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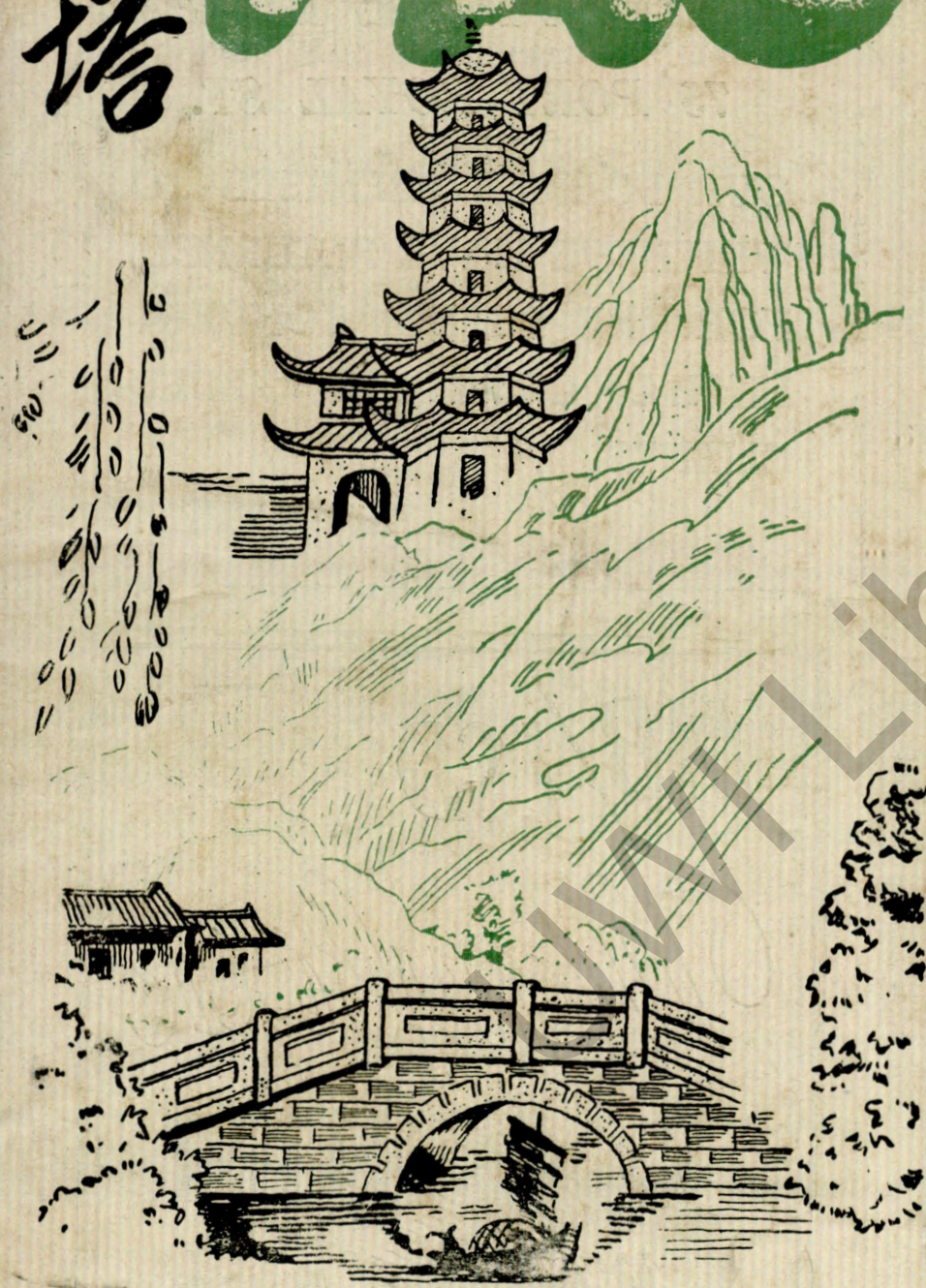
The

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PAGODA

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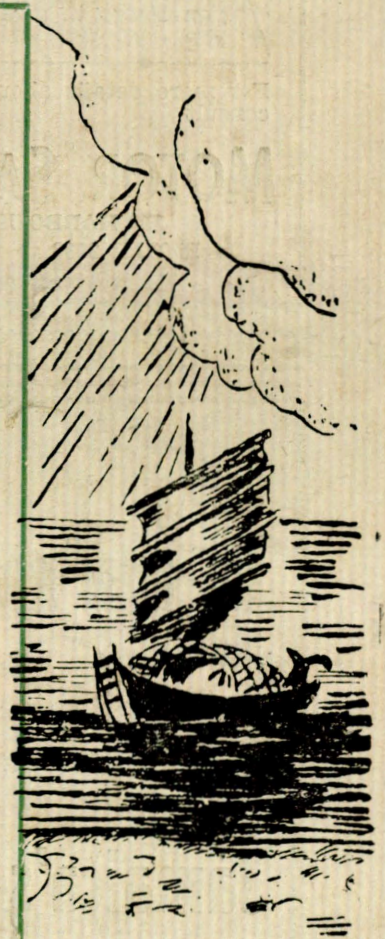
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Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I.

Saturday, March 22, 1952.



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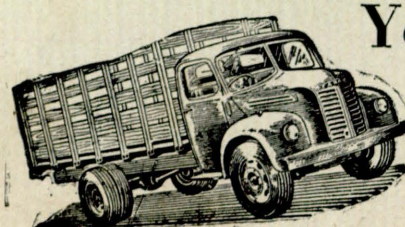
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THE CHANGES OF WEATHER

By PIONEER

From South China Morning Post, Hongkong

THE Chinese manage their weather exceptionally well. In the Welfare State, there is nothing left to laugh at, but the Meteorologist, as the puerilities of the Socialist planners are beyond a joke for those who are left to pay for their inanities.

A Frenchman said that England had no climate, but only samples, and there is a good deal of truth in his assertion.

China, by and large, is governed by a table so simple that every unlettered cultivator knows what to expect, and when.

In England, one may experience a temperature of 61 degrees on the 10th January, and 6 below Fahrenheit zero on the 23rd, as happened in 1947.

The Englishman simply will not admit what Byron recognised, that his winter ended on 31st July, and began on 1st August.

Government offices regulate their heating by a fixed day in the calendar and, after or before that is marked off, its clerks may die of pneumonia, but they may not put a match to the fire.

THE only fairly constant recurrences of a certain kind of weather in the United Kingdom are those noted about a century and a half ago by a Scotsman called Buchan, who did not profess to have discovered a universal law, but asserted that they occurred regularly in his district.

There are five cold, and three warm periods and, looking back through diaries extending over twenty years, the cold periods at any rate, work out with remarkable accuracy. The most dangerous one for the crops is that falling between the 9th and 14th May when there is always a sharp frost. If the apple blossom is set no harm is done, but otherwise it means a total loss of the fruit.

Another cold spell occurs on the 6th August and, if the Monday Bank Holiday falls late it may be ruined. Curiously enough this in China is the first day of autumn, and the great heat of the Dog Days is always ameliorated in the North by a cool breeze, after which there is no recurrence of the stifling weather.

IN China, Midsummer Day (the Fifth Season) really falls at midsummer and, not as in England two days after its official beginning.

Spring starts on 6th February, and not on 21st March.

On that day, the Great Cold ceases with the same suddenness as the Great Heat with the first day of autumn. Although the Chinese regulate their business and Religious Festivals by the Lunar calendar, all agricultural operations are governed by the solar year.

This is divided into twenty four fortnightly periods of fifteen days each. These are continued from year to year, irrespective of lunar intercalations, and are known as the joints and breaths of the year. They correspond to the days on which the sun enters the first and fifteenth degrees of each zodiacal sign.

The first of the joints falls between the 4th and 6th February but their dates are only approximate in our calendar, owing to their covering only the 360 degrees of the zodiac, whilst the true solar term is 365½, and this makes them vary a day earlier or later according to our reckoning.

THE changes of weather at these periods are so abrupt that the foreigner is often taken by surprise, but the Chinese are invariably prepared for the eventuality.

On a warm morning about the 23rd November, the Boy will come in and start papering up the windows, and blocking every cranny in spite of remonstrances. He will proffer the excuse "All Right. Be cold tonight!" and it is not an understatement, for the temperature will have dropped twenty degrees. The Races in Peking used to take place at the end of April, and the last week in October.

At the Spring Meeting the ladies would be wearing English summer clothes on the first day, and cotton frocks on the second, whilst at the Autumn Races the cold would often descend during the lunch interval, and send the improvident scuttling home for overcoats.

UNLIKE the English climate, once the change takes place there is no reversion to the weather, or temperatures of the preceding period, though the latter may be modified by changes of wind. Sensitive people, both foreign and Chinese suffer from headaches, and increased blood pressure at very "divisional term," and Chinese physicians, both in the north and south recognise the fact so well that they prescribe special tonics for old people at these seasons.

The farmers all over the country implicitly rely on the table of changes for their sowing, and reaping.

Hongkong, possibly from its British association, is probably one of the exceptions which proves the rule, for its hilly nature and proximity to the sea appears to attract more cloud and fog than the rest of the coast. There may be bright sunshine at Pokfulam, whilst the Lyeemun Pass is obscured in dark mist with about a thousand feet of cumulus cloud above it.

(Continued on Page 8)

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The First Caribbean Jamboree

A Review Of An Important Event In Scouting

By S. H. C.

The first Caribbean Jamboree is the realisation of a many-year-old dream. Many years ago someone thought of it, and for practical reasons, the planning had to be abandoned. Today, with the shutters rolled down on it, we look back upon a masterpiece of co-operation and achievement, which everybody will recall as the First Caribbean Jamboree, and many will remember by its theme, The Jamboree of Unity.

Whatever the obstacles had been which brought about the cancellation of the first idea of a Jamboree in Jamaica, it would take some thinking to imagine one which would surmount the effects of the August Hurricane, of last year. Yet, His Excellency himself instilled in us more than a little bit of his own confidence when he insisted that the show must go on. And how great a success was that show, is now a matter for the records. Everybody seemed to have co-operated in the grand venture; Parents, friends, leaders, and the result was some fifteen hundred boys under canvas at Briggs Park. About half that number came from Jamaica, and the remainder carried the colours of some twelve different countries of the Caribbean long with the Maple Leaf of Canada and the Union Jack of the British contingent.

And the reason for all this: If you care to look, it is all in Baden Powell's Scouting for Boys. "From the boys' point of view, Scouting puts them into fraternity gangs, which is their natural organisation, whether for games, mischief, or loafing; it gives them a smart dress and equipment; it appeals to their imagination and romance; and it engages them in active, open-air life."

And the late Chief-Founder of the movement tells us in his text book, how all this is done: "The principle on which scouting works is that the boys' ideas are studied, and he is encouraged to educate himself, instead of being instructed."

It works too!

From the very beginning the law of the Camp was the Scout Law, which many of us remember from the jungle:

"Trusty, Loyal, Helpful,

Brotherly, Courteous, Kind, Obedient, Smiling and Thrifty,

Pure in Heart and Mind."

And the system which was employed to produce the public-acclaimed effect, was the patrol system. And the results of this venture stands a glowing tribute to the Worldwide Organisation of the Boy Scouts, which has cast its magic spell on the lives of boys all over the world, of every colour, class and creed.

And as I write, I can see still, the flickering of the many wonderful campfires that we had. I can still hear ringing in my ears, the songs in French of the Haitians, the "Cielito Lindo" in the Spanish of the Cuban Contingent, the unusual, pleasant accent of our brothers from the Caymans, the guttural Dutch of the boys from Curacao, the Papamentian of the contingent from Aruba, and the more familiar accents of the Scouts from Canada, and the U.S.A. and the United Kingdom, who were brought here by no less a personage than Mr. P. B. Neville, Headquarters Commissioner. As we thrilled to the songs of many nations, and as we applauded the amusing 'turns' which were presented at Campfires and in the arena, we could not help recalling the title of Ralph Reader's Book — "Oh, Scouting is a Boy" — how very true. And by the way, for the records, Ralph was the old Scout who wrote and produced the popular Play — "The Boy Scout", which over and over again packed the Albert Hall.

There were many lessons learnt at this Jamboree, but I think that none went deeper in, than that of Brotherhood. Language was no barrier to the fifteen hundred who spoke the common language of Scouting. From the very beginning "A Scout is a friend to all and a brother to every other Scout no matter to what Country, Class or Creed the other may belong", was a proven fact, as we saw the scouts of different countries helping each other to set up camp, and the dusky boys from the tropics bedding down that first night with the fair haired sons of the North.

But who can forget the thrill of the opening day as the entire encampment marched past the Governor of Jamaica, who took the salute in the Arena alongside Mr. Leslie Mordecai the Camp Chief, and the Island Commissioner, and the Camp Chief's as-

sistants Hurley Whitehorne and Capt. Laurie Sharp — or the thrill of the firm hand clasp of Lord Rowallan, Chief Scout of the world as he visited every sub-Camp.

As we watched the smoothly geared organisation of the Jamboree moving along, we could not help but wonder at the amount of planning and organising that must have eaten up the precious minutes of the year during which it was being worked out. There was everything there. The entire Jamboree site was a complete city in itself. In the market place which on Display afternoons was open to the public, we had our own Post Office, our own Bank, Scout Shop, "Nathan's" Store, Kelly's Store, Dairy Farmers' milk bar, Nestle's Milk Condensery Display and Chocolate counter, and the Handicrafts tent. We had our own Camp Police, our own Fire Station, our own newspaper office, our Lost and Found department, our most essential Quartermaster Stores, Hospital and First Aid centre.

But if I am asked what I remember best about this Jamboree, I have to admit that that is its theme: The Jamboree of Unity, and in my mind I see again the scouts from the countries, North, South, East and West of Jamaica, bringing their Jamboree lamps to be lit from the large flame of Unity carried by our own Jamaican King Scout. And as the four new flames pring up, an answering warmth seems to spring up in our hearts, and in our hearts there comes too, the muted strains of the Jamboree song, written by Secretary Tommy Gunter:

"When we camp, camp, camp to the song of the breeze,
Then we'll camp, camp, camp, at this great Jamboree,
For we know, know, know it's a grand Brotherhood,
To be Marching in, Unity..."

And I can hear the boys of the overseas contingents singing the English words with a dozen, different, enchanting accents.

May you, contingent leaders who received each a commemorative "Lamp of Unity" remember active "Lamp of Unity" remember keep in your hearts as we will for you a warm place, where we may always be welcome.

RESEARCH ON BHAGAVAD GITA

Ten Indian scholars are beginning a 10-year study of the mystery and symbolism of the Sanskrit philosophical poem, Bhagavad Gita. The metre of its verses and the origins of its

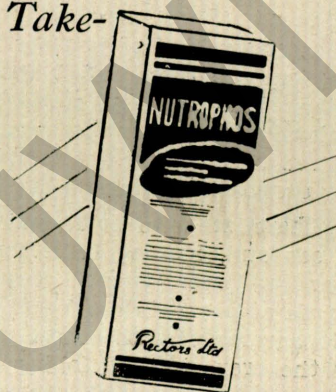
philosophy and metaphysics have provoked researchers for hundreds of years. The work of the ten experts will include visits to numerous countries and the translations of several hundred European and Oriental manuscripts into Hindi.

A religious trust in Delhi has provided the means for this research, permitting the scholars to seek answers to many controversial questions about the date of the Gita and its message; whether Lord Krishna and Arjuna were real persons and how far the Mahabharata was an historical fact. According to some authorities, among them Sri Aurobindo, such events as the battle of Kurukshetra actually took place and Krishna and others were historical characters. Mahatma Gandhi, however, interpreted the Mahabharata as a symbolic battle representing conflict between the good and evil forces in man.

interpreted the Mahabharata as a symbolic battle representing conflict between the good and evil forces in man.

A new translation of the Gita into English, with commentary, by Sir Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan was published last year in London. — (UNESCO).

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MOVEMENTS OF NOTE

By I. C. Evre "Ting"

LAST Sunday the Palisadoes was the popular sea bathing spot for the family outing. If you were out there you would have seen no less than half a dozen large groups scattered along the long length of the road to the airport and beyond. It was the first sign of Spring and everyone just felt the urge to go sea-bathing. For the children a better spot could not be found. With a lot of soft drinks, and things to eat there was all the excitement of a picnic. A word of caution, however, should be given to the bathers regarding broken bottles thrown in the water by thoughtless fishermen. Explore carefully the area where the children will play. It would be safer still if everyone wore an old pair of rubber shoes for what protection it can give.

KEEP Fit classes are going strong what with the number increasing daily and attendance regular. One of them, a mother of many, after two weeks of it says that she is just beginning to live. Housework is no longer a chore and the dull, listless feeling she used to have in the days is gone. Husbands, who work in the office all day, do not realise that wives and mothers can be just as tired if not more so with the endless task of housework. After the exercises they are walking on air and that is what gives them poise and grace. Our girls, as one of our well-known footballer remarked, could do with a lot of exercise in any form.

THE Cathay Club is just the place to sit and chat after a meal. A few not only find it pleasant

but also profitable. Some of our insurance folks spend an hour or so for lunch there and it is not unusual for one of them to end it up by selling a policy. Said one, "It's easy to talk insurance here."

IT is not often that our businessmen find it necessary to pick up themselves and go to the States for just a few days on a business trip. Last week one of our up-and-coming business women found it necessary to do just that. It is a fast moving world and we must move fast. To this very enterprising lady I doff my hat. It will be sometime before others follow suit but she has made a start.

THE Benevolent Society has taken a big step forward to helping the School when they extended the term of office of the Board of Management from one year to five years. That should give more time for any progressive body to carry out their ideas for improvement. By next year we should see the School as filled and as busy as a beehive.

THE last two weeks, of course, has been the scouters' week. Coming out from camp early this week you could hear them talking with a spattering of Guianese, French and Spanish. What with their fresh enthusiasm they are going to manage a Jamboree all by themselves next year. One of the men responsible for the large Chinese patrol is our baker and former Jamboree scout himself some score years ago in Austria-Hungary. As the scouts say, three rousing Hezzikahs for him.

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PERSONALIA

MR. STEPHEN YAP
HEADS SCHOOL BOARD

At the first meeting of the Chinese Public School Board of Management Mr. Stephen Yap was elected Chairman. Retiring Chairman is Mr. Horace Chang who held the position for the past three years. Vice-Chairman is Mr. Lennie Chin Yee, and Treasurers Messrs. Horace Chang, Willie Lyn Ah Woo, and Lennie Chin Yee. The other members of the Board include Messrs. A. Tie Ten Quee, Cyril B. Chin, Chen Koon Yee, Wong Quee Fah, Chang Ching Sang, Ernest Ho Tai, James L. Chin, Gladstone Chang and Cecil Chin Yee.

The executive committee of the Chinese Benevolent Society has given the authority for the newly elected body to act for the next five years. Previously a new Board of Directors was appointed annually. The first duties of the Board has been to secure a Headmaster for the School.

SEVEN PASSENGERS
ARRIVE FROM HONGKONG

Seven passengers arrived here from Hongkong last Tuesday, March 18. They sailed by the s.s. "President Cleveland" from

Hongkong and travelled by air from San Francisco to Jamaica. The passengers were Mesdames Ho Din King, Chen Tom Keow, Chang Yuk King, Mary Ho Sang, Messrs. Stanley Hew Wing, Lloyd George Lyn Sue and Gary Ho Sang.

Gary is the son of Mr. George Hosang and the late Laurel Hosang. He left here five years ago to study in Hongkong.

GUILD TO HOLD ANNUAL
GENERAL MEETING

The Chinese Christian Guild will hold their Annual General Meeting at the Cathay Club next Wednesday, March 26. The main item on the agenda will be the election of officers. Members are asked to attend the meeting which will start at 7.30 p.m. sharp.

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Chang announced the birth of a son on Wednesday, March 12 at the St. Joseph's Sanitarium.

AINSLEY MOOYOUNG
FOR TRINIDAD

Mr. Ainsley Mooyoung will be leaving on Monday for Trinidad where he will take up the post as Mill Superintendent of Safie Textiles, Trinidad. Mr. Mooyoung was formerly with the Arguanabo Textile Co. in Jamaica.

NEW CLUB FORMED

A new Club which will call themselves the Optimist Club had its inaugural meeting at the Cathay Club last Wednesday. The Club will meet once every fortnight for the social and cultural activities of its members. Members had a few organisational meetings the past few weeks and decided at the last one to elect a temporary group of officers to continue with the active organisation of the Club. Elected at this meeting were Donald Wong, President; Dorothy Lee, vice-President, Dalton Young, Secretary; Edna Chen, Assistant Secretary; Joseph Chin, Treasurer; Dorothy Lee, Librarian. Mr. C. T. Chang will act as moderator.

The Club will start off with a drive for members and anyone in the Chinese community who wish to join are welcome.

MR. AND MRS. COLIN
MARCUS FOR DOMINICA

Mr. and Mrs. Colin Marcus (nee Dorothea Chinn) who were married recently left for Dominica last Wednesday where they will reside for a while.

MRS. PIERRE CHONG ON
QUICK BUSINESS TRIP

Mrs. Pierre Chong of Babs Shoppe left for New Orleans on

Sunday, March 9 and returned the following Saturday from a quick business trip.

BIRTHDAY PARTY

Betty, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Chen of Sandhurst Crescent celebrated her third birthday with many of her little friends at a party at her home last Sunday afternoon. Lots of singing, presents and refreshment went the round at this very pleasant children party.

PORT ANTONIO

The Chinese Sports Club has entered a team to compete in the Portland Table Tennis Championship. The CSC who were the champions last year have a very strong team and hope to keep the shield for another year. In a scratch practice match against the Casino Aces they won by 4 games to 3.

Birthday parties were very popular a fortnight ago. Those who celebrated were Vincent Leesang (March 12), Karly Chung (March 13), Brian Chung (March 14), Paul I. Chung (March 15) and Micky Lower (March 17).

Mr. Vincent Leesang had the gayest and biggest party with a few friends from Kingston there to celebrate with him.

The recently formed "Keow

Continued on page 17

PANORAMA

HISTORIC EXHIBITION

Closing today at the Institute Art Gallery is an exhibition of a collection of seventeenth and eighteenth century miniatures, together with a few choice items in silver, bronze and lead, and a few individual ones such as costumes and a knife box and barrel organ. This unique collection, and one that is abundant with interest, is the property of Mr. Leslie Stuart Stanley, a recent resident in Jamaica; it has been the work of Mr. Robert Verity in the framing and hanging of the 75 miniatures, and a commendable work, indeed.

Unfortunately, photography has altered the art of portrait painting in no small measure, and there are not many artists today who indulge in such work even as supplementary to their living. Yet the real beauty of these miniature paintings will readily show one that it is an art which should not be forsaken. In this collection are likenesses of such great historic characters as Oliver Cromwell, Admiral Lord Nelson, Napoleon, the Duke of Wellington, the great author Samuel Butler, and a few of relations of the great artist Gainsborough done by him. There is a white marble oval plaque of Louis XIV, and a few choice silver candlesticks and bronze figures. One of these was formerly in the Kaiser Frederick Museum in Berlin. A miniature portrait of Sir Bevis Thelwell was done on a playing card in the year 1630 by an artist named Peter Oliver, and there are several done on copper no larger than one of our penny pieces.

On life-sized wax figures are a lady's costume with flounced paniers of embroidered silk brocade which was extremely graceful and dignified, and that of a man's skirted coat and breeches to the knees, with two waistcoats embroidered in silk and metal threads both of the middle period of the eighteenth century. A money changer's weighing machine for gold coins only, and a set of architects' instruments, completed with exhibits of this truly interesting and unusual show.

TOURIST NETWORK

The new BOAC Stratocruiser

service direct between London and Montego Bay, via New York, which began its regular weekly flights on the 11th of this month, should make a considerable difference to the Island. A Conference was held between BOAC and BWIA in Montego Bay last week, attended by Mr. Basil Smallpiece, Financial Controller of BOAC, London, who expressed the view that his Company is convinced of the growing importance of Jamaica in the tourist network, and it is in relation to the tourist trade in the Summer months that BOAC has set in motion this new transportation facility for all who would like to visit our shores.

On this first flight from London the Representatives to the Conference were mostly accompanied by their wives who came on a holiday, thus setting a good example for others to follow. A Cocktail Party was held at the Casa Blanca Hotel in honour of the visitors.

SCHOOLS DRAMA FESTIVAL

The annual Drama Festival of the Secondary Schools has been carried through from March 10th to 15th this year, and, as on former occasions, has created an immense amount of interest, both among the schools and the public. There have been large attendances at each showing.

The Festival was opened by Mr. Philip Sherlock, Vice-Principal of the University College, who was introduced by Mr. Stanley Best, Representative of the British Council in Jamaica and Chairman of the Drama Festival Committee. Attending the Festival as Commentator has been Mr. Charles Thomas, Tutor and Adjudicator of the British Drama League, who has come on this mission for the British Council, and who is touring other parts of the Island for the purpose of visiting the schools in the interests of dramatic art. In early April before his departure, he will give his advice to theatrical groups in the city in the staging of plays, and will lecture to the P. E. N. Club.

Among the short plays that have been staged by the schools were *The Maker of Dreams* by Oliphant Dawn, *Shivering Shocks* by Clemence Dane; *The Discovery* by Hermon Ould; *Dido and Aeneas* by Henry Purcell; *The Queen who Limped* by Monica Thorne; *When the old Cock Crows* by Joe Corrie and many others, while selections from some of Shakespeare's plays and those of

other big playwrights were also staged most effectively.

IN VARIED FIELDS

It is, perhaps, one of the most interesting angles of the tourist situation for those of us who are permanent residents in the Island, to note the varied callings of those who visit our shores during the season, and what now promises to be a perpetual season for us. In recent days there have been many titled folk, among these being the Duke and Duchess of Argyle who are the guests of the Hon. R. L. M. and Mrs. Kirkwood, who have expressed their appreciation of the warmth of the climate and the beauty of the scene; Lady Dawson, Viscountess of Penn, widow of the late Viscount Dawson, physician to King George V, who, with her travelling companion Mrs. Rankin have gone on a visit to Dr. and Mrs. L. Jacobs in St. Ann; Lord Rowallan, has, of course, been here in connection with the Caribbean Scouts Jamboree, and a Russian Prince, Zelenina-Nahitchevansky, who, together with his wife and child are voluntary exiles from their country, have come to settle here. The Earl of Sandwich, whose son in the RAF married Lord Beaverbrook's daughter and who died in active service, has come as a guest of Lord Beaverbrook. The Earl is a keen yachts-

man who has a family tradition of seamanship.

Also listed among our visitors have been Mr. and Mrs. Beardall and their daughter, from Canada. Mr. Beardall is manager-owner of Radio Station CFCO in Chatham, Ontario, who has been in broadcasting for twenty-six years. His daughter does broadcasting work too. Mr. Walter Warwick, Managing Director of Royal Mail Houlder and Kaye groups of companies, came on a business cum pleasure brief stay, going on to Vancouver from here.

Observer.

From Deal, Kent, a Royal Marines Lieutenant stationed at the base announces the arrival of his first child, a daughter, as follows:

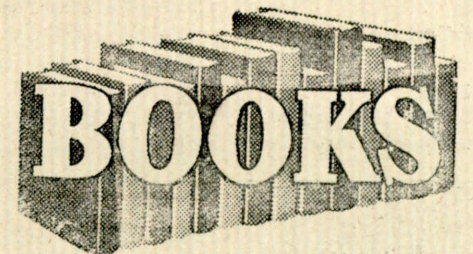
The Collin Construction Company beg to announce the launching of Wendy Ann the first of their Wiggle One design at four bells in the morning watch, on Saturday.

SPECIFICATIONS

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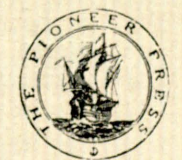


● "Tales Of Old Jamaica"

DARING DEEDS . . . DARK DOINGS
OLD LEGENDS . . . STRANGE TRUTHS.
Author—Clinton V. Black.

● "Six Great Jamaicans"

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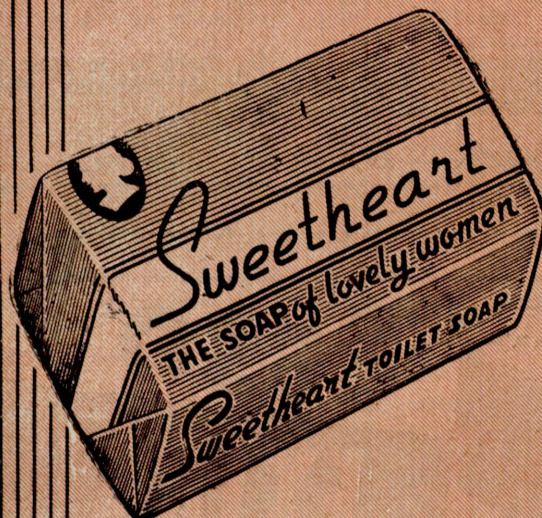


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THE PAGODA is a fortnightly magazine. All correspondence regarding subscriptions and advertising should be addressed to the Editor, 108D Barry Street, or P.O. Box 305, Kingston.

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.

Our Economic Future

Three important developments in the past fortnight point to a greater and more stabilised economic future for our Island. The progress which has been made in the industrial life of Jamaica in the recent past is evident in many respects, and this lends us the courage, and provides us with the impetus to press on in our efforts at building a sound economy that the entire populace must benefit therefrom.

The Bill for the setting up of the Industrial Development Corporation has just passed through the House and will begin operations with an initial allocation of a quarter of a million pounds. This Corporation, the objects and aims of which are interdependent with those of the Agricultural Development Corporation in the upbuild of our economy, "will", it was pointed out by the Hon. Robert Newton when he placed the Bill before the House for its second reading, "solve the great problem of our time in its dual aspect". With the declaration of this economic policy on the part of Government, the Corporation Board will set out with the best available talent to promote these activities to the utmost.

Coming to Jamaica at this juncture has been a six-man mission of experts from the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development, to carry out a financial and economic survey of the Island. The mission is headed by Mr. John de Wilde of the Economic Department of the World Bank, and the seventh member of the mission who is due to arrive today, is the Adviser on Social Services.

These experts have been glean- ing knowledge and impressions of the Island's conditions and possibilities from interviews with

various parties and visits to various places. Within the next few months they will issue their joint report which will contain their conclusions. On these will depend the financial aid which may come to us from the World Bank in aiding us to make the fullest and wisest use possible of our several resources towards the building up of a stable economy. Quite apart from the financial loan which we may get, the expert advice on how we can best utilise our money and resources will be of permanent value to us.

Finally, in the opening last week of the Jamaica Public Service Company's new hydro-electric station at Exchange, St. Ann on the lower White River, Jamaica has reached another height in that power so necessary to our industrial progress. As His Excellency said in his address on this occasion: "To carry out our plans of industrial advance we need men, money and power . . ." These, it seems, are more within our reach than ever before and progress along the most promising lines in our economy seems assured.

THE CHANGES OF WEATHER

THE HSIAO Shu, or Little Heat begins about 7th July, and the Great Heat, which we have been experiencing, on July 23rd.

To prepare oneself for the Dog Days, the Cantonese serve the "Jade Bowl" at the beginning of the hot season. This consists of an olla podrida steamed in the butt of one of those gigantic green marrows which ripen at this time of the year.

The ingredients are optional, but usually consist of a foundation of soup, into which goes any kind of chopped meat, shrimps, or fresh crab, Chickens' or Ducks' liver, and the dried mushrooms known as Tung Ku.

It is eaten hot, for the Chinese have a dread of cold food.

This is the result of the experience of ages, and the advent of refrigerators, instead of the insanitary ice-box, has not banished it. The connection of cause and effect was never their strong points, and they still do not attribute intestinal maladies to the failure to protect comestibles from fly pollution.

Every country which depends on agriculture for subsistence is vitally interested in the weather, and each petitions the divinity in which it puts its faith to interfere with the laws of nature to its advantage. Prayers for

rain and fine weather still linger in our Book of Common Prayer, and the Chinese have appointed a whole Ministry of Weather to attend to their interests.

RAIN is in the Province of the Dragon King, who if he is dilatory in answering petitions gets his image exposed to the broiling sun to hasten his reaction. The Sao Ch'ing niang niang counteracts the effects of too great lavishness on his part with the attendant danger of flooding.

The Ministry of Thunder has over eighty officials, including the imp known as the "Cloud Pusher." Only six however appear in effigy in Temples, and are entitled to popular worship.

Lei Kung, the God of Thunder, is about their only mythological deity depicted with wings. He has a cock's head and claws, and Thor-like carries a hammer in his right hand. His left is armed with a chisel, representing the splitting peal following the flash of lightning.

This, and the thunder are further accentuated by a circle of flames encompassing a number of drums to typify the reverberations. In the 1st Century

(Continued on page 17)

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THE PIED PIPER — 1952

By MILTON ROBERTSON,
Special Unesco Writer

THE mid-century turns and many things of moment are headlined across the newspapers of the world. But even as impatient, contemporary history is being proclaimed daily in large type, history of a different unadvertised kind is being made in a college laboratory in Wisconsin, USA, and in the Pasteur Institute in Paris.

These two institutions are engaged in a common struggle against one of man's most ancient and implacable enemies—the rat.

It is a strange and appalling fact, that of all the living phenomena that knew the first days of earth with man, the rat survives as his most constant and faithful parasite. As man moved through all the stages that led to contemporary civilization, the rat moved with him, his life dependent on the cast-off waste of man's progress. He paid for this with destruction, pestilence and death.

Rats and other rodents in the United States destroyed last year as much food as 265,000 modern American farms could produce. Multiply this by at least ten for the rest of the world! The rat population of the world is more than equal that of the human population and, under "perfect" conditions, one rat couple could produce more than 150 million offspring during the fertile half of its three-year life span.

Rats have caused more deaths than all the wars of history, for bubonic plague and typhus have carried their banners over the battlefields, and rats have celebrated their victories. Other epidemics caused by rats have written a dreadful legend across the diagnostic charts of hundreds of thousands of sick human beings. All over the world, in a small village, the modern city, the floating ship, the story is the same.

Hundreds of methods, thousands of ingenious traps and poisons have been devised and utilized, and yet the rodents advance. They have developed an almost military strategy and know how to attack in mass. Here is an enemy that quickly learns of man's newest offensive . . . defies the trap, ignores the poison or develops immunity against it. The rat builds sub-

terranean homes, equipped with storage space, special exit and entry passages, and for emergency a concealed safety exit!

If man is to develop an answer to this scourge, it will not develop in the form of the legendary Pied Piper of Hamelin who fished the rodents into the Weser River, for rats have been observed swimming across flooded areas in tight formations on their way to safer lands. In England, a rat migration occurs every October, coinciding with the herring season. During the catch, the animals swarm over the coast, even entering the sea in the pursuit of the cast-off fish.

In India, they have been responsible for mass famine and have even destroyed elephants by gnawing away at their legs, until the limbs were so torn and lacerated that the animals either collapsed or had to be destroyed. Their record for arson has grown increasingly high in a society where matches are both gnawable and inflammatory, and electric wiring is equally gnawable and incendiary.

There is nothing that the rat does that has even the vague suggestion of a positive or even innocuous act. It carries but does not itself contract the many foul diseases it presents to mankind. It destroys grain, from single seed to the harvested crop, and a single rat can eat from forty to sixty pounds of food per year.

Fortunes have been made by the manufacturers of endless products have failed to do more overwhelming assault, but the products have failed to do more than limit the depredations of the enemy and produce temporary tactical retreats.

In most places, control and not complete extermination has been the objective, and the principal methods have been to starve the rats, but careful garbage disposal, storage of food in specially constructed warehouses, etc. It has been found that concrete, metal or wire-mesh "skirts" should extend at least ten feet around warehouses, barns and other structures, to make them rat-proof.

It has been found almost useless to carry out an extermination campaign in one neighbourhood at a time because re-infestation will follow immediately after the

special efforts have ceased. Dogs and cats have only minimum value by protecting single buildings. The construction of rat-proof buildings has thus far been most effective.

Specialists have recently devoted new and concentrated efforts to the problem. Large-scale experiments in rat-control and extermination have been carried out in a number of countries. Two such experiments have shown particular promise — and may produce decisive victories.

A new poison has been compounded in the laboratories of the University of Wisconsin under the direction of Professor Carl Link. In hundreds of tests the poison has demonstrated a quick-acting lethal result to rats and has so far appeared completely harmless to domestic animals and human beings. Further tests are being conducted at this moment to establish the best means for using the substance and to evaluate its effectiveness under varied conditions.

At the same time, another method was being attempted in a little farming village on the outskirts of Paris. This village, almost overcome by a sudden onslaught of rodents was selected as a test case by the Pasteur Institute. It was here that the Institute sought a final and overwhelming means of complete annihilation of the rodent. It found what purports to be such an answer. Biological warfare!

The problem was a profound one. A bacteriological organism was needed that was harmless to man and domestic animal but acted as a deadly specific against the rodent. An organism that could not be absorbed to offer immediate immunity. An organism that maintained its deadly virulence over a lengthy period of time. Such an organism seems to have been achieved and has been given the name muricide. It consists of a bacterial organism, strengthened by a combination with a powerful toxic agent that doubly insures the invasion of the bacteria.

The name of the village has so far been withheld by the Institute to permit the experiments to continue to the point where scientifically valid and final conclusions can be announced — and to avoid the spreading of sensational half-truths and rumours. Institute officials however describe the village as having suffered tragically from the infestation. Crops in the field were devastated as if by locust swarms, and those crops supposedly safe

(Continued on page 17)

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At The Turn Of The Year

Michael Fortune

JAMES SNYDER'S voice, with its recently acquired briskness of an American accent, went on without a break. But Old Kemp, after the numbing shock of the first few words, scarcely heard it.

The Victorian clock in the room was ticking away louder than usual, it seemed to him. Was it, he wondered, imagination; or was there a hesitant note about the ticking? Was the old clock losing heart because it sensed that it was to measure a different time from now on?

Kemp remembered that clock being delivered to the office. He could see a picture as clearly as though it were being projected on to a screen. In those days they had a bewhiskered caretaker named Morse and Morse had climbed on a chair to fix the clock. He, himself, had stood a little further back directing Morse, so that the clock hung straight. Mr. Robert Snyder had sat at the desk, glancing up over his shoulder.

Kemp could hear Mr. Robert's voice. For a second or so it drowned what James Snyder was saying. "It looks good, Kemp, doesn't it? Reliable, trustworthy—in keeping with our office, eh?"

Then silence, and growing out of the silence the sharp voice of Mr. Robert's son.

"Look here, Kemp. I don't want you to take all this too much to heart. There's nothing personal about it. It's just that times have changed. The world today isn't in good shape. Unless something is done we'll be wallowing in a morass of stagnation. What's needed is drive, determination, method, efficiency, new ideas!"

Kemp had to swallow before he could speak. "I know these are difficult times," he said. "While you were away—during the war—we received some hard knocks. I think it was the worry, mostly, that killed your father. I did my best to keep the business going for when you returned." He straightened his shoulders as though in an effort to shake off some of the years for a minute or so. "I assure you that I did my best. If you're not satisfied with my stewardship—I'm very sorry. Very sorry indeed."

James Snyder waved a hand impatiently. "You did fine," he said. "I've told you, there's nothing personal about this decision of mine. On my control com-

mission job I mixed with a number of American business men." He gave a self-satisfied grin. "They were smart—but I set out to be equally smart by learning ideas. What's more—I'm going to put them into action. It's going to startle some of our clients—but they'll all be thanking me before long."

OLD Kemp nodded his head slowly. He was remembering something else which Mr. Robert had said to him. "James is inclined to be headstrong. Takes after his mother. Warm-hearted, impetuous. When he comes into the business, I'm going to put him in your charge. Don't give him latitude just because he happens to be my son. Keep him on the right path, Kemp."

To the son, old Kemp now said quietly, "I'm sure some of them will, Mr. James. But there are a few who are not too much in love with very modern ideas. Even the war hasn't changed them. There's Mottistone, for example. He won't take kindly to high-pressure methods. Wouldn't it be wiser for the activities to be divided? I could look after the Mottistones—you could deal with the others?"

"Wouldn't do!" snapped James Snyder. "I'll persuade Mottistone. No, Kemp, I'm sorry—from a personal angle. But personal angles mustn't be allowed to interfere with business. Putting it bluntly: your way is not my way. And the business is going my way."

"Very well, Mr. James," said Kemp. The words had to break their way through something suspiciously like a sob. There seemed to be a layer of dew on his glasses, so that James Snyder's face was not clear. He saw it as a vague blur.

So this, then, was the end.

On New Year's Day there'd be no morning bustle to catch the eight-fifteen. And instead of Sunday being a pleasant break, life would be a succession of barren Sundays. He hadn't thought, that morning, that the end of a lifetime of service was so near. For a moment revolt glowed within him. Didn't young Snyder understand that every account book and file in the place, every piece of furniture was a part of himself? He lowered his head. "I understand," he whispered. Accepting the inevitable—and it was like seeing his own grave being dug.

"No need to make a tragedy of

it!" said James Snyder impatiently. "You're not being thrown into the gutter. You'll be receiving three month's salary—plus a generous gratuity. And I've no doubt that my father's legacy to you has been prudently invested! It's honourable retirement, you know."

Kemp moistened his lips. "I can't thank you properly now, Mr. James," he said softly. "There's—there's a sense of loss. Like losing an arm, I think."

Snyder forced a barking laugh. "But you'll have no financial worry. You're a free man."

"I'm not sure," Kemp began. The sense of futility rose within him. No, he'd never be able to make James Snyder understand. Now Mr. Robert—but Mr. Robert would never have dismissed him.

James Snyder leaned forward. "Don't mope about it!" he urged. "I'm not at all sure I don't envy you. I've a stiff struggle on my hands. Have you a hobby?"

"The business has been my hobby," said Kemp.

"Then get a hobby. It doesn't matter what it is. Get a hobby. Start to interest yourself in something right away. You'll find you've forgotten the office in no time."

There was a long silence. Then Kemp nodded his head. "I'll try to follow your advice, Mr. James," he said. Then he went from the room. Each step seemed to drain a little more from him, to increase an ache within.

JAMES SNYDER pushed the sheaf of letters aside with a sigh. He leaned across his desk, head resting in his hands. Then he moved, and a hand strayed towards his desk telephone. He checked it. Of course, Travers would have gone. He caught the five-thirty every night. Not like Old Kemp, who always seemed the last to leave. Kemp! He scowled. That reminded him of the sting in the tail of Mottistone's letter. "We always found in the past that Mr. Kemp's judgment was sound. We don't feel that he would commend the scheme you suggest. So, while we thank you for putting it before us..."

He looked at his desk calendar. It was six months since Old Kemp had left. He'd felt then that with Kemp out of the way and Travers taking his place... Travers was as slick as they made 'em. He'd have to talk over the Mottistone's letter with Travers in the morning. They were losing too many of the old clients. True, there were some new accounts, but they were all small.

He took up the inter-office file. Perhaps Travers had already seen the Mottistone letter and jotted down some comments. And, of

course, there'd be his report on the scheme for Walton's. Now if that showed promise... He opened the file and looked at the neatly written page. As he read, the colour slowly drained from his face. His fists clenched as he came to the lines which said: "Candidly, I've become weary of hearing them all talking of this man Kemp. If he was so good—why did you fire him? In my opinion it's useless trying to convert these people. If they want Kemp—they'd better have Kemp. After all—the customer is always right. If it will simplify matters, I attach my resignation. I'm going somewhere where I don't have Kemp as a predecessor!"

James Snyder looked up at the clock and wondered if it had always ticked so loudly. It seemed to be keeping up a monotonous chant of: "I told you so. I told you so."

He'd always prided himself on his ability to face facts and to come to swift decisions. He'd been wrong over Kemp. He was, he reflected, a wise man to be able to admit a mistake. The thought made him feel virtuous. Yes, he knew what to do. First—dinner across at the hotel. Then—out to see Old Kemp. Bring him back, in a consultative capacity anyhow. The old fellow would be delighted.

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James Snyder put on his hat and coat and left the office.

"PERHAPS you'd join me in a cup of tea?" suggested Old Kemp. "I generally have one about this time."

"Thanks," said James Snyder. "Odd—this is the first time I've ever visited you. Pleasant little place—no idea you were almost out in the country. I was surprised that it took me so long to get here."

"It's rather delightful. Pity you didn't come earlier. I could have shown you my roses."

"Roses, eh?"

"Yes. I do quite a business with my flowers. You'd be surprised at the number of people who have looked me up. Old clients, I mean."

Snyder stiffened in his chair. "They came out to see you?" he demanded. "On business?"

Old Kemp smiled. "I don't do business—apart from selling them choice flowers. But if they wish to talk over things with me—well, there's no reason why I shouldn't. Sometimes it's advice about the garden. Or about domestic affairs. You know the sort of thing—what to do with the boy when he leaves school."

"Yes, yes," said Snyder, leaning forward impatiently in his chair. "But what about business problems?"

"Well," Kemp admitted, "there are times when it's almost like being back at the office—in the old days. I've found it most gratifying—I'd no idea my opinion was so valued."

Snyder took a deep breath. "Look here, Kemp," he said. "I've a proposition. What about coming here, Kemp?" he said. "I've a proposition. What about coming back, on a sort of part-time basis. You could deal with the old clients—just as you suggested. Be on hand for consultations."

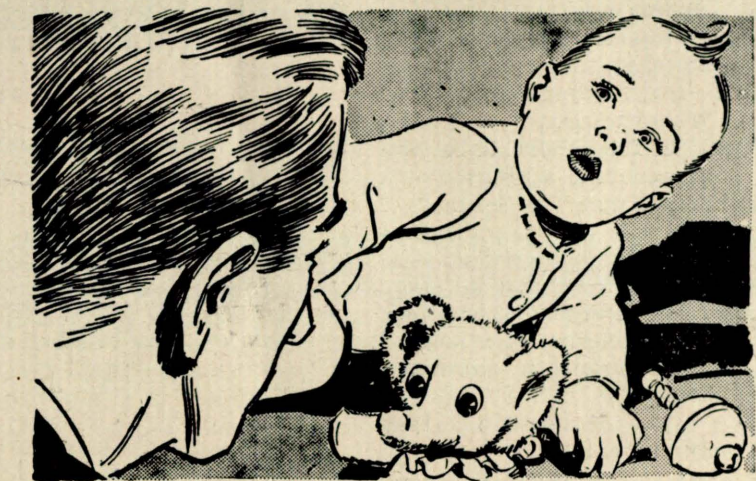
Kemp paused in the act of putting the black kettle on the fire. "It's kind of you, Mr. James. But you see—I haven't the time. If you knew the orders I have on hand at the moment! Four dozen of the choicest blooms for Mr. Mottistone on Saturday—it's his daughter's birthday and he..."

"Chicken-feed!" Snyder cried. "You can leave all this and come back into the firm!"

"I couldn't do that now," said Old Kemp thoughtfully. "It's sort of grown on me—just as you said it would. I shall always be grateful to you for the advice you gave me." He smiled. "In a way you sowed the seeds which produced my roses."

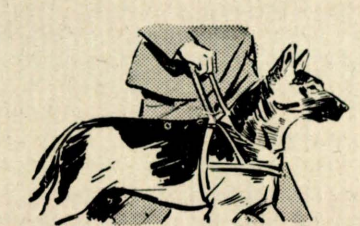
"A partnership, Kemp!" Snyder shouted, jumping up from his chair.

MIRROR OF YOUR MIND



Do men tend to resent fatherhood?

Answer: Yes, at least by natural and "selfish" instinct. For not only does the coming of a baby involve inconvenience and expense but it deprives a man for the time being of much of his wife's love and attention. He is even likely, consciously or not, to be jealous of the little interloper, and this all the more if as a child he went through the experience of being supplanted in his mother's affections by a younger baby. He'll get over such instinctive feelings in time but don't think your husband is "unnatural" if at first he is less delighted than you about it.



Are blind people "different"?

Answer: No, say Drs. Hector Chevigny and Sydel Braverman in their book, "The Adjustment of the Blind." "The problems of personality among the blind do not differ in kind from those to be encountered in the gener-

By LAWRENCE GOULD
Consulting Psychologist

ality of human experience," except that blind people have a more than usually plausible excuse for giving way to feelings of self-pity and childish dependence. The idea that blind people are different grows largely from the average person's fear of blindness, which is partly realistic and partly neurotic.



Should you tell a child he is "talented"?

Answer: As a rule, it is unwise to do this. You should let a child know that he has done something well, but to assure him that he is "exceptionally gifted" is likely to head him toward disappointment and humiliation. For one thing, if he is your child—or your pupil—you may be too biased in his favour to judge. And besides that you'll be concentrating his attention on himself instead of on what he is doing. A young person with real talent is more interested in his art than in himself and should be helped to stay that way.

"That's a generous offer," Kemp said quietly. "But I couldn't do it. I just couldn't do it. I'm so attached to my roses and I feel they need me. Even more than you do. You don't want an old fogey who grows roses—not in a modern business!"

He set the black kettle more firmly on the fire.

(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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HEALTH FOR ALL

TB AND THE TEEN-AGE

In the Victorian era the consumptive heroine was a popular literary figure. It was considered fashionable for a young girl to pine away for love, go into a decline and, coughing delicately, die of a broken heart. Today we laugh at those old novels. We encourage our teen-age daughters to be pictures of blooming health, not "interestingly pale." But do we always recognize the fact that they, too, may be in danger of tuberculosis?

Very likely the old fashioned heroine "died of a broken heart" because she neglected simple health rules and gave TB germs a chance to work. The same thing

can happen to the modern girl. As youngsters grow older, travel about and mix with all kinds of people, there is a constant threat of TB germs sneaking into the body from the outside.

A healthy body can fight these germs, sealing them into a small area in the lung. But if the rules of health have been ignored, the germs have a good chance to damage lung tissue. It may even happen that tuberculosis germs sealed away in the body for years will break out of their prison and cause the disease to develop.

Parents of teen-age girls, and boys, too, should remember that, of all diseases, tuberculosis kills the greatest number of young people between the ages of 15 and 35. We must recognize that tuberculosis is an ever-present danger to our hopes for our children's future, to their education, their jobs and their chance for successful careers as home-makers and in the business world. The best insurance we can give them is good general health and regular check-ups by the family physician.

It is important not to wait until a person looks "sick," has a persistent cough, loses weight or spits blood, before going to the doctor. In its early stage, tuberculosis gives little warning, but it is then that the disease can be

cured with the least loss of time and money. A tuberculin test and regular chest X-ray examinations by the doctor will either lead to the early discovery of TB or will give assurance that everything is all right. Parents can't afford not to know.

We can arm our children against the ravages of tuberculosis by seeing to it that they fulfill these requirements for health: plenty of sleep, a good diet, cleanliness, fresh air and exercise and regular physical examinations at intervals advised by the doctor.

It is always safe to learn even from our enemies: seldom safe to venture to instruct, even our friends.

—Chas. C. Colton.

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ENGLAND

"O thou with dewy locks, who
lookest down
Through the clear windows of the
morning, turn
Thine angel eyes upon our
Western Isle,
Which in full choir hails thy
approach, O Spring!"
William Blake: "To Spring."

AMERICA

"I hear the wind among the trees
Playing the celestial symphonies;
I see the branches downward
bent,
Like keys of some great
instrument."

Longfellow: "A Day of
Sunshine."

JAMAICA

"Within the centre of my life
there grows
A tree of silence with far-
spreading limbs
That overshadows all the years,
and dims
A space unvisited by bee or rose,
In days of strife, or nights of
deep repose,
Its shadow falls, like blackbirds
on the snow;
It robs from fleeting dreams
their gold-green glow;
Far o'er my world its sable cloud-
fringe flows . . ."

Constance Hollar: "The Tree
of Silence."

CHINA

"This shade-bestowing pear-tree,
thou
Hurt not, nor lay its leafage low;
Beneath it slept the Duke of
Shaou.
This shade-bestowing pear-tree,
thou
Hurt not, nor break one leafy
bough;
Beneath it stayed the Duke of
Shaou . . ."

Book of Odes: 500 B.C.:
"The Pear-Tree."

POT POURRI

OF

THOUGHT

MEXICO

"I who sang only from the
exquisite
Score of intimate courtesy
Am raising my voice to-day, stage
centre,
In the manner of a tenor
imitating
The guttural modulations of a
bass,
To clip a twig from the epic
poem . . ."

Ramon Lopez Valarde:
"Gentle Fatherland."

FRANCE

"Take heed of this small child of
earth;
He is great; he hath in him
God most high.
Children before their freshly
birth
Are lights alive in the blue
sky.
In our light bitter world of wrong
They come; God gives us
them awhile.
His speech is in their stammering
tongue,
And his forgiveness in their
smile . . ."

Victor Hugo: "The Poor
Children."

ARABIA

"There is no thing in all the
world but love,
No jubilant thing of sun or shade
worth one sad tear.
Why dost thou ask my lips to
fashion songs
Other than this, my song of love
to thee?"

The Thousand and one Nights:
13th C.: "The Camel-Rider."

GREECE

"Cloud-maidens that float on
forever,
Dew-sprinkled, fleet bodies, and
fair,

Let us rise from our Sires loud
river,
Great Ocean, and soar through
the air
To the peaks of the pine-covered
mountains where the pines
hang as tresses of hair! . . .
Let us cut off the haze
Of the mists from our band,
Till with far-seeing gaze
We may look on the land! . . ."

Aristophanes: "Song of the
Clouds."

PALESTINE

"I know that this my crying, like
the crying
Of owls on ruins in a wilderness,
Wakes neither consolation nor
despair.
I know that these my tears are
as a cloud
Of barren waters in a desert land,
That my lament, grown old with
many years,
Is strengthless in the stony
hearts of men . . .
Still the unhappy heart in vain
laments
And seeks in vain to weep itself
to rest . . ."

"Songs of the People"
"Night."

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SCIENCE AND YOU

Hunger — An Unnecessary Peril

THE STORY OF VITAMINS

By Maurice Goldsmith,
Unesco Science Editor

The threat of famine is clearly
a challenge to mankind. To the
scientist it is something incom-
prehensible, because hunger,
scientifically speaking, is "old-
fashioned". The technical means
exist to supply man with the food
he needs—and more is known to-
day about just what is needed
than ever before.

"The science of nutrition has
given the ordinary man a con-
sciousness of his needs which
means something more than
gnawing pangs of hunger or the
creeping debility of malnutrition:
it has made him demand decent
food as a right and not as a con-
cession, it has made him conscious
of the needs of "other chaps like
me", so that a child dying in the
gutter in Calcutta is as real a re-
proach as a child languishing on
his own doorstep."

There are the words of the well-
known British science writer, Rit-
chie Calder, who in his new book—
"Profiles of Science", published
by Allen & Unwin—tells the story
of how we came to know that
"hunger can be measured in ad-
vance".

Sir Frederick Gowland Hopkins
—1861-1947—"Hoppy" as he was
known popularly—was a remark-
able person. Slight, frail, and
with a stoop, modest and shy he
helped to make the modern
science of nutrition. Poor during
his childhood and youth, Hopkins
was self-taught. He had a boyish
interest in butterflies, moths and
beetles which was to lead to im-
portant developments in biochem-
istry and to have a practical sig-
nificance in many of our present-
day discoveries.

It was not until late in his life
that he made his pronouncement
of the importance of "accessory
food factors" in the human diet.
We now know these accessory food
factors as "vitamins". Years later,
says Calder, "when vitamins had
become a cult and something of a
racket, Hopkins said to me:
"All that I have ever learned
about vitamins has taught me
what I don't know about vitamins.
A vitamin is a unit of our ignor-
ance; every new vitamin that is
discovered is a reminder of the
factors we haven't discovered."

The story of vitamins is the
story of biochemistry, and much
work by scientists of different
nationalities in many countries
had to be done before Hopkins'

own researches made vitamins a
part of our everyday lives. Calder
begins the pre-history of vitamins
with the great French physiolo-
gist, Antoine Lavoisier, whose
"findings hold to this day and are
the basis of our knowledge of
metabolism and of how the body
uses the food it absorbs to pro-
duce mechanical energy and the
processes of repair".

The study of foodstuffs and
nutrition was advanced by the
great German chemist, Justus
von Liebig, and his associate,
Friedrich Wohler. Liebig spent
thirty years of his life investigat-
ing the way in which the body
makes use of food. He was able
to provide "just one or two clues
to the cross-word puzzle; many
others were to try (and are still
trying) to fill in the squares. The
answers could not lie with the
chemist entirely".

More clues were provided by the
British scientist, James Prescott
Joule, whose dull paper, read in
1843, on "The Calorific Effects of
Magnetic Electricity and the
Mechanical Value of Heat", led
William Thomson (later famous as
Lord Kelvin) to conclude that heat
was a form of motion. This was
taken a step forward when the
26-year-old German surgeon-
student, Hermann von Helmholtz
in a classical essay on the "Con-
servation of Energy" declared that
"All modes of energy, e.g. me-
chanical heat, light, electricity,
sound and all chemical pheno-
mena are capable of transforma-
tion from one to the other but
are otherwise indestructible and
impossible of creation". He thus
found a universal application,
embracing physiology for the law
which Joule had applied to phys-
ical phenomena.

Add to this the work of the
Frenchman, Claude Bernard — a
young playwright who had taken
up medicine so that he could eat
—who discovered glycogen or
"animal starch" and proved that
the animal body could build up
substances as well as break them
down. This led in turn to the
discovery of the hormones, pro-
duced by the ductless glands.
"Here then", writes Calder, "was
the unifying principle: Liebig's
animal heat; Joule's physical
heat; Bernard's chemical changes
within the body; and Du Bois-
Reymond's electric-pulses; and
Helmholtz's Conservation of
Energy, in which to wrap them all

up. Thus, a hundred years ago,
the claims were staked out for
what we know now as bio-chemis-
try, bio-physics, and endocrinol-
ogy (the study of the ductless
glands). The way was prepared
for hormones (the gland secre-
tions), enzymes and vitamins. And
at the centre was the study of
nutrition".

Two German physiologists, Pet-
tenkofer and Voit carried on the
story by proving that food values
could be measured by the calory,
the physical unit of heat. Each
of the basic foodstuffs—fat, car-
bohydrates, protein—produces a
certain number of calories per
lb. or kilogramme of body-weight
the need varying also from in-
fancy to old age.

The deficiency diseases—rickets,
scurvy, beri-beri, and pellagra —
have been conquered with our
knowledge about vitamins. Men-
tion must be made of Lunin, who
working at Basle, just missed be-
ing the father of "vitamins". He
wrote: "A natural food such as
milk must contain besides those
known principal ingredients, small
quantities of unknown substances
essential to life". A Dutchman,
Pekelharing, also made a close ap-
proach to the modern theory of
the vitamin as early as 1905. An-
other Dutchman, Christian Eijk-
man, said in 1906: "There is pre-
sent in rice polishings a substance
of a different nature from pro-
teins, fats, or salts which is in-
dispensable to health and the
lack of which causes nutritional
polyneuritis". He and Hopkins
later shared the Nobel prize for
"their complementary roles in the
development of vitamins; in the
opening up of new frontiers of
research; and in the revolution in
social-thinking produced by twen-
tieth century nutrition".

It was a Polish scientist, Casi-
mir Funk, working at the Lister
Institute in London, who provided
the brand-name "Vitamin" in
1912 after producing in his labora-
tory the factor in rice-polishings
which prevented beri-beri.

The researches of men like
Hopkins have now led to investi-
gations into "the nucleus of the
living cell, which holds for the
biochemist answers as momen-
tous as the nucleus of the atom
held for Rutherford and his suc-
cessors."

Summing up Hopkins' work,
Calder says "He condemned Ivory
Tower scientists, who renounce
the world and who regard re-
search as an end in itself. He
became the President of the Brit-
ish Association for the Advance-
ment of Science... President of
the Association of Scientific
Workers... a member of the first
scientific advisory committee of
the Trades Union Congress. His
concern was for the welfare of
the people and to see that the
benefits of science were passed
on to them. He militantly pur-
sued this line in spite of the
sniffs and raised eyebrows of
many of his eminent colleagues
who felt that a social conscience
and scientific dignity did not go
together."

In other sections of his book,
Calder tells the story of nuclear
physics, of electronics, and of
modern drugs—again in human
terms of the men (Rutherford,
Watson, Watt and Fleming res-
pectively), who did the research
work and of the impact of their
discoveries on ordinary, workaday
mankind. His purpose in this
book is to "enhance the romance
of science, by bringing it nearer
to common experience".

(UNESCO).

A man may fall into a thousand
perplexities, but if his heart be
upright and his intelligence un-
clouded, he will issue from them
all without dishonour.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

There is only one thing in the
world worse than being talked
about and that is not being talked
about.

—Wilde.

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TALKING IT OVER

By ELIZABETH MARTIN

Dear Miss Martin,

I find myself faced with a grave predicament and turn to you in the hope that you will be able to give me some sound and helpful advice.

I am 25 years old and engaged to a most eligible bachelor two years my senior. I have known him for sometime and he is very devoted and attentive but most jealous of my affections and herein lies the trouble. He seems to think that he has a monopoly on me and I find it most difficult to appreciate his attitude. I am a very attractive girl if I do say so myself and have always had a host of admirers. Of a very sunny and friendly disposition I have always been popular with both sexes. My fiancé feels that I should not entertain any friendly attentions from men and I think that he is being most unreasonable as then I would be smothering my personality. What shall I do? Please tell me Miss Martin.

"Miserable".

My dear "Miserable",

A jealous partner is one of the most difficult things in life one could have to cope with.

On the surface of your letter it would seem to me that you and your fiancé are incompatible. Jealousy springs mainly from an inferiority complex, possessiveness, selfishness and lack of faith and trust, and is a serious handicap to happy marriage.

Have you ever tried having a frank discussion of the subject with your fiancé. If you have not, you should. Explain to him that unless he is willing to try and overcome his jealousy you will seriously have to consider breaking the engagement as it would be the only sensible thing to do. It is better to make the break now before it is too late.

On the other hand, do you deliberately flirt with men and try to attract their attentions. There is a limit to everything you know and there are always two sides to a story. Be honest with yourself in analysing the situation. Too many attractive girls are not content with one man's attention and are never happy unless they are the focus of male devotion. If this is so with you, mend your ways immediately. It can get you nowhere. No man unless he is

a spineless creature will tolerate this.

E. M.

Dear Miss Martin,

I am writing to you in the hope that you will help me solve this problem which has been worrying me a great deal.

I am 21 years of age and the lady in question who is very shy, we will call her "x", is about 20 years of age.

The problem is this: "x" and I have known each other when we were very young, but have not seen each other for the last twelve years. It so happens that one night we met again at a house party last December and since then we have been seeing a lot of each other.

Some time in January I asked her to marry me. She said that I am taking things too seriously and that we should wait awhile. She even told me how much she cared for me. Now what puzzles me is that whenever I tell her how much she means to me she always acts as if she does not care to hear me.

Miss Martin, what would you advise me to do. She is a very pleasant person to talk to and she is very shy too and straightforward.

"55555"

Dear 55555,

You seem to have been somewhat nasty in courting this girl and no doubt she must feel that your apparently sudden decision to get married has sprung from infatuation and not true love.

You admit that you popped the sixty-four dollar question within two months or less after having renewed a childhood friendship. Fortunately, there are still in these modern times a few young people who look at marriage in the right perspective. It is not a thing to be decided on lightly and should be given serious thought.

Perhaps this girl thinks that you are taking her love for granted, a fact which some girls do not appreciate. Be patient and try to gain her love and affection gradually. Rome was not built in a day and time should prove whether she is sufficiently interested in you to make the matrimonial plunge. You can lead a horse to water but you cannot force it to drink. It is unwise to force your atten-

tions on anyone; love is not a one-sided affair, it must be mutual.

Dear Miss Martin,

I am 30 years old and have been married for seven years to a fine, considerate girl and we have two children of whom I am very fond.

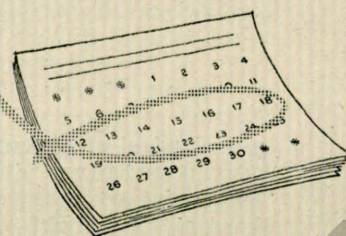
Two years ago I met a girl who is also married and has two children. We have been seeing

a lot of each other and we both feel that we are in love. I realise that the situation is a dangerous one but each time that I stop seeing her in an effort to discontinue our friendship she calls me up to tell me how miserable she is at not seeing me. Frankly I do not wish to break up my family life and even were my wife to discover the situation which exists I feel confident that she is

(Continued on page 17)

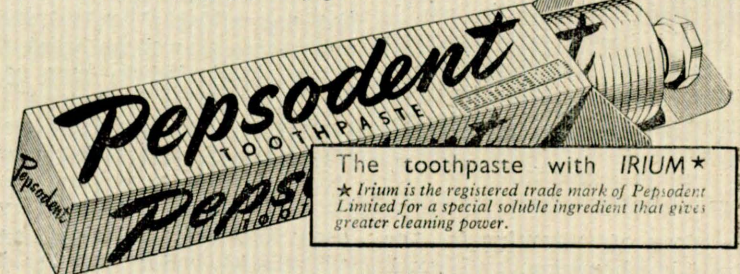


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THE PAGODA

IN PARENTHESIS

Diplomacy is being able to take something and make the other fellow feel he is giving it away.

The young assistant in the boot-shop smiled happily as his customer departed.

"What are you looking so pleased about?" asked a fellow-fitter.

"I've had my revenge," replied the other. "That girl was a telephone operator, and I gave her the wrong number in shoes."

Wife: But I really do not understand this commodity market business.

Husband: Quite simple Dear, I buy something which I don't get with the money I haven't got and then I sell what I never had for a higher price than it cost me.

We are all born equal—even a new baby owes his share of the National Debt.

"Well," said the insurance agent to the newly-wed Angus, "now that you're married I'm sure you'll want to insure your life."

"A wa' ye," said Angus. "She's no' that dangerous."

Despite education the world is growing more superstitious. But obviously the more you know the more you can frighten yourself.

An Adelaide man, says Reuter, meeting a person arriving by air from Britain whom he had never seen before, approached one likely character.

"Are you Mr. Leared?" he asked. "How do you spell it?"

"L-e-a-r-e-d."

"No, I'm sorry; my name's Smith."

First the marriage rites, then the marriage wrongs!

A Canadian woman M.P. denies that women use lipstick and powder to catch men. Obviously not. In vain is the net spread within sight of the bird.

"Burglars surprised by typist working late," reads a headline. Anyone would be!

Romance is to marriage what chloroform is to an operation... then you wake up.

Instructor (giving first lesson to young lady driver): This is the gear shift; there is the brake; here is the accelerator; and over here is the clutch.

Girl: Let's take one thing at a time; teach me to drive first, please!

She: And you won't be one of those husbands who raise objections every time their wives want anything?

He: No, Darling—I'll let you want anything you like!

"I've backed a horse and it's bound to win," said the dear lady to her husband. "It starts at twenty to one and the race isn't until two o'clock!"

Two old ladies were chatting when one of them was heard to remark. "I haven't seen you at the surgery lately. Haven't you been well?"

No man would listen to you talk if he didn't know it was his turn next.

Definition of a candid critic:—A man who can think of a valid objection to any possible solution.

A farmer bought a big sedan car. For months the account went unpaid. This month the garage proprietor sent him an account with the ominous word "Please!" on it.

Next day the farmer told his children to collect the tufts of wool on the farm's barbed wire fences.

Two days ago the farmer had his reply from the garage proprietor:

"Dear Sir,—The wool you delivered has been realised and the receipt for the amount owing on the sedan is attached hereto. Please advise me what should be done with the sum of £432. 9s. 11d. now standing to your credit."

"Her face is her fortune and it runs into a nice figure."

"Well, what do you want most in a husband—money, brains or appearance?"

"Appearance—and the sooner the better."

"June, I'm surprised at you! Going about with every Tom, Dick, and Harry!"

"What would you rather I did, Mum—stay at home with the willies?"

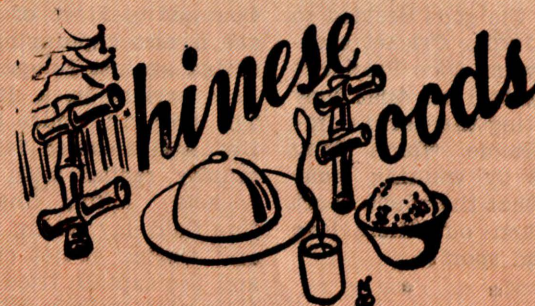
Give a business man enough rope and you'll find him tied up in conference.

Recruit: They can't make me fight.

Drafting officer: Maybe, but they can take you where the fighting is and you can use your own judgment.

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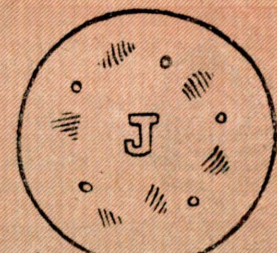
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SPORTS PARADE

By GEORGE BECKFORD

I WAS SHOCKED at the verdict as the Committee of Chinese Athletic Club put on the black cap and sentenced competitive games to the execution block for this season. It was regrettable enough when the gods decided to stay out the Junior Cricket competition, but when Vice President Horace Chang told me that they would be quitting the Carib Competition—a league which they made famous by winning four times—I felt that the whole heart had been taken out their love for cricket and sport.

SOMEONE WHO IS NO FORTUNE TELLER warned that whenever the Chinese left any of their regular sports connections, they do so as a snail leaves its shell. He mentioned the fact that when they stepped out Senior League football for a season every interest died and he feared that is what will happen to C.A.C. if they refuse from playing in two important competitions just because they haven't a roof at the clubhouse to entertain. As I pointed out in a previous article cricket can be enjoyed played in the open air with tents for dressing rooms and marquees for spectators as in the most august surroundings of Lord's.

ALL HOPE for the future continuation of cricket will not fade as long as skipper Horace Chang and his right hand man Charlie Lee are around. They will, I suppose, arrange friendly matches. Community Store of which Horace is also captain had an early outing against Kingston Police at New Asylum in a drawn game. The powerful police team batted first and amassed 243 and Community replied with 100 for 6 wickets. Minna Chang had a fine field day taking four wickets and scoring 41 not out, when he and the captain tried to play out time and smile a while. Charlie Lee turned bowler and captured 2 for 31.

LEAVE IT TO THE GIRLS I would say when anything essential to harmonious cooperation needs doing. The Primroses, not so prim as the name entails, but roses most delightful, are intent that some sporting activity should continue at the dejected Deanery Road Headquarters. They have begun practising at softball Tuesday and Thursday afternoons and that should in itself be alluring to beckon the boys back. Softball does not require the niceties for social entertainment as cricket

and tennis and it is splendid to see the girls roughing it on the diamond. Primrose will return to the Major League which they once won and have been runners-up in nearly every season. Lila Lee, star pitcher, will be at the helm and the girls have assured me that they are rallying to give her every support.

SOFTBALL LINE-UP so far is Celeste Hew, catcher; Lila Lee (captain) pitcher; Gwendolyn Chang, 1st base; Mae Ayee-Phillips, 2nd base; Hermine Chang, 3rd base; Terry Chang, short-stop; Lena Wong, right-field; Babs Chang, centre-field and Phyllis Hew of the lotus-lovely twins is at left field. Reserved is Dolores Chance and a lot is expected of first-springer Babas Chang who formerly played for Rainbow.

NEXT BATTER UP is tennis-ace Donald Leahong who is playing in the current Liguanea tournament. Donald Jamaica's hopes for the Intercolonial Brandon Cup championship doubles along with his partner Ron Sturdy had an easy victory of 6-0, 6-0 over M. K. Vysypal and V. R. Fesar. There has not been much signs of play on the hard courts at C.A.C. and it is time the youngsters turned out especially those who have had the benefit of coaching from Bill Douglas the American expert. Donald is quite ready to keep

them in tune at the Junior Tennis Club.

SWIMMERS AND WATER POLOISTS have a good time coming and what else could beat the infernally hot summer? The Amateur Swimming Council of Jamaica has been reorganised by that capable merman, Walter Lowi, who has been appointed Secretary, and President R. E. Taylor continues to occupy the high chair. Olympian A. A. Chaplain has invited the C.A.C. and gentlemen E. Chin Loy and James Lew, I understand, will look after the organisation. I have often wondered why the Chinese have never entered aquatics with such excellent swimmers as the Chin Quee brothers and others from the secondary schools to choose from.

LASTLY WE COME to the honourable philosophical and patient order of fisherman or anglers as they are officially titled. These folk who go out in any sort of craft that can keep afloat are the best story makers for columnists. Milton Chung who held out a defiant bat against me last year, was buying fishing tackle at Andrew Aguilar's last week and I am looking forward to the whale of a tale that will come in with his next assignment. In the meantime, Paul Cho caught 50 lbs. of Yellow Tail at Grants Pen and

(Continued on page 17)

THE CHANGES OF WEATHER

(Continued from page 9)

B.C. he was imagined to be a strong man, and not a bird, dragging a number of drums, but the impact of Buddhism with the Indian Garuda, half man and half bird, appears to have been responsible for his metamorphosis.

THE Chinese have a much more simple explanation for it appears that when Lei Kung appeared to punish a mother-in-law who was maltreating her son's wife, she threw a dishcloth over his head, effectually preventing him taking off to return to heaven, until the rain washed it away.

As he ascended, the astonished people noted that he had a bird's head and claws, which ever afterwards acted as recognition marks. He is much feared when a family is bereaved, and the coffin is covered with a mound of dry grass, in the hopes he will mistake it for a haystack.

His consort, Tien Mu, the Mother of Lightning, wears particoloured robes, and holds two mirrors, which she clashes together to produce the flash. This, in itself, is not harmful, but it provides the light for Lei Kung to hurl his thunderbolt with unerring aim for the destruction of the wicked.

THE PIED PIPER — 1952

(Continued from page 9)

in warehouses were easily accessible to rat swarms that tunneled

their way within. Farmers who had previously reported that foxes were devastating their hen-houses soon learned that Reynard had been displaced by the rat, and housewives fought constantly to protect their homes.

At the moment, the Institute is charting careful statistics of day-by-day experiments in the village. Quality and quantity of dosage; immediate and prolonged effects . . . rate of infection, qualitatively and quantitatively, are being noted. Spokesmen at present refuse to supply additional details, but they are willing to indicate that a major advance has already been made against this ancient enemy of man.

Perhaps man has at last achieved two pipers. One from Wisconsin, one from Paris. Perhaps in this mid-century year, man will pipe a fugue that will sound the funeral note for one of man's deadliest enemies, the rat.

— (UNESCO)

TALKING IT OVER

(Continued from page 14)

sensible enough not to make a fuss. But then there is the girl's husband to reckon with and I rather think that he has begun to suspect how things are. I know not what to do and must ask for your kind and wise counsel in the matter.

“Confused”

Dear Confused,

I do not think that the solving of your problem is as difficult as you seem to think. At any rate, you seem to know what you want and there only remains for you

to make a complete and final break with this other woman.

Of course, you have been most unwise in allowing the matter to drag on like this and women, especially when they are unhappy and think they have found a second spring can be most difficult to handle. Your first obligation is to your children. Think of the effect which the scandal likely to arise from such a situation can have on them. I quite realise that this woman in her selfish pursuit of love has apparently forgotten her children. Make your decision promptly and make her understand that you do not wish to prejudice the children's happiness and that you have decided to give her up altogether. Be firm with her and tell her that it will do her no good to make a scene, neither should she play on your sympathy as you have no intention of breaking up your home. You owe it to your children not to mention your wife, to do the right thing. Marriage is a serious business, it should not be taken lightly and we must always be prepared to make sacrifices, especially if children are involved.

E. M.

SPORTS PARADE

(Continued from page 16)

is waiting on the Cray Fish, and Noel Pinchong of the Bank of Nova Scotia hooked six King Fish, a few Yellow Tail Snappers and of all things a possible man-eating shark weighing 14 lbs. And so, so long until the next half-moon or fortnight when the fish will be biting more fiercely!

PERSONALIA

(Continued from page 6)

You" basketball squad from Kingston made up of Vincent Phang (captain), Chuck, George Chin, Joseph Chin, Asee Chin, Vernon Chin, E. Chin, Chin Gaking and Wong visited Port Antonio on Sunday, March 16 and played the CSC in a keen basketball contest. The home team won by 37-21.

THE SCOUTS CORNER

The First Caribbean Jamboree was brought to a close with the grandest and the saddest ceremony of the entire Jamboree on Monday evening the 17th inst. There H.R.H. Princess Alice presented the leader of each contingent with a souvenir penant of the Jamboree. Lord Rowallan the Chief Scout also

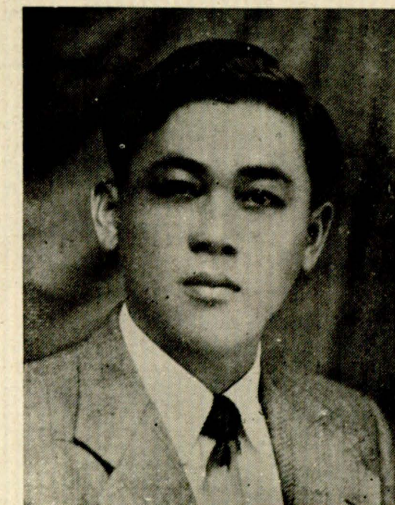
presented each leader with a "Lamp of Unity" with the hope that they would keep on burning wherever they would be. He also presented decorations and awards to Capt. Sharp and Messrs. H. Whitehorn, Irving Jones and Leslie Mordecai.

In his sad speech, Lord Rowallan said that although the Scouts had come from different countries and spoke different languages and had different ways of life, the simple knowledge that the Scout Law was the law of the camp had broken down the barriers that might otherwise divide them, and had helped them to undertake the true meaning of the brotherhood of man.

He then asked us all to take away with us wherever we were going the spirit that we had found in camp and to spread it among the people with whom we associate; and never let it die in our hearts. He also said that we should do our best always, and that we should pass on strength and courage always because "strength and courage are infectious."

At the finish of his speech, all the Scouts in the arena then joined hands and sang "Auld Lang Syne"

But before this closing ceremony, the entire Troop all had a very enjoyable and delightful time working, playing and making friends with other Scouts. The last was the most interesting and the most enjoyable of all, and the Haitians and the Caymanians proved the most friendly of the foreigners. However, the Troop has made a very good friend in the person of Teddy McLean, a Chinese



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King Scout of Trinidad. We believe, as far as our knowledge goes, that Teddy was the most popular Scout of the Jamboree. Other good friends of the Troop are Monsieur Luc Senatus and Roland Pierre Antoine of Haiti, Graham Cholette and Hillard Smith of Cayman Islands and Brown and James Smith of Bermudas.

The Troop's harmonica quartette of Alex Lee, Clinton Woung, Everard and Eric Hoo. and a member of St. G.C. Troop Young, was roundly applauded at the three big public camp-fires; and it was also highly praised and commended by D/C Eustace Shim, its organiser and coach.

We all had many visitors in the form of relatives and friends. Most frequent among these visitors were Mr. Chen of Bournemouth Grocery, father of three of our members Joe, Donald and Collin Chen, and Mr. Gillie Kong, an old member of the Troop.

We struck camp on Tuesday morning the 18th. We were the last troop of Kingston District to leave. Before leaving, however, D/C Shim came and thanked the Troop for the fine way it has backed him up and for the fine co-operation it has given to AS/M Albert Lyn. Mr. Shim said that he was very grateful to all of us, and wishing us better and more successful Scouting, we departed for our respective homes tired, but very happy.

ECHO,
Troop Scribe,
1st Chinese Troop.

Self-Made Pleasures

By Robert Power

A correspondent nearly eighty years old writes to ask me whether I can throw any light on the fact that despite what he calls the "fuller life" these days, more people seem to be bored than there ever were when he was young.

The answer, of course, is that life is not "fuller" today than it was in his youth. It merely contains more ready-made distractions.

I can well remember the time when, if people wished to be entertained, they set to work to entertain themselves. Nowadays, however, there is a very different story to tell. When people seek to be amused they expect experts to provide the amusement.

The prodigious inventions and developments of techniques such as cinematography, the wireless, and television, and the extension of popular libraries, have perhaps made this inevitable and in some ways the inspiration from these sources is an enrichment of human life.

But modern science applied to mass entertainment is not all gain. Its tendency is to leave people bereft of all resources of their own. Thus when nobody is entertaining them they become bored — their lives, that is, are impoverished rather than enriched.

I hope to live to see the time when men, women and children will consider that they owe it to their own self-respect to take at least some hand in their own instruction and amusement.

VIVIAN BLAINE IS A GIRL WITH DETERMINATION

by BRIAN YOUNG



Vivian Blaine is sitting on top of the world—and all because she refused to become discouraged at her job.

"When I left Hollywood after five years of playing small roles in a variety of musical films," she recalls, "I made up my mind I'd be back some day. But I knew I'd have to do something to prove myself worthy of the second chance."

Miss Blaine's way of "doing something" was to alter her stage personality almost completely.

I'd discovered that in Hollywood ingenue singers were numerous. Those studio people were right in a way—I was just one of many who could sing and look pretty. I decided to concentrate on perfecting a comedy style in putting across a song."

For three years this hard-working and determined young lady worked at developing her "altered personality." Accompanied by her husband, Manny Frank, the successful agent (he became her manager after their marriage in 1945), she toured the United States and Europe.

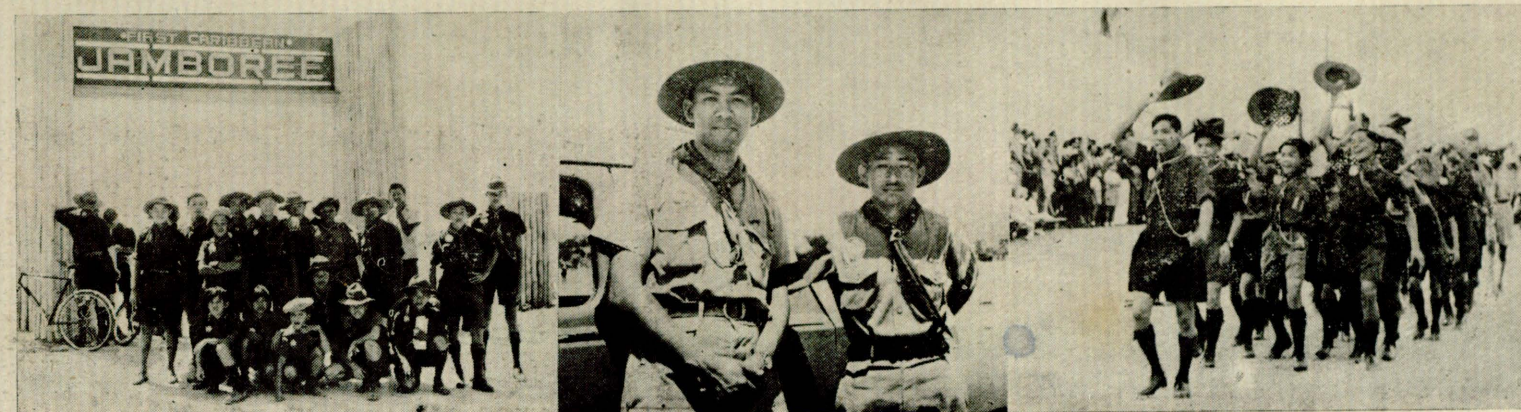
"I sang wherever there was a stage available," she recalls, "and that went even for Italy and France, where they couldn't understand what I was saying but seemed to like the way I said it."

During this period, Miss Blaine spent considerable time entertaining soldiers and even travelled right into Berlin in the famed air lift to sing for the boys at Tempelhof Airdrome. On this occasion, she climbed out of the plane covered with coal dust after being sandwiched in among five tons of coal being carried in to comfort freezing Berliners.

By the time she got back to America, her comedy technique had been perfected to such an extent that she was offered the part of Miss Adelaide, a night club singer who has been engaged to the same man for 12 years in GUYS AND DOLLS. Her performance won her the Donaldson Award as the outstanding actress of the year and resulted in her return to Hollywood in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Technicolour musical SKIRTS AHOY!

That is certainly the only way to a "fuller life" in the real sense of the term. Self-trust is the first secret of success.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.



Scenes of The First Caribbean Jamboree

Top left: The imposing entrance of the Jamboree Grounds is the background for this picture of the First Chinese Troop as they gather before the final break-up of the Jamboree.

Top centre: District Commissioner of Kingston, Eustace Shim (left) and Assistant District Commissioner Len Chang whose district had the largest contingent in the Jamboree.

Top right: The March Past before the official stand on the Opening Day. The First Chinese Troop led by A/S/M Albert Lyn gave three roaring Hezzicahs as they passed before His Excellency the Governor.

Bottom left: Troop Leader of the 1st Chinese Troop Henry Chang salutes D.C. Eustace Shim at the Jamboree grounds.

Bottom right: Two Chinese Scouts from Aruba and Cuba.
— Photos by Gilbert Kong



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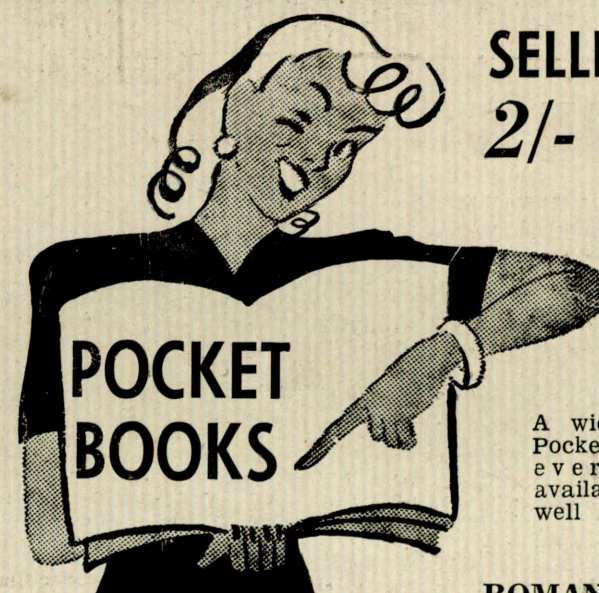
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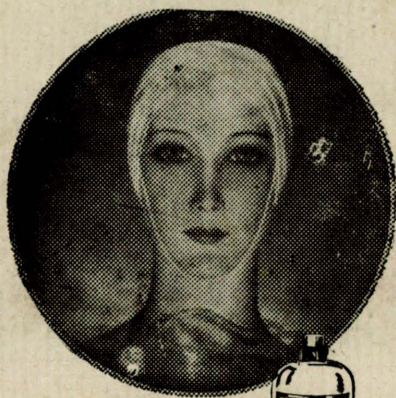
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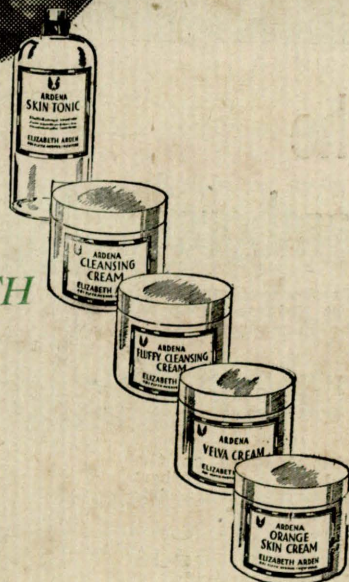
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