



July 4, 1914 Across Quang-Nam.  
 AW p 232 PAUL M. HOSLER. 233, 234

It was a little after daybreak on a Monday morning in February that I left for the river where a small boat was prepared to start as soon as I should arrive. A cold north wind was blowing, and this meant that we would have a favorable passage up river. The first day we made good time, but the wind changed, and the boatmen were compelled to pole up stream for two days.

The object of this trip was to buy wood for the erection of a chapel at Tourane. The Forestry Service had granted us a permit to cut the timber and pass the customs without paying the usual fee for cutting the trees and the custom duty. The forests are located in the mountains in the extreme west of the province and are about four days distant from Tourane by native boat.

The first part of our very interesting journey was through the vast delta region which comprises the greater part of the Province of Quang-Nam. As one journeys through this delta section, with fertile soil and abundance of water and the most favorable agricultural conditions, one wonders that there are so many signs of poverty and distress. And yet, as far as Annamese life is concerned, these farmers are not considered poor. By a unique system of irrigation they are able to get two crops of rice each year, and, yet I have been informed that there have been years of famine when the people have died by the roadside. When there is plenty of rain, the people reap an abundant harvest, but in times of drought the crops are ruined and the greatest privation and suffering follow.

As we slowly sailed up stream, I was much interested in the various methods of irrigation. There were three ways which attracted my attention and which may be of interest to many in the homeland. The first method that impressed me was that of bailing the water from the river by means of small bamboo buckets coated with a kind of native pitch. To either side of this bucket are attached two ropes of rattan. A hole is then made at the river's edge and on either side of this hole stands a man. Each man takes two strings on his respective side. The bucket is then lowered into the hole of water and swung to the level above, and by a dexterous movement of the hands the water is thrown into the pool there, while the bucket is again jerked gracefully back to the hole beneath. On the upper level stand another couple of men bailing or throwing the water to the fields above. Often at each hole there are as many as three couples working at the same time. Thus they work the entire day to keep the sun from burning out their crops.

The next method that I saw was the water wheel, which was made of bamboo. The framework for this wheel is set by the river side and the large bamboo wheel is built to turn upon this framework. Then to the outer rim of this wheel are fastened little bamboo buckets, or rather, in this case, bamboo tubes. As this wheel is from eight to twelve feet in diameter it is able to lift the water from the river level up to the fields. Then these little tubes are so placed on the wheel that when passing through the water they are filled with water and discharge it on the upper level as the wheel revolves. The motive power for this system is,

like so many things in Annam, supplied by the men and women treading the wheel hour after hour and day after day. In some places they had conceived the idea of fitting the wheel with a wooden shaft and cog-wheels to be turned by water-buffaloes. This kind of wheel is set in a trench into which the water flows, while still another kind is built out into the river and is made to revolve by the force of the water flowing down stream. So much for the ingenuity of the Annamese.

The Annamese, like the Chinese, are a people given almost entirely to agricultural pursuits. Even though a man may be engaged as a manufacturer or a merchant, still he will have a few fields, which his wife and dependent female relatives will cultivate. The abundance of the crops in this province is well nigh equalled by the diversity of products. Rice, sugar-cane, corn, manios (from which tapioca is made), sweet potatoes, tobacco, and tea, are the chief products. Rice, no doubt, is cultivated more than all the others combined. The mulberry leaf is also grown for the silk industry. The pine-apple, custard-apple, orange, mandarin, and limes are the most important fruits. At the time of this journey it was nearing the harvest and nature was clothed in her most attractive attire.

Equally interesting as the agricultural aspects were the native industries which are carried on in this region. Fishing is perhaps the most common of all the industries in which the Annamese are engaged. One is impressed by the number of ways they have of fishing. They fish with the hook and line and with numerous kinds of nets. Some stand at the river's side and lower a large square net which is fastened at the four corners to long bamboo poles crossed at right angles. At the intersection of these two poles is fastened a still larger and longer bamboo pole. Then a bamboo or rattan rope is also tied to where the poles cross. The fisherman now plants the free end of the large bamboo pole in the ground near the water and standing on the bank above, he loosens the rope and lets the net sink slowly into the water. This same kind of a net is often fastened to the front of a long boat and employed in the middle of the river. In this case stones are also used to counterbalance the weight of the large net. Another way of fishing is with the long net. These nets are very long and to each end is also tied a long rope. The net is then taken out by two boats and placed far from the shore. The boats then return and the net is dragged slowly to a good landing place. This sort of fishing seems to yield the best results, but also requires greater capital. Still another most novel method of catching fish was by a man diving. I do not know whether there was some kind of a net at the bottom of the river or not; but I do know that he succeeded in catching the fish. I marveled at the length of time he was able to remain under the water. At times after having been under the water for quite a long time he would come to the surface just long enough to take another breath. All this time a boat was following along so that the diver could take a little rest.

Another flourishing industry in this province is the making of brick and tile. This is also done at the river so as to facilitate the transportation to Tourane and Fai Foo. The foreign population at Tourane use many thousands of brick each year, while the Chinese at Faifoo also use large quantities. Other native industries are the burning of lime, silk weaving, and the manufacture of sugar. I do not say that the Annamese refine sugar for it is almost black, and contains a fair amount of sand. Most of the

here is burned from shells gathered from the sea shore and at the river side. The shells gathered by the river are very small and only a patient Oriental would engage in such an occupation to earn a livelihood. This shell is a very poor quality and cannot be used in the better grade of building. That, however, burned from the stone is a very high grade and gives much better results.

As one journeys up the river and visits the markets here and there it is almost certain that you will meet a Chinaman. Wherever there are opportunities for trade, here you will find those timid (?) sons of T'ong. I have conversed with them in out-of-way markets, and this year I met one far beyond the military station on the borderland between the Annamese and the Mois. Here the country is most too wild for the Annamese and most too near civilization for the Mois tribes. Here dwelt a smiling Cantonese with his Annamese wife and little son. Wherever there is a possibility of making money or where capital is required to move the crops or to begin a new enterprise, there the Chinese are indispensable.

The first day after leaving Tourane we were favored with a good wind and made very favorable progress. The second day, however, that favorable breeze had changed and we were compelled to "pole" for many miles. About the middle of the second day we arrived at the forestry station. The station is built upon a little hill and has a commanding view of the country for a distance of several miles. From here one also has an excellent view of the river, and this is well, for thus the forestry guard is able to apprehend those who would ship wood past without paying the duties.

I found the young French forestry guard very congenial; but I could only spend a short time with him. He urged me to stay and partake of his hospitality, but I left him with a promise to spend a little time with him when I should return. The French Government have an excellent forestry service and is doing much to protect the forests of Indo-China.

Our little sail boat continued on its journey up the river and at about 4.30 in the afternoon we passed the last sub-prefecture. Some of our party had left the boat and were walking. Just near the residence of the sub-prefect I met the "Big Official" in his 'ricksha. Supposing that I was some French official, he ordered his coolie to stop and got out to salute me. I addressed him in Annamese, asking where he was going and how long it would take to reach his destination. Finally we exchanged our parting remarks and each continued on his way. That night our

This irrigation station has been built by a Nanoi capitalist and has the contract of pumping water into the fields to keep the crops from being burned out in the dry season. The Annamese have better crops, and the capitalist makes a good profit, so it is a mutual help.

In this same district, but situated on another river, a French company is operating a coal mine. The coal seems to be of a fairly good quality, but the mine cannot be worked properly because of a lack of capital.

On the evening of the third day we anchored at the foot of a mountain; and one of our party, who was walking in an open space near the shore, said that he saw a wild boar. The next morning we had but a little way to go until we would need to change from the large boat in which we had

been traveling to a smaller canoe. This place was not a village, but more like a camping station. We found quite a number of people there, and after a few ineffectual efforts to buy some wood we decided to hire a canoe and go on up the river into the Mois country. The talking price for a boat required, as usual, quite a bit of time. If one is so foolish as to betray that he is very anxious to continue his journey, it is more than likely that he will pay well for his folly. The Annamese, as a rule, regard the foreigners only as lambs to be fleeced. The missionary can usually spare himself this humiliation, if he be discreet. Finally we were able to agree on the price and soon started off into this unmapped country.

For a few hours we made splendid progress. Although there were many rapids, still our little canoe glided over the water much faster than our larger boat.

As our canoe drew very little water we were not hindered much by the rapids. Nevertheless, at some places, we were all forced to get out and wade. This kind of traveling continued until early in the afternoon, when we arrived at the first of a series of falls. It was a grand sight to see the water pouring down over the rugged rocks, boiling and foaming in the chasm below. You begin to wonder how it will be possible to get over such an obstacle. Soon our two guides paddled to the rocky shore and everybody got out. Our trifling bit of luggage was put out, as well as the few light articles that belonged to the guides. One of the men lifted the canoe above his head and started off over the rocks. The others also took some articles, while the missionary had enough to do to take himself over this rugged road to the quiet waters above. Once there we again arranged our boat and continued the voy-



ONE OF THE IDOLS THAT GUARDS A TEMPLE; ONG AC. I. E. MR. BAD.

age. We soon arrived at a lonely camp and seeing wood, decided to stop and partake of some food before pressing on farther. It was here that I tried ever so hard to buy some wood. We reasoned with the men and offered about twice as much as Annamese or Chinese merchants would pay for the wood in this remote place. But all our efforts were of no avail and I was not able to buy one log.

As it was now growing late, and I wanted to go on farther, we pushed off again and came to another large rapid which was almost a cascade. Having ascended this rapid we were forced to look for a camping place as it was fast becoming dark. Seeing a large flat space where it was easy to land we decided to spend the night here under the stars. We had not been here long until we heard a sound that came from a short distance above us. Two of the men were sent to see who the people were and whether the place was a better one or not. We found three other Annamese there and decided to go up to this place as they had a fire and also some bamboo fagots to burn for a light while we ate our supper. It was my intention when I arrived at this place to go on still further in search of wood. But deeper still was a desire to gratify that longing to see the unexplored hinterland of French Indo-China. During the day as we journeyed along I revelled in the grandeur of the rugged mountains which were covered with immense and impenetrable forests. That night I lay listening to the call of birds that I had never yet heard in my life and enjoyed for a little while a place in nature which man's civilization had not yet marred. Before retiring it was decided that we would not go any farther, but would arise at daybreak and return to where we had left our big boat. I then crawled under an upturned canoe and tried to go to sleep. I was using as my pillow a bag of rice that belonged to our newly found friends. They had, no doubt, been using that same bag as a pillow, and I soon began to imagine that I felt something crawling around in my hair. I laid that rice sack away and fell off to sleep only to be awakened every little while because my bed was too short.

The next morning we were off bright and early, and I enjoyed the rapids even more than the previous day as it was not necessary for me to get out and walk so often. I had been trying to shoot a little game on the way up the river, but had only succeeded in getting a few wild pigeons. This day, however, I was more fortunate and shot a young peacock which was about the size of a full-grown turkey. As we were going down stream, we arrived at the camp before noon. I had not been able to buy any wood; but had, at least, found out how one could not buy wood, so the trip was not an entire failure. As I had nothing further to keep me in the mountains, I returned home as quickly as possible in order to preach at the Sunday morning service.