the harness. The edges of the facepiece can be conveniently steadied between the forefinger and middle finger. The backs of the hands and fingers are thus against the rubber of the facepiece and the side straps of the harness.

(3) Get the patient’s chin into the chin hollow, and as soon as it is in position slip the hands out, up either side of his face, catching the harness on the way, and slipping it over the head.

(4) Adjust the harness tension and edges of the facepiece.

The method is, of course, intended for use with a “casualty” who would usually be lying down or sitting.

It has been tested on a man crumpled up in a corner with his head well down on his chest. It cannot normally be used on anyone who is standing erect.

I have to thank Colonel C. R. Millar, D.S.O., Deputy Director of Medical Services, Scottish Command, for permission to submit this note for publication.

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Travel.

FROM SINGAPORE TO NORTH CHINA AND JAPAN.

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(Continued from p. 411, vol. lixiv.)

Leaving the Meiji shrine, we next visited the War Museum which contains war exhibits dating from the earliest Japanese history to the present time, all carefully laid out and catalogued.

Near the War Museum is the Warriors’ Shrine, dedicated to all warriors apparently, friend and foe. The two entrance gateways consist in each case of two solid, circular bronze pillars of some five feet circumference, rising about twenty feet high with a pillar of approximately the same dimensions resting across the top.

We then drove to another shrine which is built on the top of a conical hill rising some 150 feet. From the top of the hill there is a fine panoramic view of Tokyo. This particular shrine is in some way dedicated to mounted troops. Leading from the bottom of the hill to the top is a steep straight stone stairway. It appears that it was the custom in the days of old, for the gallant cavalryman to ride his no less gallant steed up this stairway and make his devotions before the shrine.

We next visited a well-known Shinto temple, a highly decorative square building. Having first removed our shoes we walked up the short flight of steps leading to the enclosure. Incidentally, my friend said that the Japanese men invariably carry a shoe-horn with them as they have to
take off their shoes so frequently during the day! In the middle of the hall of the temple was the altar, and before it some fifteen or twenty seats for the monks and priests, arranged to face each other like a choir. While we were viewing the interior, a service began. Two or three monks first came along and prepared the altar, lit the candles, and made a few adjustments. The priest and other monks then came in. The service appeared to consist of intoned prayers, chants, and responses, punctuated at short intervals by the beating of a drum, and a bell. In the apses of the temple were collections of small family tablets inscribed with the names of deceased members. Apparently it is the custom for the surviving members of a particular family to take their own tablet down, and place it before one of the smaller altars of the temple, and make their devotions before it, once a year. While we were there, the monks appeared to be entirely absorbed in their service, and oblivious of the presence of strangers or visitors.

On leaving the temple we decided that it was time for lunch, so we drove to the Ginza or main street of Tokyo. It is a fine wide street, somewhat resembling Regent Street in London. We went to a restaurant run in English fashion with an English menu. Except that it was patronized mostly by Japanese, and served by Japanese waitresses, it might have been an ordinary small restaurant of an English provincial town. After lunch, we strolled along the Ginza, and looked at the shops. We then went into one of the large stores. It was run on the lines of a Selfridge-cum-Woolworth combination, and had a wide assortment of goods. On the top floor was a roof garden, part of which was set aside as a playground for children. In one of the annexes was a small restaurant where tea and biscuits were given to the patrons gratis. Another innovation was a small concert-cinema hall where entertainment was again provided free. The larger shops of Tokyo are run on much the same lines as those of any other city. It occurred to me to inquire how the Japanese took their holidays, since, of course, their religious beliefs of Buddhism and Shintoism have no connexion with Christianity. My Japanese friend explained that the people take their holiday once a year, in the Spring, about the cherry blossom period. Apart from that, they work day in and day out for the rest of the year. He said that the larger stores work shorter hours on three days a month, on the 8th, 18th, and 28th.

Many of the Japanese women now dress in European style. In her native costume, with her pretty little round face, pink cheeks, smiling eyes, gaily coloured kimono and dainty ways, as she lightly ambles along in her sandals, someone has described the local maiden as a “little bundle of love.” But, oh, the sad contrast when they adopt European dress. Gone is their charm, while their physique appears stunted, and inclined to be cretinoid. The use of sandals in childhood seems to prevent them from walking comfortably or gracefully when wearing European-made shoes. Under the circumstances, it seemed a thousand pities that they
should discard their national dress, but it appears that it is rather a question of economy than choice.

The majority of the men in the cities wear European clothes, but in their case, it seems to come natural to them. Shortly after this, I said good-bye to my friend and returned to the ship at Yokohama.

In the evening I hired a rickshaw to take me round to the local Yoshiwara. It is a quiet sector of the town. The houses are provided with a portico from which one can look into a room where three or four girls may be seated. I told the rickshaw boy to take me to one of the houses where I could get a drink and he stopped at a place further along the road. Before entering, it was necessary to take off one's shoes. Madam then led me to a room, and afterwards brought along some beer and a girl friend. We shared the beer and some cigarettes, and then Madam kindly showed me some of the other rooms of the place. They were neat and clean if somewhat deficient in furniture. The rickshaw boy then took me round to some of the local cafés. These places had a more cheerful aspect. The waitresses amused themselves with dancing with the patrons in the intervals of serving them with drinks and food.

The next morning I decided to go to Nikko, a town lying in a mountainous district some ninety miles North East of Yokohama. Passing through Tokyo the country is flat and extensively cultivated. The last part of the journey takes one up a rather steep gradient through the wooded foot hills of this mountain district. Nikko is famous for its mountain scenery and its wonderful temples, which were built three centuries ago at a cost of approximately two million sterling. The local guide book says that it required 6,642 labourers and artisans working for twelve years to complete the temples.

Leaving the station at Nikko, one walks or can drive up through the long straggling village street for three-quarters of a mile before reaching the Kanaya hotel, which is the tourists’ rendezvous, and a first-class hotel. In the village I bought a coloured contour map of the district for 2d. These maps of different districts seem to be essentially a Japanese innovation, and make it comparatively easy for a stranger to get his bearings. Leaving the hotel, I got on a local bus which appeared to be going in the right direction towards the places “which one ought to see.” The bus conductor, a girl, for apparently this is a girl’s occupation in Japan, came up to me and spoke, so I handed her some money. However, she would not take the money but stood over me like a nurse watching an imbecile child. When the bus stopped again, she and the driver rushed off down the street and fetched an interpreter. The bus continued its journey for another six miles through a winding valley and reached its destination at the foot of a mountain. From this point there is a funicular railway with a gradient of one in two which takes one up the mountain side. At the terminus, on the top, there is a bus route for a couple of miles which winds round the contours of the hills before reaching its next halt.
From Singapore to North China and Japan

near the lake Chuzenji. Both the railway and the bus route are marvellous examples of engineering skill. Lake Chuzenji lies at an altitude of 4,194 feet above sea level. The size of the lake and the local scenery are comparable to that of Loch Lomond, but the air seems much more invigorating. On either side are mountains some of which rise up to 8,000 feet. The view down through the valley reminds one of the scenery from Naini Tal when gazing towards the Southern Plains. About five minutes' walk below Lake Chuzenji is the beautiful waterfall Kegan-No-Taki which has a vertical drop of 323 feet. The guide books do not exaggerate the picturesqueness of the scenery.

Returning to Nikko, I went to see the three famous temple buildings. They are cleverly built in a forest-lined recess in the hillside. Each temple area consists of a number of relatively small but very ornate wooden pavilions and gateways. Some parts of the pavilions are coated with lacquer, and others are painted or gilded in variegated colours. On others again there are various pictorial designs. In one of the pavilions there was a small bureau where picture post cards, guide books, etc., could be obtained. It was under the management of one of the monks. I bought a packet of post cards for "fifty sen" (=8d.), and was walking away when I was called back. "Fifteen sen" (=2d.), said the salesman, handing me the change to the amusement of the bystanders. This was by no means an isolated instance of the honesty of the local inhabitant in Japan. Adjoining the temple area is a museum which among other things shows the types of dress and armour worn by Japanese from early periods.

It was now time to catch the train back to Yokohama, and a severe headache which persisted in spite of aspirin made me anxious to complete the three and a half hour journey back to the ship. Railway travelling may not be particularly swift in Japan, but the carriages are clean and comfortable. The restaurant cars are good, and even third-class accommodation is not to be despised.

On reaching the Ueno junction in the suburbs of Tokyo, it is necessary to change trains. As I was crossing the platforms, I heard someone behind me say, "Good morning, Mr. Hayman," and on looking round, found my erstwhile Japanese friend of the previous day. He had come to Ueno station on the off chance of meeting me and showing me more of the sights of Tokyo.

Well, under the circumstances, the only thing to do was to take advantage of his very kind thought. So off we went to one of the leading Japanese restaurants for dinner. Passing into the spacious entrance hall, my friend booked a room, A waitress then came along and led us through a long stretch of corridors which gave entrance to comparatively small rooms of the bungalow type. Eventually we arrived at the one reserved for us, and my friend ordered the menu, which consisted of skyaki, the national dish, and saké the national wine. We then squatted down on the floor before a small square table about a foot high and commenced with
some hors-d'œuvre of pickled onions, etc. My host explained that it was a national custom to have a bath before dining. The idea intrigued me, so I agreed. After a short time, a girl came and took us to the bathroom. It consisted of an outer room where one changed, and an inner room with a sunken rectangular bath in the middle measuring about seven feet by four feet, and about three feet deep. The water was steaming hot, and my friend said it was the custom to bathe in the same bath together. I began to regret my lack of knowledge of Japanese etiquette and assured my companion that the honour should be his to enter first, but that in any case the water was much too hot for me. He rose to the occasion and cooled it down with a hose pipe. At least the hot bath followed by a cold shower was more effective than aspirin in dispersing the headache.

After this, we returned to the dining-room where the ingredients for our menu had been got ready. The chief constituents were fresh meat, chicken, fresh vegetables such as onions, etc., bamboo shoots, and noodles—a kind of macaroni—also a large plate of boiled rice. The rice is served separately, while the other ingredients are grilled on a charcoal brazier before one. The contents of a raw egg are placed in a small dish on one side, and into this you dip your food previous to swallowing. Chop-sticks are provided, but their use requires both skill and patience especially in dealing with rice and "noodles." In any case, making a noise in the process of eating appeared to indicate appreciation and enjoyment, and did not seem to affect the composure of the waitresses.

The floors of these rooms are covered by soft reed mats, each of which measures 6 feet by 3 feet. When reserving a room for a party, one indicates the size of the room required by the number of mats, such as an 8-mat room, 12-mat room, etc. The walls on two sides of the room are formed by adjustable plain screens which can be moved to alter the dimensions. In the end wall there are two recesses, one of which contains a plant. The guest of honour has a seat nearest to the plant. Except for cushions, the small dining table, and the culinary apparatus, the room is devoid of furniture, and yet it has a restful appearance. After dinner, we visited the Imperial Hotel, the leading place of its kind in Tokyo.

The interior decoration of interspaced bricks suggests a nightmare of insecurity, and yet it seems that during the great earthquake ten years previously, this hotel scarcely suffered at all. We then motored to Asakusa Park, described as the "Coney Island" of Tokyo. The place seemed to consist of nothing but long lines of brilliantly lit booths selling all manner of goods such as one might see on any market-fair day at home. We passed by a small monument surrounded by iron railings, to which were attached numerous strips of paper. My friend explained this, by saying that there was a well-known fortune-teller in the vicinity. This worthy fellow wrote out his forecasts on pieces of paper. If they were satisfactory, they were kept by the clients, but if otherwise, they were attached to the iron railings!!
A little further on, we came to the cinema district. Judging from the posters, most of the shows were of the blood, thunder, and passion series. One particular cinema dealing with the exploits of Sherlock Holmes depicted him as an escaped Dartmoor convict. We then got into a taxi and drove through the Geisha quarter and on to the Yoshiwara, or rather one of the four Yoshiwara quarters of Tokyo. My friend explained that the Geishas are trained to entertain entirely with music, singing, dancing, and conversation.

Did not the ancient Greeks have some similar form of culture? The particular Yoshiwara that we visited was a brilliantly lit quarter. The houses, too, were quite attractive-looking residences. Inside the entrance hall would be seen a glass case showing the photographs of the occupants dressed in European and Japanese style.

The doorway leading to the interior was curtained off, but usually one saw one of the fair and healthy-looking maidens gazing coyly through a small opening.

It seems that these girls are under contract to stay at their particular house for a period of three to five years, and that the arrangement is a voluntary one, or at least it is presumed to be so. It is in the interest of the establishment that the girls should be well-cared for.

It was now getting late, so we drove back to the railway station. Here, I bade my friend farewell again, and took the train back to Yokohama. The next morning, May 27, was spent in walking round the streets of Yokohama. I had lunch at the Yokohama United Club. This is a very pleasant spot overlooking the bay, and conveniently situated near the harbour. Afterwards, my host, a retired business man, took me to the Earthquake Memorial Museum. It may be remembered that this earthquake occurred in 1923, or to be exact, at noon on September 1 of that year. It affected an area of 3,000 square miles, but it was felt at its worst at Yokohama, which then had a population of half a million inhabitants.

The first shock rocked the houses to their foundations and they subsided like a pack of cards. Immediately afterwards, a fire broke out, and swept the city. At the end of a week, there were only the ruins of a dozen houses left standing. According to the official estimate, the loss of life amounted to 104,519 persons, but as whole families were wiped out, it has been calculated that nearly a quarter of a million perished.

With indomitable courage, the Japanese quickly set themselves to work and repair the damage. Like the proverbial phoenix, the new Yokohama has risen from its ashes, and at its present rate of progress, it bids fair to become more modern, and as fine a city as any to be found in Europe.

(To be continued.)