

make it possible for him to enter the University. I am sure that if the patron saint of your great institution knew of the heart-broken son of Mr. Moto his enrollment might be possible. Of course, this is a completely ethical suggestion. It has nothing to do with our transaction over the rhinoceros horn drinking cup. An appropriate prayer picture has been placed in Michizane's garden of young souls seeking wisdom." The Dean smiled, murmuring, "We will look into the matter." With much bowing and many inhalations of breath the Dean departed, and Mr. Nakamura had high hopes for a small miracle.

Two days later, when we were exploring an old shop which specialized in early Japanese prints, we noticed a woodcut of Michizane riding on his black bullock which had been designed by Hiroshige. My friend suddenly looked up with an expression of great satisfaction. "O Harusan, I should mention to you that I got a phone call this morning from Moto San. His son went to the rack of votive pictures at the shrine early this morning, and today the eyes were not crying and were somewhat more open. It would seem that our prayers to Tenjin-Sama have been answered."



Character is a man's best capital.

Plato, hearing that some asserted that he was a very bad man, said, "I shall take care so to live that nobody will believe them."

Every man is his own ancestor, and every man is his own heir. He devises his own future, and he inherits his own past.

—H. F. Hedge

When I examine myself and my methods of thought, I come close to the conclusion that the gift of fantasy has meant more to me than my talent for absorbing positive knowledge.

—Albert Einstein

## HERE AND THERE IN MEMORYLAND

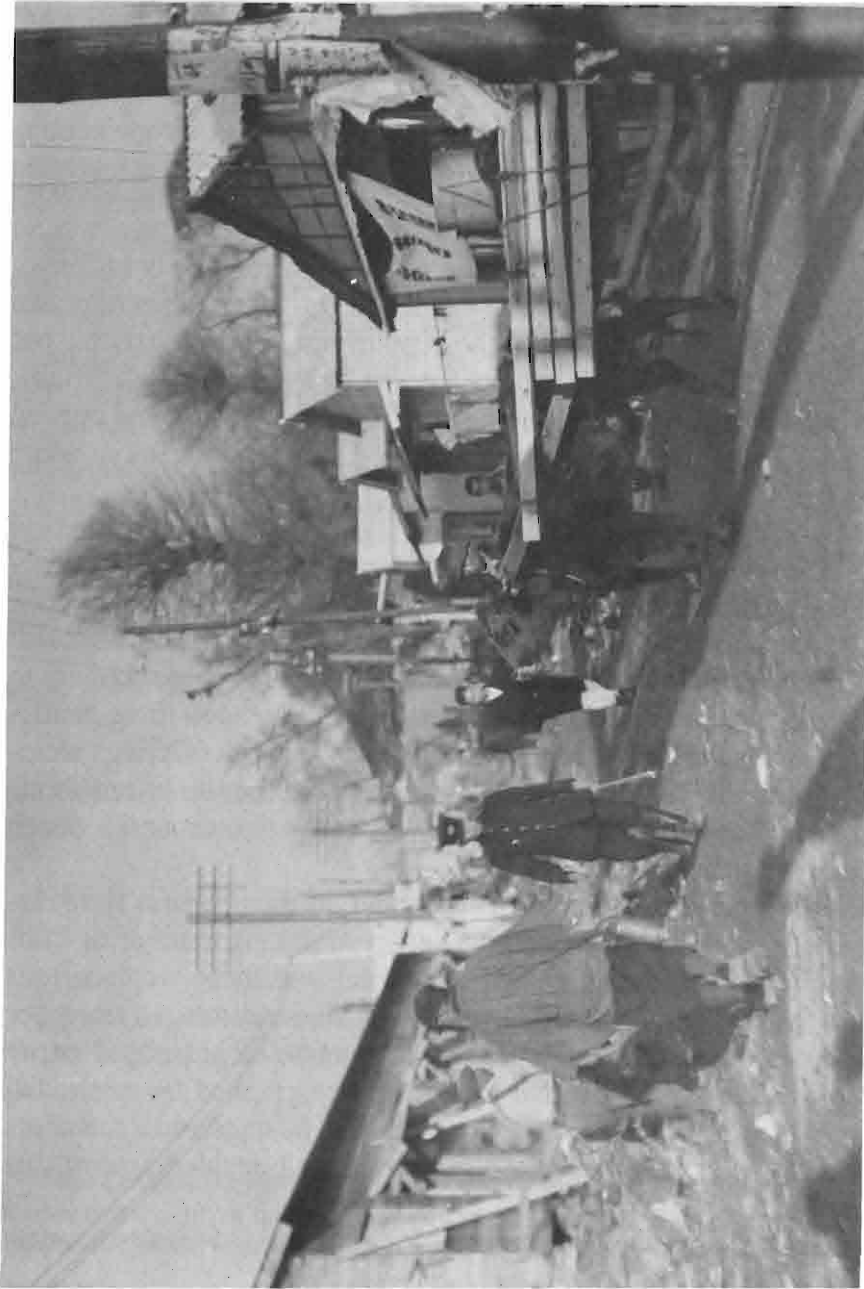
### Part III

I was on the high seas when word came of the devastating Japanese earthquake of 1923. Our vessel had difficulty in finding a way to land its passengers; and means were provided to go directly to Tokyo, as Yokohama was almost utterly destroyed. In Tokyo the earthquake cut through a large section of the city leveling entire districts; but the Imperial Hotel, which had been designed by Frank Lloyd Wright, was in an area that was not damaged. The hotel was built and opened the year I was there; and, incidentally, I was also in Tokyo some fifty years later when it was torn down.

My second trip to Japan was in 1964. Although the scars of World War II were not entirely erased, a general atmosphere of constructive endeavor was noticeable everywhere. As I have a special interest in Japanese religious art, it was not difficult for me to establish friendly relations with a number of dealers. It was not even necessary to go to the various stores. On one memorable afternoon three gentlemen with a slight knowledge of English arrived with offerings wrapped together in Fukusa cloths. These were about the size of bed sheets and served as wrapping cloths, and each was tied around a dozen or more boxes of choice curios.

Nearly everything was fascinating; and, as the treasures were displayed, I had to use considerable self-restraint. A number of Buddhist ritual instruments were irresistible; and there were curious books, some with handsome woodblock illustrations. I remember one dealer who brought with him a number of gilt-edged paper samples and assured me that they were autographed by celebrated Japanese personalities, including politicians, businessmen, members of the court, and Kabuki actors. Regretfully, I decided against this group.

Taxis were reasonably available, for at that time a compassionate



A street in Yokohama after the great earthquake of 1923. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.



One of the docks that collapsed in Yokohama as a result of the earthquake. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

legislature permitted young men to buy cars and pay for them by operating them temporarily as taxicabs. When not occupied, the cab was parked in some possible spot—of which there were very few—and the young driver was out dusting off his cab with an elaborate whisk broom. One day I hired one of these temporary cabs to take me around the edge of Tokyo Bay. Our destination was a promontory where the huge Tokyo Bay Kannon stood majestically to a height of nearly two hundred feet. It was known there as Japan's Statue of Liberty. It was quite a trip, and the young cabman got lost on several occasions. Many of the streets terminated in the bay; but, when we asked directions, they were usually wrong—and finally the cabdriver asked me to wait a minute while he entered a small restaurant for a bottle of Kirin beer.



The Tokyo Bay Kannon. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

Needless to say, we finally found the huge figure—and the trip was well worthwhile. We also learned that it could be reached from downtown Tokyo by a water taxi in about fifteen minutes. The enterprising young cabdriver later had a card made to put on the front of his car saying that he specialized in trips to see the Tokyo Bay Kannon.

We stopped at the Palace Hotel, which was across the moat from the Imperial residence. The hotel had an extensive group of shops in the basement. Here you could find almost anything, and my wife discovered some delightful short coats. They were overprinted in red and black on a white silklike material. She was so pleased that she bought one and a few minutes later wore it in the lobby. We both noticed that busy Japanese businessmen all paused, took a second look, and smiled broadly. We found out that the jackets were inscribed “No. 1 Fireman.”

On a later trip these jackets were no longer available in the hotel—

so I explained that I wished to secure a second jacket. A member of the staff of the hotel interpreted my problem in Japanese to a cabdriver, who smiled and bowed repeatedly. We were immediately off on a trip which took about half an hour, and I was ushered into a store which supplied firemen’s jackets—the real ones that the firemen themselves wore. I then discovered that they weighed about twenty-five pounds, were three inches thick, and quite expensive. They are still in use by the fire department. The wearers pour water on each other until the jackets are soaking wet. They wear leggings, hats, and gloves to match and can walk through a considerable fire without serious discomfort.

The only Chinese cultural center that I found in Tokyo was an old temple presided over by a stout Chinese lady. In her establishment she gave courses on athletics for elderly gentlemen, served Chinese dinners, held Confucian meetings, and had a kind of thrift shop where you could buy almost anything. I patronized this shop considerably and found many curiosities. On one of her walls was a glowering portrait of Daruma, the patriarch of the Zen sect. The painting was about five by seven feet, and I reluctantly gave up the idea of carrying it home on Japan Air Lines.

A number of signs carefully lettered on white cards appeared on doors or public buildings. They usually indicated rather deferential requests not to enter. A slightly different one at the entrance to the main dining room of the Palace Hotel was posted every evening with the words, “Gentlemen are cordially invited to wear tuxedos.” There were many curious signs. An elevator might be labeled “Out of running,” and a restaurant advised its customers that certain items listed on the menu were “Out of serving.”

One of the principal department stores in Tokyo is built around a large central lobby which is open through several floors. On one wall is a standing image that rises some fifty or sixty feet and is labeled “The Goddess of Sincerity.” This is the symbol in all transactions of the business, and that entire establishment was scrupulously honest. For no particular reason this reminds me of a story in which a Japanese maid retired from the service of an American lady whose husband was employed in an industrial organization. She



had just bought a Frigidaire and said she could no longer work for a family that did not have one.

I remember definitely my trip across the straits between Shimomoseki and Pusan, which separated Japan from Korea. Incidentally, Prince Hirohito, later Emperor and recently deceased, was on the same boat. We were both born in 1901. I recently saw a newsreel picture of Seoul, and it now has a striking resemblance to metropolitan Los Angeles. There are tall concrete buildings, heavy traffic, and very expensive hotels. In the 1920s you could look down the main street and see the old Royal Palace in the distance. Koreans were not especially happy under Japanese domination. While I was there, I made the acquaintance of Mr. Sing Song, who was antique art buyer for a multimillionaire American. He explained to me why Koreans of early times wore very high shoes with thick felt soles. It was because they heated the important buildings by fires under the floors. In the Seoul Museum the royal armor of an old Korean king was on display. It was so heavy that on state occasions when he sat on his throne the robes were supported by a framework on the chair. He was apparently wearing them but not carrying the whole weight—such is the fate of kings.

After I left Korea, conditions became a little more complicated. There was a Japanese railroad which ran between Seoul and Mukden. It was not exactly deluxe, but in the severe winter months small stoves were burned in the cars. It was bitterly cold while I was on that trip, and there was considerable loud complaining in Spanish. In the same coach was Don Vicente Blasco-Ibanez, the celebrated Spanish novelist, who could not speak a word of English but was accompanied by an aristocratic lady who could speak English. Blasco-Ibanez was screaming at the top of his voice in Spanish, "Everybody gets tea, but I don't get any tea." By the way, on the roof of our car was a mounted machine gun and a group of soldiers to make sure we arrived at our destination without being held up by bandits. Looking back, it might be added that when Blasco-Ibanez got back to Spain he described queues on the Japanese instead of the Chinese.

One of the great sights along the way were the Imperial tombs



Mr. Sing Song, a prominent agent for European and American collectors of Korean art. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

in Mukden. The area was being guarded by a patrol, and our interpreter was unable to get permission to enter the area of the tombs. In this emergency one of the Americans took out his wallet and held up an old-fashioned tobacco coupon, which looked quite official but did no more than give you a few cents off on the next box of cigars. He showed this coupon to the military officer, who immediately bowed, accepted the coupon as a gift, and permitted us to enter the sacred precinct and remain as long as we wished; but we did not remain long for fear someone might tell him the facts about the coupon and, if this did happen, we would be frozen to death.

It was bitterly cold when I shivered my way into Peking. At that time Sun Yat-sen was President of China, and conditions there were regarded as stable. The best hotel was the Wagon Lits, well-located and equipped to develop and print Kodak film. This hotel included a magical performance whenever there was sufficient patronage. The

production was put on in the dining room after dinner. An elderly Chinese robed to the ankles and wearing a hat with a splendid tassel made an immediate impression. He entered the room empty-handed and, in spite of his feeble appearance, turned a forward somersault and came up with a glass bowl with no cover and full of water with goldfish swimming around. When the performance was over, he was richly rewarded by an amazed audience.

I took some film to be developed and asked the English-speaking manager how things were in China at that time. He replied it was not too bad, but they were having trouble with the missionaries who held picnics in the precincts of the Temple of Heaven and broke their beer bottles on the altar.

I will never forget the wonderful thieves' market in Peking. While I was there, I saw one excited customer departing—at a cost of only a few dollars—with a piece of jade almost as large as a football and completely covered with intricate carvings. About the time democracy was being declared an ambitious Chinese politician and militarist, Yang Shi Ki, made a strenuous effort to have himself elected emperor. He had electric lights installed in the Temple of Heaven; but for some reason he more or less vanished from the political scene, and Dr. Sun Yat-sen ruled the country until his death in 1925.

While in Peking, I photographed a building of the Rockefeller Foundation. They told me there that a program was being developed on the treatment of leprosy. It was believed, at least by local traditions, that the type of leprosy in China was partly due to the eating of spoiled fish. A few days later I visited the Court of the Lepers. It was an extremely depressing experience. There was an open square bordered on all sides by a kind of fence. Against this fence was a row of open-fronted sheds about twelve to twenty feet wide and about the same depth. All the rooms opened into the court, and in each of them was a representation of the punishment of souls in the afterlife. The scenes were made up of life-sized wood carvings, variously colored and all depicting extreme suffering.

In the open square was a large group of lepers. Most of them were in the last stages of the ailment and showed the terrible ravages

of the disease. It was sad to think that these dying people should be surrounded by symbols of eternal punishment. My guide was a young Chinese who spoke English; and, when he noticed that some of the lepers were holding out their hands begging for money, he told me not to hand them anything. If I did, I would be practically torn to pieces and be exposed to the dangers of the disease. If I wanted to make a donation, I should go with him to the entrance of the court, take the money and throw it back into the square, and then run away as quickly as possible. I strongly suspect that what I saw that day no longer exists in China.

No one has the right to say that they have been to China unless they have gone out for a look at the Great Wall. It is certainly the longest construction ever attempted by man, and there was a saying that its length was one tenth of the diameter of the earth. This great stone dragon was intended as a defense against the ambitious rulers of Mongolia and Tartary. An emperor who objected zealously to all forms of learning exiled the available intelligentsia of China and sent them into the desert to build the wall, and when they died their bodies were incorporated into the masonry.

From the train station at Fuchow I transferred to a sedan chair consisting of a contraption resembling a dining-room chair and which, to the anguish of the porters, broke down. Their optimism returned, however, when I paid extra for the broken chair. I heard that an enterprising young Chinese had a small monoplane and would drive tourists on a tour over the wall. It was recommended that I should not take the ride, for on one occasion—having overimbibed in alcoholic refreshments—he tried to fly under the wall, which was a serious mistake.

According to the guidebooks, once upon a time long ago a battle was fought outside the Great Wall of China near the Fuchow Pass. An army of more than a million soldiers were in combat on a battle-front one hundred miles long. There are many amazing things about China that are worthy of notice. To mention one, we can call attention to the dragon mines—a graveyard of prehistoric animals which has provided Chinese with ancient bones to become a prime source of calcium.





The Great Wall of China. A photograph from a vantage point in the Fuchow Pass. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

When the time came to continue my wanderings, I took a train from Peking to Shanghai. This train ran through the edge of The Gobi (desert), and it is a fact that the sands of The Gobi are almost black. All thoughtful visitors to Shanghai were expected to walk across the devil's bridge. It was a curious construction with sharp angles every few feet. If you walked across quickly enough, the devil could not keep up with you because he could not go around corners. If he tried, he would fall in the river below and drown. I do not know whether this bridge survived under Chairman Mao, but it was very popular in the old days.

Particularly attracting the attention of the visitor to Canton is that part of its population living on boats that are packed together so tightly it is practically impossible to move them. A large number of the citizens of Canton are born, live, and die on their boats. They fish off the front and throw the garbage off the back. Generally speaking, they appear happy and in reasonably good health. That was in



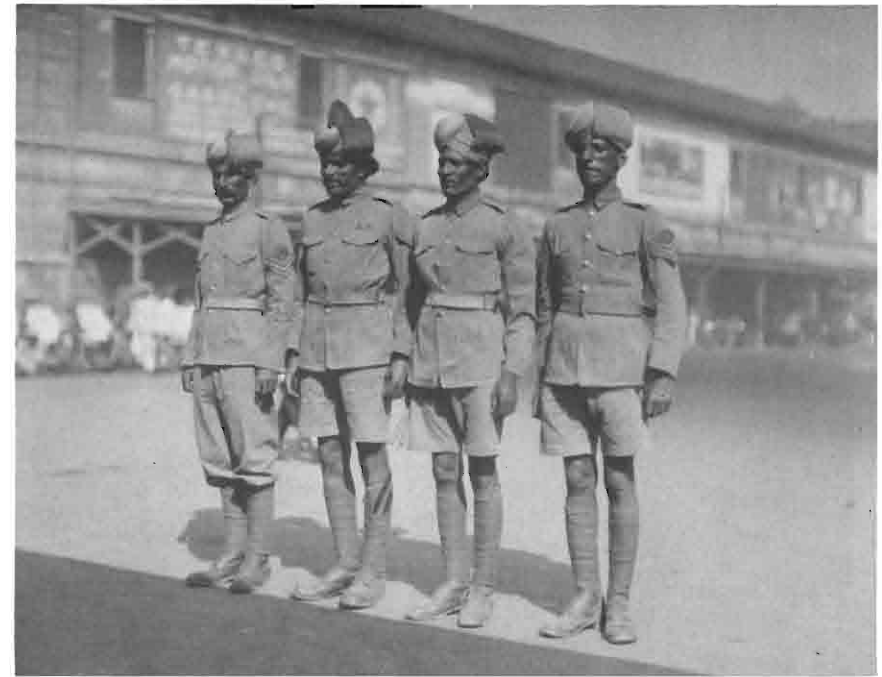
The Devil's Bridge at Shanghai. There were always troubled people seeking to escape evil spirits. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.



The Queen Victoria memorial in Hong Kong, symbolizing the economic influence of British trade in Asia. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

the good old days when I was able to make such an observation, and conditions may have changed. In all these communities no one seemed to be in a hurry. Most of the population was smiling and appeared to have what they needed when problems arose.

My farewell to China was in Hong Kong. In that city there were two important monuments. One was a beautiful memorial to Queen Victoria. This was centered in the banking district; and Hong Kong was the only city which I found in China with impressive Western buildings, including banks, insurance companies, and investment brokerage firms. The second unforgettable sight was the Tiger Balm Gardens. A wealthy Chinese family had developed an ointment somewhat similar to our Ben Gay's balm, and it is still to be purchased in stores in the Los Angeles Chinatown. The Hong Kong gardens



The Indian constabulary maintained by the British in Hong Kong. Photo taken at Kowloon. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

are without doubt the worst collection of crockery in existence and devoid of meaning and of no actual use, but tourists always included the gardens in their itinerary if they wished to see China in one of its coarsest expressions. I believe, however, that the product has been so successful that a branch has been opened in Singapore. In my day visitors to Hong Kong usually had to cross the Bay from the docks in Kowloon. The water trip is not spectacular itself, but the phosphorescent light in the water is strong and so bright that you can read your newspaper by it at night.

Shopping in Hong Kong is usually brisk, and products from all over the world can be found there. Looking around, I discovered in a bazaar the three large curtains that had been used in a Jagannath car in India. We have exhibited them in our Library on several occasions. Outside of Hong Kong, when I was there sixty years ago,

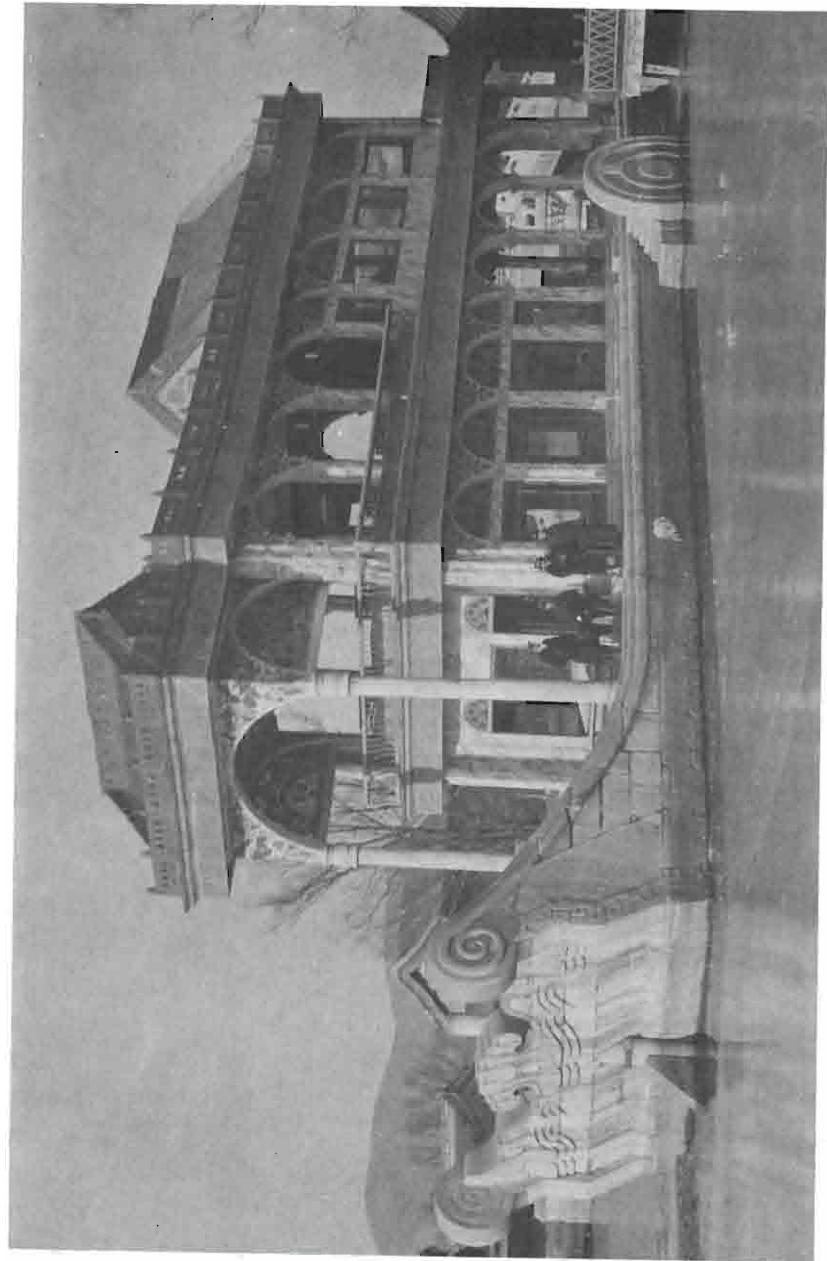


An old Chinese grave in Hong Kong. Miniature models of these tombs were popular souvenirs. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

was a small area where Chinese graves were set into the side of low hillocks with only the front of the grave visible above the earth. Merchants were doing very well selling miniatures of these hillside graves. In the miniature model the memorial stone front of the grave lifts up and a small scale casket comes out on a spring.

In those days China could be visited without trouble or discomfort by the citizens of any nation who desired to enjoy the natural wonders of the country and the breathtaking architecture of the Forbidden City. While I was in Peking I spent a day in the Forbidden City with its walls and moats; and the last inmate, Henry Pu-yi, the Emperor of China (1908-12), was a political prisoner who in 1934 as Kang Te became the Emperor of Manchukuo.

The boat trip up the Irrawaddy River to Rangoon must be experienced in order to be appreciated. The City of Rangoon is the capital of Burma and located directly on the Irrawaddy River. Large vessels cannot navigate in the Irrawaddy, so we went on a smaller



The Chinese navy. The marble boat in the Summer Palace of the Empress Dowager was built by the funds set aside for national defense. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.





One of the four colossi in Pegu, Burma. This view shows clearly that one of the figures was destroyed, apparently by an earthquake. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

craft and had lunch *en route*. This was the only time I saw lunch for travelers in large dishes with tight fitting glass bells. It was immediately evident that flies or other small insects were clustered inside of these lids striving desperately to escape.

The religion of Burma is basically Buddhist of the Hinayana school, and there are numerous Buddhist monuments scattered about the country. For years now the region has been closed to the outside world, and we can ponder if some of the splendid religious remains have survived the political confusion. I wonder what happened to the Colossus of Pegu. This small community in the jungle is a short rail trip from Rangoon. My first impression was of an incongruous combination of the new and the old. Under a huge roof of galvanized iron was an image representing the nirvana of the Buddha reclining on a jewel-ornamented couchlike base. The figure is over one hundred and fifty feet in length. The eyes are open, and there is a slight smile on the face.



The Nirvana of the Buddha. This gigantic figure was protected by the British with a huge galvanized iron shed. The couch on which the head and shoulders rest is inlaid with brightly colored stones and other decorations. The reclining figure is over one hundred and fifty feet in length. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.



Buddhist shrine enclosed by an ancient tree on the platform of the Shwe Dagon Pagoda in Rangoon. Photograph by Manly P. Hall.

When the British took control of Burma, this fantastic figure was without any protection and in a sad state of deterioration. They partially enclosed the image with a huge shed that had no resemblance whatever to Burmese architecture. I have heard nothing of this figure for many years, and I would like to know if it perished in the political disturbances.

Also at Pegu is a curious monument of four Buddhas represented on the faces of a cube. The monument is about eighty feet high and, according to traditional practice, only one of the four images was completely restored. It is said that a storm destroyed one of the great Buddhist figures, but the others remain in all their majesty. For some reason these colossi are seldom, if ever, pictured and should be fully represented—if only in guidebooks.

Though more frequently described, the Shwe Dagon Pagoda is a transcendent monument to the Buddhist faith. In recent years electric lighting has been provided, and the golden spire can be seen for miles. A stairway leads up to the platform upon which this fantastic structure stands. As usual, the shoes must be left behind if the central stupa is to be circumambulated. Around it is a grouping of smaller towers with many types of Eastern architecture to commemorate various Buddhist cultural groups.

It is good to learn that the Burmese people are returning to their faiths and protecting their national treasures. Very little Burmese painting or sculpturing is to be found in the museums of Western countries. Actually, the old Burmese sages illuminated magnificent collections of their scriptures on lacquered strips of cardboard or wood. They greatly resemble the sacred texts prepared in Thailand.

*[To Be Continued]*



I wasted time, and now doth time waste me.

—Shakespeare

Before you decide  
Hear the other side.