

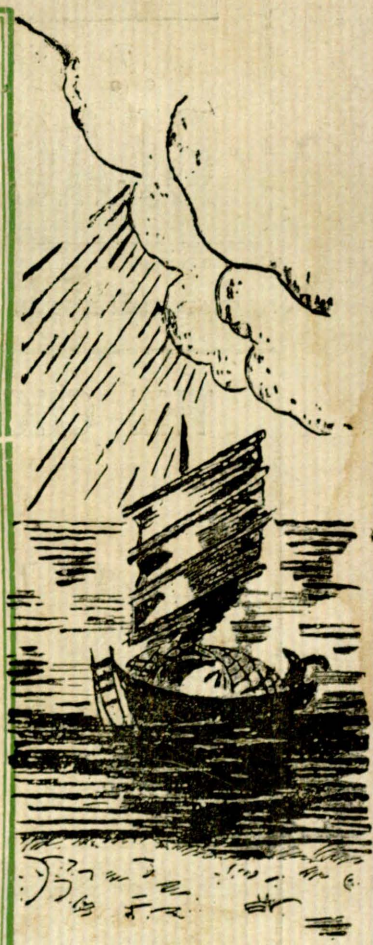
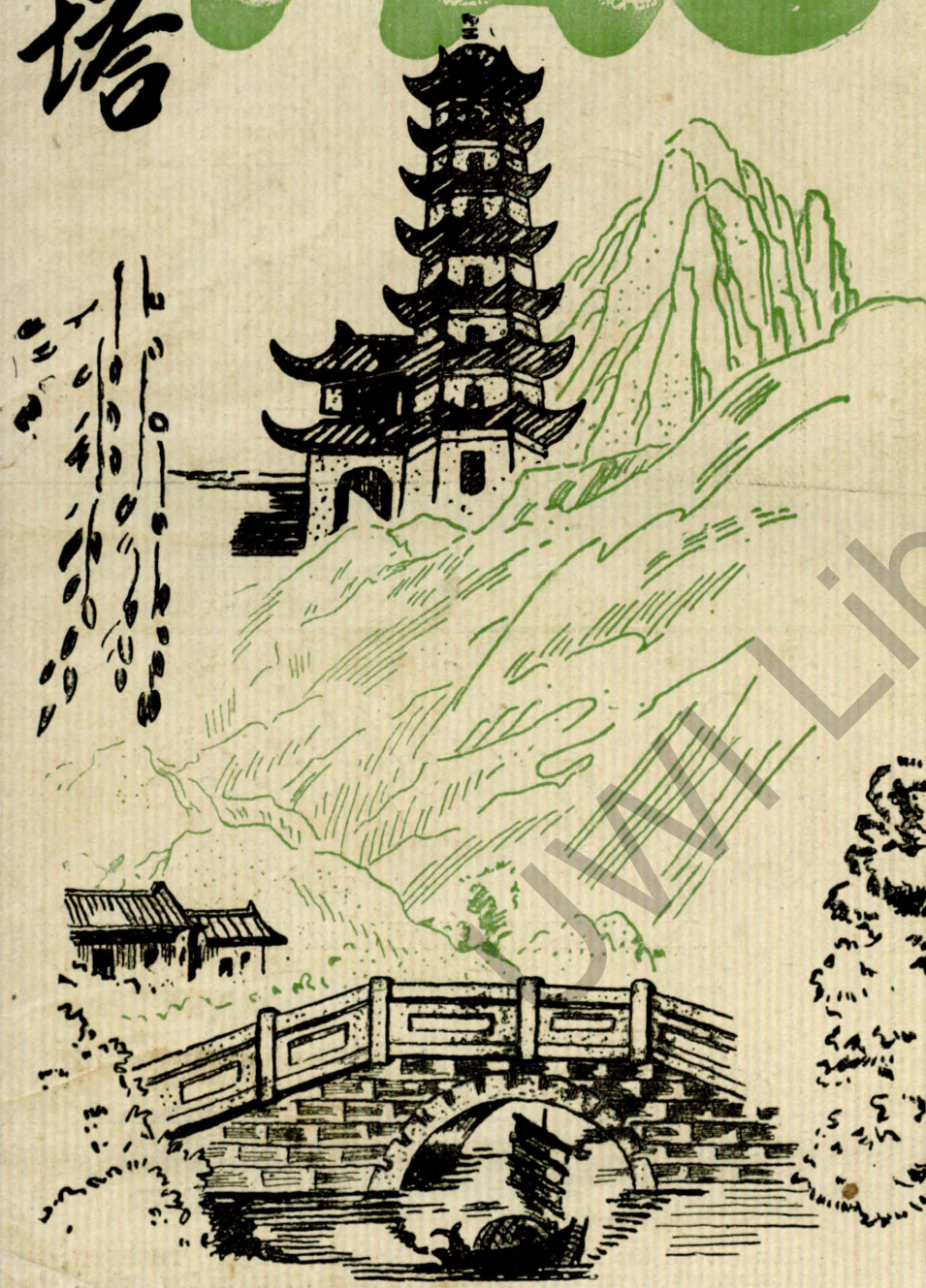
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# PAGODA

A FORTNIGHTLY MAGAZINE

PRICE THREEPENCE



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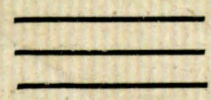
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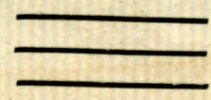
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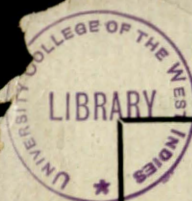
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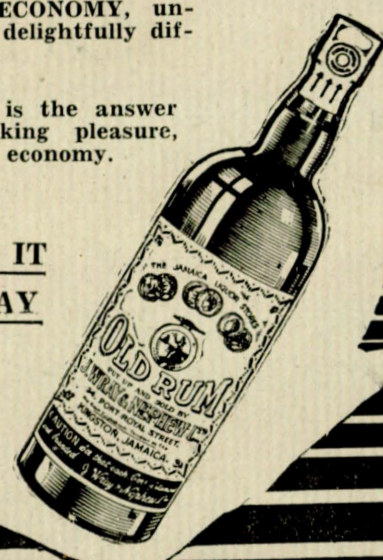


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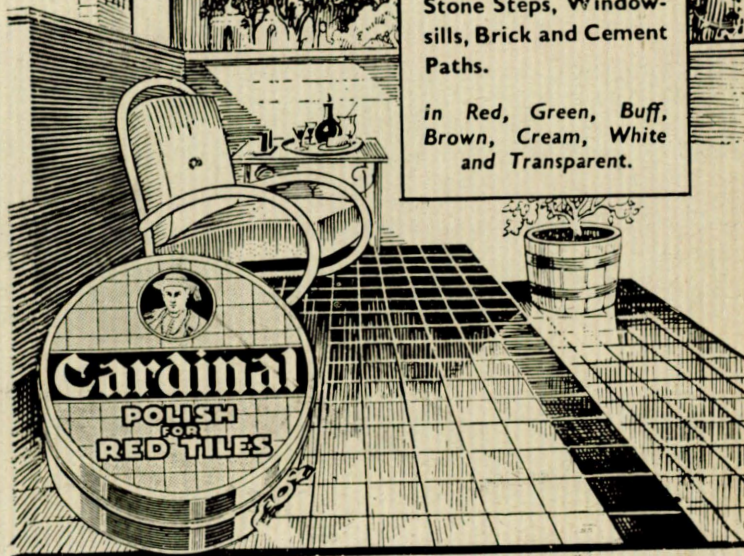
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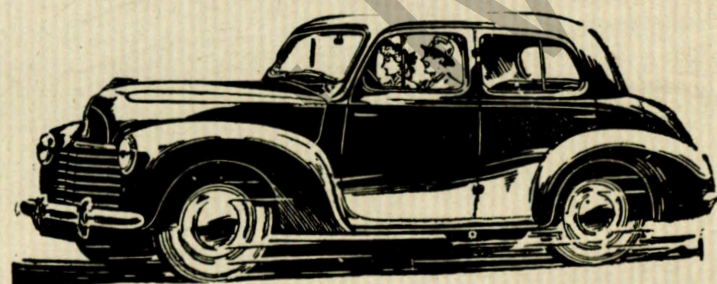
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# TEA DRINKING IN CHINA

By L. Z. Yuan

TEA drinking in China is an art, ranked high above the art of wine drinking. Epicurean Chinese do not drink tea to quench their thirst but to appreciate the fine taste which, it is said, makes one feel as though sailing on the clouds.

The art of preparing tea and appreciating of it is now definitely on the wane with modern Chinese youths indulging in drinking in a fashion which the more refined would call "watering the ox". Many of the youths of these days can now do no better than tell black tea from green tea, and in fact, prefer to drink water, preferably ice cold during the summer.

Tea drinking used to be an important phase of the refined, scholarly life. Every scholar had to be able to drink tea artistically and was supposed to be able to tell not only the type of tea but also the quality of water used in brewing the tea!

Many authoritative volumes may be found in Chinese classics exclusively dealing with tea drinking. One of the oldest of treatises on this subject was written in the Han dynasty by a scholar named Loh Yu. The volume was entitled Tea Bible.

The work was an elaborate one. Mr. Loh apparently had travelled extensively to determine the quality of tea produced in various districts. What are today considered as the producing centres of the best tea leaves were classified as inferior in that volume. Hangchow, today's most famous green tea producing centre, was classified as inferior while tea from Soochow was even worse, in the opinion of the ancient tea expert.

In the Sung dynasty, the best quality tea was produced near Peiping in the Peiyuan area, but in the Yuan dynasty, the Mongols preferred tea from Wuyi, Fukien. In the Ming dynasty, Wuyi tea lost its popularity. Tea from that Fukien producing centre, which once was sent to the palaces for the imperial family, was during that dynasty used to wash tea pots only.

The common Chinese and foreign ways of brewing and percolating tea are entirely wrong, according to experts. First of all, they contend, the pots and cups used for the drinking are too large — much too large.

GIVEN best grade tea and best grade water (preferably taken from the Tiger Run and Wei Chuan fountains in Hangchow and Wushih), small pots and tiny cups are essential. The pot must first be washed with boiling water and kept warm. A small quantity, say two ounces, of tea is then put into the warm pot. A larger pot is then filled with boiling water. When the water is slightly cooler, it is poured into the pot containing the leaves.

The lid must be immediately put on and

kept tight. The pot should be slowly and gently shaken for two minutes. With a bamboo or ivory stick, the leaves are gently stirred. Put on the lid again and pour the liquid into small cups for sipping — not gulping.

"Good" water is also essential in the brewing of tea. While spring waters are preferred, it also is essential that they be taken to the home without much shaking. Water that has been vigorously shaken is known lyrically as "fatigued water" and therefore, not ideal for drinking purposes. Water from the tap in your kitchen is definitely "out".

That's one of the reasons why Chinese tea lost its taste when brewed abroad, according to these experts. Water in foreign countries is not for tea brewing.

One of the foremost experts in appreciation of good tea and good water was Emperor Chien Lung of the Manchu regime, the same ruler who once executed several chefs because they failed to produce the dish known as "Red-beaked Green Parrot and Gold Trimmed Jade Cake". He not only demanded the best leaf but also the best grade of water. He once liked the tea produced on the summit of the East Hill of Tungting, Kiangsu, that he stationed a company of soldiers around the tea shrubs to make sure that none of the leaves was stolen.

While touring the country during his reign, Emperor Chien Lung drew up a list of fountains good for drinking purpose and graded them according to his personal experiences. Water from Jade Fountain in the outskirts of Peiping was given first honour. He determined the quality of water from various fountains by weighing the specimens. The water of the lightest weight was considered as the best for brewing tea. Only molten snow, he found, was as light as the water from the Jade Fountain.

WHILE touring the country Emperor Chien Lung had in his "Luggage", hundreds of urns of water from Jade Fountain. He was most disgusted when he found that he could not keep the water fresh. The water became "fatigued" when travelling on carts and on horseback. Accordingly he invented the unique method of "washing" the "fatigued water" with fresh water.

A measured quantity of Jade Fountain water was put into an urn. Another measured quantity of fresh water from other fountains was added in the urn. The water was stirred with a stick and then left still for an hour. The water on the top was salvaged with ladles. Because the Jade Fountain water was lighter the salvaged water was from that fountain, now fresh, "relaxed", and washed.

Because tea-drinking was a refined

hobby of scholars, tea leaves are given flowery names, especially those of the green type. Black tea is generally classified according to the name of the places where they are produced. Green tea is named according to the time or shape when it is picked from the shrubs. The most expensive type is "hairy tips" because they are mere sprouts from the shrubs just as they grow early in the spring. Then there is "before-the-rain", the "rain" referred to being the festival of "Corn Rain", which usually occurs during the second moon of the lunar year. Then there is "the-banner-and-the-spear", so named because the leaves are grown in the fashion as the name implies.

For centuries Chinese have been serving tea to their guests as soon as they sit down in parlours. Today, the guests just sip the tea, enjoy the excellent spring water and the excellent leaves picked before the "Corn Rain", and commence the conversation. In the old days, however, the etiquette was entirely different.

A set of complicated unwritten laws once guided the custom of tea sipping in reception halls. The laws were strictly enforced in Chinese officialdom as well as in the higher strata of the Chinese community.

DURING the later part of the Manchu regime, the laws had their golden days. With the downfall of the imperial government, the custom is but another reminiscence of Chinese history.

Some fifty years ago, a guest was led into the reception hall by a servant who held his visiting card in prominence with his outstretched arm. When greetings were exchanged and the host and his guest were seated, tea was served in lid-cups.

The host and the guest were not supposed to sip the tea. They were to put the cups on the tables and the two proceed with their conversation. When the guest was leaving or when the host wanted to call the meeting to an end, he lifted the cup and the servant would shout: "Sung Ke" meaning "Send-off for the guest".

The servant was required to have, among other qualifications, a loud, golden voice. His "Sung Ke" had to be audible to the sedan-chair carriers, bodyguards and other attendants of the guest so that when he stepped out of the gate, the attendants would all be in readiness to move.

When the host and the guest decided to continue the conversation, the former would have to order his servant to "change the tea". The second round of tea was meant to be consumed. Both the host and guest might drink the beverage as often as they liked without implying the signal that conclusion of the conversation is desired.

(Continued on page 8)

# BUNKUM!

By S. E. C.

THERE is a good old song which comes to mind from the wonderful Scouts' Campfires. It is a song by no means indicative of praise of approval where an item just rendered is concerned. As the chorus swells to a mighty torrent of sound, the recipient of this signal honour seeks the safety of the shadows on the edge of the circle. One does not give an encore to that song, one simply fades away from sight — but quick.

So we go back in memory across the wide span of the years, and we hear the chorus greeting a Grade B. item:

"Bunkum, bunkum, it all sounds like bunkum to me!"

If you carefully assess those little items so closely linked with superstitious meanings, you'll find that they're all bunkum. Let's have a look at a few of them. IT'S BAD LUCK if you spill salt. But I am the good old skeptic. I don't give a darn for all that nonsense. I deliberately spill salt on the table, just to try it out. And I don't even cross my eyes or my fingers. Frankly, I was disappointed. No sounding of the trumpets of doom; no sudden flash of lightning; nope, not a thing. I sat around waiting for things to happen to me. Twenty minutes passed — no soap. Thirty minutes — no dice. One hour glided by and I grew tired of waiting. After two hours I gave it up with disgust. Bunkum, plain bunkum.

I was bathing when it happened. I was reaching for the towel to dry myself. The towel rack is on the same wall against which the bathtub is placed. The tub is half full. If you're the fussy type, you could also say that it is half empty. One end of the tub slopes sharply. I set my feet carefully against the bottom edge of that slope and stretch forward to reach the towel. I miss by six inches. I take a cautious step up the hill. Again I grope forward. Three inches! A little

more now. Ah, closer, closer. And just as my fingers establish contact with the towel—

"Swoooosh!" And the next thing I know is that my head is under water. I pick myself up, thankful for the small mercy of privacy. That, little fall, I hope you will agree, was merely coincidence.

MORE than once I was told never to let a post, pedestrian or other object come between myself and a friend if we were walking together. I tried that one out too. While walking with a friend, I told him of my plan and kept a weather eye out for a nice big juicy telephone pole. I hopped off the sidewalk in order to get the pole between my friend and myself. That incidentally was when the cyclist bowled me over. Superstition? Naw, just a weak mixture of poor luck and bunkum.

Never let a black cat cross your path. I let a black cat with her four jet black kittens pour themselves across the road. I am not superstitious and I wouldn't let these simple, stupid little things get me down. I don't think much of the chap who has his whole life plotted and planned out for him by charlatans who insist that because he is born under the sign of the Ram, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays must be avoided when making big business deals; that nine is his lucky number; that he will come into a fortune when the thirteenth of a month next falls on a Friday. Then again there are the general rules for success in life. Never look at the new moon over your left shoulder; if you drop a knife at supper, you will have a male visitor before the night is through; don't tell that dream before breakfast if you want it come true; don't have a drink from a full bottle unless you first spill some on the floor. I remembered the black cats and I chuckled at this stage. Silly, absolutely silly. I can imagine kids

doing this sort of thing at school; but grownups? It just doesn't make sense. Look at me! I am fast approaching a ripe old age. I do not have people plotting and planning and arranging my life for me—far from it. Again I thought of the five black cats and I smiled. Bad Luck? Pshaw!

I was whistling a gay tune as I walked up the driveway to the house. Then I noticed that it had a deserted look. All the doors, and windows were hermetically sealed.

"Anybody home?"  
No answer.

I walked around to the back of the house. The back porch door was open. I yelled for the maid. She came to me from the Laundry room. I asked for the wife.

"Lawd sah, bad news Bad, bad news."

My heart froze. "Pull yourself together girl, what's happened?"

"Missis gone sah!"

"Gone? You're crazy!"

"She gone sah, she leave a note sah!"

I was speechless.

"And a man come today when Alfred was using the hose sah, and him say that him sure gwine summons you sah."

"W-what?"

"And the turkey get away sah, from morning ah look and ah can't find it."

"Y-you mean . . ."

"Dat not all sah, Mr. Fred next door say that you chicken scratch up him flowers bed and today him little son take slingshot and kill the two Leghorn sah."

I threw up my hands in a gesture of helplessness.

" . . . and the water lock off sah, little bit after the man catch Alfred."

I ran screaming into the house. "Co-incidence . . . co-incidence"

(Continued on page 18)

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## MOVEMENTS OF NOTE

By I. C. Evre Ting

TENNIS is very popular these days and all three courts at the Club have been in use daily for the past fortnight. Must be the result of the visit of our Trinidad tennis champ. Even the girls have been out in numbers. If this keep up we should produce a string of champs in another couple years or so.

ANOTHER almost tragic incident was that of a young motor cyclist who was trying out one of Cleopatra's trick of magic of cutting himself in two. Seems like a tightly stretched wire was in his way which knocked him completely off the cycle. It will be a long time before he will feel like riding on a motorcycle again.

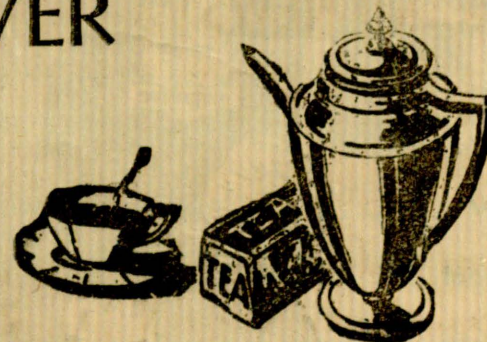
THE Guild has been pretty active the past few weeks. I understand that as a result of some little hustling by a few of their members a nice purse was raised for their departing rector. The presentation function was a very pleasant affair. It was followed a week later by a moonlight wiener roast. A moonlight night on the beach and a boathouse are indeed a nice setting for a party like this and I won't be surprised if we have more parties like this again in the near future.

AFTER all, our little island does have some attraction for visitors despite the fact that we have little to offer in the way of diversion and material comforts compared to other holiday resorts and bright places around this part of the world. Our two visitors from the States were so charmed with some of our quiet pleasures that they extended their stay for another week. They even hope to come back again in the Winter. There is also our Belize visitor who was here a few years ago and paid us another visit during the past fortnight.

A FEW weeks ago one of our salesmen had a very unique but distressing experience on King Street. Seems like he was so busy during the day that he forgot about his lunch. Due to the heat perhaps and other factors later in the afternoon while walking down King Street he fainted off quite suddenly in the street. The next thing he knew was a crowd of inquisitive and sympathetic spectators standing over him quite solicitously. Fortunately he recovered quickly and walked off on his own power leaving the crowd on the sidewalk wondering of course what sort of publicity stunt it probably was.

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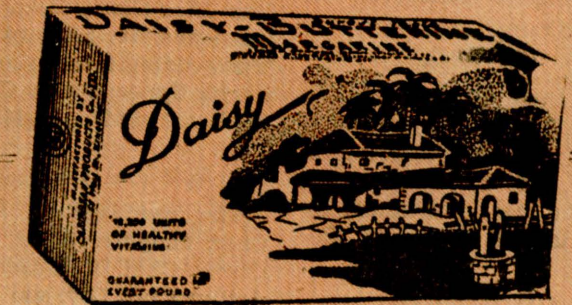


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PERSONALIA

Mr. Shih I Sheng of the Overseas Department of the Chinese Government ended his brief visit to Jamaica on Monday, May 2 when he left for Trinidad continuing his tour of the West Indies. He attended a meeting in his honour at the Chinese Public School on Sunday, May 1st, and gave a very long and interesting talk on current conditions in China.

Mr. Jin Hean Ho, captain of the visiting Trinidad tennis team, and Mrs. Ho returned to Trinidad on Monday, May 2. Prior to his departure he was entertained by many friends he made in Jamaica.

The Chinese Christian Guild held a Presentation function for the Rev. Fr. Bateman last Wednesday, May 4 at the Parish Church Rectory at Upper South Camp Road. A purse of appreciation was given to Fr. Bateman on his retiring from the Rectory of the Kingston Parish Church. Nearly a hundred persons including members of the guild and their friends were present at this very pleasant function.

The Guild also held a moonlight party on Wednesday, May 11 on the beach at Marine Villa, Rae Town, which was kindly loaned by Mr. and Mrs. A. Tie Tenquee for the occasion.

The marriage of Miss Kim Yow Chang, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chang Lee Moy of Catadupa to Mr. Lester Yap, son of Mr. and Mrs. Yap Tiam, took place on Sunday, May 8 at the Holy Trinity Cathedral. The bride was given in marriage by Mr. Gladstone Chang. The chief bridesmaid was Miss Gloria Hugh, and best-man was Mr. Richard Yap. After the wedding a reception was held at 12 Upper South Camp Road, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Yap.

The marriage of Miss Esmee Chai, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Chai of Trinidad to Dr. Arthur Chin Loy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chin Loy, will take place in New York on Saturday, June 25. Arthur has been resident doctor of Christ Hospital in New Jersey, U.S.A. since last September while Esmee has also been in Vancouver for the same length of time engaged in physiotherapy work at a hospital there.

Among visitors to the Island the past two weeks were Miss Virginia Lee of New York and Miss Margaret Chin of New Jersey. They

arrived here on Wednesday, May 4 for a short holiday here. Margaret will leave this afternoon while Virginia will stay a few more days and leave on Wednesday, May 18. They are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. Tai at Marine Villa and during their short stay have visited many parts of the island.

Mr. William Chin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Chin Henn Beowy, returned on Wednesday, May 10 to spend the Summer holidays here. He is studying medicine at McGill University, Montreal.

Among recent arrivals from Hongkong were Miss Doris Shim and Mr. Lindo Shim. Miss Shim is betrothed to Mr. Harold Chang of Kingston and the wedding will take place at an early date.

Mr. and Mrs. James Chuck of Christiana announced the birth of a son on Monday May 2.

Mr. and Mrs. Joslyn Moo Young also announced the birth of a daughter on Saturday, May 7.

Among the graduates at Alpha Academy Graduation Exercises on Sunday, May 1 were the Misses Fay Lee, Una Lee, Millicent Wong, and Maisie Young.

The C.A.C. cricket team defeated Local Forces by 123-62 in

a Caribbean Products Cricket Cup match last Sunday. The C.A.C. team is leading in the competition by scoring 11 points from 5 matches played while Lucas has 12 points from 6 matches played. Tomorrow the C.A.C. will play Kensington at the C.A.C. oval.

The C.A.C. softball team played a friendly game with a team from the Mental Hospital staff last Friday and won their game by a wide margin. A softball team from Montego Bay, captained by Mr. Bobby Chin will come to Kingston on Tuesday, May 24 to play a friendly game with the C.A.C. team.

Messrs. L. J. Williams Marketing Co., Ltd. gave a reception at the Glass Bucket Club on Monday, May 9, on the occasion of the arrival of the American Pioneer Line s.s. "Pioneer Isle" which inaugurates the regular direct freight service between Australia and Kingston.

Miss Ricki Wong of Belize, B.H. arrived here on Saturday, April 23 for a short holiday visit. She is the guest of Mrs. Sylvia Chong at 14 Seabreeze Avenue, Bourne-mouth. This is Ricki's second visit to Jamaica as she was here five years ago also on holidays. She will leave this afternoon by plane for Belize.

PANORAMA

PAINTINGS BY BRITISH ARTISTS

The Art Exhibition at present current at the Art Gallery of the Institute of Jamaica is that of a selection of paintings by British artists over the 18th., 19th. and 20th. centuries, which has been arranged by the British Council. The paintings are reproductions in varying size and by such noted artists as Constable, Gainsborough, Blake, Whistler, Reynolds, Turner, Nash and others.

To the casual observer at least, these pictures provide a most pleasant contrast, — particularly those of earlier date, — to the exhibitions of our local artists and those of more modern style. The more subdued colouring of colder climes also provide a contrast that is restful after the brilliant colouring of warmer climes. It is true that even in this exhibition, however, a few pictures of the modern abstract type of art are visibly executed with a more skilled hand though nonetheless abstract results as those of our own artists who employ this medium of self-expression in a world of chaos. Visible, too, are a few of Mark Gertler's paintings so similar to our own in the brilliance of the colours he employs. His work, "A Bouquet of Flowers" is a thing of greatness and vivid beauty. It reminds one of some of the poems of our fiery Latin American poets.

The landscapes are of subdued and exquisite colouring and possess a wealth of perfect detail in their trees and hills. Particularly beautiful, too, is "Michaelmas Daisies" by Nadia Benois, Russian wife of an Englishman, with its perfect blending of colours and extreme delicacy. This is indeed an Exhibition which should bring pleasure and knowledge to many, particularly those of us who have not had the opportunity of viewing these reproductions in the original.

BABY WEEK

A great deal of interest has been evinced in the annual Baby Week programme carried through by the Child Welfare Association between the 6th. and 8th. of this month, and much credit is due this organisation for its commendable work.

Several lectures were given by prominent medical men, and a panel of doctors were the judges at the Baby Show. The champion baby this year was Lloyd McLean in the older class, and

several other babies won prizes some of which were donated by the Mothers' Union. A film show was given by Major Nelson of the Institute for the Blind, and there were several displays such as a baby bathing one, and others in connection with the care babies receive in food, clothing etc. The Creche has been wonderfully improved in many respects and these shows help to give the public an idea of the wonderful work being done there, and at the same time assist in the instruction necessary to the right upbringing of infants.

MAY FAIR

The Wortley Home held a most entertaining May Day Fair at the grounds of the St. Andrew School on the 4th., which, in spite of the heavy shower of rain that fell during the afternoon, was a great success. Special feature of the function was the crowning of a May Queen Miss Kay Murphey, by Miss Diana Huggins. Maypole Dances were also a most attractive feature of entertainment for those who attended.

There was a large assortment of stalls which included a display of work done by the children of the Wortley Home, and a concert at night in which many of Jamaica's best artistes took part, such names as Gene McDonald, Lloyd Hosang, Thelma Verity, Ranny Williams, Joe Pinchin and others, needing no recommendation. Altogether, the Fair was one which provided a variety of pleasure for those present and some of the needed funds for the support of the Home, and the new buildings to be erected.

SCOUTING IN THE NEWS

Boy Scouts have been very much

in the news recently, with their camping activities and their special celebrations on St. George's Day which were carried through at Doncaster headquarters and attended by His Excellency the Governor in his capacity as the Island's Chief Scout.

A great event, too, was the award of the Bronze Medal presented by His Excellency to Air Scout Ronnie Jones of the Leeds Troop for an act of bravery — the highest award for such — through his act in rescuing a workman last year from a fume-filled pit.

Also in the news has been the visit of Mr. Grootens, Commissioner of Boy Scouts in the Netherlands West Indies, who came at the invitation of the Co-operative Department attached to St. George's College Extension School. The Goodwill Tour of Boy Scouts to British Honduras during the first half of this month has been of particular interest, and is in connection with the Overseas travel programme. The party of Scouts were under the charge of Mr. G. R. Bowen, District Commissioner for Western Kingston.

MUSICAL RECITALS

There have been a number of of musical recitals in recent

weeks which have provided entertainment of a high order for all lovers of music. With the arrival in Jamaica of Dr. Thomas Fielden, M.A., F.R.C.M. Examiner for the Royal Schools of Music, London, and the Music Examiner of the Association Board, Mr. George H. Fryer, F.R.A.M., F.R.C.M., there has been an added interest in this field of art. Dr. Fielden gave a Pianoforte Recital himself at the new Church Hall at St. Luke's Church which was much appreciated by those who attended.

The performance by the Edward Gordon Orchestra under its guest conductor, Mr. Tom Murray, Music Officer of the British Council, also held at St. Luke's Church Hall was a fine one, and although this Orchestra has dwindled in size its efforts are none the less of a high order. Guest artists on this occasion were violinist Margaret Lawson, and pianist Sybil Foster Davis, both of whom gave excellent performances. The folk songs by Louise Bennett lent a touch of native beauty to the whole.

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## THE PAGODA

Editor: Chas. T. Chang.

THE PAGODA is a fortnightly magazine. All correspondence regarding subscriptions and advertising should be addressed to the Editor, 108D Barry Street, or P.O. Box 305, Kingston.

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

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

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### Four Power Talks

The Berlin blockade came to an end on Thursday as the result of a Four Power agreement to this effect. Trains began to run regularly again and trade relations between the western and Soviet zones of Germany eased the tension of the "cold war" which has been taking place in this region over so long a period. The Air Lift will continue to operate until the situation has cleared up, it was stated by Mr. Ernest Bevin, Britain's Foreign Secretary.

This agreement on the Berlin blockade between the Big Four which has at last been made possible through the change in the Soviet attitude, may be the result of two recent events — the signing of the Atlantic Pact by western European and world powers, and, the founding of the Council of Europe, the Charter of which has just been signed by the ten founder-nations, viz. Britain, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Luxembourg, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Italy and Ireland.

The advantages of the Atlantic Pact as a deterrent to further Soviet aggression are apparent and have had the effect in making the Russians realize that they could not go much further in their aggressive ways. The Atlantic Pact may have stayed the hand of war by its timely completion. In addition to this halt in the progress of the "cold war", the formation of the Council or Parliament of Europe as it is called, was at the same time being initiated by the five nations which comprise the Brussels Pact, Britain, France, Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg, the main purpose of this Council being to promote a greater unity among the democratic nations of Europe.

At the signing of the Charter Ernest Bevin remarked that the Council of Europe "lays the foundation of something new and

hopeful in European life." A Europe, strengthened by the terms of the Atlantic Pact and of the Charter of the Council of Europe will be a more difficult one for Russia to penetrate.

The immediate outcome of the end of the Berlin blockade will be a meeting of the Big 4 Foreign Ministers in Paris, opening on the 23rd. For the first time in a long while the Four Powers will once again discuss the fate of Germany preparatory to drawing up the German Treaty. It is not to be wondered at that much speculation is rife on what demands the Soviets are likely to make, all the more so because of an outline of what these might be having been published in a recent issue of the official Soviet Army newspaper. These demands give the Communists a dominating influence of East Germany's political, economic and cultural organisations, and considerable fear is abroad that Russia and Germany may unite at this juncture against the rest of the world.

Altogether, the coming Four Power Talks are anticipated in the light of a new "cold war" as the Soviets have stressed the "reluctance" of the other Powers to meet them in their new overtures for peace because of the recent Communist victories in China. It is difficult to foresee what the results of these talks will be in view of such an attitude on the part of the Soviets, but that these have been arranged is, at least, one step upon the way to possible better agreement between the controlling powers of Europe.

### TEA DRINKING IN CHINA

(Continued from page 8)

Clever, squeezing-expert servants in yamens (government offices) of the old days certainly knew their business. To save the trouble of boiling the water and in order that they might pocket the money for tea leaves, veteran servants in the yamens merely put hot water in the lid-cups for the first round. After all, it was not touched at all.

The second round, of course, had to be real tea.

All officials of those days had to be experts in holding tea cups. Any accidents as splashing the tea or dropping of the cups and breaking them into pieces in front of a superior would bring immediate dismissal for "poor etiquette".

The correct way, then and now, of holding a lid-cup is to hold the saucer with the left hand and to

keep the lid on the cup in its place with the right hand.

ALTHOUGH the refined art of tea drinking is now on the wane, Chinese are still "tea addicts."

While in offices of foreigners there may usually be found large jars of distilled water of filters, large tea pots of various kinds are always present in Chinese shops, offices, public places and homes.

It may not be tea time or after meals when a Chinese orders a cup of tea. He may sip boiling tea from a small pot the first thing in the morning to wake himself up. He may even, when suffering from insomnia, get out of the warm bed and sip a cup of tea.

In wealthier families tea is prepared fresh at each order. Usually a pot of tea is prepared so that the cups may be filled when the master rings the bell and say "Cha".

There are various ways to keep the tea hot. The common and old way is to put the tea in a pot kept warm by pieces of charcoal briquettes. Some families merely equip the pots with heavy cotton padded "coats".

The latest method of keeping tea hot is to use hot water bottles. The "tea essence", or the strong tea, is kept in a separate pot. To prepare the tea, the cup is filled with hot water and a few drops of the "tea essence" is prepared by putting handfuls of leaves into the pot and steeping it with boiling water.

Hot tea is always regarded as the best. Even in summer, one may find a Chinese sipping steaming tea. The hotter the tea, the cooler the drinker will feel it is said.

Few Chinese ever put sugar and cream into their tea. We like our tea "straight". When drinking coffee, however, we always insist on having both sugar and cream

(Continued on page 14)

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## CHINA'S INDUSTRIES AND FOREIGN TRADE

By L. B. Chen

From THE CHINA MAGAZINE

(Continued from last issue)

DURING the initial stage of industrial development, the financial resources available to China are bound to be limited. It is therefore necessary that we limit our initial developments only to certain items that are most urgently needed in China.

Among those items which we consider to be on the priority list we can classify generally as follows:

(1) Development of transportation facilities such as Railroads, Highways, Waterways and Harbours.

(2) Development of basic industries such as Coal, Iron and Steel, Electric Power, Machinery Manufacture, Fertilizer and Chemical, Oil and Petroleum Products, Cement, etc.

(3) Development of export industries such as Tin, Antimony, Tungsten, Wood Oil, Bristles, Sugar, etc.

(4) Development of rural industries such as Cotton textiles, Silk, Tea, Handicrafts, etc.

(5) Development of irrigation and forestry, especially in the interior provinces.

The extent to which we can go in the development of these projects will largely depend on how much we are able to finance. Naturally, our means will be limited at the beginning and we must be satisfied with a humble start. But, no matter how big or how small is the scale, such projects must be thoroughly planned, properly balanced and well coordinated.

ECONOMIC planning is needed in China now more than ever. Without planning we would go about aimlessly, the developments will not be balanced and coordinated and much of the time, money and efforts will be wasted.

It took a full century for America to reach the present stage of industrialization. The British took almost two hundred years to industrialize. In this country the backbone of your economy is free enterprise. Your development is a natural development, not a controlled development. Your economy is a free economy, not a planned economy. This is also the case with the British.

If China had started her industrialization one or two hundred years ago, we would most likely have followed the same pattern as the U.S. or the British did. But right now we are far behind. We have to catch up in a hurry. We cannot afford to spend one or two hundred years to reach the present stage of development in the West, because even if we did we would still be that much behind.

Shall China then follow the footsteps of Soviet Russia? Russia had three five-year plans and she achieved a fair degree of industrialization in a matter of ten or twenty years. But the Russians did it by suppression and abolition of all private enterprise and substituting for it cooperative or state operation of all industrial and commercial activities. To follow the Russian example, China would have to undergo a radical social revolution and would become a Communist state. This is impractical and impossible.

Therefore, the path which is best for China to follow should be along the middle of the road between socialistic system on one side and capitalistic system on the other. China's economy must be a planned economy, but not entirely a state-controlled economy. China's development must be a planned development, but not necessarily a state-operated development.

SINCE 1943 the Chinese Government has adopted the general policy for post-war reconstruction as follows:

(1) Industrial reconstruction should be a planned one, mapped out by the Government according to the principles laid down in the Three People's Principles, and Dr. Sun Yat-sen's industrial programme.

(2) The Central Government shall formulate a comprehensive nation-wide plan for the establishment of industrial areas, the plan to be based upon the requirements of the national economy, existing communication facilities and the location of natural resources.

(3) In the post-war industrial reconstruction the Government shall adopt the policy of emphasizing a simultaneous development of State and private industry.

(4) Industry which may be entrusted to individuals, or industries which will be less suitable for the State to operate shall be privately operated. Industries, the operation of which cannot be entrusted to individuals, or industries which assume the nature of a monopoly shall be state operated.

(5) The national financial policy and the banking policy shall be in complete accord with the national industrial reconstruction plan. The taxation and financial systems shall be in line with the promotion of national industrial reconstruction.

(6) In order to speed up the completion of industrial reconstruction programmes, foreign capital and technical cooperation shall be welcome.

During the last decade, there have been a number of industrial development plans for China, some drafted by the Government, some by private enterprise, some by Chinese and some by foreigners. These plans were usually of a piecemeal nature and intended only for a specific purpose. As the conditions in China kept on changing, most of such plans became obsolete after some time. So right now, China does not have a single plan that is thoroughly prepared, well balanced and properly coordinated according to our actual requirements.

WHEN General Marshall went to China in 1946 with a good prospect of lending half a billion U.S. dollars to China through the Export-Import Bank, the Chinese Government prepared in a hurry and submitted a programme to the State department to apply for the loan. Unfortunately that loan never came through and the money originally earmarked by the Export-Import Bank was withdrawn at the end of June last year. Then the E. R. P. Programme came up in Congress last fall and China Aid was included as a part of the Programme. The Chinese Government again prepared in a hurry a new programme and had it submitted to the State Department. At the same time, the State Department was busy preparing all by itself another aid programme for China which came out to be 510 million U.S. dollars for the first fifteen months.

(Continued on page 18)

## Announcement

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# WRONG NUMBER

By H. V. Ormsby Marshall.

The moonlight poured itself liberally over the garden. Faint stars in the distant heavens blinked sleepily on the scene. Dorothy leaned her elbows upon the window sill and sighed languidly. Why did there have to be so much wasted beauty? For, of course, it was wasted so far as she was concerned.

In a weak moment Dorothy had promised her sister Nell to stay at home that evening with the baby while she went to the pictures with her husband Basil. It had seemed little enough that she could do for Nell, since Nell was giving her food and shelter until she should find some suitable work to do, now that she had left school. But now that the actual night had arrived, and had turned out to be such a wonderful one, everything seemed different. Still, a promise was a promise, and Dorothy had not let Nell guess at the savage tearing in twain of her feelings when she told her goodnight and set off for the theatre.

Dorothy knew full well that there was really nothing for her to grieve about for although the garden was so seductive lying there bared to the eyes of Night, she had no boy friend to share these joys with her even had her sister been at home and she had been free to go her ways. Nell often told her there was still lots of time in which she could find a suitable boy friend . . . after all, she was still in her teens and had only just left the school-room. But Dorothy had very different views on the matter herself.

Tearing herself away from the window at length Dorothy's eye fell on a half finished cigarette lying upon the brass ash tray which Basil had left there in his hurry to get to the pictures in good time. Knowing how she would have been reprimanded for the act had her brother-in-law been present, Dorothy picked it up and smoked it to a finish. Anything for a break to the monotony, she reasoned to herself. Then she wandered into the bedroom and peeped at her small nephew lying peacefully asleep in his cot and decided all over again that there was absolutely nothing for her to do and that she was bored to distraction.

In passing by the telephone a

sudden idea came to her. With a gleam of mischief in her eyes she sat down and dialled the first four numbers which entered her head.

"Hello!" a voice at the end of some line or the other responded. It was a female voice.

"Is Derrick home?" queried Dorothy sweetly.

"Wrong number," came the reply, with no symbol of sweetness in its tone.

Dorothy repeated the performance using another four numbers which came to her aid by inspiration.

"Hello!" This time it was a male voice.

"Is Derrick there?" Dorothy asked, in a firm tone.

"No . . . I'm afraid you must have the wrong number . . . nobody here by that name."

Dorothy smiled weakly, but undaunted, she dialled again, another four numbers.

"Is Derrick there?" again she put the query to a female voice.

"I'm sorry . . . wrong number," came the reply in very polite tones.

Dorothy sat back and laughed softly to herself.

"Dear me! I wonder where Derrick can be?" she murmured. "Bad boy! Still, I'll try once more."

But her next three attempts at locating the truant Derrick of her imagination proved equally futile. Always came the inevitable response—"Wrong number!"

Dorothy stood up, stretched herself, and walked back to the bedroom to peep at Baby once again. The way he was sleeping began to make her feel distinctly sleepy too. She strolled back to the sitting room, glanced through a magazine lying on the table, yawned, looked through the window to see the garden still lying there as alluringly lovely as before airing her charms to the ever watchful Night. With a shrug of her shoulders she went back to the telephone and began her little game of seeking Derrick all over again.

"Is that 7894?" she asked, by way of a change, when a voice answered her summons.

"No, I'm afraid you've got the wrong number . . ."

"Oh, but isn't that where Derrick lives?" Dorothy called back.

"Afraid not . . ." She tried again.

A very polite male voice answered this call.

"Who would you like to speak to Madam?" it asked.

"I'd like to speak to Derrick," Dorothy replied with enthusiasm.

"I'm sorry Madam, but would you mind telling me the gentleman's surname? There are so many guests here, you see . . ."

"Oh, but I haven't the faintest idea what it is . . . I mean, I just haven't thought . . . well, never mind, I'll ring another time."

Dorothy sat back and giggled. The game was growing exciting at last. What could Derrick's surname be, she wondered? Derrick . . . Derrick . . . what about Sanders . . . Derrick Sanders . . . yes, that sounded very distinctive. Should anyone ask her another time what Derrick's surname was she would be able to say right off that it was Sanders.

The opportunity for using Derrick's surname came almost immediately as Dorothy hit on another hotel or night club or some such place where so many people were gathered together that the telephone clerk must know the party's full name if he were to be located.

But in spite of prolonged enquiries no Derrick Sanders could be found to answer the summons

of the damsel at the end of the wires. Once more Dorothy dialled. After all, there was nothing else for her to do, and this pastime was distinctly entertaining. By this time she could picture the Derrick of her dreams in a varied number of costumes, poses, ages, and the like.

"Hello," came the reply to her call, in a male voice.

"Are you Derrick, by any chance? Or have I got another wrong number?"

"I'm Derrick all right," came the rejoinder, with such an unexpectedness that Dorothy's heart missed a beat as she sat up straight and stiff in her chair. Good heavens! What would she say, what could she do . . . what a mess she would make of things.

"Well, aren't you going to say anything? I said I was Derrick and I hear no more. May I ask who you are?"

"I'm Dorothy," murmured Dorothy, with a gasp.

"Dorothy . . . Dorothy . . . who? I don't seem able to place you . . ."

"Just . . . Dorothy . . ."

"So . . ." just Dorothy "are you? Having a little game are you? Well, Miss Dorothy, what's on your mind?"

"Nothing . . ."

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# Jamaican Proverbs

Their Meaning and Significance

**You can' eat ochra soup wid one finger.**

Ochra soup is particularly thin and slippery. On this fact I base the meaning of the proverb namely, A difficult task should not be undertaken half-heartedly.

**If 'peechee wut a shillin', silence wut a poun'.**

Wut means worth; peechee means speech, shillin' means shilling; poun' means pound.

Compare this proverb with its English equivalent which has the same meaning, namely: "Speech is silver; silence is gold."

**Spider an' fly can' mek bargain.**

For comparison I refer to the legal phrase "Leonina societas", which students of classical literature, will remember is based on the fable of Phaedrus.

**Annancy rope tie him massa.**

Annancy is a mythical spider of African folklore. This proverb means that one can get trapped by one's own cunning; Or as the English phrasing puts it: "Hoist with his own petard."

**A fas' mek Annancy dey a house-top.**

Impertinence cause spider to live in the house-top. A saying which is applied to a person who meddles in another's affairs.

**Annancy gi' him wife name to-morrow dey.**

Annancy names his wife, "To-morrow is there"; evidently his motto, as with time and patience he always gets the better of his associates.

**No rain, no rainbow.**

Implies good out of evil. The rainbow is a sign of rain which recalls the weather lines well-known in England:

Red sky at morning,  
Shepherds warning;  
Red sky at night,  
Shepherds delight.

**Man no spread clothes a door, him no watch rain.**

That is he keeps an eye on what may affect him.

**More rain, more res' (rest.)**

This means either that when it rains agricultural labourers perforce rest; or that good season brings good crops and prosperity. The proverb sometimes continues:

**More grass grow fe massa harse.**

In the English county of Cornwall they say:

**More rain, more rest; more water will suit the ducks best.**

**Rain come no full pail, dew water no gwien full i'.**

A half-hearted attempt will fail where an earnest attempt did not succeed.

**A no ebery day rain come light.**

This is, it is not every day that the rains fall light; implying a threat that some day the unresisting may be avenged.

**Ebery day rain go a ribber, but ribber can' go a rain.**

This scientific impossibility puzzles the simple negro minds. And yet, in a sense, there is impossibility; because the river is refilled by raindrops from the clouds that have become over-saturated with watery vapour aken up by the sun's rays.

**Rain nebbet fall a one man door.**

The Hindu say: "When it rains it rains on all". The Bible says: "The rain falleth on the just and the unjust." —St. Matthew V. 45.

Which latter has given rise to the humorous lines:

The rain it falls upon the just and on the unjust fella;

But more upon the just because the unjust stole the just's umbrella.

**When ratta bite bottle de calabash mus' run.**

That is, when the strong suffer, the weak must fail.

In Haiti, they say, "When you see the wood-lice eating the bottles, hang your calabashes out of their reach."

**Nebbet mek you sail too big fe you ship.**

That is, Do not undertake more than you can carry out.

**You can't Ketch Quaco you mus' ketch him shut. (shirt).**

"Half a loaf is better than no bread," is the English version.

This proverb no doubt originally referred to Quaco, the Maroon leader, who defied the English soldiers. If he could not be caught, his followers might.

**If you hab shillin', wash de shillin', drink de water an' keep de shillin'.**

An advice to practise the strictest economy a virtue in which the Jamaican negroes is greatly lacking. As a rule they spend all they earn, and some of them spend what they do not themselves earn.

PLUTO.

"I guessed as much . . . aimless, brainless . . ."

"No . . . just . . . lonesome."

"Oh . . . h . . . h! So you're lonesome too. So am I."

"So . . . are . . . you?"

"Yes. You see, I'm staying home with the baby tonight."

"You are staying home with the baby?" Dorothy cried, "but . . . so am I!"

"Well, honey, I guess there are more than two babies in this highly over-populated world of ours aren't there? By the way, whose baby are you staying home with?"

"My . . . sister's. And . . . you?"

"My . . . brother's-in-law!"

"Oh, you're making fun of me . . ."

"I'm not . . . it's the plain truth . . . but tell me, how did you know my name was Derrick?"

"I didn't. I just thought it was such a nice, uncommon name that I'd never be likely to find

the right number to which it belonged."

"Oh, I see. It was just a gamble."

"Yes, you see, I was so lonely, and it is such a beautiful night don't you think? And I haven't a boy friend even if I hadn't been staying with the baby . . ."

"I get you," answered Derrick. "Well, when will you be off duty?"

"Tomorrow night . . ."

"Well, call me back tomorrow evening will you, and if I know you're genuine I'll come around."

"Oh, will you really? Of course I will . . . but . . . good heavens . . . I"

"What's the trouble, honey?"

"I . . . haven't the faintest idea what number got you eventually."

You see, I was just dialling dozens and dozens until I found you . . ."


"I see," said the voice at the other end of the line. "Well, suppose you give me your number instead, then you'll be absolutely certain that it cannot be the wrong one anymore?"

**"THERE'S NOTHING LIKE NUGGET TO MAKE SHOES SPIC SPAN AND READY FOR DUTY!"**

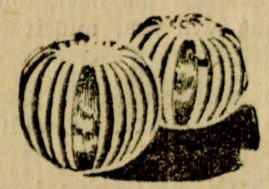
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**AMERICA**

"A hundred years from now, dear heart,  
We'll neither know nor care  
What came of all life's bitterness,  
Or followed love's despair;  
Then fill the glasses up again,  
And kiss me through the rose-leaf rain;  
We'll build one castle more in Spain,  
And dream one more dream there."

**John Bennett:**  
"In a Rose Garden."

**CHILI**

"You talk and talk  
And already we know it is like the sound of rain  
Which falls headlong over the field  
But your sound bears dreams and tips of pensive leaves  
It bears a bronze that has scarred ashes and mountains . . ."

**Vicente Huidobro:**  
"Prelude to Hope."

**RUSSIA**

"I came into the world to see the ocean,  
The vale's rich flower-starred pall,  
Mine eyes beheld a thousand worlds in motion,  
And conquered all.  
I overcame oblivion with the trembling  
Dream-echoes of my lyre,  
My heart is pure and free from all dissembling  
And full of fire.  
I am beloved because mine accents ring  
In suffering had their birth;  
Who is my peer in the sweet art of singing?  
No man on earth."

**Konstantin Balmont:**

**CHINA**

"Delicate clouds roll up and disappear,  
The sky is so bright that you cannot see the Milky Way;  
A pure wind blows through the empty heavens,  
The rays of the moon are scattered o'er the waves;  
Murmur and shadow fade away on quiet sands and still waters.  
One cup of wine we will drink together  
Then you shall sing a song."

**Han Yu:**

"Presented to Chang Kung,  
the Keeper of the Records."

**SYRIA**

"When night comes, the flower folds its petals and slumbers with Love, and at dawn it opens its lips to receive the Sun's kisses, bespecked by quick dartings of clouds which came, but surely go.  
The life of flowers is hope and fulfilment and peace; tears and laughter."

**Kahlil Gibran:**

"Tears and Laughter."

**ENGLAND**

"But the day wanes, and townward bends the track,  
And still the day is ours; our steps might tack  
A hundred ways to find the night-ingle  
Where men had heard her spring by spring and fall,  
But here's the very music, that is the one  
Unsought, surprising, heaven-sent; we have won  
The goddess May, and so your thrilled touch.  
I did not dream one world could give so much."

**Edmund Blunden:**

"A Patrol."

**POT POURRI OF THOUGHT**

**JAMAICA**

"I did not know  
There were so many ruts  
On the hard tarred road  
Until the rains came drizzling down  
All through the long May day  
And the motor cars dashed by  
Making a yellow spray  
Of water on the road.  
I did not know  
There were so many Buttercups  
In the green meadows  
Until the raindrops came  
Kissing each gentle bud to life  
Bidding them laugh and sing  
And now the byways are gold fringed—  
Golden glory that lingers in the heart . . ."

**Una Marson:**

"May Rains."

**INDIA**

"Take hence, oh Night, your wasted hours  
You bring me not my Life's Delight  
My Star of Stars, my Flower of Flowers!  
You leave me loveless and forlorn,  
Pass on, most false and futile Night,  
Pass on and perish in the Dawn."

**Zahir-U-Din:**

"Protest."

**PERSONS PLACES THINGS**

By Old Joe

**PERSONS**

**More About Durie and MacDermot**  
A few more notes about these Jamaica Times workers will be of interest, especially as showing the characteristic feature that was peculiar to each individual from the journalistic point of view. Mr. MacDermot was particular about certain things. His Scotch ancestry was one. He insisted on the spelling of the name. It was Mac; and he objected to anyone writing it as Mc. Another thing about him was the itch which he had for writing. Before he left Jamaica in 1922, and even while he was forced through illness to work at home, he clung tenaciously to his editorials, until sheer weakness prevented him from continuing any further. During his sojourn in Britain, prior to his decease, no sooner than he felt a little improved in health he would write articles for publication in the "Jamaica Times", signed T. H. MacDermot, and indicating that each article was written "By The Editor."

These articles were written between the years 1924 and 1926. During this period he also contributed signed articles to some English Magazines for which he was paid. His intention, I believe, was to earn some money to help defray his expenses abroad, which in part were being provided for by the Jamaica Times Ltd. as a recompense for the long and faithful service which he had rendered to that institution.

So far as I remember the articles for the Times were thirteen in number. Of such contributions, "Notes and accounts from England" referred to Spring at the Lattice of the Year; The Coming of the Labour Government, and the Government's Prospects; Everyday Life in Surrey, Bananas 30/- a Bunch, what London is Talking About; A Village School Entertainment; As Summer Strides Along; Jamaica at the Wembly Exhibition — Rush for Bananas at 6d.

As regards Mr. Durie, while on holiday in England, he constantly wrote letters to the Times office, extracts from which were published in the Jamaica Times

Weekly. Among these, (according to Notes from my Diary), were, To Paris — Visit to France and Italy; Our Prince Charming with the Golden Hair; Myers' Reception to Prince of Wales at Wembly. (This was the late Mr. Horace Myers, the Managing Director of Messrs. Fred L. Myers and Son Ltd., who gave a reception to the Prince of Wales, now Duke of Windsor).

**PLACES**

**JAMAICA PLACE NAMES**

As I mentioned in the last issue my intention henceforth is to treat this subject from an entirely different angle from what obtained formerly.

I no longer live and work in Kingston, but move around a good deal in the country districts. On the last occasion I wrote from Manchester. Since then I passed on to Portland. While in Manchester I came across sources of information that are both novel and interesting, and these I shall pass on my readers. Near Mandeville there is a settlement known as Clover which I can never visit without being reminded of the connection that this place has with the educational and agricultural advancement of the island. Half a century ago a man named Jack Palache owned Clover. He was a great gardener, and he established a model garden at Clover which was the centre of attraction for people from all parts of the island. Elementary Schoolmasters went there for tips to help them in their schools garden which was then a new requirement of the Education Department. Planters from this and the adjoining districts flocked to Clover in order to become acquainted with the St. Vincent Yam and the many varieties of Corn and Peas which were introduced into the island by Mr. Palache. The Loan Bank Scheme owed its origin to him, and the many Horticultural Show for which Mandeville has been famous are due to the impetus given to this movement by this man of aesthetic and artistic inclinations.

**DAVYTON IN ISLAND HISTORY**

Here is a Bit of Old Jamaica concerning this North Manchester District, which is my permanent headquarters. The rise of Davyton goes back to 100 years ago. In 1838 the Emancipation of Slavery took place. One year later the London Missionary Society (L. M. S.) started the extension of their Mission in Jamaica by sending out more missionaries. New school chapels were opened at Mandeville and other nearby localities. From Mandeville the Rev. Slayter opened a preaching station at Bellefield a coffee plantation some seven miles away in the neighbouring hills. This was the property of William Davy, who had become a deacon at the Mandeville Church. In 1939 Mr. Davy gave a piece of land to the L. M. S. and an independent Station was commenced which was named after its donor, namely, Davyton or Davy's Town. In 1843 twenty-nine members were transferred from Mandeville to form a church, and two years later without any building grant from L. M. S. the school-chapel was opened free of debt.

The first pastor was J. Gibson, an L. M. S. Schoolmaster, who had been working at the Mandeville School and was ordained.

Davyton still maintains the spirit of independence and pluck that characterised their ancestors at the beginning of their existence.

The late "Kingfish" Huey Long had been speaking on a bill in the U.S. Senate for more than two hours, when he called for a glass of water.

"Mr. Speaker, I rise to a point of order," said Senator Johnson of California.

"State your point of order."

"Mr. Speaker," continued Senator Johnson with a straight face. "I would like to draw the attention of the Senator from Louisiana that it is out of order to run a windmill with water."



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# TALKING IT OVER

with Elizabeth Martin

Dear Elizabeth Martin,

I am twenty-eight years old and am shortly to be married to a girl who is twenty-two. My fiancée is anxious to keep her job and go on working after we are married. I hate the idea and have always said that when I got married I would not let my wife work. What can I do to get her to stay at home?

S. N.

Dear S. N.

Your fiancée is not just being wilful; I rather think she is being far sighted. Why not talk it over quietly and unselfishly and make up your mind to both give in a little and see if you cannot come to some agreement whereby she will work for a time and then stay home. In this way neither of you will have won the issue.

In these days, with the high cost of living I can quite understand a sensible girl wanting to do her share towards bearing the financial burden of married life, with the possibility of a family to come. Also, for a girl who is accustomed to work, it is difficult for her to visualize the day when she will be asked to stay at home, unless she has a family to care for.

Of course, it will hurt your pride to go back on your declaration that you would never allow your wife to work. But if you make the initial sacrifice in trying to view the problem unselfishly, who knows it may not be long before she consents of her own free will to stay at home.

E. M.

Dear Miss Martin,

I am an ex-serviceman and am now engaged to a girl I love dearly. I have had many girl friends and have already been engaged. Do you think it is necessary for me to tell my fiancée all the details of my past?

L. K.

Dear L. K.

No, I do not think it is necessary to burden your fiancée with all the details of your past experiences. In fact I think it would be unkind.

But there are certain things that should be told and those are the things which you are afraid she will hear from another source and of which you are ashamed.

It is a mistake that many couples in love make to pry into each others past lives. We have all done things of which we are ashamed, but we are not called upon to tell of them unless they will affect our married life, or unless it will help us to lay the ghost once and for all.

E. M.

Dear Miss Martin,

I am sixteen years old and quite pretty. I want to be a doctor's wife. Do you think I should become a nurse, or isn't it true that doctors often marry nurses? If not, can you suggest some other way in which I can get to know some doctors?

E.

Dear E.

I wouldn't rely on the saying that doctors often marry nurses. It is rather the exception than the rule. Another point that you should remember is that girls become nurses because of the love of the profession and their desire to help the sick and the suffering and not for what they can get out of it.

You are still very young to be thinking of marriage, and too young to take up nursing, so don't worry. Besides, when you fall in love it won't matter a scrap whether he's a tinker, or a soldier, or a sailor.

E. M.

## TEA DRINKING IN CHINA

(Continued from Page 5)

although there are Buddhist worshippers who would not have any cream and prefer to drink a cup of sweetened coffee, which, in the interior, is still regarded as a good "medicine" to adjust troubles in the digestive system. When a Chinese felt he had over-eaten, he would prepare a cup of coffee. Some Cantonese, however, like to have their strong black tea sweetened.

In Cantonese restaurants, every guest is presented with a cup of tea and its acceptance is compulsory. The tea money is collected in lieu of the cover charge.

Although its application was limited to Manchurian provinces, a ban against tea drinking once was in force during the Sung dynasty (A.D. 960-1274).

During the regime, the Manchurian provinces were ruled by the Golden Tartars who were hostile to the Middle Kingdom, then under the rule of Sung emperors. Because the Tartars were spending so much money on tea imported from the Middle Kingdom, they decided to impose an embargo on tea imports.

It was sometime in A.D. 1,115 when friendly relations broke off between the Sung regime and the Tartars that the latter enacted a law under which tea drinking by the common people was entirely prohibited. Only those holding official posts higher than the

seventh rank were allowed to sip tea. Even they were not allowed to hoard tea and send it to others as gifts.

Persons not "qualified" to drink tea were punished for violation of the ban. The seriousness of punishment depended on the amount of tea consumed. A few years later, when tension grew between the two regimes, the ban on import of tea was even more strictly enforced and the amount allowed to be purchased strictly and radically curtailed. Even officials of the seventh and sixth grades were not allowed to drink tea. Tea consumption became a privilege enjoyed only by officials above the fifth rank. Violators of the ban were sentenced to five years' imprisonment each while those who furnish information leading to arrest and conviction of the violators were given cash rewards.

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## IN PARENTHESIS

A good husband is one who feels in his pockets every time he passes a mail box.

Mother was telling stories of the time she was a little girl. The little boy listened thoughtfully as she told of riding a pony, sliding down the haystack and wading in the brook at the farm. Finally, he said with a sigh, "I wish I'd met you earlier, mother."

A woman whose husband had entered the Navy, gave the pastor of her church a note just as he was mounting to the pulpit one Sunday morning. The note said, "John Anderson, having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety." The minister in haste picked up the slip and read aloud, "John Anderson, having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety."

Mark Twain said it: Always do right: this will gratify some people and astonish the rest.

A prominent bishop tells of the Sunday morning when he was approached after the service by an old lady, who said in a tone of appreciation, "Bishop, you'll never know what your service meant to me. It was just like water to a drowning man!"

A certain flower store in New York has a sign on its walls, saying, "Kindly desist from telling us to make up your order 'nice, nice, nice.' You worry yourself and the sales help needlessly. You must realize it is a great strain on the salesman to be told to 'make it nice' by one customer after another. Your order will be carefully executed without unnecessary reminders."

"Which weeds are the easiest to kill?" asked the young man of the farmer who was hard at work.

"Widow's weeds," replied the farmer. "You have only to say 'Wilt thou?' and they wilt."

The farmer's mule had just balked in the road when the country doctor came by. The farmer asked the physician if he could give him something to start the mule. The doctor said he could, and, reaching down into his medicine case, gave the animal some powders. The mule switched his tail, tossed his head and

started on a mad gallop down the road. The farmer looked first at the flying animal and then at the doctor.

"How much did that medicine cost, Doc?" he asked.

"Oh, about fifteen cents," said the doctor.

"Well, give me a quarter's worth, quick! I've got to ketch that mule."

Old Lady (sniffing) — "What's the odour I smell?"

Farmer — "That's fertilizer."

Old Lady (astonished) — "For the land's sake!"

Farmer — "Yes, ma'm"

They were having an argument as to whether it was correct to say of a hen she is "setting" or "sitting" and, not being able to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, they decided to submit the problem to Farmer Giles.

"My friends," said he, "that don't interest me a-tall. What I want to know when I hear a hen cackle is whether she be laying or lying."

"There isn't much difference between a man's wants and a woman's wants," declared Mrs. Smith.

"Oh, yes, there is," insisted Mr. Smith. "A man wants all he can get."

"Yes?" said Mrs. Smith, waiting.

"And a woman," continued Mr. Smith, "wants everything she can't get."

A lawyer who prided himself on the knowledge of the law and a sponge-like memory that soaked up and retained every bit of legislation was caught one afternoon carrying a number of law books under his arm.

"I thought you had no need for those things," a friend chided him.

"I didn't," the lawyer said. "These are for the judge."

It undoubtedly would have been very bewildering to an innocent bystander, but the conversation these two conducted seemed to satisfy them.

"Mose, did yo' all hyar about whut's his name?"

"Cose Ah hab. Whut about 'im?"

"What about who?"

"Ole whut's his name?"

"Oh, him. Ah heerd he cum home from thingamagummy er some place, and married ole—er, yo' know—dat odder fella's sister. Didn't yo' all hyar about it afore?"

"Yeah, Ah heerd somep'n about it. But ah didn't hyar any details 'til yo' tole me."



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# REFRESHING WINDS

By Gay

"Well, how do you like them?" I asked my friend, finally.

We were walking slowly up the winding path of a hillside. She stopped for a moment and adjusted her glasses.

"You're referring to my glasses, no doubt?" she laughed. It had been a joke between us for the last couple years how she could invent excuses for not going to an optometrist when her sight was failing.

"I—" she began, and the laughter faded from her eyes. She stared across the sweep of a valley and finally sat down on the grass and leaned against a tree. "If you really want to hear it, I will tell you about these glasses," she said, tapping the temples. "They—they have made me see inwardly, as well as outwardly—"

"Whoa!" I smiled. "Aren't they just ordinary glasses, or did you go to some little gnome of the woods and have a magic pair made up?"

"The glasses are ordinary enough," she smiled. "But maybe the little gnome touched me—" She sat for a moment without speaking. Then, "You see I am

near-sighted. Do you know what that means? You see everything in a sort of haze. Nothing distinct, nothing sharp or clear—just a sort of indistinct blur. You walk around in this foggy existence for so long that you honestly don't know what the world looks like. And then you get glasses—"

She stopped again—and I waited for her to find words for her new thoughts. "I'll never forget the day I walked out of the optometrist's office—never in all life—with my new glasses perched on my nose. Do you know where I went first? I went to my garden. I wanted to really see all the things I had planted and worked over and made to grow. I stood perfectly still for about an hour, I remember. I couldn't move. The beauty was over-powering. I never dreamed dahlias had all those tiny parts to them or that hibiscus were so fragile and still so strong at the same time, that the leaves of croton hedges could be so magnificently formed and coloured—then I came here. I wanted to see the view from the top of this hill. I couldn't be-

lieve that every small blade of grass could stand out like that in all its green perfection or that a hill of trees and flowers and grass could sweep away to the sea—and the brilliant colour! I had never dreamed it could be so beautiful. All I had seen before was a very foggy touch of gray-blue at the end of a blurred green. I didn't know the sky covered all your world in its deep blue sparkle or that the clouds formed shapes of magic before your eyes, or that the sea could take all that mysterious paint-pot and melt it into one whole rippling bed of endless colour."

"Yes—" I said. It would have been difficult, perhaps, for anyone with perfect eye-sight to understand my friend, but I knew exactly what she meant.

"Then—" she paused, breathed deeply, and went on. "Then I began to notice other things. I saw the slums of our town for the first time. I had never seen the details of mud and tins and rags and filth before, you see. It suddenly stood out in all its sharp defilement. Then—I saw people's faces clearly for the first time. That girl down the street whom I had always thought so beautiful I saw with clarity for the first time. She wasn't beautiful at all. Her face was filled with lines, lines of pain and annoyance and worry. And the uncle of mine whom I had always ad-

mired—when I saw him clearly for the first time, I couldn't think of anything else except the look in his eyes which had escaped me before. It was a look of fear. I knew he often fretted over his business and worldly concerns, but what I saw in his eyes was nothing but fear.

"I saw greed and shrewdness and hardness and jealousy for the first time. I saw tension and strain and boredom—and many other things. Children who had all looked lovely to me before, now looked undernourished and starved—not physical starvation, mind you, but for something else, some mental need that I couldn't quite grasp. Was it love or understanding or attention or help in growth? I don't know—I couldn't name it.

"I was so startled by all this sudden revelation, that I wanted to rip my glasses from my face and go back to the old half-dream sort of existence I had had before. I was hurt by the realism with which I was suddenly faced. I felt helpless and lost—and confused.

"I came here again, to this hill, where I could just sit by myself—and think a little. But I found two other people had come here before me and I was disappointed because I couldn't be alone—and then I heard snatches of their conversation. I realized with a

(Continued on page 17)

# FAR EAST BOOKS

## THE BIG CIRCLE By Ho Yung-chi

This is a very readable and well written account of the heroic and decisive part played by Chinese soldiers and their commanding Generals in the Burma Campaigns. For those who wish to get a true perspective of what happened in this far off corner of Southeast Asia, as well as why it happened, this is a "must" book. In the words of the author, Mr. Ho Yung-chi, who served as

Tung Shao Chiang, a One Star General with the Chinese First Army in the CBI Theatre, the purpose of writing the book was to dispel some of the popular myths concerning the First and Second Burma Campaigns. Prominent among these "myths" is that the First Burma Campaign fizzled out in the disastrous and humiliating way it did because the Japanese were strong and the Allies inefficient; that the Second Burma Campaign was desired by all the Allies; that the Chinese Generals were "Stillwell's Babies," manipulated as obedient automatons; and that the North Burma Campaign was won by the sheer weight of American armor and supplies. These "myths", like all others built on wishful thinking, the deliberate suppression of embarrassing facts, and the tendency of the gullible public to listen to and believe the fellow with the loudest voice and cleverest propaganda, melt away before the irrefutable logic of the facts as set down by Mr. Ho.

To understand the reasons for the dismal failure of the First Burma Campaign, one must understand something of Britain's overall strategy which, as Mr. Ho explains it, was not to waste precious British manpower and material in the relatively unimportant Southeast Asia Theatre, but to throw everything into the crushing of Germany in Europe. With the war won in Europe, Burma, Malaya and Singapore, although temporarily lost to the Japanese, would eventually come back to Britain, regardless of the length of time of the Japanese conquest. It was the European Theatre, therefore, that was for the British the main issue, "the heart of the problem." Having this in mind, one can understand, if one cannot condone, the constant retreat of the British, the deliberate use of the Chinese as a bait to pin down the Japanese in Burma after the fall of Rangoon and the loss of the southern half of the

Colony so that the Japanese would be halted on their way to India (which had to be kept at all costs as a source of supplies for British troops in Europe and elsewhere); their failure not only to cooperate with their ready and willing Chinese Allies, but their deliberate withholding of assistance from them; and their sabotage of General Stilwell's plans, much to "Vinegar Joe's unrestrained and acidly expressed indignation.

We hear much, and rightly, in this book of General Sun Li-jen, Commander of the Chinese 38th Division, who had received his military training at Virginia Military Academy. General Sun's fighting spirit, his sound tactics, his knowledge of how to handle his own troops, and the unswerving and almost fanatical devotion his men gave him, undoubtedly played a decisive part in the successful outcome of the business in Burma. Because of his heroic rescue of an embattled British garrison at Yenangyang and for bringing his own army intact into India after the retreat in the first campaign, General Sun was given an American citation praising his high qualities of leadership, and also had conferred upon him the title of "Commander of the British Empire." General Alexander's letter to General Sun conferring the order, read as follows: "On behalf of the imperial Forces, and especially the First Burma Corps, I should like to thank you on your personal cooperation and the gallant conduct of your splendid troops when fighting side by side with ours. I wish to show our appreciation by decorating you in the name of the KING Emperor with the Order of the Commander of the British Empire. . . . Wishing you and your incomparable 38th Division all luck and good fortune."

Before the Second Burma Campaign was finally launched, against continued British opposition which in the light of subsequent events seems difficult to understand, a definite course of action was mapped out, and the Chinese, American and British forces, not always acting in concert, it is true, began what turned out to be the victorious campaign against the Japanese.

The story of how the patient Chinese soldiers slogged through the "green hell" of the Burma jungles, meeting and overcoming obstacles that would discourage

the stoutest heart and put an unbearable strain on the toughest nervous system, is one to "hold old men from the fireside and children from their play." Anyone who has had the notion that the Chinese soldier is not a good fighter when properly equipped, trained and led, will have to revise his ideas completely after reading *The Big Circle*. It was, of course, from the very beginning, General Stilwell's contention (and he is paid high tribute in this book) that Burma could be wrested from the Japanese with the aid of Chinese soldiers, for whose fighting spirit and courage he had the highest respect. This book, if it does nothing else, proves this to the hilt.

K. B. C. in  
China and America.

## REFRESHING WINDS (Continued from page 16)

start that I wasn't the only one who felt helpless and confused by reality. And that set me to thinking, all right—some real serious thinking. And the one thought that kept returning again and again to my mind that day was that it was the same pair of glasses, the very SAME pair of glasses which had, all at one time, revealed to me all this beauty of the world and also all its sordidness. And I knew then that I could never again be an ostrich with my head stuck in the sand—I would never again want to be.

For I had caught a glimpse of Life, at last. This was its beauty—and its ugliness. And I must face them both with equal courage. Only cowards hide in the sand.

"Then—I braced myself and walked slowly toward the two other people who were sharing my beauty. Now—I told myself—now is the time to experience other things. If I can share beauty with them, perhaps I can share their pains, too—maybe there is something I can do to ease the pain, NOW THAT I CAN SEE—"

And I nodded, slowly—understanding. For I had been one of those two other people on the hill that day.

End.

Bored—"Why do you call Mark a small-talk expert?"  
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CHINA'S INDUSTRIES AND FOREIGN TRADE

(Continued from page 9)

That programme was submitted to the Congress in February of this year and after prolonged hearings was finally slashed down to 400 million for twelve months and passed by the Congress on April 2. Then the E. C. A. was created and a mission headed by Mr. Lapham was sent to China to supervise China Aid. An industrial survey group headed by Mr. Stillman was also dispatched to China in an effort to draw up a reconstruction and replacement programme for China as a part of the first year aid. Up to the present moment, not a single project has been started in China and the first year reconstruction and replacement programme is yet to be finalized and approved.

Looking back at the involved picture, one begins to wonder why there should be so much delay, so much duplicate work and so much lost motion and effort. Why can't we get together once for all the best brains we have and the most qualified men both in China and the U.S. and jointly map out a really practical and workable plan for the best interest of China and the world.

It has taken more than half a year to work out the first year China Aid Programme. If the aid is to continue after the first year, which we certainly hope it will, then we would again have to spend so much time to plan for the second, third and fourth year's programme. Is that delay really necessary? We won't mind if the aid is not too much so long as it is not too late.

In order to solve this problem, I have a personal suggestion to make. I suggest that a Joint Chinese-United States Economic Planning Board be organized right away to do some real down-to-

earth planning for China, not only for this year but also for the next three, five or ten years. On that Joint Planning Board the two government and also the leading business organizations and economic institutions of both China and the United States should be represented, each taking an active part in the planning work. Such a practical approach will save lots of time and avoid plenty of duplicate or even contradictory work. To help China formulate a sound and practical plan will go a long way in promoting the economic and industrial development of China and her two-way trade with other nations.

Now we have all come to realize that all nations in the world are closely interwoven with each other, politically as much as economically. To help China develop her industries and trade will not put China in a position to compete with other countries in the world market. It will on the contrary improve the standard of living, increase the purchasing power and raise the general economic level of the Chinese people.

In China the present outlook is indeed very dark. After eight years of exhaustive war with the Japanese, we have still to fight against the Communists, seemingly without end. We have come through all kinds of setbacks and heartbreaks. But we are by no means downhearted and hopeless. Backed with 4,000 years of history, endowed with 450 million hard-working, simple loving people in a land one and one half times as large as the United States, rich with natural resources and full of opportunities, we cannot but have faith in our future and hope in our destiny. We have a saying in Chinese. "God laid no dead end across the path of life."

We know the road to rebuild China is long and tedious. We

have a great struggle before us. But so long as we have faith and hope, so long as we are willing to work with sweat and tears, we are confident that with the blessings of God and with the help from all our true friends, we shall succeed in reaching our final goal.

BUNKUM!

(continued from page 4)

I kept murmuring to myself, yet not believing a single word of it. I didn't quite know where to start. I was just about to throw myself on the bed to work out a plan for suicide when I saw the note. I took it up, and then was afraid to open it. Last night's little quarrel assumed tremendous proportions. The little tiff we had over some silly little trifle took on the appearance of a breach of international relations.

I played with the folded slip of paper. I wanted to know what was in that note, yet I couldn't find the courage to open it up.

After a few minutes, with a sigh of resignation, I unfolded the paper and then read:

Dear SHC:

No I haven't left you. This morning you stubbed your toe as you were going out. I remembered immediately your 'anti-superstition campaign, so Bella and I cooked this up. Everything's just fine, the water's still on — try it. The chickens are still here — count

them. So's the turkey — and so am I. I hope incidentally that a Black Cat or two crossed your path today!

I'm just next door. Come for me — and come smiling!

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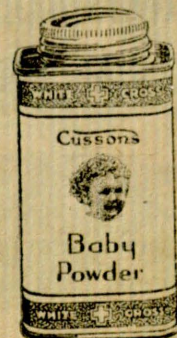
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