

Nation of Work and Hate

Anger Whips Red China to Fever Pitch

Globe-trotting author-editor John Strohm, first U.S. newspaperman permitted to travel freely within the borders of Red China, is back home after crisscrossing 7500 miles of country behind the Bamboo Curtain, witnessing firsthand a bitter anti-America propaganda machine in action. Here's the first of a series describing the startling things he saw in his three-week sojourn with typewriter and camera.

By JOHN STROHM.

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Communist China is a nation organized to work and to hate. No human beings have ever taken on a more complete mental and physical bondage in order to leap forward into the 20th century than the subjects of Mao Tse-tung. Nor has human intelligence ever been brainwashed into a more violent hatred of United States leaders.

I have just traveled 7500 miles behind the Bamboo Curtain which for 10 years has shielded from American view the massive state that calls itself the People's Republic of China.

At the height of the Quemoy crisis, I have witnessed a hate-America campaign that extends to the most remote peasant village. Was this what the Red masters of Peiping wanted me to see when they granted me a visa? Or did they accept my statement that I wanted to visit the farms and factories of the New China—the China I had first seen 21 years ago—so I could report to the people of America?

Back home now, I ask myself these questions while sorting out impressions. But the answer is not clear and it may never be.

It's enough that I walked with only minor incidents in the streets, fields and buildings of Red China, snapping pictures with four cameras, talking with whom I chose and visiting schools, farms, hospitals and landmarks without prior appointment.

For three weeks I traveled, by automobile, boat, train

and airplane. My days began at dawn, ended at midnight.

Expected U. S. Invasion.

Although I saw militiamen training everywhere to repel the U.S. Marines who were expected to storm ashore any day, I do not believe there is danger of full-scale war in the Formosa strait.

This backward people has too much to do to hoist its vast expanding bulk upwards toward seemingly impossible social and industrial goals.

It cannot afford war, but in cocky self-confidence it is willing to risk war to infuse an apathetic peasantry with nationalistic pride to drive weary bone and muscle to accomplish prodigious works.

The Communists say over and over that they licked Uncle Sam in Korea. People who knew nothing of the power of a modern sea and air fleet chatter loudly and arrogantly that America is a "paper tiger."

As one who traveled among the Chinese people 21 years ago, I must report sadly that our once vast reservoir of goodwill built up in China by generations of good deeds by U.S. citizens and organizations is now being poisoned by a campaign unequalled in the history of the world.

Hate Demonstrations.

I arrived at the tail-end of the hate-America demonstrations in Peiping which sent three million people coursing through the streets shouting "Down with American imperialism. Americans get out of Asia or be smashed."

But this was no window dressing in the capital. Everywhere in north, central and south China I saw my country portrayed as a bloody-fanged wolf, a ruthless and ravaging soldier or a dollar-bloated Uncle Sam.

Everyone I talked with—farmer, housewife, factory manager or official—lectured me on the evils of American imperialism.

A militiaman in a Nanking factory shouted he was ready to work or go to the front—and he shoved his rifle into my stomach to dramatize his feelings to the first American he'd ever met.

A collective farm chairman

in North China said: "We whipped the American aggressors in Korea and we will fight them if they invade China."

He added that his farmers were so indignant they worked 15 days and nights to overfill the farm plan—clear-cut example of the transmutation of hatred into labor force.

Women Learn to Shoot.

A woman chairman of a neighborhood cooperative in Tientsin said her neighbors were so incensed that 130 of the women are learning to shoot rifles to defend their homes against America.

As I stepped out of the Church of Christ in Nanking on a Sunday morning a young man greeted me cordially in English, but when he found out I was an American he demanded: "Why do you want to invade China?" I could not persuade him to talk about religion, or anything else. He would only rant against "aggressors."

A worker in Hankow came over and gave me a written

protest against "American butchery" when I walked through a hog-killing plant.

Chinese officials assert that 300 million Chinese have demonstrated against American imperialism. From all I saw, I believe that figure.

The official line is persuasively logical to these cocky Chinese, feeling their oats after centuries of slavery to their warlords and foreign domination.

The line they believe is "America admitted at the Cairo conference that Taiwan belongs to China... Quemoy and Matsu are to China as Long Island is to the U.S.A. ... Chiang Kai-shek's government was so corrupt the U.S. couldn't save it from being overthrown in a fair fight by the Chinese people... Chiang exists only by protection of American guns and therefore the U.S. is interfering in the internal affairs of China... in other words, aggression."

Bitter Propaganda.

These themes are developed by all means of communication, from hand-drawn car-

toons on walls to elaborately acted opera skits. Day after day, newspapers devoted 60 percent of their space to stories bannered under headings like these: "Cairo Newspaper Refutes Dulles Policy," "New American Atrocities Uncovered in Korea," and "Demobilized Veterans Offer Services to Resist U.S. Aggression."

In factories, on trains, on farms and in the streets, loud-speakers constantly blared

that the U.S. was talking peace at Warsaw while plotting war. And then the "commercial": "Therefore we must work harder to produce more food, more goods, to stop the American attack."

At movie houses, sold out days in advance, I saw newsreels purporting to show Chiang's "wanton attack" on the University of Amoy—without a mention of the Red shelling of Quemoy.

One huge wall painting showed the U.S. as a big crab which waddled from side to side in policy, another as a giant that crushes the innocent with atomic bombs, and as an insignificant insect about to be squashed by the weight of 600 million angry Chinese.

Children in Rallies.

But they get the people into the act, too, from the cradle to the grave. I witnessed dozens of parades of seven and eight-year-olds carrying red flags and banners supporting!

"Premier Chou En-lai's statement."

An inmate of an old folk's home I visited carried on quite earnestly that he didn't want his old age security invaded by war mongering Americans.

Hundreds of thousands of letters carrying hate-U.S. messages have been beautifully brushed by hand and pasted to walls of homes, plants, hospitals and even seats of learning.

On my first day in China I was treated to a street show by a truckload of opera students. They first drummed up a crowd by beating on drums and cymbals, then put on a skit with this cast of characters: a corpse, represented by an actor dressed like Chiang Kai-shek; a pompous, silk-hatted John Foster Dulles and an Eisenhower, with painted grin, army uniform and a golf stick as a cane.

Poke Fun at Dulles.

Ike says: "Dulles, I authorize you to do the talking." Dulles tries to pump up Chiang with a tire pump filled with dollars. But the imperialists are swept away by victorious Chinese workers "producing 10 million tons of steel this year," by farmers "doubling their crops this year" and by soldiers who "won the war in Korea."

Everybody howls at the good clean Communist fun and the show moves on to another standing-room-only performance on another street.

Later I read a Chinese News Agency dispatch which reported with straight face that workers in a tobacco factory in Canton completed 600 such opera skits and folk songs on American aggression in just half a day—as king-sized a blending of art, nicotine and official poison as any dictatorship could ever boast!

Nation of Hate

China Reds Rant At U.S. Reporter

Rural editor John Strohm found contempt for the U.S. at every turn of his highly privileged tour of Red China. In the first part of his exclusive report yesterday, he told how a bitter propaganda drive is fanning the flame of hatred for America. Today he reveals how the people reacted when they learned his true identity.

By JOHN STROHM.

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What of the Red Chinese attitude toward John Strohm, the only American correspondent with both United States and Chinese permission to travel in China?

Amazement, first. For here was the mortal enemy they were ranting about, calmly taking pictures of their steel plants, their farms and their militia.

Curiosity, too. I was a crowd-stopper wherever I went. I must say that my ego dropped when I found out that one group of school children who stood up and clapped their hands when I entered the classroom thought I was a Russian!

In a few spots, the searing blast of hatred continually directed toward our country licked at me personally. A cartoon of protest was drawn of me and placed in my hired automobile.

Once while I was being shown through a farm implement repair shop by the vice-director of one of the new communes, a belligerent worker

pushed toward me and shouted, "Get out! Get out!"

On another occasion, I was surrounded and jostled by students who were serving the state by running a small blast furnace.

Scarcely anyone, once my identity as an American was established, missed an opportunity to lecture me severely about American imperialism and the validity of Red China's aims. An engineer claimed he once had seen U.S. soldiers rape girls in Peiping. In

Shanghai, I was conducted through a street memorable as the scene where a drunken GI allegedly killed a pedicab driver.

"This is not a happy time for you to be here," was the understatement of a factory manager in Nanking.

My interpreter, who had translated a hundred lectures to me and must have been as tired as I of the propaganda monotone, consoled me in these words:

"You're the only American most of them have ever met. It's their chance to tell you what they think."

What is it like to be an American in a hostile land at a time like the Quemoy crisis? One moves in a constant bath of virulent propaganda, from the official radio to the irate ladies in the old folks' home.

Hopeless One-Man Battle.

To those who seem to possess some power to reason, you keep up a stiff counter-battery of patient argument. But when day is over the mind is exhausted and the spirit flags even though you know one man cannot expect to offset massive Communist "re-education" and thought control.

The healing balm of honest resentment is a luxury one can enjoy only to a limited

Many of the impromptu conversations which resulted became spirited give and take. I pulled no punches in refuting charges against the U.S. but the debates produced no winners.

As in my visit to the Soviet Union this summer I raised the point: "But war is so terrible today that there can be no victors and so there will be no war."

I found that this did not go over as well in Red China as it did in Russia because the Chinese seem to have a fatalistic acceptance that if war results from their effort to take what they believe rightfully belongs to China then war it must be and the U.S. will be at fault.

Party chairman Mao Tse-tung has said that China is the only nation that can afford a war: "We can lose 300 million Chinese and still have 300 million left."

A diplomat has reported a grim conversation with Mao in which the party leader said: "World War I set up socialism in Russia. World War II set up socialism in the peoples' democracies of Europe and China. World War III might see the death of capitalism and the triumph of socialism around the world."

How does one evaluate such statements as these? I only know this for sure: all this war spirit is getting a fantastic surge of production out of the Chinese workers, known officially as "the great leap

forward in agriculture and industry."

Pledge to Crush U.S.

In one rural commune they had set up 5000 tiny blast furnaces to make pig iron, promised another 5000 by the end of October as their answer to American "aggression."

A letter by a worker in a truck factory said: "We'll crush American aggressors beneath the wheels of our trucks."

Fukien province farmers, close to the guns trained at

Quemoy, adopted the slogan, "More grain to support the front: heavy blows to beat the U.S. wolves."

When I visited the big open-cut coal mine in Fushun the secretary told me the workers were so upset they had voted to create "20 sputniks"—20 new types of machinery to make for more efficient production.

During the past month most factories and communes have organized militia units. I saw them drilling with rifles or wooden sticks. They were,

these amateurs asserted, ready to march out and repel the U.S. Marines who were going to land any day now on the Chinese mainland "just as they did in Lebanon."

Recall Chiang's Vow.

"But what makes you think America has any idea of attacking China?" I would ask. And they would come back with Chiang's statements that he would lead his army back to the mainland and quote American admirals as boasting that the U.S. was backing up the Formosa government with "the greatest striking power in history."

But sometimes they are disdainful of American strength. "When America talks so much of its power," a Hankow steel official told me gravely, "it is really a sign of American weakness."

When I tried to talk back to this sort of thing by saying "America never started a war, why should it now?" they would come back with a knowing smile: "And what about Korea?"

For many Chinese are persuaded that the U.S. started the war in Korea, just as they are sure that the Chinese volunteers won it.

Chinese Humor Wanes.

"The American people are afraid that the Communists want to force their form of government on the rest of the world," I argued.

Again the smile. "Ridiculous, Lenin himself said communism cannot be exported."

Only rarely did I encounter

flashes of Chinese humor which once was so endearing. Once in protesting that I did not believe there would be a war or I would not be traveling in China, I pulled out a photograph of my wife and six children.

"Ohoh," smiled a factory manager, "so you are a sputnik father."

Sputnik is the Chinese label given to anyone who overfills the production plan.

Nation of Hate

Ideas Are Target of Peiping Purge

Third of a Series.

By JOHN STROHM.

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I had been chatting informally with a Red Chinese government official for some time when he leaned forward and asked: "What did you hear about China before you came here?"

I decided frankness was the best policy. So I replied:

"Some good—but mostly bad."

"I realize your monopoly press slanders our country," he said quickly.

"Well," I countered, "what about all of those people you shot? Isn't that true?"

"They deserved to be punished," he retorted. "They would not cooperate with the land reform and it was impossible to liberate our potential productive capacity without land reform."

So there it was, a flat confirmation of one of the big questions about the Red Republic, and uttered with calm assurance that no reasonable person could be shocked.

The British, who recognize Peiping and admittedly have more precise sources than most Western nations, estimate that Mao Tse-tung's regime actually shot 800,000 to 1½ million Chinese during the "land reform."

The American figure is five to 10 million, but it may include some sentenced to prison or "rehabilitation."

A 'Purifying' Process.

All of these souls are gone without a trace, but a new kind of purge is evident everywhere. It is the purge of ideas.

"What we aim at is to wipe out all harmful ideas opposed to socialist construction—but not the people who harbor those ideas," a party official told me.

"And what happens to them?"

"They're remolded," he said. This "remolding" is perhaps the most dramatic single enterprise in Red China. Hundreds of thousands—some say even millions—of government officials, writers, artists and businessmen have been sent out to farms or construction projects to work the "conservative" ideas out of their systems. Or, as the party puts it, "to purify themselves for communism."

Three cabinet ministers, top authors and movie stars are among intellectual elite put out to redeem themselves.

These are the ones who spoke up when Mao published a report in 1956 entitled: "Let flowers of all kinds blossom, diverse schools of thought contend."

Their sin was in criticizing the party. The current doctrine puts it this way: the decision has been made that the Communist party knows what's best for the people of China. So anything in China is subject for criticism except the Communist party.

One who, as I, has just come from an extensive tour of Russia is at once impressed by the speed of Mao's campaign to communalize life. The Chinese are hurtling toward pure communism at a pace that makes Russia look like it's standing still. They are intoxicated with the thrill of running their own show—they're no Russian stooges.

The Russians, with their interpreters tagging along, are as "foreign" here as the British or this correspondent. In Peiping, 30,000 Russian technicians live in their own compound—outside the old Walled City. They even have their own bus system.

Tito Denounced.

I heard more Marx quoted in Red China than on any trip to Russia, heard more denunciation of Yugoslavia's Tito.

"You're heading for communism faster than Russia," I observed to a government official.

"Don't forget we've had the benefit of Soviet leadership"—and then with a smile—"and of Soviet mistakes."

In most factories I saw Russian machinery. In every

hotel I ate in the same dining room with Soviet technicians. However, I saw no more evidence that Russia is running China than that American technical assistance people are running Nehru's India.

I spent a month traveling in Russia before touring Red China. There is a significant contrast. Russia seems to be backing off from pure communism, using profit and incentive of private ownership to get more production, especially in agriculture.

This is "capitalistic deviation" in China, where there is a whirlwind campaign to organize communal groups of about 2000 families each, where all farming, trading, industry, schooling and militia are consolidated.

Wives 'Emancipated.'

I was told that the communes are run by committees elected by "representatives of the people." These "representatives" themselves are elected by the residents of the com-

mune who have "proved themselves worthy" to vote.

Farmers are paid like factory workers. Canteens feed them three times a day so housewives can be "emancipated" from their grinding stones and rice pots to work with rake or lathe.

If a farmer rips his pants, he gets them mended in a communal tailor shop. Laundry is done the same way. The kids, are parked in state kindergartens sometimes for the day, sometimes all week.

Some of the communes are experimenting with a system whereby the farmer and his wife work apart all week and only live together weekends. Russia tried some of these stunts early in the revolution but the Chinese seem bent on starting communism at "A" despite anything that may be said about learning from Russian errors.

Impressive Progress.

The real test may come when the Chinese peasant, who was first given the land after

his landlord was shot, then asked to give it up, next is asked to part with the family pig which usually is tied outside his front door. The Chinese farmer and his pork are not lightly parted.

To the traveler returned to China after two decades, the changes one sees cannot help but impress. The old China was a dirty place, with open sewers, flies on the meat and the same village pond water used for washing and cooking.

In the new China they are putting the sewers underground and city streets are constantly being washed and swept. Policemen and school-girls carry fly swatters and the common fly is practically public enemy No. 1.

Tips Are an Insult.

In the old China, petty thievery was common. In 1958, I did not bother to lock my hotel room door. A hotel employee made a dash to the railroad station to return a dime notebook I had left. The

honor system is being introduced for distributing stamps, candy, cigarets and other goods.

"Cumshaw" was a way of Chinese life; today tips are an insult.

Alcoholism is unknown. Gone, too, are forced marriage of the young, selling of children by poor peasants and prostitution. Homes have been set up in Shanghai to re-educate "the girls" to what is gravely described as "a more useful profession."

Two Swiss businessmen made passes at girls in Shanghai a few months ago and they are still in jail!

Nation of Hate—

Red China Leaping Forward, Backward at Same Time

Fourth of a Series.

By JOHN STROHM.

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"Malthus," said the professor, and my startled look must have amused him.

"We're not worried about Malthus."

The speaker was an economist from the Economic Research Institute of Peiping and he spoke scornfully. His refer-

ence, of course was to Thomas Albert Malthus, a British curate who died 124 years ago but whose theory that an unchecked population far outruns the growth of food supply is still the stuff that population arguments are based upon.

Red China's future hopes—to feed its expanding masses and to become a modern industrial power—rest squarely on the ability of 500 million hoe-swinging peasants to prove the thoughtful curate wrong.

Theirs is an awesome task: to feed 640 million persons. And every day another 40,000 mouths demanding rice!

Problem for Future.

Population experts project a population for mainland China in 25 years of one billion. By then the problem will be to feed this horde with only three-tenths of an acre per person. (The U.S. today has two acres of cultivated land per person.)

Over and over I asked the question during my 7500-mile trip across Red China, visiting farms in the major food-producing areas. Invariably the answers exuded the brash confidence of one fertilizer factory engineer who boasted:

"We can feed 15 billion people if we have to."

China has two secret weapons for dealing with what must surely be the biggest food problem any nation ever faced: (1) the "great leap forward in agriculture," and (2) birth control, the "great leap" backward in babies.

Grain Output Tripled.

The "great leap" is Communist jargon for the most gigantic mobilization of manpower in history. By comparison the building of the Pyramids of Cheops and the Great Wall of China were ambitious doodles.

China claims her food grain production was tripled in the past two years. Few Westerners believe this.

"The more people we have, the more workers we have to produce food and industrial products," the Peiping economist went on.

Lack of Machinery.

Every doctor I met in farm and factory told me frankly that he gave birth control advice to the women.

What is the picture on these farms which must do the impossible in order that Red China may "leap forward"? It's sweating, bare-backed men swinging heavy hoes . . . barefoot women cutting heads of rice by hand . . . wispy bearded oldsters using wooden rakes and pitchforks . . . children winnowing grain with the help of the wind . . . wiry men straining to pull a wooden plow because they had no donkey or cow . . . patient peasants pumping irrigation water by treadmill.

The lack of machinery is appalling; not once did I get close enough to a working tractor to take a picture.

How much food do the farms turn out? On a farm cooperative near Peiping where 1602 workers farm 1661 acres, they say they produced 250 bushels of wheat per acre and then grew a crop of sweet potatoes.

A co-op near Shenyang said they got 200 percent more food production this year than last by jumping irrigated acres from 600 to 1600 acres.

Fantastic Yields.

A vegetable cooperative near Shanghai says they harvest from 12 to 21 crops of vegetables a year. A commune near Hankow told me their two crops of rice made 225 bushels per acre. Their cotton was 360 pounds per acre but next year's goal is 1800 pounds per acre.

China claims its fantastic yields this year are built on three things: More irrigation, more double cropping, more

fertilizer, and deep plowing.

A Red farm planner told me: "In the Old China we irrigated 39.4 million acres. Last year, 85.8 million acres. And this year 160.2 million acres, or 55 percent of our total acreage."

Weary peasants ordinarily take a month off at Chinese New Year's in February. This year more than 200 million people, swarming like ants, dug canals, built dams and reservoirs, made terraces on mountainsides. The farm force was augmented by millions of office and factory workers, artists and writers, movie actors and bureaucrats because the new Chinese Communist line is that everyone must do some hard physical labor.

Big Irrigation Jump.

Their implements? Big hoes to dig; baskets slung on a springy carrying pole to carry the dirt. Their results? They claim their irrigated acreage jumped by a whopping 74 million acres.

Of chemical fertilizer, I saw little. And the only fertilizer factory I visited wouldn't give production figures. Every other factory seemed happy to boast of its progress. China is importing all the fertilizer she can afford to buy and is trying to buy fertilizer plants and equipment abroad.

Experimental plots have given the Chinese a great psychological boost. Each farm was encouraged to see how much it could raise on a test plot of rice, sorghum, cotton and tobacco.

I was quoted yield figures on some plots I saw which my farm brothers are going to read and say: "Somebody's lying—that impossible!" For example: Corn, 3850 bushels per acre, when the top recorded U.S. yield is 300 bushels per acre. Wheat, 1100 bushels per acre, when the world record is 230 bushels.

Most fantastic claim of all: On a commune near Tientsin,

I saw a rice plot estimated to yield 11,000 bushels per acre. They had jammed rice sprouts at the rate of 360,000 to the acre, root to root.

Could Spell Trouble.

Few Westerners will believe the Chinese yield figures. If they are anywhere near right, China's hopes and plans may go forward. If the real crop is much less—and I'm afraid it is—I'm sure Dr. Malthus would agree it could spell real trouble for Mao Tse-tung's optimistic economists.

For not only the needs of today but the dreams of tomorrow depend upon a prodigious increase in food.

Red China Air Scented by Steel

Fifth of a Series.

By JOHN STROHM.

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Almost everywhere you go in Red China your nostrils are assailed by a sulphurous smoke that reminds you of Gary or East Chicago.

Red China is out to make the "great leap forward" in steel production by twin programs, one

old, one new.

In farmyards, on school playgrounds, college campuses and vacant lots, the belching vest pocket blast furnaces of the old way polkadot the landscape with smears of smoke. And those who stoke them with hand-crushed ore, coal and limestone are the farmer and his wife, the school children and college kids.

Thus did America produce pig iron in the mid-1800's on myriad "plantations" close to the land (for ore) and the forest (for charcoal). They are not new to China, but the program has exploded in size.

I must have seen more than 1000 of these furnaces during my tour of Mao's domain. They range from three to 30 feet high, their output from 100 pounds to 100 tons daily.

How They Reason.

Red China's economists reasoned thusly: To save transport, take the furnace to the raw materials and only move the pig iron to the factory. The iron pigs are fed to the great new rolling mills like those I saw at Hankow and Anchan.

But Red China is by no means betting on its backyard iron-mongers. At Anchan I visited a sprawling mill where 100,000 workers making an average of \$32 a month turn out one-third of China's iron and steel.

Indeed, the Chinese are demonstrating an aptitude for manufacture that few Westerners once would have believed. I talked with businessmen from Denmark, Britain and Germany and the consensus of their comment was: "Chinese learn fast, can operate machinery well."

Several Red engineers and plant managers told me they keenly desired to see U.S. plants and methods but real-

ized that was impossible, because, as one put it, "Your Mr. Dulles has erected a Bamboo Curtain that would prevent it." (This assertion that the Bamboo Curtain was erected by the U.S. and not Red China is a recurrent Red refrain.)

Higher Goals Set.

"Before the liberation," a Chinese plant official told me, "we produced only 923,000 tons of steel and 1.8 million ton of pig iron. Last year we produced 5.3 million tons of steel. This year's goal is 10 million tons and next year's is 20 million—almost as much as Britain."

Britain's net tonnage of ingots and steel for castings in 1957 was 24,300,000. America's was 112,700,000. Thus Britain's production is the first plateau the struggling Chinese hope to reach. They talk about achieving economic parity with Britain in 10 to 15 years. A few optimistic Communists even talk of five.

Who knows whether these goals are solid prospects or wishful planning? One only sees today that there is a vast flexing of muscle, a tremendous state-directed upsurge of effort and that the first signs

on an industrial civilization are beginning to stamp themselves upon mainland China.

China's industry may not look impressive to an American but there are indications the Russians have begun to sit up and regard it with some seriousness.

And the visitors from the rice paddy and ox cart countries of Asia who come here to visit stand around in goggle-eyed amazement at Red China's trickle of industrial wonders.

An Atomic Reactor.

There's an atomic reactor (which I did not see) and they're turning out television sets, jet planes, automobiles, tractors and machine tools.

At an export exhibit in Shanghai I picked up sales literature in English for 6500 products which were said to be exported to 82 countries. Copies of American toothpaste, sewing machines and fountain pens were easily recognized.

China makes the "East Wind" automobile but you can't own a car in China so everyone except high government officials walks, bicycles or goes by pedicab.

An industrial exhibition showed a giant crane with a five-square-yard bite. But out on the dams and irrigation ditches construction was by tens of thousands of men and women, digging, carrying and tamping in ways no different than when the Great Wall was built in 300 A.D.

Private Business Is Out.

In Shenyang I saw a modern lathe factory where 5000 workers were said to be turning out 4000 precision lathes a year.

There is no private business left in Red China. Everything is government or joint owned. This last is a device whereby the conscientious capitalist may petition the government to make him a joint owner.

"How did you become a joint owner?" I asked a woman of 45.

"I realized that as a capitalist I was exploiting my employes. I had to worry about getting materials, about competition. So I petitioned the government."

"And how has it worked out?"

"Oh much better. Our production has gone up. I get the same salary as my income when I owned the shop. (This is \$92 a month, almost twice what the factory manager is paid.) And I'm paid 5 percent interest on the value of the property for five years."

Money a Big Problem.

The biggest problem seems to be capital. What help the Chinese get from the Russians and other "people's democracies" costs dearly. So therefore, her industrial expansion must be based largely on what can be wrung from the hides of peasants who have struggled for centuries just to keep alive.

Nation of Hate:

Red Chinese Find Food Adequate, Housing Better; Schools and Churches Are Under State Thumb

This is the last article of an exclusive six-part report on Red China by John Strohm, the first authorized U.S. newsman to penetrate Mao's border.

By JOHN STROHM.

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QUESTIONS often asked me since my 50-hour flight home after a tour of Red China are: "How do the Chinese people live, eat and work under communism? What's happened to religion, the schools? Are they docile or will they ever revolt?"

A consolidated reply would be something like this: The food is adequate, the housing vastly improved. Schools, churches and all means of public expression are in the complete service of the state. There was no visible evidence of any disposition to resist complete regimentation.

Light, office work earns a rice or flour ration of a pound a day. Workers in steel plants and coal mines get up to two pounds a day. Every individual can buy 40 cents worth of meat (half a pound) every week, with sometimes an extra ration for Sundays. Each family gets a pound of beef monthly per person.

The cotton cloth ration is up to six yards a year per person.

Chinese wages are edging up. In the two dozen plants I visited wages average about \$25 a month. The lowest paid workers get about \$12; the highest paid, \$40. Factory managers and top officials get \$60 to \$75 a month. The idea of high wages for managers, artists and intellectuals such as are paid in the Soviet Union would be sinful in China.

The new regime is putting a surprisingly high priority on apartment buildings for industrial workers.

Near Hankow a hundred apartment buildings were put up before they started building the new steel mills.

"Go ahead, knock on any door you like," the secretary told me when I asked to visit homes of workers. The door I knocked on opened into a large, clean one-room apartment for a family of seven. A bed—big but a bit crowded for seven—stood in one corner. Their clothes hung in wardrobes. They had an alarm clock and a thermo bottle for hot water, two important symbols of an approved standard of living.

Three families shared a hole-in-the-floor toilet and a stone tub laundry. They share the same kitchen and cook over a mud mortar stove, or over a small jar filled with charcoal. Their rent bill is \$1.25 a month.

In another worker's apartment in Shenyang, the family of eight has a big room with two beds and a tiny separate kitchen equipped with gas and a stone sink and running water. For monthly rent of \$4 they also get a private latrine.

No Inside Plumbing.

A diploma on the wall testified that mother has learned to read, and is now teaching others. Her husband operates a lathe, gets a very high salary of \$48 a month. Beside the diploma was a red paper entitled Family Program and Budget, listing outgo as \$14 a month for grain; \$10 for vegetables; \$4 for water, gas, electricity and rent; \$2.80 for transportation.

There were some miscellaneous expenses and a little left over for savings. Also, the housewife agrees to keep rooms clean, observe sanitation rules and teach them to the family, educate her children and be a good mother.

The old homes in the cities and in the country are not nearly so nice, have no running water, or inside plumbing. The residents carry water from open wells or from ponds where they do the family washing. The New China does insist that all water be boiled before drinking and the typhoid rate is sharply down.

Textile workers in Peiping invited me to visit their bachelor girls' apartment. Six giggling girls in pigtailed trousers, and wearing no makeup, shared the room with double-decked beds. Rent, 15 cents a month each. The girls had joined the militia and were learning to fire rifles. One of them showed me a poem she'd written about Chinese indignation over American "imperialism" called "Angry Fire"

The Chinese food was wonderful. And I became quite adept at reaching out with my chopsticks to share a bit of bamboo shoot, goose gizzard or sweet-sour pork as we all ate out of the same dishes. Such delicacies as bird's nest soup and sharks' fins are available for a dollar a plate, but must be ordered in advance. And they apologized that snakes, a Cantonese delicacy, are not available until winter "when their fat helps keep you warm."

Cultured Laborers.

I shopped the stores in every town and was amazed at the quantity and variety of goods available and the fact people were buying them. Here are some price tags—judge these against the wage earner's average monthly salary of \$25 a month:

Socks, 20 cents; towels, 40 cents; wool sweater, \$9.20; ham, 80 cents a pound; chicken, 44 cents a pound; rubber boots, \$6.80; Chinese cloth shoes, \$7.40; rice, 5 cents a pound; umbrella, 50 cents; ladies' cotton jacket, \$5.45; leather jacket, \$40; blue cotton cloth, 16 cents a foot; cotton goods, 50 cents a yard; basketball, \$3.60.

The Chinese assert they are stamping out illiteracy, and many counties claim they already have. Most communes and factories hold adult classes in reading and writing. Education is compulsory for seven years; middle school is optional; college entrance is by examination only.

The schools of China today from kindergarten to college are glorified workshops. This follows the general Communist line, greatly intensified in recent months, that "education must be combined with productive labor."

So schools adopt mountains and 10 to 12-year-olds take a month's trip to plant trees.

The College of Engineering near Hankow in five years of existence has an enrollment of 7500. "We don't give degrees," the secretary told me, indicating degrees were out of step with socialism. In classroom factories the students manufactured electric motors and punch presses.

"In this way students develop into cultured laborers with socialist consciousness," I was told by a professor of the new line. "Besides," he added, "the work-while-you-study program creates wealth for socialism."

Every Chinese going to school today must study agriculture on the theory that "all must work on the farm some time."

Opera Is a Sellout.

Educators have tackled the monumental task of putting Chinese picture writing into the Roman alphabet. It takes a gigantic typewriter to type Chinese, and then only a limited 3000-word vocabulary. So all papers and records are hand written.

Another problem is the score of spoken dialects. My interpreter had to have an interpreter in Canton!

Every factory has a "Worker's Palace of Culture" where they show movies, have rooms for discussion groups on new factory methods or Marxism, for playing ping pong or chess.

The Chinese Opera is still drawing sellout crowds in Peiping where I saw the most famous Chinese actor of the past 40 years: Mei Lan Fang. He's in his 60s, always takes a woman's part, sings and talks in high falsetto to accompaniment of the discordant two-stringed violin and ear-splitting cymbals.

One Sunday morning in Nanking I attended the Church of Christ, a Buddhist temple and a Catholic church with a "Friends of World Peace" sign over the door. So those who are religiously inclined have churches to go to. ("Most of us have discarded the old superstitions," a Communist official told me.)

There are about five million Catholics in China, but foreign priests have been deported and many Chinese priests have joined the "Patriotic Priests" movement, which seems headed toward a state church.

Protestant faiths have been consolidated, with the logic "If you have the same God, why not the same church?"

A member of the Nanking Union Theological Seminary told me: "Compared with the spirit of competition and even hostility that existed between some of the church bodies in the past, we see this consolidation as nothing short of an act of God Himself."