

Sights abounded in the old market area. Sea food of all

description was sold from tanks in front of stores. I had fun with a lobster who clamped on to my umbrella. One afternoon a extra heavy thunderstorm came over. The air grew intensely still and a sensation of doomsday ran through the poor natives. It was truly as dark as midnight a 3:00 pm in the afternoon. Not exaggerting I even looked at my watch in wonder thinking I might have tripped off the line.

I have seen dark cluods but I met the grand-daddy of dark clouds in Hong Kong. The market was one electronic store after the next. Korean, Japanese, you name it. I must have stopped into a dozen of the biggest and played mental gymnanstics converting over the dollars.

Different styles but no real bargains. You could get close circuit monitor 21" or 25" color TV for \$175.00, but they had no tuner although the ~~ix~~ picture tubes and all were state of the art. Hong Kong has seven channels and they are all subscription. The natives lover to gamble. Vegas primordial I guess. They had an odd game I came across that was very exclusive. The players worked 2" square blocks numbering maybe fity between the two of them in a great clatter. Suddenly things looked right and the two players stopped and settled up and started clacking away at the cubes again. I went in to see what it was about but the bouncer ushered me right out without saying a word. I tried to ask what it was called, but he went for the door knob and pushed me right out.

The poverty was quite obvicous as you looked at the apartment buildings. The streets were not ovefowing with garbage but were neglected as were the majority of the structures. The girls did not work the street although they knew the fleet was in. So the hospitality was to be found in bars at American prices, and the working girls were attractive enough but definatly not over freindly. I had a ferry ride to Kowloon one afternoon but skipped the red light district. There is an exceptionally nice new mall right at the ferry landing. I spent

hours looking around the nice neat shops that had the same stuff as the old market in some places, but again, no real bargains. One sailor found a working steam toy steamtoller and gave up \$50.00 to get it. It was unique, but only sheet metal. Fine chinese goods were available in these shops and my buying abilities could not discern the value of many things which all looked nice, but I knew there was overhead involved in this location. I did happen into specialty places in the old twon. One remarkable shop sold ivory goods that were made wright in the back room. Ivory carving was available everywher, but this shop had the biggest celestial scene in the fron window you could imagine. I bet jumbo had to give up that tusk. And, jade this and jade that, and more vases, table services, and eventually the trip was worn out.

The most convenient part of Hong Kong, right off the pier was dreamy at night. Neon lights were everywhere, but no Suzie Wong. the women in the bars were tough fat old things and not procuring, but just my me drinkees. It was a visual treat to wander the streets at night. I didn't see the power plant but it must have been a monster. One or two drinks mixed with their neon and sing song voices and you were transported. I finished off my tour the last day with a stop at McDonald's which was only about a buck extra for the usual. Food wise I was most impressed by the bakery's and would get a chicken flavored roller whatever and continue my walks. It was fun wandering around, and enough caucasians live there that it is not a threatening atmosphere. at all. It was a nice place to become anonymous.