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SHANGHAI--Shanghai is a bustling city of junks, Russian-made jets, old U. S.-made ships and an industrial mass that is overpowering to an American visitor.

_____ Russian-made jets in solitary flight buzzed overhead as my ship glided up the Whampoo River past two dozen U. S.-made destroyers, landing craft, troop ships and mine sweepers left behind by Chang Ksi-Shek when he departed for Formosa.

These grey or smoke-smudged blue U. S. made vessels were complete with guns, some of which were covered with canvas. The crew of the ships, not in military uniform, wore a hodge-podge of billowing white shirts, baggy blue trousers or shorts.

One foreigner called the ships "aggression boats to keep the people from running away," and laughed that the planes were "only practicing."

My first sight from the porthole was muddy current boiling like a gigantic chocolate pudding as the early morning sunlight accented a solitary junk.

But Shanghai is far past the era of living totally in the junk age.

A maze of industrial plants--much of it left over from the years of foreign control, stretched upstream for 14 miles from the south ~~channel~~ channel of the ~~Yanx~~ Yantze River to the Bund, the wharf-line in front of the old British Concession, which still looked like the skyline of Londong with tall-towered buildings of European design.

As our ship moved upstrea, I kept saying to myself, "This is incredible." The surprise came in the extent of the industrial mass--and not in the mass itself.

During the voyage upstream for 1- $\frac{1}{2}$ hours, on both sides of the river lay large

large oil storage tanks, starved-tjorn smokestacks of an industrial plant, old factories obviously rejuvenated from the days of the "foreign devils", and new buildings— here a low-slung cluster of four-storied apartment houses of red brick/with three tiers of windows, there a new warehouse dated 1950. Two crumbling windowless churches.....

I remember one building that from a distance looked like an arrogant medieval castle. But when closer, it became a long narrow yellow compound with a watchtower containing a loudspeaker from which a stream of commands were issued. At 7:30 a.m. a whistle signaled the beginning of the working day.

Interspersed with the industrial buildings were fairly large areas of trees and grass, presumably swampland unsuitable for holding heavy buildings, where four cows grazed among elongated pyramids of stacked hay.

I was the only passenger on board ship for two days. An official of the "Frontier Police" in an oversized drab green army suit explained my confinement from prepared notes, "Your passport says it is not valid for Communist China. There is only one China. In that we are resolute."

Two events were ~~exhibited~~ taking place in Shanghai while our ship was in port that impressed the visitors allowed to ~~visit~~ go to shore. One was the primarily for students and visitors, circus, which one foreigner explained, "is the greatest in the world, even better than the Russians. This is the first time I'd seen a man turn five somersaults in the air at one ~~time~~ leap."

The second event was an industrial exhibition in the 140-meter building Palace of Culture built by the Russians in 10 months.

One East European Communist said: "The Chinese will be an economic danger to the white race in 10 or 20 years. They're making many different kinds of engines, electrical turbines and even six-cylinder cars that look like a hybrid between a German and U. S. auto."

"If the Chinese ~~and Japanese~~ with their muscles and the Japanese with their technical skill ever get together, they can undersell the whole world."

The~~se~~ products of the exhibition were only for exhibition and for export; and not ~~is~~ for sale to the ordinary Chinese.

"There were chemicals and cosmetics on display," explained one visitor, "but you never see women on the street wearing lipstick. And there was beautiful silk, but 95% of the women look just like a man in trousers. If a woman wore on the street a silk dress, the police would stop her and ask her why she was dressed so nice."

One sailor asked if he could buy some silk.

"Not for sale," he was told.

He asked the price of a car.

"Not for sale."

He asked what he could buy at the exhibition.

"~~Only~~ ice cream and lemonade," he was told.

"So I bought four ice creams and threw them away. No good," he recalled.

But there are few cars on the streets. Mostly there are busses, with a few taxis, cargo rickshaws, bicycle rickshaws and a few "human horse" rickshaws.

The river contained myriads of junks, the home for a whole Chinese family. The wife and husband maneuvered the billowing sails of the gracefully gliding vessel resembling a miniature clipper of the past century, which opened Shanghai to ~~the~~ the West. (check.) Two persons tugged at the rudder, which both propelled and guided the craft—they moved on step forward, one back with a knee bend inbetween for a Chinese cha-cha-cah. Sometimes two women ~~called~~ called "water girls", by the Chinese, did the work; sometimes small children helped.

"All they do is eat and work," said one European Communist, observing the women below on small crafts. "She can row for 12 hours, eat and then row for 12 more."

At night, a small fire in bucket is the stove to cook the dinner; a line of laundry flapping in the sultry breeze.

"They are boats from before Christ, used for 2000 years," said one foreigner looking at a series of junks without hoisted ~~sails~~ sails. Another called them "a ~~em~~ scene from a mystery novel."

On river, many ferry boats carrying passengers between points and a tug pulling 6 motorless barges to form a "water train." Flying crane and locomotive ferry.

Since the "liberation," 13 years ago, there have been changes in Shanghai. ~~It~~ "It used to be East New York, ~~axii~~ sailor's paradise," said one. "Now it is nothing."

It is the only port It is one of ~~the~~ the few ports where money will buy neither a shore pass or prostitute.

One sailor, who has visited Shanghai a number of times since the revolution, explained the change this way.

"In 1950, one year after the revolution, there were plenty of cafes, moneychangers, shops, neckties, money girls and dance halls--all unofficial."

"In late 1950, 5000 money girls were shot. That ended the prostitutes. Now if you ~~it~~ even look too long at a Chinese girl, you get two years in jail."

"In 1951-52-53, the police tightened up, people didn't talk; no shops.

"In 1960-61, its a little better. Police loosened up. More shops.

I asked if people talk now.

"Maybe in 1975," he laughed.

Near the Garden Bend of the old Bund area, the Seaman's Club with bar, movies and shops has taken over the quarters of the old British Naval Officers ~~Club~~ Club. "The Yacht Club used to be a beautiful building;" said one foreigner, "now its smeely-nelly. The Chinese don't keep it very clean."

The 23-story Cathay Hotel has been renamed the Peace Hotel; the old racetrack is now the People's Square, used for demonstrations on national holidays.

The small-two-story homes with ~~gr~~ big gardens in the old French Settlement now houses some Chinese, and the Polish, Russian, Norwegian, Indoesnia consular officers.

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In the commercial center of town along Nanking Road, the Russian-built Palace of Culture, with flassing red star--an additional star ~~2~~ to the Shanghai skyline.

Along the wharfs, the era of the coolie is gone, replaced with old ~~d~~ the coolie, who used to carry on his back cargo from ship to warehouse, is gone, replaced with old dilapidated trucks, tractors, trailers, carts and lifts.

Shanghai, with its 7 million population, 10 million including th suburbs, is a city of shortages, but not of starvation as in some parts of China. lack of electricity. At night, the Bund area of Shanghai is dark, except for the red flasing star of the Palace of Culture. The only lights are from the bobbing ships stretching for miles down the wharfline like a gala Boardwalk. Tractors discharging cargo have high roofs, like old fashioned Model-T, all with billowing pillows filled with gas made of wood to substitute for the Chinese shortage of gasoline.

One visitor to Shanghai in the late 1930's recalled, "People were dying on the ^{not} street from starvation. You don't see that now. They are given enough food to live, but too much to die."

~~Thoma~~

Among European communists, talked considerably about the seriousness of the drouth in North China.

"You must know that North China is in a very bad way. There's been a drouth there for $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. It's like a desert. The Trees and wells have dried up. People are dying like flies."

But as one Chinese warned, "You will find other countries with a better standard of living, but you won't find a more shigh high-spirited working people. Foreign imperialists have triid to isolate China in an economic blockade. They have captured Taiwan. But our people are working hard to make our country strong; we will rise against them. Time will tell the facts."

The Chinese watch carefully the sailors from other Communist nations. The Russians have as much trouble as other nationalities about discharging cargo etc. One Russian ship near the one I was on wanted to exchange movies. With the Poles. The Chinese would allow it only with compliated permission of habor police.

One Polish sailor was taking pictures of ~~xxxxx~~ poor living conditions of the Chinese. When he returned to ship, the police wanted to know why he wanted the photographs.

And they still laugh about the time several years ago a Polish sailor lost his watch. A c ^he Chinese policeman x following him returned it to the peopler proper ship before the sailor came back.