidays are few and luxuries are unknown for this great majority. For a minority life is inevitably less austere. There are no gold braided uniforms, no titles, but senior members of government offices are at home in an ambassador's drawing room. Our always friendly, cheerful and efficient guides have interesting and not too strenuous lives; engineers and professional men in general, teachers and professors, after their stints of working with the workers, escape the drudgery of the factory worker or mill hand and have the richness of their own intellectual worlds. The revolutionary aim is to sublimate all ambition into concern for the good of all, the welfare of the state. When will another Lin Pao arise to advocate giving personal ambition the green light? We cannot see into the future but we can applaud the miracle of the present.

A. Vibert Douglas
1974 September 17

China Visit, 1974

For nine years I had been longing to visit China. Five efforts failed, but not the sixth. On a Thursday in mid May I walked across the short bridge from the Territories north of Kowloon and stepped onto Chinese soil.

Three interpreters, all French speaking, met our McGill Group of twenty: we were from Montreal, ergo we must be French-speaking Canadians. With some delay, one of the three was replaced by an English-speaking interpreter and these three accompanied us throughout our three-week sojourn in China. After all the border-crossing formalities were over, we lined up at the Bank wicket to convert money into Chinese yuan (1 yuan about 50 cents). Then we were led into a large reception room with lace curtains, cream linen covered easy chairs, low tables and the first of innumerable cups of tea. Here we were briefed on our itinerary, radically different from the outline received from Peking two months earlier. This briefing reception was to be repeated in every city, in every factory, mill, museum, old people's home, hospital, commune, school and university, always followed at the close of our visits by a question and answer period and more tea.

At this first briefing we were told of the nationwide campaign to discredit Lin Piao and erase from the minds of the people the pernicious teachings of Confucius - feudalism, ancestor worship, subserviance of tenant to landlord, of worker to employer, of woman to man, and learning for its own sake and for advancement in the hierarchy of officialdom - all these ideas must be crushed out. Lin Piao was departing from the teachings of Chairman Mao to advocate a stratification of society, return to a moderate capitalism, and an élite of the mind. All of this is anathama to the true spirit of the revolution. Posters with anti-Confucius and anti-Lin Piao slogans are everywhere, on the streets, in public buildings, in factories and schools, and visitors must not take pictures of them - nor should we photograph railway bridges and soldiers. Apart from these restrictions we

could photograph anything but courtesy demanded that we ask permission of individuals before using our cameras on them - and no movie cameras at all. This last injunction we had heard before leaving Canada so none of our group had brought one.

Here too, at this first briefing session we were told what we would hear every day for three weeks: that Canadian visitors were very specially welcome because Dr. Norman Bethune, a Canadian, had come to the Chinese people at the time of their great need in their struggle for liberation, had given of himself without stint and died in the service to the Liberation Army. What an amazing story this is; in less than two years of herculean effort, operating by day and by night as close to the battle front as he could get, organizing a base hospital and forward stations, training surgeons and nurses, inspiring everyone around him, whether soldier or peasant, Norman Bethune created an atmosphere of indomitable courage and has become a legend to millions of Chinese. Mao's eulogy of him is learned by heart by school children across the land.

Twelve days later we were in the city of Shichiachiang (pronounced shejhaochong) to which Bethune's base hospital was moved in 1959. The large low building is named Bethune International Peace Hospital of the Chinese Liberation Army. In front of it is an imposing statue of him. The hospital serves civilians as well as army personnel. All its doctors, surgeons, nurses and employees wear army khaki under their white gowns. Following the instructions of Chairman Mao, we were told, the staff are also 'production workers' running a farm behind the hospital to supply all the vegetables, fruits, milk and eggs required. Here after the welcoming reception with tea and apples from the hospital orchard, we were decked out in white caps, gauze masks, coats & canvas slippers and taken to watch a tonsilectomy under acupuncture anaesthesia. Two fine steel needles inserted at the back of the neck had been activated by slow alternating current for a short

time before the operation and by hand during the operation. About an hour later we saw this man sitting up in bed in a bright five-bed ward, where he drank a glass of milk without apparent difficulty. We saw a boy of about 12 years whose broken arm had two narrow splints rather than the western plaster cast, a procedure believed to permit more rapid mending and much greater flexibility. We saw a little lad of perhaps 5 years being treated for polio in his left leg by inserting for 10 or 15 seconds each of 3 needles above the knee and one below. This had been done daily for about two weeks and he could now walk a few steps. Full recovery was expected with continued treatment for a few weeks. In a 6-bed ward four labourers, who had been incapacitated by pain in the low back regions, were lying face down each with two needles inserted one on either side of the spine near the hips. These were activated by slow A.C. for 20 minutes twice daily. We were told that very very rarely was an appendix removed; the treatment was now by herbal medicine.

Men and women trained for a few months in the hospitals to do first aid, to treat simple ailments and to diagnose serious ones are known as the "bare foot doctors". Thousands of these staff the medical clinics in the villages of the communes, in the towns and in many sections of the large cities. We saw one, a young woman, in charge of the clinic in a district of north Peking. She had two nurses assisting her and they had treated 59 babies, children and adults that day. In their spare time they prepared the simpler herbal medicines on the spot. A wall display showed a selection of common herbs, pressed and mounted on cardboard. In this district, one of 9 into which Peking is divided, we met with representatives of its National Revolutionary Committee in a large handsome room in the inner of two courts, beautified with trees and flowers. This had been the home of a wealthy family "before the liberation". Now the smaller buildings around the courts housed eight families in 3 or 4 room units. This district was subdivided

into 25 areas each with its Neighbourhood and Residence Committees. The former organizes the workshops and factories for the wives whose babies and small children are in crêches and kindergartens. These women earn wages and have also "the satisfaction of contributing to the national productivity". In the shop we visited, these young women were producing electric light bulbs under the supervision of a few trained workmen. Middle school students do their stint of social service by working in hospital or shopping centre or factory. This committee also organizes the discussion periods for political education and study of national and international affairs. The Residence committees are locally organized by the retired elderly people and some housewives. They assist old people to shop, to get meals and "study politics". They aid school children with their lessons and generally keep an eye on local welfare. The detailed organization of all this is overwhelming and it seems to extend to every man, woman and child and every phase of life in city, town and commune.

This efficiency of central planning is evident, too, in the work of the China Travel Service which arranges every detail of the tours of foreign groups; and, how diverse they are. In the large dining room of the Nationals Hotel in Peking on the great wide, tree-lined boulevard called Chan Gan, our two tables had a placard with Canada printed on one side and the three equivalent Chinese characters on the reverse. Other tables here or in other cities indicated groups from Finland, Luxembourg, Sweden, U.S.A., North Vietnam, Ethiopia, North Korea and Japan. In one city we encountered another Canadian group, working men from northern B.C. and the Northwest Territories under the leadership of a well-spoken, bearded young man who told me he was a social worker in the Yukon. That the Revolutionary Committee officials who greeted us, later answered our questions, and bade us farewell in every institution or commune we visited, had been carefully briefed was very obvious - not only the often lengthy tributes to Dr. Bethune but in closing the assurance

that the People's Republic of China sought friendship with the people of every nation, that ties with Canada were very strong, that we were to take the greetings of the people of China to the people of Canada, and that they hoped we would all return again to visit China. On one wall of the spacious foyer of Shanghai's Peace Hotel were the words in bold gold letters on a red background: "Long live the unity of the people of the world", "Vive la grande solidarité des peuples du monde".

Portraits of Chairman Mao are in evidence everywhere, in reception rooms and entrance halls and in school classrooms. Often also four portraits are side by side: Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin. Asked by one of our group during question period at Shanghai University Teacher Training College why they included Stalin when we in the West think of him as a cruel ruthless tyrant, the reply was an admission that he made 'mistakes' but his Marxist achievements in maintaining the socialist state after Lenin's death far outweighted his errors.

In Kwangchang (the Chinese name for Canton) we walked through the beautiful park with its trees, flowers, waters, bridges and pavillions commemorating since 1957 the 5,000 Communist workers killed by Chiang Kaishek's orders in 1927; we saw the pavillion erected to honour the memory of Sun Yat-sen; we visited the elegant four-storey mansion of a former war lord, surrounded by trees on a little hill overlooking the city, now a museum with a fine display of 6,000 B.C. shards and of pottery, down through Han to Ming, bronze and porcelain, to the present time.

We were taken to see one of many government-run kindergartens, greeted on arrival by brightly dressed, singing, clapping children. The only colour one sees in Chinese clothing is on the little children, the older children and adults all in dark trousers with ~~many~~ blue or white Mao jackets, occasionally grey, and the khaki of police and liberation army. In the classrooms we saw lessons in honesty being taught with slides of "the lost penny" and "the lost handkerchief",

and with each slide one small child would be called upon to tell the story, which each did without a trace of shy nervousness, the sequels being that the penny was given to a policeman, and the handkerchief washed, folded and returned to its owner. Training in manual dexterity was combined with the duty to do something of value to the state, a lesson driven home through the educational system. Four months of study, then one in the wood-work shop or the metal-work factory was the rule in the Tientsin middle school. In the kindergarten at low tables the children picked the cork out of pop bottle tops which would be collected for recycling; they cut discarded black rubber pieces into small fragments for recycling; or they folded stamped-out cardboard into little boxes which would go to some factory for filling with we knew not what. In another room they were colouring or drawing; the favourite objects seemed to be warships and airplanes. Others were out in the large playground, doing exercises, or dancing, or running exciting relay races.

We visited a silk mill and a pottery mill. The lovely silks, the figurines, cloisonné and jars of every size and kind are almost entirely for export. Here, as in the famous carpet factory of Tientsin, and in cotton-mill, farm tool and grinding machine factories visited elsewhere, it was the same story - 8 working hours, 6 days a week; 7 statutory holidays in the year; free medical care and hospitalization if required; paid accident or illness leave; paid leave once a year with free transportation to another part of China, if one's parents reside there, for a week or longer if the distance is very great; retirement for women at 50, for men at 60, with pension of 70% of the last wages. The spread in wages is large, rising from the minimum of a beginner with the years of service and skill. A highly paid worker may receive more than a supervisor of a section of the plant. A retired worker may elect to continue working part or full time, often at less strenuous work. In the pottery factory in Kwangchong a beginner received 42 yuan per month whereas a highly skilled man of 70 doing exquisite cloisonné work with 30 years experience

earned 200 yuan monthly.

Remuneration in the communes is different. Families receive a basic amount of food according to need. They can augment it by cultivating their private plots after the day's work on the commune is completed or by purchases at the commune store. The excess produce of the commune, whether grain, rice, fruit, cotton, wool, livestock or other is sold to the Government at government-fixed rates. This money is divided several ways. Some goes to augment the commune capital fund for emergency demands, for improving the commune by developing irrigation, and bringing new land into productivity, for farm machinery, establishment of repair shops, clothing or shoe factories and so forth. The aim is to make each commune as self-sufficient as possible. Each has its own hospital, medical clinics, schools and crêches. Some of the commune earnings go into a fund for helping the old and incapacitated people; and some is divided amongst all the workers for their personal needs, clothing, a bicycle, a radio or whatever. Each commune has a cooperative bank where a worker can deposit part of his annual earnings at about 3% interest on every 100 yuan at least 10 months in the bank.

We visited two communes, one on the outskirts of Shanghai, the other on the north side of the great Yellow River, a long bus drive from the city of Chengchong ~~Chong~~, which lies 20 miles south of the river. This was No. 1 commune, the pioneer one which so impressed Chairman Mao on his visit to it that he gave instruction for its example to be followed throughout the country. In a small stone building far out by a pumping station in the grain fields are preserved the chair Mao sat on and the table on which are his chopsticks, plate, covered mug and the thermos from which his tea was poured, all on a raised platform cordoned off from the rest of the room. On the walls were greatly enlarged photographs of the Chairman's visit to various parts of the commune. It reminded one of the care with which similar furnishings and utensils used by Royalty are preserved in our country. This vast commune comprised many villages and was organized into 38 production brigades. We

visited only two, one where great fields of ripe wheat were being reaped by dozens of men with sickles; and one where cattle, cows, pigs, horses and donkeys, chicken, geese, ducks and rabbits were raised. We were told that the previous year 500,000 kilos of grain, 2,300,000 kilos of cotton and 8,000 pigs had been sold to the government. In other parts of the commune were rice paddies, orchards and market gardens. Before liberation under the old feudal landlords, only 25% of the area was under cultivation and droughts or floods brought starvation and death to hundreds. Now 95% of the land is irrigated and cultivated.

A thousand miles of dykes have been constructed over the centuries along the Yellow (or Kwang) River. These have been strengthened and masonry abutments built to divert the currents in flood time from the places of worst erosion. We walked on the dyke just north of Cheng Chong at the very place where Chiang Kaishek had ordered the dyke blasted open in order to flood the land to the south to prevent the Japanese army from conquering the delta region, this without regard for the many thousands of peasants who lost their lives by drowning or starvation. A Yellow River Exhibition displayed excellent models of the upper reaches of the river in the high mountains of the northwest, where contour terracing on a vast scale is preventing soil erosion, controlling the water run-off so that large new areas for rice paddies are now in production. Reservoirs and canals lead the water where it is needed and reduce the volume of flood water in the great river. One exhibit consisted of two glass jars about 10 inches high containing Yellow River water taken, one before and one during the time of flood. On settling, the one contained about one inch of yellow-red sediment and the other about 3 inches. No wonder the river is yellow and delta so fertile.

No words are adequate to describe the Forbidden City in the heart of Peking, walled and double moated palace of the Manchu Emperors. What a tribute to the skill and exquisite artistry of thousands of Chinese craftsmen. Spacious courtyards, one

beyond the other with intricately carved grey stone terraces, steps, bridges, and balustrades; each court dominated by a large red lacquer pavillion gracefully lifting its shimmering glazed tile roof in gentle curves from ornate corners to ridge pole; the central pavillion flanked by lovely smaller ones in each successive court; the interiors of the royal pavillions, ~~its~~ the pillars, walls, ceilings and thrones in the three audience chambers, ornate beyond description, coloured carvings in wood, in molded plaster, in elaborate porcelain; gold and silver candlesticks, ornate lanterns suspended from the ceiling and the imposing royal dais and throne inlaid with ivory, precious metal and gems. Beyond all this lies a maze of smaller courts with trees and flowers and the living quarters of the Empress, concubines, officials of the Court and attendants; and then the gardens with their water, great trees and grottos.

An hour's drive north of Peking through wheat fields, rice paddies and villages brings one to the foot hills of the long mountain range that separates Inner Mongolia from the North China Plain. Over these mountains came the Mongolian raiding parties who decimated the Chinese villagers, plundering and killing with terrible ferocity. Hence arose the Great Wall of China from the east coast nearly 2,000 miles down into the valleys, up over the ridges on and on westward, the triumph ~~of~~ completed in 221 B.C., the burial place within its massive masonry of thousands of Chinese peasants forcibly brought from near and far to work on its construction.

A few miles south of the Wall, in a semicircle of the foothills are the Ming Tombs, deep underground chambers whose entrances, save one, are unexcavated. In this one, discovered during the Cultural Revolution and carefully opened up, were found the vast store of treasures, a selection of which form part of the travelling exhibition of Chinese art displayed in Europe and, in the autumn of 1974, in Toronto. Four barrel-vaulted chambers were found at a level 90 steps below the steeply sloping approach to the entrance gateway, the central corridor being filled with marble chairs,

couches and throne. One's thoughts kept jumping to the Egyptian Valley of the Kings and the much smaller Tomb of Tutankammon.

Before our visit to the University of Peking we had asked if we might meet and talk shop with our counterparts on their Faculty. The university lies in a spacious area like a park, with avenues of trees, a small lake across which, on a wooded knoll, was the astronomical observatory, and quite widely separated were the buildings for the various disciplines. At the welcoming reception we found that our desires had been met and we were introduced to an engineer, an astronomer, a chemist, a physiologist, a psychologist, a sociologist, an economist and a medical doctor. Interpreters were provided for each of these, but mine, unfortunately, knew very little scientific vocabulary, which greatly hampered my conversation with Professor Shan Zun, a radio astronomer who has 48 students in his department.

Entrance requirements to the university are three-fold. Excellence at the high school level is essential, after which the student is posted to a commune or a factory or mill or a hospital where he learns from the workers, living with them and participating in their ideological discussions and social projects. Two reports must accompany his application to enter university after a period of one or more years, one from the local Revolutionary Committee of the commune or industry or institution, recommending him as well grounded in Marx-Engels theories and sound in his political attitudes, the other from the Committee which sizes up a worker's attitude to his job and his fellow workers, his zeal in contributing to the welfare of his community in the full spirit of the precepts of Chairman Mao. One of our professors pressed this question of making exception for the rare student of genius, of outstanding ability - say a young mathematician who was not in the least socially well oriented. But the answer was: no exceptions and no one is born a genius. "But we all know", said one of our party "that Chairman Mao is a genius". No, came the answer after some rapid exchange of talk in Chinese between three of our hosts;

Chairman Mao was not born a genius, he became great through effort and suffering and study and toil and danger and unremitting pursuit of his own high revolutionary ideals.

Looking back on these three crowded weeks in the People's Republic of China when something was programmed for every morning, afternoon and about eighteen evenings, I think with amusement of the local guide who welcomed us at one city with the words "Since most of you are over-age ..." and then proceeded to set forth a programme for our three days into which it seemed as though nothing more could possibly be inserted if we were to eat three meals a day and sleep six or eight hours each night. Actually only three of our group of twenty were under fifty years of age, and fifty is retiring age for women, sixty for men. I think of the evening performance in the open air theatre inside the walls and moat of the Forbidden City where acrobats, jugglers and comic magicians delighted a crowd of happy citizens overflowing with good spirits and humour; and of three concerts of ancient and modern stringed instruments and percussions, one by small school children, one by gifted senior middle school students and one superb concert by a professional orchestra, and of yet another entertainment under the trees of a commune with a group of eight men playing wind and string instruments and four or five young women in bright costumes performing traditional and revolutionary dances. I think of the night at the Revolutionary Opera called Azalia Mountain — fine mountain stage settings and lighting, good costumes, excellent dynamic acting, the wicked tyranical landlord carrying off a peasant's daughter, the battle to rescue her between peasants aided by men and women of the Liberation Army and the tyrant's retainers, into which to the immense delight of the audience marvellous acrobatics were introduced, summersaults with drawn swords under swinging broad swords - what action! what timing!

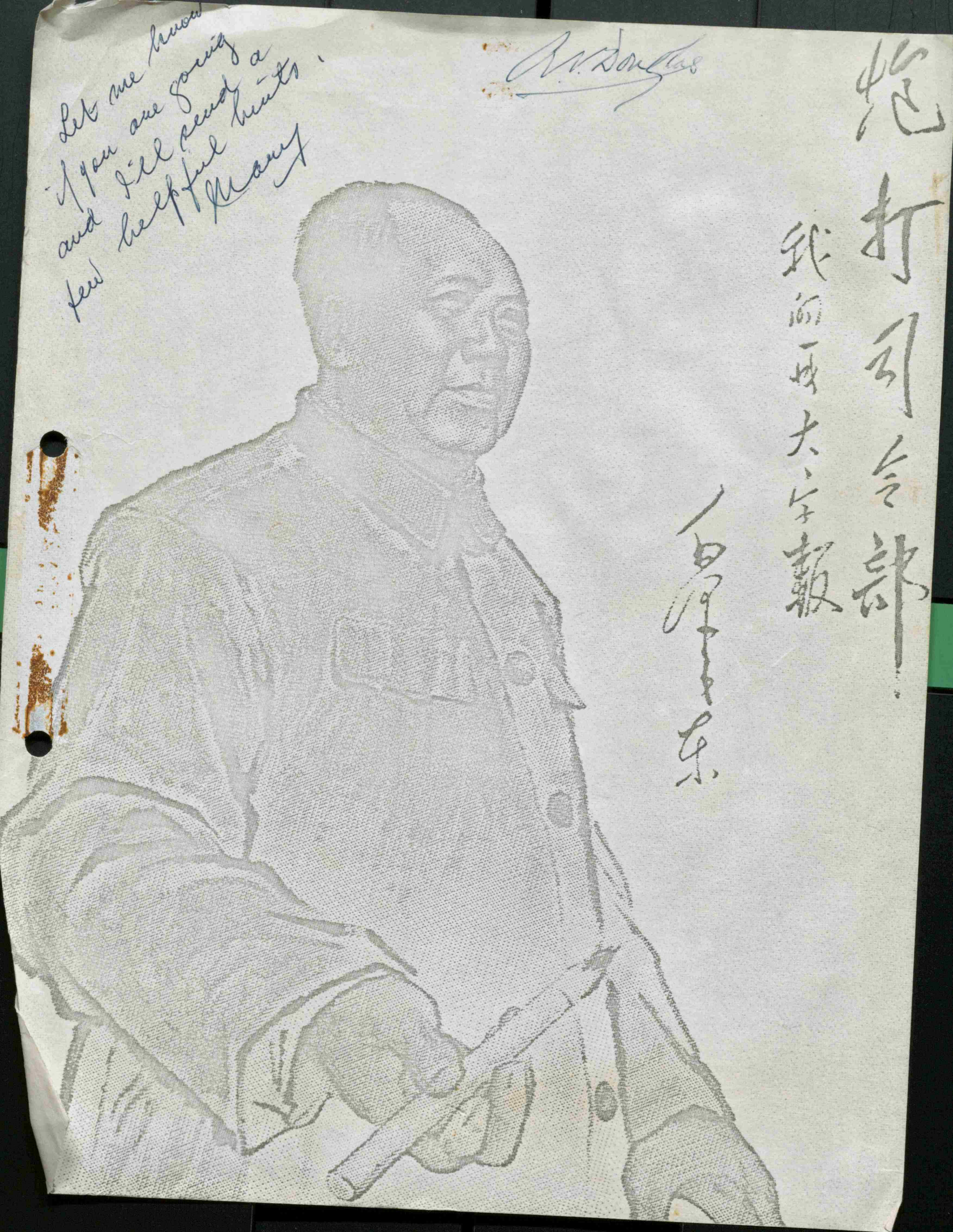
I live again the 20-hour train journey from Shanghai to Tientsin, the ever

changing yet ever repeating successions of endless neat rice paddies, fields of ripening wheat and of green cotton all over the flat eastern plain of China; the first view of the Yangtse in mid-afternoon as we crossed the great Nanking bridge; the change of sound as we crossed the long bridge over the Yellow in midnight darkness; the cleanliness and comfort of the four-bunk compartment with its spotless pillow and padded coverlet for each bunk and white lace window curtain, its little window table with four covered mugs, tea bags and large thermos of boiling water; the dining car with tables for four, where, as in all our hotels, six or more dishes of seafood, meat, chicken, eggs - all in tasty sauces with lightly cooked green vegetables or roasted nuts were produced to accompany our bowls of rice, all washed down with unlimited quantities of good light beer. A similar but longer journey of 26 hours took us from Chengchow on the Yellow River to Canton, towards the close of our three weeks. Again the glimpses of endless rice paddies, the network of irrigation canals and ditches, the villages, the towns and cities, the peasants ankle deep in some of the later-planting paddies or with sickle in hand cutting the golden wheat where two crops a season could be grown; in the misty light of dawn as we ran off the vast delta land of the great plain of southeast China into the mountains with its rivers, sailing junks, diesel powered barges, ferries and fishermen in their sampans; commune workers setting forth on foot or on the ubiquitous bicycles to their day's work; a bowed peasant with wooden yoke across his shoulders climbing up from the river with two buckets of water. Finally on that early morning as the train sped towards the Pearl River and Kwangchong, I saw the bold outlines of the mountains half obscured by the mists slowly rising to thin out into soft wisps, exactly as the Chinese artists have portrayed them for many centuries.

The contrast between the hopeless subservience of the millions in the old days of feudalism, without education, without protection from flood or drought, from famine or disease,

without sanitation and health care and the China of today where hope and self-respect are established and the spirit of cooperation for the good of all is fanned daily by the inspiration of one great man's leadership - surely this is one of the greatest achievements in the long history of the human race. It is a classless society for the vast majority, but inevitably superior intelligence and leadership qualities bring some men and women to the top. Working hours are long, holidays are few and luxuries are unknown for this great majority. For a minority Life is inevitably less austere. There are no gold braided uniforms, no titles, but senior members of government offices are at home in an ambassador's drawing room. Our always friendly, cheerful and efficient guides have interesting and not too strenuous lives; engineers and professional men in general, teachers and professors, after their stints of working with the workers, escape the drudgery of the factory worker or mill hand and have the richness of their own intellectual worlds. The revolutionary aim is to sublimate all ambition into concern for the good of all, the welfare of the state. When will another Lin Pao arise to advocate giving personal ambition the green light? We cannot see into the future but we can applaud the miracle of the present.

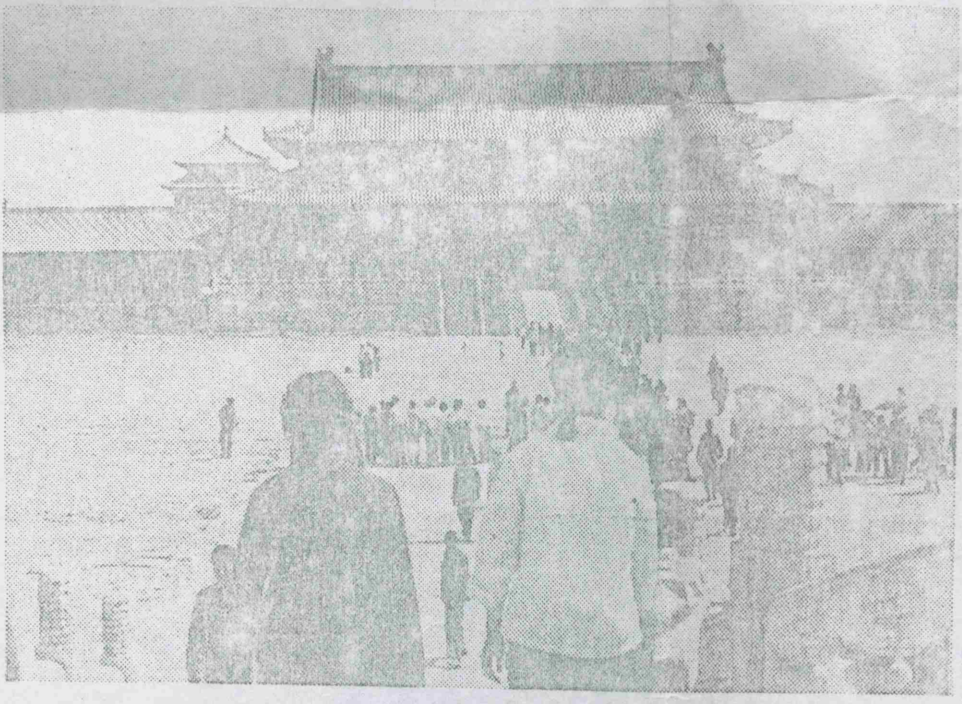
A. Vibert Douglas
1974 September 17



Let me know if you are going and I'll send a few helpful hints.
Sincerely

Dear Allie
Thought this
might interest you.
Had one in Montreal
Gazette too. Thanks for the
color print you
sent me. Kind
regards,
Helen

Washington Star-News
Travel and Resorts
SUNDAY, JANUARY 19, 1975 G-9



Once the Forbidden City, it's now almost open house in Peking.

JOURNEY TO CHINA

How to Get Into The 'In' Place

By Helen Claire Howes
Special to The Star-News

China is certainly the "in" place today — getting there is the problem.

Since the country joined the United Nations, more than 100 countries have recognized her, their governments clamoring for visas, hotel space and guides. The many reports of medical miracles and archaeological finds have whetted the curiosity of foreigners, who are flooding the Chinese embassies with pleas for visas. These requests have put great strain on Luxingshe, the China International Travel Service.

Hotel space is growing, but the shortage of interpreters is acute. English and Russian are taught in school (70 percent choosing English) and the Peking Language Institute gives will take years to catch up with the demand. People must, therefore, reconcile themselves to going in groups — usually 20 which, with guides, fill a bus. It's a good way to go; absolutely everything is done for you.

There are some exceptions to group travel. A shopping list for heavy machinery or luxury goods may get you an invitation to the Shanghai Industrial Exhibition or the Kwangchow (Canton) Commodities Fair (mid-April to mid-May and mid-September to mid-October). Or, your firm may have equipment to sell, such as more sophisticated computers than China is yet building. But remember that either a business trip or a group visit takes a long time to arrange — and much patience.

ARRANGEMENTS for who was told by the embassy to get a group and apply. Eventually a hetergoneous group was put together. All were connected in some way to a university, which sponsored the tour.

It took 18 months, which included a postponement of six months because our tour was "non-essential". A homogenous group might get visas and a tour in much less time. In Canton we met four other groups — students, teachers and "Friends of Dr. Norman Bethune" from U.S.A.'s West Coast. (More U.S. citizens have been granted visas than from any other country.)

The price of the tour, $1,600 from Montreal and return, included everything — air fares via Vancouver and Hong Kong with hotels and, inside China, all travel, hotels, meals, sight-

Language Institute gives immersion courses, but it

our 21-day visit were begun by a former ex-profes or,

seeing and entertainment.

Continued From G-9

good everywhere. We opted for Western breakfast, Chinese cuisine for the balance, improving our chopstick technique daily. Chinese ice cream, chocolate and beer are excellent.

HOTELS ARE well maintained, mattresses firm, water hot for baths as well as in the thermos on your dresser beside the tea caddy and mug. We never locked a door or a bag. Tipping is a no-no in China.

The swarms of people overwhelmed us. Although there is no unemployment, half the population is always at leisure because industry works on two or three eight-hour shifts. The people play soccer, walk in the parks, queu up for the cinema (21 cents), cycle, and jam the stores. While wages are low, food is unbelievably cheap — tomatoes and potatoes were 3 cents a pound.

Peking has millions of bicycles, costing from $60 to $90, on a par with British makes. They jockey with buses and carts drawn by draft animals.

We visited exhibitions, hospitals, communes and colleges, kindergartens of enchanting children, workers' housing developments, old people's homes, museums and galleries, textile factories, studios for carving jade and ivory, making porcelain and cloisonne. Through our interpreters we asked workmen, nurses, teachers about their work, old people about their lives prior to the Revolution. They were warm and outgoing in their response and we felt that our questions were answered freely.

WHILE THE Chinese put great emphasis on the Great March Forward since 1949, the works of their ancient artisans are shown with pride. We walked the Great Wall, visited the Ming Tombs, the Forbidden City, the Summer Palace, the Temple of Heaven and gaped at cultural relics recently excavated. Restrictions on taking pictures were as expected — no military or hydro installations, nor pictures of posters deriding Confucius and Lin Pao.

Every city has its charms, but Peking is the most beautiful. Its 24-mile-long shaded main avenue, wide than the Champs Elysees, divides Tien An Min Square (100 acres large) from the red walls of the Forbidden City with its 76 palaces, many now open to the public. The countryside itself is picturesque — lush rice paddies, terraced hillsides of red earth, neat market gardens, fields of golden grain, reforested mountains. Roads and railways are double-rowed with young trees.

Our three permanent guides met us at Shum Chun where, under a wall-to-wall picture of Chairman Mao, we were welcomed and given the first of a thousand mugs of tea and lunch. (The guides bore with us for three weeks, never losing their delightful sense of humor.)

An air-conditioned train (lace curtains and antimacassars, rug and pictures) took us to Canton. We flew to Shanghai, took an overnight train to Tientsin, train to Peking, to Chi-Chia-Chuang, Cheng-Chow, overnight again to Canton and out. The trains, European *wagon-lit* type, are clean and comfortable, running smoothly over concrete ties. Meals were very

See CHINA, G-10

OF COURSE, we shopped. Although you are free to go about alone anywhere, a foreigner attracts followers as honey draws bees. Friendly, curious citizens surround you and will follow you into stores. My "Nee hao?" greeting brought broad smiles and clapping — the usual welcome to visitors. A guide saves time in shopping.

After a long hard day, tickets were often produced for ballet, opera, choir, symphony concert or acrobatic exhibit. Loath to miss anything, we didn't. No chance for 40 winks at intermission; beer or tea was served in the lounge. Ballet and opera somewhat resemble one another for all in the cast seem able to sing, dance and act — and at the same time. No expense is spared to make scenery, lighting effects and costuming of the finest quality.

The weather in late May-June was hot but, if in response to your group's application for visas, Luxing she offers you a tour, take it, even for the hottest period. If rejected the first time, persevere. China is worth waiting for.

INSIDE MAO'S CHINA - April 1973

"Without Contrarities there is no progress"

William Blake

I went to China as a member of a delegation of ten from the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, guests of the Chinese People's Institute of foreign affairs. The C.I.I.A. is a non-governmental, voluntary organization with branches across Canada and headquarters in Toronto. The branches meet to hear speakers on subjects of international interest and engage in discussion. Head office arranges for some speakers, and is responsible for several publications and for research projects. The Chinese Institute is a quasi-governmental organization responsible for planning and supervising the itinerary of invited guests and providing accommodation, transportation and interpreters.

We entered China from Hong Kong, probably the best way to get the full impact of contrast. When CP flies direct to Shanghai this impact will no doubt be muted. The noise and bustle of Hong Kong, the extremes of wealth and poverty, ubiquitous beggars and hawkers, armed police, children following visitors, selling or begging; bars, cafes, night clubs, garish lights, innumerable advertisements, crowded streets, noise and smells, police armed with revolvers and truncheons every few yards constitute a city as fascinating as it is frustrating. It is a rootless city, a Crown Colony where the ordinary people have no part in government, cut off from tradition, dependent upon China for its water supply and most of its food.

From there we went to a country with no unemployment (underemployment definitely), no beggars, no privately owned cars, no apparent extremes of wealth

and poverty, a state where every individual is given the impression that he is sharing the task of building a socialist state.

I might add that there is no individual income tax, no sales tax, no privately owned cars, no lawyers - the adversary system does not exist, no armed police (militia with no uniform or insignia to distinguish them from the civilian population), no evidence of alcoholism (no whiskey!) or of drug addiction, no commercial advertising and no dogs (at least in the cities).

We left Hong Kong by train on April 3rd 1973 at 9 a.m. and travelled through the New Territories. At first we passed through a series of lake resorts, with pleasure boats, hotels, guest houses and many cars. Since I had been there in 1965, new industries had been set up and apartment houses built, but there were still huts made of discarded material of all sorts.

The fields were badly cultivated, the streams clogged with refuse, a stench came into the train at many of the stops; the banks of the streams were covered with garbage.

At Lowu we left the train, went through health and immigration inspection, walked along the tracks and over a bridge guarded by soldiers; some hundred yards further we arrived in Shumchun and we were in China.

We were met by Mr. Hsi Rond of the People's Institute in Canton who arranged for our baggage to be cleared without inspection - an indication of our special status. He took us to a private waiting room, large and cool, the chairs with white slip covers and lace antimacassars. Here we had lunch, eight different dishes and beer or soft drinks. We were given an opportunity to exchange money for Chinese Yuan in case we wanted to do any shopping - everything else would be looked after by our hosts. (It was: including washing and ironing).

At 1 o'clock we left in a train with big comfortable coaches (more lace antimacassars) pulled by a steam engine through lush countryside with rice, bamboo, sugar, Læchi nuts all being meticulously cultivated by peasants dressed in blue pants with the Mao jacket, many wearing coolie hats instead of the Mao cap. Most of the land was irrigated. The houses I saw in the communes seemed solid and pleasant in their garden settings. There were no cars on the roads, a few trucks, streams of bicyclists and two-wheeled carts pulled by horses, donkeys, oxen or people.

When we arrived in Kwangchow (Canton) at 2.50 p.m. we were met by a fleet of five cars, two-door sedans, six cylindered, made in Shanghai and driven in a cavalcade honking at cyclists, down streets lined with school boys and girls acting as traffic protectors, to the Tung Fang hotel to rest for 1½ hours. The rooms were big and airy, each with its own balcony, mosquito nettings over the beds, supplied with soap, comb, cigarettes and a thermos of hot water for making tea.

After a tour of the city we went to the airport for dinner and heard an account of a May 7 school by a cadre whose face glowed with evangelical fervour and who recounted his experience as though it had been the event on the road to Damascus.

At 6.30 p.m. we left on a trident jet for Peking arriving at 8.45. Here we were met by another fleet of cars, six this time and by Mr. Chou vice chairman of the People's Institute, Mr. Chien Chang-Kuai division chief of the Institute (french speaking), Mr. Hua Chun-to, Mr. Chen Yi and Mrs. Ho Chu" Feng - the last four were to be with us for the remainder of our stay.

We stayed at the Peking hotel next to the Forbidden City and a short distance from Tien an Men square. This is not a hotel for tourists but only

for special guests and official functions. It has a foyer with massive golden pillars and red carpets like a small edition of the great hall of the people. Here we were met by Mr. Coppithorne and Mr. Saywell of the Canadian Embassy. (The ambassador was away at the time).

Now I shall try to organize my impressions of the next two weeks, emphasizing that it was only two weeks, although it seemed much longer. Each day was packed morning, afternoon and evening and we had such close association with our guides that time en route was spent in question and discussion greatly enhancing our experiences.

I must also emphasize the fact that we visited only Peking, Shihkiachwan, Shanghai, Soochow and Canton, saw mainly the show places where people were used to giving tours and probably drew many false conclusions and made many errors in facts and statistics.

Within these limitations what I saw of China seemed to be a people working wholeheartedly to build a socialist state, to increase production and make the state self sufficient as to food, secure in the knowledge that they had work, housing, food, medical care, education and participation in the government of the country; a people working with evangelical fervor, austere in their lives and habits, scrupulously honest, non-agressive (amongst themselves) and with minimal acquisitiveness for personal gain.

The Commune

This seems a good place to start since agriculture is basic in Chinese economy as 90% of the people live on the land. Mao sees the revolution in China as based on the peasant rather than on an urban proletariat and this view was central in the cultural revolution of 1966. Peasant is a prestige term. "We must learn from the peasants and the

workers". As well as the vertical organization of society: Team, Brigade, District, County, Province, Central Government, there is a horizontal organization. Students go to the communes after graduation from middle school; cadre go to the communes as well as to the factories.

We visited the Evergreen People's Commune in West Peking (4000 acres, 9000 families) a much visited place with a diversity of production - vegetables, grain, fruit, animal husbandry.

The briefing followed a pattern which became very familiar to us.

1) a touch of idealism (the great socialist state we are helping to build).

2) a touch of optimism (the Chinese people are moving forward under the leadership of Chairman Mao).

3) a touch of self congratulation (we have increased production since the cultural revolution in (a) (b) (c) areas; this year an increase over last year).

4) a touch of self-criticism (we have short comings; we must do better in (d) (e) (f) areas).

The peasant is privileged in that he can own his own house and garden, (workers live in state owned housing). He can sell his produce as a side line. This, no doubt is an attempt to overcome the discontent of the peasant with collectivization and give him a little of his own dirt under his finger nails.

In spite of the incredibly primitive level of cultivation, there is a sense of community and participation. I thought of prairie farmers and their wives in Alberta in the 1920's and 1930's and the searing loneliness of their lives, when cultivation was more primitive and transportation more limited than now. In China there is a sense of human dignity, of ego recognition, of being

girded for a great task surpassing individual needs.

Questions of production, housing, discipline, law and order are mainly settled by discussion and criticism.

As farming becomes mechanized, the plan is to establish light industry in the communes and this we saw at the Peoples Commune of Tun Ting near the garden city of Soochow where the headquarters was a sumptious house, previously the home of a landlord built 50 years ago for 300 ozs of gold. Here there were 45,000 people, 30 brigades, 237 teams, 4 small townships raising grain, mulberry bushes, silk worms, fish, fruit and tea. Much of the labor was done by machines. Factories included fruit processing, farm implements, silk making and the beautiful Soochow embroidery. There was a hospital, a health clinic for each brigade, health workers for each team (paid by the state), nursing rooms, nurseries, primary school, middle school. (Out of the graduating class last year, seven went to University - one a girl - eighty to the People's Liberation Army. These were chosen by teachers and peasants. The others presumably remained in the Commune).

The head of each commune is a cadre, appointed and paid by the state, who may be moved from one commune to another. (I think I am right in this. If you are confused by the term "cadre" and May 7 school, I shall help you later with some elucidation; but I shall let you fumble for a while as I did, being too proud to ask questions, the answers to which, I assumed, were known to everyone but me).

On the commune, as elsewhere in factories, hotels, schools, the day starts with group calisthenics, after work there is instruction and discussion in Marx Engels Leninist, Maoist doctrine (from here on MELM) and so tight is the organization that not a single soul of nearly one billion can possibly be lost.

Forestation, reforestation, land reclamation go on apace. Double rows of trees line the highways. If saplings cannot be found, groups are organized to go for miles and bring back seeds. We saw peasants with rakes, hoes, and spades, removing top soil, aerating and fertilizing the clay sub-soil and then replacing the top soil. The old Confucian concept of "Harmony with Nature" has been replaced by the urge to make nature subservient to human needs, but gently, not by rape but by tender cherishing.

In 1949 Dean Acheson reported to President Truman that:

"The population of China during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries doubled, thereby creating an unbearable pressure on the land.

The first problem which every Chinese government has had to face is that of feeding the population. So far none has succeeded."

To this Chairman Mao replied that the implication here was that:

"China will remain in perpetual chaos and that her only way out is to live on United States flour to become a United States colony.

We believe that revolution can change everything, and that before long there will arise a new China with a big population and a great wealth of products, where life will be abundant and culture flourish. All pessimistic views are utterly groundless."

(Quoted by Jan Myrdal/Gun Kessle : China - The Revolution Continued - Vintage V.708 p 66,67)

We can only speculate as to what is going on across the land outside of our triangle: Peking, Shanghai, Canton. Jan Myrdal gives an account in his "Report from a Chinese Village" Vintage 793 and "China: The Revolution Continued" Vintage 708. "China Reconstructs" gives an account of Karmo, the new city at the base of the Kunluns (Feb. 73 p.9) and the work at Chiayukuan Pass - where the great wall ends (April '73 p.20). A magnificent ivory carving in the Chinese Handicraft center in Hong Kong depicts "the heroic struggle of Tachai in the Taihang mountains of North China where the peasants have turned craggy slopes to terraced land ....."

We read of teachers on horseback and doctors on horseback going out to carry the message to nomads in the North.

Thus the "jen" of Confucius is being superseded by the five promises: food, clothing, fuel, an honorable funeral, education for children.

Neighborhood Committees

If this is true in the countryside, what about the city? We think in terms of alienation, loneliness, old people discarded and feeling useless. In China the neighborhood committee counteracts this. We visited two: one a compound in Peking, the other workers apartments in Shanghai.

In Peking we were met by the Chairman of the Revolutionary committee whose jurisdiction is exercised over 132 lanes, 14,136 houses - one storey, flat buildings, with 52,980 people of whom 22,000 are workers, 16,000 students, 6,000 children, 7,000 retired; 47 grass root units, 7 neighborhood workshops, 10 primary schools, 4 kindergartens, 25 neighborhood committees.

The purpose of the organization is to train workers to study MELM, to organize dwellers to mutual help for children and old people; to provide sanitation and medical services; to organize aged to work for the benefit of state and self (e.g. piece work embroidery for factories); to organize dwellers to take part in management of grain store, food store, service centres, schools and to give opinions on quality and service. (Only workers have 100% right to judge quality; only consumers have right to comment).

The main purposes can be summed up: Education of Masses, Contribution to State; Mutual Help. As in the communes it is hard to see how a single soul can be lost or have a feeling of uselessness.

The Commune in Shanghai (Melon Lane) differed in that it was a cluster of five storeyed apartment houses. It was built in 1963, 35 apartments,

8000 people mainly workers (160 retired workers), plus doctors, teachers, cadres in government offices. The complex included food stores, book stores, bank, barber shop, public bath, nursery and primary schools.

In 1937 when the Japanese were bombing the countryside, the peasants fled from famine and landlords to the outskirts of Shanghai. Not able to find work, they became beggars, collected trash from the streets to build rude shelters, lived on "pig-dog" food, got water from ponds, contracted cholera, were menaced by hooligans who extracted gifts as protection against violence.

In 1949 the Party (Mao) gave food, clothing, employment, stabilized prices and by 1952, with money they had banked, they were able to build shelters.

In 1964 the first apartments were built and a great celebration was held. The first purchase was a portrait of Mao.

All this is very green in the memories of the older generation, particularly in the mind of a patriarchal old gentlemen who probably does his spiel at least five times a week, but assures you that he will be sleepless for many nights since he has recounted his sufferings in the bad old days. He stands with his back to the "rude shelter" he built in 1939, facing an interim building of 1952, then leads you proudly to the new apartments, 1½ rooms, indoor toilet (much superior to those on trains and in many public washrooms) with solid furniture (liberated from former bourgeois or recently constructed, I couldn't find out) with a radio, a mantel clock, after a bicycle and a watch the most longed for possession.

Grandfather Shen's story has been printed and will be read in schools, communes, factories all over the country and in translation in many countries of the world.

I could go on to report a discussion we had with the Planning Committee of Shanghai, but since this got into questions of currency, financing loans and GNP, I shall move on to a more congenial topic.

Family, Home, Education

The family in old China was feudal and patriarchal, the women in subjection to father or husband, families to clans, clans to bureaucracies. Binding the feet is the best known instance. Long finger nails, marriages arranged by parents and the inferior status of daughters to sons all supported an authoritarian way of life - the Jen of Confucianism, relation of sovereign and subject, parent and child, elder and younger brother, friend and friend.

The revolution has destroyed the traditional attitude of submission to superiors and replaced it by an egalitarian society in which women can play a full part.

Marriages now are by agreement between a young man and a woman although parents may be consulted and give advice. There is no dating or courtship as we know it and no stimulation of erotic impulses by commercial advertising or social customs. The young people get to know each other in shared tasks. They walk together in their brief periods of spare time, can be seen in pairs in Peking parks on Sundays or looking at the Yangtze river from the Bund in Shanghai.

Following chairman Mau's behest, the women delay marriage until the age of twenty-three, men twenty-seven. They both continue working and hope

in due course to have two children. "Two is good: three so-so: four too many". After the birth of the second child, the wife may request ligation or the husband vasectomy. Very few are unmarried after the age of thirty. This is anti-social - no successors to the revolution; no-one to look after you when you are old.

Liu Shao-chi maintained that women were capable only of housework. Mao Tse-tung said that women are half of heaven and should take part in all political activities and in all decisions. Women now form 46% of the work force on the land, in the city, in the Peoples Liberation Army, as cadres and frequently as Chairmen of Revolutionary Committees. (I have not heard of a woman in the top echelon of the Party).

Children are often looked after by their grandparents when they are young or in a nursing room after the fifty two days maternity leave, going from there through Nursery School and Kindergarten to Primary School at the age of seven. This early education is carried on in the neighborhood or commune often with peasant or worker teachers. Classes are large, class rooms small. Movement is restricted and equipment and material limited. In the nurseries the children are plump and seem contented without much in the way of resources except each other and the adults in charge. I did not see a child crying, any sign of a temper tantrum or ordinary agressiveness, although I invariably doubled back to see if chaos and confusion had broken out when the visitors left.

Learning seems to be by rote and in chorus, songs and slogans memorized, pictures with moral implications discussed, history is a repetition of stories of the big bad landlord and the new era of the revolution.

Literature means stores from "Chinese Literature" and "China Reconstructs". Arithmetic mechanical rather than cognitive.

Our reception at the schools included a welcome, introductions, hand-shaking, clapping by children and teacher: we clapped in return. Then there was a programme of songs and dances by children who were in costume, with paper flowers and head-dresses, rouged and lipsticked with the fixed smile of the professional, excellent articulation.

The little ones sang songs such as Tien-an Min, Peking - I love you. (Tien-an Min, the peoples square and the Forbidden city is the site of the Party headquarters and the residence of Mao Tse-tung and Chou en lai), The Worker and the Trains, The Sunflower (I am the sunflower and the Party is the Sun), We wish Mao long life, The Little Red Soldier and so on.

Then we wandered through the play area, looked in at classes and departed, always on schedule.

In the Middle School (Junior, three years - Senior, two years) children enter at the age of twelve. They study Modern Chinese Language and Literature, Politics, Mathematics (Algebra, Geometry and Trigonometry), Physics and Chemistry and a Foreign Language (English), Agriculture, Music, Fine Arts, History, Public Health, Physical Education (no education on sex or marriage).

Their school hours are from 7.40 - 11.40 and from 2.40 - 4.55 for a six day week - Saturday afternoon is devoted to Communist Youth League activities.

Students spend one month of the year on the land, one month in a factory, twenty days in PLA units. They have two months holidays which include forty days in the summer during which they hold study groups, help in the home, work at railway stations to help passengers, teach little children singing and dancing.

To combine theory and practice the school we visited, #7 in Kwangchow (Canton) has a small factory and three workshops, machinery, electrical machinery and foundry. The Chairman of the Revolutionary Committee (principal?) was formerly a cadre in a factory has been chairman for two years.

Formerly the school was a missionary school, started by United States missionaries in 1888. In the early 1960's the leadership was "revisionist" following the line of Liu Shao-Chi training students for jobs and putting positions instead of politics in command. A Propaganda Team moved in to set up a Revolutionary Committee and a Party Branch to criticize revisionist line and "Make education serve politics and combine with production tactics", that is to study but also learn industry and farming, to combine theory with practice. Thus the vertical integration of society is paralleled by a horizontal integration.

There is a branch of the school in the country - 140 MU - about 20 acres, raising vegetables, cows, sheep, chickens. The Leader of the Propaganda team is still at the school but the membership of the team changes. There is no PLA team. The Director of Workers (Head of administration?) is a brown faced peasant who in 1950 became a group leader and later a cadre. He had one year schooling before Liberation (1949) and then "continuing education".

When a student graduates he/she will "apply" for a position as peasant, worker, teacher, doctor, cadre. His classmates and teachers will decide his future career in accordance with the requirements of the State (provincial? central?) and the aptitudes of the individual. One teacher gave testimony to the fact that she had wanted to work in a textile factory, was "persuaded" to be a teacher and was "happy in her work". A very articulate young student in her final year said she hoped to join the PLA but if she was sent to a commune she would accept it.

The first impression is that the school is anti-intellectual but it is probably truer to say that it is anti-elitist. Middle School #7 may be regarded as a microcosm of the cultural revolution with the participation of the workers, the Peasants, the PLA, the propaganda teams, the Red Guard. (Of the work of the Red Guard in a village, Jan Myrdal gives an account in China: The Revolution Continued Vintage V.708).

The Red Guard is still a palpable force in the education process. Most children in Primary School are "Little Red Soldiers". (They are barred if their behaviour is anti-social). From there they become "Young Pioneers", then members of the "Young Communist League" and at the age of eighteen may apply for membership in the Party.

Mao Tse-tung expresses his attitude toward youth:

"The world is yours, as well as ours, but in the last analysis, it is yours. You young people, full of vigor and vitality, are in the bloom of life, like the sun at eight or nine in the morning. Our hope is placed in you ..... The world belongs to you. China's future belongs to you.

How should we judge whether a youth is a revolutionary? How can we tell? There can only be one criterion, namely, whether or not he is willing to integrate himself with the broad masses of workers and peasants and does so in practice. If he is willing to do so and actually does so, he is a revolutionary; otherwise he is a non-revolutionary or a counter-revolutionary. If today he integrates himself with the masses of workers and peasants, then today he is a revolutionary; if tomorrow he ceases to do so or turns around to oppress the common people, then he becomes a non-revolutionary or a counter-revolutionary".

and towards education:

"The length of schooling should be shortened, education should be revolutionized, and the domination of our schools and colleges by bourgeois intellectuals should not be tolerated any longer.

To accomplish the proletarian revolution in education, it is essential to have working class leadership; the masses of the workers must take part in this revolution and, in cooperation with Liberation Army fighters, form a revolutionary three-in-one combination with the activists among the students, teachers and workers in schools and colleges, who are determined to carry the proletarian

PLAY TIME

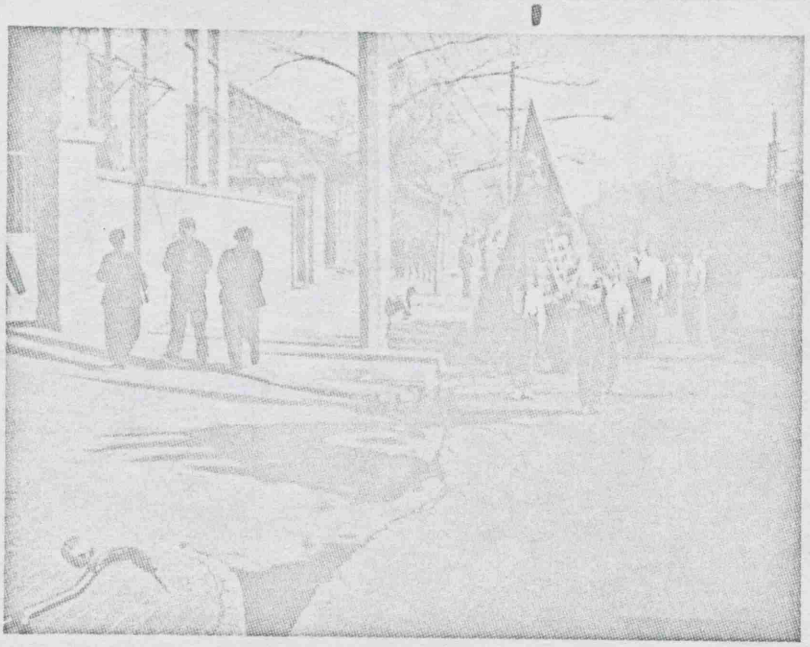
WELCOME - CANADIAN GUESTS

BOYS WILL BE BOYS

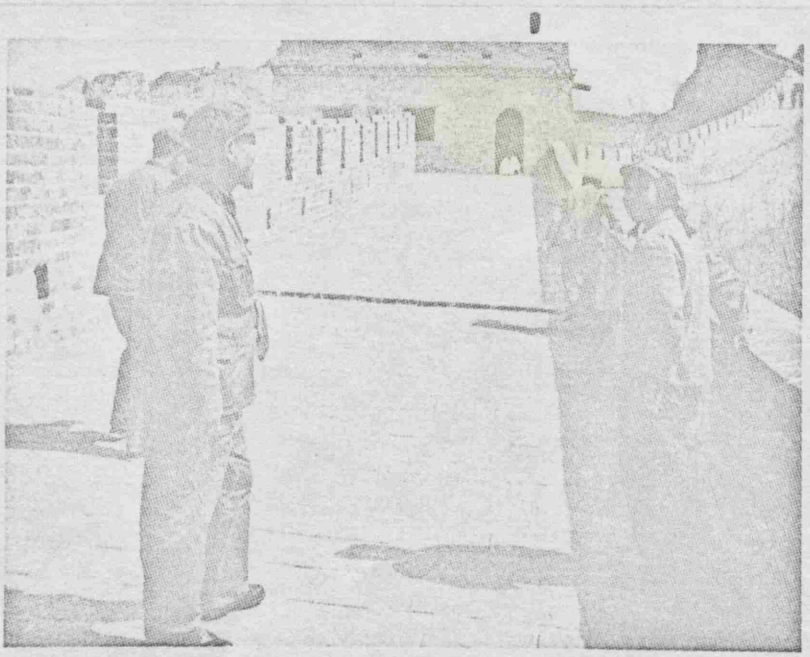
SUNDAY MORNING TRAFFIC

INSTANT PHOTOGRAPHY

A PRIMARY SCHOOL



SPRING FESTIVAL



P.L.A. ON THE GREAT WALL

revolution through to the end. The workers' propaganda teams should stay permanently in the schools and colleges, take part in all the tasks of struggle-criticism-transformation there and will always lead these institutions. In the countryside, schools and colleges should be managed by the poor and lower middle peasants - the most reliable ally of the working class".

The children and young people are everywhere, well-fed, adequately clothed, smiling broadly revealing strong white teeth, marching, singing, dancing, exercising self-control, helping each other, moved by a common spirit astounding in its intensity.

Universities suffered even more than Middle Schools during the cultural revolution. Most were closed (as were many Middle Schools) for periods up to two or more years and are now beginning to function again. We were privileged to have an interview at Peking University chaired by Mr. Chon Pei Huan, Vice Chancellor, who was also our host from the People's Institute of foreign affairs in Peking.

A brief history of the University was given us by a member of the General Revolutionary Committee. It was founded in 1898 and before the revolution served the interests of "imperialism and reaction". Entrance was by competitive examinations limiting the student body to an intellectual elite. From 1918-1920 Mao Tse-Tung studied there and it was the scene of the May 4 movement in 1919.

In 1958 Chairman Mao set forth the principle that education was to serve proletarian politics but progress was hindered by the revisionist policies of Lin Shao Chi. Influenced by him, the head of the university Liu Ping summoned back students who had gone to the country and suppressed "vigorous development" in the late 1950's. In 1966 students and teachers overthrew the revisionists and held sessions of mass criticism. In September 1969 a Revolutionary Committee was set up and the university was re-organized along Mao-ist lines. Instead of

admission by examination, enrolment now is by selection from the Peasants, Workers and Army. At the end of Middle School graduates go to a commune or a factory instead of directly to university. The four steps to university entrance are:

1) Voluntary application.

2) Recommendation by masses (fellow students, fellow workers).

3) Approval - presumably by the same group - or by teachers.

4) Final decision by university authorities.

The students receive free tuition, free lodging, free medical services and 19 Yuan per month for food etc. If a student has worked five years or more he also receives the salary he has been earning. Courses which formerly covered a five to six year period have now been reduced to three or four years by simplification of material and improved teaching methods.

The university has contact with sixty five factories in which students work two to three months per year. Student brigades give lectures on MELM thought. They study five days per week and give one day to physical labor. Seven out of the thirty-nine members of the revolutionary committee are students and one is a representative of teachers' families.

When we were there the faculty was composed of two thousand members, one third doing scientific research, others preparing material for teachers. Most of the four thousand three hundred students were "in the country"; others were having a sports day. We could not visit the library because a new one was being constructed - and probably re-constructed.

Before the revolution eight universities had Law Departments. Now at Peking fifty teachers were working with thirty students from legal departments

at the grass root level, where most ordinary offenders are criticised by the team or brigade "persuaded" of their deviation from the ideals of the state and "re-educated".

The May 7 School or the Cadre School is a center for re-education of teachers, government employees in administrative positions and others who are outside the structure of commune, factory, or neighborhood committee. These are established all over the country, several dozen in the Peking district. They are new institutions set up following instructions from Chairman Mao on May 7 1966. The one we visited was established in 1968, had enrolled 3300 students since then of whom 2800 had graduated and gone back to their posts.

There were three hundred and ten students from government bodies in the east district of Peking city, some from "leading" cadre, some from "normal" cadre. They attend for a period of six months on a rotation system. Enrolment was by application and approval. One student from a hospital was approved by the Revolutionary Committee of the hospital on her second application. A teacher had been approved on her third application. The students ranged in age from eighteen to forty eight years, half were men, half women. There are no families of staff or students at the school but they go home for four days every two weeks. Students receive their usual wages and 12 Yuan per month. A budget for expenses is submitted through the district and the municipality or township to the central government.

The purpose of the school is to train the cadre in MELM thought and to combine study with labor. (The grounds covered about forty acres). The method is:

1) To organize students to raise the level of political understanding and theory by the study of MELM and empirical criticism; to practise

self study, to realize that the masses of the people are the genuine heroes, that revolutionary theory is not enough, people must be moved by it, must rely on the masses.

2) To organize the students in physical labor and guide them to seek advice from peasants and workers, to help reclaim waste land, build houses with assistance from competent teachers.

3) To send students in groups to work in communes with the peasants for two to four weeks to realize that book knowledge is incomplete unless it is combined with practical experiences.

The students live in spartan simplicity in dormitories with five beds, work in the kitchen, workshops and on the land. There is a pleasant library with books of general interest in addition to MELM - Chinese poetry, traditional Chinese novels. The portraits of Marx Engels Lenin and Stalin look down from the wall.

The students put on a programme of song and dance of a professional calibre and with great gusto. If they were not enjoying their period of retreat and spiritual regeneration, they gave no sign.

They are, according to Chairman Mao, among "the millions of successors who will carry on the cause of proletarian revolution".

The People's Army. Perhaps it seems strange to speak of the army under the heading of Education, but the PLA has been referred to as "the biggest university in the country". The PLA is everywhere, in khaki uniforms with red tabs, nothing to indicate distinction of rank. (The navy wear grey uniforms, the air force olive green jackets and blue pants. These were not as ubiquitous as the khaki clad soldiers).

Enlistment in the army is a result of voluntary application and it is a matter of prestige for young men and women to apply for a place and be approved. The People's Liberation Army "swims upon the masses of the people". Soldiers are to be found in communes, factories, stores, learning from peasants and workers and indoctrinating them by discussion and explanation.

In spite of a laxness in uniform, a lack of military bearing, a conciliatory attitude towards the masses, there is no doubt that this could be a formidable force against an enemy of the state. We saw bayonet practice drill and armored cars and trucks. China is in the jet age, is determined to have a nuclear deterrent and will defend her borders including Taiwan and Tibet, but has, we were told, no desire to establish hegemony over other peoples.

Men and women serve side by side in the PLA. When we visited the Bethune Hospital in Shihkiachwan (a military hospital) we got some glimpse of the contribution being made by women. The PLA may look relaxed and inefficient, but would be a formidable force in defence of a frontier, prepared to retreat and defend in depth, with undergound shelters and tunnels for storage of wheat.

Another facet of education was revealed to us when we visited the Children's Palace in Peking. This is one of the centers for arts and crafts, music and dance, attended by children (obviously talented) out of school hours. We were welcomed by hundreds of children from Primary Schools aged 10 - 12 years, and each of us was taken over by a child guide. Li Tcha Wei aged 10 looked after me. After a welcome, we went for tea and briefing. Each of the children made a short speech with no hesitation, no shyness, beautiful articulation. One told us that he wanted to build a socialist society and protect China from the "imperial socialists in the Soviet"; another told us what could be learned from

the great international doctor Bethune about self sacrifice for the masses; another told us that he loved Canada because a Canadian had saved a Chinese boy from drowning. When I grow up I want to "teach and help the state", or "be in the PLA", or (rather refreshingly) be a ping pong player. Then we saw classes in painting and crafts, and were entertained by orchestra, dances, songs:

I love Tien an Min - Peking

The Little Red Soldier loves the flower of the cotton

The Little Red Soldier is a flower and the sun is the Party

and others more sophisticated that I did not recognize.

Chairman Mau says :

"In the world today all culture, all literature and art belong to definite classes and are geared to definite political lines. There is in fact no such things as art for art's sake. Art that stands above classes, and that is detached from or independent of politics". (1942)

"Letting a hundred flowers blossom and a hundred schools of thought contend is the policy for promoting the progress of the arts and the sciences and a flourishing socialist culture in our land". (1957)

In 1973 we did not meet any writers or artists, see any plays (the Peking Opera was on tour) and without knowledge of the language got very little indication of a vigorous intellectual and cultural life - as we know it in the Western world.

In Peking there are two daily papers - The People's Daily - official organ of the Central Committee of the CCP and the Peking Daily. There is also a monthly - The Red Flag. In Shanghai there is the Liberation Daily and, I

think, one other. In the provinces there are other dailies and the PLA Daily published in Peking. The Foreign Language Press publishes the Peking Review, Hsinhua News Bulletin and others. "China Reconstructs" and Chinese Literature" have their own press. These appear in many languages are there for the taking in airports, railway stations and hotels, well translated and illustrated, simply written and informative within the development of socialist programmes. (You can also pick up a volume of Chairman Mao's Thoughts in the language of your choice).

Every province and municipality publishes its own "Intellectual" Magazines and journals and the central government is responsible for works on Archaeology, Geology, Physical Culture and publications for children. (The Little Red Soldiers appears twice weekly). The Daily of Chinese Youth (Peking) and Paper of Youth (Shanghai) have not resumed publication since the Cultural Revolution. Before the Cultural Revolution there was a Press Club. Now it is being reconstructed.

In Shanghai there is one People's Radio and one People's TV station. The radio broadcasts news from the People's Daily and the Shanghai papers and has special programmes for workers and peasants. It has its own correspondents to gather news and also gets news from the Shin Kwa news agency. Broadcasting goes on from 4.30 a.m. to midnight.

There are TV programmes four evenings per week (Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday) 6.30 - 9.30. The first Walk on the Moon was not seen - no equipment at that time - International News "For Your Information Only" included the latest walk on the moon. So far no programmes have been received from the satellite station near Shanghai for which a Canadian Company is supplying equipment.

How shall I conclude? It is a regimented society, a totalitarian society where he who loses his life shall find it.

I suggest that China is going through a mystic experience. Mao is the spirit: The Land and the People his Emanation.

"I must create my own system or be enslaved by another man's".

(William Blake)

Mary Winspear

FAREWELL CHINA

9705 Eastview Drive, Sidney,
British Columbia.

April 1973.

A limited supply of "My China Visit" by Dr. Franc R. Joubin will be available to teachers and students at cost. For information, please write the Editor, PAM, 49 Wellington Street East, Toronto, Ontario.

The educational and cultural affairs of any country exceed the dimensions and confines of any stage, theatre, or university. On this basis, we are proud to feature "My China Visit" by Dr. Franc R. Joubin — a first-hand account of China as witnessed by a "non-conformist" at a time when "conformity" is the criterion.

A graduate from the University of British Columbia, Dr. Joubin is recognized as a mining-geologist. However, his personal interest in places, people, and the social-political evolution has prompted world travel and keen observation.

His first-hand account of Red China is obviously a product of free-thinking with an emphasis on "people" as opposed to a "political analysis", geared too often only to propaganda.

Born of French parents in San Francisco, California, Francis Renault Joubin came to Canada in 1913.

Despite the severe handicaps of being orphaned at an early age and the economic depression that followed, he obtained his B.A., majoring in chemistry, and his M.A., majoring in geology.

Over and above his general activities as a Geologist, Dr. Joubin directed the discovery and development of the entire Algoma field which, with its initial twelve large mines, undertook production contracts totalling over one billion dollars, establishing Canada as a world leader in the production of uranium.

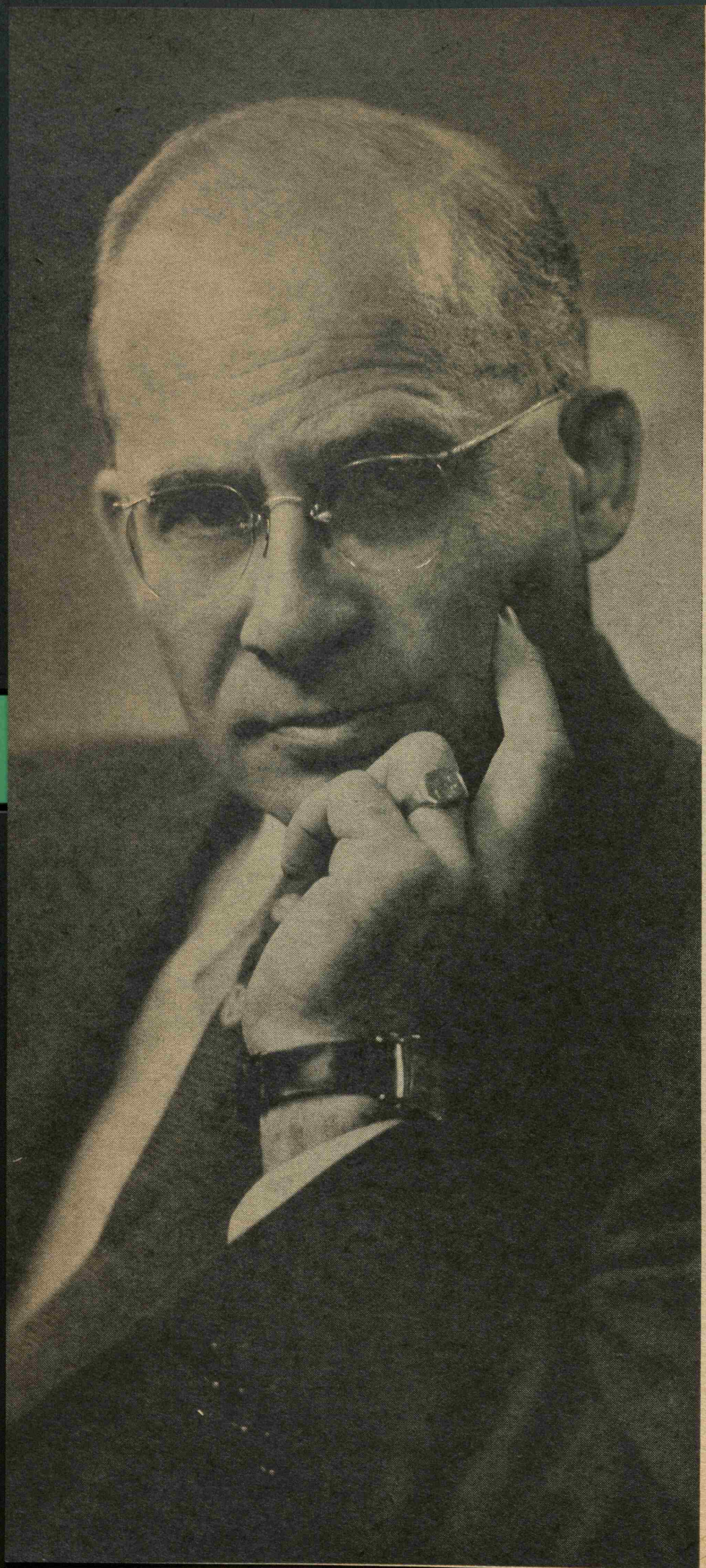
Geological exploration has taken Dr. Joubin throughout Canada, Africa, Europe, and several Central American countries, where his profound interest in human relations has been stimulated through personal contact with men of many languages, religious beliefs, and through their social environment.

A true reflection of the so-called cultural affairs of any country is mirrored in the way of life enacted by its people. Dr. Joubin's panoramic view of Communist China embraces everything from the Canton Opera through prostitution, theatre, armament, Communism, trade, and in Dr. Joubin's own words, "We should expect among us a great variety of social-political systems . . . there is a useful purpose and time for every social-political system around us today. It is, therefore, my contention that we must accept the immutable law of social-political evolution or our rigid and egotistical beliefs will destroy us."

Dr. Joubin also said, "If I should decide to retire to one of the Asian countries, I would not go there with the Holy Christian Bible in one hand and the Democratic Constitution in the other—they have had enough of that. We can also learn from them."

We do not believe that Dr. Joubin is a "slick journalist" — geared to cope with the sausage-factory-like press of today, but we do believe that Dr. Joubin's account of his China visit is both warm and human and we trust that free-thinking individuals, men of both courage and conviction from both sides of the Bamboo Curtain, will continue to seek, find, and comment.

In any event, Dr. Joubin's article is thought-provoking and timely in an era when some men are actually plotting total annihilation with a justification that stems only from a basic lack of understanding. EDITOR—



Dr. Franc R. Joubin

MY

I knew of course what to expect in China before ever setting foot in the country. Many helpful friends volunteered opinions, advice and actual data gleaned from such dependable sources as western television and radio programs, novels spanning the last 50 years, impartial political commentators and finally, such unimpeachable sources as various free press American weekly news magazines. I still was curious, however, "to see for myself" inasmuch as intelligent and reliable Canadian observers — recent visitors to China and not professional writers — had "caught" some important elements of the western press in some fanciful lying about that country.

I had felt that probably the accuracy of information would improve as I approached China and that certainly border areas as Hong Kong and Macao would be informed. They pretended to be. An important travel agent in Hong Kong told me flatly

CHINA VISIT

"You'll never get in. They're starving from three years of drought and mismanagement. The authorities have been suppressing violent riots for months". His staff of guides "confirmed" the reports of food riots; the brutal break-up of family life with the separation of husband, wife and children; the general 16-hour work day; the preparation for aggressive war, etc., etc. A prominent European banker in Hong Kong said "Oh, you'll see a lot that's wonderful and exciting, but don't let the Commies fool you; it was all there before they came. I know, I lived in Shanghai for eight years in the thirties". A junior bank official, very English, said "Funny thing about China, lots of our staff regularly visit relatives there, often over holidays; but I've never tried to get 'in'. Our boys simply get a visiting permit and have no trouble getting 'in' or 'out'. I guess it's because they're just clerks (!) and the Chinese authorities don't need them."

Another opinion came from a young Canadian architect in Hong Kong whose obsession over the past ten years has been to "do" the satellite countries. His great pride is that he had "done" nine and there were only about six "including China" (!) left to "do". Oddly, this reason for visiting China did not satisfy the Chinese authorities who denied him a visa; whether because of his curious passion or because he numbers China among un-done satellites of the Soviet, I do not know. This chap's useful advice to me was "I am told that the present government has gone restoration crazy and in their zeal have garishly painted all pre-Liberation Imperial structures and shrines with gold paint. Horrible!" Another source, a Miss Lily Ling, appeared better informed inasmuch as she had fled Shanghai only five months ago. She told my companion that, finally, she was happily settled in Hong Kong. It was obvious that she was a natural entrepreneur by temperament. Her reason for leaving Shanghai was "too much work and too little pay". Hong Kong is immeasurably better, she said, and despite the highly competitive nature of her work, the hours are light and the pay is good; being a beautiful girl she is happy that she is finally able to dress well. Lily is a prostitute.

THE BAMBOO CURTAIN

I spent the brief period from August 4th to 13th, inclusive, within China. It was my first visit to that country. I travelled entirely alone. I visited Canton for two days; Peking, the central capital, for five days; Changsha, Wuhan and Chengchow briefly. Except for the short railroad trip from Shumchun on the south east border to Canton, I travelled entirely by air on a general south to north route and return, covering about 2600 miles.

Thanks to the efforts of several

Canadian acquaintances and friends, I had letters of introduction to several Chinese and European residents in China. The Chinese contacts included persons important in government circles, the Academy of Science, the country's international trade bureau, university professors in faculties of geology, geophysics and languages, the medical profession and social welfare. I was able to meet several of the individuals earlier contacted by letter, in addition to others introduced to me within the country. I also met with English-speaking staff members of two Embassies who had spent one or two years within China.

I feel, as an experienced traveller, observer and trained appraiser that I made the most of the short time spent in China. It will interest you to know that I travelled, looked over and talked everywhere, almost entirely without the help of a guide or interpreter. I did this by choice and there was no effort by the Chinese to influence me otherwise. This was not as difficult as one may think. In the course of round-the-world travelling I long ago developed the knack of fast adaptation to any circumstances, from the sublime to the ridiculous. And after over a week of countering probably two score procurers, prostitutes, dope-pushers, sex perverts and "runners" in both Tokyo and Hong Kong I felt I could handle anything on two or three feet. True, language was a handicap, but not a serious one. Practically all the university educated Chinese I met could speak, or at least read, English. Even my French helped on two important occasions, and it could have served me with Chou En-lai, the Premier, had it proved possible to meet him, for he is a graduate of the Sorbonne! When the language problem arose in any public place and my English and French failed me, it was only temporary. The problem was buzzed around and in minutes or even seconds someone with a smattering of English would come to my aid; others able to speak a variety of European tongues (mainly Russian) would voluntarily approach and ask if they could help in any way.

China today is such a controversial and politically sensitive issue and there is so much contradictory information concerning it, even in our own press that the motives of any commentator should be learned, if possible. Why did I visit China? For several reasons. I have travelled, and worked, in practically all parts of the world except Asia, the U.S.S.R. and the Middle East. I regard this as an intellectual deficiency and have planned for some time to remedy the matter, if I could. Brochures and books written in the last year or two by intelligent and objective observers such as Walter J. Gordon, James S. Duncan, Prof. Tuzo Wilson and others had whetted my appetite. I had a holiday due and some business in Japan. When a Toronto travel agency called me up to say they were looking for a group of Canadians interested in China visas, my plan crystallized immediately. Oddly, the agency that triggered my decision could not secure my visa but I was by then temperamentally set on going so proceeded to make my own arrangements which were successful.

It is worth mentioning that I travelled as a self-paying capitalist, not sponsored by our government or any agency or organization in Canada and not by invitation of the Chinese government, or any agency or individual in that country. I did no work in China and scarcely discussed in China the work I do in Canada or elsewhere. I simply wanted to see and be told how the New China was rebuilding.

The plan for my visit could have been improved upon in several respects. I chose the worst month of the year (normally the wettest and hottest) for my visit. I can adapt readily enough to such conditions but there were four important side-effects. I was badly handicapped in picture-taking which is regrettable because the intense activity in many forms was to me fascinatingly photogenic and there were no apparent restrictions on picture taking from the ground. It was not only the most uncomfortable month of the year but, for university staffs, the holiday month during which many of them fled the cities and their universities for the cooler areas. Finally, the weather handicapped flying schedules and when we were aloft, I could get a good view of the ground only 50% of the time. Basically my visit was too short and this was particularly galling because there was no time limit on my stay in that country and I would very much have enjoyed visiting some of their mining areas which I did not do.

BORDER CROSSING

My entry to the People's Republic of China was made at the border crossing of Shumchun, from Hong Kong. The Chinese call this, and Macao, the "back-door" to their country. Nearly all European traffic now enters China over the modern Soviet jet-airline route from Moscow to Peking. Shumchun is the north end of a bridge crossing the narrow river which marks the boundary between China and the New Territories area which they have leased to the Colony of Hong Kong.

The village at the British occupied side of the bridge is called Lowu. The contrast between these two border points only one hundred yards apart represents, in minature, the contrast between two Chinas. Lowu is small, compact and consists of a few, well built and white-washed impersonal offices. Smartly dressed and armed Hong Kong Chinese police staff the entire place. The only non-military corner is the bar and restaurant where the principal adornment is an advertisement displaying with equal artistry the curvaceous beauty of a large bottle of Coca-Cola and beside it that of a buxom white girl in tight-fitting red and white bathing suit. Across the bridge, Shumchun is a hive of activity, noise, music and seeming disorganization among great heaps of bricks, lumber, reinforcing steel and large freshly completed or still-being-built buildings.

There are crowds of the civilian population everywhere (but mostly under cover this day because of the

"It is worth mentioning that I travelled as a self-paying capitalist, not sponsored by our government or any agency or organization in Canada."

rain). I saw no armed border guard whatever, or even their barracks, although they must certainly be present.

I looked for my first glimpse of a Chinese flag and finally found it. It was forlornly draped about its pole in a sodden mass and I could see no detail. In contrast to the brisk, immaculate and impersonal little soldiers "across the bridge" who had processed me out of the Colony of Hong Kong, I was confronted by two lone figures in charge of entry formalities. They stood on the foot path between the train rails, in the centre of the bridge; no counter or desk; no handy telephone; no briefcase; no papers, and no air of officiousness. They could have been a couple of interested spectators. Both were dressed in military khaki but worn with the indifference of fatigue suits. Their long trousers and long-sleeved tunics and tight tunic collars, as opposed to the open neck shirts and shorts of the Hong Kong military police, did not adapt well to the hot, wet weather. The Chinese were unarmed as opposed to the impressive black-leather sam-Brown-belt-revolver-holster harness worn by every Hong Kong border official.

The two Chinese, one tall, thin, placid, middle-aged, and apparently the senior man; the other short, stocky, young and with the appearance of a university pre-med student, took my documents without comment. The senior man took my passport; the junior my medical certificate. I felt certain that neither could read English and that this was a well-rehearsed act.

Thoughts ran through my mind of European friends who had told me how, under similar occasions with foreign customs, immigration or security officials they had simply bamboozled them by waving under their noses officious-looking Drivers Licenses or Liquor Permits.

But these men had a surprise for me.

The young medical officer pointed to a date on my medical certificate and said: "This date is meaningless, sir". I looked and suffered a shock; it was meaningless. Numb with surprise, it took me about 5 seconds to think clearly. "Ah", I said, "there is a correction on the last page". He looked, said "Yes, thanks, everything is now in order" and handed the certificate to the senior man who up to that point had said no word. He had been gazing at my passport photograph. Now for the first time in the three minutes performance the senior man looked me straight in the eye, his face crinkled into a smile and he said, unhurriedly, with a gentle wave of his hand, "You are welcome".

The British equivalent upon my later re-entry to Hong Kong was to be "You are processed, Sir".

Despite the informal and unimpressive appearance of the Chinese, they had nevertheless convinced me of their efficiency. I was to repeatedly learn in the ten days that followed (as somewhat of a surprise) that in China efficiency is not always dressed in a pair of neatly creased trousers, polished shoes and a white shirt.

I have said that Shumchun was a hive of activity. Most of it is centred in considerable new construction; mainly large two and three-story brick and reinforced concrete buildings. Their appearance, rising out of the rice paddies, cane sugar and papaya gardens, seemed incongruous but I was to become used to this paradox all over China. I asked about their use. I was told they were to be immigration and customs quarters; warehouses for rail freight and apartment blocks for the related staffs and employees of the railroad.

There was a great din at the Shumchun railroad station where about 300 Chinese were waiting to board a train. *High-pitched Chinese music, with a lively rhythm but too loud for my taste,* blared out over the loud-speaker system and competed with a babble of voices. I was the only European in sight. I recognized from their dress and air-line flight bags a group of a dozen young Cambodian men; there was also a Ceylonese diplomat. Only the last responded to my English greeting so we were seating companions from Shumchun to Canton.

CHINESE TEA

It was this train that introduced me to the Chinese tea treatment. The tea is everywhere and is served from a tea pot, thermos bottle or an individual mug with cover which is both your private tea pot and drinking cup. The tea is often poured into ordinary drinking glasses. It is green tea, made very weak, is tepidly warm and served without sugar or milk. In China, sipping such a cup or glass of tea is as natural and seemingly as necessary as breathing. I became an addict after the first three hours (or, in equivalent terms, the first three quarts). The act of sipping and refilling was to become a phychological and chronic tug-of-war between me and some (usually dimpled) Chinese girl determined that I should never empty my glass. At first it proved a physical ordeal until I became able to recognize the vital inscription for "Men" in Chinese and Russian.

The train from Shumchun to Canton introduced me to the Chinese dove and the Chinese house fly. The white dove, as the symbol of peace, is quite a common sight in China. It appears in the more ornate indoor plaster sculpture of buildings; in outdoor stone sculpture; and often as an indoor alabaster ornament, support-

"The Chinese, young and old alike, have a deep-seated and robust sense of humour.
It was not always immediately apparent but it lurks only skin deep."

ing lamps for example. The first one of many to catch my eye was a large white plaster copy, mounted above the head-light of a passing locomotive.

I had read, probably in the irresponsible writing of some "fellow-traveller" that, within recent years, all flies had been eliminated in China; that no dogs or cats prowled the streets; that virtually all rodents and other vermin carriers had been eliminated; that all milk was now pasteurized, etc., etc. Realizing that control-measures would be difficult in any country not equipped with up-to-date sanitation and simply impossible among 650 million people, I watched somewhat skeptically for evidence on the subject. I actually saw flies on the Shumchun train; three of them. Later, over the following ten days and 2,600 miles of travel, I saw eight more, but was able to reduce this to seven. I saw no dogs or cats or rodents anywhere in China. I did hear one dog bark in a hotel when I wandered back into the darkened building at midnight and had trouble finding my room. It served as an invisible night-watchman. I saw one cockroach and accidentally, but without remorse, crushed it to death. I saw no spitting done, nor spittle on the streets, and no garbage other than in containers or small heaps awaiting prompt removal. Spittoons are everywhere. They were a shock to me until I realized what they were. Many are designed as were the under-the-bed potties of our own pioneer period, with lavish floral design and cover. After discovering the first of these, coyly tucked under the edges of well upholstered chesterfields in large and sometimes crowded airport lobbies, train stations and hotels, I suffered considerable anxiety until I learned their true purpose. Cleanliness, I soon learned, is an important facet of the communist ideology.

CANTON

In due course I reached Canton, a city of two million and the capital of Kwangtung province. I was taken to my hotel on the bank of the Pearl River. It was an old hotel, built in the mid-thirties. It was clean but in a thread-bare and tattle-grey way and with an odor of mildew throughout. I was somewhat depressed until I looked down on the Pearl River from my hotel window. It was not a beautiful sight but a fascinating one. The Pearl is a wide, brown soupy looking river that oozes along at appreciable speed. It is an important artery of commerce. Travelling with it and against it are myriads of boats of all descriptions. None show any fresh paint and all are of archaic design. I feel certain that a biblical scholar could recognize the original Ark among the river traffic of the Pearl. And some are veritable arks; families with many children live and work on them, and among the children are chickens, rabbits and ducks to provide entertainment and support life.

I strolled the streets and alleys and waterfront of Canton between intermittent showers. The city is about 2000 years old, and looks it, except around the periphery where post-Liberation construction of apartment blocks, government buildings, parks and sports fields have been and continue to be built. I spent an hour in a large new government department store. I secured a guide interpreter for the purpose and visited an "industrial arts factory" where ivory carving is done. I walked through and examined a partially completed three-story walk-up apartment block.

From my eighth story hotel window I was able to secure a fair view of the city by day and night. The city presented an unusual view at night. No neon or coloured lights; no bright lights anywhere, but thousands of small lights, stationary or moving like fire-flies; the city ringed with the silhouettes of newly built factory smoke-stacks arising, it seemed, directly out of the rice paddy fields. Very few automobiles in the city but numerous modern trucks and buses. Quite wide streets, some of them newly paved, often bordered with newly-planted eucalyptus trees; lined with scores of curious little factory workshops, all very crowded, primitively equipped, but buzzing with activity and seemingly efficient. People and children everywhere, mixed with a traffic of trucks, buses, bicycles, pedicars (a peddled tricycle able to carry two passengers of 500 lbs. of goods); push carts drawn by a man and pushed by three women — the latter occasionally singing in chorus as they push — and porters with the traditional bamboo pole on shoulder with a burden on each end. A few people were bare-foot. Nearly all were dressed in drab colours, sometimes in thread-bare or tattered garments; but all seemed clean. Perhaps 10% wore cheap wrist-watches (one of my indices of wealth!)

The p o p u l a c e clearly moved around in family groups. Certainly if there was any forcible separation of families by the authorities, it was not being done in Canton, or in any of the other four cities I visited, for that matter. Few very old people were on the streets. The mothers often carried a tiny baby strapped in a shoulder-fitting hammock, sometimes with two to five other tots straggling along,

single-file, each clinging to the other's shirt tail. Girls of seven to ten years of age could often be seen carrying their one or two year old brother or sister in a shoulder saddle.

A curious observation I made, and confirmed by other Europeans I queried later, was that I never heard a Chinese baby cry and I certainly saw a thousand of them, some under physical conditions that could not have been comfortable. I am beginning to suspect that crying infants may be a mark of the affluent society! Children of all ages appeared invariably well disciplined. They appeared generally jolly and physically busy with games including kite-flying, ball games and tag; sports, principally basketball, swimming, weight-lifting, wrestling and during the winter in the north, I am told, ice skating; *cultural hobbies, painting and sketching in public parks, stamp and coin collecting, and dramatic clubs, including ballet and opera.* They devoted some energy to simple pranks, some of the trees in park areas being seemingly populated by small whistling and shouting boys and, in Peking, a broken water pipe by the roadside had been commandeered by some small boys who had learned the universal trick of applying a thumb in such a way as to direct a squirt of water; by request upon those they liked and by surprise upon those they did not.

I saw no disproportionate evidence of poor health among the adults or the children. The only recognizable physical defect among the very young (up to three years old?) was the falling out of small patches of hair. This was not common but its presence was made very obvious by the mother's use of a white ointment to cover the affected spots; white ointment on universally black hair is eye-catching.

ARTISTIC UNDERTAKING

The Chinese, young and old alike, have a deep-seated and robust sense of humour. It was not always immediately apparent but it lurks only skin deep. I found this to be true from the coolie on the streets up to "the leadership"; the sense of humour varying only in degree of subtlety but always easy to arouse. It did not surprise me to learn that the circus has a place in the New China, along with the ballet and the opera.

A visit to an industrial arts factory in Canton provided an interesting experience. This particular shop specialized in ivory carving. It had been active prior to Liberation (1948-49). It had been re-organized and enlarged from 43 employees to a present 450 employees between 1950-1960. The premises appeared cluttered with individual work benches, supplies, tools, people and individual electric bulbs dangling from the ceiling. Certainly it resembled an artist's studio more than a factory. The employees (always called "workers" or "colleagues" in China, perhaps because "employees" connotes exploitation and the Soviet has pre-empted the word "comrade") work in rooms containing up to 50 each.

They work industriously, shoulders hunched and heads bent over their individual benches, under a weak electric light (a dark overcast day outside). Each seemed oblivious of his surroundings and completely concentrating on the exquisitely delicate artistry involved. I startled several of them when, sometimes after several seconds, they would become suddenly aware that I was standing beside them.

Certainly these people were devoted to their work. About one-half are women. Ages ranged from 12 years to perhaps 50 years.

I looked for evidence of ill health, under-nourishment or occupational disease. I wondered about the environment of ivory chips and dust, the poor light and eye-strain and only fair ventilation.

To my great surprise only a few wore glasses and only among the oldest. Only a very few of the men and no women smoked cigarettes. I was told there were frequent "breaks" during the day when groups would leave their benches for a stroll, for exercise, etc.

I glanced into the washrooms and they appeared clean and adequate.

I saw no food around and was told that all employees went to a cafeteria about two blocks away.

The ubiquitous Chinese tea was at everybody's elbow, served warm in a glass by roving attendants. Occasionally, while work progressed, the public address system (they are *everywhere* in China) would break, harshly to my ears, into an announcement; a girl would read from the latest newspaper or music would be played.

The personnel of the "factory" conforms in general to the structure of all "industrial workers' groups". There are the apprentices, a number of artistically promising youngsters (age 12 to 16) recommended by their schools and their artist parents (often working in the same "factory"). They undergo a three-year training period, being provided with all the necessities of life and paid $6 to $9 per month. The principal group of "workers" are divided into eight grades; the lower skilled and less adept being largely technicians, the others are artists. The eight grades are

provided with all the necessities of life and paid from $14 to $43 per month. Ranking above these eight grades are a small group (about five in this "factory") who are termed masters. They are responsible for the artistic standards of the personnel and the product. They receive all the necessities of life and are paid in addition up to $87 a month.

Above these is a small administrative staff, always surprisingly young perhaps averaging 25 years of age. The top official and head of the administrative department can be a man or woman; there is general (and to a Westerner a surprising) acceptance of leadership from women. The Canton industrial arts factory I visited had a male director; a much more complex and larger industrial arts factory in Peking which I also visited had a woman director.

The workers in these institutions work a 6-day, 48-hour week, with about two weeks annual holidays. As with all workers in China, the men are eligible for retirement pension at 60 and the women at 55. The conditions and remuneration described apply to industrial workers; the agricultural workers are not so well off in several respects. No secret is made of this disparity, in fact the leadership stresses the breach and its closure is described as a principal economic aim of the nation.

I have no intention of dwelling on the technique of ivory carving or artistry of the items that I saw. Certainly it is an accomplished art in a difficult and probably fast disappearing medium. I developed a new appreciation for ivory sculpture after watching artists at work.

I first noticed at this industrial arts factory, some mild ideological propaganda. It came entirely from the administrative staff. Its general theme was that in pre-Liberation days artists were cruelly exploited or ignored and left to starve. The new society offered them the first security in their long history.

A single red flag at Shumchun the border crossing point and a simple life-size untitled plaster bust of Chairman Mao Tse-tung in the international airport lobby in Canton were the only evidence of nationalism that I had seen to this point. The bust was white against the light coloured plaster of the lobby wall, supported by a single column, without drapes or other ornamentation, I regarded it in good taste and not unlike our own custom of displaying the portrait of our Queen in our public building foyers. I thought it to be better taste than our developing North American "airport habit" of erecting a brass plaque on which the names of various municipal government office-holders (and occasionally the general contractor!) indulge in some self-advertisement.

Public display of nationalistic or ideological symbols seemed always discretely done throughout that part of China I visited which included, among other places, the national capital. A few flags; perhaps on the whole less than in our country. The Chinese flag is uncluttered and of attractive design; it consists of a red background like our ensign with, in one corner, a large gold star surrounded by four smaller ones. I asked a university student the meaning of the stars and the significance of their number, but he did not know. When the Chinese occasionally use the traditional "hammer and sickle" symbol of communism, it is a stylized and symmetrical version, actually quite aesthetic in design. The sickle resembles an inverted "U" and the hammer an inverted "T" balanced within the "U".

COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING

There are no commercial advertising signs or bill-boards in China, outside of store windows; this in striking contrast to Tokyo and Hong Kong where outdoor advertising is an intensively and extensively developed art. Occasionally in China a bill-board does appear (I saw three in Canton) and they carry a message of social or political invocation. Since 70% of the population are still illiterate, the bill-boards and other signs are necessarily well illustrated to convey a pictorial rather than a written message.

One that I saw consisted of a picture of a family group with a young boy holding a large open book and pointing at a page; brothers, sisters, parents and grandparents were all grouped around and from some distance away Chairman Mao looked on with a beneficient smile. The message was clear; the leadership wanted everyone, young and old, to study and become literate.

A critic might well say "Fine, but why Mao in the picture?" to which a Chinese would reply "Chairman Mao is more than a political leader to us; he is a figure not unlike your Abraham Lincoln, and what boy has not been told of Lincoln's self-struggle for education? Mao was also a teacher by profession; he was a librarian-lecturer on the staff of Peking University and Dean of Whampoa Military College".

The few other posters and bill-boards which I saw bear similar messages; they dwell on subjects of sanitation, elimination of drug habits, the unity between agricultural and industrial workers, etc., etc. Their vigorous pictorial art and minimum (if any) written words gives them the appearance of mural paintings rather than bill-boards. I found them interesting and much less offensive than the ever-present barrage of western bill-board advertising, where one has to accept a most curious course of logic in believing that shapely women, in various degrees of undress, are the best judges of everything from automobile tires to life insurance.

An effective means of social (and political) communication, common to most public buildings, takes the form of an inside-the-building dedication plaque. It replaces, in effect, our outside "corner stone". The Chinese plaque is found in the public foyer on the most prominent wall. It is often an area as much as twenty feet square of exquisite marble (of which China has some of the world's finest) upon which a message in artistic Chinese script is engraved, often in gold. The message will be in the nature of a moral or motto, e.g. "A great nation is built on unity, work and loyalty". The quotes are not offensive but on the contrary, are quite inspirational.

What was disturbing (to me) was that practically all such sage advice is ascribed to only one source, Chairman Mao; and this aspect becomes monotonous. There certainly are other great and wise men in China, even in New China, if they do not wish to reach back into the distant (pre-1948-9) past. The Chinese who have profitably learned and applied many important lessons from the Soviet politico-social changes should be wary of the "personality cult" that, only recently, created for the Soviet a dangerous schism when the "infallibility of Stalin" legend had, inevitably, to be exploded.

CANTON OPERA

I have mentioned the Canton opera.

Because of poor flying weather it was necessary for me to remain an extra evening in Canton and I asked to go to some public gathering of people. The opera was suggested and I agreed. I am not a connoisseur of opera although I attend occasional performances.

Frankly, I feel ill at ease by the society-prestige, fashion-plate aspect of North American and much European opera where the audience seemingly attends to be seen and heard rather than to see and hear.

I felt a mild case of the usual unease about the Canton performance.

The evening being hot and humid, since Canton is semi-tropical and this was the height of the summer rain season, I asked my guide if it would be proper to attend simply in white shirt and tie and without a jacket. When I arrived at the opera, so dressed, and took my seat fourth row centre, in the orchestra, my worst fears were realized. I was again to be satorially ill at ease; most of the men around me sat in trousers, sandals, undershirts and nothing else!

The audience overflowed the building which seats 1200; the aisles were full of moving, standing and sitting people. I was told that this happens almost every single night of the year in this and several minor opera houses, of the city. **Canton alone, I was told, supports over twenty opera companies that rotate between city and "outside" opera houses, usually for two-week runs.**

The opera companies are graded as to talent and admission prices vary accordingly, from 40c to an extravagantly high 70c for prime seats! The people present vary in age from three months to ninety years and probably one-fifth of the women present had under-one-year-old babies in shoulder hammocks. The aisles were alive with little girls between three and seven years of age and they were even pressed into a standing pack along the edge of the stage, the front row with their little noses literally pressed against the edge of the platform.

The building was of simple, undecorated but functional architecture. It had been rebuilt three years earlier on the same site where opera houses have stood in Canton "for centuries". Ventilation was helped by a number of large fans that hung from the high ceiling like chandeliers. There was a large snack-bar-cafeteria type of hall just off the main lobby.

The stage lighting was excellent. A moving ribbon of script was projected to one side of the stage which provided the dialogue on a screen as the play progressed. The site of the building (by accident or design?) was located in a unique manner that western architects might apply to advantage. It was not sited on the curb of a busy thoroughfare but almost in the centre of a city block. Access was by a half-dozen wide walking lanes, perhaps 100 feet long, that could

"Since 70% of the population are still illiterate, the bill-boards and other signs are necessarily well illustrated to convey a pictorial rather than a written message."

"My first impression of the inside of the opera house was one of alarm. It was wildly noisy and I was certain the hordes of children could never be quiet."

connect with four streets; no traffic congestion problems here, when the private automobile arrives in Canton!

My first impression of the inside of the opera house was one of alarm. It was wildly noisy and I was certain the hordes of children could never be quieted. There was a mixture of all ages found in three-generation family groups. There was the amazing informality of dress; far more casual than any "come as you are party" than can be conceived. There was the smell of humanity. The largely illiterate and presently pre-occupied Chinese have not yet been commercially "educated" into realizing that they "will lose their friends", "lose their fiancees", "lose their customers" because of "B.O." and of course "even their best friends won't tell them". The result is that they smell offensively like people and not like the antiseptic essence of some exotic flower.

I was told there would be two plays; one modern and the other classic and that the show would run for three hours with just one intermission. The seats of the theatre were of wood. This, I thought was carrying the spartan aspect of communism much too far.

Suddenly the music struck up, without warning and since the orchestra plays from the wings behind the curtain they are hidden from view. The first performers appeared on stage. Total silence, except for the quiet shuffle of bodies, fell over the entire audience. I do not propose to tell you about the plays, although I watched them in fascination and had no difficulty following the plots through the brilliant pantomime of the performers. I was interested also in the unusual (for western ear) music and sound effects. The costuming and scenery were spectacular. Somehow, as I followed the heroic exploits of Wu Sun (a legendary Chinese Robin Hood) I also was kept entertained by the audience. It was in summary, a wonderful party for everyone!

I am afraid I will never again be able to listen politely to the wail of North American impresarios who say they "cannot sell opera to the masses".

My first two days in Canton gave me a generally poor impression of that city and (I then felt) of the New China. The physical contrast with Hong Kong was a great anti-climax. Canton almost totally lacks the numerous fine buildings, streets, shops and crowds of well-dressed people evident in Hong Kong. It almost totally lacks those many niceties of a 100-year-old-settled and prosperous economy.

The new Canton and new China are of course only twelve years old. The achievements over that period are important but not yet very obvious to the new-comer on a brief visit. The new construction, mainly of factories, is located towards the outer fringes of the city and scattered in a manner that belies its extent. The general standard of living is low. However, I saw absolutely no signs of starvation nor the more difficult to perceive evidence of hunger. Unlike Hong Kong, there is no begging in China, for food or money.

Quite abundant quantities of food stuffs (flour, beans and much garden produce) were piled on the Pearl River docks or being moved about the city openly on trucks or push-carts; ducks, a few chickens and an occasional pig wandered freely about the country-side and suburbs of the cities. It is hard to conceive of starvation or even hunger under such conditions. Food is rationed, however, and I feel certain that the variety is drab.

The great mass of people of Canton dress poorly. There is little variety of colour and almost no evidence of style. The women and girls pay little attention to their appearance. Make-up is not used; the girls' hair is simply done up in two long braids that fall at the back.

The greatest achievement of this large sprawling city is that despite a still-low standard of living and the general delapidation of great age, the city is clean and the population is clean, in both the physical and moral sense. Everyone works vigorously and no idlers were visible. They have time and the inclination to relax also as evidenced by the evening or holiday crowds of family groups on the streets, in the shops, in the parks and in the opera, the movie-houses, etc.

As I moved north through China for 1,300 miles to Peking, with several stops, I was to see a gradual and consistent improvement in the general well-being and appearance of the people and their cities. Canton, the capital of a fertile, sub-tropical agricultural region (three crops a year, barring floods) is the bottom rung of the ladder to Peking, in many ways.

TRANSPORTATION

I left Canton for Peking by air. The drive to the airport was made soon after dawn and the sights (and smells) provided an interesting kaleidoscope that seemed to epitomize the great

struggle and paradox of China's re-awakening. Scores, perhaps hundreds of push-carts, propelled by human power, were crawling towards the city—laden high with all imaginable sorts of farm produce but mainly spinach, cucumber, onions and squash at this season. Also crawling along in the opposite direction were scores, perhaps hundreds, of push-carts laden with tubs of the night toilet product of the city's millions to be used as garden fertilizer. Darting between the counter-current of push-carts were a few ultra-modern diesel buses. Hundreds of people were already moving about on foot, many with small tools. This slow stream of laborious human activity was moving in primitive fashion through the mist of dawn, along the Main North Road now under aggressive mechanized construction as a magnificent, wide, paved and tree-lined avenue.

The plane I boarded was a Russian-built Ilyushin 14 aircraft resembling closely our D.C. 3. Its departure was delayed for an hour because of weather; a point concerning which I had been told earlier the Chinese airline is particularly cautious. Both Chinese and European technicians within China assured me of the almost unbelievable claim that China's air safety record is literally perfect; it is said they have never had a single civilian airplane crash with loss of life. The volume of passenger air traffic is not large compared to our own, but in a country of 670 million, seemingly well-equipped with modern airports, it still must be considerable.

I saw four principal types of civilian aircraft in my travels. The "D.C. 3 type" Ilyushin was by far the most common and it would appear to comprise the present domestic "main line" plane. There would be from six to twenty-five of these on the ramps at most airports. Also relatively numerous were a class of single engine passenger biplane of 10-place size. An appreciable number of small, perhaps 4-place aircraft were evident. Only at Chengchow and Peking did I see very large passenger aircraft and they were a couple of impressive looking TU-104 jets of the Soviet airline. I was curious about military aircraft and, although I landed in five of China's largest western airports, and flew over others, I saw only two small mono-jet fighter aircraft. They were on the ground and without obvious armament although they were guarded by one of the only two armed men I saw in all my China travelling.

The Ilyushin I boarded was the regular one-a-day plane to Peking. It was about one-half full with a score of passengers but there was no empty space. Unoccupied seats and every available corner was packed with air-express and mail bags. We had a stewardess who plied us with the usual tea in a glass and additional gimmicks (more characteristic of capitalistic airlines!) such as magazines, cards, candy and bamboo fans. She even put sugar in the tea! The plane was clean including the washroom. I had a window seat offering a good general view of the ground. I asked if I could take photographs from the air, knowing this to be a practice frowned on in several countries. The stewardess said "Sorry, no". This was to be the only restriction on photography that I encountered anywhere in China, other than the blanket requirement that all film exposed in that country must be developed there. Some sympathetic Chinese fellow-passengers half-jokingly chided her about her ruling but she wouldn't budge.

The same passengers out-debated her later, however, when, at the first stop, a young Chinese reboarded the plane with an enormous watermelon. The stewardess ruled that it should be weighed and might prove excess baggage. The problem was quickly resolved by the stab of a knife—i.e. into the melon. Each of the passengers, including the stewardess and I, received a welcome slice. It is not hard to like the Chinese they can be very practical philosophers!

To my surprise I found that each seat had a seat belt. I say surprise because several European air-travellers in the Soviet Union and China have stated that Soviet built planes have no seat-belts. The fact would seem to be that they have seat-belts but they are not customarily used. I fastened mine on and asked the stewardess how long they'd been around. She said "long time". Incidentally, the aircraft seats had higher arm-rests and a much deeper "bucket" effect than our own; a feature providing more rigidity; the seat backs are reclinable like ours.

CHANGSHA

We came down at Changsha which was planned as a three hour stop for fuel and also lunch because no food was served on the plane. Many Chinese take a long lunch period almost akin to the Latin siesta. However, thunder-heads were gathering over the Changsha airport and it was announced we'd spend the afternoon

and night there and continue the next morning. I was rather pleased at this unexpected development because Changsha is the capital of important Hunan province and it is the "home town of a local boy who made good", Chairman Mao Tse-tung. This latter fact was, I thought modestly enough, acclaimed at the attractive new airport building by a life-size white statue of Chairman Mao, standing before a plain but beautiful purple velvet drape that hung in folds from ceiling to floor. As usual, the statue and drape were untitled and without flag, floral, symbol or other adornment.

Perhaps in the 1970s when China is better equipped and temperamentally willing to accept tourists from "you-know-where" who are finally convinced that the Bamboo Curtain has a greater meaning than serving as the name of a Broadway play or a night club, a rude finger (or neck of a coke bottle?) will be jabbed in the direction of one of the leader's busts and the inevitable question will be asked "Who's 'dis guy?".

There was a large coloured map of China on one wall and several large Chinese water colour paintings on other walls of the airport waiting rooms. The washrooms were clean, even to the total absence of the autographs, pornographic sketches and obscene observations which provide such a ready and interesting fund of psychiatrical material, so common in many North American public washrooms.

The manager of the very fine hotel in Changsha where I stayed spoke English and with warm politeness came around to get me settled, tell me of the town and offer to guide me around. Since he was an obviously very busy man, I declined his offer to act as a guide, asked him (half jokingly) to show me which direction was north and Peking (he wasn't certain!) and set out to walk around the city for several hours. The standard of public works, amount of new construction, quality of clothes of the people, the near-disappearance of human push-carts, more fresh paint, more flower gardens and landscaping; a few bobbed hairdos on the girls and a higher percentage of wrist-watches (!) indicated a generally higher standard and faster progress than in Canton.

I was tired when I returned to the hotel and also hungry. A corner of the dining room was discreetly screened off for my use and a place set for me at a small table, with rare knife and fork. As I walked through the still-crowded room, a Chinese stranger, unaware perhaps that provision for me had been made, caught my eye and motioned to the empty chair beside him. He was at a large table with seven or eight companions, all men. There were risks involved but his hospitality was so spontaneous, and so heart-warming I couldn't decline and slipped into the chair. My first fears were fully realized; not one of them knew a word of English or French; the dishes were all totally strange to me and I had to work with chopsticks before a panel of experts. At last, I was in China! I ordered beer for us all since I had recognized that it was the popular drink of the south and one of their seemingly few "indulgences". We all enjoyed ourselves and I proved to be the unwitting clown of the company with my erratic chopsticks and curious eating procedure (why, I even *started* the meal with soup instead of *finishing* with it!, etc., etc.). When the meal and our "conversation" was over we spent as much time again as we had spent at the table shaking hands, bowing and saying good bye.

It was in Changsha that I was introduced to Chinese basketball. From Changsha northwards I was to see a lot of sports fields (one with a stadium capacity of 80,000) and lots of use being made of them. Basketball appeared to be popular. Yet when I would get onto the subject of sports in conversation, no one would let me forget that the Chinese hold several world championships in table-tennis and in weight-lifting. On my drive into the city from the airport I had passed an establishment that looked like a small school or military training centre. The only people about were perhaps 200 young men in khaki trousers and shirts, but without any insignia or arms. What particularly attracted my attention was a sports field. It was a large open space, probably for soccer, but an almost equal area was well developed as a block of about a dozen basketball courts. They were hard-topped, well marked out, baskets clearly evident and well lighted for night playing.

That evening, I found my way to the roof-garden top of the hotel and the five-story elevation provided an excellent view. It was relatively cool and a drizzling rain was falling. Across a lane from the hotel and at the back of it, I looked down on a basketball court. It was hard-topped and well marked out but not lighted. On it two over-size teams

"I am beginning to understand better why the Chinese have seemingly boundless philosophic patience."

of about ten to a side were playing, The court was wet and footing slippery; the players stripped down to sodden trousers and running shoes were using a conventional basketball but soaked beyond the point where it could bounce properly. Despite these conditions there was much shouting and laughter and a real display of muscular agility and skill.

The next morning, early, we took off for the north again. It was in taking off from Changsha that I saw the only two recognizable military aircraft seen in all China. They were jet fighters of conventional appearance. We paused at Wuhan, again beyond the normal time required for refueling and transfer of passengers, to await weather reports. It provided a welcome opportunity for a two hour tour through the city.

Wuhan on the famous (and sometimes infamous, because of flood rampaging) Yangtze River, is now a fast developing totally integrated industrial complex which embraces four earlier cities on both sides of the river. Numerous new factories and plants were evident from the air, first by the clusters of high brick smoke stacks and, as we approached closer, by the current construction activity which included, ancillary plant buildings, nearby integrated apartment house developments, and radiating "public works" facilities such as new highways, railroad, spur and marshalling yards and connecting canal systems to the Yangtze.

A source of great pride to the Chinese is the truly remarkable Wuhan Yangtze River bridge, physically joining north and south China for the first time in that country's long history. It gives them all the more pleasure because they succeeded in its construction in defiance of several "foreign experts" who ruled out the task as virtually impossible. Moreover, it was built in record time, but more about the speed of Chinese construction later. Unfortunately, I did not get a good close-up look at the bridge on the ground. When the stewardess first pointed it out to me from the air, I was able, in a single glance to see this obviously remarkable conquest of the Yangtze at one point while not many miles away a newly developed meander of the wild river had cut a fresh vicious swath across an intensely developed agricultural area, spewing mud and stone over highways and precious fertile gardens. I am beginning to understand better why the Chinese have seemingly boundless philosophic patience.

The general pattern of improvement and tempo of activity increasing northward continued. More construction, more evident industrialization, more mechanically-powered transport, etc. Another moot sign of progress, girls were asserting independence in "hairdos"; the short bob, first seen by me in Changsha was, in Wuhan, now modified to include an odd-looking short "pony-tail" on the side.

From Wuhan on to Chengchow by air, with a quite good view of the country below. The plane was not pressurized and it seemed to be the practice to fly between 6000 and 9000 feet.

The physiography and development of the land changes markedly in the general region between Wuhan and Chengchow. The south to north 1350 mile section (Canton to Peking) over which I flew consists in general of relatively mature, flat to gently rolling country so low in the south that it is still struggling for emergence above (or submergence below) sea level, while it gradually becomes more elevated towards the north. From the air the region south of Canton and around Canton topographically resembles Holland. The land appears to be half water, by accident and design; where there is too much it is dyked out, where there is too little it is brought in. The pattern of mud-water plots that compose the fertile (at least three crops a year), subtropical land of the Shumchun to Canton sections are coloured in tones of yellow, grey and brown, with tones of green and yellow where crops are advanced.

As one proceeds north and the land rises, the water-rich areas become less extensive and confined to river valleys bordered by low hills. The hills are coloured in an attractive variety of red tones suggestive of intensive laterization of the rock formations and easily excite the interest of the prospector. Between the hills the valleys are intensively cultivated and the pattern of repeated, gently curving valley-crossing dykes gives the entire winding valley the appearance of a great twisting, segmented centipede.

North of Wuhan the interesting geometry of land cultivation takes another form. The land is higher, drier and with rolling hills. The cultivated areas occur as large rectangular blocks, not unlike our own cleared farming townships of southern Ontario. The "red earth" has given way to a predominantly grey land colour.

CHENCHOW

We arrived at Chenchow for a late and leisurely lunch. There was the usual fine new airport building furnished with the usual upholstered chesterfield chairs and sofas (of plastic leatherette in Canton; genuine leather in Chengsha, Wuhan and northward); many small tea tables and much tea. The usual "commissary" counter was present where purchases could be made. Goods on display consisted of cigarettes, teas, candies, cookies, canned fruits and juices. There was usually only mild interest in such counters by the majority of travellers. I made only one purchase at one of these, buying a couple of packages of cigarettes for smoking friends in Canada. They cost me 7.5 cents per package of 20. The packages came under several different names and qualities, are metal-foil lined and quite presentable! My Canadian friends tell me that the cigarettes are mild and quite pleasant. The filter tip has not yet reached China. I noted that very few Chinese smoke, perhaps not 10% of them; they appear content with tea as their routine drug.

We drove from the Chenchow airport to a downtown hotel for lunch. In the group was a middle-aged Indonesian who spoke English and who told me he was returning to visit China for the second time in the past ten years. He was openly enthusiastic about the changes along our route of travel and certainly there was much new construction to arouse one's interest. A huge new block of high school buildings painted in white and gold and fronted with a fine-looking, black-painted iron work fence, was a remarkable sight and I assumed them to be legislative buildings until I asked and was told their purpose.

We had a Chinese-style lunch of generous proportions and, to my surprise, when I politely waved away various courses, both waiter and those at the table refused to return the food to the kitchen. Several times I was to be plied with food beyond my capacity to consume and despite my protests. I was introduced to steamed bread at this meal and enjoyed it. It is made from a bread dough, formed in biscuit size and steamed rather than baked. It is served warm and tastes like good old-fashioned dumpling. It is broken with the fingers and eaten like a roll, the pieces sometimes dipped in sugar. It appears popular in northern China.

I experienced my first of many examples of Chinese honesty in Chenchow. I had believed we would pause at the airport for refueling only, perhaps for 30 minutes. The snap-lock on my brief-case had failed earlier and I could not quickly locate the key. I transferred my passport and other vital travel documents, also all of the currency in my possession into my suit jacket pocket which I wore into the airport. I took off the jacket and hung it on a clothes tree beside me while I drank a cup of tea. Soon the jacket was forgotten. We left for the city by car and it was not until three hours later when I reached for money to pay for my lunch that I remembered the situation. In due course we returned to the airport and I recovered the jacket where I had left it in the public lobby and exactly as I had left it.

We left Chenchow for the last air-leg to Peking. Shortly after take-off we crossed a large river that showed evidence of recent flooding with some damage to cultivated fields. I also saw some long and probably very old water canals criss-crossing the land.

PEKING

We arrived at Peking in mid-afternoon. I was met at the airport by a capable young English-language agent of the China Travel Bureau. We travelled through the suburbs over impressive newly built tree-lined avenues from 80 to 100 feet wide with many fine large (often three-storied) brick and stone masonry buildings recently built or still under construction. I asked the use of various buildings and a jumble of answers followed:— radio-electronics factories, apartments, technical institutes, shops of all sorts, more apartments, schools, post-offices, medical clinics and more apartments. We passed several outstanding public buildings; an Outdoor Sports Stadium (80,000 capacity); an Indoor Sports Stadium (where several world championships in table tennis were won by Chinese last April), the Agricultural Exhibition buildings, the occasional park and several basketball courts; finally we passed through the ancient city gate and were at the hotel where I was to stay.

The city gate is one of several pass-ways through the great wall that surrounded the old city. Most of the wall is being torn down to make room for modern structures but some gates and sentry towers are retained as historic relics.

The population of Peking has swollen from two to seven million within

"The girls and women wear no perceptible make-up and the most common hair-do is the long twin braid down the back."

the past 12 years. With few exceptions, most of the new building construction is peripheral to the core of the old city. My hotel was dominantly European style and there would be from 25 to 75 Europeans present in the dining room at a meal hour. The Europeans were practically all male technicians, staying at or in transit through Peking. My rough estimate was that about two-thirds were Soviet citizens and the other one-third were Czechs, Hungarians, Poles, Germans and Swedes. I later learned that there are several fine hotels in Peking each catering to certain groups; the "diplomats hotel", the "visiting conventions" hotel, the "minority groups" (?) hotel, etc., etc.

After dinner I left the hotel alone for a stroll along the city streets. The evening weather was cool and dry, a pleasant change from the south. The streets were well-lighted, clean and teeming with people moving about in family groups. The standard of clothing and appearance was the best that I was to see in China. My alert eye caught sight of a few cheongsam skirts but on the whole the style for younger women remained the dark pleated skirts, worn calf-length, with tuck-in white blouses, white "bobby socks" and dark flat shoes; for older women blue pantaloons with white on blue blouses hanging over the pants; the men favoured baggy blue trousers with a variety of shirts worn over the trousers.

MORE ABOUT FASHIONS

The people of Peking were more plump, I thought, and on commenting upon this I was told it was so because of the wheat diet of the north. The fuller faces revealed that dimples are not uncommon among Chinese children and fine, well-developed teeth are the rule rather than the exception. The girls and women wear no perceptible make-up and the most common hair-do is the long twin braid down the back. This is not to say the younger girls are not self-conscious of their appearance. I was critical of my Peking hotel elevator service and one day I discovered the cause; the younger girls of the hotel staff were closeting themselves in two's and three's in the elevators and using the contained mirrors as conveniences for tweezer improvements.

Despite the puritanical cut and length of their dresses the younger girls could be practical with them too. When the weather was warm, the men would sometimes roll up their trouser cuffs to their knees. Occasionally, a girl had an even more picturesque solution. She would sit down in a relatively quiet corner, gather her skirt onto her lap and use the front edge as a vigorous and effective two-handed fan. This exercise always fascinated the men who were around; while her temperature may have dropped theirs certainly rose.

COMMUNISM

In Peking I saw the first public symbols of communism among the Chinese. In the parks and museums a notable number of young girls, and fewer boys, wore the red scout-like kerchief of the communist youth groups.

I was surprised at the bus system. It consisted mainly of numerous ultra-modern, articulated, electric trolley buses, clean, fast, comfortable and always crowded. There were many bicycles and pedicabs. I saw no rickshaws and very few push-carts. There were many sturdily built trucks.

After a period of gazing into shop windows and at people I followed a gathering crowd toward the sound of music. It led to a town square where an evidently popular circus (western-style with canvas tents, etc.) was in full swing. It was late so, regretfully, I did not go in. It was as well, because next morning I was awakened at 5.30 by a knock on my door. When I opened it, it was to learn I had been mistaken for a Soviet technician who wanted a "call" at that hour. I grumbled that I was a Canadian capitalist who was never to be awakened before 7.30.

My hotel was a comfortable and interesting place. It offered all the usual conveniences of a western hotel. The ground floor was devoted to the usual offices, a souvenir shop, a bank, a post office and large convention hall. It was attractively furnished with fine deep red carpets, some attractive non-political statuary, some wall panels and screens of exquisite wood carving and a large sculpture mural showing a group of Liberation leaders and workers. The top or sixth floor of the hotel was devoted to a large dining room, a lounge-pool room and service rooms. The dining room windows looked out over the roof of a large, modern hospital across the street which provided for interesting diversion at breakfast time. The physical-exercise-conscious nurses of the hospital would be out on the hospital roof in small groups performing calisthenics like a ballet class while we flabby foreign male technicians looked on. Each floor

of the hotel had a service department providing beverages, valet service, etc., and several small conference rooms.

The conference rooms were constantly in use by small groups of men, either teams of European technicians or Chinese. Most of the latter were probably Communist party weekly meetings. I observed several of these through windows or doors left open during the warmer hours of the day. They were always lively and business-like meetings; debate was general and maintained with much note-making. Occasionally, the chairman would assert himself to control the debate and occasionally too he would embark on a harangue of his own. They spoke in Chinese and I know nothing of the subject matter discussed.

I am told that such meetings are a vital part of China's social-political organization. Small groups, usually under the chairmanship of a Communist party member, meet regularly for one hour each week. The group can be an elected "street committee" the hotel staff, the shop-keepers of that city block, etc., etc. The leader encourages comment, debate and suggestions on almost any subject an individual wishes to raise. The leader, simultaneously, has a wonderful opportunity to explain and develop the "party line" in terms of every day problems. This amazingly effective "grass-roots" liaison between leaders and workers permits the leaders to blandly state that their's is the most democratic social-political system existent. The leadership states that every move they make is initiated by the workers and that only a minimum of persuasion from the "top" is ever necessary.

Regardless of "who persuades who" certainly the workers are vocal and made to feel they have an important part of government. I was asked, at least a score of times, what I thought of some new innovation or if I had suggestions to offer toward improving some service, etc. I was told by several such enquirers, many in humble office, that they would like to discuss my suggestions at their next committee meeting.

I visited several of the more prominent public buildings in Peking, attempting to strike a balance between the pre-Liberation era (Imperial Palace, Imperial Summer Palace, Peking University, a Buddhist temple, etc.) and the post-Liberation period (People's Great Hall, the Historical Museum, the Agricultural Exhibition Hall (Forestry and Communes), the Geological Museum, a large industrial arts factory, etc.). I do not propose to go into detail concerning these buildings or their contents other than to say that the present regime is doing an apparently conscientious job of preserving the architectural and artistic treasures of the past. They are also doing a quite remarkable job of modern re-building.

The People's Great Hall, which serves as their national congress centre, is a truly remarkable structure both inside and out. It provides every conceivable comfort for the seating of 10,000 delegates in the assembly hall, a remarkable banquet hall for 5,000 and also contains 29 large lounges one for each of the delegations of each of the 22 provinces, the 5 autonomous regions and the 2 federal cities, Peking and Shanghai. Each of the lounges is beautifully decorated with the handicraft arts of the particular province. Consequently, it is one of the capital's outstanding showplaces of exquisite art in many forms; marble, ivory carving, wood-carving and inlay, lacquer, porcelain, carved jade, cloisonne, crystal glassware, embroidery, lace, silver and gold filigree, painting ceramics, etc. The huge structure, designed by a group of Chinese architects, was erected in ten months by a corps of 14,000 workmen.

The architectural style is western along the lines of the great Town Halls of the Scandinavian countries, but with some glitter of Versailles. The dominant colours are cream, gold and red, in pleasant contrast to the traditional Chinese combination of red, gold and blue. It is the annual meeting place of the national assembly but is also frequently used for conventions and mass conferences. It faces a large city square, the Square of Heavenly Peace. Directly across from it, on the opposite side of the Square, is the equally impressive Historical Museum and on a third side is the restored Imperial Palace.

It was at the front entrance of the People's Great Hall that a police guard carried the second fire-arm I saw in all my travels; he carried a revolver in a belt holster.

I enjoyed also the ornate and curiously curliqued architecture of the 400 year old Imperial Palaces and their luxurious furnishings; but like the baroque style of Europe I found it too rich in exotic detail to "take" in large quantity.

"The subject of international peace was constantly laboured and is (reasonably) their greatest concern."

GOVERNMENTAL AUTHORITIES

It was in Peking that I met a number of Chinese prominent in government, trade, science and university teaching. They had been written to by equally prominent Canadians among my friends who had visited China in the past year or two. With these introductions I was able to meet the men concerned. The meetings were informal, relaxed and the subject matter wide-ranging. I was less interested in securing specific information than in determining what I call the "B.S. Index" of these men. Professional colleagues in my profession of sifting fact from fiction out of prospectors and promoters, will know what I mean. My general questions were all answered, some logically, some plausibly and some with what I considered childish naïvete. I do not propose to dwell in detail on any of these discussions but rather to lump my impressions concerning them.

The political figure I met is Chairman of the Chinese Peace Committee, and is generally regarded as the "George Bernard Shaw of China". He has distinguished himself in the fields of archeology, as a dramatist, in medicine and now is one of the country's policy-makers in the field of international relations. He spoke no English but probably reads it.

The trade expert I met is vice-chairman of the International Trade Department and General Manager of the Bank of China. He is fluent in English and has travelled widely. He appears outstandingly capable.

The scientist I met is Director of Research, Institute of Geology, Academy of Science. He speaks little English but reads considerably in that language. There is scarcely a British or American scientific journal that he did not appear familiar with. He is a typical, likeable "long-haired egghead" whose love for scientific discussion led him into talking about research in isotope-ratios before even the tea was poured, a cardinal sin in China. His absentmindedness verges on the tragic. He had even overlooked the removal from his office wall of a bust-plaque of Stalin!

The professors I met included one who is now Professor of Geodesy, Peking Institute of Geology. He is young, fluent in English, has travelled extensively in the United States, Sweden and Switzerland and appears very able.

The geologist I met is a senior man with the Geological Survey and presently Director, Geological Museum of Peking.

The background I provided for my interviews was that I was a Canadian economic geologist who had travelled over much of the world in that pursuit but had never visited any of the Asian countries. I was now determined to satisfy that intellectual curiosity. Earlier written introductions from Canadian friends had generously added "Joubin is as deeply interested in man and society as he is in minerals and planets. He is a citizen in search of pathways to peace and to human fulfilment and social effectiveness".

We discussed China's foreign policy. It was described as non-aggressive co-existence. The subject of international peace was constantly laboured and is (reasonably) their greatest concern. I am convinced they are sincere in their attitude, if for no other reason that

(a) they have not the capability to fight a modern war;

(b) they are determinedly and successfully committed to the domestic development of their vast country without interruption and coincident military waste attached to preparedness or fighting, and

(c) as orthodox communists (of the Stalin school?) they believe in the *inevitability* of communism as an inescapable evolutionary step; violence being required when "the proletariat overthrows the capitalist" a step presumably now accomplished in China.

Subjects like Formosa, Korea, the India-China frontier and Tibet were all touched upon but nothing new was gathered that an interested student cannot glean from an objective reading of the western press. I sensed both tenacity of purpose and great tolerance in their attitude towards Formosa and perhaps their problems generally. Several times I was told "The Chinese people can wait; time is in our favour". Formosa emerged largely as a feverish symbol to the Chinese, as it is to the west (unless a westerner thinks solely in terms of military offensive values).

I was told of the Chinese "Five Principles" basis of foreign relations, stated as

(1) mutual respect for state sovereignty and territorial integrity;

(2) mutual non-aggression;

(3) non-interference in each others internal affairs;

(4) to make every effort to de-

velop, strengthen and safeguard the security of the two peoples;

(5) to safeguard and consolidate the peace of Asia and the world.

This basis of appeal appears effective inasmuch as recent alliances, mainly on a trade agreement foundation, have been entered into with the Soviet Union, East Germany, Czechoslovakia, Ceylon, Poland, Mongolia, the United Arab Republic, Hungary, Korea, Vietnam, Rumania, Bulgaria, Albania, Nepal, Yugoslavia, Iraq, Cuba, Afganistan, Republic of Guinea, Morocco, Tunisia, Cambodia and Burma.

The subject of China's place in the United Nations was discussed. I was told again what I knew (and many "Westerners" forget) that China was one of the founding nations of the United Nations and accordingly was given both assembly representation and a permanent seat on the Security Council. I was told that China asks only for what she earned and was given years ago and is now being deprived of by an imposter more acceptable to those presently in control of U.N. policy. I was asked the popular view in Canada on this question and replied that we leaned towards the more tolerant British view on the subject. I was then asked to explain why we voted on the subject in the United Nations according to American signals rather than abstaining. I was spared the need for a reply when it was mentioned, by the Chinese "Ah! but you have a right-wing reactionary government in power, have you not?" "Yes", I replied; adding later "both other federal parties lean towards or are outrightly pledged to China recognition by the U.N."

The United States was mentioned and in a naively curious manner. The people, or "workers", were held in great regard by the Chinese for their tremendous technical skills, I was told, but it was regrettable that they were still being so terribly exploited and mis-led by a president and small clique of industrialists and militarists who were bent on developing economic, military and political spheres of influence all over the world. I pointed out that I thought the American people were very close in their thinking to that of their government and vice-versa; whereupon this important Chinese foreign policy-maker looked at me — an erstwhile American — and exclaimed reprimandingly "but you slander the American people!"

I was repeatedly told that China would like to become friends with Canada and reminded of physical similarities and certain historical links between our countries. Dr. Henry Norman Bethune's name, among others, was mentioned. He was the brilliant McGill thoracic surgeon and adventurer who did much to organize and lead the medical corps for Mao Tse-tung's Liberation Army. Bethune; now dead, is a national hero in China; he was recently honoured in a series of Chinese postage stamps.

FOOD SHORTAGES

We talked about trade and related to it the recent crop shortages in China. I was provided with copies of the "Foreign Trade Journal", an English language, beautifully illustrated, multi-coloured magazine, describing the great variety of textile goods, machinery, hardware, foods and handicrafts available for export.

The current food problem in China is readily discussed. If the enquiring visitor does not raise the question, they do, because they are hypersensitive to what they describe as the malicious misrepresentation of the problem by the western press. From my own observations, the severity of the China food problem would appear to be much exaggerated in our eyes. I personally saw no evidence of starvation among the thousands of Chinese I brushed shoulders with on the streets, public buildings and conveyances of five cities as I moved about, most often without itinerary, a guide or an interpreter.

The food shortage, mainly in grains and meat stocks, is the product of two consecutive years (with two or three crops per year) of floods in the south and droughts in the north. No doubt the effects of the natural calamities were aggravated by the organizational changes from co-operative to commune administration of the farms, which reached a peak during 1958-59. I was given much detail on the subject and dependable informants summed up the situation by simply saying "it was a serious problem but the government handled it well; the worst is now over. The same calamity a few years ago would have meant the death of millions."

I discussed, in most general terms, China's mineral development. Evidently, the country is making great progress in this field and at a constantly accelerating rate. Their techniques would appear to be as modern as our own in America although not yet as extensively applied. There seems to be no reason why they cannot remain essentially self-sufficient in the minerals their burgeoning economy will need. They are particularly pleased with results from their oil and gas exploration and development.

EDUCATION

I discussed education at all levels. This proved to be one of the country's favourite topics of conversation and of action. The subjects of education and sanitation and peace have gripped China with the crusading force of a religion. The Chinese civil war was led by communist intellec-

"I personally saw no evidence of starvation among the thousands of Chinese I brushed shoulders with on the streets, public buildings and conveyances of five cities as I moved about, most often without itinerary, a guide or an interpreter."

tuals, many from universities' staffs. Perhaps this, together with the basic need of educated technicians for a modern mechanized and industrialized society, have provided the impetus to move about 200 million people into schools over the past 12 years. I was deluged with statistics of recent and future educational performance and there is much physical evidence of progress in the shape of new school buildings everywhere.

The Chinese are enjoying the power of education. The city book stores were crushed with crowds of all ages and more than once I saw older adults standing in total pre-occupation struggling with their minds and lips to read the publicly displayed newspapers or the titles of museum exhibits. The New China government has introduced measures to greatly simplify the whole process. China, where many dialects are spoken and frequently one Chinaman cannot understand another, is to have one common dialect, Mandarin. A serious attempt is being made to break away from the complicated Chinese script and use Roman lettering, as we do. In fact, I saw many public signs that were written in both Chinese and Roman script, and although I did not know their meaning I could, because of the lettering, pronounce the names and phrases phonetically!

SUMMARY

I spent ten days in China, travelling 90% of the time without guide or interpreter. The brevity of my visit was determined by personal choice; my China visa stated no time limit. I travelled by train and aircraft, covering approximately 3000 miles. My route, my itinerary and the people I met were chosen by me. I met the high and the low in five large cities with a total population of about twelve million. I was allowed total personal freedom of movement, of speech and the use (except from aircraft) of my camera. Although I feel my visit suffered from several serious shortcomings, principally my inability to get into the lower-standard agricultural areas (of commune activity) and into mining districts that I can assess better than cities, these shortcomings were dictated purely by the shortness of my visit.

I was most impressed by the spirit of the people, from their conversation, their activities and their environment. They are a race on the move, appear to know where they are going, pleased with the prospects and very proud of their striking progress in the first decade.

I was surprised at the youth of the management personnel everywhere. The administrative offices of the large business enterprises, utilities, etc. give one the impression of a high school or college campus. Perhaps this is because these young people are the literate segment of society. Certainly their youth, with its energy and enthusiasm, accelerates the tempo of activity. Children are swarming everywhere and the family group of one, two or even three generations, is still the basic unit of society. I neither saw nor heard any evidence of the oft-repeated "western" statement that Chinese communism is breaking up the home.

I was impressed at the non-military appearance of that portion of the country visited and the incessant peace talk and peace symbols everywhere. In my travel among literally thousands of citizens I saw perhaps a dozen sailors, perhaps fifty soldiers and fifty policemen. Only two soldiers, both on sentry duty, carried arms, the policemen only batons. I saw no recognizable armament anywhere nor even defense equipment such as radar detection antennae, etc. I saw only two military aircraft.

I cannot see how a country with any appreciable armament can hide it effectively, I have no difficulty in noting its presence in most other foreign countries I visit, even when it is partially camouflaged. Others have had similar experiences. When **Walter L. Gordon** and **James S. Duncan** visited China, they spent May 1st, 1959 watching Peking's May Day ceremonies involving about 500,000 people. Gordon states "There were a few traffic policemen and a few unarmed soldiers lining the route in front of the receiving stand who stood at strict attention for more than three hours without moving. But only a few soldiers appeared among the marchers and there were no guns, tanks or aircraft." Yet a weekly news magazine that is widely circulated throughout the Western World, watching the same performance, on the same day and place, reported "But behind the 'spontaneous' revelers this May Day in Peking, came squadrons of Russian made tanks of the 'People's Liberation Army', fork-

tailed MIG-17's dipped overhead, while the infantry, 110 abreast, marched in grim dedication."

I cannot explain this phenomenon and seriously wonder if the military might of China is not a western myth.

I was surprised at the number and variety of Asian and African trade, political and cultural delegates I saw in Chinese cities. I have commented earlier on the number of trade agreements made with many Afro-Asian countries. I developed the impression that China, very successfully, is assuming an important measure of world leadership among all of the world's coloured races.

I saw much evidence of Soviet and Soviet satellite co-operation within China. However, I was told that the number of Soviet technicians in China is decreasing. I was in Peking during the second outer-space flight made by the Soviet cosmonaut. There was notable public excitement about the event and Soviet technical superiority was publicly praised and congratulated by China's leaders.

Unfortunately, I could not find the time to visit an agricultural commune although plans to do so were tentatively made, I did, however, spend one morning visiting the Director of the Permanent Federal Agricultural Exhibit where I was informed of the history and organization of the communes and where many of the diversified products of communal integration were on display.

I left China before the charges of concealing a cholera epidemic were made in the western press, so I have no Chinese view on this subject. However, when I reached Hong Kong, it was to find that colony alarmed with a number of cholera outbreaks but blaming Portuguese Macao as the place of origin.

I am often asked what I think of New China's progress. I think they have made tremendous progress in their first twelve years of effort. I feel too that the rate of progress will probably increase with each passing year now that the tremendous job of organization appears complete and the first tantalizing rewards are becoming evident and available.

Objectively considered, I feel too, that no other form of government could have accomplished as much in so short a time. China's 670 million people were divided, had been ravaged with starvation and disease and torn by decades of fighting, internally and against invaders. They were and still are largely illiterate with little ability of self-determination or discrimination. They needed an ideology to build morale and unity and they needed leadership that could and would impose tough discipline. In the late forties, the time was propitious for such a development. The man who emerged as leader was an intellectual of apparently great organizing ability who had spent the previous 25 years in a persistent, unwavering campaign of spreading the communist ideology through China. The aspiring military-background leader who was rejected is now retired in Formosa. He is best known for his brilliantly intelligent and ambitious wife who is popular in America. Incidentally, her sister remains in China where she holds a high post in that country's Ministry of Health.

I have travelled and worked in many countries over much of the world. I have seen in operation many forms of social-political systems. My great interest in people is perhaps not so much that of the humanist stirred by emotions as that of the engineer faced with a problem in social organization for maximum well-being. It is my view that each country is a unique problem.

I contend that the ideal social-political system for a country is dependent on many factors, to mention a few:—geographic location related to climate, topography, or related to neighbours; size; history; temperament of the race; literacy; natural wealth of the country; degree of industrialization and many others. These factors combine to produce a unique formula for any given country at any given period. As the factors, which are all variable, change, so does the formula and so does the need in terms of the optimum social-political system.

In our world there are countries in every state of development between wide extremes and it follows that we should expect among us, normally, a great variety of social-political systems. It follows that there is probably a useful place and purpose and time for every social-political system that is around us today. It is my contention that we must accept this immutable law of social-political evolution or our rigid and egostitical beliefs will destroy us. But I am writing about China and do not wish to labour this social-political thesis here. Another time!

I recommend a visit to China to all serious travellers who like to do their own fact finding and who would like to learn how the other two-thirds (Asian part) of the world lives. It will not all be comfortable but it will all be interesting. **PAM**