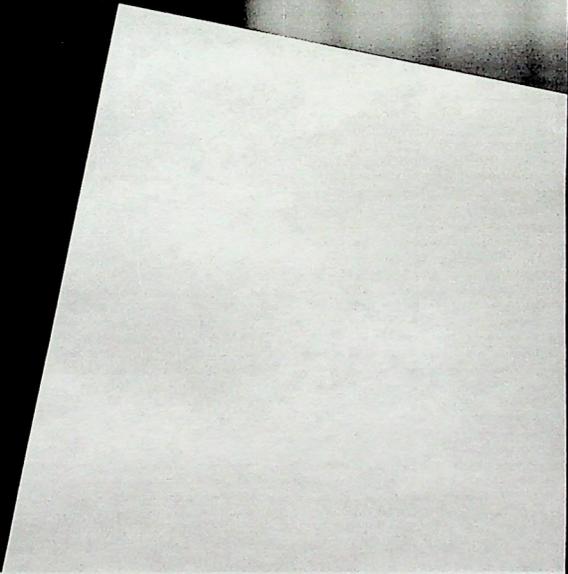
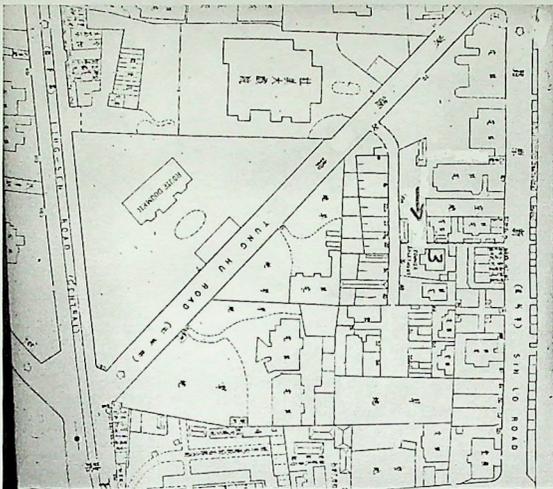


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literature, *Tao-Chien* or *Tao Yüan-ming*\* of the Eastern Chin (晉) Period (A. D. 317-420).

**Hu-kow** 湖口 (434 m. from Shanghai), situated on the S. bank, at the entrance to Lake Po-yang, is a town of 50,000 inhabitants, important mainly on account of its strong strategic position. Besides being a naval station, the place contains a fortress which defends the entrance to Po-yang. Commercially Hu-kow benefits through its facilities of water-communication with Nan-chang and other thriving towns on the lake shore, as well as with Kiu-kiang farther up the river.



The Bund, British Concession, Kiu-kiang

**Kiu-kiang** 九江 (450 m. from Shanghai), also known as *Kiang-chow*, and as *Hsin-yang* in the Tang Period, is an old treaty port (opened in 1862), picturesquely situated on the S. bank. The foreign concession is located near the river, W. of the native town. The city is surrounded on the land side by a canal, which extends to Sui-chang. Lung-kai-ho, a part of Kiu-kiang is also open for foreigner's residence and trade.

**Firms, Public buildings, etc.:** British Consulate and Police Office, Japanese Consulate, Nisshin Steamship Co., Butterfield & Swire, Jardine, Matheson & Co., Standard Oil Co. of New York,

\* **Tao Yuan-ming** (b. A. D. 305) was a native of Tsz-sang-li-li near Hsün-yang (the modern Kiu-kiang). He was a great lover of nature, with a soul entirely free from worldly ambitions. Famous because of his great literary gifts, *Tao Yüan-ming* was appointed the Chi-chiu (or Literary Inspector) of his native district. Later he was made the district magistrate of P'eng-tze. After about 80 days in his new office it was announced that a superior local official was coming on a round of inspection, and *Tao Yüan-ming* was required to present himself in his official robes. But the idea that he should thus humble himself before a young, petty official so shocked him that he immediately resigned his position, saying, "How can I bend low my knees before a child of my native place, merely for the sake of a petty salary of 5 *tau* of rice?" He returned to his native village, where, with the assistance of his wife and children he cultivated land, and never again filled any public office. His prose and poetry remain to this day as early models of Chinese literature.

+ *Mo Guan Shan*

Bank of Taiwan, Bank of China, Bank of Communications,—all in the foreign concession; District Governor's Office, Custom Inspector's Office, Telephone Office—inside the walled town; Chinese Post Office, Telegraph Office, Kiukiang-Nanchang Ry. Office—outside the wall.

Kiu-kiang is one of the three great ports of China for the shipment of tea, the others being Hankow and Foochow. It is also a famous market for pottery from *King-têh-chên*\* 景德镇. In 1920 its total imports and exports amounted to Hk. Tls. 45,180,000. Tea, porcelain, grass-cloth, ramie, and paper are the chief articles of export. The city suffered much from the ravages of the Taipings, from the effects of which it has not yet entirely recovered.

#### Kuling 牯嶺 Summer Resort

**Itinerary.** The first 8.5 miles of the 13 miles between Kiukiang and Kuling can be covered by motor car (private car, \$6; motorbus, \$1.50) in 30 minutes; the rest of the way (4.5 m.) from a small village called Lien-hwating, by comfortable chair carried by 4 coolies (charge, \$2, including wine-money). The road up the mountain, made mostly of thousands of natural stone steps, passes through beautiful scenery. Below is a wide view of the surrounding country and of the great, glistening Yangtze-kiang river. The journey takes about three hours. Steamer trunks are carried by coolies at a moderate charge.

**Hotels.** Besides the numerous Chinese inns and one Japanese inn there is one foreign hotel in the Estate, the Fairy Glen Hotel (\$8 up), situated about half way down the valley.

Ku-ling, the most noted summer resort in Middle China, is the name given to a part of the celebrated Lushan Mountains (altitude, 5,000 ft.), famed for their superb scenery—a theme which has long been a favourite one with Chinese poets. Ku-ling (alt. about 3,500 ft.) has a mild, healthful climate, considering its location in Middle China. The temperature seldom rises above 80° F. even in mid-summer.

The greater part of Ku-ling is under the management of the Kuling Estate and is situated in one of the highest and best watered valleys of the Lushan Range. It consists of two sections, the Main Valley and the West Valley; the latter was

\* **King-têh-chên** (also called *Chang-nan-chên*), famous because of its pottery, is situated not far from the S. bank of the river Chang-kiang, which flows from the E. into Lake Po-yang. The products of the pottery-furnaces at King-têh-chên (known as Kiukiang Pottery) were first presented as tribute to the Imperial Court of the Tang Dynasty. The place came to be known as King-têh-chên after the era of King-têh (or Ching-tê) under the Sung Dynasty, when the pottery manufacturers of the place received for the first time an Imperial order for various articles for use at the Court. During the Yüan Period many improvements in the method of decoration were introduced. Under the Mings and Chings (Manchus) the government owned a factory at this place, the articles made there being known as the *Kuan-tzu* or Government pottery. There are at present about 160 ovens in operation, and their output, though much inferior in workmanship to the excellent ancient wares, are in great demand throughout China.

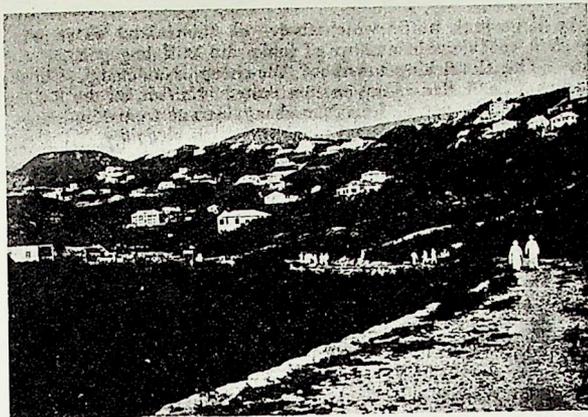
opened recently. In the Main Valley there are about four hundred bungalows built of well-dressed stone which is quarried in the neighbourhood. Besides these there are churches, schools, hospitals, a post and telegraph office (opened only during the season), police office, branch of the Bank of China, a foreign book store, a Japanese photographer (from whom visitors can get excellent photos of the place), and various other shops. Telephone communication is also available between Ku-ling and Kiu-kiang (charge, 50 cents a message). The resort is also provided with fifteen public tennis courts, and large swimming pools. Concerts are frequently held during the season.

*Places of Interest.*

In the vicinity of Ku-ling there are numerous places of historical interest and much worth-while scenery. The following merely lists the principal excursion points, to most of which chairs are available: the Yellow Dragon Temple, Three Trees, and the Emerald Grotto—about 2 hrs.; the Western Circular Path, and the Incense Mills—about 2 hrs.; the Chinese Cemetery, Fairy Glen, and West Valley—about 2½ hrs.; the Cave of the Immortals, Pagoda Ruins, Temple of the Heavenly Pond, and Hermit's Cave—about half a day; Russian Valley, Pope Ridge, and Plough Peak—3 hrs.; Nankang Pass—2 hrs.; Poyang Ridge and Lion's Leap—about half a day, but as the scenery is beautiful and the climb hard a whole day is recommended; round trip through Lotus Valley to Bull's Ridge—about 1½ hrs.; Monastery Ruins, the Dolomites, and the Temple in the Clouds—5 hrs.; the Three Waterfalls—6 hrs.; to Chi-hsien-tzu and the Goddess of Mercy Bridge *via* Nankang Pass, the White Deer Grotto, and the Kaolin Pits—2 days; the Mandarin Tomb at Lien-chi-mu may be visited either on the way up or down the mountain; to Tung-lin, Shi-lin, and the ruins of Tai-ping-kung is one of the most beautiful one-day trips on the whole mountain; Devil's Wall and the Wolf's Ravine *via* the



Waterfalls on Mt. Lu-shan



Ku-ling, a noted Summer Resort

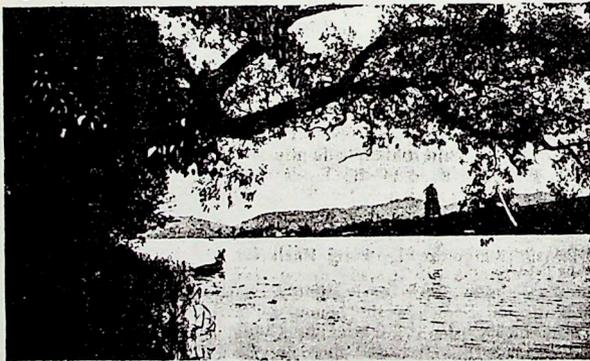
Incense Mills—6 hrs.; Temple Valley and Lien-hwa-an—7 hrs.; the Hanyang Peaks—9-10 hrs.; the Lushan Valley, Hot Springs, Kwei-tsung Temple, the Iron Pagoda, and the Hsiu-feng and Hwang-sah Temples—this trip takes four days at least, and if the White Deer Grotto is visited on the return, an extra day should be added.

Lake Po-*yang* 鄱陽湖 is, next to Lake Tung-ting, the largest lake in China. In ancient times known as *P2ng-li-t2*, the present name was adopted in the Sui Period (A. D. 589-618). Its greatest length (from N. to S.) is 80 m., its greatest breadth (from E. to W.) 20 miles. Nearly all the rivers of Kiangsi flow into this lake, its outlet joining the Yangtze at *Hu-kow* ("Lake-mouth"). As with Tung-ting, the depth varies with the season. In summer the lake is 12-13 ft. deep, when river gun-boats may go to Wu-ch'eng, or even as far as Nan-chang on the Kan-kiang, but in winter the lake becomes almost dry, leaving only water channels with a depth of 3 to 5 ft., when of course the steamer service has to be suspended. In the lake are several islets: *Kang-lang-shan*, and *Sieh-shan*, and others which, with the Lushan Mountains, add to the beauty of the scenery.

*Rivers.* The more important rivers emptying into Lake Po-*yang* are the *Kankiang*, *Po-kiang*, *Ju-shui*, and the *Hsin-kiang*. Of these the Kankiang is the most important, being the only inland waterway leading to Canton, not only from Kiangsi itself, but also from Honan and Anhwei. The opening of steamer service *via* the Yangtze and China Sea dealt a great blow

are classified as finished and raw stuffs, the former consisting of brocades, damasks, satins, gauzes, etc., the latter of coarse gauze and similar piece goods. Weavers of silk goods within the city walls number about 2,000, employing about 10,000 stands of looms and 6,000 operatives. Of the above, about 7,000 looms are used by high-grade weavers. Larger establishments are being started, those already operated being Chung-sing Kung-sz, Jin-sing Kung-sz, Wei-djing Kung-sz, etc. Cotton-spinning was represented by the Tung-yih So-tsiang, established by Chinese in 1886, which at one time operated 15,000 spindles and employed about 400 operators, but owing to inefficient management its mill, on the bank of the Tsientang, was closed. *Fan-making.* Hang-chow fans are celebrated all over China, their export value amounting to over 2,000,000 taels annually. About 900 families are engaged in this industry. *Agriculture.* Being fertile and well irrigated, Chekiang constitutes, with Kiangsu, the richest portion of *Kiang-nan* or the "Regions S. of the Yangtze." The districts around Hang-chow and the neighbouring communities of Hu-chow and Ka-shing are especially noted for farming, of which the staple products are rice, cotton, rapessed, vegetables, etc. Silk-worm cocoons are also produced in large quantities. Cattle, horses, swine, and poultry are raised, but not to such an extent as to constitute a special industry.

*Trade.* In foreign trade the chief items of import are aniline dyes, matches, cigarettes, coal, kerosene, hardware, sugar, marine products; the chief exports consist of silk fabrics, fans, canvas bags, tea, medicines, and cotton yarn. Customs returns for 1920 totalled about 9,724,000 taels in imports and 10,243,000 taels in exports.



Distant view of the Lei-fung-tah Pagoda—p. 305

*Business in Hang-chow.* There are three business centres, *viz.*, the area inside the walls, *Wu-so* (the terminus of the Grand Canal), and *Kong-kein*, on the bank of the Tsien-tang. In the first are wholesale stores dealing in silk, silk-goods, fans, etc., and retailers selling general goods; at *Wu-so*, on both sides of the Canal, are large stores in the rice business; and at *Kongkein*, Canal, are goods to or from the markets in the basin of the Tsientang are handled. In the Foreign Concession, near *Kon-jen-chiao* and its vicinity, stand lodging-houses, restaurants, steamship agencies, and other establishments, but the prosperity of this quarter is declining somewhat owing to the competition of the Hanchow Station Quarter, where the railway company has opened a market and encouraged the establishment of restaurants, hotels, etc. *Wholesale Stores.* These comprise more than ten rice stores inside the *Wulin Gate*, 16 fuel stores, and transport agencies.

*Commercial Organizations.* As in Shanghai (p. 283), a number of commercial associations exist in Hang-chow, the *Kiangning Wei-koun* (on *Moh-djiang-ong*), *Hu-nan Wei-koun* (on *San-güen-fong*), *Liang-kwang Wei-koun* (on *Shèh-ng Kwei-ong*), *An-king Wei-koun* (*Sung-koa-doa-ong*), *Yün-kwei Wei-koun* on *Zong-yang-sz-ka*), *Anhui Wei-koun* (on *Zah-tou-chiau*), *Kiangsi Wei-koun* (on *Si-Da-ka*). The city also has various guilds organized respectively by dealers in yarn, cotton, paper, rice, etc. A Chamber of Commerce is also established in the city.

*Theatres:* *Tien-sien-Chayüen* (on *Kon-zen-chiao*, near the Foreign Concession) and *Mou-vään Djih-yüen* or "Model Theatre" (in the City), equipped in a thoroughly modern fashion.

*Places of Interest.* *Loh-ou-ta* 六和塔, an eight-story pagoda, about 200 ft. in circumference, stands on a spur of the range on the bank of the *Tsien-tang-kiang*, about 2 m. above *Kong-kein*. The winding course of the *Tsien-tang-kiang*, its surface dotted with sailing craft, and the distant view of the sea to the E. form an interesting feature of the view from the top story of this pagoda.

*Mo-kan-shan* 莫干山, situated about 37 miles N. of Hang-chow on a mountain 2,500 feet above sea level, is a favourite summer resort for foreign residents of Shanghai and other cities in Chekiang Province. Like other summer resorts in China, this resort was first opened by foreign missionaries. There are more than 150 cottages, owned mostly by missionaries, two foreign-style hotels, swimming pools, tennis courts, churches, and a charming park. In the vicinity are ancient temples, beautiful natural scenery, and places of historic interest in the midst of shaded bamboo groves. *Hotels:* *Railway Hotel* (\$6 a day), and *New Railway Hotel* (\$7 a day), both under direct management of the Shanghai-Hangchow Ry. There are also several Chinese inns.

**Means of Conveyances.** From the landing wharf in front of the Konzen-chiao Station to Sanchiaopu (the terminus of the water route, where there is a rest-house), the distance, about 30 miles, is covered by steam launch in 3½ hours, \$3.50 per person. Thence from Sanchiaopu to Mo-kan-shan (7 m., 3 hrs.) by mountain chair (\$2.50-3). The steam launch and chair services, also conducted by the railway management, are operated only during the season. Through tickets from Shanghai (including chair and steam launch) — \$10.70 (1st cl. single), \$21.10 (return); \$7.70 (2nd cl. single), \$16.50 (return). Holders of these tickets may alight at Hangchow Station in order to visit West Lake, and then continue their trip to Mo-kan-shan.

#### Lake Si-wu or "West Lake"

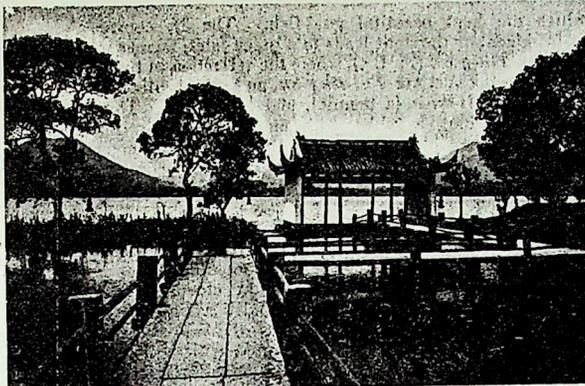
"Heaven above, below Soo and Hang," is a Chinese proverb of high praise for Soo-chow, and Hang-chow, in which West Lake is situated.

**Itinerary, etc.:** For a cursory visit to West Lake, a day is sufficient. But those acquainted with the rich historical and literary associations of this charming spot will not regret spending two or three days for excursions on the lake or along the lake side. On the lake ordinary native boats (\$1-2 per day), house-boats (\$2-3 per day) may be hired. For trips along the lake shore and about the neighbouring hills chairs (\$2.50-3 per day, with 3 coolies) are available. Chairs and boats should be hired through the hotels in which tourists stay. If time permits, excursions may be made on foot.

**Lake Si-wu** 西湖 or "West Lake" (about 2 m. W. of Hangchow Station), is the lake, the scenic beauty of which called forth high praise from Marco Polo. From early times poets and litterateurs have vied in singing the praises of their favourite scenes, among which some have selected ten, others 36, and still others 72. On and around the lake are numerous historic relics and several famous temples.

**Boating on the Lake.** Boats may be hired either outside the Yung-chin-mun gate (Pl. D 4) or at Ku-shang (Pl. B 3), Hangchow. Arriving at Hangchow station (Pl. E 4.), Native City, the former place is nearer (20 min. by ricksha); arriving at Kon-zen-chiao Wharf, Foreign Concession, the latter is more convenient (30 min. by ricksha). Visitors taking boat at Yung-chin-mun-wai first view the sights on the S. shore, then those on the W. shore, and next those on the N. shore, while visitors starting from Ku-shang would see these sights in reverse order. There is little to see on the E. shore, as it is close to the city walls. In this description the traveller is supposed to start from Yung-chin-mun-wai.

As the boat takes a S. course on the placid water the charming sights around the lake make a most delightful impression. Literally one is "in the midst of a beautiful picture," of which the boat forms a part. The first place touched at is *Liu-lang Wen-Ying* (Pl. C 4), literally "Wave-like willows, to hear golden orioles," one of the *Ten Sights* of the lake. This spot, a lake shore outside Tsing-pou-mun (Pl. C 5), is beautiful



San-tan Yin-yueh, West Lake—p. 306

in spring because of its many drooping willows, among which golden orioles warble. Going farther S. and turning W. the boat is soon in front of *Lei-fung-tah* (Pl. B 5), a pagoda built by a queen of the Kingdom of Wu-yüeh in the Five Dynasties Period (A.D. 907-960). Built of red brick, the pagoda is so thoroughly ivy-mantled that no trace of the material of the original building is visible. The pagoda is otherwise known as *Lei-fung Hsi-chiao*, literally "Evening sunlight on Leifung Hill," the old pagoda looking particularly beautiful when it is reflected in the lake by the evening sun. S. of the pagoda is *Nan-ping Wan-chung* (Pl. B 6), or the "Day-dawn bell-sound on Nan-ping Hill;" the bell of this temple when struck at dawn being supposed to wake up everything within hearing. This bell and the pagoda just mentioned are among the *Ten Sights*. Going farther W., a long embankment extends from N. to S. across the lake. This is the famous *Su-ti* or *Su's* embankment (Pl. B 4, 5), built by the celebrated litterateur Su Shih or Su Tung-po, of the Sung Period, who at one time was the governor of this region (p. LXXV). The embankment, which divides the lake into two unequal portions, is cut through at six places, spanned by bridges, and is planted with willows and flowering plants, the whole constituting one of the *Ten Sights* and being known as *Su-ti Chun-hsiu* (Pl. B 4), or "Spring dawn at Su-ti." Near the S. end of the embankment is *Hwa-kang Kwan-yü-ting* (Pl. B 5) or "Fish-seeing Pavilion at Hwa-kang," being originally a summer villa built by Lu, a powerful eunuch of the Sung Dynasty. In the villa garden is a pond, connected by a channel with the lake, in

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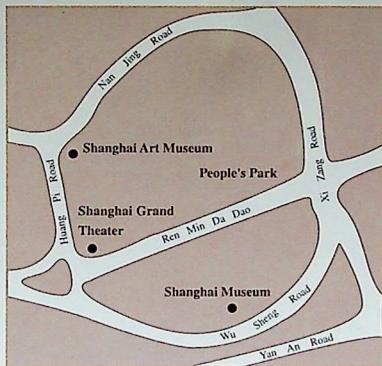
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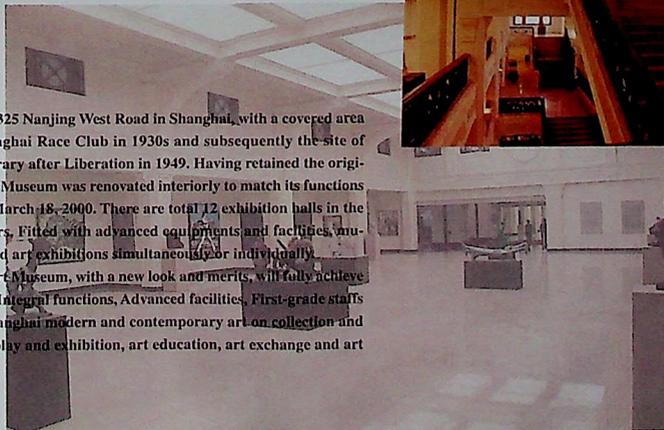
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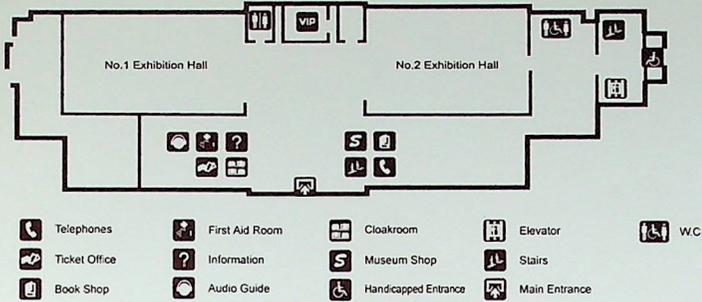


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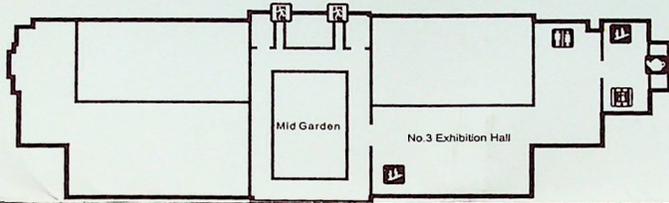
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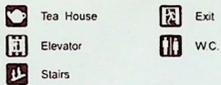
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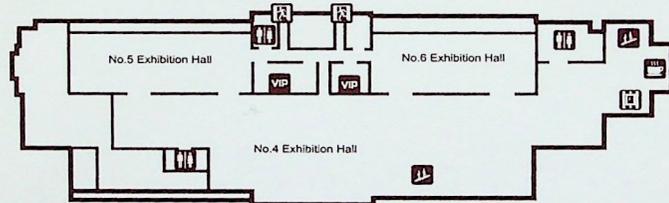
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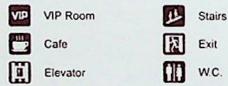
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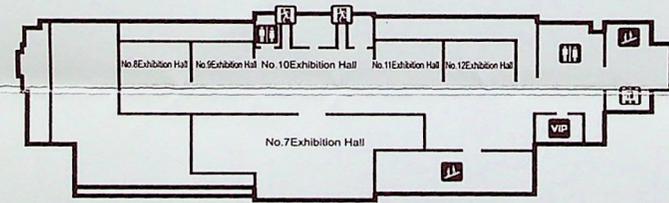
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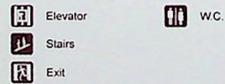
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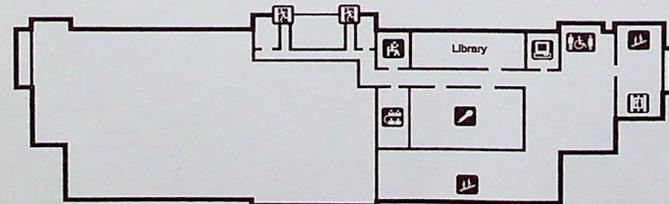
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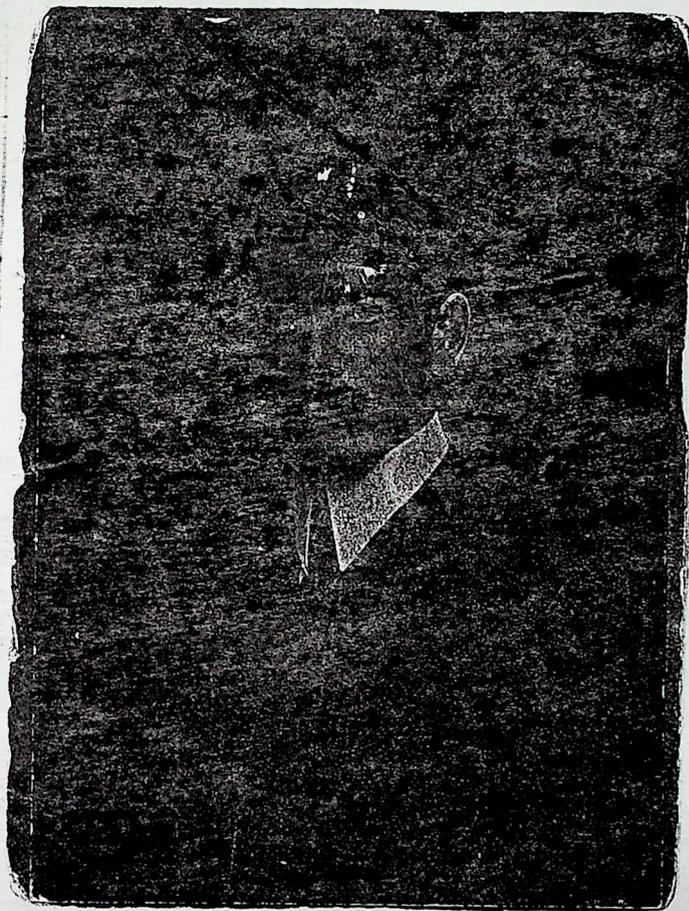
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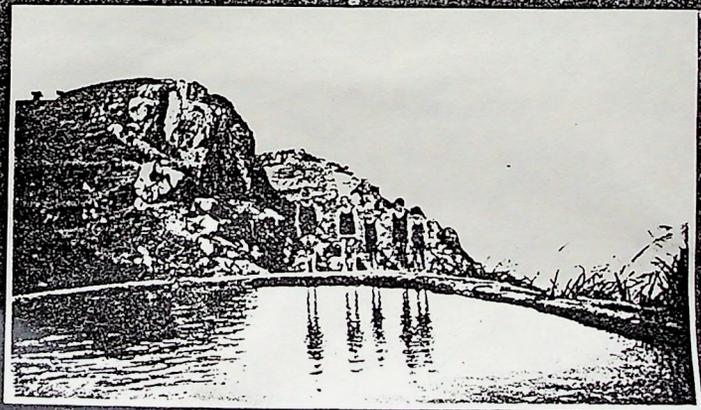
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From Charley and Polly Storrs'  
album '30's

Some mountains are visible in  
mist at right in original.  
Will try again.

Photo copy follows from  
sister-in-law Betty Storrs, CT.

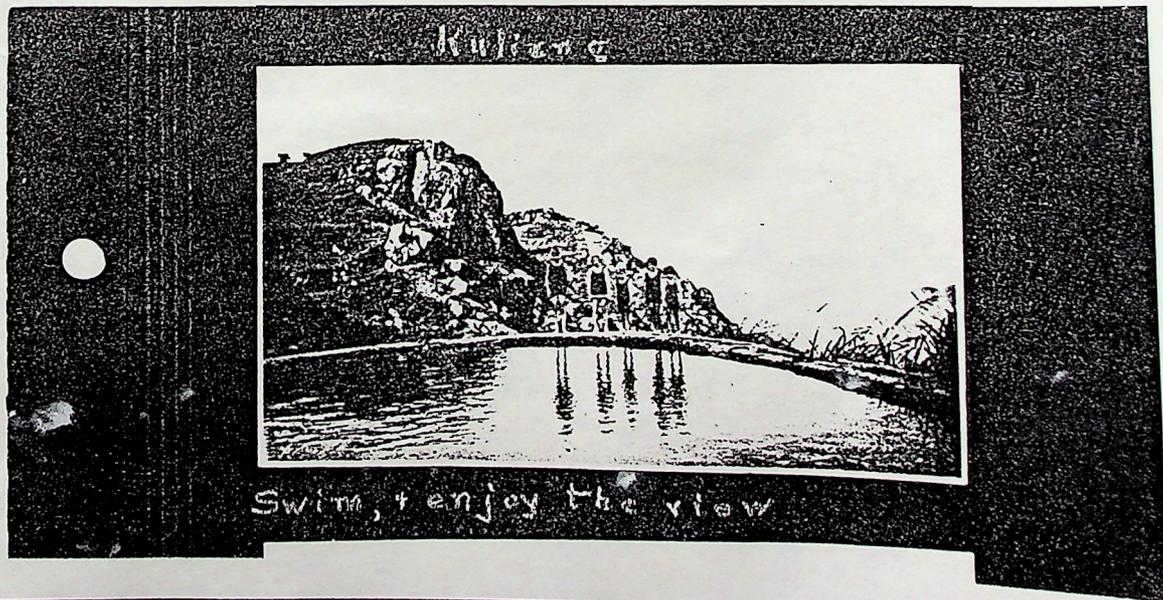


Swim, & enjoy the view

From Charley and Polly Storrs'  
album '30 '2

Some mountains are visible in  
mist at right in original.  
Will try again.

Photo copy follows from  
sister-in-law Betty Storrs, CT.



watched every movement of the crew -- skipper sculled, how they rowed, when they dived, how they navigated around and poled the shoals, when they raised the mast and hauled the sail, and most dangerous of all, when they lay ashore with their shoulder harnesses and ropes stretched back to the mast to haul the line against the wind through the Chi Li Lung ("file" Dragon) Gorge.

It is that I remember most sharply, because I offered to help haul on the lines, we were usually to keep away. The trackers' narrow path led across the sheer face of the rock wall, now down into the water where the men stepped up from stone to stone. Everywhere on the wall and on the great boulders were the holes of centuries of straining barefoot men had made their print, and on corners sometimes with the guide posts cut through by the tight lines. In that spring sunshine a young man began to sense the agelessness of man's work on the land.

It was later that green and golden landscape I had seen in the eight-year-long Sino-Japanese war. When I saw it again ten years later, the plum blossoms were once more bringing life to the weathered land back to life.

## Restoring the Guam

Cruise Bruce Sunderland, S.A.S '28

An interest James Jordan's "Yangtze Pauses of October 1989 and Spring 1990." I christened the first boat, the USS *Yangtze River* charged water, as the boat was to be sent to the Navy Department and was in. I was a student at S.A.S. at the time I graduated in 1928. My father was in the Navy seeing that the engines were placed on the six river gunboats.

The GUAM was renamed WAKE. She was captured in Shanghai by the Japanese on Pearl Harbor and renamed TATARA. In 1946, to honor the first Chinese and renamed TAI YUAN. She was turned into the hands of the People's Republic of China. I do not know if the name was changed. Note: Jim Jordn speculates that the

## Hiking in Kuling

For those of you who went to school in Kuling or spent summers there, this list of hikes in the Kuling area should bring back some memories. It is taken from a copy of "The Kuling Estate: Directory and General Information" for 1933, provided by Peggy Hawkings, a granddaughter of E. S. Little, the founder of Kuling as a resort.

The Yellow Dragon Temple, Three Trees, and Emerald Grotto, about two hours.

The Western Circular Path and the Incense Mills,—about four hours.  
The Chinese Cemetery, The Fairy Glen Gorge, and West Valley,—about two and a half hours.

The Cave of the Immortals, Pagoda Ruins, Temple of Heavenly Pond, Hermit's Cave,—about half a day.

Russian Valley, Pope Ridge, and Plough Peak,—about three hours.  
Nankang Pass, about two hours.

Poyang Ridge and Lion's Leap,—about half a day, but owing to the beautiful scenery and hard climbing a whole day is recommended.

Round trip through the Lotus Valley and Bull's Ridge,—about one and a half hours.

Monastery Ruins, The Dolomites, and the Temple in the Clouds,—four to five hours.

The Three Waterfalls,—five to six hours.

To Ch'i Hsien Tzu and the Goddess of Mercy Bridge via the Nankang Pass,—at least one day, but preferably two.

The White Deer Grotto and the Kaolin Pits, two days.

To Hai Hui and the Tiger Wall via Lion's Leap, a whole day.

The Takutang Valley via the Poyang Ridge, six to seven hours.

Takutang and the Big Orphan, two days.

Ma Wei Shui, one day.

The Mandarin Tomb at Lien Ch'i Mu may be visited while either going to or returning from Kuling.

To Wang Chia Miao and White Water Falls off Road to Takutang, about four hours.

Tung Lin, Shih Lin, and the Ruins of T'ing Kung, one of the most beautiful one-day trips on the whole mountains.

To the Devil's Wall and the Wolf's Ravine via the Three Trees, four hours.

The Temple Valley and Lien Hwa An, about four hours.

To Pi Yui An, eight hours.

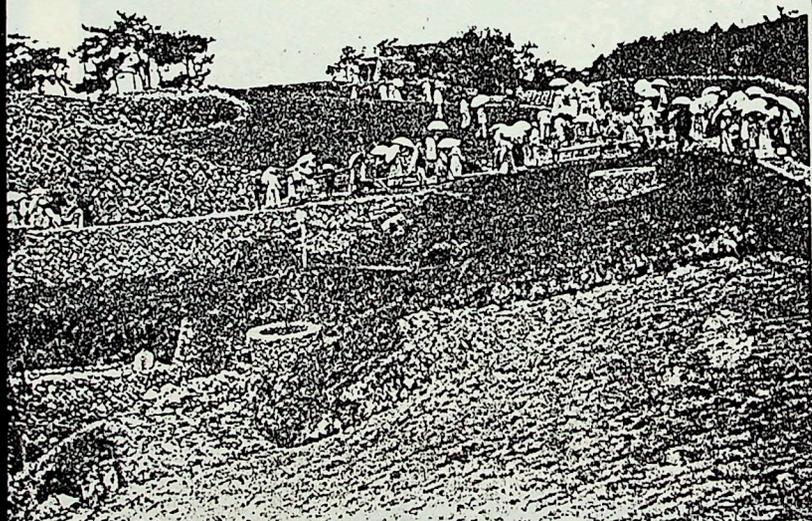
The Hanyang Peaks, nine to ten hours.

The Lushan Valley, Hot Springs, Hwei Tsung Temple, the Iron Pagoda, the Hsiu Feng and Hwa Sha Temples, four days at least. White Deer Grotto may be visited on the return.

## China Trip

Jean Hawk Troy, SAS '32, is leading a tour to China Oct. 15 - Nov. 5, sponsored by the US-China Peoples Friendship Association (USCPFA). Itinerary includes Beijing, Shanghai, Soochow, Wuxi, Huaxi (for overnight visit to village families), Nanjing, Xian, Kunming and Hong Kong. Cost from San Francisco is \$3550. For more information, write her at 4411 Drummond Drive, Chattanooga TN 37411 or telephone (615) 524-2215.

From Shaowu  
(First Hospital assistant)  
back down river to Kuliang  
for the summer ↓



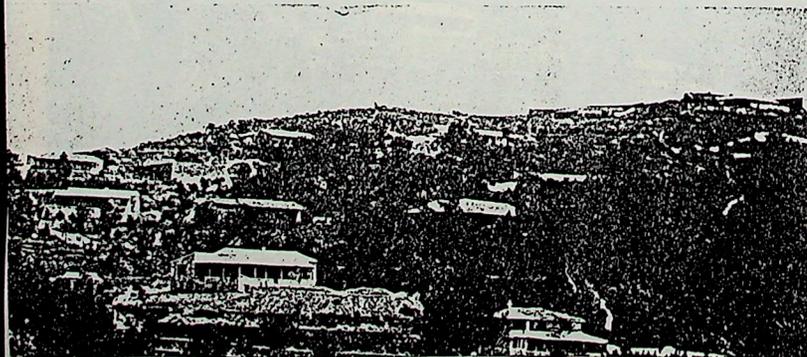
WHEN SERVICE IS OVER, KULIANG, CHUFCH.

has to be thus protected on account of typhoid



FIRST ASSISTANT IN THE SARAH C. PARKER HOSPITAL, SHAOWU, CHINA, & CHILDREN, MARY, DAY STAR, PLUM-BLOSSOM, AND BEAUTIFUL-PEARL. Note long hairpins betraying her from down river near Foochow.

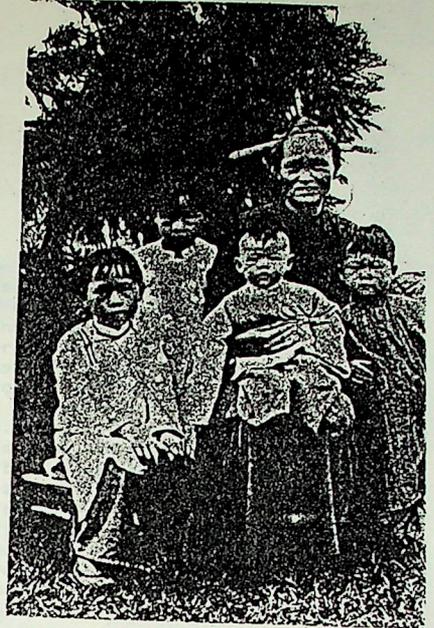
note "western" landscape evidence: circular walls around two houses.



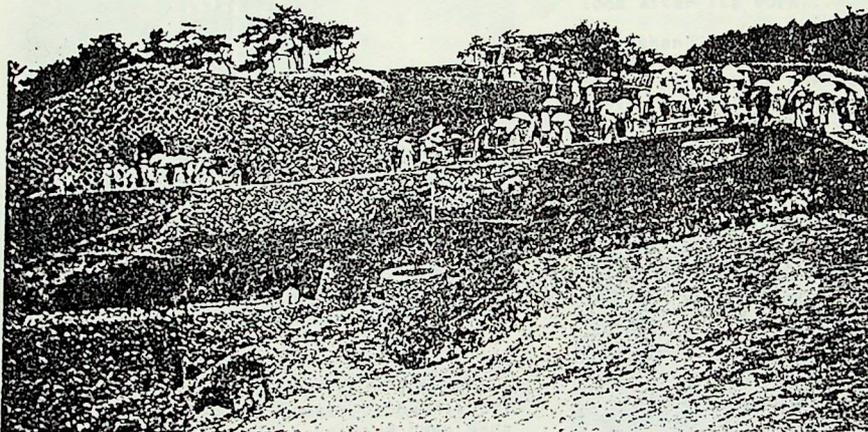
"Some houses at Kuliang missionary summer retreat about 6 mi fr Foochow. Many denomi

From Storrs' album

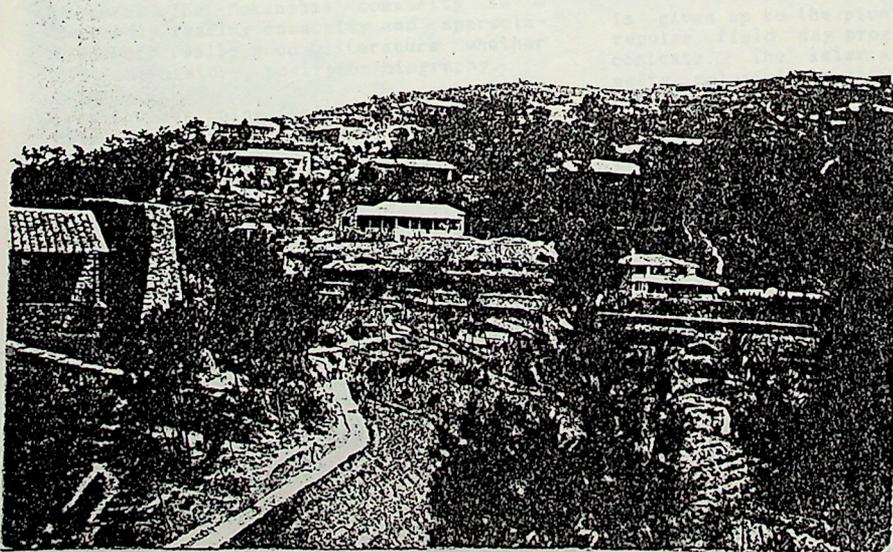
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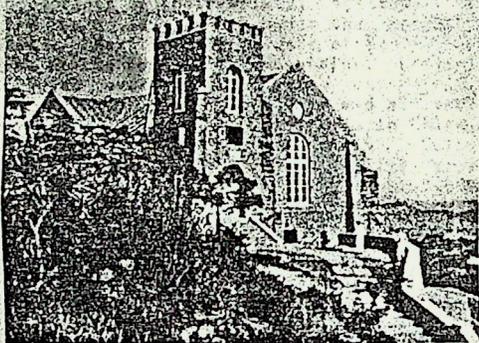


WHEN SERVICE IS OVER, KULIANG, CHINA.  
The church has to be thus protected on account of  
typhoid



"Some houses at Kuliang  
missionary summer  
retreat about 6 mi fr  
Foochow. Many denomir  
tions represented: One  
community church and  
one clubhouse.

a committee of ladies went to work to raise funds, with the result that a small but comfortable mud-walled church was erected in 1899, which was used regularly up to 1922 when the present commodious stone building was completed. The latter contains a spacious auditorium, a library, a room where a kindergarten is conducted annually, offices for the Association and committee rooms. Abundant room is thus furnished for concerts, entertainments for children and adults, Sunday School, preaching services and various conferences and community gatherings. The Roman Catholics too have erected a neat little church building.



The 1922 Church  
Photo from Phoebe White Westworth

The Library... has been an important factor in the life of the summer community... Generous donations of books have been made by friends in China and in the home lands. Many books have been purchased and our shelves now contain about two thousand volumes. The Mokanshan community is a decidedly reading community and appreciative of really good literature whether fiction, history, poetry or biography.

From the beginning, although the majority have been missionaries, businessmen have also enjoyed the mountain. The remark so often heard that businessmen and missionaries do not mix has never proven true of Mokanshan where they have lived and worked together *pro bono publico*. It has never been the custom for the Chinese to establish summer resorts as far as I know, but they have always been encouraged to come to Mokanshan and, especially in the last five years, not a few have taken advantage of the opportunity to give their families an enjoyable and restful place during the heated term. Many of the finest and most expensive houses are owned by Chinese.

the question at once arises, where did the money come from to make such an attractive resort? With the exception of the old church building, practically all the money was raised by issuing interest-bearing debentures... the confidence with which people took up its debentures is nothing short of remarkable. In the whole history of the place no one has lost a cent of money... The annual budget as well as redemption of debentures have been met for the most part from its membership fees supplemented by voluntary gifts from interested people... All the work of the Association through the years has been done through a voluntary Board of Directors which has appointed committees to look after its work...

Mokanshan is a paradise for children. While the annual tennis tournament is a great attraction for adults, the annual field day and Sunday School picnic held on the tennis courts is the day from which children date their triumphs. On this day the morning is devoted to water sports at the pool. The early part of the afternoon

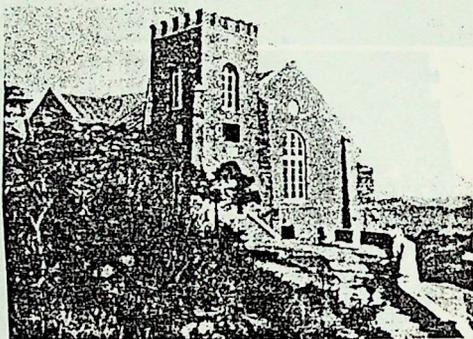


Mother Goose Play  
Photo from Phoebe White Westworth

is given up to the picnic followed by a regular field day programme of athletic contests. The later afternoon is made quite colorful by the display of prize ribbons of white, red, blue and orange with which the children, big and little, are decorated, drawing forth congratulations from fond parents and friends. The day is finished by a baseball game between the "kids" and the "men," sometimes called the "school" and the "world," which sends everybody home in a hilarious mood.

The history of transportation to this little gem of a resort furnishes interesting reading in itself. Thirty-two years ago it was "willy nilly," a houseboat rowed leisurely along the Grand Canal and its connections (or towed by steam launch) to the rest house eight miles from the mountain top. Then came the era of "rail

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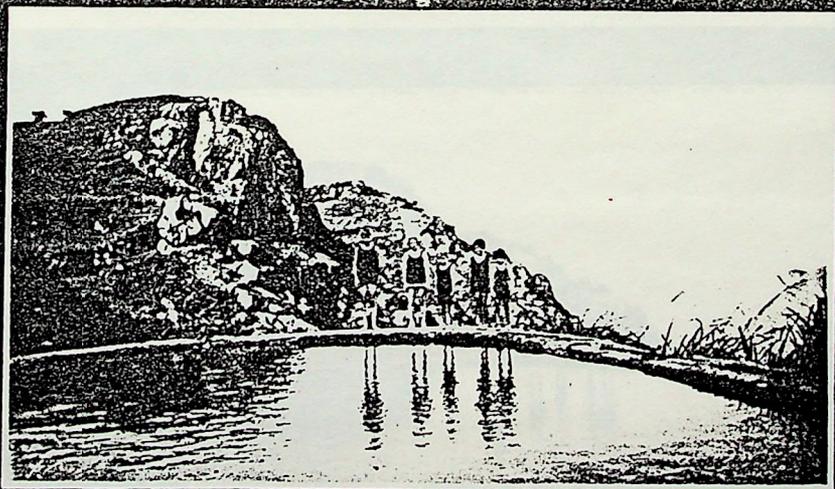
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ins are visible in  
in original.

Views from

Betty Storrs, CT.



Swim, + enjoy the view

From Charley and Polly Storrs'  
album '30 '2

Some mountains are visible in  
mist at right in original.  
Will try again.

Photo copy follows from  
sister-in-law Betty Storrs, CT.



Swim, + enjoy the view

Mr. & Mrs. Donald D. Strode  
P.O. Box 1030  
Madison, VA 22727-1030

Snapshots from Storrs' album '30's  
(Charley and Polly ABEM, [Congregational]  
missionaries)

Credits or whatever) to the  
Storrs children for me

Kulians  
Community Church  
See post card  
on next page

Club House with tennis courts  
was separate

Photo copy to follow from  
Betty Storrs (Mrs. Charles . . . Jr.) ET



Community  
Club

## Notes on being a foreigner in China

# 'You Pay More, Big Nose

By BOGDAN KRZYK

**N**o doubt about it, the life of a foreigner in China has its good sides. Food costs about one third what it does in Poland, and the same is true of clothing; separate reception rooms are available in all institutions; in hospitals, you are treated without waiting in line. There are shops only for foreigners, along with restaurants, theaters, and gas stations. Phone installation takes one day, and sometimes even a little old lady will give you her seat on the bus because you are a *waibin*—guest from abroad. The train from Guangzhou (Canton) to Hong Kong leaves at 8 a.m. Sleepy and hungry, I go through the passport-customs control at the station, dreaming of a cup of tea in the waiting room. The moment I enter, several young Chinese girls surround me. “Do you speak English?” “Where are you from?” “Where are you going?” “What is your name?” “How old are you?” “Where do you work?” One after another attacks with questions in English. These are students from the local high school who are taking this occasion to practice their English. About 40 of them are milling around the room.

China, a country that is opening the doors to the world with ever-increasing speed, is frantically scrambling to learn English. The only way to test the results is to corner a foreigner. Once, a foreign-language lover caught me on the street in Shanghai. We chatted for five minutes. I tried to continue on my way, but he followed me. After another 15-minute interrogation, I told him firmly that I had to turn onto another street. “No problem,” he said. He happened to be going exactly in that direction. Finally, in front of my hotel, I tried to say goodbye to him. “And maybe you could invite me to your place, so we can talk some more?” he said. Only after I lied and said that a Chinese girl was waiting for her English lesson upstairs did my new friend give up.

If you speak Chinese, you are a *lao pengyou*, or old friend. Matters that seemed impossible to arrange somehow get arranged. But there are situations when you should not reveal any knowledge of Chinese: for instance, when you go to the store. The moment you open your mouth, a list of compulsory questions follows: “Where are you from?” “How much do you make?” “Where did you learn Chinese?” The shop clerks respond with delight without waiting for your answer: “How wonderfully you speak Chinese.” After a few such exchanges per day, I most often say, “I do not speak Chinese.”

From the independent “Gazeta Wyborcza” of Warsaw.

My six-year-old son, unlike 1.1 billion Chinese, had the bad luck to be born with blue eyes and blond hair. The Chinese consider every light-haired foreigner the ideal of

**“It still has not dawned on the Chinese that not all foreigners paper their walls with dollar bills.”**

beauty. At the sight of children such as my son, they go out of their minds with delight. This is the reason I have taken my son to the Beijing zoo only once. He wanted to look at the cute animals, and a throng of Chinese wanted to look at him. Every other Chinese woman cannot resist the temptation to stroke his hair or caress his cheek. Offers of chewing gum, bananas, or candy fill the minutes free of posing for pictures. Recently, a peasant, who almost keeled over at the sight of Christopher in the park surrounding the Altar of the Skies, wanted to offer him a lit cigarette in a fit of enchantment. My little boy, who came to China as good as an angel, now lashes out at the Chinese with his fists or tries to kick them, but every Chinese seems willing to suffer that and more to touch such an odd little person.

Sometimes I can make good use of my son: when I have to settle some hopelessly difficult problem, for instance. It is enough to appear with him at an airline office for the enraptured ticket agents to find me seats on a flight that had been sold out for months, just so they may gaze at him.

lose'

gazeta  
WYDZIA

As in every country that has had a taste of Marx's discoveries, foreigners in China—especially diplomats and journalists—are often treated like professional spies. This is a slippery subject, so I will give an innocent example. Once in a while, my family and I visited a park outside Beijing called Badachu. The park's attraction lies in climbing hills from one monastery to another. However, this sanctuary, mentioned in all the tourist guides to Beijing, is located near "super-secret" military sites.

Over a period of two years, we visited the place numerous times, and nothing happened. Suddenly, last spring, the Chinese girl in the ticket booth eyed us suspiciously and stuck a framed directive of the "military authorities" under our noses. It stated that foreigners may not visit the park. Regulations are a sacred matter, the ticket taker explained. Because you are foreigners, she said, I cannot let you in; you are spying against us.

It still has not dawned on the Chinese that not all foreigners—popularly called *gao bizi*, or those with big noses—paper their walls with dollars. As a result, at every vegetable or fruit stand, prices are doubled at the sight of a foreigner. The street vendors, even though illiterate, draw the conclusion that the "big noses" will pay any price without arguing. The very old man at a nearby bazaar runs a booth with a big sign that says, in Russian, FRESH BEEF. He has never failed to cheat me on the weight and price, although he always greets me like an old friend, assuring me that all the other vendors are swine.

I might upset Chinese authorities by claiming that there is racial discrimination in China. Someone very wise in Beijing has decided that disgustingly rich foreigners can pay more to enter museums, parks, palaces, and gardens as well as for food. The difference is not small. Foreigners pay 10 times as much as Chinese to enter the Imperial Palace in Beijing; at the park of the Altar of the Skies, there is a 20-fold difference.

The only criterion for foreignness is outward appearance. It does you no good to be a poor student or a tourist from starving Ethiopia, not to mention a traveler from the former "Soviet zone" who has to count every penny. "You pay 30 yuan," says the ticket clerk at the Imperial Palace. "Why?" I ask. "Because you are a foreign visitor." "You are wrong," I say. "I am Chinese: As you know, there is a small Russian minority in China." Such talk leads me down a path of lies. "Show your documents," demands the girl. "I will show them, if you check the documents of all the Chinese waiting here." She is dismayed. I get a ticket at local prices.

Recently, I was able to persuade one of the ticket sellers in another way: "Imagine," I told her, "that you are going to Paris to see the Louvre, and at the entrance they tell you: 'You are slanty-eyed; you pay 10 times more.' Would you like that?" "Well, I'm sure I wouldn't," she admits. And again I got my local ticket.

And in Suzhou, a place famous for its gardens, I finally heard the answer I had long been waiting for. When I did not accept the ticket price for "foreign visitors" and refused to show my passport or proof that I was a citizen of the People's Republic, the woman in the ticket booth finally blurted out: "Don't philosophize. You pay more because you have a big nose." And it was then, won over by this boundless candor, I paid. And I like China anyway. □



Zhang/China Daily/Beijing

**Johnston, Tess X**

**From:** Maggie Gong [Maggie\_Gong@lv.caesars.com]  
**Sent:** Sunday, May 07, 2000 11:46 AM  
**To:** bethau@hotmail.com; davidmao2000@yahoo.com; clarkxxpats@juno.com;  
grtwest@public.sta.net.cn; fowardlaw@earthlink.net; epang629@hotmail.com;  
emhgong@sprintmail.com; Junko\_Kwon@hilton.com; JaneZhou@scvwd.dst.ca.us;  
keri710@aol.com; kerinefung@yahoo.com; phylfox@juno.com;  
paintballdane69@yahoo.com; omega@fudan.edu.cn; melowgrant@sprynet.com;  
ksigouin@uninet.com.cn; rosannafung@hotmail.com; pyon@access1.net;  
skimmlaw@aol.com; shock@nevada.edu  
**Subject:** ARE U ASIAN??

- > WAYS TO KNOW IF YOU'RE AN "ASIAN"
- > >
- > >10. You beat eggs with chopsticks
- > >9. You keep a Thermos of hot water available at all times
- > >8. You save grocery bags and use them to hold garbage
- > >7. You fight over who pays the dinner bill
- > >6. You hate to waste food a) Even if you're totally full, if someone says
- > >they're going to throw away the leftovers on the table, you'll finish
- > >them,
- > >b) You have Tupper ware in your fridge with those bites of rice or one >
- > >leftover chicken wing
- > >5. You have a collection of miniature shampoo/conditioner bottles and >
- > >little soap bars that you take every time you stay in a hotel
- > >4. You carry a stash of your own food whenever you travel (and travel >
- > >means any car ride longer than 15 minutes)
- > >3. You only make long distance or cellular phone calls after 11pm or >
- > >during weekends
- > >2. You think only Japanese or Germans can make good cars.
- > >1. You starve yourself before going to all-you-can-eat places.
- > >
- > >ONE MORE, YOU USE YOUR DISH WASHER AS DISH STORAGE!!
- >
- > Get Your Private, Free E-mail from MSN Hotmail at <http://www.hotmail.com>
- >
- >
- >
- >
- >
- >

----- Forwarded with Changes -----  
From: Judy Siu at CWI\_CPLV\_PO1  
Date: 5/5/00 1:08PM  
To: Pauline Lim at CWI\_CPLV\_PO2  
To: Meilin Chiang at CWI\_CPLV\_PO2  
To: Maggie Gong  
To: Moonlight Tran  
Subject: Fwd:FW: ARE U ASIAN??

----- Forwarded with Changes -----  
From: michael.siu@analog.com (Siu; Michael) at INTERNET\_MAIL  
Date: 5/5/00 12:02PM -0700  
To: Judy Siu at CWI\_CPLV\_PO1  
Subject: FW: ARE U ASIAN??

# China expert's lasting legacy

Philip Cunningham

**MAO ZEDONG ONCE SAID** he would like to be remembered as a teacher. I think that is an appropriate way to remember Michel Oksenberg, one of America's leading China experts, who passed away in Atherton, California, on February 22.

Oksenberg was a key architect in the normalisation of relations between the People's Republic of China and the United States as the China expert on former president Jimmy Carter's National Security Council. He also served as president of the East-West Centre, acted as a consultant for top US firms trying to negotiate the China market and wrote numerous articles and books about China. But first and foremost, he was a teacher.

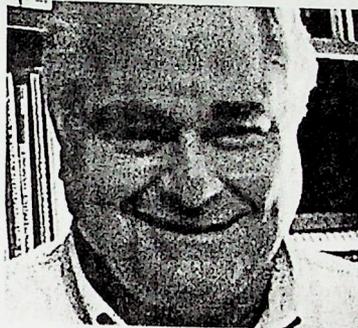
Oksenberg spent most of his career training hundreds of men and women in the art of interpreting Chinese politics at the University of Michigan. To help us understand Politburo politics in the Maoist years, Oksenberg had each student assume the role of a key leader and then proceeded to browbeat us all to submission in his role as Mao. From that I learned that being "first among equals" has nothing to do with quality, and everything to do with being first. As our teacher, and by extension Mao, he operated on an entirely different plane from everyone else.

For many, Oksenberg's intellectual influence is evident in their choice of China-oriented careers in academia and government. For some of us, the sense of mission he imparted of trying to learn as much as possible about China, led away from a career in America to China itself, to be immersed in the culture.

In 1987, while still living on a campus in Beijing, I was invited to meet Oksenberg at the Jianguo Hotel. With him at a chamber of commerce gathering was former US president Jimmy Carter, his wife Rosalynn, novelist Bette Bao Lord and one of my classmates. The mood was festive, reflecting the fine state of Sino-US relations.

Beijing's harsh crackdown on the student protests two years later at Tiananmen was a turning point that forced many optimistic China watchers to challenge previous assumptions. The 10th anniversary of Sino-US relations was depressing, especially for those who had dedicated their lives to creating and enhancing bilateral ties.

Oksenberg and I had a very public argument on a live US television programme in 1989 about the Tiananmen crackdown and the deteriorating state of Sino-US relations. Always a good sport when it came to tough questions and contrary opinion, Oksenberg not only did not take offence, but insisted on inviting me to



Brilliant mind: Michel Oksenberg

speak at the University of Michigan and attend an American football game with him and his family.

When he visited China after June 4 as a high-level emissary to get things back on track, he admitted he was loath to shake hands with leaders involved with the killing, but made a point of saying that China had many areas of common interest with the US, not to mention a nuclear arsenal, and should not be isolated or contained.

In 1996, I obtained a copy of dissident Wei Jingsheng's prison correspondence which I broke as a news story in *Asahi Shimbun*, *Associated Press* and *The New York Times* on the same day. That night I was

woken up by a surly Oksenberg calling I University, California "avuncular advice" for a while" as he tagged by Chinese :

Shortly after the Stanford, where he finding it harder as Beijing scholars who had friendly intentions had changed from the US amity in the ear had endless patience with the never-ending scholars anxious to

Among the many Chinese works of art Chinese-furnished I Oksenberg once she calligraphy that for Enlai had given to a Richard Nixon, and given to him. In it "Mike" note on what front page - actually book upside down. pretty much summary of Sino-US relations:

While death spared, I think he defied as he lived it, full of intelligence and dignity.

Philip Cunningham  
writer

*Former laid-off workers learn how to iron clothes at the Shanghai Women's Education & Training Centre. In addition to household chores, these women should master some basic English and Western etiquette before they go to foreign homes to work as domestic helpers.*

Photo: Zhu Gang

Working in foreign homes can be demanding, but the salary seems too dear to be missed for former laid-off workers.

Susan Xu writes



# Ayis' weals and woes

**F**ROM the point of view of an unemployed woman struggling to help support her family, the job as *ayi*, a domestic helper for a foreign family, may seem to have more benefits than drawbacks.

But Xiao Youmei said she broke into tears several times while working as an *ayi* for a French diplomat's family because of harsh treatment from the mistress. Xiao is one of the hundreds of domestic helpers working for staff members of consulates, foreign news agencies and foreign-invested companies.

"Her mood changes too quickly and it's difficult for me to understand," Xiao said. "If she feels dissatisfied with the work of one of us, she will shout at all of us. She even slapped one temporary worker's face because of his carelessness."

Before Xiao came to work for the family, three domestic helpers were fired by the French mistress. Xiao, who is Catholic, said she always prays that her boss will smile the next day, which will put all the other *ayis* in a good mood all day long.

"But I am used to that after staying there for about half a year. That's her personality," said Xiao. "Western people are more straightforward than Asians. They express directly what they think and have less consideration for others' feelings."

Xiao is envious of a friend who works for a Japanese family. The

family treats her well and always gives her small gifts.

But sometimes Asian people are also difficult to deal with, said Wang Peihua who used to work for a Japanese school.

"Japanese put an extremely high importance to sanitation," Wang said.

To clean the floor, there are three steps which can't be missed according to Japanese demands. First use the duster, then use a wet mop to wipe the floor.

Finally, a rag must be used to rub the floor clean. The Japanese even use the toothpick to examine if there is dirt in the corner of the bathroom.

"Some people even listed some special conditions that are hard to understand," said Qian Qinyu, manager of an agency specializing in domestic help.

Once a woman from Hong Kong demanded that the birthday of the babysitter should be in the months of July to September and she could not have been born in the year of the snake. And a South Korean demanded that his *ayi* should wear glasses.

"I was hesitant about taking up the job for a long time," Xiao said. "I don't have enough time and energy to take care of my own family, so if it had not been for the good pay, I'd rather choose another job."

Working from 9:00am to 8:00pm Monday through Friday, Xiao said she could get about 1,800 yuan (\$320) per month. "If parties are held at home, the mistress will give

me more money," Xiao said. "Her merit is that she is never stingy to people."

"But foreign people are getting more and more stingy about pay these days," Qian, the agency manager, said. "It is not high, but some people still bargain with us repeatedly."

Once a family even bargained with Qian for three days. In the end, the family managed to lower her monthly pay from 1,400 yuan (\$170) to 1,200 yuan (\$145).

## Most *ayis* happy

Currently, the average pay for a domestic helper working for a foreign family is about 10 to 12 yuan (\$1.2 to 1.5) per hour.

almost double the pay of working for a Chinese family. The difficulty between Xiao's French mistress and the domestic help seems to be an isolated case. Most foreign people are easy to get along with and happy with Chinese domestic helpers, according to the people who work for them.

Douglas Carey, a businessman from New York, is busy looking for an *ayi* these days because he is bringing his family to Pudong. "I will probably hire three people so we will have help during the day and at night," he said. "We are very comfortable hiring Chinese people because I already have 20 Chinese employ-

ees and find that they are very good workers and have a good attitude."

Huang Zhixian, a teacher at the

Shanghai Women's Education & Training Centre said before going back to their own countries, many foreign people try to find other positions for their *ayis* by recommending them to their friends who are still living in Shanghai.

The centre used to be a training school for women cadres. Now it provides job-training programmes for laid-off workers.

An old woman from the Netherlands even took her Chinese *ayi* abroad. "She said she is happy and used to having the Chinese helper accompanying her," Huang said. To win the approval of an employer, the key is quality of service.

"If you're not familiar with the lifestyle of a foreign family, you won't last a week," Ayi Wang Peihua said.

Domestic help in foreign homes are all trained.

"With the demand for domestic help continually rising, we think it's necessary to give standard training to these women," said an official with Shanghai Women's Education & Training Centre.

Classes for domestic helpers for foreign families began in 1995, and has trained over 1,000 people for these jobs.

"In fact, the first part of the training is not to improve their skills but to better their perception of the job," Huang said. "Most women think the job is of very low status before they are trained."

Ayi Xiao said she even didn't tell her husband and child about attending the training class. "I felt I was losing face to learn cooking and cleaning," she said.

Many women find it difficult to struggle so hard to learn a job they perceive as menial.

"Our training aims to make them more confident," Huang added.

During the three-month training, the women learn English, baby-sitting, Western etiquette, cleaning, table setting, washing and ironing, Western cooking and flower arranging.

"After the training, almost all women can be qualified domestic helpers for a foreign family," Huang said.

If not the training, Xiao said she wouldn't know how to wash the cashmere sweaters which cost over 1,000 yuan (\$120) and how to use different kinds of electrical appliances.

"Even if I don't do the job in the future, what I learned in the centre will benefit me a lot," Xiao said.

**Finding an English-speaking *ayi*:**

1. Contact Shanghai Women's Education & Training Centre. The centre has experience giving training classes and has contact with many agencies. Call 6323-1174-530 or fax 6321-3418.

2. Shanghai Yidan Family Service Centre is an agency specialized in providing family servants. Tel: 6511-2074.



*features*

# Jazz is Tian's religion



■ A melodious presence on the city's club scene, jazz singer Tian Guoan (right) performs with his band at Dong Hu Guesthouse. — Wang Rongjiang

*As one of the most established singers on the local jazz scene, Tian*

歡  
喜  
心

周穎  
新院體  
藝術展



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氣靜如蘭漸近

自狀

周穎畫展 志喜

丙子秋錄名刻百歲第一

# China: Washington Should Worry About Beijing's Weakness

NANJING, China — The U.S. ambassador to China, Joseph Prueher, was answering questions the other day after a lecture at Nanjing University, when an American student rose and asked him something like this: Why is it that whenever I'm back home Americans ask me what it's like to live in a Communist dictatorship that abuses its people, but when I'm here in China I feel that I'm living in a society that's becoming more open?

The young man's question reflected an important truth. While views of China in America, and particularly in Congress, still remain frozen in many cases on the massacre around Tiananmen Square, the reality here is now a much more complex combination of iron fists and Web servers, personal freedoms and political handcuffs.

Here are the five biggest myths about today's China.

*Myth No. 1.* The main threat

By Thomas L. Friedman

to the regime is a resurgence of the coalition of pro-democracy students and intellectuals who led the Tiananmen movement. Wrong. The fact is, the students have been among the biggest beneficiaries of the stability and foreign investment in China in the past decade, and they are unlikely to rock the boat.

The big challenge to the regime is the workers and farmers who will be laid off as a result of China's pending entry into the World Trade Organization. Many uncompetitive factories will be shut down, and 10 million farmers alone could lose their jobs as superior U.S. sugar and wheat start flooding China. Unrest among this group is the biggest threat to the regime.

*Myth No. 2.* The Internet will promote democracy in China.

Wrong. Dissident groups say they can now send a million e-mails of uncensored information

into China every day. But what can the recipients do with those e-mails? "If you just have information, but can't use it for organization or action to promote change, its political impact will be limited, and for now the Chinese government is still very good at preventing people from turning information into political action," said Michael Chase, who, with his colleague James Mulvenon, has been researching the Internet in China for the Rand Corp.

*Myth No. 3.* The Internet will not promote democracy in China. Also wrong.

Yes, the Chinese government has tried to block access, but it's not working. Here in Nanjing you can view online Tibet.com, the official Web site of the Tibetan government in exile, or NYTimes.com. Deep down, the leadership here knows that you can't have the knowledge that

China needs from the Internet without letting all sorts of other information into the country, and without empowering more and more Chinese to communicate horizontally and create political communities. In the long run this will only give more tools to the forces here pushing for political pluralism.

*Myth No. 4.* Every Chinese youth is building a replica of the Statue of Liberty in his basement. If only that were true.

The most popular political attitude among students is nationalism, with an underlying sense that America is trying to keep China down. A Nanjing professor said to me: "I had a student tell me the other day that in 1989 he was in Tiananmen Square as a young boy and in 1999 he was outside the U.S. Embassy throwing stones after the Americans bombed the Chinese Embassy in Belgrade."

A lot of people assume that the next generation of Chinese

will be more liberal and pro-American. In fact, a more democratic China that truly reflects public opinion will be a more nationalistic China.

*Myth No. 5.* The natural successor to China's Communist system is Jeffersonian democracy. I wish. The most likely thing to come after the Communist Party is a mess — unless the Communists can slowly introduce the rule of law and necessary governing institutions for a more open society.

We may think the problem in China today is too much control, but in most cases it's too little control. Half the time the central government either has no idea what's going on in a province or is unable to get provincial leaders to apply laws. Get ready for the fracas that is going to break out between the United States and China when every Chinese province tries to interpret WTO rules on its own.

*The New York Times.*

CG:  
Best thing  
out lately  
or maybe I only  
think so because  
I agree!  
AESS

A very young gal in the office sent this one to me.

## TOP TEN REASONS TO GO TO WORK NAKED

10. No one steals your chair.
9. Gives "bad hair day" a whole new meaning.
8. Diverts attention from the fact that you also came to work drunk.
7. People stop stealing your pens after they've seen where you keep them.
6. So that with a little help from Muzak you can add "Exotic Dancer" to your exaggerated resume.
5. You want to see if it's like the dream.
4. To stop those creepy guys in Marketing from looking down your blouse.
3. "I'd love to chip in, but I left my wallet in my pants."
2. You can take advantage of computer monitor radiation to work on your tan.
1. Your boss is always yelling, "I wanna see your ass in here by 8:00!"

P.S. I assume  
this is too vague  
for the Fowler?

**Subject: Thoughts/****Date:** Thu, 16 Nov 2000 09:53:40 -0800**From:** "MACIL FLYE" <maceflye@worldnet.att.net>**To:** "Denise Koos" <DeniseKoos@email.msn.com>, "Carol Hutchins" <dchutch@aol.com>, "Toni H.A. Cherry" <toniha@teleport.com>

Stuff to clear your thoughts

1. Don't sweat the petty things and Don't pet the sweaty things.
2. One tequila, two tequila, three tequila, floor.
- ✓ 3. If man evolved from apes why do we still have apes?
4. Santa is very jolly because he knows where all the bad girls live.
- ✓ 5. I went to a bookstore and asked the saleswoman where the Self Help section was. She said if she told me it would defeat the purpose.
6. Should crematoriums give discounts for burn victims?
7. If a deaf kid swears does his mother wash his hands with soap?
- ✓ 8. And whose cruel idea was it to put an `S` in the word `Lisp`?
9. If a man stands in the middle of the forest speaking and there is no woman around to hear him.... Is he still wrong?
10. If someone with multiple personalities threatens suicide, is it considered a hostage situation?
11. Is there another word for synonym?
- ✓ 12. Isn't it scary that doctors call what they do "practice"?
- ✓ 13. Where do forest rangers go to get away from it all?
14. What should you do if you see an endangered animal eating an endangered plant?
- ✓ 15. If a parsley farmer is sued do they garnish his wages?
- ✓ 16. Would a wingless fly be called a walk?
- ✓ 17. Why do they lock gas station bathrooms? Are they worried someone will clean them?
- ✓ 18. Is a shellless turtle homeless or just naked?
19. Can vegetarians eat animal crackers?
- ✓ 20. If a mime is arrested, do they tell him he has the right to talk?
- ✓ 21. Why do they put Braille on the drive thru bank machines?
22. Do they use sterilized needles for lethal injections?

JH1 page 7 3/28/00

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# Are Americans Different? You Bet They Are

By Richard Reeves

WASHINGTON — Are Americans different? The question has been asked by scholars and writers at least since Alexis de Tocqueville wrote "Democracy in America" in the 1830s. His answer was, "Yes, they are" — and he became the father of regularly emerging theories of American "exceptionalism."

The American, de Tocqueville thought, was exceptional because he lacked a feudal past, was more socially egalitarian, more meritocratic, more individualistic, more rights oriented and more religious.

Now, in our globalizing world, ideas like that should be moving toward anachronism. If you listen to all the talk of free market or e-market democracy, all people are becoming more like each other — at faster or slower rates depending on where they began the journey. Depending on who is doing the talking, everybody else (usually) is becoming like Americans, or (less often) they are becoming like everybody else.

Maybe. In a provocative article in the current issue of *The Wilson Quarterly*, Seymour Martin Lipset, argues that other Westerners may or may not be becoming like Americans, but Americans sure don't seem to be becoming like anyone else.

He argues that even as globalization rises and industrialism declines in developed societies, ideas and self-images have not followed proportionately. For instance, from 1960 to now, the number of workers in American manufacturing declined from 26 percent to 16 percent. During that period the number in Swedish manufacturing declined from 32 percent to 19 percent. But while the Swedes are more tolerant of capitalism and individualism than they were 50 years ago, they and almost all other Europeans have only combined American notions about income inequality as a prerequisite of economic growth with their continuing belief in egalitarian and communitarian values.

On that one, Mr. Lipset reports that survey research indicates that about half of Americans say they would choose earnings based on production, while two-thirds of British, French, Spanish and German respondents said they would

veys conducted in 1991 only 31 percent of Americans said they agreed with the statement, "What you achieve depends largely on your family background."

The comparable figures for Britain and Italy were, respectively, 53 percent and 63 percent.

Interesting. I do think Americans are different and I am certain I will not see a time when they are not. My own unscientific list of what makes Americans different would begin with this:

- We Americans are the only people I know of who raise their children to leave home — to find themselves. Others raise kids to serve the family, the tribe or the state. Italians, for instance, don't waste energy debating family values. They have the classic kind. Americans don't.

- Americans believe in the right to fail — and move on. That is why they are so mobile and why the bankruptcy laws are so lenient.

- Americans believe they are who they say they are. That is why half the résumés in the United States are phony.

- They are anti-history. The past is just that, past. And that is not always a bad thing by any means. Americans don't kill each other over something that happened hundreds of years ago. They don't even know what happened hundreds of years ago. They try things that have failed before — and sometimes they work now.

- They are much more religious — perhaps because they believe they are so superior that they must have been created by something far greater than man or chemistry.

- They are vividly bipolar, believing in good and bad, Democrats and Republicans, and that there are two sides to every question. There are, of course, more sides than they understand, but it is easier to work with two.

- They believe in continuing education. Most other adults think the idea of going back to school is daft; school is for children.

- They believe they are going to get rich one way or another. Genius. Hard work. Luck. One way or another it's going to happen, — if not to them, to their kids.

That's why they're Americans. I'm not sure globalization can

change that.

— Draft

Wonderful!  
Thanks for  
sharing.  
Bob

N ADVENTURE IN THE NIGHT

by Tess Johnston

It is 1982 and I am with a friend in the very  
area known as Old Town that dates back to the  
ed my car on a side street and we are seeking  
re will be a Chinese man awaiting us.

only dim lights shining out of the windows  
ed houses. Off each major street is a  
shooting off in all directions. There are no  
ly a designated landmark to go by as we walk

and all-compassing Chinese army  
and with high collars, and we have caps  
. We are two Western women trying to blend  
There are not many Chinese out on this frosty  
night and the few passers-by do not even glance at us. Our camouflage  
must be successful.

We spot our guide -- the only person standing on a corner we have seen  
so far - and he somehow recognizes us as his target. No words are  
exchanged but he motions us to follow a bit behind him as he swiftly  
moves into the warren of lanes, the alleyways becoming even narrower the  
farther into them we go. Will we ever be able to find our way out  
again?

Finally we enter through an old gate and ahead of us is a small house.  
A dim light shines out from the small window and a large figure stands  
in the shadows to the right of the door. He and our guide exchange  
muttered words and they motion us to enter. In any other country in the  
world we would be courting danger. We could easily disappear now and  
no one would ever know we had ever been here. The Chinese would say, in  
all honesty, that Westerners never come into this part of town and  
certainly no one has seen us this evening. What have we gotten  
ourselves into?

The door opens to our knock and we enter. There they are all waiting  
for us: the mother lying in bed with her new baby girl, the grandmother  
beaming at us from her seat on the bed. Mr. Wang, the father and the  
man we seek, comes to greet us. There is scarcely room to sit but he  
insists, pulling out benches from corners and pouring us glasses of hot  
tea. Our guide has left us; we never even saw his face. From now on  
Mr. Wang is in charge and he will lead us back out when we have finished  
our business.

And what is the mysterious matter than brings us here in the night?

Antiques.

Only a little more than five years have passed since the "Cultural  
Revolution," an epoch in which any connection with foreigners could be  
dangerous and the selling of any of China's treasures even more so. Mr.  
Wang is obviously a dealer; his small dwelling is overflowing from every  
nook and cranny with all sorts of Chinese treasures. In a loft built  
into the high end of the room piles of baskets and wooden objects reach  
all the way up to the roof. Shelves line every bit of available wall  
space, porcelain is on and under furniture and furniture is stacked on  
top of more furniture. Rolled rugs lean in corners and objects even

Draft

AN ADVENTURE IN THE NIGHT

by Tess Johnston

It is cold and very dark. It is 1982 and I am with a friend in the very heart of old Shanghai, the area known as Old Town that dates back to the Ming Dynasty. I have parked my car on a side street and we are seeking a certain corner where there will be a Chinese man awaiting us.

There are no street lights, only dim lights shining out of the windows of the old and densely packed houses. Off each major street is a labyrinth of narrow lanes shooting off in all directions. There are no street signs and we have only a designated landmark to go by as we walk silently along.

We are both clad in gigantic and all-compassing Chinese army greatcoats, ~~knack~~ in color and with high collars, and we have caps pulled down low on our faces. We are two Western women trying to blend into the surroundings. There are not many Chinese out on this frosty night and the few passers-by do not even glance at us. Our camouflage must be successful.

We spot our guide -- the only person standing on a corner we have seen so far -- and he somehow recognizes us as his target. No words are exchanged but he motions us to follow a bit behind him as he swiftly moves into the warren of lanes, the alleyways becoming even narrower the farther into them we go. Will we ever be able to find our way out again?

Finally we enter through an old gate and ahead of us is a small house. A dim light shines out from the small window and a large figure stands in the shadows to the right of the door. He and our guide exchange muttered words and they motion us to enter. In any other country in the world we would be courting danger. We could easily disappear now and no one would ever know we had ever been here. The Chinese would say, in all honesty, that Westerners never come into this part of town and certainly no one has seen us this evening. What have we gotten ourselves into?

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Only a little more than five years have passed since the "Cultural Revolution," an epoch in which any connection with foreigners could be dangerous and the selling of any of China's treasures even more so. Mr. Wang is obviously a dealer; his small dwelling is overflowing from every nook and cranny with all sorts of Chinese treasures. In a loft built into the high end of the room piles of baskets and wooden objects reach all the way up to the roof. Shelves line every bit of available wall space, porcelain is on and under furniture and furniture is stacked on top of more furniture. Rolled rugs lean in corners and objects even

hang from hooks fixed to the roof beam. One can only marvel that the occupants manage to live a normal life in their warehouse-cum-home.

We are so overcome by the sheer volume of the offerings that we can not even think where to start. Our eyes scan the room, we call for a piece of porcelain from here, a basket from there, a stool from under a stack of wooden bed parts. The bargaining starts but the prices are - at least to our Western eyes - so ridiculously low that we are almost embarrassed to offer less; but we do. Only I speak Chinese but my friend is adept at finger-counting, the simple system of using fingers for numbers from one ten, and she needs no help from me. In fact, I soon observe that she is the better bargainer.

We chat and drink tea and amuse our hosts, me with my squirrely Chinese and my friend with her firm determination to get the absolute lowest price. At times Mr. Wang rolls his eyes heavenward when the bargaining gets intense. We are all obviously having a grand time, but after about an hour we realize it is getting late, we are freezing and far from home. I glance at the large bed, which fills more than half of the room, and my eyes trail down to the floor beneath it. There are visible four wooden legs of a lovely golden hue (yellow rosewood? - I cross my fingers), legs that do not belong to the bed. They turn out to belong to a low table about a meter square, whose top lies on a blanket facing the floor. I see instantly that it is the perfect height for a coffee table.

I wonder about the condition of the top. Will it match the lovely quality of the legs or is it scarred and pitted? I ask that the piece be pulled out so that I can inspect it carefully. No way! The space beside the bed is so narrow that there is no way to extricate the table without shifting about half the objects in the room. Mr. Wang assures me that it is in perfect condition and I take his word for it. He has always played fair with me and I trust him not to change now.

This time I negotiate a bit harder and we arrive at a price that seems to greatly please both of us. He will deliver it tomorrow, after he has somehow extracted it from its tight quarters. Sure enough, it arrives by tricycle cart the next evening, in perfect condition as promised -- and gorgeous. The photograph accompanying this article shows it as the centerpiece in the drawing room of my *fin du siecle* flat in Paris.

We are sated with shopping and are beginning to run out of money, so we reluctantly call a halt. We watch while our many and sundry purchases are carefully wrapped in newspaper and then placed in large plastic bags, one for each of us, with Mr. Wang carrying the third and heaviest. He reconnoiters the lane: empty. We bid our farewells to the happy family and quickly slip out into the narrow alleyway, where we walk single-file in silence toward the larger lane ahead. Mr. Wang walks us to the vicinity of our car and then turns over his large bag to us. It is now late and the streets are fortunately empty as we stagger to the car and stow our purchases in the boot.

Our lives moved on, my friend left Shanghai, never to return, and I never saw Mr. Wang again. It gradually became, upon reflection, almost a dream; I wondered if I had ever really made such an excursion those many years ago. One day in 2001 as I walked along a side street near the Gascogne I spotted an antique shop that I had not noticed before. The eternal collector, I of course nipped in to see what was ~~on offer.~~  
IN SIDE.

To my amazement there stood Mr. Wang and his wife. To me they seemed not one bit older than I remembered them. They recognized me immediately and even remembered my Chinese name.

I pop by now and then and we reminisce fondly over that daring excursion into forbidden territory of twenty years ago. Mr. Wang still deals in antiques and, although his prices have naturally escalated quite a bit, he still has an interesting and eclectic collection on offer.

And the newborn baby girl we saw lying in the big bed with her mother those many years ago is now at university.

\* \* \* \* \*

NOTE TO READERS: Tess - along with all the other tenants - is being evicted from her beloved Gascogne Apartments, which is about to undergo extensive renovation. Until she gets a new address her email may be the only way to reach her (TESS\_SH@ONLINE.SH.CN).

TO: TESS JOHNSTON  
FROM: SGT MICHAEL HAMES  
DATE: 28 June, 2000  
RE: ARTICLE FOR THE HOWLER

#### THE YELLOW MOUNTAIN OF HUANGSHAN

If anyone is looking for a good workout, Huangshan is the place to go. I recently made the three day journey and it was one of the best trips I have ever taken. Please allow me to list the details.

I purchased two soft-seat train tickets two days before I left, for only 97 RMB each. I finished my midnight shift at 05:00 and took the 07:45 train from Shanghai to Huangshan. It was a 12 hour trip because of all the stops in the other cities. After getting to the train station we found a nice hotel that was close to the train station for only 400 RMB for the night. There are plenty to choose from. We walked around the city for a little while and then rested up for the long journey ahead.

We woke up at 06:00 in order to catch a bus from the train station to the base of the mountain. That bus ride was about 1 1/2 hours and it only set me back 40 RMB. Once to the base of the mountain, you must take a smaller van to the actual entrance gate for about 20 RMB. Once we got there we made our last minute preparations and we started walking.

Make sure you bring comfortable shoes, but most important, make sure you bring your camera! This place is gorgeous! Being from New Jersey, I've never seen anything more astounding than this mountain that was sitting in my way. Keep in mind that there are two options of getting to the top: the cable car or your trusty ol' legs! I opted for the latter. It took us nearly 6 1/2 hours to reach "Lotus Peak". This is the highest point in the Huangshan mountains. We made sure to keep taking breaks and to keep drinking water. Be forewarned that if you have never done any exercise like this, this is not the time to start. I recommend that you take the cable car up and then walk down.

The endless flights of steps were filled with Chinese men carrying everything to the top. I saw men carrying bags of rice, bundles of 2x4's even plates of glass from bamboo sticks. It is absolutely amazing how strong these men are. I had the opportunity to talk with one lady who told me that she scales the mountain at least once a day. Last year she did it 360 times! This 52 year old woman told me that I could probably beat her in a foot race on level ground, but I wouldn't stand a chance in a race to the top of Huangshan!

The views of all the different peaks are really impressive, especially later in the day because you can see the sun setting. I didn't really see the trademark thick clouds of Huangshan, but it was still beautiful.

We elected to stay in a tent for 80 RMB, instead of paying the 700-800 RMB fee for any of the hotels at the top! They also have little cabin rooms that accommodate 6 people for around 80 RMB. They won't mix foreigners with the Chinese so rest assured you'll get your own room. As far as accommodations, it is not necessary to call ahead.

We battled the cold air throughout the night and we woke up at 04:00 in order to take down the tent and catch the sunrise which usually takes place around 05:00. We found a nice peak and waited patiently for the sun to come

up. You can see the red/orange horizon get brighter and brighter until finally the sun appears! It was such a beautiful sight. I used my digital camera to catch the sun as it was rising. A video camera is highly recommended though!

After the sunrise, we made preparations to make our way down the mountain. There are various routes to take so have fun. It really doesn't matter. It only took 3 hours to get to the base, at which point we took a bus back to the train station where we waited for our sleeper bus to take us back to Shanghai. Trains from Huangshan to Shanghai do not run daily so a four day trip is recommended. Because I wanted to return on the 3rd day, I had to put up with the bus ride. The good thing about the bus ride was that I got to sleep, I got to see some gorgeous villages and it was only 68 RMB!

I am still in awe of this place when I talk to people about it! I really want to go back and I recommend this trip to anyone who loves nature and also a good workout! If anyone would like to talk to me personally, please contact me.

Sgt Michael Hames



Dalat - Ho Chi Minh City Departs about 3:30pm daily  
Flying time: 50 minutes

Upon arrival, meet and transfer to your hotel.  
2 nights at one of the hotels in Ho Chi Minh City. Breakfast at hotel.  
Coach transfer to the airport for your flight back to Hong Kong.

Ho Chi Minh City - Hong Kong Departs 10:15am/arrives 2:00pm daily

Package Price Per Person: HKD8,660.00 (3 to 4 star hotel) / HKD9,980.00  
(5-star hotel)

Choice of hotel:

Hanoi - The Horison (3-star) or Sofitel Metropole (5-star)  
Halong Bay - Halong Plaza or Heritage Halong (similar class)  
Hue - Century Riverside (3-star) or Saigon Morin (4-star)  
Danang - Furama Resort (5-star, the only hotel on the package list)  
Dalat - Novotel (3-star) or Sofitel Palace (4-star)  
Ho Chi Minh City - Omni Saigon (4-star) or Renaissance (5-star)

There are more hotels to choose in Hanoi and Ho Chi Minh City. I have suggested the cheapest and the most expensive and they are more popular and centrally located. Sofitel Metropole and the Omni Saigon Hotel are in colonial style.

A non-refundable deposit of HKD400.00 per person is required upon confirmation of booking. Pre-booking of daily sightseeing tours are also available on request.

Please feel free to contact us for further questions or reservation.

Carmen Chiu  
Great Eastern Tourist Limited  
Units 1602-3 Tower 1  
Silvercord  
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Fax. (852) 23760732

NOW I HAVE A STORY ABOUT CHOLERA - ASIATIC CHOLERA, THAT DREAD EPIDEMIC DISEASE ENDEMIC IN INDIA AND CHINA WHICH HAS IN RECENT YEARS BROKEN OUT IN SOVIET RUSSIA AND THE BALKANS AND WAS COMMON IN THE PORT CITIES OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE UNTIL ABOUT THE TURN OF THE PRESENT CENTURY. IN 1896 THERE WERE 16,000 CASES IN HAMBURG, GERMANY WITH 8,000 DEATHS. MORE ESPECIALLY, THOUGH, THE STORY IS ABOUT A HERO, A CHINESE RESIDENT PHYSICIAN NAMED TSIANG AND HIS REMARKABLE IMPROVISATIONS IN HANDLING AN EPIDEMIC WHICH TOOK PLACE IN SHANGHAI IN 1940 UNDER THE MOST TRYING CIRCUMSTANCES.

ASIATIC CHOLERA IS THE MOST VIOLENT GASTROINTESTINAL DISEASE KNOWN TO MAN. THE DISEASE IS CAUSED BY THE COMMA BACILLUS OR VIBRIO, A MOTILE ORGANISM ORIGINALLY ISOLATED AND DESCRIBED BY KOCH IN AN EPIDEMIC IN ALEXANDRIA IN THE 1880'S..THE DISEASE IS CAUSED BY THE INGESTION OF THE VIBRIO EITHER IN CONTAMINATED WATER SUPPLY OR INFECTED FOOD. THE UNIVERSAL PRACTICE IN CHINA OF FERTILIZING VEGETABLE GARDENS WITH HUMAN EXCRETA IS ONE OF THE MOST COMMON METHODS OF INFECTION THERE. AFTER INGESTION OF CONTAMINATED FOOD OR WATER THERE IS A PERIOD OF TWO TO FOUR DAYS WHICH USUALLY PRODUCES A GENERAL MALAISE. THIS IS FOLLOWED BY THE SUDDEN ONSET OF VOMITING AND DIARRHEA. THE STools ARE WATERY AND RICH IN BACTERIA. THE VIOLENT DIARRHEA IS ACCOMPANIED BY MUSCULAR CRAMPS FOLLOWED BY RAPID DEHYDRATION AND FORTY TO FIFTY PERCENT OF HIS BODY WEIGHT IN AS LITTLE AS THREE HOURS AFTER THE ONSET OF THE ACUTE SYMPTOMS. THE VICTIMS AT THIS TIME RESEMBLE NOTHING SO MUCH AS A CADAVER, WITH EYES SUNKEN INTO THEIR SOCKETS, THEIR FACES PINCHED, THEIR SKIN HANGING IN FOLDS AND THEIR PULSES BARELY PERCEPTIBLE. THERE IS NO SPECIFIC TREATMENT FOR ASIATIC CHOLERA. A REVIEW OF THE RECENT LITERATURE INDICATES THAT THE SULFONAMIDES ARE OF NO VALUE AND VARIOUS

LOVED THIS !!  
 Very interesting  
 article.  
 Thanks  
 Swann

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ANTIBIOTICS OF LITTLE VALUE IN MODIFYING THE COURSE OF THE DISEASE. HOWEVER, IF THE TERRIFIC DEHYDRATION OF THESE PATIENTS CAN BE RAPIDLY CORRECTED A HIGH PERCENTAGE OF THE CASES GO INTO A STAGE OF RESOLUTION WITH GRADUALLY DIMINISHING SYMPTOMS AND RECOVERY - THE INTESTINAL TRACT BEING COMPLETELY FREE OF COMMA VIBRIO WITHIN 7 - 12 DAYS. CHRONIC CARRIERS OF THE CAUSATIVE ORGANISMS, ARE A RARITY AS CONTRASTED WITH TYPHOID. IN 1940 CORRECTION OF DEHYDRATION WAS BEST ACCOMPLISHED BY THE INTRAVENOUS ADMINISTRATION OF HYPERTONIC SALINE SOLUTION - 13.5 GRAMS OF SODIUM CHLORIDE AND 0.25 GRAMS OF CALCIUM CHLORIDE TO EACH 1000 CC. OF WATER. IN RECENT YEARS THESE SOLUTIONS HAVE BEEN DISPLACED BY NORMAL SALINE SUPPLEMENTED WITH SODIUM LACTATE.

PRIOR TO 1940 I HAD BEEN INTRODUCED TO ASIATIC CHOLERA WHEN IN 1933 WHILE SERVING AS A QUARANTINE OFFICER IN THE PUBLIC HEALTH SERVICE IN MANILA I TOOK SIX PATIENTS WHO HAD DEVELOPED SYMPTOMS ONLY FOUR HOURS EARLIER OFF OF A SHIP FROM CHINA TO THE SAN LAZARA ISOLATION HOSPITAL WHERE IN SPITE OF PROMPT AND HEROIC TREATMENT WITH ADEQUATE FACILITIES AVAILABLE WE MANAGED TO SAVE ONLY FOUR.

AND NOW A LITTLE REVIEW OF NOT TOO WELL KNOWN HISTORY TO HIGHLIGHT THE BACKGROUND OF OUR 1940 CHOLERA EPIDEMIC IN SHANGHAI. AS SOME OF YOU KNOW, WORLD WAR II STARTED WITH THE MARCO POLO BRIDGE INCIDENT OF AUGUST 1937 WHICH STARTED THE JAPANESE INVASION OF CHINA. IN 1939 THE JAPANESE ATTACKED THE SHANGHAI AREA RAPIDLY OCCUPYING THE CHAPEI AND HONGKEW SECTIONS OF THE CITY AS WELL AS THE OLD WALLED CITY, BUT SCRUPULOUSLY AVOIDING THE REMAINDER OF THE INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENT AS WELL AS THE FRENCH CONCESSION. THIS LED TO A CIRCUMSTANCE, UNIQUE IN HISTORY, SO FAR AS I KNOW OF. WE WHO LIVED THERE BEING ABLE TO WATCH A FULL SCALE WAR IN PROGRESS, LITERALLY ON OUR FRONT DOOR STEPS, FROM THE ROOFS OF DOWNTOWN BUILDINGS IN RELATIVE SAFETY. THE INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENT AND FRENCH CONCESSIONS WERE INUNDATED WITH HOARDS OF REFUGEES FROM THE OCCUPIED SECTIONS AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY SIDE, SO THAT THE FORMER POPULATION OF ABOUT 5 MILLION PEOPLE WAS NOW CROWDED INTO AN AREA

HALF THE SIZE OF THE ORIGINAL CITY WITH THE COUNTRY REFUGEES AUGMENTING THE POPULATION TO AN ESTIMATED 6 MILLION LIVING UNDER CONDITIONS OF INDESCRIBABLE CROWDING AND INADEQUATE SANITARY FACILITIES. THIS WAS THE IDEAL SITUATION FOR AN OUTBREAK OF CHOLERA - AND WE HAD IT - 15,000 CASES IN A PERIOD OF A FEW WEEKS.

NOW, OUR HERO TSIANG WAS A YOUNG RESIDENT AT THE MUNICIPAL ISOLATION HOSPITAL LOCATED IN HONGKEW. WITH THE ADVANCE OF THE JAPANESE HE HAD BEEN FORCED TO EVACUATE HIS HOSPITAL WITH ITS PATIENTS AND WHAT EQUIPMENT COULD BE MOVED HURRIEDLY TO TEMPORARY QUARTERS IN A WAREHOUSE IN THE INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENT. THIS MOVE, HOWEVER, MADE LITTLE DIFFERENCE FOR AFTER ALL HOW COULD THE FACILITIES OF A HUNDRED BED ISOLATION HOSPITAL COPE WITH AN EPIDEMIC OF 15,000 CASES OF CHOLERA! THE MUNICIPAL HEALTH DEPARTMENT COMMANDEERED SEVERAL ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS TO SERVE AS EMERGENCY HOSPITALS. TSIANG WAS PUT IN CHARGE OF ONE OF THEM AND ALL THE PRIVATE PHYSICIANS IN TOWN VOLUNTEERED TO WORK IN THEM. I WAS ASSIGNED TO TSIANG'S HOSPITAL AT THE ELLIS KADOUHRY SCHOOL NO. 2 ON SINZA ROAD AND WORKED WITH HIM ALMOST TO THE EXCLUSION OF MY PRACTICE 12-18 HOURS A DAY FOR 3 WEEKS.

TSIANG USED THE SCHOOL BUILDING AS HIS RECEIVING HOSPITAL AND HAD LARGE MAT SHEDS - THOSE REMARKABLE TEMPORARY BUILDINGS WHICH THE CHINESE CAN PUT UP IN A FEW HOURS ON A FRAME OF BAMBOO POLES WITH ROOFS AND SIDES COVERED WITH TWO LAYERS OF WOVEN MATTING SHEETS WITH OIL PAPER BETWEEN THEM EFFECTIVELY PROTECTING THE OCCUPANTS FROM THE ELEMENTS FAR MORE THAN OUR TENTS, PUT ON THE PLAYGROUND OF THE SCHOOL TO ACCOMMODATE 2,000 CONVALESCENT PATIENTS WHO WERE CARED FOR LARGELY BY VOLUNTEER HELP. HE MADE THE ASSEMBLY HALL OF THE SCHOOL INTO HIS RECEIVING WARD. THERE WERE NO BEDS, SO BOARDS WERE PUT UP ON CARPENTERS HORSES SO THAT A HUNDRED NEWLY ARRIVED PATIENTS COULD BE LAID OUT ON THEM AT A TIME. HIS PROBLEM WAS TO GIVE MASSIVE INTRAVENOUS INFUSIONS OF HYPERTONIC SALT SOLUTION TO 100 PATIENTS SIMULTANEOUSLY. THE PROBLEM WOULD TAX ANYONE'S INGENUITY EVEN IF HE HAD EVERY FACILITY AND INEXHAUSTABLE SUPPLIES AT HIS COMMAND. BUT INEXHAUSTABLE SUPPLIES WERE NOT AVAILABLE NOR WERE FACILITIES AVAILABLE TO PRODUCE ANYTHING LIKE ENOUGH DISTILLED WATER TO MAKE A

DENT IN SOLVING THE PROBLEM. BUT TSIANG WAS AN IMPROVISER AND THAT'S WHY HE WAS A HERO AND THAT'S WHY YOU ARE HEARING ABOUT HIM TONIGHT.

SHANGHAI HAD AN ABUNDANT "SAFE" WATER SUPPLY PRODUCED BY A MODERN SAND FILTRATION PLANT OUT OF WHANGPOO RIVER WATER, FAMILIARLY KNOWN AS WHANGPOO SOUP, WHICH IS INDICATIVE OF ITS FILTH. ALSO, AVAILABLE AT A LOCAL DEPARTMENT STORE WERE THOUSANDS OF FEET OF RED RUBBER TUBING OF THE TYPE USED ON ENEMA CANS BEFORE THE PLASTIC ERA, AS WELL AS THOUSANDS OF THREE INCH LONG BERKFELDT FILTER CANDLES OF THE TYPE USED EXTENSIVELY IN CHINA TO FILTER DRINKING WATER BETWEEN THE COMPARTMENTS OF A TWO COMPARTMENT PORCELAIN WATER CONTAINER. THERE WAS A LARGE MARKET FOR THESE FOR USE IN AREAS OF THE COUNTRY WHICH DID NOT HAVE "SAFE" WATER SUPPLIES. TSIANG HAD ALSO, BY EXTREME GOOD LUCK, A LARGE SUPPLY OF #12 AND #14 GAUGE LUER INTRAVENOUS NEEDLES IN THE WAREHOUSE OF A LOCAL GERMAN SURGICAL SUPPLY HOUSE. THE ONLY REASON THESE WERE ON HAND WAS THAT THEY WERE OBSOLETE AND COULD NO LONGER BE SOLD. NOWADAYS, AND EVEN THEN WE WOULD REFER TO THEM AS "PIG STICKERS." BUT, THEY MET HIS REQUIREMENTS ADMIRABLY. HE TIED THE BUTT END OF A NEEDLE IN ONE END OF A LONG LENGTH OF RUBBER TUBING WITH SILK THREAD AND THE NOZZLE OF A FILTER CANDLE IN THE OTHER END. HE THEN ERECTED FOUR STANDS ABOUT 8 FEET HIGH WHICH HE PUT NEAR THE FOUR CORNERS OF HIS RECEIVING WARD AND PLACED A 50 GALLON SOOCHOW TUB ON TOP OF EACH STANDARD AND DROPPED 25 CANDLE ENDS OF HIS RUBBER TUBING INTO EACH TUB. A COOLIE WAS INSTRUCTED TO KEEP THE TUBS FULL OF SO MANY BUCKETS OF TAP WATER, AND SO MANY PACKETS OF SALT WHICH HE WEIGHED OUT FOR HIM AND WAS TOLD TO KEEP THE SALT DISSOLVED BY STIRRING THE SOLUTION WITH A WOODEN PADDLE, AS PATIENTS ARRIVED AND WERE PUT ON THEIR BOARD BEDS THE NEEDLE END OF HIS TUBINGS WAS PUT IN A VEIN, WHICH USUALLY HAD TO BE ACCOMPLISHED BY A CUT DOWN AND THE HYPERTONIC WHANGPOO SOUP ALLOWED TO SYPHON INTO THE PATIENTS VEIN AS FAST AS IT WOULD FLOW - NO ATTEMPT BEING MADE TO MEASURE THE AMOUNT OF FLUID EACH PATIENT RECEIVED. THIS TREATMENT WAS CONTINUED UNTIL THE PATIENT REVIVED AND HIS BLOOD PRESSURE APPROACHED NORMAL OR HE DIED.

UNDOUBTEDLY SOME PATIENTS WERE DROWNED BY THIS DRASTIC TREATMENT BUT FORTUNATELY MOST OF THEM REVIVED AND WERE THEN MOVED TO THE CONVALESCENT MAT SHEDS TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE STEADY STREAM OF NEW ARRIVALS. NEVER HAVE I WITNESSED SUCH DRAMATIC METAMORPHOSIS FROM VIRTUAL CADAVER STATE TO ALMOST NORMAL APPEARANCE IN THE COURSE OF A FEW HOURS.

AND WHAT WERE THE RESULTS? THE EXPECTED MORTALITY IN MAJOR EPIDEMICS OF CHOLERA HAD BEEN 50 TO 60% NO ONE HAD EVER REPORTED A MORTALITY UNDER 20% EVEN IN LESSER OUTBREAKS WHERE ADEQUATE FACILITIES WERE AT HAND. OUR MORTALITY IN THE SHANGHAI EPIDEMIC WAS 8% OF 15,000!

MY LESSON FROM TSIANG SERVED ME IN GOOD STEAD WHEN LATER ON AS A GUEST OF THE JAPANESE EMPEROR IN AN INTERNEMENT CAMP IN THE PHILLIPPINES I WAS FACED WITH A SIMILAR DILEMMA TO HIS, WHEN I HAD TO TAKE CARE OF HUNDREDS OF CASES OF BACILLARY DYSENTERY WHO ALSO NEEDED INTRAVENOUS FLUIDS, IF NOT IN THE SAME QUANTITIES. HAVING SEEN WHANGPOO SOUP USED SO EFFECTIVELY I HAD NO FEAR OF USING BOILED RAIN WATER AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR TRIPLE DISTILLED WATER.

I HAVE NOT TOLD THIS STORY TO ADVOCATE THE CUTTING OF THE COST OF MEDICAL CARE BY THE SUBSTITUTION OF FILTERED TAP WATER OR BOILED RAINWATER FOR THE COMMERCIALLY PREPARED SOLUTIONS WE NOW USE BUT SIMPLY TO EMPHASIZE THAT INNOVATORS CAN BE HEROES AND ARE OFTEN UNSUNG ... FOR MY MONEY, I AM PREPARED TO BELIEVE THAT SOME PEOPLE HAVE RECEIVED THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR LESSER ACCOMPLISHMENTS THAN TSIANG'S.

# The Last Americans in Hankow

ROLF J. HUSO

*In 1949,  
two Americans close up the  
consulate general in Hankow  
during the  
Communist advance.*

By August 1949, the Communist People's Liberation Army had swept southward across China, forcing the Nationalist government of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek to retreat to Formosa and a few enclaves on the mainland. The Communists were in full control of Hupeh Province. Consul General Leo J. Callanan and I were the last American officials remaining at the U.S. consulate general in Hankow (Wuhan). The once numerous and prosperous expatriate community had dwindled to a dozen or so as most fled before the Communist advance.

As the post's communications clerk, I received and decoded the message we had long been expecting: the order to close the post and get out of Hankow as best we could. The Communist authorities had become increasingly hostile toward the foreign consular missions. Already, in Mukden, the Communists had accused our consulate of engaging in espionage and were threatening to try U.S. personnel by a "people's court." We worried that the Wuhan Military Control Commission, the de facto government of the region, would adopt a similar attitude and refuse to grant us permission to leave.

First, we had to notify all Americans in the area that we were closing the post. We did our best to reach all those who were still around, missionaries for the most part, including

*Rolf J. Huso retired after serving in posts in Europe, Africa, and Asia.*

some who had not registered with us.

We urged them to give serious consideration to leaving and advised them that they would have to contact the Communist authorities on their own to make arrangements. We were powerless to help with anything other than advice. Some left; some chose to remain.

On September 30, I sent the following message to the department: "This is last message, transmitter and receiver closing down today. ConGen closing Oct. 1. Department please inform all China posts." From that moment, we were effectively cut off from regular communication with the world beyond Hankow. After destroying our cryptographic materials, I turned to helping Callanan systematically obliterate our official seals and documents. To dispose of the last of our classified papers, we moved to Callanan's apartment within the same building. Ensnored in armchairs and sipping the last of his bourbon, we fed documents into the fireplace.

The next day, we applied in person to the commissar of the Wuhan Military Control Commission for exit permits. He coldly informed us that

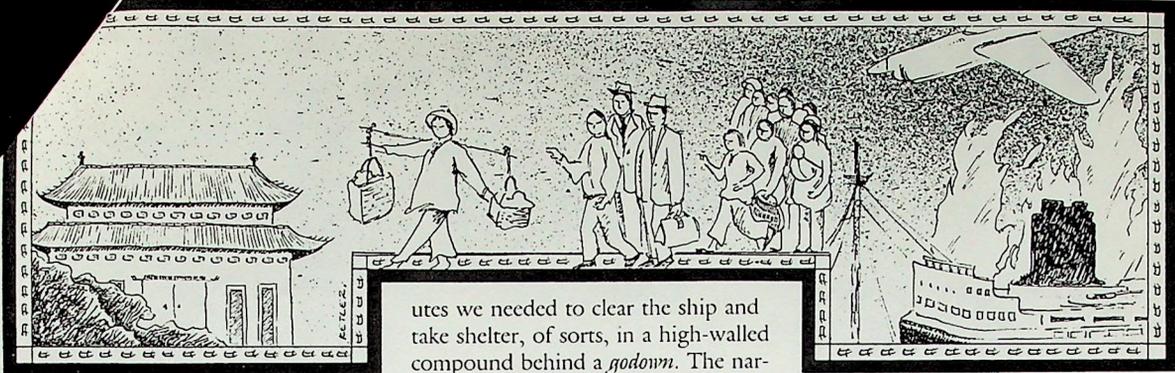
the permits could be issued only by the authorities in Peiping [Beijing]. He gave us no indication when we could expect to receive them.

Dividing our time between the consulate and a small club in the heart of the former business district, we settled into a routine of bored impatience. The Communist authorities severely restricted and monitored our movements.

Unwelcome interludes came when we would be summarily called before Communist officials who repeatedly subjected us to interrogations and political lectures. When we risked a protest, they pointedly reminded us that we had no official status; we were former officials of the former consulate general, and the People's Republic had no relations with the United States. Throughout this humiliating treatment, we maintained, or tried to maintain, a composure of stony aloofness. We worried constantly, however, that this relatively benign treatment could quite possibly turn worse, that we would be accused of crimes and jailed.

Finally, in late November, our exit permits arrived. They were handed over together with a parting-shot harangue by the commissar. We had long ceased listening.

The tireless and selfless efforts of Richard Lee, the principal Chinese employee of the consulate general, resulted—with the help of a generous bribe—in cabin accommodations for the three of us on board the river steamer *Kiang Tai*. On December 5, at 6 p.m., we left Hankow. We



steamed uneventfully all night and arrived early in the morning at Kiukiang, where we remained until late afternoon. We repeated the pattern of steaming at night and tying-up during the day to reduce the risk of attack from the Nationalist Air Force, which had undisputed control of the skies. On the early morning of December 7, we reached Wuhu.

An hour later, as I lay dozing on my bunk, dressed, but bundled up to keep warm in the unheated cabin, I was awakened by Lee, who said simply, "I heard an air-raid siren." I stepped to the porthole, stuck my head through, and instantly recognized the unmistakable shape of two Liberator bombers flying at about 2,000 feet and headed our way. My thoughts jumped to Pearl Harbor, where I had stood watching helplessly in the face of another bombardment exactly eight years before. I rushed to awaken Callanan, warning him that an attack was imminent. He scrambled out of his bunk and dressed hurriedly. Callanan and I had time only to grab our briefcases containing money, passports, and essential documents and bolt topside. Lee shouted at passengers to get off the ship. He tried Mandarin and Hunanese but only a few understood and reacted.

As we reached the gangway, I turned to notice that the bombers were nearly overhead. With relief, I saw that the bomb-bay doors were still closed. They did not press the attack but banked away in a wide turn. One continued its banking turn to position itself for a bombing run. The brief reprieve gave us the min-

utes we needed to clear the ship and take shelter, of sorts, in a high-walled compound behind a *godown*. The narrow road between the *godown* and the waterfront was filling rapidly with fleeing Chinese. The crowd milled in confusion, approaching panic, as the bomber grew closer.

We reached the far end of the compound, roughly a hundred yards from the ship, as the plane began its attack. On the first run, two bombs arced from the bomb-bay doors, only to explode harmlessly in the river about 30 yards from the ship. The pilot banked away to return for a second run on the same course.

I watched from the shallow trench where I had thrown myself in the hope of finding some better protection than that offered by the flat ground. The second drop, a stick of six bombs, scored two direct hits on the ship. The plane banked again to make a third run. Another stick of six dropped, the first hitting the corner of the *godown* and showering debris over us. The ship took several more hits and began to burn. This time, to our great relief, the bomber bore away. We decided to chance trying to put some more distance between ourselves and the targets along the river.

On the streets a horrendous scene met our eyes. I will never forget the sight of the dead and wounded. We sprinted toward the city of Wuhu, keeping a wary eye on the bombers. The pilot had circled back to make another three runs at the ship and at barges anchored a short distance away. From a vantage point in the city, we watched the destruction. When the "all clear" sirens sounded, we tried to return to the ship but were turned back by troops.

In Wuhu, we reported to the

police. Expecting a hostile reception, we were pleasantly surprised to be treated civilly. Our travel permits were endorsed for travel to Shanghai by rail. After checking into a hotel, we went back to the waterfront to find the ship still burning fitfully. She had settled on the bottom with her topside nearly awash. There was no possibility of recovering any of our belongings.

A train for Nanking departed the next morning. We elbowed our way on board and found our cramped compartments as the train rapidly filled with passengers burdened with innumerable bundles of belongings and baskets of live poultry and ducks.

The journey lasted all day and the following night. When we arrived in Nanking, our first effort was to get to the embassy. They had heard of the bombing of the *Kiang Tai*, and until our unexpected appearance had assumed we were among the casualties. We were given a warm welcome. After a few days of rest and relaxation with good company, we continued, on by rail to Shanghai. *March 1950*

Four months later, the consulate in Shanghai closed its doors and we were evacuated along with the post's remaining personnel. The evacuation route was north by train and east by tugboat on the Yellow River to Taku Bar in the China Sea, where we boarded a passenger ship bound for Hong Kong. From there, I went on to Rangoon, and Callanan was posted to Yokohama. Lee elected to return to Hankow. I have never heard what fate befell our friend and indispensable companion. □

## Johnston, Tess X

---

**From:** Johnston, Tess X  
**Sent:** Thursday, August 22, 2002 10:41 AM  
**To:** Weber, Benjamin; 'tess\_sh@online.sh.cn'  
**Cc:** Gettman, Matthew D(Beijing); Hoover, John F; Hillon, Charles D  
**Subject:** Ambassador trip - Tess's Input

Hi Guys:

Got it: 9:00 til 12:00, Sat. the 7th. I will be at the Amb's suite at 0830 on the 7th, give them a 20-min. (max) scene-setter on ONLY the anecdotal and arcane portions of Shanghai's history that they probably do not know, and then off we go.

I suggest Frenchtown first, and then a swing down to the Bund, and then over to Old Town, which may be marginally less crowded nearer to lunchtime (except for the eateries, of course), and then we lunch

EITHER

at an opulent old mansion which at one time (according to my Shanghai Directories) was the home of the American Consul General. It is called "Club 7" (at No. 7, Donghu Lu, half a block from me) and the ambience is delightful. I have never eaten there (only cocktail) so can not swear to the quality of the food -- but how bad can it be at the elevated prices we will pay? (Don't ask.) I assume the food is Western, as is everything else about the place.

OR

IF the Amb. would prefer the best Chinese food in town but NO ambience (unless plastic grapes count as ambience), then I suggest "The Grape," in the old Russian Orthodox Mission Church at 55 Xinle Lu. Dynamite food, friendly service, huge turnover, but Chinese in every respect -- including fish, frogs and reptiles on offer in tanks out front. (I first ate there in 1981 and have been doing so faithfully ever since, if that is any recommendation.) There are private rooms upstairs (without ersatz grapes).

Your call re dining choice.

NOW, on to the itinerary. I keep on file my Frenchtown one, the favorite of most visitors, and it ranges from the general to the particular (for bus drivers who like to know in advance where they are going). I think the detailed one is of use only if there are security considerations (i.e., will the Amb's party have a Chinese security detail assigned?). If so, and just in case its needed, I am forwarding it on.

See what you think of these presentations, and let me know if I should fine tune them further for our use.

### TOUR OF FRENCHTOWN

After the (20-min.) scene-setter, we drive by the following major buildings or compounds of old Frenchtown (with a continuing narrative of historical details from Tess):

Shi Ku Men housing  
Lane housing  
The Morriss Estate  
The Customs Director's Villa  
Three differening architectural styles, side by side:  
The Elizabeth (vertical Deco)  
The Blackstone (eclectic)  
Cavendish Court (Tudorbethan)

The old French Police's married officers quarters  
(in the style of Marseilles)  
Empire Mansions and The Savoy - two stunning apt. houses  
The French mini-mansion  
The French country house  
German Corner  
The Haig Court Apts. (home of former F.S. officers Service et al)  
A city garden  
The old villas and apartment houses of Avenue Haig  
(the western border of the French Concession)  
The Swire Compound  
Four Consulates on three corners (Iran, Singapore, US and French)

At the next corner alight and walk past:

The Soong Family Compound (now the Shanghai Conservatory's Middle School,  
(homes of T.V., Ailing, and Meiling, thus H.H. Kung and Chiang kai-shek)  
The Pushkin Centenary Monument (1837-1937)  
An old French mansion with swimming pool  
The former Jewish Hospital (now Five-Hole Hospital)

At 79 Fenyang Lu, we enter the compound of an old French mansion  
that is now the Arts and Crafts Museum (and gift shop in basement)  
and Tess lectures on its history from back garden (photo op).

Back into the bus and then drive down three old French streets  
(villas on left and right), then past Xiang Yang Lu Open Market  
(shopping op for later?), then to Donghu Lu (where Tess alights).

Lunch in the area (Club 7, Grape, or other, as Tess dog walks).  
Tess to join in 15 mins.

FOR BUS DRIVERS, SECURITY DETAILS, ETC.

#### DETAILED TOUR ITINERARY

- >
- > Starting at Portman Ritz-Carlton, south on Shanxi Lu to Jianguo Xi Lu,
- > turn left, note Shi Ku Men lane houses, continue to Ruijin Er Lu,
- > turn left again, note Morriss compound and St. Marie Hospital,
- > plus lane houses, then north to Fuxing Lu, turn westward (left)
- > and drive along as Tess points out historic buildings of differing
- > architectural styles, tells anecdotes about them, etc.
- >
- > Turn right into Heng Shan/Bao Qing Lu, proceed to Changshu Lu
- > and then to Hua Shan Lu. At "German Corner" turn left into Hua Shan
- > Lu (former Avenue Haig) while Tess continues relating history and
- > anecdotes of major buildings and gardens along the street.
- >
- > Continue on Hua Shan Lu to Hunan Lu, turn left and circle Swire
- > Compound, then right into Fuxing Xi Lu. Commentary continues
- > along this tree-lined historic thoroughfare, one of the two major
- > arteries of the old French Concession.
- >
- > Turn right into Wulumuqi Lu (former Rte. Dufour) where Tess points
- > out four Consulates General, all located in old villas, and tells their
- > history.
- >
- > Then left into Dong Ping Lu and alight.\* (Bus then proceeds directly to
- > No. 79 Fenyang Lu and parks and waits inside Arts & Crafts compound.)
- >
- > Walking along, Tess relates the story of the Soong Family and points out
- > the three homes of Soong Family members T.V. Soong, Chiang Kai-shek
- > and H.H. Kung (spouses of Soong Meiling and Soong Ailing, respec-

- > tively). Walk left past Pushkin Statue onto Fenyang Lu, past old villas,
- > past former B'nai B'rith Jewish Hospital (now Five-Hole Hospital)
- > and proceed to No. 79, the present-day Arts and Crafts Institute Museum,
- > Tess takes group to back garden (photo op) of this magnificent villa and
- > reveals its colorful history. All proceed inside for (20-30 min?)
- > freewalking tour of three floors, where artisans are actually working on
- > their specialities.
- >
- > Then all exit to bus through basement, where there is an opportunity to
- > purchase a variety of high-class Chinese handicrafts that have been created
- > on the premises and are on display both upstairs in the museum and in
- > basement shops.
- >
- > \* Weather permitting; if raining we drive slowly past above points to
- 79 Fenyang Lu, with Tess providing history along the way.
- .
- >
- > Bus exits main gate and turns left into Taiyuan Lu (former Rte. Delaste) and
- > proceeds past garden housing complex to Yongjia Lu, turns left, Tess points
- > out four old villas, then left onto Xiangyang Lu, past its famous outdoor
- > "free market," then left onto Huaihai Zhong Lu (former Avenue Joffre). Tour
- > ends, Tess alights at Donghu Lu, and bus proceeds to next destination.
- >
- > END DETAILED TOUR ITINERARY

Ball in your court!

Cheers, Tess

-----Original Message-----

From: Weber, Benjamin  
 Sent: Wednesday, August 21, 2002 11:37 AM  
 To: 'Tess Johnston'; Johnston, Tess X  
 Cc: Gettman, Matthew D(Beijing); Hoover, John F; Hillon, Charles D  
 Subject: RE: FW: Ambassador trip

Tess -

Just to cut turnaround times, I'm going to invite Matt Gettman, the Ambassador's Special Assistant, into our ruminations, as well as Dave Hillon, who is control officer for your part of the trip.

The tour is slated to end at lunch (lunch is scheduled for 1200), after which the group proceeds to the museum (arriving o/a 1330) and you can proceed home. Regarding the lecture, I think it could be useful, but want to let Matt have a shout as well. I see two possible scenarios: You might join the Ambassador and Mrs. at the Portman and brief them, either over breakfast or in their suite (they've been upgraded to the Presidential suite; I so love the Portman); alternately, you might brief them in the van on the way to your first site, although I'm not sure I see forty-five minutes there. If books or other AV stuff is an issue, we can have the tour vehicle pick you up en route to the Portman. I defer to Matt, but I admit in the suite with everyone having a cuppa in hand sounds most comfortable.

I await word from the Northern Capital.

Benjamin

-----Original Message-----

From: Tess Johnston [mailto:tess\_sh@online.sh.cn]  
 Sent: Wednesday, August 21, 2002 10:58 AM  
 To: Weber, Benjamin

Subject: Re: FW: Ambassador trip

I just replied to John Hoover as follows (did not notice you were NOT an addressee, sorry!):

Tell me what the current time frame is on Saturday. Is it ALL morning, starting when?, and then lunch and then finish (I hope)? Or does it resume in the afternoon?

Also, all my tours start with a 45 minute scene-setting lecture of the hundred years of Shanghai history, opium wars to Liberation, and of course the Ambo will know most of that, if not all, but how about his wife? The tour really makes so much more sense if it is preceded by this fast-paced, anecdote-filled spiel (which gets rave reviews, in all due modesty), but of course if they don't want it, so be it.

BUT, if they do, then we need a quite place to give it. My home? Or the Old China Hand Reading Room, where I usually give it, and which has all our books (as does my home of course).

Finally, what hotel will they be in? (Perhaps you told me, but pls save me searching old emails for it?) By the way, for the lunch I suggest the elegant Club 7, which has a lovely garden and is a historic old house, 1/2 a block from me, also part of the Donghu Guesthouse complex (where I live) and once the home of the American CG here. Centrally located for any tour and convenient on all counts...

I will do a detailed itinerary for the tour as soon as I have this vital info. From now on, pls send your replies here AND to my email at the ConGen (as above).

I await further word,

Cheers, Tess:



# American Consulate General

1469 Huai Hai Zhong Lu

Shanghai, 200031

China

**Date:** March 7, 2002

**To:** Thomas O. Fox, Ph.D.  
Associate Dean  
Harvard Medical School

**From:** Robert DeWitt, Chief *Ry*  
Non-immigrant Visa Unit

**Fax:** 617 432-2099

**Fax:** (86-21) 6471-1148

Dear Dr. Fox:

I enjoyed meeting you yesterday. I was able to locate several entries in the 1939 Shanghai Directory that might be connected to your grandfather. I am faxing you four pages, in addition to this one: one page is from the residential listings, one is from the business listings, one is from the "Who's Who" section, and one is the title page of the directory. I hope they are useful and interesting to you.

Bob

*Tess FYI*

*Bob*

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THE

# Shanghai Directory

## 1939

### City Supplementary Edition

TO

### The China Hong List



Revised

, 1939

Shanghai, 1935  
A. J. Johnston

SHANGHAI

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICES OF THE NORTH-CHINA DAILY NEWS & HERALD, LTD.  
17 THE BUND



JAC-JOU SHANGHAI RESIDENTIAL ADDRESSES

- Jacob, J. S.—6 Yang-terr  
 Jacob, Miss L.—6 Yang-terr  
 Jacob, M. & Mrs.—366 Brenan-rd (Apt 8)  
 Jacob, Miss R.—4, Lane 597 Seymour-rd  
 Jacob, S.—4, Lane 597 Seymour-rd  
 Jacob, S. & Mrs.—2, Lane 159 Seymour-rd  
 Jacob, S. H.—13, Ct 1173 B. W.-rd (Apt 49)  
 Jacob, S. H.—16 Yang-terr  
 Jacob, S. J. & Mrs.—309 Yu Yuen-rd  
 Jacob, C. W. & Mrs.—24 Wongkashaw-gdns  
 Jacobi, J.—214 Av Haig  
 Jacobi, J. P.—18, Lane 23 Love-lane  
 Jacobs, F. & Mrs.—361a Gt. Western-rd  
 Jacobs, N. A. & Mrs.—339 Av Roi Albert  
 Jacobs, N. S.—287 Rue Bourgeat (Apt 2)  
 Jacobson, A.—38, Lane 361 Yu Yuen-rd  
 Jacobson, Axel—10 Ningpo-rd (Apt 416)  
 Jacobson, Miss E. M.—26 Broadway Mansions (Yuen Estate)  
 Jacobson, Rev. Gerhard A. & Mrs.—35 Yu Jacobson, M. P. V. & Mrs.—76 Av Victor Emmanuel (Apt 43)  
 Jaquet, H.—30 Rte Voyron (Apt 54)  
 Jadvoin, N. L. & Mrs.—72 Rte de Grouchy  
 Jaffray, R. A.—35 Yu Yuen Estate  
 Jahn, O. T.—212 Rte Ferguson  
 Jakobsohn, L.—25, Lane 24 Ward-rd  
 Jakobson, P.—613 (23) Av Joffre  
 Jakovleff, Lt. Col. B. D. & Mrs.—169 (43) Av Dubail  
 Jakovleff, Miss E. M.—76 Rte Paul Henry  
 Jallard, A.—373 Av Roi Albert (Apt 3)  
 James, Dr. Ed. & Mrs.—1331 Rue Lafayette  
 James, Floyd R., Jr. & Mrs.—1202 Av Joffre (Apt 35)  
 James, I.—1, Ct 1173 B.W.-rd (Apt 19)  
 James, Miss M. C.—1182 Avenue-rd  
 James, Capt. P. H. J.—Metropole Hotel  
 Jameson, J. A. & Mrs.—70, Terr 11 Carter-rd  
 James, Harry S. & Mrs.—38 Rte Riviere  
 Janschevski, G. M.—126 Tsongchow-rd  
 Jankel, A.—260 Rte Duploix  
 Janne, Mrs G. M.—2, Lane 23 Love-lane  
 Jansen, E. F. & Mrs.—627 Av Foch (Apt 2)  
 Jansen, Miss E. R.—934 B.W.-rd (Apt 31)  
 Janpe, Mrs A.—104 Majestic Apts  
 Jankova, Mrs A.—1248 Rue Lafayette  
 Jaridane, Miss E.—150 Rte des Soeurs (Apt 7)  
 Jaridane, K.—1202 Av Joffre (Apt 69)  
 Jaridate, K. K.—347 Av Roi Albert (Apt 4)  
 Jarno, R. J. M.—76 Verdun-terr  
 Jarvis, G.—320 Hardoon-rd (Apt 208)  
 Jarvis, Mrs.—33, Lane 150 Tifeng-rd  
 Jaspars, A. S.—9 Quai de France (Room 34)  
 Jeavons, W. F.—1182 Avenue-rd  
 Jeffery, E. W.—40 Peking-rd (Yuen-rd)  
 Jeffries, F. L. & Mrs.—3, Lane 611 Yu Jehl, P. A.—34 Rte de Boissezon (Apt 9n)  
 Jelvakoff, J.—608 (16) Av Joffre (292)  
 Jemchojin, B. V. J.—173 Seymour-rd (Apt)  
 Jenkins, Bruce S. & Mrs.—232 Rte Boissezon  
 Jenkins, Miss Florence M.—232 Rte Boissezon  
 Jenkins, J. C. & Mrs.—753 Yu Yuen-rd  
 Jennings, P. J.—36 Rue Massenet  
 Jensen, A. M.—12 Rte Kaufmann  
 Jensen, A. T. S. & Mrs.—346 Rte Cohen  
 Jensen, E.—8 Tifeng-rd (Apt 12a)  
 Jensen, G.—157 Peking-rd  
 Jensen, G. S. & Mrs.—95 Jessfield-rd  
 Jensen, G. V.—92 Tifeng-rd  
 Jensen, J. A. S. & Mrs.—131 Rte Say Zoong  
 Jensen, J. W.—157 Peking-rd (Apt 77)  
 Jensen, K. & Mrs.—431 Hamilton House  
 Jensen, Manley C. & Mrs.—178 Rte Dufour  
 Jensen, Miss N.—Majestic Apts  
 Jensen, Niels—400 Av Haig (Apt 43)  
 Jensen, O. V. & Mrs.—29 (Apt 503) Bldg.  
 Jensen, R. M. & Mrs.—527 Embankment  
 Jensen, Dr. S. F. & Mrs.—103 Gt Western-rd (6th floor) (Aptc)  
 Jonsson, A. M. & Mrs.—43 Rte Kaufmann  
 Jephson, D.—620 Szechuen-rd (Flat 5)  
 Jepsen, E. & Mrs.—14 Quinsan-gdns  
 Jernakoff, Dr. C.—453 Av Joffre (Apt 48)  
 Jesu, A.—181 Av Dubail (Apt 301)  
 Jesus, A. M.—118 (24) Rte des Soeurs  
 Jesus, E. U. de—26 Tifeng-rd  
 Jevchenko, Mrs N.—181 Av Dubail (Apt 106)  
 Jewell, A. M. & Mrs.—53 Verdun-terr  
 Jewell, Miss Martha W.—510 Av Haig  
 Jhin, M.—16, Lane 587 N. Szechuen-rd  
 Jinpo, S.—37 Ven Hwa-terr  
 Jitetsky, Mrs O. R.—76 Rte Paul Henry  
 Jitts, Dr. O. S. & Mrs.—7, Ct 1173 B.W.-rd (Apt 33)  
 Jiwatrun, B.—25 Rue du Consulat (Apt 35)  
 Joanello, Mrs A. C.—181 Av Dubail  
 Jobez, Robert & Mrs.—Cathay Mansions  
 Joebges, Walter & Mrs.—15 Verdun-terr  
 Joelson, Jules—Foreign Y.M.C.A.  
 Jofo, Dr. E.—20 Rte Pere Robert (Apt 103)  
 Joite, M. A.—150 Rte des Soeurs  
 Jolick, Dr. S. D.—301 Rte Mercier (Apt 2)
- Johann, Bishop—35 Rte Paul Henry  
 Johannessen, Capt. J. M.—461 Av J. (Apt 5)  
 Johansen, H. W. R. & Mrs.—150 Rte Soeurs (Apt 5)  
 Johansen, I.—58 Broadway (Apt)  
 Johansson, G. A. & Mrs.—469 Av J.  
 Johns, J. H. & Mrs.—3, Lane 175 Tunsin  
 Johns, J. T. & Mrs.—137 Rte de Grouchy  
 Johns, R. M. & Mrs.—7, Ct 32 Edinburg  
 Johnsen, H. A.—36 Rue Delannay (Apt)  
 Johnsford, C. W.—1270 (5) Av Joffre  
 Johnson, Adgar S. & Mrs.—146 Columbi  
 Johnson, C. J.—615 Av Foch  
 Johnson, C. W. & Mrs.—103 Gt Western (5th floor)  
 Johnson, E.—1346 Av Foch  
 Johnson, Capt. Hylton & Mrs.—203 Yang-rd (Apt 306)  
 Johnson, H. A.—36 Rte Delannay (Apt)  
 Johnson, L. G. & Mrs.—44, Lane Hunqiao-rd  
 Johnson, L. N. & Mrs.—279 Columbia C  
 Johnson, Miss Pearle—466 Rue Lafayette  
 Johnson, S. C. & Mrs.—11 Bedford-terr  
 Johnson, Rev. W. B. & Mrs.—217 Boissezon  
 Johnson, Miss Edna—33 Brenan-rd  
 Johnston, G. A. (Chart. Bank) & Mrs.—Lane 593 Amherst-av  
 Johnston, G. A. & Mrs.—2000 Gt Western  
 Johnston, Mrs M.—3 Yu Yuen Estate  
 Johnston, Miss M. B.—3 Yu Yuen Estat  
 Johnston, Miss M. G.—3 Yu Yuen Estat  
 Johnston, W. D.—25 Verdun-terr  
 Johnstone, John—104 Foong Loh-Darroch-rd  
 Johnstone, K. W.—17 Fo Shu-gdns  
 Johnstone, W. C.—40 Rte de Grouchy  
 Jojima, K.—24, Lane 133 Yuhang-rd  
 Jolley, Comdr. E. A. & Mrs.—253 Maresca (Apt 3)  
 Jolly, J. Keith & Mrs.—106 Rte Ferguson  
 Joly, Bro. F.—44 Rue Chapais  
 Joly, P. B.—400 Av Haig (Apt 63)  
 Jonah, S. E. & Mrs.—11, Ct 1173 B.W (Apt 55)  
 Jones, A. & Mrs.—230 Embankment Bld.  
 Jones, Mrs A. M.—387 Bubb. Well-rd  
 Jones, B.—6, Lane 1537 B.W.-rd (Apt)  
 Jones, C. H. Mowat & Mrs.—195 Har  
 Jones, D. G.—619 Embankment Bldr.  
 Jones, F. G.—33 The Bund (Hay  
 Jones, Rev. F. P. & Mrs.—1331 Rue  
 Jones, Mrs Goldia—175 Seymour-rd  
 Jones, G. F. & Mrs.—63 West End-gdns  
 Jones, H.—162 (4) Rte Vallon (Apt 7  
 Jones, J. Ditchburn & Mrs.—220 Szechue  
 Jones, J. J.—33, Ct 6 Edinburg-rd  
 Jones, J. P.—Foreign Y.M.C.A.  
 Jones, J. R.—130 Yu Yuen-rd (Apt 14)  
 Jones, Capt. J. W.—132 Majestic Apts  
 Jones, Mrs Lucy—304 Hardoon-rd (Apt)  
 Jones, L. H. W. & Mrs.—47, Lane 150 Tife rd  
 Jones, Miss M.—2, Lane 1221 Yu Yuen-r  
 Jones, Miss Mary I.—35 Yuen Ming Yuen  
 Jones, Mrs H. R.—1360 N. Lafayette (A1  
 Jones, Judge P. Grant—400 Av Haig C  
 Jones, R. A. & Mrs.—3 Gt Western-rd  
 Jones, T.—440 Av Joffre  
 Jong, E. de—Metropole Hotel  
 Jonsson, Anton—Palace Hotel  
 Jonsson, B.—Palace Hotel  
 Jookoff, L. P.—302 Rte Mercier  
 Jookoff, V. F. & Mrs.—221 Tunsin-rd  
 Jookovsky, U.—587 Av Foch  
 Jordan, F.—321 Av Petain (Apt 66)  
 Jordan, F. C.—525 Av Petain (Apt 4)  
 Jordan, Dr. J. H.—1, Ct 408 Gt Western  
 Jordan, M. R.—72 Pearce Apts. (Apt)  
 Jordan, P.—76 Av Victor Emmanuel  
 Jordan, R. M. & Mrs.—72 Pearce Apts.  
 Jorge, G. C.—620 Embankment Bldg.  
 Jorge, P.—16, Lane 345 Myburgh-rd  
 Jorgensen, Capt. R. & Mrs.—1331 I Lafayette  
 Jorgensen, B. Emil & Mrs.—1218 Av Jo  
 Jorgensen, Lorents—1377 Avenue-rd (C  
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 Joscelyne, R. A.—825 Yangtsoopo-rd  
 Josef, S.—1551 Bubb. Well-rd (Apt 2)  
 Josefson, Capt. C. & Mrs.—455 Rue Lafayette  
 Joseph, C.—14, Lane 119 Myburgh-rd  
 Joseph, Ellis & Mrs.—1082 Av Joffre  
 Joseph, Franklin Wm.—3, Lane Tsepo-rd  
 Joseph, R. M. & Mrs.—1082 Av Joffre  
 Joseph, S. M.—966 Av Joffre  
 Josephic, Mrs K.—947 Av Joffre  
 Jost, Hans—C.U. Apts., 104 B.W.-rd  
 Joukoff, A. A. & Mrs.—181 Av Dubail (Apt)  
 Joukoff, L. U.—98 Rte de Grouchy (Apt)  
 Joukoff, Mrs M. N.—9, Lane 133 Baikal

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Machines. (Stocks  
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## THE BUND AND BEYOND

### Going to the Dogs

(...and cats and birds and fish and turtles and crickets...)

by

Tess Johnston

My visit in the USA was not in the best of times, nor the trip back the smoothest, what with a (two-day) delayed flight, a bomb scare at LAX, intensified security checks everywhere -- including having nail files, tweezers, and manicure scissors confiscated from carry-ons. Believe me, I'm not complaining, tho' -- and boy, am I glad to be home!

One of the nicest welcomes I get every time I return is from Lamb Chop: "My GOD am I glad to see you where have you been when do we eat?!" -- with the tail whirling like a propeller the whole time. Having neither a husband nor children I can't compare it, but there is nothing nicer in my spinster world than an adoring dachshund greeting you at the door.

And speaking of which -- as I neatly segue into the point of all this -- I have just returned from the "Huaniao Shichang" (Flower and Bird Market) where I saw puppies -- in bird cages! If you have a weakness for furry four-legged creatures you may have to keep your eyes averted much of the time. The Chinese idea of animal care, need I say, is light years away from ours in the west. But let us not dwell on that sad subject.

The old market, the one that for so many decades lay just opposite the old race track on Huangpi Bei Lu, has now moved. In searching for it I actually found two new ones down near old town. The first is at Kuaiji Lu, about four blocks south of the Huai Hai Lu intersection, a street which runs eastward from Xizang Nan Lu (now again called Tibet Road, I note on the new English street signs). This street used to be the antique street market, waaayyyy long ago, like in the 1980's.

The flowers (the potted kind) are not so good there, but the shops are located diagonally opposite the colorful Chinese gateway to the Dong Tai Lu antique market, which means you can hit both in one trip. (And will somebody *please* buy the little red dachshund in the bird cage before she dies of a broken heart -- or I do?)

The second market is much larger and neater and occupies the southwest corner of Penglai Lu at the intersection of Zhonghua Lu. (Zhonghua Lu is the southern half of the ring road, where the city walls once stood, that circles the old town.) There too you can hit two locales in one trip, as the market is one block south of Wenmiao Lu and its Confucian Temple -- which is a whole other story and well worth a visit.

This market has orderly white booths -- but there the order ends, as there does not appear to be any particular grouping by specialties. The potted plants are mostly in the middle, however, with birds west of that and some crickets to the south and turtles all over the place. Since I was buying two of the last three, I know whereof I speak.

The new crop of crickets is in (they only live a hundred days, although I have nursed some through to 200+), these the *jiao gugu* (in Shanghai dialect) or jolly green giant ones that shriek incessantly. The miniaturized ones (golden bell singers) of course have the sweeter, bell-like tone (hence their name), but they are the size of your little fingernail so rather lacking in visual appeal without a jewelers loupe. The big guys appreciate being taken out of their tiny boxes and put into proper cricket cages, where you can see them. You will be rewarded at mealtimes (green beans, please) by seeing how they hold their food, just like a child, and then daintily clean their fingers afterwards. Except that they only have three fingers -- or maybe those are toes, who knows?

Along about now I know some of you-all's eyes are beginning to glaze over so let's move on to turtles. They range from the size of your thumb to bigger than dinner plates -- where maybe the big ones wind up? And I found a fetching little turtle bowl, complete with a bright green plastic palm tree, under which I put a clay Chinese temple to give it an Asian touch. Yes, they also have those tiny hand-crafted clay moon bridges and pagodas and fishermen and stuff with which the *bonsai* breeders and rock collectors so love to set their little scenes.

*Moi*, I had a wonderful time there, and I think most kids will. The bottom line is that I came home with a pair of jolly greens and a lovely lively little lady (don't ask) turtle -- and I resisted the birds only because Lamb Chop salivates when she sees them (she is a fierce hunter, alas).

I know Ayi will have a *fit* when she comes back from her holiday, as she has the silly idea that one dog should be enough entertainment for one person. But that's what she gets for leaving me unsupervised for seven days!



**Johnston, Tess X**

---

**From:** afield [afield@ups.edu]  
**Sent:** Wednesday, June 19, 2002 11:46 AM  
**To:** llbio; Tess Johnston  
**Cc:** Andy Field  
**Subject:** RE: Louis L'Amour

Dear Tess, Dear Charles,

The Astor Bar was probably in the Astor House hotel, for which there are ample photos, but I've not seen a photo of the bar itself. I don't recall hearing of the Olympic Bar; perhaps it was in the Hongkew (Hongkou) district, also known as the "Trenches," where there were a number of sailor's dives. As for the Carlton Cafe, despite a mild hangover from a long night on the town (I am in Shanghai now and trying to get in as much nightlife as possible before heading on to Sydney :) I am feeling quite generous at the moment and will share with you a passage from an early draft of my dissertation on Shanghai nightlife, gratis of course:

Another institution invigorated by the dance culture of the 1920s was the Carlton Café. The original Carlton Café was located on Ningbo Road. In the early 1910s its orchestra played at the national balls, to such acclaim that the North China Herald declared: "without [the Carlton orchestra] it is doubtful whether any function is now complete." Following the tremendous rise in popularity of dancing in the early 1920s, Louis Ladow, the owner of the Carlton, decided to relocate to the commercially central vicinity of Bubbling Well Road and Tibet Road. Soon after New Year's Day on 1923 the new Carlton Café and Theater opened on Bubbling Well Road to an unprecedentedly large dinner, attended by people "representative of the best known circles in Shanghai." Dinner was served for 800 guests, while 200 to 300 more had to be refused. The magnificent ballroom of the new establishment was inaugurated with a dance after dinner. The lavish dresses worn by ladies attending the first dinner attested to favorable reception of the new Carlton: "There was one in black velvet and lace with crimson roses; another handsome creation in mouse-coloured velvet; an Irish-green dress covered with lace; an especially handsome blue brocaded dress with a fringe; another of silver brocade; and black velvet with silvery-feathered hat to match." The spacious ballroom of the new Carlton, which could hold over 2,000 guests, soon became a choice spot for national balls. As well as hiring a ten-piece orchestra to play dance music, the Carlton Café also offered variety shows and performances by singers and comedians.

As jazz musician and bandleader Whitey Smith recounts in his memoir, he was present at both the founding and dissolution of the new Carlton Café. While working as a jazz drummer in San Francisco in the early 1920s, Smith was 'discovered' by a fellow American named Louis Ladow, the proprietor of the Old Carlton Café in Shanghai, who had returned to the United States briefly in order to make preparations for building a new establishment. Ladow convinced Smith to work for him in Shanghai. Soon after arriving in Shanghai in 1922, Smith and his band played at the Old Carlton, housed in a "ramshackle two-story building" on Peking Road near the Bund. The clientele was strictly foreign, and composed of an elite segment of Shanghai society known as the "International 400." The dance hall was cooled a simple yet effective system consisting of several large blocks of ice positioned in the center of the room which cooled the air, then distributed throughout the hall by a ceiling fan. When the new Carlton Café opened in January 1923, Whitey Smith and his band played at the opening ceremony. Smith remembered the café as "a mammoth thing, beautifully appointed and many years ahead of its time," whose size and expensive overhead proved too great for that of its clientele, the so-called "International 400"—an obvious imitation of Mrs. Astor's exclusive society of "Four Hundred" in New York--and closed down that same year (it was reopened

later under a new management headed by British entrepreneur Al Israel.)

You should be able to find Whitey Smith's memoir "I Didn't Make a Million" in any major library in the States.

I might be able to dig up some photos of some of these places, but no guarantees.

Cheers,

Andy

>===== Original Message From Tess Johnston <tess\_sh@online.sh.cn> =====

>See previous message. Andy is your man!

>

>Tess

>

>llbio wrote:

>

>> Hi Tess,

>>

>> I remembered a couple other places of which we want photos. Mr. L'Amour

>> talked about going to the Cafe Carlton, the Astor Bar, and the Olympic

>> Bar. Anything from the 1926 era of these places or any info on their

>> history etc. would be helpful.

>>

>> If you have access to good info I am happy to reimburse you for copies,

>> postage and your time.

>>

>> thanks again,

>>

>> Charles Van Eman

>> Louis L'Amour Biography Project

1HT Thu 9/17/02

# Bit by bit, old Shanghai goes

## Salvagers profit and city saves on demolition

By Joseph Kahn

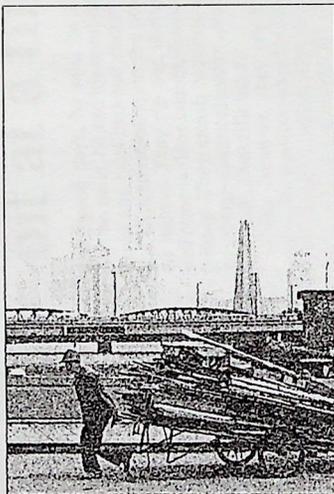
The New York Times

**SHANGHAI:** Ni Daimei values Shanghai's old European-style row houses as much as any preservationist. He knows exactly how much they are worth, every brick, plank and tile.

A good one, built in the 1920s for a merchant or banker, might have a few thousand rust-colored bricks that fetch about a penny each. A roof tile made of earth and long-lost craftsmanship wholesales for 2 cents. Softly worn 80-year-old planks of pine, originally imported by Western colonialists, fetch \$6 or more.

The numbers trip off Ni's tongue because he puts up cash for rights to demolish Shanghai's old neighborhoods, most of them government property. He makes money selling them off in stacks and bundles. He and his team of 13 sunburned men, all from the same rural county in far away Sichuan Province, work methodically with iron crowbars to break apart the row houses into components. Every last wire is stripped from the walls for the copper inside.

Ni said, "They'd have to pay me to tear down a



The Associated Press

The new Shanghai rises as a man carries away pieces of the old: salvaged wood.

new building — there's nothing of value there. One of these old neighborhoods has enough for the fee, the crew and a profit."

Conservationists, most of them Westerners, complain that Shanghai has bulldozed its past to make way for look-alike skyscrapers.

The truth is that it has dissected its past, floorboard by roof beam. There is no heavy equipment in sight.

Shanghai has so far demolished old neighborhoods that covered roughly the area of Venice. Ni, 36, and his brother, Ni Dairong, 45, have spent their working lives prying through dozens of buildings.

The Ni brothers helped carve a wide path through twisted alleys in the historic city center. That took six years and made room for an elevated highway. They estimate that there are three years of wrecking work left in old districts.

This city is in a hurry to remake itself in the image of Tokyo or Hong Kong. The government is condemning houses throughout the old dis-

See SHANGHAI, Page 8

Tess, 9/24/02  
I'm sure you saw this ---  
Kathy

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p. 1

# SHANGHAI: Old city is going, but just a little bit at a time

From Page 1

tracts and contracting with developers to remove them and build new structures. But bringing in companies with big yellow tractors costs money. Why pay someone to use machines when migrant workers will pay the city to do the same job by hand?

There is another reason why the Ni team gets more contracts than companies with big yellow tractors: Many condemned houses still contain people.

Tucked away in the shadow of the fancy Garden Hotel, the Xiaobangwan neighborhood, home to about 2,000 people, until recently looked much as it did before 1949, when the French still controlled this quarter of the city. The attached wood-frame houses, some with Italianate balconies and tiny gardens, line streets just wide enough for a watermelon cart. Outside, small parrots screech in their cages. Women chat on their stoops, and a barber gives a man a dry shave.

This is where Ni and his crew have lived and worked since April. They moved into a spacious third-floor walk-up apartment vacated by one of the few residents who took a Hong Kong developer's early offer of compensation to relocate.

After six months, still only half the residents have accepted buyouts or been evicted after appeals. Under Chinese law, the government controls the land, and the residents will eventually have to go. But many believe that they will do better if they delay.

That means living through the blitz. People watch television and cook dinner in stage-set apartments missing an outside wall. A woman washes clothes next to a home stripped of everything but smashed plaster, which spills out onto the street.

Though he smiles easily and speaks in a near whisper, Ni Daimei said he has no sympathy for those who stay on. He calls them "nail families" for their stubbornness.

"People just open their pockets wider demanding more money all the time," he said. "It makes our work much more difficult because we have to work around them."

On good days, he said, he finds homes with no nails. Ni and his crew, dressed in fatigues and hard hats and carrying crowbars and sledgehammers, cut the power and water supply. They rip out wiring and pipes and remove floor boards, doors and window frames. They smash concrete encasements to salvage electrical meters, worth a few dollars each. Dust fills the air.

Often, however, they work in intimate spaces. In one three-story building that once housed eight families, five remain. Ni's men have opened a chimney the size of a living room through the middle. Sunlight pours in, and so does the rain.

"They knock on the door each day and say they're here to smash a hole in my house," said Zhang Lijuan, who has lived there since 1945. "How can they destroy walls and not disturb the other people? Impossible!"

After they tear up the neighborhood, Ni, his brother and crew retire to their apartment, where their wives cook dinner while they smoke cigarettes and drink beer.

The work has become steadily harder, they said. Lots of Sichuanese have come to Shanghai to demolish homes, and the increased competition has pushed up deconstruction fees.

Residents also seem to hang on longer, a hassle for everyone. Community relations, they said, are strained.

"Once in a while someone wants to argue, or throw a punch," Ni said. "I tell my men, 'When they yell, run away.' We don't want to fight."

Still, as much as Shanghai embraces the new, displacing the old has been good business. The crew lives rent-free in condemned property.

Ni's poster bed and chest of drawers had been left behind, as was the gas stove. Their overhead is low.

And just outside their window, where they can keep watch at night, is something resembling a home-improvement store filled with scraps, bundles of wire, piles of tin and metal pipe, fan covers, lengths of wood, curtain rods, door knobs and water filters — all manner of vintage fittings and all for sale.

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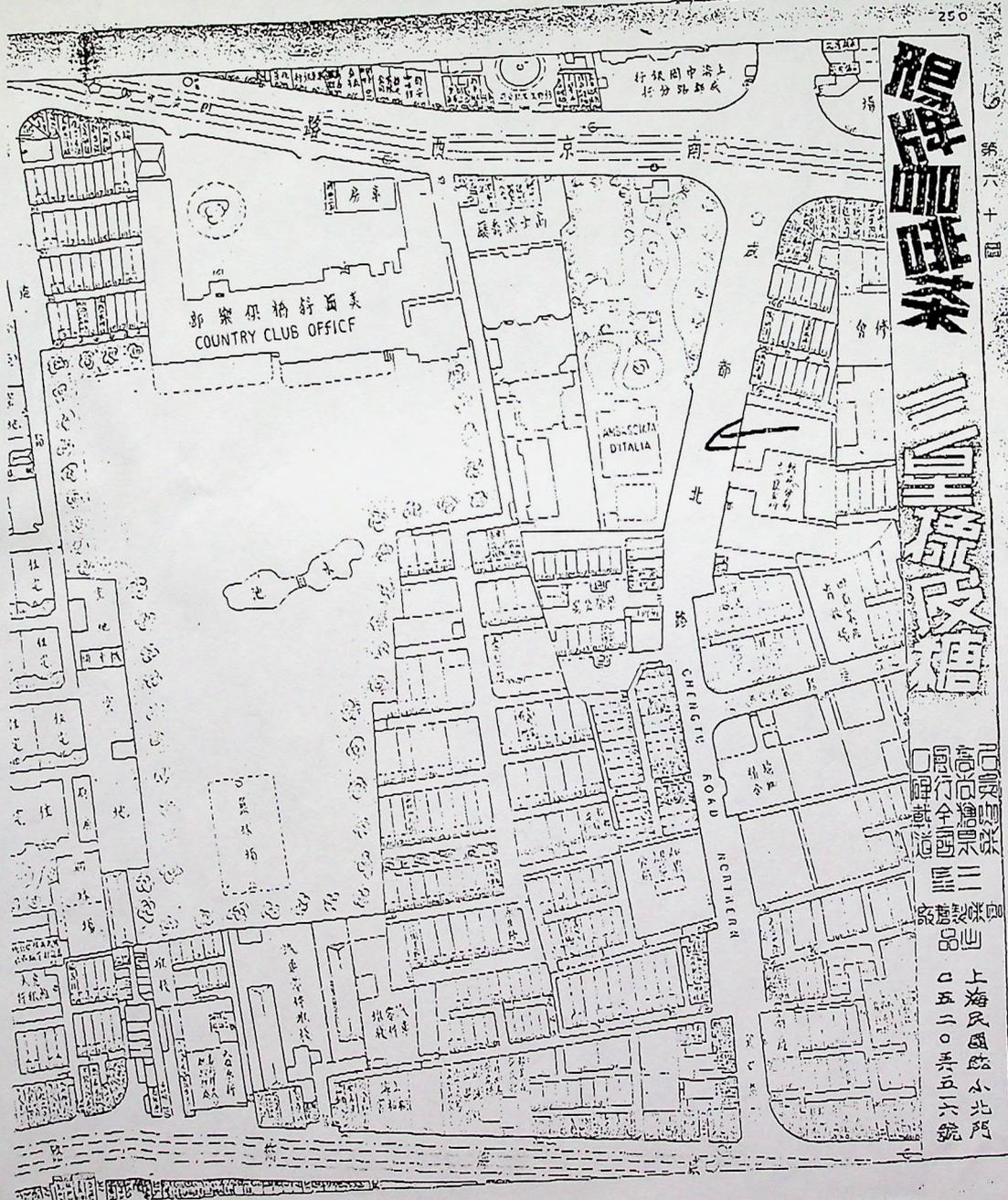
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=or CG (of Italy) 6471-6977

Hi! Were you aware of this  
marvelous property (of circa  
1947)?

Tess (6471-2723)



## 作者简介

郭博

1941年12月

(日本)京都大学建筑系毕业

1951年

获得日本一级建筑师资格

1955年1月

归国,上海市建工局设计公司工作

1957年

上海市民用建筑设计院工作

1998年1月

上海市建筑设计研究院退休

现在

上海现代建筑设计(集团)有限公司顾问总工程师

中国摄影家协会会员

上海市摄影家协会会员

在上海已开过11次个人摄影展

著名建筑摄影家郭博先生以建筑师的眼光捕捉着光与建筑结合的最美时刻,创作了许多建筑摄影艺术的佳作。

郭博先生的建筑摄影作品在艺术地体现了上海万国建筑的风彩,也形成了建筑摄影独特的风格,从而成为艺术百花园里的一枝奇葩。

20多年来郭博先生穿街走巷,仔细观察一年四季的日照,与建筑立面的关系,认真把握每幢历史建筑的最佳拍摄时间,使每幅作品都成为精品,体现了郭博先生的敬业精神和严肃的创作态度。

郭博先生已举办十余次建筑摄影展,得到社会高度评价,他对建筑艺术的执着追求也唤起社会各界对建筑艺术和建筑摄影艺术的重视和关心,从而对近代优秀历史建筑的保护起到了良好的推动作用,也促进了建筑艺术和建筑摄影艺术的普及。

最近,上海市人大常委会通过《上海市历史文化风貌区和优秀历史建筑保护条例》,郭博先生认真学习条例,备受鼓舞,特从拍摄的大量上海历史建筑摄影作品中精选56帧展出。为配合《条例》的宣传和优秀历史建筑的保护,尽绵薄之力。

让上海万国建筑博览的声誉继续名扬全球,为上海申办世博增添光彩!

## 郭博摄影展

——上海近代优秀历史建筑摄影作品

2002.12.7—2003.1.10

### 主办单位

上海市建筑学会  
上海市摄影家协会  
上海市华侨摄影协会  
月星集团  
上海现代建筑设计(集团)有限公司

### 协办单位

建筑时报社  
房地产时报社  
上海画报社

### 祝贺单位

上海月星家居广场  
南京月星国际家居广场  
常州月星家具大厦  
常州月星名家饰中心



# 郭博摄影展

上海近代优秀历史建筑摄影作品

《上海市历史文化风貌区和优秀历史建筑保护条例》自2003年1月1日起开始施行

2002.12.7~2003.1.10  
中国·上海

## 部分作品目录

- |                            |                       |                      |
|----------------------------|-----------------------|----------------------|
| 01.地 址 中山东一路7号             | 19.地 址 江西中路200号       | 38.地 址 武康路115号       |
| 现名称或使用者 盘谷银行上海分行           | 现名称或使用者 交通银行          | 现名称或使用者 密丹公寓         |
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| 原名称或使用者 上海电话局南市总局          | 原名称或使用者 中国银行          | 原名称或使用者 孙科住宅         |
| 05.地 址 汉口路193号             | 23.地 址 中山东一路14号       | 42.地 址 愚园路395号       |
| 现名称或使用者 上海市政工程管理局等         | 现名称或使用者 市总工会          | 现名称或使用者 涌泉坊          |
| 原名称或使用者 公共租界工部局            | 原名称或使用者 交通银行          | 原名称或使用者 涌泉坊          |
| 06.地 址 四川中路133号            | 24.地 址 四川中路175号       | 43.地 址 长乐路800号       |
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| 原名称或使用者 卜内门洋行              | 原名称或使用者 三井物产公司上海支店    | 原名称或使用者 住宅           |
| 07.地 址 中山东一路17号            | 25.地 址 南京东路98-114号    | 44.地 址 陕西南路30号       |
| 现名称或使用者 友邦大厦               | 现名称或使用者 真维斯专卖店等       | 现名称或使用者 团市委          |
| 原名称或使用者 字林西报大楼             | 原名称或使用者 慈安里大楼、福利大楼    | 原名称或使用者 马勒住宅         |
| 08.地 址 中山东一路13号            | 26.地 址 江西中路138号       | 45.地 址 董家渡路175号      |
| 现名称或使用者 海关大楼               | 现名称或使用者 海军后勤部上海物资站    | 现名称或使用者 董家渡天主堂       |
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| 原名称或使用者 正广和公司              | 原名称或使用者 华商纱布交易所       | 原名称或使用者 徐家汇天主堂       |
| 11.地 址 中山东一路6号             | 29.地 址 南京东路627-635号   | 48.地 址 乍浦路455号       |
| 现名称或使用者 长江航运公司等            | 现名称或使用者 华侨商店、华联大厦     | 现名称或使用者 圣多利北海渔村大酒店   |
| 原名称或使用者 中国通商银行等            | 原名称或使用者 永安公司          | 原名称或使用者 西本愿寺         |
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## Johnston, Tess X

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**From:** Yeskoo, Paul D  
**Sent:** Friday, November 22, 2002 11:28 AM  
**To:** Johnston, Tess X; Xu, Bailing L; Wu, Zhouyu Y  
**Subject:** History of the U.S. Consulate General Shanghai

Tess/Mr. Xu/Mr. Wu:

Attached is a history of the U.S. Consulate General Shanghai, which is included in a CLO document. Does anyone have access to, or has anyone seen, additional information which could be shared? Thanks. Paul

### *A History of the American Consulate General in Shanghai*

The Consulate building itself is one of the interesting Western-style buildings that are a hallmark of the city of Shanghai.

The original owner of the residence reputedly was the Finance Minister in the Qing Dynasty Government and one of China's most prominent entrepreneurs. In the 1920s the property was sold to Jardine Matheson (called "Ewo") a British Trading Company. The 1939 Shanghai Directory lists the building as being a company residence, probably for Jardine Matheson's general manager.

During World War II the Swiss Consulate occupied the property. In 1946 Jardine Matheson sold it to Rong Hongyuan (Yung Hungyuen), a member of one of Shanghai's wealthiest industrialist families. Mr. Rong, who is apparently still the legal owner, lives in Brazil. One member of the family, Rong Yiren, remains in China today as a prosperous businessman and government official.

Some time after 1949 the house became the headquarters of the Shanghai branch of the All-China Women's Federation. They occupied the property until the onset of the Cultural Revolution in 1966. During the subsequent ten years of chaos the building was occasionally used for "political education classes" but was otherwise locked and placed under guard to prevent looting. With the end of the Cultural Revolution, the property served as a guesthouse until it was leased by the American Consulate General in 1980.

In addition to the main building, which is used for offices, the property has over three acres of gardens, including a large lawn, a traditional Chinese rock garden, a gazebo, a carp pool, and an orange grove. Outbuildings, formerly used as garages and servants dormitories, are now occupied by the Consular and General Services sections.

The earliest American Consulate was located north of Suzhou Creek in the Hongkou District at 13/19 Huangpu Road (Whangpu Road), where its grounds overlooked the Huangpu River. In 1930 the Consulate moved to the "Kalee Hotel" at 181 Jiangsu Road, corner of Juijiang Road. From there it moved to the Development Building at the corner of Jiangxi Road and Fuzhou Road, between the Metropole Hotel and Hamilton House on Fuzhou Road.

In 1949, just before the communist takeover, the Consulate was in the Glen Line Building on The Bund. After the founding of the People's Republic of China, most Americans left Shanghai. The American Consulate closed to the public on March 15, 1950, and was officially closed on April 25, 1950. After a hiatus of thirty years, it reopened in its present location on April 28, 1980.

Extensive renovations, both to the interior and exterior of the building, were carried out in 1997 to preserve the beauty of the property and upgrade the building's effectiveness as a work place.

## Johnston, Tess X

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**From:** Tess Johnston [tess\_sh@online.sh.cn]  
**Sent:** Wednesday, January 15, 2003 7:06 PM  
**To:** Johnston, Tess X  
**Subject:** RENOVATIONS, SHANGHAI STYLE

### THE BUND AND BEYOND

#### "RENOVATIONS" - SHANGHAI STYLE

by Tess Johnston

The lesson that we learn from history is that we do not learn from history. Shanghai has not heeded the lessons of Hong Kong and Singapore, who totally destroyed their old architecture in order to build a bright new world - and are now trying to recapture what they have lost. But what is gone is gone. The destruction in Shanghai continues its frenzied pace. Where will it all end -- only when Shanghai winds up a Milwaukee on the Huangpu? (And don't ask when, because the answer to that is never.)

I am frequently asked if there are preservation regulations in Shanghai.

Indeed there are, just as there are traffic regulations. There is actually a "municipally preserved building" list, thanks to some caring and likeminded souls in the Shanghai government and at Tongji University. But it is mainly we foreigners who are constantly whining and moaning about the loss of the old buildings. I think the average Shanghainese has the same mindset as a local Chinese I recently heard quoted. He visited London and wondered why the British did not have the money to tear down their old, old buildings and build ones like in his marvelous new Pudong? What can I say?

Let us only hope that he was not one of those people who have the power to decide what goes and what stays. No, not the Preservation People, we mean the guys with the money and the power -- which preservationists never seem to have, alas. Money talks, preservationists just cry a lot.

Not that being a municipally-protected building guarantees much. It does not protect the buildings from ghastly, trashy modifications -- shops punched through outer walls on the street sides and affixed with garish plastic marquees, the generous use of fake chrome and blue glass, additions built on, or in, every conceivable portion of a classical old building, and in every conceivable style. And I now know that it does not even protect

buildings  
from destruction. In my 20+ years here I have seen 39 old "protected"  
buildings go down. It used to be only three, but then we recently lost  
another 36 -- and in my neighborhood. (More on this later.) One  
wonders  
what "municipal protection" means. Is it perhaps simply a bad English  
translation of something else entirely in Chinese?

Let me tell you a sad story. Once upon a time at, 1754 Huai Hai Zhong  
Lu,  
there was a beautiful lane flanked by over thirty old villas. In fact,  
the  
lane was so beautiful, with its little pocket public gardens and  
benches,  
its modest but charming villas, each with its own private garden, that  
there  
were two plaques at the entrance of the lane. One, as I recall, was its

municipal protection plaque, the other a plaque designating it as the  
award-  
winning "most beautiful lane" of the city. You know where this is going,

of course.

One day (November 18, 2002) I saw an oxymoronic article in the Shanghai  
Daily  
under the heading: "Saving the City's Colorful Past." May I quote?  
"The Shanghai  
Xufang Real Estate Corporation is renovating 36 villas along Huai Hai  
Road, known  
as Avenue Joffre in the former French Concession in the 1930's. More  
than 100  
million yuan will be needed for their renovation." And it gets better:  
The head  
of Xufang states: "These houses will retain their original  
architectural features..."

Not! What the article neglects to tell you is that these 36 old villas  
have  
been torn down right to the ground, and are being totally rebuilt ("in  
the  
original style, only with new material, and larger" -- or so I was  
told).

But the story is not over. In the Shanghai Star of January 9-15, 2003,  
there is a  
follow-up article, headlined, "Renovated old villas are doubtful profit  
prospects."  
It turns out that the "first large-scale redevelopment of historical  
homes in  
Shanghai is close to completion, although it remains to be seen if the  
project will be commercially viable." Finally the Yuanhui Real Estate  
Company admits that they "had to do massive renovation work, raising  
questions [sic] as to whether the work was preservation or wholesale  
re-development."

They tear 36 villas down to the slab -- no, they actually destroyed the  
slabs  
and poured new ones, with a bigger footprint of course -- and they  
rebuild  
twelve of them, larger and with new materials, and then they have  
"questions"  
as to whether this is renovating? The mind boggles. In addition, all  
this

is followed by a long whine about how the company may not be able to make the gigantic profit it had envisaged. (Why am I not weeping?)

A Mystery: When I photographed the entrance pillars after the destruction started, I spotted two darker squares, each with four bolt-holes at the corners, where two plaques had formerly been fastened. One was the Most

Beautiful Lane plaque and the other, I feel sure, was the Municipal Protection plaque. But the current article states that "Yuanhui managed to get the allowance of making extensive renovations [that word again!] because these buildings are not on the list of the city's most important historical homes, which must be preserved more carefully while fewer alterations are allowed."

Now, could I be mistaken and the lane never bore a municipal protection plaque? In this case, I truly hope so. Because otherwise, based on the

statement quoted above, if a municipally-protected building is not included on the very limited list of the city's "most important historical homes"

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then the plaque means absolutely nothing for 99.99% of the buildings in Shanghai that it is designed to protect.

But we figured that out already.

3/16/42  
**INTERNEE'S LETTER**

DAILY TELEGRAPH REPORTER

A graphic picture of life in a Japanese internment camp, where 2,000 people fought a constant battle with starvation, where prominent Shanghai business-men acted as kitchen hands, a shipping manager as a bricklayer and a consul-general as the camp cobbler, reached London yesterday.

It was contained in a letter to Mr. P. W. Pate, a Shanghai merchant cut off in this country by the war, from his daughter-in-law, Mrs. K. M. Pate, an American citizen, who, with her young son, was recently repatriated and is now in New York.

"The Japanese left us alone in the internment camp, but they also starved us," writes Mrs. Pate, describing conditions in the camp formed at the Chinese University at Lunghwa. "If it were not for the tinned goods we brought in and the food we were allowed to buy in the camp canteen, I really think we should have starved to death. Karoly [the writer's husband] lost 45lb and mother 30lb."

The Chinese University had been heavily bombed in 1937, and when the 2,000 allotted to it were moved there a year ago, they had at once to try to make it habitable. "Once we had settled in, the Japanese left us to run the camp as we liked. We quickly organised ourselves, as everybody was willing to help," said Mrs. Pate.

"Eight hundred of the 2,000 were women. We had only 300 able-bodied men, and of these 100 were required in the kitchens. The work of the camp devolved on the other 200."

**"BIG SHOTS"—SMALL JOBS**

"Our camp representatives were chosen by the internees, so some of the 'big shots' found themselves in very small jobs.

"The 'bank boys' were the garbage coolies.

"Karoly [normally departmental manager with Moller's shipowners] was a bricklayer building boilers in the yard.

"Harry Morriss [owner of the North China Daily News] and the manager of Arts and Crafts [furniture manufacturer] had to break up bricks for the foundations.

"The Belgian Consul-General [Mr. A. Van Cutsem] was our shoemaker, doing minor repairs.

"They were good sports about it. Morale was very high. Every Saturday night we gave an entertainment."

The food, Mrs. Pate added, was such as rickshaw coolies would have refused to eat before the war, and coolie cigarettes became luxuries. The Japanese sold a cigarette of their own at 4s 6d for a packet of 20.

NOTES BASED ON INFORMATION GIVEN BY LOUIS MURRAY KIDD  
TO MR. L. OVADIA AT NEW DELHI.

There were five of them including one who spoke Chinese & Japanese, and they walked straight out of the Camp and told the sentries that they were Germans on a walking tour to Pootung.

Apparently things in the Camp are not so bad except that there is a scarcity of food. They have no extra money to buy extras, because they do not receive the £.10/- a month which is supposed to be remitted through the Red Cross. However a lot of things had been smuggled into the Camp by Laffonds, Ginsbergers and Elias, who have been absolute trumps and are helping all they can notwithstanding the danger. In fact Elias started smuggling things in immediately he got out of Bridge House.

Hopkins is not dead, but very much alive; so is Meager. The Bartons are well and Helen gets up at 5 A.M. to gather firewood. Hope Andrews refused to get out in the last American Ship although she could have done so. Lew Andrews is now Head of his Camp. Willy and Vera McBain are still out. Ted is in and so are the Arnholds, both Harry and Charlie and their wives. The new Mrs. Harry has turned out to be a tower of strength and refused to leave her husband although she could have got out in the last American ship.

Pollock of Jardines has been given eight years' imprisonment, no one knows why, and he has left the Political Prisoners' Camp in Haiphong Road where Teddy Smitawright was still going strong. No news of Barraclooughs, Smiths, Roses and Wilsons as they have moved to the Camp at Wahsein over a year ago. Bad news about Barry who was in the Political Camp. He was removed to the Bridge House in March, no one knows why, and no news of him since.

Hayashi, who is now the Senior Camp Commandant, is going round to people he knows asking them to remember how helpful and decent he has been to them.

Generally speaking, except for food, it could be worse, apart from the poor blighters in the Political Camp.

Mrs. Gordon Morris and Mrs. Gomersall were sharing a hut at Lungwa with their husbands. Both got pregnant at the same time and left the Camp at the same time in June to have their babies.

Harry Morris is doing well and he has outside contacts. Robert Silby turned out badly and won't do a stroke of work. The two Spences are O.K. Buffy and Day Maitland are well, the former full of beans, the latter her usual self and difficult at times.

Elise Andrews brought her Pigs and Goats and Chicken and Cow "Gloria" to the Farm and looks after them with the help of Nobby Clark. Emile Andrews is also there and helps people with money. Peanut Marshall has married the German woman of the Midhurst Beauty Parlour.

Racing went on until May 1944 when it was unaccountably stopped. Pari Mutual turnover 13/15 millions per day. A good Pony sells for as much as £.750,000. The Empire Building at Sayzoong was sold for £.25 million. You will remember that this is a second-class apartment House with 20 flats. Lew Andrews tried to save his house at Hungjao by letting it to Mary of Baboud, but no use. Mary was merely chucked out at a moment's notice to make room for a puppet Chinese. Most houses at Hungjao are occupied by Chinese. The Brewery is working and a bottle of Beer costs between £.25 to 38.

## Chapter 19

Rena Krasno's  
"That Last Glorious Summer"

It continued raining the next day, and the hotel sent a notice to all guests that a Swedish professor from Tokyo had kindly consented to give a short lecture about *Suseki* in the afternoon. It turned out that *Suseki* was a traditional Japanese art form. Natural stones were displayed on thin ceramic trays or on wooden stands. The shape, patina, and color of the stone was important, reflecting nature's beauty and harmony. *Suseki* led to spiritual thoughts, from the complexity of life to simple basic values.

I would have liked to discuss this with Yorifumi. I missed him. I had grown fonder of him than I had realized.

The hotel guests asked the professor many questions, and the conversation extended to Japanese cultural values. The speaker ended the session by telling us the story of two Japanese carpenters who, in 1935, traveled to Stockholm to build a tea-ceremony pavilion at its Ethnographical Museum. Before their departure, the structure was put on view in Tokyo and carefully inspected by Prince and Princess Chichibu, who expressed total satisfaction. The carpenters felt highly honored and vowed to refrain completely from *sake*, for which both had a weakness, during their trip abroad. This sacrifice, they believed, would purify the mind and body. They staunchly kept their resolution during their 80-day sea voyage and 100-day stay in Sweden.

In spite of their humble backgrounds, the language barrier and the shock of a new culture, the Japanese carpenters behaved impeccably throughout, thus gaining the respect and affection of all who met them. Swedes came from all over the country to admire the superb craftsmanship. On the day the carpenters were to sail back to Japan, a large, friendly crowd gathered to bid them farewell. The guild of Swedish carpenters wanted to purchase the Japanese carpenter's tools for the Stockholm Museum, but the Japanese firmly refused payment and left the tools behind as a gift.

"You must understand that this was a real sacrifice," the Swedish professor elaborated. "For a Japanese craftsman, his tools are not mere metal and wood but have a 'spirit' that leads to creativity and perfection. His tools become an extension of his own being. The two carpenters gave their hosts their precious tools as presents, expressing indebtedness for great kindness and help."

When the carpenters landed in Japan they were astonished to see that a big crowd had assembled at the harbor to welcome them. Instead of hurrying home to their families, the two men immediately proceeded to the Double Bridge facing the Imperial Palace, where they waved the national "sun flags" and shouted three loud *Banzais!* for their Emperor.

"This search for perfection, this patriotism, this devotion to the spirit of Japan (*sushin*), to the Emperor," commented the professor, "is what constitutes the strength of the Japanese. Alas, most Westerners under-estimate their spiritual power, and I fear this ignorance will lead to a catastrophe."

The rain had stopped. Some hotel guests went for a stroll and others retired to their rooms, while a small group, including the Swedish professor and his wife, remained chatting in the dining room. The *Nei-san* served hot tea and dainty triangular sandwiches. I, too, stayed behind, since I enjoyed listening to adult conversations. Eddy kept me company.

In the presence of the *Nei-san* the discussion was guarded, but developed freely after they left. The talk naturally turned to present-day Japan. The professor told us that he had personally met Tatsukichi Minobe, the famous Professor Emeritus of Tokyo University accused of *lese majeste* when he termed the Emperor an "organ" of the state.

"Minobe-San shocked the Japanese establishment," the professor said. "His book *Kempo Seigi* (Full Interpretation of the Constitution) raised subjects that were sensitive in 1935 -- and are truly dangerous today. For the militarists, the Emperor is the sacred father of the nation, not part of a man-created institution and, according to them, citizens' rights are a Western concept and one they despise."

A veritable witch-hunt had been initiated against Professor Minobe, culminating in a special session of the House of Peers, where Minobe-San delivered a two-hour speech in self-defense. He stated that he had merely attempted to define -- not redefine -- the functions of the Emperor within the Constitution. However, the Rightists accused him of representing a dangerous, "un-Japanese" school of thought. His main enemies were the fanatic expansionists who had initiated the invasion of Manchuria.

When Professor Minobe took the platform in the House of Peers, his son, Ryokichi, was in the visitors' gallery. Many years after the war, I attended a conference in Japan in which Ryokichi participated. He had become the controversial mayor of Tokyo.

Professor Minobe's writings were banned, but clearly Japanese intellectuals valued his work because all his books sold out the day before the ban went into effect.

The Professor continued:

"I have happily lived for many years in Japan, but I never discuss my feelings with the Japanese -- nor even with my most intimate friends -- since this could lead to my expulsion, or worse. I do love the Japanese people and many of their unique traditions. Unfortunately, the present situation, I am convinced, is one that inevitably will lead to war with the Western powers. Now, for the first time, I am seriously considering returning with my family to Stockholm."

Surreptitiously, the Professor showed us an extract from a speech, dated July 7 (the previous month), made by Dr. H.H. Kung, China's Minister of Finance. Clearly expressing the danger facing foreign powers in China, Dr. Kung said:

The Western Powers can no longer ignore the fact that Japan's undisguised acts of lawlessness and international brigandage in the present Far-Eastern conflict constitute a real and serious menace to their own vital and political and economic interests. They must fully grasp the far-reaching international significance of these acts -- namely that clearly it is Japan's firm policy to seek the conquest of China as a stepping-stone

toward attempting to realize her lustful ambition of achieving mastery of Asia, hegemony in the Pacific, and eventual domination over the world.

After everyone finally dispersed, Eddy I walked down to the beach, hoping to erase the ominous feelings the Swedish professor had evoked. Several fishermen were pulling in their catch. They had muscular legs and arms and worked very hard, but seemed cheerful in spite of their strenuous life. When I remarked on the Japanese people's diligence, dignity and uncomplaining self-sacrifice, Eddy nodded. He told me that a month ago, patriotic Japanese factory workers had willingly accepted yet another drastic wage cut so that their products could better compete on the world market.

All this gloomy conversation began to weigh upon me. The sea air was bracing and I could taste salt on my lips. Suddenly bowls of Shanghai's delicious Hazelwood ice-cream flashed through my mind -- my favorite "three colors" (vanilla, strawberry and chocolate) or, most delicious of all, maple nut.

*Ice cream?*

"Lets run!" I urged Eddy and we dashed down the stretch of sand. We finally sat down, panting and laughing, on some rocks. Small children, their pants rolled up, were wading in the sea. A little girl was collecting rocks, which she then dropped into a tin bucket: clang, clang, clang. Farther down, a group of young men were doing gymnastics. I decided that tomorrow I would do something new and exciting -- something that was fun!

## Chapter 20

The next day after tea Tamara suggested that we climb Mount Kagami (Mirror Mountain). She claimed it was an easy hike and we would be able to return to our hotel well before dark. Stupidly I agreed, forgetting her history of mischievous troublemaking. The ascent was far more difficult and time-consuming than I anticipated. Neither of us owned a watch, and when I voiced my concern, Tamara retorted with conviction:

"Don't be a sissy! The climb just seems long to you because the path is steep now. But, you'll see, it gets much flatter later on. In half an hour we'll be at the top."

When we finally stood panting on the summit, we saw stretched below us a checkerboard of rice fields, pine groves and toy-like houses. Farther beyond lay the beach, the sea, little islands, boats and ships. The setting sun bathed the landscape in delicate pearl-pink light. Soon the sun disappeared, the sky turned gray and a chilly breeze made us shiver.

"Let's go home," I said, looking around for a quick way to return.

"I know a short-cut," Tamara reassured me.

We followed a narrow path between prickly plants, but this soon ended in a clump of bushes and we had to retrace our steps. By now we had no choice but to try and find the long winding path we had taken on the way up. It grew

darker and darker as we stumbled on blindly, not knowing which direction to turn. We had truly lost our way, and I began to doubt that Tamara had ever climbed Mount Kagami. Thoughts of my mother's anxiety troubled me, but Tamara gaily prattled on, giggling about her aunt, "probably chasing around like a chicken without a head," and mimicking her mother groaning about her "impossible, impossible daughter!" In fact, she appeared to be enjoying the whole thing, exclaiming:

"What fun! We can sleep overnight on the mountain. I'm sure nobody has ever done that before."

Just as I was about to retort angrily, we heard loud voices calling:

"Yoo-hoo! Ira! Tamara! Yoo-hoo!"<sup>#</sup> Soon swaying lanterns appeared like glow-worms in the dark. A search party, led by my distraught mother, was looking for us.

My mother attacked me with angry words, shaming me in front of all the others, including Eddy. Silently, I blinked back tears, thankful for the darkness. In the hotel, Tamara's aunt and mother greeted us with little cries of relief and concern about our cold and hunger. Tamara's aunt dragged me by the hand to their room muttering: "Poor girl, you're so upset! I know Tamara is the bad one!" The tears I had tried to hold back now started to flow.

"Have some hot tea," said Tamara's mother, bringing a large thermos bottle to the table. The aunt quickly prepared a snack of English water biscuits topped with salami. As I wiped my eyes, Tamara's mother tried to distract me with conversation.

always wore a dark suit and tie. He worked for decades in a fabric store, where I saw him quickly and efficiently measuring out fabrics and wrapping them for customers. When strolling with my friends along Avenue Joffre, I would always glance through the show-window into the <sup>his shop</sup> fabric store where Vera's father worked. Whenever he caught sight of me, he would wave his hand and smile brightly, displaying two rows of immaculate teeth (a feature common among Koreans, which they attributed to the garlic in their pickled *kimchi*). Vera's father was very loving. Every Sunday, he strolled down Frenchtown's main artery, Avenue Joffre, arm-in-arm with his wife and daughter -- something my busy parents never found the time to do.

When Vera was 11 she had a fatal accident in our school playground, while riding the *Pas-de-Geants* (*Giant Steps*), which consisted of four long ropes hanging down from a high wooden pole and ending in leather-covered loops. There were several *Pas-de-Geants* in the schoolyard, but not enough for all the schoolgirls. We would wait in line for a turn, then slip our left leg into the loop and run rapidly around the pole before leaping in the air and being swung upward. Sometimes we would cross two ropes and one girl would dash forward, while the one whose rope was above hers would be hurled many feet skyward. It was an exciting game, but unfortunately Vera's head hit the pole and she died of concussion and hemorrhage. After that the ropes were removed forever but the poles remained, a stark reminder of her death.

Vera's funeral remained engraved in my mind. A group of girls from my class went together to the onion-domed St. Nicholas Orthodox Church in the

French Concession. Vera lay in an open coffin, covered with white carnations and lilies. She looked like a beautiful statue, with slightly rouged lips and eyes. It was obvious that her body had become a shell, that the lively girl of whom I was so fond was gone forever. Her mother appeared on the verge of fainting and was supported by her husband. He was silent, but his face reflected his agony.

I never understood how people could hate entire ethnic groups, religious congregations or other minorities. The Japanese anti-Korean prejudice was, to me, as repulsive as anti-Semitism and other forms of racism.

When Miako and I returned home from our walk, my mother showed me a short letter she had received from my father, together with a clipping of a *Domei* (Japanese News Agency) dispatch, which had appeared in the China press. Since the story originated in Japan, my father had not feared the censors and mailed it to us without comment. It said in part:

Reviewing...the Japanese attitude towards foreigners, Katsuji Debuchi said that extreme tolerance has invariably marked the Japanese attitude towards aliens at present as well as in the past. Mr. Debuchi further said no trouble based on racial prejudice occurred in Japan's history, as demonstrated by Japan's colonial administration in Taiwan and Chosen (Korea), the natives of which are treated in the same way as Japanese nationals.

Turning to China, Mr. Debuchi asserted that Japanese residents in China have been subjected to an indescribable persecution for many years, but the Chinese residents in Japan are now pursuing their business

1 peacefully as usual, despite the outbreak of the China Incident. The Chinese nationals in Japan have never been maltreated nor has a single one of them been molested or stoned, according to Mr. Debuchi.

In the light of these instances, Mr. Debuchi said that the attitude of the Japanese nation toward Jews must be quite clear.

In view, however, of the fact that some sectors have concern about the Jewish problem, Mr. Debuchi asked the Foreign Minister to give a clear-cut enunciation of the Government's policy toward Jews. Endorsing the Mr. Debuchi's view, the Foreign Minister stated that, Japan has never made any discrimination against alien people, either through legislation or as a matter of fact.

In view of public attention attracted by an increasing number of Jews in the Far East, since last autumn the Government has decided on a definite policy toward Jews, according to the Foreign Minister who said this policy aims at no discrimination against Jews.

In accordance with the new policy, the Foreign Minister mandated that the Jewish residents in Japan shall be treated just like other foreign residents who are free from discrimination, while the Jews arriving in Japan shall be subjected to the Immigration Law like other foreigners but will never be denied entry simply because of Jewish nationality.

Such reassurances were poor solace for the Jews. In Shanghai, Jews were growing more and more fearful of Japan's encroaching occupation of the city. Should things take a turn for the worst, holders of foreign passports could

return to their home countries, but most of Shanghai's Jews were stateless Russians, Middle Easterners, or refugees from Nazi Germany. Where could they go? What country would accept them without official documentation? What would happen to the European refugees whose survival depended primarily on the transfer of funds by the Jewish Joint Distribution in New York, should this money be no longer forthcoming?

## Chapter 12

My sister and I waded in the sea. The tide was high, the surface of the water still, <sup>and</sup> the sky a turquoise blue. Three farm children were getting ready to climb into a boat and beckoned us with friendly gestures to join them. We were no longer unfamiliar figures; the villagers no longer stared at us but seemed to accept our strange presence. The children pointed to their destination, the little off-shore island now separated from the beach by the tide. All the youngsters were deeply browned by constant exposure to the sun. Their bodies were thin, hard, and probably under-<sup>g</sup>nourished. Beyond the hills lay their tiny one-acre farm, where a special area had been reserved for cherry blossom trees -- trees that bore no fruit and had no practical value but that displayed their delicate pink blossoms -- a cloud of loveliness -- for a fortnight every year. How I admired these uncomplaining peasants' gentleness and appreciation for nature's beauty.

The youngsters' father and older brother were <sup>in</sup> China fighting, and their mother, like many women I had seen in the fields, shouldered the entire burden of work. For long hours she stooped under the broiling sun <sup>after</sup> with her latest baby strapped on her back.

How did it happen that once they put on military uniforms these same stoic, dignified Japanese farmers became the arrogant bullies we met in China? I did not know it then, but in time, to my great horror, I learned how the military transformed these gentle people into cruel killers. One of the exercises forced upon them during basic training was to bayonet, while blindfolded, helpless

Chinese prisoners tied to poles. At the shout of "Charge!" the soldiers were forced to run forward and blindly knife their targets. When newly-inducted peasants held back, they were kicked, beaten and insulted until they finally acquiesced. After this <sup>and other</sup> sadistic initiation, basically decent men became capable of committing other atrocities for the sake of *Yamato Daiichi* -- the Yamato spirit of courage and dedication. Like most Japanese soldiers, they gradually accepted the "ideal" of sacrificing human life (another's or their own), in the name of the Emperor.

When we visited Japan that summer, we saw that life for farmers was indeed hard, and they were often deprived of basic amenities. Thus <sup>the</sup> incentive to serve in the Japanese military went beyond patriotic zeal. In fact, when their sons were mobilized, long-suffering peasants would sometimes be relieved, hoping that at long last their boys would eat rice every day. In addition, conscripts who showed the slightest leadership talent were rapidly promoted and their proud families rewarded with special allotments.

My sister and I got into the rocking boat and, as it slid into the sea, let our hands drag in the cool water. Schools of silvery fish darted below us, and velvety seaweed floated in slow sensuous motion. When we reached the island, we climbed onto the rocks and collected odd-shaped pebbles and rather smelly dead starfish. One of the boys found a flat rock, which he threw skillfully into the sea, making it skip across the surface, producing concentric circles each time it hit.

Upon our return to the beach we found our mother waiting with a bag of fruit and biscuits, which we shared with our new friends. They must have been

very hungry, but accepted the food reluctantly and only after mother's firm insistence. They ate slowly, in a refined manner and refused second helpings.

We were soon joined by Isao, the fellow student of Yorifumi, whom we disliked. Almost immediately after he came up the farmer children discreetly left, no doubt feeling uncomfortable in the presence of this superior "intellectual." Isao was holding a copy of the Japanese translation of *Mein Kampf*. Being a great admirer of Hitler, Isao went regularly to see all German newsreels and claimed that Japan, like Germany, needed *Lebensraum* (living space). According to him, the British, Americans and French had been colonizing Asia for many years, and soon Japan would join Germany to break the hold of these exploiting countries, especially on China. Since he had difficulty communicating in speech, he had written down some of his ideas on ruled paper, which I assume he carried around on the beach in the hope of meeting us.

Isao's appearance put an end to our fun, and mother turned homewards to prepare dinner. On previous occasions we had always managed, under one pretext or another, to cut short Isao's ranting against democracy -- according to him the road to chaos -- but he persisted in trying to talk to us, probably to improve his halting English. He never mentioned the Nazi anti-Semitic propaganda, which was perhaps a subject of no interest to him. Once, when I tried to question Yorifumi about Isao, his face turned mask-like, and I knew there was no point in pursuing the subject.

As we left, we saw Isao climb up on a rock, sit down, open his book and start reading. There was a cool soft breeze ruffling our hair and pine needles

crunched under our feet, but my heart was not tranquil -- it pounded with fury at the young Japanese Fascist.

At the entrance of our house the Japanese grandmother handed us a letter from the Russian Jewish family my mother had visited in Kobe. They informed us that they had read in the newspaper that there were new restrictions against Jewish refugees in Shanghai. According to this article, the Japanese Naval Landing Party Headquarters had publicly announced the "temporary halt to the resettlement of Jewish refugees in Hongkew," the section of the city under Japanese control. This new order would be applied starting August 21, 1939. Furthermore, the Japanese authorities had now made obligatory the registration of all European refugees already residing in Hongkew, and non-compliance would be punished.

My mother's friends also wrote that many foreign nationals who had left Japan on home-leave that summer were not planning to return, due to developments in Europe, and there was some worry that the Canadian Academy of Kobe -- a private co-educational school the family's children attended -- might not reopen. Most Jewish children went there. In fact, their parents had devised a transportation system whereby several taxis would pick up the children, deliver them to school and later bring them back home. Their concern was prescient. Later, at the start of the Pacific War, the Academy was transformed into an internment camp for "enemy nationals," i.e., the British, Americans and Dutch. "Stateless" children (mainly White Russian), and "neutral" boys and girls (the

Swiss, Swedes, Danes, etc.) began to attend a new school in central Kobe, taught by English-speaking Japanese teachers.

Until 1939, the small <sup>5</sup>Kobe Jewish Community had led a peaceful and pleasant life in Japan. It had its own synagogue and *shohet* (slaughterer of fowl according to *Kashrut* Jewish dietary laws) -- a man very well versed in the Jewish religion, who served as unofficial Rabbi. Although most of the Community was not really observant, all important Jewish holy days were celebrated and the *shohet* gave private Hebrew lessons to those who wished to learn. In spite of Nazi pressure, the Japanese treated Kobe's Jews with respect, even after the outbreak of the Pacific War. For Passover, instead of rice rations the Jews were given flour for *mazot* (the traditional unleavened bread), which they baked in small portable ovens placed on hibachi charcoal braziers.

We were all invited to visit Kobe for a "good Russian meal" but my sister's and my pleas to travel were to no avail. I suspect my mother worried about the deteriorating world situation and was afraid to spend her limited funds.

That night I was awakened several times by the rumbling of trains speeding to Hiroshima. When I fell asleep again, a sense of impending disaster led to disturbing dreams. I crept out early to watch dawn break. The pearly pinks of the sky, the crisp air and the cool earth under my feet soon revived my youthful optimism, *joie de vivre* and happy anticipation.

After breakfast Miako suggested we go to Rakurakuen, an amusement park not far from a very good beach with white sand. My mother, always eager for a new experience, agreed and the four of us set off by electric train.