

SWANN

R+D

One of the government officers who administer the city's resettlement blocks, and might be called super-landlords, showed me through the crowded quarters of Shek Kip Mei in the New Territories. Here, in 26 huge H-shaped buildings and a couple of I-blocks, live 67,500 people, packed on an average of more than $5\frac{1}{2}$ to a room.

"Where do you get that half a person in your average?" I joked.

"Children," the officer said seriously. "Under ten they count only half."

Seven Live in One-room Flat

We stopped at the door of a ten-by-twelve-foot room where a family was starting its noontime meal. The food looked appetizing: rice, fried fish, Chinese celery and pork, and a bowl of beef stewed with tomatoes.

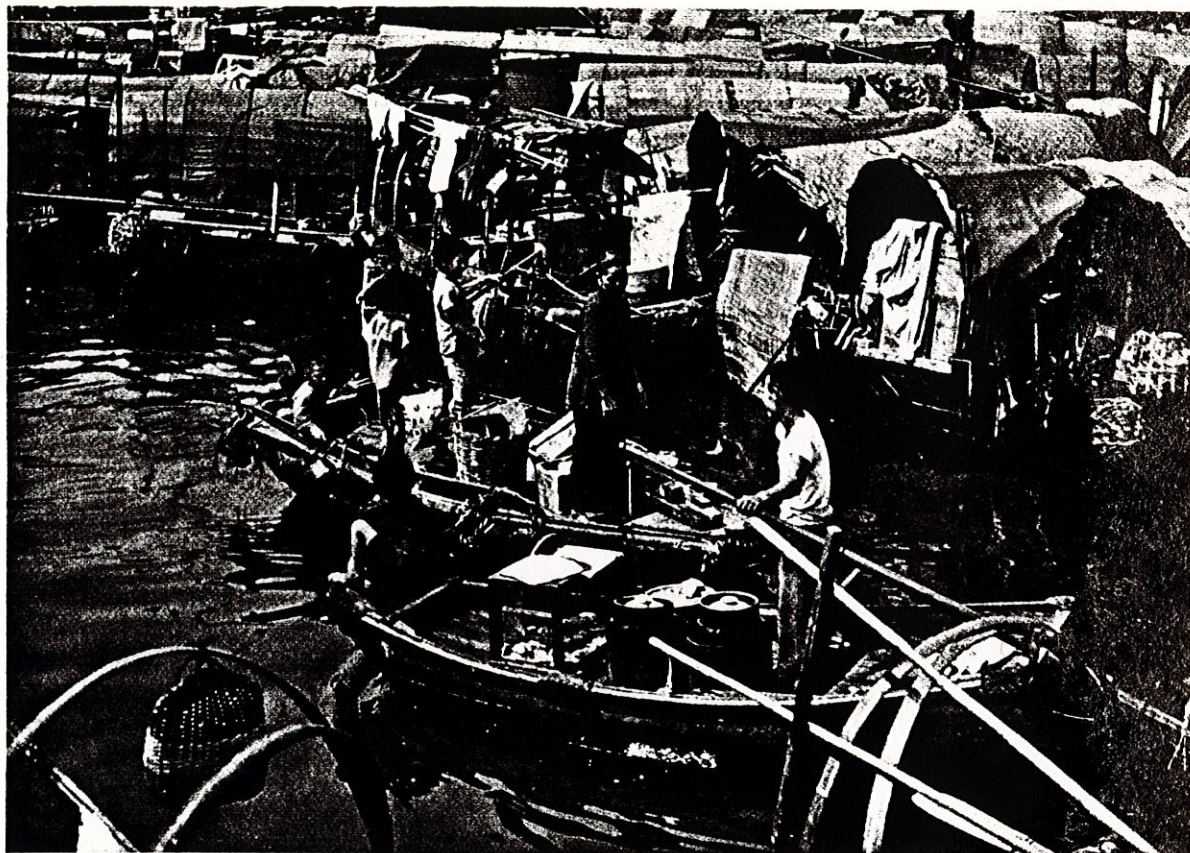
Wong Yuen Wai was proud of his one-room home and eager to tell me about it. He was not really a refugee, he explained.

"I came from Funan Province thirteen years ago. Even then there was trouble with the Communists and things looked more stable in Hong Kong."

Now earning four or five Hong Kong dollars a day—equivalent to about a dollar, U. S.—running a tiny glass shop, Wong considers himself fortunate. A month's rent takes only a few days' earnings; so there is enough left for food and even an occasional luxury. I noticed a German radio that he had considerably turned off as we approached. I asked how many people lived with him.

"Six with me in this room," he said, obviously pleased to provide for so many. "And two more downstairs in the shop."



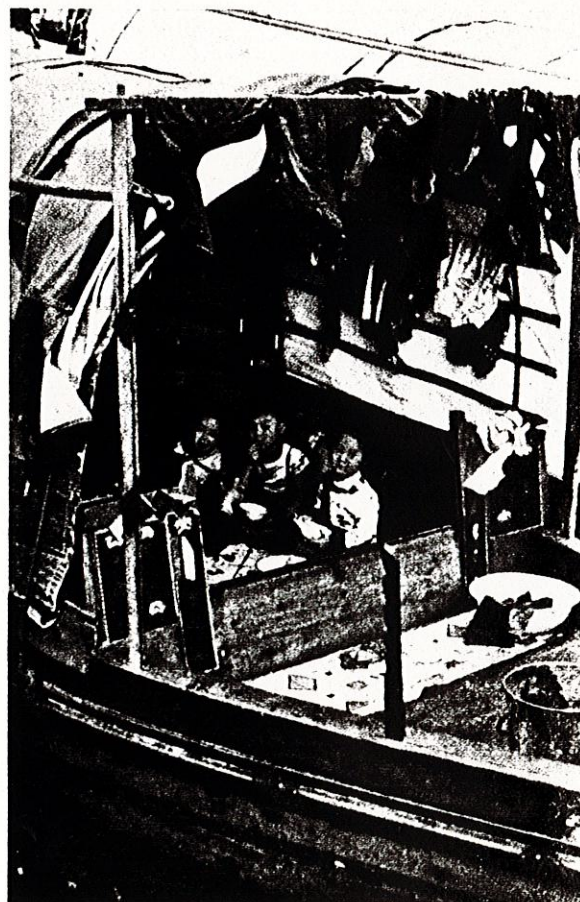


KODACHROMES BY MELVILLE BELL GROSVENOR (ABOVE), BRIAN BRAKE, MAGNUM (OPPOSITE), AND EKTACHROME BY JOHN SCOFIELD © N.G.S.

Floating shop parades its wares past the sampan homes of customers. Crockers hold pickled cabbage, and the glass case displays cakes. A single sweep at the stern propels the boat. Storekeeper greets shoppers in a water taxi.

Water Folk Live in a Forest of Masts Amid a Jungle of Lines and Catwalks

Boat people, known as the Tanka, have long been considered a people apart. For centuries Chinese law forbade them to settle ashore, marry landowners, or take government examinations. Although this discrimination no longer exists, Hong Kong's 138,000 water people still congregate in anchorages such as Victoria's typhoon shelter (left). Sweeping in from the sea, typhoons can wreak havoc in the crowded harbor.



Chopsticks in hand, youngsters eat aboard a sampan, their only home. Laundry dries above a red-and-gold family altar, a feature of every sampan and junk.



KODACHROMES BY BRIAN BRAKE, MAGNUM © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

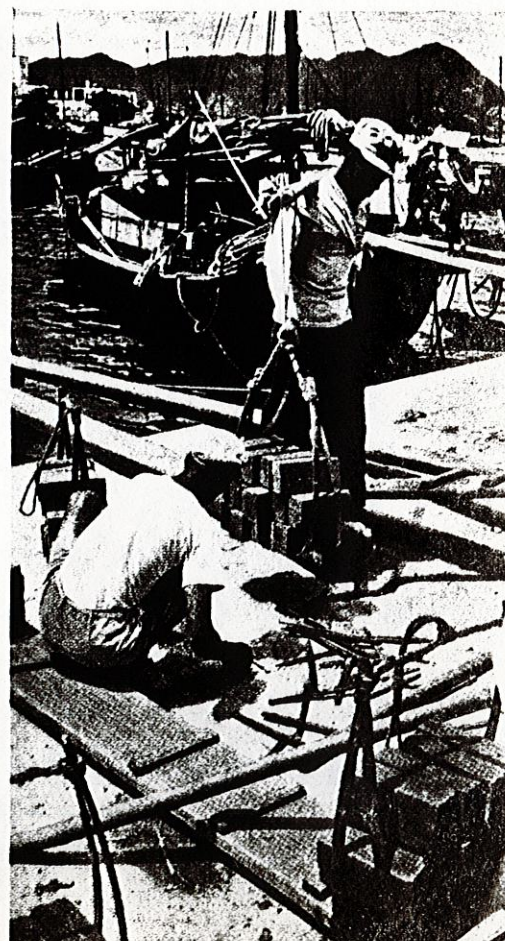
Junks Beneath Patched Sails Head for the China Coast

Sturdy, seaworthy junks serve as the trucks of Hong Kong. They haul everything: vegetables and meats from Red China; building materials (below); and, often, smuggled refugees or narcotics.

Many vessels make their living off-loading ships anchored in the roadsteads. Others go to sea for fish and serve as homes for owners and their families; dozens of people live aboard the larger junks.

When the Japanese occupied Hong Kong during World War II, they ordered junk owners to unload supplies. Unknown to the enemy, many watermen installed false bottoms in their boats and helped feed the city's hungry with pilfered food.

Bricks swing ashore on a stevedore's shoulder pole at a junk-lined waterfront. Balanced loads cross a narrow plank between pier and hobbing boat. Labor is cheap; the human back carries many cargoes overland.



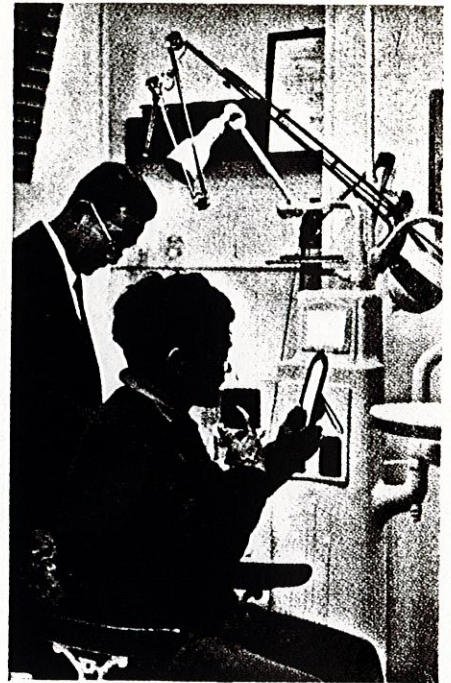
the mason, the sampan woman, the New Territories vegetable farmer, the ricksha man—wherever you see him and whatever he's doing, chances are he's what Hong Kong thinks of as a refugee. And all save a fortunate few must look to the government, sooner or later, to house them.

The first thing I saw in Hong Kong, even before my plane touched ground, was a row of vast concrete apartment houses thrusting up from the bare hills beyond Kai Tak Airport. Within a few hours I found out what they really are. "Resettlement blocks" is the local term. Already, 180 of these ugly but practical structures stud the city, each sheltering an average of 2,250 people (pages 18 and 19). Others are completed at the rate of one every ten days. A third of a million Chinese live in these apartment buildings.

(Continued on page 18)

Hole-in-the-wall dentist uses modern tools

Plastic flowers bloom at an outdoor stand



like Saturday night on crowded Temple Street, Kowloon



Hong Kong means business

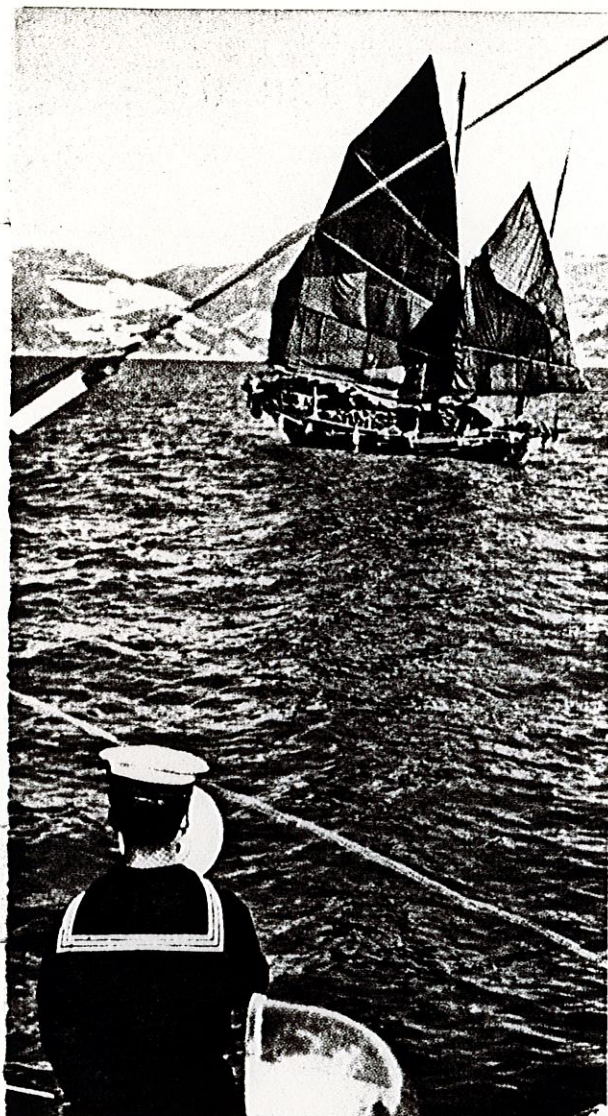
A SMALL WORLD unto itself, Hong Kong is an oasis of free enterprise on the coast of Red China. In the past decade more than a million Chinese have fled to freedom in the British Crown Colony.

Compressed into 398 square miles, the colony is a seething mass of humanity, bursting with energy. Its contrasts are awesome: Luxurious villas set in serene gardens and packing-box shanties jammed together on rooftops; sweatshops and air-conditioned banks; gleaming white skyscrapers and sampan villages; cubbyhole shops and block-long glass emporiums.

Despite pockets of poverty and the never-ending struggle to feed, house, and school the refugees, Hong Kong represents a productive partnership between East and West. Through the colony's sea door pour the world's raw materials for transformation into manufactured goods that in turn flow out to markets around the globe.

These scenes and those that follow illustrate the heady brew that bears the stamp, "Made in Hong Kong."

JOHN SCOFIELD, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF © N.G.S.



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Patrol on smuggler hunt hails a junk



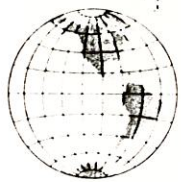
Ricksha man reads during a lull

Grandmother and child wait in line

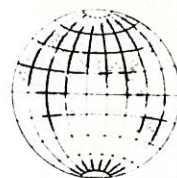


BRIAN BRAKE, MAGNUM

Film actress radiates glamour



THE NATIONAL
GEOGRAPHIC
MAGAZINE



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WHERE did they all come from?" I asked. I had been in Hong Kong only a few hours, but even in that time the essential fact of this throbbing, vital Asian metropolis had struck me. Here were more people in less space than I had ever seen before.

"Over there," my friend said, and motioned west toward Portuguese Macau, 40 miles away across the Sea of Nine Islands (map, page 8). "In the old days, men fleeing the Communist tide came direct to Hong Kong. Today many of them come by way of Macau. There the bamboo curtain is not so thick; sometimes one may even peep through it a little."

And so, before I started to write this story about the miracle of Hong Kong, I went to Macau. There, as close to Red China as I could go, I might learn where Hong Kong's bustling millions came from, and why.

Eight Flee in a Rickety Sampan

In Macau, as I had in Hong Kong, I started my quest with a question. "Lung Kan," I asked, "why did you run away?"

Across from me sat a man in a black two-piece denim suit of the kind worn by Red Chinese agricultural workers. His wife hunched shyly beside him, holding a protective arm around two barefoot daughters.

"We were starving," he said simply. "Every day two, three people in my commune die from not eating enough."

From where Lung Kan and I talked, at the very edge of Macau, we could look across a narrow channel of salt water into the People's Republic of China. Barely two hundred yards from us stood a concrete pillbox where a Communist soldier walked his post.

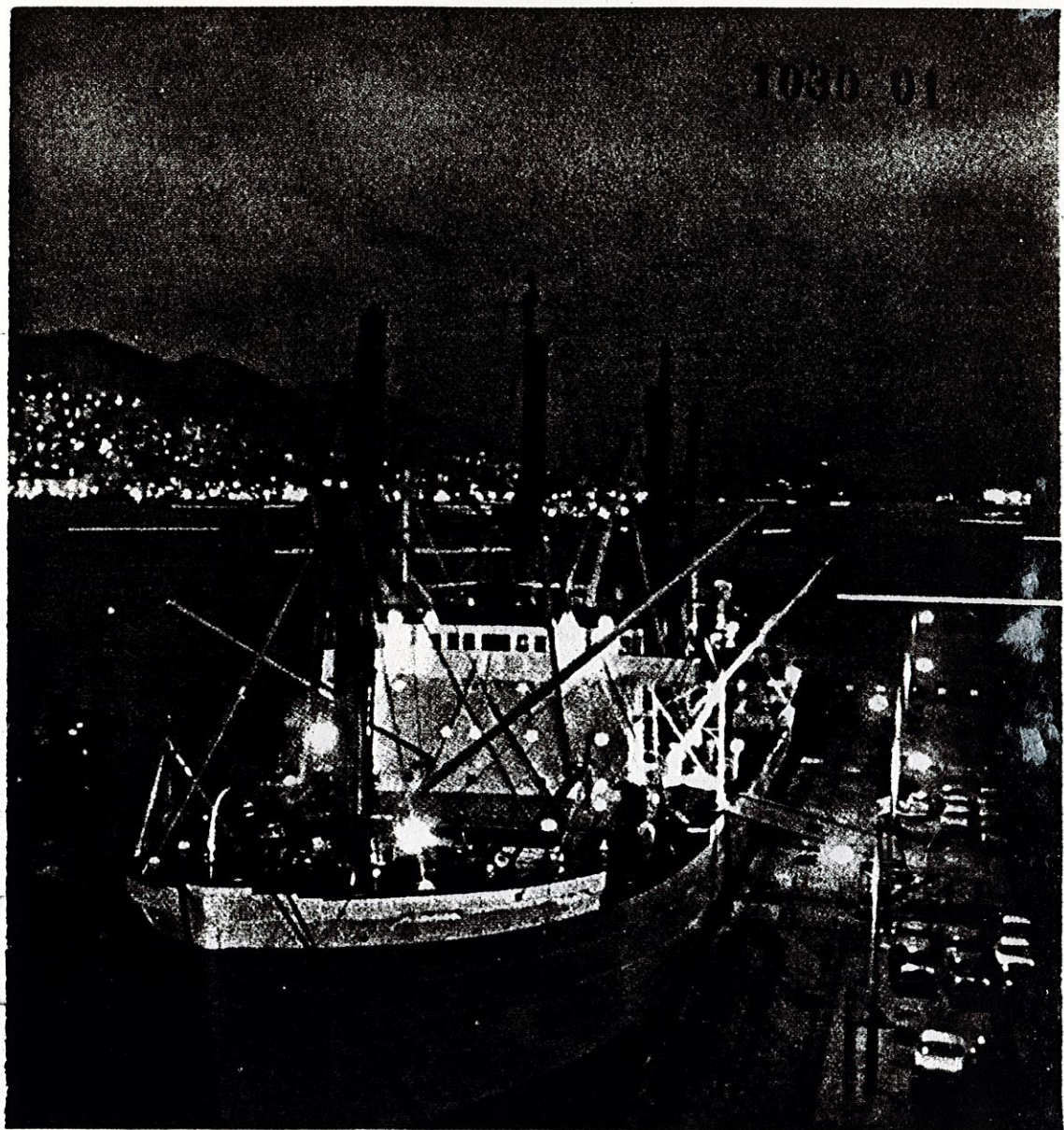
Lung Kan told me how he and seven members of his family had fled 13 days before from the starvation sweeping China's Kwangtung Province. Traveling only in darkness, and living

By JOHN
SCOFIELD

香港

HONG
KONG
HAS MANY
FACES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



HS EKTACHROME BY JOHN SCOFIELD, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF © N.G.S.

locally made shoes and transistor radios.

Of all the bargains, Hong Kong's "instant clothing" ranks as the most difficult to resist. The city's tailors feverishly turn out hundreds of thousands of suits and custom-made dresses a year. When they are good, they are very good indeed.

I asked tailor George Chen how quickly he could make me a suit. "Twenty-four hours," he said, "with one fitting. But we don't like to work that fast."

For fun, I tried to better Chen's time limit. One of his rivals, a young Indian, offered to make me a suit overnight—between 6 p.m. and 8 a.m.

"First fitting at 9 tonight," he suggested.

In the end I went back to George Chen.

(Continued on page 9)

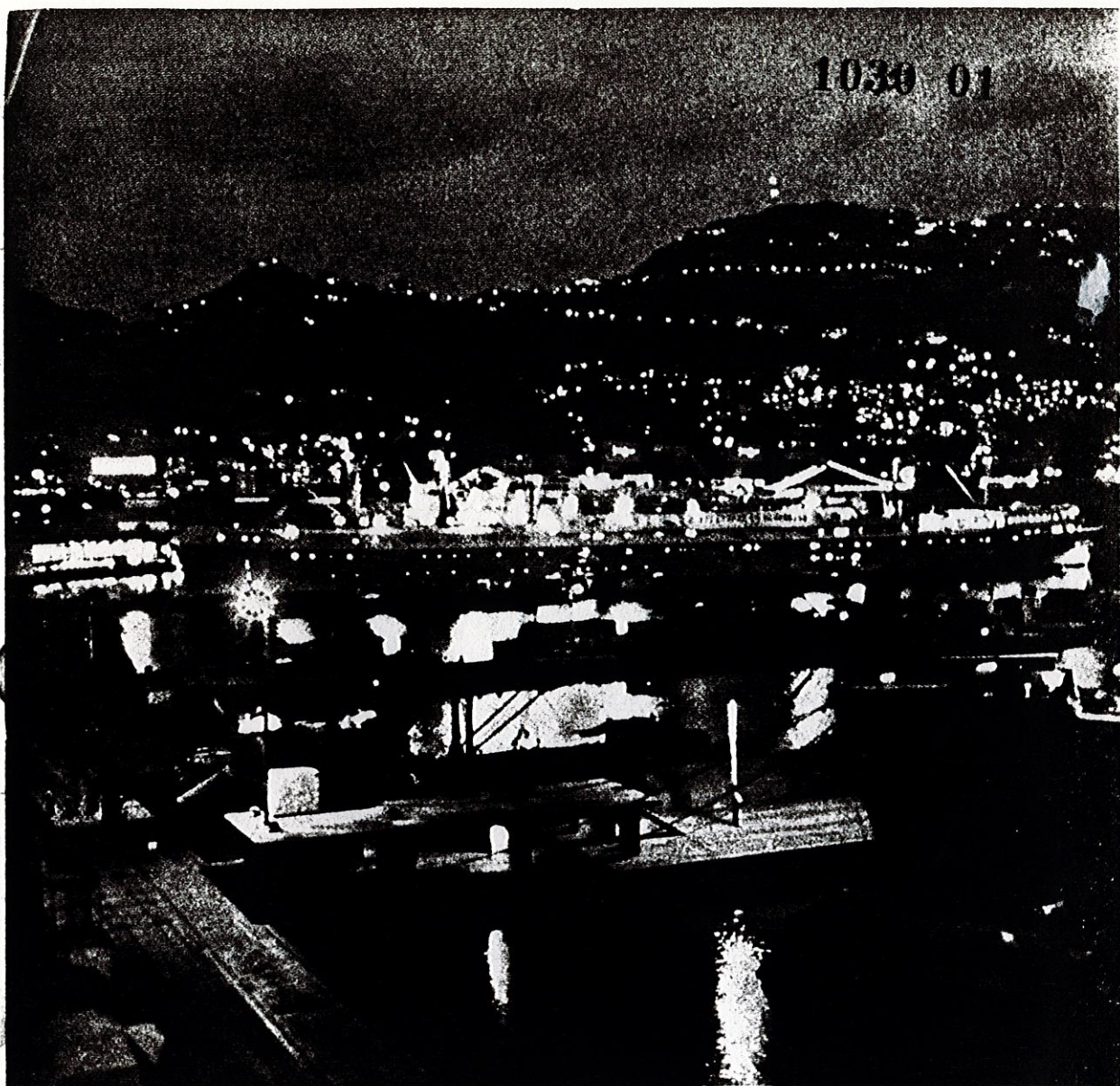
Dancing Lights Spangle Hong Kong, Asian Jewel in the British Crown

Hong Kong means "Fragrant Harbor" (Chinese characters on page 1). Ceded to Britain in 1841, the arid rocky island seemed no prize at first. Londoners viewed the acquisition with derision, and fashionable ladies cried, "Go to Hong Kong!" when provoked to strong language.

Trade with China soon made Hong Kong boom. Needing room, the colony acquired the Kowloon peninsula in 1860 and leased the New Territories in 1898. A free port, Hong Kong sickened when the United Nations embargoed the bulk of trade with Red China during the Korean War. But refugee capital and labor, fleeing Communist oppression, provided a cure. Today the colony hums with new industries.

Here the city of Victoria climbs an island amphitheater above the harbor. Steamships *President Wilson* (left), *Changsha* (center), and *Benarty* load cargo at Kowloon docks.

THIS PAGE FOLDS OUT



on banana skins and potatoes, they rowed for four nights to reach the haven of Macau.

"What will you do now, Lung Kan?"

"Go to Hong Kong," he said, and smiled confidently. "Plenty jobs in Hong Kong."

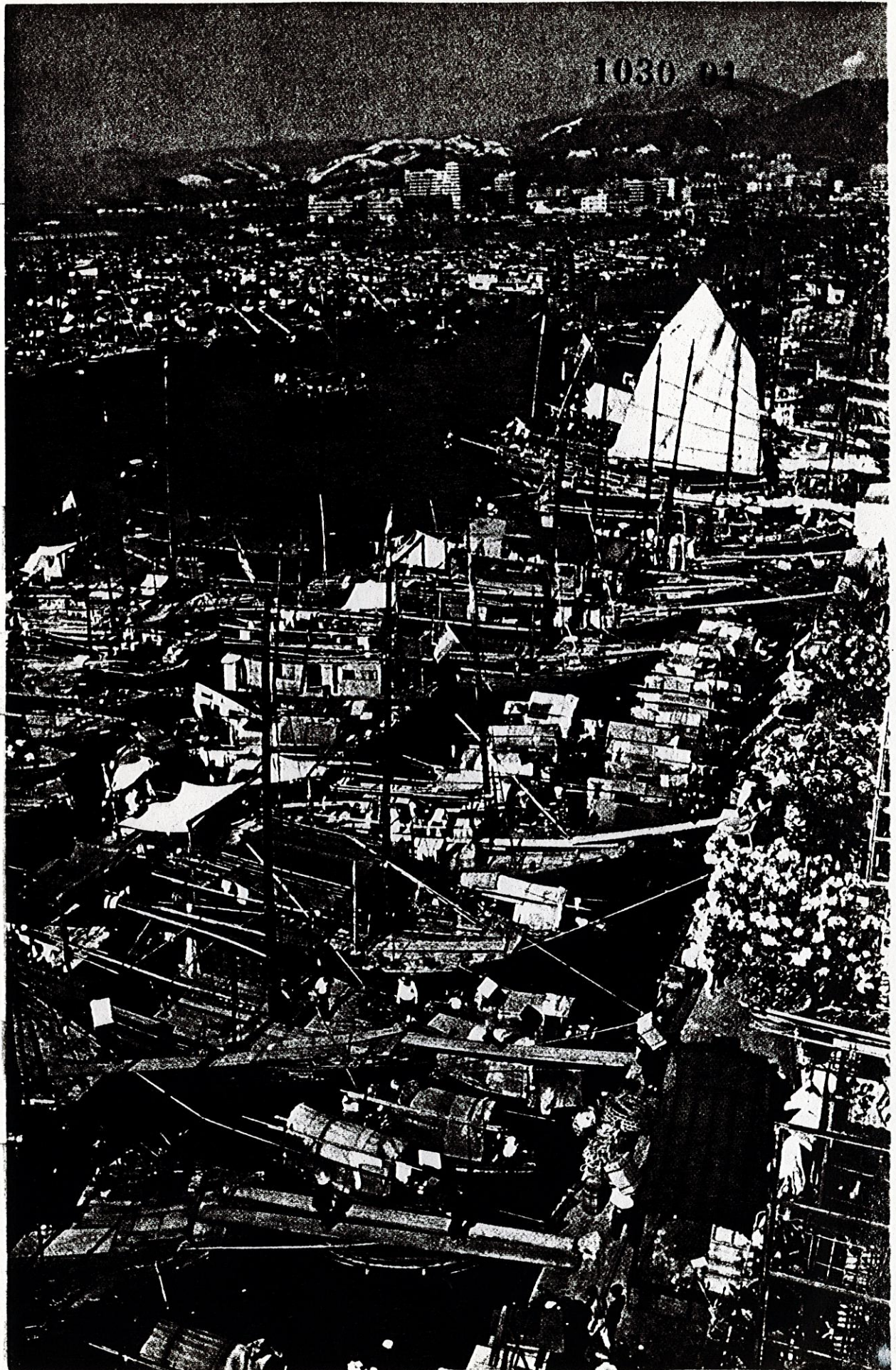
Discreet inquiries by Lung Kan revealed that he and his family would have to pay 80 to 100 patacas each—the equivalent of \$15.50 to \$17—for the privilege of being smuggled into British territory aboard a fishing junk. Where would they get the money? Probably from friends already in Hong Kong.

The Author: As these pages went to press, Assistant Editor John Scofield was on assignment in remote New Guinea, gathering material for an up-to-the-minute report on another of the world's swiftly changing far places.

Back in British territory, I asked soft-spoken Lorenzo Lo—I hesitate to call him a refugee, though like so many of Hong Kong's intellectuals he came from Communist Shanghai to the freedom of Hong Kong—how a city could absorb a million Lung Kans and still continue its meteoric rise as a new manufacturing center of Southeast Asia.

Lorenzo straightened me out on that in a hurry. His arm swept in a gesture that seemed to take in everything of this new Hong Kong: clattering textile mills and the three new hotels that opened while I was there; the vast housing developments and the thousands of factories that turn out alarm clocks, steel rods, vegetable soup, and delicate ivory carvings.

"What you see here," Lorenzo said emphatically, "hasn't happened in spite of the



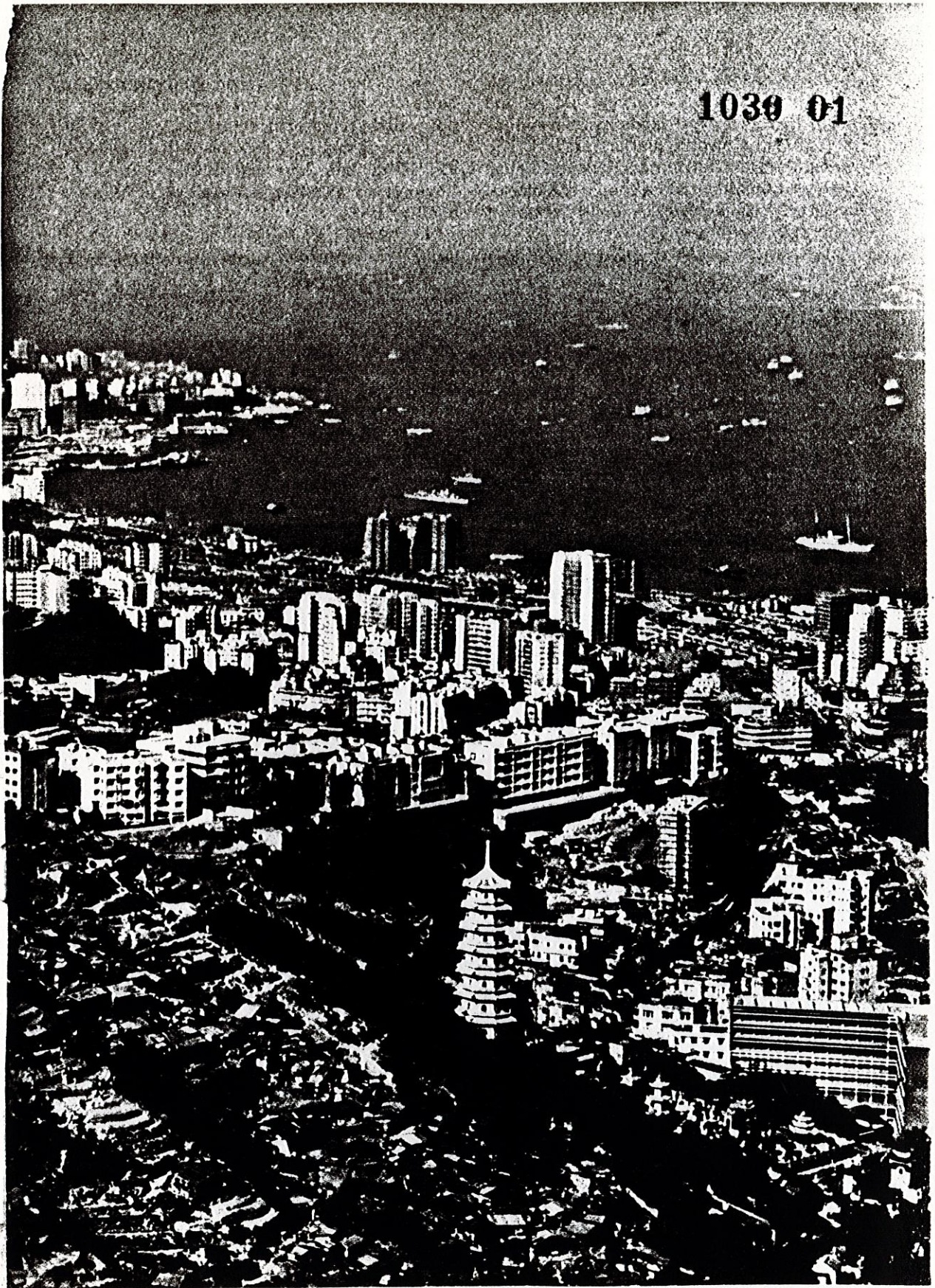
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Squatters' Shacks Invade a Wooded Slope
Above Victoria's Towers and Apartments

Hung with villas, Victoria Peak looks down on
Hong Kong's commercial hub with its banks, in-
surance companies, shipping firms, and exclusive

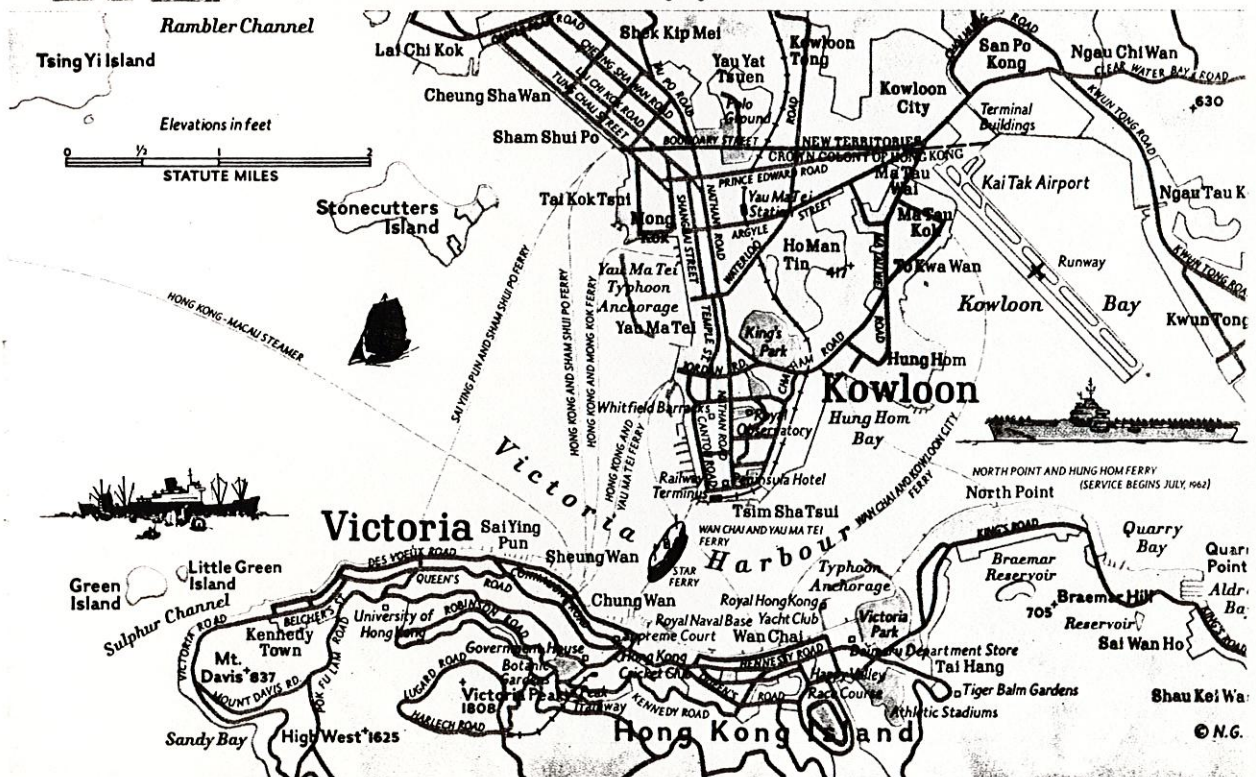
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KODACHROME BY BRIAN BRAKE, MAGNUM. © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

shops. Wan Chai, cluttered haunt of cheap hotels, bars, and cabarets, rims a bend in the bay. New apartment houses and massive resettlement blocks

rise at right. The colony's poor mingle with refugees in hovels in foreground. A graceful pagoda rises from the city's garish Tiger Balm Gardens.



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VICTORIA, HONG KONG

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$114^{\circ} 13' E$

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Boka jan anatra .

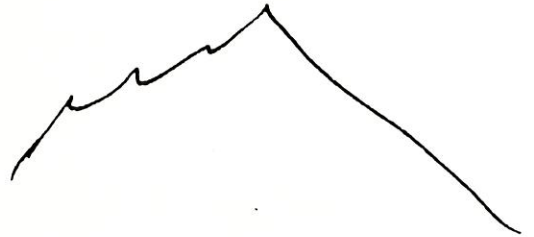
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1030 01

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Fugo Swain
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$22^{\circ} 16' N$

$114^{\circ} 13' E$



$22^{\circ} 16' N$
 $114^{\circ} 13' E$

very strange tower there
brown buildings -



different elevations

very beautiful -

like rice paddies -
farming..



KODACHROME © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY

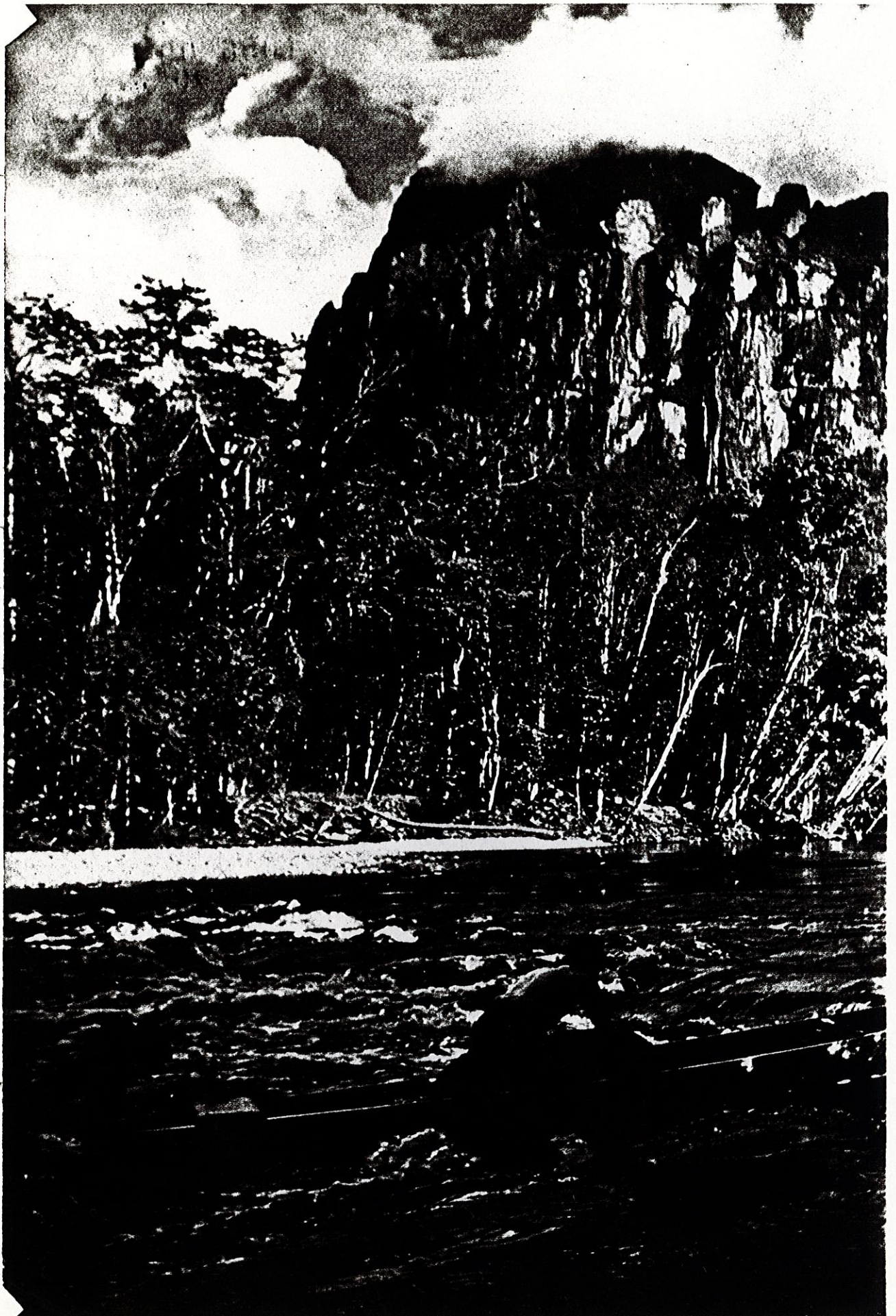
Goajira Indian woman and her suitor meet at Paraguaipoa on market day. She dresses in voluminous robe, flowered kerchief, and pompon slippers; he covers his loincloth with a European shirt. For protection against sun, they blacken their faces with vegetable pigments and fat. They herd pigs, goats, and sheep on the dry Goajira Peninsula.

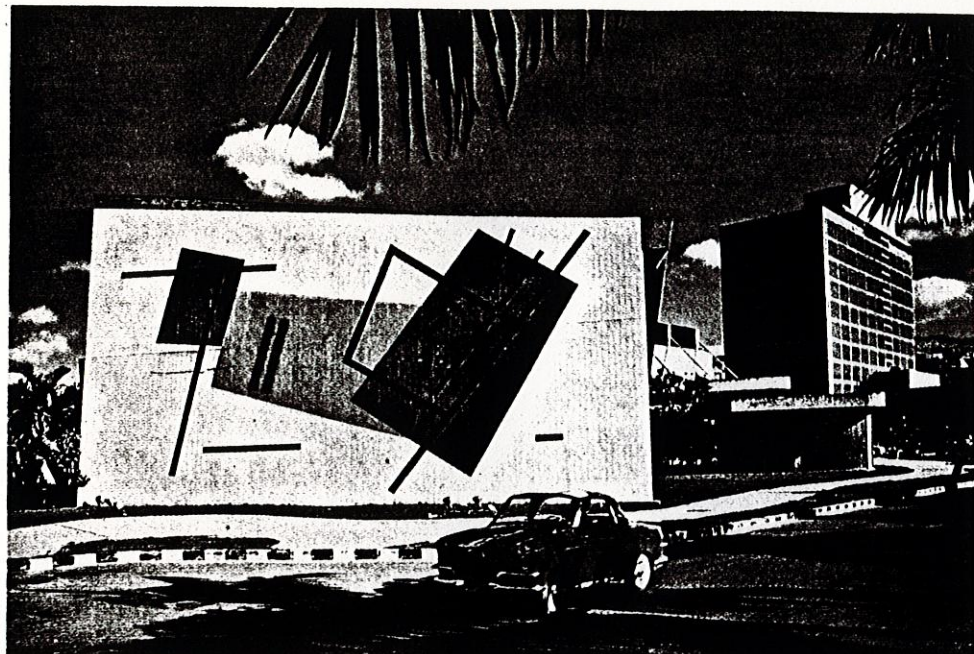
Indians Drag a Canoe up Churún Rapids in La Gran Sabana's "Lost World"

Like a monstrous fortress, the granite cliffs of Auyán-Tepui mesa rise a sheer half mile above the jungle. In the science-fiction novel *The Lost World*, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle imagined such a tableland still inhabited by dinosaurs and pterodactyls.

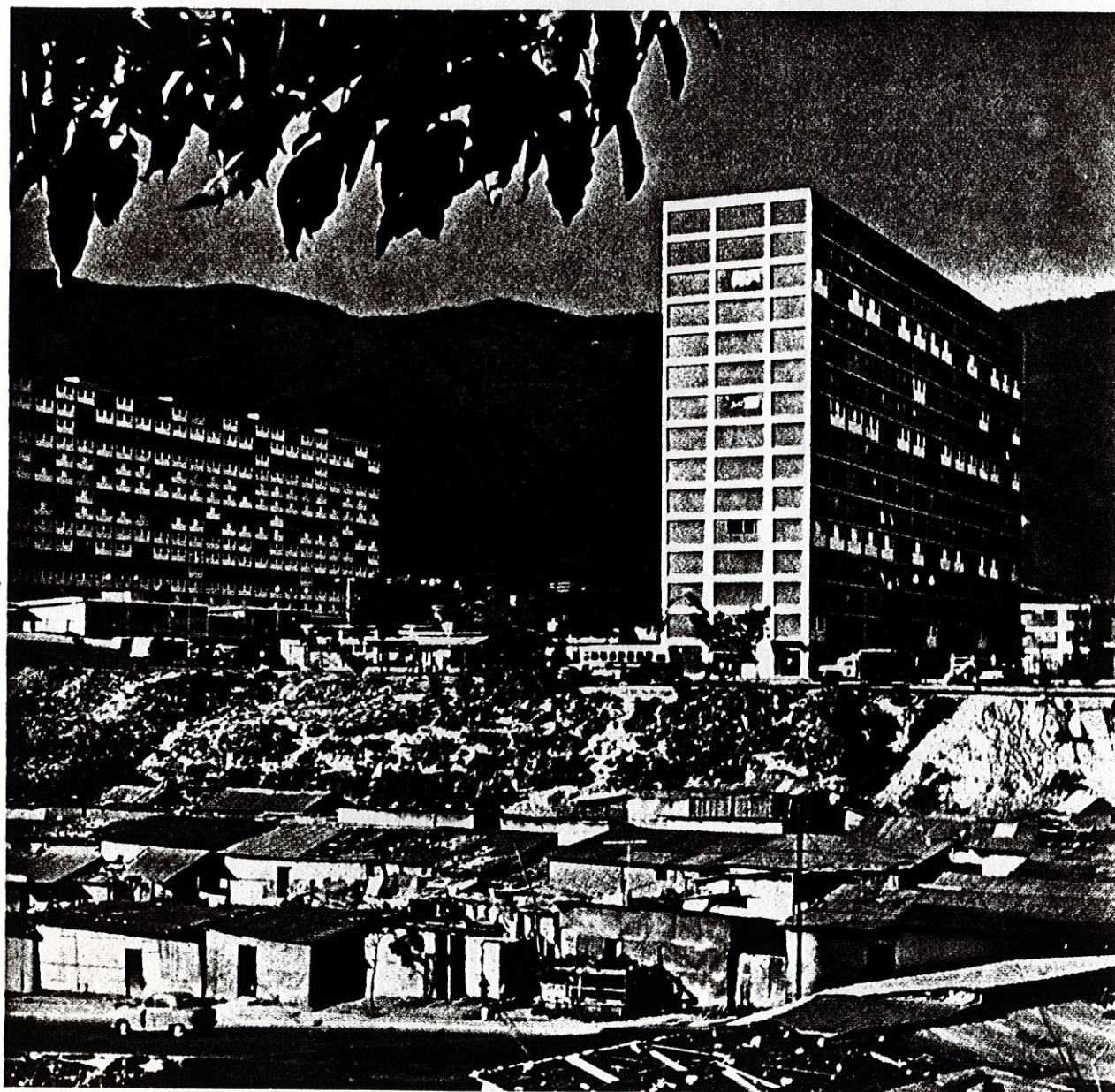
For four days the author and his guides paddled and pushed their aluminum canoe up the rain-swollen waters of the Carrao and Churún Rivers. Their goal: a glimpse of the long, lovely leap of Angel Falls, highest in the world (pages 378-80).



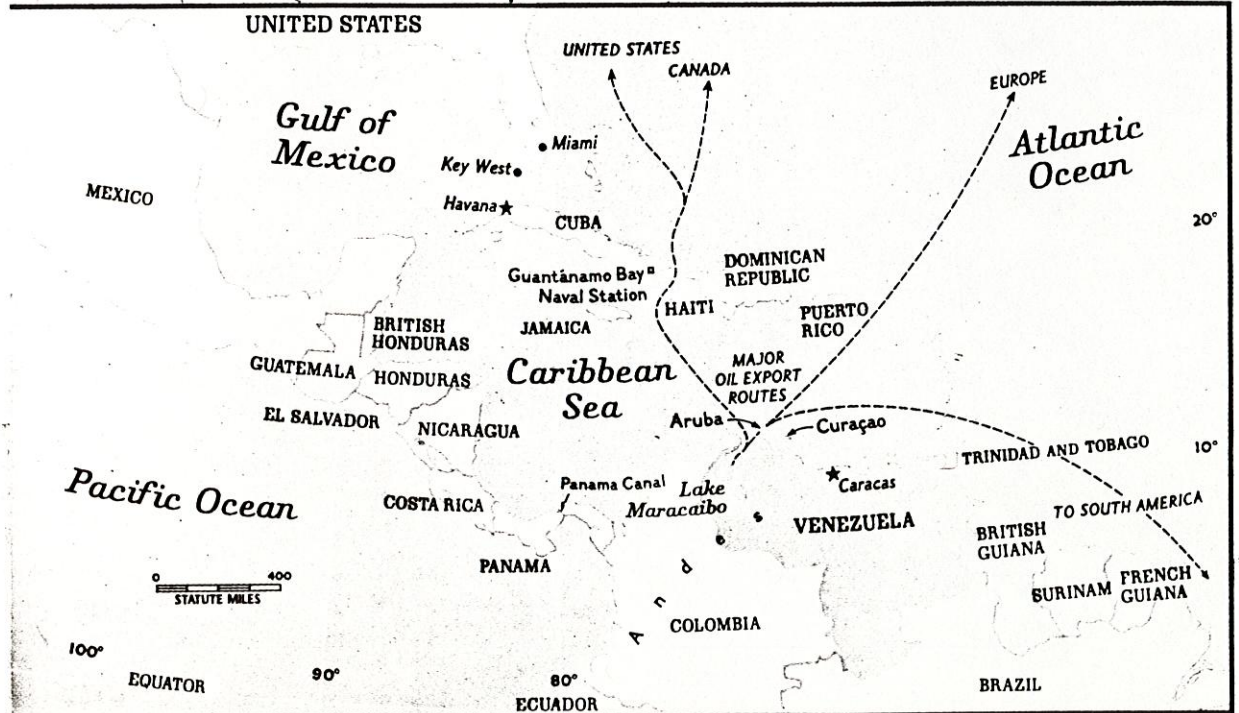




KODACHROMES BY THOMAS J. ABERCROMBIE, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF © N.G.S.







1056 00

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phonetic comparison.

AUYAN-TEPEDI-MESA
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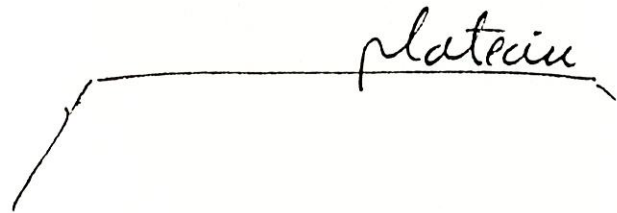
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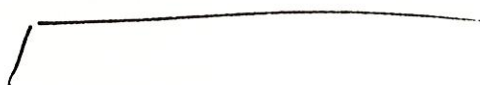
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5° 48' N
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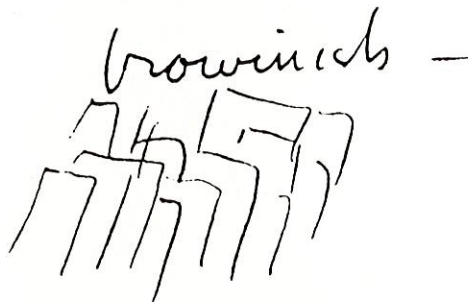


land. water interface

arid —
patches of trees in
valleys —
Buildings —

cliff — T

5° 48' N
62° 41' W



glaciated Antisana to the southeast, and the magnificent cone of Cotopaxi to the south, splashed red with dawn. Guillermo pointed out a lesser summit.

"That's Rumiñahui," he said, "named after the chieftain who burned this capital of the Inca Kingdom of Quito in 1534 to deny it to the advancing Spaniards."

On the embers, 55-year-old conquistador Sebastián de Benalcázar founded a new city, San Francisco de Quito, part Spanish, part Indian, and wholly Roman Catholic.

Now a metropolis with nearly half a million inhabitants, Quito lies on a terrace of volcanic ash like a necklace around Pichincha's lower slopes (pages 260-61). Growing steadily, the city is brimming over to the east into a valley warm with bird song and golden maize.

"You can trace the plan of Benalcázar's town in the middle of the modern city," said Guillermo. He pointed out the central Plaza de la Independencia, flanked by the cathedral and the balconied presidential palace, and served by coach-width streets.

Handicraft Finds World Market

Ecuador has very few immigrants, but one to whom the Indians owe a special debt is Hungarian-born Olga Fisch, a folklorist who has opened up world markets to native handicrafts.

Throughout Ecuador I found the traditional folk skills enjoying a popular revival. At Olga's villa on Avenida Colón, Indian artisans fashion ponchos and skirts, and rugs so handsome that they are more often hung than walked upon.

One day I strolled with Olga into downtown Quito. Under the clutter of signs along Benalcázar Street, we flattened ourselves against a silversmith's shop when a fat omnibus overhanging the sidewalk honked past us. The driver shared his bench with two passengers to his left and three to his right, hampering his vision to either side.

We walked up broad, boisterous Avenida 24 de Mayo—the date of the Battle of Pichincha in 1822. Marble-playing urchins, sherbet hawkers, tinkers, and pitchmen choke this 24th of May Avenue—until the afternoon rains send them scurrying. Here twirls a carrousel, there townsfolk pick through half an acre of furniture. Women roast bits of beef heart over charcoal braziers. Sidewalk stalls offer soap, sandals, and cheap aluminumware.

"Quito is no archeological ruin," Olga emphasized. "It's a colonial treasure house that





KODACHROMES © N.G.S

Panama gets the credit, Ecuador makes the hats. At a factory in Cuenca, Regina Guamán weaves brims for the Panamas, misnamed in the 19th century by gold seekers who purchased them as they crossed the Isthmus of Panama on their way to California. Today the classic white model, fine-textured as linen, gives way to gay, casual styles in demand by vacationists. Families weave the hats from fibers of a palmlike plant called *toquilla*, then deliver them to factories for finishing.

Golden bounty of rice dries in the sun on the Guayaquil waterfront. Longshoremen unload bulging bags of grain trucked from plantations nearby. With a crop ranging to 220,000 tons a year, Ecuador feeds her own people and exports the rest.





EXTACHROMES BY LOREN MCINTYRE © N.G.S.

harvest to mechanical loaders on the docks. No longer shipped on stalks, the bananas are separated into "hands," washed, wrapped in plastic, and packed in cartons.

Tayo Aspiazu moves in an atmosphere of success and sophistication. He wined and dined me at the Union Club, overlooking the riverfront boulevard, the Malecón, then dropped me at a swimming-pool party at the home of an Ecuadorian diplomat. One of the guests happened to be a Swedish sea captain's daughter, Margareta Arvidsson by name, reigning Miss Universe by occupation.

Guayaquil began as a landing place on a mudbank and did not change much until the 20th century. Its cane-slat buildings have burned so often that its volunteer fire department—1,570 strong—has become one of the world's largest. Mariners feared the city's yellow fever, smallpox, plague, and typhus. As recently as 1942, tuberculosis and malaria were blamed in half the deaths in Guayaquil.

But it was inevitable that this port of entry

to highland Ecuador would emerge as the country's largest city (following pages). The World Bank financed the new deepwater harbor, and aid from the United States, starting in 1942, has supported health measures which have largely eradicated disease.

Today hustling activity animates the city of 650,000. It turns out such diverse products as lumber, balsa centers for plywood, cement, flour, polished rice, candy, cocoa butter, and instant coffee.

Guayaquil and Quito: Poles Apart

Rivalry between Quito and Guayaquil pervades the nation. Quito dominates the northern highlands, Guayaquil the southern coast. While Quito is traditional, conservative, and insular, Guayaquil is consciously contemporary, liberal, and worldly. Quiteño leaders are landed gentry; Guayaquileños are merchants. Quito's power is in the ministries; Guayaquil's in the banks.

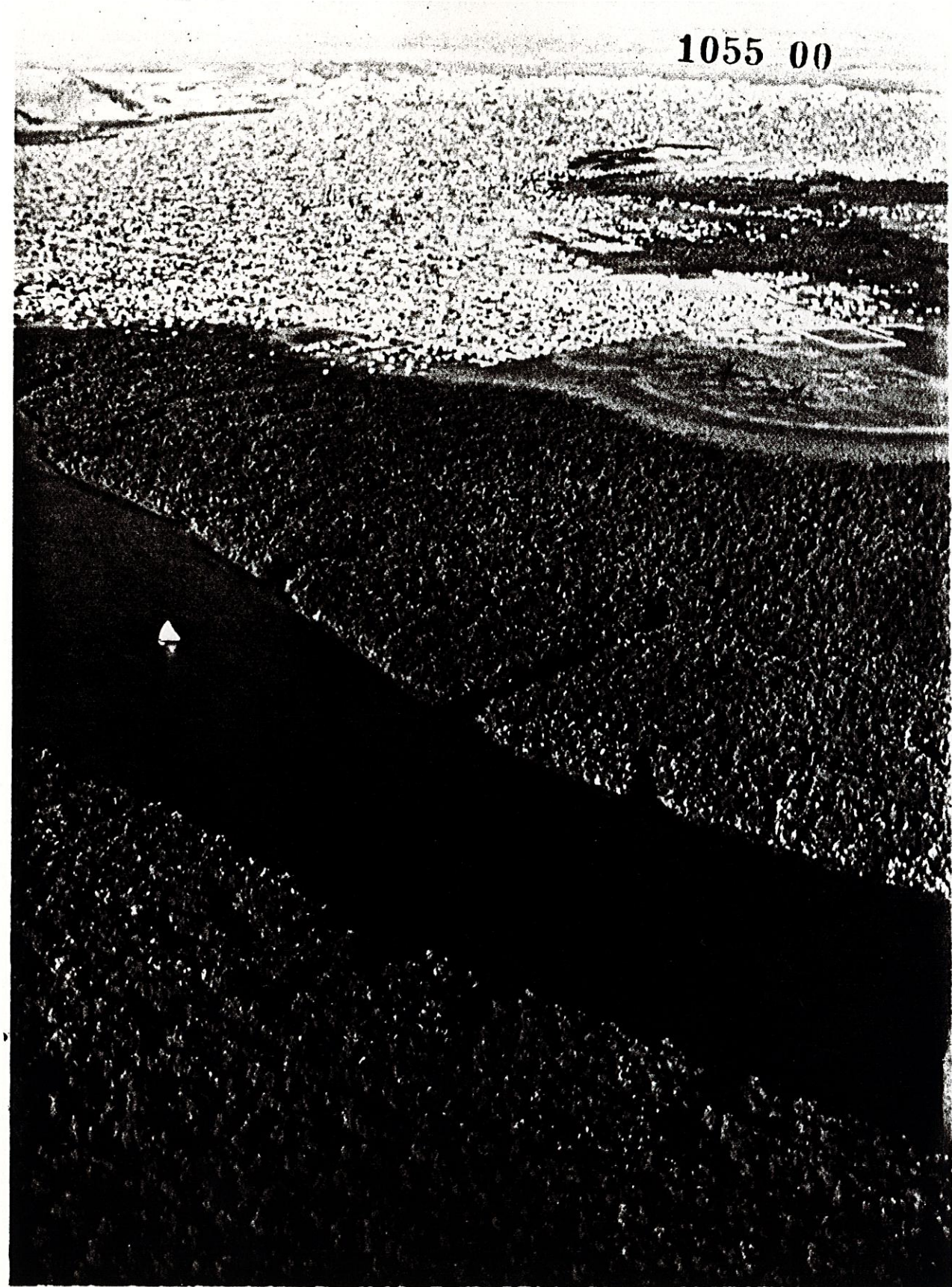
Guillermo and I pushed on to Manabí

1055 00



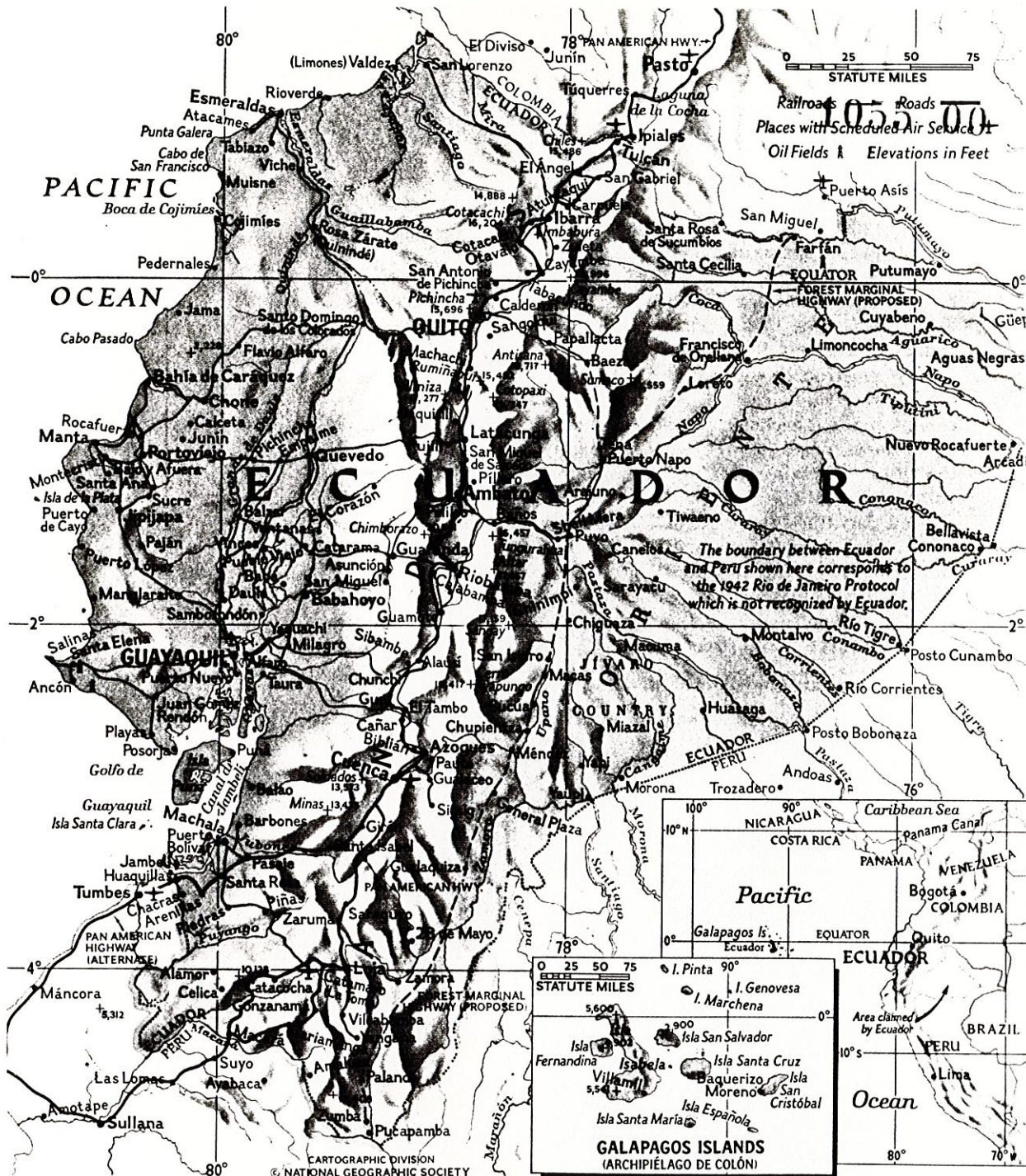
Jungle yields to man as sprawling Guayaquil, the nation's largest city, invades encircling mangroves. Streams of countryfolk, drawn by high wages, throw up dwellings on stilts in the outskirts of this exploding city of 650,000. Guayaquil, situated 30 miles

1055 00



inland on the Guayas River, background at right, handles 50 percent of Ecuadorian exports and 90 percent of imports through its recently completed deepwater harbor, Puerto Nuevo. Here a cargo-laden sailboat plies an estuary toward a smoking cement plant.

KODACHROME BY LOREN MCINTYRE © NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY



THOUGH NAMED for the Equator it straddles, Colorado-size Ecuador contains most of earth's climates, including polar cold, within its 400-mile breadth and four-mile height. Volcano-spined Andean highlands wall off low jungle and desert along the Pacific Ocean from steaming Amazon headwaters in the remote interior to the east.



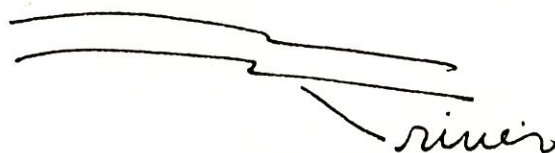
Once the northern bastion of the Inca Empire, Ecuador has known three centuries of cloistered rule by Spain and 146 years of independence marked by tempestuous politics.

Much of the raw eastern jungle formerly claimed by Ecuador has been ceded to Colombia and Brazil; the nation currently disputes 70,000 square miles held by Peru. Ecuador's eerie Galapagos Islands shelter strange forms of life.

AREA: 104,506 square miles. **POPULATION:** 5,500,000; 40% Indian (mainly in highlands and jungle), 10% white (mostly Spanish), 10% Negro (concentrated in coastal cities), and 40% mestizo and mulatto. **LANGUAGE:** Spanish; Quechua and other Indian tongues. **RELIGION:** Roman Catholic. **ECONOMY:** 50% of people engaged in agriculture: bananas, coffee, cacao, rice, beef, balsa; some light industry, mining, oil. **CHIEF CITIES:** Guayaquil (population 650,000), seaport; Quito (450,000), capital; Cuenca (61,000), trade.

24 Jan 80
1055 00 Hugo Swain
9.40
(ANTHROPOLOGY
(1100))

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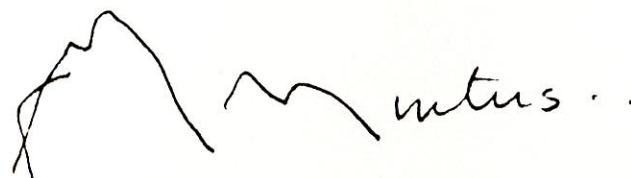


$2^{\circ} 13'' S$
 $79^{\circ} 54'' W$



water
flows
river

Jungle. trees



town? aol.
end

Guayaquil Ecuador

