

China Reconstructs

VOL. XV NO. 5

MAY 1966





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PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN ENGLISH, FRENCH, SPANISH, ARABIC AND RUSSIAN
BY THE CHINA WELFARE INSTITUTE (SOONG CHING LING, CHAIRMAN)

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- Front:** Wang Chin-hsi, the "Man of Iron" of Taching oilfield. (See story on p. 2) Photo by Chang Shui-cheng.
- Back:** In the People's Commune. Paper-cut by Chang Pa.
- Inside front:** In the foothills of the Tamiao Mountains, Kwangsi Chuang Autonomous Region. Photo by Shang Hai.

Three Men of Our Time

THREE MEN, whose stories are told in this issue, have conquered the hearts and admiration of the people of China, each an outstanding example of communist morality and character, yet each with a particular strength which the people wish to develop.

"Man of Iron" Wang Chin-hsi (p. 2) proves that, by facing contradictions squarely and overcoming all difficulties in the way, the working class is both the maker and the master of history. His work in helping to build the now-famous Taching oilfield made him known throughout China. Lankao county Party secretary Chiao Yu-lu's oneness with the people and his excellent working style helped

*to our
readers*

him lead the people to banish natural disasters from their area (p. 6). Wang Chieh, a fine soldier of the younger generation in the People's Liberation Army, grew up without experiencing the hard life of pre-liberation days, and found both the will and the stamina needed to make himself over into a true revolutionary (p. 10).

These men have become heroes nationwide because the people realize that their lives point to and define the moral standards of a socialist society. The very qualities found in them reflect in a concentrated way the spirit of our times: absolute devotion to the people and to the revolution, the dialectical materialist view of the world, a defiance in the face of every difficulty, a modest and common-sense method of working, and a way of living simply and working hard.

SUCH men as these are themselves the product of our revolutionary age. In the old society of exploitation of man by man, Wang Chin-hsi was a wandering worker constantly threatened by unemployment and hunger. Chiao Yu-lu was one of millions of poor peasants. It was the storm of the revolution that smashed their chains and enabled them to become the masters of their country and the shapers of their own destiny. Wang Chieh was born into the new generation, given an education and high ideals. Typical of today's young people, he carried on the revolution with courage and vigour.

There are thousands and thousands of workers such as Wang Chin-hsi, cadres such as Chiao Yu-lu and young people such as Wang Chieh. In their lives and work we see the tremendous power of the thinking of Mao Tse-tung. The liberated millions of Chinese people are learning to put it into everyday practice, each doing his utmost in the building of socialism and communism, whatever his past may be. With strength and confidence, they are doing things undreamed of in the days of their fathers. They are bringing about immense changes in the world in which they live.



The "Man of Iron"

Hou Po

The Taching oilfield was opened up and built entirely by China's own efforts from 1960 to 1965. When this big and most up-to-date petroleum centre joined the ranks of oil enterprises, China became virtually self-sufficient in oil and its products.

The Taching story was told by Wang Chin-hsi, newly promoted to vice-director of the oilfield, to 13,000 people in the Great Hall of the People in Peking and televised and broadcast to the nation on February 16, 1966. Wang Chin-hsi was formerly a lead driller of the Yumen oilfield in Kansu province. He and his team went to Taching in 1960 and pioneered in the battle to tap oil. Inspired by the country's urgent need to be self-sufficient in oil, Wang and his team worked, ate and slept in the open by the first derrick. His determination and ability to take hardship so moved the elderly woman with whom he stayed when first arriving at Taching that she said, "You must be a man of iron!" The name stuck and soon spread throughout China. Because Wang Chin-hsi is an outstanding representative of the Chinese working class, the Taching Communist Party committee urged every worker there to "Learn from the Man of Iron! Be a Man of Iron!"

The following are excerpts from Wang Chin-hsi's talk.

THE 'MAN OF IRON' — WANG CHIN-HSI

WHEN I went from Yumen to Taching in March 1960, I took a bellyful of anger with me. I had just attended a conference in Peking and there I had seen buses in the streets with big inflated bags on top. When I asked what they were, people said they were full of some kind of gas because we didn't have gasoline to run them with. Well, I'm an oil driller and that hit me hard! Imagine a big country like ours without oil to run its cars, buses and trucks! And I had the nerve to ask why! I knew that some foreigners said China was "poor in oil". That burned me up. Nobody was going to convince me that oil lay under foreign soil and not under a country as large as ours. These same foreigners like to call us "stupid". What rubbish! The Chinese working class under the leadership of the Communist Party and Chairman Mao is most intelligent. Chairman Mao teaches us that we must be determined to build up our country and do it with our own hands. So it's no good just being angry. We have to do something about it.

During this conference I learned that we had discovered a big new oilfield. I couldn't sit still for excitement! I wanted to go to Taching at once, on wings if I could, and get the oilfield going so we could throw the "poor in oil" label into the Pacific Ocean! The liberated Chinese people are a people with backbone. We're not afraid of heaven or earth, ghosts or treachery! Come what might, we would put that oilfield to work and strike a blow for the Party and the Chinese people.

I am an oil driller. I know very well that without pressure you can't drill, even if the stratum is as soft as beancurd. Without pressure, a mud pump can't bring up rock cuttings. Without pressure beneath the earth, no oil will gush out. It's the same with men: if

they don't feel pressure, they'll just float around and get nothing done that's worthwhile. But if they work under pressure, what they do will measure up to the highest standards and stand the inspection of our children and their children's children.

It's not a kind of pressure from this or that leader. It's a kind of pressure the Chinese working class takes upon itself, the pressure of responsibility. A revolutionary must hold himself responsible to the Party, to the country, to future generations and to the working people of the rest of the world. This pressure brings out the best in him. What a tremendous pressure it is for a country not to have oil! We must take this pressure

upon ourselves — and it should be thousands of tons.

I have never shed a tear in my life, but the sight of the Taching oilfield made me weep for joy. "A whole sea of oil!" I cried. "Battle positions! Let's get the drills working."

What of Hardships?

The early days were tough. There were no houses. The 33 of us found an old rundown stable with three walls still standing. We swept the dung-covered floor and through the first night sat back to back with the wind whistling through the cracks.

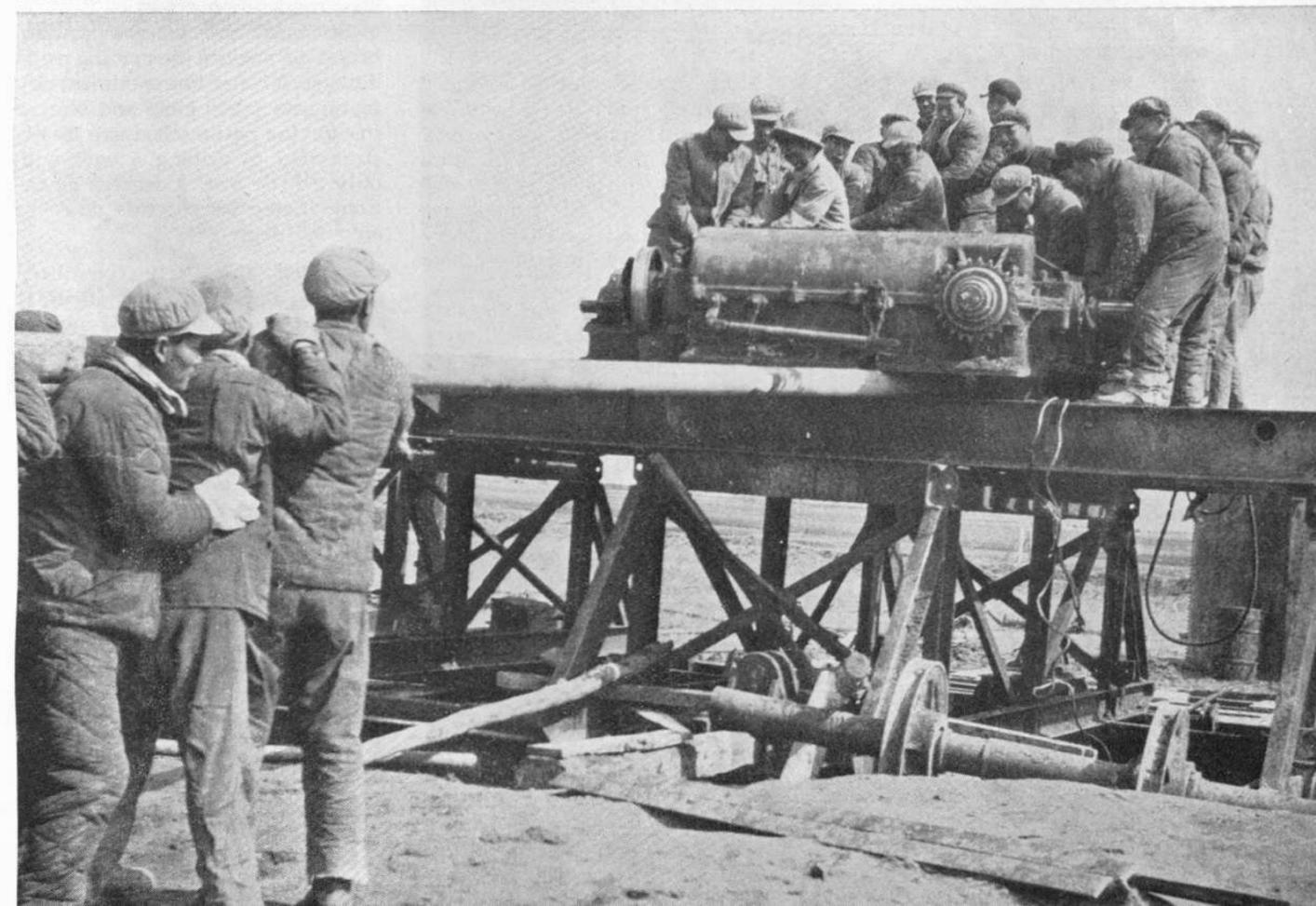
How should we face hardships? Chairman Mao has said, "The Chinese revolution is great, but the

road after the revolution will be longer, the work greater and more arduous." The more we studied Chairman Mao's works, the more clearly we understood our job. We knew that we were going to run into all kinds of difficulties in opening up the oilfield, but we also knew that the biggest difficulty of all was that the country didn't have enough oil to meet its needs. Our job was to solve this problem, conquer any difficulty that stood in the way and put the oilfield to work as quickly as possible, in the best way possible. Hardships for a few of us would bring happiness for generations to come — this would be our greatest happiness.

The drilling equipment soon arrived at the nearby railway sta-

Installing a drill by hand before the cranes arrived.

Shen Chung-hui



tion but there were not enough cranes and tractors to haul it to the sites. Many drill teams had arrived. Should we wait our turn, or what? One of our team said, "Who waits when fighting in a revolution? If conditions are right, fight. If they're not right, do something about it and then fight. We must move the machines even if we have to drag them by hand and carry them on our shoulders." And we did just that, dragging with ropes, prising with crowbars, easing them along on wooden planks. Inch by inch, yard by yard, we got the 60-ton driller and the 40-metre-high derrick to our site and set them up.

You need water for drilling, but the pipelines were not in yet and there were no tank trucks. "Carry it in basins!" came the suggestion.

"What country in the world drills for oil with water fetched in basins?" someone asked.

"Our country!" I retorted. With big buckets, small buckets, wash basins, we managed to carry 100 tons of water to the derrick and began to drill.

We hadn't been going down long when we began to have a loss in mud circulation. "Add water to make up for it," my teammates said. We drained the wells in the village, then went to a nearby lake, broke the ice and carried water a half kilometre. Six days later we finished the first test well. At the sight of gushing oil we went wild with excitement. Our experience had taught us that in fighting nature we cannot fear difficulties. Difficulties bully the weak and fear the strong. They crumble if you tackle them with strong thinking.

We then had to lower the derrick to the ground and move it to another site. There was no tractor and we had to do it by hand. While I was directing the work, a drill pipe rolled off the platform and struck my leg. I blacked out. When I came to, my teammates were holding my leg and crying. The derrick still stood there.

"Is this a time to cry?" I demanded. "If you cry when someone is wounded in battle, the enemy will capture you. Will crying help?" The comrades helped me

sit up and one of them bandaged my leg with a piece of his shirt. I went on directing the job. When the derrick was finally on the ground, my teammates tried to send me to the hospital, but I wouldn't go. It was International Labour Day and there was to be a meeting of ten thousand people.

"It's our first big meeting," I told them. "I have to go in order to know what is said, what we are expected to do, and how we are going to drill better wells faster. Which is more important, my leg or producing oil?" I made them promise not to tell the leaders about my leg. They put me on a horse cart and sent me off to the meeting.

At the meeting, Party leaders of the oilfield praised our drill team, pinned red ribbons and a big red flower on me, asked me to speak and called on all the workers to learn from me. What could they learn from me? We had only drilled one well, and that was done by the whole team under the direct leadership of the Party committee. What could I have done without this leadership and the work of each man in the team?

The Party committee sounded the battle cry: "Get the oilfield producing as quickly as possible; ship out the first load of crude oil by June 1; there must be victory!" I forgot all about the pain in my leg and hurried back that very night to discuss with my team how to answer the call. We pledged: "The next well will be the first producer in the field. We'll meet the deadline."

Somehow the leaders found out about my leg and I was sent off to the hospital. But how could I lie still in the hospital when the whole country was waiting for oil? The first chance I got, I stole back to the site and took my place on the platform with a stick to support me. We finished the well in good time so that crude oil was shipped out of Taching by June 1.

Taking Our Own Road

From the first day we set ourselves high standards for drilling. To ensure maximum recovery, wells have to be drilled absolutely

vertical. Before 1962, we allowed a deviation of not more than 5 degrees. Then in 1963 the Party committee proposed that we allow no more than 3 degrees.

"Are you for it?" the leaders asked us.

"Absolutely."

One of the technicians kept thumbing through a thick foreign-language book.

"Why do you keep hauling that thing out?" I asked him.

"I'm looking for an automatic device that we can use to prevent deviation."

"Oh fine! Can we make it right here?"

"Out of the question."

"Then you're only talking hot air," I told him. I was angry.

Chairman Mao tells us to rely on ourselves. We must beat out our own path, one to fit our own conditions.

Our leaders held many discussions with the drillers. A three-way cooperation group of leaders, technicians and veteran drillers began to analyse everything we'd done so far and to experiment. By trying out many ideas and searching for the best method, we finally succeeded in drilling a well with only a little over 2 degrees deviation. Later we cut this down to only 0.5 degree.

In 1965 the Party committee proposed another stiff drilling standard — one thousand metres, one drill, one day! We called these "one-one-one" wells. Some teams weren't sure they could do it. Others were afraid that if they tried, they might lose their "pacesetter" titles.

"We'll do it," I said. "You can't be afraid of taking risks when you're fighting a revolution. If we're scared before trying, nothing will get done. It's like learning to walk. Children don't have very strong legs and often stumble and fall. But they always get up and try again. Their legs get stronger."

Our first "one-one-one" well was a failure. We reviewed our work and looked for the causes. We found eight critical points to

watch for in drilling. From then on we drilled six "one-one-one" wells in a row.

Taching taught me that to conquer difficulties, we must first have confidence and determination. Also, difficulties are only one side of the matter; we must keep the other side in mind — the achievements and favourable conditions. It's not enough just to say "Conquer the difficulties". We have to study them, analyse them, think of ways to overcome them and work hard at it. Every problem solved, every higher standard gained, every method learned, is a step toward more confidence in the success of the revolution.

Nothing Possible Without the Party

I couldn't have done anything without the guidance of the Communist Party and Chairman Mao. When I was only six years old I had to go begging, leading my blind father by a stick. In 1938, at 15, I was pressganged to work for the Yumen oilfield. Ten years of sweat and toil didn't get me enough to buy even a bedroll. I had to sleep on straw and cover myself with only a torn sheepskin. I never got near the derrick platform, let alone put my hands on any of the machinery.

The Party saved me, made it possible for me to become a master of the country and a trained oil driller. At first, my only thought was to learn quickly and work well in order to show my gratitude to the Party.

Later I joined the Party. Under its constant education I developed a deeper class consciousness. I began to know that the world was still full of people being exploited and oppressed — like my mother who was continually beaten by village officials, or my father who was abused and put in prison, or like myself who couldn't find work and had to beg. I have realized that working hard merely to show gratitude to the Party comes from a low level of understanding. Drilling for oil is my part in making our country strong and prosperous, my part in supporting all class brothers in the world who are fighting against imperialism.

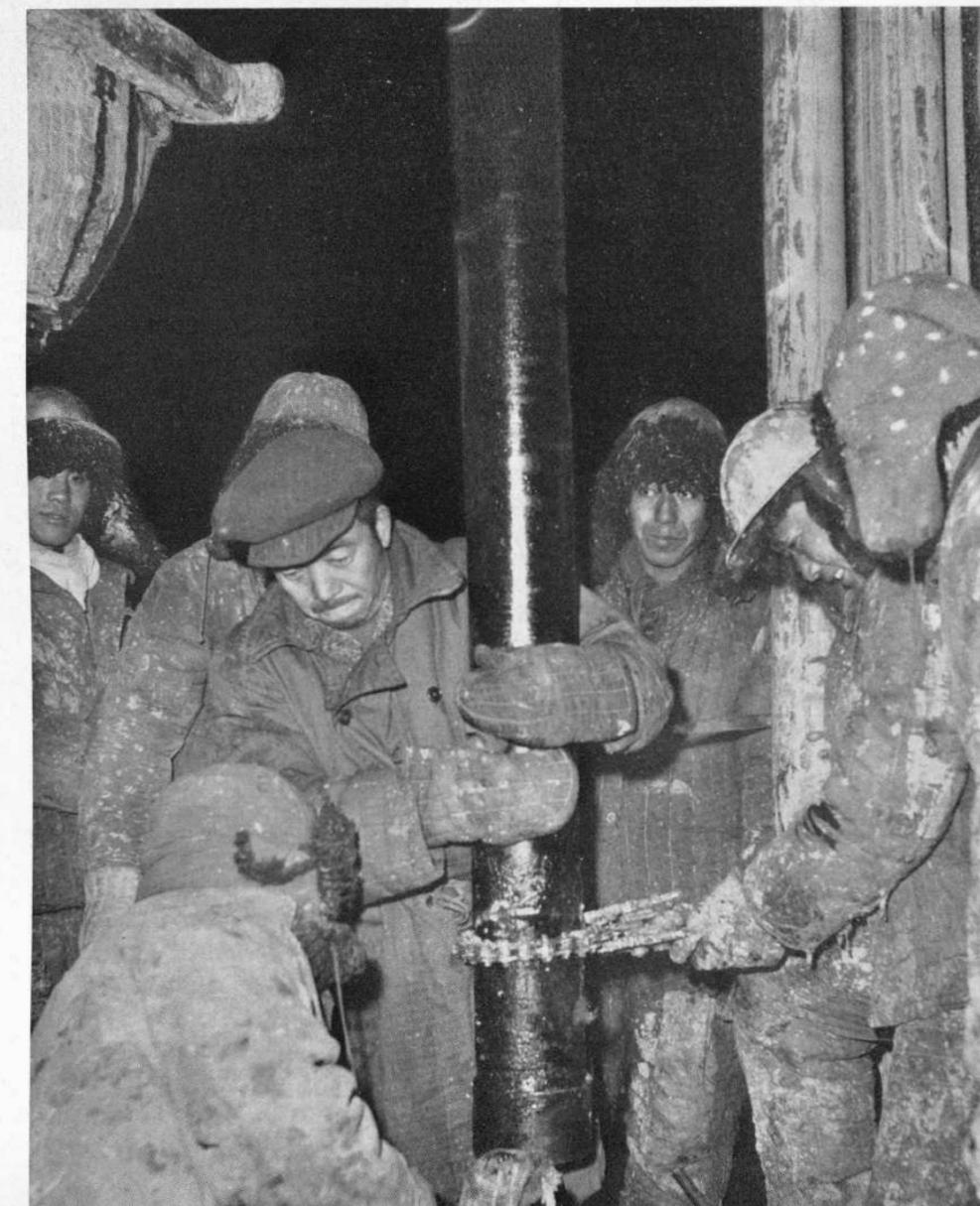
Under the Party's care and education, an ordinary worker like me has become a leader. The hard-working spirit of veteran leaders at Taching has been an education for me. Even though they hold high positions and are getting older, they came to Taching to produce oil for the country and went through all the hardships right along with us. They are keeping up the tradition of hard work and plain living so that communism will become a reality some day.

Like them, I am a communist. It's no longer enough for me just to work more and sleep less. That's hard work on a low level. For the revolution I have to take heavier

loads, be able to work in the toughest conditions, stand the test when things are most difficult, and be ready to give my life if needed. To help bring about the communist society, I must work like this all my life. Even more important, I must do my part to help educate the young people who follow us to carry on this tradition of the Communist Party through the generations.

The Third Five-Year Plan has begun. We will continue to do things in the way Chairman Mao teaches us to and keep to the road of self-reliance. There will be higher demands on us oil workers. Whatever amount of oil the revolution needs, we will provide it.

Wang Chin-hsi (centre) and his drill team on the derrick platform.



COUNTY PARTY SECRETARY —CHIAO YU-LU

MU CHING

IN 1962 Lankao county, which lies below a bend of the Yellow River in eastern Honan province, was hit by some of the worst natural calamities in its calamity-ridden history. That spring, sandstorms destroyed the young wheat. In autumn there was a flood followed by widespread waterlogging and a rise of alkali to the surface. Crops were ruined. Two-thirds of the 60,000 hectares of farm land were laid waste. The grain yield was the lowest ever recorded.

That winter, Chiao Yu-lu came to Lankao to take up the post of Communist Party secretary of the county. He was resolved that through collective effort the land should be made first to feed the 360,000 people who lived there, and then to bring a greater prosperity.

The day after he arrived, even before many were aware who he was, Chiao Yu-lu went to the homes of former poor and lower middle peasants, to the animal shelters and the fields. He had to see for himself what the problems were.

He went from village to village with a little group of cadres from the office of the county Party committee. When they saw sand dunes he said, "Planted with saplings, these could be changed to green hills!" And when he saw how the low ground was waterlogged and higher stretches were white with alkali, he suggested, "Reeds and rushes could be grown here, and fish could be raised. If the alkali is controlled, we can turn what is now white to green."

He returned to the county office convinced that with determination and good leadership, the people would be able to reverse the tide of disaster. He told the Party committee, "Much can be done in

Lankao. It is a calamity-ridden area, poor and faced with many difficulties. But there is a good side to this. It can steel our will and character. A revolutionary should defy all difficulties."

Leadership the Key

Successive years of disaster had had their effect on a number of the county cadres. They had begun to doubt that a solution could be found, and a few wanted to leave the place.

Chiao Yu-lu sought out Chang Chin-li, the deputy Party secretary. "You've been here more than ten years," he said. "Tell me, what is the key to change?" Chang thought a while, then replied, "It's to change man's outlook."

"Yes, you've hit it," Chiao broke in. "But you need to add something else. The key at present is to change the outlook of the men in the lead. If the leadership doesn't fight, the people won't fight either." The two men talked until the small hours of the morning. They agreed that if Lankao was to be transformed, the cadres of the county Party committee must first be mentally armed.

Chiao Yu-lu called the committee members to a meeting. When they had gathered, he led them to the railway station. It was a terrible night with howling wind and falling snow. A special train was pulling out, crowded with the peasants worst hit by the disasters. The government had arranged for their temporary settlement elsewhere. In the waiting-room whole families, wearing government-relief cotton-padded clothes, were huddled on the seats until the next train came for them.

"Look!" Chiao Yu-lu told those accompanying him, "These people are our flesh and blood, our class

brothers. The Party has entrusted us with the welfare of the 360,000 people of the county. If we fail to lead them in fighting their way out of their difficulties, we shall feel the shame and pain of it for the rest of our lives."

It was midnight when they got back to the office and began the meeting.

After everyone had spoken, Chiao Yu-lu said, "We often repeat the words, 'Serve the people'. I hope we won't forget what we have seen tonight and will lead the people to change the face of Lankao."

At a subsequent meeting Lankao's revolutionary history was recalled. One after another, the members spoke of the bitter years of armed struggle. The cadres and people of Lankao, as elsewhere in the country, had fought heroically against the Japanese invaders and Kuomintang reactionaries. In one district when the leader fell, another at once took his post and fought on. This happened nine times in a single month. "The heroes of those times did not give up Lankao. They did not flinch because its people were poor and beset by calamities. They defended their soil with their blood," Chiao Yu-lu told them. "Can't we now battle nature on this same land?"

After such discussions Lankao's difficulties began to appear in a new light. The thinking of the cadres changed, their determination was strengthened. Under Chiao Yu-lu's guidance a blueprint was drawn up for the control of flood, sand and alkali. It was to be completed within five years.

Investigation and Study

Deeply imbedded in Chiao Yu-lu's mind were Chairman Mao's words, "No investigation, no right to speak." He proposed that a 120-member team of cadres, experienced farmers and technicians



Chiao Yu-lu in the fields.

be organized to make a detailed survey of Lankao's 1,800 square kilometres of land. He himself took an active part, saying, "Bread chewed by others has no taste. I can't direct work from nothing but reports."

In studying the forces of nature, Chiao Yu-lu based himself on the principle of always choosing the most critical point and most critical moment. When examining the direction of sandstorms and floods, he set the example by going out in the heaviest storms. On one occasion when there was a continuous seven-day downpour that flooded the entire county, he led three young cadres into the swift-flowing knee-deep water, where, with a comrade holding an umbrella over him, he charted the currents.

The spring of 1963 was one of blinding sandstorms and the summer one of torrential rains. But during that time the team collected a mass of scientific material, complete with maps, charts and detailed records of the location of

on end with an old stockman called Hsiao Wei-fen. He asked this former poor peasant how he thought they should go about the work of changing Lankao. "We could plant *paotung** trees in the sandy hollows," the old man said. "They are fast-growing and would hold down the sand and act as windbreaks. Then we should keep more livestock. Draught animals are the very life of our production team. Peanuts grow well on this soil, and the foliage makes good animal fodder." Chiao Yu-lu became as excited as a schoolboy. "We'll do as you say," he told him. "Trees, livestock and peanuts could be the three treasures that lead us to prosperity."

In the Changchunmu commune, Chiao Yu-lu talked to another old former poor peasant stockman named Liu Tsung-hsing. Sitting beside him on the ground, Chiao asked the old man to tell him how it was that of all the animals in the commune his alone had remained fit despite the calamities. "We just put our whole heart into our work," Liu Tsung-hsing replied. "Last year there was a poor harvest. What could I do? I took the seven oxen and donkeys belonging to our team and kept them at home. The eight members of my family collected grass to feed them. Even my third son, who has a crippled leg, crawled around digging for roots of reeds. By late spring we could find no more grass. Our family had a private plot of wheat that had not yet eared. I cut that and fed it to the animals. It meant my family would have less to eat, but it kept the animals going."

Chiao Yu-lu was deeply moved by Liu Tsung-hsing's personal sacrifice for the good of the collective. The old man became the first poor peasant in Lankao to be held up as an example for the whole county.

There were many other examples of revolutionary persistence. In Han village, because of the calamities, only half a kilogram of sorghum per person had been distributed in the autumn of 1962. Nevertheless, 27 families which

* *Paulownia*



Hsiao Wei-fen, a former poor peasant, telling young commune members stories of Chiao Yu-lu's service to the people.

Yen Shih-chang

formed a production team there refused to accept government relief. Instead, they collected 135 tons of grass and with the money they got for it bought grain, fodder and seven carts. The Chin village production brigade vowed to turn their alkaline soil "upside down". They scraped the white crust off the surface, dug deep trenches and spread the sub-soil on the surface. Working in torrential rains, the Chaoto Tower brigade dug a whole system of drainage channels and ditches. The Double Poplar brigade's former poor and lower middle peasants strengthened their collective in the face of a year of calamities by selling pigs and eggs in order to buy draught animals and seed for the brigade.

At a mass meeting called in September 1963, Chiao Yu-lu asked representatives from these four villages to tell the 10,000 people present what they had done. He called upon the people of the county to learn from the spirit of Han village, the determination of Chin village, the enthusiasm of Chaoto Tower, and the road of collective economy taken by the Double Poplar brigade. This, he said, was the new road for Lankao.

Son of the People

Shortly afterwards, Lankao was hit by new disaster. In 13 days 250 millimetres of rain fell, washing away 7,300 hectares of autumn grain crops and leaving twice that area of cropland badly damaged. Another bitter winter lay ahead.

Chiao Yu-lu and the county leaders threw themselves into an

all-out effort to find ways to mitigate the loss. Transport groups and sideline occupations were quickly organized.

Before long there was a heavy snowfall. Chiao Yu-lu spent the whole night on the telephone, checking to see what help was needed for the people and what could be done to protect the animals in the various communes. At daybreak he called the Party cadres together and said, "Comrades, when the door is blocked by snow, we should not sit in the office warming ourselves by the stove. When there are difficulties, Communist Party members should be out among the people, giving all the help they need."

With several others, Chiao Yu-lu visited nine villages that day, calling on scores of poor peasant families and providing them with money and grain. He called on an old childless couple in Hsu Tower village. The man was sick in bed, the woman blind. When Chiao Yu-lu sat down, the old man asked who he was. "I'm your son," the Party secretary answered.

"Why are you here in this storm?"

"Chairman Mao told me to come and see how you are."

The woman was speechless with emotion. She passed her trembling hands over Chiao Yu-lu's head, face, arms and hands. The old man recalled bitter memories. "When the snow blocked our door before the liberation, the landlord would come and press me for the rent. I had to flee my home and

shelter under the eaves of others. I slept in their cow sheds. . . His voice broke and he could not go on.

"Today we hold the seal of government in our own hands," Chiao Yu-lu told him. "We will change Lankao."

Chiao Yu-lu heard and saw much that deeply moved him. Men and women in many production teams refused relief, even when it was repeatedly pressed on them by Party committee members. "Give it to others in greater need," they insisted. "We'll manage."

Chiao Yu-lu saw that Mao Tse-tung's thinking was taking hold. They were developing the revolutionary spirit of self-reliance and fearlessness in the face of difficulties. With this, their confidence and strength would be endless.

He Gave Himself to the People

Chiao Yu-lu had been born into a poor peasant family in Shantung province in 1922 and his life had been hard from childhood. Driven by difficulties beyond endurance, his father hung himself during the Japanese occupation. Chiao Yu-lu was pressganged by the Japanese and sent to work in a coal mine in northeast China. He escaped and worked as a hired hand for a landlord until 1945, when he joined the revolution. The following year he joined the Communist Party. He took part in guerrilla fighting and land reform, became a district head, and after the liberation was put in charge of a workshop in the Loyang Mine Machinery Plant. From the moment he joined the revolutionary struggle he had nothing but revolution and the people in his mind. No matter what post he was given, he would frequently throw off his jacket, roll up his trousers and plunge into a job side by side with the workers or peasants. His socks were patched and mended many times but he would not buy new ones. "Compared with the former poor and lower middle peasants, we are well off," he would tell his wife.

He was deeply solicitous about the health of his comrades, but never gave a thought to himself. His comrades saw that he fre-

quently felt pain in his right side and tried hard to persuade him to rest and go for treatment. But he insisted that it was nothing and that urgent work lay ahead. Once when on his way to a commune, the pain was so great that he could no longer ride his bicycle and had to walk the rest of the way. When he arrived, the cadres begged him to rest. "I didn't come here to rest," he said. "Tell me, how do things stand?" With his left hand pressed to his liver to hold back the pain, he took down notes while they talked. Several times the pen slipped from his trembling fingers. The cadre who was speaking had no heart to go on but Chiao Yu-lu, pretending nothing was amiss, said, "Come on, continue."

In March 1964, just 16 months after he arrived in Lankao, he could no longer rise from his bed. But his heart remained outside his room, where the struggle on the land was going on. He dragged himself to his desk and began to write an article which he headed, "The people of Lankao set their sights high, the sun and moon must do their bidding."

He had barely started when he was taken to the hospital in Kai-feng. His condition was serious. He was moved to Chengchow, the provincial capital, and then to Peking. Specialists found he was in an advanced stage of cancer of the liver. They were amazed at the will power he had shown in fighting the pain. He had not long to live.

In May his close comrade, Party deputy-secretary Chang Chin-li, went to see him. With his wasted hand gripping Chang's, Chiao Yu-lu asked, "People say there has been heavy rain in eastern Honan. Is it very bad? Was there a flood?"

"No flood," Chang replied.

"Such a heavy downpour and no flood? Don't hide things from me."

"There was really no flood. The drainage scheme is working well."

Chiao Yu-lu made a tremendous effort to overcome a violent attack of pain. Beads of cold perspiration stood out on his forehead. When the pain had subsided, he asked, "What about my condition? Why doesn't the doctor tell me the truth?"

Chang Chin-li hesitated. But Chiao Yu-lu pressed him for an answer. "It's the decision of the Party," Chang finally told him.

"Oh, I see . . ." Chiao Yu-lu nodded and became calm. "I know I shall not leave here again. Chin-li, you must lead the people of Lankao to carry on the fight. I have only one request: that my body be taken to Lankao and buried on a sandy hill. While alive I have not been able to see the sand dunes tamed, but in death I shall watch you tame them."

On May 14, after 18 years of selfless devotion to the people, Chiao Yu-lu died. Two books were found under his pillow, the

Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung and *How to Be a Good Communist* by Liu Shao-chi.

In the Hearts of the People

The following spring, county cadres and representatives of the former poor peasants visited his grave. An old man, his voice choked with tears, expressed the feelings of Lankao's 360,000 people: "Our good Party secretary, you worked so hard for us, you killed yourself. When life was difficult, you worried about us poor peasants and shared our hardships. Now while we live well and the county is able to support itself, you lie here by yourself. . . ."

The Lankao people's loss was that of their own kith and kin, of their own comrade-in-arms, of a Communist Party member who had given his life for their cause.

Today in Lankao extensive stands of trees grow on 12,600 hectares of sandy soil where sand dunes have been sealed with silt. A huge drainage network of canals and ditches spreads across 14,600 hectares of low-lying land. Nearly half the alkaline areas have been converted into fertile fields. In 1965, despite drought, wind and torrential rains, Lankao became self-sufficient in grain for the first time in history. This is Lankao's tribute to the leadership of a fine communist—to their county Party secretary, Chiao Yu-lu.

The people of Lankao county digging a new canal in the spirit of their late Party secretary.

Li Chang-yung





Wang Chieh

A YOUNG FIGHTER — WANG CHIEH

HSIN PING

WHEN only you eat and dress well — that is not happiness. True happiness can come only when all the poor people in the world have a good life." These words were written in a diary by a young soldier named Wang Chieh. He was killed at the age of 23 in July 1965 in an accident while teaching the militia of a rural people's commune how to lay mines.

Among his personal effects his comrades found the diary which he, like many other young people in China today, kept. The entries in it revealed his day-by-day struggle, guided by the writings of Chairman Mao Tse-tung, to create in himself the spirit of a true revolutionary.

Wang Chieh's diary was published in November 1965 and quickly became the most sought-after book in the country. A total of 30,400,000 copies were sold in the subsequent two months. His name became a household word; his example, that by which mil-

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lions of young people are seeking to live by.

The Awakening

Wang Chieh was the son of a middle peasant in Shantung province. He joined the army at the age of 19, after graduation from junior middle school. He was proud to be a member of the People's Liberation Army and wanted to serve China's revolution. But his diary reveals that his ideas on what revolution meant were not very clear at that time.

His insight began after his unit had studied "Analysis of the Classes in Chinese Society", the first article in the *Selected Works of Mao Tse-tung*. As an introduction to a discussion about "Who are our enemies and who are our friends" and "Why and for whom should revolutionary soldiers fight", the political instructor urged the young soldiers to tell about their own backgrounds.

Wang Chieh's family had owned enough land and tools to enable them to make a living without working for the landlords, so he did not know about that kind of

exploitation from first-hand experience. But he learned that the fathers or brothers of 70 per cent of the men in his company had worked as hired hands for the landlords. Oppression under the rule of foreign imperialists and the reactionary Kuomintang government had caused the break-up of the families of 60 per cent of them. One told how his grandmother had been bayoneted and killed by the Japanese invaders. They then had seized his father and the boy never saw him again. Another told how he had begged as a child. His family did not even have a bowl for him to use, and he had to beg for food with a piece of broken tile.

Through these stories "class oppression" and "exploitation", which had been mere words to Wang Chieh, became real to him. He was so incensed at the deeds he heard related that at one meeting he leaped onto the platform and said, "I myself did not go through such hardships, but my comrades' suffering is my suffering. They are my class brothers. I will avenge them!"

When his basic training was over Wang Chieh went into an engineering unit. The squad to which he was assigned, as part of the Chinese People's Volunteers in Korea, had fought in one battle for more than 30 hours and helped destroy three tanks of the American aggressors. Wang Chieh listened eagerly to the stories told by deputy commander Kao Shao-chung, who had been decorated as a combat hero. Wang Chieh too longed to be a hero.

The First Test

The company was assigned to construction work. Wang Chieh took to it with great gusto. However, after several days of wielding a 6-kg. hammer, with hands blistered and his back aching, he began to feel otherwise: how pleasant to be a truck driver, or a member of a tank crew.

From long experience, the political director knew what the new soldiers were thinking. In their study sessions he got them to read Chairman Mao's "Serve the People", praising a soldier named Chang Szu-teh who had worked selflessly for the revolution, "In Memory of Norman Bethune", on the Canadian communist who had come to China during the war with Japan, and the essay "The Foolish Old Man Who Removed the Mountains". The unit learned a deep lesson from the communist spirit of Chang Szu-teh and Dr. Norman Bethune, and the "Foolish" Old Man's perseverance until he reached his goal. Wang Chieh began to understand the purpose and meaning of his labour. The work no longer seemed so hard. At the end of the project Wang Chieh, the new recruit, was cited as an outstanding worker in his company. He applied to join the Communist Youth League and was accepted.

Artists' views of Wang Chieh's life:

Drying his platoon mates' padded coats.

Drawing by Chen Sheng

Taking an elderly woman home.

Drawing by Hung Lu

Wang Chieh is the first to jump into the icy water to drive the piles.

Drawing by Peng Pin



"What does one live for?" he later wrote in his diary. "How should one live? These are the fundamental questions of life. . . . I think and think about them and feel that a man's life can be meaningful only when he lives like Chang Szu-teh and Norman Bethune." He vowed to strive to form an entirely new character and to make a thorough study of Chairman Mao's writings to guide him in doing this. He spent a little time every night reading, no matter how full his day had been or how tired he was.

The Battle with Himself

Wang Chieh's diary reveals demands he made on himself and the struggle he had with himself to put into practice what he read in Chairman Mao's works.

One morning at a practice for emergency fall-in, Wang Chieh

was commended for arriving at the assembly point first and with his equipment in perfect order. He blushed with embarrassment, but accepted the praise. His heart, however, was uneasy, for he knew that he had received it under false pretenses. Actually, an inspection the company commander had made of his squad the day before had given Wang Chieh a feeling that there might be such a drill in the morning, so he had got up very early to get ready. Thus his quick arrival and the condition of his equipment did not mean that he had really been any faster than the others.

Finally Wang Chieh went to the platoon leader and admitted that he had done wrong. When he returned to the barracks, he wrote in his diary, "It is dishonourable to get a commendation by deceptive means. After this I will not

take credit that does not belong to me."

Sometimes he mused on his future. One entry reads, "As the years go by, one has more and more to think about—furloughs, marriage, rank, demobilization. . ." But yet, he wrote, China is constantly faced with the threat of armed aggression from U.S. imperialism. This thought was followed by a quotation from Chairman Mao. "Countless revolutionary martyrs have laid down their lives in the interests of the people, and our hearts are filled with pain as we the living think of them—can there be any personal interest, then, that we would not sacrifice?"

"As a revolutionary fighter, I will place the interests of the people first in dealing with these personal questions," Wang Chieh wrote.

Good Seed

Gradually Wang Chieh changed his outlook into a proletarian one. He wrote in his diary, "I am a revolutionary and want to be the seed of revolution. Wherever the Party and state sow me, there will I take root, blossom and bear fruit. If sown in the desert I will be a green Great Wall; if sown on a bare mountain, I will cover it with fruit and flowers; if sown in the fields I will grow into heavy ears of grain."

He pledged to devote his life to service to the people. At first this devotion to others was not always obvious to the members of his unit, but later they recalled many examples. When they were camping out, he would let others have the best places to sleep. When work was allocated, he sought to take the heaviest task. When everyone was tired after a long march, he would volunteer to do sentry duty. He regularly got up before the others, swept the barracks and fetched enough water for the whole squad, and sometimes the whole platoon, to wash.

Once while the company was building a road, a snowstorm began. When the men came back

at night they took off their wet padded coats and hung them around the stove to dry. Wang Chieh feared that the coats near the stove might scorch and those far from it would not be dry by morning. After the others went to sleep, he sat up until three o'clock turning the coats and moving them about.

He jumped at every chance to help people. One day when he was pushing a cart of grain to camp, he passed an elderly woman hobbling laboriously down the road. He invited her to get on his cart, and went several kilometres out of his way to take her home.

Chou Yu-lu from his squad recalls that one Sunday when he and Wang Chieh set out to buy some books in town, they ran into a transport crew going back and forth with their carts transporting stone. The men had a hard time pulling the loaded carts up the slope of a high arched bridge. The two soldiers helped a few of them and then Chou Yu-lu went on to do an errand in town. Several hours later, when Wang Chieh did not meet him at the bookshop as agreed, Chou went back to the bridge and found his friend still there pushing carts.

Once Wang Chieh came to see everything he was doing was for the revolution, no hardship or danger could stop him. "The road of the revolution is a rugged one, full of hazards and obstructions," he wrote, and later, "A revolutionary must not be afraid to sacrifice himself; if he is afraid to do so, he will not be able to stay on the revolutionary road to the end." In everything he did, Wang Chieh showed himself afraid of neither hardship nor death. When a project called for someone to climb to a great height, it was Wang Chieh who did it. He was the one who took on the dangerous job of removing the charges that did not go off. When the company was putting up an emergency bridge one winter night, he was the first to jump into the icy water to drive down the piles.

"Wherever there was trouble, wherever there was great danger," the men of his company recall,



Workers of the Taiyuan Mining Machinery Plant discuss how they can be like Wang Chieh. The blackboard says: "Learn from Wang Chieh."

Wang Wen-hsi

"there was where you would find Wang Chieh."

Looking Towards the World

Wang Chieh showed deep concern for the socialist construction of the country. He tried to save even a drop of oil, a single screw, an inch of fuse, an ounce of dynamite. Once he picked up a used toothpaste tube from the mud and took it home. "What's the idea of bringing that old thing around here?" a new recruit asked him.

"A used toothpaste tube may not be worth much," Wang Chieh replied, "but it contains zinc which is a much-wanted metal." He went on to explain that if everybody salvaged his toothpaste tubes, it would mean a lot more material for socialist construction. "Even more important," he went on, "doing something like that will help us develop the habit of saving and keep up our revolutionary tradition of hard work and plain living."

He also followed international affairs avidly in the newspapers. His diary often recorded his reaction to events in the anti-imperialist struggle in some part of the world.

"A revolutionary ought not have his eyes only on his own country," he wrote, "he must also see the two-thirds of the world's working people who are not yet liberated and still live in poverty."

In June 1964 he completed his term in the army and was eligible for discharge. "How can a fighter put down his arms and go home when U.S. imperialism is stepping up its aggression against Vietnam?" he wrote. He applied for an extension of his term. On May 1, 1965, angered by stories of atrocities committed by the U.S. imperialists in Vietnam, in his diary he pledged, ". . . to defend the motherland, to support our Vietnamese brothers, to defend world peace, I volunteer to fight shoulder to shoulder with the Vietnamese people. I am ready to give my life if necessary."

In less than four years, nurtured on Chairman Mao's thinking, from an ordinary peasant boy Wang Chieh developed into a conscious fighter for proletarian revolution. Inspired by his example, young people all over China are striving to do the same.



Chao Fu-lin, another soldier, following the example of Wang Chieh, fetches water for the residents where the unit is stationed. Chang Chu-cheng

THE CITY OF FRUIT

LI HAI-FENG

VISIT Lanchow in Kansu province in the late summer and you will find yourself surrounded on all sides by fruit — particularly luscious melons. Street stands, store displays and loaded trucks and carts make a riot of colour. This is the height of the season and the smell of good fruit permeates the air. Beginning in the early summer, apricots are followed by melons, peaches, apples, pears, grapes, jujubes — and this will go on until the winter snows fall.

LI HAI-FENG is a reporter for the *Kansu Daily* in Lanchow.

Melons and other fruit have been cultivated in Lanchow for centuries. The *Lanchow Annals*, compiled in 1686, recorded a dozen kinds. Among them was a delicious pear called the "Golden Jar" and a variety called the "Perfume Pear" which improved with age. When Lanchow held its 1963 Fruit Fair, the "Golden Jar" pear — now called the "Winter Fruit" — won a first award. It is crisp and juicy, both sweet and tart. A famous local delicacy is made of this pear, cooked with sugar and raisins. The ancient "Perfume Pear" is now called the "Soft Pear". When first

picked the flesh is hard and sour, but grows softer and sweeter the longer it is kept. It is best after it has been frozen. After it is thawed in cold water for 20 minutes, the flesh becomes like a thick cream. If kept frozen until the following spring, the inside becomes a sweet juice which can be drunk from a small opening made through the skin.

The local melons are famous. One is called the "Drunken Melon" because it smells and tastes like sweet wine. Most widely sold in the country and abroad is the "Lanchow Honeydew". Weighing one and a half kilograms, it is delightfully sweet and can be transported and stored a long time. There are three varieties, two picked in early July and one in late July. Two have a pale green flesh and the third has a red colour.

LANCHOW'S natural conditions — a dry climate, plenty of sunshine and a wide daily range of temperature — give its fruit their great variety and taste. The sunshine and high temperature in the daytime speed photosynthesis while the low night temperatures retard the consumption of nutriment. This makes the fruit full and sweet. But there are unfavourable conditions, too — the lack of rainfall and water. The local peasants have overcome this disadvantage with a method they developed through long years of struggle against nature. They cover the fields with a layer of pebbles 10 to 16 centimetres deep. Though it involves much hard work, this keeps the moisture in the soil from evaporating.

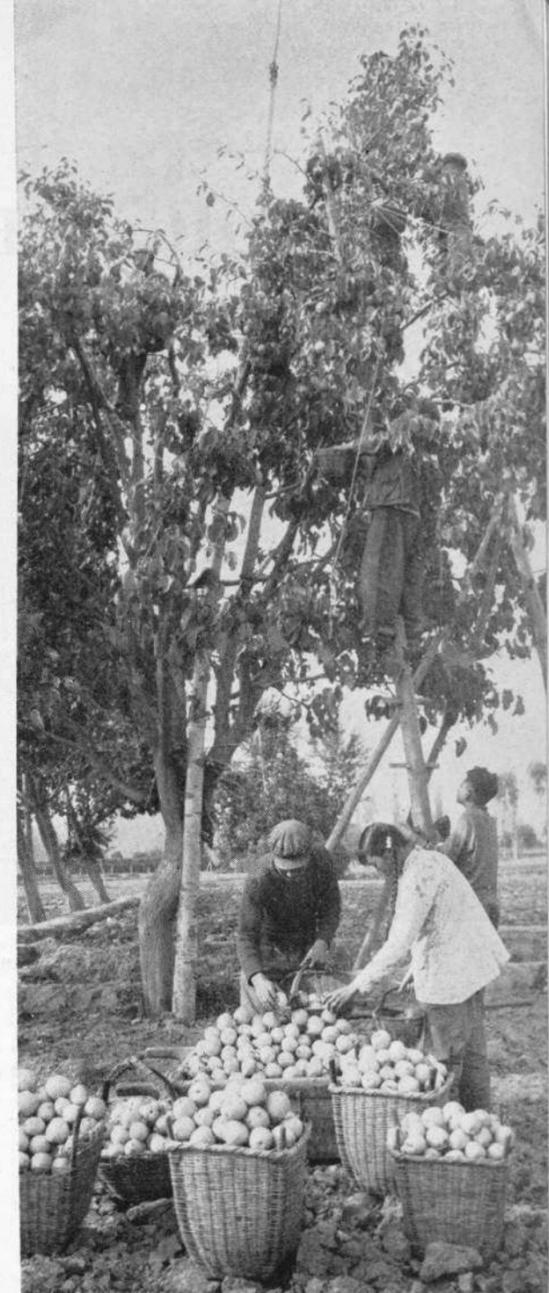
It was not until after liberation came in 1949 that fruit production expanded on a large scale. Today there are four times as many fruit trees in Lanchow and the harvest has grown threefold (some of the new orchards have not yet begun to bear fruit). In a campaign to make the city green, fruit trees were planted wherever they could grow, on the grounds of public

organizations, along the streets and around the houses. Lanchow will soon be one vast orchard.

In 1949, only 60 kinds of fruit trees could be found here. Five hundred additional varieties have been introduced, some already widely cultivated. Among the new pears are such names as the "Duck Pear" from Hopei province, the "Laiyang" from Shantung and the "Small White" from Peking. Two hundred new apples are being grown, including "National Lustre" and "Red Jade" from Liaoning and the "Banana Apple" from Shantung. Among the types of grapes are the prized "White Seedless" from Turfan, Sinkiang's famous grape region, and the "Fragrant Rose" from Shantung.

THE AREA planted to melons, especially the honeydew, has expanded greatly. In the old days the individual poor peasants farming alone could only cover small plots with pebbles. Since the formation of the people's communes, however, the strength of collective economy has made it possible for the peasants to be able to handle fields over extensive areas. The best honeydew melons are grown in the Paitaoping brigade of the Grey Rock People's Commune, which has expanded its area from 120 *mu* in 1949 to 600 *mu*.

To keep the purity and prevent the mixing of breeds, the communes grow a single variety of melon over large areas, something impossible for the individual peasants to have done before the liberation. The People's Government has set up the Lanchow Melon Experiment Station to do research on better cultivation and management. Other organizations contribute: Lanchow University, the Lanchow Agricultural Research Institute, centres for the dissemination of agricultural techniques, and the scientific experiment groups in the communes. This approach has helped raise the number of honeydew melons grown per *mu* in the Paitaoping



"Winter Fruit" pears are ripe.

brigade of the Grey Rock commune by 40 per cent, while the sugar content has increased from 12 per cent in 1957 to an average of 14 per cent.

In the summertime, a half-hour's bus ride from the city takes one over the bridge and along the north bank of the Yellow River, where there are great stretches of the communes' melon fields on the hillsides. The green vines and golden melons against the background of light grey pebbles in the fields is a refreshing scene.

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

Picking season for "Lanchow Honeydew" melons at the Grey Rock People's Commune.

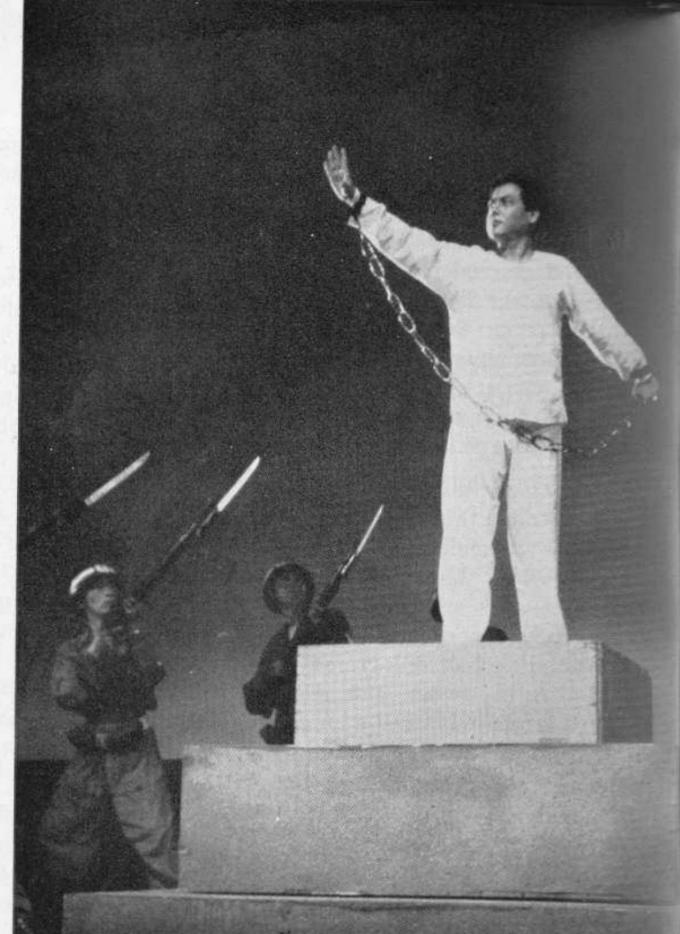
Fu Chen-hsin



HEROIC VIETNAM on Stage and Screen



A still from the film *Victory Is in Sight*. The people destroy a "strategic hamlet".



In the *pingchu* opera, Nguyen Van Troi defies the U.S. imperialists before his execution.

AN INCREASING number of new plays, operas and films on the undaunted struggle of the south Vietnamese people to drive the U.S. invaders out of their homeland are appearing on the Chinese stage and screen. Both story and character portrayal are receiving a wider and deeper treatment.

Nguyen Van Troi

One of the most moving is *Nguyen Van Troi*, which re-creates the heroic image of the young Saigon electrician who was executed by the U.S. imperialists' puppets in October 1964. Chosen for production by the China Pingchu Opera Theatre, the story of the young patriot is admirably suited to the broad, strong style of this north China local opera.

As the opera opens, Nguyen Van Troi is newly married. He hates the U.S. invaders so intensely that he carries out a plan to kill U.S. Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara, the imperialist war-

monger who is on an "inspection" trip to Saigon. The attempt fails and he is arrested. Nguyen Van Troi declares that he is not guilty. Anyone, he cries, who kills the U.S. marauders on Vietnamese soil is a patriot defending and serving the people. Facing death, he sings in a strong, steady voice:

*I dare to crash the gates of hell,
I dare to charge mountains of
swords.
For a new world
I give my life with a smile.*

His wife, also a worker, does not know that her husband is in the revolutionary underground until he is arrested. She loves him all the more for it. She follows his last wish, resolves to become a revolutionary herself, escapes from Saigon and joins the war of liberation.

Nguyen Van Troi's selfless bravery and courage so inspired both artist and audience in China that the opera has given 120 per-

formances to packed houses since last October.

A Sea of Fire

The fighting life of the south Vietnam liberation forces is told in *A Sea of Fire*, staged by the Chinese Air Force Ensemble, a song-and-dance drama which creatively blends the music and dance of Vietnam with the music, acrobatics and stage movements of the traditional Chinese theatre.

Tran Thi Quyen, commander of a liberated area, is typical of thousands of women leaders steel-ed and tempered in the people's war. Alert and resolute, deeply loyal to the revolution and capable in strategy and tactics, she commands a unit which smashes a U.S.-puppet mopping-up operation and breaks through a heavy encirclement to attack and destroy the U.S. air force base at Bien Son. Success in the battle is made possible by Tran's daughter, Mai Hoa, and her comrade-in-arms Che Ho,

who steal into the base and blow up its underground command centre. The opera story underscores the fact that it is the mass support of all the people which enables the people's forces of south Vietnam to defy danger and wipe out the U.S. invaders.

Victory Is in Sight

This film tells of the south Vietnamese people's struggle on three fronts, a "strategic hamlet", a guerrilla area and an enemy military base. In the first story, Mother Chinh, an underground liaison worker living in a "strategic hamlet", is caught by the U.S.-puppet troops. Threatened with death, she declares that she will die with her face turned to the north, the liberated land. Viciously, the U.S. invaders gouge out her eyes.

"Can you still stand on your feet?" they mock her.

"Only those who are not standing on their own soil cannot stay on their feet!" she retorts.

In the second story, Nguyen Tang, a resourceful veteran guerrilla fighter, leads the enemy into an ambush. In the last feature, underground fighter Luc Tu works his way into the power plant of a U.S. military airfield and becomes its assistant director, a position which enables him to give effective help to the liberation forces. All three stories show that imperialism's bloody rule has awakened the people to the truth — freedom can be won only when the people fight; independence comes only from resolute struggle.

Skilful use of documentary films of actual battles in south Vietnam put the stories on a dramatic background, bringing out the truth far more realistically.

The Chinese stage is witnessing other successful portrayals of

Vietnamese fighters — Sister Truc, in the Shaohsing opera *The Fury of Coconut Village*, who organizes the people in a "strategic hamlet" to rise in arms; Sister Mai, in the Yunnan opera *The Cook*, who as a servant in the house of a puppet county head kills a U.S. "adviser" who comes to dinner; the brave young guerrilla fighters in the marionette play *Young Heroes of South Vietnam*, who bravely fight the enemy.

After watching *Nguyen Van Troi*, the *pingchu* opera, Tran Van Thanh, head of the Permanent Mission of the South Vietnam National Front for Liberation to China, wrote: "The Chinese artists could not have re-created the fighting life of south Vietnam on the Chinese stage so vividly . . . if they did not share the revolutionary feelings of the south Vietnamese people and their deep hatred for the U.S. imperialist aggressors and their running dogs."

A Dancer Writes from South Vietnam

— The following letter was received by Radio Peking —

Dear Comrades of Radio Peking:

I am Nguyen Xuan Son, a dancer in the cultural troupe of the people's armed forces of the south-central district of south Vietnam. I have often listened to your radio programmes supporting Vietnam in her resistance to U.S. aggression. Dear comrades, so deeply stirring and heartwarming is every word, every song from Peking that I must pick up my pen and write you, our Chinese comrades-in-arms on the cultural front.

Last night the 20 of us bedded down in the jungle after several busy days of performing at the front. We soon fell asleep. But one girl was still listening to the portable radio. "Comrades!" she suddenly cried, "Get up and listen. Radio Peking is giving a special programme in support of us!" We all got up and gathered around the radio. Constant cannon fire from the distance sometimes drowned out the radio, but your singing voices came through to us across the borders, from thousands of miles away, inspiring our

determination to defeat U.S. imperialism. How moved and excited we were! Our eyes glistened and there were some tearful faces.

Comrades, after the programme was over I lay down and thought and thought about it. The music and songs from *Flames of Anger in the Coconut Groves* are wonderful. How I wished I could see the dances, too. And how I wished I could take wing and fly to you and watch the dance drama *Heroic Sisters*, the plays *Flames of Hatred* and *Letters from South Vietnam*, and the *pingchu* opera *The South Ablaze*. But I knew that for the moment it was impossible. The practical thing for us to do is to work doubly hard, wipe out more U.S. invaders, drive them off our soil and bring about the reunification of our land. When that happens, we will invite you to visit and perform in our cities and villages in the south-central district of south Vietnam. That will be the fulfilment of our wishes.

Dear comrades, now let me tell you something about our activi-

ties. . . . We work with enthusiasm and revolutionary hearts. We usually perform for the fighters just before they set out to fight the enemy. As soon as a performance is over, we pack up and go with them on their missions. Sometimes, as we wait for our battle orders, we perform in the trenches. When the signal is given, we become fighting members of the unit, charging with rifles trained on the enemy. . . .

I have just read what I wrote to my comrades and they all want to add something: "Send them our greetings" and "Give our regards to our sisters." . . . There are so many requests that I find it hard to write them all down. So I have summed them up in a single message: "From the smoke-filled trenches of the front lines of the fight to resist U.S. aggression and save the country, we of the Liberation Cultural Troupe of the southern district, central part, south Vietnam, send our warmest regards to our comrade-artists in Peking."

— Nguyen Xuan Son



The "Nine-Girl Cotton-Growing Group" harvest their crop.

Girl Cotton-Growers

WANG CHIAO

AMID enthusiastic applause, a girl with long braids and wearing a colourful, padded cotton jacket walked on to the platform in the Hall of the People in Sian. The occasion was a session of the Northwest China Agricultural Forum held in December 1965. As this was the first time she had appeared before such a large meeting, Chang Kuei-fang blushed and remained speechless for a moment. Then she took hold of herself and told the delegates how the "Nine-Girl Cotton-Growing Group" had achieved record yields in their experimental field and had inspired the women in her native Wukung county to take an active part in a campaign to increase cotton production.

The "Nine-Girl Group" was formed in 1957 when the Shensi Provincial Committee of the Chinese Communist Party called on the women and girls of the province to emulate Chang Chiu-

hsiang, a woman of Weinan county well known for the high cotton yields she obtained, and grow more and better cotton for the country. Responding to this call, nine teenage girls from the youth shock brigade of the Yungtai advanced agricultural producers' cooperative asked for one *mu* of land from their production team for experiments.

Away with Prejudice

In the spring of 1957 the first plants grew vigorously, but they soon turned yellow. Experienced peasants told the girls, "The soil is too poor, and manure is needed right away." But the production team did not have enough for its own farm land. Where could they get manure? Chang Kuei-fang, at that time the youngest and also the most active member of the group, suggested, "Let's collect animal dung ourselves!" This was a bold proposal indeed! Never before had women in the village done such "unclean" work. The

girls rose before dawn and, without their parents' knowledge, went out to gather dung on the roads. But they were soon observed. Some people praised them but others jeered, remarking that their unseemly behaviour would prevent them from finding husbands.

When this gossip reached the ears of the parents, some scolded their daughters while others tried to stop them. The Party branch called the older people to a meeting and explained that the young people were doing the right thing in trying to grow cotton needed by the country. As parents they should support their daughters in breaking away from old prejudices. With understanding and consent thus won, the girls threw away all their fears. Every morning before daybreak they collected the dung on the stretch of road leading from their village to the nearby town. In a fortnight they had eight cartloads. As this was dug into the soil, the young shoots grew green and healthy again.

Soon there was another problem—insect pests. In their enthusiasm the girls used too much insecticide. The leaves began to droop and within a few hours yellow specks appeared on them. Advised to immediately wash the plants with water, the girls, disappointed and shamefaced as they were, hesitated to do so. Communist Party branch secretary Chang Chih-ho, who was following their work with interest, encouraged them, saying, "Failure is the mother of success. Since we experiment, we should not be afraid of mistakes. We should learn from them."

The girls carried water in pails and pans and washed the plants one by one, leaf by leaf. It was laborious but the crop was saved. In order to master the technique of cotton planting, they visited Chang Chiu-hsiang in Weinan county and sought advice from the Northwest Agricultural College and the Shensi branch of the Chinese Academy of Agricultural Sciences, both situated in their own county. They also got pointers from experienced peasants.

Success in Transplanting

In the summer of 1959, many plants were battered to pieces by a violent hailstorm. The field was a sad sight. Some of the girls burst into tears. One said, "Let's stop trying to grow cotton and stay home and do our sewing." Seeing their disappointment, Chang Chih-ho called them together. "The hailstorm has broken our plants but not our hands," he said. "We must be able to withstand the wind and rain. We don't want to be like hothouse flowers."

They decided to transplant cotton plants from thickly-sown areas to the places where the shoots had died. This hadn't been done in their area before so they turned for advice to Chang Tai, an old man with much experience in planting trees. Impressed by their serious attitude, he taught them everything he knew about trans-

planting. They followed his advice carefully and most of the plants survived. The girls now had really achieved something—they had a body of experience in transplanting cotton shoots.

In their scientific experiments the girls learned how to stop rank growth. They put their findings into rhymes and ditties. This enabled them to remember what they should do at each stage and helped to spread their new knowledge through the entire production brigade. Their success attracted more and more attention and peasants came to see their experimental plot and ask advice.

Influence on Others

For six years in succession from 1957 to 1962, the "Nine-Girl Group" maintained a record yield of over 200 *jin* of ginned cotton per *mu*. In 1963 they enlarged their experimental field to 40 *mu*. Despite drought, flood and hail the yield of ginned cotton in the following three years still averaged a high 177.3 *jin* per *mu* from this greater area.

The group has become a training school for advanced workers.

Although it now has 30 members, whose average age is 16, it retains its original name. Many members have married and 22 have gone to other villages. When they leave they take with them selected cotton seed and continue their scientific experiments in their new homes. Most have become heads of cotton-growing teams while a few are women's leaders of commune brigades. Members of the group often visit those who have left, and the Party branch secretary of the brigade also invites them back every year when they all exchange notes and help one another.

Today there are 1,400 girls' cotton-growing groups in Wukung county. Last year the average per-*mu* yield of ginned cotton for the whole county was 85 *jin*, more than double that of 1964. At the National Cotton-Growers' Conference at the beginning of 1966, Wukung county was chosen as a model to show how a low-yield area can be transformed into a high-yield one. The girls of the Yungtai production brigade are now exerting an influence far beyond the boundaries of their own county.



Chang Kuei-fang (second from right) gives advice to young women from another county.

New Development of Ancient Sports

CHENG CHUAN-JUI

AN impressive exhibition of sword play, thrusting spears, flashing ancient weapons and stylized combat with bare fists was held last New Year's Day in the Peking Workers' Gymnasium.

Wu shu, as this sport is called in Chinese, is several thousand years old and falls into two categories, "Chinese boxing" and fighting with weapons of other

centuries. There are about twenty kinds of boxing. The major types of weapons are the sword, the broadsword, the spear and the cudgel. The stylized exercises are done singly, in pairs or in groups. There are also wrestling, fencing and tilts with spears. The unique combat scenes on the Chinese opera stage that so delight the audience have their origin in *wu shu*. Today's acrobatic stunts too

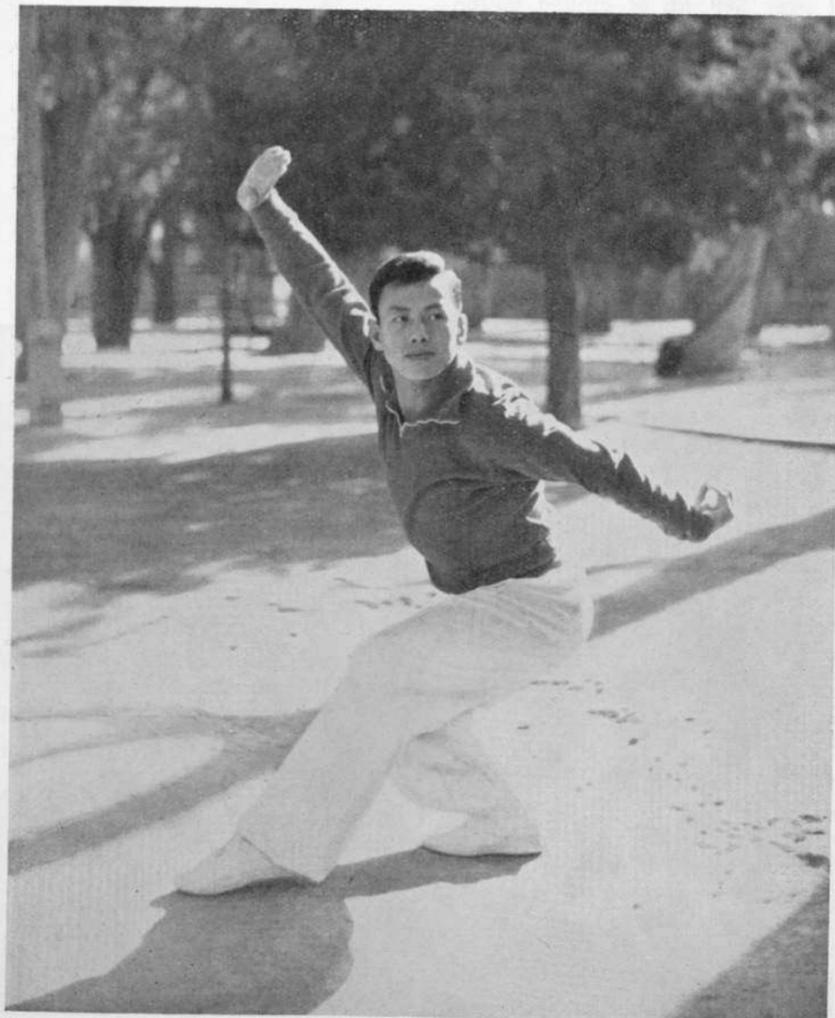
have absorbed the best from the basic training in *wu shu*.

SINCE the new China came into being, *wu shu* has been regarded as a precious cultural heritage and the People's Government has encouraged its development. The jealousies of the different schools which hindered the growth of the sport have disappeared. The techniques of *wu shu* have been raised to a level never known before, and many kinds on the verge of extinction have been revived.

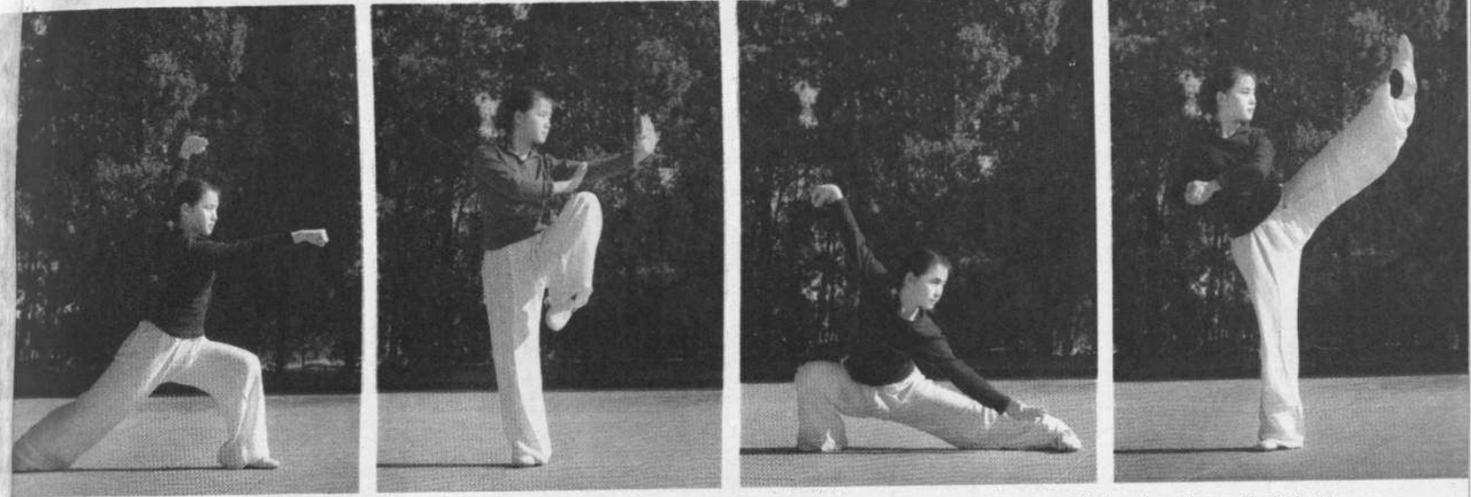
In 1953 a tournament of traditional sports was held. Han contestants as well as those from ten national minorities took part. This tournament laid the foundation for new study and improvement of the sport.

In 1955 the State Physical Culture and Sports Commission began to organize workers and sportsmen in this field to search for and bring more forms of *wu shu* to light, study them in order to discard undesirable elements, and develop and refine the good ones.

The first to be put through this process were the two forms of boxing most popular among the people, *tai chi chuan* and *chang chuan*. *Tai chi chuan* is characterized by slow, gentle, almost ritualistic movements, one flowing naturally into the other, forming a continuous whole from beginning to end. But since the traditional *tai chi chuan* consisted of a hundred complicated and sometimes repetitious movements, it was difficult for people in general to master. A simplified version consisting of 24 essential movements was worked out. Particularly beneficial to people with chronic ailments, to the aged and those of poor health, it has been adopted



Worker Chi Kuang-yu in a posture of Shaolin-style boxing.



Chen Tao-yun, women's all-round *wu shu* champion in the Second National Games, doing a series of optional exercises.

Photos by Chang Shui-cheng

for use by convalescent homes and hospitals.

Chang chuan forms the basic training in *wu shu*. It includes movements for the legs and body, for balancing, leaping, rolling and somersaulting. The rise and fall, abrupt turning, fast running and jumping into the air are particularly suited for the physical training of young people. To facilitate its wide adoption three different series have been arranged, ranging from elementary exercises for schoolchildren to one consisting of 60 difficult movements for contest.

One of the most popular forms of boxing has always been a formalized kind which derives its movements from the aggressive and defensive movements of animals and insects, such as those of the monkey and the mantis. In the past, some of the actions in "monkey boxing" tended to be more ostentatious than useful. Movements such as scratching and chewing food actually had little to do with physical training. These theatrical motions were eliminated and movements emphasizing agility, resourcefulness and daring, such as running, leaping, pouncing, tumbling, rolling and somersaulting, were retained and developed. The fine traditional movements of the hands were improved.

Creative developments have also been made in *wu shu* combat with weapons. Traditionally there were

two main styles of sword play: the standing play of body postures which emphasized sculptural beauty, and the walking play which used foot and body movements. Shanghai and Anhwei sportsmen have combined the salient features of both, making the wielding of the sword more uniquely graceful.

BY 1959, the State Physical Culture and Sports Commission had worked out a standard series of movements for each of the five basic forms of *wu shu*: *chang chuan*, the sword, the broadsword, the spear and the cudgel. Competitions at the National *Wu Shu* Tournaments the following year were held under new rules. Entrants had to go through the standard series and optional exercises, and then could perform exhibitions of traditional skills as they chose. The result was an increase in the creative spirit of the sportsmen, demonstrated, for example, in highly intricate exercises consisting of 70 to 80 movements using zigzag and arc patterns rather than the old straight lines. The bouncing and leaping in *chang chuan* have been widely adopted in *wu shu* with all kinds of weapons. Many difficult movements were created to achieve a grace and beauty of the body in the air. A performer, for instance, leaps into a free-hand cartwheel. In the split second that he is upside down in the air, he sweeps the

broadsword in his right hand under his head, then completes the turn.

At the Second National Games last year, *wu shu* sportsmen exhibited new forms of bouts between two combatants and group exercises with fists or broadswords. The bout pays more attention to developing the sportsmen's alertness and agility than to form.

Many promising young *wu shu* sportsmen from spare-time *wu shu* classes and schools have come to the fore. The new series of movements they have created show increasing maturity beyond the required standards. A few of these newcomers are shown in the colour photographs on the following pages. Liu Hsueh-chih from Anhwei province demonstrates daring skill and alertness when he makes a thrust of the broadsword while making a body turn in the air. His movements are vigorous and lightning fast. The 18-year-old woman boxer Chen Tao-yun, with forceful motions which seem very gentle, swift variations and graceful postures, gave a performance at the tournament never seen before. The use of the double hooked spears by Chien Yuan-tse and of the double swords by Chang Ling-mei were all creative developments based on the best of the traditional techniques.

CHENG CHUAN-JUI is a coach in the *Wu Shu* Department of the Peking Institute of Physical Culture.



Balancing on one foot with broadswords overhead and behind the back, by Yin Chin-ling.



Liu Hsueh-chih, broadsword in hand, makes a graceful leap.



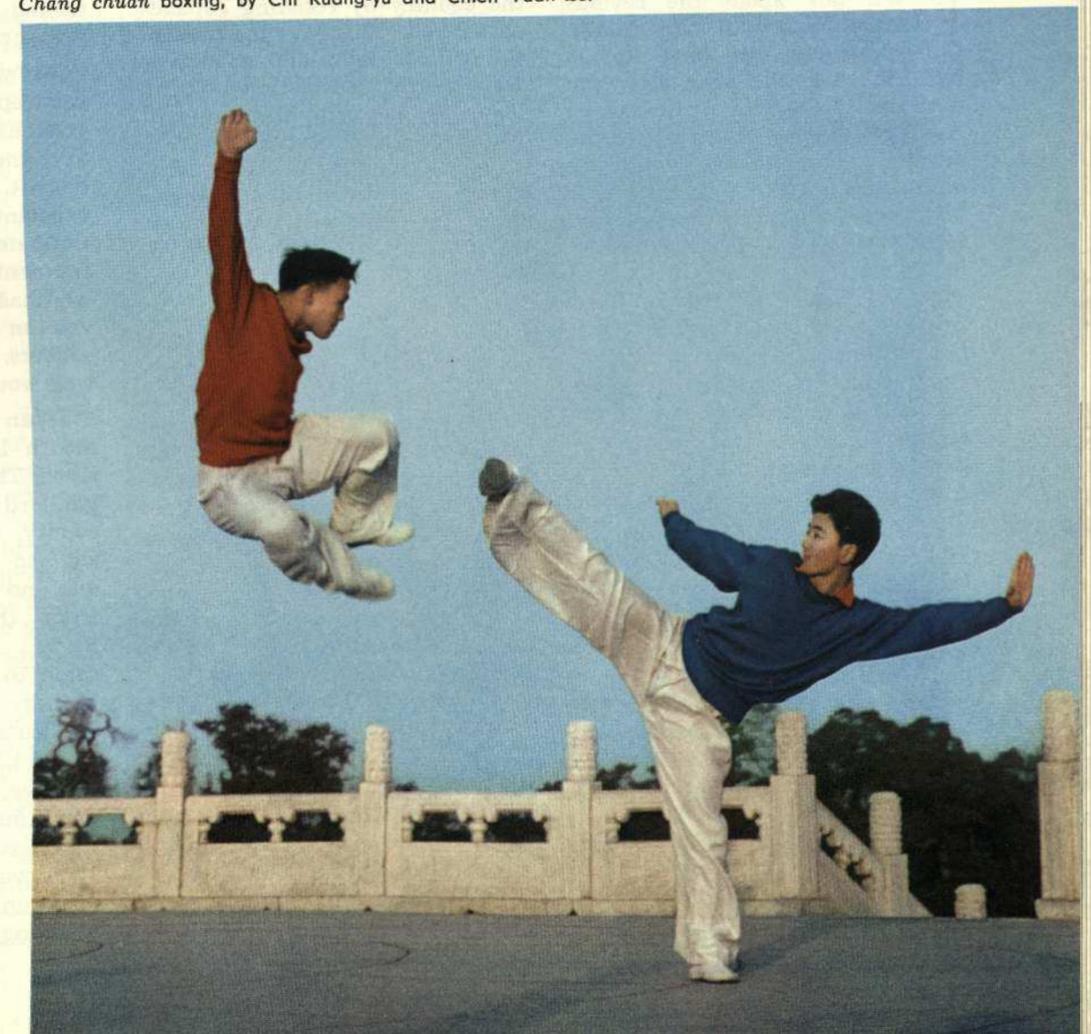
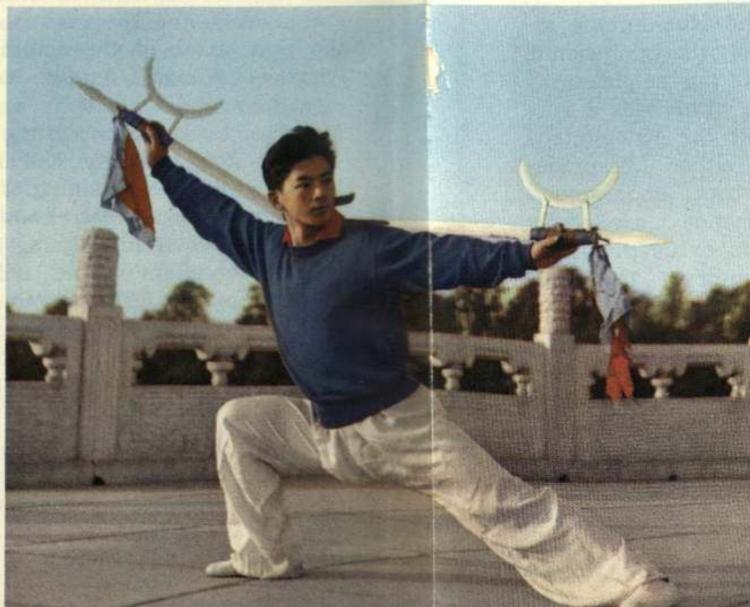
A forward balance with pointed swords, by Chang Ling-mei.

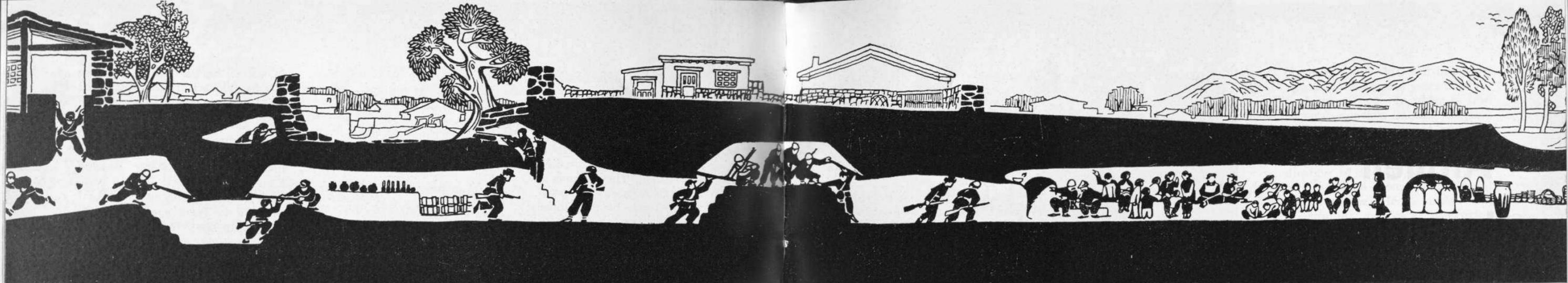
Chang chuan boxing, by Chi Kuang-yu and Chien Yuan-tse.

Photos by Chang Shui-cheng

New Wu Shu Sport

Side lunge with hooked spears, by Chien Yuan-tse.





Sectional drawing of a tunnel by Kang Tung

Shortly after this, a representative from the county Party committee presented a red flag with a white scalloped border to the leader of the militia. Embroidered on it were the words, "The People's Number One Fortress". Our blood boiling, we raised our rifles over our heads and shouted, "Avenge Ma Wen-tung!" There and then we decided to build a watchtower, to reinforce the tunnels and to fight the Kuomintang to the end. Working continuously for four days and nights, we built a 15-metre-high tower on top of which we planted the red flag that had just been presented to us.

Victories heightened our fighting spirit. We were closely united around the Communist Party. This was shown by what happened to Han Teh-ching, a poor peasant. Han was captured by the Huo Hui as he was carrying a message to another village. He was taken to Miyun where Kuomintang troops questioned him about Chiao-chuanghu. When he refused to speak they tortured him with a red hot poker. They then put him on a train under guard, but he managed to jump off and found his way back home.

The Struggle Is Intensified

In 1946 we extended the tunnels to every house, making an opening under the brick bed, the stove, in the well, or some other place. From hidden firing points in the tunnels, commanding a full view of the roads through small holes in the cracks of walls or the ground, we could shoot at the enemy without his knowing where the shot had

come from. Two tunnels led to other villages.

The People's Liberation Army was already marching from victory to victory but Chiang Kai-shek was waging a last-ditch struggle. The Huo Hui was on the rampage in two neighbouring villages and the county Party committee decided to give it a drubbing. In February 1948 the county Peasants' Association chairman, Chang Tzu-liang, led our militiamen to Lungwantun and Ting-chiachuang where, in a surprise raid, we arrested 70 local landlords and took them to Chiao-chuanghu.

To retaliate, the Huo Hui brought 1,000 regular Kuomintang troops with U.S.-supplied arms and equipment to attack our village, saying they would raze it to the ground.

When we got word of their intention, the villagers went into the tunnels. The militia took up their posts in the watchtower and at the firing points. Directing the battle from the watchtower, Chang Tzu-liang shouted, "Comrades, the Kuomintang is throwing all it can into this battle. Don't be afraid, keep calm and take careful aim before you fire. They can come in alive but they must go back dead!" The enemy charged several times, but each time we beat them back.

Then they brought up their artillery. To prevent losses, Comrade Chang ordered us to withdraw into the tunnels. The tower had just been evacuated when it was blown up by a direct hit from a shell. The enemy rushed into the village and set fire to the

houses. The bandit soldiers, their caps aslant, dashed this way and that. We had a good view of them from our firing holes in the tunnels and kept picking them off one by one. We had laid mines at street entrances which we could set off from the tunnels. When a group of soldiers appeared at the head of a street, we just pulled the fuse and the mine exploded in their midst.

Unable to see any of us and unnerved by these attacks, the enemy became paralysed with fear. In the tunnels, everyone joined in the fight. The militia did the firing while others distributed drinking water and watched the doors which shut one part of a tunnel off from another. Even when the enemy found an entrance they did not dare use it as they could only come in one by one and they knew we were waiting for them. They threw incendiary bombs and also poison gas. But we were prepared for these too. By closing various doors inside the tunnels and putting cotton quilts and damp earth against them, we made the bombs ineffective and shut out the gas.

At one point, two bandit soldiers discovered a mine on the stone bridge at the entrance to the village. They shouted and trembled with fright. Cursing them, their company commander dug out the mine and removed the fuse. "Bang!" the mine exploded. We had set it with a double fuse.

All the enemy succeeded in doing was to seize 200 carts from other villages to load with their dead and loot. Then, driving along more than 100 of our donkeys and

taking with them the 70 landlords, they left.

Good Traditions Developed

When we emerged from the tunnels we found our village razed to the ground. Fallen beams were still burning and black smoke was rising everywhere. Hatred filled our hearts. Militiamen came over from a neighbouring village. "Ma Fu," their leader said, "don't be distressed. Just tell us what you need. We are here!" Tears welled up in my eyes. "No," I said, "I'm not distressed. With the Party and you to back us, we can stand on our feet even if the sky comes down on our heads." The secretary of the district Party committee also arrived. "What?" he said, "Are you weeping?" I brushed my face with my sleeve. "No," I said. "I have a strong backbone." We consulted together and decided to call a mass meeting.

We gathered in the middle of the smouldering ruins of the village. "Chiao-chuanghu is a strong fortress which the enemy cannot break," the district Party committee secretary began. "Because we have the Communist Party, because we have Chairman Mao and because there are all of us, the difficulties we face can surely be overcome." His words put hope into our hearts. Our will to fight became firmer than ever.

People from the surrounding villages came to help us. They brought donkeys, grain and building materials—timber and kao-liang stalks. As we rebuilt, it became clear that far from frightening us, the enemy had steeled us

into stauncher fighters. We saw that if we wished to be completely liberated, we had to struggle against the reactionaries to the end. We devoted another three days and nights to rebuilding the watchtower and again placed the "People's Number One Fortress" red flag on its summit.

In December 1948 our militia coordinated with the People's Liberation Army to liberate the county town of Miyun. Then the army went on to besiege Peiping (now Peking). Almost everyone in our village helped to carry stretchers, act as couriers or transport grain.

It is now 17 years since Peking was liberated. Each spring when we visit the graves of the dead, we add earth to those of the heroes who fell. We also recount stories of our struggle to the youngsters

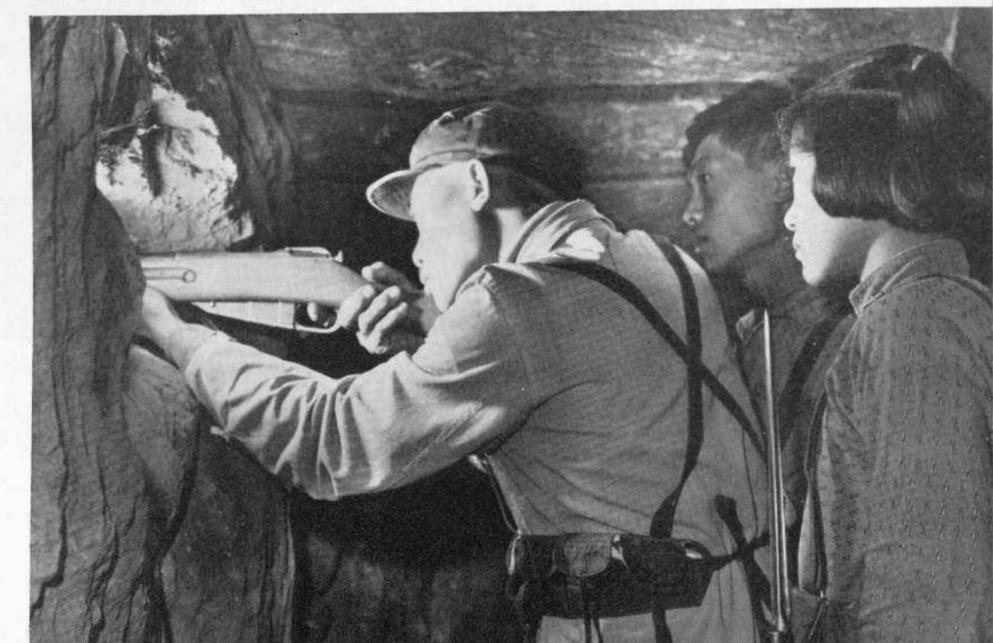
so that they understand how the people's power was won through fighting for it and so that they will always treasure the fruits of victory won through the life and blood of their kinsmen and carry on the revolutionary tradition of firm struggle.

In 1964 we set up an exhibition room showing the history of the struggle waged by the militia of Chiao-chuanghu. We also restored 317 metres of the 11.5-kilometre main tunnel. This educates the young people in our revolutionary tradition, teaches them to shoulder our rifles and in turn to pass them on to their children.

Our young people have mettle. Their spirit surpasses that of their parents. The militia combine farm work with military training in a much more expert way than we did.

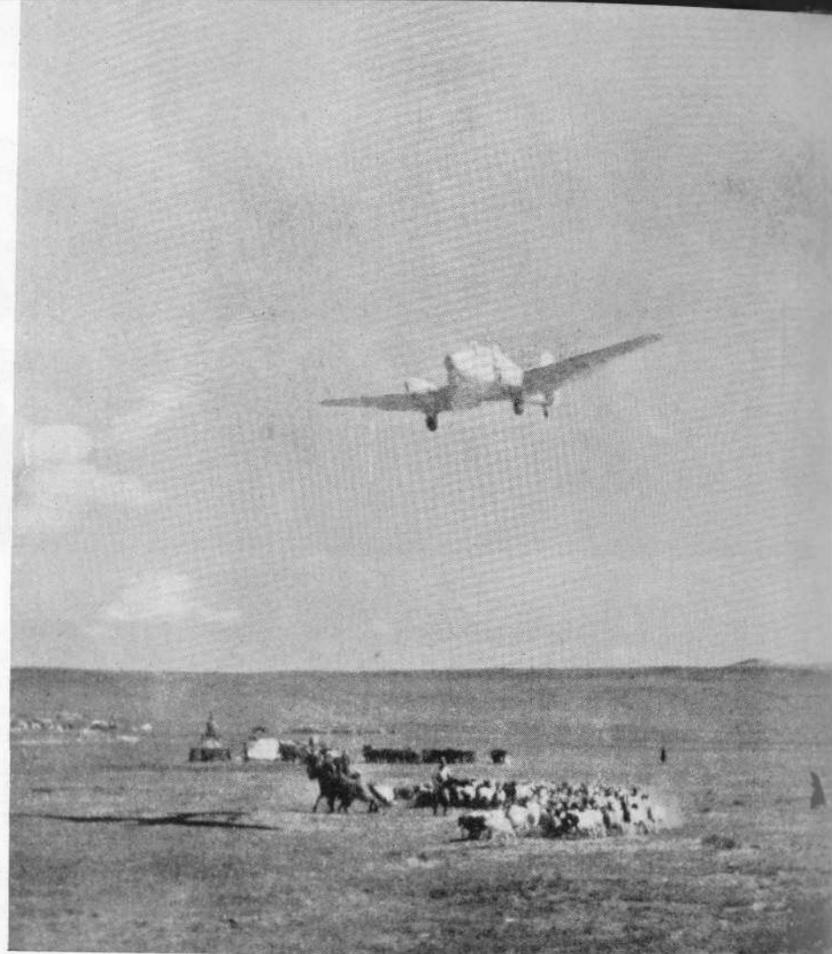
Militia members of today practise shooting from underground.

Photos by Chao Yao



Airmen Locate Underground Treasures

YANG KUANG-CHING



Aerial prospecting in the grasslands.

Chuo Cheh

AERIAL prospecting for minerals was only started in China 12 years ago, but an area equal to half that of the country, five million square kilometres, has already been surveyed. The famous Taching oilfield is one of the many valuable sites thus discovered. A great deal of reliable scientific data on the country's many kinds of mineral resources and information for geological research has been collected.

The method used is that of prospecting from an aeroplane by the use of magnetism, radioactivity and other physical effects. The presence of minerals in the earth is detected by very sensitive instruments. Surveying from the air has many advantages over ground surveying, particularly when the work has to be carried out in difficult terrain such as high mountains and deserts. The costs are lower and the efficiency higher. It is a time saver too, for the actual layout of the deposit over

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wide areas can be readily determined and more comprehensive data provided to assist the planning of the actual excavation. It has been proved that an aerial surveying team can do as much work in one year as 30 ground teams.

The First Trial Flight

In 1953 several of us who had just completed university physics courses were assigned to carry out aerial magnetic prospecting. We were eager to contribute to the building of socialism in our country and our first task was to master the use of the instruments. We studied them and experimented with them day and night until we became proficient in their use. Leaders from the Ministry of Geology, the director of the Civil Aviation Bureau, and air force officers gave us much useful advice and guidance in the solution of the difficulties of our trial flight. The commanding air force officer himself piloted the aeroplane.

This flight was over a large iron ore deposit in the grasslands of

Inner Mongolia, where a ground survey was under way. We arrived in October when snow had already fallen. The location of the deposit was not marked on the map and the only information we had was that it was situated a few score kilometres northwest of a certain temple.

We took off from our base at daybreak and soon found the temple. In the vast grasslands it is rather risky for a small aeroplane, carrying only three people, to venture far from its base. But we had no misgivings, and after circling around for some time, we finally spotted some white drill-towers and a row of tents. We flew over the markers which had been put out to guide us and set our magnetic instruments. They registered definite reactions. It was a moment of great excitement. The ground surveyors rushed out of their tents when they heard the sound of our plane, waved to us and cheered, hailing this new method of prospecting. We dived

down and dropped a message of thanks for their assistance.

Exploring the Grasslands

After this initial success, we began to explore the grasslands and the Gobi Desert. At that time work over such large areas was not easy because there were very few settlements and it was difficult to obtain water. Selecting a stretch of level ground for our base, we removed all the big stones and erected a temporary hangar. We also set up a windsock and installed radio equipment, as it was necessary to be both flyers and weathermen. We had tents and yurts for living quarters. We found water some distance away and carried it by oxcart.

Our biggest difficulty was navigation, as there were no natural landmarks to guide our flight. We were also unable to fly in equidistant parallel lines, a necessity when magnetic prospecting. With the cooperation of the ground workers, we set up landmarks by the aid of a theodolite. Crossed lines were plotted and large flags planted every kilometre. The ground crew in the truck had to travel ahead of the aeroplane. The day's work over, we would make a fire and cook our food, then

sleep in a makeshift tent or under the truck. We were living "with the blue sky overhead and the grasslands underfoot". In semi-desert country we had to travel on foot, practically all the equipment and provisions being carried by camels and ourselves.

We managed to overcome one difficulty after another by encouraging each other with stories of the Red Army's unconquerable spirit when crossing the snow mountains and marshlands on the historic Long March in the thirties. We finally completed surveying hundreds of thousands of square kilometres of the vast grasslands and the Gobi Desert, locating rich iron ore deposits and other valuable minerals. We were very happy to be able to supply so much useful information about the mineral wealth of our country. This contribution towards socialist construction was ample reward for our work under conditions of considerable hardship.

'Mountain Tigers' and 'Winged Feet'

With the beginning of the Second Five-Year Plan in 1958, our country's need for minerals became greater and more urgent. By this time our team was much

bigger and our skill had improved as a result of several years of practical experience. In order to find mineral deposits in the shortest possible time, we divided ourselves into air and ground crews, and as soon as an air crew found an indication of the possible presence of minerals, a ground crew set out to investigate. If the result was favourable, geological surveying began at once. By this method minerals were located within a few months. For instance, a big deposit of iron ore was revealed in Liaoning province only two months after the aerial survey had been accomplished. Accurate results were not easy to obtain. They necessitated flying at a very low height, no more than 100 metres, along rocky mountainsides and through ravines. Sometimes, as the plane was caught in a descending air current and turned its nose down, we were tossed from our seats, banging our heads against the top of the cabin. Yet no serious accident occurred in all the years of our work.

Many of the new deposits were located in almost uninhabited regions. The ground crews had to battle against mosquitoes, poisonous snakes and leeches in the southern tropical jungles, and to



The writer shows a girl how to collate the aerial surveying data.



Studying a flight plan.

Chuo Cheh

face bears in the northern forests of the Greater Hsingan Mountains. With the cooperation of the people of the various nationalities, however, they learned to cope with the natural conditions. Some surveyors became known as "mountain tigers" and others as "winged feet" for the qualities they displayed in fulfilling their tasks.

The Tarim Basin is the largest depression in China. The Taklamakan Desert in its midst is 1,000 km. long and in some places 500 km. wide. Each person taking part in ground exploration in this desert has to be provided with a ten-camel load of provisions to survive. We explored it from the air, cutting across nearly 500 km. of yellow sand, flying almost "blind" for two hours. We obtained scientific data on the geological structure of the desert and of the distribution of petroleum and other minerals beneath its surface. This was the first time such information had been avail-

able. We have also obtained very important information as a result of magnetic prospecting over the seas off our shores and through successful experimental work in the high mountain regions in the western part of China.

Advanced Techniques

The development of our work has put greater demands on aerial magnetic prospecting. We therefore decided to apply nuclear physics in order to obtain an extremely high degree of accuracy. The young teachers at the Changchun Institute of Geology, accepting the challenge, undertook the major part of the research work in this field. Experts from the Civil Aviation Bureau, the air force, from some industrial plants, and members of our group also joined in the experiments. As a result, we were able to apply this technique within a few years and build a large automatic airborne magnetometer. Laboratory tests and field use have demonstrated that its

degree of accuracy is three to five times that of the best instruments we had before.

We found that the flag-markers first used as navigation guides were no longer adequate, and after several years of trial and error we built radio location equipment and installed modern navigation aids. These enable us, no matter where we are, to accurately determine our position in the air through radio signals and thus map out our course of flight. With this new technique, we can more accurately relate the results of aerial prospecting to geographical locations, thus saving the ground crew much toil and speeding up our own work.

Our experience is still limited. We are trying to make many new instruments. But on the basis of what we have already achieved, we are confident that we will continue to improve our skill and so make greater contributions to the socialist construction of our country.

In the New Society

Somebody's Mother

ONE DAY the postal-telegraph office in the town of Shaokuan in northern Kwangtung province received a wire addressed to a Comrade Chung at a certain address. The message read: "Arriving Shaokuan on 16th 10.30 a.m. Please meet at railway station. Mother."

The postal-telegraph office could not find such an address in Shaokuan, nor even one like it where they could try. So the staff returned the wire to Wuhan in Hupeh province where it had been sent. Soon they received a long-distance call from Wuhan. The staff there said that the wire had been sent by an old lady from Chungking as she passed through Wuhan and she was already on the train for Shaokuan.

Liu Pei-chin, head of the telegraph section in Shaokuan, was worried about the traveller. The next morning when the train was due she went to meet it. As Liu Pei-chin did not know what "mother" looked like, nor what she would be wearing, nor even what dialect she spoke, she had to stop quite a few elderly women and inquire of them before she found one who was expecting to see Comrade Chung. Then she introduced herself. "Mother, I am from the postal-telegraph office. We have been unable to deliver

your wire to Comrade Chung," Liu Pei-chin said as she helped the old lady with her luggage. She took the traveller to her own room in the telegraph workers' residences.

AT FIRST the old lady was quite worried, but Liu Pei-chin's genuine friendliness soon put her at ease. She explained where she was going. Her daughter, who lived in Hsunwu county in neighbouring Kiangsi province, had just had a baby, and she was going to her daughter's home to help her out for a few weeks. The railway does not go to Hsunwu, so she had to get off at Shaokuan and take a bus. At Wuhan, when she had asked someone to write out the telegram asking her son-in-law to meet her, the writer had mistakenly addressed it to Shaokuan instead of Hsunwu.

Liu Pei-chin immediately sent a wire to Comrade Chung at Hsunwu. When there was no reply after a day, she began trying to locate him by telephone and finally found him.

As the old lady was finally ready to leave, she took the young telegraph operator's hands in her own and thanked her. "Mother, I was simply doing my duty," Liu Pei-chin replied.

中文月课 LANGUAGE CORNER ZHONG WEN YUE KE

民间故事一则

Mínjiān Gùshi Yī Zé

A Folk Tale

从前 有一个财主，他买了两
Cóngqián yǒu yige cáizhǔ, tā mǎile liǎng
Once upon a time there was a rich master, he bought two

条 黄鱼， 交给 仆人老田，要
tiáo huángyú, jiāogei púrcn Lǎo Tián, yào
yellow croakers, (he) gave (them to his) servant Old Tian, wanting

他 拿到 河边去 收拾干净。这是
tā ná dào hébiān qù shōushi gānjìng. Zhè shì
him (to) take to (the) riverbank go (to) prepare clean. This was

财主 打祢 喝酒时 吃的。
cáizhǔ dǎsuan hē jiǔ shí chī de.
(what the) rich master reckoned drinking wine time to eat.

过了一会， 老田拿着两个鱼头，
Guòle yíhuìr, Lǎo Tián názhè liǎng ge yútóu,
After a while, Old Tian brought two fish heads,

笑嘻嘻地走进 家门。 财主见了，
xiàoxixīdì zǒu jìn jiā mén. Cáizhǔ jiànle,
smilingly walked in (the) house door. (The) rich master saw (him),

连忙 问：“鱼身子 呢？”
liánmáng wèn: “Yúshēnzi ne?”
immediately asked: “(Where is the) fish body?”

“丢到 河里去了，”老田回答。
“Diū dào hé li qù le,” Lǎo Tián huídá.
“(I've) thrown (it the) river into,” Old Tian replied.

财主 听了 大怒，
Cáizhǔ tīngle dà nù,
(The) rich master heard (this and was) greatly furious,

一边 跺脚 一边 骂：“你这蠢才，
yībiān duòjiǎo yībiān mà: “Nǐ zhè chǔncái,
at the same time stamping at the same time cursing: “You this fool,

怎么 把 鱼身子 丢掉了呢！”
zěnmē bǎ yúshēnzi diūdiào le ne!”
how (could you) (the) fish body throw away!”

老田 说：“自从 我到 你家
Lǎo Tián shuō: “Zìcóng wǒ dào nǐ jiā
Old Tian said: “Ever since I came to your home

以来， 只吃过 鱼头， 我一直以为
yǐlái, zhǐ chīguò yútóu, wǒ yīzhí yǐwéi
thereafter, (I have) only eaten fish head, I always thought

鱼身子 是不能 吃的。”
yúshēnzi shì bùnéng chī de.”
fish body is not able (to be) eaten.”

Reworded Translation

A rich master bought two yellow croakers. He asked his servant, Old Tian, to take them to the riverbank and clean them. He wanted to eat the fish with his wine.

After a while, Old Tian returned with two fish heads in his hand and a smile on his face. Seeing him, the rich master immediately asked, "Where are the fish?"

"I threw them into the river," replied Old Tian.

When he heard this, the rich master was very angry. Cursing and stamping, he said, "You fool! How could you throw away the fish!"

Old Tian said, "Ever since I came to your home, I have never eaten any part of the fish but its head, so I thought the rest was inedible!"

Explanatory Notes

1. Zé 则 is a classifier for tales, fables or jokes. In titles, it is often placed at the end instead of the beginning of the actual title, e.g., Mǐnjiān Gùshi Yī Zé 民间故事一则, meaning "A Folk Tale".

2. Tiáo 条 is a classifier for something long like fish, rope or a street.

3. Qù 去 (to go) is placed after a verbal phrase of motion to indicate the direction of a movement. For example, ná dào hébiān qù 拿到河边去 (to take to the riverbank). Here qù is used to show the direction-of ná 拿 (to take). Diū dào hé li qù 丢到河里去 (to throw into the river). Here qù is used to show the direction of diū 丢 (to throw).

4. Xiào 笑 means "to laugh". Xixi 嘻嘻 are rhetorical words which, placed after xiào, mean "to smile".

5. Yībiān... yībiān... 一边... 一边... is an expression used to show that two actions are carried on simultaneously, e.g., yībiān duòjiǎo yībiān mà 一边跺脚一边骂, meaning "cursing and stamping".

6. Zìcóng... yǐlái... 自从... 以来 means "ever since", e.g., zìcóng wǒ dào nǐ jiā yǐlái 从我到你家以来, meaning "ever since I came to your home".

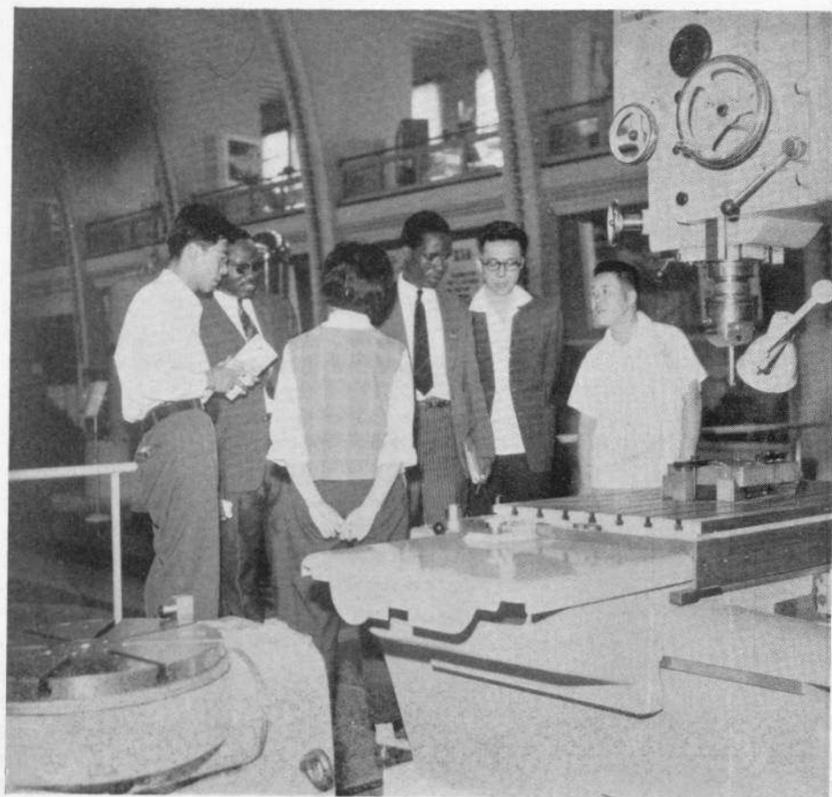
A Simple Key to Pronunciation

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

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

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

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



At an industrial exhibition in Shanghai.



Toure Sadan Moussa, leader of the Delegation (left), the author (centre) at scenic West Lake with Guinean Writers (left), and their Chinese writer-friends.

A Guinean in China

KOUROUMA KARAMOKO

I WAS SENT by my country in response to an invitation by the Chinese writers. I visited Nanking, Shanghai and Hangchow, and arrived in Peking on September 11. It is impossible to give a complete picture of the impressions that remain with me, for one must see China with his own eyes to understand and admire the work accomplished there in only 16

KOUROUMA KARAMOKO is a Guinean writer who visited China last year at the invitation of the All-China Federation of Writers.

years under the direction of Chairman Mao.

When I arrived in China, I thought that my contacts would be with writers. But I saw workers, peasants and soldiers, for those who work are those who write. And they write for the workers.

At the university, I had thought I would meet deans with serious faces. Instead, I saw a smiling rector, young professors of nuclear physics in blue blouses, and young

men and women students discussing the problems of Africa with an open admiration for the people of Guinea. In the factories, I had thought I would pass through a series of offices before entering the shops. But in Peking and Hangchow textile plants I was received by women directors who seemed to know only workshops. The interest they had in showing me the progress of their factories was even greater than my interest in visiting them.

How to express my admiration of the fields of rice in the October People's Commune near Nanking or the hills of growing tea of a production brigade near Hangchow? How to picture my emotion standing before hundreds of boys and girls at the Children's Palace in Shanghai? How to convey the Chinese people's feeling of pride, happiness and freedom which I sensed during my visit to the Industrial Exposition in Shanghai? I repeat — one must actually see

China to understand what socialism has done.

THREE THOUSAND years of history, out of which hundreds of peasant uprisings against oppression and the aristocracy have arisen, have forged the Chinese people in the crucible of work. Here in China everything can be summed up in one word: work. This is the impression which takes hold of you when you gaze out of a train window at immense stretches of rice, cotton, maize, millet.

You have the same impression in the streets of the cities and the lanes of the villages — that there is not one square metre of land uncultivated and that of the 650 million Chinese, 650 million of them are workers. You will not find one slogan which does not encourage work. And the slogans insist on quality.

This leap forward in history, impelled by the Chinese Com-

munist Party in 1949, is certainly a phenomenon unique in the evolution of mankind. The contrasts are striking — ancient history and contemporary, feudalism and socialism, traditional and modern. Ultra-modern monuments built in record time appear alongside ancient Ming palaces. Tricycles have not yet given way to automobiles and trucks coming out of Shanghai by the hundreds. Tientsin electronic apparatus plants produce a computer capable of integrating differential equations to the 24th order, while in large stores filled to bursting the clerks deftly add up your bill with the abacus. Add to all this the heavenly aspect of the Summer Palace in contrast with the austere port of Shanghai. In this country built on the dialectical materialism of Marxism-Leninism, one also gets the strong impres-

sion of the harmonious marriage of the romantic with the classic.

In the light of my experience here, the aid which the people of China are giving to the countries fighting for their independence seemed to me much more real.

WORDS fail me in telling the Chinese friends of the gratefulness which a guest owes them for their friendliness, their kindness, their smiles, their warm handshakes in the hotels, opera theatres, the stations. I fail even more to find words to thank them for their wish and determination to tighten always more the friendship which unites our two peoples through the fraternal links between Chairman Mao and President Toure.

Long live Chinese - Guinean friendship!

From this issue

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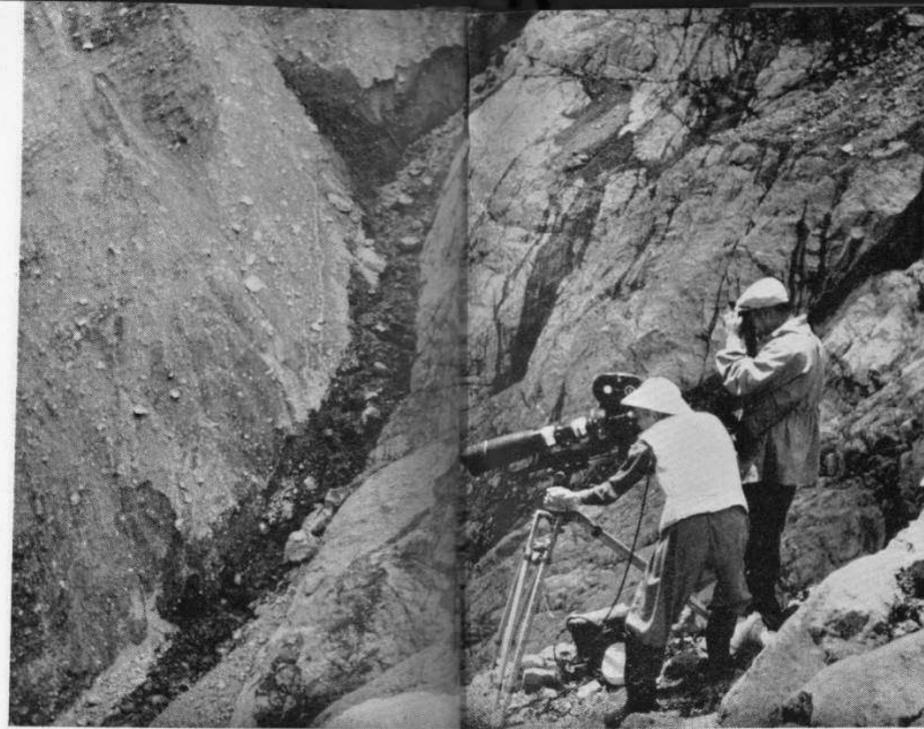
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SCIENCE FILMS EDUCATE MILLIONS



A film projection team in Hopei province going to the countryside.

Ho Shih-yao



With a geologist, a cameraman gets shots of mud and rock flow in the mountains of Tibet.

MORE than half of some 100 science films made in 1965 were on agricultural subjects. Some of the films, which run from 10 minutes to an hour or more in length, teach the farmers how to use modern machinery, others provide basic information for new electricity-users in rural areas. Many demonstrate technical skills for various crops such as how to select seed for planting, care for young shoots, apply fertilizer, kill insect pests. Comparable information is provided for livestock-raising, fish-breeding and forestry.

Special films have been made to describe the new methods developed by model farmers and the results of recent research. Still others help to counteract unscientific customs or superstitions in the countryside. (An example is the film on owls described on page 36.) This year, with even greater emphasis on scientific farming to increase yields, 70 per cent of those produced will be devoted to agriculture.

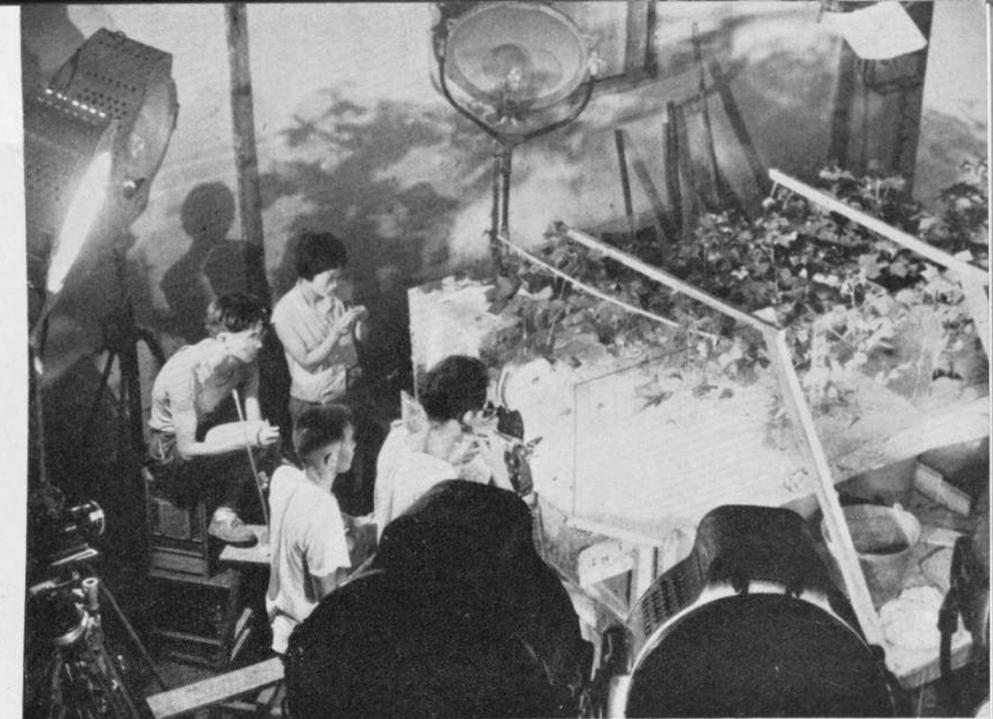
In the nationwide campaign to revolutionize industry, films on new techniques, processes, materials and equipment are a stimulus. Many are designed to help workers master basic knowledge in their lines and for classroom use in industrial schools. Thrift is another big theme. A recent release shows how a plant checks its power

lines without shutting off the electricity, thus without interrupting production.

Concerted Effort

In the past two years the stress for science films has been to provide workers and farmers with information for solving urgent problems of production and provide it in a way that can be easily understood and readily applied. The film makers are able to do this because of the help they received from individuals and organizations of many levels throughout the country. From government offices for agriculture and industry they learn of the general policies, problems and recommended solutions. They often go to the factories and farms to hear from the workers and farmers themselves what is happening and what is needed. In making the films they have the aid of scientists who supply them with information and work together with them to pare it down to the essentials for clear presentation.

Because of the importance of such films, much attention is given to circulating them in a planned way. When new science films are released, people in the county or commune offices usually get together with the agricultural extension stations and rural projection teams to make a selection of



The staff of the Shanghai Scientific and Educational Film Studio making an agricultural science picture.

films which will present systematically what the peasants in their area need to know.

In Shantung last year the emphasis was on increasing production of the province's five major crops — sweet potatoes, maize, wheat, rice and cotton. In the first nine months of the year, 15,000 film showings brought information on these crops to 10 million viewers. The films introduced some twenty points of scientific farming, such as rational close-planting of cotton and measures to counter maize borers and black rot on sweet potatoes.

The mobile projection teams that tour the Shantung countryside are often accompanied by scientists and technicians who advise commune members on how to apply what is recommended in the films. They supplement the films with lantern-slide shows and exhibitions on the same or related topics. So great is the peasants' thirst for such information that they greet these films like "timely rain", and call the projection teams the "cotton-bringing" and "grain-bringing" teams.

More films on health and hygiene were also produced in the past two years. Several shorts made with the cooperation of outstanding athletes teach swimming, table-tennis and volleyball, which are popular in both city

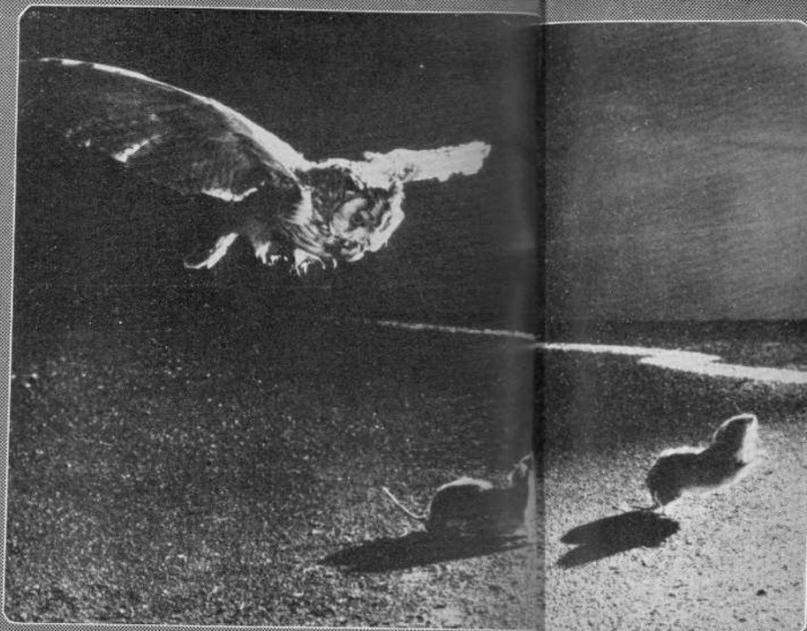
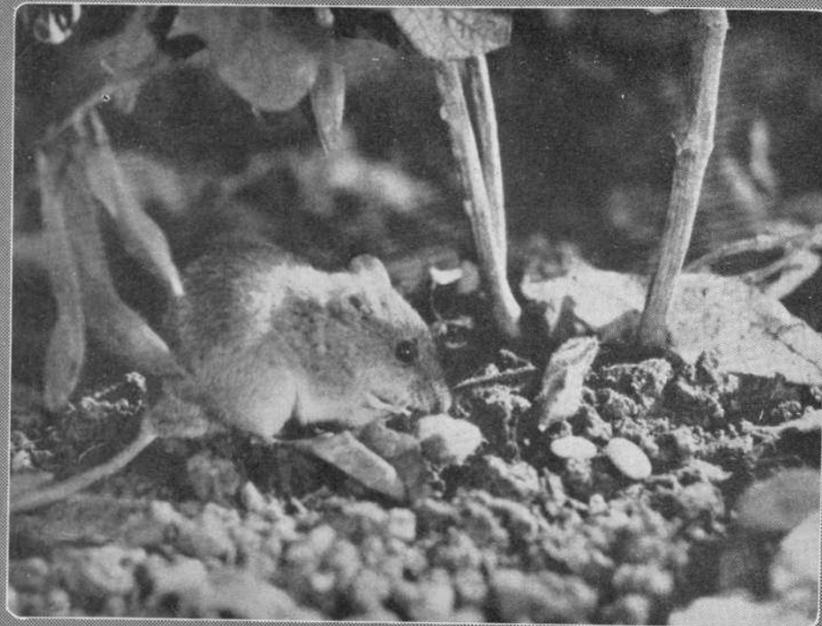
and countryside. A number feature prevention and treatment of common diseases. Late last year the Shanghai studio released a colour film on schistosomiasis, an endemic disease in the south. Made with the cooperation of doctors and scientists, the film gives a graphic explanation of the life history of schistosomes, or blood flukes, and depicts the methods people in the south have used to wipe out the snails which spread the disease.

Science for Everybody

For films to popularize general scientific knowledge, the subject matter is practically unlimited. These are intended to help the people gain the understanding of nature and society through which they will develop a scientific, dialectical materialist world outlook.

Topics range from explanations of scientific phenomena in everyday life to more detailed material in the fields of astronomy (eclipses of the sun and moon), geography (karst formations and stalactite caves), physics (the lever), biology (marine plants), anthropology (the Peking Man) and the history of social development (the life of some minority nationalities).

Film makers' long-term plans call for a complete series covering basic knowledge in all branches of the natural and social sciences.



Shots from *Owls on Night Duty*.

Making the Film 'Owls on Night Duty'

YU CHI



After long training, the owl became used to the camera.

IT IS a quiet night in the countryside. In the fields, the mice come out of their holes and set to work eating the peanuts, carrots and beans and gnawing at the young rice shoots. Two fat mice get into a fierce battle over a tasty morsel. Suddenly an owl swoops down from the sky and snatches up one of them. The other streaks over to a river and swims across, but it is caught by a second owl. This is the action in the film *Owls on Night Duty*.

Because of their fierce appearance and mournful call, in the countryside owls had once been held to bring bad luck. This film shows that they are useful birds, for they feed on mice which damage the crops. An owl consuming two or three mice a night, about a thousand a year, can bring a saving of several thousand *jin* of grain in that time.

When our studio set about making the film, our biggest problem was to make the owls and mice do what we wanted. Owls, being

night birds, shun light, but we could not shoot our pictures without it. We decided that we could not do our filming in the fields, but would set up similar conditions in our studio.

OUR FIRST JOB was to get the owls accustomed to catching mice under artificial lights. We raised 30 birds in six wooden cages. Every time we put in mice to feed the owls, we turned on a 40-watt bulb in each cage. On the first evening this happened, the frightened birds flew about wildly, striking against the walls. The next morning the mice were alive and unharmed. We continued to feed the owls under artificial light. On the seventh morning we found no mice, which meant that the owls had become accustomed to eating under lights. We then gradually increased the size of the bulbs. The owls became accustomed to it.

Our next project was shooting scenes of the owls catching and

eating mice. We reproduced the natural surroundings in our studio. On this we trained a hidden camera with a soundproof cover. Owls have very keen hearing, so to be sure that they were not disturbed by any sound of the camera in operation, we further covered it with padded quilts. Every night we turned the owls loose and watched them from our hiding-place. We waited seven nights before we got satisfactory shots of the owls catching and eating mice.

We then went ahead giving the owls further training so that they would do just as we wanted. After eight months of domestication and training, they were ready for the filming. From our observations we learned which owls did which things best. We "cast" one bird for a shot of the owl wheeling about looking for prey and alighting on the telegraph poles and branches in our "countryside", another for catching and devouring the mice, and a third for shots of the owl looking about imperiously.

THE VILLAINS—the mice—also learned to "act" after they had become accustomed to our "countryside". Mice-catching specialists from communes outside the city helped us a great deal with their information on the habits of mice. Though we utilized the animals' characteristic greed for food in getting them to do what we wanted, we still spent fully two weeks shooting the scene of a brown mouse dragging away a carrot. At first it would not eat our carrots. Then it would eat them but would not drag one away. We studied the matter and concluded that this was because it did not have a home where it could take its food. We constructed a hole for it. Two days later the mouse stole out of its hole, selected a carrot and took it home.

In this work we received much help from the staff of the Institute of Zoology of the Chinese Academy of Sciences. The zoologists there told us about the habits of owls and checked our script. Scientists from the Shanghai Association for the Dissemination of Science and Technology and the Shanghai Zoological Society also made valuable suggestions about the script. Biology teachers and students from Fudan University served as both advisers and actors.

One day, to show how a mouse blocked up its hole, we placed a mouse in a hole we had made and turned an electric fan on it. Though the mouse shivered with cold, it would not close up the hole. A biology professor came from Fudan University in the suburbs to see what he could do. He found the mouse was not satisfied with our hole because the earth was too thin to give it a feeling of home. As soon as we added more earth the mouse set about making its own hole which it would block up whenever we turned on the fan.

Thus, the knowledge and work of many people helped us solve one problem after another in order to complete this 18-minute-long film.

YU CHI, vice-head of the Shanghai Scientific and Educational Film Studio, directed and wrote the script for the owl film. It received an award for service to agriculture.

The Search for 3½ fen

WORKERS at Tientsin's No. 2 Bicycle Factory recently embarked on a search for 3½ fen.* This is the way it came about. Although many improvements had been made on the "Double Happiness", a model designed for use in the countryside, peasant buyers had written in that this bicycle was not smooth to pedal. The workers studied the problem and found that this was because there was too much friction around the ball bearings in the sprocket wheel which drives the chain. The workers decided to put a separator in the bearing case. This, however, would raise the cost of production 3½ fen per bicycle. The Communist Party committee in the factory asked the workers whether they thought that this amount could be made up elsewhere. They discussed the matter and agreed that the cost must not be raised. Then they began the search for the 3½ fen in their work.

* The fen is the smallest unit in Chinese currency; 100 fen = 1 yuan.



Separators for the bearings of the "Double Happiness" bicycle.

Sun Cheng

They found many ways to save right under their noses. The saddle department had been using two jin of cotton yarn waste every day for wiping its machines. Now someone proposed that the outside and rough parts of the machines be wiped with the gunny sacking that came around rolls of steel wire the plant bought. Then only half a jin of cotton would be needed for the fine parts.

Paper is wrapped around the finished saddles before they are shipped out. But every day 20 of the factory's bicycles are sent fully assembled to a shop nearby. The workers calculated that the paper for each saddle cost 2½ fen, and that by not wrapping these 20 saddles, they could save ¥150 a year.

Similar ways to save were found in other departments. The wrapping section had always considered it easier to tie a knot with a long string. Now they made themselves

more skilful so that they save two inches of string per bundle. Another department found a way to catch and re-use the gasoline used to clean the trade marks. In many places boxes were put up to collect odd bits of material for later use.

MANY workers sought to regain the 3½ fen through improvements in the manufacturing process. In the materials department, Li Chien-hua made repeated measurements and calculations on the sheet steel. He discovered that by cutting the pieces for the front forks lengthwise from the steel instead of crosswise, he could get four more pieces per sheet — in a year this would yield a saving of 40,000 times the 3½ fen, or ¥1,400. The steel strips from which the tubing is made once had to have 13 millimetres trimmed from both sides in order to make them the right size. Since this was a waste of both labour and material, the factory asked the steel mill to produce narrower strips, cutting costs by more than ¥187,000 a year.

Improved workmanship also brought savings. The painting department calculated that if there were four per cent fewer rejects in the painted frames, mudguards and forks, the cost per bicycle could be cut by 3.6 fen. The workers adopted seven special measures to guarantee quality, and pledged extra care in their work. To date they have been able to cut the rate of rejects by two per cent.

Altogether 300 suggestions were submitted for large and small economies. Many of these have been adopted. Today the "Double Happiness" bicycle — with a separator for its ball bearings — is much smoother to pedal but costs ¥1.10 less than when the economy movement started.

In the shops one often hears workers saying such things as, "Be sure and turn off the light. Don't forget the 3½ fen!" When their gloves are worn out, they mend them instead of getting new ones, and try to save in a thousand little ways. The spirit of saving every fraction of a cent has taken deep root.

Industry Briefs

Programme-controlled Milling Machine

A new product of the Peking No. 1 Machine Tool Plant is a programme-controlled milling machine. It performs a series of different operations on a workpiece according to a pre-set programme of operations and specifications, automatically changing the direction and speed of the feed as the sequence demands. The worker in charge of the machine needs only load and unload the machine and watch it at work.

Tap Grinder

A machine that makes the taps, the high-precision tools necessary for processing the internal threads in screw holes, will soon go into production. Since this kind of equipment was formerly not produced in China, factories which did not have imported models had to make their own taps on ordinary lathes and thread grinders.

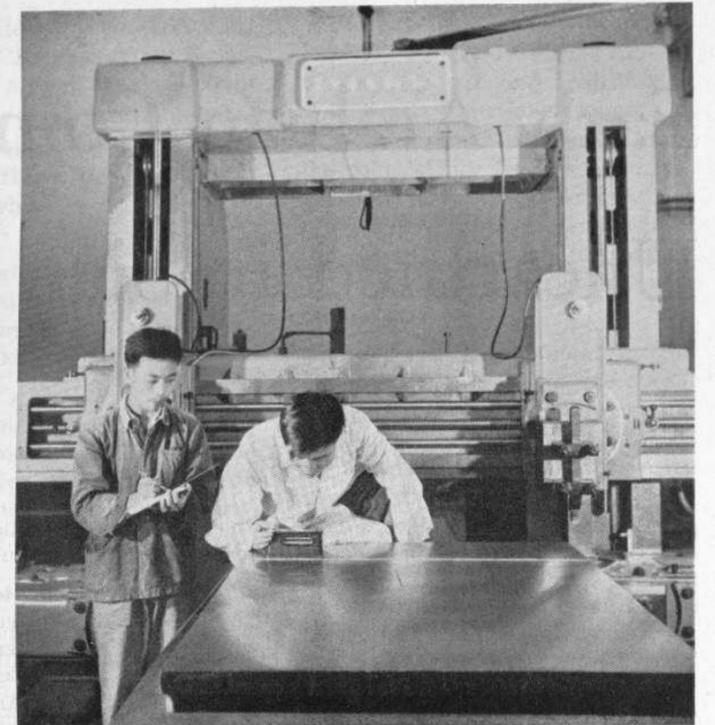
The new machine does the work five to seven times more efficiently than the method previously used. It can grind completely finished taps directly from blanks. The machine has a magnetic separator which removes metal particles from the cooling liquid and a device which draws the spray away from the operator. It was designed and built by the Peking High-precision Machinery Institute.

High-precision Heavy Planer

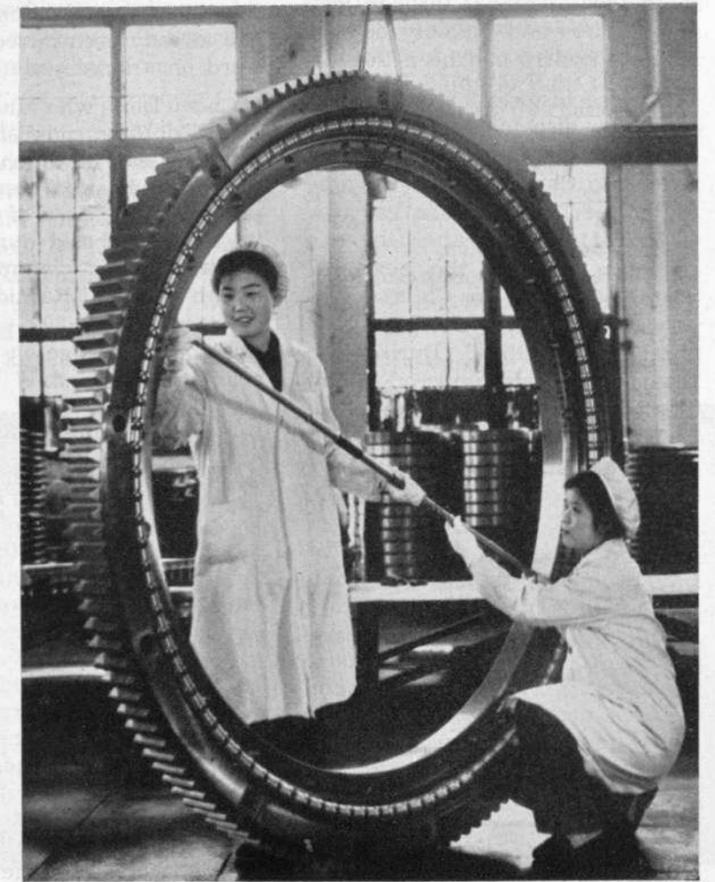
A heavy-duty planer that makes a highly-finished surface has been built in Wuhan. The four-metre-long machine is designed for processing guideway surfaces on machine beds and large flat surfaces on other machines. Ordinary planers produce rough or semi-finished surfaces which need further scraping by hand. The new machine cuts the time for producing such a surface from the former several days to only a few hours.

Extra-large Bearings

Extra-large bearings, used chiefly in excavators, are being made at the Loyang Bearings Plant in Honan province. Each weighs a ton and has an outer diameter of more than two metres.



The heavy-duty high-precision planer.



Big bearing.

Early Arabian Coins Unearthed in Sian

HSIA NAI



Front (left) and back (right) rubbings of the three Arabian gold coins found in a Tang dynasty tomb in Sian. They are dated: Top: 83rd year of the hegira (A.D. 702). Centre: 100 A.H. (A.D. 719). Below: 129 A.H. (A.D. 746/747).

COMMUNICATION between China and the Arabian countries, in spite of the great distance separating them, has existed since very early times. It can be traced back before the rise of Islam. Mohammed, the founder of Islam, once said, "Seek for learning though it be as far away as China." This indicates that the people along the coast of the Arabian peninsula had long known of China in the east, possibly through Persian traders and possibly because Chinese traders had been there.

Chinese historical records mention the dispatch of diplomatic envoys from the caliphate of Arabia to China in *Anno Hegirae* 31 by the Mohammedan calendar (A.D. 651), shortly after the rise of Islam. Within the next 147 years, according to Chinese history, Arabia sent 36 diplomatic missions to China. During the reign of China's emperor Hsuan Tsung (A.D. 712-756), the caliphate and the Tang empire came into armed conflict on three occasions, the severest of which was in 134 A.H. or A.D. 751, at the Battle of Talas. This battle, in which the Chinese army commanded by Kao Hsien-chih was totally defeated by the Arabian army, marks the beginning of the decline of Tang power in Central Asia and the rise of Arab domination there. Only six years later, however, friendly relations had been restored and Arabia sent troops to help the Tang

court quell a rebellion by the border general An Lu-shan.

The first person to write in Chinese about Islam was Tu Huan, who after he was taken captive in the Battle of Talas spent 11 or 12 years in and around Arabia before he returned to Canton aboard a merchant vessel. He recorded having met Chinese weavers, goldsmiths, silversmiths and other artisans in Arabia, an indication that Chinese production techniques had already been introduced westward on a large scale.

Chia Tan, who lived shortly after Tu Huan, published a geography in 801 in which he gives a relatively detailed account of the politics and history of Arabia and its ruling Abbasid dynasty up to the time of his contemporary, the Caliph Harun Al-Rashid, who ruled between 786 and 809. Thus a rich store of knowledge on Arabia was available in China.

Few Genuine Relics

Many Arabian envoys, traders and soldiers visited China in the Tang dynasty (7th to early 10th century), the time of the introduction of Islam into China. However, relics of the Arabs or of Islam dating from this period are very rare, and even things long supposed to be such do not stand up under scrutiny. The well-known tablet memorializing the construction of an early Sian mosque, though it bears the inscription "First Year of Tien Pao" (742), after extensive study is generally believed to be a faked work from the latter part of the Ming dynasty (16th cen-

tury). The minaret of the Yearning for the Prophet Mosque in Canton, and the adjacent tomb, said to be that of Waqqás, Mohammed's maternal uncle, were also thought to have been built in the Tang dynasty. It is more probable that the minaret was constructed much later, during the Sung dynasty (10th-13th century), and there is no mention of Waqqás in connection with the tomb until the middle of the Ming dynasty, which leads us to believe that this is a legend of later invention. What are known as the Tombs of the Saints on Mt. Lingshan in Chuanchow in Fukien province are said to be the tombs of the holy disciples of Mohammed, the Third Saint and the Fourth Saint who came to preach in Chuanchow during the Tang dynasty. This is also open to doubt, as these tombs are more likely the graves of Arabs who lived in Chuanchow during the Sung dynasty, when the city, well known by the Arab name Zaitun, was deemed "the largest port in the world" by the medieval Arab traveller Ibn Batuta.

The Sian Tomb

Recently we have found three Arabian gold coins in a Tang tomb in Sian in Shensi province which are truly relics from Arabia of that time. The tomb, discovered in April 1964, was examined and ex-

cavated in February 1965 by the Shensi Province Committee for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments. The construction of the tomb is like that of others from the same period found in Sian, the Tang capital. The vault is built of bricks in an approximate square, with a door on the southern side that opens into a vaulted passage leading to the sloping entrance path. The tomb had been robbed in the past; the only objects remaining besides the three gold coins were three earthen jars, a small porcelain pot, five iron nails, a few broken pottery figurines and fragments of human bones.

The coins found in the tomb bear inscriptions on both sides in Kufic Arabic. In addition to quotations from the Koran is the statement: "This dinar was struck in the year . . ." The details of each coin are as follows:

1. Diameter 1.9 centimetres, weight 4.3 grams, thickness 0.1 cm. In the centre of the front side are three lines reading: "There is no God but Allah. He is the One and Only." The legend around the edge reads: "Mohammed is His Apostle. It is He Who hath sent His Apostle with Guidance and the Religion of Truth, to proclaim it over all religion." The latter quotation, slightly abridged, is from Sura IX, 33, of the Koran. In the centre of the reverse side are also three lines reading: "He is God, the One and Only; God, the Eternal, the Absolute. He begetteth

not, nor is He begotten," which are from Sura CXII, 1-3 of the Koran. The legend around the edge of the reverse side says: "In the name of Allah, this dinar was struck in the year 83." This refers to the year 83 A.H., which is equivalent to A.D. 702.

2. Diameter 2 cm., weight 4.2 gm., thickness 0.1 cm. The legend is the same as that on the first coin except that the year is 100, or A.D. 718/719.

3. Diameter 2 cm., weight 4.3 gm., thickness 0.1 cm. The legend differs from that on the first two coins only in the date, which is 129 A.H., or A.D. 746/747.

The Inscriptions

The legend on the three coins is of the so-called "Eastern Legend" type used in various parts of Asia and found on the coins minted by the Omayyad dynasty. These coins were probably made in Damascus, then capital of Arabia. The identification "dinar" on them and the weight of each piece between 4.2 and 4.3 gm. conformed to the currency system of that time.

Less than twenty years after its rise on the Arabian peninsula, Islam had conquered Syria, Iraq and Egypt. In the beginning the Muslim rulers did not mint their own coins but used the coins of Byzantine and Sassanian Persia that were then in circulation. They soon started making their own money, but kept the design of the

existing coins. In 77 A.H. (A.D. 696-697) the great Coinage Reform was carried out, and according to the Islamic doctrine no images of people or animals were allowed on the coins. Only legends were impressed, always in Arabic and often consisting of quotations from the Koran. Later all the money of the Islamic countries followed this practice.

The three coins found in the Sian tomb are from the post-Reform period. The date of the earliest is only six years after it, and that of the latest, 52 years after, just three years before the fall of the Omayyad dynasty.

From the shape and build of the tomb and the earthen jars and other objects buried in it, we believe that this tomb belongs to the late 8th or early 9th century. This was the period when the Abbasid dynasty succeeded the Omayyad dynasty in Arabia. The character of the tomb also makes us think that it is one of a person of the Han nationality. In Sian and other places it is not unusual to find foreign coins of gold or silver in Tang tombs belonging to Hans or people of China's minority nationalities who had come to live as the Hans did. The ancient tombs that are definitely the burial places of Arabs in China, such as the Sung and Yuan dynasty tombs in Chuanchow, are quite different from the tombs of the Hans; in shape they are similar to tombs of Muslims in western Asia, and some of them



A tombstone with Arabic inscriptions dated 700 A.H. (A.D. 1300) recently discovered in Chuanchow. Front (left) and back (right).



A tomb of an Arab, probably a trader, dating from the Yuan dynasty, in Chuanchow, Fukien province.

have tombstones with inscriptions in Arabic. While we do not exclude it, the possibility of this particular tomb belonging to some Arab who had taken up Han customs seems rather remote.

Earliest Islamic Coins

These coins deserve special mention not only as the first coins from the Arabian Omayyad dynasty found in China but as the earliest of any Islamic coins found in China. Other Islamic coins previously found in Sinkiang date from much later, in the 11th century, and most of them were minted locally by inhabitants of Sinkiang after they had embraced the Islamic faith.

Often cited as the earliest Islamic coin is a silver one discovered by Prof. Huang Wen-pei in 1928 in a Tang tomb in Turfan in Sinkiang. His report on the excavation incorrectly claimed the legend on the coin to be in Arabic and said that it read: "Made by Mu'awiya in the 28th year of the *hegira*", a mistake which has been repeated by other authors. This coin has nothing to do with Arabia. As I have pointed out elsewhere, the inscription is actually in Pahlavi, the language of Persia. The Pahlavi legend clearly indicates that the coin was minted during the rule of Kosroes II, of the Sassanian dynasty of Persia, who reigned from 590 to 627. Further-

more, Mu'awiya I did not reign in the 28th year A.H. but between 41 and 60 A.H.

The discovery of these three gold coins is evidence of the intercourse between China and Arabia in those days. Diplomatic, commercial and cultural relations developed later during the Sung, Yuan and Ming periods. From the 16th century on, however, these were impeded by the eastward intrusion of the European colonialists. Now, as the two peoples join together to fight the imperialists, the conditions exist for these friendly relations to develop still further and even more vigorously than they did in ancient times.

STAMPS OF NEW CHINA

CHILDREN'S SPORTS SPECIALS

A SET of eight special multi-colour stamps featuring children's sports was issued on February 25, 1966. The children of China are encouraged to study well, develop their physique, love the collective and grow up to be strong and healthy builders of socialism and communism and brave defenders of the motherland.

Stamp 1, 4 fen, light green background. Playing football.

Stamp 2, 4 fen, bistre. Running a race.

Stamp 3, 8 fen, light blue. An outing on the ice.

Stamp 4, 8 fen, pale golden yellow. Doing gymnastics.

Stamp 5, 8 fen, turquoise blue. Swimming.

Stamp 6, 8 fen, bright green. Shooting and signalling.

Stamp 7, 10 fen, yellow. Jumping the rubber-band rope.

Stamp 8, 52 fen, light sage-green. Playing table-tennis.

The stamps measure 60 x 27 mm. Perf. 11. Colour-photographed. Index No. Special 72. Serial Nos. 411-418.



School Compositions



Why Did the Lizard's Tail Disappear?



EVER SINCE I was very small, I have found great interest and amusement in breeding fish and collecting insects. Last year after entering middle school I joined the biology group and began to understand that scientific observation is more than an interest and amusement, and that it can train us to analyse and solve problems through practical experience.

All the members of the biology group keep some small animal. I caught a house-lizard and put it in a large glass jar with some dirt in the bottom so I could watch and study its habits. I caught all kinds of tiny creatures for it to feed on: big and small insects and worms, some alive and some dead. Watching its behaviour very carefully, I discovered that the lizard liked live insects best and seemed to enjoy catching and eating moths which it caught with its long tongue.

I also wanted to discover the temperature at which it hibernated. As winter approached, I kept a close watch to see when it buried itself in the earth and when it came up again. I found that it hid itself in the dirt when the temperature dropped below 21 degrees centigrade.

We had three days' holiday for the National Day celebrations last year and my first thought when I returned to school was about my lizard. I was astonished to find that its long, thin tail had disap-

peared! Where had it gone? I remembered reading a book which said that when a lizard is chased by an enemy, it casts its tail so that the enemy is attracted by the wriggling tail while the lizard gets away. But there were no signs of anything having attacked the lizard. Where on earth could the tail have vanished? Perhaps the lizard had got hungry and eaten its own tail because I had not brought it any food for three days. I looked up what books I could but found nothing about tail-eating. I asked my schoolmates if they knew anything about it, but could not get any help. Then I thought,

if I could see what was in its stomach, that might help me solve the mystery, but I was afraid that if I opened it up my schoolmates would laugh at me if there was no tail there.

Our teacher had often told us that if we wish to have knowledge we must have courage enough to seek it. I asked myself why I was being so timid where there was really nothing to fear?

So, I killed the lizard and carefully slit open its stomach. How exciting! There, right before my eyes, was the missing tail! My guess was correct.

—Yang Chien-sheng, Shanghai middle school student

How I Grew a Huge Pumpkin

THE commune members in my home village like to grow pumpkins. Our local pumpkins taste good, but they are too small. Those from other areas are much bigger but they are not so tasty. In my lessons on agriculture I had learned that crossbreeding can improve variety and I wanted to have a try.

When I began my experiment, I remembered that the teacher had said that a pumpkin depends on insects to spread its pollen. So I caught a bee, tied a thread to it and, keeping one end of the thread in my hand, let it gather pollen from the male flowers of our local pumpkins. Then I gently pulled it

towards the female flowers of some pumpkins which had been introduced into our village from other areas, so that it would spread the pollen on them.

That done, I waited for the big pumpkins to grow. But they grew too slowly. So I went to ask the teacher why. He said it was due to lack of fertilizer. I at once got some silt from the pond, some ashes of burned grass and some calcium superphosphate which I spread around the pumpkin vine as top dressing.

The pumpkins began to grow very quickly. One of them grew to be more than 20 kilograms in weight. When it was time to harvest it, I could not carry it in my arms and had to ask my schoolmates to help me carry it home. It was huge, and it tasted good, too. Commune members came and asked me for some of its seeds. How happy I was! I had not only grown a huge pumpkin but I had now a better understanding of the meaning of what I had read in books.

—Ying Hao-chu, 6th grade pupil of Yunkang in Chekiang province



Drawings by Wu Wen-yuan

MAO TSE-TUNG ON ART AND LITERATURE

(English Language Edition)

This is a collection of the author's theoretical essays on art and literature. They contain profound expositions on many fundamental questions such as: for whom is our art and literature intended; the standpoint and attitude of artists and writers; popularization and elevation; the criteria of literary criticism; how to assimilate critically the Chinese and foreign cultural heritage; and how to create an original, vivid and vigorous style.

150 pages 18.5 × 13 cm. Half-cloth and paper

Published by FOREIGN LANGUAGES PRESS, Peking, China
Distributed by GUOZI SHUDIAN (China Publications Centre), Peking, China

Ask your local dealer or write directly to the Mail Order
Dept., GUOZI SHUDIAN, P. O. Box 399, Peking, China

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ENGLISH LANGUAGE PROGRAMMES		
Peking Time (G.M.T.+8 hrs.)	Areas Beamed To	Metre Bands
00:00-01:00	South Asia	229
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17:30-18:30	Australia & New Zealand	32, 31, 25, 19, 16

FILIPINO LANGUAGE PROGRAMMES		
Peking or Manila Time		Metre Bands
20:00-20:30	(First Transmission)	42, 31, 25*
22:30-23:00	(Second Transmission)	42, 31, 25*

(*Metre band which will possibly be used)

HAUSA LANGUAGE PROGRAMMES		
Peking Time	Local Standard Time	Metre Bands
03:00-03:30	20:00-20:30 (Nigeria, Niger)	40, 31, 25
	19:00-19:30 (Ghana, Sierra Leone)	
05:00-05:30	22:00-22:30 (Nigeria, Niger)	40, 31, 25
	21:00-21:30 (Ghana, Sierra Leone)	

OUR POSTBAG

In the Course of Struggle

The Chinese people's outstanding support for the struggle of the oppressed people in their stand against imperialism, and in particular U.S. imperialism, is of great significance for the peace-loving people of the world. As time goes by and in the course of struggle, more and more people will come to understand the real nature of imperialism, they will experience the various events and come to realize where their real interests lie, who are their friends and who are their enemies. The imperialists will be further and further isolated, and to the extent they are isolated so will the forces for progress and socialism become stronger.

It is very clear that the policy of self-reliance practised by the Chinese people in all spheres would be a formidable and unconquerable obstacle to any enemy who dared to attack China. The Chinese people, with their vast experience in the struggle for liberation, surmounted great obstacles, finally expelling the foreign invaders and their national reactionaries.

EMILY LARSEN
Hamilton, New Zealand

Lesson in Fable

In the December 1965 issue I particularly appreciated the fable: "The Foolish Old Man Removes the Mountains". So I understand that all the difficulties China has faced in the past and is facing now will be overcome little by little and finally defeated.

BEMBNI STA EUGENE
Wattrelos, France

Old Two-faced Tactic

I have read your article, "Mediation — The Imperialist Interpretation", by Major-General Tseng Yung-ya. He has compiled and presented with great care a complete picture of the old two-faced tactic of brutal provocation and sea piracy which the imperialists carried out against the Chinese people. Instead of cease fire and mediation, the Americans and Kuomintang broke the agreement and bombed the liberated areas. But during the following three years, the heroic Chinese people chased the American imperialists and Chiang Kai-shek off the continent and created the People's Republic of China, a triumph of our time.

The American troops made a grave mistake in landing in China at that time. They are making a bigger one today by bombing peaceful peasants and transgressing against the territorial integrity of the other countries of Asia.

The flagrant provocations by American warships and aeroplanes in north Vietnam have made our people deeply indignant.

The peoples' revolution now in full swing in Asia, Africa and Latin America requires the participation of all the political forces of the world. The imperialists and the colonialists tremble in front of this revolutionary tempest, while the revolutionary peoples of the whole world praise it.

Smash the schemes of the American imperialists all over the world!

Long live revolutionary unity among all the oppressed peoples!

JAUAQ SHQEVI
Vlore, Albania

Genuine Independence

"The Road to Complete Economic Independence" calls the peoples of Asia and Africa to unite and fight against imperialism and achieve complete economic emancipation before they can guarantee their genuine independence. Therefore, both Asia and Africa will fight hard against imperialist power that we may be masters of the vast territories and natural resources which belonged to our forefathers.

VALENTINE OYAT
Kitgum, Uganda

Peoples' Friendship Is Indestructible

This letter, written by an Indian in London, is a demonstration that despite all the attempts to poison and destroy the traditional friendship between the peoples of India and the Chinese People's Republic, that friendship still exists and grows.

It is plain who wishes to destroy that friendship and who would wish to see the two nations fight each other. To us, ordinary people, only the experience and friendship of China will help us in our attempts to go forward and achieve the real status of a great power. Those who want India to continue to play the role of bootlicker for imperialism are the most vicious enemies of India and its development. We can now see what you have done in China and this stands as the best example that we can emulate.

With every good wish and the true slogan of "Hindhi-Chini Bhai! Bhai!"

B. M. T.
London, England

The Long March

In recent issues I have found very appropriate the account of "The Long March" led by Comrade Mao Tse-tung. Articles like this are of much interest to readers who do not know the great personality of Comrade Mao and of the valiant fighters who followed his wise advice and thus won great victories in the revolutionary war for the liberation of China.

A READER
Lima, Peru

Inhuman U.S. Conduct

I was sincerely pleased by the poem, "No, Not This Kind of 'Peace!'" in your January issue. I could not imagine to

what extent these "Yankees" could create such great misery. Moreover, your journal, through this poem, let us know a little about the base and inhuman American conduct. Here I do my utmost to let people know of your periodical which reveals the new face of China and of her courageous and clear-minded people.

COLINET

Paris, France

New Insight into China

I like your "To Our Readers" in the January issue. Many people no doubt write to you and explain their views. It is nice and helpful to have you explain your views. That creates trust and understanding between our two peoples.

Regarding your magazine, I think it is sufficient to say that *China Reconstructs*, like all your other magazines, expresses ideas of great courage and presents work of outstanding artistic beauty.

Once more, I thank you for giving me an insight into a new nation whose artistic skill and beauty will continue to amaze and delight the world as long as man exists. My best wishes to you and your people in the peaceful construction of your country.

THOMAS WATTERS
Methil Fife, U.K.

Potential of Cooperative Labour

All your articles are, in their own way, useful and informative. Articles like "A Village Prospers" and "Man Conquers the Deserts" depict the dignity and the vast potential of cooperative labour which is more power-packed than nuclear weapons. This, and not so much the paraphernalia of war, is shaking the pillars of imperialism which at the top of its splendour is beginning to sink.

The get-up of your magazine is fine. It is clean, unlike the sex and duplicity-packed magazines we get from the west. It is a great incentive to the pure and healthy process of national and international evolution. So keep on!

M. A. HOSSAIN
Ferozshah Colony, Pakistan

To See in Perspective

China Reconstructs equals or surpasses the highest graphic-arts standards of any mass circulation American magazine. The slanders against China printed in the American monopoly imperialist press are inspired by such an overheated orgy of hatred against the Chinese Revolution that it is hardly worthwhile even to search for fragments of truth there. Thus *China Reconstructs* is particularly welcome as a light in the darkness. "By their fruits ye shall know them"—and *China Reconstructs* tells graphically in excellent words and pictures of the improvements in economy, society and humanity made by the Chinese Revolution. This is most necessary if people are to see Chinese political views in perspective.

A READER
Massachusetts, U.S.A.



毛主席语录