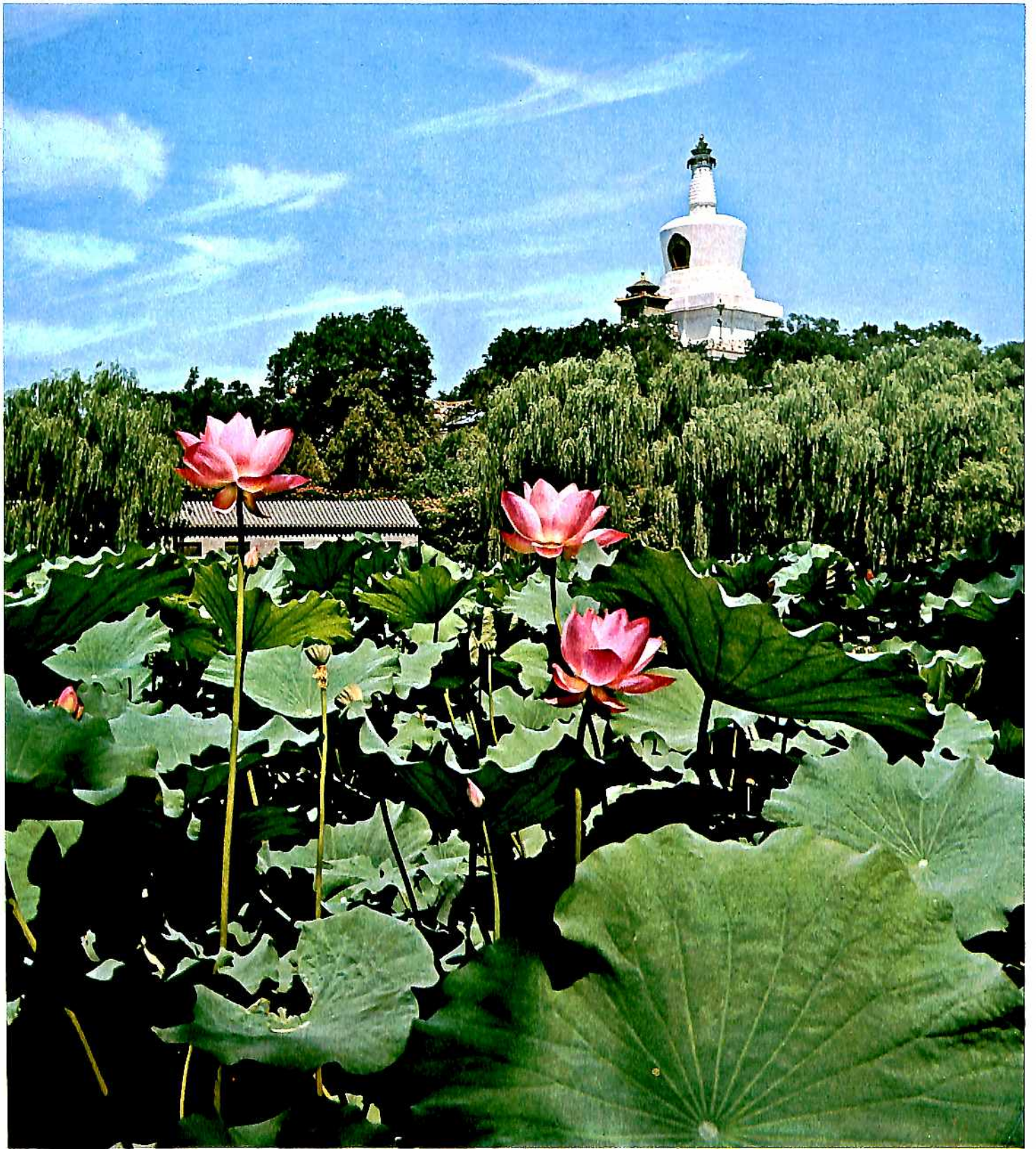


Women of China

NO.5 1979





Beihai Park in Summer.

Photo by AO ENHONG



FRONT COVER:

Dancer Zhang Ping
Photo by Zhang Zudao

BACK COVER:

Echoes in the Desert
Papercuts by Cai Qianying.
Xiong Chongrong

INSIDE FRONT COVER:

Beihai Park in Summer
Photo by Ao Enhong

INSIDE BACK COVER:

Chinese Cookery: Prawn
Canapés

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IT is almost 30 years since the founding of the People's Republic of China. In Chinese factories today, those in charge of sections and workshops, and some managers too, are mostly promoted from the rank and file.

Women workers who show management ability and leadership qualities have equal opportunities to be placed in responsible positions. Among women top leaders on the factory level, more are to be found in the textile industry where the major part of the work force is female.

In Wuxi, a medium-sized city in east China, for example, there are 46 textile mills. Overall there are 160 factory managers and assistant-managers, 46 of whom are women. And 50 of the 70 Secretaries and Deputy Secretaries of the factories' Party committees are women. There is a large number of women in charge of workshops, groups and teams at the grass-roots level.

I recently visited the No. 1 Filature Mill in Wuxi where women make up 80 per cent of the total work force of 1,800, and 12 of the 15 factory leaders are women. I met its 53-year-old woman Assistant-Manager Zhou Axiang, who had been a child labourer before liberation and now plays a major role in the management of the mill. This article is an account of how she uses her organizational ability and leadership qualities to promote efficient production there.

Zhou Axiang began to work in a filature mill at the age of eight. She was 23 at the time New China was born. Then, along with all the other working people, she stood up and became master of her own destiny. The Party leadership helped to raise her political understanding and, by 1952, she was admitted into the Party. In the following year, she was made Chairwoman of the mill's trade union branch while continuing to work on the production line. She became Deputy Secretary of the mill's Party committee in 1961 and, through doing this job, gained the organizational and management experience which qualified her for the post of Assistant-Manager of the mill in 1965. Since that time she has been in charge of the mill's production and management.

She was able to draw on her long experience of working in the mill, both as a child labourer and later as a leader in various responsible positions. Always observant and eager to learn, she is familiar with the various processes in production as well as the functioning of the machinery. Her co-workers say of her: "She's a really capable production manager! She knows her job thoroughly and she's always ready to give her opinions which are invariably to the point."

Despite her experience, it was hard at first for her to perform the manifold duties of a production manager which included supervision of scientific research, planning, supplies and marketing. When she failed to deal with all these problems efficiently, workers complained. She didn't lose heart and was determined to meet difficulties head on. Her motto is: "Where there's a

From Child Labourer To Assistant-Manager

XIU LIN

will, there's a way." She always made a point of going to the factory floor to discuss problems with the workers and take note of their suggestions and advice. As she gained experience and learned from mistakes, her management and organizational abilities improved and she can now analyse and deal with most problems that crop up at the mill.

The No. 1 Filature Mill had outdated machines and many processes were not fully automated, so Zhou Axiang placed great emphasis on studying technical innovations to raise efficiency and improve working conditions. One such innovation was an automatic cocoon feeder which she, the technicians, and the workers designed together. When they had finished the trial model, she organized a trip to Shanghai to study a similar machine in a filature mill there. On their return the group compared notes on the relative merits of the two machines. Some were of the opinion that the Shanghai model was the better of the two, but others thought that both machines had good and bad points and it would be best to combine their advantages and minimize the disadvantages as far as possible. After discussions led by Zhou Axiang, they analysed and compared the two feeders in detail, and together they designed a more efficient cocoon feeder which incorporated the merits of both machines. The process of cocoon feeding, which used to involve five stages, was now completed in one. Efficiency was thus raised five times.

Zhou Axiang considered it important to encourage the workers and technicians to design or suggest technical innovations which could raise efficiency or reduce labour intensity. With this aim in mind, she made a rule that only experiments costing 500 yuan or over would require her personal approval. Those costing less than 500 were to be approved by heads of sections or workshops. This helped to stimulate inventive efforts and last year there were 23 innovations which helped to greatly raise the quantity and quality of the mill's output.



Axiang (2nd right) studying the blueprint of a cocoon-feeding machine together with technicians and workers.

An experienced worker inspects the silk filaments before shipping.



To oversee productivity, quality, consumption, costs, level of efficiency, marketing, stock-taking and other matters related to management, Zhou Axiang holds a meeting each month with section and workshop leaders, and then submits all important problems to the Party committee for discussion. In one such meeting last October, after examining the work done in the current month, Zhou called on all the leaders of the workshops and heads of various offices to check on the fulfilment of the major targets over the previous ten months. It appeared that the quality of the products was highly satisfactory; the total output quota for the year would be fulfilled and the rate of consumption would be kept within the limits as planned. Zhou Axiang decided nonetheless to go over each item in turn and, in the end, it became clear that the average output per worker over the last 10 months was slightly below the target. Although this would have no real effect on the gross output, she called everybody's attention to this fact and invited all the workers to suggest methods of raising the productivity of each individual for the remaining two months of the year. She herself and the leaders of workshops and the department chief in charge of production drew up a plan for the same purpose.

The workers found many ways to increase efficiency by exploiting under-used potentialities in each production process and by launching emulation drives. As a result, the annual target of individual productivity was achieved.

Zhou Axiang made regular inspections of the stock to ensure that there was never a shortage of raw materials. If there was a surplus of goods awaiting transportation in the warehouses, she would arrange to have them sent to the marketing agencies. She would carefully examine the annual plans and budgets submitted by the various departments and allocate funds strictly on a priority basis. She stressed that funds should be spent where they were needed most

instead of being shared out equally to all departments at the same time.

In order to manage the mill efficiently, she would often work on the production line so that she would get to know and swiftly deal with any problems which might crop up at the grass-roots level. She also stressed the importance of co-ordination between departments. "We all work in the same mill," she often reminded the department heads, "and although every department should concentrate on fulfilling its own tasks, you should always think of yourselves as part of the mill as a whole and give each other support."

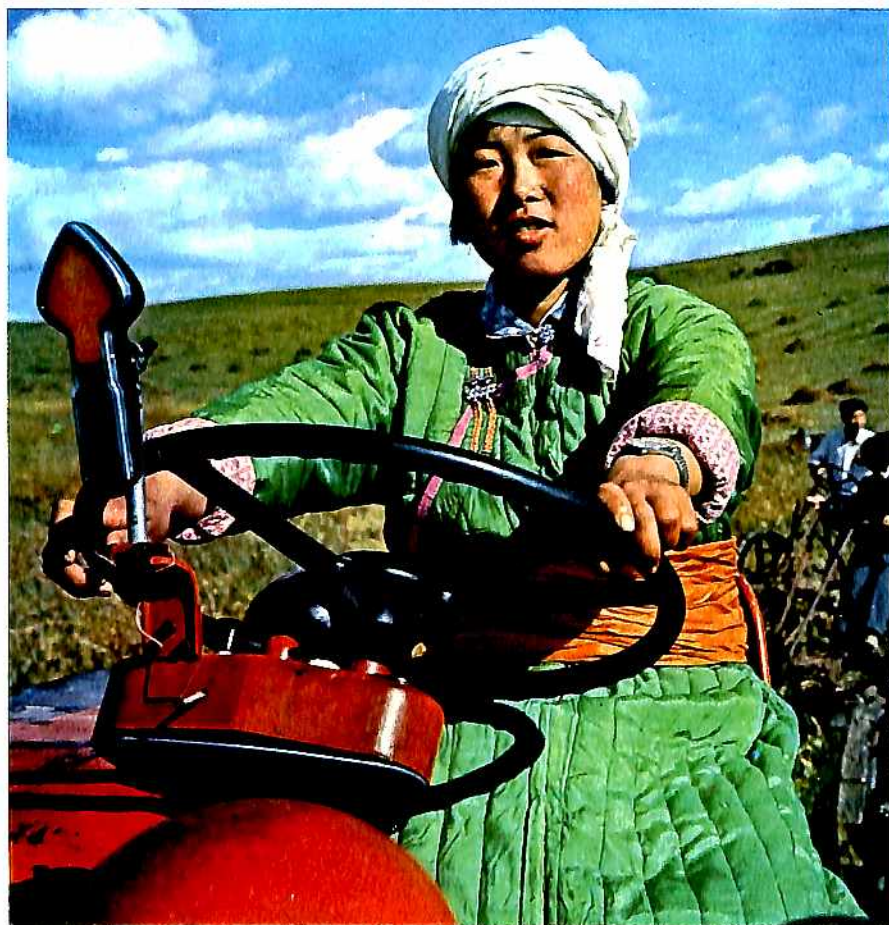
Zhou Axiang's realistic approach to problems enabled her to remove a long-standing obstacle in the way of improving the colour consistency of the silk produced in the mill. In the dyeing process, river water had been used all along. Using tap water would improve the colour quality but Zhou learned that although tap water was available, it was not quite enough for both industrial use and household needs. She made a thorough investigation and discovered that the newly-built toilets in the mill which flushed automatically every five minutes used up 20 tons of tap water an hour. Her suggestion that river water should be used instead in the toilets was immediately approved by the Party committee. The colour consistency of the silk has since improved.

Capable managers like Zhou Axiang are to be found in thousands of textile mills in all parts of China.



Excellent riders and keen contestants in horse races.

At harvest time women play a major role.



Women of the Pasturelands

Notes on
a Tour of Xilingol

WANG GUANMIN

XILINGOL League, located in the northeast of the Inner Mongolia Autonomous Region in China, is a beautiful area with rich, fertile grazing pastures. On my visit there last autumn I was impressed by the profound changes in the life of the women there.

WOMEN CADRES

On a beautiful day in autumn, with white clouds floating high in a clear blue sky, a group of us went by bus to Sunid Zun Banner in the western part of Xilingol pasture. We arrived in the afternoon just as a meeting of women cadres had ad-

joined. Working my way through the crowds of women, I found and introduced myself to Donghar, leader of the women's federation in this Banner. She was with her daughter Handa who is a leader of the women's federation at the commune level. They looked identical to each other; both had ruddy complexions, the result of the strong winds in the pastures, and they both had a resolute air about them.

Donghar, 47, is greatly admired by the herdsmen. Fifteen years ago, she organized the herdsmen in her brigade to collect stones from some distance away to build a storage enclosure for winter-fodder in an area

of 20,000 *mu*. As a result, more cattle and horses survived the winters, and the herdsmen's average annual income is now 290 yuan per person due to the subsequent increase in livestock. This improvement in income has helped to bring about great changes in this hitherto backward brigade.

Donghar has now become a deputy Party secretary of the Darhan-ol People's Commune. In 1977, during a severe snowstorm, she was out on horseback for days riding through the metre-high snow to organize the herdsmen in their fight against the weather.

Top:
Qiqig, a veterinarian, examining sheep's serum.

Bottom:
Outside a brigade's maternity ward.



Top:
Donghar (left) and
Gurjd.



Left:
Nabuqi, a model herds-
woman.





They ride as well as men do.

Model herdsman Gurjd and her daughter Drol with grazing cattle.

Nabqi (right) and her new daughter-in-law in their yurt.



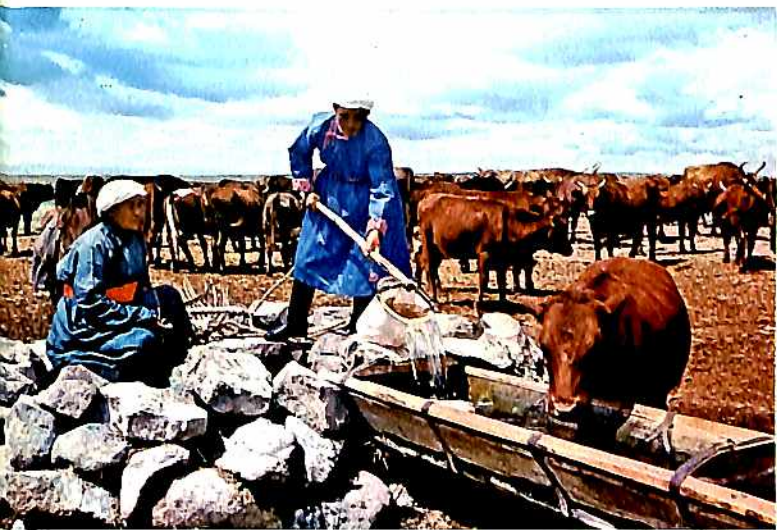
the weather. As a result of their efforts, most of the livestock survived that winter. Last year she organized the large-scale building of additional sheds and pens.

I went back with Donghar to the Darhanol People's Commune and, on our arrival there, saw a group of people waiting to speak to her on business. She promptly took out a little notebook from inside her robe and, her strong hand moving laboriously, wrote down what they said. I learned later that she had been illiterate until quite recently. She said to me, "I worked for the herdsmen in my childhood. A serf like me would never

have been able to read in the past." When she was six years old her mother was so poor that she was forced to hire her to a herdsman in a lamasery. Donghar had to tend sheep, living out in all weathers and she was always hungry. She suffered from paralysis when she was 12 and had no one to look after her whilst she was ill. When she was 14 years old she fell from her horse while delivering grain for the herdsman at night. She hurt her left arm which later festered. This arm still pains her. She told me with tears in her eyes, "Whenever I move this arm I feel a sharp pain. But it is good to recall my bitter life

as a serf because I feel more encouraged to carry out my present work."

When Donghar first became a cadre and travelled from place to place on horseback, her daughter was still very small. She used to carry the little girl on her back in a cloth baby-carrier she had devised and made herself. She would often have a book in her pocket and would ask others to help her read it when they had spare time. She is now able to read documents and take notes, and her leadership qualities have improved rapidly. She attended the Fourth National Women's Congress held in Beijing in 1978.



Lying-in room provided by the commune.



TWO MODELS — MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

Donghar took us to visit Gurjd and her daughter Drol who looked after a renowned breed of red cattle. As we approached their yurt, two dogs ran out towards us from behind the flower garden, barking loudly. Our hostess, Gurjd, invited us in. Donghar told me, "Both mother and daughter have been elected model herdswomen because of their skill in raising cattle."

Over the last nine years Gurjd fought persistently against natural disasters and animal diseases and, in doing so, learned a great deal about scientific methods in animal husbandry. She is particularly experienced in the process of rearing cattle from conception, through pregnancy, birth and antenatal care. The success rate is 100 percent. Her careful watchfulness has brought significant results and the high birth rate has led to an increase in their herd from 95 to 800 heads of cattle.

Gurjd was elected a member of the Political Consultative Conference in the



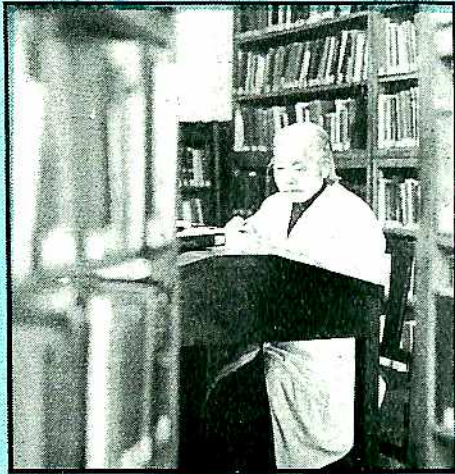
The grasslands are beautiful in summer.

Photos by WANG GUANMIN

Inner Mongolia Autonomous Region. She has taken part in many meetings to exchange and discuss experiences in raising cattle. Last year her daughter took part for the second time in a Banner-wide congress of outstanding young people. Recently she has been learning veterinary science.

I saw a very attractive photo of their whole family in a frame on the wall. Gurjd pointed out the different members of her family to me, saying, "My husband is the brigade Party secretary. Our second son and third daughter are now at school and my eldest daughter Drol and my youngest son are

WOMEN IN VARIOUS POSTS



Lin Miye (right) and Ye Luyan, the first generation of women paratroopers of Taiwan origin.

Lin Xiaohong (centre), leader of the "March 8th Women Divers' Team" of a marine-products breeding centre, gives instructions to her colleagues. The centre is based in Qionghai County, Hainan Island.



Professor Yan Shufang, Vice-Director of the No. 2 Hospital affiliated to the Hunan Medical College and Director of its Pediatrics Research Department, preparing textbooks on pediatrics for use throughout the nation.

"How old is Drol? Has she found herself a boy friend yet?" I asked with interest as I looked at her picture. Gurjd laughed loudly, saying, "She's 23. She hasn't thought of getting married yet. She enjoys working with me." Donghar told me later that Drol already had a boy friend, but her mother was still in the dark about it.

As we chatted away, we heard the sound of cattle lowing in the fields. Gurjd said happily, "She's back." Outside the yurt on the plain beyond, I could see a girl on horseback silhouetted against the sky. She was dressed in a blue Mongolian robe and wearing a white scarf on her head. This was Drol. A pole in her hand, she drove the large herd of red cattle towards us.

SETTLING DOWN

We went to visit a farm which has mechanized hay-making. When we arrived we could see four tractors pulling mowers moving speedily across the grasslands. These mowing machines were operated by young women, and, as they went along, the grass was quickly cut and deposited in piles stretching far into the distance. Barter, a commune cadre who accompanied us on the trip, told me, "All the five stock-raising brigades in this commune use

mowers. They also possess trucks, electric generators, shears, water pumps and sprayers. Thanks to mechanization we can now store away fodder for use in winter." This has enabled the people in this area to put an end to the nomadic life of their forefathers and build houses to settle down. A middle-aged woman who was unloading some wood said to me cheerfully, "It's over ten years since mechanization freed us from the heavy task of cutting grass with our own hands. In the past we used to cut the grass with big sickles and it was really back-breaking work. Our arms would often swell up painfully." When I looked around I noticed that work on ten or more livestock sheds for use in winter had been completed. Homes for grass-cutters in the neighbourhood were under construction.

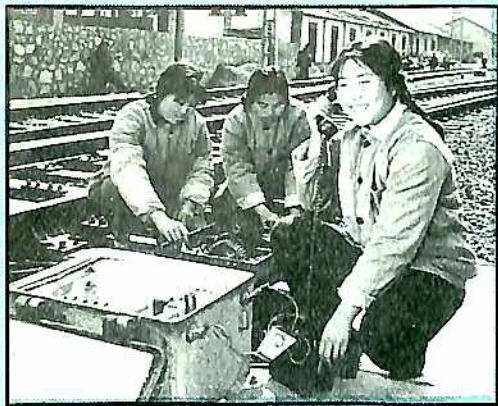
On our way through the housing area of the brigade, we saw brick houses amongst the trees. Within this area are also machine-repairing workshops, warehouses, office buildings, a store, a canteen and a clinic. Pointing towards a grassy hillside, Barter said, "Let's visit Cranny Handjuba. She suffered a great deal under the old society."

The old woman lives in a small community with two other families. Their houses are surrounded by the

pasture ground of a stock farm where flocks of sheep and cattle graze freely. Vegetables and squash were growing in the small plots behind their single-storey houses. Granny Handjuba greeted us enthusiastically, made us sit on the *kang**, gave us tea with milk to drink with and plied us with all kinds of delicious dairy produce. It was a busy day for her because her son-in-law and grandson were both at home. She must have been over 70, but was still in good health. The four members of her family share three rooms and their household possessions include rugs, a trunk, a sewing machine, a radio and a clock. She said, "I used to live in a yurt in dire poverty. I never dreamed that I would ever lead such a happy life as I do today."

We were told that when Granny Handjuba was young she lived in a weather-beaten yurt, and during storms the felt patches on the top of the yurt would sometimes blow away, letting the rain in. Life was worse in winter. A gynaecological complaint had prevented her from having children but, after liberation of the pasturelands in 1947, she adopted a girl who later got married and had a son. We said good-bye to her at the door as the sun sank on the horizon.

* A brick bed which can be heated in winter.



Members of the "March 8th Signal Team" of the Xi'an Railway Administration in Shaanxi Province. Their high sense of responsibility and error-free operations help to keep railway traffic in good order.

Behind us we could see an electric light glowing in her room. She has seen great changes in her lifetime.

A FLOURISHING POPULATION

As we drove through the north-eastern part of the region, the pastureland stretched before us as far as the eye could see. We arrived at the Erdengol Brigade where a general medical survey of women below 50 and children below 7 was being made by a medical team sent from Xilinhot League in co-ordination with the local health centre. A team member informed me with delight that the incidence of various diseases had greatly decreased and the grasslands population had increased in size. In the past miscarriage and infant mortality were very widespread, but that time has gone for good now, she added.

At the centre, one old lady told me, "I gave birth to four children, but only one survived. Whenever I got pregnant I would still have to carry on working for the herdowners from dawn till dusk, doing housework during the day and milking cows in the evening. That was why I miscarried so often." Her husband chimed in, "The reason why our only child survived was because we acted secretly to save his life at birth."

Before liberation, the poverty-stricken herdsmen were not only subjected to oppression by the nobles and herdowners, but they were also the victims of superstitious beliefs and backward customs. At that time, women were not allowed to give birth in the yurt because every family had a statue of Buddha at home and it was believed that he would be offended to see a woman giving birth. In poor families, therefore, babies were delivered in the animal pens or outside the yurt on a piece of cow skin and, as a consequence, mothers often caught infections and babies died. "When my wife was about to give birth the last time," the old man continued, "I secretly moved the statue of Buddha from our yurt out to the field after I had kowtowed to him and asked his permission to let my wife give birth inside the yurt. Can you guess who that sole survivor is? He's Banderegqi, the present Party secretary of this brigade. Ha, ha, ha..." The old man's long grey beard wagged as he roared with laughter.

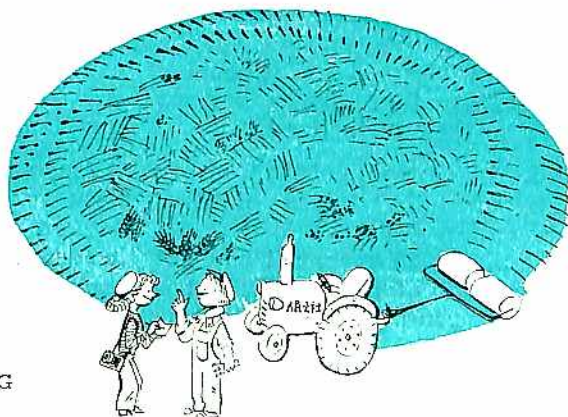
At that moment Banderegqi came to the centre from the stockfarm with his wife Gajidma. They invited me to visit the brigade's maternity ward. Gajidma told me on the way, "I gave birth to all my six children in the maternity ward and each time I had a good rest after the delivery, and good care was taken of my babies. Now my younger children are studying in the school over there." Looking in the direction to which she pointed, I saw a primary school and heard cheerful voices inside.

We walked through the pastures which were covered with flowers and went down a grassy slope, reaching the maternity ward which was housed in a big brick building with a row of double-glazed windows.

Inside the clean and bright delivery room, there was a white operating table and sterilized instruments for obstetrics. Rows of western medicines in boxes and bottles and locally-collected Chinese medicinal herbs were neatly arranged on the shelves of the dispensary. In the ward a nurse was looking after a newly-delivered baby while its mother looked on smilingly. Another mother was walking to the door with Yangjima, the midwife, holding a baby in her arms. The proud father, who was waiting outside, immediately took the baby in his arms and peeped at it through the blanket surrounding it.

Banderegqi said to me, "This maternity ward is the first of its kind in the pasturelands. Yanjima has delivered 126 babies who are all in good health. In the past a scattered population and limited traffic facilities in the area meant that it was very difficult for expectant mothers to get a midwife in time. The brigade sent Yanjima to learn obstetrics, and she set up a mobile maternity ward on her return. This mobile ward consisted of erecting a 'maternity yurt' wherever a woman was about to give birth. All the other brigades in the Banner followed this example. Each year all the midwives take part on a rotation basis in study-classes organized by the Banner's health centre."

"I used only to serve my family, but now I serve the entire brigade."



Drawn by MIAO YINTANG

New Victories for the Table Tennis Team

XIAO XINGGUO



The Chinese women's team, title holder of the women's team event at the 35th WTTC.

AT the 35th World Table Tennis Championships held in Pyongyang in 1979, the Chinese women won the first place in the team event and walked away with the titles of the women's singles, women's doubles and mixed doubles. Once again they have brought honour to their motherland.

Ge Xin'ai, champion of the women's singles and the mixed doubles, played an important role in the team event. She is 26 years old and has a unique style of playing. With her right hand pen-holding the bat, she cuts the ball with varied and powerful spins. She has a cunning and well-placed service and moves fast and easily. In the finals of the team

event at the 33rd WTTC in 1975, she beat both Hyun Sook Chung and Ailesa Lee of South Korea. This was most unexpected. She performed splendidly in the recent championships, eliminating five opponents to win the singles title. She won the mixed doubles event with her partner Liang Geliang.

Among those taking part in the team event was the 28-year-old veteran player Zhang Li. She is left-handed and is particularly good at backhand shots and forehand smashes. She joined the National Training Team in 1965 and since then she has been training hard to prepare herself for winning honour for the motherland. Between 1971 and 1979

she took part in five world championships and, in co-operation with her team-mates, won the titles of three team events. She was placed first in the women's singles at two Asian Games. At the recent world championships, she gained the decisive point in the women's team finals when she and Zhang Deying played a smooth, co-operative game together.

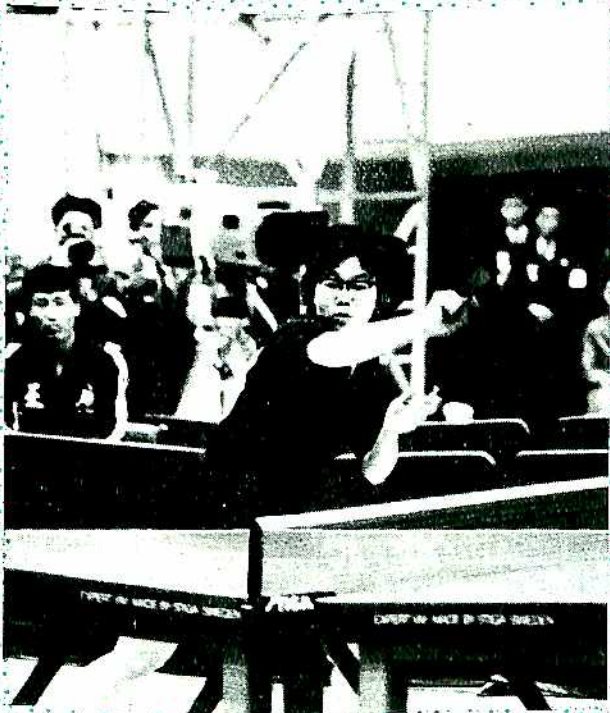
Zhang Deying, 26, is a bold and vigorous player, always on the offensive. She plays a fast game with powerful pushes and smashes, and is particularly skilled at high-toss services. She was a major member of the Chinese team in the 34th WTTC in 1977. At the recent 35th WTTC, she did not lose a single match, winning three points in the team finals. She partnered Zhang Li in the doubles finals and they won the title.

Another player in the Chinese team is Cao Yanhua who is only 17. She plays a forceful game, pen-holding the bat in her right hand. Over the last two years she has progressed remarkably both within China and abroad. Last year, in the Asian Championships, she won the title of the women's singles by defeating the former world champion Pak Yong Sun of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea. She was listed by the International Table Tennis Federation as the No. 19 seeded woman player. She tackled several strong teams, including the Japanese, in the recent World Championships and, like the other Chinese players, achieved outstanding results there.

Chinese Women's



Ge Xin'ai, champion of the women's singles.



Ge Xin'ai in action.



Young Markswoman GAO QING Sets a New Record

SHI LING

AT the 4th National Games of the People's Liberation Army held in Beijing in May, 1979, 20-year-old Gao Qing scored 593 points in the central-fire pistol 25 m. event, the world record being 592 points.

The daughter of a worker, Gao Qing joined the PLA in 1977 and began training for this event in November 1978. Over the past six months she has practised hard and rigorously. She does various exercises every day to strengthen her arms, and although her back sometimes aches after standing for long hours, she still continues to practise aiming and timing, never allowing herself to waste a single bullet. She perseveres with her daily practising even she gets chilblains on her hands in the winter time. This dedication and disciplined hard work have helped her to win the new record.



The Beijing Municipal Intermediate People's Court in session on March 10, 1979.

«MARRIAGE AND FAMILY»

*“You Should Value
Your Marriage.”*

ZHONG XIU

The Presiding Judge and the Deputy Presiding Judge of the civil court answer questions from WOMEN OF CHINA's staff reporter.



EARLY this year, the Beijing Municipal Intermediate People's Court accepted an appeal from Liu who asked the court to grant him a divorce from his wife Ren.

Liu, 48, is an office worker in Haidian District, Beijing. In February last year, he went to the Haidian District People's Court to ask for a divorce from his wife. His reasons for this action were that his parents had chosen his wife for him and he felt there was no affection between them. He was quoted as saying, "I don't see any point in going on in this way."

The court investigated the case and, after careful study, came to the conclusion that although the parties involved had not established ties of affection before marriage, their 27 years of married life had been comparatively harmonious. Since this was the case, the court decided that granting a divorce would not solve the problem and dropped the case. But Liu rejected the decision and appealed to the Municipal Intermediate People's Court.

38 People Interviewed

After Liu's case was heard by the Intermediate Court, a panel of three judges, Mei Lin, Liu Shuqun and Jiang Jishun, was appointed to deal with the case. The presiding judge, Mei Lin, is a 45-year-old woman with more than 20 years of experience in court. The judges examined the files and went to the couple's home village, to the organi-

zation where Liu works and to the neighbourhood service centre in Haidian where Ren holds a job. Altogether they interviewed 38 people who knew the Lius very well after their marriage.

Both peasants, Liu and Ren married in 1951. Although it had been an arranged marriage, neither of them voiced any objection when they went to get their marriage registered. Their life after marriage was happy and they had three children, all of whom are now working. In 1953 Liu went to a vocational training school to study and became an administrative officer in the city after his graduation. In September 1976 Liu moved his family from their country home in Yuanyangshui Village to a new home near his office. In May 1977 Liu suddenly asked Ren for a divorce which she immediately refused to give. So Liu took his case to court.

Public Reactions

The Liu family had lived in the village for 25 years before they moved to the city. The news that they might divorce came to their village as a surprise and was received with general disapproval. "He was often away from home," said the village Party secretary Liu Puyi. "Ren worked in the fields and had to take care of the three children as well. She was thrifty with the money her husband sent home and saved enough to pay for three new rooms to be added over the years. The children have grown up now. I believe Liu doesn't want a peasant wife any more now that he's an office worker in the city. If he were still a peasant and Ren wanted a divorce, he would get down on his knees and beg her to stay." Liu Ruimei, head of the women's organization in the village, said, "I don't know what Liu means by saying their marriage isn't happy, but I just think he's started to feel ashamed of having a peasant wife." "The people's court must protect women and speak on their behalf," commune member Liu Pugui said. "Ren is not used to speaking in public and she won't be a match for Liu in court."



Judge Mei Lin (left) making inquiries in the village of Yuanyangshui, the home village of the litigants. She is sitting on a kang in a villager's home.

Liu's 77-year-old mother said sadly, "They're both nearly 50 and now he's started talking about divorce. He ought to think of the children and the family should try to stay together."

Liu's elder son is a middle-school teacher. He had written a long letter to his father criticizing him for wanting a divorce. Liu's younger son and daughter went to see him every month to try and talk him round.

Liu's colleagues strongly disapproved of his action and thought that his demand for a divorce was not justified. One of them said, "Liu even moved his family from the country to the city and that says a lot. If things hadn't been right at home he would have left them behind in the country." They told the investigating judges, "They got along quite well in the city for the first six months or so but now he wants a divorce. No doubt he thinks his wife just isn't good enough for him any more." Some even talked with him for long periods of time, trying to persuade him to settle it out of court.

In times of crisis women are usually supportive to each other, and in this case, all Ren's women colleagues at the neighbourhood service centre where she works had good reason to stand up for her.

"It's no use talking about equality between men and women if a husband is allowed to get rid of his old wife once he gets to a higher posi-

tion," they protested. "Without Ren's help, Liu just wouldn't have been able to study and work and have a family at the same time. Now he looks down on this peasant wife of his. He's really ungrateful!"

Judge Mei Lin had separate talks with the couple and tried to reconcile them. Ren wept sadly as she recounted their married life over the last 23 years. "I would accept a divorce if I had done anything wrong, but I didn't," she said bitterly. Liu was cold and adamant throughout.

Before the Court

Having completed the investigations, the Intermediate People's Court fixed March 10 as the date for the proceedings. On that day at 8:30, after the two litigants, the representatives of the organizations where they work and a cross-section of the public were seated in the courtroom, Judge Mei Lin opened the proceedings by announcing the composition of the panel of judges and the main facts based on their investigations. When asked why he wanted a divorce Liu reiterated that their marriage was unhappy.

"How do you get along with your husband?" Judge Mei Lin asked Ren.

The wife had dispelled a lot of her feelings of bitterness by then. She braced herself and replied, "When I was living in the village with the children, I used to keep all the food he likes best and wouldn't touch it till he came home. He often helped



The panel of judges in session.

me with the work in our private plot while he was home for a visit."

"Will you accept this divorce?" the judge asked.

"No . . . we are not young; we have children. Besides, I believe I still love him."

People representing the organizations connected with each litigant were called upon to express their opinions in turn. They recommended reconciliation and at the same time pointed out both sides' shortcomings. Liu was advised by his colleagues to consider seriously whether he was ashamed of having a peasant wife. "Here's a family which has lived together for many years. Why break it up?" argued one of them. Several others advised Liu to consider the harmful effects of divorce on his wife, children and his own mother, and to stop doing as he liked. Ren's fellow-workers criticized her for not being very considerate towards her mother-in-law. "Quarreling is bound to damage family ties," one of her colleagues said.

At 10 o'clock, the judges adjourned to discuss the case in camera. They came to the conclusion that since the plaintiff had failed to refute any of the facts presented by Ren, her account of their happy marriage was true despite the fact that Liu wanted a divorce. Liu's behaviour reflect-

ed a change in his thinking which had taken a mistaken direction as a result of his promotion — behaviour contrary to communist moral standards. Since Liu holds a public office, he should sort out his domestic problems using a socialist approach instead of thinking only about himself and plunging his wife and children into misery. The panel unanimously agreed to uphold the lower court's decision and rejected the plaintiff's appeal.

Verdict

At 10:30 the court re-convened. The litigants were given another opportunity to present their views. Since both parties had nothing new to say and declared their readiness to submit to the court's decision, Mei Lin proceeded to announce the panel's verdict: ". . . Although there was a lack of mutual understanding before marriage, their married life over the last 27 years has on the whole been satisfactory. Liu should value his marriage and take into consideration the happiness of the children and refrain from insisting on a divorce. It is to be hoped that both the husband and the wife will be considerate towards each other and do their best to improve family relations, work for unity and contribute to the building of socialism. The Intermediate Court

upholds the decision of the Haidian District People's Court and rejects the plaintiff's appeal. The decision is final. Any appeal to a higher court will not be accepted."

Liu and Ren both accepted the court's ruling.

The writer was at the hearing throughout the case. I interviewed Li Qun, the Presiding Judge of the Municipal Intermediate People's Civil Court, Beijing, and her deputy Judge Wang Shuwei, both women.

Reporter: "Under what circumstances would a divorce case reach the court?"

Judge Wang: "When one party insists on a divorce or both parties agree to a divorce but there are disputes about property or children, then they will go to court. After liberation, the state promulgated the Marriage Law to get rid of feudal marriage, bring about equality between the sexes and ensure the right to free choice in marriage. Economic and cultural advances and people's socialist awareness over the following years have cut down divorce cases to a minimum. A divorce agreed upon by both parties is finalized by the local Marriage Registration Office. The court only handles disputes and in many cases tries to bring about a reconciliation.

Reporter: "Do you agree with the judges' ruling on Liu's case?"

Judge Li: "Yes, we do. Our Constitution and Marriage Law protect the interests of women and children. The latter, in particular, guarantees the freedom to ask for a divorce, but in the interest of the parties involved, and of the children and the society as a whole, it rules against precipitous action. Liu's reason for divorce was not adequate although obviously he thought otherwise. There is reason to believe they can make up their differences through mutual help and understanding. Now that the court has ruled on the case the task of helping them, especially Liu, to re-establish their marriage is left to the leaders and comrades of their respective organizations."

Extraordinary Work in an Ordinary Post

Stories About Super-Grade Teacher Si Xia

GU PING



Si Xia, the veteran teacher.

During a break between lessons.



"Start from the dot on the left." Si Xia teaching handwriting.

Si Xia, a 70-year-old woman teacher of nationwide renown, has taught for over 50 years in a primary school attached to the Nanjing Teacher's College. A teacher all her life, she has gained a great deal of experience in teaching schoolchildren. There are many stories about her, and here we present just a few of them.

Pupils Are Their Own Masters

Si Xia is very aware that it is not easy for lively and physically energetic 1st-grade pupils to sit still and listen attentively for 45 minutes without a break. She often stops teaching in the middle of a lesson to let the children relax for a while, allowing them to get some exercise or sing before resuming class.

She is of the opinion that even 1st-grade pupils, those just entering school, already know about quite a few things, and that it is not right to immediately start trying to cram new things into them. She thinks that pupils are their own masters in regard to study and should be encouraged to think over what they already know, and that they should be helped to develop their powers of comprehension and acquire new knowledge on that basis.

For instance, when attempting to show her pupils the different shades of meaning in the use of the word "full," she will ask them to make sentences containing that word. On one such occasion, a pupil said, "There's a full ear of wheat," and another said, "There's a full pod of peas." Si Xia approved both sentences. Then squaring her own shoulders, her head held high, she walked smartly to the door, turned around and, eyes sparkling, looked at her pupils, then asked, "How do I look?" Several pupils answered in chorus, "Full of energy!" She said, "Now let me see what you look like." The pupils were quick to take the hint, straightened their backs, looked bright and alert, and in this way, learned a new interpretation of the word "full"—to pay full attention in class.

Once, Si Xia asked the pupils to say what they thought about a recitation given by one of their classmates. One commented that it was good except

that the sound "sheng" was pronounced without curling the tongue. Si Xia was pleased with the answer, for it showed the children could detect even a slight error of pronunciation.

The word "motherland" cannot be fully explained in a few words, and when Si Xia asked, "Who can tell me the meaning of the word 'motherland'?" one pupil replied, "It is a country." She then presented the word in the following context: "Among those who visit our school are friends from Japan and the United States of America. Can we call the countries from which they came our motherland?" This time many pupils answered almost simultaneously, "No, motherland means one's own country." Si Xia said, "Yes, our motherland is our native land where our parents and forefathers were born and grew up."

Enlightenment and Guidance

Si Xia believes that in addition to helping pupils to acquire knowledge, a teacher should also pay attention to their moral development. To do this, it is necessary to know each pupil individually and establish a bond with them. She is very good at this and knows her pupils very well. They in turn feel very close to her. Before taking in the newcomers as 1st-graders in the autumn, Si Xia has already made friends with them. For she makes it a rule to visit the children's homes during the school's summer vacation, learn something about the extent of their knowledge, their interests and habits, the conditions under which they live and their

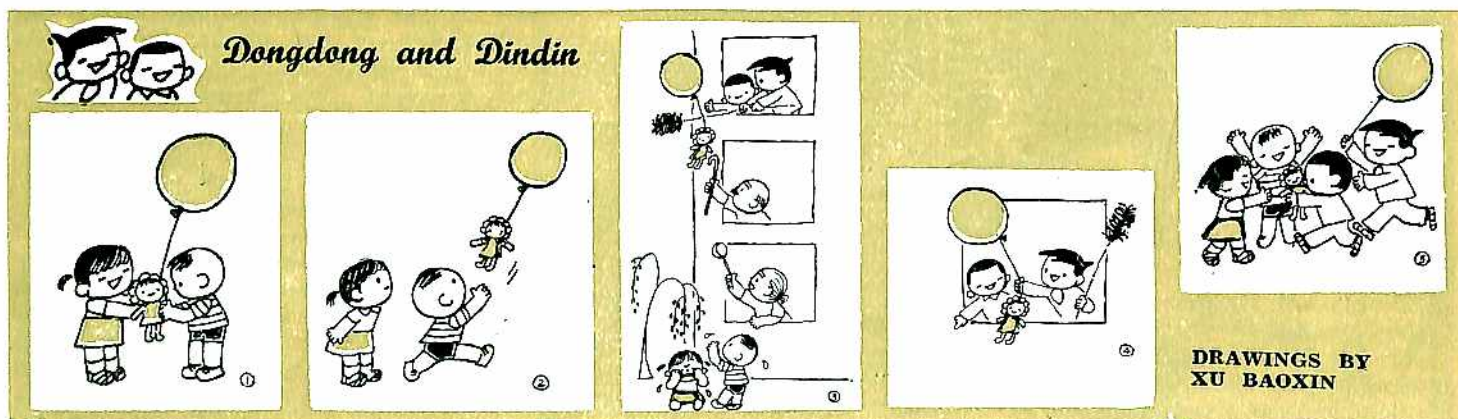
family circumstances. She is thus able to address all her pupils by name on their first day in school, and when the newcomers enter the classroom they feel they are with a friend and begin their school life happily. Between school periods, Si Xia mixes with pupils. Weather permitting, she goes with them to a park, where they row boats, sing songs or tell stories. She thus cements the friendship started in their family surroundings and cultivated during the course of their study.

Si Xia avoids the use of harsh language when criticizing a child's shortcomings. She always tries to persuade the pupils to correct their own mistakes by patiently explaining and reasoning with them and guiding them to distinguish right from wrong. A girl student, Yu Hong, was a promising pupil of good character but she was a little complacent, did not offer to help others, and was unhappy when anyone did better than herself. Si Xia talked gently with her, and then asked her some questions: How should you behave towards your classmates who find lessons difficult, who are not so good as yourself at studying? And how should you behave to those who have caught up with you or become better than you? A few days later, Si Xia was pleased to see Yu Hong explaining the details of a lesson to a classmate during play-time.

Li Kangkang, another of her pupils, was a clever but careless boy, and Si Xia helped him to correct this shortcoming. She started by asking him to do a number of simple jobs which needed careful attention, such as

putting the exercise books in order, carrying a thermos bottle, etc. He did these jobs well. One day, he blushed with shame when asked to compare the badly written characters in his own copybook with the neat and tidy work of a classmate. Si Xia then asked him to try and be more careful in future. After that Kangkang made marked progress to the pleasure and pride of his mother who exclaimed, "My Kangkang is much more careful now!"

One day, a pupil cried bitterly because someone had torn a page from her textbook. The young teacher in charge of the class was very upset and started a serious investigation to try and find the culprit. This frightened the wrong doer, and no one would admit to having done it. Si Xia was asked to try and solve the problem. She started by gently explaining to the children that each one should take good care of his own textbooks and respect those of the others. Then she added, "A page has been torn out of the book. This is not a good thing, but anyone can make a mistake and do something wrong. All of us do wrong sometime or other. So let's not worry about the page too much. The thing that really matters is that someone has done something wrong. To see that one has done wrong is to make progress, and this is something to be welcomed..." She had scarcely finished saying this when a pupil stood up and said he had torn out the page. Encouraged by the teacher, he apologized to the owner of the book and nothing more was said. It was a good lesson to all concerned.



Her Greatest Happiness

Si Xia receives letters from all over the country. Many come from primary school teachers and parents who are seeking advice on different aspects of children's education. Some are from her former students now doing various kinds of work. They invariably remember their first teacher with gratitude.

One such letter was from Lin Peilin who works in Wuhan Teacher's College. He said, "I was one of your students 40 years ago. I don't think you still remember me, but I continue to cherish a loving memory of you. You have left an indelible impression on me. . . . My colleagues and I work in a teaching and research group, and we plan to compile a book on teaching practice. There are many things on which we would like to consult you, an expert with a very long practical experience in this field. We hope to come and see you in Nanjing in a few days' time. What a wonderful chance this is going to be of meeting my beloved teacher again! How I wish I could fly to you right now!"

Over the last few years, the department of education constantly requests Si Xia to demonstrate teaching methods to young primary school teachers who come specially to Nanjing from other parts of the country. She thus helps them to raise their professional skill and thereby improve the standard of education of thousands of children. Newspapers have carried many articles publicizing her advanced methods and rich teaching experience. She has won the trust and respect of the state and the people, and has been cited as an "Advanced Worker in Child Education," and a "March 8th Red-Banner Pace-setter." Last year, she was appointed a "Super-Grade Teacher."

When asked whether she was considering retirement, Si Xia insisted that she wanted to continue working. She said, "It is my greatest happiness to be able to take part in building China into a powerful socialist country, and to train youngsters for the realization of China's modernization programme. Though I am 70 now, I'll continue to live among the children."



Cui Yuzhu in the dance she created herself — "The Golden Paddy Seeds."

CUI YUZHU —an Outstanding Dancer

WANG SUXIN

IT was an exciting day at the Tumen Middle School in 1950 when several talent hunters from the Song and Dance Troupe of the Yanbian Korean Autonomous Zhou came to the school to recruit promising young artists. The art teachers and a number of students watched with keen interest as the candidates performed one after the other before the panel of examiners. Sixteen-year-old Cui Yuzhu was prodded by her schoolmates to perform because they knew she had been fond of music since childhood. However, she didn't know how to dance. Despite that, and with the encouragement of her schoolmates, she proceeded to perform the last section of some limber-

ing-up exercises which all students do between classes. All her schoolmates were falling over themselves with laughter, but the director of the troupe had been seriously watching her performance all along. In the end, to everybody's surprise, only one student in the whole school passed the test — Cui Yuzhu. As she did the exercises the director could see that she possessed the lithe figure, the suppleness and the sense of rhythm which are the signs of a promising young trainee.

Once in the troupe, Cui Yuzhu thought that as long as she could dance, she would automatically become an actress without any effort.

So in class she only did what the teacher assigned her and no more. Two months were soon over and Cui Yuzhu had made no obvious progress. The troupe director was disappointed and thought that she would never make a dancer. He decided to send her back to her school so that she might resume her studies and not waste any more of her time there.

The decision came to her as a great shock and she was heartbroken. It was only then that she realized how fond she was of dancing. She deeply regretted the two months of wasted time. The day after she was told of the decision, the troupe went off on a performing tour and she was left behind alone to complete the formalities for leaving the troupe. However, instead of doing as she was told, she made up her mind on that very day to start practising all the basic dancing movements until she could do them perfectly.

Yanji City, where the troupe is based, is in Jilin Province, northeast China. At the time we are now writing about, the troupe had its base in the countryside. Cui Yuzhu lived alone with a peasant family. She went every morning to a bare classroom in a primary school situated outside the village to practise. It was the coldest time in the depths of winter, and heavy snow fell frequently. Cui Yuzhu would cover her head with her arms for protection against the freezing wind as she walked to the school. Recalling in minute detail the teacher's instructions over the last two months, she practised unceasingly. Day after day, week after week, she persevered, but severe cold and great strain took their toll. Her knees became red and swollen. Every time she bent them she suffered, and every dancing step she took meant untold pain for her. But even so she never stopped practising. At night when she lay down on the *kang*, her body ached all over. She was only young and missed her family badly, and at the same time she was deeply worried about the uncertainties of her future. Pulling the quilt over her head, she would cry and cry until she finally fell asleep. Yet, the next morning, she would jump down

from the *kang* as soon as she awoke, wipe her face with a wet towel, and then run off for the school to begin practising again.

Two months later the troupe returned from its performance tour. Its members were very surprised to see that Cui Yuzhu was still there. They crowded around her and asked her why she had not left. Cui Yuzhu told them that she had been training all that time alone and going over the basic movements to perfect them. The director asked her to demonstrate before the 100 or so members of the troupe. Cui Yuzhu danced earnestly, knowing that this was a crucial moment. She was taken back into the troupe again amidst loud applause.

Smiling and bowing deeply, Cui Yuzhu thanked all those around her, her eyes wet with joyous tears. From then on, she would never allow herself to relax. She gained experience from routine stage performances and would seize every possible opportunity to deepen her knowledge of basic movements by studying from senior colleagues. At the same time she continued to train rigorously to perfect her art and, towards this aim, she took lessons in piano-playing and painting, and studied sculpture and graphic art. She was often completely lost in studying and practising and sometimes would forget to eat or sleep. Everybody in the troupe talked of the overworked "Akjili" as she was called, which means a stoical character in Korean. The director of the troupe sent her to several big singing and dancing troupes in the capital to improve her techniques. This helped to pave the way for her choreographic endeavours at a later stage.

The Yanbian Song and Dance Troupe often went to factories and the countryside to give performances. When in the countryside, they would stay in villagers' houses and work with them in the fields, transplanting rice seedlings or harvesting paddy. In the evening, after the day's work, they would perform on the threshing grounds, or in the fields, which were sometimes covered with snow. They even performed in homes.

The Korean minority people are very fond of music and dancing. One of their most popular dances is "Happy Farmers," a traditional folk dance which depicts farmers working happily in the fields. Whenever this dance was performed, the old popular artists and villagers in the audience can't help mounting the stage to join in the dancing. When the stage can no longer hold all the people wanting to join in, they would follow the performance in the audience, happily nodding and swaying in time to the music. The orchestra would play the familiar joyful tune and everybody both on and off the stage would have a thoroughly good time.

Cui Yuzhu took part in every performance of the troupe, and exhilarating scenes like that are always rich sources of inspiration for her. She learned a great deal from the popular folk artists and, together with them, collected many folk tunes and dances. She adapted them to create her own works.

Once, when performing in the countryside, she was deeply moved by the great devotion to work shown by the girls who were raising pigs. To eulogize their faithfulness to duty, she composed the dance "The Girls Who Raise Pigs." The experiences she gained through participation in manual labour have provided her with themes for the many new dances she has composed in recent years. Her works are in typical national style and vividly reflect the life of the working people.

The "Irrigation Dance," one of her most popular works, depicts in lyrical song and dance the vital work of an old man who looks after crop-watering. With timely and proper irrigation, the crops, personified, are growing happily. They are grieved when they wither and, after irrigation, rejoice at the prospect of bumper harvests. Cui's husband is also a dancer and plays the part of the old man in the "Irrigation Dance."

Cui Yuzhu often takes the leading role in the dance she created herself, "The Golden Paddy Seeds" which depicts joyous harvesting scenes. She is now an established dancer-choreographer in her troupe.

*Spirited
Graceful
Lively*

Photos by CHENG JINGJING



Li Lok Sun, choreographer-dancer of "Harvest Celebration," brings new vitality to this charming folk dance of Korean origin. Playing the long-drum is a feature of the dance.



"Happy Farmers" is a Korean folk dance in which the male dancers twirl the white ribbons attached to their hats in time to the lively, rhythmic sound of the women's hand-drums.

The "Irrigation Dance."

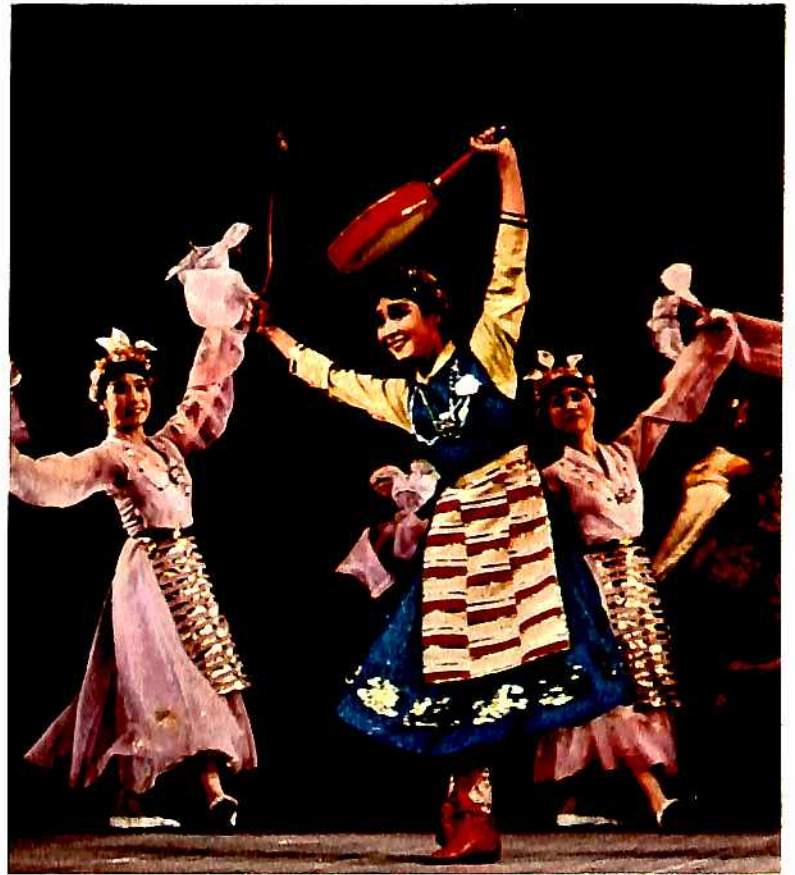


Sketches by LI KEYU



"We Will Never Forget" is a Tibetan dance which portrays a girl's fond memories of the late Premier Zhou Enlai.

A pas de deux: "The Rice is Ripe."



"Come on!" a Yi dance showing happy girls going to market and delighting in the beautiful scenery on their way.





Pear Blossom

Adapted and illustrated by FEI SHENGFU

1. I had been painting in the Ailao Mountains all day and it was not until sunset that my companion of Hani nationality succeeded in tearing me away from my work. "We must find shelter before nightfall," he urged me. So we went on our way, and suddenly caught sight of a little hut tucked away in the deep shade of some pear trees.

2. A sign on the door of the hut said, "Please enter!" As we walked inside, we found a jar of water, some rice, salt, and pepper there, and a message on the wall: "Help yourself!"



4. "Oh, no, I'm not your host. I'm like you, a traveller. I live on the other side of the mountain in a Yao village. I stayed here overnight one evening last month when I was out hunting and I came back this time to bring the owner of the hut some rice."



5. To satisfy our curiosity, the old man told us that the owner of the hut was said to be a little Hani girl named Pear Blossom who supplied provisions and shelter for travellers passing by.





6. We felt we should do our part to serve the other travellers by tidying the room before we left. I started to paint a picture of the little hut as a memento of our stay there. Presently a group of girls came up the path. The one in the lead had a bamboo water-carrier on her back.



9. "My sister was very moved by their words and from then on she would often bring firewood and water to the hut for travellers' use. She has been doing this for several years."

10. "Where do you and your sister live and what's your sister's name?" I asked. "Pear Blossom," the girl said. "She's married and gone to live with her husband on the other side of the mountain."

11. We now knew what had happened. These girls had taken over Pear Blossom's tasks after she had left to get married.



7. "Pear Blossom," the old man shouted, "thank you for your kindness to us travellers." With a ripple of laughter the girl replied, "I'm not Pear Blossom, and it wasn't I who built the hut."



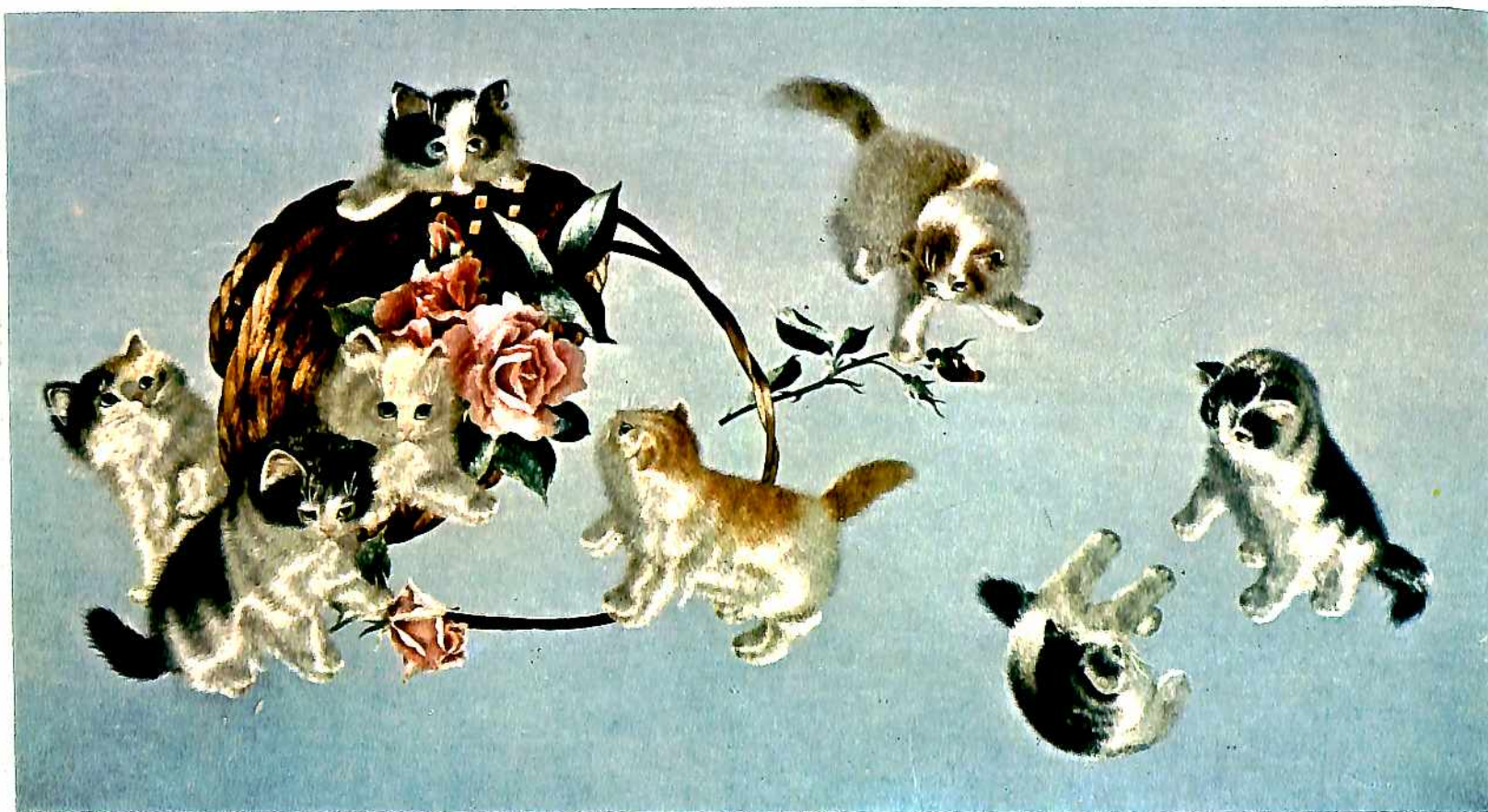
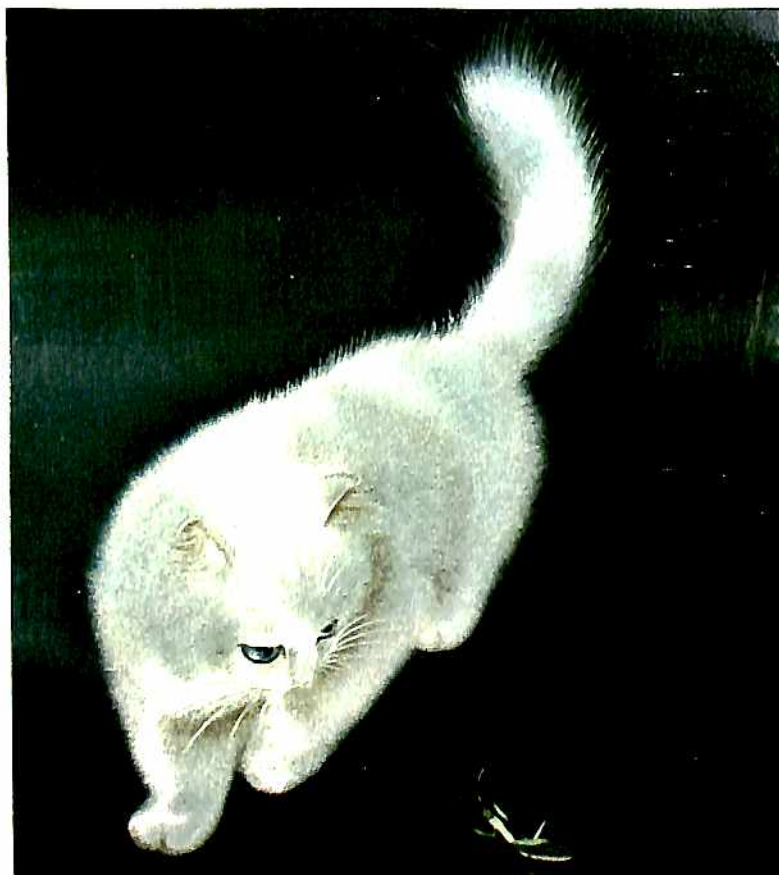
8. "Ten years ago, a squad of PLA soldiers were held up here in a heavy rain and they built this hut just before they left," the girl explained. "My sister passed by while they were building it and she asked them if they were going to stay. They replied, 'No, we are leaving, but other travellers will need it.'"



12. Whenever I look at my painting of the little hut, I remember those lovely and generous girls whom people likened affectionately to sweet white pear blossom.

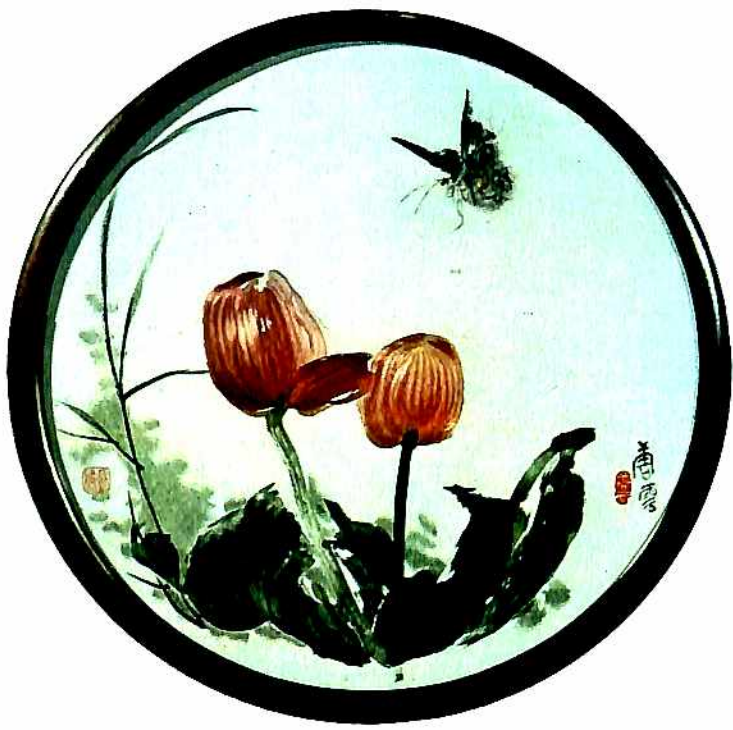


Suzhou Embroidery





*New Look
for an Old Art*

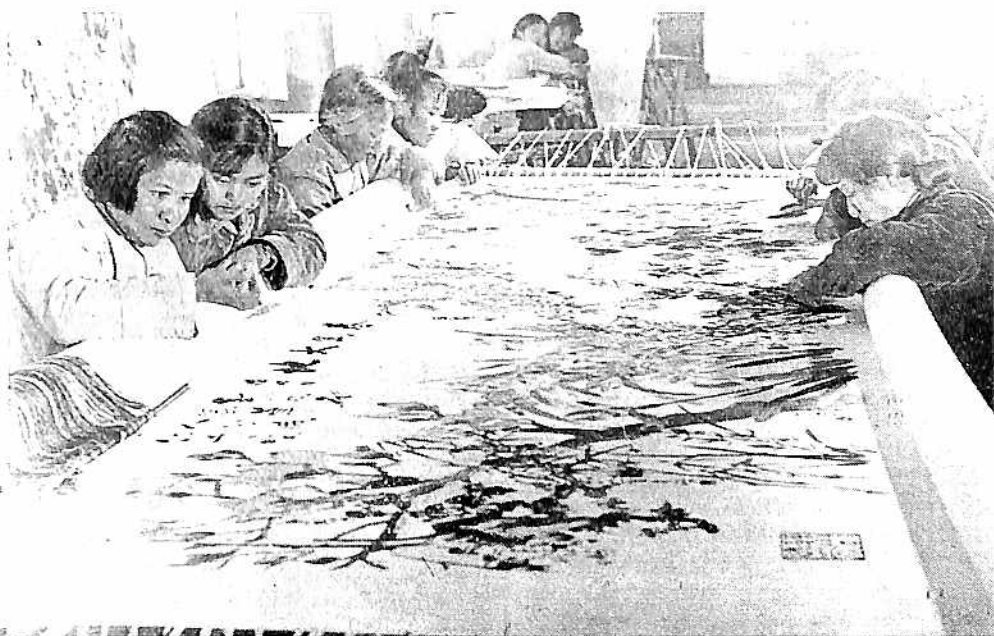


Suzhou Embroidery



Photos by
WANG GUANMIN,
ZHAO ZHISHUO

*Kittens embroidered with
thread split into 48 strands.*



New

Look

for an Old Art

Gu Wenxia (first left), author of this article, embroidering a huge wall decoration entitled "Spring Comes Back to Earth" together with her fellow workers.

GU WENXIA Chief Embroideress of the Suzhou
Research Institute of Embroidery

SUZHOU embroidery ranks as one of the four most famous embroidery schools in China, the other three being the schools of Xiang (Hunan), Yue (Guangdong) and Shu (Sichuan). They each specialize in different styles of embroidery executed on a great variety of materials including gauze, satin and brocade.

Suzhou embroidery is characterized by its exceptionally fine stitching. Silk thread for this style of embroidery is split into 2, 4, 8 or even up to 48 strands, the finest being 1/4th of a hair's thickness.

Double-sided embroidery, a unique feature of the Suzhou school, calls for a special technique which produces a finished work on both sides of the fabric as it is embroidered.

Let me use the example of the "Three Kittens" shown on the previous page. They snuggle together,

their fur fluffy yet sleek, looking attractively life-like. They have clear, blue eyes. On the reverse side of the embroidery, however, their eyes are distinctly yellow. When you walk close to them, they seem to be stirring into life. Their eyes, stitched in 26 different coloured strands, each 1/4th the thickness of a hair, seem to shine and reflect the changing shifts of light.

When I was demonstrating double sided embroidery in Switzerland in 1958, an elderly woman came to watch me five times. She asked me to let her touch the embroidered kittens I was working on, and after making sure that there was no mechanical device underneath the material, said with great excitement, "This is an extraordinary work of art which could only have been created by a very talented people." I feel very proud of being one of the many

embroideresses who are admired and respected for their skills both inside China and abroad.

I was born in 1931 and started my apprenticeship in embroidery when I was only 14. In the old days we embroideresses were poor maids who turned out beautiful wedding dresses for others' use. We worked 13 to 14 hours a day with bad lighting and poor accommodation. Some of us could hardly survive on the meagre income we earned and had to work as housemaids in the homes of the rich.

Now we work in well-lit workshops amidst beautiful surroundings and embroider for our socialist motherland. Our life is secure. In order to raise the level of our professional skills, a research institute has been set up which specializes in creating new forms of embroidery work.

Embroidered consumer and decorative articles such as quilt covers, pillow cases and bed spreads are produced in several factories in Suzhou. Training of young embroideresses is taken on by experienced hands who teach them basic techniques and art teachers who give regular lectures on composition, sketching and colouring. Their Chinese language classes stress art and literature.

We still do embroidery just as we did before liberation and ply the same kind of needle, but how different our life is now! The old generation of embroideresses like me are given opportunities to demonstrate our creative abilities to the full. The "Three Kittens" is the work of 41-year-old Yu Fuzhen who worked on it for six months. She has employed a highly complicated technique to create a refined version of double-sided embroidery in which the colours of the eyes differ on either side. Li Eying, an embroideress since the age of 12, began research work in this art in real earnest after liberation. She spent seven years reading ancient literature on embroidery skills and consequently created 25 new stitches. She has also created many outstanding embroidery designs and has written a book entitled "Stitches in Suzhou Embroidery." Last year she became the Deputy Chief Embroideress of the Institute.

Since the workers have been able to give full expression to their creative talents, the variety of stitches in Suzhou embroidery has increased from 18 to 40 and the silk thread is now available in 6,000 different shades. Besides decorating daily-use articles, embroidery is now a means to copy Chinese traditional paintings, oil paintings and drawings.

At the moment we are embroidering a huge wall decoration entitled "Spring Comes Back to Earth" which is based on the work of 12 famous Chinese painters. They have each painted a different kind of flower and we are reproducing their works of art in silk. Working as a team, we expect to complete it before October so that we, the embroideresses, can present it on the 30th anniversary of People's China.

A Trip to the Youyi

LAST March, soon after the Chinese people scored a victory in their self-defensive counter-attacks, we made a trip to the Youyi Pass (Friendship Pass) located on the Sino-Vietnamese border. Accompanied by Chen, a cadre in the frontier guards, we left Pingxiang in the morning and drove along roads winding up towering mountainsides. Throughout the journey we saw commune members busily at work in the valleys, tilling, transplanting rice shoots or spreading manure. On the way, Chen pointed to a mountain slope opposite and said, "Do you see that mountain? Chinese martyrs who laid down their lives while aiding the Vietnamese people in their revolutionary struggles were buried there. But this time our frontier guards and people living on the border have been killed by Vietnamese guns. They too are buried there." We were deeply stirred by his words.

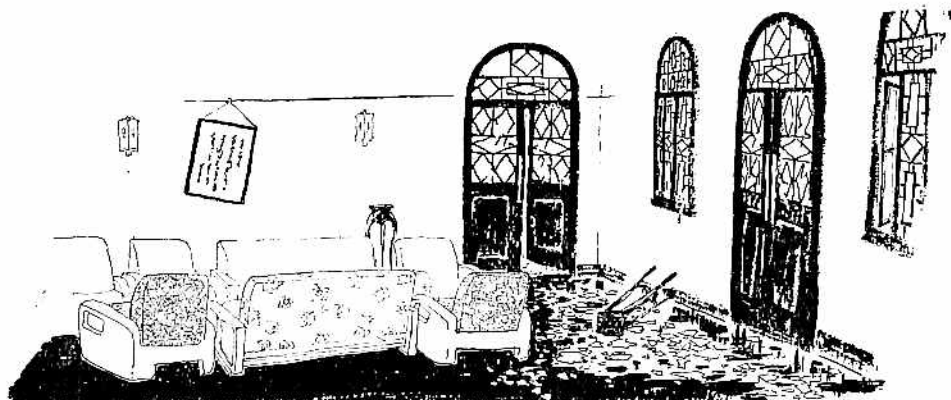
Soon we arrived at the gateway of the Pass, looming above us, magnificent and imposing. This had once been a passageway of friendship linking the peoples of China and Viet Nam and was a symbol of their friendship forged by common struggles. Today this gateway is pitted with bullet

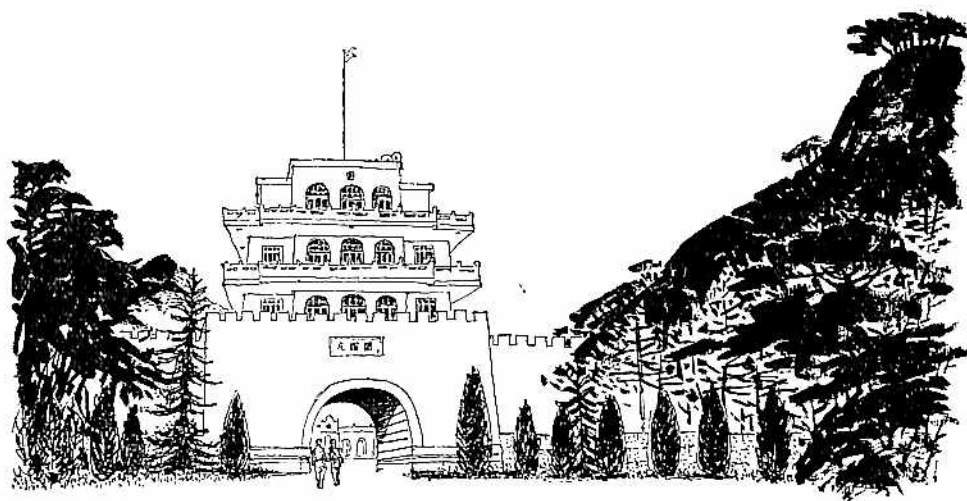


A busy sowing scene on the Chinese side of the Youyi Pass.

holes and the surrounding grounds are disfigured by craters made by Vietnamese shells. . . . We went inside the tower and climbed up to a beautifully decorated reception room. The doors and windows were smashed and broken and a heap of multi-coloured glass fragments littered the floor. This was the place, we were told, where Premier Zhou Enlai and President Ho Chi Minh had

The damaged reception-room at the top of the gateway.





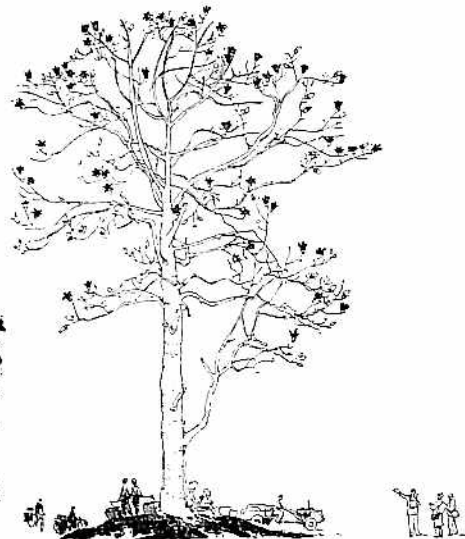
The gateway at the Youyi Pass between China and Viet Nam.

held friendly talks. Even this place of historic significance had not been spared from the Vietnamese gunfire.

Chen told us angrily, "The station at Pingxiang where we came from was built in 1950, and handled hundreds of thousands of tons of materials sent each year by the Chinese people to aid the Vietnamese. Only two years ago, on January 13, Ton Duc Thong, President of the Democratic Republic of Viet Nam, awarded the staff of this railway junction a first-class military medal in appreciation

of their collective efforts. Over 50 of those railway workers and staff members were recently wounded by the armed forces sent out by the Vietnamese authorities.

On our journey we were all impressed by some tall trees with flaming red flowers, and we wanted to know their name. Chen said, "They are kapok trees. The kapok flowers around the gateway were known as flowers of friendship between the peoples of China and Viet Nam. There is a song called 'The Kapok'

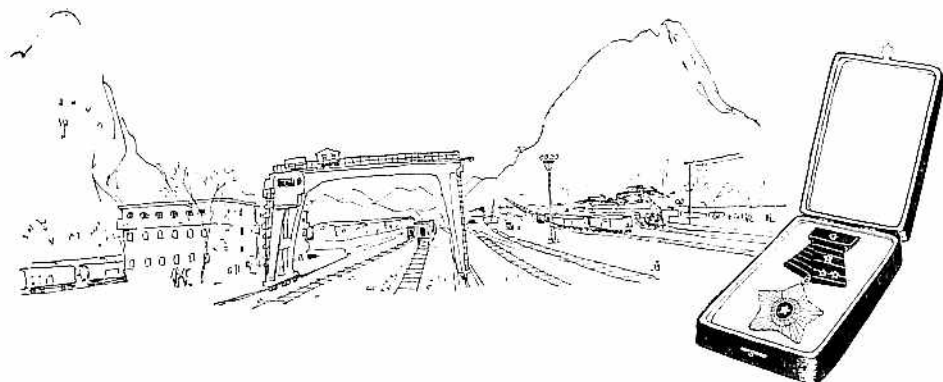


A flowering kapok tree, symbol of long-standing friendship between the peoples of China and Viet Nam.

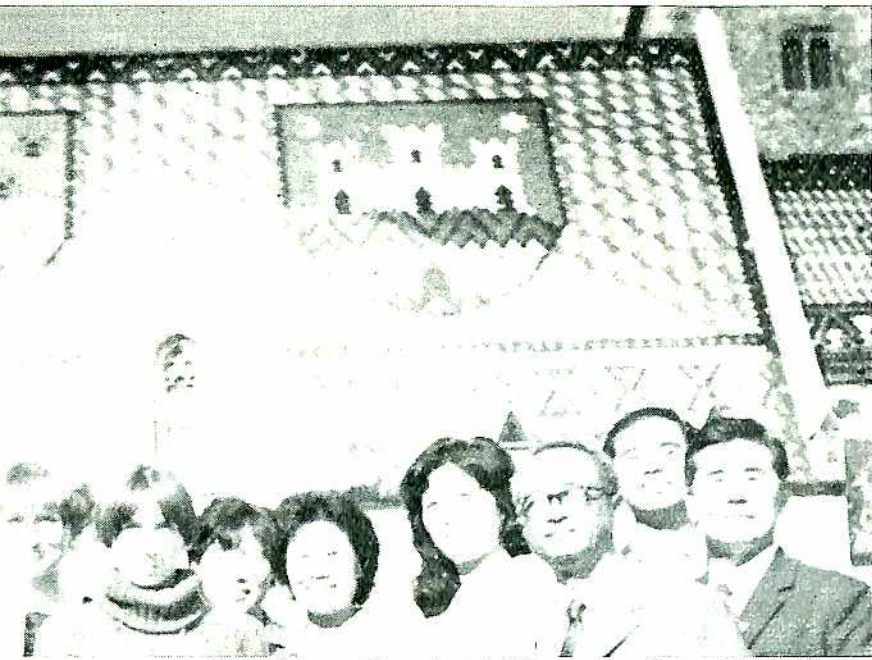
which used to be very popular among the Vietnamese people. It goes: 'Kapok flowers! When I see you blossoming on the border, I think of profound friendship. Kapok flowers! You keep growing generation after generation, a symbol of everlasting friendship. . . .' Now, the Vietnamese authorities claim that the land where these kapok trees grow belongs to Viet Nam. What presumption!" As we looked at these giant flowering trees, a thought occurred to all of us. These red kapok flowers ought only to be a symbol of friendship. How could they ever become a pretext for invasion?

We visited an artillery battalion that afternoon. Some soldiers there were cleaning their weapons, and others were attempting to improve their surroundings. Some pine saplings had been planted around the guns and under one of them, there were Chinese characters made of cobble stones, reading: "A Tree of Friendship." "What does it mean?" we asked. The soldiers answered, "Although we are fighting against the invasion ordered by the Vietnamese authorities, we still cherish the traditional friendship which exists between the peoples of China and Viet Nam. This tree of friendship is our witness!" These words gave us food for thought. It was true, no matter what damage was inflicted on us by the Vietnamese authorities, the friendship between the peoples of China and Viet Nam is everlasting.

The railway station at Pingxiang.



The Chinese Troupe Tours



The Chinese Puppet Art Troupe together with comrades of the Zagreb Puppet Art Troupe.

The Chinese Puppet Art Troupe with comrades of the Ljubljana Puppet Art Troupe of Yugoslavia.



"I Do Hope You'll Get the Prize!"

The puppet show "Monkey Makes Havoc in Heaven" interpreted in Esperanto, was given the "Best Art Award" when the Chinese Puppet Art Troupe, during a friendly visit to Yugoslavia, made its debut last October at the 12th International Drama Festival in Belgrade and the 11th International Puppet Show Festival in Zagreb.

The Chinese mythological show is based on an episode in the classical novel "Pilgrimage to the West," popular among the Chinese people since it was written in the 16th century. The hero of the show is Sun Wukong, a clever and daring monkey who challenges the authority of the deity and overcomes the heavenly warriors sent to suppress him. The Monkey King appears on stage as a rod puppet and also as a hand puppet made of rubber, and the little monkey soldiers are glove puppets. This is an attempt to break down the barriers between the various puppet media and incorporate them into the rod-puppet show. The climax of the show is a scene where an actor, playing the role of Sun Wukong, appears on the stage. Brandishing his "magic gold staff," he hurls the heavenly warriors away with a magnificent display of acro-

Puppet Art Yugoslavia

FENG SHUXIANG

Deputy Leader of the Chinese Puppet Art Troupe



batic skill. The scene highlights the power of the humanized monkey, greatly enhances the effectiveness of puppet show and adds vividness to this fantasy drama. The Chinese artists make full use of lighting, decor and other techniques of the modern stage to enrich the artistry of the presentation. Zlatić Zlatko, the Yugoslav sculptor whose work "Meeting" was presented as the prize for the "Best Art Award" at the Puppet Show Festival, told the Chinese artists before it was awarded, "I do hope you'll get the prize." His wish was realized.



Travelling 200 Miles to See the Show

The troupe's performance of "Tito — Freedom" and "Singing My Way to Beijing" were also well received by Yugoslav audiences. Tisljar Zlatko, manager of the International Drama Festival, congratulated the Chinese artists, saying, "This is the first time that I've ever seen such a big, highly artistic and comprehensive puppet show. You've certainly put on a good performance."

Our friends from the Sarajevo Puppet Troupe drove 200 miles to attend the performance. After the show, they said, "It is hard to believe that they are puppets. The characters

are so life-like." The Chinese artists also met Borislav Mrksić who has made a deep study of the theory and presentation of puppet shows and written many articles and a number of books on the subject in addition to directing many Yugoslav and foreign puppet shows. After seeing the performance, he said to his Chinese friends, "I've worked in this field for many years. This is the first time I have seen a Chinese performance. You've opened up new horizons for the art." As a token of appreciation, he presented the troupe with a copy of his book "Puppet's Smile," which discusses the history and theories of this art.

▲
The "Best Art Award" won by the puppet show "Monkey Makes Havoc in Heaven" staged by the Chinese Puppet Art Troupe.

◀
The hero in "Monkey Makes Havoc in Heaven."

"Please Sign Your Name on My Shirt"

During their three-week stay in Yugoslavia, the Chinese Puppet Art Troupe gave 13 performances in Belgrade and Zagreb. Special performances were given to about 9,000 workers and children. The troupe was given a cordial welcome everywhere they went and, when the Chinese artists walked in the streets, many Yugoslavians raised clasped hands, and greeted them with the words: "Tito — Hua Guofeng."

On one occasion, several members of the troupe were surrounded by a group of pupils clamouring for their autographs. They beseeched the puppeteers to sign their names in notebooks, on sheets of paper, and even on their arms and the palms of their hands. A number pulled up their top clothing and urged the visitors to sign on their bare backs. One little boy took off his shirt and requested, "Please sign your name on my shirt. I'll hang it on the wall of my room as a souvenir."

YANGJIN



LIU KE

ALL who knew the Tibetan girl Yangjin thought of her as a stupid and uncomely girl, an impression not unfounded if one remembered the emotionless look she always wore on her flat, round face, as if nothing in the world could make her feel happy or sad. But this was not quite true, for if you had looked closely into her dark eyes, you would have perceived in them the signs of a repressed and melancholy soul.

People paid little attention to her and she took little notice of who were around her or what was going on; her only thought, it seemed, was to work quietly all day long, from early morning till late at night. She was earnest, careful and thorough in anything she did, always fearing that something might go wrong. For all that, she was constantly in trouble and her master Duolun had used his whip on her many a time. Yet, of all serfs, who was kinder and more honest than Yangjin?

Besides her mother, she had no other friends or relatives in the village. It was her mother who told us that they had fled to Kemai from the outlands when Yangjin was still a child. Her father had left them before that because life was too hard. One night, after getting himself heavily drunk, with bloodshot eyes flaming, he told his wife and daughter that he was going to India and would come back to fetch them as soon as he had made his fortune. So saying, he staggered out of the room and never returned. In time it was rumoured

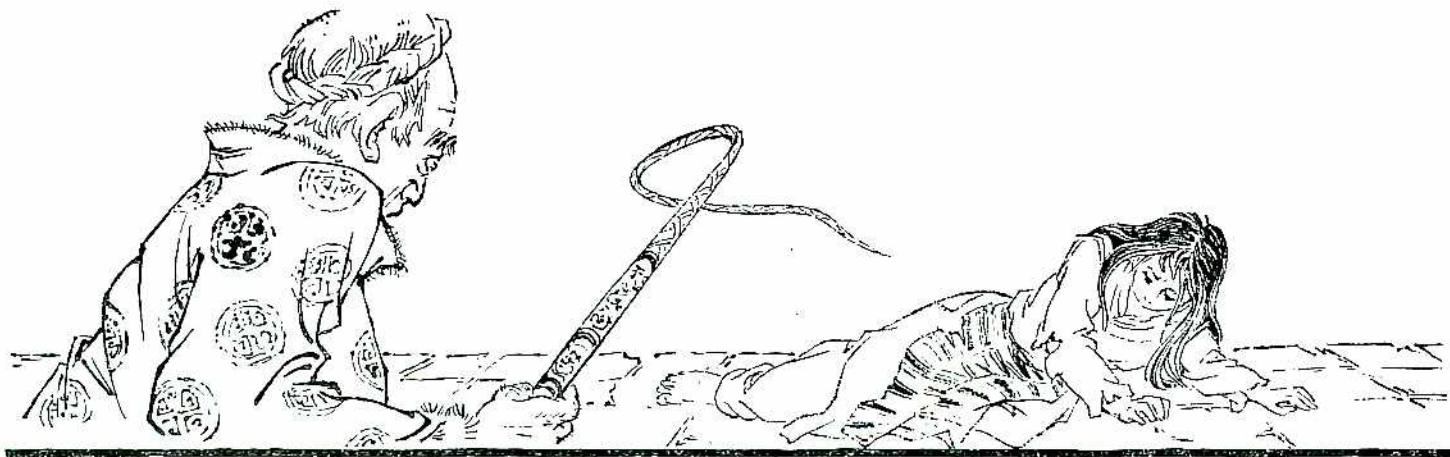
that he had met his death in some faraway land.

Not long after, large parts of the region where they lived were ravaged by plague, which made life all the more unbearable. So one winter morning, when the whole grassland was blanketed with snow, little Yangjin and her tearful mother gave up their home and started a wandering life. They reached the village of Kemai at a time when famine and other disasters had created a serious shortage of hands and, by this irony of fate, they managed to settle down.

There was nothing in Yangjin's dark and lonely childhood that is worth recalling. The village children frequently beat and mocked her, calling her a "wild species" from beyond. As time went by, the mother became old and blind, and sat all day on the cold ground churning butter for the Master with her thin, trembling hands. Her youth had gone and Yangjin had grown up.

Though she could neither dance nor sing, whenever festivals came round and others put on their best clothes and gathered on the grassland, she would dress up a little as well: she washed her arms, which were exposed all the year round; dusted her black garment, the only one she had; and fixed a tiny wild flower in her hair.

I believe it was on a certain spring morning, when she was again wearing a flower in her hair, that a large, coarse hand touched her gently on



the shoulder. "Come and dance, Yangjin, you're too miserable!"

Turning around, she met the gaze of a young fellow with broad shoulders, a large chest, bright eyes and an honest look. Instantly, her breath quickened, her heart beat fast, and crying out in alarm, she turned and fled.

Late that night, however, she huddled up in a corner of her room, her head resting against the wall, and her head resting against the wall, and repeated to herself again and again those words, "Come and dance, Yangjin, you're too miserable!" Never in all her life had anyone except her mother spoken to her with such sympathy, respect and concern. It was so strange, yet so real. Trembling, she burst into tears.

In the days that followed, that young man would come and sit with her every evening in the smoke-laden kitchen while the sheepskin bellows puffed and blowed. Side by side, under the dim light of an oil lamp, they crunched coarse *zangba* (roasted barley) and sipped bitter-tasting barley wine. At other times, when he was free, he would come and help her carry water, cut grass, clean up the animal sheds, and do other chores.

This young man was called Zhaxi Dunzhu, a carpenter by trade, and he had been hired by Master Duolun to build a new house. He was honest, kind, and neither drank nor gambled. He had been to many places and would entertain Yangjin with vivid accounts of strange and interesting things. At times he sang mournful songs that moved her to tears. How she loved to hear his clear, powerful voice and see the even rise and fall of his large chest! Whenever he spoke, she would listen with her head leaned forward, her lips pressed together, her dark eyes quiet and thoughtful, her face tender and glowing. Our Yangjin was a real beauty in these happier moments!

Through this young man she learned of many things in the world beyond the kitchen door; it gave her a vague longing and hope for the future.

Soon the Master's new house was finished and it was time for Zhaxi to leave. He took Yangjin with him to see the Master and pleaded that she be allowed to go with him; if neces-



sary, he was willing to give up all his wages in compensation. But the Master only shook his head. "Pooh-pooh, how much would that amount to! It's not nearly enough!"

When all his pleadings were rejected, Zhaxi Dunzhu's face turned white and he stood up with his hand on the hilt of his sword. Yangjin, quaking with fear, dared not imagine what he was about to do and she quickly dragged him away.

"Yangjin, let's flee this place together!" he said to her that evening. "No, no, no, don't say that. . . ." She had never dreamed of fleeing before.

"Let's flee, flee to a place far, far away. Life is too bitter here."

"But wouldn't it be just as hard somewhere else, Zhaxi? Isn't that true?"

"I . . . I don't know. But we must go."

"The Master will only catch me and bring me back. He will . . . I know he will."

"If he does, we'll run away again," the young man said defiantly.

But Yangjin did not have the courage. Master was master; without Master what law and order would there be in this world? Without Master, how would she live? Flee? Where to? Zhaxi lowered his head; he said nothing, but in a fit of anger

he drew his sword and hacked down a small tree.

Several days later Zhaxi went to a fair. When he returned he brought back with him a pair of leather boots for Yangjin, saying with a bitter smile, "Why can't you at least have a pair of boots?" With that he gave her five silver dollars and said he was leaving. But he swore he would get himself a house somewhere and make a lot of money; and he promised to come back for her in the spring of the following year or the third year. Zhaxi, who had never tasted any strong drink before, drank a lot that evening; then staggering to his feet, he walked slowly away.

Her mother died the next spring and Yangjin gave birth to a baby girl, Zhaxi's daughter. With the baby in her arms, she climbed up to the roof of the house and gazed far down the road. She was waiting . . . waiting, but he never came.

The third spring came round, and still he did not return. People began telling her the same story as if it had to be that way: he had died in a far-away land.

She was overwhelmed with grief. The same fate that had befallen her mother was now happening to her. But she bravely held back her tears; her heart may be broken, but not her spirit. Stubbornly she clung to the belief that he was still alive and someday would come back to his beloved

Yangjin and their daughter; it was inconceivable that a human so divine and strong as her Zhaxi could ever perish.

Tramps, wanderers and mule-drivers passed incessantly through the village, and unweariedly she accosted them with the same question: had they seen anywhere a young man that answered her description? They either didn't know or spat at her in impatience. Occasionally, she received well-intentioned advice: "He must be dead. Why wait any longer?"

One day she sought out among the crowd an old man with a heavy load on his back and put the question to him, forgetting that she had already asked him three times before. The old man shook his head and sighed; then suddenly, blinking his red eyes, he said in a somewhat jovial mood, "Ah, Zhaxi Dunzhu! Yes, he's a stout young man, strong as an ox, isn't he?" Yangjin was stunned. After a long pause she put her hands on her breast and, in a quivering voice, began sobbing, "Oh heavens, have you seen him? Have you seen him?" She fell on her knees in the mud and clasped the old man's knees.

"Yes, I've seen him. He's alive. And he said his job was taking him a long way off."

A young man beside him burst out laughing: "Old fellow, what are you talking about?" But the old man cast him an angry look and turned again to Yangjin. "He's alive; yes, alive," he repeated. "He'll come back soon enough."

From that time on, Yangjin always wore a flower in her hair. She took out the new boots that she had hidden under a large haystack and put them on. "Yes, Zhaxi was right," she thought to herself. "Why can't I have a pair of boots?"

The Master eyed her new appearance with surprise and wonder. "Yangjin, what's going on? Are you planning to get married?"

She blushed and smiled coyly. For the first time in years, the quiet, gentle look had reappeared in those dark eyes.

Months passed, the new boots were worn through, but still no Zhaxi came.



From that time on, Yangjin changed noticeably; she was no longer the good and clever girl. She became forgetful, broke things, burnt the barley seeds she was roasting, failed to milk the cows properly, and even lost her sickle when cutting grass. When the heaviest whip had no effect, Master Duolun sighed deeply and said to her, "Yangjin, get married. Marry Wangdui, the fellow who works in the oil shed."

And so she became the wife of Wangdui.

When she left the kitchen for the last time, she was still bare-armed and barefooted, wearing the same shabby black garment she wore all year round. The only difference was that she now had on her person the five silver dollars Zhaxi had given

her, and she held by the hand a little girl who was also called Yangjin.

The oil shed stood beside the Master's big house. Every morning when it was still dark the clear sound of a bell rang forth from the shed, telling others that the couple had already climbed upon the wooden platform and were hard at work. The bell was nailed upon the pestle that pounded the vegetable seeds. It was a contrivance of their crafty master to oversee their work. When the bell stopped ringing, it meant that the workers were idle. However, both Wangdui and Yangjin were capable and the little bell hardly ever stopped ringing during the day; so the Master had little cause for complaint.

The wearisome days passed slowly. Wangdui had no broad shoulders nor

bright eyes, and when drunk he would often beat Yangjin and her little daughter. But he was not hard to get along with usually, because his only thought was to labour in total silence. He often reminded Yangjin that the Master would give him two *mu* of land in two years' time. She listened indifferently, neither interested nor repelled. Since her husband had said so, perhaps they should have some land. Why not? In time, a desire and longing for land flared up within her too.

At the end of two years Wangdui went to the Master to present his claim. But the answer he got was, "Oh, come on, wait another two years. Isn't the work in the oil shed good enough for you?"

"Yes, yes. Very good!" and he backed down in fear and left. As soon as he returned to the lowly shed, however, he drank like a madman and vented his fury on his wife, beating and kicking her with all his strength. She took it all without a murmur; neither crying, nor resisting, nor pleading with him.

When night came, she rose slowly and patting her dishevelled hair, said calmly to her husband, "Let's get out of here, Wangdui. Let's go far, far away. Zhaxi Dunzhu was right; we should leave! Why shouldn't we leave?"

"Run away?" he stared at her in astonishment, quite stupefied. Then, after a pause, he screamed, "What are you talking about! Master'll give us land in another two years; I know he will!"

Yangjin said nothing more. But a few days later, on a pitch-dark night, she suddenly brought two horses to the door of their shed; they were the Master's horses. She put her daughter on one horse, then, carrying a bag of *zangba*, went up to Wangdui and softly pleaded, "Come on, Wangdui, let's go!"

He jumped up in fear and astonishment and struck her a blow on her face with his fist. She slumped to the floor, but a while later shakily walked up to him again, with a calm, determined look on her face. Wangdui sighed deeply, not knowing what to do.

The next morning the little oil shed was as silent as the grave; the clear ringing of the bell was heard no more. Soon, however, the beat of hooves filled the air as Master Duolun's horses galloped forth to the chase.

On the third morning, as they went over a bare hill, Wangdui suddenly heard angry shouts from behind. His courage wavered and he reined in. The next minute Master Duolun's whip fell on him—once . . . twice . . . three times. . . . Raising the whip high above his head, the Master was about to strike again when, whish! he got a stinging blow himself right across the cheeks. Standing before him was a thin and dirty woman, with an emotionless look on her round face, but with flames of hatred burning fiercely in her eyes.

Master Duolun trembled with fear and placed his hands over his burning cheeks. For a brief moment he scarcely knew what had happened; but he soon let out a convulsive cry: "Seize them!"

Less than two years after they were brought back, Wangdui indeed came into possession of two *mu* of land. But no-one ever saw Yangjin again.

One year, two years, three years went by. It was spring again. A new term had come into the speech of the local people during this time. It was *jinzhumami*, meaning "the soldiers who unfetter," and it referred to the People's Liberation Army.

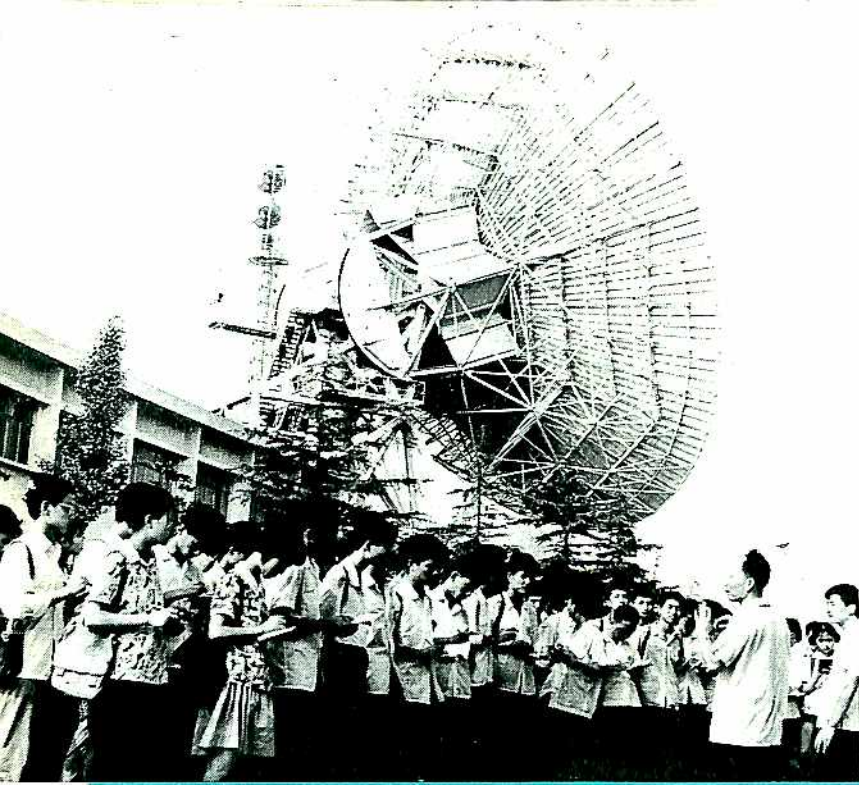
Not long afterwards a real *jinzhumami* appeared in the village. He was an officer who came riding along the dusty road one day. He had broad shoulders, a large chest and a pair of bright eyes; and the first thing he asked on entering the village was, "Where is Yangjin?"

When little Yangjin, their daughter, ran out to see him, he had already galloped far down the road.

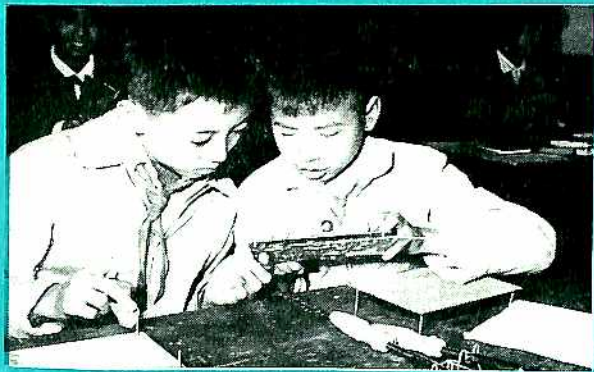
Another three years passed and it was again spring. At the Central Institute of Nationalities in Beijing a young girl called Yangjin paid five silver dollars as her Party fees. They were the only things her mother had left her more than ten years ago.



Illustrated by TIAN JING



A lecture on telecommunications through satellite.



Assembling a radio receiver.



A close look at germs.



Observation of sun-spots.

LARGE numbers of scientists and technicians are needed for the realization of China's socialist modernization programme, and arousing and sustaining children's interest in science is now a priority. The state educational departments and the Youth League are helping to promote extra-curricular activities in science and technology among primary and middle-school students. Publishing houses are also turning out a variety of scientific books and periodicals for children.

In Shanghai, children are participating in all kinds of activities to further their scientific knowledge, such as talks with scientists, visits to places of scientific interest, watching scientific films and attending lectures on popular

Young Science

science. Talks on science are given in children's summer camps.

After-school science groups have been set up in the city's 1,300 primary and middle schools. Some of these groups have small laboratories; others construct working models. Last year, they produced over 1,300 scientific instruments or models of them, a number of which will be included in a national exhibition to be inaugurated in Beijing on October 1, China's National Day.

These extra-curricular activities help to recruit young science enthusiasts and increase their knowledge, and to also train youngsters to think analytically and be skillful with their hands.

Fans

XIN ZHANHUI



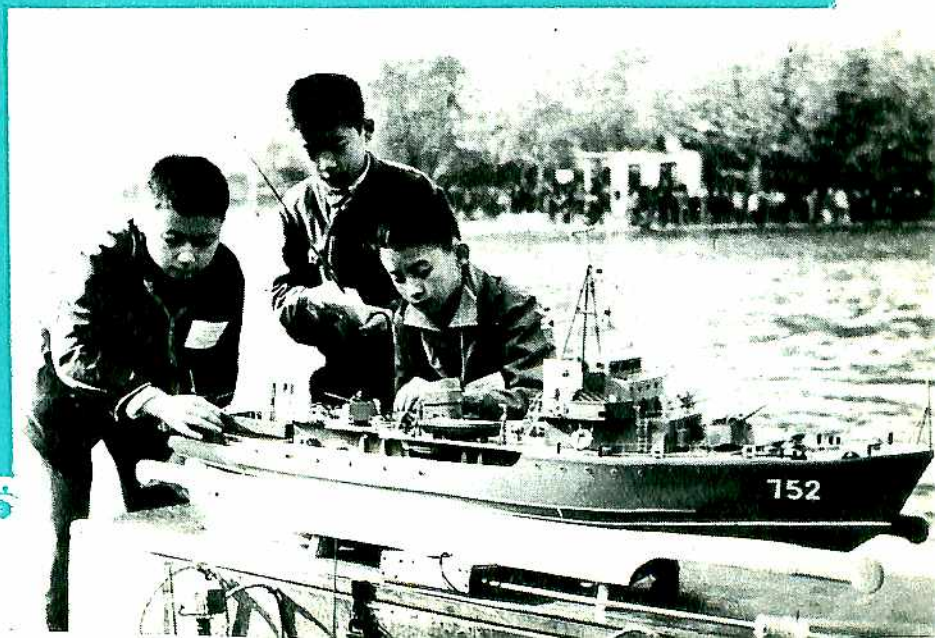
Launching a radio-controlled model plane.



Submitting their handiwork to group appraisal.



A game played through electronic remote control.



Checking the functions of a radio-controlled model.

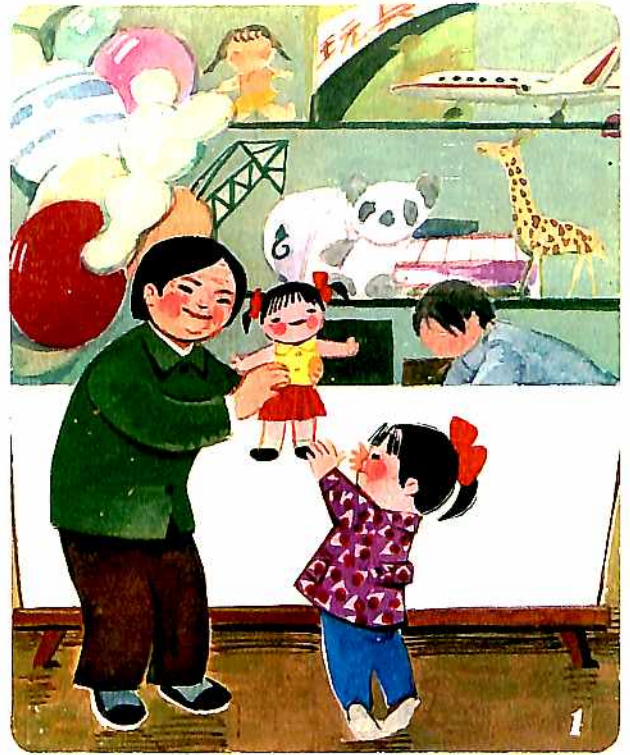


«FOR THE LITTLE ONES»

NINI'S HAPPY DOLL

Story by LIU BINGGANG

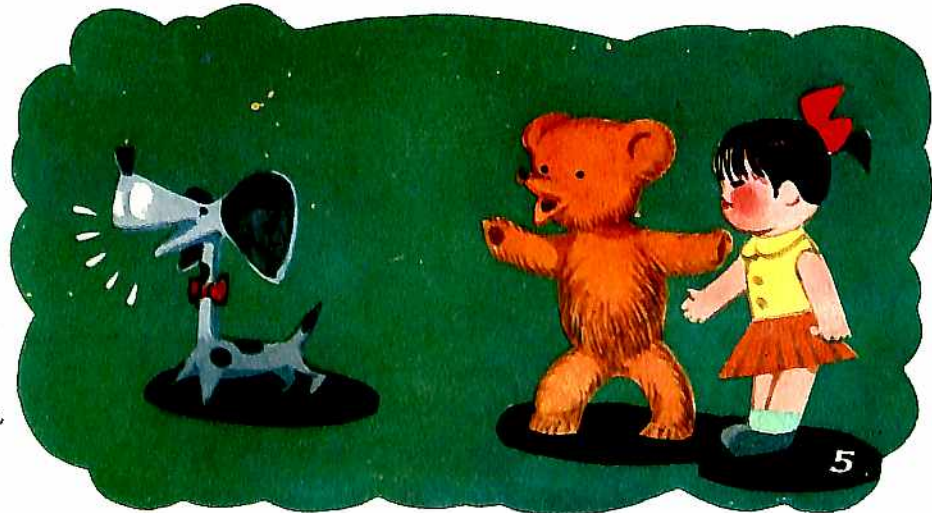
Illustration by JIN WEICHANG



1. Granny has bought a doll for her granddaughter Nini.



4. At night when Nini goes to bed, her doll lies beside her and she quickly falls asleep. Suddenly she sees Doggy and Teddy Bear coming towards the bed, calling her doll. "Oh! don't leave me, Dolly!" Nini pleads.



5. Doggy says to the doll, "Nini threw us out. Later, she'll do the same to you!"



2. Nini cuddles her doll just like her granny cuddles her.

3. She stands her doll on the table and hurls her Doggy and Teddy Bear into the corner of the room.



7. Then Nini wakes up from her dream and to her great relief, her doll is still there.

6. Teddy Bear takes Dolly's hands in his and says to her, "Come with us." Nini feels very sad and bursts into tears.



8. From that time on, she always plays with and looks after all her toys.



Woman Painter

CHEN PEIQIU

CHUN YAN

A lover of painting since childhood, she decided to switch to fine arts after studying engineering at university for a year, and her hobby became her lifetime's work. Since her graduation from art college in 1950, she has continued to live and paint in Shanghai. She grows flowers and keeps pet birds for observation. She also often goes on study and sketching trips, and has more than 100 sketch books to her credit. Most of her sketches are done in Chinese brushwork because she believes this helps her master the techniques of traditional Chinese painting.

Over the last few years, she has been searching for ways to introduce some Western techniques into the ancient Chinese school of painting. She believes that Western composition, colouring and presentation can be adapted to Chinese painting, and her creative attempts have already produced interesting results in some of her recent works.

Her husband, Xie Zhiliu, is also a famous painter. The couple share a studio and each occupies an enormous desk. As if vying with each other, they paint nearly every day, bringing beauty into the lives of the Chinese people.

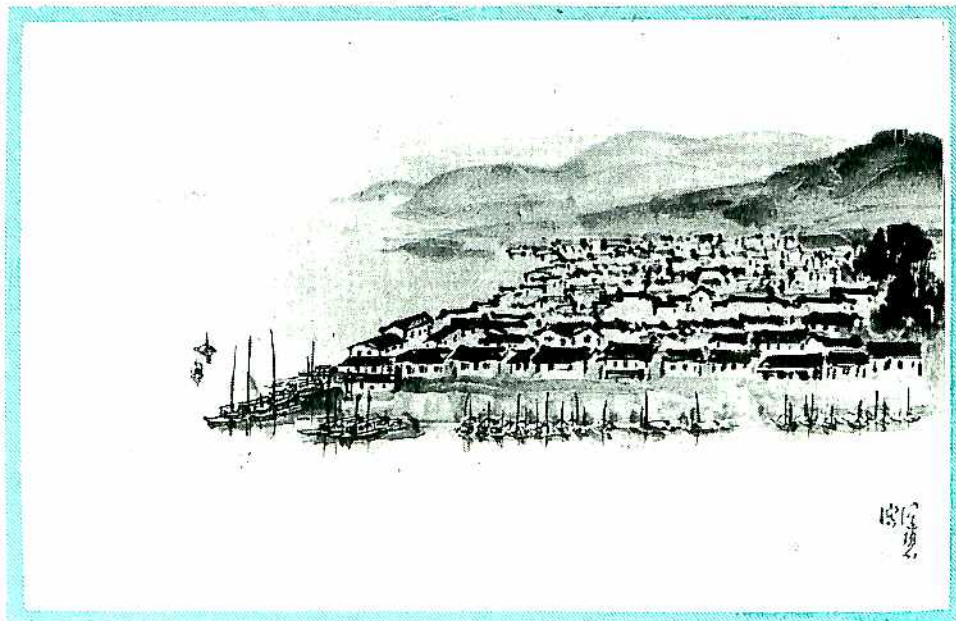


Painter Chen Peiqiu of the Academy of Fine Arts in Shanghai in her home studio.

Fuchun River in Zhejiang Province painted by Chen Peiqiu.

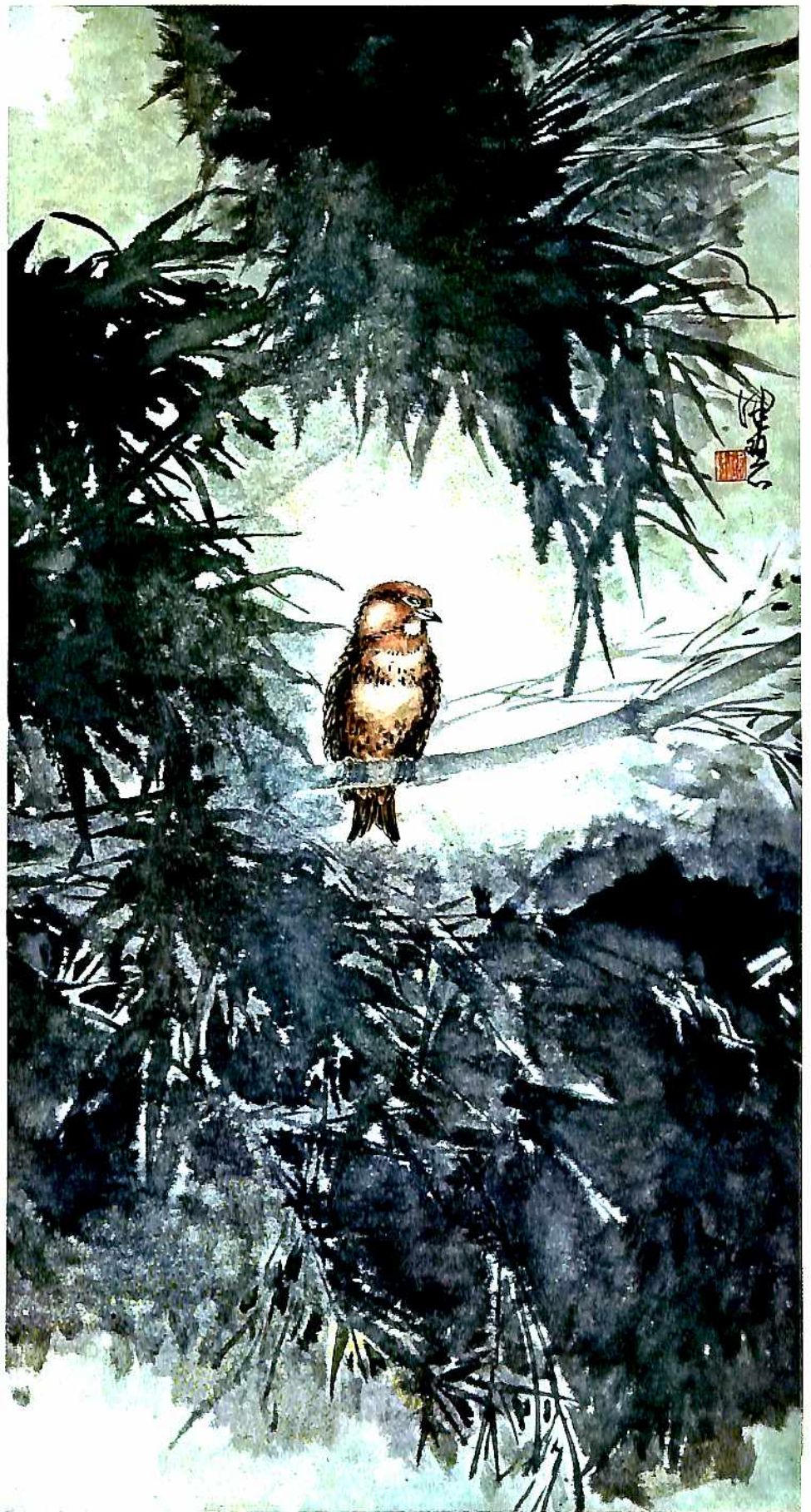
THE traditional Chinese painting on the page opposite is the reproduction of a painting by Chen Peiqiu. She is a renowned woman artist at the Academy of Fine Arts in Shanghai.

Chen Peiqiu is particularly well known for her painting of landscapes, flowers and birds. Her work "Azaleas in the Tian Mu Mountains" was awarded second prize in the National Art Exhibition of Young Painters in 1956. Another of her works, depicting a pair of lively and beautiful mandarin ducks hiding amidst the shade of flourishing lotus leaves, won wide acclaim when it appeared at an art exhibition in Shanghai in 1959. The painting was later exhibited in France, West Germany and Italy.



Bird in a Bamboo Grove.

By CHEN PEIQIU



Chinese Painting

SOME people believe that children who are brought up in nurseries are not looked after as well as those who stay with their mothers at home. Their reasons are that mothers love their children more than anyone else does and since there are so many children in a nursery, each child might not receive the special loving care that only a mother can give. But what is the reality? The conditions in the nursery of the Beijing Paper Mill seem to provide a convincing factual answer.

In this mill, about half of the staff members and workers are women. A crèche and a nursery have been provided for children from the age of 56 days* up to six years old. At the moment over 170 children are looked after there. Most of the babies in the crèche are under day care, but the older children board and lodge at the nursery, only going home at weekends.

The mill arranges for nursing mothers to be relieved of working night shifts. Half-hour breaks in the mornings and afternoons are set aside for breast-feeding. In the crèche the babies are fed and put to bed at regular hours. Egg-yolks and fruit juice are added to their diet from the age of 4 months on and, at 6 months, soft cooked rice, soft cooked wheaten food (such as noodles), apple sauce and other easily digestible food are added to bring greater variety.

The babies who come to the crèche from the age of 56 days on are always healthy and sturdy because of the care and attention they receive there. However, sometimes children come to the nursery much later and do not have the benefit of the crèche's healthy upbringing. Occasionally there are children who are not looked after properly by their parents and they suffer from malnutrition and poor health. The nursery workers take particular care of those children and spend a lot of time and energy in nursing them back to health.

The woman worker Wang Guizhen gave birth to her first son when she was over thirty. She and her husband both doted on their child, but

*Working mothers in China are entitled to 56 days of maternity leave with pay.

Are Nurseries Good For Children?

HUI MIN

they lacked experience in rearing children. The child was sickly and weak and was beginning to lose weight, which worried them a great deal. The child-care workers in the crèche pointed out to Wang Guizhen that although the child was almost one year old, he was still being

breast-fed. He would not eat any other food and was therefore not receiving enough nourishment. They advised the mother to wean her child as soon as possible. It took a great deal of persuasion before she agreed to wean him and to let him stay at the crèche temporarily during the



The twins of technician Zhou Heping.

1 to 1 1/2-year-olds in the nursing-room.



Woman worker Wang Guizhen's frail son is a different child now.



weaning period. However, she was still unsure at first and came to see him every day. Two weeks passed, and the child flourished in the crèche, getting healthier and fatter. He had had no appetite before but, during his stay in the crèche, he began to enjoy eating and now has a healthy appetite. His mother was delighted about this and felt as though she had been relieved of a great burden. Afterwards she said to the nurse, "I won't take my child home! I'll just let him stay here in the crèche. He's better off here than at home and I'm not worried about him any more." The child is almost two years old now and looks strong and healthy. When his mother comes to collect him at weekends she always looks him over affectionately and says, "Well, little



After the mid-day nap.

The nursery has a policy of preventive health-care and a set of regulations has been laid down to ensure this. The children's tableware and other utensils must always be sterilized. Vaccinations are given promptly and the children take Chinese medicinal herb tonics for prevention against the common cold and infectious stomach complaints. The children get a check-up twice a day and this ensures that any illness is detected in its early stages. If a child does get sick then the health-worker is called in immediately.

Infectious diseases such as infantile paralysis, measles, whooping cough and hepatitis have vanished from the nursery in recent years. Last summer, only one child suffered from worms and he had developed them at home and not at the nursery. There have been a few cases of parotitis and chicken pox, but these were treated immediately in isolation and were given no opportunity to spread.

The children are given regular baths and hair-cuts and their clothes and bedding are washed regularly. These are routine health-measures, but the staff will take extra care of those children with particular health problems. There is one child at the nursery who has thick hair and gets prickly heat on her head in summer. Normally the children are given two baths per day and their hair is washed once, but this child has three showers a day to prevent her suffering from prickly heat.

The children are encouraged to play and do exercises outside all year round to build up their resistance in all weathers.

As a result of the care and attention the children receive at this nursery, they put on an average of 2-4 kilos a year.

Many of the staff members were originally workers who, after some training, were transferred from the workshops to the nursery. So they understand working mothers' concerns and problems and do their utmost to relieve them of cares. For example, Zhou Heping, a technician at this mill, has a pair of twins, a son and a daughter. She placed her

one, you're certainly looking a lot better now." She then picks him up and takes him home happily. She said, "I don't worry about him now and I can get on with my job with an easy mind."

The children are encouraged to develop healthy and hygienic habits at the nursery. They are told to wash their hands before meals and not to be fussy about food. A varied and tasty menu is devised each week and the nurses will persuade the children to enjoy their meals by praising the food or telling them how pleased their mothers will be to see them so fat and healthy. They also take care that those children with big appetites do not over-eat.



The nurse gives some helpful advice before the mother takes her son home.

TWO COMMEMORATIVE STAMPS issued by the Ministry of Posts and Telecommunications of China to mark the International Year of the Child.



Size:
31 × 52 mm

daughter in the crèche and sent her son to the countryside to be looked after by her relatives. The staff at the nursery learned about this and one of them told her, "Your son isn't very strong and it's not very easy to bring him up well when he's far away. It would be better to bring him back and entrust him to us. We'll take good care of him. Since it's not easy to look after two children, we suggest that you let one of them board at the crèche and take the other one home at night." Zhou accepted this advice and now both children are doing fine at the crèche.

A Woman Scientist in the Qing Dynasty

LIU NAIHE



simple implements available. When trying to clarify her ideas about the causes of the eclipse of the moon, she made a series of experiments at full moon on the fifteenth day of each lunar month. At such times she put a round table in the centre of a pavilion to represent the earth. A big round mirror placed near the table represented the moon, a crystal lamp hung from the central roof beam represented the sun, and she moved the three articles about to study their relative positions and distances. She would sit in the pavilion for hours to watch and pondered over the findings. Eventually, she discovered the relation between the eclipse of the moon and the full moon, and on this basis, arrived at a definite theoretical conclusion which is fully explained in her article, "The Interpretation of the Eclipse of the Moon."

In the field of meteorology, Wang Zhenyi made many attempts to apply what her forerunners had discovered. Alone in the still of the night, she would watch the stars, observe the changes and movements of clouds and sense the humidity of the atmosphere. Her copious records and rich experience enabled her to make fairly accurate weather forecasts, and her timely warnings against floods and droughts were a valuable service to farming.

Born into a scholar's family, Wang Zhenyi spent much of her time browsing through her father's 75 chests of books. She once said,

"I've travelled ten thousand li and read ten thousand volumes; bold is my attempt to surpass men." These lines were written by Wang Zhenyi (A.D. 1768-1797), a woman mathematician and astrologer who lived during the Qing Dynasty.

In Chinese feudal society, few women were educated, and women scholars were particularly rare. During the 29 years of her life, Wang Zhenyi proved to be a talented woman, good at poetry, painting, archery and horsemanship. A crack markswoman at tournaments, she was described as the "armed, gallant woman on a flying horse." Wang Zhenyi's genius, however, was most apparent in science. She studied

astrology and meteorology, and specialized in mathematics. She learned much from her father, a distinguished doctor, and could practise traditional Chinese medicine.

As a girl, Wang Zhenyi showed an inclination to study the calendar and the celestial bodies, and later painstakingly exemplified what she had learned with original pictures and diagrams in her book, *Some Observations on Forms and Figures*. She also delved into ancient mathematics and was especially skilful in geometry and the use of surveying formulas.

Wang Zhenyi considered laboratory work an essential part of scientific research, and because of the lack of equipment, experimented with the

"Knowledge is infinite, but life is short; that's why I treasure every second of time." Her contemporaries usually married at the age of 17 or 18, but she put off that event until she was 25. She died of natural causes four years later.

During her brief lifetime, Wang Zhenyi travelled extensively with her father along the Changjiang River, and spent a number of years south and also north of the Great Wall. She studied the formation of mountains and rivers and the changes in natural phenomena. Her mental horizon broadened, and she became very receptive to new ideas. The originality and high aspirations of this promising young woman were much suppressed by the prevailing feudal codes and conventions. Shortly before her death, she published a number of her poems at her own expense. Some cynics sneered at her efforts, and one of them remarked, "Women are only fitted for jobs such as cooking and sewing; why does she fuss about books and meddle with ink and brushes?" That was the time when women were not supposed to read or write, let alone do scientific experiments and research.

Defying all prejudices, Wang Zhenyi wrote a prodigious number of books and dissertations. *The First Collection of Tefeng Pavilion* in thirteen volumes still survives. These volumes contain literary articles, poems, odes and rhymed verse. Unfortunately, about a dozen books she wrote on astrology and mathematics are lost to posterity. Some of her dissertations survived, which contained original interpretations of astrology in her time.

It is remarkable that a young woman, born over 200 years ago, could make such well-defined judgements in the fields of astrology, mathematics and meteorology especially in view of the limited apparatus available and the few teachers and students with whom to consult. She assiduously studied the voluminous writings of her predecessors and on the basis of their achievements, this young woman scientist proceeded to explore new fields and reach conclusions closer to reality.



Prawn Canapés

By YAN SHUANGXI, cook of the
International Club, Beijing

INGREDIENTS:

Cut bread into 24 slices 1.5 cm. in thickness. Cut away the crusts and shape the slices into rounds 3 cm. in diameter.

750 g. prawns
750 g. frying oil
4 egg whites
25 c.c. rice wine

Salt, black pepper, gourmet powder, chopped scallion and ginger to taste.

Finely chopped cucumber peel, ham and carrots for garnishing.

METHOD:

1. Top and tail the prawns. Mince them, then marinate for 30 minutes with the egg whites, salt, black pepper, gourmet powder, chopped scallion and ginger. Mix well until you get a paste-like consistency.

2. Spread a little prawn paste on each slice of bread.

3. Heat the oil over a medium fire and when hot, put in the slices prawn side down one by one. Fry for about six minutes until golden brown. Garnish with the cucumber peel, ham and carrots using the design shown in the picture so that they resemble old Chinese coins. Put on plate and serve.

Note: In China steamed buns are usually used in this dish, but bread can be used instead. Tasty and attractive, it is easy to make.

