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TAIWAN

The Watchful Dragon

Article and photographs by HELEN and FRANK SCHREIDER

National Geographic Foreign Staff

THE INCREDIBLE THING is that it exists. It lies in the Pacific, a brave speck in the shadow of a colossus, only 100 miles from its implacable enemy—the world's most populous country, 700 million strong. For nearly 20 years the Communists on mainland China and the Nationalists on Taiwan have waged their quiet war.

Taiwan must be as tightly run as a battleship, I thought as we flew into Taipei. In a continual state of war, the island must be an austere place to live.

Austere? Hardly, though to judge by the machine-gun-like explosions reverberating through Taipei's streets, the quiet war had erupted into a shooting one.

"Firecrackers," laughed Chang, our driver. "Big holiday. Birthday of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, father of China. Big dragon dance at City Hall."

Chang raced the hired car away from the palatial Grand Hotel and penetrated the bedlam of traffic along Chungshan North Road. Exhaust fumes clouded the air. Cars, buses, and taxis clogged the four-lane boulevard. Taipei was suffering the pangs of progress.

"Few years ago only rice fields here," Chang said, waving toward the new high-rise hotels and office buildings. "Now too much cars. Too much motorcycles. Terrible, sir."

A taxi tried a left turn from the right lane. Chang cut him off with a glare. A motorcycle, all but hidden under its passengers, darted from a cross street, father, mother, two babies, dog in box on fender, all blissfully oblivious to the outraged horns.

A broom vendor halted his bristling pushcart and haggled in the middle of the street with a customer. Chang swerved and sped across the new overpass into the old Japanese-built section of town.

Pedicabs scurried like spiders through shop-lined alleys (they have been banned since last June as traffic hazards). Wares overflowed onto the sidewalks—refrigerators, rice cookers, television sets, textiles, a bewildering array of plastic toys and utensils, all Taiwan-made. Restaurants advertised the typical food of every province of mainland China. Medicine shops prescribed dried sea horses for virility and snake glands for the eyes.

Talented Dragon Steals the Show

We arrived in City Hall square with the dragon. Drums, cymbals, and a shattering blast of firecrackers announced him, a 100-foot-long, 30-manpower dragon of red-and-gold silk and papier-mâché. He postured coyly and slyly, fearsomely playful, turning his



ERTACHROMES, HELEN AND FRANK SCHREIDER; KODACHROME (FOLLOWING PAGES), TOM DAVENPORT © N.G.S.

awesome head, prancing toward each new flash of firecrackers, and frequently breathing fire (above). There were tributes to Dr. Sun, and flowers for his statue in the square. At last the gala day ended, the crowds scattered, and the magnificent dragon went into storage until the next celebration.

Symbol of power and good, old as China, the dragon is as much a part of Taiwan life as firecrackers, food, and frivolity; as much a part of the Taiwan scene as buffalo-drawn plows and the skeletons of hastily rising apartments. He roosts on temples and adorns jetliners. And in folklore the dragon is credited with the creation of Taiwan.

Long ago, says the legend, when mists still wreathed the earth and serpents swam the seas, dragons played off the coast of China. They played hard, as dragons do, so hard that their tails stirred the ocean bottom and an island rose. Here the dragons rested and slept, and here they reside still.

Old natives of Taiwan tell this tale and are convinced that it is true, for, in the northernmost part of the island, dragons' breath still colors the air with sulphur fumes, and from fissures and caves comes the rumble of their snores.

But I doubt that even an exhausted dragon could sleep through the frenzy of Taiwan's economic boom, maintained,

Fiery breath spews from the mouth of China's folklore favorite, the dragon, during a parade in Taipei, Taiwan. A dragon teaser deftly lights and tosses a combustible powder in front of the mouth to simulate flaming snorts. Chinese symbol of goodness and strength, the creature dances through the city on the legs of 30 men. The noisy celebration on November 12 honors the birthday of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, first President of the Republic of China.

Mythological lion joins the parade on Dr. Sun's birthday. A lion dancer, clad in leopard skin, holds aloft the head of the curly-maned creature that stands for valor and energy.

Mammoth outpouring of humanity (pages 4-5) hails the anniversary of Dr. Sun's successful revolution that swept the 268-year-old Manchu dynasty from power on October 10, 1911. Both Dr. Sun's portrait and that of his wife's brother-in-law, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, lower right, fill the street. Streaming banner at top wishes "10,000 years to the Republic of China," a theme repeated by other placards. Yellow octagonal signs exhort the people to persist in the struggle against the Communists, and numbered flags identify marching units.

After Dr. Sun's death in 1925, Chiang assumed control of the Republican forces. Defeated in 1949 by the Communists, the Generalissimo and his followers retreated across Formosa Strait to Taiwan. Since then they have built an ever-stronger military and economic bastion on the island while continuing to hope for eventual return to the mainland.







says the Bank of America in a special report, at one of the highest rates in the world.

With six years of compulsory education, Taiwan's literacy rate exceeds 90 percent. With more than 40 percent of the people under 15, one out of four persons is in school. The young population has helped create what the Bank of America calls "Taiwan's most important and least expensive resource . . . its supply of diligent and intelligent working people."

Japanese, American, Overseas Chinese, and European firms are investing in Taiwan at a record rate. The value of industrial exports now exceeds that of agricultural exports. The increased production of electronics components, plastics, paper, cement, handicrafts, textiles, and canned goods spurred a 13 percent

rise in the gross national product for 1967.

While much of the continent wallowed in war and revolution, hunger and discontent, how did tiny Taiwan achieve a standard of living surpassed in Asia only by Japan and Hong Kong, an economy so stable that the United States has ended all but military aid?

Korean War Brings Reprieve

Historically and racially Chinese, Taiwan had been a part of China for more than 200 years when Japan occupied it after the first Sino-Japanese War in 1895. Liberated by Japan's defeat in World War II, the island became part of the Nationalist China of Chiang Kai-shek. But his newly appointed governor abused his position and brutally suppressed an uprising by the people. Great numbers of Taiwanese died in the disorders. Many more were executed.

Another governor was appointed. In 1949, Chiang lost the mainland to the Communists and moved his regime to Taipei. With him came more than half a million officers and enlisted men and a million civilians—teachers, students, businessmen, industrialists, and artists.

Humiliated by Communist victories in the homeland, fearing an invasion of Taiwan itself, and smarting under the concerted attack of world opinion, the Nationalists were very close to extinction. But Communist China's intervention in the Korean War helped save them.

Aware that a take-over of Taiwan by the Communists

Few drop-outs here. Exercising Taiwan schoolgirls belong to an education-hungry generation that keeps 97 percent of its members in school, many in shifts. Schools, mostly coeducational, require uniforms. Nine out of ten islanders can read and write. But a brain drain hurts: One fifth of last year's 11,000 college graduates left for the United States, many to remain for high-paying jobs.

KODACHROME BY TOM DAVENPORT © H.G.S.



would pose a grave threat to Allied efforts in Korea, the United States assumed defense of the island. With increased economic aid from the U.S.—almost \$1,500,000,000 over 15 years—President Chiang Kai-shek set out to build a new China on Taiwan.

The Nationalists still claim to be the legal government of all China. In their lawmaking body, called the Legislative Yuan, elderly representatives deliberate, but cannot act, on the responsibilities delegated to them when they were elected in provinces of mainland China 20 years ago. Only on Taiwan do the people remain free to elect new provincial representatives. Today, of the 115 countries that maintain diplomatic ties with either of the two Chinas, 67 recognize the Nationalists, 48 the Communists.

Helen and I found Taiwan, like so many developing nations, torn between the two worlds of transition and tradition. But unlike those that abandon the old to embrace the new, Taiwan embraces both.*

Veteran journalist James Wei, who directs the government's information services, explained Taiwan's plans for her future by introducing us to her past. We were on a first-name basis soon after meeting him at Taipei's new National Palace Museum, repository of the largest collection of Chinese art in the world.

"Only here," he told us, moving his hand to encompass the treasures around us, "do we preserve China's heritage. On the mainland the Communists with their

Plastic portholes distinguish the product at the Fair Umbrella factory, one of 123 manufacturing plants in Kaohsiung's Export Processing Zone. Within a prescribed area, foreign and Chinese companies enjoy tax exemptions and Taiwan's cheap labor. Imported raw materials enter duty free; finished products go to export markets. Workshop signs stress the zone's spirit: "Quality fills our rice bowls."

Cultural Revolution and their Red Guards are destroying the past.

"But we believe that no country can survive without respect for the arts. Men died to save these treasures. They were moved across China for decades, buried in caves, carried on sampans, hidden from the Japanese and then the Communists. More than 240,000 pieces finally reached Taiwan.

"They must be preserved at all costs—not only because they stand for 4,000 years of China's evolution, but also because we can learn from them for the future."

*See, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC: "Changing Formosa, Green Island of Refuge," by Frederick Simpich, Jr., March 1957; and "Formosa—Hot Spot of the East," by Frederick G. Vosburgh, February 1950.

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Jimmy made way for us through the throngs of Chinese school children taking notes on the many jades and bronzes, porcelains and paintings. He led us to a 3,700-year-old Shang dynasty bronze vessel.

"Ask yourself, how would you design a bronze pot? It is to be used for cooking, so first you shape it. But it will be too hot to hold. So you add handles. Perhaps you want it to cool quickly. So you add knobs to conduct the heat away. But how many centuries passed before we learned these refinements? We learn by trial and error, but sometimes the trials are difficult."

On another bronze, Jimmy pointed out two horns protruding from the edge. "This is a wine cup. When we drain the cup, the horns touch our brows. We want to drink more, but the horns suggest we do not."

Legend Promises Reward to Those Who Strive

In one of the jade rooms Jimmy contemplated a magnificent carving of a carp turning into a dragon. The veining of the white-and-dark-gray jade accented each scale, fin, and claw (page 18).

"In Chinese legend there is a river whose water flows over a high cliff. Many carp swim in the river, and at the top of the cliff is the Dragon's Gate. One carp managed to swim to the top and pass through the gate. As a reward the gods turned him into a dragon.

"Yes, the past speaks to us of many things—trial and error, moderation, perseverance. On the mainland we made many mistakes. But we learned that the past alone was not enough. Now the Communists have found that the new ways alone won't work either.

"The only way to beat an idea or a system is with a better one. Here on Taiwan we must preserve our culture, but we must make it better by adding something new."

The first "something new" that the Nationalists added was land

Stripped of murk, Taipei sprawls under a rare rain-free sky. With more than 1,500,000 residents, a five-fold increase in 23 years, Taiwan's capital suffers from urban blight. But the face-lifting addition of modern buildings and subtraction of slums constantly changes the look of the century-old city. Shortly after its founding, walls of stone and rice mortar rose to enclose a town of half a square mile. Now only four gatehouses remain from the walls, torn down when Japan's 50-year rule began in 1895. The Japanese built the Grecian-style Historical Museum, center; the present government erected the park's pagodas. Through the distant mist above the Tanshui River looms a mountain called Kuanyin—Goddess of Mercy.

Motorbike generation: A proud father and his children ride on one of Taiwan's 300,000 motorbikes. Some 24,000 cars and taxis also crowd roads, in contrast to fewer than 4,000 when Chiang and his government arrived.



reform. The provincial government, with the assistance of the Chinese-American Joint Commission on Rural Reconstruction, administered the program. Dr. T. H. Shen, Chairman of JCRR, described it to us with enthusiasm:

"When Taiwan was freed from Japan in 1945 and returned to China, 80 percent of the people were farmers. Most of the land was owned by big landlords. The farmers were just tenants. Today, more than 90 percent of the farms on Taiwan are operated by their owners.

"The results speak for themselves. Since 1945 Taiwan's population has doubled—to more than 13 million people. Yet we're self-sufficient in food and have plenty left to export. Production of rice, sugar cane, sweet potatoes, and other crops has doubled, tripled, and in some cases quadrupled.

"JCRR helped farmers set up cooperatives and develop better seeds and irrigation methods and more efficient land use. We encouraged fishing, livestock raising, and health programs. Today, according to the World Health Organization, Taiwan is one of the healthiest, best-fed countries in Asia.

"Now we're sharing what we've learned with other nations in Asia, Latin America, and Africa by sending teams there and inviting their people here.

"With many countries we share a basic problem—limited land. Only about 25 percent of Taiwan is arable. But we learned that asparagus does well in the marginal land along rivers and seashore. And mushrooms can grow in layers, on trays in darkened sheds, in effect multiplying the land area. We're among the world's largest exporters of these two foods."

"But what's happened to the landlords whose property was taken for land reform?" I asked.

Dr. Shen smiled. "Why not talk to a few and find out?"

Ex-landlord Makes Cement

Mr. Chen-fu Koo, a Taiwan-born former landlord, greeted us in his plush, paneled office in Taipei (page 27). In his blue-silk mandarin robe he looked very much the country squire, Chinese style, but the modern desk with its futuristic telephones and the production chart on the wall were all business—as befitted the president of Taiwan Cement Corporation, one of the country's largest industries. I asked how he felt about land reform.

"I used to have 14,820 acres of good land and thousands of tenants. Now I have seven acres and no tenants. And I'm much better off. The government paid for the land. They did not confiscate it as in Communist China.

"But they did not pay in money—there wasn't much money then. I was paid in stock in Japanese-owned industries that had become government property when Taiwan was returned to China. One of those industries was cement.

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Raised helmet unveils the grin of a welder at the Taiwan Shipbuilding Corporation in Chilung, the island's biggest shipyard. The yard launched three freighters, totaling 56,000 tons, last year and plans to lay the keel for a 90,000-ton supertanker this March. With Taiwan's continuing boom, the United States in 1965 ended its economic aid—altogether about \$1,500,000,000.





Portraits of patience, 81-year-old Chiang Kai-shek and his wife still long for home after nearly 20 years in exile. They watch a birthday salute to her brother-in-law, Sun Yat-sen (pages 2-3).



War of words. Balloons containing propaganda leaflets ride one-way winds from the island of Quemoy to the mainland. Nationalists also wage loudspeaker duels with the Communists.



Eyeing the enemy, Nationalist troops on Quemoy stay on alert. They live under periodic shelling from Communist guns, some of them on another island only 2,500 yards away.



Taiwan

ILHA FORMOSA, or "beautiful island," Portuguese discoverers called Taiwan in 1517. Like a floating leaf, it lies 100 miles off the Communist mainland. With the Pescadores and offshore islands such as Matsu and Quemoy, Taiwan today serves as stronghold refuge for Chiang Kai-shek and the Republic of China Government. From the southern tip to the harbor of Chilung, 240 miles of rugged mountains wall off the dramatic cliffs of the east coast from the fertile plain of the west. Chiang's regime has brought prosperity and skyrocketing population—from a density of



DRAWN BY ISKANDAR BADAY
 COMPILED BY ANN RUHNKA
 GEOGRAPHIC ART DIVISION
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Elevations in feet

- Ho lake, river, stream
- Hsu island(s)
- Liehtao archipelago, islands
- Shan mountain(s), range
- Shanmo mountain range
- Tan lake
- Tao island(s)

Formosa Strait

439 people per square mile in 1949 to 1963 today, one of the world's highest.



REPUBLIC OF CHINA FLAG

GOVERNMENT: Republic. **AREA:** 13,885 sq. mi. **POPULATION:** 13,383,000. **LANGUAGE:** Mandarin, regional Chinese dialects. Japanese understood as result of

occupation by Japan, 1895-1945. **RELIGION:** Buddhism, Taoism, Christianity. **ECONOMY:** Tea, sugar, bananas, rice, mushrooms exported. Natural resources include coal and marble. **Industries:** textiles, fertilizers, cement. **MAJOR CITIES:** Taipei (pop. 1,569,683), capital; Kaohsiung, industry, port; Chilung, port. **CLIMATE:** Rainy summers, mild winters.



Swirling contours of terraced paddies wrinkle the face of Taiwan north of Taipei. Rice growers use almost every inch of arable earth—only a fourth of the island—to feed an exploding population.



KODACHROME BY HELEN AND FRANK SCHREIDER © N.G.S.

Thanks to land reform, more than 90 percent of the farmers now own their fields. Although 869,000 families still live on farms, manufacturing has passed agriculture as Taiwan's biggest enterprise.

(Continued from page 10)

Others were mining, lumber, and paper.

"In effect the exchange turned landlords into industrialists and tenants into landowners. With both land and industry in private hands, the economy prospered."

Mr. Y. T. Pan is one of those new landowners. We found him feeding his ducks beside a pond stocked with fish. Lacy bamboo and papaya trees and thriving banana plants dotted the hill behind his 12 acres of prime rice terraces.

With quiet pride Mr. Pan led us across a concrete threshing floor, past a motorcycle and several bicycles, into the sitting room of

his sprawling brick house. Dominating one wall was the family altar, like a massive sideboard of carved wood surmounted by paintings and images of the gods that the Taoist Chinese revere.

As we sat on a sofa between a television set and a hi-fi, Mr. Pan told us how land reform had affected him.

"My family has farmed here for generations. We used to live in a mud house. We paid half our crop to the landlord. If we had a bad year, we had to pay anyway.

"Then the government bought the land and sold it to us. We paid in rice, and in ten years the land was ours—for less than we



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Plucked eyebrows, shaved hide, and red tax stamps glamorize the huge carcass of a hog for a *pai-pai*, or temple festival. This Taoist ceremony celebrates the refurbishing of a temple at Chungli (background in picture at right).

Handsome hogs earn much "face," or prestige, for families offering them in the *pai-pai* celebration at Chungli. Some weighing more than half a ton, the porkers arrive spread over bamboo frames to make them look even larger. Following prayers, the families carry them home for the main course of an elaborate feast.

The people of Taiwan practice a mixture of religions. Temples often serve both Taoists and Buddhists—in fact, most worshipers blend the teachings of Buddha with the mysticism and rituals of Taoism, liberally sprinkled with the philosophy of Confucius. Chinese ancestor worship pervades all faiths. While city dwellers may worship at temples that also double as community gathering places, rural residents offer their prayers at home shrines.



had been paying in rent. For the first time we could save money. We tore down the old house and built this one.

"The Gods Have Been Good"

"But most important, I can educate my sons. I didn't go to school, and I was too poor to spare my number-one son from work in the fields. But numbers two and three finished primary school and number four went to high school. Number five finished college and number six is still studying—that's his guitar—he likes your music. Me? I like Taiwanese opera."

Mr. Pan glanced toward the altar. "The

gods have been good. Each year I offer a pig at the *pai-pai*."

We saw a big *pai-pai* (temple festival) in Taiwan at the city of Chungli (below). Lanterns on a bamboo tower swayed high above the town to guide the spirits—and, it seemed, everyone else on Taiwan—to the temple. In the surrounding rice fields itinerant opera troupes and puppeteers performed the ancient plays of Chinese mythology, the high-pitched voices and whining music combining in a strident symphony.

In the main street huge pigs lay split, disemboweled, and spread over bamboo frames in front of shops and homes. Some pigs were





Fragile treasure, a 10-inch, 450-year-old bowl of the Ming dynasty depicts a dragon with the five toes of an imperial beast. Some 240,000 porcelains, paintings, jades, bronzes, tapestries, ivories, lacquers, and enamels at Taipei's National Palace Museum form the greatest known collection of Chinese art. Taken from two mainland museums, the collection began an odyssey of escape 30 years ago. Chiang's troops saved it first from the Japanese and later from the Communists.

Reward of the gods: In this 6-inch white jade carving, a carp turns into a good-luck dragon after leaping over a "Dragon's Gate" across a cliff-top waterfall, folklore relates. Scales and pectoral fins of the carp—standing on its tail—can still be seen; dragon's snout and mouth have already appeared.



having their eyebrows plucked, others their hoofs pedicured and their skins shaved. Tables were laden with cooked chickens and ducks, fruit and rice cakes, all offerings to the gods. Over the temple a neon sign proclaimed the occasion: After 40 years the structure had been refurbished.

We followed the shrill sounds of flutes and gongs into the temple. Paper, clay, and wooden figures—little men in mandarin robes, seated Buddhas, tigers, elephants, horses, birds—cluttered tables and benches.

"Looks like a toy shop at Christmas," Helen murmured.

"Confusing, isn't it," a voice behind us commented. Stephan Feuchtwang, an English anthropologist studying Chinese religion, identified the major deities: the goddess of the sea, goddess of mercy, and god of heaven.

"There seems to be a bit of something for everyone here," said Helen. "The Chinese appear rather relaxed about their religion."

In one corner a group of men were playing cards and drinking tea, while red-robed priests sang and danced in ritual worship before a candle-lit altar.

A Little Knowledge Can Cause Heartburn

From an adjoining room the clatter of dishes announced lunch. Everything stopped. One of the priests invited us to join them. We were delighted. Chang was alarmed.

"Pai-pai food terrible, sir," he whispered. "I no hungry."

We were, and we helped ourselves to a variety of soupy stews, ladling them over boiled rice. Afterwards Helen, an avid menu collector, asked Stephan what we had eaten.

"You may be sorry you asked," he grinned. "That one with the yellowish lumps, that's pig's bowel and ginger. And that milky one with the brown squares, well . . . that's coagulated chicken blood with turnips. And that . . ."

Happily, Chang's announcement that the pigs were coming interrupted a further tabulation of our lunch.

The crowd in Chungli's main street had parted for the procession. The pallid pigs, some with pineapples in their mouths, others with fish dangling from their jaws, were

In tribute to Buddha, two worshipers light incense, or joss sticks, during the February lantern festival in Taipei's big Lungshan Temple. Believers build elaborate lanterns like those hanging above to supplement the fading first moon of the year, in hope of seeing their ancestors' spirits.



Feast fit for an emperor draws diners to the Grand Hotel in Taipei. Friends raise glasses of warm rice wine in a toast before lifting chopsticks to honored delicacies that include many-colored soup flavored with lotus seeds and served in a melon shell, simmered shark fins, dragon-shrimp lobster, Chenchiang-style spiced pork, unicorn sea perch, and golden-coin chicken pagodas with lotus-leaf bread. Taipei restaurants serve specialties from every area of mainland China, home of the world's oldest tradition of fine cookery. White hexagons result from four strobe lights reflected in the lens of the Fisheye camera.

Simple fare suits a child who enjoys steaming noodles for lunch in her Quemoy kindergarten on a brisk December day.



EXTACHROMES (©) NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

borne on pedicabs, wagons, and wheelbarrows (page 17). Colored lights flashed like Christmas-tree ornaments on the vehicles, and raucous musicians led the way.

"Very big pigs," Chang exclaimed. "Look at that one. He weighs 800 cattles [more than 1,000 pounds]. He'll earn much face for the family. Make big feast too. After gods see, people take food home to eat."

Fortunately, Taiwan's gastronomic adventures are not limited to pai-pai food. With restaurants serving food characteristic of every province of China, Taipei lays claim to being the Chinese culinary capital of the world.

Eating establishments range from sidewalk stand-ups strung with sausages and steaming with noodles to businessmen's bustling dumpling houses where the waiters loudly call out the tip, and to elegant hotel dining rooms where chopsticks rest on silver dragons and flowers grace the table.

What does it matter that most restaurants are crowded and noisy, that the waiters rattle the dishes, or that the happy group at the next table plays the Chinese finger-matching game, the loser downing his warm rice wine with a boisterous "*Kan-pei*—dry cup," the Chinese equivalent of bottoms up!

It is the food that counts, and there is nothing a Chinese enjoys more than eating—unless it is talking about





eating. With a seemingly inexhaustible variety—we counted almost 400 dishes on the menu of one restaurant alone—the Chinese never run out of subject matter. Nor do they run out of hospitality. As our circle of friends expanded, so did our waistlines.

Successively we were introduced to the crab with ginger of Shanghai, the roast duck and steamed bread of Peking, the spicy minced squab of Hunan, the sea foods of Foochow, and the peppery pork of Szechwan.

We learned to chopstick *chiao-tze* (a meat-filled ravioli) without puncturing its thin white skin and dribbling juice down our chins. We learned the grace of raising bowl to lips and scooping in the rice. We learned to be delicate when depositing chicken bones on the table.

As our skill increased, our cleaning bills declined. But we never learned to be blasé. Each invitation revealed a new and special treat—and sometimes a treatment.

For Cold Days, Soup With a Wiggle in It

It was a chill, wet day in Taipei. The waiter served a bowl of vaporous soup and a platter of white chrysanthemum petals. Our hostess added the petals, stirred, and served, commenting on the ingredients:

“Breast of chicken, sliced very thin, wild mushrooms from the mountains, wild herbs, ginger juice, fried rice crisp.”

“Delicious,” Helen acclaimed.

And so it was—even when our hostess concluded with what I thought was a touch of humor, “I knew you’d like it. It’s the snake



Ready-made harvest of her-ringlike fish washes ashore in the aftermath of a typhoon. Quick with chopsticks, a fisherman of Yehliu village collects his dinner. Late summer typhoons have taken 1,700 lives in the past decade.

In the grim wake of a typhoon, Yehliu fishermen return to bail out their boats, battered but safe behind the breakwater. With harpooners poised on rakish prows, the motor-driven craft set out daily in quest of the Pacific sailfish, a relative of the swordfish and marlin.



EKTACHROMES BY HELEN AND FRANK SCHREIDER © N.G.S.





meat that gives it that special flavor. And it's very healthful on these cold days."

Though bountifully blessed with food, Taiwan has few natural resources for industry. It must import most of its raw materials. Chilung, northern Taiwan's major port, is rapidly expanding its facilities. We drove there with Thomas Hsueh, a young Chinese-American engineer whose Taiwan Argonaut Corporation is building boats for export.

Sleek Sloops Prove Growth of Skills

"If I didn't think the investment climate was good, I wouldn't be here," he said as we rolled along the new MacArthur Highway linking Taipei and Chilung (map, page 13).

"Taiwan is moving from the bicycle stage to motorcycles, and that's a good sign. But when a country begins to have more cars than motorcycles, labor costs are usually getting too high for industries that need little skilled labor and a minimum of capital equipment, and they sometimes feel forced to move on to a cheaper labor area.

"We won't be moving on. Our business requires years of costly training to develop a variety of skills. We simply cannot afford to move on when labor gets a little higher."

We saw those skills exemplified in sleek fiberglass sloops and other craft in various stages of completion.

"Our quality control is the same as in the U. S.," Tom said. "And all our materials come from the States too. Yet we can produce below Stateside costs. We can compete despite high transportation costs because our labor cost is low. How long can we do it? With the quality of labor we have, we can compete indefinitely despite the fact that labor costs will increase. We are also using the latest production techniques to stay

Fainthearted beware! This section of Taiwan's East Coast Highway gashes cliffsides for 75 spectacular miles, threading tunnels carved 300 feet above the sea. Alternating one-way traffic reduces accidents. Slides often close the Japanese-built highway, only road between Suao and Hualien. An equally breath-taking route through Taroko Gorge, chiseled in the flank of a marble mountain, links east and west coasts (map, page 13).

Headed for supper, a fisherman wades ashore from his seagoing bamboo raft with three scabbard fish.

ahead of our competition. Taiwan is like Japan 15 years ago, and Japan today is certainly still doing well despite tremendous increases in labor costs."

Chilung's fledgling shipbuilding industry is gearing for competition too.

"We're building 90,000-ton ships now, and we're planning even bigger ones," Mr. Christopher H. P. Yen of Taiwan Shipbuilding Corporation told us. "When Taiwan's new steel mill is completed, we hope to compete with Japan."

Optimistic though this may be, Chilung has its sights set high. The big news was containerization, the advanced concept in shipping that is reducing cargo-handling costs and loading times in major ports of the world.

Tom explained how it works: Massive 200,000-ton ships—specially built to handle cargo in sealed standard-size containers—would leave European and American ports bound for Asia. But instead of stopping at



EKTACHROME (ABOVE) AND KODACHROME © N.G.S.

each Asian port along the way, they would head for Taiwan and transfer their cargo to smaller ships.

"By using small ships for the shorter runs, the huge container ships with their high overhead costs would lose less time in port. With the cargo in sealed containers, pilferage and breakage would be minimized. Insurance costs would go down.

"And Taiwan is geographically ideal to serve as a feeder station. We're only 380 miles from Hong Kong, 550 miles from Manila, 725 miles from Nagasaki" (inset map, page 12).

Typhoon Gilda Brings Tragedy

Taiwan's location has its drawbacks too; for three months of the year typhoons pose a continuing threat. Chang's usual good humor was noticeably lacking when we discussed a drive along the East Coast Highway.

"Maybe so you find other driver?" he suggested hopefully.

"But this is November," Helen assured him. "The typhoon season is over."

Season or no, Typhoon Gilda caught us at Yehliu, a small fishing port near Chilung. Sweeping out of the east, rain charged in horizontal sheets. Lightning slashed the sky. Like sheep in a storm, boats huddled forlornly in the narrow harbor. Gray spindrift fogged the air, tugging at slickered fishermen as they fought to secure their craft (pages 22-3). We raced back to Taipei in a raging thunderstorm that flooded east coast towns, leaving two dead, hundreds of homes destroyed, and crop damage totaling millions of dollars.

The debris of Gilda's wrath still littered the graveled East Coast Highway when it was reopened to traffic. Workers—men and women—scooped fallen rock from the narrow track scratched along cliffs rising in places to a thousand feet (page 24).

Formerly the most dangerous road on the island—Taipei's streets today claim that dubious distinction—the East Coast Highway is now one way. Moving alternately north and south in timed convoys, traffic detours the old sheer-drop bends and runs instead through new hand-cut tunnels. Forbidden to stop along the road, we caught only glimpses of the soaring mountains to our right and the pounding, rock-studded sea below. We were as relieved as Chang when the road dipped down to Hualien, east Taiwan's largest town and only deepwater port.

Hualien is near the eastern end of the East-West Cross-Island Highway (map, page 13). Intended to open inaccessible timber and





KODACHROME (ABOVE) AND EKTACHROMES © N.G.S.

WIGMAKER COMBS A HAIRPIECE
in the Export Processing Zone at Kaohsiung. Human hair, much of it imported duty-free from other Asian lands, is made into wigs for sale abroad.

LANDHOLDER TURNED TYCOON:
Land reform took the property of Chen-fu Koo (left). In exchange he received a confiscated Japanese concrete firm, now Taiwan's leading private enterprise. Twin one-piece telephones link him to far-flung markets.

MOVING FROM FARM TO FACTORY,
young women in new jobs (opposite, above) bond electronic microcircuits in the Philco-Ford factory at Kaohsiung.

MAN-SIZE INSULATOR for a transformer (opposite, below)
gets a bolt-tightening at the Tatung Electric plant in Taipei. The firm shares profits with employees.

farm lands of central Taiwan, the road passes through dramatic Taroko Gorge, a river-cut canyon in a mountain of marble.

James Yu, manager of Hualien's largest marble works, showed us through his plant. Chips were flying from lathes turning out lamp bases, vases, and ashtrays for the growing number of tourists. More important economically, multibladed saws rasped through truck-size chunks to produce slabs of green, rust, black, or white marble for buildings and monuments.

"Marble is one of Taiwan's few exportable

raw materials," Mr. Yu said. "We estimate there are billions of tons in these mountains, much of it excellent quality. We even export to Italy."

South of Hualien the highway turns away from the sea to enter a long, narrow valley. We paralleled a narrow-gauge railway, sometimes driving across its revetment-protected trestles where highway bridges had been washed away by rain-swollen streams. Settlements were mere clusters of wood or cement buildings; farm houses were grass huts.

At Taitung ripening pineapples tinted con-



volute hills—a successful use of marginal land. And then we were along the sea again. Sisal stripped from the sandy dunes lay drying like witches' white hair on the road. A fisherman surfed his bamboo raft through frothy breakers and unloaded his catch: three silvery, squirming scabbard fish, meager reward for a morning's work (page 25).

Taiwan has been compared in shape to a tobacco leaf. On the southernmost tip of the tapering stem, near Oluanpi, Helen and I stood braced in the wind that had followed us since we left Taipei. Like most of the east

coast the country had an air of desolation, as though the typhoon-tired land could provide little more than sustenance, as though the winds of storm were winning out over the winds of progress sweeping the rest of Taiwan.

KEPZ Lures New Investors

Now our road led northwestward toward Kaohsiung, Taiwan's southern industrial center, where the winds of progress blow strongly indeed. Still miles from the city, we passed the Chinese Petroleum Corporation's refinery. Then a silver snake of a pipeline paralleled our route, leading us to the harbor of a city white with the dust of cement plants, fragrant with the sawdust of plywood factories, acrid with the fumes of plastics industries.

On 170 acres of reclaimed land beside Kaohsiung's protected harbor, 123 investors from Japan, the United States, and Europe are erecting factories to produce items ranging from wigs to wire, pearl necklaces to paper containers, integrated circuits to umbrellas. Kaohsiung Export Processing Zone—KEPZ for short—is part of Taiwan's master plan for transforming an agricultural society into an industrial one (pages 26-7).

By encouraging the development of "labor-intensive" industries—those where hand labor is more practical than machine—Taiwan is capitalizing on its most abundant resource, low-cost labor.


In the new Administration Building, Mr. Thomas T. C. Kuan, an executive of KEPZ, tallied for us the advantages it offers to Taiwan and to investors.

"Outside the zone foreign investors sometimes encounter archaic red tape. Here we minimize it. There's no import duty on machinery, equipment, or raw materials, no income tax for the first five years, no tax at all except for a small revenue-stamp tax to cover administrative costs.

"We also help the investor build his factory, guarantee plenty of water and electricity at low rates, and help him recruit labor."

"Sounds like a one-way street for the investor," I said. "How does Taiwan benefit?"

"It's Taiwan's low-cost labor that brings foreign investors here," Mr. Kuan replied. "But as our labor becomes more expensive, other countries—South Korea, for example—will be more attractive. In the meantime Taiwan's domestic industries are absorbing new techniques in management and production. We're developing a pool of trained workers



Searing belch of a blast furnace erupts as a workman tosses in another shovelful of lime. The Taiwan Iron Manufacturing Corporation in Taipei produces pig iron, foundry products, and steel from scrap purchased abroad. Unlike some other developing lands, Taiwan has deferred constructing a large-scale modern steel mill, preferring to concentrate its effort and money on agricultural reform. Says the author: "Taiwanese reason, 'We have to learn to feed our people first, then we'll have a steel mill.'" The government has now approved plans for a giant steel plant to be built within the next few years.

EXTACHROME BY HELEN AND
FRANK SCHREIDER © N.G.S.



Fishing fleet, freighters, and ships of the Republic of China Navy share dock space at Kaohsiung, Taiwan's main port. Good-luck flags flying on bamboo staffs



KODACHROME © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

beneath the national colors herald the launching of new fishing boats. Kaohsiung, buoyed by the success of its export zone for light industry, is enlarging the harbor.



with a high regard for quality control. As our wage scales rise to the point where foreign investors look elsewhere, we hope that our increased efficiency will keep us competitive in the world markets."

How productive are these workers? Lorain Tinnes of General Micro-Electronics, a subsidiary of Philco-Ford, was more than enthusiastic. He led us along lines of benches where blue-smocked ex-farm girls peered into microscopes and assembled Space Age electronics components (page 26). He stopped beside a shy Taiwanese girl who was bonding wires 1/1000 of an inch in diameter to a circuit printed on a tiny piece of silicon.

"Theoretically, the maximum capacity of these bonding machines is 400 units a day. After three weeks of training this girl produced 340 units. We named her Worker of the Month. The very next day she produced 414 units. These girls just like to work. They make a game of it."

World of Aborigines Still Remote

Most of the workers at KEPZ are Taiwan-born Chinese from the western plains. The lure of factory jobs has not yet penetrated the central mountain range where most of Taiwan's aborigines live.

Divided into nine tribal groups, the aborigines claim Malayan origin. During Japanese administration they were isolated in reservations, partly because of their inhospitable habit of hunting heads.

They are far less isolated now. Where the tourists have not reached, the missionaries have. With John Whitehorn, an English Pres-

Cherished bridal dress, a family heirloom, stirs wedding-day memories for an aboriginal girl. Cowrie shells—a fertility charm—and boars' tusks—for strength—decorate her headdress. Member of a tribe of onetime headhunters, the girl, a kindergarten teacher, had returned to visit her home village of Daladalai after the army drafted her husband.

Shaky shortcut, a primitive suspension bridge spans a mountain river on a twisting trail used by Taiwan's aborigines, whose ancestors may have come from the Malay Peninsula area of Southeast Asia. Numbering about 200,000 and making up only 1.5 percent of the population, the aborigines are fast losing their tribal ways, including the tradition of elaborate facial tattoos. But their dancing and pageantry, intricate weaving and wood carving have become major tourist attractions.

byterian, we hiked into Daladalai, a Paiwan tribe village some three hours' climb from road's end at Santimen (map, page 13).

For much of the way we followed a foot trail over mountainsides covered with bamboo, juniper, and cedar. Few lances of light broke through, and we walked in gloom until the trail ended abruptly at a gorge crossed by a narrow suspension bridge. Hundreds of feet long, strung dizzily above rock-studded, milky-green streams, it spanned the abyss like a spider web (below). We walked with cautious steps, watching for rotten boards, clinging to trembling handrails, pausing briefly to glance down the valley at the crudely cultivated patches of Paiwan farms.

The few people we met—pipe-smoking,





Winnowing soybeans, farm girls depend on breezes to blow away pods falling through the wicker sieve. Beans piling up below may become soy sauce—the favorite Asian condiment—or bean curd, the cheap but protein-rich dietary staple. Scarfs protect against dust and unfashionable suntan.

Early risers: Mushrooms and picker must meet between 5 and 7 in the morning, when humidity and temperature bring the mushrooms to just the right size—about an inch across. An hour later they will have grown too big for marketing. To get maximum yield from minimum space, mushroom farmers use tiers of earth-filled trays in darkened sheds.

Lunch and gossip fill a break for sugar-cane cutters in southern Taiwan. The Dutch introduced the crop more than 300 years ago.

betel-nut-chewing men and women, heavily laden with firewood and medicinal herbs for lowland markets—nodded pleasantly as we passed. Those coming up the trail moved with springy stride, despite their massive loads of rice, salt, and bottled drinks from the plains.

A flight of stone steps led us the last hundred yards to Daladalai. Rows of houses stood on terraces cut in the hillside; on each terrace were elevated barns and rows of spindly betel-nut palms. Paths between the houses were paved with fine slate, and slate walls reached to the eaves of grass roofs, each roof weighted with stones against typhoon winds.

It was Sunday, and the small concrete church was full when we arrived. Men in shirts and trousers, some with ties, sat on one side of the aisle, women in shapeless cottons on the other. All were singing, and the Paiwan words seemed incongruous, set to the familiar hymn tunes played on a foot-pumped organ. The atmosphere was relaxed. Babies suckled, children played, and a dog strolled in.

We stayed that night in the house of a chieftain's family. The daughter, a kindergarten teacher, had "come up from the plains" for a visit, but she insisted we have her bed while she stayed with a friend.

In the large one-room house, the slate floor was swept clean, and the two sleeping areas were separated by sacks of onions that added their own character to the smoke from a wood fire smoldering in a corner. In contrast to the





EKTACHROME (ABOVE) AND KODACHROMES © N.G.S.





parents' simple sleeping platform, the daughter's end of the house was papered with Christmas cards and calendar pictures of Chinese movie stars. Enclosed with curtains, her platform boasted red-satin pillows and a pink puff spread over Japanese-style sleeping mats.

The old mother squirted a stream of red betel-nut juice out the window. Her stained lips cracked in a smile like a sliced tomato.

"She brought those ideas up from the plains," she snorted with that mixture of pride and contempt the old reserve for the young.

We sat on low stools close to the fire and shared the family's bean-and-rice gruel. An oil lamp glowed orange on a beam overhead, throwing in bold relief crude carvings of snakes and human skulls, mark of a family that had once hunted heads.

The old mother grunted in pleasure at our interest. She pulled a basket from beneath her bed and unfolded a coarse black-cotton jacket embroidered and beaded with symbols like those on the beam. She showed us a headdress heavy with bells, cowrie shells, and boars' tusks: a bridal costume passed down through generations. She had been married in it, and—for all her new ways—so had her daughter (page 32).

We left Daladlai and turned north across the fertile plains that produce most of the island's food. Route 1, Taiwan's western artery, was the usual madcap race track.

Timber trucks contested the right of way with bullock carts teetering under high loads of sugar cane. Buses bullied automobiles, and tiny taxis with locomotive-size horns blasted bicycles and motorcycles off the road in a well-established pecking order. In a continuous stream of traffic, the highway pulsed with the press of people of one of the most densely populated lands in the world.

Centuries-old servant of the rice farmer, a water buffalo draws his master's plow through a field soaked by the monsoon's deluge. Despite 340,000 buffaloes on the island, they remain in short supply.

Farmer's new friend, a power tiller equals the efforts of five water buffaloes. Here a man plows soybean stubble under before planting his rice. Some 21,500 of these small tractors, manufactured in Japan and Taiwan, are now in use.

The fall rice harvest was well underway. Coolie-hatted girls in skintight pants, their faces protected from the dreaded darkening effect of the sun by bandit-style bandannas, helped their men cut the golden grain and feed it into foot-operated threshers.

Ducks Follow the Harvest

Sheaves of threshed rice stalks lay waiting to be collected for making paper, for feeding livestock, or for fuel. A duckboy was fattening his flock on the scattering of kernels left by the harvesters. His face creased in a smile when we stopped, and he offered us tea from a pot steaming on a rice-stalk fire.

"Harvest no come same place same time," he said. "We take small ducks, move from field to field. Ducks eat. Walk long way long time, sleep in fields with ducks. Soon ducks big. Very fat. Bring good price."

The ducks moved on in a close-packed mass, flowing like a river of feathers over the dikes between the fields, the boy guiding them with a flag on a slender bamboo.

We moved on too, turning east toward Sun Moon Lake, Taiwan's major tourist attraction.



KODACHROMES BY HELEN AND FRANK SCHREIDER (ABOVE), CHARLES MOORE, BLACK STAR © N.G.S.

We left the plains, their irregular fields shimmering in the sun, and climbed into the misty world of the mountains along a river valley pink with plum blossoms and bright with oranges and bananas.

Still higher, the hillsides were stubbled with tea bushes; higher yet, bamboo spread its fairy fronds in trembling patterns as though a Chinese landscape painting had come to life. Between them we glimpsed Sun Moon Lake, an expanse of cobalt water cradled in cloud-lost mountains (opposite).

Traffic Jam on Sylvan Waters

"Sun Moon Lake really two lakes," said our driver Chang. "One shaped like sun. Other like new moon. Japanese build dam. Now one lake. Very popular. I come here after marry."

A launch carried us across the wind-dusted water to a small aboriginal village. We waited while the boatmen untangled a minor traffic jam as some 200 Japanese tourists scrambled aboard launches. Tour leaders, waving little flags like duckboys, hurried a few stragglers being photographed with a group of blasé aboriginal girls.

A sign near the dock advised us that pheasants, flying foxes, and deer are protected wildlife and not to be hunted. We ran a gantlet of shops displaying stuffed pheasants and flying foxes on our way to the Aborigine Museum, Aborigine Village, and Aborigine Stage Show, all identified in English and Chinese.

Dutifully, a score of heavily made-up, red-costumed girls trooped into the thatch-and-bamboo theater for the performance. To our surprise, we enjoyed it. In the true spirit of show business, the girls' bored expressions became animated as soon as the recorded drum-and-flute accompaniment boomed from the loudspeakers. With growing enthusiasm, they performed the Harvest Dance, Hunting Dance, Marriage Dance, and War Dance, the latter spiced up with a symbolic blood-drinking ritual, a wooden head, and several flares that threatened to ignite the grass roof.

The costumes—particularly the leggings, head feathers, and tunics—resembled those of North American Indians. We sought the old chief to ask about their authenticity.

We found Chief Mao Hsin-hsiao in white shirt and tie sitting under a thatched pagoda near a larger-than-life concrete horse. He looked more the successful businessman than hereditary tribal chieftain.

"Horse for tourist take picture," he explained. "I think it myself. But girls' dress like always. Make-up new. Very modern."

"And the dances?" Helen asked.

"Dances same. Stage new. Before we dance outside. Dance for fun. People watch. No pay. Now pay. Good business."

So it seemed. Half the village, Chief Mao told us, earned its living from tourists.

"But government give us many new things too," he added. "Have electricity, concrete houses, school, clinic. Watch television. Have new seed for better rice. Many pigs. But many girls now leave village. Go to cities. Work in night clubs."

They find plenty to do. With almost 300,000 visitors a year swelling Taiwan's foreign-exchange coffers, more and more night spots are featuring aboriginal dances. A fair percentage of those tourists, however, find other aspects of Taipei night life more exciting. Peitou, a nearby hot-spring resort with masseuses, has long been visited by Japanese businessmen. And Taipei's bars with their mini-skirted hostesses are popular with U. S. servicemen on Rest and Relaxation leave from the front in Viet Nam.

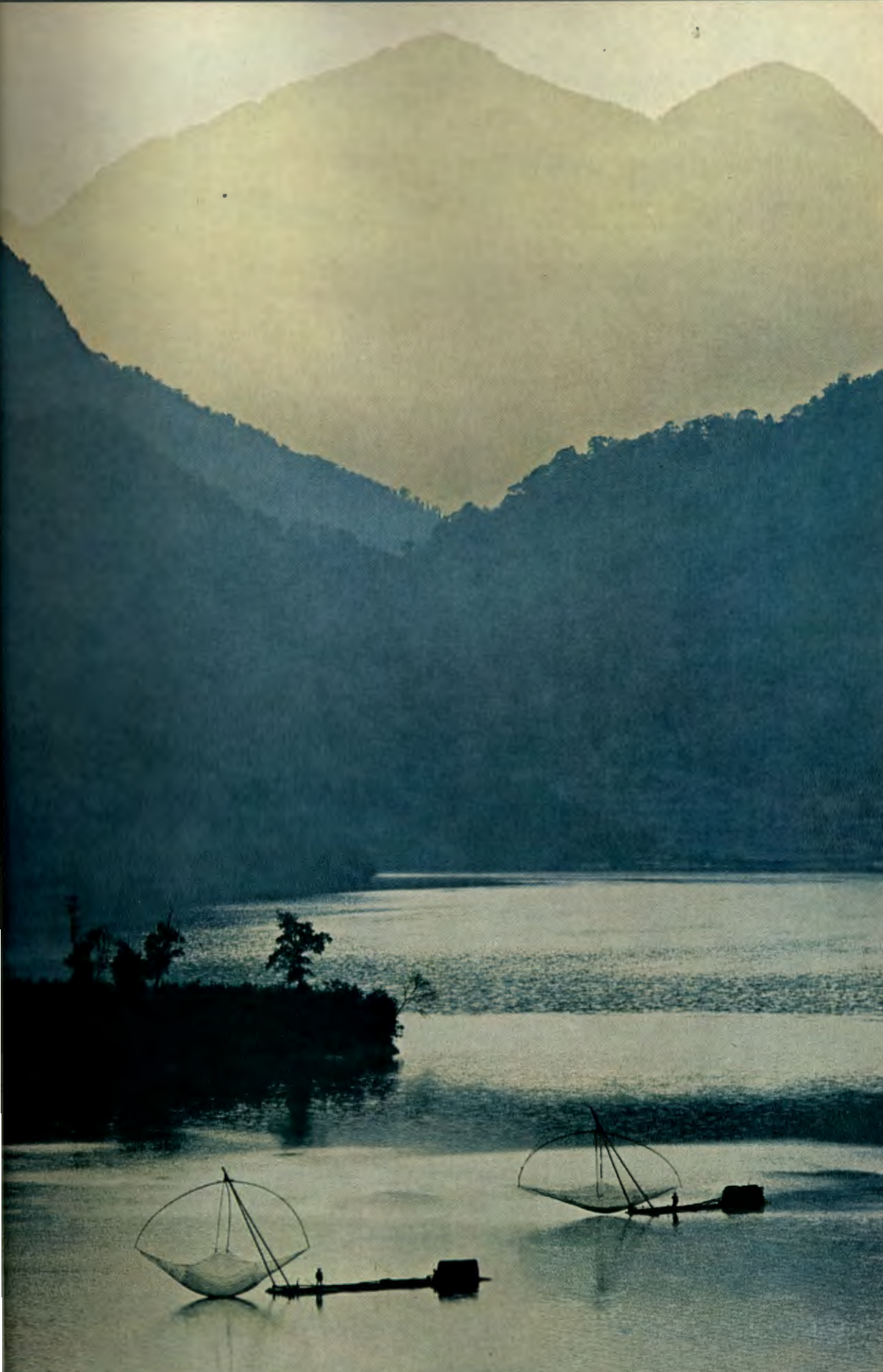
By Boxcar to a Shell-pocked Bastion

Taiwan's armed forces take R & R from a quieter front. Early one morning Helen and I boarded a camouflage-painted Fairchild C-119 "Flying Boxcar" for the 1½-hour flight to the island of Quemoy, Nationalist China's outpost only 2,500 yards from Communist China. We had been waiting since 6 a.m.; not even the crew knew when we would leave until just before take off, which came at 7:10.

"The flight times are varied each day," our escort, Lt. Comdr. Hollington Cheng, explained. "Technically, we're still at war. If we flew a regular schedule, the Communists could cause trouble."

To prevent just that, jet fighters patrolled high overhead, and we swooped low over the

By dawn's misty light on Sun Moon Lake, aboriginal fishermen set out on bamboo rafts with dip nets poised on the bows. Taiwan's chief tourist lure, Sun Moon was twin lakes until a Japanese-built dam raised the water level and merged the two. At a lakeside village the authors watched aboriginal girls perform ritual dances. But, the tribal chief bemoaned, too many of his young stage stars desert the hill country for the bright city lights.



water to avoid Communist radar. The Pescadores, a group of islands named by the Portuguese nearly four centuries ago and now part of Nationalist China, passed under us in a sweep of flat brown earth ringed with wave-rumpled blue. Thirty minutes later the big transport landed gently on Quemoy.

Quemoy has been a thorny issue ever since the Communists suffered 10,000 casualties when they attempted to capture the island in 1949. Later they subjected the 8-by-13-mile island to intensive shelling.*

On odd-numbered days since 1958 the Communists have lobbed in shells, most of them filled with propaganda leaflets, as a reminder that they are still there and waiting.

The Nationalists are waiting too. We found Quemoy on a wartime regime. Guns were loaded. Gas-masked sentries with fixed bayonets patrolled classified storage depots. Tanks were deployed in strategic areas. And yet over the whole island we found the serene air of a national park.

"Years ago Quemoy was a barren rock," said Commander Cheng. "There was little water, few trees. Food was shipped in. Look at it now. Our motto here is to beautify above ground and fortify beneath."

Beautified it is. Some 40 million trees have been planted. Colorful pagodas grace hilltops and roadside groves. Dams, reservoirs, and deep wells provide abundant water.

Vegetable and sorghum fields produce enough to feed Quemoy's 58,000 civilians and a large garrison of troops.

The fortifications were less obvious, but everywhere signs advocated "Counterattack to the Mainland." Deep in the granite hills we saw a maze of tunnels, barracks, radio stations, even a theater. Military experts claim that Quemoy's subterranean fortifications could withstand even a nuclear assault.

Quemoy Has Eyes and Ears—and a Ready Tongue

I asked Commander Cheng why Quemoy is so important to Nationalist China—and to the Communists. He answered by taking us to the peninsula closest to the mainland.

From a bunker we saw the Communist port of Amoy, the black sails of Communist junks like bats' wings against the glittering water. Through binoculars we watched Communist soldiers on a rocky island only a mile and a half away.

"For us, Quemoy is a listening post, and a vantage point to speak back. The prevailing winds here are in our favor. They carry our balloons filled with propaganda leaflets to many

*See "Life Under Shellfire on Quemoy," by Franc Shor, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, March 1959.

Chiang's leathernecks attack behind the scorching lick of a flame thrower in a practice landing. Live machine-gun fire and simulated mortar blasts add battlefield realism to the Marines' infantry drill.

Muscle-building backbends toughen frogmen trained to clear away underwater mines and hit the beach first during amphibious assaults.

Troop indoctrination stresses retaking the mainland. But Chiang's 600,000-strong army, built with more than two billion dollars' worth of American aid, is primarily defensive. It lacks the ships and planes needed for invasion. Defense takes half the national budget.





KODACHROMES © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY





“Flying Dragon” Squadron Lockheed F-104 Starfighters of the 100,000-man Republic of China Air Force flash past Taiwan’s highest peak, 13,113-foot Yu Shan, or Jade Moun-

parts of the mainland [page 12]. Our loudspeakers are clearly heard. But the Communists have speakers too. Listen.”

From across the narrow strait we heard the Communist announcer. Commander Cheng translated:

“We are the workers of Mao Tse-tung. We completed a bridge two months ahead of schedule.”

As in a duel, the Nationalist loudspeaker boomed back:

“Here on Taiwan the farmers own their land. They have electricity, motorcycles, more food than they can eat. Your families are

separated. You live in communes. You are hungry. Mao is your enemy. He is our enemy too. Revolt. We promise that in six hours we will send you help.”

That evening when the shelling began we returned to the bunker. The night was clear and the lights flickering on the mainland were like pale, yellow stars. A Taiwanese soldier paced his post, a dog barked, and the moon silvered the water. True to their pattern of many years, the Communist guns fell silent after dropping a score or so of shells, strewing propaganda leaflets over the landscape but causing no damage.



KODACHROME © H.G.S.

tain. Also called Mount Morrison for an early sea captain, it became Niitakayama, or New High Mountain, to the Japanese when they found it 725 feet higher than Fujiyama.

Back on Taiwan, we toured many military installations. No one, regardless of position, wealth, connections, or education is exempt from military service. Some 600,000 men are in uniform, 5 percent of the population, and they are among the lowest paid in the world, about \$7.50 a month for privates. Yet we found high morale and enthusiasm.

We flew with paratrooper recruits, swam with frogmen practicing underwater demolition, rode amphibious tanks in simulated landings. Everywhere we met members of the United States Military Assistance and Advisory Group (MAAG), which has been working

with the armed forces on Taiwan since 1951.

Maj. Gen. Richard G. Ciccolella, Chief of MAAG, China, explained MAAG's role: "Our job is to assist Taiwan in defending itself. We've almost worked ourselves out of a job. We no longer teach the basics. We're advising now on the highest levels—logistics, strategy, maintenance, coordination. As fighting men, the Chinese on Taiwan can, I believe, match any military force in Asia."

At the huge Ching Chuan Kang Air Base in west-central Taiwan I began to appreciate Taiwan's first line of defense—the Chinese Air Force. For weeks we had been trying to

photograph 13,113-foot Mount Morrison—Yu Shan in Chinese—highest mountain in Taiwan. But snows, landslides, and clouds had frustrated every attempt to view it from the land.

"How about from the air?" suggested a Chinese Air Force friend. "You can photograph a flyby past Yu Shan."

"Wonderful. What kind of planes?"

"F-104's—Lockheed Starfighters. You'll fly in a trainer—just like the fighters, but with two cockpits. Fine aircraft. Supersonic."

With less enthusiasm I strapped myself into a parachute and was instructed how to eject from the stub-winged silver plane.

"Just routine," the pilot, Lt. Col. Joseph Chen, assured me. "Our squadron won Lockheed's award for safety."

My qualms were replaced by exhilaration when the trainer joined the other Starfighters on the runway and we rocketed up to 14,000 feet. I felt the surge of acceleration when Joseph ignited the afterburners and the Starfighter leaped through the sound barrier. His voice crackled over the intercom:

"Keep talking, Frank. I want to know that you're all right, that you haven't blacked out."

Smoothly, Joseph rolled his jet until we were flying upside-down. The vast panorama of Taiwan unfurled like a Chinese scroll painting. My eyes swept from the wind-tossed gray of Formosa Strait across the rice-green plains and factory-studded cities to the snowy peaks thrusting through a flat sea of clouds.

Upright again, I saw the other Starfighters flash past the crystal-white crag of Yu Shan, flying so precisely they seemed almost lashed together (preceding pages).

Back on the ground, I complimented the pilots on their skill.

"We fly every day," Joseph said. "We never forget we're only 8 minutes from Communist China. We never know when we'll be needed."

Madame Chiang Serves Tea

Perhaps nowhere is news of Asia watched more closely than on Taiwan. Headlines banner the war in Viet Nam and North Korea's growing belligerence; guerrilla raids in Laos, Cambodia, and Thailand; riots in Hong Kong; purges in Communist China. With each new

upheaval editorials hint that the time is near for Nationalist China's return to the mainland.

In a rare audience, Chiang Kai-shek summed up Nationalist China's viewpoint:

"As long as the Communists occupy the mainland, there will be no end to the disturbances in Southeast Asia. The Republic of China here on Taiwan must return to the mainland to clear up the mess."

The President and Madame Chiang Kai-shek (page 12) had received us in their Grass Mountain home on the outskirts of Taipei. Carpets the color of rubies accented an array of Ming dynasty oxblood porcelain. Roses glowed in the light of a fire, and Madame Chiang's own paintings graced the walls. Despite its large size, the reception room radiated warmth and friendliness.

Tea was served with sandwiches, cake, and dumplings. In the cultured English that reflects her Wellesley College background, Madame Chiang discussed Chinese painting with Helen; the President, speaking through an interpreter, asked me about our tour of Taiwan.

Progress a Weapon in Quiet War

So relaxed was the atmosphere that more than an hour passed before we realized it. President and Madame Chiang Kai-shek rose to bid us goodbye, and at the door I looked back. The President was standing with hands on hips and an alert twinkle in his eyes. For all his 81 years he was still lean and straight, but I wondered how—or if—his lifelong dream of a united China would be realized.

Not even the most optimistic Nationalist Chinese believe that this goal can ever be achieved by military action alone. They point to the government's "70 percent political—30 percent military policy."

"First we must make Taiwan an example for all Asia of progress through free enterprise," a friend in Taipei told us. "We must capitalize on the broken promises of the Communists. Our intelligence reports indicate that many people on the mainland are already disillusioned. We must encourage revolt. When it comes, we will be ready."

And so the quiet war goes on, amid the rumble of factories on Taiwan and the roar of rockets from the mainland. THE END

Wading yet another step, swooping down yet another time, a rice planter performs an age-old ballet as she spaces the seedlings to assure maximum yield. In this flooded paddy the only sounds are the ripple of water and the squish of mud, striking contrast to the roaring industrial plants of Taiwan's cities.



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