

The

高塔

PAGODA

A FORTNIGHTLY MAGAZINE

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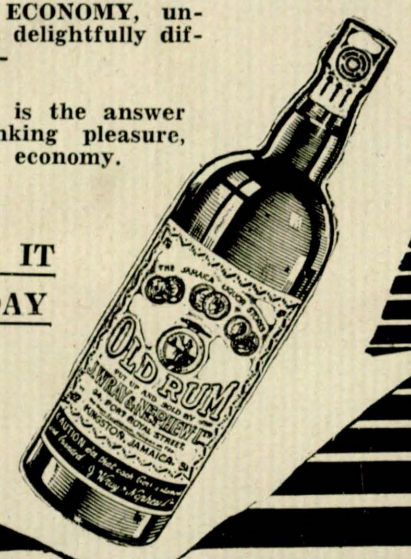
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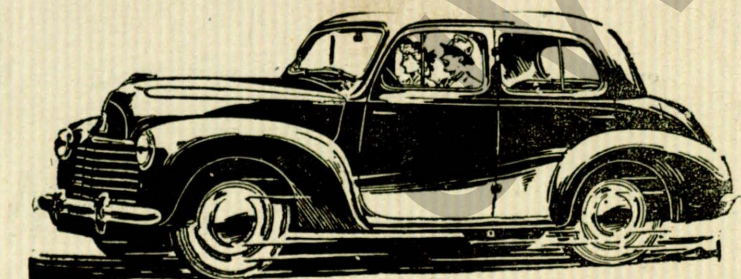


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FROM FAMILY TO NATION

By Nai Hsu

From THE CHINA MAGAZINE

WHAT word sums up China to me? I think it is the word **Humanity**. Masses of humanity, yes; but not in any derogatory undignified sense. Pre-eminently, in the sense of incalculable human resources. Chinese masses are extraordinarily dignified; for the "mob spirit," as we understand it, is intrinsically alien to them. Not that they have mastered the technique of the mass meeting, as the vehicle for the speedy assimilation of propaganda — though Red regimentation is teaching them that too; since their thoughtless individualism proves a tough handicap to the marshalling of them exact row upon row. Thus, it is humanity, not in the sense of physical regimentation — that least of all. Nor, in the opposite sense of spawning masses, with dull, leaden feet or apathetic eyes. It is Humanity in the sense of teeming life and liveliness. Masses buoyed up by cheer and hope; not permitting themselves to be cast into despair by the tragic fact that nature and the land conspire against the very life of hundreds of thousands of their number.

Another personal note. One can veritably "hear" China as one approaches its shoreline; for ashore the sheer exuberance of living finds vent in the joyful clamour of tongues. Where, then, is the sadness that the visitor must expect from the overmultiplied tales of their misery and "exploitation"? If the visitor's vessel had moored enroute at a port of Japan (and I speak of a pre-war Japan at the height of her glories), he will remember the funereal air, the muted voices and public silence which characterized his reception there.

Humanity is, indeed, represented in China by one-fifth of the whole human races. But the connotation of the word's use here is both body and spirit. Moreover, it is a word whose meaning excludes human perversity, though it may properly include human suffering — of which there is a staggering volume in China, but only the least of which is man-made. The spirit of Humanity is abroad in China — hideously affected though it is by natural and natural-economic causes — because it is in the traditional philosophy of the Chinese people to believe in the fundamental goodness of human nature. They believe that the social instinct and the moral sense are the natural characteristic attributes of man. And the Chinese are essentially good neighbours because they believe, not in the "desperately wicked heart," but that there is in every human heart a natural inclination to perform the reciprocal obligations which make human associations agreeable and fruitful. If they, today, overstress obligations, we of the West are guilty of overstressing rights.

BUT the Chinese believe, too, that the originally good human nature can be weaned away into corruption; that it needs the tutelage of China's traditional doctrine of Confucian ideals. And Humanity in China has the great advantage of the fact that China's great sage was not obsessed by the afterworld—"the spirits which he did not understand"—but by his view that the Earth itself was "Heaven's Province." Thus his pattern occupied itself with "man," and expended itself in explaining how individual man's natural good nature could be maintained in a universal harmonious society throughout the world. Confucius chose the Family as the unit which he made essential to his teaching of how men can best be helped to live together in harmony and good order. Into that teaching all Chinese philosophy, if not all Chinese religion, was poured.

Family life in China best exhibits the splendour of human relationships there. China, indeed, is the word "Family" writ large. Having for more than forty centuries gained powerful social and moral sanctions, the roots as well as the perpetuation of the family system have the sanction of the Chinese economic environment. Lack of transport communications made for agricultural immobility. Not the individual, but the organized family alone, sufficed to ensure individual survival in the face of the rigorous economic struggle for life. For economic reasons, too, the family comprehended a much larger unit than in the West—so that a single "home" readily counted fifteen persons and often as many as a hundred.

Thus, a sacrosanctity gathered about the idea of the family and around the virtues and ideals which sustained its strength. Since a person counted more as a member of his family than as an individual, the ancestral family became an object of worship. This was no mere superstitious reverence of idols and tablets. It enjoined an unceasing family-consciousness; of reverence for its past and concern for its future. Essentially, it nourished the feeling of continuity—that feeling which is the root of the tenacious Chinese society. In sum effect, it was the reverence of Humanity, Heaven's masterpiece of creation.

To maintain this reverence, the dominant Confucian code of ethics taught "filial piety" as the cardinal human virtue, operable within the ordained "five relationships"—namely, those of the emperor to his ministers, of the father to his sons, of the husband to his wife, of the senior brother to his junior brother, and of friend to friend. Of these five, be it noted that

three went to the sustaining of the family. Thus all the individual virtues of honesty, justice, courage, self-control, were regarded as compounded and comprised within the act of family devotion. Filial piety—devotion to the family—lacking, there could be no claim to individual virtue.

WHAT, then, was the function of the State in China? The traditional State administrative machinery in China conceived the reason for its existence to be the maintenance of a countrywide social structure, within which the family code could effectively operate so as to guarantee a countrywide human harmony. Thus the State's energies channelled themselves in a social rather than a political direction. It was occupied not in setting up legal machinery to secure individual rights, but in inculcating a sense of mutual responsibility and by every means in its power—by education and exhortation, by leadership and force of moral example—in trying to maintain a high standard of social conduct. The concern was the well-being of the moral man, moral family and moral society; rather than his property or his business or society's physical possessions and their productiveness or use. Thus, the Rule of Man was elevated over the Western concept of the Rule of Law. For the Chinese held that the State's concern must be with man's nature, which may deteriorate if untutored: the while they understood that not by laws can man's nature be made virtuous.

Thus the Chinese was taught to be a moral and social—a familial—and not a "political animal." Shut up in his tiny world of the country-village, a Chinese could live all his life without having anything to do with the State. An officer at the doors was an ominous visitation. Taxes were paid grudgingly, rather as the price for being left alone than as contributions to the public treasury to be spent for the public good. For in fact, for forty centuries until just yesterday, there was in China no such thing as the impersonal State to examine one's food and water, run the street cars, light the streets, or provide roads, parks, schools or pensions.

THIS unintelligibility of the State in Chinese mind had, of course, nothing to do with any congenital perversity in the Chinese character, or any native cerebral inadequacy. Which may appear a queer comment on my part. It is a comment which is provoked by the fact that an all too large body of Western criticism of Chinese efforts to accommodate themselves to the modern concept of national state-

(Continued on page 8)

Friday Night Is Market Night

By S. H. C.

"LAWD Missis, spen' little money wid me nuh!"

"How much are those limes?"

"Them is not limes ma'am, them is oranges!"

"Oranges?"

"Yes Ma'am! Them small only because them a run out a season!"

But the lady was by no means interested in the athletic exertions of this particular specie of citrus. She mentally weighed the potential contents of the fruits and, finding them wanting she passed on to the next vendor, who was only identifiable by a massive pile of ground provisions—yams, cocoas, sweet and Irish Potatoes.

Above the creaking of the panniers on the donkeys, the racuous laughter of idle lads of the area, the hoarse exhaust bellow of passing cars, the hooting impatience of approaching cars, there could be heard the almost melodic hum of the higglering conversation.

Friday night is marketing night, and it is also a night on which to keep close hands on pockets and wits.

"Lady, fowl this way ma'am. Young chicken Nice cock chicken!"

A well dressed lady with a little coloured boy in tow, wiggled her 240 pounds avoirdupois into line and edged by slow inches nearer to this particular vendor. Close-up, the chickens seemed rather less sleek and attractive, but they were essentials for the Sunday menu so . . .

"How much per pound?"

"Two and sevenpence ha'penny Ma'am."

"Are they fat?"

"What Ma? Fatter chicken nebber mek. Seh if them fat Ma? He-he."

"Let me have a four pound chicken then."

He raised aloft a meagre little bird commenting the while on the fine points of the chicken,

indicating in which manner it could best be cooked. The would-be purchaser gazed skeptically at it, wondering whether it would do for five persons and still have some left over for a bite at breakfast on the following day. The little boy looked across at some red-coat plums, contemplating on the advantages of being rich.

"It seems a bit small, doesn't it?"

"Small ma? Excuse me lady, but is what you a' seh?"

"Here, Henry, take it from the man and feel it carefully!"

"Yes, Miss Alice!"

"Man, dis ya chicken feel kinda mawga! You just show the lady a better one. Take out that cock chicken mek a see it."

In an undertone the man reviled his race, and outlined in no uncertain terms the depths of degradation to which some, rather less endowed with years, had fallen. Henry placidly contemplated the bird of his choice.

"Dis one not bad Miss Alice."

"Thank you Henry, . . . How much is it?"

"Nine and fourpence ha'penny mam!"

This was too much for brother Henry.

"Excuse me mam, the man mad." Then, turning to the object of his description:

"Look ya sah! The lady born and grow ya, like me an you. You don't have to throw no fancy price pan her."

This little bit of elocution served to reduce the price by a four pence half-penny, but it was worth it . . . and a couple of bob more too.

"Hi, lady! You don't want yam You can't just a eat rice so all day long! Little food good fe you. And it wi' help you figure too—heh-heh!"

This little sally was taken in good spirit, for it drew the customer near.

"How much is it per pound?"

"Bit fe dem ya, and sixpence fe dem dehl!"

"My, but isn't that dear?"

"Lady" she picked up a yam-pie and held it out in full view. "You see this little thing? Well, if you ever know how hard Massa God work pon it. First Him give it root fe suck up the dirt, and the nutrishment of the soil, then Him sen' Him showers of Blessing fe wet it up and swell it up. Him give it a vine with green leaf them to take in Him sunshine and Him dew. Missis, an' you call it dear. Ah don't pick it up from the ground like rock stone you know mam. Me and me fam'bly bruck we back fe grow them. An' you call it dear? Missis, you ga-lang yah mah! YAAAM! Sin Vins'n — Coco — sweet potato—Yampie. Come buy! Come buy!"

"Lady with the face! Hi missis! Lady gwine along with the little boy! Come buy something from me nuh ma? Lovely lettis and water chrishe! Calaloo! Come nuh mah?—This bungle ma'am?—sixpence ma'am—Lawd, tenk you lady."

"Thank heaven this is all over! Henry, did you get the tuppence change from the pawpaw?"

"Yes Miss Alice!"

" . . . and the ha'penny from the cresses?"

"Yes Miss Alice!"

"Is John here yet?"

"Oh, thank goodness."

"Henry."

"Yes Miss Alice?"

"We didn't do so badly today, did we?"

"Yes . . . I mean, No Miss Alice."

Intern: "What would you do if I kissed you?"

Girl: "I'd call my brother."

Intern: "How old is he?"

Girl: "Two years old."

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MOVEMENTS OF NOTE

By I. C. Evre Ting

OUR fair visitor from B. G. ended a pleasant holiday here last Sunday morning when she stepped on a plane for home. Her departure was the occasion for a very young man to throw a very enjoyable party. The party was noted by the number of young teen-agers who just wouldn't dance. It was very interesting seeing some of these shy young folks trying hard not to appear shy.

THE concert by the Guild a fortnight ago was put on without the benefit of any publicity whatever. I heard of it just the day before the performance. A glance at the programme would show that it was indeed a variety performance and that for a few artists it was there first appearance on the stage. It was a well-rounded out performance throughout and the audience must have left feeling that they well got their money's worth.

THE story is going the rounds of one of our practical jokers who went on a crabbing expedition one day last week. He came upon another party whom he knew and thought he'd have a little fun at his expense. The night was very dark and he knew he wouldn't be recognized in the dark so he challenged the newcomer on trespassing on private property. The latter was much alarmed and invented some tale which was very amusing. The deception of course could not be kept up for long but was amusing while it lasted.

UNEXPECTED things can really

happen on a dark night. Take the case of this young man, a well experience driver, who backed his 1948 Hillman straight into a parked truck one night last week.

TABLE TENNIS is very much in the news with the Tournament currently in progress. Seems like our Junior team is much better than our Senior side judging by the number of straight victories they have made so far. If they keep it up it will be certainly be good for their morale and perhaps by next year we will have a lot more players in the Senior class. The matches I hear are usually very interesting to watch but unfortunately there are few spectators. The last Junior game with the Indians was quite exciting as our team lost the first three matches and went on desperately to win the remaining four.

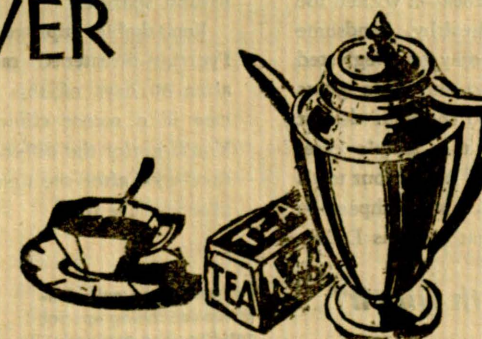
THE relaxing on restriction on foreign travel will probably see a few of our young men and women going away on holidays. Main requirement is adequate proof that someone will be responsible for your expenses while you are abroad. Already one left this week and one young lady who is a government worker will be leaving soon for an extended vacation to Canada. Before the end of the month a few more will be following suit to the States or Canada.

OUR Public School will have a new auditorium and main building soon if work starts early. Our

(Continued on page 17)

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PERSONALIA

The Blue Funnel liner s/s Menetheus arrived here on Sunday, to take passengers for Hong-kong. Among those who left were Mrs. Thomas Lee Sang of Christiana and her three children, Alfred, Edgar and Beverley; Dorothy, Gloria and Ernest, children of Mr. and Mrs. George Lyn Tack Sang of Lionel Town; Kent and Den Lenn, children of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Woon Sue of Windsor Castle; Mr. James Chung of Christiana, Messrs. Tenn Tom, Chin Fo, Ernest Lue, Ho Chung Wui, Henry Lee Loy, Chin Quee, Vincent Ho, Anthony Chin Sue, Edward Hugh and Masters Edward and Vincent Chin.

The Chinese Public School will hold graduation exercises for their pupils on Sunday, June 12 beginning at 7.30 p.m.

Plans for the construction of the new building at the School has been passed and construction of it will begin soon. The funds for this structure was donated by the late Mr. Albert Chang. Architect and contractors for the building are Messrs. Leonard Chang and Wilson Chung who are jointly contributing their services to its construction.

The Chinese Christian Guild gave a concert at the Ormsby Hall on Friday, May 27 to raise funds for Chinese Charities. The programme included a piano solo by Miss Joyce Lyn, vocal solos by Mr. George Mallick and Mr. Gene MacDonald, imitations by Mr. Lester Wilson, a ballet dance by Miss Millie Chin Yee, a dance by Alma and Toto and a violin solo by Mr. Julian Barber. Mr. Mapletto Poule and his orchestra also assisted by providing music between the items.

Mr. and Mrs. James Ho Sang have announced the marriage of their daughter, Laura, to Mr. Albert Lyn to take place at the Holy Trinity Cathedral on Sunday, July 3 at 5 p.m. A reception will be held afterwards at 51 Half Way Tree Road.

Mrs. Yap Chung of 18 Cargill Avenue gave a dinner party on May 26 for her infant grandson, Gregory, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Yap Chung.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Cheong of Mountain View Gardens are the proud parents of a little boy born on Monday, May 30 at the St. Joseph's Maternity Home.

Mr. Sydney Chang of Spanish Town left for the United States on Monday, May 5 for a short holiday.

Miss Pamela Chee-a-tow of British Guiana left for Trinidad by plane on Sunday, June 5. A farewell party in her honour was given by Mr. Ronald Tai at Marine Villa, his parents' residence, on Friday, June 3.

The C.A.C. cricket team defeated British Overseas last Sunday in a Caribbean Product Cricket Cup Competition. British Overseas made 45 runs all out while C.A.C. made 51 runs for the loss of only two wickets. The C.A.C. team also won a friendly match played against the De-Pass' Sporting XI by 201-133.

The C.A.C. has entered a team each in the Senior and Junior League of the Table Tennis Tournament now underway. In the Senior League they lost to Excelsior 6-1 and to Progressive, 4-3.

The Junior team on the other hand has won all their matches played so far — Kingston Police 6-1; against St. Peters 6-1; and against Indian Recreation Club, 4-3. They will play Cambridge (B) next Monday, the Y.M.C.A. (A) on Friday, Hollywood (B) on Monday, June 20; and Atomic Aces (A) Friday, June 24.

The C.A.C. Ladies' Table Tennis Competition is scheduled to take place on Thursday, June 30 at the C.A.C. The Ladies will

compete for the "Horace Chang Challenge Cup" in this tournament.

The C.A.C. softball team lost to Nova Scotia Bank by 9-4 in a League match played last week. They will play Airport next Wednesday, June 15, and the Y.M.C.A. on Monday, June 20. Both games will be played at the C.A.C.

In the Ladies' Division the Primrose team was defeated by Invaders, 9-2.

It is not what he has, nor even what he does, which directly expresses the worth of a man, but what he is.

The people to fear are not those who disagree with you, but those who disagree with you and are too cowardly to let you know.

After writing a prescription the physician told the patient that the druggist would probably charge him 60 cents to fill it.

Then the patient asked the physician to lend him the money. The physician carefully scratched out a part of the prescription and handed it back, with 10 cents, remarking: "You can have that filled for a dime. What I scratched out was for your nerve."

JUNE 11, 1949.

THE PAGODA

PANORAMA

LADY HUGGINS RETURNS

Lady Huggins returned to Jamaica on Saturday last from her visit to Miami to attend, in company with Mrs. Winston Lyon, president of the Woman's Club, the General Federation of Women's Clubs. They were the delegates from the Jamaica Federation of Women and the Woman's Club to this great assembly.

Many things of importance were discussed at these meetings, such as the Marshall Plan and Atlantic Charter at the International Relations Department, and a number of other subjects were brought up for consideration at the various gatherings. Lady Huggins and Mrs. Lyon both addressed the meeting at which Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt was also present, and Mrs. Roosevelt there invited Lady Huggins to attend the United Nations Meeting which was held in New York and address the Press Association at a luncheon on May 28th.

Both Jamaica's delegates feel that there has been much value in this time spent in meeting the women in Miami and in telling them about the work being done in this Island by the efforts of the Women's Federation and Woman's Club. Jamaica has been highly advertised in a spirit of such outstanding good-will that only the utmost benefit could result from such contact with those whose interests lie in similar directions as those of our leaders of women's efforts here.

SPECIAL FLIGHTS

Several special flights have been made in the past two or three weeks, the first of these being arranged by Chicago and Southern Airlines under the title of "know-Jamaica". On this occasion forty American newspapermen and women, personnel directors, women's clubs and advertising representatives arrived on May 27th, and went on a tour between Kingston and Tower Isle. En route the party stopped at Havana, and here they were met by a reception party and attended a luncheon party at the Myrtle Bank Hotel before setting off for the country. The second "Know-Jamaica" flight, sponsored by the management of the Tower Isle Hotel arrived on June 3rd by Pan American Clipper, and consisted of travel agents, airlines officials and Miami Herald newspaper officials. A Cocktail Party was held in their honour that same evening at the

Myrtle Bank Hotel, and was largely attended by persons of prominence in the city.

From Jamaica a special flight was last week made by representatives of the Jamaica Chamber of Commerce, who attended the third annual foreign trade forum held in Miami, and sponsored by the Miami Chamber of Commerce. At this conference discussions were held on means whereby existing trade barriers and difficulties could be solved, and many of the West Indian and Latin American countries were represented.

GIRL GUIDE CAMP

During July to August the Girl Guides of America will be holding an International Camp for Girl Scouts and Guides in the Western Hemisphere, in Manistee National Forest, Michigan, and two guides from the British Dependencies have been invited to attend. The announcement has just been made that one of these will be from Jamaica, and chosen for such a service has been Miss Joy Burke, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Burke of Kingston, who will spend a fortnight at the Official Camp, and a further week as the guest of the Girl Scouts of America.

Many qualifications were necessary before the Selection Committee could arrive at the conclusion of who would be the most suitable representative for such a service, and it is to the credit of this youthful Guide that she has, by her talent, interest in the movement and craftsmanship met them all, and fully deserves the honour and trust which has been placed upon her, to carry through such an important mission.

POETRY LEAGUE'S APPEAL

An appeal for financial assistance has just been made by Mr. J. E. Clare McFarlane, O.B.E., president of the Poetry League of Jamaica, for voluntary public subscriptions of not less than £1 each, and far larger amounts from all who can subscribe more, in order to raise the sum of £550 which is required for the publication in book form of the poetic works of Tom Redcam, Jamaica's first Poet Laureate and one who is rightly termed the "Father of Jamaican Poetry." The compiling of this great work has been done by Mr. Clare McFarlane who realised long ago that if the manuscripts were not to be lost to us something must be done about preserving them in a form which would bring them within the reach of all lovers of poetry, and as a testimonial for the poet who did so

much for Jamaica during a busy lifetime. The public is asked to send contributions to Mr. McFarlane direct at The Treasury, and he will acknowledge these personally. Anyone subscribing from £1 upwards will be entitled to receive a free copy of the book upon publication, and it is proposed that a list of benefactors should be inscribed in the volume itself.

AERIAL SURVEY

Aerial photography has recently been done in Jamaica on an island-wide scale for the first time, being the work carried through by five Canadians who have been on a mission for Kenning Aviation Ltd. and Photographic Survey Corporation of Toronto, and Hunting Aero Surveys Ltd. of London.

A little while back some experimental photographs of maps were done mainly of sugar estate areas, but in the larger survey pictures have been taken of Tower Isle, irrigation sites and the like. The process is highly technical and intricate as may well be imagined, and the photography is done with an electric camera which uses films in rolls so that as many as are required

to take a continuous picture may be at hand. A great deal of such aerial survey and photography was done during the war, and it has been found to be so helpful in many peacetime needs that Jamaica, in common with other countries has at last benefited by such a modern method, one which, in town planning particularly is invaluable.

Observer.

Do not despise your situation; in it you must act, suffer, and conquer. From every point on earth we are equally near to heaven and to the infinite.

HOUSEWIVES!

ROYAL

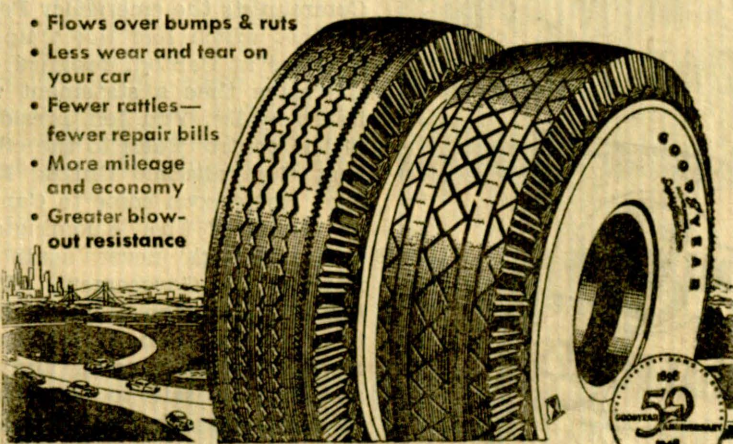
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THE PAGODA

Editor: Chas. T. Chang.

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

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Civil War Nears End

After a seige lasting three weeks Shanghai fell to the Communists on May 25, when the last organized Nationalist resistance crumbled before their onslaught. The Communists lost no time in occupying all the major positions in the central area of the city, and within a short time had taken control and set up a Security Committee for the purpose of preserving order, and to safeguard those who co-operated with what they termed "the People's Liberation Army", under the chairmanship of Dr. W. W. Yen, leader of the Shanghai peace delegation to the recent Peace Talks in Peiping.

Some three days after their conquest of the city the Communist Control Committee issued their decree to the people and Mao Tze Tung, China's Communist leader, was pictured and publicised everywhere. Within those three days, also, the life of the city was reported to have returned to a comparatively normal state.

Meanwhile, the Red Armies began their drive to the south. With the commencement of this final drive on the part of the Communists the emergency Peace Cabinet which had taken up its quarters at Canton, resigned. At the same time a statement was issued by Dr. Yun Jen, president of the control Yuan to the effect that Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek would soon come to Canton as leader of the Kuomintang Party, though never again as head of the Government. It is thought that the Generalissimo is at Formosa, where Nationalist forces, including naval and air sections, are said to be centred in great strength, other portions being still on the mainland. It is likely that the final battle will be fought here when the advancing armies reach that area.

The near approach of the end of civil war in China and the fact that the country is almost

entirely under the control of the Chinese Communists is naturally creating much concern among the other nations, in particular those whose associations with China are of the closest. Much discussion has been taking place between Britain and the United States and other countries have been approached by the U.S. on the formation of a common policy towards the Chinese Reds which can be presented to them when they seek recognition of foreign powers in the normal course of events. However regretful these countries may be of the unfortunate turn of events, to attempt to reject the Communist Government of China would probably mean another world war. Plans for a new order in international relationships will have to be made. The common people in China who have suffered so many years of warfare in the country hope that this peace will be a lasting one and that she can set forth immediately on a path of restorations and also secure herself for the future from the ravages of both internal and external warfare.

FROM FAMILY TO NATION

(Continued from page 3)

hood, has quite irrationally ignored the stupendous difficulties which must naturally attend the translation of the Chinese ideal of filial-familial devotion, into the Western ideal of national patriotism. Such criticism blandly ignores Europe's own history; for even in Europe's loyalty to the State — the feeling of nationality — is a late development, little prevalent before the Reformation. In China, such feeling little affected the people until as recently as fifty years ago.

The captious critics who, whether innocently or malevolently, feign an indignant impatience with the tardy pace of "political democracy" in China, may be assured that she is becoming irretrievably "nationalistic," in the commendable Western sense of the word, meaning an integrated democratic, modern national statehood. As a Chinese writer puts it: "The present generation is severing its umbilical cord from the family and seeking its self-realization within the larger cadre of the State." The Japanese recently doubted that, stupidly interpreting the term "China" in its ancient traditional sense of a social or "mere geographical expression," and they were sadly disillusioned. Yes, the

nation-state of China is now irrevocably here; and impersonal Demos increasingly rules, displacing loyalties to the human-familial group.

Fortunately for the world, the Chinese are anxious that their modern statehood, which they have built, shall not mean the abandonment of their ancient concept that man is by nature friend to his fellow-men, not enemy; and that peace, not war, is the normal condition of mankind; nor abandonment of their noble conception of the unity of mankind. Because of their ancient training in human values, no nation is more concerned than China that the world shall understand and benefit by the bitter lessons taught by the conflict of degenerate militant nationalisms, which have been permitted to supersede the concept that the nation is the extension of the family and that "All under Heaven are of One Family." China's strength lies in the fact that, as she abandons the family as a political agency in the State, she wisely clings to the belief that the family remains a dominant social agent, and that the fostering of the much-needed sense of responsibility in human affairs can best be achieved by retaining the family concept in national and international relationships.

When you are struck by misfortune the first feeling of your friends will be, not to console you, but to flatter themselves by saying that they had seen it coming all along, and to assure you that it is all your own fault.

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THE PAGODA

China As It Looked To Me

by Dr. Magnus I Gregersen*

From THE CHINA MAGAZINE

THIS makes no pretence of being an impartial report. On the contrary I would be glad to convey some of the excitement and enthusiasm that China aroused in me. The fact is that in the fields of medical education and public health, of which I saw a great deal during my travels, I was both surprised and impressed by the enterprise and achievements of countless men and women working without regard for remuneration and with courage to tackle mammoth problems. This was true of individuals inside as well as outside the official government circles. The spirit, vision and accomplishments of this group struggling to improve the health and education of their country is an imponderable force of great moment that is likely to escape notice in a purely objective appraisal of the China picture. In any event there is little need to impress the American public with the difficulties in China. These have had plenty of attention in our press; so much so, that we are inclined to regard the situation as quite hopeless and therefore we tend to ignore or quickly forget any evidence to the contrary. This attitude, loudly proclaimed as being realistic, has unfortunate consequences. It discourages constructive thinking, blinds one to the possibilities actually in evidence, and paralyzes action.

Let me hasten to state at the outset that although my knowledge of China before going there was scant, it has been very interesting to compare my experiences and impressions in China with the notions I had acquired from casual reading and from conversations I had with others who knew more about it than I did. For instance, I was led to believe from radio and newspaper reports that I would meet strong anti-American feeling. I am not in a position to deny its existence, but I can say that although I looked for it I never experienced it. To this one can of course reply that as President of the American Bureau for Medical Aid to China I was accorded special consideration. That is quite true. Yet, on various journeys when unaccompanied by Chinese friends, or alone in crowds to whom I must have seemed a queer phenom-

non, I found only friendly curiosity. Among human traits, curiosity is one that is not repressed in China. You will see it on the faces in the picture taken on a crowded street in Chengtu — children with thumbs up, a cherry chorus of "Ding Hao." Now, to be sure, it is possible that these faces merely reflected my own feelings; had I been critical or annoyed instead of interested and curious, the picture might have been quite different.

I recall one evening in the interior of China when the silence of the hostel was suddenly broken by an American voice. I could not comprehend what was being said and I never saw the individual who was speaking but the tone of voice aroused my immediate resentment. Possibly that individual is now telling his friends that anti-American feeling is widespread in China. But resentment can be aroused without such blatant behaviour. People, like dogs, sense even suppressed hostility, and it might be interesting, before generalizing from the opinions of an observer, to run a control test on the responses he produces among his own people or on his tendency to evoke resentment anywhere. For all I know my own score in such a test might be distressing to me.

The American Public has had such a thorough and protracted dose of books, articles, speeches, and rumours on the inefficiency and corruption rampant in China that the visitor who happens to find any evidence whatsoever which might reflect favourably on that country — evidence which might indicate that some progress had been made under the Nationalist Government; or who dares suggest that aid to China might be something better than a rat-hole operation, promptly meets with active, sometimes rather vicious opposition which seems to be led by an alerted and highly vocal group of experts. Considering that their aim is apparently to establish a do-nothing U.S. policy, the energy they expend on this programme of depriving the Chinese people of our much-needed help and moral support is an interesting phenomenon. This do-

nothing attitude, elaborately and eloquently rationalized, is by no means a new phenomenon in the American scene, but fortunately it has not so far been generally characteristic of the American spirit. On the contrary, we are quite likely to disregard all the plausible reasons against accepting a challenge and go ahead in the belief that through work and ingenuity solution of the problem will be found — and it often is. To my surprise I encountered this same spirit in China. It seemed not unlike the pioneer spirit I had lived with in the Western United States, and I found many concrete evidences of its influence in the various parts of China I lived.

I had been told that the Oriental mind is beyond comprehension by a Westerner. Of this I was definitely skeptical, for I have had the good fortune over a period of years to associate with a number of Chinese doctors and scientists and, I must confess, I have found them no more mysterious and complicated than my own countrymen. Their reactions, ideas, etc. are no more puzzling to me than some of my own reactions and those of some of my close associates. I suspect that the Chinese themselves, aided and abetted by some of the Americans who have lived a long time in China, have tended to build up this myth about the Oriental mind. Perhaps as a physiologist, I am more impressed with similarities than differences among peoples, since I look upon differences in behaviour as manifestations of the amazing plasticity of the human mind and of the thinking process which can undergo such remarkable gyrations in individuals as well as in large masses of people, and for apparently trivial reasons. Human beings everywhere share certain basic needs and drives, and they adapt their behaviour under various conditions to attain a maximum satisfaction of those needs. Out of that experience, people whether they are Oriental or Occidental, develop their system of values.

ONE pre-conceived notion which was shattered during my stay in China was that the Chinese people had given up even trying to make any progress. Also, I was led to believe that I would have the greatest trouble accomplishing anything in the short time at my disposal. I was prepared for no end of frustration, even for total failure of the mission which my colleague, Dr.

(Continued on page 18)

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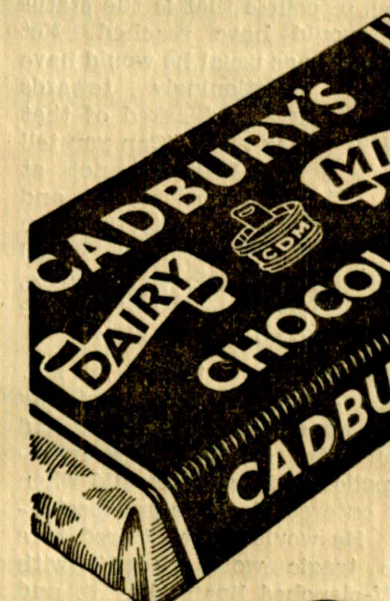
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* Dr. Gregersen is Dalton Professor of Physiology, College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University, and President, American Bureau For Medical Aid To China.

AFTER TONIGHT

By H. V. Ormsby Marshall.

SUSAN opened her eyes and blinked in the face of the sunbeam at play upon the window panes opposite her bed. With a heavy sigh she closed them tightly again, turned over in bed and drew a pillow over her head. Impossible that it could be day-break again so soon; impossible that she must once more rise and go through another terrible nerve-racking day at the office!

Why, oh why hadn't she died during the night instead, Susan reflected. How much easier it would have been to have passed out of existence quietly and peacefully. The idea of such a sweet painless death appealed to her, and this new trend of thought swept her so swiftly along the current on the sea of her imagination that before she knew where she was drifting she found herself wondering what effect the news of her sudden death would have had on Mr. Spedley.

He would have arrived at the office as was customary to him on the very dot of 9 o'clock, and he would have glanced quickly in the direction of her desk in passing through the outer office. His awkward nod of recognition would have been half through before he would have realised that he was passing the time of day with a ghost, for by then, of course that is the status she would have reached. Not seeing her as usual he would have turned questioning towards Gerald's desk and asked of that callous young man: "Can you tell me why Miss Waring is not at the office this morning?" and Gerald, rising respectfully from the depths of his chair would have replied in a low, grim voice, with downcast eyes: "Because she died in the night, Sir!"

And then . . . then . . . Mr. Spedley would most certainly have gone a deep red first and then changed rapidly to a ghastly pallor as he so often did when she entered his office unexpectedly. He would have uttered the one tragic word "Dead" with half-clenched lips and . . . and . . . But here Susan's imagination failed her.

FOR how long, her mind drifted. Would he miss her? The very next day someone else would be employed to take her place and sit in her chair at her desk; someone who would not be at all like her, so pitifully, so desperately ill-at-ease with her "boss;"

someone who would not dread going to the office nor long for four o'clock to arrive so that she could get away from his presence. Someone who would not be forever getting in Mr. Spedley's way, brushing his hand with her own through sheer clumsiness which was often his and not hers at all and a long list of other things which she could not even remember now. Oh, why hadn't she died in the night since there was now no other hope of escape from the net she had thrown about herself?

Why had she ever been so silly as to leave her other dear, genial old boss who had been so very different in every respect to Mr. Spedley? Why had she left that other office where there had been so many others of her own age with whom she could enjoy life? Here there was only Gerald and Mr. Spedley and Gerald was away from the office on business so often during the course of the day that she was left alone with the constant dread of seeing the latter approach her desk at any moment, or else have to compel herself to go to him in the discharge of her duties. But it was silly of her to keep on asking herself "Why? Why?" when she knew full well that it was because the additional salary of two pounds per week in her new post had meant so much to her mother and her that this had been the only motive behind the change. Now that she had made it she must bear the consequences.

"Susan! Aren't you ever getting up this morning?" The voice of Susan's mother reached her through the avenue of feathers she had placed between the workaday world and herself.

"I'm just up Mummy!" Susan called back as she sprang out of bed and made a dash for the shower. "I'll be ready for breakfast in five minutes."

And so she arose to face another day.

MR. Spedley was never cross with her but when she made errors as she sometimes did through sheer agitation rather than incompetence he drew her attention to them in such a gentle, indirect fashion that she became more confused than ever and sometimes she wished he would reprimand her instead. She was feeling the strain more

every day but knew there was no help for it

It was nearly three o'clock that afternoon when the bomb fell. Susan had just placed the last batch of letters on Mr. Spedley's desk to be signed by him before he took his departure from the office when he looked directly at her with a suddenness that was disconcerting and said:

"Have you any engagement for this evening Miss Waring, or may I have the pleasure of taking you to the pictures? There's a good show on tonight."

Susan gasped. Oh, if she had only died in the night she would have been spared this dreadful ordeal, but if this was to be her fate she must face it for she dared not make matters worse by refusing his kind invitation, not that she particularly wanted to, for now that she came to think of him as a human being, he was quite a nice, attractive sort of man. As these thoughts coursed madly through her brain like a waterfall tumbling over a precipice in its haste to reach its final destination, Susan became aware of Mr. Spedley's eyes fastened upon her with an eagerness of expression she had never yet noticed in them, and his complexion had by this time changed from scarlet to the pallor she had grown to expect.

"Thank you, Mr. Spedley," she managed to say in a tremulous voice of which she was terribly ashamed, "I shall be pleased to come."

"Then I shall call for you at

eight o'clock Miss Waring. Thank you for being willing to come with me."

He took his departure shortly after and Susan's mind was in such a muddle that she did not hear Gerald come in as usual and settle down to sort the mail before taking himself off as quickly after as he could.

"What's up, Sussie?" she heard him saying presently, as from a great distance. "You look all in, my dear."

"I nearly died in the night and I wish I had," Susan answered him in a cheerless tone.

"Phew! Was it lovesickness that nearly took you off, my little one?" the incorrigible Gerald questioned.

"Quite the reverse," Susan replied promptly.

"The reverse, eh? You don't suppose I haven't noticed how hard the wind has been blowing in a certain direction do you Miss Sussie?" Gerald persisted annoyingly.

"All I can hope is that it blows you far away!" Susan retorted turning her back upon him to hide the mounting colour in her face from his piercing eyes.

"It has done that already I fear," Gerald sighed.

SEATED by Mr. Spedley's side in the cool and quiet of the theatre, Susan's tension eased a little and she found herself enjoying the film in a way she never thought possible in the presence of her companion. Now and again he addressed a brief remark

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Jamaican Proverbs

Their Meaning and Significance

Their Meaning & Significance
One punkin plague basket.

If you have a single pumpkin in a basket on your head, it will roll from side to side, much to your inconvenience. The authors of this proverb were doubtless thinking of the only girl child of a family, who very often gets spoilt through being pampered by an indulgent parent. Sometimes it is the mother, who think that Miss Pretty is too high-toned to soil her hands; sometimes it is dad who does the spoiling. Many a girl's life has been wrecked as the result of an indulgent parent.

Rabbit caan weigh more dan him quarter.

A rabbit cannot weigh more than each quarter calls for separately.

Compare this commonsense proverb with an English saying that runs this way, namely: "A chain is as strong as its weakest link."

Ole grudge mek patois lay egg.

An old grudge makes the owl (night bird) lay an egg.

Lillie darg lie dun fe big darg, big darg lie dun fe lillie darg.

Lillie means little. The explanation refers to an exchange of compliments when the parties are of unequal rank either in social life or in financial standing.

Trouble a come shell nah blow.

A shell is often blown as a special warning which reminds me of a proverb dealt with before, namely:

"Trouble no set like rain," i.e., Trouble comes on suddenly, unannounced.

Tranger hab no right fe carry coffin if him no know wha' de buryin' grung dey.

That is, Don't interfere if you are an outsider and don't know all the circumstances.

In Ashanti (West Africa) they say, "The stranger does not carry the head of the corpse."

Tranger no know back door.

Tranger nebber walk in a de back door.

A pair of self-evident proverbs, which need no special comment.

Only shoe know if 'lockin' hab hole.

'Tockin' means stocking.

That is, the wearer alone knows where the shoe pinches. So in real life, experience teaches.

Cry shoe no good fe lis'ner.

Shoes that cry or squeak will betray a person who comes to listen.

Negroes are very fond of squeaking shoes and instruct the shoemakers to insert "squeakers" in the soles when building them.

Better see sometin' before sometin' see you.

Compare with: "Forewarned is forearmed."

If sometin' 'top too long it sarb 'noddor man.

'Top means stop; sarb means serves. Applied to lost opportunities.

Sometin' 'pwoil a marnin can nebber tun good a night.

What has been spoilt to begin with is not going to be made right in the end.

Good sometin' easy fe fling 'way, but — hard fe pick up:

Sweet soup mek man drink ant.

A pleasurable act sometimes leads to degradation.

If you drink soup you lub 'poon (spoon).

If you like success you must like what brings it to you.

Nebber pull out you inside fe gi' tranger and den tek trash fe 'tuff yourself.

That is, Do not be too generous to your own disadvantage.

Compare:—

1. "Charity begins at home"
2. "He is a great fool who forgets himself to feed another." (English versions).

Tranger no know wha de deep water dey in a de pass.

That is, a caution against undertaking to do something you don't fully understand.

Tranger drum-head wid coco leaf, but fambly drum-

head wid goat-'kin.

'Tum dey wha' him dey, him no call toe fe come buck 'pon him.

Buck means strike.

That is, It is a stranger's own fault if he gets into trouble.

Sun cool, you call him afternoon.

When a bad-tempered person is pleasant you fancy you can do as you like with him.

Sweep your own door befo' you see mine.

See fe me means see mine.

That is, Mend your own faults before you criticise mine.

PLUTO.

entangled with his in the darkness as so often happened even in the office, she hurriedly attempted to withdraw it as usual, but their new surroundings seemed to give him the courage which made him retain it in a firm yet gentle clasp and a strange new feeling towards him stole over her.

It was after they left and were ensconced in one of the quiet corners of a night club sipping rum and ginger that Mr. Spedley alluded to the office for the first time.

"Do you really enjoy office work, Miss Waring?" he asked her.

Susan's heart missed a beat. What was he leading up to now, she wondered quickly. Was he going to tell her in a kind, friendly manner that she was quite unsuited to the job he had given her? That she must try to find another position as soon as possible? Had he formed the impression in the few weeks she had been in his employ that she was not an efficient secretary? That she trembled visibly. — yes, visibly — in his presence and that all her self-assurance vanished at his approach? Was this his reason for asking her out with him for the evening? But nothing had been like this in her old office. There she had made a most satisfactory clerk for her

dear old "boss" had given her a splendid recommendation even while she knew he had grieved inwardly at her departure. Then why should she have become so hopeless a failure all of a sudden?

Susan had no idea for how long she had been reasoning thus with herself, gazing into space, but presently she became conscious of her companion's close scrutiny and once again she was overpowered by nervousness.

"Do you really like office work?" Mr. Spedley repeated, ignoring her confusion. "Or is there any other sort of life that makes a special appeal to you?"

"Yes, of course I like office work," Susan then hastened to assure him, "in any event I haven't much choice, and Mr. Jarrett, my old boss, you know, thought that this sort of work suited me."

Mr. Spedley darted a quick glance at her.

"Yes, I remember he told me so," he remarked, leaning forward and refilling her glass.

SUSAN heaved an audible sigh of relief as she lifted her to her and when he offered her a cigarette and her hand became tumbler and took a gulp of rum and ginger to give her fresh courage for the defence.

(Continued on page 17)

GREAT WHITE FLEET

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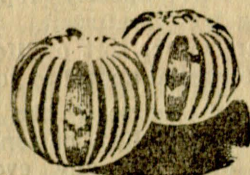
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GREECE

"A man can hide all things, excepting twain—
That he is drunk, and that he is in love."

Antiphones:
360 B.C.

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"I tell you his whole life through he has sought
One perfect flower, unblemishingly wrought!
Approach and hear the story of a dream
Told by a dreamer, in his dream-web caught."

H. E. C. Cain:
"The Perfect Flower."

ENGLAND

"When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every large lass a queen;
Then hey, for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day."

Charles Kingsley:
"Water Babies."

CANADA

"Above the last squeak-squeal of wheels
stench of the highest back-let
lithe climbers escape leaping
through fir where chipmunks whirl.
Twilight swirls at their backs
magenta hills dissolve
in faces, they curl in crypts
where stone has shelled
and doze while spires
snuff out in a goldfluff cloud . . ."

Earle Birney:
"Climbers."

JUNE 11, 1949.

AMERICA

"You are the moon, dear love,
and I the sea:
The tide of hope swells high
within my breast,
And hides the rough dark rocks
of life's unrest
When your fond eyes smile near
in perigee.
But when that loving face is
turned from me,
Low falls the tide, and the grim
rocks appear,
And earth's dim coastline seems
a thing to fear,
You are the moon, dear one, and
I the sea."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox:
"Moon and Sea."

CHINA

"The gourd has still its bitter
leaves,
And deep the crossing at the ford.
I wait my lord.
The ford is brimming to its
banks;
The pheasant cries upon her
mate.
My lord is late.
The boatman still keeps beckon-
ing,
The others reach their journey's
end.
I wait my friend."

Lyrics from the Chinese:
Written in B.C. 718.

MEXICO

"God who sees that I, without a
woman,
Accomplish nothing either great
or small,
Gave me, as guardian angel, a
feminine angel—
Lord I am thankful for this
mighty gift
By which the fall is turned into
a flight,
A marriage in the midst of life's
misfortunes,
Ascension and Assumption both
in one."

Ramon Lopez Velarde:
"The Ascension and the
Assumption."

RUSSIA

"Yes, I come from another
country,
To your world I can never belong.
Tinkling guitars cannot please
me,
I want a wild desolate song.
I do not read my verses in draw-
ing rooms
To black-coats and dresses like
shrouds.
I read my verses to dragons,
To the waterfalls, and to the
clouds."

Nikolai Gumilev:
"I and You."

POT POURRI OF THOUGHT

JAMAICA

"Outside the night and stars
and winds like cream:
Within—a Heaven in my eager
arms . . .
A Heaven of golden wings and
Love Supreme
A perfect Heaven with none to
break its charms.
A vivid loveliness that fills the
room
And yet transparent makes each
listening wall
Until the whole of Life I see—
the loom
On which the rainbow threads of
Beauty fall."

Constance Hollar:
"Bridal Night."

PERSONS PLACES THINGS

By Old Joe

PERSONS

WELLESLEY BOURKE, SOLICITOR, M.L.C. Born in 1845, his father was also a solicitor, and had the same name. Bourke junior was educated at the famous Collegiate School in Kingston, and at Shrewsbury School in England. On his return to Jamaica, he was first articled to his father, who was then practising in Montego Bay, but his articles were afterwards transferred to Mr. Aikman, and subsequently to the firm of Hill Airy and Harvey, solicitors of Kingston. The firm of Harvey and Bourke is still represented in Kingston.

THOMAS LLOYD HARVEY was born at Spanish Town in 1841. Educated at the Kingston Collegiate School, he became a solicitor in 1863, and taken into the firm which afterwards became Harvey and Bourke. In 1886 he was unanimously elected as a member of the Legislative Council for St. Catherine, and represented that parish until 1894. He took keen interest in St. Catherine, especially the old capital of Spanish Town, spending much of his private income to further its welfare. He was instrumental in the establishment of the Rio Cobre Hotel; and it was due to his persistence that the statue of Rodney was restored from Kingston, (whither it had been taken when Kingston became chief town of the colony), to its original position at Spanish Town. He played a considerable part in the sale of the Railway to the American Syndicate. He was also instrumental in getting the Hematine Works in Spanish Town established. He died in Scotland on the 4th July 1906.

REV. HENRY CLARKE was not only a powerful preacher, but was also a keen politician who worked for the welfare of the people. He was the man who founded the Westmoreland Building Society in 1874, and was the manager for many years. Unfortunately he differed with the authorities of the disestablished church, and resigned.

In 1894 he was chosen to re-

present Westmoreland and Hanover in the Legislative Council, and later he represented Westmoreland. While a Member of Council he devoted much attention to the question of currency. On the illegitimacy question he held strong, almost extreme views; and many were the conflicts which he waged on this subject in the Legislative Council. He died in Savanna-la-mar on the 4th August 1907, at the age of 80, having some ten years retired from public life.

ADRIAN A. ROBINSON, M.B., C.M., was not only a noted physician, but will long be remembered for his work, as chairman of the Kingston Charity Organization Society, and as a member of the Relief Committee and Assistance Committee after the great earthquake of 1907. Born in Jamaica in 1855, and educated by the Rev. John Radcliffe, he entered the medical profession, after trying engineering. For many years he practised in Kingston, of which city he was twice Mayor 1899-1902; and he was the one who established the City Cart Service. He died in London on the 22nd August 1908.

PLACES

BITS OF OLD JAMAICA
RESULTS OF EMANCIPATION
Continuing the story commenced in the last issue, I desire to glance more closely at the general results of Emancipation and the changing task that confronted the missionaries, while incidentally I shall give a peep into events that took place along with the conditions that existed in the Jamaica of a century ago, and the reactions that these conditions had upon the Imperial Government.

The missionaries were hard at work among the freed people; and we can see it against the larger background of the social, economic and occupational conditions of the time. With Emancipation, the Imperial Government felt its task was completed. With pressure on a refractory Assembly it had secured freedom for the slaves. There was no encouragement for it to interfere further in the internal management of the island. Perhaps too, it was difficult for people in England to visualize this newly emancipated people with so little social and educational background; and if the problem was thought about at all, it was no doubt imagined that planter and people would make their own adjustments to the new conditions.

The Assembly itself, by its very

constitution and membership, continued to support the interests of the old planning regime, and little of its legislation either touched, or was favourable to the interests of the freed people. They were left very much to evolve in their own way.

Some remained to work for wages on the estates, as they were advised; but in many instances conditions were made almost impossible for them by an iniquitous rental system for their homes and fields. Many for this, or simply for the reasons that they wished to escape as soon as possible from the associations of their former slavery, moved on to virgin land. While some were able to settle on estates that were sold up or abandoned, many were compelled to move up into the hills and the bush. Thus there was a general movement from previously settled areas to unoccupied and more remote mountain land, where the people quietly settled themselves on the soil.

THINGS

AGRICULTURAL METHODS AND PRACTICES

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I think it is interesting therefore for you to know something about the cultivation of so valuable a food crop.

The plant likes a good gritty soil with plenty of humus in it, in fairly moist districts. Splendid crops are raised in recent forest clearings at about 2,000 feet altitude; but the plant may be cultivated in suitable situations in any altitude up to 5,000 feet. The main stem is cut into pieces each piece containing about four eyes; and these are planted about four feet apart, in ground which has been well dug. The land is kept clean, and in nine to twelve months the plants begin to yield, and will continue to produce crops for about three years when the cultivation is

(Continued on page 17)

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TALKING IT OVER

with Elizabeth Martin

Dear Miss Martin,

Do you think a girl should go out with fellows for whom she feels no special attraction so as not to be dateless, or wait until someone she likes comes along.

May Lee.

Dear May Lee,

You can get as much companionship as you need by joining with other friends in their activities and having fun with them. By friends I mean both boys and girls. There is always safety in numbers and in this way you are not likely to be regarded as any boy's special girl until you wish it.

Moving around with your friends you are hardly likely to go dateless, so you have little to worry about on that score. I think you would do best to adopt this rather than go out regularly with someone for whom you do not care. For there is always the possibility that a boy may come along for whom you could care, but although he liked you, he might hesitate to tell you so or make any advances if you were already going out with someone else.

So have as much fun as you like with your own special group of friends but do not tie yourself to anyone for whom you do not care, just for the sake of having dates.

E. M.

Dear Miss Martin,

I am a widow of thirty-nine and I am still considered very good-looking. I am never without dates and invitations, and I have many friends. But during the last few months, I notice that my looks are decidedly fading. As this is the only thing I have left now that my husband has gone, I am really worried, for I fear that I will not be so popular

when they have gone. I know this sounds a shallow worry to you, but what can I do? I do so fear loneliness, and I shall certainly be lonely if my friends drop me and stop inviting me out.

Mrs. S.

Dear Mrs. S.

I certainly do not think that this is a "shallow worry" nor do I agree of course that it is "the only thing you have left".

It is the most natural thing in the world for a woman's looks, especially if she is attractive, to be of great importance to her. It is a woman's duty not only to herself, but to those around her to be as beautiful as she can.

But you are not even enjoying your beauty. At the moment you are allowing its importance to outweigh other things and worrying is the quickest way of developing lines. Don't let this fear become an obsession. Remember that your friends are also aging daily and it is something that we all have to face. By all means do all you can to take care of your looks and enhance your beauty, but do try to keep yourself occupied and active with more constructive thoughts. Develop other interests that will keep your mind alive and keep you contented, for remember the final and most important beauty of all is that serene, soft and contented expression imparted by a happy mind free from worry and fear.

E. M.

Dear Elizabeth Martin,

My friends say I am rather a flirt because I like to go out with a different boy each time. I have never been in love, and I should like to have a steady boy, but after going out with a boy once I get bored with him and refuse the next time he asks me. What

can I do to get over this?

S. G.

Dear S. G.

Don't worry you are still young and there is safety in numbers. When Mr. Right comes along you will be ready to settle down and stop flirting.

Just one word of warning though, don't get the reputation for being a heartless flirt or you will scare even the noblest man away. Men hate to be hurt and rarely give anyone a chance to hurt them more than once.

E. M.

Dear Miss Martin,

I have been married for three happy years, and last year my first baby was born. Until it arrived my husband was delighted at the idea of having a child; but ever since it arrived he has been growing more and more jealous. He can't bear me to do any thing for the baby, and grumbles that it takes up all my time, that I was his before it arrived and now I seem to belong only to the baby. What can I do to cure him of this foolish jealousy?

Mrs. T.

Dear Mrs. T.

I am afraid this is a far more common problem than is realised by most people, and it will need a great deal of tact and self-control on your part to help him over the bump.

What he says is in a way true, for the first few happy years you were entirely his. Your every thought was for him, for his comfort and happiness. Your baby arrived and naturally you turned your attention to it as a child turns to a new toy, and he felt neglected.

The only way for you to help him is to pamper him as you would a child. When he is at home make sure that your nursery plans leave you free to give him some attention. If he needs a button sewn on be sure that it is on before he gets back, don't tell him that you have been too busy to attend to it—because the baby had the gripe. Show him that you still care, that he comes first and that the baby is only the outcome of your united love, and I am sure he will come round.

E. M.

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IN PARENTHESIS

With wives, it's hair today and gown tomorrow.

A prominent doctor who invariably is asked for free medical advice wherever he goes finally hit on the right cure. At a veddy, veddy social affair, he was cornered by a pest, who listed a number of imaginary ailments and asked the doctor's advice.

"Tell you what," replied the doc, "strip down to your shoes and let me examine you."

"Right here, Doc?" asked the pest, in amazement.

"Sure," was the doctor's nifty reply, "You asked me here."

A man hired a new maid. On her first day at work her employer asked what her name was. Said she, "Pislam Siv."

"There can't be any such name as that."

"It's right out of the Bible," she vowed.

Confronted with a Bible and asked to show where Pislam Siv figured in it, she turned to a page, pointed to the words: Psalm XIV.

"A Loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou," proves that Omar Khayyam wasn't so dumb. He wouldn't drink on an empty stomach, either.

Two men in white came down the hall, lifted the sheet and looked at her thoughtfully. One shook his head and lowered the sheet.

"For Heaven's sake," she cried. "When's the operation going to be?"

"Operation?" one of the men queried. "I don't know, lady, we're just the painters."

Russia offered to help America out of any post-war depression. Wouldn't be the first time a draught horse has hauled a Packard out of a hole.

"We have been married a year and never quarrel. If a difference of opinion arises and I am right, Felix always gives in immediately."

"And if he is right?"

"That never occurs."

The Nation of London reported that inside the "Town Hall of London Borough" the following notice was posted: "Owing to the fuel crisis, officials are advised to take advantage of their

typists between the hours of 12 and 2."

A mother was taking her young son for a ride in the car. On their way, the lad asked:

"Mother, where are all the infernal idiots?"

"Why, Son," she replied, "they only happen to be on the highway when your father is driving."

Judge Landis once sentenced an old offender to five years in prison.

"But, Your Honour," the felon protested, "I'll be dead long before that!" I'm a sick man — I can't do five years!"

Landis glared at him. "You can try, can't you?"

"All extremely bright men are conceited."

He shrugged gracefully. "Oh, I don't know; I'm not."

A pretty young bride suddenly spotted her dream dress in a window and hastily went in to buy it. "This is luscious," she gushed, "sim-pal-lee stunning!" "Yes, ma'am," agreed the sales-girl, "if this weren't Lane Bryants' you'd never realize it was a maternity dress." "A maternity dress?" exclaimed the shopper, "Oh, well, wrap it up — John wanted a baby, anyway!"

"Can you make up a sentence with the phrase 'bitter end' in it, Mary?"

Little Mary looked dubious. "Would this do, teacher? 'Our dog chased our cat, and he bitter end?'"

Judge — Have you ever been up before me?

Accused — I don't know. What time do you get up?

"I suppose you carry a memento of some sort in that locket of yours?"

"Yes it is a lock of my husband's hair."

"But your husband is still alive?"

"Yes but his hair is gone."

"When will your father's leg be well so he can return to work?"

"Oh, not for a long time yet."

"Why?"

"Cause compensation's set in."

A big-game hunter has been missing for days. It is feared that something he disagreed with ate him.

Nothing is more characteristic for a man than the manner in which he behaves to fools.



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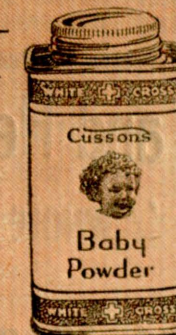
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REFRESHING WINDS

By Gay

THE trees were beginning to bud. The flower would come next. Then the fruit — yes, I would have to wait until autumn for the fruit. Each earthly thing has its own time. I couldn't rush the coming of that fruit with all the dogma or dreaming or inventions or wisdom that all of man could put together.

Each thing in its own time. Are you moaning over lost romance? Perhaps you are an adult, now, and with that must come the realization that the exultant, ethereal type of romance that comes in youth has had its own time. Now the day is ripe for another kind of romance: the fullness and richness of living that only maturity knows. The bud is as lovely as the flower, the flower as wonderful as the fruit — each has its time and each goes on to something else, without regret or grieving. There is a new romance now that you are grown—the beauty of friendliness, the warmth of giving, the joy of work that expands your mind, the wonder of just living.

Or perhaps your loss is deeper, a loved one taken off by death.

Even that is included in its own time. Things are born, things must die, each in its time. Man is born, and dies, in his time. There is no way to avoid it. But there is a day when healing comes, a moment when scars, even, disappear. That, too, has its own time. The promise is always there, the healing will come just as surely as the bud will come again on a once-bare branch.

OF course there will be the times of disappointment, of hopes drooping in the mud, even a day of bewilderment and pain. But just as stars can swim out of a black sky, as grass can work through the most desolate ground, love and hope and comfort will come again, in its time. There is no way to stop the renewal of life, in nature's own way. There might be a way to set yourself against the recognition of this wonderful cycle of the earth, but there is no way to really halt its eternal progress.

And you with children. Do you bewail your child's desires and manners and actions? Do you

complain that he does not always follow your advice? Or understand what you consider best for him? Then never mind. Each in its time — you cannot hasten his maturity or ability to accept all your views any more than you can rush the coming of the full-grown oak from the acorn. Let the budding take place as it will, give the flowering a chance to expand—don't worry. The maturity will take place, all in good time. You only confuse the issue by trying to force its growth. When the youngster is as old as you in actual years, he will also know what you know. Not until then. Have patience. Have tolerance. Shelter, but do not limit, each step of his growth. Add a little of your own special brand of sunshine and good soil. Free him, to pursue his own growth. And the reward will come, in its own time.

YOU who believe success has passed you by, there is a right time for you, too. First, the seed must be planted, of course. Have you done a good job in the planting? Have you learned your own nature and started on the thing for which you are fitted? Have you studied the right things for the foundation of your success? If not, do it now. First things come first — and there is no substitute for the planting of

the seed. Have you nurtured the seed, next, with the bright sun of human warmth and the rain of more learning and the plowing up of disastrous fear-weeds? You can't constantly work for self-confidence and courage in yourself without, in time, seeing it blossom. Each in its time — the confidence for your success will come.

You could be hampered by your lack of knowledge of what really constitutes success. Is success synonymous with silver and gold, in your eyes? Well, then, perhaps the time and the way will be delayed. For to those who understand the way of life, success means much more: it means first doing the thing that brings full living, doing the kind of work that actually makes you glad inside. It means working and living in harmony with yourself and others; it means contentment at the end of the day that your time has been used richly. It means a mental state of peace. Recognizing this, each in its own time and way, success will bear fruit for you.

But the whole world is in such a wretched state, it is said. What of that? Does that belong in this cycle of growth and maturity, each in its time?

Certainly. At the moment there seems to be a madness of organized movements, clubs, na-

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REFRESHING WINDS

(Continued from page 16)

tions groups, societies all joining together to DO something. But the state of the world today is not the result of organizations or groups and the answer does not lie in them. The cause was in the reaping and sowing of the individual's beliefs, and the answer can only be in the individual, too. The planting has taken place all down the ages. Now we don't like the reaping. But each in its time, the one follows the other.

FOR it is the individual who goes to make up a club, a society, or a nation. And so it is the individual who holds the responsibility of the world in his hands. If the individual is cruel, unjust, unfair, grabbing, aggressive, what else could the group be? Doesn't the individual realize yet that he is important as a unit of a whole? The whole can be nothing except the individuals of which it is comprised. He does have more influence than he thinks — surely it is not difficult to see how one lone man or woman can influence a few friends, fellow-workers, his own children.

Then let him begin his planting of good influence. Simple kindness, simple understanding of equality for all peoples of all nationalities, simple charity of thought, simple opposition to evils and errors, simple decency. Then slowly, gradually, each in its time, will follow the bettered group, the wholesome society and peaceful nation.

And then will come the calm new world as surely as the full-blown fruit of the tree. Each in its time.

End.

AFTER TONIGHT

(Continued from Page 11)

"I was only wondering, you know," Mr. Spedley went on, "what things you like. I know so little about you and at the office we never seem to become any better acquainted, do we?"

Susan murmured an inaudible "No," as she gasped inwardly.

"So I was only trying to find out if you are one of the sort of girls who is crazy about office life," he went on smiling, "or what other things make life worth living for you."

"I like heaps and heaps of other things far more than office work," Susan now confided impulsively. "I adore gardening, and keeping poultry; and then there's reading and painting. I used to win special prizes at school for my pictures you know. I painted flowers best of all. But of course, I do like my office work

a great deal too," she ended suddenly, the dread coming back to her that she had been too expansive. She wished he would stop questioning her, forcing her to say things it might have been better not to disclose. Why did he seem so different tonight?

"You've got quite an interesting list of hobbies," Mr. Spedley said when she had ceased speaking, "do you happen to like dancing, too, by any chance?"

"Of course I do," Susan cried, her eyes lighting, "but I never thought you would."

"Did you ever think about me at all before tonight except as a somewhat terrifying humbug?" Mr. Spedley asked her, as they joined the throng of dancers on the floor.

"I admit that you did rather frighten me, I don't know why," Susan replied frankly.

"Perhaps it was just because we did not know each other well enough," Mr. Spedley suggested tactfully. "I have been a little frightened of you too, you know," he added smiling down at her, "but everything will be different for us after tonight don't you think?"

At these words a feeling of peace stole over Susan, bringing with it the knowledge that from now on she need no longer dread the coming of another day as she had dreaded in the past. So she raised her eyes and looked into his quite fearlessly for the first time as she answered "Yes," very softly.

The End.

CHINESE TRAVELLERS BECOME AIR-MINDED

Miami International Airport last week was a crossroads for 227 Chinese travelling between their native land and their adopted homes in Latin America.

A homeward-bound contingent of 177—largest group of Chinese ever flown to Latin America—left Miami June 2 and 3 by 11 Pan American World Airways flights for nine countries in South and Central America and the Caribbean.

On Sunday (May 29), just a few days prior to this mass movement of Chinese returning from visits to China, 50 Chinese residents of Cuba arrive in Miami by PAA Clippers en route to the Orient to see friends and relatives.

Ninety-nine of the returning travellers were on their way back to their adopted homes in Havana. Fifty-two of them left on one Clipper, 30 on another and 17 on a third Clipper, all on June 2.

Other Chinese travellers on June 2 include 44 headed for San Juan, Puerto Rico; seven for Lima, Peru, and 16 for Panama.

Those who left Miami June 3 include three going to Barranquilla, Colombia; three to Kingston, Jamaica; two to Nassau, Bahamas; one to Guatemala City,

and two to Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic.

All the travellers returning from China arrived in Miami by train from New Orleans June 2.

These mass movements follow by seven weeks PAA's transportation of 160 other Chinese from Miami to their homes in various Latin American cities after visits to their homeland.

MOVEMENTS OF NOTE

(Continued from page 5)

two young engineer and architect have given their time and service free to the erection of this building. It is an exceedingly generous gesture on their part which I am sure our elders well appreciate. This Sunday there will be graduation exercises for a small class and if all goes well there will be bigger graduations classes in the years to come.

A LOT of midnight oil has been burning at the Club recently with all-night "round table" conferences. These hot nights it is so hard to go to bed early anyway so it may be just as well to spend the waking hours in these jam sessions of conviviality.

"Dear Jack London," wrote the editor of a well-known magazine, "If I don't receive your story within twenty-four hours, I'll come up to your room and kick you downstairs. And I always keep my promises."

London sent this reply:

"Dear Dick: If I did all my work with my feet, I'd keep my promises too."

Persons, Places, Things

(Continued from Page 13)

either renewed or removed to a fresh piece of land. In Jamaica the "heads" are usually planted from January to April or from June to August.

There are many varieties of this plant. The tubers when boiled or roasted afford a wholesome and nutritious food preferred by many of the working classes to yam or sweet potatoes, and the young leaves are sometimes boiled and used as spinach.

Cocoe Fritters: Try this recipe for a change: Grate one large cocoe, and add a beaten egg with a little butter and salt and a teaspoonful of flour. Moisten with milk and fry in fat.



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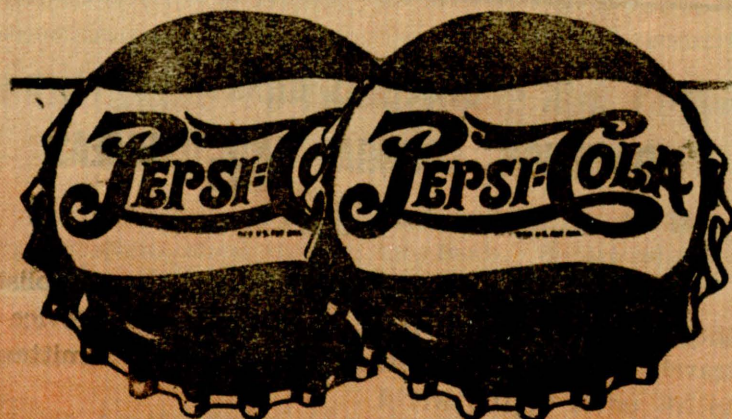
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CHINA AS IT LOOKED TO ME

(Continued from page 9)

Root, and I had undertaken. No one was more surprised than myself with the outcome. In all fairness, it must be said that my expectations had not been influenced solely by Americans or by the unfavourable American press. Visiting Chinese doctors, scientists, and students were also in part responsible. They quite understandably talked to me mostly about their difficulties which, as I now know, they in no sense exaggerated; but in so doing they forgot to tell me about what had been and what was being accomplished. This was perhaps a fortunate thing for me because I was spared disappointment and, instead, had the happy experience of having my interest constantly aroused by things I had not expected to find.

It was on the invitation of the Chinese Ministry of Education that the American Bureau for Medical Aid to China sent Dr. Walter Root and me to Nanking last summer on a teaching mission. The plans for this mission and the way it was finally carried out are of sufficiently general interest to deserve some mention here.

Since 1945 medical teaching missions have been sent out from the United States to a number of war-torn countries. They have done a great deal to dispel the feeling of isolation that engulfed doctors and medical teachers in those countries. I was privileged to take part in one such mission to Poland in the summer of 1946, and from that I learned something about the problems that may be encountered. It was my impression then, and this was confirmed in China, that the most acute need of our colleagues in devastated countries is not for information about the latest developments in medicine and science, important and stimulating as it may be to share these things, but for the opportunities and facilities to do constructive work themselves in order to restore confidence in their own productivity as teachers and investigators. Among the professional men and teachers I met, there was no lack of intellectual drive; but the drive was thwarted, not only by the struggle for the basic necessities of life, but by lack of the simplest tools with which to work. It seemed to me, therefore, that any opportunities which mission could offer for teachers and investigators to do actual work together would be most welcome. This, however, requires technical

tools and equipment. But what kind? Conditions in many places are so primitive that much of the traditional equipment used in laboratories and clinics in our institutions in the United States would be quite impractical, and far too costly. Medical and scientific expeditions for civilian or military purposes have had to face similar problem and this has periodically stimulated the development of so-called "field methods" for which the equipment must be practical and relatively simple to operate, as well as rugged and readily portable. To these we turned our attention and finally decided upon two with which we had a good deal of experience ourselves during the war, and which we knew would be useful in both clinical and laboratory teaching and research. Around them we organized the plans for the practical work. Through UNRRA, our Bureau was fortunate enough to procure a substantial amount of the necessary equipment. This was later distributed to a number of hospitals and medical colleges, thus permitting any work started during the mission to be continued by the Chinese workers themselves.

A second question was how best to disseminate the benefits of the mission. Instead of attempting to repeat the work in several places, ABMAC invited one member of the staff of each of twenty widely scattered medical colleges or teaching hospitals to come to the Physiological Institute in Nanking, the facilities of which were generously offered to us by the director, Dr. Tsai Chiao. The group which finally numbered twenty-two, included several professors of distinction, and when we met I realized that our plans would accomplish more than we had bargained for. Knowledge and stimulus come from several quarters in that group. Initially, the project was referred to as a "course," but before the conclusion it was known as the "ABMAC Research Group," certainly a title more accurately descriptive of our activities. The members of the group not only became proficient in the methods we had to offer but applied them to an investigation of certain physiological characteristics of normal Chinese with profitable and interesting results. Given a congenial environment, collaboration in research is always productive of ideas. This, too, occurred in Nanking. Already by the end of the summer two mem-

bers of the group had, after returning to their own institutions, completed an additional investigation which were formulated during that period of association in Nanking.

The Physiological Institute of the National Central University Medical College in Nanking is a monument to the energetic leadership and vision of the Director, Dr. Tsai Chiao. A year or so prior to our arrival, the institute was a warehouse left by the Japanese after the war. Into this shell, Dr. Tsai has built a well-organized laboratory which, in arrangements, space and even in regard to some of its facilities, compares favourably with many laboratories in the United States. Most of the equipment and furniture was furthermore built by hand on the spot or in the adjoining shop. We soon discovered that the shop mechanic was one of the most valuable assets of the Institute. He helped us over many a crisis and I appreciated then as never before the tremendous importance of technical assistance for maintenance and repair in medical and scientific work, particularly in a country like China where it is impossible to order the finished products on short notice. In our attempts to assist China in medicine and health we have quite properly supported the work on the highest professional level essential for leadership and proper direction. Yet for the future of medicine and medical science in China, it also is important that a large group of technicians and mechanics be trained to assist the professional groups. This view is shared by many others who have worked in China. It is strongly emphasized in a recent report by Dr. Ernest Singer, Bacteriologist for the World Health Organization in China, and by men in the U.S. Medical Corps who have worked with the Army Advisory Group in Nanking. Time and time again, I saw valuable equipment which could not be operated simply because it needed small replacements or minor repairs.

(To be continued)

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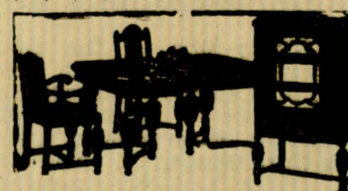
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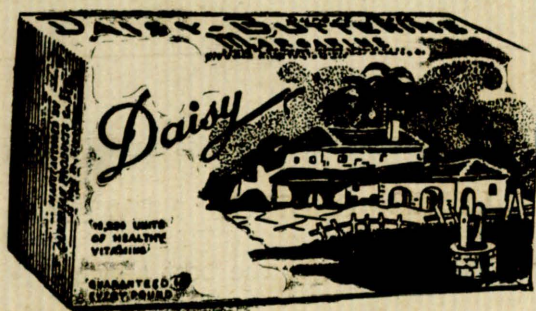
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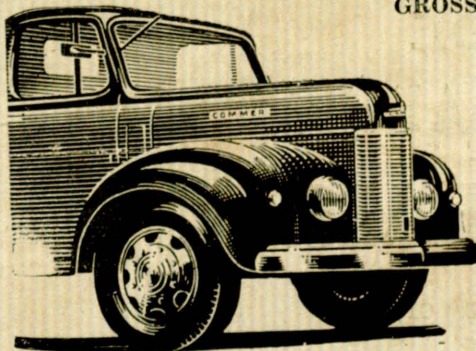
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