

The

高塔

# PAGODA

A FORTNIGHTLY MAGAZINE

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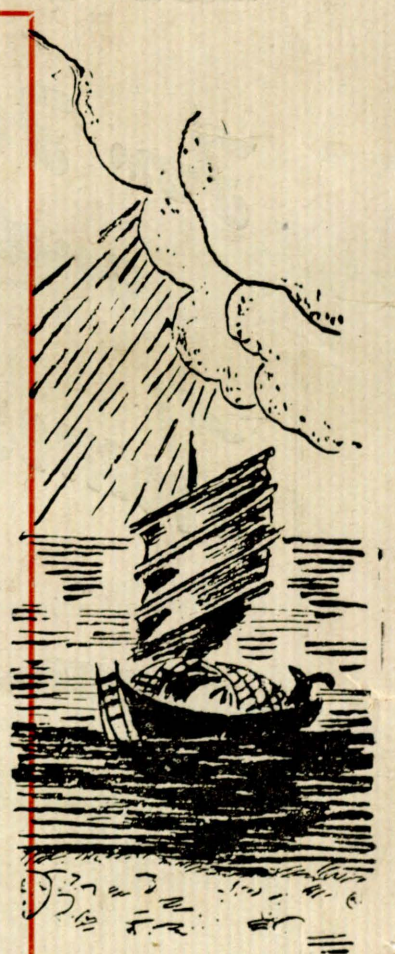
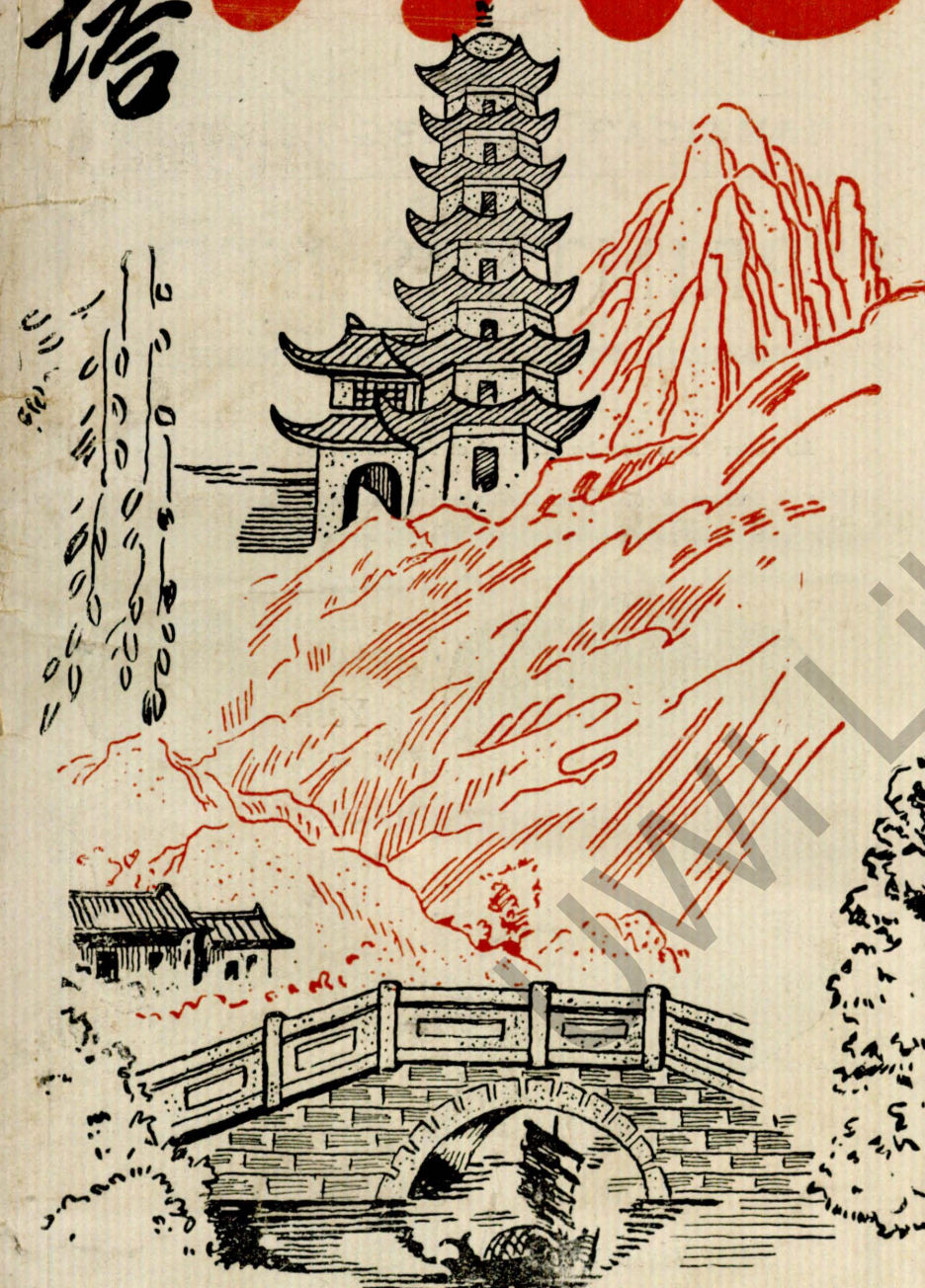
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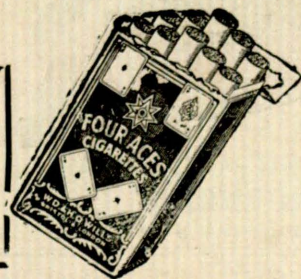
Saturday, January 12, 1952



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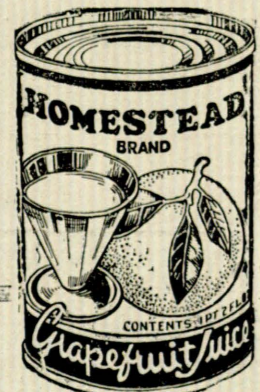
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# HE LOVES A WIDOW

by Chow Wen

Illustrated by HELEN CHIN SEE, M.A.

"I know he won't come home. I know he is with that widow again, leaving his Ma all alone in the house . . ." muttered the old woman angrily, as she moved the sharp kitchen knife across the wooden block, slicing meat.

"This is Saturday, and he says that he is busy in the afternoon! What ghost business except keeping the company of that widow."

The chunk of red meat fell in slices besides her quick moving knife. All of a sudden she noticed that she had already she was overcome with a sinful feeling of sliced off a greater half of the chunk and being wasteful.

"I ought to save half of it for to-morrow." She turned around and reached for an empty bowl in the cupboard. But the rows of bowls there were all filled to their brims with untouched food left-over from lunch. Angrily, she banged shut the cupboard door, and tottering on her small bound feet, hurried into the other room and brought back a plate. It was covered with a thin layer of dust, and still ill-tempered she thrust it into the wash basin with a violent jerk of the arm.

"What am I busying for? What do I get out of Life?" she queried herself. A feeling of self-pity engulfed her, and instantly she felt tired and limp. Her hand lay still, immersed in the oily water, and hot tears coursed down her wrinkled cheeks and dropped into the basin:

"Ah! I'm old and useless and I still don't have a daughter-in-law to take over my work!" she muttered brokenly, the corners of her mouth twitching: "I say 'let me get you a wife, let me get you a wife' and he always says 'no'. He wants to make love. If he makes love to a virgin, I have no objection. But a fresh, young boy courting a widow! and still not getting her inside the family door after more than half a year! I really don't know what a ghost world this has been turned into! In our days, when Pa and Ma said they would get the son a wife, the son did not dare to

This is another translation by Mrs. Chin Yin Ho of Falmouth. The story which is rather long has been divided into 4 instalments.

The author, Chu Wen, is a modern short-story writer and a novelist, but he is better known and recognised as a short-story writer. He is very familiar with the Chinese peasant and bourgeois life, and writes much on the trials and tribulations of the Chinese peasant. He gained fame as a writer in the early 1930's.

moan. Now! I have tried several times to make a match for him. Either he says the girl reeks with the awkward manners of the country lass, or he says that she has no education. But what kind of a woman is this widow! She is nothing but a piece of secondhand goods, who has been fondled, caressed by another man and has even borne a son for him! Heng!"

THIS bitter cursing dispersed much of the stuffiness which had been choking her chest and she could breathe more easily. She wiped the plate dry, and put the remainder of the chunk of meat on it. Shutting one eye, she carefully compared the chunk of meat in the plate to the heap of sliced meat on the wooden block, and she felt that it was sinful if she should eat that much of meat all in one day. Daintily she picked up about a dozen slices of meat and laid them alongside the chunk in the plate. But just as she was about to put the plate away, she became hesitant.

"I ought to give him more meat to eat," and so thinking, she picked up the slices again and returned them to the wooden block. Looking at the neat, even slices of meat, she could not help but stick out her thumb and mutter proudly to herself:

"I must let him know what a comfortable life he is leading! Everything spic and span, and every dish cooked exactly to his taste! What food does the widow feed him when he goes to her home? Education,

bah! Look at the dishes she cooks. During the half month that I lived in her home what rotten food have I eaten! I must tell him that Ma loves him best . . . and . . . yes, I ought to humour him, so that his heart will be mine once again!"

Some noise outside startled her. Pushing the plate of meat into the cupboard, she hastily opened the kitchen door and peered at the outside, and the desolate village immediately spread itself before her eyes. A few white-washed cottages stood here and there on the enormous carpet of endless patches of green vegetables, and the chimney smoke, thick and fluffy as the fat bushy tails of well-fed dogs, curled up from the roof tops lazily. In the distance, women's voices could be heard calling their pigs and chickens. In the yard of a nearby house, several women were heard laughing and talking. A flock of crows fluttered away from a tree branch, squawking noisily, filling the blue sky with black dots which grew smaller and smaller as they flew further and further away . . .

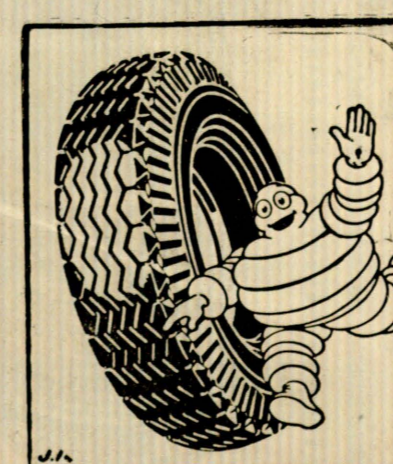
"It's time for supper!" she muttered in a complaining tone, and glued her eyes on the highway that wound itself in and out of the vegetable patches. Quite a number of people hurried on their homeward journey, but among them she could not detect the handsome figure of her son, clad in his suit of grey-coloured western clothes.

"I'm sure he won't come home for supper! I'm sure he is bewitched by that woman, that shameless whore!"

SUDDENLY, she hated the whole world, and clenching her teeth, she mused unhappily:

"My son has always been a good son. He used to bring me little gifts when he received his pay. It is this widow who has come between us, and sucked away all the happiness in this family! This shameless prostitute who does not want her face!"

(Continued on page 5)



# MICHELIN

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# Paddle Your Own Canoe

By S. H. C.

THE canoe is a commonly seen and well-known craft. It is normally designed to accommodate two persons romantically or otherwise bent, with a fair degree of comfort. It is a craft of uncertain origin, varying length, and of no set or stated width. I once asked a fisherman, just how wide he thought an average-sized canoe should be. He indicated that it should be just wide enough.

As a means of transportation, the canoe has no equal. All other means of transportation are better by far. The canoe was widely used by the original inhabitants of Jamaica, and the reason has only just been found out by a private committee of enquiry, and it is this: they had no drays, taxicabs, privately owned motor cars, horse drawn buggies or White Motor Buses in those days. As a means of transportation it leaves everything to be desired—and that includes walking, running and creeping.

The canoe is one ancient form of craft, which has not yet caught up with the times. It is still hand propelled at a time when even bicycles have built-in motors. In order to move the canoe from given point A to loaned point B, one 'bends to the oars'. The oars referred to are broad, flat pieces of board attached to the ends of poles which, if you are on the operating end, seem to be anywhere between ten and fifty feet long. It is possible to 'catch crabs' with these oars. When two men are in a canoe, it is traditional for them to share the fun of pulling on the oars. It is customary for them to take an oar each and to pull violently backward so that the boat may be propelled forward. And speaking of the word propelled, I wonder why they do not have propellers. I mean mechanical ones. Until recently, I wondered what would happen if unwittingly, two men pulled in the opposite direction. I had my chance to prove this on Saturday last.

JIM and Jeepers did it for me. Jim entered the craft first, and took his seat in the bow. The bow from the position he took as he said it, seemed to have been the foremost part of the boat. A canoe, by the way, is also called a boat, to prevent confusion on the part of the tyro, with freighters, tourist liners, tankers, cable ships and tugs. Jeepers said as he entered, that he would 'sit back here', which

Jim translated later, meant the stern of the vessel. For some reason Jeepers sat with his back to Jim. Jim was facing the direction in which he anticipated the boat would travel under the joint propulsive efforts of Jeepers and himself. I pointed this fact out to Jim, and he turned to find that they were indeed sitting back to back.

"Hey! Addlepate! What do you want to turn around that way for?"

"I-I, get seasick the other way."

"Well, I just don't think that it will work that way at all!"

"Why not?"

"We should be sitting, either face to face, or you should be facing the same direction that I do!"

"I know, too, that this way will work. Try it anyway!"

They did.

From my vantage point at the head of the pier, I watched the fun.

By all the laws of physics, common sense, fairness, propulsion of inanimate objects, the middle of that little canoe should just come up in a hump. I guess that the only reason it didn't was that neither was strong enough to bend the flooring timber.

INSTEAD, the only things that bulged were the sinews of their necks, their biceps, and later, their eyes. Their necks and faces grew as red as turkey wattles.

"Go to it," I yelled, "the middle's bending!"

Gradually, the boat began to move very, very slowly in one

direction, and my eyes began to pop out of their sockets. I couldn't quite figure it out. By all the known laws of Nature, they should still be anchored to the same spot. Finally, with a grunt of disgust, Jeepers shipped his oar, and I realised the wherefore of this miracle.

Jeepers, wearying, had for a moment eased up on the mighty pull, and Jim had started pulling him. Soon the speedy craft headed for the open sea, with Jeepers in tow, so far back was he hanging over the stern—completely exhausted man. When Jim finally realised that he was doing all the pulling, he too gave up. After a breathing spell, he called to his fellow oarsman:

"Hey, engine room! full speed ahead!"

Jeepers took up his paddle and made a few ineffectual swipes at the broad briny bosom of the sea—he succeeded merely in scraping the scum off the very top. Jim's efforts however, had the boat going around in ever tightening circles. I stood on the wharf head and cheered lustily. As a form of exercise or as a means of entertainment this business of rowing a canoe certainly took top honours.

"Jim, change places with me—I'm feeling kinda funny!"

It happened when they met in the middle and embraced like two long separated friends meeting in a strange country. I said in a preceding paragraph, the canoe is made, only just wide enough. I was wrong—it was not. At any rate, perhaps, the designers had not foreseen that such a manoeuvre would have ever been contemplated, or worse, attempted.

If there were any difference, I think that the bubbles sent up by Jeepers were slightly larger than Jim's.

None can be called deformed but the unkind. —Shakespeare.

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## HE LOVES A WIDOW

(Continued from page 3)

She banged close the kitchen door and stalked into her room. She could not calm down, and sitting in the lonely room with its oppressive silence, she felt extremely miserable. She opened her drawer and took out some photographs. One was a picture of the daughter of Mr. Wang of her native village. She had a face full as a silver basin, and she wore a polka-dot dress. She stood beside a small table and on the table stood a vase of peonies. One of her hands was laid gracefully on the small table. The other was a picture of the widow with her face of the shape of a water-melon seed. She was clutching in her right hand her son. There was no small table, and no vase of flowers. Only a piece of black curtain hung behind her. How vulgar! She held the two pictures before her eyes and compared critically. Pulling down the corners of her mouth to show her disdain, she said deprecatingly, spraying beads of saliva in all directions:

"Look, I cannot find a single flaw in Miss Wang and certainly she is good enough for him. She is good looking, able, and a virgin too. Her family's social status matches that of ours and we have known her family for a long time. And what is this widow! I know that she is not a good woman. How can she be? Her husband, when he was alive, had been arrested by the police! Can anyone in his right mind want such a woman as his wife? And her face is of the shape of a water-melon seed, and I detest faces of that shape."

From the bottom of the drawer she dug out another photograph. It was her younger sister's family portrait, and it attracted her eyes like a magnet. He toothless and wrinkle-faced younger sister sat in the centre. She was flanked on both sides by her two round-faced sons and two daughters-in-law. Before her knees stood four cute grand-

sons whose lacquer-black eyes were wideopen. With a pang, she remembered that she had always been superior to her sister. She had walked in front of her sister. She had commanded greater respect from the village people, and they had always claimed that she was the more able of the two. But now, the house of her younger sister was filled with sons and grandsons, and she, she had to follow her son to this strange village in the suburb of Shanghai, and she did not even have a daughter-in-law! She could not help curse her long-dead husband:

"If that dead ghost had not squandered away all the family fortune, I would certainly dare to fix up a wife for Huangchang, and he would not dare to disobey me, but . . ."

SHE began to miss her old home terribly. That huge, imposing looking, black-painted front gate, that comfortable house surrounded on all sides by tall trees, and the morning sun that filled her courtyard lavishly with light and warmth . . . she looked at the strange surroundings, and she hated the very chairs and tables which stood silently around her, mocking her desolate old age . . .

"If I only have one grandson, I could be content," thought she, "I would not mind so much if my son does not come home to me. I can hold my grandson in my arms, coddle him, and kiss his little cheeks, and he will smile back at me, throw his little arms around my neck and talk to me . . ."

"Sleep, sleep my baby sweet . . ." chanted the woman who lived in the house nearby. The old woman was startled out of her musings, and she thought:

"Yes, every other family has a baby!"

"My little doggie wants to sleep . . ." lullabied the neighbour woman.

Suddenly, her eye sockets grew hot and sore, and smarting tears rolled down her cheeks. She heaved a deep sigh and decided that life was not worth living:

(Continued on page 17)

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## PERSONALIA

CHINESE NEW YEAR  
FALLS ON JANUARY 27th

The Chinese New Year will fall on Sunday, January 27. The Chinese Benevolent Association has announced that January 28 will be a holiday and ask that all Chinese business establishment observe it as such.

As part of the Chinese New Year celebration the Chinese Benevolent Society will hold a Garden Party on Sunday, January 27 at the Chinese Public School. All proceeds of the function will go toward Chinese charities.

CYRIL B. CHIN ELECTED  
PRESIDENT OF CHINESE  
BENEVOLENT  
ASSOCIATION

At the first meeting of the Executive Committee of the Chinese Benevolent Association which was held on January 1, Mr. Cyril B. Chin was elected President Chairman. The Managing Committee of the Public School, the Sanitarium and the Public News will be announced some time during the week.

ENGAGEMENTS  
ANNOUNCED

The engagement has been announced of Miss Dorothy Hew

to Mr. Lascelles Wong. Dorothy is the sister of Mr. David Hew and Lascelles is the son of Mrs. Laura Wong and the late George Wong. The wedding will take place some time this year.

The engagement of Miss Essie Wong to Mr. Austin Chin was also recently announced. Essie is the sister of Mr. Lascelles Wong and Austin is the son of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Chin of Montego Bay.

## BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. Neil Lau (nee Betty Chin Yee) announced the birth of a daughter recently in Trinidad.

## FLORENCE WONG WEDS

Wedding bells rang for Glick Mar and Florence Wong on Sunday, December 30, at the Holy Trinity Cathedral. Florence is the daughter of Mrs. Alice Wong of the Palm Grove Grocery and the late Wong Nuke Lyn while the groom is from Detroit, U.S.A. The Rev. Fr. Fox, S. J. performed the ceremony.

Mr. Albert Wong Ken gave his niece in marriage. Her gown which was made in the States, was of white slipper satin trimmed with white beads and pearls, terminating in a long train. Her headdress was a tiara of pearls from which flowed a finger tip veil of embossed tulle. Gloves of white nylon and velvet

ribbon completed her ensemble and she carried a bouquet of pale lavender orchids.

The bride's only attendant was her sister, Doris, who made a charming picture in a gown of green nylon and silver lame. In her hair she wore a row of orchids hanging to the shoulders and she carried purple orchids.

Bestman was Gimme Yee of Detroit.

Mr. H. C. Tai Ten Quee presided at the reception which was held at the Rainbow Room, Half-Way-Tree. Speakers included Dr. Ivan Parris, the bridesmaid and the bestman, Messrs. Jerome Chung, Cecil Chuck, Lucien Chen and Pascal Wong Ken.

A dinner was also held at the home of the bride's mother at No. 8 Langston Road.

The young couple will be leaving for the States sometime next month where they will reside.

VIOLET CHIN-  
SHERWIN CHONG BRIDAL

Miss Violet Chin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Chin of Port Morant will exchange marriage vows with Mr. Sherwin Chong of Golden Grove on Sunday, January 20 at the Holy Rosary Church. After the ceremony a reception will be held at 23 Jackson Road, Rollington Town

CHINESE STUDENTS'  
ASSOCIATION DANCE  
AT CATHAY CLUB

The Chinese Students' Association will hold a dance at the Cathay Club on Saturday, January 26. The dance which will be in the nature of barn dance is given in aid of the Chinese Scout Troop Jamboree Fund. Attractions will include Elimination and Spot Dances, and Jitterbug contests. On the refreshment side there will be Chop Suey and Hot Dogs. Admission will be 4/- per person.

## LIME CAY PICNIC

A boat party to Lime Cay last Sunday, January 6, provided a happy day for picnickers Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Chen, Mr. and Mrs. Aston Chen, Mr. and Mrs. Lennie Chang, Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone Chang, Mr. and Mrs. Joscelyn Mooyoung, Mr. and Mrs. F. Wong Ken, Mr. George Wong, and Mr. Henry Chin Fenn. A large number of children made up the two boatloads which went on the trip.

CHRISTINE CHIN JOINS  
HAMPTON STAFF

Miss Christine Chin will join the teaching staff of Hampton Girls' School this semester. She will teach English, Latin and Math. Christine who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Chin of Montego Bay, is an old

## PANORAMA

## NEW YEAR HONOURS

Read over Radio Jamaica on New Year's Eve was the long list of names of those in Jamaica who have been the recipients of honours in the King's New Year's Honours List, an exceptionally long one and also an interesting one, for many who have been included on this occasion have been acclaimed for their worthy services during the trying and emergency period following the hurricane in August last.

A knighthood has been awarded to the Hon. George Seymour Seymour, O.B.E., for a long and highly meritorious service in a great many fields of activity, and to the Hon. R. W. Youngman goes the C.B.E., while Mr. Scott, Labour Adviser, has been awarded the O.B.E. for their outstanding efforts in recent times as well as in earlier ones in numerous ways. Many heads of departments such as prisons, hospitals and the like have received the recognition they deserved for their courage and abilities in the time of stress, and so, too, have many in the Constabulary Force. The members of British Red Cross in Jamaica and the St. John Ambulance Brigade who also did outstanding services have not been omitted. Altogether, Jamaica has much to be proud of in those who have brought these honours to her.

## CHILD ARTISTS

An Exhibition of Children's Art was opened at the Institute Art Gallery on January 2nd and will remain open daily to the public until the 16th inst. It is being held under the auspices of the British Council and has already travelled to other areas in the Caribbean and will, possibly, be shown in other parts of Jamaica before it leaves our shores.

The Exhibition was opened by Lady Foot, in the presence of a large and interested gathering, and created considerable interest, not so much for its accomplishment as a thing of Art, as for that for which it stands: the natural expression of the creative work of the very young, a thing always to be encouraged both for the sakes of the artistically inclined and for the nations they spring from. It is in this way that geniuses are discovered, and abilities furthered, and the modern methods at schools are to allow the child to discover its own potentialities, and lead by means of suggestion. A number of schools in England contributed the works of their scholars to

form this Exhibition, whose ages range from five years to fifteen. The paintings are all large and on a great variety of subjects. In many of them there is a keen sense of observation to be found, as for example, in that of an old man reading his newspaper, and many others.

There are, of course, a few outstanding pictures such as the Haunted House, which catches the spirit of mystery and is complete with its black cat crossing the pathway: that of Cats, also complete with the bottle of milk near at hand, a Gypsy Group, and "Yachts", for the little ones are allowed to name their own portraits even if their spelling is not as good as their art! Altogether, this is a most entertaining and interesting show which is open to us, and should not be missed.

## LOOKING FOR HAPPINESS

When with worries you're beset—Make an effort to forget... Great may be your sufferings—but turn your mind to other things.

Get outside yourself awhile. Try to make somebody smile. Other folk are troubled too—There are many just like you

Do not doom yourself to dwell—in a mental prison cell, locked up in your misery... Only you possess the key.

Happiness you cannot win — if you only look within—but you'll find it everywhere, once you have become aware of the needs of other folk. Many bear a heavy yoke. Happiness is only found—when you scatter it around—This is sound philosophy. Look outside yourself and see—other people, other things—hopes and joys and sufferings.

—Patience Strong.

## CRUISERS

Already the holiday cruising ships have been calling into port, and many are scheduled to come later in the 1951-1952 tourist season, bringing hundreds of passengers aboard them for brief calls during their round trips. The T.S.S. Queen Monarch set the ball rolling, coming direct from New York, a liner new to Jamaica. Aboard her were 315 passengers. Her sister ship, the Queen of Bermuda called in on December 29th last, with 673 trippers, the largest number to come to our shores since the end of World War 2. On both these occasions His Excellency the Governor and several Government Officials were entertained aboard-ship.

The Empress of Scotland arrived last week, and the Caronia is due here soon, and the Britannic and Mauretania

will also be calling into port with their large numbers of visitors. Apart from these large cruisers and the air lines services, there are several small boats which will be facilitating tourists this year, and helping in the success of our tourist trade.

## INTERESTING VISITORS

And, as always, during the Season, in particular, a number of visitors in a wide variety of occupations, have been coming to Jamaica in the past couple of weeks. Among these have been Colonel and Mrs. Henry Crown, who have been staying at the Tower Isle Hotel. Residents of Chicago, Mr. Crown has just become chairman of the new Empire State Building Corp. and part-purchaser of the great building. Mrs. Tobe Davis, Fashion Journalist, head of Tobe and Associates, who is a columnist in the New York Herald Tribune, stayed at Sunset Lodge, just previously to the arrival of Captain Molyneux, noted French dress designer who has come with a party from London. Paris and New York. Mrs. Fleur Cowles, the publisher of Look magazine is a member of this party. Another dress designer, this time straight from Hollywood, who is making a tour of these parts, is Howard Greer, who has worked for Paramount Studios for many

years, the latest film which he has "costumed" being "His Type of Woman."

In other fields are Lady Rachel MacRobert, J.P., B.Sc., F.G.S., Director of British India Corporation; Chairman MacRobert Farms (Douneside) Ltd., and President Woman's United Front and of the Spitfire-Mitchell Memorial Fund. Outstanding among war-time mothers, Lady MacRobert lost her four sons in World War II, and at the death of each in turn, she nobly donated the money for the purchase of an aircraft.

Mr. Peter Tarrant, Information Officer at the Colonial Office, has called on a tour of the British Caribbean where he is gathering information for the Secretary of State's Regional Report to Parliament; Mr. Phillip Bell of Princeton, New Jersey, came on a two-day research job for the Institute for Advance Study at his university, and Dr. Simon Rottenburg, Director of the Labour Relations Institute of Puerto Rico has come to lecture in the course on Personnel Management and Industrial Relations now being conducted by the Extra-mural Department at the University College of the West Indies. Jamaica indeed benefits by all these associations.

—Observer.

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

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

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Editor: Chas. T. Chang.

## Churchill-Truman Talks

On Saturday last, Winston Churchill, England's recently elected Prime Minister, with a party which comprises thirty-five, arrived in New York for talks with President Truman. In the party are Anthony Eden, Foreign Secretary, Lord Ismay, Secretary for Commonwealth Relations and Lord Cherwell, Paymaster General, From the United States, Mr. Churchill is to pay a brief visit to Canada and will return to Washington to address a joint session of Congress on the 15th inst.

Much speculation has been rife since Winston Churchill made known his intention to visit the United States early in the new year, on the advisability of such a move so soon before the presidential elections, but Winston Churchill has never been one to be guided by commentators, and the questions on which he intended to talk to the President could brook no delay. Besides, as the Prime Minister explained, he wished to renew his old relationships with the United States of America which had existed in his past period in such office, all through the war. At their first meeting, some informal ones of which were held prior to the formal talks, Mr. Churchill remarked to President Truman: "We have only to go along together, each doing loyally his best to understand the other's point of view and the many differences in interest between our countries, and we shall find ourselves safe at the end of the road, and having — through your vast strength — brought peace and hope and salvation on earth to struggling mankind"

During the post-war period, the ruling Party took many steps of which Mr. Churchill strongly disapproved and some of them have not been wise ones as time has proved. To rectify these as much as possible and to forge

ahead with both national and international preparedness for a more sound economic position and for the possibility of more warfare, is one of the Prime Minister's earliest and most necessary duties.

The talks have been proceeding most favourably, and with the help and guidance of advisers at hand the two have discussed many military questions, in particular, those relative to the defences of the western world. Mr. Churchill feels, for example, that he must have a voice in any atomic bombings from bases in Britain as it might imperil the country with an onslaught of atomic bombings in retaliation. The unsettled Far East and Middle East situations, tense and unpredictable, have engaged their attention. To harmonise their policies so that they can work in complete unity on all major matters is their objective. The controversial question of Red China's recognition by Britain and not by America has been uppermost, so too, has been the likelihood of another war, similar to that still existing in Korea, springing up in Indo-China at any moment. The Korean question has also been on the agenda, an agreement being reached that everything feasible must be done to bring about a truce in Korea.

There seems no doubt that these talks between the political leaders of Great Britain and the United States are being conducted along the most cordial and favourable lines, and to even the most pessimistic in mind, it would seem that accord on both home and foreign policies which ensures unified activity in all spheres between the two great powers of the eastern and western hemispheres, will accrue therefrom.

## "MANKIND WILL HAVE NO NEED TO DESPAIR..."

At a time when the United Nations is preparing a world-wide commemoration of the third anniversary of the adoption of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, it is a duty and an honour to be associated with the celebration. In this historic proclamation I see not only a true echo of the United States Declaration of Independence and the Declaration which France made to the world in 1789, but also a new affirmation of the Kantian idea which asserts the pre-eminence of ethics over politics.

Each member of the human community must promote these principles of freedom and respect so that they may become realities. Sceptics who may consider them premature must realise that while all ideas are no more than seeds,

yet there is never a harvest without seeds.

I believe, too, that it is vitally important to stress the political character of certain Articles of the Universal Declaration relating to freedom of thought, religion, expression, association and election. In these I can readily see the basic principles with which to bring about a definite improvement in international relations, and I believe that mankind will have no need to despair as long as there are men who are willing to be the true champions of these rights.

EDOUARD HERRIOT,  
President of the  
French National Assembly.

The world's largest man-made forest—Kaingaroa, in New Zealand—will shortly supply newsprint under a \$30,000,000 project. Planted since 1920, the forest covers 1,000 square miles. In New Zealand's sub-tropical climate, its pine trees have matured more rapidly than in their native California and Oregon. A large pulp, paper and saw-mill to be built at Marupara will have an estimated capacity of 100,000 tons of newsprint, 10,000 of other printing paper and 10,000 tons of pulp. Two-thirds of the output will be available for export.

(UNESCO)

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(Success)

## "HOW CLEVER THEY ARE"

By William Rutherford,  
Special Unesco Writer

Recently, the first museum dedicated exclusively to the folk art of the world came into being. The basic aim of the Museum of International Folk Art at Santa Fe, New Mexico, U.S.A., is to encourage understanding and appreciation of the cultures and crafts of the world's different countries and societies.

Have you ever wondered why some people wear grass skirts? Or what they think of other people who encase their limbs in several thicknesses of material, with an extra one wrapped around their throats, and then spend time and energy fanning themselves to keep cool?

Does it seem strange to you (as it did to George Bernard Shaw) that in some societies the custom is to take flesh from dead animals, char or cook it, and then eat it; or that in others millions of people spend their entire lives without once thinking of eating meat? Do you know that some people eat foods that others won't touch (snails, frogs, oat meal, corn-on-the-cob, lizards, bamboo), that what you consider a delicacy is very disagreeable to others? Would you be surprised to know that in some countries children's bodies are tightly bound to keep them straight, or that in others the children are urged to freely exercise their bodies to attain the same end?

You might also wonder that certain tools, utensils and weapons belonging to a culture extinct for hundreds of years have been found to have an amazing resemblance to those of another culture situated on the other side of the world—when there was no possible contact between the two. A method of curing meat used by Eskimos at the North Pole is also used by some Indian groups in the Amazon Basin in South America. Similarly, parallel decorative designs (using for example the zig-zag line known as the "Greek chair") have been found on pottery and in fabrics from such distinct cultures and periods as ancient Greece, ancient India (when these two civilisations were unknown to each other), and ancient China.

These similarities and dissimilarities are a particular interest in the new museum which hopes to contribute towards better understanding among the peoples of the world. An understanding not only of how people

act and think in different cultures and countries but also the basic reasons why they act the way they do. This will go a long way towards cementing bonds between them and improving international fellowship. Some of the countries already contacted by the museum for participation are the USSR, Sweden, Norway and France in Europe; the Sudan, Tunisia, Algeria and Egypt in Africa; Israel, Persia and China in Asia, and Bolivia, Ecuador and Peru in South America.

Everything that human hands make has form, and much of that is decorated. In devising shape or form, in all cultures, utility comes first. Then comes beauty. The first examples that come to mind are the most basic ones, fabrics, pottery, furniture, buildings, etc. A fabric could be just a solid gray colour as it comes from the loom. That would represent sheer utility. But to add beauty, individuality and interest—a design is added. Such objects constitute the basic display material in the new museum.

However, the International Museum of Folk Art is intended to become more than a repository or resting place for examples of folk art. It is designed as a place for activity rather than simply for exhibition. In addition to offering static examples of art it wants to expose the ideas behind the art and crafts of different cultures.

Long after the original plans and projects for the new museum were laid, its director, Dr. R. B. Inverarity, found additional evidence of the need of the museum's programme in his own home. While talking with his young daughter one rainy evening, Dr. Inverarity found the youngster very amused by her geography lesson of the day. Her class had been studying the Japanese Islands and she thought the habits in dress of the inhabitants were very amusing. Imagine! both the men and women usually wore robes — and with skirts!! But even funnier was the fact that for shoes they wore sandals in the form of a wooden platform, mounted on two long vertical blocks.

Dr. Inverarity explained that this form of footwear was particularly well adapted to Japan's rainy climate; that the platform shoes permitted their wearers to walk through water and mud without constantly wetting their

feet. With a new look of appreciation and wonder in her eyes, the little girl glanced down at her own soaked feet in conventional western foot gear and said, "How clever they are!" Not only was this the first of many lessons she received in the why of folk ways in other countries, but, for the doctor, it was also an added spark to the carrying out of the museum's programme to aid in ending such ignorance and intolerance of unknown countries and habits.

The how as well as the why is to receive emphasis in the museum's programme. Brochures on the collections and exhibits of folk material from various cultures are to be published and distributed. Regular seminars are to be held at which weavers and other craftsmen can meet and exchange ideas and techniques. A Swedish weaver will demonstrate methods that have been developed in his country for getting the best results with an especially dry or short-haired wool. A craftsman from Lapland or Australia may thus find good solutions to problems he has encountered in his work in his own country. Such seminars will also explain the origins of ornamentation and, for example, the movement across cultural boundaries of silver work designs which were first found in the Mediterranean and later in Spain. From there they moved to Mexico in the lower part of North America and finally appear today in the work of the Navaho Indians.

Supplementing its activities as a clearing-house for information on folk ways and folk art the museum expects to conduct a series of festivals and folk dances as practiced by different groups. These lectures will point more to the similarities than to the differences between peoples the world over.

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(Continued on page 18)

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# BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS

FREDERICK FODEN

THE Higbert family had all assembled in the rambling old house at the edge of the town to honour the centenary of the old lady. For Grandma Higbert was a hundred years old that day.

There were seven grandchildren, twelve great grandchildren, and sundry youngsters there, but only one child of her own remained, her daughter Gladys. A hale and hearty child of seventy five, who ran the house with the company of her third son, who had escaped the bonds of matrimony.

They had arrived in families all the morning, and they had treated her as if she was wrapped in cotton wool. They had bade her remain seated in the old arm chair, and laid their homage at her feet. They had talked, those descendants she had not seen for thirty years, in low and reverent tones.

And they had given the old lady a pain in the neck. She had not been outside the garden or the immediate street for three long months, and before that she had been eighteen months slowly recovering from a slight sprain of the ankle. She decided that the birthday party was a flop.

She glanced at the clock a hundred times that afternoon, and answered all the questions in the required childish tone, until the clock said ten to five.

She rose from the chair, and moved across the room.

"What do you want Grandma. Let me get it for you."

Half a dozen voices spoke at once, but Grandma kept walking to the passage. She threw the old grey shawl around her shoulders, and put on the hat with the floral trimming.

SHE stood at the passage door, and looked at her family, who were watching her as if she had given an exhibition of acrobatics.

"I'm going down town," she said. "It's my birthday. I mean to enjoy it. Enjoy yourselves. I'll be seeing you."

"You can't. Tea's nearly ready now," Gladys said. "Don't be silly Grandma. It's your party."

But Grandma was hobbling down the passage.

"I'll come with you," Gladys said. "We'll all come with you if you want to go. Get a taxi Bill." Grandma turned round and waved her stick. The whole family were following her.

"I don't want you. I can look after myself," she said. "I'm not a child."

"It will kill you Grandma," Laura, the youngest grandchild wailed. "You can't do it. They'll bring you back in an ambulance. Not on your birthday Grandma."

"You'd get my bit of brass all the sooner then," she said as they crowded round. "That's what half of you are wanting." There was a shocked gasp, and another wall about an ambulance, but Grandma plodded on.

SHE had timed it well, and her stick was in. The bus stopped at the corner. One passenger dismounted, and one got on. That one was Grandma. The bank manager who was the second grandchild tried to board against the conductor's outstretched arm, but Grandma pushed the point of her stick in his extensive waist, and he retreated undignified.

"The old fool will be killed," she heard Gladys say. "She'll come back in an ambulance." That phrase seemed to stick in their minds, but Grandma smiled. She slipped into the seat that a man vacated for her, and said, "Thanks young man. I'm not as young as I used to be."

The young man of fifty smiled at the compliment, and the passenger wondered what the circus was they had left behind but Grandma did not enlighten them. She gave the conductor two pennies, and sat back to enjoy herself. She was calculating whether a car would race the bus to the first stop in town.

It did not. Grandma made her first call at the Gilbert Restaurant. It was a milk bar now downstairs, but true to its old form the restaurant upstairs could provide

She ordered ham and chips, and found the going hard but delicious. Gladys of late had taken to giving her very light fare. It was good to taste the old food, and see fresh faces but there was not a waitress there she could remember. There was not a face she knew.

She lingered a long while over a cup of tea, and calculated her times. There were only two places in the town that were not showing films. She chose the Hippodrome, and enjoyed the walk. But the show was not so

good. She had a stall, and there was a centenarian turn she had seen ten years ago, and the comedian's jokes were reminiscent of the radio, but she gave the contortionist full marks, and banged her stick on the floor for applause. She rated the whole show as poor, but she was sorry when it was over.

It was not half past eight. She walked down the street, and chose the Dog and Duck. It had a lot of light about it, and there was a car or two outside. The big lounge was fairly full. She found a seat beside the oldest man in the room. She ordered a milk stout.

"Let me buy it for you ma," the old man said. "Have you been to the show?"

Grandma had a good look at him. "I have," she said. "And a poor affair it was too."

"They aren't like the old days, are they," he said, "when we were youngsters."

"They weren't all good shows then," Grandma said. "There's some all right to-day."

THE old man paid for her stout, and began a praise of the old time music hall. Grandma agreed, and tried to turn the conversation. She wanted to know what houses they were building, and he did not care. The young men opposite joined in on that argument. The old man bought her another stout. Two stouts, and the night out began to effect Grandma. There seemed to be a kind of lightness in the air, and yet she felt a little tired.

"I'll be going to catch my bus," she said to the man who had bought her drinks. She gathered up her stick, and pulled herself to her feet. The company made way for her.

"Shall I see you there, Ma," the old fellow said. "You could do with a bit of help."

Grandma had got to the middle of the floor. The young men were looking a bit like her relations. She did not like his harping back to the old days, and his offer of assistance.

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"No, thank you, Sir," she said "I know my own way. If I get married again I shall choose a fellow a bit younger than you. One with a bit of life left him."

She shook her stick at him, and left on a tide of laughter, but she stumbled when she shook the stick, and half wished she had accepted his offer, but the Old George where the bus stopped was only round the corner, and she had an idea one left at half-past nine.

BUT the stout had done something to Grandma's memory. The Old George looked different, and the bus did not seem to be ever coming. She leaned against the telephone kiosk and tried to sort it out. For the life of her she could not think whether it was a bus stop, or whether the stage coach stopped there, but she could remember seeing her elder sister leave from there. It must have been the stage coach. It was.

She looked round and could not see anything that might have been a bus stop. There was no bus. She went into the telephone box, and called the operator.

"I want an ambulance," she said. "Send one round to the Old George right away."

"Is there an accident," the operator asked

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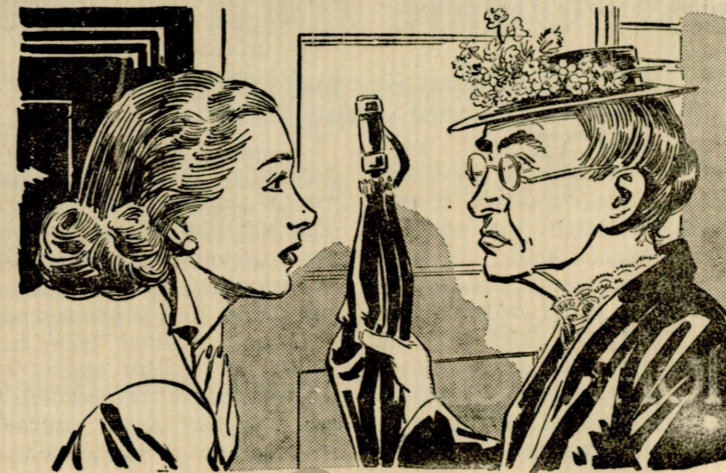
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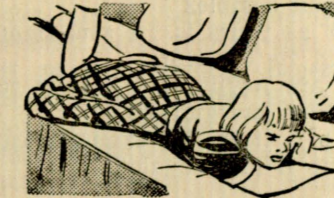
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# MIRROR OF YOUR MIND



May grown-ups be "tattle-tales"?

Answer: Certainly, if they are emotionally childish. The child who delights in "telling mother on" his brothers and sisters when he does not like the way they treat him has his counterpart in the adult who is always complaining to his friends of the fact that no one in his family understands or appreciates him. Both are trying (a) to win love through being pitied, and (b) to punish indirectly someone they do not dare to stand up to through the disapproval or perhaps the intervention of a stronger person than themselves.



Do insincere parents make neurotic children?

Answer: Yes, says Izzette de Forest in the Psychoanalytic Review. A child who has reason to doubt the sincerity of his parents' love for him becomes unable to believe that anyone will ever value him for himself and thus is held

"Would I ask for an ambulance if it were a fire?" she retorted "Get moving."

The operator did. An ambulance came round the corner in less than five minutes. It stopped.

Grandma walked across, opened the door, and got in beside the driver. She gave him a ten shilling note.

"Buy yourself a drink with that," she said. "And drive me home. Tell them to send the bill to me." The driver laughed.

"That's one way of getting a taxi," he said. "Where do you want to go." She gave him instructions, and he started the conveyance.

"Let it rip," she said, as he drove slowly round the corner. "I'm no invalid, but this is the way they expected me to come home, and I'd hate to disappoint them."

The End.

The characters in this story are entirely imaginary. No reference is intended to any living person or to any public or private company.

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By LAWRENCE GOULD  
Consulting Psychologist

back by neurotic anxiety from making friends or feeling secure in love and marriage. The psychotherapist who is sincerely interested in such a person and desires him to be well and happy may become the "true friend" whom he has always longed for and thus help him to overcome his distrust.



May an alcoholic resent those who love him?

Answer: The typical alcoholic in his sober moments is extremely grateful for his family's kindness and forbearance, but becomes bitterly hostile toward them when intoxicated. For alcohol frees him for the moment from his sense of guilt at being "unworthy to be loved" and leaves him conscious only of the rage which being made to "feel like a heel" inspires. In general, the more guilty you make a compulsive drinker feel, the more he will be "driven to drink" to escape his self-reproaches, and at the same time will hate you for the pain you cause him.

# HEALTH FOR ALL

TREATING TB EARLY

Have you ever heard the phrase "just a touch of TB"? There is no such thing as "a touch of TB." A person may not feel sick, but if his doctor has told him that he has TB, it is not a matter to be treated lightly. Any delay in treatment may jeopardize the success of the cure. It may endanger everyone who approaches the patient.

Tuberculosis frequently has a long, symptomless onset. People may have it for weeks or months before they think of consulting a doctor. Those whose cases are discovered in the early stage are fortunate. It is in this period that the disease is most easily and quickly curable. If neglected, it advances to a point where cure is difficult, time-consuming and costly.

People who die of tuberculosis, 144 Americans every day, do so usually because they wait until they feel "sick" before going to a doctor. The symptoms of coughing, losing of weight and spitting blood may not appear until the disease is already advanced.

Even in its early stages, tuberculosis is communicable, a threat to the health of the patient's family, friends and fellow work-

ers. A person with active TB may let loose a shower of germs when he coughs, sneezes or spits. These are lethal germs to be breathed in by those around him. They may also be spread by the dishes and towels he uses. "Just a touch of TB" can be as dangerous to other people as an advanced case with all the far-advanced symptoms.

Some patients with early TB may think they can be cured by staying home for awhile and "taking it easy." They believe their homes can provide the rest, good food and fresh air the patient needs. But when the doctor speaks of rest, he means supervised rest, not a nap now and then, but complete body rest 24 hours a day in a sanatorium or TB hospital. Few homes can provide the proper treatment and precautions against spread of the disease, day after day, week after week.

In a TB hospital the patient has skilled doctors and nurses and the finest medical equipment on hand when he needs them. He need not go far from home, as climate is not important in the treatment of tuberculosis. The sanatorium near his home is the best place for treatment.

In the next article, proper food for the baby will be discussed.

# LIFE MAGAZINE PHOTOGRAPHY AWARDS WON BY THREE CHINESE SHUTTERBUGS

Four Chinese photographers from widely separated parts of the United States hit the pages of Life Magazine in its recent photography issue. San Francisco Charles S. Wong received an honorable mention award, as did Wellington Lee of New York and Lorretta Ung of Hawthorne, Calif. James Wong Howe noted Hollywood cameraman, acted as one of the judges in the competition.

Wong, a veteran of World War II, began his photographic career in 1949. His first prize-winning effort was made last year when he received an award from the Freedom Foundation for his photographic series based on an interracial study of children.

His award-winning series in Life consisted of 16 prints based on Chinatown and depicting a young draftee recalling memories of earlier days. These include visiting his old school room, attending a Chinese American Citizen Alliance picnic and attending a folk dance at the "Y."

Wong, who presently holds a Grant MA fellowship for 1951-52, envisions many more worlds which he hopes to capture through the eyes of his camera. "In Chinatown I want to photograph in the right way," he explained, "and show the public what is going on here."

One of his aims is a complete documentary series on Chinatown, as seen through the eyes of his camera. However, he explains, such a series is not easy to do as it requires the cooperation of many persons—many of whom are hesitant in lending that cooperation.

"However," he added somewhat hopefully, "if I start doing this work and people find that some good is coming out of it, perhaps more people will cooperate."

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ENGLAND

"The Rainbow comes and goes,  
And lovely is the Rose;  
Look round her when the hea-  
vens are bare;  
Waters on a starry night  
Are beautiful and fair;  
The sunshine is a glorious birth;  
But yet I know, where'er I go,  
That there hath passed away a  
glory from the earth..."

William Wordsworth: "Ode."

CHINA

"Gently I stir a white feather fan,  
With open shirt sitting in a green  
wood.  
I take off my cap and hang it on  
a jutting stone;  
A wind from the pine-tree trickles  
on my bare head."

Li T'ai-po: "In the Mountains  
on a Summer Day."

JAPAN

"When autumn comes, and the  
river-mists spread over the  
Heavenly Stream,  
I turn towards the river and long;  
and the nights of my longing  
are many..."

Yakamochi:  
"The River of Heaven."

RUSSIA

"So saddle my horse; and into  
the plentiful open  
With fluttering mane he will carry  
me flying, and under  
His body his glittering hoofs will  
ring like a tune  
Through the frozen valley, will  
crackle and crash on the ice—  
Till the brief day dies! And then  
the chimney, forgotten,  
Will waken again with fire—will  
pour sharp light  
Or dimly glow, while I sit reading  
long,  
And nourishing the long thoughts  
in my soul."

Alexander Pushkin: "Autumn."

POT POURRI

OF  
THOUGHT

COLUMBIA

"O grant me, Satan, a soul simple  
and complex  
Even as yours is. A soul happy  
in its torment.  
You are joyful—and I envy you  
your gay guffaws—  
When a tiger, for example, eats  
up a nightingale!"

Luis Carlos Lopez: "To Satan."

JAMAICA

"It one time chanced, I thought  
my lute was broken,  
it lay so deathly still,—  
And though I touched and prayed  
it for a token  
It answered not my will.  
"Some rift," I wept, "hath spoilt  
my only treasure;  
And nothing will recall th'  
accustomed sway!"  
It would not trill for me a single  
measure—  
I thought it dead for aye  
At length, one midnight while  
soft rains were falling  
On roof and window pane,  
I lay and listened to the night-  
wind calling  
And echoing back again.  
Back to my soul in that still hour,  
came rushing  
Dear long-lost chords in glorious  
endless train,  
And from the depths of its full  
pent-house gushing  
My lute sang out again!"

"Eternally, the human masses are  
eternal, individual—universal  
—infinite,  
In organic and dramatic multi-  
tude  
Close packed, constructed,  
summed up,  
Sovietically, in enormous soviet  
of voices.  
Man dies, never cutting the chain,  
The chain linked of fire and iron  
of economic determinism,  
Since time and the world are the  
same..."

Pablo de Rokha: "Elegy of All  
Ages."

FRANCE

"Singers who see, in tranced  
interludes,  
My splendour set with all superb  
design,  
Consume their days, in toilful  
ecstasy  
To these revealed, the starry  
amplitudes  
Of my great eyes which make  
all things divine  
Are crystal mirrors of eternity."

Charles Baudelaire: "La  
Beaute."

GERMANY

"...Oh, there arises now a solemn  
tide  
For those who live in dreams, the  
delicate  
Souls that to every subtle tone  
vibrate  
Which from God's harp rings  
forth and prophesies  
That he forever  
His busy hand in ancient music  
plies  
And will not end the song of His  
delight.  
Thus ends it never—  
Hark, what a tone of love passed  
through the night."

Gustav Falke: "God's Harp."

SCIENCE AND YOU

Science — Action Without Fear

By MAURICE GOLDSMITH,  
Unesco Science Editor

Because all peoples fear war,  
many people fear science. They  
see clearly how the scientist has  
contributed to the development  
of weapons of mass destruction.  
They do not see that it is not the  
scientist who makes wars, but  
that it is the society for which  
they themselves are share  
responsibility that compels the  
scientist to engage in the kind of  
applied science whose end-  
products are death and devas-  
tation.

The popular identification of  
science with progress, typical of  
the 19th Century, has gone. It is  
perhaps the fault of the educators  
that science has not been pre-  
sented as a vital part of human  
culture, but primarily as a tool to  
provide the comforts of modern  
civilisation.

We are surrounded by the  
apparatus of science in our every-  
day lives, but how many know  
what science is? Is science the  
lenses, the lighting apparatus, the  
acoustic design of the modern  
cinema? Is it the medicine we  
take when sick? Is it "a hap-  
azard collection of manufactur-  
ing techniques carried out by a  
race of laboratory dwellers with  
acid-yellow fingers and steel  
rimmed spectacles and no home  
life?" Is it "the jungle of valves  
and formulae and shining glass-  
ware" that we see in the  
laboratory?

The answer is "No". Over 60  
years ago, a British scientist, W.  
K. Clifford, gave a definition  
which is still valid. He wrote:  
"Remember, then, that scientific  
thought is the guide of action:  
that the truth which it arrives at  
is not that which we can ideally  
contemplate without error, but  
that which we may act upon  
without fear; and you cannot fall  
to see that scientific thought is  
not an accompaniment or condi-  
tion of human progress, but  
human progress itself."

It is this basic idea that another  
British scientist, Dr. J.  
Bronowski, has taken up and  
developed in "The Common  
Sense of Science", (published by  
William Heinemann, Ltd., London,  
1951).

He examines in detail the "three  
creative ideas which, each in its  
turn, have been central to  
science. They are the idea of  
order, the idea of cause, and the  
idea of chance." He points out

that none of these is peculiar to  
science, but have applications to  
it. They are commonsense ideas  
(that is, "generalisations which  
we all make from our daily lives,  
and which we go on using to help  
us run our lives.") However,  
commonsense has no recorded  
history, but science has — and in  
studying the history of science the  
growth of these ideas can be  
traced.

Science is a guide to human  
action. It is "an assembly of  
observations so ordered that they  
tell us what we may expect to  
observe in the future". Science is  
"not only rational; it is also  
empirical. Science is experiment,  
that is orderly and reasoned  
activity. The essence of all  
science is, that it is active. It  
does not watch the world, it  
tackles it."

This is true of all human  
activity. At each step we are  
required to choose between several  
alternatives open to us. Science  
is a characteristic activity of  
human life. What distinguishes  
it from other activities is that  
the scientist looks for laws, which  
are simply rules "by which we  
guide our conduct and try to  
ensure that it shall lead to a  
known future."

Dr. Bronowski insists that  
science is "the activity of learning  
by a whole society, even though  
that society may so divide its  
labours that it passes the  
responsibility for this activity to  
a few men. And the laws of  
science are those principles of  
prediction and adaptation to the  
future which apply to the whole  
society, and can be learnt by all  
its members in explicit form."

In fact, everything we are  
shows the influence of science.  
"Science has entered into the life  
and structure of society, so that  
the man who makes a living in a  
kitchen garden in Kent and the  
man who draws strips about  
blonde heroines in space-ships  
can be seen equally to owe their  
market to our technical society.  
And if the one is not allowed to  
employ boys of 10, and the other  
must spice his cartoons with glib  
and sexy tortures, that sensibility,  
good and bad, is largely the  
creation of science."

But a world pictured by science  
seems strange to our personal  
experience, because "as persons  
we will not find ourselves

analysing the world into cells and  
enzymes and mesons and genes  
and curved space." That is not  
the way in which we analyse our  
experience, and because of this  
misunderstandings arise between  
the layman and the scientist. It  
"has been one of the most  
destructive modern prejudices  
that art and science are different  
and somehow incompatible  
interests."

Science is "a process of creating  
new concepts which unify our  
understanding of the world".  
These concepts are "expressions  
of the relation of man and his  
societies to the universal nature.  
None is achieved without man's  
judgment of that order, what is  
like and what is unlike, what in  
it matters and what does not.  
Let us not forget this judgment  
even in the humblest law about  
ohms and volts and ampères, for  
it rests at bottom on a choice of  
something that man feels to bind  
him to his environment..."

"Einstein rounded out three  
centuries of the questioning of  
nature when he equated energy  
and mass in a single line,

E - MC<sup>2</sup>

"This is not the same unifica-  
tion of concepts as that for which  
Keats was searching when he  
closed the Ode on a Grecian Urn  
with the lines,

'Beauty is truth, truth beauty  
— that is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye  
need to know.'

"But the likeness is more im-  
portant than the difference. The  
likeness is more helpful in making  
us understand that the concepts  
of science are like the concepts of  
value, monuments to our sense of  
unity in nature."

Scientists deplore the debase-  
ment of their work and genius.  
Boerhave, a famous Dutch  
scientist, said over 200 years ago,  
that the art of war had been  
revolutionised by the invention of  
gunpowder. "God grant", he went  
on, "that mortal man may not be  
so ingenious at their own art, as  
to pervert a profitable science  
any longer to such horrible uses."

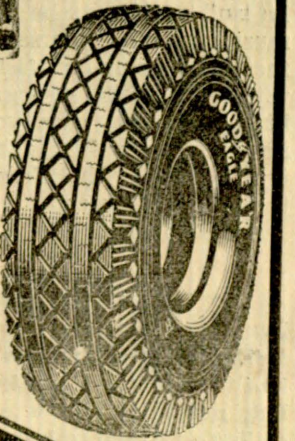
Or as Dr. L. H. Baekeland said  
to the American Chemical Society  
in 1915: "Do not reproach  
chemistry with the fact that  
nitrocellulose, of which the first  
application was to heal wounds  
and to advance the art of  
photography, was stolen away  
from these ultra-pacific purposes  
for making smokeless powder and  
for loading torpedoes. Do not  
curse the chemist when phenol,  
which revolutionised surgery,  
turned from a blessing to  
humanity into a fearful explosive

(Continued on page 18)

for extra miles...

safe miles!

FIT THE  
WORLD'S  
FIRST-CHOICE  
TYRES...



GOOD YEAR  
TIRES

# TALKING IT OVER

By ELIZABETH MARTIN

Dear Miss Martin,

I am a girl 19 years of age. There is a boy at my church who always looks at me very keenly. However, he never says hello, and I have never spoken to him. I am in love with him and he seems to like me too but I do not know his name or address. I would like to get acquainted with him but am afraid of my mother. Could you tell me one way I could get to know him better

"ANXIOUS".

Dear "Anxious",

If you were a boy it would be so much easier—all you would have to do is to make the advance—and be turned away or accepted. Being a girl I'll have to advise you differently.

Are you sure this boy likes you? He must be awfully shy or young not to have made an attempt to know you already. I wouldn't advise you to entertain any thought of love until you get to know him better.

If you have a friend who knows him get that friend to introduce you to him. Once you have met formally you can converse with him and if he still pleases you, the next time you have some evening-at-home, a picnic or outing, you can then invite him to come along. If he likes you at all he will grab at the chance.

After these meetings you will either like him better or find that he isn't as nice as he looks. You must prepare yourself for the fact that he might fall in love with you, while you grow less keen. In that case you should not encourage him further, but try to cease the friendship as tactfully as you can.

Best of luck to you.

E.M.

Dear Miss Martin:

Ever since my marriage I have had to stay home and keep house. I do not think this is exactly my calling as I used to be a very good secretary to a large firm and feel that I am getting nowhere staying home now. I have two children, aged four and two, and good maids who can look after everything at home with my supervision.

The trouble is that my husband thinks I should stay home. To tell the truth, I am very unhappy. Sometimes I feel I'll go crazy if I don't get out and do something.

Don't you think I should have some say in this matter I want to do what is right but at the

same time I want to be happy. Please advise me.

"UNHAPPY".

Dear "Unhappy":

An old fashioned woman would probably have advised you to stay at home and do as your husband says. I do not think it is wrong of you to want to go out again. On the other hand, I think it is selfish of your husband.

## LESSONS IN CHARM

NEW YEAR

On the eve of a new year a magic door swings open, and we enter the enchanted chamber of long, long ago, for we remember not only the departing year, but at least a decade of others.

How we browse about among the ghosts and shadows of our former selves! There is joy in perceiving our own development. There is fascination in comparing what we used to think with what we think today. There is sadness in realizing our mistakes, especially the big one of being unwilling to listen to the voices of experience that preceded us! There is poignant regret over dear, departed friends, and a very special thankfulness for dear ones who remain. We pray fervently for friends struggling with problems; we realise that with another precious year gone by, there is no time to be indifferent about anything. Over all our thoughts there sheds a lovely light from the reflection that life is worth living and that while the colours of life's mosaic fade somewhat, they grow more softly beautiful.

Oh, year ahead, being everyone a faithful and a contrite heart, and keep us remembering that above all life's changing circumstances shines the great Divine love, too strong and beautiful to be frustrated by man's sad cynicism and short-sightedness.

Agnes McCall Parker.

Copyright.

Make the suggestion that he gives you a trial of say three months at it. If things are not running smoothly at home, the children are not being looked after properly, and on the whole your absence makes a big difference, then you owe it to him to give up your job.

You will have to work out and at the same time fulfil all your duties as a wife. Women whose

husbands are agreeable to their working out do not have this problem as the men are prepared to overlook many things.

If after the first three months everything is running smoothly I am sure he will come to see it from your point of view and everyone will be happy.

I hope everything works out all right for you.

E.M.

Dear Miss Martin:

I get annoyed with my husband often. You see, I am the sentimental type, who believes in birthdays, anniversaries and such. He doesn't and I sometimes wonder if he can still love me and yet forget to give me presents on these occasions. What can I do about him

ANNOYED

Dear "Annoyed":

I am afraid there is nothing you can do about him. If he's that way he's just that way. A young boy in love with no worry or responsibilities can afford to be sentimental. With a married man it is different.

Your husband is probably good in most every other way so if I were you I wouldn't worry about his not loving you just because he doesn't remember to give you presents. I know many men like

that so you have some consolation there.

Maybe he thinks he has to get you something expensive or nothing at all. Let him know that you'll appreciate even a hanky or a dozen roses. It is so nice when one receives flowers, but I don't suppose men are aware of that.

Whatever you do don't nag him or let him feel that he is different from other men—for in fact, he isn't.

E.M.

Religion is the best armour a man can have, but it is the worst cloak.

—John Bunyan.

You cannot demonstrate an emotion or prove an aspiration.

—John Morley.

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## THE PAGODA

### IN PARENTHESIS

A bustle is a deceitful little seaful.

In Manchester, England, a survey conducted by a hatters' association showed that it takes a man five to ten minutes to buy a hat if he shops by himself, 30 to 40 minutes if accompanied by his wife

—TIME.

The young schoolteacher had just finished telling a small boy the story of a lamb that had strayed from the flock and been eaten by a wolf.

"You see," she said, "had the lamb been obedient and stayed in the flock, it would not have been eaten by the wolf, would it?"

"No ma'am," answered the small boy. "It would have been eaten by us."

The average man would be satisfied if he had the income his wife hopes the neighbours think he has.

"I lie here sad and lonely,  
"But what's the good of pining?  
"The car was nicely polished  
"But the brakes were without lining."

"I believe opposites attract."  
"Yes; that's why I'm looking for a girl with money."

"I'm losing flesh every day."  
"Why don't you get some new razor blades."

In a school in one of the poorer districts of a big city, a questionnaire was sent home with a new pupil, requesting information regarding the home environment, number of brothers and sisters, father's occupation, and so on.

The next day the child returned with a scrap of paper on which was the following: "We have 18 children, my husband can also do plumbing and carpentry work"

Overheard: "But, my dear, she was scarcely out of the wedding dress before she was in the divorce suit."

A new plastic saxophone costs only half as much as the brass sort. But it's not the cost, it's the everlasting burp beep.

"He is as much in love with her as if they weren't married."

observes a visitor of a bride and bridegroom

One way of gaining a reputation for truthfulness is not being able to think quickly enough.

A London vicar has refused to marry a divorced actress. Understandable, if he's already married

In one part of California, eleven earthquake shocks were felt in three days. Housewives peevishly abandoned their efforts to get jellies to set.

"Do you believe opposites attract?"

"Of course, you dear dumb-bell."

"Why do they call a girl's lover her suitor?"

"Don't know. Why?"

"Because he never does."

If each cigarette shortens life by three minutes, some of us have been dead a long time.

Nervousness is the price you pay for acting the racehorse while being a cow

Judge: The two men were fighting with chairs. Didn't you try to establish peace?

Witness: No, there wasn't a third chair.

Some of our women grow old before their time trying to look young after their time.

"I have an idea"  
"Be good to it. It's in a strange place."

"I just bumped my crazy bone."

"Well, comb your hair right, and the bump won't show on you!"

"I made a terrible mistake this morning. I gave my husband soap flakes instead of corn flakes."

"Was he mad?"  
"When I left, he was just foaming at the mouth."

"Doctors cannot abandon patients or refuse to see them." But none so deaf as those that won't hear a telephone at night

No, I wouldn't say all those war pictures are the same. Sometimes John Wayne gets killed, and sometimes Humphrey Bogart lets James Stewart win one.

Women forgive their enemies—it is their friends who have a bad time.

When friends meet . . .

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# SPORTS PARADE

By GEORGE BECKFORD

**THIS** New Year of Grace—1952—opened, or I should say unfolded itself, with the brightness and beauty of a rose, a fact that even the love-lidded revellers at the New Year's Eve dance at 51 Half Way Tree Road could support. The dance was financially and socially successful. I understand that something in the neighbourhood of £250 was put into Treasurer Hubert Chen's tills in addition to £600 gained at the autumnal Garden Party. With this sum of nearly £1,000 the committee will meet sometime this weekend to decide what shape the new pavilion will take over the prostrate ruins of the stand at Deanery Road.

The rebuilding of a club at the moment gives an air of importance as much as the earliest structures which arose after the great Deluge of the Old Testament. There are very few club houses ready to house members and spectators for the approaching cricket season which promises to be bigger through the entry of several new teams. C.A.C., therefore, has a fine lead over sister clubs because most have not bestirred themselves into securing funds or looking over the architects' blue prints.

## FOOTBALL FALLEN

**F**OOTBALLERS have been on the most active services during the holiday season. C.A.C. Juniors, despite continuous defeats, can receive their citations for bravery at the end of the season. Captain Jackie Lyew says there is nothing the team can do to produce even a miraculous victory, but they would not surrender points. That is the spirit of sport. A side which can take its licking today and tomorrow and the next day, will be triumphant when it realises the material which propels their opponents. Specially mentioned in despatches are Donald Chen at centre half and Ali Lyn at inside right.

The standard of football has fallen among the Chinese, even those who play for contemporary clubs, for in times past at least one face would be seen in an all Jamaica team. Nowadays, it would appear as if the players are too scared of getting hurt, or cannot afford the energy to put that extra zeal which borders on excellence. Munro College exhibited a fine right winger when they beat Kingston College in the City final for the Olivier Shield last November, and it is hoped

that he doesn't put away his boots after schooldays.

The low standard of current football is not a malady of the Chinese alone, it is a contagion which has affected all the clubs and the national side. On three of four days after Christmas Day, Jamaica showed up its waning colours in an International tournament against Haiti and barely saved their laurels in the last match in which they nosed out the speedy, fit, bustling, animated visitors 2-1. The other scores were in the previous games, Dec. 26—Jamaica 2, Haiti 2, Dec. 27: Haiti 1, Jamaica 0. These matches were played at Sabina Park.

The local selectors could not understand what had dimmed their stars in the second match and dropped four luminaries—Coy, Alcock, Beek and Greene in the final game letting in Williams, Miret, Beckford and Josephs smaller players in stature and acclaim but they turned the tables for us. Cooper was outstanding in goal, Smith, Lergie and Beek on the half line and Tappin the atomic force on the forward during the various stages of the tournament. The Haitians gave blackboard lessons on team formation, dribbling and cohesion. Goal keeper Laccossade, right half Yvon Dorcean and wingers right to left Jacques and Vieux were the top stars for the Haitians

## CRICKET FALL DOWN UNDER

**A**NOTHER event of International importance was the West Indies loss of the fourth Test by a mere wicket and run to Australia. By now the world of cricket, even the remotest parts where the tomtom still relays reports, must have heard and regretted the defeat as the game had seemed safe in these Indies' hands. Worrell recovered from a long string of failures to hit 108 and 30, Gomez had scores of 54 and 33, Christiani 37 and 33, while Valentine speared the bowling attack with 6 for 138 in both innings. Although Hasset made a defiant century—102 the Aussies given 260 for victory on the last innings and with their last pair batting with 38 required, ought not to have won so swashbucklingly if pace bowlers Worrell, Gomez and even the captain himself, Goddard, had come on at that exciting stage. Anyway, congratulations to the Aussies for winning three of four Tests and we hope the Westies will clinch the last game.

Basketball will be the next game on the sportsfield. Chun San, Senior League champions, began practising this week. Skipper Chin Loy says that they have got to be on their toes in spite of being champions. Community, the team that can take it, are placing two teams in the field for the Senior and Junior Knockouts which are coming up this month.

(Continued on page 18)

# HE LOVES A WIDOW

(Continued from page 5)

"All because I don't have money", and thinking of money, a great rage flared up in her.

Lately, her son had been giving her less and less money and angrily she muttered to herself: "Heng! I shan't be taking any money into the coffin with me and all the money I save will be his. But I won't stand by and see him squander all his hard-earned money on that widow. Yes, I must squeeze every possible penny from him. If I let them carry on like that soon I'll be so poor that I'll have to beg for my food! Yes, I must try and squeeze money from him! . . ."

And she came to a bold decision. She reached a hand inside her garments and withdrew from a pocket lying next to her skin, a roll of bank notes still warm with the heat of her body. This she counted over very carefully, and opening her wooden chest, she hid it in the very bottom, beneath a neat pile of clothes. This done, she went out to have a little walk.

**S**HE walked to the front yard of a farmer's home. There, four women in shabby clothes were sitting and chatting. They all rose from their seats when they saw her approach. The one carrying a sleeping baby in her arms greeted smilingly: "Old lady Li, have you had your supper?"

"Not yet", inwardly, she was tremendously pleased with the respect the women showed her, and smiling condescendingly, she said: "My young master has not yet returned from his office!" she deliberately stressed the word "office" and received her calculated effect, for the four women immediately became even more obsequious.

"I say, old lady Li, you are specially blessed by Heaven to have borne such an able young master", one woman said enviously.

"Yes, they earn good money working in the office," said another.

The old woman instantly felt elated. Looking at the women around her, she could easily see what a high and noble position she occupied in their eyes.

Suddenly one woman raised an arm and pointing at the road, exclaimed:

"Look, that must be your young master coming home!"

"And there is a woman with him!"

But the old woman did not hear the second sentence. She was too busy shading her eyes with her cupped right hand, peering happily into the distance. And sure enough, the tall and graceful figure of her son, clad in grey coloured, neat, western clothes, emerged from the foliage of the distant wood. Unfortunately, another figure also emerged from the woods. It was that of the widow, who was clad in a black-coloured dress. Between them walked the child, wearing a bright red knitted sweater. Instantly, her joy deflated like a pricked balloon.

**H**ANCHANG and Yuhuai, with Pingerh between them, walked very slowly along the foot-path

in the woods, their footsteps making soft crunching sounds as they fell on the carpet of dry leaves. The western sky was covered by a grey and white blanket of fish-scale clouds with streaks of gorgeous red and delicate pink splashed across it. A flock of home-coming crows, squawking noisily, filled the sky overhead with innumerable black dots, just as if some one had strewn a handful of black sesame seeds across a blue plate. The frogs were busy serenading. A gold-speckled insect, spreading wide its tiny wings, and making a faint humming sound, circled aimlessly in the space. Perceiving it, Pingerh uttered a delighted cry, and jumping up, he caught the insect in one of his plump little hands and settled down to amuse himself with his new friend.

Yuhuai stopped walking and leaned against a tree trunk, and raising her face to look at the western sky, she sighed:

"How beautiful this is!"

And looking at the profile of her up-tilted face, her bright eyes, her lacquer black hair, Hanchang found her as lovely as the nymph-of-the-woods whom he had seen portrayed in western oil paintings. He remembered the glint of envy which shone in the eyes of his colleagues when they asked him about his sweetheart, and a great pride swelled up in his chest. Indeed, a woman like Yuhuai was hard to find. She was not only good looking but she also possessed a good mind. Some of the articles she wrote had even been published in magazines. Being associated with her seemed to have elevated his own position.

**T**HE noisy croaking of the frogs jolted him out of his reverie. He stole another glance at that beautiful profile and his heart thumped violently. Timidly, he reached out a hand to touch that bare white, round arm. And was almost wild with happiness when Yuhuai did not shirk away from him as he half feared she would. He could hear his blood beating against his temples in thunderous throbs, and feel his cheeks flushing red hot like those of a bashful country lad.

"This must be love! I must have fallen in love!" thought he and he turned back to peep behind him. He hoped that nobody had seen him touch her arm.

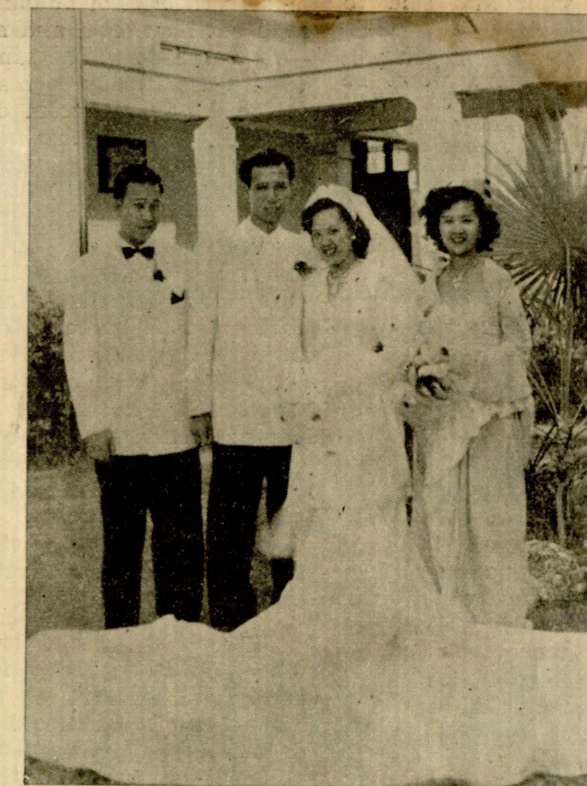
Nervously, he pulled a handful of leaves from an overhanging branch, and crushed them in his fists. With a sudden spurt of courage, he blurted out: "Yuhuai... the other day in the park, you said that you do not want to... to marry again. I... I still... don't understand..."

Yuhuai looked up at him and said calmly:

"It's because I've been married before and I know that a woman loses all her freedom when she marries."

"Not when the man also loves freedom", retorted Hanchang.

Yuhuai laughed gaily and said: "You're not a woman, and you have never been married before". But when she saw the hurt look on Hanchang's face, she felt her heart going out to him. Her



**FLORENCE WONG-GICK MAR NUPTIALS**  
From left to right—Mr. Gimmie Yee, Mr. and Mrs. Gick Mar, Miss Doris Wong.  
—Photo by Fotofair.

voice softened and clutching his hand tightly, she said:

"Don't feel hurt. I know you are not that sort of a man".

She released his hand and thought within herself: "I do like him a lot. He is young, handsome and warm-hearted. But his mother! What a shrew the woman is! If I marry him, I don't be his wife, but I'll be a slave as his mother's daughter-in-law!"

"Aiya! Aiya" shrieked a voice, breaking the temporary silence. Startled, both Hanchang and Yuhuai turned round and saw the old woman waddling toward them on her unsteady feet, padding her arms back and forth in the air to help maintain her balance. Her face was red with the effort of walking too rapidly, and her breath came in short gasps:

"You young people are always like that, dilly-dallying on your way. I have already cooked the supper and have been waiting for you to come home and eat it with an empty belly. I've been calling you for at least five minutes, and I don't know where your ears have gone!"

Sensing the brewing storm, Yuhuai hastily smiled and said: "Aunt Li, I am planning to move..."

But the old woman had not come to hear what Yuhuai had to say, she turned toward Hanchang and said:

"When you told me that you would be busy in the afternoon, I know that you would be visiting Yuhuai."

"Yes, Ma," said Hanchang sheepishly. He too hastened to appease his mother and with deliberate gaiety, he added:

"Mother, you know what! Yuhuai plans to move here and live in this village. They will be our neighbours, and you never feel lonesome any more. We'll go and find a place for them so that they can move her tomorrow!"

Move here! and tomorrow! The old woman was thunderstruck. So the widow was not yet satisfied with the grip she already had on her son but must pursue him right to his home! She was all the more furious because she knew she could not prohibit her from living in this village. Then it occurred to her that it would not be totally disadvantageous if the widow moved to live in this village. She could then watch her every move. As it was, she did not know what they were up to throughout the long days when they were away from her. So thinking, she parted her lips into

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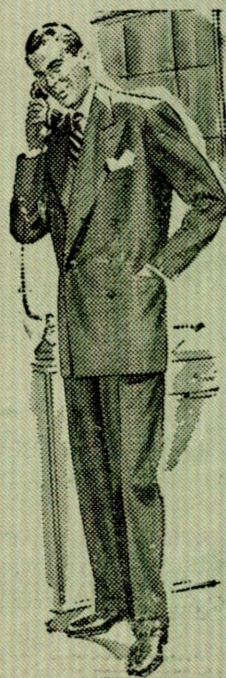
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**NOTICE**

As customary and in accordance with the regulations of the Chinese Benevolent Association Limited, applications are hereby invited for the post of English Secretary to the Association for the year 1952.

Applications must reach this office not later than 22nd. January, 1952.

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an artificial smile and said to Yuhuai:

"It will be so nice if you will move here. Indeed, I won't be lonesome anymore. I can visit you every day. I know there is a vacant room in house 50. I'll go with you and make the arrangements with the landlady so that you won't be cheated." (To be continued)

SPORTS PARADE

(Continued from page 16)

ET ceteras... Lucien Chin (the brawny) who reached the quarter finals of the All Jamaica three years ago by ousting Viv Days only to be stopped by Lester Kirkaldy, says he wants to return to the lawns and courts this year if his knee which was injured at football will allow him. Lucien hit 112 not out for Chinese against Kingston Police in a Junior Cup match last year. The Cops could not apprehend his blazing shots.

Physical culturists are wondering what has happened to the Body Beautiful Contest which was sponsored and promoted by Insurance sales-ace Lucien Chen the smaller. Horace Lyn the champ is now studying in England. Aspiring competitors may get their muscles and bodies anatomies in shape at the Cathay Club where weights have already been anchored. Community Store, C.A.C. vice and voice president Horace Chang's commercial stronghold on King Street, have built up a fine sports goods department. This week I dropped in to be confronted by the newest bladed bats, chief of which is the Denis Compton, whose autograph passed from Wisden to the Gradidge manufacturers...balls hand sewn from Pakistan...footballs, football boots and even boxing gloves are on the shelves for amateurs who wish to try their strength or start a quarrel, or punch their way into the professional limelight. C.A.C. members should look in sometime and as the local proverb runs: "one hand washes the other", I would suggest that Pagoda's readers and their friends attend the JSPCA Annual Gymkhana at Knutsford Park also to patronise the raffle of £100 by 1/- tickets. After all it's for a good cause!

CATHAY CLUB ACTIVITIES

Cathay Club will hold Canasta and Bingo Nights for the next two Fridays coming. All Canasta and Bingo fans are cordially welcome. Games will start at 6.30 p.m. and at the end of each session radiophone music will be offered for those who wish to dance. On Saturday next the Club will offer its first dance of the year with an Informal Get-Together dance. Subscription will be 3/- per person.

On Saturday, January 26, the Chinese Students' Association will hold their usual barn dance. Plaid shirts, khaki, jeans and pedal pushers should make it a very colourful affair. Supplying the music will be nothing less than — The Chinese Cathayans. Sounds like fun.

"HOW CLEVER THEY ARE"

(Continued from page 10)

For example, both the thin reed but in central Africa and the thick-walled country house in Andorra, are designed to withstand the intense heat of the summer. The houses with thatched roofs found in many parts of the world preceded

modern theories of building. They keep out heat, cold and moisture —yet ventilate at the same time. (A site has already been set aside for model houses from different cultures. The museum is anxious to receive any possible aid, material or information). In the words of Dr. Inverarity, "...differences between people do not really exist...on the level of folk culture, much is the same. The basic needs of human life are the common denominators between all people. Whether it is a question of grass skirts from one side of the world, or leather aprons from the other, basically the same function as served and the real difference is the requirements of the local environment and the materials available to satisfy them".

The wealth of knowledge and "know-how", which is found in its special form in all societies, will—if the International Museum of Folk Art has its way—be pooled and made available to the whole world. This will multiply by many times the old adage, "Where one contributes, at least two gain". (UNESCO).

PERSONALIA

(Continued from page 6)

girl of Hampton and received her Bachelor's degree from Smith College last Summer.

CATHAY CLUB ACTIVITIES

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Keep Fit Classes are also being held at the Cathay Club every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 5 p.m. There are classes for both Men and Ladies. Mrs. Caphtor Ho Yen is in charge of the Ladies' division and Mr. Headley Hosang directs the Men's

section. All interested are invited to phone Mrs. Hosang at the Music Mart — 5933.

The Cathay Club will soon be able to offer a luncheon and dinner service to members and their friends. Chinese food will be the speciality. Luncheon patrons will find parking facilities in a lot directly opposite.

The telephone number of the Cathay Club is 2725.

THE SCOUT CORNER

Our new S/M James Chuck and A.S./M. Albert Lyn have started off the Troop on a serious programme of Scoutwork for the New Year and in preparation for the following Caribbean Jamboree in March. We have now begun work dealing with our badges. Plans are already afoot to put on a Camp-Fire-Concert this February.

In view of Trinidad bringing a steel band to the Jamboree and Br. Guiana a folk dance, it is our intention to put on a Chinese Dragon Dance at the Jamboree, if the respective proprietary and governing body will loan us the necessary costumes.

According to information, the Chinese Students Association is putting on a Barn Dance on Saturday the 26th inst. at the Cathay Cafe, upstairs Wong Chew Onn, Princess Street. Part of the proceeds will be going towards our Jamboree Fund. We hope you will all be there to join in the Festival Fun.

ECHO, Troop Scribe.

LIFE'S LESSON

Give me the strength to go through my task. This is my prayer. This is all that I ask. Not to be spared from the strain and the stress—but to be able to do with success—the jobs that I'm given, and never to fail; never to grumble, to flag or bewail.

Not to be given an easier part —But to be given the will and the heart—to tackle my problems with their usual barn dance. Plaid shirts, khaki, jeans and pedal pushers should make it a very colourful affair. Supplying the music will be nothing less than — The Chinese Cathayans. Sounds like fun.

Thus may I welcome the jolts and the jars—keeping my eyes on the light of the stars...Conquering Self in my deeds and my speech—Learning the lessons that Life has to teach.

—Patience Strong.

ACTION WITHOUT FEAR

(Continued from page 13)

when it had been discovered that nitration changes it into picric acid."

We do not need to fear a science which seeks to understand the knowable universe through constructive logical thought. We need so to organise our behaviour, rationally and internationally, that we shall not attempt again to chain Prometheus for giving us the great gift of fire.

(UNESCO).

A man who cannot tolerate small ills can never accomplish great things. —Lin Yutang.

None but myself ever did me any harm. —Napoleon.

CATHAY CLUB BULLETIN BOARD

January, 1952

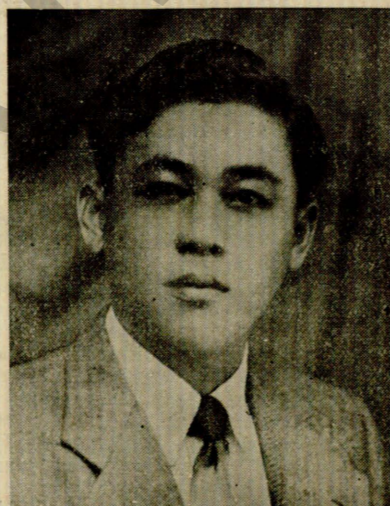
Friday, 18th. CANASTA NIGHT —6:30 o'clock Dancing to Radiophone music from 9.30 to 10.30 p.m.

Saturday, 19th. NEW YEAR Get-Together Dancing to the music of the Cathayans.

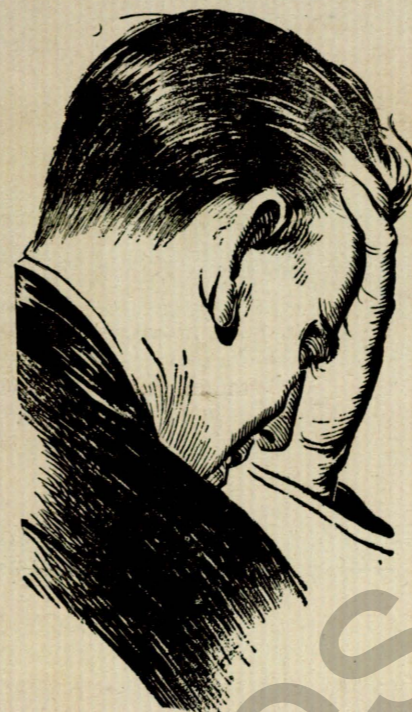
Friday, 25th. BINGO NIGHT —6:30 o'clock. Dancing to Radiophone music from 9.30 to 10.30 p.m.

Saturday, 26th. CHINESE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION DANCE.

On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday of each week Keep Fit Classes for ladies and men are held under the direction of Mrs. Caphtor Ho Yen and Mr. Headley Hosang.



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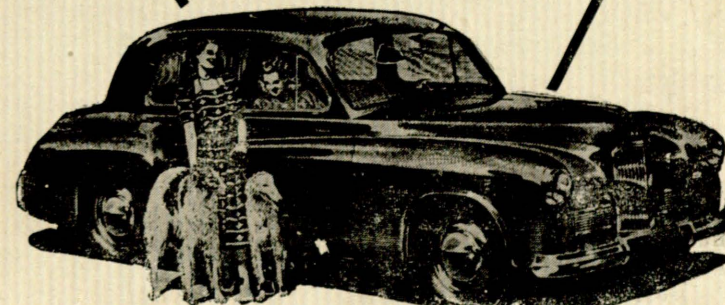
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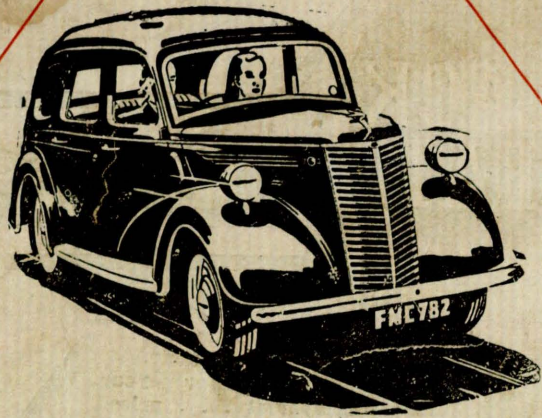
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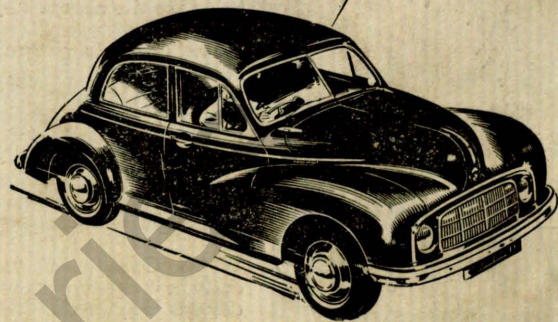
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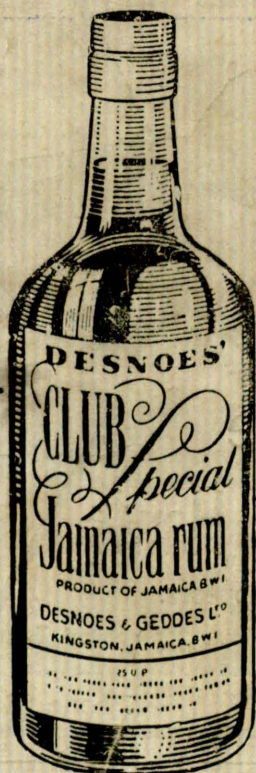
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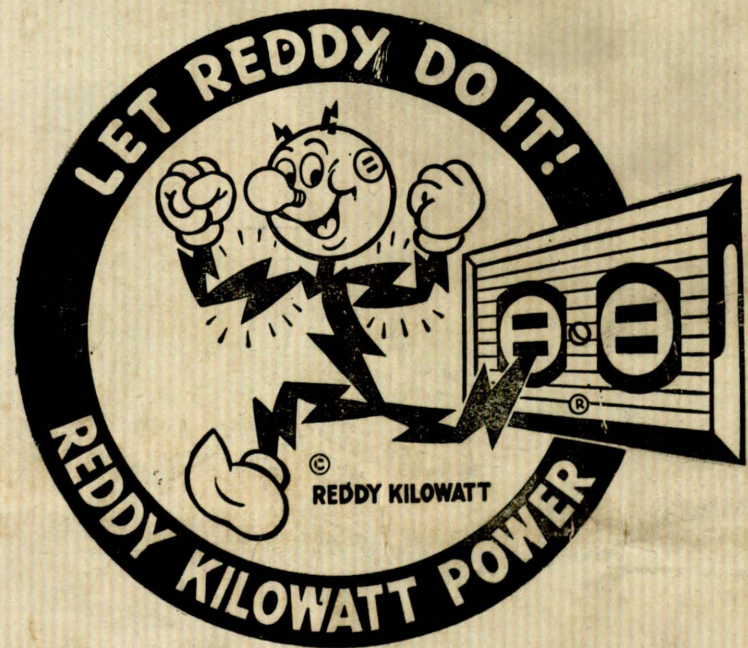
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