

China Reconstructs

VOL. V, NO. 1

JANUARY 1956





Worker and Peasant

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

— MAO TSE-TUNG

新禧
恭賀



*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!

CHINA RECONSTRUCTS

VOL. V NO. 1 JANUARY 1956

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
PUBLISHED BY
THE CHINA WELFARE INSTITUTE
(SOONG CHING LING, CHAIRMAN)

CONTENTS

ARTICLES

MY FLIGHT FROM TAIWAN —Ho Wei-chin	2
PROGRESS IN PROSPECTING —Hsieh Chia-yung	5
TO LHASA BY ROAD —Israel Epstein	8
HE MADE MACHINES FROM SCRAP —Our Staff Reporter	12
FESTIVAL LANTERNS	15
SCIENCE COMES TO THE VILLAGE —Pu Mu-hua	18
FIRST STEP TO LANGUAGE REFORM —Lin Han-da	21
THROUGH THE YANGTZE GORGES —Chang Yen-wei	25
HUANG-HO AND HER NEW FATHER Su En-teh	28

COLOUR PICTORIAL

LANTERNS	16
--------------------	----

FEATURES

TO OUR READERS —Our Fifth Year Begins	1
TRADE WINDS—One Hundred and Fifty-seven Varieties	14
LANGUAGE CORNER —New Phonetic Symbols	24
SPORTS—Workers' National Contest	30
THEATRE NOTES —Japanese Kabuki in China	31
STAMPS—Five-Year Plan Specials	32
POSTBAG	33

FRONT COVER: Spring Festival
Painting by Huang Yung-yu

BACK COVER: The flower of the iron tree (*Cordyline Terminalis*) in Chung Shan (Sun Yat-sen) Park, Peking. The tree rarely blooms in northern climates.
Photo by Chang Shui-cheng

EDITORIAL BOARD

CHING CHUNG-HWA, Chairman
CHEN HAN-SENG, Vice-Chairman
CHIEN TUAN-SHENG LI TEH-CHUAN
LIU ONG-SHENG WU YAO-TSUNG
WU YI-FANG

Editorial Office:

52c WAI CHIAO PU CHIEH, PEKING, CHINA
CABLE: "CHIRECON" PEKING

Business Office:

157 CHANGSHU LU, SHANGHAI, CHINA
CABLE: "CHIRECON" SHANGHAI

MY FLIGHT FROM TAIWAN

HO WEI-CHIN



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

"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 Pingtung 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 enticed by the promise of training as pilots in the United States. Instead we were trained as gunners, and it was not until 1947 that I enrolled in a regular officers' training school at Hangchow. When the school moved to Kangshan on Taiwan in March 1949, I went along. I was thinking of my own 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, and 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 what he said. Every Wednesday and Saturday evening when the crew all went to the dance-hall, I had to go too, to observe whom they contacted. Late 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 avoid 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 to get ahead, his 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 was 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 where they began their investigation to find out how to entertain them best and what the

"appropriate" answers would be. Our annual records were rewritten. I was against making a false report, but my superior officer said our third group was looked 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 should be replaced. Then my superior officer butted 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. It dawned on me that Chiang's whole system was rotten through and through and that I must get away 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 taken prisoner, 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 my room at the electric fan, radio, leather suitcase, and prizes enough to stock a second-hand shop—gadgets 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 escape punishment. I turned back, however, because I thought the situation there would be too difficult. But now I felt desperate; even if I were made a prisoner, 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 felt 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 Pingtan to Swatow, where we were to scout. Through the earphones I heard the order: "Let's go back." As the two planes ahead and my own partner plane 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, they would be in a hurry to get back and probably wouldn't search for me, I figured. Or maybe they would only think I had lagged behind.

Then I heard the commander's voice: "Ho, where are you . . . 233, let's go!" I immediately decided I couldn't fly over the ocean 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 fishermen—whom we had so often strafed—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, wagged my wings, flashed landing lights three times and geared down to show that I wanted to 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



Ho Wei-chin celebrates his return with his 70-year-old mother and other members of the family.

have no gun. I'm not an enemy, I've come back," I shouted as the soldiers neared. They broke into smiles and offered to shake hands. When the peasants who came running back with sticks and poles to help capture the "Kuomintang bandit" learned the facts, they pressed around smiling, and offered me water and cigarettes. I found that I was not a prisoner but an honoured guest.

That night at the county seat local leaders entertained me with a banquet of duck, chicken, meat, fish, beer and wine—hardly the bark and grass roots Chiang had described. The next morning, when I had shed my uniform for new clothing which was given me, 2,000 local people gathered at a meeting to welcome me. Every time the officials mentioned in their speeches that I had returned of my own free will, the crowd clapped spontaneously. I was deeply moved, for I felt they were sincere, but when my time came to speak, I could only stammer: "I have done many bad things. Now your welcome shames me. I want to join you in constructive work."

In Canton another mass meeting greeted me, with speeches of welcome from the vice-mayor and army leaders, who awarded me 5,000 yuan. Later in Peking I received an additional 10,000 yuan in accordance with regulations about returning soldiers. But what, I wondered, had I done for my country? I had strafed many fishing boats, killing defenseless people, and now I was being given a warm welcome. Then I met and talked to some of the twenty-odd others who had "crossed over". Army officers discussed with me the first two sentences of the New Year Proclamation issued in 1955 by the Ministry of Defense: "Officers and men of the Chiang army who rebel and cross over are performing patriotic actions of justice.

Such actions are greatly welcomed by the people of the motherland."

I See for Myself

Travelling about the country—at the army leaders' suggestion—to "see for myself", I found neither the China I had left, nor the one described by Chiang. The train to Shanghai passed between flourishing fields tilled by young people (Chiang had said that all the fields were untilled and all young people had been conscripted). In many places I found bright red flags flying on top of buildings under



Ho Wei-chin at the glider school where he now teaches aeronautics.

construction—the same flags which had given me such a fright from the air.

I would never have believed the changes that have taken place in Shanghai unless I had seen them with my own eyes. When I went there as an apprentice at the age of 14, I often visited my brother, who was a worker and lived in a draughty, leaky hut; his diet was flour and water pancakes and his clothes were rags. Now I went to see the Tsaoyang workers' housing project—rows of clean new villas with flower-beds in each block and a school, a cooperative store and a dramatic group in the project.

From Shanghai I went to my home village, Hohsinchen, in Kiangsu province. Several of my old schoolmates were waiting to welcome me, and about 60 young people were lined up at the entrance to the village with a banner reading "Welcome to Ho Wei-chin, who rebelled and came home!"

Home

I had written to my mother while still in Canton, half-afraid that she would not be alive. To my joy, she had answered. My brother had gone home to live with her. I hadn't seen her for 17 years.

At first when we met I couldn't say a word, and she wept. I felt as if I were moving in a dream. After the friends and relatives left, my mother and I talked all night. For the first forty years of her married life she had worn the same clothes in which she had left her father's house, patching them until she could patch no more. Now, with the half-acre of land she received in the land reform, she lives better than she has ever done in her life. We talked about my fiancée. My mother did not know where she was, but later while I was in Peking I heard that after waiting for me for several years she had eventually married someone else—rightly, I thought.

In my village there is no more gambling in the teashops. Everyone goes to the fields. My classmates told me how they have joined the producers' cooperative and with the help of such things as chemical fertilizer, insecticides and new methods of work, have doubled production since liberation.

Wherever I went I found this new spirit. I am happy that I will be able to contribute to the development of my country through the job I have been given—at China's first glider school. Now my work, like all work in my rediscovered homeland, is an honour and my real reward.



Geologists collect mineral specimens in the Tsaidam Basin, in Chinghai province.

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 nation-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 sites for new factories, railways,

roads, reservoirs and dams. Everywhere they are looking for new underground resources, as yet untapped, and here too they have had great progress.

All this has had to be done with an initially very small number of trained people. Modern geological surveying had only been carried on 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 surveying 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 scenes 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 geophysical 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-term and long-term planning. The setting up in the same year of two new 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* prior to this time but now their work was systematized and enabled to expand greatly.

* See "Uncovering Hidden Riches", *China Reconstructs* No. 1, 1953.



Blasting for oil-stone in the Chiuchuan Basin.

In 1953, the first year of the Five-Year Plan, the main effort of geological surveying work was centred on the provision of better information about the resources immediately needed—coal, iron and some non-ferrous metals. The results obtained by the geological teams in this field have already shown that China is richer in coal and iron than was hitherto supposed, and possesses far greater reserves of many other minerals than anyone was aware of. The assertion made by some foreign "experts" in the past that China has little copper and is poor in oil, has already been disproved.

New Finds

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—one of the largest ironfields in the world—while at Tayeh in Hupeh province, where iron has been mined for fifty years past, the geologists discovered that the reserves far exceed all past estimates.

Both Paotow and Tayeh 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, whose policy is to build up new industrial centres near the sources of the main mineral raw materials, has already decided to make these two places the second and third big steel cen-

tres 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 institutes. They were led by experienced professors and engineers, but were mainly made up of young workers newly graduated from colleges and training schools.



Surveying the iron deposits in Taku Mountain with a view to extending the existing mining area.

This was real pioneering work. They crossed deserts and high mountain ranges; they lived "hard" 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 al-

* At 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.

ready attained show that hitherto-unknown deposits exist in many parts of the country. Very promising petroliferous structures and outcrops were found in such places as the Tsaidam Basin in Chinghai province, as well as in Szechuan, Sinkiang and Kansu. All of these are being further investigated in the current year.

The sparsely-inhabited Tsaidam Basin has proved a very promising oil-producing area. Those taking part in last year's survey reported that even when the surface soil is turned over, a strong smell of oil is instantly perceptible. Some formations were found to extend for several hundred square miles.

The new oil bases which can be opened up in the near future as a result of these surveys, and the additional wells that are to be drilled at the existing oilfields such as Yumen in Kansu and Tushantze in Sinkiang, will undoubtedly provide all the oil needs of the First and Second Five-Year Plans.

A valuable supplement to the petroleum supply are the rich sources of oil shale which have been found in north, central and northwest China. These reserves will provide synthetic oil to supplement the petroleum supplies.

Progress in Training

All of this work has called for an enormous increase in the number of trained workers at all levels and in all branches of geological work. Besides the two geological training institutes already mentioned, the geological departments at the universities are enrolling more students each year. In addition to these, a large number of technical and specialized schools have been set up where topographical surveyors, geophysical prospectors, engineering geologists, hydro-geologists and skilled drillers are given training.

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 training classes and short-term courses run by the geological



Mu Nai-peng (left) and Chang Yun-ta, young prospectors who left college two years ago.

bureaux of various administrative divisions. It is remarkable how quickly these enthusiastic youngsters, 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 bewilder 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 the work from research and academic training right through to field level, 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, aerial magnetic surveying, and geophysical and geochemical prospecting, many of which were never previously attempted in China. Up-to-date equipment, much of it provided from the People's Democracies, is increasingly being brought in to aid the work.

Scientific research is also increasing its contribution, being enriched in its turn by the new experiences gained.

Without the aid of the 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 latent deposits of iron ore in Tayeh.

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 two years to go. Most of the workers concerned with prospecting for iron ore have already begun work on their tasks for the Second Five-Year Plan.



The highway entering Lhasa, with the world-famous Potala, palace of the Dalai Lama, in the background.

TO LHASA BY ROAD

ISRAEL EPSTEIN

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

Scenically 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 plateau 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 mountain rivers, through high passes and deep gorges of brilliantly-tinted rock. It traverses green,

flower-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 Pomi region, it crosses some 130 miles of lichen-hung virgin forest: of giant pine, fir and spruce, of 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 cactus-studded Painted Desert of Arizona, the beauties of the Rockies and the Sierra Nevadas. Other foreign correspondents on the trip have exclaimed over resemblances to the Urals in the Soviet Union, the Vosges in France, the High Tatras of the Polish-Czechoslovak border, and the glacier-lakes and sheltered villages of the Alps. But all agree that many

sights here are unparalleled in our joint experience. In the crystalline air and light of these high altitudes, every colour and every 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

widen the road where it hangs over abysmal precipices, straightening 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 moulded into fantastic 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 nothing here 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, months from home, sheltered only by flimsy tents. Now the well-paid workers, some accompanied by their families, live in comfortable stone or timber maintenance 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 radios. 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.

Spanning the Centuries

Most dramatic of all, however, is the historic shift that the road is

*See "First Highways to Tibet", *China Reconstructs*, May 1955.

bringing. 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 places 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 flat-roofed houses just like the Pueblo Indians of the state of New Mexico.



Seventh-century statue of the Chinese princess Wen Cheng, who married King Songtsan Gampo of Tibet when the region first became closely associated with China. It is now lodged in the Potala.

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 untilled land, which not only demonstrate more productive agricultural methods but give 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 ideas and desires.

Variety in Unity

Such ideas and traditions vary from place to place, for reasons connected with history. The Tibetan areas closer to the main current of Chinese 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 some months in the 1930's, the Tibetan leaders include men like Sansi Yusi (Tien Pao) and General Sonnam (Sha Nai) who joined the heroic Long March and worked and



A survey team maps a new hydraulic project in the great forest of Pomi, near the new timber-industry town of Dzamu, built since the liberation.

fought in all parts of the country before returning to their beloved homes. In these places and in Chamdo local government committees wield the power. But in Lhasa itself, the local government still carries on under the 500-year-old system of a dual hierarchy of officials, clerical and lay, with its complex system of subordination and status, and each rank wearing its prescribed brilliantly colourful robes, headgear, headdress and even boots. In each case, the form of organization is decided by

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 Gambo, who lived in the seventh century A.D. Their two highest leaders, the Dalai Lama and Panchen Ngoerhtehni, 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 Ari regions into one. Both are delegates to the National People's Congress, the supreme authority for all China.

In all the Tibetan regions, old feuds between rival chiefs and clans 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 erstwhile rival areas and formerly rigidly separated classes, living, eating and studying together in 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, lama and lay, starting on a government-provided truck for the Buddhist holy places in Lhasa 950 miles away, once a journey of several months but now of 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-beasts 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 preliminary meeting which was discussing the establishment of a 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 sons and 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 brilliant colour. The statues and paintings in its temples, lamaseries and palaces, though invariably religious in character, are often masterpieces of realistic art—depicting the life and work of the people and giving, in portraiture, 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 tenth century, is a combination of magnificence at one extreme and poverty and illiteracy at the other. In this living historical museum, the realities of the long-gone past unrolled 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 hardly a wheel used for transport in the city—even for a cart or wheelbarrow. Today there are cars, lorries, bicycles, and a great many motorcycles. Official protocol in Lhasa demands that a robed



These children are starting their education at the Lhasa Primary School established in 1952. They sit on mats, in accordance with Tibetan custom, and study in their own language.

valism, the unbearable load of colonial oppression. But all these schemes have irrevocably failed. No one who has been here can doubt that the historic achievement of the last few years is the rebuilding on a new basis of the 1300-year-old kinship of the Tibetans with the rest of China within a people's state. This is not just a matter of the highway, or of the army de-

official be accompanied on all occasions by one or more liveried retainers. Today some still ride behind the officials on a second horse, but others are mounted behind them on the pillions of their motorbikes. I am writing this article by electric light. Lama physicians are studying surgery at the well-equipped People's Hospital. In the suburbs, I met peasants like Samo Guden and Samo Gyatso, experimenting with crop formerly totally unknown here, such as tomatoes, and producing very good results indeed. Soon Lhasa will have its very first factories.

New Perspectives

At the moment of China's liberation many imperialist schemes were afoot 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 unmitigated disaster to the Tibetans themselves, who would have had to shoulder, in addition to the burden of medie-

fending the borders. The policy and action of the Chinese Communist Party with regard to Tibet, its scrupulous consideration for the deep religious belief and national customs of the people, is melting away deep-seated suspi-



Samo Guden, a well-to-do Tibetan peasant, with marrows grown from seed supplied by the new State Experimental Farm near Lhasa. Ear pendants and queues are worn by Lhasa laymen.

cions born of wrongs inflicted by the Manchu empire and the Kuomintang 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 multinational family.

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 national regional autonomy within China, and the protection of their religion and the lamaseries. The central authorities undertook to impose no change in the existing political system. 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 scrupulously respected. They form the framework in which Tibet is making its earliest steps toward the goal of Socialism—the ultimate prospect for this region as for the whole People's Republic of China.

He Made Machines from Scrap

By Our Staff Reporter

THE woodworking machine shop at the No. 1 Iron & Steel Plant in Chungking 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, bandsaws, sanding and planing machines—all tended by skilful 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 mechanization of the whole shop was started by a young carpenter who never had any formal 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 a hard one. 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 next town his 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 an apprentice to a carpenter. When he was 18 he went to Chungking, where he was often out of work and almost starving. In the winter of 1949 Chiang Kai-shek's forces were driven out of Chungking and shortly afterwards Huang registered with the unemployment office of the municipal government. The following year he entered the No. 1 Plant as a carpenter.



Huang Yung-chang assembling a circular saw which has been built from scrap.

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 its schedule and often had to send work out so as 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 not approved.

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 nation-wide 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 work 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 such a machine to cut wood? But where could they get the material and tools?

HUANG began to dig about in the factory's scrap-heap for possible parts and pieces of metal which could be used. He told the trade union chairman of his shop, who got him a bench and a set of tools. He went to an old skilled mechanic for information on how to instal a motor; he knew next to nothing about electricity and had to start from the beginning and learn a whole lot of technical terms and rules. He worked at night, and all day was puzzling out how to solve his problems.

Finally he got all the parts together and assembled his circular saw. Even the motor was not new—it had been salvaged from the scrap heap like everything else. Huang, nervous and excited, switched on the electricity and the motor started to turn. He picked up a short length of wood and set it against the revolving saw. In a matter of seconds, the log fell into two clean-cut pieces.

Huang went straight ahead with the building of his next machine. On July 1st, his first bandsaw, again assembled entirely from scrap, went into production. The two machines between them did as much work as could be accomplished by eighty men.

NOW everyone in the carpentry workshop began to think how to mechanize. Ideas began to come in from all sides; each of them was discussed, and the team started visiting other factories to study machinery. Between August 1951 and February 1952 the carpentry workshop produced 12 machines—saws, lathes, a drilling-machine, a planer and so on. It changed its name, and became the woodworking machine shop.

The workers were no longer talking about transferring. They were eagerly learning how to master machine technique. Eight people in Huang Yung-chang's team learned to operate a lathe and twenty-four more became mechanics. In 1953, Huang was cited as a model worker and joined the Communist Party.

By the end of February 1954 the shop had thirty-three machines and its own toolshop. It not only consistently fulfilled its work quota but joined in emulation drives and was recognized as an important part of the plant.

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 inventions 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 when 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 better, 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 was busy and did not see him leave. When Huang got to the door he was surprised to find nobody about. He looked about him and saw a lighted clock, which pointed to 1 a.m. It was only then that he realized he was supposed to be a sick man! 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: "Any problems?" The factory director came to inspect progress and gave the order for the extra blade and other parts that were required. The old mechanic who had helped Huang at the beginning gave advice and assistance. Finally, the double-bladed hacksaw 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 Chungking by now for his energy and resourcefulness. In the 1954 general elections he was made a People's Deputy. He is still building woodworking machines and his shop has been able to free a number of workers to go to other parts of the plant or to new construction sites.



Huang Yung-chang operates his new planer.



Trade Winds

One Hundred and Fifty-seven Varieties

UNTIL recently China had only a limited variety of tinned foods for export, mainly fruits. In the past few years, however, a number of other kinds of food has been added to the list, which today includes fish, poultry, meat, vegetables and prepared food as well. Altogether, over a hundred and fifty varieties of tinned foodstuffs are now being exported—nearly ten times as many as in 1953—and these are finding a widening market in many parts of southeast Asia as well as in east and west Europe. Their popularity is reflected in the fact that the amount exported in 1955 was sixteen times higher than it was in 1950.

All parts of China provide delicacies which are greatly liked abroad. Delicious fruits like the lichee, pineapple, mandarin and orange grow abundantly in the warm south; pears, apricots and plums flourish in the north. The Chekiang oranges in clear syrup,

the big cherry and the loquat are specially prized for their rarity and well-retained flavour. Now that agricultural production is increasingly expanding, more and more fresh vegetables and various kinds of meat are becoming available, while around the long coastline the sea yields a tremendous variety of fish and other sea products. The celebrated Yunnan ham, the Shantung abalone and the spiced, long-tailed anchovy from the lakes of the Yangtze Valley are known all over southeast Asia and elsewhere, and are especially sought after by Chinese people living abroad. Vegetables like green beans, braised bamboo shoots and others are popular everywhere; they are processed in a way that retains an excellently fresh appearance and flavour.

THE canning industry, since 1950, has undergone considerable modernization and expansion, and strict government control is exer-

cised over quality, hygiene and standards. Since last year, specifications have been issued to ensure the standardization of certain foodstuffs. These must be adhered to by all the factories concerned in order to ensure that products meet international standards in all respects.

The largest canneries are situated in the coastal cities, notably in Shanghai, Swatow, Amoy, Tientsin and Dairen. Those engaged in producing tinned foods for export are largely state-owned or joint state-private. They have made great strides in improving the quality of their products and meeting the complex demands of the foreign market, which differ in various parts of the world.

British buyers, for instance, think the syrup of many of our canned fruits is too sweet. Accordingly, light syrup is produced for them. Soviet buyers like bay leaves and other spices in canned meat, but in other parts of Europe customers prefer meat cooked in its natural juices and unseasoned. In southeast Asia, stewed pork with curry, spiced goose and other highly-seasoned dishes with characteristic Chinese flavouring are greatly welcomed. All these likes and dislikes are being carefully studied by the canning industry.

NEW products are also being tried out constantly to enlarge the range of tinned foods which can be offered abroad. By this year (1956), apart from increasing production of the existing items, the canning industry hopes to be able to offer several new lines, including prawns, crab, chicken with red chilis, groundnut kernels, sweet lotus seed, fresh mushrooms and others. Variations on the prepared food such as duck stewed with soya sauce, sliced ham, pig's trotters with mushrooms, pancake rolls stuffed with meat and vegetables, are being constantly tested and perfected in the experimental laboratories of the canning factories. In particular they are trying to produce a greater number of Chinese-style foods, which will introduce the famous products of Chinese cooking to many new parts of the world.



Examining tinned pork at a canning factory in Shanghai.

Festival Lanterns

EVER since candles have been used for illumination, lanterns have played a colourful part in Chinese life. Even now, when electricity is widely used and candles are disappearing, people love to hang out lanterns for decoration 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 of the seventh month. Both of these had their 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 toil that the peasants took a holiday from their labours. It was the end of winter, the time of family reunions, the short rest before the spring sowing commenced. Lanterns, symbols of warmth and light, were put out in the fields to scare away the dark spirits. Near harvest time, lanterns were again hung in the fields for the same purpose.

This country practice gradually found its way to the towns and cities, where it became a regular feature of the New Year celebrations. As time went on, the city festivals became more and more elaborate, colourful and varied, especially in the capital, where the imperial courts used to hold very lavish displays.

HISTORICAL records show that big festivals were being held as early as the Tang dynasty (A.D. 618-907). They describe how preparations began a month ahead, and tell of the crowds who thronged the capital for three nights to watch a giant wheel, a hundred feet high, decorated with silk and hung with fifty thousand lanterns, beneath which young women stood singing as they made it revolve.

In the records of the Sung dynasty (A.D. 960-1279), we learn of an artificial hill built on a wooden frame, decorated with coloured streamers and figures of famous personages mounted on lions and elephants. Around the hill, erected on wooden lattices, were coiled dragons made from straw covered with green drapery. Thousands of lanterns were hung on these, and when they were lit at night the holiday crowds seemed to see two glittering dragons flying in mid-air.

When the imperial capital moved to the south in the Southern Sung period, Soochow, Hangchow and Foochow became centres of lantern making, and have remained so ever since. During the time the Mongols ruled China the Lantern Festival was not celebrated at Court, but at the beginning of the Ming dynasty (A.D. 1368-1644) it was revived with a lavish splendour that matched the Sung and Tang days. The place in the eastern part of Peking where lanterns were displayed and sold in Ming times is even today called Lantern Market Junction.

ALTHOUGH the Spirit Festival is not as widely observed today as the New Year one, it is noticeable that lanterns, especially those made in the shape of a lotus flower, make their appearance in the markets around the middle of the seventh lunar month. Last year in September there was a festive evening in Peking's famous Peihai Park, where thousands of candles were lit and set floating on lotus leaves in the lake, while boats hung with lanterns carried groups of musicians playing Chinese folk music to and fro across the water.

THERE are "palace lanterns" and common ones, both of which are illustrated overleaf. The former are often elaborate and costly, with carved and gilded frames covered with silk, gauze, glass or horn and hung with jade pendants



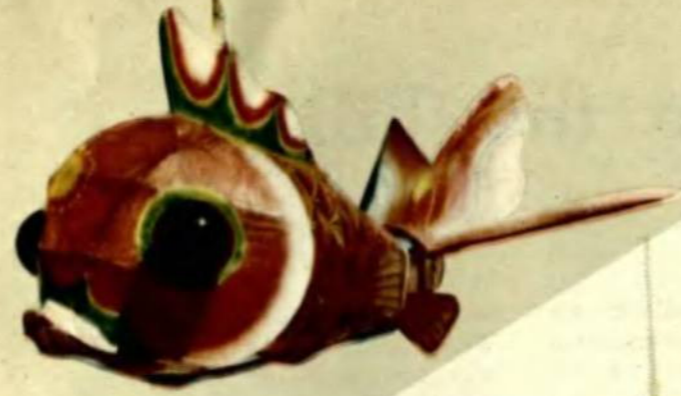
Festival lanterns of red silk being made in one of Peking's old lantern-shops.

and silk tassels. They were used by nobles and emperors for decoration; 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 lanterns has become one of our traditional handicrafts, and they are widely used in modern buildings for interior and exterior decoration.

AS FOR the people's lanterns, their variety is endless. There are fish, flowers, birds, insects, boats, animals, butterflies—hundreds of shapes, often made of bamboo and covered with oiled paper or gauze. Sometimes they are carved out of real fruits or vegetables; tiny ones are made from egg-shells, their four little doors propped up with minute green and gold posts and beams. There are lanterns made from blocks of ice, and charming merry-go-rounds in which little figures circle around inside the transparent paper frame, driven by a small windmill which is propelled by the draught from the candle within.

Many others could be described if space permitted, for each new festival produces fresh designs. Undoubtedly, this charming custom will long continue to grace our festivals.

LANTERNS



Photos by Chang Shui-cheng

Science Comes to the Village

PU MU-HWA

I HAVE just received a letter from a young agriculturist at the tractor station in Changching village in Shensi province. He wrote to tell me about the success they had in 1955 in preventing smut on the sorghum crop. Less than five per cent of the crop was infected. The previous year it was over ten per cent and in 1953—as I know from personal experience—over a fifth of the whole crop in the village was affected. "You will be glad to hear," he wrote, "that your work in 1954 has borne fruit. The methods your group worked out are being adopted throughout this part of Shensi."

This was the best news I could have had. Sorghum is one of the main crops in that region and smut used to destroy thousands of tons of grain every year in the past.

I went to Changching in March 1954 as one of a group of 150 agricultural scientists sent out by the North China Agricultural Science Research Institute to work in the rural districts of Shensi and Hopei provinces. We were to set up a number of work-stations in order to study local problems and give scientific advice to the farmers, especially on crop diseases.



A scientist examines the progress of an experiment with sorghum seed.

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 Fu-hsing, 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 they had a lot of problems.

Three days later we brought our baggage 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 tests, hold 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 first few days getting acquainted with the villagers and trying to find out what questions troubled them most. It was the spring sowing season and they were busy from morning to night, so we went to their homes at meal-times to chat with them while they ate.

A Big Problem

We soon found that one of the most serious 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 smothered 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 a lad. We get it every year on at least one plant in ten, and sometimes half the crop is covered with the filthy stuff."

"But I understand that you were treating the seed with ceresan?" I replied. "That should get rid of it. It's a fungus, you know, and it attacks the seed. If you disinfect the seed it ought to kill the fungus."

"We did apply ceresan to the seed last year," broke in the son. "But there was still a lot of 'coal mould' on the sorghum when it was ripe. The co-op technicians said they didn't know what to do about it."

When the time came to plan our work we put the question of smut first on our list. We had many other tasks, of course. We intended to popularize a new and improved variety of wheat which we had brought with us from Peking—a cross between a Chinese and a

Soviet variety, which had resistance to yellow rust and produced a higher yield than the locally-grown variety. We were also going to demonstrate how to eliminate downy mildew on millet by pulling off the upper part of the leaves where the fungus collects, before it had time to spread.

These were problems to which we had the answer, but how to get rid of smut was more difficult. We knew how to deal with the fungus that causes it, but we did not know where the source of the infection lay. It apparently by-passed the seed and lurked elsewhere.

We were discussing this subject around a little table in the courtyard of our headquarters. Someone drew attention to the pile of dry stalks standing in one corner. All the villagers stack these up after the sorghum harvest and keep them for fuel. It occurred to us to inspect the diseased stalks to find out if the fungus were still active.

We packed up specimens of the blackened kernels and sent them to our institute in Peking for a laboratory germination test, and we made a rough examination ourselves. The results of both tests were the same. The fungus was still alive in the dead stalks! This meant that it only needed 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 make 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 do it if the facts were explained 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 *hsiang*, a local government division consisting of two 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 chairman addressed them first, talking about the new farm implements, the chemical fertilizer and fungicides that the government had sent, and then about the spring sowing. 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 hearers, 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 that 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 the three villages; this meant a possible overall 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 should be done to prevent this from happening.

The collection and destruction of every smutted head of sorghum in every home in the village was the only answer, I said. Moreover, it



Village women collect smut-infected sorghum heads.

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. Then each group appointed someone to report to the reassembled 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 was 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



School children with bundles of black sorghum heads which they are taking to be burnt.

mould' looks like!" they exclaimed one after another. They were quite excited, for they had never seen a microscope before. They began to discuss how to carry out the destruction of infected heads. They divided all the houses in the villages into groups or lanes, and elected a leader for each. Everyone was to collect up all the black heads from the fuel at home and bring them to the leaders, who would keep a record to make sure that everyone had carried out the work properly.

Finally, we went to see the headmaster of the village primary school, which had about 300 pupils. He was not difficult to convince, and promised to mobilize the schoolchildren to help. It would be a good lesson in the value of social labour, he said.

Everyone Joined In

Then the village got to work. Wherever you looked, you could see women standing in front of huge piles of stalks, carefully picking off every black head they could find, sweeping them together in great bundles and handing the bundles to schoolchildren, who carried them to a central pile. In three days the job was done. On the fourth, we had a grand bonfire and burned the whole lot. The women had collected over 110,000 smutted heads and the primary-school children had brought in about 130,000.

Before the bonfire, we had a short meeting. Old Teng, the party member, told 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 at large in the soil, and that smut would not be wiped out entirely until a system of crop rotation had been introduced—for the disease of one crop cannot live on another, and crop rotation cleanses the soil. After that the little boy who had collected the greatest number of infected sorghum heads in the past three days set light to the bonfire, while the rest clapped loudly and sang songs.

Thereafter, the sowing went ahead. Nearly all the sorghum seed was treated with cerasan, only a few individual farmers refusing to comply. They wanted to see what happened to the crops before trying it themselves.

That year we could not do much about crop rotation. More than three-fifths of the land was still owned by mutual-aid teams or households who were farming the land on their own, and the holdings were too small for them to rotate crops on them. Rotation was done on the cooperative's land, but of course the fungus remained in the smaller plots, and the airborne spores of the disease were bound to affect the healthier crops to some extent. However,

we felt sure that the disease would be greatly reduced because of the action taken.

The Result

By the middle of August the sorghum had grown higher than a man. We were waiting anxiously to find out whether there was any appreciable reduction in the amount of smut. But a young fellow who was attending our night school said "Why wait? You can find out before the head is out!" He explained that the village boys always hunt for the infected heads because the "coal mould" in its early stages is white and juicy and rather nice to eat. "Any boy will tell you how to find out which is which," he said. "If the two bractal leaves that are wrapped round the head are even, that means the grain inside is good. But if one side is fatter than the other, that means 'coal mould'."

Armed with this information, which none of us had known before, we made an early inspection of the crops. The result showed that our preventive measures had had a good effect. The average amount of grain infected with smut had dropped from an estimated 20 per cent to just over ten per cent over the whole village. In the fields belonging to the cooperative, where both disinfection of the seed and crop rotation had been carried out, the disease rate was no more than 6.5 per cent.

As we prepared to leave the village in October, tractors arrived. Old Teng became the director of the tractor station. The cooperative began to admit new members and this time everyone in the village, except a few rich farmers and ex-landlord households, joined. Before we went away we helped the cooperative to work out a draft crop-rotation plan for the following year.

We sent a report on our work to the district government, who decided to publish our findings on the wiping out of smut for the benefit of the whole district. Then we handed over to Old Teng and the two agriculturists of the new tractor station. One of them is a college graduate, the young man who has just written telling me the sequel to our work.

First Step to Language Reform

LIN HAN-DA

AMONG the resolutions adopted by the National Conference on the Reform of the Chinese Written Language,* which was held in Peking in October 1955, was the first programme for simplifying the writing of Chinese characters. This programme was submitted to the State Council for official ratification. Additional resolutions passed at the conference included one on the promotion of the use of a common speech for the whole nation based on the Peking pronunciation, and the early publication—for public discussion and trial—of a phonetic script to replace the present form of writing. So the reform of the written language, for which a great deal of preparatory work has been done in the past four years, has actually begun.

An experimental group of "simplified" characters was introduced in Chinese newspapers and other publications some months earlier. Most of these simplified versions have been in everyday use for centuries, but this is the first time they have been given public recognition. A scholar who took part in official examinations in the Manchu dynasty would be disqualified if he used even one simplified character in his written thesis. Even recently schoolchildren who used simplified characters would be criticized by their teachers.

The Committee for the Reform of the Chinese Written Language, a permanent body, was set up in 1952 for the specific task indicated by its name. The two most important aspects of its work are the preparation of a phonetic pro-

* Strictly speaking, the written language referred to in this article is called the Han language, or the language of the Han people, who constitute over 90% of the Chinese population. The minorities have their own languages. For details, see "Minority Languages of China", *China Reconstructs* No. 3, 1954.

gramme and the systematization of the Chinese characters. The former is the ultimate object; the latter is an interim measure, the first steps of which have now been taken.

Origin

The significance of this simplification cannot be fully realized without some knowledge of the Chinese written language. To begin with, it bears no resemblance to a phonetic language spelled out in a definite number of letters. It is made up of block-like characters varying greatly in number of strokes and with no indication of sound. The fundamental strokes are as follows: 丶, 一, |, 丿 or ㇇, 丿, ㇇, ㇇, ㇇ or ㇇. In origin, many of the characters were pictures of actual objects (see chart on this page). But today their resemblance is too remote to be recognizable.

To express abstract ideas, two or more pictures were used in a single character. For instance, 𠄎 written alone was a picture of a man standing, but when two of them were put together back to back 𠄎, its meaning was "opposite" or "contradictory". When they were

written one following the other 𠄎, its meaning was "to follow", "accompany" or "obey". In the same way 日 "sun" and 月 "moon" were combined to make 明, meaning "bright", and 人 "a man" standing by his "word" 信 made 信, meaning "honest" or "sincere".

Another group of characters is composed of two parts, one indicating the meaning and the other the sound. Let us take the character 包 pao for example. Originally it was written 包, meaning "embryo within the womb". When it is combined with 魚 (meaning "fish") to make 鮑, it means a kind of shellfish—the abalone. When combined with 雨 (雨 meaning "rain") to make 雹, it means "hailstones". In both cases, 包 is merely a sound-indicator, while the meaning is indicated by the other component. The majority of the present vocabulary is made up in this way.

The brief explanation of early development enables us to see why Chinese characters have become a massive structure of strokes and contain a number of components which may also stand independently. Sometimes the

Evolution of Some Chinese Characters

B.C. 1700—1400	𠄎	𠄎	山	水	雨	木	目	馬	魚
B.C. 776—250	𠄎	𠄎	山	水	雨	木	目	馬	魚
B.C. 250—A.D. 25	日	月	山	水	雨	木	目	馬	魚
A.D. 25—220	日	月	山	水	雨	木	目	馬	魚
A.D. 380—present day	日	月	山	水	雨	木	目	馬	魚
Meaning	sun	moon	moun- tain	water	rain	tree	eye	horse	fish

中華 人民 共和國 是 工人 階級 領導的，
 中華 人民 共和國 是 工人 階級 領導的，
 Zhunghua Renmin Gunghueguo sh gungren giegi lingdau de,

The opening words of the first article of our Constitution. (Top) In ordinary characters; (Centre) in simplified characters; (Bottom) in a phonetic script.

components may be as many as six or seven, with more than thirty strokes. To the eye of a philologist, these characters may appear intelligible and picturesque. But to an ordinary reader, they are difficult strangers whose acquaintance can be made only by excruciating efforts.

Of the fifty to sixty thousand characters in the Chinese language, only six or seven thousand are in current use today. If we count the strokes of the two thousand most commonly used characters, we find only 28% contain less than eight strokes, the rest having from nine to twenty-seven strokes.

Hard to Learn

We are grateful to a language in which our entire history is recorded and which will continue to be useful for a considerable length of time. However, the difficulties that are inherent in its nature are self-evident. In the first place it is very hard to learn. When children see the written characters, they are puzzled as to their meaning, sound and structure. The difficulty is particularly great in making attempts to write them. Imagine a child who has to learn first, as usual, her own name, which reads like this: 劉麗豔 Liu Li-yen. The given name, Li-yen, which means "charming and beautiful", has altogether 47 strokes. Many common characters are no better. Take 聽 *ting* meaning "to hear" and 學 *hsueh* meaning "to study"; both are much too complicated for a beginner to grasp. No wonder a school teacher found over ten different ways of writing 聽 "to hear" in the compositions of his 42 pupils!

For this reason the time consumed in learning the Chinese written language is much more than that taken in learning any phonetic language. While a Sinkiang Uighur, whose language is phonetic, needs only four years to

graduate from primary school, the Han children need six years. Our illiterate adults usually need 400 to 450 hours to learn 2,000 characters, averaging 11.2 strokes each. After the Vietnamese people changed their written language, formerly modelled on the Chinese, to a phonetic one, it took only 100 hours for an illiterate adult to learn to read popular literature.

The second difficulty is concerned with the technique of type-setting, indexing and telegraphic transmission. Type-setting today is still done by hand, which is two-fifths slower than linotype. In looking up a word in a Chinese dictionary, one often wonders under which radical it appears (radicals are the 251 component parts according to which characters are classified in dictionaries). Even when one knows which radical is concerned, it takes a long time to find it. Chinese telegraphic messages are transmitted by numbers according to a prepared code. This involves coding and decoding, not to mention the errors that are likely to occur and the time factor.



Chen Wang-tao, president of Fudan University, Shanghai, addresses a philologists' panel during the National Conference on the Reform of the Chinese Written Language held in October 1955.

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 1951 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 and to eliminate unnecessary variants.

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:

Original	Simplified	Meaning
雙(18)	双(4)	a pair
義(13)	义(3)	righteous
頭(16)	头(5)	head
萬(13)	万(4)	ten thousand
蟲(18)	虫(6)	insect
竈(22)	灶(7)	kitchen stove, oven

These examples taken at random are by no means the most complex of the 516 characters to

be simplified. And that ungrateful girl who blames her parents for naming her "Beautiful and Charming" will certainly be happy to see the characters reduced from 麗豔 to 麗艳, and her family name from 劉 to 刘.

The choice of the 516 simplified characters was determined primarily by their degree of acceptability and usefulness. Over 300 of them have been used already among the people for centuries, though seldom in print. So people have no difficulty in recognizing them. But this number was too small to satisfy the general demand. Consequently some 200 more characters were added. The same principles governed the choice of these. One is to simplify various components and apply them to the various characters in which they occur. This will be explained later. Another is to introduce for general use certain simplified characters otherwise prevailing only in limited circles. For instance, the use of 疗 *liao*, meaning "to heal", for 療, is nowadays no longer limited to medical people. The third way is to coin some new characters on the various principles that have operated in the simplifying process in the past. So by the principle of making part stand for the whole, 醫 *yi* meaning "cure" and 聲 *sheng* meaning "sound" are reduced to 医 and 声 respectively.

How many strokes are eliminated by using the 516 new characters may be seen from the 141 simplified ones that are already in use. They average 7.9 strokes each, as against 16.1 strokes each in their original form. The time saved in writing is very considerable. A normal-school teacher has made experiments with his students, showing that they could write 62 simplified characters per minute against 21 elaborate ones.

The following characters, though not listed among the 516, are actually simplified through their components.

	Original form	Simplified components	Simplified form
to read	讀	讠(言) 耂(耂)	读
calf	犢	犭(犭) 犮(犮)	犊
to offend	讀	讠(言) 犮(犮)	渎
to continue	續	纟(纟) 彳(彳)	续

The same component part, as may be seen in the above description of the structure of Chinese characters, may occur in several or 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. They were first chosen because they are most widely used.

In addition to simplification, the unnecessary variants, of which there are a tremendous number



Cover of the first issue (dated April 24, 1937) of Gie Fang ("Liberation"), a weekly magazine published in Yenan. This was one of many publications that made partial use of a phonetic script.

in the Chinese vocabulary, are to be eliminated. These variants have the same sound and same meaning, but are written in different ways. In a modern dictionary containing 13,908 characters, it was found that 3,000 were variants. Even in our telegraphic code-book, which should be made as practical as possible, one-eighth (or 200 characters) are variants. Some common examples are 窗 *chuang*, meaning "window", which has five variants: 窓, 窻, 窰, 聽, 聽 and 櫓 *lu*, meaning "oar", having four: 櫓, 櫓, 櫓, 櫓. All of these versions enjoyed equal rights in

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. Beginning from 1956, the first batch of variants, numbering 1,114, will be banned from all publications and typewriters. 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. Simplified characters 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 were looked down upon, 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 simplification programme was most 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 Reform Committee. They made great contributions to the revised programme. School teachers, typists, printers, army-men, peasants, proof-readers, etc. wrote to the press, voicing their hearty approval. Many were 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, though this takes more time, consideration must be given to the literate as well as the illiterate. A total change would make the language hard to read for the literate. Moreover, many simplified forms must be tried out by people for some time before they can be finalized. Secondly, there are technical difficulties involved. The moulds for casting types are now carved by hand. The pace of

simplification must be coordinated with the time required for preparing new moulds.

While the characters in the first programme are being put to use step by step, the Language Reform Committee is proceeding to the preparation of a second programme. At the same time, the people's inventiveness in devising simplified characters will be greatly sharpened and will undoubtedly provide many new ones for the committee to study or adopt. So the objective to be achieved is to standardize the way of writing of each character, and to have a definite number of characters for current use.

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 of her written 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 illiteracy and push ahead the constructive efforts of the people. But before this can be accomplished, the value of simplified characters should not be underestimated.

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

Language Corner



New Phonetic Symbols

THIS year we are starting a new 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 China 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.

THIS lesson is a simple explanation of the new phonetic system. In order to help you to apply it, we have taken some examples from the lessons given last year which you have already learnt to pronounce.

他有美丽的花。
Ta jou meilid hua.
He has beautiful flowers.

他是英国人。
Ta sh Jingguoren.
He is an Englishman.

他不是印度人。
Ta bu sh Jinduren.
He is not an Indian.

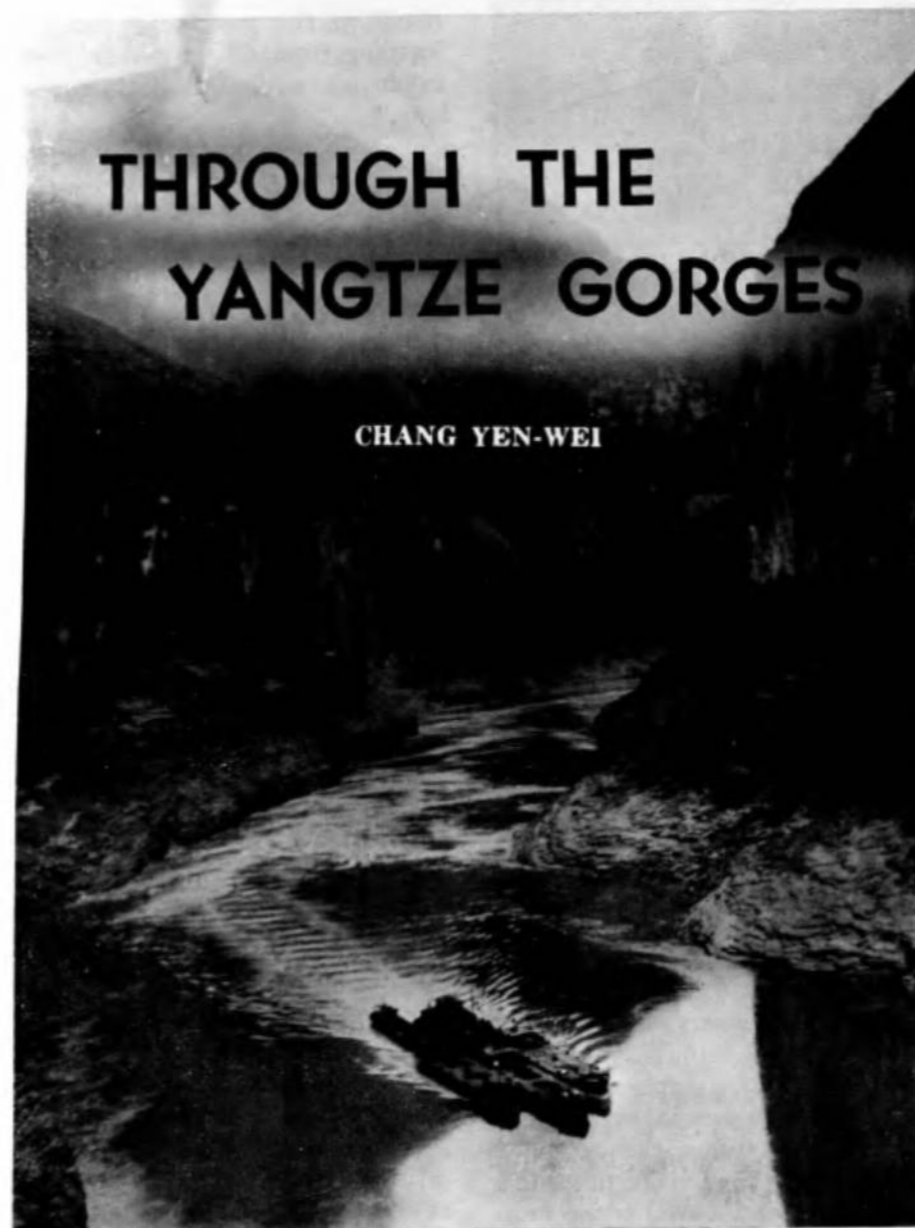
你要吃中国饭吗？
Ni jau chi zhungguo fan ma?
Do you want to eat a Chinese meal?

KEY TO PHONETIC SYMBOLS

(Wade spelling given in brackets beside new phonetic symbols).

New Phonetic Symbols	Keys	New Phonetic Symbols	Keys
a (a)	father	iu (iu)	few (i+ou)
ai (ai)	aisle	j (y)	you
an (an)	can	k (k'; ch')	(1) hard: kill (2) soft (before i or y): cheer
ang (ang)	bang (German)	l (l)	law
au (ao)	now	m (m)	man
b (p)	speak	n (n)	no
c (ts', tz')	that's	ng (ng)	sing
ch (ch')	chew (tip of tongue curved back)	o (o)	saw
d (t)	steam	ou (ou)	know
e (ê)	up (lengthened)	p (p')	peak
ei (ei)	eight	r (j)	between English r (run) and French j (jeune)
en (ên)	omen	s (s,ss,sz)	sound
eng (êng)	sung	sh (sh)	shrub
er (êrh)	err	t (t)	team
f (f)	fan	u (u)	rude
g (k; ch)	(1) hard: skill (2) soft (before i or y): jeer	ua (ua)	waft (u+a)
h (h; hs)	(1) hard: ach (German) (2) soft (before i or y): ship	uai (uai)	wife (u+ai)
i (i; ih; ü)	(1) machine (2) vocalized r in zhi, chi, shi, ri; or a prolonged z-sound in zi, ci, si.	uan (uan)	wander (u+an)
ia (ia)	Asia (i+a)	uang (uang)	wang (u+ang)
ian (ien)	yen (i+an)	ui (uei)	we or way (u+ei)
iang (iang)	young (i+ang)	un (un)	wen
iau (iao)	yowl (i+au)	ung (ung)	ung (German)
ie (ieh)	yes (i+e)	uo (uo)	woman
in (in)	machine	w (w)	way
ing (ing)	sing	y (ü)	ü (German)
		yan (üan)	y+an
		ye (üeh)	y+e
		yn (ün)	y+n
		yng (iung)	i+ung
		z (ts, tz)	adze
		zh (ch)	rich (tip of tongue curved back)

Please keep this key for use with subsequent lessons.



The Chutang Gorge.

THROUGH THE YANGTZE GORGES

CHANG YEN-WEI

A LONG blast on the ship's siren heralded the departure of the S.S. *Huatung*, bidding farewell to the riverside town of Ichang in west Hupeh province. Laden with machinery, iron and steel, she was off up the Yangtze, sailing for Szechuan, known as the "Kingdom of Celestial Abundance".

The early morning air was chilly and there was a slight mist. With several hundred other passengers, I was on my way to Chungking on a job for my paper, the *Peking Workers' Daily*. Below Ichang the river is broad and our passage had been smooth and tranquil; now we were about to enter the famous Yangtze Gorges, where the sheer cliffs close in on either side and the going is full of hazards.

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 chasms, 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 Fengchieh 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 level—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 bore down on it from either side, swirled 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 seemed 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 behind him 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-chien. "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 1954 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 up and down. Some are hung on the cliffside, others are fixed on the river's brink, yet others float in midstream on buoys. Circular white symbols guide the ship along one bank or the other; when you meet a square one of the same colour, it means you must cross to the other bank because of obstacles. In narrow places the signal calls on the ship to sound



Servicing a signal light on the Yangtze in Szechuan province.

its siren; operators on shore put out warning-signs if there is a boat coming in the opposite direction. Dangerous rocks hidden by the water are indicated by big red triangles afloat on buoys or attached to prominent rocks.

The *Huatung* nosed her way obstinately ahead between the high cliffs, the river narrowing in places till it was less than 36 yards wide and it seemed as if she would be crushed. The ship is forty years old and her early history is one of struggle against the big imperialist enterprises that used to control China's inland navigation. Fierce competition made the owner's livelihood unstable—he was often unable to pay the seamen's wages for months at a time. Even when he got a cargo, it was often so small as to be uneconomic.

Bigger Cargoes

The growth of trade between the coast and the interior that followed the liberation not merely brought business but made it urgently necessary to carry more goods than ever before. In 1952 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 barge 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—230 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 served as 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. "We have 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."

The Devil's Gate

We had travelled about 37 miles and were approaching one of the toughest parts of the gorge, the famous Devil's Gate. It is said that in the past when a boat went through here the passengers had to disembark and the cargo was carried along the banks until the dangerous part had been passed. Captain Chu, who has been sailing the river for thirty years, said that within his memory over seventy boats had been lost here, crushed against the big rocky pile known as the Big Pearl Reef that stands in midstream, dividing the river into two channels.

We took the northern channel. As we drew near the reef the First Pilot took over from the Second Pilot, while the Third Pilot took the helm. The Captain himself took control of the speed. Everyone appeared very intent.

The First Pilot raised his thumb in a signal to the man at the wheel, who gripped it as if he were driving a mettlesome horse. The Captain sounded the bell as an order to put on speed. We headed towards the Big Pearl, the ship seeming to shudder as she turned. When she was about thirty yards from the reef and the barges seemed in imminent danger of crashing into it, the Pilot signalled a sharp turn to starboard, then to port, neatly avoiding the scattered rocks. I discovered that I had been holding my breath with anxiety. In another few moments, we were safely past the reef and through the Devil's Gate.

We were just coming to the end of Siling Gorge when one of the crew pointed ahead and said: "There used to be a huge rock hidden in the water just here, but the Ministry of Communications' clearing department blasted it away last March. They are doing under-water blasting all up and down here. They began in the 1954 low-water season and they'll start again at the end of 1955.

Our ship is sending representatives to the clearing department's discussions 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 hydro-electric station on the Yangtze. But what happened? The government bureaucrats just collected money from the public, then dropped a few bombs in the river at random and pocketed 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 mountain. This meant: "There are ships coming downstream and the route is narrow." We slowed down and drew into the near bank to wait. A tugboat coming 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 *People's No. 1*, pushing laden barges carrying grain, tung oil and other native products from Szechuan. Judging from the way they rode in the water, they were carrying an even heavier freight than ours. There was much hand-waving and cheering as they passed.

As the last tug passed downstream 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 siren 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 with another long "Whoo!"—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 skyscrapers, clouds wreathing 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 *Huatung* told me about Captain Mo Chia-jui, 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 and 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.

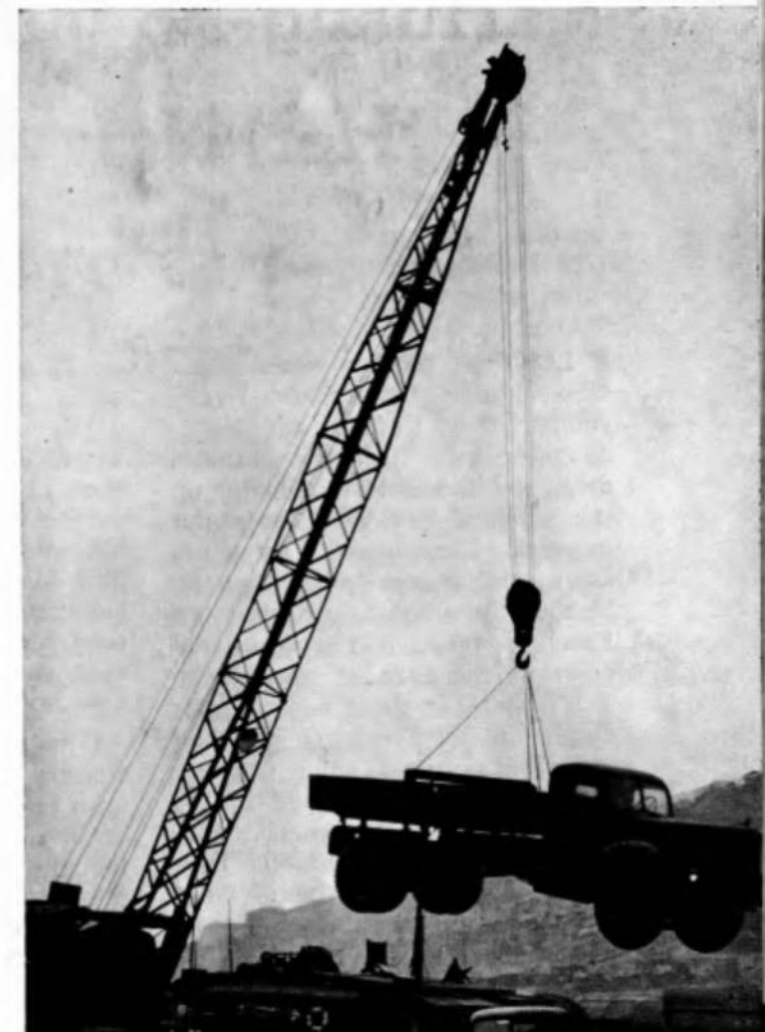
As we came to the foot of the Twelve Peaks of the Wu Mountains, the signals went on—ruby lights on our left, white like glittering pearls on the right. The First Pilot began to talk about the heroism of the men who installed the signal system and man it today. There are 90 signal-posts between Ichang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

"In the Wu Gorge," he said, "there is a huge rock called Lone Dragon. It stands right in the main stream and is very difficult to pass. A signal was desperately needed there for sailing by night, and the signalmen 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 something had gone wrong with the lighting system and they had come to warn us in case we ran aground. That's our signalmen 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 docks made me realize once again what an important artery the Yangtze River is.



Trucks from east China are unloaded in Chungking.



Huang-ho and her parents in West Lake Park, Foochow.

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 out to work. I managed to get a job as a probationer nurse in the Fukien Provincial Hospital at Foochow, but I had to leave the baby in the care of my cousin. 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 Foochow. When I first met him I thought him rather unapproachable, but as 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 the old society, widows who married again were despised, and the children who lived with a remar-

ried mother were sneered at. People called them "dragging oil-bottles"—a term of contempt for the offspring of a 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 child, 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 biscuits, 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 so 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 when I got home from

work I found Huang-ho in the living-room with some of the women from my husband's office, who were showing her a Soviet women's magazine and chatting about which of the dresses in the fashion pages would suit her best. Two new bows of pink ribbon were bobbing at the end of her plaits. I knew without asking that one of these "aunties" had brought them for her.

"How good they are!" I said to my husband when I was telling him about it later.

"What's strange about that?" he replied matter-of-factly. "Everyone loves children."

ONE afternoon there was a sudden rain-storm just at school-leaving time. Seizing an umbrella, I hurried off to the school to fetch Huang-ho so that she should not get wet. But she had gone home already. I found her there, hair and clothes quite dry.

"How did you get back?" 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 he 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 other people's homes 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. (Foochow is a coastal city, and there are occasional raids by U.S.-Kuomin-



"Auntie" Liang, one of Father's colleagues, helps Huang-ho to do her hair.

tang aeroplanes from Taiwan.) I hurried home, for Huang-ho was all by herself. By the time I got there, the "all-clear" had sounded. I found her lying in bed, wide awake.

"You'd better go to sleep," I said. "What are you thinking about?"

She sat up and said: "When the siren went I did what our teacher told us to do. I put out

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 grow 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.

Still she didn't reply, but she laughed softly. Then after a moment she said: "Mummy, why did Auntie say before I came here that you wouldn't love me now you had married again . . . ?"

"Do you think she was right?"

"It's not true, what she said. You do love me, everybody loves me here."

When my husband got home again, I told him what she had said. He was still very cool about it. "She's a big girl," he said. "I told you she'd understand sooner or later."

Impulsively, I said: "You're so good!"

"There's nothing strange about it," he replied in his usual stiff manner. "Everybody loves children. So do I."

Next morning, after saying goodbye to me as she left for school, Huang-ho suddenly turned to my husband and said: "Good-bye, Papa."

My husband's face flushed with pleasure. But I only saw it for a moment, for my own eyes were dimmed with tears.





SPORTS

Workers' National Contest

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—railwaymen, seamen, miners, shop assistants, engineering workers, dockers and others—were selected from among the winners of factory, mine and workshop contests all over China in which a million workers took part.

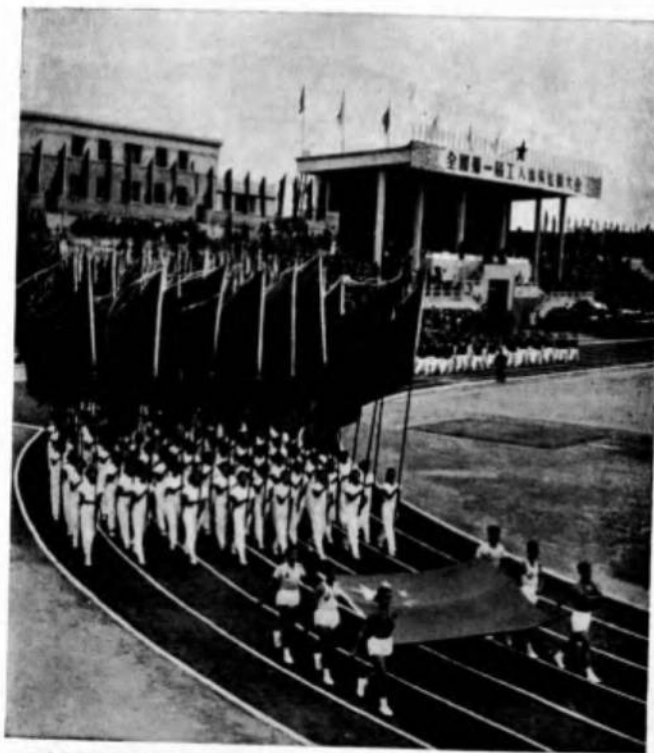
Chairman Mao Tse-tung, Marshal Chu Teh, Premier Chou En-lai and other leading members of the government attended the sports. Among the distinguished guests who were present were N. N. Romanov, chairman of the Physical Culture and Sports Committee of the Council of Ministers of the U.S.S.R., and Manfred 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 national records were broken in track and field, cycling and weightlifting, including the men's shotput record that had stood for nineteen years. This is

all the more remarkable because most of the records were made under the unfavourable conditions of a sudden cold spell with intermittent rain, a sodden ground and a strong wind blowing across the stadium.

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

THERE was a dramatic duel between Fu Seng-hai and the experienced runner Chang Hsi-ling, a truck driver and holder of the 10,000-metre national record. The defending champion, known for his tenacity and devastating finishingspurts, followed Fu like a shadow, waiting for the opportune moment to go all



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

out. This tactic nearly caught Fu unawares in the 5,000-metre race, and only a desperate sprint on the home stretch enabled him to win.

In the 10,000-metre final, Fu varied his tactics in an attempt to shake off Chang Hsi-ling, who was following close on his heels, and it was only in the last lap that Chang began to show signs of exhaustion and fell behind.

Two hurdlers made headline news. Both were involved in disputed heats and were given special

permission to run in the finals after consideration by the board of judges. One was Wang Chung-lun, famous high-speed lathe-operator from Anshan and a deputy to the National People's Congress; the other was a comparatively unknown woman railway worker by the name of Tsui Ai-ling.

DURING the heats of the women's 80-metre hurdles event, a runner in front of Tsui Ai-ling stumbled and fell; Tsui helped her opponent to her feet, and both resumed the race, finishing fifth and sixth. The moment they were past the finishing post Tsui, instead of blaming the other girl for having disqualified her, took her hand and asked if she was hurt. Permitted by the judges to run in the finals, Tsui ran to victory like a whirlwind, with the whole stadium cheering as one man.

Wang Chung-lun dead-heated for third place in the semi-finals of the 200-metre hurdles. Only three were allowed to qualify for the finals; but even 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 records were set in the weightlifting contests. The entrants included the Shanghai confectionery worker Tsai Chang-hua, the national champion in the middle-heavyweight class, and a number of dockers and transport workers known for their muscular prowess.

The soccer, basketball and volleyball championships also showed great advance. The Highway Transport Workers' team, third in the soccer tournament, astonished sports fans by drawing with the much-fancied East China Athletics Institute team in a friendly match. Ma Yueh-han, veteran physical culturist, declared that even the losers in the present tournament could have beaten the strongest soccer team in the old days.



Theatre

THE Chinese theatre-going public had a new and exciting experience when the Japanese Kabuki Company, led by Kunizo Matsuo and Ennosuke Ichikawa, came on a visit last autumn. It was only the second time that any Japanese Kabuki Company has ever played in foreign countries, the first time being in the Soviet Union in 1928.

The Kabuki was a novel experience for Chinese audiences, though not an entirely strange one, for it has a close affinity in style, dramatic convention and presentation with our Peking opera. Mei Lan-fang, China's leading actor, published a number of articles in the press in which he noted the similarities of gesture, voice production, the massing of actors on the stage and other features. He also reminded theatre-goers that the special ramp built from the platform over part of the auditorium for exits and entrances, which 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 and chorus, wearing traditional costume, are seated on the stage forming part of the setting, which is more colourful and elaborate than that for Peking opera.

THE company, which arrived in Peking on September 30, 1955, presented three famous classics. 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 sorrows of a young girl under the oppression of the feudal marriage system. Consisting mainly of a series of national dances, the performance

Japanese Kabuki in China

of the 23-year-old actor Shocho 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 protects his master, a younger brother of the Shogun, during his flight 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 attendant, 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 Matahei in *The Stammering Painter*, the veteran player gave another entirely different 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 in understanding this short, intensely emotional drama, in which the tragic, tongue-tied figure of the painter was portrayed. In the words of Tien Han, the noted Chinese playwright, the character showed "immense dignity and compassion".

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



IN its history of 350 years, Kabuki has always been the people's opera in Japan, and has waged many struggles against the efforts of the official world to suppress it. The President of China's Central Academy of Drama, Ouyang Yu-chien, wrote in an article published in the *People's Daily* that it was a commendable achievement of the Kabuki to have preserved the classical art and developed it into so radiant and polished a part of Japan's national culture. This is all the more remarkable in the present day, when it has remained intact despite 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 performances at moments of great beauty or tension.

Leading actors, playwrights, writers and theatrical producers all attended the performances, and their articles praising the Kabuki filled the press. In return a Peking opera company will visit Japan in April or early May this year.

STAMPS OF NEW CHINA

ON October 1, 1955, China's National Day, the first nine of a set of eighteen coloured stamps were issued to mark the mid-way period of our First Five-Year Plan. The designs illustrate various aspects of our industry, agriculture and national defence.

As 1955 was the crucial year for the Plan, reports on its progress and pledges to fulfil and overfulfil its targets were discussed by workers and farmers all over China, who fully understand its significance and importance for their peaceful, prosperous future.



Stamp 1. Yellow - orange. Legend: "Metallurgy".



Stamp 4. Bluish - violet. Legend: "Petroleum".



Stamp 7. Indigo. Legend: "Textile Industry".



Stamp 2. Lemon & yellow-brown. Legend: "Electric Power".



Stamp 5. Lemon & orange-brown. Legend: "Machine-building".



Stamp 8. Orange - brown. Legend: "Discussing the Plan".



Stamp 3. Olive - yellow. Legend: "Coal Mining".



Stamp 6. Yellow & orange-brown. Legend: "National Defence".



Stamp 9. Yellow. Legend: "Agriculture".

THE stamps, which measure 32 x 39 mm., are bordered on the left and right by a decorative flower design in indigo. At the top is the legend: "Strive for the Fulfilment of the First Five-Year Plan of Construction." At the base, under "Chinese People's Post Office", which completes the border, is the caption for each picture. Each stamp is printed in one and sometimes two colours, over-printed in indigo. They are all of 8 fen value. Perf. 12½.

Our Postbag

Pulling Together

I understand from a friend that one of your pictures, the one of the small boys pulling the turnip, was used on a Post Office Union notice board at Bexhill, Sussex, to illustrate the need for pulling together in trade union matters.

DENNIS H. HOBDEN
Brighton, England

Hunting Porcupines

I was very much fascinated at your method of hunting wild boars and bucks. Here too we apply similar methods, with little modifications, and I like your system of hunting. I also noted about the havoc done by porcupines, etc. The porcupines are very easy to kill in the

Tu Yu-ching's article brought joy to the hearts of many of us that this movement has been able to continue to render effective service to the youth of China.

TRACY STRONG
Geneva, Switzerland

Chinese Lessons in Italy

The beautiful, truly beautiful magazine *China Reconstructs* publishes an interesting column, "Language Corner", where the Chinese language is explained in English. We pay great attention to this "Language Corner" and think of starting lessons using that material.

If you come to Italy you will find not only one friend like the Mario Vigna who is writing you, but dozens and dozens of unknown people who are friendly to you.

MARIO VIGNA
Bologna, Italy

tion. Interestingly enough, there was a rider on the use of this capacity production—"when there is enough industrial and private consumption to justify" it!

Compare with this the much simpler project now being built by the Chinese People's Government. The whole will take only three years, and even before then it will operate partially. The needs and capacities of the people are everywhere and at all times taken into consideration, local materials are used, and the production will serve immediate needs of the people.

RUTH WEISS
Peking, China

Western Misunderstandings

I think you realize that there are misunderstandings in the West. This applies not only to the new China that has burst forth since the liberation, but

ture and ways of we are brought rts and culture of sed to the super- ports in the days we are delighted cently with the

our people we get er indeed. But r of us can meet r see the Peking ed for a medium to interpret your as possible, giving old together with hing of Chinese h the new values ence.

H. W. YOUREN

CHINA RECONSTRUCTS can be obtained at: (cont'd)

U.S.A.
Imported Publications & Products, 4 West 16th Street, New York 11, N.Y.

ASIA

BURMA
Kyaw Linn Booksellers, No. 180, 51st Street, Rangoon
People's Daily, 84th Street, Letseigan, Mandalay

CEYLON
People's Publishing House, 85 Cotta Road, Colombo 8
HONGKONG

Apollo Book Co., 42 Wellington Street
INDIA

Kamalalaya Stores Ltd., Book Section, 156A, Dharmatalla Street, Calcutta-13
National Book Agency, 12 Bankim Chatterjee Street, Calcutta-12

People's Publishing House Bookstall, 421 Sandhurst Road, Bombay-4
People's Publishing House, Khanna Building, Opp. Irwin Hospital, New Delhi

Prabhath Book House, Cannon Shed Road, Ernakulam
The Swadesamitran, Victory House, Mount Road, Madras-2

Wu Cheng's Agency, Eastern Court (Top Floor) P29, Mission Row Extn., Calcutta

INDONESIA
Hwa Siang Press, Ltd., 76 Kesawan-Medan, Sumatra
O. K. Sports Co., 214 Dj. Gadjah Mada, Djakarta
Kota, Djawa

Perseroan Firma "Rada", Djalan Tengku Umar 25, Djakarta

ISRAEL
"Lotos", Ltd., P. O. Box 4550, Tel-Aviv, Reh, Hakovshim 19/11
"Sifriat Poalim" Workers' Book-Guild, 73 Allenby Street, Tel-Aviv

USE THIS FORM TO SUBSCRIBE

Before ordering, see inside back cover for rates and attached list of dealers. Make your cheque or money order payable to the dealer through whom you subscribe.

Please enter my subscription for one year two years renewal beginning with No. 195

My Name

My Address

I would also like to subscribe for the following friends, as my gift to them:

1) Name

Address

one year, two years, beginning with No. 195

1) Name

Address

one year, two years, beginning with No. 195

Enclosed please find money order cheque in the amount of

Two-year used)
12/-
3.50 kyat
720 fr.
HK\$12.50
Rs. 4/8/-
Rp. 36
1,260 prut.
Lire 1,260

supplements in 1956

Japan	Yen 35	Yen 350	Yen 630
South & Central America	\$0.10	\$1.00	\$1.75
Switzerland	Swiss fr.0.40	Swiss fr.4.00	Swiss fr.7.20
U.K. and other sterling countries	8d.	6/6	12/-
U.S.A., Canada	\$0.20	\$2.00	\$3.50

Subscriptions may be placed through our dealers located in many countries. Make your cheque or money order payable to the dealer of your choice. Write us direct if no dealer is listed for your country or if you have remittance problems.

A sample copy will be mailed to your friends on request.

Address letters to: CHINA RECONSTRUCTS, Business Office, 157 Changshu Lu, Shanghai, China.

Our Contributors

HO WEI-CHIN is a 31-year-old former intelligence officer in the Kuomintang Air Force who fled to the mainland in his F-47 fighter plane on May 18, 1955.

★

HSIEH CHIA-YUNG, member of the Division of Biology, Geology & Geography at the Academy of Sciences, is chief engineer of the geological and mineral section at the Ministry for Geology. He was formerly head of the geology department, first at Peking and later at Tsinghua University. He holds a M.Sc. degree from Wisconsin State University, U.S.A., and did research work at Berlin University.

ISRAEL EPSTEIN visited Tibet as correspondent for the *National Guardian*, New York, in the later months of 1955. He was a correspondent in China for the United Press, the *New York Times* and other news agencies and publications during the Anti-Japanese War. He is the author of *The People's War*, London, 1939, and *The Unfinished Revolution in China*, Boston, 1947. After several years in the United States he returned to China in 1951.

★

PU MU-HWA, an assistant research fellow at the North China Institute of Agricultural Research, is engaged in studies of plant pathology and seed selection. He has made several trips to rural areas to initiate practical steps for the solution of agricultural problems.

LIN HAN-DA is Vice-Minister of Education and vice-head of the phonetic language research department of the Committee for the Reform of the Chinese Written Language. He has made an intensive and protracted study of the Chinese language and is the author of *The Chinese Language Phoneticized*, *Phonetic Vocabulary in Kuo Yu* and *A New Standard Language*. He was elected a deputy to the National People's Congress in 1954.

★

CHANG YEN-WEI is a correspondent for the *Peking Workers' Daily*. He is now reporting from Chungking in southwest China.

★

SU EN-TEH is a nurse at the Fukien Provincial Hospital in Foochow.