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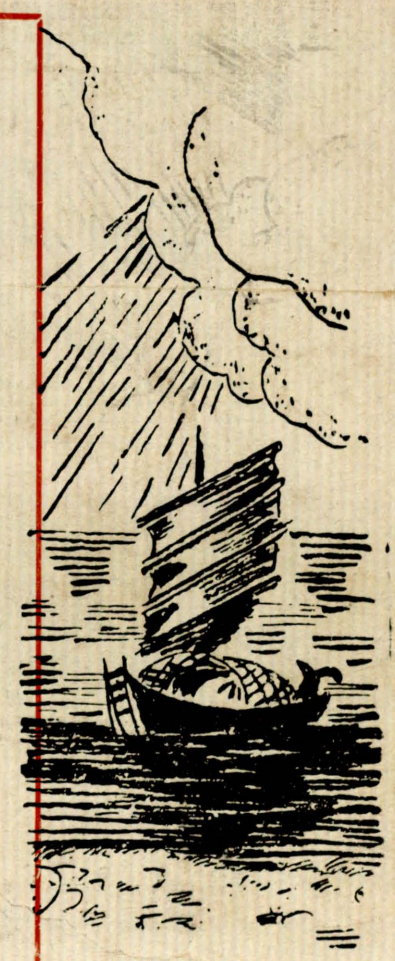
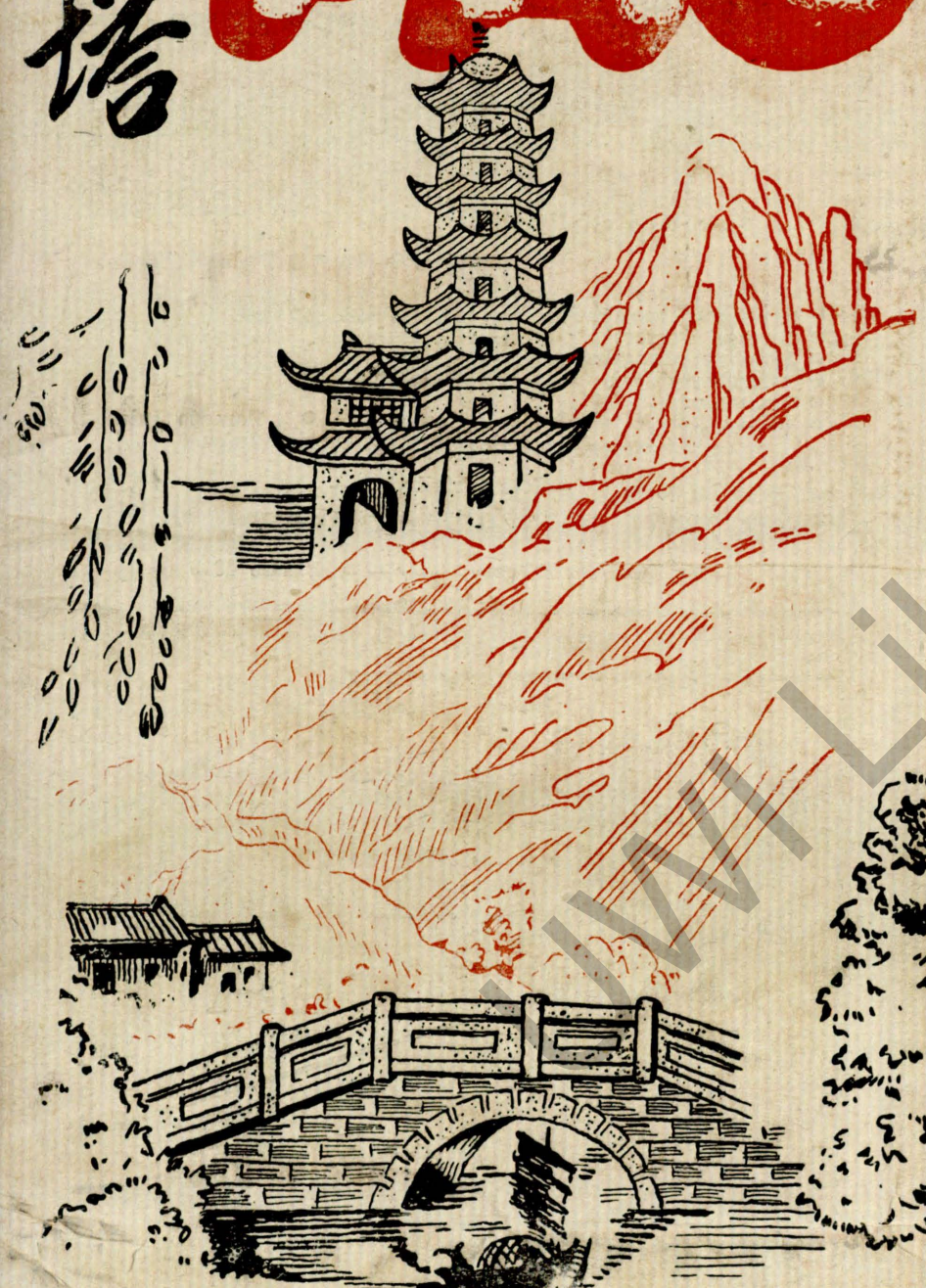
The

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PAGODA

A FORTNIGHTLY MAGAZINE

PRICE THREEPENCE



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THE MOON AND MARRIAGE

By PIONEER

From South China Morning Post, Hongkong

MANY races attribute to the Moon an influence over marriage. In the British Isles maidens bow to the planet, and turn their silver in their pockets but, whether the connection is that the metal was associated with the pallid sphere, or that they utter a silent prayer that she will reveal the names of their future husbands in a dream, is a moot point.

In Holland, as in China, lovers sighed for the moon twenty five centuries ago, and from India to the Hebrides her influence over marriages was acknowledged.

The Chinese believe in a Yueh Lao Yeh, or Old Man of the Moon, who is envisaged as a grey beard, who presides over all marriages made on earth. He provides and knots the red cord which binds the betrothed together for life, and there is a saying that marriages are made in Heaven, but prepared in the Moon.

Yueh Lao's decisions are irrevocable, and the Chinese recognise that to dispute them is unavailing.

A legend of the T'ang Dynasty supports this supposition, for at that remote period of history, a certain youth named Wei Ku during a journey observed an ancient seated in the moonlight consulting a book.

In passing the time of night, he inquired what the volume contained, for he was of a literary turn of mind. The Sage replied that it was a register of

the marriages of all on earth and, to support his contention, produced a red cord from his sleeve. With this, he said, he bound the feet of men and maidens, whom fate decreed should be joined together, and that there was no escaping the bond, no matter whether their clans were at enmity, or that their ancestral homes were separated by the width of the country.

He then volunteered to show Wei Ku his future bride, and pointed out a repulsive old vegetable hawker as his father-in-law

The child was then a mere infant of no pedigree, and the youth was looking for something far higher to advance his career. As female children of little account, and one more or less never would be missed, Wei Ku went into conference with one of those bandits who were ready to "kill a little baby for the coral on its neck."

The man employed collected the cash, but bungled the job though the maiden bore the scar of his attentions to her dying day.

Fourteen years later, Wei, a prominent official in a distant province, contracted a marriage through the usual go-between, with an eligible consort but, when the veil was raised he recognised her by the scar over her eyebrow.

Inquiries proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that she was the bride originally destined for him and pointed out by the Greybeard. As, in Imperial China, the

interested parties had no choice whatsoever in the selection of a mate, one suspects that this story was invented to silence all criticism of the parents' choice.

Though the current Yueh Lao Yeh myth probably only dates from the popularisation of Taoism by Chang Tao-ling, the mystical union of the sun and the moon must have been a belief which goes back to the earliest history of the race.

Workers in the fields noted the full disc of the pale planet illuminated once a month, and attributed its radiance to a visit from its more powerful consort.

THE celebration of the Moon Festival lasted from one to three days according to the wealth of the family.

The feast itself was usually at midnight, when the planet is high in the sky for full moon always rises at 6 p.m.

The evenings were devoted to moon-viewing parties, dating from the reign of the Emperor Wu Ti, a hundred years before the Christian era. This Sovereign is reputed to have ordered the construction of a special Toad Terrace on which he gave banquets with an uninterrupted view of the object of worship.

The ladies, whose festival it was, were segregated to a special verandah or terrace of their own, where they carried out the rites incumbent on their sex, and blind musicians were hired for their entertainment, who played and sang the odes of Li Tai Po.

(Continued on Page 8)

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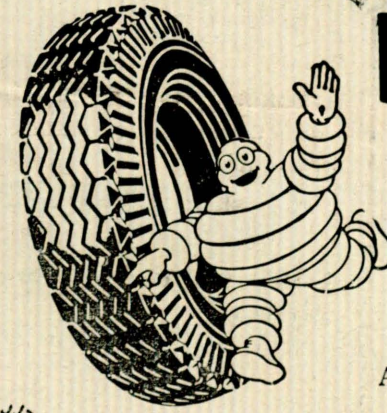
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JAMBOREE

By S. H. C.

(The spelling of French words herein is phonetic—as received by the untrained Jamaican ear.)
In the very centre of the site there was a tent, a small green scoutmaster's tent. To the uninitiated, it would appear just like any other tent. To us, years old in the movement, it was such a tent as should be remarked upon: a tent to be remembered.

I have seen tents of many forms, shapes and sizes; I have seen many tents of assorted colours, which would in their massing together on one camp site, make the rainbow seem like a casual drying-of-the-brush effort of a painter who was doodling, but in technicolour. Tents I have seen which find their origin in every country under the sun. But this tent to which I refer. Why, there never was, nor likely ever will be such a tent as possesses life of its own, which before my unbelieving eyes, this one did.

And as we watched it wiggle and waggle in uncertain movements very reminiscent of the rhumba, a blinding flash of realization burst forth, and we knew the answer.

All around us, tents were going up in recommended times and in approved manner. The barren desert was rapidly being changed into a tiny town of canvas dwellings, and slightly more permanent appearing, at least on the surface, we could see the market place, which for many days would serve the inhabitants of the little Jamboree town and the tourists from the outer world. And as our thoughts strayed, we again suffered the intrusion of the peculiarly-acting tent upon our consciousness. It had now apparently rolled over, and settled down, like a weary hippopotamus which had swum for days through muddy water, and had finally made dry land.

But the tent. The centre pole twitched and jerked and swayed as it sought the perpendicular. Ever and anon it wavered back down to the almost horizontal. Time and again, it seemed to hesitate as if pondering the next move, and then again its uppermost tip would seek the skies. At last! We sighed as we knew the mechanism within must have achieved the very peak of its effort, and soon, from the enveloping canvas a hand reached forth. It groped blindly around, if it can be put that way, and final-

ly grasped what it figured must have been the fly sheet of the tent. P.S., it wasn't. After a few more tries, the flap was found, and the hand was followed by a leg, and then the rest of the body emerged. As the face exposed itself to the afternoon sunlight, we recognised it as that of Jeepers.

He sent us his cheery grin, and waved:
"Hi fellows!"
"Hi!"
We moved over to give him the helping hand. Taking a hold of guy lines, we soon had him pegged out. But while he was still inside holding on to the main pole, the capping gave way with a soft tearing sound, and the whole tent slithered down the length of the pole to smother him completely.

Night settled down quickly, and we soon followed suit. The entire Jamboree area showed dying fires blinking like fireflies, and as one after the other they were put out, they gave the impression of candles being snuffed out after a candlelight service.

Daybreak found us grouped around one of the community centres, the ablutions shed where muffled, but animated conversation was being carried on in between swift strokes of the tooth brush, or was being filtered through folds of face towels. About us as they moved to and from the taps, we heard greetings in French, pure and patois, "broad" Jamaican, English from 'home' in England, rapid fine Spanish, from Cuba, Dutch from Curacao and Surinam, and the quaint accents from Trinidad, Tobago, Nassau, and Barbados. Never was there such harmony from an international concourse, never was there such a singleness of purpose.

The day passed on with incidents which sought for and found a place in the memory of the scouts and their leaders, which Time will find most difficult to erase. Minutely friendships were being formed, and this was only the second day.

Jim and I strolled through the market (to which the public is invited). We stopped for an ice-cream in the Milk Products centre. As we sat there out of the sun placidly lading the frozen confection, we heard the murmur of voices just outside. Like everyone else, Jeepers was catching up-

on languages half-learnt in school.

He was using the approach cautious.

"Bong joor mon ami scoot d'Haiti!"

"Bong joor mon ami d'Jamaïque!"

"How are you today?"

"Eh? . . . Oh, I am good feeling, s'anks you!"

The friendly grins were even more eloquent.

As another Haitian approached Jeepers addressed him.

"Bong joor mon ami!"

"Ah, bong joor" his face lighted up with pleasure, with the hope of future conversations with this so intellectual Jamaican scout who obviously knew his language.

"voo parley Frensay" —

"Yeah, I parley a little bit, I am so pleased that you can perhaps teach me some of your language."

"Eh?" Our friend from Haiti looked at Jeepers in puzzlement, he was double crossed. Perhaps his intellectual friend from Jamaïque was not so bright in the head after all. It is of a thousand pities that for so good the start he makes the fall abrupt.

"Kel dit ill?"

That much Jeepers knew. His Haitian No. 2 was enquiring:

"What did he say!"

Having exhausted his French vocabulary, Jeepers turned to No. 1, who had a working knowledge of English.

"Tell him for me, Jacques!"

Jacques turning to do as requested, pointed to Jeepers and said to his compatriot.

"He say—that—he—is — so — happée!"

He stopped, looked from one to the other and then, throwing back his head, laughed mightily:

"I am the funee one. To my brother from Haiti I speak the English and he speaks only the French."

We joined in the laughter, for it was of a verity, the joke magnifique.

-----o:0-----

Talking and eloquence are not the same: to speak and to speak well, are two things. A fool may talk, but a wise man speaks.

—Ben Jonson.

-----o:0-----

The human species, according to the best theory I can form on it, is composed of two distinct races, the men who borrow, and the men who lend.

—Charles Lamb.

-----o:0-----

His * * *

The brave only know how to forgive. A coward never forgave; it is not in his nature.

—Rev. Laurence Sterne.

A man cannot become young by over-exerting himself.

—Jowett.



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MOVEMENTS OF NOTE

By I. C. Evre 'Ting

ONE of the biggest events ever in Jamaica is the Jamboree. I was surprised to see how well the Chinese community was represented as many of the troops from the parishes had representatives from the community. It was a very pleasant and encouraging sight and I was very happy to see them there. From the spectator point of view, however, our community was not well represented. Every parent should make it a point to attend it at least once in the coming week.

SPEAKING of the Jamboree the C.S.A. must be gratified to know that they have contributed in a material way to the participation of a Chinese troop. Returning to that memorable event, the Bara Dance. I recall the presence of the District Commissioner who despite his distaste for late nights, stayed on till 2 a.m. He was there for a little speech which he never had the opportunity to make because of the crowded programme of the evening. Perhaps if he had, many more of us would have realised what an important event it was going to be.

THERE was a very impromptu basket party the other night at the Cathay Club. Now for basket parties on would think the girls would come in numbers, but it turned out that the boys outnumbered the girls three to one. It was a very enjoyable affair, none the less, and there are indications that there will be many more of them.

THE hurricane has changed the

lives of many of us. The big gale brought over a young man from Trinidad, a very promising young electrical engineer. The first promise he has got is that of a popular young debutante which was sealed with a ring just a few days ago. That is one big step forward for any young man

JUDGING from reports coming from our country cousins they are much more active than we are in the city right now, having quite a bit of inter-parish competition in sports and games. I hope the spirit spreads and that soon we will be able to have a bright social column of news from every part of the island.

THE Keep Fit slogan is spreading fast. They have not only grown in size but it has gone wider in scope. One afternoon is devoted to balletic exercises and dance routines. While it is all for the fun and exercise, the instructor hopes to see a real representative Chinese dancing group that can give a creditable performance when called upon to do something.

THE Cathayan orchestra, led by first saxo, "Iggie", made a surprise appearance at the Carib theatre last Tuesday. Talent scout John Philips heard the orchestra one Saturday night and booked them for the following Tuesday. The length of the programme however only allowed them to play two numbers but radio response from all sides was very commendable.

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PERSONALIA

BENEVOLENT SOCIETY
HOLDS SPECIAL
GENERAL MEETING

The Chinese Benevolent Society held a special general meeting on Sunday, February 24 at the Society's Hall at 129 Barry Street. The main subject on the agenda of the four-hour-long meeting was the Chinese Public School. The decision to extend the service of the Board of Directors of the School from one year to three years was left to the executive committee of the Society. The former body, as with all the other Chinese public functioning bodies, was elected annually. It was felt that one year was too short a period for a committee like the Public School's to carry out successfully any plans they may have. It was also decided that the School increase the number of English subjects taught. The daily curriculum will be changed now to four periods in English subjects and two period in Chinese subjects. Previously there were three in English and three in Chinese.

After the meeting a dinner was held which was attended by more than eighty people.

BENEVOLENT SOCIETY
APPOINTS SCHOOL BOARD

The Managing Committee of the Chinese Benevolent Society has appointed the following persons to serve on the Public School Board: Messrs A. Tie Ten Quee, Stephen Yap, Cyril B. Chin, Chen Koon Yee, Wong Quee Fah, Chang Ching Sang, Lennie Chin Yee, Horace Chang, Willie Lyn Ah Woo, Ernest Ho Tai, James L. Chin, Gladstone Chang and Cecil Chin Yee. Depending on the decision of the Executive Committee of the Society the present Board of Directors will likely serve for the next three years.

CHINESE ATHLETIC CLUB
TO BE REBUILT AT
DERRYMORE ROAD

The C.A.C. held a special general meeting last Thursday afternoon at their Clubhouse on 3 Deanery Road. The meeting called on Sunday was postponed due to lack of a quorum. The important point discussed was the rebuilding of the Clubhouse which was destroyed last August in the hurricane. After lengthy discussions it was decided to rebuild at Derrymore Road as soon as funds permit and certain arrangements can be made. The site at Derrymore Road is a donation from Mr. A. Tie Ten Quee and is about six acres in size.

ENGAGEMENTS
ANNOUNCED

During the last fortnight a number of engagements were announced at parties. At a birthday party on Sunday, February 24, pretty debutante Greta Hosang was the guest of honour. Friends were very nappy to hear of her betrothal to Mr. Geddes Tom Quong. Geddes came here from Trinidad last August and is an engineer at the local office of the B.W.I.A. Greta is the daughter of Mrs. Ruby Hosang and Mr. Dudley Hosang.

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Chin Yee the announcement of the engagement of Miss Ivy Chin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril B. Chin to Mr. Lester Fung was announced to a few close and intimate friends. Lester is a brother of Mrs. Cecil Chin Yee.

Also announced the same day was the engagement of Miss Lucy Fung and Mr. Victor Wong. Lucy is a recent arrival from Hongkong and is also a sister of Mrs. Cecil Chin Yee. Victor is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Wong King.

BIRTHDAY PARTY

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wong of Westlake Avenue, Richmond Park gave a birthday party for their two year old daughter, Janice, last Sunday. A large number of children gathered on the lawn

for an afternoon of fun with little Janice.

FATHER BUTLER
CELEBRATES GOLDEN
JUBILEE

The Rev. Fr. Leo Butler was the guest of honour at a function given by the Chinese Catholic Community to celebrate his Golden Jubilee in Jamaica. More than 200 people attended the function when many congratulatory speeches were made. Refreshments were served afterwards by the members of the C.C.A.A.

DOROTHEA CHINN WEDS
COLIN MARCUS

The marriage of Miss Dorothea Chinn and Mr. Colin Marcus took place on Tuesday, February 26th. Dorothea is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. Owen Chinn of 98 East Street and Mr. Marcus is with the Shell Co. (W.I.) Ltd.

The marriage took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Chang of 7 Hillcrest Avenue, St. Andrew. Rev. Hugh Sherlock performed the rites. The bride's only attendant was Miss Gloria Chang and bestman was Mr. E. A. Luther.

CECIL LAI FOOKS
RETURN FROM HOLIDAY

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lai Fook with their two children, Christine and

(Continued on page 17)

MARCH 8, 1952

THE PAGODA

PANORAMA

SYNODS OF THE CHURCHES

At this time every year the various Churches in Jamaica hold their annual Synods, and in the past fortnight or so the Anglican and Presbyterian Synods have been held. That of the Anglican Synod opened with the customary service at the Kingston Parish Church which was attended by His Excellency the Governor and many of the dignitaries of Church and State, and was presided over by Rt. Rev. Basil Montague Dale, Lord Bishop of Jamaica. The usual services and meetings were held during the days following the opening of the Synod, and on the Wednesday, the Mother's Union Day was observed with its special service and meetings, a new feature introduced this year by its President, Mrs. Dale, being the "Building-a-home Exhibition" when the fourteen branches of the Union exhibited such things as "Food for the Family", "Church Membership-on-Baptism" and many other things pertaining to a Christianlike and useful home life.

The Synod had many important matters to discuss this year, and the repairs to various churches damaged in the hurricane, matters of the Church schools and the like were touched on. So, too, was the question of divorce, and the opening of the Coronation market on the Sabbath. The Presbyterian Church, under the new Moderator, the Rev. Lewis Davidson, M.A., Principal of Knox College, has joined with the Anglican and Moravian Churches in this and many other matters of importance to the religious life of the Island. The need for various reformations has been considered urgent, and the Churches mean to act as one in these matters.

WORLDWIDE PREACHER

Also in the religious field of endeavour, has been the Jamaica Christian Businessmen's Association who entertained to luncheon at the latter part of February, Mr. R. G. Le Tourneau, American businessman and preacher, who is on a world tour for the purpose of giving talks in various countries on Christianity. There were some 150 members of the Association present on this occasion.

Mr. Le Tourneau also held a meeting at Knutsford Park in the afternoon of the Sunday

following, and thousands of persons heard him give his earnest address on what Christianity meant to him, and of how he had placed all his business affairs in the hands of God, and had been relieved of all worry since that time. He urged all others to follow in his way.

LOVE LETTERS

IN these days of telephones, Life moves at such a rate—that letter-writing is a thing that's almost out of date. . . But now we find our loved ones are no longer within call—It's come into its own again. . . The sweetest thing of all. It's good to give expression to our thoughts with pen and ink—So many in these modern times have lost the power, and shrink—from writing of their dreams and all the longings of the heart. Making love on paper is a lost but precious art.

The next best thing to kisses is a letter that will fill—the empty hour with words designed to charm and cheer and thrill. . . A term of sweet endearment that evokes the bygone days—will warm the heart—and bridge the distance with a happy phrase.

—Patience Strong

VISIT OF PRINCESS ALICE

Her Royal Highness, Princess Alice, and her husband the Earl of Athlone together with their granddaughter, Miss Abel-Smith, are on a visit to Jamaica in a private capacity. As Chancellor of the University College of the West Indies, Princess Alice takes a personal interest in the growth of the buildings and all pertaining to the infant institution which has already started to show us what a University will mean to the life of the Caribbean area in general, and to Jamaica in particular.

On February 29th last, the University observed its Commemoration Day, of the installation ceremony, at which its Chancellor gave a most appropriate and stirring address before the gathering of the academic staff, undergraduates, and a few distinguished persons associated with the University Council, Lady Foot and others, in the Irvine Hall.

On this occasion, too, Her Royal Highness had the privilege of being able to present to the Library of the University College, the gift of books bestowed upon it by Queen Mary from her own library at Marlborough House, which arrived in the Island a little time ago. Besides this function, Princess Alice has been visiting various sections of the

University, and meeting the members of its Staff, before leaving to enjoy a vacation on the north coast of the Island. Her presence must serve as a great impetus and encouragement to all who are working so hard and well in the interests of the University.

SHOWER OF STARS

Seldom has Jamaica been so graced by so many stars in various fields of action within so short a space of time as in the very recent past. Apart from those on the football field and the tennis courts, we have had such notables as Gary Cooper, whose presence graced us for too short a period in the city where one and all of his screen fans would have given much for the briefest glimpse of him in the flesh; Noel Coward who once again has come "home" to us, and has gathered around him such stars as Alfred Lunt and Lynne Fontaine; Mr. John Wilson, theatrical producer of New York, and his wife, all of whom have been enjoying the beauties and warmth at "Blue Harbour".

Also in Jamaica at the Montego Bay "Sunset Lodge" have been Mr. David Selznick, famous Hollywood producer and his wife, the screen star Jennifer Jones. So Jamaica has not been a land of sunshine only of late, but has had shafts of starlight shining down upon her as well.

PASSENGER TRAFFIC

Two matters of interest to those whose business and/or pleasures necessitate their being on the roads both of the city and in certain country areas, have been much in the news lately. First of these has been the start of a Diesel Express Service daily between Montego Bay and Kingston, leaving the former terminus at 6.45 a.m. and setting forth on its return run from Kingston at 3.30 p.m. The benefits of such a service to

those who have business to transact at one end or the other, or at any point in between is readily seen, and travel by such a means will be far more comfortable and pleasant.

The Public Passenger Transport Board is now making a survey of city passenger traffic in order to ascertain the true position of the city's transportation needs. It is sincerely to be hoped this will lead to an improved system.

Observer.

THE SCOUTS CORNER

This week we speak to you of our activities from the Jamboree site, at Briggs Park. Our official address is now:

Sub-Camp No. 6,
"HAWKINS"
1st Caribbean Jamboree,
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Kingston.

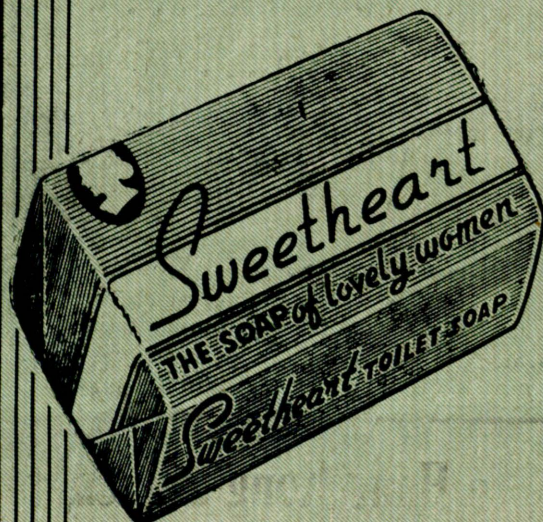
There is so much to report on the spirit of unity and harmony that prevails, of the barriers of language which have been broken down by the Scout Smile, and the spirit and training of Scouting, that it seems a pity to be going to press so early this week, giving us an all too brief deadline. Camping with us are the Haitians who are proving the friendliest of neighbours. It is a gala time for those of us who are learning French at School, it is a much used opportunity for them too to learn our English Language. Truly this Jamboree was well named "THE JAMBOREE OF UNITY".

But it all started before Briggs Park. The immediate preparations for camping began on ASH WEDNESDAY when a hike patrol went up to Kintyre to acquire bamboos for making gadgets. These were kindly transported to our headquarters by Mr. George Wong of John R. Wong, Merchant.

We entered Jamboree on Tuesday afternoon with the entire Kingston Contingent, led by District Commissioner Eustace Shim. Kingston numbers some 200 in the

(Continued on page 18)

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Contributors are invited to send in their MSS at any time. Articles should not exceed 1,000 words.
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Editor: Chas. T. Chang.

Scouts Jamboree
The annual Scout Jamboree is now in progress at Briggs Park, Up Park Camp. For the first time in the history of the Scout Movement the Jamboree has come to the Caribbean area and Jamaica has been the colony of its seat. This is an honour we are deeply conscious of, and one for which all those in whose hands the big task of preparation rested, have assuredly worked hard.

Attending the Jamboree are Lord Rowallan, K.B.E., M.C.A. T.D., Chief Scout of the British Commonwealth and Empire, and more than 1,200 Scouts who are the representatives of more than twenty countries in all parts of the world. Hospitality has been offered these Scouts during their stay in the Island by numbers of families, a privilege indeed for those who are able to accommodate them. In a broadcast on Sunday evening last, His Excellency the Governor appealed for the support of the public in attending first the opening ceremony held on Wednesday afternoon, and by joining in all the activities of the Jamboree of a public nature.

Colourful, spectacular, and truly inspiring was the opening, officially proclaimed by His Excellency, with its March Past and Rally, and the Massed Bands of the Military and the Scouts. On Thursday the programme was a Pageant of National Displays in the arena, at which the Honourable W. A. Bustamante took the salute, and at which the special guests were the Members of the Executive and Legislative Councils and the House of Representatives. Yesterday there was another pageant at which Major-General D. C. Spry, C.B.E., D.S.O., Deputy Director of Boy Scout International Bureau took the salute. This afternoon the members of the K.S.A.C. will be the special guests and the salute will be taken by His Worship the Mayor.

During the coming week the Girl Guides will come into the picture; there will be an air display and a Camp Fire, and on Monday the 17th, on its closing day, the Jamboree will be visited by the two most distinguished guests in our Island at the present, H.R.H. Princess Alice and her husband the Earl of Athlone. The March Past and Rally will close the Jamboree together with a Farewell Speech by Lord Rowallan. Truly this is a remarkable feast of entertainment for us all.

Special features of the Jamboree too, are the Jamboree Market which the public has been asked to patronize daily, and the sale of Jamboree Commemorative stamps to be had at the Scout Shop and Jamboree Post Office at the Camp site. These souvenirs will be specially attractive to philatelists, but to everyone they hold a value, for this historic event will go down in the annals of Jamaica's history as an outstanding one. The unity and accord of the youth of so many nations must tend to strengthen the bonds of friendship and to promote an understanding that holds out a promise for the future peace of all nations.

THE MOON AND MARRIAGE
(Continued from page 3)

This, perhaps the most famous of Chinese poets, divided his allegiance between wine and the Celestial lady and is reputed to have lost his life trying to grasp her reflection in the water when he had toasted her too freely in the flowing bowl. In any case his last words were addressed to her, and were fortunately recorded before he took the plunge.

The blind musicians are still in great demand at the Moon Feast, and sing and play very sweetly as a background to the evening's entertainment.

The Moon's Birthday is another of those occasions when it is considered fortunate to consult the future.

The ladies absented themselves one by one and, after igniting three sticks of incense, concealed themselves near the doorway to take the omens from the words of chance passers-by.

The Old Man of the Moon is by no means the only Chinese Divinity who occupies himself with the matrimonial affairs of mortals. One of the host who interests himself in these matters is known as Hsi Shen, the Spirit of Joy.

The title must have been awarded to him in derision, for his claims to canonisation are far to seek.

During his earthly sojourn nothing could be advanced in his favour for he is the reincarnation of the infamous Chou Wang, last ruler of the Shang Dynasty, who left a reputation of which Nero himself might have been ashamed. His cruelties finally brought about his destruction, with the assistance of the Gods, by one of his vassals, who on founding a new dynasty, raised the fallen monster to an object of veneration.

In life, his uxoriousness rivalled that of Henry VIII, and even the Goddesses were not immune from his attentions.

He was smitten with the beauty of Nu Kua, sister of the Perfect Emperor Fu Hsi, whilst worshipping at her Temple, and inscribed on the wall a wish to take to wife a lady as lovely as herself. As she had a female head and serpent body few of his subjects fulfilled the requirements, so Nu Kua furnished him with not only one but three fairy monstrosities.

The first of these was a pheasant into Lady, omitting the feet. The second was a stone guitar, and the third a fox fairy with nine tails. She eventually

(Continued on page 17)

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SCIENCE AND YOU

Four Thousand Million Mouths

By MAURICE GOLDSMITH,
Unesco Science Editor

The population of the world today is about 2,400 millions. It is increasing at the rate of about 1 per cent each year, and this rate of increase is certain to be exceeded before long. Therefore, within the lifetime of some of our children the world's population may be expected to reach 4,000 millions. How shall we feed these mouths

times unique nutritional qualities, rich in valuable "trace" elements and vitamins.

About 20 million tons of fish are landed each year throughout the world. Of these, Japan is responsible for 3 million tons, the United States of America for 2½, the USSR for 1½, and Norway and Britain for 1 million tons each.

The great fish-eating countries are Iceland, Norway and Japan, where each person eats about 60 to 100 lbs. of fish a year; followed by Britain with about 30 lbs., and the United States of America with 15 lbs. Through the world the average consumption per head is only about 5 lbs. There is, therefore, considerable latent demand.

But assuming an increased demand, can we do much to increase the supply reaching the consumer? The answer is yes. But first we must understand something about the rather special circumstance of fish hunting. The term "hunting" is used because in fishing we chase aquatic animals as we formerly pursued certain wild land animals as a basic source of food.

Most of the fish we catch are flesh-eaters (carnivores), as distinct from the land animals we breed which live directly on vegetation. This leads to a serious limitation in the further exploitation of natural fish stocks. Food fish are found in relatively limited sea areas, where they prey upon smaller fish and upon rudimentary vegetarian forms of animal life. Thus, like all animals, they depend ultimately on plants for their existence (in the same way as carnivorous land animals depend on grass ultimately). These plants are the microscopic floating plants of the plankton, which can only develop in limited areas. The chief regions where these visible and invisible small organisms, which drift about the surface of the sea in their millions, are to be found are off the European coasts, the eastern and western coasts of North America, the coasts of Japan and China, and in the East Indies.

Further, man has often hunted too intensively and indiscriminately. After the first world war, there was an over-development of the fishing industry, when big-

Their warning is that we need not starve, if science is properly applied now. But to do that we need the urgent aid of the mass educators. We face starvation, they declare, unless we transform our masses of illiterate and unenlightened peasants and cultivators into alert, co-operative farmers. They are not only numerous but prolific, and it is from them that the large increase in population may be expected. "Education is a slow process, and we have only a short time at our disposal."

The writers insist on the basic need to maintain and increase the supply of plant foods on which all animal life must subsist, on the importance of better food preservation to reduce waste and on the urgency of solving various marketing problems.

Let us consider, for example, fish, a food, whose importance to the world is often underestimated, with great and some-

ger and better trawlers were built, and new techniques were introduced. Because of this, the number of fish caught decreased, and the average size of the fish became smaller and smaller. The same danger exists today. There is a biological balance in the seas which determines the extent to which we can fish. The comparative disappearance of whales and seals after savage hunting is striking testimony to this.

The first step in rational fishing is to understand that "in each major fishery the 'natural' development of exploitation will not only set a limit to, but effectively decrease, the yield, if we do not first find out what is the optimum yield which can be taken from the stock and then limit our effort over a long period to that level, or that nearest to it which it is economic to attain."

In some fisheries, further exploitation is possible today. For example, in the great cod fisheries of the north-west Atlantic and the northern Pacific; the Tuna fisheries of more tropical waters; and the fisheries of the China Seas and of the East Indies. In addition, there are fish which are little exploited, such as the red fish (Sebastes) of the north Atlantic, and the pilchards of the southern hemisphere. This should give us an additional 5-10 million tons of fish a year.

Human beings have very fixed tastes in regard to food. Thus, fish that are eaten in one place are rejected in another. Fish such as capelin would serve as food if the public could be induced to buy them. Our resources would be greatly increased if these generally neglected fish would become part of common consumption.

There are great possibilities in the development of fresh-water fish farming, particularly in the tropics. Dr. Lucas believes that vast areas of tropical waters could now be so developed, particularly in those eastern countries where other supplies are quite inadequate for the needs of the vast population.

Persons have been known to starve to death at sea, although they have been sailing about in strongly diluted, raw fish soup. If, is the advice of Tor Heyerdahl, of Kon Tiki fame, "in addition to hooks and nets, they had had a utensil for straining the soup they were sitting in, they would have found a nourishing meal."

This meal would have been made up of plankton. They are

extremely nourishing and can be eaten directly from the sea. That (continued on page 11)

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WEATHER MAN

by Ronald Cocking

THE Weather Man was tired. His relief had phoned to say that his car had broken down, and he was already an hour late. Nine hours at a stretch was too much. Already his head was buzzing. And where was that girl with his tea? It must have been a good twenty minutes since she had gone off to the airport cafeteria.

One of the clerks called to him to say that the 1300 hours chart was plotted. But even as he went towards the desk on which the chart was pinned, the phone bell shrilled and somebody was calling his name.

He sighed and turned away. It was the satellite airfield. They were very sorry, but a pilot had forgotten to order his route-forecast for Stornoway via Prestwick and he was due to take off in ten minutes. Could they be given something right away.

The weather man told the caller to hang on and turned back to the desk again.

That was the trouble with the Met. service — it was taken far too much for granted. There was too little respect for the knowledge, the experience, the patient work that went into that vital bundle of figures scrawled on a Flight Plan. The average pilot, he thought, looked on the Met. Office as a kind of sausage machine; a place where you pulled a handle and the right answers came out. And if by chance the answers weren't right, well—the brickbats really flew.

He poured over coded observations dotted around the weather stations on the map, and with practised hand sketched in a few isobars to help him get a broad picture of the situation. The anti-cyclone centred over the Midlands was still stationary and was intensifying. Way out to the west of Ireland there were the first faint signs of an approaching frontal system but as yet they weren't important. He left the map and turned to the teleprinter, thumbing through serried rows of figures and automatically picking out those which came from stations along the route to Stornoway. At last, satisfied, he turned back to the telephone and called out winds, cloud bases, visibilities, barometric pressures.

When he had replaced the receiver, he was glad to find the tea at his elbow. He had just started to sip it gratefully when the outer door slammed, and a tall, fair boy lounged up to the counter, whistling.

"Anybody at home?" he called loudly, banging his map-board on the counter.

The weather man put his tea down quickly, upset the scalding liquid over his hand. Swearing viciously under his breath he went over to the other man.

"Gotta go to Hillside, Cheshire, chief," said the boy easily. "Can you give me any idea of what the weather'll be like at the other end?"

"I could probably give you a very good idea if I knew when you were leaving," the weather man said tartly, wiping his hand with his handkerchief.

"Oh! Right away," the fair boy replied cheerfully. "By the way, I'm not carrying radio and it's only a light machine, so if there's any fog lying around I'll skip it for today. You know the way it is around Cheshire. When you get an anti-cyclone and a pretty high relative humidity, that darned fog can come down while your prop is turning over twice."

"Look," said the weather man, "did you come in here for a weather forecast, or are you giving me one?"

"Sorry," said the boy soothingly. "You're the boss."

Nettled now, the weather man went back to his chart, glanced cursorily at the Midlands area, then said shortly: "It'll be Contact Flight Rules all the way. The wind'll be light, variable, QFE at Hillside ten thirty-one. Anything else?" he finished harshly.

"No," said the boy, puzzled. "Thanks. I'll be seeing you."

The weather man watched the retreating back, already a little annoyed with himself for his gratuitous rudeness. The boy had been a bit noisy certainly, but then pilots were a noisy bunch generally. No, he was just projecting the annoyance he felt at having spilled the tea.

TEN minutes later he was still thinking about the incident. He went back to the chart and studied more closely the relation between temperature and humidity at the stations around Hillside. Allowing for a fall in temperature after four o'clock the

air would be dangerously close to dew point. In conjunction with a light wind, that could mean only one thing—the airman's worst enemy—fog.

He tried to argue against himself. There are dozens of days in the year, he told himself, when conditions are ripe for fog formation, yet somehow the fog just doesn't happen. But not in Cheshire, he seemed to hear the fair boy's voice say. It's those salt deposits Cheshire's a terrible place for local fogs.

The weather man was really worried now. He went to the teleprinter, scanning the endless ribbon of paper for reports from around Birmingham, which was half way along the track to Hillside. With sinking heart he saw that all reports told the same story — falling visibility. Maybe it's industrial haze, said the logical scientific side of his mind, but the intuitive side said—fog.

He picked up a telephone, called the watch tower, at the same time racked his memory to try and recall the name scrawled on the fair boy's flight plan. He couldn't remember, but it didn't matter because the tower said that only one light aircraft had checked out for Hillside. Yes, it had left ten minutes ago; no, it definitely didn't carry radio. The pilot's name was Adams, Bill Adams.

Slowly the Met. man put down the receiver. The wall heaters made the wooden building stuffy, but he found that, all of a sudden, he was shivering. Because he had spilt tea over his hand, and because Bill Adams had come in a little noisily, he had given the boy a hasty forecast that might cost him his life. He felt sick with loathing at himself.

He bent over the 1300 chart, tried to concentrate, but the

little groups of red and blue figures swayed and blurred.

The teleprinter suddenly began to chatter. The weather man looked up at the clock on the wall — that would be the 1600 hours observations coming through.

He tried to sound casual as he asked a clerk to give him the Hillside report as soon as it came through. He lit a cigarette, but the smoke made his mouth dry, and after a few puffs he stubbed it out.

Presently the clerk called out some figures. Mechanically he asked for them to be repeated. As he listened to them the second time each syllable seemed to pound against his tired brain like a hammer-blow.

Visibility was down to 1,100 yards . . . surface temperature 42, dew point—43. That meant fog at any moment. The boy would just be about there now—in a light aeroplane with little petrol reserve and no radio . . .

HIS relief came in, breathless, apologetic. The weather man listened to his tale of woe with a desperate impatience; as soon as he decently could he grabbed his hat and went out, banging the door behind him. The noise made him think of Bill Adams. He'd come out of that door, cheerful, confident. That was the strange thing about the average pilot; he slanged the Met. service, was never tired of telling about all the times it had let him down, and yet each time he went into the air it was with a blind faith in the forecast he had just been given.

And because of a trivial irritation he had betrayed that trust—and now there was nothing he could do about it, not a single thing.

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MIRROR OF YOUR MIND



Should a child be forced to learn?

Answer: No, says Justice Joseph Panken of Domestic Relations Court, New York City. "It is natural for every human being to resist compulsion from without," so that the child who is forced to learn learns very little. Besides, being made to do things which he does not want to do makes a child feel that his parents do not love him. "The worst possible thing that could be done to children is to use force towards them." A child's natural curiosity will make him want to learn if he is left to feel he does so of his own choice.



Are we more neurotic than our parents?

Answer: There is no way of knowing positively since it is only within the last generation that neurosis has been understood, or even recognized except in extreme cases. But mental health depends on a feeling of security and this is almost un-

dangerous and frequently fatal. It occurs chiefly in middle life and is caused by inability of the body to absorb the food eaten. However, some forms of anemia are common among children, too. Anemia among children is often caused by the absence from the diet of the iron, protein and vitamins the body needs to build good red blood. All these materials can be obtained in the well balanced normal diet. Such a diet also prevents other nutritional diseases and keeps the body in good operating condition.

HEALTH FOR ALL

NUTRITIONAL ANEMIA

At a time when families are making plans for huge Thanksgiving dinners, it may seem out of place to warn against anemia and poor nutrition. But a meal of six courses is no guarantee of a healthy diet. In this country, where food is relatively plentiful, the question of nutrition is usually one of the kind of food eaten and whether or not it can be absorbed by the body, rather than the quantity of food.

Anemia is a condition in which the blood is deficient in quality or quantity. There are several kinds of anemia. Most people have heard of pernicious anemia, a chronic disease which is

and digestive disturbances, are typical symptoms. The nails may become tender and brittle, the hair dry. If the anemia is caused by iron deficiency, good diet and supplementary iron and vitamins as prescribed by the doctor will usually clear it up quickly. Pernicious anemia is more serious, requiring special treatment throughout the patient's life.

Parents should always know what their children are eating. If schools provide hot lunches, children should take full advantage of them. If children do not have a hot lunch, particular care should be taken to make up the lack by careful meal planning in the home.

Especially good sources of iron are red meat, liver, kidneys, heart, egg yolk, green leafy vegetables, whole grain cereals and breads, molasses and dried apricots and raisins. Add milk and other fruits and vegetables, and the diet will contain all the necessary materials to maintain good health and prevent anemia.

The onset of anemia is usually slow and insidious. It may begin with a feeling of tiredness, pallor

By LAWRENCE GOULD
Consulting Psychologist

questionably rarer than before World War I. This is partly due to world conditions, but still more to the fact that the demands life makes on us have changed so much and have become so complicated that we no longer feel sure what is "the right thing to do" in many situations.



Do workers resist change?

Answer: On the whole, yes, writes Alvin Zander in Advanced Management. Workers are likely to react to proposed new methods with open or concealed resentment and to make only half-hearted attempts to adopt them. This may be because change seems to threaten their security or to imply criticism of their previous methods. Workers should be given a chance to talk over changes and the need of them beforehand, and should be encouraged to suggest new ideas. Then they won't feel anyone is "putting something over on them."

Any person who shows signs of anemia should consult a doctor, for not all cases are simple diet deficiencies. Only a physician can diagnose the type of anemia and prescribe special foods and medicines as needed.

In the next article, TB and the teen-age will be discussed.

If thou wouldst be known a wise man, let thy words show thee so; if thou doubt thy words, let thy silence feign thee so. It is not a greater point of wisdom to discover knowledge than to hide ignorance.—Francis Quarles.

You will say you had no news to write me, and that probably may be true; but, without news, one has always something to say to those with whom one desires to have anything to do.

Lord Chesterfield.

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FRANCE

"Your soul is a sealed garden,
and there go
With masque and bergamasque
fair companies
Playing on lutes and dancing and
as though
Sad under their fantastic frip-
peries . . .
The sad light of the moon, so
lovely fair
That all the birds dream in the
leafy shade
And the slim fountains sob into
the air
Among the marble statues in the
glade."

Paul Verlaine:
"Clair de Lune."

VENEZUELA

"Where in serene and harmonious
gyrations,
The breeze leaves a sigh as it
glides
On the wave in quivering scales;
Where the pupil sinks into the
depths
Of its profound and luminous
bosom,
Diving for unknown joy;
While, mysterious, desirous,
From each drop a diaphanous
vapor arises
To turn into the tears of the
sky!"

Jacinto F. Pachano:
"The Puddle."

ITALY

"Wouldst guard thy house? One
door
Make to it, and no more.
Wouldst guard thine orchard-
wall?
Be free of fruit to all."

Francesco da Barberino:
"Of Caution."

ENGLAND

POT POURRI
OF
THOUGHT

"Floods and the voluble winds
Have warned the dead away:
In swaying corpse the willows
Wave their magic wands.
The sun is here to deal
With the dull decay we felt:
In field and square be orders
The vague shadows to heel!"

Cecil Day Lewis:
"Spring Song"

PALESTINE

"As for man his days are as
grass; as a flower of the field so
he flourisheth."

Psalms. CIII, 15

GERMANY

"On the mountain, in the valley,
Singing birds again do rally;
Now is seen
Clover green;
Winter, take away thy teen! . . ."

Sir Neidhart von Reuental:
"On the Mountain . . ."

JAMAICA

"Here Nature has opened her
innermost door,
O, and in all things there is joy
at the core!

For Youth walks the land with
dawn on its brow,
How beautiful, laughterful, light-
footed now!

The star-crowded nights and the
blue-covered days,
The bloom-wakened boughs and
the flowerful ways

Are singing your reign,
O glad March, and I fain
Would lend to their paen this

vagabond voice,
In all your abandonment of joy
to rejoice!"

Now the lusty teeming Earth
Springs each hour with a new
birth; . . ."

Li Tai-po:
"Clearing at Dawn."

CHINA

"The fields are chill; the sparse
rain has stopped;
The colours of Spring teem on
every side.

With leaping fish the blue pond
is full;

With singing thrushes the green
boughs droop.

The flowers of the field have
dabbled their powdered
cheeks;

The mountain grasses are bent
level at the waist.

By the bamboo stream the last
fragment of cloud

Blown by the wind slowly scat-
ters away."

GREECE

"See the Spring herself discloses,
And the Graces gather roses;
See how the becalmed seas
Now their swelling waves
appease;

How the duck swims, how the
crane

Comes from winter home
again; . . .

Now the lusty teeming Earth
Springs each hour with a new
birth; . . ."

Anacreon and Anacreontics:
"Spring."

Vivian L. Virtue:
"March Days."

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Pompeii's Answer To Vesuvius

By FERDINAND REYNA
Special Unesco Writer

AFTER 1873 years, the ashes
which brought death and
destruction to Pompeii are being
used to make life easier for
descendants of the neighbours
of those who died in the historic
catastrophe. In the year 79
A.D., while the people of
Pompeii were still repairing the
extensive damage caused by an
earthquake 16 years earlier, the
town was overwhelmed by the
great eruption of Vesuvius.

Although survivors of the
catastrophe tunneled down
through the layers of cinders,
small stones and ash that had
blotted out their homes, and
managed to remove most of the
objects of value, it was not until
seventeen centuries later that
systematic efforts to uncover the
town were begun.

This work continued inter-
mittently for nearly two centuries
until it was brought to a halt in
1941 by Italy's entry into the
Second World War, by which
time well over half the town had
been freed from its shroud of lava
fragments.

When excavators wished to
resume operations after the war,
however, they were faced with
two serious problems; how to
raise the necessary funds and
how to dispose of the debris of
volcanic rocks and cinders left
over from previous work. During
the past century, excavators who
cleared the centre of the site had
carted away much of this debris
and piled it on top of the original
layers of lava still covering the
roads, villas and country houses
in the suburbs of the ancient
town. Today this is estimated
to total between 20,000,000 and
30,000,000 cubic feet of volcanic
fragments.

Before the war, the authorities
in charge of excavations leased
several acres of land every few
years and strewed a large part
of the material they had dug out
on the fields, whose owners were
paid the equivalent value of the
harvests they would have reaped.
The landowners benefited by
this arrangement for the mixture
of lava fragments and cinders
endowed the ground with a re-
markable fertility which pro-
duced bumper crops when the
fields were once again brought
under cultivation. During the
centuries, the mineral-rich lava
has undergone chemical changes
which make it a complete and
fertile soil for some crops and a

major element in soil for others.

ALTHOUGH this solution has
today been made prohibitive
by the astronomic rise in land
rents, it has nevertheless pro-
vided the basis of a project
designed, not only to finance the
excavations and dispose of the
debris, but also to provide much-
needed employment and to re-
store fertility to tracts of waste
land in the area.

Under an agreement between
the government sponsored La
Cassa del Mezzogiorno (which
has been allocated several
hundred thousand millions of
lire to aid economic develop-
ment in Southern Italy) and the
Ministry of Public Works, the
lapilli (cinders and small volcanic
stones) are to be transported
and dumped on two large, un-
productive pieces of land. One,
near the mouth of the Sarnus
river, was once used for rice cul-
tivation, but is now a desolate
swamp. The other, much larger
in area, and formerly planted
with vines and fruit trees, was
completely buried during an
eruption in 1906. Suitable ash
and lava will be brought from
Pompeii and placed in layers
deep enough to act as a topsoil,
thus enabling the renewal of
cultivation. Similar schemes have
already produced excellent re-
sults elsewhere in Italy.

LAST summer, instruction in
clearance work was given to
two groups of workers, and the
employment of these 400 men
has since done much to improve
the economic situation in the
area. As the work develops so
will the need for more workers.
It is also planned to construct a
cableway to facilitate the trans-
port of the fertilizing material.

Today the work goes with a
swing as chains of workers pass
baskets filled with earth, and
lorries carry it away.

Professor Amadeo Majuri, who
has been connected with the ex-
cavation work at Pompeii for the
last 30 years, prefers this method
of uncovering the town to more
modern and rapid techniques
requiring machinery. There is
nothing better, he claims, than
this local labour provided by
several hundred men, who have
not only the strength, but also
the feeling and skill required for
this type of work.

Thanks to the impetus that has
been given to the operations, new

and interesting facts about
Pompeii are being revealed. The
removal of debris near one of the
former main streets, the Strada
dell'Abbondanza, has opened up
the way to a large palestra or
gymnasium. Completely un-
covered in the last few months,
this building has very complete
installations, including a vast
swimming pool. Even the roots
of the chestnut trees under whose
shade the athletes probably
rested after their contests, have
been identified.

AMONG other recent finds was
a potter's shop, bearing the
sign of Vulcan. The signboard,
probably the work of some
amateur painter friend of the
potter's, shows the latter work-
ing at his wheel, while Vulcan
helps at the forge. Even a pile
of clay which the potter used to
make his plates and vases was
found in the shop.

Other work which the financial
aid of the Cassa del Mer-
rogiorno has made possible in-
cludes the construction of an
auditorium whose foundation
stone has already been
laid. This will be used for meet-
ings of archaeologists and scien-
tists from all parts of the world.
Everything to help the student
of archaeology will be provided
there including information

about the excavations, card index
for the benefit of all. The audi-
torium, alongside which a public
park will be laid out, will also be
used for conferences, lectures and
courses in Roman Archaeology.

Today then, Pompeii is no
longer just a dead city that
"belongs" only to archaeologists
and historians. A visitor walking
in its re-discovered streets has
an impression that its existence
has only been interrupted, that
its spirit is still there among the
bricks, the beams of the houses,
the patches of greenery and the
monuments. Life is once more
coming back to Pompeii and also
to the surrounding countryside,
thanks to a co-operative effort
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culture, is bringing with it fresh
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TALKING IT OVER

By ELIZABETH MARTIN

Dear Miss Martin,

I am 16 years of age and am having trouble with my skin. My face has a lot of blackheads and an oily complexion which I cannot get rid of. There is also a great amount of bumps which have in a white fluid and the more they are squeezed the more they appear. I have almost given up so please assist me with your dependable sixth sense.

Thanks in anticipation.

"Heartbroken."

Dear Heartbroken,

Don't let adolescent pimples and blemishes mar your happiness. Most boys and girls have to face this problem, some more so than others. Worry never helps; you must assist nature.

How is the general state of your health? In the previous issue of this magazine, I gave "some simple health rules which you would do well to follow.

As regards the care of your skin I would suggest that you get hold of some castile or good baby soap and some well-known mildly medicated ointment. Wash your face in warm water. Work up a good lather and massage gently. Rinse and pat dry then smear on a light film of the ointment. Do this first thing in the morning and last thing at night before going to bed. For the blackheads use a soft rag wrung out in hot water. Place over the affected spots then gently squeeze out the blackheads using your forefingers padded with cotton. If they do not at first respond readily do not force them. Avoid using greasy face creams and powder. Do not squeeze the pimples as this tends to enlarge the pores, create blackheads and often leaves ugly marks. Last but not least, you run the grave risk of blood poisoning. Perseverance should bring results but if there is no marked improvement within a month or so you should consult a qualified doctor for expert treatment.

E.M.

Dear Miss Martin,

I know my case is a strange one in these modern times and this of course makes it harder for me.

I am a young man twenty years old and have been working for the past two years. What I would like to know is what is wrong with me when it comes to women? I had a good academic record and took a keen interest in various forms of sports. All through school and at

home with my three brothers I have tried to be a regular scout but I never seem to get anywhere with the ladies. My inability to interest them embarrasses me and it is not often that I have the courage to invite anyone out. When I do go to the movies, dining, driving, or dancing I never seem to find any great scope for conversation.

I have a girl pen pal who I have never met but peculiarly enough words flow freely from my pen and at the end of a letter I experience a great sense of satisfaction and accomplishment. But I honestly feel that should I one day meet this girl she would only drop me like the others I have known due to my lack of conversational art. What should I do to make a hit with the girls? If I might modestly say so, I am 6 feet tall, of fine physique and not bad to look at. Please help me.

"Anxious".

Dear Anxious,

Your problem is not as serious as you think. Your handicap is no doubt due to your lack of female associates whilst you were growing up; I gather that you have no sisters in the family. You have a warped conception of girls and it is no wonder that you are tongue-tied in their presence. A sister would have made such a difference in your life but there is nothing you could have done about that. You can remedy the situation if you wish to.

Girls now-a-days have much in common with their men folk and you must get it into your mind that the difference of interests between the sexes is trivial.

Do not be timid about making dates. When next you do, forget for the first hour or so that your partner is a girl. Speak to her as though she were your favourite classmate or brother. Discuss the recent football and current tennis tournaments and other topics of current interest. But you must not forget to pay her a compliment. After all girls still like to be reminded of their femininity although they claim equality with men. If you like her dress, tell her so; if you admire her hair style or her hands, let her be aware of it. Do not be self-conscious and you will be greatly surprised at the results.

E.M.

Dear Miss Martin,

It seems as if you are the only

person I can tell this so that you can help me to solve it.

I'm just 17 years of age. There is a boy who is in love with me. At first I liked him but I just changed all of a sudden and haven't the courage to tell him because I know just how he would feel.

I have a girl friend and we both went out one night. After meeting a fellow who I know a long time but never spoke to, he began to dance with me and to tell me how much he liked my friend.

After three weeks he suddenly changed. He stopped phoning my girl friend. She was supposed to spend a week with me but he didn't want her to come.

He has now started to take me out and when I suggest about my girl friend he wouldn't let me. I have not told her about my going out with him and if I did I do not think she would take it seriously as I am her best friend.

Please tell me what I'm to do. Should I stop seeing this fellow? If I take him seriously my friend will think that I deliberately tried to take him away from her.

I am,

Your dear "M",

You appear to be suffering from youth and so far have only experienced infatuation. To begin with you must be frank with the first boy you mention and tell him that you are not in love with him instead of permitting him to entertain false hopes. The longer you play with his love the harder it will be for him to take it. Be tactful and explain that you are willing to continue the friendship on a platonic basis but should he prefer to make a clean break there will be no hard feelings on your part.

In so far as the second boy is concerned, here also you do not seem to be in love but merely flattered by his attentions. You are young and should not run around with every Tom, Dick and Harry simply because you are an attractive girl. This is cheap popularity which soon fades and leads to disillusionment. Try and analyse your feelings and do not doublecross your girl friend. Tactfully find out from her how she feels about this boy and what effect your encouraging his attentions might have on her. Give her a genuine interest in this boy get out of the picture and give her a clear field. Who knows he might be leading both of you

(Continued on page 17)

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IN PARENTHESIS

There's no need for a girl to worry about her family tree so long as her limbs are the right shape.

A religious speaker was expounding on the great work of the Church to a motley crowd in Hyde Park, London.

Some of his remarks infuriated a grimy proletarian who worked his way to the front.

Looking contemptuously at the speaker, he snarled: "The Church is supposed to have existed for two thousand years and yet look at the state of the world."

The speaker looked intently at his interrupter and said quietly: "Water has existed for two million years, yet look at the state of your face."

Experience does teach. A man never wakes up his second baby to see it smile.

Sunburned people get what they basked for.

"Oh, my memory is excellent!" she exclaimed.

"But there are three things I can never remember: I can't remember names, I can't remember faces, and I can't remember — I forget what the third thing is!"

"Don't give up. When you come to the end of your rope tie a knot in it and hang on!"

A Liverpool student hit a woman because he hates 'em all. You've seen an angry fly buzzing at fly-paper?

A Scotsman had to send a telegram, and, not wishing to spend more money than necessary, wrote this:

"Bruises hurt erased afford erected analysis hurt too infectious dead." (Ten words.)

The Scotsman who received it had no difficulty in deciding what it meant: "Bruce is hurt. He raced a Ford. He wrecked it. And Alice is hurt, too. In fact, she's dead." (Nineteen words.)

An 81-year-old alderman says bathing beauties make him blush. Never too old to burn.

Pedestrians must keep to the crossings. It doesn't say what the position is for those strollers who have no intention of crossing.

"The average woman has but

a limited vocabulary?" A small stock, but think of the turnover!

Don't imagine that bright men spend all their time reflecting.

Switzerland is a favoured place for holidays abroad this year. We particularly like the paragraph from a Swiss hotel's prospectus which reads:

"This place is known as the preferred resort of those wanting solitude. People searching for solitude are, in fact, flocking here from all corners of the globe." — *Everybody's Weekly*.

"The trouble with some singers is that they cannot breathe properly," says a writer. The trouble with others is that they breathe at all.

Woman in court: The quickest way of waking my husband is by making a noise like a siphon.

No one drug can kill all germs, says a scientist. But it's no longer the drug that matters: the needle is the cure-all.

A miner was explaining why he never went to church.

"You see, Sir, it's like this," he said, "The first time I went to church they threw water in my face, and the second time I went they tied me up to a woman. I've had to keep ever since!"

The minister smiled grimly. "And the third time you go," he remarked, "they'll throw dirt on you!"

"Half of the world's population is sick." And the other half just tired of hearing about it.

Irate Mistress: Good gracious Williams! Do you call yourself a lady's maid?

Williams: Not at present, Madam!

Royal Navy instructions on how to store torpedo warheads: "It is necessary for technical reasons that these warheads should be stored with the top at the bottom, and the bottom at the top. In order that there may be no doubt as to which is the top and which is the bottom for storage purposes, it will be seen that the bottom of each head has been labelled with the word top."

Then there's the beautiful blonde who has her back to the wall: she's on a calendar.

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SPORTS PARADE

By GEORGE BECKFORD

I SHALL HAVE to take my bet off Chinese Athletic Club, for they will not face the starting gate of the Junior Cricket Competition this season. The reason, skipper Horace Chang told me, is because of the hurricaned conditions of the clubhouse and they would want convenient surroundings to offer accustomed hospitality. I agree with this decision in a measure, but are not many of the other clubs in the same if not worse condition? After all, cricket began in the open fields in England and till this day festival matches at Scarborough and Hastings are best enjoyed under the beflagged tents and marquees.

ANYWAY ABSENCE FROM a contest for one season should not drive away the spirit of club-life and teaming. Athletes sometimes take a rest from regular chores to return fitter and reinvigorated. The only fear of C.A.C. members at the moment is that they might take on more active roles in other clubs. It isn't that many are not regular members elsewhere, but they might so excel and want to remain there. A solution to offset that possibility

is for members to throw their resources into the Carib Cup team which has a fine record of winning that trophy four times. The standard of Carib Cup play is improving and performance whether triumphant or not, ought to keep the former Junior Cuppers together, for perhaps even bigger games in 1953.

FOOTBALL IS PASSING inconspicuously, maybe, through the Caribbean tourney which ended in a drawn series last Saturday. There was much to learn from the speedy Caribbeans and I noticed Cecil Chuck, skipper Lyew and others taking their lessons keenly. The Caribbeans were ahead of Jamaica in teaming and are much of a surprise when it is realised that they had come from six different countries and had not been playing together before. The Caribs' half line and defence were very strong; for even Delapenha and Heron, the Jamaican born professionals who had come out from Britain, could not slip through. Frankly, the Caribs lacked seasoned wingmen, but Desrosiers, and Charles Banguil lot showed versatility in filling the positions. Michel Kruijn of Suri-

nam nicknamed "ruin" was the most dangerous booter in the series and his method of dribbling, passing and shooting when offered the slightest chance without sight of goal, should be emulated. What football really needs here is firstclass coaching, and it has again been promised one for the umpteenth time.

BRIDGE HAS BEEN having a fine swing and what is more architecturally fascinating than a swinging bridge? More interesting, however, is when one meets such a delightful and knowledgeable personality as Alfred Kong bespectacled Vice President of the Jamaica Bridge Association. Alfred, quite Confucian in outlook, thinks that bridge is the most interesting of all games. Why? I asked thinking quickly of cricket, tennis and football. "Because," said he "bridge enables you to meet people of all classes and study them from every human angle". Vice President Kong also feels that three things show up one's character:—temperament, sportsmanship and integrity. One should never blame one's partner when things go wrong and against one's bidding, he advises. Alf's other games are table-tennis, basket-ball and billiards. I think that he would have been a successful cricketer if he had taken on to that game early; with his pensive attitude, I believe he

could remain at the wickets for years.

CLUB CATHAY has, at last, become a competing field, none of the open air games mark you, just bridge! Last fortnight, C.A.C. used the premises for their regular tourney with Brenton, Lucas, Melbourne, Wembley, and Kensington. How about table tennis, billiards and darts from now on?

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE of the West Indies lost its tang last week. By this I mean that Keith Tang ruler of the men's singles for two years, was dethroned by Robert McDonald 6-2, 6-3. Tang, however, partnered his conqueror and defeated O. Minott and C. Patrick 6-3, 5-7, 6-3 to win the men's doubles. This week we saw some world class tennis at St. Andrew Club where Dick Savitt the Wimbledon champion defeated Budge Patty a former ruler 9-7, 8-6, and Mrs. Pratt vanquished Miss Althea Gibson 6-2, 6-4 for the women's crown. I don't like predicting too soon, but I feel that the St. Andrew winners will also capture the Caribbean titles at Fairfield, Montego Bay. Miss Gibson is defending her singles crown, but Mrs. Pratt whom she defeated for it last year, has improved rapidly since her marriage to a Jamaican and her abode here.

A cat often returns to its

old home, so did Ellis "Puss" Achong, Trinidad born cricketer who went back to his homeland last month. Puss is 48 years and took 93 wickets for the West Indies on tour of England in 1933. Since that time he has taken over 100 wickets in League cricket every summer. Achong will now take up a Welfare Post similar to Ben Sealy's on a Sugar Estate.

PERSONALIA

(Continued from page 6)

Robin, returned from Trinidad last Saturday after having been away for five weeks.

ON HOLIDAY HERE

Mrs. William Sun, Jr., the former Alice Chong Yen, daughter of Mr. Francis Chong Yen of 21 Liguanea Avenue, arrived from Panama last Tuesday. She is here to attend the wedding of her brother Herbert, whose marriage to Una Lee Jackson takes place tomorrow at Saints Peter and Paul Church. Accompanying Mrs. Sun is her little daughter "Doodie", age 2½ years, and they expect to be in the island for some time.

LYN-TENN BRIDAL

The wedding of Miss Pearl Tenn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tenn, to Mr. James A Lyn, son of Mr. Joseph Lyn, took place on Sunday, February 17 at the Holy Cross Church.

The bride was given in marriage by Mr. Ira Lyn. The Rev. Fr. Fox, S.J. officiated. Her only attendant was Miss Lucille Tenn and bestman was Mr. Gerald Lee.

After the ceremony a reception was held at 23 Dumbarton Avenue, home of the bride's parents.

The young couple spent their honeymoon on the North Coast.

SOLICITOR NOW PRACTISING IN MANDEVILLE

Miss Inez Chang Ten Shue-Hosang, recently of Judah and Randall, left for Mandeville where she will now continue to practise with the legal firm of Messrs. McGregor and Williams of that town.

BRIDGE TOURNAMENT AT CATHAY CLUB

The Cathay Club was the scene of the Jamaica Bridge Association Team-of-Four Bridge Tournament held on Sunday, February 24th. The first session was held at the Yacht Club. More than 60 persons played in the tournament.

On Tuesday, February 26, the

Cathay Club was the scene of another Bridge session when the C.A.C. were host at an Inter-club Bridge Tourney.

CHINESE CHRISTIAN GUILD HOLDS FUNCTION

The Chinese Christian Guild gave a farewell party and a welcome party in one at the Cathay Club on Wednesday, March 5. The farewell was for Archdeacon Evans who left for England yesterday on a holiday. The welcome was for Rev. and Mrs. Price. Rev. Price is the new rector of the Kingston Parish Church, and Mrs. Price arrived in the island only 2 days before. Mr. Sydney Chang presided over the function.

Mr. Chang in saying a few words of farewell on behalf of the Guild to Archdeacon Evan also praised the fine work he has done for the community for the past few years. Mrs. D. Leahong afterwards presented to Archdeacon Evans a purse from the Guild.

The Revelation

ALONE, we cannot — dare not face the hardships of Life's road—With only our unaided strength how can we bear the load?...But led and fed by unseen hands, we know we cannot fail—no burden is too heavy, and no peak too high to scale.

Comforted, upheld, sustained—in peril and in pain...To those who do not understand—How can the tongue explain—the secret knowledge of the heart?... the things the years have proved: the answered prayer, the path made straight, the thorn of doubt removed.

Dangers met and overcome as by a miracle. Sorrow changed to something sacred, rich and beautiful...Wounded flesh and tortured spirit strangely warmed and healed. By these things our faith is deepened—and God's Love revealed.

—Patience Strang

Mr. Horace Chang welcomed the new rector of the Parish Church and assured him of the cooperation of the Guild in anything he may request of them. Little Betty Jo Hosang presented a bouquet to Mrs. Price.

ORCHESTRA PLAY AT THE CARIB

The Cathayans led by "Iggie" Chong Yen played at the Carib Theatre on Tuesday, February 26, as guest artists in the Talent Parade programme.

LYEW-SHIM NUPTIALS

The marriage of Mr. Cyril Shim son of Mr. and Mrs. Charley Shim of Ramble to Miss Joyce Lyew, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson Lyew of Spanish Town, took place on Sunday, February 24 at the Holy Trinity Cathedral with the Rev. Fr. Fox, S.J. officiating. Bridesmaid was Miss Constance Shim and bestman was Mr. Herman Chen.

After the ceremony a reception was held at 44 Half-way Tree Road, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. James Simm. Mr. Arthur Yap Chung acted as master of ceremonies.

GIRLS TAKE BALLETIC EXERCISES

Some members of the Keep Fit class held at the Cathay Club will devote one afternoon to the week to balletic exercises and simple dance routine. This class, which will be held every Wednesday afternoon, will be directed by Madame Soohih of the Soohih School of Dancing.

All those who are interested are asked to telephone 2725 before Wednesday, March 12.

PORT ANTONIO

The Chinese Sports Club played the Chinese Old Boys Team in Kingston at the Public School grounds on Wednesday, February 27 and defeated them by 18-14. It was a very keenly contested match can be judged by the low scoring. The C.O.S. team is the champion of the Junior Basketball League.

The C.S.C. also played a visiting team from the HMS Sparrow and defeated them by 54-36.

THE MOON AND MARRIAGE

(Continued from page 8)

became Empress, and rivalled her husband's reputation for cunning and cruelty. Nobody has attempted to explain how the head of

this extraordinary menage was elected of connubial bliss.

In any case the Chinese draw the line at erecting temples to him, and he is entitled to no sacrifices.

He is enshrined in the planet Venus, and the only acknowledgment of his power is a shy glance in that direction by the bride, who is forbidden by Chinese prudery, even to utter a silent prayer.

The Tzu Sun Niang-niang, a very popular female divinity seems out of place in the retinue of this Spirit of Joy for she was the blameless wife of a virtuous official, who committed suicide rather than yield to the attention of a too ardent Sovereign. Prior to her untimely end she had provided her husband with the classical family to five boys and two girls, so was canonised as a model of chastity.

Her presence at the marriage feast is commemorated by the eating of special cakes, Tzu Sun Po Po, by the bride and bridegroom as they sit side by side on the couch after the ceremony.

TALKING IT OVER

(Continued from page 14)

a dance and only time can reveal his true intentions. If you are honestly in love with him and he persists in courting you and displays no further interest in her then by all means tell her the position. It might cost you her friendship but you can't have your cake and eat it. In any event she is bound to hear of it sooner or later.

E.M.

Work consists of whatever a body is obliged to do, and play consists of whatever a body is not obliged to do.

—Mark Twain.

Talent is the capacity of doing anything that depends on application and industry and it is a voluntary power, while genius is involuntary.

—Hazlitt.

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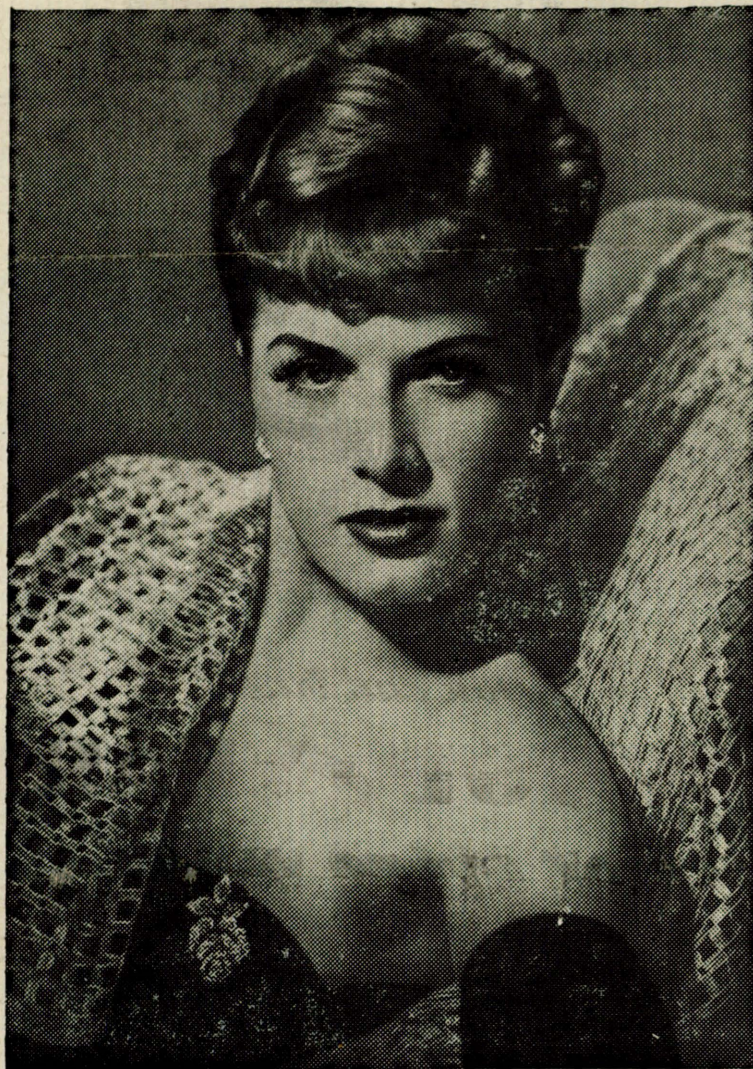
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Denise Darcel Is Happy In Her Latest Film Roles

by BRIAN YOUNG



Hollywood welcomed Denise Darcel with soap and water.

In her two Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer films, "Battleground" and the recently completed "Westward the Women," her face has been scrubbed clean of make-up, and her wardrobe, even by the most charitable standards, can only be described as the ultimate in "unglamorous."

Known in her pre-Hollywood days as the most beautiful girl in Paris and the most photographed girl in France, Miss Darcel embarked on a screen career—"and for what?" she asks.

Not including the basic fundamentals, her screen wardrobe to date has included one sloppy sweater, with darned elbows, one ill-fitting skirt, one moth-eaten fur-collared jacket and an 1850-ish skirt believed created by some now defunct tent and awning company.

"Chic?" she asks. "I frighten the horses!"

Miss Darcel's disappointment, like her wardrobe, is only on the surface. Actually, and we quote, she is "the happiest of all women." It is a happiness stemming from that once-in-a-lifetime opportunity which all young actresses pray for but seldom achieve.

Originally signed by Dore Schary, producer of "Westward the Women," for a different role, Miss Darcel was suddenly called in for a series of tests with star Robert Taylor. William A. Wellman, who directed her in "Battleground," had detected strong dramatic talents behind Miss Darcel's exuberant facade. The tests proved him right, and she was given the top feminine role opposite Taylor.

Miss Darcel, after fluttering protestations that the honour was too much for her, that she would die several assorted types of death, finally came down to earth—and the unglamorous wardrobe.

Democracy is based upon the conviction that there are extraordinary possibilities in ordinary people.

Harry Emerson Fosdick.

If the wicked flourish, and thou suffer, be not discouraged. They are fatted for destruction: thou are dieted for health.

—Fuller.

THE SCOUTS CORNER

(Continued from page 7)

Jamboree. We earned special commendation as a troop from the directors of the Rehearsals, for our efforts.

On Wednesday we had the thrill of our lives, as in ranks with troops from many different countries, we paraded for the Grand Opening Ceremony by His Excellency the Governor. But the greatest pleasure was our recognising among the spectators the many faces of our Friends and Parents, as we swung smartly around the arena. After the parade our District Commissioner was introduced to Lord Rowallan, the Chief Scout of the World, and to His Excellency, the Chief Scout of Jamaica, along with the leaders of the other parishes.

When we returned to our Camp Site, we were met by old Scouts Gillie King and Donald Wong. Visitors of honour were Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone Chang of Valentine Bakery, who were instrumental in sending at least 3 of our boys to the Jamboree. On behalf of our boys, they were presented with a First Day Cover of the Jamboree stamps by our D.C., as a token of appreciation. To them and to the Chinese Students Association, we hereby tender our thanks and a sincere expression of appreciation. They will all be presented with special Jamboree Badges as a memento of this appreciation.

The spirit of harmony prevails as always in our section, and we look forward with great expectation to the rest of the days of Jamboree. We are especially impressed by the friendliness of the Canadian and Haitian contingents. Soon we hope to get

around to the others and share our experiences.

Our boys look forward eagerly to the visits from our parents and friends, so please drop in any day after 12.00 noon until 9.30 p.m. The market is open to the public and all sorts of items are on sale there—refreshment, haberdashery, etc.

Yours with greetings from our troop at Briggs Park.

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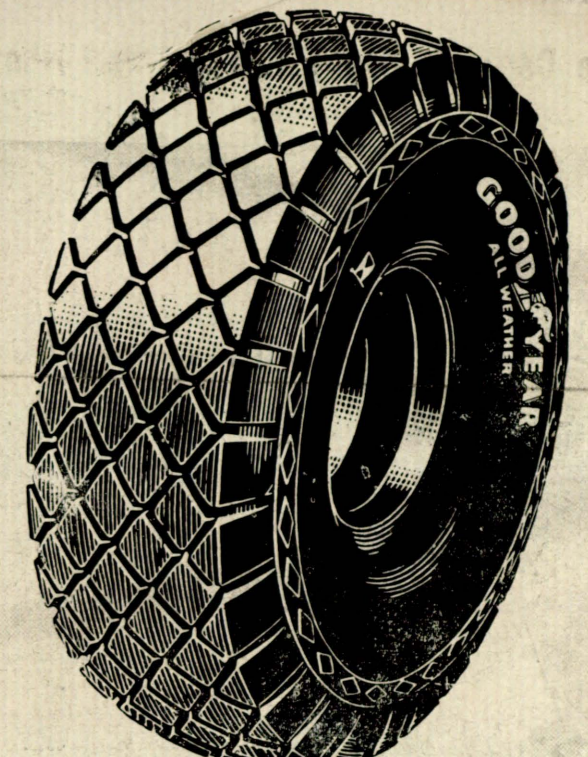
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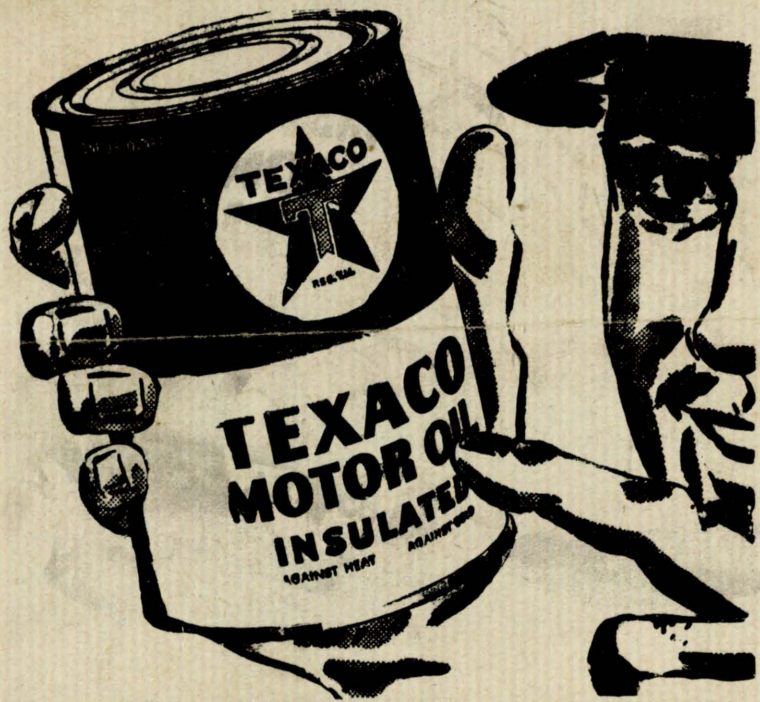
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