

TRAVELS OF A PHOTOGRAPHER IN CHINA 1933-1946

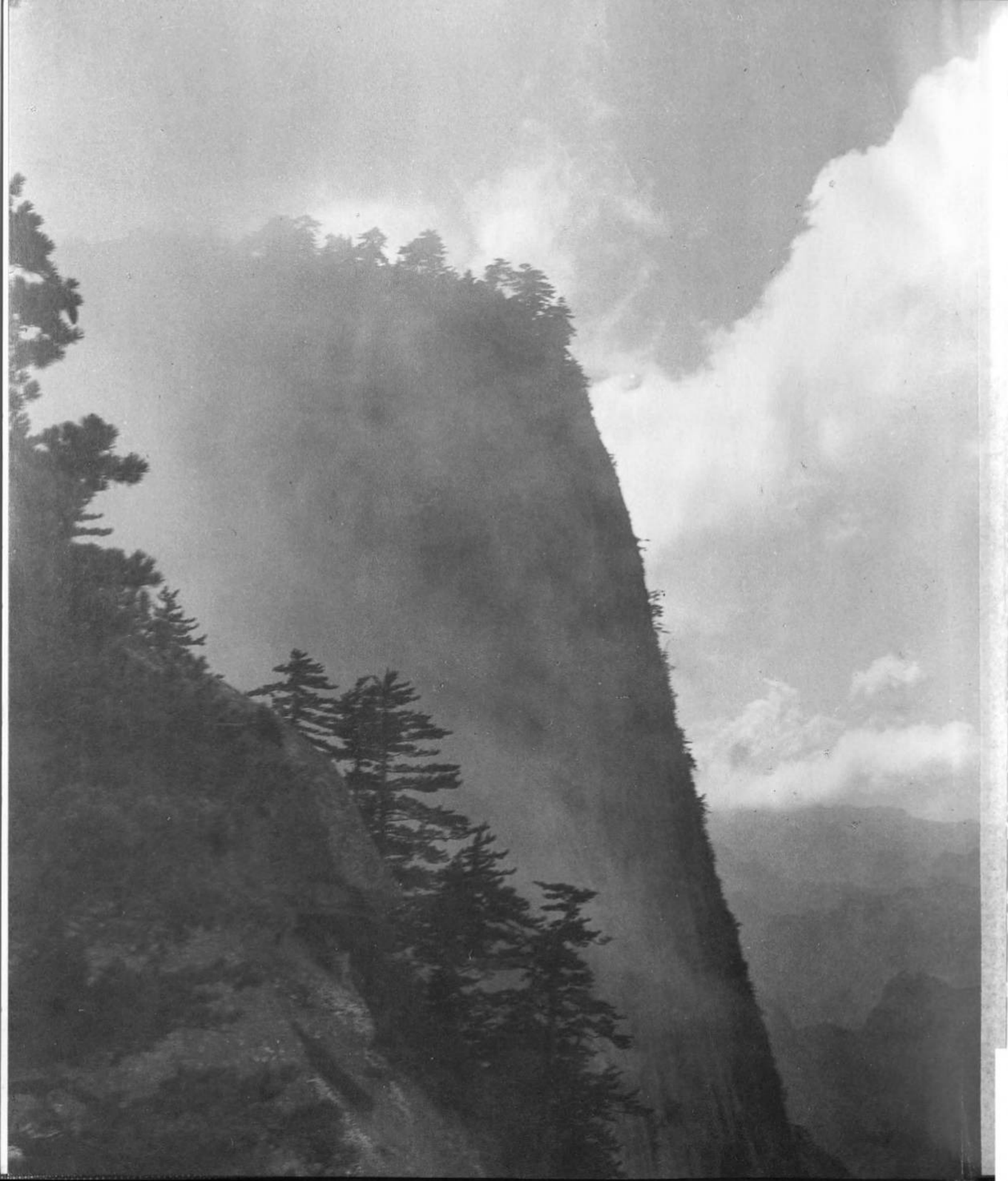
Hedda Morrison



111 HR



- 1 Yün Kang
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- 5 The Lost Tribe Country
- 6 Wei Hai Wei
- 7 Tsingtao
- 8 Pao Ting
- 9 Ch'ü Fu
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TRAVELS OF
A PHOTOGRAPHER
IN CHINA
1933-1946

Hedda Morrison

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Introduction

FOR anyone who was reasonably adaptable travel in China in the 1930s presented few problems. The road system was limited but reliable train services existed and provided access to take-off points for explorations further afield. Third-class travel was very cheap though liable to be rather crowded. There was always food to be had at railway stops, while plentiful supplies of tea provided safe drinking. Fellow travellers were friendly and obliging.

Arrived at your railway destination you walked or hired donkeys or a rickshaw. In the countryside accommodation was widely available in temples; even quite small villages had their own temple. Often it would be sited picturesquely in a grove of trees. Temples acted as resthouses and you could usually obtain the use of a room in which to unroll your sleeping bag. The Christian missionaries were also kind to travellers. Many of them had long been resident in the area where they worked and were well informed about its antiquities and the life of the people. Security was generally of a high order. If an area was subject to banditry the fact was generally well known, but in north China at any rate the then Kuomintang government had by the early thirties imposed a degree of law and order.

Yün Kang 1933

My first venture outside the Peking area after my arrival from Germany in the summer of 1933 was to the Yün Kang caves at Christmas the same year. The caves are in northern Shansi, about 370 kilometres west of Peking and about 15 kilometres from the important provincial centre of Ta T'ung. From the late fourth to the mid-sixth century the region was the stronghold of the Wei dynasty of the Toba, a non-Chinese people from the north-west who dominated north China.

Wei power coincided with the growth, and contributed significantly to the flowering, of Buddhism in China, a religion that had been brought overland from India in the first century. The caves, situated in a cliff face, contain innumerable Buddha images and many carvings depicting his life. Unfortunately, during the period of imperial decay in the late Ch'ing dynasty and in the early years after the revolution of 1911 the magnificent carvings were severely damaged by looters. A great many of the statues lack heads, or, to be precise, they lack their original heads, which now repose in foreign museums and art collections. Wind erosion has also caused much damage. Nevertheless, despite the vandalism the caves constitute one of the world's most impressive displays of Buddhist art and religious fervour.

Northern Shansi in winter is a bitterly cold place and I wished to stay at the caves and not in the town of Ta T'ung 15 kilometres away. This was made possible for me by the Chinese Army unit which was then occupying the caves. The soldiers were courteous and helpful though my Chinese at that time was limited. I was allowed to stay in one of the temples by the caves and slept in comfort on a communal *k'ang*, the raised brick platform heated by internal ducts running from an external stove which was the common form of winter heating in north China. On my tours through the caves I was always accompanied by three cheerful small boys who found my activities a source of unending interest.

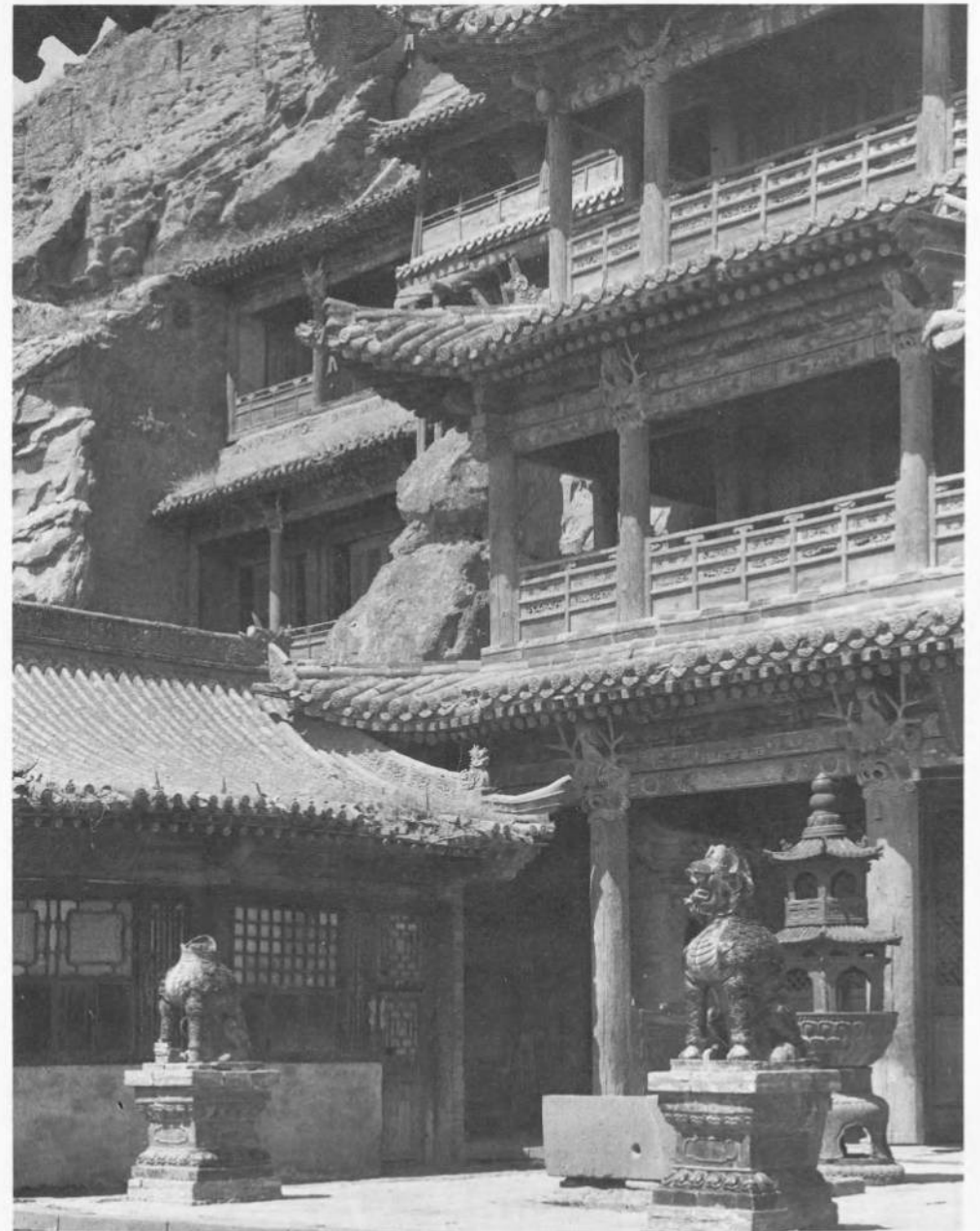
Yün Kang 1933



General view of Yün Kang.



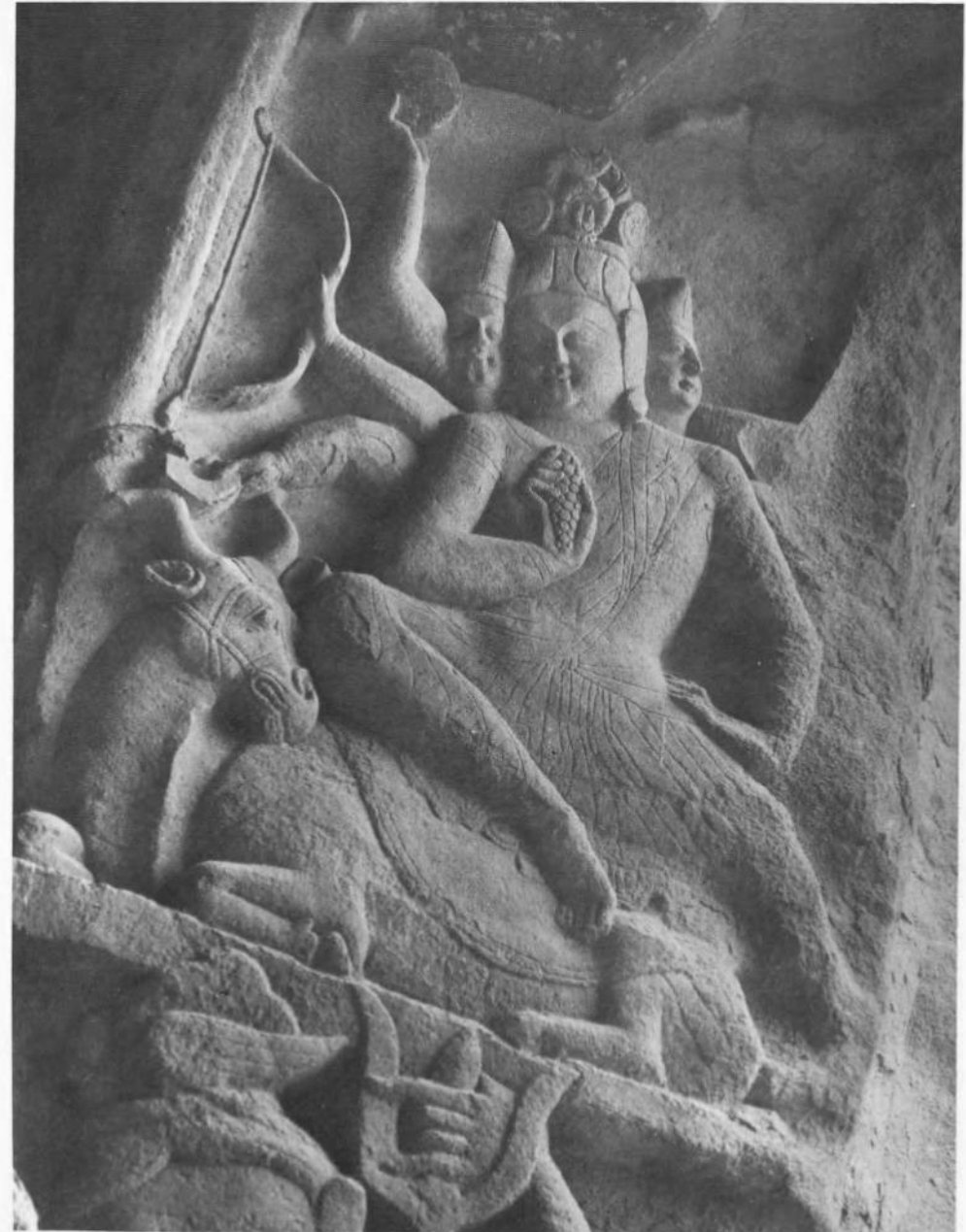
The cliff face housing the caves.



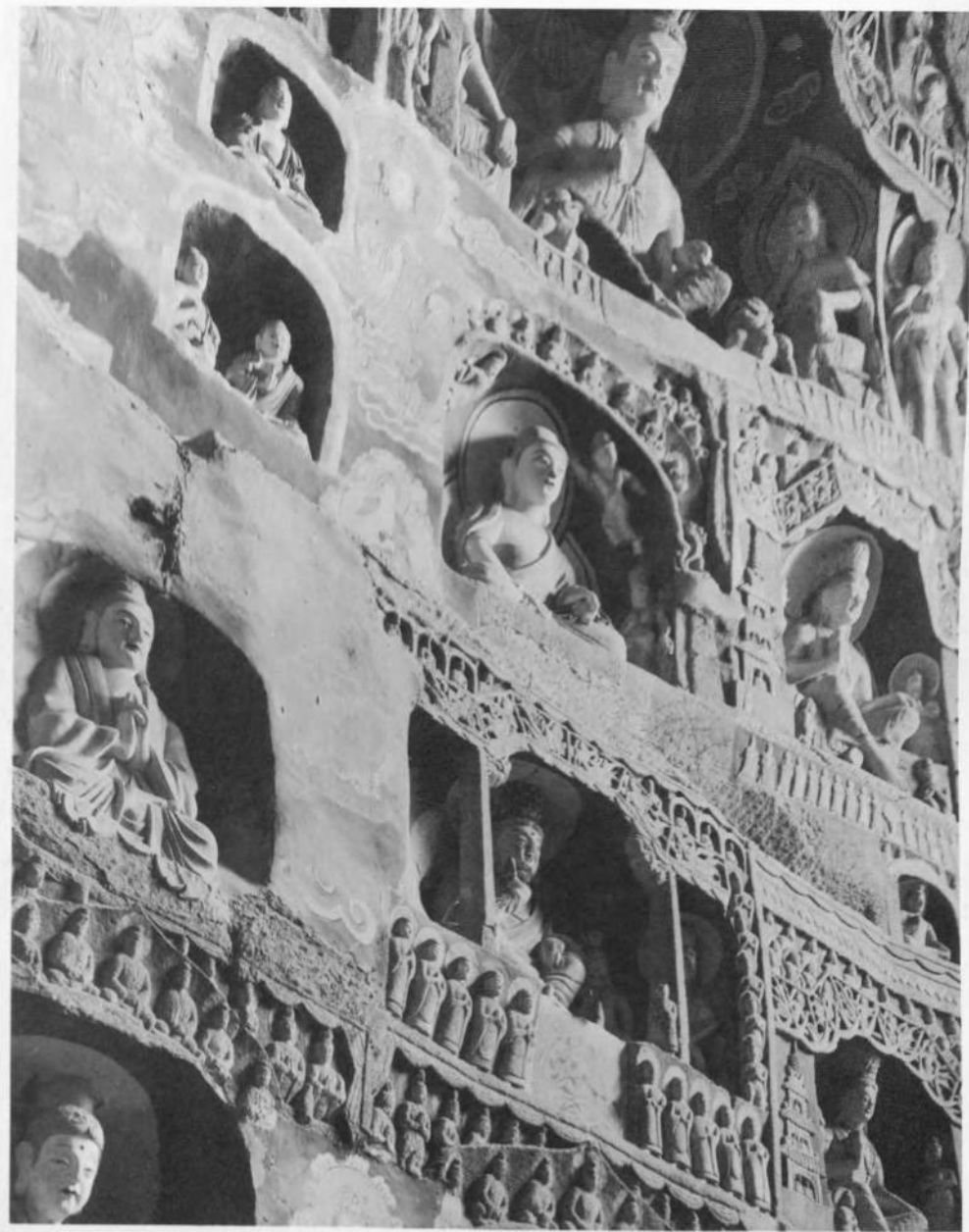
Temple built against the cliff face.



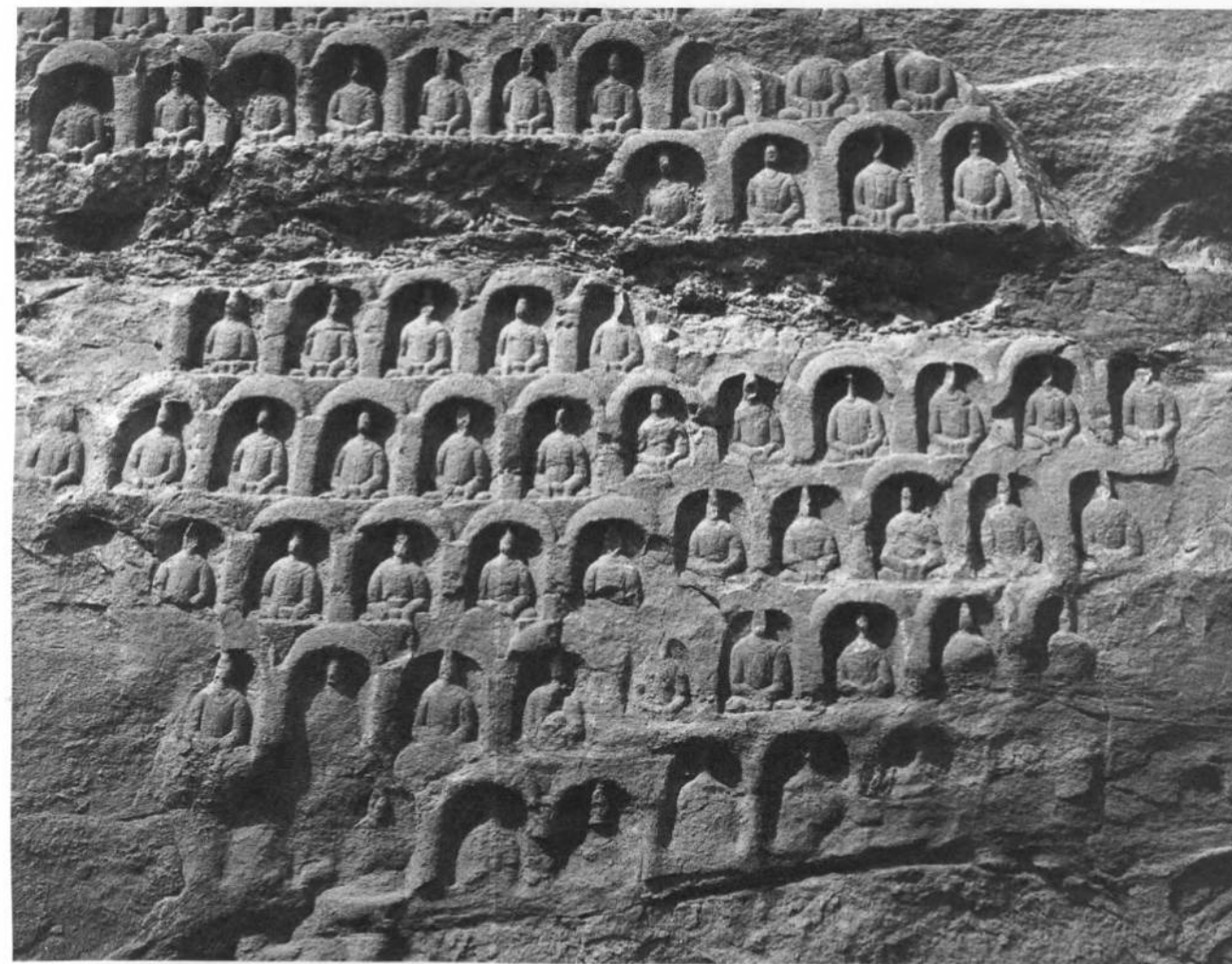
Relief sculpture in the rear chamber of Cave 8.



Relief sculpture in the rear chamber of Cave 8.



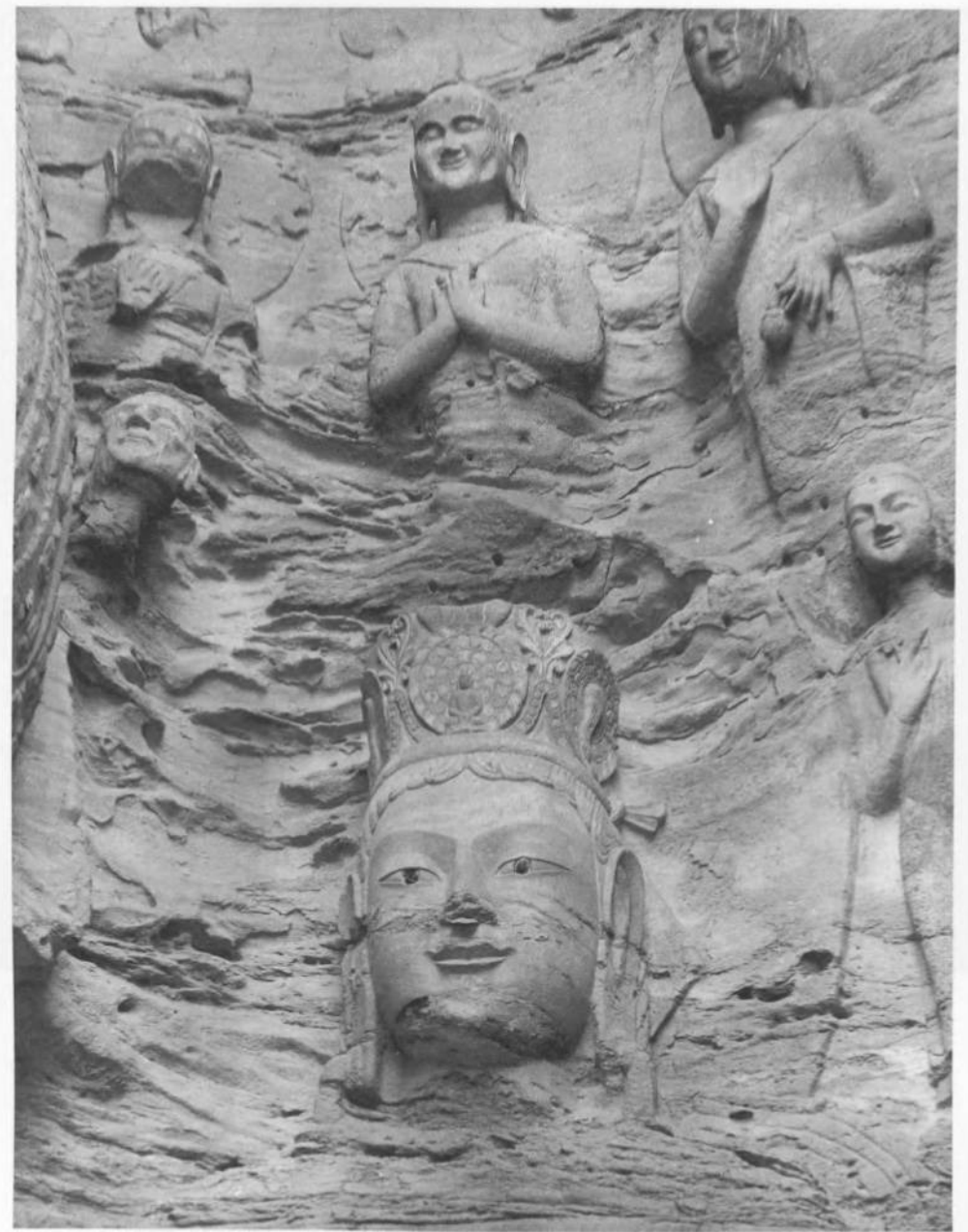
Many of the heads were restorations, the originals scattered in Western museums and collections.



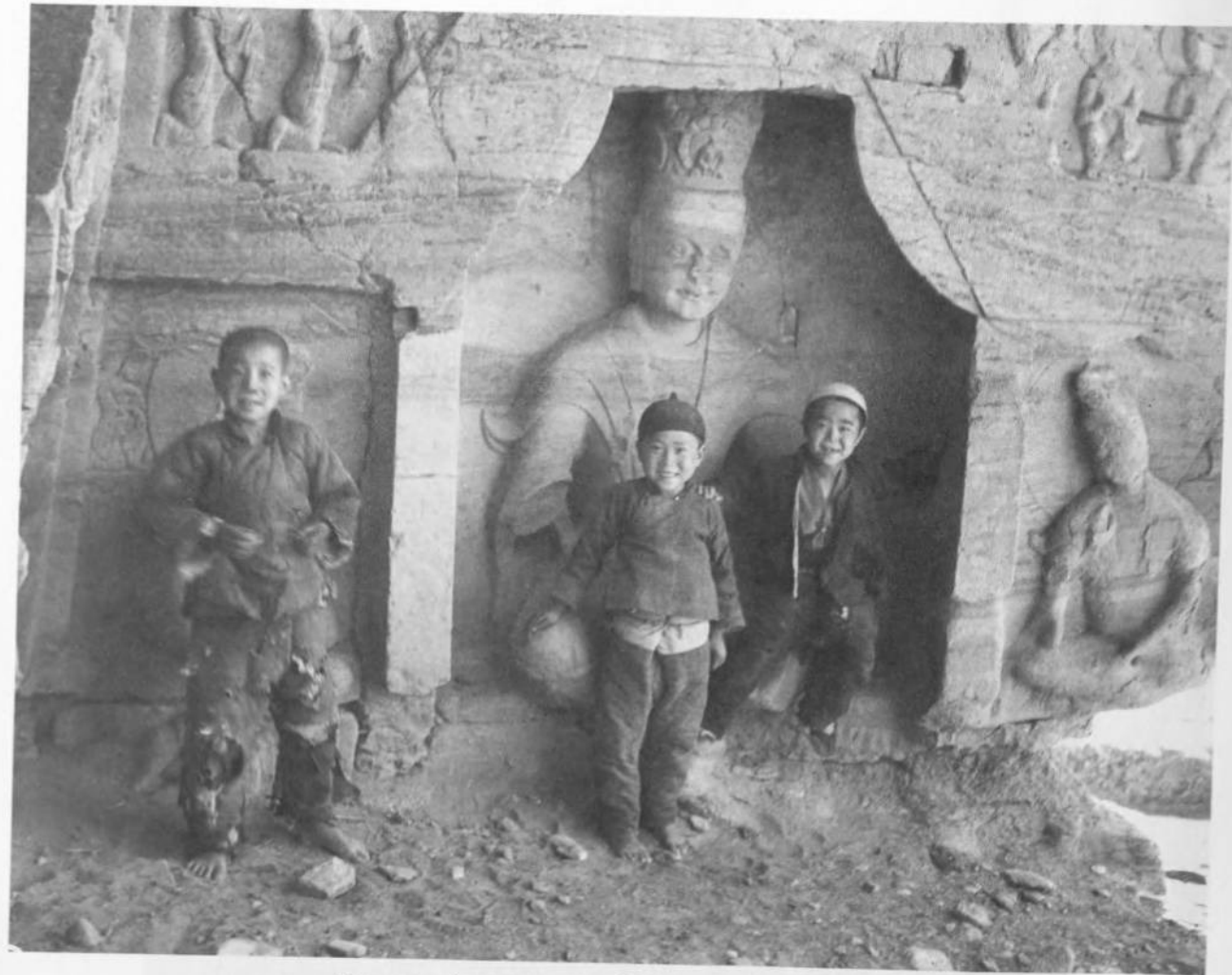
Rows of small seated Buddhas in individual niches.



A niche on the east wall of the front chamber of Cave 10.



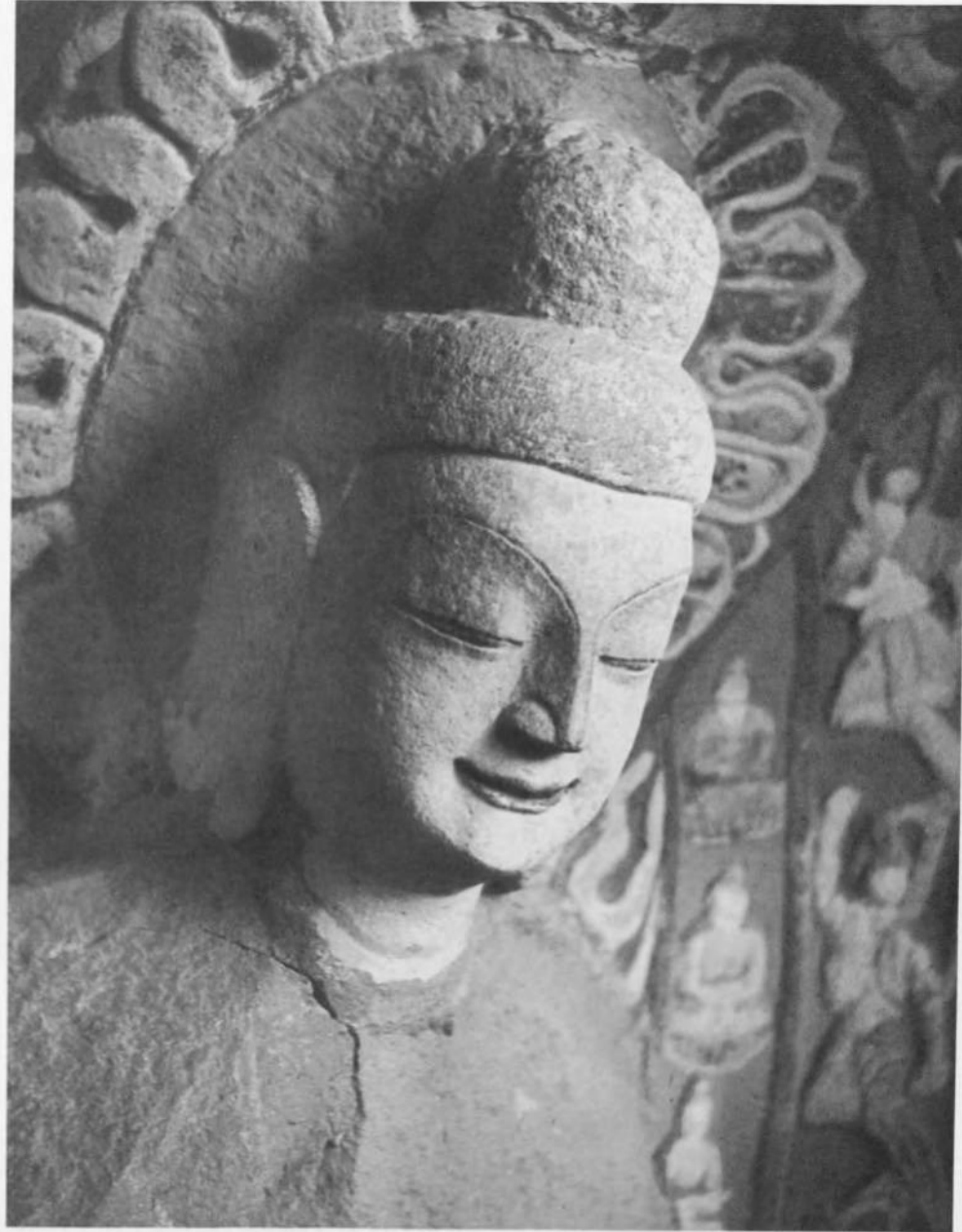
Maitreya and disciples on the east wall of Cave 18.



My companions on my tour of the caves. The small boy on the right must have been a Muslim.



The graffiti on the left was written by a visitor who preceded me to the caves in 1933.



Seated Buddha on the north wall of the front chamber of Cave 5.

Cheng Ting 1934

THE number of beautiful and interesting places to see in China seemed inexhaustible. Every important regional and district centre had been endowed over the centuries with temples and monasteries and administrative buildings. Although many buildings had decayed or become dilapidated, a large number still remained. The towns were enclosed by walls, the entrances capped by picturesque gate towers.

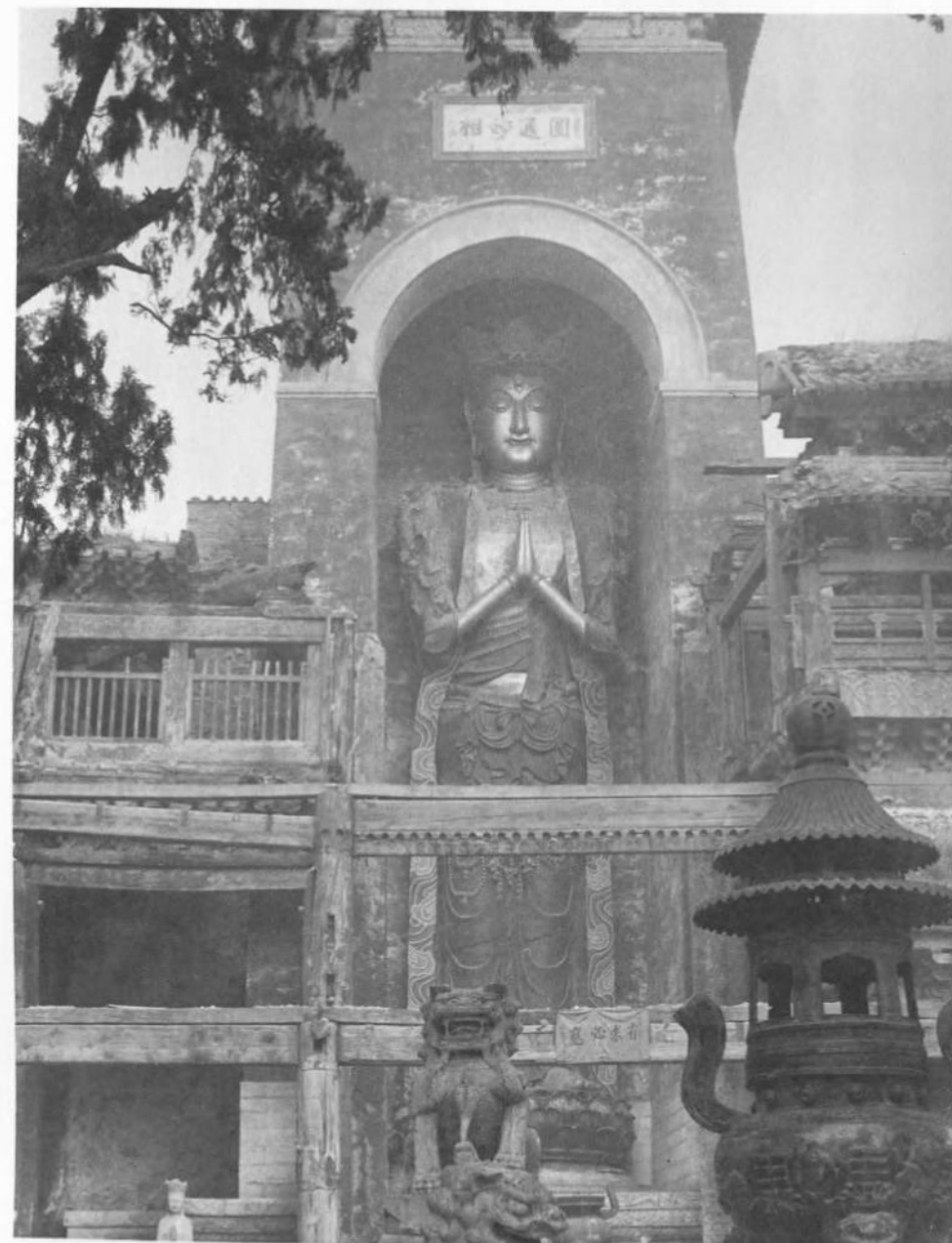
Such a centre was Cheng Ting, 260 kilometres south-west of Peking and just to the north of the railway junction and industrial centre of Shih Chia Chuang. Cheng Ting was an important town in imperial times, but when the Peking-Hankow railway was being built at the turn of the century, Shih Chia Chuang, then an insignificant village, was chosen as the junction for the branch line running to the capital of Shansi, T'ai Yüan. As Shih Chia Chuang developed so did Cheng Ting decline.

Hearing that some fine old relics were to be seen in Cheng Ting I made a hurried journey there early in 1934. I left Peking on a Saturday after work, travelled all night, spent a day touring some of the relics of the town's imperial past and hurried back to Peking so as to be ready for work at seven o'clock on Monday morning. I was to find the distance too great to cover in comfort in such a short space of time, and henceforth confined weekend outings to places in the vicinity of Peking.

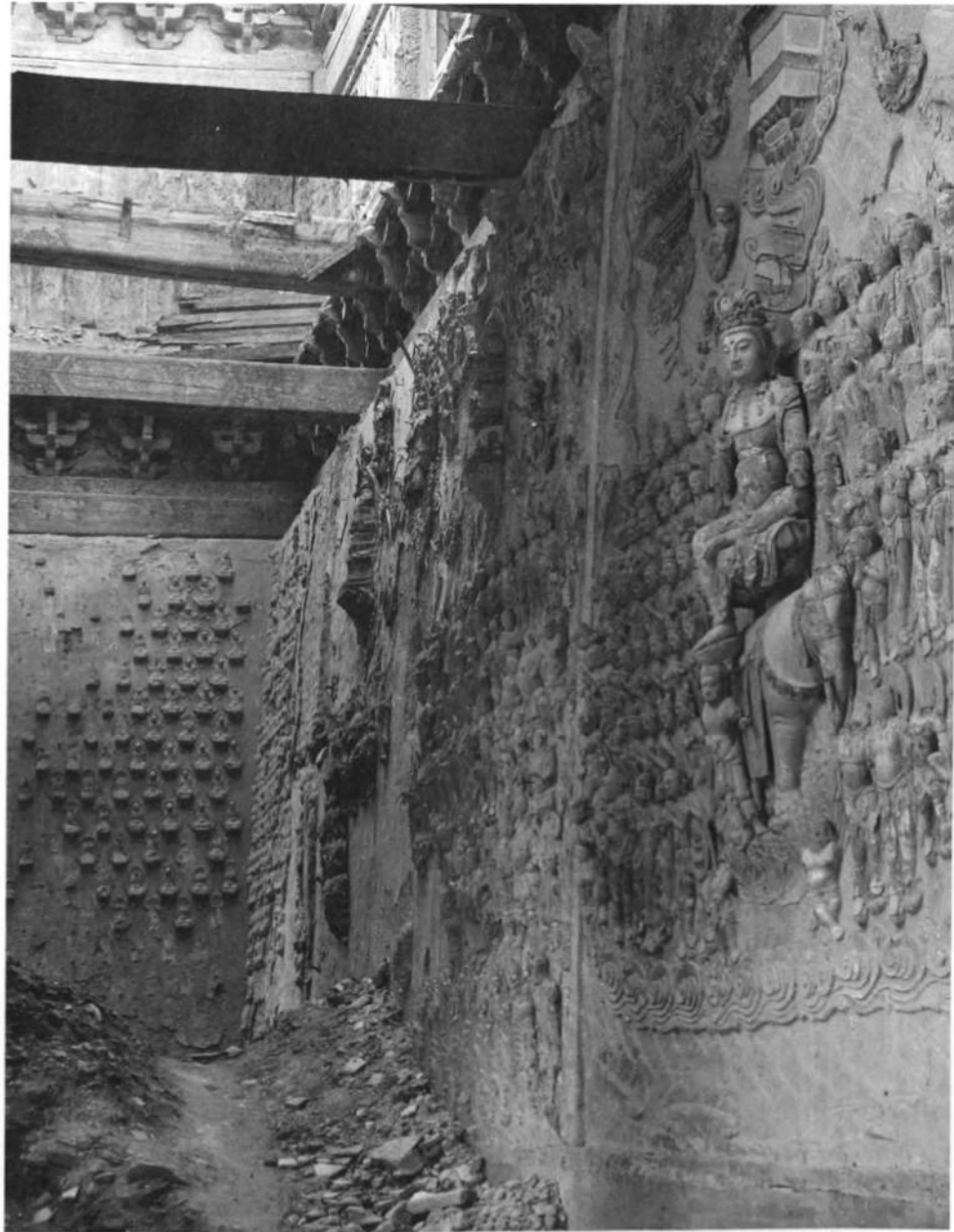
I arrived in Cheng Ting early on an overcast, misty morning. My recollections of the visit are now somewhat blurred, but I do remember making my way first of all to the city wall and watching an old-fashioned country cart creaking on its way to town through the mist. The weather improved later and I visited the remains of the once important monastery, Lung Hsing Ssu, which dates back to the Sui dynasty (AD 581-618). It was in a state of disrepair but was notable for a very large and beautiful standing figure of the Goddess of Mercy. The town also contained a number of picturesque pagodas, the base of one of them supported by a number of grotesque figures.



Old-fashioned Peking cart creaking its way to town through the morning greyness.
This was the normal kind of passenger conveyance in north China
before the coming of the rickshaw and the motor car.



An imposing Buddhist statue in Cheng Ting.



Interior of a dilapidated temple.



Pagodas often survived better than other buildings.



Grotesque figure supporting the base of a pagoda.



Printing block lying in a temple courtyard.

I made use of my first holiday in the summer of 1934 to visit Jehol (Ch'eng Te), the old summer seat of government and imperial residence 230 kilometres north-east of Peking. Ch'eng Te is the name of the Chinese town just south of the palaces and temples. The complex of palaces and temples came to be known by foreigners as Jehol, a corrupt version of the name of the river Je Ho (literally Hot River) on the banks of which the town, palaces and temples are all situated. The imperial edifices were built by Emperor K'ang Hsi (reigned 1662-1722) and enlarged and added to by his successors. They were for many years regularly occupied during the summer months by the court anxious to escape from the burning heat of Peking.

In 1820 Emperor Chia Ch'ing was struck by lightning in Jehol. Not unreasonably this was considered to be an inauspicious omen, and Jehol was not used again for forty years until 1860 when Emperor Hsien Feng took refuge there as Peking was occupied by British and French troops. His death in Jehol less than a year later confirmed the worst suspicions of the court as to the locality's malign influences and general insalubrity and the court never returned to it. When Peking was again occupied by foreign troops in 1900 and the Empress Dowager had to flee the capital, she chose to go to Sian. In the 1930s many of the buildings in Jehol were still standing and it remained a most impressive monument to the power and wealth of imperial China.

The palaces were situated to the west of Je Ho in a great walled pleasure ground, the walls some 10 kilometres in length. Both north and south of this park and again on the east bank of Je Ho are a number of fine temples and monasteries. Two of the latter are of Tibetan design, one of them being a copy of the Potala in Lhasa. Indeed, Jehol was not only a summer resort for the emperor but also played an important part in the empire's public relations, as it were, with often troublesome border peoples, the nomads of the north-west and the Tibetans. These peoples were followers of the Lamaist form of Buddhism, as were the Manchus themselves. It made sound political sense to have an impressive centre of Lamaist Buddhism and of imperial power on the Mongolian marches of the empire.

Religion and politics apart, Jehol is a very beautiful place on a great bend of the river ringed by mountains. In imperial days it was well wooded, but by the thirties most of the trees had long since disappeared. Regrettable though this was, their absence enabled one to appreciate more readily the grand layout of Jehol's palaces and temples.

I set off for Jehol on the back of a truck loaded with bags of flour. The truck people

obligingly picked me up at the Wagons-Lits Hotel where I occupied a small attic room. I think the manner of my departure occasioned a little surprise on the part of some fellow hotel guests who watched me leave. In imperial days the road from Peking to Jehol was the finest road in China. This unfortunately was no longer the case and we encountered problems on the way. There had been recent heavy rain and many streams were in flood. At the ford across one stream the engine died when we had only partially negotiated the way over, and the passengers had to complete the crossing on foot. I was helped across by a burly Korean fellow passenger whose command of English was limited to the words 'Never mind'. We had to spend a night at an inn while we waited for the truck to complete the crossing.

In Jehol I met the local Catholic missionary, a kind and well-informed Belgian of liberal outlook, who insisted that I stay at the mission. He told me that as a general rule Catholic missionaries were not supposed to entertain women but that this ruling might easily be overlooked. He asked one of the Chinese nuns at the mission to accompany me on my tours of the ruins and remaining buildings. She smoked a pipe and the only indication of her calling was a rosary. I could not help noticing that it was her custom to make polite obeisance before images of the Buddha.

In 1934 Jehol was already under Japanese occupation. The local Japanese commander invited me to dinner, but my kind Belgian host did not feel that it would be entirely proper for me to accept the invitation. Instead, he asked several of the Japanese officers to dine at the mission.

I spent several days exploring Jehol and paid another visit in the following year after my return from Hua Shan. This enabled me to take a further set of photographs with a large-format camera that was more suited to architectural studies than the Rolleiflex which I had had with me on the first occasion.

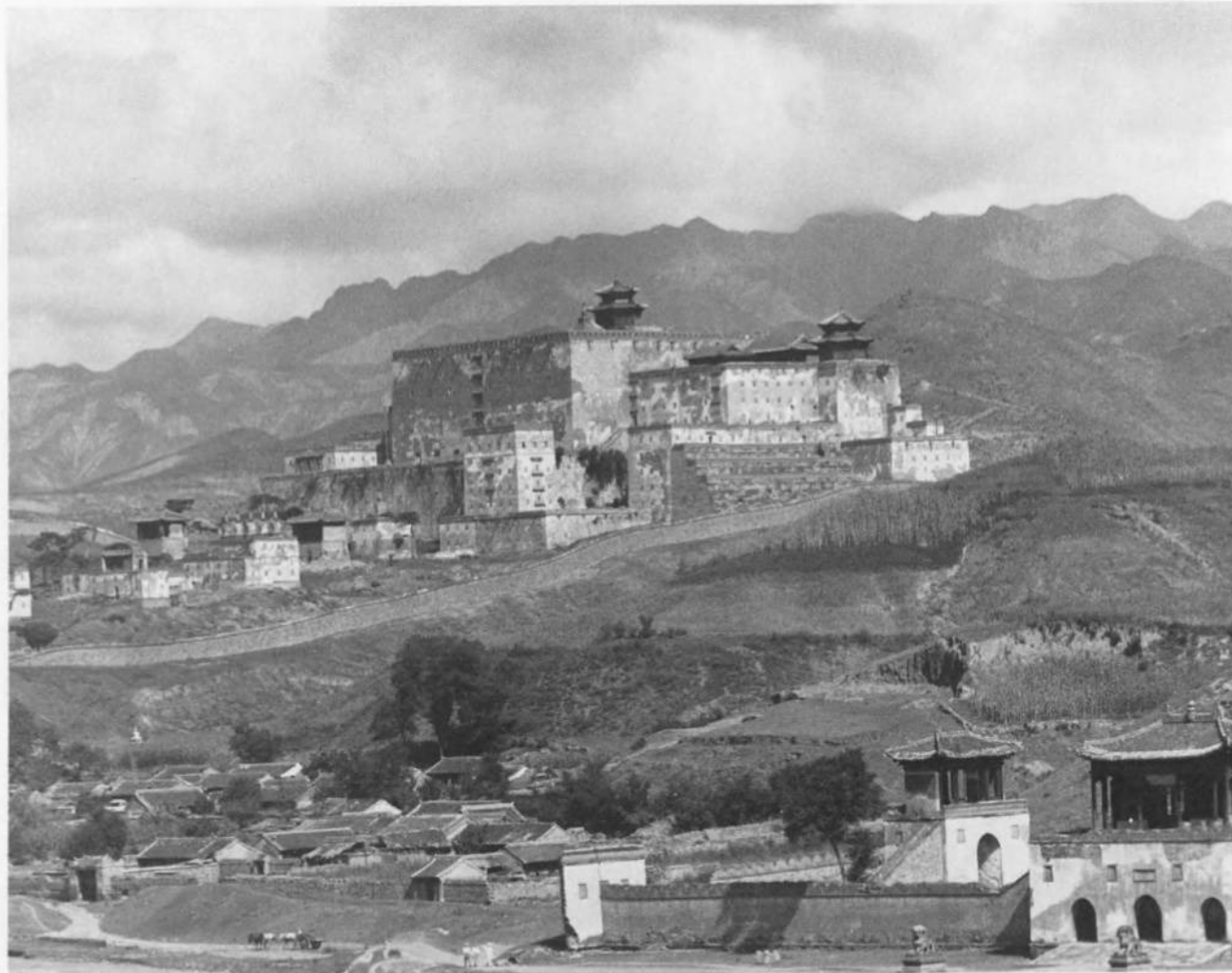
Jehol has been described by the famous explorer Sven Hedin in a book published in 1933. He came on his last expedition to Asia while I was still working at Hartungs, the photographic studio. After the expedition's return to Peking, Mr Lu, the Hartungs cine photographer, and I accompanied it on an outing to the Ming Tombs. It was a hilarious occasion. Hedin needed some footage from the Ming Tombs which, in their then deforested state, looked very much as if they were in Central Asia. The outing involved the setting up of a real explorer's tent while Mr Lu photographed Hedin with one of the cumbersome 35-mm cine cameras in use at that time.



Bogged down en route to Jehol.



P'ai-lou on the way to the Small Potala.



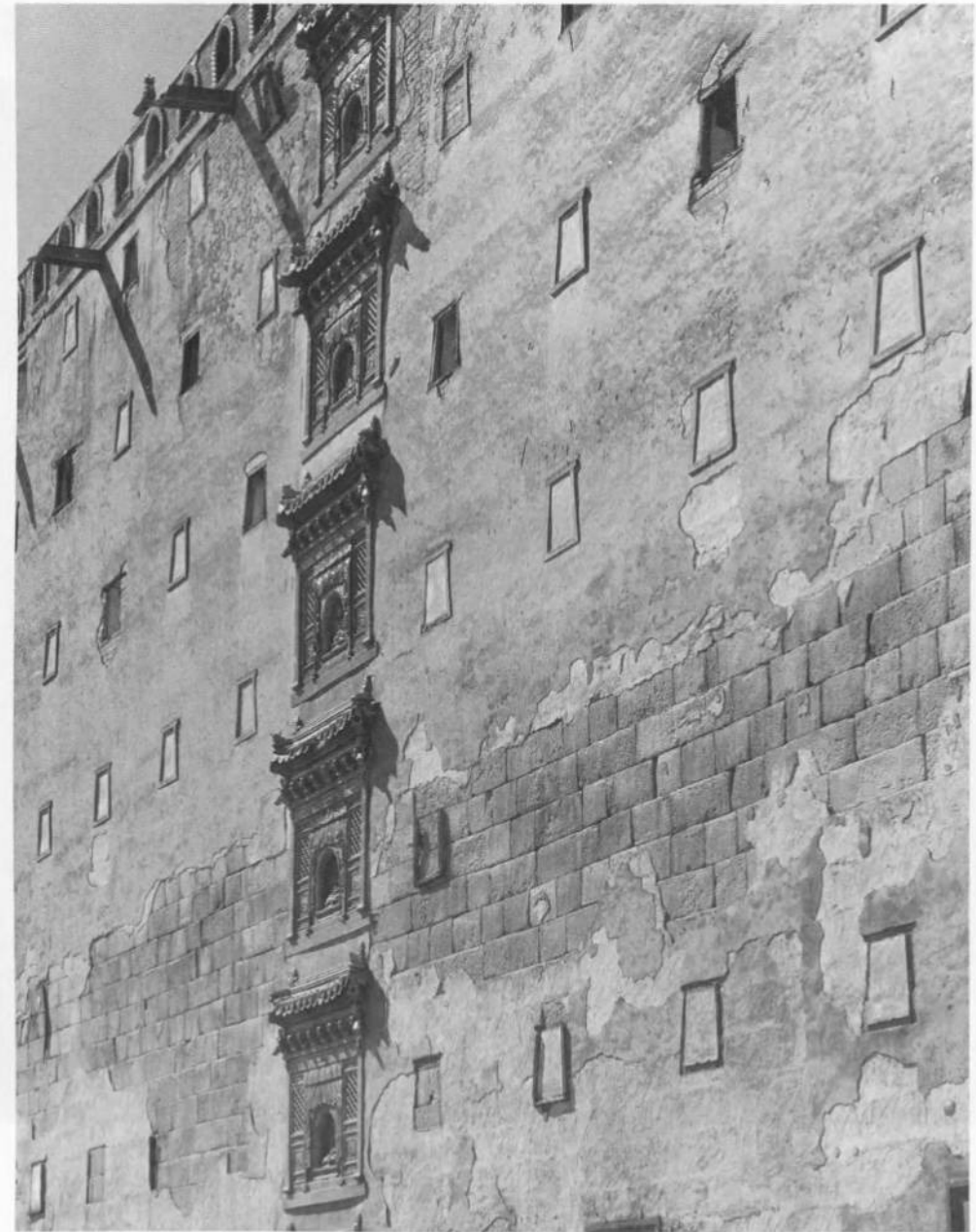
The Small Potala, which is a copy of the Potala in Lhasa, designed to make visiting Tibetans feel at home and to demonstrate the Ch'ing government's appreciation of Tibetan culture.



The Small Potala.



Lateral view of the Small Potala.



Façade of the Small Potala.



View from the terrace of the Small Potala.



Archway with guardian elephants on the way to the Small Potala.



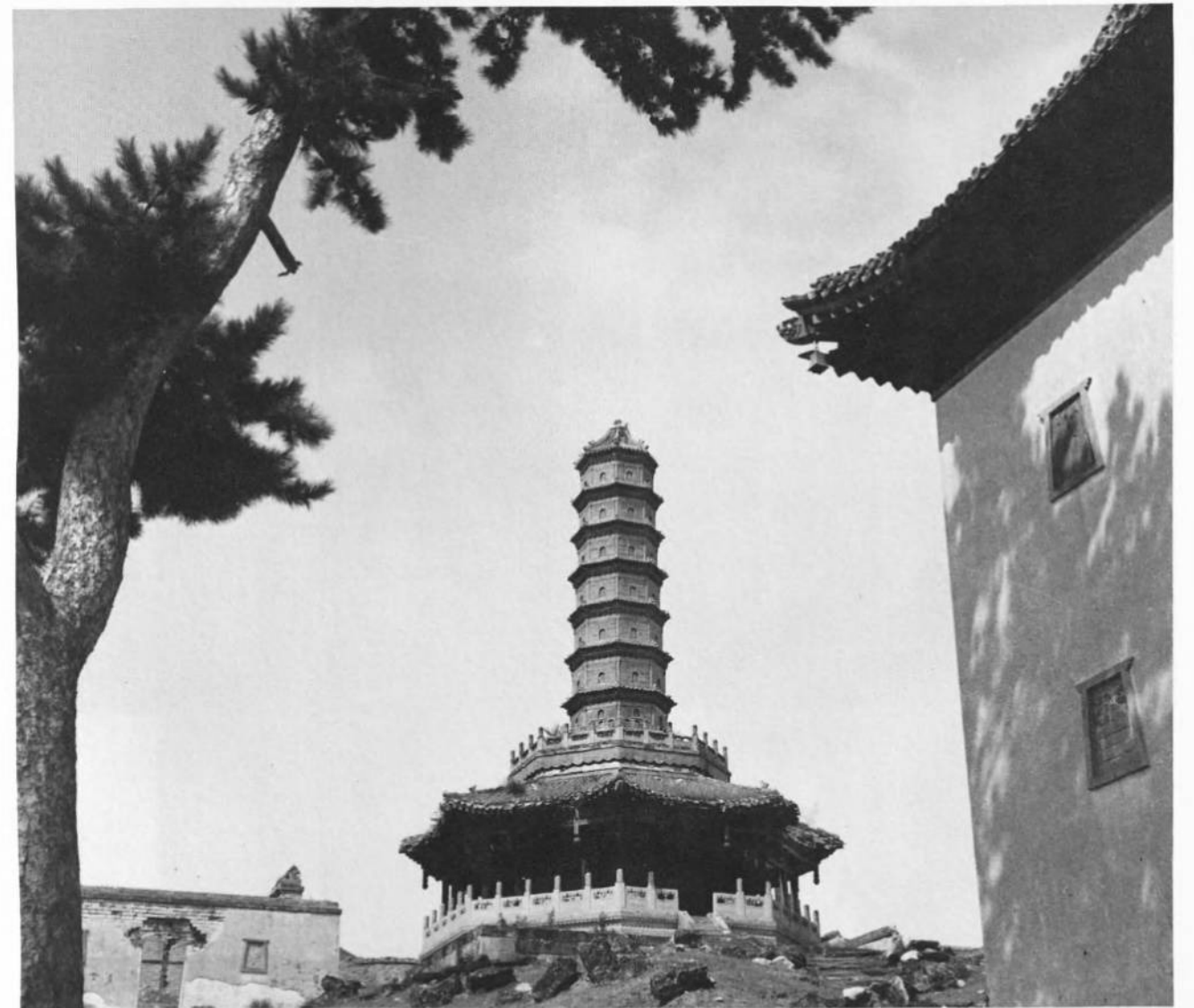
Figure of the Big Buddha in P'u Ning Ssu, portrayed with a third eye in the forehead.



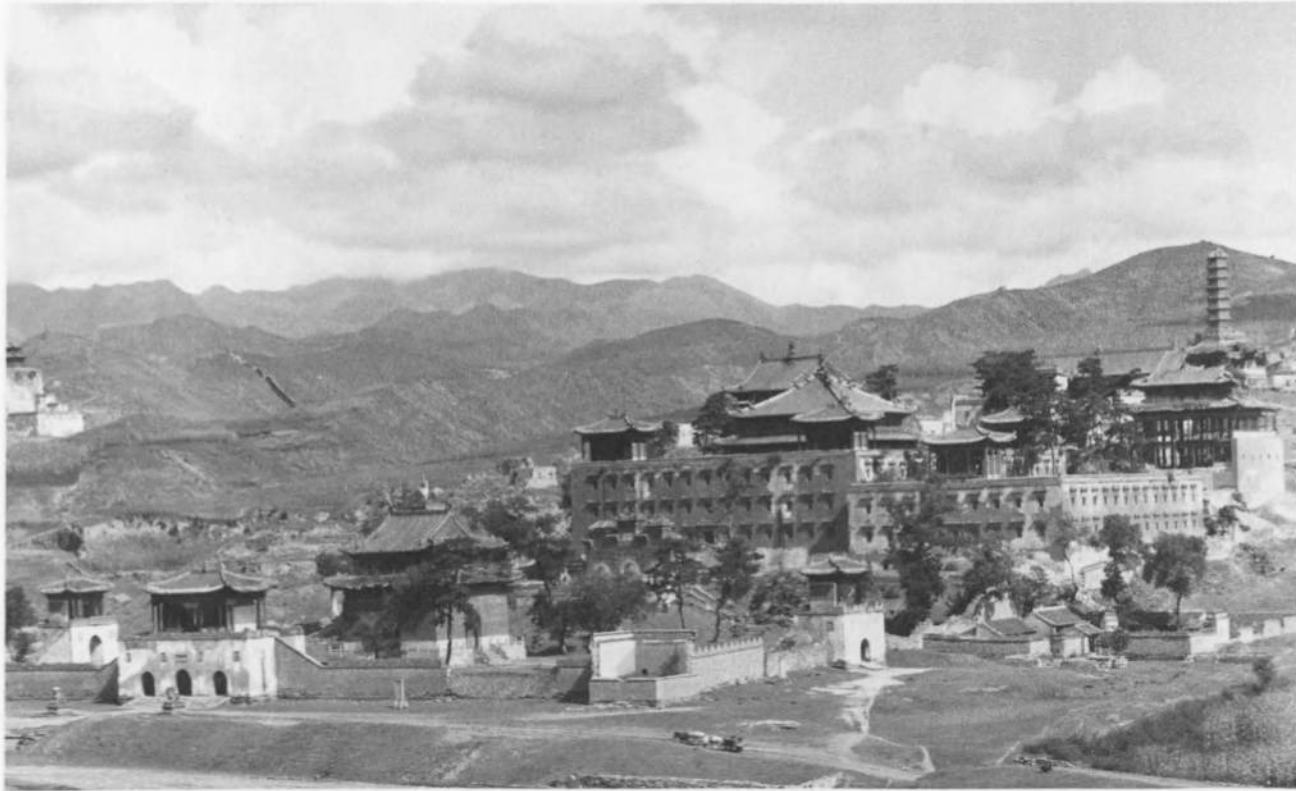
P'u Ning Ssu, popularly known as Ta Fo Ssu, the Big Buddha Temple.



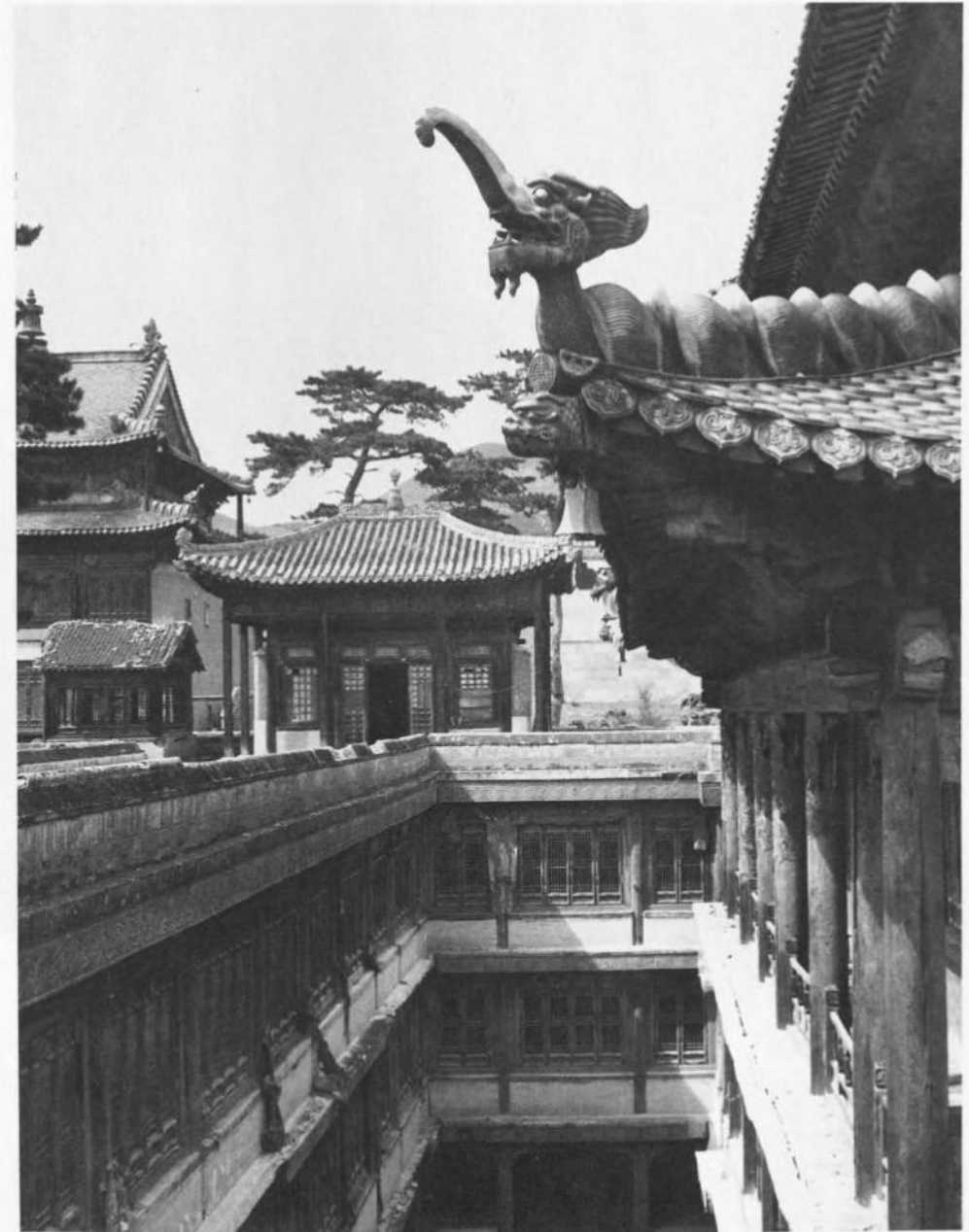
View over Hsü Mi Fu Shou Chih Miao with the pagoda in the background.



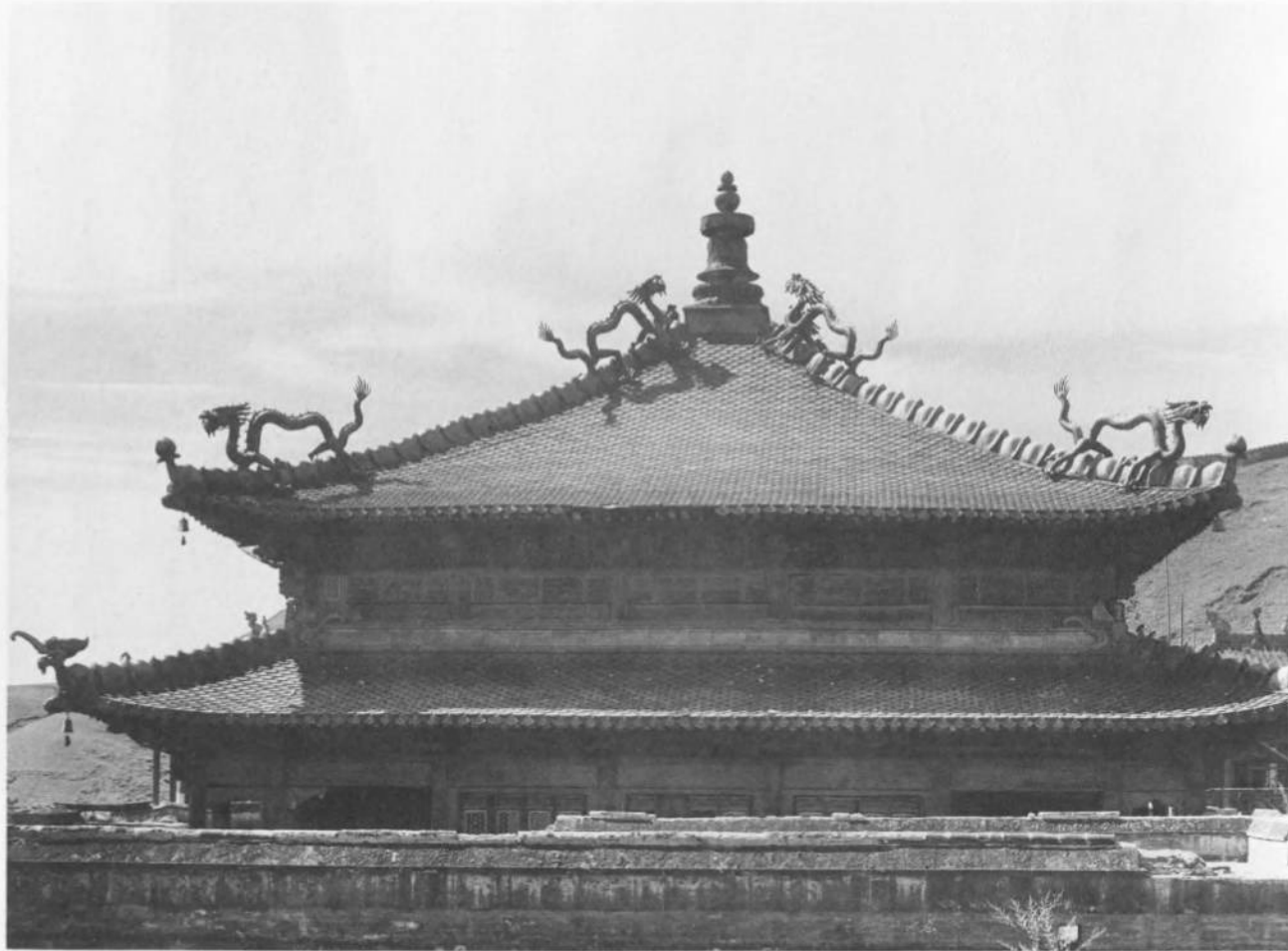
Pagoda behind Hsü Mi Fu Shou Chih Miao.



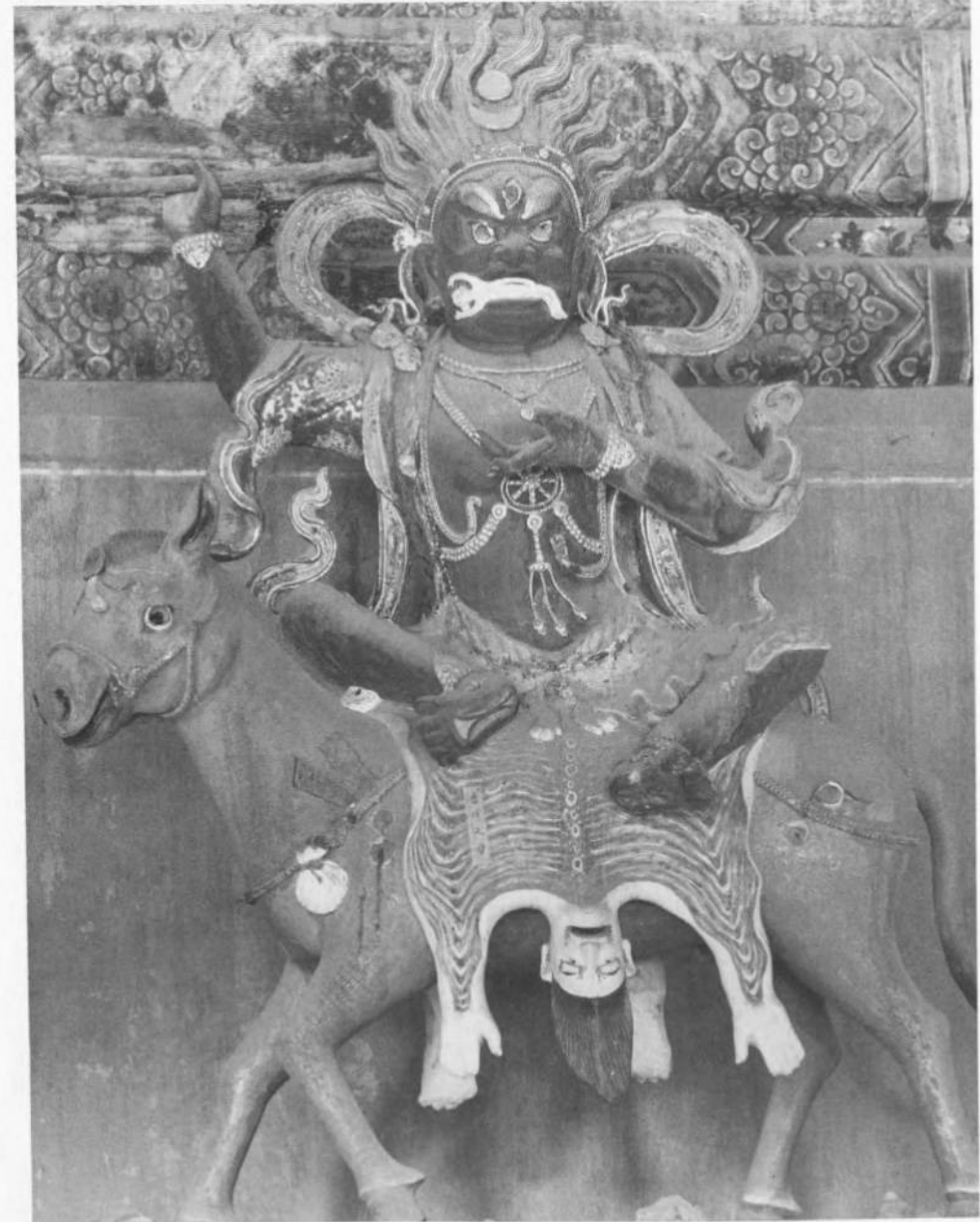
Hsü Mi Fu Shou Chih Miao, a building partly in Tibetan style.



Roof of a pavilion within Hsü Mi Fu Shou Chih Miao.



The golden-roofed pavilion of Hsü Mi Fu Shou Chih Miao was surmounted by eight dragons.



Ferocious figure from the Lamaist pantheon.



Ghostly Lamaist figures on a wall painting.



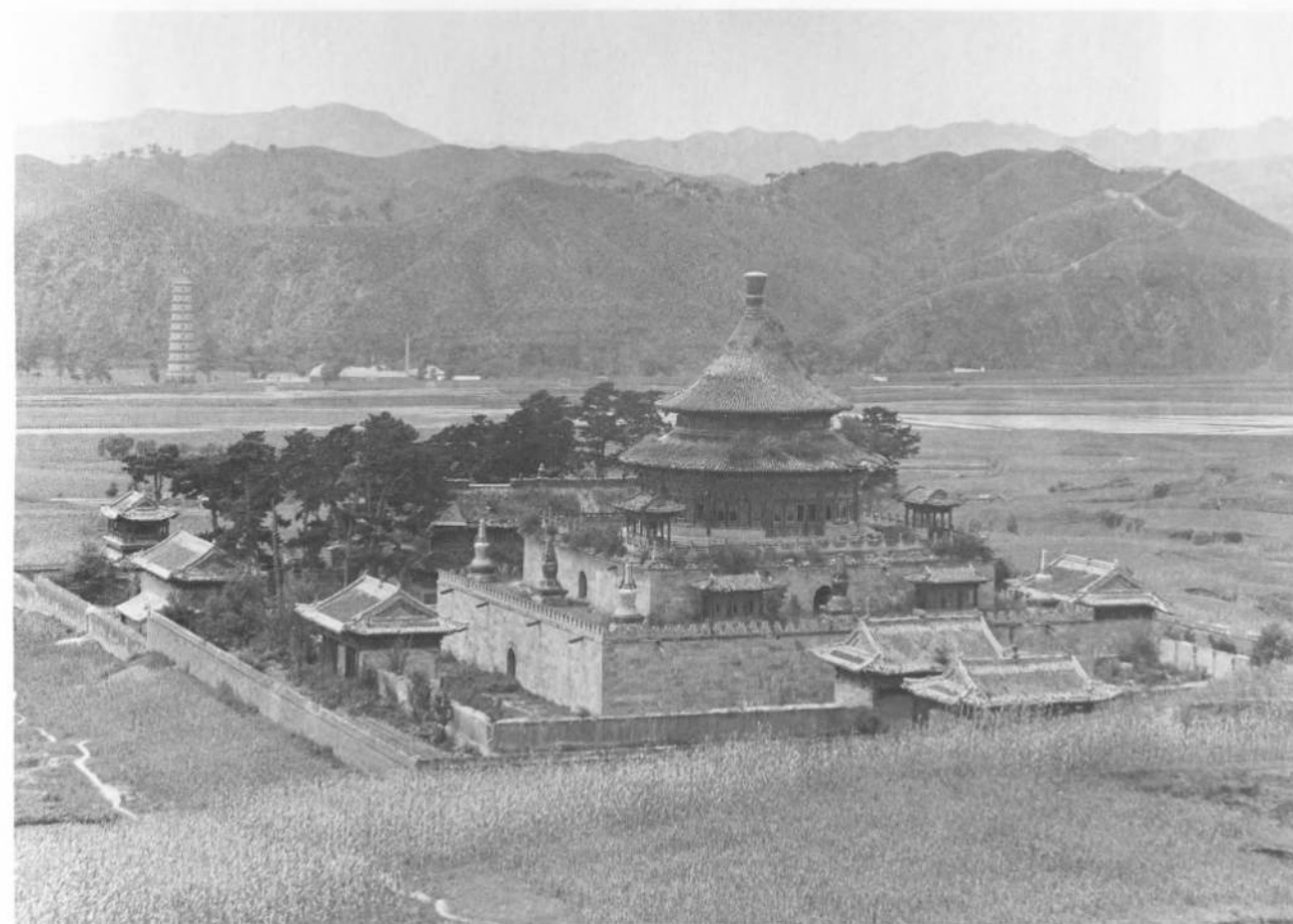
Statue of a lama in Hsü Mi Fu Shou Chih Miao.



Caryatidic figures in Hsü Mi Fu Shou Chih Miao.



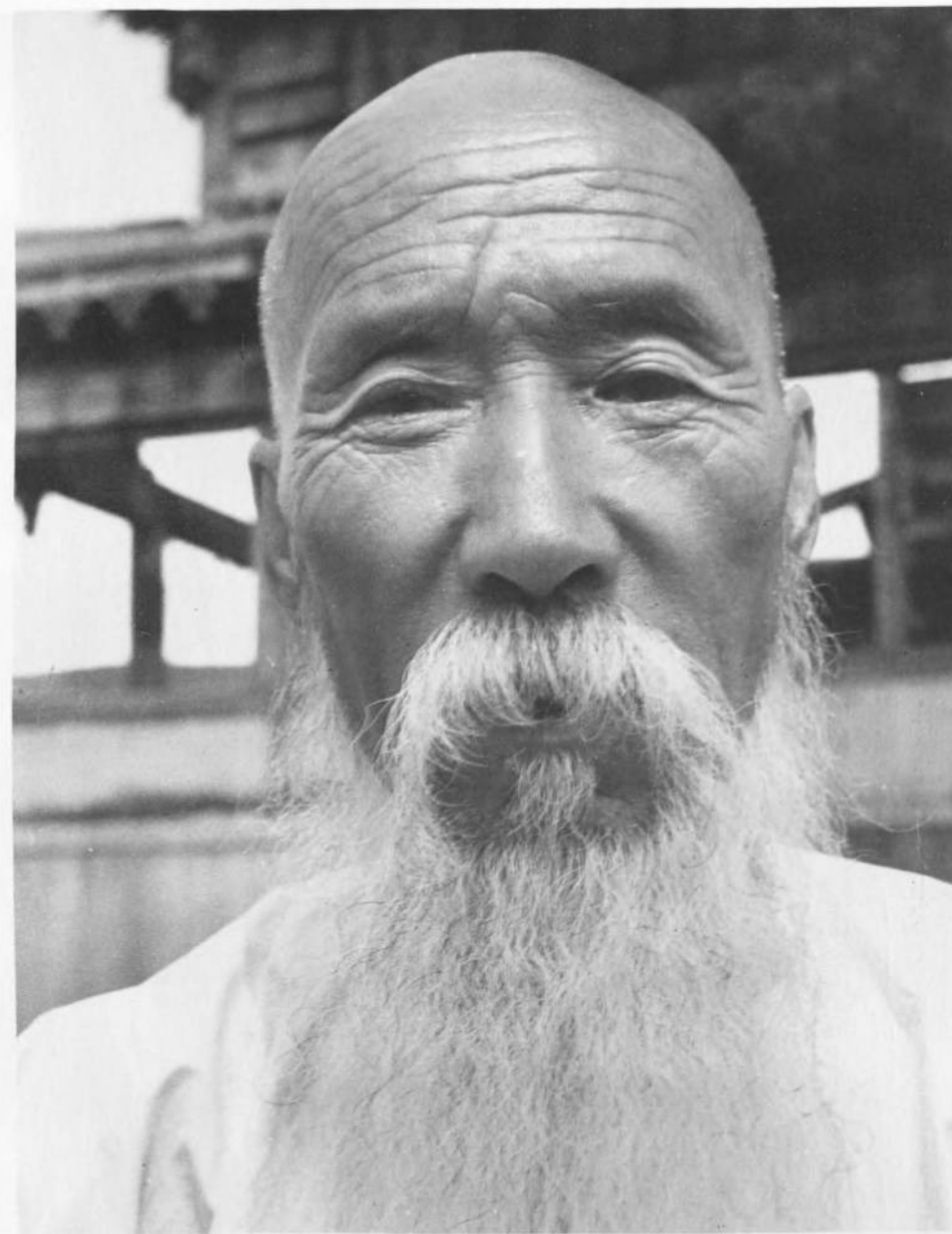
Buddhist wall painting.



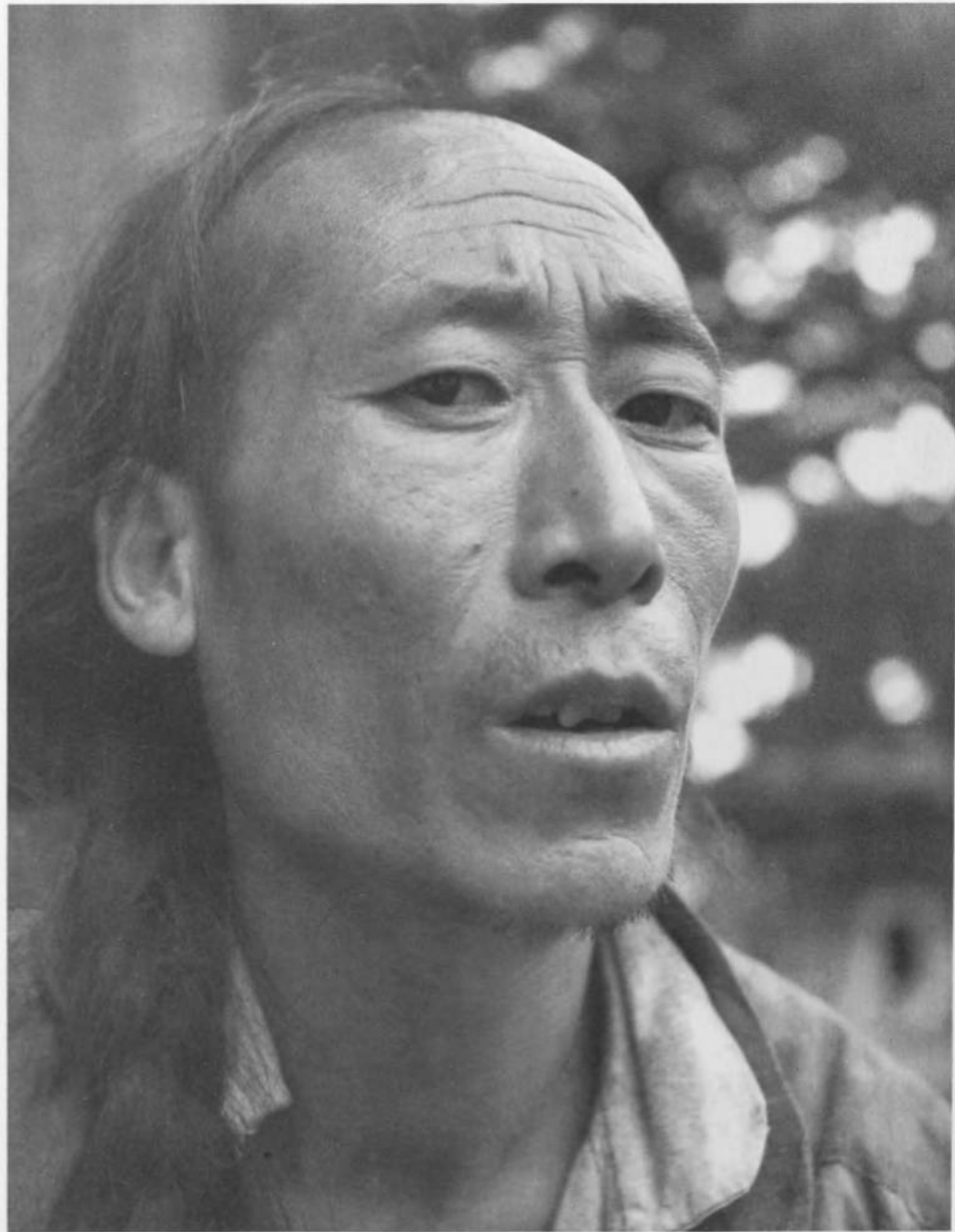
P'u Lo Ssu, a temple in Chinese style.



The pipe-smoking nun who acted as my guide.



Portrait taken in Jehol.



Portrait taken in Jehol.



Mother and child in Jehol.



Sven Hedin, the distinguished Swedish explorer and author of a book on Jehol.



Sven Hedin surveying the scene. The photograph was taken at the Ming Tombs.

THE suggestion that I visit the sacred Taoist mountain of Hua Shan came from Henri Vetch, the proprietor of the French Book Store in Peking. Vetch, who was extremely interested in Taoism, had never been to Hua Shan himself but knew of its beauty. Hua Shan is a most spectacular outlier of the range known as Tsin Ling in eastern Shensi province. It lies to the east of the ancient city of Sian and overlooks the narrow plain through which flows the Yellow River, bounded by the Tsin Ling range and to the north the mountains of Shansi. Hua Shan consists of a ring of precipitous peaks rising to 2,500 metres in height, enclosed in the centre of which are small patches of relatively flat land. The peaks are separated from the main Tsin Ling range by awe-inspiring chasms.

The mountain has been held sacred in China from very early times, and religious observances are said to have been held here from as far back as 1760 BC. It was therefore natural that it should become a Taoist centre when that religion was founded about 2,000 years ago. The importance of Hua Shan lay partly in its proximity to the early centres of Chinese civilization, and partly in its being a supreme example of the type of landscape so appreciated by Chinese artists. There was, however, much more to Hua Shan than its spectacular mountain forms. The solitary, cloud-capped peaks were endowed with mysticism in the Chinese mind, and this, together with the allied philosophical concept of man as an insignificant creature in cosmic nature, found expression in the works of the landscape painters of the Sung dynasty.

I visited Hua Shan in the summer of 1935. It was an easy place to reach because the train to Sian stopped conveniently at a little place called Hua Yin, which means 'under the shadow of Hua Shan'. The Hua Shan massif did indeed dominate Hua Yin. I took a rickshaw from the station to the fine Jade Spring Temple picturesquely situated at the start of the ascent to the mountain. The temple extended hospitality to the many pilgrims who visited Hua Shan and I spent a comfortable night there after an appetizing vegetarian meal.

The next day I hired a porter to carry my rucksack and set off for the mountain. The way lay up a narrow defile between rock faces hundreds of metres high. At convenient intervals there were small temples providing hot tea for visitors. I noticed that my porter, apart from taking breaks for tea, stopped several times for a quiet smoke, not of tobacco, but of opium. At midday we reached the end of the defile and from there the real climb began. It was very steep. In places the track led up almost

perpendicular rock faces in which steps had been hewn and iron chains of uncertain reliability set in the rock to provide hand-holds. Some of these sheer stretches were for one-way traffic only, and when we reached them we would call out so as to ensure that we did not meet some descending pilgrim half way. I did indeed meet a number of other visitors as pilgrimage to the mountain continued throughout the year.

Eventually we emerged on the North Peak, in reality a knife-edged ridge on which are perched various temple buildings and a monastery. The ridge is so narrow that the track has to pass through the buildings, with no room on either side. From the ridge I gained my first full view to the plain below, the mountains of Shansi in the background and the great Yellow River flowing in between.

There were five Taoist priests on the North Peak and a boy who had been sent there from Shanghai by his parents for the benefit of his health. Here I was very kindly entertained as indeed I was everywhere on the mountain. Two days after my arrival Wolfram Eberhard, the distinguished German scholar, followed me up to the North Peak where he collected Taoist inscriptions and had long discussions with the priests. They were delighted to have with them someone who was so interested in their religion and had such a fine command of their language.

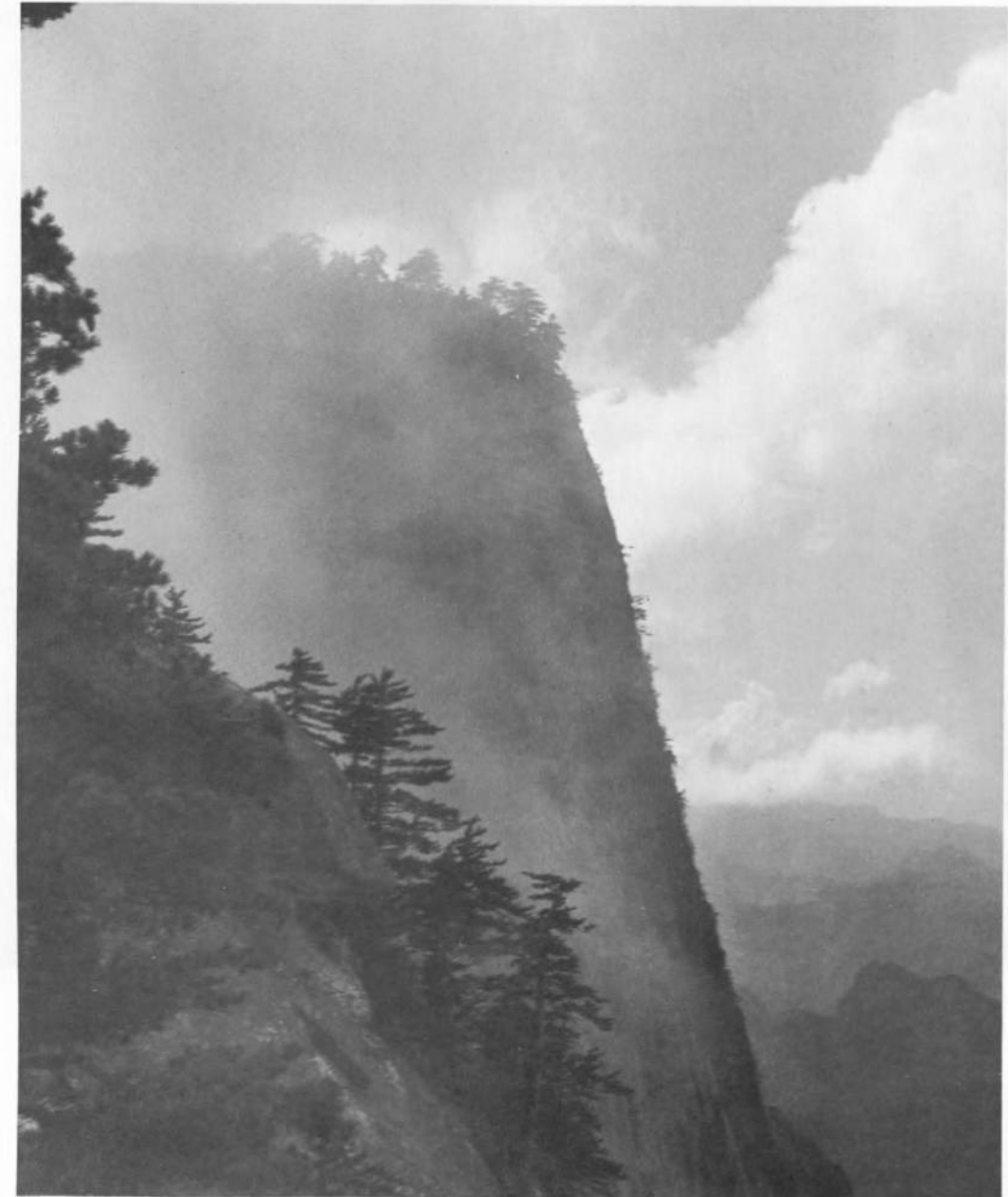
From the North Peak I went on to visit the other peaks of Hua Shan, the first being the West Peak, lying in a grove of pine trees and reached by a hair-raising track which in one place goes over what is known as the Sky Ladder. This was the end of the road for many pilgrims, including a famous T'ang personality called Han Yü. All around were spectacular pinnacles and rock walls, the scene continually changing through the interplay of sunlight and drifting mist. At the West Peak I met a priest whom I had known at the White Cloud Temple in Peking, and who took it upon himself to act as my guide and mentor from then on. Unlike me he had made the pilgrimage to Hua Shan on foot, having walked the whole way through the mountains of Shansi to Sian and then on to Hua Shan.

The South Peak is not really a peak at all but a gentle slope which was probably the area originally settled by hermits as it would have been possible to carry out a little cultivation there. The South Peak temple is the largest on the mountain, and the path from it to the East Peak is an easy one. Below the East Peak is a sheltered bowl in the mountain top. I was fortunate on the East Peak to witness a ceremonial Taoist dance carried out in slow time, said to represent the play of cosmic forces. One of the

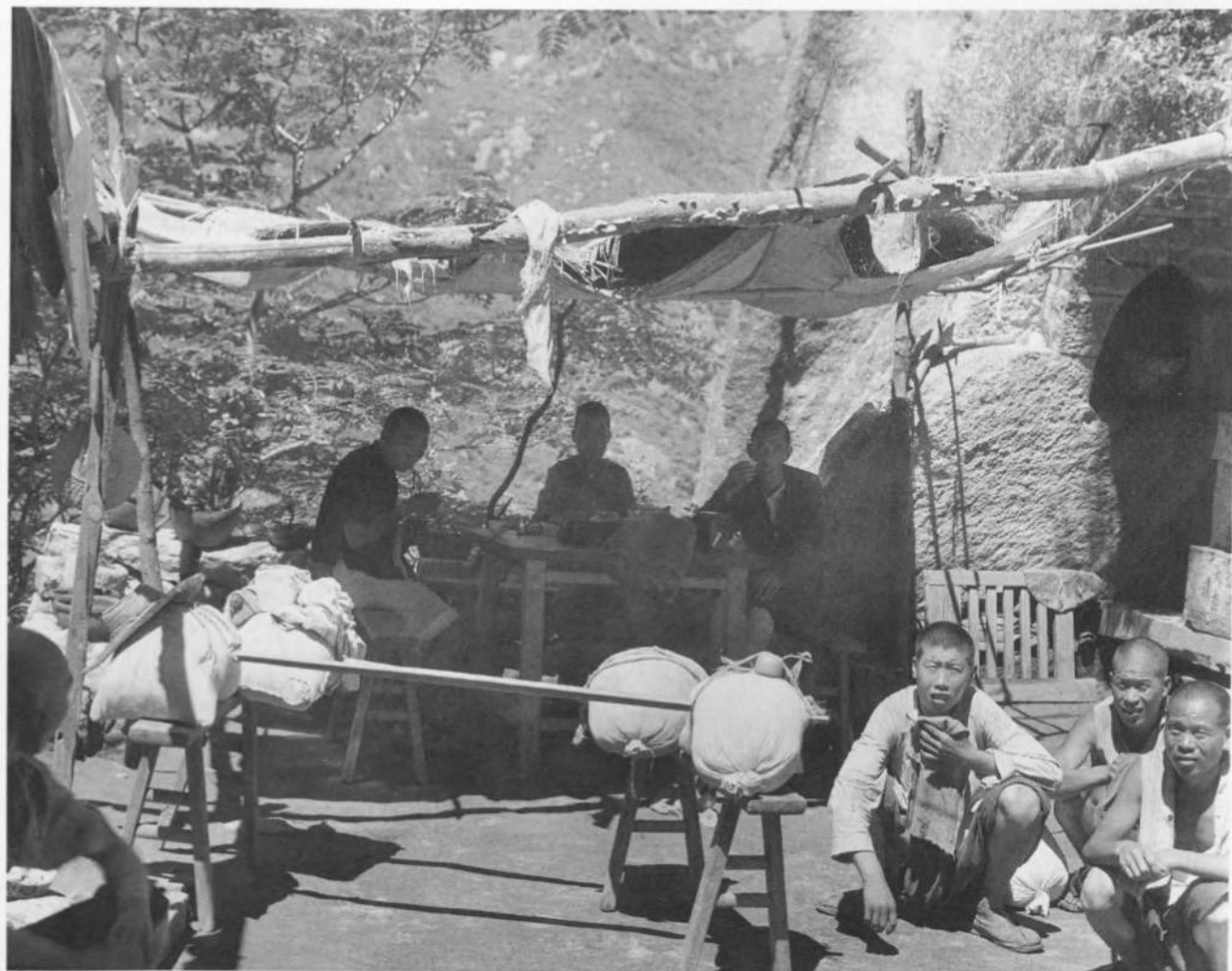
participants carried a fly whisk and the other a sword. The fly whisk, made from a yak's tail and known as a cloud sweeper, is thought to impart the ability to ride the clouds.

My days on Hua Shan passed all too quickly. I never met a more kind and sympathetic group of men than the Taoist priests on the mountain who seemed to derive real pleasure from the visit of Eberhard and myself. They even on one occasion dressed me up as a Taoist priest. The return journey was accomplished without incident though I found the descent of the Sky Ladder even more hair-raising than the ascent.

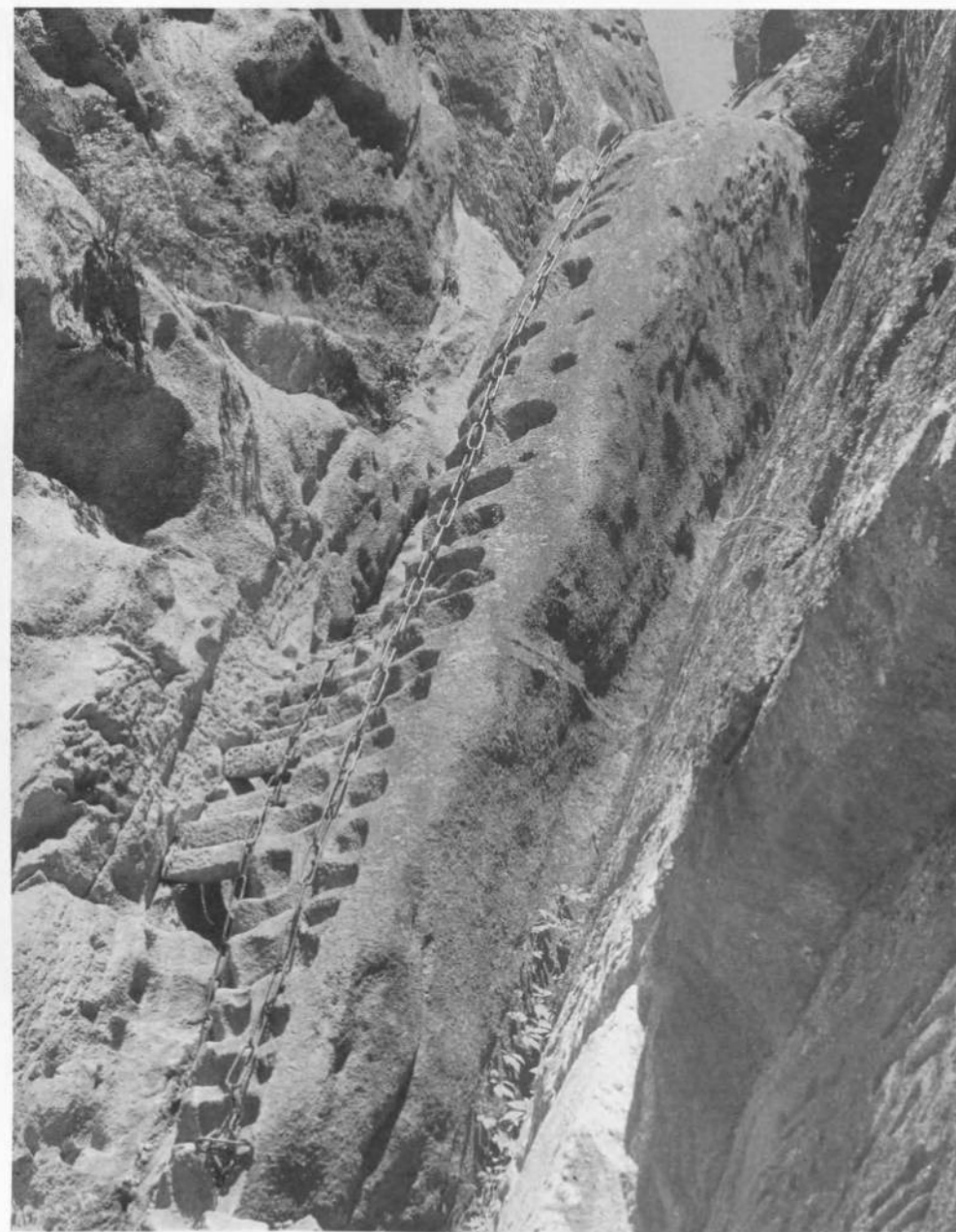
Later in the same year the mountain was visited by Miss Mullikin and Miss Hotchkis, the two indomitable and very gifted lady artists, American and Scot respectively, who travelled to all nine of the sacred mountains of China between 1935 and 1937. The account of their journeys, illustrated by their charming drawings and paintings, was published in Hong Kong in 1973.



The great West Peak of Hua Shan.



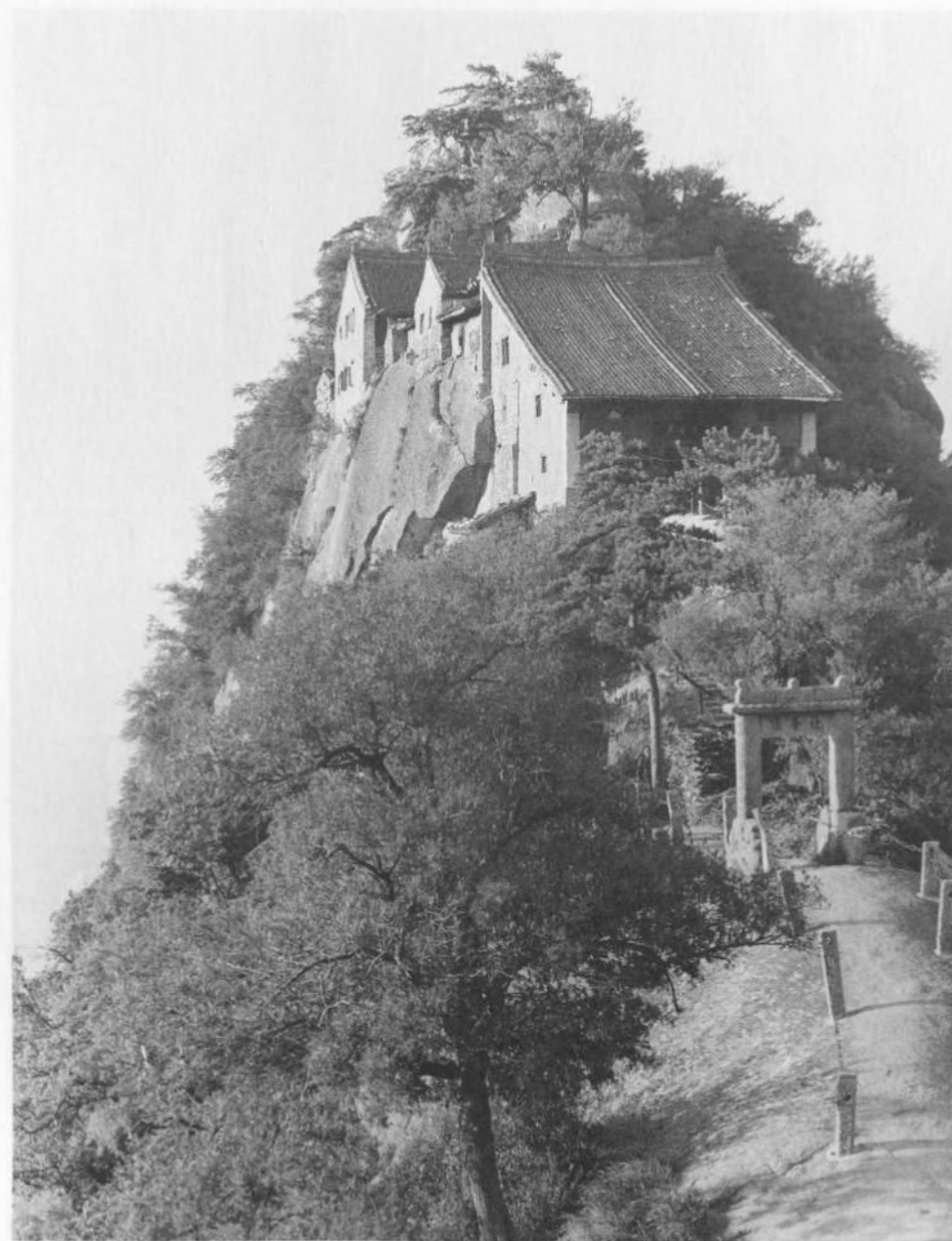
Refreshment shelter on the way up Hua Shan.



One of the sheer faces to be negotiated on the ascent.



The precipitous North Peak ridge, reached by the track
which comes up the saddle below the temples.
In the distance is the Yellow River plain.



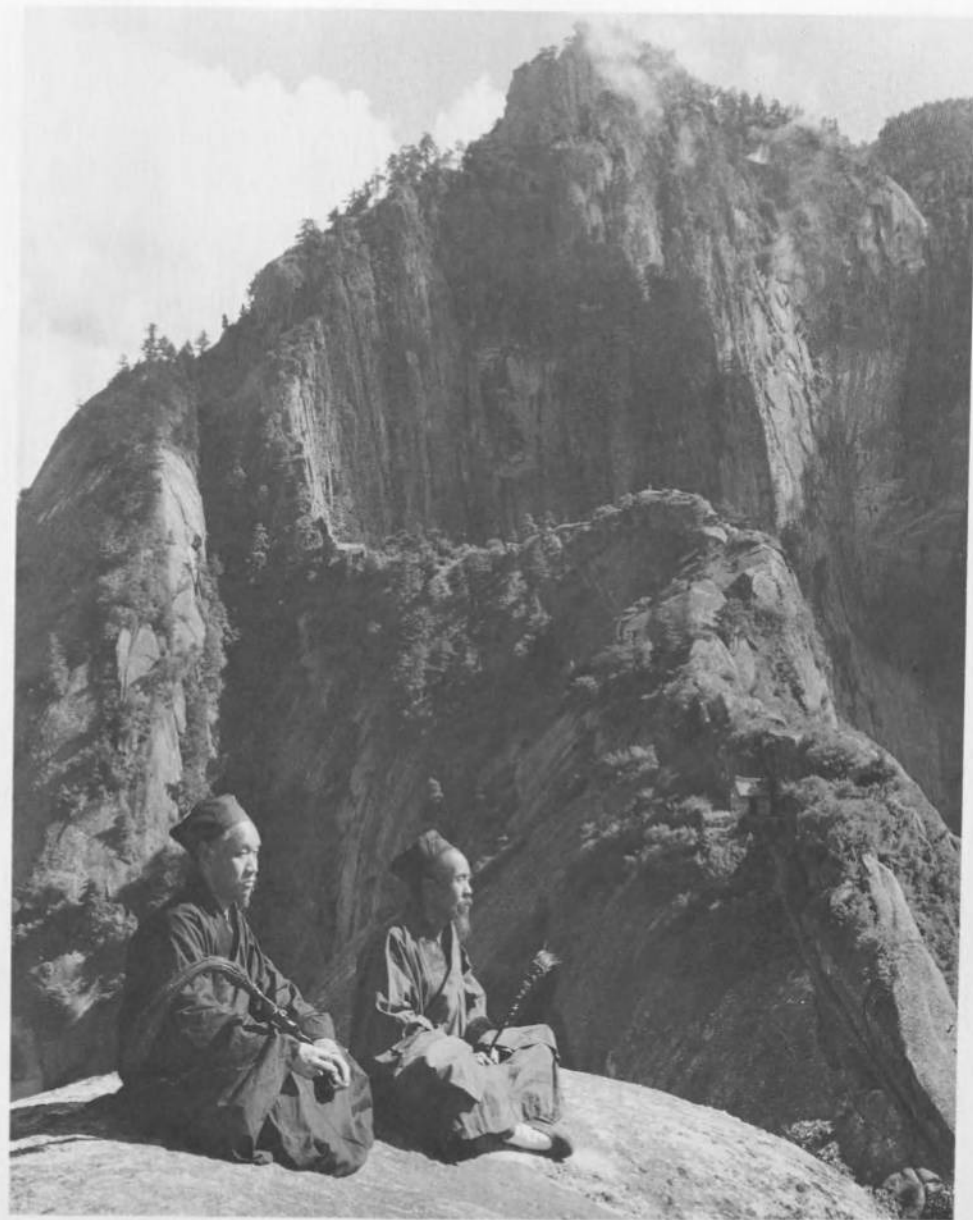
The North Peak temples cling to the top of the narrow ridge.



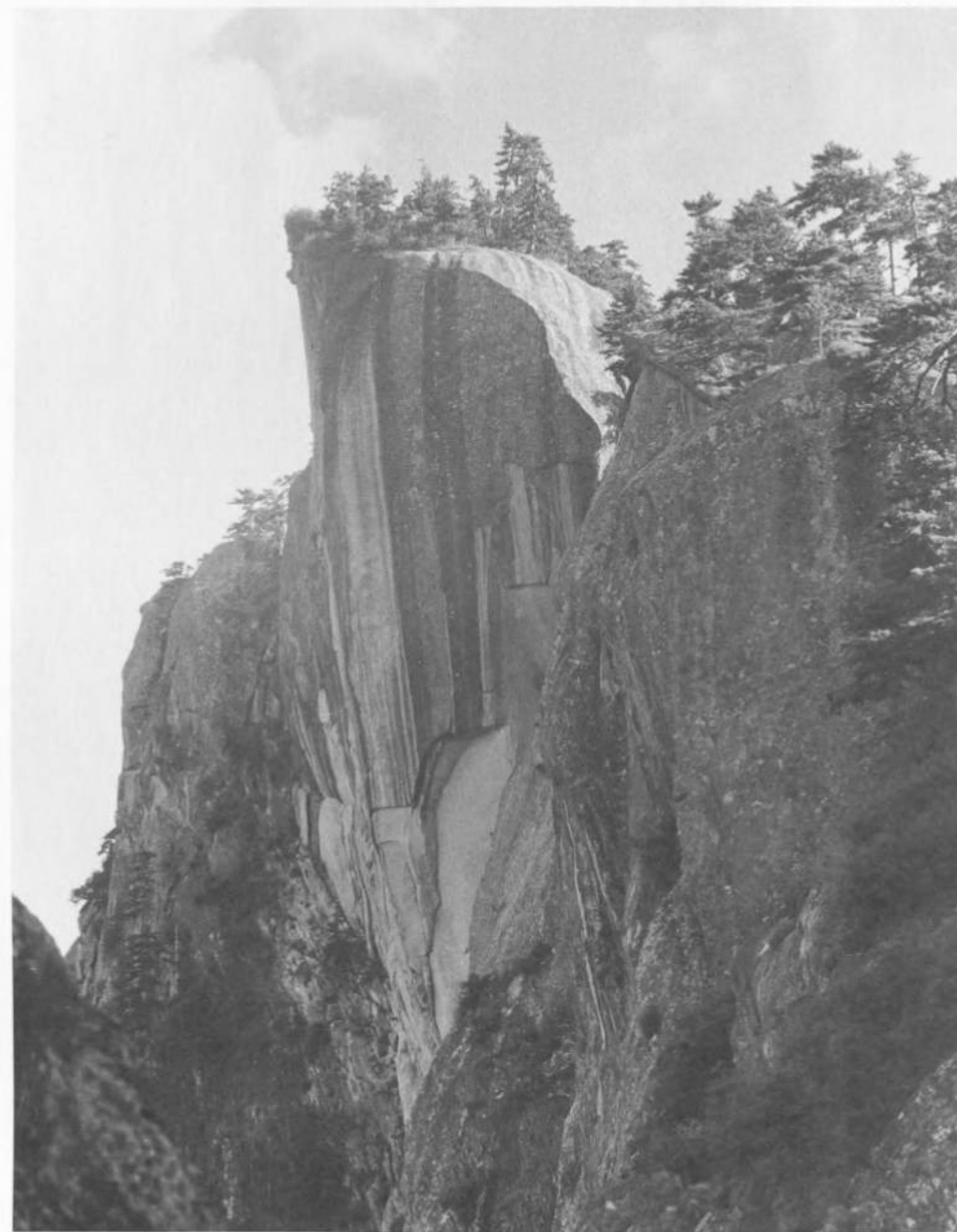
View back to the North Peak from near the Sky Ladder.



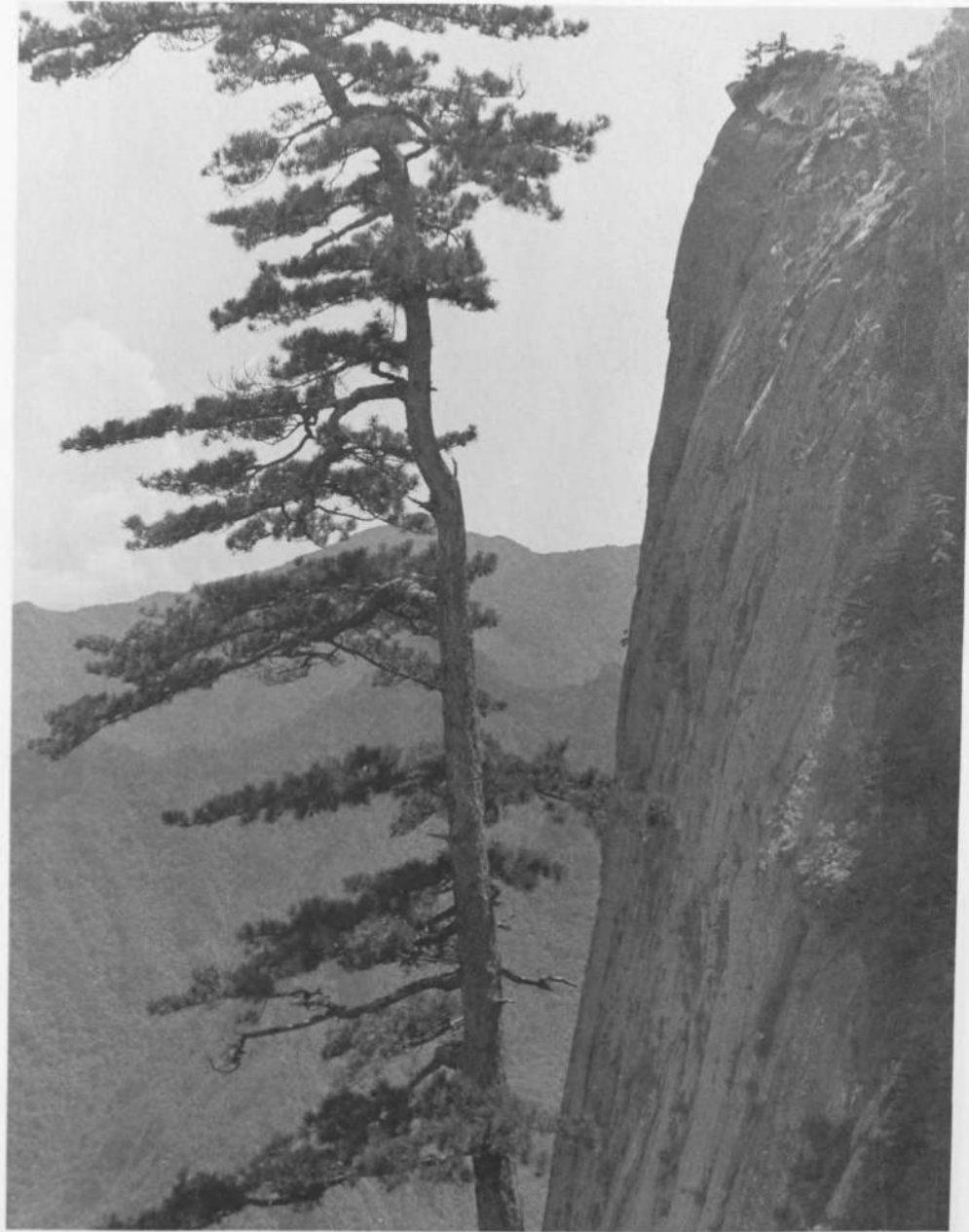
Gnarled and contorted pine tree by the side of the track.



Two Taoist monks above the North Peak monastery.
The track leads on up the sickle-shaped ridge
to the Fairy Palm cliff at the summit.



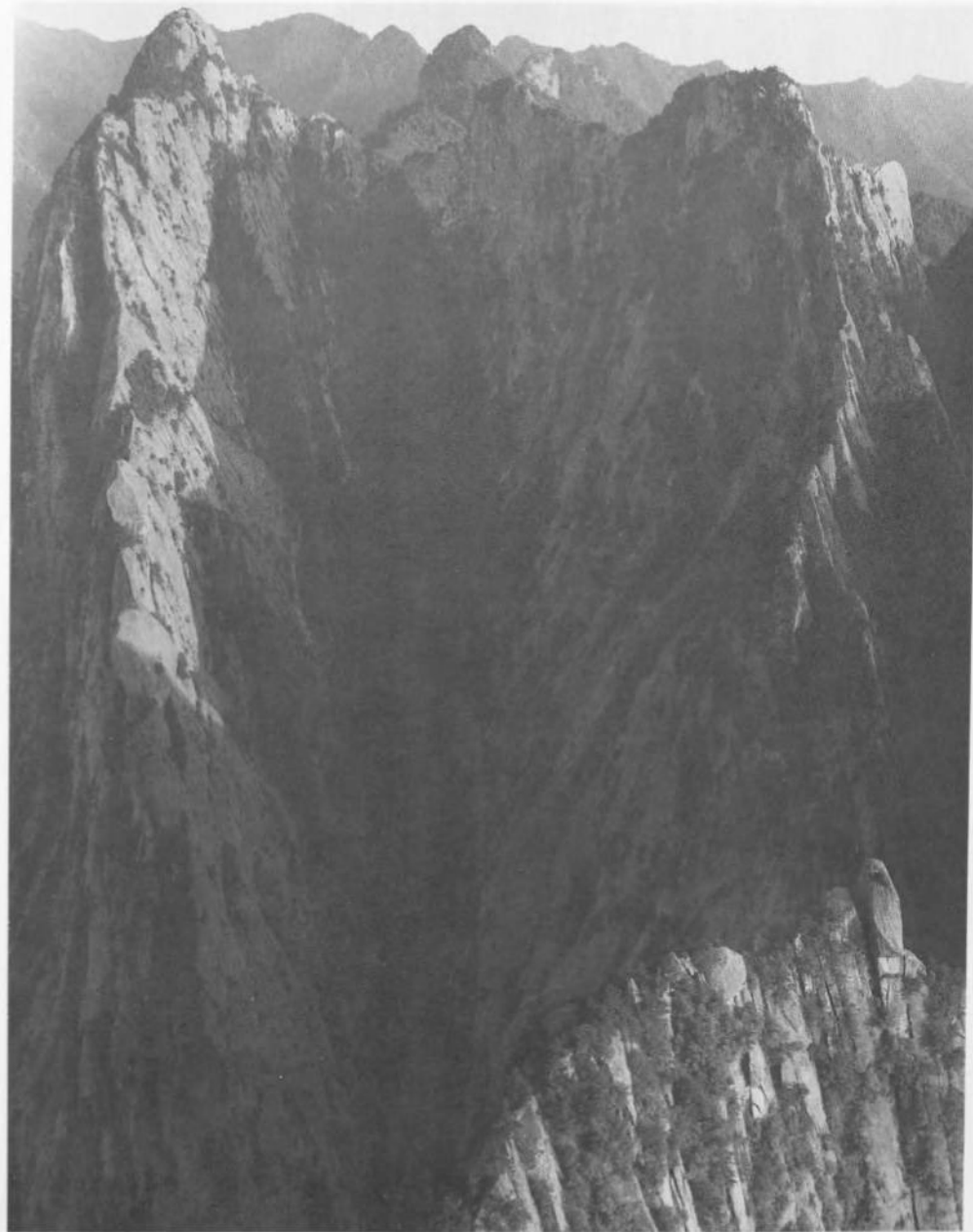
The Fairy Palm cliff.



View southward towards the Tsin Ling mountain range.



Shrine on the East Peak.



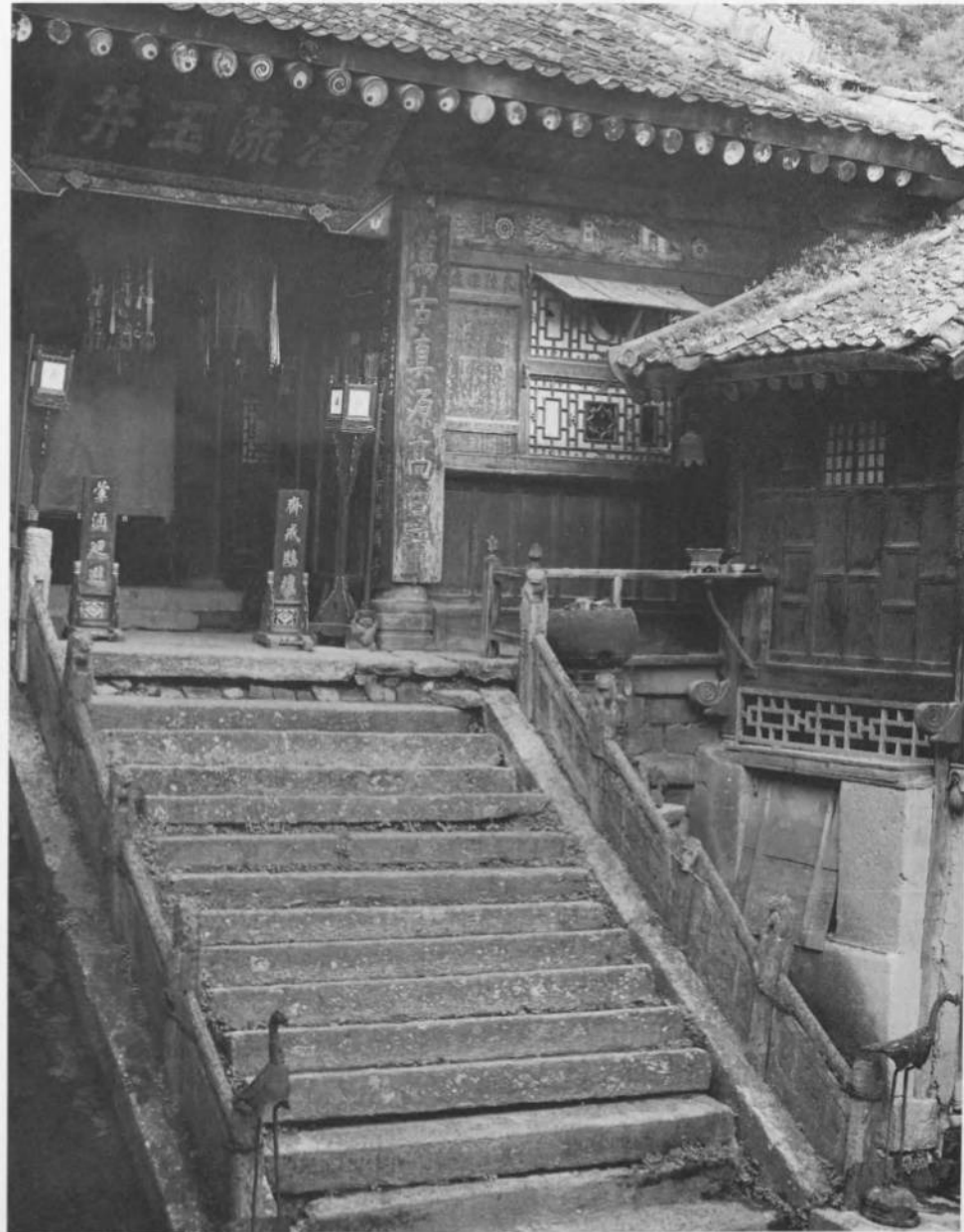
View southward from the East Peak.



Pines on the west ridge.



Taoist dance depicting the battle between cosmic forces.



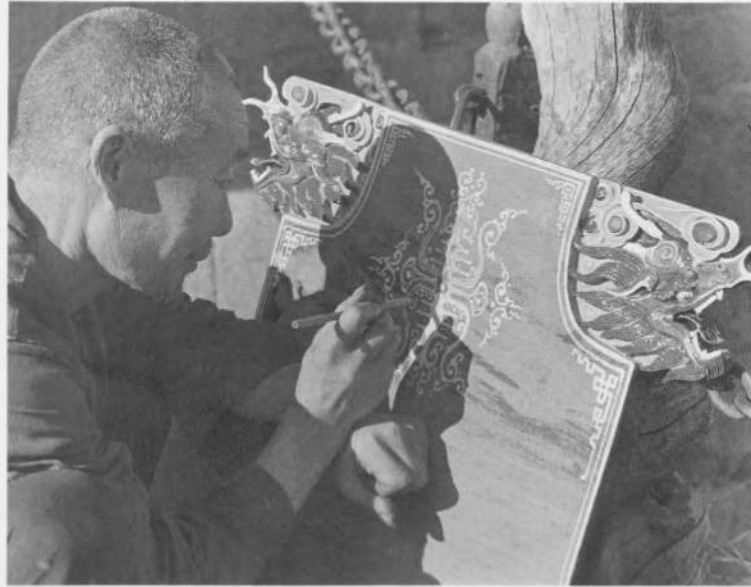
South Peak Shrine, entry into which was restricted to vegetarians and teetotallers.



Sheng Mu, the Divine Mother. A woman suppliant desiring a son has slipped some cord over the child figure.



Temple figure.



Artisan at work on an elaborate rendering of the character *shou* (longevity).



Ju-i sceptre, token of auspiciousness and good wishes.



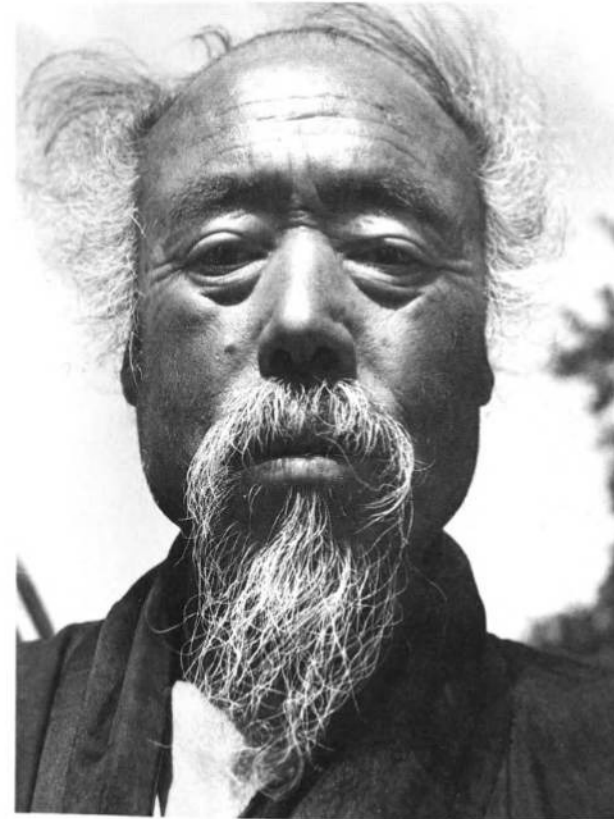
Taoist monk reclining on an elaborately decorated bed.



Study of Taoist monk.



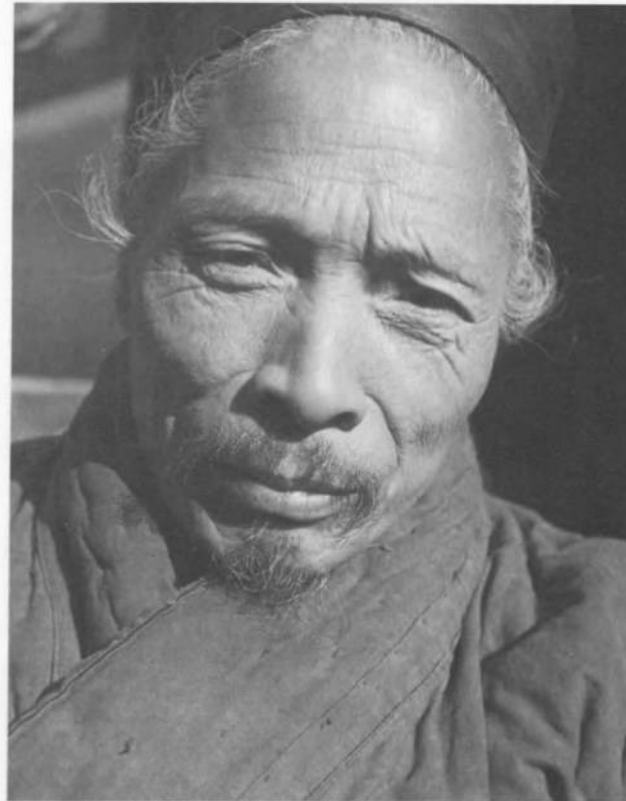
Study of Taoist monk.



Study of Taoist monk.



Study of Taoist monk.



Study of Taoist monk.



Study of Taoist monk.

The Lost Tribe Country 1936

IN 1936 I spent my holiday visiting the Lost Tribe country. This is an area of the further Western Hills about 160 kilometres from Peking lying up against a spur of the Great Wall in the vicinity of Ta Lung Men, the Great Dragon Gate. 'Lost Tribe' is not the translation of a Chinese term but one given it by foreigners. Despite its romantic title the Lost Tribe country is in reality a poor hill area inhabited by descendants of seventeenth-century rebels. These were part of a force led by a Shensi man called Li Tzu Ch'eng who in 1644 succeeded in capturing Peking while the main imperial forces were opposing the Manchus further north. When the rebels took the city the last Ming emperor committed suicide on Coal Hill.

Li's success was short-lived, however, for the Ming commander-in-chief, Wu San Kuei, then threw in his lot with the Manchus. Peking was quickly recaptured and Li's army dispersed. A group of his followers who had fled to the Western Hills later made their submission to the Manchus and were allowed to settle in the Lost Tribe country. They were not permitted to move and their descendants had been there ever since. I became interested in their history and in reports that the people still followed customs which had died out elsewhere.

Mr Bill Lewisohn, a British journalist and scholar who had travelled extensively in the Western Hills, helped me to make arrangements for the journey. For this I hired three donkeys and three donkeymen. Two of the donkeys were for carrying bedding and supplies, and the third was for me to ride on. But the riding donkey, black in colour, lacked the usual angelic temper of donkeys and early in the journey threw me off. I walked most of the way.

The donkeymen were very good people. They met me as arranged at the little railway station of Ch'ang Hsin Tien on the Peking-Hankow Railway and we set off. The route lay up the bare valley of the river known as Chü Ma Ho, and it took us several days to reach the Lost Tribe country. It was midsummer and extremely hot. By day we travelled through sparsely populated hills whose forest cover had long since been denuded, and at night we slept in temples which became smaller the further we went from Peking. We met few people on the way.

We had one alarm early on our journey. I had heard from the manager of the Hong-kong and Shanghai Bank, who had his information from the British Embassy, that there were bandits in the area. As we proceeded along a track in the bed of the valley several men came rushing down the hillside to meet us. Thoughts of banditry certainly

flashed through my mind, but the men were only curious peasants who wanted to know who we were.

The curiosity of rural Chinese was unbounded and could be very wearing, but in my experience it was never rudely meant. The peasants had little variety in their lives and simply wanted to know all about strangers. But after our encounter with the 'bandits' we found that the bamboo wireless had been in action. Other people whom we met subsequently already knew who we were and where we were going.

The highest point of the journey was over a 1,500-metre spur of Pei Hua Shan, the Northern Flowery Mountain. It lived up to its name, for in contrast to the bare valleys below there was a profusion of flowers to be seen. One of the donkeymen decorated our packs with flowers, and we called him our flower doctor.

Crossing Pei Hua Shan we encountered a heavy rainstorm which made the track extremely slippery. We did not reach a village until long after dark. After the uncertainty of our initial reception due to the lateness of the hour, we were made welcome. A hospitable family even gave up their warm *k'ang* for us. The next village was the first in the Lost Tribe country.

We spent several days visiting the villages where people treated us kindly and allowed us to camp in various small courtyards. At first I was an object of great curiosity. Indeed on arrival I was subjected to quite an inquisition by a group of women. However, once I had satisfied their curiosity I was left free to do as I pleased without interference.

Initially people were shy of being photographed, and I overcame this by letting them peer into the focusing screen of my Rolleiflex camera. This aroused great interest and people became so anxious to co-operate that they were sometimes more a hindrance than a help.

The area was a very poor one. About the only things that it produced for trade were dried fruit, a few scrawny goats, and incense sticks made from the wood of fruit trees. The wood was ground up and made into a stiff slurry which was forced through holes of the requisite diameter in primitive presses and then dried in the sun.

The countryside was drought-stricken. To break the drought a ceremony was held with much drum beating before the locally made figure of the rain god. Prayers were offered up to him, and the figure was paraded through the village and offered small buns. I was told that if the ceremony did not produce a quick result the god would be

taught a lesson by being left out in the hot sun. And if rain still failed to materialize he would be thrown away and the villagers would make themselves another image. Fortunately rain did fall soon after the ceremony and so the good name of the rain god was maintained.

The old customs that I had heard about mainly concerned the women. One of the conditions of the original banishment was that women were not permitted to follow the then 'civilized' Chinese custom of foot-binding. After the 1911 revolution people felt free to introduce foot-binding but confined themselves to bandaging the feet to give the appearance of binding but without malforming them.

The girls exaggerated the extent of their foreheads by plucking out hair by the roots. They wore their hair in a teapot-handle coiffure, a style that I was told dates back to T'ang times. The hair was done up in a kind of compressed bun, bound with red and green cord, and no hairpins were used. Because of poverty their jewellery was generally made of iron.

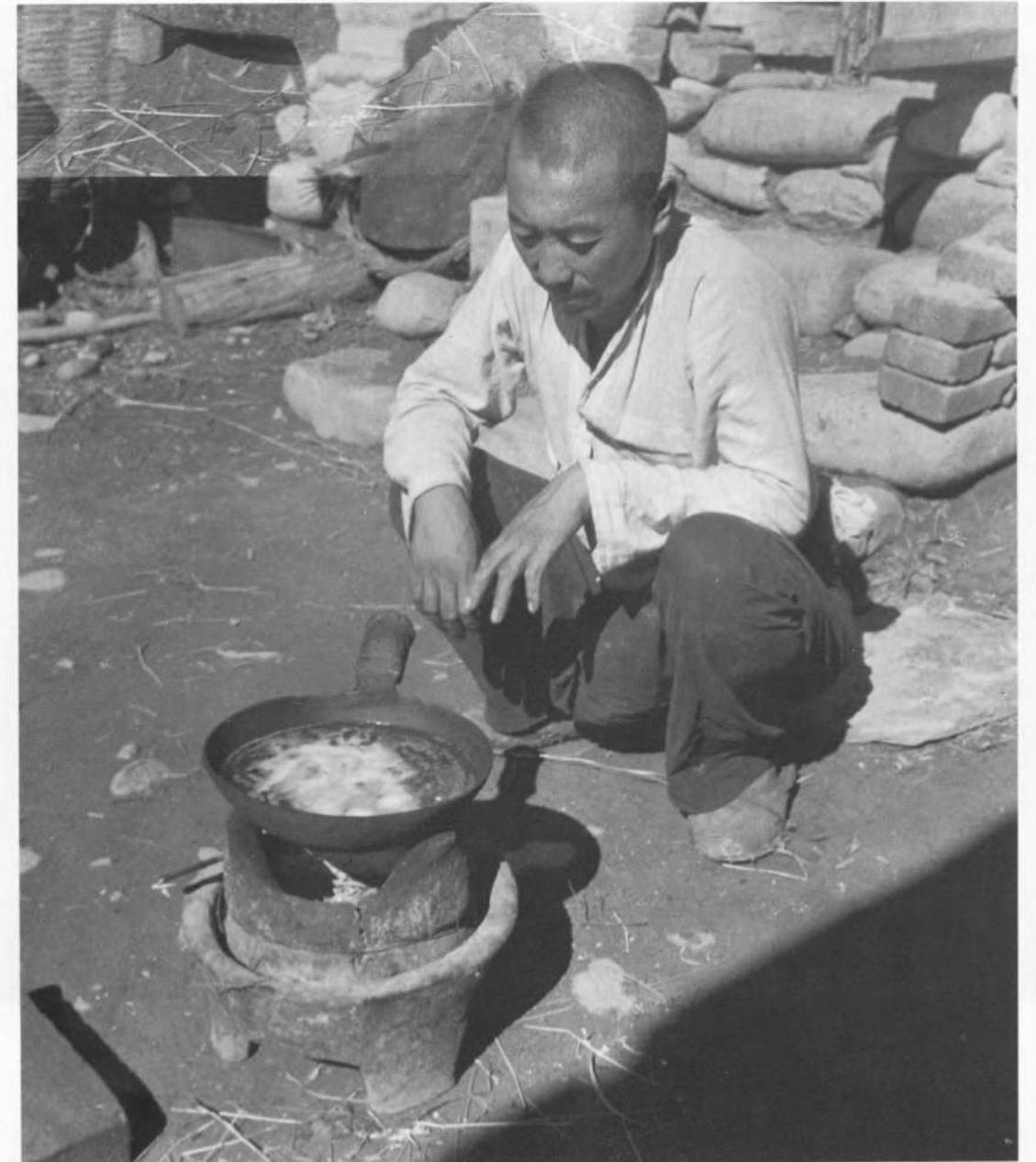
When the appointed time came for my departure I was really sorry to leave, for the unspoilt nature of the people and their kindness were very endearing. By contrast life in the foreign community in Peking was not greatly alluring. The two communities did at least have one characteristic in common: gossip was an important ingredient in social intercourse.

We returned down the valley of Chü Ma Ho but by then the rains had set in and the river, which the track had to crisscross a number of times, was a raging torrent. Conditions became so bad after a heavy thunderstorm that I had to swim across, holding my camera above my head. All the luggage except for specially sealed boxes became soaked. We were held up for three days in a tiny hamlet and were only able to cross when the tallest men of the village formed a human chain and passed our luggage over from hand to hand. Once again the donkeys and I had to swim.

To avoid the difficulties of continually crossing the river we struck across the mountains and for three days travelled through wild and lonely country where we met practically no one. There were no villages and the nights were spent under the open sky. Finally the plain was reached. I returned to Peking by train with the head donkeyman while the others returned on foot with the donkeys. Travelling third class on the train we were the object of much interest from our fellow passengers and the donkeyman, happy and talkative, told the other passengers all about our adventures.



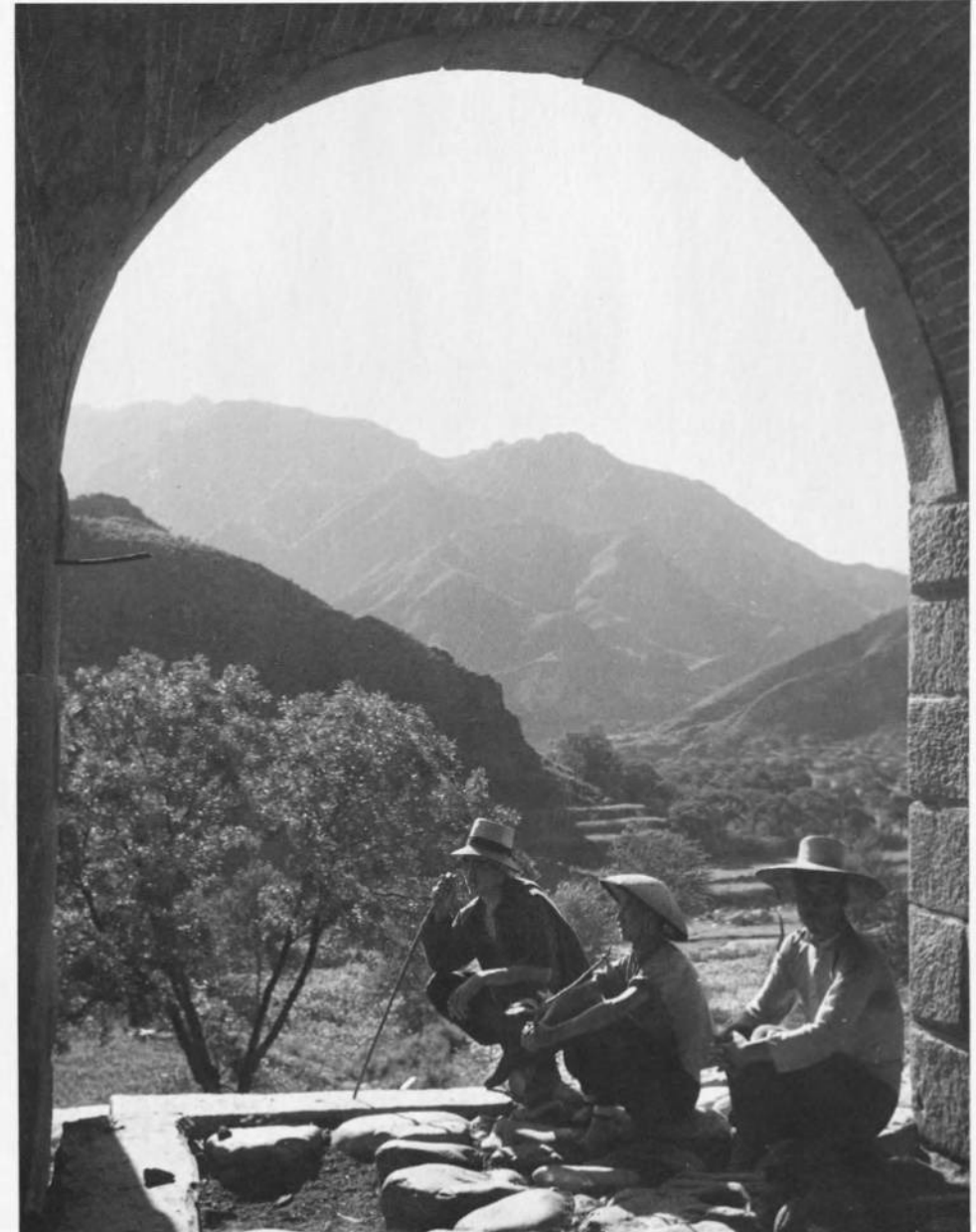
The three donkeymen who took me to the Lost Tribe country.



The head donkeyman cooking.



View from a spur of Pei Hua Shan over the harsh, deforested landscape of the Western Hills.



The donkeymen at Ta Lung Men, a gate through an outlying section of the Great Wall.



On the road to the Lost Tribe country.



Houses in a Lost Tribe village.



Passing through a Lost Tribe village.



Village scene. The birds in the cages were Mongolian Larks.

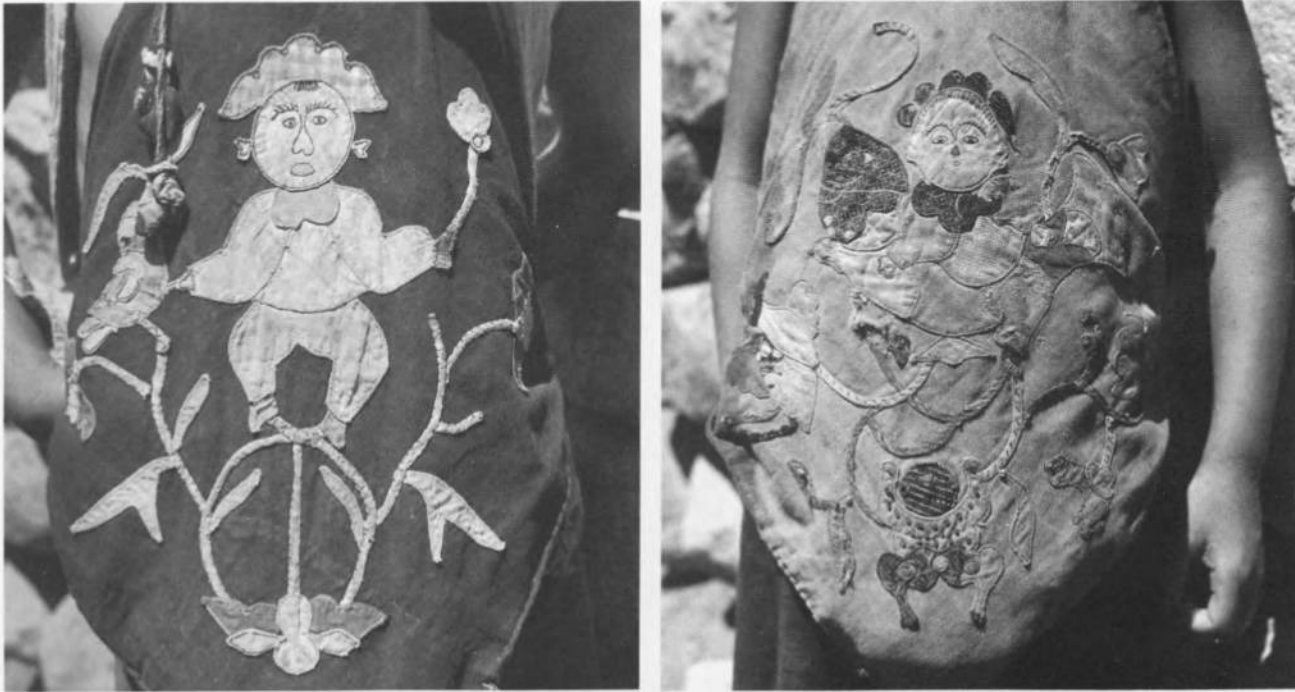


Shoemaker stitching on the sole, made of cloth layers tightly sewn together.



Coiffures and ornaments in the Lost Tribe country.





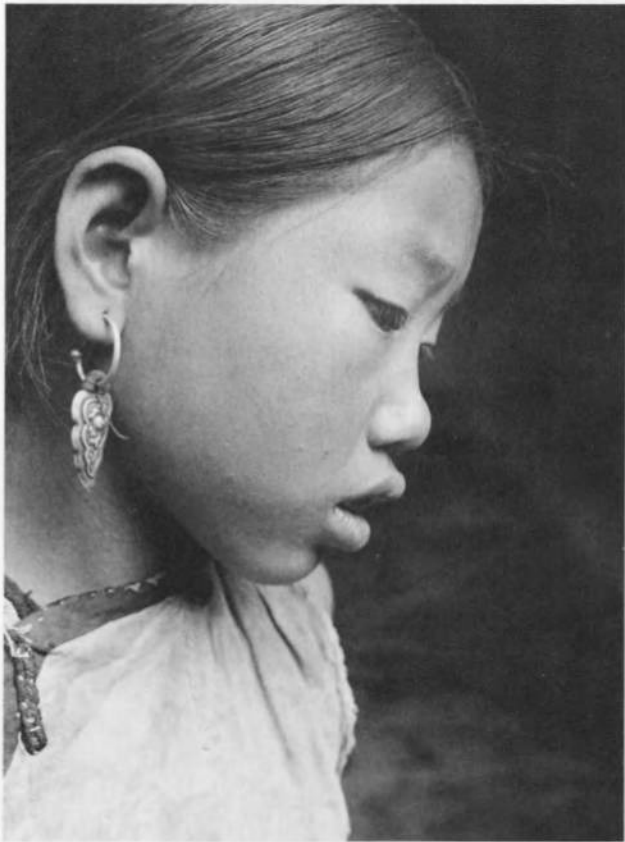
Even though the area was poor the women still found time to do embroidery.



The local form of foot-binding whereby the foot was tightly bandaged but not deformed. The shoe had a built-in high heel.



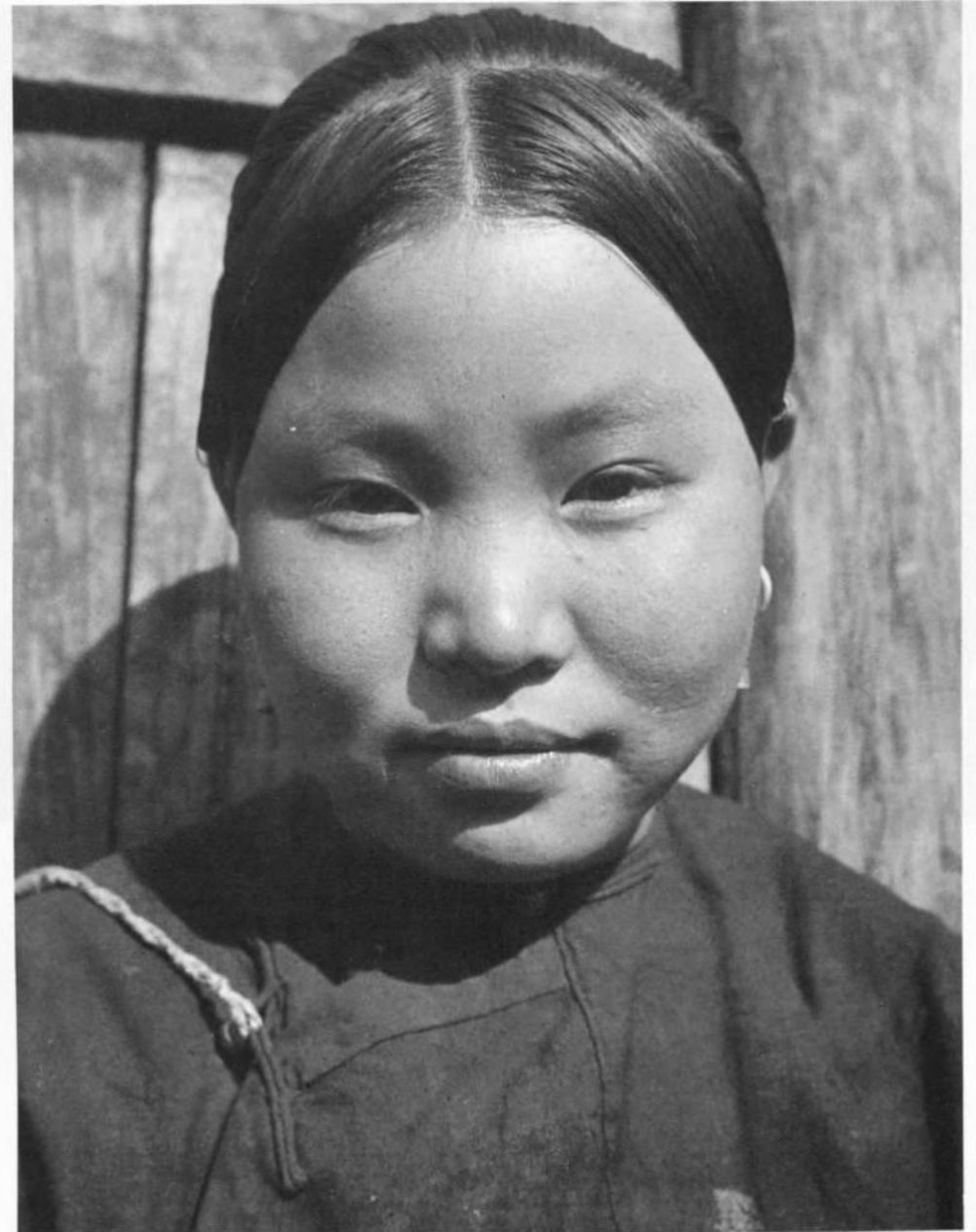
One of the better-off women wearing an elaborate heirloom gown.



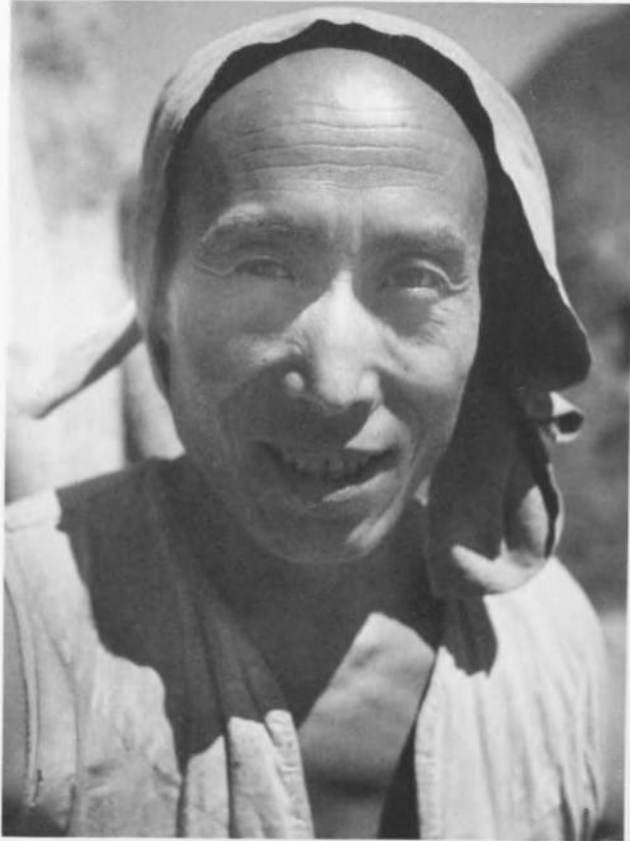
Young girl.



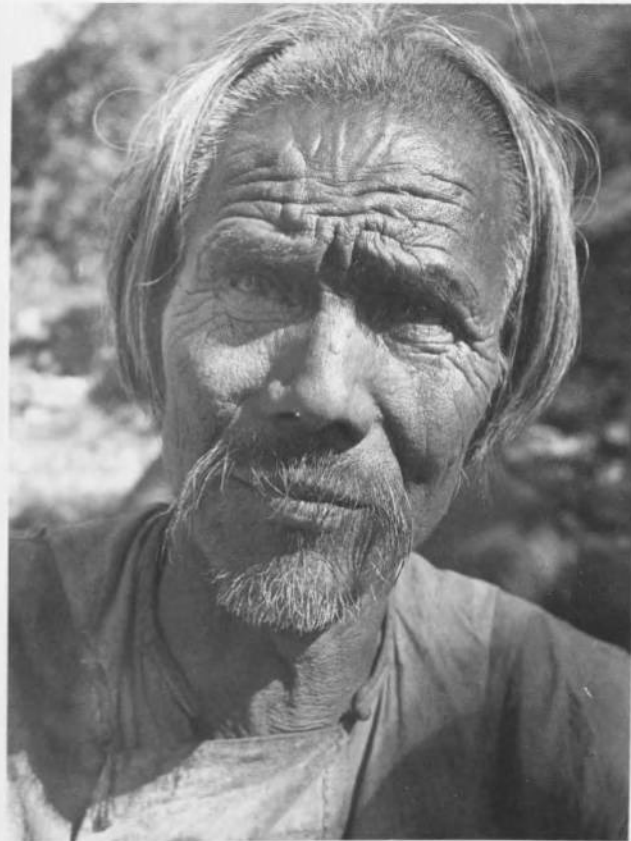
Small boy.



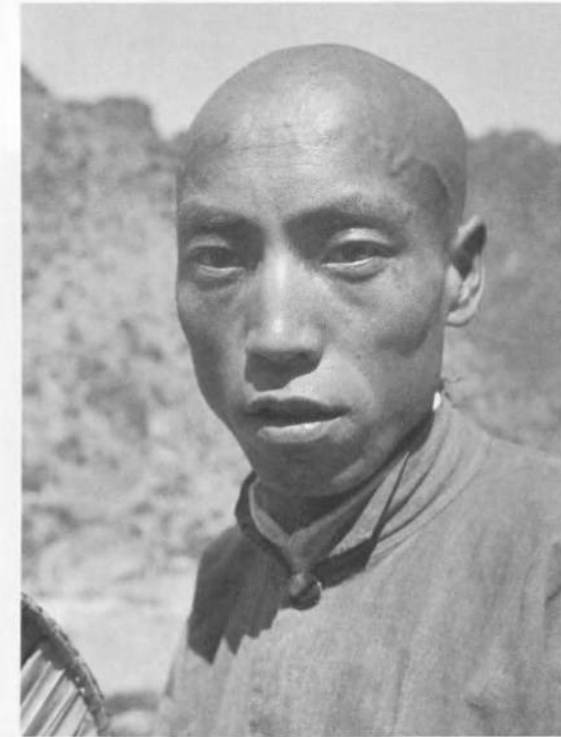
Lost Tribe girl.



Portrait of Lost Tribesman.



Portrait of Lost Tribesman.



Portrait of Lost Tribesman.



Portrait of Lost Tribesman.



Incense-stick maker laying out the still moist sticks, made from ground wood of fruit trees put through a press.



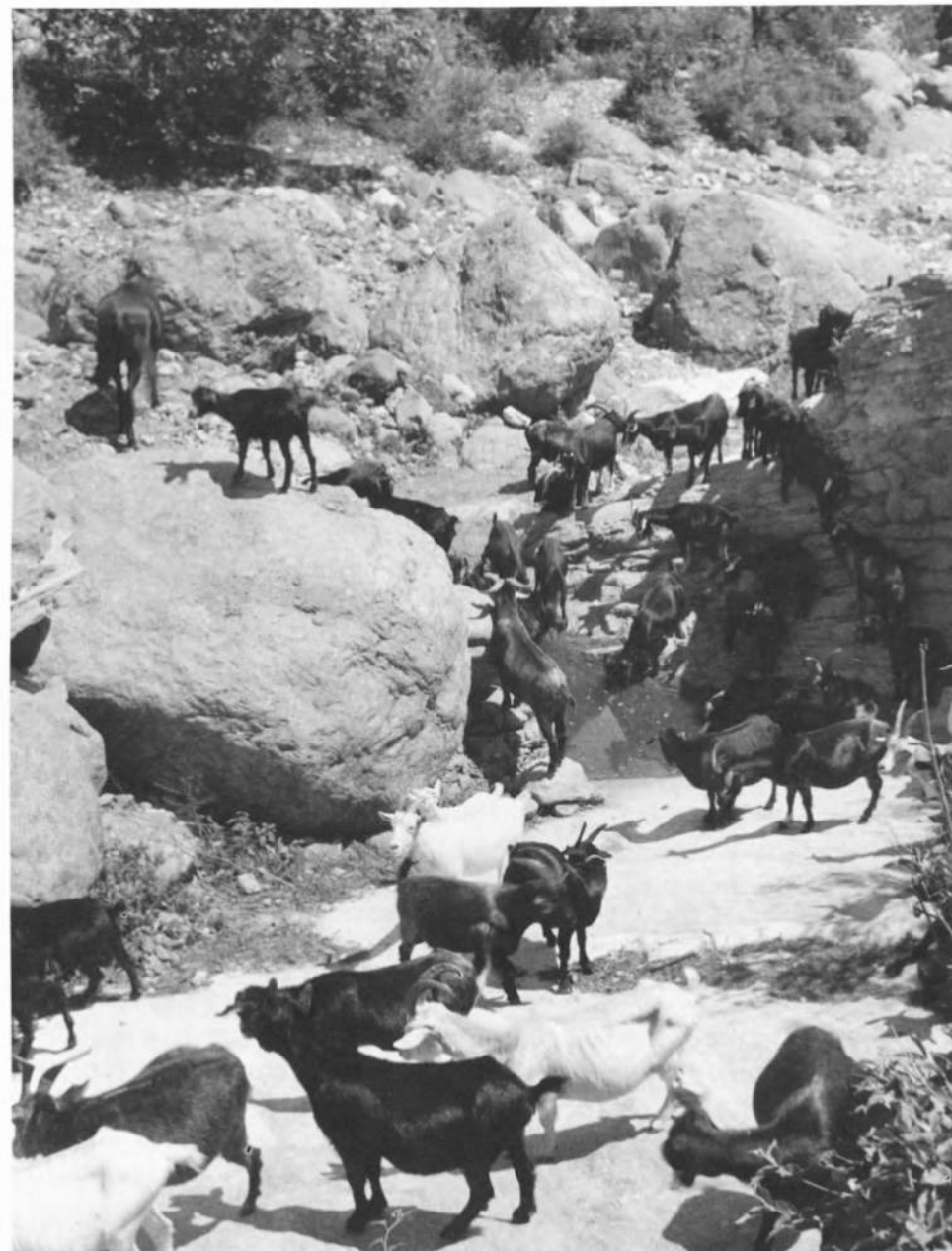
Drying incense sticks.



Packing incense sticks for market.



Courtyard of a poor peasant.



Goats, virtually the only domestic animals in the Lost Tribe country.

THE last journey that I made before the Japanese invasion rendered carefree travel in the north China countryside impossible was to the Shantung coast in the summer of 1937. Unfortunately, I no longer have any notes on the tour and the photographs must largely speak for themselves. I cannot give the precise locations where they were taken, and the section begins with several photographs taken near Shanhaikuan and in Peitaiho in Hopei province.

Shantung is a large and densely populated province. Like the southern provinces of Kwangtung and Fukien its bursting population had been an important source of migration to other areas. But whereas the southern Chinese migrated to South-east Asia, Shantung people generally moved northward, especially into Manchuria. The coastal area that I wanted to visit was poor and barren and produced little save dried fish and salt. It was, however, very picturesque and notable for its stone buildings, quite unlike anything that I saw elsewhere in China.

The coastal tour started in Wei Hai Wei, reached by train and bus. Wei Hai Wei has a fine harbour and used to be the summer base of the once-important China squadron of the British Royal Navy. Leased to Britain in 1898 for as long as Russia should hold Port Arthur, it was belatedly returned to Chinese sovereignty in 1930. Many British residents of Shanghai used to spend their summer holidays there.

On arrival in Wei Hai Wei I secured a berth on a trading junk bound for Tsingtao, a roomy and spotlessly clean sailing craft smelling strongly of dried fish; the same smell pervaded all the fishing villages at which the junk called to pick up cargo. The fish aroma did not appeal to my companion on the trip, a young globe-trotting Englishman who wanted to see something of China off the beaten track. The junk people treated us kindly and there was never any lack of dried fish to eat.

In those days nearly all coastal vessels and fishing boats were sailing junks which, though they appeared cumbersome, were seaworthy and efficient if rather slow. In the Middle Ages the Chinese were far ahead of the Western world in marine technology, but such development came to an end in the fifteenth century. Thereafter junks remained essentially unchanged. Our own junk, like all the ones that we saw, was adorned with the traditional eyes low down in the bows; the high sterns were often elaborately painted. Like all wind-powered vessels, junks under sail are extremely picturesque.

The weather was fine and we called at a number of villages to pick up cargo. The

village people were friendly though inquisitive. Many of their stone-built houses looked like European buildings with gables and chimneys, the result, not of European influence, but of building in stone. In most parts of China the weight of the roof is borne by wooden pillars, the brick walls being merely filled in and carrying no structural load. But in Shantung walls of buildings are weight-bearing and so are substantially built. The poorer houses were constructed of rough hewn stone but larger and more important buildings had excellent masonry.

One large settlement was celebrating the Double Fifth Festival which is generally known to Europeans as the Dragon Boat Festival. It is a rain-seeking festival calling for the help of dragons, beneficent beasts whose movements cause the rain to fall. The Dragon Boat races of the great port cities are designed to simulate the clash of heavenly dragons which will bring rain to the earth below. The festival I saw had no boat races but consisted of a market fair with much jollity and entertainment. It was difficult to take photographs because of the curiosity from the public who regarded me as a novel part of the show.

The journey ended in Tsingtao, the major port city in the south-east of the Shantung Peninsula, and, before the First World War, the hub of German expansion in China. In 1897 Germany obtained a 99-year lease of the port and its environs together with various other concessions such as the right to build a railway from Tsingtao to Chi Nan. As a result of the German occupation the town was very European in appearance. It was captured by a combined British and Japanese force in 1914 and held by the Japanese until its return to Chinese sovereignty in 1922.

Here we said goodbye to our junk crew and returned to Peking. A few days later there occurred the Lu Kou Ch'iao incident which sparked off the Japanese attempt to subjugate China.

The year 1938 was a difficult one for me. My contract with Hartungs Photo Shop in Peking came to an end and my employers tried unsuccessfully to make me return to Germany. I also had health problems and had to undergo surgery. During my convalescence I spent some time in Japan, at Beppu on the southern island of Kyushu, staying in a Japanese inn and enjoying some of the hot springs and thermal sands. I also climbed the fine volcano of Mount Aso.

I had not previously realized the extent of the differences between the Chinese and Japanese cultures and ways of life or how very much more agreeable the Japanese were at home than they were abroad. I bathed in the hot baths and had myself covered in

hot sand on the beach. There were few European visitors to Beppu in those days and the Japanese custom of naked mixed bathing was the rule. I especially remember once sharing a thermal swimming pool with several huge *sumo* wrestlers swimming up and down the pool like a school of baby whales and all of us as naked as the day we were born.

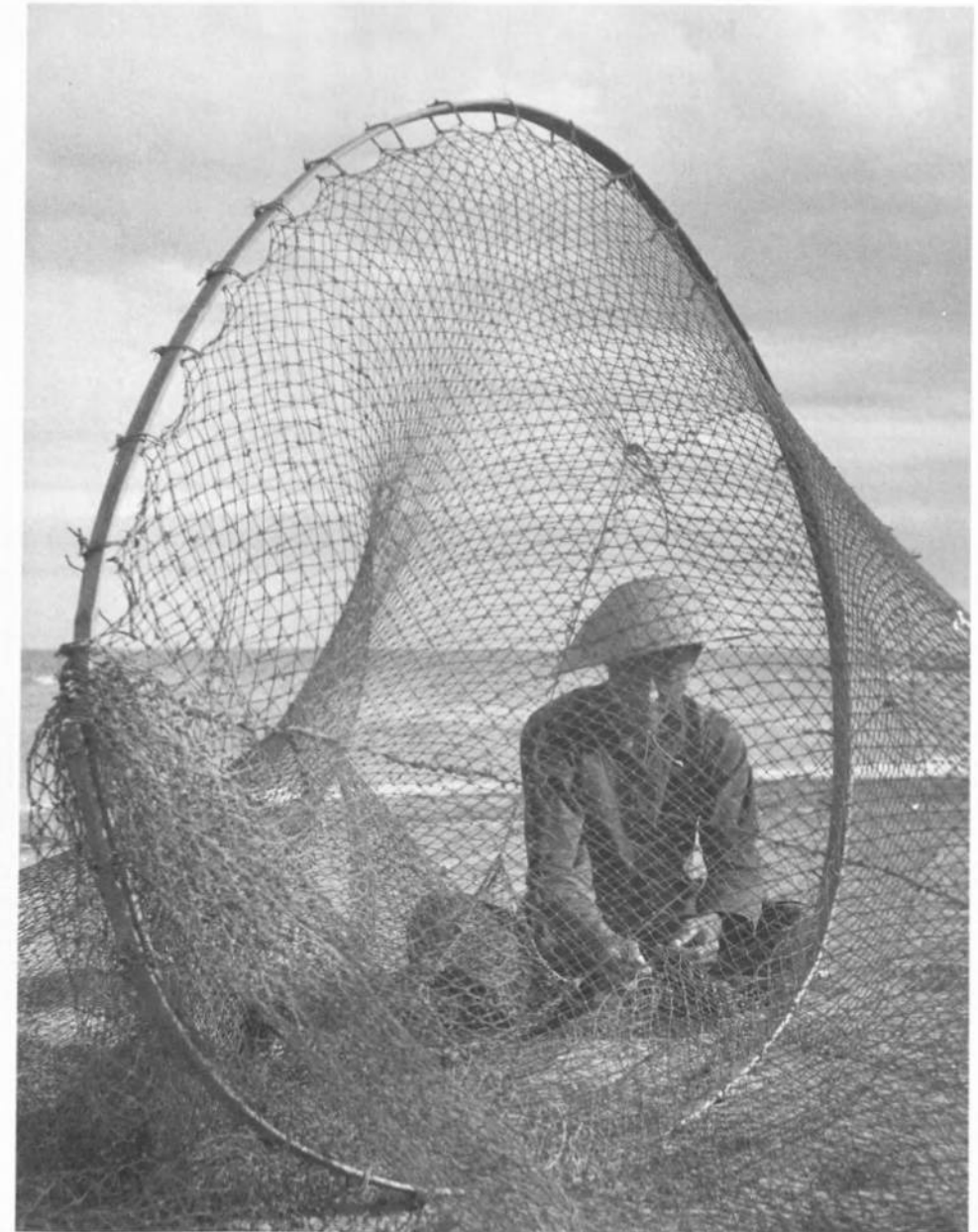
After my return to Peking I was employed by an English lady, Miss Bieber, but opportunities for travel in the way to which I had become accustomed were gone. One could still visit the nearer Western Hills and the seaside resort of Peitaiho, but elsewhere the requirement of Japanese permits, which were not easy to obtain because of Japanese suspicions, severely restricted individual travel.



The eastern end of the Great Wall, where it descends from the hills behind Shanhaikuan and runs down to the narrow coastal plain.



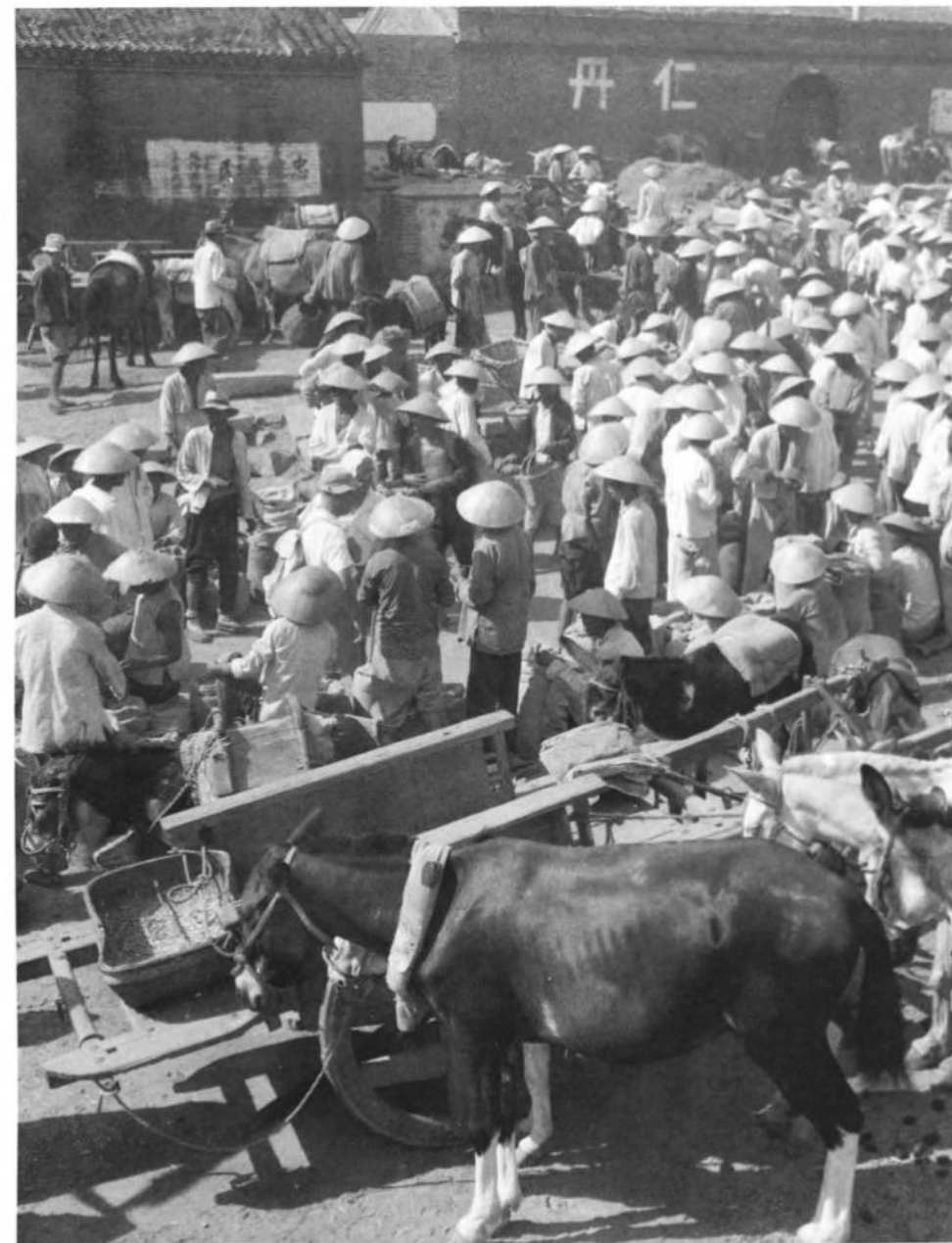
View from the Great Wall towards the coastal plain at Shanhaikuan.



Net mending in Peitaiho, a small coastal village on the Hopei coast which became a seaside resort for Europeans.



The market near Peitaiho.



The market near Peitaiho.



Junk under sail along the Shantung coast.



Junk under sail along the Shantung coast.



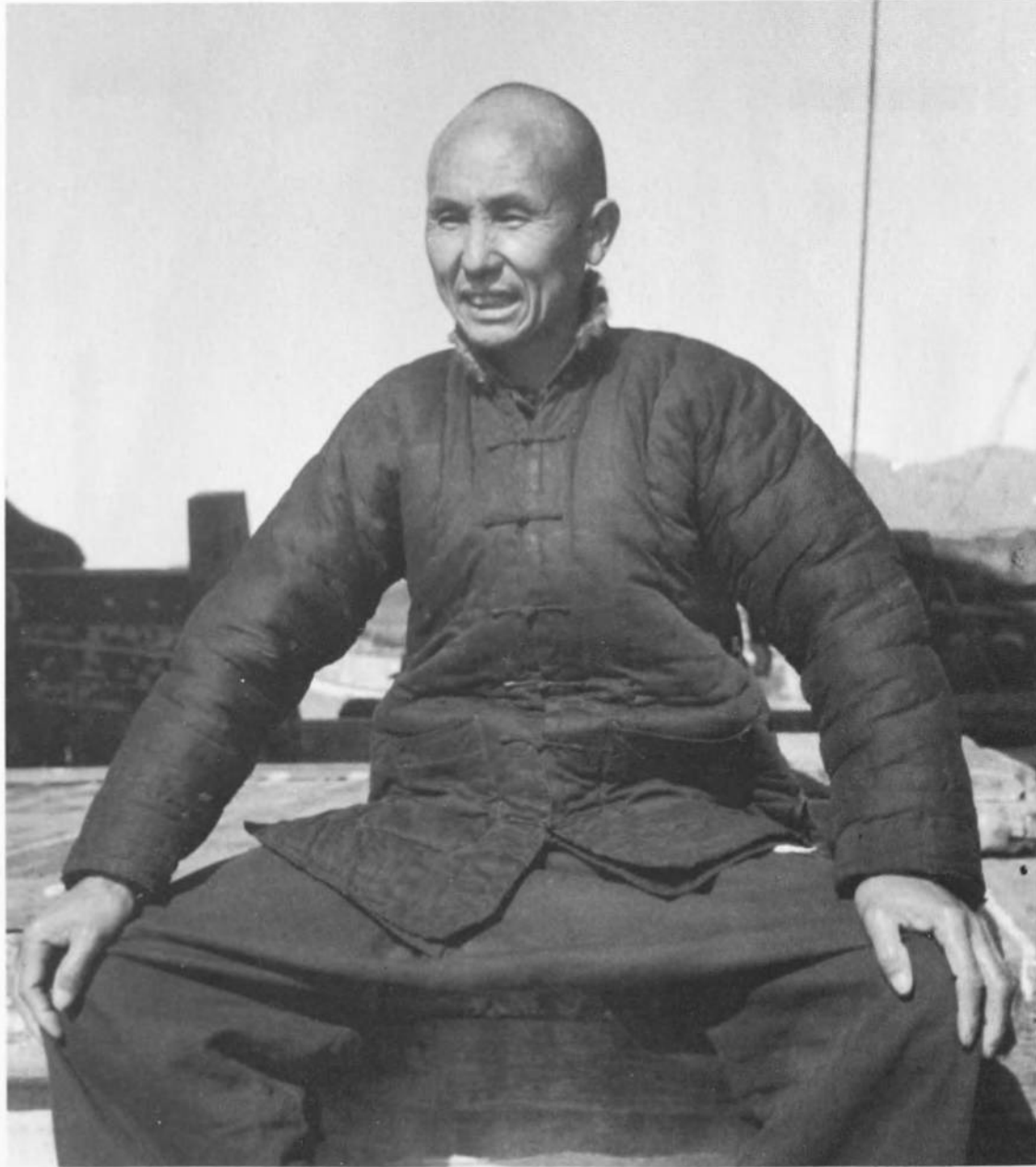
The bow of a junk complete with the eye, which tradition decreed should be carried on junks.



Elaborate decoration was common on sea-going junks.



The elaborately painted high stern of a seafaring junk.



The master of the junk on which I travelled.



Pomfret for sale.



Cleaning fish for drying.



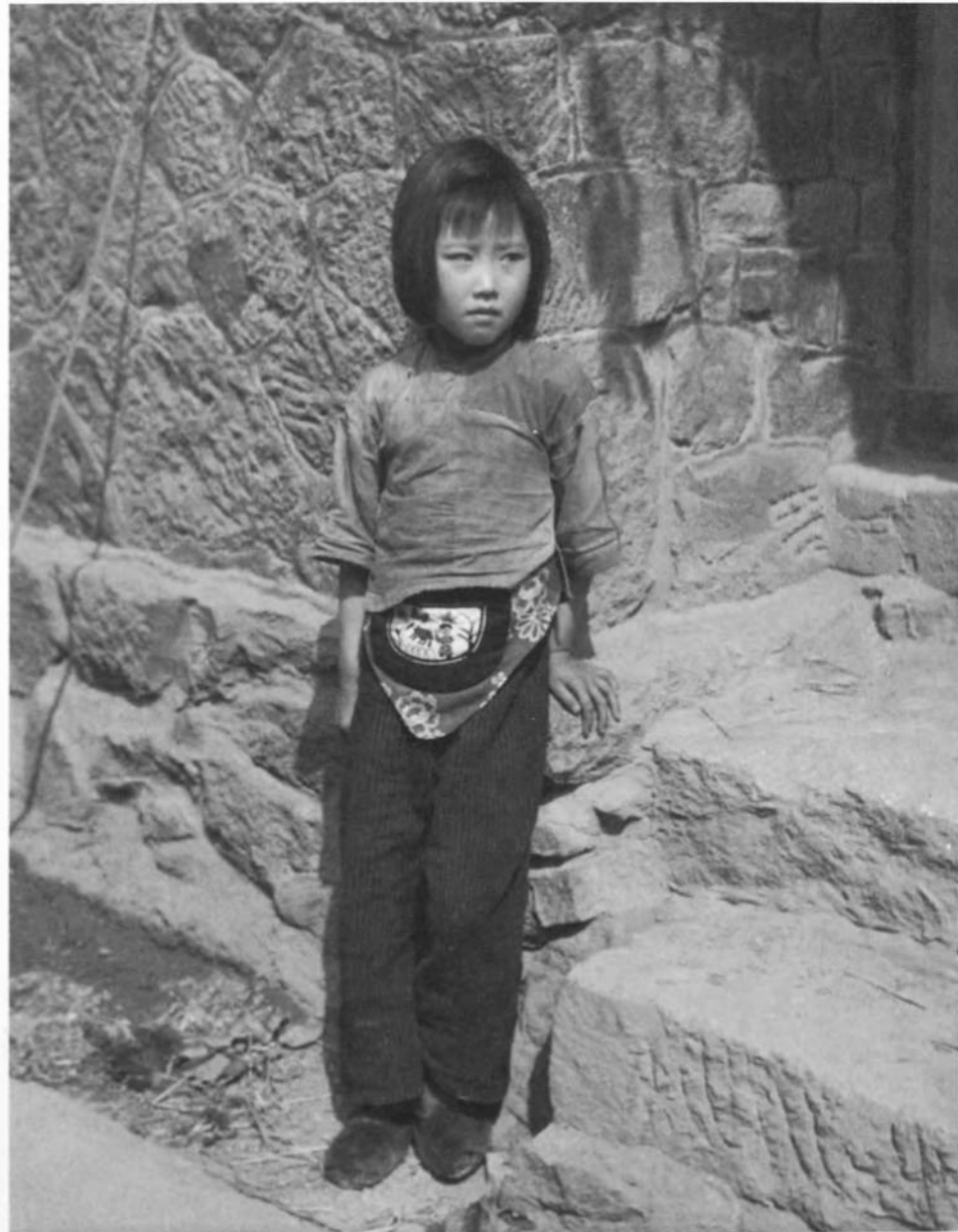
Sorting fish for drying.



Fair-sized sharks appear in Shantung waters.



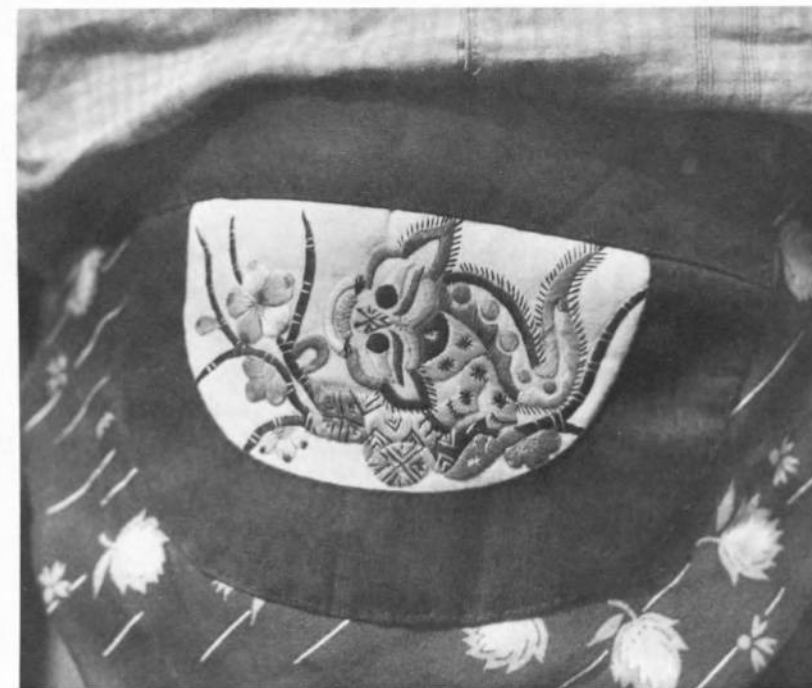
Fish drying, the source of an all-pervading odour
in the coastal villages.

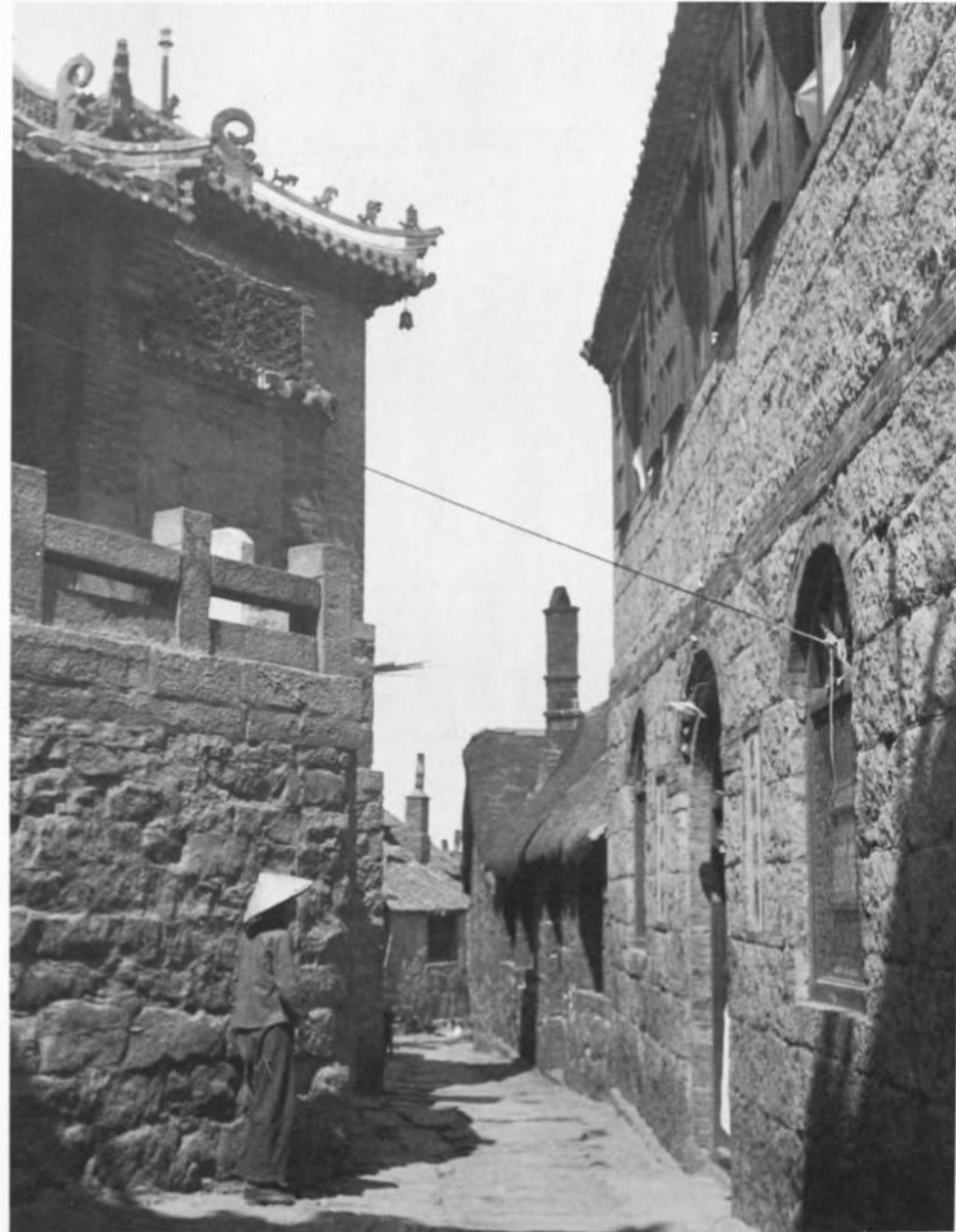


Purses embroidered with charming designs worn around the waist were a feature of the attire of young girls in coastal villages.



Embroidered designs on purses.





Houses in Shantung coastal villages were built of stone.



Even the poorer houses had massive stone walls.



Some brickwork was used for decorative purposes.
In this painted medallion four bats, symbols of happiness,
face the Eight Trigrams, which represent the universe.



Entrance to the courtyard of a well-to-do Shantung house.



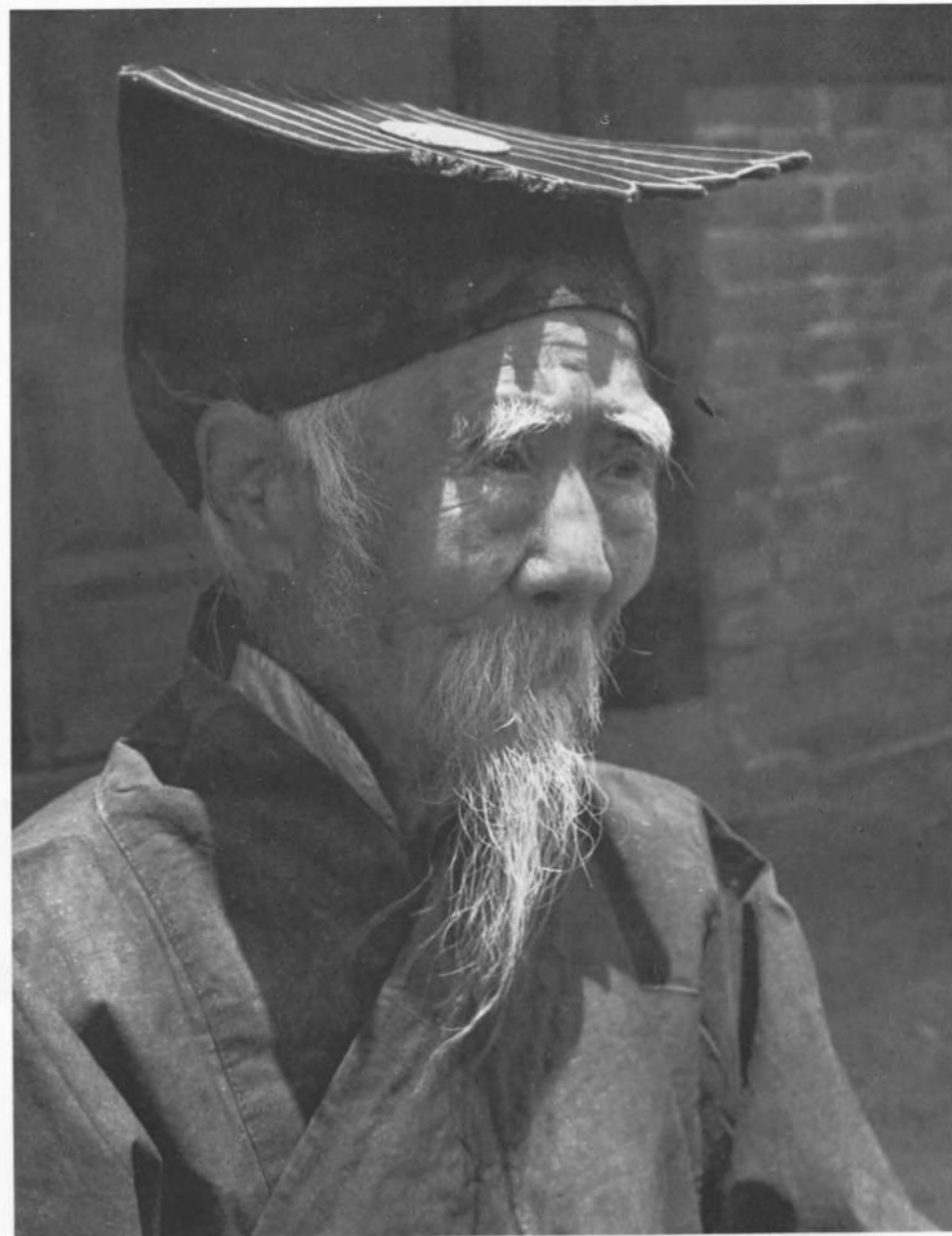
Local celebration of the Dragon Boat Festival.



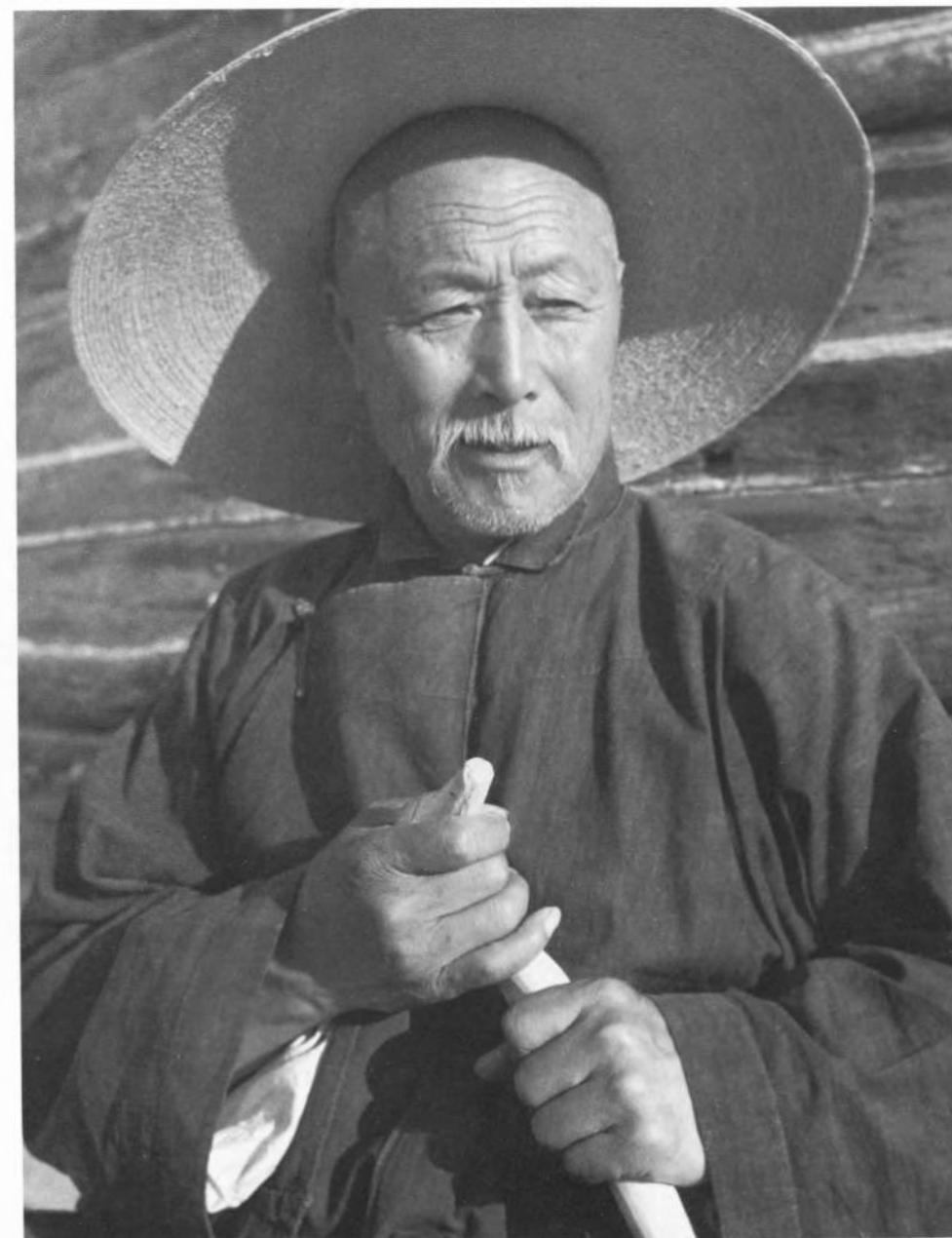
Two gaily clad girl acrobats.



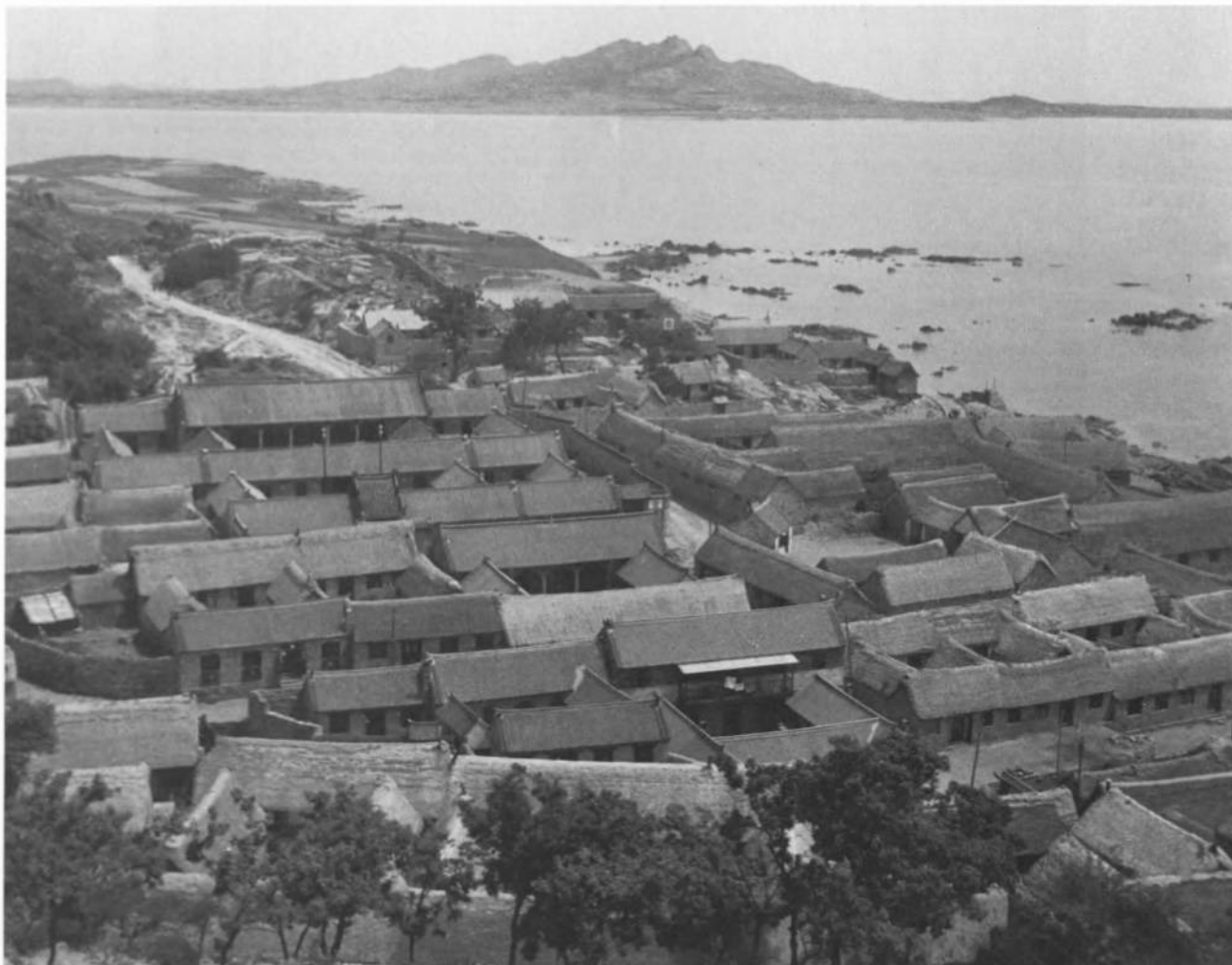
A girl acrobat performing on an elevated stand, while the crowd's attention is focused on a foreign woman with a camera.



The guardian of a local temple.



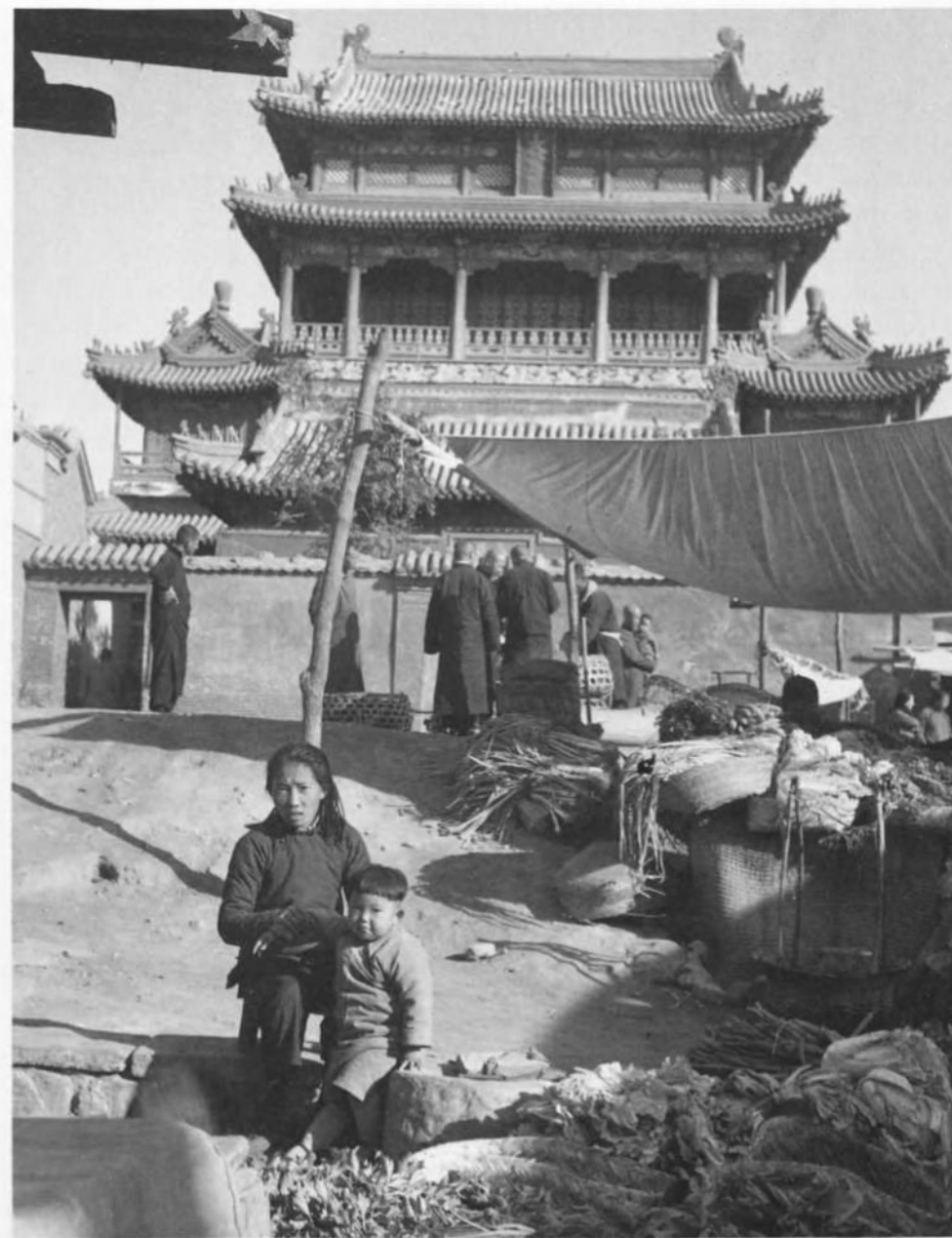
Village elder.



View over a coastal village.

Pao Ting 1940

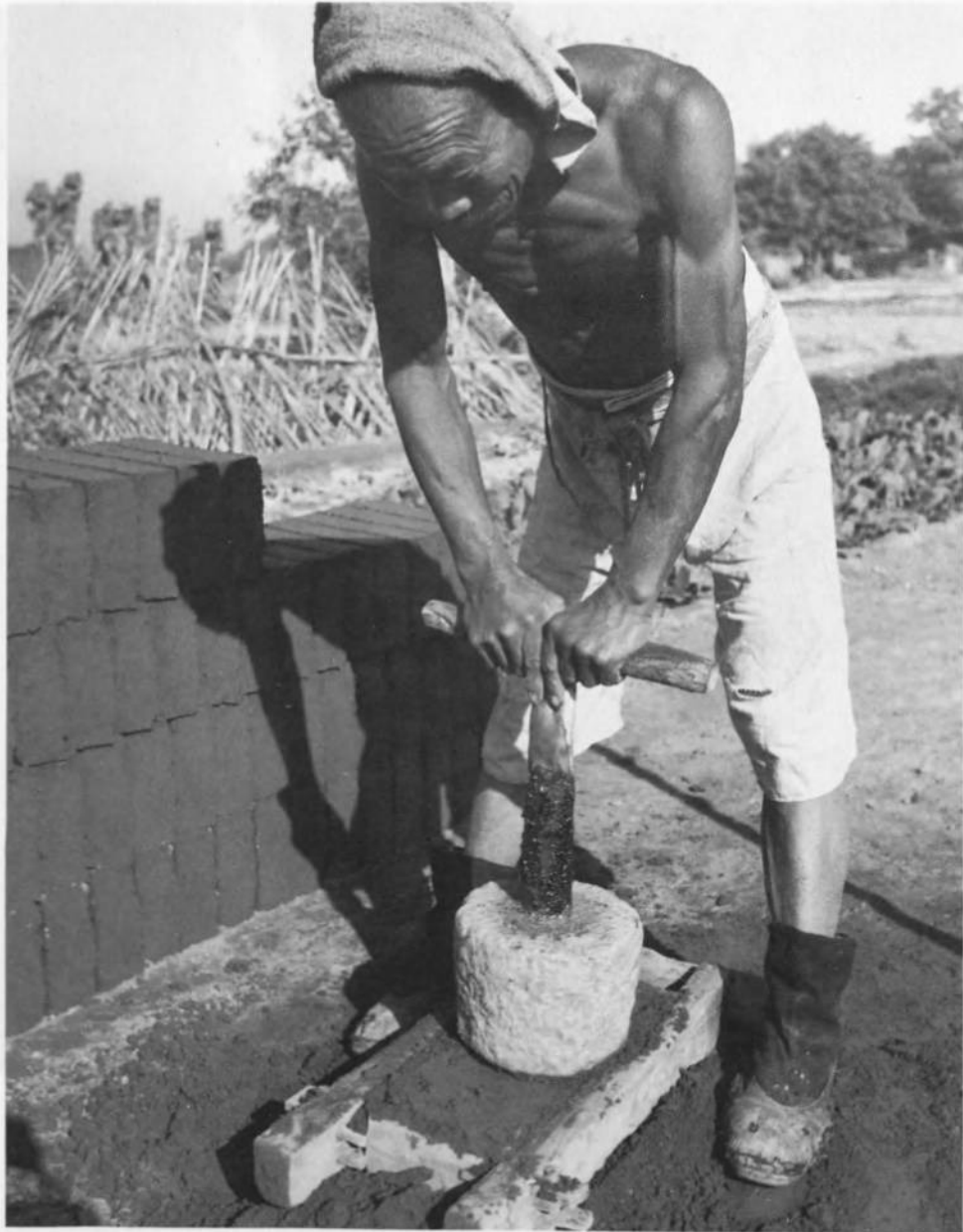
AFTER Miss Bieber left Peking in 1940 I did pay one brief visit to the city of Pao Ting, about 150 kilometres to the south-west of Peking. Formerly the capital of the province of Hopei, Pao Ting had many fine relics. However, I was mainly interested in the street life. In Pao Ting I was the guest of Mr and Mrs Hugh Hubbard of the American Board of Foreign Missions. Mr Hubbard and his friend Dr George Wilder were pioneer ornithologists and the authors of a handbook on the birds of north-east China. Unlike some missionaries who were narrow-minded and bigoted, Dr Wilder and Hugh Hubbard represented the best kind of cultivated and open-minded mission worker. Dr Wilder and his wife, who had met at Oberlin College in Ohio in the 1890s, had been in China for more than forty years and had an excellent command of Chinese; they still studied Chinese texts regularly with a teacher. As far as they were concerned they were still learning.



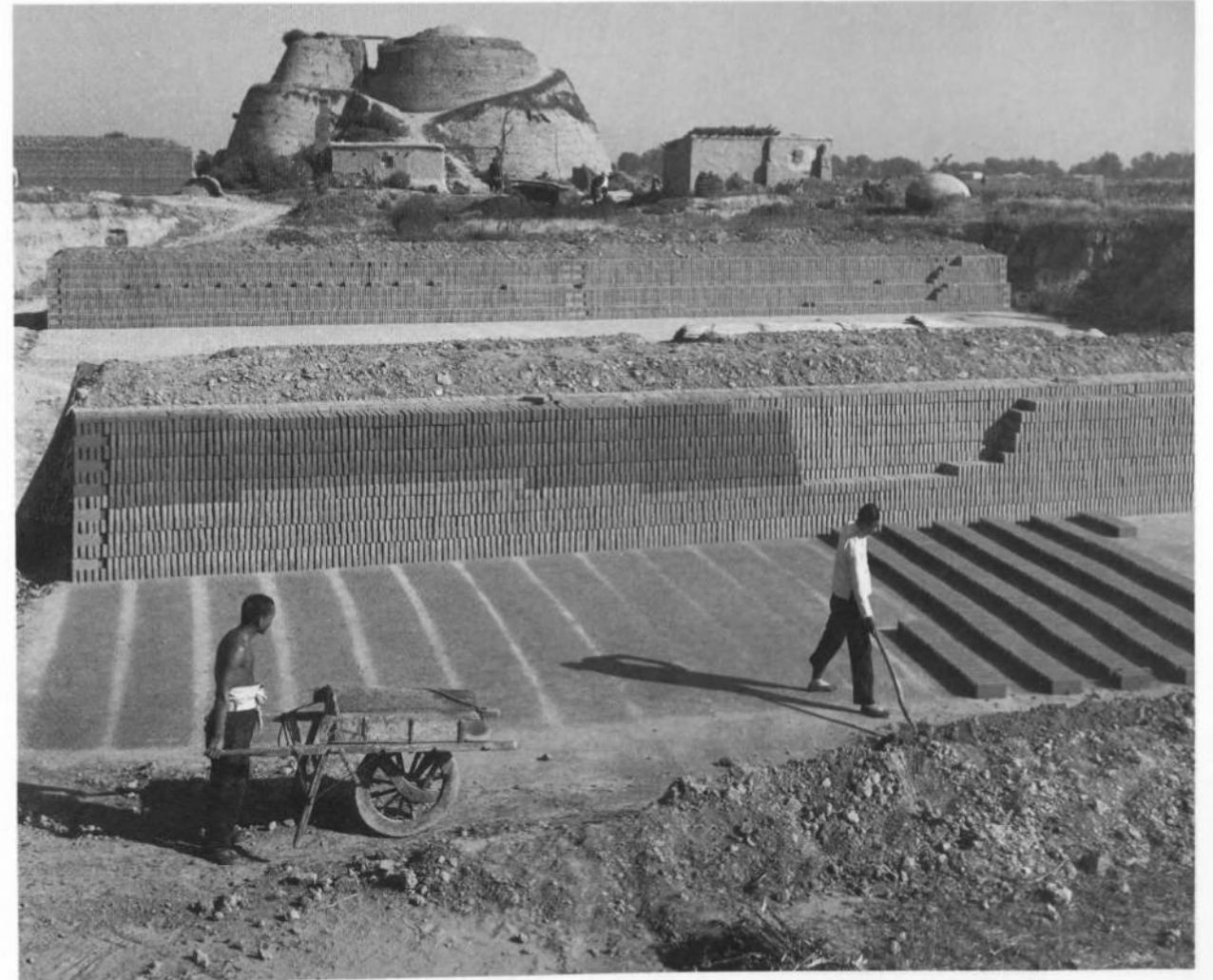
A temple in Pao Ting.



Fruit stalls by rickshaw stand.



Shaping bricks.



Drying bricks.



Carting household pots to market on a wheelbarrow.



Pickle factory.



Second-hand clothes vendor.



Farmyard well.



Baby's bamboo crib.

Ch'ü Fu and T'ai Shan 1942

IN 1942 I was asked by some German friends to go with them to T'ai Shan, a sacred mountain in Shantung, and to Ch'ü Fu, where Confucius lived and was buried. My role as guide for a group was not a satisfactory arrangement as it greatly restricted my ability to take photographs.

The area had been under Japanese occupation for several years and Japanese permits were needed. We started at Ch'ü Fu in the southern part of the province. Old Ch'ü Fu is several kilometres from the railway station because when the railway was built the descendants of Confucius refused to allow it any nearer. The old town was remarkable for its magnificent temple to the memory of the sage whose moral precepts guided China for some 2,500 years, and for the great cemetery where generations of his descendants are buried. Descendants were still living there, including the current holder of the title, Duke K'ung.

The trip was much too hurried and we did not attempt to visit the interesting but lesser known town of Tsou Hsien, some 28 kilometres south of Ch'ü Fu. Tsou Hsien was the birthplace of the sage Mencius who lived about 200 years after Confucius and who effectively revived and strengthened the teachings of the Master. It is almost as important a place as Ch'ü Fu in the history of Confucianism and is the site of another great temple and other relics. Here too descendants of Mencius were still living. I have always regretted not having been able to visit the Ch'ü Fu-Tsou Hsien area at leisure and in my own time.

From Ch'ü Fu we went north to the town of T'ai An which lies below the sacred mountain of T'ai Shan. Rising to a height of 1,545 metres, T'ai Shan is a bare stony mountain held in great veneration by Taoists. Although not nearly as spectacular as Hua Shan, nor its temples so well cared for, T'ai Shan was still being visited by large numbers of pilgrims. The ascent was arduous: from T'ai An some 5,900 steps had to be mounted to reach the top. The well-to-do were generally carried up in sedan-chairs, the only alternative at the time to walking. Today an aerial sedan-chair (cable car) carries the visitor most of the way up the mountain. Like so many facets of life in the old China the sedan-chair business was highly organized: a special guild had the monopoly and for some curious reason all the guild members were Muslims.

My friends and I made the ascent on foot which was very exhausting in the summer heat. The old road is a paved one running up a valley on the flanks of T'ai Shan. Originally the valley was clothed with groves of cypress and pine trees, but many had

been felled. About half way up there was an important temple, the Middle Gate of Heaven, which, after a fairly level stretch, led to the great stairway of some 2,000 steps to the summit. In clear weather the site commanded a spectacular view over southern Shantung. On the summit were a number of fine temples and we spent the night in one of these. I was so busy looking after my companions that I kept no notes, and unfortunately my recollections of the trip are dim.

After T'ai Shan we visited one unusual temple reached from a stop on the railway between T'ai An and Chi Nan. This was Ling Yen Ssu. It had some fine old buildings, including a pagoda, and was notable for some life-size figures clad in the Chinese style but with European facial characteristics. I have never found a full description of the temple in the works I have been able to consult.

I accompanied my friends to Tsingtao where I had the misfortune of coming down with scarlet fever. I had been feeling unwell during much of the trip. There was a well-established German hospital in Tsingtao but it refused to admit me. A good Samaritan, a Mrs Boetcher who ran a small guesthouse, quietly took me in and kindly took care of me without alarming the other guests. I was treated by a German missionary doctor, Dr Eitel, a good and liberal man. With their help I made a quick recovery and was able to return to Peking. Dr Eitel was later recalled to Germany on one of the blockade-breakers, merchant navy ships which essayed the journey back to Europe. Some of these blockade-runners got through but I heard that Dr Eitel's ship was not so lucky and that he was lost on the journey.



The Temple of Great Harmony, commonly known as the Temple of Confucius. The elaborately carved dragon pillars were erected in the year 1500.



Statue of Confucius.



The memorial arch on the spirit road to the funeral grove.



The over life-size figure of Minister of State Weng
outside the Hall of Incense.



The Hall of Incense which leads to the tomb of Confucius.



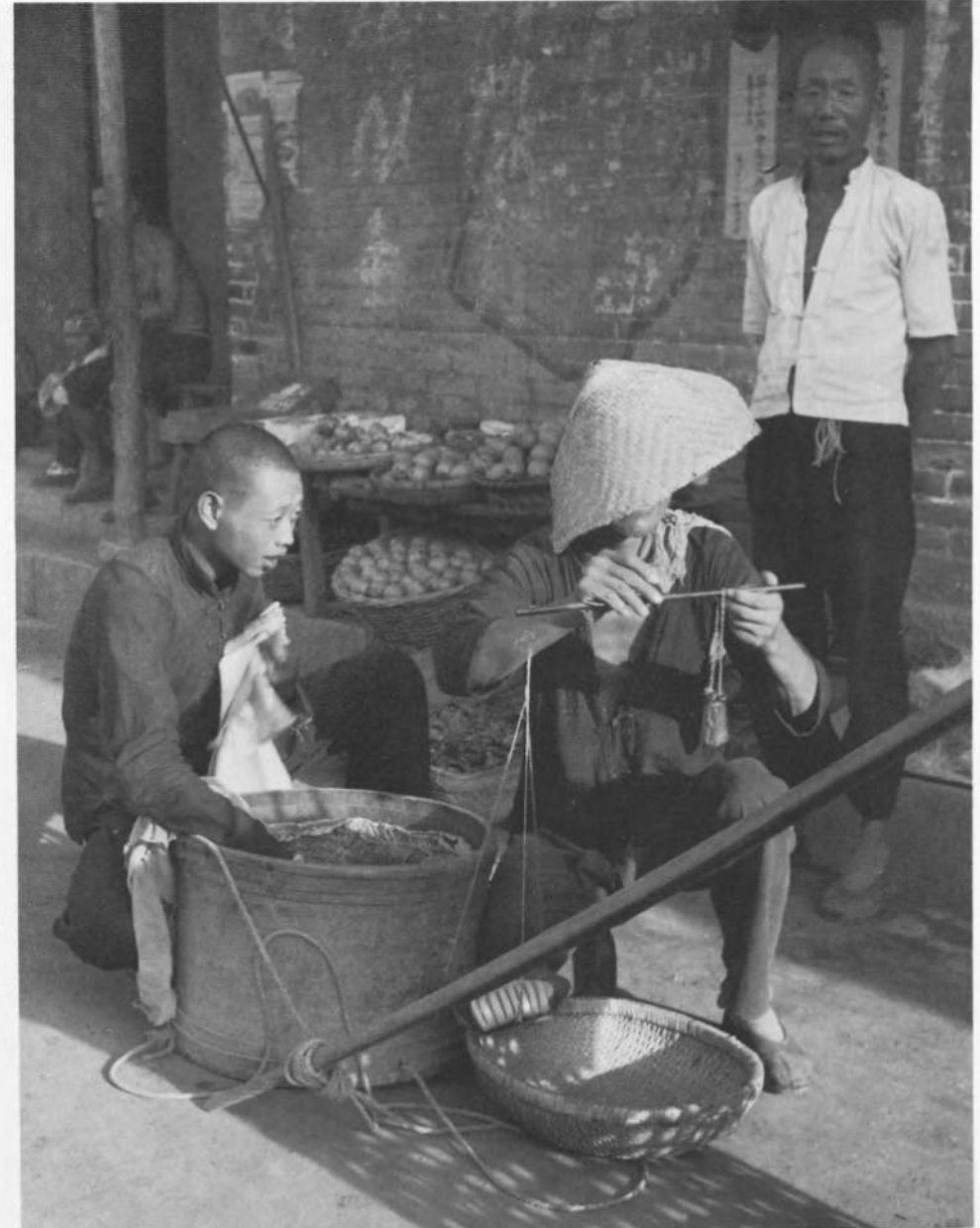
Grave of the son of Confucius.



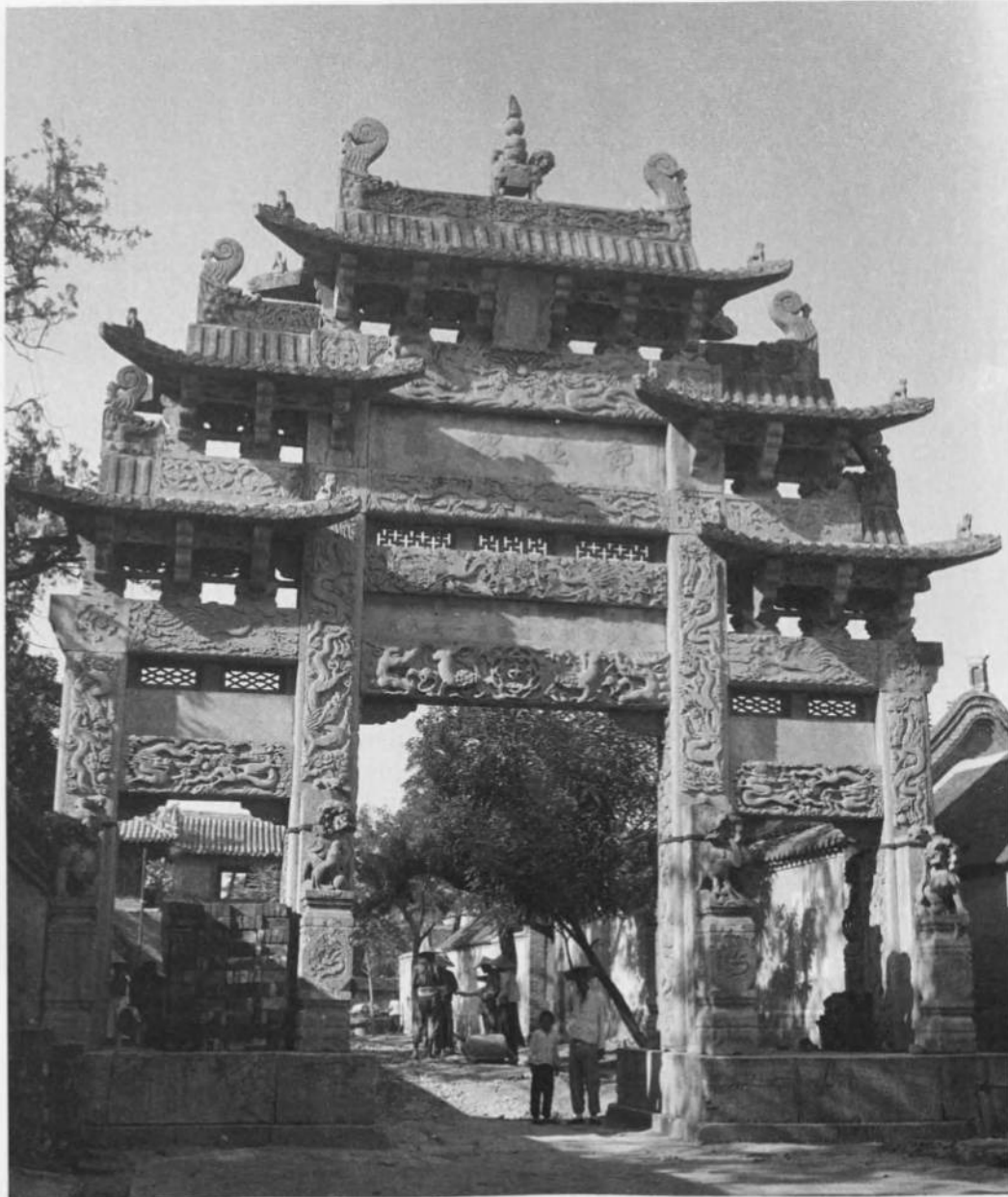
The intensely cultivated farmland around Ch'ü Fu.



Drying grain.



Street vendor weighing goods while the customer watches the scales intently.



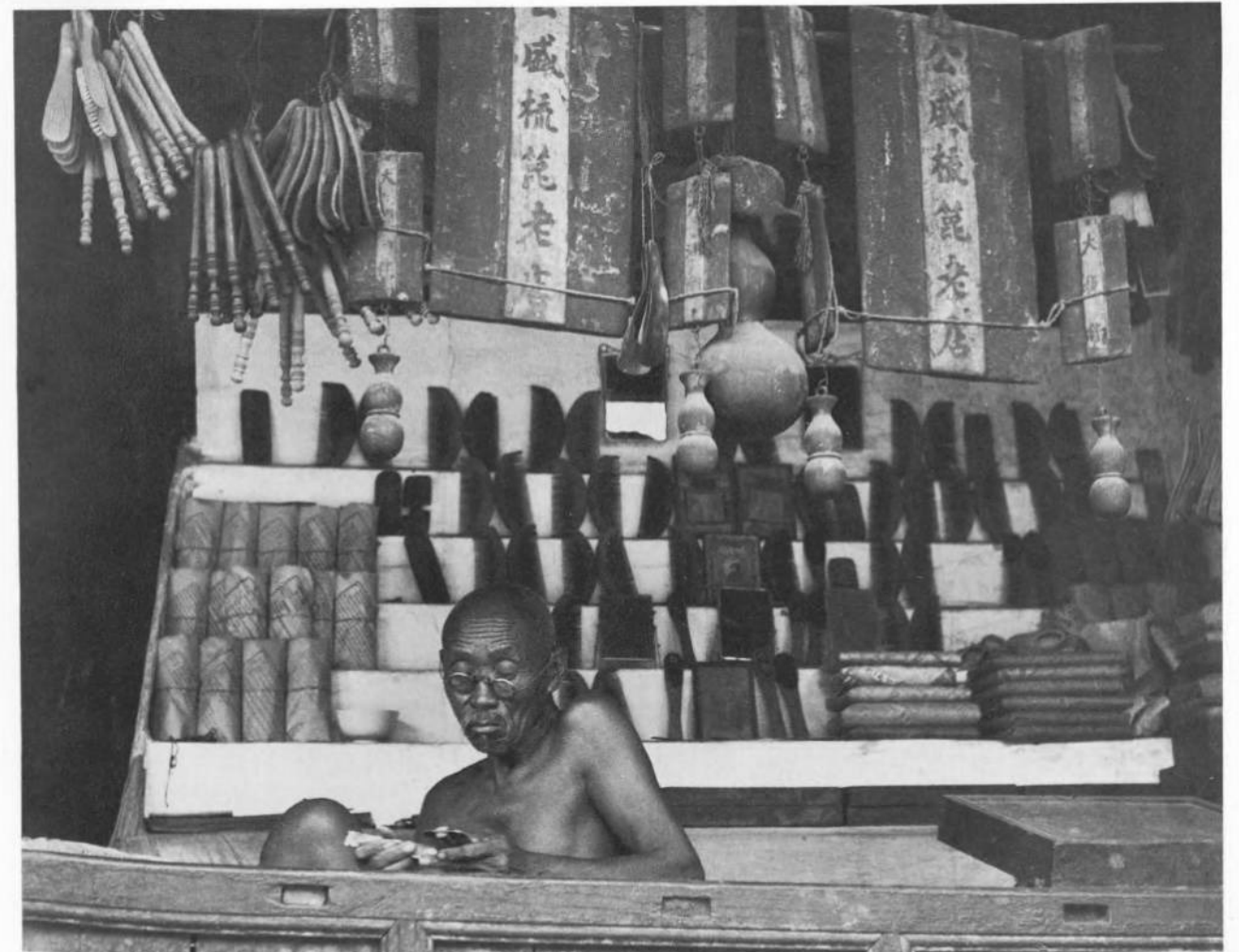
Ceremonial arch of T'ai Miao in T'ai An, the principal temple of T'ai Shan. From here the track leads to the mountain.



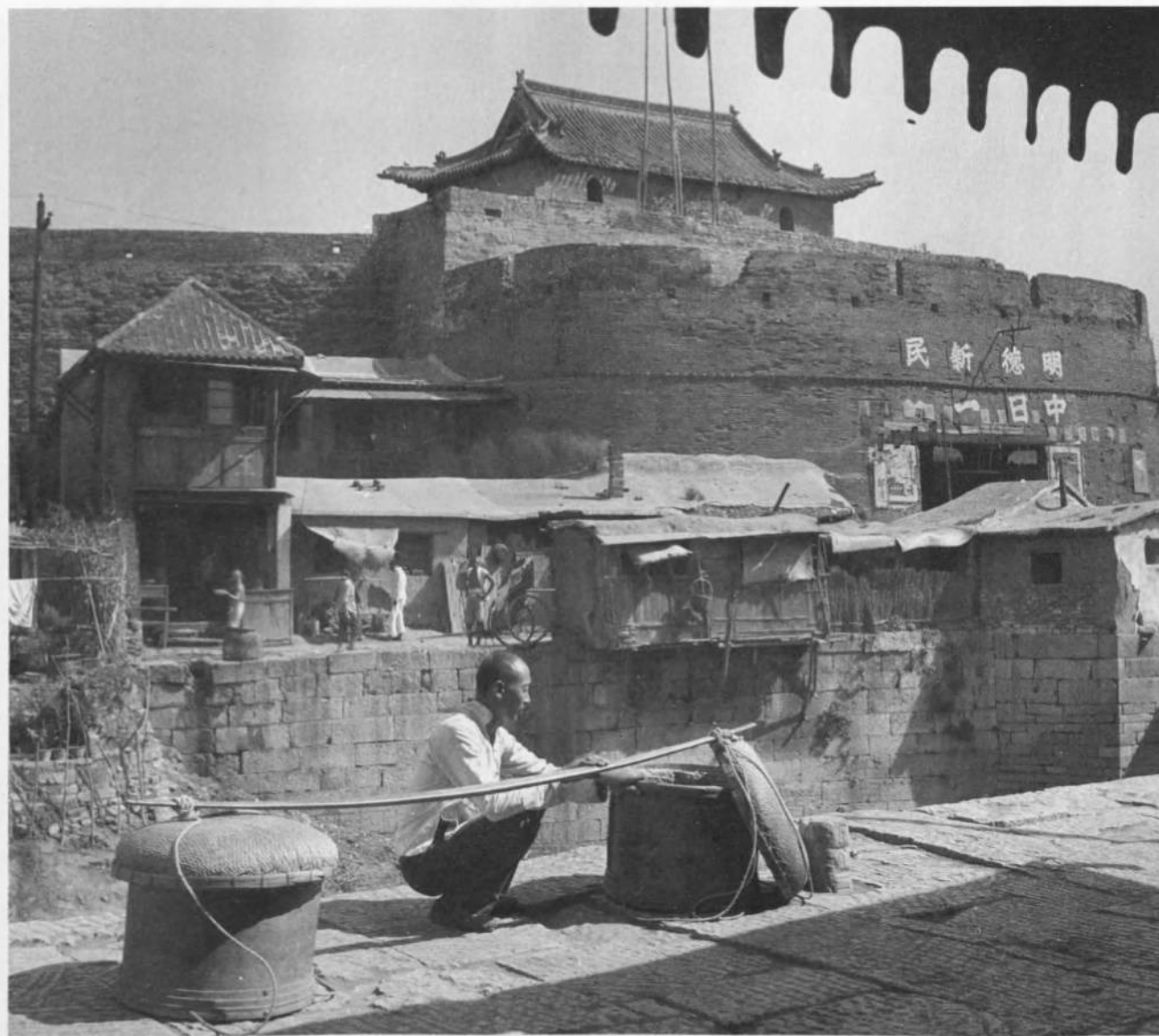
Wall paintings in T'ai Miao.



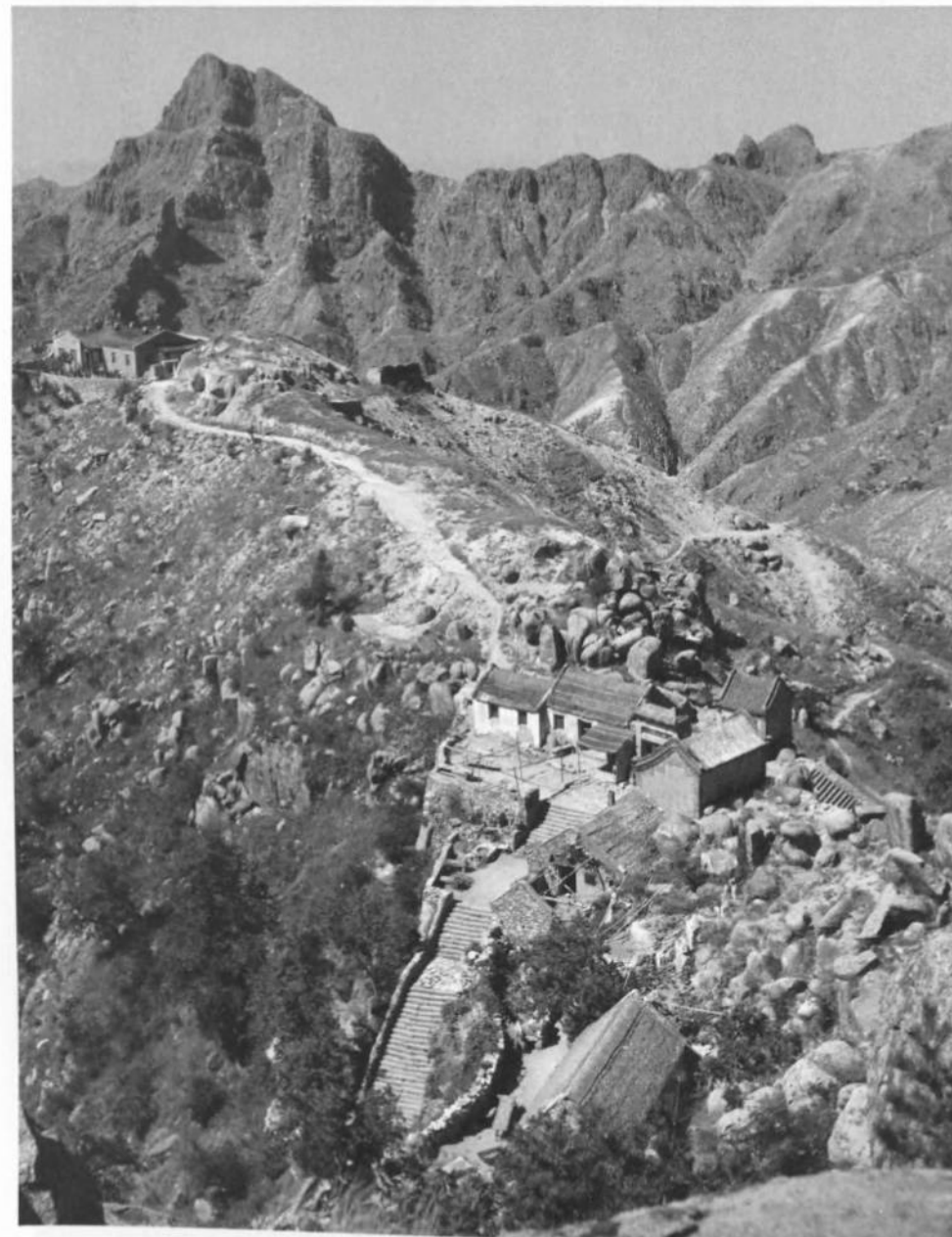
Vendor selling lengths of cloth, T'ai An.



Stall selling combs and brushes, T'ai An.



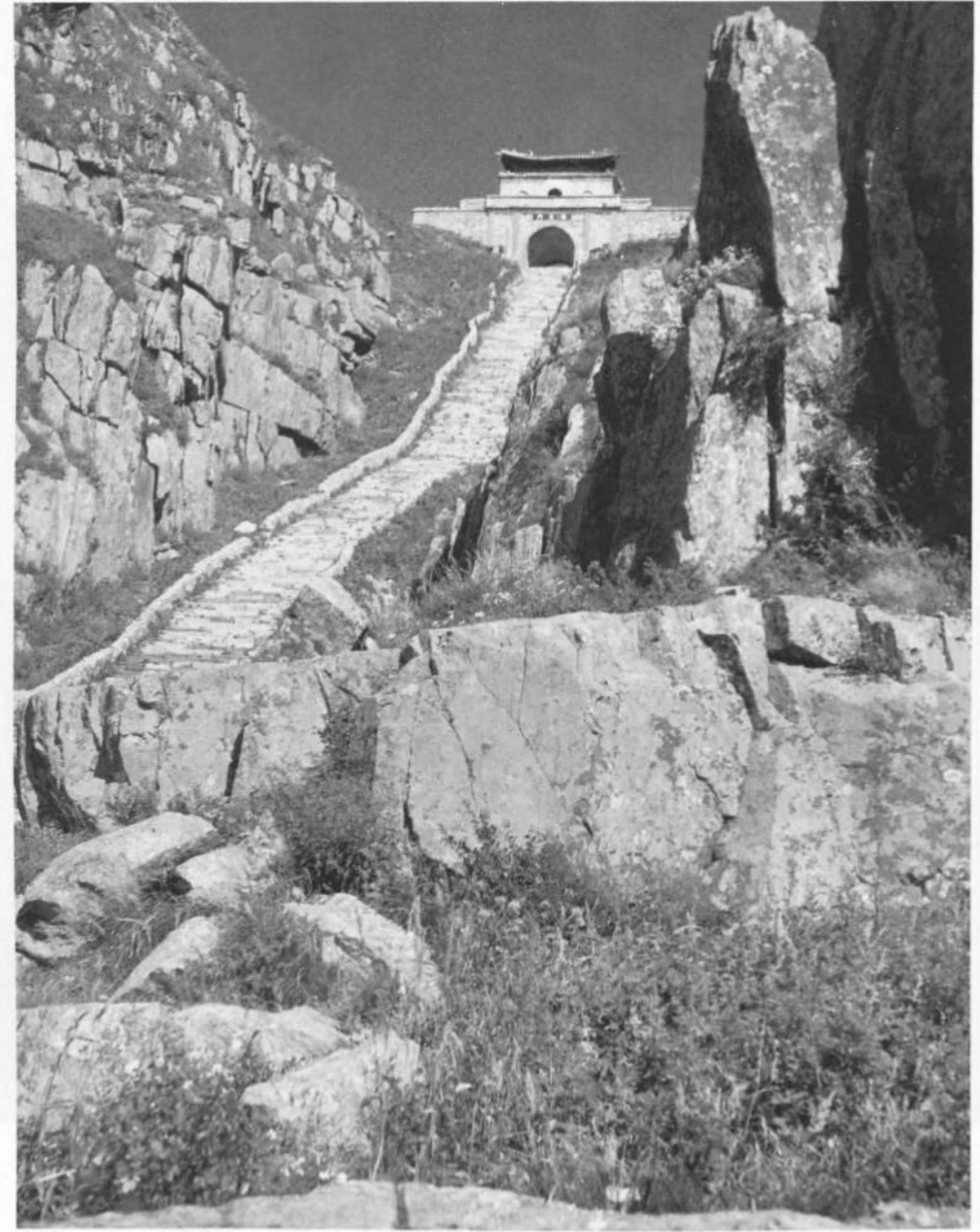
Loads were suspended from the ends of a long pole carried on the shoulder.



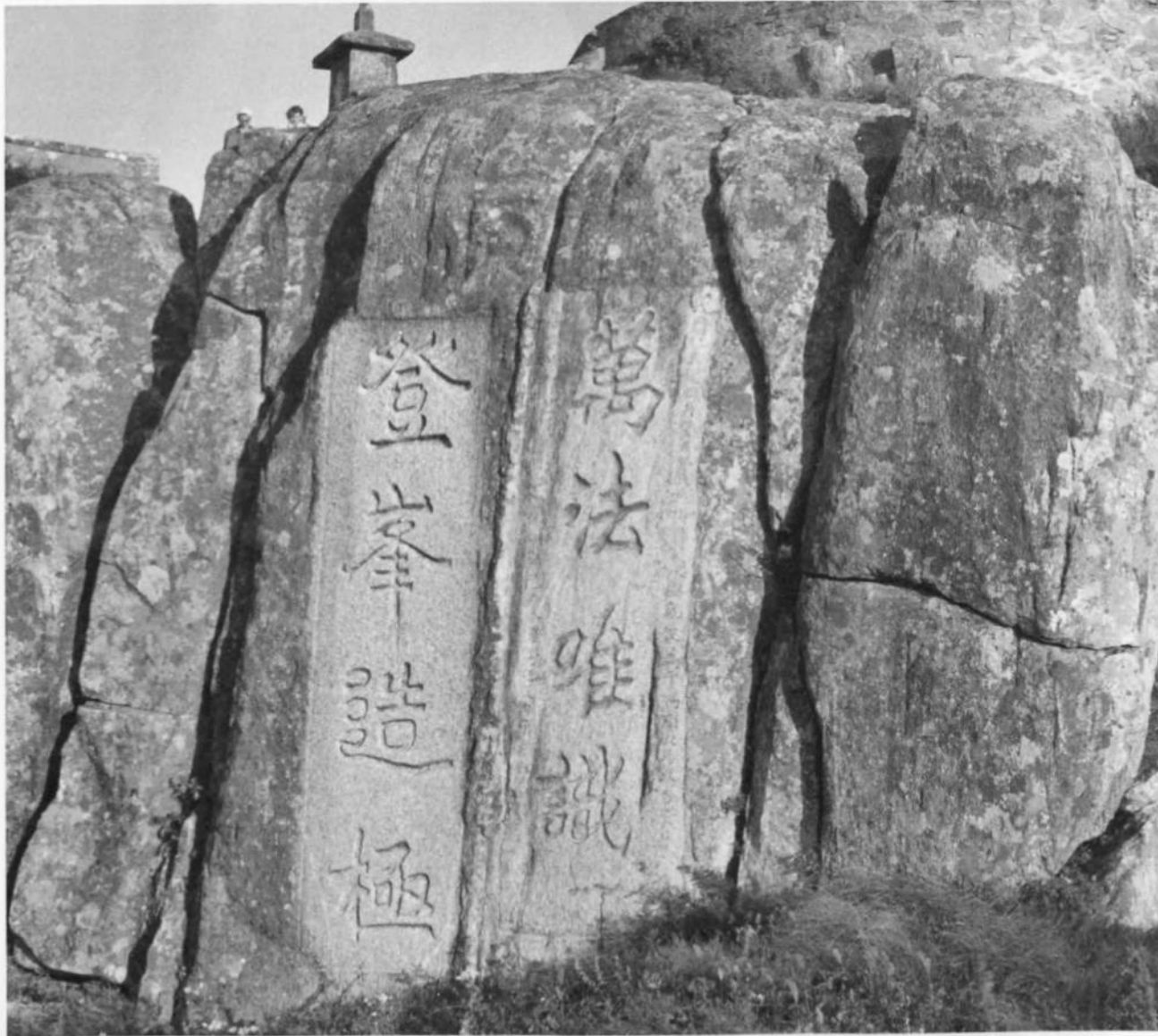
Looking down the T'ai Shan track.



Looking up the T'ai Shan track.



The last flight of steps to the summit of T'ai Shan.



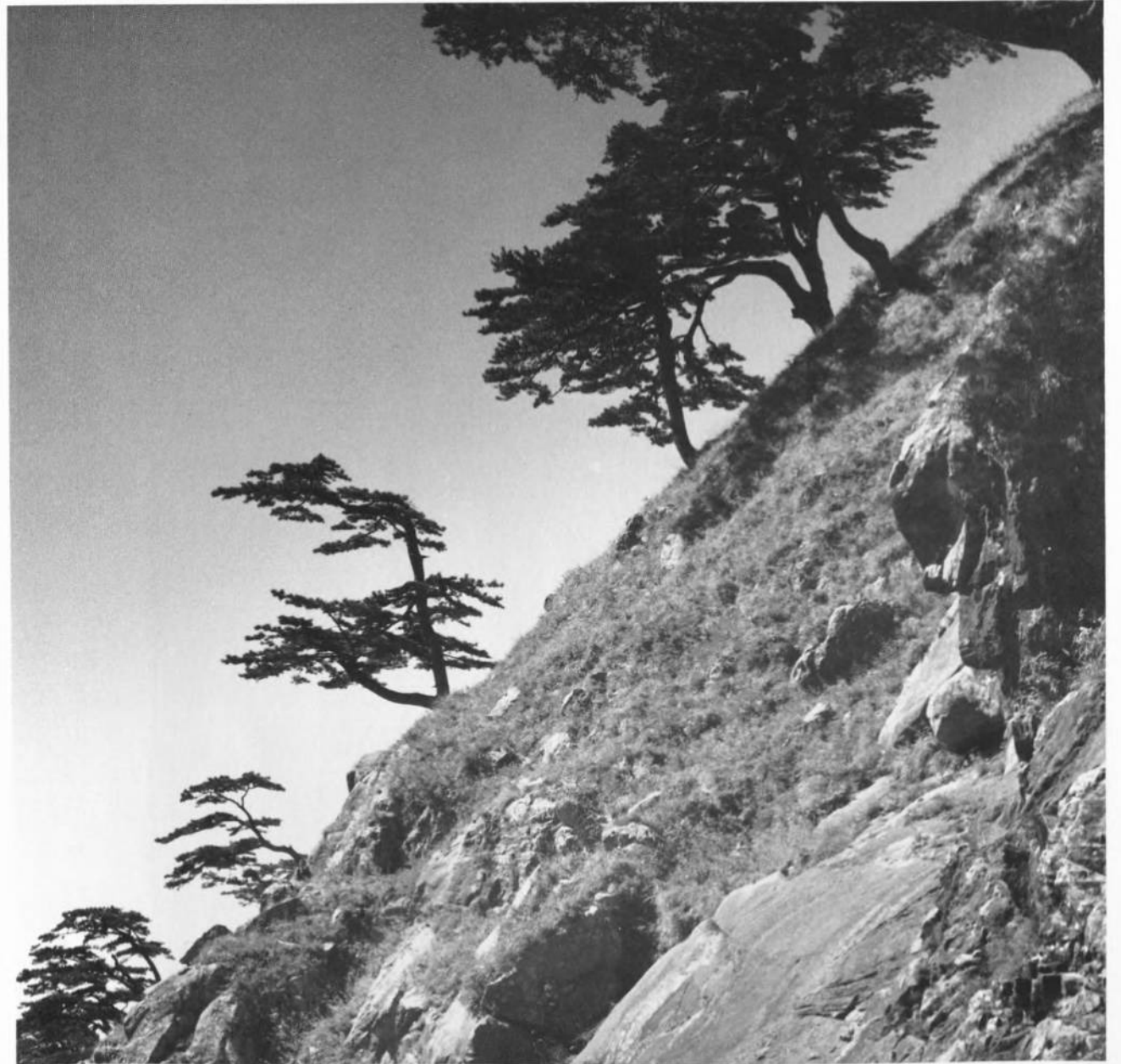
Aphorisms engraved on the mountain near the summit of T'ai Shan.



The temples on the summit of T'ai Shan.



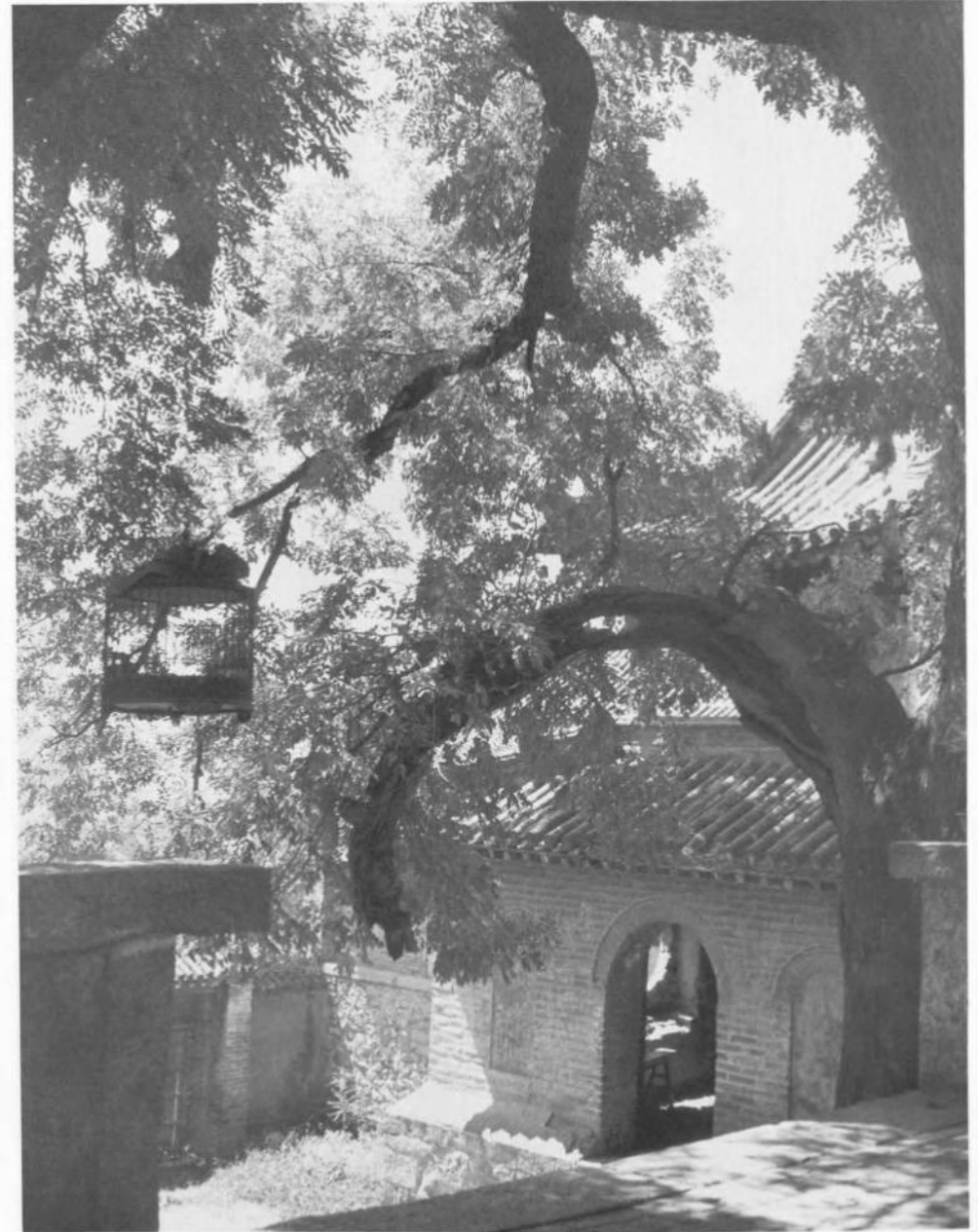
Well-to-do visitors travelled on sedan-chairs carried by Muslims. Despite the latter's sure-footedness, strong nerves were called for.



Pine trees on the slope.



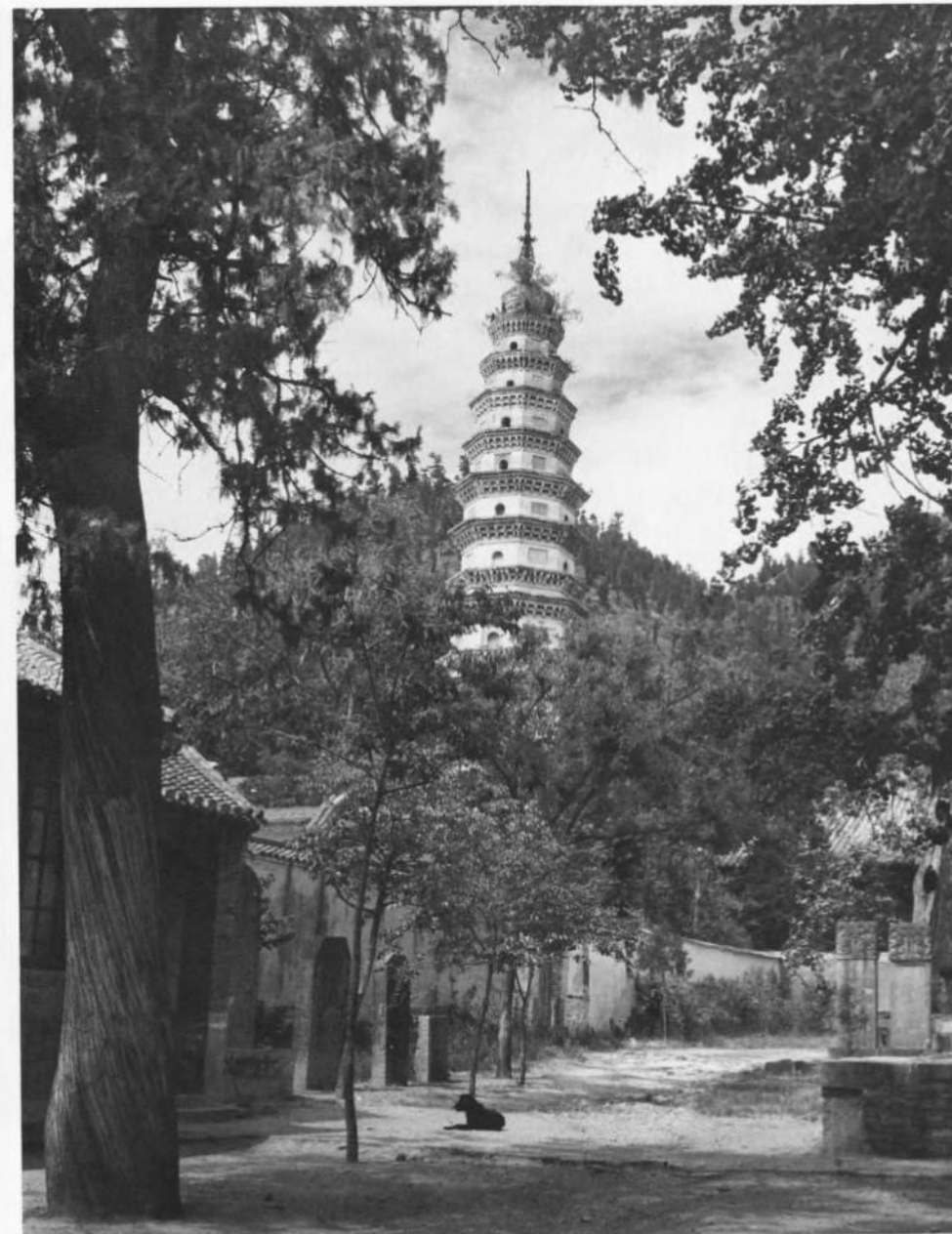
The T'ai Shan Goddess, to whom, in former days, many valuable offerings were made, to the great benefit of temple revenues.



Temple scene, T'ai Shan.



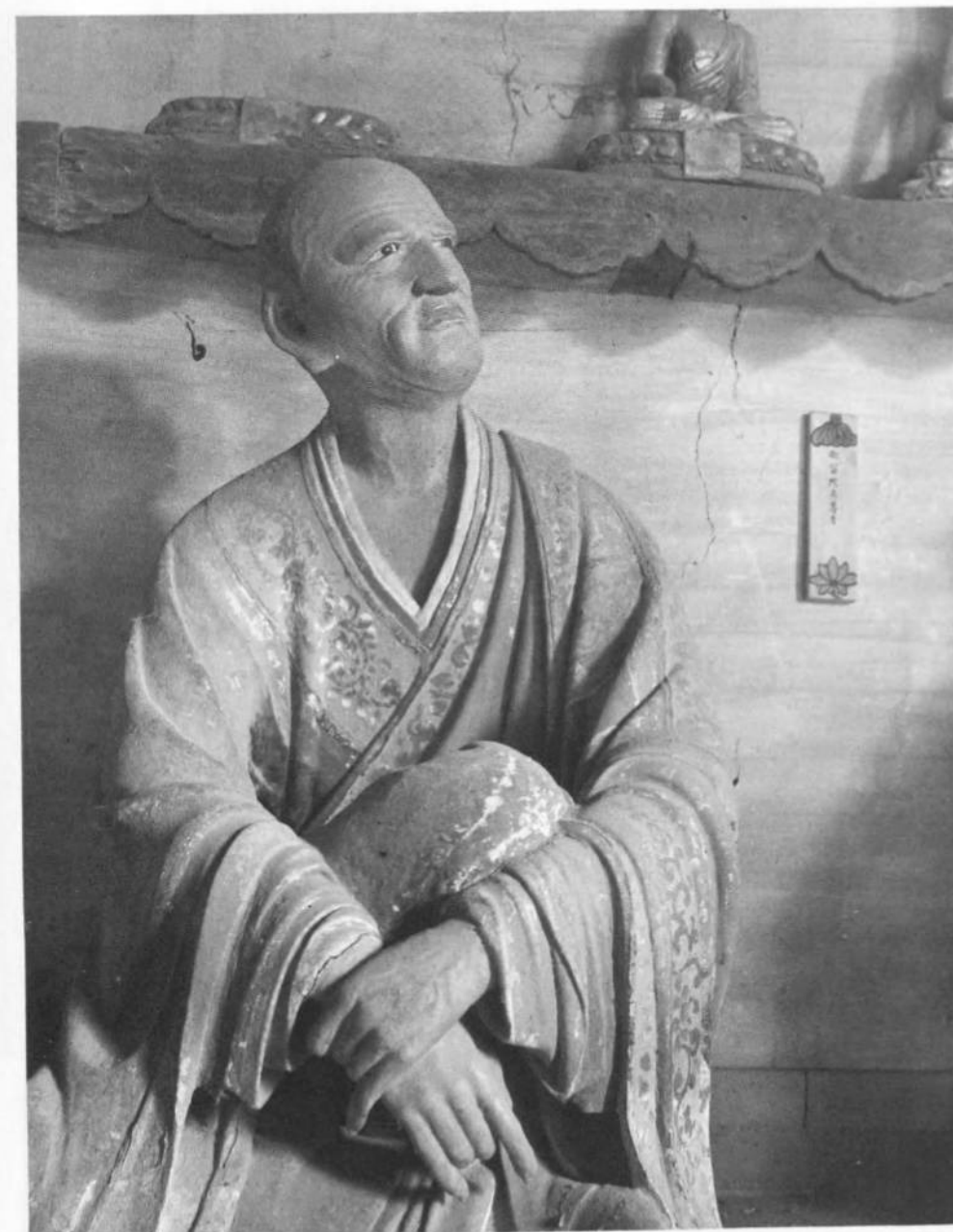
Ling Yen Ssu, an important Buddhist centre south of Chi Nan and some 10 kilometres east of the railway.



The P'i Chih Pagoda of Ling Yen Ssu.



Ling Yen Ssu was noted for 40 life-like figures of Lohan, disciples of the Buddha.



The figures date back to Sung times.



Street scene in Chi Nan, the junction for the Tsingtao railway.



Street scene in Chi Nan.



Street scene in Chi Nan.

Nanking 1944

MY last venture outside Peking was in 1944. The German Ambassador to the puppet government of China, Dr Woermann, invited me to compile a photographic record of Nanking. Dr Woermann was an unconventional bachelor diplomat more interested in art than politics. Funds were available to him for cultural activities and he decided to make use of them to produce a book on the city, for which I was to take the photographs and the German scholar, Alfred Hoffmann, was to provide the text.

As a result I spent some time in Nanking in the summer of 1944. Nanking has an ancient history, but few cities in the world have known so much destruction and pillage over the centuries. Its importance stems from its geographical location, the city lying against hills on the south bank of the Yangtze at a point where that great river is confined to a channel no more than 1,100 metres in width. The area around Nanking is rich and fertile, and in imperial times the city was always the main administrative and trading centre of the populous lower Yangtze valley.

Nanking's importance is demonstrated by the way in which it has repeatedly recovered from terrible devastation. Twice in its history it had been destroyed and at other times it had known other calamities. The most recent of these was the savage sack of the city and large-scale massacre of its inhabitants by the Japanese after their capture of the city in December 1937. Yet Nanking has always recovered. When I was there in 1944 it again had a considerable population despite the savagery of the Japanese only seven years earlier.

There are many prehistoric remains around Nanking but its recorded history commences from about 500 BC, at the beginning of the Warring States period, several centuries before China became a unified empire in the late third century BC. This unity lasted until the early third century AD and was followed by the long and complicated history of rivalry between the Chinese dynasties of central China and the largely non-Chinese rulers of the north. For much of the period between 229 BC and AD 589 Nanking was the capital of south China although the main political capital remained in the north. Its wealth and power generated hostility in the north and upon its capture by the short-lived Sui dynasty in AD 589 it was almost totally destroyed.

In subsequent years Nanking steadily regained its importance as a regional and cultural centre but decline again set in during the Yüan dynasty under the Mongols. It acquired its greatest glory during the early years of the Ming dynasty, whose founder

came from a family which originated in the neighbouring province of Anhui. Nanking was the imperial capital from 1368 to 1420, in which year Emperor Yung Lo moved the capital to Peking, retaining Nanking as the second capital. It continued to serve as the main regional centre of central China and as a centre of art and scholarship, a situation which remained unchanged for much of the succeeding Manchu dynasty.

A notable event in the history of Christianity in China occurred in Nanking, for it was here in 1707 that the Papal Legate published the edict forbidding Chinese Catholics to practise rites honouring Confucius and their ancestors. These rites had been acceptable to the famous Jesuit missionaries who had brought Christianity to China in the sixteenth century and who had acquired much influence at court and in official circles. The edict greatly reduced the spread of Christianity in China.

The decline in Manchu power and authority in the nineteenth century was reflected in the fortunes of Nanking. The Treaty of Nanking in 1842 ending the first Opium War and signed under duress on a British warship was the first of the many setbacks and humiliations that China had to endure at the hands of Western powers. Only a few years later Nanking became the storm centre of the disastrous T'ai P'ing rebellion.

Historically China has known many rebellions but the T'ai P'ing episode was a rebellion with a difference. It was led by a failed Cantonese scholar who turned to Christian teachings and who came to believe that he had a heavenly mission to reform China. These beliefs gave the movement an ideological base previously unknown in China. Central China was quickly overrun by the T'ai P'ing and only disunity in its leadership prevented the movement from taking north China and capturing Peking. The leader adopted the title of Heavenly King and the capital was established in Nanking.

In many ways the T'ai P'ing rebellion was a genuinely reformist movement whose adherents believed in the Christian God and were guided by the Ten Commandments. But as power brought corruption, the movement lost its early drive and efficiency and it was weakened by internal dissension. The foreign powers initially maintained neutrality and after the conclusion of the second Opium War gave the imperial authorities direct and indirect aid in suppressing the movement. This was achieved in 1863.

Unfortunately the T'ai P'ing rebellion and its suppression caused immense cultural and human loss; many traditional places of worship and monuments were destroyed

and the toll of life was enormous. Nanking went into decline, and although its population grew again it was not to recover as a political centre until the overthrow of the Manchus.

It was the intention of the revolutionary movement led by Dr Sun Yat Sen to establish the new capital of a republican China in Nanking. A declaration to this effect was made in the city on 1 January 1912. Politicians in the conservative north, however, wanted a constitutional monarchy. Eventually a compromise was reached whereby the republican constitution was accepted, the northerner Yüan Shih K'ai becoming president and the capital remaining in Peking.

Peking remained the capital until 1927 when the Kuomintang under Chiang Kai Shek finally established Nanking as the seat of government. Captured and brutally ravaged by the Japanese in 1937, Nanking became the capital of a puppet regime led by Wang Ching Wei, one of the early anti-Manchu revolutionaries and a rival of Chiang Kai Shek. Wang Ching Wei died in 1944. The People's Republic re-established the national capital in Peking, a reversion to the traditional location of the capital close to the northern frontier.

The result of Nanking's eventful and often violent history is that the innumerable historical remains of great interest and antiquity in and around the city are largely ruins. Some of the buildings have been restored but few are originals. Nevertheless many relics of the past were to be seen when I visited Nanking, and more are being located. Of particular interest has been the discovery in 1950 of the tombs of the first two emperors of the Southern T'ang dynasty (AD 937-75) and the identification in 1958 of the tomb of a visiting king of Borneo, an ancestor of the present Sultan of Brunei, who died in Nanking in 1408.

In 1944 the most conspicuous relics were those dating from the Ming period. The Ming city wall stretched for 38 kilometres, much of it still in place though in a ruinous state. As can be seen from the map (see map at the end of the book) its shape is irregular. The wall is built of brick on stone foundations and its dimensions vary from place to place. The bricks carry seal impressions indicating their provenance, and from them, historians have been able to establish that the bricks were supplied from many districts, mainly in the provinces of Kiangsu, Anhui, Kiangsi and Hupei.

The Ming Drum Tower, which had been well maintained and restored, was especially prominent. Built on a slight eminence, the tower was where drums were beaten

to announce the changes of the night watches. A little way to the north-east a small pavilion, built in 1889, contains a great bell which was cast in Ming times to complement the Drum Tower. Another interesting remnant of the Ming period existed in the southern part of the city: a tower which used to stand in the centre of the rows of hundreds of cells to which students were confined while they sought to obtain the coveted qualification opening the door to a career in the civil service. The cells are gone but the tower remains, unlike the situation in Peking where no trace of the examination halls has survived. On the other hand little remains of the splendid Ming palace which must have resembled the Forbidden City in Peking. It was allowed to decay under the Manchus.

More could be seen of the mausoleum of the first Ming emperor, Hung Wu, which is situated in the hills known as the Purple Mountain to the east of the city. It has lines of stone animals and officials similar to those of the Ming Tombs near Peking, but the site is much less spacious and the figures more closely grouped together. The entrance-way along which the animals are grouped runs first westward, then northward and finally eastward, so as to prevent the entry of malign influences which were believed to travel always in straight lines.

Originally there was a temple here, but it was demolished to make way for the mausoleum and re-erected a little distance away to the east. This is Wu Liang Tien or the Beamless Hall, the only Ming building in Nanking that remains intact. It was used by the Kuomintang as a memorial to fallen soldiers.

There are many other Ming remains in and around the city, principally the tombs of important early Ming officials. An unusual and interesting Ming relic is the limestone quarry which provided much of the raw material for buildings and monuments. The quarry is notable for one enormous monolith commissioned by Emperor Yung Lo for erection at his father's tomb. It was realized only at a late stage that even Chinese technical ingenuity was incapable of moving it and the monolith has remained in the quarry ever since.

Less conspicuous but still numerous are relics of the dynasties that preceded the Ming. Some of the most important, consisting of tombs, date back to the Liang dynasty (AD 502-57). The tombs of the Liang emperors themselves are not in Nanking, but are located at the ancestral home of the Liang family at Tan Yang, 70 kilometres east of Nanking, which I did not visit. North-east of Nanking are several

tombs of members of the Liang royal family. They contain some fine statues, especially impressive being those of open-mouthed winged lions.

In the same area is Ch'i Hsia Ssu, a monastery which also dates to the sixth century. Originally the haunt of hermits, it became under the T'ang dynasty (AD 618-907) one of the four greatest monasteries of China. In caves near the temple are many heavily restored Buddhist statues. Ch'i Hsia Ssu was almost totally destroyed by the T'ai P'ing rebels, the present buildings having been erected after Nanking was recaptured. It remains, however, a very beautiful relic. Adjoining Ch'i Hsia Ssu is the small She Li Pagoda. It is one of the two best preserved T'ang buildings in Nanking, the other being the handsome reddish-coloured pagoda situated south of the city on Niu T'ou Shan.

There were many other reconstructed temples in Nanking, some of them of great charm. The most important was the Temple of Confucius in the western part of the city. In the centre of Nanking, to the east of the Bell Pavilion, was the Cock Crow Temple (Chi Ming Ssu). The site was a Mongol execution ground and the original temple was built to placate the ghosts of those killed there. P'i Lu Ssu, also in central Nanking, contained many small images of the Buddha. On a hill overlooking the Yangtze downstream from Nanking was a very picturesque temple known as the Swallow's Rock Temple. There were many more.

After the re-establishment of Nanking as the capital in 1927 the Kuomintang undertook considerable development of the city, constructing roads and public buildings. The most famous of the buildings from this period is the mausoleum of Dr Sun Yat Sen, built on the Purple Mountain a little to the west of the mausoleum of Hung Wu. It is an impressive structure which was largely financed by subscriptions from overseas Chinese. From a white marble entrance *p'ai-lou* a flight of 392 steps leads up to the mausoleum; both *p'ai-lou* and mausoleum are roofed with blue tiles. North-west of the Sun Yat Sen mausoleum was a modern observatory where some ancient instruments were exhibited. A curiosity of the observatory hill was an imposing modern pagoda designed in the 1930s by an American architect named Murphy.

In ancient times Nanking was noted for its gardens. Like so many facets of Chinese culture, gardens developed in an entirely different way to those of the West. Although flowering plants did play a role in Chinese gardens, much of the emphasis was on rockeries, pieces of eroded limestone pitted with many cavities of different shapes and

sizes, to provide in miniature for the contemplation of the scholar the mountain forms of nature which especially appealed to the aesthetic sense of the Chinese. Unfortunately few gardens remained in Nanking.

A feature of Nanking is the extensive series of waterways and lakes around the city. The old city stood some distance from the channel of the Yangtze but its western wall followed the course of the Ch'in Huai creek, a tributary of the Yangtze. In the north-east the wall is bounded by the extensive Hsüan Wu Lake, known to Westerners as the Lotus Lake from the abundance of lotuses cultivated there. The lotus produces both edible seeds and roots, much used in Chinese sweet dishes. The lake is very picturesque, especially when the lotuses are in flower. In winter its shallow waters are a great resort for waterfowl, mainly ducks, while in summer it is a favourite breeding ground for the long-clawed, lily-trotting Pheasant-tailed Jacana.

What of the people of Nanking? I found them as friendly and obliging as the Pekingese whom I knew so much better. The most densely populated areas were in the southern part of the city. Nanking was formerly a major craft centre famed for its production of fine silk goods. The years before the Japanese invasion had seen considerable industrial development and even under the Japanese it remained a major business and trading centre. The official figure for the population when I was there was 664,000, which may well have been an exaggeration. An official Kuomintang figure was just over one million for 1937, shortly before the Nanking Massacre.

In Nanking I was free to wander where I pleased. One of the recollections that has particularly stamped itself on my memory concerns that remarkable institution, the Chinese Post Office. No matter what the difficulties, whether caused by wars or revolutions or natural disasters, the post in China could always be relied on to get through. It continued to move between free China and the Japanese-occupied areas after the Japanese invasion. A little earlier in 1944 I had learned that Alastair Morrison, whom I had known in Peking and who had been evacuated with other Allied personnel in August 1942, had been posted to Chungking. On arrival there he had sent a Red Cross letter of the 'I am well, hope you are well, the weather here is very hot' kind to a mutual French friend in Peking. The friend passed on the letter to me, thereby providing me with a residential address in Chungking. I decided to send a reply from Nanking. But the address given was in English and it seemed prudent to have the envelope addressed in Chinese. This was done for me by the German

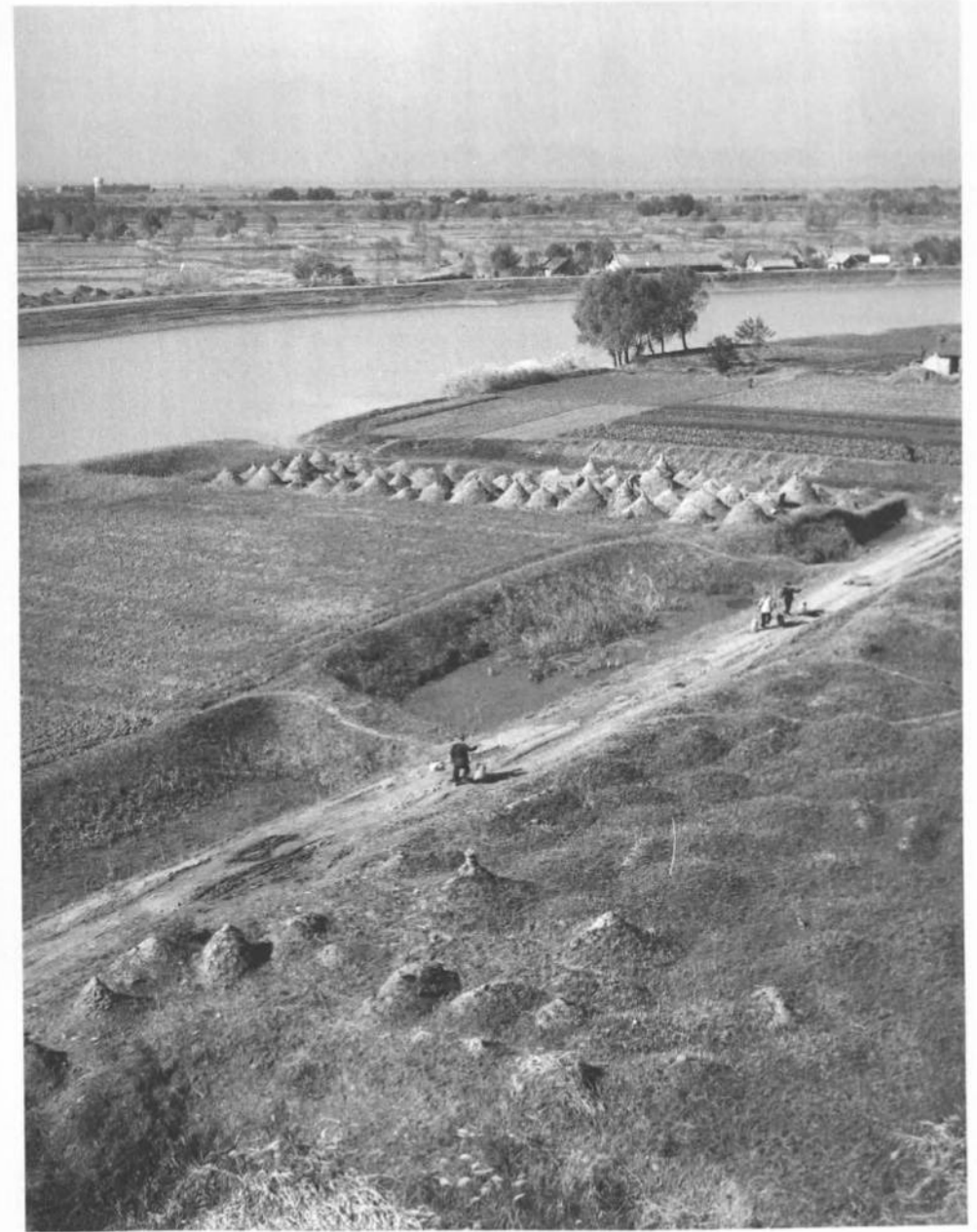
Ambassador's cook. He did his best but it was not, I learned later, a very perfect rendering, for virtually every character was wrong. Nevertheless, the letter, furtively dropped into a letter box during a photographic outing, safely reached its destination.

My time in Nanking was spent very pleasantly. Despite the city's repeated devastation it was still a very beautiful place and one that had the aura of being steeped in history. It was easy to see why throughout the centuries it had been a major centre of Chinese culture.

The results of my work and that of Hoffmann eventually appeared in a book entitled simply *Nanking*, written in German and published in Shanghai in 1945. As to be expected printing material of good quality was unprocurable at that time, so that although well produced in other respects, the book was severely marred by the poor paper used. To add to the book's problems it appeared just before the Japanese capitulation and in the confusion of the reoccupation most of the copies disappeared; they probably ended up by being pulped. As a consequence the book, if not the best produced Western-language book on China, does today have the distinction of being one of the rarest.



A corner of the Ming city wall in the northern part of Nanking.



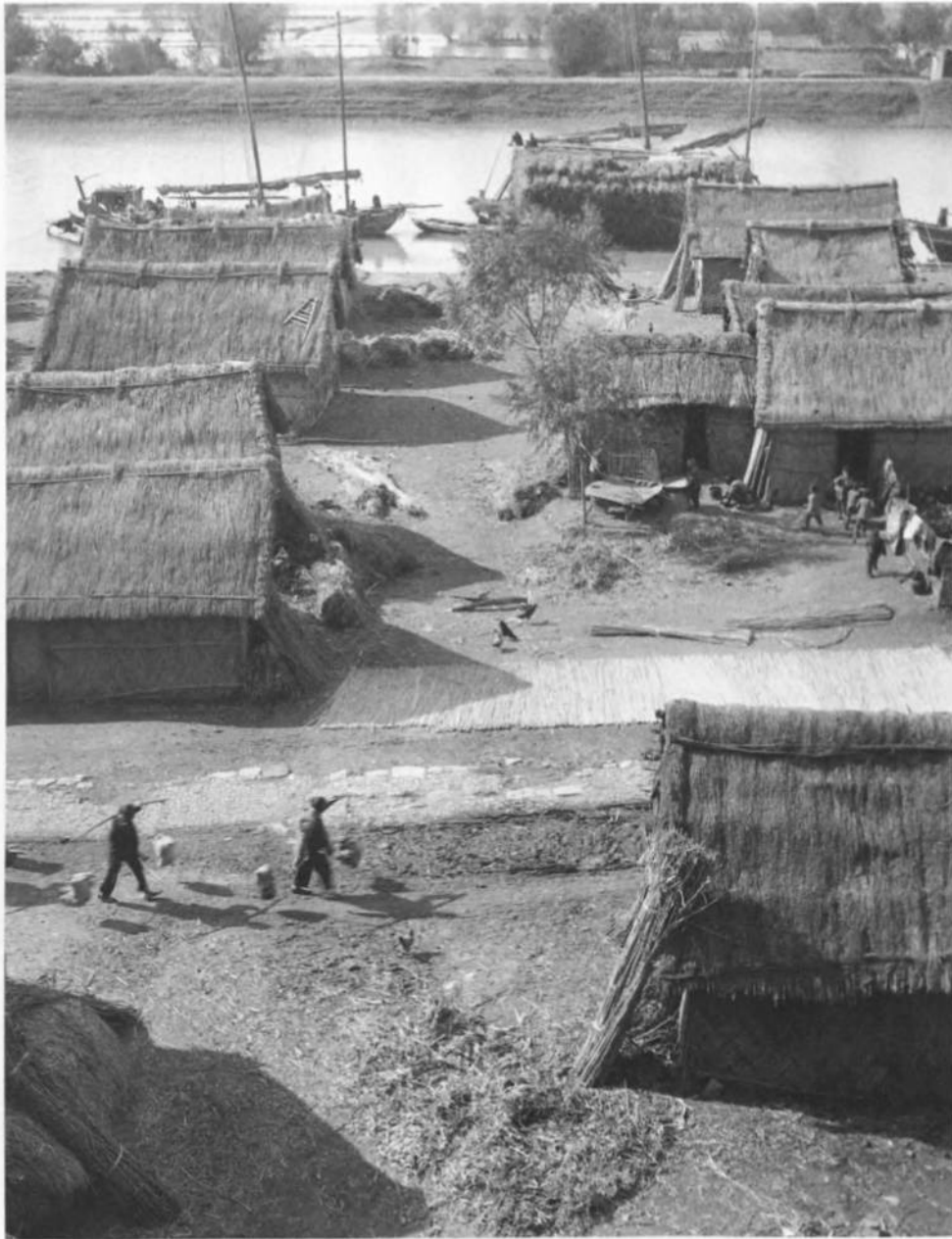
View from a section of the city wall.



A section of the city wall overlooking the Ch'in Huai creek,
a tributary of the Yangtze.



Another section of the wall overlooking the Ch'in Huai creek.



Scene near the city wall.



Scene near the city wall.



The Bell Pavilion housing the great bell which was the complement of the drum in the Drum Tower. The Pavilion is not the original building.



The Ming dynasty Drum Tower where a drum used to be beaten to indicate the changing of the watch.



All that remains of one of the entrance gateways to the Ming Palace.



Stone animals flanking the approach road to the mausoleum of the Ming emperor Hung Wu on the slopes of the Purple Mountain.



The Beamless Hall adjacent to the emperor's tomb
built to replace the temple which originally
occupied the site of the mausoleum.



The Ming quarry which provided the stone blocks
for statues and memorial tablets.



Remains of Liang dynasty tombs north of Nanking.
They are not the tombs of the Liang emperors but the resting places
of other members of the imperial family.



Ch'i Hsia Ssu, an ancient monastery that was largely destroyed
during the T'ai P'ing rebellion and rebuilt subsequently.



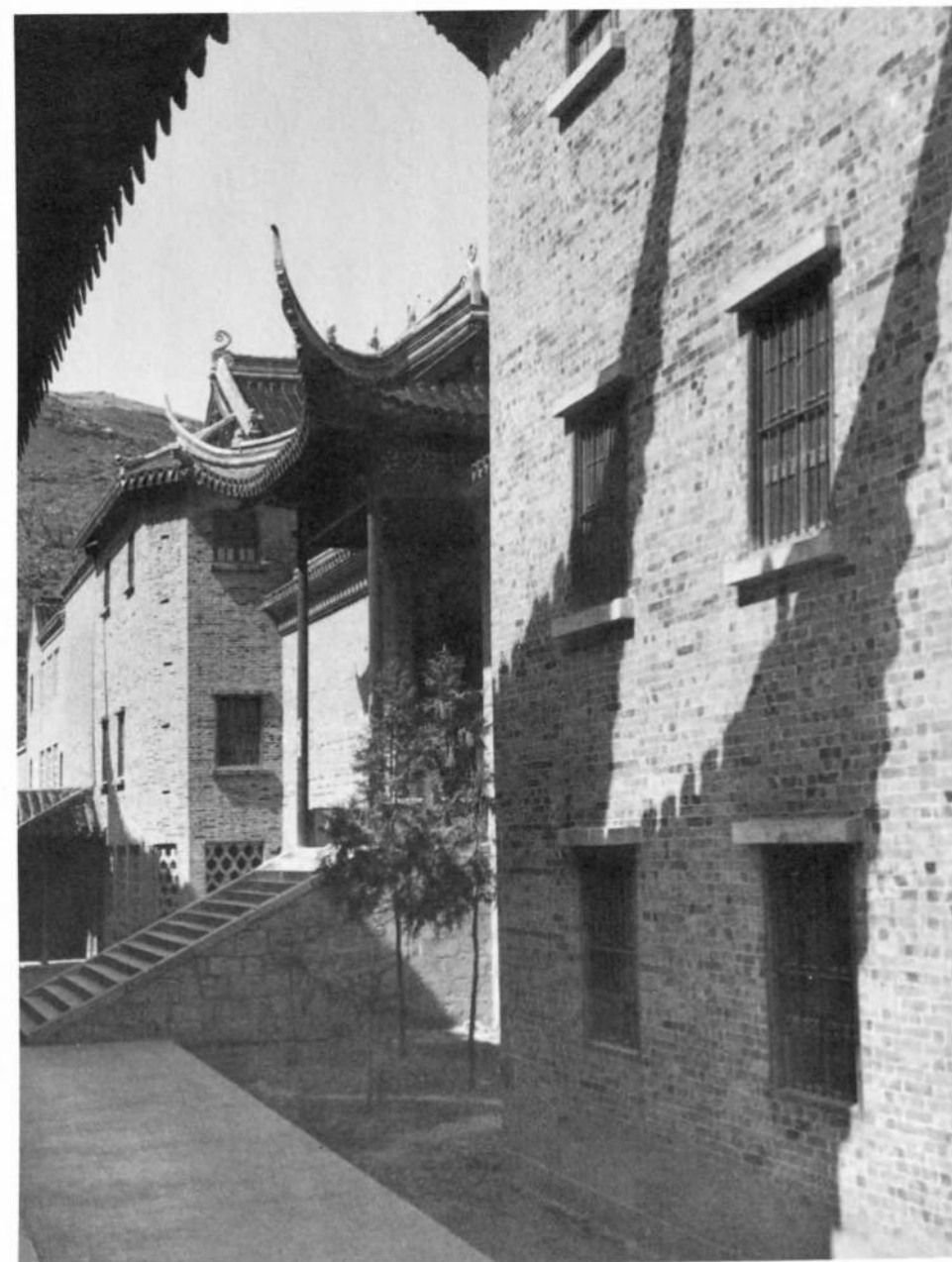
She Li Pagoda of Ch'i Hsia Ssu which survived
the destruction of the rest of the temple.



Caves behind Ch'i Hsia Ssu.



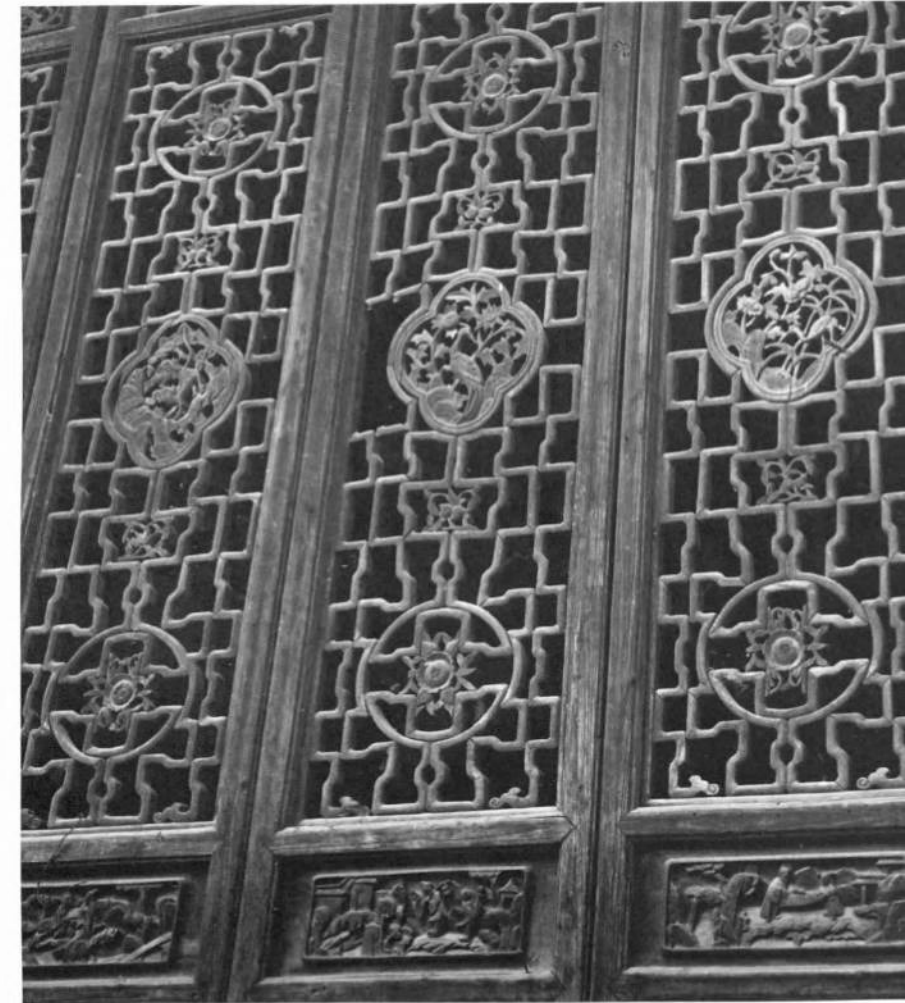
Statues in Ch'i Hsia Ssu.



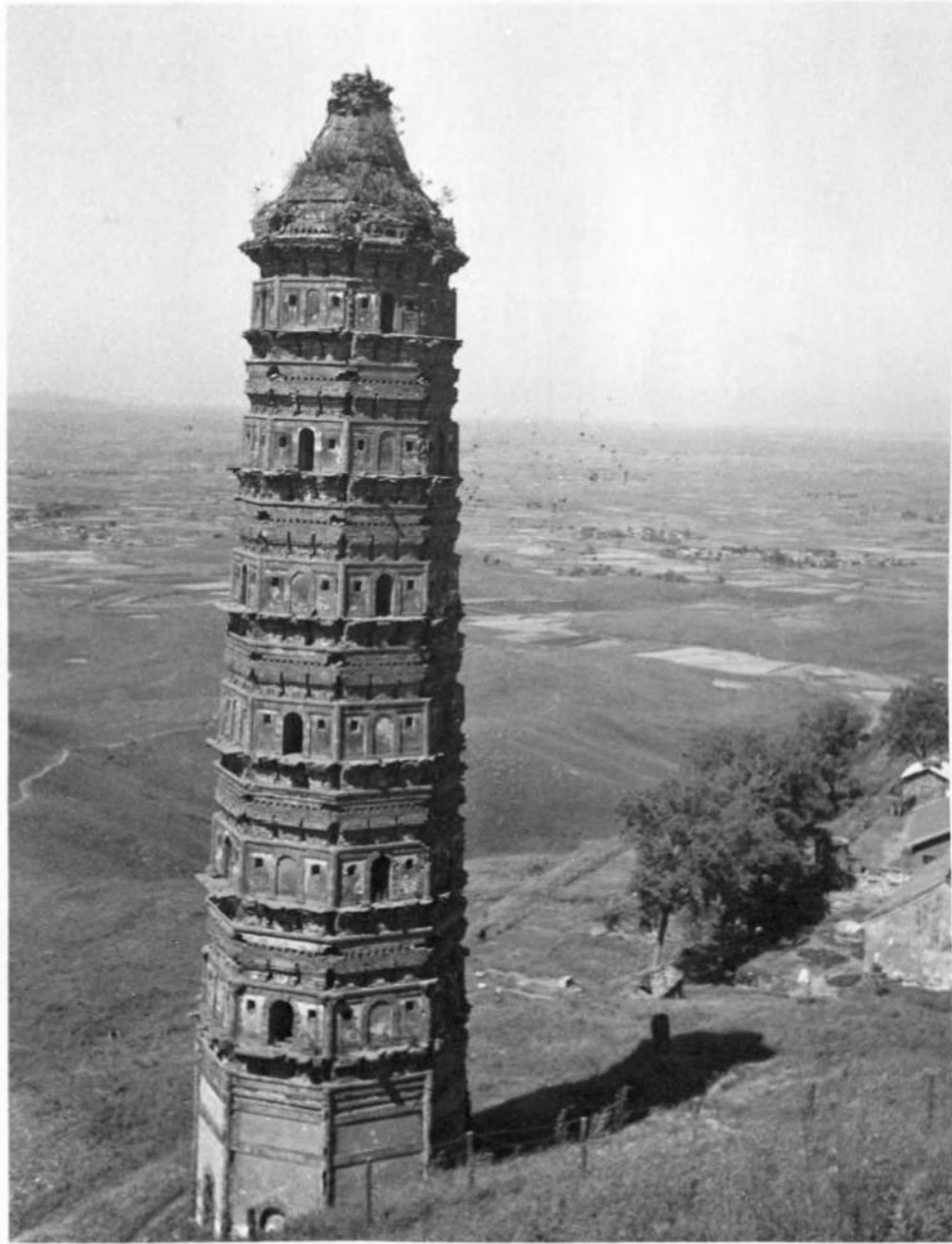
Interior of Ch'i Hsia Ssu.



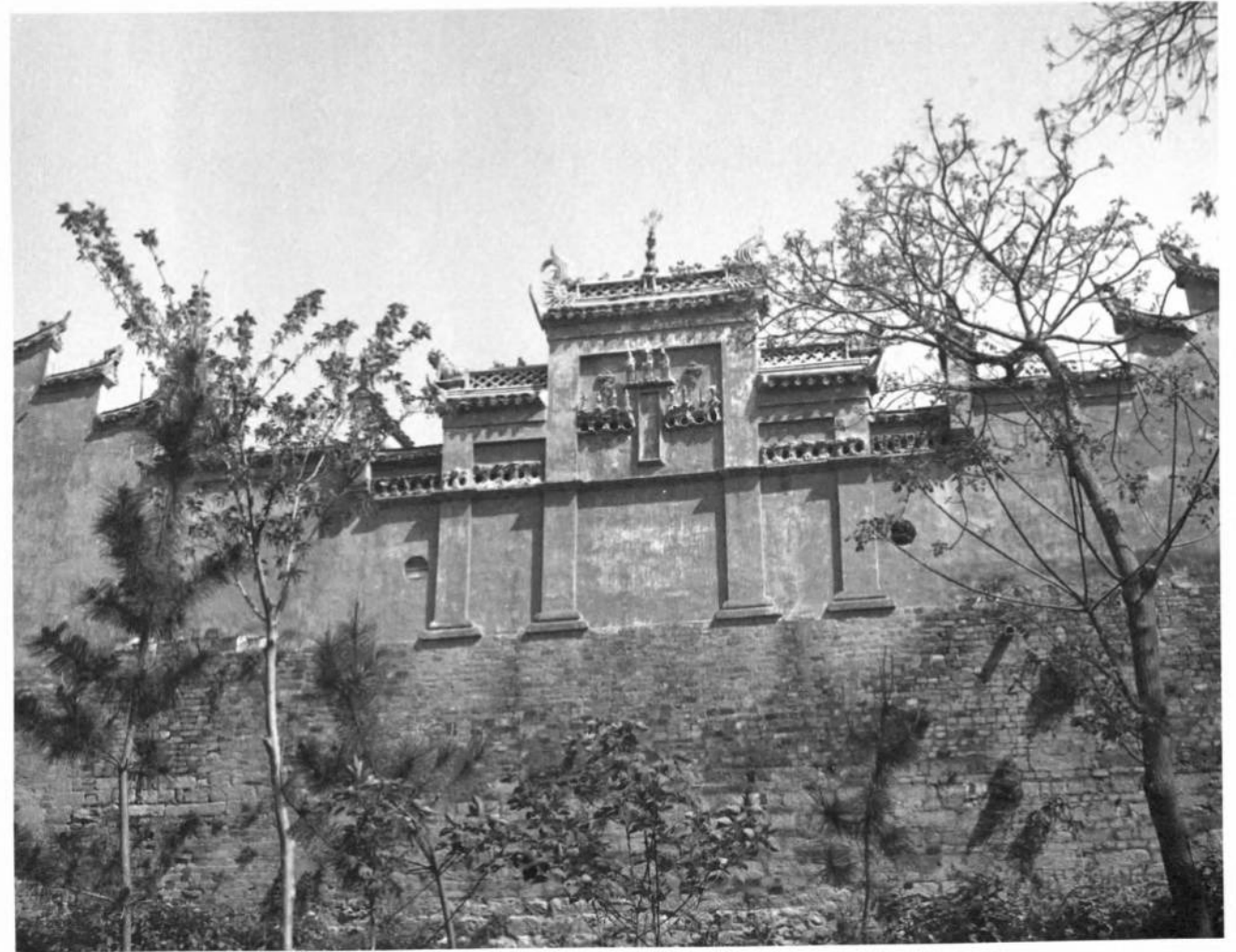
The Temple of Confucius.



Ornamental woodwork in the Temple of Confucius



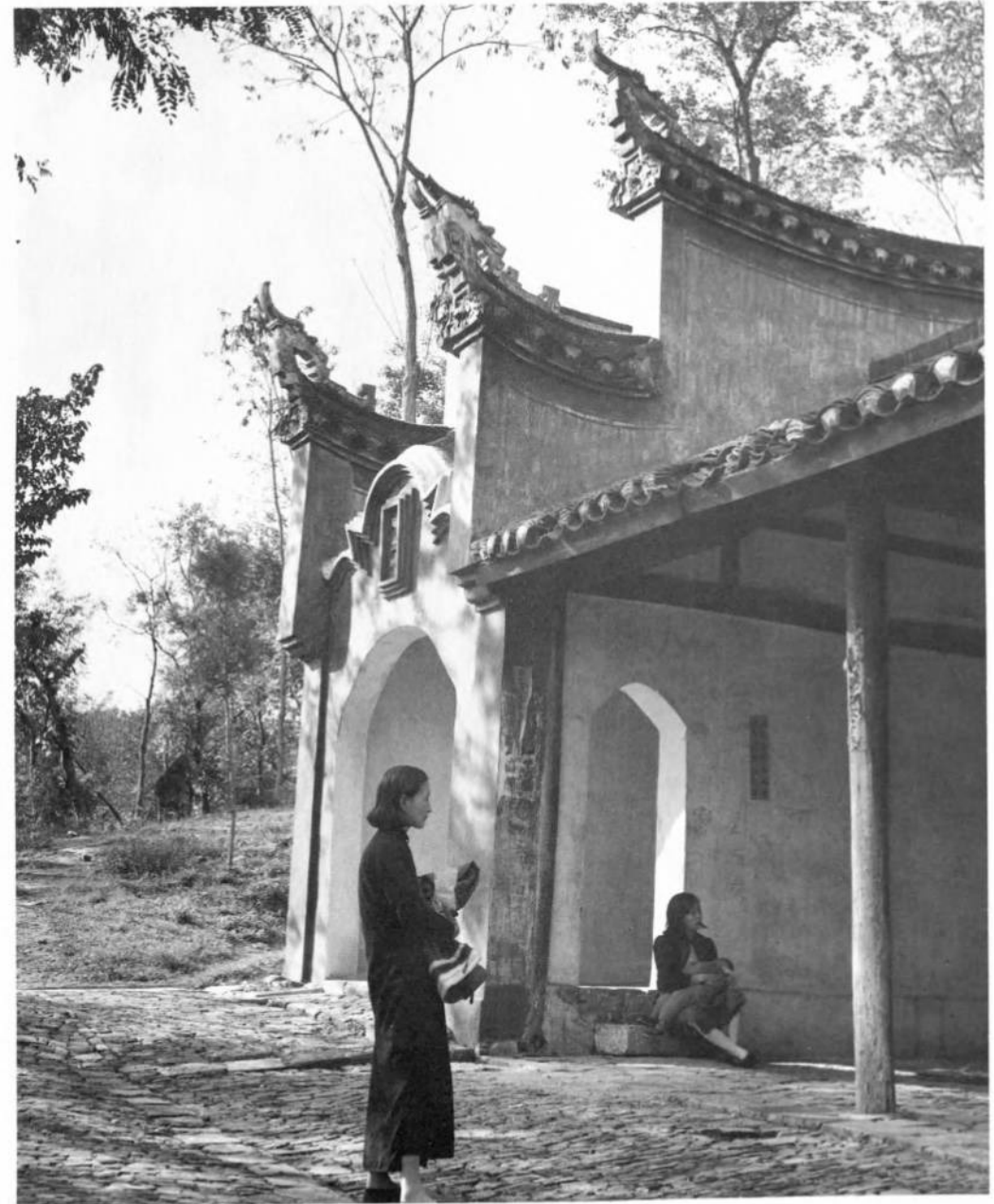
The T'ang dynasty pagoda at Niu T'ou Shan, south of the city.



The Cock Crow Temple (Chi Ming Ssu) in the inner city.



Statues in Chi Ming Ssu.



A corner of Chi Ming Ssu.



The Nanking mosque.



Interior of the Nanking mosque.



Courtyard of Ling Ku Ssu, a Buddhist temple north of Nanking. A neighbouring pagoda, dating to the 1930s, was the work of an American architect named Murphy.



The garden of P'u Te Ssu.



The Swallow's Rock Temple overlooking the Yangtze
north of Nanking.



View over the Yangtze from the Swallow's Rock.



The theme of 'Phoenix Paying Homage to the Rising Sun'
as depicted on a Ming ornamental carving.



Stone figures at the tomb of a Ming official.



Low pillar surmounted by a lion playing with a brocaded ball.



Vignette in a Nanking street.



A modest funeral in Nanking.



The approaches to the Sun Yat Sen Mausoleum.



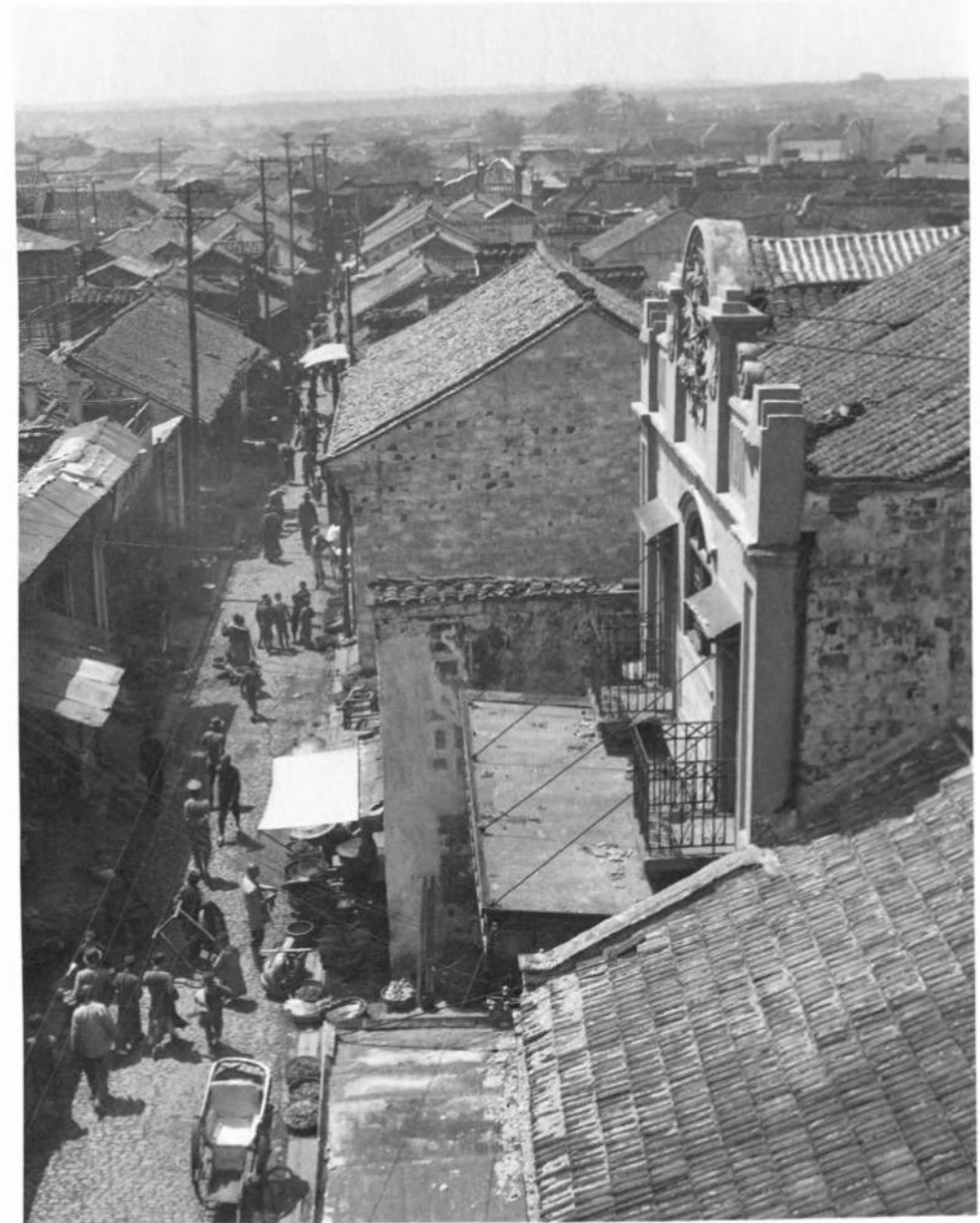
Nanking University.



Street scene.



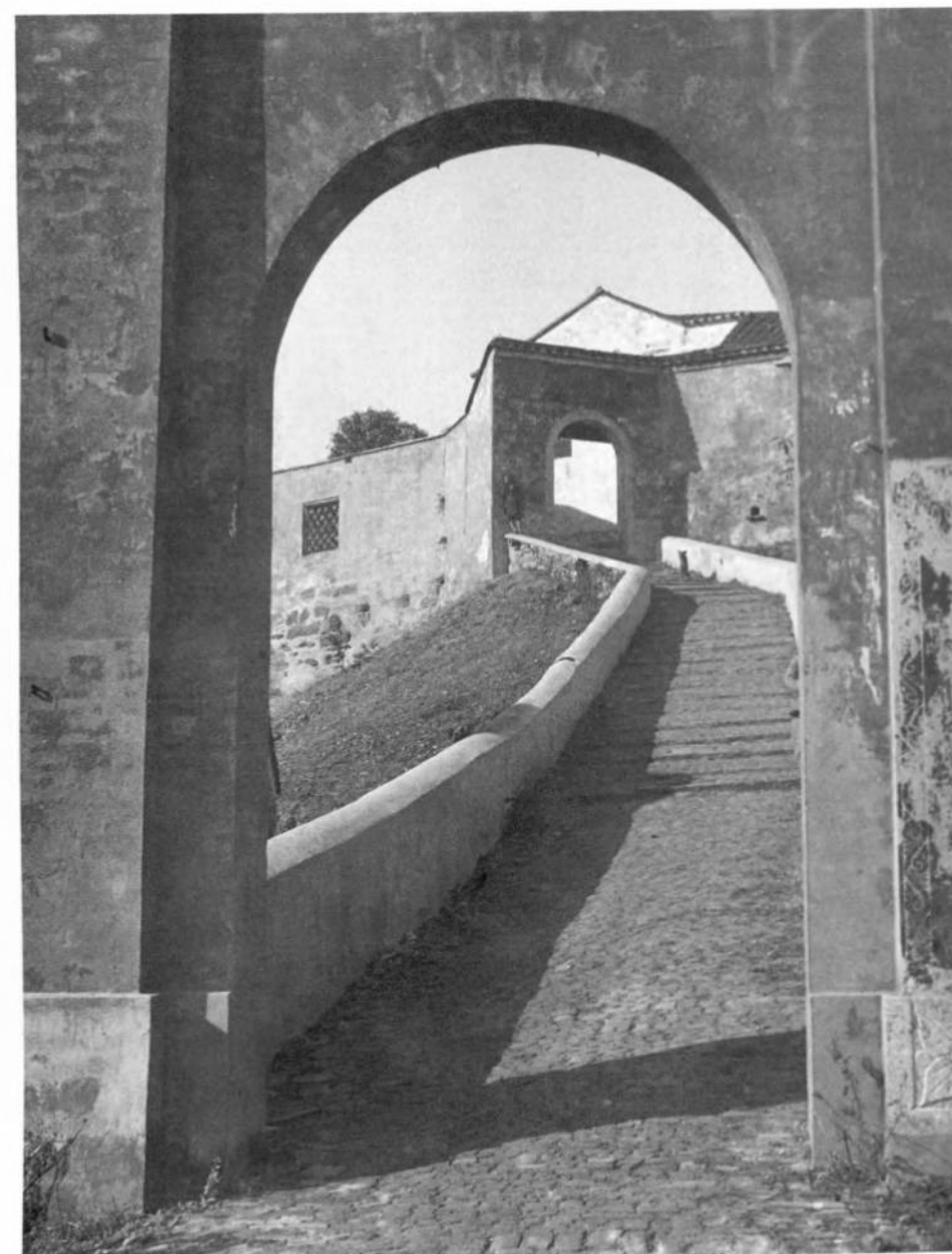
A modern building in the centre of Nanking.



Street scene.



Outer walls of a rich man's residence.



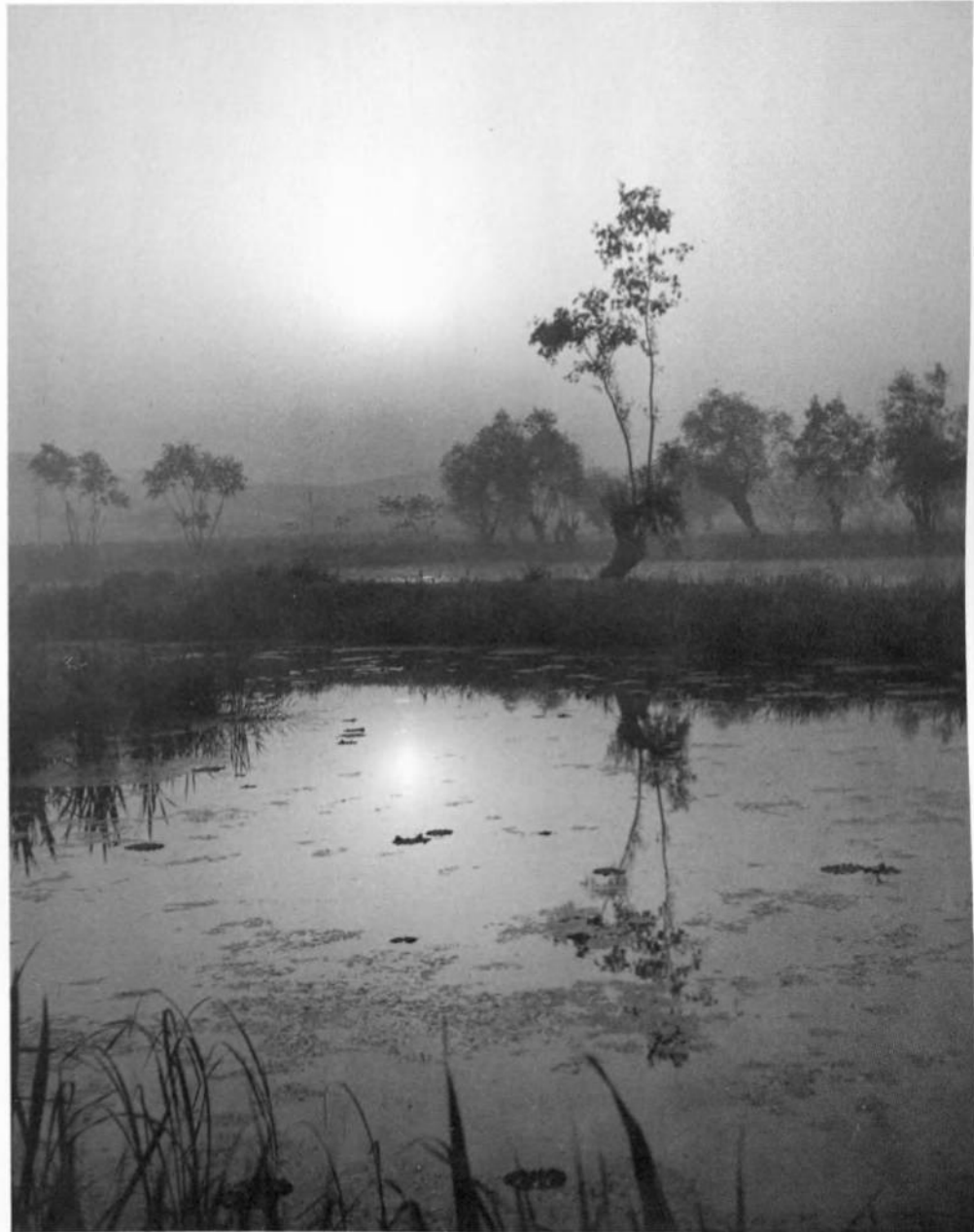
Approach to a rich man's residence.



View from the Temple of Confucius looking over the city
towards the Purple Mountain.



Early morning on the Lotus Lake, with the Purple Mountain
in the background.



Sunrise over wetlands north of Nanking.



Pagoda on one of the islets in the Lotus Lake.



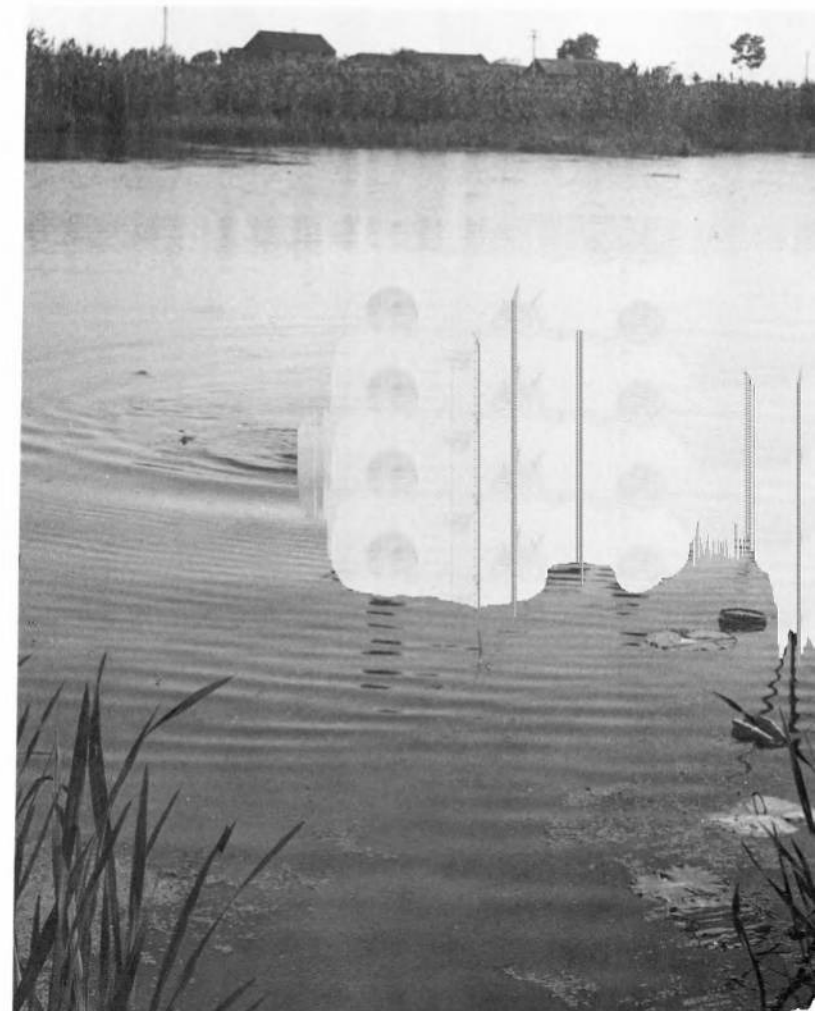
Life along the waterways where many families lived on sampans.



Fish were kept alive in net bags until it was time to take them to market.



Scoop-net fishing, a common sight along the streams and canals.



Collecting reeds for mat making.



Irrigation treadmill.



Harrowing a rice field.



Transplanting rice seedlings.



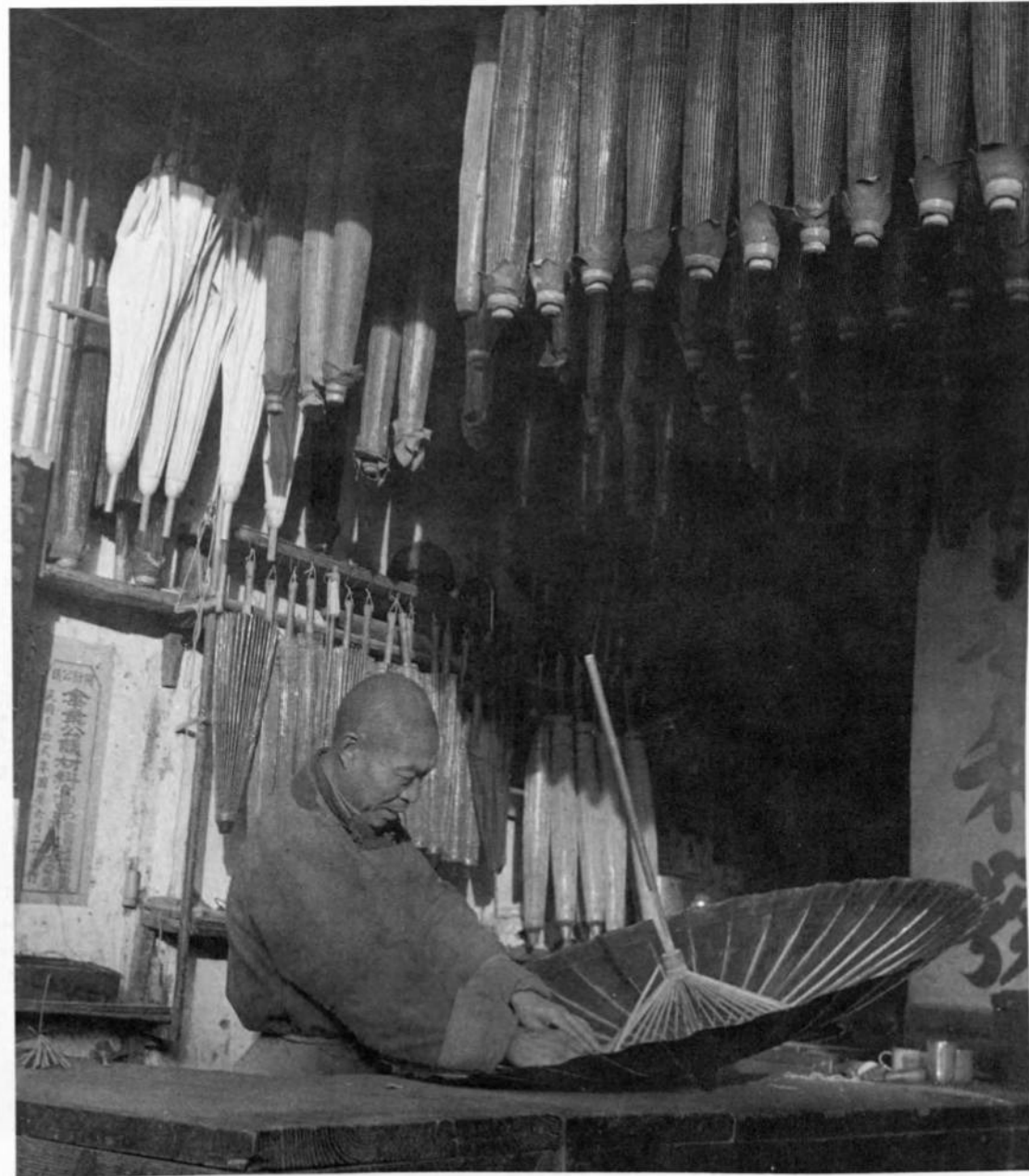
Peasant woman and her fuel. So dire was the poverty that rank weeds and grass and the smallest of small bushes had to serve as fuel.



Elderly peasant.



Depilating unwanted hair to accentuate the extent of the forehead.



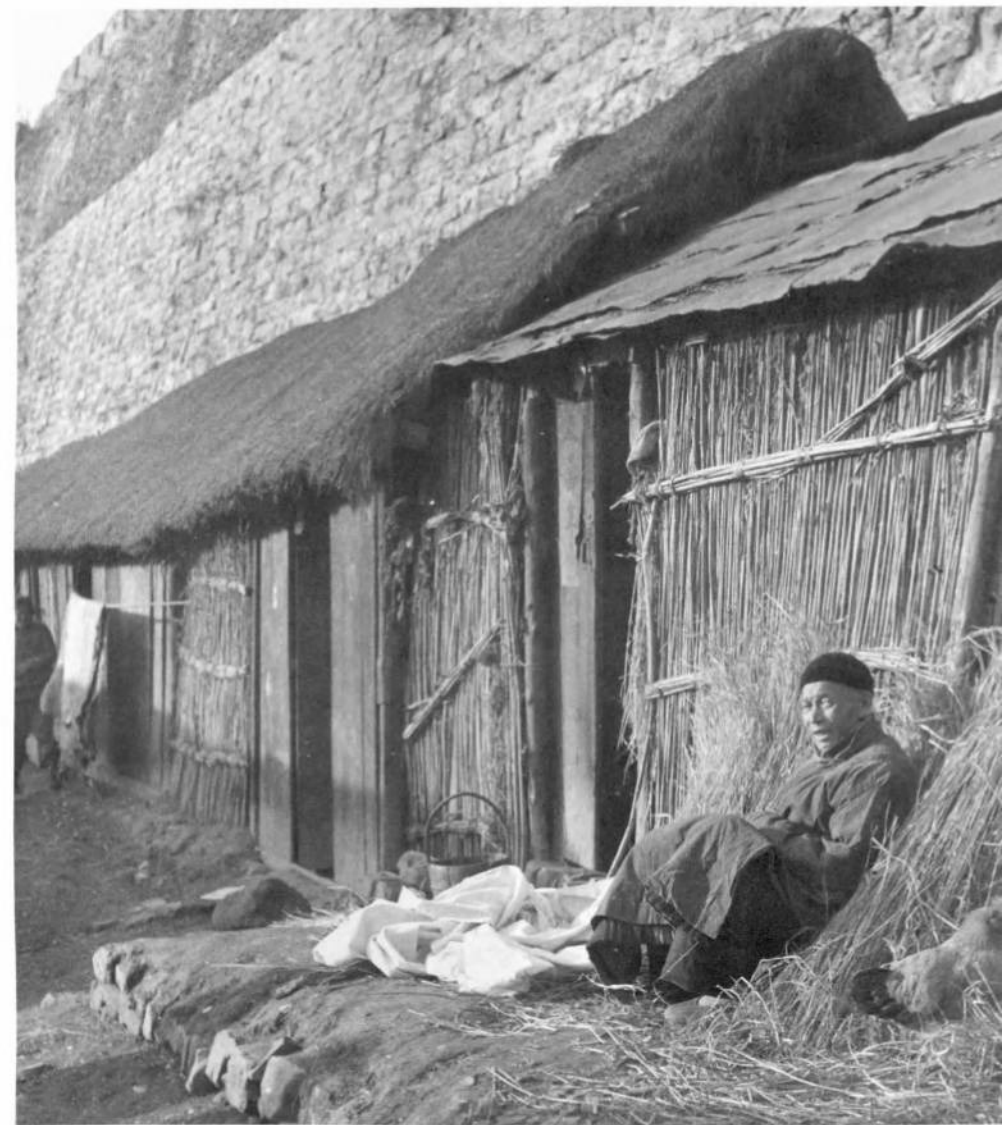
The umbrella maker.



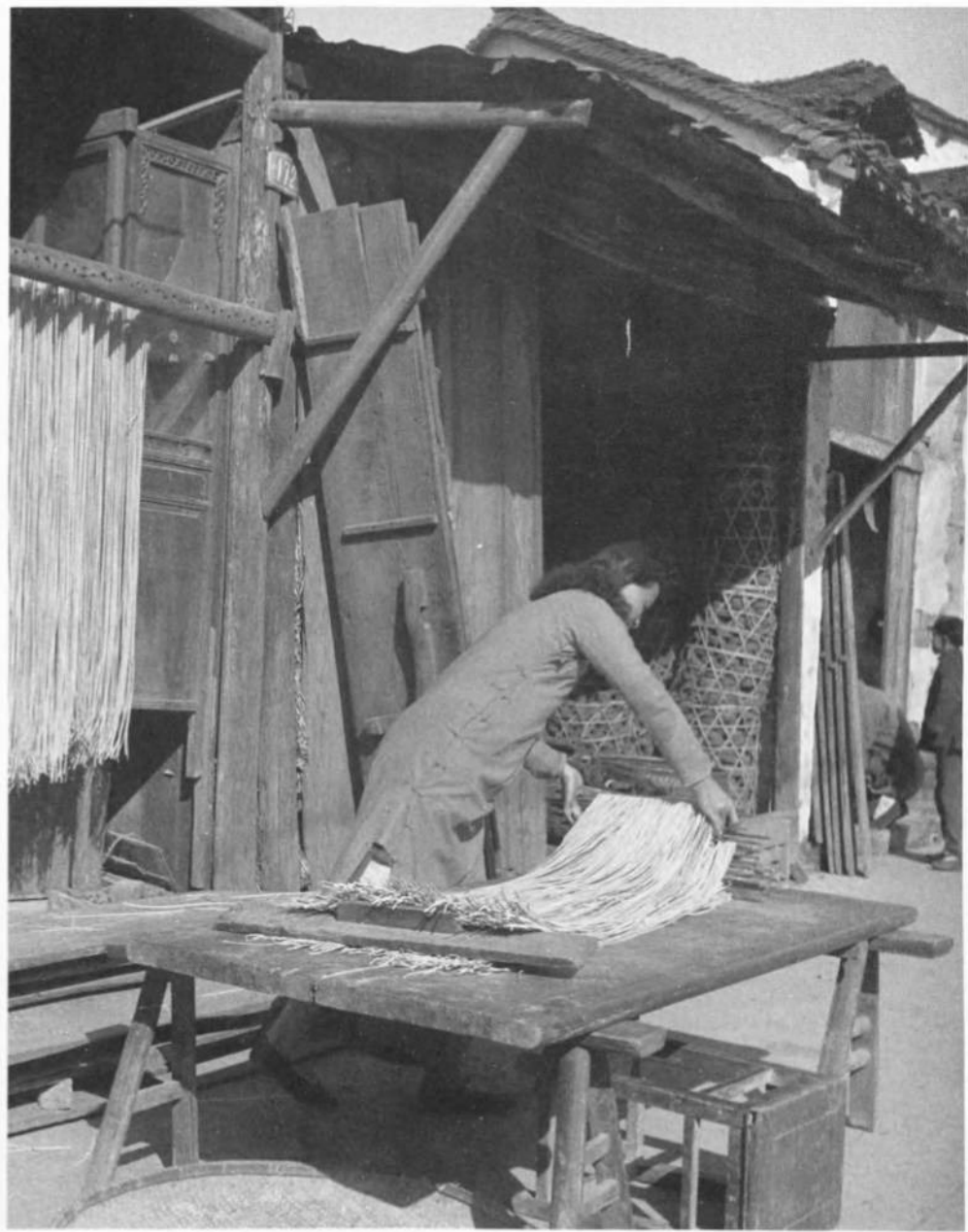
Market woman at work.



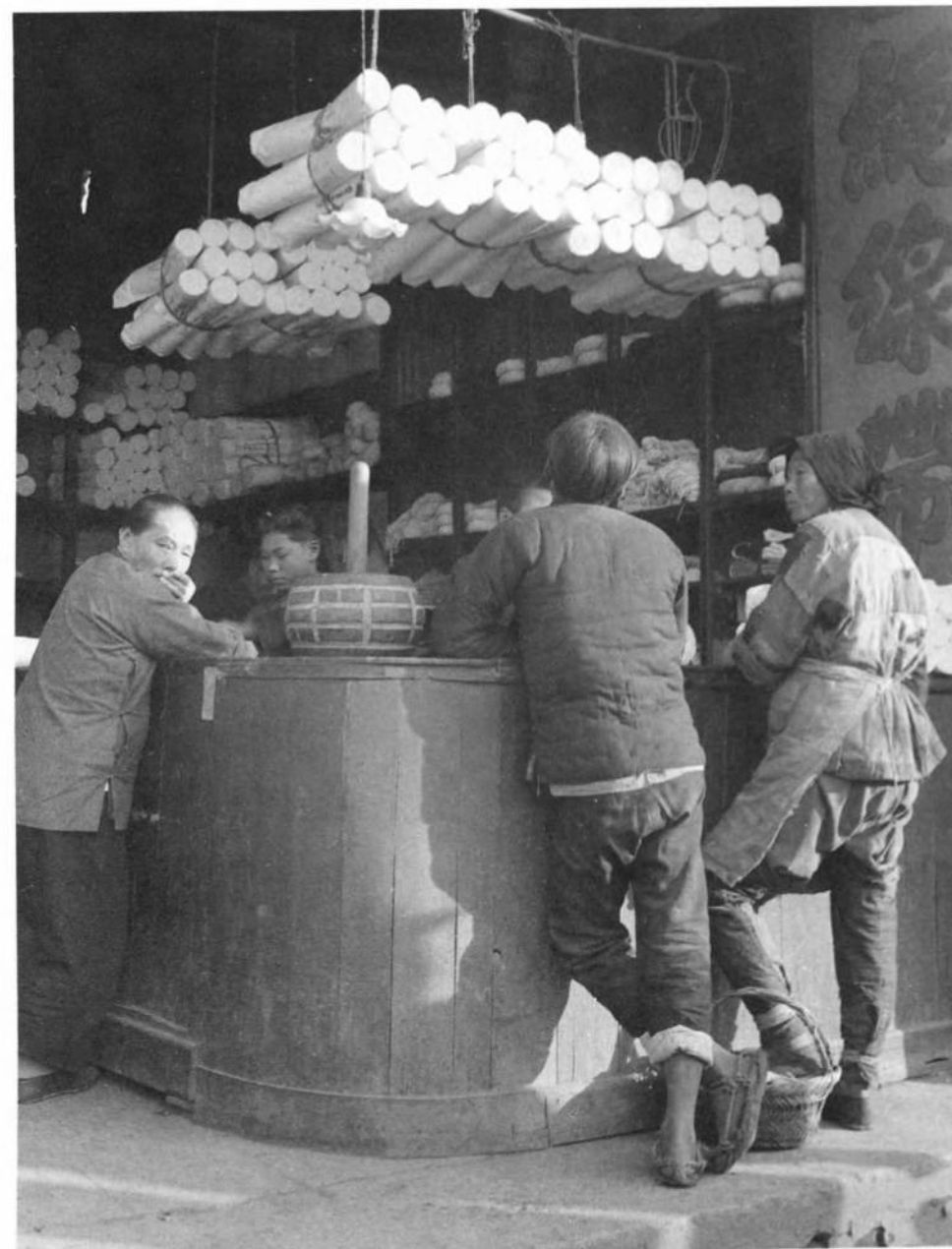
A cooper at work.



Warming up in the morning sun after a night of low temperatures.



Laying out dried noodles before packing.



Shop selling rope and string.



Weaving coarse cotton cloth.



Letter writer at work.



Fortune-teller.



An ingenious fortune-teller who could use several brushes simultaneously.

General

- The Cambridge Encyclopaedia of China* (1982).
Nagel's Encyclopaedia-Guide, China (1979).
Guide to China (Japan Government Railways, 1924).
The Encyclopaedia Sinica (Shanghai, 1917; reprinted by Oxford University Press, 1983).

Jehol

- Sven Hedin, *Jehol, City of Emperors* (New York, 1933).

Hua Shan

- Hedda Morrison and Wolfram Eberhard, *Hua Shan* (Vetch and Lee, Hong Kong, 1974). (The book was commissioned by Henri Vetch of the firm of Vetch and Lee of Hong Kong. Vetch was formerly proprietor of the Peking Book Store and he settled in Hong Kong after his imprisonment and release by the Chinese Communists. He was intensely interested in Taoism, and he lavished the most scrupulous attention on every aspect of the production of the book. Sadly the photographs were printed on inferior paper.)

Hua Shan and T'ai Shan

- Anna M. Hotchkis and Mary A. Mullikin, *The Nine Sacred Mountains of China* (Vetch and Lee, Hong Kong, 1973).

T'ai Shan and Ch'ü Fu

- Father F. Dransmann, *T'ai Shan-Kufow Guide* (The Catholic Mission Press, Yen-chowfu, 1934). (Father Dransmann was a missionary of the Society of the Divine Word. The book is notable for its excellent photography and it is to be hoped that his photographic collection has survived.)

Nanking

- Father Louis Gaillard, SJ, *Nankin d'alors et d'aujourd'hui* (*Variétés Sinologiques*, No. 23, Catholic Mission Press, Shanghai, 1903). (This is the most detailed and scholarly Western-language work on the city.)
 Alfred Hoffmann and Hedda Hammer, *Nanking* (1945).
 Barry Till and Paula Swart, *In Search of Old Nanking* (Hong Kong, 1982). (Though not really comparable to its namesake, *In Search of Old Peking*, this is a very useful little book containing a great deal of information. Strong on tombs, weak on temples.)

Romanization

THE following is a list of the Chinese names and terms as they are romanized in this book, with their equivalents in the Pinyin system of romanization currently used in the People's Republic of China, as well as the Chinese characters for them.

Anhui	安徽	Anhui
Ch'ang Hsin Tien	長辛店	Changxindian
Ch'eng Hua	成化	Chenghua
Ch'eng Te	承德	Chengde
Cheng Ting	正定	Zhengding
Ch'i Hsia Ssu	棲霞寺	Qixiasi
Chi Ming Ssu	雞鳴寺	Jimingsi
Chi Nan	濟南	Ji'nan
Chia Ch'ing	嘉慶	Jiaqing
Chiang Kai Shek	蔣介石	unchanged
Ch'in Huai	秦淮	Qinhuai
Ch'ing	清	Qing
Ch'ü Fu	曲阜	Qufu
Chü Ma Ho	拒馬河	Juma He
Chungking	重慶	Chongqing
Fukien	福建	Fujian
Han Yü	韓愈	Han Yu
Hopei	河北	Hebei
Hsien Feng	咸豐	Xianfeng
Hsü Mi Fu Shou Chih Miao	須彌福壽之廟	Xumifushouzhimiao
Hsüan Wu	玄武	Xuanwu
Hua Shan	華山	Huashan
Hua Yin	華陰	Huayin
Hung Wu	洪武	Hongwu
Hupei	湖北	Hubei
Jehol (Je Ho)	熱河	Rehe
ju-i	如意	ruyi
k'ang	坑	kang

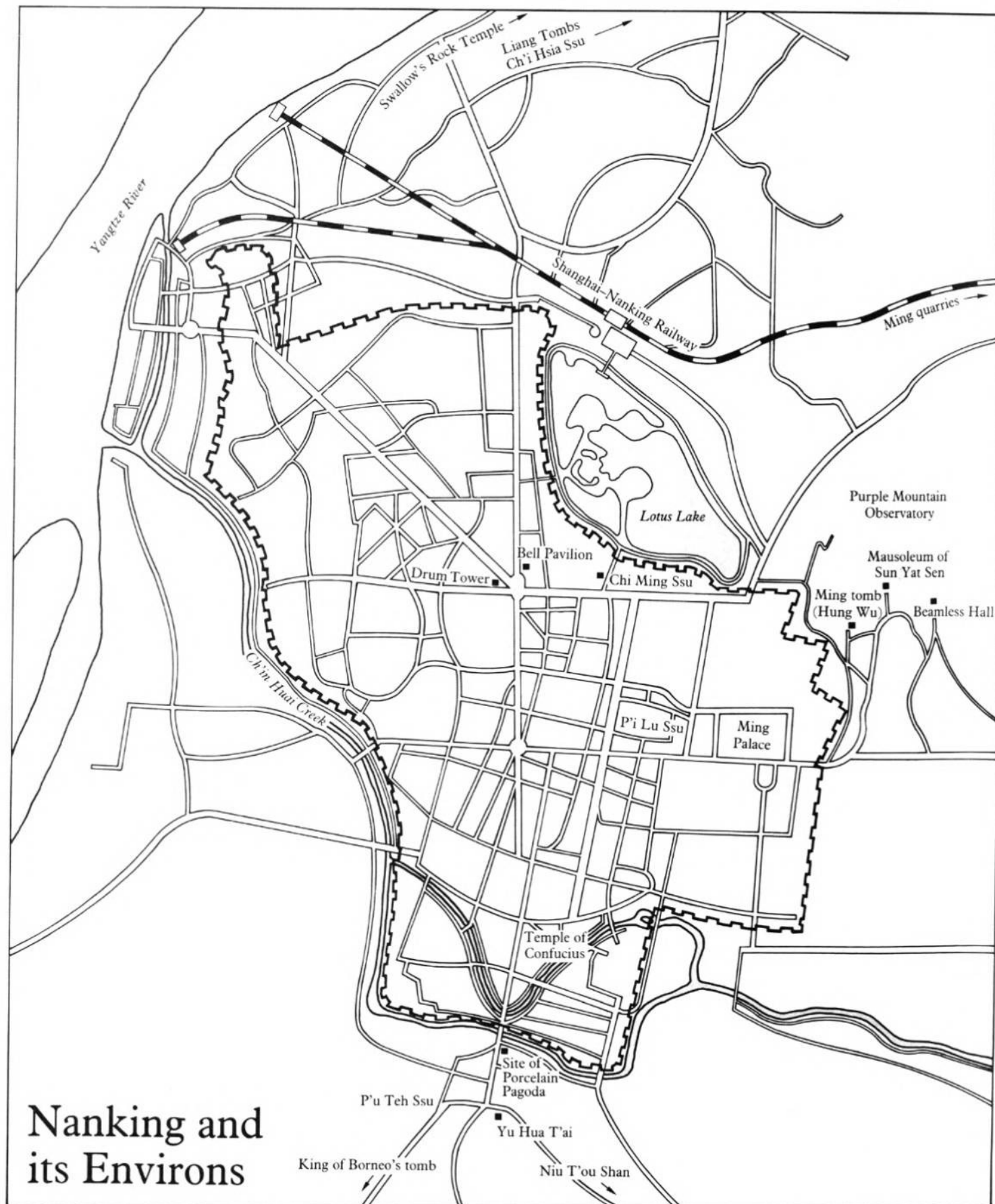
Romanization

K'ang Hsi	康熙	Kangxi
Kiangsi	江西	Jiangxi
Kiangsu	江蘇	Jiangsu
K'ung	孔	Kong
Kuomintang	國民黨	Guomindang
Kwangtung	廣東	Guangdong
Li Tzu Ch'eng	李自成	Li Zicheng
Liang	梁	Liang
Ling Ku Ssu	靈谷寺	Linggusi
Ling Yen Ssu	靈巖寺	Lingyansi
Lohan	羅漢	Luohan
Lu Kou Ch'iao	蘆溝橋	Lugouqiao
Lung Hsing Ssu	隆興寺	Longxingsi
Mencius	孟子	Mengzi
Ming	明	Ming
Nanking	南京	Nanjing
Niu T'ou Shan	牛頭山	Niutoushan
p'ai-lou	牌樓	pailou
Pao En Ssu	報恩寺	Bao'ensi
Pao Ting	保定	Baoding
Pei Hua Shan	北華山	Beihuashan
Peitaiho	北戴河	Beidaihe
Peking	北京	Beijing
Peking-Hankow Railway	京漢鐵路	Beijing-Hankou Railway
P'i Chih Pagoda	辟支塔	Pizhi Pagoda
P'i Lu Ssu	毗盧寺	Pilusi
P'u Lo Ssu	普樂寺	Pulesi
P'u Ning Ssu	普寧寺	Puningsi
P'u Te Ssu	普德寺	Pudesi
Shanhaikuan	山海關	Shanhaiguan
Shansi	山西	Shanxi
Shantung	山東	Shandong
She Li	舍利	Sheli

Sheng Mu
Shensi
Shih Chia Chuang
shou
Sian
Sun Yat Sen
Sung
Ta Fo Ssu
Ta Lung Men
Ta T'ung
T'ai An
T'ai Miao
T'ai P'ing
T'ai Shan
T'ai Yüan
Tan Yang
T'ang
Taoism
Tsin Ling
Tsingtao
Tsou Hsien
Wang Ching Wei
Wei
Wei Hai Wei
Weng
Wu Liang Tien
Wu San Kuei
Yangtze
Yü Hua T'ai
Yüan
Yüan Shih K'ai
Yün Kang
Yung Lo

聖母
陝西
石家莊
壽
西安
孫逸仙
宋
大佛寺
大龍門
大同
泰安
泰廟
太平
泰山
太原
丹陽
唐
道教
秦嶺
青島
鄒縣
汪精衛
魏
威海衛
翁
無樑殿
吳三桂
揚子
雨花臺
元
袁世凱
雲岡
永樂

Shengmu
Shaanxi
Shijiazhuang
shou
Xi'an
unchanged
Song
Dafosi
Dalongmen
Datong
Tai'an
Taimiao
Taiping
Taishan
Taiyuan
Danyang
Tang
Daoism
Qinling
Qingdao
Zouxian
Wang Jingwei
Wei
Weihaiwei
Weng
Wuliangdian
Wu Sangui
Yangzi
Yuhuatai
Yuan
Yuan Shikai
Yungang
Yongle



Between 1933 and 1946, Hedda Morrison (née Hammer) worked as a photographer in Peking. During those years, she availed herself of every opportunity to travel out of the city to see other parts of China: Yün Kang, one of the most important Buddhist sites; Cheng Ting; Jehol, the old Imperial summer seat, many of whose edifices were built by the Emperor K'ang Hsi; Hua Shan, the awesome mountain sacred to Taoists; the Lost Tribe country; the Shantung coast, where houses were built of stone, unlike elsewhere in China; Pao Ting; Ch'ü Fu and T'ai Shan; and Nanking, a city rich in history and culture in the lush lower Yangtze valley.

This collection of photographs, taken during her travels with the same keenness of observation and sympathy for her subjects as those published in *A Photographer in Old Peking*, records a China wider in geographic scope and more varied in interest. It is a fitting sequel to the earlier collection and a worthy volume in its own right.

Hedda Morrison, author of *A Photographer in Old Peking* (Oxford University Press, 1985), is married to Alastair Morrison, the son of G. E. Morrison (Morrison of Peking). After leaving China in 1946, they lived for almost twenty years in Sarawak, Borneo, before moving to Canberra, Australia.