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CONTENTS

MOTHERS RAISE THEIR VOICES

Chin Feng

Since we have given life, we must defend life!

"Since we have given life, we must defend life!" This is the solemn voice of mothers. I enter the room where new life comes into the world: the maternity ward of a hospital. I hear the cries of the new-born babies and look at the tired but happy faces of the mothers. Life is pulsating everywhere. Here is Hsiao Yu-shan, a nurse in this same hospital. Under her hands five-six hundred babies have been brought into the world, and she has experienced anxiety, surprise and joy at the birth of every one of them. But not until now when she herself is a mother does she know the happiness and the cares of a mother, does she understand how difficult it is to bear a child. Smiling shyly, she says:

"When that little thing was still inside me, I began already to feel anxiety, expectation and uneasiness for it. There woke up in me a sense of responsibility which kept reminding me of the baby: What would it look like? Would it be able to grow up in peace and good health? What would happen to it in life?" Here, she sighs with relief: "Now it has safely come into the world. I feed it and I can't gaze enough at it. If the milk is plentiful, I am afraid it may choke and if my milk comes in slowly I worry whether it gets enough. Whenever my husband comes to see me, he anxiously asks when baby should have its B.C.G. and when it should have all the other preventive vaccinations. He, too, cares for its well-being. Growing up isn't so simple." We talk, starting from the birth of her child, about its future, about a happy and peaceful life and also about the threat of war now confronting everybody. Here her heart grows heavy. After a few minutes' silence, she says slowly but forcefully: "Since we have given life, we must defend life. Nobody knows better than a mother how precious life is and how difficult to preserve. For us

Hsiao Yu-shan, putting down the magazine "Defend Peace" and folding her baby in her arms, said: "To us mothers, peace is our life, our blood and our flesh, the happy future of our children."

mothers, peace is our very life, our blood and our flesh, the happy future of our children!" She folds the child closely in her arms and continues: "If a bomb were to drop right now, I am sure I would protect my child with my body."

We hear the same from Huang Yueh-hua, a mother of 8 children, only she adds: "I have so many children, which one should I protect first?" So she appeals to the millions and millions of mothers to unite in order to "save the children and save the peace!" She was very interested in the Peace Conference of the Asian and Pacific Regions, and she and her children enthusiastically read and discussed the news and the articles about the Conference.

Let Ho-ping Grow Up Happily

"Let Ho-ping grow up happily," appeals Yang Tzu Sheng, the mother of Ho-ping, a new-born baby. She is a young worker in the cultural troupe of a military unit.

I am sitting at her bedside. A pair of loose braids hangs over her shoulders. She is a sweet little mother. Very pleased, she tells me: "I felt no pain at all when I gave birth to my child. It was really silly of me to spend so much time worrying about it before it came. My mother and my grandmother often told me that to give birth to a child brings one at death's door. But with this Soviet method of painless delivery, I didn't feel any pain at all. It is only in the era of peace, in the New China of Mao Tse-tung, that we can have such happiness. The baby is born to greet the peace," she stops, then looking at me and blushing a little, she continues: "so we called it Ho-ping (It means "Peace" in Chinese). The golden rays of the sun flood in through the big window-panes. "Look, how nice the weather is!" she cries. "I often think that Ho-ping," she smiles sweetly, "my child, will grow up in the sunshine like a flower. I think that maybe he will become a doctor, or an engineer, or a writer like his father, or an artist giving performances like myself. But anyhow, I know the child will follow the road of justice and grow up in happiness."

Yes, Ho-ping will surely grow up in happiness. Millions and millions of children in New China will grow up in happiness. This is not only the confident faith of this young mother but also the faith of thousands and thousands of mothers in New China. Their voices are mild but firm.

We Will Never Allow the Foreign Invaders to Come Again to Slaughter Our Children!

But it is not every mother and every child who are as happy as Hsiao Yu-shan, Yang Tsu-sheng and their children. The Chinese mothers who have gone through all the trials of war have the sufferings and sorrows of by-gone days still fresh in their minds. The aggressive war launched by the Japanese invaders against China has caused the loss of their children to millions of Chinese mothers. Here are the pained and indignant voices of several of these mothers. There we have Mrs. Wei Hui-min. Her child was killed by a bomb from the inhuman Japanese invaders. The bomb-blown little arms and legs are constantly before her eyes. During the occupation-period after the Japanese invasion, a great number of children died as a result of eating "mixed flour", forced on all the people as their daily food by the occupating forces. Old Mrs. Chang, for instance, she had had 10 children, of whom 8 died of cold and starvation. During the first year of the Japanese occupation she lost 4 of them. At that time, in order to buy a handful of bean-cakes with which to feed the family, mothers had to form long queues in front of the shops, standing from early morning until late at night, and what they got was scarcely enough for even the children. The child of Mrs. Chow, having eaten the "bean-cake", had loose bowels all the time and finally he was nothing but skin and bones. Then the Japanese aggressors launched a so-called campaign to arrest cholera-cases. Any one within view who was suspected of having loose bowels they threw alive into pits filled with lime powder. In a great fright, Mrs. Chow, holding her child, ran from one lane to another, trying to escape the hunters. Her legs became all swollen with forced running. Who can bear to see the child

of one's own flesh being buried alive in a lime-pit? "Well, I may say this child at least has grown up. But, because of the privations during his childhood, he is still as thin as a skeleton and is always having some ailment or other." Here she bursts into sobs which bring tears to the eyes of many mothers standing round.

I tell them that at this very moment a Peace Conference is being held in Peking. Delegates from many countries have been sent to this conference to discuss together how to check the atrocities committed by the invaders and how to guarantee that they will not snatch any more children from their mothers. With full understanding they nod their consent. They ask me to tell the delegates to the Conference that never should we allow the invaders to snatch our children away from us. That is how pained and indignant mothers raise their voices.

We Have the Strength to Defend our Children

The mothers of New China, the mothers who have stood up are not only determined to defend their children but they have the strength for it too. Thousands and thousands of mothers have sent their children to the Korean front to fight for peace, and many others have gone themselves to the front-lines to defend the peace and to defend the children. Lu Hsi-yen is one of them. Still greater numbers are active in all kinds of work at home. Mrs. Chow, old Mrs. Chang and many others have all undertaken either sanitary work or public security work in the residential quarters. Thus, they consolidate the basic units of the state-administration of the People's Democracy. What is more, the number of mothers who take part in production is also growing steadily. Every hour and every day they are working for peace and are increasing the strength of the cause of peace.

I enter the nursery of a factory. Here the mothers are happily feeding their babies. "Chao Yu-shu, the target you call for in your challenge is pretty high!" a young woman worker cries in high spirits to another one who is bending over to nurse her baby. Chao Yu-shu raises her head and calls back: "You are welcome to accept the challenge, Chang

Ching-hui." I ask Chao Yu-shu what is the target laid down in her challenge. She smiles and answers: "It isn't high. I want the output to surpass the target by 50 per cent and the quality to be guaranteed for 100 per cent."

The bell rings for the resumption of work. In the worshop, I see Chao Yu-shu, Chang Ching-hui and the other mothers bending over their machines and using their feet on the treadle, devoting all their attention to production. At the head of their machines, there are small red flags with record output marks. The comrade from the trade union, who accompanies me on this visit, says: "To greet the Peace Conference of the Asian and Pacific Regions, the women workers launched an emulation-campaign a week ago. Chao Yu-shu orginally pledged to sew 16 trouser-linings a day, but now she succeeds in making 25 and Chang Ching-hui, who sews the linings to the covers, finishes 40 pairs a day now instead of the original target of 27."

That is the loudest and the most powerful voice of the mothers who are defending the peace and the children!

October, 1952

AS A MOTHER OF EIGHT CHILDREN, I DEMAND PEACE!

Chang Kuei-ching
A Model mother of Shenyang

These last few days, I have been busy preparing clothes for my eighth child which is on the way. I have heard that the Peace Conference of the Asian and Pacific Regions held in Peking has been a great success. I am overjoyed at this news. Soon I am going to be a mother of 8 children and as you know I have been honoured as a model mother of Shenyang. As a mother, I pledge to support the resolutions of this Conference.

All mothers love their children and wish them to grow up in peace and in security. My 6 elder children were all born in the old

society. They have gone through many hardships, having been subject to cold and starvation. But now, being well-fed, they are all round and rosy cheeked; they go to school every day carrying their school bags on their backs. In order to encourage them to make greater progress, my husband and myself often praise and give awards to those children who got good marks at school.

I love my children very much. To me every one of them is a darling. My eldest daughter, now aged 15, is a pupil in the 5th form. She is the most studious of them all. The next is a boy of 13. He is naughty and fond of playing, but he has never lagged behind in any of his courses in school. He knows how to make various kinds of toys out of wood and we praise him as a future technical worker. My 11-year-old second daughter shows a special inclination for singing and dancing. She is sure to be found in every cultural performance of her school. The 10-year-old younger son has expressed a wish to join the People's Liberation Army when he comes of age. These four children are now all young pioneers, wearing their red scarves.

They are ready to take part in future in the peaceful construction of their country as their father, who is a good railway-worker, is doing now. My youngest child, who has just reached the age of 2, starts every day with a song as soon as he opens his eyes: "Open the window, open the door, let in the air and let in the sun." Looking at them, I feel that the crime of the American government in dropping germ-bombs on our people, harming and killing these children, is really unpardonable.

Before the liberation of Shenyang, my husband worked on the railway, with a monthly salary which was not enough to keep the family alive for ten days. I had to peddle cakes in the streets to supplement the family income. Even so, we still couldn't manage to get the children properly fed or clothed. When I gave birth to my 6th child, I had nothing to dress it in except a few rags. But now, with my 8th baby, things are quite different. My husband has now a salary of 405 parity units* a month while I myself get

* One parity unit equals 0.48 catties of rice, 0.32 catties of flour, 0.05 catties of edible oil, 0.02 catties of salt, 2 catties of coal and 0.02 feet of cloth (3 feet making one metre).

196 parity units a month as a worker in the No. 7 Rubber Factory. Besides, we are awarded prizes from time to time. Only a few days ago, because of the achievements he made in learning the advanced Soviet working-method, my husband was awarded a brand-new bicycle by his superiors. For my confinement, I shall have a maternity leave of 56 days with regular pay. Up to now, I have already made quite a lot of clothes and 4 small padded quilts for the coming baby. All these are blessings brought to me by the peaceful construction of our country during the past three years.

Our life is getting happier and more prosperous every day, and we hope to live in peaceful circumstances forever. We oppose war and are determined to defend peace! Even our children understand this very well. For the Campaign to Resist American Aggression and Aid Korea my children saved their pocket money to donate it to the Chinese People's Volunteers. Beginning from last spring, they took part in the Patriotic Health and Sanitation Movement, making a great effort to kill flies and catch insects.

It is because of all this that I celebrate the great achievements of the Peace Conference of the Asian and Pacific Regions. I hereby appeal to the mothers of the countries of the Asian and Pacific Regions and to those of the whole world: for the sake of our beloved children, oppose war, and defend peace!

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BY INCREASING PRODUCTION AND PRACTISING ECONOMY I DEFEND PEACE

Hsu Ying-hsien

Labour model of Li Hsin Textile Factory, Wusih City

The Peace Conference of the Asian and Pacific Regions has concluded with great success. I am very pleased and excited. I firmly support all the resolutions adopted at this Conference and shall strive for their realisation.

I am a woman worker of the Li Hsin Textile Factory in Wusih City. Although I am only 21 years old, I have experienced all the sufferings and hardships of war. At the beginning of the Anti-Japanese War, when I was only 8 years old, I fled as a refugee with the elder people. Hungry and suffering all the time I got to the age of 13, and then

I went to work in a Japanese straw-bag manufactory. There we were treated like dogs by the Japanese invaders. Like all the other workers, I received countless whippings from those Japanese invaders. At last came the long-awaited victory of our resistance and I became a worker in the Li Hsin Textile Factory. However, directed by the American imperialists, the Kuomintang reactionaries launched a civil war and prices went skyrocketing. My salary was not enough to keep hunger from the door. However, at that time, I was a little older and had more sense. That was why I took part in strikes, in the democratic movement against hunger, against persecution and against civil war at that time, struggling for a peaceful and happy life.

In 1949, South Kiangsu was liberated. The long-awaited peaceful and happy life came true. Since then I am no longer afraid of hunger or cold. My heart is in my work of increasing production so as to build up our Motherland and make it more prosperous, and our life happier in the future. After the Movement to Resist American Aggression and Aid

Korea had been initiated, some workers in our factory volunteered to join the Chinese People's Volunteers in order to safeguard the fruits of our emancipation. In the rear, I led the workers of my team (38 in number), to take part actively in the patriotic emulation drive to help support our volunteers. Within six months, we increased our production by more than 50 bales of yarn. Our team earned the title of "First class advanced team of Wusih City" and I was given the title of "Labour Model of the whole factory."

In September 1951, our Trade Union sent me to Tanyang to learn the advanced working-method of Ho Chien-hsiu. This year, on August the 9th, I was sent to the Sanatorium for Chinese Textile Workers in Tsingtao for a rest. All this makes me feel very happy and it makes our peaceful life precious to me. So, I shall consolidate and popularise Ho Chien-hsiu's working-method, consolidate the quantity of our output, raise its quality and economise on raw cotton, as my concrete contribution to the defence of peace and the opposition against aggressive wars.

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