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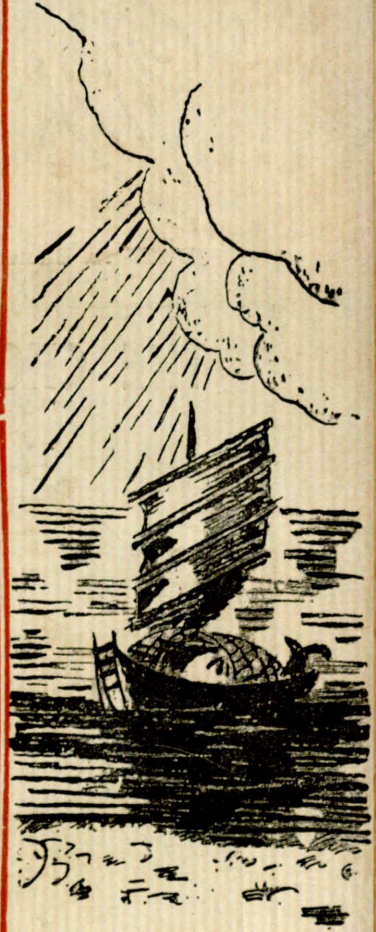
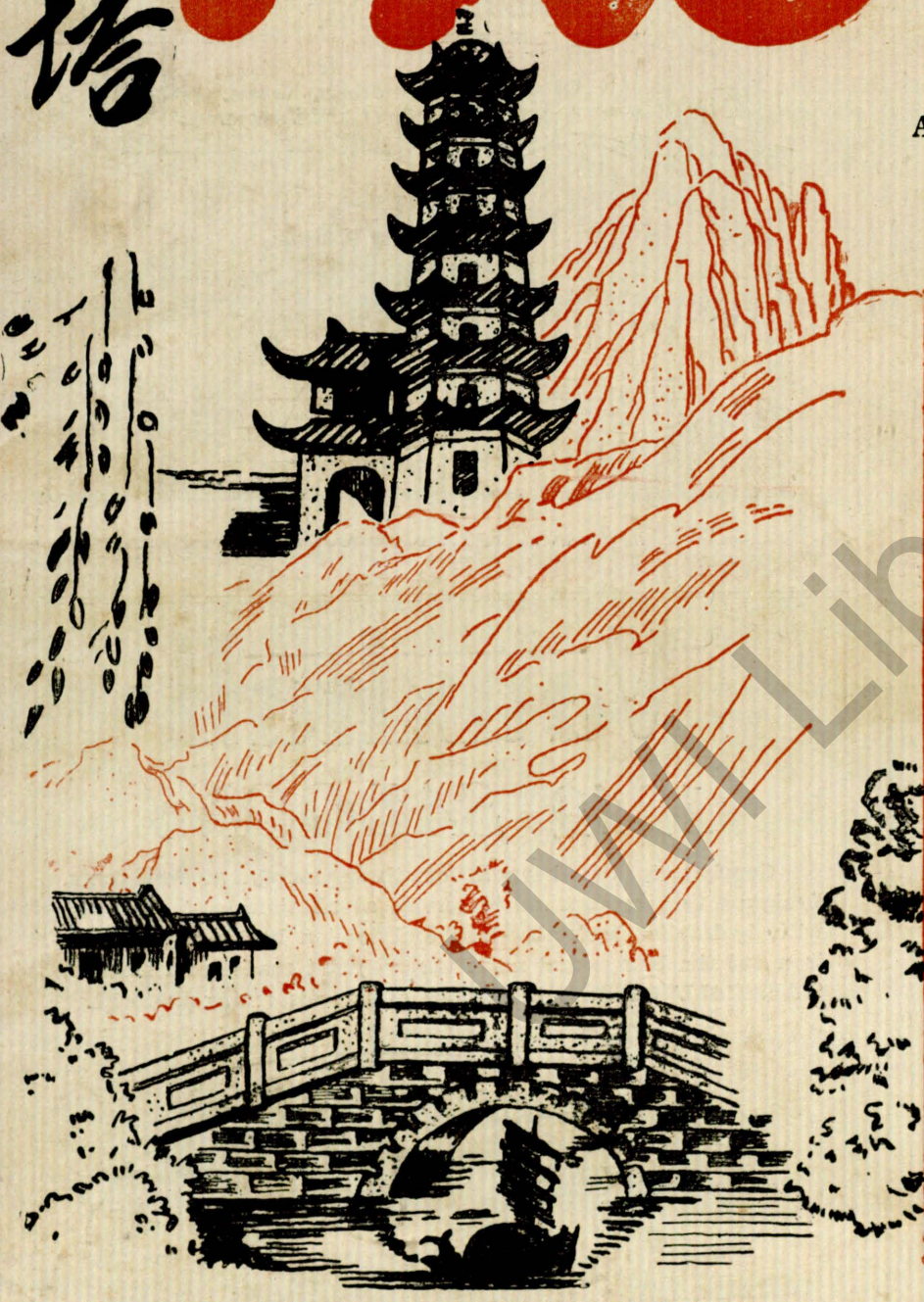
The

高塔

PAGODA

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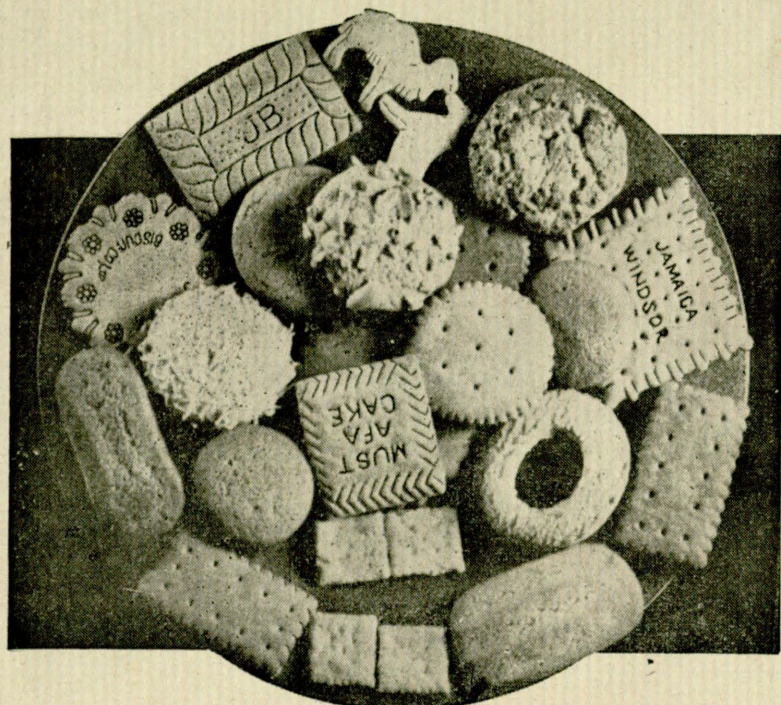
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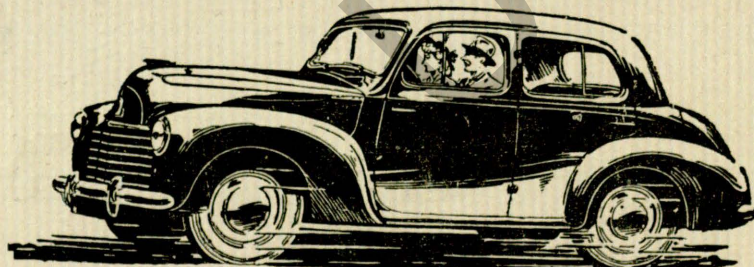
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THE PHILOSOPHY OF MENCIUS

By King-chau mui

From THE CHINA MONTHLY

CONFUCIUS was prominently associated with his disciples who recorded his teachings faithfully so that posterity of all ages would have access to them. Several of his followers achieved distinction. None, however, was as outstanding as Mencius, who, though not acquainted with Confucius during his lifetime, had studied under a disciple of the sage's grandson. Mencius' name is very familiar to young students who usually begin their study of the Classics by having to memorize in whole or in part the Book of Mencius. This book, a record of Mencius' conversations with people on various occasions, treats many subjects, such as the duty of man towards himself and others; the duty of rulers towards subjects; the nature of man; the practice of virtue; and Mencius' opinions of the virtuous men of the past.

Mencius was born in 372 B.C. of a scholarly family in the State of Lu, the home state of Confucius. Fatherless at the age of three, he was brought up by his mother, whose virtues and wisdom made her the model Chinese mother for 2,000 years. Known to every schoolboy is the story of her several attempts to provide a good environment for her young impressionable son. According to the tale, she moved three times. Not until she had found a house near a school and had seen her son following the example of other children going to class did she relent. Before the age of 40, Mencius was not known to the public. He had been spending his time studying, investigating questions concerning society and politics and human nature and associating with the disciples of Confucius. Like the great sage whose life was almost identical with his, he drew around him a group of followers.

It was then more than a hundred years since the death of Confucius. The period was characterized by continuous social unrest, chaos and wars. Mencius went from one court to another to teach rulers how to govern wisely. For 20 years his teachings fell on deaf ears. Although received with respect, he could not stir any prince to noble action. Finally he withdrew from society altogether, retiring with a group of followers. He died in 289 B.C., at the age 84.

MENCIUS was the first scholar in China who introduced an element of democracy into its political thoughts. The right to govern, he told rulers, depended upon the consent of the people; and through the will of the people one learned of the dictate of

Heaven. He was wont to remind them of the illustrious example of King Yao, an ancient ruler of the Age of the Golden Rule. For many years King Yao had ruled his people well and had made them happy when he decided to choose his successor. Instead of giving his unworthy son the throne, he abdicated in favour of Shun, the ablest and the most virtuous man of his kingdom. King Yao, by following the wishes of the majority, was doing the will of Heaven, for the ancient classics said: "Heaven sees what the people see and hears what the people hear."

When carried into practice, Mencius' idea is very modern. The democratic way of electing presidents who serve not for life, but for a certain period of time, and who are supposedly the ablest and wisest citizens of the nation chosen by the people for the highest office of the land, would meet Mencius' unqualified approval. According to Mencius, the people come first, the state next, and lastly the ruler.

None but the virtuous deserve to become government officials and they should dedicate themselves to the happiness of all. As to who are the virtuous, he tells the ruler not to listen to courtiers or officials who may be prejudiced, but to the voice of the people. To dismiss officials, the ruler should investigate carefully into the matter when the consensus of the people demand it. And when the people wish the execution of certain officials he may do so after proper procedures. Thus, one can say that it is the people who execute the wicked public servants. Only by obeying public opinion can the ruler be fit to be the father of his subjects.

ONE day, a certain prince asked Mencius if it were ever justifiable to revolt against a king. Mencius retorted: "When a king treads on virtue and throws away his moral obligations, he is no longer king, but an ordinary individual. While no one has the right to harm his king, anyone can kill an undesirable individual." He further observed that when a ruler regarded his subjects as brothers, the subjects would look upon him as a sincere friend; and when a ruler treated his subjects as weeds, the subjects would consider him an enemy.

Does this not imply that when a government no longer works for the welfare of the people, and no longer does the will of Heaven, it should be overthrown by the people? If so, can anyone be more daring

in justifying revolution for the good of the majority than Mencius? His political theory is surprisingly not as conventional as one might expect from an orthodox follower of Confucius.

As regards the nature of man, Mencius believes that man is innately good. This goodness must be drawn out by constant effort and perseverance. Otherwise it will wither. Until recent decades, the "primer" of every child began by declaring that man's nature is originally good, but that it can deviate unless proper education is given. This conception unmistakably reveals that influence of Mencius. The pursuit of virtue is to be valued above all else. To place moral principles above life is not easy and requires fortitude to combat against all weakening influence.

ONE day, when the Prince of Liang saw Mencius, he said, "Ancient One, you have come from afar. Will my country be profited by your presence?"

Mencius replied: "Why must you speak of profit? Only the pursuit of virtue is necessary. If the ruler asks: 'How can my country be profited?' and the noble asks: 'How can my family be profited?' and the scholar asks: 'How can I be profited?' the various conflicts of material gain will soon endanger the country. . . . So the pursuit of virtuous living is more important than thoughts of gain."

By this conversation and others, Mencius emphasized over and over again his faith in the absoluteness of the good which must be cultivated and which should remain constant despite adverse circumstances, bad environment, outside pressure, brutal force, and public indifference. Such heroism has been displayed by numerous national heroes in the annals of Chinese history, and for this they are honoured and revered by the people.

It is not surprising that next to Confucius, the Chinese give the highest place of honour to Mencius, who instilled the democratic spirit into their humanistic thought and inspired them with a zeal for virtuous living by emphasizing the innate goodness of human nature. What Plato is to Western culture Confucius is to Chinese culture. There is also a parallel between the thought of Aristotle in the West with that of Mencius in the Orient.

A DRY PROPOSITION

By S. H. C.

I imagine it must be another of Fate's little jokes. If man wants to beat Mother Nature then man must have Nature's co-operation. We may build a thousand dams but we've still got to get the water from the good old rivers who must first get it from the little old clouds who get it from — well they get it anyway. But of course since my literary rambles must be non-political, non-sectarian and non-sensical — it would appear we digress.

So, we'll skip over little issues like — the more dams you build, the less water you've got; the less water you've got the more rates you pay; and it all boils down to this: soapy bathwater is mighty tough on the lovely little flowers. After all what do they care about the wonderful Lux complexion? Or the wonderful Palmolive skin? Or the virtues of Sweetheart, the soap of lovely women? But of course — no commercials. So we resume our discussion of a very dry subject.

Right here in the heart of the big city, a mighty irrigation project rivaling the downtown well — the Forest Hills scheme — the Mona Reservoir — the Hermitage dam and all others lumped together, is in full operation. It is based on a matter of simple and sound reasoning. Therein of course lies the big reason behind its success.

It is developed from a simple fact which is studied in all its aspects. It is based on the assumption that while there is a dewdrop in the Hermitage, one man will observe the precepts relative to the daily bath, contained on page thirteen, paragraph one of the Hygiene textbook. Entirely out of modesty and a natural reluctance to attract attention, welcome or otherwise to myself, I shall refrain from calling any names.

THE little scheme is further developed from a stray chunk of information carved out of a physics book. It's that little bit about water seeking it's own level

— you know, none of this social climbing business. There is of course, no patents, no copyrights — no love — no nothing about this business.

A family of four uses up about 44 gallons of water in performing the daily ablutions. Whether it be Matutinal or Nocturnal does not seriously affect our calculations. I say seriously of course, because under the warm cloak of night one tends to get drowsy and forget to turn the water off after the cessation of activities. I mean it really does happen, you know. Something like forgetting to turn the garage light off and suddenly realizing it when the bill at the end of the month makes a steep climb. Yes, indeed, it does happen. Mind you, I do say that you must co-operate and not let such things happen. Now to proceed, 44 gallons is equal to 1.26 barrels or 35 imperial gallons — which really doesn't get us anywhere — but it is worthwhile knowing nonetheless. One can never imagine what one may require in the way of odd bits of knowledge from time to time.

Ah, we were saying something about the waterworks on the SHC Estates. Having arrived at that very important fact and figure — it was quite simple really, to arrive at the next step. It was an astounding fact that stopped me when we were face to face. The average consumption per person for a bath that is a shade removed from a 'Dry-Cleaning' — is something in the region of eleven gallons. THERE! I've done it. If you could only guess how many times I've been whipped at school on account of my inability to divide by four — you would be only too surprised when you realise that I've just reeled off the answer coolly and casually.

Now here was a puzzle. When one of us had bathed; that is, fulfilled the strict definition of the term; with the bung still in, there were eleven gallons of sud-rich water in the tub which had to be transferred to the thirsty flowers. I took one step forward

— I obtained a large oil drum and a half of another. But here again was a sticker! It is best expressed in the good old Indian greeting. "HOW!"

I walked around the house, deep in thought. I thought of a dozen different ways of bridging the gap between the tub and the drum. After discarding the idea of passing a bucket through the bathroom window and pouring the juice through into the huge containers, of purchasing a small hand pump, I remembered that a piece of hose would do. The problem now lay in where to get said length of hose.

THROUGH some half-opened door of memory, I could see the faint outline of just the piece of equipment I would be able to use. The little red light blinked on and off — on and off and then it stayed on. I've got it! After all, what's the use the good neighbour policy if it is not exercised. I thought and thought about it, since I was determined not to do anything rash. I weighted the pros and cons. I began by remembering the things that he had done to annoy me. I recounted the times that he let his chickens run riot through my flower beds — the times when he borrowed my lawn mower and left it to rust on his front lawn — the times when he sent to borrow things from the kitchen and never returned them. Carefully assessing the things that HE did with an open and unprejudiced mind, I felt that my actions were quite justified. Late that night I snipped off a good three foot length of his garden hose which he kept under his house within easy reach of my side of the fence. After all, if he left it there night after night, who knows one night it may be stolen. I

(Continued on page 18)



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MOVEMENTS OF NOTE

By I. C. Evre Ting

OUR little community is worked up for the forthcoming visit of our British Guiana cousins. They already have a good colony here — the result of slow but steady emigration from that part of the world. I hope that all we do for them will make them feel at home and make their visit here enjoyable. I am glad to hear that folks from B. G. are generally more sociable than we in Jamaica are. I could advise you to take out all your calypso records and dust them off. They are going to show us a thing or two about the calypso and how it is done in Trinidad and B. G.

A correspondent has contributed a timely "Who's Who" of the visiting entourage. Now that you know them, don't be bashful about stepping up and saying "hullo."

A HAPPY trio was returning from Spanish Town one day last week. The driver had nothing but milk and the other two probably had something a little stronger — a coke and a pepsi-cola, respectively. On the Spanish Town Road, cruising at about 25 miles an hour, something happened that suddenly turned the car over on its side. Neither car nor occupants suffered anything from the unexpected jolt, but that is not to say they were not badly shaken up. With a heave-ho they put the car right and drove the rest of the way to town at 15 miles per hour.

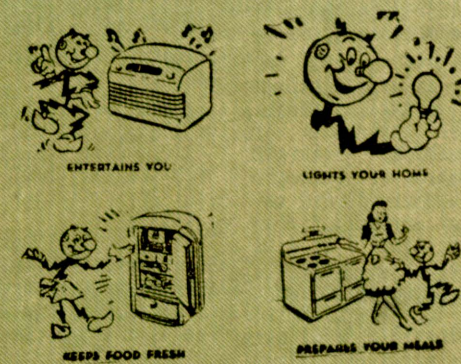
CARS are quite a problem just this time of the year when they have to be examined and passed. A well-known motorist spent so many sleepless nights over his

car that to cure his insomnia he bought a new car instead — that is, a new second-hand car. Unfortunately, he still has his headache because every prospective buyer for his old car wanted it passed before considering its purchase.

UNPLEASANT incidents of the week included that of our "sugar" man (not daddy) who parked his car on East Queen Street and came out and found the trunk of his car entirely rifled except for his spare tire. Another motorist, a Princess Street merchant, had his trafficator removed while parked outside the Gaiety Theatre. And after just going to much trouble getting it fixed to be passed the next day, too.

OUR young doctor from England has offered his free services to the inmates of the Home for the Indigents. It is a very generous gesture indeed which the Benevolent Society lost no time in accepting. The condition of some of the inmates sometimes makes one wonder what all the charitable efforts of the community are for.

THE basketball games at the Club with the units of the U.S. Navy were very interesting. They have revived a good deal of interest in the sport. Unfortunately, not enough publicity was given to them. A poster here and there might have brought out many more basketball enthusiasts. Our players perhaps were not sure whether they could give a good account of themselves playing against an all-American team.



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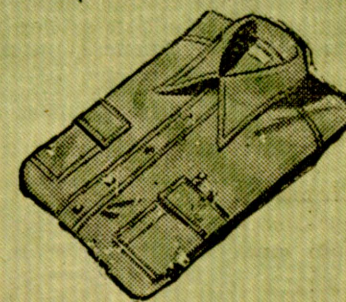
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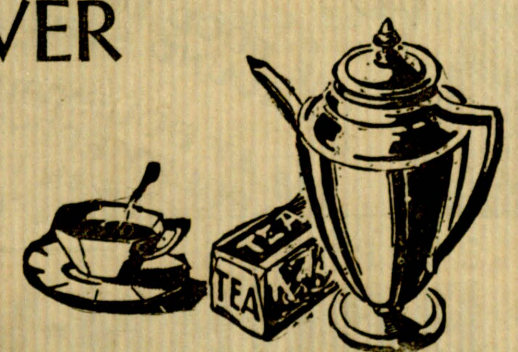
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PERSONALIA

The members of the Chinese Sports Club of British Guiana, who have been pioneers in Chinese Intercolonial Goodwill Sports Tournament between themselves and Trinidad, will arrive here by Pan American Airways on Tuesday, April 5 at 4.05 p.m. Mr. Hubert Tie, honorary Secretary of the Chinese Athletic Club has asked all members of the Chinese community who are able to do so to make an effort to go to the Palisadoes airport to take part in the welcome being extended to them. The following is the tentative programme which has been prepared for the entertaining of our visitors:

April 5—Tuesday—Visitors arrive 4.05 p.m.

Informal meeting of the Club members and visitors at the C.A.C. at 8.00 p.m.

April 6—Wednesday—Dinner at 7.00 p.m. at the C.A.C.

April 7—Thursday — Tennis at the C.A.C.

April 8—Friday—Cricket Match at the C.A.C.

April 9—Saturday—Sightseeing in Kingston and St. Andrew.

Evening — dinner by the Chinese Wholesale Provision Merchants' Association.

April 10 — Sunday — Visit to Port Antonio.

April 11 — Monday — Football match at the C.A.C.

Evening — Table Tennis match.

April 12 — Tuesday — Billiards and Bridge games.

April 13—Wednesday — Cricket match at the C.A.C.

Evening—dinner by the Chinese Benevolent Society.

April 14 — Thursday — Tennis.

April 15 — Friday — Visit to Montego Bay.

April 16 — Saturday — Farewell dance at the C.A.C.

April 17 — Sunday — Day Off.

The Chinese Benevolent Society has accepted the kind services offered by Dr. Arthur George Lee to attend to the sick inmates of the Home for Indigent Chinese. Dr. Lee who returned from England last July received his doctor's degree from Trinity College, Dublin in 1942. He was in private practice in England for six years before returning to Jamaica. Dr. Lee now has his office in Kingston at 41 Duke Street.

The ceremonial of Gah San at the Chinese cemetery will take place on Sunday, April 17.

There will be the usual Garden Party at the Chinese Public School for Easter and this will take place on Easter Sunday. Much preparation is at present underway to make it a really enjoyable function for both old and young.

Mr. Harry Lyn Shue, son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Lyn Shue of Devon, Manchester, arrived here from Hongkong on Saturday, February 25. Mr. Lyn was at one time Resident Magistrate for the government of China in his native district of Pow Onn in the province of Kwangtung. He left Jamaica for China at a very early age and received his education at

Chung San University in Canton.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Chang of Spanish Town has announced the forthcoming marriage of their daughter, Dorothy Theresa, to Mr. Charles Victor Ying. The wedding will take place on Sunday, April 24 at the Holy Cross Church, Half Way Tree. A reception will be held afterwards at 3 Barrett Street, Spanish Town.

Mr. Hubert Chin, brother of Mr. Ralph Chin and Mrs. Fong Sang of Kingston, left by the S.S. Bayano at Port Antonio on Tuesday, March 29 for England. Hubert won a Colonial Scholarship for 3 years which is tenable at an English University in Newcastle, England. He will take up a course in Hydraulic Engineering. He was formerly on the staff of the Public Works Department.

A farewell dinner in his honour was held on Saturday, March 26 at the Chinese Athletic Club. Hubert was a member of the C.A.C. football team and also the Table Tennis team and was a very popular member of the Club. The function was organised by Messrs. A. V. Cheong and Cecil Chuck. Mr. H. Tai, honorary secretary of the C.A.C. acted as Chairman and at the conclusion of the dinner made the presentation of a purse and a Winter coat as a parting gesture of his many friends at the Club.

Mrs. Dolly Tai Tenquee will be leaving on the S.S. Jamaica Producer on Wednesday, April 6 for England. She will be taking three of her children, Betty, Paul

and Richard, to further their education there. The children will go to school in Bath, England, while Mrs. Tai will reside in Teddington in Middlesex.

The C.A.C. basketball team have played a few games with different units of the U.S. Navy while they spent a few days on shore in Jamaica. The C.A.C. won and lost an equal number of games which were very enjoyable for spectators and players alike on the new court at the Club.

In the Open Pairs Bridge Tournament last week-end at the Rainbow Club only two pairs from the C.A.C. entered, and both arrived at the final sessions. Messrs. Lloyd Wong and Victor Chang placed eighth in the competition. The other pair was Mrs. Hubert Tai Tenquee and Mr. Ronald Tai.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Foo (nee Nellie Chang) announced the birth of a daughter on Sunday, March 20 at Georgetown, British Guiana.

The Chinese Benevolent Society is at present undergoing slight alterations and repainting.

(Continued on page 8.)

PANORAMA

AMERICAN WAR EXERCISES

During the past few weeks extensive war exercises have been carried through in the Caribbean area by the United States naval, military and air forces which constitute the greatest peacetime operations in the history of America.

Operated by the Atlantic Command some 100 battleships, including the "Missouri", the largest afloat in the American Navy; 35,000 men and some aircraft and submarines, took part in the exercises, some of the personnel being Canadians.

A full-scale amphibious assault was staged on Vieques, in Puerto Rico, many of those taking part in this manoeuvre being veterans of the Far Eastern war. Landings similar to those on D-Day were also made, and so too, was a mock Atom Bomb attack. Numbers of the battleships have called at Kingston during this period for the purpose of giving the men a few hours' or days' shore leave, and the city has been alive with these men who have helped to show how great is America's might in the naval sector of war. It will be remembered that the "Missouri" was the battleship on which the Japanese surrender was signed in Tokyo Bay.

MIAMI WOMAN'S CLUB TOUR
Members of the Miami Woman's Club have been on a visit to Jamaica as the guests of the local Woman's Club under the presidency of Mrs. Winston Lyon. Some forty women in number, the Miami group, which included their president, Mrs. Alfred Neeb, arrived on March 23rd. and were met at the air base by Mrs. Lyon and others of the Jamaican Club. The Miami Beach Woman's Club was also represented by its president, Mrs. John H. Middleton and others.

RHODA JACKSON'S EXHIBITION
Another very attractive Art Exhibition which has been showing at the Institute Art Gallery during the latter part of March has been that of Rhoda Jackson, well known Jamaican artist who has recently returned from a tour abroad where she spent some time in studying in New York, and in London held an exhibition of her work at Foyle's Gallery that brought her much well earned praise.

Miss Jackson's art is of a most original character, most of it being the type which can effectively be utilised in a decorative way for murals and the like, and in this Exhibition there is an exceedingly lovely design of the night blooming cereus for a mural. Most of the pictures carry this symbol of a design for a mural rather than that of an ordinary picture, and a most unique note is struck in those which represent the masquerades of bygone days in their vivid and varied costumes, parading before

A pair of silver bon-bon dishes was presented to Mrs. Lyon by Mrs. Neeb, as a gift to the Woman's Club here from the Miami Beach Woman's Club respectively. The guests have been entertained in various ways during their stay here, and a note of great comradeship and geniality has been struck by this visit. It has been truly said and agreed that women can play a big part in the international picture for ensuring the peace of the world.

WOMEN'S TRAINING CAMP

Towards the end of March a training course for women under the Land Settlement Training Scheme went into Camp at Gibraltar. A group of 51 women took part in this course, at which lectures were given by Miss Birkbeck, Miss Louise Bennett and Mrs. Vaughan on subjects such as "The Houses We Live In," "The Clothes We Wear" and "How to Put on a Concert." From the recreational angle the women were visitors to the Museum and Doncaster.

The purpose of this camping scheme is to enable the women of the Settlements to meet others from other parts of the Island; to learn of things which can be of practical value to them, their families and other settlers, and to gain new experiences from visiting new places. It is an excellent scheme and one which should have much bearing on the social progress among the backward peoples of the Island.

the Great Houses at Christmas-tide.

Perhaps it is in her paintings of lilies of many kinds that Miss Jackson is at her best. There is a quality in her work which seems to the casual observer to lend itself specially to these stately and exquisite flowers. The spider lily and agapanthus are particularly lovely. It is worth commenting on to state that by a gesture of generosity this artist is donating a percentage of her sales at this Exhibition to the Institute to assist in the purchase by the Institute of coloured reproductions of famous paintings.

CHURCH DEDICATIONS

During March the St. Luke's Church Hall, a magnificent building which has been erected beside the church of the same name was opened by His Excellency the Governor at a ceremony attended by a large number of Church workers and members. His Grace the Archbishop of the West Indies and the Bishop Suffragan of Kingston officiated at the ceremony, and in his address His Grace stressed the importance of this new Hall in the part it will play in the social, recreational, educational and cultural life of the community.

Regret was expressed by the present Rector of St. Luke's, the Rev. E. Maxwell, on the fact that its former rector, the Rev. G. T. Armstrong who is now stationed in New York, had to be absent at the opening of the Hall, for it had been during his term of office that the whole idea of an adequate building to accommodate the social and religious needs of the church had been conceived and set in motion.

Also dedicated to the service of the Garrison Church this time, was a new organ which has been built by J. W. Walker and Son Ltd. of London who built that which is in the Cathedral at Spanish Town way back in 1849. His Grace the Archbishop performed the ceremony of dedication. This new organ which is so much larger than the former small instrument at the Garrison Church, will be a great asset to those services held there and attended by many beyond the precincts of Up Park Camp.

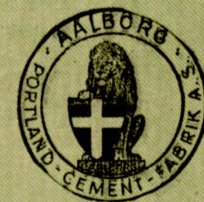
Observer.

"That which is striking and beautiful is not always good, but that which is good is always beautiful."

Ninon de L'Enclos.

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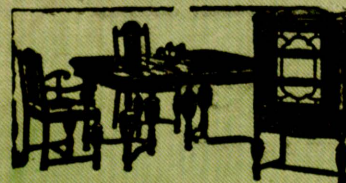


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THE PAGODA

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.

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Atlantic Pact

On March 17th, the terms of the Atlantic Pact were disclosed to the world. For the past eight months these have been under discussion individually, by each country invited to join the union, and collectively by those who were instituting the pact.

In the text of the Atlantic Pact it has been made clear that unity throughout the world at the present time is not possible; rather, that it is but an idle and even dangerous dream. The countries in question by this pact will unite themselves into a solid front to resist aggression of every sort if, and when, this should come.

The newly formed Pact will act as a means of co-ordinating the three bodies already existing in Europe, those of the Combined Chiefs of Staff, the American-Canadian Joint Defence Board, and the Permanent Military Organisation of Western Union set up under the terms of the Brussels treaty. In other words, it is the setting up of a defensive machine which might, and possibly will, deter or altogether prevent any attack on a still partially crippled Europe.

There are several immediate tasks for the Atlantic Pact to perform, foremost among these being (1) a decision on the total over-all strength of the union, (2) on what proportion of this total in both men and materials should be provided by each member state out of her own resources or by aid, (3) on how the newly invited powers are to be brought into the existing planning organisations, and (4) the necessary legislation by individual member Governments to enable these decisions to become effective.

The full text is comprised of 14 Articles and the document is to be signed on April 4. Certain issues have been raised by the

declaration of the Pact, in particular in connection with certain relationships with Russia, since the Soviets have denounced the treaty as being a "pact of war". That they look upon the treaty as being a big bloc to their territorial ambitions in Europe is only natural, for along so united a front as that which has now been presented to them, backed up by American and Canadian might, Russia will have to weigh her actions more carefully than she has been doing recently. When it is remembered that the United States has now made the Pan American Alliance with the South and Central American Republics, these are forces to be reckoned with in very truth.

It is the potential strength of such a solid front that has given birth to a similar idea and hope for the Pacific area. In 1947 the necessity for unity among Asiatic countries was entered into at the Inter-Asian Relations Conference, and the creation of an Atlantic bloc makes it all the more imperative that something forceful should speedily be brought into being to stay the hand of Russia which will inevitably be thrust out in that direction even more quickly and greedily if she cannot gratify her lust in Europe.

India and Pakistan should be strong factors in the promotion of a Pacific Pact and so, too, should Australia and New Zealand. Japan has no say at present, and China, in her chaotic state with the Communists uppermost would be a doubtful proposition, except, as many feel to be the case, the Chinese Communists are not disposed to surrender to the Soviets. Much work has already been done on a possible Pacific Pact which is likely to be considerably forwarded by the signing of the Atlantic Pact and all this portends for the future peace of the world.

PERSONALIA

(Continued from page 6)

PORT ANTONIO

The Chinese Sports Club of Port Antonio is looking forward to entertaining their overseas cousins from British Guiana on Sunday, April 10, and playing a game of cricket with them. The local team will be lead by Mr. Vincent Leesang.

CHINESE CHRISTIAN GUILD

Badminton and Bridge have kept the members very busy at

the rectory over the past few weeks.

We are asking for volunteers to help to dispose of the Penny Sale tickets for the Easter Garden Party in aid of the Chinese Public School Funds and also to help at a Tea and Snack Stall at a Fair in aid of the Wortley Home at St. Andrews' School on May 4th. All volunteers are asked to hand in their names to Mrs. Lyra Chin, c/o Messrs. Wood, Costa & Harty, 4 Duke Street. We are also earnestly appealing for Donations for the Penny Sale and the Wortley Home Fair — both very worthy causes!

By special request all the older members of the Chinese community and members of the Guild are invited to come to our monthly corporate communion, which will be the last during Lent, on April 3rd., at 8.00 a.m. at the Kingston Parish Church.

All members and friends are cordially invited to come to our first religious meeting at the Rectory, 22 Upper South Camp Road at 6.00 p.m. on Wednesday, April 13th. Bishop P. W. Gibson has kindly consented to be the guest speaker, so make it one of your special dates and try to be present. Punctuality counts.

"We are never deceived; we deceive ourselves."

Goethe.



WEST KANSU—CHINA'S PROMISED LAND

by Rewi Alley

From CHINA AND AMERICA
(Continued from last issue)

It is from irrigation, however, that most can be expected. Everywhere one can see terraced fields where water once was plentiful, but from which it has now departed. The Nan Shan Mountain Range has too much water, but as it comes down to the middle of the Kansu Corridor, it tends to seep away and go underground. Rivers, which at one point one cannot cross on a horse, are just dry watercourses a few miles further down. Perhaps earthquakes a decade or so ago assisted this process, but it does seem certain that a given amount of cement would remedy the whole situation by making irrigation easily possible.

There is a good chance for the dairy industry to progress in areas against the South Mountains. Already the native butter produced in areas from Ta Ma Ying and Wu Wei, is being purified and sold in Lanchow. The introduction of better dairy strains and the use of cream separators would do much to assist so promising an industry. Again, as in the case of the better sheep flock, the necessity is for trained workers. The shepherd and the cowherd should not be, as they are here, just people who cannot find any other work to do; who are too poor even to clothe themselves; and who amble listlessly behind their flocks filled with self-pity for their sad state. They should be people who are keenly interested in the pastoral life, and who have had sufficient training to enable them to do their work efficiently and intelligently. Dairying and sheep farming are skilled occupations and need as high a technique as practically any other business. When the sheep in this area are dipped once a year, are properly bred, and taken through the winter months with as much skilful care as they receive in Denmark or New Zealand, for instance, the livelihood of the people will approach that of the lands just mentioned.

With increased means of livelihood will come better health for the people of West Kansu: less venereal disease and less tuberculosis. T. B. of the bone is now common and typhus and diph-

theria, both of which can be controlled, are every day diseases and take a high toll. Smallpox is often seen among children on the streets; pellagra claims many victims; and eye diseases are very common. Among people living on the higher levels near the mountains, there is much goitre. A peasant of forty-five will often look as though he were eighty or more. And all of this in a land that has a vastly richer potential than the Promised Land of Judea — a land where, with proper development, perhaps fifty people could dwell in economic self-sufficiency where today one lives in sordid and degrading poverty.

PEASANTS in the region will tell you that in the Nan Shan mountains there are wild men, with long hair coming down over their eyes, who wait for the un- way traveller, pounce upon him and then tear him to pieces. Perhaps such a people once lived in the mountain fastnesses, and it is only the legends that are alive today; although one will meet many a farmer who will tell him that he has seen these wild men with his own eyes. Students of history have questioned whether or not in the cut-off valleys of the Nan Shan Mountains there may not be communities of practising Nestorians or descendants of the troublesome Hsi Hsia whose foot-bears sallied out of Asia Minor and into West Kansu many centuries ago. Perhaps one day we shall find traces of these and other ethnic groups, for in the dry Northwest, things do have a way of persisting, and we may find traces of these groups in current customs, designs and dress, if we look for them. Near Shantan, watched over by an Austrian Catholic priest, there is a group of Catholics, whose ancestors, during the Ming Dynasty, were sent as settlers to this region from the Province of Shensi. Indeed, there are many stories current among families in West Kansu which point to people having been brought in to settle the land in much the same way the first settlers were brought to Botany Bay in Australia.

As one looks along the mouldering ruins of the Great Wall,

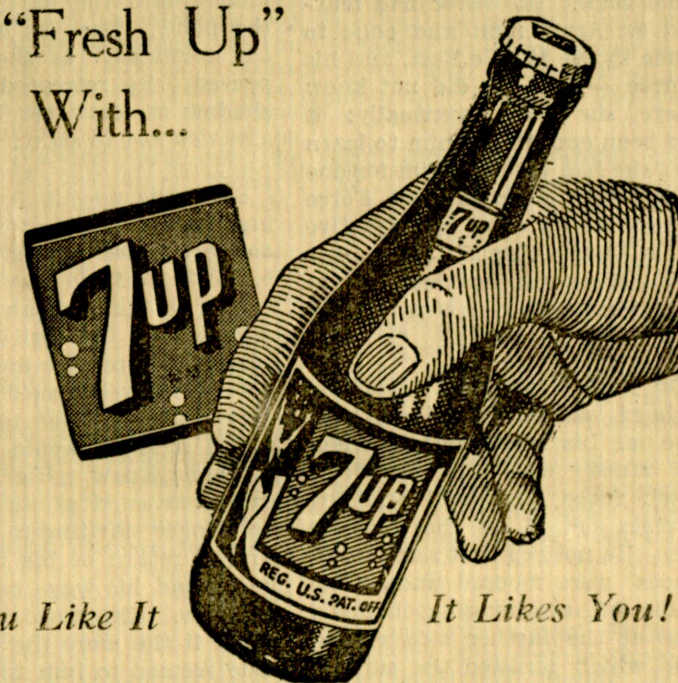
and the Han towers and beacons that march along beside it in so many places, one cannot help wondering what of the proud hopes of the departed Governors and Generals. The bastions of Chia Yu Kwan remain at the end of the wall past Suchow. The towers march along past them through the deserts of Kansu into Sinkiang. The land remains. The sun beats down. The sands of the Gobi bite deep into the stones and brick of once proud Hei Shui Kuo, now a stark ruin. Trucks and more trucks run on into the New Dominion where unsolved frontier problems still require troops as they have always done since the very names of places first appeared on the pages of history. And the solution? Not one, perhaps, but many. But the one which it would seem could be tackled now with any amount of success is the apparent one of finding some common ground on which the people can meet and unite. Small industries linked together should provide the opportunity to do that. We know how to make machines. Why then not make them of a type that will meet the needs of ordinary people? It has been said that we have learned how to produce, but not how to distribute. We have not yet learned how to produce for the decentralized village;

but when we do that, we shall find quite a number of the problems of distribution solved also. In the past hundred years, mankind has learned many lessons in human organization, and the experience gathered from history has shown best suits the Chinese people.

WEST Kansu is also called "Ho Hsi" in Chinese, which means "West of the River." It begins some 40 kilos from Lanchow when one leaves the Yellow River at Ho Kou. There one road goes to Chinghai, and one goes west through a line of straight poplars through rich grains land, past the sizeable town of Hung Cheng Tse, on to Yung Deng (Ping Fan). Before one enters Yung Deng, one passes the stone walled, moated Manchu city, now containing nothing but farm land. During the past war Yung Deng had a cement works, which is not now operating. The elevation is one of the highest for West Kansu cities, being something over 2,000 metres. From here one climbs through the grasslands and scattered oat fields, to the heights of Wu Sa Ling, a pass through the mountains where, for most of the year, one will see snow and ice. The railway, when it reaches out from Lanchow, may not come this way, as there is a flat plateau north of the mountains that connects Wu Wei (Liangchow) with Lanchow. At the foot of Wu Sa Ling mountain on the West side, is the country town of Kulang, the

(Continued on page 17)

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THE VILLAGE NYMPH

A SHORT STORY

By H. V. Ormsby Marshall.

ON the evening of Richard Henry's arrival at the Dragon Fly Inn on a well-earned holiday, the small village perched on a hill overlooking a large pond looked exceedingly attractive. Delicate tints from a fast fading sunset lit the surrounding hills and valley with an almost ethereal glow, and at once began the work of recuperation which his worn-out body, mind and spirit needed so badly.

The hillside village in so different a setting to the level area of the sugar estate, seemed just the place he had been seeking for his rest since a trip home to England was at present out of the question for him. In any event he doubted whether he would really wish to revisit his homeland which he left a decade ago now; everything there would be so altered for him it would depress rather than cheer him. Actually, it had become a vault that entombed all he had held dear at the time he had left it to come to Jamaica to fill the post of chief engineer on the sugar estate. His parents had been victims of the Blitz; his only brother had been one of the heroes of Arnhem who had never come back. His sister had married an Army man and gone to reside in the Middle East, and his fiancée — well, he did not know where she went eventually: it had been enough for him to learn that she had deserted him for one of the rich American Air Force officers who proved so attractive to so many English girls. Indeed, there was nothing left to make him wish to return to England.

On the following morning Richard was better able to take note of his surroundings when he stood on the verandah which faced the pond and the cottages dotted on the opposite hills. He noticed that some small canoes were moored under the shade of overhanging bamboo trees at the farther side of the pond which caressed the surface of the water with the tips of their graceful limbs every time the cool wind stirred them to movement.

UNACCUSTOMED to relaxation Richard found it hard to adjust himself to so peaceful and restful a setting and wandered about the place in restive mood.

That evening when the moon had peeped over the edge of the opposite hill and cast its light over the water, sending the shadows scurrying back against the embankment, he made his way along a well worn track that led around the pond, and soon found himself on the opposite side. He seated himself on a log that lay near to the water's edge and a sense of calm came upon him. All the sorrows of the war-torn world, and all his own personal sorrows seemed very far distant in that moment. Here, all was at peace — a peace untouched by tragedy.

Richard had no idea for how long he had been sitting thus but presently he became aware of a presence near him. No sound had broken the stillness other than the persistent chirp of crickets in the undergrowth, and it was therefore without warning that at some twenty paces from him the form of a girl, robed in a long, loose garment with loosened hair flowing over her shoulders appeared before him. Close to the water's edge she halted and with a sudden gesture lifted her arms above her head as though she were about to plunge into the dark depths of the pond. Then as quickly and as noiselessly as she had appeared she retreated into the shadow of the trees behind her and was lost to sight.

Springing to his feet Richard had made an attempt to cover the distance which lay between them in an effort to prevent what looked to him like an attempted suicide, but the girl had disappeared before he had reached her. To have pursued her in the darkness in a place to which he was a stranger would have been futile he knew. His retreat, so rudely divested of its calm, was no longer inviting to him and with a return of his restlessness he found his way back to his lodgings. The more he thought about it the more the whole episode seemed to him to be a hallucination, yet he could not think why his mind should have conjured so fantastic a thing.

IN the course of conversation with his landlord on the following morning he asked him if he could tell him if there were any tales of folklore associated with the neighbourhood, for by

that time he had convinced himself that what he had seen must have been some village nymph about which the villagers no doubt knew the story.

But the landlord shook his head in response to the question.

"There are some who say a girl haunts the pond on moonlight nights," he replied evasively, "but 'tis those who don't know what they're talking about."

With that scant information Richard had to be content, and his attention was soon taken off the episode by his chance meeting that afternoon with a young and charming girl whose father owned the house he could see on the crest of the low hill facing that on which his lodgings was situated. He had found his way to the village in the early afternoon and had come upon a country Fair which was being held on the lawn of the Rectory. Through sheer lack of occupation he had entered the gates after paying his entrance, and wandered around the gaily decorated stalls with a sense of enjoyment that was refreshing to his jaded nerves.

Beneath the racket of the crude country band and the shay-shay dancing in which the natives were indulging, there was an atmosphere of such good will and peace he found very restful. A stranger in their midst, Richard caused a subdued interest among the assembly, and he found himself obliged to purchase many trivial items and to take tickets on several things being raffled before he had been on the grounds for very long. Presently he discovered a flower stall at the farther end of the lawn in a rustic setting constructed from the limbs of small trees and beautiful pot plants. In the archway sat a young girl who was as attractive as her surroundings, and when Richard came upon this scene unexpectedly he stood quite still for a few moments gazing upon it and taking note of the girl who looked back at him with sombre grey eyes. Over one shoulder a long braid of hair rested, secured with a knot of blue ribbon.

"Can I tempt you to buy some of my flowers?" she asked in a soft, low voice. "I've got rosebuds in this jar, and here are snapdragons and carnations."

Richard smiled with her as he stepped forward to look at the variety of flowers she was calling his attention to with the air of an experienced salesman.

"There is certainly a wonderful array of beauty in here" he replied meaningly, "but what will I do with my flowers when I purchase them? You see, I'm just a lodger at the Dragon Fly Inn. Will you take them home with you if I buy some?"

THE girl looked a little surprised but an idea soon came to her. "I shall take them and place upon the Altar of our little church over there in the hollow," she replied, "Will that suit you?"

"I suppose so, though I'd far rather you had them," Richard murmured, "perhaps, however, you will be so kind as to select one bud from this bunch of roses which I may wear as buttonhole, while you bestow the remainder on the church?"

The girl graciously did as he had asked, and finding a pin she proceeded to pin the rosebud to Richard's coat lapel. There was nothing of the coquette in this girl, he observed, and decided that she fitted in perfectly with the wholesome, refreshing atmosphere of this village countryside.

After that afternoon Richard soon made himself known at Alice Grant's home, where he met her aged father, her only champion, for her mother was long since dead. The girl looked after her father and helped on the dairy farm, Richard learned, and he became a regular visitor and showed a keen interest in the work of these quiet country folk.

But despite this diversion which occupied so much of Richard's thoughts and dreams, the remembrance of the strange apparition he had seen down at the pond that evening kept returning to him, and he was unable to restrain the impulse one evening about a week after he had been there to go back to the spot. He knew the woman could not have committed suicide or the news of such a happening would have spread around the village in no time, but he kept wondering about her strange action, if indeed, she had been a reality and not a hallucination.

REACHING the clump of bamboos on the opposite side of the pond Richard ensconced himself once again on the fallen log, and watched the moon rising behind the distant hill, half his attention riveted on the beauty of his surroundings, the other on the alert for the appearance of the "nymph." He did not have long to wait. Soon, the

Jamaican Proverbs

Their Meaning and Significance

For the benefit of new readers a few remarks are necessary. In the first place I regard these sayings as being indicative of Negro Culture. There is much philosophy in them also; and for these reasons the sayings, should be preserved. Jamaican Proverbs have reached us from various sources. Some have their origin in Africa and came to the West Indies with the slaves that were brought to these regions in bygone years. Others originated right here in the West Indies where the list is continually being augmented.

In dealing with these proverbs, I have also not lost sight of the fact that some have been adapted from European sources; and there are those frankly European expressed in Negro language.

Then as regards the fundamental characteristics of all proverbs: they should be readily discernible to those for whom they are intended; they should demonstrate some philosophy peculiar to the race or nation, or some interpretation of its philosophy.

No jump de ribber before you ketch a f'.

Take, in connection herewith the following with much the same meaning:—

Nebber trouble trouble till trouble trouble you.

The meaning agrees very much with the English equivalent, which is, "Don't meet trouble half-way."

Long road draw sweat, short cut draw blood.

Compare another common-sense proverb with this English equivalent with much the same meaning, "The longest way round is the shortest way there."

Room no know wha' hail da meef.

That is, Those in the room do not know what goes on in the hall.

De rope you a pull a no fe de rope me a haul. Sometimes given, "—no de one me cuttin'."

Your way of life different to my way, which reminds me of a proverb dealt with in a former instalment, namely,

De tune you a play no de tune me a dance.

When de rum a in de wit a out.

A local application of "when the wine is in the wit is out."

Sailor draw rope an' say, "keep wha' you got."

That is, Save all you can and do not spend unnecessarily what you have saved.

Salt nebbber say himself sweet.

Compare this self-evident saying with the English equivalent which goes this way:—

"Self-praise is no recommendation."

The Martinique saying is, "the salt never says that it salty."

Saucey s'mody always ketch trouble.

Needs no special comment.

Wha' no 'cratch you, you no 'cratch it.

'Cratch means scratch. The meaning is, "Don't trouble trouble."

See and blind, hear and deaf. (To read effectively pause after "see and hear").

Used as a warning to servants not to touch the things they see, or repeat the things they hear in their master's house.

Shame no load, but it bruk neck.

Compare with his saying, the meaning of which is very true: Shame is worse than death.

In Ashanti they say, "There is nothing that hurts like shame."

Don't take shame and mek you fren' pickney 'pwoil you beaver.

Beaver, means beaver nat; tek shame, means to be deferential, or submissive in your opinion.

You tek shame, you shake cocobay-man' han'.

Cocobay means leprosy, of which there is a great horror in the West Indies.

If you are too deferential to some people you may be led to do what you do not approve.

Sheep an' goat no all one.

The Ashantis say, "A sheep does not give birth to a goat."

Sheep hab de wus a food, yet him satisfy.

De wus a food means the worse food.

A proverb advising contentment.

Ram sheep a sweat, but him woll tick.

Tick means thick. That is, Thick wool hides the sweat.

Sheep hab no massa.

That is, In allusion to their tendency to stray.

PLUTO.

same figure draped in its long gown with hair flowing appeared as on that other occasion close to the water's edge with a suddenness that was disconcerting. This time, however, the woman did not repeat her first performance, but instead went past him with an aloof attitude, face averted, until she had reached where the canoes were moored further away.

Richard rose to his feet quickly, but made no move to follow her. There was something uncanny in the way she had ignored his presence so near her, and this made him reluctant to follow her. But he kept a close watch on her movements as she proceeded to unloose one of the boats from its moorings. Before he could prevent her she had boarded it and was plying the oars at a rapid speed into the middle of the body of water on which a trail of moonlight lit her way.

By this time Richard had reached the spot on the embankment from which the woman had set out in the canoe and he stood there uncertainly wondering what next she would do. A moment later he saw her put down the oars and stand upright in the small craft, until with a swift movement she altered her position, suddenly bending over the side of the canoe in a perilous manner, as though she were searching for something in the depths of the dark waters beneath her.

With a sense of horror at her danger Richard pulled off his coat and was about to plunge into the water when the strange creature stood up again, and once more taking up the oars sat down and began her return voyage to the shore. Drawing back into the shadow of the trees Richard awaited her coming, and determined, if possible to learn the reason for the woman's peculiar behaviour. But once again she passed him unseeing, even when he was close enough to have touched her with his arm, and the same feeling of creepiness overcame his intention of addressing her. When she had almost got by him she turned her face so that he caught a glimpse of her profile in the pale glow of the moonlight glimmering through the trees, and even in that fleeting glimpse something familiar in her features made his heart leap painfully. Alice! Impossible that it could be Alice behaving in this strange manner. Impossible that she could not have seen or recognised him so close to her; equally impossible that if she had done so she would have wished to pass him by so coldly. Only last night he had begun to realise that she was beginning to feel for him in the way he knew he was feeling towards her.

QUICKLY he made his way after the girl as she sped along like a wraith, through a

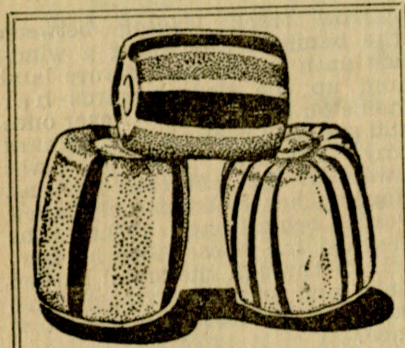
narrow track leading between the bamboos and along a winding path across the pasture land and up the slope towards her home on the hilltop. Never once did she look back or give Richard any indication that she was aware of the fact that he was dogging her footsteps only a few yards behind her. When she reached the house Alice let herself in through the small garden gate and passing through the garden she crossed the stone terrace.

Richard was obliged to remain standing outside the garden gate for he felt it would not be a proper proceeding for him to enter the girl's precincts at this hour of late evening unannounced. The lights had long since been extinguished and Richard was scarcely able to discern the girl's figure as she clambered quietly in through one of the windows opening on to the terrace. When she had done so she quietly drew down the sash and he was left standing in solitude amid the chaos of his thoughts. Was the girl demented he wondered? But this solution seemed impossible since he had grown to know her so well in the past week, and, apart from a slight melancholy in her expression there was nothing that could make him believe her to be out of her mind. What then could be the reason for her strange, and, apparently, oft repeated visits to the pond? There was no question of her meeting anyone there, perhaps without her father's consent, for she seemed bent on some peculiar search. Yet, Richard felt certain that Alice's father was unaware of his daughter's escapades at this late hour in the evenings, after they had retired to bed. The danger attached to them struck a chill to his heart as he realised all the more how dear she had become to him.

ON the next morning after a sleepless night Richard determined to learn the story of Alice's behaviour at the pond, but he had no wish to speak about what he had seen to the landlord, and at last an idea presented itself to his mind on which he immediately acted. He set off for the Rectory to talk to the Rector's wife, for he had exchanged some conversation with her at the Fair, and felt sure that she would be able to throw some light on what he now considered a real mystery. He soon found that he had been right in his views, for Mrs. Ellerslie knew the whole story.

"Alice was engaged to be married to a young man who met his death by drowning in the pond," she explained, coming to the point at once. "They went out rowing together in one of the canoes and it capsized. His body was not found until a few days later, when the pond had to be dredged, for it had become entangled in some weed and stones at the bottom. Alice was picked up unconscious and the shock of learning of her fiancée's death affected her very acutely. So much so that she was never told

(Continued on page 14)



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JAMAICA

"April opes:— Red hibiscus
Underneath this onyx sky.
Where are trailing robes of rain
Will they never sweep again
Benison across the plain:
Will the wind-birds never fly? . . .
April come! Grey veiled nun,
With the chalice of the rain,
Through thy fingers drop the
showers

On the seed and sad-eyed sowers:
All the earth shall laugh in
flowers,
All the birds shall sing again."

Constance Hollar:
"April."

CHILI

"So life is pleasant.
Life with its terrifying speed.
Life with its three hundred and
sixty-five trees to be joyfully
climbed

Life with its flowers like neckties
Life with its bellowing that
mounts through the evening
The sun says good night and goes
away

Until the trees return religiously
to take their places."

Vente Huidobro:
"Serenade of Laughing Life."

FRANCE

"Liberality consist less in giving
much than in giving at the
right moment."

Jean de La Bruyere.

COLOMBIA

"The shadow which my bedroom
throws
Sketches on a roof
And on a wall an ass's ear
And a frying pan

The ear
Grows longer in the purple
twilight,
Giving the impression
Of an old slipper walking
And the frying pan intrudes upon
a balcony."

Luis Carlos Lopez:
"Rubbish."

CHINA

**POT POURRI
OF
THOUGHT**

AMERICA

"A hundred years from now, dear
heart,
We shall not care at all,
It will not matter then a whit,
The honey or the gall.
The summer days that we have
known

Will all forgotten be and flown;
The garden will be overgrown
Where now the roses fall."

John Bennett:
"In a Rose Garden."

ENGLAND

"Willing to give whatever art I
know
To some new theme or old one
newly springing,
I hear fresh hours appeal, I mark
the flow
Of daring wits; they promise
well. I go
Where older friends are
singing
So mighty is the motherhood of
sense,
The poetry of time before the
yearning
For poetry took form! The narrow
fence
Of first things is song's liberty.
Returning,
I hail magnificence."

Edmund Blunden:
"The Home of Poetry."

RUSSIA

"It was an early day of Spring,
Beneath the birch-trees cover;
I saw your eyelids lowering,
I saw your sweet smile hover.
So to my love you made reply,
To me your glances drooping—
O life! O wood! O sunny sky!
O youth! O happy hoping!"

Alexey Tolstoy.

"To be an orphan,
To be fated to be an orphan,
How bitter is this lot!
It is no pleasure to be alive.
I had rather quickly leave the
earth
And go beneath the Yellow
Springs.

The April winds blow
And the grass is growing green.
In the third month—silkworms
and mulberries.
In the sixth month—the melon
harvest."

Anon. 1st. Century B.C.:
"The Orphan."

SYRIA

"Come, my beloved; let us walk
amidst the knolls,
For the snow is water, and Life
is alive from its
Slumber and is roaming the hills
and valleys.

Let us follow the footprints of
Spring into the
Distant fields, and mount the
hilltops to draw
Inspiration high above the cool
green plains."

Kahlil Gibran:
"Spring."

JAPAN

"What recluse was it who said,
"Though I am not fettered to this
life, yet I grudge having to bid
adieu to the sky?"

Such, indeed, should be our
feeling also."

Tsure-zure Gusa:
"The Beauty of the Sky."

MEXICO

"Fatherland: your mutilated ter-
ritory
Is dressed in glass beads and in
calico
In the night that fills the frogs
with fear
Who has not seen, when innocent
of evil,
With his sweetheart leaning on
his arm,
The festive powder of fireworks?"

Ramon Lopez Velarde:
"Gentle Fatherland."

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QUIREMENTS. YOUR PATRONAGE IS IN-
VITED.**

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**PERSONS
PLACES
THINGS**

By Old Joe

PERSONS

Rev. Hugh Seymour-Isaacs, the
eldest son of the Rev. H. H.
Isaacs, Rector of St. Andrew, was
born at Woodford near Stony Hill
on the 14th November, 1863 and
died in January 1924 at St.
Saviour's, Alexandria Park, Lon-
don, of which church he had been
rector for the last 24 years of his
life. After completing his educa-
tion in England at King's College
and Ridley Hall, Cambridge, tak-
ing his B.A. in 1886 and his M.A.
in 1889, he returned to the coun-
try of his birth, and for a time
assisted his father, first as deacon,
and from 1887 to 1890 was priest
in charge of St. Mary's Woodford,
Jamaica.

From 1891 to 1898 Mr. Isaacs
was curate of St. Andrew's
Church, Halfway Tree, Jamaica.
He was for a time Warden of the
Church Theological College, and
from 1887 to 1898, curate to his
father in Special charge of St.
Luke's Church, Cross Roads.

Returning to England he worked
zealously, to build up his last
cure, St. Saviour's, spiritually and
numerically, after erecting a sub-
stantial building at a total cost
(including site), of £11,000. A
lover of children, he took a warm
interest in all the young people's
activities of his church, and at
the time of his death was chaplain
to the Boy Scouts and Girl Guides
of St. Saviour's. He was Past-
master of the Queen Alexandra
Lodge of Freemasons; a P. Z. of
the Ebury Chapter, a Mark Mason
and a member of the Rose Croix.
He lost a son on active service
during World War I.

About a month before his
death he contracted influenza
from which he never recovered.

Mr. Isaacs, like his father, was
a good Churchman. He was af-
fable and friendly to all who had
to do with him; and there are
many in this island who still hold
him in fond remembrance.

PLACES

JAMAICA PLACE NAMES

I continue the names given to
NATURAL FEATURES:

The Y. S. River Long tells us,

is so called from the Gallic word
Y. S., which signifies crooked or
winding.

Another authority says the
name of the property was Wyess,
and its commercial marks for
shipping purposes was Y. S.

This is very likely since several
estates used the first and last let-
ters, or any two or three, as a
shipping mark; eg., Goschen
used "G. N." "G. O. N." and "N. G."
for different grades of produce.
It is interesting to remember
that Whitehorn was the owner of
Llandovery and the estate still
uses his initials over the letter
L. as their brandmark.

Labour-in-vain, Savannah in
St. Elizabeth is a name perfectly
descriptive of its nature.

The struggle for, and the suc-
cess of Emancipation have left
their names on many a free
negro settlement. Such are:—
Clarkson Villa, Sturge Town, Wil-
berforce, Buxton, Liberty Hill and
others.

Some names are typical of the
simple faith and language of the
negro, such as Wait-a-bit and
Come-see. "Shoe-myself Gate,"
now more often called "Show-my-
self," no the road between Coult-
art Grove and Bonneville is so
called from its having been the
custom of the people going to
church to stop there to put on
their shoes. Dolf Willarde has
transferred this gate to another
part of the island in "Mafoota."

"Buck-Up." A sharp angle
where two roads join in St. Ann.

"Lawyer's Hill." A steep and
dangerous hill on the road to
Cave Valley, now diverted.

"Rest-and-be Thankful," a
peasant's place in St. Ann.

"Break-neck Corner" or "Dead-
man Corner," on the road near
Moneague. Accidents were fre-
quent here until the road was im-
proved.

"Job's Hill", St. Ann. A diffi-
cult climb, the reward being one
of the finest views in the parish.

"Dandy Gate", a fine gateway
at Orange Valley.

"Blow Fire", a steep fern-clad
hill a few miles from St. Ann's
Bay, which often takes fire mys-
teriously. The cause is attributed
to Duppies!

"Duppy Spring." On the road
to New Ground, St. Ann.

"Nancy Gully", St. Mary. Prob-
ably Anancy Gully.

THINGS

JAMAICAN HARDWOOD

A recent reference in a local
newspaper is full of interest. It
is there stated that the island's
forest products are being sur-
veyed in order to ascertain the
extent of the island's resources in
economic woods with a view to
further encourage Jamaica's
handicraft industry. The follow-
ing note on Jamaica Hardwood is
therefore timely.

The very best furniture be-
cause more durable is made from
Red Bullet Wood, Red Iron Wood,
Sapodilla, Green Heart, Brazel-
etta, Rosewood, Mahoe, Fiddle-
wood, Dog Wood, Wild Guinep,
Blaca or Red Combwood.

Not so good and not so lasting
if used in the open and exposed
to rain and sun are Wild Cinna-
mon, Wild Orange, White Bullet
Wood, Babie Wood.

For wall purposes and rafters
Shadbark may be used; for in-
terior work, other than framing
etc. Cedar and Mahogany can-
not be excelled, for shingles
Cedar and Mahoe are excellent.

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from Yacca, Breadfruit and Wild
Tamarind.

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TALKING IT OVER

with Elizabeth Martin

Dear Miss Martin,

I am extremely fond of a boy, with whom I have been friendly for some years, but he shames me so for he is so careless about his clothes. He never appears well-groomed or tidy, even when we have a date. And when I protest he says that he feels happier in his old clothes than when he is "spruced up". What can I do to change his attitude?.

C. L.

Dear C. L.

I am afraid you will have to be very tactful and not let him know that you are trying to change him. First of all if he is just spending a quiet evening with you at home, then let him lounge around in his old clothes.

If he has one or two good suits in which he looks particularly well and a couple of ties that you admire, then when he wears them go out of your way to remark on them and say how well they suit him and how much you like them.

Later, when these suggestions have had time to seep in, and you have a special date, ask him sweetly if he will do you a favour by wearing such-and-such a suit — because he looks so well in it. If these tactics don't work (but they should because most men are vain about their looks) then try the more drastic method of refusing to go out with him unless he is properly clad for the occasion; he owes you that much consideration if he cares for you.

E. M.

Dear Miss Martin,

I have been in love with a boy for over two years and we have been going out together even though his mother did not approve. Now, after all this time, he tells me that he really does not care for me as much as he thought he did, but he still likes me and would like to be a casual friend.

I feel sure that this is due to his mother's influence. What do you think? Should I try to win him back or just accept him as a friend?

S. K.

Dear S. K.

You really will have to face facts. It would appear to me that this boy is hiding behind his mother's apron strings. If for over two years he has been see-

ing you regularly in spite of his mother's disapproval, then why should he change now, when surely your love for each other should have developed and grown deeper and stronger. No, my dear, I think you are blaming his mother unfairly.

I think it is far more likely that this young man has decided that you were not meant for each other, that his feeling for you is not what he had thought it to be, but he is afraid to tell you so.

E. M.

Dear Miss Martin,

I have just had the shock of my life and I don't think I can ever get over it. I told my mother that I wanted to become engaged to the boy that I love and have been friendly with for the last eighteen months, and she broke the news to me that she was not my mother. It appears that I was adopted by my present parents when I was little more than a week old.

But the unfortunate part of it is that she can tell me nothing of my real parents, she doesn't know who they were and there is nobody who can tell me. I have told my fiance, and he says that it makes no difference.

I love my present parents dearly and to me they are my real parents, but I shiver to think what might be revealed if the truth were known, so do you think I ought to break off my engagement?

Ellen.

Dear Ellen,

Brace up, my child, certainly you have had a shock, but why should you break off your engagement? Your young man is in love with you, and it is you he intends to marry and not your family. So be a sensible girl and accept things as they are and be thankful that you were lucky enough to have such kind and loving foster parents.

E. M.

Dear Elizabeth Martin,

I am very much in love with a girl, but she says that she only likes me as a friend, and can never care for me in any other way. She goes out with me only occasionally and refuses even to hold my hand. What can I do to make her love me? I am sure I

will never care for anyone else.

L. L.

Dear L. L.

This girl is being very fair to you, much fairer than many of her sisters of today. Take my word for it when a woman tells you she can never love you, she knows her mind and means it.

Make a clean break laddie, you are only torturing yourself by continuing to see her, and let me assure you here and now—broken hearts have been known to mend — and love will find you again some day.

E. M.

THE VILLAGE NYMPH

(Continued from page 10)

of his body being recovered. Evidently, from what you have discovered, her mind must be affected and she goes down there in the nighttime to try to find the body. It is terribly sad for she is such a sweet girl and her father is devoted to her.

Richard did not speak for a minute or two after his informant had ended her tragic tale.

"I am certain Alice is not demented," he then remarked, a touch of emphasis in his voice, "you see, I've got to know her very well since I met her at the Fair. It is terribly dangerous for her to visit the pond as she does, any one may prove fatal to her. I shall have to tell her father

about it immediately . . . he will have to see how much wiser it will be if I take her away with me when my vacation is over."

Mrs. Ellerslie gave a start. "You mean . . ." she asked quickly.

"Of course, I mean that I love her and want to marry her," Richard declared, "I am sure she cannot be mentally unbalanced. There must be some reason . . . something that her father may be able to explain to me . . ."

Mrs. Ellerslie shook her head sadly after the young man's departing figure as he walked away. "I hope so," she muttered to herself.

WHEN Richard arrived at Alice's home and asked for Mr. Grant he was ushered into the old man's sitting room. Alice was out in the garden gathering flowers he informed the young man, so Richard was free to tell his tale quickly and briefly without immediate fear of the girl's intrusion.

An expression of horror came into the old man's eyes as he listened, and he murmured over and over again . . . "To think she might have been drowned . . . any night . . . any night . . . all this time . . . and I never knew . . . I never was told . . . only silly tales about a nymph haunting the pond . . . when all the time it was my Alice . . . my Alice."

With a feeling of compassion Richard placed his arm about the

IN PARENTHESIS

When a wife insists on wearing the pants, some other woman is usually wearing the fur coat.

She wanted very much to go to the party, but she wished her husband to feel that she was only consenting because it would give him pleasure. As the hour approached, and he made no move or suggestion, she threw out a "feeler."

"Well," said she, "are we going to the party, or aren't we?"

He, reading, said: "Oh, it's a bad night, and besides, I'd rather not."

Silence for a time. She: "Well, if you want to go, we'd better be getting ready."

He (enjoying his reading): "Oh, I really don't want to go — let's just stay at home!"

Another silence. She could stand it no longer.

"Well," she exclaimed, in sheer exasperation: "For goodness' sake, make up your mind!"

The police had photos of the escaped convict in six different positions and sent all the poses out across the nation to various police chiefs. Two weeks' later, came a wire from a constable in Iowa. It read:

"Received the pictures of the criminals. Stop. Have captured five of them and am on trail of the sixth!"

The vegetable man was pushing his cart through the crowded aisles of the big city market.

"Coming through," he called merrily. No one moved.

"Gangway!" he shouted. A few men stepped aside.

He ruefully surveyed the situation and then he smiled as a bright idea struck him.

"Watch your nylons!" he warned. The women scattered like chaff in the wind.

Brunette — I don't believe that the good die young. Do you?

Blonde — Of course not! I dyed when I was sixteen.

In Hollywood, it's always the half-baked girl who is undone.

An old Indian legend tells about a vicious snake who terrorized everyone in the neighbourhood until the day he met a

wandering holy man. Naturally, the snake couldn't hurt a holy man, and the meeting wound up with the snake listening to a stiff lecture on being nice to people. The holy man left after the snake promised not to bite anybody.

He kept his promise, although his patience was sorely tried. His neighbours thought he was being good because he'd grown too old to fight, and they threw rocks at him. By the time the holy man visited him again, the snake was looking pretty seedy. "You and your ideas," he said.

"My friend," said the holy man. "I told you not to bite anybody, but I didn't forbid you to hiss."

"Gee, I dreamed last night I was born in Sweden."

"How terrible!"

"Why?"

"But you cant speak a word of Swedish!"

"There isn't anything I don't know about farming."

"Can you lay an egg?"

"Have you any work here, guy?"

"No, there isn't any work here." "Could you give me a job?"

Even after becoming boss of a great railway empire, Jas. J. Hill retained his habit of extreme thriftiness. Making one of his periodic inspections one day, he discovered a perfectly good spike lying on the roadbed. With fire in his eye and the spike in his hand, he sought out the section foreman.

Luckily, the foreman saw Big Jim coming. Like every employee, he knew Hill's reputation, so he rushed to meet him and exclaimed:

"Thank goodness you found that spike, Mr. Hill! I've had three men looking for it for nearly a week."

Wife (trying on hats): Do you like this turned down, dear?

Hubby: How much is it?

Wife: Twenty-five dollars.

Hubby: Yes, turned down.

Servant — The doctor's here, sir!

Absent-minded Man — I can't see him. Tell him I'm sick.

Most men make passes until they pass away.



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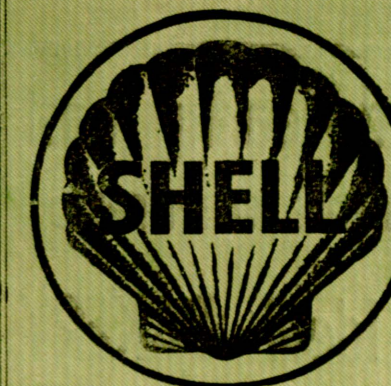
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REFRESHING WINDS

By GAY

WHEN you get to whirling in circles over one small event in your life, letting it worry you and magnify its puny importance to your mind, then is the time to consider the broadness of life, the greatness of it.

Life is never an isolated event. It is not even a chain of events that seem to be happening to you, alone. Life is much fuller and broader and richer and more wonderfully unified than anything that could be bothering your small set of problems today.

Everything is a part of a chain of happenings — a ring of events that rounds out and encloses the whole world we know. The short cycle of our life is a ring — of birth and growth and decline and death. The nurture that makes possible our growth is not just one event but a ring, a cycle that inter-relates with ours, the cycle of sunshine and rain, of vegetation that nurtures animals that nurture us.

Not many of us realize that the supply of fish available for our

week-old menus depends on the amount of sunshine a certain section of the sea received weeks or months ago. Some of our most common food fishes feed on small crustaceans, tiny crabs, shrimps, and similar animals which in turn feed on minute plants called "diatoms" that float about in the sea and are dependent in their turn on the sun that enables them to live and grow and multiply. One writer tells us that a pound of codfish has been nurtured by ten pounds of shell fish that has eaten a hundred pounds of worms that consumed a thousand pounds of vegetable life. So a man who eats a pound of codfish is consuming a thousand pounds of plant life converted by this ring into a form that becomes then a part of a new circle, another kind of life.

THE circle of sun and grass is one of the most important in the world, for man lives largely on grasses — either indirectly on grass-nurtured animals or directly, as on wheat and corn, which

are grasses, as are oats and rye, barley and millet, and even more important, rice. Rice is the staple food of more people than any other one thing, and is therefore perhaps the most valuable of the grasses.

When you cease worrying over the importance of the events in your own personal world that seem to upset you, you can look calmly at the importance of vegetation, for instance, in keeping life in working order at all. Without vegetation, there would be no life as we know it — no animals could exist. In a country that produces wheat and corn, probably few people are aware of one of the most important links in the chain of growth that produces our daily bread and roasting ears of corn. If we were asked to name the animal most valuable to the farmer, we would probably never guess it was the lowly earthworm. But such is the case. One of the last works published by the great naturalist, Charles Darwin, dealt with these little fellows. He found that in the soil of his native England there was, on an average, more than 50,000 earthworms in one acre of ground suitable for growing things. In the worms' feeding, they passed about ten tons of soil per acre through their systems each year, circulating and activating it. They drag

fallen leaves into their burrows, thus enriching the soil directly with the decayed vegetation, and indirectly with their castings, with which, incredibly enough, they bury the surface ground at a rate of an inch in five years. This little burrowing friend also helps to let in the rain to the soil, and to distribute it, and also to let in another extremely important link in the chain of life: the air that is necessary to the growth of soil-nurtured things, as well as to air breathing creatures like ourselves. Plants, in addition to providing us with food, also manufacture oxygen for us to breathe. It is probable that all the oxygen in the air, so necessary to us, has been put there by plants, and if all plants should suddenly cease to exist, we should die for lack of oxygen before we had time to starve or even to get hungry.

The circles of life are marvels of completeness, and the cycles are endless. Sea and land, and cloud and air, sun and rain and night and day are discovered to be wonderful and of vastly more importance in our small lives than we ever dream or contemplate. It might be time to consider them a little, to drop some of our petty things to consider the truly important things.

(Continued on page 18)

WHO'S WHO OF THE BRITISH GUIANA VISITORS

By Achan

Dr. Heung Ho, President of the Chinese Sports Club, is an Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist and operates his own "Private Hospital." A keen tennis and bridge player he is one of the leading exponents of those games in British Guiana. He is accompanied by his wife, Irene, and her daughter by a former marriage, Miss Pamela Chee-A-Tow. They will be the guests of Dr. and Mrs. D. Huggins of the University College.

Mr. Charles Yong Hing, a former President of the Chinese Association of British Guiana is the proud owner of the New City Restaurant, which has been acclaimed by many as the best Chinese Restaurant in the British West Indies. He was born in China but his wife is a Guianese. Mr. and Mrs. Yong Hing will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wong Chew Onn at their home on the Constant Spring Road.

C. V. Too Chung. "C. V." was captain of the first British Guiana Chinese Sports Team which visited Trinidad in 1929. He is one of the founders of the Chinese Sports Club and is in a great measure responsible for the success it is today. An accountant by profession, he is attached to the Income Tax department of the British Guiana Government. A great all-rounder he has represented his club at cricket, tennis, football and hockey, plays the organ at St. Saviour's Chinese-English Church and leads the choir in song. "C. V." will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Chen at Windsor Avenue, St. Andrew.

Mr. Royce A. Lee is Vice-President of the Chinese Sports Club. He is Pan American Airway's Airport Manager in British Guiana. A keen cricketer and footballer he also plays a useful game of tennis. This is his second visit to Jamaica, having spent a few days in Kingston with his wife in 1947. Royce will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Eger-ton Chin Loy of Pembroke Road.

P. A. Leung. "Spratts" is the only bachelor on the team and that may be because, as an officer in the Treasury Department of British Guiana, he prefers to guard his own purse strings. As an opening batsman he played for the British Guiana C.C. in "Senior" Cup cricket but now contents himself with less strenuous games such as Bridge and Billiards. He will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Pat W. Chung.

Mr. Andrew James (Ng Yow) is one of the leading businessmen in British Guiana. "Chunnie" is Managing Director of the British Guiana Pawnbroking Co., Ltd. and distributor for Singer Motor Cars. He was at one time one of the most promising young tennis

players in British Guiana but broke his hand playing football. He is accompanied by his wife, the former Miss Beryl Chee-A-Tow. They will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Tai Ten Quee at Marine Villa.

Mr. Donald Tang is Assistant Manager of one of the leading bakeries — Tang's Bakery in Georgetown. Donald was at one time a regular singer over the British Guiana Broadcasting Station. His petite wife, Thora, is a Trinidadian. They will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil O. Lai Fook.

Mr. Louis Chung, British Guiana's leading photographer, is no stranger to Jamaica having snapped all its beauties during his visit here two years ago. This time his wife, Winnie, is coming to find out for herself if all that he told her is true. They will be the guests of Mr. F. Chong Yen at 21 Liguanea Avenue, Barbican.

Stanley Chang Choong is a brother of Jamaica's Senior Botanist. "Tots" is a First Class clerk in the British Guiana Customs Department. A natural athlete he plays cricket, hockey, tennis, football and billiards equally well and, like his brother Phillip, is also good at Bridge. His wife, Joyce, also plays tennis and hockey.

Mr. E. S. Gillette is chief salesman of Paradean & Co., one of the leading commission agency firms in Georgetown. A good all-round cricketer "Wing" plays for British Guiana C.C.'s senior team. He will also be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Pat W. Chung.

WEST KANSU—CHINA'S PROMISED LAND

(Continued from page 9)

city gates of which were wrecked by the earthquake of 1926. From here it is an easy run through fields dotted with fortified farm houses each with a watch tower, until one gets to Wu Wei. Here one may see a magnificent bell, of perhaps Hsi Hsia times, which sounds even as one blows on it. There is also a reputed Hsi Hsia tablet in the Confucian Hall, now a museum. Native indigo is grown around Wu Wei — there is a leather tannery and many copper and brass-smiths engaged in their handicrafts. It has been noted that people around Wu Wei still have customs such as some of the old Central Asians had. At the Lunar New Year they go and spend the night with their flocks, rather than in their houses.

As one leaves Wu Wei and goes west one rises to Yung Chang, where there is an animal husbandry station which has worked

on the crossing of Rambouillet rams with local strains of sheep. There are two breeds in West Kansu — one that eats coarse rank grass that the rainy Nan Shan slopes produces, and the breed that is found along the hard dry Northern mountains where grass is short and sweet. In Yungchang as in many of the villages and towns on the way one may see the Temple of Heaven type of architecture, in small but perfect form. One wonders if this too, did not come down the road from Central Asia.

AFTER Yungchang, one climbs through the grass highlands and crosses the pass at Ting Chiang Miao, after which there is the long drop to Shantan, marked by its dagoba to King Asoka, and supposed to cover some of his hair brought as a relic by the early Buddhists. Here was once the famed Sachow Bell, which legend says transported itself from Tunhuang, and would ring whenever danger threatened the city. Its strength, however, was not enough to prevent its being removed by a Mohammedan General, when he occupied the area some years ago. In Shantan, are the experiments in types of small villages industry operated by Chinese Industrial Cooperatives, which also conduct their technical training for cooperative apprentices under the very simple conditions that pertain locally.

West Kansu is noted for its

great Buddhas, which perhaps were erected in Wei times, in the 5th. century A.D. There is a huge sleeping one in Kanchow, a sitting one in Shantan, and a standing one in Liangchow. That at Shantan is near Lion Hill, at the place where the Tang city was said to have commenced. Tunhuang has two most imposing ones kept in good repair.

From Shantan one drops down to Kanchow (Changyeh) a sizeable agricultural centre, with good rice land surrounding it. It is only a few miles from Kanchow that one meets the Gobi Desert — where the road is paved with the great bricks from the city of Hei

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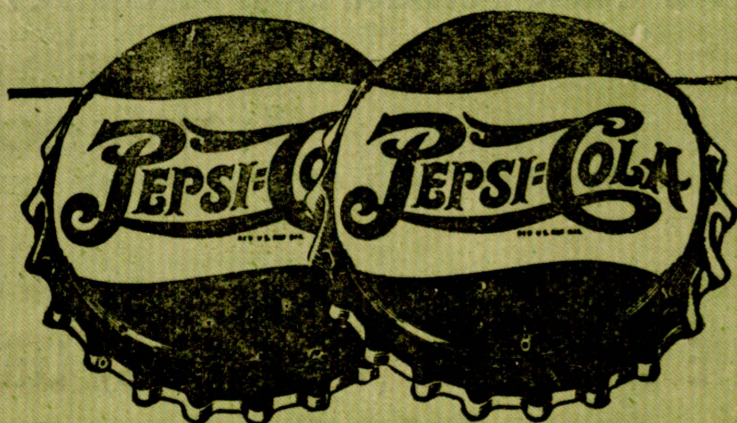
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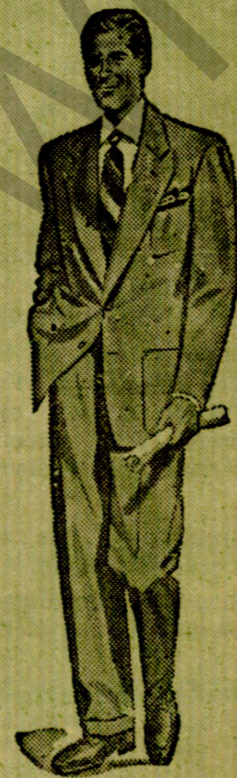
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Shui Kuo. The road skirts the Kaotai and Linster oases, and at Suchow (Chiuchuan) one comes to a city that has more than a breadth of the border. Its Kazaks have been sent back to Sinkiang now, but there are still Turkish peoples from Sinkiang, Mongols and Tibetans, as well as the multicoloured silk-hooded women of the Chinese Mohammedans.

WE have striven to give, in this article, a brief outline of the area we have had under consideration. Of its timber and coal reserves, of its population, and of its unused acreage in statistical terms, one can learn from Government-prepared reports, Shantan Hsien alone, it would seem, once held more people than the whole of the territory today known as Ho Hsi, or West Kansu. It is said that there were over a million people in the city of Shantan itself, and that it was so huge that it took a whole day to cross it. Records in more recent times show that Shantan had 240,000 people in the reign of the great Manchu Emperor, Ch'ien Lung; that this had decreased to 70,000 in the time of the Emperor Tung Chih; and that today, the whole country, or Hsien, does not contain more than 30,000 souls. Figures are like that for many of the countries of West Kansu. Shantan, the city from which these lines are written, is most surely a lovely place in mid-summer, when its trees give shelter and there are sunny days followed by cool nights, and the snow capped peaks of Chi Lien Shan provide inspiration for us. But for much of the year, we are grateful for the high walls which keep out some of the wind as it rushes across the steppes. We are reminded in hurricanes what it must have been like in the age of the loess deposits. Alkali from the edges of frozen streams is blown in our faces, the trees bend, and the high chi chi grass we use for making paper, lies down flat on the steppe. But the scene changes, desert like, in a matter of movements. As I write, the apricot trees are in blossom everywhere, and the poplars and willows are becoming greener, filling us with the hope for new growth.

ONE of the boys from the Shantan Baillie School, out on a geological survey, thus wrote of the villages. "We stopped at the village. Seven or eight people were sleeping on a kang with no bedding but just one old quilt to cover them all. There is the all pervading smell of burnt animal manure. It permeates one's clothes and even one's skin, so that one smells of it for weeks after. We passed a Tibetan group, led by a woman whom everyone seemed to respect and take orders from. Peasants wanted to sell us hides and some asked if there was a market for small girls in the city. Along the mountains from Minlo east are many good sites for water power plants. None of the children in the village where we stayed last night had any clothes, though it was

very cold. Some came to us and asked if we had medicine for eyes. It is strange that while there is so much water here against the mountains there is so little down at Shantan, which is lower than Minlo. The Tibetans do not want notes. They still use silver dollars, and sometimes the 50 tael ingots. The market prices for these dollars is CN \$6,500, but one man had a silver ingot he wanted half a million CN for. It was stamped with many chops, and was cast in the last year of Hsuang Tung, the last emperor of the Ch'ing Dynasty."

The oasis nature of many of the West Kansu county centres, lends itself to a self-contained economy for the villages. If there is a small spinning plant, the farmers bring their wool or their cotton in, without middle men, without transport and packing, and can be paid on the spot for it. The yarn can go on local looms, be treated and dyed locally and marketed by the old men who sit under the poplars beside the stream in the city. The leather, pottery, glass, paper, and rug weaving trades are all important for local consumer goods and can well be encouraged. The good roads will make transport cheaper, and when military uses for oil are less there will be gas for interlinking transport. Small industry for the village is best in the cooperative form, and it is hoped that the youth of West Kansu and the lads from Honan to the East will grow up cooperatively and will be able to put their lives into the basic requirements of this so old yet so new Promised Land.

THE VILLAGE NYMPH

(Continued from page 14)

old man's shoulders and persuaded him to sit down.

"Never mind," he said, "it is over now. No harm will ever come to her again if you will only consent to let me marry her and take her away from this sordid spot which has so seriously affected her mind. I am sure she will recover when she is away from the tragedy of it all . . . she does not seem to me to be really demented . . ."

The old man shook his head.

"My Alice is not out of her mind," he explained in trembling tones, "from early childhood it was her habit to walk in her sleep. Somehow, I never thought that when this tragedy took place her first impulse when asleep would be to go looking for the man whose dead body she had never learned had been recovered. It was natural that she would . . ."

"So that is why she seems so aloof . . . so unseeing . . . she is really sleeping!" Richard exclaimed.

"Yes. It is a very dangerous thing you know . . . very dangerous . . ."

"Then you will let me speak to her . . . tell her of my love and ask her to marry and come with

me. I cannot leave her alone in her danger here."

"If she loves you . . . of course. It will be better for her to begin life afresh . . . somewhere else. Do not tell her what you know."

As the old man ceased speaking Alice appeared at the door, her hands laden with red lilies and asparagus. Questioningly she glanced from one to the other of the two men, eagerly, at first, then with a touch of embarrassment.

Richard quickly went towards her and placing his arm around her he turned her back towards the garden. Looking back at the old man he said meaningly: "I shall speak to her of nothing but love Sir!"

REFRESHING WINDS

(Continued from page 16)

DID you realize that just the wind and sun are responsible for the rain that in turn gives us our important growth of vegetation and animals for daily food? The sun draws up moisture out of the sea and evaporates it, but it takes the wind to scatter this moisture-laden air to various parts of the land, to make it rise until it strikes the cold air that condenses it again into the form we know as rain.

The next time you are tempted to criticize, to worry, to condemn people with little thoughts and little minds, to waste valuable mind on things that don't matter anyway, stop to think of the marvels of the world itself and that we are taking some part in its immense cycles — and then we will know that the fullness of living with moonlight and starlight and sun and earth and sky and rain is enough.

End.

A DRY PROPOSITION

(continued from page 4)

thought it far better that I use a piece of it than have some rogue with absolutely no right to it, making off with it. Again, I thought, with all these water restrictions prohibiting the use of said hose, and with no rains in sight, why, the whole length of rubber hose under my good neighbours house may easily fall to pieces from dry rot.

Yes, I was doing my neighbour a favour by putting that teeny little piece to good use. I plugged it into the outlet pipe from the bathtub, and hung the other end over the side of the small section of the drum. I flung open the valves, heard the roar of the torrents. IT WORKED.

But I still don't think the lovely, lovely roses and petunias, gladioli and zinnias, marigolds and begonias—are looking forward to the beauty bath.

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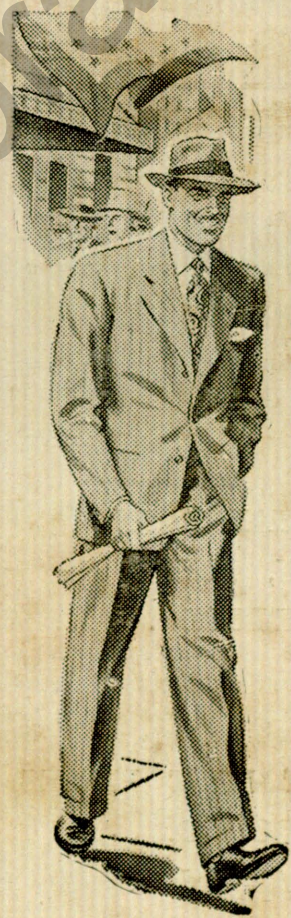
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