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**Twenty-Seven Years with the Royal Asiatic Society: Reminiscences of Travels in Korea**

DANIEL J. ADAMS With CAROL CHOU ADAMS and SUE J. BAE

**Introduction**

We first arrived in Korea in September of 1980, and shortly after our arrival we visited the offices of the RAS to stock up on books dealing with Korean culture, history, and religious traditions. I can still remember our first meeting with Sue Bae. She was wearing a bright pink dress, wore black framed glasses, and was seated behind her desk taking a telephone call. The RAS office looked pretty much the same then as it does today with books and papers everywhere. It was a combination bookstore, mail order room, tour agency, central office, and cultural clearing house. However, Sue had everything under control and knew where to find every book, order form, letter, and tour reservation. Little did we know that our meeting on that day would be the start of a collaboration and friendship of twenty-seven years which continues to the present.

Sue introduced us to the books we needed and then suggested that we begin our Korean experience with RAS tours. For the next two years, while engaged in full-time language study, we took almost every tour that was offered. There were few places in Korea we did not visit, and virtually all of those tours were taken in the company of Sue Bae. We marveled at her ability to make yeogwan reservations (there were almost no hotels out in the countryside in those days), arrange for meals (on some trips she brought along a cook who prepared lavish picnic lunches using commissary items that were unavailable to us ordinary folk out in the provinces), and deal with complaints (“the towels are too small,” “there is only one yo and ibul and we are not close relatives,” “when I brush my teeth the water runs out onto the floor,” “why are the pillows so hard?” and “the guys next door were drunk and sang all night long”). Somehow [page 2] Sue never lost her temper, always had a smile and a ready answer, and seemingly could solve every possible problem. We met some wonderful “old Korea hands” who served as tour guides and became friends with a number of former Peace Corps volunteers who stayed on in Korea, several of whom served as volunteers in the RAS office.

When our two years of language study were completed, we moved down to Jeonju and began our teaching at what is now Hanil University. It was then that Sue suggested that we lead an RAS tour to Jeonju. This was the beginning of an on-going collaboration and as of December 31, 2007 we have led a total of 157 RAS tours. Sue planned the logistics for all of these tours and accompanied us on most of them. Dan and Carol divided the guide duties with Dan doing most of the formal speaking and Carol providing additional comments, distributing written information and brochures, and translating Chinese characters into English. On tours where there was considerable walking the group always divided into three sections. The fast walkers ran with Sue, the average paced walkers hiked with Dan, and the slow walkers strolled with Carol.

A significant contribution of Carol to the overnight tours was to lead the introduction of tour members following dinner. On many tours we discovered that there were often ten to sixteen nationalities represented. Professions included diplomats, military officers, professors and research scholars, teachers at international schools as well as English teachers at various institutes, missionaries from a number of differing churches and religious traditions, artists, antique dealers, business people from transnational corporations and joint ventures, and other professions and occupations too numerous to mention. Often there were short term visitors who were in Korea for only a week or two. There were at least two international tour participants who came to the bus directly from the airport. And of course, there were Koreans of all occupations, many of whom were visiting places they had not seen since class trips during their high school days. We even had one travel agent who took RAS tours in order to get ideas for his own travel agency.

On many occasions following the introductions there would, according to traditional Korean custom, be a time for singing and it was during one of these musical evenings that we discovered Sue Bae’s excellent singing voice. We also learned that when her local church [page 3] participates in the annual church choir contest, she must be there so that they can take first place. On that weekend not even the RAS can compete for her attention. Listening to Sue Bae sing “Arirang” is truly an RAS tour highlight.

In our years of traveling throughout Korea with the RAS there have been three major changes that have vastly improved the tours. The first was the advent of the cellular phone and convincing the RAS Council that it would be advantageous for Sue to carry one on all tours. No longer do we have to search for a telephone in some remote mountain village to reconfirm reservations or inform a restaurant of a late arrival time. The second has been the remarkable improvement in Korea’s highway system. The paving of roads and the expansion of the expressway network has greatly reduced driving times and almost totally eliminated the horrendous traffic jams of the past as well as the late Sunday night and early Monday morning arrivals back in Seoul. The third has been the construction of small tourist hotels throughout Korea, including some memorable motels of a somewhat dubious cultural interest. While not always up to international standards, they are a vast improvement over the old yeogwans such as the Chonju Yeogwan at Chirisan (since demolished in a park renewal program) where the outside toilet was a hole in the floor surrounded by a piece of corrugated tin and totally open to the stars or the rain, as well as the bitterly cold mountain breezes. Today in the small hotels the bedding is clean, the rooms all have private baths, the ondol heating is reliable, and most even have cable TV.

What follows are some reminiscences of twenty-seven years of RAS travel in Korea as experienced by the three of us—Sue Bae, Daniel J. Adams, and Carol Chou Adams. We begin by remembering some remarkable people who were in some way involved with our tours—a diplomat, a military intelligence officer, a Buddhist monk, a retired professor, and an architect. We then move on to share some memorable stories involving transportation—two once in a lifetime boat trips and traveling by bus on an unbelievable mountain road. This will be followed by a potpourri of experiences that could only have happened while traveling with the RAS. Next we will highlight several of the temples of Korea and the unique moods and memories evoked by these visits. Finally we will conclude with memories of vanishing sights—places once visited[page 4] but which are, regretfully, no more.

**Remarkable People**

The Korea Branch of the RAS is made up of some of the most remarkable people anywhere to be found. As we look back over the past twenty-seven years there are hundreds of people from scores of countries who come to mind as being creative, well-traveled, culturally sophisticated, and intellectually stimulating individuals who have made each tour both a unique and invigorating experience. We have selected only five of these remarkable people and we beg the reader to keep in mind that these are only a representative sample; there are many others we could have chosen. Regretfully, due to space limitations we cannot include all of the remarkable people we have encountered.

Robert Hogarth, who during his years in Korea was a diplomat with the British Embassy, had a relationship with the country which extended over many decades. He served a number of tours with the embassy in Korea and had a keen knowledge of the country, its culture, and its people. He himself led many RAS tours, including the ever popular tour to the Andong area for which he wrote extensive notes. 1 He was often accompanied by his wife, Dr. Hyun-Key Kim Hogarth, an anthropologist who specializes in the study of Korean shamanism. Robert was also an accomplished photographer and he would sometimes bring his photos to share with others on a tour. If Robert was signed up for a tour we knew that the tour would be a success, for he had a contagious sense of humor and “can do spirit” that could overcome almost any obstacle.

In the mid-1990s the tours to Chiri-san were always organized around the traffic problem at the Nogodan Pass. This was before the large parking area was constructed, and most people parked their cars along the side of the road. The problem was that cars were parked on both sides of the road effectively reducing a two-lane road to a one-lane road. If the RAS did not make it over the pass before the arrival of the day’s tour busses, we became caught in a massive traffic jam as ten to twenty busses coming up one side of the pass met ten to twenty busses coming up the other side of the pass. Since the road was now one-lane due to the parked cars, nothing moved until the notoriously stubborn bus drivers were willing to compromise. And so, RAS members either ate their lunch on[page 5] the bus in order to get over the pass before noon on a Saturday, or ate their breakfast on the bus in order to get over the pass before mid-morning on a Sunday.

On one Sunday morning the traffic going over the pass was unusually slow and it took over two hours to drive from Kurye in the valley to the top of the pass, normally a drive of about thirty to forty minutes. Everyone on the bus was getting impatient and even Sue Bae was beginning to wonder what had happened. When we finally arrived at the top of the pass we saw the problem. About five busses ahead of us one frustrated driver, unable to find a parking spot, had simply left his car in the middle of the road, locked the doors, and strolled off to spend the day hiking in the mountains. Immediately Robert Hogarth sprang into action. “All of the men on the bus follow me,” he shouted, and all of RAS men answered the call. As horrified Korean bystanders looked on, the men got on both sides of car, and as Robert counted “One, two, three,” they began to rock the car to the side of the road. After about fifteen minutes of rocking, pushing and pulling, the car rested at the roadside just centimeters from the precipice. Then Robert, with a twinkle in his eye, called out, ‘‘Altogether now. Let’s pitch the car over the cliff!” Needless to say, the others in the group reminded Robert that while he had diplomatic immunity, they did not, and the car remained where it was. Amid loud cheers and applause, the movement of traffic resumed and there was no doubt in anyone’s mind that Robert was the hero of the day.

Eventually Robert retired and he and his wife settled in Canterbury, however, she often returned to Korea to carry out anthropological research. The last of our tours that Robert took was to Cholla-Do in October of 1997. He came back for a visit with his wife and, as always, his presence will be remembered. Following a delicious dinner of famed Tamyang kalbi, the Hogarths put on an impromptu shaman dance for the group. Using whatever was available Robert fashioned long sleeves and a shaman’s hat and Hyun-Key made use of a metal rice bowl and chopsticks. He played the role of the shaman and she provided the musical accompaniment. Everyone clapped and sang along and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Little did we know that this was the last time Robert Hogarth would take one of our tours, for he passed away in 2003. 2 Truly he was one of the remarkable people of the RAS.

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Another remarkable person associated with the RAS is man we knew only as Mr. Yun. He played an irreplaceable role in our annual Cherry Blossom tours to Chinhae. Whenever we arrived at the gate of the naval base in Chinhae, Sue would phone Mr. Yun, and within fifteen to twenty minutes he would arrive in his black car. He always wore a suit and tie and he commanded great respect from all of the naval officers and enlisted men at the gate. After a few words with Mr. Yun, the gates would open. A smartly dressed navel policeman would enter the bus, give us a salute, and with Mr. Yun’s car in the lead, we would be given a tour of the Chinhae Naval Base.

But with Mr. Yun as our guide, there was more—a personal tour of President Syngman Rhee’s summer villa, normally closed to the public.3 It was here that President Rhee vacationed in the summer and it was here that he hosted the meeting of a proposed Pacific Alliance in October of 1945 between Korea with himself, the Republic of China with Chiang kai-Shek, and the Philippines with President Quirino. Touring the villa was a special opportunity for the RAS as we were given a glimpse into the personal life of the Republic’s first president. The villa contains many photographs and memorabilia as well as a secret underground escape passage entered through trapdoor in a closet floor. A visit to this villa made the RAS cherry Blossom tour a special experience.

Back in those days, of course, one did not inquire too closely about just what Mr. Yun’s position was. Over the years we were able to put bits and pieces together and surmised that he occupied a fairly high position in military intelligence. Things change, however, both personally and politically. Mr. Yun eventually retired, and Korea became a democracy under civilian rule. Local commanders assumed more control, and without Mr. Yun, no one among the naval commanders had any personal relationship with the RAS, and it was not long until the special visits to Syngman Rhee’s summer villa became a thing of the past. Mr. Yun was truly a friend of the RAS who is fondly remembered by all who knew him.

A third remarkable person is a man whose name we do not know; we know him only by sight, for he is a monk of Haein Temple located on Mt. Kaya. Haein Temple or Haeinsa is where the famed wood blocks of the Tripitaka Koreana are housed in two specially designed buildings. [page 7] These two buildings are an architectural masterpiece in that they allow for a constant flow of air at a relatively stable seasonal temperature thus preserving the 81,340 wood print blocks. Usually visitors are not allowed into these buildings—they must be satisfied with peering in through the wooden slats of the windows. On at least three occasions, however, we have met this remarkable monk and he has opened the doors and given us an opportunity to view the wood print blocks up close. On one visit he even allowed the tour leaders—Sue Bae and Daniel and Carol Chou Adams—to hold one of the wood print blocks, and tour members were able to have their photos taken next to this priceless treasure. This monk recognizes that the annual tours by the RAS are not made up of mere tourists, but of people who are serious students of Korean culture, history; and religion. Therefore in the interests of scholarship he has enabled us to see and experience Haeinsa on a deeper level.

Whenever we visit Haeinsa, Carol immediately begins to search for this monk. He is one of the older monks and in recent years he has been showing his age more so than in the past and is therefore not easy to be found. It is because of remarkable people like him that tours with the RAS are special. As we visit places year after year we build up personal relationships; we become recognized. This means that monks, scholars, caretakers, and local residents will often quite literally open doors of opportunity.

Another remarkable RAS person is Dr. Kim Byong-Kuk, retired banker (Bank of Korea and Asian Development Bank), financier (Daewoo and Hanjin securities ana investment firms), professor and dean (Sogang University), and visiting scholar (New York University). A prolific writer, Dr. Kim’s newspaper columns have been collected published in several volumes as have his writings on political affairs. 4 Dr. Kim’s ancestral home is located in the Kangjin area not far from where the scholar Chong Yak-Yong (1762-1836) lived. Better known by his pen name of Tasan, he was a true renaissance man who was way ahead of his time, Kim Byong-Kuk is a recognized scholar of Tasan’s life and work. He is also a devout Roman Catholic and he has brought these two commitments together in a most unique manner.

Although Sue Bae had been a regular on the Land of Exile Tour for a number of years, we were—because of the illness of the regular tour [page 8] leader Dr. Jean-Paul Buys—asked to lead the tour with Kim Byong-Kuk in October of 1997. The tour gets its name from the fact that Tasan was exiled to this remote area because of his ties to Catholicism, his openness to Buddhism, and his progressive ideas. In addition members of the crew of the Dutch ship “Sperwer” (Sparrow Hawk) were exiled for a time to a nearby area following their shipwreck on Cheju Island in 1653. 5 It was while visiting this area that we came to know Kim Byong-Kuk.

Dr. Kim has lovingly restored his ancestral home in the classic architectural style of Korean houses and today it serves as a part of the Tasan Study Center. The library contains the complete works of Tasan as well as an on-going collection of materials on Tasan’s life and ideas. Adjacent to the house is a guesthouse and convent under the care of three Catholic sisters. Funds for this building were provided in part by the German Church. We stayed in the guesthouse, were well supplied with food and drink by the sisters, and were given an intellectual treat as Dr. Kim spoke about Tasan, not as a tour guide, but from the heart as one who loves his ancestral land and its spiritual and intellectual heritage. As he and I sat talking together at a nearby Buddhist temple where Tasan and Buddhist monks used to debate the issues and ideas of the day, it seemed almost like we were transported back in time, or perhaps, that the past was transported into the present and became real for us once again. This encounter with the remarkable Kim Byong-Kuk will always be remembered.

A fifth and final remarkable person was perhaps the most flamboyant personality of all, for he was a Harvard educated architect, a champion of traditional Korean folk culture, the founder of a one-of-a-kind museum, and a firm believer in the Mountain Spirit. Zo Za Yong, with his joyous laughter, wavy gray hair, and encyclopedic knowledge of Korean folk culture and traditions was a world renowned figure of almost legendary proportions.

His first claim to fame was that it was his architectural firm which designed Philip Habib House, the current residence of the U. S. ambassador located just behind the Doksu Palace. 6 Not long before Zo Za Yong’s death, the RAS in cooperation with the U. S. Embassy held a dinner party at Philip Habib House to honor Yong and his work. Unfortunately we (Daniel and Carol) were out of the country at the time [page 9] and were unable to accept the invitation to attend. Sue told us that the evening ended with Yong leading everyone in singing traditional folk songs and dancing to traditional music.

Zo Za Yong’s second claim to notoriety was the founding of the Emillle Museum. And yes, he spelled it with three ls—Emillle. It was without a doubt the world’s leading collection of traditional Korean folk paintings as well as containing significant holdings of traditional religious paintings. Located at first in Seoul, the museum was later moved to a location near Songnisan National Park. Yong was devoted to the preservation of Korean folk religion, culture, and art work and the museum became a place where he could make his personal collection available to the public. 7 Since it was a private museum and chronically short of funding, Yong moved it to his Samshin Camp compound at Songnisan.

The Samshin Camp was Zo Za Yong’s last major effort to promote traditional folk culture and his third claim to public acclaim. It was actually a small traditional village where Korean children and youth could come for short periods to learn about folk religion, folk art, and folk culture. In May of 1995 the RAS came to the Samshin Camp with a group of students from Seoul Foreign School. It was a time for animated lectures by Yong, hands on experience at making traditional buckwheat noodles and rice cakes, sleeping in cabins designed in the traditional country style, and enjoying folk dancing around a roaring bon fire. In honor of the occasion Yong had a pig butchered earlier in the day and we had fresh roast pork for the evening meal. A good part of the evening was spent around the dinner table in conversation with this extraordinary man.

There are, of course, numerous other remarkable people whom we could mention—people who enlivened each tour with their wit and wisdom and winsome personalities. These five are examples of the kinds of people we have met in the past twenty-seven years of travel with the RAS.

**Memorable Transportation**

Some of the most memorable stories of RAS travel involve transportation. In late September and early October of 1993 we led an RAS tour Ullung- do, an island that lies about midway between the Korean peninsula and [page 10] Tok-do in the East Sea, Under normal conditions one boards a ferry in Pohang and after a two to three hour ride, arrives at the island. The problem is that due to frequent storms and high winds one rarely encounters normal conditions. As our ferry pulled away from the dock and set out we immediately noticed that the waves seemed considerably higher than they first appeared. It was not long until the boat began to pitch from side to side and the horizon began to go up and then down and then up and then down. The seas became rougher and rougher.

After about two hours the captain announced that we had passed the halfway point so we would continue on to Ullung-do. The passengers became strangely silent as sea sickness set in, although no one in the RAS group appeared to be ill. Finally the waves became so high that there were actually waves breaking over the top of the boat! All that we could see was water everywhere—to the right of the boat, to the left of the boat, under the boat, and over the top of the boat It was impossible to stand or walk. Everyone was hoping that first, we would survive; and second, that if we survived we would soon arrive at Ullung-do where we could set foot on solid ground. After three more hours we did in fact arrive at Ullung-do where we learned that our ferry was the last boat to make it to the island and that all ferry service had been cancelled until further notice.

We had an enjoyable two-day tour of the island. When we heard that the weather had changed for the better and that ferry service would be resumed the next morning, we made reservations for the first ferry at 5:00am to be certain that we would be able to return to the mainland. Fortunately the sea was calm and the return trip took place without incident.

There is, however, a sequel to this story. For a number of years the RAS did not go to Ullung-do, either because not enough people signed up for the tour or because the tour was invariably cancelled due to bad weather conditions. Several years ago the tour did go with Sue Bae as the tour leader. It was weekend tour—leaving Pohang on Friday evening and returning to the mainland on Sunday afternoon with a late Sunday evening arrival in Seoul. We had a tour scheduled for the following weekend, and when Sue did not phone us on Wednesday evening with details concerning the tour (as she usually did), we phoned her at the office on Thursday morning. Imagine our surprise when a tired and harried Sue Bae said, [page 11] “I’ve just come straight to the office from the tour bus! We just got in from Ullung-do this morning. While on the island a storm came up and we have been stranded there since Sunday night in the driving wind and rain.” We suspect that there will be another lull for the next few years in RAS tours to Ullung-do.

Another memorable boat trip took place on a June 1996 tour to Wan-do and Pogil-do. The weather was clear and the seas calm when our RAS chartered boat left Pogil-do for the return trip to Wan-do. We were taking a scenic route around the southern end of Pogil-do navigating between the shoreline and a large number of laver beds. Suddenly the boat lurched to a sudden stop, the engine raced for a few moments, and then everything became silent. At first there was fear that perhaps we had run aground on some rocks, but we soon learned that we had become entangled with a large underwater rope attached to one of the laver beds. The rope had become hopelessly entangled around the propeller and the boat could not move. The captain and one crew member managed to cut the rope and the boat began to drift aimlessly. After an hour of feverish work under the boat we were informed that we would have to call for help. A passing boat was flagged down, given the message to send help from Wan-do, and we were left to drift among the islands for the next three hours.

We decided that when we returned to Seoul the “official” story of what happened would be something like this: “A group of wealthy and sophisticated travelers (RAS tour members) deliberately allowed their private yacht (our chartered boat from Wan-do) to drift so that they could enjoy the quiet life of the South Sea. The afternoon began with cocktails (one can of warm beer left over from someone’s picnic lunch and a couple of equally warm bottles of water), then moved to a lavish on-board buffet (several left-over picnic lunches plus assorted snacks and a few Cheju-do oranges), and climaxed with animated conversation as we lounged on the decks (almost everyone fell asleep in the inside cabin and took a long nap).” Eventually a rescue boat did arrive and a scuba diver was able to untangle the rope and we made it into Wan-do just in time for our evening dinner.

Perhaps the most memorable transportation story concerns the old road from Hadong to Chonghak-dong (Blue Crane Village) on the[page 12] south side of the Chiri-san mountain range. Back in the 1980s and early 1990s the road was not paved and the one-way journey took an average of six hours. Chonghak-dong is a remote mountain village populated by members of a religious group who wear traditional clothing, live in thatched roofed houses, and follow the old ways of communal sharing. 8 The road was a rough, unpaved, one-lane track that snaked along the river valley. The road was deliberately kept in this condition in order to preserve the isolation of Chonghak-dong.

There were three major problems with this road. The first were huge rocks that were the bane of many a driver. On more than one occasion we would see a rock splattered with dark motor oil, and then follow the dripping oil for a few kilometers until we found either a stalled car by the roadside or a huge pool of oil where the car was prior to being towed away. Frequently RAS tour members would have to get off the bus and walk as the bus driver carefully maneuvered around the rocks.

The second problem was the bridges. They were narrow and often located at right angles to the road. Invariably the RAS tour bus was longer than the bridges and this presented a serious obstacle to travel. We remember one bridge in particular where everyone had to get off the bus and then one or two people had to guide the driver as he slowly inched forward then backward then forward. It sometimes took as long as thirty minutes to get across this particular bridge. Of course, on some days there might be a line of busses waiting to cross the bridge and then it could take much longer.

The third problem was the tight curves on the road. If two (or heaven forbid, more than two) busses should meet on one of these curves, one bus would have to back up to a place where the other bus could pass by. One memorable curve was a notable bottleneck where busses could be caught waiting for an hour or more before being able to pass by. On one tour the wait was so long that everyone got off the bus and enjoyed their picnic lunch by the roadside.

The success of the trip in those days greatly depended upon the bus driver. If he was aggressive and assertive we could make pretty good time. If, on the other hand, he was timid and gave way to other drivers when it was unnecessary to do so, we could be stranded on a bridge or a sharp curve for hours. During the years we drove this terrible mountain [page 13] road our bus driver was a Mr. Han. He knew how to get his way on the road and absolutely no one took advantage of the RAS tour bus! We were usually the first bus into Chonghak-dong in the morning and the first bus out in the afternoon. The worst possible nightmare was to arrive late and be boxed in by other busses, since in those days there were no controlled parking areas. It was first come, first served. Latecomers risked being trapped in the village for hours until busses parked below them were ready to leave.

Usually the trip to Chonghak-dong would begin with an early morning call in Kurye and a hurried breakfast eaten on the bus as we drove through the morning fog to Hadong. From there on it was rough road all the way. On one occasion our bus almost ran out of fuel and the driver had to find a farmer’s cooperative in order to buy fuel as there were no gas stations of any kind along the entire route. On another tour, after having finally made it up to Chonghak-dong, we were enjoying a picnic lunch. It was during the spring honey season and bees were everywhere. Suddenly I bit into my sandwich and felt a terrible pain inside my mouth. A bee had made its way inside my sandwich and stung me on my tongue. Needless to say Carol took over most of the explaining for the next several hours. During an autumn trip to Chonghak-dong we were again enjoying a picnic lunch when a sudden early snowstorm blew in and sent us scurrying for the warmth of the bus. Back in those days Chonghak-dong was an isolated village where only the hardy few managed to visit. It was worth the twelve-hour round trip to see a way of life that has almost disappeared in Korea,

Today, however, everything has changed. The road is a two-lane paved highway. The curves have been straightened out and new bridges have been built. It takes less than an hour to drive from Hadong to Chonghak-dong. Chonghak-dong too, has changed. No longer isolated, it is a gateway to the Chiri-san National Park and hiking and climbing trails. The people of Chonghak-dong have opened a number of special schools for city children to come and learn traditional culture and religious traditions. New tea houses and shops and yeogwans abound. Many of the people have moved further up the mountain to guard their privacy and their religious centers of worship are now closed to outsiders. Still, if one pokes around on the back paths, it is possible to catch glimpses of their [page 14] way of life, and a hot cup of tea in the newly built “traditional” tea house makes for a delightful respite from the pressures of modern life, even as that same modern life threatens to change Chonghak-dong forever.

**A Pot-Pourri of RAS Experiences**

Among Sue Bae’s many responsibilities is that of making arrangements for meals and lodging for all RAS tours. Usually after we arrive at our yeogwan or hotel, Sue immediately begins making arrangements for breakfast. At some hotels this is no problem as a hotel breakfast comes with the room reservations. Generally, however, we have an RAS buffet style breakfast of fresh fruit, rolls and donuts, boiled eggs, orange juice, and tea and coffee. This breakfast is usually laid out in a nearby restaurant (often where we had our dinner the previous night) or in a dining room at the hotel. In some smaller hotels or yeogwans without dining rooms or lobbies, finding a place to have our breakfast can be a real problem and Sue has to seek out creative solutions. During the spring tours we have sometimes had our breakfast on the hotel rooftops. A number of years ago we were having breakfast on the roof of a hotel in Kwangju. Everything was going fine until we noticed a rapidly approaching thunderstorm. Fortunately we were able to finish up just as the raindrops began to fall and the lightning bolts began to strike.

The story does not end here, however. The next year when the tour was being planned, Sue attempted to make a reservation at the same hotel. She was politely told that the RAS was not welcome. Why? Because all of the RAS tour members were tired and spent the entire night sleeping, and the hotel did not make enough extra money from them. The custom for most Korean guests was to remain up virtually all of the night while ordering greatly overpriced snacks and drinks from room service.

On another tour we had a late night arrival in Mokpo and we were uncertain of the exact directions to our hotel. The bus driver hailed a passing police car to ask directions and was told to follow the police car. They would escort us right to the hotel. This is exactly what we did. However, as the road became narrower and the traffic more confused we sensed that the police really did not know where they were going. Finally we found ourselves in the midst of a tiny alleyway crowded with foot stalls. Meanwhile the police, probably too embarrassed to admit their mistake, [page 15] especially to a busload of foreigners, turned their car down an even smaller alley and disappeared. After backing out of the alley to a larger street, we finally had to stop and telephone the hotel and they sent someone to come and lead us to the hotel. I believe that it was shortly after this experience that the RAS Council authorized a cell phone for Sue to use on future tours.

Sometimes the police were surprisingly helpful. On one of the Cherry Blossom tours to Chinhae we were passing through Changwon. As usual the traffic was both heavy and chaotic and somehow we made a wrong turn. There was a small one-way street about 100 meters in length that afforded a quick and easy way to get back on the right road without a lengthy detour. Whether our driver mistakenly took this street or deliberately did so really did not matter. What mattered was that he was going the wrong way and there were six (that’s right, six!) motorcycle policemen waiting at the end of the street and they all swooped down on us with red lights flashing and sirens sounding. The task fell on Sue to explain. “First,” she said, “we are the Royal Asiatic Society. Let me repeat that, the Royal Asiatic Society” with a heavy emphasis upon the word royal. “Second,” she said, “we have a number of diplomats, including several ambassadors, on the bus. “ “And third,” she said, “these people are all foreigners on a study tour to learn about Korean culture and traditions.” The police were so impressed that they put away their ticket books, and two of the motorcycles gave us a police escort—with red lights flashing and sirens sounding—through Changwon right to the Chinhae city limits!

Sometimes in those early years the Haein-sa tour would have as many as three busses, especially if it was during the spring when the cherry trees were in blossom. Following our stay at Haein-sa we would take a scenic country road to Kimchon where we would pick up the expressway. There was one place where the road divided. Both roads went to Kimchon but the route to the left was the shortest. However, the road was paved for only about five kilometers and then it became impassable for tour busses. Therefore we had to take the route to the right which was paved although a longer route. We had three busses on this tour. The driver of the first bus was the oldest of the three bus drivers but he had never been on this road before. Also on that bus was an assistant from the[page 16] RAS office who was not familiar with the road. Carol and I were on the second bus and Sue was on the third bus. The driver of the first bus assured everyone that he knew the road and that everyone should follow him even though his bus was the third in line when we left Chinhae. So he pulled ahead of the other two busses and took the lead. We came to the division in the road and the first bus turned left. Carol and I told the driver of our bus to turn right but he replied, “I know you are correct and that we should turn right, but he is the older driver. I cannot question his decision. Therefore, we must follow him. “ The driver in the third bus said the same thing to Sue. And so all three buses drove five kilometers before turning around and going back to take route to the right. On that day we learned something about Korean culture and age differentiation. We also remember what it was like back in the days before the bus drivers—and Sue Bae—carried cell phones.

An interesting experience took place some years ago on a tour to Hong-do and Huksan-do out in the West Sea. We had left the village of Ye-ri for a mini-bus tour of the island and we had driven up the winding road to the top of the ridge which afforded a view of the nearby islands. Several tour members decided to hike up to the top of the mountain where there were the remains of a small fortress as well as an ancient site of a beacon light. As we looked across the water to Little Huksan-do about ten kilometers away, we noticed that the island seemed to be shrouded in rain clouds even though it was generally clear in the area. Suddenly we became aware that this was actually a violent—though highly localized—storm, and it was headed directly our way. We motioned for those on the mountain to immediately return to the bus. About ten minutes later we found ourselves in the midst of torrential rain, driving winds, and heavy thunder and lightning. The mini-bus literally shock from side to side and visibility was reduced to zero. For a few minutes we were actually concerned about our safety. And then, as suddenly as it had come, the storm was gone. The clouds parted, the sun came out, and we were treated to a beautiful evening sunset as the islands were bathed in a gentle golden glow.

Certainly one of the most unusual meals that we ever had in our RAS travels took place during the Chiri-san tour of October 1995 . One of the outstanding historians of Korea was Dr. Wanne J. Joe, a professor at [page 17] Seoul’s Chung’ang University and author of the widely acclaimed Traditional Korea: A Cultural History. 9 This book was on sale in the RAS office and was frequently recommended to newcomers in Korea. Dr. Joe passed away in May of 1994 and following his death, his wife—Kim Hye-Kwang—moved to his ancestral village near Hadong in the Chiri-san foothills. She contacted Sue Bae and invited the autumn 1995 tour to her home for lunch, both as an expression of her hospitality and as a way of remembering her husband and his life of scholarship. There was, however, some confusion concerning the directions and what was to have been a mere thirty minute drive ended up being almost an hour-and-half.

In time we arrived at her village home and she was there with some neighbors and friends to greet us. Mrs. Joe was a Seventh Day Adventist and her home was also used a church by the local congregation. However this was a Sunday afternoon and she went all out to prepare lunch for us. Outside, in front of the small courtyard was a flatbed truck set up as a buffet with virtually every kind of Korean vegetarian dish imaginable. It was a feast! Several of her neighbors and friends were there to serve, pour soft drinks, and cater to our every need. Following lunch some of us went into the house and paid our respects before the memorial photo of Dr. Joe. On the bus ride back to Seoul, Sue Bae explained that Mrs. Joe was seeking to raise the funds to publish the 1,000 page manuscript of a second volume on Korea’s cultural history that was completed not long before Dr. Joe’s death. She was devoting much of her effort to this project as a final tribute to her husband’s life and work. Fortunately the funding was found and the book was published in 2000. 10

Sue Bae has led many overseas tours as well as accompanied other RAS tour leaders on such tours. To date we have taken only one overseas tour with Sue—the July 2004 tour to Mongolia. The tour began with several days in the Mongolian capital of Ulaan Baatar visiting religious and cultural sites and attending the famed Naadam Festival. Since the crowds were quite large, Sue had a bright pink umbrella which she held up to keep the group together and to mark meeting points. On our second day at the festival we drove about two hours into the countryside to watch the horse racing. About midway there was an ovoo or site for praying to the spirits where the bus could pull off by the roadside. Here was a logical place to take a toilet break. There was, however, one major[page 18] problem. There were no trees, bushes, large rocks, or anything else that could in any way give even the slightest bit of privacy to the ladies. This was, after all, the Mongolian steppes. As always, Carol and Sue came up with a solution. After some serious discussion about the matter Sue Bae took out her bright pink umbrella, opened it, and lo, the much-needed privacy appeared. Of course everyone driving along the road would immediately see the bright pink umbrella against the background of the green grass and probably guess what it was being used for. It was while wandering around the grassy hillside here that Carol found a cow’s horn which everyone said was a sign of good luck.

Following two days in Ulaan Baatar the tour divided into two groups. Group A went with Sue by air to the Gobi Desert and the world famous dinosaur fossil excavation sites first discovered by Ray Chapman Andrews who was the inspiration for the Indiana Jones films. Group B went with Daniel and Carol by mini-bus to the site of Karakorum, Mongolia’s ancient capital city where the Erdene Zuu Monastery can still be seen. They also visited the Ovgon Monastery at the sacred mountain of Khogno Khaan. The two groups then joined in Ulaan Baatar and spent two days in a remote ger camp at Dugana Khad.

Accompanying Sue on this tour was her husband, Dr. Kim Kyum-Kil, a retired dentist. A delightful man, Dr. Kim made friends easily and was always exploring off the beaten track. While at Dugana Khad he made the acquaintance of a local nomad family and joined them for several hours. As an expression of their friendship they presented Dr. Kim with a goafs head complete with a magnificent set of horns. Sue was less than enthusiastic about this gift, and with the customs agents at Incheon Airport in mind, it had to be left behind. Dr. Kim was given another gift by Zorig our guide which he was able to bring home—a set of wolf knuckle bones which served as a traditional good luck charm. He was the only member of our tour to be presented with such auspicious gifts. This pot-pourri of RAS experiences would not be complete without at least a passing reference to the annual RAS garden parties. For the three of us—Sue and Daniel and Carol—there are two garden parties that stand out among all the others. The first was the garden party of June 1996 held at the residence of the U. S. ambassador. The attraction for this party was a fashion show of traditional and modern Korean dress shown [page 19] by professional models. Sue had asked RAS members of different ethnic groups to wear a special dress to show. Carol was the only one to do so or at least the only one brave enough to actually step up on the catwalk. Carol modeled a traditional two piece embroidered silk Chinese dress. As RAS members’ cameras clicked Carol briefly joined the world of haute couture which was quite a change from the usual tour attire of blue jeans and casual wean

The garden party of June 2001, held at the British ambassador’s residence, was truly a once-in-a-lifetime RAS event. It was at this garden party that Her Majesty’s Ambassador Charles Humfrey bestowed upon Sue Bae an “Honorary Member of the British Empire” for her thirty-four years of service to the Korea Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society. Sue was cited for introducing British citizens as well as citizens of other countries to the culture, history, religions, and traditions of Korea. This was accompanied by a royal grant signed by both Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip.11 Sue Bae, office manager of the RAS, now became Sue Bae, MBE. The MBE is one of the highest civilian honors bestowed by the British government, and one that is rarely given to a non-British subject. This was an honor not only for Sue, but for the entire membership of the Korea Branch of the RAS, and it is evidence of the high regard in which the RAS and its work in Korea is held.

There are, of course, many more stories that can be told and experiences that can be shared from twenty-seven years of travel and involvement with the RAS. It can truly be said that there is never a dull moment and that one never knows what will happen next.

**Temple Highlights**

There are very few RAS tours to the rural countryside that do not involve a visit to at least one Buddhist temple, for it is here that much of the artistic, architectural, and religious heritage of Korea is to be found. Indeed, Buddhist temples occupy a position in Korean history and culture that is quite similar to that of the great Christian cathedrals and churches of Europe. No matter what one’s religious belief or perhaps non-belief, there is something for everyone at a Buddhist temple. From the thriving roadside markets at the entrance to the temple precincts to the rugged mountain scenery, from the ancient stone pagodas to the newly [page 20] constructed temple museums with priceless art treasures, from the inviting teahouses to the magnificent architecture of the main buildings, and from the stillness of a meditation hall to the sound of the wind chimes on the eves of the roofs—it is possible to catch something of the essence of traditional Korea, for here are the repositories of classical Korean culture and tradition.

One of the most famous temples in all of Korea, and a UNESCO World Heritage Site, is Haein-sa located on the slopes of Kaya Mountain. The main attraction here is the Tripitaka Koreana. The RAS always plans to hike to the main temple compound in the early morning before most of the tour busses arrive and we tour the area when it is still peaceful and quiet. As we leave the area we meet numerous groups of about forty-five people, each representing a newly arrived bus. It is then that we head for some of the hermitages located in the hills surrounding the main temple compound. Since these are off the beaten track they are relatively quiet and enable us to experience the solitude that originally led to the founding of Haein-sa in this location.12

Sue Bae always takes a group to the most remote hermitage, Paengnyon-am, or White Lotus Hemitage. It was here that the Ven. Song- chol (1912-1993) lived during most of his life. He was a renowned monk, scholar, mystic, and in the latter years of his life Patriarch of the Chogye Buddhist Order. 13 His stupa, built in a stunning modern design, can be found just outside the main gate of the temple. The hermitage, however, is located deep in a high mountain valley where the Ven. Song-chol lived a simple life. He guarded his privacy from casual visitors, and spent many hours each day deep in meditation. Today the hermitage is meticulously maintained and surrounded by a beautiful garden.

We (Daniel and Carol) take a group to the hermitage with the most spectacular view, Chijok-am, or the Hermitage of Tusita Heaven. From here one can look across the narrow valley to another hermitage, and from the ridge just above Chijok-am one has a view of the entire Haein-sa main compound. Just on the ridge line is a large rock which we ignored for several years. Finally on one tour a young Canadian boy scrambled to the top of the rock and proudly announced, “I have discovered the footprints of Buddha!” And sure enough, carved on the very top of the rock are the two footprints of the Buddha. Needless to say, [page 21] climbing the rock is now a must on every tour. On several occasions a monk has offered us tea at Chijok-am served under a pavilion in the hermitage garden.

The hermitages of Haein-sa are among its treasures that are overlooked by perhaps 95% of the visitors to the area. Fortunately the RAS is among the 5% who leave the crowds behind in order to experience the solitude and beauty of the natural world as well as the spiritual heritage of Korean Buddhism.

Another temple that is an RAS destination is Hwaom-sa in a valley on Chiri-san. The main attraction here, aside from the splendid temple buildings and several nearby hermitages, is the evening service held at dusk just as the sun sets over the nearby ridge. The service begins with several monks playing the drum, the fish, and the heavenly gong in the musical pavilion. This is followed by another monk sounding the bell located in another pavilion. Then the monks file into the main hall for about fifteen minutes of chanting. By this time darkness has fallen and everything is quiet except for the chanting of the monks. Usually RAS tour members are so enchanted by the service and its setting that it takes all three of us—Sue and Daniel and Carol—to get the group together for the return walk to the bus. Flashlights are a must as one descends through the three gates to the parking area and the waiting bus.

About forty-minutes from Hwaom-sa in another Chiri-san valley is Ssanggye-sa. The main attractions of this tour are two. The first is the pavilion which houses the “skull relic” of the Sixth Patriarch of Chan/Zen/Seon Buddhist, Hui Neng. 14 It is located in an area that is often closed to visitors because of the meditation halls and the absolute demand for quiet. The pavilion is at the top of a stone staircase with three distinct levels of pavilions on either side. There is no image inside as the stupa which contains the relic is the main object of veneration. On several occasions members of RAS tours have crawled behind the stupa and put their hands inside a small opening where it is said that one can feel the hair attached to the remains of Hui Neng’s skull. After placing his hand inside at least one RAS member was seen exiting the pavilion fervently crossing himself!

The second main attraction of Ssanggye-sa is actually not part of the temple compound at all—it is the market set up adjacent to the main[page 22] parking area. Ajumas from the nearby villages sell all kinds of mountain herbs, medicinal roots, exotic vegetables, and fresh fruits. I always return to the bus before the departure time deadline, for after all, I have to set an example for others and I have my honor to protect. But Carol and Sue? They, and virtually all of the Asian women on the tour, are stocking up on just about everything because, as they say, “It is fresh.” As they return to the bus with plastic bags bulging with all kinds of goodies, the other women, as well as some of the men, on the tour ask, “What did you buy?” And of course, the reply is, “Come, and we will show you.” It can truly be said that no RAS tour bus has ever departed from Ssanggye-sa on time. Indeed this is the one place where even the tour bus driver usually does some shopping.

A final temple highlight is found in the vicinity of Unju-sa, located between Kwangju and Naju. The temple itself is relatively new having been a reconstruction on an ancient temple site. What is unique about this area is that the narrow valley is filled with hundreds of pagodas, stone images, and pieces of unfinished pagodas. Indeed the area is generally known as Pagoda Valley. At one time the number of pagodas and images numbered more than three thousand but now that number has been reduced to only a few hundred. Located far off the regular tourist trail, Pagoda Valley remains something of an exotic destination. Unlike Haein-sa, Hwaom-sa, and Ssanggye-sa, Pagoda Valley and Unju-sa is not a place for quiet meditation and solitude. Rather it is a place to consider the devotion of those who carved all of these pagodas and images. It does involve considerable walking as well as some scrambling up poorly maintained trails, but it is well worth the effort. It is also a place where the younger RAS tour members have the advantage over those of us who are, shall we say, showing signs of advancing maturity. Usually Sue, Daniel, and Carol have to shout to those up ahead on the trail when to stop or turn right or turn left. And when we descend, the younger members of the group are there to welcome us and lend a helping hand as we leap over the small stream at the base of the hill. But it is usually only Carol and Sue who have remembered to bring along their water bottles; everyone else must walk to the waiting bus to quench their thirst.

We know a scholar of Korean culture and religion (and an overseas RAS member) who, when he lived in Korea, attempted to visit [page 23] every single Buddhist temple in the country. After visiting fewer than one hundred temples he gave up, for he realized that there are hundreds if not a thousand or more temples scattered throughout mountains, hills, valleys, and islands of Korea. The RAS makes no pretense about visiting them all, but we do visit some of those which are truly highlights of Korean history, architecture, culture, and religious devotion.

**Memories of Vanishing Sights**

During our twenty-seven years of traveling the length and breadth of Korea with the RAS we have been to places where change has been so great that almost nothing of the original site remains. When the site is no longer there much of the vibrant activity of the people is also gone. Hence we speak not of vanishing sites, but rather of vanishing sights.

The first of these vanishing sights is the four-hundred year old bamboo market located along the river in Tamyang. There was a time, in living RAS memory, when the bamboo market was crowded with people selling virtually every kind of bamboo ware imaginable. There were piles of long bamboo poles in varying sizes as well as workmen cutting the bamboo, curing the bamboo, and weaving long bamboo strips into baskets and other household implements. Elderly gentlemen and elegant grandmothers dressed in traditional clothing spread out their blankets and mats and sold their wares along the roadside. It was a riot of color, activity, and commerce, and if one looked carefully, intricate design. There were always scores of professional photographers looking for that perfect photo opportunity, and more than one RAS tour member became the subject of a photograph.

The streets adjacent to the bamboo market were filled with shops which sold large bamboo mats, bamboo kitchen ware, exotic kites, and various specialty items made from bamboo. Among these was the woven jukbouin or “bamboo wife” around which the aristocratic country gentlemen would lie on hot summer afternoons as the cool breezes flowed freely through the bamboo frame. In the center of town on the main street was the bamboo museum with displays of bamboo ware from around the world. To come to Tamyang on a market day was an exciting event.

But now? All of this is gone. The bamboo market along the river no longer exists. Most of the shops have closed their doors and only about [page 24] two or three remain. The bamboo museum has moved to the outskirts of the city into beautiful new facilities surrounded by extensive landscaped grounds with plenty of parking. Most of the shops have relocated here as well and two organized shopping areas line the walkway from the parking area to the museum. But what remains of the old Tamyang bamboo market? Only several photos in the museum and a bronze statue of a family of bamboo makers in front of the museum remain. The bamboo market is now, quite literally, a museum piece.

What happened, of course, is that it became cheaper to import bamboo ware from other countries such as the Philippines, Vietnam, and China. Even the remaining shops sell mostly imported bamboo products. The Tamyang bamboo market is a casualty of the new economic order. Today it exists only as a memory.

When the RAS first started traveling to the outlying islands of Hong-do and Huksan-do one of the sights that startled everyone was a train on a short piece of track located directly in front of the little village of Ye-ri. It was undoubtedly one of Huksan-do’s star attractions. Here was a steam engine, a coal tender, and one passenger coach on a remote island that has never had, does not now have, and probably never will have a railroad. How did this train get to this remote location? Who brought it here and why?

The answers to these questions go back to the 1970s when Korea was an underdeveloped country. Then President Park Chung-Hee paid a visit to Huksan-do where there is a Korean naval base. At that time most of the residents of the island had never been to the Korean mainland. This was also before the advent of television and reliable electrical power in the outlying islands, so most of what they knew about the Korean mainland was by hearsay. President Park was surprised to hear that the children on the island had never seen a train and that most of them dreamed of someday riding on a train. In response he had a naval detachment bring a train out to Huksan-do by barge and it was set up in a small park area opposite the main harbor. The children of Huksan-do and the surrounding islands were overjoyed and they came to play on this train and to imagine what it would be like to actually ride on a train someday.

As the years passed by Korea became more developed. Electricity and television came to the islands as did regular passenger [page 25] ferry service. Children went to the mainland for high school and university studies and it was not long until almost everyone had the experience of riding on a real train. In time the train became a mere curiosity for the islanders and a tourist attraction for visitors. However some thirty years of exposure to the salt of the sea water during storms and the constant winds from the sea took their toll and it was soon obvious that the train was literally rusting away. By the early 2000s the train had become something of an embarrassment, and one year when the RAS arrived on the island the first thing we noticed was that the train was gone. This footnote to history was a casualty of the saltiness of the sea. Today it exists only as a whimsical memory.

When we first arrived in Jeonju in the early 1980s, one of our language teachers took us on a Saturday hike up to the Wipong Fortress and the Wipong Temple. We drove to the end of the paved road and then drove several kilometers further on a rough unpaved road to a small village where the local bus made its final stop before turning around. From here one hiked for an hour or more up a steep trail to the fortress, a small mountain village, and a rustic temple hidden among the pine trees. We made the trip again one winter with two Buddhist nuns and we struggled together over icy patches and through the snow on the trail. It was a delightful hike through the countryside offering spectacular mountain scenery as well as glimpses of traditional rural life as lived in a village untouched by modern transportation. Of course we soon added this to the RAS tour schedule. Even after a rough unpaved road was put in (that was impossible for the RAS tour bus to navigate) the RAS continued to visit this area, hiking up the road rather than the steep mountain trail. In the autumn the persimmons were drying in neat rows, the leaves were turning brilliant colors, the rice fields surrounding the village on the mountain top were a golden yellow, and it was exhilarating to hike atop the fortress walls and watch the farmers bringing in the harvest. We always looked forward to this opportunity to experience something of the traditional rural life of Korea.

Today, however, this area is almost unrecognizable. A two-lane paved highway now goes up the mountaintop, through the village, and down to a large reservoir on the other side of the mountain which is being developed as a resort area. The entire region has been developed with [page 26] numerous restaurants, minbaks (rented rooms), and even a fashionable art gallery. The rustic temple has been modernized and enlarged by a group of Buddhist nuns. The village now boasts several hillside villas owned by city residents who come out for the weekends. Even the fortress walls have been restored so that they look almost new. Of course all of this is much better for the residents of the area. They are no longer isolated and cut off from the outside world and they now have easy access to transportation routes enabling to get their farm produce to the market. Busses make regular stops in the village and weekend visitors to the area restaurants have been a boost to the economy. It should be no surprise that the RAS no longer comes here, for this little bit of traditional rural Korea is beginning to look more and more like modern urban Korea. The Wipong Fortress and Wipong Temple area as we knew it ten years ago is no more, for it has become developed. The hikes up the trail and the winding unpaved road are but memories.

It was the Greek philosopher Heraclitus who said that “You cannot step twice in the same river, for fresh waters are ever flowing in upon you.”15 Change will always be with us. Economic changes mean traditional markets close. Changes in the weather mean that even trains will eventually rust away. Rural areas change into suburban and urban areas. The process of change cannot be stopped. In the past twenty-seven years of travel with the RAS we have experienced many changes in Korea. Many of the remarkable people we have met are no longer with us. Memorable roads have been paved and widened. Certain experiences can never be repeated for the geographical and social contexts have changed. Even Buddhist temples have changed with the removal of valuable art works to newly built museums, the installation of security systems, and the ever present CCTV. In the 1980s one of the main attractions of Wipong-sa near Jeonju was a series of panels depicting ten-thousand Buddhas. After a theft of several of the panels the remaining panels were moved to a secure location and now can be seen only by special appointment. And some of the sights are but me16mories. We have witnessed this change because twenty-seven years ago Daniel and Carol Chou Adams walked into the RAS office and met Sue Bae, and together we have been traveling throughout Korea ever since.

The past twenty-seven years have been good years, but they are [page 27] only a slice of the rich history of the Korea Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society. Much of this history has yet to be told. And yes, there are still tours to lead in the coming months and years, more remarkable people to meet, and memorable experiences to enjoy in the Land of the Morning Calm.

**Notes**

1 Robert Hogarth, “An Introduction to the Royal Asiatic Society Tour of Sosu Sowon - Pusoksa Temple - Andong - Tosan Sowon and Hahoe.” Unpublished 11 page typescript.

2 In August, 2005, while attending a seminar at Oxford University, we visited Dr. Hyun-Key Kim Hogarth in Canterbury where we paid our respects at Robert Hogarth’s grave.

3 It should be noted that Korean presidents still take their summer vacations at secluded villas located within the Chinhae Naval Base grounds. On one RAS tour our movements on the base were restricted as the president was officially on vacation at his nearby summer villa.

4 Two volumes of Kim Byong-Kuk that I have on my shelves are From Outlook to New Horizon: A Collection of Articles and Essays (Seoul: Back San Publishing Co., 1991) and Kim Dae-Jung: Hero of the Masses, Conscience in Action (Seoul: Ilweolseogak Publishing Co., 1992).

5 See Hendrik Hamel, Ham el’s Journal and a description of the Kingdom of Korea 1653-1666, trans. Jean-Paul Buys (Seoul: Royal Asiatic Society, Korea Branch, 1994).

6 See Dorothy Werner, Marion T. Ruocco & Sam Park, Habih House: The American Embassy Residence, Seoul, Korea (Seoul: U.S. Embassy, n.d.).

7 The Emillle Museum also published several books of folk art. See, for example The Life of Buddha in Korean Paintings (Seoul: The Emillle Museum and the Royal Asiatic Society, Korea Branch, 1975). Unfortunately following Zo Za Yong’s death the museum collection was sold to different buyers and the opportunity to maintain the collection intact was forever lost.

8 For a description of Chonghak-dong as it was prior to the construction of the new road see Maggie Dodds, “Off the Beaten Path: The Way,” Arirang (Fall 1984), 4-9.

[page 28] 9 Wanne J. Joe, Traditional Korea: A Cultural History (Seoul: Chung’ang University Press, 1972).

10 Wanne J. Joe, A Cultural History of Modern Korea, edited with an introduction by Hongkyu A. Choe (Elizabeth, NJ and Seoul: Hollym, 2000). The printed text of this book runs to 874 pages.

11 See the “Annual Report of the Royal Asiatic Society—Korea Branch 2001,” Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society—Korea Branch, Vol. 76, (2001), 81-83.

12 For a description of these hermitages see Haein-sa, Reflection on a Calm Sea Temple, trans. Lotus Lantern Intl. Buddhist Center (Chfiin-ni, Kaya-myon: Haein-sa Press, 1994).

13 A number of the Ven Song-chol’s dharma messages have been translated into English and can be found in the following two books: Echoes from Mt. Kaya: Selections on Korean Buddhism by Ven. Song-chol, Patriarch of the Korean Chogye Buddhist Order, ed. Ven. Won-tek, trans. Brian Barry (Seoul: Lotus Lantern International Buddhist Center, 1988) and Opening the Eye: Dharma Messages by Ven SongChol, Korean Chogye Zen Master and Patriarch, trans. Brian Barry (Paju, Kyung-Gi-Do: Gimm-Young International, 2002).

14 See Daniel J. Adams, “Hui Neng in Korea: A Chapter in the Story of Korean Religion,” Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Society—Korea Branch, Vol. 81 (2006), 1-21.

15 Cited in Bertrand Russell, History of Western Philosophy, second edition (London: George Allen and Unwin, 1961), p. 63.