



SHANGHAI:  
BOAT LIFE ON  
SOOCHOW CREEK.

and heartaches—"where the best is like the worst". Past corners where bearded Sikhs stand stately guard. Over Garden Bridge; through the crooked streets of Hongkew; small shops, colorful little Japanese maids in vari-hued kimonos with their neatly folded obis. Back to the imposing Bund, or Shanghai's Gold Coast where the towering monuments to the great god exchange peer with disdain upon scurrying rickshas and Rolls-Royces. A taxi to Nantao to find dingy Buddhas which lie half forgotten mid the blinding incense and filth of the temples while hawkers scream their wares to the unheeding crowd that indifferently wends its way through shadow paths called streets. Across the lily pond bridge where a beggar in tatters stumps on legs swollen with elephantiasis. Whirling away as darkness slips in to where the gay lights of Nanking Road blend into a galaxy of moving figures that come and go in the endless stream known as China's "teeming millions". Dinner at the finest of restaurants while outside tired and famished coolies devour their few copper's worth of rice. Away through the night to the dance—the Ritz, Black-Eyes, Soir du Paree, Brownings, Moulin Rouge and others, hundreds of them where as the hours fade away, we dance and forget. China girls, Russian girls, Japanese girls, Korean girls, girls, girls, girls, girls. The stillness of the dawn with only cries of



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FAMOUS NAN-  
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