

"THE FATHER OF ALL STONE BRIDGES"

(See Walk No. 7)

SHANGHAI COUNTRY WALKS

by

E. S. WILKINSON

SHANGHAI

NORTH-CHINA DAILY NEWS & HERALD LIMITED

FIRST EDITION: 1932
SECOND AND REVISED EDITION: 1934

CONTENTS

	Pages
INTRODUCTION.— <i>Some preliminary remarks (with special reference to the sketch-maps)</i>	13-17
CHAPTER I.— <i>An 18 mile walk with a lunch interval</i> Walk No. 1 (map opposite page 26)	18-27
CHAPTER II.— <i>To Si-king and back by different routes</i> Walk No. 2 (map opposite page 36)	30-38
CHAPTER III.— <i>A short stroll for Saturday afternoon</i> Walk No. 3 (map on page 47)	40-47
CHAPTER IV.— <i>To the Hills from Si-king</i> Walk No. 4 (map opposite page 56)	50-57
CHAPTER V.— <i>How to reach the Hills by paths lying North of the Si-king Route</i> Walk No. 5 (maps opposite page 68)	60-68
CHAPTER VI.— <i>A roundabout to Chi-pao</i> Walk No. 6 (map opposite page 78)	70-78
CHAPTER VII.— <i>Sung-kiang to Shanghai</i> Walk No. 7 (maps on pages 90 and 91)	80-91
CHAPTER VIII.— <i>The Northern Hill (Po-ku-se)</i> Walk No. 8 (maps on pages 102 and 103)	94-103

CONTENTS

	Pages
CHAPTER IX.— <i>A short walk in the near country</i>	
Walk No. 9 (map on page 112)	106-112
CHAPTER X.— <i>Heaven and Hell (a short stroll)</i>	
Walk No. 10 (map on page 122)	114-122
CHAPTER XI.— <i>London Town and Hungjao</i>	
Walk No. 11 (map opposite page 130)	124-131
CHAPTER XII.— <i>A walk through the country to Minghong</i>	
Walk No. 12	133-140
CHAPTER XIII.— <i>Suggestions to riders, cyclists and walkers; and a map to the Hills Country</i>	
The Hills Country (map opposite page 150)	143-147

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION

The country around Shanghai holds out few of the conventional inducements to the walker, but offers others which well compensate for the lack of them. There are no fingerposts to guide nor fences to obstruct one; no dusty stretches of road, but innumerable quiet streams. The only certainty is the unexpected, and what more, if the walking is good and the country people are amiable, can the good walker desire?

Riders and house-boaters explored and began mapping it half a century ago and their memories of the Far East will be inseparably connected with rural China rather than with crowded Shanghai streets. The author of "*Shanghai Country Walks*" has carried on the work in this varied selection of excursions into the Western country, which will appeal to all lovers of the open air. Comparatively few of us have tramped the country to any extent on foot; those who have are gainers in health and experience, but profit even more in acquiring some knowledge of Chinese life and customs and a better understanding of its people.

The remark too frequently heard—"Oh, Shanghai isn't China!"—may be true enough, but it does not apply to the country a few miles from the Settlement boundaries. Many of us have no opportunities for travel in the interior of China, but we have at hand, with the aid of this little book, ready-made excursions into China and opportunities for observation that will take the sting out of the ancient taunt.

Is it safe? In the experience of the author and of many others of us who have been riding and walking in the country for years, its people are either uninterested in or friendly to the foreigner; one's attitude—whether inconsiderate or sympathetic—is usually reciprocated. The only confirmed antagonist of the foreigner is the Chinese wonk, but his bark is worse than his bite and a walking-stick will keep him at a safe distance.

So may these many attractive walks mapped out by Mr. Wilkinson inspire others to enjoy them and to go farther afield in search of new ones.

September, 1934

R. W. D.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION

Having been informed in the Spring of this year that the first edition was practically sold out, I made plans to go over each walk again with a view to a second edition in the Autumn. The very wet and uncertain Spring weather was against me (particularly at week-ends), and some of the longer walks finally amounted almost to forced marches during the heat of June. Nevertheless, I managed to get over practically all of the ground and, as a result, have thought it better to leave the walks as originally described, with a few exceptions which need not be mentioned in detail. Such changes as are worth mentioning have been summarized in a short introduction to each Chapter, and if walkers will read these in conjunction with the general instructions, I think the present position will be quite clear. Footnotes have also been altered or deleted as necessary.

Walk No. 7 from Sung-kiang to the Hills should prove popular in almost any weather now that it is approachable by motor-road, and it is perhaps fortunate that I was forced to take this walk in late June after the fields were flooded for the rice planting, for I then discovered for the first time that part of the route previously given was impracticable under such circumstances: I have therefore inserted an alternative route for use at any time when the rice is in the ground.

Since this book was first published I have noticed a great increase in the number of walkers in the country, and I sincerely hope that many more will learn to gain health, as well as knowledge of the country they live in, by following these and any similar walks of their own discovery.

July, 1934.

E. S. WILKINSON.

INTRODUCTION.

SOME PRELIMINARY REMARKS (WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE SKETCH-MAPS) WHICH THE KEEN WALKER IS PARTICULARLY REQUESTED TO PERUSE

NEARLY all the articles in this book were first published as a fortnightly series in the "North-China Sunday News," Magazine Section, and the manner of their birth must be some excuse for the patchiness of their style. Hastily put together in the few spare hours of winter evenings, both sketch-maps and articles leave much to be desired, for haste is conducive neither to accuracy nor to literary excellence. Yet a number of friends, too kind perhaps in their forbearance of criticism, have requested me to publish the articles in more permanent form, and in doing so I am taking the opportunity to offer some explanation not only as to their origin, but also as to their meaning and intention.

The original articles were christened by the Editor "If You Like to Go for Walks," for he, like the writer, was entirely ignorant as to what they would develop into. Having now the finished collection of articles before me I have decided to call them "Shanghai Country Walks," since that is more indicative of their nature ; yet, even so, I offer that title with some trepidation.

THE CHARM OF OUR WESTERN COUNTRY

For who, having learnt to love the country in fairer lands, can think of such a phrase without conjuring up visions of lush meadows, babbling brooks, flaming blossoms, singing birds, winding lanes, shady woods, snug inns and all those thousand and one beauties and delights which we Europeans associate with a country walk ? It is, I believe, a fact that the majority of Shanghai residents despise the country around them because it represents in their minds, flatness, dirt, poverty, stagnation, bad smells, lack of colour and absence of charm. And it was, perhaps, just to try to correct that impression that I wrote the original articles.

Being convinced myself that our country-side has beauty and charm, if you care to look for it, I have not found it easy to select a group of walks for the reader's trial. Some like to walk in the neighbourhood

of their homes, others prefer to go further afield: hence I have chosen a few walks among the outside roads, some in the "near country" of the Western District and have finally taken the reader into that fine open tract of country between the Aerodrome and the Shanghai Hills. This choice of country is purely arbitrary, and I would undoubtedly have extended my field of operations had the country not been closed owing to the Sino-Japanese conflict which took place in the early Spring of this year (1932). I wish, however, to accentuate the fact that if walkers will only learn to study and follow maps, the variety of walks to be found in other parts of our surrounding country is endless.

With this preamble, I will hasten to give some information concerning the maps now offered and to make my suggestions for their use in conjunction with the articles.

FOLLOWING THE ROAD BY MAP

All maps of the "near country," *i.e.*, those roughly within the limits of the "North-China Daily News Hong List Map," are based almost entirely on that map. And if it were not somewhat inconvenient to refer to a large map when walking in the country (particularly on a windy day) I could do no better than advise readers to use the Hong List map alone. There are, however, distinct advantages in having a small sketch-map containing only the details of the particular walk you are taking, and I am, therefore, having each map printed separately, instead of referring the reader to a general "key-map." For many reasons I would have preferred supplying the maps loose in a pocket or envelope, but, after careful thought, decided to have them bound in the book for their better protection. The book is being made of such a size that it can conveniently be carried in the walker's pocket, while those who prefer not to be burdened in this way can easily detach the maps for use in the country. The suggested procedure would then be; first to read the article dealing with the walk and to make yourself familiar with the various landmarks on the appropriate map; then to carry the book with you for reference in case of need; or if you prefer it, to cut out the special map and carry that alone.

Admitting then, that the Hong List map is the "key-map" of all our "near country" walks, it is disappointing that it does not go quite far enough west to form a convenient stepping-stone into the Aerodrome-Hills country. You will find that its western border stops just short of the Aerodrome (on the Hungjao Road) and of Chi-pao (on the Siccawei Creek), thus missing all that important strip of country

with which I had to begin my "Hills Country" map on its eastern border. Yet, strangely enough, after I had completed most of the maps dealing with that "border section" I discovered that Volume I. of Mr. Justice Feetham's report on Shanghai contained an excellent map, based on the S.M.C. survey, which extended westward as far as Chi-pao; and had this come to my notice at an earlier date I could have made a much better job, for example, of the sketch-map published with Walk No. 6 in which the "Wobbly Creek" puzzled me so much.

This explanation really disposes of the "near country" maps, and may be taken, in short, to mean that the reader can get all the information I have given from maps already published (if he will take the trouble to find it) so far as that section of the country is concerned.

THE HILLS COUNTRY THROUGH THE WINTER

The case of the "Hills Country" map is quite different and it is in this connection that I must give a more elaborate explanation. Here I was confronted with a piece of country which to the best of my knowledge is unmapped in any such detail as would meet the requirements of a walker. To make a proper "key-map" was obviously beyond my powers, since I possessed neither the necessary surveyor's instruments nor the knowledge of how to use them. Yet a usable map finally evolved itself out of my trials and tribulations; and I can only explain it by saying that, like Topsy in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," it could account for its humble existence by saying "I 'specks I grewed." As an example of the crude methods by which it "grewed" I would instance a small section about two inches square in the "Po-ku-se" district; striving to fill in detail, which I realized must be wrong when I put it on paper, I found afterwards that I had walked about 55 miles between Saturday and Monday to complete two inches of the map!

Taking the country piece by piece, I made rough sketches of the best paths available, basing the routes entirely on the lines of bridges. Gradually, as my knowledge increased over two walking seasons (each extending roughly from October to May) I began to realize that these sketches could be fitted together with some semblance of accuracy if only a working basis could be found. After asking for guidance from a number of friends I came to the conclusion that the only suitable map previously published which could provide such a basis was that produced many years ago by the Siccawei Fathers, entitled "The Shortest Road to the Hills." Since the Fathers always took their walk to Zo-se from Siccawei, their shortest route naturally followed the Siccawei Creek and

their published survey covered the country only along the margin of that creek to Si-king and thence to the Hills. They called it a "Preliminary Survey" but the detail was obviously accurate and just such as a walker would require; but with the extension of the Hungjao Road to the Aerodrome it was apparent that other and possibly shorter routes were available to the Shanghai resident if he could only find them. (Also, quite apart from directness, there is much pleasure to be had in finding new and variable routes.)

Thus it was that I began to piece together my rough sketches until I was able to produce a fairly useful, though very rough, key-map of the Hills country west of the Aerodrome. That it is quite inaccurate from the point of view of an expert cartographer I am fully aware, but I still believe that it will be found of use to all who wish to explore that very pleasant tract of country.

MAPPING BY "TRIAL AND ERROR"

My abysmal ignorance of the science of surveying is such that I am one of the last people alive capable of giving advice on the subject of map-drawing. Yet I would like to draw the reader's attention to the great interest and pleasure to be had by attempting it, either with or without the assistance of any proper instruments. That map-drawing is not taught in our schools probably accounts to a great extent for our lack of interest in geography and even in history. Those who are prepared to give it a trial will find many interesting books on the subject, such as "Map Work" by Bryant and Hughes (Oxford Clarendon Press), though I must hasten to add that I have merely glanced at, but never read, any such book. The veriest beginner can soon learn to take a compass bearing, and a little practice will soon teach him to ascertain the position of any given point by plotting angles from two or more known marks and finding the point where the lines intersect. To do this accurately, according to the books, may be very difficult to a tyro, but to do it roughly with a reasonable margin of error, even without the use of any scientific instrument, is quite a simple matter; and the old theory of "trial and error" will come to your rescue in the end if you are patient!

The measuring of distances is a difficult matter at first, but rough and ready methods will always get you somewhere near accuracy in the end. Let me suggest the following:—

Count your paces on the theory that you walk a yard for each pace: then check this up until you learn the average length of your pace; a

medium-sized man will probably do 110 "easy" paces to 100 yards, while the old infantry pace is 30 inches, or 120 paces to 100 yards.

If you use a bicycle in the country fix a piece of white paper to a spoke of your front wheel and count the revolutions: then multiply up on the ascertained circumference of your wheel. This will give you most accurate results.

For the roughest calculations, learn the average pace at which you walk when "going easy": if your pace is three miles an hour, you cover one mile in 20 minutes and a quarter-mile in five minutes. This sounds too simple to be of any use, yet you will be surprised how nearly distances can be measured by timing.

The use of the sun for getting direction is dealt with in another chapter, and altogether I think I have said quite sufficient to explain the very simple methods on which my Hills sketch-maps have been based, and on which any other sketch-maps may be constructed. If the reader will accept such maps as I am now offering as a guide, remembering that they are based on such "rough and ready" calculations, I will spare his patience and leave them in his hands for better or for worse.

Removals, and alterations in the construction, of bridges which have taken place since I walked this country last Spring, cannot be dealt with here in detail. I have added a few footnotes to the articles to explain such alterations as have come to my notice, and I must leave the reader to make his own corrections on the maps where these may prove necessary.

And so; Good Walking!

"Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never made his work for man to mend."

—DRYDEN.

INTRODUCTION TO WALK No. 1.

SECOND EDITION.

Speaking in general terms, Walk No. 1 remains very much the same as when it was originally described: it was my first attempt to describe a walk for readers to follow, and it hardly makes interesting reading. But I leave it as originally written if only to show how this book began its existence. When you come to the villages beside the Aerodrome and find the modern traffic-carrying bridge which takes the place of the original stone bridge, I hope you will pause to think of the developments in our country-side during the past few years. Soon you will be able to proceed along the new road in behind the dirty villages full of dogs and chickens. Even now you may go some hundreds of yards along the new road, following the path beaten into the mud, and then turn right into the village a few yards before the next stone bridge which is crossed right-handed: but, somehow, I doubt if you will enjoy it more than I did on my original tramps when there was no road, and the old stone bridge, destroyed in the "war" of 1932, still stood: its bones may still be seen at the point where the two creeks meet.

The map drawn for the more complicated part of this walk skips a lot of detail, and I suggest you compare it with the rough map made for Walk No. 6 covering part of the same country. From the notes preceding Walk No. 6 in this edition you will note that a small stone bridge (following the long bridge over Rubicon Creek) has now been replaced by a wooden-slat bridge and this must be crossed before you turn right-handed into the country away from the Siccawei Creek.

CHAPTER I

SOME INTRODUCTORY REMARKS AS TO THE AUTHOR'S
OBJECTIVE AND THE COUNTRY HE INTENDS TO DESCRIBE:
SOME ADVICE FOR BEGINNERS: AND FINALLY, AN EIGHTEEN
MILE WALK WITH AN INTERVAL FOR LUNCH

"When we please to walk abroad
For our recreation
In the fields is our abode
Full of delectation"

—THE COMPLEAT ANGLER

To anyone who is fond of the country in its varying degrees of beauty and interest, walking is undoubtedly an ideal hobby combining healthy exercise with mental stimulant, but for many years it has not been numbered among the popular pastimes so far as English people are concerned. Yet, strangely enough, it has just recently had a wave of popularity in England under the strange name of "hiking." This probably accounts for the fact that the invitation to write these articles came in the form of a request for a description of a few "hikes" around Shanghai, thus filling me with curiosity as to the real meaning of that queer word.

To me it conjures up pictures in "Punch" of adipose young females, in "shorts" much too tight for them, tramping along a country road, pack on back, accompanied by strange-looking youths who are distinguishable only by budding moustaches and large round spectacles. If this is "hiking," then I prefer to walk. Although the dictionaries tell us that the verb "to hike" is connected with the word "hitch," meaning to move with a jerk, I prefer to believe that it is more intimately connected with the colloquial expression "to hike," meaning to carry on the shoulders; we would thus arrive at the fine distinction that "a hike" means a walk of such duration as to necessitate the carrying of food and clothing, while "a walk" would merely indicate

a promenade without baggage. I must confess that in many years' walking I have never referred to my peregrinations, with or without a burden, by any name other than "a walk" and so with the reader's permission I will stick to that Anglo-Saxon word, whether our journey be short or long.

Not even the greatest optimist can claim that the Shanghai district is a happy hunting-ground for the lover of country walks, but in spite of the ever-encroaching builder, I can at least state that pleasant walks are to be found if the pedestrian is prepared to put up with a few of those little inconveniences which are, perhaps, given more prominence than they deserve. Take, for example, the Chinese method of raising crops—but I think I can better describe this by quoting the classic words of Jay Denby in his "Letters of a Shanghai Griffin"—

"I must inform you that their (the farmers') time is spent mainly in the vocation of agriculture, the chief productions therefrom being smells, graves, and rice, in the order named. China is the country of the small landholder, for land, being difficult to steal, is looked upon as the only really safe investment . . . the farmer who succeeds in making his land smell more abominably than his neighbours is looked upon with respect, admiration, and envy by the surrounding population."

I must agree with Mr. Denby that there *are* smells; there are also dogs (locally known as "wonks"), narrow paths, much mud (at times) and a general flatness, all of which, when combined, are not conducive to enjoyable walking. But my reply to the detractors of our countryside is that the smells are only apparent among certain crops at certain times; that dogs may be to a great extent avoided by learning to avoid the villages; that narrow paths are quite convenient if you will learn to walk and talk in "Indian file"; and that there is a certain pleasing restfulness about flat country if you will try to cultivate the taste for it.

Before I describe some of the available walks and the country we shall see when we take them, may I first try the patience of the reader by enumerating a few things to be borne in mind when walking in Chinese country. For by encouraging people to use the country I am incurring some responsibility, not only to the few who are perhaps prone to regard it as their particular preserve, but to the Chinese

peasants through whose actual property we shall be passing. Let me begin with a few "DON'TS."

DON'T go about in large and noisy parties which will attract too much attention. Small parties moving quickly do not attract crowds; they also avoid the probability of mild "rags" which may lead to unpleasantness.

DON'T do anything which may harm a farmer's crops or damage his property. He is a poor man and will naturally resent the very slightest interference with his struggle to gain a living from the land. For example, do nothing which might frighten goats or cattle, and keep off the crops.

DON'T carry firearms of any sort; they are unnecessary and will get you into trouble whatever happens.

DON'T throw stones at dogs if you can possibly avoid it. The population of China has a habit of popping up in unexpected places, and if you hit someone by accident you are asking for trouble.

DON'T distribute money indiscriminately among children. By doing so you are only helping to create beggars; it is quite possible to recognize country not frequented by thoughtless foreigners from the fact that the children do not come out and beg.

DON'T pay ridiculous prices for small services rendered: by paying too much you are only "spoiling the market" for others (including Chinese travellers) who cannot afford high prices; also you are only encouraging the greedy to become extortionate.

There are many other words of advice I would like to pour into the ear of the inexperienced traveller in the country, but I will spare the reader who already "knows the game" and get on with the main object of this article. For our first walk, I will choose something that is not too far afield so that the main part of the trip can be followed on the map.

The best and most readily available map for the "near country" is the one supplied with the "North-China Daily News Hong List," and few people realize what a wonderfully accurate survey of the surrounding country it represents. Unfortunately it does not go quite far enough for our purpose, but it will be good practice for the walker to include a little country which is "off the map" in this first walk, so that we may see how we can find our way by compass and descriptive directions.

The walk which I am now about to describe is about 18 miles long and will take you perhaps five hours (actual walking) at a steady pace. It is to a great extent instructive, as it goes round the perimeter of a lot of good walking country

so that once you have become familiar with the roads and paths indicated you can make many variations of the same route. I am not suggesting the same starting and finishing point in this case, but these can easily be linked up from the map, if desired.

Our first objective is the village of Hung Jau on the Siccawei Creek (from which the Hungjao Road takes its name, though it is spelt slightly differently on most maps); this may be reached by turning off the road named at any point and walking south to the Siccawei Creek, which is then followed, going west, until the village is reached. I suggest, however, that we first go up the Hungjao Road by car or ricscha to the corner of Warren Road and stop at the first bridge a few yards to the west. Here you will find a broad path turning left-handed into the country. This



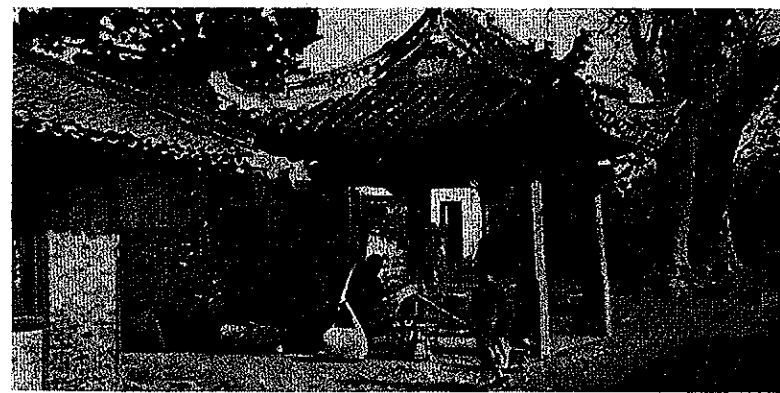
Hung Jau Village Tower

path naturally passes through the main villages, but we desire to avoid these if possible and so when the path, some few hundred yards from the road, splits left and right, we swing round to the right, walking towards a white-painted wireless plant. Keep this wireless plant on your right and proceed west for half a mile turning left and right again with the path several times. If the process is kept up, always making west and south alternately, you will find that you avoid all villages and finally skirt the last of them about a mile from the start; here cross a stone bridge and turn right, then left again, and so go due south. All this sounds complicated, but it is quite simple really and a glance at the dotted lines on the map will show you how it works. Soon after this last village you skirt a large pond (marked on the map) and through a group of willow trees will see

the tall square tower with gabled roof which is the outstanding landmark of Hung Jau village.

Arrived at the back of the village, you will find the first of its typical Chinese lamp-posts and, like most Chinese lamp-posts, you will note it is innocent of any lamp. Here you may enter the village if you desire, but I suggest you turn sharp right-handed along a black bamboo fence and so come out on the Siccawei Creek without entering the village at all.

From Hung Jau onward you follow the creek, but with its many windings you will find it better to leave the bank at the sharp curves and follow the native paths which go almost due west. This is particularly advisable after the village of Sing Jau (see map) where the creek curves back on its tracks: the detour shown on the map should be quite easy to follow if you will look for the Temple and then follow the broad path back to the creek. The road by the creek



"Pilgrim's Rest," by the Temple

is also quite interesting and provides many amusing cameos of native life. Note that, as in the case of most Chinese waterways, the banks are much higher than the surrounding country, and if you take a short cut away from the creek, you can always see the bank which looks like a line of small rolling foot-hills.

After walking about four miles from Hung Jau the towing-path widens out and you will soon see the pointed

spire of the Catholic Church in Tsi-poo (or Chi-pao). About half a mile from that creek-side village, a small round pond juts out of the creek and here the main path turns right-handed to enter Chi-pao from the back. The village is entered at a wide intersecting creek where you turn left-handed and after a few hundred yards come to the real water-front.

This village is not altogether devoid of interest with its quaint stone bridges and water-side houses, and is actually cleaner and more prosperous-looking than many similar-sized villages in China. If you walked right through the main street of Chi-pao you would soon come to the wide towing-path again, which might be followed for miles right up to Si-king (this being one of the ways to the Hills).



The Outskirts of Chi-pao

But for the purposes of this walk, we must turn right-handed (to the north) before leaving the village, and so had better retrace our steps to the point where we first gained the water-front. Here you pass over a stone bridge spanning the creek beside which you entered the village, and follow along the main street for a few hundred yards until it "thins out," watching carefully for a narrow alleyway between two blank walls, with a hillock behind. Turn right-handed into this, follow the path over the hillock, and keep straight ahead going due north. Passing in front of a few cottages you will soon find a creek on your right and the telegraph wire on your left. A little later you will cross under the telegraph

wire and then only have to follow your northward path which will take you to the Aerodrome.

The path you are now on is much frequented by Chinese villagers returning from Shanghai via the Hungjao Road and you can hardly get off it if you try. After about two miles of this you will come to a high stone bridge with a low stone balustrade, running "cross-ways" to your direction. Cross this left-handed and follow the path right-handed until you come to a small plantation of fir and camphor-trees on your right. Here pause for a moment, for this is a "key position" not only for this walk but for one of the short ways to the Hills which I will describe later. This plantation is bounded by a green thorn hedge and, at the corner of the side you are approaching, the path to the Aerodrome turns sharp right.

Here is an ideal place for lunch, so, as we have been walking for nearly ten miles, I suggest a stop for "a little something." Having made your right-handed turn, as indicated, walk about a hundred yards down the hedge and there you will find an opening into the plantation—and I advise you to use this if you do not want to leave half your clothing on the spearlike thorns: once inside (having entered if possible without being seen!) you are safe from prying eyes and can find an open grassy spot on which to pitch camp and have your lunch in peace. The voices of natives working in the crops or passing along the paths will reach you from all sides. But you might be a hundred miles away from anywhere, and if you are lucky a few bulbuls and an enthusiastic shrike will come to provide a little music while you refresh the inner man.

Lunch finished, you will resume your way along the thorn hedge, cross a large stone bridge* and go through a dirty village with plenty of noisy dogs. Here you must cross a large stone bridge to the right, then turn left again for the Aerodrome: follow the path skirting the Aerodrome and finally come out into the Hungjao Road. There you will find the Monument Road running straight ahead of you and the rest of the walk I am suggesting is plain sailing, for you

*Now replaced by a modern bridge intended to carry traffic on the new road which will run from the Aerodrome to the north of the Shanghai Hills.

have now come back within the limits of the Hong List map. The Monument Road runs straight for about two and three-quarter miles and is now just a mud and grass track through open country, not very beautiful, but at least good walking and rather restful after the twisting country paths.

Having walked a mile up this road, you will see on your left the Monument which gives the road its name: if you care to inspect it, you may do so by going just past it and then turning into the country along a well-beaten path by the creek. This monument, consisting of a grass-covered pyramid, with a cement-bound cairn on top, bears the simple inscription:

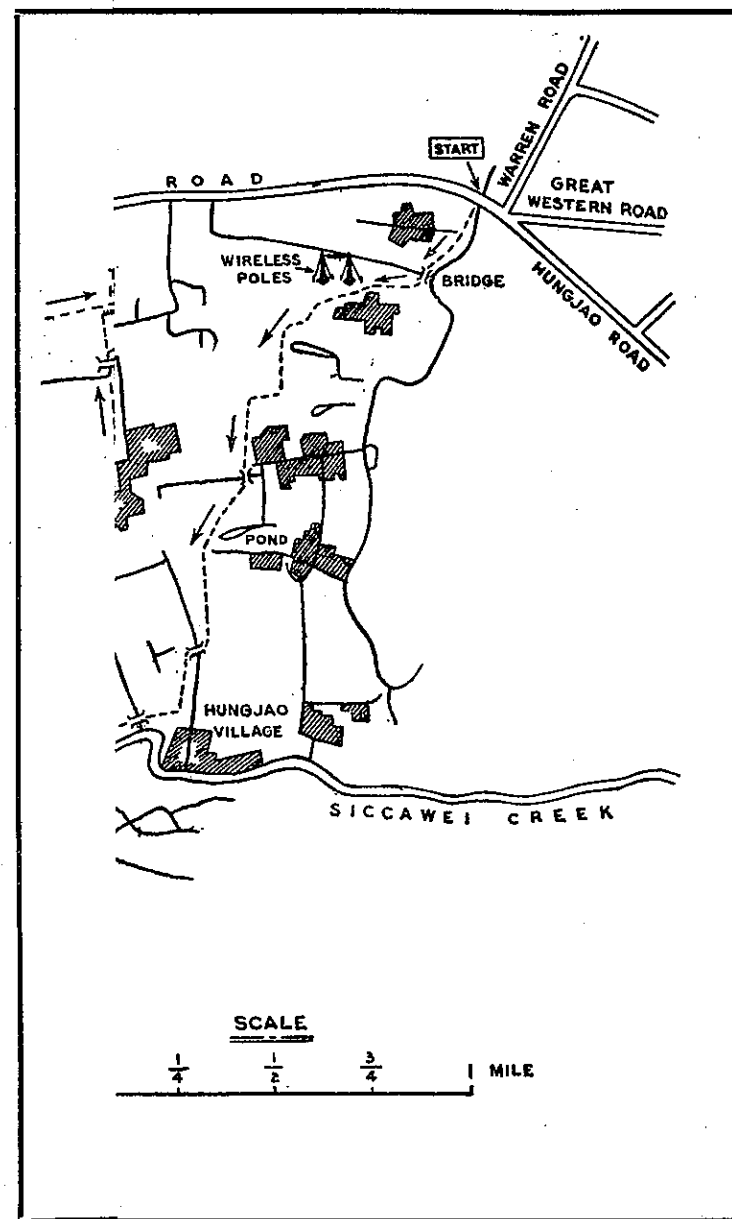
SHANGHAI PAPER HUNT CLUB

Roll of Honour

THE GREAT WAR 1914-1918

Then follow the names of all those hard-riding sportsmen many of us knew so well, Birchall, Brand, Douglas, Lawrence, MacQueen, McGhee and Vernon, to mention just a few of them. An ancient dame sits below it watching her tethered goats and I wonder if she is any relation to that famous virago who so often threw unsavoury matter and choice invective at the same sportsmen beneath whose memorial she sits!

Pearce Road, which swings right-handed from the end of Monument Road, has nothing of great interest to show until it joins up with the Soochow Creek. Then for the next two miles there is the fascination of watching life on a main Chinese waterway; the great yellow junks consisting of two square-ended boats joined together in the middle, presumably to be taken apart when narrow winding waters are reached. There are the graceful sailing junks with tall, narrow sails; the smaller craft being sailed, yulohed or towed according to circumstances. Note how in these days of regular taxation every boat, large or small, bears its licence plate with number like a motor-car. And what numbers too! Running into tens of thousands at least, they give some idea of the immense number of boats on our crowded waterways.



The end of the Rubicon Road is soon passed ; Pearce Road becomes merged into Brennan Road and now we are approaching that horrid village which commences at Warren Road. And so if we are tired we may get into a ricscha and be pulled to Jessfield Park where hire-car or trackless tram will take us home. It is the convenience of these latter vehicles that has made me end this walk at Jessfield for it would have been equally easy to suggest a return to the starting point at Warren Road corner.

I must admit that the end of this walk is rather disappointing after the varied scenery of the Siccawei Creek district, but once you have learnt the general direction of this tour you will soon find pleasant cuts across the Monument-Rubicon-Warren Road country, and, as stated above, you will find the Hong List map invaluable in tracing such routes. I can possibly be of more assistance in suggesting other walks " outside the map " and so will next take one into the country beyond the Aerodrome.

INTRODUCTION TO WALK No. 2.

This walk remains practically unchanged, but I would like to suggest a new and pleasant way of approaching the first landmark, "Square Tower." Arrived at the far corner of the "Thorn-hedge Plantation," turn sharp left until you come to the creek spanned by the large stone bridge. Do not cross this bridge, but follow the narrow path beside the creek: this picturesque water-way will take you in a straight line right to the back of "Square Tower" Village, where you merely have to turn right, enter the village, and follow the original path. The general run of this creek can be picked out on the map of the "Hills Country" at the end of the book.

The next point I would like to make is that on arriving at the outskirts of Si-king (after crossing the large stone bridge) (see page 37) you may avoid the town altogether, by turning left into the rice-fields just as you reach the first buildings: follow the narrow paths through the paddy leading East and North, and you will soon join up with the main path—but you will have missed the town of Si-king entirely.

The long bridge which I indicated as having been repaired with wooden slats has now been converted entirely into a stone bridge. The rest of the walk remains unaltered.

CHAPTER II.

SOME EXPERIENCES IN BAD WEATHER AND A WARNING TO BEGINNERS: SOME REMARKS ABOUT ORIENTATION: AND A WALK TO SI-KING AND BACK BY DIFFERENT ROUTES.

True as the needle to the pole
Or as the dial to sun.—OLD SONG.

SINCE I wrote my last article (in early November) I took the trouble to walk the country between Si-king and Zo-se to find out definitely the state of the paths. For a mile or so beyond Si-king they are quite passable, after which they become very muddy and difficult in patches; farther on the bad spots become more frequent and more difficult, necessitating wades through mud and water up to the knees; finally, about a mile from Zo-se you will find a wooden bridge in the middle of a lake and, even if you are ferried over this, the path along the last creek is impassable over patches a hundred yards apart.

Having got thus far I could hardly have turned back, and but for the kindness of a cormorant-fisher might have had a really bad time. There are many fishermen who use cormorants in that neighbourhood and I felt most fortunate when I found myself balanced in a frail skiff, being transported to drier ground, meanwhile watching the big ugly birds diving beneath the waters to come up with a gullet full of small fish. I mention this experience merely as a warning that the time has not yet come when we may attempt the walk to the Hills, and we shall do much better to take a few walks in the nearer country first. There is also the question of the walker's powers of endurance to be taken into consideration before going too far from the home base.

Some hardy citizens may deride me for recommending a policy of timidity, but I can only say that it is no joke to find oneself fourteen or fifteen miles from home with a blistered foot or cramped legs in strange country where

"there ain't no buses runnin'", and where the roadside inn is unknown. I am therefore going to suggest a trial trip to Si-king and back by different routes to test out feet and legs, so that we may try the full course with greater confidence when the country is drier.

Before describing a fairly long walk such as this, I also want to suggest that the reader should try, by practice in the near country, to acquire a sense of orientation; for without this it is difficult either to give or to understand instructions.

The map which accompanies this article gives a very rough idea of the lie of the land, and I believe that if the reader will follow this route bearing in mind the points of the compass he will at least find it good practice. To go into the country within the confines of that map is to dive into a maze of creeks (of which only a few are indicated), and to find your way out again would be a difficult task without a good sense of orientation. Let us therefore try to think exactly what this means.

Now, although we nearly always think in terms of north and south (because the magnetic compass points north) it is interesting to remember that the word "orientation" means the ascertaining of the *East* point: and this points directly to the fact that all bearings were originally taken from the sun. We may well imagine travellers in bygone ages, before the compass was ever invented, rising at dawn and reckoning their direction from the point of the sun's rising; then as the sun rose in the sky and reached its highest point, it fixed two things, the south point and the middle of the day (*i.e.*, 12 o'clock, noon): lastly it disappeared over the horizon and fixed the west point.

To the traveller without a compass, the sun is therefore the best guide, and perhaps a very old and simple "boy scout" trick will be some help to a beginner.

It amounts to this: if you point the hour-hand of your watch at the sun, then the south point lies half-way between it and the figure 12. In the forenoon you count *forwards* to the 12 and in the afternoon *backwards* to the 12. Naturally, at noon the hour-hand and the figure 12 are exactly together and so both point due south. (To get the hour-hand pointing exactly at the sun, you may hold a

match at the edge of the watch, so that its shadow lies exactly along the hand.)

All this may sound very futile to the experienced, but it is useful practice for the beginner, and once you have acquired a general "sense of direction" you will get your orientation even without the sun—a useful habit when we remember that the sun is not always shining! It is interesting to note, by the way, that practically all Chinese have a natural sense of orientation, and when asked the way usually say "Turn east or west" and not "right or left."

Si-king lies on the Siccawei Creek, south-west of the Aerodrome (more south than west), and I have already mentioned in another article that it is easily reached merely by following the Siccawei Creek. A very pleasant day's walk of 18 or 20 miles can be taken if these directions are followed.

Leave your car (or the bus if you prefer it) at the corner of Monument Road and enter the village on the left of the main road just before the entrance to the Aerodrome. Go straight through the first and second villages, keeping as nearly as possible to the line of the Aerodrome which you will see on your right. It is unfortunate that we cannot walk through the Aerodrome itself, for these villages are dirty and full of noisy dogs: one almost toothless old warrior known (to me at least) as "Alphonse" will howl at you like a jackal and by him alone you may know you are on the right path.

When clear of the second village you will cross a large stone bridge* and, going straight ahead, will skirt the plantation, mentioned in my last article, with the green thorn hedge. Arrived at the western corner of this hedge, the main path turns sharp left (south by east) for Chi-pao, and it is this corner which I referred to in the Hungjao-Chi-pao walk as a "key position." This time, instead of turning left for Chi-pao continue straight on along a narrow path and look out for the "Fox Tree Temple."

This tumble-down temple lies about three-quarters of a mile ahead of you on your right. It is flanked by a large

*See Footnote on p. 25: the original stone bridge was first replaced by a temporary wooden bridge, on the site of which now stands the permanent bridge which will serve the road to the Hills country.

Ginkgo tree (now bare of leaves) and just in front of it stands the tall dead stump of another large tree: this tall stump from certain angles bears a slight resemblance to a fox, head and ears erect, with two short forelegs held up as though



The Fox Tree Temple

"begging." Here the path zigzags left and right through the ricefields and you will see ahead of you to the west and south a small white church with a square tower. Carry straight on for this and pass through the little village nestling round the church, over a large stone bridge and either through or around the remainder of the village.

Just past the big stone bridge you may cross left-handed over a narrow wooden bridge, follow the opposite side of the creek and so miss a few dogs. The main wooden bridge at the end of this village is rather badly broken, so I am afraid that ponies could hardly take this route, though it may be quite easy to wade the narrow creek at some point or another.

Now you must look for the next landmark, which is a high "pointed spire" direct to the south-west. From "Square Tower" to "Pointed Spire" is about a mile and a half, and here you have entered the heart of the rice country: just now it stands ripening and soon the harvesting will begin. This fine open stretch of country does not afford much comfort either to the rider or to the cyclist, but it is possible for either if a little patience is used, and it is certainly quite pleasant walking.

The next problem is to change direction at "Pointed Spire" (which is in fact a large red-brick church) in order to follow the line of main creek further to the south, and there are two or three ways of doing this. I must here mention that you will now see the Hills straight ahead of you to the south-west (or due west as it may seem to you) and if you are tempted to "follow your nose to the Hills"



"Square Tower" from the South-west side

you will certainly get creeked, so let us be patient and see how we can find the desired main creek on our left.

Most people go straight ahead past the church and then turn left through the village, but I do not like this way and have found a slightly shorter one. Just before you come to the church you will find a path turning sharp left round a small ruined temple; follow the line of the hedge and turn left again at the next corner; go right in front of the entrance to the temple and there you will find a wide stone bridge: cross this and follow the path which takes you over another stone bridge of the common Chinese pattern. If you went straight ahead on this path (after the bridge just mentioned) you would come to the desired creek and then could turn right-handed and follow it; but this would take you through a series of villages (full of dogs) and is also somewhat out of the way. Having crossed this bridge, then, instead of going along the main path, turn sharp right and follow the line of the creek just crossed. This will take you directly in behind the church and you will finally come to the main

path you would have reached had you passed north of the church and then turned left.

Back on this main path through the ricefields you gradually swing left-handed until you reach the desired creek which is easily recognized by being in the nature of a main waterway with a number of boats plying on it. Just as you strike this creek you will come to a small hamlet which I have marked on the map as "Big Dog Village" for the reason that when I first found it I was assailed by a band of the most elephantine "wonks" it has ever been my fate to meet.

In the middle of this little village you cross an arched stone bridge and later meet another bridge spanning the main

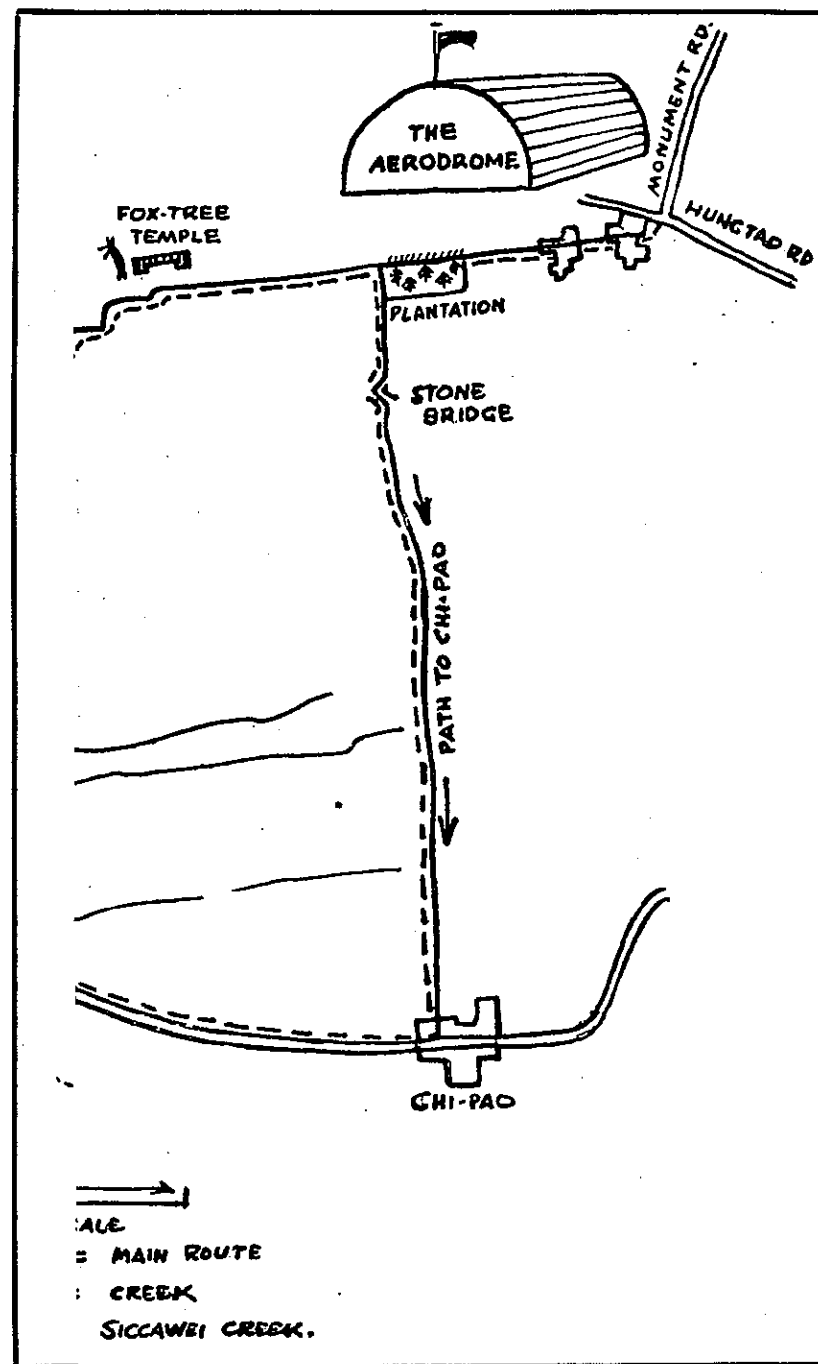


A Bridge in Si-King

creek. Do *not* cross this but follow the bank you are on, and cross only the many small stone bridges over the intersecting waters which irrigate the surrounding rice country.

This is the point where the Fathers told me to "suivez le canal" and if you continue to "suiver" you cannot go wrong. Half a mile on you will pass a small church building with a white belfry (on the other side of the water) and from there onwards will enjoy a mile or more of fine open country on high ground.

At the far end of this canal you will come to two bridges; one leads across it to the east (which you take no notice of); the other, which you cross, goes straight ahead and over



another wide creek crossing at right angles the one you have been following. This is known as the "Grand Pont" (for so my friends the Fathers described it to me), and we may well pause here for a moment to survey the country.

Looking straight ahead of you, almost due south, you will see Si-king with two tall black chimneys at its western end. Walking in that direction you will plunge at once into a path between cottages which usually has more the appearance of a farmyard; for as often as not it is a hurly-burly of straw, buffaloes, oxen, ducks, geese, chickens and dogs; plunging through it and taking a deep breath, you emerge at the other end to turn sharp left and then right again following the main path.

On the left here you will notice a belt of tall fir-trees which are a good landmark, and I need hardly give any further instructions since you have the chimneys of Si-king to guide you. Your path now winds in and out through the fields, but seldom, in fact, gets far away from the main waterway. Another intersecting creek is crossed by a fairly



A Village Scene at Si-king

high bridge, after which you go right-handed round a farm until you come to a large stone bridge over which you cross for the first time the main creek you have been following, and now you are on the main path into Si-king.

Note that I am not now guiding you to the Hills and so we do not swing round to the right in order to circle round

Si-king. Instead we go straight ahead until we come to the water-front of Si-king, passing among rows of "porkers," alive and dead, and surrounded by all those sounds and aromas which are the life-blood of a small Chinese town.

A stroll through the narrow main street will show you by the banners displayed that Si-king is well supplied with political news and if you are merely referred to as a "nar-kunin" (or foreigner) you may consider yourself well received.

We have now reached the Siccawei Creek and so will turn left-handed across the elbow shown on the map. Now we have changed our general direction and have nothing to do but follow the towing-path to the north and east. Remember only that, although you will be continually crossing bridges over intersecting creeks, you must never cross any bridge over the Siccawei Creek which you are following.

For the information of pony riders I may say that all bridges between Chi-pao and Si-king are in a fair state of repair and can be crossed by a pony. About two and a half miles out from Si-king there is one long bridge which a few years ago was badly broken, but this has now been mended with wooden slats and is quite safe to lead a pony across.

For some distance before this bridge the creek has been taking you almost due north, but here it bends to the east and leads you in an almost direct line to Chi-pao. Very shortly after entering Chi-pao the path for the Aerodrome turns sharp left out of the main street; I have tried to describe this narrow alleyway between two walls in a previous article, but now you may know when you are coming to it by noticing, about 50 yards ahead, that the main street runs through an opening in a white brick wall which may have been used some time as a sort of inner city gate.

Once you have struck this northward path you merely have to go straight ahead through a number of small villages and farms until you come back to the corner of the thorn hedge where you started. And so back to the Aerodrome, not forgetting to blow a kiss to "Alphonse" as he comes out to howl his noisy greeting.

CHAPTER III.

THE VALUE OF TAKING DIRECTION BY LANDMARKS: A SHORT STROLL FOR A SATURDAY AFTERNOON: A REMARKABLE SYSTEM FOR LEARNING "CHINESE WITHOUT TEARS": AND A LIST OF REQUIREMENTS FOR A LONG WALK.

INTRODUCTION TO WALK No. 3.

This walk has suffered greatly from the inroads of builders and other "improvers" of our country-side, but it can still be followed from the directions given. Please note that the name "Fab-Wah Road" has now been abandoned and replaced by "Amberst Avenue," which in some ways is a pity, since the old name reminded us that the road passed through the Fab-Wah country. The old Temple referred to has apparently been turned into the local Police and Municipal headquarters, with an electricity department attached; but it still functions as a temple, and the old-world atmosphere remains.

Do not be surprised when you come to unexpected houses and gardens—you can always walk round them!

In my previous remarks about finding your way in the country, I have laid particular stress on the value of orientation, and there is no doubt this is of the utmost importance in open country where there are few prominent landmarks.

On the other hand, this is equally true: that the ability to "read a map" and to "take direction" from landmarks is just as important in populous districts and in country where it is the object of the walker to avoid main roads.

It will be seen from my rough map (based on the Hong List map) that the walk I am about to describe is a good example of taking direction by landmarks. It is a short stroll of six or eight miles through varied country which will help to fill in an odd Saturday afternoon.

This walk starts at house No. 102 on Columbia Road, a few hundred yards off the Great Western Road. Here a path will be found running immediately back of the Columbia Country Club: follow this path straight ahead, taking no notice of a stone bridge which you will see on your left, except to remember that if you follow these directions you will return over that bridge.

You will follow the line of a creek for about half a mile until you see on your left the back of an old temple surrounded by trees. Keep straight ahead until, just before you come to a village, you see on your left a small stone bridge. Cross over this and follow the path round until you come in front of the temple. This is quite an interesting old place and is still much frequented by pilgrims who must leave money behind them, for you will notice it is carefully guarded by armed police.

Turning right-handed down the remains of the temple avenue you will come after a few yards to the main street of the long village called Fah-Wah.

Here you will find evidences of past prosperity; a cobbled street, a pilgrims' rest-house, and a large shed where coffins repose until the suitable day for burial arrives: just in front of you is a carved granite bridge originally intended to lead up to the temple entrance. Cross over this bridge and turn right-handed along the ash road which is called on the map "Fah-wah Road" but which for some unknown reason is still labelled "Amherst Avenue" at its western end. You will now be heading straight for the Kwang Wha University, a large Sino-foreign style building which faces the Great Western Road.

The road you are on takes you over a narrow wooden bridge, and shortly after this you come to an old Chinese cobbled road running right and left. Turning left along this cobbled road you will soon come to the railway where the obliging Company tells you to "look out for level crossing," but fails to say what you are to do when you have found it.

Safely over the railway, you will find yourself entering a big Chinese village, and after the first houses have been passed you must turn sharp right through the village at a corner where there is a large, round granite-topped well. This part of the village looks quite attractive at times and I have often felt tempted to sit down in the tea-house to try my powers as a linguist on the local gentry.

Just at the end of the village the path swings left-handed over a bridge and brings you to the new Chinese ash road which you must cross, then go straight ahead through the fields. Having gone forward a few hundred yards, you may turn left through the fields, following any convenient path or furrow, until you come to a straight creek running almost east and west: cross the first bridge and follow the creek right across the next mud road and into the country beyond.

Readers may be interested to note that this piece of country we have just been through is a favourite feeding-ground for many birds, and for years before there were any

roads intersecting it I went there to observe flocks of larks, thrushes, bramblings, and other winter birds.

Just at the point we have arrived at (where your path is taking you close to the unfinished portion of the Great Western Road) you will see on your left a very narrow little hedge running to a small hedged-in plantation of catalpa trees; follow this until you come to another creek running parallel to the one you have just left, then turn right-handed and make for the small village ahead.

This corner by the plantation also has a strange attraction for birds and, just at this time of year, I shall be surprised if you do not raise a number of thrushes out of the dead cotton or the young wheat: and if you pass there in the gloaming you are almost certain to see or hear an owl.

Arrived at the small village mentioned above (but not shown on the map because there isn't room), turn left over the first bridge, cross the Hungjao Road, and dive into the country by the path running alongside Millington Camp. After one or two twists this path takes you south (right-handed) towards the Siccawei Creek, straight through the compound of a small white temple and into the open country beyond.

Your next big landmark is a large temple, known as the Red Joss-House, which you reach by turning left over the first big stone bridge (just by some glass-houses with a fenced enclosure). Walk round the Red Joss-House, past a village, and then make for the Chinese Cemetery, the high spire of which makes an excellent mark.

The route next takes you over the Hungjao Road again, then over the Chinese road and into the country by a small plantation of fir-trees. Here you can either stick to the path or go across rut and furrow to the railway. Follow the line of the railway until you come level with the village beyond the Keswick Road; then cross the road, go past the village and so make your way back to the Fah-wah Road and Fah-wah village.

Arrived back at the cobbled road, turn right for a few yards, then left again round the temple, and so back to the stone bridge behind the Columbia Club. And so this short walk ends where it started. There is nothing spectacular about it and I regard it mainly as an example of

quite pleasant country to be found in the outer residential neighbourhood.

Time was when I could take this walk without seeing a foreign building, but even to-day it is pleasant and full of interest for those who have eyes to see. Who can walk round that temple in the Fah-wah village and not visualize the days when labour cost a few cash a day, and nothing but granite was good enough for paths and bridges? To-day the little wooden street lamps are blind, and ugly concrete posts carry electric lights, but when a bridge falls down it is mended with wood, for the days of cheap granite are gone.

And who, seeing those little temples scattered through the country, can help thinking of the days gone by when some religious cult held sway over all the farmers? To-day the farmer burns a little "joss-paper" at the corner of his field when the sowing is done, but his temple has fallen into disrepair, and there is no one to rebuild it. But the little wayside shrines which require no upkeep are still in use, and the stumps of many candles and joss-sticks prove that the gods of the Earth are not forgotten.

This dissertation on bygone days is taking us away from our main objective, and there are one or two matters I would now like to deal with which can be more legitimately introduced under the very convenient title given to these articles by the Editor. The "If" at the beginning of "If You Like to Go for Walks" may lead up to anything, and so I may quite well finish the sentence by adding "you should learn something of the language of the country."

When I say this I trust the reader will not think I am suggesting he should become a Chinese scholar. Heaven forbid! Most of my friends who have taken up the study of Chinese after reaching a mature age have become more or less insane, and I would not ask my worst enemy to follow in their footsteps: but this need not prevent you from conversing in Chinese if you will follow my system.

This consists of learning a useful and comprehensive vocabulary and proceeding to use it in an intelligent manner, such as I will now explain. I may mention that I already speak several languages fluently in the same manner and have never yet gone short of anything I wanted.

Here is the necessary vocabulary for the complete mastery of Chinese:

<i>Shih</i>	=	is	<i>Hao</i>	=	good
<i>Pu</i>	=	not	<i>Hsieh</i>	=	thanks
<i>Yao</i>	=	want			

The last of the above words is not really necessary, but is merely put in for "swank." You will notice that I entirely omit the numerals from my vocabulary and you may perhaps think these are necessary for purposes of bargaining or counting: this is not the case, however, unless you happen to be shy of a few fingers; otherwise you have the decimal system literally at your finger-tips.

Now, apply your vocabulary. If you want to say "yes" you merely say "shih." If the answer is "no" you say "pu shih." If you want anything you merely denote it by sign and say "yao," the negative being "pu yao." If you are agreeable to a suggestion made, or if you like a thing you say "hao" while the negative of same is "pu hao." A much finer distinction can be introduced if you say "good is good" ("hao shih hao") for this means "it is good enough, but not quite what I expected for the money!"

If you want to ask questions, no additional words are required, thus:—

Is it so?	=	<i>Shih pu shih?</i>
Do you agree?	}	= <i>Hao pu hao?</i>
Do you like it?		

But you can even do better than this to denote your actual feelings in certain cases. Taking "shih" as "yes" if you repeat it twice you mean "Certainly" while if you say "shih" very heartily about four times you are virtually remarking, "Say, boy, you said a mouthful."

Further uses of this remarkable vocabulary must of course be left to the ingenuity of the reader, and I think that you will find it sufficient to discuss any known matter except, perhaps, Einstein's theory of Relativity. If you suffer from a bad memory the first four words are all you need but, as I indicated above, you can add a touch of swagger by saying "Thanks" for services rendered. It generally goes better if you say it twice, quickly, while the number of

"hsieh's" may be increased *ad lib.* to meet extreme cases of gratitude.

Finally, if you are short of light chatter in a tea-shop or village, it is always a good idea to display your watch to the youngest baby present and say, "Hao pu hao?" This always makes a hit with the mother, and is good for a cup of tea or a ferry across a creek. This method of approach, by the way, was originally invented by the Guards in Hyde Park, and has never been known to fail.

The last matter I want to deal with in this article is the question of what to carry in your pack when out for a day's walk, and this subject is worth a little thought.

Flask: A good big flask is advisable as you cannot get refills of clean water in the country.

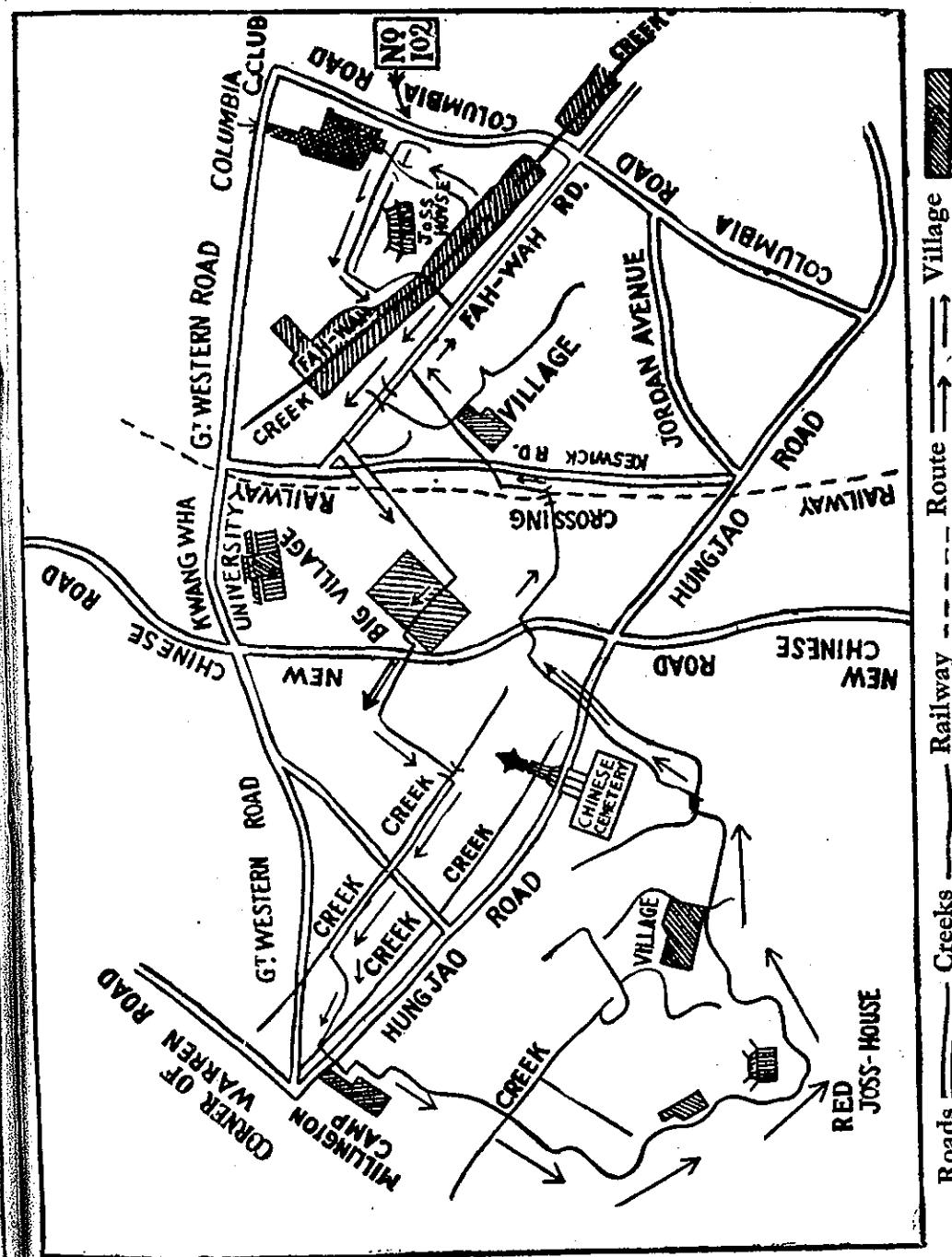
Sandwiches: Brown bread is excellent if you are a hungry individual: but light food is best.

Apples: One or two apples are a good mainstay, especially if you are thirsty.

Clothing, etc.: A woollen jersey or "cardigan" to pull on when resting or driving home after the walk. It should be light and easily packed. Also take:

- An extra pair of socks
- Handkerchief
- Light neckerchief, and a few sundries, such as
- A pocket knife and small scissors
- Safety pins and bandage
- Adhesive plaster (for blisters or cuts)
- Matches (extra box in pack)
- Small money (silver and copper)
- Name-card in Chinese
- Cigarettes and/or tobacco

The great art in carrying baggage is to have everything of the lightest and you will find that all the above articles will go into a light rucksack and hardly be noticed after half an hour's walking. It is most irritating to cast a button or tear your clothes and find you haven't got a safety-pin, so I advise all walkers to think of these little details before starting. I fell into a creek last week and then found I hadn't brought an extra box of matches in the waterproof pack, so I know what I am talking about.



CHAPTER IV.

CONTINUATION OF THE WALK TO THE HILLS FROM SI-KING :
THE SYSTEM OF NUMBERING BRIDGES : THE PATH THROUGH
THE HILLS : AND HOW TO USE A NATIVE PASSENGER BOAT
IF THE WHOLE WALK IS TOO MUCH FOR YOU.

INTRODUCTION TO WALK No. 4.

Mainly owing to an unusually wet Spring and early Summer I have not done the whole of this walk recently. I have, however, been over most of the ground, and have found it unchanged. On the other hand, there is no doubt that facilities for travel by water have been much improved owing to the recent dredging of the Siccawei Creek, and small motor-boats now run as far as Si-king, if not further. The Hills, I am sure, remain unchanged except for their gradual reduction by quarrying, and it is only a question of choosing the right weather, when the rice-fields are not flooded, to spend a delightful day walking there and back by the route here indicated. Some will obviously be better suited if they can go one way by water, but I dare not quote any time-tables for passenger boats, as these change so rapidly. Anyone wishing to take part of the trip by water should first send a messenger out to the Siccawei water-front to make inquiries.

THE next piece of country I am going to describe is the most difficult to tackle, from my point of view, for many reasons. Assuming that we have walked about nine miles to get through Si-king, we are some considerable distance from our home base by the time we enter the Zo-se country, since we have to get back again the same day. Hence, for the next five or six miles we are apt to be in a hurry, and haste is not good for the noting of landmarks and other details for mapping.

Again, there is the question of the floods and the consequent difficulties which make those last few miles so hard to record intelligently. I have, therefore, tried to simplify the mapping of this bit of country by concentrating on the bridges and hope I can make it clear in this way. With these preliminary remarks, let me tackle the problem and see what happens.

If you will look at the right-hand bottom corner of the map, you will see the dotted lines leading you either through or around Si-king, just as I showed them to you on the walk from the Aerodrome to Si-king and back in a previous article. Never mind which way you have gone ; you will pass either in front of, or behind, the two tall black chimneys at the western end of Si-king and there you will come to the fore-shore of the big wide water which I have marked as " Si-king Reach " and " Main Creek."

Looking back through Si-king for a moment, you will see there are two very large stone bridges (not marked on the map) spanning the main creek, but these are situated in its narrower part where the waters are restricted owing to the bunding and buildings of the town ; no ordinary

stone bridge could possibly span the wide waters west of the town, and from now onwards every bridge we shall deal with (including the one marked No. 1) is merely a small bridge crossing a side creek which runs north and south.

Looking from Si-king towards the Hills, our task appears easy, and it is, in fact, easy if you follow the main path; but to imagine the fate of anyone taking short cuts I need only refer you to the map. The whole country is a veritable grid of small creeks, so that the only possible way for the walker is to follow the line of bridges indicated. Even so, we may meet with snags; but let us wait and see.

To follow the map, we had better first be clear on the following points:—

- (a) In naming the Hills I have used the syllable "Se" (pronounced more like "sair"); it is sometimes spelt "Ce" and is the local dialect for "Shan," meaning Hill or Mountain: hence Zo-se, Si-se, etc.
- (b) I have only used the names of three Chinese villages and you will see that each ends with the word "ghiao"; this really means bridge, while the first part of the name denotes the village it serves. As a matter of fact, there are villages at or near every bridge, but I have omitted Chinese names as far as possible for the sake of clearness in the map.
- (c) I have numbered only the main bridges, and you must not count small stone slabs or wooden planks over ditches.

From bridge No. 1 your path leads you along the water-front, turning inland just beyond bridge No. 2 and taking you well north of the church at No. 3: this church has a square white tower and makes a good landmark, though you keep well wide of it.

When you get to No. 3 bridge, you will know you are right in your count if you find just to the left of it what we generally call a Widow's Monument, consisting of two large upright stones bridged across with three or four stone slabs. Just why these monuments are erected I am not certain; one may do honour to the memory of a village dignitary or a worthy official, one to the memory of a great scholar (not so likely in a farming district), and another to a widow, so faithful to the memory of her husband that she committed suicide rather than be forced into an unwelcome marriage. So let us plump for the widow and call this one a "Widow's Monument."

After No. 3 bridge we wind west and north with the path until we sight a hamlet with a line of beech-like trees and a stone bridge leading almost due north; this is No. 4 stone bridge, and we may well pause here for a moment to take our bearings. I have here shown a creek labelled as "leading to North Route via Sun Yat-sen School" and if we went straight ahead following this creek away from the Hills, and then turned right-handed, we should get back to the Aerodrome (without going near Si-king) by a route which I shall describe later. Hence, No. 4 bridge is an important point worth remembering.

Standing on this bridge you will see immediately on your left the small hamlet referred to above which is approached by a wooden bridge, and it is over this bridge that you must next proceed. I have marked it on the map "No. 5—(2) Wooden Bridges" because, no sooner have you passed in front of the farmyards, than you find yourself crossing another small and very ramshackle wooden bridge which is hardly worth a number all to itself.

This little village, known as Ziang-ze, contains a number of children and dogs, all equally noisy: the children, at least, all go to the Sun Yat-sen School which lies up the creek I have mentioned before, and I am forced to believe that the local dominie is fond of instilling into their little pates all those anti-foreign sentiments which we read about in the papers. For no sooner does a lone foreigner show his nose than the cry of "Nar-ku-nar-ku-nar-ku-nin" goes up, and, on the good old principle of "'Ullo, Bill, ere's a bloomin' stranger—'eave 'arf a brick at 'im," a shower of stones is likely to follow.

But fortunately the youth and beauty of Ziang-ze are pretty bad shots, so the unfortunate stranger has little to fear. Then, of course, it is quite impossible to chastise a Chinese child at this time of the year (winter), since it resembles more than anything a partly animated bale of merchandise, and, with the tips of its fingers and nose alone visible, it is a practical impossibility to pick out any spankable portion of its anatomy.

So let us proceed, passing over No. 6 stone bridge and finally coming to No. 7. This is a high wooden bridge equipped with a handrail and almost newly built. Within a few

yards of crossing this, the path turns sharp to the left in order to take you over the foot of the creek, which I have marked "Blind Creek," by a small wooden bridge, thus bringing you to the nice clear waterway which will lead you almost straight to the Hills.

But, alas, the mark of the recent floods is not yet effaced from the country, so bridge No. 8 is surrounded by water and has even been removed (as to its main planks) by some worthy official already qualifying for one of those monuments which gave us pause at bridge No. 3*.

So for the time being you must be content to take a sampan ride with one of the youths or maidens from the local farms: there is no doubt that such a ferry will be available, but lack of competition may cause difficulties to arise. My friend "Kar-on," for example, who used to ferry me across willingly and gladly for a 10 cent piece, smilingly demanded 40 cents on my last visit, but did not press the point when I laughed at him. The usual Chinese fare for a ferry across a stream is two coppers, but a foreigner will usually be expected to give more. However, as there must be some limit to the payment made for such small services, it is useful to know that there is a way round in case of need.

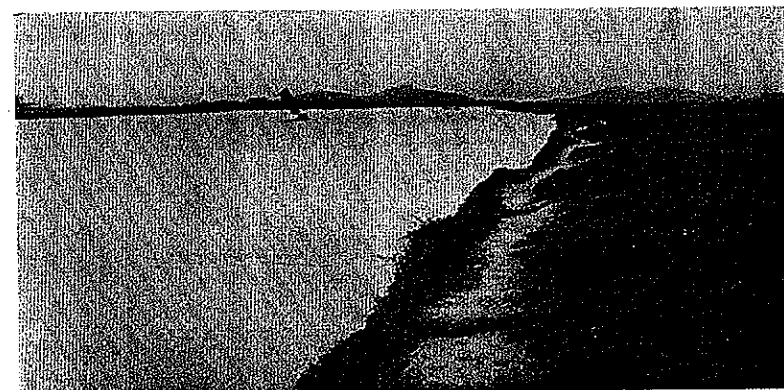
If you return to the high wooden bridge with the rail (No. 7) and proceed north-west (*i.e.*, right-handed from the Hills side of the bridge) you can make your way right round the end of the creek which is supposed to be crossed by the small wooden bridge now out of action: as stated above, I have marked this on the map as "Blind Creek," but I have not attempted to sketch in the path you must follow round it. You may zigzag your way over the now empty ricefields, keeping to the higher banks, until you have passed round the end of "Blind Creek": then make for the line of farmhouses ahead of you which are situated on the creek crossed by bridge No. 9. Work down that creek and finally come to bridge No. 9—a high stone bridge.

Just at this point where the two main creeks cross each other, you may note the remains of another large stone bridge, now ruined, which used to cross the main creek you are

*NOTE.—This small bridge has since been rebuilt and nicely banded at both ends; it is, however, always likely to be swamped in times of flood.

following into the Hills. If you glance again at the map, you will notice that the shortest way to the larger Hills was originally across that old bridge and thence in a straight line for Zo-se. I have never tried that route, even by using a sampan at No. 9 bridge, and so advise you to follow the dotted line which will take you into what I have called the "Hills Village." The Chinese name of this is "Se-sing-ghiao," and when you come to the narrow corner of the local Broadway, take no notice of the bridge on your left hand (not marked on map), but turn right for a few yards; there, pushed in between the little shops, you will find a wide, stone bridge which you must cross in the direction of the first Hill. At the other side go left through a covered-in market and turn right-handed into the path through the Hills.

I am not attempting to number bridges or to give details of your route through the Hills for you will probably be so



On the Towing Path of the Main Creek, showing Hills in the Distance

tired that you will make for the first clump of trees to sit down and rest. Then you can decide whether or not you want the extra stroll through the Hills to Zo-se, but please don't forget that even Hills Village is nearly 15 miles from the Aerodrome. If you *must* go the whole way, this is the way to do it.

Follow the path from the covered market I spoke of, along the side of the first Hill (Wong-woang-se) and bear right-handed beside the creek; past a large red temple and

through the busy village by the quarry. Here you will find many fair-sized junks loading with stones which go to make our roads in Shanghai. The next Hill is called Si-se and just at the end of the Si-se village you cross the creek by a stone bridge; follow the line of this creek for about a hundred yards, cross a high stone bridge and turn left, round the end of a small blind creek, towards the next Hill (Tong-se). At the end of this path turn right-handed round a farm and skirt Tong-se going west. Here you may either cut through the Hill by a narrow path, or go all round it as indicated on the map. I cannot trace all these intricate little paths and must leave the reader to work out his own details, just as the cook adds salt and pepper according to taste.

The Hills can be very beautiful on a fine day and in springtime, when wild roses, buttercups, and all the variegated wild flowers are in bloom, I know of few more beautiful spots—certainly none in China.

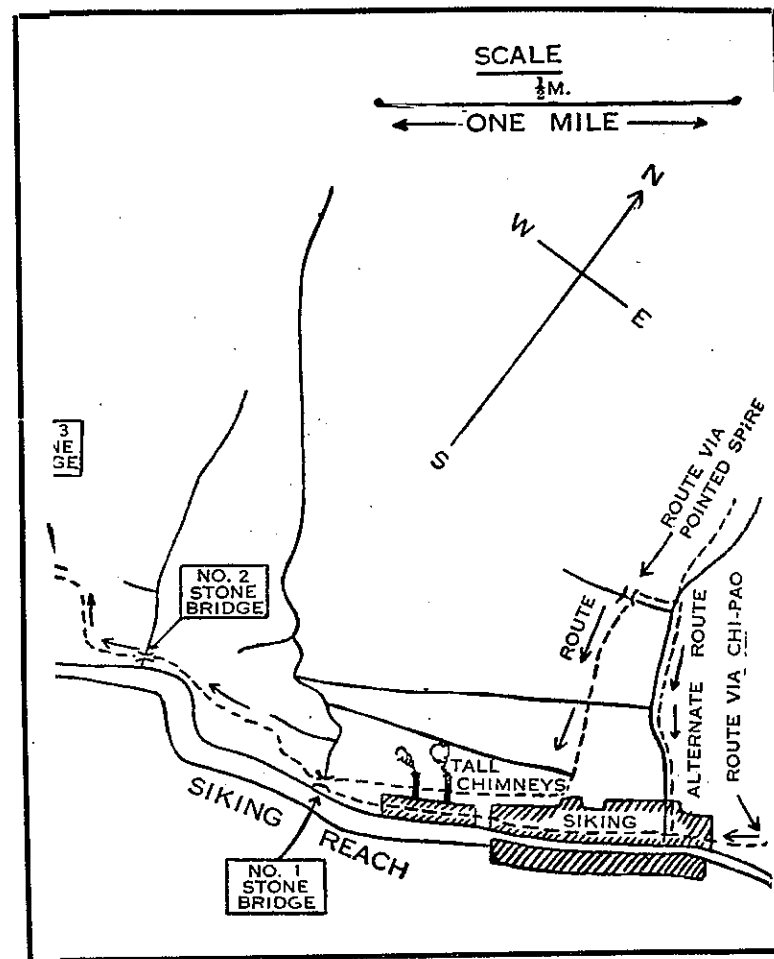
But do not linger too long with only three or four hours of daylight ahead of you, lest before you see that ever-welcome Aerodrome again you are saying with Rabbie Burns,

O life! Thou art a galling load
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I.

It seems a pity to finish an article about a really pleasant walk on such a lugubrious note as the above, so I must give you something more cheerful before concluding. This is a special tip for those who are fond of the country but who may not care to tackle thirty-two miles of mud paths in a day.

If you send an intelligent "boy" or clerk to Siccawei village (just at the corner of the French Concession) he will there find a few of the long passenger boats which are worked by Shao-Shing boatmen. They are long cigar-shaped craft, with rounded straw-mat covers and are worked by three yulohs, or a sail if the wind is favourable. Such a boat may be hired for the day for \$9.00 including all the crew—four in number—and not forgetting the "small boy." The latter is the most important of the lot, and it is part of his duty to do all the hard swearing and give all the smart back-answers which are necessary to navigation in narrow waters.

He also blows the large conch (a real sea-shell with a weird and mournful note) which calls the passengers at the



various villages on the daily run. But note that if you hire the boat privately, as I am suggesting, this shell may not be sounded by anyone, for its queer call would bring intending passengers from miles around, and woe betide you if you attracted them in vain.

Let us suppose that your "boy" hires the boat and arranges to go with it to the Hills Village; you and your party can start early in the morning, take your walk to the Hills, and after tiffin, join the boat and be yulohed home: or, better still, have tiffin on the boat conveyed therein by the trusty "boy." These boats are clean and safe and can be made quite comfortable if your attendant takes a few cushions with him. They will seat twenty or thirty native passengers and, hence, may be made quite snug for six or eight foreigners. Another way to do it would be for some of the party to go with the boat and enjoy a part of the walk along the banks of the Siccawei Creek. But let me leave these details to the imagination of the reader and use my available space in telling you of an experience I had in using one of these boats.

During the very height of the present Japanese boycott (1932) I hired such a boat to take a "dump" of water and provisions up-country so as to enable me to take certain walks further afield. Imagine my feelings on joining the boat to see it decorated with large Chinese characters meaning "Boycott Japanese Goods," while my case of provisions perched up in the stem of the boat bore in large black letters the tragic words "Asahi Beer!" And so we proceeded all day through teeming villages where, most fortunately, the foreign writing on the Japanese beer case did not carry the same conviction as the Chinese characters on the boat!

I should say that the journey by boat between Siccawei and the Hills will take on the average about five hours, so anyone wishing to accomplish this journey with a combination of walking and boating must make an early start. My shortest time for walking between the Aerodrome and Hills Village (via Pointed Spire as per previous articles) has been three hours and thirty-five minutes (but you should allow at least four hours), so there is not much time to spare, particularly when you remember that between Hills Village and Zo-se there is another walk of about two miles each way.

CHAPTER V.

INTRODUCTION TO WALK No. 5.

I do not think it necessary to alter my original description of the beginning of this walk, even though the developments on the new Chinese Road have changed things considerably. My suggestion that the road should naturally start from the Aerodrome (not from a point up the Monument Road) has worked out correctly, so you may still follow the line indicated, or something very near it, and if you pass over all the new traffic bridges you will find yourself at the No. 1 Red Temple (see page 63); here turn to the left, and by keeping on the right bank of the creek, you will find that you miss out Bridge No. 1 (poor "Sydney Harbour Bridge," now rotted at the base) and arrive on the other side of Bridge No. 2. Having thus missed both Bridges 1 and 2, you turn to the right and proceed through Gas Engine Village as indicated in the article. The rest of the trip remains as originally described, but I must warn you that Bridges Nos. 8 and 11 are in a deplorable condition. I recently passed over No. 11 in a high wind, and was nearly blown off; fortunately, it is a small bridge, but it is just held together with bits of wire, and wobbles frightfully: an old farm-lady ahead of me nearly collapsed in the middle of the crossing, and we commiserated volubly with many "pu-hao's" before resuming our respective journeys.

Finally, I must ask the reader to note that the Pearly Gates opposite to Red Temple No. 2 (see page 65) have been demolished: I always thought they led to no place the owners were likely to go to. So please take all your bearings from Red Temple No. 2: this is not so easily seen from a distance as were the white Pearly Gates, but that is the only difference their disappearance makes.

HOW TO REACH THE HILLS BY PATHS LYING TO THE NORTH OF THE SI-KING ROUTE: AND SOME RATHER COMPLICATED INSTRUCTIONS FOR VARIATIONS BETWEEN THE TWO ROUTES.

NOTE.—This walk makes very dry reading, but anyone desiring to learn the "Hills Country" is particularly recommended to work out the variations and alternative routes on the map before taking the walk.

THERE is no doubt that in country such as we are about to traverse on the Northern Route, the system of following the line of bridges is the most useful. Here we are going to find ourselves in a large flat tract of cultivated country, dotted with villages and riddled with creeks, and without any high landmarks to guide us excepting, of course, the Hills themselves and the Pointed Spire lying about a mile away at the nearest point.

There is, however, one difficulty in connection with the bridge system which I must explain at once. So long as you are following stone bridges you are fairly safe for these generally "stay put," but the wooden bridges have a nasty habit of wearing out and being unexpectedly removed for repairs.

In such a case it will be your task to make a detour and to find another bridge to bring you back on to the right track. As an example I would point to bridge No. 4 on the plan accompanying this article: here you may note that bridge No. 4 was originally a wooden bridge lying immediately to the left of No. 3; but on my third walk through this country I found No. 4 gone; hence it was necessary to go ahead and find another No. 4 and then to work back to the original route by turning left again.

This casual removal of bridges does not worry the local inhabitants who all have boats of some sort at their disposal, for the boat replaces the farm cart in this country, but the

casual wayfarer has to make his way round as best he can, and must consider himself lucky if the detour is less than a mile.

For the purposes of this walk I am providing two sketch maps and hope these will make the position clear though the actual mapping is very rough. In excuse for the inexactitudes I must state that this country is not covered by any map in my possession, so that the various positions are taken by guess-work only; we shall therefore be crossing creeks whose beginning and ending are unknown, taking our position by no instrument more delicate than the pointing of a walking-stick at a known landmark, and a glance at the sun as our measure of orientation.

Map No. I shows that this walk may be commenced from the Monument Road, for it is from there that the proposed Chinese Road may first be approached. But I think it is better to follow known tracks and to proceed through the two Aerodrome Villages (as on our first walk to Si-king) past the Thorn Hedge and so to Fox Tree Temple. Here we turn



On the new Chinese Road

to the right behind the temple and go straight ahead towards a long village until we strike the Chinese Road.

But when you come to this road do not expect a "made road" in our sense of the words: this one is at present merely a piece of country marked off by ditches along its edges to indicate that it one day may be a road; it is therefore now

only a grass-and-weed-grown track, and where a farmer has seeds or roots over after planting his fields he just ploughs up the road and grows them on the land so regained.

Following this road past the Long Village, the track turns right, over a stone bridge and then left again along the line of the creek which the completed road will ultimately traverse. Next we come to an arched stone bridge of ancient design, and it is possible that by following the track straight over this we might take a short cut to the path we are about to follow.

But I prefer to follow the known road, and so turn right-handed when over the bridge, then left again along the line of the road following it until you come to a large Grave Tree where the road bends slightly left.

Here you will begin to see a small Red Temple straight ahead of you and, on your left, a group of villages which it is our next object to get round. There are several ways of doing this, but I think the best is to keep to the road until you are nearly at the Red Temple; then, instead of swinging with the road to the right of the Temple, keep straight



No. 1 Red Temple

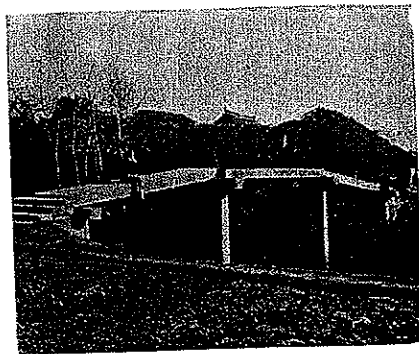
ahead along a well-marked path, cross a stone bridge just short of the temple, and turn sharp left along the line of the creek you have crossed.

Following this creek along the narrow path you will get round the end of the long village containing a high white-fronted building and ultimately find on your right a small village surrounded by bamboo plantations. Arrived on the other side of this, you will come to large wooden bridge which I have called No. 1 on the map, and from this point onwards I will direct you almost entirely by bridges as shown on Maps 1 and 2.

You will note that you are now just past the line of Pointed Spire, and it will be one of our main objects in navigating the intricate paths ahead of us to get Pointed Spire directly behind us and the Hills in front of us. Let us return to bridge No. 1 and see how this may be done.

The proud spirit which inspired the building of the Sydney Harbour Bridge must have swelled in the bosoms of the local villagers when bridge No. 1 was built, for it begins in a farmyard and ends in a ploughed field, yet it is constructed on modern lines and is wide enough to drive a carriage over: furthermore, there is a perfectly good stone bridge a hundred yards to the west of it, so if you have rounded the village that way you will be on the other side of the creek which is crossed by bridge No. 2.

To get to the latter you go straight ahead over No. 1 making for a large tree near some graves, then turn right-handed over No. 2 and proceed to the next line of villages. There is a left and right turn to approach these, and there-



Gas-Engine Village—Bridge No. 3

after following the line of the creek you will pass through the hamlet which I have called Gas-Engine Village. The reason for this name is soon apparent if the rice-cleaning industry is in progress, and just by the last group of buildings housing the engine you will pass over a large stone bridge which is labelled No. 3. Here you should immediately turn left over a wooden bridge, but as this is now down, keep straight ahead until you come to a flat boarded bridge (No. 4) where you turn sharp left and rejoin the main path in line with a large bare ginko tree.

From this point onwards I do not think it necessary to describe the walk in detail. You have fine open country all round you, only tiny hamlets to walk round (never *through*), and your general sailing directions are "*when in doubt turn left*." Map No. 2 shows you the details of bridges from No. 4 onwards, and I need only draw your attention to one or two matters of detail.

Between bridges 6 and 7 you will cross a narrow plank bridge and again between Nos. 8 and 9 a tumble-down stone one, but in both cases I have omitted to number them,

following our rule that we only recognize proper bridges on supports.

You will by now have learnt that in practically every case we keep going left-handed to our bridges so it is as well to note the exception in the case of No. 9. No. 8* is a high, rickety wooden bridge without any rail, and soon after crossing it you will see on your right a small wooden bridge by a red shrine. You can cross over this bridge if you like, but as it only spans a blind creek (marked on the map) I prefer to leave it alone and to walk round the end of the blind creek *right-handed*; this will soon bring you on a level with bridge No. 9 which you cross before going left again.

When you are over No. 9 and going west again, you will see some distance to your left the sails of large junks which are sailing on the main creek, and behind that creek a large White Temple; you may if you like cross over the fields



No. 2 Red Temple

and follow the line of the creek to bridge No. 10; but the main path keeps well away from it and finally brings you to a stone bridge (on your right) which you do *not* cross, instead you turn sharp left and make for stone bridge No. 10 about a quarter of a mile away.

*Note that Wooden Bridge No. 8, destroyed in the "War" of 1932, has now been put together again, but certainly not rebuilt in the true sense of the word: it is terribly rickety.

After No. 10 you circumnavigate a farmyard and quickly come to a rickety, wooden bridge (No. 11) with the No. 2 Red Temple on your right. This Red Temple surrounded by high trees is a good landmark on the way back.

Standing with the Red Temple on your right and looking to the northern end of the Hills you can now just discern a little whitewashed building about a mile ahead, and it is for this you must next shape your course, zigzagging across the ricefields. This little building is the Sun Yat-sen School with a picture of that hero in pale blue on its wall: there is also an inscription telling you in Chinese that the picture is of Sun Yat-sen, which is quite useful information, all things considered. And here we may claim a little justifiable pride for deciphering this same inscription; for the "Yat-sen" of the late Dr. Sun's name is merely Cantonese for "Chung-shan" or "Middle-mountain," and so we find the two simple Chinese characters 中=Middle, and 山=Hill or



Sun Yat-sen School

Mountain, to give us the clue. And if that is not a triumph of mind over matter I would like to know what is!

Bridge No. 12 is a high stone one, and having crossed it you turn sharp left by the school, follow the creek for about a mile through many farmyards (wonderfully clean and prosperous, by the way) until you find yourself at

Ziang-ze which is none other than bridge No. 4 on the route from Si-king to the Hills. Hence, you do *not* cross that stone bridge, but turn to your right through the hamlet of Ziang-ze, over the two wooden bridges (previously counted together as No. 5) and so, at last, make directly for the Hills.

But I told you in my last article that bridge No. 8 of the Si-king-Hills route was down, and so this gives me an additional reason for taking you back to the high stone bridge by the Sun Yat-sen School, for further directions.

First, you may like to dodge the village of Ziang-ze with its bridges, and, if so, you can take an alternative route. Soon after passing the school you may turn right-handed into the country (instead of following the main creek), get far enough west to pass round the end of a blind creek running parallel with the one you have just left, and so finally come out at the western end of Ziang-ze on the far side of the two wooden bridges. I have indicated this cut by a dotted line in Map No. 2.

Then again there is the question of the creek which is crossed by wooden bridge No. 8 (Si-king route). Since this

bridge is now down, I think you will do better to take the following directions for approaching the Hills.



No. 3 Red Temple—No. 13 Bridge

Standing on bridge No. 12 you will see on your right front about half a mile away a third red temple. Beside this is a high wooden bridge (No. 13) with a handrail; having crossed this, go left-handed and then straight ahead for a large stone bridge (No. 14) to be found in the next village.

At this latter bridge you are now on the same creek which is crossed by bridge No. 7 of the Si-king-Zo-se route, but somewhat to the north of the end of the blind creek which bridge No. 8 now fails to take us over. From here it is quite easy to make your way over the ricefields diagonally towards the Hills so that you pass round the end of the blind creek, reach the next main creek and follow it south until you come to bridge No. 9 (Si-king route), which is the last bridge before the Hills Village.

If you have followed the above variation of the northern route, you will have noticed that from Sun Yat-sen School onwards, until you turned South to get round the blind creek, you have been walking almost directly for that lone hill,

known I believe as Po-ku-se, which lies well to the north of the main group of Hills; you will also have noticed that a mile or so to the north of the Sun Yat-sen School there is another church with a pointed spire which will make us a good landmark if we map out a walk to the lone hill by a route north again of the one we have just followed.

On the homeward trip I do not think you should have any difficulty, but it is just as well to bear in mind certain points.

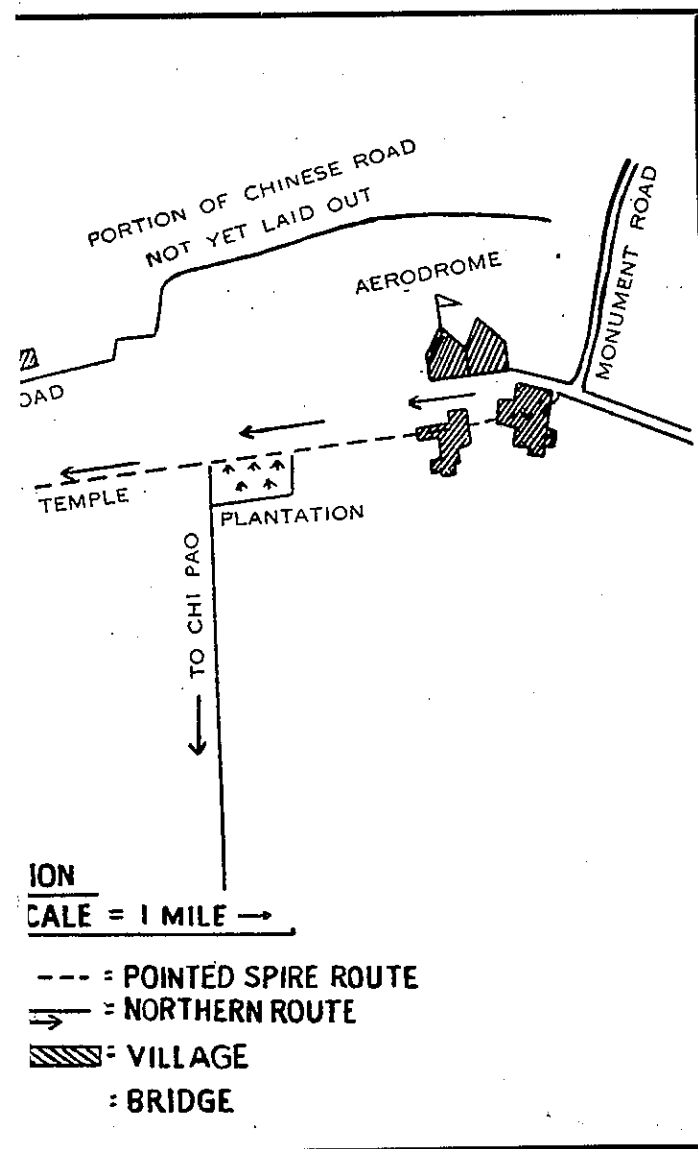
Going back from Sun Yat-sen School, the Red Temple (see illustration page 65) makes your best mark before you cross No. 11, and go round the farmyard to No. 10. When you are well over No. 9 don't forget that you must turn *right* to get round the blind creek before coming to No. 8.

Just here you will be seeing the tall chimneys of Si-king, well over to your right, while almost straight ahead of you you will catch an occasional glimpse of a white column which is none other than our old friend White Belfry on the "Pointed Spire" route.

Then when you are over No. 6 and making for No. 5 you may get anxious because you cannot see the latter; do not lose heart but keep bearing left for a large farmyard surrounded by the highest trees in the neighbourhood; just before you approach this you will find the elusive No. 5 tucked in behind a group of bamboos on your right.

Finally when you reach Gas-Engine Village, if you are very tired and thirsty, as I expect you will be, you may go into the little shop just over the stone bridge (No. 3) and ask for a cup of tea. The youth of the village will come in to stare at you, hoping for largesse, but you will be too weary to mind this until, rested and refreshed, you set out for the last five miles back to the Aerodrome.

By the way, a gentleman wrote to the papers recently, stating that he had just "strolled" to the Hills and back (apparently by this route) without any trouble or fatigue, so perhaps I am talking nonsense when I suggest you may want a rest on the way back. Personally, I find a thirty-mile walk such as this just as much as I can tackle, and my Ford car looks like a Rolls-Royce when at last I reach it.



CHAPTER VI.

A WARNING TO ASPIRING WALKERS AND A PROMISE TO ATTEMPT A NEW WALK : A SHORT WALK IN THE NEAR COUNTRY : MANY "LANDMARKS" CONSISTING OF WATER : AND AN ATTEMPT TO PROVE THAT OUR SHANGHAI COUNTRY IS NOT ALTOGETHER UNINTERESTING.

INTRODUCTION TO WALK No. 6.

This walk remains almost untouched—and to my mind as attractive as ever, but for how long I cannot say. Already some of the main paths I have indicated in this and other walks have been widened into ricscha roads : already there are the beginnings of a motor road running into Hung Jau village from the Hungjao Road ; while another is to run from the Aerodrome to Chi-pao—but has not come yet.

When taking this walk nowadays please note that after crossing the long bridge spanning the Rubicon Creek, where it enters into the Siccawei Creek (see sketch map), the next "small stone bridge" mentioned in the text, but not shown on the map, has now been converted into a wooden bridge with stone and concrete foundations : don't forget to cross this wooden bridge before turning right-handed into the country. Many of the small creeks in this neighbourhood have been widened, presumably in connection with the dredging and draining of the Siccawei Creek, but this particular walk is only affected as noted above.

I AM afraid that I shall be accused of preaching, but I feel that I should again sound a note of warning against taking long walks in unknown country without proper preparation and practice such as I have always advocated. I have just heard of a party who tried a walk from Sung-kiang (on the Railway) to Shanghai, and who arrived at the Aerodrome at 8 p.m. in an exhausted state, having hopelessly lost their way. I have a sense of guilt over this episode since I was also informed that the party carried my map and directions, and had apparently mistaken Sung-kiang for Si-king.

Now, Sung-kiang is seven miles south of Si-king, and is the nearest point to the Hills touched by the Railway. I have never done the walk, but imagine it would be quite a simple matter to go from Sung-kiang to Zo-se, or, if you preferred it, direct to Si-king, and thence back to Shanghai by any of the routes I have described. That is to say, it is quite easy if you know how to do it. And to learn how to do it, you must proceed by easy stages, learning each section of the country as you go.

For every complete journey I make to the Hills by new routes I cover the unknown or difficult part of the country half a dozen times, so that when the complete walk is taken there is not a moment's hesitation anywhere ; and I can only advise others to do the same. I am sorry, indeed, that anyone should have suffered discomfort through any suggestion of mine, but I feel sure that the sufferers in this case will admit their adventure was undertaken without giving heed to my warnings.

There is, however, a silver lining to every cloud, and I, at least, am grateful for the suggestion of trying the Sung-kiang/Shanghai walk by means of the Railway: the procedure would be: Sung-kiang to Zo-se, 7 miles; through the Hills, 2 miles; Hills Village to the Aerodrome 15 miles; total, say 24 or 25 miles, which would make a splendid day's walk. If a convenient train can be found I shall certainly try it, which may be some comfort to those sporting, if unfortunate, pioneers.

Perhaps the episode of which I have just written has influenced me in choosing a short, comfortable walk for my next article; one where you can hardly get lost if you try, and which may be undertaken by a mixed party any fine Saturday afternoon: the distance is perhaps eight miles, and you can do the whole walk comfortably in two hours if you don't stop too long to admire the country.

This walk starts practically at the Hungjao-Rubicon Road corner, and I must here tender an apology to readers



Washing Day on the Rubicon Creek

who are not motor-car owners for starting these rambles so far from home. But the ever-encroaching builder never ceases his work, and hundreds of paths and fields which I once walked close to my house in the Western district are now covered by roads and rows of villas in the best compradoric style of architecture. For those who do not own cars I can only suggest that a No. 4 bus will take them up the

Hungjao Road to our starting-point, and I hope they can make the best of that.

To put it shortly, this walk consists of turning into the country just before reaching the Rubicon Road; striking south until the Siccawei Creek is reached; thence taking the most direct route to Chi-pao; and returning across country to the point where you started. You can accomplish this in various ways, but I suggest it is good practice to try following a map, and there is a glow of satisfaction to be had when you successfully strike the correct landmark.

Another object I had in choosing this route was to give the reader practice in steering his course by means of waterways instead of by churches and other high buildings, as we have so often done before. Note that in this case the only



The Line of Farmyards after leaving Siccawei Creek

prominent landmarks to be seen from a distance are the flag of the Hungjao Golf Club at one end; the spire of the Chi-pao church at the other, with the Aerodrome only to be sighted from a distance but never approached. I may say, in fact, that our most prominent landmarks consist of water (as the Irishman might have said when he first went to sea).

You commence this walk about sixty yards before reaching the big road-bridge by the Hungjao Golf Club, and there, in between two small blocks of white Chinese houses, you will see a wide path running left-handed into the country: it is interesting to notice, by the way, that all Chinese houses in

Greater Shanghai, however small and mean, now bear a foreign-style number plate, and the number of the house by which you will turn is 39041. Please note this is *not* the path immediately next to the big road-bridge; *that* is the one you will come back on if you follow these directions.

The path we want is quite an open one right away from creeks and bridges, and if you follow this for about half a mile (never taking any left-hand fork) you will strike the Rubicon Creek at the corner of the elbow shown on the map. Very soon you will see a wide wooden bridge to your right which would undoubtedly take you by a short cut to Chi-pao; but we are out walking for pleasure, not for speed, and so we carry on beside the Rubicon until we come to the Siccawei Creek. Here we turn right-handed over a long stone bridge (crossing the Rubicon Creek at its mouth) then left-handed over a small stone bridge: just at this point the path leaves



The Temple and the Spreading Tree

the Siccawei Creek and dives into the country in a westerly direction.

After passing along a line of farmyards and blind creeks we suddenly notice a fine spreading tree behind which stands a rather pretty temple; just in front of this is a pilgrims' pavilion with a well in the centre, almost identical with the one we found in Fah-wah village on another walk, and I have no doubt that it was the work of the same architect in days long gone by. Just past this temple you will see on

your left front the spire of the Chi-pao church and the path swings sharp left to take us in its direction.

Now we are making for the Creek again and very soon are following the towing-path, passing batches of boatmen and Chinese holiday-makers on their way back to Hungjao or possibly even to the Great City itself. Notice as you pass along the creek at this time of year (January) how the farmers are digging great holes in the creek-bed, scooping the rich mud up onto their land. This must be the process, carried on for countless generations, which makes the creek-banks resemble a line of low rolling hills.

Having rounded the southerly curve of the Creek, we soon find the Chi-pao church looming large in front of us,



Entrance to Chi-pao

and here the path again leaves the waterside to approach the village from the rear.

Approaching Chi-pao I am always reminded of a little Sussex village tucked away under the fold of a low hill, for here are all the elements of an English village: a straggling line of roofs, a low green hill, a church spire rising above it; and behind it all the westering sun casting a soft pinkish glow. Of course the scoffer will call attention to the dense mass of grave-mounds and say, "Where do you see these in an English landscape?" Perhaps a little imagination is required, and if we half close our eyes they become stooks of

corn in the shadow of the hill ; and at last our village landscape is complete.

Following the main path straight for the back of Chi-pao, we come to the north-bound creek, which runs from the main waterway we have just left. Here we may pause a moment to decide what we would like to do. By turning to the left we shall come to the main water-front : thence right-handed through the village and round it by a way I have previously described. But if the sun is really setting, as I have suggested above, we have no time to lose and so will return by the shortest route.

Imagine yourself then, walking into the back of the village and striking the north-bound creek : here, just to your right, you will find a stone bridge crossing the creek. Going over this bridge, turn sharp right and follow the creek northwards ; pass the second stone bridge (which serves only a series of creek-bound farmsteads) and cross the third bridge, where another creek flows right-handed. Here your north-bound creek suddenly changes direction and begins to wobble eastward as if it could not make up its mind which way to go.

It puzzled me terribly to get it on the map, so I just christened it "Wobbly Creek" and hoped for the best. The path going eastward cuts off corners as best it can, but at the third "wobble" it gets desperate and crosses the creek by a bridge which appears to go in the direction opposite from that which you desire. But once having shaken itself free from this eccentric waterway our path pulls itself together and makes direct for the next village, where you cross another stone bridge and turn right-handed.

This village has been christened "Avenue Village" for reasons that will soon be obvious : a fine line of trees runs down its water-front and, although this is not a real avenue, it is well worthy of the name. The village is surrounded on all sides by bamboo groves and you may notice that its main industry at this time of year is the making of split-bamboo blinds.

At the far corner of this sheltered spot, turn sharp left and go north again until a farmstead is reached where the path turns right. For some time past you will have caught occasional glimpses of a little church with a low belfry, among

a group of trees and houses, and it is for this you are now shaping your course. Cross the stone bridge beside the church and then turn left.

From this point onwards I want you to notice the importance of watching the pieces of water, for it is by these you must steer if you want to take the shortest way. On the other hand you will now be seeing on your left front (about two miles away) a group of British flags flying, the lowest of which is that of the Hungjao Golf Club, so you cannot possibly lose your way. At the same time there is some fun to be



Avenue Village

had trying to follow the map, so you may care to take these directions.

After the church, notice that you go round the end of a narrow waterway which is rapidly being filled in. Follow this until you can see on your left a grave-mound with five tops to it (marked on the map as "Five Graves") : here turn left, cross a plank bridge and go straight ahead for the next village. I have called this "Lace Village" and if you have an interpreter you may well accept the invitation of one of the village maidens to inspect her handiwork. I imagine this craft has been taught by the nuns at the little church and such of the work as I have seen seems of excellent quality ; it is obviously for sale at reasonable prices, though I make no claim to be an expert in such matters.

Just after Lace Village, you will see on your left (beside some willow trees) another blind creek, and although the

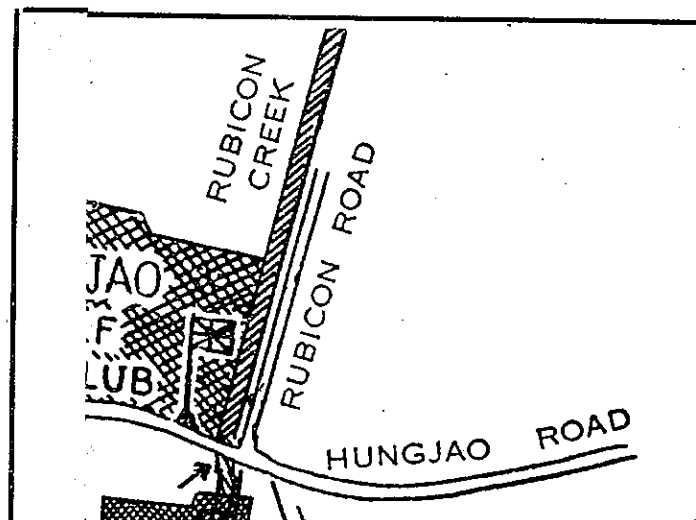
main path takes you on the south side of it (*i.e.*, straight ahead as you were going), I have found it a better way to turn left and go round this creek on the line indicated. Just short of the hamlet at the end of the creek turn left again until you come to a village with a pond in front of it: then turn right and follow the narrow path to the next village.

The next is a very intricate piece of navigation and you can go through the village if you want to, but I always walk round it by the round pond as shown on the map. This village goes in for cotton-spinning, and the large compound which you circumnavigate is a maze of "cotton-walks."

Here the path becomes well defined again, and there is little for me to explain. Soon you will cross a stone bridge, find yourself following the Rubicon Creek again, go through a stuffy little village, cross a stone bridge with a wooden railing, and, just as if you were falling into a new world, find yourself back on the Hungjao Road with its tarmac surface and hooting motor-cars.

Anyone who has a little imagination can hardly fail to enjoy this walk. Here for the short space of two hours we have lived in China: seen the floating population of the creeks, the teeming residents of a small town (for Chi-pao is really something more than a village), watched the dwellers of the country at work, farming, lace-making, blind-making, cotton-spinning; we have seen, in fact, the simple country-folk of China in their own surroundings, working, drinking tea, shopping, and travelling to and fro in their own quiet manner.

Then, as though we had crashed through the backdrop of a theatrical scene, we find ourselves back in the modern civilization of which we are so proud. That is the impression that a walk of this kind gives me, and I sometimes pause to wonder when people all around me are saying, "What a hideous place Shanghai is; the country is flat and uninteresting and there's nothing worth seeing anywhere!"



CHAPTER VII.

INTRODUCTION TO WALK No. 7.

This trip to the Hills via Sung-kiang, and thence through the country to Shanghai (or, if you prefer it, to the Hills and back from Sung-kiang), remains as delightful as ever. The new motor-road makes it much easier to arrange, but I am retaining the original description of the train journey, as this may be preferred by those who have no car and who do not like riding in buses.

The distance by car to Sung-kiang is about 23 miles from the end of the Route Winling. You turn right-handed off the Minghong Road soon after the 19 kilometer post, where the ancient drum tower thrusts its plaintive head out of the middle of a modern square building, and follow the narrow road to the bitter end: pass through the two "outside city gates" (which apparently have no reason for their existence) and keep going ahead, winding through the outer suburbs, until you come to a T-corner, where you must turn either left or right unless you want to land in a paddy field. Here turn to the right (leaving the Railway Station on your left), and within a hundred yards or so you will find yourself under the covered entrance to the bus station and garage (where you may leave your car on payment of 40 cents). Here you are at the entrance to the main city, and must follow the directions in Chapter VII. Please note that you do not cross the bridge into the city, but follow the path on the near side of the moat. With regard to the right-handed turn mentioned at the top of Page 84, I must point out that additions to the shops and tea-houses now make this difficult to find: the far side of the bridge slightly overlaps the turning, which is now blind, but the illustration on Page 84 should make the bridge easily identified.

A TRAIN JOURNEY AND AN INTERESTING WALK IN NEW COUNTRY: A SHORT DESCRIPTION OF SUNG-KIANG: SOME MAGNIFICENT STONE BRIDGES: A NEW APPROACH TO THE HILLS: AND HOME VIA THE NORTHERN ROUTE.

HAVING declared my intention of taking this walk to see if any difficulties existed, I was invited to join three other enthusiasts in the attempt, and I can only say that it was one of the most delightful outings I have ever had from Shanghai.

Our train left Jessfield at about 7.25 in the morning, and we argued as to the correct form which a walker's breakfast should take. The suggestion that it should commence with porridge sandwiches was ruled out as frivolous, so we



The Entrance to Sung-kiang

compromised on sandwiches of egg and ham. An obliging train-boy supplied green tea in tumblers whether we wanted it or not, and so the meal was complete. The carriage was a comfortable one of the corridor variety, and I have no doubt that the cook would have turned out an admirable breakfast on request; but a self-contained unit is the safest, so we ate our sandwiches in comfort and took no risks of enforced starvation.

After a journey of a little over an hour, the train arrives at Sung-kiang (pronounced Soong-kong locally); having crossed the railway bridge and left the station, you make immediately for the broad road leading to the city, and, arriving at the creek or moat which surrounds it, turn to the left in the direction of the pagoda which towers above its western end (see Map No. 1).

I must here draw the reader's attention to the fact that, in the course of this walk you never really enter the city according to the lines shown on the map. In actual fact, however, you must remember that the buildings of the city



The Creek around Sung-kiang

overlap the official boundaries on all sides, and by the time you have come to the line of the moat you are actually in the narrow streets of the outlying areas.

Having turned to the left on coming to the waterside where many boatmen will urge you to take a sampan for Zo-se, you will find yourself walking along a narrow paved street with shops on both sides; and a little later you have shops and houses on your left with the moat on your right and densely packed buildings on its other side.

After about half a mile of this, you come to a large stone bridge which actually crosses, not the circular moat itself, but the west-bound creek which will lead you to your northward course to the Hills. You cannot miss this large bridge for it is just opposite the pagoda for which you have been steering around the outer circle of the city. Having crossed

this bridge, swing left again, keeping the main creek just on your left hand. Here again you may imagine from the map that you are out in the country, but this is not the case; for you are still proceeding along a paved street lined with shops, joss-houses, the walls of private residences, and many workshops of carpenters and bed-makers.

Passing through the streets of this most interesting city, with its air of peace and prosperity, it is hard to think



Sung-kiang Pagoda

of it as the old headquarters of General Ward in the days of the Taiping rebellion; but this is the city which Ward originally captured with a handful of Filipino mercenaries and later held against all comers with his "Ever-Victorious Army"; and here it is that his remains lie in a Confucian Temple, to which a pilgrimage is made every year by his fellow-countrymen to visit his memorial.

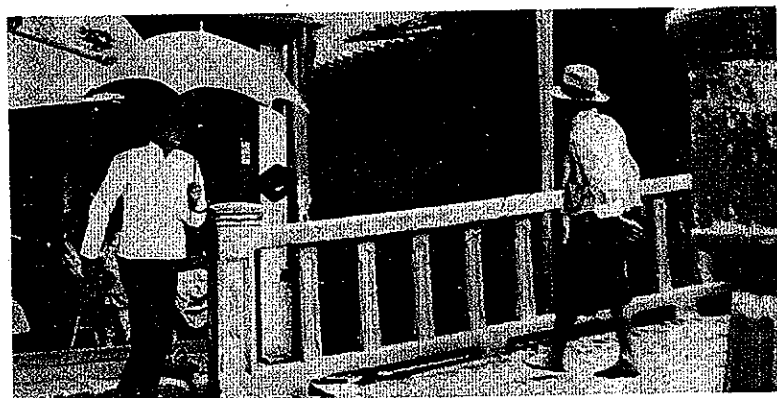
Walking through the town to-day you find a strange mixture of the usual squalor with a lot that is pleasantly picturesque; mysterious-looking buildings with shell or paper windows and finely carved wood facings of modern workmanship; ancient stone gates of magnificent design stand cheek by jowl with big plaster-faced buildings of some weird

modern school of architecture; and everywhere there is granite paving along the stone-bunded creeks.

But we cannot linger in this fascinating place, for as we turn sharp right-handed at the next stone bridge (see illustration) we find ourselves following a paved pathway, out of the little suburb through which we have been passing, and so northward to the Hills.

From this point onwards we shall follow the main creek leading to Kuang-fu-ling, and for the present we keep it on our right hand.

Soon we see ahead of us an immense stone bridge, a veritable Father of all Stone Bridges, which in due course



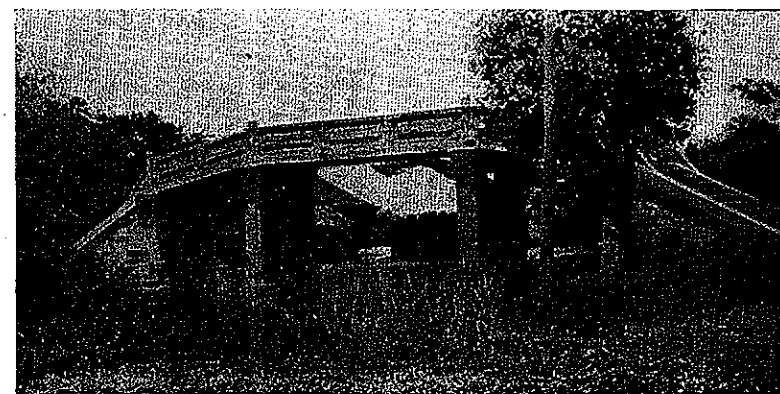
The Bridge in Sung-kiang where the path leads into the Country

we cross, subsequently proceeding with the creek on our left hand. Arrived at this bridge, we may well pause a moment to examine its striking architecture and, noting its large proportions, to wonder for a moment what has happened in the course of years to the creek we have been following: for it is obvious that a bridge of this size must have been built to span a wide and important water where big junks once sailed. It would appear that for many years this creek has been silting up and the thrifty natives, while deepening the narrowing channel, have used the mud to reclaim the shelving banks on either side, with the result that the waterway is now about half its original width.

This bridge is soon followed by another striking example of Chinese architecture which takes us over an east-west

creek, and shortly after this a lone chimney announces that we are approaching Kuang-fu-ling. And even here we may not forget the days of the Taiping rebellion, for it was at this gateway of the Hills that at least two important battles were fought, one of them being Ward's brilliant victory over the Rebels in 1862.

Having only travelled this route once, and having no large-scale map to work upon, I am not able to say exactly



The New Bridge beyond Kuang-fu-ling

where Kuang-fu-ling begins and ends, or to attempt any sketch of the country between here and Zo-se. On the other hand it is all fairly plain sailing, and if you are in doubt, the magic word "Zo-se" will get you directions from the villagers; arrived at the village where the small factory stands (the one that showed us the chimney) we were told it was Kuang-fu-ling.

Here we crossed two small bridges in quick succession, doubling back left-handed at the second one, and making for a small red temple a hundred yards away: here we passed to the right of the temple on a roughly paved path and soon found ourselves at another village which was also said to be Kuang-fu-ling: perhaps our informants were right, but, if so, I can only say that these bifurcated villages are not fair to the amateur geographer.

Just before arriving at this "suburb" of Kuang-fu-ling, you cross a stone bridge right-handed and then double left

before coming to the new bridge which I referred to as being in course of construction in the first edition of this book: the new structure is an elaborate concrete affair with a number of steps at each end: you cross this left-handed and then go left and right again in order to circumnavigate a small farmhouse and resume your direction towards the Hills.

From this point onwards the path to Zo-se does not go as straight as we would like it to, and a little later it deflects



The Temple at Kuang-fu-ling

considerably to the westward in the direction of the next hill which is called by the natives "Chin-se"; approached from the south and east this is nothing but a well-worked quarry-face, and we have to make up our minds that we must cross in front of it, since there is apparently no path leading directly to our objective. If you will look at the bottom left-hand corner of Map No. 2 you will see that I have attempted to show you how the path turns left to bring you to the quarry-face.

Arrived at the village below the quarry, we find ourselves in a small shipbuilding yard, where stone-junks are built and mended, and here we cross a small bridge and turn towards Zo-se: just in front of the quarry plant is a stone bridge with a black handrail, but instead of crossing this, we turn right again (away from the quarry) and cross over a rough ladder bridge. It is not easy to show on a

small map just why we have to cross two wooden bridges in quick succession, but the idea is this: a creek leading north-west joins the blind creek we are now following, and the two bridges we have just negotiated take us round the head of it. Having crossed the second of these two bridges we find ourselves back again on the south side of our blind creek and in a few hundred yards we go round its blind end and make straight for Zo-se.

Once we have rounded this creek, the path again becomes well defined and winds its way through rough and not very



The Quarry-face at "Chin-se"

interesting country until we strike Zo-se just below the Observatory where an aerial railway has been built through the forest to carry materials up to the new Cathedral which is still in course of construction.

Having now done this walk in June after the rice was planted, I must warn readers that the above route from the Quarry to Zo-se is impracticable at such times owing to the flooding of the fields: the following alternative and slightly longer route must therefore be taken. Cross the bridge with the black handrail in front of the quarry and turn right-handed through the heaps of crushed stones until you come back on to the creek-front: then follow the long straight creek ahead of you until you come to a large stone bridge: cross this right-handed, and go straight ahead along the path in front of you.

Nothing could be more charming on a fine day than the water-front of Zo-se as you follow the path on the line of the fence round the church property.

At this point it may be well to glance again at Map No. 2 where it takes up the story as you enter the Hills. I am sorry that this map is not on the same scale, or in the same orientation as Map No. 1, but that should not cause you any difficulty, and you can easily follow the dotted line through the Hills.

For the next half hour or so, you have the most delightful walk imaginable before you, so enjoy it while you may: and if you have any soul (not to mention a decent hunger) you will soon lie down on a hill-top in the sunshine and indulge in what is generally known as "a drop of elevenses": but I must not anticipate.

First you must pass the main entrance to the church precincts and note that if you desire to climb the Hill you may do so, the only condition being that you do not shoot anything (armed robbers and others, please note). Still sticking to the side of the Hill, you come to the valley between Zo-se and Tong-se, and here notice the dilapidated old pagoda on the Hill-side. From here you may walk up the Pagoda Valley and round the end of Tong-se, but I prefer to cut right-handed over Tong-se and take the "elevenses" aforementioned at its top.

Here we may imagine a considerable pause, for the view is magnificent; Sung-kiang and its pagoda to the south and Tsing-pu to the north-west with unknown waters beside it; just to the north is the little hill called Po-ku-se where we have promised ourselves a walk in the near future; and to the east, Si-king and Chi-pao, and perhaps a glimpse of Shanghai if the day is fine enough.

For those who wish to do the complete walk and who have followed the maps outwards to the Hills there are no more directions worth giving. Down the side of Tong-se into the valley, then right-handed under the line of the Hill. Arrived at the narrow path between a farmyard and the hill-side, turn left along a path with a tall monolith ahead; over a tall stone bridge right-handed; then a lower one left-handed; pass through the village below Si-se; past the quarry, then left-handed over the side of the last big hill and into

"Hills Village." For those who have not done that part of the walk before, I would mention that you must now enter Hills Village between a low red building and a line of shops, turn left through a covered market, and then cross the stone bridge into the little narrow main street; here you do *not* cross the next stone bridge immediately on your right, but, instead, follow the creek going almost due north. Now you are on the Zo-se-Si-king route which I have previously described.

If you are familiar with this Si-king route, perhaps you had better stick to it, but I would like to suggest that the

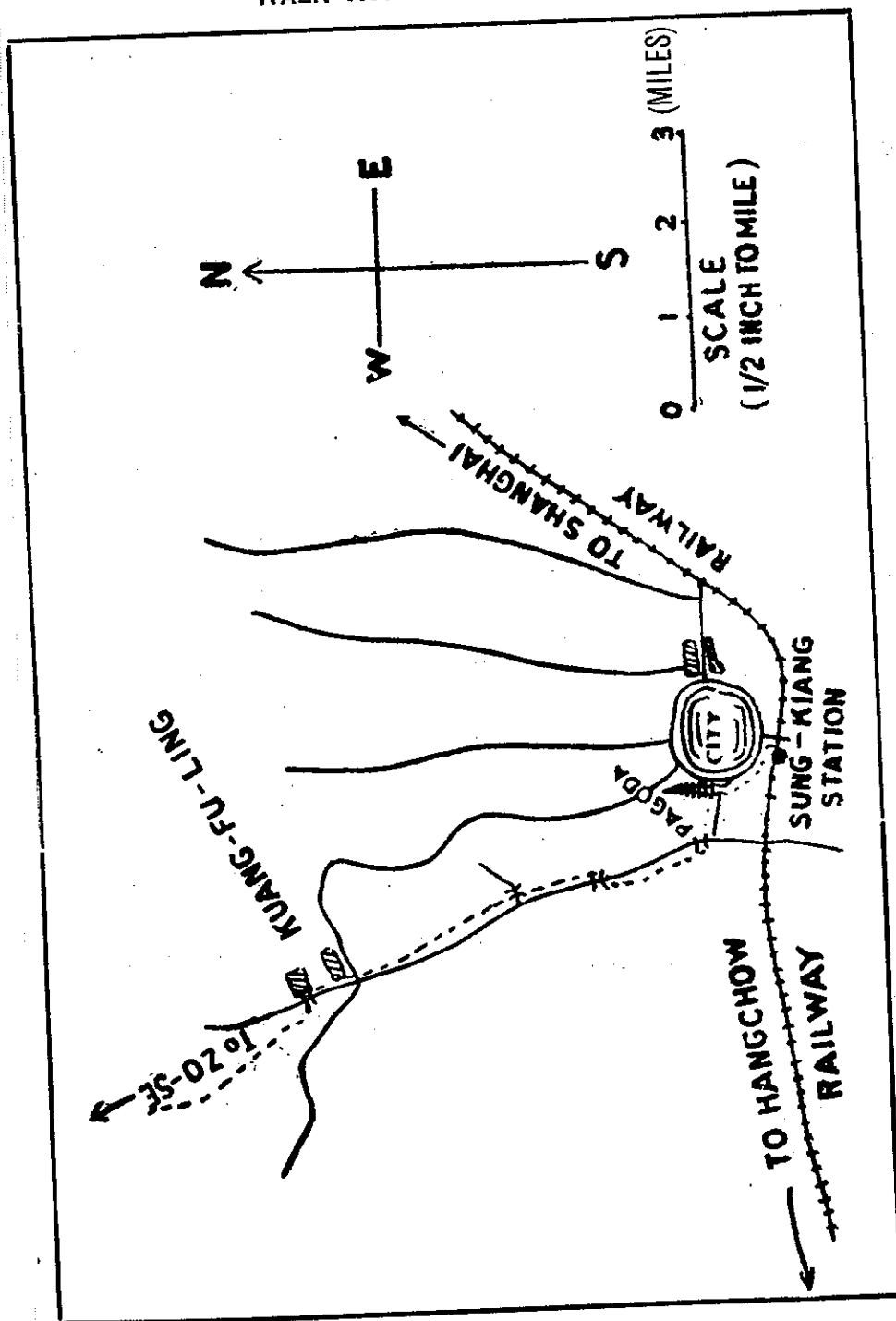


A Shady Bamboo Grove

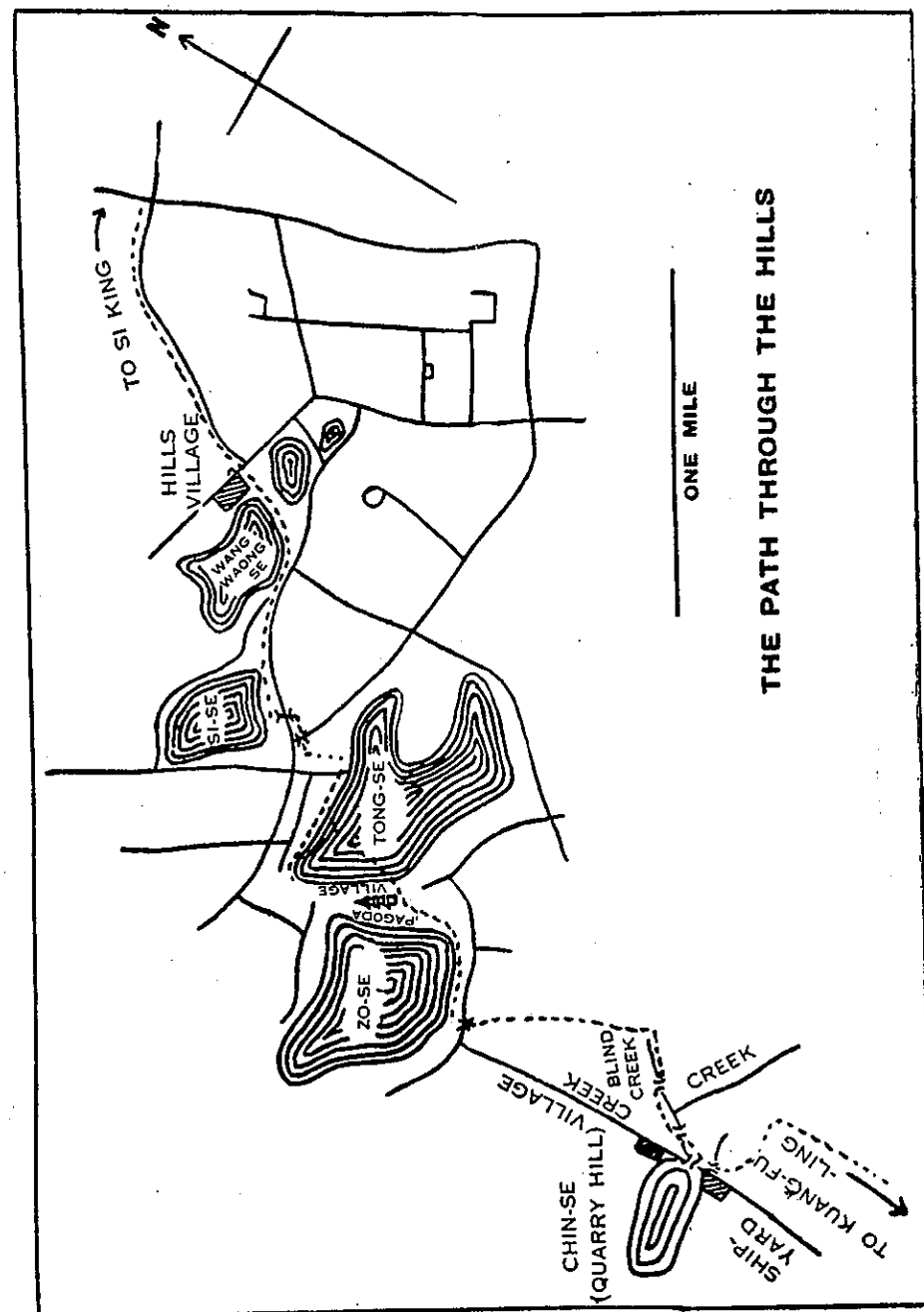
northern route is in many ways preferable. Counting your next stone bridge as No. 9 (see Si-king-Zo-se Map, in Walk No. 4), carry on until you come to the second of the two wooden bridges (mentioned together as No. 5) at Ziang-se: there, instead of crossing stone bridge No. 4 for Si-king, turn left-handed up the creek for Sun Yat-sen School and thence homeward by the northern route, as described in Walk No. 5. To put it another way, go from bridge No. 4 of the Si-king route up to bridge No. 12 of the northern route, and so home via the No. 2 Red Temple.

When taking the walk just described, our party took a slightly longer route, and two of us deviated a mile or so to do a little prospecting, but even so we arrived back at the Aerodrome at 5 p.m. and could have been there earlier had we cared to hurry.

WALK No. 7: MAP No. 1



WALK No. 7: MAP No. 2



INTRODUCTION TO WALK No. 8.

SECOND EDITION

Recent road construction has entirely changed the character of this walk—or will do so in the near future, “if you want to follow roads.” The new road commencing (now) from the back of the Aerodrome has been taken seriously in hand, and although it is not yet passable by any wheeled vehicle, it will serve a rider or walker. So if you “do” want to follow roads you can start behind the Aerodrome and cross innumerable modern bridges until you pass in behind Tang Yu (see the map of the Hills Country), which you will note now boasts a newly-decorated steeple: still carrying on along the road, you will pass north of Fung-kai-yu, but you will not enter either of these interesting places owing to the intervening creek. About three bridges farther on you will come to a place called Zah-Ung-Jau, and here you may turn left into the country and find a bridge which will take you across to Po-ku-se. This route will doubtless be useful to a horseman, or even to a cyclist, if he is prepared to rough it; but I personally, being a walker, prefer to go wandering through the foot-paths and by-ways as I originally mapped them. Soon you will be able to go the whole distance by motor-car and take a short stroll through the country to that unapproachable hillock which provided so much fun in its discovery!

Also please note that this new road is presumably going to Tsing-Poo, or even further, so do not be surprised if you find its line of bridges extending well past Zah-Ung-Jau by the time you get there.

CHAPTER VIII.

A NEGLECTED AND ISOLATED HILL NORTH OF ZO-SE: A ROUTE FURTHER NORTH THAN THE NORTHERN ROUTE: AN OBSTINATE CREEK THAT REFUSES TO BE CROSSED: A CHINESE MECCA FOR GOURMETS: AND THE FINAL CONQUEST OF PO-KU-SE.

SOME hunger for the heights of Everest, others talk of the Kanchanjunga adventure, but it has apparently been left to me to conquer Po-ku-se.

I had better mention at once that Po-ku-se is a hill lying about three miles north of Zo-se; it is not very high, nor is it very beautiful, but the point is that no foreigner has apparently ever taken the trouble to go there. General Gordon omitted it from his “Military Plan” of the country; the Siccawei Fathers did not include it in their map; the Railway cartographer ignored it; but the compiler of the War Office map of 1927 boldly wrote “Po-ku-se” in its approximate position and then omitted to put the dot indicating its exact location.

Knowing full well that there *was* a hill there in the centre of a piece of difficult and unknown country, I determined to find it, and soon discovered by questioning villagers that the magic name “Po-ku-se” adopted by the War Office gentleman was the correct one in the local dialect. Further evidence was procured from an ancient map drawn by a Customs Surveyor, who drew two little “caterpillars” and called them “Bo-kan-san”: he also gave the Chinese characters which mean “Northern Branch Hill,” so there is no doubt that our friend “Po-ku-se” is precisely the same thing. It is, in fact, the northern member of the Shanghai Hills family.

When I asked various friends why it was that nobody ever went there, some answered “because nobody but a silly ass like you would want to”; others, more tactful, said, “Well, it’s somewhat out of the way, and cut off by creeks,

isn't it?" This made me more determined than ever to get there, and, to cut a long story short, I need only say that after trying two or three direct approaches and being hopelessly "creeked," I finally found the correct route which I will now describe.

The more important map of this route is Map No. 2, which shows you the whole lie of the country towards the Hills, but I have also given you a rough sketch of the earlier part covering the first six bridges; and I want the reader to link this up with the article in which I described the "Northern Route" when we started off from Fox Tree Temple and went via the Chinese Road and Gas-Engine Village.

If you will turn to Map No. 1 of the Northern Route (Walk No. 5), you will find at the left-hand top corner "No. 1 Red Temple" with a bridge just short of it. Having crossed that bridge, if you go straight ahead for the Temple and then right-handed you will arrive at a row of farms and then a village which is actually just to the north of "Gas-Engine Village." This village is entered by crossing a fine large stone bridge (which is bridge No. 1 of the Po-ku-se Route) and has been named "Black Ox Village"; arrived at the far end of it, you will probably see the large black ox whose progeny are working in the surrounding fields; and when you see this fine beast, I think you will agree he is a worthy godfather to his home town.

I am not going to describe the next part of this walk in detail, for you are now on a definite line of bridges quite easy to follow. From Black Ox Village, you proceed straight ahead for about three-quarters of a mile, then swing left-handed and cross another stone bridge, shortly to be followed by a third, also of stone. After this you will find bridges 4, 5 and 6 are all wooden and there is only one point to watch. Having crossed No. 3 bridge (stone) you follow the path which gradually swings away from the line of the creek and then splits right and left: at this point do *not* follow the main path to the left, but make for the line of farms on your right front and get back to the creek again; then when you see the wooden bridge ahead of you, cut off through the rice-fields and make for it by any convenient path. I only mention this because the danger of following the main path

to the left is that you may get too far south and finally join up with the line of bridges previously described as the "Northern Route to the Hills."

I will assume, then, that you have successfully negotiated wooden bridges 4, 5 and 6 and finally arrived at wooden bridge No. 7. From this point I am going to ask you to follow Map No. 2 carefully, as there are complications.

Having crossed No. 7 bridge, you will see immediately on your left a village which, for want of a better name, I have called "No. 7 Village." You turn right-handed into this village and soon see a low stone bridge on your left: do *not* cross this: if you did you would quickly come to a high "ladder" bridge which would take you on the wrong side of the big main creek which does its best to cut off Po-ku-se. By going that way you would be travelling just north of the Sun Yat-sen School and would ultimately come to the line of bridges leading you to Zo-se round the head of the famous "Blind Creek" which has caused us so much trouble in the past.

Avoid that low stone bridge, then, and proceed through Village No. 7 until you go through a wooden gate, cross a broken-down stone bridge with a new wooden top (No. 8), and follow the line of the "Po-ku-se" creek. Your next wooden bridge (No. 9) crosses a north-south creek and here you turn right and follow a zigzag path in the direction of the new "Pointed Spire" which I mentioned in the "Northern Route" article.

I cannot help thinking that when the good Fathers started building churches in this part of the country their architect had two plans on hand: so that when the order went forth for a new church, it was either "Pointed Spire—foreign style" or "Square Tower—Chinese style" according to the whim of the moment. This church is definitely "Pointed Spire—foreign style" and our path across the ricefields is taking us rapidly to it.

But first we must cross wooden bridge No. 10 in front of which stands Palm Tree Farm (for name see palm trees at corner of compound); and now we find ourselves in front of the church: a pretty spot and well worth a passing glance, with its imposing entrance bridge, and a sort of moat-creek

in the foreground where a little blue kingfisher gives us a pleasing exhibition of how to catch small fish and swallow them whole without coughing. The natives tell me this place is named Tang-yu, but this may be merely a descriptive name meaning "Church Village."

From Tang-yu the path goes fairly straight to No. 11 bridge (wooden) where you carry on until you come to the



Tang-yu Church

end of a blind creek: here you swing left-handed and enter the village (or small town) of "Fung-kai-yu." This, by the way, is what the inhabitants call it, but I find it marked on the Railway map as "Fong-kayao" which is obviously

the same thing; and the fact that it is marked on such a map when it does not lie on the railway shows that it is a place of some importance.

Before I begin to tell you anything of this rather fascinating spot, let me give you the "sailing directions" and so be done with them.

Just after entering the village, you cross bridge No. 12: a small stone affair so insignificant that I nearly omitted it; but it is definitely a bridge and so must be included. The typical lamp-post which stands beside it has no lamp inside it, so things are just as you would expect them in China. Soon after this bridge there is a high stone one on your left which you miss: then in the main street you cross No. 13, a high stone bridge with an iron rail and then go left over a low stone culvert (not numbered), and follow the creek; here you must again miss the next stone bridge on your left and keep strictly to the dotted line on the right bank of the Feng-kai-yu creek as shown on the map.



No. 13 Bridge at Fung-kai-yu

I must here suggest to the mind of the reader who is following my maps and descriptions the very obvious fact that my drawings of creeks are of the very roughest kind: not being a surveyor and carrying no instruments (except a walking-stick) I must literally draw upon my imagination. I, therefore, draw creeks as almost straight lines when, in fact, they are curling about all over the place, like an aggravated corkscrew. Thus, for example, when I show "Po-ku-se Creek" and "Fung-kai-yu Creek" running like two parallel lines, I only mean to suggest that one creek lies to the north of the other, so that we know we must first cross Fung-kai-yu Creek before we can get back on to the right bank of Po-ku-se Creek and so finally arrive at the mysterious hillock we are in search of.

But now let us return to Fung-kai-yu and see what may be seen. This little town is a sort of marketing centre, and, I should imagine, a kind of pleasure resort for all the local farmers. I never saw so much food displayed in a small place in all my life, and if anyone with a liking for "Chinese chow" can walk through that main street without his mouth watering I should like to meet him. Steaming rice and large slabs of beancurd are on every side: dumplings full of pork; chickens and ducks in every form; pigs' head brawn, and goat's meat in aspic: dried bamboo shoots and vegetables: water-chestnuts of every kind; roadside vendors sell dainty dishes of fish, meat and vegetables flavoured with ginger. And sweet-meats! Whole shop fronts are full of candies and toffees made of sugar, peanuts and puffed rice or sesamum seeds. And if you want to try your luck for a sugar model of anything from an owl to a white pony with a red mane, you have but to drop your copper and spin the wheel: biscuits, cakes and sweets are in profusion and the tea-houses and food-shops are full of farmers, brown-faced, hard and hungry, sinking bowls of rice and all those good things that earth and water yield. That the creeks are full of fish is evident from the profusion to be seen: baskets and wooden bowls contain anything from the size of a sprat to that of a ten-pound salmon, all alive and kicking: but that grand fish we have just seen cannot really be a salmon, for it has no teeth; otherwise it might be a ten-pounder straight from a Scottish water.

Law and order is provided in this place by means of a few shabby-looking warriors in grey ; but where there is peace and prosperity such as we see on every side in Fung-kai-yu, who would worry because the policeman's pants want pressing ?

And so we carry on beside our west-bound creek, passing through the water-side farmyards where the rice is being husked and cleaned : noting, perhaps, as we go the little farm-houses with their quaint windows with tiny panes made from the grey mother-of-pearl of the fresh-water clams. Then over wooden bridge No. 14, and turn left-handed into a little village ; here we cross over wooden bridge No. 15 and so across the face of Po-ku-se and straight in the direction of Zo-se.

The dotted line between bridges 15 and 16 gives you a general idea of how you enter on the last lap of this walk, but I would here like to digress a moment to explain why we have been walking all this way round.

If you look at the sketch-map you will see that from No. 7 Village onwards we have been following the direction of the Po-ku-se creek but have never crossed it ; our only chance to do that would have been at No. 7 Village. If we had tried, as I did, to approach from the Zo-se side, we should have been hopelessly "creeked." Look for a moment at the line of the creek running from No. 14 bridge (Po-ku-se Route) to No. 9 stone bridge (Si-king-Zo-se Route) : where that creek crosses the Po-ku-se creek I have marked a Widow's Monument. There you will notice a bridge on the wrong side of the Po-ku-se creek and I can only imagine we could join up with that if we crossed one of those left-handed bridges in Fung-kai-yu. But that would not help us because we should be held up by the many side creeks between there and bridge No. 16. Standing beside that Widow's Monument I saw ahead, in a straight line for Po-ku-se, a blasted tree, but I could not reach it for creeks. Now, if you will return to bridge No. 15 of the Po-ku-se Route and walk on the path indicated you will see that blasted tree straight ahead of you, and so realize that you are now on the right side of the unbridged creek.

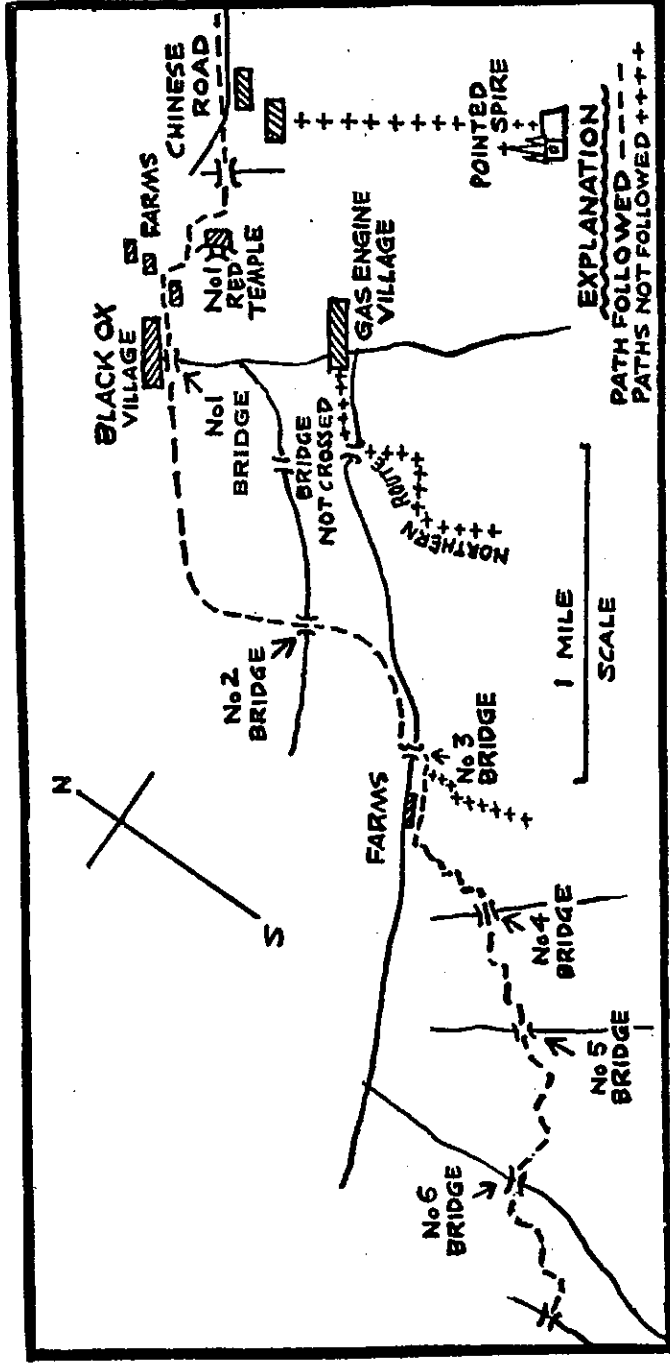
Crossing stone bridge No. 16 (which is the key to Po-ku-se) you can either follow the line of the creek, or the path as per dotted line, and you cannot go wrong :

the next three bridges are merely steps across the transverse creeks, and thus at last you find yourself at the Mysterious Mountain.

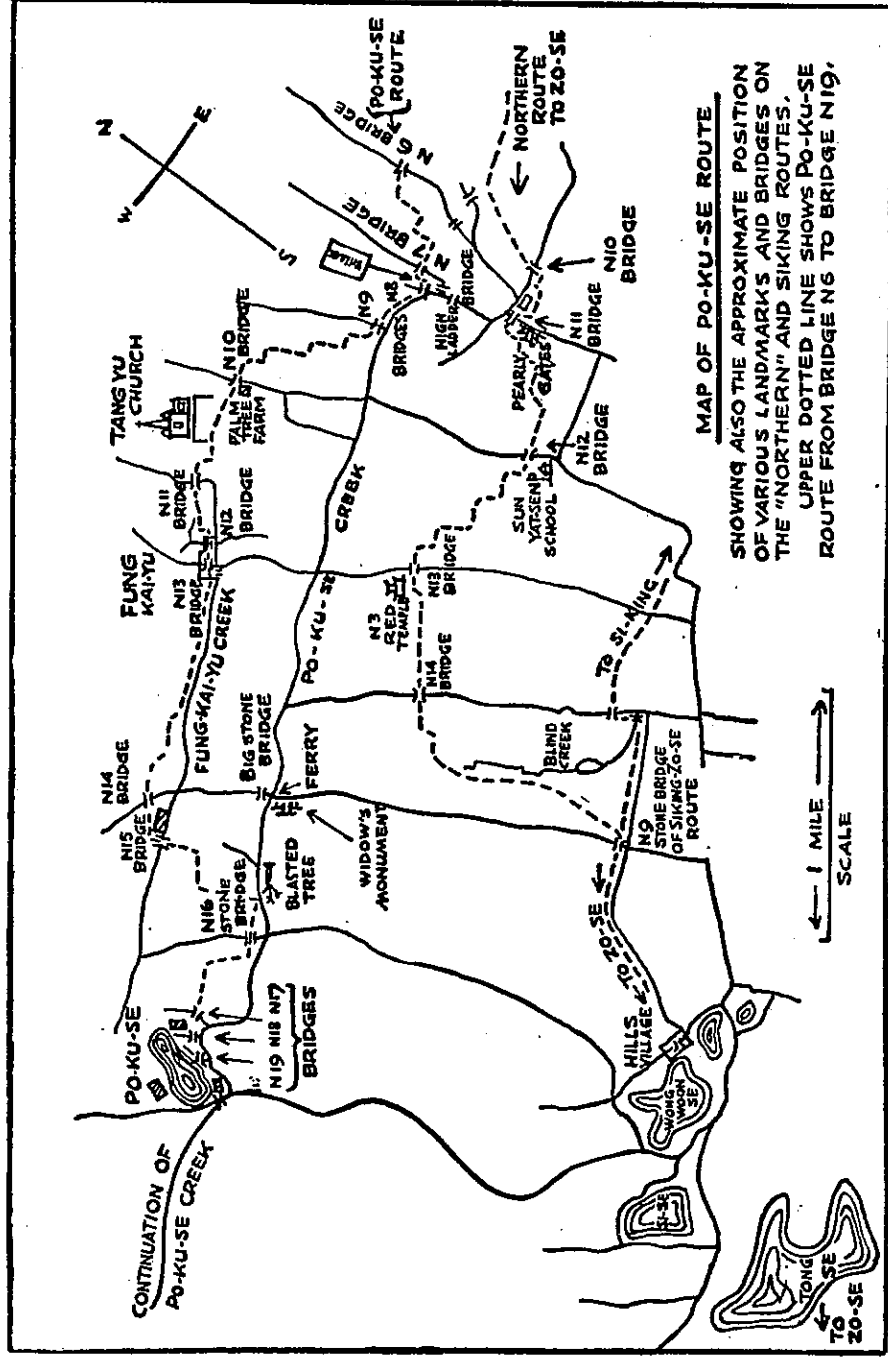
This little Hill is quite pretty : covered in fine short grass like the Soochow Hills, it has a pretty bamboo grove and patches of stunted holly bushes : you may have the whole Hill to yourself and enjoy the splendid panorama of the surrounding country. On a fine day you will see in a triangle : the pointed spire of Tang-yu slightly to your left ; the twin spires of Siccawei on the Eastern horizon : and slightly to the right our old friend the Pointed Spire of the Aerodrome-Si-king Route. To the right again the two tall chimneys of Si-king belch forth the smoke of commerce : while directly to the south are the main Hills with the Zo-se Observatory at the top. Behind you to the west the great creeks wind away into unknown country and, all things considered, I cannot help feeling that perhaps I was not such an ass to take the walk after all.

I would here mention for the assistance of those who do not like the idea of thirty miles on foot that the time and trouble can be considerably lessened if you take a bicycle as far as No. 1 Red Temple (see illustration page 63) : you can leave this at the first farmyard on your right (a few hundred yards before you enter Black Ox Village) and pay the lady in charge 20 cents when you return. Doing the walk this way, I left the Aerodrome at 8.30, rode to Black Ox Village, walked to Po-ku-se where I spent at least an hour before returning, and finally got back to the Aerodrome at 4.15. You have to practice jumping on and off the bicycle quickly at ditches, and learn to ride straight on narrow paths ; but practice makes perfect and the comparative rest of four miles each way in a sitting position is a great help. I can only say that by doing the trip in this way I finished up perfectly fresh and ready for another similar walk next day.

WALK No. 8: MAP No. 1



WALK No. 8: MAP No. 2



INTRODUCTION TO WALK No. 9.

SECOND EDITION

Subject to the possible fencing-in of land or recent building operations on the Macleod Road, I think this walk remains practically unchanged. The deep trenches dug during the warfare of 1932 have been mostly turned into irrigation ditches by the farmers, following the praiseworthy principle of turning swords into ploughshares.

For the benefit of those who read the first edition of this book I must explain that this Walk was originally written around a little joke at the expense of the Pottery Works at the corner of Warren and Jernigan Roads: the sign-painter who had the task of writing the words "Ceramic Mosaic" obviously got muddled with the curious transposition of the same letters, and painted the words in huge capitals all over the buildings as "Cermaic Mosaic." Possibly as a result of my original article, the whole of this lettering has now been deleted, so the joke is ended—and I have therefore omitted the paragraphs referring to it in this edition.

CHAPTER IX.

A SHORT WALK IN THE NEAR COUNTRY; ADVENTURES WITH YOUNG DIANA: AN INTERVAL FOR A PIPE DREAM: AND SOME ANCIENT MEMORIES.

WARLIKE operations have closed the country for six weeks and many a middle-aged man, deprived of his exercise, is regarding the curve of his waistcoat with increasing anxiety.

With the near country now clear of troops let us, therefore, try a short experimental walk not only for the sake of exercise, but "to keep our eye in" for the following of maps.

Make your way along the Great Western Road, over the railway, past the Kuang Wha University, until you come to the junction of Jernigan and Fraser Roads. If you have a car you may leave it here, and will find a wooden-topped culvert which makes an excellent parking space: proceed along the intended continuation of Great Western Road which is marred only by a deep trench dug by an amiable native landowner. Half a mile of pleasant mud road will bring you to the Hungjao Road where it is joined by the Warren Road. A few yards up the Hungjao Road you will cross a bridge and here on your left you will find a broad path leading south towards the Siccawei Creek: this is the path on which we commenced our first walk (see Walk No. 1).

There is no need for me to describe your course in detail, for you will now carry on almost parallel to the Hungjao Road, always making a little south and zigzagging with the path.

After almost a mile you must cross two creeks, the second of which runs alongside a village marked on the map as "Dan Ka Zah." Here you come to a full stop because there is no bridge ahead of you: but by turning left, crossing a wooden bridge and doubling back along the edge of the village, you find yourself on the other side of the creek, and making almost due north in the direction of the Hungjao Road.

This peaceful little village with its few clumps of trees is cut off from the main tracks of commerce by a complicated system of creeks, and here you may often find rare birds whose chief desire is peace and quietness. I have watched robin flycatchers, blue-tailed robins and Siberian flycatchers and many other attractive strangers in this quiet spot, all so tame that they may be approached within a few yards.

Proceeding north on the path by the creek, you come, after about half a mile, to the Hungjao Road; cross the road on the right (or east) side of the bridge and follow the path on the right-hand side of the north-bound creek. At this point you will notice on your right a magnificent tree which I can only think is a ginko, but which, in shape at least, looks more like one of those sturdy oaks from which the "wooden walls" of England were built. North of this big tree is a large bamboo plantation, and at the next transverse creek you cross the main creek which you have been following and henceforward keep it on your right.

Soon you will arrive at a little village which I see is marked as Jau Ka Mo Jau; this lies on your right and has an inviting wooden bridge by which to enter it. But you pass this by, and swing left-handed to avoid it. Now we must look round for landmarks: on our left is the squat building of the Shanghai Sanitarium (flying the American flag) and ahead of us to the north is the strange edifice (of unknown architectural origin) attached to a Chinese cemetery, with square tower and round cupola. It is in the direction of this latter building that we must proceed until we come to a moat-like form of waterways which I find in the Hong List map actually drawn as a complete square; so far as I can see, there are only three sides to the square, but I imagine that the country has changed somewhat since the official surveys were made.

Arrived at "moat creeks" (as per map) turn right-handed, over a bridge, past the end of a blind creek and thence go left-handed for Macleod Road.

On this particular walk we are never really getting far from home, but we are trying to follow a definite course; and here we are coming to a most intricate piece of navigation which is well worth trying if you like following maps.

Crossing the Macleod Road, you will see to your left (north-west) a small village just on the near side of a white painted bridge. Do not cross this bridge but take the path on the near side of the village and proceed north by east over a stone bridge. The creeks here make a V formation and, while you cross the bridge over the right-hand line of the V, you need not take the bridge over the left-hand line. I can leave this to the intelligence of the walker, for the problem is not really a difficult one. You are now entering one of the most popular parts of the hunting country and where bridges fail, you will generally find a friendly "platform." Your object is to get right-handed between the twin villages (situated on parallel creeks) which I have marked on the sketch-map.

Do not be surprised if you here find numerous riders dashing across rut and furrow, for the country ahead of you has been turned into a sort of permanent "point-to-point" steeplechase course. The pretty young lady on the flea-bitten circus pony will generally oblige by turning a somersault at the nearest dry-cut, so you can get all the thrills of a moving picture without paying the entrance fee; and then it is good fun to help her catch the pony; and, even if you are a bit out of breath at the end of the chase her bright smile will repay you, and make you feel quite young again.

But these philanderings with young Dianas are interfering with the sailing directions, so let us return to the V-shaped creeks and see what we must do next. So far we have followed the right-hand bank of the creek leading out of Wong Ka Zah village. This village I imagine is the ancestral home of a worthy Mr. Wong, but it has no particular claims to distinction except a pestilential dog whose great-grandmother must have met up with an Alsatian. You cannot fail to recognize him when you see him. The creek leading out of Mr. Wong's village is nicely lined with willow-trees and you may follow this until you come to a dead end; here you will wish that you had crossed the creek at an earlier bridge but the "platform" comes to your rescue, so you turn sharp right and follow the creek going east. Now you are passing between the twin villages, the one on your right having a magnificent grove of bamboos, while that on your left is liberally supplied with blossoming plum-trees.

At this point I want you to notice that you are making for the Pottery Works on the Warren Road and the twin drying-kilns (or chimneys) will make a most excellent landmark. I have marked these on the sketch-map next to the big white temple of the adjacent cemetery. Once you have sighted these marks you may take any course you like, and you will have plenty of time to examine the trenches and other scars which the recent warfare has left on the country-side. The farmers are now busy tilling the soil so recently trampled by armed men, and new paths have been created to circumnavigate the obstacles of modern warfare. Hence you may choose whichever path may seem convenient so long as you walk straight for those twin chimneys of which I have spoken.

This course will take you over a stone bridge and so along a straight creek, beside which a gardener has erected some very business-like glass-houses. I tried to enter in order to find what he was growing, but a veritable Cerberus in the shape of a brindled "wonk" thought otherwise, and so I must leave the reader to find out for himself.

Now we arrive at the Warren Road, and instead of passing through the dirty little village to which the path leads, turn right-handed in front of the cemetery and so cross the road where it joins the Jernigan Road, at the corner of which you will find the home of "ceramic mosaic."

And now as we are nearly home, we may well leave the mud road and turn into the country on our left in search of a quiet spot where we may smoke the pipe of peace. Here, in this not very attractive piece of country, are several little patches where mushrooms may be found in springtime and where many birds build their nests. In one favoured spot here, planted many years ago as a garden, I have found shrikes, bulbuls and doves sitting on eggs within a few yards of one another and have taken home a pound of mushrooms too. But a too energetic farmer has ploughed up the land and to-day only a few cypress bushes and a clump of stunted palms are left to mark the site of this quiet sanctuary.

So, as the sun is shining and our walk has taken us less than two hours, I will ask you to sit down in this sheltered group of grave-mounds and meditate upon the country we have just passed through. As the smoke of our tobacco curls upwards, we may think of the roads we have

traversed and conjure up pictures of the men whose names they bear.

At Fraser Road I see that great Consul-General, Sir Everard, best-beloved of all Consuls in China, who lived and worked and died among us. I always bracket him in my mind with Dean Symons and wish we could have a Symons Road to keep the memory of that great churchman fresh.

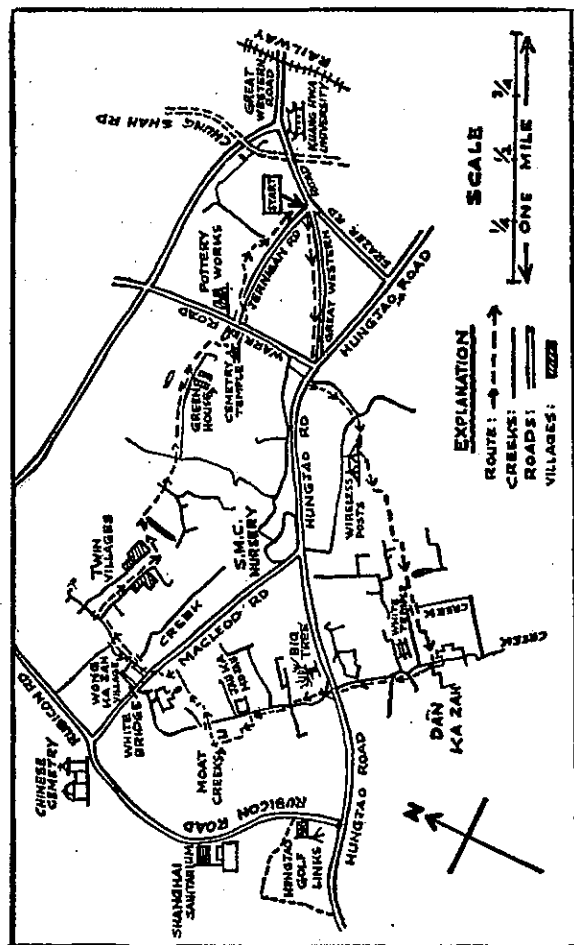
Then there was Macleod Road to remind us of the doyen among our doctors to whom Shanghai owes the greatest debt of gratitude. Always the first in the field with any new invention, he it was who first brought us the benefits of X-rays. And whose name could better be given to a road? For did he not bring the first motor-car to Shanghai, and, fearfully arrayed in goggles and a leather jacket, go tearing up the Nanking Road at a speed of almost fifteen miles an hour?

Then came Warren Road to remind me of another Consul-General; the jovial Sir Pelham, at whose house I attended my first dance in Shanghai some two-and-twenty years ago. Woe is me or "merry come sad" as the Irish say, these thoughts are getting painful!

And now we are looking at Jernigan Road; and as I never met that illustrious American who came to Shanghai as a Consul-General some forty years ago, I must conjure up a picture of him for myself. He was, I am sure, a jolly man, for who could live with a name like Jernigan and not be jolly? I like to think of him smoking a fat cigar and drinking something hot with a lump of sugar in it; and so jolly was he in Shanghai that when he ceased to be a Consul he practised law and finished his life in the city of his adoption.

So let us hasten back to Jernigan's jolly mud road and there at the corner find the car, faster perhaps than Dr. Macleod's, which will take us back from this land of ancient memories to our home in modern Shanghai.

WALK No. 9



CHAPTER X.

INTRODUCTION TO WALK No. 10.

SECOND EDITION

The only change in this walk is at the beginning, and so is easily arranged. You will now find that the piece of country on the West side of the Chung Shan Road has been turned into a building estate, so we must go further afield to make our start. If you look down the Chung Shan Road towards Lung Hwa you will note that there are two slight rises, the second higher than the first and about half a mile away: proceed to this second rise, and you will find it is an excellent place to park a car, for it is always dry in the muddiest of weather: to identify it further you will find that there is a native path cutting diagonally into the road on either side, and that just beyond this path on the left side there is a concrete slab bearing the number 12. Now take the path on the right of the road, go straight ahead past a black fence, and then past a group of Chinese farm-houses: soon this path will turn left and then right past a reedy pond surrounded by willows: now look to your right, and you will see the "grave-mound very thickly planted with fir-trees" mentioned on Page 116; so all you have to do is to go left-handed towards the Temple, which you can already see through the trees. This temple, by the way, is the old "Wedge-roof Joss-house" of earlier hunting days, and if you can manage to visit it in late April, when the peach blossom and rape flowers are out together, you will see a sight worth remembering. The rest of the walk remains as before, and you will finish on the Hungjao Road not far from the corner of Chung Shan Road.

A SHORT STROLL AMONG THE TEMPLES: A GLIMPSE OF A BUDDHIST HEAVEN: THE TORTURES OF HELL: AND SO HOME.

I HAVE been looking through the foregoing articles and have come to the conclusion that the short Sunday afternoon walk has been somewhat neglected when compared to the really long trips in the outside country. I, therefore, wish to introduce the reader to a delightful little patch of country lying between the Hungjao Road and the Siccawei Creek, bounded on the east and west by the new Chinese Road and the Rubicon Creek.

In the accompanying map I have marked many of the main creeks, but with the exception of the Chi-pao path, I have omitted all tracks but the one we are going to use on the walk I am about to describe. As a matter of fact, the whole country is honeycombed with small tracks and paths, and anyone desiring to find a series of short strolls in the country can discover them here in endless variety.

This particular little walk is one that I am very fond of, and one which will repay the sightseer as well as the walker if he has any interest in things Chinese.

Take your car up the Hungjao Road, cross the railway, and then when you come to the new Chinese Road turn down it to the left for about 200 yards. If you have no Chinese licence you must find a convenient parking spot on the Municipal Road instead; not quite so easy, since the Hungjao Road is narrow and encumbered with traffic. A little way down this road you will find on your right a small creek leading in the direction of the Chinese Cemetery Chapel, the tower of which forms such an excellent landmark. Here the path you want follows the creek and goes round in a circle until it brings you to the little Horseshoe Creek which I have marked, but if you are impatient you may swing left-handed away from the original creek until you come to the Horseshoe as indicated on the map. Your next objective is the corner

of the village in front of you, where you turn right, cross a small bridge and then follow the creek lying on your right hand. Here you will notice from the map that you are hemmed into a corner by creeks, and the point where you turn left is not clearly marked by any beaten path. After about 200 yards, however, you will see on your left a graveyard very thickly planted with fir-trees, and here you swing left, pass the end of a big blind creek and make for the stone bridge ahead of you. All this time you will see on your right flank the graceful roof of a temple among the trees and it is for this that you are shaping your course.

The village you are now approaching is called Tsang Ka Zah, which means the "Village of the home of Mr. Tsang



"Peaceful Country Hall of Sermons"

(or Chang)," and you may now forget that you are within a few hundred yards of the Hungjao Road, for you are, in effect, in the heart of China. Bamboo groves and temple eaves, living fences, blooming trees and narrow creeks, all proclaim it.

You pass the first stone bridge on your left, proceed between two bamboo groves and then find, down a little lane on your left, the bridge you want. If you are not interested in Chinese art and temples, cross that bridge and proceed with the walk, but if you like "things Chinese" and have a dollar to spare, carry straight on through the village until you come to the ornate modern entrance to the temple.

The name of this temple is not marked on the maps so I cannot give it exactly, but I am sure if you referred to it as the Kuan-ti Miao (Temple) the Chinese would understand, since it is dedicated to the Chinese Mars, called Kuan-ti. Its more correct name as shown by the characters on the gate is Eu-Kwo-Kong-Zi, which means the "Peaceful Country Hall of Sermons," and if you care to enter you will find it well-named.



Entrance to the Temple

The young Buddhist monk in charge will overwhelm you with hospitality, produce cups of hot water, bowls of Chinese tea, plates of seeds, not to mention horrific cigarettes of foreign origin which are smoked in the sacred precincts. From him you may learn that the temple was originally founded in the Ming Dynasty and is actually a branch of the main temple at the west gate of the city. It was destroyed by the Taipings and only renovated about eight years ago, hence the magnificence of its present appointments.

Here you will find the three Perfect Buddhas and the disciples all beautifully gilded, and an altar table in the centre which will compare with anything you have ever seen. Its magnificent carving tells the tale of ancient heroes of war, but is just sufficiently modernized to include a small cannon in the right-hand top corner. For sheer beauty I have seldom seen its equal and when you see it you must realize that the ancient arts are not yet dead in modern China. On the back screen you will learn how the Buddha keeps the whole universe steady from the support given by an immense fish, and many other strange things which it is not my business to tell you.

The hospitable monk will take you round the garden, show you the vegetables which feed himself and his brethren at the City Gate, and will accept your dollar like a man.

But if you are a large party and four or more bowls of food are put out before you, this will indicate that two dollars would not come amiss. So take the delicate hint and look pleasant; you are in China now, so enjoy it while you may.

Emerging from the temple gate, pursued by a few dogs and many children, you must now double back a few yards, and then cross the stone bridge mentioned above which now lies on your right. This will take you on a south-bound path leading straight to the Siccawei Creek. Now, if you will hark back to my first article on walking you will see that I refer to the unsavoury subject of smells and remark that they only occur at certain times and certain places. I am sorry to say that as this is springtime and as this piece of country is cultivated with vegetables, you have now found the very time and place referred to. So keep a hanky handy and proceed rapidly with the walk.

The Siccawei Creek is no bouquet of violets, but as it winds gently along between rolling banks it is never devoid of interest. Notice how this creek which joins Shanghai to Si-king and the Hills is now almost empty of water owing to the continual rising of its bed; but if you visit it during the spring tides or times of flood-water you will find it well filled and carrying a heavy traffic of cargo and passenger boats. You now have about a mile of it before you come to the Hung Jau village.

The main landmark of this village is the high building which I believe was once a grain store in the prosperous old days when Hungjao was a *likin* station. Just now I find little that is attractive in the village and so prefer to walk behind it on the path indicated. For the time being this will take you across trenches and other deserted signs of warfare, but you will finally pass through a patch of fruit trees, round the end of a filled-in creek and so northwards in the direction of the Hungjao Road. Soon your path crosses the creek and makes for the village of Zi Ka Zah where a choice of ways awaits you.

I prefer to cross the stone bridge and follow up the western boundary of the village along the line of the most neatly made "living fence" I have seen; then turn right-handed round a large duck-pond and so pass between two sections of the village in the direction of Siccawei. If you

prefer to wander along the face of the village you may do so as indicated on the map, finally swinging left to join up with the other path.

These paths around Zi Ka Zah do not fit in very nicely and, after crossing the bridge behind the village, you have to swing right-handed again (along the line of the new telegraph wires) in order to join up with the east-bound path you are in search of. If you remember that your main direction is now towards the twin towers of Siccawei Cathedral you will not go wrong. Keep these in front of you all the time until you come to a stone bridge with a group of graves and fir-trees on your left and a small hamlet on your right.

Here you may take the narrow path to the left of the little hamlet and then turn right in the direction of the Cemetery Tower, thus finishing your walk in another fifteen minutes, but if you enjoyed your visit to the beautiful Temple of Kuan-ti, make a little detour to the Red Joss-House and see what is to be seen.

To do this, turn right-handed over the bridge by the little hamlet and follow the line of crosses (which I sincerely hope the printer will get right). This will take you to the front of the Red Joss-House, shown on the Hong List map as "Hung San Miao."

I have not been able to find out the correct name of this temple, but I imagine that the above name is purely a descriptive one; it is, however, dedicated to Nee Lung-wong, the prince of the nether regions, so we may well say that if our last temple was representative of Heaven this one is a sort of Hell. Notice that no friendly priest comes to greet you, no children play in the compound and no pilgrims come to offer joss-sticks unless the time be Chinese New Year or some other special festival. The reason is not far to seek if you enter the dingy portals.

The first two halls contain a few dusty shrines and praying mats, but you must penetrate to the third hall to find the real kernel of the temple. Here are a number of large figures of which the two in opposite corners next to the entrance are the runners or lictors of the Devil himself. The one on your right wears a white gown with long pointed hat, while his opposite number is a dusky gentleman in dark brown: it is their particular duty to arrest the souls of the

wicked, and the penalties suffered at their hands are only too graphically illustrated by the small figures which stand on the shelf all round the hall.

Here is a veritable Chamber of Horrors in miniature which would, I am sure, have filled the late Madame Tussaud with envy. Every imaginable type of torture is realistically depicted with bloodstains complete: the cangue, the rack, the barrel, the cage; the death of a thousand cuts; the body being sawed, hacked, cut, boiled in oil, eaten by dogs, or pounded in a mortar, the river where lost souls are thrown to the serpents, the roof-top where the spirit is allowed to look back at his happy home and weep. And just in one corner the Bridge of Happiness where the fortunate may rise out of the sea of torture and trouble.

Amidst all this you may note that the Chinese conception of a devil is just such as we had in our childhood days: a dark gentleman with horns and an evil leer.

Leaving this somewhat gruesome spot, you cross the bridge opposite the entrance, swing left by the creek, pass on the right of the hamlet ahead of you and join the path by the village of Mo Kaung. Here you will turn right-handed and, while the main path really goes through the village, you can skirt it by a narrow track round the outside.

Now you are behind the Chinese Cemetery which has been your objective for some time and can follow the wide path over the stone bridge which will finally lead you to the Hungjao Road within a few hundred yards of the place where you left your car.

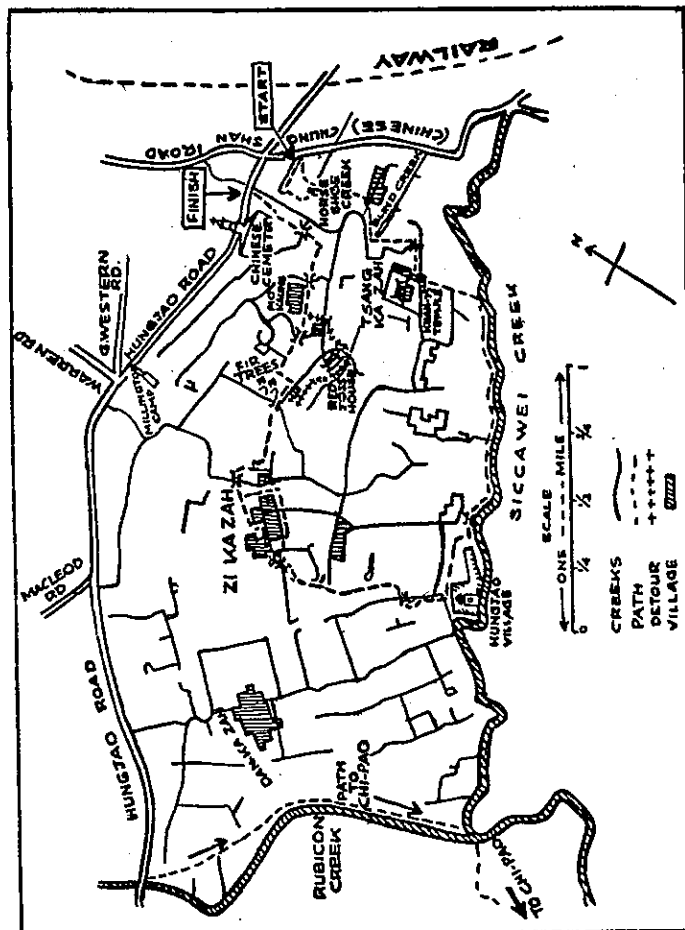
This walk is only an example of many which can be taken in the same country. It will take no longer than an hour and a half with such extra time as you care to spend in the temples and a good extension is to carry on from Hungjao by the Siccawei Creek to the Rubicon Creek and then work your way back via Dan Ka Zah or some of the paths I have previously described. But when I have an afternoon to spare I like to browse round in the precincts of Heaven—and the other place—it is such a change from the Bund!

In concluding this article, which is intended to bring to the reader's notice one of the most interesting pieces of "near country," I must admit that at certain times of the

year (particularly in the dry seasons) this area lacks the unspoilt freshness of the great stretches of rice country far removed from our dusty roads. Cowper sagely remarked that "God made the country and man the town," which to me, at least, is a sufficient explanation.

But, even so, how many Shanghai residents who complain that "there is nowhere to go except to cabarets and cinemas" realize that they may stroll among country paths and ancient temples so near to our main highways?

WALK No. 10



NOTES

CHAPTER XI.

INTRODUCTION TO WALK No. 11.

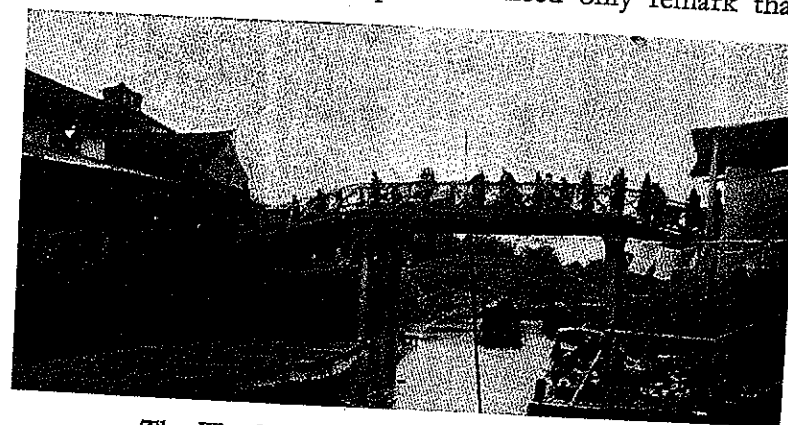
SECOND EDITION

This walk has now been made much more easily accessible owing to "London Town"—or Zau Woo Kyung—being now joined by motor road to the Minghong Road. Driving along the Minghong Road after crossing the railway you may notice that you are on an old Chinese cobbled road now covered with "tarmac"; in due course you will come to two large white posts which mark the real commencement of the new road, and here the old cobbled road branches off to the right: follow this road and swing right with it; cross a wooden bridge, and then go sharp right under a curved archway bearing Chinese characters: you will soon come to a new ash road which winds through the back of London Town, and finally brings you out on the bank of the Zau Woo Kyung Creek, otherwise known to hunting men as "Pagoda Creek": here you will cross a new, and very decorative, concrete bridge and find yourself in a big wide parking space at the gates of a Chinese garden. This is known as "Wang's Garden," and is well worth a visit; foreigners are always made welcome, and if you meet the major-domo he will probably offer you tea and cigarettes. A road has now been made along the bank of the Pagoda Creek, and a further road is in course of construction which will presumably come out on to the Chung Shan Road. The whole walk can easily be done, using Mr. Wang's garden as your starting and finishing point, thus avoiding the extra walk to Hung Jau village and reducing the total distance to about six miles.

A WALK SOUTH OF THE SICCAWEI CREEK: SOME MORE CHINESE VILLAGES: A DIFFICULT PIECE OF NAVIGATION: A GLIMPSE OF CIVILIZATION AND "LONDON TOWN": A CREEK-SIDE RAMBLE: AND A HOMEWARD STROLL THROUGH BUSY HUNG JAU.

WOULD you like a ten mile walk mainly in new country which will make you feel you have really been out of Shanghai? If so, try this one on a fine Sunday morning (always provided that you prefer your church service in the evening).

This walk is really commenced either from the Hungjao Road or the new Chinese Road (Chung-shan Road), but as the new country begins at Hung Jau village I will commence my description from that point. I need only remark that



The Wooden Bridge at Hung Jau Village

I have previously described several ways of reaching Hung Jau, one of the most direct being by the path leading from the Hungjao Road opposite to Macleod Road Corner.

Arrived at Hung Jau village after a two mile walk, cross the high wooden bridge and proceed up the narrow main street ahead of you until you find a rather dirty duck-pond on your right, where the village housewives wash their clothes

and rice in the same greenish water. Here you turn sharp left, and proceed straight ahead in an easterly direction almost parallel with the Siccawei Creek: note that within a few yards of starting on this easterly course you will see a wide path turning off sharp to your right; do not follow this, but notice that this will be the path by which you will return on the homeward journey, as the arrows on the map indicate.

Nothing important happens for half a mile or so until you cross a small bridge between two little hamlets and the path swings left-handed to bring you round the end of a blind creek and then alongside a red-roofed building which I have marked on the map as "Tomb": this is quite a modern affair (being dated 1929) but it is a landmark often noticed from the other side of the Siccawei Creek.

Now you are following the blind creek into a straggling village built along its banks, which I have called "Green Creek Village" from the fact that the creek is so full of reeds. The main path is very well-defined and soon brings you to another and larger village which I have named "Long Village." The chief industry of this village appears to be tea-shops, while its proximity to the new Chinese Road has attracted a number of rickshas to its cobbled streets, all of which appear to be anxious to take you to Siccawei. As you pass down the main street you will find two wooden bridges crossing the creek, then a single plank bridge, then a fairly wide stone bridge with a Chinese notice-board beside it. Cross this stone bridge (to your right) and proceed straight ahead into the country, going due south and ignoring any paths to your left which would take you too far east. You have now come to the most difficult piece of this walk, so please be careful to follow these directions.

Keep going south from "Long Village" for a few hundred yards until you cross the telegraph line, then follow the path you are on, turning with it left and right alternately. Your next landmark is a group of low white houses, lying on your left front and if you make as directly as possible for these you cannot go wrong.

Arrived at the white houses you will see at once that you are approaching something in the nature of municipal

endeavour, for to your surprise you will suddenly find yourself on a fairly wide ash road. This must, in fact, be a sort of suburb of the large village or small township for which we are making, and here we will get our first glimpse of Zau Woo Kyung (otherwise known as "London Town") in the form of one or two high steel chimneys on the sky-line to our right.

This name of Zau Woo Kyung which is shown on some maps is rather muddling; firstly because exactly the same name is given to the navigable creek on which it lies, and secondly, because the natives seem to call it "Seh Wu Ching." But these little things must not be allowed to worry us, so let us proceed with the walk.

We must now be careful to follow the ash road past the white houses for about three or four hundred yards; do not take the path to the right just beyond the compound of the white houses, but keep to the ash road until it turns away to the left through a small village in the direction of Siccawei: here you will find a Chinese sign-board, and just at this point carry on straight ahead along a mud path until you have to turn right-handed at a creek. If you have followed the road thus far you can now hardly go wrong for you are almost immediately in behind "London Town."

Follow the creek just mentioned and turn left-handed round its blind end; past a bamboo fence and straight ahead for a hundred yards until the path turns right. This will take you over a stone bridge and in behind the high concrete wall of what looks like a mill compound, but which is, I believe, a Chinese gaol.

Follow the path round the wall until at its front gate you come to a wide cobbled road, presumably built to take the heavy traffic of the gaol. Following this road you will find on your left a very high brick wall, surrounding what I can only imagine is another part of the same gaol, for nothing else could explain its height and the air of gloom about the whole structure.

The general appearance is now more than ever suggestive of a township with wide roads and iron name-plates, not to mention fair-sized houses and garden compounds: at the end of the high brick wall cross a wide wooden bridge and proceed down a narrow cobbled road into the main part of the village.

Now you arrive in sight of the creek and turn right-handed to follow its course westward.

This little town can hardly be described as attractive yet it has a certain interest with its tea-shops, carpenters', cabinet-makers' and tub-makers' establishments. Like most small Chinese towns it follows the main creek and soon leads you out into the open country along the creek-bank.

From this point onwards you have a most delightful walk before you, and I have purposely given you the less interesting and more difficult parts first. So far as directions are concerned, all you have to do for the next mile or more is to follow the bank of the creek; tempting-looking wooden bridges of substantial build will offer to take you across the water into new country but you must pass them by, and follow the cobbled path along the high north bank.

Here you will notice around you quite a different atmosphere from the more sordid surroundings of our city: the ancestral grave-plots seem well cared-for; little white or yellow houses tucked away among the trees have original and pretty lines; care seems to have been bestowed on the hedges, the fields, and everything around you; even the common bamboo fence and gates seem better made and carry some simple little decoration which makes them look more attractive.

And notice above all things, if you are really observant, that the ground you are travelling over is higher than our usual level: the creek-bank is high above the water and everywhere in the springtime you will see potatoes growing—a sure sign that you are on high ground, for these delicate tubers will not flourish on the lowest levels. The fact that this country is so high is well worth remembering, for you will find most of these paths dry and pleasant to walk upon when much of our nearer country is coated with sticky mud.

Here as you pass along the canal you will come to a little village with a beautifully paved front street, where a wealthy Chinese is building himself a series of magnificent houses or pavilions in real Chinese style; by a little landing-stage in front lies his small motor-houseboat for ready transport. Then only too soon you will arrive at the point where the creek takes a violent left-hand turn and winds away southward. At this point you must leave the waterside,

bearing slightly left and then straight ahead along the broad mud path.

This path is followed for a few hundred yards until the next north-south creek is reached; *do not* cross the stone bridge ahead of you, but turn sharp right and proceed northward along the bank of the creek. You are now going to cross a series of creeks running east-west and I will not weary you by counting the bridges, for your way is quite



Main Pavilion in Mr. Wang's Garden

clear and you only have to keep the morning sun behind you on your northward course. Soon you will come to a creek with a sunk path beside it where you swing round in the pattern of a horseshoe to get back on your course again. Then past a quaint little temple (at your third bridge) which is neither yellow nor red, and which I would describe as "ochre": notice the striking architecture of this, with its little "gate-house" breaking through the line of the eaves above the front entrance.

You wind round to the left of this temple (leaving it on your right) and next proceed along a wide path, grass-grown at the edges, until you are faced with a village which I have named "Wood Village," since it is so nicely surrounded by trees and bamboos. Here you swing left-handed, then right again over a small stone bridge and along a creek, thus going round the village without entering it.

Keeping straight ahead you will soon get a glimpse of the tall tower-like grain store in Hung Jau Village, and so find

yourself back again beside that dirty-looking pond into the turgid depths of which the domestic geese dive for the unknown horrors which they find at its bottom.

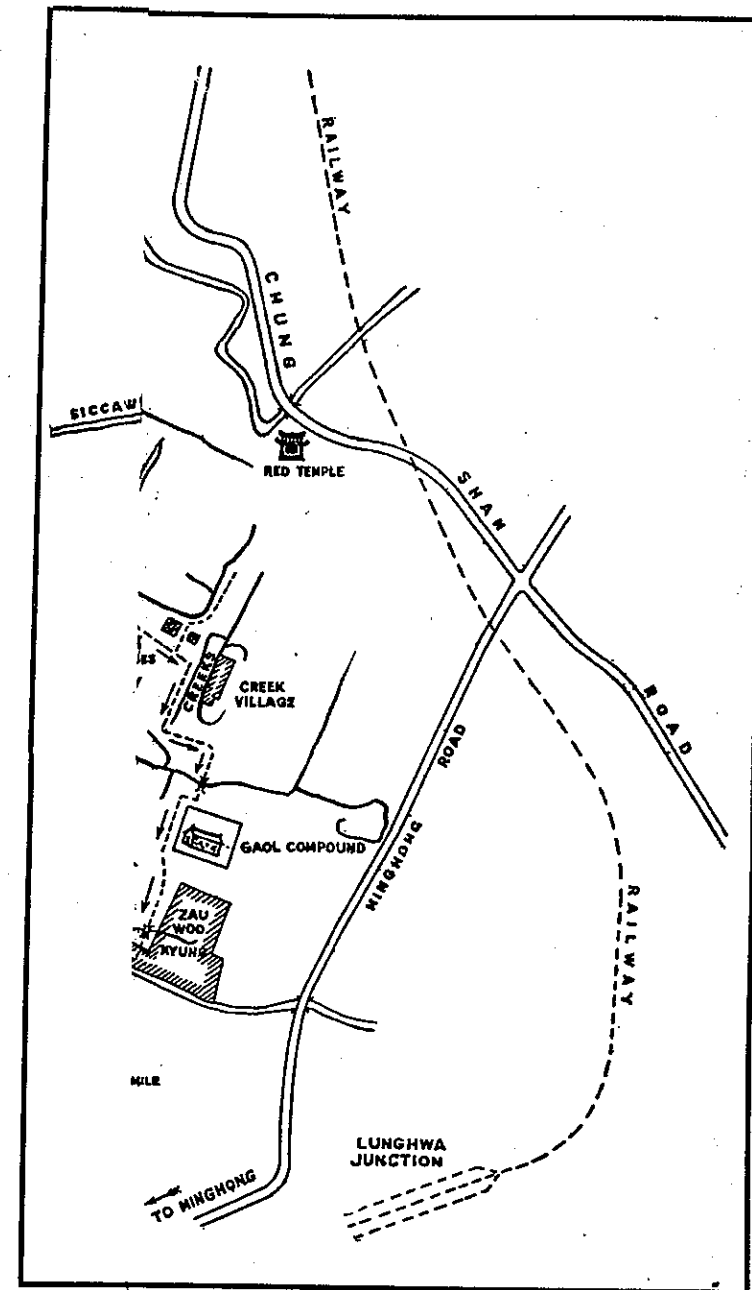
This village of Hung Jau cannot be described as beautiful and it has obviously degenerated since the palmy days when it was a *likin* station of some local importance. Yet in the springtime when its streets are choked with market produce it bears some of the ear-marks of a little Irish village: and very Irish too are the pigs which may

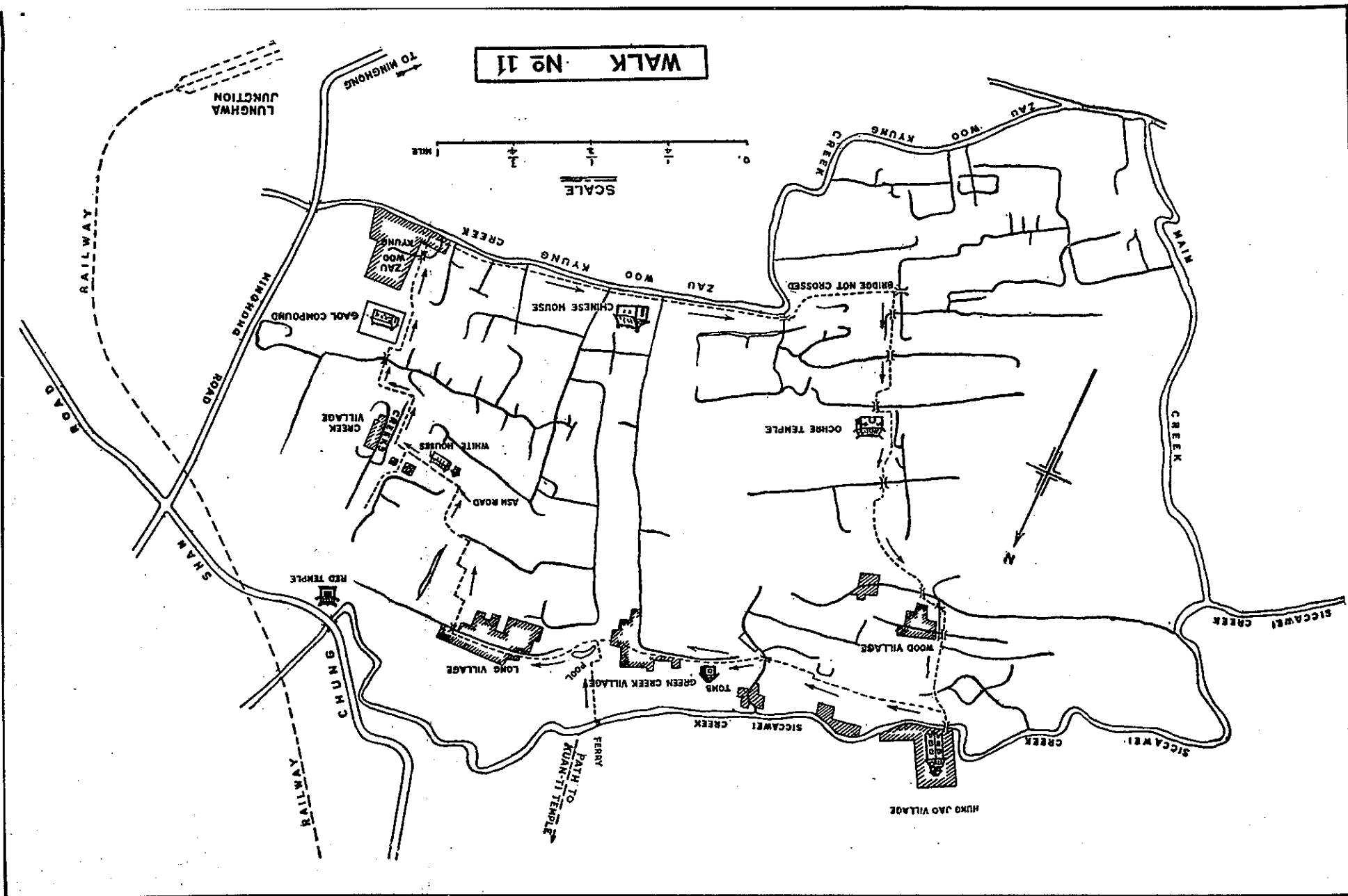


Ochre Temple

be seen inside the cottages up the side-streets or making their squealing way down narrow lanes urged on by a persuasive stick.

And then there are the swallows in the spring and summer. Notice how almost every little shop has an artificial nest under its eaves and sometimes two or three nests inside the house: the birds sit fearlessly and fly to and fro feeding their young a few feet above the heads of busy wranglers or tea-drinkers, quite at home and unafraid. The villagers, being used to seeing foreigners, will call you nothing worse than "Nar-ku-nin" (which is quite harmless) though it is curious to note that in the country you have just passed through, where few foreigners penetrate, the old-fashioned epithet "La-li-loong" may still be heard. Personally, I am so pleased to find a piece of country where old customs persist that (like Smee with the crocodile) I take these remarks "as a kind of a compliment."





There is another very nice way of doing this walk which may easily be followed by looking up the Hong List map, or by reference to the short walk in which I described the Temples of Heaven and Hell.

Make your way from the Hungjao Road (or from the new Chinese Road if you prefer it) to the village of Tsang Ka Zah which lies less than a mile south of the Chinese Cemetery; this is the village of the Kuan-ti Temple, and the path leads south again from it to the Siccawei Creek; arriving at the creek from this path, proceed westwards along the towing-path for about 150 yards and there you will find (on the other side of the water) a little brick hut with a ferry-boat. Cross in this ferry and proceed due south along the main path; this path actually leads away right-handed after a few hundred yards to the village which I have marked "Green Creek Village," but instead of turning right with the path keep straight ahead until you join the main path running east and west. You will join this main path at a point where it winds round a large pool (marked on the map) and here you turn left-handed and carry on through Long Village as described in the original walk.

Having done the same round as before you cross the Siccawei Creek again by the bridge at Hung Jau, follow the line of the creek past the ferry, and so back to your starting-point via Tsang Ka Zah village. But for the fact that I always try to plan walks so as to miss ferries, I think this is perhaps an easier and shorter way of doing this round, though it misses the attractions of Green Creek Village.

CHAPTER XII.

AN ADVENTUROUS TRIP TO MINGHONG: YO-HO! FOR THE
SPANISH MAIN: A SERIES OF COMPASS BEARINGS: AND A
SAFE ARRIVAL AT PORT OF DESTINATION.

(Not previously published)

I always wanted to find a twelfth walk for this book to make up the round dozen—a walk that would be “something different”—and now I think I have found it. To put it shortly, a walk from the Hungjao Road to Minghong undertaken by compass direction without the aid of any map.

This is the type of walk which you must undertake in the spirit of the old navigators who set out on unknown voyages with a rough compass-bearing in their heads and no chart of any sort to guide them. So when you start off you put a small compass in your pocket, give a hitch to your slacks, and sing! “Yo-Ho! for The Spanish Main,” or something of that sort—that is the correct spirit, and without it you will never succeed. I may add that the idea of this walk came to me owing to one or two friends having asked me if it would be possible to walk to Minghong through country paths (avoiding the road, of course) during the morning, the idea being to meet a motor-car with a picnic basket and to drive home in the evening. I said I would think it over. So the next day I pocketed a compass, went through the necessary motions as indicated above, and duly arrived at my destination after five hours’ walking, without a single hitch. On this first occasion, however, I had to walk for about a mile along the motor-infested ash road, so I did the walk all over again, and this time reduced the road walking to about 300 yards. I feel almost certain that this cannot be improved upon because the new road has, so to speak, swallowed up the original native path for that distance. Incidentally, I did not need to use the compass

at all because on both occasions I was able to take direction from the sun, as indicated in Chapter II; but a compass would always be useful in dull weather for a first attempt, as there are not many high landmarks to steer by.

If you look at a map and take a point on the Hungjao Road near the Municipal nurseries, you will find that a straight line drawn through to Minghong gives a distance of about 15 miles and a direction of about 20 points (or $1/18$ th of the circle) east of south: so 20 points east of south it is, and off we go.

The first objective is the Hung Jau village, and you may use any of the routes dealt with in previous walks: if you start at the Municipal nurseries, don't get drawn off into any paths which take you right-handed (or westward),



Bridge to be Crossed on Way to Railway

but keep going south until you find the path already made familiar in Walk No. 1 (the one you arrived at by steering round the white wireless posts). Soon you will see the familiar tower, cross the main bridge over the creek, and go straight through the village: at the back of the village turn left, and then quickly right again, so that you are, in fact, following the path on which you returned to Hungjao in Walk No. 11. Pass through Wood Village, go round Ochre Temple, and keep south until you come to the bridge marked "Bridge not crossed" (where, if you turned left, you would be on your way to London Town): this time

you *do* cross that bridge, and are now in new country so far as these walks are concerned.

Here the creeks and paths run in a very peculiar manner, and you keep going back and forth over creeks in an apparently aimless fashion, but there is only one southward



Where the Path forks Left and Right before crossing the Pagoda Creek



The Red Temple near Meelung

path to follow, and you cannot miss it. Incidentally, you will have to go a long way right-handed to make a *detour* round a farm bordered by a blind creek, but you will soon get left-handed on to your course again: now you are going

to approach the Zau Woo Kyung Creek (which you will see from Map No. 11 has strayed a long way south) and where the path forks left and right in front of a group of farms, go left to cross a wooden bridge which you can easily see ahead of you. Your path now takes you round the right-hand side of a large red temple, and then left-handed to cross the railway at Meelung. The spelling of this place is always in doubt, as it used to be known as Mei-ka-lung, and I believe that is what the city is called to this day: it is a smallish place, but boasts an imposing black city gate, which you may enter if you like to pass through the native streets: I usually walk round the town on its left side in order to get quicker action.

Once clear of Mei-ka-lung, you pass over a wooden bridge (modern style) bearing a Chinese direction board,



Large Bridge at Factory Village

and then turn east towards a fairly large village, with a high building at its left corner: I have called this Factory Village, and you will note a pile of oil-drums on the other side of it, which prove its engineering activities. At the left side of this village you cross a fine example of a Chinese stone bridge, and carry on along the winding path until you come to a small stone bridge where the path turns abruptly to the left (or east).

Here we must pause a minute to consider the position, for we are getting very close to the Minghong Road. If

you follow that east-bound path you will soon come to the road, striking it just beside a bus station which lies about 300 yards short of the 10-kilometer post: provided you have no objection to walking on roads, you will then turn right-handed and continue on the road until you come to the 11-kilometer post, where the path turns left-handed into the country again, just opposite a group of farm-houses which I will mention again. If, however, you *do* object to roads, as I do, you may try the following route.

Commencing from the small stone bridge mentioned above, carry on along the east-bound path (in the direction of two tall black chimneys) until, you come to a point where you have a large grave with a number of newly-planted trees round it on your left, and a large patch of water on your right: here turn right-handed along a very narrow path and make for a village lying on your right: you will have to twist back and forth through the country as best you can, but you will finally get there and enter the village over a small bridge of two planks: go straight through the village until, at about its centre, where the trees are quite thick; turn right beside a bamboo grove and cross a long wooden bridge: there turn left and follow the path ahead of you over a series of small stone bridges built on dams. Remember that the Minghong Road is always on your left, so try to keep well in the country until you come out on the road about 300 yards short of the farm-houses which I mentioned above. Thus we are again at the 11-kilometer post, which is a key-position of this walk.

Digressing for a moment, I must state that it is apparently impossible to take a straight line from Factory Village to the 11-kilometer post owing to the fact that this piece of country is honeycombed with small unbridged creeks. I have been several times over the ground and failed to find a direct way: the farmers apparently make temporary dams when the crops are to be attended to, and the creeks twist about so much that a line of bridges would be out of the question.

Now for the second section of the walk which commences at the 11-kilometer post. It must be remembered that from this point the Minghong Road curves away to the west, and then recurves to the east so that the shape is something

like a tightly-strung bow, whereas the paths we are about to follow are like the string of the bow, going direct across country to Minghong: therefore, when you have dived into the country at the point indicated above you will always have the road on your right—a useful point to remember in case you get lost. So let us follow the “string of the bow” and see what happens.

As this is entirely new country, it is important to remember the main compass bearing, south with a little east; and with few exceptions, where the main path makes a *detour*, you will find that the paths serve you well. After crossing the first wooden bridge, bear right (and avoid the path running left-handed round the village): the main path will



Three Bridges Village

soon take you due south, and after about a mile you will sight Three Bridges Village. This rather quaint village lies almost entirely to the left of your path, and you will only pass through the corner of it; the first bridge is a wooden affair with Chinese characters painted on round discs, so you cannot miss it: you may cross this, or any of the three bridges (the last of which is actually just outside the village), turn right and follow the line of the creek which now lies on your right-hand side. Do not miss the magnificent Ginko tree which stands on the other side of the creek between bridges Nos. 2 and 3: its shape is almost perfect.

From this point onwards you will be following the main creek for some time and after a little zigzagging will finally

see a large red temple on your right: make for the front of this, and cross the wooden bridge which faces it; then turn right and get on your southerly course again. The path is not too clear after this temple, and you must have the utmost faith in the compass: but remember that some of your recent zig-zags have taken you a little too far east, so you must give right-handed turns the benefit of the doubt, as if you were searching for the Minghong Road which lies to the west.

Soon you will see to the southward a high water-tower, with a big building next to it; these lie just to the east of



A Ginkgo Tree, an Outstanding Landmark on the far side of Three Bridges Village

Minghong, so your direction lies to the right of them: carry on a bit farther, and you will see an elaborately decorated (modern) Chinese temple on your right; this lies close to the road about three-quarters of a mile short of Minghong. Now you have the choice of making for this temple and coming out into the road, or of steering between it and the water-tower mentioned above. The native paths will actually take you right into Minghong if you care to stick to them.

During the whole of this walk I found the country people most polite and obliging—almost embarrassingly so in one case which I will mention—but please remember that they pronounce “Ming-hong” in a surprisingly different manner, and if you repeat the word in the foreign way you

may easily get directed to some entirely different place, so stick to the compass unless you are a Chinese linguist.

The incident I referred to above arose thus. When about a mile from Minghong I felt a little footsore, the paths having been very hard and lumpy, and lay down on a grave-mound for a "breather." I was quickly joined by a Chinese youth of about 18 who, judging by his costume, was staying in his country home for the purposes of a funeral or other mourning occasion. He inquired where I was "from and to" in the usual country manner, and was deeply impressed by the fact that I had walked some 50 *li* that morning. He had not a single word of English, and I have about five of Chinese. In some strange manner we chatted about this and that for about fifteen minutes, and even then he would not leave me: I was a stranger in need of guidance and he would show me the way. Despite all such protests as I could make with my limited vocabulary, he insisted on going with me and only turned to say "goodbye" when we reached the banks of the Whangpoo. Here an inspiration seized me, and I asked if he would like a ride in a motor-car. Never was a young Chinese more proud and delighted as he took his first motor ride before walking back home. After all, one good turn deserves another.

All things considered, I can strongly recommend the above trip to a good walker (the total distance covered may be 17 or 18 miles) and there is undoubtedly a slight feeling of adventure in attempting it for the first time. After that, it seems all too simple.

CHAPTER XIII.

A FEW ADDITIONAL REMARKS ABOUT THE HILLS COUNTRY AND SUGGESTIONS AS TO HOW THAT COUNTRY MAY BE ENJOYED BY RIDERS, CYCLISTS AND WALKERS.

ONE of the charges which has frequently been made against Shanghai as a place of residence is that "you cannot get out of it" or "there is nowhere to go and spend the day." During recent years this state of affairs has to a great extent been remedied by the opening of motor roads and by more settled conditions which permit the houseboater to use the waterways quite freely. But comparatively few people have house-boats; and while motoring gives a pleasant change of scene, it does not give bodily exercise nor does it provide that pleasant feeling of adventure and complete change of surroundings which is afforded by a day's walk and picnic in the country. Then, again, many people get tired of walking in flat country and long for the sight of hills, however small; and thus it is that ever since foreigners settled in Shanghai the idea of an hour or so in hilly country has proved an undeniable attraction.

In the "good old days" before the Siccawei Creek silted up so as to make it impassable to all but the lightest and shallowest boats, it was quite a common practice to take a houseboat to Zo-se, to enjoy a bracing walk along the creek-bank and to spend a comfortable night in the quiet creeks beside the Hills before the return journey. Spurred on by the enjoyment of such trips it became quite common for hardy walkers to attempt the whole journey on foot, while others did the same on bicycles in the days when that vehicle, now used only by the humble, was a popular means of transport. Then came the turn of pony riders and I have told elsewhere how a bold company of the S.V.C. Artillery set out at dawn to make the double journey in a day; how all but one fell out at various stages and how that single hardy warrior made his triumphant return at about 11 p.m.

With the silting up of the Siccawei Creek and the consequent popularity of destinations further afield the Hills were almost forgotten and for many years none but a few enthusiasts (who said little or nothing about it) ever paid

them a visit. Since I have no doubt that such a few did actually exist I can claim no particular originality for reviving public interest in the Hills, but the fact remains that, lured on by a sight of the Hills from the top of a Bund building, I did set out to establish something of a record by making the return journey possible in the short hours of daylight afforded by a winter's day. To start not later than 8 a.m. and to return not later than 5 p.m. was my original object and I did actually make the return journey on more than one occasion in eight hours, including about half an hour for lunch on the Hills.

My method was to tie a bicycle into the dickey of my car; to leave the car beside the Aerodrome and take to the bicycle; to leave the bicycle at or near Si-king, wherever the paths might become unridable; to walk the balance of the journey and to pick up the vehicles on the return trip. In this manner it was actually practicable to have breakfast and tea in my house at reasonable hours with lunch between at the Hills; but I must confess that it was something of a rush, and not a little strenuous, having regard to the necessity to jump on and off a bicycle at bridges and ditches for a period of some hours, in addition to a fair share of plain walking.

All these experiences (which, by the way, took place before the recent dredging and re-opening of the Siccawei Creek) not only taught me to love the "Hills Country" but also filled me with a desire to learn more of it; to find short cuts and new paths and to follow those unknown trails to which high "ladder" bridges, glimpsed along creeks, seemed to beckon me.

Thus it was that, having acquired a copy of the old map prepared by the Siccawei Fathers, I proceeded to build upon it and organized my routes on the lines of bridges followed by the farmers. The Fathers' map itself was a challenge, for its title was "The Shortest Road to the Hills," and would it not be a triumph to find an even shorter route? But I soon realized that the Fathers took their walk from Siccawei to the Hills, so that the creek would obviously afford the shortest route, while I was now tackling the problem from another point of view. With the extension of the Hungjao Road as far as the Aerodrome and the general use of motor-

cars (not to mention buses) our starting point would obviously be the Aerodrome or the adjacent "Chinese Road," and so it was that the "Pointed Spire Route" and the "Northern Route" were evolved.

Then as my peregrinations extended I caught sight of another Pointed Spire to the northward which seemed to betoken new lands to be conquered, and later, having set my heart on a walk to the Northern Hill, linked this church up with the route to Po-ku-se.

Here then we have some sixty square miles of country as a playground and a glance at my very rough map will show how much of it is still unsurveyed. It is only a question for the ingenuity of the individual to decide how trips into this peaceful country-side should be made; the use of a pony or a bicycle or "Shanks's mare" (otherwise known as Walker's bus) are all possible, and I would like to give a few further hints on the use of either.

So far as the use of ponies is concerned, I notice that three riders under the guidance of Mr. E. F. Turner recently made the return trip to the hills in a day. I do not know the route followed but imagine this would be the Siccawei Creek and Si-king route, since that is best provided with strong stone bridges. Prospective riders may note that I have not mentioned, or given details of bridges between Chi-pao and Si-king, but all these are stone and quite safe to ride or lead a pony over. After Si-king it will be seen that six of the nine bridges mentioned are of stone, while three are of wood: some of the stone bridges have high steps and would be difficult to get a shy pony over, while the high "ladder" wooden bridges would undoubtedly give trouble. Mr. P. Chollot, who kindly lent me his own map of the Si-king route swam his pony on a lead past such bridges and I imagine that others could do the same: this would particularly apply at wooden bridge No. 7, while it should be quite easy to make a detour at Ziang-se to get round the two smaller wooden bridges numbered together as No. 5: such a detour would follow the line of Sun Yat-sen Creek; going round the head of the blind creek and joining the main path on the other side of Ziang-ze.

If the Pointed Spire route were followed with a pony, all bridges should be quite passable, with the exception of

a small wade just beyond the "Square Tower" where a small east-west creek (not marked on the map) is crossed by a plank at one place and a now rotten wooden bridge at another.

Speaking generally I would say that a steady pony, well-trained to bridges, wades and possible swims, should be employed, but that the Si-king-Zo-se portion of the journey should not be attempted in the late autumn when the rice-country is likely to be flooded. The northern route would offer difficulties for a pony at wooden bridges Nos. 5, 8, 11 and 13 but the last of these could be eliminated by crossing over to the southern (Si-king) route at Sun Yat-sen School and proceeding round the end of the Blind Creek towards No. 6 stone bridge. As stated in the introduction to Walk No. 8, the problem of riding to Po-ku-se has now been entirely changed by the bridging of all creeks for the purposes of the future motor road; this is now a fairly easy ride if you stick to the road, and has already been done by one or two keen horsemen.

To proceed with the aid of a bicycle is possible by any route since the machine can be carried over the most frail bridges. At the same time cycling has its difficulties on narrow paths and it should only be attempted in good weather when the country is dry. Anyone could cycle as far as Si-king beside the Siccawei Creek and find it a very pleasant outing, but the mounting and dismounting along the narrower paths through the rice country, where irrigation ditches are cut every few yards, is a wearisome business.

When using a bicycle for quick trips I generally leave the machine in a tea-shop or farmhouse when the more difficult country is reached and give the owners (or sometimes, more tactfully, their children) twenty cents on my return. Should any of my readers decide to take a long trip by bicycle through unknown paths I would advise them to practise quick mounting and dismounting, not to mention balancing in narrow places, in the near country first: for it is not pleasant to fall and sprain an ankle or knee some miles from home. Also please remember to put the saddle as low as possible so that the feet are near the ground in case of a sudden emergency.

In Walk No. 4 I gave details of how a Chinese passenger boat may be employed for a combined walking and boating

trip to the hills and I believe that much pleasure could be had from trips in such boats if anyone cared to cultivate their use.

I have already stated that the recent dredging of the Siccawei Creek has reopened this waterway to passenger boats at almost any time. The larger motor boats would probably not be available for private parties of European passengers, but I have no doubt it is still possible to obtain the use of one of the small and narrow Shaoshing passenger boats for private use. Some of these now have small motors fitted, but they will doubtless cost more than the \$9 per day which I used to pay: personal inquiries through a Chinese messenger at Siccawei will be the only reliable way to ascertain the actual facts from time to time. I can, however, strongly recommend these boats for speed and comfort.

In the Introduction to this book I have dealt with the obvious roughness of the Hills Country map, and I need not point out to readers the large blank spaces which are available for exploration and discovery. Many walks could be planned across the map, joining up one route with another and opening up new walking country. I have myself cut across country about half a mile beyond the "Grand Pont" and, by using two regular ferries at farmhouses, came out just east of No. 3 stone bridge (Si-king-Zo-se route) without going anywhere near Si-king. I have not, however, introduced any such "cuts" into the map as all my routes are planned to avoid the use of ferries. To the walker who is fond of "exploration" many such jaunts are possible and all journeys through unknown country have a fascination of their own.

And now as my task is finished, and I write these closing lines, I have visions of a Shanghai resident five or ten years hence driving his car along a new road to the Hills and wondering who the eccentric writer was who plotted out devious routes and numbered insignificant wooden bridges. But I in my turn feel no envy of such a man, for I have savoured the exhilaration of physical accomplishment and no motor-road can replace for me the joys of tracing out a path through the open country.

THE END


Explanation of Sketch Map of "The Hills Country"

CREEKS:

Note: The exact course of creeks between one route and another is not depicted: creeks are drawn more or less in a straight line from one known point to another.

PATHS:

Note: The same remarks apply as in the case of creeks: deviations often have to be made according to the state of crops.

BRIDGES:  : these are numbered to agree with descriptions in the articles as follows:—

Route from "Black Ox Village" to Po-ku-se:
numbered in a triangle with addition of

W = Wooden
S = Stone



Northern Route from Chinese Road to No. 14 Bridge:
numbered in a small circle, with
addition of W or S (see above)



Route from Si-king to Hills:
numbered in a larger circle and
fully described



LANDMARKS: Church Spires, Trees, etc., are roughly sketched to indicate their nature. Temples, etc., are not necessarily shaped as drawn.

