

Courtesy, Canadian Pacific Railway

Chinese Junk, Hong Kong Harbor

Hybrid Hong Kong

WALTER HAVIGHURST

THE Scorpion was high overhead as we steamed into the dark entrance of Hong Kong Bay. On either side of that narrow entrance sombre cliffs loomed gigantic against the starlit sky. In the darkness these walls looked vast and portentous, as though the Pillars of Hercules had crowded together with barely enough water to permit the passing of ships into the sheltered bay. A Chinese seaman standing beside me on the stern half-deck pointed in the direction of a mass of rock crowned by a single flashing light, and said impassively, "Ly-e-mum."

Inside the granite gateway the bay soon widened out and there were shadowy forms of many harbor craft. Here and there across the water were the larger outlines of unmoving ships—steamers riding with anchor lights that made bright pools in the dark water below. Beyond were circling shores—irregular, precipitous, vague in the night, with their

blackness broken occasionally by dim lights, singly or in clusters. A seeming stretch of open water widened between two dim shores, and looking in that vague direction, the Chinese spoke in the same impassive voice, "Tai-wan."

We crept up close to a looming island and entered another narrows with a black hillside slipping silently past, and then the noise of the steamer's wake churning the rocky shore. Shortly beyond there came a larger open space of water and in the distance a flood of lights all glimmering in the black and shiny bay. To one side lights ran well into the sky, terrace on terrace of them like a pyramid, with a single light, like a stranded planet, crowning all the rest. This time my companion pointed with eagerness and spoke with a show of delight—"Hong Kong."

It hardly seemed a city—that pyramid of lights all winking in the midnight wind. Through half-closed eyes it looked more

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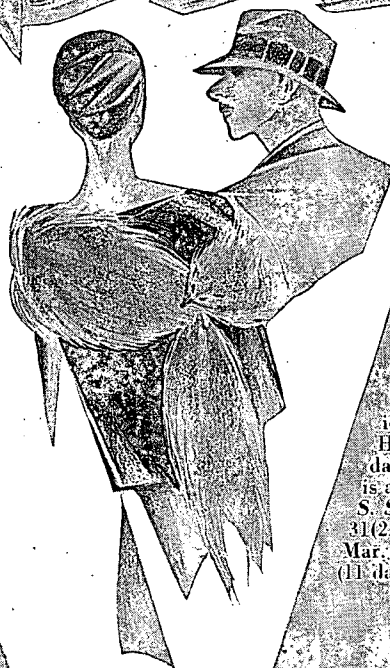
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