

CHINA

My strongest memories of China sweep over me when I hear names of places such as Yuyuyen Road, Sintow, and Hongchow, for then I seem to be able to smell the awful yet ever present stenches I always thought must exist every-where in the world, and I can again see the rickshaws passing by, and hear the beggars' perpetual wail. My life there was the normal one for an active foreign youngster, and thought brings back so many nostalgic memories.

Funeral Customs

One of my favorite past-times was running away from my amah or Chinese nurse. This was never hard to do, since her feet had been bound since early childhood, and were approximately the size of mine when I was five years old. On these tiny crippled limbs, she used to hobble about after me, but it was never hard to judge her pace, and stay just out of her reach. When I managed to evade her, I loved to go where I could watch a Chinese funeral, as I was utterly fascinated with the strings of professional mourners who made up most of the procession. All were dressed in white, or their version of it, all wailing, screaming, crying out, moaning, pulling their hair and beating themselves with flailing arms, - each like a woman "wailing for her demon lover."

I liked the funeral music too, which was supplied - if it was a decent funeral at all - by about three different Chinese bands all playing different music at one time. The musicians adored trying to impress foreigners with their ability on these occasions, and each band would intermingle "John Brown's Body" half a dozen times with the regular Chinese music, as though it were 'par excellence' in taste for funeral music. The open coffin containing the body of the deceased was then placed in a special constructed miniature of a house, just big enough for the coffin, in some open field. Then came the part I particularly loved, when the joss men or Buddhist priests burnt paper dragons and incense as the wailing crescendoed, while crocodile tears trickled down, forming the only clean lines on the filthy faces of the mourners.

Street Inhabitants

When I close my eyes tight and concentrate, I often feel as though I were back on Bubbling Well Road walking with Amah. The sidewalks used to be littered with beggars - each with some infirmity - many of which were self-inflicted. Some kept gouging themselves with filthy instruments until perennial oozing festering sores were formed. Others removed an eye or blinded themselves, while still more broke a few bones and set them to heal so that they would be crippled. Pathetic sights though were the beggar children, with wide, wild dark eyes and skinny frames, who knew only the following words of English as they stumbled after us with hands open to receive money "No b'long havee Mama, No b'long havee Papa, No can catchee Whiskey-soda." Also along the streets, victims of horrible tropical diseases could always be seen in various stages approaching death, and I call to mind one case especially - that of a Chinese in the last stages of elephantitis, completely swollen beyond recognition, and running with evil sores. You come to accept what you are accustomed to seeing, however, and the only feeling I can ever remember is one of wonder and interest as I saw a new version of disease and misery.

Chinese Food

People seem to find Chinese food interesting to hear about, but when presented with the opportunity of actually having some, they usually turn a few unbecoming colors and decline cum gratis. I was brought up on both European food - roast beef and so on, and also on Chinese food, which I decidedly preferred, and still do. At a Chinese banquet, a bowl of piping hot rice is brought in, a set of chopsticks, and then you are set loose on the bowls of accompanying fodder, with which you cover the bowl of rice, and then garnish with Chinese sauces. The dishes of attraction number anywhere up to twenty or thirty, and include such delicacies as sour-sweet pork, bean - sprouts, bamboo - shoots, water chestnuts, pilau (fried onions, peanuts, and rasins all together), pickled or fresh fish eyes, cocks combs, and many different other ones.

Fishermen

We often used to see groups of fishermen, each with a bamboo pole about sixteen feet in length, balanced on either shoulder. All along the poles were hooded cormorants, each with a metal ring around its neck, and a long length of hemp from the ring to the bamboo. When the fishermen reached a suitable creek, they unhooded the hungry cormorants which immediately went after the fish. When one managed to find a suitable prey, and tried to swallow it, the metal ring kept it from going down. The fishermen, seeing the struggling bird, would pull it in with the line, extract the fish from the cormorant's throat, and send the bird off again. Chinese are also great believers in noise attracting fish, and I have frequently seen men fishing while their comrades kept up an unholy and deafening roar on the banks of the stream.

Some people think the Chinese are simple people, others think that they are very complex, and I for one, can't fathom the mechanism of their minds, I can only produce the memories I have from my childhood there, and hope that they may be as interesting to others as they are to me.

All schools in Poland were closed during enemy occupation, so that there are boys and girls of fourteen years of age who cannot yet read and write. Give them the tools they need for education, by helping the Canadian Appeal for Children.

One half of all the children who have been born in Europe since the end of the war are now dead. These babies are the future citizens of the world. Keep them alive by giving the food they need through the Canadian Appeal for Children.



Co-ed News And Views

Now that the girls have had their fling the boys can take over again and the Dal Unicorn can breathe easily - for a year at least. Friday the thirteenth may be considered unlucky by some, but all the L'il Abners at the Sadie Hawkins dance were very fortunate to have received an "invee-tay-shan" to one of "th' most brilliant soshul events o' th' season!" With the great ingenuity developed after years of scientific thinking, Tippy dreamed up a rig that one first prize at the famous (or infamous) S. Hawkins dance. Tippy is just a natural for Hairless Joe!

Now that our week of gay frolic and festivity is over, we are going to turn our energies to making the I.S.S. campaign a success. The King of the Campus has to be elected, and a battle royal is sure to result. We'll penetrate into every nook and cranny which may yield a nickle for the cause.

"Pinafore" practices are making the Gym the Glee Clubbers' second home. The catchy Gilbert and Sullivan tunes are habit forming! Good, quiet, inoffensive, law-abiding Shirreff-Hallers are slowly going mad as they hear constant renditions (somewhat off-key) and with new, modern improvements on the words.

Lamps have been burning in the wee, small hours of the morning. Is it possible that those exam lists have scared one or two people into studying? Oh-oh --- I know when to stop!

Ninety per cent of all the teachers in Greece were killed to prevent them teaching the lessons of democracy. The Canadian Appeal for Children puts books and pencils into the hands of thousands of knowledge-hungry children.

Thousands of children in the world are hungry, cold, and sick. Are they the kind of citizens we will want in the world of tomorrow? Help the Canadian Appeal for Children bring strength and health to these future world citizen.

Aunt Fanny

(Continued from page 2)

ferent. We are a group of congenial people, composed of People You Know."

"But what's the necessity for it?" I asked.

"Necessity?" Payzant exclaimed. "Why we love to sing. We got rhythm, that's all."

And in a twinkling of an ear-drum, the Pecadilloes were singing again.

"No, Geoffrey" I cried, "Not again! Please stop them."

With a screeching of vocal cords the musical Juggernaut ground to a stop. Payzant stared at me in wounded bewilderment.

"Alright," he said, "If that's the way you feel about it...."

"I feel that I've suffered enough for one evening," I said, haughtily. "And what's more, I'd like to point out that there are at least ten men in your octet, not counting Pauley there, who stands with his mouth open and doesn't sing."

Payzant drew himself up to his full height. "Mathematician!" he cried. "Philistine! you have no music in your soul."

"You'll hear from us," Payzant promised grimly.

And hear from them I did. They banded together to produce an operetta. Every night they practice. On every street corner, in every class, in locker-room and lab, in barroom and bistro, wherever two or more of the Pecadilloes come together, there is a lifting of voices in song.

SEEDS OF DESTINY

Due to the cancellation of last Sunday's S.C.M. Open House, the film "Seeds of Destiny" will be shown at the Open House this Sunday, Feb. 22, at 8.45 P.M. in the Men's Common Room.

NEXT weekend Dr. John Korfus Smart, graduate of McGill University, missionary in Sierra Leone, and at present studying Tropical Diseases at Harvard, will be our guest. Plan to hear a man who will have much to say of interest to every student.

Did you feed your cat this morning? That milk would be a three-day ration for a baby in Poland. These babies will be given the food they need for life through the Canadian Appeal for Children.

Refreshment arrives

Ask for it either way... both trade-marks mean the same thing.

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