Artists and Writers Take New Steps

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

Both subject matter and techniques of expression have attained higher levels and new characteristics in the case of China’s traditional arts, a breakthrough has been made in the centuries-old rules and conventions which depleted feudal life, and new styles have been created to express contemporary life. The warm welcome given them by the people is proof that the old arts have gained a new vitality. China Reconstructs over the past two years has reported this development. Two more examples, “Singing Today’s Songs” (p. 7) and “Laughing Away Old Ideas” (p. 5) are included in this issue.

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

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

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

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

These young writers are entirely different from those of the older generation. They place their tasks as workers, peasants and soldiers first, and their literary activity second. They have matured in the socialist revolution and the struggle to build a socialist society. They have studied thoroughly Chairman Mao’s teachings and are striving to apply them. In the same way that they know why they are growing grain, making steel or training for combat, these young people know why they write: to serve the workers, peasants and soldiers, to promote socialist construction and complete the socialist revolution, to clear away the influence of the culture of the exploiting classes among the masses and to strengthen the position of socialist thinking and culture. These aims show clearly in every form, novels, short stories, plays, poems, haic ha (verses related to the rhythm of clappers), folk ballads or scripts for storytelling.

**Why They Write**

Chi Ping, one of these new writers, is an officer in the Chinese navy. While he was a gunner on a battleship, he wrote an article praising his boatswain and sent it to a newspaper. When it was published, Chi’s mates, delighted to read a story about their own ship, were moved to take better care of it. This made Chi Ping realize more deeply what Chairman Mao meant when he said that art and literature are powerful weapons for unifying and educating the people and for attacking and destroying the enemy, that they are a “component part of the whole revolutionary machine”. Eager to have the things which impressed him inspire other people, Chi has written many more stories. One of the best known is “Stormy Seas” (see p. 39).

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

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

This story aroused great attention in the literature world. Asked why he wrote it, Liu said, “In the countryside today there are many young people like me in positions of responsibility. I want them to know, through the vivid medium of fiction, who our friends are, who our enemies are, whom we should rely, with whom we should unite. I also wanted Uncle Yin to be an example for all peasants.”

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

**A New Breed**

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

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

Today’s amateur writers know life as participants rather than observers. Some of them are taking the lead in remaking society. They can and do draw on their own experiences and can write with great understanding about our people’s fast-changing life and spiritual outlook. They are able to imbue their works with the enthusiasm and breadth of life. They know well the heroes of whom they write, what they do and why. Even more important, their thorough familiar—

**Life Is the Source**

“Stormy Seas” is based on an actual incident on a ship on which Chi Ping was serving. The character of Flotilla Commander Yin is drawn from his captain, who one night when visibility was poor had insisted that the assistant navigator bring the ship into harbour. Chi Ping had thought the captain was being too hard on the man, and afterward asked him about it. “If I didn’t make high demands on him,” the captain replied, “I would never have been decorated three times for service in the War of Liberation. I’m afraid he will find himself unable to handle a tight situation in battle.”
Mending a Cooking Pot praises a boy and girl who have graduated from middle school and returned to their village to become commune members. They have great love for ordinary labour. Not only do they understand that in the new society no work is higher or lower than any other, but through their own actions they try to help people discard the old attitude of dividing work into casts. So the boy becomes a pot mender. They have not told the girl’s mother, Aunt Liu, that they are in love because she looks down on this trade and wants her daughter to find someone who makes “big contributions”. Aunt Liu herself is devoted to the collective and does good work as the production team’s pig raiser. One day the pot she uses in cooking pig feed leaks and it has to be mended at once. As chance would have it, the mender gets turns out to be her daughter’s boy friend. In the humorous dialogue that follows, she is manoeuvred into seeing that “you cannot run life without pot menders” and that she has been wrong in looking down on this trade.

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

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

Even though our society is rapidly building socialism today, there are still people who remain in some ways backward in their thinking and behaviour. This is understandable. The problem of stage art is to help the audience, through giving them examples of people advanced in their thinking, to see that old feudal, individualist and capitalist ideas are incompatible with socialism and must be eliminated.

By combining the artistic exaggeration of traditional comedy with the special Flower Drum opera feature of dancing while singing, we make such backward thinking look extremely ridiculous when put side by side with advanced thinking. Thus, while the audience enjoys a good opera and roars with laughter, at the same time it is receiving socialist education. They laugh with admiration at Tsai Chiu for taming the shrewish and selfish Lin Shih-niang and protecting collective interest; they laugh with delight, along with Aunt Liu, as they say goodbye to the bad idea of segregating workers into high and low casts.

What the Peasants Like

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

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

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

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

This short folk opera attracts a large peasant audience.

Singing Today’s Songs

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

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

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

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

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

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

The present troupe, the first to play the new folk opera form, was founded in 1962 in the Tali Pai Autonomous County in Yunnan province. Today it regularly tours the region, bringing the very popular new themes to Pali people in the most remote mountains.
I had long wanted to go to South Vietnam and witness with my own eyes the stirring struggle of this heroic people to drive the U.S. aggressors out of their country. This wish was fulfilled in January last year when I went with a group of Chinese newsmen to spend 12 months in South Vietnam. I travelled through five provinces, making my way over the central mountains and the southern plains along supply trails deep in the jungles where the foliage blotted out the sky, at the front where gunfire roared like thunder, in villages within sight of enemy positions, in rear bases in the vast liberated areas. Inspired, impressed and moved, I filmed scenes of the people's valiant struggle.

At the Front

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I saw a 68-year-old mother sitting by the dead body of her daughter, cursing and screaming at the American air bandits. "You god-damn dogs, you filthy murderers! You don't dare to come down here on the ground where we can get you. Her son and step-children were both in the army and she was a member of the Association of Fighters' Mothers. With clenched teeth and angry tears, she told her neighbours, "My husband was killed by the French imperialists. Now the American butchers have murdered my daughter! Ha! They think their bombs will terrify me. But I know even the bombs can scare me! As long as there is a breath of life left in me, I'll fight the Yankees to the death!"

While the enemy was retreating from Viet An in Quang Nam province, they killed two young people of the guerrilla army. They chopped the girl into three pieces and pushed a knife into the throat of the boy to make sure he was dead. Blood flowed down the knife handle, the young man defied his oppressors and said, "Down with U.S. imperialism!"

In south Vietnam, countless people have saved the home and army and the guerrillas out of an undying hatred for this enemy invading their country and killing their loved ones. In Ky Long, Quang Nam province, I interviewed Le Thi Hoc, 21-year-old second in command of a guerrilla unit.

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

Another guerrilla leader is 24-year-old Luong Tho, a farmer. Frenzied slaughter by the enemy in his home village made him take up arms. Last year he alone killed 80 American and puppet troops.

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

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

One Heart and Mind

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

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

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

A tunnel entrance.

Kho Chi

The author (right) prepares in film the make-up of point-tipped arrows for use against the U.S. invaders.

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

The Drive for High Yields

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

The first necessity was more fertilizer. The problem was to find the best kind for alkaline soil. The men reviewed the high-yield experiments they had made on small plots. Veteran Party member Chang Li-chien had been working extra hours for several years collecting animal dung on the desert and spreading it on a plot where not even a blade of grass would grow before. Now the plot was producing high yields of wheat. Men of the Third Company had succeeded in improving their soil which was highly alkaline and full of clods by ploughing in wheat straw, cattle and horse dung. They learned that both animal and green manure were acid and therefore neutralized the alkali, while the organic matter contained broke up the soil.

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

What grain would grow best? The men made comparative experiments. They tried maize, kao-liang and other high-yield crops and failed. But their wheat, generally regarded as low-yielding, had been making records on small plots, reaching as high as 4.2 tons per hectare. Why? The men knew that when alkaline land is exposed to the sun, the underground water rises and brings the crop-killing alkali to the surface. Their kao-liang and maize had to be sown thinly in wide rows, exposing more ground area to the sun. Wheat, on the other hand, was planted closely, shading more soil, and the alkali did not rise. With enough fertilizer and careful management, high yield was assured. When experiments over larger areas gave the same results, the Party committee decided to make wheat the farm's main crop.

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

CHINA RESTRUCTS

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


Anna Louise Strong, unrivaled among America's progressive journalists in the scope and length of her writing career, has been reporting China for forty years. In the preface to a new six-volume selection of these writings which begins with China's Millions, first published in 1928, she says: I first saw China in late 1923 precisely half my lifetime ago. I have made six visits in all, choosing times when some revolutionary change seemed important and also possible to see. In 1928 it was warlord China. . . . Two years later, in 1927, I went up the Yangtze River from Shanghai to see the revolutionary government in Wu-han. I remained in Wu-han as its government ceased to be revolutionary and began suppressing workers and peasants . . . I also journeyed south into Hunan where the revolution had been "reddest" and had been going in what the stories of it, told even by its enemies, testified to the power and nature of the new forces arising in China among workers and peasants.

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

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

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

And she stingingly affirmed her faith in the risen masses.

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

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

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

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

BY ELSIE CHADWICK, JUNE 1966

Books by Anna Louise Strong

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

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

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

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

—Elsie Chadwicky

AFTER THE EARTHQUAKES

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

Only ten minutes after the first shock at 5.29 a.m. on March 8, doctors from the commune hospitals in Hsingtai, many having just crawled out of their own collapsing homes, were already attending to the injured. Soon afterward a unit of the People's Liberation Army stationed nearby arrived. Its members made up the bulk of the personnel in the rescue and relief operations. They set up field hospitals, erected temporary shelters for the homeless, and dug for clothing and grain buried beneath collapsed buildings.

Help from the Army

The army engineering corps worked round-the-clock to repair damaged roads; its transport teams rapidly brought in food and other supplies. Often when their trucks were unable to proceed to a village because a bridge had collapsed, the soldiers would carry the sacks of food and medicines the rest of the way on their backs at a run. They stayed at their tasks even though many of them were on their feet for 30 hours.

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

As soon as word of the earthquake reached Peking, a joint command was set up to coordinate all relief operations. The national commerce, communications and transport, health and other departments sent personnel to help. Relief and medical teams came from Peking and other localities in the province. Medicine and medical equipment, food, tents, building materials, cooking utensils, communications equipment and other needed supplies were rushed in by air, rail and road, much of it from as far away as Peking, 500 kilometres off, and Shanghai and northeast China, 1,000 km. distant.

Many Bethunes

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

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

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

Production Must Go On!

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

In the more lightly-hit areas farm work did not stop. Even at the epicentre, only a few days after the quake commune members began to sound the bells for going to the fields. Everywhere on the wall-newspaper blackboards along the village streets they wrote the words Chairman Mao had spoken about the Chinese people in 1943 at the final stage of the war against Japanese aggression: “Resolute and unafraid of sacrifice, they will surmount every difficulty to win victory.” One of several slogans painted in huge characters on the walls read, “Let's Rely on Ourselves to Rebuild Our Homes.”
Earthquakes

Visitors arriving four days after the March 23 quake at the Hsing-tai district's Peifeng brigade, which they had heard had been seriously hit, were astonished to meet the brigade members in high spirits pushing carts of manure to the fields. The motors on the irrigation pumps were humming and water was flowing into the plots of young wheat. The sound of children's singing came from the school building.

Though many of the homes stood in ruins, most of these families had already built temporary dwellings out of kaoliang stalks and mud. The visitors learned later that Peifeng was not unusual in its quick recovery.

Being Prepared

After the first earthquake struck the neighbouring county, geologists warned that further shocks might follow. The nearby communes alerted their brigades. Peifeng's leaders worked out a series of measures for preventing or minimizing losses. The 800 villagers were organized into groups headed by brigade leaders and members of the Communist Party and the Communist Youth League. In the event of an emergency, their job was to warn everyone in their groups and see that they got out of their houses, got the stock out of the sheds, and reassembled at an assigned place where special stocks of supplies had been laid up.

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

With these preparations, even though the March 23 shock was more violent than that of March 8 and many buildings were seriously damaged, everyone was led to safety in time and not a single person or animal was killed.

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

Earquakes Recorded in Chinese History

Records of earthquakes: China possesses some of the earliest and richest records on earthquakes in the world. The earliest earthquake noted in ancient chronicles occurred in the 8th year of the reign of Chin Shao-Wang (around 1185 B.C.). More than 8,000 earthquakes are mentioned from the 12th century B.C. to the present in government histories, local chronicles and writings by individuals.

Detection of earthquakes: The Chinese people learned to detect earthquakes through seismographic phenomena as early as the Han dynasty (206 B.C.-A.D. 220).

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

Values of records: Study of ancient records shows that areas described as being affected by earthquakes—such as the western part of Kansu, Yunnan, Shansi and Shantung provinces—basically accord with China's stratigraphical structure.

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

Three New World Records

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

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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>New World Record</th>
<th>Old World Record</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Press</td>
<td>128.5 kg</td>
<td>128 kg</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snatch</td>
<td>124 kg</td>
<td>123.5 kg</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clean and jerk</td>
<td>153.5 kg</td>
<td>153 kg</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

With these performances Chinese weight-lifters now claim 9 of the 28 listed world records. The other two are 149 kg. for the middleweight press and 115 kg. for the bantamweight snatch.

Chen Man-lin, who established the new press figure, comes from Kwantun province. Aged 24, he has made "hop, step and jump" progress since qualifying as Sportsman First Class in 1954, his first year of serious training. In February 1965, he broke the then official world bantamweight press record with 118 kg. Last winter he undertook a rigorous training programme as a featherweight. At the March meeting he lifted the barbells with steady movements and, at the referee's signal, hoisted them smoothly above his head.

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

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

SU KUANG

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

Not long after we arrived, an old commune member died. In the past, families had observed the superstitious custom of asking paper craftsmen to make "soul-leading streamers", "golden pagodas" and "silver pagodas" for the dead. We instead helped the family to have a new kind of funeral. We painted a portrait of the old man, made a wreath of paper flowers, wrote couplets in large ink-brush characters praising his good qualities and hung them in the room where we held a memorial meeting. The villagers thought this a good way, both respectful and economical. After that the old-style funeral lost favour.

Service for Every Home

Seeing we wanted to help, the villagers asked us to do more and more things for them. During the Spring Festival they liked to make brightly-coloured paper-cuts and small woodblock paintings called "window flowers" which they pasted on the paper windows for decoration. Old-style ones usually had a tinge of superstition. Now the commune members asked us to design new ones. So, working for several nights in a row, we made up a series of woodblock "window flowers" on the new people of the countryside—tractor drivers, members of scientific experimentation teams, work-point recorders and the militia. We also wrote 300 new couplets on red paper scrolls for pasting on doors and walls for the festival. All of these praised the rising production in the commune and the revolutionary spirit displayed by the members in their vigorous determination to build a new China.

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

Soon after the festival, it was time to prepare for spring ploughing. We painted lantern slides showing how the nationally famous Tachai production brigade, in the province, had, by its own efforts terraced bare hillsides into fertile fields producing excellent harvests. When our own ploughing actually started, we painted another set of slides in praise of the Nos. 6 and 9 production brigades in the brigade. These also had rich harvests. We displayed these slides and portraits of the leaders. The brigade's chairman vowed that they also could "get on the slide".

Training Class Set Up

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

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

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

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

Presenting New Themes

With the old artists we tried out some new ideas in the home of Chia Pei-tang. On the wall above the brick stove next to the long, we painted a large picture of a woman dressmaking at home. This had as its theme thrift. On the three walls around the bed we painted five smaller scenes depicting production—agriculture, forestry, animal husbandry, fisheries and sideline occupations. Two to three hundred people streamed in and out every day to watch. When we had finished, Chia Pei-tang's wife bought a sheet of transparent plastic to cover the large painting so it would not get blackened by smoke. The old painters were greatly moved to find the new "round-the-bed" paintings so much appreciated. Each made a copy and then they painted them for a dozen more homes nearby. Our other students, after returning to their own villages, also created new wall and "round-the-bed" paintings. Now they are being gradually introduced into other parts of north Shansi.

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

Harvest Scenes in Chinese Painting

A Good Cotton Harvest

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

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

Nothing but Service

As a socialist enterprise, the Pe-
king transport system has as its
aim service to the public, rather
than profit. The manager of the Pe-
king Bus Company told me that the
needs of production and the con-
venience of the public govern
the general operation of the lines,
opening new routes, choosing sites
for stops, allocating the number of
buses, determining fares and spec-
ifying duties for the drivers and
conductors.

The management keeps a close
watch on changes in the city’s in-
dustrial and residential pattern and
in the flow of passengers. It con-
tantly collects opinions from the
public. Hanging in every bus is a
small “suggestion book” where
riders write their comments. These
are carefully analyzed, along with
letters sent in.

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

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

“Here’s a wonderful!” one of them
was heard to exclaim. “There’s a
bus waiting for us when we get
out of the plant.”

In another instance, a super-
vvisor asked the No. 15 line to
choose passengers on a route for their
opinions. One of them said he
knew of twenty people who had
to walk a long distance from North
Talinghuang to Hanchshehau in-
side the city wall in order to take
the earliest trolleybus from there
because the line outside the wall
did not start operating early
enough. The next morning the
supervisor jumped on his bicycle
and waited at the Hanchshehau
stop to question these people. They
told him that if they waited for
the first bus to leave North Tai-
linghuang, they would arrive ten
minutes late for work. They had
not thought that the bus company
would change its schedule for so
few people, so they had simply
been getting up earlier and walk-
ing. Now the first suburban bus
begins its day ten minutes earlier.
Since the beginning of 1965 such
early and late runs were opened
on 22 lines.

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

What the Public Wants

More than 100 stops have been
readjusted or combined. What hap-
pened on the No. 20 line illustrates
the consideration given the wishes
of the riders. To speed service,
some stops were eliminated. One
of these was at the Temple of
Heaven Park, as this spot is also
service for the No. 15 line. Many
riders on the No. 20 complained
that they had to walk far to the park, and there was no convenient transfer-point for tak-
ing the No. 15. It was also found
that the No. 15 could not handle
all the traffic, so the Temple of
Heaven stop was restored on the No.
20 line.

At places where a great many
people get on, as at the Shihching-
shan Steel Mill and the Changchun-
tien Locomotive Works in two
outlying areas, and where passen-
gers need special care, as at the
Factory for the Blind at Nan-
taiyuan, the bus routes now run
right through the factory grounds.

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

The Conductor’s Role

“We’ll go to a lot of trouble to
save a little trouble for the riders”
is the slogan of the transport work-
ers. During rush hours they do
their best to get as many people
as possible. Riders always
tend to stay near the door they
have entered, but are kept mov-
ing by the cheery call, “Comrades,
please move to the center so that
more people can get on.”

Conductors are very conscien-
tious about finding seats for ex-
pectant mothers and elderly per-
sons. Route No. 14 passes a school
for the deaf, so conductor Chang
Hsu-yan learned their deaf al-
phabet in her spare time. Once
she noticed that a deaf-mute
senger did not get off at his usual
stop. Afraid that he might not
have noticed, she asked him about
it, but learned that on that even-
ing he was not going home but to
the cinema.

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

They often make this information
into little jingles for easier remem-
bering. The expression “She’s a
regular ‘walking map’” is often
heard in praise of an alert con-
ductress.

Fares Going Down

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

Peking’s
Transport System

CHOU KUO-HUA
SMALL PLANTS PLAY A BIG ROLE

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

For the production of nitrogen fertilizer, ten large enterprises (each with an annual capacity of 300,000 tons of synthetic ammonia) and over fifty small and medium-sized plants (800 to 5,000 tons annual capacity) have been set up. For iron and steel we have both big modern combines like those in Anshan, Wuhan and Paoqiu, and small and medium-sized works producing from scores to hundreds of thousands of tons of pig iron annually. While constructing large coal mines, machine-building works and cement plants, we have also opened many small coal mines and built a large number of small machine factories and cement plants. The latter two are found in almost all provinces and autonomous regions.

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

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

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

Smaller plants have many advantages over the large ones. They take less capital and less time to build, and bring faster results, in line with the principle of "doing more with less money". They do not require very complicated equipment. Finding sites for them and constructing them do not present great difficulties. A large nitrogen fertilizer plant needs a 25,000-kilowatt power supply, a good source of water and should be located on a railway. But a small plant which can produce an annual 2,000 tons of synthetic ammonia needs only a 3,000-kw. power supply, can use water from an ordinary river and can truck its products out over an average highway. Local authorities have been able to build a great number of such small and medium-sized factories with their own capital and technical force.

Rises Productive Capacity: Small and medium-sized factories are accounting for an ever-larger proportion of production in many branches of industry. During the First Five-Year Plan, most of our chemical fertilizer was made in a few large plants. Since 1957 seven more large nitrogen fertilizer plants have been completed and many small and medium-sized plants for both it and phosphate fertilizer have been built. The national output of chemical fertilizer has risen rapidly, chiefly because of these smaller plants. They now account for 40 per cent of the total output. About 60 per cent of the nation's coal comes from mines of small and medium size; 70 per cent of her cement is made in similar plants.

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

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

Quicker Returns: Faster construction and earlier production bring earlier returns on investments. Thus the smaller plants can accumulate capital which can be used for further industrial development. Factories built by the city of Wuhan, for example, in the past five years have repaid the original 30 million yuan investment and turned an additional 110 million yuan over to the national government. The capital accumulated by the Shanghai-built enterprises in the past seven years is six times that of the original investment.

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

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

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

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

Support for Agriculture: As the leading factor in the national economy, industry's task is to bring about the technical transformation of all sectors of the economy, especially agriculture. The large factories make up the main force for supporting agriculture, while the small and medium-sized units act as "local forces" and are most effective as "shock brigades". The big plants supply the farms with such equipment as tractors, trucks and combines. But it is from the smaller units that the host of lesser tools come.
Breeding Fresh-water Fish

TU HSUEH-HAO

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

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

The Old Theory

These four fish reach maturity in 3 or 4 years instead of 7 or 8 years as in the case of salmon or trout. They adapt themselves well to different environments and thrive in both north and south China. Because they live at different levels in the water and feed on different kinds of food, they have been raised together in the same ponds, though they spawn only in the fast-flowing rivers at flood time. Raising these fish was first recorded in the seventh century. Since that time at least, ponds were kept supplied with fry caught in the middle reaches of the Yangtze or in the West River near Canton.

It was believed that while these fish could be raised in ponds, they could not be multiplied. In 1951 scientists began to search for ways to induce spawning and artificial propagation. Their method was limited to adults of fish from the river, injecting the female with gonad stimulants and removing the eggs. But they failed to get them fertilized.

Scientists Work with Fishermen

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

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

Spreading the Technique

That summer the South Sea Institute was receiving people from many parts of the country who had come to learn the technique. Within the province, the aquatic products department organized special classes and began training 300 people from state fish hatcheries and commune fish farms. With these as centers, the technique was quickly spread to the communes, brigades and teams. Aquatic research workers in Kiangsu, Chekiang and Hopeh provinces helped to perfect the technique and the theory of artificial propagation through practice. Both artificial fertilization and natural propagation in ponds became successful.

Training classes have been organized in many parts of the country. Fish hatcheries have been established so far in 31 provinces and Peking and Shanghai. These supply young fish of high quality and low price and at the same time publicize the advantages of raising fish locally. In the chief fresh-water fish raising areas of Kwangtung and Chekiang provinces, the techniques have been mastered by great numbers of commune members. Four-fifths of the fish they breed reach maturity. 70 per cent of the females spawn and 80 per cent of the eggs hatch. Since the first experiments in artificial propagation succeeded in 1958, the number of fry produced annually has reached hundreds of millions.

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

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

Reworded Translation

The flowers in the basket are fragrant.

Listen to me sing a song, sing a song.

Come to Nanniwun,

Nanniwun is so beautiful, a beautiful place.

Beautiful place and beautiful scenery,

Crops are growing everywhere,

Cattle and sheep graze on the land.

Yesterday's Nanniwun,

Was nothing but a barren mountain, where no man lived.

Today's Nanniwun,

Is no longer the same, no longer the same.

Today's Nanniwun,

No longer has the old look,

It is North Shen's Jiangnan.

Explanatory Notes

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

2. To show that an action continues for a short while, a verb is repeated with the word yī in between, e.g., chīng yī chīng dīng (to sing), kān yī kān dīng (to look).

3. Wáng (Pā) means "before," or, in Wáng (Pā) de Nánwén (Nánwén de Nánwén) (the past) de Nánwén, is the past tense, yī de Nánwén (Pā) de Nánwén (the present) de Nánwén, is the present tense. Yī de Nánwén (Pā) de Nánwén (the future) de Nánwén, is the future tense.

4. Lái (Pā) means "to come." In lai dīng hǎi hǎi fēngyún, the verb is used to express how the subject carries no meaning but is used purely for stylistic purposes.

5. Jílún (Pā) de de de mei de "the area south of the Yangtze River" (jílún de de mei de "river" and nán de de mei de "south"). It is one of the richest areas in China.

A Simple Key to Pronunciation

Consomer; b, c (pā), d, f, g, h, j (as in lipp), l, m, n, r, s (as in press), t (as in clock), w (as in moon), q, t, x (as in ship), y, z (as in ship), zh (as in rich), ch (as in chew), sh (as in sleek). The last three are pronounced with the tip of the tongue curved back.

Vowels: a (as in farther), o (as in bone), i (as in light), e (as in German). After j, q, and x, as pronounced as in English.

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

A fuller key to pronunciation of the phonetic alphabet used in this column may be obtained on application to China Reprints.
the last few years have we begun to fill in the gap and obtain more information on both groups.

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

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

Although the Pterosaur could fly, it was not a bird. It had no feathers, and the wings were formed by membranes between the extended forelimbs and the body. These wings, unlike those of the flying mammal of today, the bat, were not supported by a skeleton. From their structure we can conclude that the Pterosaur was not a good flyer and could only glide.

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

The Giant Rhinoceros

The giant rhinoceros thrived on the continents of Asia and Europe around 50 million years ago. It stood as high as five metres at the shoulders, twice the height of an elephant, making it the largest of all land mammals. Unlike the rhinoceros of today, its neck and limbs were quite long. The head was small and bony. But while many giant rhinoceros fossils had previously been discovered, there were none that might be those of its ancestor. It was hard, therefore, to get a clear picture of the animal's evolution.

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

The Lightest Plane in the World

Dear Friends,

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

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

The model plane contest was held in the Children's Palace. There were 33 boys and girls taking part, some my age, some already in middle school. A reporter from the Chinese Children's Newspaper came over to talk with us. A chubby boy next to me said, 'I made this plane not just for fun or for the contest. I want to learn about aviation so I can be a pilot and defend the country.' A tall boy with glasses said, 'I can't be a pilot with these glasses. But I'm going to make planes when I grow up.' Everybody laughed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The normal approach of a weaver to his work is to concentrate on the cloth face. He looks out for and tries to mend broken threads, watches the warp beam and raises a red signal if the machine is not functioning properly. Chou So-kuei's approach is just the opposite. He concentrates on the loom itself, constantly checking to anticipate breakdowns. Sometimes he fixes his gaze on a certain moving part; sometimes he puts his ear to the machine, listening like a doctor to the heartbeat of a patient; sometimes he puts his hands on the machine to see if its "pulse" is normal. While giving his main attention to the running of the loom, he can still tie up broken ends.

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

Early Days

Chou So-kuei went to work in the Shihchiachuang mill as a lad in 1917 in 1954 on the recommendation of the local people's government. He was enthralled by the sight of the bright, spacious new workshops with their rows of spinning and weaving machines. The thought that he would learn to work them thrilled him.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

New Starting Point

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

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

When Chou So-kuei told his co-workers of his resolve to know his machine inside out, there were some who said, "That is not our business. Our work is to produce cloth." Others said, "We've got the repairmen. It's their job to put the loom in order. What's the good of our worrying about it?"

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

"Am I really setting my sights too high?" Chou So-kuei asked himself when he heard these opinions. "Weavers have worked the same way for a long time, he told himself. It's only natural that such a change is proposed especially some should be against it. But there were others, he remembered, who had told him, 'It's a right move, So-kuei. Go ahead and see what you can do. And Chou Kuo-feng, the workshop Communist Party secretary, had also given him encouragement. "It doesn't matter if there are differences of opinion, Convince the others with facts. Now we workers are liberally enthralled by the red signal released from a cage. If we learn the working of the machine, we'll be like tigers with wings!"

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

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

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

FANG CHI

China Reconstructs

June 1956

The shop in the Shihchiachuang mill where Chou So-kuei works.
If a breakdown occurred, he arranged his work so that he could watch the repair being made. Set on learning every detail, he followed the repairman as he came off shift. Watching intently, his mind was always at work when he saw ways to prevent breakdowns.

The Laws of Breakdowns

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

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

His problem now was to anticipate breakdowns caused by malfunctioning of parts hidden from view. One day the workers were listening to a report about a battle fought in the war of liberation. The speaker described how an experienced commander could tell exactly what arms the enemy was using by listening to the whine of the bullets and sound of the artillery. Chou So-kuei was so excited he almost jumped up to shout, "Yes, that’s right. Train voice hearing." And that was what he started to do back in the shop until finally his ears were as sensitive as a doctor’s stethoscope. Now in the midst of the racket of thousands of wheels, he could detect the slightest change in sound of a moving part and identify its cause. He supplements what he learns through his ears and eyes by what he feels with his hands. From the vibrations of a machine he has trained himself to detect troubles as much as a doctor of Chinese traditional medicine diagnoses what ails his patients by feeling their pulse.

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

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

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

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

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

Yang had been his messenger during the war. He knew that the scar was the cause of the perpetual frown. The test or any other he was really displeased was not the frown but the scar. When that tale turned it had shrewdly guessed that the commander was in a fury. Only Yang and the commander’s wife knew this.

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

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

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

The next thing he knew—he couldn’t tell how long he’d been sleeping—someone was calling him: "Assistant Captain, get up."
Abruptly sitting erect, he reached for his cap. "Any emergency?" he queried automatically.

"No." Yang retracted the hand he had extended for the cap and rubbed his eyes. He glanced at the man standing before him who was Chiang Shih-tao, the assistant navigator.

"What's up?" he asked.

"The flotilla commander wants you."

"I'm Captain Kao topside?" he asked.

"He is...

"Any ideas what the commander wants?"

Chiang spread his hands and shook his head.

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

When Yang pulled open the heavy rubber raincoat, he was nearly blinded by the whipped phosphorescent foam into the cockpits. Waves spattered spray and asked, "Where are we heading in this high sea?"

"Shipwreck Rock."

Another gust covered them with spray, but Yang, shivering, admired his raincoat. Both hands gripping the rail outside the cabin, he marked the way across the slippery deck to the bridge.

It was very quiet on the bridge.

The noise of the wind and waves was almost drowned by a large plate-glass window in front. To the left was a chart table with a canvas evening that made the deck look rather like a jeep. A large nautical map was spread over the whole table. An adjustable shaded spotlight was focused down upon the chart so that the two men looking over it could not see clearly.

Yang didn't need to see them. He knew who they were. The tall powerful man on the far side of the table was Captain Kao, famed for his "iron voice." At one thunderous shout from him the whole bridge rattled. The other man was Flotilla Commander Yen Ming. Kao's respected chief for many years. Yang looked positively frighten right at the burly Kao. But oddly enough, in spite of the gruffling half month they had just put in at sea, rigorous days that made Kao's voice go hoarse and thinned his face, the flotilla commander, who had been busier than any of them, looked as spruce as ever.

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

"You've sent for me, Commander?"

Yen nodded. "Have a good sleep?"

"Pretty good."

"What do you think of this training cruise?"

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

"Not bad at all," the commander exclaimed warmly. "The commander had a lot in half a month, more than three months' practice in port would have given him, wouldn't they?"

Yen nodded.

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

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

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

"No."

"Have you tried to guess?"

"No."

"Well, try."

"I've no idea."

"Haven't you, really?" The commander glanced at him with studied impassiveness. Yang's face suddenly burned. Fortunately it wasn't very light on the bridge, so his reaction was not visible. "Do you want to test my patience?"

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

"Right now?"

"Right now. The commander pointed at the black void beyond the plate-glass window. "Aboard Shipwreck Rock, take command."

"Me?"

"Right. I'll give it a try with you and the captain here supervising."

Yen returned his calm with an effort.

"I didn't say anything about trying. This is a test of ability. What kind of test would it be if the captain and I stood by to supervise?"

"The commander looked at the silent Yang. "What's the matter? Don't you dare?"

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

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

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

Yang clattered down the iron stairs.

Yang looked at young Chiang.

"Who'll be the navigation officer?"

"Resting."

"And the navigator?"

"He's resting too."

"Then who'll chart the course?"

Yang asked, perturbed.

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

While his fate was being planned, you were fast asleep. Yang berated himself mentally. He should have known. The commander was always probing the soft spots. Four days ago, when Yang quit being a cowherd and put on his military uniform for the first time, Yen Ming was his army battalion leader. One dark night—just as dark as an urgent message had to be delivered to a commanded post twenty miles away. There were five other experienced messengers available, but Yang had picked him.

"Don't you dare! That day you didn't dare to go up to me, leaving me equally flabbergasted.

Marching, battling, flying bullets were everyday affairs then. You had to act fast, learn fast. Yang had given him his own automatic, and Yang had slipped through three enemy blockade lines and delivered the message in time. He had been conscious of this moment and had chosen Yang.

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

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

"What's the matter?"

"It's a tough assignment."

"Scared?"

Yang swallowed back the exodus of water on his lips. Wrenching his gaze away, he blurted, for want of something better, "We're nearing Shipwreck Rock."

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

There was no way out to Chiang, who was helping to chart his navigator's instruments. Yang said, "It's a dark night and the sea are high. Pretty soon well have a storm to add to the festivities. What's more, we have to run a complicated course. It's a big responsibility. The least little mistake and we'll be in very serious trouble."

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

The warship plunged on through the waves. Soon Chiang, who was busy setting the watch, announced, "We've entered Shipwreck Rock Channel."

"Right."

"Out of force of habit, Yang turned to the commander.

"Shall we increase our speed?"

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

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

"Three revolutions on both engines."

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

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

"I am."

"What is that of the chief of the wheel-house crew?"

"What are you dreaming about?"

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

"I'm sorry."

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

"Stay on your toes."

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

"Right. Three revolutions on both engines."

Bells rang and the voice from below repeated: "Up these on both."

The warship sped towards Shipwreck Rock.

After leaving the bridge, Commander Yang went over to inspect every post from stern to bow. We're approaching Shipwreck Rock," he reminded the bow lookout. "Keep alert. If you see anything unusual, report it at once."

He went to his cabin, turned on his desk light and removed his raincoat. Sitting down in an easy chair, he closed his eyes and fell asleep.

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

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

Originally known as Wolf Tooth Rock, Shipwreck Rock wasn't very conspicuous even on large navigational charts. Were it an ordinary obstacle, you could simply detour around it. The sea was big enough. The problem was that it was right in the middle of the navigation lane. If you passed it too close, you were liable to hit it. If you swung far on either side, you were aground on the shoals. And you had to pass it fast. Travelling against the current, if your ship didn't advance at a rapid speed, it would swamp back.

Year after year, more shipwrecks were noted on the navigational charts, and these marks made the narrow passage narrower still, the dangers to navigation more acute. Shipmasters preferred going miles out of their way to avoid the rock. One old foreign captain, a man with years of experience, decided he would take the risk. He started well enough, but as he drew closer and closer to the huge jagged pile, he lost his nerve. He pulled away suddenly and drew his ship upon the shoals. The tug that came to pull him off quickly agreed to send a tug to give the commander a hand.

The commander didn't know how the old captain felt, but his own emotions when he passed the rock for the first time he would never forget. Ever since Lin Piao, Minister of National Defence, called on all the armed forces to toughen up the navy, there had been many watercraft, including the old shipwrecked ones, which were a burden on the national coffers. So Yen had gone by it for the first time himself two years before, but after that was in broad daylight and after half a month of preparation. Everything was done and tidied up. When he came down from the bridge that day his clothes had been wrinkled, and the white疗 was more hight:ing fireworks. Today they would be making the run at night. He remembered Yang saying, "the least mistake ..." Then Yen reached the cabin door in a few strides and grasped the knob.

Then he smiled. He had set the problem himself. How could he know if his speed was too fast for the critical juncture? He released the door knob, tossed his raincoat on the chair, and again reclined in his easy chair.

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

Fourteen years ago, Yang had stood before him in his new uniform, licking his lips as he answered Yen's questions. Yen had questioned, "How, an ignorant kid?" Yang had been with him ever since. As a messenger in the army, Yang had been transferred with him to the national naval reserve. Where he was transferred, Yang had been used as a gun crew leader, a chief gunner, with the effort, the intensity, the enthusiasm of a young man. Other youngsters forged in the crucible of the revolution, Yang, with the guidance of Yang, had been developing along the correct path. He liked to study, he worked hard. He worked as a national naval reserves soldier, and today was a first-rank officer.

But lately Yang had picked up a favourite phrase: "Up to the hand of the commander." Commander Yen felt there was something wrong with him. He realized this. He observed that Yang was keeping strictly to the book. Anything that the manual didn't require, he didn't learn. Or where it did require something, he never learned it and never better than the manual demanded. Yen saw that Yang didn't have the worst. It was what made his scar bulge so often in Yang's presence.

"One of these days I'll make you understand that the reason we practice day and night is for the sake of being up to the standards of the manual," the commander had reminded the doctor. The ship would now be sailing close to the old shipwreck. Drops of spray flew up over the bridge and splattered against the glass like freeizing fireworks. A few drops sailed through the open window to the commander's eyes, making them smart. He reached for the handkerchief in his pocket but stopped midway, afraid that the move would distract the pilot.

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

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

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

"Veer off, veer off," the commander said to himself. Practically at the same moment, he heard Yang order, "Ten points to port." And the ship veered off, clearing the rock with a narrow margin. Yang's eyes glistened in the starlight, shining like two small moons.

The warship had safely passed Shipwreck Rock.

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

...
THE HARD TASK AFTER REVOLUTION

I regret that I did not subscribe to China Reconstructs earlier. Your magazine helps me in know better China and the Chinese people—too long unknown for any following readers. Since their liberation, your valiant people found themselves facing a task harder than the military revolution—the economic revolution. But they settled down to it with such an energy that today, yesterday, an underdeveloped country China is on the verge of being one of the greatest military and economic powers of the world. China has done great success in all fields of her socialist construction. This has been possible only with the leadership of the Chinese People's Political Consultative Conference under Chairman Tse-Tung—when I admire very much—this amazing man of the Communist Party, and the will of the Chinese people to go forward.

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

LEO STIEVRE

TEN POEMS BY MAO TSE-TUNG

TEN POEMS BY MAO TSE-TUNG

Written between 1949 and 1946 and published for the first time in January 1966, these poems are now published in translation in the English edition of CHINESE LITERATURE No. 5, 1966. Two poems, "Ode to the Plum Blossom— to the melody of 'Pu Su Lan'" and "Reply to Comrade Kuo Mo-jo— to the melody of 'Man Chi Hung'", are written in the traditional ts'ai form; six poems, "The Capture of Nanking by the People's Liberation Army—Shian Revisited", "Ascent of Lushan", "Reply to a Friend", "Reply to Comrade Kuo Mo-jo" and "Winter Clouds", are in stanzas of eight lines of seven characters each; and two poems, "Militia Women" and "The Fairy Cave", are chi chau of four lines with seven characters each.

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

Subscribe to CHINESE LITERATURE, published monthly in English and quarterly in French. It brings you the works of contemporary Chinese writers, selections from Chinese classic literature, literary and art criticism, reports on cultural events, and full page colour reproductions of classical and modern paintings.

Order from your local dealer or write direct to the Mail Order Dept., GUOZI SHUDIAN (China Publications Centre), P. O. Box 389, Peking, China

make demands on him fourteen years ages, and I'm in danger now. Although we hear no cannon— and see no smoke— the imperialists are liable to start a war at any time. We must be prepared to defend our socialist land.

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

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

Yang didn't accept. "You haven't given me a scree yet, Commander," he retorted cheekily. "What about BD? Do I paint?"

"Quiet gabbling and get out of here," growled Yen. He shouldered the handkerchief back in his pocket.

As he was passing the wheelhouse, Yang thought he'd better go to sleep, and tickled off the crew chief's crack a bit more for not responding promptly to orders. But when he opened the door, he stared in astonishment. He couldn't utter a word of his intended lecture.

The little wheel-house was jammed. In addition to the crew chief, who was handling the wheel, and the speed controller, Captain Kuo was also there. Standing beside the helmsman, he was leaning with his face outside the open window, concentrating on the sea ahead. At one point, grey and rain had soaked the front of his jacket, but he seemed unaware. On the table behind the wheel was another nautical chart showing Shipwreck Rock marked with the compass, followed to pass it. The navigation officer and the navigator were still busily working over the chart, their faces streaked with perspiration. They plainly hadn't been resting at all, Yang understood.

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

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

(Abbreviated translation)

TEN POEMS BY MAO TSE-TUNG

The Hard Task After Revolution

I regret that I did not subscribe to China Reconstructs earlier. Your magazine helps me in know better China and the Chinese people—too long unknown for any following readers. Since their liberation, your valiant people found themselves facing a task harder than the military revolution—the economic revolution. But they settled down to it with such an energy that today, yesterday, an underdeveloped country China is on the verge of being one of the greatest military and economic powers of the world. China has done great success in all fields of her socialist construction. This has been possible only with the leadership of the Chinese People's Political Consultative Conference under Chairman Tse-Tung—when I admire very much—this amazing man of the Communist Party, and the will of the Chinese people to go forward.

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

LEO STIEVRE

Principles in Practice

After reading "1965 — A Year of Victory" in your December issue, it is obvious that such concrete results have been possible only by applying . . . the principles of such a leader as Comrade Ma-jo—when I admire very much—this amazing man of the Communist Party, and the will of the Chinese people to go forward.

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

LEO STIEVRE

VIETNAM WILL WIN

"The South Vietnamese People Are Determined To Win" is a well-chosen title for our article. We admire those people who are determined to win. They want to liberate themselves from humiliation and slavery and they will win in the revolution for their whole nation.

ROGER VEN

Germania, France

Support the Congo

I reread all your articles for 1965, and discovered that the one which brought the most information and pleasure to me was "Chairman Mao Tsetung Statement in Support of the Congo People Against U.S. Aggression" which appeared in your January 1965 issue. It reminded me of the Congolese hero Patrice Lumumba and the recently defeated of the Congolese people in their struggle against American aggression.

BIABO JOIDRO

Ibadr and Moro

National Games Calisthenics

Your article on the Second National Games of the Peking Workers' Union was excellent. It was a great success in December issue was good. The photographs of the calisthenic display were really breathtaking. Never before have I seen such pictures—and all in colour. Your people and government are dynamic.

A. N. Singapore

Out of the Grave

Tibet has found its way to socialism. Before the reform, it was only a poor area where the people are likely to be bom in a hovel where the working masses were considered as beasts of burden, and almost all the work going to foreigners and the local reactionaries.

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

BILORSKI-SOUNDZ BENAEMI

Zapata, Mexico

Scientific Examinations

The great majority of our universities do not adopt the system of open book examinations. I consider it an effective way of judging the capacity of the students. It makes them take on more responsibility in the development and study of the country, and helps them to stick to the principle of true scientific research.

YANG MARCO KYIAS

Buenos Aires, Colombia

Art Back to the People

My article and congratulations for the "Art Back to the People" is "A Meal Theatre in the Future issue. It is an article I have written based on the socialist system to the arts, making the masses return to their true form, that is, giving back to the people what was been from the people.

ANTONIO ALAYA Y DE L. GUADALUPE, Mexico