

FOREIGN MINISTER JOHN CHANG  
OF THE REPUBLIC OF CHINA

HON. WILLIAM F. CLINGER, JR.  
OF PENNSYLVANIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, September 11, 1996

Mr. CLINGER. Mr. Speaker, President Lee Teng-hui of the Republic of China appointed Mr. John H. Chang as his new Foreign Minister in June 1996. Educated at Georgetown University, Minister Chang served previously as the Republic of China's political Vice Minister of Foreign Affairs and most recently as Minister of Overseas Chinese Affairs. At age 55, Minister Chang is a distinguished career diplomat and will certainly strengthen the ongoing relations between his country and ours.

Minister Chang came from a very deprived childhood. He and his twin brother, Winston H. (Hsiao-tz'u) Chang, were raised by their maternal grandmother and uncle. Overcoming their extreme poverty and lack of parental attention, the brothers struggled, worked hard and rose to positions of prominence: John H. (Hsiao-yen) is now the Foreign Minister and Winston H. (Hsiao-tz'u) was the president of Soochow University before succumbing to heart ailments last year.

In a moving chronicle, "Days of Shelled Peanuts," the late Dr. Winston H. Chang detailed the hardships he and his brother endured during those years of deprivation. I ask that the chronicle be printed in the RECORD for the reference of students of contemporary Chinese history.

DAYS OF SHELLED PEANUTS

(By Winston Hsiao-tz'u Chang)

My twin brother Hsiao-yen and I were born in Kweiling, Kwangsi province, in 1941. Soon after our birth, our maternal (hereafter, Grandmother) took us to her home in Kiangsi province. In 1949 Grandmother and our maternal uncle (hereafter, Uncle) moved us to Hsinchu, Taiwan where they raised us.

When our mother died, Hsiao-yen and I were infants. We have no memory of our mother. But Grandmother described her as a loving daughter who wrote a good script. Grandmother said our mother was pretty, elegant, decisive and competent. I later found some information about Mother, along with pictures of her. I learned that soon after high school she volunteered in the War of Resistance against Japan by joining the Youth Corps. During her training in the Youth Corps, she worked as hard as any man. Mother was not reticent; she was resolute and ready to take on any assignment. Mother was considered a modern woman with new ideas.

My maternal grandfather (hereafter Grandfather), who lived in Nanchang, was quite wealthy. I left his Nanchang home when I was six years old. I remember Grandfather's home as being very big. It had a very imposing main door with two huge brass door rings. A pair of stone lions guarded each side of the main door. A large courtyard was enclosed on four sides by two-story buildings. It was an impressive compound. Grandfather was a typical scholar. He recited poetry, composed literary couplets, read classics, and practiced calligraphy. As a young man he had passed a number of examinations, including the village examination, the county examination and the provincial examination. Local people honored him with the title of "Mini Triple Crown." He was born too late to have taken the national examination; when he was of age, the national examina-

tion was no longer given. Yet he was so erudite that he would have passed the national examination with top honors if he had taken it. Grandmother, on the other hand, was a kind woman with a firm and persevering personality. Despite her love for us, she never wavered from her strict principles of child rearing.

The 1940's in China were a period of upheaval. The family elders deliberated much about whether the family should leave China. Grandfather did not want to leave behind his vast fortune, including land and property, or the children. But Grandmother and Uncle finally decided to take Hsiao-yen and me to Taiwan.

Grandmother took some cash and jewelry with her to Taiwan. Believing that her stay in Taiwan would be brief, she did not take much money with her. What she brought with her was enough to support her family for a short time. But it soon became difficult to meet living expenses. Because everyone in Taiwan was poor, everyone's living standards were about the same. So our family's financial condition was not exceptional. Even though we had little we didn't feel any pain.

To make a living, Uncle made bread buns at home which he sold in the market. Later, he sold various small items, such as fountain pens, socks, and plastic bags. I went with him everywhere. I quickly understood that without Uncle's hard work, we would have trouble making ends meet.

We were so poor that we could not afford to buy shoes, so Grandmother made cloth shoes for us. My brother and I were usually barefoot when we went to school. All of our schoolmates were barefoot too, so no one had anything to complain about. Furthermore, not wearing shoes helped us run fast. We loved playing. We didn't care how hot or how cold the ground was. When we had to wear shoes on more formal occasions, we felt uncomfortable.

We dressed in our khaki school uniforms most of the time. Pencils and paper were used very sparingly. Buying a new pencil was a special occasion. A fountain pen was considered a fantastic luxury item. At the time I most admired those children who had bicycles; these children seemed to have the most fun. I wanted to borrow their bicycles to see if I could ride one.

Our home was very modest. It didn't even have a bathroom. At the time Uncle was peddling soap so we used a few wooden soapbar crates to partition a small corner of the kitchen, which we converted into a bathroom. To take a bath in winter we boiled water in a kettle, poured the hot water into a wooden tub and mixed it with cold water. Later, the wooden tub was replaced by a thicker aluminum basin. We used a homemade soap to bathe ourselves. That was a good snapshot of how we lived.

Sometimes we were so poor that we could not afford to buy rice. We had previously charged our rice and not paid our bill on time, so the rice vendor would not extend us any further credit. Then Uncle used flour, which was cheaper than rice, to make bread buns, which was many times all we ate. Sometimes Uncle would serve vegetables mixed with flour balls. When we could not afford flour, we ate peanuts. When we came home from school, if we saw Uncle kneading dough we knew we would be eating bread buns. But if we saw a big bundle wrapped in a newspaper, we knew we would be having peanuts for supper. We would first shell the cooked peanuts one by one and then eat them. Sometimes we ate peanuts for several days. But I am glad to have lived through those early days of deprivation. They helped build my character from an early age. I had no doubt that life is a struggle.

We had two bamboo beds in our house. Grandmother used the small one while

Hsien-yen and I shared the big one. We pinched and poked each other every night until we reached senior high school. Those days gave me fondest memories of childhood.

I attended the Tungmen Primary School in Hsinshu. Most of my classmates were Taiwanese, so I learned to speak Taiwanese fluently. When I was in junior high school, Ms. Lu Hua-hsien was a mathematics teacher at a Chungli high school. A friend of the family, she suggested that my brother and I stay with her so she could help us build a good foundation in mathematics. So during three years of junior high school my brother and I lived with this Hakka lady and became very proficient in the Hakka dialect.

Grandmother and Uncle loved us totally, but they never spoiled us. They were very strict regarding our studies and manners. They had rules on grooming, dressing, eating properly and greeting elders appropriately. But I was certainly not a perfect child. I detested going to a tutor for supplementary lessons. As soon as I got to the tutor's home, I would quickly sneak out and go to a movie theater. Upon spotting an unsuspecting paying patron entering the theater, I would sneak in with him without paying. When the movie was over, Grandmother and Uncle would be waiting for me outside of the theater. They knew where I was. When they caught me, I had to kneel on the ground for punishment. After that, Grandmother would patiently explain why such harsh punishment was necessary.

Despite the strict discipline at home, I could not understand why I had to study hard. My casual attitude towards studying continued even during my junior high school years. Most of my classmates were from farming families. By our standards, they were extremely unruly. We would finish eating our lunch by ten o'clock. Then during the noon recess, we engaged in many activities. We filled our empty lunch boxes with shrimp and worms we caught in the fields. We then built a fire and feasted on what we had caught. In the summer I would go swimming in the river with my classmates. I really enjoyed the outdoor activities.

Although I played a lot with my friends, I kept up with my schoolwork because Grandmother and Uncle made sure I did not neglect my homework. During our junior high school days, Uncle made Hsiao-yen and me copy our Chinese and English lessons after school. Otherwise he would not give us any pocket money. Uncle believed that even if we didn't learn anything, at least copying the lessons once every day would help us remember something. In addition, we would learn good penmanship. Yet, in primary and junior high schools I never studied on my own initiative. However, seeds for learning were planted early in life; they began to sprout when I was in senior high school. I suddenly understood how to study on my own. I tasted the joy of learning.

Hsiao-yen and I attended Soochow University, but my family's financial condition was not any better at that time. A private school, Soochow charged high tuition. In addition to tuition, there were the living expenses. We never had enough money. We took our meals at a small eatery, but we could never pay our board on time every month. The man running the eatery was very nice. Even if we were behind in payments, he didn't force us to pay and continued to let us eat our meals there. He had an ingenious strategy. He hung a blackboard in his eatery and underneath everyone's name was a Chinese ideogram composed of five strokes. For each day that we didn't pay for our meal, he would add a stroke to the ideogram. He would later erase strokes, depending on how much we paid. Every month, Hsiao-yen's and my name would go on the E1586blackboard, some-

times accumulating more than ten strokes. We could not pay until we received money from our uncle in Hsinchu.

We had the same problem with our rent. We lived in a very tiny room with a bathroom right outside our room. We chose that room because it was cheap. When we failed to pay the rent, the landlord would embarrass us by raising his voice so that others could hear him. My brother and I had no choice but to swallow our pride and continue to live there. As for tuition, we had more than once asked Mr. Shen Ping to be our guarantor. He would take us to see the president of the University, praising Hsiao-yen and me as good students and asking that we be allowed to enroll before paying tuition since we didn't always have the tuition money on time. He also wrote a guarantee, pledging to pay our debts if we didn't. Through these delaying tactics, we were able to finish our college.

From a very early period, Grandfather taught my brother and me to recite poetry, and Uncle taught us classical Chinese. Because of these early lessons we had an interest in Chinese studies. After entering Soochow University, I enjoyed my Chinese studies classes very much—like a fish taking to water. But during my freshman year, a law suit against my uncle determined my career choice.

That trouble started with my uncle. He had borrowed money from someone and did not pay it back. But the lender didn't start any legal actions against my uncle; someone else went to the court and asked the court to seize our house. Uncle became very upset and he felt he was not being fairly treated. It was true that he owed someone money, but he felt it would be more appropriate for the lender to sue him instead of a third party. After the lawsuit was filed, Uncle had no idea about how to respond. He tried to study the law books of the Republic of China. It was all to no avail. He couldn't prevent his house from being seized.

Uncle's trouble devastated me. I thought that if I were a law student, I would know how to help my family. At the very least, I would be able to write petitions and to comprehend the legal procedures. Perhaps our legal rights would have been preserved and our house might not have been seized. After witnessing my uncle's misfortune, I made a quiet decision that I would switch from Chinese studies and study law.

The first year, there were many candidates for the law program. Only one space was available that year, but I placed second in a competitive examination. So I didn't get into the law program and felt very bad. The following year, there was no space at all. The third year I still wanted to switch to law, but a teacher told me that since I already had two years of Chinese studies, I would have wasted a lot of time because I would have to start from the beginning again. He advised me to finish my degree in Chinese studies first. If I switched to law after that, I would have a solid foundation in Chinese language training and would be a better lawyer because of my language skills. He also told me about a few well-known attorneys who were Chinese majors first before they studied law. The teacher suggested that I follow that route.

He convinced me to wait. I finished my degree in Chinese studies, served in the Army, and then returned to Soochow University as a sophomore majoring in law. The law program at Soochow takes five years to complete, so I spent a total of eight years, earning two bachelors' degrees from Soochow University.

Because I had tasted the joy of learning, I was a better law student than most. Right before an examination, my classmates would

often ask me to help them review our course of study. Because of this type of prepping fellow classmates, I gained a very good understanding of law.

After Soochow University, I traveled to the U.S. for graduate studies. First I received my Master's degree in political science from the Southern Methodist University in Texas. Later I received my L.L.M. and J.D. degrees from Tulane University in New Orleans, Louisiana. When I returned to Taiwan in 1978, I was thirty-four years old. I was very glad that I had completed my studies by the age of 35—in accordance with the timetable I had set up for myself.

I have always maintained that you have to be very serious about your studies before you can reap any rewards. Your determination decides what you will achieve. Regardless of what stage or level of learning you pursue, you must always be enthusiastic about learning and you must never stop gaining knowledge. When I studied in the U.S., I totally immersed myself in my studies. Nothing distracted me. For example, my classnotes were sometimes sloppy because I had taken them very quickly. After I returned home, I listened to the tapes I had made of the class and recopied all of my classnotes so I would have very neat notes to review later. Only after such painstaking work was I able to identify the issues I needed to focus on as well as grasp the professor's main points. Later when I became a teacher, I shared my learning experiences with my students.

I was in the United States for six years. In order to earn money for tuition I worked every summer. The first summer, a friend of an American roommate gave me a ride every day to a construction site. I helped lay foundations for houses. American houses are very simple to construct. My fellow workers and I would dig a hole in the ground, set up steel rods and pour cement. The rest would be taken care of by a different crew. So our foundation crew moved rapidly from job site to job site. The Texas sun is very hot, and I perspired profusely. The first day after work, my fingers were bruised and bleeding so I had to wrap them in bandages. The following day I wore gloves. A few days later, I wore out my gloves. For the entire summer, I worked with my hands, laying crude steel rods and pouring cement. I earned only three dollars an hour. But it was good money then, and I didn't mind all the hard work.

I also worked as a waiter. I started out as a busboy; my job was to help waiters move tables, to clear tables for waiters, and to take the dirty dishes to the kitchen.

Besides construction work and waiting on tables, I also worked as a security guard at a beer factory and at a bank. Wearing a tight-fitting uniform and carrying a gun, I made my rounds every hour. The rest of the time was essentially mine. It was easy work and the job was ideal for me. I had plenty of time to study. That summer, I had enough spare time to translate a law book into Chinese.

Grandmother is the most important person in my life. Hard times in Taitung did not overcome her. She always told us that poverty would never crush anyone and that everyone must have pride and ambition. She never mentioned our father. When we were kids, we would ask her about him. She assured us that our father was an upright and courageous man—a very good man. Our thoughtful and loving grandmother enabled us to have a normal childhood and taught us to be resourceful and respectful.

When I was in the last year of senior high school, Grandmother was already in poor health. She still got up early every morning to do some light housework such as dusting tables and chairs. She patiently welcomed

each new day. Then one morning it was eerily quiet. I did not hear her comforting activity. When I rushed to her bedside, she had already died in her sleep.

Grandmother has passed on. I will never forget what she taught me. She instilled a typical Chinese attitude that has deeply permeated my life. Grandmother has enabled Hsiao-yen and me to live normal productive lives despite all the speculation about our parents. Grandmother gave Hsiao-yen and me the support to live our lives with dignity and pride.

Ten years ago when I finished my studies in the U.S., Soochow University happened to have a teaching position available. So I returned to my alma mater to start a career in academia. I have always been attracted to law. I have always believed that for a country to thrive, it must have its own body of law. For example, if the United States did not have a strong legal system and Constitution, all of its material goods and scientific progress would not be enough to sustain its social cohesiveness. Here in Taiwan we must head in a similar direction. It does not matter what career a person has chosen—whether education, academic studies, administration or any other field—he too can serve both his society and country and find meaning in life if he is totally dedicated and selfless. Even though not all of us will be successful in all we do, as long as we do our best in our chosen field, we will be completely fulfilling our mission in life. This is my attitude towards life. This is what I expect of myself. This is what I pledge to myself for now and the future.

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## EXPORTS, JOBS, AND GROWTH ACT OF 1996

SPEECH OF

HON. RICK LAZIO

OF NEW YORK

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Tuesday, September 10, 1996*

Mr. LAZIO of New York. Mr. Speaker, I rise today in favor of U.S. exports, quality jobs for American workers and H.R. 3759. This bill reauthorizes the Overseas Private Investment Corporation [OPIC] which plays a crucial role in encouraging and supporting U.S. private investment overseas. This bill is important to my home State of New York which ranks behind only California and Texas in total exports.

OPIC enables U.S. companies to play a major role in overseas markets. Since the breakup of the Soviet Union this need has become greater, and there is no better time for American companies to get a foot in these markets than now and by passing this bill, we will create jobs for Americans through the exports which are created. By the end of this month, OPIC estimates that their projects will generate \$6 billion in U.S. exports and nearly 20,000 jobs.

OPIC operates as a self-sustaining institution, and there is no cost to the taxpayers. In fact, OPIC generated an income of \$189 and had reserves of more than \$2.4 billion and since 1971 OPIC has supported investments that will generate more than \$43 billion in exports.

I ask my colleagues to join me in voting for a pro-jobs, pro-American measure.