Worker and Peasant

"The transition from New Democracy to socialism ... depends primarily upon their alliance."

— MAO TSE-TUNG
Best wishes for the New Year from CHINA RECONSTRUCTS
To Our Readers

Our Fifth Year Begins

With this issue, China Reconstructs commences its fifth year of publication. The road it has travelled has been like that of many undertakings in New China—from nothing to something, from inexperience to an accumulation of experience. Our magazine started with three people, and few typewriters. The early difficulties were many and various; articles which were promised never arrived while deadlines inexorably came round; pictures chosen for inclusion were found to have been used in other publications. Each issue was brought out after a tremendous struggle.

Recalling those early days, nobody regrets the effort that was spent. The growing circulation of the magazine was itself the reward for our staff. As our work expanded, more and more personnel was recruited and a large machine was set up. Today, we are glad to say we have a reasonably competent staff. Our young reporters travel further afield year after year; so do our photographers, who are learning while they work.

At first we thought that a magazine like China Reconstructs would be at a disadvantage in establishing contact with its readers, because most of them lived abroad. This apprehension, however, was long ago dispelled by the letters that have come pouring into our office from all parts of the world. Now a growing number of foreign visitors is coming to China and among them we often meet our subscribers, or people whose names have become familiar to us through correspondence. As Confucius remarked, what a joy it is to meet friends who have come from afar! The views that have been exchanged on these occasions have been most cordial and invaluable for improving our understanding of one another.

Grateful acknowledgement was made to our readers in last November’s issue for the very significant part their letters and suggestions have played in bringing the magazine into its present form. Recently they were again in our minds when we were planning our 1956 programme. Reviewing the answers we have received to our questionnaires, we came to the conclusion that no major change was called for either in editorial policy or in make-up. However, we have made some small changes with regard to the special columns in response to the views expressed.

Among these is the decision to increase the appearance of the “Home and Children” column from three to six times a year. Besides items of interest to every housewife and mother, this column will regularly give recipes for making Chinese dishes. We have also added a new column, which will appear three times a year, carrying cartoons and humorous stories from the Chinese press.

Our main aim is still to share with our readers the news about the peaceful building of our socialist society. This great task brings with it a tremendous number of problems, large and small. We believe that by explaining what our difficulties are and how we solve them, we are using the best method of showing what life is like in China today. In this issue we tell you how a plant biologist helped to wipe out a crop disease that was ruining thousands of tons of grain; how a humble carpenter turned his workshop into a mechanized woodworking machine shop—and in the course of events became a deputy to the National People’s Congress; and how China’s philologists are working out ways to enable the spread of literacy to become easier and more rapid. We invite you to share in our joy at the solution of problems such as these, which bring our progress towards Socialism nearer every day.

China Reconstructs wishes you all a very happy New Year!
MY FLIGHT FROM TAIWAN

The author in Peking, after his return to the mainland.

HO WEI-CHIN

"FIRST Lieutenant Ho, report for scouting mission tomorrow," my combat officer in the Kuomintang air force informed me on the evening of May 17, 1955. This was the chance I had been waiting for—to act on my long-pondered decision to leave Taiwan and return to the mainland.

That evening, when most of the men had gone to the city of Pintung for a night out, I burned my diary and letters, and changed to fresh underwear. I had already returned the books I had borrowed. Through my head pounded the questions: Would it work? What would happen to me if I were caught, would I be killed? Even if I made it across, what would the Communists do to me?

The next morning I was awake very early, but deliberately stayed in bed listening to the radio to avoid suspicion. I had joined Chiang Kai-shek's air force in 1942 to fight the Japanese. In 1943, I and 40 others were elected to the Kuomintang party as pilots in the United States. Instead we were trained as gunmen, and it was not until 1947 that I enrolled in a regular officers' training school at Hangchow. When the school moved to Kampong on Taiwan in March 1949, I went along. I was thinking of the future. The Communists wouldn't want me, I thought. At that time I still felt that Chiang himself wasn't as bad as the men around him, and believed in his promises of "reform."

After graduating from the Kangshan training-school in June 1950, I was eager to get ahead, and gradually rose in both the Kuomintang party, where I became a member of the district committee, and in the air force, where I became "prevent desertion" officer of the third group, and intelligence and security officer of the third's seventh squadron. In the intelligence job, I had to fill out monthly reports on the number of men and the amount of U.S. money spent in our squadron. These were sent to the Pentagon in Washington, D.C. I later learned that all our combat plans were settled by an American air force colonel at our base.

I had to Spy on My Friends

As security officer, my job was to observe the conduct of each person in the squadron, and note all I was told. Every Wednesday and Saturday evening when the crew all went to the dance-hall, I had to go too, to observe whom they contacted. Later, after hours, when the others were sleeping, I wrote my secret reports. In a word, I became a spy. The men began to suspect something and to dislike me.

Then I became a "hero". At Futou Bay I fired on and hit a wooden junk with a displacement of 200 tons at the most. The air force and the newspapers reported I had sunk a 1,000-ton oil tanker, and I was given an embroidered "tiger" to wear on my sleeve, a medal and other prizes. But knowing the truth, I was embarrassed and disturbed.

In January 1955, I attended a meeting of "heroes" in Taipei. Chiang outlined three main tasks for us "heroes"; to take good care of U.S. aid, so the Americans would continue to help us; to keep people from running away from Taiwan; and to keep people from committing suicide. Chiang's speech crystallized things for me. This so-called "president", who had boasted about the morale in his armed forces, was confessing to suicides and desertions. He was admitting that it was the U.S. which kept him going. I realized with revulsion that if it had not been for people like me who spied on my own country, my army would have fallen apart long ago. I began to realize that I was not working for my own country, but for foreigners, and spying for them. I began to be a traitor to my motherland. I made up my mind that I would have to leave.

I was still brooding over it when in May a group of brass-hats came to inspect the field. Someone was sent ahead to the place in the north to begin their investigation to find out how to entertain them best and what the "appropriate" answers would be. Our answers were rewritten. I was against making a false report, but my superior officer said our third group was locked down upon for being honest, and it was time we changed.

The Last Straw

Then finally there was the incident of the bicycle—not much in itself, but it made me angry enough to finally push my feeling into action. One of my friends was knocked down and injured by a jeep. His bicycle was smashed and he had to be taken to hospital. I helped him to arrange the settlement with the driver of the jeep, who was one of our pilots. My friend did not demand compensation for his injury or even for the hospital fees, but asked that the bicycle be replaced. After a three-hour argument with my superior officer buttied in. He ordered the pilot not to buy a new bicycle because he wanted to ingratiate himself with the pilot's brother-in-law, who was his superior officer. Later, the deal was negotiated. Chiang's whole system was rotten through and through and that is what cost us from Taiwan at once.

Lying there, on the day that I decided to make my break-away, I wondered what awaited me on the mainland. Would I, as a Kuomintang officer, be a pioneer, killed, or tortured as Chiang said? In 1952 I had been told that my mother had died, my fiancée had been arrested and had committed suicide; I glanced around at the room at the electric fan, radio, leather suitcase, and prizes enough to stock a secret air-raid shelter. For which I had risked my life and killed many innocent people, representing a certain amount of security for which I had paid away my self-respect. Chiang said the people on the mainland lived a life of hardship, in a state of terror with little to eat. I recalled that once in 1951 when I broke landing rules, I started to flee to the mainland in order to negotiate. At that moment. I turned back, however, because I thought that going to the mainland would be too difficult. But now I felt desperate; even if I were made a pioneer I thought it would be better than this. It might as well be now as later.

Trying to put my thoughts out of my mind and disarm suspicion, I played billiards all morning and lost, worked hard to joke with the fellows at lunch as though nothing was different. After lunch I checked the plane carefully to be sure nothing could go wrong. The weather was on my side; a layer of clouds at 3,000 to 4,000 feet, with visibility not too good. At 12.30 as we took off at Pingtung I saw my last link with Taiwan and Chiang snap.

The Break-Away

I waited my chance as we flew low over the water to avoid radar from the mainland. We found nothing from Pingtang to Swatow, where we were to scout. Through the earphones in my helmet I heard the order: "Let's go back." As the two planes ahead and my own partner turned a 130-degree angle back in the direction of Taiwan, I lifted the steering gear, climbed into a cloud, and made a 300-degree turn inland. This being the end of the mission, I thought I would be in a hurry to get back and probably wouldn't search for me, too. But maybe they would only think I had lagged behind.

Then I heard the commander's voice: "Hsiao, where are you... 233, let's go!" I immediately decided I couldn't fly over the sea or they would spot me. I also had to avoid pursuit planes and coastal artillery, for if I were shot down, I'd have a hard time explaining my good intentions.

Zigzagging among the clouds I soon lost both my companions and my own bearings. I had planned to fly south to Canton, but didn't know where I was. Suddenly through a break in the clouds I saw bright-coloured flags. In a panic I thought they were French and I had flown over the border to Vietnam. Turning back, I passed over Swatow again—luckily the others had gone on—and turned west. I thought of landing on the seashore where the beach was smooth, but feared what the fisherman—whom we had so often feared—might do if they caught me.

Looking down, I saw three military cars driving down a road between fields where peasants were working. I swooped down, waggled my wings, flashed landing lights three times and geared down to show that I wanted land. I force-landed smoothly in a field 50 yards from them. Wet with sweat, I climbed out, took a deep breath, and waited. My watch showed 4 p.m.

My Welcome

As the armed soldiers from the cars ran towards me, the peasants all ran towards the village. "I
Progress in Prospecting

HSIEH CHIA-YUNG

To carry out her industrial plans successfully, China must make good use of her mineral wealth. But in the past very little of it was extracted, or even known. Now Chinese geologists are busy on three big national-wide tasks. They are re-surveying known sources of coal, iron and other basic materials urgently needed for the building of heavy industry—and have found them much richer than was hitherto thought. They are investigating new sites for new factories, railways, roads, reservoirs and dams. Everywhere they are looking for new underground resources, as yet unexplored, and here too they have had great success.

All this has had to be done with an initially very small number of trained people. Modern geological surveying was only carried out in China for about forty years prior to 1949, the year of liberation, and during that time only about five hundred people had received scientific training. Those who remained in the profession were mainly doing academic work.

The Problem of Personnel

Geological workers therefore had to be recruited, and this was done by enrolling untrained people and giving them education on the job. In the first year after liberation, only twenty-nine mining and prospecting teams could be mustered to begin the work that was needed. Today, five short years later, there are over a hundred teams spread out all over the country. Whereas in the early days each team consisted of perhaps a few score people, some of the bigger ones nowadays consist of a thousand or two thousand. At the beginning, China only possessed a few out-of-date drilling machines, but today every surveying team has several modern ones at its disposal.

The sites where the teams operate are areas of tremendous activity, with signal flags fluttering on mountainsides and the noise of drills shattering the silence of the valleys. One may see aeroplanes making aerial surveys and doing geological prospecting; and serious, intent young people operating modern scientific surveying instruments and recording their findings in abstruse, complicated formulae. Universities and technical schools are training thousands of students in every branch of the work, and year by year both the quality and amount of the equipment available, and the technical ability of the workers, are reaching new heights.

The formation of the Ministry for Geology in 1952 brought the whole of the country's geological work under unified direction. Its tasks were clearly defined both in relation to short and long-term planning. The setting up in the same year of geological institutes, one in Peking and one in Changchun, was an important step forward in the provision of trained personnel. The geological workers had already achieved remarkable results in the short time that they had been operating, but now their work was systematized and expanded to get the best out of the country's vast mineral wealth.
This was real pioneering work. They crossed deserts and high mountain ranges; they lived "bare" and had to overcome all kinds of difficulties. But their enthusiasm and skill were such that by the end of the first year they had already discovered several hundred new mineral deposits or outcrops. They also received considerable help from the local people. In 1954 alone, over 10,000 reports were sent in to the geological authorities by farmers, shepherds and other country folk. Covering twenty-one provinces and the autonomous region of Inner Mongolia, they found many new deposits of manganese, chromite, nickel, iron, coal, bauxite, copper, phosphorus, asbestos, mica and several other valuable minerals. Close surveys are already being made of many of these new finds.

Oil
Oil, so important to a nation's industry and transport, became the subject of a special drive in 1955. Although China's output has sharply increased since liberation, it still cannot meet the needs of the national economy. To discover further oil resources was therefore a most important geological task. Special large-scale oil surveying and prospecting was jointly organized by the Ministries for Geology and Fuel. *Results of the Second National People's Congress which took place later in 1955, the Ministry of Fuel became three ministries--for Coal, Oil and Electric Power.

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In north and northwest China, deposits of copper were found by our new geological prospecting teams which are greater than the entire resources available before liberation. An enormous deposit of iron ore was surveyed at Paotow in Inner Mongolia--the largest ironfields in the world--while at Tachow in northern China, where iron has been mined for fifty years past, the geologists discovered that the reserves far exceed all past estimates. Both Paotow and Tachow possess deposits of ore with a high iron content; it is estimated that these alone can supply sufficient ore for two large-scale integrated iron and steel plants for many years. The government has therefore decided to build up new industrial centres near the sources of the main mineral raw materials and has already decided to make these two places the second and third big steel centres of China, after Anshan. Preliminary construction work is already in hand and will probably be completed around 1961 or 1962. Similar results were also achieved in the examination of mineral deposits such as manganese, bituminous coal, lead, zinc and other non-ferrous metals.

In 1954, the geological workers began a new and far broader task—a survey of the nation's entire mineral resources. Eighty new surveying teams were organized and sent out by the Ministry for Geology with the cooperation of the geological institutions. They were led by experienced professors and engineers, but were mainly made up of young workers newly graduated from colleges and training schools.

Nevertheless, because of its rapid expansion, much of the work is still being done by people with relatively little training. Over sixty per cent of the existing geological prospecting and surveying teams consist of young workers and students who are continuing their training in the field, in spare time study courses run by qualified technicians and experts. Some of these students have come from the five-year training classes and short-term courses run by the geological bureaus of various administrative divisions. It is remarkable how quickly these enthusiastic young-students, some of whom have entered the work after perhaps a three-month training course following their graduation from secondary school, begin to master the difficult and responsible jobs that have to be undertaken. They learn to handle drills and geophysical instruments, which at first bewildered them by their complexity. They acquire fluency in the difficult technical terms they have to memorize, and begin to handle delicate scientific instruments with sureness and precision under the watchful eye of their teachers. It is a common thing for young workers to sign a "pact" with more experienced ones who undertake to devote special attention to their training.

More Knowledge and Skill
The experience gained by trained and non-trained personnel alike, coupled with the invaluable aid of the Soviet geological experts who are assisting at every stage of our geological exploration and training, has raised the whole technical capacity very greatly. The Soviet experts have not confined themselves to imparting their advanced knowledge; they have also encouraged independent work and have given the greatest encouragement to Chinese initiative. Thanks to their help, our geological teams are now able to carry out such jobs as aerial reconnaissance, serial magnetic surveying, and geophysical and geological prospecting, many of which were never previously attempted in China. The work of the experts, much of it provided by the Soviet Union and the countries of the Eastern Democacies, is increasingly being brought in to our own work.

Scientific research is also increasing its contribution, being based in its turn by the new experiences gained. Without the aid of these new scientific knowledge that has been acquired, we would not have discovered the existence of copper in parts of northwest China, nor would we have been able to reveal the rich iron deposits of iron ore in Tachow.

The immense tasks which the geological workers have undertaken for the First Five-Year Plan are in process of being realized. They include the surveying and making available of 20,270 million tons of coal reserves and 2,470 million tons of iron ore. The second of these has already been completed with work on the reserves of the workers concerned with prospecting for iron ore having already been finished. The work on their tasks for the Second Five-Year Plan.

Mu Nai-yung (left) and Chang Yen-lu, young prospectors who left college two years ago. Surveying the iron deposits in Tiku Mountain with a view to extending the existing mining area. January 1956.
widen the road where it hangs over abyssal precipices and is straightened out unnecessary curves that could not be avoided before the new machinery arrived. The spanning of the Nu River (Upper Salween) has been described often, but one must see the location to appreciate what was done. Through countless ages, this river wore its deep canyon through volcanic strata, bent, up-ended and twisted by the gigantic ancient upheavals of the earth, then carved and molded into its present shapes by the force of the rushing waters. But now, within a few years, these truly terrifying obstacles fashioned by the elements have been subdued by the force of man organized into a new, cooperative society.

Only two or three years ago there was no road, no exception except rocks and high winds, fierce nature and the virtually bare-handed workers and soldiers who challenged her, labouring at the end of a thin pack-animal supply line, miles from home, sheltered only by flimsy tents. Now the well-paid workers, some accompanied by their families, live in comfortable stone or timber maintained bungalows—one every six miles along the entire highway. Their supply sheds are full of good tools and of fresh and canned foods. Road-machinery stations spaced at wider intervals, with brand-new equipment mainly from the fraternal people's democracies, are ready to help them with any difficult job. They have books and radio. Medical units take care of their health. Postal trucks bring and pick up mail. Mobile moving-picture vans come by at intervals to show them—and the local population—the latest Chinese and foreign films.

BUILDERS OF THE ROAD

More impressive still is the human achievement that the road represents. Today, driving at a good speed over its well-metalled surface, one still sees construction teams of sturdy blue-clad workers consolidating their stupendous conquest over nature. They are building stone and log embankments against landslides, and changing bridges from timber to steel now that there is transport to bring modern materials to the sites. They are blasting rock from the mountainsides, clearing the fallen stone with bulldozers to

brining. I myself like to think of it in terms of similarities, and in particular of contrasts, with the building of the Transcontinental Railroad across the United States in the 1860's. Here, as there, the great wide spaces of a vast national territory are being unified and integrated, and the forces of a rapidly industrializing society are making their impact on an area at a much earlier stage of development. But everything else is different, because there the new force was a growing capitalism, while here it is socialism in construction.

The openers of the American West, when they met Indian tribal hunters amid herds of buffalo, exterminated the herds and killed the Indians or drove them into lands that offered no subsistence. The Chinese builders came through high meadows where Tibetan pastoral clansmen, who look and live like the Navajo Indians, graze their yaks. They laid the road through valleys painstakingly cultivated by peasants who farm and build thatched houses just like the Pueblo Indians of the state of New Mexico.

But instead of impoverishment and displacement, they brought these people self-development and a better life.

Time and again on the road we encountered medical and veterinary stations giving free treatment to man and beast, and state trading establishments buying local products at good prices and selling industrial goods cheaper than they were ever available before—making it impossible for unscrupulous traders to bleed the local folk as the American Indians were bled. We saw several experimental farms on formerly unfertilized land, which not only demonstrated more productive agricultural methods but gave out free implements and seeds and interest-free loans.

We visited new county schools where the children study without paying any fees, where the language of instruction is Tibetan and the Han (Chinese) language is an optional course for those who wish to take it, and where textbooks are not prescribed from outside but compiled in consultation with the Tibetan leaders of each area.

In Kangting, which is the capital of the Kangting-Tibetan Autonomous chou, in Chamdo which is the chief city of another area, in Lhasa itself and beyond it in Shigatse, we saw the functioning of local administrative organs, headed and staffed by Tibetans and run in accord with their own ideals.

VARIETY IN UNITY

Such ideas and traditions vary from place to place, for reasons connected with history. The Tibetan areas closer to the main centers of the Chinese cultural life were affected, even in the past, by the people's revolution. Thus in Kangting, and in Kanze where the Chinese Red Army stopped for four months in the 1930's, the Tibetan leaders include men like Dr. (now Pao) and General So-nam (Shung Nai) who joined the heroic Long March and worked and

CHINA RECONSTRUCTS

TO LHASA BY ROAD

ISRAEL EPSTEIN

HOW shall I describe the Silk-
Tibet Highway, that 1400-
mile march of natural beauty, courage and historic progress that the Chinese people have built with their newly-awakened energies? Words are poor instruments even to begin the task.

Scenelessly this must be the most dramatic highway on earth. Rising by giant mountain-range steps from the fertile, populous plains of Szechuan province to the sparsely-peopled plateaus that is called "the roof of the world", it seldom drops below 10,000 feet in altitude and at times reaches 17,000 or more. For days along its course, one travels among snow peaks and glaciers of Himalayan grandeur. It runs alongside swirling moun-
tain rivers, through high passes and deep gorges of brilliantly-tinted rock. It traverses green, flowered-decked pastures high above the tree-line, and cultivated valleys strung like necklaces of emeralds on the double thread of road and stream. In the Pemi region, it crosses some 130 miles of lichen-hung virgin forest: of giant pine, fir, spruce, pine, cypress, juniper and rhododendron.

The views along the route are a combination of all the finest highland landscapes of several continents. I have seen here again the cortez-studded Painted Desert of Arizona, the beauties of the Rockies and the Sierra Nevadas. Other foreign correspondents on the trip have exclaimed over re-
semblances to the Urala in the Soviet Union, the Vosges in France, the High Tatra of the Polish-Czecklovak border, and the gla-
cier-lakes and sheltered villages of the Alps. But all agree that many sights here are unparalleled in our joint experience. In the crystals, tinge and light of those high altitudes, every colour and outline stands out with startling clarity.

BUILDERS OF THE ROAD

More impressive still is the human achievement that the road represents. Today, driving at a good speed over its well-metalled surface, one still sees construction teams of sturdy blue-clad workers consolidating their stupendous conquest over nature. They are building stone and log embankments against landslides, and changing bridges from timber to steel now that there is transport to bring modern materials to the sites. They are blasting rock from the mountainsides, clearing the fallen stone with bulldozers to
The present preference and stage of development of the population.

The variety is not in any sense due to a fostering of differences. On the contrary, the Tibetan people are now more broadly united than at any time since the days of their great king Songtsan Gampo, who lived in the seventh century A.D. Their two highest leaders, the Dalai Lama and Pan-chen Ngogehtsuni, long at loggerheads as a result of imperialist intrigue, work together on the new Preparatory Committee for the Tibet Autonomous Region which will combine the Lhasa, Shigatse, Chamdo and Aria regions into one. Both are delegates to the recently held National People's Congress, the supreme authority for all China.

In all the Tibetan regions, old feuds between rival chiefs and class have been reconciled, a factor of tremendous importance in places where most of the people carry arms and have a sanguinary history of mutual slaughter and cattle-raids.

On our way, we saw young Tibetans from the worst areas and former rigidly separate classes, living and studying in harmony. In parts of the Southwest Institute for National Minorities in Chengtu, where they are acquiring a common outlook on the horizons open to their people.

The socialist policy of the Central Government with regard to nationalities, which all these things embody, has now been reinforced by the powerful material base of the highway which not only links the Tibetans more closely with the other nationalities of China but also welds them together. In De-ge we saw pilgrims, lamas and lay, starting on a government-provided truck for the Buddhist holy places in Lhasa 950 miles away, one a journey of several months but now in some nine days. Further along the road we saw Tibetan merchants who had leased trucks to carry goods which formerly travelled by caravan—a single truck, one of them told us, carries as much as 100 pack-hearts and does it five times as fast. Near Chamdo we met Banda Dorje, a Tibetan Na- tional People's Congress deputy from that city, returning to his constituency by government jeep. A couple of weeks afterwards we encountered him once more in Lhasa, 700 miles further on, speaking at a session of the Preparatory Committee for the Tibet Autonomous Region. And in the Lhasa post office we waited our turn for the clear-as-a-bell radio telephone to Peking while fond Tibetan mothers and fathers spoke to their away at daughters attending school in the distant capital.

Lhasa without Mystery

Lhasa itself, of course, has always exercised world-wide fascination, and when we reached it we were in no way disappointed. Its wondrous natural situation, dominated by that noble creation of Tibetan architects, the gold- roofed Potala, is all that has been sung by travellers—and more. Its streets and costumes are a carnival of Tibetan culture. The statues and paintings in its temples, lamaseries and palaces, though in many cases the property of the government, are open to study, striking delineations of human character.

The only things we found no trace of were the so-called "mysteries" of Tibet. The city, like the capitals and cathedral centres of feudal Europe at a similar stage of development in, let us say, the late Middle Ages, is a combination of magnificence at one extreme and poverty and meagre at the other. In this living historical museum, the realities of the long-gone past unfamiliar themselves before our contemporary eyes. And it was encouraging to see it at the moment of the first impact of material change that is the basis of all social progress.

How immense is the gap that is being bridged can be judged from one fact. Five years ago, there was a wheel used for transport in the city—even for a cart or wheelbarrow. Today there are ear, harmonicas, and a great many motorcycles. Official protocol in Lhasa demands that a robbed official be accompanied on all occa- sions by one or more liveried retainers. Today some still ride behind the officials on a second horse, but others are mounted beside them on the plinths of their motorcycles. I am writing this article by electric light. Lama physicians are studying surgery at the well-equipped People's Hos- pital. In the suburbs, I met peasants like Samo Gudon and Samo Gyalo, experimenting with crops formerly totally unknown here, such as tomatoes, and pro- ducing very good results indeed. Soon Lhasa will have its very first factories.

New Perspectives

At the moment of China's libera- tion many imperialist schemes were adrift to separate Tibet from the rest of the country, to use it as a military base for aggression against the Chinese people. The success of these schemes would have been a serious setback to China's progress. It would have brought untold disaster to the Tibetan people, to the deep religious belief and national customs of the people, is melting away deep-seated suspici- ons born of wrongs inflicted by the Manchu empire and the Kuo- mintang regime. It has reached the hearts of men and women of all classes and conditions and convinced them that there is only one road to a better future—within the vast Chinese multi- nationalities.

As for the pace of social change, this will have to be determined by the Tibetan people themselves. The agreement for the peaceful liberation of the region, signed in May 1951, put defence and foreign affairs in the hands of the Central Government. At the same time, it pledged to the Tibetans the right of regional national autonomy within China, and the protection of their religious and cultural life. They offered to help Tibet to improve its economy, educational facilities, and livelihood. In matters of reform, the agreement specified, there would be no compulsion.

On our visit we found that all these provisions are being scrupu- lously observed in the framework in which Tibet is making its earliest steps toward the goal of Socialism—the appropriate prospect for this region as for the whole People's Republic of China.
The woodworking machine shop at the No. 1 Iron & Steel Plant in Changkung is a most remarkable place. Even before you enter it you can hear the scream of electrically driven saws biting their way through wood, and the underlying hum of motors. Once inside, you are greeted by the clean smell of fresh sawdust, and everywhere you see machines—lathes, circular saws, band saws, sanding and planing machines—all tended by skillful workers, turning out planks, moulds and blocks of wood of all shapes and sizes.

There's nothing remarkable about that, you may say. But the thing is this. Every single one of these machines has been put together from scrap metal and spare parts, and the mechanics who assembled the whole shop was started by a young carpenter who never had any technical education. His name is Huang Yung-chang.

HUANG Yung-chang came to work at the No. 1 Iron & Steel Plant in 1950. His early life had been hard. He was born in a poor woodcutter's home in Szechuan province. When he was 10 years old there was a drought, and the whole family was forced to move elsewhere to look for a living. His mother died on the road and when they reached the new place of settlement the father gave away his three-year-old brother, fearing that the child would die of starvation. The father himself died two years later, and Huang became the head of the family and apprenticed to a carpenter. When he was 18 he went to Changkung, where he was often out of work and almost starving. In the winter of 1949 Chiang Kai-shek's forces were driven out of Ch'angchun and shortly afterwards Huang registered with the industrial office of the municipal government. The following year he entered the No. 1 Plant as a carpenter.

At that time the carpentry workshop was the black sheep of the whole plant. Everything was done by hand. Though it had 120 workers, the shop was always behind schedule and often had to send work out as so not to hold up the rest of the plant.

The other departments were all more or less mechanized. They would engage in emulation drives, create new records, and step up production. The carpentry workshop asked the management to buy woodworking machines, but it was not considered a key unit in the plant, and the proposal was rejected.

Some of the workers got disgruntled and applied for transfer to other jobs. "We'll never break records with these axes!" they said.

In August 1951, the No. 1 Plant took up the nationwide challenge issued by a group of lathe operators in Shenyang to increase productivity, improve technique, make economies, set new records and raise production to new heights. Huang Yung-chang, who had long felt frustrated at the slow progress of the work, proposed to the members of his team that they should pledge themselves to mechanize the workshop by their own efforts.

Some laughed at him, and said it was impossible. Some called him an individualist and said he was after the award for personal glory. But what was in Huang's mind was speeding up production, and he knew that improving the working equipment was the answer.

One day he was going past the rolling mill when through the open doorway he was startled by the flash from a red-hot steel bar passing through the cutting machine. Next time he had a few minutes to spare he went back and studied the powerful circular blade that cut steel bars into lengths like a knife going through butter. Surely they could make a machine to cut wood? But where could they get the material and tools?

But there were always fresh problems. In May 1954, Huang Yung-chang returned from a trip to Peking, where he had been attending an exhibition of workers' inventions and innovations. A huge pile of timber had just come in from Tibet, in logs twenty feet long and three feet in diameter. But not one of the saws in the shop was big enough to cut timber of this size. It had to be made into planks urgently, and delay would affect production in the rest of the plant.

WHAT to do? It would take four men a whole day to saw one plank by hand. Huang Yung-chang and his team immediately held a meeting. Huang told them about the invention he had seen at the exhibition, and they decided that they must build a bigger saw. As soon as work was finished they set out to find metal. They hunted on the scrap heaps till it was dark and rose early next morning, bringing in likely bits of scrap to the team that had begun to work on the blueprint. The machine was beginning to take shape and Huang Yung-chang developed a fever and was taken off to hospital.

Lying in bed, he could think of nothing but the new saw. Late one night when he was getting up to take a pot, the thought suddenly struck him that it might be fitted with two blades instead of one. He seized a pencil and began to make drawings. As soon as he had his plan roughed out he jumped out of bed, dressed and started out for the factory. The night-nurse thought he was crazy and did not see him leave. When Huang got to the door he was surprised to find nobody about. He looked around the machine and saw a lighted clock, which pointed to 1 a.m. It was only then that he realized he was supposed to be sick! He crept back to bed, but the next morning he demanded to return to work. At first the doctor would not agree. Huang was so persistent that he finally gave in and let him go.

As soon as he got back to the factory, Huang Yung-chang called his team together and invited the secretary of the factory's Communist Party group and the trade union chairman to attend the meeting. He explained his ideas about the double-bladed saw and after discussion it was agreed that it should be made.

The fitting up of the new saw became the united concern of the whole workshop. The party secretary kept looking in and asking, "How is your shop?" The factory director came to inspect progress and gave the order for the extra hands and other equipment that were required. The old mechanic who had helped Huang at the beginning gave advice and assistance. Finally, the double-bladed hack saw was assembled in just over three weeks. It did the work 960 times faster than could be done by hand.

HUANG Yung-chang was known all over Changkung for his energy and resourcefulness. In the 1954 general elections he was elected to People's Deput. He is still building woodworking machines and his shop has become a model shop. His workers go to other parts of the plant or to new construction sites.


THE CANNING INDUSTRY

New products are also being tried 
out constantly to enlarge the range of 
tinned foods which can be 
exported. These products are 
offered in small lots, and 
the canning industry, with 
its long tradition of high 
quality, is in a position to 
meet the demand from 
exporters for new 
products.

BY THE WAY

On a visit to Shanghai, I was 
very impressed by the variety 
of Chinese food that is 
available in the city. There 
are many excellent 
restaurants, and the 
food is generally very 
well-prepared. I 
particularly enjoyed the 
fish dishes, which are 
always fresh and 
served in a 
beautiful manner.

IN CONCLUSION

The Chinese have a 
long tradition of 
cooking, and this 
culture is 
reflected in the 
variety of dishes 
that are available. 
It is important to 
appreciate the 
care and skill that 
go into the preparation 
of Chinese food, as 
well as the 
affection with which it is 
served.

FESTIVAL LANTERNS

EVER since candles have been 
used for illumination, lanterns 
have played a colourful part in 
Chinese life. Today, electricity 
is widely used and candles are 
disappearing, people look 
back to the days of old and 
remember the celebration 
at festivals and other 
times of rejoicing.

There are two special festivals 
for which lanterns are used by 
tradition. These are the Lantern 
Festival, held in the middle of 
the first lunar month, and the 
Festival of the Spirits, on the 
fifteenth day of the first lunar 
month. The Lantern Festival 
has its origin in the 
countryside. The Lunar New 
Year, which generally occurs 
some time in February, was in 
the old days the only time in their 
whole annual cycle of toils that 
the peasants took a holiday from 
their labours. It was the end of winter, 
the time of opening the fields, and 
short rest before the spring 
sowing commenced. Lanterns, 
symbols of warmth and light, were 
put out in the fields to scare away 
dark spirits. New Year’s 
harvest time, lanterns were 
again hung in the fields for 
the same purpose.

A LITTLE HISTORICAL TRIVIA

The Lantern Festival is 
celebrated in many countries 
around the world, and is 
known by different names. 
In China, it is called the 
Day of the Full Moon, and 
in Korea, it is known as 
the Lantern Festival. The 
festivities include 
parades, fireworks, and 
the lighting of lanterns.

Festival lanterns of red silk being made in one of Peking's old lantern-shops.

and silk tassels. They were used by nobles and emperors for decor-
oration; many lanterns hundreds of years old still hang in their 
original places in the Palace Museum in Peking and elsewhere. The 
making of palace-style lan-
terns has become one of our tradi-
tional handicrafts, and they 
are widely used in modern buildings 
for interior and exterior decora-
tion.

AS FOR THE PEOPLE'S LANTERNS

In their eyes, however, they are 
valuable items that are 
valued for their beauty 
and symbolism. These 
lanterns are often 
made of paper or bamboo 
and are decorated with 
symbols of good fortune 
and prosperity. They 
are often suspended 
from trees or 
hung from the ceiling 
of homes.

NEW PRODUCTS

In the past few years, 
the Chinese have 
turned their attention to 
new products that can be 
exported. These include 
fruit juices, vegetables, 
and even tea. The 
taste of these products 
is different from what 
people are used to, 
but they are popular 
with consumers around the 
world.
Science Comes to the Village

FU MU-HWA

There were six people in my group. On the recommendation of the district government we went to the "Dawn" Agricultural Producers' Cooperative in Changching village, which stands in the middle of a wide plain, crisscrossed with irrigation ditches. It consisted of about 500 households, of which about two hundred were already in the cooperative.

The cooperative's headquarters was a big old-style building. Two men rose to greet us as we entered. The taller and thinner of the two was Chiao Pu-hsi, the director of the cooperative, and the other was Hu Cheng, a writer who was staying in the village to gather material for a book and working in the cooperative meanwhile. The director told us how the co-op was doing and urged us to stay because there were problems.

Three days later we brought our luggage and equipment and took up our abode in the village. The cooperative had prepared very good quarters for us with ample space to carry out simple laboratory experiments, held meetings and run a night-school for the villagers.

The news spread like wildfire that "Chairman Mao had sent crop doctors to help raise production". We spent the next few days getting acquainted with the villagers and trying to find out what questions they were having. It was the spring sowing season and they were busy from morning to night, so we went to their homes at mealtimes to chat with them while they ate.

A Big Problem

We soon found that one of the most pressing problems was that of smut on the sorghum. A 70-year-old peasant began to tell me about the disease while I was visiting his son's house one day. There was a stack of dry sorghum stalks standing by the stove. He selected one which still had the head on it and held it out to me. The grain was amothered with a dry, blackish powder.

"That's smut!" I said.

"Smut, you call it?" he replied. "Our name for it is 'coal mould'. It has always been a trouble round these parts. I remember seeing it when I was 10 years old, and it has remained the same. The fungus was still alive in the dead stalks! This meant that it could carry a light breeze to carry the dry, powdery infection all over the fields. And the spring sowing was just about to begin!"

It was a really urgent problem. We called a meeting of the most responsible people in the village, including the cooperative head and Old Teng, a Communist Party worker who had been sent to the village to help the cooperative get on its feet. They all agreed that one of the main tasks that must be carried out to prevent the spring sowing a success was to destroy all the old infected grain. But could it be done in time? Would the villagers understand the urgency of it and be willing to destroy some of their fuel for the sake of the harvest?!

The writer, Hu Cheng, said he felt sure we could get the depressed farmers to explain to everyone. He suggested that we have a series of "mobilization meetings" to draw all the people into the work. A meet-

ing of the whole village was held, a local government division consisting of other villages besides Changching, was scheduled for that night to discuss the spring sowing. We decided to raise the matter there.

Getting Mobilized

About four hundred people turned up. The meeting started off with its first, talking about the new farm implements, the chemical fertilizer and fungicides that the government had sent, and then about the smut. To make this successful, he said, three things must be done: first, the seed must be properly selected and treated before being sown; second, all the manure in the village must be carted and spread on the fields; and third, further steps must be taken to prevent smut.

He then introduced our scientific group to his brothers, and called on me to give a full explanation of the problem.

There was some encouraging applause as I rose to speak. I began by calculating the loss of grain which the "coal mould" would cause. An acre of sorghum, I said, contained approximately 18,000 heads of grain. If one-tenth of these were infected with "coal mould", about 250 lb. of sorghum per acre would be ruined. There were about 1,700 acres under sorghum in this village; this meant a possible total loss of over 420,000 lb. of grain.

This, I added, was calculated on the basis of a ten per cent infection. Actually, there were many places where it had been greater in the past. I explained how we had found the fungus still living in the dry heads, how it could infect the growing crop, and what must be done to prevent this from happening.

The collaboration and destruction of every smutted head of sorghum in every home in the village was the only answer, I said. Moreover, it was necessary to carry out the job within a week, for after that the sowing would soon begin and then it would be too late.

The meeting broke up into small groups to discuss the whole question. Each group appointed someone to report to the reassem-

bled meeting on what had been proposed. They were all convinced of the necessity to destroy infected heads. One group put forward the suggestion that the men should be responsible for the transport of the manure, while the women should be asked to undertake the task of wiping out the "coal mould". The Chairman of the Women's Association, who had been present, agreed that this was a good idea and promised to call a women's meeting the following day. By the time we broke up it was already two o'clock in the morning.

Next afternoon we went to the women's meeting. We took a microscope with us, and some charts and drawings showing the fungus and how it developed. First we explained the nature of the problem, and then we showed them how the fungus looked under the microscope. 'So that's what 'coal

Village women collect smut-infected sorghum heads.
Before the bonfire, we had a short meeting. Old Teng, the party member, told us the assembled villagers that they had won a great victory over this destructive disease by wiping out one of its main sources. Then we reminded everyone that there was still a lot of fungus in the soil, and that we must not allow this disease to return. A system of crop rotation had been introduced for the prevention of disease. We decided to divide the village into three areas, each of which would focus on a different crop rotation system: rice, millet, and soybeans.

Armed with this information, we started inspecting the crops. We observed that the average amount of disease-infested land had decreased by 20% from the previous year. This was a great relief for the villagers, who were grateful for our help. At the same time, we noticed that the crops were growing well, which meant that the villagers would have a good harvest this year.

As we prepared to leave the village, the tractor arrived. Old Teng became the director of the tractor squad. The cooperative began to admit new members and to conduct the experiment a second time. We left the village, after a successful experiment, and continued our work in the surrounding areas.

In the village, the children and adults were very happy to see the tractor. They were eager to learn more about it and to help with the work. The children were especially excited, as they had never seen a tractor before. They asked us many questions about it, and we explained as much as we could. The children were very interested and asked us to show them how it worked. We showed them how the tractor worked and how it could help them with their work. They were amazed by the tractor's power and efficiency.

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The fundamental solution to these difficulties is to make the Chinese written language a phonetic one. Chairman Mao Tse-tung pointed out as early as 1940 that our written language must be reformed when conditions permitted, and again in 1961 he added that we should follow the universal trend towards the phonetic script. In order to accomplish this, we need a period of transition to make necessary preparations. Meanwhile, the existing written language has to be reformed by making it the least cumbersome possible. The present step as outlined in the first programme is essentially to reduce the strokes of 516 characters and 56 components to eliminate unnecessary characters.

Ways of Simplification
A few examples will suffice to give a graphic picture of what simplification means even to those who do not know the language:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Original Simplified Meaning</th>
<th>(Figures in parentheses are non-strokes)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>肉 (18) 肉 (4)</td>
<td>a pair</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>肉 (13) 肉 (3)</td>
<td>righteous</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>肉 (13) 肉 (3)</td>
<td>house</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>肉 (13) 肉 (4)</td>
<td>ten thousand</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>肉 (13) 肉 (6)</td>
<td>insect</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>肉 (12) 肉 (1)</td>
<td>kitchen stove, oven</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

These examples taken at random are but a few of the most complex of the 516 characters to be simplified. And the ingrateful girl who blames her pen pals for naming her "Beautiful and Charming" will certainly be happy to see the changes in even scores of characters. So the simplification of one component means generally the simplification of the characters of which it is a part. In this way the number of characters affected is considerably increased. At present 56 simplified components have been recommended for use. Since they are the most widely used.

In addition to simplification, the unnecessary variants, of which there are a tremendous number printing and writing, with the choice depending on the whim of the writer. This gives no end of trouble to the printers and typesetters, and to readers who do not happen to know them all. Begin- ning 1956, the first batch of variants, numbering 1,114, will be banned from publications and typeset. This will greatly help to narrow down the inflated vocabulary.

The simplifying process has been continually at work in the evolution of the Chinese written language. Simple variations were found even in our earliest writing 3,500 years ago. Since then, people have never ceased to simplify the characters which they found hard to write. Although simple forms of writing are usually reduced to a few components, still they gained continuous popularity. As a matter of fact, the present simplification programme is the confirmation of a popular tendency.

Public Response
The public response following the publication of the draft simplifications has been gratifying. Some 200,000 people took part in discussions held all over the country. Over five thousand written commentaries, individual and collective, poured into the Language Commission. They made great contributions to the revision work of the simplified character forms and teapots, printers, army men, peasants, proof-readers, etc., who have been discussing them. The whole nation is impatient for a phonetic script. Failing that, others wanted to simplify all complicated characters at once.

The reasons why the introduction of simplified characters will be gradual are two-fold. First, this takes much more time. Second, the latter should be given to the literate as well as the illiterate. A total change would make the language too hard to read for the literate. Moreover, many simplified forms are being tried out for people some time before they can be finalized. Secondly, there are some common examples of which even the literate have difficulty. The moulds for casting types are now being carved by hand.
**New Phonetic Symbols**

**THIS year we are starting a series of lessons in which we shall teach you all the sounds used in the Chinese language, a basic vocabulary, and some elementary rules of grammar.**

If you have read the article, "First Step to Language Reform," preceding this column, about the steps being taken to reform the Chinese written language, you will realize that this is working towards the adoption of a phonetic script. In the new language lessons which begin this month we propose to introduce a new phonetic system which has been recently worked out by language experts under the supervision of the Committee for the Reform of the Chinese Written Language. We shall continue to give the characters as at present used for those who wish to learn them, in their new simplified forms.

**Common Speech**

Parallel to the simplification programme, steps have been taken to pave the way for the final adoption of a phonetic script. The most significant one is the large-scale promotion of the common spoken Chinese based on the Peking pronunciation. The people will be urged to use it as a common means of communication in their social life. Administrative measures will also be taken to see that school teaching, especially in language lessons, will be conducted in the common spoken Chinese. In addition, philologists are studying the problem of levelling out the comparatively minor discrepancies that exist in the present vocabulary and grammar. All these active preparations indicate that China is determined to make a radical change in the whole system of her spoken language so as to fulfil the common desire of her united people. It is easy to see that a standard phonetic language will greatly help in wiping out the large percentage of illiterates that pull ahead the constructive efforts of the people. But before this can be accomplished, the use of the simplified characters should not be underestimated.

The Chinese people have long been aware of the necessity of reforming their written language. Many reform proposals have been made in the past, but they were never thoroughly carried out, for lack of organization and leadership. Today, when China is truly united, has the reform become possible.

**New Chinese Symbols**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Symbols</th>
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</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>a (a)</td>
<td>father</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>al (ai)</td>
<td>old</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>an (ao)</td>
<td>one</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ang (au)</td>
<td>being (German)</td>
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<tr>
<td>ao (u)</td>
<td>that's</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>e (v)</td>
<td>elephant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ch (ck)</td>
<td>chew (tip of tongue curled back)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>i (I)</td>
<td>when</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>li (li)</td>
<td>we may</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>m (n)</td>
<td>we are</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ng (ng)</td>
<td>we will</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ou (u)</td>
<td>woman</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>en (en)</td>
<td>man</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>on (en)</td>
<td>man</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**KEY TO PHONETIC SYMBOLS**

(Wade spellings in brackets for listing of phonetic symbols.)

**New Phonetic**

<table>
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</table>

**Therm Nanae**

The river hereabouts cuts a serpentine course eastward through the Wu Mountains that run north and south. Fed by many tributaries as it flows through the rainy Szechuan basin, it gathers speed as it tears through the massive mountain chains, winding so sharply that one cannot see the way ahead and the boat seems landlocked. The three famous gorges, Siling, Wu and Chutang, stretch upstream for some 124 miles from Ichang in the east to Fengcheng in the west. The bed of the river is rocky and its gradient is steep. Not only is the speed of the current tremendous, but there is also a great difference between the high and low water levels—sometimes as much as 200 feet. After heavy rains the rocks lie concealed under the swift-running water; in dry weather the level falls so that perilous shoals appear—in some places as shallow as nine feet. And in the early months of winter there are frequent mists, making navigation still more difficult.

The first big reefs began to appear as our ship entered the Siling Gorge about nine miles above Ichang; the river, struggling to free itself from the rocky giants that bound it on both sides, surged and boiled. The ship began to pitch and roll as if it were on the ocean and the tea in our cups suddenly splashed over the tables.

On the bridge, however, everyone was quite calm. The pilot gazed steadily ahead, noting the navigation signals on either bank, watching the surface of the water, alert for any eventuality. Once in a while he gestured to the steersman with a turn of his finger—to starboard, to port, straight ahead—keeping the ship away from rocks and whirlpools. I felt reassured to see how unruffled he was.

"It's a very difficult course," said the Captain, a tall, blunt-spoken man named Chu Chuo-chi. "But not as bad as in the old days. Then there were next to no signals at all. We used to have to find our way by a combination of experience and instinct. The signals fixed up in 1944 have made the world of difference. There's a whole chain of them running right through the gorges."

The Signal System

I asked one of the seamen to explain the signals to me. Symbols of different shapes and colours, alone or in combination, guide the navigators on their way upstream. They are hung on the cliffside, others are fixed on the river's brink, yet others float on rafts or masts or buoys. Circular white symbols guide the ship along one bank or the other, depending on whether you are on one of the same colour, it means you must cross to the other side of the obstacle. In narrow places the signal calls on the ship to sound
The Devil's Gate

We had travelled about 27 miles and were approaching one of the towering peaks on the gorge, the famous Devil's Gate. It is said that in the past when a boat went through the hell as an act of devotion the crew would toss a rock down. If the rock returned, it was considered a sign of good luck for the voyage. Our ship was one of several that had made the journey and the story was that if the rock returned, it would bring good fortune to the voyage. 

Our ship is sending representatives to the clearing downstream to discuss ways to make suggestions. As far back as the Ching dynasty they used to talk about blasting the river-bed to get rid of dangerous rocks, just as the Kuomintang talked about building a hydroelectric station on the gorge. But what happened? The government bureaucrats just pocketed the money from the taxpayers, then dropped a few bombs in the river at random. The next few months saw the rest of the funds, while the plans for the hydro-electric station remained on paper.

At the mouth of the Wu Gorge, we could see two red triangles, apex downwards, hanging high up on the mountainside, as in case we ran aground. There are ships coming down-stream and the route is narrow. We slowed down and drew into the near bank to wait. A tugboat came up behind caught up with us, and waited too.

Friendly Competition

Coming round the bend in the river was a long string of tugs, among them the newly-built Yangtze No.1, passing laden barges carrying grain, tung oil and other native products from Shensi. Judging from the way they rode in the water, they were carrying an even heavier freight than ours. There was much hissing, waving and cheering as they passed.

The last tug passed down-stream the one behind us hooted, asking us to make way for her. The Second Mate reported "It is the new tugboat Yangtze 2001, pushing two barges of 700 tons. Shall we make way for her here?"

Without the slightest hesitation the Captain gave the order, and our ship moved even closer into the bank. Our sirens let out three blasts, signalling to the tugboat that she could overtake us. She passed very quickly and was soon far ahead, giving us three long hoots to express her thanks. We replied "Whooh!"—which meant that since we are all working for the same ends, there is no need to stand on ceremony.

By dusk we were deep in the Wu Gorge. The cliffs on both sides towered like black sky-scrapers, clouds whirling their distant tops. Before the signal system was installed, it was far too dangerous for ships to come up here by night. But some of the crew of the Huhtung told me about Captain Ma Chia-ju, who during the building of the Chungking-Chengtu railway became famous for his non-stop voyages. He was carrying steel and other material to the railway builders. He decided to undertake the night voyage because of the urgency of getting the railway finished on time. He slept several times guided his ship—on the basis of his 35 years' experience on the river—through the gorges by moonlight. It was only in the last quarter of 1954 that night-time signals had been installed, making it safe for all ships to go up during the hours of darkness.

As we came to the foot of the Big Peaks of the Wu Mountain tains, the signals went on—ruby lights on our left, white like glittering pearls on the right. The First Pilot began to talk about the herions of the men who installed the signal system and man it today. There are 90 signal-posts between Ichang and Chungking, linked by telegraph and telegraph and manned day and night.

"In the Wu Gorge," he said, "there is a huge rock called Lone Dragon. It should stand right in the main stream and is very difficult to pass. A signal was desperately needed there for sailing by night, and the signalman tried over and over again to install a light on the rock. Time after time their boat was swept away, but in the end they got the signal installed and fixed up a method whereby it can be lighted from cliffs on the north shore."

"We were in the same gorge last January," he went on. "It was snowing and the wind was so cold it seemed to cut right through our clothes. As we reached the far end I thought there must be something wrong: I knew that there was a shoal on the right bank, but there was no light on it. Then suddenly I saw a little light bobbing ahead. Do you know what it was? It was a small boat put out by the signalmen because some one had gone wrong with the lighting system and they had come to warn us. We were able to follow their signalman for you! They are always on guard, like sentries."

On the fourth day of our journey we arrived at Chungking. There, the immense quantity of goods being loaded and unloaded at the numerous docks made me realize what an important artery the Yangtze River is.

Bigger Cargoes

The growth of trade between the coast and the interior that followed the liberation not merely brought business, it made it urgently necessary to carry more goods than ever before. In 1953 the ship began a practice unheard of on the Yangtze in the past—pushing two barges before her by a method learned from the Soviet Union—which quadrupled the freight carried on every voyage. Each large carried 300 tons of cargo and the ship herself, besides several hundred passengers, carried 200 tons. By 1954, through study and experience, the ship's company had devised ways to carry each voyage seven times the cargo of the old days—236 tons in the ship's hold while the two barges bore 1,200 tons between them. This was what she was doing now—pushing the two barges in front of her, both fully loaded.

Many of the seamen had worked on the ship in the past. Captain Chu had served on her as an ordinary seaman for many years. The First Pilot, Huang Lung-fu, aged about 30, told me that he had been a boy on foreign ships. Later he learned navigation, but was always fearful before a voyage and used to go and pray to the river gods for safety.

"And what about now?" I asked. "Have we science to help us now," he said, "No need to be afraid any more." He told me that ten times more goods are being transported this year (1955) on the Upper Yangtze than ever before. "Our ship isn't yet carrying as much as she could, but we are learning from others and hope to catch up with the best before long."
Huang-ho and Her New Father

SU EN-TEH

I LOST my parents when still a child, and was married very young. Soon after our little daughter was born my husband died, and I was left to bring up the baby. I had never been brave to work. I managed to get a job as a probationer nurse in the Fukiien Provincial Hospital at Foshow, but I had to leave the baby in the care of my mother. The hospital in those days did not employ married women so I had to lie and say I was single in order to keep my job. I lived in the nurses' quarters, and managed to get to see little Huang-ho only about once a week when I went to take my cousin the money for her keep.

After liberation I married again. My second husband is a newspaper editor in Foshow. When I first met him I thought him rather unapproachable, but I came to know him. I found him very gentle and kind. I told him about my child before we got married, and he urged me to send for her to live with us as soon as we were settled in our new home.

I had always missed Huang-ho terribly, and longed to have her with me now that I had a place of my own. But whenever I thought of it I was worried. In our home, widows who married again were despised, and the children who lived with a remarried mother were sneered at. People called them "dragging old bottles"—a term of contempt for tugboats. During my first marriage—and they had to suffer endless humiliation. Besides, Huang-ho was already nine years old—what if she did not get on with her new stepfather?

I talked it over with my husband.

"Things have changed now," he said. "Nobody will laugh at her—why should they? It is we who will be criticized if we don't bring her to live with us. Children ought to be with their parents and grow up normally."

I had been an orphan myself and knew what it was like to miss a mother's care. So we agreed that I should go and bring my girl home.

I WENT to my cousin's to fetch her. She had grown into a beautiful young girl, bright and intelligent, and she had been admitted to the Young Pioneers—it is a great pride for mothers in our country today to have their children wearing the coveted red scarf of this organization.

I must admit I grew more and more nervous as we neared home. Several of my husband's colleagues had come to our house to welcome her. I walked in feeling very awkward and Huang-ho lingered shyly outside the door. Someone picked her up and carried her in.

Everyone gathered around her. One had brought her sweets and another asked her her name, and a third, touching her red scarf, said: "What a smart girl! And she's a Young Pioneer into the bargain!"

Huang-ho hung her head in embarrassment. But she was smiling slightly, and kept throwing me Swift glances with her black eyes. I saw that my husband was beaming all over his face. It wasn't going to be difficult now the ice was broken.

At the hospital, several of my friends came to tell me that they thought I had done the right thing. One day I went home when the light and got back into bed. Then he came back and called out to ask where I was. He sat on the bed and hugged me and asked me if I was scared. I said 'no'. Then we talked about what I wanted to be when I grew up—an editor or a nurse or a tractor-driver. I said I hadn't decided yet, but I knew I'd got to be good at lessons. He laughed and said 'It's good to study well. But you've got to grow up strong and healthy too, don't forget.' Then the "all-clear" went, and he tucked me up again and told me not to be afraid, because Young Pioneers must be brave. After that he went away."

I tried again. "Who is he?" I asked her.

She hesitated for a moment, and then said: "He brought me." To see what she would say, I asked: "Who's he?"

"He is he," she replied gruffly.

I was so upset that I began to cry. How ungrateful she was, and so kind!

When I told my husband he dismissed it lightly.

"There's no need to worry," he said. "I didn't ask you to bring her back just to call me 'Father'. First, she has to feel that this is really her home. She has been staying in somebody's house for too long, and it's made her a bit aloof. Just let's go on being loving to her, and she'll get over it."

There were not many things for children to play with in the house where we lived. My husband made a swing, on which Huang-ho played with other children. We began to hear her laugh more often, and she became more spirited.

A whole month passed. One night, there was an air-raid alarm while both my husband and I were still at work. (Foshow is a coastal city and there are occasional raids by U.S.-Kuomin-
The National Workers’ Sports Meeting, which took place in Peking towards the end of last year was the first of its kind ever to be held. The two thousand competitors—from workers, miners, shop assistants, engineer- ing workers, teachers and others—were selected from among the winners of factory, mine and work- shop competitions throughout China in which a million workers took part.

Chairman Mao Tsetung, Marshal Chu Teh, Premier Chou En-lai and other leading members of the government attended the sports. Among the distinguished guests who were present were N. N. Romanov, chairman of the Physical Culture and Sports Committee of the Council of Ministers of the U.S.S.R., and Manfred Ewald, chairman of the Physical Culture and Sports Committee of the German Democratic Republic.

The contest provided a general review of the development of workers’ sports activities. Ten na- tional records were broken in track and field, cy- cling and weightlifting, including the men’s shot put record that had stood for eighteen years. This is, all the more remarkable because most of the records were made under the unfavourable conditions of a sudden cold spell with inter- mittent rain, a sodden ground and a strong wind blowing across the stadium.

Many hitherto unknown athletes came to the fore. Among these was the railway worker, Fu Seng-hai, who carried off both the 5,000- and 10,000-metre titles. His winning time for the shorter distance was 15 min. 15.6 sec., beating the na-

tional record of 15 min. 21 sec. held by the Mongolian stable-hand Yinaoteeg.

During the heats of the women’s 80-metre hurdles even, Tsu Al-i-ling stumbled and fell; Tsui Hai-ling, her opponent, was ahead, finishing fifth and sixth. The moment they were past the finishing post Tsui, instead of blaming the other girl for having disqualified her, took over and led her home if she was hurt. Permitted by the judges to run in the finals, Tsui ran and won—‘a whirlwind, with the whole stadium cheering as one man.

Wang Chung-lun dead- heated for third place in the 2,000-metre hurdles. Only three were allowed to qualify for the finals, and even the best photographs could not distinguish which was the first of the two, so Wang was permitted to run as an extra man, finishing fifth.

Several national rec- ords were set in the weightlifting contests. The entrants included the Shanghai confectionery worker Tsui Chang-hua, the national champion in the middle-heavyweight class, and a number of domestic and transport workers known for their muscular prowess.

The soccer and volleyball championships also showed great advance. The High- way Transport Workers’ team, third in the soccer tournament, astonished sports fans by drawing with many of the noted East China Athletics Institute team in a friendly match. Ma Yueh-han, veteran footballer and cartoonist, declared that even the losers in the present tournament could have beaten the strongest soccer team in the old days.

In its history of 250 years, Kabu- ku has always been the peo- ple’s opera in Japan, and has waged many struggles against the efforts of the official world to sup- press it. The President of China’s Central Academy of Drama, Ou- yang Yu-chien, wrote in an article published in the People’s Daily that it was a commendable achievement of the Kabuki to have pre- served the classical art and de- veloped it into so radiant and polished a part of Japan’s na- tional culture. This is all the more remarkable in the present day, when it has remained intact de- spite the onslaught of western culture which floods Japan.

People queued up at the box- offices in every city where they played. Enthusiasm was so great that the audiences broke into applause in the middle of per- formances at moments of great beau- ty or tension.

Leading actors, playwrights, writers and theatrical producers were not only invited to the performances, but their articles praising the Kabuki filled the press. In return a Peking Kabuki company will visit Japan in April or early May this year.

Athletes march into the Peking stadium at the opening of the first National Workers’ Sports Meeting.

**Japanese Kabuki in China**

The Chinese theatre-going public had a new and exciting ex- perience when Shochu Ichikawa, President of Kabuki Company, led by Kunizo Matsuo and Ennosuke Ichikawa, came on a visit to Peking last month. It was only the second time that any Japanese Kabuki Company has ever played in foreign soil after his first visit in the Soviet Union in 1928.

The Kabuki was a novel experi- ence for Chinese audiences that is not an entirely strange one, for it has a close affinity in style, drama- tic convention and presentation with our Peking opera. Mei Lan-fang, China’s leading actor, pub- lished a number of articles in the press in which he noted the similarities of gesture, voice pro- duction, the meaning of actors’ stage and other features. He also remarked that “in performing, the special ramp built from the platform over part of the audi- torium for exits and entrances. The Japanese call the ‘flower path’, was at one time used in the Chinese theatre too.”

In Kabuki, all the parts are played by men, which was also true of Peking opera in the past. Orchestra of traditional costume, are seated on the stage forming part of the set- ting, which is more developed and elaborate than that for Peking opera.

The company, which arrived in Peking on September 30, 1955, presented three famous classic- al plays. The first of these, The Girl Who Was Transformed Into A Snake, has some resemblance to the drama based on the Chinese popular legend The White Snake. Both stories deal with the love affair of a young girl under the oppression of the feudal marriage system. Consisting of four acts of national dances, the performance of the 23-year-old actor Shochu Ichikawa in the name part was specially praised for its grace.

In the historical drama The Contribution Book, the 67-year-old actor Ennosuke Ichikawa aroused great admiration for his portrayal of the retainer Benkei, who pro- tects his master, a younger brother of the Shogun, during his fight after an uprising. The prince, pretending to be the servant of a group of monks who are actually his soldiers, is detained by a local lord, but thanks to the courage and ability of the faithful attend- ant, succeeds in breaking out of the danger. Here was classical acting of an extremely high order. The remarkably varied and highly expressive use of eyes and hands by the chief actor delighted all those who saw the performances.

As Mashahe in The Stommering Painter, the veteran player gave another entirely differ- ent character study. The story tells of a poor, despised artist who wins recognition only after he has despairingly decided to take his life. Language was no barrier to the actor in understanding this short, intensely emotional drama, in which the tragic tongue-tied figure of the painter was por- trayed. In the words of Tien Han, the noted Chinese playwright, the character showed “immense dignity and com- passion.”

**The 67-year-old actor Ennosuke Ichikawa as the faithful retainer Benkei in the historical drama The Contribution Book.**
Our Contributors

HO WEI-CHIN is a 31-year-old former intelligence officer in the Kuomingtang Air Force who fled to the mainland in his F-4 fighter plane on May 15, 1955.

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