

China Reconstructs

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Front: A scene from *The Red Sanhsien*, staged by the Folk Opera Troupe of the Tali Pai Autonomous Chou in Yunnan province (see story on p. 7). Photo by Chang Shui-cheng.

Back: In southern Szechuan province. Photo by Chang Shui-cheng.

Inside front: Artists from Inner Mongolia perform for the people of Yangchialing in Yen-an, Shensi province. Photo by Ho Ping.

Artists and Writers Take New Steps

SINCE 1964 when the Peking Opera started the movement for presenting contemporary life on the stage, Chinese writers and artists have taken a new step in the direction of making their work serve socialism and workers, peasants and soldiers as pointed out by Chairman Mao Tse-tung. A great many art, literary and dramatic works have appeared portraying new heroes, new thinking and the new morality which has developed and matured in the people's drive to continue the revolution and build up their socialist society.

Both subject matter and techniques of expression have attained higher levels and new characteristics. In the case of China's traditional arts, a breakthrough has been made in the centuries-old rules and conventions which depicted feudal life, and new styles have been created to express contemporary life. The warm

to our readers

welcome given them by the people is proof that the old arts have gained a new vitality. *China Reconstructs* over the past two years has reported this development. Two more examples, "Singing Today's Songs" (p. 7) and "Laughing Away Old Ideas" (p. 5) are included in this issue.

Tremendous changes have been taking place in the cultural life of the workers and peasants in the wake of the new vigour in industry and agriculture, and the deepening of socialist education and the cultural revolution. One result has been the emergence of a huge army of amateur writers and artists—men and women steeled in the class struggle as much as in production. They are capable of both physical work and literary or artistic creation—worker writers and artists of a kind never produced in China before. As shown in "Writers of the Socialist Age" (p. 2), their primary purpose in taking up creative work is to use it as a weapon to push forward the socialist revolution.

THEIR contributions are not limited to their works. They organize cultural activities, tell stories, teach the people new songs, help them to put on new plays—all in a conscious effort to expand revolutionary culture and wipe out the unhealthy influences of the old society. Art and literature have become a front in which the broad masses of the people take part.

Professional writers and artists, on the other hand, have gone to live and work in factories and the countryside. While helping to spread culture, they identify themselves with workers and peasants in thought and feeling. When this is achieved, they are better prepared to serve socialism. "Artists in a Village" (p. 20) shows how this is done in Shansi province.

The new situation in China's cultural revolution marks the beginning of a new era in Chinese art and literature.

Writers of the Socialist Age

FENG MU

A HOST of new writers has appeared on the Chinese literary scene in the past few years. These are young people, themselves workers, peasants and soldiers. The main characteristic of their work is its portrayal of today's revolutionary spirit to defy all difficulties encountered in building socialism. Their fresh, vigorous style strikes a note of confidence such as can come only from people who are conscious that they are building a new society.

These young writers are entirely different from those of the older generation. They place their tasks as workers, peasants and soldiers

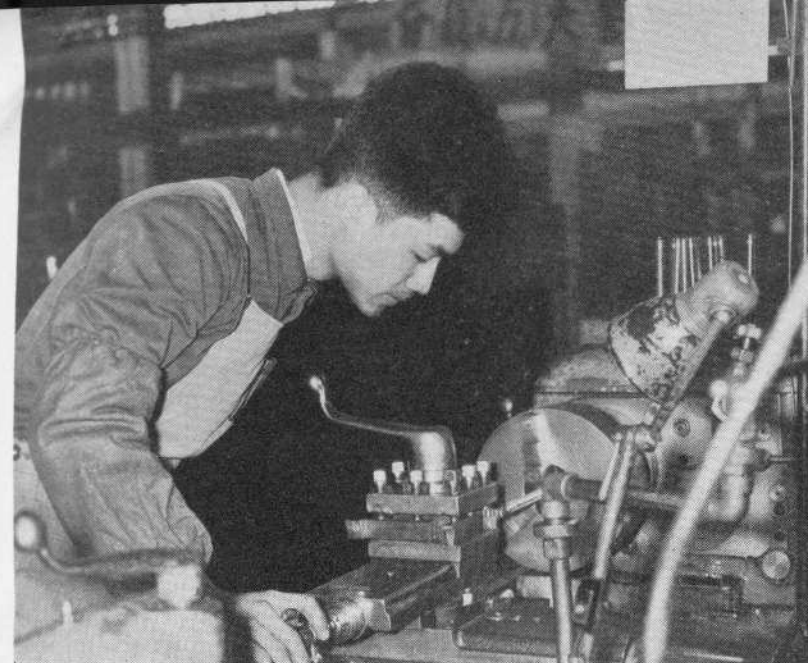
FENG MU is assistant editor-in-chief of the literary monthly *Wen Yi Pao*.

first, and their literary activity second. They have matured in the socialist revolution and the struggle to build a socialist society. They have studied thoroughly Chairman Mao's teachings and are striving to apply them. In the same way that they know why they are growing grain, making steel or training for combat, these young people know why they write: to serve the workers, peasants and soldiers, to promote socialist construction and complete the socialist revolution, to clear away the influence of the culture of the exploiting classes among the masses and to strengthen the position of socialist thinking and culture. These aims show clearly in every form, novels, short stories,

plays, poems, *kuai ban* (verses recited to the rhythm of clappers), folk ballads or scripts for storytelling.

Why They Write

Chi Ping, one of these new writers, is an officer in the Chinese navy. While he was a gunner on a battleship, he wrote an article praising his boatswain and sent it to a newspaper. When it was published, Chi's mates, delighted to read a story about their own ship, were moved to take better care of it. This made Chi Ping realize more deeply what Chairman Mao meant when he said that art and literature are powerful weapons for uniting and educating the people



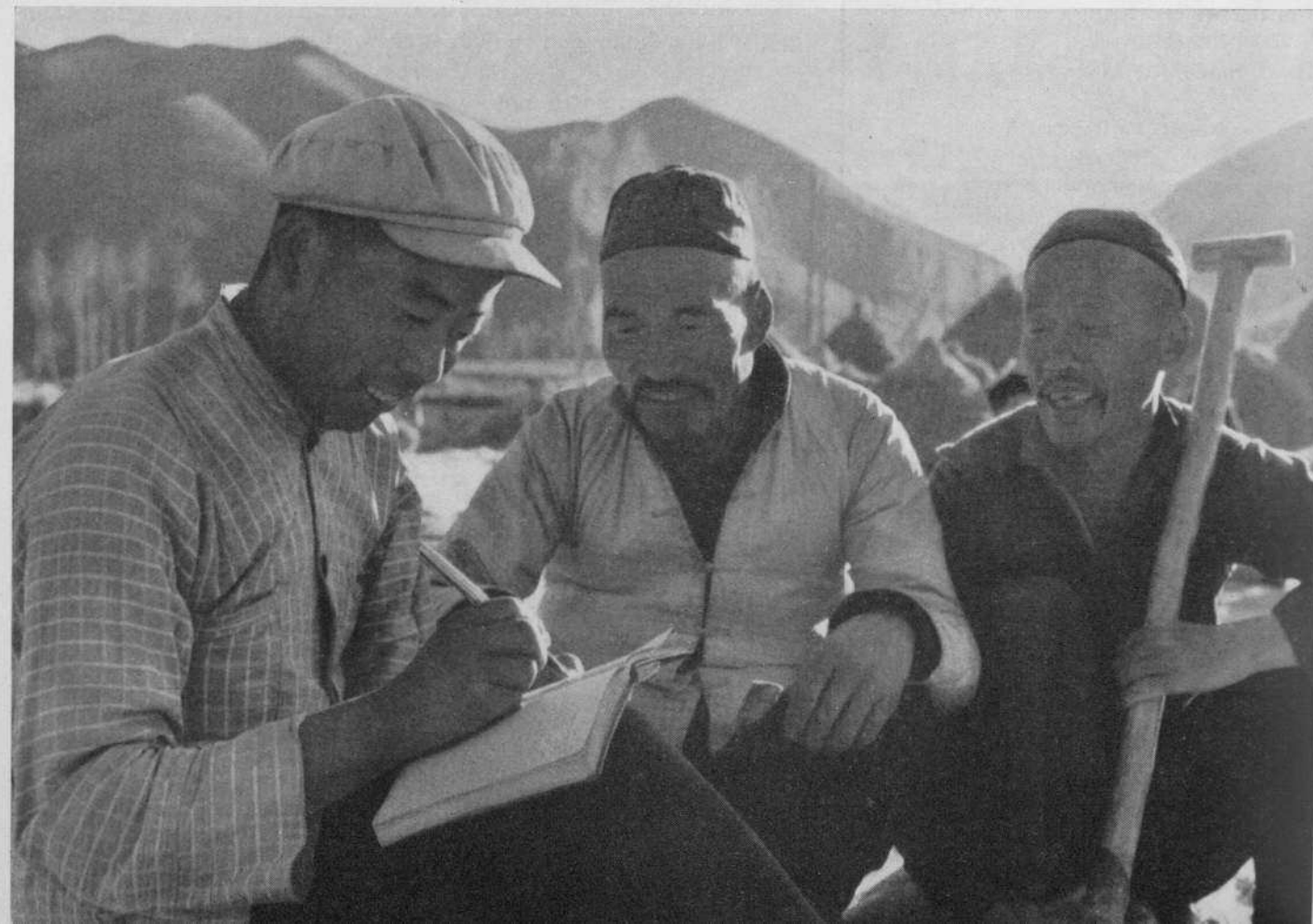
Chi Chi-kuang, a lathe turner of the Changchun auto plant, writes poetry in his spare time. At right, his latest work "The Biggest Motive Force" is being put up on a wall newspaper at the plant.



Chang Chi-hsuan

Chang Kuo-hung, a commune member in Kansu province who often writes poetry, jots down an idea two old peasants have given him.

Min Chung-chieh



and for attacking and destroying the enemy, that they are a "component part of the whole revolutionary machine". Eager to have the things which impressed him inspire other people, Chi has written many more stories. One of the best known is "Stormy Seas" (see p. 39).

Wang Hui-chin first thought of writing while he was a fireman on a locomotive carrying goods to the Chinese volunteers on the Korean front. He wanted to tell about their "transport line as strong as iron that can neither be bombed out nor blown up". His most recent work, "Gallop Horse", is about his fellow workers who turned a locomotive about to be junked into one that became nationally known for its good record.

Liu Po-sheng is a young man who went back to the farm after finishing junior middle school. He came to love his work and, in the hope of kindling in others the same feeling for it, he began writing poetry. His short story "A Leader for the First Time" is based on his own experiences. In it, an unforgettable character is old Uncle Yin. Once a poor peasant, he is devoted to his commune and has his eyes on the future as he teaches a young commune brigade leader the importance of listening to the opinions of the former poor and lower-middle peasants.

This story aroused great attention in the literary world. Asked why he wrote it, Liu said, "In the countryside today there are many young people like me in positions

of responsibility. I want them to know, through the vivid medium of fiction, who our friends are, who our enemies are, on whom we should rely, with whom we should unite. I also wanted Uncle Yin to be an example for all peasants."

Chen Kuei-chen is married to a railway worker. In her short story "The Bell", she tells how the wife of an engine driver experiences a political awakening and with the help of her husband, a Communist Party member, takes up revolutionary work. Chen Kuei-chen says that the story is based on her own life: she had such a great love for the Party and for the new society which liberated her that she just had to find some way to express it. "Until I did," she said, "I felt that something was hurting me inside."

A New Breed

These new writers are both mental and physical workers. There are many amateur writers in the armed forces, fighters for the revolution with both rifle and the pen. Many worker and peasant writers are also pacesetters in their own lines.

In the past, of course, there were writers who came from the working people and had once engaged in ordinary labour. But these were very few, and it was all too common for them to give up their other jobs once they became known as writers. Thus they lost contact with the working people and lost their main source for

literary creation, the life and struggle of the masses.

Today's amateur writers know life as participants rather than observers. Some of them are taking the lead in remaking society. They can and do draw on their own experiences and can write with great understanding about our people's fast-changing life and spiritual outlook. They are able to imbue their works with the enthusiasm and breath of life. They know well the heroes of whom they write, what they do and why. Even more important, their thorough familiarity with Chairman Mao Tse-tung's thinking enables them to use it to grasp the essential nature of all they observe, experience, study and analyse. This is why they can portray the heroes of the socialist age so vividly and truly reflect the spirit of the times.

Life Is the Source

"Stormy Seas" is based on an actual incident on a ship on which Chi Ping was serving. The character of Flotilla Commander Yen is drawn from its captain, who one night when visibility was poor had insisted that the assistant navigator bring the ship into harbour. Chi Ping had thought the captain was being too hard on the man, and afterward asked him about it. "If I didn't make high demands on him now," replied the captain, who had been decorated three times for service in the War of Liberation, "I'm afraid he will find himself unable to handle a tight situation in battle."



"Mending a Cooking Pot"

Tsai Chung-chih



"Beating the Gong"

Wu Chi-kuo

Mending a Cooking Pot praises a boy and girl who have graduated from middle school and returned to their village to become commune members. They have great love for ordinary labour. Not only do they understand that in the new society no work is higher or lower than any other, but through their own actions they try to help people discard the old attitude of dividing work into castes. So the boy becomes a pot mender. They have not told the girl's mother, Aunt Liu, that they are in love because she looks down on this trade and wants her daughter to find someone who makes "big contributions". Aunt Liu herself is devoted to the collective and does good work as the production team's pig raiser. One day the pot she uses in cooking pig feed leaks and it has to be mended at once. As chance would have it, the mender she gets turns out to be her daughter's boy friend. In the humorous dialogue that follows, she is manoeuvred into seeing that "you cannot run life without pot menders" and that she has been wrong in looking down on this trade.

Beating the Gong is the story of the sharp conflict between Tsai Chiu, an honest commune member who stubbornly defends the interests of the collective, and Lin Shih-niang, a selfish petty woman. Tsai Chiu represents the commune members in general whose socialist consciousness is deepening, while Lin Shih-niang reflects the traces of old influences still in the minds of a small number of peasants.

It is Tsai Chiu's job to beat a gong as harvest time approaches to warn commune members to keep their chickens and ducks penned up. Lin Shih-niang deliberately lets her ducks out to eat the production team's rice. Tsai Chiu catches her ducks, doggedly insists on principle, foils her tricks and reasons patiently with her, finally succeeding in making her realize it is wrong to hurt the interests of the collective.

Even though our society is rapidly building socialism today, there are still people who remain in some ways backward in their thinking and behaviour. This is understandable. The problem of stage art is to help the audience,

through giving them examples of people advanced in their thinking, to see that old feudal, individualist and capitalist ideas are incompatible with socialism and must be eliminated.

By combining the artistic exaggeration of traditional comedy with the special Flower Drum opera feature of dancing while singing, we make such backward thinking look extremely ridiculous when put side by side with advanced thinking. Thus, while the audience enjoys a good opera and roars with laughter, at the same time it is receiving socialist education. They laugh with admiration at Tsai Chiu for taming the shrewish and selfish Lin Shih-



This short folk opera attracts a large peasant audience.

Hu Nan

niang and protecting collective interest; they laugh with delight, along with Aunt Liu, as they say goodbye to the foolish idea of segregating workers into high and low castes.

What the Peasants Like

These operas have few characters and require only simple stage properties. When we perform in the countryside, it is easy to set up the stage beside a field or on a vacant piece of ground. The sound of the drum and gong and the clear notes of the *sona** bring the peasants from far and near to gather around us. News of our coming even brings them from farther villages. I remember a sixty-year-old woman whose son carried her on his back from across the mountain.

There are over sixty theatrical troupes like ours in Hunan province who have performed these operas. In one year they gave 3,000 performances. This does not include the number of times amateur rural opera troupes have put them on. The peasants like them because they do not take much time from farm work and the singing and dialogue are easy to understand.

The operas have had some interesting results. Because *Mending a Cooking Pot* praises ordinary labour, a group of pot menders in the provincial capital of Changsha who saw it felt very proud of their work and brought a banner to commend the troupe. Workers in other service trades flocked to the performance. A production team accountant in Yiyang county, after seeing *Beating the Gong*, determined to learn from Tsai Chiu. He went and shut up his pigs and asked others to do the same to prevent them from eating in the fields.

In Pingchiang county some peasants went to their local opera troupe and told them that there were several Lin Shih-niangs in their commune. Would the troupe please come and "beat the gong"? In the villages of Hunan province when a selfish person does something that harms public interest, people now say to him, "Beware of Tsai Chiu's gong!"

* A double-reed horn.

Singing Today's Songs



Sketch by Li Ke-yu

THE cover picture this month is a scene from *The Red Sanhsien*, a folk opera in a new style popular with the Pai nationality in the southwestern province of Yunnan. Standing in the forefront is Wang La-mei, a leader in the amateur cultural activities of her commune. Everyone is out working on the commune's new water conservation project, and to inspire and encourage them, during work breaks she sings of the new life in the old storytelling way, accompanying herself on the *sanhsien*, a three-stringed lute. She becomes the peasants' favourite singer because she expresses their own feelings so well.

But La-mei's uncle Tung Chin-tsai, a veteran singer, cannot accept the idea that his young niece's singing can be more popular than his own. He sings in his turn, but when the peasants laugh at the ridiculous feudal words, he has to admit his defeat. Encouraged and helped by the young people to shed his outdated thinking, he happily joins them in singing new songs.

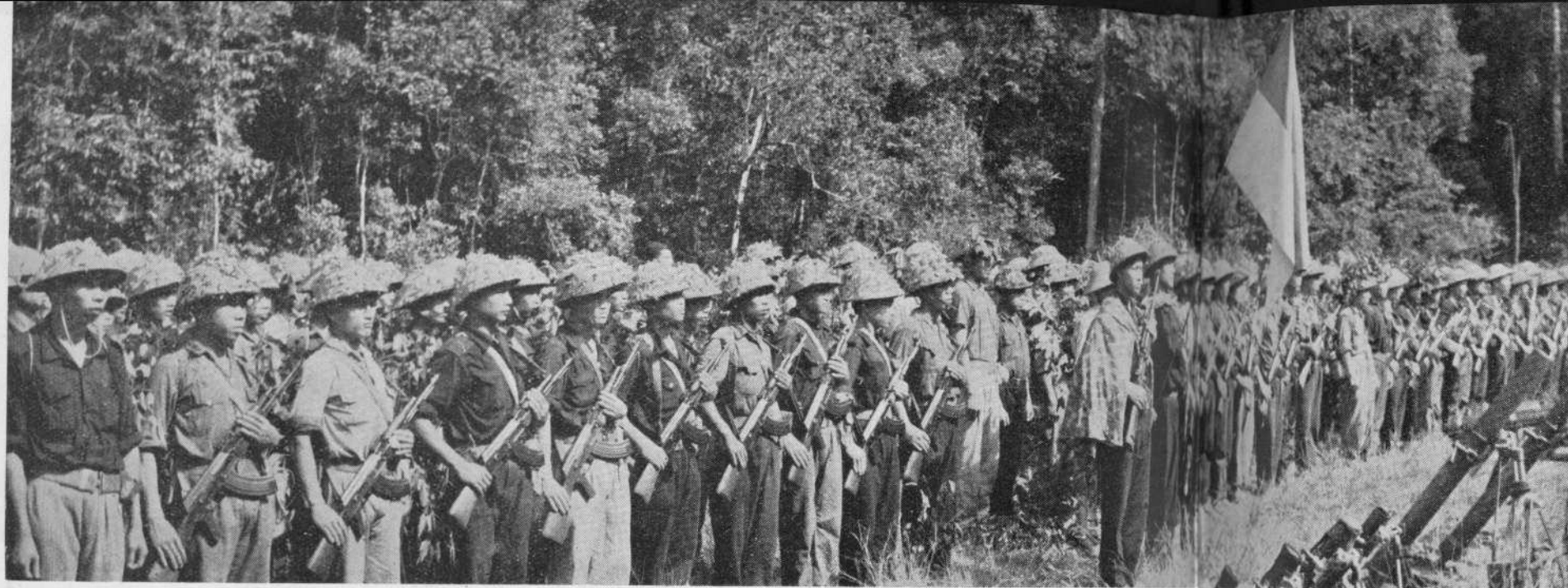
This story reflects the real situation in the communes among the mountains inhabited by the Pai people in Yunnan, for every village there has had its peasant singers for generations. The old society gave them the bitterest of lives and for this reason they have a deep love for the new society. But they are used to their old traditional songs of feudal times and do not always see clearly that their art should serve the people who are making today's good life. Once they understand, however, they put their whole energy into the performance of contemporary themes to the great delight of the audience.

HELPING this transformation are thousands of young people like La-mei of the opera, energetic, completely devoted to the collective way of life, skilled as farmers and talented as singers and dancers. Most of them are very active in the amateur cultural activities of their villages. Like La-mei, they are patient in helping the old folk artists and at the same time eager to learn from them.

Yang Hung-ying, the girl who plays La-mei, is just such a person, an active member of an amateur group and a worker in a flax factory in the city of Tali. The man who plays Tung Chin-tsai is a member of a commune cultural club. Both were asked to join the folk opera troupe which gives *The Red Sanhsien* after their talent emerged in amateur music and drama festivals.

In reality, the new Pai opera combines the traditional storytelling of the Pai people, an ancient opera form accompanied by a *sona** and percussion instruments, and much of the local folk dancing. The combination is admirably suited to the presentation of new themes drawn from socialist society.

The present troupe, the first to play the new folk opera form, was founded in 1962 in the Tali Pai Autonomous Chou in Yunnan province. Today it regularly tours the region, bringing the very popular new themes to Pai people in the most remote mountains.



Fighters of the South Vietnam Liberation Army.

Chang Ti



Women guerrilla fighters.

Kuo Chi



Attack!

Vietnam News Agency

A Television Cameraman in South Vietnam

YEH HUI

I HAD LONG wanted to go to south Vietnam and witness with my own eyes the stirring struggle of this heroic people to drive the U.S. aggressors out of their country. This wish was fulfilled in January last year when I went with a group of Chinese newsmen to spend 12 months in south Vietnam. I travelled through five provinces, making my way over the central mountains and the southern plains, along supply trails deep in the jungles where the foliage blotted out the sky, at the front where

YEH HUI is a cameraman for the Peking Television Station.

gunfire roared like thunder, in villages within sight of enemy positions, in rear bases in the vast liberated areas. Inspired, impressed and moved, I filmed scene after scene of the people's valiant struggle.

At the Front

My first stop was Viet An in central Quang Nam province, only 10 kilometres from an important U.S.-puppet stronghold. Here the South Vietnam Liberation Army was training local guerrilla units. On the third day after my arrival, I had a chance to train my camera

on a counter-mopping-up operation.

The aggressors came at about 10.00 in the morning, their infantry advancing cautiously along the road under cover of armoured units. Already informed of the move, the Liberation Army struck back near a bombed-out bridge. Blocked in their advance, the enemy dropped troops from helicopters in our rear in an attempt to surround our main force.

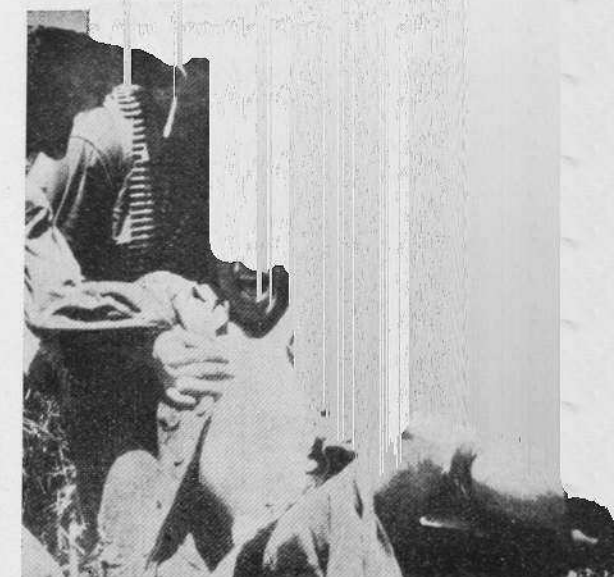
The first batch of helicopters, 30 of them, strafed wildly with heavy machine guns and then began to land. With my camera I followed the Liberation Army soldiers through smoke-filled trenches and sugar-cane fields and filmed as closely as possible their attack on the enemy. Extraordinarily cool in the face of heavy enemy gunfire, the young Vietnamese shot at the helicopters with artillery, machine guns and rifles. With a heavy machine gun Dang Man, a crack anti-aircraft gunner, damaged two trying to land. Pham Kiem, not yet 20 and only recently come into the army from a guerrilla unit, shot one down with a rifle he had captured from the Yankees. So concentrated and accurate was the fire that some of the helicopters burst into flame in the air. Those enemy troops who managed to land were attacked from all sides by the Liberation Army. They ran wildly for cover, but whichever village they approached, the guerrillas there gave them a hot reception. By the end of the day most of the paratroopers were either dead, wounded or captured. The remainder of the enemy on the road had fled.

The enemy totalled 2,000 men, more than double the combined number of Liberation Army men and guerrillas. Yet they were badly mauled, with 200 casualties and 20 helicopters shot down or damaged. I was able to take pictures of the enemy from the beginning to the end — first hordes of them pouncing fiercely on the people's forces, then the cowed and dispirited captives. My audience would be able to see for themselves the true face of the paper tiger.

I witnessed four more battles in the central and south areas, a counter-mopping-up operation, two ambushes and a surprise attack. One engagement took place at a U.S. camp near an American-controlled highway in Long Nguyen of Thu Dau Mot province. The Liberation Army, equipped with only mortars, machine guns and rifles, was pitting itself against American forces with armoured cars and heavy artillery, including 105 mm. howitzers. But the American troops were scared to death. At 5.00 in the morning the Liberation Army fighters launched their attack and in three hours had destroyed the camp, its armoured cars and artillery. The 2,000 American troops were completely routed.

The battle-steeled Liberation Army and guerrilla fighters had this scornful judgment of the U.S. aggressors: "They come fast, get defeated fast, run away fast and pick up corpses fast."

As a matter of fact, I saw with my own eyes how much trouble the Yankees go to in order to cover up their defeats on the Vietnam battlefields. After every loss, their planes plaster the area with bombs and then in the lull that follows, they pick up their dead with helicopters. After their disaster at the U.S. camp in Long Nguyen, they also buried their smashed artillery — but in such a hurry that some of the gun barrels were left stick-



An American aggressor.



A tunnel entrance.

Kuo Chi

ing up out of the ground. When the Americans were fleeing from Viet An, I saw them lifting their wrecked aircraft with helicopters. This was seen by all the Vietnamese soldiers and nearby people. "The Yankees are putting on a show of their defeat in the air," a commander of the Liberation Army commented to me with a dry laugh.

One Heart and Mind

At the front or in the rear, the Vietnamese people and the Liberation Army men fight with one heart and mind, sharing the good and the bad, braving death together. I captured many moving scenes showing this revolutionary comradeship so tightly welded in the struggle against U.S. imperialism. In the jungles of the central area long lines of men and women of the Gia Rai, Ka Tang, Ka Dong and other minority peoples, carrying artillery shells, munition cases or basketloads of grain strapped to their backs, threaded their way swiftly along narrow trails around enemy blockades to get to the front. The women are every bit as brave as the men. I interviewed An, a young Ka Tang woman and a model in the work of supporting the front. She often carries army supplies weighing 60 or 70 kilograms along the mountain paths. When there is no path, she, like the men, climbs the wooden ladders made especially for scaling steep slopes. She told me that she is never tired so long as she

can put the munitions she carries into the hands of her brothers in the Liberation Army to use against the barbarous American aggressors.

Many times I saw village women hurry over to wash and mend clothes for the fighters in a new encampment. In every village when people measure out their rice for cooking, they always put aside several handfuls in another jar for the men at the front. When there isn't enough grain, soldiers and people together go out to dig edible wild vegetables or to open up land in the jungles to grow rice and cassava. Cassava is eaten so often that it is now called "revolution food".

On the plains in the south, the enemy takes advantage of harvest time to try to destroy the rice crops. Last autumn I went to a village only two kilometres from an enemy stronghold in Cu Chi of Gia Dinh province to record how the army and the people fought to save their harvest. On the night I arrived, enemy artillery shelled the fields and destroyed part of the crops. At daybreak the next morning men and women, young and old, many with rifles slung across their shoulders, were out reaping the grain. American planes came frequently to harass them. Anti-aircraft crews of the Liberation Army and the guerrillas were ready for action with their machine guns set up around the fields. Small children served as lookouts

in treetops, at village entrances and on the roads.

Village of Fighters

Throughout the liberated areas, in mountains or plains, rear bases or near enemy strongholds, the people have set up "fighting villages" to deal with the American invaders in an organized way. In these villages every family is a fighting unit, every individual a fighter. The guerrilla units of young men and women are the main fighting force. The others are organized into groups to help with battlefield first aid, transport and other auxiliary work. When the enemy is away, they carry on with production. As soon as the enemy approaches, a bamboo board alarm is sounded and everyone jumps to his post ready for action. In every home there is a pit lower than the floor as a shelter against shells. Most of these are connected with tunnels in the village. Outside each house is a trench for protecting animals, and there are secret caves for hiding grain. Around the villages are vast networks of trenches, land mines and bamboo spike traps. Giant spiked balls and clubs are triggered up in the trees. All traps are clearly marked. But just before the enemy comes, the marks are removed so that the enemy can have a taste of "home-made" weapons.

In Cu Chi I filmed a "fighting village" which had withstood four mopping-up operations by U.S.-puppet troops. Each time one to two thousand men came with modern weapons and equipment. Each time they were soundly defeated by the guerrilla tactics of the villagers. By appearing and disappearing at the tunnel openings, the guerrilla fighters lured the enemy in, then attacked from his rear and flanks. Swaggering armoured units ground to a standstill when hit by land mines. The infantry soldiers hesitated at every step, at every corner and at every door, never knowing when they would trigger off a device that would explode or kill them in some weird way. The enemy once attacked this village for seven days and finally had to retreat.

"Never leave the fighting post and never yield an inch to the

enemy! Fight until U.S. imperialism is completely defeated!" This ringing slogan has become the guide for daily action in every village in south Vietnam's liberated areas.

The People Are Invincible

Unable to beat the heroic south Vietnamese people on the battleground, the enemy tries to bring them to their knees with wholesale and indiscriminate bombing, poison gas, and the savage torturing of captives including cutting out their livers. But this barbarism and slaughter only intensifies the south Vietnamese people's hatred and their determination to fight until they win victory. On the border between Gia Dinh and Tay Ninh provinces I once saw U.S. B-52 bombers raining bombs on villages, destroying paddy fields and houses. But instead of fear, this American savagery only aroused anger and condemnation.

I saw a 50-year-old mother sitting by the dead body of her daughter, cursing and screaming at the American air bandits, "You gutless dogs, you filthy murderers! You don't dare to come down here on the ground where we can get at you!" Her son and son-in-law were both in the army and she was a member of the Association of Fighters' Mothers. With clenched teeth and angry tears, she told her neighbours, "My husband was killed by the French imperialists. Now the American butchers have murdered my daughter. Hah! They think their bombs will terrify me. But no bombs can scare me! As long as there is a breath of life left in me, I'll fight the Yankees to the end!"

While the enemy was retreating from Viet An in Quang Nam province, they killed two young people out of sheer brutality. They chopped the girl into three pieces and pushed a knife into the throat of the man. Even though his lifeblood flowed down the knife handle, the young man defied his approaching death and spat at them, "Down with U.S. imperialism!"

In south Vietnam, countless people have joined the Liberation Army and the guerrillas out of an undying hatred for this enemy in-

vading their country and killing their loved ones. In Ky Long, Quang Nam province, I interviewed Le Thi Hoc, 21-year-old second in command of a guerrilla unit.

"I once tended a buffalo and understood nothing," she told me. "But when my father and uncle were killed by the enemy, my heart burst with hatred. I became an underground liaison worker for the guerrillas. One night five months ago I led my men to the home of the puppet head of Ky Long. We killed this imperialists' dog and liberated the place." Le Thi Hoc is now a crack marksman.

Another guerrilla leader is 24-year-old Luong Tho, a farmer. Frenzied slaughter by the enemy in his home village made him take up arms. Last year he alone killed 60 American and puppet troops.

The more the U.S. imperialists expand the war in south Vietnam, the faster the guerrilla forces grow. When I was there this past year, the cities and strongpoints held by U.S.-puppet troops were literally surrounded by a sea of liberated and guerrilla areas. Guerrilla units have become a powerful auxiliary force of the Liberation Army. Fighting in close coordination, the two forces have liberated more than four-fifths of south Vietnam, destroying over 7,000 "strategic hamlets". Many enemy strongholds and "strategic hamlets" are actually under the control of guerrilla forces. This is why I was able to go into a "strategic hamlet" only 17 kilometres from Saigon, and at close range film the absurd posturing of the enemy, strutting up and down on their "tight patrol" in full knowledge that they are surrounded by the guerrillas and that the people are laughing at them.

During my year in south Vietnam I shot 10,000 feet of television film. Some of it has already been shown in China and over television stations on six continents with which we have exchange relations. These films give the world the irrefutable facts — U.S. imperialism is being destroyed in the sea of fire of the people's war in south Vietnam. It cannot save itself.



Munitions for the front.

Kuo Chi



The author (right) prepares to film the making of poison-tipped arrows for use against the U.S. invaders.



A fine harvest.

men of the Second Company had to dig drainage ditches to lower it so that it would not push the alkali up to the surface. They irrigated evenly, making sure that no spot went without water. Men of the Fourth Company dug deep drainage tunnels underground so that the land on top could still be used for crops. The concerted effort of the whole farm beat back the salt and alkali invasion.

The Drive for High Yields

In spring 1961, the farm Party committee sounded a new call: "Forward! Don't give salt and alkali a second chance! Now is the time to make the desert yield mountains of grain!"

The first necessity was more fertilizer. The problem was to find the best kind for alkaline soil. The men reviewed the high-yield experiments they had made on small plots. Veteran Party member Chang Li-chen had been working extra hours for several years collecting animal dung on the desert

and spreading it on a plot where not even a blade of grass would grow before. Now the plot was producing high yields of wheat. Men of the Third Company had succeeded in improving their soil which was highly alkaline and full of clods by ploughing in wheat straw, cattle and horse dung. They learned that both animal and green manure were acid and therefore neutralized the alkali, while the organic matter it contained broke up the soil.

The reclaimed land needed large amounts of such fertilizer. The farm increased its numbers of pigs, cattle and sheep so that by 1963 each hectare was getting 50 per cent more manure and 540 hectares of land became stable, high-yield fields.

What grain would grow best? The men made comparative experiments. They tried maize, kaoliang and other high-yield crops and failed. But their wheat, generally regarded as low-yielding, had been making records on small

plots, reaching as high as 4.2 tons per hectare. Why? The men knew that when alkaline land is exposed to the sun, the underground water rises and brings the crop-killing alkali to the surface. Their kaoliang and maize had to be sown thinly in wide rows, exposing more ground area to the sun. Wheat, on the other hand, was planted closely, shading more soil, and the alkali did not rise. With enough fertilizer and careful management, high yield was assured. When experiments over larger areas gave the same results, the Party committee decided to make wheat the farm's main crop.

The Red Star No. 2 Farm has gone on prospering. It began supplying grain to the state in 1961 and has increased its harvest steadily since then. By 1965, its average per hectare output of wheat had increased by one and a half times that of 1961. The farm so far has supplied the state with over 13,400 tons of grain—food from the once-barren desert.

Books by Anna Louise Strong

CHINA'S MILLIONS, Selected Works I, New World Press, Peking, 1965, 181 pp., with Author's Preface to Selected Works on China's Revolution, xv pp.

LETTERS FROM CHINA, three volumes: Nos. 1-10 (Sept. 1962-July 1963), 130 pp., Nos. 11-20 (July 1963-Sept. 1964), 175 pp., Nos. 21-30 (Oct. 1964-July 1965), 217 pp., New World Press, Peking, paperback.

ANNA Louise Strong, unrivalled among America's progressive journalists in the scope and length of her writing career, has been reporting China for forty years. In the preface to a new six-volume selection of these writings which begins with *China's Millions*, first published in 1928, she says:

I first saw China in late 1925 precisely half my lifetime ago. . . I have made six visits in all, choosing times when some revolutionary change seemed important and also possible to see. In 1925 it was warlord China. . . Two years later, in 1927, I went up the Yangtze River from Shanghai to see the revolutionary government in Wuhan. I remained in Wuhan until its government ceased to be revolutionary and began suppressing workers and peasants. . . I also journeyed south into Hunan where the revolution had been "reddest" and had been suppressed but where the stories of it, told even by its enemies, testified to the power and nature of the new forces arising in China among workers and peasants.

Unswayed by superficial setbacks, she saw these forces as invincible, and was fully justified by later events. That is the reason this powerful eyewitness account is not just a historic record but as up to date as today's world events. It is the story of the first victories, and temporary defeats, of every great liberation movement destined for final victory.

The author stingingly branded the betrayers of China's people in 1927:

Step by step the Kuomintang which arose as a defiance to foreign imperialism has become the tool of that imperialism. Cut off by its own act from the masses, it found in the foreign overlords its support. The price of that support was subservience to Japan and civil war against the Chinese people.

And she ringingly affirmed her faith in the risen masses.

But in the heart of Hunan, among the broken fragments of revolution, I felt a hope for the future of China which I had not felt in listening to her able orators and clever intellectuals. . . .

. . . It will be such peasants and workers—and not the northern or southern generals, or the wealthy but subservient bourgeoisie of Shanghai, or the timid politicians and officials—who will have the courage to carry their country out of the Middle Ages into the modern world.

So Anna Louise Strong foresaw, even then, the struggle which was to end in final victory and the founding of the People's Republic of China in 1949.

Perhaps her most penetrating chapter is the one on "Red Hunan in Reaction". Spending no more than a week in this province in mid-July, the author was able to feel the power of the mass movement of the people despite the fact that its enemies thought they had drowned it in blood, and most of her information had to be gathered from foreigners (mainly missionaries), high military officers and reactionaries. She gives a graphic picture of what took place in schools, peasants' unions, workers' unions and new administrative organizations. Her story makes a vivid postscript to Mao Tse-tung's report on the peasant movement in Hunan at its height, six months earlier.*

* *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung*, Vol. I, p. 23.

IN *Letters from China*, covering events from 1962 to 1965, Anna Louise Strong continues to chronicle the Chinese revolution and relevant international issues. Her vivid pictures of the present, and unflinching orientation on the future, are as compelling as ever. No wonder demand has grown so rapidly that from a few carbon copies sent to friends, the *Letters* have become a publication that now circulates in tens of thousands of copies in six languages—English, Spanish, French, Italian, German and Swedish. The series still continues.

On events within China, these *Letters* cover China's phenomenal recovery from three years of natural calamities, the progress of the people's communes, the growth of self-reliant industry, socialist education and advances in science.

On external matters, the first volume has material on the Cuban crisis, the Sino-Indian border conflict and the great debate in the international communist movement. The second includes comment on U.S. aggression in Indo-China, Premier Chou En-lai's tour of Asia and Africa, and China's stand on the projected Second Bandung Conference. Three of the *Letters* in the last volume are devoted to Washington's spreading war in Indo-China and the people's resistance there. In these years the author, though approaching eighty (she had her 80th birthday last year), has travelled widely in China and made two visits to embattled Vietnam.

Her reporting is, as always, both precise and poetic. As always she represents the progressive tradition of the people of the United States, whose cause against U.S. imperialism is one with that of all other peoples—a tradition now renewed in their heroic movements, black and white, against its domestic oppression and fascist aggression in Vietnam.

—Elsie Cholmeley

AFTER THE EARTHQUAKES

STRONG earthquakes struck the southern part of Hopei province in March. A shock of 6.7 degree magnitude was registered on March 8, and on March 22 there were two more of 6.7 and 7 degrees with an intensity of 9 to 10 at the epicentre. Hardest hit was the Hsingtai district south of the city of Shihchiachuang, where 350 production brigades belonging to 30 people's communes suffered losses of varying degrees. Buildings, livestock and irrigation works were affected, and there were casualties. The suffering, however, was reduced to a minimum through speedy, well-organized relief measures and a high feeling of responsibility and service on the part of all involved.

Only ten minutes after the first shock at 5.29 a.m. on March 8, doctors from the commune hospitals in Hsingtai, many having just

crawled out of their own collapsing homes, were already attending to the injured. Soon afterward a unit of the People's Liberation Army stationed nearby arrived. Its members made up the bulk of the personnel in the rescue and relief operations. They set up field hospitals, erected temporary shelters for the homeless, and dug for clothing and grain buried beneath collapsed buildings.

Help from the Army

The army engineering corps worked round-the-clock to repair damaged roads; its transport teams rapidly brought in load after load of supplies. Often when their trucks were unable to proceed to a village because a bridge had collapsed, the soldiers would carry the sacks of food and medicines the rest of the way on their backs at a run. They stayed at their tasks

even though many of them were on their feet for 36 hours.

With wholehearted devotion to the people, many of the soldiers risked their lives to save others. In one village a group of armymen were surveying the damage done to the twisted houses when they heard a small child crying in one of them. Although the building seemed ready to collapse at any second, one of the soldiers rushed in and brought him out. As a gesture of gratitude the parents named their child Chun-chiu, meaning "saved by the army".

As soon as word of the earthquake reached Peking, a joint command was set up to coordinate all relief operations. The national commerce, communications and transport, health and other departments sent personnel to help. Relief and medical teams came



Tseng Shan, Minister of Internal Affairs and a member of the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, addressing the people of the Hsingtai area, which was hardest hit.

Li Chang-yung

from Peking and other localities in the province. Medicine and medical equipment, food, tents, building materials, cooking utensils, communications equipment and other needed supplies were rushed in by air, rail and road, much of it from as far away as Peking, 500 kilometres off, and Shanghai and northeast China, 1,000 km. distant.

Many Bethunes

Within hours of the first shock, doctors and nurses from Peking and other areas reached the earthquake district. Without even waiting to introduce themselves to each other, they formed teams and began to give treatment. To save a seriously injured peasant who had already stopped breathing several times, two doctors and a nurse took turns giving mouth-to-mouth artificial respiration until the man was out of danger.

In some critical situations when blood transfusions were needed during surgery, these medical workers were the first to volunteer to give their own blood. Their devotion to the people was like that of the Canadian Doctor Norman Bethune, who died while helping China during the war with Japan. "I used to know of only one Doctor Norman Bethune," an old peasant was overheard to say. "Now I have seen hundreds of Norman Bethunes."

On the second day after the earthquake, a delegation from the Central Committee of the Com-

munist Party and Central People's Government arrived on the scene. It was headed by Minister of Internal Affairs Tseng Shan and included leading people from various ministries, the People's Liberation Army and the Peking municipality. They came to express the solicitude and support of the Party and Chairman Mao Tse-tung for the victims, and to make detailed inquiries into their problems and needs in order to assess the extent of the damage and plan for future assistance. They visited the peasants' families and joined in the relief work. Many elderly peasants, recalling the days when the Kuomintang government had done little or nothing in similar disasters, could not keep the tears from their eyes.

Production Must Go On!

The Hsingtai area had very early become an anti-Japanese guerrilla base. Both before and after the liberation it had been hit several times by serious droughts and floods. Now, with the same stubborn courage that refused to be overwhelmed by these, that would not yield to the Japanese aggressors and later the Kuomintang forces, the people of Hsingtai set about recouping their losses from the earthquakes.

In the more lightly-hit areas farm work did not stop. Even at

the epicentre, only a few days after the quake commune members began to sound the bells for going to the fields. Everywhere on the wall-newspaper blackboards along the village streets they wrote the words Chairman Mao had spoken about the Chinese people in 1945 at the final stage of the war against Japanese aggression: "Resolute and unafraid of sacrifice, they will surmount every difficulty to win victory." One of several slogans painted in huge characters on the walls read, "Let's Rely on Ourselves to Rebuild our Homes."



Tientsin workers loading relief supplies.

Yuan Hao



An injured peasant receives medical treatment at an emergency first-aid station.

Sung Yu-min



Commune members in Hsingtai continue a long-range improvement to the fields after the earthquake.

Chung Ching

These calls were quickly translated into action.

Visitors arriving four days after the March 22 quake at the Hsingtai district's Peifeng brigade, which they had heard had been seriously hit, were astonished to meet the brigade members in high spirits pushing carts of manure to the fields. The motors on the irrigation pumps were humming and water was flowing into the plots of young wheat. The sound of children's singing came from the school building.

Though many of the homes stood in ruins, most of these families

had already built temporary dwellings out of kaoliang stalks and mud. The visitors learned later that Peifeng was not unusual in its quick recovery.

Being Prepared

After the first earthquake struck the neighbouring county, geologists warned that further shocks might follow. The nearby communes alerted their brigades. Peifeng's leaders worked out a series of measures for preventing or minimizing losses. The 800 villagers were organized into groups headed by brigade leaders and members of

the Communist Party and the Communist Youth League. In the event of an emergency, their job was to warn everyone in their groups and see that they got out of their houses, get the stock out of the sheds, and reassembled at an assigned place where special stocks of supplies had been laid up.

The brigade made "seismographs" out of buckets of water set out in several places, and assigned people to watch them and sound the alarm at the slightest movement of the water.

With these preparations, even though the March 22 shock was more violent than that of March 8 and many buildings were seriously damaged, everyone was led to safety in time and not a single person or animal was killed.

Four-fifths of the village's manpower resumed production immediately while the rest set about repairing and reconstructing homes and doing other rehabilitation tasks. In the three days after the earthquake, the peasants did all the irrigating and spreading of fertilizer that they had originally planned. One brigade member said, "Even an earthquake can't crush us. Although we suffered some losses, we're determined to make up for them with a better harvest this year."

DO YOU KNOW?

Earthquakes Recorded in Chinese History

Records of earthquakes: China possesses some of the earliest and richest records on earthquakes in the world. The earliest earthquake noted in ancient chronicles occurred in the 8th year of the reign of Chou Wen Wang (around 1189 B.C.). More than 8,000 earthquakes are mentioned from the 12th century B.C. to the present in government histories, local chronicles and writings by individuals.

Detection of earthquakes: The Chinese people learned to detect earthquakes through seismic waves

as early as the Han dynasty (206 B.C.-A.D. 220).

The world's earliest seismograph was invented by the Chinese astronomer Chang Heng in A.D. 132. Known as the *hou feng ti tung yi*, this seismograph, which was kept in Loyang, correctly indicated the direction of an earthquake which occurred in the west of Kansu province, 1,500 kilometres away. In the fifth century Chinese scientists were able to note the direction of earthquake shocks.

Values of records: Study of ancient records shows that areas de-

scribed as being affected by earthquakes—such as the western part of Kansu, Yunnan, Shansi and Shensi provinces—basically accord with China's stratigraphical structure.

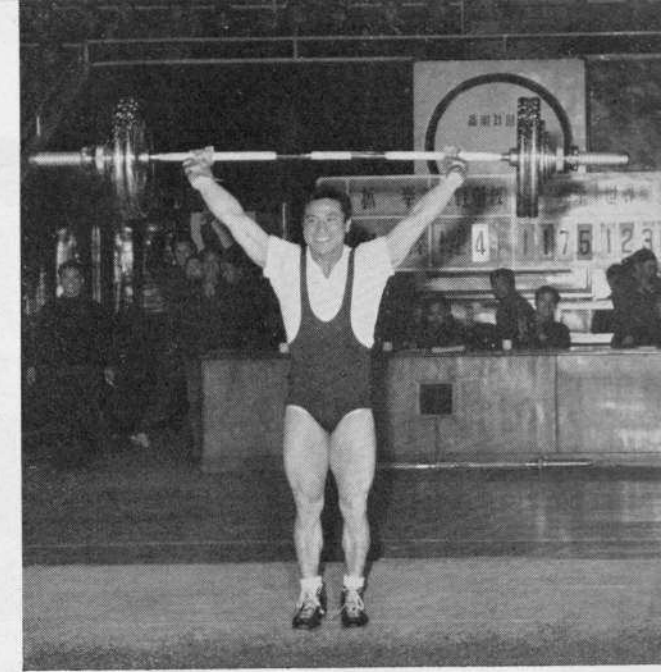
Since the liberation much work has been done by the Chinese Academy of Sciences and the departments of historical archives to collect, edit and publish historical material on earthquakes. These have proved of great value to scientific research and in the designing of new projects in capital construction.

Sports

Three New World Records



Chen Man-lin acknowledging the crowd's ovation.



A confident Hsiao Ming-hsiang snatches 124 kg.

CHINESE weight-lifters established three world and eight national records when leading athletes from seven provinces and one autonomous region competed at the Peking Gymnasium on March 12 last. The new world records were all made by featherweights, those for the press and snatch events being the first ever by Chinese athletes.

The record for the third event, the clean and jerk, was already held by a Chinese sportsman. In this case, as in the other two, half a kilogram was added to the existing figures. Details of the records are:

	New	Old
Press	128.5 kg.	128 kg.
Snatch	124 kg.	123.5 kg.
Clean and jerk	153.5 kg.	153 kg.

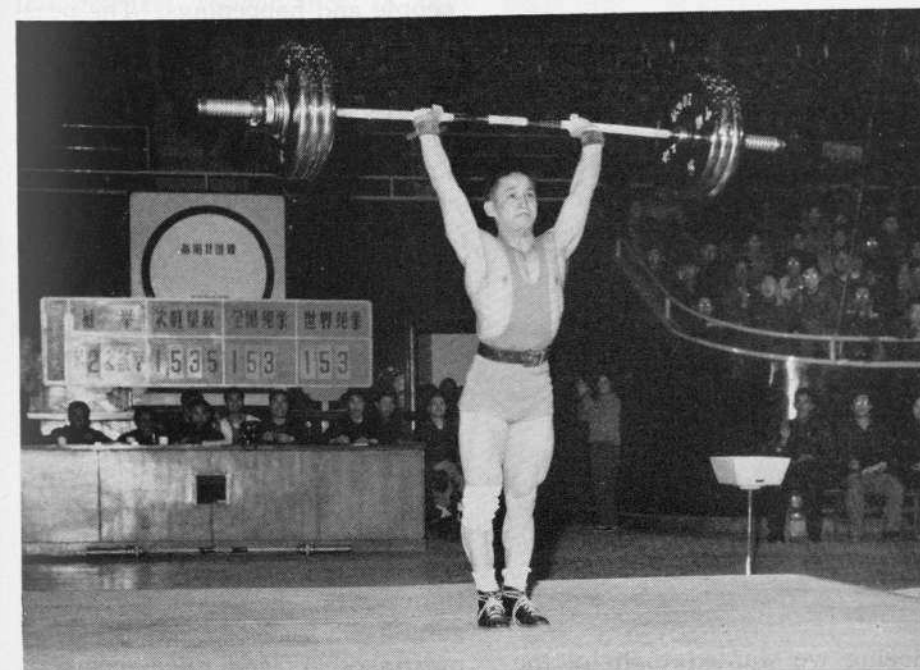
With these performances Chinese weight-lifters now claim 5 of the 28 listed world records. The other two are 149 kg. for the middleweight press and 115 kg. for the bantamweight snatch.

Chen Man-lin, who established the new press figure, comes from Kwangtung province. Aged 24, he has made "hop, step and jump" progress since qualifying as Sportsman First Class in 1958, his first year of serious training. In Feb-

ruary 1965, he broke the then official world bantamweight press record with 118 kg. Last winter he undertook a rigorous training programme as a featherweight. At the March meeting he lifted the barbells with steady movements and, at the referee's signal, hoisted them smoothly above his head.

Clean and jerk champion Hsiao Ming-hsiang of the Kwangsi Chuang Autonomous Region, after lifting 118 kg. in the snatch, asked for 124 kg., the heaviest barbells he had ever tried in this event. Failing at his first try, he immediately recognized and corrected his weak point—a poor stretching movement—and became the first Chinese weight-lifter to set world figures for two different events in the one class. At the Second National Games last year, he set a new world record of 153 kg. for the clean and jerk.

The third record-breaker was Chi Fa-yuan, aged 27, of Hupeh province. Inspired by the successes of Chen and Hsiao, he was determined to beat Hsiao's record in the clean and jerk. It was Chi's eighth attempt since 1962 to set world figures. This time he did so with 153.5 kg. Chi had on several occasions beaten the world record during four years of hard practice which paved the way for him to finally succeed in open competition.



The moment when Chi Fa-yuan broke the record.

Photos by Liu Shao-shan



The artists doing a painting on a village wall.

Artists in a Village

SU KUANG

FOR eight months from the winter of 1964 to the summer of 1965, seven artists of whom I was one worked in the Shih-chiayeh Chuang production brigade in the northern part of Shansi. We stayed in the homes of commune members who had once been poor peasants, eating with them and working with them in the fields. Before going we had made up our minds to eschew any of the airs of so-called artists and to serve the peasants honestly and sincerely.

Not long after we arrived, an old commune member died. In the past, families had observed the

SU KUANG, a painter, is chairman of the Shansi provincial branch of the Union of Chinese Artists.

superstitious custom of asking paper craftsmen to make "soul-leading streamers", "golden pagodas" and "silver pagodas" for the dead. We instead helped the family to have a new kind of funeral. We painted a portrait of the old man, made a wreath of paper flowers, wrote couplets in large ink-brush characters praising his good qualities and hung them in the room where we held a memorial meeting. The villagers thought this a good way, both respectful and economical. After that the old-style funeral lost favour.

Service for Every Home

Seeing we wanted to help, the villagers asked us to do more and

more things for them. During the Spring Festival they liked to make brightly-coloured papercuts and small woodblock paintings called "window flowers" which they paste on the paper windows for decoration. Old-style ones usually have a tinge of superstition. Now the commune members asked us to design new ones. So, working for several nights in a row, we made a series of woodblock "window flowers" on the new people of the countryside—tractor drivers, members of scientific experimentation teams, work-point recorders and the militia. We also wrote 300 new couplets on red paper scrolls for pasting on doors and walls for the festival. All of these praised the rising production in the commune and the revolutionary spirit displayed by the members in their vigorous determination to build a new countryside. We asked people going to the provincial capital to buy us several hundred of the latest New Year pictures and sets of papercuts. Together with the new "window flowers" and scrolls, these gave each home a festive appearance.

On the day of the Spring Festival, we exhibited 100 different new pictures in the classrooms of the brigade's primary school. They presented rural scenes of today's people and happenings. The peasants said that the pictures were close to their own feelings and much better than the old ones with theatrical figures in ancient costumes.

Soon after the festival, it was time to prepare for spring ploughing. We painted lantern slides showing how the nationally famous Tachai production brigade, also of Shansi province, had by its own efforts terraced bare hillsides into fertile fields producing excellent harvests. When our own ploughing actually started, we painted another set of slides in praise of the Nos. 6 and 9 production teams whose work was outstanding. This boosted the spirit of the others and their members vowed they would work hard so

that they also could "get on the slides".

Training Class Set Up

Feeling that the new socialist art should strike root in the countryside, we set up a spare-time training class for 37 peasant artists, all from villages in the brigade. Most of them were young men and women, cultural activists in the club. There were also several folk painters. The students often worked as a collective, with us helping to revise what they had done. Teachers and students together, we wrote slogans in artistic Chinese characters encouraging the commune members in study and farming, designed layouts for blackboard and wall newspapers, and painted a set of pictures about the struggle of local peasants under landlord exploitation and oppression before the liberation and their happy life today.

With our students we also did some street murals. In the centre of the village where we lived we did a scene of the commune militia at training and another in praise of young people who had returned, after studying in town, to help in production and cultural activities. Going to and from the fields, the villagers always stopped to watch. Since we were putting in persons they knew in the picture, the question of who deserved to be in became a subject for discussion, as did which figure bore the greatest resemblance to the real person.

The onlookers made many good suggestions. One said we should include the new Kuan River bridge, which to the villagers is a symbol of the unity and friendship of the former poor peasants on both banks who are now all members of the same commune. Another said we should paint the seed experimental station and other new scientific and cultural facilities bigger in order to show their future growth. Since the brigade had been honoured by the provincial people's government as a model production unit that year, we added the joyful scene of the brigade receiving a red banner. "We must keep this red banner for ever!" said the villagers delightedly. They decided to name the

mural "Broad Horizons". Some even invited their relatives from other villages to look at these large paintings.

In this part of China the peasants like to have ornamental paintings around the mud walls right above their *kangs* or brick beds. The paintings brighten up the room and their varnish prevents dust falling from the walls onto the bedding. The folk artists in our spare-time training class had done these paintings in the past. But they were used to portraying characters from old operas—emperors and generals, young scholars and ladies of a former age—and these were no longer wanted.

Presenting New Themes

With the old artists we tried out some new ideas in the home of Chia Pei-tang. On the wall above the brick stove next to the *kang*, we painted a large picture of a woman dressmaking at home. This had as its theme thrift. On the three walls around the bed we painted five smaller scenes depicting production—agriculture, forestry, animal husbandry, fisheries and sideline occupations. Two to three hundred people streamed in and out every day to watch. When we had finished, Chia Pei-tang's wife bought a sheet of transparent plastic to cover the large painting so it would not get blackened by smoke. The old painters were

greatly moved to find the new "round-the-bed" paintings so much appreciated. Each made a copy and then they painted them for a dozen more homes nearby. Our other students, after returning to their own villages, also created new wall and "round-the-bed" paintings. Now they are being gradually introduced into other parts of north Shansi.

During the time when we and our students were popularizing art in the brigade, we learned from them while helping them. They came to learn because they keenly felt the need of their fellow-villagers for a richer cultural life. Their clear purpose that art must serve the labouring people was a good example for us. Though their technique has not yet reached a high level, they understand fully what the people want and have mastered some of the basic ways of expression in north Shansi folk art. These proved a great help to us in creating works with content and form acceptable to the peasants. Without the help of these spare-time artists we would not have been able to start the popular art activities in the brigade. Our experience there made us realize that a small number of professional artists cannot really satisfy the needs of the working people. This can only be accomplished when the labouring masses master their own art.



The art training class drafts designs for "round-the-bed" paintings.

Photos by Tsao Chen-wu

Harvest Scenes in Chinese Painting



A Good Cotton Harvest

Hsu Hsien

Bringing Drinking Water to the Fields

Chen Li-yen



Our Rice Stretches out in a Thousand Waves

Chien Sung-yen



The fleet at a depot gets ready for another day's run.

Han Ching-yun

Peking's Transport System

CHOU KUO-HUA

PEKING'S municipal transport system carries two million riders every day — workers in the city's industries and government offices, students and farmers from the suburban communes. They are served by 118 routes covering a total of 2,000 kilometres. The rolling stock includes 1,000 buses and 430 trolleybuses, most of which are manufactured in China.

As they bowl along the broad tree-lined avenues, they present a picture in sharp contrast to that of the old days when first rickshaws and then pedicabs were one of the main forms of passenger conveyance, and these vied with camel caravans and mule carts for a place on the dusty streets. In the early days after the liberation the only public transport was via eight routes (total length 41 km.) serviced by 49 tramcars and five dilapidated buses left over from Kuomintang days. Now the noisy tramcars have been replaced by quiet, smooth-running trolleybuses on all lines except a 4-km. one in the far south of the city.

Nothing but Service

As a socialist enterprise, the Peking transport system has as its

aim service to the public, rather than profit. The manager of the Peking Bus Company told me that the needs of production and the convenience of the public govern the general operation of the lines, opening new routes, choosing sites for stops, allocating the number of buses, determining fares and specifying duties for the drivers and conductors.

The management keeps a close watch on changes in the city's industrial and residential pattern and in the flow of passengers. It constantly collects opinions from the public. Hanging in every bus is a small "suggestion book" where riders write their comments. These are carefully analysed, along with letters sent in.

Since the beginning of last year, in accordance with the Communist Party's policy that leading personnel must regularly spend part of their time working at the basic jobs, all administrative and office personnel serve as drivers or conductors several days each month. This helps them to understand conditions more thoroughly and make improvements faster.

Many of Peking's factories now have a second shift or operate

round the clock. In order to coordinate bus schedules with the needs of the workers, the heads of the transport companies polled several hundred factories and organizations and held 100 meetings with their representatives. At one meeting in a cotton mill outside the city, a worker said, "Our second shift gets off at 10.30 at night. That's all right for catching the last bus out here, but many of us have to transfer to other buses in town, and by the time we get there, they've stopped running for the night. The plant has to let some of us off ten minutes earlier just so we can make a connection." As this was a problem in many factories, five in-town bus lines that serve areas where many workers live added special night runs which take people straight from work to places nearest their homes.

"How wonderful!" one of them was heard to exclaim. "There's a bus waiting for us when we get out of the plant."

In another instance, a supervisor at Garage No. 3 canvassed passengers on a route for their opinions. One of them said he knew of twenty people who had

to walk a long distance from North Taipingchuang to Hsinchiehkuo inside the city wall in order to take the earliest trolleybus from there because the lines outside the wall did not start operating early enough. The next morning the supervisor jumped on his bicycle and waited at the Hsinchiehkuo stop to question these people. They told him that if they waited for the first bus to leave North Taipingchuang, they would arrive ten minutes late for work. They had not thought that the bus company would change its schedule for so few people, so they had simply been getting up earlier and walking. Now the first suburban bus begins its day ten minutes earlier. Since the beginning of 1965 such early and late runs were opened on 22 lines.

To speed up transport, express buses have been added at rush hours on 27 lines. These not only cut travel time for express riders but relieve the load on the regular-stop buses so that these can keep to their schedule. At times of heavy traffic, to eliminate the necessity for transferring, two routes are combined into a single run. Formerly, passengers on one suburban line, for instance, had to come into the city on one bus and then, to get to the Peking Railway Station, had to transfer to another. Now they can go direct.

What the Public Wants

More than 100 stops have been readjusted or combined. What happened on the No. 20 line illustrates the consideration given the wishes of the riders. To speed service, some stops were eliminated. One of these was at the Temple of Heaven Park, as this spot is also served by the No. 15 line. But many riders on the No. 20 complained that they had to walk too far to the park, and there was no convenient transfer-point for taking the No. 15. It was also found that the No. 15 could not handle

CHOU KUO-HUA is a staff writer for *China Reconstructs*.

all the traffic, so the Temple of Heaven stop was restored on the No. 20 line.

At places where a great many people get on, as at the Shihching-shan Steel Mill and the Changhsintien Locomotive Works in two outlying areas, and where passengers need special care, as at the Factory for the Blind at Nant'aiyuan, the bus routes now run right through the factory grounds.

The bus company keeps in close contact with the gymnasium, stadium and the large theatres. When events draw crowds, temporary bus stops are set up right at the gates and special non-stop runs take theatregoers and sports fans to the main transport centres in other parts of the city.

The Conductor's Role

"We'll go to a lot of trouble to save a little trouble for the riders" is the slogan of the transport workers. During rush hours they do their best to take on as many people as possible. Riders always tend to stay near the door they have entered, but are kept moving by the cheery call, "Comrades, please move to the centre so that more people can get on."

Conductors are very conscientious about finding seats for expectant mothers and elderly persons. Route No. 14 passes a school for the deaf, so conductress Chang Hsiu-lan learned their deaf alphabet in her spare time. Once she noticed that a deaf-mute passenger did not get off at his usual stop. Afraid that he might not have noticed, she asked him about it, but learned that on that evening he was not going home but to the cinema.

Being the capital, Peking has many visitors from other parts of the country. In order to be able to instantaneously direct them to any place they might ask about, many conductors spend their off hours exploring the side streets along their routes and learning the names and addresses of offices, schools and factories on them.

They often make this information into little jingles for easier remembering. The expression "She's a regular 'walking map'" is often heard in praise of an alert conductress.

Fares Going Down

Although service is constantly being improved, recently fares have been cut. Payment is by distance; the price of a ticket for the whole length of any city line generally does not exceed 20 *fen*. A monthly pass good on motor and trolley buses in the city costs 3.50 yuan (the price of a pair of cloth shoes) for workers and 2 yuan for students. Does the company face a deficit? On the contrary. In the spirit of "building up the country and running every enterprise with diligence and thrift", the transport workers economize on fuel and take meticulous care of the buses to reduce the cost of upkeep. The company even had a surplus in 1965.



Chu Yung-ching

A conductress helps an elderly passenger off a bus.

SMALL PLANTS PLAY A BIG ROLE

ONE of the reasons China's industry has been able to grow rapidly is that she has adopted the policy of simultaneously developing medium and small-sized factories as well as large ones, with emphasis on the former two. The significance of this course is that it brings into full play the initiative of the local people and authorities. Alongside large modern enterprises built with investment from the Central Government, small and medium-sized ones developed with local funds

CHEN TA-LUN is an economist who often writes on developments in his field.

are an indispensable force in China's industry.

For the production of nitrogen fertilizer, ten large enterprises (each with an annual capacity of 100,000 tons of synthetic ammonia) and over fifty small and medium-sized plants (800 to 5,000 tons annual capacity) have been set up. For iron and steel we have both big modern combines like those in Anshan, Wuhan and Paotow and small and medium-sized works producing from scores to hundreds of thousands of tons of pig iron annually. While constructing large coal mines, machine-building

works and cement plants, we have also opened many small coal mines and built a large number of small machine factories and cement plants. The latter two are found in almost all provinces and autonomous regions.

This two-pronged policy was first advanced by Chairman Mao at the end of the First Five-Year Plan (1953-57) after a summary of China's experience during it, and a study of the development of industry abroad. In his 1957 article *On the Correct Handling of Contradictions Among the People*, he said:

CHEN TA-LUN

We must build up a number of large-scale modern enterprises step by step to form the mainstay of our industry, without which we shall not be able to turn our country into a strong modern industrial power within the coming decades. But the majority of our enterprises should not be built on such a scale; we should set up more small and medium enterprises and make full use of the industrial base left over from the old society, so as to effect the greatest economy and do more with less money.

Suits China's Conditions: China is a large country with rich natural resources and a big population, but she was industrially weak. High-speed industrialization would not have been possible merely through the efforts of the Central Government and a small number of people, and through concentrating on just a few large enterprises. It could be achieved only by releasing the energy of the masses of the people and of the local authorities. The policy of encouraging small and medium-sized factories makes this possible.

Smaller plants have many advantages over the large ones. They take less capital and less time to build, and bring faster results, in line with the principle of "doing more with less money". They do not require very complicated equipment. Finding sites for them and constructing them do not present great difficulties. A large nitrogen fertilizer plant needs a 25,000-kilowatt power supply, a good source of water and should be located on a railway. But a small plant which can produce an annual 2,000 tons of synthetic am-



Tractors for use in mountainous areas made jointly by several small plants in Yuncheng county, Shansi province.

Juan Chun

monia needs only a 3,000-kw. power supply, can use water from an ordinary river and can truck its products out over an average highway. Local authorities have been able to build a great number of such small and medium-sized factories with their own capital and technical force.

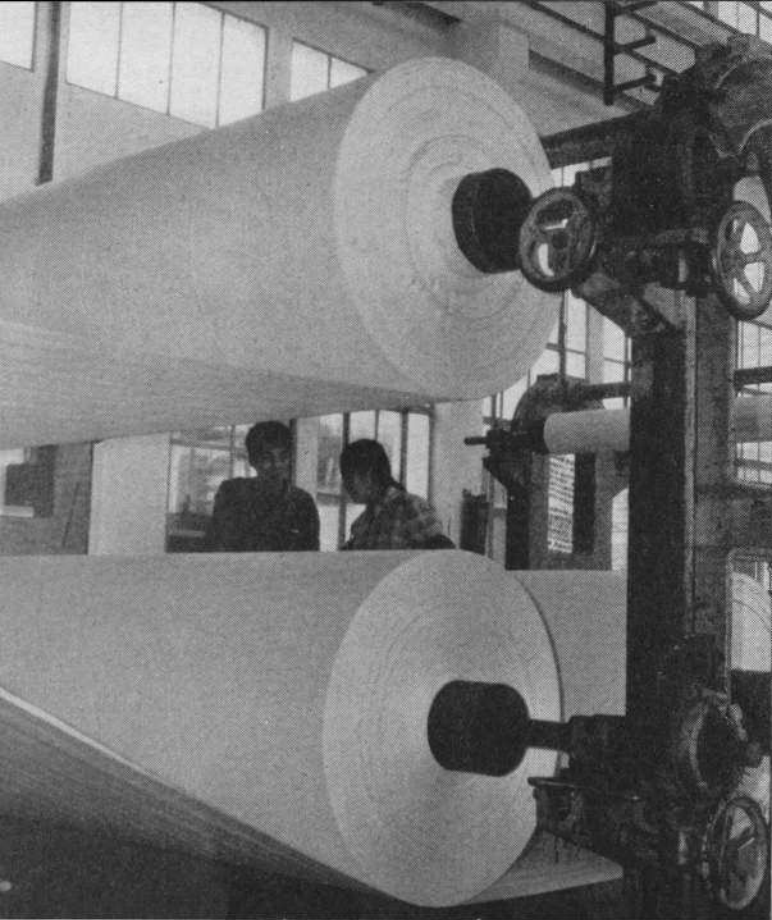
Raises Productive Capacity: Small and medium-sized factories are accounting for an ever-larger proportion of production in many branches of industry. During the First Five-Year Plan, most of our chemical fertilizer was made in a few large plants. Since 1958 seven more large nitrogen fertilizer plants have been completed and many small and medium-sized plants for both it and phosphate

fertilizer have been built. The national output of chemical fertilizer has risen rapidly, chiefly because of these smaller plants. They now account for 40 per cent of the total output. About 60 per cent of the nation's coal comes from mines of small and medium size; 70 per cent of her cement is made in similar plants.

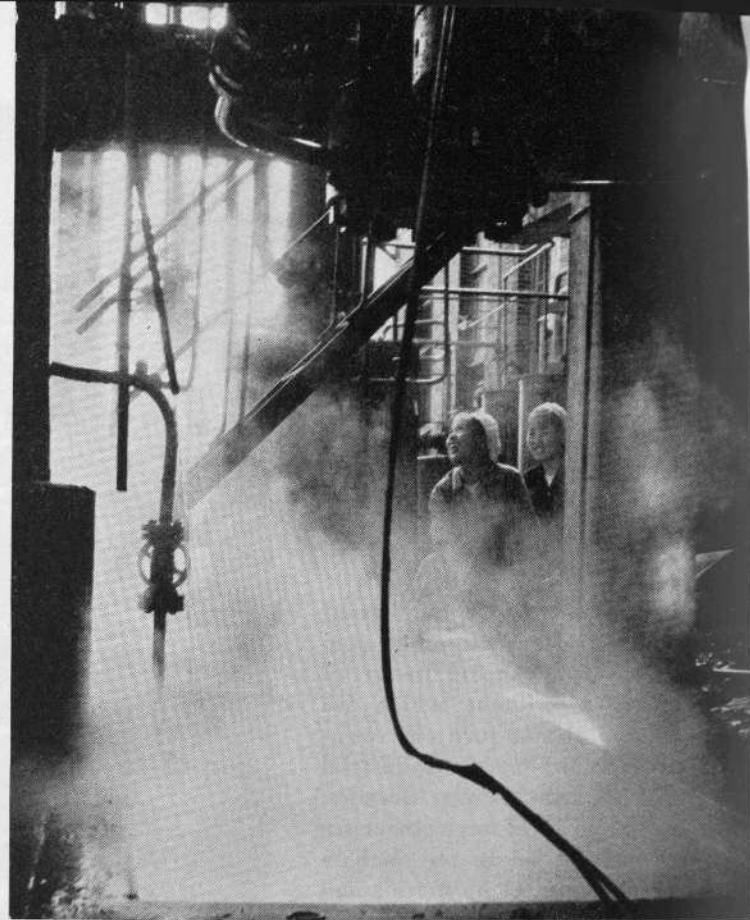
Wider Range of Products: While the large enterprises are equipped to manufacture the most vital items in large quantity, their equipment is generally not readily adaptable to making a wide range of products. This can be done by smaller plants which are easier to retool for a new product and easier to set up for making a specific item. These smaller plants "fill



At the "August First" plant, Sinkiang's first steel works, workers and cadres built this semi-automatic rolling mill. Chiao Chien



Tsai Chung-chih
High-grade paper is made from sugar-cane residue at Kwangtung province's Pearl River Paper Mill.



Chi Ying
A workshop in a county-run small chemical fertilizer plant in Chekiang province.

in the spaces" between the staple lines supplied by the large plants.

Smaller plants also mean that more consumer goods for the market and more of the things needed by industry itself can be supplied locally. Five-sixths of the machine parts and semi-processed products used in industries in Sian, capital of Shensi province, used to come from outside. Since the city has set up a number of small and medium-sized machinery plants in recent years, the bulk of these have been made locally.

Quicker Returns: Faster construction and earlier production bring earlier returns on investments. Thus the smaller plants can accumulate capital which can be used for further industrial development. Factories built by the city of Wuhan, for example, in the past five years have repaid the original 30 million yuan investment and turned an additional 180 million yuan over to the national government. The capital accumulated by the Shanghai-built enterprises in the past seven years

is six times that of the original investment.

Better Use of Resources: Many small coal mines and steel mills have been opened to utilize China's widely-scattered coal and iron deposits. Similarly, light industry factories and textile mills are making good use of many wild plants and raw materials produced in agriculture or as agricultural sidelines. Among these are province-built mills in Hunan and Kwangtung weaving locally-grown ramie fibres, and canneries in subtropical Kwangtung, fruit-rich Sinkiang and in the coastal city of Tsingtao, known for its marine products.

For these smaller enterprises, full utilization of resources includes using the waste of larger plants — run-off gases, liquids and heat as well as slag, metal shavings and scrap. In the past two years Shanghai set up many small factories to make bricks from slag, recover silver, gold and copper from used industrial liquids and to utilize other wastes. The 70-man Tehsin smelting mill produces

much-needed zinc sulphate and aluminium powder from scrap recovered from the city dump.

Rational Distribution: Smaller plants can be located closer to both raw materials and markets, thus eliminating long costly hauls. This also means that every area can have industries. The picture of industrial "poverty and blankness" in China's hinterland is fast changing.

Sinkiang in the far northwest used to have practically no modern industry and got most of its consumer goods from Shanghai and Tientsin on the east coast. Many factories of all sizes were built there during the first and second five-year plans, including silk filatures, cotton and paper mills, leather goods and food-processing factories and sugar refineries. The region is now self-sufficient in ordinary consumer goods. Its steel, coal, petroleum, power and cement production is also growing rapidly.

Support for Agriculture: As the leading factor in the national economy, industry's task is to

bring about the technical transformation of all sectors of the economy, especially agriculture. The large factories make up the main force for supporting agriculture, while the small and medium-sized units act as "local forces" and are most effective as "shock brigades". The big plants supply the farms with such equipment as tractors, trucks and combines. But it is from the smaller units that the host of lesser tools come:

rubber-tired carts, water wheels, hoes, improved ploughs, sprayers. Twenty million pieces of such equipment of more than 60 types were manufactured between 1960 and 1965. At the end of that period, three times as many of these tools were in use as at its beginning.

The smaller plants have a far-reaching significance in enabling agriculture to increase production

and raise its technical level. In 1963 the huge electrified irrigation and drainage network built by the people's communes in Kwangtung province's Pearl River delta helped this area reap a good harvest despite the worst drought in a century. Many of the motors and pumps installed here were supplied by smaller machine factories. Support from industry has enabled the delta farmers to make their fields give high yields every year.

STAMPS OF NEW CHINA

IN the past few years, China's machine-building industry has produced several thousand new products. A set of special stamps, issued on March 30, 1966, and entitled "New Industrial Products", depicts eight of them.

Stamp 1, 4 fen. Mobile transformer on rails against yellow background. It can be used as a power unit.

Stamp 2, 8 fen. Electron microscope with a magnifying power of 200,000 against violet-blue background.

Stamp 3, 8 fen. Profiling lathe against rose-red background. This machine automatically cuts intricate contours following those of a sample placed in the machine. It is used extensively in

the automobile and tractor and electrical equipment industries.

Stamp 4, 8 fen. The 6.3 metre vertical lathe against yellow-olive background. It can process 80-ton workpieces with a diameter of 6.3 metres, such as the bell of a blast furnace or the big rotor of a water turbine.

Stamp 5, 8 fen. Large precision gear-grinding machine against magenta background. Cutting to a tolerance of 0.003 mm., it is important in the meter industry.

Stamp 6, 10 fen. 12,000-ton free forging hydraulic press against a background of platinum grey (see China Reconstructs, January 1965).

Stamp 7, 10 fen. Double column planomilling machine against blue-green. Used for high-speed precision milling, it can process workpieces up to 1.6 metres in length.

Stamp 8, 22 fen. Electrostatic accelerator against lilac background. Capable of producing several million electron volts, it is used in atomic research and serves as a source of radiation. It is used in checking the internal quality of metals, in irradiating crop seeds to stimulate growth and control pests and disease, in treating cancer and in clinical sterilization.

The stamps measure 30 × 40 mm. Perf. 11. Lithographed and colour photographed. Index No. Special 62. Serial Nos. 352-359.





Fish ponds of a commune in Kwangtung province. Hsiao Yeh

Breeding Fresh-water Fish

TU HSUEH-HAO



ONCE, fresh fish was beyond the reach of the ordinary people in what is now the Hsianghsi Tuchia and Miao Autonomous Chou in the mountains of western Hunan province. Even at the wedding feasts of rich families, salt fish was a special treat. When the Miao people had fish for dinner, they would tack the tail up beside the family ancestor niche in the wall as a sign of good fortune, and the number hung there gradually became the yardstick by which a family was judged rich or poor.

Then liberation brought change and progress. To improve agriculture with irrigation, the people built many reservoirs and ponds — but in these they also saw the broad possibility of raising all the fish they needed for food. The first problem was where to get the fry. There were too few in local streams, and to get the kind necessary for propagating high-quality fish, the peasants had to travel several hundred kilometres to the Yangtze River. Carrying live fry this distance greatly increased the cost. The raising of fresh-water fish marked time until 1958, when Chinese fish-breeding experts solved the basic problems of the artificial propagation of four of the best fish raised domestically in China, the black and the silver carp, the Chinese ide and the big-head.

The Old Theory

These four fish reach maturity in 3 or 4 years instead of 7 or 8 years as in the case of salmon or trout. They adapt themselves well to different environments and thrive in both north and south

Catching time at a fish farm in Kiangsu province. Tang Yun-jen

China. Because they live at different levels in the water and feed on different kinds of food, they have been raised together in the same ponds, though they spawned only in the fast-flowing rivers at flood time. Raising these fish was first recorded in the seventh century. Since that time at least, ponds were kept supplied with fry caught in the middle reaches of the Yangtze or in the West River near Canton.

It was believed that while these fish could be raised in ponds, they could not be made to multiply. In 1921 scientists began to search for ways to induce spawning and artificial propagation. Their method was limited to using adult fish from the rivers, injecting the female with gonad stimulants and removing the eggs. But they failed to get them fertilized.

Scientists Work with Fishermen

The catch of young fish varied greatly, depending on natural factors. It cost a lot to haul them and many of them died on the journey. The rapid development of fish breeding after the liberation demanded huge numbers of high-quality fry at low cost — far more than could be caught in rivers and streams of the country. Artificial propagation was the only answer and many aquatic research institutes began work on the problem. In 1952 the South Sea Fisheries Institute in Kwangtung province analysed the past experiments of scientists and concluded that the parent fish had to be raised in ponds rather than taken from rivers. They built their own pond on the outskirts of Canton where streams are plentiful and provided it with natural conditions close to those of rivers. Three years of careful cultivation brought the fish to maturity, but these still refused

to spawn, even with injections of a stimulating hormone and pituitary extract.

When the leaders of the institute reminded the researchers that all scientific achievements came from the practice of the working people, they pointed their study and experimentation in a new direction. In 1957 they went to the natural spawning grounds of the West River to work with experienced fishermen there. Under their guidance the scientists moved upstream, studying water conditions, natural habitat and food. Living and eating with the fishermen, they became students. The fishermen helped them to understand much about the habits and propagation of the fish that they had not known before. Another year of study led them to success. In June 1958 nearly all their female pond fish spawned naturally and the eggs were fertilized.

Spreading the Technique

That summer the South Sea Institute was receiving people from many parts of the country who had come to learn the technique. Within the province, the aquatic products department organized special classes and began training 200 people from state fish hatcheries and commune fish farms. With these as centres, the technique was quickly spread to the communes, brigades and teams. Aquatic research workers in Kiangsu, Chekiang and Hupeh provinces helped to perfect the technique and the theory of artificial propagation through actual practice. Both artificial fertilization and natural propagation in ponds became successful.

Training classes have been organized in many parts of the country. Fish hatcheries have been

established so far in 21 provinces and Peking and Shanghai. These supply young fish of high quality and low price and at the same time publicize the advantages of raising fish locally. In the chief fresh-water fish raising areas of Kwangtung and Chekiang provinces, the techniques have been mastered by great numbers of commune members. Four-fifths of the fish they breed reach maturity, 70 per cent of the females spawn and 80 per cent of the eggs hatch. Since the first experiments in artificial propagation succeeded in 1958, the number of fry produced annually has reached hundreds of millions.

In areas of China which used to import their fish from other regions, the people are now raising their own. In Lihsien county in western Hunan, breeding fish was unknown in the past. Today, the local people can buy bighead fish weighing from 2 to 20 kilograms raised in their own reservoir. Many communes now have their own fish-raising ponds. The Yenching People's Commune last year hatched a million and a half fry, enough to supply its eight reservoirs and 2,000 ponds.

In Chishou, the capital of the Hsianghsi Tuchia and Miao Autonomous Chou, where fish were once so rare that the possession of fishtails indicated wealth, a fish hatchery now covers 3.6 hectares. Artificial propagation began here in 1963, and the price for fry has dropped from 50 to 15 yuan per 10,000. The hatchery has not only helped eight people's communes in its own county, but others in three neighbouring counties to begin raising fish. This has enabled them to buy farm machinery, build more irrigation works and increase the income of their members. Today every home has a fresh fish to cook for a holiday dinner. Whenever the old custom of tacking up fishtails is mentioned, the old people say with a grin, "There are so many now that there isn't any place to put them all up."

TU HSUEH-HAO is a research worker in the breeding of fresh-water fish at the Ministry of Aquatic Products.

南泥湾 (歌曲)

Nánniwān (Gēqǔ)

Nanniwan (A Song)

花篮的 花儿 香,
Huālán de huār xiāng,
(In the) basket (the) flowers (are) fragrant,

听 我来唱一唱, 唱一唱。
Tīng wǒ lái chàng yī chàng, chàng yī chàng.
Listen (to) me sing (a song), sing (a song).

来到了 南泥湾,
Lái dào le Nánniwān,
Come to Nanniwan,

南泥湾 好地方, 好地方。
Nánniwān hǎo dìfang, hǎo dìfang.
Nanniwan (is a) good place, (a) good place.

好地方 来好风光,
Hǎo dìfang lái hǎo fēngguāng,
Good place (and) good scenery,

到处 是 庄稼,
Dàochù shì zhuāngjia,
Everywhere are crops,

遍 地是 牛 羊。
Biàn dì shì niú yáng.
All over the land are oxen (and) sheep.

往年的南泥湾,
Wǎngnián de Nánniwān,
Yesterday's Nanniwan,

到处 是 荒山, 没 人烟。
Dàochù shì huāngshān, méi rényān.
Everywhere are barren mountains, there was no population.

如今的南泥湾,
Rújīn de Nánniwān,
Today's Nanniwan,

与往年 不一般, 不一般。
Yǔ wǎngnián bù yībān, bù yībān.
As before not same, not same.

如今的南泥湾,
Rújīn de Nánniwān,
Today's Nanniwan,

再不是 旧模样,
Zài bú shì jiù móyàng,
No longer is (the) old look,

是 陕北的好江南。
Shì Shǎnběi de hǎo Jiāngnán.
(It) is North Shensi's good Jiangnan.

Reworded Translation

The flowers in the basket are fragrant,
Listen to me sing a song, sing a song.
Come to Nanniwan,
Nanniwan is so beautiful, a beautiful place.
Beautiful place and beautiful scenery,
Crops are growing everywhere,
Cattle and sheep graze on the land.
Yesterday's Nanniwan,
Was nothing but barren mountains, where no man lived.
Today's Nanniwan,
Is no longer the same, no longer the same.
Today's Nanniwan,
No longer has the old look,
It is North Shensi's Jiangnan.

Explanatory Notes

1. Nanniwan is the name of a valley in northern Shensi province. Until 1940 it remained an uncultivated wilderness. In the great production movement that year, Chairman Mao called on the people and soldiers of the liberated areas to cultivate every foot of waste and virgin soil, to counter the Kuomintang-Japanese blockade. How Nanniwan was made into a rich food-producing area by a brigade of the Eighth Route Army has become an epic of the spirit of self-reliance.

2. To show that an action continues for a short while, a verb is repeated with the word yī — in between, e.g., *chàng yī chàng* 唱一唱 (to sing), *kàn yī kàn* 看一看 (to have a look).

3. *Wǎngnián* 往年 means "before", "in the past", or, in *wǎngnián de Nánniwān* 往年的南泥湾, "yesterday's Nanniwan". *Rújīn* 如今 means "at present", or, in *rújīn de Nánniwān* 如今的南泥湾, "today's Nanniwan".

4. *Lái* 来 means "to come". In *hǎo dìfang lái hǎo fēngguāng* 好地方来好风光, *lái* carries no meaning but is used purely for rhythmic purposes.

5. *Jiāngnán* 江南 means "the area south of the Yangtze River" (*jiāng* 江 means "river" and *nán* 南 "south"). It is one of the richest areas in China.

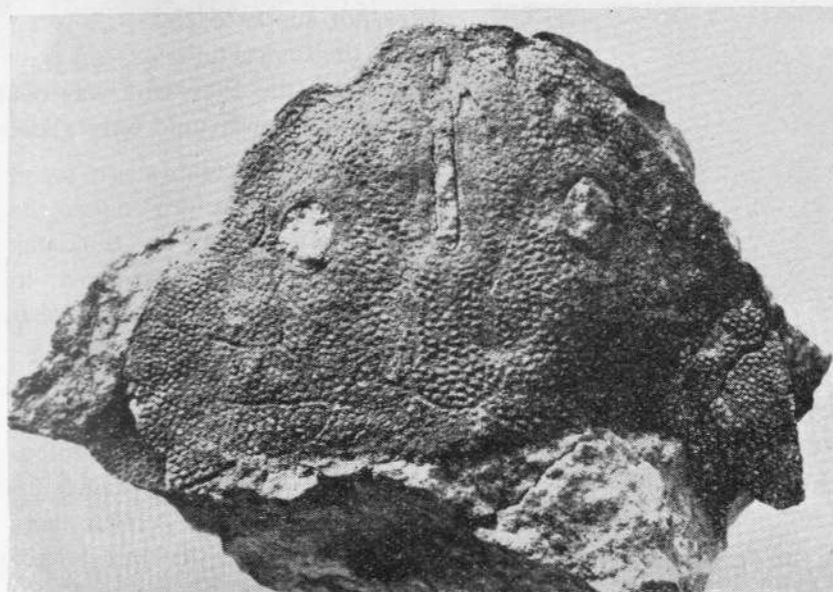
A Simple Key to Pronunciation

Consonants: b, c (ts), d, f, g, h, j, k (as in kill), l, m, n, ng, p (as in peak), q (as in cheer), r (as in run), s, t, w, x (as in ship), y, z (dz), zh (as in rich), ch (as in chew), sh (as in shrub). The last three are pronounced with the tip of the tongue curved back.

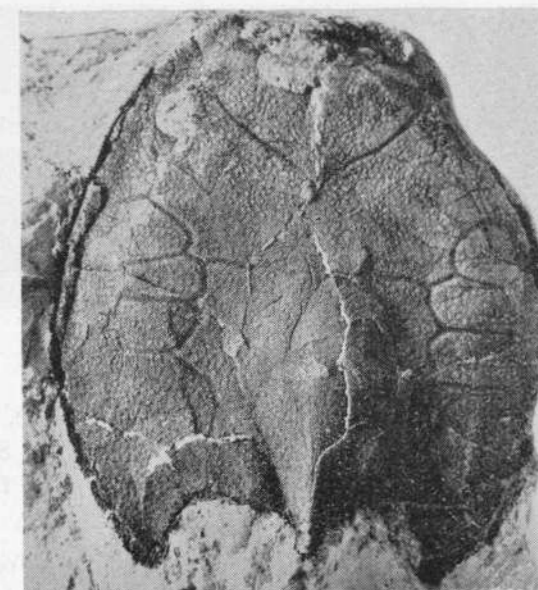
Vowels: a (as in father), o (ò), e (é), i (ì), u (ù), ü (as in German), after j, q and x, u pronounced as ü. The sounds of combination vowels such as *ai* and *iao* are as in English.

To save space, letters in which the sound is the same as, or similar to, that used in English are not further described.

A fuller key to pronunciation of the phonetic alphabet used in this column may be obtained on application to *China Reconstructs*.



Head shield of the *Galeaspis*.



Dorsal plate of the *Polybranchiaspis*.

New Finds of Vertebrate Fossils

LIU SUN-CHIU

RECENT discoveries of ancient fossils in China have deepened our knowledge of the development and evolution of vertebrates. Among these finds are three of particular interest.

Devonian Jawless Vertebrates

In the last three years we have found well-preserved fossils of ostracoderms, the earliest known vertebrates, in Yunnan province in the southwest. The anterior part of the body of the ostracoderm was covered with an armour of bony plates. It had no real mouth, that is to say, no upper and lower jaw structure. Creatures still living today, such as the lamprey and hagfish, also lack mouths, but their body shapes differ greatly from that of the ostracoderms which lived during the Devonian period

LIU SUN-CHIU is a member of the staff of the Institute of Vertebrate Palaeontology and Palaeoanthropology, Chinese Academy of Sciences.

about 350 million years ago. Neither reptiles nor mammals had at that time appeared but there were fish of all kinds living mainly in the fresh water along the shores of the seas. Being one of them, the ostracoderm occupies an important place in the evolution of vertebrates.

Before the liberation, finds of ostracoderm in China were fragmentary and no palaeontological study could be made. The fossils now discovered are of three types, each representing a new form.

The first is the *Galeaspis*. The find was a crescent-shaped head shield, 3.7 cm. long and 6 cm. wide. The overall length is thought to have been around 15-16 cm. On the top of the head were a nostril and a pair of eyes. Ostracoderms found in other parts of the world have had long depressions on the top and sides of the head. These depressions which housed a special sense organ are, however, absent.

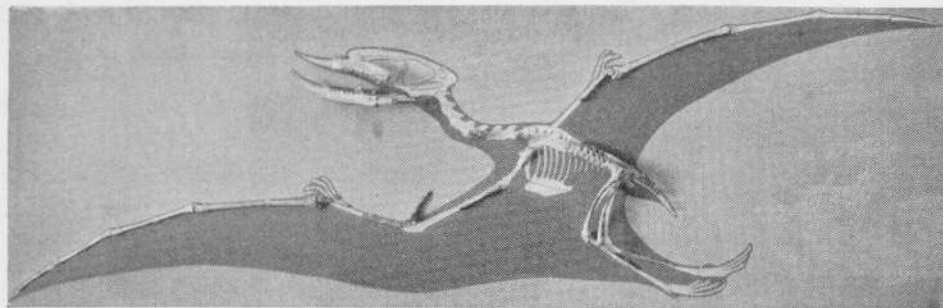
The second is the *Nanpanaspis*, quite different in shape from the *Galeaspis*. It has a long head with a "spine" protruding in front and tiny eye-sockets in the forehead.

The third is the *Polybranchiaspis*, with eyes at the sides of the head and its mouth on the top. The gill sacs open directly on to the outside of the body without passing through a common duct and opening.

Aside from these ostracoderms, many other finds have revealed that Yunnan province is rich in fish fossils of the Devonian period.

Sauropterygians and Pterosaurs

Some 200 million years ago, the reptiles which then dominated the land began to return to the seas and to reach out into the skies. The marine reptiles are known as Sauropterygians and the flying ones as Pterosaurs. In the past, practically no discoveries of them had been made in China. Only in



Dzungaropterus, a new genus of Pterosaurs.

the last few years have we begun to fill in the gap and obtain more information on both groups.

As the ancestors of the Sauropterygians adapted themselves to life in the water, their limbs gradually evolved into fin-like appendages. The humerus and the femur became much shorter while the number of phalanges increased. We have found many fossil remains, some quite well preserved, of the Sauropterygian type in Kweichow, Hupeh and Szechuan provinces and the Kwangsi Chuang Autonomous Region. But these were not yet true Sauropterygians. The number of phalanges had begun to grow but the humerus and the femur had not become much shorter and these limbs therefore had not yet become fin-

like. They were a primitive type of Sauropterygians, representing the first stage in adaptation to sea life.

Fossils of another group of marine reptiles—Ichthyosaurs—have been found in Tibet and Kweichow. Their body shape had evolved into one similar to that of fish. These discoveries show that during their lifetime this part of south China was under water, actually a part of the Mediterranean Sea, which was then very much larger than today.

Though the Pterosaur could fly, it was not a bird. It had no feathers, and the wings were formed by membranes between the extended forelimbs and the body. These wings, unlike those of the flying mammal of today, the bat,

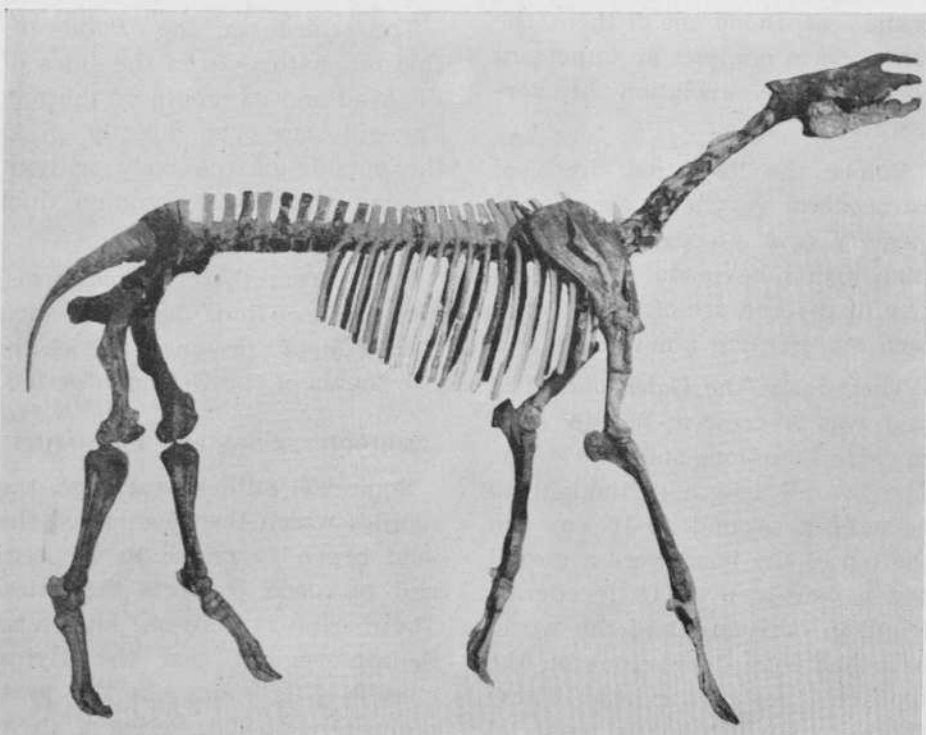
were not supported by a skeleton. From their structure we can conclude that the Pterosaur was not a good flyer and could only glide.

Fossils of Pterosaurs are found along the northwestern edge of the Dzungarian Basin in Sinkiang. They were first discovered in 1963 and well-preserved specimens were excavated the following year. Named *Dzungaropterus*, it is a new genus, different from any recorded abroad. It was rather large, the wings measuring 3.5 metres from tip to tip, four times its body length. With long pointed snouts and short tails, the Pterosaurs generally lived alongside lakes and were fish-eaters.

The Giant Rhinoceros

The giant rhinoceros thrived on the continents of Asia and Europe around 30 million years ago. It stood as high as five metres at the shoulders, twice the height of an elephant, making it the largest of all land mammals. Unlike the rhinoceros of today, its neck and limbs were quite long. The head was small and hornless. But while many giant rhinoceros fossils had previously been discovered, there were none that might be those of its ancestor. It was hard, therefore, to get a clear picture of the animal's evolution.

In 1959 we excavated an almost perfect skeleton of a small giant rhinoceros near Ula Usu in Inner Mongolia. The body is rather small, its structure rather primitive, and it looked more like a horse than a rhinoceros. It has a small head and thick neck and limbs. Compared with the heavy giant rhinoceros, however, its limbs are slender and the forelegs particularly suited for standing upright. From the structure of its teeth we can see that it fed on tender leaves of tall trees. Our studies led us to believe that it represented the long-looked-for ancestor of the giant rhinoceros. It was a new type which we named *Juxia*.



Skeleton of a small giant rhinoceros.



The Lightest Plane in the World

Dear Friends,

I haven't written for a long time. At the beginning of this year I joined the model aeroplane group at the Children's Palace. I usually go on Sundays. We make many different kinds of model planes. Some have real motors controlled by radio and some are propelled by rubber bands. I have been busy making the rubber band kind and getting ready for a flying contest.

I think our planes must be the lightest in the world. They are made of wheat straw which we heat and bend into the shapes we need for the fuselage, wings and tail. We glue the separate parts together and cover them with a very thin protective film we make ourselves. This film is made by mixing 10 per cent of castor oil and 90 per cent of dope with some thinner. When we put drops of this on water, it becomes a shiny film. We lift this off carefully and cover the plane so that it looks like a big dragonfly. The wing span of my plane is 34 cm. The whole thing weighs only 3 grams. According to the rules, those with a wing span of less than 35 cm. belong to Class I and those from 35 cm. to 90 cm. belong to Class II. A 1-mm.-thick rubber band drives the propeller. We wind this up very tightly and the plane is ready to fly.

The model plane contest was held in the Workers' Indoor Stadium. There were 33 boys and

girls taking part, some my age, some already in middle school.

A reporter from the *Chinese Children's Newspaper* came over to talk with us. A chubby boy next to me said, "I made this plane not just for play or for the contest. I want to learn about aviation so I can be a pilot and defend the country." A tall boy with glasses said, "I can't be a pilot with these glasses. But I'm going to make planes when I grow up." Everybody laughed.

The boys and girls who flew their planes before I did had a lot of experience. Their planes circled steadily. The rules require each plane to fly six times and the longer it stays in the air the better. The two flights which last the longest are added together to make your mark.

This was the first time I took part in a contest and I was nervous. My plane fell as soon as I let it go. An older boy whom I didn't know came over and helped me check what was wrong. He showed me how to adjust the angle of the wings and then the plane flew very well.

The best results were won by Yuan En-wei and Hao Tien-yung, both middle school students. Yuan got first place in Class I with 1,262 seconds in the air and Hao got first place in Class II with 1,220 seconds.

I'm going to try to catch up with the others in the next competition. Do you fly model planes in your country?

Your friend,
Kai-ming



Drawing by Yang Yung-ching

Weaver Who Looks Behind the Cloth

FANG CHI



Chou So-kuei listening to the sound and "feeling the pulse" of a loom to check its running.

Liu Chen

OUTSTANDING workers are appearing in all branches of China's industry. Chou So-kuei, a weaver and Communist Party member in the No. 2 State Cotton Mill in Shihchiachuang, north China, is one of them. He has become nationally famous because he has trained himself, by using his eyes and ears and feeling machines with his hands, to detect a loose screw or faulty gear among the more than 900 parts of a fast-moving loom, thus forestalling breakdowns and improving the quality of the cloth. His co-workers call him the "Master of Machines".

To popularize Chou So-kuei's method, training classes for advanced workers from various parts of the country have been organized in the Shihchiachuang mill by the Ministry of Textile Industry. Chou So-kuei has also travelled to Peking, Tientsin, Shanghai and other cities to demonstrate.

The normal approach of a weaver to his work is to concentrate on the cloth face. He looks out for and ties broken threads, watches the warp beam and raises

FANG CHI works in the Ministry of Textile Industry.

a red signal if the machine is not functioning properly. Chou So-kuei's approach is just the opposite. He concentrates on the loom itself, constantly checking to anticipate breakdowns. Sometimes he fixes his gaze on a certain moving part; sometimes he puts his ear to the machine, listening like a doctor to the heartbeat of a patient; sometimes he puts his hands on the machine to see if its "pulse" is normal. While giving his main attention to the running of the loom, he can still tie up broken ends.

In a large cotton mill in Peking, he turned up 32 red signals within 35 minutes, noting small flaws in the functioning of the machines before they had developed into breakdowns. In a Shanghai cotton mill he stopped four machines during one round, and the repairmen found trouble in the exact spot he indicated.

Early Days

Chou So-kuei went to work in the Shihchiachuang mill as a lad of 17 in 1954 on the recommendation of the local people's government. He was enthralled by the sight of the bright, spacious new workshops with their rows of

spinning and weaving machines. The thought that he would learn to work them thrilled him.

As a boy of seven, Chou went begging with his mother after drought had hit their land. One day when standing in a crowd outside a small railway station in central Hopei province he became separated from his mother and never found her again. The small boy was left on his own, hunger and cold his only companions. Wandering from here to there, he finally took refuge in an old temple. He fell ill and would have died if an old peasant woman had not taken pity on him and brought him to her home.

In 1947 the area was liberated and life began to change. In the land reform, Chou So-kuei and the woman who had mothered him each got a piece of land. They were also allotted a house. The miseries he had suffered filled him with deep hatred for the old society. The new society shattered the bonds that had held him and urged him forward along the path pointed out by the Communist Party for the building of socialism.

On February 10, 1955, when he worked his first shift as a learner-

weaver, he concentrated on keeping his eyes alert and his hands steady. He gave up his rest period to practise on an idle machine. He was a tall lad and his back ached but he refused to give up for a moment. In each of the first eight months of a trial period, he completed his quota with distinction. For several consecutive months he produced no seconds and was cited a pacesetter. He has kept this title through 11 years up to the present.

"So-kuei is determined as an ox," the workers say. "He always rushes in to tackle the hardest jobs."

Thus Chou So-kuei was the one to find the solution when the mill was given an order for fine spun rayon cloth and had trouble with broken threads, and again when the workers were unable to get a special type of poplin up to the required standard.

Always thinking up ways to raise efficiency and lighten the work, Chou one day hit on the idea: "Picking is always done with the right hand. If the right hand can serve the people, why can't the left?" He worked out a method of using the left hand as well as the right. This earned him the name of "Double-handed Sharpshooter."

New Starting Point

"There is no limit to man's progress," Chou So-kuei wrote in his diary. "Honour bestowed on a worker becomes a new starting point. It is the signal for him to set himself higher standards and stricter demands." The new goal of the "Double-handed Sharpshooter" was to become the master of his machine.

Chou So-kuei saw that the weavers knew little about the construction and working of their looms. This put them in a very passive position, for all they could do when something went wrong was to stop the machine and put up the red signal for the repairman to come to their aid.

When Chou So-kuei told his co-workers of his resolve to know his machine inside out, there were

some who said, "That is not our business. Our work is to produce cloth." Others said, "We've got the repairmen. It's their job to put the loom in order. What's the good of our worrying about it?"

"That's right," another agreed. "Know all about the loom? That's easier said than done, especially for a weaver who has never studied mechanics. You'd just be looking for trouble."

"Am I really setting my sights too high?" Chou So-kuei asked himself when he heard these opinions. Weavers have worked the same way for a long time, he told himself. It's only natural that when such a change is proposed some should be against it. But there were others, he remembered, who had told him, "It's a right move, So-kuei. Go ahead and see what you can do." And Chou Kuo-feng, the workshop Communist Party secretary, had also given him encouragement. "It doesn't matter if there are differences of opinion. Convince the others with

facts. Now we workers are liberated, we are as full of energy as tigers released from a cage. If we learn the working of the machines, we'll be like tigers with wings!"

Chou So-kuei borrowed a set of drawings of a loom from the workshop technician. From these, he located each part on the loom. When there was something he did not understand, he got help from the maintenance man. He visited the homes of many master workmen and asked them about the structure, function and principles. Gradually he became familiar with each of the 900 parts.

Whenever he saw a flaw on the cloth face, he immediately looked for the cause of the trouble in the loom. Whenever he found something wrong with the loom, he immediately looked to see what kind of flaw appeared on the cloth face, while at the same time he listened for any change in the sound of the machine and felt it for changes in vibration.

The shop in the Shihchiachuang mill where Chou So-kuei works.

Li Li



If a breakdown occurred, he arranged his work so that he could watch the repair being made. Set on learning every detail, he followed the repairmen around when he came off shift. Watching them intently, his mind was always at work to figure out ways to prevent breakdowns.

The Laws of Breakdowns

Through persistent study Chou So-kuei attained a thorough knowledge of the loom and also found many ways to pinpoint flaws in its running and to prevent breakdowns. Now he set himself an even more difficult task: to discover the laws governing these breakdowns; to locate and anticipate trouble while the machine was moving at high speed.

To know how the loom was functioning at any given moment, he first trained his eyes to keener observation of the fast-moving parts. He got the idea for this

from an experience he had once had when travelling on an express train. He had wanted to see the name of a station at which the train did not stop. As the train neared the station he concentrated his mind and eyes on the spot at which he thought the name would appear, and was thus able to read the sign as it flashed past. He now practised this technique on his loom until he was finally able to closely observe the working at any point of the fast-moving parts. From the experience gained, he deducted a whole set of laws which enabled him to detect by observation signs of possible breakdown before it actually happened.

His problem now was to anticipate breakdowns caused by malfunctioning of parts hidden from view. One day the workers were listening to a report about a battle fought in the war of liberation. The speaker described how an experienced commander could tell exactly what arms the

enemy was using by listening to the whine of the bullets and sound of the artillery. Chou So-kuei was so excited he almost jumped up to shout, "Yes, that's right. Train your hearing." And that was what he started to do back in the shop until finally his ears were as sensitive as a doctor's stethoscope. Now in the midst of the racket of thousands of looms he can detect the slightest change in sound of a moving part and identify its cause. He supplements what he learns through his eyes and ears by what he feels with his hands. From the vibration of a machine he has trained himself to detect trouble much as a doctor of Chinese traditional medicine diagnoses what ails his patients by feeling their pulse.

A strong desire to build socialism at the greatest possible speed, plus study, training and practice, has enabled Chou So-kuei to realize his ideal of being a true master of his machine.

In the New Society

Who Sent the Money Order?

IN JUNE last year the Fanchang county post office in Anhwei province received a letter from Su Shih-yuan, a worker. It read:

My daughter Li-ping's legs have been paralysed since she was a little girl. For a long time she has been carried to and from school by her teachers and schoolmates. After her story appeared in the newspaper, I received a money order from "A Reader". He said that he would continue to send me some money every month, and advised me to put it aside for a special wheel chair in which she could go about by herself. I want to express my sincere thanks to him, but I do not know his name or address. From the postmark, I see that his letter was sent out from your office. Will you be kind enough to help me? . . .

The post office officials checked back on the money order slip, but the street given by the sender did not exist. Obviously, he had made up the address.

For several months, Su Shih-yuan received ten yuan each month. Several times the sender used the name "Tung Chien-chih". Postmen searched everywhere in Fanchang but could not locate him. Finally they found a small clue—the sender usually sent his money order around the middle of the month.

It was the middle of December, the pay period for many places of work. On the morning of the 17th the post office was crowded with people wanting to send money orders. Chen Fu-an, the girl in charge of the money-order department, examined every slip carefully. Suddenly she came across one made out to Su Shih-yuan and signed by "Tung Chien-chih". She politely asked the sender his name and address, but the young man answered, "I'm only sending the money for someone else."

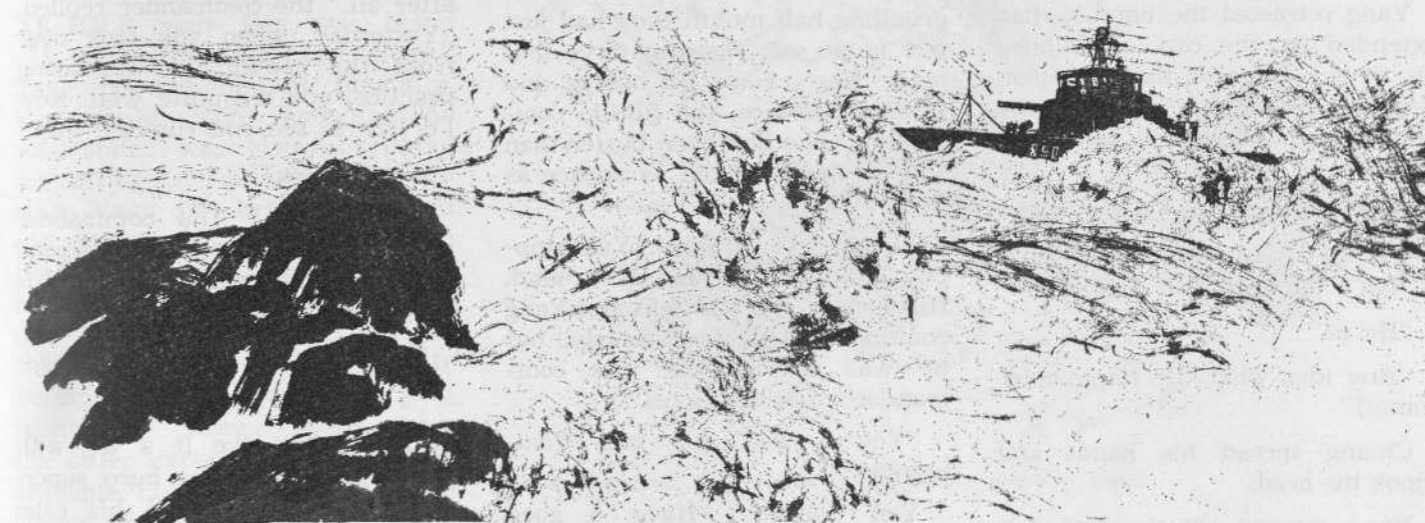
Chen Fu-an did not believe him. She asked a co-worker to invite him to the director's office. But when she turned back to her counter, the young man had gone. The post office sent a man after him and finally persuaded him to come back.

His real name was Ma Ju-ching. He was a laboratory worker at the health station. The story of Li-ping's misfortune in the newspaper had touched him deeply. He thought that, in the new society, people should help each other out of difficulties.

He cut down his own living expenses so that he could send some to Li-ping's father each month out of his moderate earnings.

STORMY SEAS

CHI PING



ASSISTANT Captain Yang Ting-shan, a handsome young fellow with a full face and expressive eyes, hung the binoculars around the neck of Captain Kao Cheng, who was taking over the watch, and went nimbly down the steep iron stairs of the bridge.

He pulled open a cabin door marked "Assistant Captain" in luminous paint. As he turned on the light, a table, a single berth and a small bookcase sprang from the darkness. Against the far wall stood a clothes locker with a mirror on the door. He advanced two steps and inspected his image carefully. The cheeks were sunken, the eyes were bloodshot, there was a growth of stubble on the chin. In half a month they had had one practice problem after another. Yang hadn't eaten a single uninterrupted meal or had a solid night's sleep.

But the hard work amid wind and wave had brought excellent results. In all of the numerous practice problems, both theoretical and practical, their ship had won top grades. No wonder the flotilla commander had smiled when announcing the scores at yesterday's meeting. This made Yang happy. Why?

CHI PING, a navy officer, writes in his spare time and is now doing scripts for his unit's theatrical troupe.

The flotilla commander was terribly strict. He spotted every little fault, even if it was no bigger than a sesame seed. To get "frowning" full marks was hard enough. This time they had won a "smiler". A real accomplishment.

Take the final test yesterday morning for example—gunnery practice. Originally Captain Kao had been in charge. While the forward turret gun was firing, suddenly the flotilla commander shouted: "The captain has been wounded." Yang had to take over. That was bad enough, but soon the commander called out again: "Forward turret gun put out of action." Fine, Yang said to himself, all their preparations had been in vain. It was enough to drive a man frantic. But they went on with the practice steadily, got the prescribed number of shells off in the allotted time and "wiped out" the "enemy". The commander who frowned so easily smiled broadly for the first time in six months.

What made him so fond of frowning? Most people said it was just a habit. He did it when checking their work, when considering a problem, even when talking. But there were frowns and frowns. About this one there was a secret. The commander had a scar on his left eyebrow, a memento of the War of Resistance Against Japan.

It was scarcely visible. You missed it if you didn't look closely.

Yang had been his messenger during the war. He knew that the scar was the cause of the perpetual frown. The test of whether he was really displeased was not the frown but the scar. When that scar turned red and shiny it meant the commander was in a fury. Only Yang and the commander's wife knew this.

The scar had bulged scarlet quite often this past half year, several times on account of Yang. Why? Yang had given the matter a lot of thought, but on examining his actions he hadn't been able to determine the cause.

YANG yawned and his eyelids drooped. The figure in the glass grew hazy. He was very sleepy. Tomorrow when the ship reached port there'd be a meeting, a summing up, then a thorough cleaning from stem to stern. Another whirl of activities. He'd better get some sleep.

He threw himself down on the bunk without removing his shoes or turning off the light, and immediately fell fast asleep.

The next thing he knew—he couldn't tell how long he'd been sleeping—someone was calling him: "Assistant Captain, get up."

Abruptly sitting erect, he reached for his cap. "Any emergency?" he queried automatically.

"No."

Yang retracted the hand he had extended for the cap and rubbed his eyes. He saw that the man standing before him was Chiang Shui-tao, the assistant navigator. "What's up?" he asked.

"The flotilla commander wants you."

"Isn't Captain Kao topside?"

"He is."

"Any idea what the commander wants?"

Chiang spread his hands and shook his head.

Yang jumped off the bed, put on his cap, smoothed his uniform and buttoned his collar. As he started for the door, Chiang said quickly, "Better wear your raincoat. There's a strong wind and the waves are high. The weather forecast says we'll have a storm in an hour."

When Yang pulled open the heavy waterproof door the gale whipped phosphorescent foam into the cabin. He spat out the salty spray and asked, "Where are we heading in these high seas?"

"Shipwreck Rock."

Another gust covered them with spray. Yang shivered. Quickly he donned his raincoat. Both hands gripping the rail outside the cabins, he made his way across the slippery deck to the bridge.

IT WAS very quiet on the bridge. The noise of the wind and waves was shut out by a large plate-glass window in front. To the left was a chart table with a canvas awning that made it look rather like a jeep. A large nautical map was spread across the entire table. An adjustable shaded spotlight was focused down upon the chart so that the two men leaning over it could not be seen clearly.

Yang didn't need to see them. He knew who they were. The tall powerful man on the far side of the table was Captain Kao, famed for his "foghorn voice". At one thunderous shout from him the whole bridge rattled. The other

man was Flotilla Commander Yen Ming, Kao's respected chief for many years. Yen looked positively frail next to the burly Kao. But oddly enough, in spite of the gruelling half month they had just put in at sea, rigorous days that made Kao's voice go hoarse and thinned his face, the flotilla commander, who had been busier than any of them, looked as spruce as ever.

Hearing Yang enter, Yen stopped talking and turned around. His back was to the light and Yang couldn't see his face clearly, but he was conscious of the commander's flashing eyes.

"You've sent for me, Commander?"

Yen nodded. "Have a good sleep?"

"Pretty good."

"What do you think of this training cruise?"

"Not bad," Yang replied cautiously, trying to see the expression on the commander's face.

"Not bad at all," the commander exclaimed warmly. "The comrades learned a lot in half a month, more than three months' practice in port would have given them, wouldn't you say?"

Yang nodded.

"Technically they've improved very rapidly, but more important is that they have a better understanding of the whole concept of battle. All of the men's movements were close to actual battle requirements. Don't you agree?"

Again Yang nodded. "Out with it, whatever you're up to," he thought.

At last the commander came to the point. "Do you know why I've sent for you?"

"No."

"Have you tried to guess?"

"No."

"Well, try."

"I've no idea."

"Haven't you, really?" The commander glanced at him with studied casualness.

Yang's face suddenly burned. Fortunately it wasn't very light

on the bridge, so his reaction was not visible. "Do you want to test me again?" he asked.

"You see, you were able to guess after all," the commander replied. "Yesterday, when you took over from the captain in the firing practice, you did quite well. Now I'd like to see you run the ship."

"Right now?"

"Right now." The commander pointed at the black void beyond the plate-glass window. "Ahead is Shipwreck Rock. Take command."

"Me?"

"You."

"Right. I'll give it a try with you and the captain here supervising." Yang retained his calm with an effort.

"I didn't say anything about trying. This is a test of ability. What kind of test would it be if the captain and I stood by to supervise?" The commander looked at the silent Yang. "What's the matter? Don't you dare?"

"Of course, of course," Yang hastily replied. A sudden dryness of the throat made his voice a bit hoarse. He poured himself a drink of water from the thermos on the small table to the right. His hands shook so that only half the water went into the bowl. The rest spilled on the floor, splashing his trouser legs. "Heavy seas," he muttered. He drained the bowl rapidly.

"Turn over the watch to him, Captain," he heard the commander say, "then go and get some sleep."

"Right," Captain Kao replied cheerily. He handed Yang his binoculars. "It's dark and blowing up a gale, old fellow," he said. "We'll have a storm in about an hour. Be careful passing Shipwreck Rock." He clattered down the iron stairs.

Yang looked at young Chiang. "Where's the navigation officer?"

"Resting."

"And the navigator?"

"He's resting too."

"Then who'll chart the course?" Yang asked, perturbed.

"I will," Chiang replied slowly. He looked upset. He probably was worried that his skill wasn't sufficient to be of much help.

WHILE your fate was being planned, you were fast asleep," Yang berated himself mentally. He should have known. The commander was always probing for soft spots. Fourteen years ago when Yang quit being a cowherd and put on his military uniform for the first time, Yen Ming was his army battalion leader. One dark night—just as dark as this—an urgent message had to be delivered to a command post twenty li away. There were five other experienced messengers available, but Yen had picked him. "Don't you dare?" That day too Yen had put the question to him, leaving him equally flabbergasted.

Marching, battles, flying bullets were an everyday affair then. You had to act fast, learn fast. Yen had given him his own automatic, and Yang had slipped through three enemy blockade lines and delivered the message in time. He had been absolutely fearless.

But today he was responsible for a China-made battleship. Just producing the necessary steel alone was enough to keep a small steel mill busy for some time, to say nothing of the fact that the lives of the ship's entire complement were in his hands.

Yang turned his head. In the darkness his gaze met that of the commander. A silent dialogue took place between those two pairs of eyes.

"What's wrong?"

"It's a tough assignment."

"Scared?"

Yang swallowed back the excuses that had risen to his lips. Wrenching his gaze away, he blurted, for want of something better to say, "We're nearing Shipwreck Rock."

The commander made no reply. He sat down on a canvas chair beside the chart table and lit a cigarette.

There was no way out. To Chiang, who was busily preparing his navigator's instruments, Yang



Yang Ting-shan stood on the bridge like a cast-iron statue.

said, "It's a dark night and the seas are high. Pretty soon we'll have a storm to add to the festivities. What's more, we have to run a complicated course. It's a big responsibility. The least little mistake and we'll be in serious trouble."

He was facing Chiang, but out of the corner of his eye he was watching the commander. He didn't hear a word of Chiang's answer. The commander, puffing idly on his cigarette, was hidden in a cloud of smoke. But when Yang mentioned "the least little mistake", the scar over the commander's left eye suddenly distended. Yang knew he had caught his attention.

The warship ploughed on through the waves. Soon Chiang announced, "We've entered Shipwreck Rock Channel."

"Right." Out of force of habit, Yang turned to the commander, "Shall we increase our speed?"

The canvas chair was empty. The commander had left the bridge.

Yang nearly cried out in dismay. But he steadied himself instantly. He picked up the speaking tube.

"Up three revolutions on both engines."

There was no response from the wheel-house. Only a low murmur of voices could be heard through the tube.

"Who's helmsman down there?" Yang shouted.

"I am." The voice was that of the chief of the wheel-house crew.

"What are you dreaming about? Didn't you hear my order?" Yang always disliked inefficiency, and now it infuriated him. "Don't you know we're about to pass Shipwreck Rock?"

"I . . . yes!" The crew chief had been about to explain, but then thought better of it. He sounded aggrieved. The wheel-house was completely silent.

"Stay on your toes." When the helmsman offered no argument, Yang cooled down a bit. He repeated his order: "Rev up three on both."

"Right. Up three revolutions on both engines." Bells rang and the voice from below reported: "Up three on both."

The warship sped towards Shipwreck Rock.

AFTER leaving the bridge, Commander Yen inspected every post from stern to bow. "We're approaching Shipwreck Rock," he reminded the bow lookout. "Keep alert. If you see anything unusual, report it at once." He went to his cabin, turned on his desk light and removed his raincoat. Sitting down in an easy chair, he closed his eyes and relaxed.

Yesterday evening the weather forecast predicted a storm before



Commander Yen halted, afraid that any move would distract the pilot.

dawn. The piece of shrapnel in his left shoulder had already given him the same "forecast" three days before. Yen had lost too much blood in the battle where he received the shrapnel wound, and the doctor had been afraid to operate. Yen had laughed and said, "Leave it there. When it hurts it will remind me of the American imperialists. They supplied Chiang Kai-shek with the shells." It was very painful now, and he knew a storm was imminent.

Suddenly Yen leaped to his feet, grabbed his raincoat and started for the door, his pain forgotten. Yang was on the bridge alone and they were going to pass Shipwreck Rock.

Originally known as Wolf Tooth Rock, Shipwreck Rock wasn't very conspicuous even on large navigational charts. Were it an ordinary obstacle, you could simply detour around it. The sea was big enough. The problem was that it was right in the middle of the navigation lane. If you passed it too close, you were liable to hit it. If you swung too wide, you ran aground on the shoals. And you had to pass it fast. Travelling against the current, if

your ship didn't advance at a rapid speed, it would be swept back.

Year after year, more shipwrecks were noted on the navigational charts, and these marks made the narrow passage narrower still, the dangers to navigation more acute. Shipmasters preferred going miles out of their way to avoid the rock. One old foreign captain, a man with years of experience, decided he would take the risk. He started well enough, but as he drew closer and closer to the huge jagged pile, he lost his nerve. He pulled away too soon and drove his ship upon the shoals. The tug that came to pull him off also went aground to keep him company. That was when the rock got its new name.

The commander didn't know how the old captain felt, but his own emotions when he passed the rock for the first time he would never forget. Ever since Lin Piao, Minister of National Defence, called on all the armed forces to toughen up, the navy had been using Shipwreck Rock as one of its severer navigational tests. Yen had gone by it for the first time himself two years before, but

that was in broad daylight and after half a month of preparation. Even so, they had just squeaked by. When he came down from the bridge that day his clothes had been soaked with perspiration. Today they would be making the run at night. He remembered Yang's words: "The least little mistake..." Yen reached the cabin door in a few strides and grasped the knob.

Then he smiled. He had set the problem himself. How could he call a retreat at this critical juncture? He released the door knob, tossed his raincoat on the desk, and again reclined in his easy chair.

The decision to let Yang pilot the ship past the rock had been made only an hour before. It was an arduous task for a man who was new to the post of assistant captain. But the commander had no doubt that Yang could do it. Besides, the commander had another reason.

Fourteen years ago, Yang had stood before him in his new uniform, licking his lips as he answered Yen's questions. Yen had frowned and thought, "Hm, an ignorant kid." Yang had been with him ever since. Starting as a messenger in the army, Yang had been transferred with him to the navy in 1953, where he rose successively from gun layer to gun crew leader, to chief gunner, to assistant captain. Like other youngsters forged in the crucible of the revolution, Yang, with the guidance of the Party, had been developing along the correct path. He liked to study, he worked hard. He had been a first-rate soldier, and today was a first-rate officer.

But lately Yang had picked up a favourite phrase: "Up to the standards of the manual." Commander Yen felt there was something wrong as soon as he noticed this. He observed that Yang was keeping strictly to the book. Anything that the manual didn't require, he didn't learn. Or where it did require something, he never learned it any better than the manual demanded. Yen saw that the problem was serious. That was what made his scar bulge so often in Yang's presence.

"One of these days I'll make you understand that the reason we practise day and night is not just for the sake of being up to the standards of the manual," the commander had vowed.

THE SHIP lurched sharply. The seas were much heavier. Yen leaped from his chair and rushed out, not bothering to take his raincoat.

He mounted softly to the bridge. Yang was standing with eyes fixed on the sea ahead. For better clarity, he had opened the window and was leaning halfway out. Assistant Navigator Chiang was busy with his instruments—checking the compass, measuring on the chart with his slide rule, marking the ship's position and reporting to Yang: "One point too far to starboard", "Still one point off", "Right on course."

Yang kept correcting their position accordingly with orders to the wheel-house: "One point to port", "Two points to port", "Steady."

As Chiang raised his head, he saw Yen. He opened his mouth to hail him, but the commander quickly silenced him with a gesture. Indicating that Chiang should go on with his work, the commander stood quietly in a dark corner.

The ship was now in the centre of the passage, running against a swiftly flowing ebb tide. Trembling with the effort, she strained through the roaring, phosphorescent waves.

"How much time have we got before the storm breaks?" asked Yang without turning his head.

"Forty minutes," Chiang replied.

"It will take us at least half an hour to get through at this rate. That's shaving it too close." Yang seemed to be talking to himself as much as to the navigator. "And it looks as if the storm will strike ahead of schedule. We'll have to speed up."

"That's what I think," approved Chiang.

"Both engines up four," Yang said into the speaking tube.

There was no acknowledgement of the order, but bells rang and

the ship put on speed. A huge wave smashed upon the prow. The entire vessel shuddered. Drops of spray flew up to the bridge and splattered against the glass like bursting fireworks. A few drops sailed through the open window into the commander's eyes, making them smart. He reached for the handkerchief in his pocket but stopped midway, afraid that the move would distract the pilot.

A black mass looming up out of the water grew nearer and nearer. The open sea before the vessel shrank. Shipwreck Rock lay ahead. The commander knew that this was the crucial moment—the moment when the old foreign captain had lost his nerve. What would Yang do? Would he panic too? Should he remind him? These questions raced through the commander's mind, but he kept his lips closed, his jaws clenched. The scar over his left eyebrow stood out so sharply it looked ready to burst.

YANG stood like a cast-iron image. He didn't turn his head, he didn't blink an eye. The sight before him seemed not to affect him. Higher and higher, more and more massive towered the rock. Waves broke against it in thunderous booming rhythm, with a force that shook the air. In the flickering glow of the phosphorescent spume Yang could see the jagged points of Shipwreck Rock, pointing at the warship like so many spearheads, while the vessel, like a fearless warrior, swept forward, chest extended and head high.

The gap between the ship and the rock became smaller and smaller.

"Veer off, veer off," the commander said to himself. Practically at the same moment, he heard Yang order, "Ten points to port."

"Right," the voice of the wheel-house crew chief came through the speaking tube. "Ten points to port."

The ship heeled over, slipping neatly by the spearheads. Gradually, the dark shadow of the rock retreated along the starboard rail. Soon it was left far astern.

The warship had safely passed Shipwreck Rock.

Yang had exercised his command in a practised and competent manner, completely up to standard in every way. The commander unlocked his tightly clamped lips and heaved a long sigh.

A flash of lightning, ripping across the sky, lit up the figure of the young assistant captain. How dignified, how alert he looked. Yen remembered the short skinny boy who kept licking his lips fourteen years before. He was tall now, strong, a real man. He had lost a lot of weight in half a month, and stubble covered his chin. Yang was obviously very tired. "I've been pushing him too hard," thought the commander. "I'll have to let up a bit."

Again lightning flashed. Large drops began pattering down on the canvas awning of the bridge. The storm had arrived ahead of time after all. Commander Yen changed his mind. "That's wrong," he thought. "I'll have to push him harder still. He's got to learn as fast as possible to be able to take the warship into battle through the worst of storms. I was right to



When the door was opened, Yang stared in astonishment. Drawings by Chang Teh-yu and Kao Shan

TEN POEMS BY MAO TSE-TUNG

Written between 1949 and 1963 and published for the first time in January 1964, these poems are now published in translation in the English edition of **CHINESE LITERATURE** No. 5, 1966. Two poems, "Ode to the Plum Blossom — to the melody of 'Pu Suan Tzu'" and "Reply to Comrade Kuo Mo-jo — to the melody of 'Man Chiang Hung'", are written in the traditional *tzu* form; six poems, "The Capture of Nanking by the People's Liberation Army", "Shaoshan Revisited", "Ascent of Lushan", "Reply to a Friend", "Reply to Comrade Kuo Mo-jo" and "Winter Clouds", are *lu shih* of eight lines of seven characters each; and two poems, "Militia Women" and "The Fairy Cave", are *chi chueh* of four lines with seven characters each.

This issue also includes "Classical Chinese Prosody", an article on classical Chinese verse forms, and an article by the well-known poet Kuo Mo-jo on one of the poems.

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make demands on him fourteen years ago, and I'm right to do it now. Although we hear no cannons and see no smoke today, the imperialists are liable to start a war at any time. We must be prepared to defend our socialist land."

The rain fell more heavily. The assistant navigator got a raincoat and draped it over Yen's shoulders. The commander didn't even notice it. Taking out a handkerchief, he walked up to Yang and wiped the drops off his hair like a loving father. Yang gazed at him in surprise.

"Go down and rest. I'll take over," Yen said casually, offering him the handkerchief.

Yang didn't take it. "You haven't given me a score yet, Commander," he retorted cheekily. "What about it? Do I pass?"

"Quit gabbing and get out of here," growled Yen. He shoved the handkerchief back in his pocket.

AS HE WAS passing the wheel-house, Yang thought he'd better drop in and tick off the crew chief a bit more for not responding promptly to orders. But when the door was opened, he stared in astonishment. He couldn't utter a word of his intended lecture.

The little wheel-house was jammed. In addition to the crew chief, who was handling the wheel, and the speed controller, Captain Kao was also there. Standing beside the helmsman, he was leaning with his face outside the open window, concentrating on the sea ahead. Spray and rain had soaked the front of his jacket, but he seemed unaware. On the table behind the wheel was another nautical chart

showing Shipwreck Rock marked with the course the ship followed to pass it. The navigation officer and the navigator were still busily working over the chart, their faces streaked with perspiration. They plainly hadn't been resting at all. Yang understood.

Another flash of lightning turned the sea, the ship and the interior of the little wheel-house to silver. Warmth surged into Yang's heart. As if illuminated by the flash, many things suddenly became clear. He was moved, ashamed, stimulated and filled with a new determination.

He didn't go into the wheel-house but hurried back to the bridge. There were a million things he had to say to the commander.

(Abridged translation)

OUR POSTBAG

The Hard Task After Revolution

I regret that I did not subscribe to *China Reconstructs* earlier. Your magazine helps me to know better China and the Chinese people—too long unknown by my fellow countrymen.

After their liberation, your valiant people found themselves facing a task harder than the military revolution—the economic revolution. But they settled down to it with such an energy that China, yesterday an underdeveloped country, is to become, if it is not already, one of the greatest military and economic powers of the world. China has had great success in all fields of her socialist construction.

This has been possible only with the wise leadership of your Chairman Mao Tse-tung—whom I admire very much—the Chinese Communist Party, and the will of the Chinese people to go forward.

With all my heart, I wish the Chinese people full success.

IDRISSA KONTE

St. Louis, Senegal

Principles in Practice

After reading "1965—A Year of Victories" in your December issue, it is obvious that such concrete results have been possible only by applying . . . the principles of such a leader as Comrade Mao Tse-tung, whom I consider the greatest philosopher of our time.

ROGER VIRY

Gerardmer, France

Vietnam Will Win

"The South Vietnamese People Are Determined to Win" is a wonderful article. We admire these people who are winning victory after victory. They want to liberate themselves from humiliation and slavery and they will win in the revolution for their whole nation.

OMAR ABDELKARIM

Mukalla, Aden

Your position toward the American aggressor in Vietnam is an example of fraternity among the peoples. The majority of the citizens of the world disapprove of the American intervention in Vietnam. Even in America a steadily-growing opposition has appeared.

American imperialism must go down, it must bow before the world condemnation. It is isolating itself more and more every day, so that even its accomplices keep quiet while the rats forsake the ship. It's the end!

PIERRE QUENTIN

Draveil, France

"Defeating the U.S. Flying Bandits" in the February issue of *China Reconstructs* is most movingly and convincingly written. I wish it could be read world wide so that the peoples of all the supposedly civilized countries could learn of the dreadful and callous things being done daily to the innocent citizens of Vietnam. By what right is the U.S. government perpetrating these horrors? I assure you that large numbers of my own countrymen share your sentiments on this grave issue.

F. W. A. HILL

London, England

'Hands Off Vietnam!'

Here in Buffalo our group has held a demonstration against the war every two weeks in downtown areas. We always choose a specific event to focalize our protest against U.S. imperialism and its aggression against Vietnam. We call for immediate withdrawal of U.S. troops. We tell our people that Johnson talks peace but makes war. We yell "Hands Off Vietnam, North and South!"

I can truthfully tell you that among the younger people there exists widespread feelings against U.S. imperialism in Vietnam. We sense that as long as the demonstrations continue and are defended against fascist attack, the people will gradually join our protests in the streets.

A READER

Buffalo, U.S.A.

Dedicated to a Better Life

Even though I live far from China, being a steady reader of your magazine, I am well informed of the constant progress being made in your country. The people of China are serious and dedicated—in ploughing the land or handling tools, educating the children without exception, fighting disease and affliction, in economizing on daily necessities in order to make sure of a better life for the whole of society.

M. BEJAOU

Gare Sbeitla, Tunisia

Support the Congo

I re-read all your articles for 1965, and discovered that the one which brought the most information and pleasure to me was "Chairman Mao Tse-tung's Statement in Support of the Congolese (L) People Against U.S. Aggression" in your January 1965 issue. It reminds me of the Congolese hero Patrice Lumumba and the necessity of support of the Congolese people in their struggle against American aggression.

GBADAGO ISIDORE ROSTAND
Lomé, Togo

National Games Calisthenics

Your article on the Second National Games at the Peking Workers' Stadium in the December issue was good. The

photographs of the calisthenic display were really breathtaking. Never before have I seen such pictures—and all in colour! Congratulations. Your people and government are dynamic.

A. P. N.

Singapore

Out of the Grave

Tibet has found its way to socialism. Before the reform, it was only a poor area without a shred of hope where the working masses were considered as beasts of burden, the fruits of their hard work going to foreigners and the local reactionaries.

But today Tibet has a new life and is happy. Its people have come out of the grave, proud to have defeated its oppressors with the help of the P.L.A., which threw itself body and soul into the struggle to liberate its brother Tibetan people.

BILOSSI-SOUNDA BENJAMIN

Impfondo Lidouala, Congo (B)

The New Sinkiang

The article "The New Sinkiang" gives the reader a new optimism and provides a good example for my country that is industrious. It shows that unless we crack the shell, we cannot get the nut.

JAMES A. OGO

Aba, Nigeria

"The New Sinkiang" contains interesting information about an autonomous region and pictures of its past and present. It shows us how to stand on our own feet and how we can ignore or do without the so-called help of the capitalists who want to dominate the world in the name of "aid".

M. MOHD. MUNSEF ALI

Chittagong, Pakistan

Scientific Examinations

The great majority of our universities do not adopt the system of open-book examinations. I consider it an effective way of judging the capacity of the students. It makes them take on more responsibility in the development of assigned projects, thus adhering to the principle of true scientific research.

JUAN FRANCO YEJAS

Barranquilla, Colombia

Art Back to the People

My salute and congratulations for the article "Across the Grasslands with a Mobile Theatre" in the February issue. It shows the correct stimulus given by the socialist system to the arts, making them once more return to their pure forms, that is, giving back to the people something that was born from the people.

ANTONIO AYALA Y DE L.
Guadalajara, Mexico

