

EREWALD

World-Cruise - Pg 120

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**JULY
1937**



MEN PLAYING CARD GAME IN SINGAPORE. PLAYERS ARE SITTING ON NATIVE BEDS

Last spring it looked as if business of a constructive nature would be pretty thin in Washington during election year, so Mrs. Maudlin, Mary Jane, age 12, Bob, age 9, and I started from New York on a westward trip around the world. Our previous trips had been to places such as Haiti, Colombia, Dutch Guiana, St. Lucia, Guadeloupe, etc., where American soaps, tooth pastes, etc. are hard to find, so we were stocked up like Arctic explorers, to our later regret. I finally sold the last of our surplus supplies to a dealer in Singapore who treated me as if I was a smuggler, which I probably was.

After looking over Morro Castle fortress and colorful Havana, both by day and by night, we passed through the Panama Canal, spent a day in Panama City, and hastened on to California where we spent a week in Los Angeles, San Francisco and surrounding territory. The engine room crew went out on a strike at San Francisco but we finally got away (with two stowaways) and headed for Honolulu. The stowaways proved to be a Godsend to the Captain as the strike had left him short seven men in the engine room, so he put the stowaways to work as wipers.

We spent a week on the island of Oahu, with headquarters in Honolulu. Brother Cherne has given you such a vivid picture of the place that I will pass it by with the comment that a week is not enough, and anyone going

Westward, Around the World

By C. V. MAUDLIN, '17

there should plan to stay at least a month. The morning of the day we were to leave, the United States fleet arrived and we went up in the Aloha Tower to see the sun rise and watch the fleet come in. Both were wonderful sights and as a result of a light rain, known locally as "liquid sunshine" we had the good fortune to see a perfect circle rainbow, instead of the usual semi-circular form. The night-blooming Cereus was in bloom while we were in Honolulu and you can imagine the thrill of seeing by moonlight a hedge half a mile long and 4 to 6 feet high covered with large white blossoms, some nearly a foot in diameter. Each blossom lasts but one night, but new blossoms each evening keep the hedge covered during the blooming season.

Our next stop was at Yokohama, after spending eight days on the Pacific and losing one day when we crossed the International Date Line. After having our baggage examined for gold, tobacco and reading material (all magazines, books, etc. are carefully examined to see if they contain any statements unfavorable to the Emperor) we were introduced to jinrikishas, which with the exception of occasional donkeys, camels and elephants, were our chief means of travel for several weeks.

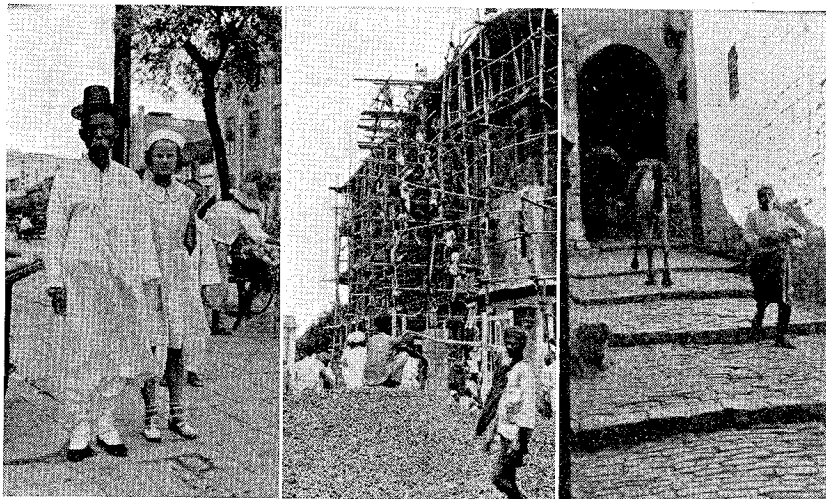
Japan measured up to our fondest expectations during the days we spent rambling around from Nikko, the tem-

ple city in the north, to Moji in the south. Most everything is at least 700 years old and the temples, shrines, bells, statues, etc. are beyond description. At one temple I attempted to take a picture of three young dancing girls and learned that they will not permit a picture to be taken of three people in a group. One dancer was eliminated and our two children added, and the picture was taken.

For financial, as well as other reasons, we stayed clear of the deluxe European type hotels and means of travel, and went native. As a result

enough to accommodate six or eight at a time, and mixed bathing is still in vogue. After learning how to bathe,—outside of the tub, carefully rinsing all soap from the body before getting into the tub to relax—we agreed that the Japanese are a “backward” people.

No trip to Japan is complete without a visit to Mt. Fujiyama. Contrary to the general impression, it is difficult to see the top of Mt. Fuji in the summer months, due to the clouds. We first tried it from Nagao-Toge, but were disappointed. Finally, while on the road between Hakone-Machi and



Left: Native and Mary Jane in Keijo, Chosen. Note bird cage hat and reed framework protruding from sleeve of man.

Center: Construction work in India. Men on scaffolding stand still and hand materials up to man immediately above.

Right: Street scene on Via Dolorosa in Jerusalem. Streets in Jerusalem are narrow and suitable only for walking, or riding camels or donkeys. Autos cannot travel on the streets. There are no sidewalks.

we had the experience of sitting on the floor when eating our meals, which consisted of fish soup which had the fish's head—eyes, teeth and all—in it, and many things which we have never seen served before or since. Our beds were also on the floor but consisted of so many layers of comforts, etc. as to make sleeping easy. The average inn has but one bath room, with a tub large

Numazu we had the good fortune to see the sun set behind Mt. Fuji, coloring the snow cap a beautiful tint of pink.

By this time we had learned enough Japanese phrases to get by and after visiting Kyoto, Nara, etc. we decided to go to China by way of Chosen and Manchoukuo instead of the conventional way by steamer to Shanghai. We

left Kobe on a Japanese steamer with 357 other passengers, all of whom were Japanese or Chinese. The boat was so Japanese-y that the hot water was on the right side and the cold on the left. Not a person on the boat could speak English and we soon learned that our few Japanese phrases were not enough. By making signs and visiting the kitchen to point out what we wanted, we got enough to eat. We had a delightful trip through the Inland Sea of Japan which is dotted with picturesque little islands which look like our Japanese Gardens. At night a full moon made the whole place look like a fairy land. We landed at Moji, had a short boat ride to Shimonoseki, and took a Japanese boat across the Tsushima Straits (150 miles) to Fusan, Chosen. The boat was divided by partitions 3 feet high into stalls about 15 feet square, in which people dressed, undressed, slept, ate, etc. as unconcerned as though in private rooms. The food on the boat was terrible, and an indication of what we were later to find in Chosen, Manchoukuo and Northern China.

We stopped at Keijo, the capital of Chosen. The city is surrounded by a wall 20 feet high, 20 feet thick and $9\frac{3}{4}$ miles long, which was built in 1393 and is still in excellent condition. The natives wear rubber shoes with curving, pointed toes, and the outstanding feature of their dress is the bird cage hats worn by the men. The men also wear a framework of light reeds next to their body to hold their clothes, which are white, away from the body; they tie their trousers at their ankles. Japanese soldiers on horses were patrolling the streets. Everywhere we saw evidences of preparation for war. The railway right-of-way was carefully guarded and from 1 to 6 Japanese soldiers were on every car of the trains.

We entered Manchoukuo at Antung which is on the muddy Yalu River, a short distance above where it empties into the Yellow Sea. The houses of the natives in Manchoukuo are built of

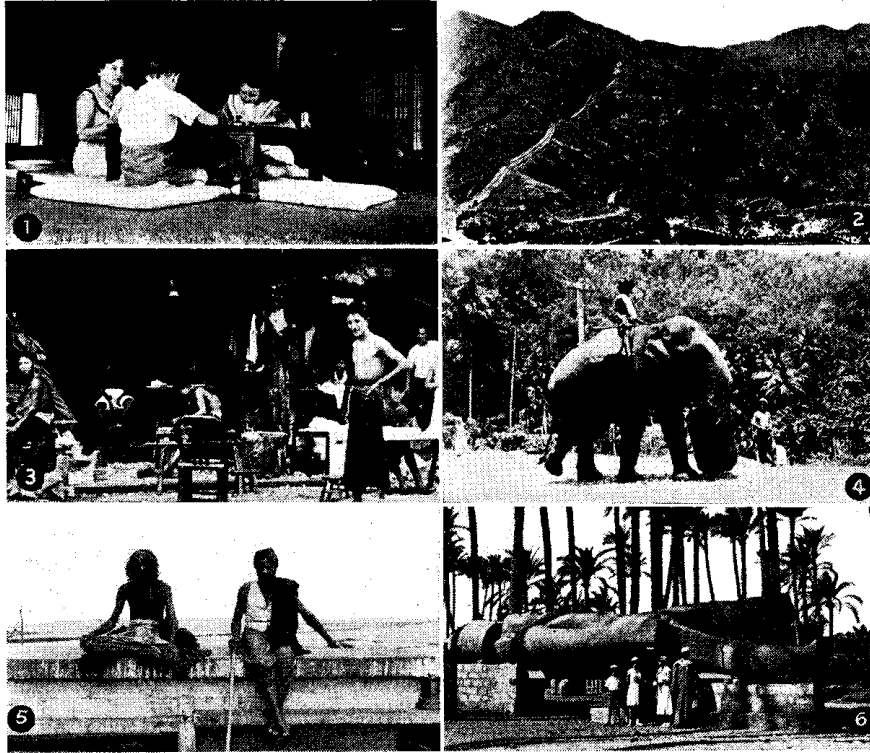
crude bricks or rocks, put together with mud. Each house has a mud wall about 4 feet high around it. The crops are much like those in the United States, with a large amount of corn. From Antung we went to Mukden, a quaint old city filled with beggars, and rikishas with brass decorations and auto horns. The old portion of the city is walled. The former Imperial Palace in the center of the walled city is very dilapidated, with grass growing all over it. The main attraction is the North Mausoleum, which was erected in 1644 to mark the grave of Emperor Tai-tsung. It is about six miles out of the city, over very dusty roads, and has a double wall and a thickly wooded courtyard filled with horses and other animals carved in stone.

From Mukden we went to Peiping, China, by way of Shanhaikuan, Tangku and Tientsin. Shanhaikuan is a frontier station and the starting point of the Great Wall of China, which zig-zags more than 1400 miles over the mountains and valleys separating China from Mongolia. The wall was built more than 200 years before the birth of Christ and averages over 20 feet in height, on top of which is a roadway about 15 feet wide. It is built of earth with a brick and granite facing and is today in good condition. We visited the wall some days later at Chinglungchiao, which is about 45 miles north of Peiping, and fortunately escaped the bandits who the day before took the valuables and clothing of a group of visitors. At Shanhaikuan we dropped our Japanese guards and took on dozens of Chinese soldiers to guard our coaches. Our first sights in China were women with children strapped on both front and back, and large bundles on their heads; natives bathing in muddy streams; camels; men with long garments like night shirts; buttoned up at the neck; mud houses surrounded by reed fences; barbed wire around railroad stations; and burial mounds by the hundreds in fields, forests, etc.

Peiping is a walled city. No trains are permitted to enter the city, and practically the only means of travel is by rikishas. We spent four days in Peiping and should have had four weeks, at least. It is an intensely interesting city with the beautiful Temple of Heaven, Forbidden City, etc., and natives living in poverty beyond description. Half-starved, diseased na-

glad to haul a tourist from sunrise to dusk for 30 cents a day, or \$1.50 a week. Natives of the wealthy class pay about half this rate.

From Peiping to Pukow, our next stop, was 721 miles, which took 35 hours on an express train. En route we passed through Taianfu, the highest point in the mountains, and saw wonderful examples of terrace farm-



1. Mrs. Maudlin, Bob and Mary Jane at table in native Japanese hotel. 2. Great Wall of China winding over mountains near Chinglungchiao. Note how wall branches out. 3. "Factories" in Shanghai. Woodworking on left. Tailoring on right. 4. Road building in Ceylon. Elephant carrying can of water. 5. Men of India. Typical natives. 6. Prostrate statue of Rameses II in grove of date trees at site of old city of Memphis, Egypt. Bob, Mary Jane, Mrs. Maudlin and Dragoman.

tives dressed in rags are in evidence everywhere. A rikisha boy, with inflamed eyes caused by the disease carrying dust which is everywhere, and a flat chest which shows every rib, is

ing. The Chinese people are very industrious and are seen working in the rice fields from daybreak to sundown, usually in water up to their knees, the women having small children strapped

on their backs. We crossed the Yangtze River from Pukow to Nanking, which seemed equally as poverty stricken as Peiping. Thousands of natives live on house boats and sampans on the river. No English speaking guide or rikisha boy could be located in Nanking so we made motions and located a hotel, and then saw the various places of interest including the Ming Tombs and Dr. Sun Yat Sen's Mausoleum. Every time we went outside of the city wall we had to register our names, address, etc. so as to identify ourselves when we returned.

Shanghai, our next stop, is very modern and European, as contrasted with Nanking and Peiping. Most of the storekeepers speak English. The exception is the Chinese City section, a small walled section with crooked streets (devils can't walk in crooked streets as they get lost), bird markets with thousands of birds, a City Temple built in 650 B.C., Mandarin Gardens built in honor of Confucius, and other things similar to those in Peiping. We visited the modern Zoo in Shanghai, but our rikisha boys were not permitted to enter as they didn't wear shoes. Maps in China do not show Manchoukuo as a separate country.

After spending a few days in Shanghai we took a boat to Kowloon and from there to the island of Hong Kong. Kowloon is a free port and one of the busiest ports in the world. The natives, mostly women, are on hand in great numbers, endeavoring to get cargo for their sampans and junks. The heavy work of loading the boats is done by hand and it is a common sight to see a woman, with a child strapped on her back, loading a 300 or 400 pound bale or box on her sampan with the aid of her small children. The island of Hong Kong is a beautiful place, with wonderful bays and high towering peaks. At night the island

looks like a huge Christmas tree with lights twinkling all over it.

Between Kowloon and Manila our boat passed through the tail end of a typhoon which did a lot of damage in the northern part of the Philippine Islands and killed several people at Hong Kong. The sea was quite rough and the attendance at church service (it being Sunday) was much larger than usual.

Well, as Boake Carter would say, "I see my time is up, so I must buzz off." Brother Bauer asked for two pages and I fear that I have already exceeded the allotment without hardly getting started on our trip. Some time when you are in Washington, drop in and I will tell you about our adventures in the island of Singapore; in Johore, where wild tigers and elephants are plentiful and we got lost in the jungle on our way to the place where Frank Buck's picture "Bring 'Em Back Alive" was filmed; of Penang with its famous snake temple, and the sacred turtles over 1000 years old; of Ceylon with its working elephants, tea fields and the Temple of the Tooth; of our days in India, visiting the Hindu Burning Ghat where bodies of Hindus are burned, and the Towers of Silence where bodies of Parsis are laid out to be devoured by vultures; of a week in Palestine, when the revolt was at its height, many people were killed daily, and we were constantly guarded by British soldiers; of an extended trip through Egypt, where we had to chase the cockroaches out of our food, and a night on the desert when we nearly froze to death; and the usual European tour of Italy, France, Switzerland and England. And, finally, our trip from Marseilles to New York while the maritime strike was on, with the result that the crew walked off the boat as soon as we reached New York, and the boat was tied up until a few weeks ago.