

China Reconstructs

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ARTICLES:

Commerce Serves the Countryside Ho Wei	2
Serving the Mountain People Li Fei-ying	6
New Approach Yields New Farm Machines Yueh Shu-hsueh	9
Land Wrested from the Sea Sha Tan	12
How I Won the Peasants' Trust Yu Wei-han	16
Across the Grasslands with a Mobile Theatre Chen Chung-hsien	20
A Day in Yen-an Ruth Lake	25
Defeating the U.S. Flying Bandits Chin	32
My Third Visit to China Ananda Kumara	38
Making a Transistorized Ultrasonic Thickness Gauge Chin Pao-shan	40
Ancient Corner Towers Tao Tsung-chen	42

COLOUR PICTORIAL:

Performances in the Pasturelands	22
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FEATURES:

To Our Readers: Everything for the Countryside	1
Language Corner: The Club	14
Do You Know? Chinese Silk Em- broideries	15
Industry Briefs: High-precision Ex- ternal Grinder; Sensitive Micro- balance; Tires with Steel Cords; Lightweight Passenger Train	19
Music Notes: Fighting Spirit in Songs	29
Song with Music: In the Taihang Mountains	30
Sports: Four New Track and Field Records	36
Children's Page: The Boy, the Old Woman and the Needle	43
Stamps: Second National Games Commemoratives	44
Postbag	45

COVER PICTURES:

Front: Shanghai middle school graduate Chang Jen (right), now a member of the Yuantien People's Commune in Anhwei province, walks home from the fields with her friends. Photo by Chang Chung-hsiu.

Back: One of the corner towers of Peking's Palace Museum. See story on p. 42. Photo by Chang Shui-cheng.

Inside front: A tiny pavilion on the top of 2,000-metre Mount Huashan in Shensi province. Photo by Ho Ping.

Everything for the Countryside

EVERYTHING for the countryside!" — this is the slogan of all of China's 650 millions today. Specific attention to service to the countryside is given by people in every trade, job or profession. It is an important part of the strategy for building socialism in our country worked out in the thinking of Mao Tse-tung. In its policy of "taking agriculture as the foundation and industry as the leading factor", the Chinese Communist Party has succeeded in determining the proper relationship between agriculture, light and heavy industries. With this main direction and the support of every part of the nation, the peasants have overcome the effects of unpredictable weather, and brought in good harvests year after year. The increased agricultural output has in turn promoted the rapid growth of industry, clearing the way for a continuous expansion of every sector of our national economy.

to our readers

In this issue we report on the various facets of this universal support to agriculture. How trade participates is described in "Commerce Serves the Countryside" (p. 2). With other examples, we show how service to the peasants and herdsmen is becoming the purpose in life of China's engineers and technicians ("New Approach Yields New Farm Machines", p. 9), writers and artists ("Across the Grasslands with a Mobile Theatre", p. 20) and medical workers ("How I Won the Peasants' Trust", p. 16).

"Everything for the countryside" has another equally important effect outside the realm of economics. It creates the conditions for gradually reducing and eventually eliminating the differences between town and country, between industry and agriculture and between mental and physical labour.

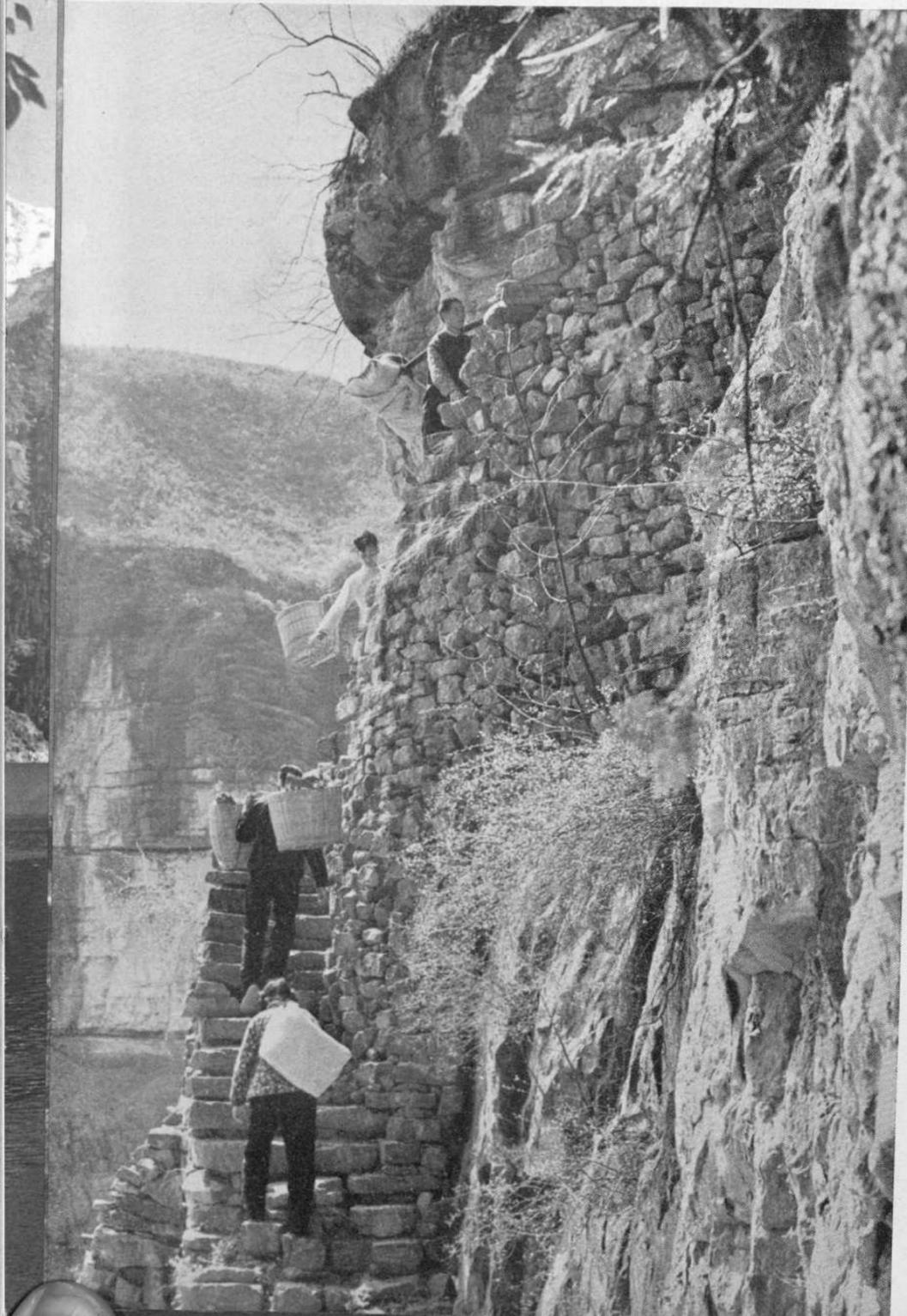
Before the liberation, the Chinese peasants were so crushed by exploitation that farm production declined steadily. Yet while the countryside was going bankrupt, the large cities were undergoing an abnormal growth with wealth piled up among a few. The decadent life of extravagance, debauchery and the mad chase after gold of big landlords, high officials and imperialists was in stark contrast to the accelerating impoverishment of the peasants, who made up more than three-fourths of the Chinese people. Many intellectuals, cramped in their outlook by the old idea that "those who work with their brains rule others; those who work with their hands are ruled by others", could not distinguish one farm crop from another and seldom lifted a finger in labour. In varying degrees they looked down on physical work and the labouring people, while the latter were deprived of any opportunity for education. At that time methods of farming were extremely backward, so that its productivity lagged far behind that of industry.

Such differences were the inevitable product of the old society and they grew sharper and sharper as time went on. In revolutionary China, these legacies of the old society must be diminished step by step and finally done away with if we are to completely free the forces of production, thoroughly wipe out the old inequalities and achieve the real freedom and happiness of man.

SINCE the liberation, with the growth of agriculture, the formerly backward Chinese countryside has changed greatly. The life of the peasants has vastly improved, and the differences between town and country and between industry and agriculture are constantly narrowing down. With culture and education, science and technology being purposefully brought to the countryside, the peasants' cultural level and scientific knowledge are steadily rising. Gradually the difference between mental and physical labour is being reduced as intellectuals learn to become intellectual-workers and manual labourers learn to become worker-intellectuals. Both the work-study system in education and the system by which workers are at the same time farmers help to lessen the differences between mental and physical labour, between town and country and between workers and peasants.

In this way, the policy of "everything for the countryside" is pushing all spheres of work in China — industry, agriculture, culture and education — ahead with giant strides.

Commerce Serves the Countryside



BBETTER service to the countryside is the emphasis in all fields of work in China today. This is also true of commerce.

The basic tasks of China's commerce are to advance the economy and to guarantee supply. The most important way to advance the economy is by promoting production. To guarantee supply means to provide for the needs of industry and agriculture and of the urban and rural population. Only an advanced economy can guarantee supply.

Regarding their jobs as work for the revolution, commercial personnel take an active interest in production, seek out and fill its needs. At the same time, they do everything they can to make it convenient for the communes and their members to sell their produce and buy what is needed so that most of their time can be devoted to production. The commercial units also see to it that the consumers' interests are taken care of, thus contributing to the gradual improvement of the standard of living.

Why Serve Agriculture?

Serving the countryside has always been one of the main aims of China's commerce because agriculture is the starting point for the development of the entire national economy. Its progress promotes the growth of industry. It supplies grain and non-staple foodstuffs for industrial workers and other city-dwellers and provides raw materials for industry. Agriculture also helps accumulate capital for national construction, both indirectly through supplying raw materials

The staff of the Shihpanyen Supply and Marketing Co-op in Honan province taking goods to the peasants. Tang Mou-lin

HO WEI

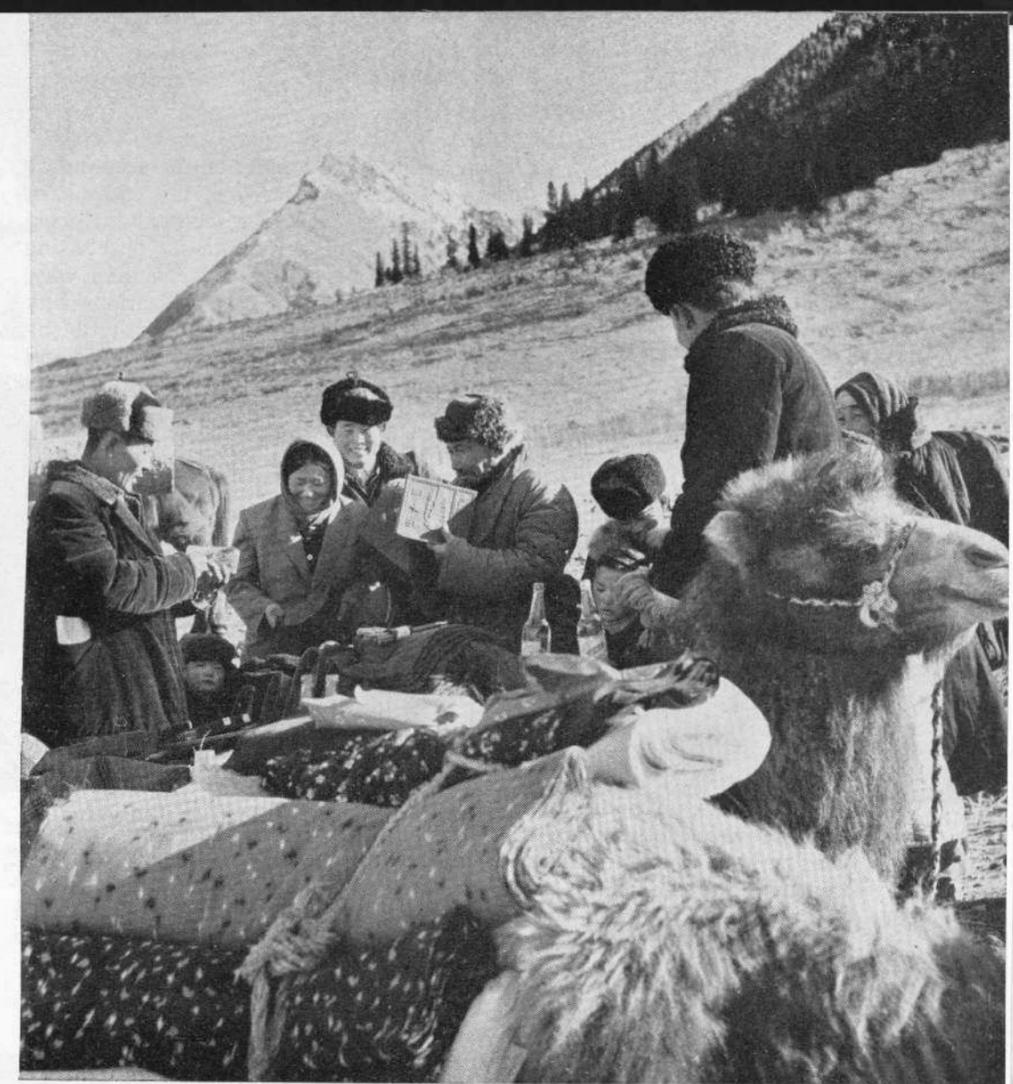
for light industry, which is an important source of capital accumulation, and, more directly, through the small agricultural tax paid by the communes. In addition, it provides a vast market for industry.

To look at the matter from the other side, an advancing industry provides more means for the technical transformation of agriculture — more farm machinery, chemical fertilizers and insecticides to augment the productive forces and speed the modernization which will fully solve the country's food problem. More and cheaper consumers' goods from industry also helps improve the rural standard of living. The cities and the factory and mining areas provide a vast market for agriculture. Thus, while agriculture is the starting point, industry (and particularly heavy industry) is the leading factor for the development of the national economy. This is the general policy for China's economy.

Under the socialist system this economic relationship of interdependence, interplay and mutual stimulation between agriculture and industry, and between all sectors of the economy, operates to a very large extent through the circulation and exchange of commodities. Here the commercial organizations serve as the bridge or go-between. Therefore, it is only by firmly making service to agriculture their chief work, and by doing it well, that the commercial organizations can contribute toward the advance of China's socialist economy.

Trade for Self-reliance

Socialist production and commerce are fundamentally different from what they are in a capitalist society. The ultimate aim of developing production under socialism



A "store on camel back" visits herdsmen in a winter pasture in Sinkiang. Wu Chun-chan

is to improve the life of the entire people, not to make a profit. The cyclic phenomena of capitalist society, such as overproduction and decline in domestic trade, do not exist; there is never a need to ruthlessly exploit the working people at home or seek markets abroad by plunder and aggression. The very nature of the socialist system determines that we do not, and need not, expand beyond our borders. When we engage in foreign trade, we take some products from the home market in a planned way solely in order to obtain certain things needed in our socialist construction, or to assist friendly countries in developing their independent economies. In a word, in building socialism, we rely on the masses of the people and the domestic market to carry out accumulation, consumption and expanded reproduction. Because of this and because the main domestic market is in the countryside, the correct development of rural trade

is fundamental to building up a socialist economy through self-reliance.

The emphasis on rural commerce also has great political significance. It promotes the further development and consolidation of the worker-peasant alliance, helps to build a new, modernized countryside and creates conditions for the gradual elimination of the differences between industry and agriculture, between town and country, and between physical and mental labour.

Serving Production

The primary task of rural commercial organizations is to promote in every way agricultural production and the collective economy of the people's communes. This lays the groundwork for expanding the circulation and exchange of commodities, and for guaranteed sup-

HO WEI is an economist.

ply of goods for both production and consumption. Actual service is given in scores of ways: by making all kinds of means of production available, helping the communes and their teams to organize sideline production, offering technical guidance in grading and processing of farm produce, helping to popularize good strains of seed and breeds of animals, helping to pass on advanced production techniques, and organizing mutual financial assistance and technical exchange between the communes. Many commercial workers have done such an outstanding job along these lines that the communes refer to them as "our good advisers", "our good suppliers" or "our good managers".

The commercial organizations' work of purchasing farm and sideline products, in addition to procuring raw and other materials for construction and industry, which improves the life of the people in the cities, has a direct relation to developing farm production, help-

ing the communes accumulate funds and raising the income of every commune member. By organizing production, purchasing and marketing in a planned way, the commercial organizations link the producers on the farm with the buyers in the cities, factories and mining areas. In the other facet of their work, the commercial organizations make every effort to provide the countryside with a complete line of goods of standard quality, in ample quantity, and at low prices. Much attention is given to selecting products that meet peasant needs and tastes. Commercial workers have established close ties with their customers, take every opportunity to find out what they require and collect suggestions for passing on to the manufacturers.

State, Collective, Individual

The purchase of farm produce is carried out according to a policy of unified planning and over-all arrangement with due attention to

the needs of all the parties concerned. The interests of the state, the collective and the individual are placed in the correct relationship. Town and country, industry and agriculture, good years and bad years, areas with good harvests and those with poor ones, the needs of domestic and those of foreign trade are all taken into consideration. This policy guarantees the demands of both the cities and the countryside, thus promoting both the development of industry, particularly heavy industry, and of agriculture. Areas with good harvests are urged to sell more to the state to guarantee food for people in areas with poor harvests resulting from natural conditions. This encourages the storing up of grain and other farm produce for use during bad years and guarantees normal production and life in such periods. The policy enables all three parties, the state, the collective and individual commune members to increase their store of grain and materiel.

Bamboo baskets, scoops, silkworm trays and mats for use in farm and sideline production being shipped to the countryside in Chekiang province.

Wang Chang-hao



A representative of the Chaiketa Supply and Marketing Co-op purchases cocoons, the produce from one of the sidelines which the co-op helped the peasants start many years ago.

Wang Wen-hsueh



An autumn harvest trade fair run by the commercial organization in the town of Chiangchen near Shanghai.

Tang Yun-jen

Prices are fixed by the state at levels that promote the steady development of farm production and, on that basis, guarantee a rise in the incomes of commune members. Prices are not regulated automatically by supply and demand. The price differential between industrial goods and agricultural products is adjusted in a controlled and systematic way according to the actual state of industrial development and the requirements for planned, high-speed and proportionate development of the economy. This serves to narrow the gap between the standards of living of workers and peasants. Since its founding the People's Government has made great efforts in this respect, and obtained noteworthy results. By 1964 the difference between the prices of industrial goods and agricultural products had been cut down by 34 per cent, as compared with 1950.

Supply and Marketing Co-ops

The supply and marketing co-operatives, which exist in almost every rural community, are the main form of commercial organization and the base of operation for China's socialist commerce in the countryside. But in a land as vast as ours, where people live in scat-

tered communities, it is not enough to rely only on the supply and marketing co-ops to handle trading; the initiative of the masses is also needed. One new method in this respect is for production brigades and the larger production teams to appoint one or more of their members to act as village purchasing or distribution agents for the co-op. These agents work under leadership from the local supply and marketing co-op and are generally active during slack seasons or after their day's production duties are over.

The staffs of the rural supply and marketing co-ops also make the rounds of the villages. With handcarts, carrying-poles or baskets on their backs, they go right to the production teams or the homes of the peasants to sell their goods and purchase farm produce. This makes it unnecessary for the peasants to take time out from production. Recently city commercial departments have also sent teams of administrative personnel, shop managers and shop assistants to tour the countryside with the rural commercial workers. They are often joined by representatives from factories, bookshops and health centres, making up a multi-purpose service unit. In some places, trade fairs to facilitate pur-

chasing and marketing are organized by provincial or local commercial departments. These all operate under the unified leadership and planning of the state.

The members of the staff of the supply and marketing co-op in the Huangshantien People's Commune in Fangshan county near Peking have won the affection and praise of the local peasants for the way they have for years been going into the mountains with baskets on their backs to bring goods right to the home, taking the initiative in serving production and taking thoughtful care of the peasants' everyday needs. They are called the "pack stores". Another variation is the "carrying-pole store" such as the one operated by the Chaiketa Supply and Marketing Co-op in Shansi province. (See "Serving the Mountain People" on p. 6.)

Last year commercial organizations throughout the country launched a movement for comparing with, learning from, catching up with, helping and surpassing each other in the spirit of the "pack stores". As a result of it, many trading units and staff members have already been commended for their spirit of "commerce for the revolution".



The "carrying-pole store" on its way to a remote part of the Chaiketa commune. Wang Hsiang-yun

Liu Jung-sheng (left), Communist Party secretary in the Chaiketa Supply and Marketing Co-op, displays goods he has brought to a mountain village. Wang Wen-hsueh



Serving the Mountain People

LI PEI-YING

A SUPPLY and marketing co-operative that is being cited for the excellent way it serves the mountain people is located in the Chaiketa People's Commune in southern Shansi province. It does much more than merely supply means of production and consumers' goods to the peasants and purchase their farm products, which is the regular function of such co-ops. Its workers take every possible initiative to help the commune promote its agricultural and sideline production. In this way the co-op helps to strengthen the collective economy and increase the peasants' income.

Before the liberation the treeless mountains of Chaiketa used to be one of the poorest places in the province. The only people who would live there were those who had no future elsewhere, had been ruined by usurious landlords or had fled from famine in nearby provinces. Eighty per cent of the area's 1,700 households had come there for such reasons. The peasants were too poor to have draught animals. In an area stretching roughly 35 kilometres from east to west and 20 km. from north to south, there were only one lean horse, one mule and a few hundred oxen. Most of the peasants had to pull the ploughs and push the millstones themselves. And since

LI PEI-YING works for the Shansi Province Federation of Supply and Marketing Cooperatives.

there was little animal manure to apply to the fields, the yield of grain was less than 100 jin per mu.

Today Chaiketa is a different place. The valleys and the mountain slopes are covered with fruit trees and forests for timber. One can see grazing herds of well-fed cattle and horses. In the 1964 autumn harvest, half the area's production brigades achieved yields higher than 400 jin per mu, and they all do a thriving business in sideline production. While this transformation has been brought about by the peasants' tireless collective labour, credit must also go to the Chaiketa Supply and Marketing Co-op.

Its predecessor was a consumers' co-op established in the war-time year 1943, when the area was an anti-Japanese base led by the Chinese Communist Party. In response to the Party's call to "get organized and develop production", the peasants formed mutual-aid teams for farming and the consumers' co-op for purchasing what they needed. As director of the latter they elected Liu Jung-sheng, who had come there after being ruined by a usurious landlord. In those years, with the single carrying-pole which was the co-op's initial equipment, its staff of three repeatedly filtered through the enemy blockade to bring back salt, matches, cloth and raw cotton from the Japanese-occupied areas for both the local people and the troops.



Chu Tzu-yao (right) from the co-op's staff shows members of a production team how to use a new insecticide. Wang Wen-hsueh

The peasants at that time had no subsidiary occupations. To improve their income, the co-op helped them to develop sidelines such as spinning and weaving, a dye shop, a bean-noodle factory, and blacksmith's and carpenter's shops. Ever since then the co-op staff has carried on this good tradition of doing whatever they can to promote production and serve the people.

Going in for Stockbreeding

After the establishment of the Central People's Government in 1949, the peasants decided to develop stockbreeding as the first step to raising agricultural production. Members of the co-op staff began to go with the peasants on trips to other parts of the country to purchase draught animals for their mutual-aid teams. The stock was paid for partly out of government loans and partly with money earned from the sidelines. In six years the animal buyers made 18 trips to Honan and Shensi provinces, Inner Mongolia and Sinking, covering 30,000 km. They bought 700 draught animals which became the basis for local stockbreeding.

From 1951 on, the co-op purchased only animals for breeding purposes and encouraged the peasants to increase their stock mainly in this way rather than through

purchases. None of the peasants, however, wanted to take charge of mating the animals, work which they looked down upon. Co-op director Liu Jung-sheng himself undertook the task, and under his influence others followed. By 1956 Chaiketa had become a seller instead of a buyer of draught animals. To date 2,700 head have been sold and present stock numbers over 2,500 head, or 1.4 per household. The Chaiketa commune, which was formed in 1958, has become one of the province's leading centres for breeding draught animals. Plentiful manure has also brought the commune a big increase in grain production.

In 1956-57, when the local Communist Party committee asked the co-op to help the peasants develop forestry and fruit-growing as another source of income, the staff worked with the county forestry department in making a survey of the soil and water resources of Chaiketa's 30 mountains. They purchased large quantities of seeds and saplings for timber trees, and 20,000 fruit tree saplings. Whenever they made such purchases they got the growers to teach them methods of cultivation and grafting to pass on to the peasants at home.

Wealth in the Wilds

Several other lines of subsidiary production grew out of the wild

plants in the mountains which the peasants began to tap in 1956. A survey group was formed with workers from the supply and marketing co-op, leaders of the agricultural producers' cooperatives, experienced peasants and members of county medical departments. They found that 120 kinds were usable, including oil-bearing plants, medicinal herbs and bushes whose twigs could be woven into baskets. The co-op put samples on display and taught the peasants how to collect and process them. It contracted to purchase these products from the agricultural co-ops and sought outlets for them with outside buyers.

Today the commune has over a dozen sidelines. They account for about half its total income.

Wherever it can, the co-op suggests ways to increase regular farm production. Once, during a time when fertilizer was badly needed, a member of its staff noted that goat droppings were being left by the wayside. The co-op proposed that the goatherds and schoolchildren be organized to collect them. The co-op bought them for sale to production teams, thus increasing the amount of fertilizer and affording the goatherds and families with many children a chance to increase their incomes.

The mountains once were overrun with pheasants and chipmunks which ate large amounts of the growing grain. In 1963 the supply and marketing co-op decided to purchase these in order to encour-

age hunting by the peasants. In the beginning some of the co-op workers were afraid that they in turn could not find buyers, and would bear a loss. Then they made a careful calculation. Each chipmunk and pheasant was known to eat about 2.5 kilograms of grain a year. If 20,000 were killed annually, it would mean a saving of 50 tons of grain. This would be well worth the cost of purchasing the game. Later the co-op found that it could sell the feathers, skins and animal fat. Hunting teams that it organized and supplied with guns and shot began to go out after the game. Today Chaiketa is no longer troubled by great numbers of these birds and animals.

The Friendly Co-op Man

Chaiketa's families live in some 300 mountain hamlets linked by narrow footpaths, so that going to the co-op centre or branch stores means quite a trip. To make life more convenient for the peasants, all the co-op workers, including the director and Liu Jung-sheng, who is now secretary of its Communist Party group, do their stint at visiting the mountain villages with the most-needed goods. On the same trip, they purchase the sidelines products. They have all become experts at climbing steep mountain paths with heavy loads hanging from their shoulder-poles.

Through these visits the co-op staff has built up close friendship with the mountain people. They even know when a family is going

to have a wedding and when a woman is going to have a baby, and bring to the door what is required for the occasion. If the peasants are busy in the fields when a co-op worker comes to buy their produce, they simply give him the keys to their homes and tell him where to find what they have for sale. On the other hand, when they see that the co-op worker has too much to do or an extra-heavy load, they step forward to give him a hand.

All-round development of production has given the Chaiketa peasants great confidence in the future opened to their region through collective economy. Many who had moved to the foothills or plains have now returned. As one said, "In the old days, we used to look up at the mountains with a worried expression, but now we see treasures everywhere."

With rise in peasant purchasing power, the co-op's volume of business has increased to more than 400,000 yuan a year. It has 1,000 kinds of goods for sale, yet still cannot meet all the peasants' demands. Last year's sales of 180,000 yuan average out to 103 yuan per family. Along with the thermos flasks and cotton and woollen blankets which have for several years been common in many mountain households, now even expensive items such as sewing machines can be seen.

1 jin=0.5 kg. or 1.1 lb.
1 mu=0.06 hectare or 0.16 acre

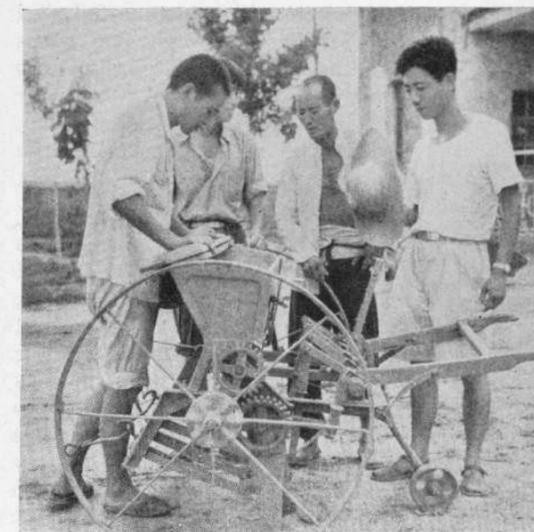
Sheep and cattle graze in the once-barren mountain area of Chaiketa.

Wang Hsiang-yun



New Approach Yields New Farm Machines

YUEH SHU-HSUEH



A serious discussion on how to improve the wheat seeder with team leader Chang Lai-yi (left) and veteran peasant Chang Chih-an (third from left).

THE countryside is the front line, the institute is the rear." "Everything for increased farm production."

These watchwords guide the actions of technicians at the Chinese Research Institute for Farm Mechanization.

Starting in the second half of 1964, our institute has sent more than 100 scientists and technicians on a planned basis to different farming regions where they join in commune production and do research and design on farm machinery. So far they have made or improved over 80 kinds of farm implements and machines. I was in a team with three other technicians who, like myself, had only recently graduated, and an engineer. In March of last year we went down to the Nanliu production brigade of Nanfan commune in southern Shansi province.

Contradiction to be Solved

Hilly Nanliu was once the most impoverished village in Chianghsien county. Since the forming of the people's commune in 1958, the peasants had wrought tremendous changes, turning ravines into farm land and hillsides into neat terraces. In this way they had

YUEH SHU-HSUEH, aged 27, works at the Chinese Research Institute for Farm Mechanization.

gained bigger grain and cotton harvests from their land. The Nanliu brigade now faced the contradiction between their desire to raise per-unit yields still higher and the backwardness of their farming equipment. Most of the work was still done by hand and there was not enough manpower to do it well. The practical solution was to introduce semi-mechanization, that is, gradually replace manual labour with simple machinery and pave the way for complete mechanization later on. Our task was to help. What was done at Nanliu would also serve as a guide for the stage-by-stage mechanization of similar hilly regions.

We lived in the peasants' homes, took our food from the same pots, and worked alongside them on the land. We were soon asked by the brigade leaders to assist in guiding production and the improvement of farming practices. This gave us ample opportunities to acquire first-hand knowledge of farming and to find out what the peasants thought and what they wanted.

When we arrived, preparations were being made for sowing cotton. In the past the seed had been placed in furrows made by animal-drawn ploughs, seed and manure fertilizer being spread by hand. As a result, the seed was not distrib-

ed evenly. Often the depth of the furrows varied and seeds sown too deep down would not sprout. The fertilizer was sifted so that it would not weigh the cotton shoots down. But much of it was blown away if there was a strong wind at sowing time. For these reasons there were always gaps in the rows. We decided to design a cotton planter that would solve these problems.

Theory and Practice

The theories of farm machinery design were in our heads. But how to apply them to actual production? What were the characteristics of cotton-growing at Nanliu and what kind of planter was best suited for local conditions? We knew we could get the answers only from the people. So we asked brigade Party secretary Chou Ming-shan, the workers of the Nanfan Farm Machinery Workshop who would build the machine, and also three experienced peasants to join us on the project. They made suggestions eagerly. With their help we did a first drawing, taking the locally-popular manual drill for sowing wheat and maize as a model. We divided the square hopper into two sections, one for seed, the other for fertilizer. The wheels of the animal-drawn planter set in motion chains which revolved a

gear wheel which in turn fed seed and fertilizer through two tubes into the soil. It was designed to apply 300 to 500 *jin* of fertilizer and 18 to 20 *jin* of seed per *mu*, proportions recommended by the peasants.

When the first planter was built, we asked well-known farmers to test it. They pointed out several shortcomings: it was too clumsy, the handles were too low for a tall man. In particular, the planter gave a fixed distance between rows whereas it should be possible to vary the distance—wider rows for irrigated fields to give plenty of room for the larger plants with their numerous bolls, narrower for dry fields on the plains and narrower still for the hillside terraces. We made changes according to these suggestions. Then we held a demonstration for leading members of all five production teams. They were pleased to see rows of equal depth and the seed and fertilizer distributed evenly. Some there and then threw away the seed-guiding tubes used in hand sowing.

The brigade had eight of the planters made but when they were used on cotton fields over large areas, some peasants got worried because they could not see the seed and fertilizer which, after being dropped, were automatically covered by earth. During a break Chu Shan-tien, the engineer in our group, took the planter to the path beside the field, lifted up the tubes and over and over again showed how the seed and fertilizer fell. He explained patiently until all were convinced. Then each of us went to a production team and checked the sowing, inspecting every row of the 864 *mu* of cotton fields. The peasants saw what had been done and were satisfied. With the planters, sowing was finished in five days, seven days less than previously. Immediately afterwards rain fell. Within a few days, the fields were green carpets.

"Never has Nanliu had such fine cotton shoots!" commented the pleased peasants.

This success showed us the correct way to go about our mission.

Some members of the Nanliu production brigade spray insecticide on the growing cotton.
Wang Hsiang-yun



We understood fully for the first time how important it was to live and work with the peasants. We cooperated closely with them and when designing a new implement we always went for advice to the experienced farmers who were to be found in every production team.

Last May when the brigade's 1,270 *mu* of wheat promised a particularly fine harvest, the peasants had a new worry. "How are we going to finish the threshing in good time?" one said. "It took us six weeks last year, but we won't be able to do it in two months this year." At Nanliu the wheat harvest always clashed with the need for cultivation in the cotton fields. Both jobs called for many hands and the threshing had to make way. Since rain was frequent in the summer, the wheat could easily be spoiled if it was not threshed in time.

Making a Winnower

We helped the brigade draw up a plan to mechanize the reaping, threshing and winnowing. This received the hearty support of the peasants who saw how the planter had speeded up work for them. The brigade bought one medium-sized and five smaller threshers of simple construction. The provincial bureau of farm machinery sent over two horse-drawn harvesters. A machine for winnowing was needed, but the brigade's funds were limited and purchase was not possible. We decided to make one ourselves. There were only seven days until the wheat harvesting began and we asked the deputy-leader of the brigade if the village had ever had a winnower in the past. He took us to a cave used as a storeroom where we found the wooden frame of an old winnower which had belonged to a rich landlord before the liberation. It could be converted into a workable machine by adding a conveyor and adapting it so that it could be driven by electric power. When we suggested this to Party Secretary Chou, he was enthusiastic.

We carried the winnower frame to the Nanfan Farm Machinery

Workshop. I too moved over there and we began work. From steel scrap the welders made a frame to support the conveyor. The carpenters made a wooden-bladed fan and the brigade bought a conveyor belt for 30 yuan. The electrically-powered winnower was completed within a week and brought back before harvesting began.

"Why, isn't this the old winnower from our village?" the peasants exclaimed in pleased surprise at the sight of the converted equipment. It could winnow 6,000 *jin* (three tons) of wheat an hour. With the aid of this and the other machines, Nanliu finished harvesting in two weeks. Not only was there no loss, there was actually time for the grain to be threshed a second time and this brought in an additional 30,000 *jin* of wheat! In the past this grain had been lost.

Toward the end of harvesting, the commune management committee organized a successful demonstration of mechanized harvesting at Nanliu, inviting the brigade Party secretaries and production leaders to watch. The aim was to stimulate interest and encourage people to think in terms of mechanization.

Later we designed more machines. To improve wheat sowing we built a horse-drawn five-row seed drill for ordinary fields and a three-row drill for the small hillside plots. Kao Kuang-chun, leader of the No. 5 production team, dragged the three-row drill round in a circle and exclaimed in delight: "Isn't this wonderful! Machines even on hillsides. I can already see a big harvest next year." Last August, all 1,300 *mu* of Nanliu's wheat fields were sown with new-type drills. Altogether, 300 of the drills were distributed in Chianghsien county. We also designed a simple earth tamper and a clod crusher, which greatly saved labour in the reclaiming of gullies and the levelling of fields.

Life's Aim Seen More Clearly

After we had been with the peasants for several months, we developed a deep affection for them, and they for us. We often

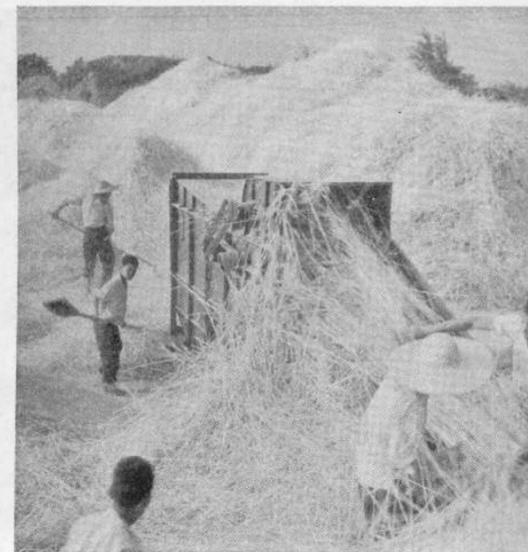
visited their homes, asking advice on farm work and listening to them compare their life today with that before the liberation. We became Nanliu people ourselves and, like the commune members, our main concern was how the crops were coming along.

Last year rust appeared in the wheat fields and fungicides had to be applied immediately. The five of us and two young people from the village formed a team and got the brigade's 45 sprayers into working order in quick time. Then we showed the peasants how to use them to the best advantage. After 20 days of continuous effort, we finally brought the rust under control.

Before the wheat harvest we helped the villagers to relocate 1,000 metres of high-tension and 1,500 metres of low-tension power lines. This was done to meet the growing demand for electricity as a result of increased mechanization, and the new locations fit in with Nanliu's long-range plan for laying out a new village. The power network was also extended to No. 5 team on a hillside a considerable distance away. We later converted the hand-operated equipment in the flour mill and the bean noodle and beancurd workshops to electric power.

We helped the brigade to form a mechanics' group, and set up a night school where we taught the educated young people such subjects as simple mechanics, mechanical drawing, the proper use and care of farm machines and implements, and basic knowledge about rural electrification.

Close to a year's stay in the countryside broadened our outlook and also made us better revolutionaries and better technicians. Speaking about what we have gained, Chu Shan-tien said: "When we did our work at our desks, it took us at least one year, sometimes four or five, to finally decide on a model for a farm machine. And we used to think there was no other way! What a difference when we feel the urgency of the need for machines just as the peasants do and understand the actual



The machine speeds up threshing of the wheat.
Ko Hsin-teh



Pleasant interlude while helping commune members install a water pump.

conditions under which they have to be used. This three-way cooperation of technicians, workers and peasants is the best way for both producing good machines and training capable technicians." As for us four recent college graduates, this time in the countryside not only pointed the way for our research in the future but, more important, made us see more clearly the aim which we have set ourselves in life—to serve wholeheartedly our country's 500 million peasants and contribute all we can to the modernization of China's socialist agriculture.



Battle to close the gap.

Hsin Ying



"The dyke breached. We'll build it up again!"

Hsin Ying



Commune members carrying earth to dump into the sea. Hsin Ying



First harvest on land reclaimed from the sea. Lin Sun-hsing

Land Wrested from the Sea

SHA TAN

AN ancient legend tells how the daughter of the sun god was drowned in the Eastern Sea and became the bird named the Ching Wei. In revenge, she spent all her days carrying twigs and pebbles from the Western Mountains with her beak and dropping them into the sea, trying to fill it up. Her name has become a synonym for persistence.

Once man's hope of filling in the sea or moving a mountain could only be realized in the realm of fairy tales. But today this can be done. One of the places where it has happened is Jaoping county in south China's Kwangtung province. Chiefly by their own muscle-power, in ten months its commune members hewed rocks from the mountainsides and built a seven-kilometre-long dyke along the coast in order to drain the land inside for cultivation.

Jaoping county has always had a large population but little land. Yet receding tides revealed a vast

SHA TAN, who is on the staff of the Central Newsreel and Documentary Film Studio, was editor of a film on the building of the Jaoping county dyke.

coastal shelf high in phosphorous content from decayed shells and seaweed, and therefore extremely fertile. The people had often wanted to reclaim these tidelands for farming. Before the liberation, returned overseas Chinese had financed several such projects. These called for dykes connecting Chingshan Island, three kilometres away, with the shore on both sides of the bay, in order to drain the land inside. But every attempt had been foiled by the high waves and deep sea. As a local folk song went:

*Oh, the water around Chingshan,
Half of it is tears.*

In 1958 the peasants along the coast united in a collective effort and finally built a dyke to enclose Chingshan bay and, following that, another one up the coast. Then they decided to use their collective strength to build a still longer and larger dyke to enclose the bay where the Huangkang Canal empties into the sea.

Work Begins

In 1961 the three communes which were involved in the project

began to accumulate capital for it by going into sideline production: fruit-growing, pig-raising, fishing, salt extraction, and refining of sugar from their own cane. In three years they set aside 600,000 yuan for explosives, iron rods and other things needed for building the dyke.

Work began in March 1964 with three thousand commune members joining in. The dyke's two sections were to stretch out from the shore on the eastern and western sides of the bay. As the dyke grew, the rocks and sand were carried out along it on shoulder-poles, or transported by boats of the fishing teams when the latter were in port. Two fishing communes up the coast sent 60 junks and their crews to help.

The plan called for 310,000 cubic metres of stone, but it was estimated that local stonecutters would need two years to quarry that much. The directing committee therefore mobilized the commune members to solve the problem together. Many people were so eager to help that they contributed stone

that they had stored up for building their own homes. Some were organized to learn to quarry. Another group went to the mountains and brought back rocks, some of them weighing as much as 500 jin. The women, old men and children gathered small stones and broken bricks, which also helped. All these efforts cut the stonecutters' quota down to one quarter of the original demand.

At first when rocks and baskets of sand were dumped into the sea, it seemed as though they were being poured into the mouth of an insatiable beast. But the knowledge that through their joint efforts, thousands upon thousands of loads would finally be dumped and take effect, kept the people going. They found that in some places they had to dump in 600 cubic metres of material in order to build one metre of the length of the dyke. An emulation campaign for fast loading and unloading and transport started by boatmen raised efficiency so much that 380 junks were able to accomplish the task originally planned for 700.

The Dyke Sinks

As the peasants waged their battle against the sea they gradually learned to organize their work according to the tide. While it was ebbing or rising they loaded the boats, and then during the two hours of full tide, when the sea

was calmest, all hands turned to transporting and dumping the materials.

After six months, a high hill near the coast had been half levelled and the two sections of the dyke were approaching each other. At this stretch of the dyke the water was seven metres deep and the current swift, and the mud on the bottom also extended down seven metres. The barrier began to sink from its own weight. After a typhoon, its bottom was four metres down in the mud. Many people began to fear that even if they could get it finished, it would not hold.

The directing committee organized a discussion among those who knew the ways of the sea. Their unanimous opinion was that what had happened was natural, because the communes had not had machinery to dredge away the soft bottom. But they thought that eventually the dyke would push down through the mud and come to rest on the solid ocean floor. All they had to do was keep building up the places that sank. Whenever they discovered a section of the dyke that had sunk, the commune members would fill it up the same day. Some spots were repaired more than twenty times. From this they learned to improve their way of building: to lay a more solid foundation of sand and stone before piling on sand and earth to increase the height of the

dyke. At last, the great dyke rose majestically out of the sea.

Besting the Tide

The most dangerous operation was the joining of the two ends. As the gap narrowed, the tides rushed in with greater force. In one great assault on January 15, 1965, the builders massed hundreds of junks and the manpower to load them. With the smaller craft on the inside of the dyke and the larger ones on the sea side, the fishermen skilfully manoeuvred the boats one after another through the rolling current and past the gap, where the contents were dumped. After six hours the opening was closed. Then locks were opened at ebb tide to drain off the sea water and expose to the sunlight land that had been submerged for centuries.

From the Tanghsi Reservoir 30 km. away in the mountains, the commune members channelled in fresh water to wash away the salt. They levelled the 5,000 mu of new land and laid out orderly fields. The first crop of rice — in autumn 1965 — yielded an average of 450 jin per mu, with records as high as 1,000 jin per mu in some places. Ripening in the fields, glowing golden against the blue of the sea and bounded by the great white wall, the rich harvest was vivid proof that members of the people's communes can transform nature with their own hands and open a new way of life for themselves.

俱乐部
Jùlèbù
(The) Club

A. 你到过厂里新成立的俱乐部吗?
Nǐ dào guo chǎng lǐ xīn chéng lì de jùlèbù ma?
You have been to (our) factory's newly-built club?

B. 这星期我一直很忙, 还没有时间去呢!
Zhè xīng qī wǒ yīzhí hěn máng, hái méiyǒu shíjiān qù ne!
This week I (have been) all the time very busy, (I) yet have no time (to) go.

A. 新俱乐部很好, 比我们原来的俱乐部大一倍。
Xīn jùlèbù hěn hǎo, bǐ wǒmen yuánláide jùlèbù dà yī bèi.
(The) new club (is) very good, compared (to) our original club (it's) as big one time.

B. 俱乐部里有些什么?
Jùlèbù lǐ yǒu xiē shénme?
(The) club in are there some what?

A. 里面有一个文娱室和一个阅览室。
Lìmiàn yǒu yīgè wényùshì hé yīgè yuèlǎnshì.
Inside there are a recreation room and a reading room.
二楼还有一台电视机。除
Èr lóu hái yǒu yī tái diànshìjī. Chū
(On the) second floor also there is a television set. Except

星期一以外, 每天晚上都
xīngqīyī yìwài, měi tiān wǎnshàng dōu
Monday, every day evening all (there are)
放映节目。
fàngyǐng jiémù.
shown programmes.

B. 听说俱乐部还定期举办一些
Tīngshuō jùlèbù hái dìngqī jǔbàn yīxiē
(I) hear (it) said (the) club also regularly organizes some
讲座, 是吗?
jiǎngzuò, shì ma?
lectures, is it true?

A. 每星期三晚上有时事讲座,
Měi xīngqī sān wǎnshàng yǒu shíshì jiǎngzuò.
Every Wednesday evening there is current affairs lecture.
每星期五晚上有科技讲座。
měi xīngqī wǔ wǎnshàng yǒu kējì jiǎngzuò.
every Friday evening there is science and technology lecture.
这些讲座可以自由参加。
Zhèxiē jiǎngzuò kěyǐ zìyóu cānjiā.
These lectures (one) can freely participate.

B. 明天晚上我想到俱乐部去看看。
Míngtiān wǎnshàng wǒ xiǎng dào jùlèbù qù kànkan.
Tomorrow evening I will to (the) club go (to) have a look. We together go, all right?

A. 好。我们吃了晚饭就去吧。
Hǎo. Wǒmen chīle wǎnfàn jiù qù ba.
All right. (After) we have eaten supper, (we) then go.

先在那儿打一会儿乒乓球, 再去
Xiān zài nàr dǎ yíhuì pingpāng, zài qù
(We can) first at there play for a while ping-pong, then go (to)

看电视。明天的节目是
kàn diànshì. Míngtiān de jiémù shì
watch (the) television. Tomorrow's programme is

纪念聂耳和冼星海的音乐会。
jìniàn Niè ěr hé Xiǎn Xīng Hǎi de yīnyuèhuì.
commemorating Nieh Erh and Hsien Hsing-hai concert.

你一定会感兴趣的。
Nǐ yīdìng huì gǎn xìngqù de.
You certainly will feel interested.

Reworded Translation

- A. Have you been to our factory's newly-built club?
- B. I have been very busy this week, so I haven't had time to go yet.
- A. The new club is very nice; it's twice the size of the old one.
- B. What facilities does it have?
- A. There is a recreation room and a reading room. On the second floor, there is a television set. It is shown every evening except Monday.
- B. I heard that the club organizes regular lectures; is that true?
- A. Yes. The lecture on current affairs is on Wednesday evenings and the one on science and technology on Friday evenings. They are open to anyone who wants to participate.
- B. Tomorrow evening I will visit the club. Shall we go together?
- A. Fine. Let's go after supper. We can play ping-pong for a while and then watch the television. Tomorrow there will be a concert commemorating Nieh Erh and Hsien Hsing-hai. You will certainly be interested to hear it.

Explanatory Notes

1. Bèi 倍 is used to express multiples. Dà yī bèi 大一倍, literally "one time bigger", means "twice as big". Similarly, dà sān bèi 大三倍 literally "three times bigger", means "four times as big".
2. Kējì jiǎngzuò 科技讲座. Kējì 科技 is the contraction of kēxué 科学 (science) and jìshù 技术 (technology). Many such contractions are used in Chinese.
3. Kàn 看 means "to see", "to look". Kànkan 看看 means "to have a look". When a verb is repeated in this way, it generally indicates a brief action.
4. Dǎ 打 means "to beat". This word is also used in connection with ball games, e.g., dǎ pingpāng 打乒乓球, meaning "to play ping-pong"; dǎ lánqiú 打篮球, meaning "to play basketball".
5. Nieh Erh (1912-1935) and Hsien Hsing-hai (1905-1945) are two noted composers who laid the foundations for revolutionary music in China.

Exercise

Translate the following into Chinese:

1. This factory is four times as big as that one.
2. Let's go and watch the television for a while, all right?
3. They play ping-pong in the club.

Correct translation of the exercise in the January issue:

1. Wǒ yǒu liǎng běn shū.
2. Zhège cūnzi lǐ yǒu qī bā jiā.
3. Wǒ kànjiàn yī zuò fúttái.

DO YOU KNOW?

Chinese Silk Embroideries

CHINESE silk embroideries are of many types. Four of the leading styles take their name from places that have made them famous: the city of Soochow and the provinces of Hunan, Szechuan and Kwangtung. In all of these the satin stitch is one of the basic stitches.

The embroidery is used to decorate clothing and household articles and on theatrical costumes. Screens, wall hangings and other furnishings are very often embellished with it. Traditional subjects for patterns include flowers, fish, insects, animals, landscapes and scenes or figures taken from paintings. Now large portraits of revolutionaries and scenes taken from the new socialist life in China have been added.

Soochow embroidery is made in the area around the city of Soochow on the lower Yangtze River. An old saying has it that, in this locality, "Every household raises silkworms, every family embroiders".

This style of embroidery was developed from the famous work done by the Ku family during the Ming dynasty (1368-1644). They were particularly famous for their reproductions in silk of paintings of the dynasties of Sung (960-1279) and Yuan (1279-1368). These had a lus-

trous sheen, and some people even preferred them to the originals.

Exquisite in workmanship and delicate in colouring, Soochow embroidery is done with very fine silk, frequently with only a single filament. A great variety of stitches, totalling altogether over 50, are used, and more than 300 colours. Often 100 colours will be used in a single large embroidery.

There are two kinds of Soochow embroidery. One features allover patterns, a highly decorative effect being achieved through a variety of stitches. The other seeks to make a faithful likeness of paintings. The result in fact is often hardly distinguishable from the real thing. The effect is achieved through the careful selection of colour, and needlework of such evenness and uniformity that the separate stitches are not seen.

Hunan embroidery comes mainly from Changsha, capital of that province. It was developed towards the end of the 19th century on the basis of folk embroidery and assimilated both the many stitches of the Soochow style and the intense colour contrasts of the Kwangtung style. It excels in the use of natural colours and is famous for its flowers, birds, animals and landscapes.

Szechuan embroidery developed during the Tang dynasty (618-907). Chengtu, the provincial capital, is the centre for distributing the raw materials and collecting the finished work from embroiderers in the villages.

Although this style employs the same techniques as that of Soochow, the workmanship has a folk quality all its own. There is also a special way of working the figures in a satiny, flat surface achieved by making short horizontal stitches over a base of longer vertical ones. This creates an effect of simplicity but is actually capable of much variation. Szechuan embroidery is popular for purses, aprons and other articles of everyday use because it takes less time to do, but is still beautiful to look at.

The Kwangtung style also has a long tradition. Unlike the others, most of the embroiderers are men. Already in the Tang dynasty individuals were famous for their work in this style. Its special features are the use of thick soft silk and ingenious employment of novelty threads for special effects. These are often made from gold, peacock feathers or horsetail hair wound with silk. The figures are sometimes composed of several layers of stitching to create an effect of low relief.

Once much prized for wedding gowns, it is now used mainly for women's dress-up tunics, wall hangings, pillowcases and other decorative furnishings.



Cat and butterfly — Soochow.



A hundred birds greet the phoenix — Hunan.

How I Won the Peasants' Trust

YU WEI-HAN

The author examining a young patient.
Wang Huang-yen



THE long cold winter in north China is the season when Keshan disease occurs. Named from the county in Heilungkiang province where it was first discovered, this malady affects the heart muscle and its cause is not yet known. In acute cases the patient suffers great discomfort of the heart, nausea and vomiting, coldness of the arms and legs, and dizziness — and dies within a few hours. As a doctor, I have worked for long periods in the countryside every year since 1953 as part of the concentrated cooperative effort to wipe out this disease.

I was an intellectual who was born, educated and had always worked in the city, so I had some misgivings about going to work in the rural areas. One night during a heavy snowstorm in 1954, I got my first emergency case of Keshan disease in a Tehtu county village. She was a woman named Tung Feng-lan. As soon as we arrived, her husband said, "Good! Chairman Mao has sent us doctors. She'll be saved now!" And one of the neighbours added, "If anything happens to Feng-lan, who will look after the family? It will have to break up." The responsibility weighed heavily on me, for behind this worried question lay an urgent appeal for help against the whole menace of Keshan disease in the area.

"Why didn't you call us earlier?" I asked.

"In the old society," the husband answered, "we were so poor for years on end that we're afraid of becoming poor again. We've only just begun to live better since the liberation. Who would think of spending money to call a doctor for every little thing?"

When I prepared an injection, the woman objected. "My disease can't be cured," she said. "An injection is a waste of money." When we explained that by government regulations the treatment of acute

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cases of Keshan disease was free, she replied, "You're fooling me. How can one be treated without paying for it?"

I realized then that medicine in the old society had had nothing to do with the poor, the working people. With 72 hours of care, we finally succeeded in pulling her through. Overjoyed, her husband told us, "You have no idea how bad it was here before. In the winter of 1938, some 400 people died of Keshan disease in the town of Lungchen alone. Poor people didn't even have money to buy coffins and had to put their dead in wooden boxes. No one of us can forget the field at the edge of town, white with those boxes of our dead. In some families everybody died. There were whole villages where nobody survived. The Japanese invaders and the rich people didn't get sick and they didn't care whether we lived or died — except that when one of us died, they would come to cut out the heart and study it!"

Truly, exploitation and oppression were written in blood and tears on every page of the family histories of peasants in the old society! Whenever the peasants speak of the past, they speak with hate; when they talk of the new society, it is always with a deep love. I, who had never felt the lash of misery, began to see that without thoroughly understanding the old exploitation and oppression I could never understand either the peasants or the Chinese revolution.

I was slowly getting to know and understand the peasants. A city intellectual, I made up my mind to do my full share to improve medical care in the countryside and to serve these people to the best of my abilities.

It was not easy to carry out this resolve. Bourgeois ideas of personal recognition and advancement held me back. On my first trip to the countryside in 1953, although I knew that the Party organization of Harbin Medical College trusted me and had given me an important



The doctor talks with an old peasant.



Li Teh-hsi Dr. Yu (right) working in a commune.

Wang Huang-yen

job, I had my own little calculations. As a specialist in diseases of the blood vessels of the heart, I planned to make the most of this opportunity to collect first-hand data to see if this Keshan disease was really worth my time and effort to study. But I did not get much data out of my first four months in the villages. Therefore, in the winter of 1954 when the Party asked me to go to the countryside again, I hesitated. I was afraid that once I put my feet into this "bottomless pit" I would never be able to get out of it again. Wouldn't my youth be wasted? Wouldn't it prevent my advancement, I asked myself.

The head of the provincial health department, discussing it with me, sensed how I felt and said quietly, "The need of the masses is the starting point of everything we do. Keshan disease is now a serious menace to the peasants and it cuts down their labour force in agriculture. We must eliminate it, and this will take the best in each of us. It's also an important research subject for our country."

Probably so, I thought. But would I be able to stand the poor working conditions and the hard life of the countryside? Who could guarantee that I would not contract the disease myself if I stayed long enough? There were no Chinese or foreign books on Keshan disease. How could I get any results without books to refer to? I wavered.

I told the president of our college, "The work of on-the-spot investigations can be closed for the time being. I think that we should do more experiments in the laboratory and more study of the published materials in the library." Actually, studies of Keshan disease in the field had only just begun. There was scarcely anything on the subject in the library, let alone enough data for laboratory work.

But I was finally persuaded and went out to the Tehtu county rural areas again that winter. The head of the province saw me off with these words: "The Party is determined to wipe out Keshan disease. What we need is to learn Doctor Bethune's spirit of complete freedom from selfishness."* I thought: how many people can be like Dr. Bethune? But after I had been in the countryside for some time the many unselfish deeds of the people smashed my old ideas.

That winter a father and his small son became acutely ill with Keshan disease. They were alone and the neighbours took care of them. While I was worrying that the death of one would affect the other, a neighbour said, "Let me take the child into my home." Surprised, I said to him, "But he might die." His answer was simply, "Death may come to any family. The important thing now is to try and save them."

The neighbours divided themselves into two groups, one to look after the father and the other the boy. They cared for them with

such gentle and loving warmth! In spite of all our efforts, however, the two died and the neighbours buried them with as much sorrow as if they had been members of their own families.

About this time, we were called in the night to treat the wife of Chang Chin, a former poor peasant about 30 kilometres away. But it was too late. When I reached the house, his wife had already died. Controlling his grief, Chang said, "I thank you just the same for coming. Take the body, doctor, use it to find out all you can about the disease as soon as possible so that others can be saved."

The extraordinary actions of these peasants moved me and I began to learn from them. More and more I saw in them what had been told to me about Dr. Bethune. Their selfless spirit spurred me on and I began to reject personal considerations and set my heart on staying in the countryside to combat this fatal scourge.

Keeping to My Post

As our work progressed we set up observation points and research bases in this and other rural areas,

*Dr. Norman Bethune was a Canadian surgeon who came to work in China's Liberated Areas during the Chinese people's War of Resistance Against Japanese Aggression. He was deeply loved and respected for his spirit of sacrifice, his enthusiasm for work and his sense of responsibility to the people. He died in November 1939 of septicaemia contracted while operating on a wounded soldier. Chairman Mao Tse-tung's article, "In Memory of Norman Bethune", is known and studied all over China.

following the leadership of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party which had established the Office of the Leading Group for the Prevention and Treatment of Endemic Diseases in North China. A research section and a laboratory were also set up in Harbin Medical College.

In 1960, 700 Harbin teachers and medical students, together with the people of Keshan county, started a great health campaign centred around the prevention of Keshan disease. Everywhere we went we saw a tremendous improvement in hygienic conditions. In the last two years the incidence of the disease has been lower in Keshan than in other counties nearby.

During the past 13 years I have gone with specialists in Keshan disease from other parts of the country into the rural areas, making electrocardiograph examinations and treating patients. We have accumulated a mass of data from our observations, tried out preventive measures in certain localities, obtained a better knowledge of the disease and become more determined to wipe it out. We have worked out criteria for diagnosis and a plan for treatment.

Our work in the rural areas made me realize that Keshan disease was not some minor disease I "might study", but a major threat to great numbers of peasants directly affecting agricultural development. I read in foreign publications that a similar myocardial disease plagues some African and Latin American countries and came to feel that my work not only concerned China's socialist construction but was related to the health of other parts of the world. I began to have a greater love for my specialized field and became happy in the countryside working on it. Every New Year's Day and Spring Festival, comrades try to persuade me to go home for a family reunion. But the greatest number of cases occur at this time. I stay at my post.

Motive: The People's Trust

Life with the peasants brought a change in my thinking and atti-

tudes. When I first came to the countryside the peasants and I had nothing to say to each other. I was not interested in what they talked about, and they did not understand what I said. Sanitary conditions in the villages were inferior to those of the city. I would rather walk a fair number of kilometres to the township office on the pretext of attending a meeting and sleep in a cold room there than to sleep on the warm brick beds of the peasants. My attitude towards work was wrong. I rationalized: "Coming to these villages to combat the disease is really 'taking an active part in labour', and a 'superior kind' of labour at that." I used to boil half a pail of water just to wash a shirt, without ever carrying the water or collecting the firewood I used. Though occasionally I did a bit of hoeing in the fields, I thought it not at all worthwhile for me to put time into farm labour.

But constant living and working in close contact with the peasants gave us a common language and I gradually began to like the life of the countryside. As time went on I could eat what the peasants ate and readily accept their hospitality when they asked me to stay overnight, sleeping with their children in their bedding on a crowded brick bed. I was happy to cut firewood, collect manure and carry water with them. I learned many things about rural life and conditions which my books could never have told me, and this in turn helped expand my knowledge of how to prevent and treat the disease.

The peasants' love for the country made a deep impression on me. One rainy day in August 1960 I helped with the wheat harvest of a production team in Keshan county. That evening in the home of a commune member I heard a boy ask his mother, "Now that we have so much wheat, will we grind some for ourselves?"

"Oh no," his mother replied, "not ourselves first. First we'll send the wheat to the worker un-

cles in the cities, they are making tractors for us."

Now if there is spring drought, autumn waterlogging or early frost, I too worry about the crops. When I see carts of grain going to town after I have helped in the harvest, I feel as happy as if I were taking grain to the people's government myself. Gone is my feeling of having nothing to talk about with the peasants. My interests have changed too. I dance the *yangko* with the peasants and sing folk songs at their parties. The peasants no longer look on me as "a special character".

Living in the countryside has given me a deep love for the peasants. I feel that we are one and sharing the same life. When former poor peasant housewife Wang Shan-chen was struck with Keshan disease, we worked 36 hours to save her. As her pulse finally began to grow strong and regular again I felt as if it were my own heart beating.

One winter night Li Shu-chen, who was pregnant, fell gravely ill with the disease. Just as she was recovering after our emergency treatment, I found blood in her urine, a sign that she was going to give birth. I knew that the danger was great for a patient with acute Keshan disease. A young doctor asked, "Shall we try to save the mother or the baby?" I tried to be calm and said, "We must save the mother, but we won't give up the baby either." Actually I was not sure, but we all did our best and Li Shu-chen bore a fine son. The mother's quilt was too light. It is very cold after midnight in north China. I covered her with my fur coat and felt warm at the change in myself.

Now older peasants call me "brother", the youngsters call me "uncle", the cadres call me "Old Yu" and many peasants call me "our professor".

"Our"! What an affectionate way to be called! There is no greater happiness than being trusted by the people.

Industry Briefs

High-precision External Grinder

SHANGHAI has just manufactured a high-precision universal external grinder. This semi-automatic machine is used to produce a mirror-like surface on high-precision shafts and other parts used in the aircraft and machine-building industries. It can produce a fourteenth-grade surface finish, the highest achieved in the world.

The machine creates so little vibration that while it is in operation a cup filled to the brim with water placed on the worktable will not spill. This is the first such machine to be designed and built by Chinese workers and technicians and completely with Chinese materials.

Sensitive Microbalance

A microbalance accurate to one-millionth (1/1,000,000) of a gram will soon be available to scientific laboratories for measuring the mass of matter. The product of a Shanghai factory, it will also be used by the National Bureau of Weights and Measures to determine standard weights of first-class precision.

In a recent demonstration, the weight of a piece of paper with no writing was compared with that of an identical piece on which two characters were written. The ink was shown to weigh 0.0075 milligram. So accurate is the balance that when the paper was placed on it while the ink was still wet, it registered a heavier weight than when the writing had dried.

Tires with Steel Cords

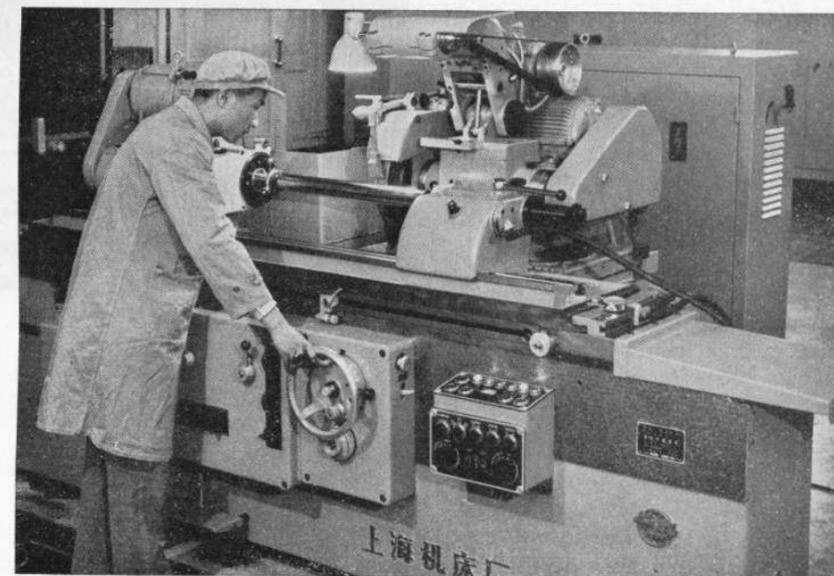
RUBBER tires with cords of steel wire have gone into production in Shanghai after three years of test use have proved them superior to those with the usual cording of cotton, rayon or nylon.

The wire has greater strength and heat resistance than the fibre cords, and tires made with it have a stronger carcass, more carrying capacity, greater durability, and can take more retreading. They usher in a new era for China's rubber tire industry.

Lightweight Passenger Train

A silver-grey streamlined lightweight train is now in trial operation between Shanghai and Hangchow. Its coaches are made with a shell of an aluminium alloy

to which plastic plates are attached on the inside. The weight of such a coach is less than half that of an ordinary one. The ten-coach train starts quickly and can travel 140 kilometres an hour, 40 km. faster than other passenger trains of comparable length. It is designed with a low centre of gravity which makes for smoother riding and is equipped with thermostatically-controlled air-conditioning equipment and reclining swivel chairs. It was designed and built in China.



A high-precision semi-automatic universal external grinder made by the Shanghai Machine Tool Plant.



The ultra-sensitive microbalance.

Photos by Hsia Tao-ling

Across the Grasslands with a Mobile Theatre

CHEN CHUNG-HSIEN

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Ulan muchir* means "red (revolutionary) cultural troupe" in Mongolian. Groups of touring performers bearing this name brighten the lives of the herdsmen of Inner Mongolia by bringing them socialist culture and entertainment. The *ulan muchir* have become a national example of how performing artists should serve the working people. (See Cultural Notes in the August 1965 issue of *China Reconstructs*.) Below, our staff writer describes the work of the *ulan muchir* of Shulunhuhe Banner (county) in the Silingol grasslands, with which he toured for a month last summer.



Pushing the cart over a sand dune.

Wen Hua

HAVING set out from the commune centre where the *ulan muchir* had last been, I had to spend two days on horseback searching for it. I finally caught up with it deep in the sand dune area in the northeastern part of the banner. Its members, seated atop their stage properties piled on a cart drawn by four horses, were rolling toward a herdsmen's production team. There were five men and five women of Mongolian nationality, mostly young, with the suntanned faces, ready laughter, and big hands that mark the working people of the grasslands.

Dashi, the versatile actor who heads the troupe, told me that they would make an arc-shaped circuit in a southeasterly direction, covering the summer pastures of four people's communes. Then they would head southward to the banner centre where 16 communes would celebrate a good year of animal-raising at the annual Nadam fair.

I joined them on the cart. It bumped along over the grassy slopes, occasionally creeping up a sand dune or pushing through thick tamarisk brush taller than a man. We often had to jump down and help push. With the scorching sun overhead and the desert sand ra-

diating heat beneath, it was like walking in a furnace. But in winter, the troupe members told me, the temperature would reach 30° C. below zero, and then they had to shovel a path through the snow or carry part of their luggage on shoulder-poles so as to lessen the burden on the horses. In such weather, they divided into smaller groups to give shows inside the yurt homes or in the sheep shelters.

THE FIRST performance I saw was at a production team of the Herstei commune. Riders set out at daybreak to spread the news of our arrival to members out with the herds. As the sun reached the top of the dunes, our audience began to arrive, the younger people on horseback and the older ones in ox carts.

We set up a loudspeaker beside our cart and switched on our transistor radio so that the gathering crowd could listen to the news and cultural programmes from Peking and the regional capital, Huhehot. The troupe members often utilized this time to open a "mobile library" displaying the works of

Chairman Mao Tse-tung, novels and stories with revolutionary themes, and books and magazines on scientific methods of animal breeding. Rows of posters would also be hung around a felt yurt. These pictures, charts and enlarged photos help to popularize information on hygiene, introduce new ideas in production, and tell the people about developments in the world struggle against U.S. imperialism.

By ten o'clock about a hundred people had gathered and seated themselves in a semicircle. The stretch of grass in front of them became the stage and the blue sky with its white clouds, the backdrop. Dressed in brightly-coloured Mongolian robes, the members of the troupe, led by Dashi carrying a big red banner, entered in procession from behind a yurt.

A happy stir ran through the audience when it was announced that first there would be "The Heroic Horse-drover", a storytelling number in the Mongolian style. Five performers, each with a musical instrument, sat in a row facing the spectators. Young Djamsu,

playing a big four-stringed fiddle, began to sing. In a deep resonant voice, he told the tale of old Nasang who saved the commune's horses one stormy night at the risk of his life. The quickening beat of the *yang chin* (a stringed instrument played with small bamboo hammers) and the rapid tempo of the *san hsien* (a three-stringed plucked instrument) suggested the gathering snowstorm; the thrumming of the four-stringed fiddles, the roar of the north wind. Djamsu was now thoroughly immersed in his tale. When he sang, "On his horse the old man flew like an arrow over the rugged mountains and deep ravines, . . ." in his excitement he "rode" his stool so hard that it moved forward. The fascinated audience hung on his every word. Not until the chorus sang, "With his loop-pole waving in the wind, Old Nasang drove his horses back to the commune," did they relax with a sigh of relief.

This was followed by "High Tide in Production", a comic dialogue. Renching, a thin woman, took the centre of the stage with Cherensu, a plump girl. The contrast in the figures of the two was comical in itself. Then the two friends eagerly started trying to tell each other about the new prosperity in their respective communes. When Cherensu uttered a sentence, Renching repeated it even more fervidly. Cherensu, thinking her friend was making fun of her, became furious. The misunderstanding was finally cleared up when both discovered that both communes, through collective efforts, had increased their herds despite a spring drought that was bad for the pastures. The dialogue, which drew peals of laughter from the audience, was a good reflection of the effervescent spirit on the grasslands today.

Next a group of dancers, portraying herdsmen with rifles on their backs and whips in their hands, came "riding" into the performing area. They aptly captured the movements of a mounted militia on patrol, determined to safeguard their commune from any enemy of socialism. Djamsu and Cherensu, who had just shown such dramatic talent, were now impressing the audience as good dancers.

When they had finished, the troupe leader Dashi, wearing a big false nose held high in the air and a ridiculously tall hat, strode out, posing as the president of the United States. He arrogantly ordered his planes to bomb north Vietnam, and an acrobatic "battle" began. One after another, dancers representing planes "flew" out, but, shot down by the Vietnamese people, turned somersaults in mid-air and plummeted headlong to the ground. The loud laughter and applause proved that the skit was a success.

Since this was the midsummer when the herds could be left grazing for long hours by themselves, the performance went on for nearly three hours. Altogether some thirty short numbers were given. Every member of the troupe took part in several acts, showing great versatility.

Most of the numbers in the troupe's repertoire were their own creations or those of other *ulan muchir*. Through traditional forms with which the audience are familiar, the performers express the new life in the grasslands and the way the most advanced herdsmen feel. In this way their art urges the herdsmen forward on the socialist road. The story of "The Heroic Horse-drover", for instance, is extremely popular. Some herdsmen told me that for them old Nasang has become an example for service to their own communes.

ON THE GRASSLANDS we often spent the better part of a day travelling from one production team to another, arriving at our destination in the evening. The herdsmen and their families would rush out of their yurts to welcome us, exclaiming *Or! Or!* (Come in!) Their yurts were small, but each family insisted on being host to one or two of us. We became members of the family. After sipping a few bowls of hot milky tea, we would go out into the twilight with our hosts to help them milk the cows, pile up the cow dung and drive the sheep into the pen.

One evening an old woman came up to watch some of our members as they milked. "All fine children!" she said to me, nodding her head. "They work with us all year

round, milking, shearing, delivering the lambs, making hay, digging wells — whatever we have to do they do too. They even go out with us to bring back the herds in a snowstorm, help repair the pens and shovel away the knee-deep snow so that our animals can get at the grass."

Late in the evening when the work with the stock was finished, we would help the herdsmen get supper, carry in drinking water, mind the children. At such times we had good talks with the herdsmen, covering everything from their family and commune affairs to current international events. After supper the host would serve milky tea or bring out a big jar of koumiss, the traditional liquor made from fermented milk, and we would continue talking far into the night. This constant living and working together with the herdsmen and sharing what they feel enables the members of the troupe to enrich their performances with fresh material from the people's lives.

TRAVELLING with the troupe, I soon made friends with its members. Even Orchir, a taciturn man of 36 who plays the *san hsien*, eventually told me his story one evening when we slept in the same yurt. It was near midnight but our two hostesses, an elderly woman

(Continued on p. 24)



Helping the herdsmen with the shearing.

Chokju

Performances in the Pasturelands



Herdsmen in Inner Mongolia's Jarod banner watch its touring cultural troupe get ready for a show.

Amateur dancers learn a new number from members of the troupe.



Some of the audience at the Jarod banner's Hushu (Happy Banner) competition.



The mobile library always attracts a crowd.

The bowl dance.

Photos by Boyinchoktu



and her daughter-in-law, were so enthralled by the "voices from Peking" coming over our transistor radio that we had stayed up late to let them hear more. As the women were listening, Orchir told me that he had worked for a big herd-owner before the liberation. At the age of seventeen, unwilling to stand for any more beatings from his master, he left his mother and fled to a guerrilla area where he became a cavalryman in the Communist-led Eighth Route Army. He had learned to play the *san hsien* in the army and after the liberation had joined a theatrical group in Huhehot. Later he joined the *ulan muchir*, deciding that this was the kind of cultural work he wanted most to do. The hardships of his past life had left him with a chronic stomach complaint which often made him uncomfortable, but, he told me, "When I see how much the herdsmen love our performances, I forget my own troubles."

I found that the members had come to this troupe through communes, schools or other theatrical groups, and that most of them were the children of poor herdsmen. Like the herdsmen, they hate the oppression of the past and love their new life, and realize most deeply how their people, now freed from bondage, thirst for a new socialist culture.

No matter how tired they are, the troupe members are always ready to perform. One day we had just given a show for a team of the Herstei commune and were on the way to visit another when we came across a unit of herdsmen at militia drill. We stopped and gave them a two-hour show right there under the hot noonday sun. During that same week we went to the Altai production team, in a remote eastern pasture belonging to the Sanggindalai commune. As the show drew to an end we saw an oxcart rumbling up the road. In it was old Norov with his wife and their five grandchildren — too late. Especially for them, the troupe continued its show another hour, until sunset. With Gongchog from the troupe, I escorted the family to their oxcart. The crimson glow of the evening sun illuminated the smiles on the old couple's wrinkled

faces. Old Norov seemed to be searching for words to express his thanks. He hesitated a moment and finally said, "We never dreamed we could be so happy in our old age!"

AS OUR ROUTE turned toward the south, one evening we stayed at the Bayangsuleg production team, the home of Yangjinsu, a girl of 18 and the youngest member of our company. The people in this part of the grasslands are particularly fond of singing, so, in addition to the regular performance, the troupe gave a concert of new folk songs through the loudspeaker. As the people went about their household chores in the dark of the evening, every yurt home was filled with the clear soaring melodies, singing of the beautiful scenery of the grassland, the prosperity of the communes and the herdsmen's gratitude to the Communist Party.

I dropped in on Yangjinsu's father. The old cowherd was listening attentively with eyes closed and legs crossed, and his hands in the position of playing the traditional Mongolian horse-headed fiddle. He told me that before the *ulan muchir* were formed in 1957, the people in this area had never seen a performance by professionals. "Now my Yangjinsu is a member of the *ulan muchir*, and her eldest sister operates a motion picture projector in the banner centre," he said. "The folks say they're an honour to our production team."

Some new voices were heard over the loudspeaker. I walked back to the microphone and found that some of the women of the team had joined in. A great many of the herding people sing and dance well. The *ulan muchir* often helps them to form amateur companies and teaches them new musical and dramatic numbers. I met some of these amateurs at the Nadam fair, which was our next stop after Bayangsuleg.

The fair was held in a flag-decked open field outside the county town. In addition to performances by our *ulan muchir* and troupes from outside, there were horse racing, wrestling, basketball matches and track-and-field com-

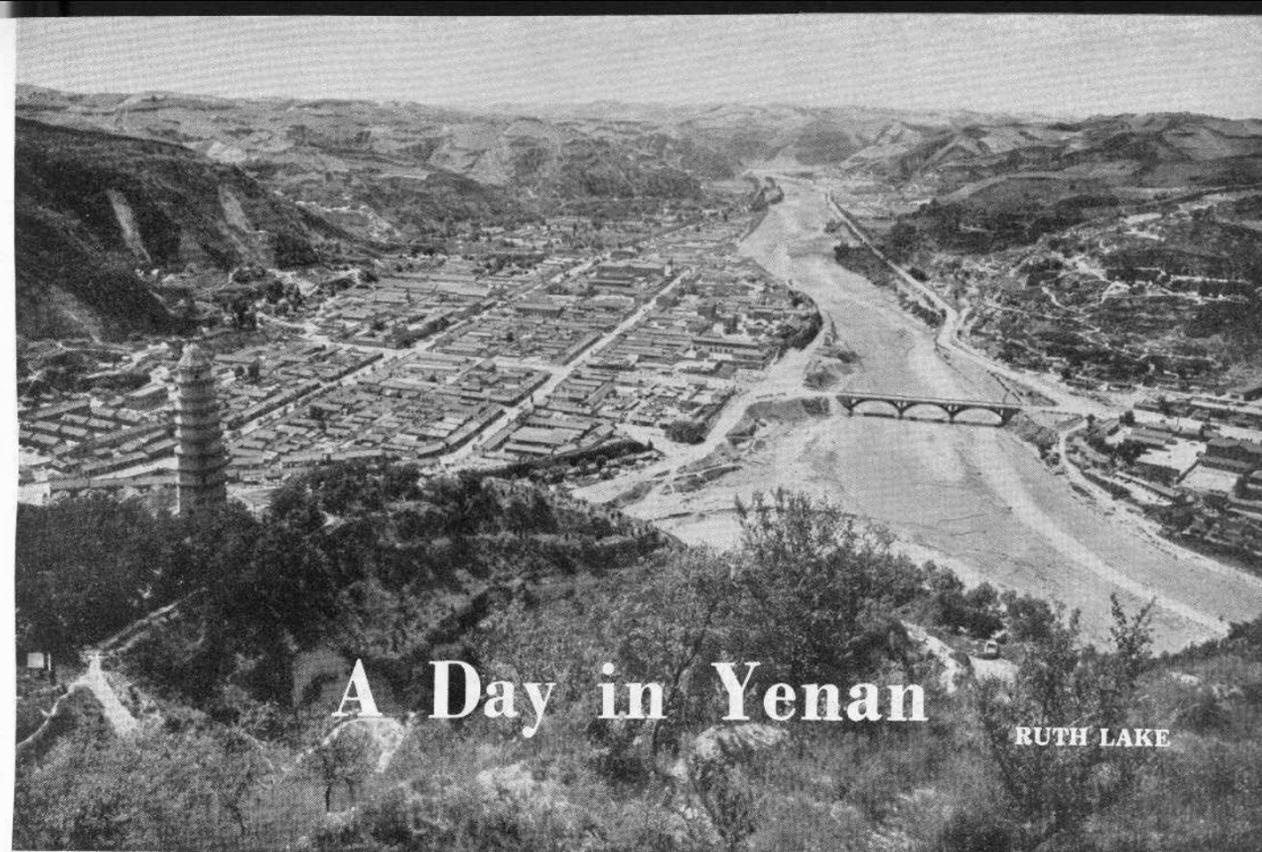
petitions. For the duration of the ten-day celebration the members from various communes brought their yurts and set them up near the fairgrounds. During the daytime we went to these camps to perform. Whenever we came, the herdsmen immediately encircled us and the amateurs, from 60-year-old players of the horse-head fiddle to teenage folk-singers, came to make music with us. In addition, the members of our troupe helped groups from five communes rehearse more than twenty new and old numbers which were performed at the fair.

Our *ulan muchir* gave three evening performances, each to an audience of more than a thousand. Sitting in the crowd, I keenly felt the interflow of emotion between the spectators and performers. I noticed this particularly on the night Duggeima presented a new bowl dance, "Koumiss for Chairman Mao". On the rough stage made from squares of freshly-dug sod, she danced gracefully with six bowls on her head. But when she came to the whirling turns, her boot caught in some grass roots. She nearly dropped the bowls. Some members of the audience, forgetting themselves, called out, "Never mind! Don't get excited!" When she finished, the applause was louder than usual, and she had to give an encore.

For the farewell performance the crowd was extraordinarily large. Hardly had the show begun when huge dark clouds gathered on the horizon and a strong wind blew up. Obviously a rainstorm was coming, but no one left. Big drops began to fall but the spectators sat motionless and the show went on as if nothing had happened. The storm soon wore itself out and retreated silently without disturbing the relation between performers and audience which has been welded through life and labour.



CHINA RECONSTRUCTS



A Day in Yenan

RUTH LAKE

View of the town centre and river.

Li Yi-fang

YENAN is a simple word that stands for a great deal in China today. And other languages too are learning its new meaning as more and more people come to visit it and study its history. These days a constant flow of visitors from five continents — Europe, Africa, Asia, Australasia, Latin America, Canada and even the U.S.A. — make the comfortable plane-hop of about an hour from Shensi's modern capital, Sian. Below you the plains stream away in a great flood-tide of hand-tended crops, golden and green and bronze in the morning sunlight, till the far hills on either horizon surge up and meet in the tumbling billows of the loess plateau. The bus-route winds up through those hills, a good eight hours of jerky journeying, past the grave mound of an ancient emperor.

But now a soft-voiced Chinese air hostess brings round sweets, drinks, magazines, fruit and again sweets — and you are there! Before the next day's return flight there is just time to visit Yenan's most historic places, to feast your eyes on the panorama of rugged towering hills rising into the sky like huge crop-crested waves, to

RUTH LAKE is a New Zealander who recently visited Yenan.

taste the pure cool air and sleep a night under blanket or quilt two thousand feet above the moist heat of the plains.

Yenan and Sian have been linked from the time when Sian was Changan, the most flourishing capital of early dynasties, and Yenan guarded its defences to the north. Now they are linked as never before. From 1936-37 it was Sian that became a gateway to Yenan, with thousands of young people from all over China making their way up via the ancient capital, dodging Kuomintang checkpoints to join the new revolutionary forces. For after the triumphant ending of the Long March in October 1935 it was finally in Yenan that the steeled and tested 30,000 Red Army men and the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, under Chairman Mao Tse-tung's tried leadership, became the nucleus of the new motive force in China. Relying on the will of the people, this small potent force exploded into a nationwide upsurge that by 1949 had swept out Japanese imperialists and U.S.-backed reactionaries. It is this recent history that people from all over the world come to visualize in Yenan today — the history of armed struggle that grew

into a mighty creative force for peaceful production.

Millet Plus Rifles

The policies hammered out there are what Yenan symbolizes today. A visit to the museum makes this even clearer. The long light simple one-storeyed building is set in a flower-planted park not far down the main street from the flower-planted courtyards of our hotel. The street seems narrow between the towering hills behind, lined with modest wooden shop fronts painted bright indigo, dull red, green or brown, but opening often on the same gay consumer goods we are used to in Peking.

A visit to the museum is like another quick plane flight over revolutionary history, making its contours and details stand out in vivid relief. Here are the straw sandals and the clumsy printing press from the Long March. Here is the clear call from the Wayapao Conference in 1935 for a "broad revolutionary national united front" so resolutely realized; here are the simple facts that by 1945 nineteen revolutionary bases had been set up from north to south, while by 1943 twenty Kuomintang leaders and fifty-eight Kuomintang generals had gone over to the Japanese.

Here is the record of military campaigns against Japanese and then Kuomintang, whose three lines of encirclement and blockade had failed to strangle the liberating forces. A millet roll and rifle recall Chairman Mao's famous prediction: "We have only millet plus rifles to rely on, but history will finally prove that our millet plus rifles is more powerful than Chiang Kai-shek's aeroplanes plus tanks." The long grey cloth sausage roll of Shensi's grain, slung over the shoulder, sustained the stoutest hearts. Here are the stories of Party congresses and the forward-looking leadership that planned for a protracted struggle, developing guerrilla and tunnel warfare with ingenious home-made weapons in the enemy's rear, helping the peasants to struggle for rent reduction and better conditions, training cadres, guiding cultural and educational work, correcting mistaken trends within the Party—which by 1945 had grown to 1,210,000 members. Here are photos of well-known Party leaders that underline the atmosphere of those difficult inspiring days. Twenty to thirty years younger, they wear the well-worn clothes that lasted a good three years in all conditions; and their faces are often serious, intent, grave-eyed, without the smooth serenity so typical of today's new youth of achievement.

Production Campaigns

Here is the new-style epic of the 1941-44 production campaigns

that in the most difficult years provided the economic basis for the victory over Japan and laid the foundation for much more: for future socialist construction by self-reliant men and women still equally at home with "pen, hoe and gun". We see farm tools used by this new production army and sometimes also made by them, as for instance from the giant fragments of an old iron bell they melted down. Pictures of the Nanniwan wilderness which the 359th brigade turned into fertile cropland recall the lilting popular song that still lightens labour and catches the imagination. We see the bark used by Red Army students before they built their paper mill; ingenious little pens from empty cartridges, oil lamps like tiny teapots. Pictures of the spinning campaign on home-made spinning wheels are full of concentration, reminding us it was no easy job at first for the inexperienced; but the home-spun suits and blankets are sturdy and admirable. A textile mill, a chemical and soap factory, a match factory, an ammunition works—all grew out of this new self-reliance. And the best commentary is probably the well-known laughing photo of Chairman Mao and Chen Yun outside the Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition held in 1942.

The conception of the production campaign was typical of the indomitable spirit and clear Marxist judgment which again and again turned setbacks into victories.

Government workers spinning during the movement for production.



Equally typical of the leadership which never rests upon its laurels was Chairman Mao's call to extend the campaign on mass cooperative lines among the people; in *Get Organized*, his talk to outstanding labour cadres from the whole border area invited to Yen-an in November 1943, he sums up in detail the practical results, underlines the campaign's collective nature and outlines the methods of work for the wider campaigns of the future:

In all the armed units of the Border Region that have been allotted land this year, the soldiers have on the average cultivated eighteen mou per person; and they can produce or make practically everything . . . By using our own hands we have attained the objective of "ample food and clothing". Every soldier needs to spend only three months of the year in production and can devote the remaining nine months to training and fighting. Our troops depend for their pay neither on the Kuomintang government, nor on the Border Region Government, nor on the people, but can fully provide for themselves. What a vitally important innovation for our cause of national liberation!

And pointing out that much of Communist energy should go in helping the people to solve the problems of production and improve their living conditions, he adds with cheerful scorn:

The Kuomintang only demands things from the people and gives them nothing in return. If a member of our Party acts in this way, his style of work is that of the Kuomintang, and his face, caked with the dust of bureaucracy, needs a good wash in a basin of hot water.

Nearly two years later, in an editorial for Yen-an's *Liberation Daily* (April 27, 1945), he still explains its advantages to doubting dogmatists and stresses its importance, saying that "production by the army for its own support . . . is progressive in substance and of great historic significance" although "Formally speaking, we are violating the principle of division of labour". And so when victory came close they were well pre-



Chairman Mao speaking at the Anti-Japanese Military and Political College during the war against Japan.

pared to shoulder the tasks of peaceful production.

The final section of the museum recalls the eloquent fact that well over half Chairman Mao's works were produced in Yen-an, 112 out of 158 in northern Shensi. Many of them—such as *Problems of Strategy in China's Revolutionary War*, *On Protracted War*, *On Practice*, *On Contradiction*, like Liu Shao-chi's *How to Be a Good Communist*—were lecture materials for the colleges of Yen-an, where armymen and other students sat in the open air to listen. Inevitably we reflect on what those works mean to millions of Chinese people today.

For that morning the museum was full of young teachers and students from all over Shensi province, making the most of their holidays. Later, round other historic places, we met them too, lingering to take another look, resting in the shade of trees or small pavilions, laughing and joking together, or deep in discussion with notebooks and pencils, seated on the ground like the pre-liberation students before them. Then we recall the well-known phrase chosen by the Chinese Communist Party to sum up the essence of these works that record Yen-an's policies and their development: We are reminded of it again as we come to the familiar postcard view up the Yen River past the new bridge and the old Tang dynasty pagoda, the pagoda which for millions of young Chinese is no longer a symbol of ancient religious rites but rather the little image of a beacon light: "Chairman

Mao's thinking". This is the thinking which tells them, when they read his works, that reading is not enough—

Reading is learning, but applying is also learning and the more important kind of learning at that.

Marxists hold that man's social practice alone is the criterion of the truth of his knowledge of the external world. . . . The truth of any knowledge or theory is determined not by subjective feelings, but by objective results in social practice.

This is the thinking and the call to action whose results in social practice the Chinese Communist Party has tested out for over forty years and recognized for thirty (since the Tsunyi Meeting in 1935) as the guide for all, "correctly integrating the universal truth of Marxism-Leninism with the concrete practice of the Chinese revolution".

Simple and Plain Living

There is no time to inspect all that new social practice has done for Yen-an—the industries, the Agricultural Research Institute and communes, the new university and hospital. We spend most of our time visiting the four historic headquarters with their cave-houses.

The caves are one of the greatest surprises in Yen-an. We have seen pictures of these hillsides pierced with a thousand eyes, the rows of arched caves extending along ledged terraces to house colleges, cadres, hospital and armymen, up the deep hilly reaches from the Yen River. They were easy enough

to add to for new arrivals: "Yes," says one who was there, "you can dig out a cave pretty quickly. Especially if you have to sleep in the open till you have done it! And later on we plastered them as well as whitewashing them. . . ."

In fact, whitewashed inside in simple oblong domes more beautiful than any decoration, they recall, oddly enough, the shape of the Ming Tombs! But there the likeness ends. These caves are whiter far and open to the day. To stand in their cool shelter and look out on green trees brilliant in the sunshine or across the valley to hills framed in blue sky beyond is an inspiration to the living, not the dead. They are modest and close to life, the most perfect reminder of the *jianku pusu* style that puts simplicity before showiness, man and his work before things. Light and clean, they are big enough to take a bed or *kang*, a small wash-basin stand, perhaps a bookcase, a desk and a chair or two in comfort. Sometimes they have plain wooden doors between, set in archways a couple of metres thick. Sometimes there are connecting passages or air-raid shelters behind, leading to different exits. Some hospital caves had tiled floors instead of earth; and sometimes ingenious armymen installed a heating system that ran in under the floors from outside. It is not till we see some that need repair, because the damp has trickled through and loosened the domed ceilings, that we realize living there was not so simple as it looks.

We visit Chairman Mao's first cave headquarters on Phoenix

Mountain opposite the old pagoda where he worked from January 1937 till Japanese bombing proved this open site too dangerous and the Central Committee moved up the valley to the more sheltered reaches of Yangchialing. The old road is being widened by sun-bronzed workmen as we pass; they are strapping mountain youths who actually run races with their barrows of earth — when they are not resting as lightheartedly in the shade! Others are also repairing caves when we get to the old army headquarters at Wangchiaping and to the beautiful grounds of the Date Garden, final seat of the Central Committee. These caves have very pleasant whitewashed entrances; plain doors in natural wood for the archways filled in with latticed designs, light yellow against the white rice-paper that takes the place of glass in winter. All these places surprise us by the beauty of their trees, from laden pears (the peaches are already over) to tall locusts bursting into new brilliant leaf; under them, here and there, fluted-roof traditional-style pavilions built by armymen give the gardens, to our eyes, a very un-military look. The little water-course in the Date Garden, built to irrigate 1,200 *mou* of crops, is still called Channel of Happiness.

The Yen'an Spirit

Yes, Yen'an was primarily a great revolutionary base, but its keynotes are still production and construction. And it is not military construction that imposes. The

army's meeting hall at Wangchiaping, with its curved and graceful roof and lovely lines, is less imposing than the big purposeful stone structure for Party offices and library at Yangchialing — where the famous "Forum on Literature and Art" was held throughout May 1942. It is smaller than the solid stone congress hall where the historic Seventh Congress wound up with Chairman Mao's short inspiring speech "The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains", which has probably been more widely studied in commune and factory than any other except "Serve the People". Up the valley behind these massive buildings are the fields where Chairman Mao and other leaders worked with the people; the cadres of the Yen'an government today still keep up that tradition. Above, on the terraced ground outside the caves, is the scene of the 1946 interview with Anna Louise Strong, where Chairman Mao explained how a third world war could be avoided and predicted that China would win her liberation war despite the new weapons massed against her: "The atom bomb is a paper tiger which the U.S. reactionaries use to scare people." Nearly twenty years later it is clearer to all that the bomb in the hands of the imperialists is primarily a weapon of blackmail and that the U.S. today is not more, but less strong and less respected because of it.

The Yen'an spirit of self-reliance and creative production, of daring to start from scratch with the

scientific approach that overcomes all difficulties, is new China's strong tradition. It grows in the countrywide movement for office workers, cadres and students to work part time in production; in the socialization of education through part-work part-study schools that integrate theory with practice and remove the barrier between intellectuals and workers; in the recognition that man must struggle consciously to prevent the emergence of new exploiting classes — that the economic base for production is made up not only of tools and machines but also of the material force of man's political consciousness that controls them and must free itself from the old forces of habit.

It continues in the established People's Army practice of officers serving part time among the men and army units working in production. The army is still closely integrated with the working people, just as the people in their militia organizations are armed with the spirit of their army. It would be hard to find a factory or a commune in China that is not studying Chairman Mao's thinking and "learning from the PLA". Again and again it is possible to recognize demobilized PLA men in city offices or factories or institutes — by their quiet, even gentle manner, a certain inner firmness and the fact that they are extra good and patient listeners. At any rate, our guesses on this basis have proved right in big production enterprises we have visited: in a Chengchow Dyeworks, a Canton Fertilizer Works, a Sian Enamelware Factory, for instance, we were not surprised to find that the people we talked to were old PLA production workers who had helped start the plants from scratch, getting the know-how Yen'an-fashion as they built.

And so the word YENAN stands for all this, for the policies that in social practice mobilized a people to drive out imperialism and build a socialist country standing resolutely against exploitation, against armed or economic invasion everywhere, and for world peace.



Music Notes

Fighting Spirit in Songs

A MAJOR EVENT in the music world last autumn was the commemoration of the 30th anniversary of the death of Nieh Erh (1912-1935) and the 20th anniversary of the death of Hsien Hsing-hai (1905-1945), two pioneers of China's revolutionary music. The activities consisted of concerts, forums and meetings with talks on the lives of the two men.

Four concerts given jointly by musical groups and amateur choruses in Peking were the biggest attraction. The programmes included over 50 items, half of them consisting of works by Nieh Erh and Hsien Hsing-hai and the other half of new compositions. While the songs of different periods sang of different themes marked by their own times, the fighting spirit of the Chinese people expressed in the earlier works is carried on in the later ones.

Nieh Erh wrote most of his songs in the early thirties on the eve of the War of Resistance Against Japanese Aggression. "Arise, All You Who Refuse to be Slaves!" — the theme of his "March of the Volunteers" — became the clarion call arousing the people to rise and fight the Japanese imperialists. Today this song is China's national anthem. And when the conductor led both audience and performers in singing it, the power of a united people against imperialism carried by the words and music stirred everyone as deeply as ever. Many of Nieh Erh's works spoke of the Chinese proletariat of the nineteen thirties. "Dockers' Song", performed by an amateur group of the army, not only sharply describes the pain and misery of the Shanghai dockers under the double oppression of the impe-

rialists and the domestic reactionaries but even more clearly brings out the Chinese working people's unyielding and unbreakable spirit.

Hsien Hsing-hai carried on the work begun by Nieh Erh, expressing with stronger force the working people's struggle in his songs of resistance against Japanese aggression. Like his "In the Taihang Mountains" (*music and words on p. 30*), written in 1938 and telling of the people's fight against the enemy in north China's mountains, all of his songs written in those difficult years overflow with revolutionary optimism and confidence that a people's war will be victorious.

This spirit is most marked in his two best-known pieces, "The Production Cantata" and "The Yellow River Cantata". At a commemoration concert, the former was presented by professionals and amateurs dressed as soldiers, cadres and peasants, just as it had first been performed. It is a well-drawn picture of the great production movement in the liberated areas by which the army and the civilians supported themselves, pitting their own self-reliance against the tight blockades of the Japanese and Kuomintang armies. "The Yellow River Cantata", performed by a 100-member chorus and the Central Philharmonic Orchestra, puts forth the sum and substance of the invincible spirit of the sons and daughters of China in fighting imperialism.

THOUGH the compositions of the sixties given at the concerts could not represent the whole picture of today's vigorous creative musical activity, they nevertheless

reflected the forward development of the spirit of the times. An example was the song-and-dance number "I Am a Track Maintenance Worker", created collectively and done by a railway amateur group. It did not sing of the misery-racked, indignant workers in Nieh Erh's "Dockers' Song" but of men filled with pride of being masters of their country and with a great love for their life and work. This image of the socialist man was also shown in a lively way in the oil drillers' song "Petroleum for the Motherland" and the piano solo "The New Countryside". The latter was performed by the young pianist Yin Cheng-tsung, who with four other young musicians composed the piece after living and working with the peasants in the countryside near Peking in the early half of last year. The suite, with variations of themes adapted from revolutionary songs popular among the peasants, praises the commune members' enthusiasm for production and their love of the collective. The musical concept is bold and strongly influenced by the folk music of north China's countryside.

While the anti-imperialist music of 30 years ago showed mainly the struggles waged by the Chinese people, those of today take the struggle against imperialism by the revolutionary peoples of the world as their theme. Whether it was "Vietnam Fights", "The Peoples of Asia, Africa and Latin America Want Liberation" or "Workers of All Lands, Unite!" the music of the commemoration concerts was filled with a new spirit of vigour not found in the songs written two or three decades ago.

The cave-house at the foot of Phoenix Mountain where Comrade Mao Tse-tung at one time lived.

Li Yi-fang



In the Taihang Mountains

(Two-part chorus)

Words by Kuei Tao-sheng

Music by Hsien Hsing-hai

Forcefully

Red sun lights up the east sky, Joy -
lights up the east - sky,
ous in free - dom loud - ly we sing. Look there!
loud - ly we sing.
Moun - tains and val - leys Stand like a bronze wall, Flames of re - sis - tance are
burn - ing on Tai - hang Moun - tains, Soar - ing
Tai - hang Moun - tains. Soar - ing
to the sky. Lis - ten! Mo - thers tell sons to
to the sky, to the sky.

fight the ag - gres - sor, Wives send their hus - bands to the front.
to the front.
We're in the Tai - hang Moun - tains, We're in the Tai - hang Moun - tains,
High the hills and woods, Strong our men and steeds.
men and steeds.
When e'er the e - ne - my comes, We will de - stroy him where he is;
Where'er the e - ne - my at - tacks, We will de - stroy him
where he is! where he is!



The author in Vietnam.

Defeating the U.S. Flying Bandits

PA CHIN

I HAD JUST come back from Vietnam. In my suitcase I carried a few jagged pieces of metal with the soil of Vietnam still clinging to them. I had picked them up at Thanh Hoa and Vinh Linh from craters, pools and the ruins of buildings, places where U.S. planes had crashed in flames. Carrying them with me, I felt and shared the Vietnamese people's intense satisfaction in their victories.

PA CHIN, well-known writer, author of *The Family* and other books, is a vice-chairman of the All-China Federation of Literature and Art.

These fragments constantly remind me of the ignominious defeats of Lyndon Johnson and the U.S. air bandits.

From Hanoi I had travelled last June to the Vinh Linh special zone bordering on the 17th parallel. Starting back in mid-August, I was held up one day on the south bank of the Nhat Le River and was a guest in the clean and simple home of a Vietnamese peasant near by. That afternoon I sat writing at a small table. Outside, the rain had formed pools of water in the yard. And then I heard the all-too-

familiar sound of planes. U.S. jets were flying north over the river. Not even rain would stop them from harassing north Vietnam. This was not the first raid that day either. U.S. planes violate the air space of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam every day. There in that peasant house by the Nhat Le River, it seemed to me that the millionaires in Washington could not go on living even one more day unless their planes dropped some bombs and a few more of their planes plunged to destruction on the land of north Vietnam. Every

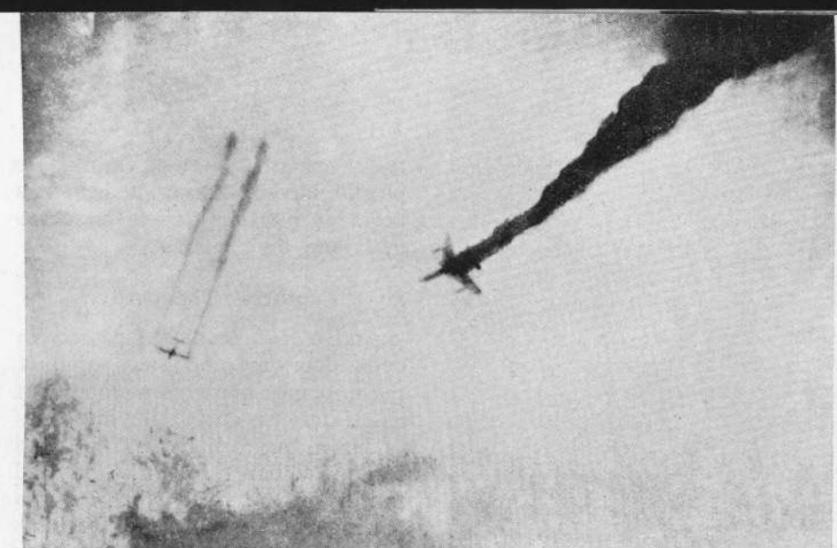
day since coming south from Hanoi I had heard their planes, at high altitudes and low, single planes, groups of them, jets, reconnaissance, bombers, fighters, Thunderchiefs, Phantoms—just about every kind there was. Each day I heard the shrill whine of falling bombs and the sharp whistle of rockets. The noise jarred on the ear. These pilots stopped at nothing to try to frighten the Vietnamese people, to make life difficult for them.

Shooting Down the 'Johnsons'

But what the Americans met in the north were forests of rifles. In Hanoi I had heard an air hero tell how he and his comrades, though outnumbered, shot down two U.S. Thunderchiefs. Everywhere on my way south I heard stories of how the ordinary militia men and women had brought down U.S. planes. In a Quang Binh village I met three heroes who had downed a big jet bomber with one shot each from their rifles. On the outskirts of Thanh Hoa I saw the wreckage of a U.S. AD-5 which had been shot down by militiamen. I took a picture of the mangled remains of that plane.

From Vinh to Vinh Linh, whenever the people heard the planes coming they would say, "Johnson is here again." A militiaman of Do Luong in Nghe An province expressed his feelings this way: "Whenever I hear an American bomber, I feel it is Johnson himself. And I have an uncontrollable urge to get my hands on his throat, push him to the ground and choke him to death!"

The rain let up a little. More "Johnsons" flew over the river and I heard their bombs exploding in the distance. Bombs are what the Americans have in plenty and if the flyers did not drop them, they would catch hell when they got back to their bases. Just how many bombs have the "Johnsons" dropped in the north? I do not know. But I remember two figures for the area around Vinh. One day some "Johnsons" dumped 40 bombs but only killed a chicken. For this "victory" one plane was shot down, three were damaged. Another time, 21 "Johnsons" of



Two U.S. planes go down in flames over the Vinh Linh zone. Vietnam News Agency



A captured American pilot.

Vietnam News Agency

various types unloaded 140 bombs, killing one old man. Once, crossing a highway bridge, I saw craters and holes of all sizes on both sides of the span. I was told that the bridge had been the target of more than 600 bombs. But the bridge still stood and traffic was flowing as usual. I had heard that Vinh's power plant had been hit. But the first thing I saw when driving into the city were the bright street lights. In the city of Ho Xa, many times bombed by the "Johnsons", electric lights were on every night. But there I also saw the ruins of a modern hospital. The operating room was now a huge gaping hole. The hospital could no longer be used. But not one of the doctors, nurses or patients had been hit. The people of the north have had much experience in coping with the "Johnsons". Those who should

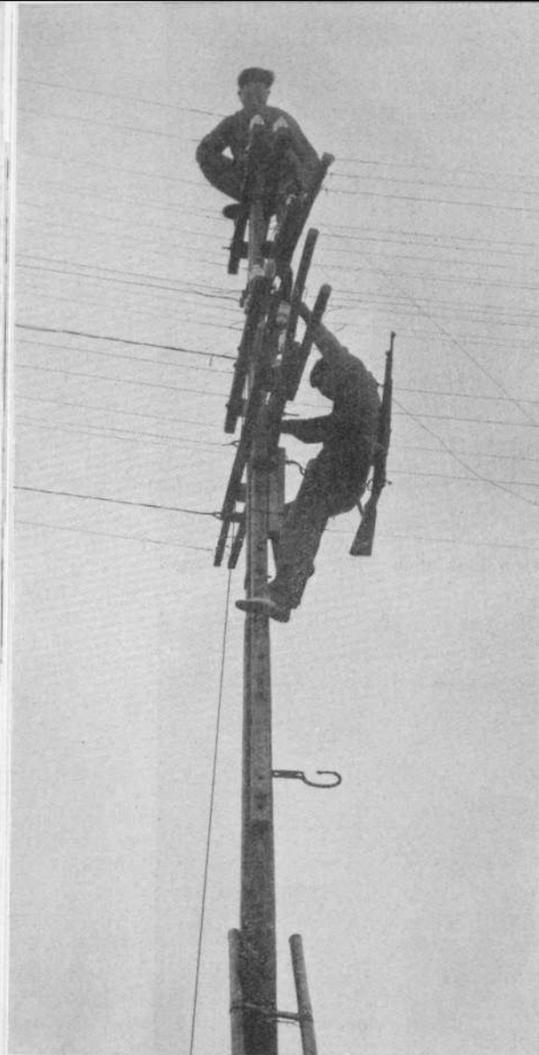
be evacuated had left for distant places of safety.

I had seen the wreckage of an American F 105-D in the military museum in Hanoi. On the fuselage 56 small black bombs had been painted, a record of the crimes committed in north Vietnam by the pilots of this Thunderchief. In all likelihood, the 56 criminal raids had included the bombing of schools, hospitals, sanatoria, waterlocks and residential areas. The U.S. imperialists have committed every imaginable evil, even deliberately bombing and killing helpless patients such as those in the leper and tuberculosis hospitals. They are still dreaming the dream of a century ago, thinking they can build their fortunes by mass slaughter. But they always pay dearly for the losses and hardships

Armymen and civilians of Quang Binh province fight the U.S. air bandits shoulder to shoulder.

Vietnam News Agency





Hu Pen-ying
Workers of Dong Hoi repairing lines. Even in air raids, linemen go out to restore wires cut by U.S. bombs.

"Fight the enemy when he comes; carry on production when he goes."
Vietnam News Agency



they bring, for the Vietnamese people have become modern experts at hunting down the criminals and their planes.

Capturing Them Alive

At Ho Xa one day, I passed an open doorway and saw some of these plane-shooters, members of a self-defence corps, playing chess under a bright light. The squad leader, whom I had met, invited me in. In the small room I saw a sewing machine, a set of barber's instruments and tools for repairing bicycles. It turned out that the team consisted of a tailor, a barber and a bicycle repair man. Their families had already been sent to the countryside. When the "Johnsons" destroyed their homes, they had brought their work tools and moved into a place only a few steps from their combat post. Here they went about their usual work. But whenever the air raid alert sounded, they were at their machine guns in only a few seconds. There are thousands upon thousands of such "Johnson-hunters" in north Vietnam's cities and villages. I met them every day, everywhere. A captured American pilot confessed that he and his companions had been terribly afraid of the militia, for these young men and slim girls around twenty are not only good hands at production and sharpshooters of planes, but experts at capturing the enemy flyers alive.

A militia leader once saw one of the flying bandits bale out of his plane over a village near Thanh Hoa. With no time to go back for his rifle, the militiaman went after the pilot with only his carrying-pole. The American was hanging from his parachute caught in a tree, holding an automatic in his right hand and a radio in his left. He was about to shoot when the carrying-pole hit his hand. He was captured. This reminds me of the wooden hay fork I saw in the military museum in Hanoi and the story of how an American air bandit, armed to the teeth, was scared out of his wits at the sight of this primitive tool wielded by determined peasants and hastily raised his hands in surrender.

The nightly raids of the "Johnsons" around the Nhat Le River

did not hold up my car on the south bank. When the rain stopped I continued north into Quang Binh province. After a short visit at Dong Hoi, I left on a moonless night. About an hour and a half out of the city, the "Johnsons" came, dropping several flares not far away. I had barely climbed out of the car when I saw flashes of anti-aircraft fire. Then a ball of fire seemed to hurtle in my direction. When the red flash of it died out, there was pitch darkness, overhead were black clouds and a few stars, and I could see the last flickers of some fallen flares.

"We've shot down a 'Johnson'!" exclaimed my excited Vietnamese friend.

For a whole hour we saw the lights of the American planes, the "Johnsons" looking for their lost companion who had baled out. Farther on I saw more and more militiamen, searching for him. Then the rain suddenly poured down and lasted throughout the night. The pilot was captured early the next morning, soaked to the skin and trembling so hard he could hardly put his hands up.

Throughout my trip I heard similar stories. I stopped over at the hostel in Thanh Hoa where comrades told me that a plane had just been shot down and the pilot captured. The following afternoon I was told that another plane had been brought down. Again that evening I heard that when several planes came looking for their companion, one more was shot down.

"With this victory we send you off on your way," my Vietnamese host said to me with a broad smile.

"It's much too impressive a farewell," I replied.

In almost every place my hospitable Vietnamese hosts sent me on my way with such reports. In the 50 days I travelled to the 17th parallel and back, I added up the number of "Johnsons" which I either heard about in this way or saw brought down myself—138 shot to the ground. Back in Hanoi I learned that the total number shot down in north Vietnam had reached 560. By the time I had returned from visiting Dien Bien Phu and Haiphong and was getting

ready to come back to China, the number had gone over 700—the answer the heroic Vietnamese people throw in the evil face of the U.S. aggressor.

Bombing Only Steels the Will

The U.S. ruling clique constantly boasts of its superiority in the air. They think that by sowing death and destruction they could bring the people of the north to their knees. But everywhere in my 3,000-kilometre trip I witnessed scenes of vigorous life and growth, heard hearty laughter and singing, was told of the impressive achievements on the production front, became infected myself with the exhilaration of victory and was moved by this revolutionary people's heroism. I heard many young fighters in anti-aircraft units speak with ringing words of their resolution and confidence in defeating U.S. imperialism, and of their militant friendship for the Chinese people. These were the ones the "Johnsons" were most afraid of.

I visited one village where last year the people reaped a double harvest—a four per cent increase in grain and four "Johnsons" shot down and several more damaged within a few months, all with only rifles and machine guns. There had not been a single casualty among these militia marksmen. One I met was a well-built 23-year-old woman, a wife and mother, vice-leader of her production team and vice-leader also of her militia platoon and a first-rate machine gunner. In the 39 raids made on the village by the "Johnsons" since April last year, she had been in every one of the fights. On duty she manned her machine gun. Off duty she joined the fight anyway, using her rifle. She came with two other comrades to take us to visit their combat post. One of her companions was a petite 18-year-old girl with the dark skin and bright eyes characteristic of the fisherfolk of a tropical country. The other was a young man, also 18 years old, called Can, a co-op accountant. He was even shorter and darker and was nicknamed "Black Can". With rifles slung over their shoulders and ammunition belts around their waists, all three exuded an air of self-

confidence and invincibility. You had the impression that they could defeat all enemies.

Arriving at their post, I saw communications trenches spreading like arteries across a large flat area, connecting a number of emplacement sites where, one after another, anti-aircraft machine guns pointed to the sky. Two or three energetic militiamen guarded each. Near the guns, a few young women of the first-aid team stood in front of a low shed. All these young people looked about twenty. With deep pride they showed us the mobile frames for the guns which they had made themselves, and the light and heavy machine guns they loved so much. On the day of my visit no "Johnsons" appeared. But standing outside the trenches, I could well imagine what the planes would have met

had they come—forests of guns and an impenetrable hail of bullets. As a matter of fact, the youngsters had started a competition to see who could bring down the most enemy planes. And where else could you find so many moving targets for which you didn't have to pay a cent? I wouldn't be exaggerating to say simply that these young people were completely absorbed and spellbound with the shooting down of enemy planes.

The only thing the militia men and women in north Vietnam are worried about is that no "Johnsons" will come their way. It is a feeling that the millionaires in Washington can never know or understand. They can "escalate" if they want. Let them come in the thousands, like moths flying toward the fire!—the flame will only burn brighter.

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Chen Chia-chuan breaks the tape in the men's 100-metre dash to equal the world record.

Chou Hsueh-liang

SPORTS

Four New Track and Field Records

Tsui Lin in the lead during the men's 110-metre hurdles.

Hsia Tao-ling



Chung Hsiu-yun (left) being congratulated after breaking the national women's shotput record.



THE Second National Games have ended, but competition goes on." This saying, popular among China's athletes at the closing of the Games, shows their firm intention to analyse Games experience in order to continue to raise the general standard and create new records. The strength of this resolve has been demonstrated again and again recently. Outstanding among the achievements of the last few months are the following new national records.

Men's 100-Metre Dash: 10 Seconds

In Chungking on October 24, Chen Chia-chuan, aged 27, ran the 100 metres in 10 seconds at an exhibition athletic meeting by members of the Szechuan Second National Games Team. His time equals the official world record. The feat is universally regarded as one of the most difficult of all for athletes to achieve.

It required only five years for China's athletes to improve the national record for the 100 metres from 10.3 sec. to 10 sec. while a similar improvement in the world record took 30 years. The world record was set in 1960 by Armin Hary of West Germany and later equalled by Harold Jerome of Canada, Horacio Esteves of Venezuela, and Bob Hayes of the United States, who is a Negro.

Chen Chia-chuan first came into the limelight in 1956, during the mass movement to beat the national record for the men's 100 m. He was then a middle school student. In 1958 he was timed at 10.7 sec. He made rapid progress after adopting a rigorous training programme in the winter of 1964 and last June he improved his time to 10.2 sec. A week before his record run in October he returned 10.1 sec.

Women's Shotput: 16.61 Metres

The national women's shotput champion, Chung Hsiu-yun, put the 4 kg. shot 16.61 metres during an athletics meeting at Nanking on October 16. In doing so she bettered by 0.24 m. her old record of 16.37 m., set at the Second National Games.

Men's 110-Metre Hurdles: 13.5 Seconds

At an exhibition contest in Wuhan during a friendly meeting between track and field teams of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam and China's Hupeh province last November, 23-year-old Tsui Lin on four occasions returned 13.5 sec. for the men's 110-m. hurdles. This was one of the best world performances for 1965. Earlier in the year two United States hurdlers also had returned 13.5 sec. The world record is 13.2 sec.

Newcomer Tsui Lin could do no better than 14.9 sec. in 1961. At the Second National Games, however, he won the title with 13.9 sec. At the end of October, the seasoned Liang Shih-chiang covered the distance in 13.7 sec. to break the five-year-old national record of 13.8 sec. A week later, Tsui Lin bettered this with 13.6 sec. Eight days later still, he clipped another tenth of a second off to set the new record.

Men's High Jump: 2.25 Metres

On November 20, also at the Wuhan meeting, Ni Chih-chin, China's men's high-jump champion, cleared 2.25 m., which is just 0.03 m. short of the world record. Ni is the second man in the world to jump 2.25 m. Aged 23, he comes from Fukien province.

When he took up high jumping in 1959, Ni Chih-chin's best leap was 1.90 m. Over the next six years, however, his progress was steady despite many obstacles. Early last year he suffered a severe foot injury and was operated on. While still in hospital, he trained every day to prevent the contraction of the muscles which often occurs after an operation. Shortly after being discharged, Ni resumed solid training. In competition two months later he jumped 2.22 m. to break his own national record of 2.21 m. Continuing to improve after the National Games, where he won the event with a leap of 2.15 m., Ni had cleared 2.23 and 2.24 m. before his November 20 jump.

Serial action shots of Ni Chih-chin's 2.25-metre jump. Yu Cheng-chien



My Third Visit to China

ANANDA KUMARA



The author (right) on the reviewing stand in Peking during the celebration of the 16th anniversary of the founding of the People's Republic of China.

Wai Hsieh

BORNE on the wings of friendship and urged by a desire to know the truth for myself, I have once again, for the third time in eight years, flown to China, this beautiful land of a brave and courageous people.

I am in the midst of millions of unknown but smiling faces. The spirit of friendliness that permeates the environment is soothing; it gives you a feeling of new joy.

This not being my first visit to China—I came here first in 1957—I am in a position to compare and assess. China has certainly made great progress in all fields, specially since 1960, the year of my last visit.

Go anywhere you like, either to the centres of heavy industries or to the agricultural communes in the countryside, and today you listen to a happy tale of achievements made which rings like a continuous song of triumph and joy, hope and confidence. The people are happy because they have bravely struggled against severe calamities wrought by nature and treacherous acts of perfidious men, and emerged victorious.

But please do not mistake me, they are not boasting; no, they don't do this. They say that Chairman Mao had long ago told them that the Chinese people would have to rely mainly on themselves to build their own country. They

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frankly admit that many people at the beginning failed to grasp this truth, but hard facts, or may I say knocks, of life at last brought it home to them. Then, defying all difficulties and relying on the creative power of their own people, and on their own resources, they began to further improve what they had and create anew what they had not. Thanks to the policy of self-reliance, they say, they have achieved a little. That is their modesty. This "little", of course we now know, includes new industrial constructions of such magnitude as entirely new oil installations which have made China almost self-sufficient in her petroleum needs, and the many modern machines needed to develop her heavy and light industries, not counting those two atomic explosions, and all these within a record period of three or four years, the people themselves taking the initiative and working with a revolutionary spirit. These achievements, though "little" to them, are a glorious tribute to the boundless creative genius and capabilities of the working people once they are really liberated and freed from all disabilities imposed by the old social order, and when they are fired with patriotism and inspired by a high sense of true internationalism.

NONE denies the shortcomings, none denies the tremendous tasks that lie ahead on the road to still higher stages of economic and cultural progress. They do not roll in wealth, they live a plain, simple

life. One can very well see the signs of the bitter struggle going on between the old and new China. But the material and cultural advancement they have made within these few years will not fail to convince any impartial observer that new China will gradually but speedily bury old China forever and rise in all glory on its ruins. Thus she will also bury forever the fond but vain hopes of her enemies.

I say all this after seeing for myself quite a few things in China. China's agriculture has developed fast; obviously, despite the slanders abroad, the commune has really done a marvellous bit of work. I am sure that those slanders will die an early death. But the commune will live for a long, long time in China, ever growing and ever advancing. China's industries are flourishing.

One cannot but express admiration at the rapidity with which the workers who were uneducated or ill-educated a decade or so ago mastered new techniques and made wonderful technical revolutions and innovations.

IT SHOULD be quite obvious to everyone who comes here that China has now laid a solid material and ideological foundation to carry her socialist revolution and construction to the very end. The people are politically much more awakened now. Their political understanding has reached a higher level. They are highly conscious about their internationalist duties.

They display a truly revolutionary spirit and talk of their readiness to make any sacrifice to support all the peoples of the world who struggle against and fight U.S. imperialism, the main enemy of mankind today. They are full of praise and admiration for the heroic and victorious struggle of their Vietnamese brothers. This political maturity has moulded the whole people into a great force, more revolutionary than ever. This is China's pride and power, and her hope too.

The Chinese friends say that no force on earth can stop them in their forward march. But mind you, they never hint at their nuclear strength. They very seldom refer to the two successful nuclear explosions of theirs, and that also only to refer to the high level of scientific and technological development they have reached by self-reliance. It is the people, it is the persistent struggle of the people, they count on. They ardently believe that the people's power is infinitely superior to any other power, atomic or otherwise. This firm conviction of theirs is manifested in various fields of activities; above all in today's literature and art. Their modern dramas, operas and films artistically blend supreme beauty and superb aesthetic sense with one basic theme: the unity of the people and the struggle of the people against the lust of the individual and for the good of the collective. This theme has

become the vitality of China's new culture. This, as I understand it, is the ideological and psychological basis of their struggles in national construction as well as on the international plane. Weapons will not destroy man but man will eventually destroy all weapons, they confidently say; hence they do not take pride in the possession of atomic bombs.

This is one reason, I believe, why Peking invariably presents to all visitors a picture of leisurely calmness and peaceful enjoyment with a high tide of cultural activities. We do not see any kind of mass hysteria here. The intensively active but so entertainingly peaceful life in Peking is itself a high tribute to man's faith in himself.

I must say a word of appreciation about the role of women too. To me it seems that the women of China today have reached the springtime of their emancipation and awakening. I have silently but admiringly noted the glint of self-confidence and determination in the eyes of many thousands of industrious young women I saw. It is inspiring to see them full of energy and full of courage, working at complex modern machines in factories, dexterously manipulating them. Here we do not see superiority of men or inferiority of women; they work and live on an equal footing, contributing an equal share to the construction of their motherland. With

every passing year their role will certainly be more significant and more decisive.

I BELONG to a people who have had a long traditional friendship with China, extending far back into early centuries. There was disruption of these relations due to imperialist aggression, but since we regained our independence we have revived our age-old friendship. Ceylon was one of the first few countries to recognize the People's Republic of China and break the embargo imposed by the U. S. imperialists, although it took a few more years to establish diplomatic relations. During the past decade and more, China has given us much selfless help. She gave us rice at a fair price at a time when imperialists were seeking to starve our nation into submission; she bought our rubber at a higher price and thus helped save our economy when colonialists were plotting to ruin it. We have received big interest-free loans from her, apart from a lot of aid with no strings attached. These acts manifest China's sincere friendship for my people. Our mutual friendship is now based on a nobler cooperation and a more enduring policy; I mean the Five Principles of Peaceful Coexistence and the ten Bandung principles. I am sure that, despite all obstacles, the friendship between our two peoples will develop and expand.



City youth who have finished their schooling and taken up farm life.

Liu En-tai



Su Kuang-ming, a worker who became an engineer, explains a new-type milling-cutter which he has invented.

Yu Hui-ju



Hsia Tao-ling
A worker uses the new transistorized thickness gauge to check the hull plates of a ship.

CAN'T you make us some kind of an instrument for checking the thickness of ship plates? The way we do it is hard work, takes too much time and costs too much." The question plagued everyone at the Shanghai Shipyard, where the thickness of the steel plating of ships in drydock had to be measured to determine the effect of corrosion while at sea. This was done by drilling holes in the hull in order to measure directly.

Today, after several years of persistent work by engineer Yang Chun-ching and his assistants, such an instrument is being produced — a small portable thickness gauge which has a transistor circuit and uses ultrasonic waves to measure the thickness of metal. It can check plates, pipes, boilers, high-pressure vessels of steel, aluminium and copper, and has wide uses in the shipbuilding, petroleum, aviation and chemical industries. Weighing less than two kilograms, the thickness gauge is easy to operate, highly accurate and sensitive, does away with the old labour of drilling and greatly reduces the costs of repair. Shipyard workers are especially enthusiastic about it.

Yang Chun-ching began thinking of such a device in 1958 when he was working at the Shanghai Shipyard and saw the tremendous amount of labour that went into the repair of a ship when it came into drydock. The problem was to

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Making a Transistorized Ultrasonic Thickness Gauge

CHIN PAO-SHAN

determine which of the steel plates in the hull had to be replaced as a result of corrosion by salt water. The men had to carry heavy tools, climbing the sides of the ship and down into the hold, knocking here and there and drilling many holes in the plating. To examine a 5,000-ton ship, it was often necessary to drill as many as 1,000 holes. If the plate did not need replacing, the holes had to be closed again by welding. The process was costly and time consuming, the workers kept pointing out. Yang set out to answer their appeal for an instrument which would do away with all this.

In a foreign technical journal he read about an ultrasonic thickness gauge of resonance type, an instrument which measured the thickness of metal by the resonance frequency of ultrasonic waves. He made one in the laboratory and took it to the docks to try. It showed many defects. It was not sensitive enough. It could only be used on smooth surfaces, and the corroded hull plates were rough and uneven. There was no dial for easy reading of the thickness. This had to be calculated and most of the workers found it hard to do. Moreover, it weighed over 10 kilograms, too heavy to be carried around the ship easily. The workers wanted something like an ordinary voltage meter which was light in weight and indicated the thickness without any calculations.

Easier said than done! Yang had no idea how it could be made.

Neither Chinese nor foreign technical journals helped. A foreign expert told him that the problem was still being studied abroad. Well, if years of research abroad had not yet produced one, Yang thought, how can I do it, with neither data nor experience?

Toppling Old Idols

Yet the need and hope of the workers for such a device made him go on with his experiments in spite of his doubts. Didn't the Party always teach us never to give up in a revolutionary task? After all, he told himself, I'm an engineer of the new China and a Communist; difficulties are only there to be conquered. Besides, it is wrong to think that everything foreign is superior. Just because they haven't done it is no reason why we can't. Following Party instructions, he had gone out of his office countless times to work side by side with factory and dock workers, and he knew from practical experience that if he continued to rely on the workers for support and help, he would be able to overcome the difficulties and succeed.

He reviewed what he had done in making an automatic cutting machine. He had managed to make one better than a similar foreign model because he had dared to go beyond the limitations set by technical rules normally accepted in foreign countries. This had taught him that while one should learn what is useful of foreign techniques, it was more important to



Engineer Yang Chun-ching in his laboratory. Jen Shih-yin

dare to work with independent creativeness.

When he was transferred to the Shanghai Shipping Research Institute in 1961, he told them that he wished to continue trying to make an ultrasonic thickness gauge. "We need such an instrument badly," the secretary of the Party branch said approvingly. "The Party wants you to go ahead. It will be more than the making of a new product; it will amount to adding up our own experience and blazing a new trail." When Yang began spending time at the shipyard and the drydocks asking the opinions of the workers, they were excited by the fact that he was continuing his experiments on the thickness gauge they needed so much.

New Problems, Harder Work

Yang and his assistants decided to switch their investigations from using resonance frequency of ultrasonic waves to a pulse method. They first concentrated on making the transducer, a vital part which transforms electrical energy into acoustic energy and back again. Though this was only a small discipline, constructing it was complicated and involved many theoretical problems. First, one had to understand the principles of acoustics and Yang had had no experience in this field. His answer was to study it in his spare time.

Much of the equipment necessary for making a transducer was not available in the institute. Yang and his group had to make it. After

they had found the right formula for the combination of materials of the piezo-electric plate and learned how to solidify it under heat without melting it, they had to grind the plate carefully for long hours to meet the specifications. Just before it was finished, a slightly uneven pressure of the fingers would often cause it to break and they would have to start all over again. They needed a high-temperature electric resistance furnace and built a simple one themselves. Over 500 experiments did not daunt them; they finally found the right formula and process, and with their accumulated experience turned out their first workable transducer.

They went on to make a dial system from which measurements could be read directly and finally assembled China's first electronic pulse thickness gauge. It weighed 5 kilograms. They took it to the shipyard in early 1962, going over a ship with the workers to test it. It worked. They held an on-the-spot meeting of shipyard administrators, technicians and workers to criticize and discuss the new invention, made improvements on it according to the ideas and suggestions of the men and then turned it over to the shipyard to test thoroughly. Six months of use proved the instrument satisfactory. The days of drilling holes were over for the workers.

The shipyard workers were delighted with the new instrument, but it had shortcomings. First, because it used alternating electric current (A.C.), it carried a long wire, making it inconvenient to use. Second, it contained many electronic tubes, which had to be replaced often and which made it still too bulky to handle. "The instrument is a little too delicate," said the workers, "and it would be much better if it didn't have that long electric wire 'tail'." It was a demand for an even better model.

The answer to most of these problems would be a transistor circuit, eliminating the tubes and weight and cutting off the "tail". At this point Yang's group learned that a foreign country had succeeded in making a transistorized thickness gauge. They decided to

step up their efforts and produce a better one.

Neither Yang nor his assistants understood the circuit design of transistors, so they went to university lectures, asked the advice of experts and made experiments in the laboratory. A few months later, they replaced the electronic tubes in their gauge with transistors — all except one special tube for which they could not find a suitable substitute, and if this tube were kept, the long "tail" would still have to be used. If they changed to D.C. current, it would require heavy batteries. The answer was still to eliminate the offending part by designing a new transistor circuit. Finally, from a professor at Fudan University they learned a way of replacing the special electron tube with an ordinary transistor by redesigning the circuit. This, after many more experiments, enabled them to bring out the better instrument.

Their transistorized pulse ultrasonic thickness gauge proved sensitive and accurate, weighed only 1.6 kilograms and was easy to carry and operate. In early 1965 the Chungyuan Electric Plant in Shanghai began manufacturing it. "Just what we wanted!" exclaimed the shipyard workers.

Testing the gauges at the Chungyuan Electric Plant in Shanghai. Hsia Tao-ling





Ancient Corner Towers

TAO TSUNG-CHEN

A brightly-coloured tower of unique structure stands at each of the four corners of the wall of the Forbidden City which encloses the ancient imperial palace in Peking. Its extraordinary shape gave rise to many legends in the past. The most popular one has it that construction of the tower was started time and again, but without success because the structure required was too complicated. For each delay, many people were put to death by the emperor. One day a white-haired old man suddenly appeared among the workmen holding a skilfully-made cricket cage. From the structure of this small cage the workmen got the idea of how the tower could be built. It was said that the old man was none other than Lu Pan, the patron god of building workers.

Though a legend, the story exposes the cruelty of the feudal rulers and praises the labour and wisdom of the ordinary working people.

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In spite of its intricate shape, the tower was actually based on China's traditional timber post and lintel structure, the flexibility of this type of architecture enabling the builders to construct the unusual features of its design.

The essential pattern of the tower is that of a 9×9 metre square pavilion. From each of the pavilion's four sides a rectangle protrudes more than one metre on the two sides next to the palace moat and four metres on the two sides facing into the grounds. Thus the layout forms an irregular cross. The platform on which the building stands is larger but of the same shape (Fig. 1).

The white marble platform has a finely-carved balustrade and two flights of steps on the extended sides. From this base rise 20 vermilion pillars. The beams and brackets are painted in gold and other brilliant colours. Resting on these is a three-tiered roof of golden-yellow glazed tile. The roof is the most exquisite and complicated part of the tower. Directly over the central square of the floor is the top roof (Fig. 2), in reality two roofs whose intersecting ridges form a cross and four gables with gold designs painted on a red background. At the centre of the crossed ridge is a gilded gourd-shaped crown which is the highest point of the tower. Under this top roof there is a double-tiered gabled roof covering each of the four extended parts of the building. Thus the entire roof, actually a com-

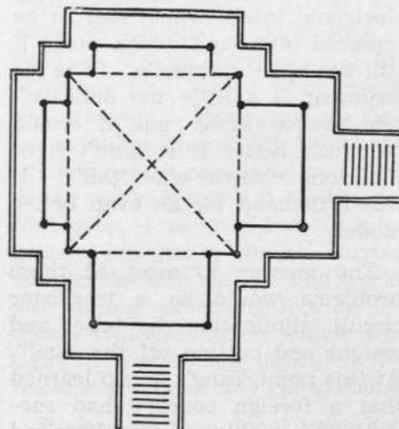


Fig. 1: Floor plan

ination of many gabled roofs, has a varied beauty and yet remains a harmonious whole.

ALTOGETHER the roof has 10 gables and 58 ridges. Where the ridges meet, there are glazed figures of immortals and animals. These decorative figurines have a historical background. Structurally, some object was needed to lock the cross points of the ridges together and for decorative effect these were at first made in many shapes. After a palace hall burned down during the Han dynasty (206 B.C.—A.D. 220), the ornaments began to be made in the shape of a legendary sea monster which was supposed to have had the power to put out fires. It was forbidden to use the monster on buildings other than palaces and temples. This object gradually developed into the stylized dragon head so well known today.

The four corner towers date from 1420 in the Ming dynasty. During the period of the reactionary Kuomintang rule, they were utterly neglected and left to fall apart. The liberation returned these ancient masterpieces to the people and since 1956 the People's Government has been repairing them. Today, the two towers on the north side of the Forbidden City have been fully restored and again stand in their original splendour, casting their fascinating reflections on the shimmering green waters of the moat below.

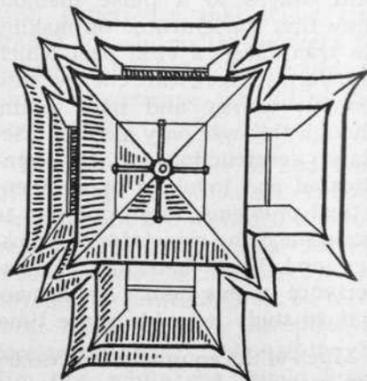


Fig. 2: The roof Drawings by the author



CHILDREN'S PAGE

The Boy, the Old Woman and the Needle

LI PO was one of China's most famous poets. He was born over twelve hundred years ago in the days when the Tang emperors ruled China.

Legend has it that as a boy Li Po found it hard to sit for long hours at his studies.

When spring came round and the peach trees blossomed and the willows put out their buds, the countryside was most tempting in its pink and green dress. "How dull to sit all day at my books!" thought Li Po. "I'll go out and play a while." And with that he was off.

It really was fun out of doors with butterflies hovering round the flowers and birds singing in the trees. Li Po looked here and there, listening to the sounds as he ran. Before long he came to a brook. How lovely was the sound of the rippling water!

Suddenly he saw an old woman sitting under a tree rubbing a thick bar of iron on a rock. Li Po advanced a few steps towards her, bowed and asked, "Granny, why are you grinding that bar?" The old woman looked up and, glancing at Li Po, replied, "I'm making a needle to embroider with, my son."

She dipped the iron bar in the brook and went on with her grinding. "Can you make an embroidery needle out of such a thick bar?" Li Po was more puzzled than ever. The old woman chuckled, "Yes, it can be done! The only thing it takes is time." Li Po asked again, "Will you finish before dark?"

"If not today," the old woman said, "then tomorrow I'll go on working at it. If I can't finish tomorrow, then the day after. If I keep at it day after day, I will in the end have a needle."

At last Li Po understood. If you keep at a task it can be finished, no matter how hard it may be. It was the same with learning. And from that day Li Po was a good student who in time became a great poet.

Drawings by Yang Yung-ching



STAMPS OF NEW CHINA

Second National Games Commemoratives

ON September 28, 1965, the closing day of the Second National Games in Peking, a set of 11 commemorative stamps were issued. The largest, Stamp 6, measuring 60 x 40 mm., value 10 fen, pictures athletes marching into the stadium carrying the national emblem. Superimposed on a background of unfurled red flags is an inscription in gold characters reading, "Develop sports to build up the people's physique", in the handwriting of Chairman Mao Tse-tung. Below this are characters reading, "The Second National Games of the People's Republic of China".

Stamps Nos. 1-5 and 7-11, each measuring 30 x 40 mm., show sportsmen in the various events against backgrounds in vivid colours.

Stamp 1, 4 fen. Footballer on vermillion.

Stamp 2, 4 fen. Woman archer on grey.

Stamp 3, 8 fen. Javelin thrower on green.

Stamp 4, 8 fen. Woman gymnast on carmine.

Stamp 5, 8 fen. Woman volleyball player on blue-green.

Stamp 7, 10 fen. Two cyclists on olive-yellow.

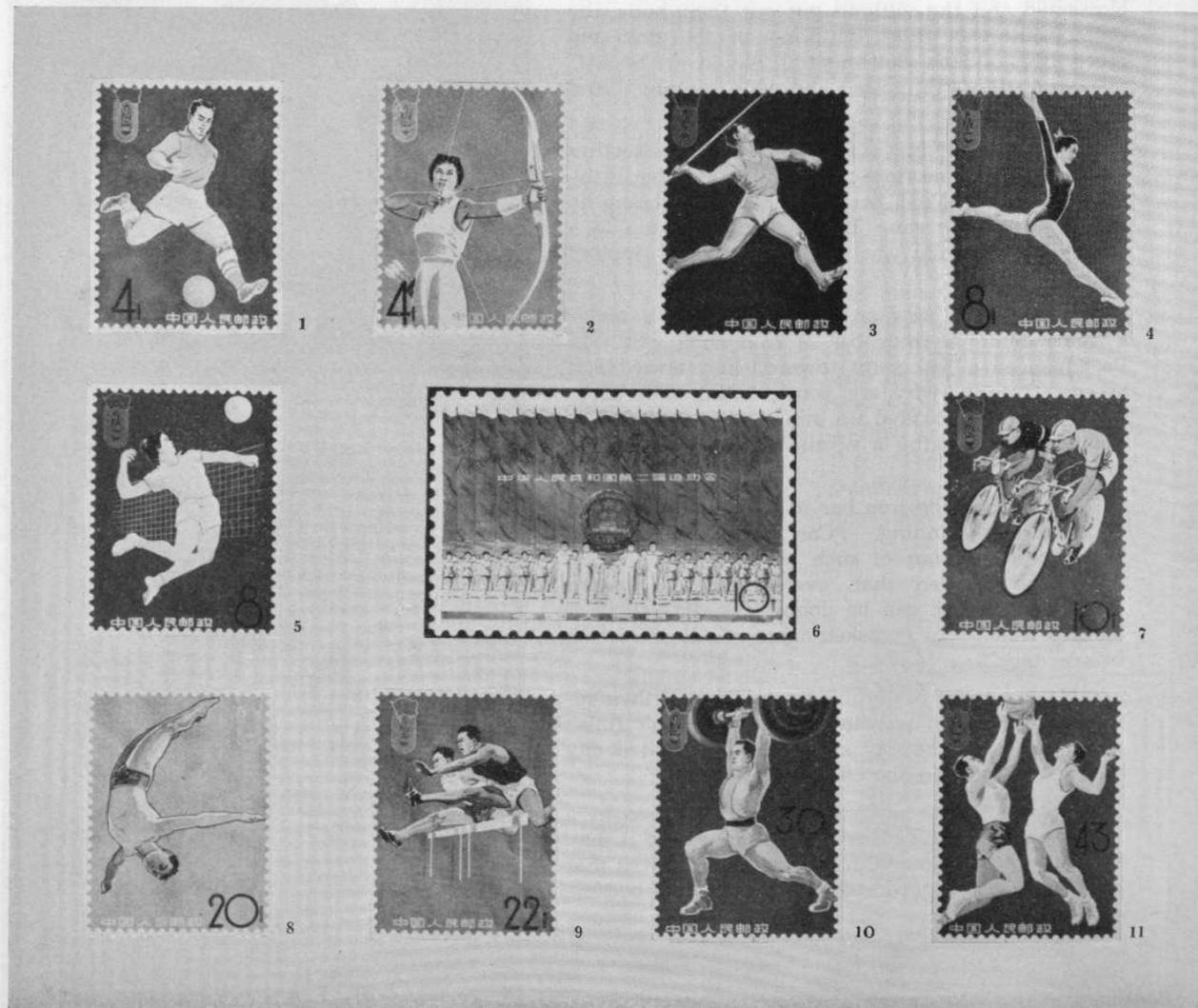
Stamp 8, 20 fen. Diver on bright blue.

Stamp 9, 22 fen. Two hurdlers on orange.

Stamp 10, 30 fen. Weight-lifter on blue.

Stamp 11, 43 fen. Two basketball players on bright purple.

Stamps 1-5 and 7-11 each bear the emblem of the Games — the figure "2" with the year 1965 under it, surrounded by the oval track of the stadium with a flag at the centre top — in one of the top corners. All stamps are *Perf.* 11. Colour photogravured. Index No. Commemorative 116. Serial Nos. 371-381.



OUR POSTBAG

Greetings from Western Samoa

Congratulations on your fine magazine. Your October issue is especially good. I admire your illustrations. The article on "The Long March" is very interesting indeed. Keep up the good work showing the progress of your great country and remember there are many people in the western world who believe in your country.

BRUCE TURNER

Apia, Western Samoa

Sino-Arabian Friendship

The article "Friendly Relations Between the Chinese and Arab Peoples" (May-June 1965 issue of the Arabic edition of *China Reconstructs* — Ed.) was very heartening to the Arab peoples who are fighting against U.S. imperialism and Zionism. China's support for the liberation of Palestine is a great glory to the Arab peoples. This simply indicates the solid friendship the Chinese people cherish for all the Arab peoples.

At the same time the article impressed me with the fact that China's 650 millions stand firmly with the Arab peoples. Greetings to the peace-loving peoples and to the Chinese people for their progress. Down with U.S. imperialism and Zionism!

ZAWAWI MOHAMMED ALHADI

Hydra, Algeria

I was very much surprised by the great progress which our friendly China has achieved in several fields, especially in industry and agriculture, as shown in the last three issues. I was impressed by the following articles: "Advances in China's Economy", "How China's 12,000-Ton Hydraulic Press Was Built" and "Friendly Relations Between the Chinese and Arab Peoples". I found the last the best because our beloved China has paid further attention to Arab problems, and first to the Palestine problem. We thank very much the leaders and people of China who appreciate liberty, peace and condemn foreign aggression. We eagerly demand that all the countries unite with the Arab peoples for the liberation of occupied Palestine from the enemies of liberty and peace.

HUSSEIN EL MOUDEN

Tiznit, Morocco

Can Lamb Coexist with Wolf?

The articles which show the fierceness of U.S. imperialism in Vietnam captured my attention. They expose to the whole world the civilization and progress which the Americans feign. It is civilization and

progress in the arts of murder and terror against the peoples who will not submit to humiliation and disgrace. How can peaceful coexistence be possible between lamb and wolf? We either defeat imperialism in its various aspects in order to live a happy and free life or perish in honour and glory.

My warmest greetings to the friendly Chinese government and people who have taken a firm and honourable stand towards the national liberation movement in the whole world. They merit our thanks because they stand beside the Arab world and because they support us, especially in the Palestine and south Arabia questions. We promise to march forward with them to achieve our common principles and goals. We will stand with them to annihilate old and neo-colonialism and to achieve the best society under the justice of socialism. We hope that you will be a constant thorn in the side of imperialism.

HUSSEIN ALI ZAID

Damascus, Syria

Salute to Mao Tse-tung

On one of the most glorious occasions of the revolutionary world, the 16th anniversary of the founding of the People's Republic of China, I most heartily congratulate you and the great Chinese people, and salute respectfully the most devoted friend and the greatest revolutionary sympathizer of the present-day oppressed nations the world over, respected Mao Tse-tung.

I wish more progress and success to the great heroic people of revolutionary China.

MUSTAFA PASHTUNISTANI

Kandahar, Afghanistan

The Armed People Are Invincible

"An Armed People Are Invincible" is for me a most important article. When the masses are united they are invincible in the fight for liberation against Yankee imperialism and its puppets, which are paper tigers after all. Their dreams of colonizing all the Latin American countries will be frustrated and defeated by the masses.

Long live Chairman Mao Tse-tung! Long live the hard-working, courageous and freedom-loving Chinese people! Long live the Chinese Communist Party! Glory to Marxism-Leninism!

MANUEL JESUS DIAZ

Pasto, Colombia

Against the Gangsters

I congratulate you for your uncompromising stand against imperialism and for your firm and unconditional backing of the heroic Vietnamese people. By what right do those American gangsters attack the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, waging in actual fact an undeclared war against it? By what right do they interfere in the south Vietnamese people's

affairs to oppose their just aspirations towards reunification and a people's republic of Vietnam? May all the communist and progressive forces of the world understand that the Vietnamese people's struggle is their own struggle for existence, for genuine liberty and independence! May all the communist and progressive forces understand that this struggle will end only with the complete crushing of U.S. imperialism!

FALK AMEDEE GABRIEL

Metz, France

It has been more than a year since I became acquainted with your interesting magazine. As my interest grows from month to month, so does the joy I feel when I read the articles on the struggle for improving agriculture with a socialist purpose.

I admire the determination of the Vietnamese people who are so magnificently resisting the oppressor. I have read with close attention the pamphlet "Support the People of Vietnam, Defeat U.S. Aggressors". I have clipped the pictures from "Heroes and Heroines of South Vietnam" together in order not to lose them and for showing to my friends.

ANDRE LUTHY

Val de Travers, Switzerland

I write you to affirm the sincerity of my admiration for China and the Chinese people under the great Chairman Mao Tse-tung's leadership and for their help to Vietnam facing Yankee aggression. I am deeply impressed by the upsurge of Chinese industry and glad of the strong ties between Africans and Chinese.

DADOUNE MOHAMED

Laghouat, Algeria

Reliable Information

I am really impressed to read articles about socialist construction in China. I find it more impressive because the development of China in the world will help the young national states to safeguard their sovereignty and their territorial integrity. China is our fraternal country. From China we get real information concerning the world revolutionary movement and world communist movement.

Mr. Chou En-lai's visit to Tanzania has opened our eyes in so many ways.

JAMES J. M. YONGO

Nairobi, Kenya

Sewage Treatment

"Sewage as a Source of Production Increases" made me appreciate what I never believed before, for the employment of treated sewage in agricultural schemes is somehow quite new to me in this part of the globe. This will undoubtedly show the world that China is working very hard with eminent scientists to see that nothing is wasted.

HASTINGS J. UKARA

Lagos, Nigeria

