

THERE HAS JUST BEEN published a book entitled "My Life With George," a book of personal reminiscences by Ida A. R. Wylie, author of several popular books. The "George" of the book is the author's other, or inner self, and, while I haven't seen the book itself, I gather from a review that it must be interesting reading. Miss Wylie is an English woman who traveled widely on the continent and spent several years in Germany. Those of her novels which I have read display an intimate knowledge of life in several European countries, and she appears to have sound knowledge of influences which have helped to shape conflicting and confused movements in these recent years. Her observations are in witty and epigrammatic terms. One such observation quoted from her recent book by the reviewer struck me as particularly apt. She says: "Unlike Mussolini, who is a disease, Hitler is a symptom."

UNLESS WE HAVE BEEN completely misled, there is a volume of wisdom packed in that brief sentence. Mussolini is not the representative of anything that existed before him in Italian life. Cleverly he injected himself into a situation quite foreign to him, and the malignant influence which he exuded has infected the entire nation. Hitler grew out of a situation which already existed, and which called for his kind of leadership. He represents the most sinister elements in German life and is a symptom of a disease which was already at work.

WORK WHICH IS BEING got under way for national defense and to supply needed war material for Great Britain is stimulating industrial activity all along the line. Shipyards are being prepared for the building of battleships, cruisers and destroyers. Airplane plants are being doubled and trebled. A million men are being added to the army, and for them will be required cantonments, rifles, tanks, clothing, food and transportation. In the manufacture of arms and munitions the ranks of the unemployed will be depleted, and already there is reported in many departments an embarrassing shortage of skilled labor.

ALL OF THIS FEVERISH ACTIVITY has the appearance of a business boom, and some of the statisticians are already figuring on a national income of 100 billion dollars due to the velocity with which money is about to change hands. If we permit our selves to be carried away by this prospect we shall find ourselves living in a fool's paradise in which everything is illusory. Presently we shall find that the pleasant paths lie over dangerous quicksands; that the flower beds are masses of thorns and brambles; and that what we thought were the golden fruits of the Hesperides are really apples of Sodom which crumble to ashes in the mouth.

THERE CAN BE NO SOUND prosperity which is not based on the production of useful things. We must have ships and planes and armed men because the menace of an aggressive and destructive power that has been let loose has forced that necessity upon us. But we must not delude ourselves into the belief that the building of those defenses is anything but an unfortunate and costly necessity in the lessening of those resources which are essential to our comfort and orderly way of living.

BATTLESHIPS AND CRUISERS carry no freight, Armored tanks cultivate no fields and produce no crops. Bombing planes and bombs build no schoolhouses or town halls. All the shells that all the factories can produce will not build a single waterworks system or pave a single highway. All the effort that is put into those necessary instrumentalities of war must be subtracted from the energy which otherwise could be devoted to the production of more and better food, the better and cheaper transportation of the products of industry from place to place, the production of more and better and cheaper goods of every kind, to the end that all the people may have available more material for the enrichment of their lives and greater opportunity for their use.

THIS WAS IS IMPOSING ON us the necessity for the diversion of a large share of our energy into unproductive channels. It means a long period of sacrifice which we must make up our minds to face.

**DURING THE NEXT FEW** days this column will be a sort of travelogue, the traveler represented being Miss Elizabeth Burnham, who is now in Istanbul (Constantinople) after having traveled nearly three-fourths of the way around the world in order to get there. Miss Burnham served for three years as secretary of the Grand Forks Y. W. C. A. coming here after having spent several years in Y. W. C. A. work in Chile, where she learned to speak Spanish fluently, She left Grand Forks to become general secretary of the Y. W. C. A. at Elkhart, Indiana. Last summer the general board asked her to take charge of association work in Istanbul and she left for her new field in August. At first it was intended that she should take the usual route to Istanbul through the Mediterranean, but war conditions made this impossible and she went by the westward route via San Francisco and the Pacific.

**THE JOURNEY BEGAN WITH** one of those complications such as travelers learn to expect. Miss Burnham reached San Francisco on a Friday in June. Her ship, the Los Angeles, was to sail the following Tuesday. There was plenty of time. Her passport was in order, but it developed that the British consulate could not issue her a transit visa, permitting her to stop at various British ports, until she had a landing visa from the country of destination, Turkey. Wires were sent to New York. The Turkish consul there was willing to issue the necessary visa, but first he had to see Miss Burnham's passport. The passport was sent by air mail to New York and was returned with the visa in time to have the remaining formalities completed at 10 o'clock Tuesday morning, and Miss Burnham sailed on the Los Angeles at noon.

**LETTERS RECEIVED FROM** Miss Burnham by Grand Forks friends tell of incidents on the voyage across the Pacific and the Oriental waters, with stops at Manila, Singapore, Colombo, Bombay and other historic places, with sketches of picturesque scenes and interesting people. Wires from Miss Burnham have told of her safe arrival at Istanbul, which she reached just about as martial law was declared in the city and adjacent territory. Excerpts from her first letter follow:

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"**WHEN I ARRIVED IN** SAN Francisco I met Doris Boss, who is going to Syria to be general secretary of the Y. W. C. A. with headquarters in Beirut. She was in Estonia several years ago for one year on a part time basis, but had not been in the Near East. She started in June across the Atlantic bound for Beirut, but the ship had to return to the states for when it was five days out Italy declared war, which made it unsafe to enter the Mediterranean. She is now starting off a second time going the long way around. She is a very interesting and enjoyable traveling companion and I am so glad we are making the trip together.

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"**THE LOS ANGELES IS NOT** a very large ship, but it makes good time, around 375 miles a day, and is steady, There are only 38 passengers aboard, though it can carry eighty. Among the passengers are 17 men and their wives who are going to a British steel plant near Calcutta. Other business interests represented are Standard and Shell Oil, aviation, gold and tin mining and sugar and rubber plantations, located in Sumatra, India, and Borneo, the Philippines, Burma and the Dutch East Indies. The Chinese consul for Singapore, his charming wife and two adorable children are an interesting addition. There are two Chinese students, one returning missionary who goes to the Baptist hospital in Burma, and the wife and children of an American business man in the Philippines.

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"**AS WE HAVE TRAVELED** westward we have put our watches back half an hour every evening. We skipped right over last Wednesday when we crossed the international date line. We went to bed Tuesday night and arose Thursday morning. Two of the passengers had birthdays on Wednesday August 7. They were presented with birthday cakes on Tuesday evening so they would not feel too slighted. On Sunday August 11 at 4 P.M. we listened to the 10 o'clock Saturday evening broadcast from Treasure Island in San Francisco bay. We are certainly getting ahead of you folks at home.

"We have had gorgeous weather every day. The Pacific has been on its best behavior almost as calm as an inland lake some days. It has been mostly a deep beautiful blue in color changing at times to turquoise, aqua marine and gray for variety. I love to watch the furrows made by our ship and the waves with their crested foam racing away from the ship. Am afraid I have taken too many moving pictures of sky and water. We have watched the silver flying fish, a school of porpoise at a distance and once we saw several huge fish, possibly sharks, plowing through the water.

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"**I HAVE PLAYED SHUFFLE** board, putting golf, Chinese checkers, cribbage, and have gone swimming in the tank, but the greatest sport of all is just being lazy. There is nothing to hurry us on to the next thing. Of course we are always prompt when the gong is sounded for meals. We have an abundance of good food three times a day, refreshments in mid-morning and tea in the afternoon. It looks as if we would all take on weight.

"I have read three books designed to acquaint their readers with the problems of the world today and the why: 'Revolutions and Dictatorships' by Hans Kohn, 'Personal Experience' by Vincent Sheean and 'Inside Asia' by John Gunther. They are all excellent and most enlightening. For sheer enjoyment I read 'Their Own Country' by Alice Hobart which goes on with the story of 'Oil for the Lamps of China'.

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"**THE DAYS ARE GETTING** warmer as we approach Manila and we are constantly on the lookout for the coolest spot on the boat and there establish our headquarters. I am not so sure (Continued on Following Page)

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**YESTERDAY'S COLUMN, BE**ginning Miss Elizabeth Burnham's story of her journey from San Francisco to Istanbul, closed with the approach of the LOS Angeles to Manila after a quiet voyage across the Pacific. T o d a y the story is resumed with a description of a week in Manila. Miss Burnham is one of those t r a v e l e r s for whom interesting things seem to be always happening at opportune moments. Thus the president's ball in Manila was conveniently timed to correspond with her arrival, and Mrs. Geronima Pecson, a past president of the Manila Y. W. C. A., whom Miss Burnham had met before, was on hand to guide her about the city. The story continues:

**"MRS. PECSON IS A VERY** charming woman and is one of , the leaders in Manila in educational and social work and knows very well President Quezon, the high commissioner, F r a n c i s Sayre, and his wife, and it seems just everyone down the line. At the president's ball on Monday evening Mrs. Pecson had a table reserved up near the front and pointed out to us the cabinet members and officials, some of whom we met. It was a very colorful occasion with most of the women wearing the lovely costume of the Philippines made of embroidered cloth and silk. Americans and some Filipino ladies wore evening dresses and the men wore white suits or white coats and dark trousers. The president spoke of his work and interest in helping the poor man and bettering his condition in every way. He was a poor boy himself and has done much to help the poor. Mrs. Pecson took us out to see the houses erected for the laboring man by the government, the children's hospital and home where there are over 2,000 children living in small groups, the majority of them orphans, the training schools for boys and girls, the tuberculosis sanitarium, and many new gov-ernment buildings. The new Quezon bridge over the Parsig river as dedicated by the president the day we arrived and we saw just a bit of the ceremony.

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**"OUR STAY IN MANILA HAS** been lengthened from day to day so that we have had almost a week here, much to our joy. The President Harrison was delayed by a storm, and a heavy cargo which is difficult to load and unload now that the rainy season is on and it has been raining most of the time since we arrived. But the rain has not stopped our coming and going and it really has not been so difficult getting places with our friends, their cars and chauffeurs waiting to take us places. No Filipino lady drives her own car and a very few American women for all have their "Pedro" or "Juan" to take them here and there and wait for them. They have a very interesting system of calling out the car license number over the loud speaker to the waiting cars after a big function, and in a few moments up rolls your chauffeur and car. The car license numbers are given out in order of your rank on the island; for instance, the president's number is one. Mr. Pecson has just been appointed as Judge of a different province and his license number has changed from 43 to 33.

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**"MR. AND MRS. PECSON,** with their adorable four-year-old daughter took Doris and me up in the mountains to Tagaytay for lunch the only day we had sunshine all day. It was a beautiful drive through the country past mango, coconut, and papaya groves, rice fields, salt beds, through little villages with their market scenes and on up to the cooler climate where finally a most gorgeous view was spread at our feet. There was Lake Taal with its large island out of which rose the rim of a volcano, which was active not so long ago.' Around the lake way down in the valley we could see little villages surrounded by their patch work fields in different shades of green. As the sunlight and shadow played across the whole scene the colors changed and different spots were highlighted. Beyond the lake and over the hills we could see the China sea. We had this view in front of us as we had lunch at the Taal Vista Lodge. After lunch we drove along the ridge, to look at a picnic place in a coconut grove open to all, a Y. W. C. A. site where a camp will be held some day, and a town that is being laid out by the government. It was a most enjoyable day with interesting companions. \* # \*

**"MR. AND MRS. PECSON** also took us to a movie one evening and to the Manila hotel afterwards for refreshments and the i floor show. The Manila hotel is the show place of the city. One whole side of the dining room is] open to Manila bay, the weather permitting, and it is beautiful to watch the lighted ships bobbing about in the bay at night. We were there for lunch one day with Mrs. Pecson and it is just as beautiful then in a different way.

"Mrs. Pecson also took us to a reception at the Philippine women's university in honor of Mrs. Francis Sayre, the wife of the high commissioner. Of course we met Mrs. Sayre, a most charming lady, the wife of the minister of justice, the wife of the man whose head appears on the one peso bill and important people after important people, all so charming and gracious. The Americans present wore just afternoon dresses, but the Filipino women wore gorgeous dresses of pineapple cloth combined with silk in every luscious shade imaginable. This was a real fashion show and how I did long for my movie that I could send it back to you. There was an interesting program of folk dances and music given by the girls, most of (Continued on Following Page)

**CONTINUING** MISS ELIZABETH Burnham's account of her journey from San Francisco to Istanbul by way of the Pacific and the East Indies: "On the 5-day trip from Manila to Singapore we had a little introduction to oriental life aboard the President Harrison, for the 131 passengers included Indians in large numbers, Chinese, Iraqians, Syrians, and then, of course, English men and Americans, the latter mostly missionaries returning to fields in India. Right at the next table to us was an Indian woman with a diamond studded nose and a younger Indian woman, who wore different beautiful saris at every meal, and who had on her forehead a small red circle, which signified she was a Hindu married woman whose husband was living. She very graciously said *I* might take a movie of her, when I asked her, and thanked me afterwards.

**WE ARRIVED IN SINGAPORE** Friday, August 30, and such an extraordinary scene greeted us as we left the wharf. There were Malayan men wrapped in most colorful striped and checked sarongs, tall Indians in turbans and draped skirts, Chinese in full trousers and jackets with the peaked bamboo and palm hats; men with curiously wound topknots, Malayan men in shorts directing traffic with bamboo woven wings fastened to their backs so that it wasn't necessary to hold their arms out. They could just turn their bodies. All kinds of vehicles were ready to take us to our destination.—rickshas, trackless trolleys, bantam taxis and regular cars. Perhaps we could have tried the two wheeled bullock cart that ambled through the traffic. I wanted to look all ways at once so that we would not miss anything. In all this amazing scene and, too, as our ship made its way in the harbor through sampans and junks, I didn't take a single picture, as our last bulletin on board had warned us not to take pictures in the harbor or within five miles of any defenses. Upon arriving at the Y. W. C. A. the attractive Eurasian secretary telephoned the police to see if pictures could be taken and they said it was all right. From then on I have had a grand time in the Malayan states taking pictures without any difficulty.

**"DORIS AND I FOLDED OURSELVES** into one of the little taxis, with its depression in the floor for our heels, and we were off to see Singapore. We drove through the Chinese section of the city with its many shops all open at the front. Everyone seemed to be out in the street, but our driver just blew his horn and drove through. The drivers don't slow down for traffic, but go right ahead and ways seem to open up. We haven't hit anyone or anything yet. We stopped at a Hindu temple and drove out to Jahore where we saw the Sultan of Jahore's palace, played around in his garden, and went on to the Mosque with its four minarets. We went by huge rubber plantations and stopped once to see how the trees are cut so that the white rubber-like liquid runs into little cups which are emptied every day. We also passed fields of pineapples and groves of coconut palms. We had tea at the Gap House out on the terrace where we had a glorious view of the harbor from our hill top. Doris almost had to pull me away for the sunset colors were beginning to show.

**"WHEN WE ARRIVED BACK** at the hotel we found Ruth Harvey from the Methodist Girls school, a good friend of one of the Y. W. C. A. secretaries who was away, and she was ready to take us out again. She drove us out to the Singapore Swimming club for dinner. They have a beautiful outdoor pool which is huge, a spacious well kept club house with every convenience. We had dinner out on the terrace overlooking the harbor with the waves lapping the stone wall below us. It was lovely there watching the harbor lights in the quietness of the country side. It was hard to think there were such differences and fighting going on in the world in many spots. Miss Harvey showed and told us how things were ready for any diffi-cuties that came up. In talking with the British people in particular we were conscious of the world situation.

"We ended up our first day in Singapore by going with Miss Harvey to the Chinese Great World, an amusement park. The walks were filled with adults and children, some in a very simple and some in elaborate clothing. There were many places to eat, all clean and well kept. We met a group of Chinese girls from the Methodist school there with one of the teachers.

It had been a full day and I was ready for my bed back at the hotel, which I found was a mattress placed on wooden slats—quite the usual thing here with a mosquito net tent over it. I slept soundly in spite of the novelty and the noise.

**"AT 2:00 P.M. ON OUR SECond** day in Singapore after a last journey through the crowded down town streets and a look at the shops with their interesting array of Oriental goods we started the over land trip from Singapore to Penang. The first leg of our journey we made by mail car and we were delivered safely in Malacoa along with the trays of fishes and the newspapers. You would appreciate that word "safely" if you could have seen us speed around those curves. The young Mohammedan driver, and he was an excellent driver, for we did not hit a thing or miss a curve, spoke no word of English nor did the young couple who were the other passengers, but we all got along very nicely with the sign language. It was really a very interesting trip on an excellent road through miles and miles of rubber plantations, coconut groves, pineapple fields, clusters of Malayan (Turn to Page 9. Col. 2.)

**IN THIS INSTALLMENT** Miss Burnham tells of sight-seeing trips and incidents on her way through the Straits Settlement before crossing the Indian ocean on her way to Istanbul. As she moved toward her destination she became increasingly conscious that she was traveling in an atmosphere of war. She writes:

**"WE SPENT THE NIGHT IN** the home of the missionary families who were away for the holidays. Our bedroom like the other rooms in the house was large, high ceilinged, and one side practically open to the garden with just shutters to keep out the rain, which it did in part. We again slept under a mosquito canopy with only an under sheet on the bed and a light cotton blanket folded at the foot—quite the custom here. We thought the one sheet was a mistake the first time, but it seems to be the usual thing even in the hotels. The Methodist Girls School buildings are set in spacious grounds, are well built, and most attractive.

**"THE FOLLOWING MORNING** we reported to police headquarters, the procedure one must follow in going from place to place these days. We really are getting quite well acquainted with the police, who are most polite and sorry to be causing us this inconvenience. As we drove around Malacca we saw the buildings erected by the Dutch during their occupation and in the Malayan language I heard the influence of the Portuguese, the earlier occupants, as words dropped out of their conversations as clear as a bell in meaning. I thought I was hearing things at first but they told me the Malayan language has absorbed many words belonging to other languages. The similarity of Spanish and Portuguese is the missing link in the explanation. Here again we saw the Chinese drawn rickshas, the turbaned, draped Indians, the Mohammedan men with their black fezes, the neatly clad Chinese women servants with the full trousers of black and with white blouses, the Chinese ladies with their sheath-like slit dresses, the Chinese girls in colorful trousers and blouses buttoned high around the neck, the Malayan women with their colorful flowered sarongs and the men of all nationalities with shirt tail out over shorts or draped skirts. Surely here is where the "shirt tail out" style started. The traffic officials and soldiers wear shorts, both Malayan and English. Of course there is the conventional European style of dress combined many times with an Oriental item or two. You hear the click, click of the wooden shoes, the shuffle of the toe sandals and there are many barefooted men, women and children who go noiselessly by.

**"WE LEFT FOR KUALA** Lumpur on an up to the minute air conditioned buffet car with tea served in the best English tradition. In the three hours we had at Kuala Lumpur while waiting for the night train to Penang we took our first ride in a ricksha. Two husky Americans like us are really a tight fit for one ricksha, but anyway we couldn't rattle around. It was fun going quietly and leisurely through the streets, though I felt we should get out and walk as the coolie pulled us up an incline. Kuala Lumpur is a very clean, quiet city conservative, they say, but it looked more like an American city to us. The government buildings around an open square are quite pretentious, having a decided oriental style of architecture. We rode around by some of the Catholic schools and through the lovely Botanical Gardens.

**"WE WENT UP TO THE** Y.W.C.A. and Audrey McCrae's room to freshen up and had dinner at the Y.W.C.A. with an Indian girl who teaches in one of the schools. The other seven girls who are employed in various occupations who stay there were away for the school holidays or the weekend. The Indian girl told us of her Y.W.C.A. club activities and some of their Indian customs. She was attractively dressed in her white sari and wearing beautiful gold ear rings, necklaces and bracelets. She brought out some "Indian sweets" sent her from home that she thought we might like to try. "Like to try" is the phrase, but under her eyes we each managed to eat a good portion of our little cake. It was a brown sugar and split pea mixture, inside a rice flour pastry. It certainly wasn't my idea of a delicacy, and I am sure I won't feel hungry if a similar "sweet" is offered to me.

**"THE PULLMAN COMPARTMENT** which we occupied from K. L. to Penang was English in style with a clever fold-away wash bowl, other conveniences and room enough to dress beside the upper and lower berth. A shower could be had in the shower room by use of a dipper and a large earthen jar filled with clean water. This is an other common provision in the country. In the early morning light we ferried across from the mainland to Penang which is located on an island, a part of the British Crown Colony known as the Straits Settlement. The harbor was interesting with its many styles and types of water craft. The large dark brown sails which really looked black a little way off were fascinating and the sampans made good time with their sails all set.

**"UPON THE RECOMMENDATION** of our Malacca friends we went to the Eastern and Oriental Hotel where we had a most spacious room, really an apartment. To the front was a living room with shutters that, when opened wide exposed the whole side of the room to the ocean, framed on one side by a feathery tropical tree and on the other by an oleander in bloom. The bedroom and bath adjoining had windows opening on to a balcony overlooking a garden. You can imagine how we enjoyed all this especially those wide deep spring beds. The other beds we had tried in the Malay States were mattresses, not too thick, placed on wooden slats which really have a tendency to get one up to enjoy the day. One feature of our room did not let us forget we were in a troubled world for a glimmering light protected by a metal shield hung in the middle of the room, and the typed notice said to turn all lights out except this one immediately at the sound of the air raid warning. Here, too, in Panang we saw barbed wire entanglements and some camouflaged buildings, showing everything was ready in case there might be difficulty. In these areas under the protection of England one feels the wide flung strength of the British Empire, and an assurance is felt that the British will hold out. We drove out through the beautiful residential section skirting the har-**(Continued on Following Page)**

**TODAY'S INSTALLMENT** closes the series of excerpts from letters from Miss Elizabeth Burnham to which this column has been devoted for an entire week. The last of these letters was written on the President Harrison as the ship was approaching the Persian gulf, where the journey up the gulf would be continued on a smaller boat. Cables since received from Miss Burnham tell of her safe arrival at Istanbul, her destination, after a journey three-quarters of the way around the world. Continuing the excerpts:

**"THE SECOND DAY AFTER** arriving in Penang we boarded the President Harrison again and made our way across the Indian Ocean. Continued good fortune gave us calm seas and cool weather, rather surprising at this season of the year. In the five days on board before Colombo we had a chance to rest up a little bit from our "rushing about" as the English major aboard says.

**"ONE MORNING THE DECK** steward brought out to me a card and told me Dr. Chang would like to meet me. Upon the card was written: Mr. Chang Peng-Shun, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the Republic of China, Ankara, Turkey. I was very happy to make his acquaintance as I had heard about him from Mr. Sun on the "Los Angeles". We had a most interesting conversation about Turkey, which is a new part of the world to him also. I met Mrs. Chang and their two young boys and have an invitation to visit them when I go to Ankara, the capital of Turkey, which is a night's journey from Istanbul. Both Dr. and Mrs. Chang know the states well. Mrs. Chang is a Vassar graduate with a doctor's degree in chemistry from Columbia. Dr. Chang comes to this post in Turkey through his outstanding work along educational lines rather than through political or diplomatic career channels. Since that first introduction we have seen quite a bit of them and they are most charming, gracious and well informed. They have loaned Doris and me several books and magazines.

**"WE MADE GOOD USE OF** our 12 hours shore leave in Colombo, Ceylon, by taking a most interesting automobile trip to Kandy, a city 72 miles in the interior of the island. We joined forces for the trip with Dr. Barney and Miss Baker, a doctor and nurse who are going to a hospital of the Dutch Reform church on an island up the Persian gulf. We bargained for the use of a seven passenger Packard car for the day and made a good bargain, too, but I am afraid we did not do as well in bargaining for a few purchases we made along the way. When they gave us the articles for half the first price they asked we thought that was good, but found others had brought them down to one fourth of the original. We will know better next time. We had an excellent Singhalese chauffeur who spoke English well and was most thoughtful of our comfort. He said the Singhalese people have a greater degree of freedom under English rule than other people in this part of the world. He wore European clothing and sandals. We saw more barefooted people and clothing was of less importance here than any place we have visited so far. The trip to Kandy was up through vivid green ferns, palms of every kind, banyan trees, through clusters of adobe thatched houses and past terraced rice fields laid out in neat patches between the slopes of a gorge. We met and passed many men and boys along the road in brilliantly colored sarongs, both short and long or sometimes they wore only a g-string. Many of them had long hair, for this is the home of the long haired men, either worn flying loose after a dip in the river or a shower or twisted in a knot. The women also wore their hair twisted in a knot and we saw women in lesser numbers trudging along the road carrying burdens on their heads or a naked baby on one hip. There were covered bullock carts loaded with bananas, clay jars, wood, coconuts, or just anything. We only saw one or two horses in the whole trip.

**"WE STOPPED FOR LUNCH** at one of the government rest houses which are sprinkled along the country side and provide accommodations acceptable to Europeans and Americans. A stroll around the gardens and a satisfactory lunch made a nice break in the journey up the hills. "The rivers along the way always provided a scene of activity. We saw elephants being scrubbed in the water by their mahouts, carabao standing in deep contentment, with their heads stretched out above the water, the inevitable laundry work being done, and men, women, and children in bathing.

**"IN KANDY WE VISITED** the famous Buddhist Temple of the Tooth, where an alleged tooth of Buddha is kept behind padlocked doors and only brought out once a year. The high priest, with clipped head and dressed in saffron robes, showed us some of the ancient Buddhist writings written on palm leaves and the carvings in granite over a thousand years old. We drove through the Botanical Gardens where every tree and shrub is carefully labeled. There was one particularly lovely avenue lined with Royal Palms. We watched the people on the streets while they had an equally good time looking us over.

**"WE STOPPED TO VIEW TEA** growing on low bushes over a hillside and among small trees which protected them from the sun. Inside we saw a heap of freshly picked tea leaves which were being broken apart by hand and placed on trays to dry. The leaves are sorted by machinery and then turned over to women to pick out the stems by hand. There were about 20 women sitting on the floor of a clean but dark room with piles of tea all about them. All of them reached out their hands for money as we turned to leave. There was more asking for money on every side in Ceylon than we had ever seen before.

We made the descent down into the valley in the latter part of the afternoon as the shadows were lengthening, giving heightened beauty to every thing. We stopped at another government rest house for a cup of the celebrated Ceylon tea which we found most delicious. As we sat on the open porch the soft sunset colors became visible through the waving palms, making a scene of unforgettable beauty. In just a moment it seemed the colors and light faded and darkness descended with a rush. As we drove the last 20 miles to Colombo we saw the gleam of many fires flash out

of the darkness. Our driver said the people were burning trash, perhaps, too, the smoke kept the mosquitos away."

THE APPEAL OF POPE PIUS to the warring nations for a Christmas truce was in keeping with the true Christmas spirit. For many centuries Christmas has been symbolic of peace. It is horrible that men should be engaged in killing each other at any time of the year. Such mass destruction is peculiarly inappropriate on the day set apart to commemorate the birth of the Prince of Peace. Unfortunately there is small prospect that the pope's appeal will be heeded in any general way.

IN THE FORMER WORLD war, while there was no definite Christmas truce in any of the years of its duration, the day was actually observed by several million armed men as a day of comparative peace. But that was a period of trench warfare. Armies within range of each other lived for weeks or months concealed in trenches, making occasional forays, digging new trenches and again concealing themselves. There were few attempts at general mass movements in winter and by common consent many of the soldiers ceased firing on Christmas, and often men who had been seeking each other's lives joined in Christmas songs.

THIS TIME THERE IS NO trench warfare. No enemy confronts the German forces on German soil. In Africa British and Italian forces are far apart. In Albania Greeks are pressing the Italians hard in actual combat. The major combatants are fighting from the air and on the sea. And neither side will sacrifice any advantage which it has on account of the Christmas holiday. Conceivably there may be a quieting down of air raids for a few hours. But at sea the submarine will continue to hunt its prey and the pursued freighter will try to escape.

IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT last week there was offered a resolution calling on the government to seek to arrange a peace conference and directing it to declare what its war aims are. In circumstances the presentation of such a resolution in the legislative body of a nation at war might have been seized upon and exploited by the enemy as an evidence of weakness. But Hitler can find little basis for encouragement in the treatment of that resolution. Just four members voted for it, one being the only Communist in parliament while the others are of the extreme radical type. Against it were recorded 341 votes.

IN THE BRIEF DEBATE there was expressed the almost unanimous opinion that there is now no basis on which there could be the slightest hope for a peace that would be worth having. Minister Attlee was cheered when he said that the choice before the nation is not that of war or peace, but of war or the kind of peace which Hitler would accept, and in that situation the only choice is to fight. Attlee called attention to the fact that though Great Britain is at war, members of its highest legislative body express themselves openly and without restriction, though their views may be utterly opposed to those of the government. In no other of the countries involved would this be possible.

BRITAIN'S PURCHASES OF war materials in this country is rapidly using up the nation's cash. The nation still has large credits in this country, but purchases must be continued on an increasing scale, and the British government is looking forward to the possible exhaustion of its credits and seeking means to replenish its funds. At the beginning of the war British investors held a large volume of securities in American business enterprises. Those securities have played an important part in the financing of British purchases. Large blocks of such bonds and other securities were taken over by the government in exchange for government bonds, and a process of marketing them here has been in progress for months. At the outset of the war there was some anxiety on this side concerning the effect on the American securities market of the sale of such large blocks of securities. What proportion of such securities have been sold is not publicly known, but the sales have already been considerable. They have been made so gradually and quietly that American markets have not been perceptibly disturbed. Rarely has a financial transaction of such magnitude been conducted without precipitating something resembling a panic.

**IS IT A CRIME TO HAVE** one's name on the mailing list of a society devoted to "subversive" principles and practices? If it is, a lot of us who are now at large should have been in the penitentiary these many years. But one may be on many mailing lists without knowing how he got there. Hence he can scarcely be held responsible. Mention was made a few days ago of the manner in which the American government is distributing, free of charge, large quantities of German propaganda which, mailed in Germany, is sent across Siberia and the Pacific to Seattle and then distributed in the usual way by our postoffice department.

**I SUPPOSE MY NAME IS ON** the mailing list of the publishers of that material, as I have been receiving it regularly for months. Probably many other copies of the publication are received regularly in Grand Forks. But by no stretch of the imagination can the recipients be charged with being Nazi sympathizers. An immense quantity of what may be considered undesirable propaganda is received by individuals who are not associated sympathetically or otherwise with its source. The names of those persons are available to anyone, and they are collected and sent to headquarters by agents interested in promoting whatever is to be promoted by the publications. The mails are loaded with circulars, pamphlets and publications of many other kinds, devoted to all sorts of political movements, new and fantastic healing systems, religious cults innumerable, systems for developing personality, and so forth, with whose promoters the recipients have no sympathy and of whom they know nothing.

**AS TO THE DISTRIBUTION** of German propaganda by our postoffice department that seems to be quite in accordance with the international postal regulations. As I understand it, each nation delivers free within its own territory all mail received by it from a foreign country. The country in which the material originates collects and keeps the postage. Thus, the German government collects and keeps postage on all matter mailed in Germany to the United States and on receiving it the American department forwards it without charge to its destination in this country. Correspondingly, the American government collects and keeps postage on matter mailed in this country and addressed to Germany, and the German government delivers it to its German address without charge. This arrangement applies to all nations that are members of the postal union, the mutual services rendered being supposed to offset each other.

**WITHIN A SHORT TIME** Radio listeners will be unable to hear over the air the products of some of the best known modern song writers and composers. Because of a controversy between the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers and the great broadcasting companies, the compositions of members of the ASCAP will be excluded from all except commercially sponsored programs, and the understanding is that commercial programs will be included as soon as present contracts expire.

**THE CONTROVERSY** Between the conflicting interests is of long standing. The main issue is that of royalties to be paid by the broadcasters for the use of musical compositions. It is conceded that the composer owns the product of his work and is entitled to payment for the privilege of using it. In order to protect their rights originators of musical numbers organized the ASCAP. They ask for larger royalties than the companies have been paying. The broadcasters allege that the ASCAP is trying to hold them up for unreasonable payments. They have organized an association composed of composers not members of the ASCAP, and hereafter will use the products of that organization, together with classical numbers and others not copyrighted.

**AS IN MOST SUCH CASES,**

this controversy has two sides. The writer of a song or the composer of an instrumental number is entitled to say who shall use his product, and on what terms. No one has a right to make commercial use of it without proper compensation. On the other hand, the broadcasting of a musical number is a benefit to the composer as it tends to popularize the number and promote its sale. The issue now involved is that of the reasonableness of the compensation demanded or offered. On that question I am on the fence, with no opinion to offer. It would suit me, however, if something could be done to banish from the air a lot of the tinpan stuff upon which one stumbles almost every time he turns a radio dial.

"**I SAW IT HAPPEN IN Norway,**" a book recently published by the Appleton Century Co. of New York, is a detailed account by C. J. Hambro, president of the Norwegian parliament, of the events of those fateful days of last April when, without warning, little Norway was invaded and overwhelmed by the forces of Germany a nation with which Norway had no quarrel, and to which she had given no offense. Last summer Mr. Hambro addressed large audiences in Grand Forks as well as in many other American cities. In those addresses he outlined the story of the invasion and of subsequent events. His book gives in detail the story which it was possible for him only to summarize as he spoke from the platform. His story is that of the man who was present during the occurrences which he describes, and who, as one of the principal officers of the Norwegian government, participated in the hurried organization of plans for defense and of the ultimate withdrawal of the government itself to a foreign country where it could still continue its defense of Norwegian independence.

(Some reference to the book was given some time ago in the Herald in a review by Dr. Richard Beck of the University of North Dakota.)

**IT WILL BE REMEMBERED** that the German government defended its invasion of Norway on the ground that Great Britain had perfected and was about to carry into effect plans for the invasion of Norway and its use as a base for operations against Germany. Therefore, said the messages from Berlin, German forces were sent to forestall that movement, to "protect" Norway and insure its continued independent existence. That theory is completely shattered by Mr. Hambro, who describes the abundant evidences of long and careful preparation for the invasion.

**NOT ONLY WERE THE IMMEDIATE** military preparations of such a nature that they must have been under way for a long time, but groundwork for the invasion had been prepared, not only months, but years in advance. Mr. Hambro writes:

"**WHAT STUPEFIED THE** Norwegians more than the act of aggression itself was the national realization that a great power professing its friendship suddenly appeared as a deadly enemy; and the individual realization that men and women with whom one had had intimate business or professional relations, who had been cordially welcomed in one's home, were spies and agents of destruction. More than by the violation of treaties and very international obligation, the people of Norway were dazed by the realization that for years their German friends had been elaborating the most detailed plans for the invasion and subsequent enslaving of their country.

"**THAT TOURISTS AND** starving children welcomed and nourished in Norway had been agents on a secret mission, had been learning Norwegian, had been studying Norwegian institutions intent on one thing only: to use every confidence given them to pave the way for the conquest of Norway and for the German reign in the country.

"**EVERY MAN IN THE DIPLOMATIC** and consular service was found to be an enemy agent. Under cover of international privileges granted them, in violation of every established code of international honor, they had made the German legation in Oslo, every consulate all over the country, every purchasing agency they had established, a center of conspiracy, a center of espionage, a center of treason and of contemplated crime against Norway."

**MR. HAMBRO'S STORY IS** told simply, with no attempt at rhetorical flourishes. The facts which he sets forth are more impressive than any flowery language that could be used to describe them. There are described meticulously the surprise attack, the consternation of the people, the spirited, but hopeless resistance by brave men who lacked arms, equipment, and everything but courage and determination, the deliberate bombing of Norwegian hospitals, isolated homes and helpless people on the streets. Attention is given to the setting up under German direction of the puppet government headed by Quisling. We are told of the transfer of the legitimate government from place to place, and of its final removal to England.

**THERE ARE DESCRIBED IN** detail the careful steps taken to have all of these moves made under clear constitutional authority. The story is an impressive one of the attempted destruction, without provocation, of a peaceful and independent nation, and it warns the people of other lands that what happened in Norway can happen in any other country so long as aggression remains unchecked, and so long as those who are subjected to that hazard are ignorant of the dangers which surround them or negligent of the precautions which are necessary to avert them.

**OUT OF THE CRASHING OF** bombs dropped on London and other British cities come letters to friends in the United States telling of experiences always disturbing, often tragic and some times comic, but giving evidence also of the persistence of a spirit which accepts with calmness that which cannot be avoided, which carries on in spite of difficulties and dangers, and in which there is no symptom of compromise or yielding. Professor Rowland, of the University music department, is in receipt of occasional letters from a sister in London who has shared the hazards of the past weeks. The following excerpts are from one such letter dated October 26:

"**AS I TOLD YOU IN MY LAST** letter, I returned from Birmingham into the thick of it. That was mild to what we are getting now. There go the sirens as I write, another alarm. 4:30 P.M. Sunday afternoon. First day alarm was at 7:40 A.M. We have no peace day or night these days. It has been terrific for the past seven weeks. The Jerrys start at 6:30 P.M. and it goes on all night until 7 A.M. They pass over N. W. London to get into Central. Friday night was dreadful. They came over in droves. They say more planes came over Friday night than ever. They were flying very low, too. We hear the bombs dropping. Sometimes they are in this Road or the next. Each day we wonder whose turn is going to be next.

"**MADGE AND FRED GO TO** Mill Hill to sleep each night. I see very little of them, (censored). Madge had her business bombed a month ago, only bricks and mortar left. Madge had been obliged to close the business four months ago. That was fortunate. It would break your heart to see the dear old land marks of London in ruins. Most of the stores in Oxford street have been badly bombed. John Lewis, Oxford street in ruins. It made me feel sick when I first saw it. Burnt to the ground. It was a lovely new building. Peter Robinson—those large pillars and iron girders smashed like a bit of china. Selfridge's, of course, but not as bad as the others. Regent street, too. Everywhere you turn, you see large craters.

"The most pathetic sight is to see the large queues waiting at the tube stations as early as 11 A.M. Many people sleep in the day shelters, which must be very cold and very cramped for they have no doors. I think it was a great mistake that the government did not make deep down shelters all under London. They have had 12 months to think about it. Now the winter is upon us. No doubt there will be much sickness. Well, I must not dwell too much upon the war. Everybody is going about trying to be as cheerful as they can. What we Britishers want is to retaliate, give the Germans blow for blow. "Our R. A. F. should be given power to bomb every town in Germany. Let the civilians get a taste as we have had here. You cannot be a gentleman and show the velvet glove to bullies. One must act and that right quickly.

**WHILE THE LONDONERS** must often take to underground shelters to escape death, they are still able to enjoy the spectacle of a fight overhead, as is indicated in the following paragraphs:

"**SAW A LOVELY FIGHT IN** the air at Swiss cottage this lunch time. Gentleman very kindly loaned me his field glasses. One could clearly see our spitfires swooping down on the Jerrys. What wonderful little planes they are. They dart about like a dragon fly.

"Don't worry about me. I shall be all right. In the midst of it all, one sees the funny side of things. To have a sense of humor helps one a great deal in life. I know it has helped me in a great many setbacks. We are not down-hearted, as Tommys of 1914 used to say. I feel sure that the Americans would do just the same if they were up against it.

"Life in London has changed. Shops in the West End close at 5 P.M. Next month they will close at 4 P.M. Many offices close at 3 P.M. Many people sleep at the offices."

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**SOME SOCIAL, SCIENTIST** proposes the building of a city which shall be exclusively for old people. His idea is not the construction of a home for the indigent, but a city in which elderly persons of moderate means can spend their later years free from the distractions of the ordinary city. In such a city there would be no factories, for the aged inhabitants would not be interested in producing things. There would be no great mercantile marts, only quiet stores where the modest needs of the aged could be met. There would be no excitement and no confusion, for the inhabitants would have no difficulties to overcome and no problems to solve. There would be no children to play tricks and make noises. Grandchildren might pay occasional visits but the atmosphere would be too quiet to tempt them to stay long. The place would be just a city of peace.

**HAVING LOOKED OVER THE** suggested plans, I am not interested. If that city is ever built I shall not be one of its inhabitants—not if I can help it. A city without energy and activity, without noise and confusion, without problems to solve and perplexities to worry about; a city without children to fill the air with laughter and to cause their elders to shake their heads

over the changing habits of youth; a city in which all one's neighbors would just be killing time and waiting for the end; a city whose people would be completely removed from the pulsing life of the world, with its comedies and tragedies, its perplexities and triumphs, where life would be on the scale of that of the ox in the pasture! Such a city would have no attractions for me. What sense is there in being buried before you are dead?

**EVERY LITTLE WHILE** somebody proposes that the British declare what their war aims are, what they are fighting for. Some statements along that line have been made from time to time, but just now the British are pretty busy. I suppose that if a man angered in fighting a tiger were asked what he is fighting about, if he had sufficient breath to reply he might answer: "I'm fighting to kill this tiger." And probably he wouldn't take time to go into the subject further.

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**VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON** has returned to New York after a visit to Alaska, where he spent two months on a survey for the Pan-American Airways. He is the company's adviser on northern operations. Among other things, he believes that adequate American defense calls for the building of three highways into Alaska, one through the coastal territory of British Columbia, and the other two farther in the interior. He believes that Alaska should be adequately defended, not against Russia, but against

Japan, and he thinks the United States government should seek closer relations with Russia.

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**STEFANSSON'S ADVOCACY** of closer relations with Russia, does not imply acceptance of Soviet political theories. We could agree to disagree on politics, he says, socialism for them, capitalism for us, and then search for points of common interest. He advocates co-operation with Russia in agricultural research, meteorological surveys, pressure on Japan to make her live up to her sealing and whaling treaties, Arctic trade, and the adoption of the Soviet ice-breaker, which he describes as the only one in the world for all-year-round usage. He believes, too, that the United States should also acquire both Greenland and Iceland to serve as defenses in the Atlantic.

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**MR. STEFANSSON SAID THE** government should colonize Alaska with more farmers, gardeners and dairymen to make the territory, rich in agricultural possibilities, completely self-sufficient and a source of supply for the United States. The Matanuska Colony, he said, was a step in the right direction, but there were many mistakes by which the authorities could profit.

"The worst," he said, "was in sending the poorest and least able persons in the United States to Alaska. They should send only farmers and men interested in bettering themselves. The Mormons, the best farmers in America, rumored to be interested in an Alaskan project, would be welcomed there with enthusiasm.

**GRAND FORKS IS FORTUNATE** in the possession of musical facilities such as are seldom equaled in cities of similar size. Down town there is the musical instruction given in all the public schools, which culminates in the work done in the high school, with its chorus, smaller group and solo training and the admirable development of instrumental music in band and orchestra. At the University still further training is given in band and orchestra and in the Madrigal club, while special work in voice and instrument is given at Wesley college.

**IT IS AT THIS CHRISTMAS** season that public attention is directed more particularly to what our schools are doing in music. Only a few years ago music, except of the most elementary kind was not a part of the school curriculum. It has now become one of the recognized and highly important school activities, and as the years pass its value is more and more fully recognized. During the entire year the music departments of the schools contribute greatly to the joy of living in public concerts and appearances before groups of many kinds, but this expression is appropriately concentrated as the Christmas holidays approach.

**IT IS NO SMALL PRIVILEGE** for the people of a community to have available for their enjoyment the kind of music that is being given by our schools, but the entertainment of the public, important though it is, is but a minor feature. Our young people are being given training which will be of inestimable value to them, and whose influence will continue through their lives. Ability to express one's self in music is a joy and inspiration to the individual and a source of pleasure to one's friends. It is something to be cultivated, treasured and used. It is an asset whose value is not affected by market fluctuations and which is proof against all the economic vicissitudes of life.

**OF THE WRITING OF** creeds and confessions of faith there is no end. Some of the productions are admirable. Just now there is need for understanding of what it means to be an American. There has been handed to me an expression of sentiment on that subject written by Albert Ginsberg, a student in the Grand Forks High school, which in thought and expression seems fitting to be passed on to the public. It is as follows:

**CREDO.**

By Albert Ginsberg.

I AM the realization of a great  
dream, a dream inspired by  
years of slavery and oppression.

I AM the fulfillment of great visions, visions created by the suffering of man debased by tyrants.

MY LIFE is symbolic of a great experiment whose outcome is yet to be written.

YET I AM HAPPY, FOR:

MY STANDARDS of living are higher than any other in the world;

MY EDUCATION is secured in schools that have competent teachers, men and women who are earnest, systematic and complete in their teaching; our school-room recitations are not censored by law;

MY INFORMATION is supplemented by daily newspapers that print the truth, correctly and unabridged;

MY RECREATION is enjoyed through carefree hours that men in other countries would well pay fortunes to obtain;

MY RELIGION is NOT made to conform with that of a state; there is no official state religion; I worship when, and where, and how I please, openly and unafraid;

YES, I AM HAPPY, FOR: When I walk in the open air I hear the birds sing, I see people happily at work, I know all is peaceful; and I pause to look up at our flag: I THANK GOD I AM AN AMERICAN.

IN HIS EXPLANATORY AND apologetic speech to the workers of Germany last week Hitler studiously refrained from mentioning Italy by name and from making direct reference to the reverses suffered by Italian forces in Greece and Egypt. He did make indirect reference to the subject, however, when he accused the British with magnifying episodes into tragedies. That is entirely contrary to the entire course of the British government in the statements which it has made to the public concerning its progress of the war. Understatement has uniformly marked British official announcements of successes won by any of the nations forces, and British reverses have never been minimized.

HITLER COULD NOT HAVE chosen a less opportune moment to criticize the British treatment of what he called episodes. While he spoke an important engagement was in progress in Africa and guarded statements were coming from British sources concerning the events in that arena. First came the announcement of the British attack and the capture of a few prisoners. Then more prisoners were reported captured, and it began to appear that a real battle might be in the making. But there were no premature announcements of such a battle—merely the statement that if the preliminary move proved to be as successful as it appeared, it might lead to a general engagement of first importance. That has actually come to pass. While Italian divisions have been captured or put to flight, and several of their generals have been captured or killed, the whole Italian army in Africa is in a desperate, if not a hopeless state.

THE DISASTERS THAT have befallen his partner in Greece and Africa must be giving Hitler profound concert. Not least among his causes for anxiety is the influence which the Italian reverses are likely to have on the attitude of the French people. Italy entered the war without provocation just as France was on the verge of collapse, and the French felt more bitter toward Italy than even toward Germany. But while the French have yielded perforce to the rule of Hitler, their resentment toward Italy has not been allayed. That resentment is likely now to find expression throughout France in ways that will create new problems for Hitler. And every reverse suffered by one of the members of the Axis is certain to inspire the peoples of all the occupied countries with fresh courage.

MAYOR THORESEN WAS IN a happy mood at the dinner given by the Chamber of Commerce in honor of Messrs. Langer and Robertson, just chosen to represent the state in the federal senate and house of representatives respectively. Particularly appropriate was his remark, given with a touch of facetiousness, that such a meeting was a demonstration of democracy at work under a Republican form of government. There were present in that gathering many who had not voted for one or the other of the honor guests. But the election is over, and the successful candidates are to represent, not some of the people, but all of them, and the fine gathering was an expression of intent to co-operate with the elected officials in every possible way for the promotion of whatever is of common interest. It was in that spirit that the meeting was held, and in that spirit it was accepted by the guests of honor.

I WAS INTERESTED NOT long ago in one of those excellent addresses given weekly by W. J. Cameron of the Ford Motor company. He began by speaking of unity, which he considered wholly desirable. But he made a clear distinction between unity and uniformity, two things which many are inclined to confuse. Uniformity, he said, is neither attainable nor desirable, and there could scarcely be anything more hopeless than a nation or a world in which all the people were cast in the same mould and moved according to the same pattern. The kind of unity, said Mr. Cameron, which is constructive, stimulating and wholly desirable, is community, in which men and women of infinite variety, while retaining their distinctive characteristics, shall work together; for the common good. That is the kind of unity that democracy means. The other kind is that which dictators seek to impose on the world.

**M. T. CUMMINGS OF DRAYTON** not only operates a dairy, but is interested in good English. Noticing the mispronunciation of many words by radio announcers, he offers to students and resident alumni of the Drayton high school during each month of the coming year a prize of 20 quarts of milk for the best list of ten or more words currently mispronounced by radio announcers or news analysts. Each list must show in parallel columns, the word properly spelled, as mispronounced, correct pronunciation, and name of station from which it was heard.

In a sample list Mr. Cummings gives the following words which he says have been mispronounced by certain radio speakers: Recreate, news, desultory, harass, occasion, efficient, official, Epirus and decade. The last two mispronunciations are charged to KFJM, the speaker having shortened the in the second syllable of Epirus and accented the second syllable of decade.

**THE COMPETITION WHICH** Mr. Cummings has instituted ought to prove an interesting one. It is likely to stimulate interest among the contestants in correct pronunciation, not only in the detection of errors made by others, but in promoting correct pronunciation among the contestants themselves.

**I SUPPOSE ALL OF US MIS**pronounce some words. In our casual conversation with each other occasional and minor slips pass unnoticed. But let the speaker address himself to the public, from the platform, from the pulpit, from the stage or from the radio studio, and critics are watching to catch his slightest error. The radio announcer who gives an impromptu description of a current happening is in a tight spot. When I hear Elmer Hanson rattling off the story of a basketball game I wonder that he is able to get anything straight. And he does a pretty good job.

**THERE ARE SOME WORDS** which admit of more than one pronunciation. For instance, "either" and "neither." One of those words occurred in a lesson when Dr. Kelly, our county school inspector, was visiting my country school, long, long ago. The word was "neither," and the pupil pronounced it "neether," Dr. Kelly said, "Yes, 'neether' or 'nyther'—either is correct." Then he thought a moment and grinned. "Perhaps," he said, " 'neether' is preferable." In reading or speaking formally he gave those words the "y" sound, but in ordinary conversation he sounded the double "e." There are some who use the "y" sound in those words quite naturally, but with many others it is a bit of affectation.

**I HAVE JUST BEEN EXAM**ining with great interest a booklet written by Madame Chiang Kai-shek, equally famous wife of the famous Chinese military and political leader. The text, written in English, is addressed to American children, and is adapted to the understanding of very young people. It is an appeal for help for the thousands of Chinese children whose homes have been destroyed, whose parents in many cases have been killed by Japanese bombs, and who have, been cast adrift to fend for themselves or starve. Some twenty thousand of them have been gathered up by an organization created by that purpose, and are being housed, fed, clothed and taught, in the hope that their lives may be spared and that they may develop into happy men and women and useful citizens. Told in the simplest language, the story is one, not only which children can understand, but which must impress itself powerfully on the hearts of those who are older.

**HERE IS ONE OF THE EX**periences recorded in the little book: A group of little waifs had been fed, cleaned and clothed, and were being conducted across country to the orphanage. Suddenly four little boys were missing. Nowhere could they be found. After a long time they reappeared, bringing with them seventeen others, hungry, ragged and dirty. The four boys explained that when they found with what care and kindness the little refugees were treated, they had gone back to their own home grounds, carried the news, and collected seventeen of their little companions and brought them along. How they had found their way in both directions through all the mazes of travel no one ever found out. Asked why they had gone without telling anyone they explained that they forgot, because they were in such a hurry. Madame Chiang's booklet contains many interesting descriptions of Chinese customs, some of which will be given in another issue.

**THE AMERICAN FORESTRY** association wants records of unusually large trees of every species, no matter where they grow. It is interested in developing appreciation of trees, and to that end it wishes to obtain information concerning big trees to create a sentiment which will lead to the preservation of forest giants which otherwise might be destroyed. The association invites from tree lovers everywhere information concerning the biggest trees in their respective neighborhoods.

**THE LARGEST TREE OF** which there is an official record is the General Sherman tree in California, which is 36 feet 6 inches in diameter at the base. It is described as the "largest and oldest living thing." Trees of other species cannot compete in size with the California giants, but within species there is abundant opportunity for competition. Somewhere there is the biggest maple, somewhere the biggest elm. Somewhere the ashes, cottonwoods, pines, walnuts and other species have their biggest representatives and the association hopes to be instrumental in causing the preservation of those fine representatives of their respective types.

**IN NORTH DAKOTA OUR** largest trees are the cottonwoods. There are large specimens of this species near Hillsboro, near Park River and near Bathgate. There may be others which have not been reported. Two or three months ago the largest tree in Grand Forks was cut down. It was a cottonwood which grew in Central park. It was unsound and poorly rooted and there was danger that a high wind would blow it down, with the possibility of a fatal accident. Its extreme diameter was nearly 9 feet. I don't know if any steps were taken to ascertain its age by counting its rings. Those rings might have told an interesting story of yearly changes in weather and other conditions of growth.

**THE FORESTRY ASSOCIATION** wishes the information which it receives to be accurate and authentic. There should be supplied with each record of a large tree figures as accurate as possible on its girth, height, and spread of branches. Its ownership and location should be given, and where possible the information should be verified by some local public official. Communications should be addressed to The American Forestry Association, 919 Seventeenth St. N.W., Washington, D. C.

**OF ALL THE WORDS IN** our language, one that gets the roughest usage of any, it seems to me, is "reverend," at least among Americans. By a very large number of those who use it, the word is treated as a title, like "captain," or "doctor," whereas it is nothing of the kind. "Reverend" is a descriptive word, and in strict accuracy it ought always to be preceded by "the," as "the Reverend Thomas Jones." However, accuracy has generally yielded to custom in this manner, and the form "Reverend Thomas Jones" is generally accepted by those who are considered competent authorities.

**THAT IS QUITE DIFFERENT**, however, from the gross misuse of the word which is quite common even among educated persons. We hear and see in print such expressions as "The sermon was preached by Rev. Andrews," and we often hear the cordial, but atrocious salutation "Good morning, Reverend," without any name at all. "Captain" is a title, therefore it is quite correct to say "Captain Smith." But as "reverend" is not a title, it is incorrect to say "Reverend Smith." Popular misuse of the word "reverend" grates on the sensibilities of many ministers whom I have known, but as a rule they just grin and bear it.

**IN HER BOOKLET APPEALING** for aid for homeless Chinese children Madame Chiang Kai-shek describes some of the ancient Chinese customs which are still observed. It is well known, of course, that the Chinese are given to the flying of kites. There are ancient traditions and religious beliefs which are associated with this practice. Into these Madame Chiang does not enter, but she mentions some facts which are not generally known. Among other things, for example, she tells of the kite-flying contests which mark certain seasons. On those occasions the air seems literally filled with kites, big and little, some of them so large that several men are required to control them. They are in all sorts of forms, birds, caterpillars, dragons, and in these days even automobiles. Under skillful guidance the big kites are made to fight each other, one method being to get the strings crossed and have one cut the other in two. Some owners have been known to cover the strings of their kites with mixed glue and crushed glass so as to give them greater cutting power, a practice which is described as a "nasty trick, almost as bad as using spurs in cock fighting."

**MANY OF THE FLYING** kites utter strange sounds, which are produced by the passage of air through bamboo whistles attached to the kite. That practice was originated by a Chinese general whose force was entrapped by a larger hostile one. At night the besieged general had a lot of kites flown over the enemy's camp, and to each kite he had attached bamboo whistles. The besiegers, hearing those wierd sounds coming from the darkness overhead, thought that spirits from above were after them and took to their heels.

**NOT ONLY ARE WHISTLES** attached to kites they are also attached to the tails of pigeons, causing strange humming sounds to come from the flocks of pigeons which fly over Chinese cities. That practice also had its origin in war. When walled cities were besieged pigeons were used to carry messages. Presently the enemy had the pigeons caught by trained falcons. Somebody conceived the idea of attaching whistles to the tails of the pigeons and the noise of the whistles frightened the falcons away.

**EVERYONE KNOWS THAT** Chinese streams are navigated for thousands of miles by junks, boats of light draft which are fitted with large sails, but which are often poled upstream for many miles. It is not so well known that some junks are made flexible so that they may turn corners. In some narrow sections of rivers there are sharp turns, and to negotiate such turns the longer junks are built in sections and hinged. In rounding a sharp curve the fastenings on one side are released and the boat accommodates itself to the shape of the river.

**ALASKA BECAME FAMED A** generation ago for its gold. In more recent years its fisheries have become an important source of wealth. Just now attention is being given to the production of Alaskan wool, not the wool of sheep, but the wool of the native ovibo, or musk ox. The outer covering of the musk ox is long, stiff hair, similar in texture to that of a horse's mane. But underneath is a mass of softwool, and this wool can be woven into warm, durable cloth. Experiments conducted through several years have led to the belief that this wool' can be used successfully on a commercial scale.

**HERDS OF MUSK OXEN** have roamed within the Arctic circle from Alaska to Labrador and have been a valuable source of food for the eskimo. Arrival of white hunters with firearms threatened the extinction of these sturdy little animals, but the public authorities of Canada and Alaska are taking steps to protect them. The University of Alaska has been studying the musk ox for years, and it is now believed that large herds of the animals can be maintained in a semi-domesticated condition.

**ON DECEMBER 23 J. H.** Worst, former lieutenant governor of North Dakota, will celebrate his 90th birthday at his home at Altadena, California, where he has lived quietly for several years, fortunate in the fact that Mrs. Worst, the companion of many years, is still with him, to enjoy with him the association of friends and the quiet of the sunset years. His address is 1710 Morada Place, Altadena, Calif., and I am sure that many friends who knew him here in his active years will be glad to extend congratulations to him.

**DR. WORST WAS A MEMBER** of the first North Dakota state senate, of whose membership there are, I believe, only three other survivors, J. E. Stevens, C. B. Little and Anton Svensrud. In the more than half century that has passed since that first state legislature convened many changes have taken place, and most of those who were then active have passed from the scene. It is well that the few who are left be remembered for the services that they performed, for they labored earnestly and achieved much in the face of great obstacles.

**DR. WORST SERVED AS** lieutenant governor of North Dakota for the term 1895-96. Roger Allin was governor. Political conditions were confused. The Populist party had recently come into being, and through its alliance with the Democrats North Dakota, normally overwhelmingly Republican, had elected Short-ridge, a Populist governor. In 1894 there was a reaction, and Allin was elected by the Republicans, and with him Worst as lieutenant governor.

**FOR MANY YEARS DR.** Worst served as president of the Agricultural college, and he devoted himself diligently to the task of building up that institution and to the development of the agricultural possibilities of the state. He became widely known as a man of fine personality and scholarly attainments, and as an eloquent and convincing public speaker. A Merry Christmas to him, and a Happy New Year, and as he approaches the end of his long journey, may he always be conscious of the warm regard of the people of North Dakota, in whose service he spent so many fruitful years.

**WHILE THE REGULAR COR**respondents send interesting descriptions of the conditions in war-torn Europe, and especially in England, where so many of the people spend their days and nights conscious of the drone of planes in the air, and of the blasts of exploding bombs, even more interesting, from certain standpoints, are the letters which are received by local people from their friends across the seas. Those letters are intimate and personal. They are not written for public perusal or with any thought of effect on the public mind. In them are revealed the inner thoughts of their writers, and through them it is possible, as in no other way, to sense the spirit which makes it possible for the British to carry on their fight. One such letter, recently received by Jack Bird, Hallock, Minn., newspaper man, is from a sister who, with her family, lives in the English county of Kent, on the direct line of the Nazi bombers trail between the English channel and London. A few paragraphs from her letter read:

**"WE ARE ALL ALIVE AND**

well I am thankful to say, but naturally we are having experiences that are not exactly pleasant.

"Some slight damage to one wing of our house, bombs roaring about us, noise from gun fire, broken nights of rest, etc., etc.

"It's all very sad my dear brother, but all will be well, and our difficulties all thoroughly worth while when Hitlerism becomes a thing of the past, which it surely will.

"I was up to London last week just as the air raid siren started, but apart from some of us scurrying to cover, no one paid any further attention to it. The dear old city that you know, or knew, so well has been pretty badly wrecked. Let us remember this, dear Jack—We KNOW that a good GOD who has never forsaken us in our hour of need will give us the victory in His own good time, and no matter what lies ahead or how difficult the way may be, we are not, or ever going to be, downhearted or beaten."

**FOLLOWING WHAT HAS** now become an annual custom in this column, I am reproducing, as I have done on other occasions, the famous reply of the New York Sun to the question of one of its little girl readers: "Is there a Santa Claus?" The article has been copied more often, I suppose, than any other editorial ever published, and it is as fresh today as on the day when it was written. Some- time in September, 1897, the editor of the New York Sun received the following letter:

Dear Editor:—I am 8 years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says 'If you see it in the Sun, it's so.' Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?

VIRGINIA O'HANION.

The editor turned the letter over to his assistant, Francis P. Church, and asked him to answer it. Church is said to have been not very enthusiastic over the assignment at first, but presently he got into the spirit of it and wrote the following reply, which was published in the Sun on September 21, 1897:

"VIRGINIA, YOUR LITTLE friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is but a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

"YES, VIRGINIA, THERE IS a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no child-like faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

"NOT BELIEVE IN SANTA Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

"YOU TEAR APART THE baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, not even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, poetry, love, romance, can push aside the curtain and view the picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

"NO SANTA CLAUS! THANK God, he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, no, ten thousand times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood."

**TO WHICH I APPEND THE** comment made in former years: What an answer! It brushes aside the inconsequential fictions of materialism and goes right to the heart of the subject. Like a fresh, clean breeze, it dissipates the mists of misunderstanding and permits the truth to shine forth, clear and distinct. It gives faith something on which it can take hold and discloses to us a meaning in life independent of the trappings in which we sometimes dress it up. It shows the perplexed parent a way in which childish questions may be answered, and it may help to clear away some of the difficulties of the parent himself.

**LITTLE VIRGINIA GREW** up, married, became a mother, and is now Dr. Virginia Douglas, assistant principal of an East Side school In New York.

When she was old enough to understand the editorial's full meaning, she used to feel badly because poor children were not able to have gifts at Christmas as tangible indications of Santa's existence.

Later on, she says she grew to realize that material gifts were not so important as the faith which even the very poor could have in something spiritual.

**A SHY WOMAN, HESITANT** in speaking of personal matters, Dr. Douglas is not especially fond of the publicity attendant upon the famous 'Letter to Virginia' Every year the Sun reprints the editorial at Christmas time, and Virginia Douglas is again in the spotlight.

Dr. Douglas found her own daughter beginning to doubt Santa Claus when she saw so many in the stores. "She was a product of the mechanical age," Dr. Douglas light laugh tinkled. "She thought it silly for Santa to use a sled when he could have come in an airplane!"

**DECIDEDLY, DR. DOUGLAS** is not in favor of breaking the news boldly to a child that there is no Santa Claus. He will learn naturally, she says, as he turns •from the free, imaginative stage of early childhood to an interest in the world around him.

**FROM THE WAY THINGS** are moving in Washington it appears that the president's plan of financing British purchases of war material is being generally accepted as the one which, in its e s s e n t i a l s, is likely to be put into effect. The British have already bought and paid for some billions of dollars' worth of material in the U n i t e d States. They need a lot more, no one can tell how much, and the cost is likely to reach many more billions. British finances are not yet exhausted, but neither are they Inexhaustible, and the problem of finding all the money that will be needed presents itself in concrete form.

**THE PRESIDENT'S PLAN AS** outlined in press dispatches amounts to this: British orders now or later to be placed with American manufacturers are to be taken over by the United States government, which will pay for the products and own them. Those products — ships, planes, tanks and so forth — will then be loaned to Britain for use in the war. After the war, if the British win, such of the material as is in good condition will be returned to the United States. The rest will be paid for in cash or in new material to replace the old.

**THAT IS A ROUNDABOUT** way of doing something that could just as well be done directly. The president says his plan is to be submitted to congress. If congress can or will provide money to pay for goods to be lent to Britain it could just as well lend the money directly and let Britain pay for her own purchases. If the leases of material are to be secured by some form of mortgage or the pledging of collateral, a cash loan could be secured in the same manner. The element of time does not enter, because action can be as rapid on British as on American orders. The single element of plausibility in the plan, as I see it, is that the president may be banking on the reluctance of some congressmen to face an issue and on their preference for methods of circumlocution to those of direct action. In that he may be right.

**MIAMI DISPATCHES CRED**ited the Duke of Windsor with saying that he had not been offered the position of ambassador to the United States, but that if it were offered he would be glad to accept if in so doing he could be of service to his own country and the United States. That was a fairly harmless statement, but I thought the duke might better have made no statement at all.

**ACCORDING TO AN ARTI**cle in the Leader, which has been operated since its inception as the personal organ of Mr. Langer, there is a conspiracy on foot among Langer's opponents to oppose his seating in the United States senate, and that in support of that opposition all the accusations that have been made against Langer in past years are to be resurrected and presented to the senate. I have learned to accept with caution political I statements made by the Leader, and my guess is that in this case it is drawing on its exceedingly fertile imagination.

**STILL, ONE NEVER CAN** tell. There seems to be no limit to the acts of stupidity which some men, otherwise apparently rational, will commit, and it is just possible that some movement of the sort indicated by the Leader is under way. If that is true the promoters are going to get their fingers severely burned, and they will make themselves objects of ridicule. For various and sundry reasons I didn't vote for Langer, but I have no disposition to go behind the record of the November election. Langer was elected, by a small plurality, it is true, but he was elected. All the facts pertaining to his career were known to the people of the state before the election, and it would be absurd to suppose that the senate will give any consideration to charges growing out of North Dakota political controversies with which the senate has nothing to do. I still think that the Leader is imagining things.

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**INNUMERABLE** TRADITIONS and customs have become associated with Christmas day and the Christmas season. Many of them are directly related to the Christian faith, while others are of pagan origin. In many cases ancient pagan forms, many of them beautiful and impressive, have been retained and given new significance by having implanted in them elements derived from the story of Jesus. Without these traditions and customs Christmas would lose much of its flavor. With the day we associate the Christmas tree and the Christmas candle, holly and mistletoe, the ringing of bells and the sing of carols, and there is a great multitude to whom the Christmas season would not be quite complete without the opportunity to read or hear read that famous old poem "The Night Before Christmas."

**THE AUTHOR OF THE POEM**, Clement Carke Moore, was born in New York in 1799 and died at Newport, R. I., in 1863. He was graduated from Columbia in 1804, and for twenty-five years served as a professor in New York General Theological seminary, occupying the chair of Biblical Learning and later changing to that of Oriental and Greek Literature. He published a volume of poems and was the author of theological treatises. Like the creator of "Alice" and inventor of her amazing and amusing adventures, this teacher of serious subjects is now known and remembered for an achievement of an entirely different type, a bit of verse which he probably regarded as of no consequence, but which is known and loved the world over. It has become my custom to publish that little poem sometime during the Christmas season, and here it is again:

**THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.**

'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the  
house Not a creature was stirring, not  
even a mouse; The stockings were hung by the  
chimney with care, In hopes that St. Nicholas soon  
would be there The children were nestled all  
snug in their beds, While visions of sugar-plums  
danced in their heads; and mamma in her kichief  
and I in my cap, Had just settled our brains for a  
long winter's nap— When out on the lawn there  
arose such a clatter, I sprang from my bed to see  
what was the matter. Away to the window I flew like  
a flash, Tore open the shutters and threw  
up the sash, The moon on the breast of the  
new-fallen snow Gave a lustre of midday to subjects below; When what to my wondering  
eyes should appear, But a miniature sleigh and eight  
tiny reindeer. With a little old driver so lively  
and quick I knew in a moment it must be  
St. Nick. More rapid than eagles his  
coursers they came, And he whistled and shouted  
and called them by name. "Now Dasher; now Dancer! now  
Prancer and Vixon! On Comet! on Cupid! on Donner  
and Blitzen! To the top of the porch, to the  
top of the wall! Now dash away, dash away,  
dash away all!" As dry leaves that before the  
wild hurricane fly, When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,  
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew, With the sleigh full of toys, and  
St. Nicholas, too. And then in a twinkling I heard  
on the roof The prancing and pawing of each  
little hoof. As I drew in my head and was  
turning around, Down the chimney St. Nicholas  
came with a bound. He was dressed all in fur from  
his head to his foot, And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot; A bundle of toys he had flung on  
his back, And he looked like a peddler just  
opening his pack; His eyes, how they twinkled; his  
dimples how merry! His cheeks were like roses, his  
nose like a cherry; His droll little mouth was drawn  
up like a bow, And the beard on his chin was  
as white as the snow. The stump of a pipe he held  
tight in his teeth, And the smoke it encircled his  
head like a wreath. He had a broad face and a little  
round belly That shook when he laughed like  
a bowl full of jelly. He was chubby and plump,— a  
right jolly old elf; And I laughed when I saw him,  
in spite of myself. A wink of his eye and twist of  
his head Soon gave me to know there was  
nothing to dread. He spoke not a word, but went  
straight to his work, And filled all the stockings, then  
turned with a jerk, And laying his finger aside of  
his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose. He sprang to his sleigh, to his

team gave a whistle; And away they all flew like the  
down of a thistle; And I heard him exclaim, ere he  
drove out of sight, "Happy Christmas to all, and to  
all a good-night."

**I HEARD LIONEL BARRY**more in "The Christmas Carol" the other night, and I was disappointed. Barrymore is a great actor and a fine elocutionist, and I thought his part of the pro-gram, what there was of it, was excellent. But the whole program, to me, was a disappointment. To convey to an audience anything like an adequate impression of the "Christmas Carol" in half an hour is a task next to impossible for the most accomplished reader, even if he has the entire half-hour to himself. To do the subject justice in such a brief time when the reading is interrupted by the injection of a dozen or so dramatic bits is beyond the realm of human achievement.

**MUCH OF THE EFFECTIVE**ness of "The Christmas Carol" lies in the language in which the story is told. Descriptive sentences, illustrative phrases, illuminate the text and often in a few words bring to the reader pictures of which any attempts at stage reproductions would be mere caricatures. For the development of its full flavor the story is to be read rather than acted, and which it must be condensed in any public rendition because of time limitations, in every consideration something is lost. To cut it to half an hour, and then devote half of that time to dramatic fragments is to butcher it, and that was the effect of the Barrymore number.

**TO SAY THAT THE PRE**sentation of the number by Professor Rowland and his company was superior to that of Barry-more is not to institute a comparison between Rowland and Barrymore as to histrionic ability. More time was given to the Rowland production, and time is necessary. That made possible more detailed reading of the text, and it is the text which is really important. The pantomimic and other stage representations were incidental and illuminating embellishments, not interruptions. That is as it should be.

**I HAVE A BONE TO PICK** with somebody, and I think it may be Elroy Schroeder. Last year I attended the community concert, as I have attended those concerts ever since they were inaugurated. I enjoyed all of it, and a few days later, meeting Schroeder, who sang in the choir I waxed so enthusiastic over the subject that I said I intended another year to join the choir myself.

**I DON'T KNOW WHETHER** or not Schroeder construed that as a threat and passed it on to somebody in authority, but this year I learned that there wasn't going to be any choir! There was nothing for me to join. The ground was cut right from under my feet. The only thing I could do last Sunday was mingle with the crowd and sing my lustiest, which I did. And at that, I had a first rate time. And the people around me were singing so earnestly that I don't think they noticed what I was doing. But I am suspicious of that man Schroeder.

**AVIATION TAKES ITS TOLL** of human life. Lives have been sacrificed in every phrase of human progress. Three lives were ended suddenly in a crash above the Grand Forks airport a few days ago. They were lives for which the future seemed to have much of good in store, but in a moment those careers were ended, and bereaved friends mourn the death of those they loved.

**IN THE SUMMER OF 1910** Archie Hoxey, who at Grand Forks had recently made the first airplane flight ever made in the northwest, talked to a friend in Kansas City of the hazards of flying. Farnham and John-stone, close friends and flying companions of his, had recently been killed, Hoxey kept on flying. To his friend he said:

"Farnham has been killed, Ralph Johnstone has been killed and I will be killed, but that does not make any difference. Flying will go on. It is the greatest means of transportation that man has ever evolved. Thousands of men must be killed, but that will make no difference. We are pioneers of flying, and pioneers are always killed. Human progress is built on dead bodies."

**NOT LONG AFTER HOXSEY** was killed in a flight at San Diego, but there has been no check in the development of flying.

**SEVERAL YEARS AGO** A young Chinese student, attended the University of North Dakota and later took post-graduate work in other American universities before returning to his native country to teach law courses in a university situated near Peking. Written in the customary Chinese order his name is Chien Tuan-Sheng, Chien being his family name, but in correspondence with American friends he Anglicizes the form and writes it Tuan-Sheng Chien. About two years ago Dr. Chien revisited the United States and spoke at the University. His mission at that time was as a representative of the Chian Kai-shek government to visit American universities and place before their faculties and student bodies the cause of his country in the struggle into which it had been forced by the Japanese invasion. Returning to China he resumed his teaching, but he has kept in close contact with Generalissimo Chiang and has maintained correspondence with American friends.

**DR. CHIEN IS NOW STATIONED** at Kunming, capital of the Chinese province of Yunnan, which adjoins British Burma. It is an important station on the now famous Burma road which was built by the herculean labors of hundreds of thousands of Chinese for the transportation of supplies from the west to Chungking, the present Chinese capital. The road was closed by Great Britain early in the summer in response to a request or demand from Japan, but was reopened when Japan joined the Berlin-Rome axis.

**DR. CHIEN WRITES (AS OF Nov. 25):**

"Japan joined the Axis on the 27th of September. From all appearances she has been preparing the southward move ever since. The reduction of her garrisons in South China, the concentration of a large expeditionary force, many transport ships and air and naval units on and around the Island of Hainan, and finally her attempt to maneuver Thailand into line: These all indicate that Japan is making herself ready for the expected adventure. The adventure must, however, in the final analysis, involve a trial of naval strength with both England and America. The latter may not come in, but Japan has poor reason to ignore the possibility.

**"MY OWN INFORMATION** regarding the attitude of Japanese naval leaders differs diametrically. According to one set of information, it was the naval leaders themselves who took the initiative of insisting upon a policy of southward expansion. According to another, the prevalent naval opinion in Japan is still for caution. How soon will Japan attack Singapore or the Dutch East Indies depends on which set of information being correct. But attack she eventually must; for she bears the uncomfortable burden of a mighty power and has her pledges (to Hitler and Mussolini) to redeem. Personally I think it is already too late for America to dissuade Japan by a show of force, though not too late to gain a decisive early victory by swift action.

**"THE BURMA ROAD HAS** been operating again for over a month. As soon as the decision to reopen the road was known, Japan intensified her aerial activities all over this province (Yunnan). But the damages have been on the whole negligible.

Kunming has no more than been scratched. Same has been the case with the Burma road. One of the two main bridges was once actually damaged. But communication was never completely suspended, and it did not take long to repair.

**IN A WAY ATTACKING KUNMING** is like a wolf attacking a flock of sheep. The city is, aside from a few anti-aircraft guns, without any defense. Our own aircrafts are too few and too slow to risk any chance with the enemy planes. The dug-outs are poor. Few would dare entrust their lives to these muddy and watery things. In other words, when there are air-raid alarms, the whole city, including our planes— but of course not including the police, firemen and gendarmes— has to flee and seek shelter in the open fields, hill-tops and canal banks. And that frequently lasts five to nine hours. Kunming being a city of some 200,000 and those who have accommodations in the country numbering but two out of ten, it is easy to imagine the havoc air raids can work on the populace. Yet in spite of the havoc, work, both government and private, is still being done. Take our university for instance. Though one of our five colleges has been completely reduced to ruins and the houses of some thirty faculty and staff members also destroyed, we are, by shifting our classes and office hours! to early mornings and late afternoons, attending to our work in much the usual way. What is true of the University is true also of other organizations. Naturally there are people who demand removing the institutions and government offices to other places. But when one is reminded that the whole Southwest is haunted by air-raid alarms, the wisdom of removing is indeed open to question. So far few insist on removing and still fewer have moved away."

**ON MANY OF THE CHRISTMAS** cards—some of them very beautiful—are pictures of English winter scenes. There are snow-clad fields snow-covered roofs and snow-laden trees. There are merry parties enjoying the ride in the winter air. But always, so far as I have observed, those parties travel on wheels. Has anyone ever seen a picture of an English sleigh-riding party? There are plenty of pictures of sleighing parties, but always, I think, the scenes are American, preferably New England.

**I HAVE NEVER SEEN** AN English landscape, but I have understood that except in the extreme north, or perhaps in the Welsh mountains, it rains there in winter oftener than it snows, and when snow does fall it seldom remains long on the ground. From London south a real snowfall is an event to be remembered for a long time. The sleigh, therefore, seems never to have been an English institution, and it must have been a tremendous job to get wagons and coaches through on the rare occasions when there was enough snow to form drifts.

**IN MY READING OF BOOKS** with an English background there is only one mention of a sleigh, or sled, that I can recall. That is in "Lorna Doone," a book that I recommend" without reservation to anyone looking for a description of a really hard winter. In that story the hero, John Ridd, builds a sled on which he hauls his beloved from her imprisonment in Doone valley, his own weight being supported on the deep snow by snowshoes such as he has learned were used by the North American Indians.

**DICKENS GIVES US MANY** winter scenes, but without much snow, and with no sleighs whatever. The sleigh, of course, is not exclusively American. Sleighs of the type habitually used by white settlers in northern North America were never used by the American Indians at all. Doubtless that was because before the time of Columbus the Indians knew nothing about horses. Their sled was of the toboggan type and was hauled by hand. And the toboggan type was continued after horses came into use. Our sleigh patterns seem to have been borrowed from the Russians and then modified to suit our own needs and tastes.

**THE CUTTER WAS** A Picturesque vehicle, and it looks well in a picture. In mild weather it was comfortable, but it had its limitations. Its open sides gave no protection from a cold wind, and the wind had a way of finding its way under robes, no matter how carefully they might be tucked in. But on a mild moonlight night, and with a horse that didn't require too much driving, the cutter had its points.

**SOME TIME AGO I MENTIONED** that the Forestry association is collecting data on big trees in an effort to bring about, as far as possible, the preservation of the largest specimens of each species. Over in California there is held annually a Christmas tree ceremony at the base of the General Grant tree, which is, said to be not only the largest tree, but the largest living thing in the world. That mammoth tree is so huge that it is difficult to visualize its size. Its greatest horizontal diameter is 40.3 feet at the base, and at 200 feet above the ground its diameter is about 12 feet. It is 267 feet tall.

**DOES A COTTONWOOD TREE** have rings? I supposed that all trees had them, but when I mentioned the cutting down of the big cottonwood tree in Central park and wondered if anyone had counted its rings to determine its age, the friend with whom I chatted said he understood that cottonwoods had no rings. That was quite new to me. I supposed that the annual growth builds a ring around the trunk of every tree, but it is possible that because of some peculiarity of its growth, or because of the softness of the wood, the divisions between the rings are not perceptible. Can anyone tell?

**TIME AFTER TIME WE ARE** told that "winter begins December 21," when in fact it does nothing of the sort. And we are told, equally without reason, that spring, summer and winter begin respectively on March 21, June 21 and September 21, or thereabouts. The old almanacs divided the year in that unscientific manner, and some of the modern ones may follow the same course. I have no idea who originated the practice, but it has been followed and accepted these many years.

**ASTRONOMICALLY OUR** year may reasonably be divided into two seasons, summer and winter, summer during the six months when the sun is on our side of the equator, and winter during the other six months. There is no physical basis whatever for spring and autumn. Of course, if we choose to divide the year into four parts instead of two, that is our own business. December 21 is not the beginning, but the middle of our northern winter, and June 21 marks the middle of our summer. If we insist on four seasons they should begin about the following dates: Spring, February 6; summer, May 7; autumn, August 6; winter, November 10.

**IN ONE OF THOSE QUIZ**

programs of which there are so many on the air the question was asked: "What character in one of Shakespeare's plays appears only as a ghost?" The person of whom the question was asked was unable to answer, although she had answered several other Shakespeare questions correctly. That aroused my curiosity, and I tried the question on about half-a-dozen of my friends who have at least average familiarity with Shakespeare. I got the same answer from all of them, and it was wrong. Try the question on yourself and then check up and see if you are right.

**AS THE END OF THE YEAR**

approaches there is no evidence of a getting together of the radio broadcasters and the ASCAP which controls the copyrights of most of the music that has been played and sung over the radio. In the absence of an agreement all ASCAP music will be off the air after the first of the year. From all that I have been able to learn it appears that the controversy involves only such questions as ought to be adjusted on some reasonable basis of compromise, and such adjustment seems to be decidedly in the public interest.

**I WAS SURPRISED TO READ** somewhere that such an ancient number as "After the Ball" is still protected by copyright, and, as the copyright is controlled by the ASCAP it will be barred from the air in the absence of agreement. Another of the older numbers listed in the same group is "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling." The ban will not extend, of course, to what are known as the classical numbers, which were never copyrighted or on which the copyright has expired.

**THERE IS A LOT OF STUFF**

generally classified as music which is merely noise. For that we are apt to blame the present age. I wonder if this age is really more culpable than any other. It is quite true that there are more tinny and sloppy songs now than ever before, but there is also more good music. How greatly have the proportions changed?

**EARLIER GENERATIONS** produced the great musical classics, and as little else that was produced in those earlier periods has survived, we may fall into the error of supposing that while their great masters were at work nothing but their work was known. But during those same periods there was produced much that passed for music that was far from musical. Much work has been done in the recovery of old folk tunes and the words to which the tunes were sung. The results are interesting to the antiquarian and the sociologist, but the evidence is that our predecessors sang and listened to a lot of stuff which was neither more musical nor more poetical than the sloppiest productions of the modern Tin-pan Alley. More of all kinds is being produced now than formerly. Perhaps on the basis of ratio we have not deteriorated as much as is sometimes supposed.

**A WEEK AGO I EXPRESSED** doubt as to the accuracy of the Bismarck Leader's statement that a petition was being prepared in North Dakota for presentation to the United States senate protesting against the seating in that body of William Langer, who was elected in November. I apologize to the Leader. Its report was quite correct. Such a petition has been prepared and forwarded to Washington and its sponsors have given the substance of it to the press for publication. The committee's statement as given out was published in the Herald.

**MY REASON FOR DOUBTING** that such a step was contemplated was that I could not imagine men of ordinary intelligence attempting to prevent the seating of a senator-elect on the basis of such charges as were outlined in the original announcement. Now that the charges have been made public I am completely mystified, I can't imagine what dreams could have inspired the thought that the senate would pay any attention to such charges. All of them, except the one relating to division of patronage with Tom Whelan, which is none of the senate's business, have been threshed out before the North Dakota public for months, most of them for years, and with full knowledge of the charges the people of the state elected Langer last fall. I can imagine the senate committee saying to the petitioners: "Go home and take something soothing for the nerves, and don't bring your local political scraps here for us to decide. We have troubles of our own."

**INSTITUTION OF CRIMINAL** proceedings to settle a business dispute never appealed strongly to me, but the controversy between ASCAP and the broadcasters has reached a stage which appears to call for some sort of drastic action. Perhaps the criminal suits started by the department of justice against all parties to the controversy over the use of copyrighted music may have the effect of clearing up an intolerable situation. Going back to the beginning, the broadcasters were altogether wrong in claiming the right to use copyrighted music on their programs without paying for it. The courts ruled that they must pay, and they have been paying. The ASCAP did a good job in protecting the rights of composers, authors and publishers. But, having established itself firmly, the society appears to have taken the bit in its teeth and attempted to run away with the wagon. The public is always injured by strikes, lockouts and monopolistic practices.

**I HAVE BEEN TRYING TO** think of some basis on which the United States might propose peace to Germany and Great Britain, complying with demands which come from several quarters. It seems clear that it would be futile to propose terms which would require either party to relinquish its major objective. Germany's objective, as declared time and again by the men who constitute its government and direct its armies, is the establishment of a new order in Europe which would extend to the entire continent the totalitarian philosophy which is supreme in Germany and has been imposed on all occupied territory. Norway, Holland and all the other lands would be required to abandon their democratic systems and! adopt new principles, hateful to them, and shape their governments on new patterns drawn in Berlin.

**TO INVITE GERMANY TO** abandon that program, or even to modify it materially, would be to ask Hitler to confess defeat after all his boasting; to admit the complete collapse of the cause to which he had dedicated his life. Is there anyone so infantile as to suppose that such a suggestion would even be considered in Berlin?

**ON THE OTHER HAND,** shall we propose to Great Britain that she accept the Nazi program in order to purchase peace for herself? That would mean the existence across the channel of a continental dictatorship more powerful than any other that the world has seen, with the resources of the entire continent in men and material available to it at any time and for any purpose. It would mean the extension of the power of that dictatorship to the uttermost parts of the earth. It would mean abandonment by Britain of the gallant fight which she is waging for the preservation of freedom, a cause in which her blood has been freely shed and her treasure freely spent. Britain could never consider peace on such terms.

**THE UNITED STATES COULD** not propose with any hope of acceptance to Germany or to Great Britain the abandonment is either nation's major objective. Nor could this nation propose acceptance of any part of the German program without repudiating its entire history as the exponent of democratic principles and causing Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt to turnover in their graves.

AS THE YEAR COMES TO a close there is a turning of thought toward the past, and no matter what the old year may have brought us there is something of sadness in which we bid farewell. And, as we approach the new year it is often with high resolve, and always with hope. Few feel so utterly defeated as not to hope that the coming year will be better than the last. Tennyson has succeeded, better, perhaps, than any other poet, in interpreting the two moods in which we bid farewell to the old year and welcome the new. I have used two of his poems on that subject before, and because of their appropriateness I now repeat them:

#### DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR

Full knee-deep lies the winter  
snow, And the winter winds are wearily  
sighing: Toll ye the church-bell sad and  
slow,

And tread softly and speak low., For the old year lies a-dying. Old year, you must not die; You came to us so readily, You lived with us so steadily, Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still: he doth not move: He will not see the dawn of day. He hath no other life above. He brought me a friend and  
a

true true-love, And the New-year will take 'em  
away.

Old year, you must not go; So long as you have been with  
us Such joy as you have seen  
with us, Old year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to brim;

A jollier year we shall not see But tho' his eyes are waxing dim, And tho' his foes speak ill of him, He was a friend to me.

Old year, you shall not die;

We did so laugh and cry with you,

I've half a mind to die with you,

Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest, But all his merry quips are o'er To see him die, across the waste His son and heir doth ride  
posthaste,

But he'll be dead before. Every one for his own. The night is starry and cold,

my friend, And the New-year blithe and

bold, my friend, Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! over the

snow I heard just now the crowing

cock.

The shadows flicker to and fro: The cricket chirps: the light

burns low:

'Tis nearly twelve o'clock. Shake hands, before you die, Old year, we'll dearly rue for  
you:

What is it we can do for you? Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and

thin,'

Alack! our friend is gone. Close up his eyes: tie up his

chin; Step from the corpse, and let

him in

That standeth there alone. And waiteth at the door. There's a new foot on the floor,

my friend, And a new face at the door,

my friend, A new face at the door.

\*K \*K \*K

Grander and more solemn are those other and more familiar lines:

#### RING OUT, WILD BELLS

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,

The flying cloud, the frosty light;

The year is dying in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring, happy bells, across the

snow;

The year is going, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the

mind, For those that here we see no

more; Ring out the feud of rich and

poor, Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause, And ancient forms of party  
    strife, Ring in the nobler modes of  
    life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the  
    sin, The faithless coldness of the  
    times;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes, But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and  
    blood,  
The civic slander and the spite; Ring in the love of truth and;  
    right, Ring in the common love of good,

Ring out old shapes of foul disease; Ring out the narrowing lust of  
    gold; Ring out the thousand wars of  
    old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free, The larger heart, the kindlier  
    hand; Ring out the darkness of the  
    land, Ring in the Christ that is to be.