

China Reconstructs

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CONTENTS

COMMUNE HOSPITALS GROW	<i>Hsin Hua-wen</i>	2
NOT JUST A HOSPITAL		5
SEABORNE SERVICE SQUADRON		10
MAERHKANG TODAY	<i>Rewi Alley</i>	15
A TRIP ON THE SUNGHUA RIVER	<i>Yu Chung-jen</i>	18
JOURNEY TO TUNGTING LAKE — 3: 'WIDOWS VILLAGE'		20
ACROSS THE LAND:		
WORKERS ARE MASTERS OF THEIR PLANTS		24
WE LEARN FROM LEI FENG	<i>Chao Kuei-chen</i>	26
IMPRESSIONS OF THE U.S.A.	<i>Li Po-ti</i>	31
NEW LIFE OF AN OLD CITY	<i>Su Hsuan</i>	34
SOOCHOW EMBROIDERY SHOWS NEW SPLENDOR	<i>Su Wen</i>	40
FOSSILS SENT FROM ACROSS THE LAND		
<i>Chen Chang</i>		43
NATIONAL MIDDLE-SCHOOL STUDENTS SPORTS MEET		45
LANGUAGE CORNER:		
LESSON 23: THE FOOLISH OLD MAN WHO REMOVED THE MOUNTAINS (A FABLE)		47

COVER PICTURES:

Front: Yu Ping-ying (front) and Wang Hsiu-ying, both doctors in a commune hospital, test acupuncture on themselves.

Inside front: Catching fish by lamplight in the Kwangsi Chuang Autonomous Region.

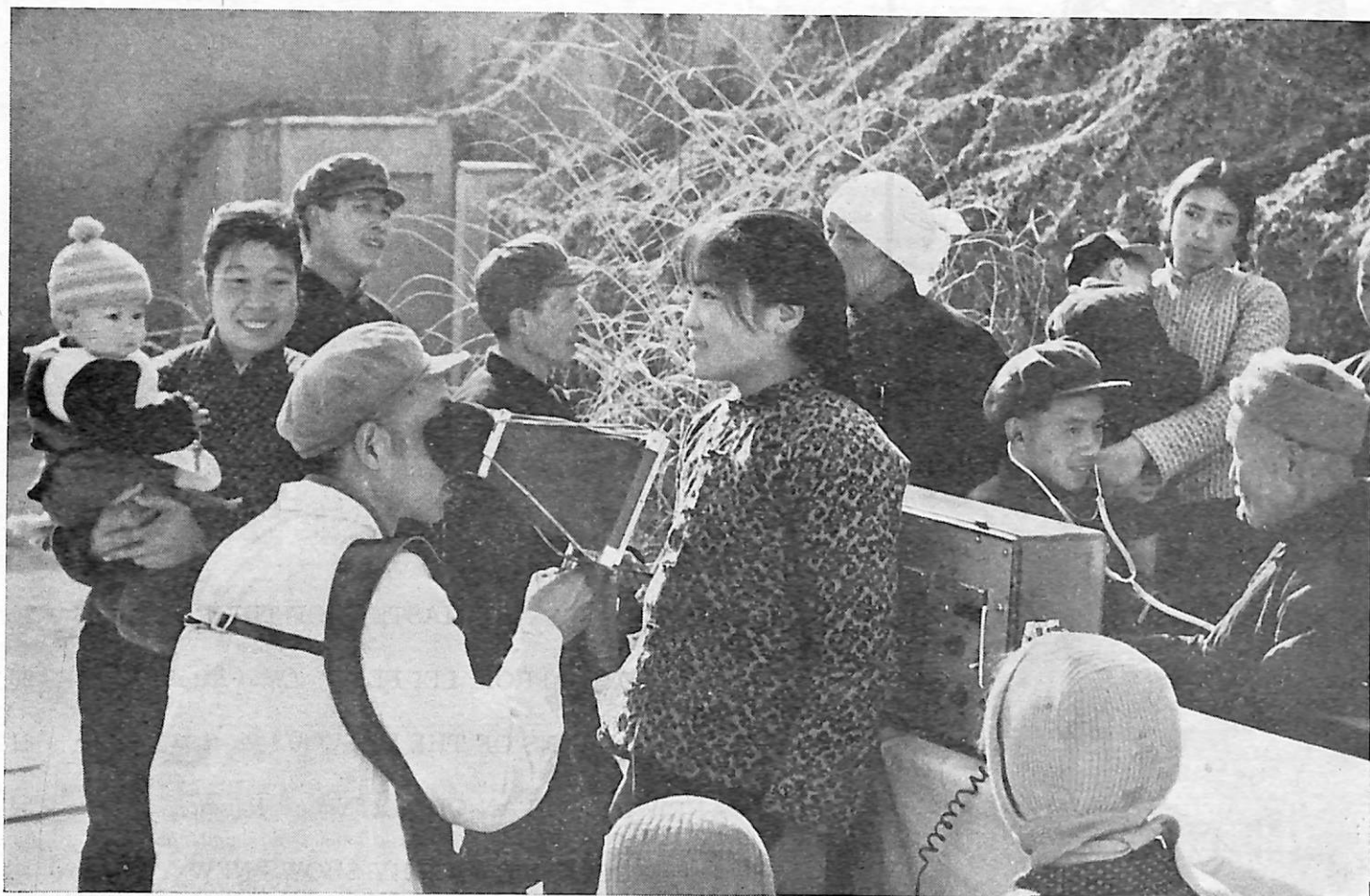
Back: Persian cat (Soochow double-sided embroidery) (See story on p. 40.)

Inside back: Workers at the Shaowu Lumber Yard in Fu-kien province using the big crane built by themselves.

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Commune Hospitals Grow

HSIN HUA-WEN



Personnel of the Taiyang commune hospital, Chishan county, Shansi province, give a medical checkup to commune members.

NEARLY every one of China's 50,000 people's communes has a hospital. These are the basic organizations in rural health work, an important link between the county and the production brigades. Responsible for the administration of health work, they are rural bases for prevention and treatment, medical education, organizing local medical research and spreading knowledge of planned parenthood methods. Their growth in the last few years has played a major role in building up a medical network for China's peasants, who are 80 percent of the population.

In the old China there were virtually no hospitals in the countryside. Fleeced on all sides, peasants could not get medical treatment either. After liberation in 1949, there was a marked growth in health work. But this was interrupted by the Liu Shao-chi group, which carried out a line emphasizing the cities and slighting the countryside. This led to a prolonged shortage of doctors and medicine in the rural areas.

Since the cultural revolution began in 1966, health departments at all levels have made great ef-

forts to carry out Chairman Mao's instruction, "In medical and health work, put the stress on the rural areas." Manpower, material and financial resources moved toward the countryside. Rural health work developed rapidly. By the end of 1972 more than 50 percent of China's professional medical workers and medical appropriations were serving the countryside at the county level and below.

Today peasants can get treatment in cooperative health stations in their own production brigades. Serious or acute cases get prompt care in commune hospitals. Dif-

difficult cases are sent to hospitals in the county or elsewhere.

State Concern

The state pays great attention to the commune hospitals, providing medical equipment and medicines. It organizes mobile medical teams and city medical workers to work in the countryside every year. This is steadily improving the hospitals' service to the peasant masses.

A commune hospital is usually set up in a market town or a village in a populated location on a scale determined by the commune's population, geographic features and incidence of disease. It usually has 10 to 20 beds and about the same number of medical workers. Some have physicians and surgeons, X-ray, microscopes, refrigerators, sterilizers and other equipment and



Touring medical team of the Narto commune hospital, Inner Mongolia Autonomous Region, treats herdsmen and families in their yurts.

Village sanitation drive to prevent disease, mobilized by the Tuyang commune hospital, Kwangsi Chuang Autonomous Region.



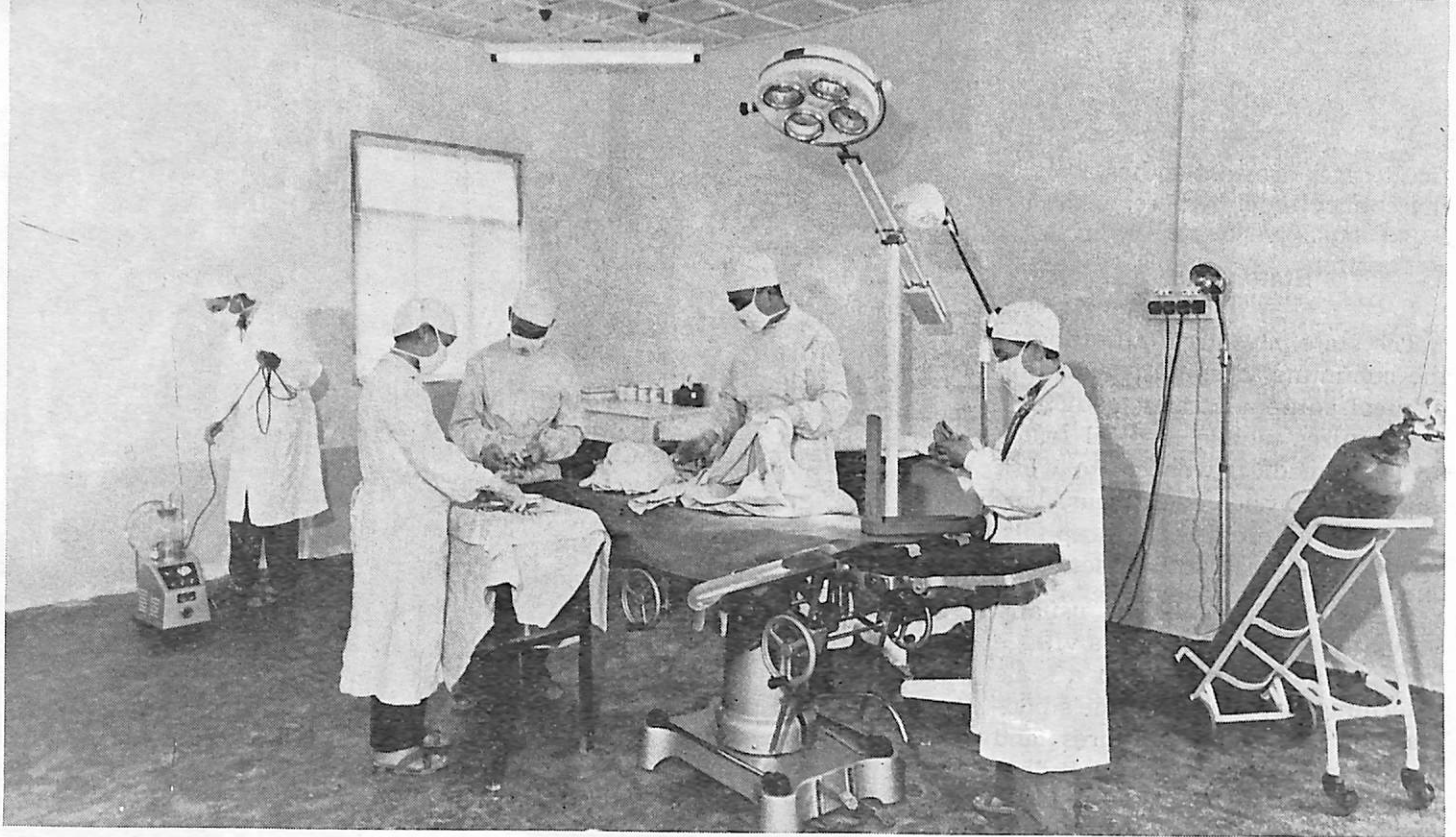
can handle fairly complicated surgery.

Expanding Health Service

Commune hospitals coordinate with communes and brigades in regular sanitation campaigns to improve hygiene and control the spread of diseases. Their chief method is not just to wait for patients to come or problems to arise but to make regular tours of the teams and help solve the problems of the local "barefoot doctors" — commune members who both farm and do ordinary medical work. Many hospitals give all commune members medical checkups and keep a health record of each member.

Chishan county in Shansi province, a model in medical and health work, has 11 commune hospitals. From 1952, they rallied the masses in prevention and treatment work and cut the incidence of infectious diseases from the early post-liberation 10 percent to 0.5 percent. Chronic diseases were reduced by 30 percent compared with 1958.

The hospitals do their best to improve their professional skill, serve the peasants wholeheartedly, make things convenient for them



New operating room of the Chilying commune hospital, Honan province.

and promote production through better health.

In Chiehyang county, Kwangtung, only six of twenty commune hospitals could do abdominal operations in 1965 before the cultural revolution. Acute cases had to be sent to the county hospital many kilometers away. Since 1966 commune-level staff have raised their skill through training courses, on-the-spot learning from experienced doctors and further study in the county hospital. Operating rooms and wards have been set up in all hospitals in the county. They can now do abdominal operations for such conditions as appendicitis, intestinal obstruction, and gastric ulcers necessitating removal of all or part of the stomach. Almost all emergency cases can be handled.

To truly serve the peasants, many hospitals open around the clock and send personnel to patients' homes whenever they are called. Doctors visit home patients daily. They think of and do whatever is beneficial to the patients and their farm production.

The commune hospitals also train barefoot doctors and have done much to consolidate and develop the rural cooperative medical system. Most of the million barefoot doctors in the cooperative medical services have been trained in special short-term courses in county

or commune hospitals or by the hospitals' medical workers who go to the brigades. They constantly take turns going for more advanced training.

These hospitals combine Chinese traditional and western medicine. They have set up shops for preparing traditional Chinese medicines from local herbs. Physicians of the western school are encouraged to learn from the traditional school and doctors of both schools hold consultations and pool their experience in studying cases. When individual doctors or medical teams tour villages they consult experienced Chinese traditional doctors and peasants who gather or grow medicinal herbs, and they collect locally-used prescriptions and methods of treatment. Handbooks of such collections have been printed for wide distribution.

Among the National Minorities

Party organizations and medical departments at all levels have given special attention to setting up commune hospitals in areas where China's national minorities live, particularly in remote mountainous and stockbreeding areas.

An example of the resulting changes is the Sinkiang Uighur Autonomous Region. Because of the lack of doctors and medicines here

before liberation, the minority peoples were plagued by a variety of infectious diseases. The infant mortality rate was as high as 40 percent in some areas and the minority populations were decreasing.

After liberation, travelling medical teams were sent into the region and the masses mobilized to help with health work. Today every county has a fairly large hospital, every commune a smaller one, and nearly every brigade a cooperative medical set-up. The worst infectious diseases have been brought under control and the infant mortality rate cut sharply. The minority populations have almost doubled. The region is prosperous.

In the Inner Mongolia Autonomous Region there is a hospital in each banner (county) and 700 commune hospitals work in grassland and farming areas where not a single one existed before liberation. Medical workers tour the herdsman's yurts, bringing better health conditions to the scattered pasture areas.

In pre-liberation Tibet, the serfs and slaves, treated as beasts of burden, were disease-ridden, the average length of life was low and infant mortality high. Today the one-and-a-half million peasants and herdsman in the autonomous region enjoy free medical care financed by the state.

Not Just a Hospital

Staff Reporter

UNTIL the eve of liberation in 1947, Weitsin, a township with an area of 500 square kilometers and tens of thousands of people near Liaoyuan in Kirin province, had only two doctors.

When a landlord got sick, he could send a carriage, lay out the red carpet and for a very high fee invite the doctor to his home. The peasants could not pay the fee and could not get treatment even if they carried a sick person on their backs over mountains to the very door of a doctor.

Many peasants died on the way home from such futile journeys. During epidemics children were often found dead in hillside woods. A common saying went, "Those with money depend on foreign-trained doctors, those with little money depend on witch doctors, those with no money depend on heaven and luck!"

Old people told me these bitter things during my recent visit to the Weitsin People's Commune. Weitsin, however, is completely different today.

The commune, of course, grows food and a tobacco for which it is famous. But it also has 16 small mining and industrial units. There are coal mines and plants making cement and lime and repairing farm machines and tools.

To protect the health of its 37,000 people, the commune established a 32-bed hospital in the town, the heart of the commune. It has 39 medical workers, including 19 doctors (17 trained in western and 2 in Chinese medicine) and 12

nurses. Each of the commune's 24 production brigades has set up a health station with two or three "barefoot doctors" trained by the hospital. Each of its 147 production teams has one or two health workers who can give acupuncture, in-

jections and common prescriptions and handle simple cases.

Thus, a medical network has been set up in which ordinary sicknesses are handled by the brigade, serious and acute cases by the commune, and only difficult

Peasants welcome a medical team from the Weitsin commune hospital.





A training class for "barefoot doctors" run by the commune hospital.

Medical workers from the commune hospital help "barefoot doctors" prepare herb medicines.



cases are sent to the county or provincial hospital. Furthermore, with the adoption of a system of cooperative medical care, each peasant pays about one yuan a year to the medical fund and only five *fen* (cents) registration for each treatment. This pays about half of the system's cost, the rest coming from the production teams' welfare fund.

Rural Medical Base

The Weitsin commune hospital has departments of medicine, surgery, obstetrics and gynecology, and acupuncture. It has a microscope, an X-ray machine, a refrigerator, a constant-temperature cabinet for storing serums and a complete set of surgical instruments. It has operated on 300 cases since 1968, including subtotal gastrectomy, removal of the uterus, gallbladder and intestinal obstructions. Early healing in nearly all these cases gave the hospital high prestige among the people. The number of difficult cases transferred to the county hospital steadily declined to only 11 last year and 5 by the end of July this year.

The hospital's dispensary makes drugs as well as sells them. Nearly 100 kinds of pills, powders, salves and tinctures are made of medicinal herbs, and most injections and tablets in the cabinet are made according to native prescriptions. These are especially welcomed by the brigade health stations because they are effective and low in price. Provincial medical research institute inspectors check the purity of the medicinal herb solutions for injection.

The hospital also serves as a transmission link. In the words of Dr. Tu Chen-peng, head of the hospital, "a thousand threads above lead to one needle below". Above this hospital are the county public health bureau, epidemic prevention station, mother and

child health center, the patriotic health movement committee, the hospitals and organizations in charge of training medical personnel, scientific research, birth-control education and so on. These work out general plans and directions for the whole county. At the commune level, the hospital converts the general plans and guidelines into definite tasks and transmits them to the units directly serving the peasant masses in the commune's medical network. In other words, the commune hospital is the base for medical and health work in the countryside.

Problems of a Mountain Village

During my stay, I found few patients coming from the countryside to this small hospital. To learn why, I interviewed doctors, nurses, "barefoot doctors", health workers and peasants out in remote parts of the commune.

One day I rode in a jeep out to the Fusheng production brigade, an out-of-the-way mountain village of about 1,000 people. Soon after my arrival at the brigade health station, a mother came in with her sick child. Wang Jih-siang, a 22-year-old woman "barefoot doctor", asked about the child's symptoms, took its temperature, examined the throat and listened with a stethoscope. The child had laryngitis with a fever. Wang gave an injection, wrote out a prescription, and the satisfied mother left.

I was deeply impressed by the skill and self-confidence of this young doctor. She told me that the mother had come from a production team a kilometer away. She brought the child to the brigade health station because of the high temperature. If it had been a light case, a local production team health worker would have handled it.

The brigade secretary told me that even though health conditions had improved greatly since liberation, only four years ago disease was still a serious threat to the brigade members and an obstacle to the development of production. A patient could go to the health station in the brigade, and in more serious cases he could go to the commune hospital. But serious problems remained. Light cases not treated in time became serious. To take a patient to the commune hospital took four or five hours, and this meant depriving the fields of people, draft animals and carts for a whole day. The brigade often had to send two wagons to carry patients to the commune hospital in a single day. This contradiction between the needs of the ill and the needs of work became especially acute in the brigades during the busy farming season. As many as 20 or 30 wagons lined up in front of the hospital's door every day. The doctors were so hurried

that they could not do their work well.

A Permanent Medical Team

The commune Party committee decided to ask the hospital's staff to think over the implications of Chairman Mao's directive, "In medical and health work, put the stress on the rural areas", and suggested that they go out to the commune's "rural areas" to see if it had been truly carried out.

Thus, in the spring of 1970, a hospital team of five doctors and nurses came to the Fusheng brigade for the first time. The peasants welcomed them like old friends and eagerly invited them to stay in their homes. After the team examined sanitary conditions in the village, went from door to door investigating health and curing the sick, the peasants became even more friendly.

Sitting on her bed, Mother Lu told the doctors with great sadness

Hospital workers help peasants in sanitation and collection of manure.





Operating on a peasant in his home.



A health worker takes care of a patient in her home.

Prevention and cure on a worksite.



how before liberation her husband had lain there waiting for death because they had had no money to get a doctor. Now she was deeply grateful to the "good doctors sent by Chairman Mao". Finally she said, "How wonderful it would be if you could leave us a team that would never go away!" She was speaking not only for herself but for all her fellow brigade members.

The team's study greatly moved hospital workers. The words of Mother Lu and others made them think, "What should we do to really put the stress of our work on the rural areas?" Some discovered that they still believed in the outworn idea that patients should come to the doctors. Others had thought they had done enough by serving in the mobile teams. Now they began to realize that they could not count themselves as people's doctors wholeheartedly serving the people if they continued to ignore the basic difficulties of the local peasants.

Many discussions led to one conclusion: To really carry out Chairman Mao's directive, first of all each of them had to have the determination to do everything for the health of the people. Besides bringing doctors and medicines to the people, they must help them train their own doctors and make their own medicines—in other words, a medical team that would never leave the peasants, as Mother Lu wished.

Once the direction became clear, a basic change took place in the hospital's work. Over the past three years it has sent out one-third of its doctors and nurses on rotation as members of medical teams to work in the brigades. These help set up and consolidate the cooperative medical care system and raise the ability of "barefoot doctors" and health workers to work independently. They guide their apprentices on improving the sanitary conditions, adopting preventive measures, educating the peasants in birth control and collecting medicinal herbs.

Rotation on the teams makes doctors in different fields available and gives the "barefoot doctors" a

chance to acquire well-rounded knowledge and skills. The surgeons often do appendectomies and other minor operations in the home. This not only saves the patient a trip to the hospital but also helps the "barefoot doctors" learn. With the "barefoot doctors", they study common diseases, diseases peculiar to the locality, and epidemics, finding out the laws of their development and discussing effective preventive measures.

The health station of the Fusheng brigade was set up and strengthened with the help of these medical teams. "Barefoot doctors" like Wang Jih-hsiang became skilled under their guidance. With a medical team of two "barefoot doctors" and seven health workers that "never goes away", the health of the brigade members has greatly improved. From 1969 to 1972, trips to the commune hospital dropped from 200 to only 18.

Similarly, in the entire commune the incidence of disease has noticeably declined. In the same period the number of patients handled by the hospital declined by one half.

Becoming More Skilled

In their determination to serve the peasants wholeheartedly, however, the hospital's medical teams met new problems. The members of any given team were invariably skilled in only a few fields, whereas the cases of illness they met in the countryside were widely varied. Moreover, the reduction in the hospital staff when a team left increased the workload of those who remained. What should they do?

They adopted the method of mutual help and study to increase their skill in several fields. Medical workers of the Chinese and western type taught and learned from each other, trying to overcome weaknesses and absorb strong points. For instance, helped by two experienced surgeons, three physicians have learned to operate on lower abdominal cases. Nearly all the nurses have learned how to treat common diseases, do some of

the surgeons' tasks and make drugs from medicinal herbs.

In the past, some doctors chose difficult and specialized subjects in their research, hoping to become famous by writing outstanding papers. After they went to the countryside and saw the urgent needs of the peasants, they began to realize that such personal ambition was shameful. They realized their starting point should be the actual needs of the people, that they should concentrate their efforts on wiping out the endemic and acute abdominal diseases common in the area. In the past three years, with research oriented to actual social needs, the commune hospital (with the help of the county hospital) has steadily improved. Today, with the exception of liver and spleen ailments, the hospital handles ordinary cases of acute abdominal diseases quite successfully.

Dr. Chao Fu, a surgeon with eight years' experience at the hospital, was known as "Scalpel Expert Chao". But in the past he used the scalpel mainly to enhance his reputation. After working in several medical teams he was deeply moved by the peasants' collective spirit, and became an entirely new person. Now he studies medical literature and tries hard to improve his skill, not to become famous but to serve the people better.

A woman commune member had a large ovarian tumor. In the past, Dr. Chao Fu had refused to do this operation for fear that failure would hurt his reputation. Now, with the selfish motive gone, he went ahead and carefully removed the tumor weighing over 12 kilograms.

One day a year ago, a peasant woman suffering a massive hemorrhage due to premature separation of the placenta arrived pale and in shock. A blood transfusion was needed but the hospital did not have a blood bank. Dr. Chao was the first to donate his blood. Three more doctors followed, the woman was operated on and her life saved. Such incidents increased the love and confidence of the peasants in Dr. Chao and they regard him as one of their own.



Hailing the *Lushui 22*.

Seaborne Service Squadron

IN China's Yellow Sea, a squadron of boats constantly crisscrosses the fishing grounds, serving the fishermen at work. This is the seaborne service squadron of the Aquatic Products Supply Company of Wenteng county in Shantung province. Originally the company only did business in ports, its 14 stations and stores along the

coast selling fishing supplies and purchasing the catch.

Mobile Dock

Under the impetus of the cultural revolution, Wenteng county's fishing industry developed rapidly. Backed by the strengthening collective economy of their communes, many production brigades

bought power boats and started deep-sea fishing. Boats from distant Liaoning and Chekiang provinces also came to fish in the Yellow Sea. Fishermen began to feel the need of buying their supplies and unloading their catches at sea.

The Aquatic Products Supply Company decided to meet this

need. During the spring run in 1972, they sent a squadron of 17 service boats to the fishing grounds. As the company's boats appeared on the horizon with red flags flying, the jubilant fishermen welcomed this new support. This year the seaborne service squadron has grown to 23 boats. They not only sell supplies and buy the catch at sea, but provide additional services.

Though there were purchasing stations in all the ports, formerly the line of fishing boats waiting to unload at dusk often stretched for half a kilometer.

The seaborne service squadron has solved this problem. Purchasing boats now take on the fishermen's catch at sea—using sailboats in coastal waters and powered boats in deep water. When a fishing boat flies the signal, a purchasing boat heads for it to unload its catch. The purchasing crews eat and sleep in shifts so that they are ready at any time of the day or night.

Last March, for example, a purchasing boat set out from Sangkou Bay for fishing grounds 20 km. out. In one day they unloaded 100 tons of fish, saving the crews of 15 boats a trip back to port.

Seaborne Logistics

The *Lushui 22* is a 250-horsepower steel-hull supply boat. Its left hold carries 15 tons of fresh water and its right hold 15 tons of diesel oil. The deck, something like a general store, is piled with bamboo poles, sculls, scull handles, crates, rudder cable, floats, nylon line, steel wire, vegetables, cigarettes, tea, candy, baking soda, matches and at least 40 other items.

As the sun sets, a supply boat anchors in a harbor full of fishing boats after a day at sea. Before long, dozens of fishing boats gather around and fishermen board the supply boat, some with containers for fuel oil, others to buy fishing gear or daily necessities. The supply boats have solved a big problem for them.

On March 26 last year, the fishing was good off the port of Dragon Beard Island. Two boats came into port late, their fuel exhausted. The supply boat



Crew members talk with a fisherman.

Repairing the scull handle of a fishing boat.





Seaborne service boats.

Purchasing fresh fish at sea.





Fishermen buy fishing supplies and daily necessities.



Fresh water is free.



The service boat's doctor treats a fisherman at sea.

promptly came alongside and refueled them. This allowed them to get off to an early start the next morning and haul in an extra net of fish.

The supply boat at sea is often surrounded by small fishing boats taking on fresh water. During the Pacific herring season last March and April, a supply boat provided fishermen with 120 tons of water free of charge.

On land fresh water is no problem, so at first the service boats did not think of providing it. But at sea they soon found out how important it is in the fishermen's lives. The little water a small boat can take along is only enough for three or four days. Lack of water has sometimes forced boats back to port just when the fishing was good. As the *Lushui 22* was providing water to a boat one day this spring, a fisherman observed, "At sea fresh water is as precious as oil."

Many-sided Support

The *Lushui 22* also has a small clinic that serves fishermen at sea. It has a doctor and is stocked with 200 kinds of Chinese and western medicines.

Last March in the Pacific herring season, a fisherman developed a boil on his leg which confined him to his bunk. Taking him to port for treatment would have meant a round trip of five or six days. Then the *Lushui 22* pulled up alongside, the patient was taken to the clinic and cured.

While the *Lushui 22* hoves to near a group of fishing boats at sea, the doctor often rows out among them in a small sampan to give acupuncture and other treatment and deliver medicines. The fishermen have high praise for his service.

The squadron also pays close attention to the fishermen's requests. They keep adding new services such as carpentry, machine repair and barbering. All crew members perform several functions. One chief engineer serves as mechanic and purchaser at sea and as a barber in port.

One evening, a fishing boat burned out its main bearings. The day's work for the engineers of three of the service

squadron's boats anchored nearby was done. But when they heard the news at 7 o'clock, they went over at once. They disassembled the engine and replaced the burned-out bearings with their own spares. The bearings were not quite right, so they modified them on the spot. When the engine finally turned over at 2 o'clock the next morning, the grateful fishermen shook hands all around.

The crews of the service squadron are as concerned for the safety of the fishermen at sea as for their own. One afternoon the weather changed suddenly and a strong wind whipped up big waves. When the *Lushui 22* got into port the crew found one of the fishing boats missing. Ignoring the worsening weather, they turned out to sea at once to search. Over an hour later they found the small boat off Chu Island. In their hurry to reach port, the fishermen had broken both the scull and the rudder. The *Lushui 22* towed them back to port — and that night the crew helped them make repairs by lantern light. The next day the small boat was able to put out as usual.

The service boats are mounted with loudspeakers. Three times a day they record the radio weather

and fish forecasts and then go around the fishing grounds rebroadcasting them for those fishermen who do not have radios.

With the change of fishing seasons some boats need to change their nets, and fishermen at sea a long time need a change of clothing, so the squadron began providing these services. Every crewman carries a notebook to record errands for the fishermen, and they do their best to meet requests.

For example, fisherman Tan Chin-feng received word at sea that his mother was seriously ill. But the trip was far and difficult. He told his troubles to the person in charge of a service boat and the next day a purchasing boat going in to port to unload fish took him along. Five days later another purchasing boat took him back to the fishing grounds, but his men had moved on. The boat carried him another 30 km. to his own boat.

When night falls and the fishing boats are in port, the men like to row over to the service boats. There they can get haircuts, wash up, trade fishing tips and get news from their home villages. The service boats have become the fishermen's clubhouse at sea.

Answers to LANGUAGE CORNER Exercises

III.

1. 所有的人都知道这件事。
2. 只要努力, 所有的问题都能解决。

IV.

Yu the Great Controls the Waters

Four or five thousand years ago, a great flood disaster occurred in China. Yu the Great led everyone to control the waters. Fearing no difficulties, they were determined to guide the waters into the sea.

Once, when Yu the Great led many people past the door of his own home, he wanted to go in for a look. But when he thought of how the flood had inundated the homes of many people and of how he

must control the waters more quickly, he did not go in.

Several years later, he passed by the door of his own home again. Because he was very busy, again he did not go in.

When the waters were about to be brought under control, Yu the Great passed by the door of his own home for the third time. Everybody said, "This time you can look in at your home." Yu the Great said, "The last part of the work is extremely important. We must persist to the end." He still did not go in.

In this way, Yu the Great and everyone else worked hard together for 13 years and finally guided the waters into the sea.

Maerhkang Today

REWI ALLEY



New suspension bridge to Maerhkang.



A Chiang nationality girl.

IN 1935, on the Long March, the Red Army, after storming across the Tatu River against heavy opposition on the cold iron chains of the Luting suspension bridge in west Szechuan, and then going over the wild Snowy Mountains, came to Maerhkang.

Maerhkang at the time was a small trading town in the midst of predominantly Tibetan areas, actually under the rule of local feudal Tibetan lords though geographically included in the county of Lihsien, which has now gone back to its Tibetan name of "Jakuolao". Today the new Maerhkang is the capital of the Apa Tibetan Autonomous *Chou*,* which includes in its boundaries the Maowen Chiang Autonomous County. These are the Chiang people who under the old nomenclature were often referred to as the "Manze".

This was my third visit to the area, having gone from Sungpan to Maoerhkai, considerably north of

*An autonomous *chou* is an administrative unit, of one or more minority nationalities, below the province or autonomous region and above the county or autonomous county.

Maerhkang, in 1940, and from Wenchuan to Jakuolao in 1959. It was good therefore to be able to note the immense advance that has been made throughout the area in all walks of life.

In the old Apa district there were no highways. Just straggling tracks cut around the sides of cliffs, rivers crossed by bamboo rope suspension bridges. Everything was carried on the backs of poverty-stricken porters who staggered under incredible loads along the winding up-and-down hill paths. The three major Tibetan lords, and the minor ones as well, were forever fighting each other. The people were also much exploited by the reactionary lamas. It was a land of magnificent snowcapped mountains, majestic forests and rushing streams, but one where the people had not found any way forward.

The old Red Army battled its way through the area and then on across the vast swamplands north of Maoerhkai on its way to take up its position on the flank of the invading Japanese Imperial Army in north China. Despite internal

struggles, physical barriers and all the well-armed Kuomintang armies could do, it reached its objective, leaving seeds of change well-sown in its rear. Seeds that came to full flower after the liberation of the whole country.

The first Apa county we came to after coming up from Kuanhsien on the edge of the Szechuan plain was Wenchuan. We left it for Maerhkang by a modern highway, first passing over the Min River on a new suspension bridge that can accommodate all heavy truck traffic. Then we went on through Jakuolao, and up a branch of the Min River until we reached the foot of Chiku Mountain, the highest point on the highway running over it being 4,300 meters above sea level. Nearby one saw snowcapped peaks over 5,000 meters high, for it was a clear day. Following Chinchuan River, headwaters of the Tatu on the Maerhkang side, one can look south and see the immensity of the Snowy Mountains which the Long Marchers crossed. It was June and there was a wealth of summer flowers and purple heather along

the forest edges, while silvery waterfalls dashed over black rocks down to the turbulent river.

We first came to Chokechi, where sections of the Long March stayed, and then down a short length of macadamized highway into Maerhkang. There we were met by the leading cadre who was of the Tu minority of west Hunan. He had been a boy soldier on the Long March and had spent some time in Apa in that period. He had returned here at liberation.

We were fascinated by his outline of the progress made in the Apa Tibetan Autonomous *Chou*. How today there are 3,214 kilometers of highway connecting all counties, 80 percent of the subdivisions and 70 percent of the communes. How 434 small hydroelectric plants which they built up in the spirit of self-reliance operate successfully. How all counties now have some industry. How the dreaded marshlands have been drained and increasingly maintain thriving herds of stock, and also grow enormous sugar beets.

The Apa area plays its full part in helping to shoulder some of the burdens of the state and to maintain its own self-sufficiency as well. Out of its 618,091 people, 120,000 are industrial workers, mostly in the lumber industry which sends much timber down to Chengtu. In 1950, only 45,000 tons of grain were harvested, mostly barley from hillside patches. Now in 1972, with new farming methods and better organization, 140,000 tons of grain were gained.

MAERHKANG is now a typical hinterland administrative center, with its government offices, state goods store, assembly hall, hospital, factories and so on, all built of new brick, on modern streets along the rushing Chinchuan River. We crossed over this river to a commune on the opposite bank to visit the Aidi brigade, whose members had recently built a new modern suspension bridge over to the Maerhkang side. It was at the head of this bridge that the brigade leaders awaited us, surrounded by a lively bunch of children. The brigade leader was a

middle-aged woman with great presence, but as she did not feel at home in the Han language, one of the Tibetan men who was good in both languages spoke for her and told us about the commune. The children followed us into the courtyard of the Tibetan-style house, amusing themselves and everyone else by getting into all sorts of tricks in a natural, untrammelled way.

In 1950 there were 82 families here with 402 people. In 1973, 92 families with 640 people. In 1950 they tilled 60 hectares of land, 44 of which belonged to lamas or landlords. The poor majority not only had to do feudal service for the local lord but had to pay taxes on anything they produced. During the year before liberation, 1,347 days of such service were given. Loans were easy enough to get from the lamas, at 20 percent interest a year, but if not repaid, the person would have to sell himself or some of his family as slaves. In those years just before liberation, 17 families in what are now the brigade villages died out. Many folk were killed, tortured or ran away.

It was a savage, brutal society then, hard for the children who now grow up around us to understand, the speaker said. For them now there are schools and hospitals, plenty of good food and plenty to wear, with the way ahead clear, more terraces to be made, more walnut trees to be planted, more irrigation ditches to be dug, more pump turbines to be installed and more mechanization to be brought in. The grain allowance per person in the brigade is now 260 kg. a year. The brigade has 57 tons of reserve grain in store, and 104,000 yuan in reserve funds. Every family has its own savings account. There are no lords or lamas to be kept in luxury.

The brigade leader showed us around her home, proud of the neat piles of quilts on every bed, of the big roomy kitchen. Everything was very neatly in place. The houses are built of stone, the old Tibetan way, each one looking somewhat like a fortress. The ad-

dition of electric light makes the big dark rooms much brighter now. As in all other homes in the Chinese hinterland, there was the row of big thermos bottles, the hot water system of ordinary folk. There were clocks and a sewing machine, and housed in a shed in the courtyard was a hand tractor.

As milk is important to Tibetans, every family has a cow, with the brigade owning some in common as well. The brigade has 22 rubber-tired carts, so that with the new bridges and highways, transport is done by draft animals rather than by people. The brigade has a primary school with 94 pupils, and it is not far to the local middle school at Chokechi, a little up the highway from Maerhkang.

Though Chairman Mao stayed at Chokechi during the Long March, no one there knows which house it was. The old suspension bridge there has been replaced by a new modern single-arch stone one, and the school is on the Maerhkang side of the bridgehead. The school is very much a homely, family affair of 220 Tibetan, Han and Chiang youngsters. It has a five-year primary and a three-year junior-middle school course.

The children were very warm and friendly, and we spent a happy hour with them during their games period. Some of the Tibetan girls did a dance for us, while agile young Tibetan primary pupils did well with ping-pong scores. Some of the classes sang for us, but perhaps the nicest thing of all was the primary classes' tug of war, which a neat, chipper Szechuanese city girl who had settled in the countryside managed excellently. She really put some fire into the proceedings and the children responded with enthusiasm, Tibetan and Han, boys and girls. Tibetans in Apa want their children to learn the Han language, as their Tibetan dialect is not understood outside the Apa borders.

EACH county in the Apa Tibetan Autonomous *Chou* has epic stories of vanguard brigades. Life in Apa is not always quite the gay

picture of minority people wearing colorful holiday clothing, sitting amongst the flowers of a summer countryside watching fat stock browsing nearby. It is a thing of a tough never-ending struggle, through adverse weather as a rule, though making considerable advances in production, health, education, and in the process raising the quality of their living, and so becoming an entirely new people.

The day we left Maerhkang to cross Chiku Mountain and go down to Wenchuan, the weather changed, and on the highest part of the road a blinding blizzard reminded us that these highlands can be both cold and cruel.

In Wenchuan, we spent some time among the 327 workers of the Apa chou machine works. Most of them had been brought in from other parts of Szechuan, for in Apa there were no trained workers to pick from. However, there are 18 Tibetan and 18 Chiang apprentices, who are doing well. One of the factory's main products is cream separators for the pastoral communes. These are neatly packed in strong boxes adapted for swift moving from place to place. Many machine tools are also made to equip county and commune machine shops. Electrical equipment for generating power as well as forty other products are turned out. The shops have 15,000 square meters of floor space and are well lit and airy. In all they spell a great deal of new life for all the peoples of the region.

We also visited the Apa Normal School in Wenchuan where teachers are trained for service in all the area's counties. And then a Chiang commune brigade where there was once a population who scarcely lived at all, so poor were their scraps of land. Now they have put in irrigation canals, built terraces right up an old riverbed after removing the stones and bringing in earth, gaining 275 tons of grain a year as against the 90 tons they got in 1950. In addition to the 38 tons of grain it sold the state last year, it sold 5 tons of walnuts, 1.5 tons of honey and a host of medicinal plants much in demand in both internal and export trade.

The brigade belongs to the Wai-chow commune. It has 148 families, 80 of whom are Chiang, 5 Tibetan and the rest Han. In all they make up 793 people whose five production teams farm 95 hectares of land. They have 90 tons of reserve grain, and 20,000 yuan in their reserve fund. Relations between the various minority groupings in the brigade are excellent, the brigade being a good object lesson of what right policy coupled with a proper motivation can do in raising the spirit that is able to master so much.

Look up against the face of the mountain that dominates the Wai-chow commune and you will see their long canal winding right across it. Go down into the Min River bed and you will see the big embankment they have made to reclaim enough land for a large orchard. See members harvesting up the valley riverbed at the same time as work goes ahead with making new terraces below, and one well realizes that here a new force has been released that bodes well for the future of this hinterland of mountain, valley and stream.

Cream separators made at the Apa Chou Machine Works.



A brigade of Chiang people in Wenchuan builds terraced fields in an old riverbed.





On the Harbin docks.

A Trip on the Sunghua River

YU CHUNG-JEN

AS SUMMER arrived, it grew warm and mild in China's northeast. The Sunghua River, iced over for nearly six months, became busy again. Passenger vessels and freighters with many kinds of goods plied the waves, and cars and trucks shuttled between the wharves and depots. I made a trip down the river in a passenger steamer, visiting a lot of places.

Atop the main peak of the Changpai Mountains is a crater lake, a dozen kilometers around and 300 meters deep. Called Tien-chih ("heavenly lake") by the peo-

ple, it is from here that the Sunghua River originates, flowing down through the rich plains of Kirin and Heilungkiang provinces and then joining the Heilung and the Wusuli rivers to empty into the sea. The 1,800-kilometer river is an important navigation route in the northeast.

Shipping on the river began in the Middle Ages. Later, in the hands of the imperialists and reactionary ruling classes, it was used mainly for war and exploitation. Munitions were transported to military bases in the northeast to

massacre the Chinese people. Natural resources along the river were also plundered by imperialist powers. When the area was liberated in 1948, the river was almost paralyzed. The enemy had blown up vessels and destroyed ports, wharves and signal installations before their defeat.

Soon the workers on the river began to cure the wounds of the war and rebuild the shipping facilities. In the past 25 years they have built and enlarged two dozen big and small ports. Tonnage and horsepower have increased 17

times and the annual passenger and freight traffic 10 times and 19 times respectively compared with 1950.

Harbin Shipyard

At 8 o'clock in the morning our vessel arrived in Harbin, capital of Heilungkiang province and the shipping center of the Sunghua River. The city has rather well mechanized docks and a fairly big shipyard that also does repair work. On the river we saw stationed passenger steamers and freighters of new types, speed-boats, tugs, barges and channel-upkeep boats. The deputy-head of the Harbin Shipyard, Chia Kung-wu, had travelled with us, and from him I learned that all these ships were designed and made in Harbin.

Chia, 62, worked in a shipyard under the Japanese in 1933. With feeling he told me: In early liberation days there were only seven ships on the Sunghua River, all of them foreign-made. The shipyard workers were determined to change this situation. Within three months they made the first tug, the *Changchun*. It was the first time the river had seen a boat made by the Chinese working class. Since then the workers of the Harbin Shipyard have turned out 20 to 30 ships of various kinds a year.

The shipyard had been a poorly-equipped repair station, he went on, but now it has taken on a new look. Compared with early liberation days, the number of workers has increased 50 percent and the shops' floor space nearly three times. Ships made by the yard are shallow in draught, very stable and suited to northern weather.

Our boat anchored. We went ashore and walked onto the big dyke along the river. There we saw a crane of the shipyard busy loading equipment to assemble a ship.

Conquering the Danger Spots

After another day's trip down the river, we came to the Sanhsing shoal—the river's natural barrier.

This spot used to be narrow and shallow, with hidden rocks and treacherous waters. Navigation was difficult and accidents occurred nearly every year. The hard work of the signal workers of this section

made the shoal navigable day and night.

The moon was above. We saw signal lights, red and white, twinkling down the river and a solid big dyke stretching far into the distance. It was beautiful.

Shang Wei-pin, the political instructor of the signal section, told us that more than ten years ago the provincial communication department had sent Li En-hsiang, their old section chief, here to dredge and regulate the channel. Seeing ships forced to drop anchor here because of the narrow channel and jutting rocks, he encouraged his comrades, "Man's will decides everything. We'll blaze a way of our own."

First they cleared the river bed, in spite of the high waves, and built a 400-meter stone embankment to keep the water from washing the banks. Then they deepened and widened the channel.

Through years' experience Li and his comrades learned that because the Sunghua is a seasonal river, every year when it thaws, ice pounded the banks and washed a large amount of soil into the river. At the same time, lots of sand floated down on the ice. This had widened the river and narrowed the channel.

With this new understanding, they stood on the ice during the winter to drill and blast out the rocks. They sailed among the blocks of ice, surveyed the channel and put up signals before the channel became navigable again. During the low-water period they built dykes and dredged silt to deepen the channel. Now ships pass the Sanhsing shoal safely even when the water is at its lowest.

Pointing to large stretches of shelter belts on the banks, dykes and signal islands, workers of the section told us the government had carried out a plan to bring the river into full use, both for shipping and land irrigation. In 1957 it had sent 1,000 hydrographic workers to survey the river and its tributaries. This was followed by large-scale dredging work, blasting of hidden rocks and removing mud. Electric signal lights were installed and dykes and reservoirs built to adjust water levels. In the early libera-

tion days, only 230 kilometers of the river were navigable, but today boats go the entire length of the river, even in its tributaries, linking remote rural areas and cities together.

A Busy Dock

A hundred kilometers downriver from the shoal, we came to Kia-musze, the second-largest port on the river.

The port had been developed in 1956 during a general campaign to exploit the Great Northern Wilds. Before liberation, the imperialists and reactionary ruling classes extracted rich profits from cheap labor power—the working people of semi-feudal, semi-colonial China. Working conditions were always hard. Dockers used their backs and shoulder poles. On the eve of liberation, even this poor port did not escape the destruction of the reactionaries.

After liberation, enthused by the General Line for Socialist Construction—go all out, aim high and achieve greater, faster, better and more economical results in building socialism—the workers built docks and warehouses with their own efforts and turned the port into a mechanized one with the ability to receive seven vessels at a time. According to the communication department, the port area has enlarged 25 times and cargo tonnage has increased 10 times. It is now one of the big inland river ports of China's northeast.

Alongside a freighter loaded with soybeans, we saw workers lower a grain loader into a 50-ton railway freight car. A worker pressed the button and the soybeans instantly began moving into the car. All this used to be done by hand with intense labor and low efficiency. As the country's industrial and agricultural production developed and their dock loads became heavier, they thought of mechanizing the dock. The grain loader was one of the first machines they made themselves.

Pointing to the wheat and soybeans waiting to be transported and tractors and other agricultural machinery that had just been unloaded from a freighter, a veteran port worker told us, "Our dock is always busy like this."

'Widows Village'

China Reconstructs Correspondents

Spraying chemicals to wipe out the snails.



TUNGTING LAKE in Hunan province used to be called "Poison Lake" because the dreaded disease schistosomiasis or snail fever (called "big belly" by the local people) raged in the area. When liberation came in 1949, half a million people here were suffering from it and five million more were menaced. One of the most seriously infected places bore the name "Widows Village".

Last spring we visited "Widows Village", now the fishing brigade of the Changkang People's Commune in Hanshou county in the western section of the lake area.

Sixty years ago the land which the commune now occupies was an enclosure in Tungting Lake with hundreds of hectares of cultivated land. "Widows Village" was what remained of a bustling village on the dyke. Some 180 families, over 700 people, lived here. In 1929, the flood-swollen lake broke the dyke. The flooded land became Water Chestnut Lake and the village on its stretch of dyke became a lonely island.

This lake was flooded in the summer and autumn and dry in the winter and spring. The soil was rich and wild vegetation grew everywhere—an ideal breeding ground for the snails which carry the schistosomes that cause snail fever. The disease soon increased to epidemic proportions.

* The first two "Journeys to Tungting Lake" were published in the October 1973 issue of *China Reconstructs*.

Forty-eight families fled. Those who stayed depended on fishing for a living, and were constantly threatened by the disease. The men working the year round in the parasite-filled lake became acutely ill and died quickly. As the number of widows grew, people began to call the place "Widows Village". By the time of liberation, 99 families (400 people) had been wiped out, 33 families (96 people) were left — and of these 31 were headed by widows.

"Widows Village" today is completely different. Fruit trees and fields of rape flourish on the broken parts of the old dyke. Young men and women sing fishing songs as they harvest. Beside the old dyke a new dyke has been built with a wide road lined on both sides with neat homes. Most of the men are on the lake fishing, while the women weave nylon nets in their yards. Children bounce about playing.

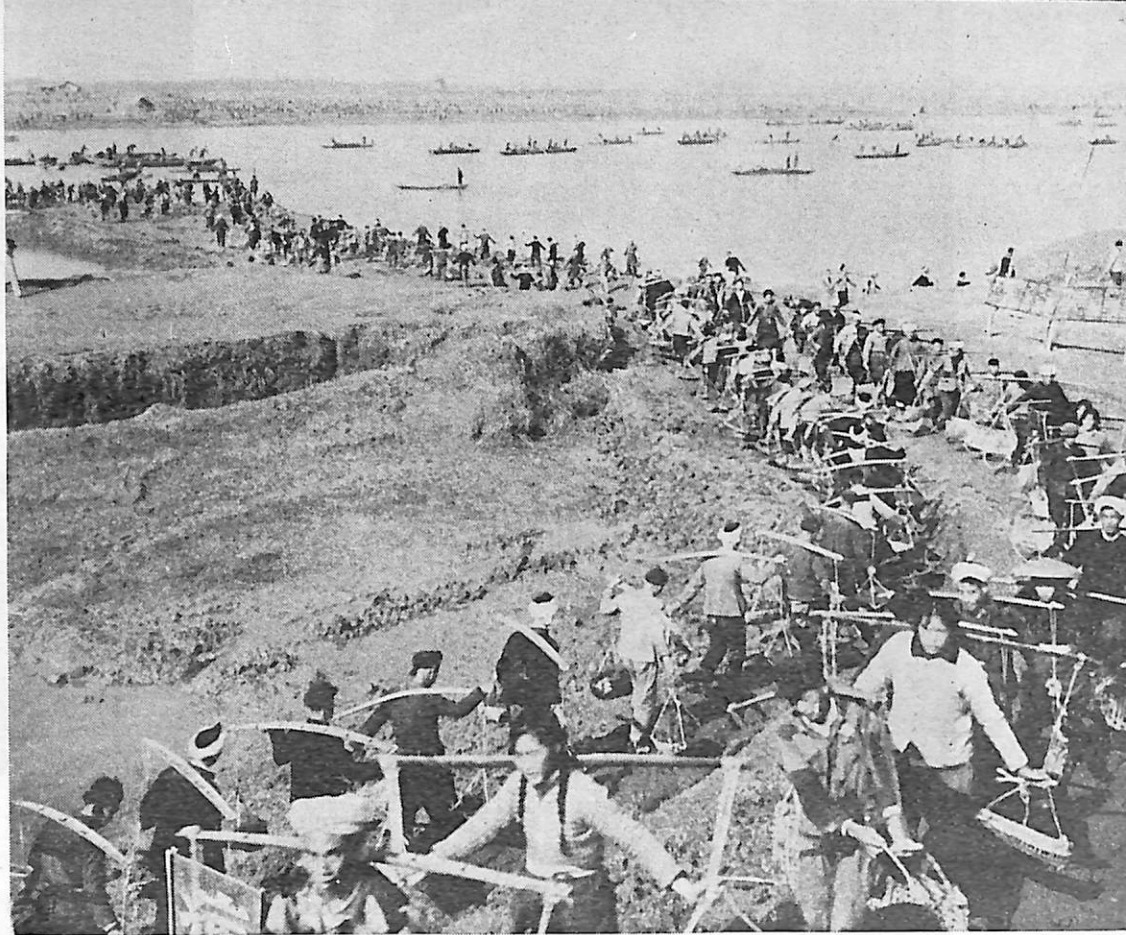
Widow Lei

We visited 67-year-old Widow Lei in her new two-room home. She had been married at 17 but two years later, when her son was just a year old, her 24-year-old husband turned yellow, his stomach became bloated and he died of snail fever. She managed to make a living for herself and her son by helping other fishermen.

When she had finally brought up her son, the Kuomintang township head seized the lake for himself. To keep from starving, mother and son would go out on the lake on dark nights to try and catch some fish. Once just as they had caught a few, the township head discovered them. He not only seized their fish but their oars and fishing gear.

There were tears in the old widow's eyes when she said: "In those days there was no place for widows and orphans and no one to turn to. We all had snail fever, but we didn't even have enough to eat, how could we go to a doctor?"

After liberation, led by the Communist Party and people's government, the fishermen organized, overthrew the Kuomintang town-



Members of the Changkang People's Commune turning Water Chestnut Lake into an enclosure again.

ship head and divided the boats and equipment among themselves. Poverty-stricken, they received government aid which guaranteed their livelihood.

Widow Lei's son got married. But he had already contracted snail fever. Although the government sent him and other advanced cases to a special county hospital combating the disease, like his father he died when he was only 21. The old widow was able to bring up her grandson with help from the fishing cooperative and later the people's commune.

After graduating from junior middle school the grandson trained as a "barefoot doctor", working as a regular brigade member but also handling ordinary medical cases. Three years ago, when the People's Liberation Army was accepting more recruits, the grandson decided to join. Widow Lei approved. "When I recall the bitter past," she concluded, "I feel more deeply how sweet life is today."

Rapid Growth

Sixty-year-old Teng Sheng-fa is head of the Poor and Lower-

middle Peasants' Association. He is the only survivor of a hundred people in the village named Teng. In the seven years before liberation snail fever killed 12 people in his family, leaving only his uncle and himself. His uncle was already ill with the disease, his stomach was badly bloated and he lay in their hut groaning. Unable to stand the pain any longer, he sharpened a chopstick, punctured his stomach to let out the fluid, and then died.

To grab the Teng family's house and land, the Kuomintang township head tried to conscript Teng Sheng-fa into the army. Already with a bloated stomach himself, Teng hid in a pond and then fled. After liberation, the villagers brought him back. Sent to the hospital, he was finally cured. He married and now has four children and a happy family.

When we visited him, Teng looked very healthy indeed. After he was cured he plunged into his work with great enthusiasm, soon becoming the leader of the brigade's fishing. His wife weaves nylon fishing nets at home for the brigade. His eldest son is a tech-



Widow Lei today.



Teng Sheng-fa's family.

nician in the production team and his eldest daughter is a leader of a women's team. With four people earning, the family is quite well off.

Teng was making preparations for his eldest son's wedding. A new red varnished bed and wardrobe stood ready in his home. We teased his daughter, "When are you going to marry and leave the family?" She blushed and answered, "I'm not leaving, he's coming here to live."

In the past an old saying went like this: "Don't let your daughter marry a boy from the dyke. There are no fishing nets and only dilapidated boats there. The men get bloated stomachs and die a painful death, leaving widows and orphans to flee and beg." Nowadays, however, not only do girls from other villages come here to marry and settle down, but the young men have discarded old country customs and come to settle in the home village of their brides.

Teng told us that for six years — 1941 to 1947 — not one woman bore a child. Now the women have been cured of snail fever and can have children. Desolate "Widows Village" today is a growing fishing community of 81 families,

380 people. There are over 60 children in the brigade's primary school.

Destroying the Source

The changes in "Widows Village" reflect the political and economic changes which have taken place in all the rural areas around Tungting Lake since liberation. They also reflect the new sanitation situation of this area.

After liberation, when Chairman Mao called for the eradication of snail fever, medical workers and the people launched a relentless struggle against it. By 1959 most of those in "Widows Village" with snail fever, including 13 advanced cases with bloated stomachs, were cured. Then Liu Shao-chi's revisionist line in public health intervened. Under the influence of this line, some people became apathetic, feeling that the number of patients to be cured and the number of snails to be eliminated were endless.

The cultural revolution overthrew Liu's revisionist line. Encouraged by the brigade Party branch, the members of the fishing brigade who had suffered the most in the old society pledged: "For a happy life for all future genera-

tions we will wipe out all the snails in the lake in this generation!"

Everyone from white-haired grandparents to small children joined the campaign to wipe out the snails. They built low dykes around one area after another, fixed the level of the water in each and then exterminated the snails by spraying chemical solutions or burning. The number of small areas safe from the disease grew.

In 1970 the provincial government and departments concerned decided to make the lake an enclosure again. This would wipe out the disease by changing the natural environment of the snails which carried it. The state allotted 900,000 yuan in funds and organized a county labor force of 30,000 people. Eighty days later, 10 kilometers of new dykes blocked the breaks in the old dyke made by the 1929 flood and extended it.

Then the Changkang commune drew up an overall plan to wipe out the snails on a large scale. They selected the areas which bred the most snails to build residential districts with roads and vegetable plots, covering them with a meter of snail-free, dry earth and press-



Members of the fishing brigade giving fish fry treatment against disease.

ing it down firmly with tractors. Snails cannot live under packed earth more than 15 centimeters thick. With long-distance sprayers they spread the marshes, ditches and paddy fields with 40 tons of chemicals to exterminate the snails in the water. Where the reeds and weeds grew thick, they burned the fallen leaves, which ex-

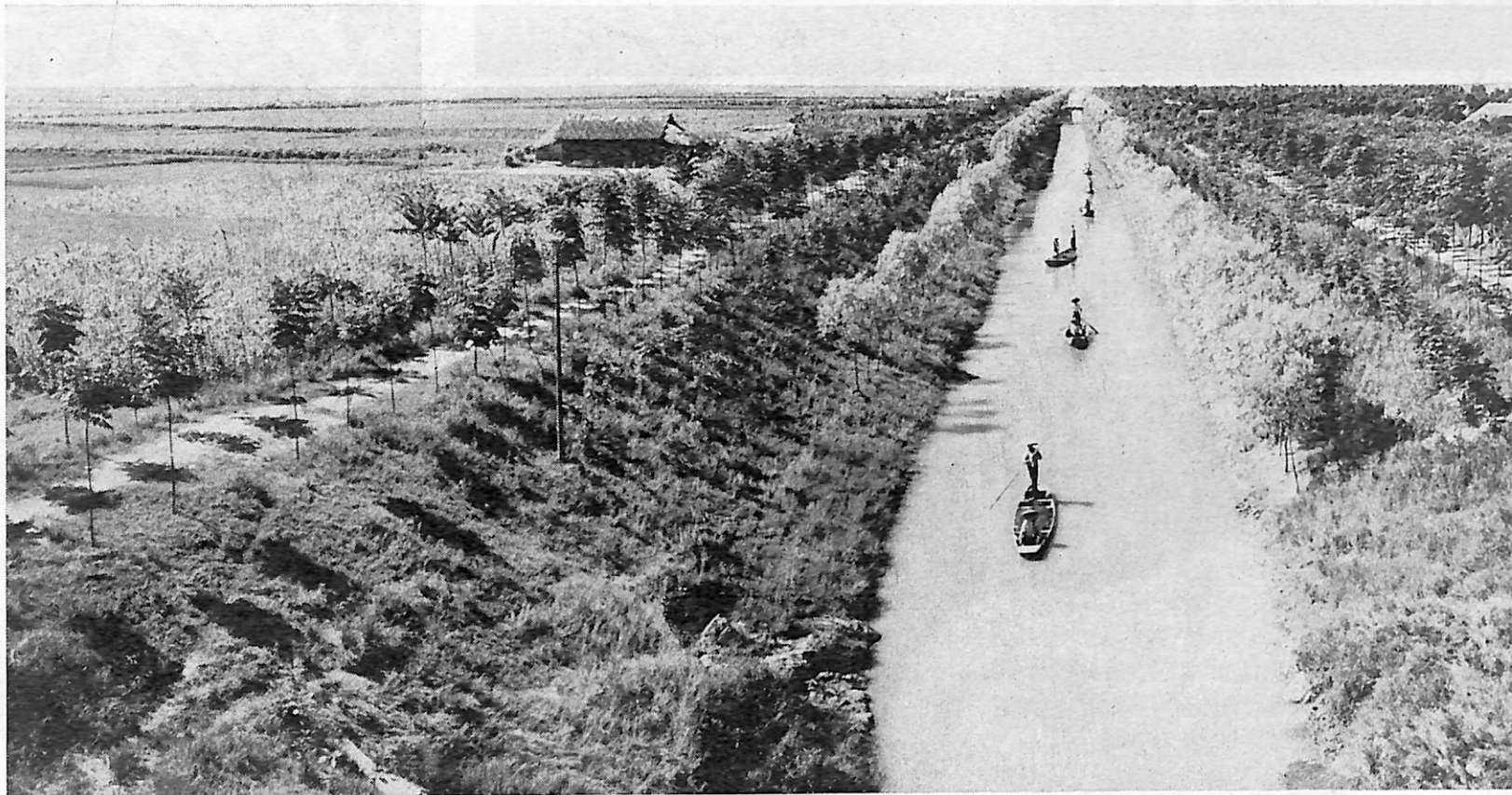
terminated snails and made good fertilizer.

Finally the commune members turned the 270-hectare lake into gravity irrigated fields. By plowing over fields, digging new ditches and filling up old ones, they buried the snails that existed on the dry land and then sprayed with lime water and chemicals.

Four times each year, several thousand people are organized in the area to search for and wipe out snails. This year, in an area of 1,800 hectares of fields only seven live snails were found and study showed that they did not carry schistosomes. The commune clinic has a health record for every commune member and gives each check-ups twice a year. No new case of the disease has appeared in the two years since the project was completed.

As we left "Widows Village", our car sped past the former lake. Its once-desolate banks are now covered with fields of fine crops. Huang Hsien-hsiang, the brigade's Party branch secretary, said, "In the past we relied on state relief. Now we are able to sell large quantities of ginned cotton, jute, oils, pigs, fish, melons and vegetables to the state. In the past our place was known for its 'big bellies'. Today we are known for our big watermelons. Some weigh over 20 kilograms."

Water Chestnut Lake transformed.





Assembly section.

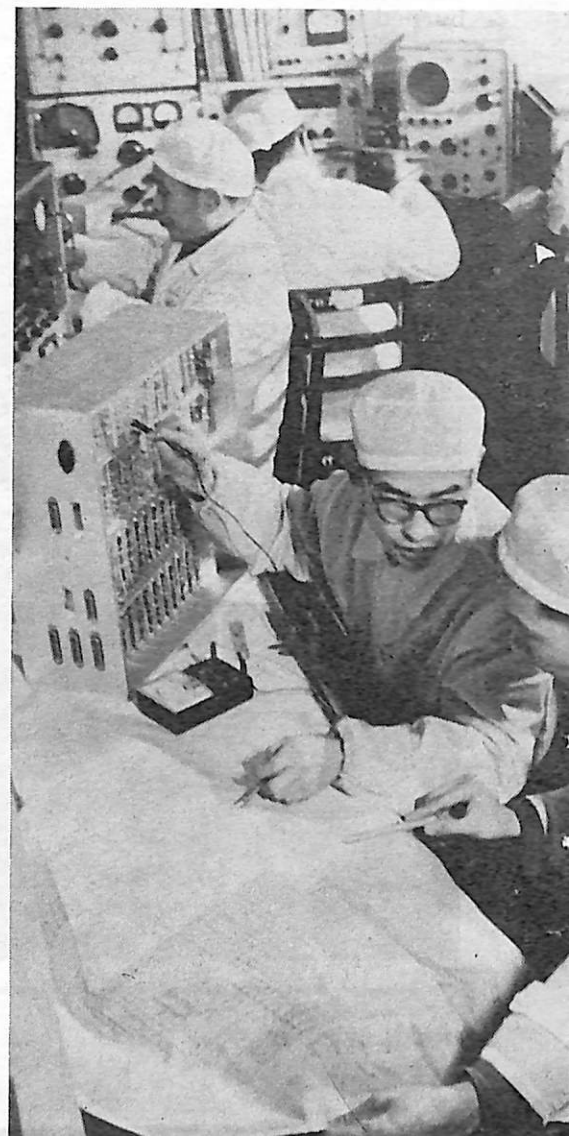
Master and apprentice teach and learn from each other.



Workers, engineers and leaders discuss the proposed mechanism of a new watch.

Across the Land

Workers and engineers discuss a new technical innovation.





Workers' posters making criticisms and suggestions attract many readers.

Workers Are Masters of Their Plants

The Shanghai Wristwatch Plant, with 3,600 workers, produces 2,500,000 watches a year. Here, the workers take part in management, the leaders take

part in production and discuss problems with workers, and engineers and workers carry on technical innovations together to improve the quality of their products.

Checking quality. A quality analysis system has been set up in every part of the assembly section.





Lei Feng with students he counselled. Ho Wen-lu and Sun Kuei-chin, whose stories are told in this article, are on Lei Feng's left and right.

"Why Millions Honor Lei Feng", an article in our June 1963 issue, told about Lei Feng's life and the enthusiastic response of the Chinese people to Chairman Mao's call to learn from Comrade Lei Feng.

Ten years have passed and the name of Lei Feng is still deep in the hearts of the people. When someone is praised for doing something of benefit to the people, he will often say as a matter of course, "I did what I should, I'm still far behind Lei Feng."

Lei Feng, a soldier in the Chinese People's Liberation Army, was only 22 when he died on duty in August 1962. But the short life of this outstanding Communist has led millions to call him a great Communist fighter and to try to follow his example.

Lei Feng loved to study Chairman Mao's writings and other Marxist-Leninist works and always tried to combine theory with practice. He served the people wholeheartedly as Chairman Mao teaches.

His life was the fulfillment of his vow: "Human life is limited, but serving the people is not. I will put my limited life into unlimited service of the people."

Lei Feng's unit was stationed in Fushun, a north-eastern industrial city. During his life the people there elected him their representative to the city people's congress. After he died they built him a magnificently landscaped tomb and memorial hall which people from all over the country visit every day to pay their respects and learn from his life.

Lei Feng served as counsellor at a primary school nearby and established deep friendships with the teachers and pupils. The school has been renamed the "Lei Feng No. 1 Primary School". Chao Kuei-chen, author of this article, is a teacher at the school who worked as student counsellor together with Lei Feng for nearly two years.

— Editor

We Learn from Lei Feng

CHAO KUEI-CHEN

OUR SCHOOL held a round-table discussion to commemorate the tenth anniversary of Chairman Mao's call to learn from Comrade Lei Feng. Twenty-four former pupils to whom Lei Feng had given counsel attended.

Ten years ago they were a group of ingenuous, romantic children; today they are a force in the ranks of China's builders of socialism. How happy they were to get together after a long separation and talk about their course of development! Looking up at their group picture with Lei Feng displayed on the wall, they recalled his warm help in years past.

The recollections took me back to those never-to-be-forgotten days working together with Comrade Lei Feng, and his smiling face appeared before my eyes as big as life.

I will never forget Lei Feng's speech when he met the teachers and pupils of our school. The youngsters cried when he told how the vicious old society had killed four members of his family and left him an orphan. With no other way to make a living, he went into the hills to cut firewood, for which the landlord's wife slashed his left hand three times. The sight of his scarred hand aroused deep hatred for the landlord class in the young minds of the children.

In 1949 Lei Feng's home town was liberated by the PLA under the leadership of the Communist Party and he began a new life. He grew up on a monthly allowance provided by the people's government, which also sent him to school free of charge. The youngsters jumped for joy and broke into thunderous applause

when they heard that the first words he had learned to write were "Long live Chairman Mao!"

That day Lei Feng wrote in his diary: "I feel glorious today . . . I must use proletarian ideas to educate these lovable Young Pioneers, help them establish proletarian ideology early and be successors fighting for our country's cause."

Lei Feng did this during the nearly two years he served as extracurricular counsellor. He gave up holidays, rest days and evenings to coach the pupils in their studies, tell them stories of the revolution and help them to study well and make progress every day as Chairman Mao teaches. He often ran over to the school from his barracks during the brief noon rest period to plan activities for the pupils with me. Even when he left Fushun on assignments, he never forgot to write the pupils, encouraging them to read Chairman Mao's writings diligently and grow up to be of use to the people. He helped the new generation to grow the way a diligent gardener cultivates young plants.

A burst of laughter brought me back to the lively discussion. How happy Comrade Lei Feng would be if he could be here today! Nurtured by Mao Tsetung Thought and tempered in the cultural revolution, the new generation in which he placed boundless hopes has matured.

Giving One's All for Communism

Take swarthy Ho Wen-lu, once a mischievous boy who was photographed with Lei Feng's arms around him. Now he is a steelworker at the Fushun steel plant. He felt great the first day, stand-

ing in front of the furnace in his white work clothes and blue glasses. How proud he was to be making steel, directly supporting China's socialist construction! But it was roasting hot and the smoke choked him. In a while he was covered with sweat which mixed with dust to form a sticky layer of grime. Especially in the heat of summer, he returned home with back and legs aching and no appetite.

After a few days his spirits began to flag and he started to envy the light work of the electricians. But opening his diary and seeing the photo with Lei Feng brought the latter's words to mind: "The greatest happiness is working diligently, creating wealth with your own two hands and giving your all for communism — the cause of the liberation of humanity." Lei Feng also said, "We young people too must mature by advancing in the face of difficulties. Promising youngsters who have ideals will be happy to undergo hardships."

Spurred on by these words, he finally found that the difference between his thinking and Lei Feng's was that he did not really see making steel as a part of the revolutionary work of liberating all mankind, so he was not happy to be a never-rusting bolt on the machine of building socialism as Lei Feng was. He realized that to change this state of affairs, the first thing he had to do was struggle with hardship. So he started taking on heavy, tiring jobs at the furnace as a way to temper himself. He studied hard with the help of veteran workers and kept improving his technique. After two years of hard work, he was promoted to the job of second assistant.



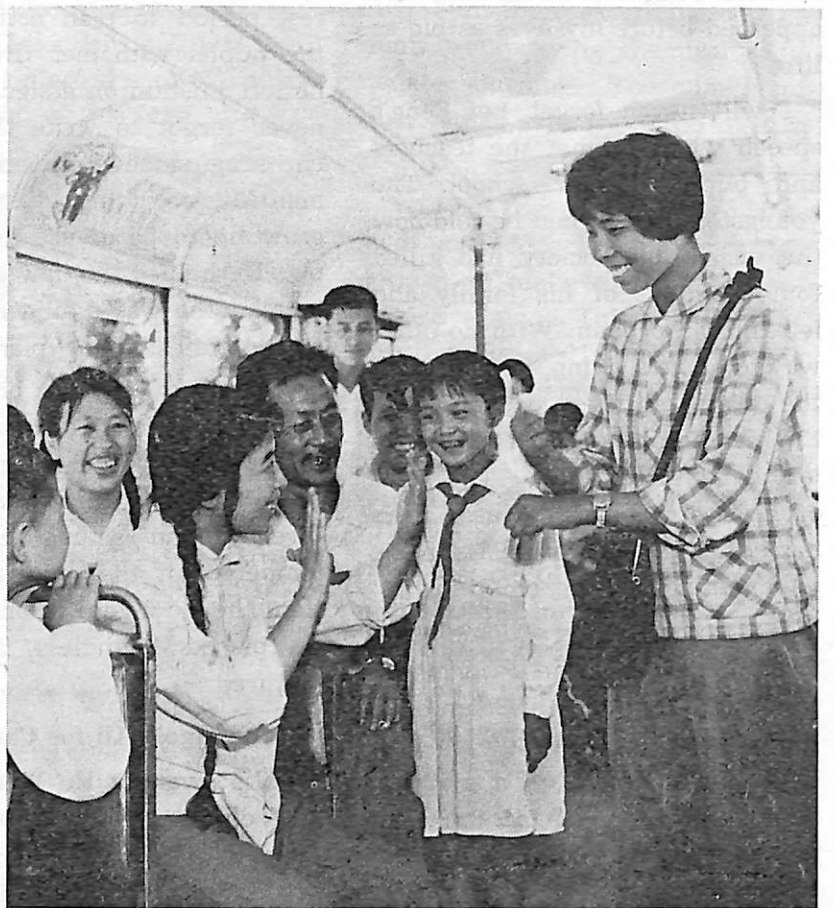
Ho Wen-lu (second left), now an experienced steelworker.



Sun Kuei-chin



Tao Ying uses Lei Feng's advice to her to teach his spirit of wholeheartedly serving the people.



Chan Shih-jung practices sign-language with a deaf-mute.

A more basic reason for Ho Wen-lu's relatively fast progress is that, emulating Lei Feng, he squeezes out every possible moment to study the works of Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin and writings of Chairman Mao. Seeking out and overcoming his shortcomings and mistakes, he keeps raising his political level. The spare-time study group composed of Ho Wen-lu and eight other young workers is an advanced collective in the plant.

Grow Up to Be What?

Or take Sun Kuei-chin. This bold PLA soldier was the shyest girl in her class. Once her class discussed what they would be when they grew up. Some said they wanted to be engineers or painters or join the air force. When Sun Kuei-chin said, "When I grow up I'll be a new-type peasant", some of her classmates laughed at her, saying her ideal was "not great" and that she showed "no promise".

Extremely dejected, 13-year-old Sun Kuei-chin went to find Lei Feng. Hearing her story, he supported her and talked to her about the bright long-range prospects for developing a socialist countryside. "As long as the revolution needs it," he told her, "there's a future in any work you do. When you grow up you must continue the revolution and be of use to the people."

When she graduated from middle school in 1968, Sun Kuei-chin volunteered to become a new-type peasant in Heishan county and do her part in building a socialist countryside. Rain or shine, she learned all kinds of farm work from the commune members and before long she was a welcome new addition to her brigade. Extremely concerned about others, she helped out any family with difficulties. Elderly Sister Chao wanted to read Chairman Mao's works, but she had never been to school, so Sun Kuei-chin taught her to read every evening.

With the peasants of her brigade to recommend her, she joined the army in 1970. Here she also did well. She was assigned as a telephone linewoman in the engineering corps of the Shenyang military command in which Lei Feng had served. Overcoming many difficulties, she learned to climb poles and string lines. Once when she was on duty during a heavy rain, lightning cut a line coming in to the central. Sun grabbed a comrade and set out in the pouring rain to check the line. As soon as they found the break, she put on her foot irons and climbed the pole. But just as she was about to splice the line, she slid down the wet, slippery pole, scraping her hands and feet. Thinking of what Lei Feng had often said, "Struggle is hardest just when victory is in sight, but this is also when it's easiest to vacillate", she adjusted her foot irons, climbed the pole again, spliced the line and restored service.

Many stories of how Sun Kuei-chin makes strict demands on herself and is responsible in her work circulate in her unit.

The Greatest Happiness

Chan Shih-jung was well known to her classmates because she often sang and danced on stage at school. Today she is familiar to many Fushuners as a member of a public bus crew known throughout the city for its consideration for passengers.

Chan Shih-jung likes to tell the story of how Lei Feng and she helped push a cart. "One day on my way home from school, I saw Lei Feng run over to help an old man push a big cart up a long hill. I joined him. Our clothes were soaked with sweat by the time we reached the top. 'Are you tired?' Lei Feng asked with a smile. 'No,' I replied. 'That's right,' he said. 'As long as it's of benefit

to the people we should do it. No matter how tired you are, it's the greatest happiness and pleasure!'"

Since becoming a ticket seller on a bus in 1965, she has not been content with just doing a good job of selling tickets. She and her seven crewmates do their best to accommodate their passengers. They have learned how to serve old people and children, the sick and disabled and people from out of town so as to make their bus trip convenient and pleasant.

Students from a deaf and dumb school on their route often missed their stop because they couldn't hear it announced. Chan Shih-jung and her mates learned sign language at the school, making things much more convenient for these passengers. They are overjoyed when the ticket seller praises one of them in sign language for giving a seat to an old person or a pregnant woman. The ticket sellers have taken the time to learn the names and addresses of the factories, offices and schools along the route, in order to answer passengers' questions accurately.

Revolutionary Traditions

Tao Ying, one of the 24 youngsters, has stayed on as a teacher in our school. Eight classes have graduated and eight others enrolled in the past decade, and not a few changes have occurred in the leadership and teachers, but the tradition of learning from Lei Feng has never changed. Tao Ying is one of many teachers who try to train their pupils in the spirit of Lei Feng.

Though the school regularly teaches the importance of hard struggle, the pupils do not necessarily all understand. Once Tao Ying discovered that many pupils in her class were spending all their pocket money and there was even a girl who was unwilling to wear a slightly torn jacket. So she brought the savings box and sewing kit she



Students at the Lei Feng No. 1 Primary School repair their own footballs, developing the habit of thrift.

Every class at the Lei Feng No. 1 Primary School has a "Learn from Lei Feng" group which serves the people all year round.



had made ten years ago to class and told her pupils about them.

"Once when I was still in the third grade I went to Lei Feng's place to play and found him mending socks. 'Why mend those?' I asked. 'If I were you, I'd stop wearing them.' This made Lei Feng sad. He explained that though times were good now we must not forget the past and must not lose the revolutionary tradition of simple living. He told me about his miserable childhood and as I listened I was much moved. Returning home, I made this sewing kit and savings box like Lei Feng's. Determined to carry on the revolutionary tradition, I've used them ever since.

"Why did Lei Feng teach us to make 'three treasures'—a scrap box, a savings box and a sewing kit?" Tao Ying asked her pupils. After a lively discussion, those who had been spending all their money cut down, and the girl decided to mend her jacket and wear it.

Our school uses these "three treasures" of Lei Feng's as material to teach the pupils the tradition of hard struggle. Every class has a scrap box and a savings box and every pupil a sewing kit. The pupils repair their own chairs and desks and mend their own clothes. Any wire or nails they find are put in the scrap box, ready for some future use. The class's savings box serves as a collective "bank". Some pupils in our school sent money they had saved to help out an area in Szechuan province hit by a severe earthquake last year.

As a teacher who worked with Lei Feng, I am very happy to see group after group of young sprouts mature, flower and bear fruit. This spurs me on to take Comrade Lei Feng as my model and work harder at using Mao Tsetung Thought to remould myself and educate my pupils.

Impressions of the U.S.A.

LI PO-TI

IN Lexington, Massachusetts, where the earliest battle of the American Revolution was fought nearly 200 years ago, we stood reading the inscriptions on the monument to the first heroes to give their lives for their nation's independence. A young motorcyclist in a gold-colored helmet sped up and stopped near us. He held a placard of welcome written in Chinese. And on his shoulder bag, embroidered in red, were the words: "Serve the People." He turned out to be a computer programmer who had recently visited China. "They gave us such a grand reception over there," he said, "I just had to come and welcome you."

A Friendly People

We were 21 Chinese journalists on a month's visit to the United States, at the invitation of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, last May and June. We travelled from New York to Hawaii, stopping in ten cities, and got

a hearty reception from the people in all of them. Wherever we went in our bus, some would be waving to us. In Harlem in New York City, we piled out onto the sidewalk to speak to the passersby. Typical was a 73-year-old woman who said, "I was so happy when relations between the U.S. and China improved."

In San Francisco at 5:30 a.m. one morning, we went to meet the dockworkers as they lined up in the hiring hall for job assignments. There was quite a crowd and they gave us a resounding ovation. Big banners on the walls also welcomed us. A veteran of 30 years' work on the docks gave me an Indian necklace of red, black and white beads. "I want you to have something really American," he said.

As we mingled with them and asked about their life and work, I noticed that one of our Chinese delegates was looking upset. What had happened? "I've just been talking to a young worker. He said he could get only 7 days' work last month.

Life is very hard for him. He's been married for three years but can't even afford to have children."

At the University of Hawaii the electronics department was running an experiment called the Aloha system — a computer network. When we arrived, the people there were communicating with others in the continental U.S. The professor showing us around told them of our arrival. Soon we saw the machine type out this message from unknown friends at the other end:

ARC SENDS THEIR GREETINGS
TO THE VISITORS FROM THE
PEOPLE'S REPUBLIC.

This friendship is traditional. There was evidence of it in many places. In Hawaii, we were proudly shown pictures of the school which Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the great forerunner of China's revolution, had attended there, and told of how the Chinese in Hawaii had supported the revolution to which he devoted his life.

Today, the increasing exchange of visits between the Chinese and American people has deepened the friendship and understanding. The Chinese gymnasts were in New York when we were. They competed with the Americans in Madison Square Garden. I missed the event, as I had an engagement. The next day I was at China Books and Periodicals, a bookstore on Fifth Avenue, when a man came in asking for material on gymnastics in China. He said he had seen the contest and had been most impressed by the friendly atmosphere. An American gymnast had hurt herself, and two Chinese had rushed over to hold her up. "I'm sure she would have fallen if they hadn't," he said. What struck another spectator was that the audience had cheered for both sides. "Ameri-

A computer programmer welcomes the Chinese journalists delegation with a placard which says, "Welcome Chinese friends! Long live the friendship between the peoples of China and the U.S.A.! The people of the world will win!"



LI PO-TI is deputy editor-in-chief of *China Reconstructs*.



Dockworkers line up for job assignments in a San Francisco hiring hall.

cans usually cheer for their own side," he remarked.

A great many people told us they would like to visit China. An episode I shall always remember: We were visiting the John Tyler School in Washington D.C. Coming out into the playground, we were immediately surrounded by a sea of bouncing children who hung onto our arms, hugged us. A little black girl barely four feet from the ground exclaimed, "Oh, I wish I was in China!" The children had seen China on television during President Nixon's visit.

Everywhere, our hosts brought out their best to show or entertain us with. In Macon, they spared no effort to serve us southern barbecue, which takes many hours to prepare. In Colorado they took us up in gondolas to the ski country, where the scenery was breathtaking.

We saw that the United States is a land of rich resources, both industrial and agricultural, vast expanses of forest with many kinds of timber, immense plains and snowcapped mountains. Agriculture there is highly mechanized; computers are in wide use in many branches of work.

Endless lines of cars speed or creep along the huge network of highways.

The people we met also told us about some of the problems confronting the country. In this connection they often spoke of what

they called "our rapidly-moving society".

The 'Rapidly-Moving Society'

What is this "rapidly-moving society" that is used as a description of today's U.S.A.?

I got some sense of it as soon as we landed in New York, where people were always in a hurry, struggling for a living.

I saw it on the New York cotton exchange where dealers and speculators tried to outshout one another with their price bids.

I saw it on television, and witnessed in horror an auto race which

ended in a car turning over and bursting into flame—I was told the automobile companies advertise their cars through such races.

I sensed it in the worried voices of university students who told me it was hard to get jobs after graduation.

In the story of the farmer in Georgia. Three years ago he bought 1,100 acres of land which used to belong to forty families. Was he making money? The weather was dry last year so he didn't make any money. He might make \$50,000 this year and lose it next year. "Farming is the biggest gamble," he said. He had borrowed from banks to buy the land, and is still \$250,000 in debt.

I was shocked to learn that when there is no profit to be made out of a crop, it is plowed under. I saw the same thing on television: a farmer was pouring thousands of chicks into vats to be killed because feed prices were rising and he would lose money if they lived.

Everywhere we found luxurious hotels going up; tourism is a big business with big profits. In Denver we learned that it makes up the biggest part of that city's income.

On the docks in San Francisco we saw huge silos and containers, handling in two days an amount of cargo that used to take ten. But

Children at the John Tyler School in Washington D.C. wave goodbye.



the dockworkers told us this advance in mechanization deprived many workers of their jobs while putting more money in the bosses' pockets.

The handicapped black children at the John Tyler School were sad to see. How had it happened? Our guide said that in some cases the mother had been sick but couldn't afford a doctor, so the baby was handicapped prenatally. In other cases it was medical care for the child that could not be afforded, so he or she became handicapped. Unemployment among the black people was very serious in the U.S. In Chicago we learned that of the city's 900,000 black population, 30 percent were unemployed.

What people were most angry about while we were there were the rapidly rising prices. From December 1972 through May 1973, the price index of consumer goods rose at an annual rate of 8 percent, but workers' pay increased at an annual rate of no more than 5.5 percent. "I spend eighty dollars a week on food for the four of us," said a newspaperman's wife. "And we don't eat much beef — beef is expensive. We don't like to see our earnings worth less and less."

I concluded that the "rapidly-moving society" is one in which the rich are rapidly making money. The faster they do this, the more the working people are exploited.

A subject which frequently came up was the drug problem. In the U.S. it is serious. We were told in Georgia that 8,000 heroin addicts alone had been treated by the Human Resources Commission of that state. Victims of alcoholism numbered 200,000. A pathologist told me that the young people took drugs because of poverty, the war in Viet Nam, and many other problems. These young people couldn't see a way out of it all. To buy drugs, many were driven to commit crimes.

We found crime common in the U.S. During our three-day stay in Chicago, murder made front-page news every day.

Endless precautions are taken. The U.S. faces an energy shortage, but lights burn in the stores throughout the night. Why? A friend told me seriously, "Precautions against burglary. The lights have to be on, and the dummies have to keep turning."

Notices in our hotel rooms urged us to lock up from the inside; we found special locks on our doors to ensure that burglars couldn't break in.

One evening in New York when we were visiting a friend, the car did not come for us on time. We wanted to return to our hotel by subway. But the security man with us would not hear of it. "It's not

safe in the subway in the evenings," he said.

In this society we also found pornographic literature on sale in the supermarkets.

One day we were shown around a farmer's home. I noticed a poster in the room of his young son: "If it makes you feel good, do it." Hundreds of miles away in a businessman's home, what looked like a toy human skull grinned at us from behind the door.

Searching for Answers

The general impression was that the U.S. people were dissatisfied with the state of things. They are constantly asking themselves questions, probing, trying to find answers. Said one young mother to me, "America will have to find new values. What they will be I don't know. The old protestant ethic — work hard and save for the individual, won't do today. . . . I often ask myself, with what values am I educating my children? I find I have none. I'm just drifting. What will my children be like when they grow up?"

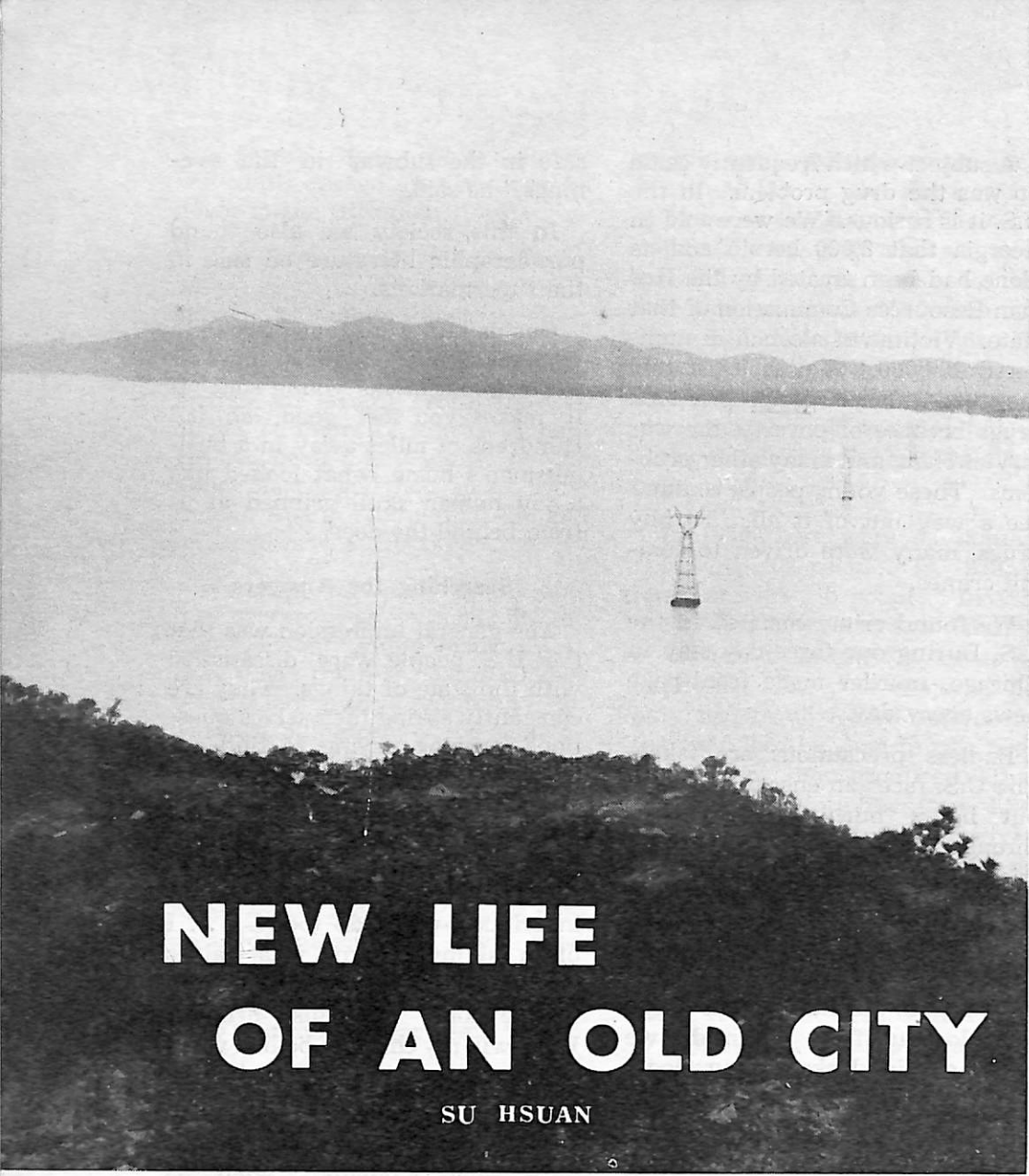
At the University of California in Berkeley, we had a discussion with some students. "What do students in the U.S. think about?" we asked. One of them answered: "Politics, international relations, social changes in the U.S. For five years during the 1960s we had a student movement against the war in Viet Nam. In 1970 we students struck against the bombing of Cambodia. . . ." Another student continued: "We are faced with many great social questions over which we are always debating. The basic ones are war and racism."

At a reception afterwards, a student in the department of architecture said to me, "I hear that in China you study in factories. That's good. Here we are buried in books; academic studies and real life are two things. So students are not sure they'll know how to work after graduation."

A number of times I found myself listening to heated arguments among the American people. I came away with the impression that they are really thinking hard to find a way out of their problems.

Harvard students in a discussion with the Chinese journalists delegation.



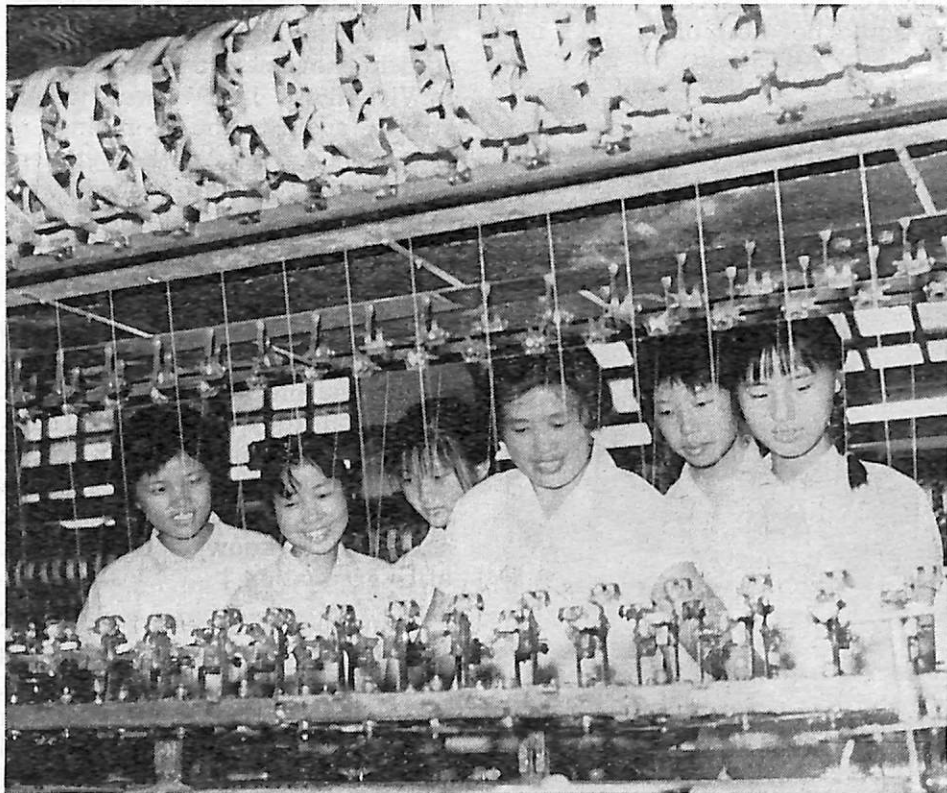


NEW LIFE OF AN OLD CITY

SU HSUAN

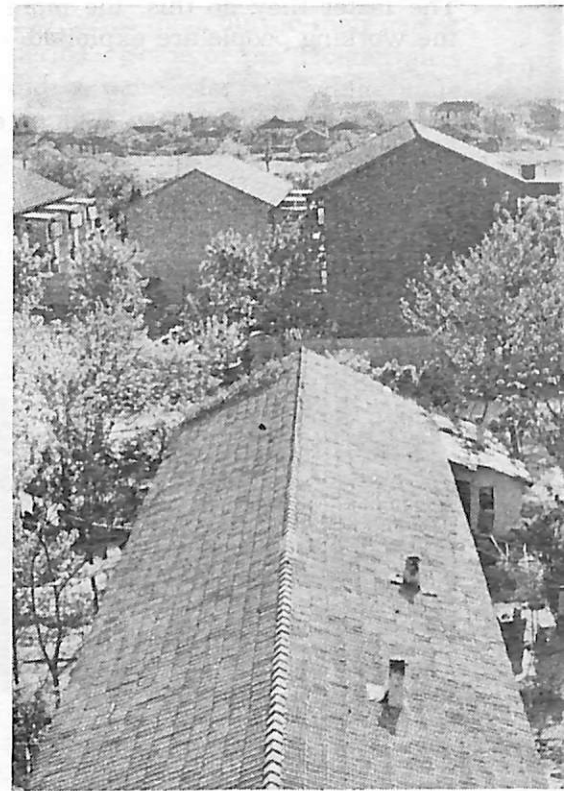
A new view of Taihu Lake.

Tai Feng-ying (third from right) training young workers.



CROSSING the Yangtze bridge at Nanking, the train sped into the water country of southern Kiangsu province. Stretches of golden rape flowers, lush green rice beds and full-sailed junks on canals and streams rushed past the window. Four hours later the pagoda on Huchiu (Tiger Hill) on the outskirts of Soochow came into sight.

Legend says that the first king to make Soochow his capital was buried on this hill over 2,500 years ago. However, it is not kings but the people who made history. Down through the centuries, it was their wisdom and diligence that made Soochow a beautiful city. They created the gardens and unique south-of-the-Yangtze architecture (*see color spread*). Their skills brought silk fabrics lustrous as morning clouds, exquisite embroideries, woven silk pictures, redwood carvings and other famous artworks into being. Thus Soochow came to be called in China and abroad "the city of gardens", "silk country" and other graceful names.



After the Opium War in 1840, however, the semi-feudal, semi-colonial economy of old China smothered the city. Foreign capital and domestic bureaucrat-capital flowing into the city and the dumping of foreign goods drove the handicraft arts and the few local textile and other light industries into near bankruptcy. Large numbers of silk textile workers and craftsmen roamed the streets unemployed and had to leave their home town. The handful of officials, compradores, landlords and capitalists who seized Soochow made it a deformed city of consumers infested with gambling houses, opium dens, brothels and pawnshops which defiled the beauty of the city like open sores.

Soochow greeted its liberation in April 1949 like a withered tree gasping for spring rain. A fundamental change took place—the working people, creators of Soochow's history, became its masters. "How have these new masters built their city?" we wondered as we walked out of the station.

New City

Before liberation, the first impression one got of Soochow was narrow, cobblestone Hulung Street and the rickshaws and horse carriages fighting over customers outside the railway station. Though it was the mid-twentieth century, the feudal backward city had no asphalt streets, no buses or water mains. Dirty ditches everywhere served as sewers.

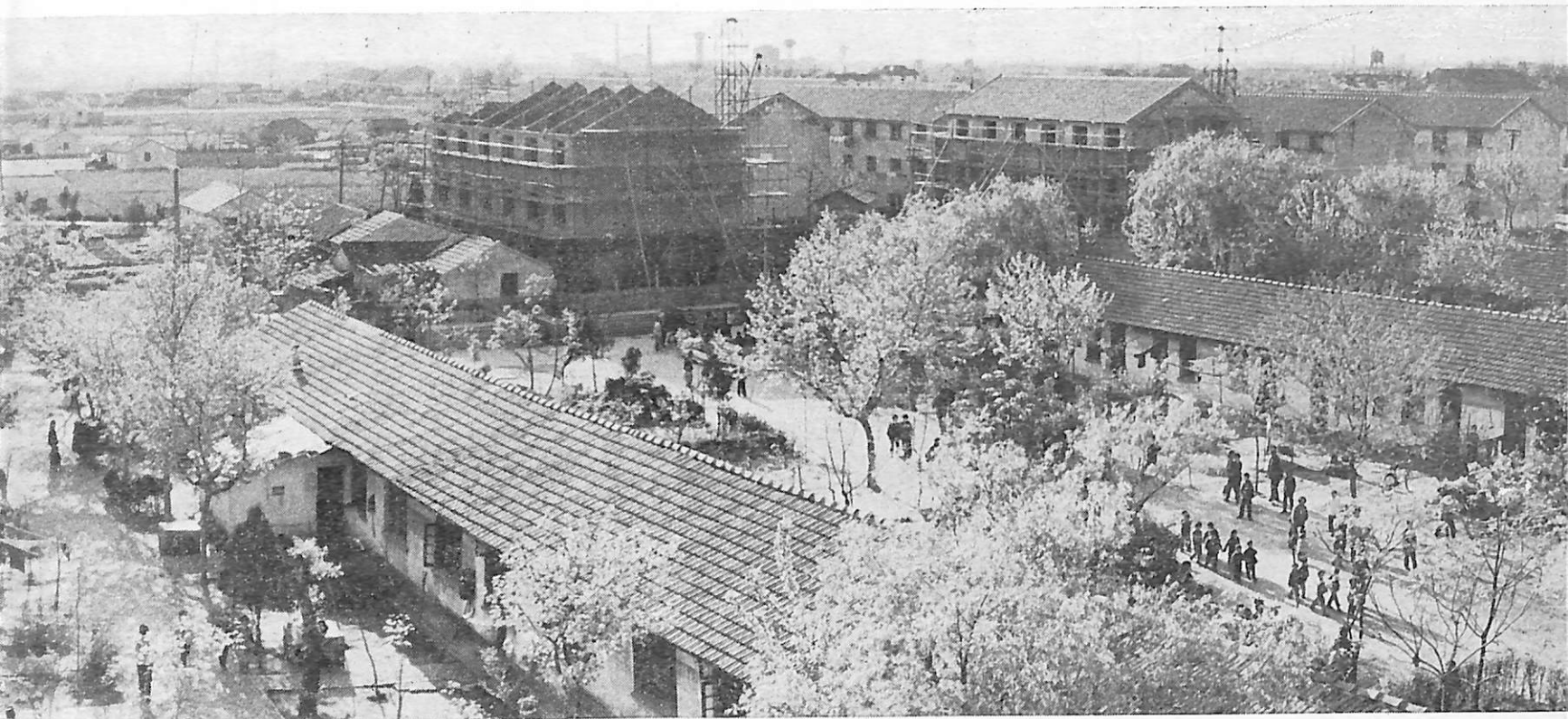
Today, as we stepped out of the station, we found ourselves on the wide asphalt People's Street flanked by green trees. Eleven municipal bus lines run on 80 kilometers of well-paved streets in the city and broad highways in its outskirts. Cobblestone can only be seen in the lanes. A drainage system was built and the ditches filled in, and today even the back streets are clean. Residents no longer cook with water from the streams and canals. Two companies supply water to the residents through pipes totalling more than 150 km.

To get a better view of this city of 540,000 population, on a bright

day we climbed the nine-story Peissu Pagoda which has commanded the city for nearly 1,000 years. In the distance spread the great Taihu Lake and rolling hills. Spaced over the city were its famous gardens and historical sites. Bridges are indispensable in Soochow. More than 300 span the canals and streams that crisscross the city, most of them repaired or rebuilt since liberation. Green trees blanket the city to its outskirts. For more than 20 years the people have planted trees every year—1.2 million pines, locusts, elms, cassias and others—to make their city beautiful.

Nestled in their shade are Soochow's famous gardens. Most of the hundred recorded in history lay in ruins at liberation and the few that remained had lost their charm for lack of repair. Three years after liberation the municipal people's government set up a special committee, enlisted the initiative of construction workers, gardeners and specialists and began repairing the gardens and historical sites. Two decades of

Part of Nanyuan New Village.





People's Street with Peissu Pagoda in the distance.

Pingmen Wharf is busy night and day.





Pavilion built in 1635 in the lake of West Garden, Soochow.

Silk fans, a special artercraft of Soochow.



Silk weaving.



careful management have brought many of these to a greater splendor than the past. Eleven of the most important, including the Cho Cheng Yuan (Humble Administrator's Garden), Liu Yuan (Lingerhere Garden), Wang Shih Yuan (Retired Fisherman's Garden) and Tiger Hill, have been renovated. They are new recreation parks for the people.

What impressed us most was the great number of factories, schools, office buildings, residential areas — new buildings among the gardens and cultural sites which give a new look to the city. The city has grown out into the surrounding countryside, one-third larger today than it was before liberation. New industrial and residential districts have gradually taken shape. Over 300,000 square meters of new housing have been built and 250,000 sq. m. of old housing rebuilt in the last 24 years.

We went to the suburbs in the southern part of the city. In the past this was an area of graves and low, damp straw huts called "ground dragons" along the foot of the city wall in which workers lived. The "ground dragons" have disappeared along with the pawnshops, opium dens, brothels and gambling houses of the old society. A new and orderly housing district for workers in nearby plants has arisen, with department stores, hospitals, post offices, banks, cultural centers, schools, kindergartens and markets.

We walked into the Nanyuan New Village, one of the many new workers' housing projects of the city. Seven hundred families of workers at the No. 1 Silk Mill and the People's Textile Mill live in fifty single or multi-storied buildings. Fruit and vegetables grow in front of many homes. Sun Chih, a worker in the silk mill, invited us to her house for a chat. She keeps her two rooms and kitchen very tidy. This kind of housing, she told us, is allotted to each worker's family of four. Rent is less than five percent of the family income.

New Masters

Next we went to the 50-year-old No. 1 Silk Mill. Before liberation it was owned by bureaucrat-cap-

italists and had only 600 workers. Today it is owned by the city and has 1,600 workers. Constant expansion of production and improvement of working conditions have completely changed the mill.

Tai Feng-ying, veteran reeler and deputy secretary of the mill's Party committee, took us through the shops. The workers first select the cocoons, then boil them, reel the filaments, rereel them and produce skeins of silvery raw silk. The main processes formerly done by hand have been mechanized. Workers no longer have to sort out the cocoons and catch the ends of the filaments with their fingers in hot water. The shops are ventilated in summer and heated in winter. During every shift, the mill's health station doctors and orderlies tour all the shops to check health and conditions.

Labor protection is commonplace in today's socialist enterprises. But when Tai Feng-ying took us into an exhibition of the mill's history, we saw the tremendous difference between the workers' life in the past and the present. Their suffering and struggles before liberation can be seen through objects, photographs and diagrams. One series of pictures tells the miseries of Tai Feng-ying herself.

She entered the mill's reeling shop at 13. Not even as tall as the machines, she then had to work over 12 hours a day.

She recalled indignantly, "In those days we were worked to exhaustion and treated like animals. When we left the mill at the end of the day we were searched from head to foot. And when we rose to resist and struggled against the mill owner, the reactionary police arrived to suppress us."

Tai Feng-ying then took us to see the prison cells where workers used to be put, a part of the exhibition.

When we asked what the aim of the exhibition was, Tai Feng-ying said, "To help the new generations of workers never to forget the past, never to forget that it was not easy for the proletariat to win state power!" It was this enthusiasm for revolution and hard work since their emancipation that enabled the mill's workers to increase their silk production six times more than that of 1948, the year before liberation, raise the quality of their raw silk from grade C to a triple-A average, and even produce special silk of four- or five-A quality.

Young miners of Hsishan.



In the East Is Red Silk Textile Mill we saw similar changes. The floor space of the mill's preparation shop alone is three times larger than the whole mill before liberation. The number of workers has grown from 100 to 2,000, looms from 34 to 600. In the weaving shops, shuttles with gold and silver thread race like meteors on the looms. Fabrics in brilliant colors flow out of the looms like myriad flowers. The mill's daily output today is equal to its entire annual output before liberation. Variety has increased from a few to 250.

In both mills we saw a large number of young workers learning from the old ones, earnestly trying to master the techniques of this famous traditional industry. Many of them can operate the looms independently.

We visited the Soochow Embroidery Research Institute (see p. 40), and studios for folk handicraft art, carvings and making sandalwood folding fans. Here we saw the fine traditions of Soochow artcrafts being carried on and developed by a younger generation.

Last year the total output value of the city's silk textile industry was forty times more than 1949. There is a complete production line including reeling, weaving, degumming, dyeing and printing. More than 100 kinds of artcrafts are now produced. The city has also organized nearly 10,000 peasant women in the surrounding area to embroider articles of daily use as a sideline.

New Industries

In the store windows of the busy shopping district in front of the Taoist temple, we saw not only magnificent arrays of silk and cotton textiles and traditional artcraft works but also a wide range of new local industrial products. Over 3,600 varieties of articles of daily use are on display at the Soochow light industrial products department store on the west end of Kuanchien (Temple Front) Street. All of them are made in Soochow, some since the big leap forward began in 1958 and more since the cultural revolution. Among them are sewing machines,



The Soochow Silk Printing Mill.

transistor radios, television sets and many kinds of synthetic fiber textiles and plastic products.

Besides its handicraft shops, pre-liberation Soochow had only a few light industrial factories, including textile mills, and some machine repair shops. Now the city has over 400 small and medium factories, including those turning out metals, chemicals, machine tools and electronic instruments. These heavy and light industries, like new blood transfused into the body of the 2,500-year-old city, make it vibrant with production. Compared with 1949, the number of workers in the city has increased three times and its total output industrial value 24 times.

From Kuanchien Street we took a bus to Tiger Hill. Factories lined the shaded Huchiu Road. Dozens of factories, including fertilizer, agricultural machinery and chemical plants, form a new industrial district.

Tiger Hill has become a beautiful people's park. Looking west from Cool Fragrance Pavilion on top of the hill, we could see the small blast furnaces of the Soochow Iron and Steel Mill at the foot of Paichih Hill in the distance.

Metal work existed in Soochow in ancient times. Tradition says that over two thousand years ago a famous blacksmith named Kan-chiang and his wife Mo-hsieh smelted iron and forged swords in this city. However, no iron was produced in Soochow throughout the subsequent centuries until 1958 when this mill was built.

From the top of Tiger Hill one sees green paddy fields of the people's communes around the city — part of China's famous "land of fish and rice". Boats plying the ancient canal on the outskirts continuously transport farm machines, fertilizers and insecticides made in Soochow to the countryside.

Even nearby Taihu Lake has broken out of its centuries-old silence. High-tension lines have brought electricity to coal mines on Hsishan Island in the lake. A row of transmission towers imparts a geometric pattern to a corner of the lake. Boats loaded with "black gold" now ply the sparkling waters which in the past were only dotted with white sails. This new scene has already become a theme for painters in the Chinese traditional style in depicting the new beauty of our socialist motherland.



Ku Wen-hsia embroidering cats.

Soochow Embroidery Shows New Splendor

SU WEN

I WAS INTRODUCED to Comrade Ku Wen-hsia, 42, famous woman embroiderer and a Party branch vice-secretary at the Soochow Embroidery Research Institute. Seventeen years ago her marvellous craftsmanship drew much admiration at an international handicraft exhibition in London when she demonstrated how to split a fine silk thread into twelve strands, with which she embroidered the alert eyes of a furry white cat. Today, she told me, even students at the institute can split a thread into 24 strands and embroider with finer workmanship.

The veteran embroiderer took me around the institute. First we visited sunny workshops and designing rooms with a total floor space of 3,000 square meters, in an old garden surrounded by pines, cedars, magnolias, roses and peonies. A hundred embroiderers and artists, young and old, were quietly working at embroidery frames and designing tables.

In the display room one can see many kinds of embroidery — small, delicately done paintings and large wall hangings several meters high. Subjects are both revolutionary and traditional — the revolutionary base at Yen-an, the birthplace of Chairman Mao at Shaoshan, socialist construction projects such as the Yangtze River bridge at Nanking as well as traditional landscapes, flowers, birds, goldfish and kittens.

The Embroidery Heritage

There are four major schools of embroidery in China: Soochow, Hunan, Kwangtung and Szechuan. Soochow's fame comes from its beautiful design, soft harmonious colors, many types of stitch, fine workmanship and lifelike subjects. Soochow embroidery has had its own unique style for at least a thousand years. In 1956 four gracefully embroidered silk covers for Buddhist sutras dating back to the Sung dynasty were discovered in a Tiger Hill pagoda southwest of Soochow.

The domestic and foreign demand for Soochow embroidery has increased steadily since liberation. To meet it, the municipal people's government established a number of embroidery shops (with 1,700 workers) and organized 10,000 peasant women — famous for centuries for their embroidery skill — to make quilt covers, pillowcases, cushion covers, decorations for clothing and so on. At the same time it set up the Embroidery Research Institute to develop this folk art. The institute is made up of old and experienced embroiderers and designers, and many young students.

Director Ku Wen-hsia said, "The correct way to develop Soochow embroidery is to follow Chairman Mao's revolutionary principles for literature and art: 'Let a hundred flowers blossom; weed through the old to bring forth the new' and 'Make the past serve the present and foreign things serve China.' If we only concentrated on traditional subjects and techniques, we would stagnate at the same old level. But if we want to expand our subject matter, enrich and enlarge our skill and give new life to Soochow embroidery, we have to try to depict the new people and new ideas and feelings of our new age."

New Creations

Along this road for the past dozen years, Ku Wen-hsia and the others at the institute have explored how to create new subjects and techniques for Soochow embroidery. After the cultural revolution began, a creative development group of leaders, designers and embroiderers was organized. The group takes time out every year to go to industrial and rural areas where outstanding people and deeds in socialist construction inspire their creative efforts.

In Honan province, for example, they saw the great Red Flag Canal winding like a silvery serpent through the Taihang Mountains, built with tremendous labor by the people of Linhsien county in a ten-year battle against lack of water.



Embroidering a portrait of Dr. Norman Bethune, Canadian surgeon who gave his life for the Chinese revolution.



Smooth-stitch embroidery.



Double-sided embroidery.



Irregular-stitch embroidery.

At Nanking they looked at the majestic Yangtze River bridge, stretching like a rainbow over deep rolling waters which cut off north and south transport for centuries. Working together with members of the Tungting commune on Taihu Lake in southern Kiangsu, they shared the satisfaction of a bumper crop of tangerines from groves covering hillside and plain.

Through the brushes of the designers and the stitches of the embroiderers, these and many other socialist scenes find their way into vivid new Soochow embroideries.

Huang Hsiang, an old floral-design artist, used to do only such things as lonely cranes and forlorn plum blossoms. She often tried to break away from these old art forms but failed. Ku Wen-hsia encouraged her to keep trying. When she and other artists and embroiderers began to study Chairman Mao's *Talks at the Yen-an Forum on Literature and Art*, they realized that ideological content determines the form. In embroidering floral patterns, for instance, one must start with the thinking and feelings of the new age and then find the proper forms for portrayal.

Last year Huang Hsiang created a 2.3 × 4.3-meter painting for em-

broidery—"A Hundred Flowers Blossom". Among brilliant peonies, snow-white magnolias and myriad other flowers of gorgeous colors, a pair of peacocks spread their tails to vie with the flowers in splendor and glory. Golden orioles, swallows and magpies add to the gaiety. Old and young embroiderers put this into a large embroidery alive with the feeling of the life and growth of China's socialist society. It won the praise of many visitors at the 1972 autumn Canton Export Commodities Fair.

Soochow embroidery has moved ahead in pattern design, stitching and technique. In designing "A Bumper Crop of Tangerines", the young artist Chou Ai-chen did not use the watercolors of traditional Chinese painting to portray the joy of the Tungting commune members. Painting in oil, she maintained the clear lines and well-defined contours of traditional Chinese painting which are convenient for embroidering, but used the rich colors and three-dimensional effect of oil to enhance the bustling atmosphere of the harvest and the elation of the commune members.

The embroiderers helped the creation by matching the boldness

of the oil with bold new stitches. Constant experiment has increased the traditional 18 embroidery stitches to 40. Shades of color have grown to a thousand.

In the old days Soochow embroidery was usually done on silk or satin. To enhance transparency and perspective, nylon fabric is now used for double-sided embroidery. The thin nylon requires even finer threads and more meticulous workmanship. To embroider the tip of a goldfish's tail truer to life, Li O-ying succeeded after many failures in splitting a silk thread into 32 strands. With amazing persistence and deft fingers, she embroidered a school of large-tailed goldfish swimming in clear blue water.

Ku Wen-hsia told me that the artists and embroiderers of the institute were analyzing the creative efforts made in Soochow embroidery over the past dozen years. To better understand the old and use it creatively in the new, they have visited museums in Peking, Nanking and other cities, studying collections of ancient Soochow embroidery. They have compiled a volume of Soochow embroidery, embracing traditional work and new creations, which will be published soon.

Designers making life sketches at the research institute.



Matching threads for a new work.



Fossils Sent from Across the Land

CHEN CHANG

LETTERS from workers, peasants, soldiers, Red Guards, teachers, geological prospectors and staff members of the rural products purchasing stations arrive at our institute almost every day. They report discoveries of many kinds of bone fossils and new fossil sites all over the country.

In the last two years, people have sent us up to a thousand fossils. They come from the foot of the snowcapped Changpai Mountains, the grasslands of Inner Mongolia, the warm, southern Kwangsi Chuang Autonomous Region and many other parts of the country. They are concrete evidence of the support that millions of working people give to scientific research.

The fossil specimens come in great varieties: fish of the Devonian period, dinosaurs of the Mesozoic, mammals of the Cenozoic. The mammals include the mammoth among the Proboscidea; the rhinoceros, tapir and hipparion of the perissodactyls; the anthracotherium, ox, sheep and deer of the artiodactyls; the bear and badger

of the Carnivora; the monkey and ape of the Primates, etc.

These widen our knowledge of the distribution of ancient animals and are very valuable in determining stratigraphic ages, exploiting mineral resources and throwing new light on evolution.

Soldiers' Contribution

Toward the end of 1970 a complete animal fossil was discovered in Chungking, Szechuan province, by a People's Liberation Army detachment opening up a hill for building a factory. They photographed it at once and sent the picture to us. Then two soldiers and a worker came to Peking to bring us the fossil and the rock it was embedded in, weighing almost 200 kilograms. Presenting it to our institute, they said, "We don't understand anything about this fossil but we're sure you can find its 'family history'."

It was the fossil of a snake-necked turtle, a reptile which lived 140 million years ago and has long been extinct. Such fossils had been found only in the Eurasian continent and in China mainly in Szechuan. Its discovery helped us be more precise about the stratigraphic age of the area.



Fossil of a snake-necked turtle found in the Szechuan basin.

Teeth of Mammoths

In early 1971 we received a box of fossils and a letter from a worker at an alcohol plant in Lungshi county, Kansu province. The box contained five complete teeth—a lower molar and four upper molars. "Last time," the worker wrote, "I sent you some teeth I found in my native Tungwei county. You wrote me that they belonged to an ancient elephant and were useful in the study of evolution and stratigraphy. I am glad to know this.

"The teeth I am sending you this time were found by some peasants of my home village. They told me, 'We working people are masters of the country. We present these fossils as a gift to help scientific research in our motherland.'"

We studied and compared these teeth and found that the lower tooth belonged to a stegodont, an animal midway between a mastodon and an elephant. The upper teeth belonged to a new kind of mammoth. We named it the Liupanshan mammoth, after the famous Liupan Mountains in Kansu province.

The mammoth lived in the cold regions of Europe, Asia and North America. It flourished scores of thousands of years ago in the

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Pleistocene period and became extinct 10,000 years ago.

The Purchasing Station

Some new discoveries were reported to us in letters from staff members of purchasing stations in Hupeh and Hopei provinces and the Ningsia Hui Autonomous Region. These stations purchase local products and medicinal herbs and a kind of bone used in traditional Chinese medicine known as "dragon bone". In 1968 fossils of

Gigantopithecus which lived over a million years ago were found in Hupeh province. Some of these were found in a heap of "dragon bones" of a purchasing station for traditional medicine in Patung county of Hupeh province.

Fossils in a Decorated Box

In spring of 1972 some animal fossils were found by craftsmen of the Hsiangyang Artcraft Studio in Nanyang, Honan province, while they were digging a tunnel. These

fossils belonged to the ox, sheep, donkey and dog families of the late Pleistocene period. First they sent us some rubbings from the animal teeth. Soon after we sent them a letter of thanks, they sent us the fossils in a box on which they had woodburned a picture of the life of ancient man. The craftsmen made the picture to express their interest and support for the country's research work on vertebrate paleontology and paleoanthropology. We feel greatly encouraged by such warm support.

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National Middle-school Students Sports Meet

THE 1973 national middle-school students sports meet was held in Changchun in Kirin province and Yentai in Shantung province from July 26 to August 16.

Over 3,200 boys and girls from all the provinces, municipalities and autonomous regions of China except Taiwan participated.

The contestants were daring and determined. Twenty of them broke junior national records 36 times in the boys 60, 100, 200, 400 and 800 meter races, and 400-meter relay race; broad jump; hop, skip and jump; discus and hand-grenade throwing and girls shot put, hand-grenade throwing and combined total for three events.

Li Wei-nan, champion discus thrower at this year's international boys middle-school students field and track competition, raised the record from 59.33 to 64.02 meters. Wang Wen-lan of Hunan

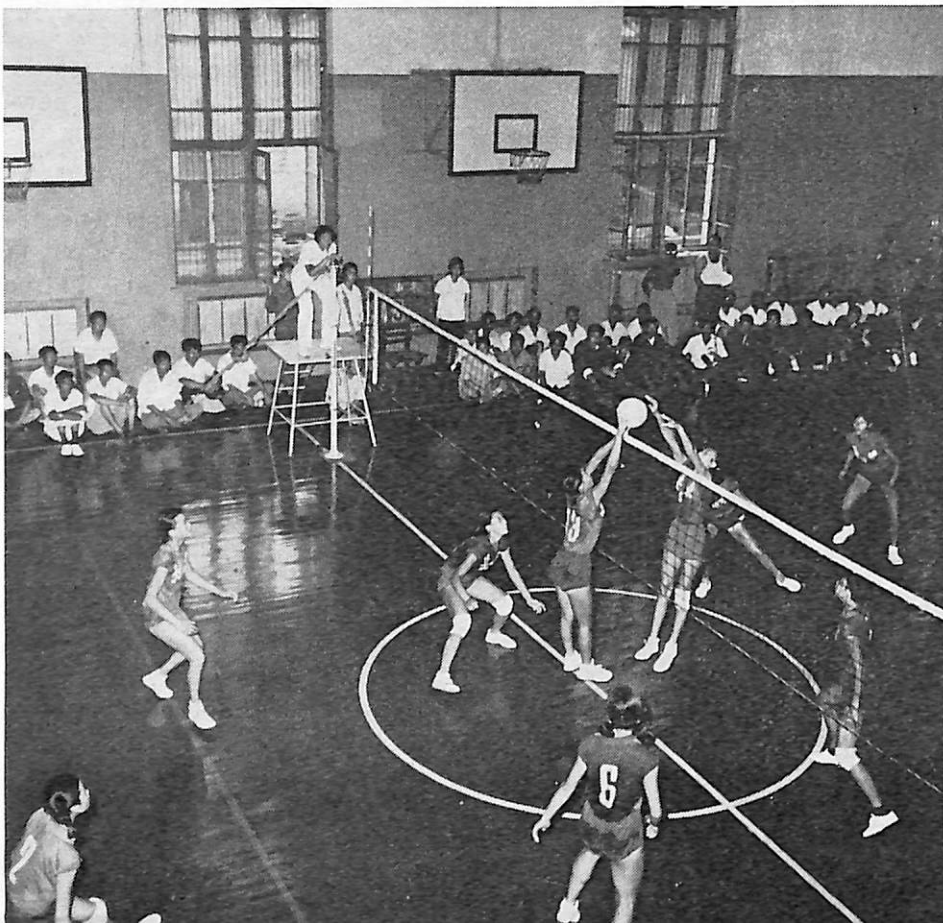


Li Han-hsiang sets a junior national record of 10.8 sec. in the finals for the boys 100-meter dash.

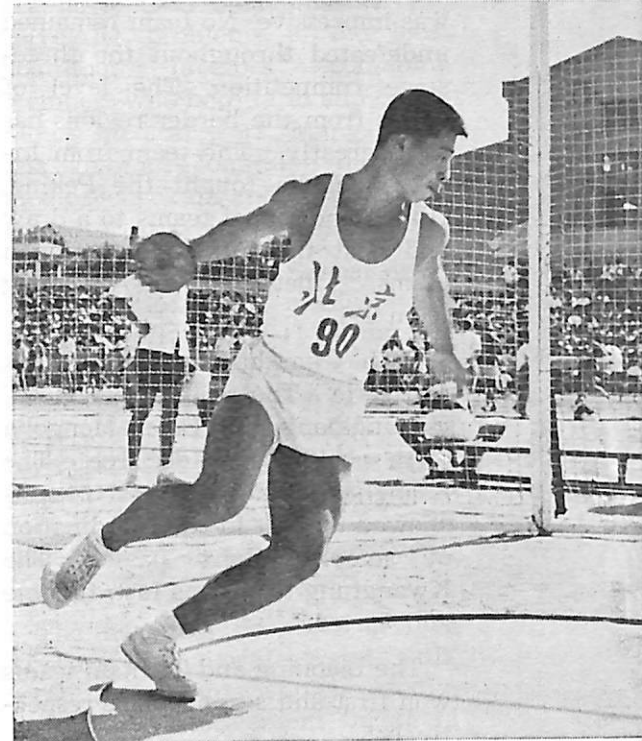


A football game between Tientsin and Kirin teams.

A hard-fought match between girls volleyball teams from Kwangtung and Peking.



Li Wei-nan sets a junior national discus record of 64.02 meters.





Noted Chinese sprinter Chen Chia-chuan coaches young runners.

raised the girls shot put record from 11.95 to 12.93 meters. Shen Cho-ling, a student at Shanghai's Shihtai Middle School, broke the old record of 10.9 sec. for the 100-m. dash with 10.8 sec. in the semifinals for the A group.

Not only did the best results for most of the events surpass those in the 1964 junior national field and track meet but the average of the first six results improved considerably. For instance, the average of the first six times for the girls 800-m. race dropped 13.18 sec.

A total of 211 football games were played. The relative uniformity in the level of the teams was impressive. No team remained undefeated throughout the three-stage competition. The level of teams from the border regions has risen greatly. The team from Inner Mongolia fought the Peking, Hupeh and Hopei teams to a draw and beat the Fukien and Honan teams. Tibet tied the Chekiang team 1-1.

Each team had its own tactics and style. The teams from Kirin, Heilungkiang and Inner Mongolia were bold and decisive. The Shanghai and Kwangsi teams showed up best in the coordination of smooth, short passes. The Kwangtung team was fast, flexible and varied.

The Liaoning and Tientsin teams won first and second place respectively.

Sixty boys and girls basketball teams played 422 intense games in the spirit of "friendship first, competition second". They exchanged experience, trying to learn something and improve a bit with each game.

AN extremely friendly atmosphere prevailed on and off the court during the competition between the boys and girls teams of Chinghai and Liaoning. The coaches and players of the Chinghai teams went to the Liaoning teams' quarters to study their technique, increasing mutual understanding and friendship. The players took each game seriously, neither conceited in victory nor dejected in defeat.

In the game between the girls teams from Hopei and Kwangsi, the shorter Kwangsi players put their speed and flexibility to work and led 31-24 at the end of the first half. At a disadvantage, the Hopei team organized a counter-offensive. Growing bolder as they played, they finally won 70-57.

The boys teams from Kiangsu and Shanghai took first and second place and the Kwangtung and Hopei girls teams did the same.

After 396 hard-fought games of volleyball, the Kwangtung and Tientsin girls teams took first and second place, as did the boys teams from Kwangtung and Shanghai.

The contestants at this meet were selected on the basis of a vigorous development of local middle school sports. In addition to being sports enthusiasts, many of them are "three good" students — in good health, good at study and good at work. Twenty-one members of the Honan field and track team — over half — were "three good" students.

The contestants of 20 nationalities, including Han, Hui, Tibetan, Mongolian, Uighur, Korean and Chuang, bearing the hopes of their peoples, came to this grand sports meet from cities and the countryside, pastoral plains and island fishing ports.

IN TIBET, because education had lagged behind and middle-school sports were insufficiently developed, they had rarely sent contestants to national or other meets. Middle-school education has developed greatly since the beginning of the cultural revolution. In addition to traditional sports such as horseback riding and archery, many middle schools have also gone in for field and track, gymnastics and ball games.

The Tibetan basketball, football and field and track teams at this meet had 70 members, including 29 girls, of Tibetan, Han, Hui and Monba nationalities. Tibetans were 70 percent of the contestants. Most of them were children of emancipated serfs, average age 16, the youngest 14, and all of them newcomers in the past year.

When they set out, it seemed like a festival at the Lhasa bus station. Their parents decked out in their holiday finest came to see them off. They traveled 5,000 kilometers through eight provinces to reach the site of the meet. Yongdong of the Monba nationality is a basketball player from a Tibet normal school. He regarded taking part in the national competition as a serious mission and trained hard throughout, often shooting 300 baskets in a row to improve his long shots. Team leader Sodnam Lhamo told a reporter, "We don't compete to win or lose, but to learn."

Lesson 23

愚公移山 (寓言)

Yúgōng Yí Shān (yùyán)

The Foolish Old Man Who
Removed the Mountains
(A Fable)

中国 古时候 有一位老人，
Zhōngguó gǔ shíhòu yǒu yí wèi lǎorén,
China ancient times had an old man,

名叫 愚公， 八、九十 岁了。
míng jiào Yúgōng, bā, jiūshí suì le.
name called Foolish Old Man, eight(y), ninety years old.

他家 门前 有 两座 山， 又 高
Tā jiā ménqián yǒu liǎng zuò shān, yòu gāo
His house door front had two mountains, both high

又 大， 挡住了 他 家的 出路。
yòu dà, dǎngzhùle tā jiā de chūlù.
and big, obstructed his house's way out.

一天， 愚公 把 全 家 人
Yītiān, Yúgōng bǎ quán jiā rén
One day, Foolish Old Man whole family people

叫到 一起， 说：“这 两 座 大 山
jiàodào yìqǐ, shuō: “Zhè liǎng zuò dà shān
called together, said: “These two big mountains

对着 咱们 家 门口， 太 不 方便 了！
duìzhe zánmen jiā ménkǒu, tài bù fāngbiàn le!
face our house doorway, too not convenient!

咱们 把它 搬走 好 不 好？”
Zánmen bǎ tā bānzǒu, hǎo bù hǎo?”
We them move away, good (or) not good?”

他的 儿子、 孙子们 都 很 赞成，
Tāde érzi, sūnzimen dōu hěn zànchéng,
His sons, grandsons all very (much) approved,

只有 他的 妻子 没有 信心。 她说：“你
zhǐ yǒu tāde qīzi méiyǒu xīnxīn. Tā shuō: “Nǐ
only his wife had no confidence. She said: “You(r)

年纪 这么 大 了， 连 一 块 石头 也
niánji zhèmo dà le, lián yí kuài shítou yě
age so great even one stone

搬不动， 还能 搬走 这两 座 大 山 吗？
bānbú dòng, hái néng bānzǒu zhè liǎng zuò dà shān ma?
cannot move, still can move away these two big mountains?

那么 多 的 石头 又 运到 哪儿 去 呢？”
Nàme duō de shítou yòu yùndào nǎr qù ne?”
So much stone also transport where to?”

大家 说：“世界 上 没有 不能 克服
Dàjiā shuō: “Shìjièshàng méiyǒu bù néng kèfú
Everybody said: “The world on has not no can overcome

的 困难， 我们 把 石头 扔到 海里 去！”
de kùnnàn, wǒmen bǎ shítou rēngdào hǎilǐ qù!”
difficulties, we stones throw to sea in!”

愚公 的 妻子 不得 不 同意 了。
Yúgōng de qīzi bùdébu tóngyi le.
Foolish Old Man's wife could not but agree.

第二天， 愚公 就 带着 一 家 人
Dìèrtiān, Yúgōng jiù dàizhe yī jiā rén
Next day, Foolish Old Man then took one-family people

去 搬 山 了。 他们 早 出 晚 归，
qù bān shān le. Tāmen zǎo chū wǎn guī,
to move mountains. They early departed late returned,

不 怕 困难， 每天 挖 山。
bú pà kùnnàn, měitiān wā shān.
not fear difficulties, everyday dug mountains.

有 个 老头子 叫 智叟， 看见
Yǒu ge lǎotóuzi jiào Zhìsǒu, kànjiàn
There was an old man called Wise Old Man, saw

他们 搬 山， 觉得 很 好笑， 就 对
tāmen bān shān, juéde hěn hǎoxiào, jiù duì
them move mountains, felt very laughable, then to

愚公 说：“你 这么 大 年纪 了， 还
Yúgōng shuō: “Nǐ zhèmo dà niánji le, hái
Foolish Old Man said, “You so great age, still

能 把 两 座 大 山 搬走 吗？”
néng bǎ liǎng zuò dà shān bānzǒu ma?”
can two big mountains move away?”

愚公 回答说：“我虽然要死
Yúgōng huídá shuō: “Wǒ suīrán yào sǐ
Foolish Old Man replied saying, “I although will die,

了，但是我还有儿子，儿子死了，
le, dànshi wǒ hái yǒu érzi, érzi sǐ le,
but I still have sons, sons die,

又有孙子。我们的人越来越
yòu yǒu sūnzi. Wǒmen de rén yuè lái yuè
also have grandsons. Our people more and more

多，山上的石头却越
duō, shānshàng de shítou què yuè
numerous, mountains on stones on the contrary more

搬越少。只要有决心，就
bān yuè shǎo. Zhǐyào yǒu juéxīn, jiù
move more scarce. As long as (we) have determination, then

一定可以把山搬走。”
yíding kěyǐ bǎ shān bānzǒu.”
surely can mountains move away.”

智叟听了，没有话说。
Zhìsǒu tīng le, méiyǒu huà shuō.
Wise Old Man heard, had no words (to) say.

愚公移山的事感动了
Yúgōng yí shān de shì gǎndòng le
Foolish Old Man removing mountains matter moved

上帝，他就派了两个神仙把两座
shàngdì, tā jiù pàile liǎng ge shénxiān bǎ liǎng zuò
God, he then sent two angels two

山背走了。
shān bēizǒu le.
mountains carried away on backs.

Translation

In ancient China there was an old man known as the Foolish Old Man who was eighty or ninety years old. In front of his door were two high and huge mountains, obstructing the way from his house.

One day the Foolish Old Man called his whole family together and said, “These two huge mountains facing our doorway are too inconvenient! Let’s move them away, how about it?”

His sons and grandsons all approved, but his wife had no confidence. She said, “You’re so old you can’t even move one stone. How can you remove these two huge mountains? And where will you take so much stone?”

They all said, “There is no difficulty in the world that cannot be overcome. We can throw the stones into the sea!”

The Foolish Old Man’s wife had to agree. Next day the Foolish Old Man took his whole family to move the mountains. They went out early and came back late, and with no fear of difficulties they dug at the mountains every day.

An old man known as the Wise Old Man saw them moving the mountains and thought it ridiculous. He asked the Foolish Old Man, “How can you remove two huge mountains at your age?”

The Foolish Old Man replied, “Although I will die, there will still be my sons. After they die, there will be my grandsons. We will have more and more people, while the mountains will have less and less stones. As long as we have the determination, we can surely remove the mountains.”

When the Wise Old Man heard this, he had nothing to say.

This event, the Foolish Old Man removing the mountains, moved God. He sent down two angels, who carried them away on their backs.

Notes

1. All Chinese people, and many people abroad, know how Chairman Mao Tsetung retold this fable and gave it new meaning during China’s fight for liberation. The “two mountains” Chinese revolutionaries needed to dig away at the time were imperialism and feudalism, which weighed down on the country and people. And, Chairman Mao said, “Our God is none other than the masses of the Chinese people. If they stand up and dig together with us, why can’t these two huge mountains be cleared away?” Since liberation, the Chinese people have been building socialism in the “spirit of the Foolish Old Man”.

2. Yòu...yòu...又...又... This construction shows that two conditions exist at the same time. For example: Tā jiā mén qián yǒu liǎng zuò shān, yòu gāo yòu dà 他家门前有两座山，又高又大 (In front of his door were two high and huge mountains). Again, Tā yǒu xǐhuan yóuyǒng, yòu xǐhuan liǔbīng 他又喜欢游泳，又喜欢溜冰 (He likes both swimming and skating).

3. Double negative means positive, but with more emphasis. For example: Shìjièshàng méiyǒu bù néng kèfú de kùnnǎn 世界上没有不能克服的困难 (There is no difficulty in the world that cannot be overcome), which means “All difficulties in the world can be overcome”. Again, Yúgōng de qīzi bùdébù tóngyì le 愚公的妻子不得不同意了 (The Foolish Old Man’s wife could not but agree), which means “The Foolish Old Man’s wife had to agree”. Again, Méiyǒu rén méi kànguo nàge diànyǐng 没有人没看过那个电影 (There is no one who has not seen that film), meaning “Everyone has seen that film”.

4. Zhǐyào...jiù...只要...就... This construction connects two subordinate clauses to show the conditional. For example: Zhǐyào yǒu juéxīn, jiù yíding kěyǐ bǎ shān bānzǒu 只要有决心，就一定可以把山搬走 (As long as we have the determination, we can surely remove the mountains). Again, Nǐ zhǐyào nǔlì, jiù yíding kěyǐ xuéhǎo zhōngwén 你只要努力，就一定可以学好中文 (As long as you work hard, you can certainly learn Chinese well).

5. Complex predicate with yǒu 有 (or méiyǒu 没有). A complex predicate is formed when 有 (or 没有) is followed by an object, which in turn is followed by another verb. For example: Zhìsǒu tīng le, méiyǒu huà shuō 智叟听了，没有话说 (When the Wise Old Man heard this, he had nothing to say). The subject of 没有 is 智叟，话 is the object, and the verb 说 is a supplementary explanation of the object. Again, Tāmen dōu yǒu gōngzuò zuò 他们都有工作做 (They all have work to do).

Exercises

I. Answer the following questions on the text:

1. 愚公为什么要搬山？
2. 愚公的妻子为什么没有信心？后来为什么不得不同意了？
3. 智叟看见愚公一家人搬山说了些什么？愚公是怎样回答的？
4. 智叟听了为什么没有话说？

II. Make two sentences with each:

1. 又...又...
2. 只要...就...

III. Explain the following two sentences in Chinese:

1. 没有人不知道这件事。
2. 只要努力，没有不能解决的问题。

IV. Read the following passage:

大禹 (Dà yǔ Great Yu) 治 (Zhì Controls) 水

四、五千年以前，中国发生 (fāshēng occurred) 了一次很大的水灾 (shuǐzāi flood disaster)。大禹带领 (dǎilǐng led) 着大家治水，他们不怕困难，决心把水引 (yǐn guide) 到海里去。

一次，大禹带领着很多人经过自己家门口，他想进去看看，但是他想大水把很多人的家都淹 (yān inundated) 了，应该快点把水治好，就没有进去。

几年以后他又从自己门口经过。因为很忙，也没有进去。

水快治好了。大禹第三次经过家门口。大家都说：“这次你可以回家看看了。”大禹说：“最后 (zuihòu final) 的工作是非常重要的 (zhòngyào important) 的，我们一定要坚持 (jiānchí persist) 到底 (dàodǐ to the end)。”他还是没有回去。

就这样，大禹和大家一起苦干了十三年，终于 (zhōngyú finally) 把水引到了海里。

(Answers on p. 14)



