

JAN 1951

AFTER FLOOD THE FAMINE

By ANTHONY J. KARLOVECIOUS

From MARYKNOLL Magazine, June 1950

THE heat rose up from the South China plains in burning waves. The air hung heavy and oppressive. Day after day, the sun blazed forth each morning, scorched its way across the face of the earth, and then disappeared in the West — a fiery, molten mass. Throughout the countryside could be heard the beat of drums and the incantations of pagan priests, calling on their favourite spirits to send rain upon the parched and dusty land. If rain did not come soon, the abundant rice crop would be destroyed.

Then, one day, on the southern horizon, the welcome sight of small, fleecy clouds appeared, leading the darker, more heavily burdened ones, like a troop of children preceding their parents to an outing. Soon a sheeted, translucent curtain cut the distant mountains from view. As a thousand horses on stampede, the rains came. The pitter-patter of the first drops gradually rose to a thunderous crescendo, pounding roofs, and mountainsides. Tall bamboo trees yielded before the force, and bent their heads to the ground.

Usually such storms last about half an hour. But when this one kept up for hour after hour, we began to wonder if there was any water left in the ocean. The rain cascaded down in all its fury, day after day, until we felt like fish in a bottomless pond. On the sixth day, the unbelievable happened: it rained harder, and the wind blew stronger — so much so that we began to fear that our tile roof would not be able to stand the strain. Then with abruptness the sun suddenly broke through the clouds. For the first time in almost a week, men ventured out of doors and were able to see the surrounding countryside. Landslides had torn huge, red gashes in the mountains, water poured through those tremendous wounds in raging torrents.

However, the sun did not shine for very long. Again the rains came down, and again the winds blew. For two more days the

scenery was nothing but a sheet of falling water. On the ninth day the rain stopped, the clouds dispersed, and we ventured out of our prison to survey what damage had been done to the crops.

IN the lowlands, water began to form into little pools. And as the mountains and overflowed rice fields began to get rid of the surplus, those pools became bigger and bigger. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, they grew until they became wide rivers. We watched farmers cutting their green rice and stopped to ask one old Christian why he was doing so. He pointed to the rising water and said not a word.

In that glance at the water, was years of sad experience. He knew that if he did not cut his crop then, he would never do so. We thought he was rather hasty, for we had no experience with floods.

But on awakening the next morning we were astonished to see outside our door not a pond, not a river, but an ocean of water, with large waves being lashed by the wind.

At every free period, the children of the mission school would rush out of the gates to see how far the water had progressed since the last class. By nightfall the flood had entered the compound, and the children were romping and splashing, delighted that their playground had become a huge wading pool.

With a seemingly self-confident assurance, the water rose, irresistibly, as we watched helplessly. It rose two inches an hour. And when one thinks of the vast territory over which those two inches were spread, one gets some inkling of how much water fell.

That night we had to move everything from the first floor to the second. The four pigs that we were raising had to be moved, along with piles of books, paper, chairs, boards, and food. By the next morning, those things that had not been moved the

day before were either floating or submerged. The ground floor was in complete disorder. The water there smelled of the dead rats and snakes that had not made their escape in time. But through it all the exultant faces of the children were in stark contrast to those of their elders. The latter realized what a flood like this meant: months of lean rations, and possibly eventual starvation.

IT seemed impossible that the water could rise any higher, but it did. During the day, the children enjoyed themselves paddling all over the compound on makeshift boats. But as night fell, one could see a tenseness come over them. They heard houses in the village, both far and near, falling into the water with terrifying roars. Lying in bed that night I could hear the rumble, as if it were thunder, every six minutes or so, of a falling mud-brick home. It was hard to realize that each such rumble meant ten to twenty more homeless people.

As the sun dawned on a new day, it became imperative for me to move the Sacred Hosts from the tabernacle, for the chapel floor was under two feet of water, and the altar was threatening to float away. I took the lunette and the ciborium to a classroom on the second floor. There, above a sea of stagnant water, I celebrated Mass.

To look out over that sea of water, and sea it was — one would think himself in the heart of an ocean. The water stretched to the faraway mountains. Here and there tiny threeboards rafts plied the waters, carrying dogs, pigs, household possessions as well as the miserable families whose houses had fallen apart during the night. Dotting the vast expanse, like little islands, were the various villages — people and animals perched on the housetops.

(Continued on Page 8)

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A MAN AND HIS DREAM

By S. H. C.

WE all have our dreams. I guess maybe we are entitled to them. Some of us dream, quiet, modest little dreams that don't take in too much. Some of us make them bite size and take off just so much as we hope we can chew. But there are others who feel that if dreams are going for free, then what's the hold up. I can't say much for myself, I imagine I've tried them all.

But now, Jeepers — well, that's almost another story. At any event, it rates another paragraph so here:

While most people like their dreams wrapped up in slumber, it seems that Jeepers prefers his tall, dark and nifty, wrapped up in mousseline-de-soie. When I met him to hear all about it, Jeepers had relapsed into French. I couldn't get a single word in English out of him. His articulateness seemed to confine itself into violent gestures with the arms. At the ends of these long arms, the hands were to be identified as the merest blurs. I took out my vocabulary and translated as best I could into my mother tongue. For a good while it didn't make much sense, until I realised that the semaphore symbols resolved itself into excited brachial exercises which strove to express to me and to the world at large, an idea of the wonderful pulchritudinous assets of some female, unknown, who had graced his line of sight.

He had met her at the New Year's Dance at the club. This was the very first time (according to him — according to me it was about the fifth), that a girl, a feminine member of the female sex, had so swept him off his feet and so utterly had deprived him of the power of speech. She danced like an angel, she looked like an angel, and brother, she was out of this world. And how many times has yours truly heard those self-same words from those self-same lips.

IF lying is a conscious withholding of the truth, then my friend was being perfectly honest. I would suspect him of no deviation from the narrow path of moral rectitude. I mean, really, he was convinced that this had never happened to him ever before. Well maybe, but from where I sat it did have the earmarks of a regular occurrence.

Anyway, a man, as I said, earlier on, was entitled to his

dreams. Some like it during their sleeping hours when the mind would explore the regions forbidden by the much fettered human body, and seek new worlds to conquer.

"I tell you old man, honest now! This is it!"

"If you seh so D.," I retorted, with as much disbelief as I could muster on such short notice, in my voice.

"So you don't believe it?"

"Frankly laddie, no!"

"Well, I bet you that this time it's real."

"It's like taking candy from a baby, but you asked for it. I'll take you on!"

He smoothed out a quid on the table, I passed over an equal sum, while Jim agreed to hold the stakes. And he too helped himself to a fat chuckle:

"Jeepers bagged at last. This, brother I've got to see."

We gave him a month. For me, twenty sterling little silver men would go marching down the drain if Jeepers really got engaged, or convinced us that this really was the goods. But twenty beautifully minted little shillings would chink in merry procession in the family Corbona and add to the already tremendous bank balance.

But even to the most optimistic observers, the end came very soon. Before the race seemed well begun, it was all over. Jim handed me the kitty well within the confines of two short weeks.

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Jeepers refused to elucidate, beyond admitting that I had won my bet.

"Is she pretty?" I wanted to know against what odds I had come out wealthier.

"Yes, she's pretty all right — very pretty!"

"Well, give man, give. Tell us all about it. Surely for your quid's worth you want to make a statement to the press—something about it's been a good fight but you lost and all that sort of thing!"

"No, I guess the only thing is for you to come and see for yourself. Ah, by the way, I promised to take her to dinner on Friday night, perhaps we could bring her up to your place for the festive meal — then you will

both have a chance to observe things for yourself. Maybe you'll even see how easily you've doubled your stake."

"All right, I guess that's fair enough!"

WE had our dinner on Friday. And if you look into my diary for the day, you will see all the facts underscored in red. It was a meal to remember.

The lady was pretty. But on the other side, she was carrying a terrific overdraft. Tall, dark and woosome she may have been, but who can woo when he hasn't a chance to even say "I-Love-You" in one quick breath while she's gulping for hers?

It wasn't difficult for Jim or myself to remember all that we said on that apparently interminable night. We uttered two sentences each, and even then, to get them in we had to say them together. We said—"Hiya!" when she was introduced, which, by a miracle of timing — Jeepers managed to fit in. And when she left, we said "Goodnight" — and this was when the sound of the motor drowned out what she

must have been trying to say as they were driving off in the borrowed car.

And brother that appetite! You know, there are still some people even at the present impossible height of clothing costs, whom I would rather clothe than feed. I am no small marble, mind you, but if what that lithe bundle of loveliness had consumed were put aside for tomorrow — it would have lasted till tomorrow, even if tomorrow never came. None too soon had Jeepers become aware of his peril. Imagine being bankrupt and dumb for the rest of one's life.

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MOVEMENTS OF NOTE

By I. C. Evre Ting

THE New Year was ushered in with a high note at the CAC. Fireworks lit up the skies and firecrackers drove all the devils away. Champagne was apopping right and left and the bar ran out of supplies so often that stocks had to be replenished over and over again. Singing was the mood of the night and many the voice of an unborn Bing Crosby rang through the air. Popular refrain was "It's Later Than You Think" with which one popular old timer tried to out-Crosby Bing Crosby. If the orchestra had continued the dance would undoubtedly have gone on until daybreak. As it was it was early enough for many celebrants to go to early mass before going home and to bed and call it a night.

THE opening of our new swimming pool was the occasion for a whole day outing and Gärden Party at Rockfort. From early morning a good crowd was present to watch the proceedings of the day. After the formal ceremonies a beauty contest was held. A parade it was for the queens walked right around the pool and back again before the judging began. At long last the queen was selected and it was not a moment too soon for a shower of rain came to temporarily halt the proceedings. This marked the third crowning of a beauty queen in two months in our community. By all appearances it looks like we will be having one every month with the propensity of our community to have Garden Parties.

THE presence of our many visitors during the holidays has been

the occasion for several parties. What with the holiday air and everything else it has been for them a gay round of entertainment. We like our visitors to enjoy themselves and that is perhaps our little contribution to intending tourist to feel that it is a nice place to visit.

OUR broadcasting station has a new and familiar voice on the air and it happens to be one of the charming members of our community. She was selected from nearly 200 applicants so it is quite a credit to the young lady to be the one chosen. What thrilled her more than anything else was that she made her debut on Christmas morning and was the first one to be on the air to wish radio listeners a Merry Christmas. She says she will not forget that. Neither will we, Dorothy, we hope you had a happy Christmas too.

LAST Saturday's wedding set a precedent that will probably break the custom of our community of having weddings only on Sundays. Sundays being usually a very busy day for the churches, perhaps they would welcome the change if it is convenient. The dinner reception the next day was another of those big occasions where it is practically open house to the community. There were more than 600 persons present and late comers had to wait for the second serving.

THERE was so much feasting and drinking during the holiday season that a few who had feasted well but not too wisely had to

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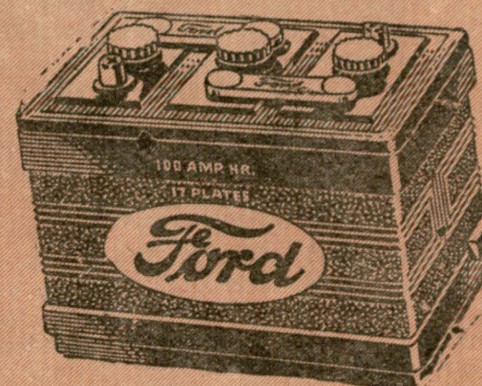
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PERSONALIA

On Saturday, January 6, the wedding of Miss Ivy Lyew and Mr. Stanford Williams took place at the Kingston Parish Church at 5.30 p.m. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson Lyew of Kingston and the groom, the son of Mr. and Mrs. James Williams. Archdeacon A. L. Evans, assisted by Rev. Fr. H. C. Bateman, performed the ceremony.

Entering the church on the arm of her father, the bride made a beautiful picture in her billowing gown of white, embroidered lace and nylon fashioned with a long waist and panels of lace down the front, sides and back of the skirt. Her headdress was a coronet of seed pearls from which flowed a finger tip veil of tulle and she carried a shower bouquet of orchids.

Maid-of-honour was Miss Mavis Chin assisted by the Misses Ruby Chin, Barbara Chang, Millicent Chin Yee, Eunice Williams, Elaine Chinn. Their dresses were of delicate pink net over taffeta with stoles of net. In their hair they wore coronets of pink roses and they carried Victorian posies of white asters and red carnations. The little flower girls, Janet Williams and Margaret Yuen, wore white net studded with pink

forget-me-nots.

Mr. Jerome Chung was best-man and the ushers were Messrs. Robert Chin, Hugh Chung, Teddy Wong, Victor Chin Loy and Henry Williams.

A reception followed at the Chinese Public School with Mr. Hubert Tie Ten Quee acting as Master of Ceremonies. An orchestral dance followed the toasts.

On the following day a dinner was held in honour of the young couple at the Chinese Free Mason Hall where more than 600 guests attended.

The Sun Yat Sen Recreation Club formally opened their new Club grounds at Rockfort on Sunday, December 31. A formal reception in the morning was held in the Club building at which His Lordship Bishop McEleney, Mr. F. A. Glasspole, M.H.R. and Mr. J. Hyppolyte, Trustee in Bankruptcy, were among those present and who also gave speeches commending the organizers for the efforts they have made to make the Recreation Club and Bath possible.

After the reception the pool was declared open by Mrs. Wong Chew Onn in a short ceremony held on the beach.

At 1 p.m. there was a beauty contest parade in bathing costume. The winner was Miss Leonie Tenn. Second place was

taken by Miss Daisy Chin and third by Miss Rita Lyn.

Later in the afternoon there was a Garden Party on the grounds and a concert and dance concluded the festivities of the day.

Personalia items are always welcomed. Please include your name and address, so that the Personalia editor may contact you for further information. Your name, if desired, will be kept confidential.

The marriage of Miss Myrtle Lee to Mr. Bertram Wee Tom, son of Mr. and Mrs. Willie Wee Tom of Gregory Park, will take place on Sunday, January 28 at 2 p.m. at the Kingston Parish Church. A reception and dinner will follow at the Chinese Freemason Hall.

The meeting of the 1951 Executive Officers of the Chinese Benevolent Society which was to have been held on January 1 was postponed as there were not enough committee members present. It is scheduled to take place on Wednesday, February 7.

Members of the C.A.C. and their Friends welcomed the New Year brightly and noisily with a display of fireworks, the sound of firecrackers and the popping

of champagne corks. A pleasantly cool evening was conducive to dancing and the majority of guests stayed until the National Anthem was played.

A Mardi Gras in Mandeville is being planned for Shrove Tuesday evening, February 6. The dance is sponsored by the Hyap Choo Fui Club of Mandeville and will be held at the Mandeville Country Club. Proceeds of the function will go to the St. Luke's School Fund. Dancing will take place to the music of Miss Graydon's orchestra and subscription will be 5/- per person. Reservations can be made through Mrs. Reginald Hendrickson, Mandeville.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wong gave a dinner party at their home on Haining Road, on Saturday, December 30. Guests of honour were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jong of New York and Mr. and Mrs. Y. L. Yang recently of London. Among the other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Albert Chin Yee, Mr. and Mrs. James Chin, Dr. Paul Feng, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Wong, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Leahong, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Chang, Mr. and Mrs. Osbourne Chen, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Chang, Dr. Delbert Sue-a-Quan, Miss Ruby Chin, Miss Millicent Chin Yee, Mr. Willie Chin and Mr. George Chin.

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PANORAMA

NEW YEAR HONOURS

It came as no surprise to us in Jamaica that our new Governor-to-be was knighted in His Majesty's New Year's Honours List. Hugh Mackintosh Foot, one-time Colonial Secretary here will return to us before much longer as a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

In addition to Sir Hugh whose future welfare will be so closely allied to our own, there have been some Jamaicans who have obtained honours in this new List, foremost among these being Captain Thelwell, O.B.E., who has been awarded the C.B.E.; Mr. C. E. Woll-Lewis, Commissioner of the Turks and Caicos Islands the O.B.E.; Mr. Eric M. Brown, the Assistant Conservator of Forests, Miss R. E. Hilton, formerly Grade I Clerk at the Jamaica Agricultural Society, and Major R. G. Jones, Director of Music, the Jamaica Military Band, have all received the M.B.E.

Many other names with which we have in recent times become familiar in other of the West Indian Colonies also figure in the New Year's Honours List, and that of Sir Stafford Cripps, recently retired Chancellor of the Exchequer in England has been awarded one of the King's most select awards, that of the Companion of Honour which was established by the late King George V for men and women who have done distinguished work of national importance. Sir Stafford is well known to us in Jamaica also, and only ill health influenced his recent resignation from his arduous duties to his country.

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BICENTENARY SERVICE

The Jewish Synagogue on Duke Street celebrated its bicentenary on December 29th last with a special service to observe the dedication of the first Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue in Kingston.

His Excellency the Acting Governor, the Hon. D. C. Mac Gillivray and Mrs. MacGillivray attended this service, at which the bicentenary sermon was preached by the Rev. H. P. Silverman, and the music was directed by Mr. George Goode. A violin solo was rendered by Mrs. Delgado, well known violinist and teacher of this city.

Rabbi Silverman recounted the interesting history of the Synagogue referring to that earliest one which had been

destroyed in the great earthquake which sank Port Royal beneath the surface of the sea in 1692.

THE TOURIST SEASON

Once again Jamaica is gay with the coming of tourist cruisers and tourist residents who throng our shores in search of change, rest and amusement as the case may be. On Christmas morning the Empress of Scotland arrived with the first numbers of cruising passengers, among these being the president of the Canadian Pacific Steamship Company and the Canadian Pacific Railway with his wife.

A few days after Christmas three other cruisers came into port, the Caronia, Europa and the Stella Polaris, making gay and busy the down town area, with some 1,000 tourists.

PAA and other airlines have made special arrangements to suit the increased air traffic during this busy season, and there have been some minor changes made at the Palisadoes Airport in this connection also.

HISTORIC OCCASION

The wedding of Lord Beaverbrook's son and heir, the Hon. John Maxwell Aitken, D.S.O., D.S.C., who is also a journalist like his father, took place at St. Paul's Presbyterian Church in Montego Bay early in the month and has created a memorable historic event in our Island.

The Hon. Aitken's bride was Miss Violet deTrafford, daughter of Sir Humphrey deTrafford, a famous sportsman, and Lady de Trafford. The reception which was small, was held at the residence of Lord Beaverbrook, "Cromarty". Only a few special friends and house guests were present. The young couple left later for Nassau.

OTHER NOTED VISITORS

In addition to Lord Beaverbrook and his party who are always among the most noted of our winter visitors, Ivor Novello, famous playwright and pianist has returned to his home at Montego Bay bringing with him many other famous personalities in the theatrical world, Lady Peel, Alan Melville, Olive Gilbert, Phyllis Monkman and others. Gladys Cooper and her son and daughter have also returned, as has Noel Coward who has also brought some prominent personalities to his Port Maria residence "Blue Harbour".

Visitors such as these create a new interest for us in Jamaica, and enable us to feel that our Island is being appreciated to the full by those who are gifted and well able to appreciate the best anywhere. The country sea-

shore areas appeal more to them than does the city, which is, however, the only unfortunate thing from the standpoint of those of us in the city who would like to be in closer touch with them.

LESSONS IN CHARM

FORGIVE

To forgive is not only divine; to be very practical about it, it is necessary. No forgiveness, no charming personality; no charm, no success, except by a fluke, and we certainly don't want to rely on some accident shooting us up into success.

You cannot very well do your best work if there is resentment gnawing away at your heart. You cannot feel very well-physically if your spirit is enmeshed with knots of bitterness and a desire for vengeance. What is in your heart will be revealed in your actions. Nothing can prevent it. It is inevitable.

There is a story of Leonardo da Vinci, mysterious soul-finding painter of the fifteenth century, that while he was working on "The Last Supper," he had a quarrel with somebody, and made up his mind to "get even." In that vindictive temper he painted the face of Judas, and easily achieved the expression he sought. Then he started to work on the face of Christ. Again and again he tried to translate to canvas the ideal Christlike expression. Again and again he failed. Finally, he realized he was attempting the impossible, his heart hate-filled. So he made his peace with his adversary, and completed the picture that is considered his most important work.

Come to think about it, aren't we all painting our own life's picture? We can make it a masterpiece if we choose, but not if it is blemished here and there by something we wouldn't forgive.

Agnes McCall Parker, Copyright.

MIAMI UNIVERSITY STUDENTS

Paying a visit of ten days to the Island at the end of December last were four students of the Miami University together with Dr. Luella Dambaugh, Assistant Professor of Geography at the University, and Director of Field Studies in the Caribbean. The party came for the purpose of studying agricultural

conditions here, and spent a very busy time both in the city and travelling to some of our country areas.

The party were entertained by various persons of note in the agricultural life of the Island, in addition to the American Consul the Hon. I. W. Barrant, Minister for Agriculture, who held a farewell party for them at which he made the Professor a presentation gift of some native raffia work. Such visits help to establish a spirit of goodwill between the nations of the world.

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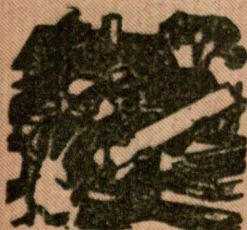
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Contributors are invited to send in their MSS at any time. Articles should not exceed 1,000 words.

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An Appeal For Prayer

At the beginning of the year, and the new half century, an appeal was made to the people of Jamaica by the heads of the Anglican, Roman Catholic and Methodist Churches in the Island.

It was an appeal for prayer, solemn prayer for our own land and for the whole world in their need. Sunday, January 7, was the day specially appointed as a day of supplication to God.

Appeals for prayer for specified purposes, and days for observances both national and international are not unusual but there has been in this particular appeal, something of the personal element which none can ignore, and which has surprised and made many realise the urgency of the request. We must pray because the nation is suffering as never before from every form of violence and crime. The world also stands in the gravest danger of another universal conflict the like of which is beyond the ken of man to visualize. How can we hope to face such emergencies if we are unable to improve our conditions here and now, and stand in readiness.

It is natural for man to call for help when he stands in the midst of danger from which he cannot save himself. In such a moment he realizes that only the power of God can save him. In our national situation today, in the world situation, we are being made to realize this. Two world wars with their aftermaths of political and economic upheaval have placed us in a sorry position. Such social, educational and cultural betterment as we have are futile in the face of these greater difficulties. If we persist in turning our backs on God, the Inspirer of good deeds, we will not be strong enough to save ourselves from the enfolding darkness of the times.

The evil which has come about through economic and political

upheavals have revealed the miseries around us in all their sordidness. Such misery will be bound to breed evil until brotherly love overcomes it. In their appeal for prayer, the leaders of the Churches stated that prayer alone would not suffice and set out clearly the vital points which must be observed. Selfishness must cease; service to God must come first.

His Lordship Bishop Dale gave voice to the power of prayer, urging us to pray rather than be faint-hearted. Hopelessness, he pointed out, is the result of slackness in prayer. Each one should pray as if everything depended on God, then act as if everything depended on Him.

This special Day of Prayer should have left its mark, a mark that should lend a light to point out the darkness of our ways.

AFTER FLOOD THE FAMINE

(Continued from page 3)

Every so often a gust of wind would blow, and several more houses would crash in unison, their water-soaked, mudbricks giving way to the force of the waves created by the wind blowing in very strong gusts.

If it were not for the terrible after-effects, a flood could be a rather pleasant event. It affords a complete change of scenery and living. We set up our stove on the back porch and life resumed in a camp-like atmosphere. It was like being at a beach resort. For, under the brilliant sun and cloudless sky, the mountains took on richer colour and the fresh breezes made one feel as though he were in the Wisconsin Dells. But frequently the thunder of a crumbling house brought one back to his senses. He stiffened and waited for cries to rend the air. But none came, for if someone were in the collapsing house, he would not live long enough to scream for help.

MEANWHILE, the water continued to rise, slower than before, but sufficiently to be noticeable. When the flood reached five and a half feet, on our compound, it was decided to move the school children who had not already gone home to the neighbouring mission of Sze Wong, which was on higher ground. The children of the mission school were a grave responsibility. One misstep could send a child plunging into the water and possibly death. It was a tedious task to take the children in pairs, from

the inundated mission to dry ground. To make sure that none of them was lost in the process, I accompanied each "sailing."

At last they were all deposited on high ground with only a walk of six miles before them. I paddled back to the mission, noting the great silence which covered the land. It was broken only by the crash of falling houses. I could not free my mind of thoughts of the homeless, the starving, the drowning, and the miserable. Nothing in my boyhood years in Chicago, or my seminary years at Mundeline or Maryknoll had prepared me for such an experience.

On the next day, the water began to recede, but it was another three days before other missionaries could get around and survey the damage. Even then they had to travel by rowboat. Father Sprinkle rowed to Kweipeng to the post office for mail. At the post office he climbed out of his boat into a second story window, and then went up to the third story where the post office had set up temporary quarters.

NEWS was beginning to arrive in Kweipeng of the damage caused by the flood. Torrents pouring out of the mountains had wiped out whole sections of the city of Liuchau. It was impossible to even estimate the

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AFTER FLOOD THE FAMINE

loss of life and of property. Entire villages had been washed away in the Topong hills. A wall of water pouring down the Sze-wong River had wiped out everything in its path. The river was like a torrent, full of debris of every kind — houses, logs, rafts, and boats. Steel and concrete bridges had disappeared completely before the powerful force of the unbridled flood.

Thousands of Chinese villages had been completely levelled. Millions of people were homeless. The whole West River Valley had used mud for building. Houses built on the banks of the river had brick and stone foundations as protections against ordinary high water. But this flood, now reckoned to be the worst flood to hit China in the past century, destroyed even those homes that had been built with brick foundations.

In the days that followed, reports came to Kweipeng from other Maryknoll missions in Kwangtung and Kwangsi provinces. The seminary at Pingnam saw flood water rise above its second floor. The mission stands on the highest ground in Pingnam, but it had many of its buildings engulfed. Only the roofs of some of the buildings rose above the flood. In the surrounding countryside, whole villages were completely under water. Water flooded the mission compound at Tanchuk. Paksah mission had four feet of water in the main mission building.

But the flood was not confined solely to the West River and its tributaries. Additional storms, and the backing up of water in South China, sent the Yangtze and Yellow Rivers on their worse rampages in many years.

The great tragedy of the floods is the destruction of crops. Rice was nearly ready for harvest when the deluge struck. Peanuts, soybeans, and other vegetables vanished in the swirling waters. Even crops on highest grounds were destroyed by the torrents that fell from the skies. Fruit trees, laden and almost ripe for the picking, now stand gaunt and bare. Even the grass on the ground is dead.

The loss of the rice crop is a stunning blow, and one from which many farmers will never recover. Since early 1949, the people of South China were but one step ahead of famine. Now the flood has allowed famine to catch up.

BECAUSE of unstable political conditions during 1949, the

people had no faith in paper money. Rice became the commodity of exchange. Merchants from Hong Kong and Canton travelled through Kwangsi and Kwangtung, selling cloth and knickknacks, for which they accepted only rice in payment. Rice left the southern provinces by the boatload. Merchants then brought in radios, sewing machines, phonographs, bicycles, and so on. More and more rice left South China.

Suddenly there was no more rice. The wealthy sent carriers many miles inland to bring back rice so that the employers might eat. The poor refused to work for money; they demanded rice. When rice was not given, starvation set in. Farmers pledged their fields, and borrowed rice for seed at exorbitant rates of interest. After the harvest everything would be all right, they believed. But now there will be no harvest of this crop, and unless unexpected help comes quickly, there will not even be a next crop.

In this section of China, there are two rice crops a year. The first crop was almost ready to be cut when the flood came. This crop would be used for food; part used to repay loans and debts; and another part set aside for seed for the first crop of the next year. At the time of the flood the second crop was already in the seed beds, awaiting transplanting when the first crop should be cut. So the flood did not wipe out only one rice crop, but three.

Now there is no rice available. Those who had stored some for an emergency, lost all but what they could quickly carry away on a raft, along with clothes and household goods. The sea of flood water has retreated, only to leave behind a sea of starvation.

The situation is desperate. We are trying to render what help we can, but our help is like one raindrop compared to the billions that fell. Millions of dollars are needed, and the all-out help of relief agencies. But we doubt if such will be given. The unsettled political conditions obscure the vision of people in most of the outside world.

We can only expect famine and pestilence. Famine, because no rice is left. Pestilence because floods pollute the land, and starvation leaves the body easy prey for disease — carrying bacteria and germs. Officials estimate that several million Chinese will die as the result of this flood.

IT is a great mystery to us how the outside world can ignore so terrible a tragedy. More people will die here in a single flood than America lost in the Revolutionary, Civil and the World Wars, all added together. If the news of China's Flood reaches the American people, it will only be a paragraph or two hidden away on an inside page of their newspaper. Yet the crash of an airplane in which several dozen perish will be treated with screaming headlines. Is Chinese life held so cheap that the tragedy of many millions can pass by unnoticed?

China has undergone many tragic floods. In 1642, a sea wall at Kaifeng gave way and 300,000 people drowned. In 1887, hundreds of thousands perished in a Honan flood. Some 10,000,000 were left homeless or dear following the 1939 floods in the north. The Foochow floods in 1948 killed thousands, and left hundreds of thousands homeless. Even more staggering statistics could be given for the casualties from famine during the last few decades. Here is tragedy on a grand scale! No wonder then that so many missionaries think of the Chinese peasant as a hero. Flood, famine plague, and war. He carries on in spite of them.

In other parts of the world, help is quickly made available to the sufferers of a tragedy caused by nature. In last year's landslide in Ecuador, aid for survivors was rushed in by plane. In the winter floods in the United States, the Army, Coast Guard, Red Cross, and a host of organizations lent succour to the victims.

But the Chinese stands alone.

It is more than a month now since the flood receded. A casual observer might think that it had never occurred, unless he noted

the tell-tale lines on the buildings and foliage. He would never think that the fields now green in rebirth had been a dull, nauseating brown. He would never think that a sea of water had left the people impoverished, for they still wear the same poor clothes, go about the same daily tasks, smile in the same affable way upon meeting you. But where there was once superabundance, there is now insufficiency. Where there was once hope, there is now a cheerless fatalism. Where there was once food in the bin, there is now only dust. And where there was once childish laughter in the farm courtyard, there is now only silence. And in that silence a dark and shrouded reaper named Death garners the land's only abundant harvest.

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BEAUTIFUL GIFT

By DOROTHY ARNFELD

"I tell you I can't lend you any money"—said Samuel Pharman, regarding the man facing him across the desk with angry irritation. "Business is bad, very bad; to make a bare living is like getting blood out of stone."

John Ingleby moistened his lips. There was a desperate look about his eyes.

"Bare living! You've already made your pile, Pharman. You're a very rich man; and although many businesses are in a bad way—my own for instance—your's isn't. It was doing well when I let you in as a partner. Of course," hastily, "I know that you have improved it wonderfully—but I've always regretted selling out"—("Letting you push me out" he should have said.)

Pharman snorted. It wasn't likely he'd have allowed Ingleby to stay with him. The man had no business sense. Look at him now. Down on his uppers.

"You needn't regret it" he said aloud. "On the contrary, you can thank your stars you're out of it."

Ingleby glanced round. The office looked just as it did when it was his; only dustier, untidier. That was because Pharman wouldn't pay a cleaner, not even a window cleaner. Such was his meanness. A hard, unfeeling man. A hateful man to ask anything of. But he was Ingleby's only hope. He returned to the attack.

"But about this little loan. I can pay you back after six months. I promise that. As I explained," speaking urgently, "my wife must have this operation. It's a very dangerous and delicate one—and it will be costly."

Pharman glanced at the tense face, sighed. "My wife is ill, too," he said, "I'm terribly worried about her."

"Then," eagerly, "Won't you—?"

"No," rising to show the interview was over. "You know my motto—Neither a borrower nor a lender be. I won't lend you anything because I don't want to lose your friendship."

"Friendship!" with a bitter laugh. "Well, Ingleby seeing that it was no good, had risen also and now moved towards the door. "I hope it comes back on you some day, Pharman."

THESE wretches who pleaded poverty! thought Pharman reseatting himself as the door closed behind his visitor. Seem to think it's the privilege of the rich to help them out. Ask and ye shall receive! Pah! If only they'd use their brains—and wits, they'd soon have plenty of money.

Wits: oh yes! Wits might be the sinister sense. Honesty might be the best policy, but the dividends are sometimes indefinitely de-

ferred, and a little sharp practice, just a little sharp practice, used discriminately when the opportunity presented itself, made, Pharman had found, a very useful business formula.

Scowling, he pressed the buzzer on his desk.

"If that man calls again" he told the office girl who answered it, "I don't want to see him. Understand?" He then resumed his perusal of a ledger, which his caller had interrupted.

It made pleasant reading. Ingleby had been right in saying the business was not in a bad way. Pharman was one of those middle-men who contrive always to make a profit. His affairs were going well. In the kind of textiles in which he dealt, margins; and always, his overheads, were negligible.

Licking his thin lips contentedly, he closed the book, then reached for his attache case and took from it the packet of sandwiches which constituted his lunch.

As he ate, he thought about his wife, his beautiful Elaine, the only creature in all the world for whom he had any affection. And upon her, he doted. For her, all his characteristics were reversed. For her, he was gentle, kind lavish to the point of extravagance.

She was years younger than her husband. Why she had married him nobody could understand. Perhaps, ugly and disagreeable though he was, Pharman had something. You never know. Or perhaps the prospect of being an old man's darling had appealed to the lovely, lazy girl.

He had told Ingleby that she was ill. That was not true. She had had a cold which had kept her indoors for the last few days, but which had now practically cleared up.

It would be nice he thought, as the sandwiches finished, he carefully folded up the paper, to take home some little gift for her, to make up for her slight indisposition; and promised himself that he would knock off work early and go hunting for something which would please her.

About half an hour later, the office girl announced that there was a man who wished to see him.

"What's his name?" "Couldn't catch it; but he's got some special samples, he says."

The girl wasn't too bright (or she wouldn't have been working for Pharman) and couldn't be expected to discriminate, but unusual 'counts' and lengths being Pharman's speciality, he said:—

"Show him in."

Reverting his intention to some letters which his clerk had brought him to sign, he did not look up for a moment.

When he did, he beheld an aged levantine, dirty and unkempt, who had already, with a dexterity born of long practise, opened his bundle of goods and was spreading them out for display. Rugs, shawls, saris of gossamer and gold, pieces of oriental embroidery.

"Good afternoon, saire," he began, smiling ingratiatingly. "Only three days since I arrive in England—a friend," laying a gnarled finger against his nose, "helped me in by what you call 'ze back door'. Ha, ha! And zis way my goods sheep, ver' sheep—zis rug—"

But Pharman, furious, had risen.

"What the devil d'you mean coming here and trying to peddle your filthy, smuggled stuff?" he barked. "Get out!"

"—but listen, saire," begged the old man. "You not got anything like zis—"

"Get out! Get out! Before I throw you out," advancing so threateningly that the old fellow gave up and began hurriedly repacking his bale, muttering abject apologies as he did so. His trembling hands, unable to cope with the folding of his precious goods—which Pharman contemptuously kicked towards him—thrusting them in anyhow.

Within two minutes, he was hobbling through the door, only too glad to get away without sustaining violence.

AS Pharman strode back to his desk, his eye caught sight of something lying beneath a chair. Stooping, he picked it up to find it was a shawl. Kashmir, Chinese? He did not know—which the old pedlar had in his hurry and fright overlooked. A beautiful, glowing thing of soft reds and blues and amber, the stuff was so soft, so fine that, although large for a shawl, it would have gone through the proverbial ring.

Pharman could easily have sent someone with it after the pedlar who could hardly have left the building. But no, this was treasure trove. He wanted a present for Elaine. This was the very thing. And he had got it for nothing—

Elaine's delight when, upon arriving home, he took it from his case and wrapped it around her, filled him with joy. Her cold had left her looking even more flower-like and exquisite than usual, and she and the shawl enhanced each other's beauty.

"Oh, its lovely, darling, lovely!" she exclaimed, hugging it round her. "I adore it!"

She wore it all the evening.

Next morning her cold seemed to have returned. She was flushed and complained of a headache. But she flatly refused to have the doctor. "He'll only keep me in bed for days," she said, "and I'm tired of being in-

doors. It's nothing," she assured Pharman. "I promise not to get up today . . . and I shall be as right as rain this evening."

Not one thought had Pharman given to the Pedlar, whom he had cheated since his rough ejection of the previous afternoon; nor had the old man discovered his loss; for, an hour after leaving Pharman's office he had collapsed in the street.

He was collected by the authorities and taken to hospital, where his disease was diagnosed as a particularly bad type of small-pox. The next evening he died.

Three weeks later the lovely Elaine was taken to the same hospital.

Just before she died, the house surgeon told a distracted Pharman that this was their second experience of small-pox, of this type, the first being the case of an elderly Armenian in poor circumstances.

Then Pharman thought about the pedlar.

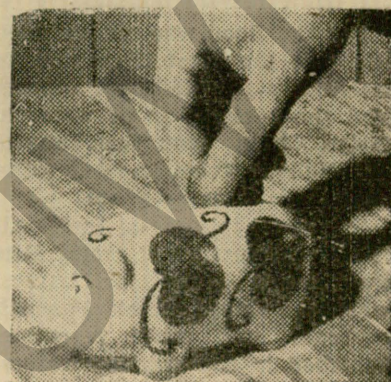
THE END

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—:O:—

Testimony is like the shot of a long-bow, which owes its efficacy to the force of the shooter; argument is like the shot of the cross-bow, equally forcible whether discharged by a giant or a dwarf. —Francis Bacon.



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Jamaican Proverbs

Their Meaning and Significance

Mista Put-off always come befo' Mista Mi-sorry.

Mr. Put-off always comes before Mr. I-am-sorry. The English equivalent phrasing is "Delay is dangerous."

The proverb also occurs as Mista Put-off always come too late.

"Procrastination is the thief of time" is another English equivalent that is applicable to both this, as well as the preceding proverb.

Ooman mek fe work; man mek fe boss them.

'Ooman mek fe work means Women are made to work; man mek fe boss them means man is made to be a boss over them. The word boss, as a noun, comes from a root which means a swelling; and, as a verb, it means to beat, a bump being the result of a blow. The word comes to us from slavery days when every gang had a boss, a big heartless brute, armed with a long whip with which to urge the workers who were inclined to be lagging or lazy. The boss was sometimes called a driver.

Bel Nacey ah cuss mumma.

Bel Nacey is a woman's nickname for "Nasty Bel;" ah cuss mumma means is the mother of cursing, or a great swearer. This churlish woman is a disgrace to her sex. Cursing and the use of obscene language are as natural to her as the air she breathes.

Fi me man is a real cock-robin husband.

The cock-robin is a crested bird of the parrot kind.

PLUTO

which is said to be so called from a spot on the head like a crown. Another meaning traces the word from a root which gives it the meaning of a conceited, showy person, a fop or a jester. By some confusion the word also came to be used to denote some kind of serpent, particularly a fabulous, deadly serpent said to kill by its mere glance. Whatever meaning we accept, the good wife does not mean to convey anything complimentary of her spouse.

* * *

De gal jies lacka dem bad weeds; all yuh try, yuh caan root dem up.

The girl is just like bad weeds, which you cannot root up, or exterminate from your garden, however much you may try to do so. The dandelion and the leaf-of-life are two well-known Jamaica herbs that answer to this description: The former, (French dent de lion, lion's tooth), because of the toothed outline of the leaves; and the leaf-of-life, because it can only be extirpated altogether by burying it, and deeply too. The proverb, which is applicable to an obstreperous girl, reminds me of the following dealt with formerly:

What sweet ram goat mout' bun him belly.

What is sweet to the ram-goat's mouth, burns his belly; that is, it is the kind of weed that is injurious to the animal. The luxurious dishes very often lead to disastrous results, is one meaning of this proverb which is a corrective to Greediness.

HEALTH FOR ALL

DIABETES

When we read about people who lived in the Middle Ages and lived in the Middle Ages and came across a description of the meals which were served then, sometimes we are shocked at the quantity of food that the well-to-do consumed. Perhaps we should remember, however, that people were more active in those days than they are today.

Some of the diseases which people have today may be traced, in part, to their failure to adjust their eating habits to the lives they lead. One of the reasons that diabetes has become more common in recent years may be that people are eating too much rich food while living rather sedentary lives. This, of course, is not the only explanation for the greater prevalence of diabetes but it is undoubtedly one of the factors involved.

Diabetes is due to an overabundance of sugar in the blood. The body requires sugar for heat and energy and it obtains this sugar from carbohydrates—such foods as sweets, bread, cereals, potatoes, macaroni and spaghetti.

If more sugar is consumed than the body can use, the rest is stored away or turns to fat. Conversion of sugar into heat and energy is made possible by a secretion in the blood stream called insulin, which is manufactured by the pancreas. If this secretion interferes with the flow of insulin, the body is unable to use the sugar consumed from carbohydrates and diabetes results.

Early symptoms of diabetes are constant thirst and hunger, even though a normal amount of food is eaten, loss of weight for no apparent reason and spells of weakness and dizziness.

If these symptoms are present, the individual should consult a doctor immediately. He will make a urinalysis and test the blood for sugar content. The earlier diabetes is discovered, the easier it is to control it.

The diabetic patient should be on a special diet as recommended by a doctor. Indiscriminate cutting down on carbohydrates is not sufficient to control the disease. The patient should be under medical care. Often the diabetic must take injections of insulin, made from the pancreas of

(Continued on page 18)

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CHINA

"I will cast out Wisdom, and reject Learning.
My thoughts shall wander in the Great Void.

Always repenting of wrongs done Will never bring my heart to rest. I cast my hook in a single stream, But my joy is as though I possessed a Kingdom.

I loose my hair and go singing, To the four frontiers men join in my refrain.

This is the purport of my song: 'My thoughts shall wander in the Great Void'."

Chi K'ang: "Taoist Song."

COLOMBIA

"My life, this life of mine, offers you its folly!...

My life, a useless flower, without perfume, without a stem, Bends languidly and very nearly leafless...

And boredom is a hairy worm within this blossom..."

Luis Carlos Lopez: "To Satan."

ITALY

"But who are thou with curious beauty graced,
O woman, stamped with some bright heavenly seal?
Why go thy feet on wings, and in such haste?

"I am that maid whose secret few may steal,
Called Opportunity. I hasten by Because my feet are treading on a wheel..."

And thou hast spent much time in talk with me
Busied with thoughts and fancies vainly grand,
Nor hast remarked, O fool, neither dost see
How lightly I have fled beneath thy hand."

Niccolo Machiavelli: "Opportunity."

POT POURRI OF THOUGHT

ENGLAND

"The poetry of earth is never dead;
When all the birds are faint with the hot sun

And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead..."

The poetry of earth is ceasing never,
On a lone winter evening when the frost
Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills

The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever..."

John Keats: "The Poetry of Earth is Never Dead."

JAMAICA

"Like a tired child at evening I would come to thee for rest,
Fold me in thy warm soft greatness

Purple mountain of the West!... All thy age-long silence thrills me,
Wonders hid within thy heart; Couldst thou speak, thou silent mountain,

What wouldst thou to me impart? But the secret thou hast guarded Whif thou keep until the last,
For thy purple wings are folded "Twixt the Future and the Past."

Constance Hollar: "Helvellyn."

RUSSIA

"Faint shines the far moon Through misty night,
Sad lies the dead field In the moon's light.
White with frost along The road without end,
Bare-branched their long line Birches extend.
Bells tinkle, the team Swiftly whirls along,
My drowsy driver hums Softly his song..."

Nikolay P. Ogarev: "The Road."

PALESTINE

"Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word."

Psalms 103.

AMERICA

"An angel robed in spotless white, Bent down and kissed the sleeping Night.

Night woke to blush; the sprite was gone.

Men saw the blush, and called it Dawn."

Paul Lawrence Dunbar: "Dawn."

GREECE

"For human nature Hope remains alone
Of all the deities; the rest are flown.

Faith is departed; Truth and Honour dead;
And all the Graces too, my friends, are fled..."

Let Hope be present; and with Hope, my friend,
Let every sacrifice commence and end..."

Yet shall they travel on to swift decay,
Who tread the crooked path and hollow way."

Sappho: "Hope."

PERSONS PLACES THINGS

By Old Joe

PERSONS

THOMAS JAMES CAWLEY

When Mr. T. J. Cawley died in the Kingston Public Hospital on the night of March 27, 1941, after an illness lasting a little over one week, Jamaica lost a former Member of the Legislative Council, and a man who was for many years prominent in Island Life as a noted planter and politician. Mr. Cawley's death was deeply regretted by his wide circle of friends and business associates. It was known that he had not been enjoying the best of health for some time, and yet he was of such a determined nature that he continued to carry on his various engagements, until he was forced to take to his bed, and subsequently taken to the Hospital. A native of the parish of St. Elizabeth, he saw the light of day at Lacovia, and there he also spent his boyhood days, attending the village school. Being an omnivorous reader from early life, the youngster soon began to store his mind with such knowledge that he was able to call from the sources that were available to him. He particularly wanted to know about the things which would be of use to him in later life. Cawley was ambitious. He was never tired of asking his teacher questions about this, that, and the other. He loved History, and he dived into the books that told him about his native land.

Cawley taught himself Psychology, School Management, and the other sciences which laid the foundation of a sound education that qualified him to be recognized as an Elementary School Teacher. His life in the schoolroom was shortlived, however; for after he had taught successfully in a few elementary schools of the island, he acquired several properties in St. Mary and St. Catherine, and subsequently settled down at Troja, where his name became a household word among the peasant class especially. It was not long after he had settled in St. Catherine that he began to take an active interest in the affairs of the parish. As an Agriculturalist he devoted a

great deal of his time in giving valuable assistance to the peasantry.

(To be continued)

PLACES

COUNTIES OF JAMAICA

When in 1758, the island was divided into three counties, the middle one was appropriately called Middlesex; the western most was named after the most western country in England, Cornwall, and the eastern division called Surrey, probably because, like Surrey in England, its chief town was Kingston. When the English took Jamaica in 1655, they soon began to divide it up into parishes, and the names given to them are of interest, like as in the case of each of the counties. Westmoreland obtained its name from being the westernmost parish of the island, while Hanover was named after the English reigning family. As a matter of fact, the Assembly wished to confer on the new parish the name St. Sophia in honour of the mother of George I, but in this it was overridden by the Council. St. James was named after the Duke of York, subsequently James II.

THINGS

THE BANANA

Of all the vegetable productions of the world the banana is perhaps, in regard to magnificence, combined with utility, the most wonderful. Its grand herbaceous so-called stem, composed of the succulent leaf-stalks rolled into one, and its splendid crown of enormous light-green leaves radiating from the centre—from which issue the bunch of fruits gracefully curving downwards, make it one of the glories of the tropics. The fruit of the banana supplies food for multitudes of people. Indeed it is, to the inhabitants of the torrid zone, what bread and potatoes are to those of the north temperate zone in those substances necessary for the nourishment of man; and it has been said that a pound of bananas contains more nutriment than three pounds of meat. It is not only so valuable in regard to its nutritious qualities, but it is also the most prolific of all the food plants known, as there is no tropical plant easier of cultivation than the banana. The suckers, having been planted out at the commencement of the rainy season, will continue to grow vigorously and produce fruit in about 9 months to 1 year. The land must be kept free of weeds, and an occasional turning up of the soil will prove beneficial. The fingers of a freshly shot stem of

bananas hangs downwards from a banana tree; but as they mature, each hand turns upwards. This downward and upward growth has also been observable in our export trade figures in recent years. The highest and lowest quantity of this fruit exported since 1935 are 26,955,489 stems in 1937, and 288,935 stems in 1943.

The figures for January 1950 were 262,217 stems valued at £88,262; and for February, 238,407 stems valued £80,202.

In recent years, panama disease and leaf spot disease have seriously affected the banana industry, and plantations have been destroyed by winds of hurricane velocity, the most recent of which occurred in 1944.

FLOWER TRADE IN JAMAICA

Jamaica as a typically tropical country has a landscape in which various shades of green are unmistakably predominant; and in fact, some people may be inclined to declare that this ever-present green renders it monotonous. But there are as well a great amount of bright and beautiful flowers, both wild and cultivated, that abound in our Island. For instance, there are many beautiful species of roses, vari-coloured phlox and petunias, larkspur, and the exotic and splendid coloured zinnias bloom in profusion. The pale blue of the plumbago, the spider lily, and the frangipangi are all plentifully represented, despite our tropic heat. It can thus be seen that Jamaica does not lack colours in her scenery; and in fact the Island has, in recent years, developed a trade in cut flowers, which though at present very small, is nonetheless very significant and interesting. We export about £30 of our Jamaican blooms to the arid Dutch West Indies weekly, and sometimes orchids and other flowers are sent north to the Dominion of Canada and the United States of America.

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TALKING IT OVER

By ELIZABETH MARTIN

Dear Miss Martin,

I am eighteen years old and a member of a very large family. Among our friends there is a boy a year older than I who I like very much. He lives in the country and comes to see us occasionally when he is in town. My problem is this — another boy about 23 years old, considered by many as a "shallow wolf" has asked if he might visit our home. I would not deny him friendship but am afraid it might cost me the other friendship I have mentioned.

What do you advise.

Loni.

Dear Loni,

You certainly have a problem before you, but I am sure with a little careful thought on your part and perhaps a little advice from some other member of your family who knows both the boys in question, you ought to be able to solve it quite satisfactorily.

First, you must make up your own mind which of the boys you regard as your real friend or which one you wish most to retain as a friend.

It seems to me that your friend from the country, who is already a friend of the family and more your own age is the best bet, but you and you alone can decide that point. He is already established as a visitor to the home. It would be a pity to introduce a stranger, and a doubtful one at that to your home, and in the process lose a good friend, only to find later that you have made a mistake. So think well and seek the advice of someone who knows them both.

E. M.

Dear Miss Martin,

Please pass this bit of information on to one of your fans who likes cowboy music.

All stations that introduce this type of music are to be found operating on Medium Wave. On your radio, dial W.C.K.Y. Cincinnati, operating on 1530 kgs. Others are Texas, Tennessee and Virginia Stations all operating on the Medium wave. These stations can be heard from 7.30 p.m. until late at night. There are many others you'll find in the same wave band. So just try and see the results.

Over Radio Jamaica there are a few more programmes than mentioned. Study your radio programme and find out when

the following are on the air:—Eddy Arnold Show, Slim Bryant and his Wild-cats, Primo Scala and his Accordion Band and Andy Parker and his Plainsmen.

For cowboy music the Western way, tune in W.C.K.Y.

Cowboy Fan,
E. Chin Loy.

Oracabessa,
Jan. 2, 1951.

Dear E. Chin Loy,

I must thank you very much indeed for your very helpful information, which I am sure will be useful to many of our Radio fans and especially to V. Lyew, who wrote a few weeks ago asking for information about Cowboy music.

I assure you that it gives me great pleasure when readers are kind enough to write in any information which they think might be helpful.

E. M.

Dear Miss Martin,

I have a problem and would like your advice.

I am fifteen-and-a-half years old and my complexion is very bad which makes me older than I really am. I have a lot of pimples on my face. I have large open pores with hairs in some of them on my cheeks. I also have marks on my face somewhat similar to those left after an attack of small pox. Can you tell me of an ointment which could help me have a good complexion.

I also have superfluous hairs on my legs and arms. What can I do about them.

Yours truly
Diana "Sis".

Dear Diana Sis,

First of all remember many teenagers with seemingly bad skin grow up to have lovely complexions.

See your doctor and make sure that there is nothing seriously wrong with your skin. You say that your pores are open and your skin pitted. The only way to avoid these pock marks is to keep your fingers and especially dirty nails away from the pimples on your face.

Next you must clean up your insides so that the impurities will not be thrown out of your system in the form of pimples and bumps. Your doctor will suggest a good purgative. Then mix one packet of Epsom Salts in enough water to fill a quart bottle and take one wineglassful

every morning with a few drops of lime juice.

Now keep your skin spotlessly clean. Wash your face two or three times a day with a good soap—preferably Baby Castile. I do not think an ointment would help your skin, but your local druggist can easily mix you a bottle of Calomine Lotion which you simply pat on and leave it to dry. After you have given your skin a chance to come back to normal with this treatment, you can remove the more unsightly hairs with a pair of tweezers.

If the hair on your arms and legs is not too, too unsightly, then for goodness sake leave it alone. That is how nature intended you to be. However, if you must remove it, use a piece of toilet pumice stone, if you can't get it, I'm sure your druggist can recommend a safe depilatory cream.

E.M.

If at first you don't succeed, try reading the directions.—Franklin P. Jones.

Worry affects the circulation, the heart, the glands, the whole nervous system. I have never known a man who died from overwork, but many who died from doubt.—Dr. Charles Mayo.

We walk faster when we walk alone.

Wisdom consists in rising superior both to madness and to common sense, and in lending oneself to the universal illusion without becoming its dupe.—Amiel.

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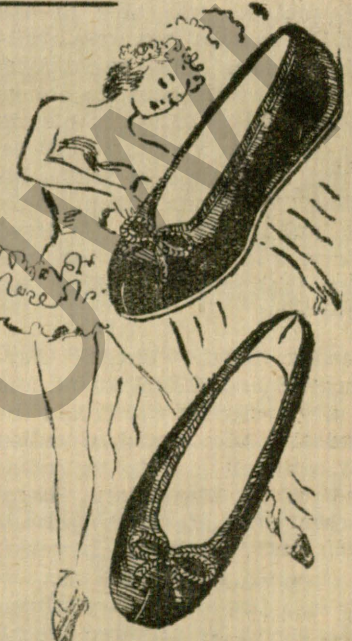
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IN PARENTHESIS

The average girl would rather have beauty than brains, because the average man can see better than he thinks.

The income tax demands are just about due. Capital punishment in the offing.

An American judge has ruled that a recently published book is not obscene. No doubt the author will appeal.

Communist China is buying only 10% of the newsprint the Nationalists once imported. But nowadays so much there can be taken as Red.

Says a comic strip: "The sea boils, bubbles. There is a tumultuous effervescence. Splobs of water pulsate convulsively in a paroxysm of ebullient foam. In fact it's very rough." It is—on the reader.

There's a quaint, old-fashioned flavour about the story of the couple who furnished a 12-room house with premiums redeemed from soap coupons. They showed a friend around, proudly commenting on how many coupons each chair, table, or carpet "cost."

At the end of the tour the visitor said: "But you've shown me only five of the 12 rooms; what about the other seven?"

"Oh, those," shrugged the householder. "That's where we keep the soap."

Nurse: The new patient in our ward is light-headed.

Doctor: Delirious or blonde?

"Town councillors are called city fathers, aren't they, Pa?"

"Well, what's the difference between them and other fathers?"

"As a general thing sons run in debt and their fathers have to pay. But in this instance, the fathers contract debt and their sons have to pay. That's the difference, my son!"

The successful marriage is usually a three-ring circus — engagement, marriage and teeth-ing.

At a recent meeting in Dusseldorf of the North Rhine-Westphalia State Cabinet, Frau Christine Teusch, Minister for Cultural Affairs, spoke eloquently in favour of a law to control the sale of "daring" illustrated

magazines. As evidence Frau Teusch passed nine of the publications round the Cabinet table. The discussion ended, she gathered the magazines together again. Only seven could be found.

'Tis said that acrobats are not well-paid. A case of quick turnover and small profit.

She who'd avoid that male stare Undies of flannelette should wear — Or carefully all bachelors shun When walking in the noon-day sun.

"Johnny, if I gave you two rabbits to-day, and in six months I gave you another one," the teacher asked, "how many rabbits would you have then?" "About ten," Johnny answered. "Wrong—quite wrong, Johnny. You don't know your arithmetic."

"And I don't think you know rabbits," Johnny answered.

Some Himalayan peaks have vanished in the earthquake. It makes little difference: the cost of living keeps us climbing at home, and we hear all the yodelling we want over the radio.

Driver bound over for carelessness. It's the pedestrian who is bound up.

"I'm never happy unless I'm breaking into song," said the first wait.

"Then why don't you get the key and you won't have to break in?" asked the second.

Kindness is often taken for stupidity because there are many more fools than kind people.—ARP.

Twin beds are becoming popular in Europe. It's getting that way that to talk in your sleep is increasingly fatal.

"I learnt to cook while my husband was abroad."

"Well, what did he say when he returned?"

"He went abroad again."

Russia is testing out seven-ton guided missiles. Well, if we must be hit with something seven tons won't hurt any more than five.

"True, darling, he did let me down badly, but I console myself that time wounds all heels."

It takes two to speak the truth—one to speak and another to hear.—Thoreau.

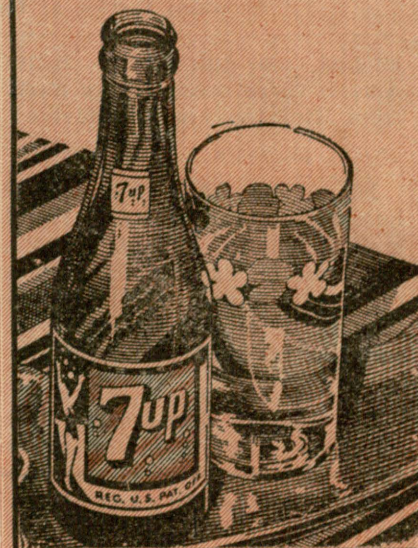
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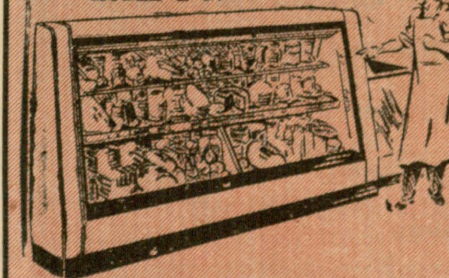
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PERSONALIA

(Continued from Page 6)

On Thursday, January 4, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Chang also entertained at a buffet supper, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jong and Mr. and Mrs. Y. L. Yang. Other guests included Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Leahong, Mrs. A. C. Wang, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Chang, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Leahong, Dr. Paul Feng, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lai Fook, Miss Leila Wong, Miss Cecilia Lai Fook, Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Chin Loy, Mr. and Mrs. Osbourne Chen, and Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Chang.

After spending the Xmas holidays here, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jong and their two children returned to their home in Baldwin, New York on Tuesday, January 9.

Mr. and Mrs. Yang You Lin, accompanied by their three children, Arthur, Reginald and Richard, arrived from England on the m/s "Stella Polaris" on Thursday, December 28. Formerly of Hong Kong, they had been living in London for the past three years and are here to take up permanent residence.

The Misses Margaret and Phyllis Young had a gay New Year's party at the residence of their parents in May Pen. 1951 was ushered in in the traditional manner with the happy



The Swimming Pool of the Sun Yat Sen Recreation Centre at Rockfort.



The basketball court of the Sun Yat Sen Recreation Centre.

singing of Auld Lang Syne. Among those present were many from Kingston and Mandeville.

Mr. Willie Chin who arrived here on Christmas Day to spend a short holiday with his parents, left again on Tuesday, January 9, on a TCA plane. Willie is returning to McGill University to continue his studies in medicine.

Dr. Delbert Sue-a-Quan left for British Guiana on January 9 after spending a three-week holiday here as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Chin Yee of Stanton Terrace.

Mr. Stephen Lai Fook arrived here from Trinidad on Saturday,

January 6. He expects to be here for about two weeks.

Miss Cecilia Lai Fook who left for Trinidad on Thursday, January 11, gave a farewell party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lai Fook in Eden Gardens, on Monday, January 8. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Louis Chang, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone Chang, Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Chin Loy, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Chang, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wong, Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Tai, Dr. and Mrs. Lincoln Manson-hing, Mr. Sidney Chang, Mrs. Donald Leahong, Mrs. Bertie Leahong, Mr. Arthur Jong, the Misses Gloria and Babbie Chang,

Mr. Willie Chin, Mrs. Clea Hysert, Mrs. William James, Miss Dorothy James, Dr. Delbert Sue-a-Quan, Miss Betty Chin Yee and Mr. Jerry Atteck.

The C.A.C. football team lost to Kingston 3-1 and to St. Joseph's 3-1 in the two games played in the Junior League during the last two weeks. The Knockout Competition will be played off towards the end of this month. The C.A.C. is at present in the semi-finals in the Knock-out Competition.

A birthday party for Mr. Caph-to Ho Yen was held at his home in Eden Gardens on Saturday,

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A CHANGE FOR ANN MILLER

by BRIAN YOUNG



Ann Miller establishes herself as a talented young actress in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's hilarious Red Skelton comedy "Watch The Birdie," in which she forsakes her dancing shoes for the first time on the screen.

However, Ann has no intention of forsaking her dancing career for comedy or drama, but does like a change—and she's getting it. What's more she's doing all right without those dancing shoes.

"I like to do comedy—it seems to come naturally," she said, "and where could I get a better chance than with that mad Red Skelton."

Yet, Miss Miller in no way discounts the value of the Terpsichorean art.

"There is nothing as helpful to an actor or actress as dancing," she explained. "Dancing gives poise, grace and most important of all, health. Dancing is a form of exercise which is fun. It builds symmetry of body, invaluable on either the stage or screen."

"What could be healthier for anyone?" she asked. "Every muscle of the body is given a work-out. A dancer's breathing is deep and full, co-ordination is excellent, and dancing keeps a person alert, vital, alive and youthful."

Miss Miller has had dancing roles in M-G-M's "Easter Parade," "The Kissing Bandit" and "On The Town."

January 6. A large number of friends were present to drink to his health and enjoy themselves in games and dancing. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. Pat W. Chung, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Chang, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Chang, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kong, Mr. and Mrs. G. Espeut, Mr. and Mrs.

Headley Hosang, the Misses Dorothea and Marguerite Chinn, Miss Mavis Chin, Miss Annie Wong, Mr. Teddy Wong, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Lyn, Miss Lily Wong Sen Fook, Mr. and Mrs. Derrick Chang, Miss Norma Wong Sam, Mrs. Ivy Lyn, Miss Lena Wong, Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Chong,

Messrs. Jerome and Hugh Chong, the Misses Gene and Doreen Chung, the Misses Gloria and Babbie Chang, Louis and Ronald Chang, Miss Glenor Chang, Miss Cynthia Chang, Mr. John Tai Pow, Mr. Alfred Kong, Mr. Trevor Parchment, Miss Barbara Wong and Mr. Norman Forbes.

University Faculty Dance on Saturday, December 30 were Mr. and Mrs. Lennie Chin Yee, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Chang, Mr. Hubert Tai, Mrs. Ivy Lyn, Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Chang. They were the guests of Dr. Paul Feng and Miss Leila Wong, members of the Faculty of the University.

Seen Saturday night enjoying the dancing and the floor show at the Glass Bucket Club were Mr. and Mrs. James Chin and party, including Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Chin Loy, Miss Babbie Chang, Mr. Victor Chin Loy, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chang; Mr. and Mrs. Lascelles Panton and party including Mrs. Alexander Lee of Honolulu, Mrs. Samuel Thorn of New York, and Mr. Hubert Tai; Dr. and Mrs. A. G. Lee and Mr. David Hew and Miss Nellie Reynolds; Mr. Ken Lyew and party, including Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Alexander, Miss Gwen Wong, Mr. Austin Chin, Miss Madge Chin, Mr. Herbert Chin Loy, Miss Alwyn Chin Loy and Mr. Arthur Chin. The latter group was celebrating the birthday of Mr. Herbie Chin Loy.

Among those present at the

Mr. and Mrs. A. Tie Ten Quee had a buffet luncheon party for a few friends on New Year's Eve at their home at Marine Villa. Among those invited were Mr. and Mrs. John Valdes, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Leahong and family, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Chang and family, Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Leahong and family, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lai Fook and family, Miss Cecilia Lai Fook, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jong and family, Mr. and Mrs. George Tie Ten Quee and Mr. Clarence Tie.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Tai gave a birthday dinner party for their grandson, Lucien, Jr., on Sunday, January 7 at their home at Windsor Avenue. Among the invited guests were Mr. Ainsley Mooyoung, Mr. and Mrs. Lennie Chin Yee, Mr. David Hew, and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Chang.

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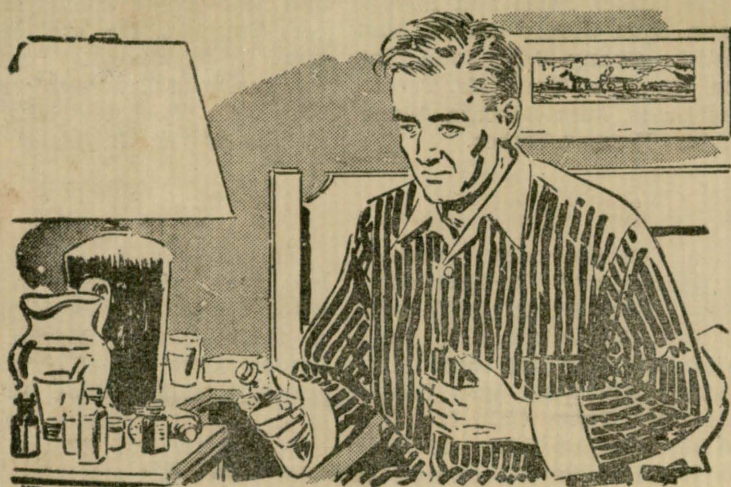
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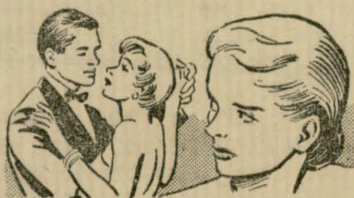
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MIRROR OF YOUR MIND



Can you tell whether you are a hypochondriac?

Answer: There's no absolute dividing line between hypochondria (neurotic fear of illness) and a normal person's concern over his physical well-being. But in practice, we might say that if you fear you have a certain ailment but are assured by a competent physician that you do not, what you'll do if you are normal is "forget the whole thing." If you keep on going from one doctor to another and find that you can't believe them when they say that there is nothing wrong with you, you are probably a hypochondriac and need a psychiatrist's help.



Can hate make a wife jealous?

Answer: Certainly. Of course, being jealous always involves hatred, but a wife who hates her husband may be more acutely jealous than a loving wife would be. In a woman who is filled with envy of the real and imaginary

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HEALTH FOR ALL

Continued from page 11

certain animals, to supply the deficiency in his own blood. Insulin neither cures nor prevents diabetes. It is an aid in controlling the disease and should be used only as the doctor advises.

Any infection may have serious consequences for the diabetic.

This column is sponsored, in the interest of better health, by: Hampden County Tuberculosis & Public Health Assn.

It is of the utmost importance, therefore, that extreme precaution be exercised to avoid infection or, in the case of even a small cut, to consult a physician.

In the next article, bed rest for the tuberculous will be discussed.

—o—

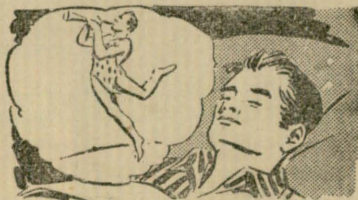
MOVEMENTS OF NOTE

(Continued from page 5)

stay at home for a day or two to recover from the effects. I agree with them that it would be much better if all the parties for Christmas and the New Year be spread over the year, instead of having so much of a good thing crowded in only a fortnight or so.

By LAWRENCE GOULD
Consulting Psychologist

privileges of the male sex, the fact that her husband found favor with other women would arouse exactly the same kind of jealous fury as his having better clothes or a more interesting job than she had. Extreme wifely jealousy, in fact, is much more often based on hatred like this than on fear of losing love which is unwanted.



Does mental health make you feel "free"?

Answer: Yes, writes Dr. Robert P. Knight, medical director of the Austin Riggs Foundation. What philosophy calls "free will" is in essence a subjective feeling which would be more accurately called a sense of freedom, and the basis of this is the harmony and integration of the personality. Whereas the neurotic feels continuously "driven" or "held back" by unconscious inner forces which he cannot control, the emotionally mature person feels free because his desires, his judgment and his conscience all impel him in the same direction.

MORE TREES FOR INDIA—AND MORE FOOD

India's food production authorities, alarmed by the proportion of topsoil washed away during their nation's monsoon seasons, have launched a reforestation campaign on the individual level. From the Prime Minister down, Indians in all parts of the country planted saplings in a nation-wide "tree festival" which saw the country festooned by posters bearing the slogan, "For Every One Tree Felled, Plant Two To-day". The campaign is part of India's drive for self-sufficiency in food by 1951.

(UNESCO)

FILM FARMERETTE



Back in Kansas, where Joyce Holden was born, they never saw her like this down on the farm—but in Hollywood they have! She's a former commercial model whose beauty and talent as a comedienne won her a contract with Universal-International Studio and a featured role in "The Milkman," starring Jimmy Durante and Donald O'Connor.

Refuse to be ill. Never tell people you are ill; never own it to yourself. Illness is one of those things which a man should resist on principle at the onset. — Bulwer-Lytton.

Do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks. — Phillips Brooks.

If wrinkles must be written upon our brows, let them not be written upon the heart. The spirit should not grow old. — James A. Garfield.

KUMARAJIVA

1550 years ago, in January 401, the "Great Translator" Kumarajiva arrived in China, to devote ten years to translating great works from Sanskrit into Chinese.

As a theologian, he had learned, he said "the four Vedas, the five sciences, the heretic shastras and the art of astronomy". Languages were his special study and, armed with this knowledge, he won favour with the Chinese general who had invaded his birthplace, the Kucha Oasis in Central Asia.

This general was to become emperor, and Kumarajiva lived in China till the end of his days, engaged in the monumental task of translating the holy Scriptures of Buddhism. "He knew languages intimately", says tradition, "that he was able to add greatly to the sum of philosophic knowledge".

MONEY TRANSFERS TO HONG KONG & CHINA.

Come to the Royal Bank of Canada, Kingston Branch, to arrange the transfer of money to Hong Kong and China. Remittances to Hong Kong in dollars or sterling are made by mail, draft or cable without Government permit. Money sent to other parts of China on the authority of the Finance Board.

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