China Reconstructs

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TACHAIS' EVERYWHERE

TACHAI, once a poor mountainous region in Shanxi province where no traveller would stop for the night, is today being visited by a steady stream of people from all parts of the country. It is being held up as an example of how man, through self-reliance and determined hard work, can transform nature and emerge from backwardness. The Tachai peasants have accomplished the seemingly impossible task of making their barren, rocky hillside into fertile terraces. Inspired by the watchword "Learn from Tachai. Catch up with Tachai, Surpass Tachai", advanced Tachai-type communes, production brigades and teams are coming to the fore by the thousands. Yes, in China today it is the Tachai spirit that is generating the steady growth of agriculture.

Ten years ago Chairman Mao Tse-tung, asking the question, "In a few decades, why can't 600 million 'paupers', by their own efforts, create a socialist country, rich and strong?" outlined the task for the Chinese people. It is true that China has a legacy of poverty and backwardness, the result of long periods of aggression by imperialism and oppression by feudalism and bureaucratic capitalism. But poverty and backwardness have never been able to make the Chinese people passive, pessimistic or resigned to "fate". On the contrary, as the saying goes, "When one is poor, one wishes to change." The drive to end poverty and backwardness is the motive force impelling us to alter conditions. Such is the aim of both revolution and construction, the former to change the social system, the latter, to transform nature.

Neither ranges of bare mountains nor tracts of thin soil can intimidate our people. Although the laws of nature cannot be changed, we are confident that once we grasp these laws, we can bring nature into our service and turn adverse natural conditions to our advantage. For thousands of years, the Chinese peasants were downtrodden. After a long struggle against the landlords and the reactionary ruling class, they became masters in the new society. Now, in the struggle for production too, they are determined to be the winner.

Look how the people of Tangputi in Inner Mongolia fought wind and sand by grasping and utilizing the laws of nature (see Fertile Fields from a Sandy Waste on p. 9) how they made wind and water bend at their orders to move away several hundred sand dunes.

Look how the people of Linhsien county in Honan province (see A Canal Cut Through the Mountains on p. 4) boldly resolving to "rearrange mountains and rivers", cut across 131 mountains and 50 sheer cliffs, constructed 42 tunnels and many aqueducts over ravines to carve out a 71-kilometer-long canal, bringing water for irrigation to an area where once even drinking water was hard to get.

"To transform nature we must rely on ourselves; we cannot increase the government's burden.

These words are spoken by the people in all the Tachai-type farming units. They know that the war on nature is a long one, and that they will never catch up with the advanced and free themselves from backwardness if they are to be led by the hand at every step. Hence the poorer the conditions in a place, the more determined its people are to change them. The people of the original Tachai production brigade express their lofty spirit in this way: "A path is beaten by many footsteps, a bridge is built by many people. No mountain of flames is too terrible to cross! If we of this generation do not build the bridge, then our descendants will not even for our future generations will there be any sweetness. If we are afraid of hardship, we shall never build communism."

Look how the Hsiatingchia people of Shantung province, shown on our cover, wrestle with huge stones. Never asking the government for tractors or bulldozers, but pooling collective wisdom and using their own hands, they levelled mountains, prised up and carried away enormous boulders, sifted the stony earth until only fine soil was left. They turned an impoverished village of "high mountains, thin soil and many stones, where nature itself spares disaster" into a prosperous place of green mountains and clear water, a land of high and stable yields no matter what the weather.

INDEED, endless are the wisdom and strength of man, and it is he who plays the principal role in developing production. But before the liberation, individual peasants did not have the strength to win over nature. Now working collectively in the people's communes, they are planning and carrying out things formerly beyond their imagination. Working in the commune, the people of Linhsien made a centuries-old dream become reality. The Sunglin people of Yunnan (see Yuan Nan Farmers Bridge the Centuries on p. 6), who were still working the land with the
A Canal Cut Through the Mountains

A section of the 71-kilometre-long Red Flag Canal.

'TACHAIS' EVERYWHERE

slash-and-burn method in the early days after the liberation, through collective strength leaps over centuries to catch up with the advanced farming units in the land — something they had never dreamed could happen.

Yet, the people are not resting with what they have achieved. The advanced must move on; the good must become better. Not long ago Chen Yung-kuei, Communist Party secretary of the Tachai brigade, made a tour of communes in other parts of the country. He said, "Beyond our mountains are more mountains; there's another sky beyond our own. If you don't take a look, you won't know anything. When you take a look you get a big surprise. This commune is more advanced than that one." Tachai, he felt, was lagging behind many others and should learn from them and work hard to catch up. This was not mere politeness. He knew that though the whole country is now emulating Tachai, Tachai stands still it will cease to be in the vanguard. To stay in the front, one must always look for gaps and shortcomings in one's work, fill them in and make up for them in a revolutionary way.

It is with this spirit of carrying forward the revolution without interruption, this daring to tame mountains and rivers, that the people of Tachai, of Hsiaoting, of Tang-pu, of Linghsien, of Sunglin and of countless other farming units are going forward, creating one miracle after another. When you have read the features that follow, you will find that these miracles did not happen of their own accord, but were wrought by men with picks and shovels, with sweat and ingenuity. If you ask them their secret, their answer will be: self-reliance.

SO LITTLE RAIN falls in most of the year, and so few were the water resources in Linhsien county in the Taibang Mountains in northern Honan province, that there was nothing but "barren rocks on the mountain slopes and gravel and pebbles in the dry river beds". Even drinking water was scarce, but the people managed to bring in water from a distant source. In 1957 the county's Communist Party committee raised a resolution to lead the people in "rearranging the county's mountains and rivers" to make the dream real.

The plan was to dam the Chang River and divert its water through a 71-kilometre-long canal. To build this they had to drill 42 tunnels through the mountains, construct aqueducts over 114 ravines, hew out channels on more than 80 sheer cliffs and cut across 131 mountain peaks.

"We were born in the mountains; we're not afraid of stone!" the people said. Thus, daring to try to conquer nature, in 1960 right after the Spring Festival, tens of thousands of commune members braved the severe cold and began work in the mountains. Living in caves and grass huts, they transformed the once-deserted mountains into a construction site seething with activity.

WON'T ASK FOR HELP

The people knew that many places must want engineers, so they decided not to ask the government for one. Instead, they appointed a local young man, Wu Tso-tai, a graduate of a secondary technical school, to take charge of the surveying and planning for the canal. They did not even want to use up cement, which they felt would be needed on state projects. Instead, they took locally plentiful limestone and burned out 56,000 tons of lime from which they made their own cement.

It was a big job to dam the river. As the two sections from each side neared each other the current in the middle became so strong that large rocks and even sandbags thrown into the river would not stay in place. Finally the builders decided to make a "human dam" to slow the current while others dumped the materials. Led by Peng Shih-kun, a Communist from the Jentsun People's Commune, 40 young people plunged into the water, placing themselves arm-in-arm across the opening. More people joined them until, four deep, they had formed a human wall which slowed the current enough to permit the dam to be closed.

On the canal project, the builders ran into unexpected difficulties. Their blasting loosened many boulders on the cliffs above them and these were a constant source of danger. A young man named Jen Yang-cheng organized five others in a safety crew. After blasting, before work was resumed, they would approach the tops of the mountains by a roundabout way and then, like lizards, would work their way down the cliffs, testing the boulders with their crowbars and removing the loose ones.

Another obstacle was a kind of purplish stone known locally as "fire-hardened rock", and in conquering it, the people of Linhsien truly showed their unparalleled energy and collective ingenuity. A tunnel 616 metres long, 6.2 metres wide and 5 metres high had to be built through a peak of this hard stone. Knowing the job would be a difficult one, 559 young people got together and insisted that it be assigned to them.

The stone was so hard that when a steel wedge was hammered into it, sparks would fly in all directions. A ten-pound hammer blow produced only a white spot the size of a pea on the surface of the cliff. It was difficult to make a hole for inserting dynamite, and a charge loosened only a small piece. The work proceeded at a snail's pace — the tunnel could move ahead at
Yunnan Farmers Bridge the Centuries

In the southwestern border province of Yunnan, northeast of its capital Kunming, lies a small rugged area of several dozen mountains all rising at least 2,250 metres above sea-level. Scattered deep in its valleys and hillsides are the 35 villages of Hui, Miao, Yi and Han people that today make up the Sunglin commune. For hundreds of years, the heavy exploitation and oppression of landlords, village chiefs and successive governments kept these mountain people backward and their farming methods primitive. Eventually the Kuomintang reactionaries wrote the area off as "useless land". But liberation freed the people of Sunglin and brought a leap of centuries. No longer divided and isolated, they banded together to use their collective strength and by enormous amounts of plain hard work eliminated backward ways of farming and set out to change the face of their land.

Under the old landlords and village chiefs, the mountain region of Sunglin was a living hell of class oppression. Practically all of the cultivable land, the forests, the cattle and sheep were owned by about 20 chiefs and landlords, who fomented disunity between the nationalities and forced the peasants to take part in feuds between villages. Into all this came the constant raids of the Kuomintang reactionaries who, under the excuse of "exterminating bandits", burned villages and massacred the people. The original 899 families in the area dwindled to 270. There were great losses in manpower, animals and farm tools. So agriculture, always low in yield, could not improve and simply remained in the primitive slash-and-burn stage. Each year the peasants cut down the trees and brush in a new place and set fire to them. They scraped the ground about two inches deep with a crudely made drag, poked holes in the soil with a stick and dropped in the seeds. This was "farming" for them, for they did not use fertilizer, water or tend the crop. The result was expressed by the familiar complaint: "Plant a whole hillside, reap just one basket of grain." Famine was common.

The Change

In early 1950 the People's Liberation Army freed the mountain passes and valleys of Sunglin and helped the people overthrow the village chiefs and landlords. The peasants of four nationalities set about changing their bleak economic picture. The People's Government sent large amounts of material aid so that they had enough food and the animals and farm tools they needed. But the peasants were quick to realize that their backward state could not be changed solely by depending on government aid. Their primitive methods of farming had to be done away with and cultivation stabilized on the same plots of land. This, they knew, could only be done with the work of their own hands.

In 1954 their need to increase their strength for transforming nature led them to form mutual-aid teams. That winter they decided to reclaim five small pieces of flat land totalling 1,300 ms up in the mountains. This

Preparation for the Sunglin commune for use in the spring. Yang Chen-wei

Commune members carry rich humus-mixed soil from a ravine in the mountains to their fields.
land had been left idle and had gone to ruin after the many burn-and-kill raids of the reactionaries. The old fields were full of stones and rock washed down the slopes during the heavy rainy seasons. Water stood in pools and thick brambles grew everywhere. It was only possible to grow a little buckwheat or a few potatoes around the edges.

But the soil was basically good and could be made into fields for steady, year after year cultivation. The peasants first concentrated their forces on the piece known as the Tangnupieng tract, surrounded by hills on all sides. The ground was soggy with accumulated water blocked from running off by an elevation at the lower end, 7 metres high and 50 metres wide. With only simple tools and carrying baskets, the peasants dug all winter in the wind and snow and finally, as spring came, cut through, drained off the water, and began to clear the land. After the five tracts were cleared and prepared, they began to work on the hillside, digging out rock and levelling, hauling stones and constructing retaining walls, turning the barren slopes into small terraced fields. The steeper or higher slopes they left for planting trees to help hold soil and water. By the time agricultural cooperatives were being formed in 1956, the Sunglin population had turned 4,000 mu of land into fields for steady cultivation. Grain shortages were at last past history.

Toward Continuous High Yields

Now that fairly stable harvests were possible, the next step was to improve the soil and raise its fertility. Every winter and spring from 1956 to 1966, the Sunglin people went over the mountain trails to Shanching Ravine where good rich silt had accumulated for generations. Digging it out by hand and carrying it to their fields on their backs, in those four years they put in a total of 60,000 workdays and enriched 2,912 mu of commune land with 30,000 jin of soil per mu.

After this monumental job, they devised plans to make fertilizing the fields faster and easier. Since their slopes were steep and the fields scattered, transporting manure to them was difficult. Commanure men built 126 animal sheds right at the fields, herding their cattle and sheep nearby in good weather. Gradually the land mellowed and the soil became steadily richer. Years of hard work have created a stable cropland and expanded it to more than 6,000 mu. Last year the grain harvests were nearly five times those of 1956, just after the liberation. Livestock raising and forestry have also expanded vigorously.

Fertile Fields from a Sandy Waste

After 15 years of hard work, the members of a production brigade whose land lies in the eastern part of the Inner Mongolian Autonomous Region have turned their treeless, sandy waste into fertile grain fields and grazing grounds crisscrossed by shelter belts and irrigation canals. The story of the Tangnupi village is one of heroic battles against wind and sand on a 9,000-mu stretch along the lower reaches of the Yin River near the border of Liaoning province.

Here in the old days sand was the big problem. There were a dozen sand flats, each 20 mu in area, 200 sand hills each covering two mu, and countless dunes. There was not a tree in the place, and when the wind rose, the sun became blotted out and travellers lost their way. Doors became blocked and people had to leave their half-buried homes through the windows.

When spring came and sowing should have been done, there was often a drought. When the grain came up it was frequently killed by an onslaught of wind and sand.

Even if some sort of crop managed to grow, it was likely to be washed away by a flood during the heavy June and July rains. Waging a continuous war against nature and mercilessly exploited by the landlord class, the peasants remained ground down in dire poverty.

The Way Opens

In 1947, land reform was carried out in Tangnupi. The peasants urgently wanted to change these backward conditions. But natural calamities continued as before. There was an almost total crop failure in 1949 when a bad sandstorm in June was followed by a flood in July. Most families lived on government relief grain. "The Communist Party has enabled us to overthrow the landlords; shall we allow 'heaven's' to go on bullying us?" the peasants said. As Wang Yung-chen who had spent most of his life as a hired labourer put it, "We poor people must show determination. We must control the sand!"

Working as individuals, it was impossible for the peasants to transform nature. But in 1950 the Communist Party branch helped the people of Tangnupi village to get organized and raised the slogan, "Let's go to battle with the wind and sand!"

They proceeded along three main lines: stabilization of the sand through extensive tree planting, removal of the sand hills with the aid of wind and water, covering the sand and improvement of the soil through the use of river silt.

Stabilizing the Sand

Tree planting was not an immediate success. People even feared it hard to make a hole deep enough in the shifting sand to anchor the saplings. Trees planted one year would often be pulled out dead the next.

Those who had never been convinced that tree planting could succeed began to complain, "Let's not go on wasting our efforts. The idea should be dropped once and for all!" But the village head, Chen Hung-en, and the poorest peasants refuted, "We have no choice, either we give in to the sand or we keep on working. It's
the only way we can ever change our life.

Chen Hung-en and the Party branch secretary, Liu Chen-xuo, tried to figure out the reasons for failure. They walked to a neighboring village which had a good big clump of growing trees. They noticed that those in the centre were much bigger and taller than the ones near the edges. This made them realize that at Tungpulti planting had been too scattered. They put their ideas to the peasants, who agreed that if they planted the trees in larger and more concentrated lots it was likely that at least some would survive. However, some people remained dubious that trees could have the desired effect on the sand, so they planted carelessly and the wind uprooted what they put in. The Party branch then called a village meeting to discuss the difficulties in production and everyday life resulting from the lack of wood and trees, and what benefits they would bring. Confidence rose and the quality of work improved.

Groups of villagers visited other places to learn more about afforestation. Each year they planted more than the year before, and the rate of survival increased steadily. After ten years of hard work they had over 2,000 ha of wooded plots and 14 crisscrossing shelter belts which formed a wall of green around nearly 5,000 ha of land. They had also planted willows and poplars along the river dyke to strengthen its banks. Today they have one million trees, and fierce yellow sandstorms have become a thing of the past.

Removing the Sand Hills

The wind and sand also contributed to the drought. As they planted trees, the people began to think about irrigation. They planned a main channel to carry water from the river to the most distant fields. It was to be three metres wide and five kilometres long. As work began in the windy spring, each morning they found the channel they had dug the day before had been filled with sand by the wind at night. Then they hit on the idea of running water into the stretch they dug before knocking off work. Since the land sloped away from the river, the water pushed the sand along down the slope. In this way they completed the channel after working through two spring seasons.

Even with the channel, they could not irrigate until they had levelled the sand. They had already been using water to remove sand while digging the watercourse. They now set to work to think how they could utilize it to level fields. They dug a number of ditches leading to the dunes. When water was run into them, it undermined the sand and carried it to the lower levels.

The successful use of water to remove sand gave some people the idea that wind might also be bent to work. "The sand hills are built by the wind," they said, "Why shouldn't we make the wind remove them?" They began by "shaving" the sand hills, i.e., they removed the hard surface held down by the roots of coarse grasses. As soon as the wind rose, sure enough, it blew away the exposed sand. Always with the wind behind them, they stripped off the surface piece by piece and the wind carried the sand forward. Big hills thus became small ones until finally the ground was levelled.

After the maximum use had been made of wind and water, the remaining sand was removed by the people with their baskets and shoulders-poles. It was calculated that in ten years they shifted a total of two million cubic metres, or enough to build a wall one metre high, one metre wide and 2,000 kilometres long.

Irrigation and drainage channels were steadily extended, until today there is a fairly complete system with a total length of 23 kilometres. This is an effective weapon in countering drought, preventing flood and controlling encroachment by sand.

Covering the Sand

As land was levelled, the people of Tungpulti went to work to make it more fertile. They did this by flooding it with river water, letting the silt settle and the water seep away through the sand. By repeating this operation year after year, they have gradually changed the character of the soil on 4,700 ha, or half their land.

In 13 years the people of Tungpulti have completely transformed the aspect of their land. Their forest belts form an effective barrier against wind and sand and have brought about climatic changes and lengthened the frost-free period. They have also made it possible for enough grain to grow to keep 200 head of livestock. In 1964 the average per-unit yield of grain was six times as much as before the liberation. Instead of depending on state relief, the farmers now deliver large quantities of grain to the government.

This is not to say that members of the Tungpulti brigade are satisfied. Inspired by the spirit of the Tachai brigade in Shanxi province, they have set their aims still higher. In the winter of 1964 they planted seven new shelter belts to strengthen the river dyke, and aerated an additional 200 m. They pushed forward the improvement of their land and farming techniques.

With the increase in output, the life of the members has steadily improved. Eighty per cent of the families have built new houses and the village has electric lighting. In addition, electricity was used to mill grain and power other small machines. Through radio broadcasts the people are kept up to date with both national and international news, thus dispelling their old isolation. The brigade's accumulation fund, which will enable further development, now stands at 115,000.
The ‘Big Red 1’ Gets a Mauling

The Situation in South Vietnam

YU TUNG

I recently interviewed South Vietnam Liberation Army soldiers who had taken part in the routing of the U.S. First Infantry Division in the Bau Bang battle last November 12. In the three-hour engagement, 2,040 U.S. aggressors were killed or wounded. Included were a brigade field command, two infantry battalions, two convoys of armoured cars and one company of artillery.

The U.S. First Infantry Division, known as the “Big Red 1”, is one of the best armed and equipped. It has a reputation as an “ace” fighting unit. When it was sent to south Vietnam last July, the Pentagon bragged that it was “a crack outfit” of “skilful fighters”. But when I arrived at the Liberation Army camp I was shown brand-new U.S. arms recently captured from this unit, and the Vietnamese fighters declared that with such excellent weapons delivered by the U.S. “transport corps” they would soon exhibit their power. They also showed me all kinds of souvenirs they had brought back from the Bau Bang battle. Most interesting were insignia bearing the big red “1” worn by the invaders, and a message from the division commander, Major-General Jonathan O. Seaman, urging his men to live up to their “honourable insignia” and to “add another glorious page to its history”. Instead, at Bau Bang the unit had been cut to pieces.

When it came to south Vietnam “Big Red 1” was stationed north of Saigon in Bien Hoa and Thu Dau Mot provinces. Under cover of planes and supported by armoured cars, its units were sent again and again into “Resistance Zone D” for “mopping-up operations”. It was loudly announced they would flush out the Liberation Army and attack it. But they suffered a heavy blow. They never even saw a shadow of the army in their blind probes.

On November 10, the arrogant Yankees of the First Division tried a different tactic. Led by the field command of one of its brigades, two infantry battalions supported by tanks and two convoys of M-113 amphibious armoured cars, and an artillery company, advanced northwards from Lai Khe along Highway 13. They encamped six kilometres from their base, north of Bau Bang village. The following night they surreptitiously re- treated one kilometre and encamped near a rubber plantation south of the village, surrounding themselves with 40 armoured cars and tanks. The 2,000 U.S. invaders were now concentrated in an area two kilometres long and 400 metres wide. They had hoped to conceal their whereabouts for a surprise attack on Liberation Army units in “Zone D” the next day. The Liberation Army decided not to let the Yankees seek them in vain. Before dawn on November 12 they fell on the enemy troops in full force and completely routed them.

How the Attack Was Planned

The units of the south Vietnam people’s forces given orders to wipe out the “Big Red 1” were elated. All pledged to face any hardship or sacrifice needed to exterminate the U.S. bandits. When one unit of 80 fighters returned after transporting rice for the army to find that other units had already set out for the attack, they immediately seized their arms and rushed off to catch up, without waiting to eat. Like flying arrows, the various units converged on Bau Bang. To save time, they didn’t go round by paths but plunged straight through thick under-

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growth and them. As they passed small hamlets and homes, the people came out to wish them success in the attack. They gave information about the enemy's movements and served as guides.

Before 5 in the morning of November 12, all units of the people's forces had quietly taken up their positions. The invaders were surrounded. But, fast asleep, they never knew they were being watched from points less than 200 metres away.

Promptly at three minutes past five, the people's forces attacked simultaneously from the north and the south. A hail of shells, home-made bombs, anti-tank grenades and bullets fell on the armoured cars, tanks, the command post and the camp. The explosions shook the earth and flames leaped skyward. In a few minutes the six 105-mm. howitzers in the artillery positions were knocked out without having fired a shot, and many of the armoured cars and tanks had been reduced to scrap. The radio post had been knocked out of commission, cutting off communications with divisional headquarters at Lai Khe and other battle stations. The enemy was in utter confusion, the command losing control of its men.

Under cover of gunfire and a heavy ground fog in the forest, the people's fighters surged into the camp with fixed bayonets. After 15 minutes of hand-to-hand fighting they had cut the enemy units into several sections. Then shock groups dashed in, split the enemy forces up into many small pockets and wiped these out one by one.

The attack from the left flank had come with tremendous force. Having smashed two tanks with home-made bombs, they dashed forward, seized some armoured cars and used their machine guns to spray the enemy with fire. At one point, anti-tank artillery squad leader La Vo The saw that fire was still coming from some armoured cars. His low position and some small rubber trees in front of him interfered with the firing of his gun. Defying the enemy, he stood up and raised his weapon. Vice-company leader Lam Hai rushed forward and steadied it on his shoulders. The first shell hit a tank which burst into flames, killing four invaders trapped inside. Another tank was hit by the second shot. La Vo The then courageously ran forward and from a position only 50 metres from the armoured cars fired repeatedly, destroying five of them.

During the attack in another sector, 16-year-old Nguyen Van Tien ran up to a group of armoured cars. They were empty but their engines were running. Looking around, he sighted enemy soldiers hiding under an armoured car a little way off and shooting wildly. Nguyen Van Tien crept up behind them, threw an anti-tank grenade at the car and fired with his rifle at the soldiers, who were all killed.

The 'Honourable Insignia'

Under attack by the Liberation Army, the Yankees of the "Big Red 1" threw the "honourable insignia" to the winds and ran for their lives. To get away faster, some dropped their arms and ammunition. Others tried to hide in the undergrowth. Nguyen Xuan, a vice-squad leader, spotted two U.S. soldiers with a machine gun. He got round behind them, covered them with his automatic and shouted, "Hands up!" But they raised their machine gun to fire. Nguyen Xuan was on the alert. He quickly shot and killed them. Nguyen ran over to examine their gun. There was not a single bullet in it — in their panic the men had left their ammunition behind.

When Le Minh, leader of the third platoon, tried to pick up a pair of boots he saw in the grass, he found that he had captured an enemy soldier who was trembling with fear.

Some time after ten in the morning, the U.S. imperialists sent a large number of planes, including B-52 bombers, to bomb the battle area. But all they did was to kill some of the American wounded strewn along Highway 13. The Liberation Army had withdrawn and disappeared long before.

Neither the "Big Red 1" nor "sky cavalry", nor anything else can save the U.S. imperialists from the doom that awaits them on the battlefields of south Vietnam. The south Vietnam people's war, like lava flowing from a volcano, will burn the seemingly strong but actually weak U.S. "crack" troops to cinders, and the American invaders will only add the most shameful and miserable pages to the history of U.S. imperialism.

Industry Briefs

**Big Cold-storage Plant in Peking**

**TO KEEP the increasing quantities of meat, poultry, eggs, fruit and other perishable foods fresh for the capital, a new 10,000-ton capacity cold-storage plant has been completed in Peking.**

One of the largest cold-storage plants in China, it is six stories high and takes up 18,000 square metres of floor space. It uses an ammonia cooling system. Temperature of the storage rooms is normally 18°C. below zero, but can be regulated to suit the various kinds of foods stored at different times of the year. Goods from train or truck are first unloaded on specially-built platforms, from where they are carried by large elevators to the various compartments on different floors.

**New Petroleum Chemical Works**

A new chemical works, turning the waste gases of the petroleum industry into raw materials for synthetic fibres and plastics, has gone into trial production.

The raw materials it produces are already being used in the manufacture of many types of goods. Its polycrylonitrile goes into artificial white wool and soft woolen yarn. Its low-pressure polyethylene is an ingredient in plastic sheets, line for fishing nets and other items for industrial or household use. Its polysyrene makes high-grade insulating materials, foam plastics and such articles as soap boxes and drinking cups.

The plant was designed by Chinese engineers and technicians. Equipment and machinery were made through the cooperation of more than 200 factories.

**CHINA RECONSTRUCTS**

**MARCH 1966**
The 100,000 Whys

WANG KUO-CHUNG

Why do rubber tires have raised treads? Why are there so many weeds in the fields when nobody sows them? Will the sun ever burn out? Flies live in such filthy places, why don’t they get sick? Children can raise the most unusual questions, which parents are often at a loss to answer. Our Children’s Publishing House also gets such questions from young readers. Through their childish handwriting we seem to see thousands of pairs of eyes looking in wonder to us for answers. We do everything possible to provide them.

One of our tasks in giving children a socialist education is to help them acquire a correct scientific understanding of nature from the dialectical materialist viewpoint. Our aim is to help them know from the time they are very young that man is master over nature, that the countless ever-changing phenomena of nature can be explained scientifically and are not, as grandmothers once told children, the work of gods or spirits. We both arouse their interest in science and create in them the determination to conquer nature. For this purpose, in 1956 we began to edit a series of books which bring us delight in a lively style especially for children, called A Hundred Thousand Whys.

The name “Hundred Thousand” merely conveys the idea of a great number; in reality, the eight volumes in the series answer altogether 1,500 questions in the fields of mathematics, physics, chemistry, astronomy and meteorology, geology, agriculture, zoology, botany, physiology and hygiene. Answers on the various topics, such as the Milky Way, the wind, thunder, insects, trees and foods are closely related to industrial and agricultural production, happenings in everyday life and what the children learn in school.

The series has been very popular with young readers since it appeared in 1961. To date, some six million copies have been sold. The series has also been issued in braille and in Korean, Kazakh, Uyghur and Mongolian for members of China’s minority nationalities. A Vietnamese translation has been published in the Democratic Republic of Vietnam.

Though the books were original intended for youngsters up through secondary school, to our surprise, adults showed great interest in them. The Chinese Communist Youth League, whose members are between the ages of 15 and 23, proposed that it be listed among the essential books for youth workers. On the basis of some of the items in it, the Shangh hai Scientific and Educational Film Studio made a film named The Wise Old Man.

What Children Want to Know

The success of A Hundred Thousand Whys is due to the work and cooperation of hundreds of people whom we consulted. Our first considerations were: What interests children and what do they need? What specific questions arise out of their studies and their everyday life?

To find out, we held many discussions among schoolchildren and asked the Young Pioneers organization in the schools to collect questions for us. This brought us some very provocative questions and many that adults would not be likely to think of, such as why steam rises from the ice-sticks the children eat in summer, or “Why does the moon follow us wherever we go?”

For adequately covering all essential scientific knowledge, we knew it was not enough to base ourselves solely on the children’s questions, most of which rise from random observations. So we asked teachers and scientists to provide us with questions which systematically covered their fields, and were related to industrial and agricultural production. Examples are: “Why is limestone used in smelting iron and making steel?” “Why are crops usually sown in rows running north and south?” We selected 1,500 out of 4,000 questions collected in this way and then passed them around for the approval of schoolchildren, teachers and scientists.

For the answers, we asked the help of 235 scientists in different fields. They showed great interest in the books because they consider it their duty to bring up scientifically-minded future citizens. In fact, many more people than that number actually had a part in the project. Over twenty scientific societies in Shanghai held special meetings on the questions and included preparation of the answers in their work plans. The Institutes of zoology, botany and bee-keeping of the Chinese Academy of Sciences in Peking and the Purple Mountain Observatory in Nanjing assigned special researchers to answer our questions. Dozens of industrial units, including chemical, asbestos, alcohol and brick-and-tile factories, provided us with material and data or showed us how their products were made.

The Way They Like It

In posing the questions, we did our best to choose popular and

cultural production. Examples are: “Why is limestone used in smelting iron and making steel?” “Why are crops usually sown in rows running north and south?” We selected 1,500 out of 4,000 questions collected in this way and then passed them around for the approval of schoolchildren, teachers and scientists.

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Editor Chiang Po-ten collecting comments from young readers.
Making the Heart of the Watch

TANG KE-HISIN

People in China are now wearing wrist watches made entirely in their own country. Shanghai watch repairmen began making watches in 1938, but the jewels and the hairsprings, often called "the heart" of the watches, had to be imported. Today, however, we manufacture these parts at the normal technical standards of quality and performance. To make an ordinary 17-jewel watch requires jewels of 4 different types, 10 specifications and 78 inspection standards. They are so small that inspection on them is done under a microscope and care must be taken that they do not become lost under the fingers. A domed jewel, for example, is about one-third hundredth (1/300) the size of an ordinary grain of rice.

At the time, no plant in China made watch jewels or hairsprings and the battle was to learn how. To begin with, workers and technicians were sent to study at the Shanghai Wrist Watch Plant where they worked one day and went to technical classes at night. They laid down strict rules for themselves: each must take detailed notes of the lectures and every day sum up in writing what he had learned. After their studies at this plant, they travelled over half of China to learn from factories using manufacturing processes which might help them.

Learning How on Their Own

The workers in the new plant began to experiment on a mass scale, dividing into groups for the purpose. Of the eight people in the group, the master workman Chen, a former jade carver, had never tried to make one. He was, still had to make one. He was, still had to do with the Hessing--the plant and so forth. They learned that in foreign countries the pin was set between a plate and a disk like the turnscrew, and it was polished with an abrasive. When they first tried this method, the pins were easily pushed away by the abrasive and water. They tightened the plate, but then the pins could not rotate and became flattened. Many experiments produced only flattened or odd-shaped pins, or they disappeared altogether.

Yu Lan-yung, a woman worker in the group, noticed that a centerless grinder used by the hole jewel group for getting smooth surfaces worked well. If only we use a centerless grinder too, she thought. The conditions were different, she was told; the hole jewel was bigger and could be used on a wide wire for polishing, while their own pins were too small and had no holes. Nevertheless, she would not give up her idea. The plant director, Party secretary and some co-workers joined her in experimenting. Veteran machine operators improved their equipment, and inspectors helped them find the reasons for the defects. Finally, after months of work, Yu Lan-yung and her group found a satisfactory way to polish the hole jewels.

Going Ahead Boldly

One after another, the other groups also solved the problems involved in making the parts assigned to them. But the cost of production was much higher than the world price. The key to lower cost lay in better equipment.

But where would the equipment come from? Rely on foreign manufacturers? If the battle line of becoming self-reliant, how could they fail to meet the challenge in the matter of equipment? Po, who worked with the engineers, plants to build the equipment would require a lot of capital. What is more, because they were grooping their way, they could not supply the detailed and accurate blueprints the manufacturers would need. Their own resourcefulness was the only answer.

The deputy plant director in charge of making the equipment was 24-year-old Wang Tung-chih, who had been promoted from the ranks less than six months before. Tall and sturdy, he spoke with a rapid ringing voice. "There's no problem," he said confidently. "We have quite a number of good mechanics. In reality, the only "mechanics" in the plant were 50 machine repairmen and die-makers.

Their first task was to make a centerless grinder fine enough to polish jewels. Led by Wang, the mechanics decided to use the plant's only centerless grinder as a model. It was no easy job, for the tolerance of the parts of the new machine could not exceed 0.007 mm. In other words, it had to be perfect. Without blueprints, they copied the parts one by one. Without proper machines, they found other ways to make them. When their first grinder was ready to test, they asked experienced workers in the plant and engineers and technicians from other factories to make a critical inspection of it. Close examination uncovered 48 defects, each of which the group took as a fortress to be conquered by their own efforts.

They went back to work, taking the defects of the workers on how to improve it. Six months later the 48 defects had been removed.

Victories such as this increased the confidence of the workers. Breaking with the old idea that all things foreign are superior, they boldly tried to simplify and improve on the design of the foreign machines, eliminating or replacing bad parts. They built a new hole-reversing machine, for instance, which was only one-quarter the size of the foreign one and had only two speeds, as many parts.

Not content with these machines, they went ahead to mechanize the manual operations still needed to make their watch parts. It was difficult to know where to start, for machines had never been used before. But one of the workers said, "Why should we be stopped just because there is no model?" The hand operation itself is our model. The first machine man ever built had no model; they copied the action of the hands." Tackling the problem this way, some made drawings, others made working models with wood, tin and scrap material, seeking to make machines which would do what the hand had done. One by one the hand operations were replaced.

Making the Hairspring

The hairspring, though only a tiny link of steel, raised a tough problem. The men had to learn the correct composition of the high quality spring steel that went into it, how to make it in their small furnace and how to draw very fine...
Chinese Tea

**Scented Tea:** This is made by inserting fragrant flower buds to the green tea leaves, transferring such scents as those of jasmine, magnolia, clove, calamus and orange blossoms to the green leaves.

**Brick Tea:** The processed tea leaves are steamed and placed into moulds to compress them into various sizes and shapes which may resemble a brick or a round stone. Brick tea is easy to carry over long distances. The tea is simmered and has a deep colour and heavy flavour.

**Some Famous Teas**
- **Keemun Black,** with a long history, gets its name from the place in Anhwei province where it is grown. It is an aroma unmatched by other black teas.
- **Yunnan Black,** which contains much pectin, is made with the famous Yunnan big-leaf tea and is a prized black variety.
- **Kecheng Black** is grown in the mountains of Tunchi in Anhwei province. The tea is clear and has a fresh, smooth flavour.
- **Pingle** is produced in Pingshu, Chekiang province. The prepared leaves are glossy, round shapes that look like pearls. Hence the name “pearl tea.”
- **Tieh Kuan Yin** is grown in Fukien province, it is a variety of Oolong tea. At first sip the tea is slightly bitter, but it soon turns sweet, tasting a bit like honey.

**Lungching** is a famous green tea produced at Lungching near scenic West Lake in Hangchow, Chekiang province. The leaves are smooth and flat and, under boiling water, resemble fresh green flower petals. The tea is a clear pale green.

**Huangshan Mao Feng** is cultivated in the scenic Huangshan Mountains over 1,000 metres high. When the leaves are budding in the spring, the young sprouting shoots are collected and picked from the green leaves.

**Pilschun** is produced in the Tunung Mountains in Kiangsu province. The leaves are picked just after budding in the spring. They are tightly rolled, dark-green colour unopened and silver downy. The tea is tender green with a refreshing taste.

**Tansu** is grown in the mountains of Tsuchi in Anhwei province. The tea is clear and has a fresh, smooth flavour.

Glazed pottery appeared in China more than 2,000 years ago and the technique was applied to building tiles and bricks in the 5th and 6th centuries. At first the shapes were simple and in only a few colours. But as time went on, carving became more complex and many more colours were added.

A special clay found above coal deposits, called kaszke clay, is used for the body of the tiles and bricks. It is ground into powder, mixed with water to form a dough, shaped, then the designs are carved with a sharp knife. An initial firing follows completion of the drying process. The colours are obtained from pulverized minerals mixed with the glaze. A second firing follows application of the glaze. The result is a lustre that will withstand scouring sun, wind or rain for hundreds of years.

In the 17th and 18th centuries, when many landscaped gardens and palaces were built, the use of glazed tiles and bricks became more widespread. In their setting of pines and cedar trees, and flower beds, these structures add great charm and warmth of colour — purple, peacock green, emerald green, sky blue, deep yellow, as well as grey and plain white — to the scene. An example is the hexagonal pavilion in the Peking Palace Museum grounds. Here the purple roof provides a contrast to the decoration at the top, which is sky blue with white plum blossom and pine designs. In the palace grounds many balustrades and small picture-windows of various attractive shapes are works of art which have been made with glazed bricks and tiles.

THE grandeur and magnificence of Chinese palaces and temples is greatly enhanced by the use of glazed tiles and bricks, the brilliance and colour of which have not dimmed with the ages. There are also animals and birds of the same material. Placed on ridges and upturned eaves, they have a marvellously decorative effect. Glazed brick screens standing at entrances have bearing designs in relief of dragons, phoanaxes, clouds, cranes, peonies and lotus flowers, are full of singular beauty. Most famous are two huge nine-dragon screens, one in Tungshan, Shansi province, built about 400 years ago in the Ming dynasty; the other in Peihai Park in Peking, built during the Chinese dynasty some 200 years later. The builders of pagodas, pavilions and archways standing in a palace and temple grounds also made extensive use of these same materials. Their use by communists was prohibited on pain of death.

Decorative Tiles and Bricks

**The Nine-Dragon Screen in Peking's Peihai Park.**

China's heritage is being preserved and transmitted to future generations. The traditions and skills that have been handed down through the centuries are cherished and revered. The beauty and significance of these ancient crafts are celebrated and celebrated, serving as a reminder of the rich cultural heritage of China.
Colour and Architecture Blend in Splendour

Green glazed tiles and ornaments add beauty to the Cultural Palace of Nationalities, built in 1959.


Roof and pillars covered with decorative tiles and bricks at the Museum of Chinese Art.

A magnificent example of glazed dragons and other mythical figures on a building erected during the Ching dynasty, 18th century.

"Clouds and cranes" relief decoration on a wall by a garden gate at the Imperial Palace, Ming dynasty, 16th century.

A design on the apex of a pavilion roof in the Imperial Palace. It was built in the 18th century.

Photos by Chiao Shu-cheng
Animated Cartoon Films Teach the Young

DURING the past two years film-makers, artists and writers for children have been engaging in a conscious effort to produce animated films showing the everyday life of the children of today which both delight their young audiences and educate them in communist moral qualities. The enthusiastic applause and hearty laughter accorded the films show that they have found favour with the children.

In the puppet film By the Roadside, chubby Hsiao Liang, a boy wearing the red scarf of a Young Pioneer, picks up a package containing 23 yuan near a bus stop where he is cutting grass. Hoping to find the owner, he catches up with the bus. On it is an old peasant passenger who has lost the same amount but says that this package is not his. Who is the real owner of the package, and who has picked up the peasant's lost money? The plot unravels as Hsiao Liang searches for the rightful owner. The audience finally learns that the package belongs to a worker. Searching for his lost package, he had found the peasant's money. From a note attached to it he learned that the peasant was on his way to the supply and marketing cooperative to buy urgently-needed insecticide, so he put aside the search for his own lost money in order to buy the insecticide and deliver it to the peasant's production team.

Sufficiency is the guideline in the advertising slogan of a popular book by Hsiao Lin's Diary: "A boy goes out in a heavy downpour to take rain-hats to members of his commune who are at work in the field. Similarly, in Two Little Brothers, a puppet film in colour, two little football fans give up a Sunday at their favourite game in order to repair broken chairs for their class.

Love for labour is another important theme found in the new films. The cartoon We Love the Countryside encourages this by acting out the themes of five popular children's songs which are sung in the background. They are: "We Love the Countryside", "Little Wheelbarrow-Fishermen", "It's Good to Farm Half a Day and Study Half a Day", "The Commune Is Good" and "We Want to be Farmers When We Grow Up".

Unforgettable characters from literature or history brought to life on the screen also help the children to understand the past through a working-class viewpoint. They become so indignant at the wicked pre-liberation landlord in The Cock Crows at Midnight, who crores like a cock to make his hired hands get up and work before dawn, that they too feel like giving him a good beating. (This film was featured on the Children's Page of the September 1965 issue of China Reconstructs.) The puppet film Red Army Bridge, based on the revolutionary struggle of the Red Army and local peasants against the landlords and reactionary troops in Hunan province in 1930, kindles in the children a real love for the heroic and resourceful Red Army soldiers and peasants and a deep hatred toward the treacherous Kuominthank troopers and ruthless landlords.

Some of the films help the children to understand the nature of U.S. imperialism. The cartoon A Dream of Gold, for instance, is a satirical fairy-tale on the rapacious hunger of the rulers of the "Dollar Empire", who swallow up gold and diamonds, drink the blood of millions of human beings, and finally even want to devour the moon and stars. Films in cartoon style also show the Chinese people's support for the people of Vietnam and the Dominican Republic in their struggle against U.S. imperialist aggression.

THE animated films are usually from ten to twenty minutes in length. They may be in the form of cartoons or puppet plays, or done through papercuts, folded paper or brush-and-ink paintings. Full use is made of the characteristics of this type of film with comic plots, imaginatively-designed backgrounds and artistic exaggeration to bring out the character of the heroes and villains. The music is light and spirited and the whole presentation generally suited to the psychology of children.

All the films show a strong Chinese quality, particularly those using the papercut and brush-and-ink techniques, which have been creatively adapted to animated cartoons by Chinese film-makers. The puppet films continue the skillful cutting and decorative work of their tradition, while the figures are designed and performed in the style of shadow-puppet plays. The films made with the brush-and-ink painting technique are especially suited for presenting the beauties of the mountain-and-river scenery of our country. This is used effectively in the film The Cowherd, in which the watery effect achieved with free-flowing ink is used for the background of southern China's rivers-and-lakes landscape to intensify the audience's consciousness of the cowherd's deep love for his commune and the buffaloes which he tends.

1. Hsiao Lin brings rain-hats to the commune members. (Hsiao Lin's Diary)
2. Hsiao Liang looks for the owner of the package he has found. (By the Roadside)
3. Peasants set off fireworks to celebrate the completion of the bridge. (Red Army Bridge)
4. A ruler of the "Dollar Empire". (A Dream of Gold)
5. Buffalo and cowherd. (The Cowherd)
KAO ISISANG-CHEN

Man with Fortitude

KEVIN MEI

Ni Chih-fu reads his paper at the 1964 Peking-Isang Symposium.

Ni Chih-fu at work.

Another trial. He failed again. He continued to study every used drill minutely, the burned ones, the dull ones, the broken ones, the foreign model, always searching for the cause. Suddenly he wondered: "Why is it that every one of these drills, whether burned, worn out or broken, showed damaged points and cutting edges?" A clue. "If I gird off all the parts which are damaged, maybe, yes, maybe, they help." He took the standard drill which has one point and three cutting edges and ground it so that he obtained three points and seven edges. He put his drill in the drill press and carefully wiped it clean.

With his big hands on the feed wheel, he held his breath, switched on his drill press and began the cut. His keen worker's feeling for his machine told him at once that the feed wheel turned faster and smoother than usual. He drilled a dozen holes in succession, worrying that his new bit would wear out again. But when he stopped and examined it, the three points were as shiny and sound as ever.

His co-workers helped him improve the tool. Yu Shu-chen, a skilled machinist, helped him analyze why the old-style drills wore out. Master workmen Mao and Liu helped him improve the techniques of grinding his drill. His comrades in the shop used the drill in their presses and made many suggestions. At last the drill with the new shape was put into use in the entire shop.

Both Teaching and Learning

In 1958 Ni was asked to take part in a group demonstrating advanced techniques in Peking. Arriving one day to demonstrate his drill at a radio parts factory there, he found that he was to work with brass instead of steel. Was his drill suited to soft brass? The question so worried him that he really asked to be excused. But he remembered his Party secretary's comment that a demonstration was not only for teaching but for learning. "Why should I be afraid of failure?" he thought. "Why don't I think of learning from others?" He was a little ashamed of himself.

During the noon hour he watched the work of a veteran machinist who had had long experience with brass. He noted the speed and pressure he used, and carefully examined the drill. Comparing his own with the machinist's, he noticed the similarity of the angles.

O'NE of the papers most favourably received at the Peking Science Symposium held in August 1964 was one read by a young man who was once a child labourer in the days before the liberation. Scientists from Asia, Africa, Latin America and Oceania considered the paper highly valuable and applauded the work of Ni Chih-fu, today an engineer in a Peking machine-tool plant. He outlined the theoretical basis of improvements he had made which greatly increased the efficiency, durability and versatility of the standard twist drill, one of the most widely used tools in the world.

It took Ni Chih-fu twelve years to evolve the basic new shape of the point with 17 variations. The Ni Chih-fu drill—so named by the Chinese government—is now being used throughout the country. It can drill exceedingly hard steel, cast iron, brass, aluminium, organic glass, plastics, phenolic; it can drill deep holes or holes in thin metal; and it maintains high precision in cutting. Drill sizes range from 0.8 to 80 mm. Its efficiency is four to five times greater.

Ni Chih-fu was born 33 years ago in a village on the outskirts of Shanghai. His father died before he was a year old. By the time he was 11, it was necessary for him to go to work as a child labourer in one of Shanghai's factories. To get him a job, his family had to say the boss and foreman to dinner and give them presents in the hope of getting them to teach the boy a trade. In spite of this nonte was willing, and in this factory and three others he remained a mere drudge. If he was caught watching a skilled worker at his machine, the foreman or the boss would beat him, sometimes with their fists, sometimes with an iron rod. When the Japanese invaders took over, they too severely beat him. Hunger and cold stalked him.

After Shanghai's liberation in 1949 he got a steady job and in 1952 the trade union in the plant sent him to a technical school run by the Shanghai Bureau of Labour. After eight months of study he went to work in the Peking No. 1 Machine-tool Plant. Here, brand new radial drill presses seemed to stretch out his arms to greet him, master workmen guided him in learning his machine, and there was even a team helping to develop and spread advanced techniques. It was the beginning of a real worker's life for him. Proud of being one of those who were masters in their own house, Ni Chih-fu poured all his energy and enthusiasm into the work.

The Birth of the New Drill

In the autumn of 1953 his shop was given the task of drilling special steel plates needed by the Chinese volunteers who were aiding the Korean people in their resistance against United States aggression. The plates were extraordinarily hard. The standard twist drills turned and broke—not but would not cut. Three days went by. The plates to be processed piled up while the drills were worn out, burned and broken. Workers from the next shop, waiting for the finished plates, came to urge speed.

Ni Chih-fu had worn out twelve drills in those three days. Then, over-anxious and pushing his press too hard, he broke three in succession. That night the group leader came to ask about the finished plates and Ni felt bad. He walked home from the shift with the heavy steps. Suddenly he stopped and turned back. It was one o'clock in the morning and the shop was dark and silent. Calmly he began to examine his worn-out drills, turning them over in his hands, squinting at the points against the light. What made this angle wear out? Why did this cutting edge burn quicker than the others? He sharpened another drill and went to work on the steel plates. When one was worn out, he ground another. Although he finished three plates that night, he couldn't calm himself. When the day shift came on, he stayed.

That morning an advanced team came to the plant to introduce new techniques among them a veteran worker who demonstrated a new type of foreign drill. This might solve our problem. Ni thought, and went to look for the worker. Together they studied the foreign drill. As soon as Ni entered the shop the next day, he carefully ground a drill in the new shape. Certainly this would cut the hard plate better. But this one wore out too.

That afternoon the shop Party secretary came to talk with him. A veteran worker and communist who had been through many battles, he did not talk about Ni's anxiety or the problem of the drill. Hoping to encourage his determination to conquer the problem, the secretary talked about some of the revolutionary martyrs who had given their lives to conquer obstacles and bring about socialism. Then he quietly turned the conversation to the drill problem.

"Nothing is easy sailing," he said. "Even on a smooth road, you can trip over a stone. The problem seems impossible to solve. But since there are such steel plates, we must have drills to bite through them. Can we invent one? Special steel needs a special drill. And to invent a special drill takes a special fortitude—the fortitude of a revolutionary! What do you say, comrades—will this special steel beat us, or will we beat the steel?"

Ni went back to work.
and the differences. He showered the machinist with questions. The machinist joked with him, "Did you come here to demonstrate or to be my apprentice?" Ni smiled.

The two compared their drills, and with the machinist's help, Ni sharpened a new variation of his drill. Now the bronze he was going to work with. That afternoon his demonstration was successful.

Just before a demonstration in a Shanghai hardware, a young worker came up to him with a drill in his hand and challenged, "Shall we have a competition?"

Though Ni won, he carefully examined the other's drill and studied an unusual chip-breaking groove which produced straight, narrow chips. He knew this feature would improve his own drill and later incorporated it.

In 1956 it was decided that the Ni Chih-fu drill should be popularized throughout the country. The government sent Ni to many industrial cities in China to teach his new techniques. And he not only taught but consulted to learn how to improve his drill from others. In one factory he learned the problem peculiar to drilling cast iron; in another he found a way to increase the cutting feed; in a third he discovered how to increase the cutting pressure by grinding off the rake angle of the point. Before the basic shape of the drill had been established as well as a number of variations to meet the conditions of drilling different materials, from hard al- loy steels to soft materials such as brass and cast iron.

From Practice to Theory
Ni began to receive letters from machinists all over the country, praising his demonstrations. But he wrote some of the difficulties of mastering the technique of grinding the new shape. Others raised theoretical problems — why do angles of this kind cut better? — why should the drill have three points and seven edges? — why were the rake angles made this way, the clearance angles that? — what difference would this or that change make in his drill?

The questions were difficult, for with only three years of schooling Ni lacked real theoretical knowledge. To answer adequately he needed theoretical mechanics, higher mathematics and the principles of metal-cutting. By this time Ni had been promoted to the level of engineer because of his practical knowledge and had joined the Party. He determined to work hard to make up what he lacked in theory.

He began to study in a night school, listening attentively and doing his homework conscientiously. Never late or absent, he finished elementary courses in only two months.

The subjects become harder and study began to conflict with his many other responsibilities. Besides being a deputy to the Peking Municipal People's Congress and a member of the board of the China Society of Mechanical Engineering, he was active in a movement for scientific cooperation organized by the Peo- king workers. More and more, he had to do his homework far into the night, shading his light from his roommate. He took his books with him to meetings, worked out problems while riding on buses or walking in the streets and then wrote them down in his notebook between meetings and during breaks.

Worried that doing both lessons and his job would affect his health, the plant management decided to put him half time on work and half-time study. A technician was assigned to help him with his course work. All this concern couldn't help but remind Ni of his childhood days when he had had to quit school because he could not pay his tuition. He studied all the harder and with more determination.

Two years brought his education to the university level. In early 1958, with the advice of experts and technicians, he began work on the paper he was eventually to present before the Peking Science Symposium. His paper helped workers not only to use his drill but to find inspiration themselves for experimenting and inventing.

Today, the improved Ni Chih-fu drill is widely used by workers in China and also by some plants abroad.

Chinese Cookery
Pan-fried Fish
1 lb. fish (mandarin fish, yellow croaker, flowerfish or other meaty fish with few bones)
1 tablespoon rice wine (or sherry)
1 teaspoon salt
2 eggs
1 tablespoon flour
1 cup peanut oil
1 tablespoon lard
1/2 teaspoon each of soy sauce and
2 teaspoons sugar
1 cup stock (or warm water)
Clean fish and split lengthwise. Bone and skin and cut into 2-inch lengths. Make parallel vertical and horizontal slabs on the pieces. Dip fish with 1 tablespoon wine and 1 teaspoon salt and stand for about an hour.
Best eggs, add enough flour to make a thick batter and dip fish in it. Re-heat oil in pan just before it smokes. Fry fish pieces until light brown. Remove to a platter and pour off oil for future use.

Heat lard, add 1 tablespoon wine, soy sauce, sugar and stock. Add fish, simmer over low fire until only a little liquid remains. Serve two.

Deep-fried Fish Strips
6 oz. fish meat (as above)
1 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons rice wine (or sherry)
1/2 teaspoon monosodium glutamate (optional)
2 egg whites
1 tablespoon cornflour (cornstarch)
2 teaspoons peanut oil
1 tablespoon prepared soy sauce or other aged sauce
Cut fish into strips 5 cm. x 2 cm. Add to beaten eggs and monosodium glutamate and stir well. Beat egg whites stiffly, add cornflour, mix to a smooth batter and dip fish in it. Heat oil in pan until it smokes. Fry golden brown. Dip each piece in soy sauce as eaten. Serve two.

Children's Page
THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD Gaowah is delighted when he hears that his project team is coming to the grasslands to show a motion picture. He has been working out exactly what time he will arrive. As she enters the headquarters, she hears the team leader and the bookkeeper discussing who to send with a horse cart to fetch the man.

It is spring, the time for shearing the sheep in the Inner Mongolian Autonomous Region. All the members of this herdsman's production team are too busy to go. Who should be sent? The two men consider everyone, but no one can be spared. When she hears this, Gaowah breaks in, "Team leader, let me go!"

Right. Little Gaowah can not only drive a horse cart but she is a fine rider too. Her family's big chestnut horse is the fastest and most fiery of all the team's horses. Nobody but Gaowah and her grandfather can ride him.

As Gaowah drives the cart along, singing happily, she suddenly sees a cart standing in the road ahead. It is loaded with milk cans to be taken to the co-operative powdered milk plant, but the cart has broken down.

"Where are you going, little sister?" asks the old driver.

"To Ulanboleng (Red Valley) to bring the film projection man.""How about taking our milk to the plant for me? Of course, it's a bit out of your way."

Gaowah hesitates. She knows that going several kilometres out of her way may make her late with the film man. But she can't imagine an- other look at the big cans of milk and decides that she must take them. By the time she gallops back into Ulanboleng, the sun has already set.

The projection team member is there waiting impatiently for the film. But when he hears Gaowah's reason for being late, he praises her for thinking first of the team's milk.

IT IS DARK when they get back home on the grasslands. The commune members have already got everything ready for the show. The projector lamp lights up, the man threads the first reel into the machine, the picture is ready to begin. Then suddenly he says in surprise, "Oh! How terrible! The last reel is missing! I'm sure we didn't drop it on the way. We must have left it in Ulanboleng. We were in too much of a hurry and so many people were waiting to load it that I forgot to check to make sure that all the reels were there."

"Ah!" exclaims all the people. What a disappointment to see a motion picture without an ending! Gaowah stands at one side, blanking her black eyes and knocking her fists together trying to think what to do. Finally she says, "Yes, I'll go and fetch it on our way back. He's fast and I can be back in a little over an hour, just in time."

"But then you won't be able to see the film, Gaowah," someone calls to her. "And you're such a motion picture fan too!"

To tell the truth, Gaowah wants to see the film very badly. But she remembers that her family's horse is the fastest and nobody but she and her grandfather can ride it. Besides, everyone wants to see the film. If she doesn't go, someone else will have to miss it.

GOWAH jumps on the big horse and gallops off in the night across the grassland. She cracks her whip and her horse seems to fly under the twinkling stars in the black sky.

By the time she gets back, the next to the last reel of film is just coming to an end.

Gaowah only sees one reel of the film. But she feels happy.

To make the text more meaningful, it is recommended that the reader also watches the film to get a better understanding of the story. The film is titled "The Last Reel of Film."
A Revolution in Sculpture

The sculptors set an example of how to use and develop tradition, casting away the superstitious elements and creatively combining its best features with newer techniques to meet the demands of today's socialist life.

The experience gained in making the "Rent Collecting Court" has paved a way for other sculptors to put their art directly in the service of the rural people. While sculptors in general have created fine images of workers, peasants and soldiers, heroes and martyrs of the revolution, and often taken the struggle of the world's peoples against imperialism as their theme, most of their works have been done in plaster, marble, granite or bronze. These grace public buildings, museums and exhibitions in the cities, but are too expensive and heavy to transport to the vast countryside.

The deep, nationwide cultural revolution has made artists render the lives of the masses more truly to reflect the life and struggles of the working people. Art must be the mirror of the people and, in order to mirror correctly, it must go on a tour of experience for them to see their own past come to life again. Indeed, it is this integration in feeling and thought with the peasants that has made the sculptures highly successful.

A thorough study of Chairman Mao's writings on the problems of the Chinese peasants and long discussions with local and provincial Party leaders helped the sculptors have a more encompassing view of their work: that their statues not only have to bring out the brutality of a particular landlord but, more important, the exploiting nature of the collective. Not only the misery of the pre-liberation peasants but their spirit of revolt as well. As a result, their work has become a powerful reflection of the bitter class struggle of those days.

The "Rent Collecting Court" was opened to the public on National Day, October 1, last year. Over 20,000 people came to see it in the first three days, among them six old grandmothers who had walked 40 kilometers with their canes to attend. Four of these were former tenants of Liu Wen-tsai, and they exclaimed when they saw that they had suffered under him, their eyes now with tears and again with flashing anger. Thousands continued to visit the exhibition every day. A peasant from a remote hill area told the sculptors, "Sixteen years have slipped by since our liberation, and some of us have forgotten the terrors our statues have reminded us of that old bitterness and made us appreciate the sweetness of today's life more."

Peasants from other counties asked that figures be made in their places. Peasants who visited the exhibition told the artists that they should depict the history of their landlords so that their fellow peasants can see how much blood and sweat it took to win our liberation.

Young sculptors were so impressed that they promised to fight against exploitation so long as they live, and many pledged to "go into higher gear" and work harder.
That intolerable moment waiting for their accounts to be settled.

We can’t live like this—we must fight!

Last look at his grain before it goes to the landlord.

Carrying their grain into the court.

A young mother is dragged away from her baby because she could not pay all her rent.
The Liberation Army Crosses the Yangtze

BY THE SPRING of 1949 the Chinese People's Liberation Army, led by the Communist Party, had liberated all of China's northeast, most of the north, and the east and north of the lower Yangtze River. Our army's next task was to carry forward the victory and smash the reactionary rule of the Kuomintang.

As soon as the Huai-Hai campaign in north Jiangsu and Shang-hai province was won, our powerful Second and Third Field Armies swept south in full force to begin another great strategic action—the crossing of the Yangtze to liberate the country south of the river.

Our column was to be the first echelon of the forces crossing by the central route. In March we reached the Lake Chao-hu-Wuwei region in Anhwei province south of the Yangtze. During the resistance war against Japan this area had been the heart of the Central Anhwei Revolution- ary Base. The Communist Party had created this base in the face of attacks by the Japanese and Kuomintang forces, and here a part of our present column had been organized and had matured in battle. Everywhere in this region—on every hill and dyke, along every stream and in every village—we had left our foot-prints. Here were people who had shared hardships and braved death with us. Now, whenever our troops arrived at a place, the word quickly spread, "The old 7th division is here." When they heard that we were going to cross the river, from all sides came the offer: "If you need men, we're ready with men. If you need boats, we're ready with boats." They brought us the fishing boats which they had hid- den away up rivers and streams in a thousand and one ways. Fathers with their sons, elder brothers bringing along younger ones, and even whole families volunteered as boatmen and joined us in prepa- ring for the crossing.

It was an arduous task. We had to know the rise and fall of the Yangtze's tides and to learn to handle boats, fight on water and make landings. During April our troops on the Yangtze front com- pleted all preparations for forcing the river. Close watch was kept on enemy activity on the opposite bank and combat plans were re- vised and set out again to fit the situation.

I WAS STATIONED at Ta-taoukou, exactly where we of the New Fourth Army had crossed from the south eight years before after breaking through the Kuomin- tang's encirclement in southern Anhwei. This was in January 1941. Chiang Kai-shek had all along been passive in resisting the Japanese but very active in attack- ing the Communist forces. Now he had launched his second large-scale campaign against us and was engineering what later became known as the Southern Anhwei Incident which shocked the nation and the world. While the 9,000 men of our New Fourth Army's southern Anhwei contingents were withdrawing to the north in compliance with orders, he sent 8,000 troops to encircle and destroy them.

I was then attached to the head- quarters of the New Fourth Army. We fought a bloody battle for several days and nights in a valley enclosed by hills. We held out until our ammunition and food were gone and then split up to try to break through. In a hail of enemy bullets, I, a young engineer, stood beside a column of guards that I was with fought its way out and finally, after crossing many blockade lines, got to the south bank of the Yangtze. We numbered only some 70 men.

Chiang had purposely broadcast the New Fourth Army's route of withdrawal, hoping to incite the Japanese to action against us and wipe out the Communist Party's forces south of the Yangtze. By the time we reached the river bank, the Japanese had already imposed a tight blockade. They had seized all the ferry boats. Their reconnaissance planes flew over the river from morning to night, their boats patrolled the water and their troops the banks. Fortunately we were able to reach one of our Party's liaison stations in Hundred Peace Village. A com- rade from the local Communist Party branch rowed across the river at night in a wooden tub and got in touch with our guerrillas on the north bank. They sent a boat and helped ferry us across. Our small force, along with this guer- rilla unit and some other men who had broken through the encircle- ment, later became the core of the 7th division of the New Fourth Army. "We will be waiting for you to fight your way back!" the comrades on the south bank had said to us as we climbed into the boat that memorable night.

"We'll be back!" we replied.

Now we were back, fighting our way up along the same route which we had followed to the north. In front of us, as be- fore, the waters of the Yangtze rushed ceaselessly eastward. But on both sides of the river earth- shaking changes had taken place. Eight years earlier, as we, some 70 men with a single boat, slipped across the river through a crack in the enemy's blockade, the Chinese nation had been fighting for its very survival. Now our army was returning one million strong, with hundreds of boats and artillery pieces. The moment the order came from Chairman Mao, the iron fist of the People's Liberation Army was ready to strike at the centre of the Kuomintang's power and finish off Chiang Kai-shek's dictatorship once and for all.

As I recalled the past and looked forward to the future, many things crowded into my mind. Over the radio came a Hai-hua News Agency commentary: "Whither the Banking Government?" The enemy did not have much time left to answer that question. But every- thing indicated that he would not accept our overtures and, in desperation, was engaging in two-faced counter-revolutionary trickery. On the one hand, Chiang Kai-shek was rounding up his defeated troops and trying frus- tationally to set up a three-di- mensional land, water and air defence along the Yangtze. On the other hand, launching a "peace offensive" he had sent a delegation to negotiate with our Party for peace. Both steps had the same aim: to stop the People's Liberation Army on its victorious march and to preserve its counter-revolutionary forces for a comeback.

Guided by Chairman Mao's bril- liant concept of "carrying the rev- olution through to the end", every officer and soldier in our army clearly understood that: that the reactionaries would never bow out of history of their own accord, that genuine peace could be won only by completely wiping out the reactionaries through tit-for-tat struggle. We had met the enemy's two-sided counter-revolutionary policy and fought against its two-sided revolutionary policy. Whether there were talks or fighting, we were carrying the revolution through the whole country and carry the revolution through to the end. We should not be confused. These could only lower our vigi- lance and undermine the people's revolutionary will.

Events turned out just as Chair- man Mao had foreseen. The Kuo- mintang reactionaries were not sincere about the peace talks but were using them as a smokescreen. Over the negotiating table they changed their tack a hundred times. Over the years, only to finally tear off their "peace" mask by refusing to sign the agreement on internal peace which had been discussed.

Chiang Kai-shek, who had "re- tired" to his home town of Feng-hua in Chekiang province to pull strings behind the scenes, could not raise his counter-revolutionary cry: "No matter what the cost, I'll fight the Communists to the bitter end."

ON THE AFTERNOON of April 20 we heard that the Kuomintang government had refused to sign the peace agreement. Soon afterwards, the order to advance came from Chairman Mao and Commander-in-Chief Chu Teh. The word was passed on from general headquarters to divisional head- quarters, to regiments, battalions, companies and to the troops. It was greeted with thunderous cheers. "Cross the Yangtze! Lib- erate All China!"

In response to a telephone summons, Commander Cheng Chun and I went to front-line headquarters. When all the commanders had ar-
rived, we were told: "Everything is ready. All we were waiting for was an east wind, and now we have it. According to our reconnaissances, the Kuantang is moving its best defence troops, the 326th army, westward to re-
place the 88th army of which there was a weak link in the Fanchang-Tungling line. The two armies are now in the course of exchanging positions. Chairman Mao had ordered us to seize this oppor-
tunity and force the river!"

As always, Chairman Mao had been expert in discovering the enemy's vulnerable spot in order to make use of it and deal him a fatal blow. We were very excited at this decision.

According to the plan we would cross the river, occupy the high ground and then expand against the enemy positions. Time ticked away, every second bringing the historic mo-
ment closer. The setting sun was enveloped in a faint aura of gold. Several comrades skipped supper and made a last check along the trenches behind the dyke. Artill-
ery pieces were stove in the bank, their muzzles pointing south-
ward. The assault teams and boat-
men were assembling. On the white towels which hung from the knapsack of every soldier were the seven big red characters reading: "Carry the Revolution Through to the End!" Many of the new soldiers had put on the cloth shoes they had brought from home and saved for the occasion. Some of these bore the characters "Cross the Yangtze! Liberate All China!" embroidered by mothers or wives. Behind the big dyke the boats for the battle lay camouflaged with branches.

Toward dusk, just after I re-
turned to my own headquarters, the telephone rang. The voice of the army commander came over the line. "How are things going?"

"Everything's ready. We're wait-
ing for the launching order!"

The commander raised his voice. "Tell the comrades that Chairman Mao is staying up tonight. He's waiting at the headquarters of the supreme command for our report of victory."

The news soon spread through the whole army. Like an invisible

As the two boats of the shock unit approached the south bank, the enemy checked his gunfire toward our advance party. Some boats burst into flames, others capsized. The men thrown into the water began to swim. As machine gun bullets ripped through the hull of the boats and water began to rush in, the soldiers blocked up the holes with their bodies. When the mast toppled under artillery fire, they grabbed the sculling oar and rowed on. If a man was hit, someone immediately took his place. On one boat, the men stood shoulder to shoulder in front of the boatman to shield him.

The boat carrying the army commander was right behind the assault regiment. Standing be-
neath the sail one could see all around me the masts of our fleet like a moving forest on the water. Flares and tracer bullets cut brilliant slashes in the darkness. The leaping flames from the enemy posi-
tions on shore riddled the sails of our boats, wounding the men's faces, and were reflected in the red flags fluttering in the wind.

When we had broken through the enemy encirclement eight years earlier, a leading comrade had said, "The encirclement cannot be extinguished. Even if the New Fourth Army contin-
gents in southern Anhwei are destroyed, the revolution will not be defeated. As long as the sparks remain, it will make a prairie fire!" Now his words had become a reality. The spark of the rev-
olution had grown into a roaring fire, extending from the north bank of the Yangtze southward over all China.

The Kuomintang harboured the illusion that the natural barrier of the Yangtze, the support of the U.S. masters and even three-dimensional defence could stop the advance of the People's Liberation Army. "Unless they can run on water, the Communists had better give up the dream of crossing the Yangtze" was their boast. Now their illusions were bursting like a bubble. Neither the broad Yangtze nor the paper tiger U.S. imperialism could save them from defeat. In 39 minutes the People's Liberation Army had torn a gap 15 kilometres wide in their painstakingly-erec-
ted defences. Our advance units were already penetrating deep into enemy positions.

The commanders' boat landed not far from Hundred Pacus Vil-
lage. As I looked in that direction, my memories of eight years ear-
lier returned. The figure of an old man rose in my mind. At daybreak, the 70 of us who had broken through the encirclement were hiding in an empty cesspool waiting for the guerrillas to ferry us over. A Japanese patrol came along and captured the old man who was standing watch. They beat him up severely, trying to make him tell where the New Fourth Army men were hiding. "I don't know" was the only reply. Then, to lead the Japanese away from our hiding place, he began to run in the opposite direction. We heard shots. We found him later lying in a pool of blood. He had not lived to share the joy of victory with us, but he would live forever in our hearts.

"The people are the real wall of bronze," Chairman Mao teaches us. We soldiers too had formed the same conviction, through long years of struggle: The people are our support and the wellspring of our victory. In this campaign alone, 3,200,000 peasants, boatmen and militiamen saw action. In their

many dialects—Shantung, Hopei, Honan, Anhwei, Kiangsu—the slogan was the same: "Cross the Yangtze! Liberate All China!"

By daybreak of April 21, 1949, seven regiments had crossed the river and gained control of the high ground, the hills of Sungshan, Yuanshan and Yangshan. We were knocking at the gate of the enemy-

held town of Fanchang. The swift movement and bold thrust of our troops had thrown the enemy into utter confusion. A detachment of our men charging forward in the dark came upon a Kuomintang officer who blustered at them, "What are you running away for? The Commissar don't have wings. They aren't nowhere near here!"

"Even if you had wings, you couldn't run now!" said our troops, suppressing their laughter and taking him prisoner.

At dusk that day the PLA's Szechwan-Fujian Fleet launched the full-scale crossing all along the 508-km, line from Kiu-
ning to Chiuang, the route from the west to Chiangyin in Kiangsu province in the east. The enemy's defence of the river collapsed completely. On April 23, news came that our troops on the east-
ern route had liberated Nanking, seat of the Kuomintang govern-
ment, and proclaimed the downfall of the reactionary Kuomintang regime.

(Abridged translation)
A Tibetan Folk Tale

从前，在藏区有一个小村庄，村庄里住着一位老王。老王是一个慈祥的人，他的脸上总是挂着微笑。一天，老王在家里休息，突然听到门外传来了一阵急促的脚步声。老王赶紧走出去，发现有两个盗贼正在偷东西。老王没有惊慌，反而微笑着对盗贼说：“你们来我这里偷东西，我不会怪你们的。但是，我希望你们以后能改过自新，做一个有用的人。”

盗贼听了老王的话，感到非常惭愧，他们决定离开，不再偷东西。老王看到他们走远，心里感到非常欣慰。从此，老王的村庄变得非常平静，再也没有盗贼来偷东西了。
On the Szechuan-Tibet Highway

The road over the Erlang Mountains.

The Taking mutual-aid team in Pomi county planting chingkho barley.

The last sight of Lhasa was of a city bathed in the morning glow. Our bus had already crossed the new bridge on its way eastwards along the 2,413-kilometre Szechuan-Tibet Highway.

That first morning we rolled over the Lhasa plain where a heavy harvest was being gathered. By noon we had entered a valley, its slopes covered with grass, brightened by the vivid red and yellow leaves of occasional trees. Deep in the valley was the hostel. There we spent the night. Early next morning we were awakened by the sound of Jerrys loaded with fresh-cut logs heading westward.

We were not far from the virgin forest.

Largest Lumber Centre

The highway gradually climbed as we drove along the Joda River. The number of tall timber trees increased. Before long we had entered the forest region with its serried rows of mountains, looking like an ocean of green waves. We spiralled up a steep mountainside.

The branches of trees below us almost brushed our wheels, while the top of our bus barely missed huge exposed roots on the cliff above. Although the sun was shining, we only saw it in thin shafts of gold which penetrated the thick foliage. Light green creepers hung down like scarves, their colour contrasted against the deep green of the trees, while squirrels sprang from branch to branch.

We passed under a wooden aqueduct which we later learned was carrying water from mountain streams to the Kengchang sawmill. We spent the night at Kengchang, which is the largest lumbering centre in Tibet. Felling had started there ten years earlier with 56 young workers, both Tibetans and Hans.

Today there are 800. When we entered the mill sprays of sawdust were spurring from huge tree trunks being cut up by fast, scraping bandaws. Chen Hunchang, a former carpenter who headed the work, drew our attention to two gigantic water wheels nearby that had been locally made. Powered by water from the aqueduct, they both turned the saws and generated electricity for lightin.

A second sawmill is soon to be opened to speed up the processing of the plentiful supply of spruce, fir, pine, oak, birch and cedar trees. There will also be several workshops making paper, matches and other products from the timber waste.

Fields and Grasslands

Dramo, our third stop, a new market town built after the highway was completed, is the seat of the Pomi county government.

The area has a warm climate and plentiful rainfall, so crops grow luxuriantly. Dramo is surrounded by snow-capped mountains with dark green forests on their slopes and chingkho barley fields along the banks of the river below. I walked across the fields to a large threshing floor. Wooden frames were standing ten metres high on either side, strung with heavy ears of drying chingkho and wheat. The liberated serfs and slaves here, as elsewhere in Tibet, had responded to the call of the People's Government and organized a mutual-aid team which was opening up wasteland for cultivation. Learning about more advanced agricultural techniques from county government workers, they had replaced their primitive wooden ploughs with iron ploughshares, and had done away with the age-old custom which forbade men to weep and women to plough. Output had increased. We found them threshing wheat of an improved strain which yielded twice as much grain as the chingkho they formerly grew.

They plan to sow a larger area with the improved seed in 1966.

East of Pomi is the Hengtuan mountain range. Here three great rivers rush southwards along parallel courses that cut through precipitous mountains. The highway winds its way up and down in seemingly endless U-turns. After we crossed the first great river, the No, timber trees became sparser but there were many pear trees along the highway, their branches heavy with ripening fruit.

As we went over more mountains the view broadened into grasslands spreading like a huge soft yellow carpet into the distance amid gently rolling hills. Here and there were the brown tents of Tibetan herdmen, with black yaks and flocks of sheep grazing nearby.

Alas accustomed to motor traffic, the yaks, their tails raised high, raced beside us along the highway.

Changes in Chamdo

The town of Chamdo is the crossways of communication between Szechuan, Yunnan, Chinghai and Tibet. Because it is situated in the middle section of the Szechuan-Tibet Highway, it has become the centre for the collection and distribution of the live stock, farm and special local products of the area, as well as its abundant minerals.

Chamdo was liberated by the PLA in 1950. The former squalid streets are now clean and lined with new buildings two or three stories high. They include a bookstore, a department store, bank and post office. The people we saw going in and out were mainly Tibetan peasants and herdsmen.

Liberalized serfs and slaves buy at a mobile stall in the Chamdo area.

CHINA RECONSTRUCTS

MARCH 1966
The supply and marketing co-operative was especially busy the day we arrived, for the harvest season was just ending and trade was at its height.

I looked for the co-op manager but it was evening before he could find a minute to talk to me. "There is another big harvest this year," he said, "so trade is very brisk. Our turnovers in 1964 amounted to over 780,000 yuan. But this sum was surpassed in the third quarter this year." I learned that tea, which is considered a necessity by Tibetans, was not only in ample supply but had come down in price from 1.29 yuan per jia a year ago to 0.91 yuan today. Goods made in Shanghai, Tientsin and Peking are sold in large quantity. They include red cotton cloth, rubber-soled canvas boots and aluminium cooking pots. No labouring Tibetan was able to afford these in the past. Important among the local products purchased by the co-op are herbs and substances for medicinal use.

The Highest Mountain of All

After winding our way up and down two more great mountains, we were able to see the Chishba (Golden Sand) River, which runs between the Tibet Autonomous Region and Szechuan province. Under the brilliant sunlight, the waters, heavy with yellow silt, looked like a swiftly moving golden dragon. Crossing is by a new steel bridge instead of by yak-hide coracles, which was the former method.

We were now in the Kanteer Tibetan Autonomous Chou of Szechuan province. Passing through Dege county, known for its printing house for ancient Tibetan scriptures, we reached Tumulin at twilight. Our driver pointed to a silvery peak in the east, saying, "That is Chuebher Mountain, the highest of all we cross."

Snow covered the branches of a pine forest on the slope as we began to climb early the next morning. We stopped at a tomb ringed with trees halfway up the slope. It was a memorial to the martyr Chang Fu-lin, a People's Liberation Army squad leader who had lost his life while cutting the highway along the sheer granite mountainside.

Our bus wound its way slowly up the bare rocky slope. At the pass, 4,889 metres above sea-level, we stopped for a short climb above the road, but breathing was difficult in the rarefied air. Through falling snowflakes and an icy wind, we looked at the distant silver peaks meandering endlessly along the horizon like a sea of crested waves rising to the sky. It was strange to be on this spot where many men had ever went in the old days and to see a steady stream of trucks passing at short intervals.

The road down the eastern side of the pass was not as steep as the climb up the western side, but the surface was slippery with melting snow and our bus skidded frequently. We had covered a distance of 70 km. crossing Chuebher Mountain.

Soon afterwards we saw a glacier descending like a silver dragon from the clouds into a round body of water which mirrored the pine-covered slopes. We had come to the spectacular Hsiniu glacier lake.

Where the Red Army Passed

We crossed the Yangong River and arrived at Kanteer county, where we stopped for several days. Kanteer in Tibetan means "white and beautiful" and reflects the grinding wheels with snow-capped mountains in the distance. Row upon row of flat-roofed Tibetan homes dotted with pots of chrysanthemums. The new streets are lined with two-storied red brick buildings roofed with grey tiles. Shade is provided by tall poplars. High-spirited Tibetan youths, knives at their belts, rode in on fine horses. At a shop selling specialties for the nationalities, Tibetans were wont to have their hair done in countless braids, were going in and out, their silver necklaces and hair ornaments jingling as they walked.

Thirty years ago the Long March added peerless glory to Kanteer. A contingent of the Red Army made its headquarters here on its way north. It was then that the seeds of revolution and unity were sown among the various nationalities. The Red Army helped the local Tibetan people to establish the Tibetan government, in which, for the first time in history, they became masters of their own affairs.

In the courtyard on an old street, I met the 46-year-old deputy head of a haing (a word for the leading members of an agricultural producers cooperative in the threshing of chingko. His father, a blacksmith, had been killed by reactionary serf-owners for helping the Red Army to buy grain and fodder. Two of the three leading members of the county government today are Tibetans.

We heard many stories about the unity and friendship that established between Han and Tibetan working people. Most moving was one telling how a number of seriously ill and wounded Red Army men had been left to the care of poor Tibetan serfs, and the long years of hardship they had shared. After Kanteer was liberated they organized themselves into agricultural co-operatives.

At the Hopa Agricultural Producers' Cooperative we were greeted by two old workmen with snow-capped mountains in the distance. Row upon row of flat-roofed Tibetan homes dotted with pots of chrysanthemums. The new streets are lined with two-storied red brick buildings roofed with grey tiles. Shade is provided by tall poplars. High-spirited Tibetan youths, knives at their belts, rode in on fine horses. At a shop selling specialties for the nationalities, Tibetans were wont to have their hair done in countless braids, were going in and out, their silver necklaces and hair ornaments jingling as they walked.

We rose to 4,000 metres and then made a quick 2,000-metre descent to Kangting, capital of the Kanteer Tibetan Autonomous Chou. Clouds hid the sheer peaks which surround the city, situated on either side of a jade-green river, fed by numerous bubbling springs around which the residential districts are built. The Tibetans here are noted for their songs and dances. In fact Kangting is sometimes called "the city adorned with folksongs." During the few days we were there, these lovely melodies constantly filled the air.

The words of one of the most popular go:

The sun rises in the east,
The snow-covered mountains reflect its golden rays.
It seems that Chairman Mao is asking,
"How are you getting along?"
With no words to answer.

We ask him just to look
At the red glow on our faces.

At the autonomous chou's school for training minority national cadres, most of the students are liberated serfs and slaves who have become cadres at basic levels —heads of haing, cooperative leaders and Party branch secretaries. Coming to the school from their jobs, they get further political and general education. The original grounds were vibrant with song.

Lhasa Is Close to Peking

From Kangting the highway continued on a downgrade to the Tatu River, then ran southwards along the western bank to a new steel bridge.

It was in this vicinity that the Red Army crossed to Lhasing in May 1935. At that time there was only an iron-chain bridge a short distance away, and as the people's
forces approached, the planks and built blockhouses on the banks. Under heavy fire, 22 heroic Red Army men crossed, clinging to the chains to rout the enemy at the bridgehead, opening the way for the Red Army’s advance. The old bridge has been preserved and with a deep sense of respect we got off the bus to look at it. Planks were laid over nine heavy iron chains, and two iron chains on either side served as railings. The bridge swayed as we stepped on it. Looking down at the roaring current in the deep gorge below, we marvelled at the revolutionary courage of the Red Army fighters. We could see above us and behind us and a group of red-shirted primary school children dashed on to the bridge, which began to sway violently. With schoolbags under one arm and the brooms with which they had just swept their classroom under the other, they charged forward as if in imitation of the Red Army.

Leaving the Tatu River we came to the Erlang Mountains, the last range on our trip. Here the weather is unpredictable, raining at one moment and snowing the next. The many twists and turn on the steep slopes make this section of the highway one of the most dangerous. But the Erlang range was lower than any of the 13 mountains we had already crossed.

As we wound our way along I remembered something I had been told. In the old days, the reactionaries had boasted they were going to build a highway from Erlian to Kangin. Local officials took this as an opportunity to rob the people and line their own pockets. Peasants were press-ganged to do the work and thousands died. At the end of ten years, a lorry was dragged and pushed up the mountain in what was called "a ceremony opening the highway to traffic". Then the lorry was taken apart and carried down the mountain again on the backs of yaks.

As we descended the eastern slope, the Chongu plain unrolled before us like a vast embroidery. The journey from Lhasa to Peking would have taken half a year in the past. By road and rail it is now only about two weeks and by plane a mere six hours. But Lhasa has become near to Peking not only because of the new communications line. More important is the smashing of the shackles of feudal servitude by the Tibetan labouring people, enabling them to advance rapidly along the socialist road at a pace approaching that of the other nationalities in our motherland.

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Support for the Just Struggle of the Vietnamese People

We Share Your Pride
The article "Mother and Son Reunited After Twelve Years of Struggle" clearly shows the ends to which want, poverty and helplessness can drive a man. It is true, the cruel, selfish capitalist society. It is an affront to the spirit of liberation led by great Arts of our times. Our struggle for liberation, is it that of the Vietnamese people. So you convinced us that under communism, every citizen is cared for. You are a very lucky people.

We simply congratulate the People’s Liberation Army for destroying the U.S. imperialists. We congratulate the government for the prompt and firm break of the monopoly of the U.S. and their imperialists. We are happy to share in your pride.

THOMAS H. RIDDLE and R. OHIOMA
Nakas, Jepop

'China' Means 'Word of Honour'
When I, a young Malian, hear the word 'China' I am all of a sudden I feel happy. It is as if a new breath of life has entered my body. Now I am going to ask you a question and if you do not know the answer you are not a good Malian. U.S. or China

Thanks for Support
I wish to express my deep gratitude and heartfelt greeting to the Chinese people and their government. For several months you have given all possible support to our people for their support to the people who are suffering under U.S. imperialism.

The articles in China Reconstructs about the progress in China during the last few years have aroused my particular attention. In the recent issues of your magazine, I have read about the advancement in the living standards of the people's communes. I was astonished by their progress and you very well know how the Chinese people do it.

 Everybody can see that China has advanced so much because she has a social system, a system which utilizes labor of the people to serve those people.

We, the people of Morocco, will not achieve peace unless we drive out the U.S. imperialists, who are plundering our land while we are in misery and unhappiness.

I was also impressed by the Chinese government statement which denounced the U.S. imperialist’s occupation of the Dominican Republic of Vietnam. I am sure that China will stand firmly side by side with the people of Vietnam in fighting against the U.S. imperialist barbarous acts of aggression.

MOUS MOURSA
Berriched, Morocco

Actions Speak Louder
Thanks to magazines like China Reconstructs and China Pictorial to get the growing number of western journalists and writers who have visited China and seen for themselves the great things that have happened, the ordinary Chinese people of the western world are beginning (despite the strong lobby for the anti-China anti-communist propaganda) that they have to learn the truth: the progress of the People’s Republic of China is a message to the world, a message to the world, a message to the world that anti-China anti-communist propaganda is a lie.

Our people have transformed the China of old, where the mass of the people lived in poverty and degradation and illiteracy at the mercy of landlords and corrupt officials, into a society where men are equal under the law, where no one is hungry, where all can look forward to security and prosperity, and where the knowledge that they are working for the common good, the Chinese people have worked hard and achieved much, and want only to live in peace and harmoniously.

Actions Speak Louder than Words

S. SKELLOUGH
Bratislava, U.K.

Articles Show Confidence
Even if I had no knowledge of the situation in Vietnam, and the mistakes and mishaps which were wrong in China, it would be obvious that something wonderful is happening, just by reading China Reconstructs. Apart from the pictures and stories themselves, there is a quality that is evident in every article. I think it is caused by a deep confidence and pride that is shared by all. Perhaps this is more evident to the authors, but I am certain it is shared by everyone. The struggle for liberation was a long and difficult one, and this reward and every other reward that will be realized. is Meaure, U.S.A.

A READER

Socialism, the Only Hope
We receive your monthly magazine with joy. It is only through this magazine that we are able to know the real progress of the great Chinese revolution.

The program achieved during the last few years by the People’s Republic of China shows the world that socialism is the only hope for a better life, and that if we abandon revolution and imperialism, socialism will bury capitalism for ever.

OSCAR NAVA LOPEZ
Mexico, D.F., Mexico

Continue Fighting!
Through your magazine we know your magazine, which shows a very simple and convincing way for your country, its great spirit of work and fighting.

I admire all your successes and prog- ress you have made not only for yourself but also for the whole world that awaits so much from your efforts.

SECTOR CACIPO C.
Medellin, Colombia

Exportation Clearly Showed
'The Road to Complete Economic Independence' and 'The Afro-Asian economic development is and the struggle to break imperialists and their lackeys. Therefore I admire very much the magazine of public and especially the writ- ers for China Reconstructs for laying down a clear picture of the imperialist exploitation of the economies of the African, Asian and Latin American countries.

HASSAN HERSI WARFA
Hargeisa, Somalia

U.S. Will Be Defeated
The Vietnamese students say "Victory Is Ours! U.S. Aggressors Will Be Defeated!" and I think the whole world shouts that U.S. aggressors will be de- feated. It is really true and will be so very soon.

V. JEE TUN

Triest, Mauritius

I am very grateful to the people of south Vietnam who are fighting for their right to live as a separate entity of all of us in Africa. Asia and Latin America. We are fighting against the imperialists in south Vietnam who have bombs, tanks and planes, but I am only 16 years of age. I am ready to fight to the very end if we are needed. We are even fight- ing the same war here in Africa.

ABDULAI ARBI
Bungoma, Kenya

Common People Have a Voice
I enjoyed the article "Farmers Develop Advanced Method"; it was well written and informative. But the thing I found most wonderful was that the common people have a voice that can be heard all over the world. I galvanized some of the es- sayists about the new way of life. This is very important. The article by Anna Louise Strong in the same issue was excellent. The new China shows U.S. imperialism and exposed it in all of its hopeless falsehood. The source of the comment made by the U.S. press, no less, were great! A READER

California, U.S.A.