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INVITATIONAL
EXHIBITION

上海版画邀请展

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日期: 2001年4月6日 时间: 17:30来宾签到, 18:00开幕典礼, 18:30冷餐会 展览地点: 上海泰康路210弄3号 上海尔冬强版画艺术中心 电话: 64456894
Date: April. 6th, 2001 Time: 17:30 Guests Sign-in, 18:00 Opening Ceremony, 18:30 Buffet Add: No.3 Lane 210 Tai Kang Road 200020 Shanghai Shanghai Deke Erh Art Center Tel: 64456894



上海尔冬强艺术中心

SHANGHAI DEKE ERH ART CENTER

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SHANGHAI BROADCAST SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

上海广播交响乐团



交响音乐会

指挥：赫伯曼(特邀)



1997年3月22日
晚7时15分
上海音乐厅

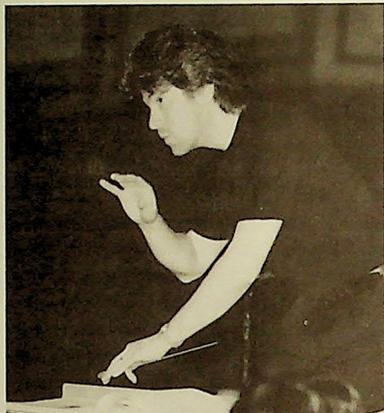
赫伯曼简介

赫伯曼生于纽约市，四岁学习钢琴，十二岁学习作曲，十九岁便首次演出，指挥吉尔伯及萨利文的歌剧“拉迪戈”。随后，赫氏被挑选进马基域治大师班学习，后指挥以色列耶路撒冷交响乐团，并作全国电视广播。大师班的学习所获，鼓励赫氏日后的指挥生涯。

赫氏曾两度在亚斯本音乐节获取显赫的指挥奖学金，并且在有一百五十多人参加的芝加哥首届索尔提指挥班的选拔中脱颖而出，成为四名入选指挥之一。赫氏后又参加荷兰广播电台指挥研习课程，随院长法国指挥家方纳到纽约学习。在众多指挥家中，赫氏的最大辅导者为传奇罗马尼亚指挥家卓利比达奇。随之在班狄斯大学，威斯康辛大学及皮巴蒂音乐学院接受正统的指挥训练。

赫伯曼是一位多才多艺的指挥家，曾任美国尼坦纳各交响乐团音乐总监，圣母大学乐团音乐总监，香港巴赫合唱团音乐总监。现在担任香港室内乐团的音乐总监。

去年，赫伯曼来沪与上海广播交响乐团合作举行了一场交响音乐会，演出获得很大成功。由于合作相当成功，今年，赫伯曼又再次来沪与上海广播交响乐团举行音乐会。



李智胜简介

Best Violinist in China!

上海音乐学院附中小提琴专业学生，是一位具有很好的音乐天赋和才能的优秀青少年小提琴手，他于1978年生于南宁一个音乐家庭中，9岁进上音附小，12岁入上音附中，师从赵基阳、张世祥、袁培文教授。

李智胜曾多次在国内外小提琴比赛中获奖，1992年获德国勋塔尔第四届国际小提琴比赛少年组一等奖，93年获第五届国际青少年小提琴比赛青年组第二名，94年在波兰获维也纳夫斯基国际小提琴比赛少年组第四名，95年在俄罗斯获第一届新西伯利亚国际小提琴比赛少年组第一名，此外他还经常被邀在国内外各大城市演出，他曾赴澳大利亚、美国、香港、台湾及北京、广州、杭州等地举行音乐会，与新西伯利亚交响乐团、香港管弦乐团、上海交响乐团、上海乐团及外省市交响乐团合作演出协奏曲，并受到听众们的赞扬和好评。

李智胜近年来，无论在小提琴演奏的技巧和音乐表演艺术上都更日趋完善与成熟，他热情奔放而又细腻、动情的演奏，深得国内外听众的喜爱。

演出曲目
PROGRAM

- | | |
|--|-------------|
| 一、咏雪(第一交响曲第一乐章: 前奏曲) | 陈培勋 |
| Ode to the Snow (From Symphony No.1. First Movement-Prelude) | Chen Peixun |
| 二、D大调小提琴协奏曲 | 勃拉姆斯 |
| Violin Concerto in D major, Op.77 | Brahms |
| 第一乐章 不太快的快板 | |
| 1. Allegro non troppo | |
| 第二乐章 柔板 | |
| 2. Adagio | |
| 第三乐章 欢快、活泼的快板 | |
| 3. Allegro giocoso, ma non troppo vivace | |

小提琴独奏: 李智胜

Soloist: Li Zhisheng

休息

Intermission

- | | |
|--|----------|
| 三、E小调第一交响曲 | 西比柳斯 |
| Symphony No.1 in E minor, Op.39 | Sibelius |
| 第一乐章 行板,不太快但有活力的快板 | |
| 1. Andante, ma non troppo - Allegro energico | |
| 第二乐章 行板(不太慢) | |
| 2. Andante (ma non troppo lento) | |
| 第三乐章 谐谑曲: 快板 | |
| 3. Scherzo: Allegro | |
| 第四乐章 终曲 | |
| 4. Finale | |

指挥: 霍伯曼

Conduct: Hoberman

MS. ULYSSES

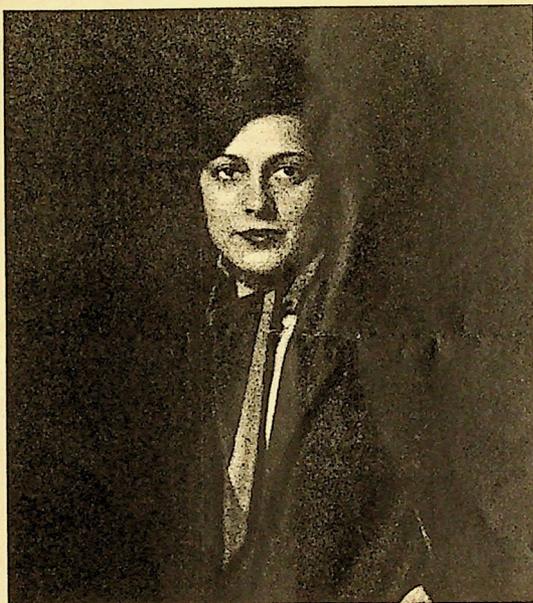
Emily Hahn's lifetime of reporting and vivid adventure kept her happily out of touch with convention.

BY ROGER ANGELL

"NOBODY said not to go," begins Emily Hahn's 1937 Reporter at Large piece "Round Trip to Nanking," and so, at the outset of the singularly bloody and dangerous Sino-Japanese War, she got on a train in Shanghai and went, carrying an evening dress tucked inside a hatbox. "There were young men, dinner parties, and dancing in Nanking," she offers by way of explanation. In 1932, after spending a year in the Belgian Congo, she determined, "with my usual sublime self-confidence," to walk out, via elephant trail to Lake Kivu and thence all the way to the East African coast, accompanied by a baby baboon named Angélique and a pygmy guide. "Like all pygmies," she wrote, "he was incapable of getting lost." Her surprising first-person piece "The Big Smoke," about opium (her own opium smoking, I mean), begins, "Though I'd always wanted to be an opium addict, I can't claim that as the reason I went to China." Actually, she went for the weekend, to drop in on an old friend, and stayed for nine years—a reasonable turn of events, to hear her tell it.

Hahn, who died two weeks ago, at the age of ninety-two, was this magazine's roving heroine, our Belle Geste: a reporter inveterately at large, whose work, arriving from all continents, encompassed a hundred and eighty-one pieces and eight decades. Her datelines, taken together with her striking good looks—enormous, green-flecked dark eyes; an oval face; a plungingly intelligent gaze; and a generous mouth always on the edge of an arriving smile or giggle—are misleading, suggesting another trenchcoated, news-hungry gal reporter among the guys, a Jean Arthur; or perhaps a beautiful, thrill-seeking flibbertigibbet, a Carole Lombard. She was, in truth, some-

thing rare: a woman deeply, almost domestically, at home in the world. Driven by curiosity and energy, she went there and did that, and then wrote about it without fuss. Her pieces from the thirties and forties switch effortlessly between the Reporter at Large configuration and the offhand, first-



At twenty-five, poised for departure to the Congo, Emily Hahn fixed a confident gaze on a future stuffed with the unexpected.

person casual—a form famous for its lack of exclamation points. "She spoke of extraordinary things as if they were everyday," a former colleague of hers said last week; and I remembered that once, when she and I were talking idly in the hall, she murmured that she used to dream in Chinese.

What is disconcerting about her now that she has gone is how few of us, even among the old-timers, can claim a close friendship with her, much as we admired her. "She was a sweet-tempered feminist, who didn't dislike men," William Maxwell said. "She didn't see why she shouldn't do whatever they did, including sexually." Philip Hamburger recalls first meeting her

in the Oak Room of the Plaza, where Harold Ross introduced them. "A beautiful woman," he said, "and smoking the biggest cigar you ever saw. I always liked her, but I can't say I really knew her."

Hahn had no end of friends, but she didn't hang out; she was always busy writing, or moving on—to Brasília or Nairobi or the British Museum, to a zoo conference somewhere, or perhaps back to her home at Little Gaddesden, in Hertfordshire, where she had a house, Ringshall End, and a happy long-term marriage to a University of London historian, Charles Boxer, whom she saw there for ninety days a year, thanks to the tax laws and to their shared preference for an intimacy built around absence. For years, she didn't have an office at the magazine, and we all counted ourselves lucky to catch a glimpse of such a staff celebrity, on the run between her books and her pieces, her departures and her children.

I was luckier than most, for I had first encountered Hahn under unforgettable circumstances. One day when I was twelve years old, she stepped out of a cab in front of our house on East Ninety-third Street, carrying a monkey in her arms—a monkey for me. Because my mother, Katharine White, was her editor, she had heard about my boy-naturalist inclinations and had determined, all on her own, to find me the most ravishing (and most inconvenient) pet imaginable. "Don't let her bite you," she said, handing over a small, solemn-faced, greenish-brown macaque, with a belt around its waist. "If she does, bite her right back—bite her on the ear—and she'll never do it again." She was right about that, it turned out, but by then I was convinced that she always knew exactly the right thing to do.

The Mickey Hahn story (her mother gave her the nickname) remains fresh and vivid, even in the broad scale. Born in St. Louis, she grew up in a powerful and iconoclastic family sisterhood, and took a degree in mining engineering at the University of Wisconsin—mostly, it seems now, because no one there expected a woman ever to do such a thing. She took a cross-country trip in a Model T (E. B. White had already made the same pre-writer hegira), and arrived at an early age in the pages of *The New Yorker*, thanks to her perfect pitch in the little arias of the casual. Her trip to the Congo lasted longer than she expected

and their mother always broke it, with giggles and whispers. Hahn resolutely refused to learn the first thing about cooking, her younger daughter, Amanda, who was born in England after the war, cheerfully recalled the other day. "She kept offering to make us rice, but who wants rice?"

Hahn turned out major works of reporting—on diamonds and their history, for instance, and on the Philippines—and biographies of D. H. Lawrence and Aphra Behn and Raffles of Singapore, but an almost greater concurrent flow was made up of low-key memoirs and of books and novels for children. She knew the famous and the powerful but was more at home in the company of bartenders and cabdrivers, unpublished writers, widows, and nurses' aides, as well as her nieces and nephews, her daughters, and her four beloved sisters. In a multipart 1958 Reporter piece, "Last Days of the Maharajahs," she makes small talk with a maharajah's wife as they sip a Coca-Cola at Phoolsagar Palace, and then finds out that Her Highness of Bundi has never visited the nearby city of Agra. She has never been anywhere, in fact. "You see," the Maharane says apologetically, "I'm in purdah."

The central preoccupation of Hahn's later writing years was zoos and monkeys and wildlife preservation, and particularly primate intelligence and animal communication. She became a distinguished scholar of the subject, and was elected to the American Academy of Arts and Letters. "Either you have gibbons in your blood or you haven't," she once wrote disarmingly, but we may conclude now that it was the chance to dwell among the voiceless—how eagerly she seized it!—that drew her into the company of celebrated chimps and gorillas, like Washoe and Booe, Colo and Toto, and their painstaking keepers and researchers. It strikes me now that this was her most distant and adventurous journey, as well as her happiest. When I went into her empty office a couple of days after she died, I saw a bulletin board there that was overflowing with yellowing newspaper stories and photographs of gibbons and tamarins and chimpanzees and gorillas. "OPEN-HEART SURGERY PERFORMED ON ORANGUTAN," one headline read. The photographs made me smile, the way monkey pictures always do, and I thought of how Mickey Hahn had surely looked—that gleam of everyday transcendence—at the moment when she cut them out and pinned them up on her wall. ♦

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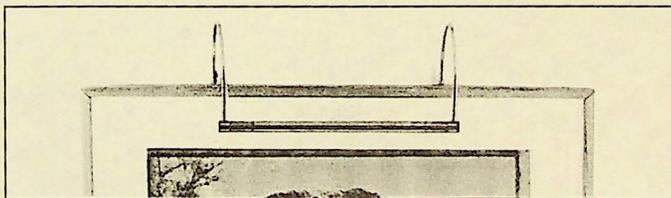
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DATABASE ENTRIES FOR ALL SHANGHAI BUILDINGS

BUILDING	ADDRESS	DATE	ARCHITECT
British Consulate General	33 The Bund	1872	Grossman and Boyce
Consul's Residence	(33-53)? The Bund	1884	"
Great Northern Telegraph Corp.	7 The Bund	1906-07	Atkinson & Dallas
French Municipalite	375 Avenue Joffre	1909	?
French Police HQ	235 Avenue Joffre		(Just back of Muni. Bldg. = same?)
Japanese Consulate	106 Whangpoo Road	1911	Y. Hirano
UN Relief Gen'l Admin. (Customs)	"	"	?
Mitsubishi Corp.	36 Kiukiang Road	1914	Fukui
Standard Vacuum Oil Co.	94 Canton Road	1920	?
McBain Bldg, Asia Petroleum Co.	1 The Bund	1913-16	Moorhead & Halse
Russian Consulate	20 Whangpoo Road	1914-16	Hans Emil Lieber
Shen Pao Newspaper Office	309 Hankow Road	1918	?
Shg., Telephone Exchange (south)	734 Zhonghua (?) Road	1920	?
Robert Dollar Bldg.	51 Canton Road	1921	Henry Murphy
SMC Bldg.	193 Hankow Road	1913-22	Palmer & Turner (Turner)
Jardine Matheson & Co.	27 The Bund	1920-26	Stewardson & Spence (?)
Glen Line Steamship Co.	2 Peking Road East	1922	Palmer & Turner
Great Northern Telegraph Corp.	34 Avenue Edward VII	1922	Davies, Brooke & Gran
Asia Realty Co.	106-110 Szechuen Road	1921-22	H. Lester & Co.
Brunner Mond & Co.	133 Szechuen Road	1922	Stewardson & Spence
Shanghai Post Office	276 North Szechuen Road	1922-24	Stewardson & Spence
North China Daily News	17 The Bund	1924	H. Lester & Co.
Nishin Kisen Kaisha Shipping Co.	5 The Bund	1921-25	H. Lester & Co.
Customs House	13 The Bund	1925-27	Palmer & Turner
Lyceum Building	185 Yuen Ming Yuen Road	1927	?
Wayfoong House	220 Yuen Ming Yuen Road	1928	?
Shanghai Power Co.	81 Peking Road East	1929-31	Elliott Hazzard
Greater Shanghai City Govt.	?	1931-33	Dayu Doon
Central Police HQ	185 Foochow Road	1933-35	Stanford (?)
Companie Messageries Maritimes	9 Quai de France	1936	Minutti & Co.
Calbeck Macgregor & Co.	44 Foochow Road	1936	Palmer & Turner
Liza Hardoon Bldg.	99 Nanking Road East	1937	Percy Tilley of Graham & Painter Co.
Wheelock & Co.	110 Avenue Edward VII	1943	Hans Berent (Norwegian?)
Imperial Bank of China	6 The Bund	1897	Morrison, Gratton & Scott
Russo-Asiatic Bank	15 The Bund	1901-05	Becker & Baedeker
Banque de l'Indochine	29 The Bund	1910-11	Atkinson & Dallas
China Mutual Life Insurance	93 Canton Road	1910	Atkinson & Dallas
Jiang-Chuan Bldg. (?)	89 Kiukiang Road	1916	"
Union Assurance Co.	17 Canton Road (3 The Bund)	1916-18	Palmer & Turner
Yangtze Insurance Building	26 The Bund	1918-20	Palmer & Turner
China & South Sea Bank	110 Hankow Road	1917-21	Moorehead & Halse
Ningpo Commercial Bank	232-240 Peking Road East	1921	"
Hongkong & Shanghai Bank	10-12 The Bund	1921-23	Palmer & Turner (Wilson)
Chartered Bank	18 The Bund	1922	Palmer & Turner
Yokohama Specie Bank	24 The Bund	1923-24	Palmer & Turner
Shanghai Chinese Banking Assn.	59 Hongkong Road	1925	Guo Yangmo of Southeast Construction Co.
Kincheng Bank	200 Kiangse Road	1925-26	T. Chuang
Joint Savings Society Bank	261 Szechuen Road	1926	Ladislaus Hudec

Banks

Bank of Taiwan	16 The Bund	1926	Lester, Johnson & Morris
Bank of East Asia	299 Szechuen Road	1926	C. H. Gonda
China Industrial Bank	33 Szechuen Road	1931	Elliott Hazzard
Continental Bank	111 Kiukiang Road	1932	Kwan, Chu & Yang
Bank of China, Hongkew Branch	894 North Szechuen Road	1932	H.S. Luke & Wu Jingqi
China State Bank	342 Peking Road East	1933	Atkinson & Dallas (S.L. Li)
Mitsubishi Bank	36 Kiukiang Road	1934	Lester, Johnson & Morris
Mitsui Bank	50 Kiukiang Road	1934	Palmer & Turner
Chung Wai Bank	143 Avenue Edward VII	1934	Leonard, Veyseyre & Kruze
Commercial Bank of China	181 Kiangse Road	1936	Davies, Brooke & Gran
Bank of China (Yates Apts.)	801 Bubbling Well Road	1936	H.S. Luke & Wu Jingqi
Bank of China	23 The Bund	1936-37	H.S. Luke & Palmer & Turner
Bank of Communications	14 The Bund	1947	C.H. Gonda
Zhejiang First Commercial Bank	151 Hankow Road	1948	Allied Architects
Carlowitz & Co.	255 Kiangse Road	1898	?
Abraham Co.	83 Peking Road East	?	?
Mitsui Bussan Kaisha	185 Szechuen Road	1903	Y. Hirano
Hall & Holtz	98-114 Nanking Road	1906	Algar & Co.
China Import-Export Lumber Co.	138 Kiangse Road	1907	Becker & Baedeker
Gibbs Livingston Co.	100 Jinkee Road	1908	Atkinson & Dallas
Shanghai Land Investment Co.	120 Jinkee Road	1908	Atkinson & Dallas
Ampire (?) & Co.	97 Yuen Ming Yuen Road	1908	Atkinson & Dallas
Shanghai-Nanking Railway Adm.	126 Szechuen Road, Lane 5/21	1911	Atkinson & Dallas
Chinese Chamber of Commerce	470 North Soochow Road	1913	Atkinson & Dallas
Sincere Company (store)	690 Nanking Road	1915-17	H. Lester & Co.
Meilun Bldg.	151-71 Peking Road	1916-21	?
Shanghai Cotton Exchange	260 Avenue Edward VII	1923	Atkinson & Dallas
Sun-Sun Co. (store)	720 Nanking Road	1923-26	C. H. Gonda
Wing On Co. (store)	635 Nanking Road	1918	Palmer & Turner
Wing On (Seventh Heaven)	627 Nanking Road	1933	Elliott Hazzard
Continental Emporium Co.	353 Nanking Road	1933	T. Chuang
Sun Co. (store)	830 Nanking Road	1934-36	Kwan, Chu & Yang
Astor House Hotel	15 Hwangpoo Road	1912 (?)	Davies & Thomas
Palace Hotel	19 The Bund/23 Nanking Road	1906	Scott & Carter
China United Apts.	104 Bubbling Well Road	1924-26	Elliott Hazzard
Sassoon House/Cathay Hotel	20 The Bund/1 Nanking Road	1926-29	Palmer & Turner
Grand Hotel	120 Thibet Road	1929	?
Park Hotel	164 Bubbling Well Road	1931-34	Ladislaus Hudec
Metropole Hotel	180 Kiangse Road	1934	Palmer & Turner
New Asia Hotel	422 Tiantong Lu	1932-34	Republic Land Investment Co
Shanghai Club	2 The Bund	1909-10	Moorehead & Halse
Star Ricksha Co. Garage	702 Bubbling Well Road	1917	Lafuente & Wootten
Country Club ? (4 th Marines)	722 Bubbling Well Road	1911	?
Great World	1 Thibet Road	1924	Zhou Huimin & Zhou Weiji
Cercle Sportif Francais	290 Rte. Cardinal Mercier	1924-26	Leonard, Veyseyre & Kruze
American Club	209 Foochow Road	1923-25	Curry & Co. (Hudec)
Italian Club ?	238 (Yan An Lu?)	?	?
Capitol Theatre	142 Museum Road	1928	C. H. Gonda
Nanking Theatre	523 Avenue Edward VI	1929-30	Robert Fan & Chao Shen
Lyceum Theatre	110 Rte. Cardinal Mercier	1929-31	Davies, Brooke & Gran
Cathay Theatre	868 Avenue Joffre	1931	C. H. Gonda
Shanghai Race (Jockey) Club	305 Bubbling Well Road	1933	Spence, Robinson & Partners
Metropol Theatre	500 Thibet Road	1932-33	Allied Architects
Grand Theatre	238 Bubbling Well Road	1933	Ladislaus Hudec
Paramount Ballroom	218 Yu Yuen Road	1931-34	S. C. Young
Columbia Country Club	301 Great Western Road	1936	Ladislaus Hudec

Banks

Majestic Theatre	Jiangning 99 Lu	1941	Robert Fan <i>Fan Wenzhao</i>
China Red Cross Hospital	Wulumuqi Lu 12	1910	
St. John's College	Wanhangdan Lu 1575	1894-1924	Atkinson & Dallas, Algar Co.
Nan Yang Public School	Hua Shan Lu 1954	1898-1933	T. Chuang
St. Ignatius School	? 50	1918	
Shanghai University	? 516	1925-1937	
Deutsche Ingenieurschule	Fuxing Zhong Lu 1195	1908-1916	Becker & Baedeker
Shanghai American School	Heng Shan Lu 10	1922	Henry Murphy
Ecole Franco-Chinoise	Huai Hai Zhong Lu 70	1913	
Country Hospital	Yan An Xi Lu 17	1926	Ladislaus Hudec
College Francais	Nanchang Lu 47	1927	Veysseyre (?)
Institute of Science, Central Insti.	? 320	1930	Uchita
Lester Hospital	Shandong Zhong Lu 145	1930-32	H. Lester & Co.
Royal Asiatic Society	Hu Qiu Lu 20	1932	Palmer & Turner
Pure Heart School for Ch. Girls	Lujiabang Lu 650	1933	Poy Gum Lee
Henry Lester Institute for Med. Res.	Beijing Xi Lu 1320	1932	H. Lester & Co.
Lester School & Technical Insti.	Dong ? 505	1934	H. Lester & Co.
Pvt. Hospital for Women & Child.	Yan An Xi Lu 934	1935	T. Chuang
McTyeire School for Girls	Jiangsu Lu 155	1935	Ladislaus Hudec
Shanghai Recreation Ground	? 346	1934-35	Dayu Doon
Shanghai Museum	? 174	1934-35	Dayu Doon
Shanghai Library	? 181	1934-35	Dayu Doon
Dr. Sun Yat-sen Mem. Hospital	? 138	1936	Pacific Engineering Co.
Nat'l Medical College of Shanghai	? 136	1936	Kwan, Chu & Yang
Aurora College Library & Museum	? 227	1930 & 1936	
Cathedral School for Girls	Hua Shan Lu 639	1941	Moorehead & Halse
Zhenru High School	Yan An Xi Lu 601	1948	
Joffre Apartments	Huai Hai Zhong Lu 538-544	1922	
Normandie Apartments	Huai Hai Zhong Lu 1836	1924	Ladislaus Hudec
Belden Apartments (@Canidrome)	Shanxi Nan Lu 213	1924	
Estrella Apartments	Ruijin Yi Lu 150	1926-27	Ladislaus Hudec
Hongkew Hotel	Sichuan Bei Lu 875	1927	
West Garden Mansions	Yu Yuan Lu 1396	1928	Yaron
Denis Apartments	Nanjing Xi Lu 778	1928	Eric Cumine
Sun Court	Wei Hai Lu 651	1928	Calatroni & Hsieh Co.
North End Court	? 304	1928	
Savoy Apartments	Changshu Lu 209	1928	
Washington Apartments	Hengshan Lu 303	1928	
Cathay Mansions	Changle Lu 109	1925-29	Algar & Co.
Bijou Apartments	Changshu Lu 278	1929	
Liberty Apartments	Wuyuan Lu 258	1933-37	
Bearn Apartments	Huai Hai Zhong Lu 449	1923-20	Leonard, Veysseyre & Kruze
Tai Shan Apartments	Huai Hai Zhong Lu 622	1928-30	
Lincoln Apartments	Huai Hai Zhong Lu 1554	1930	
Brookside Apartments	Hua Shan Lu 731	1930	Elliott Hazzard
Midget Apartments	Wukang Lu 115	1931	
Dubail Apartments	Chong Qing Nan Lu 185	1931	
Empire Mansions	Huai Hai Zhong Lu 1326	1931	Kyetay
Hongkew Apartments	Sichuan Bei Lu 1274	1932	T. Chuang
Avenue Apartments	Beijing Xi Lu 1341	1932	Ladislaus Hudec
Majestic Apartments	Beijing Xi Lu 868	1932	
Quinsan Garden Apartments	Kunshan Lu 227	?	
Young Apartments	Huai Hai Zhong Lu 481	1933	Moorehead & Halse
Hamilton House	Jiangxi Zhong Lu 170	1931-33	Palmer & Turner
Astrid Apartments	Maoming Nan Lu 143	1933	Levin
Broadway Mansions	Bei Suzhou Lu 20	1930-34	Freizer (Fraysr?)
<i>King Albert</i>		1930	<i>LIVIN</i>

Picardie Apartments	Hengshan Lu 534	1934	Munutti & Co.
Willow Court	Fuxing Xi Lu 34	1934	Leonard, Veysseyre & Kruze
Dauphine Apartments	Jianguo Xi Lu 394	1935	"
Haig Court	Huashan Lu 370	1925-34	Elliott Hazard
Medhurst Apartments	Nanjing Xi Lu 934	1934	Davies, Brooke & Gran
Cosmopolitan Apartments	Shanxi Bei Lu 175	1932-34	Poy Gum Lee
Grosvenor House	Maoming Nan Lu 65-125	1935	Palmer & Turner
Embankment Building	Bei Suzhou Lu 340	1935	Palmer & Turner
Gascogne Apartments	Huai Hai Zhong Lu 1202	1935	Leonard, Veysseyre & Kruze
Magy Apartments	Fuxing Xi Lu 24	1936	"
Eddington House	Changde Lu 195	1936	
Paris Apartments	Chong Qing Nan Lu 165	1936	
Hubertus Court	Yan An Xi Lu 918	1937	Ladislaus Hudec
Hanray Apartments	Huai Hai Zhong Lu 1160	1939	(Veysseyre?)
Amyron (Algonquin) Apartments	Gao An Lu 14	1941	
Ding Xiang Huayuan (Clove Gdn.)	Hua Shan Lu 49	end of 19 th century	Rogers
Ji Xiang Li (Lane)	Henan Zhong Lu 531	1876	
Customs Club	Fenyang Lu 9/3	1896	
Residence of Shen Xuanhuai	Huai Hai Zhong Lu 1517	1900	
Arts & Crafts Museum	Fenyang Lu 79	1905 (?)	(Hudec ?)
Residence of Rui Kang Co.	Huangpi Nan Lu 25	1910	
Longmen Cun (Lane)	? 133/1-105	1905-34	
Feng Xian Road Terrace Houses	? 68/40-92	1911	
Rte. Ferguson (Deco) Apts. (2)	Wukang Lu 393	1912 & 1930's	
Xin Hua Cun (Lane)	Yu Yuan Lu 1320	1912-1932	
Victory Terrace + Drummond Res.	Hua Shan Lu 229-285	1912-1936	
Dixwell Road Garden Villas	Li Yang Lu 1084-1338	1914	
Heng Ye Li (Lane)	Jiangxi Zhong Lu 135/1-13	1914-15	
Yong Fen Cun (Lane)	? 177-179/1-10	1919	
Residence of Chen Bingqian	Shanxi Bei Lu 80	1920	
Arbury Lane (New Orleans style)	? 1-13	1920	
Morriss Estate, Bldg. 3	Ruijin Er Lu 118	1920 (?)	
Basset Residence (French CG)	Huai Hai Zhong Lu 1431	1921	Basset of Credit Foncier
Marble Hall, Kadoorie Residence	Yan An Xi Lu 64	1919-24	Stewardson & Spence ? OR Brown of Moorhead & Halse
American Consulate General	Huai Hai Zhong Lu 1202	1921	
Rte. Ferguson Garden Villa	Wukang Lu 113	1923	
Missions Recoletos	Xiangshan Lu 6	1920's	
Shang Xian Fang	Huai Hai Zhong Lu 358	1924	
Rue Mercier Lane Houses	Maoming Bei Lu 200-290	1923-27	
Residence of Wu Miaosheng	? 316	1924	
Residence of Sakai Co. Mgr.	Ruijin Er Lu 118 (Bldg. 2)	1924 (?)	
Willow Garden	Tai An Lu 120	1924	
Two Villas on Rte. Frelupt	Jianguo Xi Lu 620 & 622	1924	Leonard, Veysseyre & Kruze
Darroch Road Garden Villa	Duolun Lu 215	1924	
Residence of H.H. Kung (?)	Duolun 250	1924	
Joseph Mansion on Ave. Joffre	Huai Hai Zhong Lu 1110	1925	
Amherst Rd. Round Villa	Xin Hua Lu 329/36	1925	Ladislaus Hudec
Amherst Rd. Garden Villa	Xin Hua Lu 329/32	1925	Ladislaus Hudec
Amherst Rd. Garden Villa	Xin Hua Lu 231	1925	Ladislaus Hudec (?)
Gilbert Reid Residence	Xin Hua Lu 211/2	1925	Ladislaus Hudec (?)
Amherst Rd. Garden Villa	Xin Hua Lu 179	1925	Ladislaus Hudec (?)
Haig Villa	Hua Shan Lu 1006	1925	
Belgian Consulate General (?)	Huai Hai Zhong Lu 1131	1926	Becker & Baedeker
Kwok Family Mansions (2)	Nanjing Xi Lu 1418	1926	
Yu Gu Cun (Lane)	Yu Yuan Lu 361	1927	Yang Runyu & Yang Wuling

Gubbay House	Yan Qing Lu 130	1928	
Rte.deSieyes German Garden Villa	Yong Jia Lu 501	1928	
Residence of T.V. Soong	Yue Yang Lu 145	1928	
Morriss Estate	Ruijin Er Lu 118	1920's	
Residence of Calbeck Co. Mgr.	Wukang Lu 99	1928	
Residence of L. London	Wuxing Lu 87	1928	Leonard & Veysseyre
Garden Villas on Yu Yuan Road	Yu Yuan Lu 1112/4/20	1928	
Residence of Pigment Trader Qiu	Weihai Lu 412	1920-30	
Residence of D.E.J. Abraham	Yan An Zhong Lu 810	1920's	
Garden Villa on Rte. Legendre	Xing Guo Lu 72 (Swire Compound)	1920's	
Garden Villa on Rte. Legendre	Xing Guo Lu 72	1920's	
Ding Xiang Villa	Hua Shan Lu 922	1920's	
Row House Apts. on Range Road	Wuting Lu	206-296	1920's
Chelsea House	Nanjing Xi Lu 962	1929	
Verdun & Beverly Gardens	Shanxi Nan Lu 39-45	1925-29	Algar & Co.
Clements Court Apartments	Fuxing Zhong Lu 1363	1929	
Row House Apts. on Hardoon Rd.	Tongren Lu 280		
Garden Villas on Rue Ratard	Julu Lu 889	1929	
Yuan Shi Kai's Villa	Sinan Lu 39-41	1920's	
Cite Bourgogne	Shanxi Nan Lu 287	1930	
Row Houses on Bubbling Well Rd.	Nanjing Xi Lu 1522	1930	
Residence of Cornell Franklin	Huai Hai Xi Lu 338	1931	Elliott Hazzard
Bubbling Well Road Apts. (Lane)	Nanjing Xi Lu 1025	1926-32	
Si Ming Cun (Lane)	Yan An Zhong Lu 913	1928-32	Huang Yangji of Kyetay
Three Lanes	Yan An Zhong Lu 470, 504, 540	1929,30,32	
Jian Ye Li (Lane)	Jianguo Xi Lu 440, 456, 496	1930	
Garden Villas on Rue Ratard	Julu Lu 852, 1-10	1930	
Garden Villas on Ave. Joffre	Huai Hai Zhong Lu 1276-1292	1930	
Doumer Terrace (Lane)	Changle Lu 764	1930	
Soong Family Villas (2)	Dongping Lu 9	1930	
Garden Villa on Amherst Rd.	Xin Hua Lu 185/1	1930	
Half-Timbered Garden Villa	Hongqiao Lu 2310	1930	
Garden Villa	Hongqiao Lu 2275	1930	Hijack (?)
Half-Timbered Garden Villa	Xin Hua Lu 315	1930	
Half-Timbered Garden Villa	Hua Shan Lu 1076, 1100, 1120	1930	
Garden Villa	Yu Yuan Lu 1294	1930	
Half-Timbered Garden Villas	Julu Lu 868-892	1930	
Sayzoong Terrace	Changshu Lu 113/2-31	1930	
Garden Bungalow on Ave. Joffre	Huai Hai Zhong Lu 1634	1930	
Garden Villa on Rte. Boissezon	Fuxing Xi Lu 193	1930	
Garden Villa on Amherst Rd.	Xin Hua Lu 236, 248, 272/2, 294	1930	
Avondale House	Beijing Xi Lu 1220/2	1930	
Art Deco Villa on Amherst Rd.	Xin Hua Lu 483	1930	
King Albert Apts.	Shanxi Nan Lu 151-187	1930	Levin
Mo Fan Cun (Lane)	Yan An Zhong Lu 877	1931	Zhou Huinan
Zhong Shi Xin Cun (Lane)	Yu Yuan Lu 58-589		
Kahn Terrace (Lane)	? 131-143, 169	1943	H. Lester & Co.
Residence of Liu Jisheng	Julu Lu 675-81	1931	Ladislaus Hudec
Residence of Sun Ke	Yan An Xi Lu 1262	1929-31	Ladislaus Hudec
Garden Villas on Ave. Foch	Yan An Xi Lu 931-979	1931	
Garden Villas on Rte. de Sieyes	Yong Jia Lu 571	1931	Leonard, Veysseyre & Kruze
Remi Apartments (Lane)	Yong Kang Lu 109, 175	1931	
Garden Villa on Rte. Culty	Hunan Lu 262	1931	
Sassoon Garden Villa	Hongqiao Lu 2409	1932	Palmer & Turner
Garden Villa on Tunsin. Rd.	Wuyi Lu 127	1932	
Residence of Italian Consul	Wukang Lu 390	1932	Credit Foncier Co.

Spanish Colonial Revival	Wukang Lu 40/1	1932-33	Dayu Doon
Residence of R. Buchard	Yongfu Lu 52	1832	Elliott Hazzard
New Style Lane Houses (3)	? (multiple addresses)	1928,1928,1932	
Plum Well Villas (Lane)	Xin Hua Lu Lane 503	1933	Xi Fuquan
Residence of Yan Tongchun	Yan An Xi Lu 816	1933	Lin Ruiji
Garden Villa on Rte. Ghisi	Yue Yang Lu 110	1930's	
Residence of Customs Chief	Fenyang Lu 45	1932-33	Morrison Hendry
Residence of Wang Boqun	Yu Yuan Lu 1136/31	1930-34	Liu Shiyng
Residence of Zhao Yidi	? 1	1934	
Garden Villa on Gt. Western Rd.	Yan An Xi Lu 2558	1934	
Garden Villas on Rt. Mayen	Huating Lu 71 ff.	1934	
Garden Villa on Rue du Pere Huc	Yongfu Lu 151	1941-42	Kofar & T.H. Yang
Xin Kang Huayuan (Jubilee Ct.)	Huai Hai Zhong Lu 1273	1934	Spence, Robinson & Partners
French Lane Hses. on Ave. Joffre	Huai Hai Zhong Lu 1818/1-8	1934	
Zhao Fang Bieshu (Lane)	Changle Lu Lane 712	1929,1934,1935	
Lai Si Nan Cun (Lane)	Wuyuan Lu 205/2-6	1935	
Residence of Swire Manager	Xing Guo Lu 72	1935	Clough Williams-Ellis
Yi Pin Cun (Lane)	Sinan Lu 51-95	1912-1936	
Paris Court (Lane)	Chong Qing Nan Lu 169	1912-1936	
Garden Villa on Rte. de Sieyes	Yongjia Lu 389	1936	
Residence of H.H. Kung	Yongjia Lu 383	1936	Robert Fan <i>Fan Wenghao</i>
Yong Quan Fang (Lane)	Yu Yuan Lu 395	1936	
Garden Villa on Rte. Kaufmann	Anting Lu 130 & 132	1930's	
French Country Villa	Changle Lu 800	1930's	
Moller House	Shanxi Nan Lu 30	1936	
American Style Shingle House	Jianguo Xi Lu 398	1936	Xi Fuquan
Garden Villa on Amherst Rd.	Xinhua Lu 329/17	1936	Ladislau Hudec
Garden Villa on Rte. Edan	Yu Qing Lu 190	1936	
Garden Villa on Rt. Ghisi	Yue Yang Lu 170/1	1936	
Art Deco Residence	Chin Hai Lu 44 (?)	1936	Davies, Brooke & Gran
Jing Hua Xin Cun (Lane, Art Deco)	Julu Lu 820/804-836	1938	
Row Houses on Glen Rd.	? 222-266	1938	
Wen Yuan Fang (Lane)	Yu Yuan Lu 608	1938	
Roseberry Court	Yu Yuan Lu 754		
Antina Apartments (Lane)	Anting Lu 82/2-4	1936-1938	Asia Realty Co.
Residence of D. V. Wood	Tongren Lu 333	1938	Ladislau Hudec
Residence of Guo Dihuo (Kwok)	Hua Shan Lu 893	1938	
Garden Villas on Rte.de Sieyes	Yongjia Lu 527/1-5		Leonard, Veysseyre & Kruze
Lane Houses on Rte. de Sieyes	Yongjia Lu 495		
Shanghai Xin Cun (Lane)	Huai Hai Zhong Lu 1487/1-56	1939	
Lane Houses on Ave. Joffre	Huai Hai Zhong Lu 1754	1930's	
Apartments on Rte. Ghisi	Yue Yang Lu 200	1999 (?)	
Garden Villa on Rte. Ferguson	Wukang Lu 117/2	1930's	
Chinese Style Villa on Amherst Rd.	Xin Hua Lu 200	1930's	
The Cloisters	Fuxing Xi Lu 62	1930-1940	
Lane Houses on Bourgeat/Courbet	Changle Lu 752-62/Fumin Lu 210	1941	Allied Architects (Chih Chen)
Yi Yuan (Lane)	Jianguo Xi Lu 506	1941	
Fei Xia Bieshu (Lane)	Huai Hai Zhong Lu 584	1941	
Zhong Nan Cun (Lane)	Huai Hai Zhong Lu 1670	1941	
Shang Feng Huayuan (Lane)	Huai Hai Zhong Lu 1285/4-77	1938-1941	Moorhead & Halse
Pu Yuan (Lane)	Changle Lu 570	1942	Zhang Yuquan
Yi Cun (Lane)	Huai Hai Zhong Lu 1610/1-8	1942	
Xiang De Cun (Lane)	? 2	1943	
Garden Villa on Rte. Ferguson	Wukang Lu 117/1	1943-1944	Fan Nengli
Yi Cun (Lane)	Tai An Lu 76	1945	
Yong Jia Xin Cun (Lane)	Yongjia Lu Lane 580	1947	

Residence of Zhang Qun	Yanqing Lu 74 (?)	1947	
Residence of Zhu Mintang	Wulumuqi Nan Lu 151	1948	
Garden Villas on Rte. Lorioz (Lane)	Tai An Lu Lane 115	1948	Max Wang
Residence of Wang Shixin	Jianguo Xi Lu 618	1948	
Residence of Yao Youde	? 200	1948	Paulich & Paulick
Yu Hua Xin Cun (Lane)	Fumin Lu Lane 182	1937-1938	Su, Yang & Lei
Hu Xi Bieshu (Lane)	Yu Yuan Lu 1210	1948	
St. Ignatius Catholic Library	Cao Xi Bei Lu 80	1847	
St. Francis Xavier Church	Dongjiadu Lu 175	1847-1853	Father Jean Ferrand
St. Joseph Cathedral	Sichuan Nan Lu 36	1860-1861	Father Louis Helot
Holy Trinity Cathedral	Jiujiang Lu 201	1866-1869	Sir Gilbert Scott, Wm. Kidner
Chapel of Our Lady	Pudong	1898	
Nan Zhang Cathedral	Minhang	1876, 1901	
St. Ignatius Cathedral	Puxi Lu 158	1910	Dowdall & Co.
Ohel Rachel Synagogue	Shanxi Bei Lu 500	1920	Stewardson & Spence
Pure Heart Church	? 30	1923	
Hongkew Methodist Church	Kunshan Lu 135	1923	
Youth Association Building	Hu Qiu Lu 131	1919-1924	
Catholic Country Church (Rubicon)	Hami Lu 115/6	1925	Ladislaus Hudec
All Saints Church	Fuxing Xi Zhong Lu 425	1925	
Hong De Tang Church	Duolun Lu 59	1928	
Ci Xiu An Convent (Buddhist)	? 15	1869	
Jade Buddha Temple	Anyuan Lu 170	1918-1928	
The Big Cloister	Cao Xi Bei Lu 336	1928-1929	
St. Ignatius Cloister	Cao Xi Bei Lu 45	1931	
Shanghai West City Mosque	Xiao Tao Yuan Jie 52	1930	
Shanghai Nishi Honganji	Zhapu Lu 455	1931	Okano Shigehisa
Moore Memorial Church	Xizang Zhong Lu 316	1929-1931	Ladislaus Hudec
YMCA Building	Xizang Nan Lu 123	1929-1931	P.G. Lee, R. Fan, Chao Shan
China Baptist Publishing House	Yuan Ming Yuan Lu 209	1930	Ladislaus Hudec
Christian Literature Society Bldg.	Hu Qiu Lu 128	1933	Ladislaus Hudec
Foreign YMCA Building	Nanjing Xi Lu 150	1938-1932	Elliott Hazzard
YMCA Building	Yuan Ming Yuan Lu 133	1933	Poy Gum Lee
Russian Orthodox Mission Church	Xinle Lu 55	1932-34	Yaron
St. Nicholas Russian Church	Gaolan Lu 16	1931-34	Yaron
She Shan Basilica	She Shan	1925-1935	Father Francis Diniz
Community Church	Heng Shan Lu 53	1925-1936	Blake (?)
Grace Baptist Church	Shanxi Bei Lu 375	1942	
Undersea Cable Landing House	? 3901	1873	
Jiang Nan Arsenal	? 2	1865	
Jiang Nan Ammunition Factory	? 2577	1876	
Shanghai Water Works	Yangzipu Lu 830	1901-1927	Huston Co.
Shanghai Dock & Engineering Co.	Dong Daming Lu 378	1908	
Jardine Cotton Mill	Yangzipu Lu 670	1901-1911	Moorhead & Halse
River Power Plant	Yangzipu Lu 2800	1908	
Fourfours Foosing Flour Mills (& Hotel)	Moganshan Lu 120 m 1267	1913-1930	Atkinson & Dallas
Nanyang Brothers Tobacco Co.	Dong Daming Lu 817	1915	
Yee Tsoong Tobacco Co. (BAT)	Nan Suzhou Lu 161-175	1920	
Shanghai Central Mint	? 17	1921-1922	Atkinson & Dallas
Sino-French Machinery & Ship Co.	? 132	1930	
Union Brewery Co.	? 130	1933-1934	Ladislaus Hudec
Tianli Nitrogen Products Co.	? 345	1934	
British Wool Floss Factory	? 400	1934	
Staff Residences, River Gas Plant	Yangzipu Lu 2524	1934	
Yu Feng Textile Co.	Yangzipu Lu 2866	1912-1935	
Aquarius Co. of Calbeck Co.	? 400	1935	Palmer & Turner

China Press Printing Plant	Aomen Lu 477		1935	
Si Hang Storage Co.	? 21		1935	
Gutzlaff Signal Tower	Zhong Shan Dong Er Lu 1		1907	
Garden Bridge	Zhong Shan Dong Yi Lu		1907	
Sichuan Road Bridge	Sichuan Lu		1922	S.M.C.
Zhapu Road Bridge	Zhapu Lu		1927	S.M.C.
Ward Road Jail	Changyang Lu 147		1901-1935	S.M.C.
Pumping Stn., East Sewage Plant	? 1283		1926	
Pumping Stn., West Sewage Plan	Tianshan Lu 30		1926	
Hongkew Fire Station	Wusong Lu 560		1917	S.M.C.
Yi Chang Road Fire Station	Yichang Lu 216		1932	
Huang's Garden	?		1932	
Marble Pavilion of Zhao Feng Park	? 780		1935	

1927

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6 Avenue Edward VII
Tel. C. 1621

克達郎
Hudec, L. E.
 Yokohama Specie Bank Bldg.
 Tel. C. 9277

—
Kirk & Co., William A.
 Yokohama Specie Bank Bldg.
 24 The Bund
 Tel. C. 5796

—
Kun Lee Engineering Co., Ltd.
 41 Canton Road
 Tel. C. 3683

—
Kyetay Engineering Corp.
 30 North Soochow Road
 Tel. N. 4800

—
 豐資
Lafuente & Yaron
 151c Bubbling Well Road
 Tel. W. 3774
 Lafuente, A.
 Yaron, A., N.E.A.

—
 允元實業有限公司
Lam, Glines & Co., Inc.
 32 Peking Road
 Tel. C. 1532 and 1533

—
 法商營造實業公司
Ledreux, Minutti & Cie
 26 Rue Chu Pao San
 Tel. C. 1336
 Ledreux, E., E.T.P.
 Minutti, R., E.P.Z.

賴安工程師
Leonard & Veysseyre
 667 Avenue Joffre
 West 3943
 Leonard, A., D.P.L.G.
 Veysseyre, R.

—
 德和洋行
Lester, Johnson & Morriss
 2 Siking Road
 Tel. C. 451-452
 Johnson, G. A., F.R.I.B.A.
 Morriss, G.

—
Lindskog, Bengtt, B.S.C., C.E.
 54 Yu Yuen Road
 Tel. W. 2284

—
 羅德
Luthy & Co., C.
 1c Kiukiang Road
 Tel. C. 1914
 Luthy, C., S.I.A.
 A-schbach, A., C.E.

—
 米倫
Milne, F. E., M.S.A., L.R.I.B.A.
 38 Avenue Edward VII
 Tel. C. 9255

—
 馬海
Moorhead, Halse & Robinson
 17 Yuen-Ming-Yuen Road
 Tel. C. 142
 Robinson, H. C. F., A.R.I.B.A.
 Butt, C. F., A.R.I.B.A.

Negami, N.
 7 Magnolia Terrace
 Tel. N. 2632

—
North China Engineering Co.
 123B Kiangse Road
 Tel. C. 7642

—
Okano, S.
 465 Dixwell Road
 Tel. N. 287

—
 公和
Palmer & Turner
 1 Canton Road
 Tel. C. 2398 and 2399
 Bird, H. W., F.R.I.B.A. (H'kong)
 Logan, Lieut-Col. M. H.,
 M.C., M.INST. C.E., F.S.I.
 Wilson, G. L., F.S.I., F.R.I.B.A.
 Bird, Major L. G., D.S.O. (H'kong)
 Bothwell, E. F., F.R.I.B.A.,
 A.M.I.S.E.

—
 裕和洋行
Powell, Sidney, J., A.M.I.C.E.
 13A Canton Road
 Tel. C. 918

—
Probst, Hanbury & Co., Ltd.
 27 Jinkee Road
 Tel. C. 32
 Bateman, R. Wallace, M.C., B.A.,
 A.R.I.B.A., A.M.S.A.

—
Purnell & Paget (of Canton)
 Astor House Hotel
 P. O. Box 1434
 Paget, Charles S., AS. MEM. A.S.C.E.

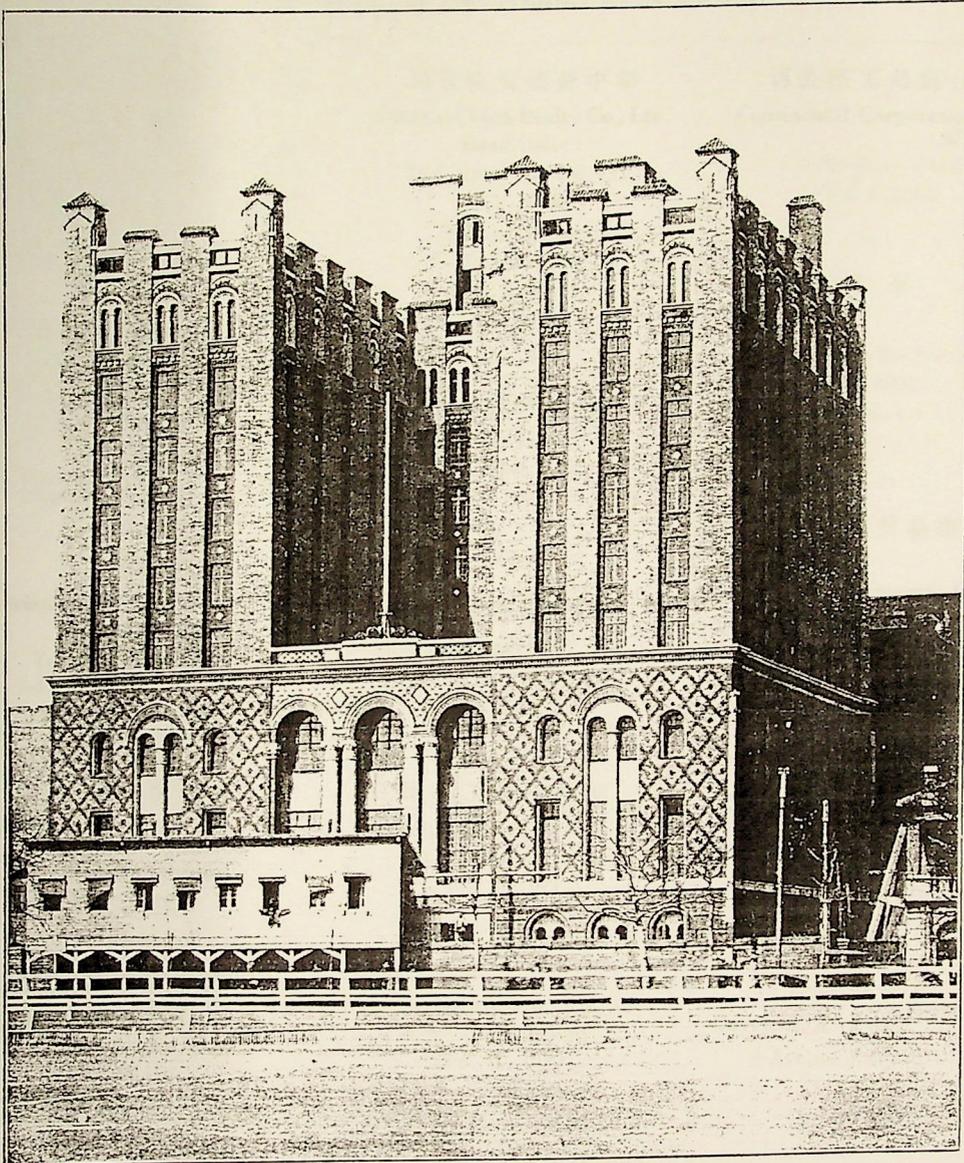
DIRECTORY OF ARCHITECTS (*contd.*)

<p>行洋達道 Read, W. S. Glen Line Building 2 Peking Road Tel. C. 2785</p>	<p>生蘇 Suenson & Co., Ltd., E. Union Bank Bldg. 38 Avenue Edward VII Tel. C. 839 and 840 Tel. Add: Konstruct Suenson, E., B.Sc., C.E. Duncan, E. Duncan, P. H.</p>	<p>Tilley, Percy 38 Avenue Edward VII Tel. C. 2527 — 司公第伯柯 Van Corback, T. B. 1 Soochow Road Tel. C. 1168</p>
<p>生九思 Stewardson, Spence & Watson 3 Peking Road Tel. C. 4221 and 21 Stewardson, R. E., F.R.I.B.A. Spence, H. M., A.R.I.B.A. Watson, Bryan, A.R.I.B.A.</p>	<p>師程工造營行洋爾蘇 Suhr & Woserau 17 Honan Road Tel. C. 6029 Suhr, K. H. Woserau, A.</p>	<p>Wootten & Patstone Rooms 207-211 H. & S. Bank Bldg. 12 The Bund Wotton, G. O. Patstone, L. F.</p>

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<p>Butterfield & Swire Works Dept. French Bund Tel. C. 4881</p>	<p>East Asia Industrial Co., Ltd. 5 Kiukiang Road Tel. C. 7302</p>	<p>Shanghai Municipal Council Public Works Dept. 15 Hankow Road Tel. C. 161</p>
<p>司公業營國中 China Realty Co., Ltd. 70 Szechuen Road Tel. C. 8288, 8289, 8290</p>	<p>司公產地業建國中 Fonciere & Immobiliere de Chine 9 Avenue Edward VII Tel. C. 7008</p>	<p>Standard Oil Co. 11-12 Canton Road Tel. C. 257</p>
<p>行銀欸放品義 Credit Foncier d'Extreme-Orient 7 The Bund Tel. C. 1943</p>	<p>H. B. M. Office of Works 14 Yuen-ming-yuen Road Tel. C. 396</p>	<p>Y. M. C. A. Building Bureau Tel. C. 5287 Adamson, A. Q.</p>
<p>Custom House Works Dept. 17 The Bund</p>		

1928



Architects: ELLIOTT HAZARD AND A. Q. ADAMSON

THE FOREIGN Y. M. C. A., BUILDING

Situate opposite the Race Course, Bubbling Well Road, Shanghai. The lower story of reddish brown brick, the second and third stories in diaper pattern buff and cream brick and the upper stories in buff and brown.

ARCHITECTS PRACTISING IN SHANGHAI

司公限有德爾愛商英

Algar & Co., Ltd.

Algar Bldg., 5 Hongkong Road

Private Office: Tel. 10849

Property Dept.: „ 18851

General: „ 10231

Nazir, A. P.

Kales, F. H.

**Architects Bureau of
Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.)**

Room 409, Missions Building

23 Yuen-ming-yuen Road

Tel. C. 8731

Gunn, Chas. A.

Creighton, Roy L.

和通

Atkinson & Dallas, Ltd.

26 Peking Road

Tel. 10012, 10712, 10713

Saker, R. M.

Atkinson, W. L., M.I.C.E.

師程工士韻柏

Berents, Hans, B.Sc., C.E.,

M.A.S.C.E.

13A Canton Road

Tel. 12099

司公限有利泰商英

Brandt & Rodgers, Ltd.

215 Szechuen Road

Tel. 61119

Brandt, Wm., M.A.A.

利得開

Calatroni & Hsieh

14 Kiukiang Road

Tel. 10355

Calatroni, E., B.Sc.

Hsieh, Dr. E. S., C.E., D.ENG.

司公限有業營中華

Central China Realty Co., Ltd.

Head Office:

36 Avenue Edward VII.

Tel. 18549

Design Office:

22 Kiukiang Road

Tel. 15574-5

Chiulin, L. Shih, arch.

司公業營興錦

Central Realty Co.

25 Jinkee Road

Tel. 14967

Hsu, S., arch.

司公業實產地國中

China Investment Co.

14 Hankow Road

Tel. 19870

師程工子艾祿邵

Chollot, J. J.

85 Rue Marcel Tillot

Tel. W. 971

Chollot, L. A.

c/o Racine & Co.,

Glen Line Building

Tel. W. 1640

Chollot, P. J.

(Dipl. Eng. of Arts & Manufactures of the Central School of Paris)

Fonciere & Immobiliere de Chine

9 Avenue Edward VII

Tel. C. 7008

司公程工易貿合六

**Continental Corporation
of China**

5 Szechuen Road

Tel. 67311-2

益果

Corritt, A.

64 Route des Sœurs

W. 4699

Corritt, A., B.Sc., C.E.

Winther, A., B.Sc., C.E.

行銀款放品義

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d'Extreme-Orient**

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Tel. 11943

Dumail, J., arch.

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Cumine & Co., Ltd.

7 Ningpo Road

Tel. 61195 and 61196

Cumine, H. M., F.I.A.A. (LONDON)

行樣打理克

Curry, R. A., B.A.R.C.H.

9 Avenue Edward VII

Tel. 13241

和瑞新

Davies & Brooke

4 Avenue Edward VII

Tel. 10359

Davies, Gilbert, L.R.I.B.A.

Brooke, J. T. W., A.R.I.B.A.

司公程工築建亞東
**Eastern Asia Architects and
 Engineers Corp., Ltd.**
 22 Kiangse Road
 Tel. 12392

Livin-Goldenstaedt, W., ARCH. C.E.
 Tomashevsky, P., ARCH. C.E.

行樣打利通

Fittkau, H.
 20 Museum Road
 Tel. 11912

寶鴻

Gonda & Busch
 21 Museum Road
 Tel. 17184

Gonda, C. H., B.A.
 Busch, E.

Hall & Hall
 25 Museum Road
 Tel. 10483

得沙哈

Hazzard, Elliott, A.I.A.
 6 Avenue Edward VII
 Tel. 11621

克達郎

Hudec, L. E., B.A.
 Yokohama Specie Bank Bldg.
 (Room 40)
 P. O. Box 534

柏柯

Kapper, S., C.E.
 6 Kiukiang Road
 Cent. 17176

Kun Lee Engineering Co., Ltd.
 9 Foochow Road
 Tel. 13683

Kyetay Engineering Corp.
 30 North Soochow Road
 Tel. N. 4800

司公限有業質元允
Lam, Glines & Co., Inc.

32 Peking Road
 Tel. 61532 and 61533

師程工安賴

Leonard & Veyseyre
 667 Avenue Joffre
 West 3943

Leonard, A., D.P.L.G.
 Veyseyre, P.

行洋和德

Lester, Johnson & Morriss
 1 Kiukiang Road
 Tel. 60451-452

Johnson, G. A., F.R.I.B.A.
 Morriss, G.
 Maughan, J. R., A.R.I.B.A.

諾世林

**Lindskog, Bengtt, B.Sc., C.E.,
 M.D.I.C.E.**

54 Yu Yuen Road
 Tel. W. 2284

倫米

Milne, F. E., L.R.I.B.A.
 38 Avenue Edward VII
 Tel. 19255

所程工義三

Nielsen & Malcolm
 3 Canton Road

捷伯

Paget, Charles S., A.M.A.S.C.E.
 (Purnell & Paget of Canton)
 Chartered Bank Building
 (2nd floor)
 P. O. Box 1434

和公

Palmer & Turner
 1 Canton Road
 Cent. 2398 and 2399

Logan, M. H., M.INST. C.E., F.S.I.
 Wilson, G. L., F.S.I., F.R.I.B.A.
 Bird, L. G., D.S.O. (H'kong)
 Bothwell, E. F., F.R.I.B.A.,
 A.M.I.S.E.

司公業營海上

Pioneer Realty Co.
 2 Kiukiang Road
 Tel. C. 9839

行洋和裕

Powell, Sidney, J., A.M.I.C.E.
 74 Szechuen Road
 Tel. 10918

司公光輝

Radiant Co.
 22 Kiangse Road
 Tel. 17051

行洋達道

Read, W. S.
 Glen Line Building
 2 Peking Road
 Tel. C. 2785

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生九思
Spence, Robinson & Partners

3 Peking Road (4th floor)
Tel. 10021, 10142 and 16134
Tel. Add: Spenrobin

Spence, H. M., A.R.I.B.A.
Robinson, H. G. F., A.P.I.B.A.
Butt, C. F., A.R.I.B.A.
March, J. E., A.R.I.B.A.

生蘇
Suenson & Co., Ltd., E.

Union Bank Bldg. (2nd floor)
38 Avenue Edward VII
Tel. 60840

Suenson, E., B.Sc., C.E.
Duncan, F.
Duncan, P. H.

師程工造營行洋爾蘇
Suhr & Woserau

17 Honan Road
Tel. 16029
Suhr, K. H.

司公業實豐頤
Sung & Co., J. P.

13A Canton Road
Tel. 19918

Tilley, Percy

14 Kiukiang Road (1st floor)
Tel. 12527
Tel. Add: Tillimb

司公限有份股產地業成
Union Land Investment
Co., Ltd.

13A Canton Road
C. 918

司公第伯柯
Van Corback, T. B.

13A Canton Road
Tel. Add: Ionicolumn

豐贊
Yaron, A., N.E.A.

316 Bubbling Well Road
Tel. W. 6082

FIRMS IN SHANGHAI WITH ARCHITECTURAL DEPARTMENTS

Asiatic Petroleum Co.

Installation Staff
1 The Bund
Tel. 63600

Walker, F. A., F.R.I.B.A.
Stoner, A. P., A.P.I.B.A.
Keats, W. O., F.S.I.

Butterfield & Swire

Works Dept.
French Bund
Tel. C. 4881

Adams, G. H., A.R.I.B.A.

司公業營國中
China Realty Co., Ltd.

25 Jinkee Road
Tel. C. 8288, 8289, 8290

Custom House

Works Dept.
The Bund

廠紗康大

Dah Kong Cotton
Spinning Co., Ltd.

55 Szechuen Road
Tel. 61487, 16807-8 and 5648

司公產地業建國中
Fonciere & Immobiliere de
Chine

9 Avenue Edward VII
Tel. C. 7008

H. B. M. Office of Works

14 Yuen-ming-yuen Road
Tel. 10396

Shanghai Municipal Council

Public Works Dept.
15 Hankow Road
Tel. C. 161

Standard Oil Co.

11-12 Canton Road
Tel. 65181

Y. M. C. A. Building Bureau

38 Bubbling Well Road
Tel. W. 2155
Adamson, A. Q.

A tolerant man savours freedom

A MAN who was imprisoned in China for 15 years, eight of them in solitary confinement, for no crime except that he did not praise the revolution loudly enough, was enjoying a brief taste of luxury in Hongkong this week.

Despite the loss of his freedom, his separation from his family, and the confiscation of all his personal belongings, Serge Ivanovich Kostromelnoff who has anglicised his name to Serge John Kost, is not bitter.

"I was the hapless victim of political events," he says. "I was caught in a revolution, there is really no one to blame — you might as well blame an earthquake."

He talks about his experiences, the eight years in a detention centre without any charge being brought against him, the so-called "trial" with trumped-up evidence, the detention of his daughter and her subsequent deportation, all kept secret from him, with an amazing tolerance.

His description of the events sounds almost like an apology for the people who persecuted him, and ultimately failed to compensate him in any realistic way for the injustices he suffered.

By Winsome Lane

His main crime seems to have been that after the foundation of the People's Republic of China in 1949 he became Shanghai correspondent for the *South China Morning Post* and the *Far Eastern Economic Review*, sending them unbiased factual reports that did not suit the authorities because they were not propaganda in favour of the revolution.

He was born in Harbin, Manchuria in 1909 of Russian parents. His father was an electrician. After the Japanese invaded Manchuria during World War II he moved to Shanghai, which was his home for 55 years. His wife was also the daughter of White Russian parents, and was born in China. They met when she was a beautician, operating a beauty parlour in Shanghai.

His only visit to Russia was a brief holiday with his parents when he was five years old but he speaks fluent Russian, as well as Chinese and English.

On his release from prison in 1982 he lived in Shanghai, but found that all his former friends had died or left China. Now

he is on his way to Australia to begin a new life.

I asked him why he did not go to Russia where his son and daughter are living (his wife died in 1980).

"I spent so many years without a chance to see the world, now I think I would like to see another country before I go to Russia, because once I go there I might not have the opportunity to travel again. Also I am 77 years old and getting older every year. Soon I will have to be looked after and I do not want to be a burden on my daughter or son."

Since he has no money, he is going to live in an old people's home in Sydney where he will live for a year to gain residency rights, then try to visit his children in Russia. He hopes that he may raise the money for the fare by writing about his experiences in China.

"I have written to the old people's home, the conditions seems to be good, they will pay my living expenses and give me some pocket money as well, and I understand the place is nice, I was wondering whether I would have a room to myself or whether I would have to share it with someone but it appears I will have my own room — so I look forward to a comfortable life."

He will be leaving for Australia on Friday.

Harbin, where he was born, was a Russian concession and it was to all intents and purposes a Russian city, like Hongkong was a British concession, he says. But after the communist revolution in 1917 the concession rights were given up and it reverted to China. Mr Kost's family remained because they preferred not to live in communist Russia.

His wife went back to Russia in 1958 and took their son with her to continue his education, since, when the communists took over, all the foreign schools in Shanghai were closed. His daughter had been to a Chinese school and she stayed with her father and continued her education in Chinese. She was then aged 15. She is now in Moscow, teaching the Chinese language to Russian students. She has a good job in

government service and a flat of her own. Her daughter is training to be a nurse.

His son is now an announcer for Radio Moscow, broadcasting in Russian.

Kost was arrested for the first time in 1967 by the red guards. He was then working as a translator and interpreter for some of the foreign firms struggling with the new regulations, and at the same time writing for the Hongkong publications. Because of his origins and because of his work as a journalist he was arrested and put into a house of detention.

He did not know it, but his daughter was arrested some years afterwards and kept for four years in the same house of detention, although she was not allowed any communication with her father. She was taken from her infant daughter, who was put in a Chinese Government home. When Kost's daughter was released, her little girl was returned to her and they were both deported. They went to join their mother and brother in Russia.

Meanwhile, Kost was unaware of what had happened to his family.

For eight years he was kept alone in a cell, only being taken out to go to the doctor or the dentist, or to be interrogated.

Conditions were not so bad, he says, he really preferred to have a cell on his own. The food was quite good because he was given special food for foreigners which was better than the Chinese prisoners were given. What worried him most, especially in the summer, was that they were only allowed one shower a month and in the hot weather the smell of his body made him uncomfortable.

After eight years he was put on trial and the stories he had written for the *SCM Post* and the *Far Eastern Economic Review* were produced in evidence.

They were held to be detrimental to the cultural revolution which was then causing excesses all over China.

He was accused of "counter-revolutionary activities," of collecting information about China and passing it on to "Soviet revisionists."

Kost was found guilty and sentenced to 15 years in prison, from which was sub-

tracted the eight years he had spent in detention.

"Prison was better," he says. There was a library, and although he was still allowed a shower only once a month, he was given water to wash himself in his cell every day.

He was also encouraged to take exercise and walk about the prison and allowed to talk to the other prisoners. In both places, he said, he was given better treatment than the Chinese prisoners. They were made to work but he had nothing to do. There was a cinema show once a month. In prison, also, he was able to study Chinese writing and calligraphy.

They were not particularly kind to him, but they were not bad, he says.

While he was in detention he was given Chinese newspapers and communist propaganda to read, also a Chinese-English dictionary he requested. But in prison he found much more to read in the library, mainly histories of China and books of socialist philosophy, Marxist and Leninist literature.

When he was brought to trial in 1975 they gave him all the papers and correspondence that had arrived for him. His daughter had left a letter for him before her deportation and so he learnt what had happened to her. After that he was permitted to correspond with his family.

Of his time as a prisoner he says: "They thought they were doing the best thing for me. They wanted to give me a political education, to change my views, they said it was for my good, they did not want to do me any harm, they wanted to save me. It was like the inquisition time in Europe, the Catholics who burnt people to death said it was for their own good."

"I do not really remember how I felt in the early years of my detention. Time passes and one forgets. I was absorbed in reading my books. I don't remember that I resented it too much. One gets used to loneliness."

Kost, who had no remission from his 15-year sentence, was told during his years in prison that he owed several years' rent for his apartment, so all his personal belongings had been sold to the state's sec-

ondhand shop for almost nothing, to pay it. He was given the remainder — RMB 100 — to spend in jail.

On his release he was given a suit of clothes, some spending money and a small flat on the outskirts of Shanghai for a rental of about HK\$25 a month. It was not furnished, but meanwhile he had been in touch with the *SCM Post* and the *FEER Review* who both gave him money to help furnish it.

Mr Kost has remained in Shanghai for the past four years, trying to reconstruct his life. His passport had been taken when he was arrested and it could not be traced. He got a new one from the Soviet Embassy in Beijing and began contacting his old friends.

Eventually, with the advice of friends in Hongkong, he was accepted on an Australian programme offering refuge to Russians exiled in China.

In Shanghai, the authorities found him a job with the Foreign Languages Institute, revising the Chinese-Russian dictionary.

During the years since his release, Mr Kost has hoped for some compensation from the authorities, who specifically cleared him and his daughter of any crime in a document given to him in 1984.

At one time he hoped he would get US\$310 for every year he spent in jail, but finally he received one payment of US\$310 and was told that was all.

He had a little money in bank accounts in New York and Hongkong. Unfortunately, the comparatively small sums were both in current accounts; had they been in savings a considerable interest would have accumulated by now.

He finds Hongkong bewildering after his years in prison. He enjoys the luxury of the Excelsior Hotel where he is staying, but when he ventures outside he usually gets lost in the maze of Wanchai streets which surround it.

The long flight to Australia next week will be the biggest event of his life. He is full of optimism, not the least bitter about the past, and hopes a new and better phase of his life is beginning.



Serge John Kost... a "hapless victim of political events"

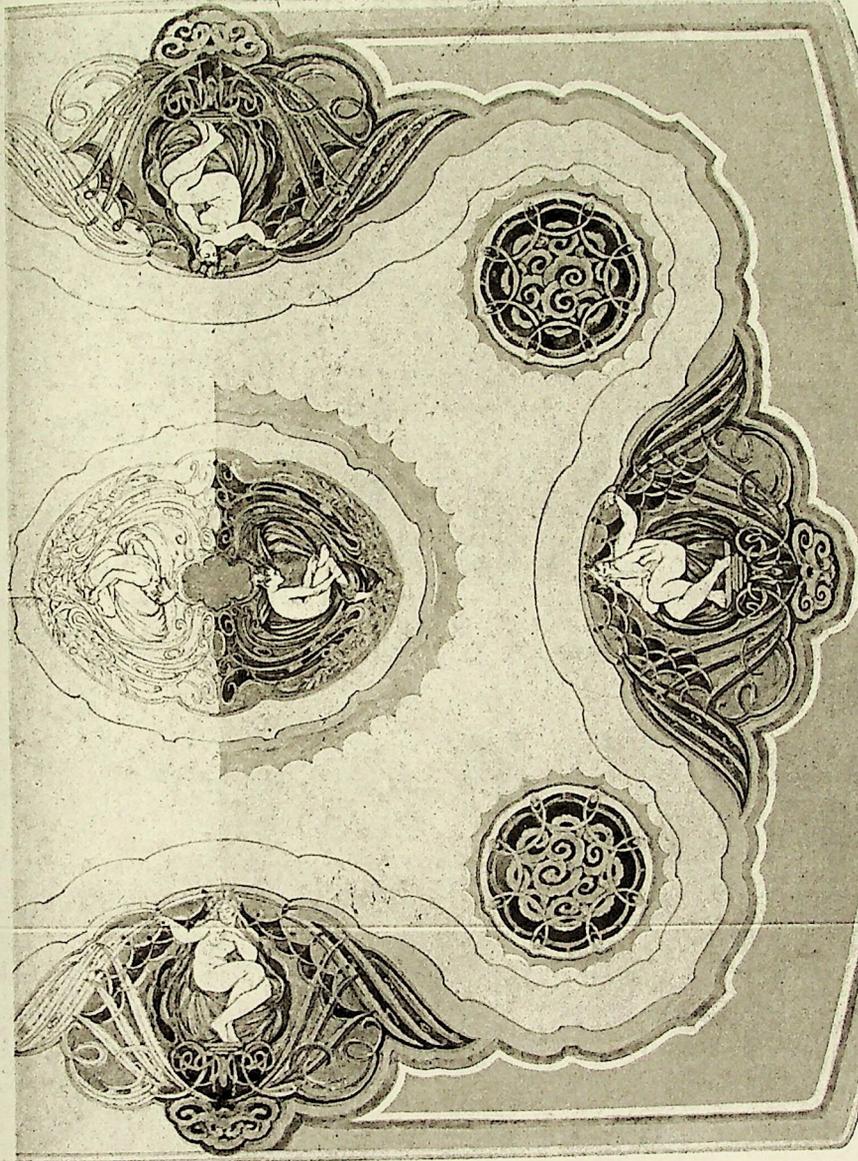
PALMER AND TURNER BUILDINGS

1911	P&T moves to Shanghai	
1912	Union Building (P&T had offices on the 4 th floor)	Bund
1922	Glen Line Building	Bund
1923	Chartered Bank Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank Racecourse Grandstand, Kiangwan	Bund Bund
1927	Customs House Yokohama Specie Bank Yangtze Insurance Building	Bund Bund Bund
1931	Bank of Taiwan Central Arcade on Nanking Road Metropole Hotel Cloisters Apartments Grosvenor House Cathay Hotel Embankment Building Hamilton House Beth Aharon Synagogue Palace Hotel (remodeling only) Henry Sun's Residence MacKinnon MacKenzie House (?) Cathay Mansions	Bund Bund Bund
1932	Royal Asiatic Society	
1934	Cavendish Court Broadway Mansions Bank of China Mitsui Bank "Yarn warehouse staff housing, club house, Shanghai"	 Bund
1936	EWO Building (P&T's last building in Shanghai)	
1937-41	P&T does work in India, Burma and Malaya	
1938	P&T closes its Shanghai office	
TOTAL P&T BUILDINGS = 28		On the Bund = 10

(Source: TALL STOREYS, Malcolm Purvis, Hong Kong, 1925)

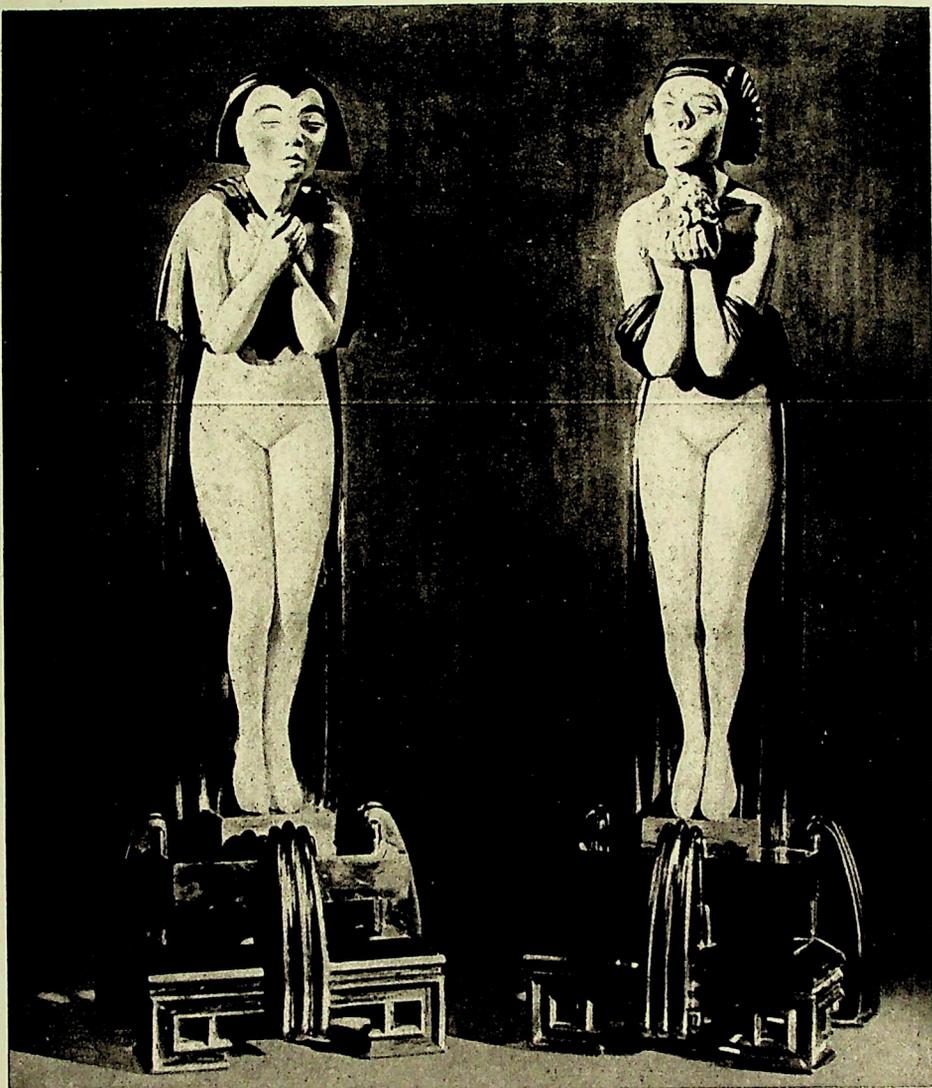
The China
Architects and Builders
Compendium
1931

J. Hayden Miller.



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SHANGHAI AND HONGKONG



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ARTS & CRAFTS, LTD.
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PART III

Directory of Architects

List of Architects in Shanghai Page 140

ARCHITECTS PRACTISING IN SHANGHAI

司公限有德爾愛商英
Algar & Co., Ltd.

Algar Bldg., 5 Hongkong Road
 Private Office: Tel. 10849
 Architect: „ 13614
 Property Dept.: „ 18851
 General: „ 10231
 Kent, M. E.
 Adams, E. H., A.R.I.B.A.

和通**Atkinson & Dallas, Ltd.**

26 Peking Road
 Tel. 10012, 10712, 10713
 Saker, R. M.
 Atkinson, W. L., M.I.C.E.
 Venters, J. M., A.R.I.B.A.
 Silby, R. D. K., B.A., F.A.S.I.

師程工士韻柏

Berents, Hans, B.S.C., C.E.,
 M.A.S.C.E.
 511-12 Glen Bldg., The Bund
 Tel. 12099

司公限有利泰商英
Brandt & Rodgers, Ltd.

391 Kiangse Road
 Tel. 11169
 Brandt, Wm., M.A.A.

昌寶

Busch, E.
 16 Central Road (Room 30)
 Tel. 18009

利得開

Calatroni, Hsieh & Co.
 14 Kiukiang Road
 Tel. 10355, 18206, 18832
 Calatroni, E., B.S.C.
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A. McLURE, Esq., *Chartered Accountant, Seth, Mancell & McLure.*

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W. C. GOMERSALL, Esq., *Managing Director, China Engineers, Limited.*

FRANCIS R. SMITH, Esq., *Managing Director, Boyd & Company, Limited.*

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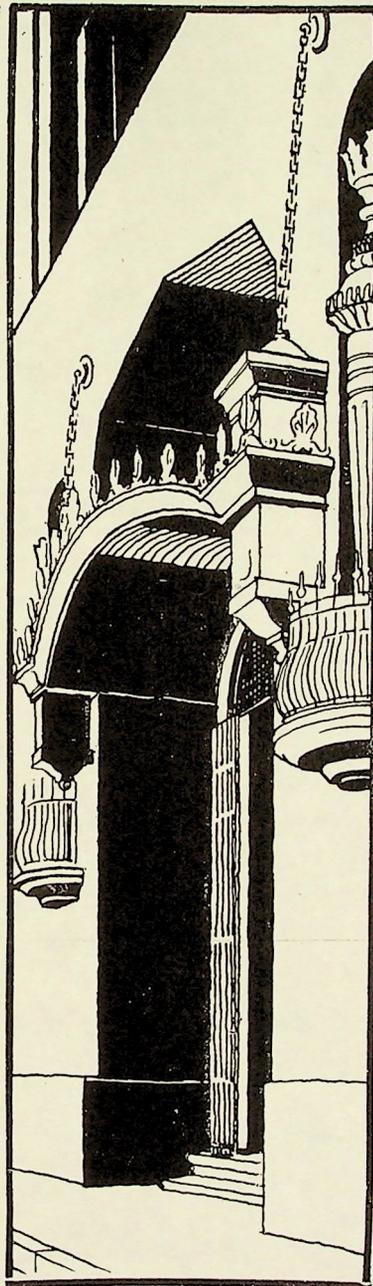
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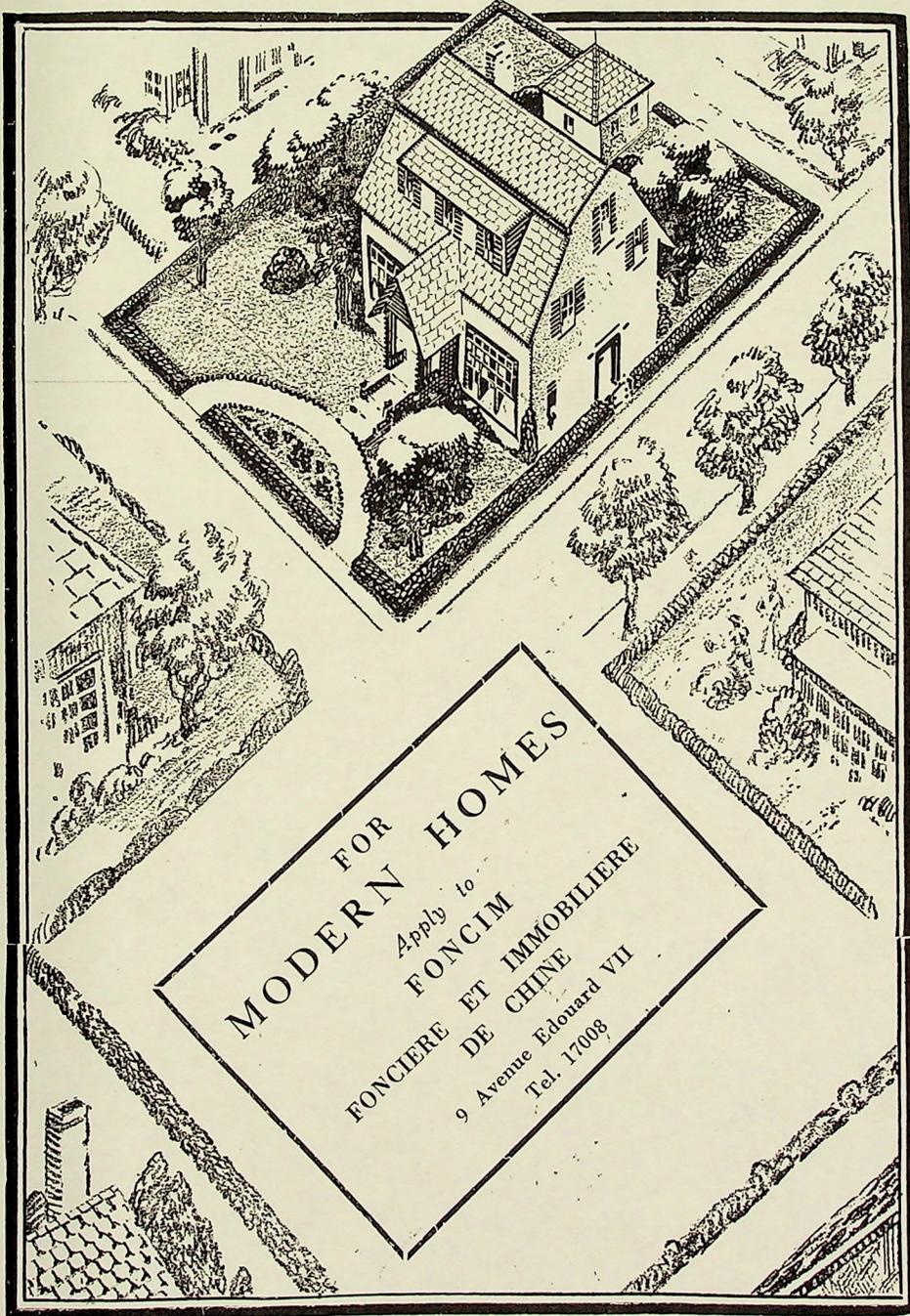
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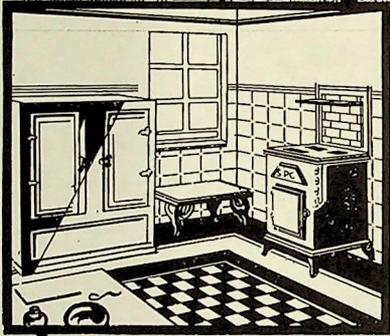
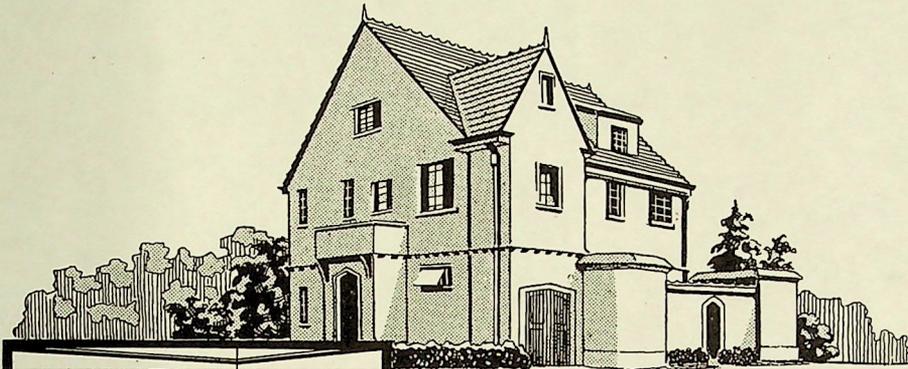
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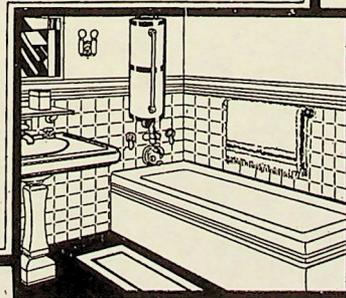
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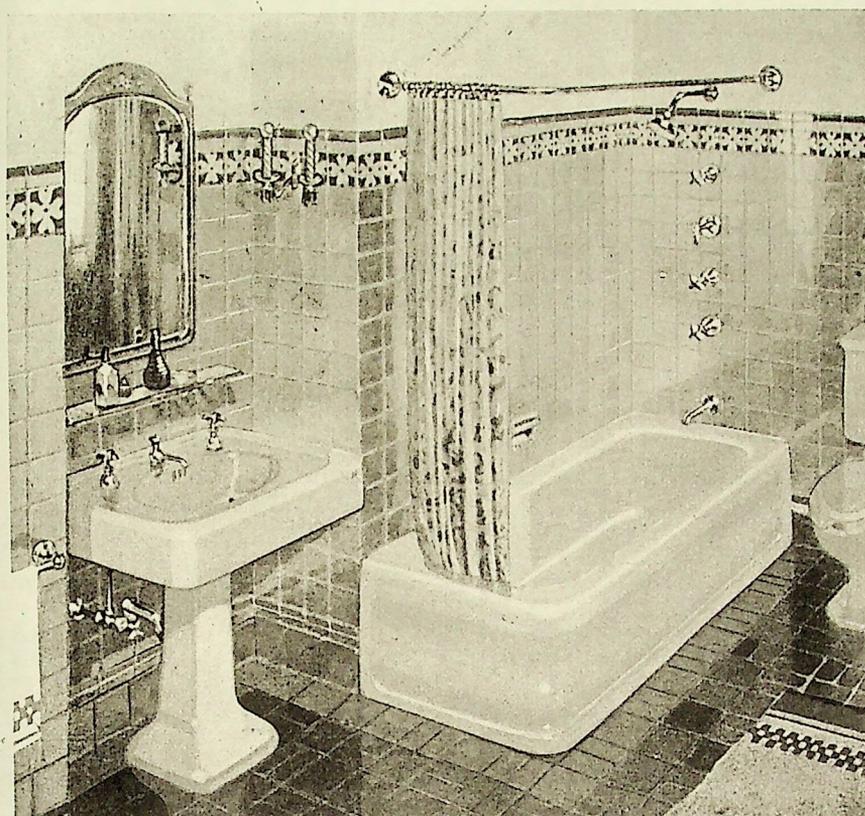
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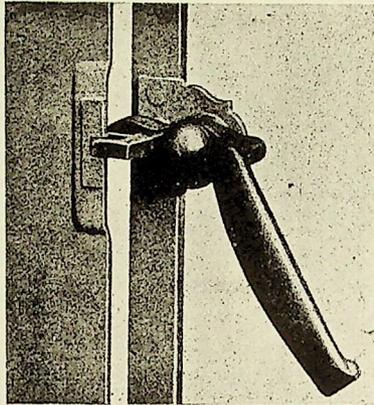
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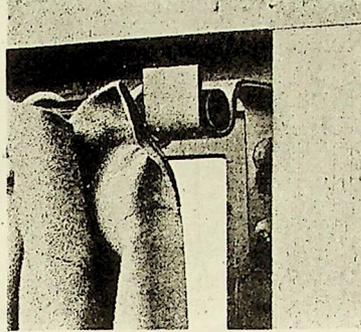
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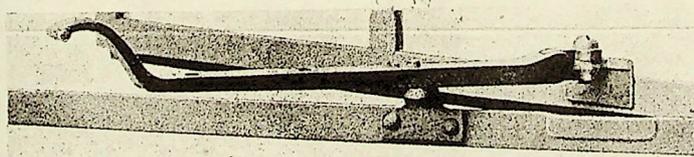
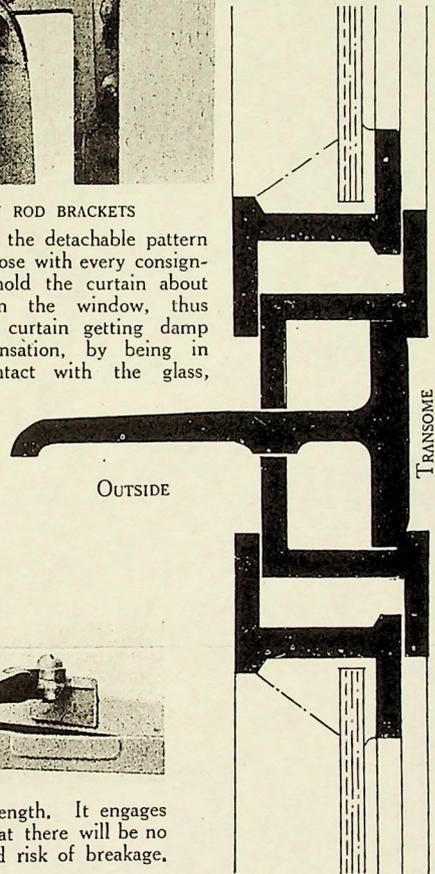
THE HANDLE is provided with two-point nose, and engages with a bevelled bronze striking plate.

A stop is provided to prevent it being turned beyond the correct position.



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THESE are of the detachable pattern and are sent loose with every consignment. They hold the curtain about 2" away from the window, thus preventing the curtain getting damp through condensation, by being in too close contact with the glass,

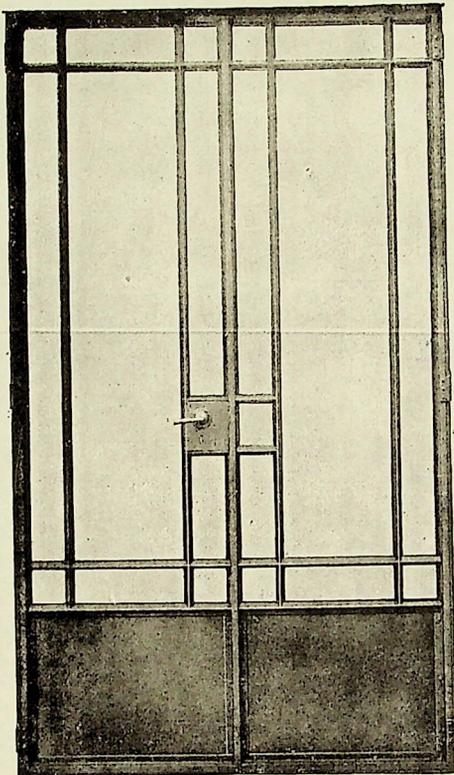


THE PEG STAY is of channel section, and of great strength. It engages with a tapered peg rivetted to the fixed frame, to ensure that there will be no rattling. The brackets are rivetted to the frames to avoid risk of breakage.

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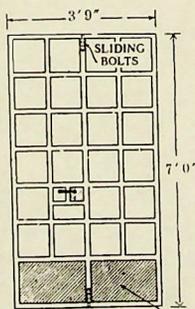
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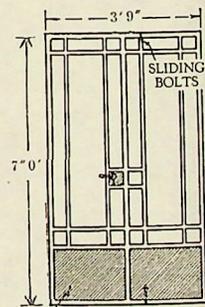


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AS A COMPLEMENT TO THE RANGE of standard size windows described on the foregoing pages we have Standard French Windows, as illustrated above, for use in conjunction with the standard types. These doors are of the folding type, to open inwards or outwards and are fitted with kicking panels, short bronze sliding bolts to each leaf with lock and handle to operate from both sides.

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These doors are also made 3' 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ " in width.



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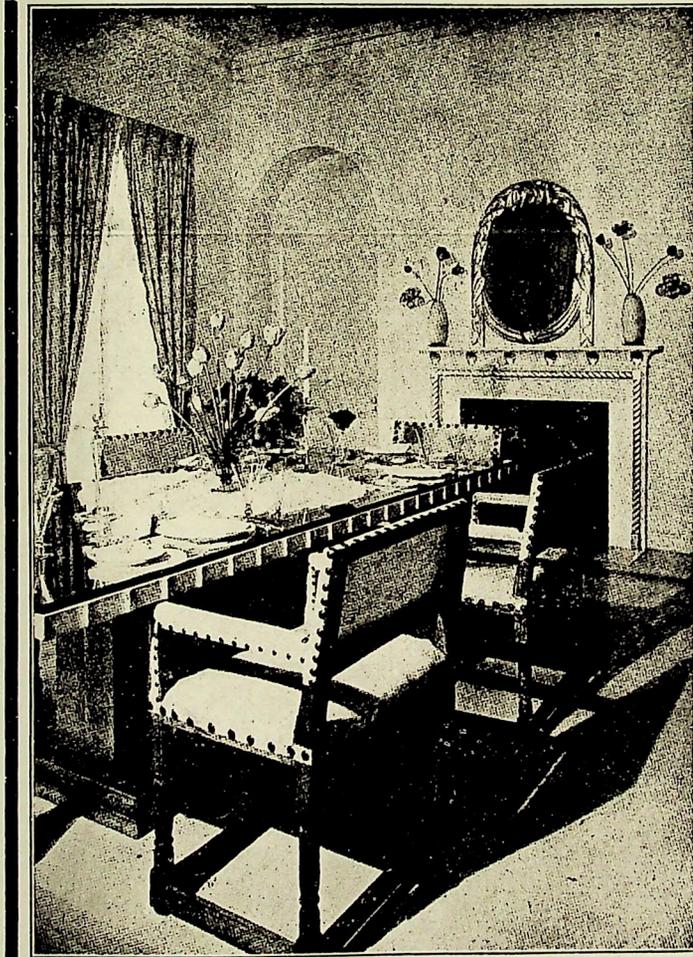
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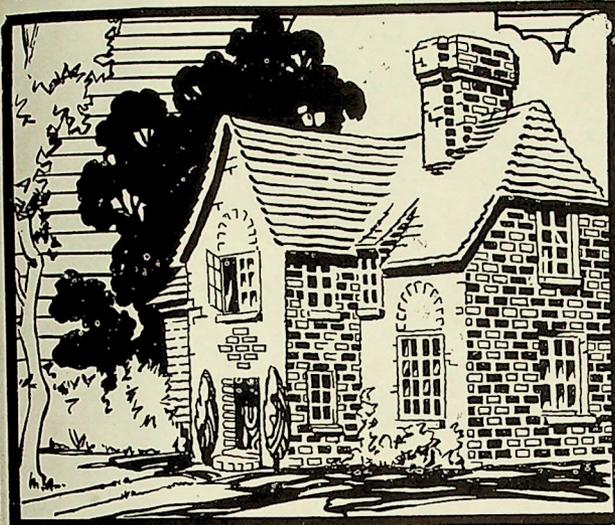
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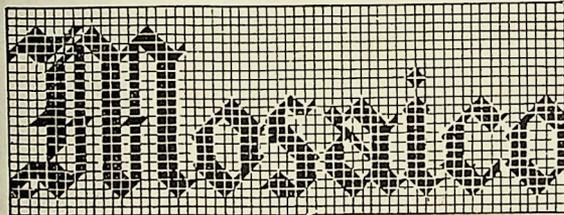
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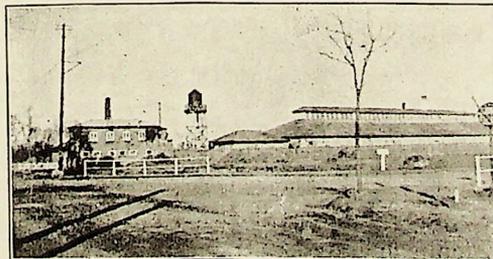
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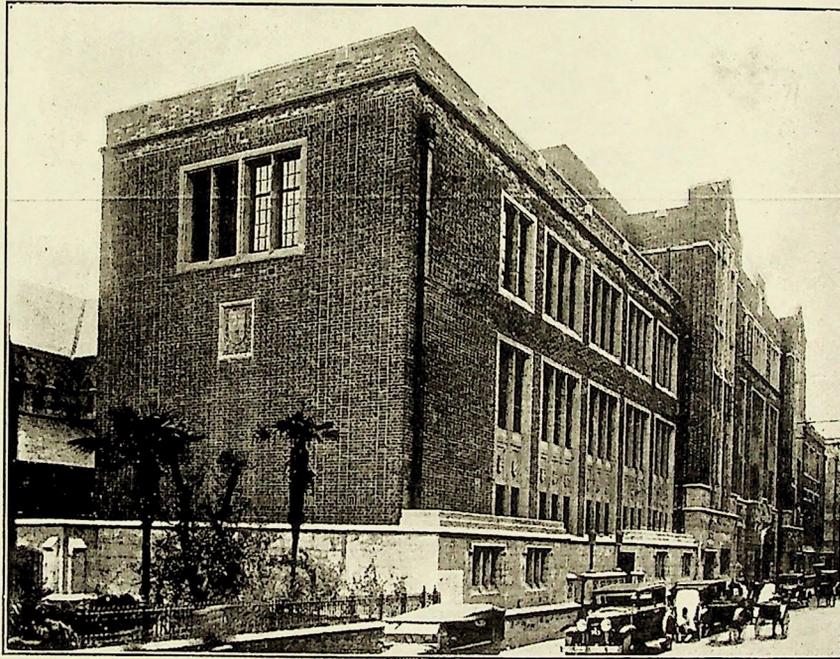
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Emily Hahn

Opium and love affairs

PROFESSIONAL. No other word can describe somebody who produced three-score books and innumerable articles. Not that Emily Hahn, who has died aged 91, was a study-bound drudge. After all, her first book, in 1930, was *Seductio ad Absurdum*, subtitled "the principles and practices of seduction." Down the years she would write on, among much else, zoos, diamonds, Fanny Burney, Ireland, Mary Queen of Scots, Leonardo da Vinci, Aphra Behn, James Brooke of Sarawak, spirits and demons, and Raffles — not to mention the China and Africa which played so great a part in the life of a woman determined not to be hide-bound by the attitudes of her hometown, St Louis.

The daughter of a salesman, she had an early desire to be a mining engineer, and persisted with it in the face of chauvinistic scorn at the University of Wisconsin, from which she graduated in 1926.

Meanwhile, she had travelled the country by automobile, which prompted her to write articles, duly taken by *the New Yorker* (where her

Much of Hahn's future was determined by a gibbon and by a man

final piece appeared last Christmas). After scriptwriting in Hollywood and working in New York, she left for Africa in 1930.

"Young and impulsive, I had gone to Africa because I'd always wanted to, because I had just enough money to get me there, and because somebody at home owed me enough to get me back again." She had to stay put, for the very day that these funds were wired through London, they immediately dwindled when the country came off the Gold Standard. "I have a mental picture of a strong-room beneath the bank full of



Emily Hahn . . . wonderfully un-suburban

say at a restaurant table that she could not have children, he replied, "of course you can. I'll bet you anything you like." Later, in a taxi, he continued, "Do you really want a child? If so, I'll let you have one . . . Let's have one. I'll take care of it. It can be my heir. Just to make things all right, if I can get a divorce and if it all works out, we might even get married. If we want to, that is, and after a long time for considering."

Which is what happened, without shame and with some twists to events. They made no secret of it. The birth of the girl, Carola, was by Caesarean ("I thoroughly enjoyed the operation. It was my ideal of an experience: something happening to you that you can watch without feeling it"). Soon after, Boxer was captured by the Japanese; she and the baby stayed on to visit him every day for as long as possible; she stuck it out — amid the terror and turmoil — even when not allowed to see him for 18 months.

This certainly made for long considering of marriage, and Boxer's offer of it came when she was finally pre-

The marriage offer came when she was prevailed upon to leave for the safety of America

vailed upon to leave for the safety of America. There, after his near-execution and subsequent release, they married, and led a transatlantic life. He, as Professor of Portuguese at London University and author of many historical volumes, was often in Hertfordshire, and she tax-exiled in New York — or in some far-flung corner of the world.

Hers is a briskly engaging style, perhaps encapsulated in the American subtitle of *Love Conquers Nothing*: "a glandular history of civilisation." If, for example, there have since been more scholarly biographies of Fanny

OBITUARIES 7

Daniil Shafran

Last of a lost cellists' tribe

THE CELLIST Daniil Shafran, who has died aged 74, remained for westerners a tantalising figure, so few were his forays out of his native Russia. His recordings have become a cellist's treasure trove: they include the Shostakovich sonata with the composer at the piano, and both Kabalevsky concertos with Kabalevsky conducting (the second concerto was written for Shafran). He might not have been a familiar figure in the West, but that certainly didn't stop cellists from following his every move and touching his garment whenever possible.

A contemporary of his expatriate Mstislav Rostropovich, Shafran remains a more shadowy figure because he stayed behind. At one time, though, the two cellists were sharing the same first prizes at competitions in Prague and Budapest in the 1940s and early 1950s.

Shafran was born in Leningrad into a family of musicians and continued in the steps of his father, who was principal cello in the Leningrad Philharmonic for 30 years. His father taught him to play when he was eight and two years later Daniil joined a group of specially-gifted children at the Leningrad Conservatory where the emphasis was on music.

Daniil made his debut with the Leningrad Philharmonic at 10, playing Tchaikovsky's *Rococo Variations* under the British conductor Alfred Coates (who gave him the advice to walk on to the stage as if strolling in a park — wasted words, as it happened, since Shafran forever dashed on to the platform). It was his recording of these variations, made at 14, which first alerted the West to Shafran's astonishing virtuosity.

At the outbreak of the war, he was evacuated to Novosibirsk, temporary home of the Leningrad Philharmonic. There he played several concertos with the orchestra; this early repertoire included Schumann, Haydn, Dvorák and Boccherini. Post-war, he carried off many competition awards in the eastern bloc and much later became a val-



Shafran . . . magical

arousing extreme reactions; I believe he was in some ways the greatest cellist I have ever heard live or on disc. His freedom of expression was complete, his command of the instrument so effortless that it seemed to convey the very essence of his musical spirit.

I became a fan of his from the age of 12. It became a bond between myself and other musicians if we discovered that we were Shafran fanatics. But I found he also had his violent detractors: one well-known cellist, on hearing I admired Shafran, recommended that I visit a psychiatrist.

I got no chance to meet my hero until 1987, when I persuaded the *Strad* magazine to commission me to interview him when I was in Moscow. Meeting Shafran was a huge thrill — despite the presence of a neo-Stalinist interpreter. I was still sad, however, never to have heard him live, and the prospect of doing so seemed to be receding. Discussing this with my friend, the Finnish pianist Olli Mustonen, the idea of inviting Shafran to Britain emerged. The upshot was that Olli, Biddulph Recordings and I presented Shafran at the Wigmore Hall in April 1995, in his first British concert for 30 years.

It proved to be a very special occasion. Although Shafran's

of Central Park . . . Africa of | throes of revolution and at | The captain was the first to | and by a man. The gibbon.

TRIBUTE TO CHARLES R. BOXER

Charles Ralph Boxer, a conspicuous figure in pre-war Macau and Hong Kong, a leading British historian of the expansion of Europe, and the occupant of academic chairs on both sides of the Atlantic, died on Thursday 27 April 2000 in a nursing home near his country residence northwest of London. He was the author of more than 330 books and articles concerning the origins and growth of the Dutch and Portuguese empires in Asia, Africa, and the Americas.

A member of an illustrious family of Scottish and possibly Huguenot roots, his forebears included a long line of distinguished admirals and generals who served in Britain's wars from the days of the French Revolution until World War II, as well as affluent stockman who raised sheep in Tasmania and Australia. Boxer was born on 8 March 1904 at Sandown on the Isle of Wight and was educated at Wellington and Sandhurst. After the Navy rejected him because of poor eyesight, he joined the Army in 1923 and rose to the rank of Major by the late 1930's. He served as a language officer in Japan (1930-1933) and became fluent in Japanese, Dutch, French, German, Spanish and Portuguese. He came to Hong Kong in 1937 and became its chief intelligence officer and was a highly visible figure in the colony's pre-war society life. He was severely wounded in the last days of Hong Kong's resistance to the Japanese and spent months of convalescence first in the Queen Mary Hospital and later in the Bowen Road Military Hospital. Later he was sent to the Argyle Street POW Camp where he wrote for a barracks magazine and became implicated in a secret radio listening operation. After being arrested by Japanese security forces, he was sentenced to a long term at hard labour. During his imprisonment, first at Stanley Prison and later in a jail in Guangzhou, he repeatedly (and successfully) intervened with his captors to defend abused comrades.

During the two decades before 1945 Boxer acquired an international reputation as an outstanding translator, editor, historian and collector of rare books and manuscripts on the Dutch and Portuguese empires in the Far East. He was particularly interested in their cultural life, maritime, military, economic, and social histories. Although he lost his library when Hong Kong fell, he successfully retrieved it in Japan in January 1946. That library of rare books and manuscripts became the nucleus of a much larger collection that he sold to the Lilly Library, Indiana University, in the 1960's.

Finding that the prospect of further advancement in the Army was nil Boxer resigned his commission in 1947. Despite the fact that he lacked conventional academic credentials, he immediately accepted the position of Camoens Professor of Portuguese Studies at King's College, London, a chair that, excepting for the two years he spent at the School of Oriental and African Studies, he occupied until 1967 when he began a third career as an academic in the United States. After teaching at the Indiana University, the University of Virginia, the University of Michigan, the University of Missouri-St.Louis, and at Yale University, where he held the chair as professor of the History of the Expansion of Europe Overseas, Boxer retired in 1979.

As Camoens Professor at King's College Boxer broadened the scope of the chair to encompass the history of the entire Portuguese empire from 1415 until 1825. After the war many of his publications focussed on colonial Brazil and the role of Portuguese in Africa, but he retained his original interest in the Far East. His major

publications include *Jan Compagnie in Japan, 1600-1817* (1936), *Macau na epoca da Restauracao (Macau 300 years ago)* (1942) *Fidalgo in the Far East 1530-1770* (1948), *The Christian Century in Japan, 1549-1650* (1951), *South China in the 16th Century* (1953), and the *Great Ship from Amacon, Annals of Macau and the old Japan Trade, 1536-1640* (1959). Each has been reprinted several times.

Charles Boxer's first marriage to Ursula Nora Anstiee Tulloch was celebrated at Hong Kong's Episcopal cathedral on 8 June 1939. After Ursula went to recover her health in Australia, Charles began a very public affair with an American free-lance writer, Emily Hahn. Their romance and the birth of their daughter Carola Militia Boxer was featured in her *China to Me*, a 1994 best seller. Following Boxer's release from prison and the granting of his first wife's divorce, he and Emily Hahn were married in New Haven in November 1945. Ms Hahn, a contributor to the *New Yorker* for sixty years and the author of 52 books died in 1997. Boxer is survived by two daughters, Carola Vecchio, who resides in New York City and Amanda Boxer, who lives in London, as well as two grand daughters, and two grand sons. His ashes will be distributed near his natal home in Dorset.

Note: The above was prepared by Professor Dauril Alden, Department of History, University of Washington, Seattle, WA 98195-3560, Tel 206-522-7104, home fax 206-517-3127 Professor Alden is the author of a biography of Charles R. Boxer that will be published by the Fundacao Oriente in Lisbon.

Emily Hahn, Chronicler of Her Own Exploits, Dies at 92

By DINITIA SMITH

Emily Hahn, an early feminist and a prolific author who wrote 54 books and more than 200 articles for *The New Yorker*, died yesterday at St. Vincent's Hospital and Medical Center in Manhattan. She was 92, said her daughter, Carola Boxer Vecchio.

Ms. Hahn was known for her writings about her adventurous life in the Far East before World War II and for her books on such diverse subjects as Africa, D. H. Lawrence and apes. (Ms. Hahn kept gibbons.) She also worked as a Hollywood screenwriter during the 1920's.

Over the course of her career, Ms. Hahn wrote about Chinese cooking, about feminism ("Once Upon a Pedestal: An Informal History of Women's Lib," 1974) and about diamonds ("Diamond: The Spectacular Story of Earth's Rarest Treasure and Man's Greatest Greed," 1956). Another work was "The Islands: America's Imperial Adventures in the Philippines" (1981). In her later years, Ms. Hahn wrote several books about animals, including "Eve and the Apes" (1988), about women who owned apes. In "Look Who's Talking" (1988), she examined communication between beasts, and between beasts and humans.

Emily Hahn was born in St. Louis, where her father, Isaac Newton Hahn, was a salesman. At a time when few middle-class women had careers, she was determined to be a

mining engineer. But her adviser at the University of Wisconsin told her, she once said, that the female mind was "incapable of grasping mechanics or higher mathematics." That remark only hardened her resolve, and she stayed on, graduating in 1926. She is believed to be the first woman to earn a degree in mining engineering at the university. She worked for a year for the Deko Oil Company of St. Louis but grew bored with the work.

Her career as an author began in 1924, when she took a trip across the country in a Model T Ford, and her letters home so captivated her brother-in-law that he sent them to *The New Yorker*, which bought some of them. In 1930, her first book, "Seductio ad Absurdum: The Principles and Practices of Seduction — A Beginner's Handbook," was published.

Inspired by Charles A. Lindbergh's solo flight across the Atlantic, Ms. Hahn decided she wanted to be "free," she said, and in 1930 she embarked on a journey to Africa, where she worked in a hospital and lived with a tribe of Pygmies.

In 1935, *The New Yorker* hired her to be its China correspondent. China was the place, Ms. Hahn once said, that had the greatest impact on her life. She arrived during the period of the Communist revolution and the war against the Japanese, and made the acquaintance of Mao Zedong and Chou En-lai. She also became a



Emily Hahn

confidante of the Soong sisters, one of whom married Sun Yat-sen, another Chiang Kai-shek, and in 1941 published "The Soong Sisters," a biography.

While in China, Ms. Hahn had an affair with Sinmay Zau, an aristocratic intellectual whom she described as her "cultural and political guide to China." She also spent time in opium dens, eventually becoming addicted to the drug, she said.

"I was young and I thought it was

romantic to smoke opium," she told *The Washington Post*. "I was quite determined. It took me a year or so to become addicted, but I kept at it." Later, she said, "I went to a man who hypnotized me and sure enough, I didn't want it any more."

In Hong Kong, Ms. Hahn met Maj. Charles Boxer, a British intelligence officer in the Far East. He was already married, but they began an affair. In 1940 she became pregnant. At a time when such pregnancies were often kept secret, she chose not only to keep her baby daughter, Carola, but to proclaim her birth proudly.

Soon after their daughter's birth, Major Boxer was captured by the Japanese and put in a prison camp. For some months, Ms. Hahn brought food to him there, avoiding repatriation by claiming to be Eurasian. But fearing for the safety of her daughter, she fled Hong Kong in 1943. Major Boxer survived his captivity. Ms. Hahn married him in 1945, and they had a second child, Amanda. Ms. Hahn described her wartime romance in her 1944 book, "China to Me: A Partial Autobiography."

At *The New Yorker*, Ms. Hahn became one of the few writers to work for all four of its editors, Harold Ross, William Shawn, Robert Gottlieb and Tina Brown. She and her husband often lived an ocean apart, with Ms. Hahn, because of British tax laws, spending no more than 91 days a year in England while Major Boxer remained at their home in

Little Gaddesden, Hertfordshire. Ms. Hahn continued writing until the end of her life, including an article about Amanda's dog published this month in a British magazine. In December, Ms. Hahn had her first poem published in *The New Yorker*, "Wind Blowing."

Ms. Hahn is survived by her husband; her daughters, Carola, of Jackson Heights, Queens, and Amanda, of London; two grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

"My younger daughter once rebuked me for not being the kind of mother one reads about," Ms. Hahn once told an interviewer. "I asked her what kind that was, and she said, the kind who sits home and bakes cakes. I told her to go and find anybody who sits at home and bakes cakes."

Emily Hahn

'I decided I could be just as free as Lindbergh'

In 1924, when Emily Hahn was traveling cross-country, her letters to her family so captivated her brother-in-law that he sent them to the New Yorker magazine. Their publication launched Hahn's writing career. Born in St. Louis in 1905, Hahn moved with her family to Chicago, where she attended Senn High School. She has traveled all over the world and has written 56 books. She still maintains an office at the New Yorker magazine, to which she remains a frequent contributor. Hahn, who now lives in Manhattan, and her husband, Charles Boxer, who lives in England, have two grown daughters. In a recent conversation with writer Norma Libman, she recalls the remark of a college counselor about "the female mind" that set her off on a remarkable journey.

I didn't really get into writing until I was in China. I'd already begun to scribble a bit and I'd sold two or three things to the New Yorker. The way I did that was interesting. I've told it many times in English classes. I wrote letters. Now, my theory is if you write a good letter, you're a writer.

In 1924 I took a driving trip with a girlfriend all the way from Madison, Wis., where we attended college, to California. I wrote letters along the way and my brother-in-law, my eldest sister's husband, thought they were good and he was a writer, sometimes, though he was also a lawyer. He simply took two of the letters that interested him and cut off "Dear Mitchell" and "Love, Mickey" and sent them to the New Yorker. And they bought them.

That trip across country in a Model T Ford, at a time when most people still traveled by train, and motels had not yet been invented, did more than just launch my writing career. It also got me seriously interested in travel and I've never stopped traveling since.

When I got to China, many years later, I naturally went on writing for the New Yorker and that was a good thing because [Harold] Ross, who was the editor, just adored China. He'd never been and he never would have gone, but there had been a Chinese laundryman on his street when he was growing up and they were friends, so that tipped him toward China. It got so I couldn't write anything wrong. I was sending things from China until the war, though I was not a regular correspondent. One of my books, "Mr. Pan," is a collection of these pieces.

I suppose the three high water marks in my life were the major decision I had to make in China

and two earlier ones, when I decided to go into mining engineering and then, later, when I decided to leave it. I got into the college of engineering in the first place because it was the only way I could take a particular chemistry course that I wanted when I was an undergraduate at the University of Wisconsin at Madison.

I was perfectly prepared to return to the college of letters and science when it was over, except for a remark made by my advisor. He told me that I must get out of engineering because I'd never get a job in that field and, anyway, I'd never even get my degree because the female mind is "incapable of grasping mechanics or higher mathematics." The decision was made at that instant. I stayed and got my degree in engineering, completely forgetting that I had come to college to study the arts.

Incidentally, I became the first female member of the Geology Club at school for essentially the same reason. A very distinguished professor was coming to lecture at a meeting and someone penciled in the words "Women Not Invited" on the bottom of the announcement. Naturally I went, and although I wasn't accepted graciously, they eventually gave in.

I did work in mining engineering for a year, but then I left it and sort of fooled around for awhile. I hadn't been happy in the job and this was at the time when Charles Lindbergh was making his solo Atlantic flight. I decided that if he made it to France, I could be just as free as he was. He landed, and I quit my job.

In Africa I still was calling myself a mining engineer and that got me into trouble because they thought I was a spy. Some time after that, when I got a new passport, I decided I'd better change it and so I said I was a writer.

Decisive moments

My interest in primatology, a subject on which I've written several books, was all part of my interest and training in science. I grew up in St. Louis, which has a remarkably good zoo. And every Sunday I would go there with the family, or by myself when I got old enough. I suppose I probably went in a go-cart first. I simply was always just interested in animals. Terribly interested. One of my school teachers, when I was very small, knew this and gave me a book about animals and this also encouraged me.

My mother wouldn't let us have pets until we were 12. She said we wouldn't take care of them and would probably be cruel to them. And she had this fixed idea that cats carried typhoid. She gave in with me. I think when I was 11 and let me have a dog.

When I was small, I intended someday to have a kennel and raise dogs. But then in Africa I found lots of animals, real animals, not animals in a book, and the idea of having dogs seemed rather tame. I got terribly interested in chimpanzees and monkeys and such. I think it was a natural transition. I'm not sure it really was a transition; I think it was always there.

I can't say I did much work with animals. I was fascinated by the work others were doing, particularly in teaching the sign language to chimpanzees. So I got all tangled up in that and I wrote a series for the magazine and it came out in a book called "Look Who's Talking." That led me from the chimpanzees into all kinds of communication between other animals and people. And I stayed with that and did research in the United States and in England.

I financed my trips by working and saving and then traveling until I ran out of money. I was terribly stingy. I recently found a notebook that I kept in those days and I'd written down everything, including "charity—4 cents."

I never had a master plan. I didn't know what I was going to do next when I got back from one place or another and that was always awful. It bothered me, partly because my mother

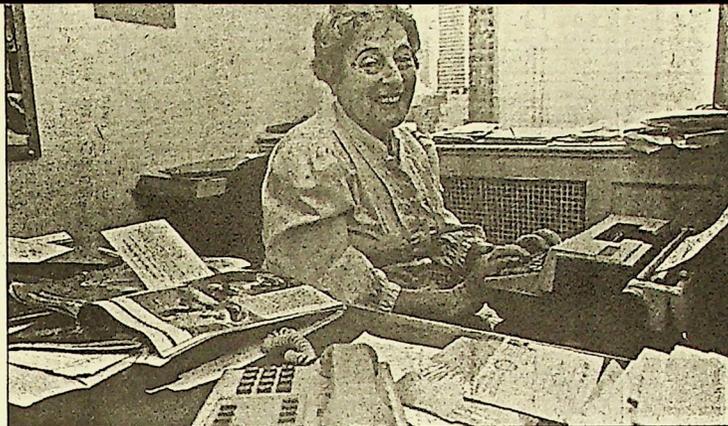


Photo by Barbara Hansen

'A college adviser told me that ... I'd never get my degree [in engineering] because the female mind is "incapable of grasping mechanics or higher mathematics."'

bothered me. She'd say, "What are you going to do? You can't go on like this forever." Well, of course, I did go on like this forever.

When I first came back from Africa it was terrible. It was very hard to pick up work and very hard to travel because of the Depression. After that, events sort of swept me along. I didn't have to worry, at least, in China, because I was stuck there for nine years with the war going on. I couldn't have got out if I wanted to. I was working for two newspapers there—one in Shanghai and then one in Hong Kong—and I was teaching English, which you can always do in China. They always need teachers.

China had the greatest impact on my life. I would have said, before that, Africa, as it influenced me towards animals. But China is where I met Charles Boxer, my husband. He was an officer in the British army, which was supporting China in its fight against Japan.

There are some things that just arrange themselves. When Japan captured Hong Kong, Charles was wounded and put into a prison camp. By this time we had a newborn baby daughter. I had to decide whether or not to let myself be put into a prison camp, but there was never any doubt. I was terrified that the baby would die of starvation because I knew there wasn't enough food in the camps. I managed to lie my way out of that by saying I was Eurasian. So

they put the baby down as half Chinese. They believed me because they were just farm boys from Japan. They weren't officers. They couldn't understand anybody claiming to be Eurasian if they weren't.

Eventually there wasn't enough food outside of the camps, either. And I had to find enough not only for myself and the baby, but for Charles, as well. They allowed us to bring packages to the prisoners once a week and the food I brought Charles was helping him recover from his wound and stay alive. For this reason I had already turned down a couple of opportunities to leave China and return to the United States.

Finally I was faced with what I felt might be my last opportunity to leave Hong Kong with the baby. It was the most difficult decision I've ever had to make. I wanted to continue bringing food to Charles, but I was afraid the baby would die. There was a terrible shortage of food and other necessities. I did come home and what I did was right, as it turned out. But it was a gamble.

After I left I was told that Charles had been beheaded in camp. But I didn't believe it. I don't think anybody believes that kind of thing until it's put before them. It was probably a couple of weeks before I knew for sure that he was all right. The story came out in the paper. A reporter had got into camp and had seen Charles and reported it.

When Charles came out of the

prison camp, we married and that was not a difficult decision at all. It never occurred to me not to. We went to England to live, but we were in the United States when our second daughter was born. We were here because Charles was working in Washington at the Library of Congress, doing something or other for their Portuguese Department. Charles had retired from the army because his left arm was so badly hurt in the war, and had become a professor of Portuguese history. He taught in lots of places, but mostly King's College, London, and here, at Yale.

Both of us were at Yale. He was teaching history and I was doing the occasional seminar. At other times we've taught at Virginia, St. Louis and Indiana. Now Charles is retired and lives in England. I'm allowed 91 days in England—I like the one day—before I'd have to pay British taxes. But we both travel a good deal and Charles comes here often. Right now I'm working on a project that's taking me to several different countries as I interview college students who are studying abroad.

It's hard to say how things would have gone for me if women had had more freedoms when I first started traveling and writing. I don't suppose I would have been so defensive. I would have still been interested in science, but I might have gone into biology if I hadn't been challenged on the mining engineering thing.

To women who want to tackle projects that are outside the common realm, I'd say go ahead.

My younger daughter once rebuked me for not being the kind of mother one reads about. I asked her what kind that was and she said the kind who sits at home and bakes cakes.

I told her to go and find anybody who sits at home and bakes cakes.

Stirling Fessenden, arrived in 1904,
after graduating from Law School (at
Bowdoin College), was Secy-General of
Muni Council of Intl Settlement -
often called Lord Mayor of Shanghai.

"He was one of the very few foreigners to
have developed a wide circle of acquaintances
among the Chinese, whose trust
he had gained by respecting their traditions
and sentiments (views?)" Rene

Also, can you think of any turn-of-the-last-century-photo that makes
Shanghai look like a plush suburb of Paris?!

Thank you very much. -Maggie

Margaret Gamboa
Associate Art Director
Preservation Magazine
1785 Massachusetts Ave., NW
Washington, DC 20036
202/588-6203
email: maggie-gamboa@nthp.org

Former Residences of Famous Persons in Shanghai

by Yang Jiayou
 s by An Zhao
 ation by Zheng Zhenhe

times many famous people re-Shanghai. The old town of Yuan Dynasty was the native place of Huang of the Yuan Dynasty, who renovating and weaving machines in district, in a park called Guang grave of Xu Guangqi, who was the Ming Dynasty and a fore-to-western cultural exchanges. In suburbs there are the old residences of famous generals, poets, scholars who lived during the Ming times, such as Chen Zilong, Xia Wanchun, Dong Qichang and Qian

has been the center of Chinese culture. So many renowned political magnates, writers, artists, educators and other personages in history had their abodes here, there its historical significance.

residence at Xiangshan Road. Song Yatsen wrote several of his books and deliberated on the question of between the Chinese Communist

Party and the Kuomintang. Huang Xing, another leader of the Xinhai Revolution, died in his residence at 393 Wukang Road in 1916. Madame Song Qingling later resided at Hehai Zhong Road; everything there is now kept in the original state. The furniture in her bedroom was part of her dowry, that was bought by her parents. Mao Zedong formerly lived at 83 Anyi Road in 1920. After the victory of the Second World War, Zhou Enlai and the delegation of the Communist Party of China established an office at Sinar Road in Shanghai. Here Zhou Enlai received journalists and personalities of various circles. This office was generally known as the "Zhou Mansion"; on the door of it was a panel with the inscription "General Zhou Enlai's Residence" in English.

Most of the important personages of the Kuomintang government had their residences in Shanghai. Jiang Kaishhek's residence was on Dongping Road. The residence of his son Jiang Jingguo, from 1946 to 1948, was at 741, Lane 506, Jianguo Xi Road. A three storey western style house at 140 Fenyang Road was Bai Chongxi's residence, which has now been converted into a restaurant called Yun You Restaurant. His son Bai Xianyong, a Taiwan writer, had dinner there in 1987 and visited his former bedroom on the 3rd floor.

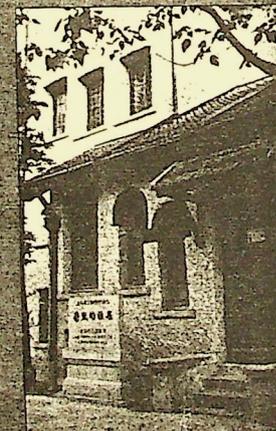
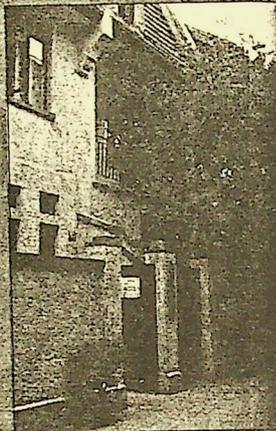
There were also many residences of renowned foreigners. The floor of the house at 24 Lane 1375 Yuyuan Road is marked "Rev. Abby's old residence". General Marshall lived in a pleasant house in Shanghai in 1946.

The home of Zhang Wentian, an early leader of the Chinese Communist Party, was situated in Situan village, Chuansha County, Shanghai. In the same county was the residence of Huang Xuepei, a famous educator. The two residences are kept intact and are the pride of the people of this county.

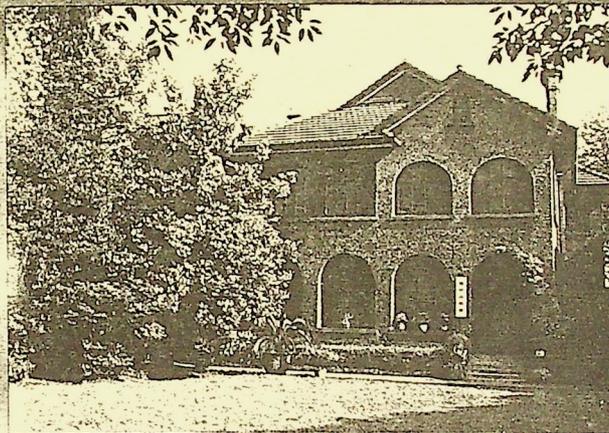
This famous writers Lu Kun, Mao Dun, Guo Moruo and Yu Dafu, the great performing artists Mei Lanfang and Zhou Xinfang, and many other famous persons all stayed in Shanghai for some time. Some of them had several studios in Shanghai.

By the side of Song Qingling's mansion was the Wankou Cemetery, where one could find the graves of many famous persons, including Jin Zhonghua, Ma Xiangbai, Sheng Huifeng, Xu Huanan, Yan Di, Yang Xingfa,

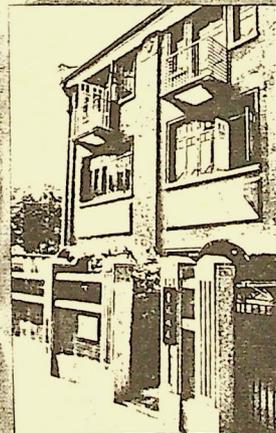
Zou Taofen museum (153 Lane 205, South Chongqing Road) Zou Taofen's former residence (154 Lane 205, South Chongqing Road)



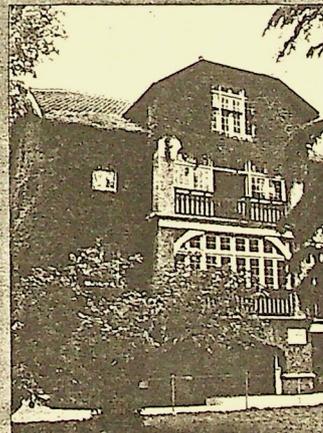
Dai Yungpei's former residence (116, Lane 20, Huashan Road)



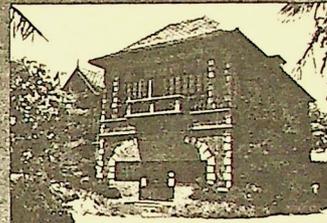
Dr. Sun Yatsen's former residence (7 Xiangshan Road)



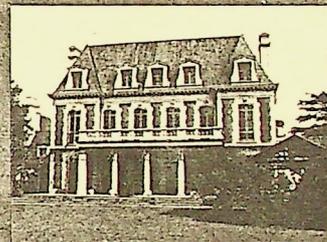
Lu Kun's former residence (9, Da Lu Xin Cui)



Office of the delegation of the Communist Party at Shanghai (Zhou Mansion) (73 Sinar Road)



Jiang Kaishhek's residence (9 Dongping Road)



General Marshall's residence (160 Taiyuan Road)



Song Ziwai's residence (145 Yueyang Road)

FAMOUS SHANGHAI ARCHITECTS
(as profiled in 1934 MEN OF SHANGHAI AND NORTH CHINA)

NAME	WHAT HE (OR FIRM) BUILT
CUMIN, Henry Monsel Managing Director, Cumine & Co., Ltd.	No. 8 Foh Sing Mill Ward Building Octagonal Residence on Bub Well & Hart Rds. Peking Theatre Nat. Commercial & Savings Bank Denis Apartments
HUDEC, Ladislaus Edward, Architect	Country Hospital Paulun Hospital Margaret Williamson Hospital Moore Memorial Church German church Catholic Church on Rubicon Road Chiao Tung (Jiao Tong) University Houses in Columbia Circle (for Asia Realty Co.) Joint Savings Society Bldg, Hankow Rd. Chapei Power Station, Woosung Shanghai Leather Factory China Baptist Publication Society Bldg. Christian Literature Society Bldg. Union Brewery Joint Savings Society Bldg, Bub Wells Rd. Grand Theatre
KRUZE, Arthur	(Partner is Leonard, Veysseyre & Kruze)
LEONARD, Alexander, Partner, Leonard, Veysseyre & Kruze	Cercle Sportif Francais Bearn Apartments Eden Apartments Foncim Apartments Gascogne Apartments Dauphine Apartments Convent of the Sacred Heart Chung Wai Bank Bldg. French Police Headquarters Musee Heude Church St. Pierre on Ave. Dubail St. Mary's Hospital Pavillon des Indigents Pavillon d'Isolation Pavillon des Marins Poste de Secours Ecole Chapsal Ecole Remi Ecole Lagrene Laboratoire Municipale

ARCHITECTS (2)

LUTHY, Emil
(with Messrs. Moorhead
& Halse)

McBain Building (foundations)
(Joined brother, Charles, and they did:
China Portland Cement Factory, Lungtan
Power stations, factories, buildings,
wharves and layout and design for the
new Chapei water works)

MINUTTI Rene
(Partner, Minutti & Co.)

Pumping station in the Whangpoo
Chapoo Road Bridge (foundations)
Canidrome
Auditorium
Water Tower in Route Sieyes
Chinese Aluminum Rolling Mills Factory
Office Bldg/Godown for Fonciere et
Immobiliere de Chine, Szechuen Rd.
Eight storey godown for Shanghai Land
Investment Co., Avenue Edward VII
Savoy Apartments
Picardie Apartments

MURPHY, Henry Killam,
Architect

Robert Dollar Office Bldg.
Shanghai American School
St. Mary's Hall
National City Bank

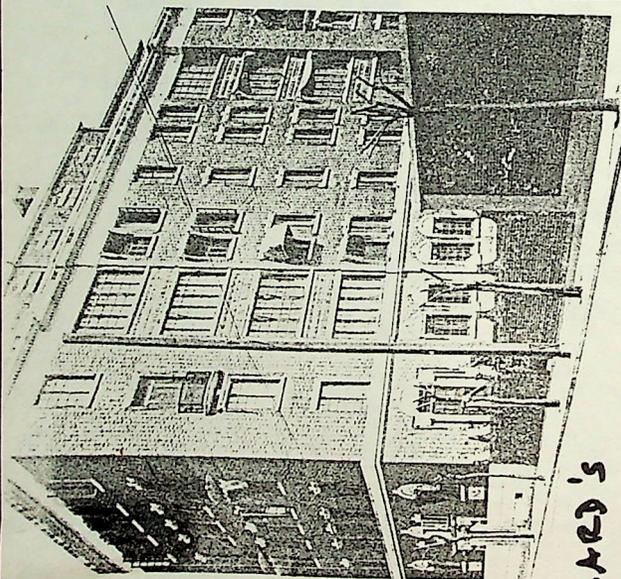
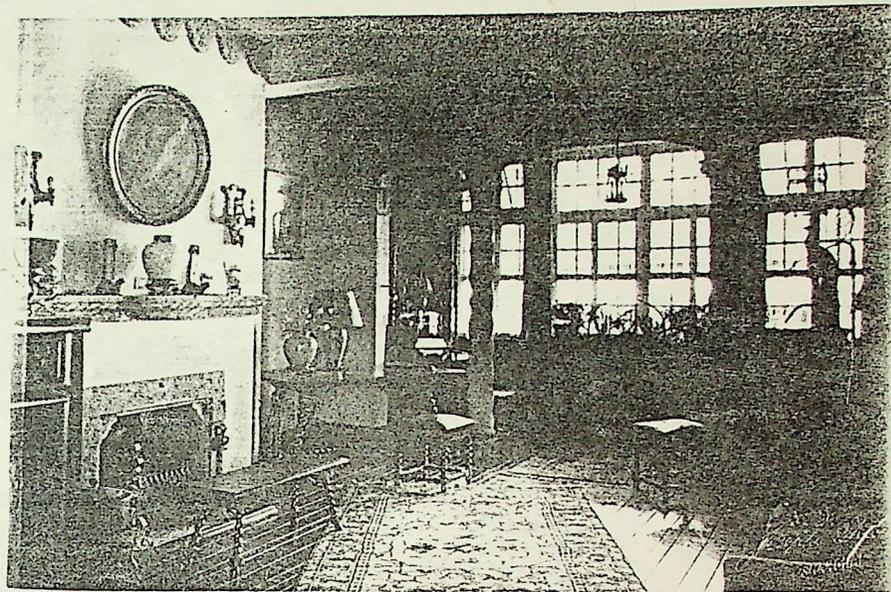
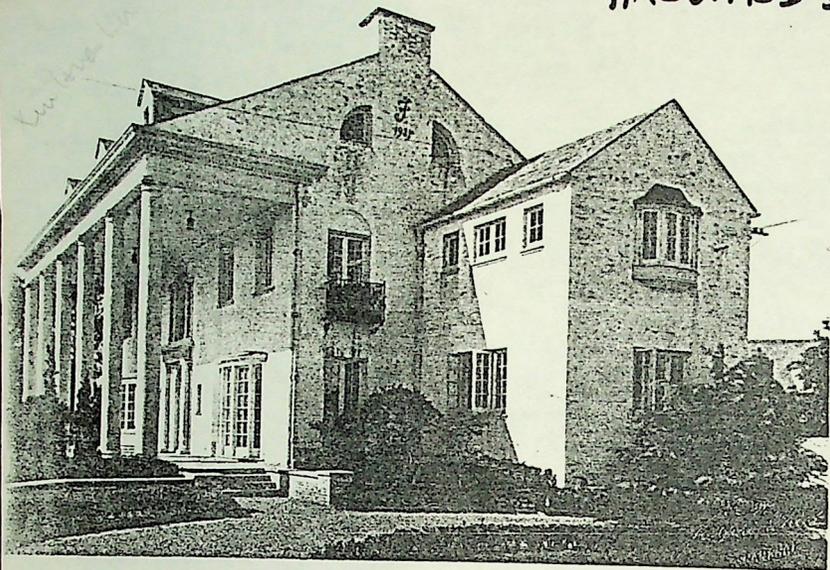
VEYSSEYRE, Paul, Partner,

Leonard, Veysseyre & Kruze
(See Leonard, above, for listing)

DESIGNERS AND BUILDERS	BUILDING	ADDRESS
Morrison Company (NOT in 1930-36 books)	Mercantile Bank of China Merchants & Steam Navigation Co.	
New Shanghai Construction Company S-681 Connought Rd (N.T. Loh, Gen Mgr)	Shg Telephone Co. Bldg. Medhurst Apts. Development Bldg. Great Northern Telegraph	Jiangxi Lu 934 Nanjing Lu
Walter Scott, Architect (NOT in 1930-36 books)	Palace Hotel Morrison & Co.	23 Nanjing Lu
Becana Company (German) (Becker and Baedeker) (NOT in 1930-36 books)	Telegraph Office Russo-Asiatic Bank Deutsch Asiatic Bank Concordia (German) Club	Fuzhou Lu 15, The Bund Demolished in 1936
Lester, Johnson & Morrison 1 Jiujiang Rd (10 Europeans + 3 Chinese)	Sincere Department Store Lester Polytechnic Insti. Lester Hospital Great Eastern Telegraph Shanghai Theatre North China Daily Bldg. Chem. Engineering College Shg Municipal Council Bldg.	
Hirano Company (Japanese) (NOT in 1930-36 books)	Japanese Consulate General Japanese Club	
Moorhead and Halse (NOT in 1930-36 books)	Glen Line Bldg. Race Course Jockey Club Jardine Matheson Bldg. Asiatic Petroleum Co. Shanghai Club H.J. Craig Residence	27, The Bund 7-15 Beijing Lu 2, The Bund Nanjing Xi Lu
Palmer & Turner 1 Canton Rd (1930) 17 Canton Rd (1936) (Messrs Logan, Wilson & Bird, Partners +26 empl + Bldg Supv & Prop Dept, for a total of 40)	HongKong and Shanghai Bank Union Bank Chartered Bank of India Bank of Indo-China Bank of China Customs House Sassoon House Broadway Mansions Hamilton House Metropol Hotel Embankment House Grosvenor House Central Arcade West Garden Apts.	12, The Bund 17 Guangzhou Lu 28, The Bund 23, The Bund 13, The Bund The Bund & Nanjing Lu Suzhou & Daming Lu 170 Jiangxi Lu Jiangxi & Fuzhou Lu Suzhou & Honan Lu 219 Maoming Lu

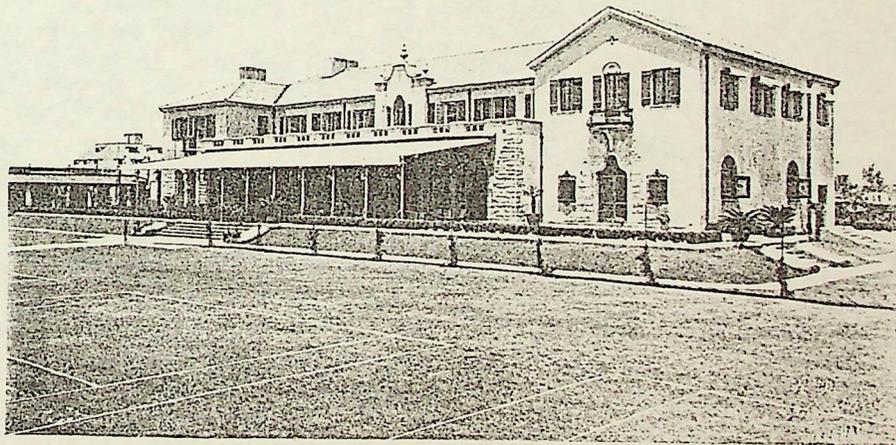
Atkinson & Dallas Ltd. 26 Peking Rd (1930) 100 Peking Rd (1936) ("Incorporated in HK," nine employees here)	Mixed Court Bldg. French Tramcar Co. (new bldg.) China Merchants Steam Nav. Co. Yong Nian Life Insurance Co. Nantao Water Works	
Hazzard, Elliott, AIA 6 Ave Edward VI (1930) 33 Sichuan Rd (1936) (E.S.J. Phillips + 17, mostly Russians)	Hua An Insurance Co. Foreign Y.M.C.A. Xin Guan Cinema Manufacturers' Bank of China Rivers Court Apts. New Wing On Co. Lyceum Theatre Power Company	753 Yu Yuan Lu 635 Nanjing Lu 110 Maoming Lu 181 Nanjing Lu
Hudec, L. E., BA 24 The Bund (1930) 209 Yuan Ming Yuan (36) (Hudec, Architect, + 6)	Joint Savings Society Moore Memorial Church St. Luke's Hospital County (Hua Dong) Hospital American Club Grand Cinema Park Hotel Wu Wen-Tong's Residence	69 Sichuan Lu 316 Xizang Lu 177 Shanxi Bei Lu 17 Yan An Xi Lu 23 Fuzhou Lu 164 Nanjing Lu Bj & Tong Ren Lus
Leonard & Veysseyre (French) (1930) (Leonard, Veysseyre & Kruze in 1936)	Chong Wai Bank (now Shg Museum) French Concession Police HQ Bearn Apts. Astrid Apts. Public School for Russians	145 Yan An Dong Lu 475 Huai Hai Lu 301-9 Maoming Lu
Minutti Company 668 Sichuan Rd	Picardie Apts.	534 Heng Shan Lu
Cumine & Company Ltd. 38 Sichuan Rd (1930) 149 Sichuan Rd (1936)	New Asia Hotel Police HQ of Intl Settlement	Sichuan Bei Lu 185 Fuzhou Lu
Stewardson, R. E. 149 Yuan Ming Yuan Rd	Shanghai General Post Ofc.	Honan & Suzhou Lu
Anderson, Meyer & Co. 4, 5 & 8 Yuan Ming Yuan Rd (95 employees)	All China YMCA Navy YMCA. Foreign YMCA All China Assn. of YMCA's	214 Sichuan Lu 38 Nanjing Xi Lu
Challot Company (French, 3 Challots) 85 rue M. Tillot (36)	French Consulate General	Demolished 1988
Brit M'facturing Co.	Ciro's Ballroom	231 Hua Shan Lu
An Lee Company 24B Central Arcade 119 Nanjing Rd	Cathay Hotel "General Contractors and specialists in tank building"	Nanjing Lu & The Bund

HAZZARD'S

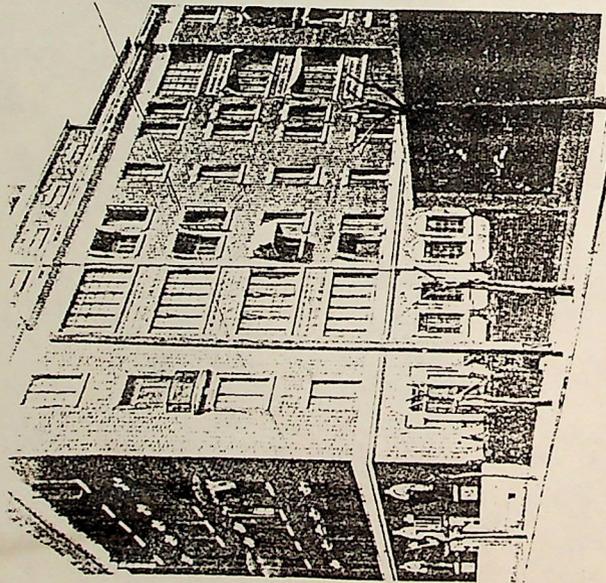
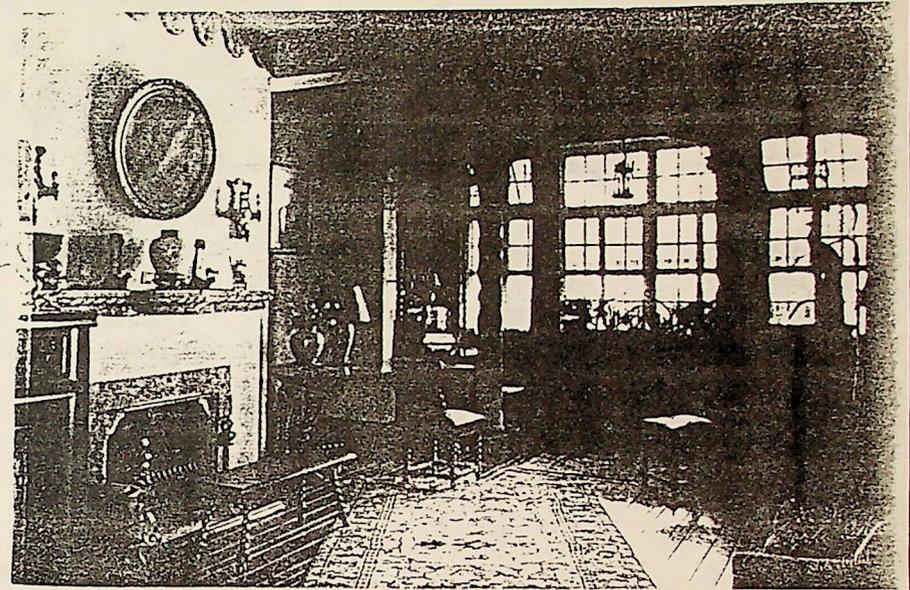
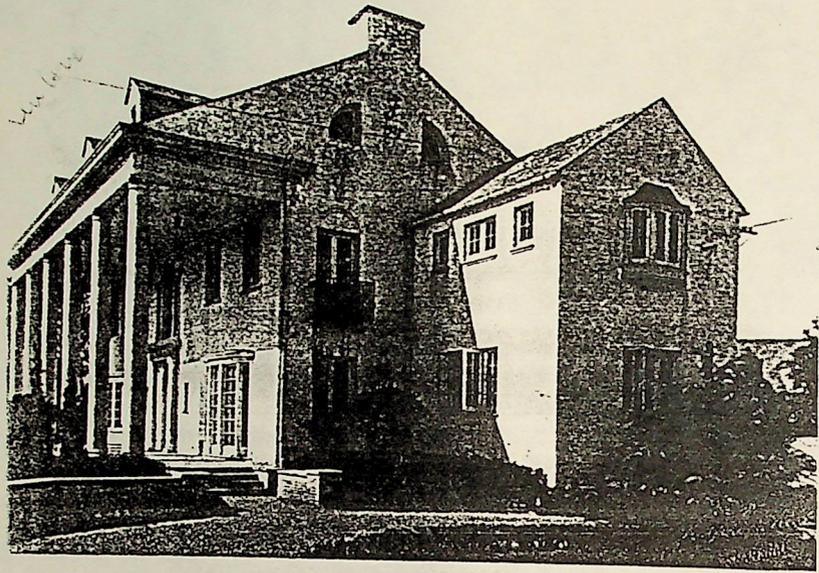


HAZZARD'S

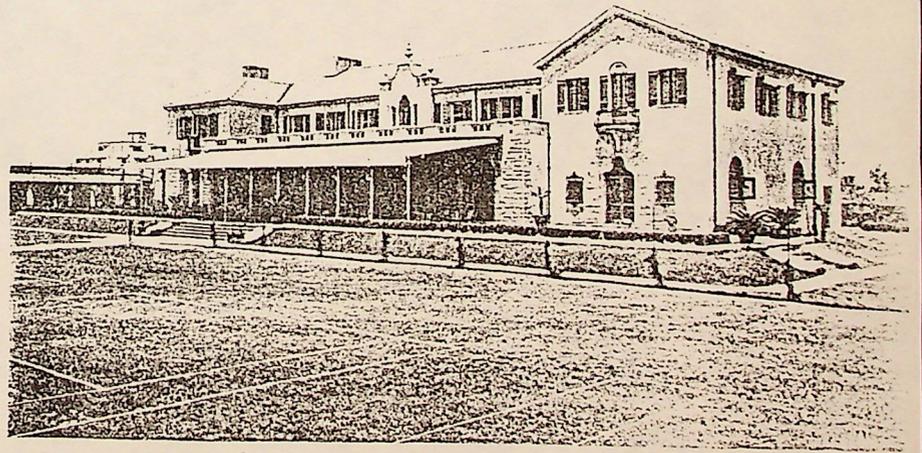
River View
✓ Shanti Nara L.
Chong Qing Nara L.

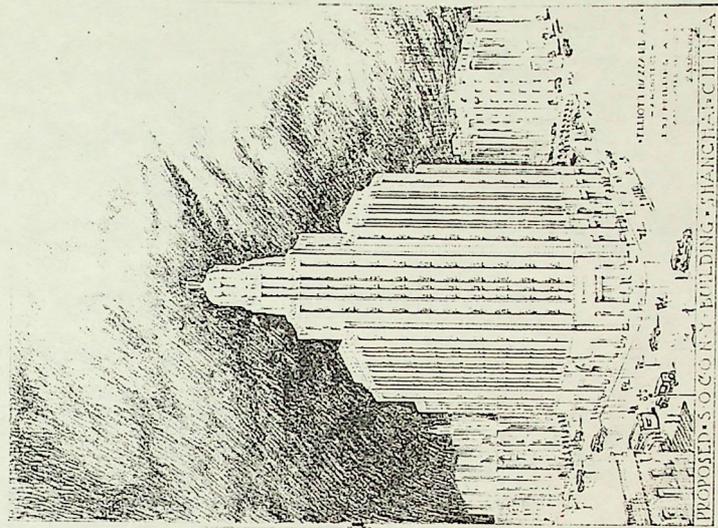
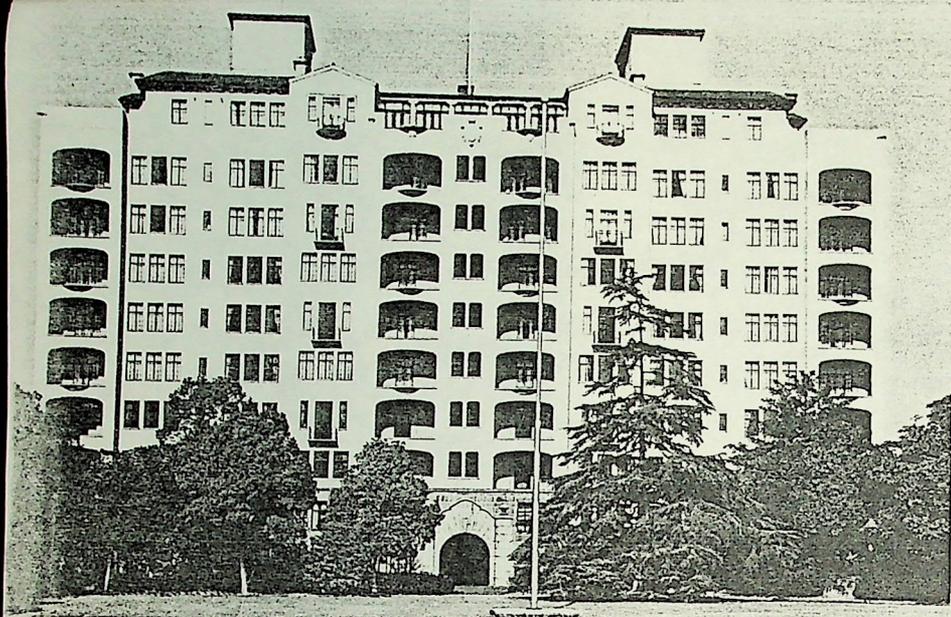


Columbia C.C.

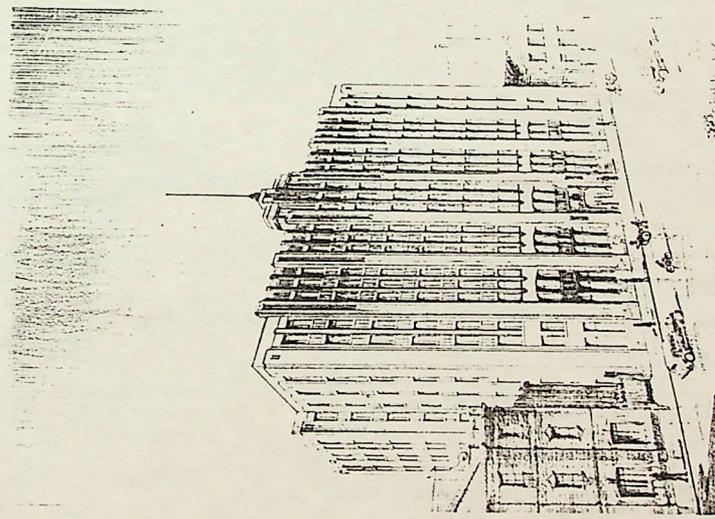
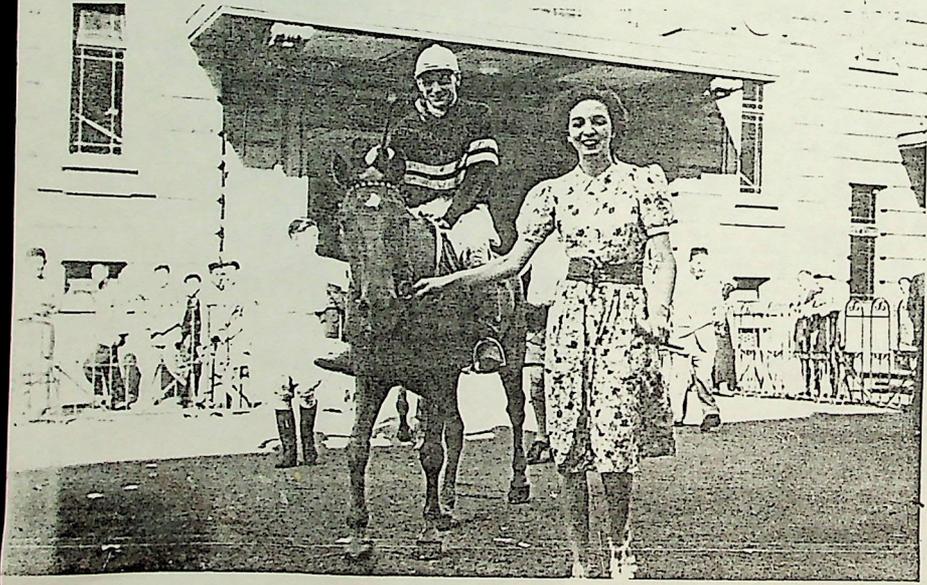


*View from
Rear of
Front
View*

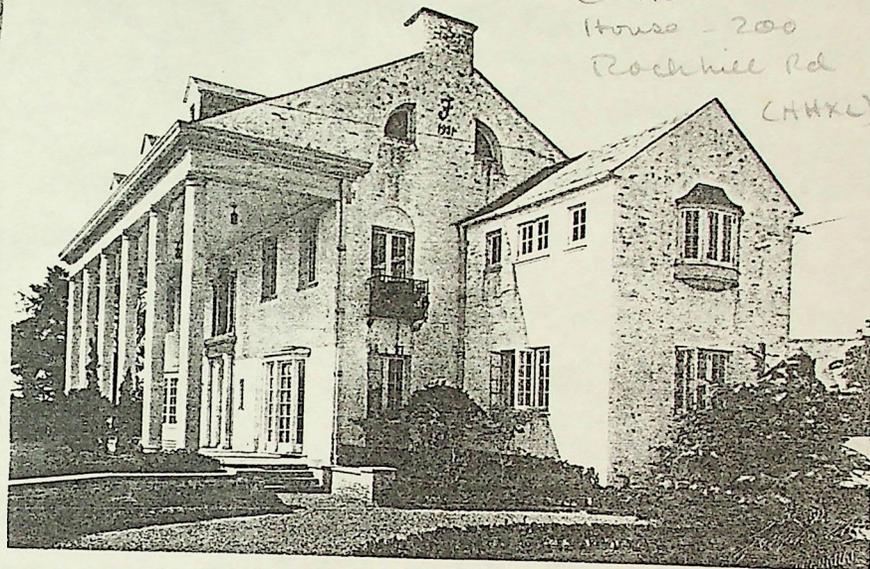
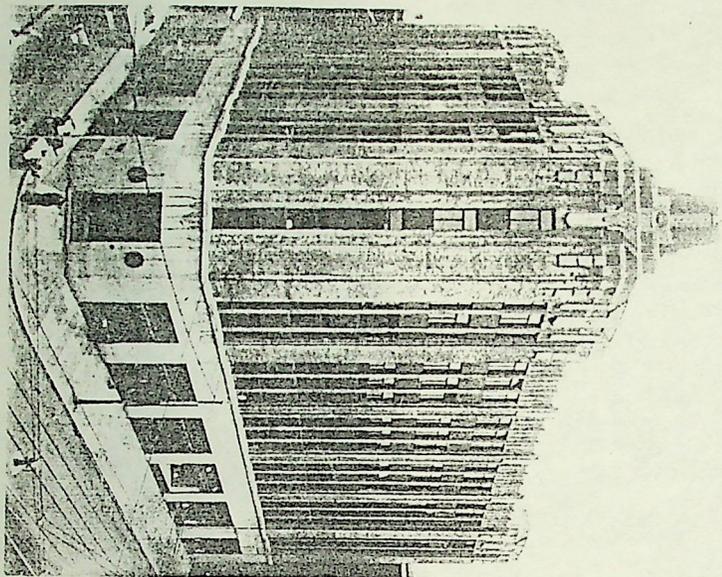




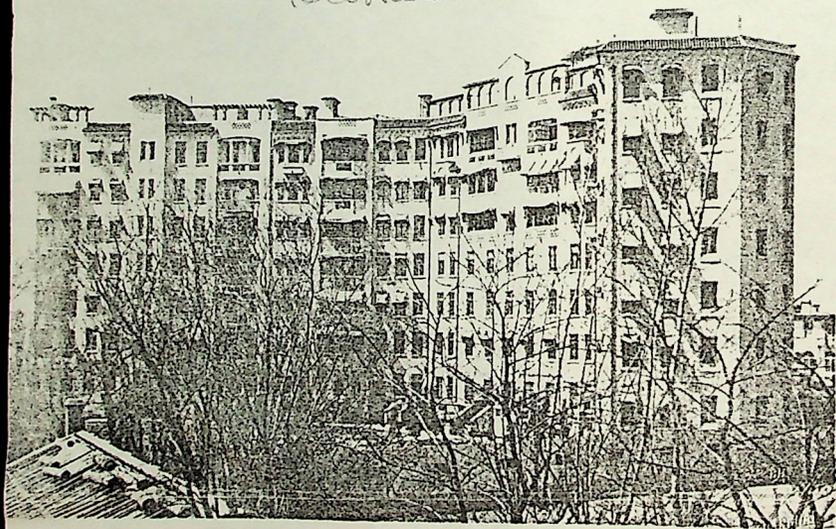
Held up in account
of financial depression



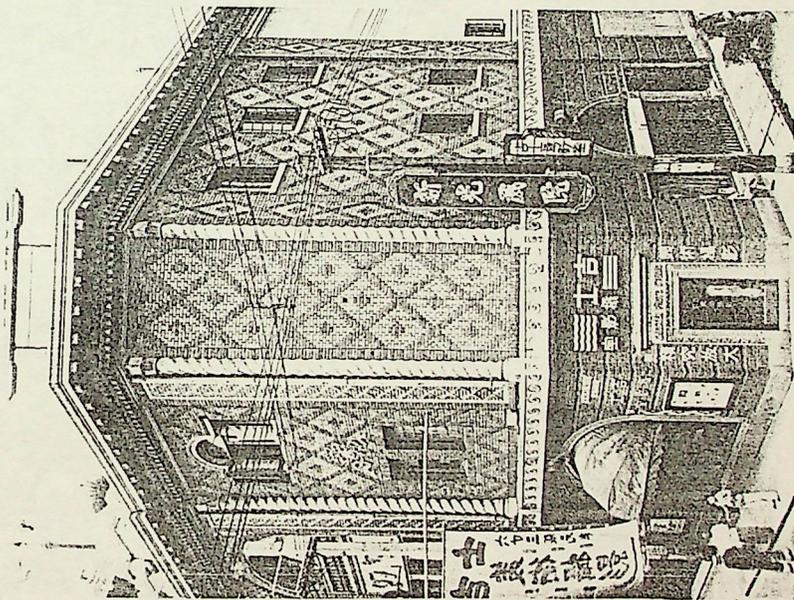
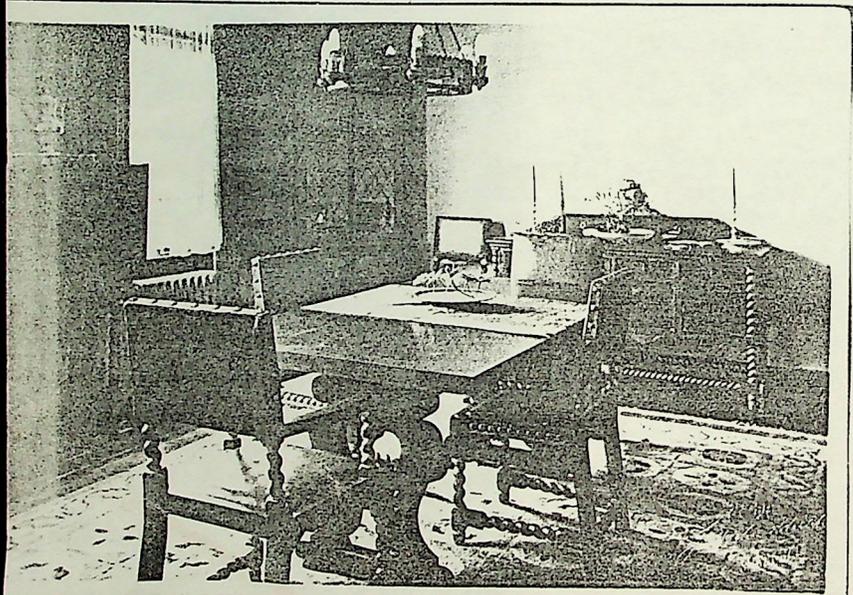
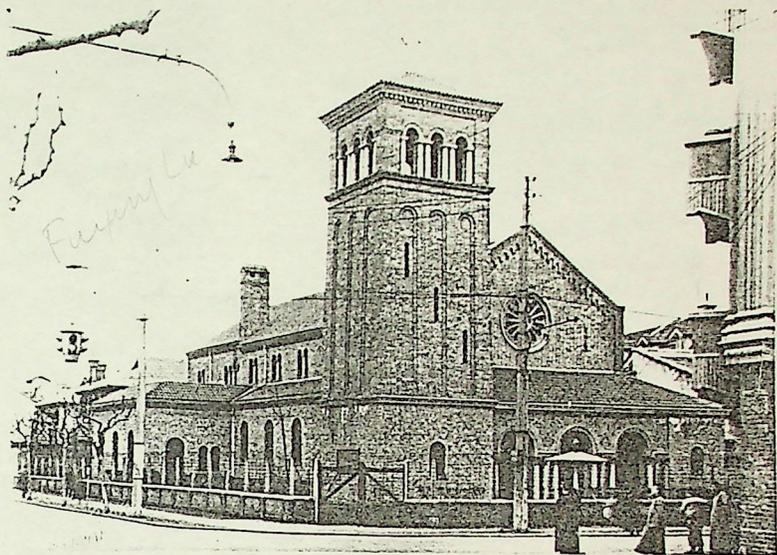
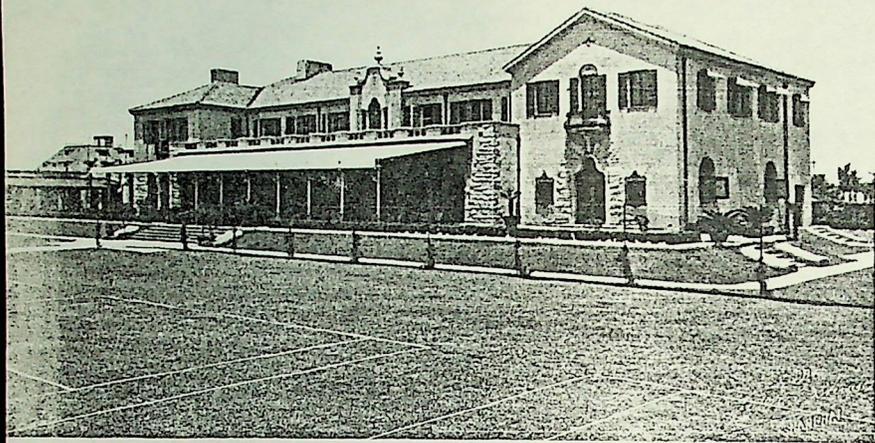
1110 - 0116 - NELL - 0111 - BUILDING - SHANGHAI - CHINA



Brookside



Brookside



The Architect Himself

The Shanghai architect Ladislaus Hudec had an interesting background, as did his wife Gisela, herself a fourth generation Old China Hand. Mrs. Hudec is now over 90 years old and is a treasure trove of information on her husband and his work, which she has permitted me to share with readers here.

Mr. Hudec was born in Czechoslovakia in 1893. He graduated in 1914 from the Royal University in Budapest. In 1916 was elected to the Royal Institute of Hungarian Architects; in that year he was also taken prisoner by the Russians and sent to Khabarovsk in Siberia. In 1918 he managed to escape and make his way to Shanghai, where he joined the firm of R. A. Curry, an American architect. For this firm he designed, among others, the American Club, the McTyeire School, the International Savings Society's head office and several of their apartments buildings.

In 1925 he opened his own office and his practice continued to grow. This is a partial listing of buildings he subsequently designed: Country Hospital, Paulun Hospital, Margaret Williamson Hospital, Moore Memorial Church, German Church, Catholic Church on Rubicon Road, Engineering Building at Chiao Tung University, Joint Savings Society Building on Szechuan Road, the 22-story Park Hotel/Joint Savings Society Building on Nanking Road, Grand Cinema, Chapel Power Station, Shanghai Leather Factory, Union Brewery, China Baptist Publication Society, and Christian Literature Society Buildings.

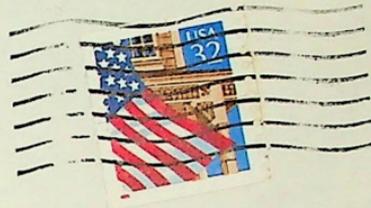
The Hudec Family Home

This interior shows the house built by the Hungarian architect Ladislaus Hudec for his family. Although he was more famous for his churches, hospitals and office buildings, many of which are featured in this book, he also did ~~a few~~^{some} impressive private homes. The elongated Gothic style windows are typical of his earlier work, as are a repetition of the same elongated and arched openings in the chimney stacks.

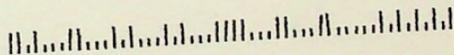
This house stood next to the Columbia Country Club and now serves as offices for the pharmaceutical complex which occupies the Club grounds.

Oscar V. Armstrong
4831 Drummond Avenue
Chevy Chase, MD 20815-5428

Info on Z-Gun
Cohen



Tess Johnston
PSC 461 Box 200
FPO AP 96521-0002





The
China
Connection

A Quarterly
Newsletter

4831 Drummond Avenue
Chevy Chase MD 20815

February 11, 1996

Dear Tess,

I was rather sorry to hear that St. Peter's disco was no longer in the church -- it seemed rather appropriate. But I'll put an "Ed. note" in Schell's article about Shanghai, quoting you about the change.

Jimmy James died in 1990. Here's the obit I put in the newsletter. A couple of points not in the obit. He was a Minnesota farm boy before he joined the army. He took his discharge in China, and started with a hot dog stand, I think, in either Tientsin or Tsingtao. And for a bit of pathos -- Jim Culp interviewed him for the first segment of his projected TV series, The Eagle and the Dragon. Both Jim (perhaps from ignorance) and Jimmy tried to convey the impression that Jimmy was a typical American businessman in Shanghai. At one point, apparently in response to a question about whether he had joined the American Club. Jimmy said he had been too busy to join any clubs. The truth, of course, was that those who ran the American Club undoubtedly looked down their noses at Jimmy, if they looked at him at all, and certainly would not have let him in.

Re Chefoo: A SAS classmate suggested I get in touch with another classmate who has a cousin who went to school in Chefoo. It turns out that the cousin's parents were missionaries in Chefoo, and he has a book about Chefoo -- if he can find it. He agreed to write to you, but if you don't hear from him fairly soon, he's David Kidder, 303 Fleetwood Place, Hendersonville NC 28739, tel. 794-697-8990.

Keep up the good work!

Chris

1919

→ Jimmy James (officially Joseph J. Skalisky), on June 13, age 88, in Dallas TX. After serving in the U.S. 15th Infantry in North China 1920-1922, he stayed in China and became a colorful Shanghai entrepreneur, opening various enterprises including Jimmy's Kitchen, an amusement park and several dine-and-dance clubs. Not interned by the Japanese until 1943, he managed to prepare turkey dinners with all the trimmings at Christmas 1942 for some 1700 American and British prisoners of war interned in one of the Shanghai camps. After losing all of his Shanghai enterprises when the Communists took over China, he settled in Dallas, where he opened several "Shanghai Jimmy's Chili Rice" eateries featuring a dish he invented in Shanghai. His lifelong hobby (he grew up in Minnesota) was ice-skating, and he was a well-known figure on a

15

Dallas rink until he had medical problems in 1989. Earlier that year he was the guest of honor at the reunion of North China Marines in Canton, Ohio.



Producee

San Francisco, CA

Shanghai documentary
& mini-series

him info on old apt. ✓

HGG

3 de Febrero 1901
1428 Buenos Aires, Argentina
September 9, 1985

2) RF

3) HGG

September 9, 1985 and all the
that I am on a temporary work
assignment only recently.

I returned to Shanghai after 51 years.
I was Commercial Attache of the
Soviet Consulate in San Francisco, a
Russian refugee. I left Shanghai
for the Czech Consulate in Singapore.

I grew up there during the
1920s. My father was once more despatched
to the Czech consulates and embassy
in London. I attended a
British boarding school in
London and returned to my homeland after
the war. I became a citizen
of the Czech Republic in 1950 and became a citizen

of those who arrived in San
Francisco from Shanghai in 1949. While
in San Francisco, I came in contact with
many of them and their stories of life in China
and how they had managed to survive. At that
time I learned more about the times
and their adult professional life and where

My trip to China this year came about rather unexpectedly. For this reason I did
not have a chance to search among my own mementos (which are in California) or
those of my relatives in San Francisco. I vaguely remembered the name "King
Albert's Apartments" being mentioned by my parents many years ago. Yet,
strangely, I felt "at home" from the moment I arrived in Shanghai - as if I
had belonged there all along.

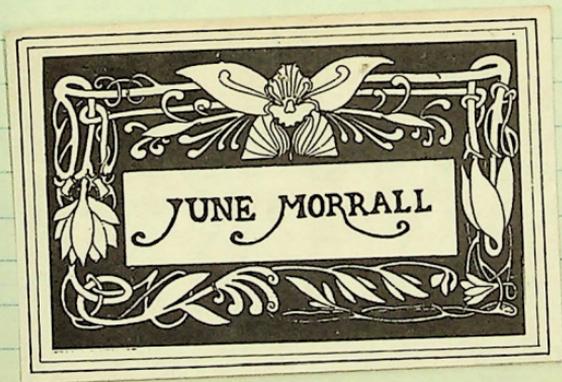
We still have surviving Shanghai friends and relatives living in the San Francisco
area and I know that some of them would be delighted to meet with you and talk
about old places. My wife and myself should be permanently back in California by
next spring, if not sooner. We therefore hope to meet with you when you pass
through. Please let us know of your plans ahead of time, preferably to the

/...

Woody Clark
Producee

San Francisco, CA

Shanghai documentary
& mini-series



7
Sent him info on old apt. ✓

3 de Febrero 1901
1428 Buenos Aires, Argentina
September 9, 1985

HGG
2) RF
3) 4/25

Ms. Tess Johnston
Secretary to the Consul
General
Consulate General of the
United States of America
Shanghai

Dear Ms. Johnston,

thank you very much for your kind letter of July 9, 1985 and all the enclosures. I am sorry to answer you so late, but I am on a temporary work assignment in Argentina and your letter reached me only recently.

Last summer was the first time that I made it back to Shanghai after 51 years. I was born there in 1931, my father being the Commercial Attache of the Czechoslovak Consulate. My mother was a White Russian refugee. I left Shanghai in 1934 when my father was transferred to the Czech Consulate in Singapore. In 1937 my family returned to Czechoslovakia and I grew up there during the war under German occupation. After the war, my father was once more despatched to China and during 1946 and 1947 established the Czech consulates and embassy in Shanghai and Nanking. I myself was sent to a British boarding school in Belfast, Northern Ireland and elected not to return to my homeland after graduation in 1949. I arrived in the United States in 1950 and became a citizen in 1957.

In the United States, I joined my mother's relatives who arrived in San Francisco from the Russian Far East in 1923 and from Shanghai in 1949. While studying at Berkeley and later living in San Francisco, I came in contact with many Russians from Shanghai. I was fascinated by their stories of life in China during the 20s, 30s and 40s. It was from them that I learned more about the times and places in which my father spent most of his adult professional life and where I spent my early childhood.

Our trip to China this year came about rather unexpectedly. For this reason I did not have a chance to search among my own mementos (which are in California) or those of my relatives in San Francisco. I vaguely remembered the name "King Albert's Apartments" being mentioned by my parents many years ago. Yet, strangely, I felt "at home" from the moment I arrived in Shanghai - as if I had belonged there all along.

We still have surviving Shanghai friends and relatives living in the San Francisco area and I know that some of them would be delighted to meet with you and talk about old places. My wife and myself should be permanently back in California by next spring, if not sooner. We therefore hope to meet with you when you pass through. Please let us know of your plans ahead of time, preferably to the

/...

.../

Lafayette, California address. In case you do not have it, our telephone number in Lafayette is (415) 283-1352.

Thanking you once more for your interest, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

Karel Malinovsky

Karel Malinovsky

History File

TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS:
MATHESON LONDONEC3
FACSIMILE: 071-623 5024
TELEX: 8953378 MANDCO
TELEPHONE: 071-528 4000

Matheson & Co., Ltd
3 Lombard Street
London EC3V 9AQ

13 October 1993

Dear Mr. Ogden

Just a short note on my return to London to thank you very much for allowing me to look around the American Consulate in Shanghai. It was fascinating to see our old property again.

We now have very few members of our staff who were alive when the building was owned by Jardines but I did discuss it with my mother who is now 82. My late father, Sir William Keswick, who was head of Jardines in Shanghai in the early 1930's married my mother in 1937. My father had previously decided not to live in the house as he thought it too large and he preferred to live in his property with a large garden in Hungjao Road. The building was therefore let to the Swiss Consul-General. I believe after the War we sold the building to the Yung family who no doubt continue to own it.

We have looked for old photographs in our scrapbooks and have so far not come across any but should we do so we will certainly let you have copies.

With best personal regards.

Yours sincerely
Henry Keswick

HENRY KESWICK

Mr J C Ogden,
Consul General,
United States of America,
SHANGHAI

Saw - Historical File

228/10 Wuyuan Lu,
Shanghai, 200031.
Decelber 18, 1992.

Mr. Jerome Ogden,
Consul General,
U. S. Consulate Ganeral,
Shanghai.

Dear Mr. Ogden:

In your Kind letter, which came to hand quite some time ago, you said that the enclosure in my former correspondence was interesting. I think you refered to my little paper on Necessary Evils. I am very pleased with your remark, as you are a career deplomat and a native English speaker, competent to judge both the matter and the manner. I wonder if our common friend Mr. Joseph J. Borich hasever told you about my background. I think a very brief account is not out of place. I received my college education in the Pacific Northwest in the 1920s. After working on administrative and educational jobs in China during ten years, I went up to Oxford, England, and when the war situation worsened, I got to he United States a second time, working as a Visiting Scientist with the U. S. Soil Conservation Service for a year, before returning to China shortly before he Pearl Harbor surprise raid. I was engaged in post war relief and rehabilitation work, and then the present regime started, I was disgraced, jailed and detained for a quarter of a century. My sentence was revoked in 1982, but Ilost my sight completely in the same year, not long after Mr. Borich left Shanghai. I amnow in my 88th year. I have been spending most of my waking hours in teaching private students and writing. Generally speaking, I am in good health, but I am losing my memory and hearing lately.

I did not pay much attention to the Presidential Elections in 1924 and '28, though I was in he States. I followed this year's Campaign quite closely. One question remains. How do the overseas citizens, such as he diplomatic and consular personnel, servicemen, businessmen not in the U.S. on the polling day? vote? As they are from various states, how do their votes affect the Electoral College? Perhaps you or Mrs. Ogden or someone else at the Consulate could find time to give me the information.

Enclosed herein is another one of my Casual Observations. I hope you will find it readable, because it has something

to do with a fragment of the history of your country and also something to do with the state of mind in my country your office has to deal with sometimes. Please comment.

As you must have already been aware, I have always been a friend of the United States and nothing is more delightful to me than to make and keep American friends and to know that I am considered a good friend of theirs. I do hope that you and I will get along very nicely with each other during your stay in my city, for I am a native here, and the friendship will last even when you are assigned to some other post. In case there is anything that I can do for you, I shall be pleased to do all I can.

The current year is fast drawing to its end, and I wish you and Mrs. Ogden and other members of your family a Merry Christmas and a Very Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Sincerely yours,

Enclosure.

Dr. Tim Min Tieh

Casual Observations of an Old Timer.
(50) Wee Bits of Land.

I SHALL START at the other end of the spectrum by talking about the Vast Mass of Water that I got into accidentally in 1941. I was in San Francisco en route to China and by good luck succeeded in getting a berth on a thirty thousand ton World Cruiser S.S. President Harrison. Early on Sunday morning in the middle of October, just as I was stepping into a taxi which was to take me to the quay where President Harrison was scheduled to set sail that noon, I caught sight of the newspaper with the headline right across the entire front page in huge letters, saying: PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ORDERED ALL SAILINGS TO THE ORIENT BE CANCELLED. At the quay, there was no ceremony, no brass band, no colour paper tapes, no seeing-off crowds. All was quiet. Nobody, not even the Purser, knew whether President Harrison would set sail or not. But she did. The voyage from San Francisco to Honolulu was perfectly normal. What followed was anything but normal. The little flag on the map showing the position of the ship was removed. On the menu, instead of the usual "En route to Shanghai", there was now "At Sea." But I was able to be looking at the stars at night to discover that we were heading directly southward. The weather became warmer and warmer and we had to go down to the luggage hold to get our summer wear from our trunks. We crossed the equator into the Southern Hemisphere, called at Suva, Fiji, for fresh water and vegetables.

Leaving Fiji, the ship sailed in the boundless Domain of the Kingdom of the Sea, with no land insight during sixteen or eighteen days. The passengers on board, one hundred and fifty or sixty in all, soon learned to enjoy themselves the best they could the seemingly endless holiday that was forced on them. Somehow, the ship's officers discovered that I was a good mixer with children and I was asked to put on a Children's Day. That event was a great success. Some twenty children of several nationalities and I as their leader had a jolly good time. We had games and competitions, stories and jokes, singing and dancing, and "Strange Sights" that I had prepared for the occasion. There were plenty of mechanical toys that the ship furnished as prizes and souvenirs. Finally we came between Australia and New Guinea. She moored at Port Moresby for one whole day, waiting for a pilot to come all way from Melbourne by aeroplane to sail the ship through the shallow shoals-ridden Coral Sea, quite off the beaten track for ocean liners. Our destination was Manila. At Manila, President Harrison was ordered to proceed to Shanghai to evacuate the U. S. Marines there. Thus, after a circuitous voyage of the incredible voyage of forty seven days instead of the usual sixteen, I was landed at Shanghai, safe and sound. S.S. President Harrison was later captured by the Japanese Navy, turned into a transport, and sunk by the U. S. Air Force off China Coast.

When we crossed the equator into Southern Pacific, that Vast Mass of Water traditionally known as the Domain of Neptune, we had a grand ceremony on the upper deck, full of fun and tainted with mystery. I got a document signed by Neptunus Rex and countersigned by the Captain of S. S. President Harrison. It certified that I entered the Domain that day at zero degree latitude and one hundred and seventy some degrees east longitude, and that I was entitled to the courtesy and respect of all Ocean Creatures. That document, of no intrinsic value, was treasured as an article of oddity. Millions have in their possession diplomas from wellknown universities to show their academic degrees and certificates from learned societies in recognition of their professional achievements. But few, very few I think, can produce a diploma signed by Neptunus Rex.

At the other end of the spectrum earlier this year, many of our compatriots paid a good price for wee bits of land in America. Each purchaser of the real estate fancied that the document certifying his ownership would facilitate his entry into the United States. But it will not. He did not realize that the area of the land he purchased is only fifty square inches, one in each state, hardly big enough for him to set his finger-tip on. Like the diploma I got from the Kingdom of the Sea, the real estate certificate is of no intrinsic value at all. But it is a rare object of oddity, that the owner can hang on the wall, display in his souvenir cabinet if he has one, or use as a book mark.

One question stands out for our leaders: Why are here so many of our citizens craving so fiercely to leave the land where their ancestors lived and died for Lord knows how many generations by all possible, and sometimes even impossible, means?

November 20, 1992.

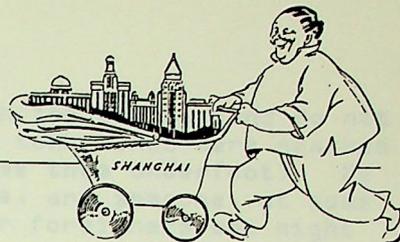
(at age 88!)

T. M. Tieh,
Christ Church, Oxon.

Tess Johnston

PSC 461, Box 200
FPO AP 96521-0002

FAX : 86-21-433-4122
TEL : 86-21-433-6880



(AKA
OLD CHINA HAND RESEARCH
SERVICE, UNLIMITED)

February 17, 1994

Ms. Mayo S. Stuntz
"Merry-Go-Round"
2596 Chain Bridge Road
Vienna, Virginia 22181

Dear Mr. Stunts:

Because I have written books and articles on Shanghai (in my spare time from work here at the Consulate General), I have been handed your letter of January 28 to answer.

I cannot tell you how pleased I am to receive it, to add the information you provide to my (informal) "archives" here--and to be able to report back positively to you. (To this end I previously copied down every name on the tombstones in the Song Qing Memorial Cemetery, the only one left in Shanghai with foreign graves.)

Here is, in brief, why the tombstone is there and not in the Bubbling Well Cemetery (now Jing An Park). During the so-called "Cultural Revolution" which devastated China from 1966-1976 a virulent wave of anti-foreign sentiment swept over the country, leading to the sanctioned destruction of everything foreign. At that time all foreign cemeteries were looted, dug up and then sodded over. Sometimes buildings were built on the grounds and sometimes (as in the case of Bubbling Well) they were turned into public parks.

We have no idea what was done with the bodies (and do not wish to think about it), but most of the tombstones were smashed or used as paving stones (we occasionally see them underfoot). My guess is that a stack was found somewhere, and someone, at some time later, gave thought to how to answer foreigners who might subsequently ask about the graves.

I believe that it was with this in mind that they reconstructed a certain number (about 200) stones, in a uniform size of about 2'x3', in concrete, with obvious misspellings and no further identification. We simply copied those names. And Mr. Meyer's is the very first one I have ever found to match an inquiry; I am gratified beyond belief that the hard work finally paid off.

Unfortunately I will be in the US on home leave when you arrive in May, but the Song Qing Ling (Mme. Sun Yat-Sen) Memorial Cemetery, on old Hong Qiao Road, is a well-known tourist attraction and you should have no trouble finding it by taxi. Just walk along the "foreigner" rows just to the right of her tomb and you will doubtlessly find his grave. If you wish me to photograph it before you come, I will be happy to do so. Be warned, however, that it will probably be identical to all the others, and contain no information other than Frank Meyer's name.

If I can be of any further assistance to you, please do not hesitate to call on me.

Sincerely,

(Miss) Tess Johnston

703-938-8176
MAYO S. STUNTZ
"MERRY-GO-ROUND"
2596 CHAIN BRIDGE ROAD
VIENNA, VIRGINIA 22181
U.S.A.

28 Jan 1994

Consul General Jerome C. Ogden
Shanghai, China

Dear Mr. Ogden:

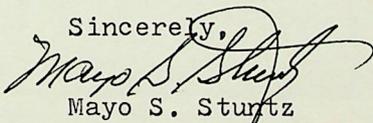
I am in search of the grave of Frank N. Meyer, an agricultural explorer for the US Dept. of Agric. While working in that capacity in China in 1918, he disappeared from a ship in the Yantze River. When his body was recovered, it was buried in the Bubbling Wells Cemetery in the former British section of Shanghai. This information was handed down through the years by my mother. Her husband, my father, Stephen Conrad Stuntz, who also died in 1918 - in the flu epidemic - was Frank Meyer's Washington, D. C., contact in the Dept. of Agriculture and a dear friend to whom Meyer brought gifts from China, one of which I possess and treasure.

The author of the 1984 book, Frank N. Meyer, Plant Hunter in Asia, (Iowa State University Press), Isabel S. Cunningham, confirms my family's verbal heirloom re Dr. Meyer. I'll enclose her recent note and map of Shanghai which denotes the location of the Bubbling Wells Cemetery.

My wife and I will be in Shanghai on 30 May 1994 on board the MARCO POLO. Our hope is to visit Meyer's grave. Will you ask one of your staff to attempt to arrange help for us in this endeavor?

Thank you.

Sincerely,


Mayo S. Stuntz

enclosures

Locating Frank N. Meyer's grave in Shanghai:

Frank N. Meyer worked as an agricultural explorer for the U.S. Department of Agriculture from 1905 until 1918. Most of that time he spent in China where he died in 1918. His body was buried in the Bubbling Wells Cemetery in the former British section of Shanghai. A four-foot marble slab marked his grave. At each side of this headstone was an arbor vitae. At the foot of the grave a friend planted Meyer's favorite white-barked pine tree (Pinus bungeana).

Since the establishment of the People's Republic of China, the gravestones have been removed and the former Bubbling Well Cemetery has become a part of a public park. Somewhere in the northwest sector, Meyer's grave may still be shaded by the white-barked pine, now about 85 years old. (The bark does not turn completely white until this tree is about a century old.)

The Bubbling Well Cemetery occupied a square formed by Bubbling Well Road (now Nanching Hsi or West Nanjing) to the north, Hart Road to the east, Avenue Foch (now Yenen Tung or Central Yenan) to the south, and Jessfield Road to the west. This is within the western end of a triangle formed by Central Yenan, West Nanjing, and Hsi Tsang in what appears to be the center of the city of Shanghai. The People's Park is at the eastern end of the triangle and the Children's Palace is at the western end. Meyer's grave should be near the Children's Palace.

If you can find the white-barked pine in the area I have described, I hope you can take a photograph of the site of Meyer's grave.

ISABEL S. CUNNINGHAM
212 Wardour Drive
Annapolis, MD 21401

Mayo
Stuntz

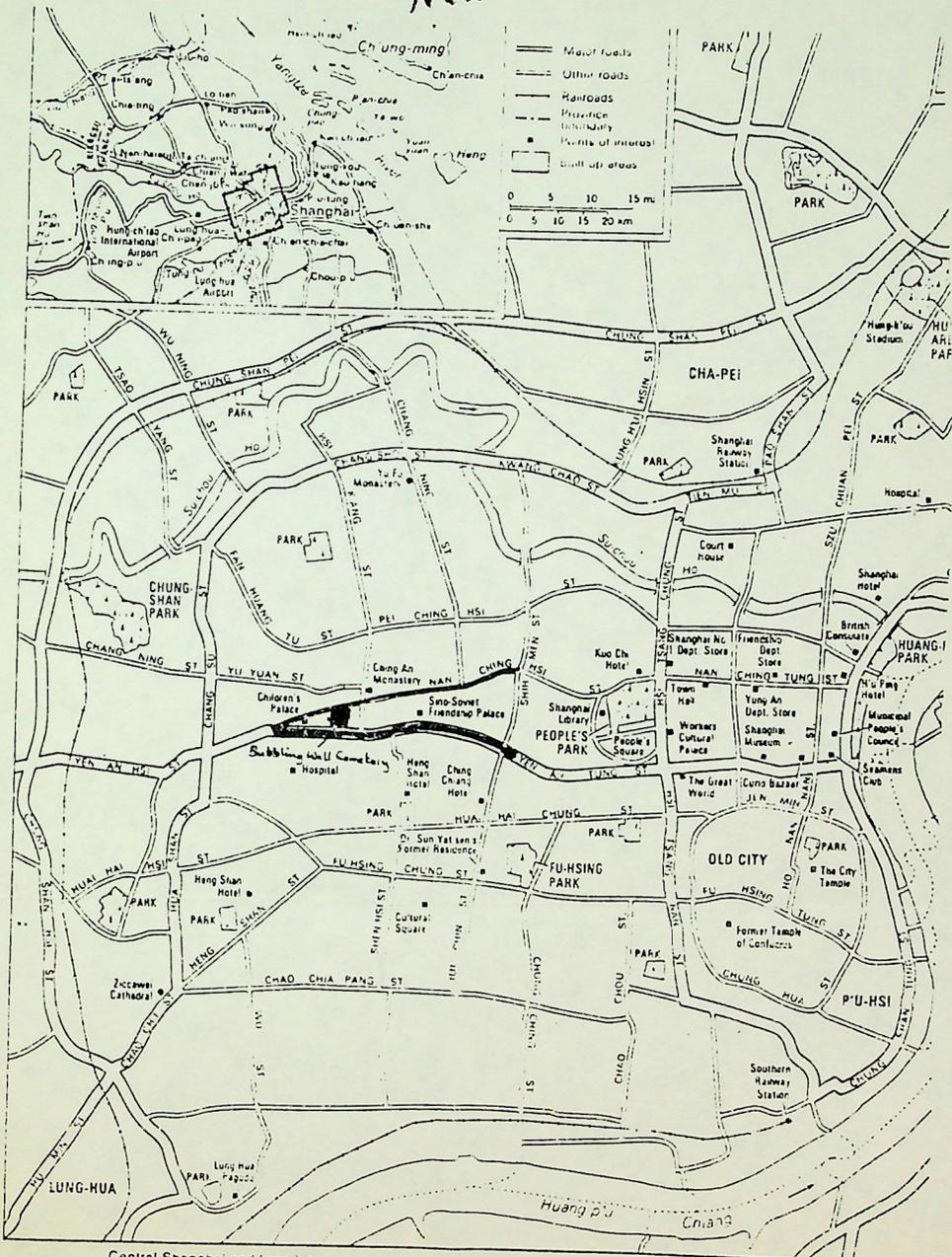
2596 Chain Brid

Vienne Va 22181

703-938-8176

May 18-

North



Central Shanghai and (inset) its metropolitan area.

South



Saturday 9/20

Hi Tess —

Hope you're doing well! I wanted to drop this off to you. I made a copy for myself so this is yours to keep.

My friend Jean had an uncle, Harold Faxon, who had been in China in the 20's.

I thought maybe you would be interested in reading ^(this article) it. I knew that Jean would be pleased that you would read it because she is fascinated with China and I wrote her (we fax back and forth) telling her that I would pass this on to you.

I gave her a list of your books and she wants to order a book via Hong Kong.

— So enjoy the article.

Also, maybe next month after your S.E.A. tour, an occupant of LONGBAI Apartments and I are having a coffee in LONGBAI COFFEE SHOP →

- 1 -

MB

This month (Sept.) we are having Mr. Zhao bring his paintings to sell. Next month (and hopefully the coffee will be well attended) --- this is for LONG BEI RESIDENTS so we meet our neighbors, I thought perhaps you could sell your books.

Between putting flyers on the Bulletin boards at Longbei and word of mouth and the ladies assigned to bring coffee cakes, I think it will be quite nice! I'll let you know the results after September 25th and then you can let me know if you're interested.

I'll talk to you in the future.

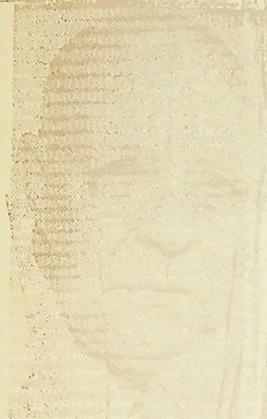
Carla Obregon

Tel: 6268-9618

FAX: 6268-6292

My answering machine isn't working so just fax a message if you ever need me to return your call.

THE EVENING STAR
Washington, D. C.
Friday, April 17, 1970



HAROLD C. FAXON

Harold C. Faxon

Harold C. Faxon, 83, who was an engineer in Singapore and Manila for the East Asiatic Co. export-import firm much of his career, died in Suburban Hospital Wednesday after a long illness. He lived at 3810 Williams Lane, Chevy Chase.

A native of Boston, he graduated from Massachusetts Institute of Technology and later taught physics there. He had lived in the Washington area since retiring from the export-import firm 15 years ago.

He leaves his wife, Lorna S., and three sisters, Mrs. Margaretta F. Chandler and Eleanor Faxon of West Newton, Mass., and Mrs. Dorothy Avery of Holliston, Mass.

Services will be at 3 p.m. tomorrow at Joseph Gawler's Sons Funeral Home, 5130 Wisconsin Avenue N.W.

FAXON, HAROLD C. On Wednesday, April 15, 1970, HAROLD C. FAXON, 83, husband of Lorna S. Faxon, mother of Mrs. Margaretta F. Chandler, Mrs. Dorothy Avery and Miss Eleanor Faxon. Friends may call at Joseph Gawler's Sons, 5130 Wisconsin Ave., at Harrison St. N.W. (parking on premises), on Friday, 2 to 4 and 7 to 9 p.m., whose services will be held on Saturday, April 18, at 3 p.m. Interment private.

1) Graduated "magna cum laude" from MIT

2) Was the youngest professor at that time

3) Was an honorary "Kama"

4) met and had his picture taken with the Kama Kama

5) was on the expedition that found Lowell Chapman Anderson when he was lost on the Kama Kama

Jean Avery

1043 Valley Rd.

Warminster

PA 18974

During the latter part of the year 1916, the writer was a resident of the French Concession, Tientsin, China, where he was employed as Manager of the Lubricating Oil Department of the Standard Oil Company of New York. In common with numerous non-French residents of the French Concession he was a member of the Cercle d'Escrime (French Club), the Secretary of which was a good personal friend named Martin.

The electric light and power for the concession was supplied by a small, but efficient, steam-operated generating plant which operated 24 hours per day. The executive staff of the plant consisted of three French engineers who worked in 8-hour shifts, while the remaining staff, consisting of stokers, oilers and general electricians, was made up of local Chinese.

For quite some time prior to the incident which is about to be described, the French authorities had attempted to persuade the Chinese Government to allow the French Concession boundaries to be extended into a Chinese District known as Lao Shih K'ai, but these negotiations were unsuccessful. Eventually the French decided to take matters into their own hands and sent a contingent of troops to occupy the disputed area.

About 7:30 p.m. on the day when this take-over occurred, the writer, together with Mons. Martin and other friends was in the French Club. Suddenly all the lights began to flicker and soon the entire building was in darkness. On looking out into the street it was found that the entire concession was in complete darkness.

Mons. Martin and the writer immediately drove out to the power plant which was also in complete darkness except for a few kerosene lanterns where the French engineer on watch informed us that as soon as the news concerning Lao Shih K'ai became known the entire Chinese

Staff had left the plant. Without stokers, oilers, etc. it was obviously impossible to keep the plant running and this created a very dangerous situation.

The French authorities immediately detailed a contingent of their Annamite troops to proceed to the plant to take the place of the Chinese staff but, as the great majority of the the Annamites had had no training whatever in this sort of work it was necessary immediately to secure volunteers from the foreign residents of the French Concession who had had sufficient engineering experience to act as supervisors. Fortunately, a number of such engineers were found who could undertake this work without too great an interruption to their usual business activities. Each of these engineers, who were strictly volunteers, worked a 4-hour shift and within 24 hours the plant was in operation again.

Eventually, after several weeks delay, the Lao Shih K'ai situation was straightened out and things returned to normal. Shortly thereafter the Banque Industrielle de China, which had a very considerable financial interest in the plant, gave a dinner at the French Club to honor all the Europeans who had assisted during the emergency. Each of the guests received a memento of one sort or another, that given to the writer being a solid gold repeating watch.

The initials "E.E.T.", are abbreviations of the official designation of the power plant (Energie Electique de Tientsin) the English translation of which is Tientsin Electric Power Company, and the date (Novembre 1916) indicated the approximate time when matters had returned to normal.

H.C. Faxon.
12 June 1966.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF A MOTOR CAR TRIP FROM KALGAN TO URGA AND RETURN.

Winter of 1920.

By H. C. Faxon

The accompanying photographs were made during the course of a round trip from Kalgan, China, to Urga (Ulan Bator), Mongolia. The total elapsed time was approximately one week, commencing the latter part of the last week of November 1920. The journey was undertaken for a specific purpose which will later be apparent but certain earlier events were directly connected with the situation which developed in Urga and which was the deciding factor in undertaking the expedition.

It was probably early in the 20th century that the "Mongolor Gold Mining Company" was formed and secured the gold-mining rights in the two large Mongolian Provinces of Tsetsen Khan and Tushetu Khan. The original incorporators included the then Tsar Nicholas of Russia, members of the Russian nobility and Leopold, King of the Belgians. The Bolshevik Revolution had eliminated Tsar Nicholas and many other Russian directors of the Mongolor Company. King Leopold had also died and the only available surviving Company director was one Baron Fittinghoff who, with his wife and daughter, had managed to escape to Urga and was residing in that city in late 1920.

At that time two American mining engineers were residents of Peking, having previously spent some years following their profession in Korea. Shortly after their arrival in Peking these two engineers, Edwin F. Mills and John F. Manning, went into partnership and acted as consultants for a number of firms and individuals in North China. Mills & Manning decided to attempt to acquire the mining rights held by the Mongolor Company and, after completing preliminary negotiations with Baron Fittinghoff, Mills decided to go to Urga to finalise matters. Mills made the trip in late October or early November 1920 and kept in close telegraphic contact with his partner, Manning, who had remained in Peking.

Shortly after arriving in Urga, Mills telegraphed that the transfer of the Mongolor Company's rights had been concluded and that one of the terms of the agreement was that Baron Fittinghoff and his family should be transported to Peking. Shortly thereafter Mills wired that the Chinese authorities in Urga had refused permission for the Fittinghoffs to leave and that he, Mills, would not leave without them. This was the last message received from Mills and many further attempts to get into touch with him were unsuccessful. It is not known whether the telegraph line between Kalgan and Urga had been cut or whether, as was probably the case, the telegrams had been intercepted by the Chinese. In any event, this situation caused great anxiety to Mills' Peking friends and, especially, his partner Manning and resulted in the decision of a small group to proceed to Urga and bring Mills and his Russian friends back to Peking.

At that time two adventurous young Americans, Charles Coltman and A. M. Guptill, were carrying on business in Mongolia under the name of the "Mongolian Trading Company", with headquarters in Urga. They had a small fleet of 4-cylinder Dodge cars which were put at the disposition of the small expedition when the members reached Kalgan by rail from Peking. Both Coltman and Guptill joined the Peking group and their familiarity with the Gobi Desert was of the greatest assistance.

After this lapse of time it is impossible to recall the names of all the participants but among them were:

John Manning, Mills' partner,
Charles Coltman,
A. M. Guptill, Coltman's partner,
Major S. T. Dockray, representative of the Marconi Wireless Co.,
A Chinese radio technician,
Captain Mackenzie, a member of the Australian Air Force, W.W.I.
Major John Magruder, U.S.M.C.
Clements, an American geologist,
Merle Walker,
Tom Miller, an engineer from the Tientsin Branch of Andersen,
Meyer & Co.,
Two Americans connected with the American Legation, Peking
H. C. Faxon, Manager of the Peking Branch of Andersen, Meyer & Co.

At Kalgan the members of the group, who had brought a supply of arms and ammunition from Peking, provided themselves with the necessary supplies for the trip, including heavy native clothing as protection against the low winter temperatures of the Gobi Desert. Everything being in order, the expedition left Kalgan about midnight of the last Sunday in November 1920 and headed for the Desert via the Wan Chuang Pass, arriving at the top of the pass about daybreak the following day. The Chinese authorities in Kalgan had issued strict instructions that the group should be detained if any attempt was made to leave the city, but the six cars left without interference of any sort.

The trip across the Desert was uneventful but extremely interesting, especially to those who had never previously been in this area. The gravel surface made travel easy and although there was no defined road or trail it was a simple matter to follow the line of telegraph poles all the way to Urga. No attempt was made to drive at night. The lighting systems on the majority of the six cars were in poor condition and since the daylight driving lasted from shortly after daybreak until almost dark the drivers took advantage of the overnight stops to secure much-needed rest in preparation for the following day.

Reasonable accommodation for the night was found in Mongol yurtas along the route and the entire party was too exhausted by the day's run to offer any objections to the lack of the usual amenities. Under ordinary circumstances the car radiators would have been drained each evening, to prevent freezing in the zero temperature which prevailed at night, and re-filled the following morning. Lack of space in the cars prohibited carrying more water than was required for drinking and cooking and since little water is available on the Gobi the radiators were kept from freezing by running the engines for about 15 minutes every hour during the night stop-over.

During the trip large herds of antelope were encountered as well as several camel caravans, some of the latter comprising three or four hundred animals. The antelope were very inquisitive and although the cars were moving at between 40 and 45 miles per hour these animals ran fast enough to enable the entire herd to run in wide circles around the group of cars.

The only incident which might have resulted in serious trouble occurred just a few miles to the south of Urga. Some 200 Chinese troops armed with rifles and machine guns had taken positions on each

side of the route to the city. All six cars ran at a slow speed while approaching this detachment and the members of the party prepared for possible trouble. Fortunately, no attempt was made by the Chinese to halt the cars which continued on across the Tola River and into the eastern portion of the city of Urga, arriving at destination about the middle of Wednesday afternoon.

The first building sighted was the brick office of the Mongolor Gold Mining Company in which Mills, the Fittinghoff family and a number of other refugees were camped. An American flag was flying from the roof and it was later learned that this had been locally made from white sheets, red petticoats and an inked-in blue field.

On the following morning representatives of the Peking party called on the Chinese authorities and eventually secured permission for the entire party, including Mills and the Fittinghoffs, to return to Kalgan early Friday morning.

Most of the remaining time was spent in overhauling the cars in preparation for the return journey. Three more vehicles were acquired, bringing the total for the Urga-Kalgan trip to nine. The entire Peking contingent camped out at the headquarters of Coltman and Guptill's Mongolian Trading Company - a rather primitive structure surrounded by a log fence and just across the road from the Mongolor office.

At this time there were some 20,000 Lamas in Urga, mostly Mongols with a few Tibetans. Their spiritual head was the Hutukhtu, one of the Living Buddhas, who was held in great veneration by all the Mongol and Tibetan residents of Urga. One of the diversions of the Lamas was to distribute all sorts of refuse to the great number of huge dogs which infested the city and the appearance of a group of these priests followed by 40 or 50 ravenous animals was the signal for disinterested individuals to disappear from the streets. These ferocious dogs had absolutely no fear of human beings due, no doubt, to the fact that they were the scavengers of the Mongol dead whom their surviving relatives threw out on the desert after removing their clothing.

The return trip to Kalgan was uneventful except that all-night driving was considered advisable just before arrival. The party had reached a small camp expecting to spend the night there but the attitude of the local inhabitants was so unfriendly that it was decided to continue on to the head of the Wan Chuang Pass that night and proceed into Kalgan early Sunday morning.

The entire group reached Peking safely and in good health although rather exhausted by the strenuous trip.

The present whereabouts of the surviving members of the party are unknown to the writer, but the following are no longer living.

1. Charles Coltman. Shot by Chinese military while attempting to leave Kalgan for Urga with a consignment of silver currency. Cremated in Peking.
2. A. M. Guptill. Died a pauper in Shanghai and buried in the Potter's Field in that city.
3. John Manning. Died in Kunming, China, and buried there.

4. Tom Miller. Died in Tientsin, China, following a surgical operation and buried there.
5. Merle Walker. Died in Laurel Mississippi.
6. John Magruder. Died in Washington, D.C. and buried in Arlington National Cemetery.

15 September 1997

Dear Tess - I have been home for a week, and I was so elated to have your letter with the good news about Lamb Chop. Of course, she was languishing for you which doesn't give you much confidence to do anymore extended traveling. Just short trips from now on.

I have one date set up for your Thanksgiving visit with the Seven Sisters group and will call Keiko Packard for the museum group. Also, will try the AWA once again. You'll need to let me know asap when you hear from Royal Asiatic Society ??? what they have arranged so that we don't have conflicts. Seven Sisters will be Wednesday. May as well try to squeeze in a morning tea and evening lecture on the same day and have it behind you. Good idea?

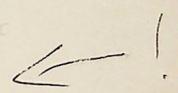
Now, I have another favor. It seems I short changed Mr. Z on my peasant painting order, having only paid him for six when he says he sent ten one of which is RMB400. (It's by a "special and famous" artist!) I promise not to be so careless in the future. Can I send you a US check to cover the amount of RMB700? Or, I'll set you up with HK dollars on your visit, whichever you prefer.

I don't know if your new address is fax ready, but the mail seems to be serving us well. Write to let me know when you will come down and what you prefer on the above ??s.

I see that you're playing hostess to the museum group the week before Thanksgiving. I'm envious that they get to go to DO's museum, but maybe I can arrange a viewing the next time I'm there.

Must run for now. I hope that this finds you happily settled in your more convenient neighborhood.

D O V E, RONI FAX: (852) 2377-3123



Tycoon tracks donation probe

By Greg Heakes

HOTUNG family patriarch Eric Hotung is closely following United States Senate hearings on Democratic donors seeking access to the White House.

"I know all about it," Mr Hotung told the *Sunday Hong Kong Standard*. His name figured in the hearings last week in connection with a meeting with one of President Bill Clinton's top aides.

But Mr Hotung, who stayed at the Island Shangri-La Hotel last week, declined to say more. And callers to the hotel yesterday were told he had checked out.

A White House memo dated 3 October, 1995,

described Mr Hotung as "fabulously wealthy" but "a bit off the wall", the *Washington Post* reported.

The memo from a White House staffer asked Sandy Berger, the No 2 security adviser to the president, for a brief meeting with Mr Hotung, the paper said.

The memo also described Mr Hotung as "straight out of *Taiwan* in terms of his life story".

Mr Hotung met and had his picture taken with Mr Berger on 4 October.

Mr Berger did not recall the meeting but said some of his staff did. "Presumably (we) exchanged a few words and had a picture taken," he said.

With his American wife, Patricia, Mr Hotung—who has been involved in international affairs concerning China and Taiwan—had earlier pledged US\$100,000 (HK\$778,000) to the Democratic Party.

Mr Hotung, 69, is chairman of Cosmopolitan Properties & Securities in Hong Kong. It had a tough time after the market crash of 1987 but has rebounded.

Mr Hotung is the grandson of Sir Robert Hotung, the first compradore of Jardines whose life inspired the James Clavell novels *Noble House* and *Taiwan*.

In February, Mr Hotung paid HK\$40 million for US senator Edward Kennedy's mansion near Washington.



Eric Hotung: "Fabulously wealthy and off the wall."

Three months later he sold his Black's Link home for HK\$778.88 million — one of Hong Kong's biggest residential deals.

Mr Hotung has strong links to the US besides his wife. He studied there and was a securities analyst on Wall Street. Then he joined General Motors.

RETURN TO CHINA

by James Bertram

Heinemann, London; Melbourne Toronto,

published 1957

P. 207, Chinese Capitalist, Speaking of Wing On's David Kwok

(Kuo Ti-huo)

And well it might, I thought, looking round this charming room. A long curved canvas, the work of an Austrian painter, glowed across the walls. French-windows opened on a terrace, beyond which was an exquisitely planned garden. Mr. Kwok followed my glance indulgently. "Would you care to see the house? It was built from my own design...."

* * * * *

Fans call him the best travel writer of his time. Critics think he's been going downhill for years. His brother reckons he's 'an egotistical, unsettled eccentric'. All of which begs the question:

WHO IS PAUL THEROUX?

BY MARIANNE MACDONALD

PAUL THEROUX is notorious for mixing fact and fiction in his books and refusing to say which is which, but this is nothing beside his slipperiness in interview. The morning we met he weaved around so adroitly, ducking questions with such finesse, I was left gasping at his performance. Had he not ordered kippers I would have been tempted to toss him a fish.

His main trick, on being asked a personal question, is to say: "I once wrote a story..." and off he goes, jaunting down his yellow brick road of fantasy-fact that is so impossible to disentangle. He offers his tales so hopefully, so winningly, it is very hard not to get diverted. There is always a bit of bait enticingly dangled within them, which, if you dodge it the first time, he will produce again with a flourish and a reminder that you missed it.

I fell for this little technique when I asked about his life in Hawaii, where Theroux, 56, lives with his Chinese second wife Sheila. After the obligatory bit of ducking and diving, he said: "I'm a beekeeper, I have beehives, sunshine, avocado trees. Rather like Robert Louis Stevenson. Stevenson took his mother to the South Seas. Can you imagine? All these people doing hula dances and he took his mother?"

"He took his mother?" I repeated, off guard, and he replied, turning a quick back flip of satisfaction, "Yeah, and his ormolu clock, and all his furniture from Edinburgh."

Another time I asked if he was still a Catholic and he said: "Did you read *My Secret History*, the first part of my book, did you read that? The first part is called 'Altar Boy'. The first line, when I eventually rewrite it, is going to be: 'When I was young, I often used to bring my gun to church.' It's a good opening, isn't it? Much better than the one that's there?" And he looked at me with delight, like a little boy offering a present.

He is far more interested in fiction than fact, probably because he thinks the real Theroux will bore people. I began to notice this when we were talking about the furor last year over his imaginary autobiography *My Other Life*, which Theroux described in an author's note as "the story of a life I could have lived if things had been different". In it he attended a private dinner party with the Queen and reported her remark that the prime minister of Papua New Guinea had "fuzzy wuzzy hair". This was taken to be true and almost caused a diplomatic incident. The book is so exceptional, it was unfortunate this controversy overshadowed its brilliance.

Anyway, we were talking about the very nasty review it prompted from his older brother Alexander, and Theroux cheered up and said he'd rehearsed an answer at the time that he'd decided not to use. Did I want to hear it? I said I'd rather hear his real answer. "Oh, the real answer is it's not a Valentine and it's ridiculous and dreadful to my mother." But he was disappointed I hadn't got to hear his fictional answer and later reminded me: "But you never heard it. Don't you want to hear it?"

The one time I thought I'd got him was when I asked the age of his much younger second wife, and he was momentarily thrown, the ball left teetering dangerously on his nose. "I beg your pardon?" he said. "How old is she?" I repeated. "How old is she? I can't tell you. She's Chinese." "Well, thirties? Forties?" "I can't even tell you that. They don't - I once, I didn't ask the question, but I wondered aloud about the age of her parents and there was a dead silence."

I wouldn't say he warmed up particularly during our hour over breakfast at the Royal Garden Hotel in Kensington, but nor was he a grouch. Because he is so rude about the foreigners he meets on his endless travels, people assume he will be horrible in person. In fact he is perfectly pleasant and, much better than that, full of the

lurking mischief so evident in his books. He has a strikingly agile and intelligent mind which sits oddly with his male-model looks - soft brown eyes, square jaw, sculpted mouth.

He was keen on telling me that he hadn't always been famous, emphasising that in his London years between 1971 and 1981 he struggled, "writing a novel with my right hand and everything else with the left hand - travel books, reviews, I really worked very hard those years." He started to tell the names of the books he wrote at that time like beads on a rosary: "It was just nose to the grindstone. In 1971 I published *Jungle Lovers*, which I'd written in Singapore, then *Saint Jack*, *Sinning With Annie*, *The Black House*, *The Great Railway Bazaar*, *The Family Arsenal*, *The Old Patagonian Express*, *The Mosquito Coast* which came out in 1981, oh, and two Christmas stories, so basically 10 books in 10 years. That period ended with *The Mosquito Coast* which, in my mind, was everything I wanted to do. That was something that really freed me. For the rest of it, I just kept doing the same thing..."

There is a view amongst his readers that this is precisely

'When I was growing up I was dying to leave, to go anywhere - Africa, Singapore, Catford!'

Theroux's problem - that he has done the same thing, but less and less well, for the last 30 years. He must know this, because he pays great attention to his reviews. He is also a close reader of his interviews and, like everything else in his life, they provide material for his somewhat pitiless craft. His intelligence is so palpable I imagine he finds them torture to do. But he got his own back in a story called *Traveller's Tale*, which should strike fear into the heart of every journalist sent to meet him: "These interviewers squint at me and then rush away and describe me in their newspapers as relaxed... ivy league... horn rims... candid... evasive... polite but distant... friendly but formal... younger than I expected... taller than I expected... shorter than I expected... middle-aged... very fit... somewhat pale... ill at ease... bumbling... transatlantic... But I often think: I should do a profile of them. I would be better at it and they, too, would feel self-conscious when I mentioned how they clawed their hair and dropped their notes and spilled their drink and got my titles wrong..."

I TOO got one of his titles wrong, but then some of them - particularly those of his so-called imaginary autobiographies *My Secret History* and *My Other Life* - are forgettable and easily mixed up. Similarly, Paul Theroux's life and fiction are so cross-fertilised that people find it hard to distinguish between them, particularly as he

often charts the adventures of a character called "Paul Theroux". I noticed this confusion extended to Theroux himself, who would frequently start out telling me something about his life and, by the end of his answer, have ended up in the plot of one of his books.

When we talked about this Theroux conceded that "elements are drawn from experience in my autobiographies. But I've also drawn from experience in my new novel *Kowloon Tong*. There are elements that are bound to be true." Surely he must know one way or the other, I suggested, and he said vaguely: "Well, in everything you write there's something..."

But later he was more honest: "Even though when you're writing you might appear to be concealing something, everything is revealed. For example, I'm going to see Dr Anthony Clare this afternoon. He's going to psychoanalyse me. But I could just stay in this hotel and have a cup of tea. All he'd have to do is read all my books and he would know everything about my life - everything! He could put them on a computer and he could run a word check on the names and he would find certain names repeating: they might be people who have driven me crazy in my life. Sexual obsessions - food - I have a lot of meals in my books..."

It is ironic that Theroux is so obsessively open about his life on the page, yet is so ridiculously private about it in person. He obviously has some boundaries somewhere, although one wonders how he determines them: to write in such excruciating detail about a fictional character having an affair when married, for example, as he did in *My Secret History*, or about his therapy sessions (*My Other Life*) calls for a certain amount of emotional iconoclasm.

Presumably his nearest and dearest, who play a significant part in his tales, know which bits are true. Others don't, and this can make them very angry. They think they are being toyed with and somehow betrayed. Alexander Theroux exemplifies this school of thought. In his review of *My Other Life* he accused Paul of sins large and small, but the crux of his complaint was that his brother should "simply and manfully tell us precisely where the real faces end and the grimaces begin".

The review, in *Boston Magazine*, was such a magnificently petty piece of work it is worth quoting at length. According to his elder sibling, who is also a novelist, Paul affects a "fake British accent", is a "possession snob", a "grumpy and oddly fussy traveller", has "bowel worries", eats prunes for breakfast and "once made enquiries to me about platform shoes". He is "a writer of venomous letters, an inveterate magpie, a rumpled dresser, an egotistical, unsettled eccentric, extremely critical, occasionally funny, a sometime friend and all-time know-it-all".

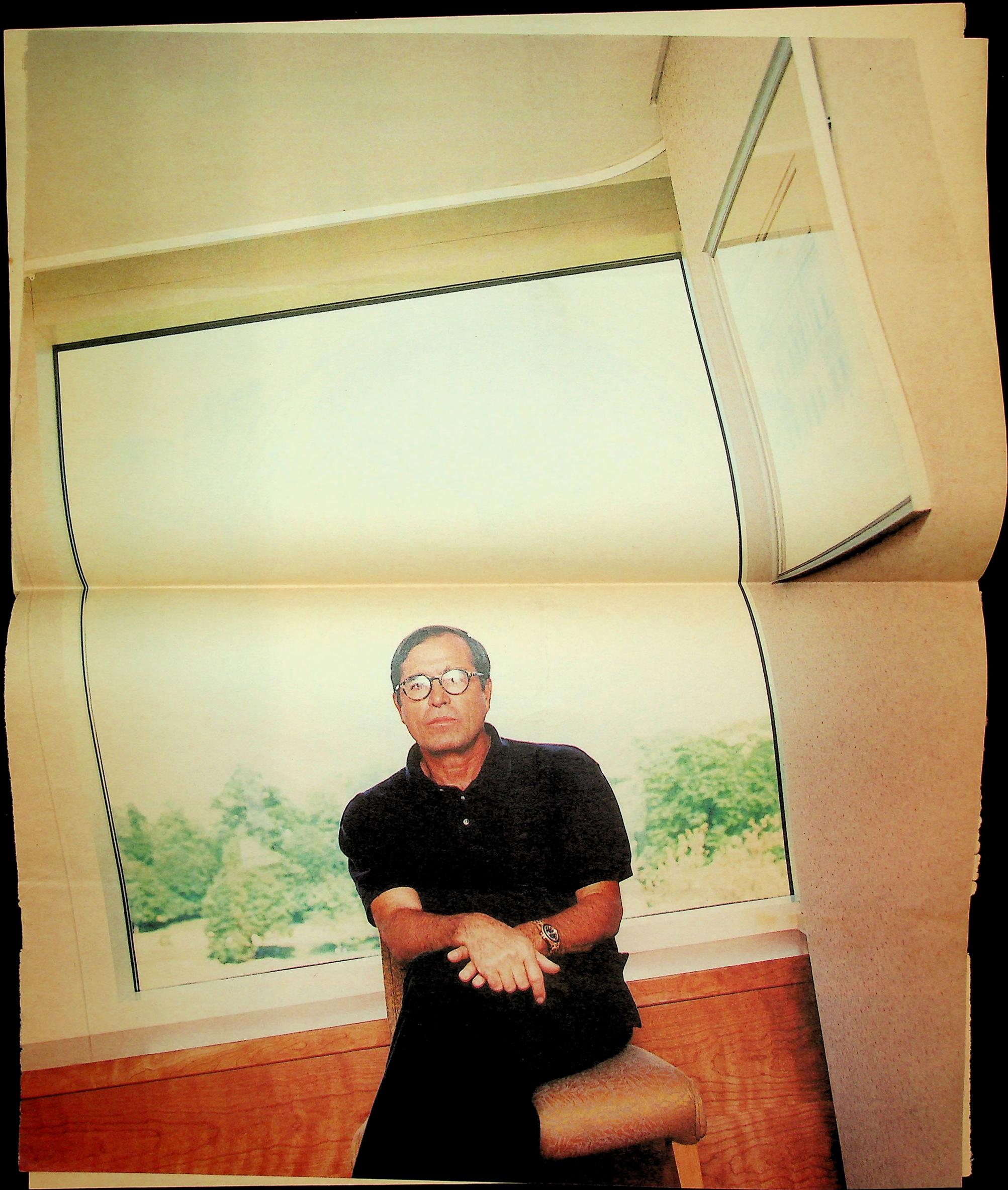
Paul can be a terrible enemy, but a much worse friend, Alexander claimed, although one imagines the same could be said of him. "He has skewered a former sister-in-law, lampooned his former in-laws, his own children's grandparents, and, never without loud exclamations of denial later, undisguisedly mocked in print even members of his own family."

"Nobody I know has written so many books (20 novels, 10 travel books) with so little serious critical recognition to show for it... We in the family don't mind his affected gentility, his smug and self-important airs, his urgent starfucking insistence that he's a friend of lords and ladies, and only laugh at the fame he courts."

Although Theroux initially tried to laugh it off, he admitted that when the review came out last October it made him "really angry". He clenched his fist as he said it. But his preferred line is that the

Continued on page 7

PHOTOGRAPH BY POLLY BORLAND





That was then: Theroux – who now lives in Hawaii – pictured with his first wife, Anne, a BBC World Service producer, in London in 1984

PAUL THEROUX from page 4

review says more about his brother than him, which must be at least partly true. "He's an excitable guy," he added rather patronisingly. "He was used by a magazine editor."

For the record, had Theroux met the Queen? "No, I haven't actually met her." Then he changed his mind: "Well, I've been introduced to her." Had he talked to her? "No. I've met her though. I've had dinner with Princess Anne. Prince Charles came to the screening of [the film of his book] *The Mosquito Coast* and I had lunch with Princess Margaret. That's pretty good." He watched me as I scribbled this down, and repeated helpfully: "Lunch with Margaret. Dinner with Anne. Screening with Charles."

So what was the Queen like? "Just the way I imagined her in the story." Which is inspired – the story, that is. There's a lovely bit where the Queen is seated at dinner and her neighbour is talking to her energetically about horses. "Quite," says her Majesty. "Oh?... Yes." Theroux added that he didn't suppose she had read it, and I said it was quite likely she had. He seemed to like this idea but continued to deny the possibility in the way people do when they would like to believe they are wrong.

EVEN MORE than he loves his make-believe privacy, Theroux adores his secrets, as is obvious from a glance at his books. His new novel, which was published by Hamish Hamilton this month, is called *Kowloon Tong* and the middle-aged main character's only bit of independence from his mother is the fact that he secretly sleeps with prostitutes. In *My Other Life* Theroux observes that the problem with being a writer in therapy is that "of course you failed, because you needed your secrets".

In this spirit Theroux waved away questions about his childhood in Boston, although he did let slip that he was one of seven children and never had any privacy. In the past he has also admitted to being a loner who liked to shoot small animals – an interesting tendency often shared by serial killers. His father was a leather-goods manufacturer, then a shoe salesman. Theroux told me he went to a big school with "a lot of dangerous people" in it and that he had been "a nerdy little guy". This was one of many intriguing tidbits I tried to pursue, but he had whizzed off. "There was this tough guy who would see me and say: 'What you lookin' at?' I'd say, 'Nothing', and he'd say: 'What you lookin' at?' When I was growing up in that school I was dying to leave, to go anywhere – Africa, Singapore, Catford!"

Really? Why? "I wanted to get away from my town, my school, my family. I wanted to live my own life, I didn't want people breathing down my neck, saying, 'What are you going to do with your life?' all those questions from the Fifties. So," – and at this point he segued seamlessly into his washed-up alter ego in *My Other Life* – "at my

lowest point I come back miserable and found an invitation to meet the Queen, head of the church, Defender of the Faith! And I thought, 'Let's think about this for a moment!' It was funny..."

He once wrote a story about returning to his home town and hanging out with a group of drop-outs at a tattoo party. Would he go back in real life? This prompted an unusual silence. "My town?... Maybe... But, as I said in the story, returning to your home town and living there, it's failure." And he didn't want to fail? This was ignored. "It's not such an awful place. But if you stayed there you'd never write anything..."

A recurrent theme of Theroux's books is this sense of being an alien, on the outside looking in. He mentioned this as soon as we met, in the context of the previous night's general election. He'd watched the television coverage with his eldest son Marcel, 29 (who is soon publishing a novel himself), and said that, of course,

'I'd like to avoid the meaningless accidents that befall travellers. Bruce Chatwin said he was bitten by a bat'

he was just a spectator because he couldn't vote. Part of the point of Theroux is that he deliberately puts himself on the outside: by being a classic Henry James-style American in London during his 20-year marriage to his first wife Anne, a World Service producer, and travelling so relentlessly abroad. Now he is in Hawaii, of course, which I suppose is as good a place to be an alien as any.

Fans of Theroux will have followed the story of his marriage to, and messy divorce from, Anne. I can't throw any light on this beyond the fact that the split is still "painful". (It would be nice to think that, as in *My Other Life*, a parallel interview was going on somewhere in which he answered all my questions.) A couple of years ago Theroux was in Anne's bad books for putting her in one of his stories in the guise of a reluctant hostess at a dinner party for the writer Anthony Burgess (Fact? Fiction? Who knows?). This prompted her to write to the *New Yorker* pointing out that the "very unpleasant character with my name said and did things I have

never said or done". But, Theroux says, they are back on good terms and he had dinner with her the other night.

Now he is inhabiting the classic fantasy of living on a desert island with – presumably – a nubile younger woman. It's impossible to tell if this makes him happy or not, although he reports that he is in love with his wife, who is, ironically enough, in PR. ("Why did I marry her? That's a silly question. Why did you marry your husband?")

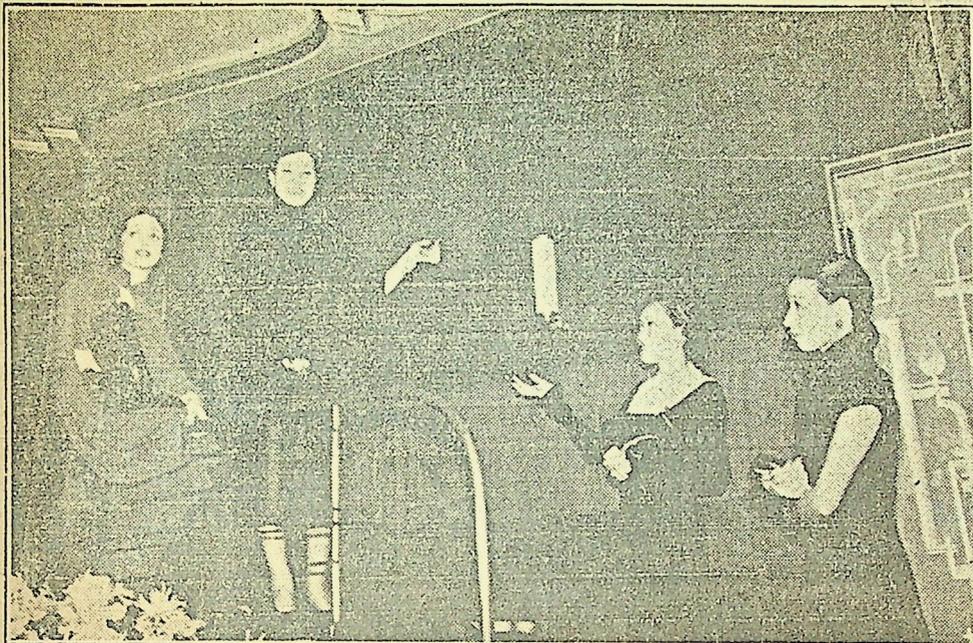
Would they have children? "I think my child-rearing days are probably over. We're thinking of buying one. I heard a story about that, about a couple who went to buy a child..." "But would you really do it?" Grrr. He looked cross at the interruption and curled up like a snail. "No. I have children and I'm very happy with them. One of the joys in life is having children when you're young and watching them become great skiers and then having no interest in skiing with you."

Hmm... What did he want to achieve in the rest of his life? This was my last question and it produced such a very Paul Theroux answer it is worth reproducing – he told me about 15 stories like it during the interview, and got irritated if I tried to interrupt them. "I don't know, I just hope there's a lot of it. One of the things about travel, this is an honest reply, is that I often think – do you know Thomas Merton, he was a Trappist monk who'd been in an American monastery for 40 years? No? He was a Trappist who became kind of Buddhist, and he took a vow of silence, obedience and chastity. He wanted to go to a Buddhist conference in Bangkok, so he went to the abbot of his monastery and asked permission to leave, and he did. But when he got to Bangkok he had a bath and switched on a fan – the room was very hot – and electrocuted himself and died. He was a brilliant writer, a wonderful poet. I often think that's what's going to happen: I would like to avoid it. In travel, what happens, you walk down a street in China, there's a big gaping hole in the ground and you might drop in. Or you're on a bus in the mountains and the driver doesn't have a licence and it might crash. There's an exposed wire in your room and you touch it and electrocute yourself, or you eat something in India and get cholera and die. The idea of dying in a meaningless way in a far-off place, dying like a dog – I'd like to avoid the meaningless and unfortunate accidents that befall travellers. Bruce Chatwin said he was bitten by a bat."

During this long and morbidly amusing answer (of which I have quoted only a part) a girl from his publishers arrived to pick Theroux up. He rose, regarding me not very warmly. "A cheeky reporter," he mused. "Divorce. Marriage. Your questions were really so audacious. People don't ask me such audacious questions." Probably because they couldn't get an answer, I thought. "Well you've managed to avoid them brilliantly," I said brightly, and the juggling ball finally toppled off. "I know," he said with satisfaction, and I half expected him to clap. □

China Press - Nov 6 - '36

Introducing Original Dress Creations



The above was taken at the fashion preview of the opening of the Studio Tsingi at the Park Hotel lounge room Wednesday afternoon. The Studio will be devoted to the design and creation of original dress fashions for milady of Shanghai, foreign and Chinese, by Miss Tsingying (Helene) Tsang, talented artist designer, who is shown third from left, with her manager, Mrs. Y. H. Woo, right. The other two girls are the models of some of the most original designs of fashions ever seen in Shanghai. The fashion show will be repeated this afternoon from 5 to 7 o'clock, and the studio is open for consultation every day.—CHINA PRESS photos by Lacks.

North China Daily News Sunday Nov 8, 1936

Fashion Show Today

Miss Helene Tsang will repeat her fashion show of Wednesday afternoon this afternoon during the tea hour in the lounge of the Park Hotel.

An immense success, the fashion review of Wednesday gave Shanghai the first taste of what is to be expected from the work of this young and enthusiastic Chinese artist. Lovely Chinese gowns that retained the grace and beauty of the typical costume but were enlivened by original and charming touches, and foreign gowns, equally as fascinating, created enthusiastic comments among the spectators on Wednesday.

Miss Tsang opened the "Salon Tsingi" yesterday at the Park Hotel.

Fashion Show Tea

A decided air of beauty and chic prevailed at an unusually interesting tea party given last Wednesday by two charming members of the younger set in the Park Hotel Lounge. The hostesses were Mrs. Y. H. Woo and Miss Helene Tsang who are as-

sociated together in an artistic new venture, the opening of a gown atelier, "Tsingi." During the serving of refreshments, two very attractive mannequins, one Chinese and one foreign, provided delightful diversion by their modelling of Miss Tsang's original creations.

Feminine interest was well represented by the many smart women gathered there, among them being Mrs. U. Y. Yen, distinctively garbed in black and diamonds, Miss Tcheng, a niece of Miss Soumi Tcheng, looking lovely in a rich black gown, piped with scarlet and black satin. Others seen chatting with friends were Miss

Hilda Yen, Mrs. Walter Kwok, Miss Daris Chen, Mrs. Phil Carpenter, Mrs. Kwok Bew, Mrs. Percy Chen, Mrs. T. B. Dunn, Mrs. Julius Wadsworth, Mrs. Edith Feng, and Mrs. H. L. Yun. Showing perhaps greater interest than many of the women, amongst members of the opposite were seen Mr. Chester Fritz, Mr. Leon Kwok, Mr. Phil Carpenter, Dr. Lo Chun-yi, former Minister to Denmark, who recently returned from Europe, Dr. F. W. Billinger, Mr. Percy Chen, and others. From this affair, many went on to the large cocktail party given by Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Liu in honour of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Alexander of the Head Office of the Yee Tsong Tobacco Co. Over 100 guests were invited to the latter.

That the pleasure of a party is not limited by the length of its guest list was proved a few days ago when Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Miao were hosts at a delightfully informal affair given in the Rainbow Restaurant. Those who contributed to, and participated in, the general enjoyment were Dr. and Mrs. P. W. Kuo, and Mrs. Ton Z. Wong, Mr. and Mrs. Z. L. Loo, and Mr. and Mrs. Liu.

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24

Miss Helene Tsang Goes To Hangchow

Miss Helene Tsang, popular young society artist-designer, left Shanghai Monday for Hangchow to see her father, Mr. Chang Chin-kiang, Chairman of the National Reconstruction Commission who was formerly Governor of Chekiang, on his birthday. Miss Tsang will be back in Shanghai today or tomorrow.

Road Bandits Attack Local Holiday Party

Highwaymen Fire On Car Of Well-Known Local Residents

MRS. Y. H. WOO SLIGHTLY HURT

Mr. Woo 'Steps On Gas,' Speeds Six In Car To Safety

Six well-known local residents narrowly escaped death last night when gunmen opened fire on their car on the Hangchow highway, three miles from Shanghai.

Although two bullets hit the windshield and door of the car, the occupants escaped without serious injuries when the driver made a desperate get-away at top speed.

The victims of the attempted hold-up and shooting are:

Miss Helene (Tsing Ying) Tsang, daughter of Mr. Chang Chin-kiang, C.E.C. member, and owner of the Tsing Studio;

Mr. William Golding, General Manager of the Commercial Express Company;

Mr. L. Rekin, American, of Manila;

Mrs. Y. H. Woo, daughter of the late Managing Director of the Wing On Company, and her husband, and Miss L. Tchelbi.

The party was returning after a week-end trip to Hangchow. On the highway at about 7.30 o'clock, they saw three men on the road waving for them to stop.

Slows Down

Mr. Woo, driving the car, slowed down, thinking that the trio were police or garrison officers.

Before the car came to a complete standstill, a shot rang out. This hit the windshield.

The shattered glass cut and bruised Miss Tsang and Mrs. Woo who were sitting in the front seats.

Realizing that they were being held up, Mr. Woo "stepped on the gas."

Mrs. Woo's Face Cut

Another shot was fired by the gunmen, followed a second later by a third pistol report. One of these shots hit the rear door.

Mrs. Woo, with her face cut, was later taken to a hospital. She was given first aid treatment and allowed to leave.

The shooting was last night reported to the Chinese and French authorities.

Miss Tsang, Mrs. Woo Leave For Hangchow

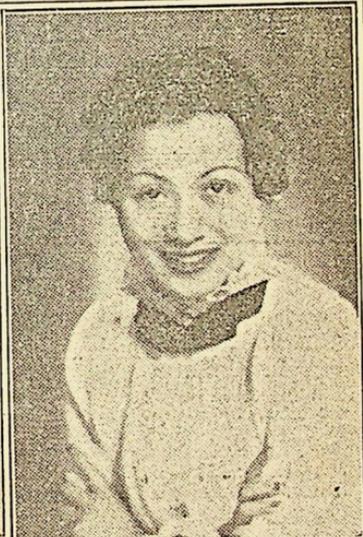
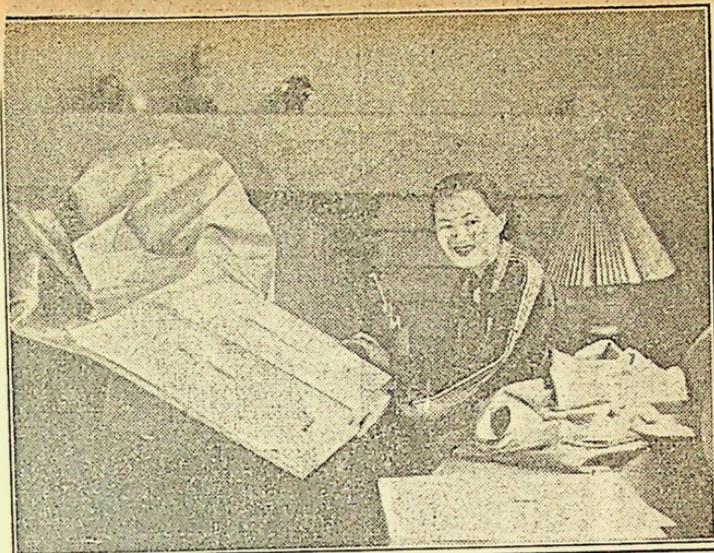
Miss Tsing-ying (Helene) Tsang and Mrs. Y. H. Woo of the Tsing Dress and Design Studio, Park Hotel, are leaders not only in fashions but also in going to Hangchow this year. By their departure last evening at 6 o'clock by train, they will be probably the first of Shanghai residents to go to the beautiful Lake City this spring.

Their trip of two days, however, will not be purely pleasure, as they have definite business in Hangchow. Miss Tsang has designed several things for her studio in the way of dress material and accessories, and there is only one place in China, a mill in Hangchow, which will do this special work. They will also find time to shop for the studio, as Hangchow is noted for its fancy silk goods.

While in Hangchow for two days, Mrs. Woo and Miss Tsang will be at the lakeside villa of Miss Tsang's father, Mr. Chang Ching-kiang.

China Press
Feb. 27th '37

Fashion Designer And Assistants



Miss Tsingying (Helene) Tsang, the first modern Chinese gown and dress designer, above, will open her studio in the Park Hotel on November 4. There will be a fashion parade at the hotel on November 4 and 6 in the lounge room at 4 o'clock. Miss Tsang, who is well known in Shanghai for her original creations of both foreign and Chinese dress to suit the personality of the wearer, will be assisted by Mrs. Y. H. Woo (left), as business manager, and Miss Clara Chan, secretary and studio manager.—Photos of Mrs. Woo and Miss Chan by Skvirski.

Daisy Kwok lived through China's upheavals by accepting fate, says **Graham Earnshaw**

Daisy Kwok was born in Australia and was a member of one of the richest Chinese families in old Shanghai. She never considered leaving, even when her husband died in prison and she was forced to dig toilets.

"I wanted to see what would happen," she said. And see it she did.

Kwok is 87 and her life follows the sweep of modern Chinese history, from the early years of the Chinese republic when foreigners were the lords of Shanghai, through the Communist revolution and the turmoil that followed.

Nowadays, she teaches English, reads and makes marmalade and jams.

But people keep asking her about the amazing stories of her past: the kidnap attempts and gambling den raids of old Shanghai, the labour camps and Red Guards from the new China.

The Kwok family came to Shanghai from Australia in 1918 and founded the Wing On Department Store, the biggest and most sumptuous of the city's shops.

Daisy Kwok was nine years old when they arrived, and spoke no Chinese. For the next 30 years she lived the privileged life of the super rich.

"I suppose we were considered rich, everyone tells me so, but I don't know, I never worried about money," she said. "All wrong, of course."

She played the field for a while as a young girl, and had one suitor threaten to shoot himself unless she married him.

Then she chose as her husband a Chinese engineer who had graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in



STAYING POWER: Daisy Kwok believes in destiny

Boston. The couple had two children.

The Japanese came and went, the Nationalists had their day, and then in 1949, the communists arrived and the lavish life of Shanghai's upper classes ended.

The Wing On Department Store closed and most of Kwok's extended family left for the United States or Hong Kong, where the department store continued to flourish.

But Kwok decided to stay in Shanghai. "We were just beginning to make mon-

ey with a scientific instruments company we had, and we didn't have anything outside. Where would we go?" she said.

When the communists closed down all the private companies, Kwok worked in a foreign trade company, writing letters in English. But as a capitalist, she and her family became the targets of bitter persecution over the next 30 years.

Her husband was arrested in 1958 and died in jail three years later without Kwok seeing him again.

Meanwhile, she was sent to work in the countryside where she dug holes for toilets, washed out chamber pots in the river and lugged bricks to construction sites.

"One assignment was to peel the outer layer of leaves off huge white cabbages which came from the north. They were to be exported to Hong Kong and the frozen leaves had to be removed before they were packed again.

"In spite of me wearing cotton gloves, covered by a woollen pair, and finally a rubber pair, my fingers would be frozen stiff when I finished the day's work.

"That caused the arthritis I suffer from now. My fingers are disfigured and I can't grasp things tightly," she said.

Many of the former rich with Kwok could not handle the change in circumstances, and committed suicide.

But Kwok's calm acceptance of events kept her alive and sane.

During the Cultural Revolution, she was forced out of her house with the Red Guards destroying almost all her prized possessions, including 37 photo albums.

"Once they held a big meeting with

over a hundred people present to accuse me of my crimes. I sat in front facing the group while different people got up to talk," she said.

"The things they accused me of were so fantastic that I began enjoying listening to them."

Her daughter, Lollie, was a ballerina in revolutionary operas and now works with the Central Ballet Theatre in Beijing.

Her son, Deedums, was sent to work in the countryside for a year, but was left there for 10 years by mistake. Once the Cultural Revolution was over, Deedums applied to go to the United States to study and now lives there with his family.

Kwok says she does not think of the old days much except when she is asked about it. She spends her days making marmalade and strawberry jam for friends and teaching English to local students, including the grandson of her father's chauffeur.

"I enjoy it, but I never intended to teach English. I got into it because the Communist party secretary of the company I worked for told me to do it," she said.

Her answer to questions about her views on the Chinese Communist Party in light of all the events of the past half century reflects the calm that has let her survive.

"I never showed any interest in politics," she said. "I just accepted whatever government was in."

Reuter

This is my old friend -

LAST SHANGHAI KWOK TEACHING AND MAKING JAM

By Graham Earnshaw

SHANGHAI, July 23 (Reuter) - Daisy Kwok was born in Australia and was a member of one of the richest Chinese families in the old Shanghai. But she never considered leaving, even when her husband died in prison and she was forced to dig toilets.

"I wanted to see what would happen," she said.

And see it she did.

Daisy is 87 and her life follows the sweep of modern Chinese history, from the early years of the Chinese republic when foreigners were the lords of Shanghai, through the Communist revolution and the turmoil that followed.

Nowadays, she spends her time teaching English, reading and making marmalade and other jams, depending on the season.

But people keep asking her about the past, and she has a store of amazing stories to tell them: kidnap attempts and gambling den raids from the old Shanghai, labour camps and red guards from the New China.

The Kwok family came to Shanghai from Australia in 1918 and founded the Wing On Department Store, the biggest, the most sumptuous of the shops in the city. The store still exists, now state-run, under the name of the Hua Lian Department Store.

Daisy, was nine years old when they arrived, and spoke no Chinese, having grown up in the suburb of Petersham in Sydney. For the next 30 years she lived the privileged life of the super rich in the most cosmopolitan city in Asia.

"I suppose we were considered rich. everyone tells me so, but I don't know. I never worried about money," she said in an interview. "It was the way I was brought up. All wrong, of course."

She played the field for a while as a young girl, and had one suitor threaten to shoot himself unless she married him. Then she chose as her husband a Chinese engineer who had graduated from MIT in Boston. They had two children.

The Japanese came and went. the Nationalists had their day, and then in 1949, the Communists arrived and the lavish life of Shanghai's upper classes came to an end.

The Wing On Department Store closed and most of Daisy's extended family of uncles, cousins and brothers left for the United States or Hong Kong. where the department store continued to flourish.

But Daisy decided to stay on in Shanghai.

"We were just beginning to make money with a scientific instruments company we had, and we didn't have anything outside. Where would we go?" she said.

"Anyway, my brothers were always very generous with me, but I don't know if my sisters-in-law would have liked having me around," she added with a smile.

The communists closed down all the private companies and Daisy started work in a foreign trade company, writing letters in English. But as a capitalist. she

and her family became the targets of bitter persecution over the next 30 years.

Her husband was arrested in 1958 and died in jail three years later without Daisy having a chance to see him again.

Meanwhile, Daisy was sent to work in the countryside, the first of several stints in labour camps. She dug holes for toilets, washed out chamber pots in the river and lugged bricks to construction sites.

"One assignment was to peel off the outer layer of leaves off huge white cabbages which came from the north. They were to be exported to Hong Kong and the frozen leaves had to be removed before they were packed again.

"In spite of me wearing cotton gloves, covered by a woollen pair, and finally a rubber pair, my fingers would be frozen stiff when I finished the day's work. That caused the arthritis I suffer from now. My fingers are disfigured and I can't grasp things tightly. Thank heavens I suffer no pain, only stiffness," she said.

Many of the former rich with Daisy couldn't handle the dramatic change in circumstances, and many committed suicide.

But Daisy's calm acceptance of whatever happens around her kept her alive and sane.

In the Cultural Revolution of the 1960s, she was forced out of her house and the fanatical Red Guards destroyed almost all her prized possessions, including 37 photo albums.

"Once they held a big meeting with over a hundred people present to accuse me of my crimes. I sat in front facing the group while different people got up to talk. The things they accused me of were so fantastic that I began enjoying listening to them," she said.

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Daisy says she doesn't think of the old days much except when she is asked about it. She seems more interested in the present than in the past.

She now spends her days making marmalade and strawberry jam for friends and teaching English to a number of local students, including the grandson of her father's chauffeur.

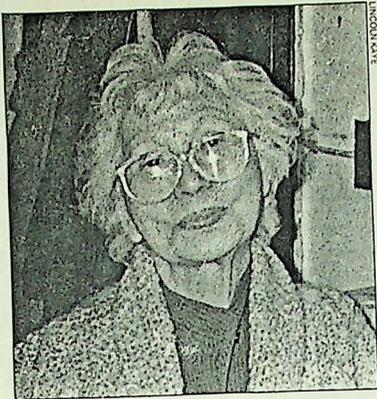
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"I never showed any interest in politics," she said. "I just accepted whatever government was in."

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REUTER NEWS SERVICE



PROFILE

Daisy Kwok
China

Reversal of Fortunes

Widow reflects on her
life's strange twists

By Lincoln Kaye

At age 86, Daisy Kwok lives alone in a 14-square-metre room near the Shanghai house where she grew up, one of eight children born to a leading merchant family. Her girlhood home still stands. But two dozen families now occupy the Tudor manor that once housed only the Kwoks and their 24 servants.

These days, Kwok cooks her own meals — mostly canned soup and crackers. She offers guests her home-made candied dates, served with a little fluted silver fork — one of the few keepsakes from her grandfather, a Qing dynasty official.

The Kwoks come from an ancient Cantonese lineage. Malaysian tycoon Robert Kuok is descended from a "junior branch" of the clan, she says. "We have a common ancestor, about 25 generations back." Kwok herself was born in Australia. She returned to China at the end of World War I when her father founded the Wing On department store in Shanghai.

She arrived at the age of nine. At the English-speaking McTyeire Methodist School for Girls, her classmates included the fabled Soong sisters, undisputed queens of Shanghai society. One of them, Madame Chiang Kai-shek, served as a bridesmaid for Kwok's sister.

Most of her family photos date from more recent decades: her son and his family in Los Angeles, where he sells real estate; her daughter, an ex-ballerina, in Beijing. A blurred snapshot shows her second husband. He died of cancer a decade ago, bequeathing Kwok her current room in a modest pre-war building.

In a corner of the dresser-top photo gallery is a picture of Kwok, in a formfitting *qipao*, alongside her pommaded first husband, a pharmaceutical

distributor. She describes him as "a dandy and a gambler." But he had standards, she adds, which he always maintained.

"When they called him for 'criticism,' he put on his long blue silk Chinese gown and drove down in the Buick roadster," Kwok recalls. "I told him not to provoke the Communists, but my husband was no easier to change after the 'Liberation' than he had been before." During the "anti-rightist" campaign of the late 1950s, he disappeared for a couple of years before Kwok was advised of his death.

The authorities were not through with his widow, however. "They presented me with a bill for his 'debts' to the people," she says. "I explained he was dead, but that didn't matter . . . they came and hauled off everything in the house."

The Kwoks' piano was out for repair at the time; when it came back from the shop, it was all Kwok had left. "There I was, alone in this big empty house with only a grand piano and two kids."

With the onset of the Cultural Revolution, officials took the house, too. Her daughter, who won a starring role in the model ballet performance "The Red Detachment of Women," shattered her kneecap in rehearsal and never danced

again. Her son was sent off to the countryside. Soon, Kwok was tossed out as an interpreter for the Mechanical Equipment Import-Export Corp. of Shanghai, and packed off to an island in the Huangpu river.

"In the winter, my job was to unload frozen cabbages from the Yangtze barges and repackage them for shipment to South China," she recalls. "No matter how many layers of gloves I'd wear, the cold and wet would finally seep through."

After years of hard labour, Kwok's hardship ended as bewilderingly as it began. "An unfortunate misunderstanding," they said; "just a little mistake." Her former work unit rehired her, and then issued her a certificate of "Honourable Retirement."

"A lot of good it does me," Kwok says. The company pays her medical bills, but she says she's "healthy as a horse." Still she admits she's getting weak in the knees, and might not be able to travel again. Since "retiring," she has visited long-lost relatives, venturing as far as the United States, Australia and Southeast Asia. Although she contemplates a thirp, doctors warn Kwok that she's ripe

for a stroke. Hospitalize twice for observation, she finds it boring "just wait around for it to happen. After a few weeks, I check out and come back here."

She shrugs off the risk. "I'm not scared of dying; I've seen enough of it over the years. No point rushing in anything, like some of the suicides I've known. But at a point, either, in hanging or something — be it your leg or your piano — when it already doesn't belong to you anymore."

Lincoln Kaye is a REVIEW correspondent based in Beijing.



Daisy Kwok (far left) and family.

Hail and Farewell Reception
Monday, May 14th, 1984, at 5:30-7:00p.m.

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CHINESE GUESTS

SHI Qi	Director	Shanghai Municipal Government Foreign Affairs Office
✓ ZHAO Yunjun	Depty. Director	Shanghai Municipal Government Foreign Affairs Office
✓ GAO Sen	Div. Chief	Shanghai Municipal Government Foreign Affairs Office
XU Bir ^g liang ^	Depty. Div. Chief	Shanghai Municipal Government Foreign Affairs
CHEN Dingping	Depty. Div. Chief	Shanghai Municipal Government Foreign Affairs Office
LU Ludi	Section Chief	Shanghai Municipal Government Foreign Affairs Office
CAI Kailun	Section Chief	Shanghai Municipal Government Foreign Affairs Office
ZHANG Hanci	Director	Public Security Bureau
JIA Xingyuan	Div. Chief	Public Security Bureau
ZHOU Xuming	Section Chief	Public Security Bureau
YE Xiouqing	Section Chief	Public Security Bureau
WANG Guangjian	Director	Finance and Commerce Office
SHEN Zhi	Director	Labor Bureau
GU Kungshen	Chief, Foreign Affairs	Planning Commission
PANG Xuemin	Depty. Director	Planning Commission
TAO Zhi	Advisor	Planning Commission
XU Qingrong	Depty. Director	Economic Commission
JIAN Guorong	Staff	Economic Commission
SHI Meinao	Depty. Gen. Manager	Bank of China
XU Zhongqin	Chief Engineer	East China Power Design Institute
YANG Shixiang		Shanghai Aircraft Factory
YE Jiefu	Engineer	Communication Bureau
CHEN Laixing		Communication Bureau
LI Hongchen	Depty. Foreign Affairs Chief	CAAC
DUANMU Jun	Advisor	CAAC
DONG Fangzhong	Consulting Physician	Pan American Airways
XU Pengfei	General Manager	CITCO
WANG Haiqing	Depty. Gen. Manager	CITCO
FU Yueren		CITCO
WING Kee Ho		American Bureau of Shipping
JIN Zhuqing	Director	Science & Tech. Commission
CHEN Jiangan	Staff	Science & Tech. Commission
SHEN Luyu	Vice President	Fed. of Industry and Commerce
PU Changkui	Asst. Chief Liaison	Fed. of Industry and Commerce
HUANG Wenbing	Depty. Gen. Manager	Mining & Hongqiao Development
CHU Hsiyuan		Arts & Crafts Trade Fair
DING Xinghao		Institute for Internat'l Studies
YANG Sizheng	Sub-Editor in Chief	World Economic Herald

SAO Jun	Correspondent	World Economic Herald
TSAO Tienchin	Professor	Shanghai Institute of Biochemistry
YANG Mingding	M.D.	Shanghai First Medical College
LU Ming	Director	Shanghai Institute of Computer Tech.
WANG Yilan	M.D. Toxicologist	Shanghai First Medical College
GAN Fuhsi		Shanghai Inst. of Optics/Fine Mechanics
HUANG Yijun	Director/Conductor	Shanghai Symphony Orchestra
CAO Manzhi	Chairman	Shanghai Institute of Sociology
WANG Jia		Shanghai Science & Tech.
SHEN Fumin	M.D.	Shanghai First Medical College
CHANG Zongliang		Shanghai Institute of Cell Biology
GU Niufan		Shanghai Institute of Mental Health
XIA Zongqin	M.D.	Shanghai Medical College
LIU Zuwei	Chairman/Foreign Lang.	Shanghai Jiao Tong University
XU Beiling		Shanghai Customs Office
BÜ Haiting	Director	Animal & Plant Quarantine Service
Ms. BEI Xiulin	Chief, Reception Sec.	Hotel Room Control Office
LIU Changxiang	Director	Foreign Agency Personnel Services
SUN Weiqing	Depy. Director	Foreign Agency Personnel Services
LI Zhenjing	Depy. Manager	Special Housing Management Dept.
TANG Xingquo	Chief	Frontier Defense Force, Airport

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Mr. and Mrs. Tomasz Nowacki	Consulate General of Poland
Mr. and Mrs. Yves Palierne	Consulate General of France
Ms. Christa Nickel	Consulate General of Germany
Ms. Daniela Endres	Consulate General of Germany
Mr. and Mrs. Hans Wagus	Consulate General of Germany

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Mr. Keith Holt	Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank
Mr. and Mrs. Donald Sorterup	Foxboro Company
Mr. and Mrs. Ed Tarala	Foxboro Company
Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Locklin	Corning Glass Works
Mr. and Mrs. Warren Wisnewski	Kodak Company
Mr. and Mrs. Rick Lower	Nike Company
Mr. and Mrs. Peter Nickerson	Nike Company
Mr. Gareth Chang	McDonnell-Douglas Corporation
Mr. Dale Schoenbein	McDonnell-Douglas Corporation
Mr. Willy Lamarque	Jardine Matheson Company
Ms. Emma Primrose	Jardine Matheson Company
Ms. Jane Lister	Jardine Matheson Company
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Yih	Cathay Pacific Airlines
Ms. Liz Wei	Pan American Airways
Mr. Peter Stark	Northwest Orient Airlines
Ms. Karen Wieda	Shanghai American School
Mr. Roderick McLeod	Coopers & Lybrand
Mr. Senderling	Coppers & Lybrand

AMERICAN CONSULATE GENERAL

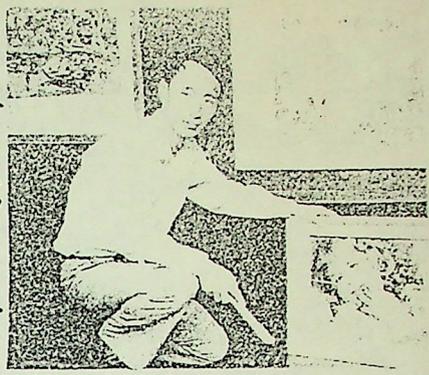
Mr. and Mrs. Hon K. Lee
Mr. Bruce Kressler
Ms. Gayle Oechslin
Mr. Douglas McNeal
Mr. and Mrs. Kent Wiedemann
Ms. Genevieve Dean
Mr. and Mrs. Donald Lynch
 Mrs. Janie C. Gurey
 Mrs. Louise Futch
Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Neighbors
Ms. Nancy Boulton
Mr. and Mrs. Ed Wehrli
Mr. John Melkulcok
Ms. Trina Bloxton
Ms. Tess Johnston
Mr. Ted Hornsby

HOSTS: Consul General and Mrs. Stan Brooks

TOTAL: 118

水彩吟

顾晓红



宝庆路三号的大门色调很沉重，初夏的那两天，徐元章引着慕名而来的参观者踏上潮湿的石径，绕过绿绒绒的大草坪，打开近百平方米客厅的门，把人们带进一个家庭沙龙式的水彩画展。

六十多幅作品大多是上海的各种历史建筑和街景，朴素的铝合金点。他喜欢静静地欣赏阳光下的街景、建筑。上海开埠以来，各国的建筑师使申城成为一万国建筑博览会。把它们画下来，是徐元章由来已久的愿望。一次，他与几位朋友谈到表现这些建筑的艺术手法，他认为摄影——录相和照片固然可以真实地把建筑物展现在人们眼前，但不能给人以想象的空间和意境，他想到水彩画。

于是，在前的几年中，一个

浅色画框中那些水彩画体现了画家深厚的艺术功底和文化涵养。

四十七岁的徐元章出生在一个艺术之家，他的父亲徐兴业曾以《金瓶梅》一书获得过中国文联的殊荣。徐元章很小的时候，他母亲从师张充仁学画，渐渐地，他在一旁学会了使用炭条涂出光影的层次。上学后，他一次次用小刀把课桌刻出图案。张充仁，这位蜚声海内外的雕塑艺术家在徐元章十多岁的时候成了他正式的老师，从此，美术成了徐元章生命中不可缺少的部分。张充仁的素描、李泳森的水彩画、俞云阶的油画，他都潜心学习过，自幼对未来充满热切希冀的徐元章盼望有朝一日找到自己艺术生命的一着力点。

画展上，人们发现了一幅法国维涅尔风格的水彩画，维涅尔风格所表现的是阳光下的建筑，大片的阴影处理，使画面背景充满美感，建筑物被反射得十分厚重，徐元章的水彩画在继承欧洲传统的基础上又时时体现出自己独特的风格。

陕西西南路上青年联合会那栋房子，是上海为数不多的挪威式建筑，徐元章用明快的色调和活泼的笔法赋予其童话色彩，阳光投射到窗玻璃上，那些反射的光线里似乎藏着无尽的神秘气息。

多伦路口有上海最典型的伊斯兰建筑，因为太陈旧，几乎要被人遗忘。徐元章笔下逆光背景中的伊斯兰庭院和饰有大量复杂雕刻的建筑，洋溢着悠远深郁的西亚情调。

徐元章那组寺院画是按一天的晨、午、夜时间顺序画的。「晨钟」——寺院香炉的紫烟和清晨的薄雾，初升的阳光中龙华古塔静静地立在背景里，画面上没有敲钟的僧人，甚至钟都是隐约约约的，但是人们似乎可以听到钟声，悠远而清脆，「禅鸣」——基调非常浓烈，午间阳光中的寺院被强烈的印象派手法表达出来，几乎没有见过这样的用中和色调体现东方古寺的方法，然而徐元章的独特同样令人无法拒绝，画面上还是没有僧人，但人们可以想象，出家人此刻一定在经堂里坐定默诵，与嘈杂的尘世咫尺天涯，「僧敲月下门」——以蓝色的冷调为主，月光中寺门闭着，树影

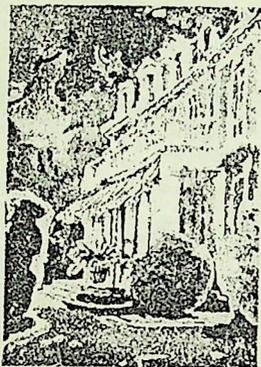
婆娑，画面上依然没有僧人，空灵的境界象随时会被晚归的化缘者打破。这组画的意境，是无法从没有底蕴的画家笔下体现出来的。

徐元章作品中表达乡间野趣的并不多见，「野渡无人舟自横」，船影、水影、光影，表现了一种孤独感。画家说，创作时的心境可以从作品中体现出来。

徐元章喜欢读上海的历史。风雨沧桑，几多事件和人物，他用水彩画笔记录着历史人物在上海居住过的地方。汪精卫公馆如今成了长宁区少年宫，东平路上海音乐学院附中，曾经是蒋介石的官邸，还有早已为人们熟知的宋庆龄故居、孙中山故居等。

画面上建筑物明朗的层次，错落的植物——绿色的草坪，低矮的冬青和黄杨，高大的广玉兰和梧桐，所有的一切都以大胆的光影处理手法表现得淋漓尽致。徐元章擅长用「留白」的笔法，宛若摄影中的「高光」处理，以纸张的白色体现较强的阳光在建筑物表面产生的效果。

近年来，他的作品已有多幅被海外收藏家所收藏，美、德、法、澳等国驻沪领事馆官员也曾参观过他的家庭沙龙画展。徐元章说，他不会懈地画下去，积累下去，用他的画笔表现上海的历史文化。



▶ 丁曦林

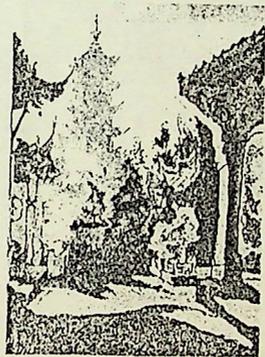
一个画家的新视野 ——徐元章和他的建筑风情画

认识几年了,却极少去找他。因为初谈时他给人的感觉,与其说是画了三十多年的画家,不如说是无忧无虑玩音乐、玩绘画的“玩主”。只是,几年来,经常在一些画展上看到他的新作;在报刊上,也读到关于他的文字,我心里暗暗称赞:这“玩主”倒也玩得认真,玩得有些名堂。最

近,我应邀去他家看一批准备举行个人画展的新作,很是一惊。好些平口里熟视无睹的上海建筑,经他的画笔一抹,顿时耐人寻味了。为了这批新作,他曾花了一年多时间,在上海马路上,弄堂里寻寻觅觅,用双腿和双眼捕捉,用色彩和心灵记录了历史的踪迹,城市的兴衰。从他的画作里,我读到了一个画家眼中,上海包容的世界,那里有法国宫廷式小楼,古朴的挪威民宅,有明快的英国乡村别墅,以及西班牙式楼阁。它们虽不及外滩一带的西式建筑那么宏伟、壮阔,惹人注目,它们只是默默地藏身在高高的围墙和茂盛的梧桐树后,但一旦跃然纸上,那种的、那形容,令人遐思涟涟。

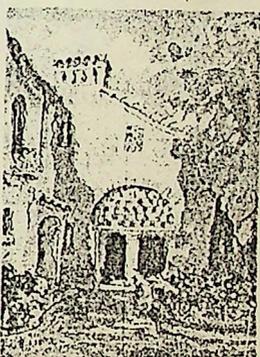
我久久伫立在宋庆龄、周恩来、蒋介石、汪精卫、包玉刚等一批历史人物的故居画前,我目光停留于那些红瓦灰砖绿树,耳畔却分明震荡着几十年前十里洋场的风风雨雨,我深深感到,这一批色彩斑斓、阳光跳动的水彩画不只给人美的愉悦,它们还勾起人们对

这里还有龙华寺庙,国际礼拜堂、东正教堂、佘山圣母堂……我所以为徐元章先生写下这些文字,是因为,作为一个画家,他寻辟了一条没人走过的路。他用它的色彩,为我们城市做了一些有益的记录,也大大丰富了他的“闲人”生活。



往昔的追忆和对未兴的联想。

· 市民生活变迁也是徐元章着眼表现的内容之一。他走访了许多石库门,他笔下的那些过街楼、亭子间、木扶梯……,它们让你闻到了煤炉气味,听到了鸽楼居民楼里的嘈杂。



Zhenjiang

4-CULTURE AND RECREATION Tuesday, August 17, 1993

CAI
HUI
ZHEN
ZHANG

A Visit to Pearl S. Buck's Former Residence

Pearl S. Buck was born on June 26, 1892 in Hillsboro, U. S. A.. She was an American woman writer who cherished a deep affection for China. She had lived in China for about 40 years. She had written a number of works depicting the life of the Chinese people, like "The Good Earth", "Devorcer", "Mother" and other novels. In 1938 Buck was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature.

According to her biography, she was brought to Zhenjiang, a town in China's Jiangsu Province barely three months after her birth by her parents who were missionaries in China. Till 1935 when Pearl S. Buck left China to return to America, she had spent the major part of her time in Zhenjiang, which

may rightly be described as her second home town.

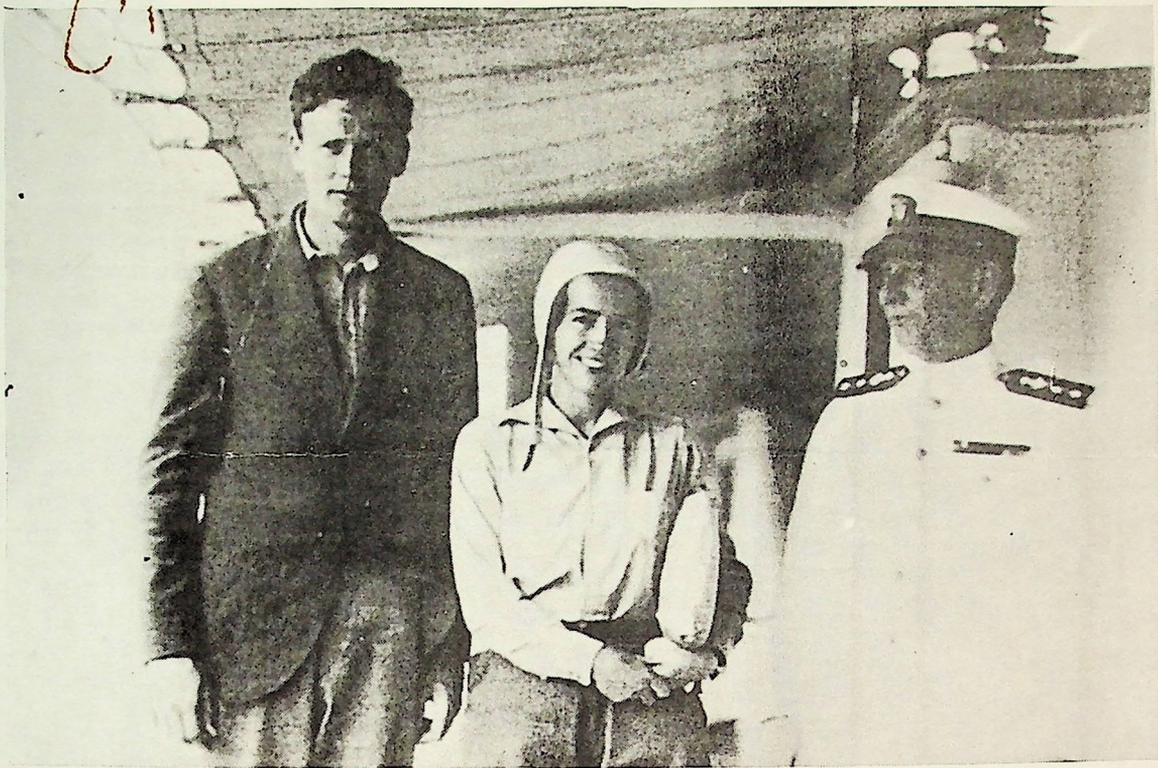
Stepping out of the Zhenjiang Railway Station and looking sidewise, you'll find a little alleyway leading to a small hillside with about a 50-metre long stone-steps to reach the peak. According to the local residents the small hillside is called "Windmill Hill". Pushing open a gate, you'll find a two-storied brick-and-wood western-styled building- this is Pearl S. Buck's former residence in Zhenjiang. Naturally 60 years ago, Zhenjiang as a town was by no means so densely populated as at present and the foreign-style house built atop the hillside was probably a villa built in scenic surroundings. Now a number of standard residential houses have been built on the hillside and the then rural scenery is no more to be found. This foreign-style house had since been used for some time as an office building for a wireless plant and now it has been re-deemed by the municipality for the establishment of the Pearl S. Buck Memorial Hall and interior and exterior fitting up to the building (now barred to visitors) is going on. Its formal opening to the public on the completion of preparatory work can be expected soon.

Stepping down the hillside and strolling westward for about 10 minutes, you'll reach the Zhenjiang No. 2 Middle School, its predecessor being the former American missionary Chongshi Middle Girls School for Girls where Pearl S. Buck studied and later worked as a tea-

cher.

Further north from the Zhenjiang No. 2 Middle School is the Zhenjiang Old Street (Lao Jie) on the Yangtze riverside, the site of the former British Concession, formerly a small busy town for the Euro-American community, also a place frequented by Buck.

Should you intend to make a special visit to Pearl S. Buck's former residence, you can take the morning train from Shanghai and reach Zhenjiang by noon, where you can spend 3-4 hours in visiting and then take the night train to return to Shanghai.

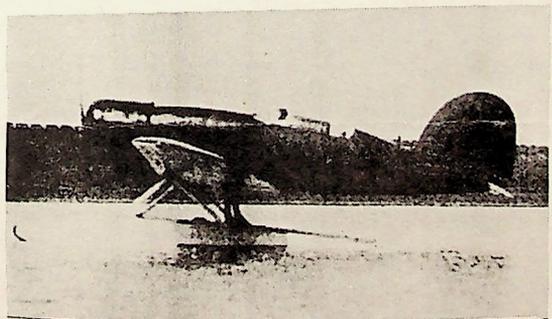


LINDBERGH AND THE YANGTZE

THE PICTURE OF THE LINDBERGH'S WITH REAR ADMIRAL YANCEY S. WILLIAMS WAS TAKEN IN HANGKOW IN 1931. IT WAS SUPPLIED BY BILL ALLRED, SON OF OUR LATE SHIPMATE CARTER ALLRED, BUT BILL KNOWS NEITHER THE CIRCUMSTANCES UNDER WHICH HIS FATHER ACQUIRED IT NOR WHICH SHIP THE PICTURE WAS TAKEN ABOARD. DO ANY OF YOU RECALL ANY DETAILS OF THE LINDBERGH VISIT?

In September, 1931, Charles A. Lindbergh and his aviatrix wife, Anne Morrow Lindbergh, flew to China as part of a long trip to the Orient exploring new air routes for TAT, later to become TWA. Earlier they had made a similar flight in the western hemisphere for Pan-Am. Flying a Lockheed Sirius with floats installed, the Lindberghs, after crossing the Pacific in the far north following the general route of the Army planes of 1924, went from Japan to the

Yangtze Valley, landing first at Nanking before going on to Hangkow. At the latter port they encountered the devastation of the great flood of that year.

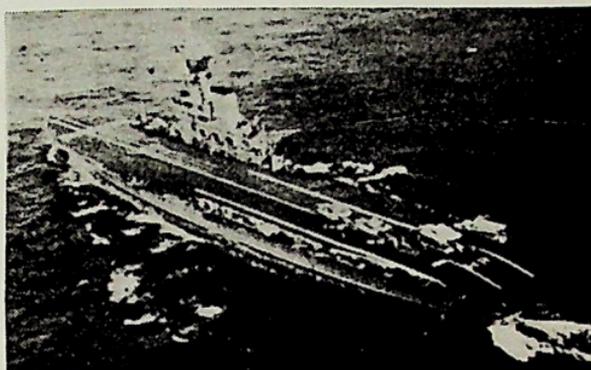


Sirius, with walls of Nanking in background

From Hangkow Lindbergh made a number of flights, surveying flood damage and transporting relief supplies. At Hinghwa, a crowd of Chinese pressing their sampans close in for food and medical supplies became unruly, turning into a mob.

To drive these desperate people back away from the plane, Lindbergh was forced to fire a revolver over their heads. It sounds as if he became an old China hand rather quickly on this trip.

Later, when the Lindberghs were ready to depart China, the British aircraft carrier *Hermes* was hoisting the *Sirius* from deck into the river at Hankow.



British Carrier *Hermes*

The plane snagged, and dropped into the water with the Lindberghs aboard. They both started drifting down the river until boats were dispatched to rescue them. The plane was badly damaged, and the famous first family of aviation went home from Shanghai by steamer. The story is told in Anne Morrow Lindbergh's book, *North to the Orient*, and in Lindbergh's autobiography.

NEW BOOKS BY MEMBERS

Associate member A. B. "Bud" Feuer, who has written occasionally for *Patroller*, has a new book out: *The Spanish-American War At Sea: Naval Action in the Atlantic*. It's published by Greenwood Publishing, and retails for \$55. As an author who has also been published by that firm, your editor can only agree that their prices are too high for the typical naval history buff. Incidentally, your editor recently brought out a new paperback called, *The San Francisco Shipping Conspiracies of World War One*.

新 勤 报

LABOUR DAILY

热点透视

15年来,美国摄影师特丝·约翰斯顿一直在申城老城厢转悠,为每幢别具风格的旧楼拍照宣传,以便在这些建筑被拆除之前留下真容。她日前出版的摄影集定名为《最后一瞥》。事实果真是最后一瞥吗?

作为上海开埠后的历史见证,上海在1950年时共拥有花园住宅223万平方米,公寓101万平方米,新式里弄469万平方米,旧式里弄1242万平方米,其中体现欧洲各国不同时期不同建筑风格的建筑物有1400多幢,是上海不可多得的建筑遗产。

然而,令人遗憾的是,如何保护这些建筑艺术的瑰宝,至今尚未引起足够重视。据了解,列入近、现代优秀建筑保护范围的仅236座。不少颇有特色的房屋,随着旧区改造和市政建设等原因而被拆毁。如卢湾区淮海路段11个各具特色的欧洲联排式里弄全部被拆除,只剩下尚贤坊装点门面。嵩山路附近原有一批具浓郁欧洲风格、已有近百年历史的红房子建筑群如今也已荡然无存,令有关专家跺足捶胸……

而被列入保护范围的建筑虽然逃脱了被拆迁的命运,但也遭到了不同程度的破坏。特别是在建筑保护区控建范围内随意盖楼现象更是严重。现团市委机关所在地的建筑原是马勒故居,是具有典型挪威风格的欧洲混合型建筑物,几年前有关方面刚修筑在其南侧且不顾

申城老楼宇在伤心落泪

本市千余幢优秀历史建筑呼唤「保护神」

一座高层建筑曾展开激烈争论,如今“胜负”已定:东侧高楼已巍然矗立,南侧一幢建筑即将完工,西面的一座大楼已开始基建,靠北的一幢花园洋房正在拆迁。一位城市规划人员指出,建筑物与周围环境是一个不可分割的整体,盖楼将会破坏原有的历史环境风貌。本市有关部门虽然曾划定受保护建筑物外墙50米内为建筑控制区,但实施情况不能令人乐观。据闻,最近围绕裕华新村附近造一幢房屋正展开一场争论。一位老专家激动地说,建于1938年的裕华新村的设计者是当时国际上著名的建筑师,一旦周围环境遭破坏,这片建筑物的价值将降低几个档次,怎么能下得了手啊!

城市是一本打开的书,建筑是城市的面貌和仪容,从中展示了城市的历史和现状、抱负和理想、光荣和骄傲。优秀的旧建筑一旦遭到损害,根本无法弥补。有关专家指出,本市应扩大优秀建筑保护范围,在密集地带划定保护区,予以重点保护,严禁乱搭乱建。目前可以选择一两个重点区域进行整治,设立一个小型的城事博物馆,成为观光新景点,然后逐步向全市铺开。

上海由于历史的原因,可以说是世界上唯一拥有大量多民族风格建筑的国际大都市,素有“万国建筑博览”之称。如果后人只能通过纪录片或者《最后一瞥》之类的图文来了解上海建筑的过去,那将是莫大的悲哀。

PROFILE

Erh Dongqiang
China

For the Record

Photographer captures old Shanghai's vanishing grandeur

By Lincoln Kaye

At age 42, Erh Dongqiang is too young to have laid eyes on his native Shanghai during its heyday as the Paris of the East. Still, its cityscapes have become his stock-in-trade as a photographer. His family, ethnic Manchus, had extensive properties in the city and its environs before the communist takeover. And his handsome architectural vignettes betray his nostalgia for Shanghai's vanished glories.

Erh and American authoress Tess Johnston co-founded Old China Hand Press two years ago. The Hong Kong-based imprint house publishes lavish colour albums depicting the material culture of Chinese and expatriate elites on the mainland during the early 20th century. They have produced a pair of idiosyncratic books: *A Last Look*, which captures old Shanghai buildings, and *Near to Heaven*, a look at pre-Liberation summer resorts. They plan a half-dozen more books.

Johnston writes the history and archival snippets that accompany Erh's pictures. Each volume contains hundreds of them: two-page spreads and postage-stamp-sized photos in the margins of the text, sepia-tone portraits from the 1920s and demolition shots of buildings now in their death throes.

For a generation after its 1949 Liberation, Shanghai mouldered as a mummy of its former self. Beijing's central planning and official neglect embalmed the city. The physical form of the streets and buildings remained intact. But with none of the commercial drive that once animated the place, it grew static.

Erh grew up in this stagnant milieu, the stigmatized offspring of New China's capitalist "class-enemies." The experience

provided him with a handy explanation—Maoist dogmatism—for his childhood privations. Yet the eclectic architectural background of the city supplied a rich visual vocabulary that hinted at the possibilities of a more fulfilling life. No wonder he cultivated an artist's visual sense.

That sense stood him in good stead, coming of age in the wake of the Cultural Revolution. Since 1981, he has worked as a freelance photojournalist. The slick, government-backed *China Tourism* monthly is a prime customer; airline magazines and other foreign publications also

newal in the old city will require demolition of nearly 4 billion square feet of property. Already 1 billion square feet have fallen to the wrecker's ball, sparking protests by displaced residents. Several of Erh's ancestral properties have been demolished, including the downtown row-house that contained his studio.

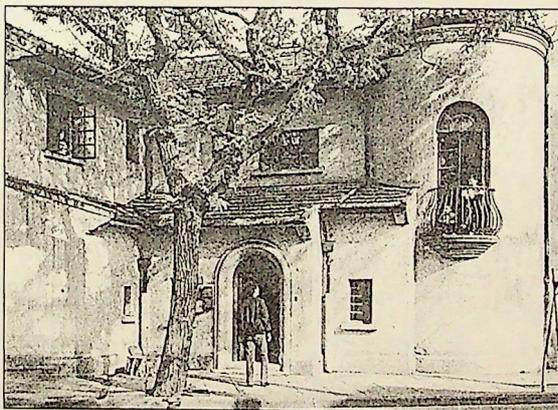
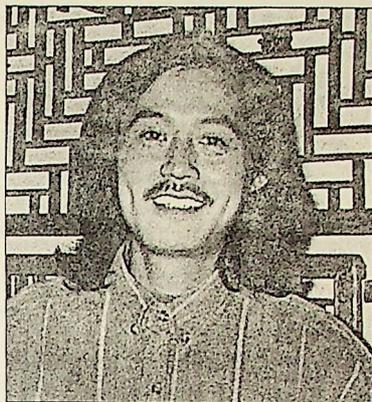
Despite his nostalgia for old Shanghai, Erh feels ambivalent about the return of some of its crasser values. Is this, he wonders, the long-awaited Shanghai renaissance? "This place had a way of life worth preserving. They could

have built a whole new metropolis in Pudong and left the old town intact." Instead, he complains, city fathers have opted for a hybrid, homogenized Shanghai that could be summed up in Gertrude Stein's famous quip: "There is no there there."

Urban renewal has already forced him to move to a farmstead way beyond the airport. Erh, a divorcee, has turned his home into a private Folk Art Museum (visitors by appointment only). His two-storey house and its yard are crammed full of his memorabilia from Shanghai and southern China: old shop signs, lattice-work windows, bridal bedsteads, street hawker stalls and more.

Now Erh is preparing to move again. He will take up "a shapelier life," he says, in a village in the backwaters of Anhui. Such upriver Yangtze enclaves, he says, are the last bastions of China to retain "a sense of place, of region, of particularity." No coincidence, he adds, that such places "produced the great scholar officials like Tseng Kuo-fan or Hu Shi, with their sense of ethics and proportion."

Lincoln Kaye is a REVIEW correspondent based in Beijing.



For the record: tiled-roof stucco bungalow in Shanghai.

publish his pictures. Architecture dominates his work, especially his images of Shanghai. When they figure at all in his photos, people usually appear as no more than blank-faced scaling factors.

Unpeopled as they are, Erh's architectural vignettes evoke all the more effectively the ghosts of these buildings' pre-Liberation heydays. But now, the ghosts are coming back to life—and the revival of Shanghai's free-wheeling spirit has doomed its embalmed cadaver. Apart from the "green field" site of the new Pudong development, planned urban re-

Finance scandal dogs U.S. dip

In its haste to rubber-stamp Gordon Giffin as Bill Clinton's nominee for ambassador to Canada, the U.S. Senate Relations Committee declined to take a long, hard look at Giffin's dubious alleged role in a campaign finance scandal in his home state of Georgia.

A longtime Democratic political fixer and bumboy for ex-Georgia senator Sam Nunn, Giffin has been implicated in the Augusta-based Healthmaster campaign finance scandal.

According to allegations in the Augusta Chronicle, when Giffin was Georgia state party treasurer, Healthmaster donations followed a pattern. A large number of employees would give (from stolen Medicare-Medicaid money) the same amount to Giffin on the same day. "What does he know about this, and when did he know it?" the newspaper asked.

Questioned about his alleged connections with the Healthmaster scam, Giffin went mute. Republican committee members dropped the subject and his nomination passed out of Foreign Relations.

He is expected to be confirmed as Canadian ambassador in the fall.

¿que pasa?

More evidence that U.S. government considers Canada a third-world country: The Internal Revenue Service recently shut down its Ottawa office at the American embassy.

Expatriate Yanks living in Canada are now instructed to direct their taxation inquiries to a number in the U.S. protectorate of Puerto Rico (1-787-759-5100).

Before calling, FRANK advises our American friends to learn the phrase, "¿No me friegues. Soy ciudadano de los Estados Unidos!"

CONSUL PAYS \$15,000 U.S. IN RENT

Reno madness strikes our man in Shanghai

Head off to Ted Lipman, Canadian Consul General in Shanghai, who is doing his utmost to prop up the Chinese economy with Canadian taxpayers' money.

A foreign service lifer, Lipman, 44, served as deputy director of the China desk at Fort Pearson in Ottawa. His main claim to fame is that he's fluent in five languages, notably the language of legovers, which he has practiced on a variety of Oriental beauties. But more on that later.

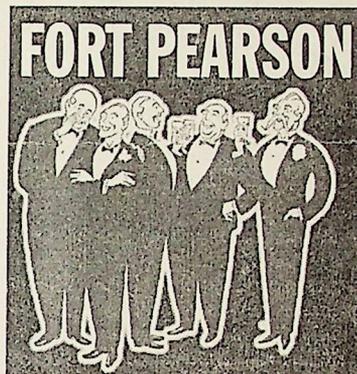
When he arrived in Shanghai a couple of years ago, he had set up in the Canadian residence, a 5,000 sq. ft. home on a half acre in suburban Shanghai. Alas, despite the swimming pool and tennis court, Teddy soon wearied of having to climb into his chauffeur-driven limo and make the 20-minute trek downtown to the Canadian Consulate. Thus, he sought new digs at Grosvenor Place, the spectacular art deco apartment complex in the heart of Shanghai, where Prime Minister Croxton banks on his Team Canada jaunts.

And before you can say neat penis, Ted had convinced his Foreign Affairs masters that he required not one, but three apartments at the Grosvenor. Presto! The apartments were gutted and renovated into one enormous unit and the Model of a Modern Consul General moved in, all by himself.

Total cost? Foreign Affairs now shells out rent of \$15,000 (U.S.) per month, while the old house sits empty.

Not happy with the reproductions and prints that adorned the official residence, Teddy junked them and flew back to Ottawa to raid the national art bank, the depository of banished and wall-hangings donated by wealthy Canadians seeking a tax break.

There were also suggestions that he secured the services of an interior designer, but these are scurrilous rumours



that have no place in a family organ, etc.

When not busy renovating or flying back to Canada, Teddy occupies himself showing local gals the Canadian method of parallel parking. Among them is Julia Wang, a consultant with the National Bank (Quebec) in Shanghai. Julia's current husband and her ex- also live in the city. Her father is a general with the People's Liberation Army. Thus, when Ted and Julia visit him in the provinces, Gen. Wang sends a military escort to pick them up.

Another of Ted's favourites is Mireille Lafleur, a lawyer and consultant with the Quebec government, who lives in Shanghai.

Then there's Alice Hsu, the multi-billionaire supremo of Far Eastern Department Stores Ltd. As a token of her esteem, Madame Hsu has rewarded Ted with a set of Tiffany cufflinks and a Cartier watch.

Meanwhile, other Canadian dips in Shanghai, who are obliged to reside in the less-than-splendid Shangri-la Portman Centre, can only lick their lips and watch in envy as their boss cuts a swath through the city's female population.

FRANK MAGAZINE Aug 13, 1997

The Homecoming

A return to her Shanghai birthplace sparks a teacher's celebrated literary career

In 1981, Lynn Pan visited Shanghai for the first time since her childhood and her life changed forever.

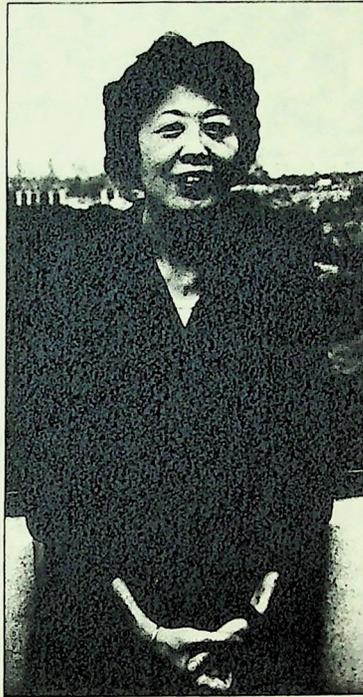
Until that year, Pan, the daughter of Shanghainese socialites who fled China's 1949 communist takeover, had led a happy but directionless life—first as a British-educated clinical psychologist, then as a Mandarin teacher at Cambridge University. Although Shanghai at the time was a faint echo of the sophisticated city she remembered from her childhood, something clicked as she walked down streets and visited people she had not seen for 30 years. Pan discovered her calling as a writer.

"I hadn't even thought about being a writer before I came here," she says in an upper-crust English accent. "I just thought 'Gosh, I'd like to write about this.'"

And write she did, parlaying a treasure trove of childhood memories and post-1980 Shanghai experiences into popular books. Take *Old Shanghai: Gangsters in Paradise*, written in 1984. The germ for the narrative grew out of a chance encounter with a mysterious, burly man wearing a Russian fur cap at Shanghai's airport during her first return to the city in 1981. There to greet her aunt, who happened to be on Pan's flight, he offered Pan a ride to her hotel. Snapping his fingers, a chauffeured car in supposedly egalitarian China immediately drove up. "I thought to myself: This guy has clout," she recounts during a subsequent visit to the city.

Mentioning he knew her grandfather, he invited Pan to dinner. She later arrived at Shanghai's best restaurant to find him, his wife and guests wearing black embossed silk jackets seated in a private dining room. When she commented that she would like to see a Chinese opera but that tickets were tight, her aunt referred her to the burly man, saying, "Oh don't worry, just ask Papa Du." That's when Pan realized that before her was none other than the son of Shanghai's notorious pre-Revolutionary mobster: Du Yuesheng. The book drew kudos. *The Times Literary Supplement* described *Old Shanghai* as "a superb and emotionally sure-footed narrative which conveys more understanding of Shanghai than a dozen drily academic works might do."

Pan's Shanghai visit provided inspiration for another book, *Tracing It Home*, although she did not start it for another 10 years. It tells the story of Pan's family members and their devoted employee, Hanze, who for his loyalty was sentenced after the 1949 revolution to 24 years of hard labour in remote Xinjiang province. She had gathered fodder for the book throughout her life: from her parents, who talked endlessly about Shanghai, and from Hanze and other relatives. So when she finally sat down to



Lynn Pan

write it, it took her a mere two months to complete the manuscript. She explains: "I was writing from memory in a kind of white heat."

Writing for Pan, now 52, has at times been her salvation, particularly after she came down with encephalitis in 1983 and went stone deaf in her right ear. She could not keep her balance, and fearing she would never recover, slid into depression. "I just had to pull myself together, and the only way I knew how was by saying, 'I have to finish my book,'" she says. "It was like finding oneself. As long as I could write, nothing could get me down."

Following her family and job appointments, Pan, who has never married, has lived in Malaysia, England, Switzerland, Finland, Singapore and Hong Kong—where she was books editor for the *REVIEW* from 1988 to 1991. Her books have been published in Britain and America, with translations published in Tokyo, Madrid, Amsterdam, Beijing, Shanghai and Bangkok. Despite her cosmopolitan reach, Pan feels best when she is in Shanghai, which she has visited twice a year since 1981. "Everything interests me far more—what they eat, what they say, the way they dress, all that," she says.

Ironically, Pan is not best known for her books on Shanghai but for her work on the Chinese diaspora. In 1990, a pair of publishers commissioned her to write *Sons of the Yellow Emperor: The Story of the Overseas Chinese*. Of the eight books Pan has written so far, critics consider it her best. It garnered the Martin Luther Memorial Prize—and opened the door to her current position as director of the Chinese Heritage Centre in Singapore. There she is editing what will be the most definitive chronicle of the overseas Chinese published to date.

That her major work is not about Shanghai is, in fact, Pan's biggest regret. So once the *Encyclopedia of the Overseas Chinese* is completed in late 1998, she foresees herself once again writing about the city she loves. She wants to write about today's Shanghai, now, not just about her parents' Shanghai. "But I don't think I can come to grips with the new Shanghai," she says, her soft voice rising, "until I live there."

Pan, therefore, is contemplating a move back to her birthplace—something she never dreamed of when she first returned in 1981. Then, she found a city that she best describes as "mouldy." During a recent visit, however, she wandered into one of the city's new ritzy department stores and had another life-changing revelation: "I can come and live here," she says with a laugh. "It has Sumatra coffee." ■ Pamela Yatsko



British
Consulate-General
Shanghai

Suite 301
Shanghai Centre
1376 Nanjing Xi Lu
Shanghai 200040
People's Republic of China

Telephone: 00 (86) (21) 6279 7650
Facsimile: 00 (86) (21) 6279 7651

Tess,

Welcome back.

A couple of items for you, which
I hope you can help.

Delyll

11/12/96.

Put me down for a signed copy of your latest book. With Compliments

OK JACKIE,

CHINA: SIR HARRY PARKES

1. Thank you for your letter of 19 October about this gentleman. I could find no reference to Sir H Parkes in this department, so I asked Research Analysts and the Library team to have a dig through their records.

2. Our Researcher, Ian Seckington, sent me the attached minute detailing his findings last month. I have this week received two books from the Library which deal with Sir Harry Parkes. They are Sir Harry Parkes, British Representative in Japan by Gordon Daniels, (Japan Library, 1996), and Britain and Japan - Biographical Portraits, edited by Ian Nish, (Japan Library, 1994). I know that the Japan Library is part of Curzon Press, so the copy I have may well be the same book to which Ian Seckington refers in his minute.

3. Kathryn Hutton in the FCO Library also tells me that the Public Record Office is likely to have a collection of Sir Harry Parkes' notes. It would be worth pointing Jonathan Di Rollo in that direction too. The address is:

Public Record Office
Ruskin Avenue
Kew
Surrey
TW9 4DU

Tel: 0181 876 3444
Fax: 0181 878 8905

4. I hope all this will be of use to Mr Di Rollo. I'll let you know if anything further comes to light.

Yours ever,

Andy Partridge
Far Eastern & Pacific Department

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A couple of items for you, which
I hope you can help.

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11/12/96.

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People's Republic of China

Telephone: 00 (86) (21) 6279 7650
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Foreign & Commonwealth Office

London SW1A 2AH

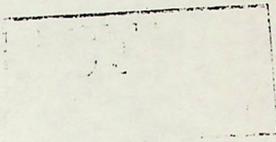
Telephonic: 0171

4 December 1996

FAC

Miss J Barlow
British Consulate General
Shanghai

By Fax: Keypad
(Three Pages)



1 Sent to J. di Rollo
cc: JT
2 Am to FPO.

Dear Jackie,

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Yours ever,

Andy Partridge
Far Eastern & Pacific Department

From: Ian Seckington
N Asia & Pacific Group
Research Analysts
OAB 2/80a 210 6219

Date: 7 November 1996

Mr Partridge
FEPD

CHINA: SIR HARRY PARKES

1. We spoke.
2. I spoke with Dr Hoare concerning your request for information on Sir Harry Parkes and the following is drawn mostly from his thoughts.
3. Acting as an interpreter Sir Harry Parkes was present at the signing of the Nanking Treaty in 1842, aged only 14. This was followed by a series of posts in the Far East;

Acting-Consul, "Canton", 1856-

Consul, Shanghai, 1859-65 (made Consul-General in 1864)

Minister to Japan, 1865-83

Minister to China, 1883-85 (also Minister to Korea, 1884-5)

Sir Harry Parkes died in Peking 22 March, 1885. The statue that is mentioned in the minute from Shanghai disappeared during the Second World War, however there is a bust of him in the crypt of St Paul's Cathedral.

4. There are a number of books which you could recommend for further information on Sir Harry: Gordon Daniels, Sir Harry Parkes in Japan (Curzon Press, 1996); F.V. Dickins and S. Lane-Poole, The Life of Sir Harry Parkes (MacMillan and Co, 1894); J.E. Hoare, Japan's Treaty Ports and Foreign Settlements, (Japan Library, 1994). Sir Hugh Cortazzi has also written about Sir Harry Parkes. The Dickens and Lane-Poole book is in two volumes. The first volume is devoted entirely to Sir Harry Parkes' time in China, although the second volume also contains useful information. Some of Sir Harry Parkes' papers are held by the Cambridge University Library. His eldest daughter married into the Matheson family (of Jardine Matheson) and access to these papers is still controlled by his family via Matheson's. There is

further material in the Public Record Office in London and the No.2 Archive in Peking would probably hold information as well.

Ian M. Seckington

Ian Seckington

COPY

27 September 1996

Miss Jennifer Ridge
1 Dalmerly Avenue
London N7 OLD

WILLIAM SHELDON RIDGE

Thank you for your letter of 16 September enquiring about information on your distant relative who was a resident in Shanghai earlier on this century.

I have passed your letter to the British Consulate-General in Shanghai who may be able to find out some information for you.

I must warn you however, that the chances of finding any useful information are very slim. This is because most Chinese records and those of the British Legation were destroyed during the many upheavals that China has experienced this century, especially during the Cultural Revolution.

We will contact you as soon as possible, if any information comes to light.

Simon Johnson
Third Secretary

Our Ref: 4/5
Date: 10 October 1996

BRITISH CONSULATE GENERAL
Suite 301
Shanghai Centre
1376 Nanjing Xi Lu
Shanghai 200040

Tel: (86)(21) 6279 7650
Fax: (86)(21) 6279 7651

Miss Jennifer Ridge
1 Dalmerly Avenue
London N7 0LD

File
26
BU: 12/12/96 ps
RE*:
+ folio 27

Dear Miss Ridge,

Simon Johnson in Peking has passed on your letter of 16 September about your relative, William Ridge. The Consulate was closed in 1966 when all records were returned to the UK.

Although this will not throw any light on his life in Shanghai, British birth, marriage and death records are obtainable in the UK from:

The General Register Office
Office of Population Censuses and Surveys
GRO Box 2
Southport PR8 2DJ.

You could also try the Public Records Office in Kew, Surrey, UK, who might just be able to turn up some relevant records. But you would need to employ a research organisation as the PRO themselves are unable to conduct such searches.

In Shanghai, you could contact:

Shanghai Municipal Archives
684 Gubei Lu
Shanghai 200335
telno (86) (21) 6275 1700
faxno 6275 2867

although we understand that you may not receive either a prompt (or indeed any) reply from them!

There is an American lady here who is a mine of information on Shanghai and has an extensive collection of reference books. She is not in Shanghai at present but will be back later in the year. On her return we will pass on your enquiry to her in the hope that William Ridge's name might appear somewhere.

I am sorry that we cannot do more to help -but wish you luck with your research!

Yours sincerely,
Jackie Barlow

J Barlow (Miss)
Vice Consul

cc: Mr S Johnson, British Embassy, Peking

16.9.91

The Diplomatic Representation
of G.B.
Beijing
China

Ms Jennifer
27/9

Mr Johnson
Suggest you
fwd to BQ, S'hai
+ send holding reply to Miss
Ridge

Dear Sir,

William Sheldon Ridge (chances of finding one
Born Yorkshire, England somewhere ^{slim} 27/9
about the 1870's.

Deed ?

Resident in Shanghai, China

William Sheldon Ridge was a very distant relative of ours who lived, with his wife, in Shanghai China and worked as a journalist / assistant editor. We believe ~~he~~ was held as a prisoner of war during a war. Later he may have returned for some time to England where his widow ~~had~~ subsequently died in Blackheath.

Apart from this we know very little about him and the question now arises in connection with the administration of the estate of a deceased person.

Please could you help by letting us know if you have any information about this gentleman or if there are any other avenues we can pursue. Is Shanghai an old spelling for Shanghai or a separate place please?

We apologise for any trouble this letter may cause.

Yours faithfully,

Jennifer Ridge (Miss)

WESTERING HOUSE
MILTON LILBOURNE
PEWSEY
WILTSHIRE
SN9 5LQ

Tel: 01672 562252
Fax: 01672 564136

4/5
BU
1/12/96 to
me
DS.

Mrs Delyth Smith
British Consulate-General
Shanghai

23 September 1996

Dear Delyth,

Thank you very much for your letter of 12th July which arrived in mid-Wiltshire the day after I got back from the Far East myself! To receive it so quickly was mightily impressive but also rather unnerving! I am sorry to have taken so long to reply - my great aunt has been on holiday and I needed to check my facts first.

I am very much afraid that this exercise in nostalgia is going flounder, which is sad. My great aunt's maiden name was Joyce BURKILL and although she spent much of her childhood and young years in Shanghai (she was born in 1900) she left in 1931. She was the fourth generation of her family to be born in China/Shanghai and continued the tradition by producing a son after she married Kenneth BRAND. She tells me she was born in No 4 LOVE LANE which she remembers was "off Bubbling Well Road". She was educated in UK between 1911 and 1919.

Kenneth Brand was imprisoned with two others, for espionage, by the Chinese authorities in 1936/7 and was released two or three years later after governmental negotiations. A White Russian emigre, who he subsequently married, having divorced Joyce, was credited with keeping him alive during his imprisonment.

"China Races" I have not come across but will find a copy next time I am in Hong Kong. I have sent my great aunt a copy of Tess Johnstone's book - but unlike letters from Shanghai, a parcel to Vancouver takes forever.

It is very kind of you to take such trouble. I shall endeavour to get on the Shanghai 'leg' next time I come out as it would be a great thrill to see something of the city et al.

Yours sincerely

Patrick (Springster)

sent a copy to American Consulate
to forward to Tess Johnstone on her return.

Delyth Smith

A friendly "ambassador"---old American expert Geng Lisu

Today is the 95th birthday of Ms. Geng Lisu, Advisor to the China Welfare Society and an old American expert.

Ms. Geng arrived in Shanghai for the first time in 1926. She felt from her stay in Shanghai and in China that she should tell the world about the unhumane treatment the Chinese women suffered.

In the 30s, she came to Shanghai once again and established an underground Marxist and Leninist political discussion group to study basically Marxism and Leninism and exchanged views on the development of China's revolution. In the meantime, she frequently called on the Chinese women workers studying at the evening school, as an administrator of the Chinese Christian Young Women Association, and became their friend soon.

Ms. ^{Geng} respects Madam Song Qinglin. In the fall of 1938, Ms. Geng felt pleased and honored to join Madam Song's "Defending China Alliance" as the only foreign woman in the organization. Soon she also became a liason for Madam Song who was in Hongkong to know the information about mainland China. When she returned to the U.S. in 1947, she continued to propogandize the Chinese revolution, and collected fund there for Madam Song.

In 1952 at the invitation of Madam Song, Ms. Geng came to China again and became an advisor to the China Welfare Society. She is concerned about life of the Chinese children, calling on the teachers to "educate the children well." As a witness of the development of China, Ms. Geng continues informing the world of the latest changes in China. Many foreign friends understood China better through her introduction.

In recent years, Ms. Geng is still concerned about the construction of China and Shanghai's Four Modernizations despite her old age and poor health. Last year, she attended the celebrations of the 41st anniversary of the founding of the PRC and was greatly inspired by the development of China.

We Shanghai people sincerely wish Ms. Geng good health and a long life. (She died at age 98.)

No. 450, Lane 468

Wulumuzi Bei Lu

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ASIA, INC. is published by Asia Inc. Ltd.
associated with the Manager Group of Bangkok.

From the Editor-in-Chief

NEW DON'TS, OLD DU

SHANGHAI PARTY BOSS Wu Bangguo, a man widely respected for his incorruptibility, recently warned officials against indulging in the "five don'ts" — monetary gain, bribes, drunkenness, gambling, prostitution. Unfortunately, many officials in China's largest city don't seem to be taking much notice. As Assistant Editor Angelina Malhotra reports in this month's issue, the People's Liberation Army (PLA), the Public Security Bureau and even the Communist Party itself are involved in dubious after-hours businesses sustained by at least four of Wu's five don'ts.

Regular readers know by now that Asia, Inc. abominates military officers who double as businessmen. We feel strongly that Asia has outgrown the species. Our October 1992 cover story, "The Bitter Truth Behind Thailand's Khaki Commerce," was a much-quoted exposé of the military's looting of Thailand's national treasury. A year later, the October 1993 cover story, "Burma's Road of Shame," reported on the manner in which dictator Ne Win's increasingly corrupt generals abort development of both the economy and democracy of that long-suffering country. During a brief visit to Shanghai late last year, Malhotra heard rumors of certain connections between PLA uniforms and Shanghai's nightlife. Recently she returned to take a closer look.



MALHOTRA VENTURES INTO DU'S ESCAPE TUNNEL

One of four winners of the inaugural Chaiyong Limthongkul Asian Journalism Fellowships, Malhotra has been working at Asia, Inc. since July. Like most visitors to Shanghai, she was captivated by the richness of its relatively brief history. Her inquiries quickly turned up many references to Du Yuesheng, the legendary criminal godfather of Shanghai in the 1920s through 1940s. More research into the locations of Du's pre-revolutionary nightclubs, brothels, opium and gambling dens led Malhotra to — literally — old Shanghai's underworld.

On Ninghai Road West (formerly *Rue Doumer* in the French Concession), she and her interpreter located Du's house, a huge, brooding mansion now occupied by a tool company. A caretaker who showed them around idly remarked that a metal trapdoor in the floor of one of the rooms was "Du's escape route." Malhotra cannot be accused of lacking research persistence: She insisted on opening the door and climbing down into a tiny space beneath the floor.

"I had been banking on a two-mile crawl that would end in an opium den," says Malhotra. Instead, she found two bricked-up tunnels and another, closed up with a small, very old door that could not be opened. Old Shanghai's underworld thus retains some of its mysteries. But her more conventional research elsewhere in the city did uncover a few of its more notable, troublesome, latter-day secrets. For the results of her investigation, please turn to page 28.

Angelina Malhotra

- **AT 2 A.M. AT THE** Shanghai Moon Club, on Shanghai's Zhaojiabang Road, Zhang Qing, a 22-year-old prostitute, sips coconut milk, munches cashews, and talks about how caring her employers are: "I make 1,500 renminbi [\$260] a month — about what it costs to live in Shanghai. My boss makes sure I get at least that much." And there's an added comfort: "It's extremely safe to work in this club, *extremely* safe." It certainly should be. The owner of this *karaoke* bar/brothel, according to well-informed diplomats, is the Public Security Bureau (PSB), China's national police force. Its closest commercial competitor, located opposite the nearby Jin Jiang hotel, is a club owned by Shanghai's savior-from-sin of 44 years ago, the People's Liberation Army (PLA).
- Customers wishing to enter the Huashan Bao Mi (literally: Protected Secret Club), a more exclusive brothel on Huashan Road,

uratively means "Are you one with the big brothers?" (Is your triad *guanxi* good?)

Triads? Prostitution? Chinese officialdom involved in vice? In the People's Republic? Wasn't China's bloody revolution, especially in Shanghai, expressly intended to sweep away all such plagues? "Goodbye to all that," wrote Edgar Snow, Mao Zedong's Western journalist friend in 1960, a decade after revolutionaries had allegedly purged this "paradise for adventurers" of its notorious excesses. "Goodbye to all the night life: the gilded singing girl in her enameled hair-do, her stage makeup, her tight-fitting gown with its slit skirt breaking at the silk-clad hip . . . the hundred dance halls and the thousands of taxi dollars; the opium dens and gambling halls . . . the sailors in their smelly bars and friendly brothels on Sichuan Road; the myriad short-time whores and pimps busily darting in

SOME 44 YEARS AFTER A REVOLUTION CLEANED UP CHINA'S "PARADISE FOR ADVENTURERS,"
ARMY AND POLICE OFFICERS ARE ONCE AGAIN IN LEAGUE WITH VICE

SHANGHAI'S DARK SIDE

BY ANGELINA MALHOTRA

must first know the code: Rap twice and whisper a secret phrase. Finding the week's passwords isn't easy — it takes "about 48 hours of *guanxi* [connections] with a policeman friend from the PSB Reporting Station on Yanan Road," says a dedicated Shanghainese night-clubber, an eye-catching *da ge da* (very large mobile phone) dangling in an imitation-leather holster at his groin.

- In downtown Shanghai these nights, *da* (to dial) is more than simply a Chinese telecommunications term. *Da ge* can also mean "big brother" or "leader." Like their counterparts throughout Asia, Shanghai's fast-growing gangland community classifies members as big and small brothers. The question in Mandarin, "*Da ge da zai na li?*," translates literally to "Where is [your] mobile phone?" But to streetwise Shanghainese the sentence fig-

and out of the alleyways . . . gone the wickedest and most colorful city of the old Orient: goodbye to all that."

But Snow spoke too soon. Nowadays visitors to Siping Road, in Shanghai's northeast quarter, will come to a blue glass, neon-crowned tower called Shanghai Taiwan City. Here the decadence, rapacity, the crowing vulgarity of old Shanghai has been reborn: high-slit cheongsam dresses, dimly lit karaoke rooms, male and female masseuses, higher-slit cheongsams, scarlet bathtubs built for two, taxi girls, drinks girls too young to know the characters for cheongsam but available for 580 renminbi (\$100) or more a night.

"Pre-liberation behavior has returned," smiles a wealthy *tai zi* (or "princeling," a term for cadre's sons), sipping whiskey and smiling from the depths of a plush sofa at a disco elsewhere in the

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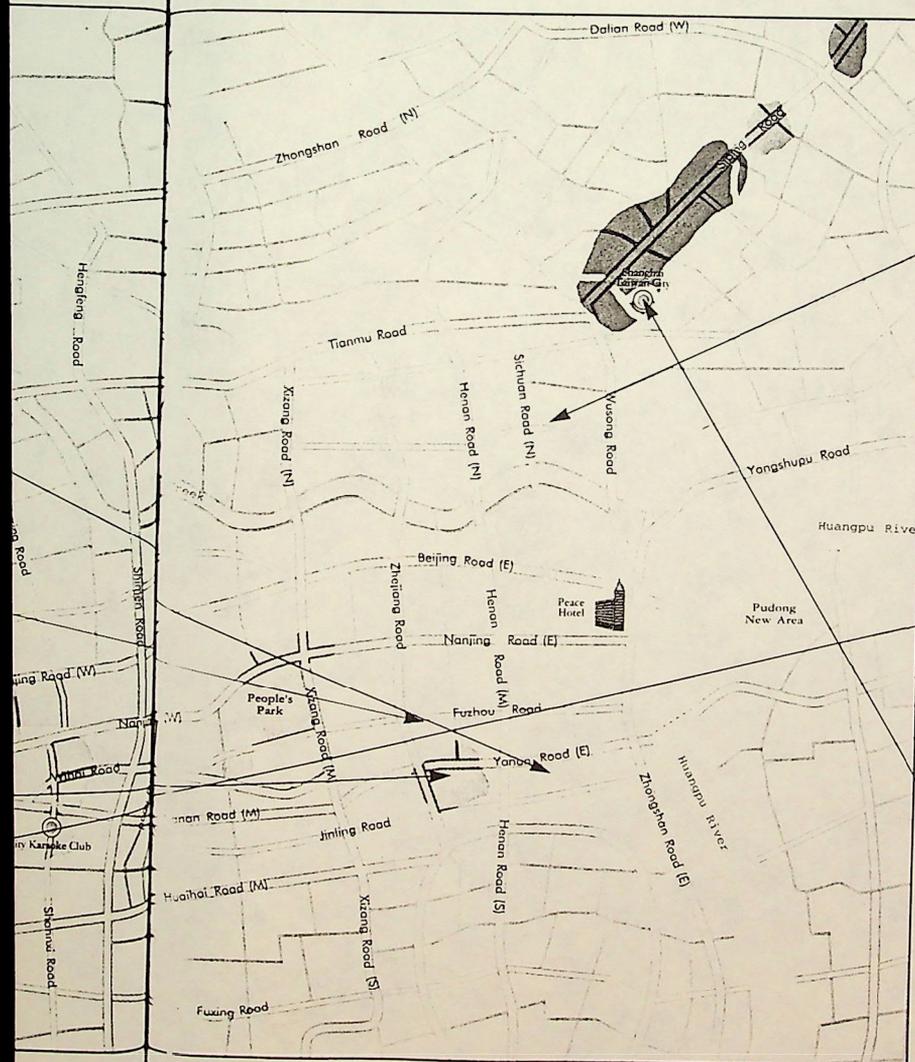
best known to Snow's "gilded singing girl." The return of capital-
ism's excesses strengthens those arguments and invites the return
of people who are ferociously anti-business — China's many
remaining communist diehards.

Nonetheless, the rot continues. "The money to be made
through illegal rackets has proven irresistible to many [military
and police officers]," observes a Western diplomat whose depart-
ment tracks Shanghai's corruption. "For the Hong Kong and Tai-
wanese triads and Japanese *yakuza*, this is a chance to launder
money and cozy up to the mainland government. If the PLA is a
partner in your brothel, or the PSB shares the girls from your
karaoke bar, who's going to crack down on you?"

No one, from the looks of the action on a recent Shanghai
weekend. Some snapshots of the city after dark:

• **AT THE DEDO CLUB** in the Bailemen Hotel, manag-
er Bright Yan shouts through the reverberating bass: "You need a
good partner to run a club in China, and the Public Security is a
good partner." This pitch-dark, Berlin-inspired club was opened
as a joint venture between the PSB and a consortium of Taiwanese
businessmen. An anonymous Japanese group then officially
bought out the Taiwanese. Yan formerly managed a nightclub at
a PLA-owned hotel nearby; he was tapped to create the same
atmosphere at the Dedo: lots of beeper-equipped, available
women and free-spending businessmen.

"You have to have the women here," says Yan. "Look, I have a
policy. The first time such a woman comes in, I treat her as a
guest. The second time, if she behaves legally, I leave her alone. If
she behaves illegally, I try to persuade her to leave. The third



TODAY, THE THUGGERY HAS RELOCATED
TO ZHAPU ROAD



THE PROSTITUTES NOW GATHER AT
HUASHAN ROAD



AND IN 1994, THE SHANGHAI TAIWAN CITY
PROVIDES FOR YOUR EVERY CAPITALIST NEED

time, if she behaves illegally, I make her leave." What defines illegal behavior? "Well, doing P.R. work for herself is okay, but she should not overly harass my customers. Public Security wants this to look like a cultural place, not a red-light zone."

• **AT THE SHANGHAI MOON CLUB**, Zhang Qing and other PSB-employed girls are so certain of their invincibility that they have no qualms about being photographed or interviewed. The club is a textbook example of the bureau's niche in the world of Shanghai vice. A medium-sized brothel, the Moon caters to top-level PSB officers, mid-level cadres, *tai zi* and wealthy Hong Kong and Taiwanese businessmen. The bureau allows its club employees to keep all the money they receive from

clients; how much the ladies make depends on how fully they fill the old sing-song girl's role as hostess, escort, geisha, artiste, whore. The PSB makes its money by charging outrageous prices for private rooms, beverages and platters of mixed fruit. However, they will gladly provide receipts bearing the chop of the Shanghai Moon Bay Big Restaurant — presumably more acceptable on a cadre's expense report.

ASIA, INC. has learned that all PLA business in Shanghai, both over and under-the-table, is controlled by the Guard Army of Shanghai Garrison Headquarters (*Shanghai Kan Shou Jingbei Si Ling Bu*), headed by Senior Colonel Gu Siren. His men control the wholly owned PLA clubs as well as the joint venture operations and collect rent from every vice operation in the city. The only other military group believed to share in the vice income is the well-connected Nanjing Military District Office, which reportedly collects commissions on under-the-table arms ship-

THE GENTLEMAN GANGSTER OF OLD SHANGHAI

DU YUESHENG'S MANSION on Ninghai Road West has lost its glamor. When the Shanghai Tool Corp. and Hugong Tool Group moved in, they cemented over the garden, added an elevator and a canteen, and converted Du's bedroom into Room 302, for large tool storage. But in the enormity of the house, in its wooden balustrades and bas-relief overhangs, and in the turrets and escape tunnels that remain, one can sense the power and style of the man who ruled the "Paris of the East," the "whore of Asia," with an iron fist in a tailor-made, velvet glove.

Du Yuesheng (1887 — 1951) exemplified both the opportunities and moral ambiguities of old Shanghai. Born in the Pudong district's riverfront slums, he was recruited into the Green Gang, a Mafia-like society that specialized in drug smuggling and gambling, by Huang Jinrong, the highest-ranking Chinese official in the French Concession's gendarmerie. Du's ruthlessness, shrewd business sense and silver tongue eventually took him to the top of the gang, and from Ninghai Road, from his second house on Donghu Road and his office at the Chung Wai Bank (now the Shanghai Museum), he ruled the criminal underworld with his



PRODUCTIVE CITIZEN DU YUESHENG (ABOVE); SNAKE EYES' ESCAPE TUNNELS WERE BUILT TO LAST (RIGHT)

personal army of 1,000 gunmen. The roaring opium trade, prostitution and begging rackets and kidnapping trade — all were directed by "Snake Eyes."

"It was the familiar symbiosis between crime and the law," writes Pan Ling in her *In Search of Old Shanghai*, "with handsome rake-offs for everyone."

Du also became a pillar of the business community, a philanthropist and an active city politician — at one time serving in the French Concession's police force and later heading the Opium Suppression Bureau (while still, of course, directing the opium trade). By 1927, Du was a dedicated nationalist, setting Green Gang thugs on the communists and helping Chiang Kai-shek's army secure Shanghai for the Kuomintang. During the Sino-Japanese war, he donated a bullet-proof car to the commander defending Pudong and offered to sink a whole fleet of his ships to block the Japanese from the Yangzi River. Anything, apparently, to salvage *his* city.

"Snake-Eyes" was the very essence of lawless old Shanghai, a political-criminal role model for those now striving to recreate his empire of vice. But Du was also a real secret-society man — bound by his word and a sense of honor and obligation to the city's needy residents. "Du was a bit of a gentlemen, you see," says a Shanghai who was 18 years old when Du died in Hong Kong. "What you see these days are common thugs. Poor imitations." — A.M.



ments and goods smuggled in and out of Shanghai ports.

Shanghai's corruption problem stems in part from Beijing's directive that government agencies should become more financially self-sufficient. An aide to Colonel Gu readily confirmed in a phone interview that the PLA owns Shanghai clubs, restaurants and other commercial ventures. "Of course we earn a lot of money," he said. "With this money we can treat the army better."

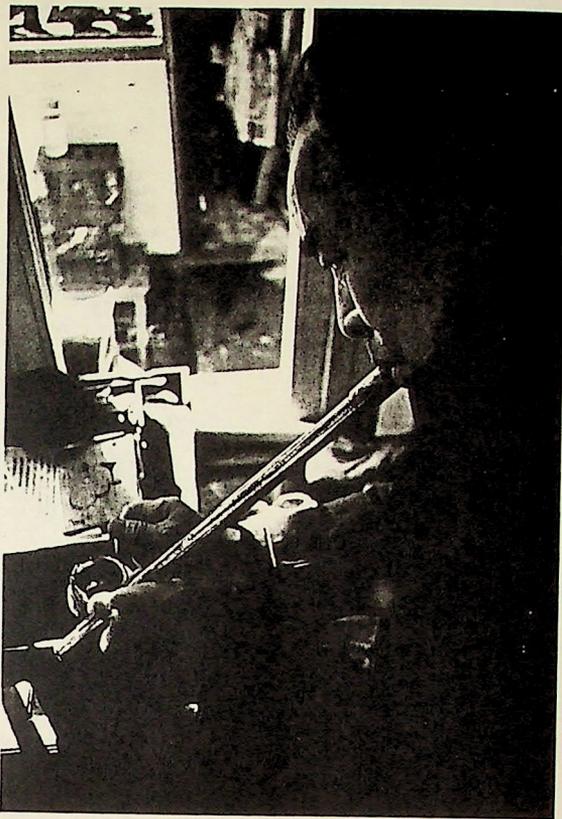
The PLA's myriad commercial enterprises — from publishing to manufacturing to organizing exhibitions — added some \$27 billion to its \$57 billion 1993 budget, according to John Frankenstein, senior lecturer at Hong Kong University and author of a recent study on Chinese defense production. He believes the PLA splits its profits between commercial ventures, infrastructure upgrades, offshore investments and the purchase of high-tech hardware. Says Frankenstein: "They've realized since the Gulf War that they need to upgrade their technology. And the budget allocated to them by the government isn't enough to cover the purchases they're looking at." The military's costly shopping list, and the desperation of the less-entrepreneurial PSB, means any profitable business is good business. And karaoke brothels are great business — customers consistently drop from \$5,000 to upwards of \$25,000 a night for whisky, women and watermelon.

The PSB concentrates mainly on small and medium-sized brothels, opening them in obscure locations ranging from the Shanghai Province No. 9 Shop of 100 Things to the Public Security Reporting Station on Yanan Road. They've opened just two exclusive brothels, the Moon Club and the Huashan Bao Mi. The PLA and the city government, on the other hand, operate at the high end of the price scale. They prefer joint-venture partnerships with Hong Kong's Sun Yee On triad and Taiwan's Four Seas and Bamboo Gang triads. While the PLA plays an active role in providing management and security, the PSB tends to favor so-called "flip over" companies. For these, the city government donates the land, "flips over," or transfers, its privileges and claims half the revenue.

"Joint ventures allow the PLA and the state to make money in clubs they couldn't possibly afford to build. At the same time, it makes them feel in control of vice operations," notes the diplomatic source. "What do the triads get out of it? Well, a relationship with the forces that control Shanghai. And a foothold within the People's Republic before China takes over Hong Kong in 1997, with a chance to recruit members from the police and party cadre ranks."

The Sun Yee On has set up a number of nightclubs with the PLA on the stretch of Yanan Road approaching Hongqiao Airport; on Beijing Road in the area of the Portman Shangri-La Hotel and on Nanjing Road near People's Park. Taiwanese triads have so far confined themselves to the "Taiwan ghetto" area of Siping Road in Hongkou. Siping Road's rebirth as a dodgy area is credited to the Taiwan-based Bamboo Gang.

• **A DOOR PASS TO** the Ming Ren (Famous People) brothel at 240 Beijing Road, ensuring nothing more than entry, costs 5,000 to 10,000 renminbi (\$865-\$1,725) — depending on



AS ANTIQUES DEALER GUO LIANG RECALLS, SMOKING OPIUM "HELPED THE SPIRIT." ITS RETURN TO SHANGHAI IS RUMORED

your *guanxi*. As its name brazenly implies, the Ming Ren caters to high-ranking cadres. One of the few non-party officials to have gained access to the club laughingly describes its non-egalitarian nature: "You enter the Ming Ren foyer, and in front of you is a very heavy door. In front of that is a beautiful hostess at a desk and on either side, guards wearing pith helmets with feathers in them. The few people you see outside the private rooms look at you in this conspiratorial way. The exclusivity makes them feel special, and that feeling is addictive. They think they can control it [vice], but it's going to end up controlling them."

The *ge ti bu* (small businessmen) running independent bars and restaurants claim that financial squeezing by the PSB, PLA and triads have them coughing up 40 to 60 percent of their profits. Tom Yang, owner of Tom's Famous Grouse Bar behind the Hilton Hotel, complains that aside from their monthly kickback, the PSB now arbitrarily issues fines. "They'll come and say, 'Oh, your light is too dim today, needs to be very bright, 50 renminbi fine,'" he grumbles. "The next day they say, 'Oh, your light too bright today, 75 renminbi fine.' They can't be satisfied anymore."

Tommi Chan, manager of the Galaxy Entertainment Club, says he's getting it from all sides. Chan and seven other people, including disc jockey Ali Wong, were brought over from Hong

Kong last year to staff the \$2 million club. Chan says the PSB is a partner in the club. But although the police still collect their share of the profits, they stopped giving the club protection after being paid off by wealthy Hong Kong gangsters, who took a liking to it. Without protection, the club is up for grabs.

Says Chan: "We have a big security problem. Local [Chinese] street gangs come and ask for a discount, free drinks and threaten

trouble. Then the Taiwanese gangs come and say, 'Hey, you have trouble, pay us to fix it.'" Now, Wong adds, pacing angrily about and stamping his silver-tipped boots, the PLA wants money to ignore the prostitutes who come in. "And recently I see the same triad gangs I saw in Hong Kong. They come in with choppers and guns and act the way they do in the clubs they control in Kowloon. They're the most scary."

The bartender at another PSB joint-venture nightclub concurs. "Chinese gangs are dangerous, but most trouble is coming from outside [Hong Kong and Taiwan] gangs," he explains. "The rule

FAMOUS 1936 GUIDEBOOK, *Shanghai: High Lights, Low Lights, Tael Lights*, said of the old city, "It is apparently part of the Shanghai psychology to have as good a time as possible as often as possible. Even the missionaries get around, we understand." There aren't many missionaries left, but their replacements — cadres, Public Security Bureau (PSB) police and the People's Liberation Army (PLA) — have now joined the nightlife. Current places to find them:

CASABLANCA: Joint venture with the PLA, which owns the surrounding Rainbow Hotel. The decor is an eclectic mixture of vinyl, black lacquer, fez-hatted waitresses and muscle-bound bouncers.

A good place for men to make special new friends, especially in the karaoke rooms, and to rub elbows in nearly pitch-black rooms with up-and-coming PLA officers.

Rainbow Hotel, 30/F, 2000 Yanan Road W., Tel: 275-3388, 3308

DEDO: Berlin-esque, apocalypse-inspired joint venture run by the PSB. Large revolving cogs in the ceiling; black, black, super-black decor. Comfortable couches over-

look the dance floor; small tables by the bay window look over the smoggy city. Make more new friends here and establish *guanxi* with public security officials. Drinks are cheap; entry fee is arbitrary. The biggest draw: This is a rare karaoke-free zone.

Bailemen Hotel, 19/F, 1728 Nanjing Road. W., Tel: 256-8686

JJ's: Looking for up-tempo dancing and music in a karaoke-free zone? Try JJ's. But be warned: This PLA-owned club is wall-to-wall with twentysomething Shanghainese chuppies.

JJ's, 1127 Yanan Road W., no telephone

MEMORY: Karaoke fans with big expense accounts will love this.

The rooms — at \$400 an hour — are cushy, the television screens big, the play list long. If you don't have friends to karaoke with, have a drink first in the hotel's PSB-monitored cafe — a sure-fire place to meet people. How to tell the poseurs from the real thing? Ask to borrow their *da ge da* for a phone call. Large portable phones are a requisite accessory in Shanghai, but only authentic businessmen bother to install batteries.

Equatorial Hotel, 4/F, 65 Yanan Road W., Tel 810-4282

TOP TEN: Located in the "Western ghetto" district, this club is aimed at long-term business residents and frequent visitors. Decor features Italian marble, Malaysian wood and what managers claim are "the best bathrooms in Shanghai."

The Filipino band is almost unbearable, which is why the dance floor remains empty, and they're booked till June. Fortunately, they make room frequently for the cabaret-fashion show, which gets increasingly fashionable (read scanty) with each segment. Too shy to watch from the dance floor? Rent a karaoke-television room from \$70 to \$130 an hour, and tune to Channel 2. You may run into big names from

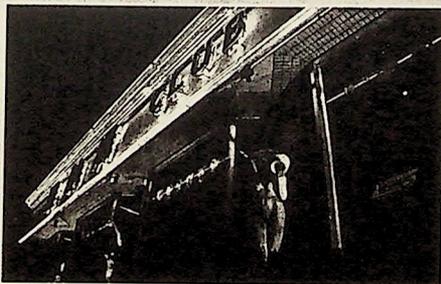
Hong Kong here, so carry name cards and dress to impress.

Portman Shangri-La Hotel, 8/F, Nanjing Road W., Tel: 279-8637

SHANGHAI VENUS RECREATION CLUB: A Taiwanese joint venture with the city government, and the seediest place you can get into without *guanxi*. Terrifically tasteless decor — mock Venus de Milo statues lit by green and blue spotlights, red plush carpeting, fruit plates built up like lotus flowers. Arriving at 2 a.m., we found the dance floor empty but the karaoke rooms active. If Manager Wu Chi Chend is in, ask to see his joint-venture stick-on jewelry.

VENUS, 301 Huashan Road, (across from the Hilton Hotel), Tel: 248-8888

— A.M.



THE VENUS: CHEERFULLY GARISH DECOR

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SHANGHAISE MODELS POSE AND STROLL AT THE TOP TEN, A RECENT RECIPIENT OF BEIJING'S "POLITE CLUB" AWARD

is, anyone who is not your partner is probably going to give you trouble because everyone is trying to expand their area of control. So you would be foolish to open a club without PSB, PLA, city government or a strong gang as a partner."

Foolish and, according to some Shanghai sources, needlessly moralistic. "Really, it's a knee-jerk Western reaction to gasp in horror at the whole thing," complains a long-time Western resident of Shanghai. "First, kickbacks are a part of life in China. Second, if you're going to have vice, who better to run and control it than the police? This allows the government to monitor triads moving into China."

But others hold that the triads control the mainlanders, blinding them with cash. One notable example occurred in 1991, when the Hong Kong film industry's triad-controlled sector raised millions of dollars for victims of China's floods. "Taking the money to Beijing gave triads a heaven-sent opportunity to make guanxi," says a Hong Kong-based intelligence source. In a startling admission at a Beijing conference last April, Public Security Minister Tao Siju revealed that a Hong Kong triad group "dispatched 800 of its members to guard our state leader against danger," a reference to an unidentified top cadre's overseas trip. The revelation that Siju met repeatedly with key Sun Yee On members in China last year — followed by his startling comments about Beijing's willingness to work with Hong Kong-based "patriotic triads" — struck fear in those who expect

criminal societies to gain in power after 1997. "At this point I'm sure there are top people in each branch of the [Hong Kong] government tied to triads," observes the intelligence source.

SUCH SOCIAL DETERIORATION in Shanghai, however, means that China once again risks alienating the city's poor and the intelligentsia. Our diplomatic source suggests that growing vice and corruption put the working classes in a 1989 state of mind: "It's the same sort of anger and frustration that fed Tiananmen. Continuing corruption could lead to an economic situation that would lead to a people's rebellion that could cause a central crackdown."

In a recent essay in *The Economist*, Singapore Senior Minister Lee Kuan Yew predicted a time could come when "freer economic and social conditions in the coastal provinces" could cause "much disorder." The result could be a political reaction, in which "Beijing reasserted its central authority and conducted a blitz."

The current Shanghai situation, echoes the diplomat, puts Beijing's hard-liners, who have blamed corruption in China on triad infiltration and entrepreneurship within the party and police, in a 1949 state of mind: "If Deng were to pass away, and a hard-liner — someone who feels the principles of socialism are being betrayed — were to establish a power base, then yes, I think the city would become the focal point of reform policy. Shanghai could become an example again." ■

Growing Up in China

Interview: An American diplomat looks back

STAPLETON ROY IS WASHINGTON'S most seasoned China hand. The son of Protestant missionaries, he was born in Nanjing in 1935 and spent his childhood in China, where he witnessed both World War II and Mao Zedong's 1949 Communist revolution. Roy, 60, last week concluded a four-year tour as U.S. ambassador to China; he will return to Washington and await his next assignment. (Also last week, Beijing recalled its ambassador to Washington, Li Daoyu, to protest the U.S. decision to issue a visa to Taiwan President Lee Teng-Hui for his private visit to America earlier this month.) Roy recently talked with NEWSWEEK'S George Wehrfritz in Beijing. Excerpts:

WEHRFRITZ: How did your parents come to live in China?

ROY: My parents decided shortly after college that they wanted to be missionaries. They came to Beijing and spent two years studying Chinese. Then, in 1932, my father was assigned to work in Nanjing. He wasn't an ordained minister but an educator who worked in church-sponsored universities.

Your family survived World War II in Chengdu, the capital of Sichuan province. What brought you there?

A year after I was born, the family went back to the United States. We returned to China in 1938. We traveled up to Nanjing, which was then occupied by the Japanese. Our house had been heavily damaged, and our goods there were not recoverable. So we returned to Shanghai and went on to Vietnam. We re-entered China on the train from Hanoi, and then flew to Sichuan. Chengdu had a large number of student refugees who had essentially walked out of Japanese-occupied areas to complete their educations.

What were the war years like?

From 1938-41 the Japanese bombed day and night. I remember my father lifting me up to see the fires burning in the city. The U.S. Army Air Corps arrived in 1942 and built airfields for bombers trying to reach Japan. As these military facilities developed, the risk to civilian areas diminished. We left Chengdu after the war in Europe but before the war with Japan ended. We flew down to Kunming,

and then on one of the "hump" flights out to India.

Then what?

We returned in September 1948. My brother was left to attend the Shanghai American School. I accompanied my parents to Nanjing. The military situation deteriorated rapidly. In December, a group of us were evacuated to Shanghai on an American destroyer. My parents stayed in Nanjing. We were able to go back by train for Christmas. Nanjing fell to the communist forces in April. My brother and I ignored our relatives in the United



KATHARINA HESSE

Reforms will likely continue: Roy

States and stayed on [in Shanghai] even though our parents were on the other side of the lines. The communists occupied Shanghai during final exam week . . . In June 1950 the Korean War broke out. It was at that point that my parents made the decision that we had to be sent back to the United States. They stayed on in Nanjing and encountered severe difficulties, resulting in a public trial of my father. They were expelled in the spring of 1951.

Tell me about his trial.

A decision had been made to try to discredit and get rid of all foreigners working in China. There was a major campaign to reverse attitudes on the role that foreigners had played—to essentially tar all of them with the same brush of the 19th-century imperialists. That's what the trial was about. It was an effort to show that

my father was an agent of the imperialists. It was a very painful process.

Fast-forward to the 1960s. Given your father's experiences, you must have viewed utopian reports about the Cultural Revolution with skepticism. Did you have any inkling of what was really going on?

Yes and no. I'd had the rare experience of seeing the communist movement during its most idealistic phase. Many things were positive. The communists had tapped into a deep strain of nationalism, which created an exciting environment. The problem was the methods they used, the heavy propaganda tactics, all of which were distasteful to somebody from a more stable and settled society. It was very interesting to watch them try to use campaigns to change attitudes and correct deficiencies. They ran into all the traditional problems: conservatism, unwillingness to change, traditional habits. My general reaction to the Cultural Revolution was negative. Using movements to try to change behavior is very inefficient. Lasting changes require steadier work and a more coherent approach. The Cultural Revolution is an example of the abuses movements lead to.

What fundamental changes has the Deng era wrought?

First, of course, is the opening of China to the outside world—in particular, the decision to start drawing on advanced countries to implement modernizations. That required China to send students off to Western countries for educations they were denied during the Cultural Revolution. Second is the change in China's physical circumstances. Over the last 15 years there has been a radical improvement in living standards. The availability of consumer goods. The absence of rationing. Radical improvement in freedom of choice and the freedom to travel. Third is the consistency of policy. It's been 17 years since the reformist course was set. There is growing confidence that the line isn't going to change in China.

Where will China be in 50 years?

Nobody knows. The key [question] is whether China will be able to sustain high real growth rates over the next decade and a half. If it can, prosperity will have a radical impact on the resources available to deal with [the rural-urban income gap]. The problem is that the differences in rates of growth have already reached a magnitude that poses political and social problems. I think China has to start introducing political reform. It has to [build] an institutional structure that can carry economic reforms forward.

Janie Hugall, 15 Sawpit Lane * Brocton * Stafford * U.K.
Tel: 01785 664730

Dear Tess Johnston

HIGHLIGHTS OF 1995

Having two Chinese Students to stay last Christmas. Returning to HongKong in February, for 4 weeks. It was though I had never been away. Thank you, John and Sandra Davison, Christopher and Clare Nobbs, Sue and Nick Baldwin, David and Glen Gem for being such wonderful hosts, not forgetting lots of others, but especially Anthony and Irmgard Lawrence who took me to lunch at the Foreign Correspondent Club, the Chu's and Barbara Chan and her beagle, Tim. I hope to return in the Spring and pop up to Shanghai. Perhaps a last goodbye to my roots before 1997....*

Reading the lesson and doing the prayers at church occasionally.

Enjoying spending a lot of time at home, pottering about and putting my feet up by an open fire.

Doing one to one counselling, watching people change their thinking and lives.

Winning 5 competitions including 2 tickets to the B.B.C. Cookery Show at the N.E.C. at which we ate and drank our way round.

Doing only five Litigation cases and seeing Plaintiffs who have been badly injured, receive the appropriate compensation.

Having the privilege of training Mark, a mature Occupational Therapy student for 7 weeks. He was my shadow.

Going to three birthday parties and a Ruby wedding which, because of the glorious weather was held in the garden. I am told there is no such thing as a free meal.

Entertaining 15 girlfriends to lunch in June and twelve of Mama's friends, but not at the same time.

Visiting the blue Cross Animal Charity in Bromsgrove and Burford with friends, on very hot days and resisting the temptation to bring more dogs home.

Taking part in a Craft/Flower Festival in the village. Brocton certainly has some hidden talent. It was a sweltering weekend in July and I demonstrated my chair seating.

Going on a coach to Buckingham Palace on one of the hottest days of the year with the W.I. and afterwards three of us dashing to the Royal Overseas League in St. James, by taxi, for a quick drink.

Perhaps the most hilarious and healthy happening of the year, was going on a church sponsored cycle ride. Joan, Beryl and I (ages totalling over 160!!) managed 28 miles and 15 churches. We even gate crashed a wedding. There have been sad events this year as well, but we did laugh as we pedalled up and down hills.

Continuing to enjoy lovely friends, who often accompany me when I walk the spaniels.

Letting my hair grow long but at the time of writing I could easily ring the hairdresser. It has reached 'the wild' stage.

Going to a dinner in a marquee with 550 others, in October and being given a dynamic history lesson by Margaret Thatcher (guest of honour).

Taking a day off in November and going to a local garden centre with 2 of my colleagues and doing a workshop with Anita Wright, making the most elegant Christmas decorations. I hope the postman/milkman appreciate my wreath, which proudly hangs on the front door.

Having stimulating discussions with Ray, my lodger, from time to time, who has been with me since April.

My Mama continues to live alone at nearly 85. She has had the same neighbour for 57 years. Is this a record? She recently won first prize for a newspaper crossword.

Digger and Barney are 7 and 9 and keep good health. Thankfully so do I, apart from my neck (whiplash 1993) which flares up regularly. However, medically I have to live with it. In a way it is trivial when I look at my patients/plaintiffs who are so handicapped.

Every Blessing for 1996.

best wishes



The wheelchair has come full circle... Stafford-based consultant OT Janie Hugall sent *Therapy Weekly* this 1937 picture of her grandmother, Eleanor Hugall, a wheelchair user who had chronic rheumatoid arthritis.

Ms Hugall, who qualified 30

years' ago and has worked as a wheelchair therapist since 1990, pointed out the pneumatic tyres and the wheels at the front.

A friend of her grandmother said the wheelchair, which was an indoor model, was heavy and difficult to push outside.

"Sixty years have seen a lot of changes, but patients still complain that NHS wheelchairs are hard to push," Ms Hugall said.

"I have found the wheelchair job the most fascinating of my career so far – perhaps I have come full circle."

AMENT

My granney who lived
in China

Coming Attraction, Yale to Kung Fu

By Nicholas D. Kristof

New York Times Service

HANGZHOU, China — On the banks of the West Lake, an enchanted region of islands and temples shrouded by mist and magic in this city 100 miles southwest of Shanghai, a love story has been unfolding before the cameras. It is a Chinese love story, in which the leading actress is both chased and — after a fleeting temptation — chaste. But it is also a Western love story, both unlikely and true, of a young American devoted to Chinese martial arts.

Mark Salzman may not get the girl, but he gets the martial arts. And, just as important, he gets the part of himself in the movie about his experiences filmed here and likely to open simultaneously on American and Chinese screens next fall. After graduating from Yale University in 1982 with a degree — *summa cum laude* and Phi Beta Kappa — in Chinese language and literature, Salzman moved to China for two years. He taught English, studied martial arts and encountered the absurdities and charms of the Middle Kingdom. His light, pointillist account of his experiences, "Iron and Silk," was published in February 1987 and won excellent reviews.

Salzman, 28, a muscular man who jokes almost as easily in Chinese as in English, received several feelers from companies interested in buying movie rights to his book. But when he said that he wanted to write the screenplay himself, and even to star in the film as himself, they laughed.

He will laugh last, for his dream took shape during the fall and early winter under the camera lights along the West Lake. It will be edited in the United States by its director and producer, Shirley Sun, a Chinese-American filmmaker who was a consultant to Bernardo Bertolucci for "The Last Emperor."

Sun in 1984 produced "A Great Wall," a low-budget comedy that attracted favorable reviews for its tale of a Chinese-American scientist who brings his family with him to visit his relatives in China.

Yet "A Great Wall" was largely a movie for Chinese for Chinese, or at least Chinese-Americans. Much of the dialogue was in Chinese, and it was too forbidding, too full of inside jokes, to capture a mass audience in the United States. "The Last Emperor," on the other extreme, used a distinctively foreign lens. It was about China more than it was about the Chinese. Its epic sweep of history and visual panoramas of old China were stunning but did not evoke the life of "old hundred names," as the Chinese refer

to their ordinary citizens. That is the gap for which "Iron and Silk" is aimed: a work filmed with understanding, even sympathy, but conceived for Main Street.

"It's time that people who know about China made movies about China," said Sun, who was born in Shanghai but grew up in the United States, and later earned a Ph.D. in art history from Stanford University. "For so long the movies were so stereotyped. We hope that this and other movies we make will be more authentic about Chinese life."

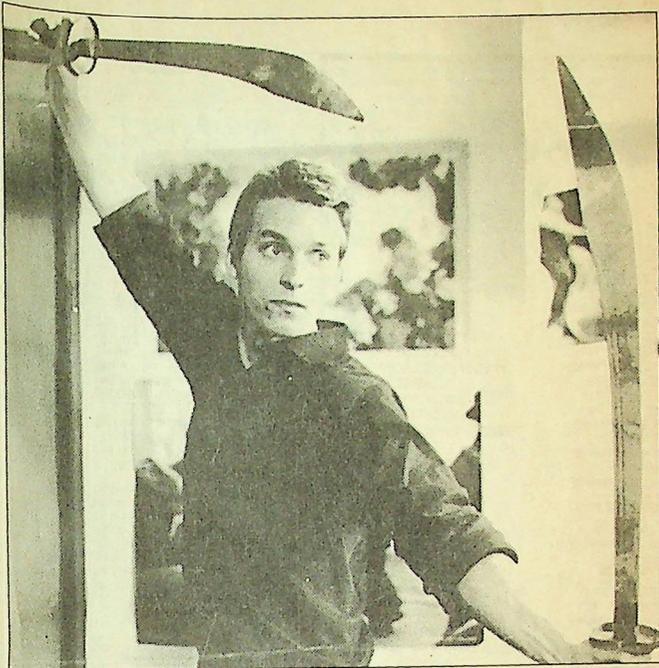
"Iron and Silk" hardly follows a blockbuster formula. Sun declined to discuss the movie's budget, but it seems tiny by Hollywood standards. And two important ingredients of many important American movies, sex and violence, have been sublimated and Sinitized so that they are scarcely recognizable. Salzman and his opposite, the mainland Chinese star Vivian Wu, might share a bed if this were a typical American movie. Instead, in Chinese form, they share some yearning for each other's companionship but then decide it really isn't feasible after all. The other key ingredient, violence, is provided by the martial arts scenes.

Salzman began to study kung fu when he was 13, but it was during his two years in China that he practiced under two martial arts masters and learned to use the long sword — a rare skill even among Chinese.

Partly because it is not easy to find a well-known actor who can send a sword whistling among the cameras, the cast is perhaps the most remarkable element of "Iron and Silk." Salzman had dabbled in acting but had no movie credits. Vivian Wu, on the other hand, is a gorgeous 22-year-old who has been appearing in movies in China since she was 16 and then was cast as the emperor's second wife in "The Last Emperor."

Then there is Pan Qingfu, "The Iron Fist" himself, a legendary martial arts expert who earned his nickname — and the acorn-size calluses on his knuckles — by his hobby of punching an iron plate a thousand or more times a day. Pan, whose fierce gaze can seem as lethal as his fists, was Salzman's kung fu teacher in China, and he also plays himself.

Pan had appeared in Chinese kung fu movies, but he speaks only a few useful phrases of English taught him by Salzman, such as "Don't worry, it's just a shoulder dislocation." Moreover, he was accustomed only to the exaggerated style and costumes of Chinese martial arts movies. When he showed up in Hangzhou for the filming, Pan



Devoted to Chinese martial arts, Mark Salzman stars in film based on his book.

brought with him several warrior costumes that have not been seen on the street in China for many centuries at least.

Except for Jeanette Lin Tsui, a well-known Hong Kong actress, the cast is rounded out by local English-speaking Chinese. Some were already English teachers or interpreters, and some were simply selected from Hangzhou's "English corner," an intersection where people go every evening to practice their English on one another. Many of these play the roles of Salzman's English-language students.

If Salzman and the other neophytes are daunted by the prospect of appearing for the first time in a motion picture, they give no sign of it.

"Making this movie is a whole lot easier than buying coffee in Changsha," Salzman said with a laugh, referring to the city where he lived for two years. Wu, by comparison a veteran actress, appraised his performance highly, saying, "This is Mark's first movie, but he's very good, very professional. He will make a very good movie actor if he wants to be one."

Sun, who had worked often in China and had good contacts, had no difficulty getting approval from Chinese authorities for the project, but she was not certain where in China to film. In fact, the events took place in Changsha, the capital of Hunan province in central China, but neither Salzman nor anyone else was enthusiastic about filming in that drab city.

In May 1988, Sun planned a five-day trip to scout locations for filming, starting with Hangzhou and then hurtling to several other cities she was considering. But when she reached Hangzhou, she could not get a flight out of the city. The planes were all booked up. And so she spent all five days on the banks of the West Lake, soaking up the city, and the decision was made by default. "Iron and Silk" would be filmed in Hangzhou.

There seemed little chance of finding Pan to play himself, when he arrived in Hangzhou to participate in a martial arts tournament. He quickly abandoned other projects to participate in the movie.

"I really wanted to do this," Pan explained. "I'm very happy that Americans are interested in martial arts, and I think we should contribute to the world."

Salzman acknowledged some apprehension about how Pan would react to some passages in the book and screenplay that seemed to poke fun at his considerable ego. But in fact Pan was happy to repeat the lines, which he regarded as entirely accurate, such as one where he said he never makes mistakes. Indeed, Pan said that one reason he took the part was to confirm the book's authenticity.

"When some foreigners read the book, they don't believe what it says about me — that my eyes are like an eagle's, and that I am very tough," he explained. "So this movie will show them that I really am like that."

Tillman Durdin, Old China Hand, Dies

By Eric Pace
New York Times Service

Tillman Durdin, 91, a long-time foreign correspondent for The New York Times who was one of the first to write about the Japanese atrocities in China that became known as the Rape of Nanking, died Tuesday at the Green Hospital in San Diego, where he lived.

In late 1937, the year Japan invaded China, Mr. Durdin found himself in Nanking, then the Chinese capital, when it was occupied by the Japanese Imperial Army.

There he became an eyewitness to the beginning of months of atrocities inflicted on the Chinese by Japanese troops.

After several days of watching in horror, Mr. Durdin and several other correspondents left the city, now known as Nanjing, for nearby Shanghai in order to send dispatches to their newspapers without hindrance from the Japanese.

"Just as Mr. Durdin boarded a ship bound for Shanghai, he saw 200 Chinese men being executed by the Japanese Army," said Iris Chang, a historian who wrote the best-selling book "The Rape of Nanking" (Basic Books, 1997).

"He not only wrote the pages of history under pressure, but tried to save Chinese lives in Nanking. He should be remembered as an exemplar of humanity and courage in the darkest of times."

In a dispatch to The Times shortly after he arrived in Shanghai, Mr. Durdin wrote: "Just before boarding the ship for Shanghai, the writer watched the execution of 200 men. The killings took 10

crumpled bodies, pumping bullets into any that were still kicking."

From Shanghai he also wrote: "The conduct of the Japanese Army as a whole in Nanking was a blot on the reputation of their country.

"Their victory was marred by barbaric cruelties, by the wholesale execution of prisoners, by the looting of the city, rapes, killing of civilians and by general vandalism."

"Every able-bodied male was suspected by the Japanese of being a soldier," he wrote. "Civilians of both sexes and all ages were also shot by the Japanese," and, "Any person who, through excitement or fear, ran at the approach of the Japanese soldiers was in danger of being shot down."

Small bands of Chinese men "who had sought refuge in dugouts were routed out and shot or stabbed at the en-

trances of the bomb shelters," he wrote.

"Tank guns were sometimes turned on groups of bound soldiers."

Looking back in the early 1990s, Mr. Durdin described how he felt when he passed a Chinese soldier who was lying on the sidewalk.

"His jaw had been shot away," Mr. Durdin said. "There was nothing I could do for him. I didn't know where to take him or what to do, so I just stupidly decided to do something. I just put a \$5 bill in his hand, utterly useless to him, of course, but somehow I felt the impulse to do something. He was just barely alive."

Mr. Durdin was introspective and taciturn, a meticulous reporter who did not complain about the hardships of overseas duty.

He and his wife, Peggy, became sophisticated collect-

ors of Asian art. Mr. Durdin, whose full name was Frank Tillman Durdin, was born in Elkhart, Texas, on March 30, 1907, and never lost his Texas drawl.

He attended Texas Christian University and years later was a Nieman fellow at Harvard.

He was a reporter for newspapers in Texas and California and then worked as a reporter and editor of English-language newspapers in China from 1930 to 1937.

He joined the staff of The Times in 1937, served as a foreign correspondent in Asia, Africa and Europe until 1961, then spent three years as a member of The Times' editorial board.

From 1964 to 1967 he was a correspondent in Australia and the southwestern Pacific area, then became the paper's Hong Kong bureau chief until his retirement in 1974.

7/10/98

John Service, a Purged 'China Hand,' Dies at 89

By JOHN KIFNER

John S. Service, the first of the "old China hands" purged from the State Department in the McCarthy era, died yesterday in Oakland, Calif. He was 89.

As a young Foreign Service officer in World War II, he filed prescient reports on the rival forces battling the occupying Japanese — Chiang Kai-shek's nationalists and Mao Zedong's Communists — and observed the corruption and weakness of the former.

But after the war, as what became known as the China lobby swung American policy strongly behind the failing Chiang Government — the Communists gained full control of the mainland in 1949, driving the Nationalists to Taiwan — much of the blame fell on what was said at the time to be a pro-Soviet conspiracy in the State Department.

"Who lost China?" became a major election slogan that shaped American political life for many years. It helped make the careers of Joseph R. McCarthy and Richard M. Nixon and, according to some historians, helped shape American involvement in the Korean and Vietnam wars.

Mr. Service once predicted wryly that although he never used his middle name, only the initial, his obituary would identify him not only as an official once accused of espionage, but as "John Stewart Service."

The accusers of those men spelled out their full names, and so they went down in history: John Stewart Service, John Carter Vincent, John Paton Davies, Oliver Edmund Clubb. All were forced out of the Foreign Service. All were eventually vindicated, but neither they nor, some thought, the Foreign Service itself ever fully recovered.

Their ordeal actually began during World War II in the efforts of an American mission led by Gen. Joseph W. (Vinegar Joe) Stilwell to expand the Chinese war effort against Japan. The China experts, traveling through the areas controlled by various warlords, reported that Chiang's Nationalist Party, the Kuomintang, was dragging its feet, reserving its American-supplied arms for an eventual showdown with the Communists.

The old China hands predicted that in such a fight, the Communists would win. They called instead for American pressure on Chiang to reform his Government and direct his forces against the Japanese, in cooperation with the Communists.

"Selfish and corrupt, incapable and obstructive," were a few of the words Mr. Service used to describe the Chiang Government in a 1944 memo to General Stilwell.

Like many of his generation of China hands, Mr. Service was born in China of missionary parents, on Aug. 8, 1909, in Chengdu, where his parents had founded a branch of the Y.M.C.A.

He grew up in Sichuan province, attended high school in Shanghai and studied art history at Oberlin College in Ohio, where he also was captain of the track team. Returning to China in 1932, he married an Oberlin classmate, Caroline Schulz, the daughter of an Army officer.



Associated Press

John S. Service testifying before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in 1950.

After a brief stint in a bank, he joined the Foreign Service, and when the Japanese entered Beijing, he escorted American refugees through the lines to safety.

He was assigned to the new Nationalist capital at Chongqing as a political officer in 1941. His job was to gather information from all factions and parties, including the Communists. As political officers do today, he gave briefings to visiting American journalists, including Theodore H. White and Eric Sevareid. Those activities were later cast in a controversial light.

A lifelong amateur runner, Mr. Service hiked around China with a sleeping bag, eating as well as he could off the land. E. J. Kahn Jr., in his book "The China Hands," quotes a State Department colleague as saying: "Jack had uncanny instincts. He could walk along a Chinese street and by the kind of matches sold or the clothing worn or the food being cooked, could analyze the structure of the local society."

As the war progressed, Mr. Service warned that a civil war was widely regarded as inevitable, under conditions that would lead to an undemocratic, probably pro-Soviet Communist government.

In July 1944, he finally managed to get to Mao's headquarters in Yanan. He wrote that he felt he had "come into a different country," one marked by hard work, cooperation and "the absence of banditry."

Recording his first impressions, he wrote: "There is an absence of show and formality, both in speech and action. Relations of the officials and people toward us,

and of the Chinese themselves, are open, direct and friendly. Mao Zedong and other leaders are universally spoken of with respect (amounting in the case of Mao to a kind of veneration)."

This was in sharp contrast to the "crisis" of the Chiang Government he described in a crucial memo to General Stilwell that Oct. 11. "Recent defeats have exposed its military ineffectiveness and will hasten the approaching economic disaster," he wrote.

But the memo was reportedly leaked to the Nationalist Government. The powerful China lobby back home was furious, and both General Stilwell and Mr. Service were recalled to Washington. President Roosevelt replaced General Stilwell as his personal envoy with Gen. Patrick H. Hurley.

Mr. Service got back to China as an Army adviser, visiting both sides, but was soon in trouble again. He drafted a letter, signed by the rest of the diplomatic staff in the Nationalist capital, Chongqing, urging that the United States provide aid to the Communists in order to reduce casualties in an expected Allied invasion from the sea. General Hurley charged betrayal and got him recalled, this time for good.

Waiting for reassignment in Washington in April 1945, Mr. Service received a phone call from Mark Gayn, a freelance journalist who was at the time working for Amerasia, a tiny left-wing magazine with strong views on China similar to Mr. Service's own.

Mr. Service met several times with Mr. Gayn and Amerasia's editor-publisher, Philip Jaffe, and lent them copies of some of his reports, a few of which he himself had classified as secret. He later agreed with his accusers that this was in indiscretion, but contended that it was common procedure.

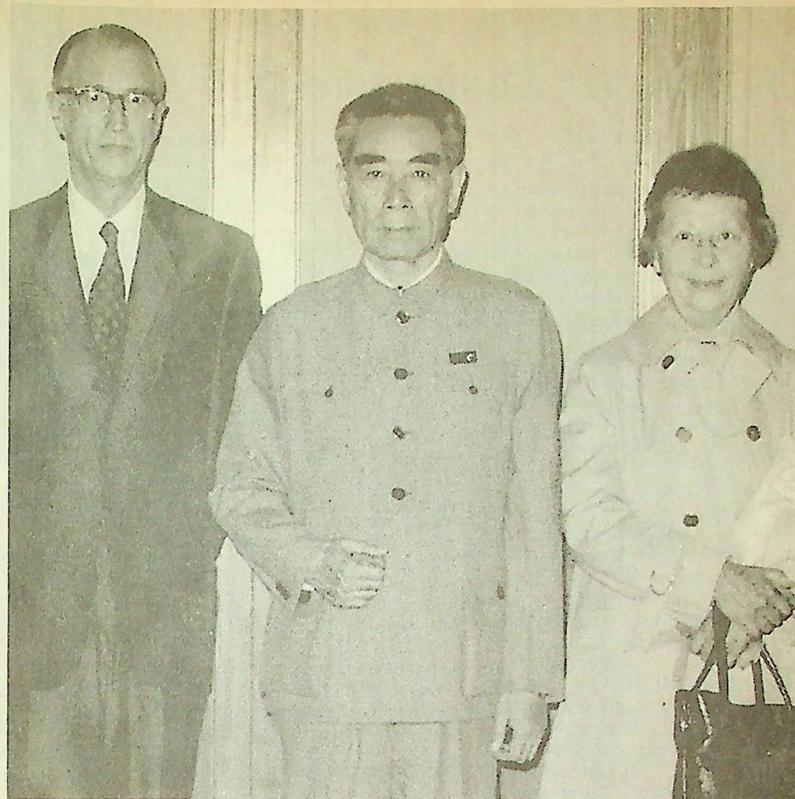
Amerasia was under surveillance by the F.B.I., and agents had repeatedly entered its offices and several apartments, and had taken or photographed documents, including those provided by Mr. Service.

A grand jury looking into the question of whether documents had been illegally obtained voted unanimously against indicting Mr. Service. Others were indicted, and as the result of a plea bargain some were fined and one case was dismissed.

The effects of the case endured, however. The Chinese Communists treated it as proof of American hostility. To American supporters of Chiang, it was proof of an anti-Nationalist conspiracy in the State Department. And in the ensuing years, the right would charge that there was a cover up in the case.

In 1996, a book based on recently released F.B.I. files suggested there had indeed been a fix in the case, but not the kind the right had charged. In "The Amerasia Spy Case" (University of North Carolina Press), Harvey Klehr and Ronald Radosh wrote that Thomas Corcoran, the prominent former New Dealer turned Washington fixer, had a hand in the case, lobbying the Justice Department to go easy on Mr. Service.

One of Mr. Corcoran's clients was Chiang's Government, and he feared that if



New China News Agency

John S. Service and his wife, Caroline, with Prime Minister Zhou Enlai in 1971.

the Foreign Service officer went on trial, Mr. Service, like-minded State Department advisers and above all General Stilwell — who was under a Presidential gag order — would testify about corruption and other failures of the Nationalists.

Cleared by a State Department loyalty board — by his count he would eventually pass nine such inquiries — Mr. Service was to go to Gen. Douglas A. MacArthur's headquarters in Tokyo. But as the cold war sharpened and the Chiang Government disintegrated, the search for culprits intensified. Other espionage cases, the Alger Hiss affair, the Soviet explosion of an atom bomb and the Korean war further embittered the dispute.

On the night of Feb. 9, 1950, Senator McCarthy held up a sheaf of paper during a speech in Wheeling, W. Va., and declared, "I have here in my hands a list of 205, known to the Secretary of State as being members of the Communist Party and who nevertheless are still working and shaping the policy of the State Department."

Pressed in Congress, Mr. McCarthy eventually produced 14 names, among them that of Mr. Service, who he charged was "a known associate and collaborator with Communists."

He was cleared by a Senate committee, which declared that he should not be penalized "by destroying his career and branding him as disloyal for writing what appears to have been the true facts as he saw them."

But on Dec. 13, 1951, a Loyalty Review Board named by President Truman ruled there was "reasonable doubt as to his loyalty." Secretary of State Dean Acheson dismissed him the same day.

He fought the ruling, and in 1956 the Supreme Court ruled 8-to-0 that the Presidential board had no right to review the State Department's findings and that Mr. Acheson had no right to dismiss him. To the surprise of many, he rejoined the State Department and retired from an obscure post in the Liverpool consulate in 1962.

At 53, Mr. Service enrolled in the University of California at Berkeley, received a master's degree and became library curator of its Center for Chinese Studies. With the thaw in Chinese-American relations in the early 1970's, he was able to revisit China several times.

He published several books on China, including a volume of his wartime dispatches, "Last Chance in China" (Random House, 1974.)

He is survived by three children, Victoria McCormick of Chevy Chase, Md.; Robert Service of Washington, D.C., and Philip Service of Flagstaff, Ariz.; seven grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

More obituaries appear on the preceding page.

OBITUARIES

John S. Service

John S. Service, who became famous as a target of Senator Joseph McCarthy because of his controversial views on U.S.-China relations, died of heart disease Wednesday at a rest home in Oakland. He was 89.

Mr. Service first attracted public attention in 1945, when he was arrested by the FBI on an espionage charge. He had been recorded in a compromising meeting with Philip Jaffe, a Soviet agent and editor of a political journal called Amerasia.

Mr. Service argued that he had not turned over any documents to Jaffe but had only discussed "normal and proper background information" with a man he believed was a legitimate journalist. A federal grand jury in Washington, D.C., declined to indict him.

The incident was one of a series that dogged Mr. Service's career.

"Jack" Service, as he was best known, was typical, in many ways, of the group of American policy experts who became known as "the China hands" in the 1930s and '40s.

The child of American missionaries, Mr. Service was born and reared in China, leaving him fluent in the language and knowledgeable about the country's social and political systems.

In the waning days of World War II, Mr. Service participated in the "Dixie Mission" as a U.S. Foreign Service officer. During the mission, a group of American military officers, along with Mr. Service as a political expert, visited the headquarters of Chinese Communist leader Mao Zedong at Yanan.

Mr. Service reported to American authorities his assessment that Chinese Nationalist leader Chiang Kai-shek was vulnerable because of corruption and that the Communists would probably win the Chinese civil war.

He was then ordered back to Washington by the U.S. ambassador to China, Army General Patrick Hurley. Hurley later accused Mr. Service of handing secret U.S. documents to the Chinese Communist leaders. Almost immediately after Mr. Service's return, he was arrested in the Amerasia affair.

That case made him a personal target of McCarthy, a demagogue who sought to use the issue of communism to advance his political future.

In 1950, McCarthy charged Mr. Service with having "well-known" Communist involvements. After a series of loyalty examinations, Mr. Service was dismissed from the State Department in 1951 when a Civil Service Commission Loyalty Review Board declared that a "reasonable doubt" existed about his loyalty. However, he appealed and was again cleared of disloyalty charges in 1955 by a federal judge. He was rehired by the State Department in 1957.

The Chronicle editorialized at that time: "Vindicated he has been; let the fact be fully and unreservedly acknowledged."

He served as a U.S. consul in Liverpool, England, and retired in 1962. He then returned to academia, becoming library curator in the Center for Chinese Studies at the University of California at Berkeley, where he remained until his second retirement in 1973.

Mr. Service later visited China as a guest of Mao and other leaders. He reported on his impressions for The Chronicle, among other newspapers.

He is survived by his three children, Virginia McCormick of Chevy Chase, Md.; Robert Service of Washington; and Philip Service of Flagstaff, Ariz.

Funeral arrangements have not

been announced.

— Stephen Schwartz

Neville Bonner

SYDNEY — Neville Bonner, the first Aborigine elected to Australia's federal Parliament, died yesterday. He was 76.

Mr. Bonner, a diminutive man with a thick, white shock of swept-back curls, became one of Australia's highest profile Aborigines and an important influence on Aboriginal issues during a time of conservative government.

Individualistic and enigmatic, he was taught the ancient traditions of his Jagera clan as a boy and endured racism and prejudice at school and as a stockman. But he joined Australia's mainstream conservative party and, in his last years, vociferously opposed Australia's shift away from colonial Britain toward an Australian republic.

Prime Minister John Howard said Mr. Bonner will be given a state funeral.

"He was devoted to Australia and to the cause of the indigenous people," Howard said yesterday. "He was a trailblazer and source of hope and inspiration to indigenous people throughout Australia."

Aden Ridgeway, who won a Senate seat in 1998, is the only other Aborigine who has been elected to federal Parliament.

Mr. Bonner told friends that he was born in 1922 on an Aboriginal reserve on Ukerebagh Island, off Australia's central east coast. He was taught by his grandfather, the last fully initiated Jagera elder, to camp and hunt with the Aboriginal throwing stick the boomerang.

He once demonstrated his boomerang-throwing skills on the lawns outside Parliament House.

Leaving school early, Mr. Bonner became a stockman during the 1950s and '60s.

In 1971, he was nominated for a seat in Parliament's upper house, the Senate, and was elected the following year. He showed no surprise: "I have been a politician from the age of 4. I had to be to survive," he said.

Scrutinized intensely from within his own party, Mr. Bonner was cautious in his initial approach.

"A lot of Aboriginal people were disappointed because I didn't immediately start bringing up Aboriginal issues," he said later. "But I had to play the white man at his own game. I had to sacrifice my emotions for my people."

He became a consistent advocate of Aboriginal land rights and critic of assimilationist policies, positions that often put him at odds with his own colleagues.

Mr. Bonner lost his seat after being relegated to an unwinnable position on the Liberals' 1983 Senate ticket, prompting him to say: "I feel rejected by the tribe I chose."

He held numerous low-key public service positions during the 1980s and '90s.

In 1997, Mr. Bonner let it be known that he had terminal cancer. Headstrong to the last, he said he would not be seeking further treatment — nor would he be giving up smoking.

ASSOCIATED PRESS

Yu Qiuli

BEIJING — Yu Qiuli, a survivor of the Chinese Communist Party's epic Long March of the 1930s who later rose to become a vice premier, died Wednesday at age 85.

Mr. Yu lost his left arm following one of many battles during the

Long March, the yearlong, 6,000-mile retreat by Communist guerrillas fleeing the Nationalist government's efforts to exterminate them.

After the Communists seized power from the Nationalists in 1949, Mr. Yu remained active in the military until 1958, when he became petroleum minister. He took charge of building the Daqing oil field, China's largest.

He was appointed vice premier in 1975. In 1982, he was made deputy secretary general of the Central Military Commission, through which the Communist Party wields control over the army.

ASSOCIATED PRESS

Royce W. Israel

Royce W. Israel, who had been a men's clothing salesman-consultant with Hart Schaffner & Marx for nearly 50 years, died Tuesday at Marin General Hospital after a brief illness. He was 87.

Mr. Israel was a master of "making do."

During World War II, a customer brought his son in for a navy wedding suit. But there weren't any being manufactured, so Mr. Israel ordered a U.S. Navy uniform and had the brass buttons replaced with dark blue buttons. Father and son left highly satisfied and the wedding

went off without a hitch.

Mr. Israel was born July 16, 1911, in Pittsburg, where he graduated from Pittsburg High School. He was a shrewd investor in the stock market and a skilled bridge and domino player.

He is survived by his wife of 47 years, Dorothy Israel, of San Rafael; his son, Marc Israel, of Novato; and a granddaughter.

A Memorial to Life will be observed in his honor February 14 at 2 p.m. at Smith Ranch Homes, 5000 Deer Valley Road, San Rafael.

Ashok Jain

NEW DELHI — Ashok Jain, owner of the Times of India, one of India's leading newspapers, died yesterday in Cleveland of complications from a recent heart transplant at the Cleveland Clinic. He was 65.

The Times is the flagship of a group that includes other newspapers, magazines, a radio station and a recording company. Mr. Jain also supported scholarship, literature and historic preservation projects.

He was the managing trustee of the Bharatiya Jnanpith, an organization that promoted creative writing in Indian languages. The Jnanpith award is India's most prestigious literary award.

ASSOCIATED PRESS

DAILY 3 RESULTS

Friday, Feb. 5:

5 7 0

Directory On Call lottery updates: (415/408/510) 808-5000 Enter category 7711

FANTASY 5 RESULTS

Friday, Feb. 5:

3 6 10 24 32

Directory On Call lottery updates: (415/408/510) 808-5000 Enter category 7711

BAY AREA REPORT

SANTA CLARA COUNTY

Fireplace Ban Plan Spreads To Palo Alto

PALO ALTO — Two Palo Alto City Council members want to join regional efforts to reduce pollution by calling for a ban on fireplaces

mond, 79, was in fair condition, a hospital spokesman said.

Nicholes Daley, 21, was arrested at Brazil and La Grande avenues, said San Francisco police Inspector Don Bickel.

Police found small bags of marijuana packaged for sale in Daley's car, Bickel said. Daley was booked on charges of felony reckless driving, misdemeanor hit and run associated with an earlier collision, felony drug possession and driving without a license and without proof

- BAKER, Essie
- CHIN, Suey Jin
- FRATUS, Michael H.
- GRIFFITHS, John P.; 'Jack'
- KROISS, Lucie (Dore)
- LOW, Joseph Anthony
- MCCARTHY, Lydia (Dolly)
- MCDOWELL, William Peirce
- MILLANE, Brother Thomas Kilian, F.S.C.
- MILLER, Wilma Helen West
- MUZZINI, Joseph A.
- PAGANINI, Frank L. 'Bud'
- PILPEL, Lina
- SCHARFE, Lina M.
- STERN, Chester

Death Notices

LOW, Joseph Anthony — Passed away in Sacramento on February 3, 1999, after battling cancer bravely and with dignity. Born in San Francisco on July 24, 1927, he is survived by his wife, Mabel Low, children Karen Jordan and husband Mike of San Pedro, Marsha Busick and husband Scott of San Jose, Dave Low and wife Frances of Sacramento, and Russell Low and wife Cassandra of Santa Ana. He is also survived by his grandchildren, Nicola, Marisa, and Joe by his granddaughters, Nicola, Marisa, and Jessica Busick and father, great friend and good neighbor. Throughout his life he was always helping others. He valued his family and friends, who could all count on him. His generosity, sense of humor, strength and integrity were an inspiration to all who knew him. His family will miss him, but never forget him. Pursuant to his wishes, no viewing or services will be held. In lieu of flowers, contributions in his name may be sent to the Sacramento Chinese Community Service Center, 915 T Street, Sacramento, CA 95814. Arrangements by HARRY A. NAUGHTON & SON FUNERAL DIRECTORS, Sacramento.

MILLER, Wilma Helen West — At rest on Feb. 3, 1999. Born March 3, 1905 in Salt Lake City, Utah and was a resident of Los Altos, Ca. for 30 years. She was a Librarian for fifty years and served the Los Altos Branch Library for 30 years. She was a member of the Daughter's of the American Revolution and The Mayflower Society. She is survived by her son Malcolm Keith Miller of Eagle River, Alaska; Miller, Both of Colorado; nieces, Aimee West of Alamo & Melissa Phillips of Castro Valley; her nephews Keith West of Pleasanton & Scott West of Hayward. Funeral Services were conducted and burial was at the Lonetree Cemetery, Hayward, Ca.

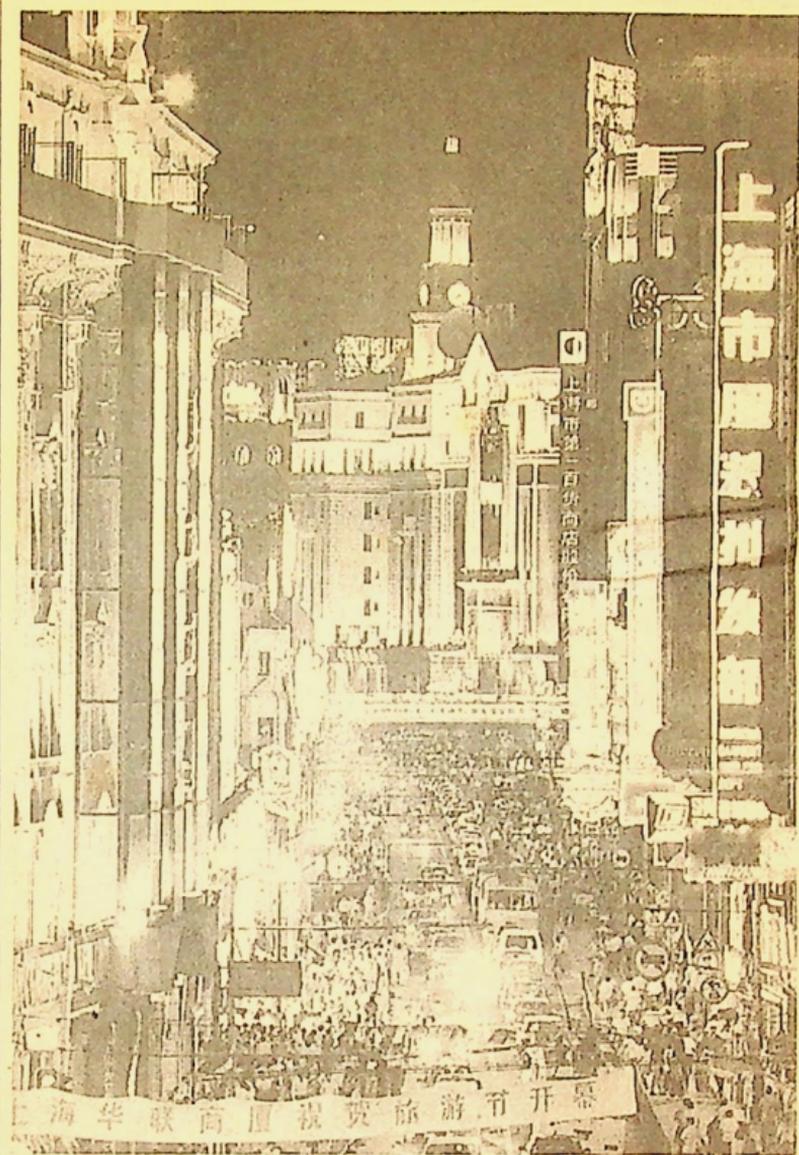
MUZZINI, Joseph A. — In San Francisco, February 3, 1999. In celebration of Joe Muzzini's life we honor his memory — a loving husband to Gloria (Cucci) for 45 years; a mentor, friend and father to his children Sue, Rocky (Rockelle), Mike (Tania) and Maryann (Bob); Nonno and playmate to Tyler, Adam, Felix and Cirio; loving brother to the late

SUMMERS, Firmin Faye — in Foster City, February 1, 1999. Husband of Ruth Summers; father of Ronald J. Summers and his wife Michele; stepfather of Joan Nesbitt Wright; brother-in-law of James T. Beale N. Richey, Daniel, Shannon, Ellen, Meredith and Joseph Summers. Also survived by many nieces and nephews. A native of Canada, age 78 yrs. Mr. Summers was a long time resident of San Mateo County. He served on the USS Belleau Wood during WWII and was a member of B.P.O. Elks, San Mateo Lodge #1112 and a Member of Sons in Retirement Peninsula Branch #31. Memorial Services will be held on Monday February 8, 1999 at 11:00 A.M. at the SNEIDER & SULLIVAN FUNERAL HOME, 977 So. El Camino Real, San Mateo. Private Inurnment at Alta Mesa Cemetery, Palo Alto. Contributions to a favorite charity preferred.

TULLER, Minna — Born September 29, 1902 in Kopyl, Russia. Moved to San Francisco with her parents, six brothers and younger sister, in the 1920's. Married Louis Tuller in



American Ambassador Donald Anderson, sporting John Travolta-style T-shirt, leather jacket and dark glasses, dances with SPA chairwoman, Anna Sohmen, doing a passable impersonation of Olivia Newton-John.



流光溢彩南京路 精彩纷呈旅游节

· 本报记者 顾力华摄于黄浦旅游节 ·

体育画廊



球操

褚俭摄

可喜的成果

· 韩 凌 ·

变成了呆滞积压物资大倾

听到
看到
想到



销、大拍卖
的代名词。

黄浦旅

游节的成功
之处，在于
确实抓住了

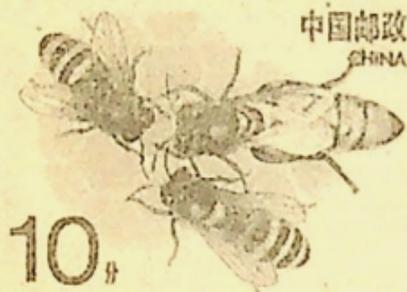
黄浦区改革开放后的特
点，充分发挥了最大商业
中心、文化中心的地区独
特优势，而且每年都能办
出自己的特色，每次都能掀起一个旅
游购物、美食娱乐的高潮，使中外游
客领略到真正的具有海派独特魅力的
节日情调。

希望黄浦旅游节越办越好，逐步
成为上海的节日，以至在国内外具有
一定影响的节日。

豫龙商行最低售价7900元。飞跃牌：4702最高售价1820元，华联商厦最低售价1760元；5401、6405最高售价分别是2680元、4300元，大木桥路583号日晖五店最低售价2450元；4901—1OK最高售价2300元，春光家电商店最低售价2200元；7108最高售价5320元，宜川路60号宜川购物中心最低售价5200

这是小记者翁奇羽为新华社摄下的镜头。





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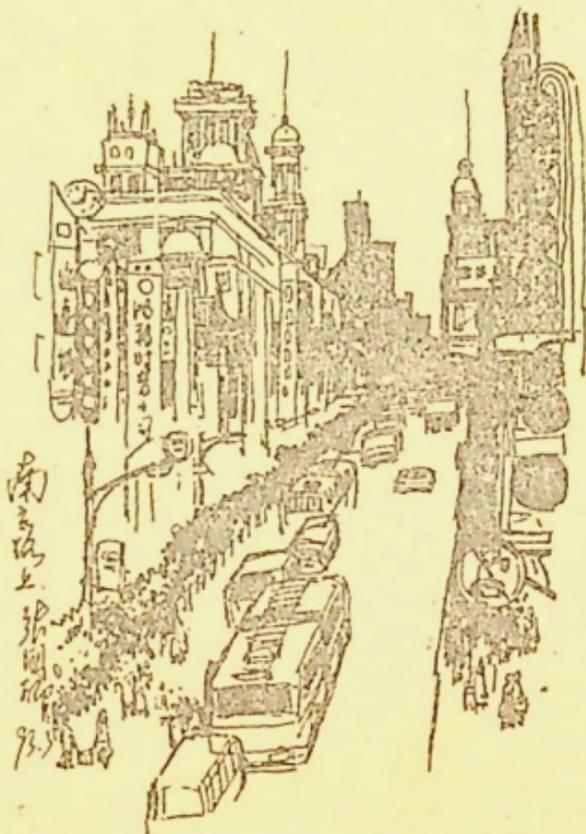
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南京路上

(速写)

张国卿





五女明