

28th May 1949

THE CHANGING CHINESE FAMILY

From A CHINESE NEWS SERVICE BROADCAST

THE family organization has always been China's great basic strength. It has been one of the essential reasons why throughout the centuries the country has not crumbled under many kinds of disasters. But at the same time, certain aspects of family life have been a drawback to China—a source of weakness.

To help illustrate the system, why not imagine yourselves as Chinese living in a rural area far in the interior, where your village knows little of the modern developments in the coastal regions. And then, suppose you are a boy in a Chinese family.

Your elders observe the Confucian doctrine that if you respect authority in the family you will respect it outside the home. You will then be a decent, law-abiding member of the community. Therefore, at an early age you learn patience, and consideration for others. You have got to learn it, because you are only one of a large family group. It includes your parents, grandparents, uncles and aunts, cousins, and the wives of your brothers. All of you are constantly together—there is little real privacy. Of course there is friction. But you are impressed with the continual necessity for self-control, tolerance, and a sense of family loyalty and solidarity. Your family—and the larger organization, your clan—are truly united. You all stand or fall together.

Your father may not show you as much outward affection as your mother does, but still, you are very dear to him. As a Chinese, he loves children. And besides, you are a boy—you will carry on the family name. You have already started doing so, because your father has taught you to worship your ancestors. He has taught you this because in all people there is a craving for immortality, a desire to be always part of the continuous flow of humanity, to be always identified with the past while living in the present and hopeful of being remembered in the future. Your father, by worshipping his ancestors, is assured that he is keeping alive the traditions and honour of his family. He knows that when he dies he will be revered in the same manner, and this gives him a greater glory and happiness in life.

The devotion to family continuity influences your marriage. So much so, in fact, that your parents choose your bride, to make sure that she is worthy of taking the family name. Perhaps the marriage was negotiated when you and your future wife were very small children. Or it may have been recently arranged by a match-maker. In that case, you may not even see the girl until the wedding, and must rely on the match-maker's glowing description of her. Then you can do nothing but hope

for the best, and perhaps mutter the old proverb: "Nine out of ten match-makers are liars."

YOUR marriage is strictly a family affair—no priest, minister or civil official is present. None has to be. For centuries the family has been the basic administrative unit of the Chinese state. The family as a whole is responsible for the conduct of its members—the elders feel they need no policemen or magistrates to help them make good citizens of the younger generations. Your father is automatically a minister of the most important religion of old China—ancestor worship. So he performs the marriage rites. You and your bride take out no license and sign no papers. But because of the tremendous weight of tradition in your community, the marriage is far more binding than it would be in a Western country.

Your wife now owes allegiance to your ancestral family. She is a daughter-in-law first and then a wife. Her main task will be to bear children to perpetuate the family. But your sons and daughters will be considered primarily as the grandchildren of your parents. You and your wife put the comfort of your parents above your own comfort. That means you can do very little without the consent of your father and mother.

Is your marriage a success under these restrictions? Well, you may do no better than many American couples who have been very unhappy under far fewer restrictions. Or you may find, as many American couples have found, that marriage is only the beginning of a real and lasting love.

If you don't get along, divorce is not the easy way out. Since you follow ancient customs, to put your wife aside you must have one or more of these reasons: Disobedience to your parents, failure to bear children, unfaithfulness, jealousy, a very bad sickness, stealing, or talking too much. That last reason—careless talking—is no light matter in a society where moderation in all things is cherished. You could justify divorce by quoting the proverb: "A wife's long tongue is the staircase by which misfortune ascends to the house."

BUT you are not really likely to get a divorce. There are three unwritten laws against it. The first is in case your wife has observed with you the traditional three years of mourning for the death of one or both your parents. The second is in the event you began life as a poor man and later became wealthy. The theory here is: If your wife shared poverty with you she is entitled to take part in your good fortune. And thirdly, you cannot divorce her if she has no family to take her in.

Even if none of these reasons applies to you, public opinion frowns on divorces because they break family stability and are thus a blow to the social structure. Public opinion also recognizes that these breaks are tragic for women, who are not supposed to remarry. Widows can take new mates, but it is considered a virtue for them to live alone.

Yet a divorced wife, although she has no property rights, is not entirely without resources. If she has no other place to go, she can live in her husband's ancestral home, where she can take care of her children—if she has any. Women of the old Chinese tradition, therefore, are really better protected than in any other country, by a fine sense of justice.

But let us say you don't divorce your wife. The two of you and your children may have your own separate household. Or you may live with several groups of relatives. Each group has its own kitchen and sleeping quarters, but all are under the same roof or in one enclosure. At least three generations are represented—sometimes as many as five—all deferring to the family elders. The oldest one—whether man or is supreme. His or her word is law. This woman patriarch—or matriarch—has permanent living quarters, but moves from unit to unit, eating with each in turn. There is never any question of caring for your parents or grandparents. You do so as a matter of course, regardless of the expense.

The same goes for your destitute relatives. During the war with Japan, thousands upon thousands of refugees from the coast came to unoccupied China. Your relatives are among them. You give them shelter—it is your obligation to help them in distress. Incidentally, you keep them from becoming objects of charity and a drain on the public money. In fact, the war refugee problem in China would be twice as bad if it were not for family ties.

NOW from these refugees you hear of strange new customs among the Chinese of the big cities—those people who have electricity, automobiles and plumbing. Then, after the war, your family's business demands that for the first time in your life you travel far from home. You see the big cities yourself and you learn that China is indeed changing.

You are astounded to learn that for years, women have been increasingly gaining independence. And you hear that back in 1931, a new national civil code was passed to break the grip of the old family system. Progressive young Chinese men and women already had broken it, but the code legally

(Continued on page 8)

SINCERELY YOURS

By S. H. C.

AS civilization advances we find changes taking place with ever increasing rapidity. There are changes in our methods of transportation, changes in the manner of our dress, changes in the food we eat, changes in our very mode of life. But the change that seems most evident to me is the change in our relationship with one another.

I remember a verse which I read some years ago in a "Scrapbook" and it strikes me that today it must be far truer than it was when it was written long ago.

"A man may smile and bid you 'Hail',

Yet wish you with the devil,
But when a good dog wags his tail,

You know he's on the level."
True indeed.

Oh, we're not all liars! Not by a long shot. We're not lacking in sincerity! Not entirely. But brother, when it comes to tell the plain unvarnished truth, George Washington assumes the guise and proportions of a star, beautiful to contemplate, but unattainable.

IN the good old days, when Og met Oogmag coming out of his cave he would salute him warmly. He would tap him on the shoulder with his 482-lb cudgel (Og was a small man, you see), and whisper in his booming voice: "Hi there pal, what gives! Make with the news fella!"

And Oogmag would smile and return the greeting. Now if you were Oogmag, you would put on your best artificial smile, the one you wear to parties which were boresome—the parties your wife makes you attend when you had already made plans for a night's fishing. They're biting now off the Palisadoes, and you are painfully aware of it. But Oogmag has been brought up a gentleman. Truth, Honesty and Sincerity — not to be confused with Lying, Deceit and Knavery—were beaten into him jointly and severally with his Ma's 756-lb cudgel (she was a big woman), and the story of George Washington was fed to

him with his Fossilimin Porridge and with every knifeful of Pachyderm steak. (You see, his mom could see the future—the way you and I see a movie).

No, Oogmag was feeling awful after that session last night at the "Ork Sklub" with that chicken from Urg Town.

He returned the compliment when he slapped Og on the shoulder with his 600-lb cudgel (he was a medium sized man), and unburdened his soul. What would you have done? You would have followed up that sickly smile with an assurance that you were fine. Never felt better in your life, when actually you knew that you never felt worse. But listen to friend Oogmag.

"Brother" he said, when Og picked himself up, brushed himself off and leaned back on his cudgel, "have you ever had your insides taken out, scrubbed, wrung out, hung on a line to dry, beaten into powder, mixed with brine and put back in? Boy-o-boy, what a thirst."

"Oh, you mean that little show at the 'Ork Sklub' way? I couldn't make it. Had to make up a foursome — promised the Missis you know!"

And he didn't say how nice his bridge party was either. It was painful. Everytime he saw a Queen he thought of the little chick from Urg Town, and wondered whether she had gone out with Oogmag. Everytime he saw a Club, he thought of the Ork Sklub, and wondered whether she had gone there with Oogmag, and everytime he saw a Spade, he thought of burying her and Oogmag, when he caught up with them. Oh the party was a pain in the neck.

NOW if you were Oogmag what would you have said? You would have perjured your soul into sixty pink pieces. You would have lied enough to wash the walls of a house at least six times over, if your breath held out. You would have said: "The Ork Sklub? Was she there? I'm sure I didn't see her!"

Then you'd remember too late that you had admitted, a few paragraphs ahead, having taken her out, and "B-A-N-GGG!" You're dead.

No matter how entangled our life gets, we seem to get a great deal of fun out of "getting under the wire" — just barely. The Chinese Sage said:

"Speak the Truth, and you do not have to remember what you said!"

But we'll never learn. It seems so much easier to lie than to cause ourselves and our friends embarrassment. Yet, in the long run it is the hardest way out. It is a vicious chain letter system. It is chain-smoking yourself into disaster, lighting one lie on the butt of the other. And in the end where are you.

Think one day of the answers carelessly rattled off:

"How're you Georgie?"

"Fine man" And your Doctor had just confirmed that the operation is a must.

"How do you like my new dress, Sadie?"

"Oh, Anne, it's positively ravishing." And it looks a sight.

"Do you think I can wear this made-over dress to the party?"

"Sure, nobody would know the difference, even I can't tell." Poor thing, how embarrassed you will be when they notice the rough stitching you put in on the back.

"David in his wisdom said: 'All men are liars'. But if all men are liars then David himself is a liar, then what David has just declared is not true." Do you remember that one from your school days?

I therefore recommend, that Your obedient Servant, or something in a similar vein, is a better way to end a letter than:

"Sincerely Yours"

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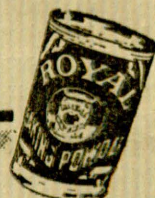
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MOVEMENTS OF NOTE

By I. C. Evre Ting

MOST engaging business the past fortnight was certainly crab hunting. Immediately after the first heavy shower crab expeditions were afoot. They took on all varieties and form — some went out in picnic fashion and brought along ice-cream, sandwiches and cakes.

Crabs were quite plentiful at Albion on the St. Thomas Road and most managed to come home with quite a few bagfuls. Those who were not so successful put the blame on their flashlights or something else. Most disappointed party however was the over-enthusiastic follower who thought he could do better at Fort Henderson and went with bright hopes of collecting a few bagfuls. When he got there he found that little rain had fallen in the vicinity and he did not get a single crab.

Our very accommodating merchant on Barry Street who has a Ford van pick-up was one of the most popular persons when it came to this sport. He was deluged with calls to go crab-hunting and found it difficult to accommodate everyone. In the meantime telegrams and telephone calls came in from Milk River and other places that crabs were all over the roadside and fields just waiting for someone to pick them up.

A FEW weddings went off quietly the past few weeks. There will be one outstanding one next month, however, that won't take place here and that is the one of our young McGill doctor who

is now in New Jersey. Another romance which I hear will also culminate next month is that of our young Marquette engineer. That also will take place away from home.

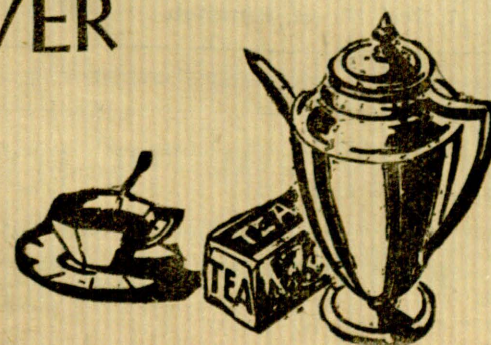
THERE is a young professional man who is counting the days, the hours and the minutes when the bright and petite young lady of his heart arrives here from the States. She will receive her degree early next month so it really won't be long now. In the meantime, airmail letters are still going both ways about two a day.

A LONG journey begins with a single step and that is the philosophy of our young businessman who has taken over a hole-in-the-wall business on King Street. He was busy taking stock a couple weeks ago and is now seriously getting the know-how of the trade. There are big hardware stores all about him but as everyone has his niche and place so he feels that eventually his friends and customers should find that he can serve them as usefully as anyone else.

THIRD finger, left hand is that conventional place where we look for very significant events. On that finger of one young lady — she with the tall, slim figure — one day last week was placed an exquisite stone in a brilliant setting. She confirmed the good news which her friends were all glad to hear.

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PERSONALIA

The marriage of Lily Theresa, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Chin Loy, to Mr. Louis Lee took place on Sunday, May 22 at the Holy Trinity Cathedral. The bride was given in marriage by Mr. George Chin Loy. The chief bridesmaid was Miss Barbara Lee with Miss Ruby Chin and Miss Rose Chin Loy as bridesmaids. The bestman was Mr. Egerton Chin Loy and groomsmen were Messrs. Philip Lee and Kenneth Chong. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Lyew on Swallowfield Road.

On Sunday, May 22 there was also the marriage of Miss Doris Shim to Mr. Harold Chang at the Kingston Parish Church. The reception was held at the home of Mr. Stanford Chang of 2a Grove Road.

The Blue Funnel liner s/s Menetheus will arrive about the middle of next week and will be taking up passengers from Jamaica for Hongkong.

Among the contestants in the recent All-Island Elocution Con-

test was Master Roderick Chin, aged 10, son of Mr. and Mrs. Oswald Chin. He took 1st place in the Group V. competition and second place in the Jamaica Literature contest. He is a student of Gaynstead College.

Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Lee of Panama arrived in the island for a short holiday on Friday, May 13 and left on Monday, May 23.

The C.A.C. Men's softball team played their first game in the Softball League against Vernam Field at Duppy Gate and lost by 4 runs to nil. A team from Montego Bay captained by Mr. Bobby Chin played the C.A.C. on Tuesday, May 24 and lost by 21-19. The C.A.C. also played a friendly match against the Light & Power Men's Team on Thursday and won by 12 to 6. Their second league match will be played against Hannasons on Tuesday, May 31.

In the Ladies' Division the Primrose team will play Invaders on Monday, May 30 at Duppy Gate.

Miss Virginia Lee of New York who came here for a two weeks' holiday left on Wednesday, May 18 for Havana, Cuba.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wong recently announced the engage-

ment of their daughter, Lilithe, to Mr. Leonard Chang, son of Mr. and Mrs. Chang Ching Sang of Worthington Avenue, St. Andrew.

Mr. and Mrs. Davis Lee have announced the marriage of their daughter, Vioris, to Mr. Lloyd Chin Loy, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Chin Loy, to take place on Sunday, June 26 at the Holy Trinity Cathedral. A wedding reception will be held at the Chinese Athletic Club.

Mr. Wilfred Chen of Trinidad spent a day in Kingston on his way to England on holiday. He is attached to the Treasury Office in Trinidad. His brother, Mr. Gerald Chen, who is in the Colonial Secretary's office in Trinidad, was also a visitor here last year.

The C.A.C. cricket team won their last two matches playing against Kensington and Indians. Against Kensington the C.A.C. made 197 runs for 9 wickets while Kensington made 102 runs all out. In the second game the Indians made 53 runs all out while C.A.C. made 56 runs for 5 wickets.

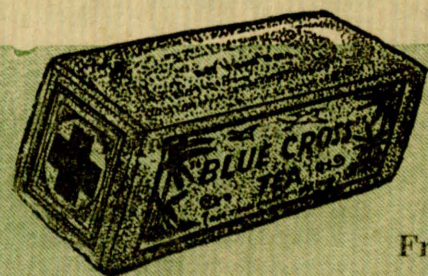
The team will play a friendly match against DePass Sporting XI tomorrow afternoon at the Club.

Fossil bones of a dinosaur were recently discovered near Hsiang-tang, some 120 kilometers from Sining in Chinghai Province. The newly discovered fossil weighing about one ton included segments of the skull, ribs and legs of the dinosaur.

Potteryware, stone and bone implements and shells believed to be relics of the Neolithic age were recently unearthed at a point five kilometers west of Sian in Shensi Province. The site where the discoveries were made were suitable dwelling places for ancient inhabitants.

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PANORAMA

ARCHBISHOP'S RESIGNATION

His Grace the Archbishop of the West Indies, the Most Reverend W. G. Hardie, D.D., resigned as Bishop of Jamaica and Archbishop of the West Indies at the earlier part of this month, to take effect in the summer. The announcement of His Grace's decision came as a surprise and regret to the community, and, indeed, to the whole of the West Indies. He pointed out in three brief statements his reasons for such a decision, which are due for the most part to his failing health and strength to cope with the arduous duties imposed upon him by this changing world and the shortage of clergymen.

His Grace is 71 years of age and it was in 1931 that he became head of the Church in Jamaica, while in 1945 he became the Archbishop. Mrs. Hardie who is also a great Church worker and His Grace will be greatly missed in this sphere of their labours into which they have put so many of the best years of their life.

"NOAH"

The latest production by the Little Theatre Movement is a play called "Noah", which has been running since Saturday night last at intervals at the Ward Theatre. Produced by Noel Vaz who took a special two-year training course in London as a British Council scholarship winner, this play may well be looked upon as another feather in his cap, the first being "Beauty and the Beast" pantomime last Christmas.

"Noah" is an unusual performance, and its novelty should be fully appreciated in Jamaica where the love of variety still holds sway. With the audiences composed largely of the same people, the choice of plays is, perhaps, not one of the least considerations if success is to crown the efforts of their production. The animals in this performance have provided this need for the unusual, and the cast as well as the producer are to be commended on their parts in making this production worth attending. As an experiment it may well be termed the sort that could be repeated.

EXTRA-MURAL DEPT. ACTIVITIES

In addition to the programme of classes on a variety of useful subjects through which the Extra-Mural Department brings the

University within reach of the public, a syllabus has now been prepared for local Government Officers and others who would like to study for the Diploma in Public Administration. The course will consist of three parts, and in addition to this defined course, lectures in Public Administration and Economics will be given shortly in all the principal towns in the Island.

Classes in Drama are also to be started in September, when a Drama Workshop will come into being at the quarters of the Extra-Mural Department at 58 Brentford Road. A great deal of interest is being taken in the various aspects of drama, the writing of plays, production, and the like, and this venture should prove of the greatest value to many whose talents lie in such directions.

VISITOR OF NOTE

A Goodwill Visit has recently been paid us by a party of Haitians led by Monsieur Thomas Desulme, Deputy of the Legislative Council, as the guests of Mr. W. K. Evans of St. Andrew. Much effort is being made and interest shown in the International Exposition which is being held in Haiti in December, and which should act as a great link between the countries in various ways.

Also coming on a visit were the Hon. Simon Ramsay, M.C., M.P. for Forfar in Scotland and Mrs. Ramsay, in order to learn something about Jamaican conditions, and the problems which confront the Caribbean area of the Colonial Empire. It is the Hon. Ramsay's wish to know more about our problems before he makes a speech in the House of Commons on Colonial questions.

Combining business with pleasure has been Mr. Charles Rosher, MGM's Director of Photography at the Culver City studios in Hollywood, who is particularly interested in colour photography. Mr. Rosher has been taking some colour shots at the northside from Tower Isle where he stayed, and was also to pay a visit to Navy Island. It is most likely that he will take part in the filming of MGM's production "Robinson Crusoe" when this begins to be produced in Jamaica.

Also a visitor of interest and note was Mrs. Gertrude Everson, Czech film actress and holder of the title "First Female Glider Pilot of Czechoslovakia", who has been touring the Caribbean on holiday from America, to which country she escaped during the war. Mrs. Everson was frank in her views of the terror which

the Russians are creating in the land of her birth now that the Nazis have been ousted from first place. She is at present engaged in the work of making shows for production in television.

MORAL RE-ARMAMENT

Leaving Jamaica today is Mr. Trevor DeCasseres and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hart who are bound for Caux, the seat in Switzerland of the Moral Re-Armament World Assembly which starts on June 4. Mr. DeCasseres is Jamaica's delegate from the Jamaican Group, and will be one of the large number accommodated in an 800-room hotel in the Swiss town, which was bought by the Swiss people and presented to Mr. Frank Buchman, founder of the Movement to facilitate his requirements for such purposes.

The faith in the Moral Re-Armament as being one of the more hopeful means for establishing a lasting peace in the world is increasing as time goes on, and Mr. DeCasseres will be representing the youth of Jamaica at the coming conference, and a fine representative he will make.

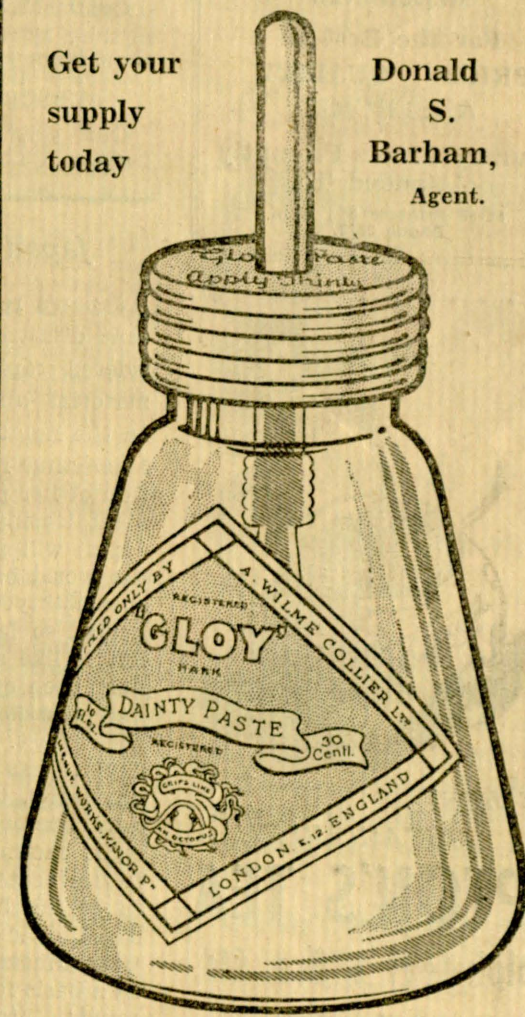
RED SHOES AND LITTLE WOMEN

Two films of vastly different type have been attracting large audiences at the Carib Theatre in the past fortnight. "Red Shoes" gives a wonderful display of ballet dancing with Moira

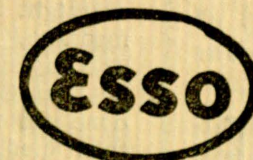
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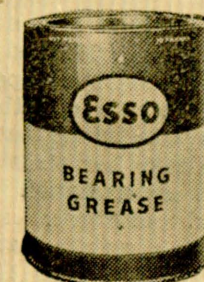
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Contributors are invited to send in their MSS at any time. Articles should not exceed 1,000 words.

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Japan's Recovery

Japan's recovery from her recent disastrous war can be considered rapid at least from the material and physical aspects. In the hands of General Douglas MacArthur rested the reconstruction of her physical, spiritual and mental being and the part which Japan will play in the future of the world has been his main responsibility. The war it had helped so largely to bring about left it like a child whose temper has been quelled by its elders, and who lies, at length, limp at their feet. Like such a child, Japan has had to be lifted up physically, treated with kindness and firmness, and taught the right methods of behaviour for future occasions. First, she had to be taught Christianity not in an individual sense, but as a Governmental authorised means as a basis for pure living. Again, minds tutored in imperialistic ways untempered by Christian principles could not be changed overnight into thoughts of a democratic, humane way of life. The Japanese people fully realize all that General MacArthur has done for them even while they take credit of character in the reformation he has wrought. The Japanese and the whole world owe this man a debt of gratitude they can never repay.

General MacArthur has now given place to Mr. J. M. Dodge, a United States economic expert whose task it is to help to further build up Japan's economic state. If Japan is to take her place in the Far East as a nation of strength and enterprise she must now attain a certain status of economic stability. For the same reason that the recovery of Germany is being hastened as a safety measure against Soviet domination, so, too, must that of Japan's be a quick consideration if the Communist spread in China and other surrounding countries

is not to reach the shores of this war-ridden country and envelop her in her weakness. Land reforms which will strengthen the peasant class against the enticing and false methods employed by the Communists have been instituted in Japan, and the people have been told to make up their minds to suffer some personal, internal sacrifices in an effort to press their economic security.

The existing situation in this area is intense and fraught with vast possibilities for good or evil. The formation of a Pacific Pact along the same lines as those of the Atlantic which has acted as a stay to the Soviet aggression in Europe is being urged and appealed for by many of the leaders and countries in the Far East. With Japan still dependent to a large extent on American aid, and the newly formed Coalition Government under the Premiership of Shigeru Yoshida, leader of the Liberal Democrats of which it is largely composed, the country is in a state where it may readily be influenced to become one of the leading democratic mainstays of the Pacific Pact, and a formidable bloc to Communist efforts in that area.

Japan, in common with all other war devastated countries has the right to full recovery now that it has been moulded along the proper lines, and it is up to those who have already achieved so much to see to it that this country, once so formidable an enemy, becomes as strong and able an ally.

THE CHANGING CHINESE FAMILY

(Continued from Page 5)

ensures individual rights for either sex. Both men and women are now free to choose their mates. Divorce must be by mutual consent, and proceedings may be started by either husband or wife, instead of the husband alone. The head of a family must now earn his authority instead of assuming it merely because of his age. The property rights of women are recognized, and in the matter of inheritance daughters are equal with sons before the law.

These astonishing things will in time be commonplace in your home town back in the interior. But right now you find it hard to believe that the family system, which you had accepted unthinkingly, is no longer fully adequate.

Your new friends, however, explain to you that although the system once provided stability and permanent security, times changed after China met the impact of the modern Western World.

CHINA SPREADS HER WINGS

By Moon F. Chin

Vice-President of Operations,
Central Air Transport Corp. of
China.

From THE CHINA MAGAZINE

DESPITE the multitude of problems faced during and since the war, China has emerged leader of post-war aviation in the Orient. China has gained this position not only by being at the top in the number of craft operated by the nation's airlines, but by being tops in performance and efficiency too.

Considering the geographical vastness of the country, the stunted growth of aviation during the war years, the results of enemy occupation and destruction of commercial aircraft during the war, China's aviation has made surprising progress in the few short years since V-J Day. Indeed, no country can show faster and safer expansion of its airlines during the post-war period than China. From a handful of commercial aircraft operated by the airlines shortly after the victory over Japan, the country today can boast of about 120 operating aircraft.

When it is considered that airline fares in China are among the lowest in the world — approximately three cents U.S. per mile compared to almost six cents in the United States — while operating costs are two to three times those in foreign countries, the rapid expansion of China's commercial aviation is all the more remarkable. Had economic and political conditions in China remained stable during the three post-war years, it is safe to assume that the country would today boast of twice the number of commercial craft and a proportionately greater number of first-class airfields.

However, even under the most adverse conditions, aviation has continued to expand due to the following reasons:

- (1) Inability of the Communists effectively to disrupt air traffic.
- (2) Lack of any real competition from either rail or steamship lines — both of which have been disorganized by military operations.
- (3) Growing demand for faster travel.
- (4) Comparative cheapness of the fares — among the lowest in the world.
- (5) Cooperation and aid from abroad, employment of pilots and mechanics from all over the world who boast of the best technical knowledge.

These factors have all combined to aid the expansion of Chinese commercial aviation and have helped to put China in the No. 1 place in Oriental aviation.

But the expansion to date is only the start — that and nothing else. There are unlimited

possibilities for the future, possibilities as great as the country itself. There is a demand for double and triple the number of craft operating at present. There is room for dozens of new air routes — provided the airfields and aircraft for operating them can be made available. Finally, there is the ever-growing international air traffic, where a great future lies ahead for China.

No survey of aviation in China would be complete or accurate without mention of American aviation as a criterion of judgment. Large as is China's commercial air fleet by Oriental standards, each of the largest airlines in the U.S. boasts of the same number of craft as are operated by Chinese airlines combined and many of the larger concerns possess ground equipment quantitatively and qualitatively superior to anything in all China.

Nevertheless, considering the present conditions prevailing in this country, and the uncertainties that beset all of us, the development during the past three years, particularly during the past twelve months, has been remarkable by any standards. And the continued growth of aviation in China is not only foreseeable, but inevitable.

Just as a century ago the railroads took America by storm, and an entire continent was spanned by bands of steel, across which railroad wheels sped a nation, so today a network of air routes is being woven across the face of China, and wings speed the nation from one end of the country to the other. Natural geographical factors made the triumph of the railroads inevitable during the second half of the 19th Century in the United States. The same natural geographical factors made the expansion of aviation inevitable in China today.

Perhaps the best picture of how aviation in China has grown can be provided by a recapitulation of the circumstances under which the Central Air Transport Corp. was born and its development during the past years. The writer is taking his own airline as an example of this development, not only because he knows of its development at first hands, but because the phenomenal growth of C.A.T.C. is indicative of the rapid strides made by aviation in China — and of the infinite possibilities which lie ahead.

Almost two decades ago, four small monoplanes based at Peiping, China's "cultural" capital, started a unique air service in

China's northwestern provinces. Their flights in a day did away with distance across what had hitherto been virtually an inaccessible hinterland. They made practicable a comparatively fast and regular communication between China and Europe via Russia.

THOSE pioneering aircraft, which droned over the old silk-route camel trails and lonely stretches of steppeland, were the foundation of what is known today as the Central Air Transport Corporation.

Airlines in China — in the American sense — have never been large. But their operations have been widespread and thoroughly efficient.

C.A.T.C. today is the only completely Chinese-owned airline existing in China. It stretches a sprawling network of routes across the length and breadth of this vast and populous country.

China today is among the most populous territories of the world. Her needs for transportation are the needs of 422,000,000 people. These needs go beyond the capacity of rehabilitated shipping and railways. They go beyond the strenuous effort of all the airlines combined.

Chinese railways have made available only 3,000 miles of trackage in 72 years of laborious development. A figure more than doubled by air service mileage in one-fifth of the time. (This limited and, at present not thoroughly rehabilitated Chinese railway system is only a small fraction of the 246,739 miles of American railways, despite the fact that China is a considerably larger country.)

The airliner, representing the only mobile and ubiquitous means of transportation in this country, is filling in much of the shortcomings of railways and shipping. But China needs more planes. The demands for transportation throughout the country by far exceed the availability of transport aircraft.

C.A.T.C., since its establishment in the uncertain days of 1931, can this day state with pride that it has come up in the world. The number and efficiency of its aircraft and personnel have increased strikingly. For its original four single-motor planes it can today show 40 twin-motor American aircraft, 20 of them Curtis C-46 transports — a plane type of proven service over "the Hump" during the war.

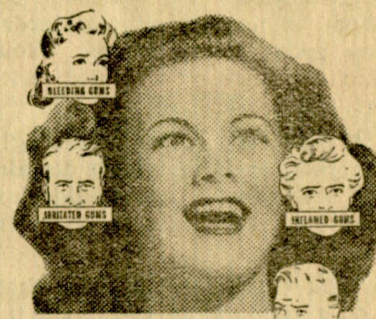
AMERICAN and American-trained Chinese airmen are flying these planes daily across more than 16,000 miles of routes linking up all the main cities and ports of China. In the north, the planes are making good the war-crippled end of China's seven principal and four secondary railways. In the remainder of the country, the civil airplane is commuting across rivers, highways and railways — across mountains and farmlands — to shrink that huge portion of China to a matter of five hours' flight in any direction over any distance.

Yet for every airliner flying to

(Continued on page 18)

PYORRHEA

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of Beautiful,
Healthy Teeth



4 Out Of 5

May Be Victims!

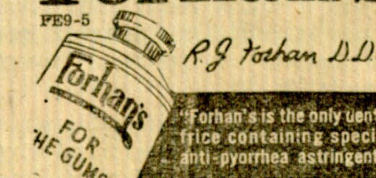
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THEY ALSO SERVE....

By H. V. Ormsby Marshall.

"I'm utterly fed up of lying here so still all day," Pumpkin cried all of a sudden one morning. "Life has become most monotonous for me."

"I don't wonder you complain of feeling fed up," Cabbage replied. "I noticed only yesterday how podgy you've become. Your skin's positively wrinkled with fat."

"Look at who's talking!" Pumpkin exclaimed with disdain, "to hear you no one would suppose you're not just as podgy as I am."

"You weigh far, far more than I do and you quite well know it," Cabbage retorted, "and, anyhow, mine is a more delicate type of avoidpous. In fact, most of my weight is centred in my head which shows how brainy I am."

"There you go again — always talking about your brains, when those who really have got brains never dream of mentioning them."

Cabbage ignored these outspoken remarks on the contents of her head.

"Besides, you're not looking very healthy," she continued, glancing suspiciously at Pumpkin. "I don't altogether like the greenish-yellow hue of your skin."

"I'm perfectly well, thank you," snapped Pumpkin trying to turn over on her other side and not succeeding. "You seem to forget that this is my natural colour. I do feel the need of some exercise though, I must confess."

"You're not the only one so placed," Cabbage reminded her. "In fact, I'm really far more confined than you are. Then just think of Turnip, Carrot and Beetroot and all those other poor things who live in dugouts."

"I'm glad you've had the grace to admit you're not the worst off," Turnip took the opportunity of entering the discussion at this stage, "this underground activity is not only dull work but in times of war it can be really dangerous. If one is caught in the act of being helpful one pays a heavy penalty."

"I wonder if it is such thoughts that keep fretting your mind why you're so pale?" Tomato remarked, viewing his own bright skin in a pool of water at his feet.

"Then what about me!" cried Beetroot. "I'm also underground

yet look at my ruddy complexion."

"That's almost entirely due to the silly compliments Carrot is forever paying you. He is constantly making you blush to the very roots of your hair," Skellion declared scathingly.

"Just you shut up!" bellowed Carrot, his hair emitting sparks of flame as he edged almost perceptibly the fraction of an inch closer to Beetroot for whom he showed a marked passion, "you know, Beetroot, don't you, that you're the sweetest of us all? I can hardly wait until market day when I may get the chance of actually touching you."

"There you go again with some more of your silly love making," Cucumber cried, "I may not be so sweet as Beetroot it is true but I am far more refreshing, and in these days of mass movements individuality counts a whole lot."

"Oh, you're much too wishy-washy for my liking," Carrot replied rudely, "give me Beetroot every time."

"Red heads are much too fiery by nature," Cucumber answered shortly.

"Sure they are," chipped in Pepper, "and what is life without pep?"

"You're far, far too full of pep for my liking," Cucumber hastened to assure him.

"Which substantiates my views on your wishy-washiness," Carrot lost no time in adding.

"Cho! I wish you would all stop wrangling," Cho-cho begged, looking down on her companions with disgust on her face.

"It's all very well for you to raise objections from your pleasant situation," Pumpkin responded quickly. "The whole lot of you up there, String Beans, Okra, Corn and the rest of you can get a nice view of the surroundings and the breeze and sunlight reaches you more pleasantly. You really have nothing at all to complain about."

"I'm fairly content with my lot in spite of being so menially placed," Lettuce chipped in, preening herself among the dew-drops at her feet. "Perhaps it is because Cabbage and I have so much in common mentally that time never seems to drag," she continued. "The fact is, we've got heads and we use them."

"Use—or lose—did you say?" queried Skellion bitingly.

"Oh-h-h!" wept Onion, "I quite agree with Cho-cho, and I wish you'd all stop talking about things like heads being cut off, it makes me feel so sad."

"You're always inclined to weep at every little thing," reminded Lettuce, "I was just about to inform Skellion, when you interrupted the conversation in your silly, babyish way, that when he is under the impression that Cabbage and I are losing our heads we are really using them in the best interests of mankind."

"It's all right for you to say such things, but you seldom get the rough handling Spinach and I do," Calaloo remarked suddenly. "We are very cut up about it I can tell you."

"I often feel just as cut up as you do," Cabbage declared, "but the feeling doesn't last long."

"Do stop discussing such depressing things in our lives," Carrot cried, "this sort of conversation grates on me terribly."

"I really think you are all becoming too frank in airing your views," Garden Egg commented. "It is really not wise to stuff ourselves up with such gloomy thoughts."

"If we live in the open air how can we help airing our views if we have any?" asked Cauliflower, arranging her pretty lace petticoat more gracefully.

"You would misunderstand me!" Garden Egg lamented.

"Shut . . . up!" shouted Beans "Or . . . I'll . . ."

"There now, I suppose you're going to begin your usual tactics," Cauliflower retorted pertly.

"I haven't the smallest intention of giving you any of myself," Beans hastened to assure her "I suppose that's what you're insinuating, 'but I'm not half as liberal as Pepper is. He never stops to count the cost of his generosity to others.'"

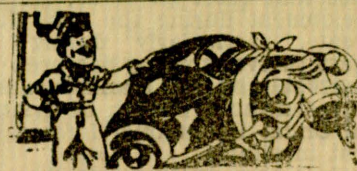
"It's mostly us he gives so hot a time," reminded Calaloo, "which makes everyone shun us to such an extent that we spend a most lonely and miserable life."

"If you would all only say less and think more," Lettuce chipped in at this juncture you might be able to realise how truly im-

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Jamaican Proverbs

Their Meaning and Significance

The Printer's Devil was busy when my instalment of April 30 was being printed. He represented me as writing slowroom for glowworm. In order to make it quite clear. I am writing the Proverb all over again in its correct form:

When snake bite you, you see lizard you run.

Compare with the English version with much the same meaning, which runs this way, "Once bit twice shy." The West African version is, "He whom a serpent has bitten dreads a slowroom."

If you 'pit a de sky it wi' fall a you face.

"Pit means spit. In Yoruba, (Africa), they say: 'Ashes (always) fly back in the face of him that throws them.'"

One 'pit dun (down) better dan one up.

That is, A natural corollary to the preceding proverb.

For de licking of de spoon you lose de spoonful.

This proverb reminds me of the following which we dealt with in a former issue, namely:

1. Greedy choke puppy (Greediness chokes a puppy) and

2. De somt'in wha' sweet darg, ah dat choke him.

Avaricious people often overreach themselves, is the meaning applicable to all.

The West African version is, "A huge morsel chokes a child."

The Irish say, "Covetousness bursts the bag."

The French and the Spaniards have proverbs which run on the same lines.

If you get spoon, you wi' drink soup.

No special comment is necessary for a proverb which also occurs in British Guiana.

Easy 'queeze (squeeze) me k no riot.

It is advisable not to make a fuss about things.

The English rendering with which I make comparison runs this way: "A sly squeeze attracts no attention."

'Tan' far, see better. Movie fans can bear witness to the truth of this proverb.

You put starch a door, you no watch fe rain?

Starch when made is wet, and put to dry at the door, therefore you must watch for the rain.

That is, you must be cautious and watch against impending danger when you have interests at stake.

In Hayti they say, "He who has a little millet out of doors looks for rain."

In British Guiana, "who put gungo-tay a sun a he a look fo' rain".

No mine if you 'tart born naked, so long you ring fat.

That is, never mind if you start poor, so long as you start with good health.

De same 'tick wha' beat fuffoo will beat massa.

"Tick means stick. Fuffoo is a mixture of plaintains, cocoas etc., powdered and beaten, usually eaten with pepperpot."

'Tan' 'pon crooked 'tick, cut 'traight 'tick.

"Tan means stand; 'pon' means upon."

It is possible to stand upon a crooked stick and cut a straight one.

Rock-tone a ribber bottam no feel sun hot.

A stone at the bottom of the river does not feel the heat of the sun.

Those in easy circumstances do not realise the hardships of others.

The Hausa (West African tribe) saying is, "The stone that is in the water knows not the sun is shining or the wind blowing."

The Yoruba version is "The labourer is always in the sun, the landowner is always in the shade."

If you won' 'tan' blow, no play tick. If you can't take a blow in good part, don't provoke in play. (Stick-licking was a common sport, particularly in Kingston when I was a boy).

You wan' hear how 'tory go, wait till quarrel come.

If you want to know the truth of a story wait until a quarrel comes.

'Tory dey fe talk, but long bench no dey fe si' dun 'pon.

That is, I have much to say but no convenient opportunity.

Long 'tory mek dem ketch run-way neger.

Neyger means negro. That is delays should be avoided.

'Tory no got han', it no got foot, but it gaan abroad.

When fum-fum come, 'tory come:

Fum-fum means beating. **PLUTO.**

portant we are to the world and then you would stop grousing about our petty grievances. Those who have a really important part to play in this chaotic universe have much to be thankful for in these days when one seldom attracts attention except one overdoes oneself."

"Lettuce is quite right," Cabbage agreed.

"Would you be so kind, you brainy two, to enlighten us on what makes us so important to the world?" Corn suggested ironically.

"If you had even one grain of sense you should know without being told," Cauliflower retorted. "Naturally, it is because we help to feed a starving world. We are some of the ingredients such as vitamins and minerals that make for a healthier, wiser mankind, and goodness knows mankind needs to be both. We should never for a moment underestimate our own value. We should seek admission to the World Health Organisation and the Overseas Food Corporation without further loss of time. We . . ."

"What a platform speaker Cauliflower would make!" Garden Egg interrupted her by saying, as he swayed uncertainly in the breeze and gazed down on the delicate little thing at his feet. "She's typical of the modern

woman with her frills and laces and strongly worded sentiments . . ."

Tomato quivered near his prop as words trembled on his tongue.

"I never dreamed you could have voiced such a mouthful all at once," he managed to say at length.

"Say what you will, you must admit that I'm right," Cauliflower continued unabashed. "Cabbage, what was it that Milton once said about standing still?"

"Oh . . . that? . . . 'thousands at his bidding speed,

And post o'er land and ocean without rest;

They also serve who only stand and wait'."

"Ah, yes, thank you for reminding me. Perhaps it will be better for us after all if we do not bother to join anything overseas," went on Cauliflower. "They also serve who only stand and wait."

"I don't remember ever hearing those words before," Pumpkin sighed. "It is a very consoling thought now that I've been forced to think of it. I am sorry I was the one to start such a discussion, but I shall try to keep perfectly still in future until I am taken into more exalted service."

The End.

GREAT WHITE FLEET

PIONEERS IN CARIBBEAN TRAVEL

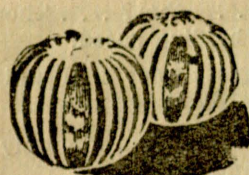
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CHINA

"The travellers from over the
seas talk of the Isles of the
Blest

Dim and unattainable behind
their mists and waves
And difficult for the uninitiated
to imagine

Now revealed, now hidden by
clouds and vapour.

Through which one may catch a
glimpse.

Tien Mu spans the length and
breadth of the heavens."

Li. Po:

"Dreaming of Travelling to
Tien Mu "

CANADA

"Still lies the skeleton behind,
The bony manufactured grin
The voice we heard time out of
mind

That rustles when the leaves are
thin . . . "

Dorothy Livesay:

"London Revisited."

ENGLAND

"Love is a breach in the walls, a
broken gate,

Where that comes in, that shall
not go again.

Love sells the proud heart's
citadel to Fate

They have known shame, who
love unloved. Even then

When two mouths thirsty each
for each find slaking,

And agony's forgot, and hushed
the crying

Of credulous hearts in heaven—
such are but taking

Their own poor dreams within
their arms and lying

Each in his lonely night, each
with a ghost."

Rupert Brooke:

"Love."

POT POURRI OF THOUGHT

JAMAICA

"All night long
The rain has flung
Its icy spears
At the dove white panes.
And the dull grey dawn
That from clouds is born
Has wet birds on a wire
As its only choir
And men sit huddled
In damp grey lofts
And peer from out
The window tops."

Kenneth E. Ingram:

"Poem."

RUSSIA

" . . . Live within thyself, and be
In a world of faerie,
Of magic thoughts that hide
away

From the noise and glare of day,
Delicate airs on earth unheard,
Mock them, love them, say no
word."

Fedor Tyutchev:

"Silentium."

JAPAN

"An instant of time is barely
realized, yet they continue to pass
by with never a pause, and life's
end comes all too suddenly."

Tzure-zure Gusa:

"The Miscellany of a
Japanese Priest."

AMERICA

"Charm is the measure of at-
traction's power

To chain the fleeting fancy of an
hour

And rival all the spell of Beauty's
dower.

A subtle grace of heart and mind
that flows

With tactful sympathy, the sweet-
est rose,

If not the fairest, that the garden
knows.

A quick responsiveness in word
and deed,

A dignity and stateliness at need
The will to follow or the art to
lead."

Louisa Carroll Thomas:

"What is Charm?"

COLOMBIA

"From my room I look upon the
little plaza

Where the kids go running
As they come out of the
Public School.

Flying like parakeets,
The rabble of students
Moves off under the broken
Fans of the trees,

Nothing

Ruffles the long silence."

Luis Carlos Lopez:

"Rubbish."

AUSTRALIA

"The tree that stands on this
white hill

Is the pure gesture of its stone
And for that birth the stone was
split

That seemed as lifeless as the
moon

Hear the praises of the bird!
The magpie in the dreaming mist
Turns the vapours ice to gold,
Tips the talons of the frost."

David Campbell:

"Hear the Praises of
the Birds."

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THE PAGODA

PERSONS PLACES THINGS

By Old Joe

PERSONS

JAMAICA JOURNALISTS

(Continued from last issue)

THOMAS HENRY MACDER-
MOT. Commonly known as Tom
Redcam, he was described by the
Jamaica Poetry League, as the
"Poet Laureate of Jamaica." Tom
Redcam (the pseudonym which
he almost invariably adopted in
his writings), was born in 1870.
He died in England on the 8th
October 1933. His father the Rev.
Canon MacDermot was an Angli-
can Minister, so the future Poet-
Journalist may be regarded as a
"son of the Manse." His Scotch
descent was responsible for the
dogged determination which char-
acterised his entire life. From
his mother, (a sister of the Rev.
C. H. Coles, M.A., an English-
man and a Priest of the Anglican
Church), he inherited his literary
talents. Both parents were re-
sponsible for his piety, diligence
and urbanity. He possessed a
most kindly disposition; and al-
though not overburdened with
worldly riches, he never allowed
the opportunity to pass of ren-
dering a charitable act to persons
or causes. He was the essence
of politeness. On arriving at his
editorial office in the Jamaica
Times, he would greet each mem-
ber of the staff with a "Good
morning Mr.—", "Good morning
Miss S", and so on, not omitting
the office boy.

H. E. C. Cain:

"To a Child."

ing known as "Hylton's Times
Store" and situated at 128 Har-
bour Street was destroyed; debris
and timber fell all around. A
beam crushed MacDermot pin-
ning him to earth. The fire that
accompanied the earthquake was
fast approaching him. Soon he
would be overwhelmed by the
flames. The rescue party, urged
on by his sister, made an almost
superhuman effort. He was ex-
tricated, but so badly smashed
that it was an emaciated Mac-
Dermot who survived and lived to
carry on the work that was dear
to his heart.

From a couch in the temporary
office at 78 Church Street, he dic-
tated his editorials and other
matters to his typist. Other
workers were brought to his as-
sistance, so he continued with
the Times till his health broke
down, and he was forced to
leave the island for England in
1922. He never wholly recovered;
and after his death his body was
cremated, and the ashes were
brought to Jamaica for burial.

The Jamaica Poetry League
commemorated the occasion by
publishing a Souvenir Birthday
Leaflet which contained sixty-
two "Gems from the Jewel Box of
Thomas Henry MacDermot." These
consisted of 62 quotations from
his numerous poems, which
unfortunately were never pub-
lished in book form. I happen to
know that he was engaged in
compiling the manuscript for the
Printers when he became ill. The
quotations, (one for each year of
his life) the universality and origi-
nality of his poetic diction. His
love for Jamaica was strong and
deep, and the published lines are

When the time came for him
to select a profession, as a means
of earning his livelihood, he went

in for teaching; and for a num-
ber of years he conducted a
Private School in the Cayman
Islands. He soon discovered,
however, that his real calling was
Journalism; so he joined the
staff of the Jamaica Times Week-
ly about the year 1905. Owing to
a limited staff, he was forced to
act in every position necessary to
the production of an interesting
Weekly Journal. He was news
reporter, Literary editor, writer
special articles and interviews,
until the great earthquake of
January 14, 1907 curtailed his
Journalistic activities. The build-

"They say that, like the blossoms
of the wildwoods,
Spring's flower will wither when
wan Winter nears:
Yet something tells me that your
face each Springtime
Receives a lovelier radiance than
it wears. . . ."

H. E. C. Cain:

"To a Child."

all tinged with patriotic fervour.

During his last days in England,
he wrote two poems, from which
I quote in order to show his re-
action to varied emotions:

"Chained here to Pain, to suf-
fer, not to die.

(Lines written in England).

"O my little green Island far
over the sea.

At eve'tide Jamaica, my hear is
with thee".

(From O Little Green Island).

He was the author of a Novel
with the peculiar title of "One
Brown Girl and—"

PLACES

JAMAICA PLACE NAMES

I conclude this series of notes
with a few remarks on "Jamaica
In Other Lands."

Of its trade with the outside
world Jamaica has evidences in
Jamaica Bay, in Acklin's Island,
Bahamas; in Jamaica, (as old at
least as 1699), Long Island; in
Jamaica Plain near Boston; in
Jamaica Street in Glasgow; Ja-
maica Street in Greenock, and
formerly in the Jamaica Coffee
House in London.

The Coffee House was in St.
Michael's Alley, Cornhill, which
runs out of Cornhill to the west
of St. Michael's Church. It is of
interest to note that this alley is
famous as having contained the
first Coffee House established in
London. The Jamaica Coffee
House is kept in memory there
by the Jamaica Wine House,
which adjoins the office of a wine
merchant (E. J. Roe & Co.),
and by Jamaica buildings. Like
all city alleys, the place has been
entirely rebuilt.

In Scotland — Jamaica Street,
one of the busiest street in
Glasgow, leading to Jamaica
Bridge over the Clyde, was named
in 1663; and its name was doubt-
less suggested by the business
connection. There are other
evidences in Glasgow of West In-
dian trade, in St. Vincent Street,
Tobago Street and the "Havan-
nah" (street); but the name of
Kingston Dock has no connection
with Kingston, Jamaica.

Special Note: The descriptions
given above relate to conditions
that existed previous to World
War II.

Haven't you any better anatomy
books?" complained the psy-
chology student. "These are at
least ten years old."

"Look, Bud," replied the exas-
perated librarian. "There have
been no bones added to the hu-
man body in the last ten years!"

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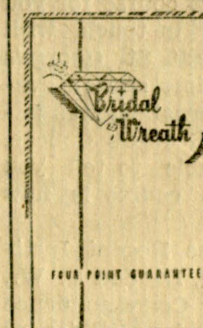
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TALKING IT OVER

with Elizabeth Martin

Dear Elizabeth Martin,

It is my desire to write stories. I have a wide imagination which can be developed if I get the necessary training.

Could you give me any information as to where I can get coaching in Jamaica or lessons by correspondence from abroad?

Thanking you in eager anticipation.

Dorothy.

Dear Dorothy,

I think the best course for you would be to get in touch with Father Sullivan at St George's College. Some time ago an evening class in journalism was being run at St. George's College, he would be able to tell you whether such a course is now being run.

Failing this the Regent Institute, Palace Gate, London S. W., England offers a Correspondence course in writing short stories, or the Palmer Institute of Authorship, Palmer Building, Hollywood 28, California. But I doubt that you would be able to obtain the necessary dollars for the latter. Good luck.

E. M.

Dear Miss Martin,

I am rather a heavy smoker and I notice that my teeth which used to be beautifully white are becoming discoloured at the base. Is there any way in which I can get them white quickly?

J.

Dear J.

You could try brushing them with ordinary salt on a stiff and not too moist toothbrush. This is a splendid whitener, and is good for the gums; or you can try brushing them with peroxide undiluted. But, of course, the best method of all is to get your dentist to clean your teeth for you and then cut down on the smoking.

E. M.

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2. Bend your head slowly forward. Bring it erect and then let it fall back as far as it will. Then back a bit further. Repeat four times.

Remember that good head posture all the time is the best way to check a tendency to a double chin.

These exercises should be done slowly and as rhythmically as possible. Remember, do not jerk your neck!

E. M.

PANORAMA

Continued from page 7

Shearer as star, with Jamaican Graham McCormack also appearing in it. Aside from the story of the film which is a tragedy the colouring and dancing make it well worth seeing.

"Little Women" is one of those

intriguing old-time pictures of a book that has stood the test of time and deserves such a portrayal.

Observer.

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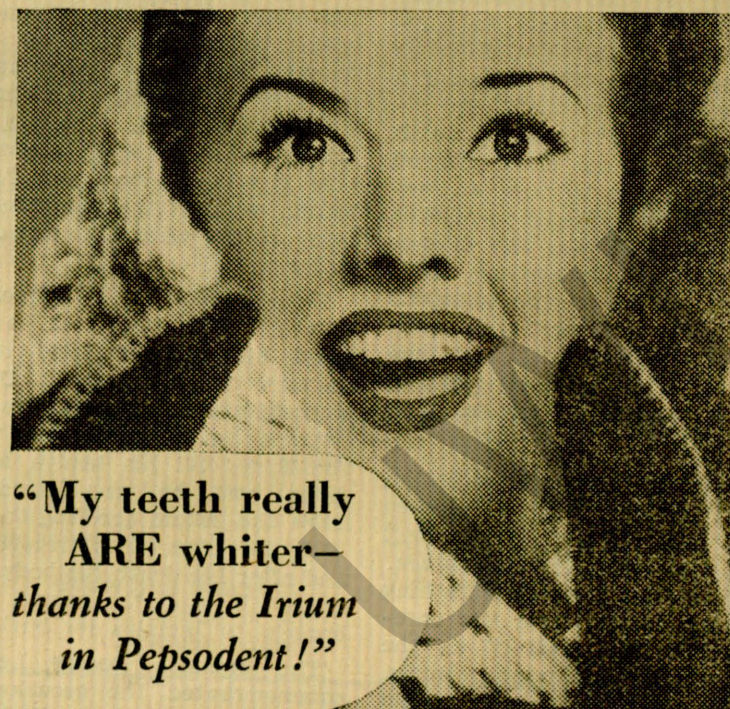
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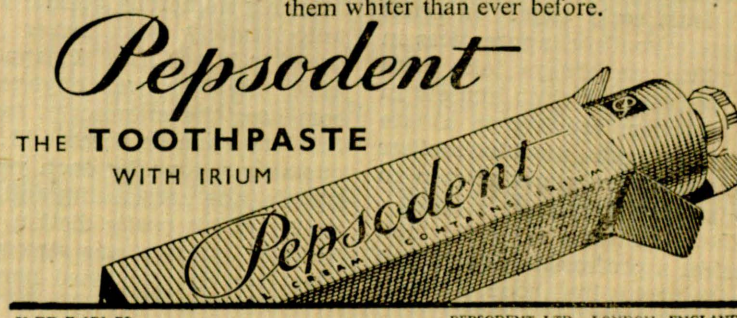
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THE PAGODA

IN PARENTHESIS

A word to the wife is never sufficient.

An unkempt Arab rug peddler was making his way down the market place attempting to sell his wares. "Will you buy my rug," he inquired of a passing tourist. "Go away," snapped the tourist. "They stink." How dare you say that," cried the indignant Arab. "I will have you know that my rugs do not stink. It is me."

"I saw your advertisement to the effect that you re-cover umbrellas. I'd like mine recovered." "Yes, sir; where is it?" "If I knew that I'd recover it myself."

Foreman — "Has the mechanic told you what to do?"

Apprentice — "Yes, sir. He told me to wake him up when I heard you coming."

A well-known playboy finally ran through his inheritance. Thrown on his uppers, he was forced to seek a job. He managed to land in a low-class restaurant as a waiter. One day an old acquaintance came into the restaurant and ordered a meal. When he looked up he was astonished to see the playboy working as a waiter. With copious crocodile tears he bemoaned the fate that would cast such a sterling citizen into such an embarrassing position.

"Gad!" he cried hoarsely, "to think that I would ever find you working in a place like this."

The playboy smiled cheerfully as he replied, "O, don't worry, too much. I don't eat here."

Passenger — "Why did they build this station so far out of town?"

Station Agent — "They wanted to get it near the railroad."

Her small son ran in all out of breath with the news.

"Mummy! They have a new baby next door, an' the lady is awful sick."

"Yes, Bobby."

"You'd better go over an' see her, mummy, 'cause she's sick in bed."

"I know. I'll go over tomorrow, perhaps, when she's a little better."

"But she's so sick today," Bobby insisted, "that you ought to go right now, mummy."

"Still, I think I'd better wait until she is a little better."

Bobby was nonplussed. Finally, the cause of his mother's reluctance seemed to dawn on him, for he burst out:

"You don't need to be afraid, mummy. It ain't catching!"

"Why didn't you deliver that message as instructed?" a man asked his servant.

"I did th' best I could, sir."

"The best you could! Why, if I had known I was going to send a donkey, I would have gone myself."

Walking with a friend one day, Fritz Kleiser the famous violinist, passed a large fish shop where a fine catch of codfish, with mouths open and eyes staring, were arranged in a row. Kreisler suddenly stopped, looked at them, and clutching his friend by the arm, exclaimed:

"Heaven! That reminds me — I should be playing at a concert!"

"Do you know that brother of yours is liable to get himself into trouble?"

"What has he been doing?"

"He's going around telling lies about me."

"As long as he lies, what do you care? But if he begins to tell the truth break his jaw."

"And you can't multiply 26 by 85, Charles? I'll bet that Henry can do it in less than no time."

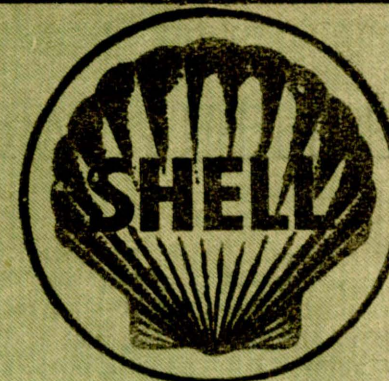
"I shouldn't be surprised. They say fools multiply very rapidly, these days."

John Kemble, a famous actor, was performing one of his favourite parts at some country theatre and was interrupted from time to time by the squalling of a child in the gallery, until at length, angered by this rival performance, Kemble walked with solemn steps to the front of the stage, and addressing the audience in his most tragic tones, said, "Ladies and gentlemen, unless the play is stopped, the child cannot possibly go on."

"I want some consecrated lye," said the customer to the druggist. "You mean concentrated lye." "It does nutmeg any difference," the man retorted. "That's what I camphor. How much does it sulphur?"

"Fifteen scents. Bright fellow, aren't you? I never cinnamon with so much wit."

"Well, I should myrrh-myrrh! And as yet ammonia beginner at it."



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REFRESHING WINDS

By Gay

I splashed around in the water gleefully. It was good to be home again, singing in the old shower where every spray and crack and dab of paint was familiar. I turned off the tap and reached for a towel. My hand went out, automatically, toward the towel rack under the window. I was rubbing myself very brusquely when I noticed some initials on the towel — and then I stopped, abruptly. I was using a relative-guest's towel — I remembered suddenly that I had been told very distinctly my towels were on the rack opposite the shower. I stood there for a moment, pondering: why had I automatically reached out toward the particular towel-rack under the window on my first day at home, even after I had been told where my towels actually were?

I knew the answer almost simultaneously, of course. It was the result of that strange strong impulse known as HABIT. For several years that particular towel rack under the window had been mine — and now, even after a whole year's absence, habit had

automatically directed my hands toward that rack.

Yes, that is the force of habit. As we grow in maturity, our lives seem composed of, simply, countless habit patterns. We dress in a certain way, we get ready for the day's work in a certain habit-style, we speak after set habit-patterns, we form habits of behaviour and actions and even desires. We live according to the habit-patterns we have formed.

These are the superficial objective things we see in ourselves. But what of that deeper thing, those HABITS OF YOUR MIND?

I knew a man who had formed the habit of thinking of himself, always, as the unluckiest person in the world. And you can bet that he WAS — for his consistent habitual thought of misfortune not only hampered his free productive thoughts, but even when some opportunity did present itself to him, he was too busy with his unlucky-thought-habit to even recognize the opportunity. I knew a woman who had formed the habit of criticizing to such a consistent daily

routine that nothing, absolutely nothing, could be fully enjoyed by her in its entirety. "Picking" a thing to pieces can be just as habit-forming as any other mental activity, and that is what this woman did to everything and everyone around her until her whole personality was coloured by its dark hue. Then there are the people — you have met hundreds of them — who form the habit of littleness. They are the people who have habitually refused to see the other fellow's viewpoint, or to use their reason, or to broaden their minds in any way. They have the habit-pattern of automatically shutting out anything that doesn't agree with what they already believe. There are the habit-forming illness thoughts that finally form a person into a hypochondriac, there are the habits of belligerent thinking, the habit of "carrying chips on one's shoulders" and flying into a rage at anyone who seems to knock them off; sensitiveness and being easily hurt are matters of habit-thinking, too, the habit of nursing one's own ego, of inflating one's own small self to undue proportions, because when sensitiveness is boiled down to its essentials it is found to be nothing but selfishness. It is just as easy to form habits of envy, ill-temper, or dishonesty.

And how does this habit-forming process take place? Well, psychologists could write a thick volume on its intricate steps, but cut to its fundamentals, it works something like this: you consciously begin a thought process, most likely from something you have seen or heard from another and your mind and nervous centres are stimulated to activity. When this thought is repeated often enough, the higher nerve centres automatically relegate it to the lower nerve centres. It thereby acts physically and mentally in such an automatic manner as to appear to have a life of its own, independent of you. This is not true, of course, but only seems so, for by great effort new habits can always replace the old ones and nerve centres can be re-directed until a new set takes over.

FROM a psychological viewpoint, habit is important because it DOES relegate things to the lower nervous centre and to action that takes practically no thought, thereby relieving the brain and higher nerve centres for more acute and significant things. But if, in relieving the mind of burdensome detailed thinking every day, you have only formed detrimental habits that will in time turn on your nervous system with redoubled vengeance, then you have only misused the gentle nature of the habit-forming process.

For the good of your mind and

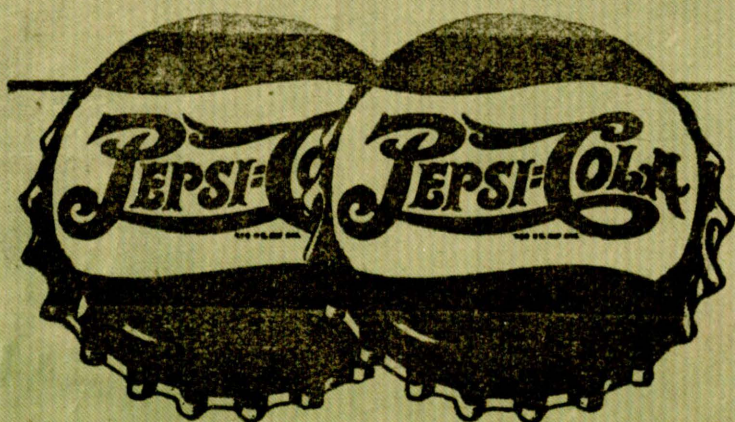
(Continued on page 18)

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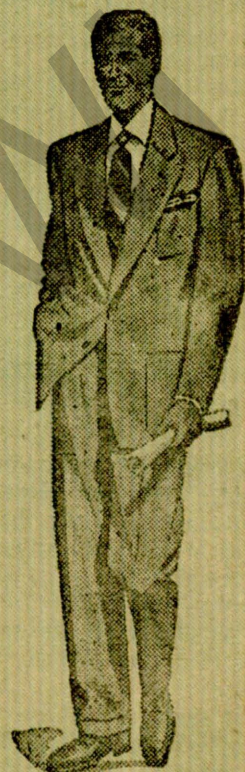
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THE PAGODA

FAR EAST BOOKS

THE QUEST FOR LOVE OF LAO LEE

by Lau Shaw.

Translated by Helena Kew

THIS gently ironic novel about minor officials in a government bureau in Peking gives one of the truest pictures of Chinese life that we have yet had presented to us. Here is a book that does not deal with starving peasants on the one hand and corrupt millionaires on the other — those two stock groups of characters which Americans have been led to believe make up the entire population of China.

Again and again we have read, or heard it stated dogmatically, that there is no middle-class in China. This amazing assertion comes as a surprise to those who wonder by what strange stretch of imagination one can ignore the existence of millions of owners and employees of small businesses and stores and restaurants, all the minor government officials, the modestly successful farmers, the teachers, doctors, nurses, newspaper men, etc., etc.

Lau Shaw's novel deals with just this section of the population, whose whole existence we are assured is a myth, and it does a great service to China in showing it to be inhabited by people who are very similar to those in every other country.

The problems of the characters in this book are the universal ones of small men everywhere—the struggle to obtain and to hold their jobs, the longing for promotion, the desire to "keep up with the Joneses," the mischievous gossip of women, the office intrigues of the men, the relations between husbands and wives, and between men and women generally.

It is a story of life in Peking before the Sino-Japanese war, and the descriptions have a keen poignancy now that that beautiful old city is once more in danger of being cut off from the outside world. Lao Lee, a minor government official, brings his wife and children from the country to live with him in the city. He has not only acquired city ways, but is a man of a romantic dreamy temperament, who is much impressed with the modern ideas that are beginning to permeate the old texture of traditional Chinese life, and he finds his wife awkward and lacking in understanding.

Each of the characters is so carefully delineated that one feels

that one has met and known them all. As to Lao Lee's children, little Ying and Ling, they are about the most engaging pair of youngsters we have encountered in fiction for many years, and they quite understandably compensate their father for many things he feels he has missed in life. One finishes the book with a real pang of regret that little Ying and Long pass out of our lives.

The story of Lao Lee could be set in almost any country in the world, and so could most of the characters. In fact the whole book, and particularly the delightfully satirical way in which it is written, constantly brings to mind some of the longer stories of DeMaupassant (also written about employees in a government bureau).

The point which is perhaps the most essentially Chinese is the emphasis upon the obligations entailed by friendship, so that Lao Lee feels impelled to make great sacrifices to help his friend. Big Chang (although he does not particularly admire him as a person).

Lau Shaw is to be congratulated on his deceptive simplicity of style which, as in the case of traditional Chinese painting, can only be achieved by having a complete mastery of one's medium of expression. Helena Kuo, the translator, has done an excellent job in preserving faithfully the original flavour and clarity of the work.

The charm of the writing, and the irony and pity with which the lives of the various characters are depicted, make the book an outstanding one among the mass of undistinguished present-day fiction, frequently written mainly to shock or startle the reader.

One fault we found with the book is its title. *The Quest for Love* of Lao Lee suggests another of those "quaint" and "precious" books about China with which we have so often been afflicted. It is a pity that a title which would have avoided that pitfall, and conveyed the universality of the story, could not have been chosen.

This novel, as well as Lau Shaw's previously translated one: *Rickshaw Boy*, two of the very few Chinese modern novels to be translated into English, gives us an idea of the wealth of fine literature in China which may

some day be made available to the western world.

Judith & Arthur Hart Burling
in *The China Monthly*.

THE CHANGING CHINESE FAMILY

(Continued from page 8)

You are happy to learn that these progressive Chinese have not lost the racial pride in children or the desire to have them. You find, however, that educated couples are marrying later and having fewer children, to give the youngsters a better chance. Their aim is a finer quality of citizens, rather than quantity only.

You find out also that China now has free public schools, which is another factor in changing the old way of life. Since more children are being educated away from the home, more are learning of an ideal that is still new to a very large part of China.

WHAT is that ideal? Well, readers, if you will disengage yourselves from this role we asked you to assume, we would like to mention the great contradiction in China between individualism and subordination to a group. On the one side, we see people bound by long-established tradition and rigid family customs. They submerge their individual desires under group responsibility. The group is the family or clan. And since most of China is a land of small villages, there is a loyalty to the common good of the tiny community.

But at the same time, the traditional Chinese loyalty is only to these groups. Outside them, the average Chinese traditionally has been a strong individualist.

After the Republic was established in 1911, but while the country still was not unified, it became apparent that there must be a greater loyalty and a higher sense of unity. Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the George Washington of China, declared: "Foreign observers say that the Chinese are like a sheet of loose sand. Why? Simply because people have shown loyalty to the family or clan but not to the nation — there has been no nationalism. For the nation there has never been an instance of the supreme spirit of sacrifice."

Dr. Sun warned that unless this was changed, the Chinese

nation could not hope to survive long in the modern era of complicated international relations. He said: "Nationalism is that precious possession which enables a state to aspire to progress and a nation to perpetuate its existence."

Sun Yat-sen made that statement in 1924. Today, China is not yet fully united. Her progress toward that goal, however, has been accelerated in recent years. And one of the marks of progress is the growing realization among the Chinese that the family is no longer a fortress of protection against the outside world.

But although the family is changing, China's leaders hope it will not change too much. There have been more divorces recently. It is hoped that the divorce rate will not grow as fast as it has in the United States. The Chinese want to keep the affection among family relatives, the tolerance, the pride in children, the respect for and taking care of old people.

And so the problem in China today is how to retain these good points in family life, while blending them with the growing spirit of individual responsibility and national loyalty.

When the visitor was shown through the colonel's office he remarked: "That new clerk of yours seems to be a hard worker."

"Yes," replied the colonel, "that's his specialty."

"What, working hard?"

"No, seeming to."

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CHINA SPREADS HER WINGS

(Continued from page 9)

day China could use ten. The C.A.T.C. network of routes has "sewn" together this nation's eighteen provinces — a tremendous area of 4,480,000 square miles. But in parts of that area there are living 300 persons to the square mile. China is filled with a teeming population. War-ridden Manchuria alone is inhabited by 40,000,000 people. Only in the outlying, arid stretches of the country — such as Tibet, Mongolia nad Sikiang — is the population nomadic, scattered and small.

The need, then, for modern transportation is more civil aviation. More planes. More airfields. More equipment.

But unlike the trains and ships, it is not the war — or silted rivers or rugged mountains — that hinder aerial progress. It is the poverty of the country. The Chinese National Government is concentrating much of its resources on fighting a civil war stretched across North China.

Chinese airlines at this time are self-dependent. They must sustain themselves or go out of business. Part of the profits is frequently re-invested in the company for purposes of expansion and consolidation. Had C.A.T.C. been made large enough at this time the increase in its profits might have justified sustenance of an airline of 200, or even 500 aircraft. Its profits could have multiplied in like ratio.

THE pace of expansion of C.A.T.C., perhaps, will illustrate the vast possibilities of profitable airline operations in China. At the end of the war, the airline had been worn down to a few shot-up aircraft. It acquired eight planes by January 1946 and at the end of the year built up its fleet, with its own profits, to 24 planes. Today C.A.T.C. operates 50 planes.

While the increase in the number of aircraft operated in 1946 spoke for itself, the increase in 1947 was no less noteworthy. For whereas the airline benefited in 1946 through the opening of many additional routes — especially along the coastal strip of liberated China its progress the following year was wholly attributable to more efficient management and administration.

Progress in 1946 was best illustrated by the number of aircraft in operation; progress in 1947 was best exemplified by high passenger and freight transportation statistics. This improvement of 25 per cent in the flying equipment of the company was translated into a 250 per cent boost in traffic profits.

C.A.T.C. now as before, depends upon personnel trained and closely linked with aviation in the United States.

As in the case of its flying personnel, ground crew of this airline observe and practice American methods of maintenance and repairs. Department heads and

foremen are Chinese trained in the United States.

The Central Air Transport Corporation is an efficient airline in China only because its personnel is efficient. Significant is the fact that in its years of service, this airline has never had to face a walkout, a strike or a shutdown. A case of good public relations and fine discipline among its men.

Unlike the United States and Europe, where commercial aviation approaches "saturation point," the surface of commercial aviation in China has only been scratched. There is room for many more airlines. There is room for a tenfold increase in the number of aircraft operated. But even when that increase is made — the supply will still not have reached the present demand, not to speak of a growing demand as the nation's trade expands.

The continental dimensions of the country, low operating costs, the small competition to air transport, the expansion of international airlines, and improvement of operating conditions are not only indication — but a guarantee — that commercial aviation in China is still in its infancy.

WHEN commercial aviation first spread its fledgling wings in the United States and Europe, it was in the experimental stage, still making costly blunders. Chinese commercial aviation has been fortunate in starting at a scientifically advanced stage, and with "know-how" developed in the United States.

China has the customers — four hundred million of them. All she needs is the aircraft and equipment to satisfy their demand. The number of airplanes in operation has increased by leaps and bounds — and is still increasing. But the present supply may never catch up with demand.

The pace of expansion must be quickened — and it can be quickened only with greater financial investment and assistance.

Financial assistance extended to Chinese airlines will not only help build up commercial aviation in China — but help speed the nation's industrial development; help make China a thoroughly modern state.

That is the record to date. All things considered, it is a record that both C.A.T.C. and China can be proud of. It is only a parallel of the record attained by China's two other commercial airlines, the China National Aviation Corp. and Gen. Chennault's Civil Air Transport. All three airlines, while run as commercial undertakings, have spared no efforts to help the nation during the present crucial period.

The best evidence of this is the supply of beleaguered cities by cargo craft flown in on China's three commercial airlines. The Government's ability to hold on

the Mukden and other cities cut off by land and sea from the main Government bases has been largely due to the work performed by the domestic airlines. Braving Communist attacks on the airfields and frequent anti-aircraft fire, China's airlines have rendered brilliant service to the nation in its hour of need.

But the grim realities of the present military struggle have not prevented China's airline executives from looking and planning ahead. Hand in hand with the increase in the number of craft operated has gone a determination to improve the quality of craft flown in this country.

Indicative of the trend toward better, faster, safer, more comfortable aircraft is the coming delivery of the ultra-modern Convair-Liner to our company by the Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corp. of San Diego.

The Convair-Liner, will bring the first 300 miles-an-hour plus craft to China. It will cut flying time along all major air routes by at least one-third, and in some cases by almost one-half. It will be the first pressurized-cabin aircraft to be operated in this country. Though on a smaller scale than the DC-6 or the Strato-cruiser and other craft in that category, the Convair-Liner embodies the latest technological advances in every field, and can compare with the finest in the air.

Hand in hand with use of the newest craft are plans to expand existing facilities all over the country. The new International Air Terminal at present being built at Shanghai's Lungwa Airfield will be larger than say, that of Washington D.C., and when completed will be the largest in the Far East. New concrete runways are being constructed at Sian and Hankow. The weather observation network is being rapidly expanded, as is the radio communication network. Modified forms of wartime radar and other flying devices is

coming into more general use.

All in all, Chinese aviation during the past years has achieved remarkable successes. One can only agree with the experts who see this as only the dawn of aviation in this country. The years ahead will undoubtedly prove that the growth of aviation in China will be meteoric.

REFRESHING WINDS

body and whole rounded life, learn to use habits to their best advantage. Direct your nerve-centres to beneficial habits, control them to ways of relaxation and good-temper. Reason your self into active thinking of health and of bigness and of a wide viewpoint — and then repeat this kind of thinking until this has become your habit. Learn to appreciate the good in people and things and to let the evil drop into its own mire — and make THIS your habit of thinking. Teach yourself and your children tolerance and good-will and peace and to be glad at another's good luck — and repeat these until they have become your habit. Think about honesty and what it implies and what it means and learn to be honest with yourself and others through constant repetition of really honest thoughts until THEY become your habit.

Give habit its truly important place.

End.



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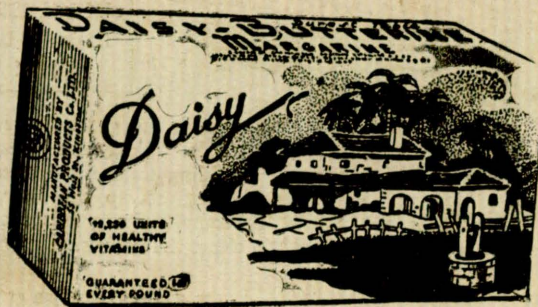
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