

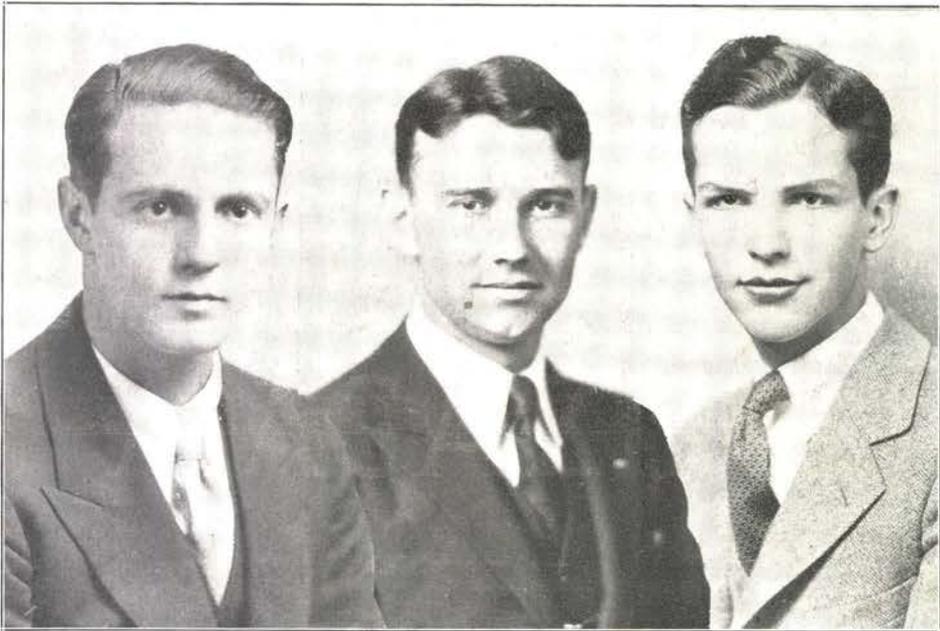
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March, 1932

MID-PACIFIC MAGAZINE



Robert T. Miller, Roger Alton Pfaff, and David G. Wilson, members of the Pacific Basin Good-Will Tour of Oregon University, who recently spent six months in Australasia, the Orient and India. The boys were guests of the Pan-Pacific Club in Honolulu.

The Mid-Pacific Magazine

CONDUCTED BY ALEXANDER HUME FORD

Volume XLIII

Number 3

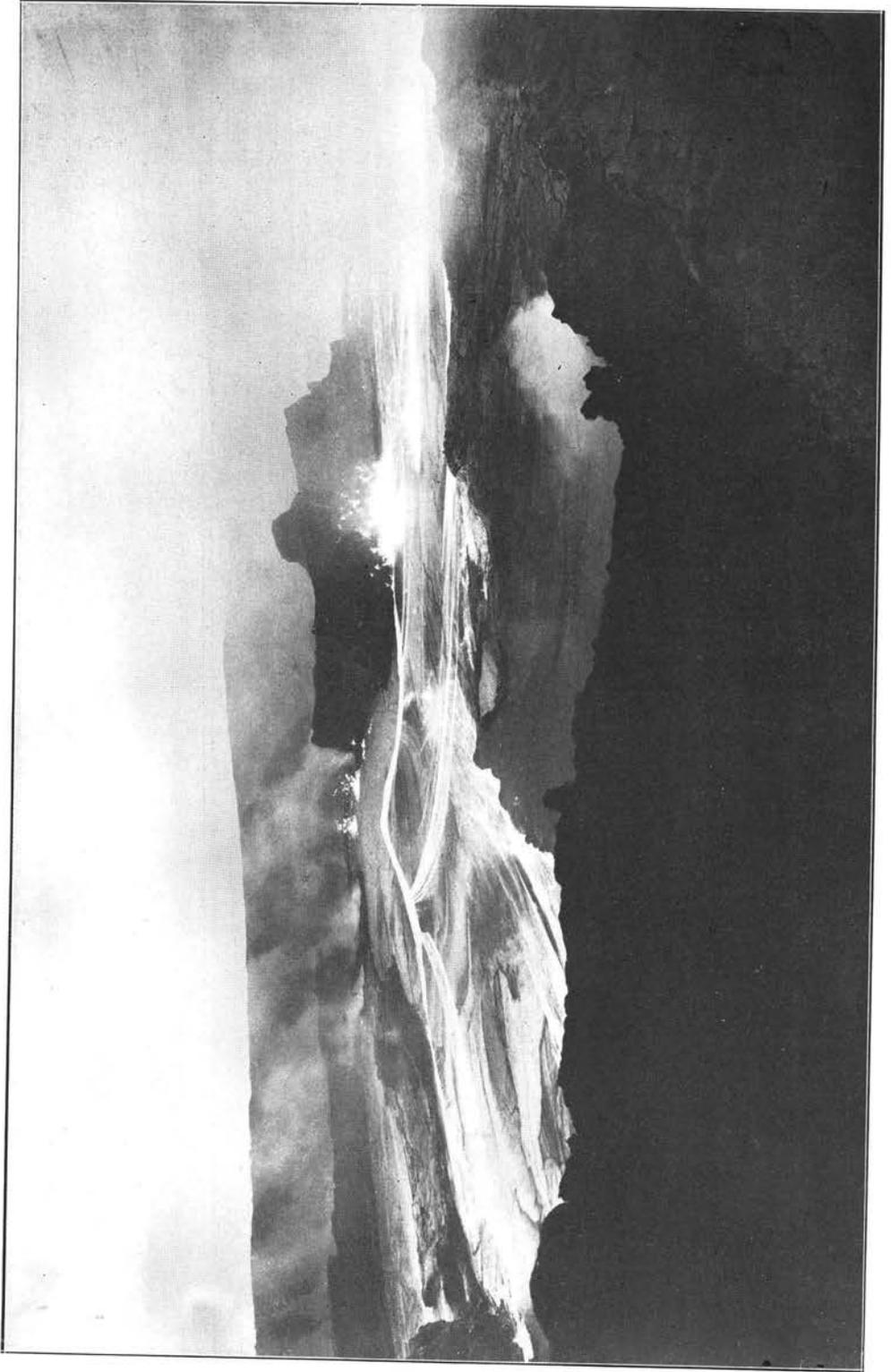
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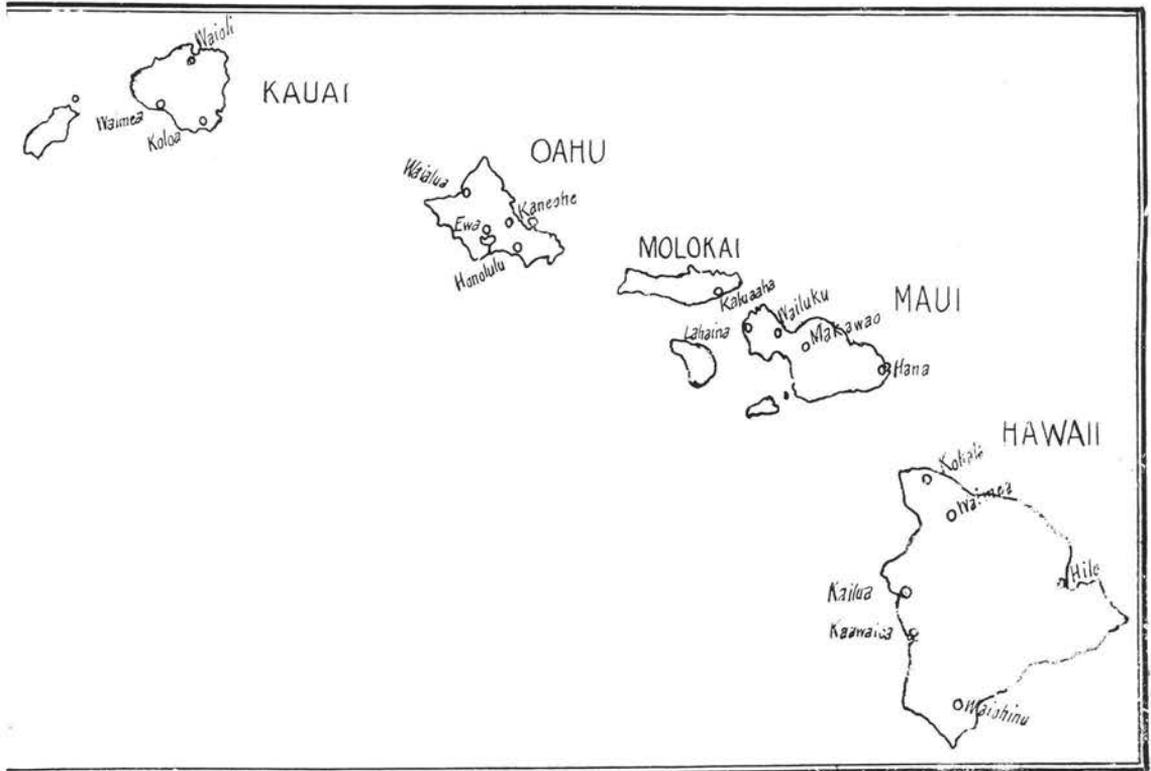
The Mid-Pacific Magazine

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Kilauea Volcano as it appeared just before the lake of fire drained away in the autumn of 1923. Several months later tremendous explosions from the pit hurled ashes into the air for miles and caused the walls to crumble and fall, thus making a crater 100 acres in area and 1,200 feet deep. Recent flows have raised the level of the floor to about 900 feet.



Kilauea Volcano is thirty-one miles southwest of Hilo, the capital city of Hawaii.

The World's First Broadcast of a Live Volcano

By EZRA CRANE
of the Honolulu Advertiser

(EDITOR'S NOTE—On Monday, December 28, 1931, between 10:45 a. m. and 11:15 a. m., the National Broadcasting Co., in collaboration with KGU, The Honolulu Advertiser's station, established radio history by broadcasting a program from the very brink of the pit of Halemauau, which was seething and spouting with crimson molten lava. Twice the microphone was lowered fifteen feet below the rim of the crater.

The graphic description by Ezra Crane of The Advertiser Staff, over the national chain to all parts of the Mainland, Canada, Cuba, Mexico and Central America, which is published here for the first time, follows:)

Aloha everybody, everywhere—

This program is originating from the far-flung western outpost of the National Broadcasting Company's system, in Hawaii, through station KGU.

This morning we are standing on the edge of one of the world's greatest active volcanoes, suddenly sprung back to life again after months of peaceful slumber.

Before attempting to describe this

seething caldron below, may I suggest to you that you quickly get out your world atlas and turn to the map of the Hawaiian Islands so that you may orient yourself and more clearly understand just where this broadcast is originating.

In the center of our little group of Islands out in the Pacific, 2,000 miles west of San Francisco, is the island of Oahu, on which is located Honolulu, capital city. In the right hand corner of your map, 200 miles away in a southeasterly direction, is the largest island, the island of Hawaii. You will see the city of Hilo on the southeastern coast—and inland from Hilo 30 miles, if you look carefully, you will perhaps see marked the volcano of Kilauea.

And here we are.

Our radio party has traveled 200 miles by island steamer, journeyed 30 miles inland by automobile to a vast plateau 4,000 feet above sea level on the slopes of a mountain that rises almost 10,000 feet above us.

We have wended our way through scrubby tropical forests, scrambled down precipitous cliffs 800 feet high, walked over a three-mile waste of crusted lava to the center of the gigantic outer crater, where we stand and look down 1,000 feet into a fiery volcano whose reverberating explosions we hope you can hear.

After tremendous hardships the National Broadcasting Company has established a remote control outpost on the brink of the volcano. I am standing two feet from the very edge and I will now attempt to describe for you what is going on in this inferno below.

We gaze down a thousand feet into a scene that even Dante in his wildest flights of imagination would fail in describing.

Below me is a heaving lake of molten lava, 2,600 feet long, 2,200 feet wide, with an area of more than 85 acres of roaring, red-hot lava.

Countless tons of molten lava are bursting up from the bowels of the earth, in a score of fountains. Great showers

of scarlet lava are hurled into space by the invisible forces, only to return to the seething pit once more with a roar and a crash that would still the traffic at 42nd and Broadway on a New Year's eve.

You listeners in Oklahoma, southern California, Texas and other oil centers have doubtless watched giant gushers spouting oil and flame high in the air out of control of man. Multiply the size of these gushers many, many times and you will have some conception of the vastness of these fountains below us.

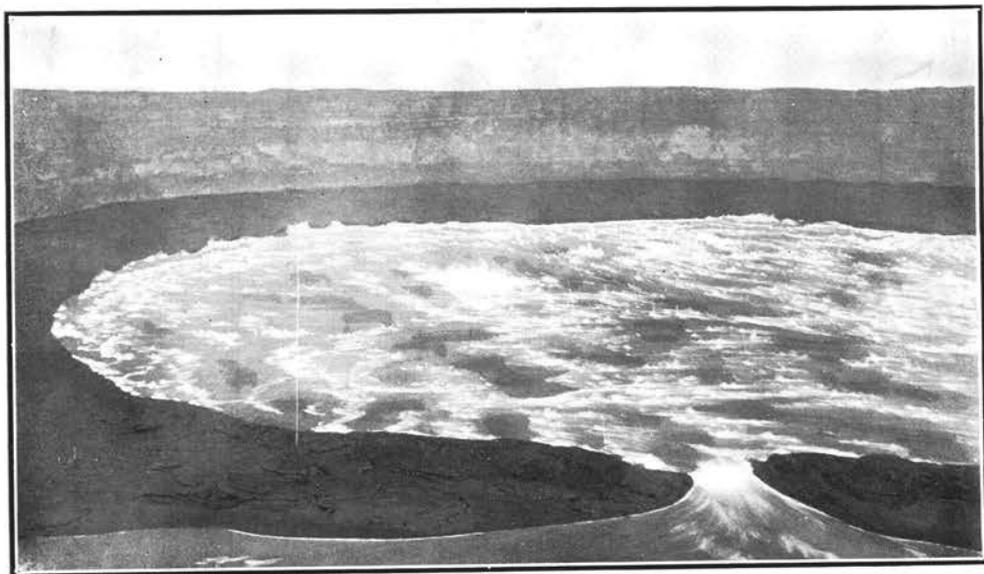
I said a moment ago that there were a score of fountains playing below, but this is an ever-changing scene, one that provides its spectators with a new pattern each moment. Let me count the fountains for you now—over there in the far corner is the greatest of them all, playing incessantly, relentlessly, 300 feet in the air. Right next in line, almost a part of the gigantic fountain, are two smaller ones, pimples in comparison, but in reality each a hundred feet high.

And this way a little bit—probably not more than 300 yards or so—is a group of one, two, three, four. No—five beauties of equal size.

Let's see—that makes eight, but we've just started—look at those three enormous ones playing fiercely in the center of this lake of fire—and, oh, did you hear that roar as they exploded their tons of liquid rock?

Look right down here below me, a thousand feet right into the face of eternity; there's a new one, just sprung up, playing almost out of the side of the cliff, spewing itself, fiery red all over a black crust of lava, cooled for the moment on the lake surface.

That makes twelve of them, but I can't stay here all day and count fountains, for, gazing back over there where we started, there is another group of four newcomers, merrily joining in the chorus of crashing rock, seething molten stuff whose endless motion seems to beat time like the surf angrily pounding upon a rock-bound coast.



In previous eruptions the lake of fire has overflowed the rim of the crater and spread out over the surrounding lava.

Have you ever tried counting sheep when you can't sleep? Well, come on down here to Hawaii and try counting these fountains. You'll go sleepless for a week.

Friends, as you look upon the action of this volcano a strange feeling comes over you. One can't help thinking strange thoughts—and you would, too, if you were here. Nature's power is so terrific it is difficult to find words to express oneself. Man seems so small, so insignificant and humble in the sight of all this.

But where does this come from? How hot is it? What makes it so hot? Where does it go?

Suppose we lower this microphone over the edge of the cliff and down 15 or 20 feet, do you think we can do that?

"Sure," answered Marion A. Mulrony, manager and chief engineer of KGU. "We can try, may take a second or two."

Well, come on, let's try; perhaps it will give a better idea of the terrific activity that is going on down there.

All right, let her go; give me a hand on this—grab hold of my coat so I won't fall in—all set.

The microphone is about to descend into the heavily vapored volcano for a few feet so that you may hear for yourself at first-hand the roar and crash of the fiery spectacle. There's a high, gusty wind blowing up here on top, perhaps the cliff will shelter the mike and shut off all save the noises of the volcano. Now listen to the voice of the volcano.

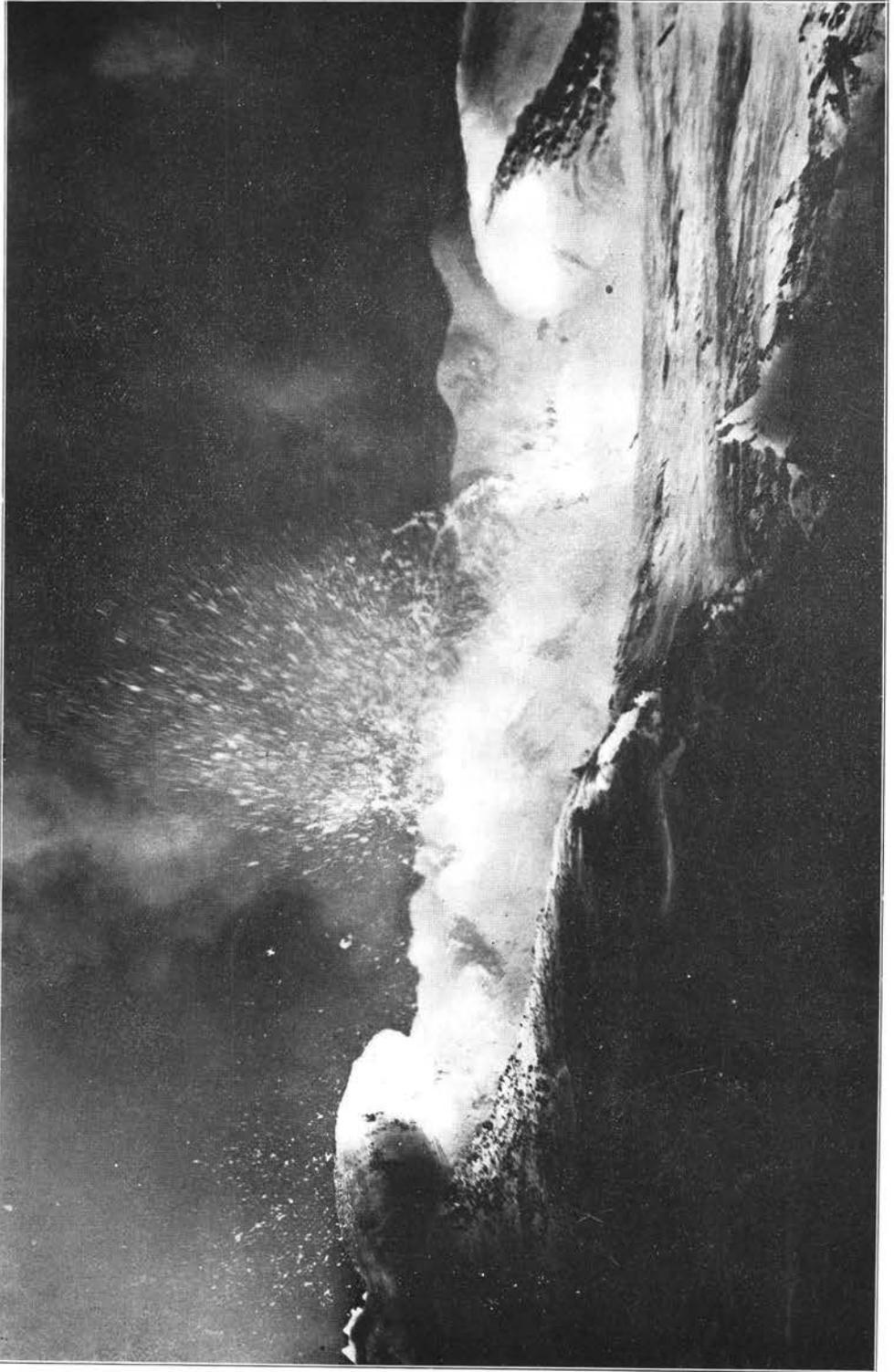
(At this point the microphone was lowered into the pit for one minute.)

Could you hear it? How did it sound to you? Oh, here's the man I've been looking for in this vast curious throng that is witnessing the world's first broadcast of a live volcano. He has been hearing these sounds for twenty years. He's the big chief, Dr. T. A. Jaggard, outstanding volcanologist of the United States, head of the Hawaii Volcano Research Association, and representing the United States Geological Survey.

Perhaps he can clear up some of these mysteries.

Friends, may I introduce to you Dr. T. A. Jaggard.

(Dr. Jaggard was then interviewed by Crane on the scientific aspects of the



Great showers of scarlet lava are hurled into space, only to return to the seething pit with a deafening roar and crash. During its recent activity there were fountains of lava playing 500 feet in height.

eruption, in the course of which the volcanologist disclosed that the heat of the lava was 1,200 degrees centigrade at the bottom of the pit, described Kilauea as a "friendly" volcano and mentioned the towering peak of Mauna Loa as resembling Vesuvius in a remote way.)

That fickle wind has shifted again—it is blowing great clouds of sulphur fumes and other gases of the eruption over this way from the bottom of the pit. If my voice is getting a bit husky it is on account of these fumes, which have combated us since we first started on the job of testing with San Francisco Saturday.

And, speaking of Saturday, we had some real excitement here for a moment. We were just about ready for a test; our chief engineer, in the radio hut, which is just three feet back of me here, was making his final adjustments preparatory to a test.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, a terrific gust of wind whipped across the floor of this great outer crater and struck us amidships.

To forestall such an emergency the national park men had weighted down the hut with a ton of sand in 100-pound bags, but this wasn't enough for this gust. The hut started to move—we were stung and blinded by hard-driven lava sand—fully thirty men leaped to the emergency and by sheer strength held the hut to keep it and all of our equipment from being catapulted into the boiling mass a thousand feet below.

And by this time our chief engineer had smashed all speed records in removing himself from the hut. Charley Padlock had nothing on him. In order to coax him back in again another ton of ballast was added to the hut, and now all is serene, wind or no wind. The hut, by the way, is only six by six and about eight feet high, of rough lumber and with a sheet-iron roof. But it is serving its purpose well.

That great fountain over there in the far-off corner is up to new tricks now.

She is throwing up a great 350-foot spray; it rises, seems to pause and then climbs still higher. Now it is coming down; it takes fully 15 seconds from the time it reaches the peak to crash back to the boiling caldron on the floor. This fountain has built a semicircular wall, well over a hundred feet high, and as many feet thick.

With each lava burst, tons of red-hot molten stuff were thrown against the crater's side above the semicircular wall. It parts, flows slowly, gracefully down the side behind the cone to rejoin the lava lake, forming an almost perfect horseshoe, or perhaps it might be more apt to liken it to the design of a Knight Templar's formal headgear. There the design remains almost constantly as more and more liquid rock is cast into the mold.

Imagine, if you can, an inverted Niagara Falls, shooting up into the air 300 feet. That will give you some idea of the immensity of this giant geyser. Its incandescent sprays leap into the air as rapidly as the waters of Niagara pour into the boiling, misty space below the falls.

To give you a better idea of the immense size of the lava lake below us, let us make a few comparisons.

Suppose we could transport here the Bremen, longest steamer in the world, launch her down a thousand-foot ways and then put another Bremen immediately behind her. We would still have room for the flagship of the United States Navy's battle fleet, and yet neither bow nor stern of this procession would touch the outer wall.

If you were down there, standing on the topmost point of the bridge of one of these huge liners, these lava fountains would be shooting molten rock 300 feet above you.

Still another comparison—

If the great Empire State building were to be placed on the floor of the pit, its great mooring mast would scarcely be on a level with our eyes on the brink.

You have heard much of this molten

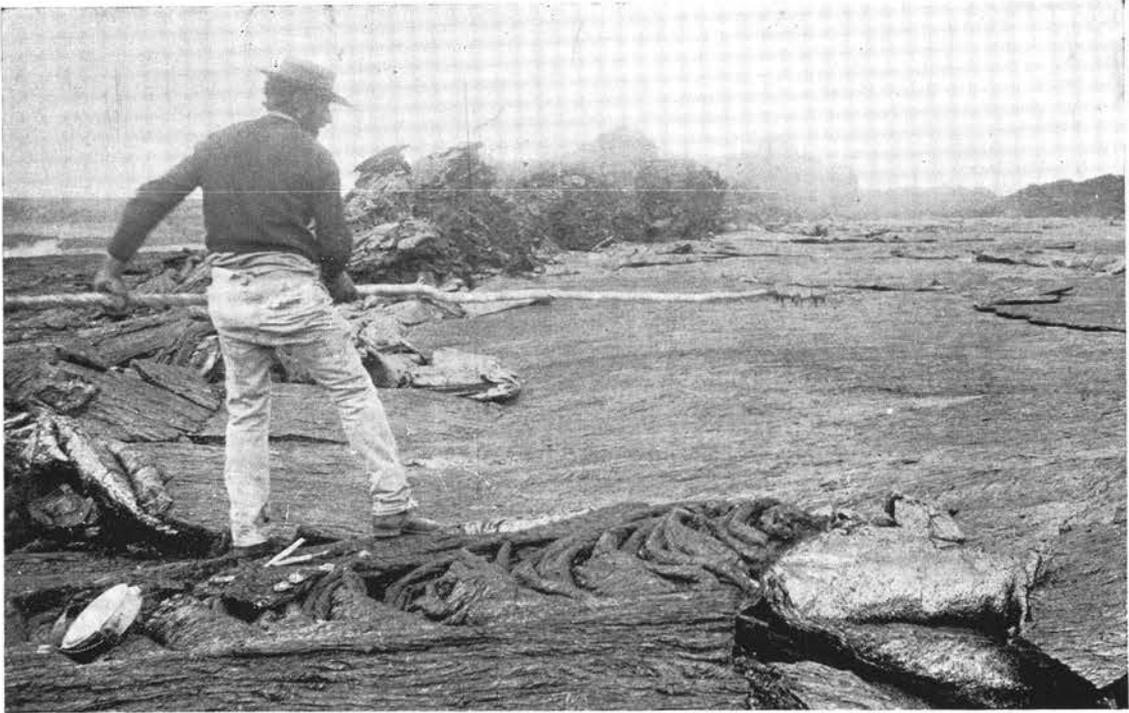
lake, but nothing of the pattern which marks its surface. The closest simile which comes to mind is a shatter-proof windshield which has been struck a terrific blow. Shattered lines, each red hot, run in all directions, join each other and spread out like a giant spider web, radiating from the giant fountains.

Between these scarlet cracks the lava has cooled somewhat and has turned jet black. As the fountains play, waves as big as Waikiki's largest rollers travel to the farthest corners of the pit. Movement is constant, never-ceasing.

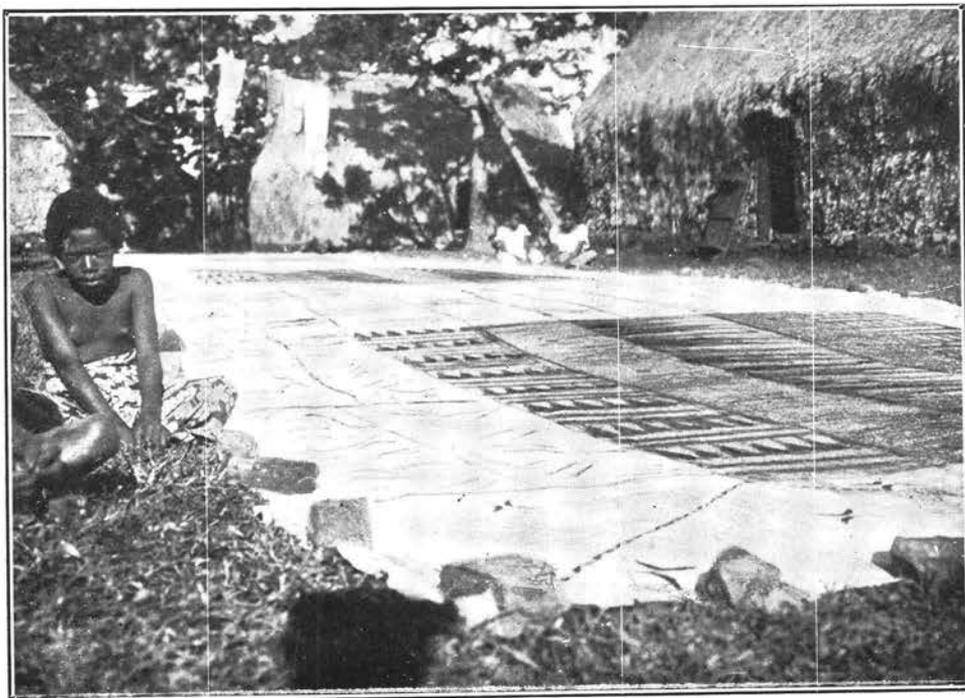
And now, as our time grows short, I am going to lower the microphone over the ledge once more, drop it down about 15 feet and let you hear the noises of

the volcano so that you may take away from this program a final and lasting impression of the immensity of the spectacle.

In closing I wish to express the appreciation of the National Broadcasting Company and KGU to Maj. Gen. Briant H. Wells, commanding officer of the Hawaiian department of the United States Army; Col. Frank J. Griffin, department signal officer, and Capt. Willis A. Hedden of the Kilauea recreation camp maintained by the army; E. P. Leavitt, superintendent of the Hawaii National Park, and Dr. Jaggard, all of whom have assisted greatly in establishing this unique remote control on the brink of the world's greatest present spectacle.



Ten years ago one could stand on the edge of Kilauea's lava flow. Today this is impossible with the precipitous walls of the pit 900 feet in height.



The women of Fiji make tapa cloth in beautiful designs from the inner bark of the mulberry tree.

Problems of Government in Fiji

By I. A. MANDER,

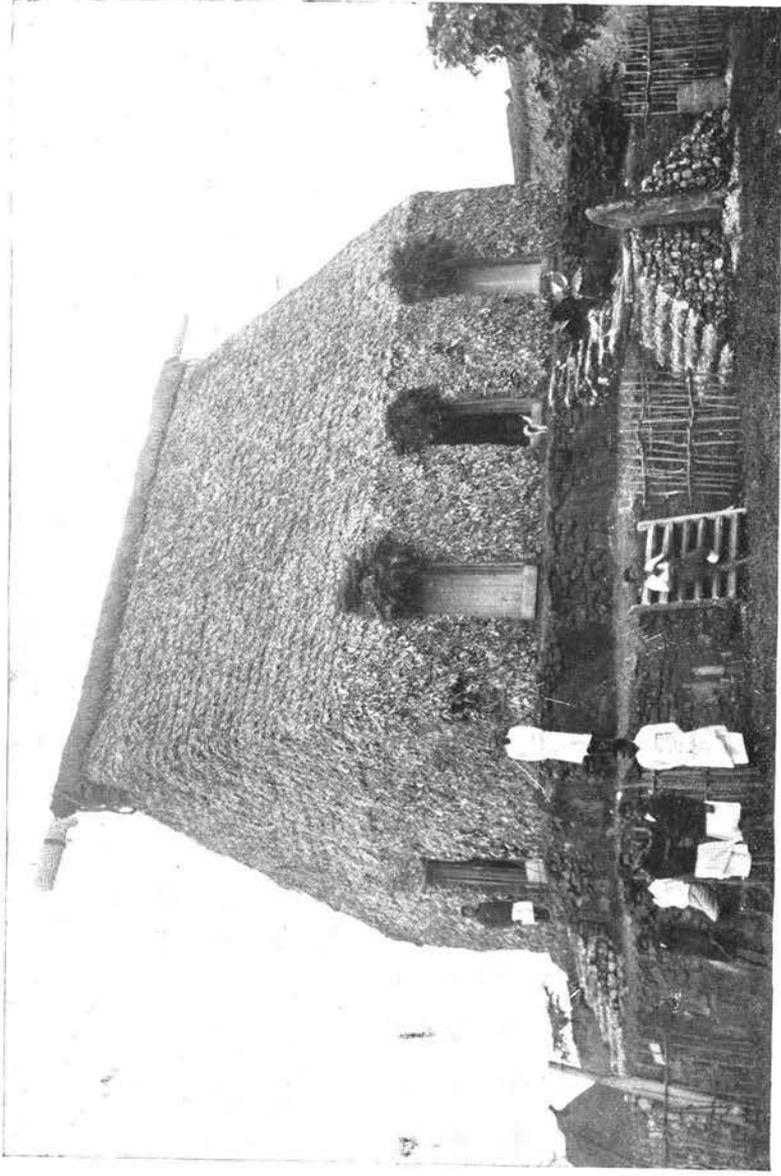
Professor of Political Science, University of Washington, and Exchange Professor
at the University of Hawaii in 1931

I should feel much more confident in speaking to the Pan-Pacific Club today had I not known that on my right is the British Consul, who has had so much experience in problems of government, and, further to my right, a gentleman who should be giving this address, Mr. Moe; since Mr. Moe himself has a wealth of knowledge of the Pacific, and is particularly well acquainted with Fiji.

The history, as distinct from the legends of Fiji, dates back only to the 18th century, when a mixture of the Melanesian and Polynesian peoples is found inhabiting this group of islands in the South Pacific. Of the two hundred

and fifty islands which comprise Fiji (possessing a total area of 7,083 square miles), the most important are hilly and mountainous, with fertile and timbered lands in the lower country, and fine navigable rivers, suitable for Fijian boats of tribal days.

The early story is one of intertribal wars, with the gradual ascendancy of some tribes over the others. European contacts took place around 1800, and soon after, firearms were introduced to the natives. In 1835 the missionaries arrived, and within a generation we find the fuller effects of the European contacts. The larger native confederations, which broke



The old council house at Bau in the Fijis. These houses, though grass-thatched, are generally beautifully decorated inside. Sennit or string made from coconut fibre is used to bind together the beams and thatching.

up the smaller independent villages and consolidated them into larger groups, were at first strengthened by foreign interference, and then, gradually, weakened. For example, Thakombau appealed to the Christian Tongans to help him reestablish his position in his fighting against other tribes. The Tongans who came, however, served to introduce another element of division, and with the growth of trading interests, the more frequent visits of the whalers, and the establishment of white plantations, the tendency to confusion and disorder was accelerated.

In 1857 Mr. Pritchard, the British Consul, went hurriedly to London to try to persuade the British Government to take over Fiji, and took with him a document from Thakombau, whom he described as the king of Fiji, but who was, in reality, only one of a number of outstanding chiefs. This offer of cession made in 1858 met with no success, for the British government was unwilling to take fresh responsibilities in her colonial empire. A further offer of cession in 1859 met a similar fate. The chiefs, thereupon, in order to set up some ordered government, placed extraordinary powers in Mr. Pritchard's hands. They themselves were to be an advisory board (or council) acting under his presidency. Once again, Britain refused its sanction, and this experiment ended almost as quickly as it had begun. Colonel Smythe, who was sent out at this time to investigate matters, confirmed the "hands-off" policy, for he recommended the setting up of "a native government aided by the councils of respectable Europeans," but felt that Britain should take no action.

In view of the growing disorder, several of the chiefs granted charters to the whites in order to permit them to set up local self-government amongst themselves. But such charters did not prove effective in dealing with relations between the whites and the Fijians, particularly in the matter of land-grabbing, ill treatment of natives on plantations, native retaliations, and even piracy itself. The naval

authorities and the British consul did not know just how far they could exert their power. A rumor that a petition had gone to the United States asking for its intervention added to the uncertainty. The United States, however, refused to take action, and in 1870 Thakombau, as King of Bau, set up a municipal government for the whites at Levuka. The government set up under this charter soon met difficulties, for it was quite unsuited to the situation, and met with the opposition of both whites and natives. After further investigation, and at the earnest request of many of the inhabitants, the British government finally annexed Fiji in 1874.

The establishment of a settled government slowed down considerably the forces of disintegration which were rapidly acting upon the Fijian society. The outstanding characteristics of that society at that time were as follows: in religion, the tribes which descended from Melanesian sources worshipped spirits, of which there were an extraordinary number. Those of Polynesian origin were, generally speaking, given to ancestor worship. Fear, perhaps, was the dominant emotion, due, no doubt, to the insecurity of life and the cruel fate likely to be experienced by a Fijian in those days.

The chiefs occupied a high social position and in many cases were regarded as of divine origin. The Fijian chiefs, according to Deane, "expected to become divine when they arrived in the unseen world." The clan was the unit of society and formed the bulwark of conservatism; it undertook the larger works, such as house-building, canoe-building, etc., but encouraged within itself the special occupations, such as carpentering and fishing—professions which developed the advantages of specialized division of labor. The land was divided among the clan. It was administered by the chiefs who, although they did not own any, did possess certain rights called "lala," a type of land rent regarded in part as a return to the chief for his services of government.

Because of the absence of any clear-cut division between personal and communal property, ownership in the sense that we know it was not practiced. "All the members of the clan have a certain lien upon goods belonging to anyone of their number." This conception gave rise to "kerekere," the right of a person to beg from his neighbor anything which he required. It was, in fact, a step below barter. Also, the right of *vasu* was deep-seated. The son of a mother could in theory, go to her tribe and take what he wished. The high-born Fijian might exercise this right almost without limit. "He might ransack the houses, sweep the plantations bare, kill the pigs and violate the women without a murmur from the unfortunate dependants of his kinsmen. In this way villages are occasionally swept of everything of value." So the custom of *vei-tauvu* played its part. Two villages, which traced their origins to the same source, "have the privilege when visiting one another, of killing the domestic animals, stripping the food plantations and appropriating all chattel property belonging to their hosts."

Such customs, of course, discouraged personal initiative, took away a "wholesome fear of debt," and slowed up progress. But it did, of course, safeguard people against absolute destitution. Moreover, by working in common under the tribe, things were done more quickly, labor was made easier in the absence of mechanical assistance, and the wisdom of the tribe was shared by even the humblest. But such a system, with certain exceptions, did not produce specialists. It made the Fijian unduly dependent, particularly susceptible to ridicule, and made it hard for him to develop a personality above that of his fellows.

Another important element in Fijian society was symbolism: the Fijians are even today a very ceremonious people. It might be a piece of native cloth, or shells, but especially likely to be the whale's tooth, which was used on an extraordinary number of occasions, such as

the acquisition of property, buying brides, the birth of a child, death of a wife or the building of a house by the clan for a person. This symbolism of the Fijian is closely associated with his sense of honor; and this love of ceremony made him particularly liable to tell untruths simply because he was unwilling to hurt the feelings of his hearer.

The most unlovely side of the Fijian's nature was seen in his cruelty, his treachery and his torture of prisoners during war time. Reverend J. W. Burton says that the real difficulty is to give a description of old Fiji without giving such abominable pictures as to outrage decency. Among the tortures practiced were the cutting off of arms and legs of prisoners in the presence of victims; tongues pulled out and roasted; heavy canoes launched over human beings; canoe decks washed with human blood; men made to stand at the bottom of holes in the ground to hold up the posts of a chief's house or temple and the earth shoveled in; people thrown alive on red-hot stones; widows strangled and old people killed in a cold-blooded manner. Such, in brief, was the Fijian society before the coming of Christianity and the assumption of authority by the British government.

The missionaries performed a splendid service to the Fijians in converting them to Christianity. The grosser crimes in most areas passed away within a relatively short time. Compared with their great-grandfathers, the Fijians stand out as examples of extraordinary progress in overcoming the most unlovely characteristics of savagery. But the transition was not an easy one. Although Fiji had become nominally Christian in 1876, in 1885 a heathen heresy broke out, the adherents believing that they were to be rewarded with immortality and that the foreigners and unbelievers would perish. The movement broke down on the deportation of its leader, but in 1892 it revived. There were again revelations and prophecies of the end of the British rule and of the new Christian religion, and

many Fijians secretly welcomed this new excitement and revival of old ideas. In 1895 a revolt broke out, and a third time the people "returned to heathen worship and to cannibalism." Even today, in the outlying parts, there is a tendency to devil worship and to the practice of indecent customs.

The moral problem raised in the transition stage was a serious one. With the abolition of the club law against immorality and the substitution of a religion of persuasion rather than compulsion, many breakdowns occurred. For the development of new motive power is a slow business at best. In addition to the difficulties caused by the change from a morality of external compulsion to one of inner belief, there were other factors. The missionaries, keen on the idea of the family, did not look with favor on the practice of separate quarters for the men. So they encouraged youths to sleep in the homes of their parents, and this change, combined with the contempt which the younger generation with its new education developed for the older ideals, gradually produced a breakdown of the old restrictions. Plantation life and other contacts also played their part.

The mission influence was also set against the Fijian custom of the separation of parents during the period while the child was being weaned. The father, according to tribal wont, lived during this period (anywhere from twelve to thirty-six months) in the men's sleeping house. This precaution was desirable, for, in the absence of artificial infant food, the child had to be weaned for longer periods than in the case of Europeans. If, however, owing to a too early second conception, the Fijian mother had to nourish both the child at her breast and her second coming child, the strain was apt to have injurious consequences on her health and on the health of the children. "The reproductive powers of the Fijian woman of today are forced, though her body is no better prepared by a generous course of food to meet the strain than

when she was allowed to follow the less exacting course of Nature for which only her body is fitted." Insofar as the missionary insistence upon the breakdown of the old custom of enforced separation of parents after the coming of a child had the effects mentioned above, we must point to it as one of the unfortunate consequences of contact with a new religion.

In political and economic spheres there were certain changes, but perhaps an outstanding impression is that the preservation of native tribal society was maintained to a surprising degree. When the British Government took control, it retained the system of chieftainship. The senior chiefs meet from time to time with the Governor or the Secretary for Native Affairs presiding. It is an advisory board which can pass regulations which may be agreed to by the Governor in Council. In this case, they have the force of law. There are half-yearly provincial councils presided over by the provincial chiefs, and district councils which meet every month. These are held in native fashion and are still the occasion of a certain amount of ceremony and feasting. Certain affairs come under the Native Regulation Board. "The Native Affairs Ordinance of 1876 provides for a Native Regulation Board, consisting of the Governor, two members of the Legislative Council and such other persons, European and native, as the Governor may nominate." The Board has powers to make regulations with regard to the marriage and divorce of natives, succession to property, the jurisdiction and powers of native courts and native magistrates in matters of criminal and civil procedure, and also in regard to such other matters as have reference to the well-being and good government of the native Fijian population. In the administration of justice, Native Stipendiary Magistrates hold District Courts and have jurisdiction over minor offenses by Fijians against the Native Regulations, while the more serious offenses are dealt with in the

Provincial Courts, where District Commissioners and Native Stipendiary Magistrates preside.

Thus, as Mr. Kilmer Moe has put it, the old order was well entrenched, cemented even by government regulation. There were, however, some difficult problems of adjustment. The native chief could, according to the custom of communal lala, call out his tribe to help in the building of roads and bridges and churches, the erection of houses, and the harvesting of crops, but when the chief called his men out for purposes of sanitation work, they objected because such measures were not in accordance with custom; so when he ordered them to widen the roads and the bridges, the people believed that he was not "voicing the want of the commune, but the will of the foreigners." The attempt to utilize native institutions for progressive measures met with tribal conservatism. Also, the Government in surveying land boundaries came upon an unexpected difficulty. In the early days land had only a food-producing value, and therefore its possession was not a matter of great moment. When the Europeans came and began paying rent to native chiefs, the claims of these chiefs over land went up by leaps and bounds, and they made these claims rest upon such items as the "ancient right to order gardens to be planted by subject tribes, or to demand services from them in house-building, fishing or contributions for the entertainment of visitors."

In the endeavor to reduce these customary rights to written law, mistakes were made because in many instances British officials were unaware of the complex differences in the lala customs of various tribes. For a time, there were difficulties enough, but gradually satisfactory adjustments seem to have been made.

The native land question gave rise to other interesting situations. In 1874, it apparently was contemplated that all lands not at that time in occupation, or needed for native use should be taken over by

the Crown, but in 1880 a change was decided upon, and the natives were confirmed in their ownership of the non-acquired lands. Because the Fijian was unprogressive by nature, settlement was not easy, for foreigners found the course of negotiations to obtain a lease from the Fijians peculiarly roundabout, and not infrequently irritating. In 1910, Mr. Scott, in the Legislative Council, moved that the government acquire the unoccupied native lands for the purpose of encouraging settlement, for it was impossible, he said, to attract immigrants unless land were first classified and surveyed. Under present conditions, he went on, before Fijian land could be leased, application had to be made to the District Commissioner. The District Commissioner would send the application to the District Council, which would then debate the matter. On its approval being sent to the Roko, he transmitted it in turn to the District Commissioner who sent it to Suva, where the native commissioner and the Commissioner of Land reported to the Executive Council, which then approved or disapproved of the lease. Then the land was placed by the natives at the disposal of the government which in turn leased it on behalf of the owners to the prospective settler or planter.

It would seem, then, that the more pressing difficulty is not the danger to Fijian society through land alienation, for the natives still possess 4,000,000 acres, but rather the consequences to these natives of receiving rental for lands which they have already leased. They have, in other words, "acquired the taste for unearned wealth," and often tend to spend this wealth foolishly. Large sums may be squandered within a few weeks. A few dresses or clothes, a boat or two, some trinkets and that is all which on occasions natives have to show for their rental money. The Fijian is a person of irregular habits and of economic inefficiency. He finds difficulty in keeping to a program with anything like

application. This is seen even among the pupils at school. "A football game and they are off; a mid-term vacation and they forget to come back. They leave the work done regardless of consequences, and have to be treated as children on all occasions."

There is, however, a most significant movement. About 2,000 Fijians apparently are working on sugar plots connected with the Colonial Sugar Refining Company. They are encouraged in this agrarian individualism by several people, including a missionary, Mr. Lelean. When a Fijian goes to work on his own, the Buli claims a part of the income for the tribe; the loss of a considerable part of his earnings necessarily discourages the Fijian worker. A method has therefore been devised by which the Fijian individual pays a lump sum to the chief to get out of his obligation to the tribal group. Mr. Lelean apparently has gone farther by building up a fund so as to release the would-be individualist. It is obvious that such a movement is anti-tribal and that there is danger that people who have lived in a state of communal dependency will after a period of individual effort become discouraged in a lone project. Mr. Lelean, however, is trying to substitute a Christian brotherhood for that of the tribe; religion in place of the old tribal loyalty is to provide the driving force. He will on occasion pray with these men in their fields, asking the Lord to give them strength to keep at their work, and praying Him to be with them when they are clearing their patches of cane. Whether the presence of an Unseen Power will be as effective as the old tribal bonds is an interesting question that has still perhaps to be answered. Mr. Lelean's proteges have separate plots of land from five to ten acres, cultivated under a rotation scheme. The men help each other with the labor much in the same way as they

would have done under the tribal organizations. One man's harvest ripens a little; he sends out a call and the others come and help him without question, for they themselves will call upon him on some future occasion. It is a system which is readily grafted onto the Fijian's more ancient social organization. Again, it will be interesting to see if this friendly "you help me, I'll help you" form of coöperation will last long enough to bridge over the time which must elapse before the individual system of cultivation is secure.

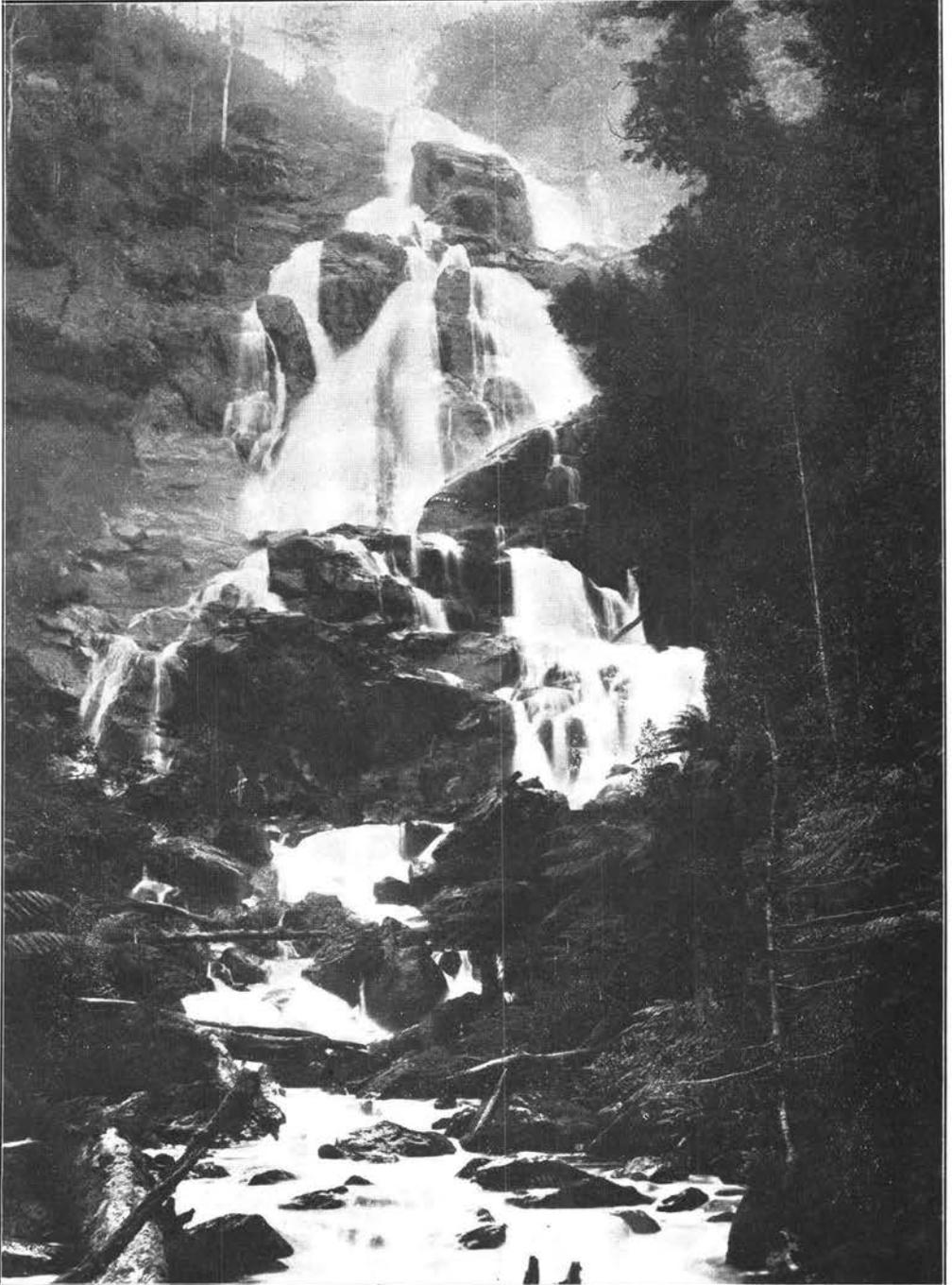
In the Governor's address to the Legislative Council, May 13, 1930, there is evidence to show that Sir Murchison Fletcher, soon after his arrival, was convinced that the government should encourage this movement among the Fijians.

"I see no reason why the Fijian should not take a much larger share in the cultivation of sugar cane, than has hitherto been the case, and I am in communication with the representatives of the Colonial Sugar Refining Company on the subject. I am assured of the Company's support, and I know that I can rely upon the assistance of the Hon. the Member for the Northern Division. I would ask the District Commissioners to do all in their power to promote the matter. There is definite indication that the Fijians will eagerly adopt the tenant farmer system, along the lines of the scheme which has been so successful in the case of the Indian community.

"If the Hawaiian Pineapple Company decides to undertake operations in Vanualevu, there should be further opportunity for Fijian employment. A recent visit to the Company's experimental plots convinces me that the work would be well suited to Fijian capacity, and I have suggested to the Company's representative that, if the project is proceeded with, it would be desirable to place Fijians on the land, in villages, with their families.

"The Fijian should be readily able to adapt his communal system to purposes of coöperative production and marketing, which is being attended to with such successful results in other parts of the world. I understand that coöperation is making particularly good progress in Jamaica, and I have asked the Jamaican Government for information regarding its methods."

Council Paper No. 1, 1930, page 4.
(To be concluded next month)



Tasmania's hydroelectric development is one of the Australian Commonwealth's greatest industrial romances of the century. Upwards of 1,000,000 horsepower are available.

Tasmania

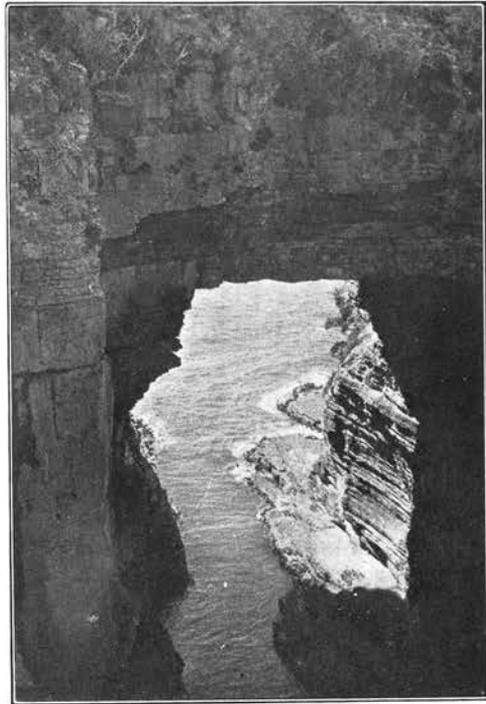
By MRS. KATHLEEN M. CLAPHAM
Pan-Pacific radio talk given over KGU, Honolulu

I have been asked by the Pan-Pacific Union to chat with you about Tasmania, Australia's island state, sometimes called the little speck, or better known as the Apple Isle.

Tasmania is the playground for Australians during the summer months—November to March—where people from all over Australia congregate to avoid the heat. It is divided from Australia by the Bass Strait, 200 miles in width. The total area, including islands off the coast, is 26,215 square miles, or, roughly, about the size of Scotland, and one-third the area of Victoria.

The keynote of the island is variability of physical conditions. The surface is broken by a continual succession of hills and mountains, which increase in ruggedness from east to west. The climate is equally devoid of monotony; cyclonic depressions follow one another so rapidly across the Bight, that every variety of weather is commonly provided within a period of three or four days. The altitude, varying from sea level is nearly 4,000 feet on the summer sheep runs of the central plateau and gives a similar variability of climate from place to place. The yearly rainfall, though reasonably constant in one spot, varies greatly in a few miles, reaching the upper limit of 130 inches at Lake Margaret, on the west coast, and a lower limit of 18 inches at Antill Ponds, in the eastern midlands.

The fertility of the soil runs equally to extremes—quick changes from rich to barren are the rule. Often a bewildering variety of soils may be turned up under the one plough. The landscape is gener-



Tasman's Arch, Eaglehawk Neck, Tasmania.

ally beautiful, rising frequently to grandeur. The mountains on the western half of the island, and the bold coast line of the south and southeast, are particularly notable. The vegetation is rich and varied, and the country characteristically green when the neighboring states are brown and yellow. The climate is cool, healthy and invigorating, with fires in use nearly the entire year.

Serious drought is unknown. Average yields of all temperature crops are high as compared to other states. However, suitable areas for each crop are limited and scattered. The season varies so

much from place to place that the same crop that is being harvested in one place is hardly showing above the ground in another district. There is a competent director of agriculture, and much is being done to help the primary producer by scientific research. Provided that the next three or four seasons are reasonably good and fair markets are available, Tasmania is almost certain to make great strides in rural production.

Potato-growing has long been the staple industry of the northwest coast, and as much as 107,624 tons have been grown every year. Here, also, there is room for considerable improvement in methods of production and cultivation. Large profits are obtainable from the potato crop, and in good seasons small farmers with but twenty acres of potatoes, have been known to clear \$5,000. The markets for these are New South Wales and Queensland. At the present time sheep are producing more wealth within the island than any other source.

The splendid wool-growing properties of the midlands have been for many years exclusively devoted to wool production. It is almost certain that within a few years much more will be done in the way of growing artificial fodders, and conserving food for the winter months. The cattle-fattening properties are common to the coastal regions and parts of the north and the south.

In sympathy with the slump in the cattle industry throughout the whole of Australia, breeding and fattening have shown a natural decline during the past few years. There is little doubt that it is only a temporary lapse, and before long cattle will come into their own.

At present there are 25,658 acres of apple orchards, producing 2,210,000 bushels of apples annually, valued at \$3,784,000.00, or £756,800. There are large areas on the Huon, at Bagdad, and the Plenty, in the south, while the Tamar district and the Spreyton, in the north, complete the principal apple-growing centers of Tasmania. Splendid

fruit is produced, but unsatisfactory marketing arrangements and low prices have retarded the development of this valuable industry to its full capacity.

Dairying is practiced all over Tasmania, and the value of the butter and cheese manufactured reaches 869,500 pounds or \$4,347,500.00. Dairymen are fairly well organized and are served by up-to-date factories, which collect the cream and export the butter, most of them on coöperative lines. The Patenson scheme, which has been introduced to help dairymen, should be the means of inducing increased production at profitable prices.

Tasmania's hydroelectric development is one of the Commonwealth of Australia's greatest industrial romances of the century. The government, with its commendable foresight, has embarked on a policy for developing the water power of the state, there being 1,000,000 horsepower available, 500,000 of which has been surveyed.

Development to date has been mainly on the Great Lake Catchment area. This catchment is rather peculiarly situated, being geographically almost in the center of the island, and at an elevation on the central plateau of from 3,300 to 3,600 feet. A storage for this catchment has been built, creating a storage area of 1,150,000 acres, the fifth largest storage in the world.

At the present time, power is distributed from the Waddamana power station by four transmission circuits to Hobart and Electrona. Another circuit takes it on to Laureston; and still another circuit to the Northwest coast, where a distributing substation has been provided at Railton. Lines are now under consideration for a supply for the whole of the midland area, also another one to take care of the whole of the northeast portion of the island, embracing all of the tin mining districts in that part of the state. It will thus be seen that power lines from the central scheme are radiating to every part of the island. It must not be thought, however, that this is the

only possible development of power in Tasmania, possible power schemes have been located in almost every part of the state. Cheap power to any state or any country must mean tremendous development work. Tasmania not only possesses abundance of power, but many other natural resources for industries.

Her mineral resources are unequalled in any other part of the world, and much of this mineral wealth lies today undeveloped. Although a great deal has been done with the copper ore at Mount Lyell, the lead and zinc ores in the west and northwest localities, and tin in the west and northeast, there are still large areas of mineral country undeveloped, among which are considerable iron deposits.

Tasmania's timber resources are almost unlimited, and in this she is particularly fortunate, as the period of regrowth in this state is shorter than is found elsewhere.

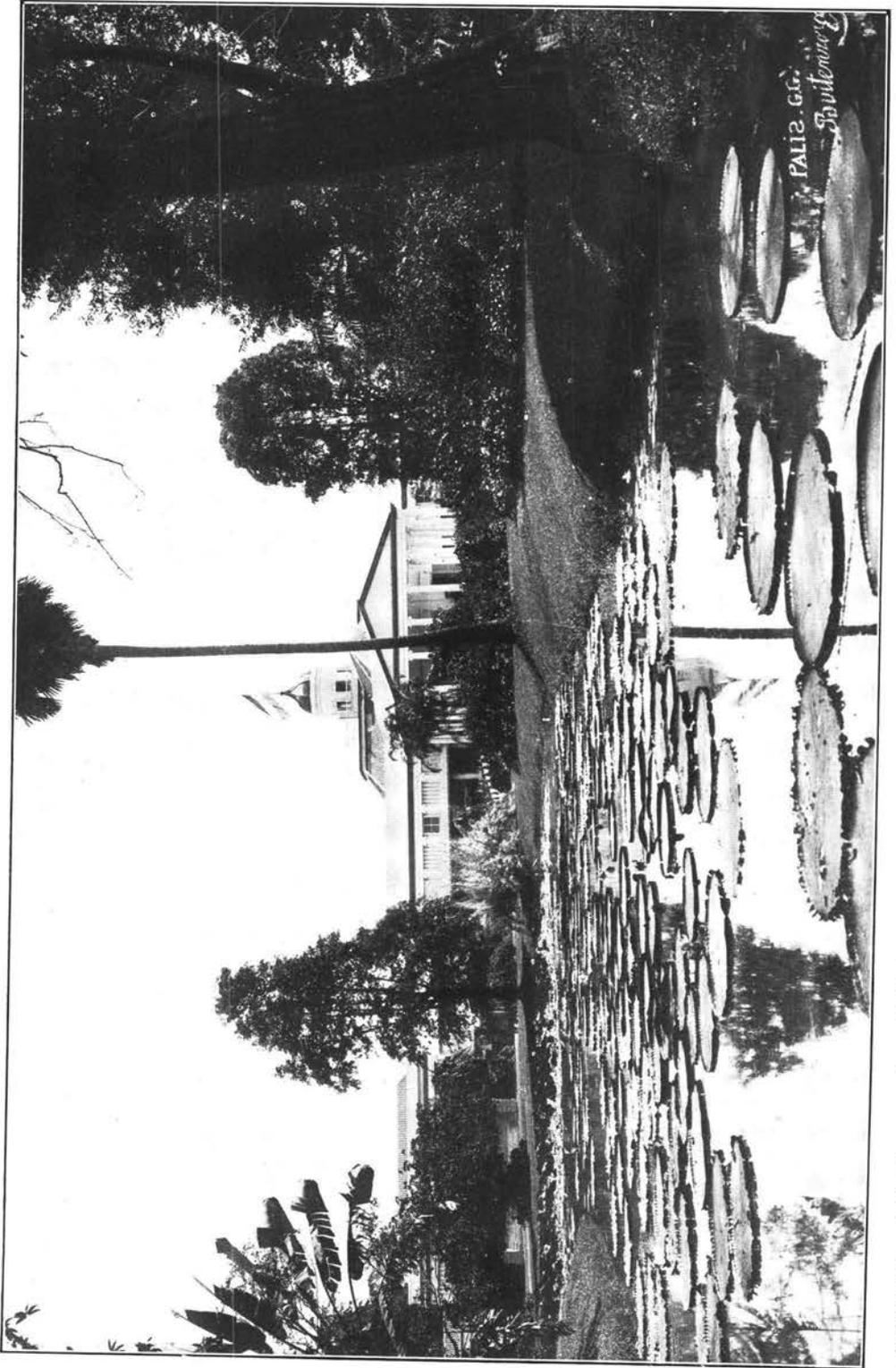
Cheap power to a state possessing these resources means tremendous possibilities, and has already attracted many industries. We have the Electrolytic Zinc Company, which is extracting zinc from ores obtained from Broken Hill Mines, New South Wales, and the mines of Mount Read and Roseberry on the west coast of the state. This company alone is consuming 35,000 horsepower. Works for the manufacture of calcium carbide have also been established which are supplying the needs of Australia in this direction, and they will undoubtedly develop into big chemical-producing works in the near

future. Many other industries have been established, such as cement works, shale works, woolen mills and chocolate factories.

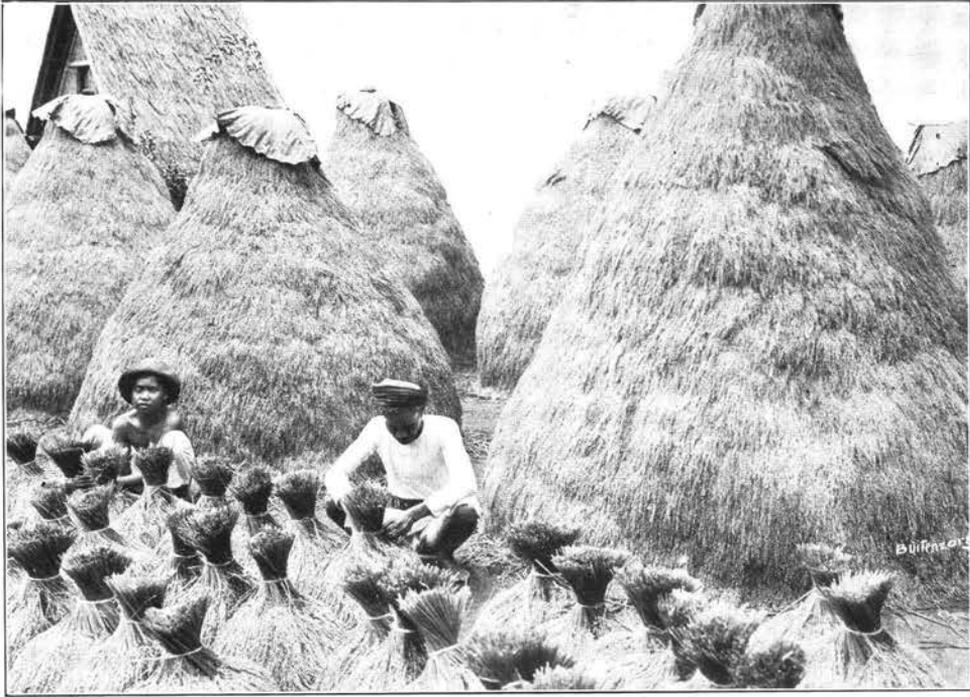
It is the policy of the government to extend the hydroelectric activities into every part of the state, not only supplying the towns, but the country districts too, so that development in every part of the state is possible and more intensive agricultural pursuits will obtain to carry out the work of the development of the power resources of Tasmania. The government has set up the hydroelectric department, and this department has, to date, involved a capital expenditure of over three and one-half million pounds, or approximately \$17,500,000.00, is functioning on purely business lines, and remains free from political control. It has set out to make itself a self-supporting department, without burdening the taxpayer, but at the same time aiming to develop the resources of the state to the fullest possible extent, and it has gone a long way to achieve this end.

Tasmania offers great possibilities for the industrialist, with its cheap power, its magnificent climate, its freedom from industrial unrest, its wonderful water supplies and opportunities for labor, leaving nothing to be desired. There is no doubt but that the state is attracting new industrial concerns, and will continue to attract still more until it has become one of the biggest industrial states of the Commonwealth of Australia.





The residence of the Governor-General of the Netherlands East Indies, at Buitenzorg, Java, adjoining the famous Botanical Gardens. The Governor-General and his five council members are appointed by the Queen of the Netherlands.



Binding each handful of rice in Java.

Java Notes

By ELSBETH HASSE ANDRAE

(Concluded)

And in Bonteong, of course, are the war department's central offices and an extensive army post with a town of cottages for families of the military. As in many countries, there is also in Java a jealous rivalry between sister cities for the official supremacy. As yet, Batavia, the first Dutch port, with its historic distinction in Netherlands India records, reigns as the queen city, but there is a decided faction that upholds Bonteong as the rightful capital because of its less torrid climate and its central location.

Among the foreign holdings in Java are vast British tea plantations; in fact, it would be quite true to say that there

were mountains of tea. Tea does well at certain elevations only; say between 2,000 and 6,000 feet above sea level. Above this tea belt are forests of cinchona trees from which quinine is manufactured. It is claimed that 97 per cent of the world's quinine supply is produced in Java. We stripped a bit of bark from a tree and a moment's chewing seemed like a dose for an obstinate malaria case. The quinine industry is largely a matter of Dutch capital.

Tea plants are taken from the propagation beds after about eight months. Within two years they are ready for nipping; that is, the fresh leafy tips are fit for

market purposes. Tea plants are good for three-quarters of a century, with good care. There must be severe pruning at intervals, not only to rest the plant but to keep it within picking height. Laboratory experiments have discovered immunizing agencies against blight and insects. We visited a tea factory of a great plantation. As the loads come in from the fields they are spread on racks in a heated drying room for the night. It is said that about 40 per cent of the moisture is thus lost. Then an hour in a rotating crusher expresses remaining moisture. Within an oven are rotating drying racks and after fifteen minutes therein the leaves are ready for sifting by machinery. This sifting is repeated three times. The various grades are then spread on the tiled floor of a great dark room for three hours, while a fine spray provides humidity together with the warmth — a thermometer gauge is carefully watched—for fermentation. Into the oven racks again for drying, and then into a sort of mangle after which a score of women squatting before bamboo trays carefully examine the leaves to be sure that stems or other tree refuse is removed. There is a final machine sifting; then the cutting machine chops the product ready for packing into large wooden boxes with tin-foil lining. Tea prices last fall fell to about one-third of their long average, but the great plantations must be kept up and their factories operated.

A visit in a tapioca mill was equally enlightening. The tapioca palm tree trunk is stripped, cut, washed, dried, rolled; is given a chemical bath wherein the powdery flour masses into great chalky balls and chunks. After drying it is shovelled into strongly-woven sacks made like longish pillowcases with no end seams. Each open end is grasped by a workman and there follows an expert cradling with a sharp rhythm from side to side. In five minutes the contents are our "minute tapioca" and if the cradling is continued there is our pearl tapioca.

We tasted cocoa tree seeds and enjoyed

the true chocolate flavor, and coffee berries likewise tempted us. Unroasted, they were not so distinctive. The white coffee blossom has the most delicate and heavenly perfume.

Speaking of perfumes, every now and then the frangipani sends heady wafts to the road, but, ah me, here is another travel disillusionment. Does it make things more delightful when origins and sources are known? The frangipani, in these islands is known as the graveyard tree; bare and ash-gray, the mingled silhouettes of the scraggly trees make, indeed, a mournful, wraithlike mist in the landscape of tombs.

Citronella grass, also, sends an invigorating aroma from the lush meadows where it is planted for the essence product which is milled in rather simple factories.

The various palms give rise to industries of interest to American markets. The Areca palm nuts are dried for use in our leather tanning factories. Locally they are prized as ingredients in the betel-chew, that vermilion paste which oozes from the black-stump mouths of so many Mohammedan natives. The sago palm's product needs no introduction, the process is like that of the tapioca palm. The natives make a sago wine, a sago sugar, a sago toddy from the sap and all sorts of utilities from the leaves. The coconut palm is known primarily for its contribution to our cake and pudding recipes. The shells are used for such intensive heating as lime kilns or other industries require, for utensils and for musical instruments. The hairy fibre goes into mats and brushes. The leaves are good for plaiting. The milk is used *au naturel* or is converted into a heady brew. Every sort of palm—and the varieties are many—has an economic value in some degree. One day we were amazed to have our chauffeur stab at a palm tree trunk with his jackknife and take from within the inner leaves a half dozen nutlike fruits the size of lemons. They had a stiff papery shell of shiny, speckled brown,

"like snake skins," he said. Within were lovely white blossom-bud sections wherein hid two beautiful hard brown seeds. We ate the white part with real enjoyment, for it tasted quite like a good winter apple. "Salak" is the name of the fruit.

Teakwood plantations extend for miles. In addition there are cinnamon trees, persimmon trees, pomello trees with their alluring fragrant blossoms, and their beautiful fruit, rubber trees of various kinds, kapok trees with their brown milkweed pods full of valuable fluff for mattresses and life-preservers, and, believe it or not — poinsettia trees, tomato trees, horseradish trees, and fairish parsley trees. Dear Mr. Munchausen and dear Don Quixote, I do hope in a succeeding incarnation you will land in Java and that you will emerge as authors fit to do the products and native customs of these countries justice.

To enumerate other vegetable riches: there is, first of all, rice. "It is a sacred duty of man to plant rice," said a Ceylonese friend. Malayans have certainly not failed in this holy obligation. Dry rice and wet rice, red rice of the mountains and pale rice from the hills and lowlands, there are decided preferences for certain sorts. So there's rice and rice, which was news to us. Some disloyal Javanese even go so far as to find Burma rice superior in flavor and nourishment. To deal with the subject of rice as it deserves would mean to write a book about it. Rice is life and the life is a rice life. From seedbed to mill and mill to pot the story is colorful with elemental details such as flavors rice lore. The beauty of it is, no machinery will do, and so the entire rice sequence is quite as it was long ages ago and as it probably shall continue to be so long as it is Malaya's staple diet. Volcanic islands, equatorial suns and religious dictates—these are causative factors in the predominance of rice in the Orient. Volcanic islands mean mountains and gorges and inclines, and this means water where seasonal rainfall is held by natural mountain reservoir

provisions. The proper sort of sun heat promotes the value of the constant water supply. Island folk have had to make their bit of world self-sustaining. In the old days export and import faced precarious conditions. Today they face the quite heavy costs. Therefore every bit of available hillside and valley has been snugly walled into tiny terraces, not only for acreage economy but because the requisite irrigation could be contrived with the least possible wastage. Far back in history a diet of rice and fish and fruit was decreed by the prophets of the East, and to diverge therefrom even now after long centuries of the limited menu is unthinkable. The narrative of rice growing would be the tale of an established coöperative labor system. The fields of a countryside are planted in a rotation to permit of this exchange of neighborly help. The planting is women's work. When fields are sloppy or muddy or distinctly fluid, the planters wade knee- or thigh-deep to set the lovely green spears in even spaces. The preparation of the fields is done by the men. Water buffalo draw homemade drags across the terraces for removing debris that collected while the field was lying fallow or since it was put to other crops, and homemade plows follow. The terrace walls of earth or rubble must be rebanked and their little flow holes reinforced so that from the topmost to the lowest terrace the irrigation is regulated properly. Your neighbors turn to in cutting time and with their curved jackknife blades on short handles slice off quite even bunches of stalks which they lay in neat piles in even rows. The piles are gathered for the threshers near by on some high and dry level. We saw several ways of threshing, but the most common were by stamping on a bale of rice to loosen the kernel from the stalk; sometimes the bale was on the ground, when two or three barefoot stampers grasped a firm sort of hurdle bar while they trod in a rhythm for long periods, others had a sort of two-story shed of bamboo—on the upper floor—of

bamboo slats—the treading was done. The kernels fell to the ground in a heap, ready to be husked. The treaders might be men or women. The huskers stamped the kernels in various ways; usually in hollow stones or in hollows made in long heavy logs where six or more stamping places could be made. The winnowers nearly always women, swung woven bamboo or palm leaf trays so that the rice was tossed to catch the breeze which blew away the chaff. The poles for the pounding are of heavy wood and have polished, rounded ends for hammering into the log holes. Women, girls, children were the only pounders we saw. After winnowing, the husked kernels may be pounded into flour, in the same way that the husking is done. Sometimes over a lively stream a mill is built and an enormous wooden wheel operates with its water-power revolutions a series of heavy wooden uprights that fall into their proper hollows in the wooden or stone floor. In inland provinces where gasoline has not yet brought train or new world innovations, harvest time has—as it had once in our own land—not only an economic but a very romantic interest, for it is the proper mating time. Marriageable boys and girls, looking their most festive, take part in the field work. Meals are carried to the harvest company and everything is gay and picnicky. There is no chance for surreptitiousness, and incipient courting is carried on under the community eye. When a couple of young things discover a mutuality of sorts they manage to indicate a readiness to follow it up. The He finds out from the She if and where and when his parents may call upon her parents. Before such a formal and definite advance, however, each party gets busy with investigations into the character, the family, the substance, the health, etc., of the other party. If things average pretty well, the elders do the rest and one fine day the young pair in everyday clothes and accompanied by friends, go to the proper officials and the priest to register, after which a feast is given in style. We saw any number of

little registry parties heading towards the priest's or the Head Man's house—driving in the odd little two-wheelers behind stocky little native ponies. By the way, each region has its own style of vehicles, harnesses and animal headgear. Decorations abound and nothing could be more exciting than to come upon a new type of vehicle and a new fashion in equine millinery.

As for feasts: their gamut is bewildering. We missed a funeral feast but we did get invited to a circumcision party and to a housewarming party. These social occasions are not "gibble, gabble, get" affairs, but merely "gibble and gabble" for a day or two or three, in the course of which there are intervals of music by a native orchestra—a galong—an assortment of drums, xylophones and flutes so odd I forbear description. Repertoires, apparently, are stereotyped in an immemorial pattern, for everywhere are the same phrases, rhythms, fortissimos and astonishing pauses on a staccato note about two-thirds up in our scale which tantalizes and irritates to a degree not realized until one retires. There is no director, no baton, no score, and yet the precision of the synchronization and the nuances is almost mechanical. There are certain themes in Malayan art which have been and are unvaryingly presented in sculptured stone, in the drama, in song, in music; themes of a myth-religion rich in action, in parable, in comedy, and deeply impregnated with such ethics as the ten commandments exact. No Malayan wearies of these themes whose *dramatis personae* are gods, demons, monkeys, giants, royalty, prophets, pilgrims, hermits, angels, holy serpents, elephants and so on. Since magic is an actuality now as ever—you must concede it—there is considerable shifting in the *dramatis personae* as the stories proceed. A monkey may be a giant, a prince may be an elephant, and so on in fantastic weaving and only the Occidental who has inhabited the world of Grimm or Hans Andersen or Lewis Carroll can see the

sense of the technique of lightning-quick-change-artists. Yes, no matter how many times I've heard the quite premonitory com-oom of the drum which fingers, palms or wrists evoke from either of its heads, or the metallic xylophone's running narrative which the other wind and percussion instruments verify and touch up sometimes with glorious tonal effects, sometimes with a discordance which does, however, convey after a few hearings a graphic portent, a tragic proximity or a subtle hint of emergence into the light of security and just rewards,—I am quite Malayan in my zestful suspense. Just to watch the squatting orchestra is as satisfying as going to a good show at home, their bare brown torsos, their turbaned heads alert and swaying, their eyes dreamy and unaware, while their fingers and arms perform miracles of unison and comprehension. The artists of Malaya are veritable exponents of art for art's sake; they are dedicated to a service which helps continue race ideology, race tradition, race essence. There is no charge for performances, but it is taken for granted that food will be provided and perhaps any small gratuity for expenses. The temple, you see, is the heart and the conscience of the Malayan community, be it a Buddhistic, Hindu or Mohammedan in dogma. A troupe of players is not a pick-up troupe, but one of dedication and long training. They perform for any occasion which has priestly sanction. According to their degree of presentation by their hosts are they rewarded, and the splendor of their costumes assured by their respective communities. An artist has a primary obligation to his art as a temple service, his mundane obligations as husband or father or citizen being quite secondary. A sculptor or an actor, a dancer or a musician may be commandeered from the rice field at temple-inspired dictates. Sometimes troupes are subsidized to perform in commercial places, but the financial arrangements are of community, ultimately, of temple concern. The distinction of perfection is

sufficient for the artist himself and the community recognition of his attainments is additional compensation.

Shadow-pantomime is developed to a high artistic standard. The same themes, of course, obtain here as those which comprise the gamut of Malaya's culture expression through acting, dancing, music, sculpture. The media are silhouette figures—usually about two or three feet in height—cut from seasoned water-buffalo hide, and mounted on sticks for the operator to grasp. His paraphernalia is a white curtain stretched upon a bamboo frame, a coconut- or peanut-oil lamp, a long rack for his numerous company of manikins. He is conversant with the endless Indian Odyssey and can recite the interpolating fragments which unify the performance of the figures which he makes animate on the screen. As a rule there is the complement of a galong—and I admit I preferred watching a performance back stage than from the front row in the audience. The yarns are spun and spun endlessly. Once we drifted into a shadow show at two in the morning and found it had not approximated a climax and gave no promise of doing so. Squatting musicians dozed in complete relaxation and awoke punctually when the orchestration required. Spectators fringed the scene, uninvited guests of the green room. Beyond were the booths of food vendors where torches lighted genre pictures of extraordinary charm.

One evening we were taken to a Javanese "Theatre Guild's" playhouse. The management and the troupe are high-caste young Javanese men who feel that native stagecraft must not be allowed to lose its historic hold. We reached the theatre after a drive through dim cobblestone lanes of the Old Town. The driver of our four-wheeler—with its two tête-à-tête seats—would crank the pony and put on the brakes and sound his klaxon—by blowing upon a penny whistle—in the most chaufferistic fashion. The theatre was an ample open-sided shed with a

roof of laced bamboo strips. Upon the curtain were painted the words "Kride Moede," which we gathered meant something like "Youth Movement." The performance, which lasted from eight-thirty to one was almost continuous. The house was crowded. The actors made their entrances and exits in an old dance step which is something of a waltz step; the feet had a curious sidewise action; the raised arms, akimbo, also swung jerkily from side to side with the wrists and fingers in specified poses. The play was a Ramayana story in which angels (apsiras), soldiers, forest demons, princes, slaves, a queen and a princess were the characters. The plot was the contest between heavenly and terrestrial forces for the control of woman. The heavenly forces triumph, and the prince wins the princess. They go off stage for a minute. Presently she returns. A spell has been put upon her. This is indicated by the wearing of a sort of flumask with mouth and teeth painted upon it. She is in birth pangs. The angels come to soothe her and to lead her away. One of them returns very promptly with a large, pink, naked doll of our "A shot, one dime" variety. Follows the languid mother supported by the other angels. Mingled with the music of about twelve indefatigable instruments there are the long speeches which are familiar to every good Malayan and which deal entirely with morality. The voices, barring those of two or three of the company, were not audible beyond the fourth row, and yet the crowd in the shed and the crowds outside along the railings remained quiet and motionless throughout the evening. Much of the dialogue was sung in the phrasing of old Indian airs and temple chants. I shall never forget one brown, wise, midget of five—the child of one of the actors—clad in a sarong, a "property" jacket and cap, who clung by toes and braceleted paws to the bamboo straps on the front of the stage base, one critical eye just able to peer above the stage at an angle of forty-five degrees getting an

occasional slant at a torso or head of a player. The costumes were not purely in the hereditary style; a bit of occidental influence was suggested in details of their Arabian Nights' gorgeousness. For example, there were bolero effects, pantaloons quite Turkish, dyed ostrich plumes, pages' shorts, velvet aprons, et cetera. One old warrior had a veritable Santa Claus costume, inherited, no doubt, from some Dutch Club's Christmas wardrobe. The scenery, painted by Guild members, consisted of a series of medallions on the wall either side of the stage. The subjects, framed in twined lotus, were scenes of Javanese country; a rice-harvest group, a crater, a mountain side. One even showed a high suspension trestle over a gorge, with a train at full speed upon it. Beneath each scenery piece was another medallion containing portraits of faces—very Dutch in type—registering emotion, hauteur, joviality, a wink, naughtiness. The back drops showed jungles, gardens and palaces. By a miracle we captured a semblance of a taxi which nearly carried along part of a bamboo porch as it set off in a lurch and which did an admirable but painful imitation of an electric gym-horse as it lunged in and out of holes and over humps in the narrow roadway of the native quarter.

To visit a Javanese weekly market is almost like going to the theatre. You do not know what is the more entertaining study—the vendors, the surging shoppers or the wares displayed. The vendors, in addition to their incitement to palate urges, are deserving of your commendation because of the good, long walk, which brought them and their loads from their farms and villages. The circulating current of buyers is rich in character interest and in revealing race practices. But perhaps there is more definite or practical concern in the contents of the sales booths. A partial enumeration of them follows. There were assorted heaps of flower petals for perfume boxes; sago-palm seeds for confections; banana paste;

cakes of curdled blood; arrowroot; saffron; all sorts of spice seeds; vanilla seeds; palm sugar in bulk or in banana-leaf packets; tapioca sweets; pink cakes and white of rice or of tapioca flour; rice steamed in sago-palm envelopes; long sheds full of cages occupied by varieties of birds; a long shed for live poultry; medicines from herbs and roots and bark; essences from native products; rice-flour, face powder discs; all sorts of tropical fruits, whose queen is the mangosteen with a heart that looks like flowers made of marshmallows packed in raspberry ice; fabrics from village home looms; all sorts of things carved from wood; everything that can possibly be woven from materials gotten from native plants; tobacco; salt evaporated from sea water; and on and on almost interminably.

It is very difficult to pick from the highroad's colorful and ceaseless traffic this or that carrier, or artisan, or peasant for distinctive story appeal. All the cake factories to which the grains and meals were carried from drying mats strung along the village highways send vendors with eight-gallon tin cans to sell the gay cookies to the tiny one-shelf bazaars of the countryside. A cooky man with a full load swinging from each end of his shoulder pole is, somehow, the most dignified of the Javanese "drummers." The cafeteria man who carries his entire equipment balanced on his pole brings all an innkeeper's exhilaration to the rural reaches. He sets down his glowing stove with its steaming pots, puts a table for you and serves you hot savory things in cups or dishes. The wall man delivering an order or looking for a customer for a bamboo wall 12 x 15 is surely entitled to gangway privileges. You buy your house by the wall, you see. There are brush men, the toy men, the men from the little lime kiln, the pottery men, the men with foods of every variety and so on down a long, long list. Stevenson and Field are invoked from the Beyond to inspire some wandering

disciple to sing pictures of these worthy subjects.

Even though each one of these deserves to be thus immortalized, it does seem as though an even more potent ballad value attaches to the itinerant vendors of doves, of assorted birds, of ducks, of pigs, of fighting cocks, of live fish. Doves, you know, are birds of veritable holiness in a Mohammedan country. When Mahomet took refuge in a cave, a dove seeing his danger from imminent pursuit contrived a nest of eggs at the cave mouth and when the enemy presently arrived she was sitting in the broodiest obliviousness upon the nest. This threw the company off the trail. All would have been well had not a tell-tale lizard betrayed the hiding prophet. Ever since the dove is cherished as an assurance of celestial blessing. At least one dove cage—and often four or five cages—hang from the porch eaves of every home. And the lizard is the most detested creature in the animal kingdom. We tried ever so many times to get a bird man to stand for a picture, but invariably the answer was as if he said "Get thee behind me, Satan." A camera might, you know, put an evil charm upon the birds. We did manage to buy a picture of one, however, probably taken by some one with a knowledge of Oriental religious phrases. To see a shote or full-grown pig carried in a cylindrical basket cage is a joyous thing. But best of all we loved the goose man. He is to be seen in the garnered rice fields, minding a placid flock of perhaps a hundred geese. He is welcome to the free pasturage of the fields and sometimes even receives a small fee: the cost of fertilizers is prohibitive and were it not for the volcanic soil, the rotation of crops and the benefits of irrigation from a number of fields above, the rice harvests might suffer. The goose man carries with him a roll of bamboo fence which he sets up as an overnight pen for his birds. For himself he has two portable bamboo-woven walls which he arranges for shelter for him-

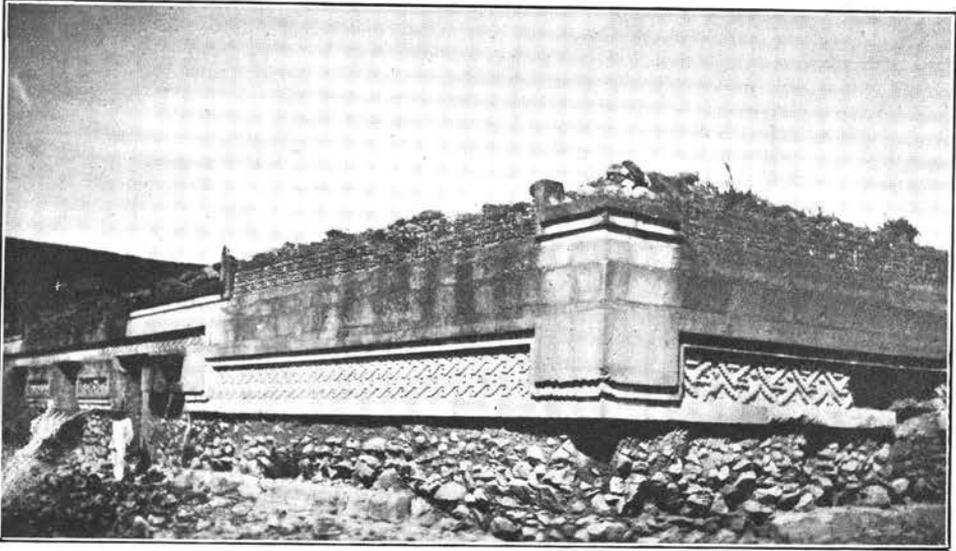
self. Also he carries a pot in which he cooks the rice and fish he buys along the way. Sometimes he is gone from his home for two years on a "business trip." He starts out with a six months' old flock. As they grow to market size he begins to sell them, one by one. And when they begin to lay, he sells the eggs. No goose leaves the pen in the morning until he has made sure by feeling whether the daily egg has been laid. His family count upon his return within a two-year period and begin before the time is up to stock up with about a few hundred selected eggs, which are packed in layers of rice husks in large baskets. These baskets are daily exposed to the sun for a certain time, lessening as the process advances. Between sunnings they hang from the ceiling in the house. When after the thirtieth day there are eggs which to the listener do not seem active they are thrown out. Then the goslings are the chief care of the household to which the father has returned to make a general inventory, and to reestablish a hold upon family and village affairs. And then when the flock seems fit for the grand tour, off he sets upon the same round. The goose man, I must add, carries a tall staff with a bit of white cloth at the tip. And so, away off in the landscape, you can locate his temporary habitat and his foraging ground. As his travelling expenses are virtually nil, the goose man's family accumulates a neat bank balance—or to speak poultryologically—a worthy nest egg.

The fishmonger of Java roads is as like your English-ballad type as Malaya is like the British Isles. This tropical peddler of tiny live fish has a joggling way of carrying his two large, flat, covered basins on his bamboo pole, to keep the creatures active and to pep up the water. He gets the young fish from the artificial pond of a fish raiser, and sells them to owners of tanks, in which they grow to table size. There is every opportunity for tourists with the proper inter-

ests to study in Java fish hatcheries and the processes of fish culture.

For the benefit of American tourists I shall append comments upon three travel discoveries in Java. Everyone who plans a trip to this island will, I am sure, have an anticipation for a cup of super-coffee. The truth is, there is not a cup of good coffee to be had, according to American standard. With coffee plantations all about they give you an essence from a glass cruet. You pour a tablespoon of it into your demi-tasse and add hot water or hot milk according to your taste. We tried, quite cheerfully, one day to brew our own coffee. We canvassed the list of acquaintances, friends, relatives and national heroes in a desire to celebrate some one's birthday. Such an event, to have, just once, real coffee: We secured sandwiches and strawberries. But something was wrong. The grounds within the steaming pot gave forth no aroma: the heavenly flavor we had counted upon was not. "Well," said my companion, "what a good thing we didn't desecrate some one's birthday, anyhow." Then, just because Java lies in the tropical zone, is not an assurance that sweaters and steamer rugs will not be very welcome possessions in your kit. And the last point is—dressing for dinner is customary in all the hotels. In three or four Javanese cities, there are shops from which it is possible to reinforce a wardrobe quite satisfactorily, which is cheerful for travellers who set out with the idea that jungle clothes were the thing for a Java tour. The hotels of the larger cities have beautiful private baths, in whose tubs a tall individual will rejoice, but for which, I would suggest, a bather of average size should first don a life preserver. The Dutch here are of a tall, large average type.

All in all, it is inconceivable that any one of any caliber or type whatever should ever regret including Java in his itinerary. Myself—I hope to go there again and again.



A beautifully sculptured ruin of pre-Aztec days might well stir the dormant artistic instincts of the rural student.

Mal Del Pinta School in Mexico

By KATHERINE M. COOK

Chief, Division of Special Problems, United States Office of Education

(Mrs. Cook recently returned from an extensive school observation trip which took her north as far as Nome, Alaska, and south as far as Oaxaca, Mexico. In Mexico she found that the revolution of 1917 has produced a revolution in education for Mexicans. For the first time the Federal Government is making a strenuous effort to establish schools for the native rural population, the millions of Indians, sons and daughters of the Aztecs, Toltecs, and Mayas, who make up two-thirds of the population. This article on a Mark Hopkins' sort of rural Mexican school is the first of a number of articles by Mrs. Cook appearing in *School Life*.)

San Gabrielito, a Mexican reincarnation of Mark Hopkins and the boy and the log, is one of four regional residence schools for Indians established and maintained by the Federal Government.

I saw it first from across a yellow river—swollen to a torrent by a thunderstorm—a low, white-stuccoed, red-roofed, unfinished adobe school.

With two representatives of Mexico's Department of Education I had journeyed from the capital on the high plateau in an automobile that went west over the mountain passes to the State of Guerrero which borders the Pacific. Guerrero is lower than the plateau states and therefore tropically luxuriant. From Iguala we bounced in an automobile over a near-impassable road which ultimately became impassable. A mile walk along the trail brought us to the steep bank of the rushing river.

There was only one way to get across. I mounted the pony-size Mexican horse. A Mexican Indian boy climbed up behind to hold me on. Another took the

horse's bridle. The steed braced its legs, tobogganed down the rain-soaked mud bank and splashed across the river.

On the other bank the thirty-five Indian boys of the mal del pinta school, officially known as *Casa del Internado Indígena de San Gabrielito*, were drawn up in military order to receive the visitors.

Mal de pinta means literally the spotted illness. It is a curious and rare noncontagious disease which afflicts Indians in certain regions of Mexico. It manifests itself by a peculiar discoloration of the skin. Indians who have mal de pinta are often made outcasts by their fellow tribesmen.

From communities of such unfortunate Mexican natives were drawn the thirty-five boys ranging from 10 to 18 years of age of the San Gabrielito School. Mexico has only four regional resident schools. Most of Mexico's new schools are Casas del Pueblo, houses of the people, community institutions to a degree unknown in the United States.

Seven thousand such rural schools are scattered throughout the country of Mexico, *alike* in that they have the same purpose, namely, to lead in the upbuilding of the community economically, socially, spiritually; *different* to the extent that the needs of the communities they are serving are different. The primary purpose of each rural school is the upbuilding of the community.

Because taking children out of their environment to be educated is not in keeping with the conception of education indicated, it receives scant favor in Mexico.

However, there are still many backward communities not reached by local rural schools, many communities which probably will not develop for some time the interest and spirit essential to the success of a school. There are approximately 3,000,000 Indians still speaking only the native tongue to whom Spanish is a foreign language. There are primitive settlements which still find a school an economic impossibility. The residence school, therefore, has a place in the

scheme of integration when such unusual conditions prevail.

As one effort to meet such situations the *Casa del Estudiante Indígena*, an experimental residence school for Indians, was established near Mexico City a few years ago. The fundamental aim of this school is "the gradual redemption of our people of native race, and also the hope of making our high-caste people realize that the Indians are capable of redemption from the condition in which they are and that when educational opportunities are placed within their reach they develop in a remarkable way."

But school officials learned that the students coming to a residence school identify themselves with their new environment quickly and completely, even sometimes to the degree of not wishing to return to their original homes. For this reason the Federal Government in establishing new regional residence schools is locating them in the heart of the most purely native population areas in the hope that they will offer the benefits of a residence school and be yet free from the objectionable tendency of this type of school to wean its students permanently away from their native environment.

At present there are four such residence schools, two in the State of Chihuahua, another in Chiapas, and the fourth, the mal del pinta school in Guerrero among the Aztec group. Students from these schools, it is hoped, will return to their home communities forming the educational leaven which will reform community environments more nearly in conformity to the essential standards of civilized society.

The school building I saw had been started in April. On August 1 it was rapidly nearing completion. New red tiles gleamed on its long low roof. It was fast becoming a graceful, lovely structure fitting perfectly into the open country that lay around it. I wonder if thirty-five American boys and their teacher could build such a school unassisted?

For these boys, directed by their teach-

ers. did build their school. They came to San Gabrielito with nothing but a blanket and the clothes on their backs, and those were rags. The Government supplied the teachers and 12 pesos a day for food. That was all. A neighboring ejido, or free community, gave the land, 40 acres, which, when I saw it, was green with corn and peanuts carefully cultivated by the students.

It is difficult to imagine starting a school with nothing but pupils and teachers. But that is what they did. At first they slept on the ground. Their initial assignment was to make beds. Each boy made his own bed, a cot on the order of our army cots. In place of canvas each boy wove a matting of fiber.

The second necessity was clothes. Each boy must earn enough money to buy himself at least one change of clothing. This was no easy task in a land where handicraft articles can be purchased for a song. But with the help of the teacher they made shoes, leather belts, hats, chairs, and other articles. The boys who welcomed us were dressed in clean suits of cotton cloth, suits they had purchased with money they had themselves earned.

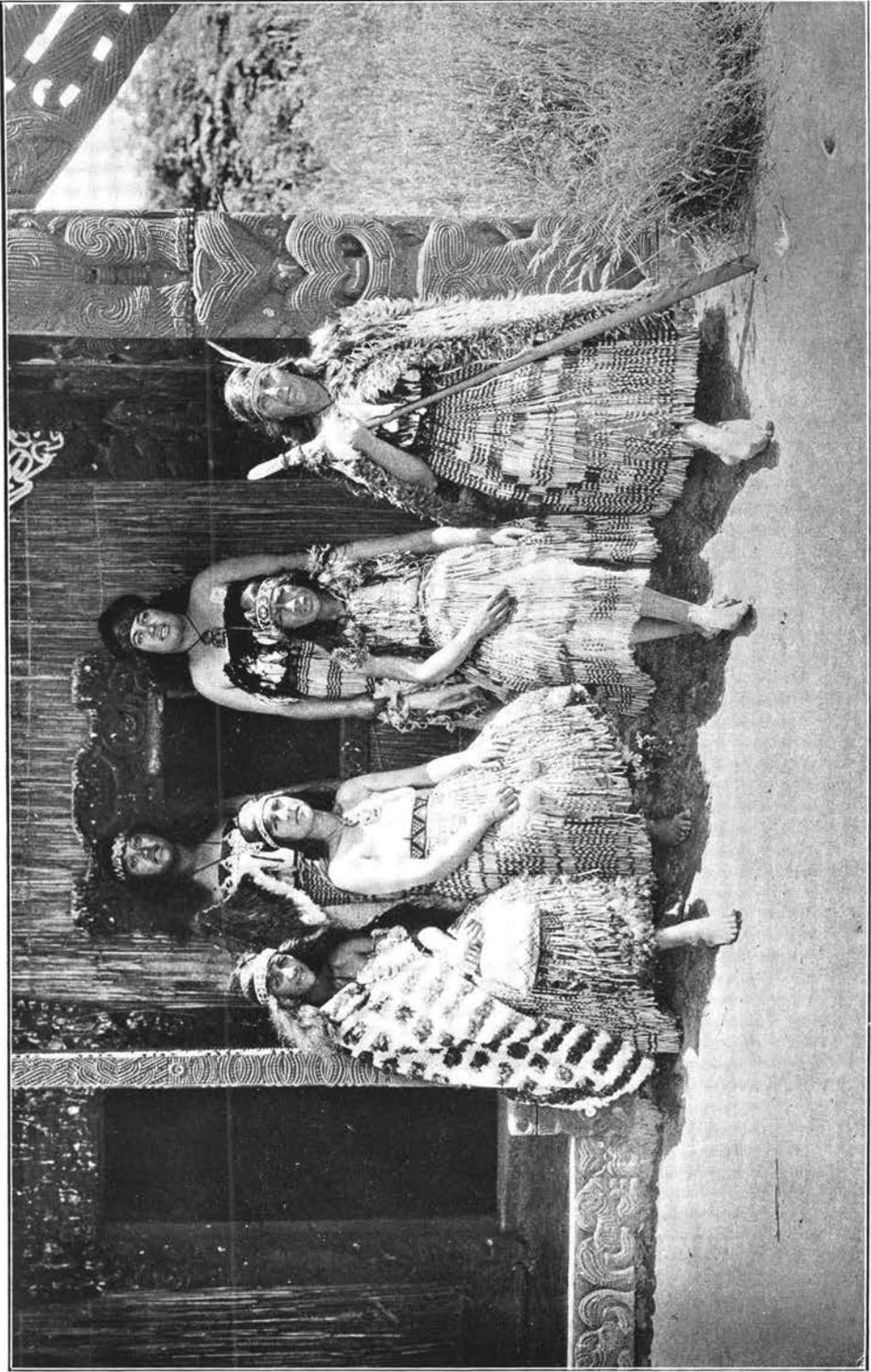
Meanwhile the building of the school went forward. The work started without a bond issue, without any money expended for materials. Teachers and pupils sweated in the sun making adobe bricks. They built their own kiln and fired the red tiles made from clay near by. They were the masons who erected the adobe pillars. They were the plasterers who stuccoed the pillars white. They were the woodsmen who cut the timbers. They were the carpenters who sawed the beams and lifted them into place. They were the blacksmiths who forged the hinges and other articles of steel and iron. They were the tinsmiths who made the lamps. These pupils and teachers were even the well diggers who dug the well. This is truly their school, for they made it.

It is an attractive building of one story,

stuccoed, painted in white, with a fine red roof. Its tile roof spreads over one large room with a small section partitioned off as an apartment for the director. The large room is the living room, shop, dining room, schoolroom, and bedroom of the boys and the other teachers. A small lean-to at the end of the building is the kitchen.

At the time I visited the school, three months after the students and teachers first came to their 40 acres, it was well established and in successful operation. It has five teachers paid by the Federal Government and an allowance from the Federal and State Governments of 12 pesos per day for food. Products of the boys' work, such as hats, shoes, belts, chairs, and other articles were steadily increasing in number. They will be sold to buy additional tools and necessary equipment for the building. Already their earnings have purchased instruments for a school orchestra and for basket balls. They already have a fine field in which to play basket ball, a game which is widely popular throughout Mexico, perhaps because it is so similar to a game played by the ancient Indian tribes in the days of their glory.

The Federal Office of Education in establishing the school hopes to make it an instrument for extending education to the communities from which the boys were selected which have not hitherto maintained schools. Afflicted as they have been with a misunderstood and apparently incurable disease, the Indians of these communities have shunned and been shunned by their neighbors. Teachers willing and able to go among them, establish a school, and rehabilitate the communities were difficult to find. San Gabrielito will, therefore, be a teacher-training as well as an industrial residence school. From it boys and girls (next year as many girls as there are boys will be provided for) will carry back to their native villages a double hope—one of physical as well as of social rehabilitation.



A group of Maori maids of Rotorua, New Zealand. They dress and live as did their ancestors, who some five hundred years ago arrived there in canoes in a series of migrations from a far country called "Hawaiki."

The Maoris of New Zealand

By M. DOROTHY VERNON

Visual Education Service, Extension Division, University of Hawaii

When New Zealand was discovered by Europeans in 1642, it was found to be inhabited by a race of Polynesians called Maoris. At what time the Maoris had come to these islands or from what place they had come, are matters of tradition only. Much has been lost of their history, which has been handed down by word of mouth from a people governed by superstition and having no written language. It is an accepted fact that the Maoris belonged to the Polynesian race which made a series of migrations from West to East, doubtless by way of Malaysia to the Pacific. In the absence of a written record of these people it has been ascertained by close inquiry and careful comparison of genealogies that the colonization of New Zealand by the Maoris took place about five hundred years ago.

It is conceded that several migrations took place about this time, people coming in canoes from a country named "Hawaiki"; the position of this mythical "Hawaiki" is unknown, but from careful analysis of the Maori legends it is evident that this name applies to more than one place or home of the people. As the migrations of the Polynesians is a topic in itself, it is sufficient to say that there are two traditions preserved in Rarotonga which give an account of the commencement of the great voyage of the Rarotongans and Maoris about five hundred years ago. This voyage was decided upon by a certain chief because some of his people had committed a sacrilege, and such a migration would appease the gods. According to the tradition these voyages extended from Hawaii to New Zealand and from the New Hebrides to Easter Island. The migration to New Zealand consisted



The Maori clothing is made of flax.

evidently of a small fleet of canoes carrying a number of Polynesians, their wives and slaves, with food for the voyage. The drinking water was carried in calabashes.¹

These people settled for the most part in the North Island of the New Zealand group, building large fenced villages with a hill fort defended by wooden palisades, ditches and earthworks, remnants of which are still to be seen in the North Island, and have been compared to the prehistoric forts found in European countries. The Maoris called their hill forts "pas" and it was from these abandoned "pas" that relics of old Maori life have

¹Smith, S. Percy, "Hawaiki: The Original Home of the Maori." Whitcombe & Tombs, Ltd., New Zealand, 1911.



The dexterity of the hands and fingers of the Maori girls is amazing, and is well shown in their famous poi dance, which is accompanied by the rattling of tiny wooden or bone balls attached to their fingers.

been found and are now carefully preserved in the various museums of New Zealand.

The geographical distribution of the Maoris in the North Island of New Zealand was determined by the climate, thermal springs, coast lands, and river mouths. The warm temperate climate of the North Auckland district, the Waikato, the Rotorua hot springs, the shores of the Bay of Plenty and the fertile coastlands around the East Cape and down to Hawkes Bay are the regions the Maoris selected for their homes. The climate and soil corresponded in character, no doubt, to that of their oceanic homes they had left behind, and they could cultivate the kumera (sweet potato) and taro as before. In contrast, the frost and snow of winter in the South Island was not so inviting to a life lived in the open with little or no clothing in a land where existence was no effort.

The origin of the name Maori has been much debated by the Polynesian philologists. The word Maori as a race name is used by the natives of New Zealand and the Cook Islands, and to a lesser extent by the Hawaiians, who have referred to themselves as Maoli. Literally it means "indigenous" as applied to trees, birds, etc.; "fresh" as applied to water, "waimaori." Another Maori authority held that the word "maori" as a generic term was of Cushite origin, derived from the Hebrew word "moar" or "aor," meaning light, and that the remote Asiatic forefathers of the Polynesians so called themselves; just as the gypsies of Arabia bore the name "Nawar" from "nur," meaning light. The Japanese named their chief island "Nippon," the "Land of the Rising Sun," and they themselves are referred to as the "Nipponese." A New Zealand native refers to the natives of another country as "nya Maori, a tera whenua," and when referring to his own race he will say "nga tangata Maori."

In ordinary life the Maoris were strictly ruled by their chiefs and were industrious, regular, and cleanly in their

habits. They rose early and had but two meals a day, in the morning and evening, always in the open air and in separate groups according to rank and sex. The daily duties of the men were to cultivate the potato patch (kumeras), to fish from their canoes, to snare birds in the bush, to catch the edible rat on the mountain slopes, or to set baskets and nets for eel in the swamps and creeks. Wild fruits, berries, and leaves were gathered, also fern roots to be stored away for winter use. Other men of the tribe expert in the use of tools (stone implements), would repair or build houses, canoes, fences, earthworks, or superintend the felling of trees. Troughs for the bird snares had to be made as well as paddles, spears, axe handles, and all sorts of fighting weapons of wood, bone, or stone. Other men would make fishing lines, rope, and small cord, nets, fish traps, canoe sails or perhaps strips of dogskin for their valuable cloaks. In their leisure time these craftsmen made carved combs, flutes, fishhooks, pins and various ornaments.²

There were colored clays and vegetable and animal oils to be secured and prepared so that the warriors and chiefs might adorn themselves. On rare occasions the drying and preserving of heads had to be done—a long and difficult process. If you examine the carving on canoes and houses you will see that it is very elaborately and skilfully done. It has taken years to work out some of these canoes from solid logs, and it is interesting to know that the hollowing out of the canoe was done by the same methods as used by the Indians of North America.³

The women of the Maori tribes had their work as well as the men. They were intrusted with the preparation of food, and the weaving of small baskets of green flax in which food was served. (Compare the baskets in which poi is served by the Hawaiians.) No baskets were ever used

² Visits and discussions with the Maoris in the North Auckland Province of New Zealand in 1929-1930.

³ Ibid.

twice, which necessitated the making of many baskets. The women also gathered shellfish from the banks of the rivers, gathered firewood and prepared flax for weaving into clothing and baskets. The Maori used fish as his chief article of diet, as well as the shellfish found on the coastal flood plains, and in the proper seasons the women gathered young sea birds from their breeding places, which were also valuable as food. The clothing, which was made by the women, was of flax (phormium) as useful a fibre to the Maoris as the coconut palm is to the natives of more tropical islands. Mats of all kinds were made which were ornamental as well as durable. They dried easily if soaked with water.

The Maoris as I have described them lived in peace and contentment. They had a variety and abundance of food and their practice of division of labor was another factor that insured this contentment. Their surplus of food was placed in storehouses built on tall posts to protect the contents from dampness or rodents. They preserved their fish by drying in the sun while the pigeons, paradise ducks and mutton birds were cooked and preserved in their own grease in vessels made from kelp seaweed, bound around with totara bark to strengthen them.

Physically the Maoris take a high place in any comparative view of races in different lands. They are a tall, well-developed, muscular race, inclined to be heavy and somewhat short in the legs as compared with Europeans. The women are also heavy but with well-shaped hands and feet. The dexterity of their wrists and fingers is shown in their famous poi dance, which is accompanied by the rattling of tiny wooden or bone balls attached to the fingers.

From the photographs you can see that the facial characteristics vary much in different parts of the country, but the majority have wide and somewhat flattened noses. In some cases this flatness was assisted by pressure in infancy. The custom of marking the face and some

parts of the body with incised lines (tattooing) blacked with soot or other material gave a striking appearance to the person so ornamented. As hairs on the face covered or interfered with the tattoo, they were pulled out by the roots by means of a pair of shells used as tweezers.

The Maori could be called the face-carver of mankind. Other races tattooed the body but it was the Maori that perfected the face-tattoo. The Maori gives a special name to each line: the line above the eyes is known as "tiwhana," "to span like a rainbow." At the present time it is only the women who tattoo their faces; the men ceased the custom after the last Maori war. However, there are still a few old men to be seen with chiseled faces in North Auckland, the King Country and at Rotorua. At Rotorua I had the pleasure of seeing a woman tattooed at work. She used needles, while the old-time tattooer used a chisel of bone. The woman who was having her chin tattooed lay on a flax mat, and the operator squatted behind her with her knees supporting the head of the "victim." The pattern was lightly traced on the chin and then the artist started pricking with the needles. All blood was carefully wiped away and a stick dipped in the black dye was drawn along the line of holes. This dye is usually soot collected from burnt wood such as white pine or kauri gum (resin). The operator sang as she worked, perhaps to distract the attention of the subject, not knowing the tricks used in painless dentistry. Pride evidently offsets any discomfort endured, for a Maori woman with a tattooed chin holds her head in a manner not possible by her tattoo-less sister. The unmarried woman does not have her face tattooed. Those interested in Maori tattooing will find much written on the subject and excellent paintings are to be seen in the Auckland art gallery which I visited many times just to study the face patterns of the Maoris.

Of the many religious beliefs and practices of the Maoris, I shall describe briefly

only one, *tapu* or prohibition. The Maoris believed that this *tapu* emanated from the gods. Lacking the gods, then *tapu* could not exist. *Tapu* or prohibition was a multiplication of "thou shalt not." These might be termed the laws of the gods and they were not to be disregarded. The penalty for neglecting or disregarding these *tapu* laws meant the withholding of the protection which the gods bestowed upon man, and if man was not sustained by this protection it left him in a perilous condition and his own death was very near. The Maori believed that his punishment would take place here and now, not in the future or after death, for such a far-removed punishment lessens man's fear of it.

The shadow of the *tapu* lay over the Maori from birth until death—the higher his rank the more *tapu* he was. Slaves were held free from *tapu* perhaps because the wrath and benefits of the gods did not apply to them. This of course was one of the inconsistencies of the whole system.

To trespass on a burial ground or any land area under *tapu* was a serious offense and only a *tohunga* (Maori priest) could save the offender. To eat the remains of a meal of an important *tapu* person was an act of suicide. A native who was *tapu* once asked a drink of a settler and then broke the cup after drinking, for, according to his belief, if he did not, the person or persons drinking from it afterwards would perish at the hands of the gods. A vessel used in cooking food for a sick person was always destroyed if the person died, for the *tapu* of death was upon it.

There was much *tapu* in connection with sickness, death, and burial. Pallbearers and undertakers were excessively *tapu* as their acts in attending to the dead made them unclean. They could not touch food with their hands and no one could touch the food to give it to them, so an attendant had to give them food from the end of a long fork or sharpened stick. If they had no attendant, the food was thrown to them and they gnawed it like a dog.

The house or spot where a person died could never again be occupied. I saw a carved post during my travels in the King country which was overgrown with brush. It marked, I was told, the spot where a chief had rested on his way home to die. The spot had been *tapu* ever since and was marked by the post to warn other Maoris from approaching too near.

When a village was attacked and some of the inhabitants slain, providing they were important personages, the survivors would desert the place and build a new village somewhere else. If there was a priest or *tohunga* who had power enough to remove the *tapu* from the village then the inhabitants could remain. Even the spot where a high-rank Maori had been tattooed and blood shed might become *tapu*.

Every phase of the Maori's life was governed by *tapu*—even bird snarers, and rat snarers were not allowed to use certain words in the forest in case the rat or bird heard and therefore refused to enter the snare. Such words were *tapu*. This *tapu* was carried to the extent that some prominent persons were so *tapu* that should a shadow of such a person fall on a hut or on a supply of food, all must be destroyed.

The *tapu* of a new fishing net was extremely rigid, and no one but the makers were allowed to go near it or to that part of the shore or adjacent waters where the net was first used. There was a *tapu* in connection with houses, especially the roof, and a Maori would not drink the water that had fallen as rain on the roof of his house. This has often been the cause of serious conditions when there was no other source of supply.

The head was the most *tapu* part of a *tapu* person, and often a *tapu* person had very untidy hair, for only a *tohunga* of high standing could cut the hair of a *tapu* person and then the barber became helplessly *tapu* for several days.

Messengers sent on some special errand by or to a *tohunga* are still sometimes *tapu* for the length of time they are in

service. Under those conditions they could not halt by the wayside for food or speak to anyone while on the journey.

It is interesting to know how people were freed from *tapu*. This freedom might be a complete removal of the *tapu* or perhaps only a partial removal. Let it be remembered that this system of *tapu* was broken down by the early missionaries who came to New Zealand, but traces of it still remain and it was very interesting to me to come across these traces in my wanderings and to hear the system discussed by the Maoris themselves. The eating of cooked food often lifted the ban of *tapu*. For instance, if a person's hands were *tapu* and he wished to be freed, a fire would be prepared and small pieces of food cooked, this would be put into his hands and then eaten by some female member of the family. The food was supposed to absorb the *tapu* and the

female element represented the *tapu* spirit of their ancestors. These *tapu*-removing rites were of a more elaborate nature the higher the rank or the more important the event. The general aspect of *tapu* in connection with death or childbirth when persons became unclean was very similar to the Oriental customs in that respect.

When the missionaries came to New Zealand and the *tapu* system was abandoned for the teachings of Christianity, then the Maoris' religious and social systems gave way and they began a new life with the people who came and settled among them. This change did not take place all at once; in fact, it was a slow process and although the old systems were put behind them, in times of sickness and death the old order of procedure came back, and the funeral rites were performed as in the days before the coming of the conqueror.



Facial characteristics of the Maoris vary in different parts of the country, but the majority have wide and somewhat flattened noses.



There are hundreds of beautiful temples in Bangkok.

Fascinating Siam

By DON W. WILEY

Managing Editor, The Bangkok Daily Mail

The other day a group of leading Siamese business men announced the formation of a modern air line which will span Siam and form the last link in a weekly aerial service between Europe and the great ports of China.

The air line will operate on a weekly schedule from Rangoon, in Burma, to Hanoi, French Indo-China, connecting at one terminus with the Dutch, French and British air mail planes from Amsterdam, Paris and London, and at the other with the flying boats of the proposed British service between Singapore and Hongkong. It will be operated along the most modern lines, and will have as its guiding spirit the Advisor to the Post and Telegraph Department, Mr. Otto Praeger, who as second assistant United States Postmaster General, launched the

now famous American air mail service.

All this will give an idea of the tremendously important position the Kingdom of Siam has assumed in the great federation of Oriental nations, and will indicate why Siam, in the last year or so, has become known as the "Aerial Crossroads of the Far East."

Today Siam, which for years has had the reputation of being one of the most progressive nations in the Far East, operates 3,078 kilometres of modern railway lines and has an air mail service with a total of 794 kilos. On January 1, 1930, 85 rice mills were operating in Bangkok alone, and in 1929 the revenue from lumber amounted to 4,675,000 ticals, while mining, chiefly tin, brought in a revenue of 2,971,000 ticals.

Like all the rest of the world Siam

is naturally suffering from the present financial depression, but it seems safe to say that because of its geographical position, its excellent climate and its sound financial management, it has as little unemployment and actual poverty as any nation in the world.

A decline in imports was registered at Bangkok in August. The imports amounted to 12,530,436 ticals, while imports were valued at 15,709,164 ticals for the same month last year. The drop was chiefly felt in the general merchandise category, being 10,974,119 ticals as against 13,074,377 ticals last year. Opium, which is a government import, figured at 677,782 ticals, whereas the total for August, 1929, was 344,852 ticals. Exports also showed a decrease.

The history of Siam is fascinating, especially so to the student of the Orient. In its earliest days the territory which is now Siam was under the political influence of three different powers. The eastern Meenam (river) basin was dominated by the Khemer empire, the western was partly under the sway of the powerful Mon race, and the Malay Peninsula was directly under the suzerainty of the Kingdom of Palembang in Sumatra. The Thai, or "free people," as the Siamese are now known, were still in Yunnan, but later they descended to the plains and in the 13th century finally emerged into independence in their new home.

Physically Siam occupies extensive territory in southeastern Asia, containing an area of approximately 200,148 square miles. To the north are mountains, producing excellent teak, while for miles around Bangkok and in other sections of the country are vast plains constituting one of the finest rice-producing areas in the world.

Politically Siam is an absolute but progressive monarchy. All executive power is exercised by the King, advised by the Supreme Council of State and a Cabinet of Ministers, as well as a Privy Council. The present sovereign, King

Prajadhipok, is the eighth of the present dynasty, which was founded in 1782. He is extremely progressive, being especially interested in the steps being taken by the West and taking an active part in the introduction, in a form modified to fit conditions, of these steps to his own people.

Incidentally King Prajadhipok and his charming consort, Queen Rambaibarni, visited Hongkong, Shanghai and other cities of the Far East on their way to the United States, where His Majesty has undergone an operation for the removal of a cataract from one eye.

For this purpose the East Asiatic motor ship "Selandia" which ordinarily plies between Bangkok and Europe by way of the Suez Canal, was chartered to take the royal party to Hongkong; thence by Empress of Japan, arriving in Vancouver April 19.

No article on Siam could be complete without some brief description of the fascinating capital—Bangkok, with its hundreds of beautiful temples, its network of canals and its streets crowded with people and costumes of a dozen countries.

The temples, or wats, are world famous, among the best known being the Chapel of the Emerald Buddha, Wat Po, wherein is the massive reclining Buddha; Wat Arun, which rears its beautiful tower across the Chao Phya river from the city proper, and Wat Benchamabopitr which, erected by the great King Chulalongkorn, presents one of the finest existing examples of Siamese art.

The canals, or klongs, are less heralded but equally fascinating. Nearly every street is paralleled by a klong, and in these pass constant and colorful streams of life and commerce, the vessels ranging from one-oared, gondola-like sampans to huge canal boats propelled by half a dozen men, while the boatmen themselves range from Chinese to immigrants from the extreme tip of the Malay Peninsula.

Siam is situated somewhat off the beaten track, somewhat removed from the ports of call at which the Shanghai-lander is accustomed to dock as he proceeds home to England or to America via Europe on a round-the-world steamer. Perhaps this has advantages. It cannot then be dismissed with the cursory glance of the traveler while the ship is in port—or even a stopover between ships. It must be visited, but it amply repays a visitor for any time and effort needed to reach it.

If the educational principle holds that we know that which we see; and that he is an educated man whose horizons continue to widen, then the Shanghai man and woman proceeding on leave will plan to spend part of it in Siam.

If one proceeds first to Singapore, excellent express trains will convey one to Bangkok in some thirty-two hours. The Royal State railways of Siam operate this service in conjunction with the Federated Malay States railways, traveling via Kuala Lumpur and Prai. The journey is notoriously comfortable. Both railway authorities pay the utmost attention to sleeping and restaurant services. Break of journey is permitted en route, and travelers frequently find interest in calling at Kuala Lumpur and Ipoh. Hua Hin-On-Sea, in Siamese territory is one of the best seaside resorts east of Suez, possessing one of the finest golf courses in the Orient. In all these places there is excellent accommodation. The through fare, Singapore to Bangkok is baht 98.70 or gold \$32.12; second-class fare is gold \$23.75 or baht 53.90. (A baht is worth approximately 50 cents gold.) A charge of G\$5.00 is made for first-class sleeping berth, or G\$1.50 for second-class berth.

If one is approaching the Orient from Europe, en route to Shanghai for resumption of one's cherished life work, then one need not go all the way to Singapore. Penang is the nearest sea port to Bangkok. The Royal State rail-

ways of Siam operate two trains weekly between Penang and Bangkok. The journey occupies some thirty hours. The first-class fare is G\$26.48.

A third way to reach Bangkok is by steamer direct from Hongkong. Two leave each week, and though small, are commodious and comfortable. The journey occupies seven days. The first-class single fare is G\$59.88; the return fare is G\$104.85. Perhaps the way to Bangkok which will most attract residents of Shanghai will be the route through Indo-China which will enable the traveler to see Angkor. The excellent French Mail Line ships run at two weekly intervals between Shanghai and Saigon. Two routes are then open—to Bangkok via Pnom-penh and Angkor, and to Bangkok via Battambang. On the first route good motor roads lead to Pnom-penh, capital of Cambodia, the journey occupying some six hours. The king's palace and the museum are worth visiting and overnight accommodation is available. A further drive of seven or eight hours brings one to Angkor, that Mecca of all who come to the East. From Angkor to Aranya Prades, the Siamese frontier station, takes a further five hours' travel. The road in the rainy season is not passable, being yet unmetaled. No regular service over this part is in vogue, but a car may be hired for G\$112.50. From Aranya Prades a train runs to Bangkok in some eight hours, for the payment of a fare of G\$7.40.

There is also a regular motor bus service from Saigon to Pnom-penh, and thence via Battambang to connect with the train at the same frontier station, Aranya Prades. This is the quickest route, requiring only three days from Saigon to Bangkok. The journey costs approximately 60 piastres, or G\$30.

Routes sufficiently various to suit all purses and all temperaments. Who will not add to his store of knowledge and understanding by visiting Siam?



The secret of dancing, according to Michio Ito, one of the world's five greatest dancers, is balance, and this must be acquired by all who would excel in this graceful art. This Japanese boy is evidently on the high road to success.

At the Pan-Pacific Club of Tokyo

Speakers: Michio Ito, "A Philosophical Interpretation of Dancing"; George Simpson and Harold Rothert, "International Athletics."

Viscount T. Inouye: I feel very happy to be able to welcome this afternoon so many champions of the world. As the first speaker I will call upon Mr. Michio Ito. Mr. Ito has been abroad for some twenty years, and if I may express it in the Chinese way, he left the town in shabby clothes and came back dressed in silk brocade. He went to Germany to study dancing in Berlin, and when the war broke out went to London, where his art was already recognized. From there he went to the United States, to New York and Hollywood, where he organized his dancing school. He is known as one of the five greatest dancers—La Argentina, Michel Fochin, Anna Pavlova, Isadora Duncan, and Michio Ito. Mr. and Mrs. Ito have introduced Japanese art of dancing into western art. I am sure you will all be interested in hearing Mr. Ito.

Michio Ito: It is indeed a great honor for me to be here at this charming gathering today. I am more than happy, after twenty years of absence, to return to my country and see such progress and to have such a warm welcome. I have no words to express my feelings.

I should like to tell you of my experience during these twenty years abroad, where I followed dancing as a profession, and now realize what a vital part the art of dancing takes in human life. Twenty years ago I was a young boy. At that time modern western art was introduced into Japan, and Paris was looked on as a paradise. When my father allowed me to go to Paris I packed my trunk and a lot of ambition, and went to

Europe. At first everything was new to me. I had no power to judge what was good or what was bad, but was fascinated and charmed with everything. One day the question came to me—what is art? I wanted to be an artist, but not knowing what art was confused me and made me very miserable. I look upon that period of my life as a nightmare, because, through worrying about this, I could not study. I tried to find out from different artists, but their explanation did not satisfy me.

But there was one place to which I used to go, and that was a room in the Museum which was devoted to the old art of Egypt. I used to go there almost every afternoon and spend one or two hours. One afternoon I began to wonder why that room fascinated me so, and from that date I started to study the civilization of four thousand years ago in Egypt. It had a perfect balance, spiritually and materially. Science shows us that when an object has perfect balance its existence is eternal. My study went from Egypt to Greece, from Greece to Rome, from Rome to Italy, and from Italy to France. It seemed to me that the Egyptian civilization parted, going one way east and the other way west. Western civilization carried a material significance. In Greek the symbol of beauty is Venus. From Greek to Rome, to Italian and to French, all the interpretation of art or the human civilization was built upon material significance. I do not mean that it lost spirituality, but I am talking about balance. Material civilization developed according to geographical conditions or climate. It seems to me that the best civilization of east and west is characteristic, but it has not

the Egyptian balance. In the twentieth century it seemed as if the parted civilization tried to meet again, and this interested me very much.

I am a dancer. The secret of dancing is balance. If I know the centre of my body I can balance. So I think the secret of human life is also balance, mental and physical. If I were a violinist I would seek the best instrument and practice with it, and if I could manage it as a part of my body I could express feelings with it. As a dancer my body is my instrument, and in that sense a dancer must be master of himself. If he cannot handle himself he cannot dance. The violin has four strings. When they are attuned, that instrument is capable of harmonious melody. The same is true of the human body: first the instinct; second the emotion, and third, logic. Instinct, emotion and logic, these three, if attuned, can enable this instrument called the human body to play a beautiful melody which is called our life.

Unfortunately it seems to me that modern civilization has put our instrument out of tune. Some people try to play their life with only one string, and this makes an awkward and miserable sound. If the three strings can be attuned, then we can play with our instrument a melody that will be perfect, and can play that beautiful symphony called the twentieth century.

I feel all this very strongly. At the same time, when I think about the land of Japan, the civilization and culture of Japan, I realize that the more I am away from my country the more clearly can I see its value. Japan has been a dream to me. For twenty years I have been away, and I have only learned of Japan from the outside. I always used to say I was a goldfish in a glass bowl. I could swim inside, and knock my nose on the glass. Through glass I saw everything and was taught what was good and bad. But once I had packed my trunk and sailed away the glass was broken, and this poor goldfish was able to start life and learn.

I have been twelve years in New York, because America fascinated me very much. In Europe I had heard about America, and I wished sometime in my life to live in America, because geographically from Egypt one civilization went East and the other West and I felt they should meet geographically in America. But when I got there I was sadly disappointed. In my imagination I had thought of America as a place of blue sky, of freedom and as a land of liberty, but when I landed in New York I wondered where the blue sky was, for it only looked like a ribbon; all the streets were asphalt and I could not stand on the earth; when I walked everybody pushed me and I felt I should run. But circumstances made me spend twelve years in New York and get into its routine.

Two years ago I had the opportunity of making a tour to Seattle. I took my pupils and gave twenty dance recitals. When I reached California I felt that there was the America about which I used to dream, with its blue sky and its marvelous climate. After the recitals many Japanese whom I had never seen before, came forward and gave me a party. The American critics had been very kind to me, and so the Japanese were anxious to see me. About thirty-six gave me this Japanese dinner in a Japanese restaurant, and I was full of excitement. I had had no Japanese dish for so long that I felt I was already back in Japan. When I had to address them afterwards I congratulated them on their good fortune to be living always in such a beautiful climate. If I could, I would live there, especially for my work. When I was in New York, at the time of the death of Isadora Duncan three years ago, I dreamed of a tremendous Greek theatre. In New York there was only one place, Madison Square Garden, but it would cost \$100,000 for the building. But in California all is different. So eventually I moved to California and I am very happy there. I feel that California has a tremendous possibility because in the

vibration of east and west it is well balanced. Unfortunately because of our poor human habits we still cannot shake hands with each other.

I have come home to seek in my own country some medium which will make the three strings more sure in me and put this perfect tuning of the instrument in my possession.

Viscount T. Inouye: I must express my sincere thanks to Mr. Ito for his most interesting speech on the philosophical interpretation of the art of dancing.

Now I have the pleasure of calling upon Mr. George Simpson, student of the Ohio State University and the holder of the world's record for the 100- and 200-metre dash. The other guest, Mr. Harold Rothert, is the champion of the shot put from Stanford University. These two renowned athletes are on their way home from Australia, and are going to participate in the sports at Meiji Shrine.

George Simpson: Just after we sat down at this luncheon Mr. Ford asked me if I was to be one of the speakers. I feel flattered very much to be even thought of as a speaker. I do not try to be one. I have said a few words at various places, but I wish to take this opportunity to thank the Pan-Pacific Club for the invitation today.

We are on our way home and are staying in Japan for about ten days. We expect to participate in Tokyo, tomorrow and Sunday, and once more in Osaka. We are going to do our best. We have been away from home for over four months and we have been participating almost all the time, and you can see it is very hard for us to keep going at that pace. We will do our best, I am sure, but considering the splendid entertainment we have been given it is going to be hard for us to do as everyone expects us to do, with our reputation.

Harold Rothert: I also want to thank the Club for inviting us here. We feel very greatly honored, and since attending this luncheon we realize what a splendid principle it is founded on. We think you

have a very valuable institution, and it appeals to us because we have been away from home and do not look at it from an American standpoint; in fact we feel we are foreigners wherever we go.

Our activity in athletics is not a life-time job. We took it up in the university as a pastime, as all young fellows do. Fortunately we were able to do well enough to be invited abroad. We spent ten weeks in New Zealand, then went to Australia, and are now on our way home. In one way it repays one for all the time spent on athletics. In America there is some talk of overdoing athletics and spending too much time on them. From our standpoint this time has been warranted, and we have not spent any time that has not been repaid by this marvelous trip.

Here in Japan we have enjoyed Tokyo more than any other place we have visited. There is no hesitation in saying it, because we have been treated wonderfully. It is all new and more interesting than the New Zealand and Australian side, because there they were all English-speaking people. Here in Japan we see many things we have not seen before. We have not had a minute to ourselves, and we have enjoyed every bit of it.

This is the year before the Olympic Games, and to us this trip has an added importance in that we have been able to meet many athletes in many countries, and we hope to meet them again next year. Through making this trip we have been able to realize the value of Olympic Games a little more. They were started a thousand years ago in Greece, and were revived in the nineteenth century. Something which has been carried on for so many years must have value.

We hope we will be able to see many people from Japan in Los Angeles next summer at the Olympic Games. We will be there, but in any case we want to thank everybody concerned in Japan with our entertainment and for all that has been done. When we leave Japan it will be with regret that we have not been able to stay longer.



Much feasting and dressing is done during the Korean New Year, the celebrations for which last about a fortnight. New Year's Day varies from year to year according to the position of the moon, and the day itself is not so important.



Korean clothes are ironed by beating them with sticks on a smooth stone, thus bringing a lustre to the cloth which can be obtained in no other way.

Korean Customs

By DR. H. KIM

Within the Temple of the War God on the outskirts of Pyenyang, Korea, are twelve views of Korean life, one for every month of the old lunar calendar, each a large oil painting by a young Korean artist, Choy Sin Young. These views show some of the occupations of the masses of Koreans who have not moved to the cities or taken up "western ways." A Korean student, Dr. H. Kim, interprets these scenes as follows:

"January—Pounding out the Old Year. The rat-a-tat-tat you have been hearing for the last hour is the sound of Korean

women ironing. They iron clothes by pounding them with little wooden sticks. Very few women do their ironing in the day, for they are too busy washing, cooking and sewing. But at night, when all the children are asleep—the ironing sticks just fly. The men, of course, lose sleep, but most of them haven't the face to make them stop when it is on their clothes that the women are working. However, some of them do and, as most of our customs are opposite from yours, these sticks are often used by our men just as the traditional rolling pin is sometimes used by

your women! Bitterly cold as it is during this month, the women sit on the river banks and wash miles of narrow homespun cloth and spread it out over the rocks to partially dry.

"They then take it home and fold it the width of this polished stone and after beating for some time, turn it over and beat again. This brings a lustre to the cloth that can be got in no other way. During this month, too, all the old clothes are re-made—that is, they are ripped, unpadded, washed and beaten in this same way. By the end of the month, the whole nation will be ready to start the New Year festivities in shining white or in gay holiday colors.

"*February—The Korean New Year.* The Korean New Year's day varies from year to year according to the position of the moon, and really the day itself is not so important, as our celebrations last about a fortnight. During this time grown-ups and children make New Year calls and bow to their elders. A great deal of dressing and feasting is done—but look—over there by the river bank is a woman. She's praying to the moon spirit for a son," Dr. Kim interrupts in a whisper. "The moon is full tonight so women everywhere will slip out of their homes with a little offering of food or money, and pray to their favorite spirit—some to the spirit of the forest, others to the spirit of the stream—but all will come out because the moon draws them and makes them feel that at this time, if at no other, their prayers will be answered.

"This woman is desperate. She is telling the moon that she has been praying three years for a son, and that her husband is now threatening to cast her off and take another wife. Poor woman! She represents thousands of men and women who are bound down by fear and superstition. But I am thankful to say that just as the moon pales and vanishes at the coming of the day, so these superstitions are bound to disappear because of the bright rays of the Sun of Righteousness.

"*March—Homespun.* You'll be asking me if the men of Korea ever work," laughs Dr. Kim, as he opens a sliding paper door and steps up over the high threshold. "It is true that during these indoor months, especially in the country, the women are the busier. These women are weaving the rough, heavy material that you would call 'homespun.' They clothe their own family and then sell all they can weave during the cold months. The woman sitting on the floor holds a bunch of cotton in her left hand, from which she releases it bit by bit and, as it is pulled away from her, it is twisted into a coarse thread. The wheel spins the bobbin that pulls the thread from the cotton and at the same time winds up the thread ready for the shuttle in the other woman's hand. This big loom is a very simple one—the shuttle flies back and forth so fast that one hardly notices that between each trip of the shuttle, the comb (in her right hand) pushes the thread tight against the part of the material already made. This looks simple enough, but it takes real skill to keep the shuttle from falling to the floor and to keep the rhythm of shuttle-comb, shuttle-comb. If a girl does not know how to do this fast and well, it seriously lessens her chances of matrimony.

"*April* takes you out on some of the hillsides overlooking the little villages, and lets you see Ancestor Worship at first hand. There are no spots so sacred as the grave sites of our ancestors. We call the first ceremony of the year (which comes in April) Sungmyo, or the act of caring for the grave by cutting the grass, and trimming the trees. We always choose the loveliest hillside spots for our grave sites, cut the trees in a semicircle at the back and often build a stone wall below the graves to support the terrace. The second and last ceremony of the year is in August and is called Seechai, or a sort of first fruits offering of thanks for all that the ground has produced since April.

"April is, as you know, the month when



A procession in the streets of a Korean city.

all nature begins to live again and so we, centuries ago, chose this month as symbolical of the future life when our spirits will meet the spirits of our ancestors. The two elder brothers in the painting are wearing the yellow straw mourning hats, and the youngest, being unmarried, wears no hat at all. Ordinarily, the hats would be made of black horsehair. Whole families dress in their best, bring their food and spend the day picnicking on the hills around their family grave sites. These men are not praying, they are showing reverence to the dead just as they have always bowed to their elders at New Year's time.

"*May—Spring Cleaning.* You foreigners," Dr. Kim continues, "lay so much stress on 'spring cleaning' that I thought you might like to see the way we do it! Last March, when I showed you the inside of a Korean home, you saw how simple is our life. Because we sit on the floor and sleep on the floor, we are bothered with very little furniture. Therefore, we do not feel the need of a regular spring house cleaning; instead we have a spring clothes cleaning! As far back as

our history goes, our national dress has been white. Because padded clothes have to be re-made every time they are washed, we have set times for doing it as you have for house cleaning. Now that the weather is warm, the women get busy again, unpad the clothes, wash them and sew them together without the cotton padding. We wear these two thicknesses during the changing weather of spring and fall. In this way, we change the weight of our clothes gradually. Here you see the women hard at it. After beating a while, they dip the clothes in the water and beat again. The little girl is carrying some washed clothes to the house to be boiled in lye water, and then she will bring them back to be beaten again. As there are very few private hydrants in the cities, the women have to wash their clothes in cemented troughs around the public hydrants. Although more convenient, they are not nearly so artistic as our old rock wells around which the women used to gather.

"*June—Swinging and Wrestling.* At this time of the year when the out-of-doors is so beautiful, my people love to

roam the hillsides enjoying the views and the cooling breezes. The young folks hang swings from the big old village trees, and what a good time they do have! The 'swing festival' is the 5th day of the 5th month, which this year falls on June 20th. I want you to see one of our wrestling bouts," continues Dr. Kim. "Admission free. Here we are! We'll have no trouble getting to the front row—the squatting row—for the crowd will find you as interesting to watch as the wrestlers. You are no doubt amazed that the crowd is not rooting for its favorite wrestlers, but as yet the country Koreans have not learned how to cheer and yell. In school and college athletic meets the students sing and cheer just as they do in your homeland.

"These wrestling bouts sometimes last several weeks, so the local merchants find it a profitable investment to offer a calf to the winning man, and a bolt of cloth to the winner among the boys. The bigger the crowds, the more rice is eaten, and the brisker the business done by the shops. Like your country fairs, there used to be much gambling and carousing while the wrestling was going on, and sometimes the affair wound up in a free-for-all fight started by the followers of the defeated wrestlers. If any one was killed, the master of ceremonies was held responsible. Now the authorities forbid gambling, and police are on hand to maintain order.

"*July—Summer Dry-Gardening.* You say you are surprised at the smoothness of this mountain road," Dr. Kim repeats slowly. "Yes, the Japanese have done some remarkably fine engineering work in opening up our mountain and country sections. Graded, gravel automobile roads wind in and out of our highest mountains. Regular jitney service, on schedule time, now makes it possible to travel comfortably in a few hours distances that formerly required a couple of days' hard walking. Wherever there is a stretch of tillable soil and a swift little mountain stream, you may be sure there will be a few thatched houses nestled in the valley near by. They are very picturesque with

their yellow roofs half covered by green pumpkin vines. In the fall, the Koreans spread out their red peppers on the roofs to dry, so that at a distance, the brown mud houses, the green vines, yellow pumpkins and red peppers make a very colorful picture.

"These men are weeding their dry-land patches. They have just finished transplanting the little new rice from its seed beds to the large paddy fields further down in the valley. While the rice is growing, the farmer 'keeps his hand in' by planting and weeding his dry garden that is to supply him with early fall beans and cabbage pickle. It looks like a back-breaking job, but the Koreans squat in that position to do their cooking, gardening and smoking—in fact they can squat indefinitely, but it makes you foreigners ache to look at them.

"*August—Weeding the Rice Fields.* What is the meaning of 'aigo, aigo' (pronounced I go), Dr. Kim? That man has been saying it over and over each time he bends down to weed." "That's an exclamation of misery, discomfort, surprise, pleasure—anything," Dr. Kim elaborates. "The Korean uses it for everything and yet its meaning is not any stronger than 'Oh, my!' The poor man is tired, that's all. Here in the southern part of Korea, the young men of the villages come out and play on drums, flutes and timbrels, all the while dancing on the banks of the fields and joking with the weeders. This lively music helps them to work faster and forget their aches and pains. As the rice blades are coarse and rough and because the weeders spend so much time in the muddy water, the weeders sometimes contract elephantiasis.

"These men began the work of raising rice early this spring. First, they flooded the fields and then plowed them. Then after harrowing the fields, the men transplanted the little rice blades from their small seed beds. This is the hardest part of the work because the rice must be planted in straight lines. A cord with marks six inches apart is stretched as a



Although the motive power of a rice mill is usually a donkey, water power is often used by means of a rude wheel set up beside a stream.

guide from one side of the field to the other. A long line of stooping men and women make short work of one row of rice and then begin another. After the rice is planted, the fields must be kept flooded and weeded. And so it goes—no rest for the weary!

"September—*The Bread Harvest*. You asked me what that awful creaking, squeaking sound was and so I thought I would show you!" With these words, Dr. Kim walks to a round, thatched open building and waves his hand toward a small donkey and a large millstone. "Here it is," he continues. "We Orientals believe in making a noise when we work, by way of advertising! This wheel creaks and squeaks to remind neighbors that a miller lives near. The donkey is blindfolded so that as he plods round and round, pulling the heavy millstone, he

will not get dizzy. The millet is cut, threshed with flails and winnowed. The tiny yellow grain is then spread on the large stone platform and ground. The man is brushing it into place with a broom. When the grain is ground to a fine powder, he stops the donkey and sweeps off the flour and his wife sifts it. After the flour is made, the women mix it with water and steam it. When it reaches a certain state of stickiness and toughness, they place it on a smooth flat rock to be beaten. They then call the men to arms! Two, and sometimes four men stand facing each other—each in turn swinging a huge wooden mallet, pounding the steaming mass. The dough is made into pancakes and fried. Booths spring up along the streets, under which women sit and fry cakes for sale. This month might well be called the bread

month, or the month of the 'Bread Harvest.'

"*October—The Rice Harvest.* I brought you south of Seoul," Dr. Kim explains, "because here we are in the rice section of Korea and can see miles and miles of yellowing grain waiting for the reapers. By reapers, I do not mean great machines that run over the fields leaving the golden grain lying in neatly tied sheaves. All this tremendous rice business is literally done by hand. The wealthy rice merchants, or landowners, usually let their land to tenant farmers on shares, and they do the work of plowing, transplanting, weeding, reaping, threshing and bagging. It's a long story covering months of strenuous labor. Notice their short sickles—they are short, because the reapers grasp the stalks of rice in their left hands, cut with a pulling motion and lay it down in heaps ready to tie into sheaves. During this month, ready money begins to roll in from the sale of rice and the women begin to shop! They buy large quantities of cabbage for our winter pickles and materials for our winter clothes. If the harvest is good, young men who are engaged send bolts of cloth to their fiancées, from which they make their trousseaus and a suit or two for their future husbands. Toward the close of the rice harvest, flour is made from the new rice and again a sticky, steamed bread is made. Next month, when the young folks are 'married and given in marriage,' quantities of this flour will be made into fancy cakes of many shapes and colors and piled high on the feast tables.

"*November—The Month of Weddings.* Many a wedding in Korea depends upon a good harvest! November is the logical month in which to marry as it follows the harvest sales and begins the long, cold indoor months when we have more time to play. I asked the parents of the groom to allow the bride and groom to stand together so that you could get a picture of them," Dr. Kim smilingly explains. "The wedding ceremony was brief; the bride and groom bowed three times to each

other across a table upon which stood our sacred goose. Whether alive, stuffed or made of wood, it is the symbol of fidelity. The 'go-between' who arranged the match gave each a tiny brass wine cup from which they sipped, exchanged and sipped again. The groom then returns to his apartment with his men friends where he spends at least three days feasting and making merry. The bride retires into the women's quarters and, seated quietly on the floor, her eyelids lowered, she patiently waits for the three days to pass. The food is prepared for days ahead. Dried fish, nuts and fruits are carved into every conceivable shape and put into small individual bowls and placed on long low tables at which a steady stream of guests come and go. Hot dishes are served to every new guest. When the festivities are over, the groom precedes the bride to his home and there she takes up her new life among the womenfolk of his family.

"*December—Christmas Eve.* On this your last night in Korea you will be waked by the sweet, far-away strains of 'O Little Town of Bethlehem' and perhaps as the voices come nearer, they may be softly singing 'Silent Night, Holy Night.' You won't understand the words but the music is the same in all languages. Some of the students from our Christian schools form a choir and make the rounds of the city (Seoul) singing outside of hospitals, missionaries' homes and outside the homes of their professors and teachers. The country Sunday Schools have taken it up, so that even in far-off villages small groups of young people go from house to house carolling as best they can. It's a very nice custom you Westerners have started out here, for it not only helps the young people to realize the wonderful significance of this early morning hour, but their fresh young voices penetrate the paper windows of many a non-Christian home. You can imagine the far-reaching effects of a Christmas program given in a Sunday School with an enrollment of over a thousand. We have four such schools in the city. There is so

much to tell—we have only ‘scratched the surface’ as you say — but it is my hope that this little is unsatisfying and that you will come back for more. When

you hear ‘Silent Night’ sung under your window, I hope you will feel that we have in common the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love and brotherhood.”



Korean men and women almost invariably dress in white, the men wearing long baggy trousers and flowing coats, surmounted by high, black, stiff top hats.

University of Yenching Has Fine Purpose

By T. Y. CHAR
of the University of Hawaii Faculty, and a former student of Yenching

After centuries of isolation resulting in the growth of extreme conservatism and self-conceit on the part of her rulers, China suddenly awoke to find herself not marching in step with the progressive nations of the world. She felt embarrassed, awkward, humiliated.

The present situation in China is merely a picture of her feverish efforts to catch up with the world. The political chaos, economic struggles, social transformations, and industrial changes are some of the critical problems she is facing in her gigantic task of reconstruction.

Out from this movement has risen Yenching University, a modern institution of learning, in Peking, the very heart of old China.

Chiefly due to the farsighted efforts of the missionaries in China and the generosity of the American people, a full-fledged modern university under New York laws was founded in 1919 through the union of several smaller mission colleges in north China.

This was the result of a long-felt need for modern education institutions to provide the material for intelligent leadership in the reconstruction of a new China.

Yenching University is named after "Yen," a feudal state in the present region around Peking, thirty centuries ago. "Ching" means capital. Hence, Yenching means the capital of Yen.

The location for this school is ideal. Situated in the suburbs outside the ancient walls of Peking, long the golden cultural center and educational as well as political capital of the nation, the university lies at the foot of the beautiful Western Hills under the shadow of the

old summer palaces and gardens of the former Manchu rulers.

It has 200 acres of land with more than twenty large buildings, and boasts of having the best campus in the country. The plant is worth \$2,000,000 in round figures. Yenching limits its student body to only 500 men and 200 women students.

There are several outstanding factors about Yenching University which make it unique as a leading institution in China.

Yenching is the expression of America's good will to China. America has contributed freely in money and men to make it possible for Yenching to be established. The beautiful buildings, a wonderful combination of Chinese architecture and western utility and efficiency, are an inspiration of Christian ideals being put into practice.

The Bashford Memorial building was built by funds raised by an energetic young Chinese student from the Methodist churches in Ohio. The Berry Library was the gift of the three daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Berry of Detroit, who were so impressed by the opportunity for helping the youth of China through the program of Yenching University that they decided to contribute this building as a memorial to their parents.

The biology and physics building was constructed through the financial aid of the Rockefeller Foundation. The Methodist, Presbyterian, Congregational, and London missions have shared regularly in the maintenance of the school.

In spite of economic difficulties in the country, the Chinese supporters have been

able to provide enough money for two other buildings in the university. If more money were to be spent in promoting worthy enterprises of this nature instead of being wasted in bullets and diplomatic notes, more international good will and friendly relations would result.

Among the foreign members in the faculty and administration are American, Canadian, English, Irish, Scotch, and Swiss nationals. Included in the student body are Americans, Koreans, and Russians, as well as Chinese students from overseas. There has been a regular enrollment of students from Hawaii since 1925. Three have already graduated, while six boys and one girl are still studying at the university.

Yenching plays a great part in the present and future welfare of China. Its students come from all parts of the country, and it is interesting to note that more than half of the students come from the southern provinces of China.

The students as a whole are not only vitally interested in the political problems of their country, but also take great part in the social, educational and religious movements.

They volunteer as teachers in the mass education movement; they establish workshops for poor women in the neighborhood; they make evangelistic tours to the country during the holidays; they promote agricultural exhibits for the farmers in the neighborhood; they volunteer as workers in the famine relief.

Yenching is a wonderful laboratory for the youth of China to equip themselves for the tremendous task of building up the country. As one American educator says, "It is without question the outstanding Christian educational institution in China; has the brightest promise for the future; has accumulated more financial support; has the greatest opportunity for expansion; has attracted the greatest approval and support of the Chinese; and . . . has yet the sanest and wisest management and direction."

Yenching is an example of how the Chinese and their foreign friends can work together in harmony. Both Chinese and foreign members of the faculty work side by side, and live in the same compounds. The faculty and students show a fine spirit of coöperation and fellowship. While the government schools have often been hindered by student strikes and political disturbances, there has been no serious student trouble in Yenching. This institution is noted for its regularity and orderliness.

Moreover, the university is in close touch with sister institutions in America. Wellesley adopts the women's college as her sister college. Princeton helps to maintain the political science and sociology departments, while Harvard coöperates to build up the Harvard-Yenching Institute of Chinese studies.

Missouri helps Yenching to carry on the work of the journalism department. Other universities have exchange fellowships and professorships with Yenching and are forming connections which will bring about better understanding between China and America.

The foreign faculty members are not only educators in the academic sense, but are also missionaries of the best culture of the west. It has been their liberal spirit and sympathetic understanding which helped coeducation, a new thing in China, to be a success today.

It is now not unusual for students to make dates or to see couples walking around the campus. Such activities a few years ago would be scandalous.

Indeed, the American faculty members are unofficial delegates to transmit the best culture of the west to the Orient. It is remarkable that American influence has made so great an impress on the coming leaders of China.

In other words, Yenching is an institution of Christian ideals in application, a generating center of international good will, a medium for aiding the youth of China to build up the nation.



The faculty clubhouse on the grounds of the Imperial University of Tokyo as it appeared before the 1923 earthquake and fire which destroyed it. An English-speaking club of both Japanese and foreign students, men and women, has recently been organized in Tokyo.



Dr. Yoshitaro Negishi addressing the Pan-Pacific Club of Tokyo. Seitaro Ishii of Hosei University to the right of the speaker, and Dr. Kentaro Omiya to the left next to Prince Tokugawa.

At the Pan-Pacific Club of Tokyo

Chairman: Prince Iyesato Tokugawa.

Speakers: Professor Yoshitaro Negishi, Professor Kentaro Omiya, Seitaro Ishii, members of the Japanese College Students' Goodwill Tour to Hawaii.

Prince Iyesato Tokugawa: I fully expected and hoped that our president, Viscount Inouye, would preside at this luncheon today, but on entering this room I was most disagreeably surprised to find he was prevented at the last moment from coming, and I have been asked to preside, as I am the honorary president of this

Pan-Pacific Club of Tokyo. As Marquis Hachizuka is here I thought he would be a more proper person than I to preside and I asked him to do so, but he was very kind to say he would not.

It gives me great pleasure to preside today to welcome those young students who have just returned to our country after their most successful trip to Hawaii. I am sure, from my own experience, that everyone who goes to Hawaii will always receive a very kind welcome, because our friend Mr. Alexander Hume Ford was there.

I have much pleasure in asking Professor Yoshitaro Negishi of St. Paul's University to speak.

Professor Negishi: It gives me great pleasure to stand here this afternoon and to be allowed to say a few words in connection with our visit to Hawaii. There seemed to be some doubt as to whether Japanese boys would be able to hold a debating meeting against American students; some thought it was out of the question, because, for the Japanese students, English is not their daily language, and under those circumstances it would be unkind if not outrageous to take our university students to match themselves against the American students. However, we thought we would try, even if we failed. I wanted to take the product of our country over there to show what sort we could get in this country.

Before I announce the result of the contest I want to say a few words about the cordial reception we received in Hawaii, beginning with no less a person than Mr. Judd, the Governor of Hawaii, down to the people of the humblest kind. The Governor was very kind and held a special luncheon in our honor, and the Chamber of Commerce assembled to help us, and practically the whole of Hawaii turned out to lionize us. It was a question of real lionizing, for that was something we never expected. I cannot say enough to express my indebtedness to the Hawaiian people for their kindness.

One thing I noticed particularly in Hawaii was in connection with the second generation. In Hawaii the first generation of Japanese have practically retired from active business, and the second generation is coming to the fore. They speak English almost as their mother tongue. They have acquired complete fluency, and if I may say so, they are every bit American—in thought, in speech, and especially with ladies and girls they are quite Americanized. But although those children brought up in Hawaii and educated in American schools stand, in point of scholarship, at the head of the class in

the primary schools and middle schools, they do not differ much from other Americans of different parentage. But the minute they are brought over to this country and learn to speak in Japanese, within six months a change takes place. They become more stabilized in character. As soon as they can talk in the Japanese language there seems to take place a transformation. I do not know the reason for this, but there must be something in the nature of the Japanese language which is the outcome of three thousand years of civilization. I do not know if my theory is good or not, but that is the feeling I have, and several people now are earnestly teaching the Japanese language to Hawaiian Japanese. This movement is endorsed by the Americans themselves in the primary and high schools. The Japanese language is extensively taught in Hawaii and along the California coast, too. Before another ten years the outstanding universities in America will have a chair for the Japanese language, and I am very much interested in this matter.

Another point I might mention is that the people in Hawaii, the Americans of Japanese ancestry, were very anxious to hear us speak in Japanese, and they proposed that we should hold a contest in the Japanese language, and ask boys to contest against American-born Japanese. The speakers were selected after a strict examination, and four were chosen. Then I approached some of our boys about going there, and every one hesitated. But I urged them, and at last four were brave enough to come forward. The result was anything but pleasing to us, because the first prize went to a young lady from the University of Hawaii, and I think she was a regular orator. I have never heard such a remarkable speech in the Japanese language. The second prize went to Mr. Miyazaki. When we had the contest in the English language there were over a thousand people present, but when the Japanese language contest was held in the M. M. Scott Auditorium, McKinley High

School, it was filled to capacity and people came from fifty miles away. They had to pay to enter as we made a special charge, and quite a good income was obtained that time.

I want to say a few words about the pleasant feelings between Americans and Japanese in Hawaii, and I think this is a wonderful change. I went there some twenty years ago when the segregation problem was strong along the California coast, but this time I could not believe I was in the same America, because feelings were so different. I attended one of the meetings of the Chamber of Commerce, and Mr. Wallace Alexander, who came from California, presided. He said the introduction of Japanese people to America is simply a question of time. To admit Japanese emigrants on a quota basis is nearly a foregone conclusion, and I was very pleased to hear these remarks from such an influential man as Mr. Alexander.

We had one debate in English against the students of the University of Hawaii—two Hawaiian-born and two from Southern California. There were four of them and four from our side. The subject was whether the admittance of Japanese immigrants to the United States is justifiable or unjustifiable. Had we discussed this question twenty years ago I believe the whole of America would have risen up, while in Japan there would have been much sword-brandishing and excitement, but as it was, the question was discussed with good humor. Out of the audience of 450, 127 voted for total exclusion and 97 were in favor of admitting the Japanese, and there were a certain number of neutrals. From that I gathered that the feelings even on such a difficult question were such that the question could be treated in a pleasant and friendly way. I was very much impressed with the warm sentiments expressed by the Americans toward the Japanese.

In order to bring about this good and pleasant relation, I think a knowledge of the English language is indispensable. Prince Tokugawa has just remarked on

the use of the English language, and I have come back to this country deeply impressed with the idea of altering some of the methods of teaching English in Japan. Just at the time of the Meiji period the Japanese were anxious to get knowledge out of foreign books and that was enough for them. But now the time has come, and is I think well-nigh ripe, when we must try to impart something to Americans and westerners. If we have something inherent we ought to be prepared and open about delivering it to Americans. That is one of the objects of the Pan-Pacific Club. Filipinos, Chinese and Koreans all speak English, but why should not the Japanese be more frank about speaking out? Scholars meet in conference and read papers, but at dinners and luncheons they sit like oysters. How can we expect exchange of thoughts with such people? As long as dead silence is kept it is impossible.

That is the reason I want to adopt a different method in dealing with students of the English language. Never mind about being ungrammatical. Teach the boys to be bold and not bother themselves so much about grammar. Let them try to speak, and then the tongue will gradually come to use the language quite freely. A famous Chinese writer said there were two methods of composition—one from the rough outline to the fine points, and the other from the fine points to the rough. But in dealing with the English language, especially with the Japanese we should go from the rough, never minding about the grammar and the fine expressions, and then we will come to the fine side afterwards. Then after ten years we will be able to speak on a footing with westerners.

Professor Kentaro Omiya (Nippon University): After the splendid speech of Professor Negishi I have very little to add. But since I have been asked to say something about our party and travel, I will speak from the point of travel because perhaps few of you are acquainted

with what we did and what was done for us in Hawaii.

In the beginning we left Yokohama on March 26th by the *Tatsuta Maru*, and on April 2nd arrived in Honolulu. We went as third-class passengers and anticipated a good deal of trouble at the time of landing. To our surprise we were called to the first-class smoking room on the ship and told by the inspector that we would be treated as the guests of Honolulu and the Territory of Hawaii. We were asked only to give our names and ages, and after that were immediately allowed to land.

On that day we went to Kauai Island, where many Japanese live, and as we were told it was an island of gardens were not surprised to find many beautiful places. Its town is one of the historical places, as there Captain Cook first landed. We spent a few days there, living with the Japanese people. We had two public meetings, and some of our boys, and Professor Negishi and I, spoke of Japanese things. The people seemed to be very much interested in our speeches. We took with us motion picture films from the Board of Tourist Industry of the Japanese Government Railways, and showed these to the people.

Upon returning to Honolulu we went straight to the Governor, and as Professor Negishi said, he was very kind to our party. Although he occupies such a high position, he seemed to us like one of our oldest friends. We also visited the Consul-General, Mr. Iwate, and many places, such as the University of Hawaii, and newspaper offices. Of course we were warmly received by the Pan-Pacific Union in Honolulu.

It was on April 10th that we had the first public meeting in Honolulu, and this was the English oratorical contest between American, Filipino, Chinese and Japanese students. It was really an international event, and to our great satisfaction one of our boys got the second prize. Before that time we did not believe that Japanese students could participate in such a meeting unless they had been

trained abroad, but I think now that they can make English speeches even if their English study has only been in Japan.

I should have told you that the students who accompanied me were all members of the English-speaking societies of their respective universities, that is of the Hosei University, Meiji Gakuin, Nippon University, and a girls' college, the Nihon Girls' College. There were fourteen of them altogether. But I think if students are anxious to study English conversation they can get enough knowledge even if they do not go abroad.

The second public meeting was on April 14th, and was the Japanese oratorical contest, about which Professor Negishi has spoken. The third was the debate, about which he has also told you, but this was held in the hall of the University of Hawaii, and the audience numbered about 400. I think this was the first occasion for Japanese students to participate in such a debate and to participate in English. We did not make extempore speeches, for they were all prepared and the question was a serious one. Had it been discussed among politicians or government people it would perhaps have caused a sensation, but it was discussed only among students without political feelings, and I am sure the debate gave a good impression to the people of America.

The last meeting was on April 18th, and was a performance in English of a Japanese drama, followed by motion pictures. This meeting was held for the entertainment of the people of Hawaii, in the name of our federation, and I am glad that many people attended.

Besides these public meetings we had many private and official receptions. One was the Governor's tea, another the tea at the Consul-General's, and there was a tea given by the University of Hawaii. Only one day did we have for our own leisure while in Honolulu, and that was the last day, when we had only enough time to go shopping to get souvenirs for Japan. I think this will clearly show how

kind and hospitable were the people of Hawaii to us.

Such a party as ours I think can make for better understanding and friendly feelings between different peoples, and I hope there will be other parties like it. We also hope to be able in time to receive the students of Hawaii in Japan, and give them as nice a reception as they gave to us when we visited their territory.

Prince Tokugawa: Now I am pleased to call upon Mr. Ishii, who won the second prize in the oratorical contest. We feel very proud of him.

Mr. Ishii: I consider it a great honor to have this opportunity of speaking in the presence of distinguished persons and of telling something of my impressions of Hawaii. Just a few moments ago Prince Tokugawa said he could not make a decent speech without preparation, but I think he said this out of modesty. But it is really true that I cannot make an English speech without preparation, although I will try to say something about our trip, even if I cannot reach the conclusion. I hope my speech will be some entertainment to you because my English was made in Tokyo.

Professor Negishi and Professor Omiya have already told you about the trip and I have nothing to tell you further. Wherever we went we were warmly welcomed and the people of Hawaii were most hospitable. I should like to introduce you to the real pronunciation of Hawaii, which is "Havaii."

I would like to tell you something about the second generation of Japanese ancestry living in Hawaii. Most of the friends with whom we came in contact were American citizens of Japanese ancestry, but I will call them Japanese for the sake of convenience. They were specially selected to welcome us and were very nice students, quite Americans in their behavior. We were very different from them because we are too quiet and rather pessimistic.

While in the Izumi Hotel at Kauai I asked the girls working there if they had

been to Japan and they all said no. Again I asked them if they wished to go to Japan; some said they did not like the idea of going very much, some said they would like to go. One girl said she would love to go but her boy friend would not let her.

In Honolulu I made many friends among the University boys and girls and I asked them the same question. Many of them answered "Yes," and were frank in telling me that before they knew of us they did not want to go because they had no friends in Japan, but since becoming acquainted with the Japanese students in our party they began to want to go to Japan. I am sure many of them will be here in the near future and will make up parties. Mr. Mitchell, one of the representatives from Southern California and one of our worthy opponents at the debate, is coming here this June to investigate religious questions in Japan. In this way many will come to Japan, and will help to promote mutual understanding between America and Japan.

I am sorry to say that our federation is very poor and we cannot afford to send boys to foreign countries, so it is my earnest desire that you distinguished persons will help us in the exchange of students as much as possible, so that we can understand each other better and promote coöperation between these two great and important nations.

In conclusion I wish to express our hearty thanks for this luncheon today.

Prince Tokugawa: I should like to express the thanks of this Club to the speakers who have just addressed us. As president of the House of Peers I must confess that it is tedious to listen to long speeches, but I must say without any flattery that I have never enjoyed speeches so much as I have today. They were eloquent and most instructive speeches, and especially I must say that I entirely agree with Professor Negishi about the importance of the English language. I am very glad that our president was absent today and that I had the pleasure of presiding.

Soviet Designs Socialist Cities

By LUCIEN ZACHAROFF

Under the pressure of rapid industrialization and the collectivization of agriculture, the Soviet authorities are embarking upon the vast adventure of constructing so-called socialist cities to meet the need for housing. Scientifically planned, adapted to the prevailing climatic conditions and thoroughly modern, the new centers will serve the cultural, social and economic needs of the inhabitants on a large scale. Like a multitude of other important ventures in the Soviet Union, this experiment has no historical background; there is no previous experience that might serve as a practical starting point.

While apartment houses and communal homes (more in accord with the new mode of living) are springing up everywhere, the principal housing problem is to construct cities and settlements suited to the type of industry these centers are to serve. The various plans, some already partly executed, are the subject of widespread discussion. Competitions, with leading architects participating, have been started. Special consideration is to be given to creating cities with adequate provision for vegetation. Parks and open spaces have a prominent place in the proposed plans.

Every new socialist city will be organized around a basic industrial or agricultural center, with provisions for transportation, collective preparation of food and cultural and recreational facilities.

The foregoing may lead one to think that the new cities are to be more or less uniform. This is not the case. While the basic principles are naturally the same, the details show a great variety of arrangements to suit local exigencies. Present indications are that there will be

three basic types of cities: purely industrial settlements, agrarian settlements, and industrial-agrarian cities, the latter to constitute the best means of realizing an ideal union of town and village. Specific types will include coast, mountain and health resort cities.

A central institute or bureau will direct the systematic planning of these cities. Only outstanding specialists are to be entrusted with the task of supervision. The type of house to be erected is not yet settled. Proposals range from small one- or two-story buildings to skyscrapers of from sixteen to twenty-five stories, but the latter are not likely to find much support in the country, where there is so much space.

Already definite plans are under way for the construction of socialist settlements and cities in many districts, including the Donetz Basin where at least six will be built; Kuznetz Basin, five; Stalingrad region, four, as well as a complete readaptation of the existing city of Stalingrad; one each at Magnitogorsk, Nijni Novgorod, Dzerdjinsk, Dnieprostroy and in the Khopersk region of the Budarino-Yougo-Vostochnaya Railway. Proposals are also under consideration for a complete reconstruction of Novosibirsk, Briansk, Odessa, Rostov-on-the-Don and numerous other centers that are at present in the process of industrial development.

Plans and methods for the rebuilding of Stalingrad are typical. Although the fact that it is situated on the banks of the Volga brings in certain phases that are not applicable elsewhere, the underlying ideas are the same. According to the program mapped out in the five-year plan, at an approximate expenditure of

a billion rubles, Stalingrad will become a center with many new factories, mills and power stations, which will necessitate the erection of homes, cultural centers and institutes of a new type. The task before the soviet planning experts was to erect this new industrial center so as to link all elements of national economy on the basis of their interrelationship and utility.

For example, the tractor factory that started work last June should have been built as close as possible to the Krasniy Octiabr steel mills to eliminate all unnecessary transportation of metal. This is likewise applicable to the workers' residential quarters. It is intended to avoid such errors in all further construction in Stalingrad which, when completed, will consist of five sections, each really a city in itself.

The new Stalingrad plans call for a rational grouping of industrial enterprises, based on their connections with each other as well as on technological connection with the processes of production. Hence four kinds of industrial combinations will come up: metal manufacturing, including some twenty mills with 80,000 workmen and clerical employees; a timber combine, a chemical combine and a combine for light industry.

All these will be scientifically constructed instead of being scattered over the entire area of forty-two kilometers, which extends along the Volga banks. Consequently, production costs will be appreciably reduced, thanks to the proximity of the mills and factories dependent on one another for raw materials or semi-manufactured goods. Stalingrad is meant to be a glowing example of scientific management which is to eliminate all unnecessary labor and expense.

This large-scale organization of industry will be accompanied by the construction of socialist cities to house the working population of each center. In the five units of the reconstructed Stalingrad the entire idea will be to provide the greatest

conveniences within human reach for the inhabitants. Waste of energy in everyday life is to be banished. The needs of the population from the communal and collective point of view are to be fully and scientifically satisfied through methods hitherto untried in any part of the world.

Below is an analysis of the constituent phases of a socialist city:

Residential—The outstanding feature is the disappearance of one-family houses. Large buildings will be erected to house the adult working population from sixteen years old upward. Every individual is to have not less than one furnished room—furnished because it is intended that furniture should cease to be personal property.

Essentially bedrooms, these individual rooms will not be larger than 8 by 10 meters. Modern conveniences will be provided, electric power and steam to come from the nearest electric station. Every house will be equipped with a swimming pool, showers, physical culture hall, mechanized laundry, modern appliances for mechanized house cleaning.

In each there will be communal rooms, a reading room that will have a supply of books which from time to time may be supplemented from a central library; rooms to which residents may retire for quiet study; a dining hall along the lines of the American cafeteria. In addition to the latter, every house is to be provided with a buffet to supply the residents with sandwiches, candy, mineral waters. The buffets are to be open after the cafeterias are closed for the day. An essential element of the plan is to have each house surrounded by adequate vegetation land for communal vegetable, fruit and flower cultivation, cared for by the residents.

In every house there will be distributors of such wares as are not provided for in the collective program. The former practice of housing the administrative and technical staffs in special build-

ings will be discontinued; they will be allotted quarters in the houses where the general working staff resides. When necessary members of the administrative staff will have an extra room. Hotels will be available for temporary residents.

Infants and babies up to about three years will have special sections for nurseries which will be connected with the main buildings by a heated passage. Kindergartens have been provided for. All residential sections will be built according to the following general scheme: In the center there will be grouped all social and cultural buildings, which will be surrounded by the housing combines.

Every city will have its own central heating system, operated either by the industry or by a special station. Parks will be all about the residential quarters, and in these schools will be built with open spaces for games. Separating the city from the industrial territory there will be a belt of vegetation varying in width from half a kilometer to a kilometer.

Food—In order to supply the needed food for the entire population, in the case of Stalingrad of five cities, there will be a huge central combine where food will be prepared with the aid of modern appliances. The present lack of skilled cooks will be remedied by the establishment of cookery schools, each of which will run a model restaurant. Restaurants will be conveniently situated near all social and cultural institutions and in the various houses to serve the comfort of the inhabitants and to save time. Enterprises will be provided with buffets where workers may obtain food at a nominal cost.

A special section will be charged with the duty of preparing children's meals; there will be a milk kitchen and a special diet department. It is considered inadvisable to transport foodstuffs over long distances. The organization of auxiliary agricultural units is, therefore, planned. In like manner there will be facilities for preparing butter, cheeses and other agricultural products.

Education—Educational facilities will serve the entire population. Old and young alike will have an opportunity to engage in creative work. Of course, no one will be denied a chance of political education.

Children's training will be exclusively on a collective basis. All preschool education will be linked with simple working processes; all centers for children will have simple enterprises of agricultural character and there the young will learn in the course of their recreation about nature. The school of a socialist city will be continuously operated throughout the year and for the greater part of the day. The entire educational system will aim at overcoming the peculiarities of the old individual mode of life and creating a type of human being adjusted to the requirements of collective living and socialist life.

Mangitogorsk, a new industrial center in the southern part of the Urals, is also to be built on the lines of a Socialist community. The city came into being as a result of the construction of a steel mill to utilize the vast mineral resources of the district, and particularly of the Magnitnaya Mountain. It is estimated that the population of Magnitogorsk will approximate 50,000 persons—34,000 men and women engaged in industry; 12,000 children (3,500 under four years of age) and 4,000 invalids and people of advanced years.

The basis of life in Magnitogorsk can best be comprehended by the perusal of the following outline:

The entire adult population (both sexes), except the aged, ill and infirm, will take part in productive work.

The life of workers, except those engaged in productive and other enterprises of general municipal importance, will be centered in communal dwellings, in which they will be free from household cares peculiar to individual homes.

Children up to sixteen years of age will be educated along socialist lines in

nurseries, kindergartens and residential institutions adjoining the adult quarters. No provision is made for children in the adult section. A central institute for defective children will be erected.

One central institute will provide food for the population by means of combines in all social centers, residential communes and other enterprises.

A large central general store will supply all articles of a personal nature, and otherwise distribution will be arranged through chain stores to the residential quarters.

Motor transport will be organized for workers engaged in outlying institutions as well as for out-of-town excursions. A street car line will run along one of the main streets.

Communal residences may be either state institutions or coöperatives.

No provision is made for building individual houses.

One of the centrally situated squares will be equipped for holding meetings and public demonstrations.

The land adjoining the city will be utilized for market gardening, nurseries and dairies to supply local needs.

Around schools adequate open spaces will be retained for vegetation and maintenance of animals.

The fundamental motive of the entire scheme is consideration for every need of the inhabitants. The socialist cities of 1930 will undoubtedly be outmoded at the expiration of the decade, and provision is being made for adjustments to the march of science and invention.



A typical Russian city built in Siberia before the Soviet "five-year plan" was inaugurated.



The Indo-Chinese and Cambodians are expert in making rush and bamboo baskets and mats. The exports of these articles alone in 1930 amounted to nearly 14,000,000 francs.

Impressions of a Traveler from Hawaii in Indo-China

By MRS. ATHERTON LEE

Saigon, in French Indo-China, is not usually visited by Americans as frequently as Shanghai or Hong Kong, inasmuch as only the French passenger lines call there with regularity. Yet in many ways it has unusual interest. Saigon is in the province of Cochin China, and the natives are Annamese, closely resembling the Chinese and probably descended from them. The population is far from being as crowded as in China, the wages are higher, yet Saigon is the place to buy wonderful Oriental laces and embroideries, chiefly on fine grades of linen, and patterned in the French manner.

The French rule the country with an iron hand and in a rebellion against this rule, which occurred during your correspondent's visit, thirteen of the native leaders who were apprehended were tried, sentenced, and decapitated within ten days of the beginning of the rioting. Although this apparently was an effective check to the rebellion, the American method of education and free speech in its colonies is better, for, as tourists remarked, it would be almost inconceivable to imagine armed rebellion in any of the colonial possessions or territories of the United States.

Indo-China has but a few miles of railways but has a system of automobile roadways, about 50 per cent of which are surfaced and in good shape. However, shock absorbers are a rather obscure technical development, still in the doubtful experimental stage, and the careful Frenchman is still not convinced that balloon tires will wear as well as straight-side tires, so that automobile traveling here cannot be said to be comfortable as yet.

One travels inland from Saigon about 180 miles to reach Pnompenh, the capital of Cambodia, and, once there, what of it?

Rice is the big item of export for Indo-China, and after passing through 180 miles of endless flat areas of rice paddies one cannot forget about these rice exports. Still after a cup of tea one can visit the palace of the King of Cambodia, see the throne room, the temple floored with tiles of silver, and the images of the deities, Buddha and Siva and Vishnu and so forth. But your correspondent can state without fear of successful contradiction that there is no palace in the whole Orient which can approach in beauty or luxury the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, and, in general, any modern movie theater in a good-sized American city will outdo in splendor and beauty any of the temples of these eastern cities.

From Pnompenh most American come-ons then travel another 210 miles to visit Angkor Wat, but this second stage of the trip is more interesting, being through an undeveloped forest region. For instance, halfway on this lap of the trip, one usually stops at an inn for lunch, largely of French rolls and what the French laughingly call coffee, but which undoubtedly has a medicinal value, for it tastes like essence of quinine. Well, at this inn the Madame has a little menagerie in her back yard consisting of animals which the houseboy and yardboys, in the intervals between their regular duties, have caught in the environs of the hotel. There are monkeys, a mountain lion, a panther, a python and cranes, herons and marabou. And the Madame relates, usually in the conversations before one pays the bill, that she has been in the cage sev-



Ruins in Angkor, a city which after an existence of many centuries was, with its magnificent temples and buildings, abandoned to the jungle some 400 years ago.

eral times with the leopard, unharmed, after which one meekly pays the charge with only a hurried glance at it.

One reaches Angkor Wat in the dust, or rather dusk, of the evening, usually both, amid the ohs and ahs of all the earnest yearners after culture that know that Angkor Wat must be wonderful, for it says so in the tourist pamphlets. And there is no doubt that it is interesting, although some study is necessary to understand its significance.

Angkor was a city in Cambodia believed to have been built about the 9th century. The conclusions of anthropolo-

gists are, that it flourished until about the 15th century, when it was attacked by an army of Siamese, who looted and destroyed many of the edifices. Following this, Angkor was deserted by its inhabitants and the jungle grew up around it and in it and Angkor was apparently forgotten even by the natives, for four or five centuries. In the latter part of the 19th century it was discovered in the tangled growth of vines and banyans, by a French geologist who was making an economic survey. He could not appreciate the magnitude of the ruins because of the tangled growth of vegetation, making a

careful examination very difficult. However, later anthropologists came, who naturally were elated at the discovery, and gradually the forest is being cleared away inside of the city. A tax of one Saigon dollar per day per person is made upon each tourist who visits the ruins and so the thrifty French are making the visitors pay for the clearing. Paraphrasing that old saying about woman, made by Kipling or somebody, it may be said right here that in the Orient it is the American who pays and pays and pays.

The most interesting of the edifices are the Bayon, a Buddhist temple in the center of Angkor city, and Angkor Wat itself; wat simply means temple; both of these edifices are believed to have been built in the 12th century. One appreciates therefore that these ruins are much more recent than Roman or Greek excavations and are not so very much older than Westminster Abbey or the California missions.

It seems that in these early days the religion was not clearly defined, and some of the influence in these temples is Brahman, and also there is the Buddhist influence. All of the edifices are elaborately ornamented with carving, mostly of mythological or religious scenes, but a few, more interesting, show contemporary life. The magnitude of the stone-carving operations is also somewhat dimmed by the appreciation that almost all of the edifices are of a comparatively soft sandstone, making carving with even a penknife not at all difficult.

Apparently the masculine intellect is much more interested in the forest life which surrounds Angkor than in the ruined temples and palaces. This forest life can best be appreciated when it is remembered that Asia is considered the oldest continent, and because of the sparse population of eastern Indo-China, the wild life of this oldest continent has been largely preserved there. With luck, one may see deer or wild boar, from the automobile road, en route to Angkor. Your

correspondent saw both, and a flock of wild peacocks. There are flocks of wild monkeys in the ruins of Angkor and in passing it is well to mention that Angkor is "lousy with snakes." This region is one of the best for big-game hunters, for there are tigers, wild elephants, rhinoceros, leopards, mountain lions, and a small black bear in the forests. One inclined to hunting in Indo-China is advised to bring a shotgun as well as large-bore rifles, for there are myriads of wild pigeons, teal, quail, snipe, herons, cranes, bustards, and marabou within easy access of the hotel.

It is interesting that poinciana regia trees, which contribute so much to the charm of Honolulu, grow in the natural forest around Angkor. Also pink and white shower trees of considerable age were seen planted in one of the villages, indicating the southeastern-Asiatic origin of these trees probably. The common shrub in Honolulu, ixora, is a very common undergrowth shrub in the forests around Angkor.

Along the rivers in Cambodia several varieties of sugar cane grow wild, probably the forerunners of the slender sinensis cane varieties. Several sugar cane insects not observed in either the Hawaiian Islands or the Philippines were found on these wild canes. The seeds of the shower trees also seemed to be infested with a worm, which is perhaps one reason why the shower trees were not seen more commonly.

Although the French people in Indo-China are very hospitable, they have made no effort to expedite American tourist travel by learning English. Under such stress Americans come through nobly and dispel the supposition that they are not linguists except that undoubtedly the pronunciation is terrible; but to their credit it must be said that most Americans, faced with starvation or French, usually break out with their long-forgotten high-school French, and although they lose weight, they do get by.



The Philippines constitute the only source in the world for abaca or Manila hemp, which as a cordage fibre has no equal. It is often brought in to shipping points in primitive conveyances. Next to sugar it is the most valuable export in this land where agriculturists are always in demand.



The main building of the Philippine Bureau of Science at Manila.

A Message to Filipino Undergraduates

By TRINIDAD A. ROJO
In the Philippine Review, June, 1931

Undergraduates, we take this banquet, given in honor of the Filipino graduating class of the University of Washington, more for its meaning than for itself. We take it as a symbol of what you feel, what you think, and what you expect of us. It is an embodiment of your appreciation for what we have done in our college life. Let me tell you that there is no better way for you to uphold what this banquet signifies, there is no better way for you to honor us than to equal, to excel our record. So I hope that in the future you will have more students like Mr. Guillermo Ablan, Mr. Melecio Toledo, and Mr. Numeriano Seguritan, whose untiring efforts are crowned with Phi Sigma, Pi Sigma Alpha, and Phi Beta Kappa keys.

The main thing is that you must have persistence, industry, and the will to conquer through thick and thin. Let not difficulties overcome you. As long as man looked at the sea as the home of monsters and a barrier to travel, as long as he recoiled from solving water transportation, the sea was a detriment to his advancement. But when he looked at the sea as a problem which challenged the resourcefulness of his mind, it became a blessing; for it led to his invention of the sailboat, and later the steamboat—a great intellectual and physical achievement.

Now I should like to address myself particularly to the undergraduates and to the high school students who have not yet decided what course they are going to take.

In the first place, I advise you to read newspapers from home as often as possible to keep yourselves well informed about the developments there so that you can adjust your plans accordingly. For example, you read that there is a new law in the islands requiring that every ship must be provided with radio, and that they are planning to install an air-mail line throughout the Philippines. That may help you to decide whether or not to take radio operation or aviation.

In the second place, I should like to make some remarks about the situation in the Philippines in so far as the professions are concerned.

You know that the law profession has been extremely popular in the Philippines. Filipino youths, boys and girls, crowded the law schools of Manila. Now, we are so oversupplied with lawyers that a great number of them are employed as clerks at the salary of forty pesos a month, while some have no cases at all, except their own case of unemployment. The people summarize the situation by saying "lima ti siping" (five for a penny).

The Philippines are also oversupplied with graduates in education. Last year the educational departments of the local universities graduated more than 400 students, while the Bureau of Education could employ only 80 of them. Likewise, there is very little demand for graduates in liberal arts, except those who major or minor in English or journalism. But if you intend to take your master's degree, or if you are an exceptional student, take any course you want; you may not find it hard to land a job.

My friends, in view of the situation, other things being equal, I should like to advise you to prefer practical courses to Liberal Arts courses. Bear in mind that one of the greatest, if not the greatest, problems confronting our country is economic development; and as I have said, it would be wise for you to adapt your plans to the needs of our country so that

it will be easier for you to find employment.

It is not necessary for me to tell you that we need more foresters. We have 41,000,000 acres of commercial forests heavily timbered. According to the U. S. Commerce report of 1926, the timber is estimated to be 200,000,000,000 cubic feet. We need well-trained guardians to take care of this treasure before it is badly exploited.

We need more graduates in animal husbandry. We have good pasture land, favorable for cattle and poultry raising, yet we import meat and eggs from China and Australia, costing us millions of pesos.

We need more scientists and more graduates in fisheries. According to the United States Commerce Report our Archipelago of 7,000 islands has a coastline almost twice as long as that of this country where a potential source of wealth is ever present. The important food fish in our seas include sardines, herring, mackerel, sea bass, silverside, milkfish, and numerous others. Oysters and clams also abound. Fishing, however, is undeveloped and unorganized as a specific industry. We are expert only in "bangos" culture, and in canning "bagong." As a result, we import 7,800 metric tons of sardines and 3,800 metric tons of salmon from the United States, according to the last census.

We need more mining engineers. Our land is immensely rich in mineral resources, but in the words of ex-Governor General Wood, it is hardly scratched. Copper is known to exist in commercial quantities. There are seven important gold mines. Indications of manganese, lead and zinc deposits are found but little development has been accomplished. Our nonmetallic products include asphalt, cement-making materials, limestone, gypsum, asbestos, mineral matter, phosphate rock and salt. We have several iron mines, and six important coal deposits have been located. The coal mine in the northern part of Mindanao has a

deposit of 500,000,000 metric tons, but the output in 1923 amounted to only 269 metric tons—an eloquent proof of our deplorable inefficiency in mining. This means that we need not only more business men and industrialists but also more mining engineers to improve our methods in operating our mines.

Above all, my fellow countrymen, we need more agriculturists to guide our farmers, who constitute 72 per cent of the population, farming being our chief industry. The province of Ilocos Sur has 492 people per square mile, Cebu and La Union have more than 450 per square mile, while Isabela has 28, Mindoro 18, Nueva Viscaya 10. Mindanao, an island big enough to support 20 million people, if fully developed, according to a Japanese statesman, is very sparsely populated—Zamboanga has 23 people per square mile, Cottabato 18, Davao 14, Bukidnon 13, Agusan 10. Something must be done to remedy such a very uneven distribution of population. Mindanao, the future granary of our country, must be developed in order to avoid congestion in other parts.

Please do not misunderstand me. Do not take me to mean that I am advising you to take courses irrespective of your aptitude and ability. Suppose you are good in foreign languages and you want to be a scholar. In such a case you must take that course in which you are best suited. Who knows if your knowledge in philology will be instrumental in bringing about the unification of our many dialects! But if you do not have a definite specialty—if for example you are good in history and in agricultural courses—if you have your future in mind, and the welfare of your country at heart, you must take agriculture and thus give a helping hand in converting Mindanao into a land of industry and cultivation; so that our laborers will be induced to stay at home and not come here to join in the scramble in labor competi-

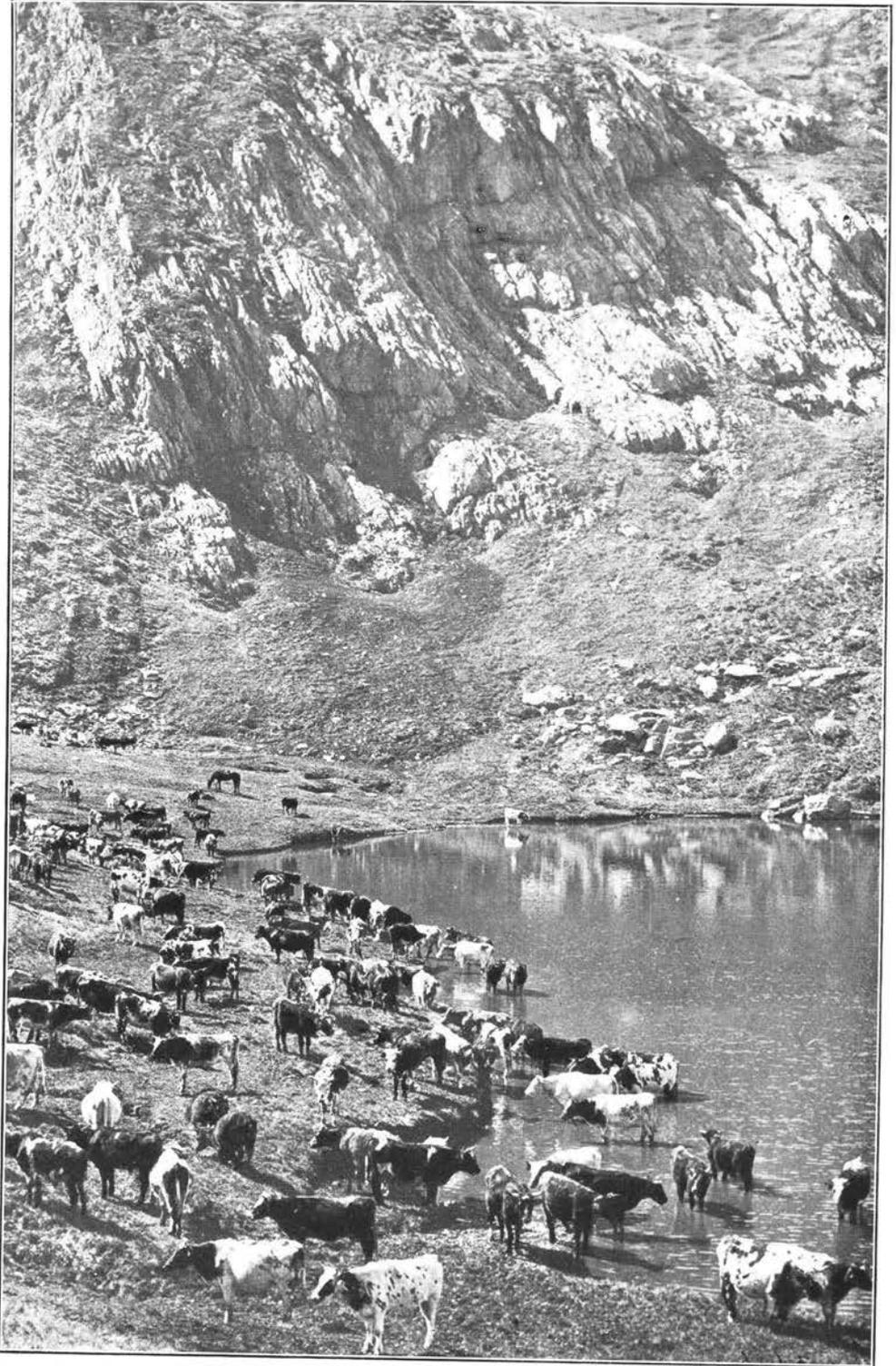
tion—thus exposing themselves to racial antagonism, culminating in riots—an insult to the Filipino nation and a disgrace to American democracy.

Fellow countrymen, the development of Mindanao is a challenge to our initiative, a challenge to our manhood, a challenge to our patriotism.

Lastly, I am going to speak to those students who will not be able to finish their studies. My friends, do not be ashamed to go back to the Islands merely because you fail to get the degrees which your families, your friends and your sweethearts expect you to bring home with you. If you mean to say that you are “no good” if you have no degree, you overestimate the importance of a degree, which is nothing more than a tool, often inferior to the tool you acquire in the university of experience. You may think I am flattering you, but let me prove my assertion. Eight or nine years ago, there was a poor Filipino soldier who settled in Mindanao, according to the Philippine Free Press. Now, through his industry, and initiative he owns big plantations of abacá and coconuts which bring him an annual income of P100,000. In money and in service to his country, is he not worth many times more than the average college graduate?

Now then, whether you get a degree or not, you must not stay in America indefinitely, except if you intend to settle and marry here. Remember we are building the young Filipino nation. The building of a nation is like the building of a big factory of diverse functions. There are various capacities in which you may render your services, no matter what your aptitudes and abilities may be. Keep in mind, my countrymen, the words of our philosopher, Apolinario Mabini:

“He who is a true patriot is he who does something good for his country, whatever position he holds, be it high or low.”



A lake at Mt. Kosciusko, the apex of the Australian Alps, which attains an altitude of 7,300 feet at the confines of New South Wales and Victoria. Mt. Kosciusko is a popular winter resort for Sydney residents.



By far the most popular and typical sport of the Sydneyites is ocean beach surf bathing.

Sydney of the Southlands

By H. J. CARTER

Yearbooks and the like can tell you the details of the phenomenal growth from scratch to a population of above a million in 140 years, from an empty inlet that escaped the keen eye of Captain Cook to the fifth port of the Empire. Not a globe trotter nor journalist has visited Sydney since the writer has known it but has hurled reproaches at us for housing 45 per cent of our state population in a single city. We own the soft impeachment; we all tell the other chap to go on the land, especially the newcomer. We shake our heads or write to the "Herald" or discuss antidotes, but still the wonder grows.

Primarily and chiefly its success is

commercial in origin, for Sydney is the main distributing center of the South Seas, possibly dividing this with Auckland. But, apart from her commerce she is fair to the view and not (as Carlyle's mother said of her philosopher son) "gey ill to live wi'."

With the same mean temperature as that of Naples, with skies and seas as blue, her surroundings are charming. It is a timeworn jest that to her citizens "our harbor" is what Charles I was to Mr. Dick. Sometimes it is not without suspicion that the jibe has a touch of envy in it. Anyhow, Port Jackson is an unending source of joy quite apart from its sphere of usefulness and ex-

traordinary value as a port; and its 183 miles of octopodic frontage lends itself to delightful habitation or to equally delightful adventure.

The "Heads," a mile apart, form a stately portal to Sydney's front door. About 200 feet high, the precipitous cliffs drop very suddenly into deep water that is characteristic of so much of its 22 square miles where the textbooks tell one that deep-sea liners can anchor in over 1,000 acres of it. There are few harbors where liners can tie up alongside a main street of a great city. Perhaps the finest view, especially towards sunset, is that obtainable from the high ground above Vaucluse, looking westward where at least 10 miles of waterway are backed by wooded heights and the towers of the great city in the far distance. The greatest of our early artists, Conrad Martens, found Sydney so much to his liking that he settled there, painting harbor views for some forty years. Possibly the best of these, in the possession of Mr. W. Dixon, depicts the above view.

Many hundreds of beautiful homes, often with private boathouses and bathing enclosures, backed by lawn and rockery, dot the water outline of Mosman, Neutral and Elizabeth Bays, and a dozen other such suburbs, from Hunter's Hill to Manly. One may go by water from the Circular Quay for 14 miles in at least three different directions; and, if by rowing, one lands, without trespass on private rights, boils the billy and like John Ridd "thanks the Lord for the room inside one" as the toasted chop or tasty sausage scents the breeze.

Formerly one could, like the carpenter and walrus of sacred memory, invite the succulent oyster from his bivalve home on the rocks above low water to aid the feast. Alas! this epicurean joy is a thing of the past, for harbor oysters are now "tabu," as possibly typhoidic.

A great sport of the harbor is sailing. Here are none, or very few of the big

seagoing yachts that are the glory of Cowes; and comparatively few of the larger decked cutter or yawl; but of the smaller fry, the 14- to 18-foot open or halfdecked boat, there be God's plenty. Every Saturday and Sunday through eight months of the year sees the fleet of pigmies doing their faerie flight before the northeast sea breeze. It is doubtful if there exist anywhere better boat sailers than the crews of these racing craft; whose live ballast hang over the windward gunwale swaying to the rhythm of the wave. A mistake at the critical gybe; or a failure to bale at the rate of influx in a black nor'easter means a swim and possibly an ignominious tow home; but you can't easily drown a Sydney sider, who is as amphibious as a Samoan.

But by far the most popular and typical sport of Sydney is ocean beach surf bathing. History has not, I think, recorded the name of the individual who first dared the surf in Australia. Certainly when this scribe first knew Sydney in the early eighties of the Victorian era, folks shuddered at the idea of bathing in the open sea. Sharks, undertow and moral shock were alike deterrents, and when somewhere in the nineties, a few lawless spirits started mixed bathing at "Little Coogee," hands and eyes were uplifted in horror. One shocked spinster is said to have written to the local mayor to complain that with field glasses she could easily see the degrading spectacle from her top window. Today the yellow sands from Cronulla, many miles south, to Palm Beach—more miles north—swarm with humans of every age from 5 to 70, and give every opportunity to the student of anatomy. Such a sight as a beach carnival at Manly or Bondi puts to shame the idle loungers of the Lido or Deauville. Here bronze Apollos form highly trained lifesaving clubs, ride the surfboards (learnt from Honolulu) or man the cranky surfboats. Venus Anadyomene is not far behind in her "shoot-

ing" stunts. "Honi soit qui mal y pense"—there is no fear for the race that can show such splendid forms as the gods and goddesses of the Sydney beaches, a race sprung in four generations from the virile Briton under Greek skies and Greek gymnastics. It is surely some answer to critics of our big city population to state that these show no sign of degeneracy in physique; and that the cricket and football teams that can meet the Old Country on equal terms are chosen almost wholly from three such cities, as were also the majority of those splendid men of the Australian First Division, who stormed Gallipoli. Two factors that make for this vigor are: (1) The great amount of open-air life. (2) The general well-fedness of Australians.

The "Zoo" should have been included in harbor joys, situated as it is, partly on the wooded slopes, partly on the plateau at the summit of the North Shore, where the Elephant Pagoda gives an oriental touch to the sky line. It is one of the chief attractions of Sydney; beautiful in its site, beautiful in its half-natural, half-tastefully-cultivated and interesting grounds, in its modern and more generous treatment of its prisoners. The great cats especially show their appreciation of their open rock dwellings; merely separated from freedom and a hominivorous orgy by a nicely measured gulf. A clever treatment of the sandstone rock is here shown, the junction of the artificial concrete with the natural stone in situ being invisible. An aquarium has recently been added into which a large shark has been introduced, and where polychrome fish and sea anemone may be studied.

Alas! the native fauna has largely disappeared from the immediate surroundings—with exceptions—that is to say that the kangaroo and wallaby that always form a feature in historic or traditional pictures of the landing of Captain Cook are rarely seen on the hither side of the Blue Mountains. A

few wallabies and pademelons are possibly left in the National Park and the unpoached part of the Kuringai Chase. The emu has literally gone West where he is plentiful and keeps the pastoralist busy at times repairing fences. The attractive but defenseless little "native bear" has almost disappeared, but there is a movement afoot by the Wild Life Preservation Society to create sanctuaries and breeding areas for the koala. Bandicoots and opossums are still plentiful, but being "night-fowl" are only occasionally seen. The ravages of the former are easily seen in some suburban gardens, but "possums" have welcomed the white man for three reasons. In primis he grows delectable peaches and other fruits for which they have a dainty taste, secondly he provides secure and warm shelter in the upper regions of his dwellings, and thirdly the white man, unlike the aboriginal, prefers other meat. So far as evidence goes the "possum," both ringtailed and the commoner *Trichosurus* actually prefer to live under the roof of a house, than in their own native eucalypts, and they may be often heard running over the tiles or scampering along verandahs in the warmer nights. Even the rage for "furs" and the consequent slaughter of thousands of 'possums has not apparently much lessened their numbers. My cat once brought in a specimen of the little flying opossum (*Petaurus breviceps*) a most dainty little creature whose legs are connected by a membrane, that when stretched form a plane which enables it to take very long leaps from tree to tree.

Volumes could be written on the birds of Sydney, from the many sea birds of the harbor front, of which the silver gull is such a common and ornamental feature, to the still more numerous birds of our gardens and bushlands. That old libel of songless birds and scentless flowers is scotched, but not quite killed; but any doubter should be on my verandah at dawn to hear the blue-grey thrush (known as the "harmonious") or the

butcher bird—or the “kurrawong” magpies at work in the camphor laurels. Two of our most friendly birds cannot be omitted: First the blue wren (*Malurus cyaneus*) with his quaker-gowned wife, and often, for six months of the year, followed by their brown family. The male bird doesn't put on the blue feathers till the second year. This has given rise to the fable of his polygamous habits, which I am assured by the learned is a scandalous libel. The other is the spine-bill honey eater; the nearest approach to a humming bird in Australia, who shows a dainty coloring and a restless activity as he sips the scarlet hibiscus or abutilon. One great natural feature makes Sydney's environments interesting and healthy. This feature is her geology, of which the dominant component is the Hawkesbury sandstone. The Sydney “Heads” are typical of this sandstone formation, which extends over 200 miles of coastline, and inland to include the Blue Mountains. The finer buildings of Sydney are built of this, and it is used as the foundations of roads—though it makes a shocking surface for them—but it is an ideal groundwork for a great city for the following reasons. It makes for good drainage; it is not wanted for farming, though well adapted for more intensive fruitgrowing or horticulture; it leaves great spaces around the city as playgrounds and sanctuaries for wild life. (The best description of our sandstone valleys is given in Darwin's “Naturalist's Voyage Around the World,” p. 439 of the 1882 edition.) Two of these, the National Park to the south, 33,000 acres, and the Kuringai Chase, 53,000 acres, on the north side of the harbor are managed by trusts with governmental subsidies. It speaks well for such management, that one may see that wonderful and elsewhere elusive lyre bird, scratching about amongst dead leaves on the banks of the Hacking river, like a barndoor fowl; the result of less than fifty years of a peace-pact; for no firearm is permitted here. Lastly the sandstone flora is marvellous

for its variety and interest—a veritable botanist's paradise—no wonder Banks insisted on the name Botany Bay—as the substitute for Cook's “Stingray Bay.” It has been said that 10 acres of the Sydney sandstone contained more wild flowers than the rest of New South Wales. The most popular of these are the boronias, the lovely eriostemon, the heath-like epacrids, the flannel flower—that mimics the daisy, but is an umbelliferous plant with the texture of edelweiss—the Christmas bell (*Blandfordia*) an orange lily; the Christmas bush (*Ceropetalum*) of which the terra-cotta calyx is so artistic and decorative, and the ever popular wattle (*Acacia*) known in London as “mimosa.” A wise legislation, suggested and supported by public opinion, has of recent years forbidden the wholesale destruction of plant life, especially of the sale of wild flowers in our streets.

Of the suburbs, the northern seem to have shown most progress during late years, and the fourteen miles to Hornsby is almost continuously covered by settlement. These northern suburbs rise to above 600 feet from sea level, while the shale uplands afford better soil for gardens than the poorer sandstone. Hornsby itself, largely populated by the better-class tradesmen and craftsmen, connected with railway and other works, has spread over an enormous area, and a large proportion of its clean-looking houses, mostly with well-stocked gardens, are said to be owned by their inhabitants. Ryde presents a similar growth, on the upper Parramatta.

The surroundings of Sydney are very lovely. A few miles south and the train emerges from a tunnel, near a coast scene of the Illawarra district, reminiscent of the Riviera. A similar distance north the train for many miles winds along the sinuous shores of the Hawkesbury estuaries where, in general, blue water reflects blue skies. Again it was Conrad Martens who, nearly a century ago, used his eye and brush to show the

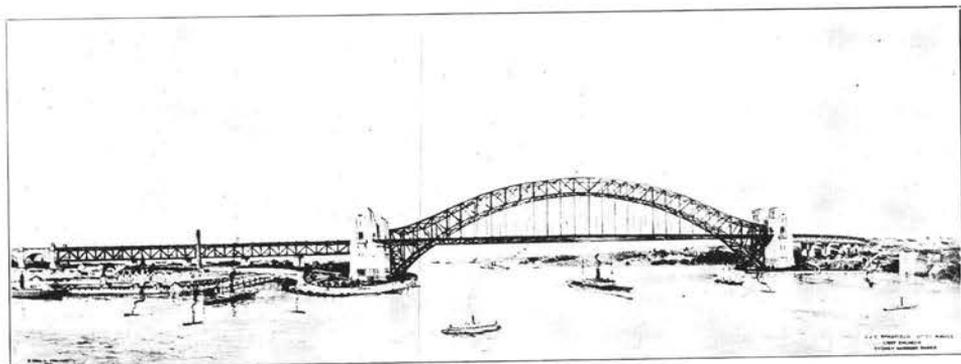
beauty of the Illawarra subtropical forest scenery.

It is Sydney's misfortune to have been founded before town-planning was applied. Melbourne and Adelaide owe their wide streets and symmetrical design to forethought. Sydney, like Topsy, "just grewed," the nucleus being a few government buildings and barracks near the vanished Tank Stream and "Sydney Cove," now the Circular Quay. The present George Street was a track made by the bullock wagons and other vehicles from the first farms around Parramatta. Hyde Park was the race course. It is lamentable to reflect on what might have been, had design preceded the various building booms, instead of the go-as-you-please methods actually followed. Still irregularity has its charm and bits of Old Sydney like the Argyle Cut lend themselves to artistic treatment; while Macquarie street is perhaps the most picturesque street in Australia, with its fine harbor panorama, and the beautiful Botanic Garden terraces forming so much of its eastern side. Doctors and dentists hold much of the western side of this street, but there is some consolation even in a dentist's chair to be faced with that lovely outlook.

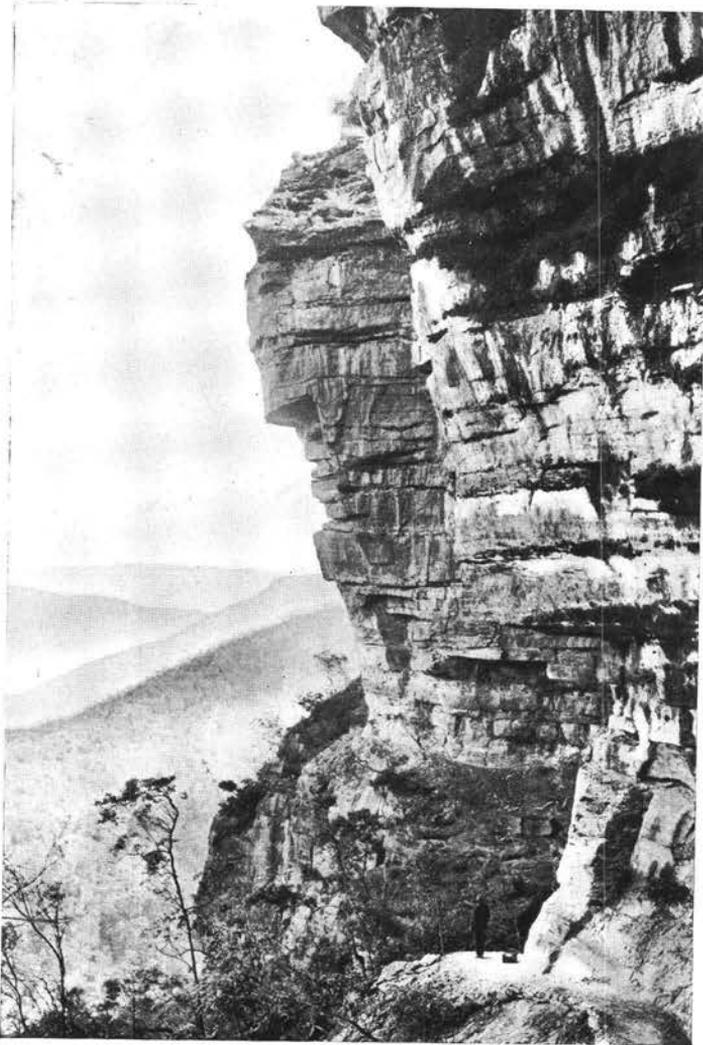
The buildings on its eastern side include many of historic interest with Government House at the end and the musty old Law Courts, obsolete Royal Mint and the primitive Parliament House

at the other—the House that listened to Wentworth and Lowe on self-government and to Parkes on education and federation. The Mitchell Library and the Sydney Hospital are more modern glories, together with the Conservatorium of Music. During the last twenty years Sydney has been largely rebuilt, as well as greatly extended outward. The newer buildings of the city are largely of reinforced concrete and tend as elsewhere to increased height, though limited by law to 150 feet. The suburban buildings on the other hand are now almost universally of the one story.

In Melbourne and Adelaide, the Art Gallery, Museum and Public Library form one fine collection of buildings; economic in design and administration, Sydney, always individualistic, has preferred the more extravagant plan of widely separate institutions. The Art Gallery in the Domain, the heavily classic Museum in College Street, and the Public Library in Macquarie Street. The finest gothic architecture in Sydney is that of its University, especially of its Great Hall and of the Fisher Library, the whole so finely placed out of the hurly-burly of city life and fronted by the 52 acres of Victoria Park. Its associated colleges in the background, along with that magnificent Prince Alfred Hospital, that commemorates the recovery of the Duke of Edinburgh from the attempted assassination at Clontarf.



Sydney's pride, the largest arch bridge in the world, with 1,000 feet span and 170 feet headroom.



The Blue Mountains, which can be reached from Sydney by train in two hours, and which can be seen from the heights of that city on a clear day, some eighty miles away.

BULLETIN OF THE PAN-PACIFIC UNION

An unofficial organization, the agent of no government, but with the good will of all in bringing the peoples of the Pacific together into better understanding and cooperative effort for the advancement of the interests common to the Pacific area.

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HONOLULU

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1932

AIMS OF THE PAN-PACIFIC UNION

From year to year the scope of the work before the Pan-Pacific Union has broadened, until today it assumes some of the aspects of a friendly unofficial Pan-Pacific League of Nations, a destiny that both the late Franklin K. Lane and Henry Cabot Lodge predicted for it.

The Pan-Pacific Union has conducted a number of successful conferences; scientific, educational, journalistic, commercial, fisheries, and, most vital of all, that on the conservation of food and food products in the Pacific area, for the Pacific regions from now on must insure the world against the horrors of food shortage and its inevitable conclusion.

The real serious human action of the Pan-Pacific Union begins. It is following up the work of the Pan-Pacific Food Conservation Conference by the establishment of a Pan-Pacific Research Institution where primarily the study and work will be along the lines necessary in solving the problems of food production and conservation in the Pacific Area—land and sea. Added to this, will be the study of race and population problems that so vitally affect our vast area of the Pacific, the home of more than half of the peoples who inhabit this planet. The thoughts and actions of these peoples and races toward each other as they are today, and as they should be, for the welfare of all, will be a most important problem before the Union, as well as the problem of feeding in the future those teeming swarms of races, that must be well fed to preserve a peaceful attitude toward each other.

The Pan-Pacific Union is an organization in no way the agency of any Pacific Government, yet having the good will of all, with the Presidents and Premiers of Pacific lands as its honorary heads. Affiliated and working with the Pan-Pacific Union are Chambers of Commerce, educational, scientific and other bodies. It is supported in part by government and private appropriations and subscriptions. Its central office is in Honolulu, because of its location at the ocean's crossroads. Its management is under an international board.

The following are the chief aims and objects of the Pan-Pacific Union:

1. To bring together from time to time, in friendly conference, leaders in all lines of thought and action in the Pacific area, that they may become better acquainted; to assist in pointing them toward coöperative effort for the advancement of those interests that are common to all the peoples.

2. To bring together ethical leaders from every Pacific land who will meet for the study of problems of fair dealings and ways to advance international justice in the Pacific area, that misunderstanding may be cleared.

3. To bring together from time to time scientific and other leaders from Pacific lands who will present the great vital Pan-Pacific scientific problems, including those of race and population, that must be confronted, and, if possible, solved by the present generation of Pacific peoples and those to follow.

4. To follow out the recommendations of the scientific and other leaders in the encouragement of all scientific research work of value to Pacific peoples; in the establishment of a Research Institution where such need seems to exist, or in aiding in the establishment of such institutions.

5. To secure and collate accurate information concerning the material resources of Pacific lands; to study the ideas and opinions that mould public opinion among the peoples of the several Pacific races, and to bring men together who can understandingly discuss these in a spirit of fairness that they may point out a true course of justice in dealing with them internationally.

6. To bring together in round table discussion in every Pacific land those of all races resident therein who desire to bring about better understanding and coöperative effort among the peoples and races of the Pacific for their common advancement, material and spiritual.

7. To bring all nations and peoples about the Pacific Ocean into closer friendly commercial contact and relationship. To aid and assist those in all Pacific communities to better understand each other, and, through them, spread abroad about the Pacific the friendly spirit of interracial coöperation.

Tokyo Pan-Pacific Group Outlines Program

Saturday evening at the Sanshin building the directors and advisers of the Pan-Pacific Students' Club of Tokyo formulated a tentative program for 1932.

While the program of weekly entertainments is tentative and elastic, it forms a framework indicating the nature of the work to be carried forward by the Pan-Pacific Students' Association. It is planned, when occasion permits, to invite distinguished visiting foreigners to address the Saturday evening gatherings, these being added attractions.

The tentative program of Saturday evening lectures and entertainments as outlined at the Saturday meeting is as follows:

January 16 (Sanshin building 5 o'clock)—Illustrated lecture on China, Siam and the Philippines by student members from these countries.

January 23—Illustrated lecture on the League of Nations by Dr. I. Nitobe, of the League of Nations Society (its English speaking members invited).

January 30—Musical and social gathering (after supper) under the auspices of the members of the women's auxiliary of the Pan-Pacific Students' Club of Tokyo.

February 6—Program by the Japanese students and the Baseball League of the Tokyo universities.

February 13—A Foreign students' program, illustrated, Canadian, American, Australian and Indian students giving talks on their lands.

February 20—A visit to the American Embassy and a program there.

February 27—A program arranged by the women students.

March 5—A reception at the Sanshin building to the Ambassadors and Ministers to Japan from Pacific lands.

March 12—A reception to the student visitors from Mexico.

March 19—A visit to the Spanish Embassy and an illustrated talk by the Ambassador on Balboa, the Spanish discoverer of the Pacific.

March 26—An illustrated and musical program arranged by the Filipino chapter.

April 2—A patriotic Jimmu Tenno Day program arranged by the Japanese students.

April 9—A visit to the old and new Diet buildings, with descriptive talks on each.

April 16—A program by the Russian, Korean and Formosan chapters.

April 23—A program by the chapters from the women's colleges.

April 30—A program by the Hawaiians.

May 7—The Japanese actor, Hagakawa.

May 14—A reception aboard the training ship of the Tokyo Nautical College.

May 21—Presentation of a Pan-Pacific Model League of Nations Assembly, parts taken by student nationals of the countries represented.

May 28—A program arranged by Viscount Inouye and the advisory board of the Pan-Pacific Students' Club.

June 4—A program by the Japanese students.

June 11—A reception and entertainment for the visiting Pan-Pacific baseball team from the University of Hawaii.

June 18—An oratorical contest with the students from the University of Hawaii.

June 25—A musical and social program by the students.

July 2—An illustrated talk on Mount Vernon, by S. W. Washington of the American Embassy.

July 9—Visit to the Chilean Embassy and an illustrated movie talk on Chile.

July 16—Reception to Chinese visiting students.

July 23—Reception to visiting Pan-Pacific Student Congress delegates.

July 30—France in the Pacific, an illustrated talk on Siam, Tahiti and New Caledonia.

August 6—A garden party arranged by the women students.

August 13—Garden party at Dr. R. Masujima's.

August 20—An excursion on the Sumida River.

August 27—A Korean entertainment and garden party.

September 3—A foreign play translated into Japanese and presented by foreign students.

September 10—A Japanese play translated into English and presented by Japanese students.

September 17—The story of Spain in the Pacific, illustrated, and told by Latin representatives.

September 25—Pan-Pacific goodwill day.

October 1—Story of the Chrysanthemum, illustrated, and a student talk on India.

October 8—A Russian entertainment.

October 15—An illustrated medical talk by Dr. Rudolph Teusler.

October 22—Women students entertain.

October 27—Travel in Peru, illustrated, by Hiram Bingham, Jr.

November 5—Formosa, illustrated, by H. L. De Vault, former consul in Formosa.

November 12—American members' day.

November 19—A talk on New Zealand.

November 26—The story of Thanksgiving, illustrated.

December 3—A talk on Canada, by a Canadian.

December 10—Entertainment by newspapermen.

December 17—The story of Java, illustrated.

December 24—The Showa day medal.

December 31—New Year's Eve celebration.

A number of other projects came up for discussion by the advisers and directors of the Pan-Pacific Students' club. It was formally agreed that the club was a partnership of English speaking students in Tokyo and their advisers, and that they work together as a unit. Plans were inaugurated for a Pan-Pacific Students' Alumni, to be installed in April, when hundreds of the student members become graduates.

A committee on membership and propaganda was appointed with T. Yamada, the recording secretary, as chairman. He will visit and address the chapters of the Pan-Pacific Students' Club in the several universities, introducing a plan of weekly illustrated talks in each university chapter on some Pacific land, using the films prepared and loaned by the Pan-Pacific Union. All English-speaking students in the universities will be invited to attend these meetings of the different chapters. Closer contact with the plans of the women's student auxiliary was decided on, several of the women directors being present at the meeting. A series of talks by distinguished Japanese and foreign women will be provided.

Each of the university chapters is being assigned guardianship over one of the projects of the Pan-Pacific Students' Club, and in this the foreign legion chapters are coöperating heartily. Next Saturday at the Sanshin building, its Siamese, Chinese and Filipino members plan to provide the illustrated lecture program, telling something of their native lands and people. It is being suggested that after the regular student 5 o'clock supper that the English-speaking community of Tokyo be invited to attend the course of

illustrated lectures on Pacific lands and peoples each Saturday evening.

* * *

About 150 English-speaking university students of many Pacific races gathered at the regular Saturday supper of the Pan-Pacific Students' Club on January 16 to participate in a truly international program.

The first part of the program was an exhibition of muscular development by the 21-year-old Indian, S. Bose, followed by a supper, during which a Siamese student amused the audience by singing a song in his native tongue.

A Siamese student also projected pictures on a screen of Bangkok and told something of the capital of Siam. He was followed by Jose R. Villar, a student from Jikein Medical college, who showed pictures of his native Philippines on the screen and talked of life in his country, without once mentioning Filipino independence, nor did his successor, Y. T. Lee of Toya college, in showing pictures of China and telling of that land, remember to mention any grievances. It was an evening of good fellowship, all speeches being in English, which the students spoke distinctly and clearly with very little accent. A number of the advisory committee members, representing men of half a dozen Pacific races, participated in the program.

A meeting of the executive committee of the Pan-Pacific Students' Club of Tokyo was held prior to the supper meeting and it was decided by the committee that hereafter the chairmen of the chapters at women's universities would be asked to attend and participate in the deliberations at the directors' meetings. The purchase of a projection machine was authorized, this to be the property of the club and loaned to the university chapters to encourage them to hold weekly illustrated talks on Pacific lands, using the Pan-Pacific Union films in charge of the American School chapter.

The advisers, who have been giving much of their time for the last eight

months helping to organize the Pan-Pacific Students' Club and prepare its weekly program a year in advance, feel that they have largely completed their work, which has given them a vast fund

of organization experience that they will now use to advantage in the work before them of carrying forward the organization plans of the English-Speaking University Club.

A Memorandum on World Peace

By Wallace R. Farrington, publisher of The Honolulu Star-Bulletin, to members of the Honolulu Interchurch Federation—Mr. Farrington is president of the Pan-Pacific Union and was also a delegate to the Institute of Pacific Relations' Fourth Conference held in Shanghai last fall.

We could hardly pick a more interesting time to talk on world peace.

You certainly would not expect me to talk on the place of the Christian church in world peace. You know more of that than I. My contacts are with the work-a-day, rough and tumble world where peace at any price is seldom the basis of words or action, where a useful product and intelligent salesmen furnish the campaigns and the campaigners for results.

I draw a distinct line between the European method and the American. There is a difference in points of view of the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Europe, politically, mentally, traditionally, is in the trenches. America moves with the freedom and energy of the wide open spaces.

European families live surrounded by picket fences of prejudice pointed with bayonets. In America the same people live as neighbors, never think of fences and the families fraternize.

Europe is arbitrary. America is friendly. My friend Cromie of Vancouver says, "Europe is political and militant, America is economic and social."

Conditions in the United States of Europe today are not so very far removed from much that prevails in the United States of China. One stands for the hatreds of centuries of militarism, the other is a shining example of the disorganizing influence of intellectual pacifism. While there is much among all these people to be admired, each seems to

find it equally difficult to compose their internal differences so that their people may go forward unhampered by excessive burdens of war lords, free to build homes and prosper in the arts of peace.

Strangely enough the United States of North America has failed to make a sufficiently effective impression to convince Europe or Asia that what is done here may be duplicated elsewhere.

One may be brought up a Congregationalist, believe in religion and practice the general principles of the faith when it does not seriously interfere with other routine matters of habit and convenience.

The same person may believe in world peace, and wonder when, where and how it will all come about. He may talk about it, but never do anything about it, should action involve any interference with the routine of habit and convenience.

Generally speaking, we know that world peace will arrive when people of all nations can see and understand how utterly stupid is any other policy, how narrow and foolish are methods and programs that line us up to believe that one people, one nation contain all the ability, all the intelligence, all the power in the world and that theirs is the God-given privilege and duty to swing the world into line or lick the world into line and kill off any that do not do as they are told.

World peace today as I see it is theory. To bring it into general and universal practice calls for more intensive application of religious faith than many have

dared to imagine. It calls for more education than the most zealous educational bureaucrat has found possible. It requires more mental elasticity than has been shown, except in spasmodic spots. It demands more plain garden variety common sense than most of us honestly believe the human race is capable of exercising in our day and generation.

And yet, what has happened in the United States and the Dominion of Canada, internally and internationally, furnishes a ray of hope that world peace is not impossible.

Everyone agrees that world peace is the goal to be attained. World peace challenges the best minds of the world because it is regarded as the achievement of the impossible.

Telling people to be peaceful does not get us far. They forever ask whether there is anything in it for them. They must be shown, they must be convinced that peace will make life easier, happier, better.

Religion is a medium for peace only as it accomplishes conversion. Some religions make bloodshed and destruction of the enemy the bright particular pathway to heaven. Faith without the right kind of works is like the man at the target range who could not hit the target. Asked what was the matter, he said, "I don't know. The bullets are leaving here all right."

Someone has to convince the followers of some religions that the faiths of their fathers do not hit the mark.

Meanwhile others have to stand guard to prevent the bloodthirsty ones from possessing the earth.

Standing guard involves keeping up with the Joneses in defensive equipment. No other more dependable way has been devised as an insurance that our house will not be burned down and our family destroyed.

We must continue to stand guard and be in practical shape to defend those homes until such time as we are able to develop super-salesmen capable of per-

manently implanting the idea that wasting men, money and energy in destroying other people is just plainly stupid. Only as those super-salesmen begin to show progressively definite results dare we to let down the bars or reduce the protecting barriers.

North America is evidence that peace can be maintained on a large scale of millions of miles of area among millions of people of diversified, even conflicting origins, languages and traditions.

Europe, from where we sit, with its jealousies, suspicions, its numerous bumps of superiority and its studied exploitation of weaker peoples is a world's curse in any world peace paradise.

We helped to curb the superiority complex of misguided Germany only to find that France is moving into the center of the imperialistic picture inspired by the belief that France is called to bless the world with its culture, with its colonies, with ambitious alliances, with its traditions that may lead to a repetition of historical foolishness and another ride for another fall.

An Australian speaking before the Commonwealth club in San Francisco the other day explained White Australia by declaring that we are indeed a superior people, there is no doubt of it, others are inferior and our duty is to tell them what to do.

If you don't think well of yourself, no one else will, but the divine right of kings belongs to past ages. It isn't a good selling idea.

Chinese hold Japanese in supreme contempt because of intellectual inferiority. Japanese reciprocate with equal contempt because Chinese cannot organize in their own defense. Russia plots without ceasing to set off a bomb that will destroy everything. Those frightened by the threat build up an organization equally destructive operating by a more civilized route.

Rather a gloomy picture. Gloomy enough to prevent us from closing our ears to suggestions that in the interests

of world peace we should trust in the Lord, and keep our powder dry.

But there is another side to it. There is a sensible side to all humanity. Curiously enough, we see it at the close of a war when the victors and vanquished meet in friendly conference to acknowledge the valor of those engaged in the struggle and bestow the honors of war.

At the Institute of Pacific Relations conference, Chinese and Japanese delegates stirred by what was generally recognized as war psychology, differed sharply, threatened to withdraw, talked of national insult, then met, exchanged mutual explanations and apologies and the same evening fraternized and enjoyed a pleasant social hour as the guests of their Canadian associates.

There is a way out, and it will be found when a larger number of the world's population move along the line of what I distinguish as the North American or Pacific plan as opposed to the European or Atlantic plan, the modern highway rather than the medieval.

There is so much traditional inborn cussedness in us all that the line of demarkation of these spheres of regional influence is not always clear. To my mind there are definite shades of difference that have come from fresh air, wide open spaces and free people, set over against the intense national, crowded-tenement atmosphere with layers of society arranged to keep the lower layers permanently low while the upper crust ride on their backs.

This brings me to Mr. Edward Filene and his latest book entitled "Successful Living in the Machine Age." Mr. Filene is a successful businessman. He has built up his business on the basis of service to the masses. He takes the view, and a very sensible one, that modern mass production must mean production for the masses. He confirms the judgment of the youthful group of the Institute of Pacific Relations at Shanghai, that distribution is the problem of the hour. As surplus food and surplus necessities of all kinds

eventually reach the starving and suffering masses, the sensibleness of peace and good order will be increasingly apparent.

I think you will be interested in a few paragraphs from Mr. Filene's latest publication coming from the chapter "mass production and world peace."

"Whether we have another world war or not depends definitely upon business, but not upon whether business favors war or peace—for there can be no question now as to what business wants—but upon how soon the business leaders of the world will substitute fact finding for their traditional thinking."

"In 1914 everybody was convinced that war was cruel, wasteful, inglorious and stupid. Forces beyond their control swept them into it. 'What was this force?' First, it was trade. Secondly, the traditional opinion of what trade had to be—the fixed notion that trade was a process of making profits out of somebody else."

"It has been discovered that trade is more successful when no attempt is made to get the best of anybody else, and it has been discovered that it is most successful when it utilizes all the resources of science so that it may bring the utmost possible benefits to everybody."

"Upon that discovery, there is something more than a hope for world peace. World peace has now become not only a practical possibility, but the logical outcome of successful business methods. True, there may be another world war before business generally will discover the principles upon which business success now depends; hence, work for world peace must principally consist of helping the world to grasp and to apply these truths."

"Mass production, in a word, includes the whole world through serving the whole world. It does not and cannot leave anybody out of its benefits. It destroys antagonisms on the part of consumers by making prices as low as possible, and on the part of workers by making wages as high as possible, and it undermines the whole incentive to war by making world

exchange as profitable to everybody as it can possibly be. It is destructive only of the fears and hatreds and traditions which keep human beings from cooperating. It does not change human nature, but it is giving selfish human nature an opportunity which could never be clearly seen before, to express its selfishness in profitable cooperation."

Bruce Barton had something to say along this line in last Saturday's Star-Bulletin. He quotes the late John M. Siddall, editor of the American magazine. Said he: "Never forget that the reader is interested first of all and most of all in himself. Second, he is interested in other people. Don't try to sell me articles on the industrial revolution in Tasmania. Write me something that will make the reader say: 'That applies to me. I can take that and use it to my own advantage.'"

This brings me back to one of my early problems as to the rough and tumble world. We need ideals and spiritual urge to inspire us to drive on, and to give us confidence in the future. Somewhere along the line, and better at the beginning of the line, it is necessary for us to visualize every individual as a substantial factor in this beautiful picture. Each one well fed, well clothed, well housed and generally comfortable, comfortable in mind and body. I think Mr. Filene has described it somewhere in his book as intelligent selfishness.

Full stomachs, healthy bodies and training of intelligence must play a very important part in bringing about the time when military requirements for national and international may be materially reduced with safety for all concerned.

National and international conferences are doing their work. Right in with the conferences comes the exchange of news, books, increasing travel to hitherto unknown lands, better acquaintances with what people really are, rather than what we think they are. Mass travel is one of the results of mass production, for an

ever growing portion of the masses of people.

What are we going to do about this world peace? The question always comes as we sum up the balance sheet drawn from conditions, practical and theoretical.

I doubt if you expect me to bring to you a panacea that would immediately guarantee the peace of the world. On the old-fashioned basis I would dismiss this subject before this audience by bidding you to pray without ceasing, and let it go at that. I am sure that the world's peace would be immeasurably enhanced if every person in the world would pray every morning for world peace. We might have to be on guard against the bitter wrangle, if not of war on the wording of the prayer and what kind of peace the suppliant before the throne of grace is thinking about. I frequently recall the late Dr. Gordon of San Francisco remarking in the course of a sermon, that if he could get 100 people thinking, praying and working along the same line, he would accomplish what others might consider to be miracles. He was referring to the power of vibrations of light, of sound, of minds working in unison.

We all know that faith without work is of little avail. So the salesmen for peace must be resourceful in economic plans and educational programs as well as skilled in drawing fine word pictures and dramatizing a world at work as against a world at war. We must be prepared to answer the man who asks "what is there in it for me?" Too many refuse an answer, because they think the question is too utterly silly for words, and the questioner is an ignoramus. And there you have the superiority complex in another form.

My experiences at various international assemblies have impressed me with the mass of wisdom that is stored on library shelves or broadcast in solemn magazines read by a few who already know what is being explained. There is a sad dearth of educational machinery for getting this

form of factual mass production to the masses for their enlightenment.

What I have said of the publicity program of the Institute of Pacific Relations is true of a hundred and one enterprises for gathering information of value to all men. It is casual, inefficient and unbusinesslike.

One form of service to the world at large is to work out a scheme that will energize, visualize and dramatize the facts assembled by the great minds of the world so that these facts will be thoroughly understood and enjoyed by the masses. Too many think that because they may have studied deeply and profoundly, the general public must accept the conclusions because they say so. The general public will not do any such thing. They must be informed. They must be told in the language that they understand; the picture must be drawn to their liking or they will not respond.

The failure of President Wilson to carry his fellow countrymen with him on his return from Europe is one of the world's greatest lessons in mass education. Free people must be shown in a manner that goes home to them. Assuring them that they are ignorant, that they are of an indifferent laboring class, of the servant girl class or the flapper crowd accomplishes nothing worth while. Ask a businessman what he thinks of a salesman who returns after the day's work and gives him a long story about the peculiarities and the undesirable character of the people with whom he tried to do business that day. It is the business of the salesman to study his customers and present the products he has for sale in terms that will meet the mental point of view and the general attitude of the prospective customer.

If I were to make a suggestion to the Carnegie Foundation for international peace, it would be that brilliant minds of that organization make an intensive study on how to put their literature in such form that someone will read it. That is

putting it rather roughly, but I am sure that preparation of the material contained in the reports sent out from time to time could increase the practical value, many fold. I would not criticize the preparation of facts designed to feed great intellects and leaders of thought.

Those expecting to lead people in the mass are wasting a tremendous amount of ammunition, if they forget or ignore the crowds that read tabloid newspapers, detective magazines and literature of the type that in intellectual circles is regarded as highly undesirable. World peace would have arrived long ago, if the masses of the people had been convinced by the presentations made by the leaders of thought. We would smile at the military strategists who would solemnly devise a campaign plan to capture, or kill off, all the generals or colonels of the opposing forces and high-hattedly ignore the rank and file that constitutes the bulwark of the invading force.

If the general run of people like detective stories, it would seem reasonable to think that persons fired with a desire to promote world peace might be able to put their message in a detective story form.

Too many of us think that human nature should be made over according to a plan laid out by our individual selves. And when our neighbors refuse to be made over, we make a mistake of becoming thoroughly disgusted with our neighbor instead of with ourselves. The answer to that situation must be that there is something the matter with our presentation of the product. It does not fit the situation.

Salesmen are successful when they study their customers and by the quality of their products coupled with resourcefulness in their presentation are able to sway the prospective customer into agreement and action.

I believe that world peace is promoted by international conferences of every character, ranging from religion and science to disarmament and sports. Often-

times the farther removed a conference is from official influences the more effective it may be. Under any circumstances, conferences reduce the number of overnight politicians and thereby increase the number of enlightened persons.

An overnight politician is a person who suddenly wakes up overnight and decides that everything is wrong and must be righted in his way. Filled with the enthusiasm of the sudden vision, he writes an anonymous letter to the editor of the local paper and tells what should be done. Failing to gain an immediate result to his full satisfaction, he either reverts to silence, or loudly proclaims that the world needs a dictator, and he should tell the dictator what to do.

There is nothing like a conference to bring out and present in unvarnished form varying points of view. Consider these different views foolish or wise, as your natural tendency may suggest, it is far better for all concerned that the discussions and the contacts have brought to light the way of men's thoughts. Oftentimes a situation that seems to be a blank stone wall gives way, and what seemed to be an impregnable barrier is found to be capable of being undermined and finally wiped out.

I personally believe in the League of Nations. Though I may not believe in all that it does.

I sat in the press gallery of the United States senate on the day of the final discussion and final vote on the League of Nations treaty. I chatted with a Republican United States senator at luncheon time, and he predicted that the treaty would pass, with reservations. It would have passed, had the president of the United States not sent word from the White House to the representatives of his party that they should accept no reservations and the treaty must be put through without a change in the dotting of an I or the crossing of a T.

To my mind, that was a wonderful example of the misfortune that may come from a person being too stiff necked, too

certain that he is absolutely right. I think that our situation as a nation could not be any more difficult if we were in the League of Nations, than it is with us out. We always could leave if we found we were in bad company. We are continually forced to deal with the League of Nations as a factor.

I think no one will deny that the League of Nations organization as a fact-finding party has served a very valuable purpose. It has been weak in nearly all matters relating to the Orient, because that part of the world is so far removed from the hotbed of European politics that the League in its deliberations and conclusions lacks what I call the Pacific Ocean method of handling Pacific ocean problems. The resignation of Sir Eric Drummond as secretary shows that even those who work for peace sometimes lose their nerve.

But these are mere incidental details. The real factors operating for peace are those that have to do with spiritual leadership and a broader knowledge of what other nations are doing and thinking, and finally with the coming of the new day when the food and other products of the world's industry shall be more evenly distributed so that there will be less occasion to listen to the call of the war lords for people to join their banners in a fight for existence.

Right now the world waits for a Henry Ford, a Thomas Edison, a Marconi, who will accomplish in the practical field of distribution and business machinery what these men achieved in electrical energy, transportation and communication. These men served the cause of world peace, though what they wrought figures largely in world war.

We need a follow up by the great merchants who like Filene have demonstrated that service to the consumer is the foundation of success, the secret of future growth; and by great bankers who have broader vision and more ability than is re-

flected in the testimony of international bankers before congress that the almost worthless foreign bond issues sponsored by these institutions are not in the banks; they are held by the public.

The opportunity for peace in this economic field is tremendous and beckons the best minds to new struggles for glorious victories that must certainly lead to a closer approach to a permanent stabilized world peace.

Here in Hawaii our particular mission

is to expand the traditional influence of this world center, as one of the few places where various races and nationalities feel at home.

Industrially and in human relations Hawaii has a place of world leadership. Our nation stands guard to promote at all times the arts of peace. We are free from ancient European ambitions of aggrandizement through exploiting weaker peoples. We could not ask a more favorable setting.

Pacific Basin Goodwill Tour of the University of Oregon

Before the Pan-Pacific Club of Honolulu, Monday, Dec. 14, 1931

Speakers: Roger Alton Pfaff, "Pacific Preparedness"; Robert Miller, "Student Diplomacy"; David G. Wilson, "International Relations."

Roger Alton Pfaff: When I was thinking about what to speak on today, the subject "Pacific Preparedness" came to me, first, because I like the title and the alliteration, and second, because we are always hearing so much about "preparedness" all over the world. We hear that we must prepare for peace and that that means building more armies and navies. The taxpayers are spending annually about \$24.60 per capita for arms in America. Enormous sums are being spent for armaments that are bringing in nothing and giving us nothing. There are two ways of being prepared—one is the old way, by force, and the new way is by understanding. That is one reason we planned the Pacific Basin Good Will tour—just three college students trying to understand the problems of other people and carry that understanding back to America.

After travelling for seven months, I have become cynical about the words "good will" and "understanding." Every speaker talks about good will and understanding and coöperation, but it doesn't mean anything. All this sentiment has to

be coupled with some constructive thinking and the thing we have to do is to get some concrete action.

When we were in China and Japan and New Zealand and Australia, we spoke to students and told them that we did not want to fight them. But if some little thing should set off the powder magazine, the people of these countries would be ready to fight because the press, movies and other forces of propaganda are ready. It has been inculcated in us from school days that we had to swear allegiance to our countries, that our constitution was the greatest constitution in the world, and so on.

Don't misunderstand me, it is a good thing to love one's country, but when we love our country so much that it gives us a superiority complex over all other countries, that changes things a little. I do not have to tell you what Roosevelt said about the era of the Mediterranean, the era of the Atlantic and that we are now living in the Pacific era. The fact remains that we must become Pacific-minded. In the United States and other Pacific countries we are too interested in what Europe is doing. In the Pacific basin we have one-half the world's population and if there is any place where we could have isolation

from the rest of the world the Pacific basin is the only place that could be accomplished. The thing we must do, what the young people must do, is to think more about our affairs and how to eliminate the things of the past like belligerent militarism and other factors that lead to discord and strife. All that secret treaties have brought in Europe is economic strife and we don't want that in the Pacific. We want a higher plane of living and a higher culture. We want the people of Japan and the United States to work together and bring the standard of living to a higher plane, so we can all live here in security and peace.

Next summer Mr. Ford, whom we met in Tokyo, will call a great meeting of the students of all the countries of the Pacific. Each city now has its group, its association, and all these will be organized into one great unit. Here the students of other countries will understand the students of Japan and go home understanding each other better.

During this seven months' tour, I have had a lot of illusions knocked into a basket, and I know that it will do the students a great deal of good to go to Japan next summer, and then to stop in Hawaii on their way home. When you meet students and talk with them, eat with them, and live with them, you can't help but understand them better.

America is the most poorly depicted country on earth. We need to clean up our movies and send them a better brand of tourists and then we will be better prepared for the future.

Robert T. Miller: Mr. Pfaff's statement in regard to the world talking peace and thinking war reminds me of the old lady who had a mountain near her home and tried to remove it by faith and prayer because the Bible said it could be done. But after several days the mountain was still there and the old lady said, "Just as I thought!"

Most of us have this point of view and try to get rid of armaments by talking

peace. Not talking but action is what we want; action is what the students want. They have manifested it in every meeting, in every debate we attended. They do not want to have to fight their friends across the Pacific. We want to eliminate some of these factors which are disturbing the peace of the world.

You may ask, "Why put so much emphasis on the students?" It is plain to be seen that the students of today are the diplomats of tomorrow. When I go into a country across the Pacific and live there for a period of time, I would think twice before I took up arms against my friends there. One of the greatest things we can do is to establish a permanent system of student exchange; not a floating university to establish something of a bad name, but a permanent student exchange. The students of China have been and are coming to the United States but we are not sending students to China. Get them going in both directions and let them find out what is going on in both countries and attempt to create a more friendly feeling. There are obstacles in the way; there is the difficulty of language. The Pan-Pacific Union is probably doing more than any other organization to eliminate this barrier. I noticed the work they are doing in Japan and it is nothing less than marvelous. Ten years ago they could not have held an oratorical contest in Japan with any degree of success but this fall we enjoyed debates with students who could speak our language. This is one of the results of the work the Pan-Pacific Union is doing.

None of you realize how difficult it is to even get the name of a university across the Pacific. We had to write to a number of places before we could find out the names of those we wanted to write to. There are a number of organizations that are similar and some directly antagonistic to the Pan-Pacific Union and they should all be brought under one central force. They are not antagonistic because they want to be but because they do not know they are. All should be brought into one

focal organization, one guiding force, in Hawaii possibly, which is the center of the Pacific. The students are ready for such an organization. Everywhere you go they are asking for such an organization. It behooves someone to get out and take the lead.

The students are disgusted with the present system of armaments. Many of them are in open rebellion at the idea. We have found the students taking part in politics in China and India, and in Japan as active a part as could be expected. In the Philippines students are in politics and even holding office in the government. In Australia students are lecturing from soap boxes against communism. All over the Pacific they are disgusted with armaments, and only by organization will they eliminate it.

I should say something about Hawaii. We have traveled seven months and visited seven countries, and now we come to Hawaii, which the University paper here says is the melting pot, and we find here representatives of all the countries we have visited. So we feel that we are among a group of old friends, and today we speak to the Pan-Pacific Union, which is the outward manifestation of that feeling. Nothing could be more appropriate than for us to visit Hawaii and to speak to the Pan-Pacific Union. We have already visited other Pan-Pacific organizations. We were in Osaka when Prince Tokugawa dedicated the castle given to the Pan-Pacific Union, and also visited the group in Tokyo. We got very well acquainted with the work Mr. Ford is doing there. There is one word I would like to leave with you and that is—don't forget the students.

David G. Wilson: We always settle things on this team by a majority vote and so I always seem to be the "clean-up man" in the order of speaking. By the time my turn comes, my colleagues have stolen all my material and left me very little to say.

My subject — "What Are International Relations?" — seems a bit odd in a

place where international relations form such a large part of our thinking. The term is like the word "happiness," which none of us can define. In our college course in International Relations, we have studied its machinery, the making of treaties, international conferences that are impersonal and machinelike. Yet as we travel around we have come to the opinion that there are nations and that there are brains behind them. As things become more complex, the personal element comes to the fore. As an example of this, President Hoover has received visits from Premier McDonald, of England, and Premier Laval of France. Here are personalities who came to discuss international relations in a personal way. Another example of the influence of personalities on international relations is that of Senator Borah, who gave out an interview at the time the Premier of France was visiting President Hoover. He said a few things that everybody knows but that had never been put in print before.

But such men are only figureheads; Borah could not attract any attention at all if 10,000 voters in Idaho did not return him to office. They are dependent on the vote of large masses of people behind them and there is where the hopes and fears of the future lie. There has been a development of internationalism within the past twenty years which has come along side by side with the development of nationalism, almost paradoxical. The spirit of nationalism in its most destructive form is rampant now when Europe needs internationalism more than ever. Nationalism should be sane, with a love and respect for country but not with a feeling of superiority over other countries. The nationalism which develops armaments has been that kind. It is not strange that this is so because of the importance of international contacts. During our travels we have learned lots about our country. In Australia we found a dislike of America that surprised us, and we were told that America is in the same position today that Germany

was in 1913, cordially disliked. She has power and the fate of power is to be disliked, but I do not believe that America intends to use her power as Germany did. We met many Americans who felt as we did. We met Mr. Loomis and Mr. Elkington, who had attended the Institute in Shanghai and they thought that the interpretation of America's policies to the world was a vital necessity to our country. What is the remedy for this feeling of prejudice against each other? The Hearst papers do their best to develop prejudice against Japan and other countries. Certain things can be done to ameliorate this condition. The Pan-Pacific Union is only reaching a few people interested in such things. There must be something done to filter through to the mass mind, if I may use such a term, something to make people who control the militarists get some of the spirit of the Pan-Pacific Union. In the countries we visited I watched in the newspapers for things about the U.S. and about the only news was the gangsters and scandals of Reno and Hollywood. These things are true but they present a very unbalanced

picture of our country. We asked the cable office if any other news ever came through from America, and they said yes, but that the newspapers preferred the other stories. For instance, I saw a heading, "Barbarous Customs Used in Reform Schools in the U.S." On investigating, I found that this came from the Wickersham Report, which stated that such methods were used in one or two schools in the U.S., and the news editor or correspondent had twisted this report until there was little truth in it. The newspapers say they give people what they want and the only way to change such things is to let the newspapers know. They have their ears to the ground and if people around the Pacific demand the truth from their papers and a higher type of journalism, the papers will be glad to give it to them. This is where such organizations as the Pan-Pacific Union, the Institute of Pacific Relations and the International Students' Association can best attempt to eliminate international prejudice and thus we can develop a power of resistance against it.

Necessary Adjustments

By Roger Alton Pfaff. "Necessary Adjustments Demanded by Changing Conditions of a Shrinking World" is the title of this prize-winning speech recently delivered by Roger Alton Pfaff of the University of Oregon, as part of the program for world peace to which Misses Mary and Helen Seabury of New Bedford, Massachusetts, are devoting their lives. They have recognized that the place to start an educational program is in the institutions of learning throughout the country. The results from this extensive program inaugurated by the Misses Seabury is past history in the United States.

Yesterday we speculated about the peoples of other lands. Today we live with them. Lindbergh flies from New York to Paris in a few hours. President Hoover and Ramsay MacDonald converse on world problems instantaneously by telephone. The voice of the Pope, heretofore unheard outside the walls of the Vatican, is broadcast to the far corners of the earth. Through the magic of the celluloid film, we see the King of England walk through Westminster Abbey to lay

a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier; we watch Admiral Byrd in his great tri-motored plane drop the American flag on the South Pole. Barriers of race and language and nationality are swept aside to make way for a new world culture. All these are accomplished because man has discovered new ways of transportation and communication. The world shrinks before our eyes.

Moreover, the parts of this diminishing world have become unified and interde-

pendent. Lincoln's declaration that, "A nation divided against itself cannot stand," is just as valid for the world today as it was for the states of 1860. All mankind suffers when any portion of the planet's surface is convulsed by war or racked by economic depression. Gandhi's boycott of English goods closes the mills of England and thousands of men in Manchester walk the streets searching for employment. Rubber trees in the Dutch East Indies are attacked by a killing blight. As the United States consumes over one-half of all the rubber the world produces, American industry becomes handicapped and constricted. We depend upon nine different countries, widely separated from each other for a mere electric light globe. Potash comes from Germany, feldspar from Sweden, cork and pyrites from Spain, manganese from the Caucasus. India furnishes shellac. Australia sends us bismuth. Cobalt and nickel are contributed by Canada. Nitre is imported from Chile. Products of four continents contributed to my dinner this evening. Tomorrow we will read about this meeting in a newspaper made of Canadian wood pulp. The nickel I will pay for it was mined in Canada. Isolation and self-sufficiency have been changed by a machine age, so that today the people of the State of Oregon are inevitably more concerned with the stability of India, Italy, or China, than our forefathers were with California or Washington. Can we say that America is still isolated? Can we say that we are independent in the satisfaction of the common necessities and luxuries of life?

Man's sole hope for existence, in this diminishing and interdependent world, lies in his ability to devise new ways whereby the economic and social stability of nations may be insured through permanent world peace. In the past we have tried many ways. Repression of weaker nations and races by the strong has been found wanting, for the conqueror in turn became reconquered by the subjected race. From the Congress of Vienna in

1812 to the Treaty of Versailles in 1918, the nations tried secret diplomacy and a balance of power. And finally, we have resorted in vain,—to war to end wars. We plunged into the last destructive conflict to make the world safe for democracy, yet nations are preparing during this period of armistice for a more devastating war!

From these tried old ways, people have entered the field of experimentation. The World Court, the League of Nations, Kellogg Pact, Locarno Treaty, and disarmament are noble experiments in the quest for peace. The Communists propose reconstruction of the social and economic order. And from India comes Gandhi's philosophy of noncoöperation with unjust regulations.

These experimental and proposed ways to perpetuate peace were born out of the bitter experiences of generations of men. To listen to their voices and become the beneficiaries of their trials and errors is a unique privilege of the present generation. To ignore the lessons of the past would lead us into the same mistakes of our well-meaning ancestors.

But while the world talks of peace, the enchanting voice of the tempter comes to the United States with subtle words that thrill and fascinate. What an opportunity we, the American people, have in this year 1931. Situated in the center of a mighty continent, the United States of America is greater and richer than all of western Europe. While the rest of the world is staggering under a colossal war debt and governments are rife with anarchy and rebellion; our war debt has been reduced one-half and twenty billion dollars of our investments are scattered throughout the world. Great Britain was once "Mistress of the Seas." Why not wrest that title from her and assume it ourselves! With our extensive mass production based on inexhaustible coal and iron deposits, we can produce more steel for ships than any other people. America has come of age in military preparedness! Tomorrow we can summon to the

colors more soldiers than France, Germany, and Belgium combined. And what soldiers they are! Not the green recruits of 1918, but an American army trained in high schools, colleges, and training camps throughout the land. The world war educated us. Today we can manufacture more munitions than any other two nations. We have more ammunition greased and stored away than any other power on earth. (Will Irwin; *The Next War*, p. 159).

Thus the tempter whispers. From the Rio Grande to the Isthmus of Panama lie a succession of rich undeveloped countries. Capital is needed to develop their natural resources. We are pouring our millions into these countries faster and faster. The Monroe Doctrine, backed by our army and navy, will keep American interests safe. The time may come when the government may find it necessary to take over Mexico, Nicaragua and the rest, in order to protect Americans and American capital abroad.

To our west is the great Pacific. With our navy we could make it an American lake. From the Arctic tundras to the tropical jungles, we shall hold dominion. No historic nation, whether it be Rome of the second century, Spain of the sixteenth, or Great Britain of the nineteenth ever dreamed of holding such power. As the Mediterranean was to the Spanish, as the Atlantic was to the British; so shall our sea be the Pacific, mightiest of oceans! Our government, our flag, our constitution shall stand for such a symbol of power and glory as history has never seen.

In such terms the tempter speaks to us. And so he spoke to Alexander, the Roman Caesars, and Napoleon. They listened. William II of Germany listened and the results of those four terrible years are still fresh in our memories.

We never see the whole picture. We never read to the end of the chapter. Behind these gorgeous visions of power, and glory, and national aggrandisement lurk

death — poverty — starvation — despair — civilization extinguished!

Man is born with certain instincts, but he lives through his habits. We have formed the habits of prejudice, misunderstanding, conflict, war; — which are devastatingly maintained in the world. The only way to overcome an injurious habit is to develop a new one. The new way to maintain peace in the world is to create the habit of peace, — against the habit of war! Yesterday men settled their disputes by duelling. Today they present their misunderstanding before a court of justice. The Boulder Dam controversy between California and Arizona would have resulted in war one hundred years ago. Today they present their disagreement to the Supreme Court and abide by its decision. The League of Nations and the World Court act as focal points for the controversies arising between nations. Thus arbitration and conciliation by national and international agreement fosters the habit of peace and right is substituted for might.

We Americans, however, in spite of our idealism, always want to tread the ground of practicality. The millions who champion the new way will request definite means to inculcate the habit of peace. The new way can be encouraged in the same manner as the habit of war has been created. What we need is to tap the already known sources; sources such as the pulpit, the radio, the newspaper, the school system, — the agencies of commerce and industry. Let us mobilize these forces of public opinion to educate a new generation in the habit of peace. Let us dedicate these United States to a new policy of universal unity and international coöperation. Thus, we may enable our country to become a splendid monument, not of domination and terror, but of wisdom, of liberty, and of peace, to which this diminishing world may look for inspiration forever.

THE MID-PACIFIC



Fiji Island fishing canoe

RUPERT BROOKE IN THE PACIFIC

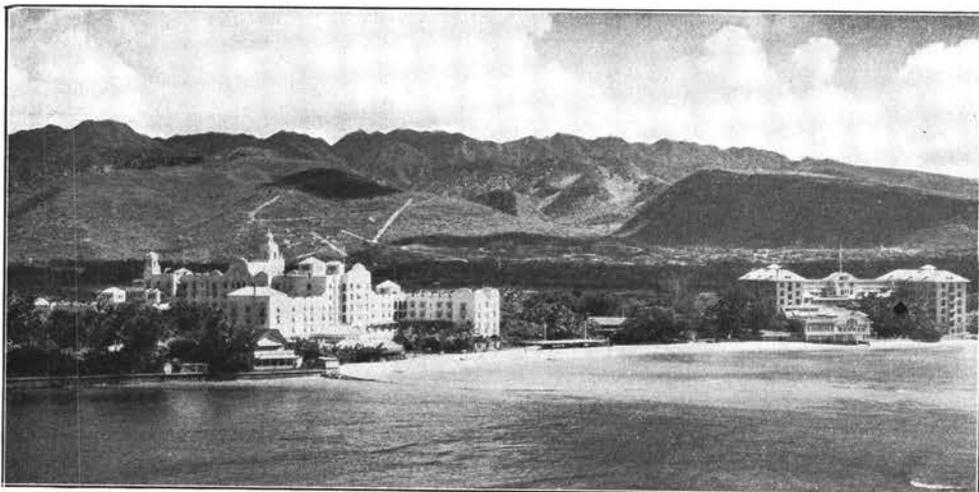
I shall go out and wander through the forest paths by the grey moonlight. Fiji in moonlight is like nothing else in this world or the next. It's all dim colors and all scents. And here where it's high up, the most fantastically-shaped mountains in the world tower up all around, and little silver clouds and wisps of mist run bleating up and down the valleys and hillsides like lambs looking for their mother. There's only one thing on earth as beautiful; and that's Samoa by moonlight. That's utterly different, merely Heaven, sheer

loveliness. You lie on a mat in a cool Samoan hut, and look out on a white sand under the high palms, and a gentle sea, and the black line of the reef a mile out, and moonlight over everything, floods and floods of it . . . And then among it all are the liveliest people in the world, moving and dancing like gods and goddesses, very quietly and mysteriously, and utterly content. It is sheer beauty, so pure that it's difficult to breathe in it—like living in a Keats world, only it's less syrupy—Endymion without sugar. Completely unconnected with this world.

From "The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke, with a Memoir."

Suva, Fiji, is on the route of the Canadian-Australasian Line, Ltd., from Vancouver to Honolulu, Suva, Auckland and Sydney. Samoa is included in the Fiji-Tonga-Samoa round cruise of the Union S. S. Co.'s 4500-ton passenger

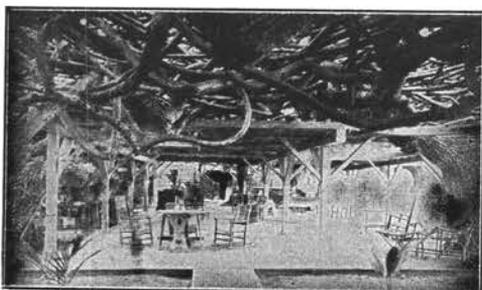
steamer Tofua. A grand tour of the Pacific taking in all these places, and also Wellington (N. Z.), Rarotonga (Cook Is.), Tahiti, and San Francisco, can be arranged. Theo. H. Davies & Co. are the Honolulu agents.



The Royal Hawaiian and the Moana Hotels at Waikiki

The Territorial Hotel Company, Ltd., own and operate the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, Moana Hotel, Seaside Hotel and Bungalows, and the Waialae Golf Club. The Royal Hawaiian has been voted the world's finest hotel by ten World Cruise Steamers. Rates upon application. Cable address Royalhotel.

those who go to the city in the morning and to the beach or golfing in the afternoon. The grounds are spacious and the rates reasonable. This hotel has been under the same management for a score of years, which speaks for itself. Both transient tourists and permanent guests are welcomed.



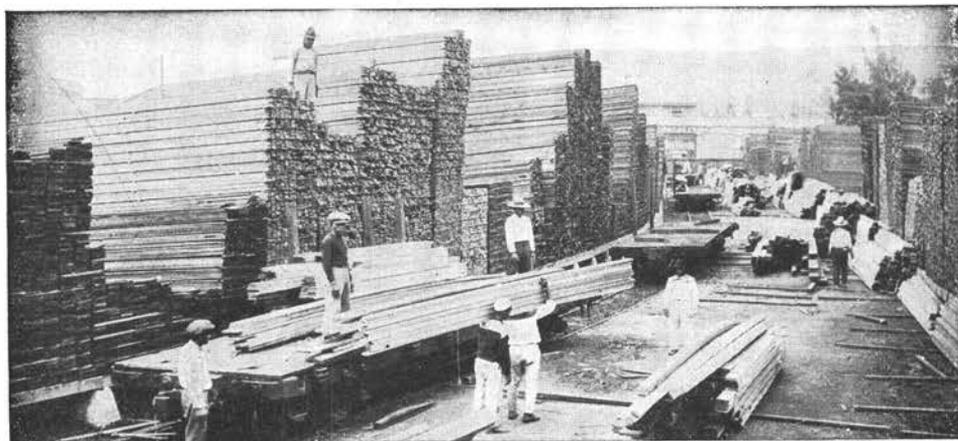
Famous Hau Tree Lanai

The Halekulani Hotel and Bungalows, 2199 Kalia Road, "on the Beach at Waikiki." Includes Jack London's Lanai and House Without a Key. Rates from \$5.00 per day to \$140.00 per month and up. American plan. Clifford Kimball, owner and manager.

Vida Villa Hotel and cottages are on the King street car line above Thomas Square. This is the ideal location for ADVT.

At Child's Blaisdell Hotel and Restaurant, at Fort Street and Chaplain Lane, Child's Hotels and Apartment Service accommodations are masters at getting you settled in real homelike style. If you wish to live in town, there is the Child's Blaisdell Hotel in the very heart of the city, with the palm garden restaurant where everything is served from a sandwich to an elegant six-course dinner. If we haven't the accommodation you desire, we will help you to get located.

The City Transfer Company, at Pier 11, has its motor trucks meet all incoming steamers and it gathers baggage from every part of the city for delivery to the outgoing steamers. This company receives, and puts in storage until needed, excess baggage of visitors to Honolulu and finds many ways to serve its patrons.

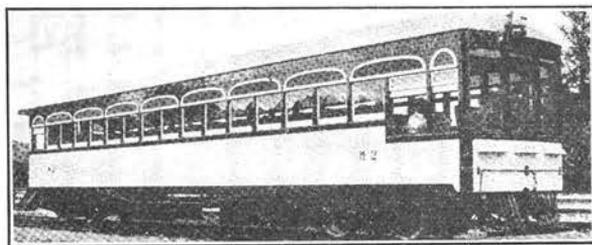


One of the Lewers & Cooke, Ltd., Lumber Yards

Lewers & Cooke, Ltd., have, since 1852, been headquarters for all varieties of building material, lumber, hollow tile, cement, brick, glass, hardwoods and oak flooring; as well as tools of the leading manufacturers, wall papers, Armstrong linoleums, domestic and oriental rugs, W. P. Fuller & Company's superior paints and Sargent Hardware.

They are also agents for Celotex cane-fibre products, Blue Diamond Stucco, cement colors, corrugated steel sheets, Lupton's metal windows, Gladding McBean's brick, roof and floor tile, and Pabco prepared roofings. A Home Building Department is maintained to help small home builders, and a Home Service Department to assist home owners in re-decorating and modernizing.

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Leaving Honolulu daily at 9:15 A. M. our modern gasoline motor cars take you on a beautiful trip around the leeward side of Oahu to Haleiwa.

The train leaves Haleiwa, returning to Honolulu at 2:52 P. M., after having

given you three hours for luncheon and sightseeing at this most beautiful spot.

You arrive at Honolulu at 5:27 P. M.

No single trip could offer more, and the round trip fare is only \$2.45.

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THE WORLD'S MOST DELICIOUS PINEAPPLE

Canned Hawaiian Pineapple is considered by epicures to possess the finest flavor in the world. Because of exceedingly favorable conditions in soil and climate, and remarkable facilities for canning immediately the sun-ripened fruit, the Hawaiian product has attained a superiority enjoyed by no other canned fruit.

Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple is meeting favor because of its convenience in

cooking. It is identical with the sliced in quality and is canned by the same careful sanitary methods.

Many tasty recipes for serving Hawaiian Pineapple in delicious desserts, salads and refreshing drinks are suggested in a recipe book obtainable without cost at the Association of Hawaiian Pineapple Canners, P. O. Box 3166, Honolulu. Readers are urged to write, asking for this free book.



FERTILIZING THE SOIL

Millions of dollars are spent in Hawaii fertilizing the cane and pineapple fields.

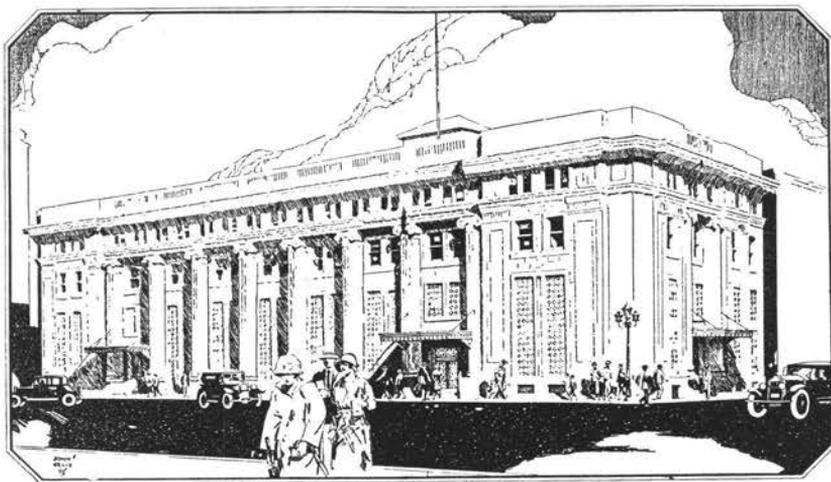
The **Pacific Guano and Fertilizer Company**, with large works and warehouses in Honolulu, imports from every part of the Globe the many ship loads of ammonia, nitrates, potash, sulphur and guano that go to make the special fertilizers needed for the varied soils and conditions of the islands. Its chemists test the soils and then give the recipe for the particular blend of fertilizer that is needed.

This great industry is one of the results of successful sugar planting in Hawaii, and without fertilizing, sugar growing in the Hawaiian Islands could not be successful.

This company began operations in Midway Islands years ago, finally exhausting its guano beds, but securing others.



MODERN BANKING IN HONOLULU



S. M. DAMON BLDG., HOME OF BISHOP FIRST NATIONAL BANK

The S. M. Damon Building pictured above is occupied by the Bishop First National Bank of Honolulu, successor to The Bank of Bishop & Co., Ltd., (established 1858,) The First National Bank of Hawaii at Honolulu (established 1900,) the First American Savings Bank, and the Army National Bank of Schofield Barracks, which were consolidated on July 8, 1929.

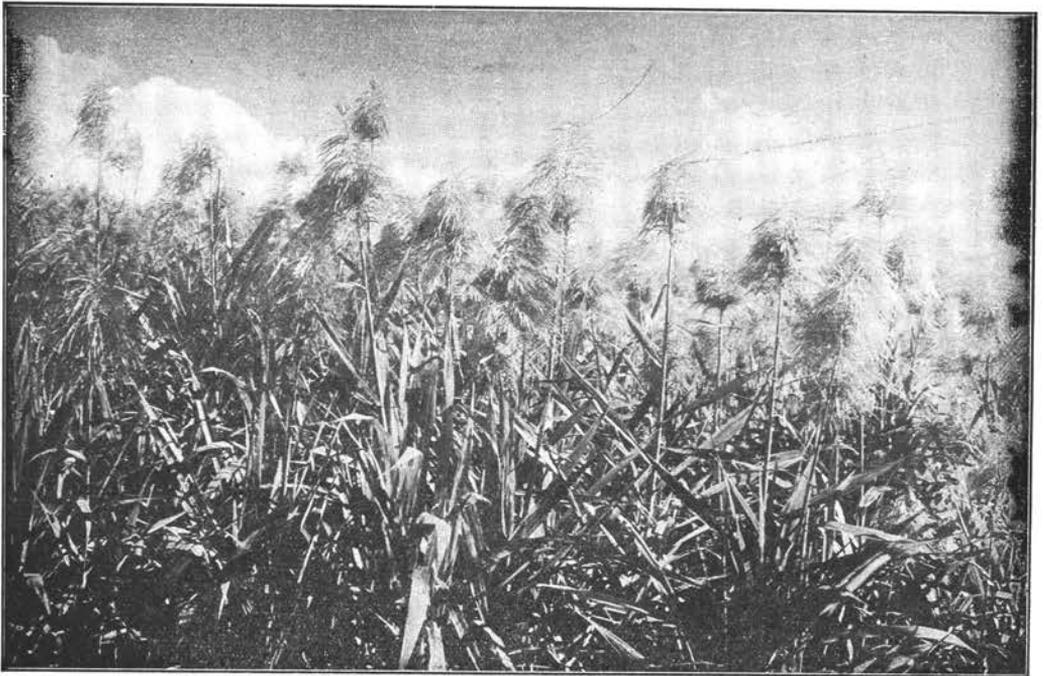
"Old Bishop," as the bank is still called, is one of the oldest west of the Rocky Mountains, and has capital funds in excess of \$5,500,000, and deposits in excess of \$30,000,000. Mr. A. W. T. Bottomley is chairman of the Board, and President.

The Bank of Hawaii, Limited, incorporated in 1897, has reflected the solid, substantial growth of the islands since the period of annexation to the United States. Over this period its resources have grown to be the largest of any financial institution in the islands. In 1899 a savings department was added

to its other banking facilities. Its home business office is at the corner of Bishop and King streets, and it maintains branches on the islands of Hawaii, Kauai, Maui, and Oahu, enabling it to give to the public an extremely efficient Banking Service.



The Home Building in Honolulu of the American Factors, Ltd., Plantation Agents and Wholesale Merchants



Tasseled sugar cane almost ready for the cutting and crushing at the mills.

ADVT.



Home of Alexander & Baldwin, Ltd.

Anyone who has ever visited the Hawaiian Islands can testify to the usefulness of the "A & B Steamer Calendars" which are to be seen on the walls of practically every office and home in Hawaii. The issuing of and the free distribution of these calendars is a distinct public service rendered for some 30 years by Alexander & Baldwin, Ltd., who are staunch supporters of all movements that work for the good of Hawaii.

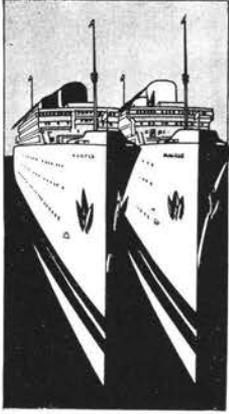
The beautiful new office building pictured above was erected recently as a monument to the memory of H. P. Baldwin and S. Alexander, the founders of the firm and pioneers in the sugar business.

Alexander & Baldwin, Ltd., are agents for some of the largest sugar plantations on the Islands; namely, Hawaiian Commercial & Sugar Co., Ltd.; Hawaiian Sugar Co.; Kahuku Plantation Company; Maui Agricultural Company, Ltd.; McBryde Sugar Company, Ltd.; Laie Plantation; and also Kauai Pineapple Co.,

Ltd.; Baldwin Packers, Ltd.; The Matson Navigation Co. at Port Allen, Kahului, Seattle and Portland; and the following-named and well-known insurance companies: Union Insurance Society of Canton, Ltd.; The Home Insurance Company, New York; Springfield Fire & Marine Insurance Co.; New Zealand Insurance Company, Limited; The Commonwealth Insurance Company; Newark Fire Insurance Company; American Alliance Insurance Association; Queensland Insurance Co., Ltd.; Globe Indemnity Company of New York; Switzerland General Insurance Co., Ltd.; St. Paul Fire and Marine Ins. Co.

The officers of Alexander & Baldwin, Ltd., are: W. M. Alexander, Chairman Board of Directors; J. Waterhouse, President; H. A. Baldwin, Vice-President; C. R. Hemenway, Vice-President; J. P. Cooke, Treasurer; D. L. Oleson, Secretary; J. F. Morgan, Asst. Treasurer; J. W. Speyer, Asst. Treasurer.

CASTLE & COOKE



BREMEN^{OR} MALOLO BERLIN^{OR} MANHATTAN

Wherever you travel . . . whichever route you prefer . . . Castle & Cooke's Travel Bureau will arrange your reservations or accommodations and relieve you of all annoying detail. Information, rates, or suggestions are offered without obligation and you are invited to use the travel files and service of the bureau. **Castle & Cooke Travel Bureau**, Merchant St., at Bishop. Branches in Royal Hawaiian and Moana Hotels.

C. BREWER AND COMPANY, LIMITED



C. Brewer and Company, Limited, Honolulu, with a capital stock of \$8,000,000, was established in 1826. It represents the following Sugar Plantations: Hilo Sugar Company, Onomea Sugar Company, Honomu Sugar Company, Wailuku Sugar Company, Pepeekeo Sugar Company, Waimanalo Sugar Company, Hakalau Plantation Company, Honolulu Plantation Company, Hawaiian Agricultural Company, Kilauea Sugar Plantation Company, Paauhau Sugar Plantation Company, Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company, as well as the Baldwin Locomotive Works, Kapapala Ranch, and all kinds of insurance.

ADVT.



The Honolulu Construction & Draying Co., Ltd., Bishop and Halekauwila Sts., Phone 4981, dealers in crushed stone, cement, cement pipe, brick, stone tile, and explosives, have the largest and best equipped draying and storage company in the Islands, and are prepared to handle anything from the smallest package to pieces weighing up to forty tons.

The Waterhouse Co., Ltd., in the Alexander Young Building, on Bishop street, make office equipment their specialty, being the sole distributor for the National Cash Register Co., the Burroughs Adding Machine, the Art Metal Construction Co., the York Safe and Lock Company and the Underwood Typewriter Co. They carry in stock all kinds of steel desks and other equipment for the office, so that one might at a day's notice furnish his office, safe against fire and all kinds of insects.

Honolulu is so healthy that people don't usually die there, but when they do they phone in advance to **Henry H. Williams**, 1374 Nuuanu St., phone number 1408, and he arranges the after-details. If you are a tourist and wish to be in-

ADVT.

terred in your own plot on the mainland, Williams will embalm you; or he will arrange all details for interment in Honolulu. Don't leave the Paradise of the Pacific for any other, but if you must, let your friends talk it over with Williams.

Bergstrom Music Company, the leading music store in Hawaii, is located at 1140 Fort Street. No home is complete in Honolulu without an ukulele, a piano and a Victor talking machine. The Bergstrom Music Company, with its big store on Fort Street, will provide you with these; a WEBER or a Steck piano for your mansion, or a tiny upright Boudoir for your cottage; and if you are a transient it will rent you a piano. The Bergstrom Music Company, Phone 2294.

Honolulu as Advertised



The Liberty House, Hawaii's pioneer dry goods store, established in 1850; it has grown apace with the times until today it is an institution of service rivaling the most progressive mainland establishments in the matter of its merchandising policies and business efficiency.

The Mellen Associates, Successors to The Charles R. Frazier Company, oldest and most important advertising agency in the Pacific field, provide Honolulu and the entire Territory of Hawaii with an advertising and publicity service of a very high order. The organization, under the personal direction of George Mellen, maintains a staff of writers and artists of experience and exceptional ability, and departments for handling all routine work connected with placing of advertising locally, nationally or internationally. The organization is distinguished especially for originality in the creation and presentation of merchandising ideas.

The Honolulu Star-Bulletin, 125 Merchant Street, prints in its job department the Mid-Pacific Magazine, and that speaks for itself. The Honolulu Star-Bulletin, Ltd., conducts a complete commercial printing plant, where all the details of printing manufacture are performed. It issues Hawaii's leading evening newspaper and publishes many elaborate editions of books.

ADVT.

The Honolulu Dairymen's Association supplies the pure milk used for children and adults in Honolulu. It also supplies the city with ice cream for desserts. Its main office is in the Purity Inn at Beretania and Keeaumoku streets. The milk of the Honolulu Dairymen's Association is pure, it is rich, and it is pasteurized. The Association has had the experience of more than a generation, and it has called upon science in perfecting its plant and its methods of handling milk and delivering it in sealed bottles to its customers.

Stevedoring in Honolulu is attended to by the firm of McCabe, Hamilton and Renny Co., Ltd., 20 South Queen Street. Men of almost every Pacific race are employed by this firm, and the men of each race seem fitted for some particular part of the work, so that quick and efficient is the loading and unloading of vessels in Honolulu.

On Hawaii and Maui

Twice a week the **Inter-Island Steam Navigation Company** dispatches its palatial steamers, "Waialeale" and "Hualalai," to Hilo, leaving Honolulu at 4 P.M. on Tuesdays and Fridays, arriving at Hilo at 8 A.M. the next morning. From Honolulu, the Inter-Island Company dispatches almost daily excellent passenger vessels to the island of Maui and twice a week to the island of Kauai. There is no finer cruise in all the world than a visit to all of the Hawaiian Islands on the steamers of the Inter-Island Steam Navigation Company. The head offices in Honolulu are on Fort at Merchant Street, where every information is available, or books on the different islands are sent on request. Tours of all the islands are arranged.

Connected with the Inter-Island Steam Navigation Company is the world-famous Volcano House overlooking the everlasting house of fire, as the crater of Halemaumau is justly named. A night's ride from Honolulu and an hour by automobile, and you are at the Volcano House in the Hawaii National Park on the Island of Hawaii, the only truly historic caravansary of the Hawaiian Islands.

There are other excellent hotels on the Island of Hawaii, the largest of the group, including the recently constructed Kona Inn, located at Kailua on the Kona Coast—the most primitive and historic district in Hawaii.

Building on the Island of Hawaii.—The Hawaiian Contracting Company maintains working offices at the great Hilo pier, where all steamers discharge their freight for Hilo and the big island. This concern, with branches throughout the Territory, has for its aim building for permanency. It contracts for buildings and highway construction, having a corps of construction experts at its command. In Hilo, Frank H. West is in charge of the company's affairs.

ADVT.

The First Trust Company of Hilo occupies the modern up-to-date building adjoining the Bank of Hawaii on Keawe Street. This is Hilo's financial institution. It acts as trustees, executors, auditors, realty dealers, guardians, accountants, administrators, insurance agents, and as your stock and bond brokers. You will need the services of the First Trust Company in Hilo whether you are a visitor, or whether you are to erect a home or a business block.

Hawaii Consolidated Railway, Ltd., Hilo, Hawaii, the Scenic Railway of Hawaii, one of the most spectacular trips in the world, thirty-four miles, costing nearly \$4,000,000; it crosses 10 sugar plantations, 150 streams, 44 bridges, 14 of which are steel from 98 to 230 feet high and from 400 to 1,006 feet long, and many precipitous gorges lined with tropical trees, and with waterfalls galore; sugar cane fields, villages, hundreds of breadfruit and coconut trees and palms along the way, and miles of precipices. W. H. Hussman, general freight and passenger agent.

The Haleakala Ranch Company, with head offices at Makawao, on the Island of Maui, is as its name indicates, a cattle ranch on the slopes of the great mountain of Haleakala, rising 10,000 feet above the sea. This ranch breeds pure Hereford cattle and is looking to a future when it will supply fine bred cattle to the markets and breeders in Hawaii.

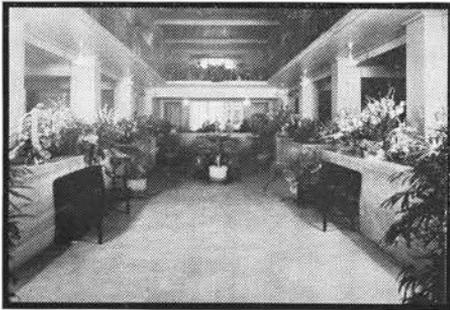
The Paia Store, which is conducted by the Maui Agricultural Co., Ltd., is managed by Fred P. Rosecrans. This is one of the very big plantation department stores in Hawaii. Every conceivable need of the housekeeper or homemaker is kept in stock. The store covers an area of more than a city block in a metropolitan city, and is the department store adapted to the needs of modern sugar plantation life.

Business in Honolulu



Youngsters on Surfboards at Waikiki.

The International Trust Company, with offices on Smith street, is, as its name indicates, a really Pan-Pacific financial organization, with leading American and Oriental business men conducting its affairs. Its capital stock is \$200,000 with resources of over \$500,000. It is the general agent for the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company of Boston, and other insurance companies.



Interior View of Bishop Trust Co.

The Bishop Trust Co., Limited, largest Trust Company in Hawaii, is located at the corner of Bishop and King Streets. It offers Honolulu residents as well as mainland visitors the most complete trust service obtainable in the islands today. The Company owns the Guardian Trust Co., Pacific Trust, Waterhouse Trust, and the Bishop Insurance Agency, and is thus able to offer an all-inclusive

ADVT.

service embracing the following: Trusts, Wills, Real Estate, Property Management, Home Rental Service, Stocks and Bonds and the Largest Safe Deposit Vaults in Hawaii.

The Pacific Engineering Company, Ltd., construction engineers and general contractors, is splendidly equipped to handle all types of building construction, and execute building projects in minimum time and to the utmost satisfaction of the owner. The main offices are in the Yokohama Specie Bank Building, with its mill and factory at South Street. Many of the leading business buildings in Honolulu have been constructed under the direction of the Pacific Engineering Company.

Wright, Harvey & Wright, engineers in the Damon Building, have a branch office and blue print shop at 855 Kaahumanu Street. This firm does a general surveying and engineering business, and has information pertaining to practically all lands in the group, as this firm has done an immense amount of work throughout the islands. The blue print department turns out more than fifty per cent of the blueprinting done in Honolulu.

The von Hamm-Young Co., Ltd., Importers, Machinery Merchants, and leading automobile dealers, have their offices and store in the Alexander Young Building, at the corner of King and Bishop streets, and their magnificent automobile salesroom and garage just in the rear, facing on Alakea Street. Here one may find almost anything. Phone No. 6141.

The Chrysler Four and Six-Cylinder Cars, the culmination of all past experiences in building automobiles, is represented in Hawaii by the Honolulu Motors, Ltd., 850 S. Beretania street. The prices of Four-Cylinder Cars range from \$1200 to \$1445 and those of the Six from \$1745 to \$2500. The Chryslers are meeting with remarkable sales records as a distinct departure in motor cars.

The Hawaiian Electric Co., Ltd., with a power station generating capacity of 32,000 K.W., furnishes lighting and power service to Honolulu and to the entire island of Oahu. It also maintains its cold storage and ice-making plant, supplying the city with ice for home consumption. The firm acts as electrical contractors, cold storage, warehousemen and deals in all kinds of electrical supplies, completely wiring and equipping buildings and private residences. Its splendid new offices facing the civic center are now completed and form one of the architectural ornaments to the city.

Bailey's Groceteria is the big success of recent years in Honolulu business. The parent store at the corner of Queen and Richards Streets has added both a meat market and a bakery, while the newly constructed branch building at Beretania and Piikoi is equally well equipped and supplied, so that the housekeeper can select all that is needed in the home, or, in fact, phone her order to either house.

The Rycroft Arctic Soda Company, on Sheridan Street, furnishes the high grade soft drinks for Honolulu and Hawaii. It manufactures the highest grade ginger ale—Hawaiian Dry—from the fresh roots of the native ginger. It uses clear water from its own artesian well, makes its carbonated gas from Hawaiian pineapples at the most up-to-date soda works in the Territory of Hawaii.

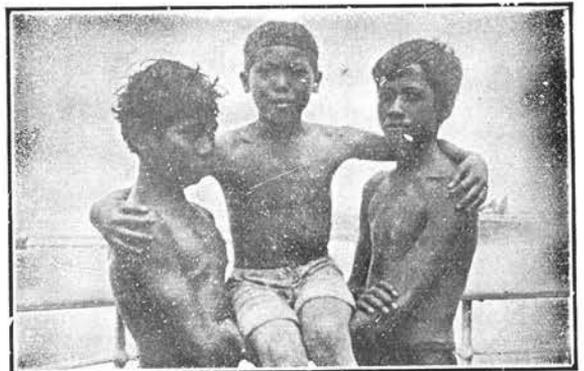
A monument to the pluck and energy of Mr. C. K. Ai and his associates is the **City Mill Company**, of which he is treasurer and manager. This plant at Queen and Kekaulike streets is one of Honolulu's leading enterprises, doing a flourishing lumber and mill business.

ADVT.

Ishii Drug Co., Ltd., on the corner of Beretania and Nuuanu Streets, is the oldest Japanese drug store in Honolulu. "Ideal" is the trademark, and it seems to have been reached in their I. D. (Ishii Drug) Beauty Cream made in their own laboratories and especially adapted to Hawaii's climate. The drug store is equipped with a full line of drugs, stationery, books, candy, and a soda fountain. T. Iwanaga is the president, Y. Ishii, vice-president, and T. Tobari, secretary-treasurer and manager.

The Royal Hawaiian Sales Co., with agencies in Honolulu, Hilo and Wailuku, has its spacious headquarters on Hotel and Alakea streets, Honolulu. This Company is Territorial Distributors for Star and Auburn passenger cars. They are Territorial Distributors also for International Motor Trucks, Delco-Remy service and Goodyear Tires.

The Universal Motor Co., Ltd., with spacious new buildings at 444 S. Beretania street, Phone 2397, is agent for the Ford car. All spare parts are kept in stock and statements of cost of repairs and replacements are given in advance so that you know just what the amount will be. The Ford is in a class by itself. The most economical and least expensive motor car in the world.



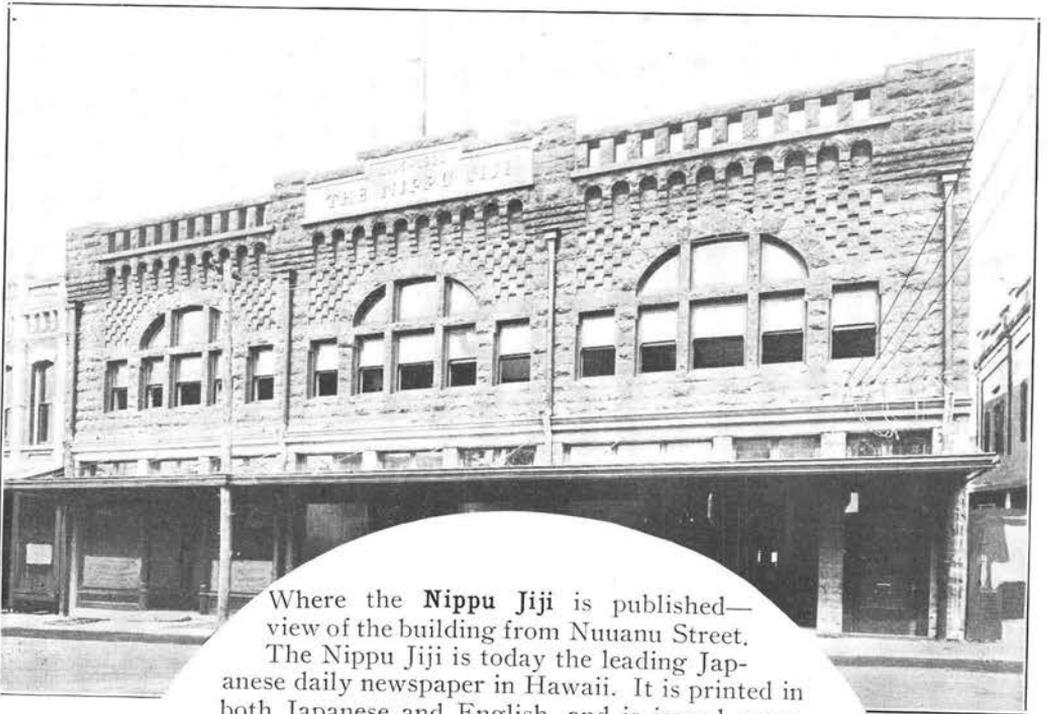
Wonderful New Zealand

Scenically New Zealand is the world's wonderland. There is no other place in the world that offers such an aggregation of stupendous scenic wonders. The West Coast Sounds of New Zealand are in every way more magnificent and awe-inspiring than are the fjords of Norway.

New Zealand was the first country to perfect the government tourist bureau. She has built hotels and rest houses throughout the Dominion for the benefit of the tourist. New Zealand is splendidly served by the Government Railways, which sell the tourist for a very low rate, a ticket that entitles him to travel on any of the railways for from one to two months. Direct information may be secured by writing to the New Zealand Department of Tourist and Health Resorts, Wellington, New Zealand.

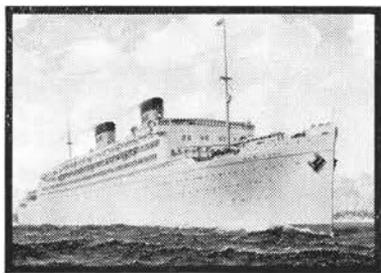


A Maori Mother and Child



Where the **Nippu Jiji** is published—
view of the building from Nuuanu Street.
The Nippu Jiji is today the leading Japanese daily newspaper in Hawaii. It is printed in both Japanese and English, and is issued every afternoon and Sunday morning.

The Matson-Lassco Steamship Company maintains a regular, fast, reliable passenger and freight service between Honolulu and San Francisco, Los Angeles, South Seas, Australia and Hilo. Castle & Cooke, Ltd. are local agents for the line, whose comfort, service and cuisine are noted among world travelers.



The Hinode Macaroni Company, Ltd., manufacture here in Honolulu a product of the very highest grade of excellence. Gold medals have been awarded them by expert judges of food in three International Exhibitions: The Colonization Exhibition, Japan, 1912; Pan-Pacific International Exhibition, San Francisco, 1915; Panama-California Exhibition, San Diego, 1915.

Their high standards are constantly maintained, and appreciation of this fact by the public is shown by their steadily expanding business.

Honolulu Paper Company, Honolulu's leading book and stationery store, is located on the ground floor of the Young Hotel Building in the heart of Honolulu's business district. The company has a complete stock of all the latest fiction, travel, biography and books relating to Hawaii. It is also distributor for Royal Typewriters, Adding Machines, Calculators and steel office furniture.

Alawai Inn is most delightfully situated on Kalakaua Avenue, Honolulu, just east of the new Alawai bridge, the lawn on the makai side of the premises sloping gently down to the water's edge. The surroundings are distinctly Japanese in character. Here all varieties of American dishes, as well as wonderful suki-yaki dinners are served in the spacious and airy dining room overlooking the water, and in which some two hundred guests can be accommodated.

There are a number of cottages on the grounds with private rooms for small parties, and a large dancing pavilion, in which, when required, upwards of four hundred can be seated. It is therefore admirably adapted for dinner dances, and for large and small functions; while the individual will find it a most charming and restful spot.

Mrs. K. Harada is the proprietor of the Inn, which is ably managed by Mr. W. Kimura.

Jitsugyo-no-Hawaii Sha congratulates the Mid-Pacific Magazine on its Tokyo Pan-Pacific Club issue. Tetsuo Toyama is proprietor, publisher, and editor of this monthly, which is the largest Japanese magazine in the Territory of Hawaii and has been published for twenty years. Jitsugyo is a commercial, industrial and civic publication setting forth the interests of Japanese in all lands. It has a large circulation in Japan and in the United States.

SOUTH MANCHURIA RAILWAY COMPANY

South Manchuria Railway Company Cheap Overland Tours

Travellers and Tourists journeying between Tokyo and Peking should travel via the South Manchuria Railway, which runs from Antung to Mukden and passes through magnificent scenery. At Mukden the line connects with the Peking Mukden Line and the Main line of the South Manchuria Railway, running from Dairen to Changchun, where connection is made with the Chinese Eastern Railway for Harbin.

The ordinary daily trains have sleeping accommodation. Steamer connections between Dairen, Tsingtao and Shanghai by the Dairen Kisen Kaisha's excellent passenger and mail steamers. Wireless telegraphy and qualified doctors on board.



The Hawaiian Cotton Factory, situated at 1636 Kahai St., Honolulu, is the oldest establishment of its kind in the Islands, having commenced business in 1919, and is the only one handling Hawaiian-grown cotton.

The annual output of raw cotton from the fields controlled by this company is upwards of 300,000 pounds, which is converted into 130,000 pounds of finished product.

This is disposed of altogether in the Islands, being used in the manufacture of bed quilts, cushions and similar articles. S. Sugita and Sons are the proprietors.

ADVT.

Modern Hotels under the South Manchuria Hotel Company's management are established on foreign lines at Mukden, Changchun, Port Arthur, Dairen and Hoshigaura (Star Beach).

Illustrated booklets and all information post free on request from the South Manchuria Railway Company.

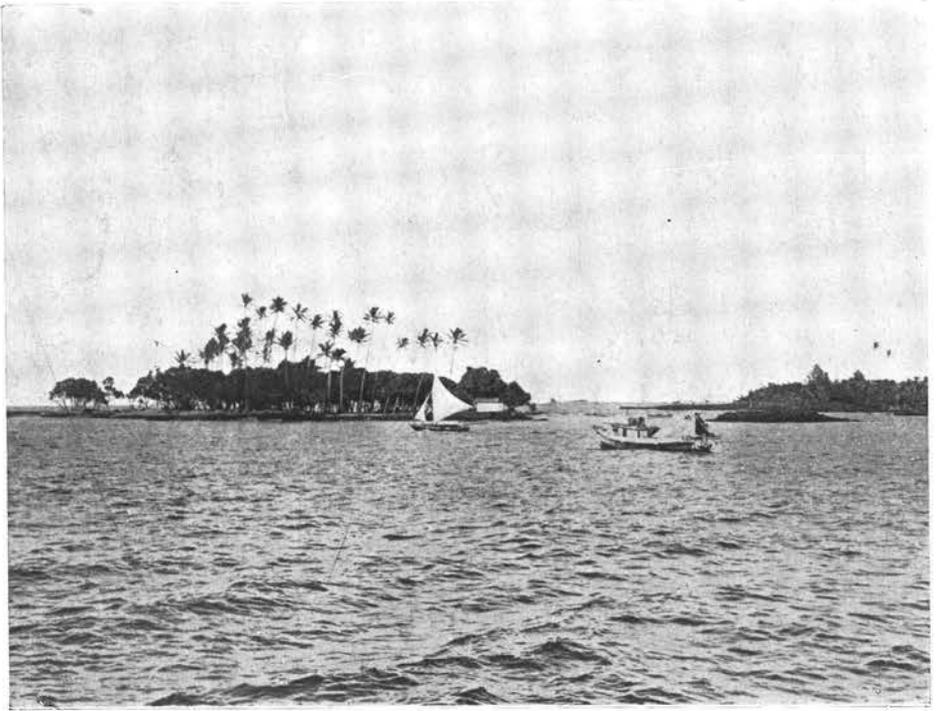
DAIREN

Branch Offices: Tokyo, Osaka, Shimonoseki, Shanghai, Peking, Harbin and New York.

Cable Address: "MANTETSU" or "SMRCO." CODES: A.B.C. 5th, 6th Ed., A1., Lieber's, Bentley's and Acme.

The Shioyu Tea House, 1811 Ala Moana, Honolulu, is a bit of Japan transplanted to Hawaii. Here the guest slips off his shoes, dons sandals and kimono, and, seated on comfortable cushions, in full view of the ocean, enjoys a delicious suki-yaki dinner, or perhaps tori or niku, and dainty geisha girls are there for his entertainment. By arranging the partition screens, parties of any size up to three hundred and fifty can be accommodated. Mrs. T. Takata is the proprietor.

Discriminating buyers, and tourists seeking the best in genuine silk goods, will find a rare and beautiful line of kimonos at **Ohmi Shoten, 230 No. Beretania St., Honolulu**. A bewildering variety of colors, patterns and designs are shown, all of which are made in their own factory at Kyoto, Japan.



Coconut Island, Hilo Bay, Hawaii