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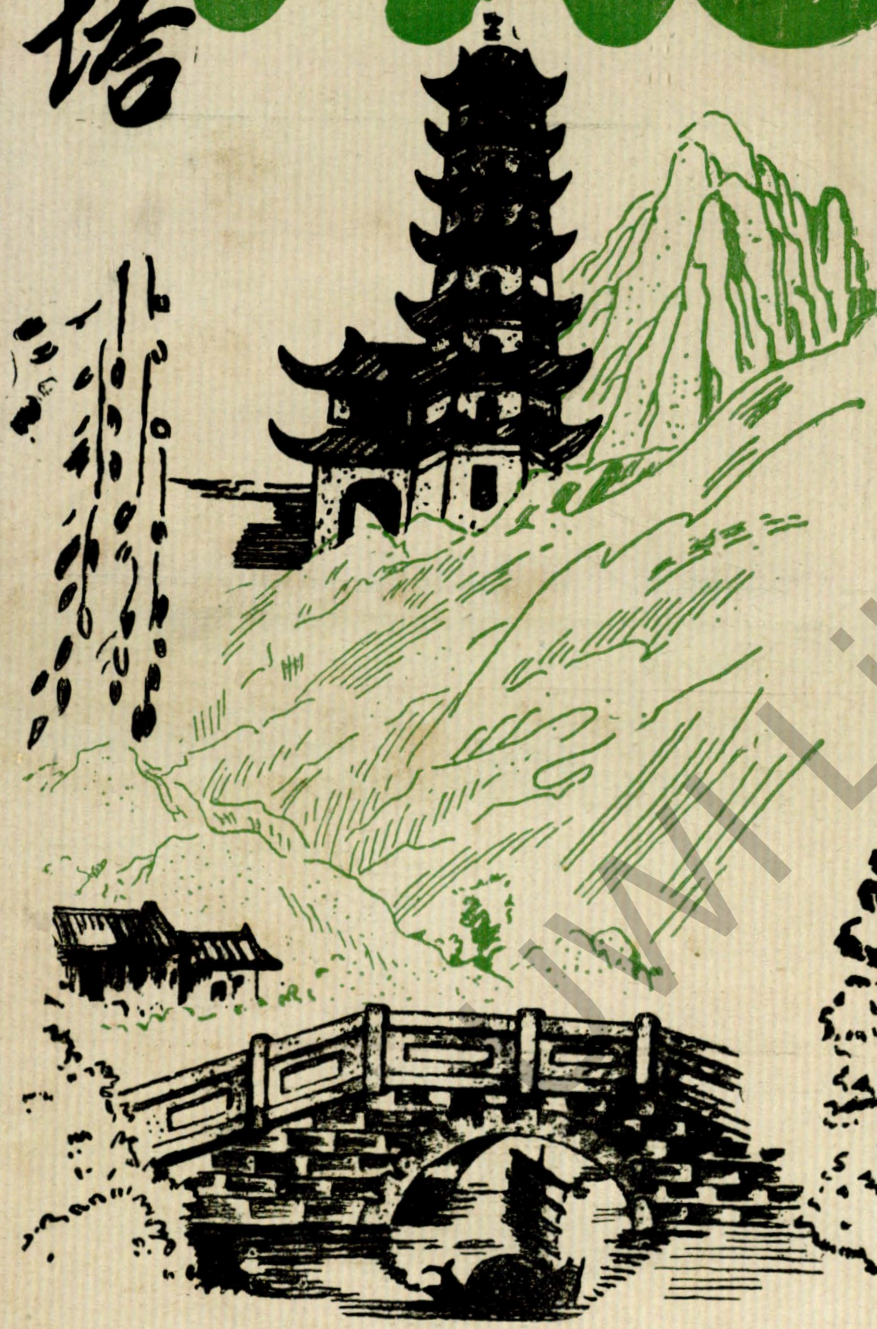
The

高塔

PAGODA

A FORTNIGHTLY MAGAZINE

PRICE THREEPENCE



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Saturday, April 8, 1950.

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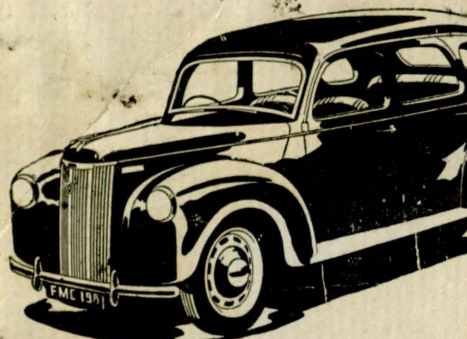
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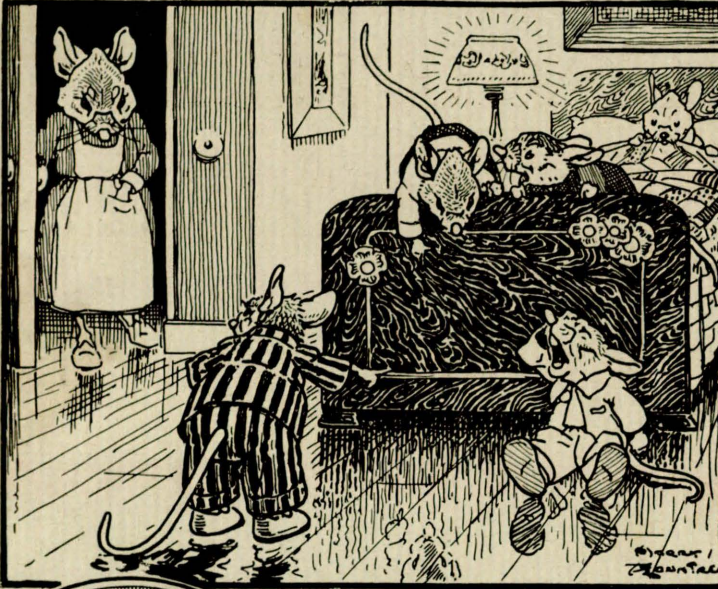
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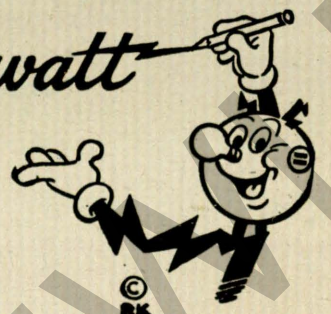
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CONFUCIUS THE GOOD NEIGHBOUR

By Y. C. HOE

From ASIA and the AMERICAS.

(Continued from last issue)

THE period is surely approaching when a war can be proved to the general satisfaction to be either just or unjust, when the just war will be a punitive expedition against the aggressor nation, and the central authority will embrace and protect "all under the heaven." In other words, the tien-hsia period of world history will arrive, when Confucius will be heard and known throughout the world.

For what, after all, is the test of political maturity? Is it the brutal, deadly efficiency that marks nations like Japan and Germany and most of the modern national states? Or is it the happiness of the men living under the state? Is force or morality the motive power in history? To this eternal question history has not given the final answer.

For Confucius, however, the rightness is on the side of what he called "Wangtao" or the "Way of the King," rather than "Patao" or, to use modern parlance, the "Way of the Dictator." The Dictator may be successful at times and for some time, and may even be beneficial. Confucius himself pays tribute to Kwan-chung, the practitioner of "Patao" in the kingdom of Chi as the one who warded off foreign barbarians from China and who saved Confucius himself from the shame of having to spread the hair over the shoulders and to wear the coat buttons on the left side like a barbarian. But Confucius did not hold Kwan-chung up as an example worth political emulation. What, then, is the difference between Wangtao and Patao? It is not that while the king "reigns but does not rule," the dictator "rules, nay, dictates, but does not reign." Nor is it that whereas the king rules by law, the dictator rules without law. The real difference between the two apparently the same but vitally different species is that, while the dictator rules for the sake of power, the king rules for the sake of the good life. In the former case, power is an end in itself; in the latter, power is only a means, among many other means, to the end "good life."

Herein lies the world importance of Confucius: it is he who has furnished China with the basic political outlook that has made her the Good Neighbour she is today. That China is not the trouble-maker of Asia has been largely his work and that of the Order of men he founded. If Americans today find the Chinese easier to deal with than the "Japs," their thanks should go to Confucius.

China could have developed into a continent of warring nations like Europe. There was a time (about 600-200 B.C.), in which she, in fact, was worse off than Europe in this respect. How has China come to be so unified? Politically, it was the work of the Chins and the Hans. Philosophically, the work of Confucius with his tien-hsia philosophy.

Suppleness is more necessary than strength for an enduring peace. Most of the "Pax's" founded on brute strength alone, like the Pax Tartarica, have been short-lived. Only a political philosophy like the Confucian theory of tien-hsia can afford the degree of resilience necessary for an enduring state. If the United Nations wish to establish a new sort of Pax that will endure long after the victory has been achieved, they might do well to turn to Confucianism for inspiration.

BEFORE the advent of the Chin Dynasty each of the lesser nations later to be absorbed into the great melting pot of the Chinese people had its own rituals and its own system of gods. The great philosopher Mo-ti was the champion of, so to speak, "religious self-determination" as opposed to "religious uniformity." But uniform religion there must be if there was to be a tien-hsia politically.

Religion arises from the rock-bottom fact of death. Of the primitive horrors of man, death has been the sharpest. Having come to life, man does not want to die,

if to die means to disappear into nothingness. An eminent Chinese philosopher claims that he has succeeded in solving the problem of individual immortality and therefore in dispensing with religion by the formula of the "social self." The life of the individual, he says, is the "lesser self," which is transient; that of society, the "greater self" which endures. There should be no fear of death if, by dint of service and good deeds, the former is merged with the latter. Pragmatically, this is a good solution, but logically, it is faulty since society itself is not immortal but will die as surely as the sun will lose its heat, when all life will perish.

In other words, the problem of death cannot be solved on the purely human plane. Religion transcends human vicissitudes. It is inevitable that religion should be mixed up with the unknown and unknowable, because the central core of religion, namely, death, is itself unknown and unknowable. Thus arise gods and angels, spirits and devils and the beliefs in hell and heaven, in fire and grace.

Now, China of Confucius' time was faced with the problem of religious as well as of political unification. The slender thread of ancestor-worship that the then China inherited from the Shang and Chow dynasties was the only slender hope for some sort of uniform worship throughout the empire. It was the form of worship which the Chinese in their noblest days knew and practised and which the "pagans" could and must be taught to make their own.

Ancestor-worship is a form of religion because, in its own way, it is a solution of the problem of death. An ancestor may have died, but his spirit lives on to hover around the house, demanding to be wined and dined, knelt-to and prayed-to, by his sons and grandsons and great-grandsons. The rituals of worship give reality to a presence that would otherwise be a fancy.

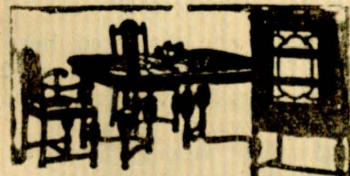
(Continued on page 8)

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THE EASTER BONNET

by S. H. C.

THERE is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood—leads on to fortune". I don't really know whether old Bill Shakespeare ever amounted to much in his Momma's Kitchen, but that lad certainly knew his onions. He could spot them a mile off. But it takes a clear-headed navigator to time the high-tide and swing it to his benefit. For most people, this high-tide business ends up with the same effect that it has on a kid watching it from a rocky promontory. It is exciting, true enough, but it isn't turned to any practical use.

Joe folded the newspaper which had been turned to the sports page. Mentally he consigned the commentator to warmer-than-tropic regions, and decided that all his ideas on Broken Leg and Blue Bonnet as sure winners were all bunkum. Why a kid could know that Broken Leg hadn't a chance against Fever Grass; and that Mile a Minute with crutches on could run the legs off Blue Bonnet. Not that they aren't good fillies at that. There are few better, but they just wouldn't be in it come race-day. The papers weren't even helpful. He tossed it into a chair and turned to his race-programme, replete with marginal notes.

Thinking on these things, Joe was very dissatisfied with the idea of parking his copious frame on any wave-wet promontory and watching the tide come up and take his fellows on to Fortune. If there were fortunes going, then he decided that he would be a prince of Progress.

JOE weighed the thing carefully. He checked and rechecked his notes. After much hesitation, he made some changes. Then he weighed the matter over again, with painstaking care. You see, he was a young married man, very conscious of his responsibilities, and he couldn't afford to make a mistake. He wondered what Clarice would say if he came home on his uppers to tell her that he had bought shares in the race track by virtue of his putting down so much capital.

In the end he decided that he wouldn't say a word to her. He would feel warm arms nearly strangling him in a tender embrace. (The system was fool-

proof). He could feel eager lips pressed to his. (He just couldn't miss.) He could see hazel eyes light up with the thrill of the fun that those lovely messengers from the Treasury promised. (If that little fool of a stable hand ever made a monkey out of him!) But the vision could not be blurred. He felt in his pocket for his wallet again. He opened it and took out the money. He counted it carefully. Heavens, it was a lot of money. It meant a bit of sacrifice on his part, and he hurriedly thrust away the thought of the little things he could have bought for his little wife. No, his way was better, he would give her the bigger, better surprise. The glow came to his eyes again. A lot of money. It sure was. It meant keeping back a few shillings a week out of his cigarette money, it meant doing without a lot of things that he had wanted. But now it was all here. Again the glow faded from his eyes. Did that guy Shakespeare ever hear about a little thing called Low Tide?

THE idea of being caught in financial shallows if things didn't go 'just right' began to tug uneasily at his heart. But he had planned this little sortie for months now, and he would not be torn away from his decision by any weak arguments or any other arguments for that matter. He looked at them once more — this enormous sum of money, and folded them caressingly before putting them away. Just as the three pound notes disappeared from sight, the wife came into the room.

"Darling, do you know that tomorrow is Good Friday, and the day after that is Holy Saturday?"

"Yes dear! But what?"

"Do you know what comes after Holy Saturday?"

"Sure! Easter Sunday!"

"Fine! I just knew you'd had a very sound education!"

"Sure dear, but what on earth are you driving at?"

"Well," she puckered her lips and frowned, meditating how best to put her wonderful proposition forward, "you see, it is customary among women, on Easter Sunday, all over the globe, to dress their very best for their darling husbands so that they can show them off. After all, when these dear little boys got married, they thought their wives the loveliest creatures under the

sun. So, women all over the world conspired together and decided that Easter Sunday was the time to have these husbands show off their wives at their very best. So . . . I decided . . ."

"No darling, not another dress . . . Why only last week . . ."

"Shhh! Hush darling! That old rag. Anyway, I knew that we couldn't possibly afford anything so expensive as a dress."

WITH a sigh Joe reached again for the discarded newspaper—still open at the sports page. He felt the need to have something solid in his hand. He waited, but with less anxiety now, for the Proposition Superb.

"Darling, I thought that I needed a hat. So I decided that I'd buy me one."

With a heartiness that he didn't feel, he said: "Fine" and in his mind he thought that he'd get away with a twenty-five bob or so.

"You had the money of course," he suggested.

"Oh, that's all arranged—it's a C.O.D. transaction, and you are paying for it. You didn't want to show me off before your friends did you, at MY own expense. Could I go and tell people that I bought and paid for my lovely new hat?" tears were coming pretty close to the surface. He did the only thing a husband in his fix could think of doing. He turned to her and put a question:

"How much was it Clarice?"

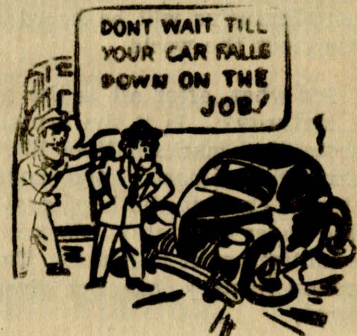
"A measly fifty bob, darling!"

Well, it wouldn't matter now if that stupid sports reporter were right after all. Let Broken Leg

and Blue Bonnet romp home with the trophies. But without a sigh he fished in his pocket for the money, and with a marvellous piece of timing he handed over the notes, just as the delivery van pulled up outside the gates.

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MOVEMENTS OF NOTE

By I. C. Evre Ting

ONE would never think that a Garden Party would require so much planning. The present committee in preparing for the coming Garden Party has had so far four 3-hour sessions around the table. With an impressive number of big executive heads, the function should be in the four-star bracket in entertainment value.

ALL this week Garden Party tickets were being sold throughout the city. Two young ladies who never did anything like it before started off with great gusto. They found out a lot of things about sales resistance, but they didn't give up easily. They sales-talked, entreated, cajoled and even brow-beat their victims to submission. Didn't do so badly but exclaimed that they were pretty exhausted at the end of three hours.

THE softball team won their first two games decisively to the surprise—and, naturally, the cheers of their supporters. Never since the early days of softball have we seen such brilliant playing. The spectacular display was unfortunately cut short in their third game when they received their first set-back. There is still plenty of opportunity however for them to show just what they can do on the field. For the past few months they have been practising with a determination to win and what they have done so far is very commendable.

ANOTHER recreation center for our community is taking shape at Rockfort. A well laid out cement basket-ball court will be complete in another week or ten

days. Then there will be a pavilion which, among other things can be used for dancing, tennis courts and last, but not least, a bathing beach. There is every indication that it should be a popular centre for games and sports when it is completed.

THERE will be a Mother's Day function next week. The mothers will bring their babies but there is no mention what daddy will do at home. At the last minute they will probably decide to invite them too so that they won't get into mischief. It should be a very happy and colourful gathering and it is one function which everyone hopes will be a quiet one and not too much of a 'howling' success.

THE Interparish Cricket competition is more than a month off but schedules have been drawn up and every other preparation made to make it a really good season this year. Our young promoter who has got over the first worries of parenthood will have more time to push it this year. A very notable feature at every match is the luncheon to be served at 12 noon while the matches commence at 1.00 p.m. sharp.

SOME folks were complaining the other day of hard times generally. Everyone was in agreement over the blessing of having a business and being your own boss, until one insurance man spoke up. "The trouble with working for myself is that I have a boss who lets me go fishing every day I want to, then keeps me awake at night worrying about his business."

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PERSONALIA

Eleven passengers from Hong-kong will arrive here sometime next week by PAA plane from Miami. They are Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Leo Chang, son and daughter-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. Chang Shing Shue, Miss Yen Mee Chin, fiancée of Mr. Frank Lyn of Bog Walk, Miss Vera Elizabeth Chen, Leslie Alan Hoo, son of Mr. Hoo Yit Sin of 138 King Street, Alfred Chew, nephew of Mr. James Lyn, Victor Chin, brother of Vernon Chin, 27 New Lincoln Road, Stanley Chin, son of Mr. Chin Suey Kue of Race Course, Miss Fong Nyet Lam, fiancée of Mr. Anthony Lim of 30 North Street, Baldwin and Constantine Chin, sons of Mr. and Mrs. George Chin Fook of Jackson Town.

The Kuomintang moved their offices from 1G North Street to their recently acquired premises in Rockfort Gardens last week. On their new grounds will be built a reception hall, a basketball court, tennis courts, and an open air swimming pool. The basketball court is already in process of construction and will be completed within two weeks.

The Garden Party to be held at the Chinese Public School tomorrow will include many attractions for the children. Among them will be donkey rides, an Easter egg hunt and a Treasure hunt. This should keep the youngsters very busy for the afternoon. The function will start off with an exhibition basketball game between the Montego Bay Social and Athletic Club and the Chinese Athletic Club.

Admission to the Garden Party is 3/- for adults and 1/- for children.

The Chinese Christian Guild's next meeting will be a Mother's Day function. The social will be held at the Rectory, 22 South Camp Road beginning at 4.30 o'clock. Members of the guild are hoping that all mothers will bring their babies to make this a pleasant afternoon for everyone concerned. Prizes will be given to babies of three age groups—from birth to one year, one to two years, and two to three years of age. Dr. Arthur Lee Jackson will be among those present to view how the youngest generation is growing up.

The next Junior Cricket fixture will be on Saturday, April 15 when C.A.C. will meet Lucas at the C.A.C. grounds. On Sunday,

April 16 the C.A.C. will play Lucas again in a Caribbean Products Cup match.

The Hubert Chen County Cricket Competition will start on Sunday, May 7 when North Surrey will play Cornwall at Montego Bay. On May 24, Middlesex will play North Surrey in Port Antonio.

Miss Norma Wongsam, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Wongsam left for New York on Friday, March 31. She will be there for a two months' stay before proceeding to England where she will study nursing.

The South China "A" team lost to Y.M.C.A. in the Basketball Knockout Competition by the score of 33-26. After trailing by a few points throughout the game South China made a wonderful effort to even the score in the middle of the second half. A last minute rally by the "Y" gained them a few points which they maintained until the end. The finals of the competition will be played off some time next week between Y.M.C.A. and C.A.C.

Mr. Aston Chue Sang of Spanish Town gave a dinner banquet on Sunday, March 26 on the occasion of the opening of his new bakery in that township. More

than 400 guests were present from all parts of the island.

In the recent open pair Duplicate Bridge Tournament, Messrs. Alfred Kong and Philip Chan Chong finished in ninth place and Messrs. Arthur Kong and Archie Chong in fifteenth place.

The C.A.C. was host at an Interclub Bridge Tournament on Tuesday, March 28. All the prizes were won by the visitors.

On Tuesday, April 4, the Interclub Bridge Tournament was held at Wembley Athletic Club. Mrs. H. Tie and Mr. Cecil Chuck came first for the N/S side and Mr. and Mrs. R. Ritch first for the E/W side.

The Primrose Softball team defeated Invaders, last year's champions, by 16-12, in their second League match. In their next encounter they lost, to Light and Power Dodgers by 4-5 in a very close and exciting match. Primrose will play Eastern Flames, the present leaders in the competition in a match sometime next week.

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pinchin announced the birth of a daughter on Monday, March 27.

Mr. and Mrs. William Chang of Lenn Happ Co. also announced

(Continued on page 17)

PANORAMA

MEDICAL MISSIONS

Towards the latter part of March a party of forty American doctors most of whom were accompanied by their wives, arrived in Jamaica on a four-day tour, as the guests of the local branch of the British Medical Association. The Caribbean tour being made by these doctors is a post-clinical feature of the New Orleans Graduate Medical Assembly. The Assembly is a gathering of practising physicians for refresher courses and is sponsored and directed by some one hundred New Orleans doctors.

Tea was served to Lady Huggins. Welcomed to our shores at a Cocktail Party held on the grounds of the University College, the visiting party carried through their tour during the next few days to hospitals and clinics, and indulged in one day's relaxation at the Tower Isle Hotel before leaving these shores. They expressed the views that in spite of shortage of staffs the service at our medical institutions is excellent.

On a research mission in diseases of the liver are two prominent American medical authorities, Drs. Paul Gyorgy and Joseph Stokes, Jr. They will be making arrangements for clinical research work to be done at the University College of the West Indies.

It was officially announced a short time ago by the Tourist Trade Commissioner, Mr. F. H. Robertson, that Jamaica has become the premier tourist resort in the Western Hemisphere, coming ahead of Bermuda and Nassau for the first time last year. Large figures were quoted in substantiation of this fact, and Mr. Robertson also gave some of the contributing factors for this progressive change which has come to the Island's most promising trade at the present time.

TOURIST SUCCESS

The splendid efforts of Press, Travel Agents and Transport Companies in cooperating; the increased and better accommodation available and the like were mentioned, and it is undoubtedly a creditable result and one that is full of promise for the future all-the-year-round tourist traffic which is so helpful to the general industrial livelihood of our people.

The other library opened was that at Hampton School to the memory of Miss Maud Barrows, late headmistress of the school from 1904-1922. A religious ceremony dedicating the library was first conducted by the Rev. S. C. Ashton, an appreciation was given by Miss K. Dignum, and the mahogany library was eventually opened by Mrs. Stafford Maxwell. The funds for this memorial were collected by the Old Girls' Association to show the high esteem in which they held the late headmistress who had played so large a part in shaping their lives.

SEWING CLASS SALE

A Sale of Work done by the Prison Sewing Class was held recently at the Woman's Club by the Committee which directs this work. The sale was opened by

Lady Huggins and patronised by numbers of ladies who purchased the work generously.

The articles made by this Class were of a variety and quality entirely unexpected from such a source, which speaks well for the supervision given these workers. Both plain-sewing and embroidery were excellent, and the prices at which the articles were disposed of were considered extremely moderate.

Tea was served to Lady Huggins.

LESSONS IN CHARM

SILENCE

Let's wage war on the "selfish silent." To sit in silence and leave the responsibility for conversation to the other members of the company is a bad practice. We hear much about people talking too much, but far too little of those who indulge in the selfishness of silence. In all people it is to be condemned. With the ignorant, it is less reprehensible than with well-informed persons.

Hasn't each one of us encountered the habitual listener who just sits, drinking in everything, giving nothing, making not the slightest effort to contribute a thought or idea, and who, if approached about it, gives herself the apologetic compliment of "Oh, I don't say much, but I'm a good listener." To be a good listener is no virtue. It is a social requirement. Every member of society has to be able to listen politely. She also has to take her part in conversation. There is nothing more tiring or boring than a person who habitually has nothing to say.

Agnes McCall Parker, Copyright.

and the officers of the Committee and altogether it was a unique and satisfactory affair.

NEW LIBRARIES

Two new libraries have been opened in the past fortnight, one of these being another branch of the St. Catherine Parish Library at Linstead which through the kindness of the Director of Medical Services is being housed in the building occupied by the Health Department. This was opened by Lady Allan, a native of Linstead, who expressed her particular pleasure at being able to perform such a happy task for her home town. She was presented with a library souvenir by Miss E. M. Lowe, Honorary Librarian.

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ANNUAL GENERAL MEETINGS

There have been a number of annual general meetings held during the past few weeks, this being the time of year when many institutions and organisations complete their year. At the close of February the Jamaica Historical Society gave the lead, and this was followed by the Institute of Jamaica in the latter part of March and the Jamaica Press Association. At each of these there was the report of the work carried through successfully, and new elections of one or more members of the committees.

Also holding these meetings have been the Victoria League and the Y.M.C.A. The former carried through its proceedings by a friendly tea party at the Woman's Club. Reference was

made by the President, Sir Noel Livingston, to HRH Princess Alice, head of the League in the British Empire, who had been present with them at their last function, and the special speaker on this occasion was Mr. J. B. Clegg, Secretary for Economic Affairs. At the Y.M.C.A. meeting the Rt. Rev. Montague Dale, Lord Bishop of Jamaica gave the gathering a moving address.

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

Mr. Nugent Monck's production of "The Merchant of Venice" is now running at the Ward Theatre to large and interested houses. The cast for this production was carefully and competently selected by its expert producer soon after his arrival here, and give a highly creditable account of themselves. Among the names of the cast are many whose appearances on the stage are well remembered in former plays, and, again, there are some newcomers who are having the opportunity under the most favourable auspices for showing us what they can do. This production is a rare treat in stage craft that should be seen by all.

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A Wholesome and Healthy Toast

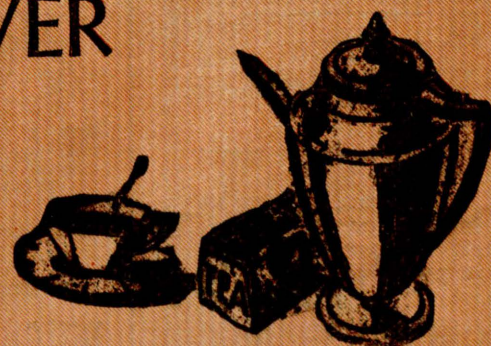
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THE PAGODA

Editor: Chas. T. Chang.

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Unemployment Problems

The unemployment problem in Jamaica has recently assumed greater proportions than ever. The condition is an urgent one which has a priority claim in the House. Accordingly, both the House of Representatives and the KSAC are determined to deal with these problems immediately by setting up special committees for the purpose.

It would seem that the two main problems related to the heavy percentage of the unemployed are firstly, the lack of sufficient work in comparison with population figures and, secondly, the lack of sufficiently skilled workers in various fields of labour. The postwar years have brought an end to the recruiting of farm labourers to the United States which, in addition to bringing dollars to the Island, had for a time, helped to solve the problem of increasing unemployment.

Figuring heavily in the total of these unemployed are the ex-servicemen who, in many instances, gave up their jobs and lost much time in which they might have improved themselves in their respective positions. These men are finding it difficult to make a start again. With this knowledge, the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund and the Jamaica Legion have set to work to make every effort in their respective functions to place ex-service personnel in settled jobs. Air Vice Marshal Sir John Cordingley, controller of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund who has been visiting Jamaica is interested in the local branch of this body and in the newly formed Jamaica Legion, which will work together with other bodies in the interests of these men.

In addition to the improved tourist trade, there are many big industrial developments now materialising in Jamaica which must

entail the employment of several hundreds of persons. Many of these jobs have still to be filled by persons from abroad owing to the lack of skilled labour. This fact makes us realize that there is an increasing need for technical training in every vocation if the unemployed are to be fitted to obtain and hold jobs that become available with the promotion of industrial schemes.

It is in such a relation that the need for educational and technical schools is being so constantly urged, for each problem with which the unemployed are faced hinges on another in such marked degree that all must work together if good results are to accrue from their efforts.

It is heartening to know that by such moves as the formation of special committees and associations those in whose hands these pressing problems rest are doing all in their power to solve them as quickly and effectively as they can.

CONFUCIUS THE GOOD NEIGHBOUR

(Continued from page 3)

Though dead, the ancestor lives—in the worship offered by his descendants. What matters in that those who so worship become thus aware that their spirits too, will live on, in the worship by their own descendants. Man's primitive horror for death is thus converted, at one stroke, into the horror for no descendants. To die does not matter much; to have no descendants to feed one's spirits so that they must wander homeless and hungry is thing to be afraid of. And since to have no descendants is a relatively easy job, the problem of death is at least side-tracked by a hocus-pocus that grows in credulity with passage of years.

THE wonderful part of ancestor worship is that it fits in so well with the rock-bottom institution of the Chinese family, by and through which Confucius sought to rule China. We have seen that Confucius set large store by the institution of the family as an instrument of government and as the fountain-head of all virtues, the chief of which is hsiao. Now ancestor-worship is nothing but hsiao to one's dead parents. It is a religion interchangeable with ethics.

Naturally, Confucius was a most enthusiastic exponent of ancestor worship, not so much because it is a "true" religion (a

question that has caused many of the religious controversies and wars in the West) but because it is a pragmatic means of government. Though shy of talking about death and spirits, he never denied their existence. He advised people to respect them and to hold them at arm's length. As for one's ancestors, he laid it down that one must be careful when their end comes and must cherish their memories however distant. "Only thus," say Confucius, "will people's morals be sound." In laying down ancestor worship, of which he was not the "originator" but only the "transmitter," as the one religious law of the land, the Sage accomplished a double purpose: he gave China a standard religion capable of embracing or replacing other forms of "pagan" worship, and by enlisting its service he gave stability to government.

Ancestor worship as the prevailing worship in China since Confucius has given birth to an idea which the Chinese philosopher Liang Chi-chao held to be the chief cause for the long survival of the Chinese people as a nation, namely, the idea of "pao-eng," or, "paying one's moral debts." To pay a legal debt is easy; to pay a moral debt takes some character. A moral debt is one that cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents but must be reckoned in goodness of the heart and in honesty of purpose. Hsiao is only another term for paying moral debts. Ancestor worship is yet another. All the Confucian ideas dovetail into one another so as to form one great whole.

Insofar as ancestor worship is
(Continued on page 17)

**JAMAICA
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LIFE IN A WEST CHINA CITY

By Bernard Llewellyn

From CHINA REVIEW

THERE seems to be no gap in the rim of hills that hem in the city, yet gaps there are, through which crushed stone surfaced roads wind out from the old city gates to Kunming and Chungking, and down to Kweilin and coastal China. Between the hills lies the great plain on which the city is built, its tiled roofs spreading over an area of four square miles.

For over three months I have been living on the fringe of this city. My bedroom window overlooks the dusty road which bypasses the city and leads, after 300 miles, to the wartime capital of Chungking. The road is never silent. All day long the huge six-wheeled lorries, which were brought into China by the American Army and are now driven by Chinese troops, roar past the house and send up the dust in grey clouds.

Yet without the lorries the city would be cut off from the world. For the lorries are the buses and the trains; and the nearest city bigger than Kweiyang is two and a half days' journey away — nearly as far as from London to Carlisle.

Thus the rim of hills that change to deep purple when the sun goes down on the city symbolizes our isolation. A plane calls weekly; but only if the weather is good. Nothing can travel by river, and there is no railway. There remain only the roads, with certain stretches menaced by well-organized gangs of bandits. To leave the city at all calls for more effort than people who have never lived here can possibly realize.

DURING the last few years there have crept into this Province of Devils, as it was once called, many signs of western civilization. In the winter of 1944 the Japanese pushed up from the south-east towards the city. They never reached it, though they caused a first-rate scare. American troops entered Kweiyang as the civilian population began to evacuate. And, in time, when the scare was over, the Americans left too.

They left a lot behind them — jeeps, clothing, medical equipment and tinned rations. The medical equipment and supplies were turned over to U.N.R.R.A. for allocation, through Chinese bodies, to the hospitals.

Wealthy students and clerks

exchanged their gowns for army clothing. G.I. trousers, shirts and boots today form a large part of the garb of a fair cross-section of the people from lorry drivers to students and officials. Our own cook wears a magnificent American officer's cap which gives him as much "face" with fellow Chinese as a pair of riding breeches would formerly have done. There is something American everywhere.

There are even weekly dances at the Y.M.C.A. which were started for the Americans and are continued by the coastal Chinese who learned western dancing in cities like Shanghai and Canton. But these are only for the select — the college professors, army officers, bank managers and people of the city's upper classes, as well as foreigners like ourselves, who are politely invited to see East meet West.

THE most of this aping of the west the attitude of the "old hundred names" remains merely one of curiosity. "Old hundred names" is the literal translation of the glorious Chinese phrase, "lao pai shing" which signifies the common people, synonymous with our "man in the street". Yet it has not left him entirely unaffected.

His life is menaced daily by the Chinese Army officers in their jeeps; and outside the city by the heavy lorries that came in over the Stilwell road. He has not yet learned road-mindedness: he reacts as slowly to the electric horn as he does to the "Tso! Tso!" of the ricksha boys. Yet all the time he is adapting himself to the change.

For example, western medicine is gradually superseding the magic pin-prickings of the Chinese medicine man, but not without a struggle. A foreign-educated Chinese doctor was telling me the other day of a high Chinese officer who came to him with a curable kind of sciatica. The doctor prescribed treatment and told him that it might take some time to effect a cure. A week later he visited his patient only to find a physician of the "sticking pins" school at his bedside. He had a long talk with the officer and explained that he must choose between what medical science could do for him and what superstition could do. One of his two doctors must go. At last, reluctantly, the officer dismissed the pin-sticker. Supersti-

tion dies hard even in the so-common people it dies harder still.

THE American film, on the other hand — and especially the musical comedy — has made a great hit with the "lao pai shing". It satisfies something of their curiosity about the way the foreigners they have seen behave at home. Once more Hollywood is playing the role of interpreter to a nation; and often one feels the interpretation leaves something to be desired.

There are two cinemas in the city which show American films. The seats are wooden benches packed with typically noisy Chinese. Before the performance a few crudely cut advertisement slides are flashed on the screen. The majority of these illustrate brands of Chinese cigarettes with names like "Rhinceros," "Male Horse" and "Charming Girl" on the pseudo-American packings. Often the word "cigarettes" is spelt wrongly. One or two trailers of forthcoming attractions follow, and then the main film. This is usually badly cut; but Chinese sub-titles flickering on a panel alongside contrive to supply some kind of plot. Acrobats and dancers are very popular, and the Chinese love of children is shown by the applause whenever a child appears on the screen.

More realistic than the film is the modern drama, which puts on the stage the everyday happenings that make up the city's life. A few nights ago I saw a play which centred on a Chinese inn suddenly filled with passengers from a broken-down charcoal-burner stranded on the road. The stage mirrored the bickerings of the servants, the casual matter-of-fact attitude of drivers used to breakdowns, and the endless small talk that the audience heard every day of their lives.

What is familiar to the common people remains, however, a source of interest to the stranger from the West. He discovers to begin with, that the people he jostles in the streets are cheerful folk, quick to seize hold of the funny side of life, and incredibly curious.

Anything will attract a crowd; an argument, a story-teller, an accident, a foreigner eating rice in a restaurant. From the simplest things the people derive their amusement.

The poverty and the callous disregard of suffering is everywhere in the city. The newcomer sees little else. But after

(Continued on page 11)

Bleeding Gums
Often Are the *Danger Signal*

That Warns of

PYORRHEA



4 Out Of 5

May Have This Dread Enemy of
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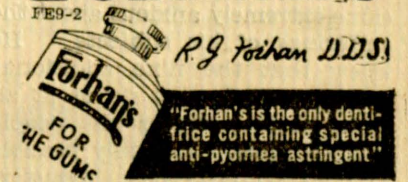
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CHINESE MYTHOLOGY

THE THREE-LEGGED CROW

By Chang An-Chih

East of the Chinese mainland in the vast sea there was an archipelago, among which an island called T'ang Ku (the Valley of Boiling Waters) was believed to be the home of the sun. On it there was a small lake, known as Hsien Ch'ih (the Universal Pond) in which the sun was thought to take his bath every morning. On this island there was also a gigantic tree of thousands of feet in height. It was called Fu Sang meaning "the stepping mulberry tree" because its trunk was used as a ladder by the sun to climb up into the sky every day.

In this archipelago there also lived a beautiful goddess, Hsi Ho (the Brilliant and Harmonious One), in the reign of the Emperor Yao, one of the most benevolent rulers of China in the remote ancient days. Hsi Ho also occasionally took her bath in the Hsien Ch'ih. Early one morning, thinking the sun was still in bed, she went to take her bath, hoping to finish before the sun was up. But the sun rose before she had finished her toilet. She felt a sudden wave of heat running across the water of the lake, and she stepped out of it in great haste. But she was too late, for she had already conceived. Soon she gave birth to nine baby-suns, who followed their father up the tree of Fu Sang every morning. Thus, then, instead of one sun, there were ten altogether hanging high up in the sky and shedding heat ten times greater than before. It became intolerably hot, and plants and trees were quickly scorched to death. Rivers and lakes dried up, water became very scarce and people died by the thousands of heat, thirst and hunger. The rest hid themselves in caves during the day, and cared to come out only in the night. The situation became more serious every day.

The kindly emperor Yao became extremely anxious about the sufferings of his subjects. He knew that the nine additional suns had to be got rid of at all costs, before any of his people could survive. The only possible way of killing those monsters which were so far away seemed to be by shooting. So, Yao summoned before him the best archer in the land, the famous Hou Yi, husband of Ch'ang O and ordered him to shoot the children of

the sun. A clear morning was chosen for Hou Yi to perform this most critical task. Thousands of people watched in anxiety. Presently the father sun rose up as usual. His eldest son followed him soon after. Hou Yi put his first arrow to his bow and took aim. Just at the moment, the little sun realized the danger of

REWI ALLEY, Principal of the Bailie School at Sandan in North West China, and one of the leading personalities of the Chinese Co-operatives movement is amazingly versatile. Not only can he boast (which he never does) to be a pioneer of the Chinese Co-operatives, an adventurer, a scholar, philosopher and craftsman. He is also a poet of distinction. Already much of his work has been published in Britain. Below we reproduce one of his recent poems, which he calls:

HISTORY

Out of the steppe, a cloud of dust
Resolving into two plodding oxen,
a wide wheeled cart
A peasant boy, scarce clothed in
a ragged sheepskin
Watching a load of a bare two
hundred pounds;
Slowly, ever so slowly they crawl,
the cart lurching heavily
In age old rut; a winter wind
cuts . . . this
Is where History has brought us;
so let us not

Be obsessed by History—let it
smother the human spirit.
And from the city gates there rush
A bunch of our lads, hauling a
trailer—
Rubber tyres, wheels with bearings—
and they
Shout with gladness as they
dance along with the load
Double that of the exhausted cart
—and the soldier on guard
Laughs, loosens hold on his rifle,
so that the bayonet slips
Scratches the ancient gate; here
too, history surrounds us
In every look, every action, to the

being shot, and so immediately transformed himself into a golden crow hoping to flee away with his life. But the brave archer caught the fleeing crow with his arrow, and saw the golden bird falling straight into the sea. The second baby-sun came up, turned itself into a crow, but was also killed, from the third to the seventh all met the same fate in the same way. The eighth and the ninth, however, rose up at the same moment. Hou Yi, great archer as he was, could only shoot one arrow at a time. He killed the eighth, but when he put the ninth arrow to his bow, the

youngest baby of the sun had already thrown itself into the arms and protection of his father. Unless human beings could do without any sun at all, they had to let the state of things rest as it was since there was no way of killing the little sun without killing the father as well. Luckily with the heat of only one extra sun men were still able to resume their normal life. Years later, some people began to perceive a golden crow flying occasionally from the sun and hovering above the earth. It was noticed to have three legs instead of two. Hence gradually the three-legged crow

literate easier to read
Than dead monuments, dead
books in dusty libraries;
History, with all its tragedy, its
terrific lusts, like
The passionate lust of the temporarily, bending all in its fury
Patiently, gladly borne by the peasant, for well he knows
It leads to creative Spring—
At least, in the country it will, for in the clean air
Great Walls rot easily—easier than the high ramparts
Encircling a cotton mill—barbed wire on top, gunmen watching
Shutting in the worst of creative man for profit—shutting
Out the best—pride in handwork, care and love, the genius of men
Creating from the depth of his heart . . .
That cart, and that barelegged lad, blue with cold
Numb and dull, slave of the elements, running nose
Dead eyes—haunts, even as the slaves to haughty
Machines, have haunted; are they the End of History?

became the symbol of the sun in Chinese literature.

According to some other traditional story, the sun was known as the King of the East. Others opined that the King of the East was Hou Yi himself. He rode in a golden chariot drawn by six golden horses across the sky driving away the darkness and the heavenly wolves with his arrows. According to yet another legend, the driver of the chariot was no other than the mother of the nine unfortunate baby-suns, Hsi Ho.

HEALTH FOR ALL

Tests Used in Finding TB

School children in some communities in the United States are given tuberculin tests every year. These tests are an aid in the great nation wide hunt for unknown cases of tuberculosis. The tests do not, by themselves, reveal the presence of the disease, but they indicate the need for further study of the patient and help in the search for the unrecognized case from which infection originated.

There are, it is estimated, at least 500,000 cases of tuberculosis in this country, more than half of which are unknown to health authorities. Since tuberculosis is a communicable disease, these unknown cases constitute a serious public health threat. A person with active tuberculosis, unaware that he has the disease, is risking his own life and may be spreading the disease in the community.

In order to find these unknown cases, mass chest X-ray surveys are advocated by the Tuberculosis Control Division of the U.S. Public Health Service and by the National Tuberculosis Association and its state and local affiliates. The X-ray is the easiest way to find pulmonary tuberculosis in its early stages when there are no outward symptoms.

While children of elementary school age seldom have pulmonary tuberculosis, and therefore X-ray examinations are not practical, if they have come in contact with the disease, the TB germ may be present in their bodies. The tuberculin test reveals the presence of these germs and provides a lead in tracking down the source of infection.

Tuberculin reacts positively only to the germs when they have entered the body. If the test is negative, that is an end of the matter. If it is positive, then an X-ray picture is taken to find out if the child has healthy lungs. If the X-ray shows that the lungs are diseased, then members of his family and other persons with whom he may have come in close contact are urged to have chest X-rays. This procedure frequently leads to the discovery of hitherto unknown cases of tuberculosis.

Tuberculin tests are also used to help the doctor in diagnosing doubtful cases of tuberculosis. Sometimes an X-ray reveals suspicious looking shadows on the lungs, which may be caused by tuberculosis or may be due to several other causes. The test is then given and, if it is nega-

Jamaican Proverbs

Their Meaning and Significance

Me noh hab time fe gib wall

I don't have any time to give the wall, that is, I am not an idler or loafer. In the country districts idlers delight to sit on the stone walls in specially selected spots along the roads and engage in loose talk, meaningless conversation and idle gossip.

The older de moon de brighter the shine.

As a rule the older the moon gets the brighter it shines.

The meaning of this commonsense proverb is, that old age is no sign of mental decay.

De 'ooman bad lacka yaws. Yaws is a skin disease caused through filthy conditions, and is regarded as a very malignant disease.

It is a very offensive person to be likened to such an ailment.

Ooman an' green lizard ah de same t'ing; dey look green now, an' soon tun black 'pon yow.

A woman and a green lizard are the same in that they are changeable. The green lizard turns black when it gets into a temper.

The proverb also occurs as follows:

Ooman an clucking lizard ah one.

The clucking lizard white normally; but changes its colours to match the tree that it frequents.

Dere's noh lock golden key noh open.

That is, there is no lock that a golden key cannot open. Money can work wonders, especially in these days of graft and wangle. Note: Wangle is a new word in the language, and means to gain one's ends by devious or unscrupulous methods.

Lie go 'pon foot; scandal hab wing.

Go 'pon foot means goes on foot, that is, walks. A lie may pursue a slow pace as compared with scandal which flies like a bird or the fastest aeroplane.

Note: The root meaning of the word scandal is defamatory talk, which does damage to one's reputation.

'Tan still an' yuh see bamby talk.

'Tan means stand; bamby means by-and-by.

The proverb means that time and Patience will solve all our ills.

Sintin' 'poil ah marning mus' be had ah night.

Sintin' means something; 'poil means spoil; ah marning means in the morning; mus' be mad etc. means must be mad at night.

That which is spoilt at the beginning will be bad at the end.

A variant proverb with much the same meaning is:—Watah (water) throw 'way (thrown away), yuh caant tek up (you cannot take up).

Ef yuh waan fe eat roas' plantain, yuh mus' sati'fy fe bun yoh finga.

If you want to eat roasted plantain, you must be satisfied to burn your finger. The explanation is summed up in the following proverb dealt with in a former issue, namely:

Ef yuh waan good yuh nose mus' run.

If you want good your nose must run.

Nothing good in life can be attained without labour.

Man laugh too much him get 'wha's matter.'

Wha's matter means "What is the matter?" A natural question to ask the man who indulges in too much laughter.

My boss is a God-a-man. God-a-man means comparing his boss with the Almighty. The expression is more explanatory in the following proverbs:—

Godamighty nebber shut him yeye.

Godamighty no lub hugly. Godamighty only mek yo see 'tar (star); no matter which way wind blow.

Noh call me Maria, dat ah puss name.

Do not call me Maria, that is the name of puss. Here is a proverb that is descriptive of disapprobation. Maria is the nickname of a cat, commonly call puss. A variant term is Molly, as in the following incident:—Cats sometimes conduct their love-making at nights, when their "catawalling" scene molests the neighbourhood. As the climax to a date, the Tom Cat thus calls to his mate. "Molly, ah caant come over de wall." Molly replies, "Wha' mek so?" (Why can't you?) Tom Cat: "Macca de dey." (Prickles are there). Finally Molly with her usually feminine intuition, solves the problem by going round through a pathway well known to her.

Better fe keep one cat dan 50 mouse.

The reason is plain to see. PLUTO.

tive, the doctor knows his patient has not tuberculosis.

Tuberculin was discovered by Robert Koch, who proved that tuberculosis was caused by the tubercle bacillus. Koch conducted a series of experiments in the hope of finding a cure for the disease or a drug that would create immunity to it. He was unsuccessful in finding such a drug, but he did discover tuberculin, which has been a valuable aid in the search for unknown cases of Tuberculosis.

LIFE IN A WEST CHINA CITY

(Continued from page 9)

a while other things come to exercise their spell.

FROM a distance the higgledy-piggledy curved roofs have the charms of a Cornish village. Here and there, above the general level, are tiny three-storeyed pagodas. Across the river are old stone brigades reflected in water, and on the rocks alongside the banks the women do their washing. Over everything rises the rim of limestone peaks — a reminder that the city lies in the midst of what the Chinese have for years considered as a wild and barbarian landscape.

At night the squalor of the city disappears into the shadows. The main streets are bright with electricity, and thronged with people. Paper lanterns on the pony carts sway gently in the breeze; and tiny flames mark the width of the rickshas. The jeeps' headlamps are dazzling.

From the little restaurants comes the smell of choice food, and smoke spirals up from the great iron dishes. The waiters and cooks shout the orders back and forth, and everyone is gay. Gramophone records of Chinese music emit their discordant wailings from the bigger stores, and you begin to understand how so many people can spend their

evenings wandering aimlessly up and down.

The city's poverty is forgotten. Dark cobbled alleys overlooked by lattice-work windows, and streets where yellow paper lanterns are the only illumination help make up the Arabian Nights' atmosphere that is somehow missing in the West.

For although this city is despised by those Chinese who have been caught up in the craze for modernization as one of the backward places of tribal China, it has its own riches for those who, like myself, are a little weary of the life and pretensions of the big cities.

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AMERICA

"If ever a garden was Gethsemane,

With old tombs set high against
the crumpled olive tree—and
lichen,

this, my garden, has been to
me . . .

Peace is here and in every Season
a quiet beauty.

The sky, falling about me
evenly to the compass . . .
Beauty of an old, old tree,
last comfort in Gethsemane."

Anne Spencer:
"For Jim, Easter Eve."

FRANCE

"Softly sighs the April air.

Ere the coming of the May;
Of the tranquil night aware,

Murmur nightingale and jay;
Then, when dewy dawn doth rise,
Every bird in his own tongue

Wakes his mate with happy
cries;

All their joy abroad is flung."

Arnaut Daniel:
"Bel Mees Quan Lo
Vens M'alea.

ITALY

"I give you meadow-lands in
April, fair

With over-growth of beautiful
green grass;

There among fountains the glad
hours shall pass,

And pleasant ladies bring you
solace there . . .

And gardens ye shall have, that
every one

May lie at ease about the
fragrance place . . ."

Folgoire da San Geminiano:
"Of the Months: April."

ENGLAND

"Carefully now Spring puts her
stitches

Along the hedges and the ditches
Deciding what shall first appear
On the dark fabric of the year,
To mark the pattern, to define
With delicate, brief line.

Where soon her prodigality will
shine
And all her riches."

Sylvia Lind:
"Embroideries"

JAMAICA

"Why praise him lightly when he
turns to die?

Maybe the night is bright, his
fiery court;

Maybe the darkness for a night
of mourning.

New day: the sun's eternal sport
Watching the earth of life and
death and sorrow.

Now he is dead. Is there for him
tomorrow? . . ."

George Campbell:
"Worker."

CHINA

"Within the massive cup of jade
The yellow liquid shines;

Our prince is sure a man of men,
And splendid are his wines."

Lyrics from the Chinese:
BC. 1121

EGYPT

"Homage to thee, O Ra, at thy
tremendous rising!

Thou risest! Thou shinnest, the
heavens are rolled aside.

Thou art the King of Gods, thou
art the All-comprising,

From Thee we come, in thee are
defied."

The Book of the Dead: 3,500 B.C.
"The Dead Man Ariseth and
Singeth a Hymn to the Sun."

RUSSIA

"Deep down in the Siberian mine,
Keep up your long-enduring
pride,

Your mournful toil is not in vain,
Nor thoughts that rapturously
ride.

Misfortune's sister, Hope, is true,
And in the subterranean night,
Shall waken courage and delight
The welcome day shall dawn for
you."

Alexander Pushkin:
"Message to Siberia"

WALES

"You who in April laughed, a
green god in the sun,

Sang in the bowel-rock below me
Words unknown, but now

familiar,—strange
Your voice and presence . . .

O love in exile now,
I keep the hill-paths open for
you, call

The shifting scenes, warm rock,
the corniced snows

To witness, that no wall
Precipitous, ice-tongued, shall
ever stand

Between us, though we rot to feed
the crows."

Brenda Chamberlain:
"You, Who in April Laughed."

WE HAVE DIRECT FACILITIES FOR TRANS-
FERRING HONGKONG DOLLARS OR STER-
LING BY MAIL, CABLE OR DRAFT TO HONG-
KONG. NO PERMIT REQUIRED. TRANS-
FERS MAY ALSO BE MADE DIRECT TO CHINA
UPON AUTHORITY OF THE JAMAICA DE-
FENCE (FINANCE) BOARD. WE SHALL BE
PLEASED TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR RE-
QUIREMENTS. YOUR PATRONAGE IS IN-
VITED.

THE BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

Established 1832.

PERSONS PLACES THINGS

By Old Joe

PERSONS

MARCUS GARVEY (continued from last issue)

The Irish writer gave praise
where praise is due, but also re-
ferred to the man's weakness,
just as I did. The article from
the "Irish Times" continued:—

"The vision which Garvey
stands for has a strong hold on
a great mass of human beings of
a virile and intelligent stock who
are only now emerging from a
cloud that has overshadowed
them for centuries."

As regards other weaknesses of
Garvey I mention the following
incidents to bolster up my refer-
ence:—

In 1929 Garvey held a big
U.N.I.A. Convention here, when
he boasted that delegates attend-
ed from "all over the world." An
American delegate to this same
Convention was responsible for
the statement that "of the 145
delegates present, mostly from
Jamaica, not one has come from
any part of Africa." Surely "dele-
gates from all over the world"
ought to include one or more from
Africa. As regards grandiose
plans, at the 1929 Convention in
Jamaica, a resolution was adopted
to "purchase two steamships with
lighters and auxiliary boats etc." with a view to effectively and ef-
ficiently marketing the products
of the lands acquired by the
Universal Negro Improvement As-
sociation," a motion which shows
a lack of the knowledge of Com-
mercial Geography, especially the
principle of exchange of com-
modities. A friend from British
Honduras, a Garveyite supports
my reference to Garvey's dic-
tatorial attitudes. Said he:
"Garvey is truly an enigma. Had
Garvey the scope and advantage,
I think he would outshine Ras-
putin or Robespierre. My private
opinion is that the man is simply
overcome by an exaggerated ego.
Dangerously impassionate . . .
I think Garvey, if left alone, and
given the opportunity, would out-
do Montezuma the Aztec; and in-
stead of having 80,000 Indians,
(sacrificed at his coronation), to
impress the Aztec world, our Mr.
Garvey would hang the scalp of
160,000 unfortunate white men
around his belt to announce his
entry as Potentate of Africa. Oh
deluded mind! What chances

thrown away; what opportunities
lost!"

It is not to be disputed that
the ideals of Garveyism were
noble. Garvey announced his
abiding interest in "all move-
ments for the welfare of the
coloured races," and yet his aims
never secured the establishment
of right relations between the
coloured races and white people,
like other patriotic negroes with
similar aspirations.

Another example of the weak-
nesses of Garvey was shown in
the "Liberian Construction Loan
Scheme." About the year 1920
this was launched from U.N.I.A.
headquarters in New York; the
intention was to borrow \$2,000,000
from its members to start build-
ing a nation for the Negro
peoples of the world. Factories,
mills, educational institutions,
churches, theatres, railroads
docks and farms have to be built
in Liberia," were words in the
elaborate and telling appeals for
funds. Those who lent money
received in return "Construction
Loan Bonds," a mere "scrap of
paper." A Kingston lady, then
resident in Cuba, lent \$100 in
1921, just to mention one case
that was reported to me. After
making vain attempts at getting
information from the U.S. head-
quarters, she returned to Ja-
maica, and in 1925, when Mr.
Marcus Garvey arrived here fur-
ther representations brought no
better results. After the lady's
death, her son was then advised
by the President General, Febru-
ary, 1928; "The Construction
Loan that you may hold is a
value, but it will take some time
before the organisation will find
itself in a position to redeem it
another nine months per-
haps." The young gentleman is
still, I think holding the bond.

Garvey died in a quiet West
Kensington Cottage, London,
England, in June 1940 at the age
48.

PLACES

MANCHESTER TOWNS

In the last issue of PAGODA
(March 25), I dealt at length with
the town of Mandeville. This
capital town of the parish has
been receiving attention from the
local press. Both the "Gleaner"
and the "Daily Express" are giv-
ing publicity to special articles
about this rising midland town of
Jamaica.

PORUS is my present objective.
The name is of historical interest.
It is probably called after some
well sunk here or from the porus
nature of the soil which is red-
dish in colour and "pitted with
holes." One historian mentions
the interesting fact that the
Morant Cays were called Los
Poros because "not finding water

in them they dug pits in the
sand." It is therefore possible
that in the case of Porus, as in
that of the Morant Cays, there
has been a confusion of terms.
The fact is that this Manchester
town should really be called "Las
Pocas," Spanish for "the pits."
I remember the time when the
town of Porus was supplied with
water from a well that was situ-
ated in the centre of the town
near the Market, and the water
was pumped up every time the
villagers came for their supplies.
Today Porus has an up-to-date
water supply by pipes. There is a
standpipe for those who cannot
afford to take in their own in-
dependent pipe.

Another recent improvement is
that the roadways through the
town are paved and asphalted,
with proper drains to lead off any
surplus surface water.

THINGS

THE FARMER

Farming is a better term to use
than Agriculture, and this fact
is being recognised more and
more. At meetings of the Ja-
maica Agricultural Society, I
notice that the members are re-
ferred to as Farmers, not as
Agriculturalists as was formerly
the case. Farming means more
than planting and reaping; farm-
ing includes everything that is
produced on the farm or holding,
including animal life. The new
order must aim at educating the
peasant proprietor that it is just
as necessary to rear rabbits, goats,
pigs and poultry as to grow peas
and corn and sugar cane. The
great aim in all production cam-
paigns is to make the island self-
supporting in those things that
can be grown here. To this end
all the scientific resources of the
colony must be directed. There
must be no bungling. It is well
to emphasize the fact that in-
tensive agriculture means scien-
tific applications or applied com-
monsense.

I well remember how the late
David Lloyd George used to re-
mind Great Britain that at the
close of World War I they had
food for just about three weeks
more. Such a state of affairs
must not happen again. Lloyd
George himself set the example
when he bought his Surry farm
of 300 acres which he vigorously
and successfully cultivated.

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HOSPITAL ACCOMMODATION

That the accommodation in the
public hospitals throughout the
island is much too small is a well
known fact. It is a painful cir-
cumstance to turn away ailing
people on the plea that there is
no accommodation for them.
Often it is to die for want of
proper medical and nursing treat-
ment. A fortnight ago I heard
of a case in the Mandeville hos-
pital where a patient was forced
to leave because he was rendered
uncomfortable by having to sleep
in the same bed as another pa-
tient.

Doctors Prove

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- 1 Wash with Palmolive Soap.
- 2 For 60 seconds, massage with
Palmolive's soft, lovely lather.
Rinse!
- 3 Do this 3 times a day for 14 days.



TALKING IT OVER

By ELIZABETH MARTIN

Dear Miss Martin,

I am very anxious to go to the United States of America to further my studies but am unable to defray the expenses myself and find it difficult to get someone to sponsor me. I have friends in the States but it is not possible for them to help me at the present time. Could you give me any advice on the subject?

Nits.

Dear Nits,

I can quite understand that you are anxious to continue your studies; but try to remember that anything worth having is worth waiting for, and if you earn a thing yourself you value it so much more.

You say that you are unable to defray the expenses yourself, have you stopped to consider that if you take a job in the meantime and save up you would eventually be able to pay your own expenses.

So don't lose heart, look for a job and continue your studies at

home until you are able to get away.

E. M.

Dear Miss Martin,

I have a problem and would like to have your advice.

I am almost 20 years old and am very much in love with a boy who is a frequent visitor to our home. He loves me very much too, and my parents are very fond of him.

Sometime ago I asked my mother if I could spend a holiday with this boy's parents but she refused to allow me and says that my father will also object. On a few occasions I have spent time with friends—boys and girls—in the city, therefore I don't see why they should object to my spending a little time with this particular friend. His parents declare they like me and would very much love to have my company.

Please help me and let me have your early advice.

Yours,

E. H.

Dear E. H.

It is so hard when we are young and in love to understand the 'wheres-and-whyfors' of our parents' decisions and reasonings and apparent unreasonings.

True, your parents have let you spend time with other friends, but remember they were just friends, you were not in love with them, as you say you are with this lad.

As you are in love with him and hope to marry him some day, you must be patient in the meantime and give way to the conventions. Why spoil your chances of happiness with this boy, by grasping at a fleeting holiday.

People can be very catty you know, and your wise parents

realising that you care for the boy, do not wish you to be the butt of such unpleasant remarks as — "she's running after him", etc., etc.

Be guided by your parents — age brings wisdom and honour.

E. M.

Dear Miss Martin,

I am a single girl, but so many of my kind friends have entertained me and taken me out that I have decided to entertain a few of them in return.

I want to take about six couples to dinner at a good hotel and afterwards to dancing. Now you know how it is when there are men in a party, they would be very hurt if a woman offered to pay a bill! Can you suggest some way in which I can arrange for the expenses of the evening to be entirely mine, without embarrassing anyone?

L. G.

Dear L. G.

The best way to settle for the dinner is to plan ahead. Consult with the manager or caterer of the hotel, and having arranged a menu according to your liking and, if desired, appropriate drinks to be served with the meal, then you can arrange also to hand in an approximate amount that will more than cover the bill, and ask them to have the change handed

to you in an envelope on your way out.

Tickets for the dance could be procured in advance and handed to one of the gentlemen whom you know best. You can ask him to supervise the seating and so forth at the club. A previous arrangement with the head waiter should take care of expenses.

E. M.

This world is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel.

It is idle to attempt to talk a young woman in love out of her passion: love does not lie in the ear.

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Yes, Nature may do all this. And yet you may find your face mockingly slapped if you suffer these distressing symptoms, which so many unfortunate girls and women do.

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So if female functional monthly disturbances are causing you to suffer from pain, nervous distress and feel weak, restless, so cranky and irritable that you almost turn into a 'she-devil'—on such days—THIS IS SOMETHING YOU SHOULDN'T JOKE ABOUT. Start right away—try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms. It's famous for this purpose. And don't



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Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND

APRIL 8, 1950.

THE PAGODA

IN PARENTHESIS

She's the type who does everything the hard way.

Because of a Court decision, thousands of people in America are not sure whether they're married or divorced. One feels that the question becomes increasingly academic.

"Mother, are there any men in heaven?"

"Why, yes, Darling."

"But I never see any pictures of angels with whiskers."

"Of course not, Darling; men get in with a close shave."

A Los Angeles cafeteria has this sign prominently posted: "Our spoons, knives and forks are not medicine — please do not take after eating."

"Jonas," ordered the farmer, "all the clocks in the house have run down. Wish you'd hitch up and ride down to the junction and find out what time it is."

"I ain't got a watch. Will you lend me one?"

"Watch! Watch! What d'ye want a watch fer? Write it down on a piece of paper."

A London house hunter with special problems, ran this public notice: "Required — a furnished house or flat, large enough to stop my wife from going home to mother, and small enough to stop mother from coming home to my wife."

A boy and his mother stood looking at a dentist's showcase.

"If I had to have false teeth, mother, I'd take that pair," said the small boy, pointing.

"Hush, James," interposed the mother quickly, shaking his arms. "Haven't I told you it's bad manners to pick your teeth in public?"

Famous last words: "He is such a lovely dog, I'm sure he won't bite me."

She wore her stockings inside out.

All through the summer heat: She said it cooled her off to turn

The hose upon her feet.

"Well, Pat, what are ye doin'? Sweepin' out the shop?"

Pat inspected the employer disgustedly. "No, sir. Ol'm sweep-

in' out the dirt, an' lavin' the shop."

Two tramps were dragged before the police judge, charged with fighting and disturbing the peace generally. The first culprit took the stand.

"He hit me on de koko, yer honor," he testified, indicating the other tramp.

"On the what?"

"On the koko, yer honor."

"Do you mean on the head?"

"Yes, yer honor."

"Why don't you speak the English language?"

"I do, yer honor. I never wuz out of dis country in me life."

Itching, says a doctor, is largely effect of mental stress: you are probably taking life too seriously. Still, if the Health Department would take more insect life seriously it would help.

Clerk: "Excuse me, your Worship — you can only remand him."

Temporary Justice: "Very well, then. You are severely remanded."

It was the policy of a Maine farmer to think first and then ask questions. He stuck to that policy when a stranger approached him one day and asked:

"How much is that prize Jersey heifer of yours worth?"

The farmer did his think and then asked his question.

"Tell me," he asked, "are you the tax-assessor, or has she been killed by a train?"

Inscription of a cigarette lighter:

"To my matchless wife."

And then there was the patient at the Nuttall Hospital who declared: "I was getting better and then I took a sudden turn for the nurse."

An advertiser's talks of "women's enlarged economic status." Does he mean more money in the pants, or just bigger pants?

"Tobacco," says an ad, "is a relatively mild form of dope that gives pleasure to some and annoyance to others."

This is the new school of salesmanship-in-print.

"Seen Jones 'bout here 'n the lash hour an' half?"

"Yes, he was here."

"Ja notice whether I was with him?"

You cannot love a thing without wanting to fight for it.

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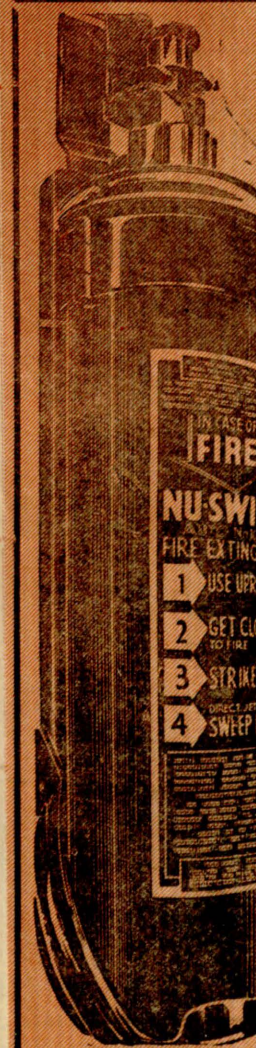
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FAR EAST BOOKS

BY EASTERN WINDOWS

By William H. McDougall, Jr.

Crack U.P. Correspondent Bill McDougall had a Private Miracle. He was snatched from the devouring jaws of the Java Zee crocodiles, which landed him in jail in Sumatra's Jap prison for three years.

By Eastern Windows is the exciting story of these prison years. It is a story of a battle of souls and minds.

This book is a tremendous human document. It is a revelation of human behaviour at its sorry worst and noble best. It is a study of human nature in the face of starvation, suffering and misery—harbouring bitter hatred and stark fear, side by side with tremendous courage and unearthly self-sacrifice.

Author McDougall came away from his prison experiences rich in wisdom. Here and there throughout the book he reveals snatches of a spiritual insight that he gained: "A dying man has only his spiritual reservoir to draw upon. If that treasure of the soul is empty, he has only one companion—despair (fear of life or fear of death) . . . The will is like a dam holding back

the waters of Lethe. When the will is gone, the flood sweeps in, drowning the life too tired to fight."

Unforgettable characters live and die in these pages: A man called Mr. Cynic, habitual scoffer of religion, who, when death looked him straight in the eye, collapsed in a heap of howls and tears (I'm sinking down the long tunnel—pull me out!").

There is a soldier of fortune called Mr. Hamilcar, who bare-headed could lick an army of wildcats—but couldn't face death. After a crude attempt at suicide he lay three days on the floor screaming for dope. Death quieted his broken nerves.

Then there was the Greedy One who died of beri-beri. Although he had a hidden store of vitamin tablets that could have saved his life, he secretly sold them at a fabulous price, hoping that his friends would buy them back from the black market. After his death, an astonishing sum of hoarded guildars was unearthed.

Mr. Crummet had a reputation of being tough. Even whilst dying he was reluctant to disclose his belief in God. Why? "People might think I was getting soft,"

he confided. Not until the malarial patients nearest to him had fallen into coma, did his worried and fearsome soul break the masquerade: "Do you know some prayers?" he whispered to the author. "Ask the Fathers to pray for me." The friends about whom Crummet was so anxious didn't even attend his funeral.

Mother Alocoque was a nun with a disarming smile and tremendous courage. She masterminded the underground of the camp in favour of the sick and dying—until someone betrayed her.

This book gets its name from Churchill's famous speech to Parliament in 1941 in which he quoted Clough's poem: "And not by Eastern Windows only when daylight comes, comes in the light."

Father Bakker, a Bengka missionary, put the poem to music and dedicated the composition to Churchill. This noble priest, the hero of the prison, worked himself to exhaustion, disease and death for his fellow sufferers.

Now, U.P.'s Rip Van Winkle II (McDougall was written off as dead in 1943) has started a one man crusade against hate. ("No disarmament except in the hearts of men.") Heeding the Christly wisdom of Bishop Mekkelholt ("don't hate the Japs—pray for them"), the author himself prays in his private battle against hate: "God, please help Seki and his

interpreter—and have mercy on Tojo, too."

Ronald Norris in
The China Monthly.

MANCHURIA SINCE 1931

By F. C. Jones

The Author is a lecturer at Britain's University of Bristol and he writes, accurately of Manchuria from the Japanese coup of 1931 to the selective stripping of industrial Manchuria by Soviet Russia after the surrender.

Mr. Jones knows a lot about the Japanese venture, as do the rest of us, but unlike many of us, he also sees and fears the potentialities of what Russia is doing there today. He writes "Whatever the future may hold, it is already evident that the passing of 'Manchukuo,' which closed one turbulent epoch in Manchurian history, was also the opening of another which seems likely to be even more storm-wracked."

He is right when he says that the fate of Manchuria will turn on relations between America and the U.S.S.R. Unfortunately, he seems to be wrong when he does not believe that America would be willing to acquiesce in a Communist victory. We appear ready to do just that.

At any rate, the men in the Kremlin would do well to study what Mr. Jones remembers of the sad fate of the vast empire Japanese aggression built in

Joy Of Spring



Spring brings flowers and birds and leg-art photos of bathing beauties like Nancy Valentine, one of the many shapely starlets who adorn the RKO Radio roster. You'll be seeing Nancy on the screen at your favorite theatre soon in "Strange Bargain."

Manchuria, with nearly a million Japanese settled there and some eight billion dollars poured into modernization. Now they are all gone, money and Japanese, with six of the chief planners dead on an American scaffold in Tokyo and another 19 imprisoned in Sugamo.

For their part, the conquering Russians, according to the author's summary of "damage to Basic Manchurian Industry" took the best, leaving the "antiquated behind," to the tune of \$853,000,000. This was direct damage.

Total cost of replacement would be nearer two billions, he estimates.

A dark portent of what is happening in Manchuria today, and thereby to American security, is shown by the author's trade figures. In 1937 Japan's "Manchukuo" took 57% of its imports from America and only 0.7% from Russia. Today we are out, completely out, and only Russia is in. This is truly worth pondering.

John Goette in
The China Monthly.

CONFUCIUS THE GOOD NEIGHBOUR

(Continued from page 8)

an attempt to solve the problem of death in religious fashion, then perhaps Confucius can be said to have been the great religious leader for China. In this country, some are Buddhists, some are not; some are Taoists, most are not; some are Christians, the majority are not; but almost every one is an ancestor-worshiper in the sense that he cleaves to his family, tolerates the altar of ancestral tablets in his home and observes those rituals and ceremonies in connection with funerals, mourning, "tomb-sweeping," and so on. Even Chinese Christians do that, and they do not see any inconsistency in it. As a matter of fact, the self-righteous wrath of the early Jesuits cost the Catholic Church many many years of persecution and setback, in the seventeenth century.

CONFUCIANISM is always on the side of the existing order. The Sage is always a friend of the powers that be. There is no "right of revolution" in his teaching. If things go wrong in the state, reform the prince by setting his heart right. In the Latter Sung Dynasty, when China was hard pressed by the Chin barbarians, the Emperor asked the most eminent Confucian scholar Chu Hsi as to the best ways and means to repel the barbarian invasion and got the reply: "Sire, all you need to do

is to set your heart aright and make your purpose sincere!" A truly Confucian piece of advice!

If Confucianism is always an apology for the existing powers, it is natural that those whose interests lie in the dethronement of those powers should make it the target of attack, and after their attack has been successful and their own ruling position has been secured, should themselves turn Confucian! Some years back, a group of Chinese literati raised the standard of what they called "literary revolution," seeking to enthrone their *pai-hua*, or the spoken tongue, as the orthodox vehicle of expression. When the "revolution" was at its height, a hue and cry was raised against what they called "Kungchian-tien," or "the shop of Confucius." Having become successful now, none of these literary men ever breathes a word against the Sage, and some of them profess to be quite good Confucians.

PERSONALIA

(Continued from Page 6)

the birth of a daughter on Saturday, April 1.

On Easter Sunday at the Kingston Parish Church there will be Sung Mass at 5.00 a.m. and Holy Communion at 7.00 a.m. At 9.15 a.m. there will be Solemn High Mass, Procession and Sermon. The music of the Mass is Gounod—Troisième Messe Solennelle accompanied by an orchestra. Children's service will be at 3.30 p.m. and Solemn Evensong, Sermon and Procession at 7.00 p.m.

PORT ANTONIO

The Y.M.C.A. and South China

Basketball teams went up to Port Antonio to play the Chinese Sports Club on March 19 and 26 respectively. The visitors won on both occasions. The ladies' team playing their first outside encounter lost to a ladies' team representing the Jamaica Volleyball and Basketball Association.

The Sports Club also played a friendly game of Table Tennis with Club Casino del Mar last Sunday, March 30. The Sports Club won by the overwhelming margin of 9-0. Playing for the winning team were Vincent Leesang (capt), Vincent Chung, Victor Chung, Albert Young, J. A. Lowe, K. Chungseong, R. Mooyoung, C. Leesang and Horace Chin.

The Club held its annual meeting on March 26, 1950 and elected the following eleven officers to serve as its executive committee for the coming year:

Vincent Chung—President
Wilson Leesang—Vice-president
J. A. Lowe—Secretary
Viola Chen—Ass't. Secretary
Claude Phang—Treasurer
Lewis Chin—Ass't. Treasurer
Vincent Leesang—Games Captain
Victor Chung—Ass't. Games Captain

Ralph Mooyoung, Pearl Jacobs and Ruby Chin—officers for social affairs.

The Club has obtained permission from the United Fruit Company to play tennis on their Boudbrook Wharf premises. The Rev. Fr. William Dyer, S.J. who has acted as coach for the basketball team has promised to coach tennis and softball.

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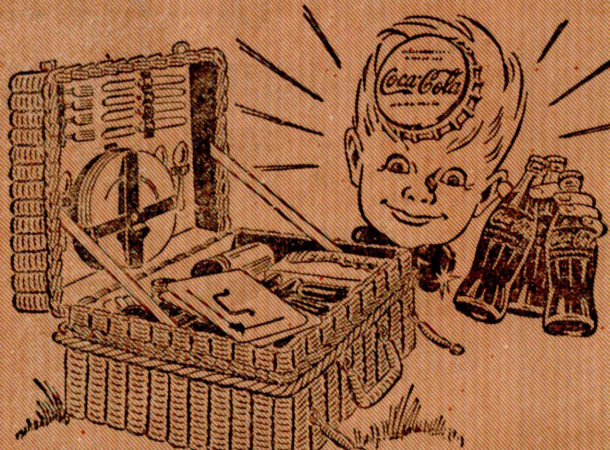
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First Actress In Her Family

By Brian Young



Greer Garson can point to no progenitor or relative with even the slightest theatrical connection. The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star attended the University of London and rather reluctantly accepted the family suggestion that it would be nice to be a teacher.

It would most assuredly have been nice for the pupils lucky enough to land under Miss Garson's charge. But, after a period of conflicting thoughts, the beautiful young woman decided she would go after a business career, as the lesser of two evils. She had always been fascinated by the stage, but she rarely mentioned this, even to her closest friends. None of them knew, until they were invited to see her play a part with the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, that while working with a London advertising firm she had manoeuvred an introduction to a repertory manager, this being the end result.

Once in the absorbing world of the theatre, there was no question for a second of leaving it. Miss Garson continued with the Birmingham group for two years, then toured in a role in Shaw's "Too True To Be Good." One day at a luncheon the young, and still unknown, actress was ap-

proached by Sylvia Thompson, who had written a script called "Golden Arrow." She wanted Miss Garson to play opposite Laurence Olivier. Miss Garson demurred at first; the part looked as if it needed an established star. When the play opened, the newcomer was an established British stage name.

It was while she was playing in "Old Music" that Louis B. Mayer, visiting London, saw and signed the young actress. Miss Garson went to Hollywood, where producers found it hard to pick a role which would be just right for her novel and arresting personality. After almost a year of dreary inactivity, the actress announced she was returning to London. That week she was cast for the feminine lead opposite Robert Donat in "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," which was filmed in its original locale in England. After the release of "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" Hollywood had a new feminine star.

Among the subsequent Garson vehicles, which lifted her to a position of pre-eminent popularity, were "Pride and Prejudice," "Blossoms In The Dust," "When Ladies Meet," "Mrs. Miniver," "Random Harvest," "Madame Curie," "Mrs. Parkington," "The Valley of Decision" and "Julia

CHINESE MAGIC

By Herbert J. Collings

For nearly fifty years I have been entertaining the public with Chinese Magic, under the name of Col. Ling Soo. At the age of 15 after practising about two hours a day for nearly a year, I succeeded in spinning four China plates and a large basin simultaneously. One of the most popular Chinese conjuring tricks is known as the Chinese Linking Rings, eight or nine metal rings shown to be separate one minute, are joined together and unjoined and various designs formed with them. I performed this at the opening of the Chung Hwa School and Club in Pennyfields, Limehouse in 1934. A delightful effect too, is when two little pieces of tissue paper are twisted up to represent butterflies and with the aid of a fan flutter about and settle on a bunch of flowers in the most natural way.

Two parallel bamboo rods with a cord passing through them which continues to function after it has been cut, is another baffling mystery. The spinning of a coin or ring on a open umbrella is a favourite effect of mine. The production of a large bush of flowers from an empty tube is very popular and the appearance of a bowl of goldfish from nowhere is certainly startling.

A music hall effect which created quite a sensation when first shown in England by a troupe of Chinese magicians and jugglers, was the jet of water like a fountain from the top of one of the performer's heads, and then was switched off and appeared to come out of the blade of a sword. Real magic indeed!

Delightful little ivory puzzles came to England in the early part of the nineteenth century in lacquer boxes, one in particular is a trial of patience. Seven or eight little cubes to be replaced in a little square box to form a complete square cube. Ivory rods

Misbehaves." She is now appearing before the cameras in "The Forsyte Saga."

Miss Garson lives with her mother in Bel Air, California, and while a witty conversationalist, she is intensely serious about her work. She owns a white French poodle, Gogo, who has made brief screen appearances with his mistress, and a pedigreed Siamese cat, Rama. Her favourite sports are golf and swimming, with long walks a

combination of exercise and relaxation.

threaded by cords which increase and decrease as they are pulled through and the rods separated.

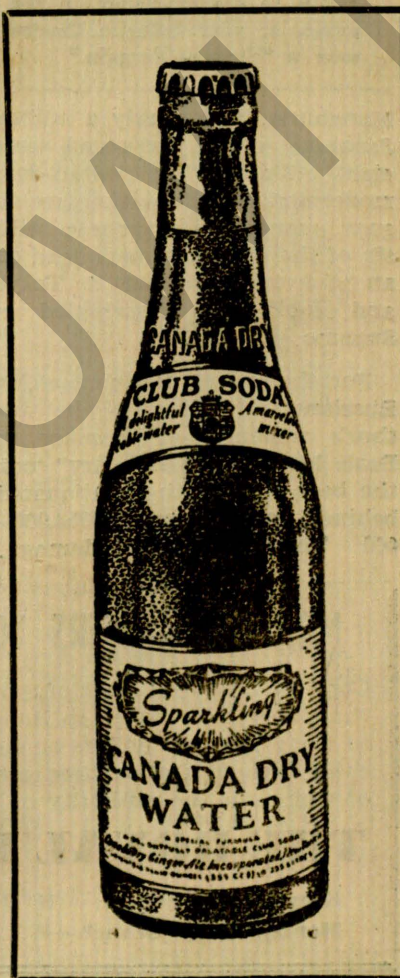
The entertainment world owes a great deal to China, for it was from the Chinese we got puppets and shadow plays, the forerunner of cinematography, and astounding feats of balancing and jugglery.

I love performing in Chinese costume and filling the stage with beautiful old embroideries and coloured flags and flowers. In this way the audiences are encouraged to appreciate examples of craftsmanship and design.

I am not at liberty to divulge the secrets of the tricks mentioned, as my position in the Magic Circle prevents this.

I have an interesting collection of Chinese curios and costumes at home where I have a Chinese room and have held one or two little exhibitions there in aid of the British United Aid to China Fund.

I shall always be happy to do what I can if only in a small way, to help a country to which I owe so much and whose people I admire for their patience and courage.



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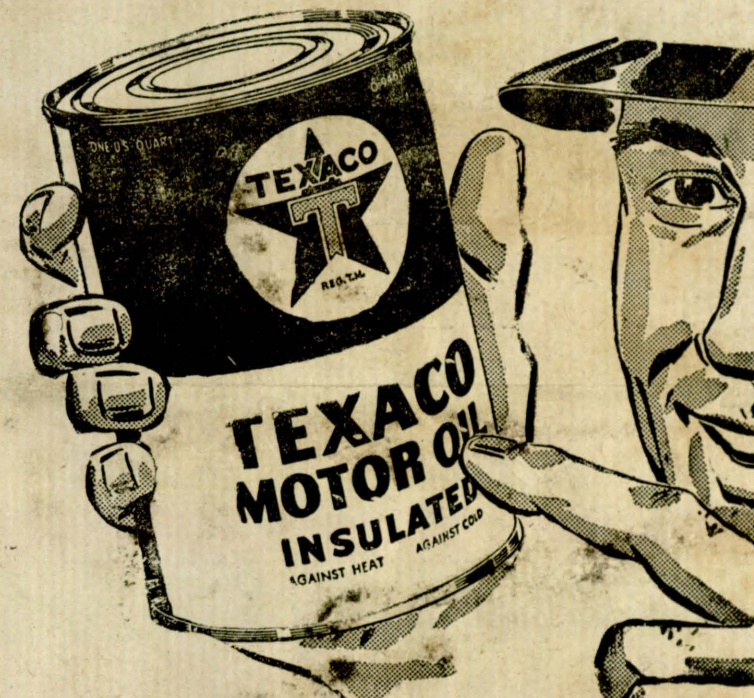
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