Chinese Could Teach Us Much

In spite of war and disturbance, the Chinese farmer even now produces vast quantities of food which he would be glad to market more widely were it possible. The Chinese earth is rich in food production, and the Chinese farmer is very skilled in conserving the soil, writes Pearl S. Buck, author of "The Good Earth," and other famous books, in The New York Times Magazine.

The Chinese are farmers of 40 centuries and there they have much to teach the rest of the world. They need help in scientific seed selection and in disease and insect control, which can easily be given them. The primary need of the Chinese farmer, therefore, is not food, but more markets for the food he has.

The abundance of food production in China is more than the result of necessity. The Chinese are extremely modern in their out look on life. Centuries before Hemingway set the fashion for naturalism for our young men and women, the Chinese were naturalistic to their very marrw. Every function of life was meant to be enjoyed. Therefore, food was much more than a necessity—it became an art, in production, in cookery, in eating—and an astounding plenty and variety of foods were developed.

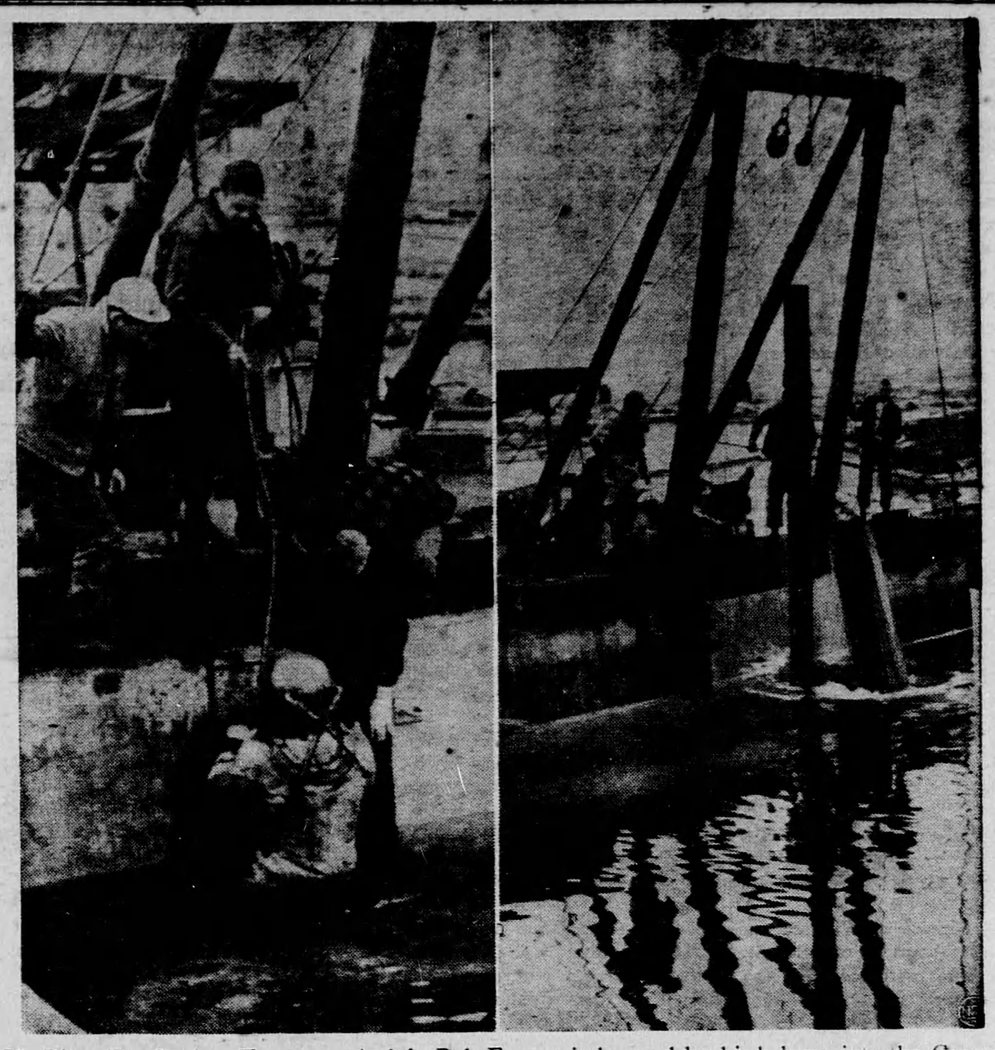
Those who have wandered over China will remember the wonder of the markets even in remote little inland towns. Tubers of land and water, green vegetables infinitely more in number than are eaten or even known by Americans, melons of every color and texture and flavor, meats fresh and dried in a score of ways, proteins we do not suspect from beans and peas made into vegetable cheese and cured or eaten fresh, sea food of every variety, river fish of every size and sort, the nuts, the sweets, the fruits —I wonder why we do not have loquats, those delicious golden fruits of spring, and why we do not have pumeloes, so much better than grapefruit and greater in variety, and why we do not have the many kinds of persimmons that the Chinese have.

The big persimmons of the north dried for sweetmeats and dusted with powdered sugar surpass any figs or dates, though the Chinese honey dates, delicately slit with needles and then preserved in honey are the finest in the world.

No one who has eaten for years in China, north and south and all around, in city and village, can believe that the Chinese are hungry or that they need food—primarily, that is. Take bread alone—in comparison to the poor pasty product which Americans eat for their daily bread, what joy is to be found in the many varieties of Chinese bread the baked, the browned in deep vegetable oil, the steamed in vast trays set into the huge iron caldron; bread in loaves, bread in cakes, bread delicately filled with bean vermicelli and spinach, bread filled with flavored pork bits, bread filled with dates crushed in red sugar.

No, I flout the idea that the Chinese are permanently hungry and that their hunger is a world problem. I have breakfasted in southern villages with the poor and found delicious the bowls of rice gruel and salted vegetables and fish, or in North China the thin sheet of unsalted bread wrapped about a fresh stalk of garlic. I have eaten a bowl of home-made noodles flavored with soy sauce and sesame oil in a poor wayside inn and I have eaten official feasts of many courses, and all are delicious and abundant. The Chinese not only eat well, they eat heartily. They are heavy feeders, especially those who work at physical labor, which is most of the people.

Not food, but roads, are what the Chinese need, roads whereby to share with one another their own plenty. A network of good motor roads and freight vehicles to use them, combined with a few main railroad lines and some refrigerator cars, and China's famines would be wiped from the record.



He Dives For Sunken Treasure—At left, Bob Forrest is lowered by his helpers into the Crown Zellerbach log pond at Port Angeles. He's going down to search for "treasure" in the form of sunken logs. "Treasure?" you say. Darn tootin'. Loggers up in the woods float great "booms" of logs down the river to the swmills. A boom consists of thousands of logs, chained into a gigantic raft. About 5 per cent of the logs become waterlogged and sink. And at present lumber prices, that ain't hay. Hence the salvage operation. Picture at right shows Forrest supervising recovery of one of the logs he located below the surface and hooked on to the salvage hoist.

TOUGHEST DOGS IN THE WORLD

Thirty-odd sledge-dogs are in Britain awaiting the day when before long a whaler takes them "South" through the blue-and-green pack ice to Queen Maud Land, where they will spend two years hauling the sledges of the Anglo-Scandinavian Antarctic Expedition .

Across the other side of the Antarctic Continent in Graham Land, huskies at the six permanent British exploration and scientific bases there are getting ready for the great sledging journeys of the coming Antarctic summer. So it is at the outposts maintained in the Antarctic by Australia, South Africa, Chile and the Argentine, for in this machine age the husky is an indispensadjunct of polar travel writes Frank Illingworth in "Answers."

Mountie and Missionary

Only the more important Arctic settlements are linked by aircraft and snow-tractor "trains." The rest, and they number thousands, relp on the husky for winter transport.

With the first snow of winter the husky becames the key to existence over an area exceeding ten million square miles. He hauls the Mountie and the Arctic missionary on their rounds; he carries the trapper along his trapline; and the explorer into frigid new territories; he is used to deliver rations to the housewife in some polar parts, and to carry the doctor into the wilderness of the tundras when the radio crackles SOS calls.

The sledge-dog's excitement is boundless when the first snow of winter coats tundra and forest and his owner turns the sledge over and glazes the runners with frozen blood (which "slides" better than frozen water). A crescendo of yelps burst from the dog's throat; his eyes sparkle with pleasure; he rears up and brings mighty paws thumping down on your chest. Slap him under the chin, grab his immense ruffle and slip around his neck a strap that crosses between the forelegs and attaches at the back to the thong that serves as a trace.

The team is traced either in fan-formation or in line-ahead, or the dogs are hitched to either side of a trace. The method used depends on the terrain to be crossed—for example, the trappers of Canada's forest areas wouldn't think of using the fan-formation!

Whatever the method of harnessing employed, the team is controlled by word of mouth and with a long whip.

In a well-trained team every dog answers to his name. Sometimes a dog will respond to a shouted order only when you pick up a whip. He does not bear a grudge for chastisement that is earned. But beat him unjustly—and look for trouble. The husky has a long memory. And there has been at least one instance when the team has sided with a badly handled dog and chased its driver, their eyes on the seat of his seal-skin trousers.

The husky has a marked sense of humor. Throw your whip and miss and he turns around and "laughs" in a doggy way! He respects the good team-driver and recognizes the inept immediately. The thirty-foot thong has been the cause of more laughter, embarrassment and anger than any other item of arctic equipment. The smallest Eskimo child can handle it. But the first efforts of the white man send the Eskimos into paroxysms of laughter.

Enjoying the Joke

Five minutes after Peary's Negro companion on the former's North Pole Expeditions, the great Matt Henson, had taken up his position behind a sledge the Eskimos Ahnalka and Ikwah were helpless with laughter. For while Matt cracked his whip the dogs sat on their haunches and watched the performance, on their faces an expression of wonderment at the manner in which the big Negro was showering them with snow, curling the thong around his legs, and keeping the two Eskimos dodging.

The husky will never let you down. When the Norwegian trapper Kare Rodhal, fell ill in one of the trappers' huts on the almost unexpored east coast of Greenland, he strapped his sleeping bag full length to his sledge, crawled within its fluffy folds and left his team of eight dogs to find their way back to his cabin. This entailed a dangerous journey through moving sea-ice. But sixteen hours after he gave the team-leader the order to pull, his sledge came to a halt at his cabin door.

Never was there a more loyal or tougher dog than the husky.

The average pure-bred husky weighs some seventy or eighty pounds. But crossed with a wolf he will exceed one hundred pounds, and crossed with a St. Bernard he weighs anything up to 180 pounds.

A team of six or eight huskies will haul a half-ton load over broken ice almost indefinitely. On Vilhjalmur Stefansson's famous journey across the frozen Beaufort Sea, in Arctic Canada, six 180- pound huskies hauled a load of half a ton for 700 miles, sometimes covering thirty miles a day among the fantastic pressure ridges of the Arctic Ocean. That was in 1914, since when there have been scores of similar exhibitions of staying power on the part of huskies. Only a couple of years ago a team of huskies hauled a load of half a ton 1,096 miles across the blizzard-blitzed wastes of Grahamland in 96 days.

A world speed record so far as exploration goes, the latter accomplishment is beaten every winter by the Polar Eskimos of Thule.

To the Polar Eskimos, journeys of 1,000 miles are "routine" during the hunting season. Only last winter one of the Thule Eskimoes set off with his wife on a 1,200 mile sledge journey to visit relatives in Ellesmere Land, across the frozen sea from Greenland, returning last spring to report "good hunting"; pleasant trip."

Grim Law of the North

Even under normal conditions in the Arctic, the husky's life is a hard one.

There have been innumerable occasions where to stave off starvation on a long sledge journey the weakest members of a team have been shot and fed to their team-mates. When a female husky "pups" in the traces, her trace-mates will snap up the helpless pups and swallow them at a gulp. But sometimes the husky prefers to starve rather than turn cannibal, and then he is classed among the weaker of a team and killed and fed to the other animals. That is the law of the North.

Suffering the pain of snow blindness, flanks sunken with hunger, paws lacerated with the rip of sharp ice, the husky is expected to haul until he can haul no farther. And he is prepared to haul to a standstill.

His reward? A hunk of meat once a day, or every few days in lean times; a bed in the snow at night, even if the temperature drops to "fifty below"; and the knowledge that he is the most loved creature in the Great North. For he is loved, both in the Far North and by the British explorers in the Far South.

Separated—Bob McKinley, 19, and "Herschel's Pride," his 1190-pound Hereford steer, were close pals when this picture was taken at the Royal Livestock Show. But they are separated now. "Herschel's Pride" won the grand championship and Bob sold him to Eddy Williams, meat packer for $1,785. Bob will use the money to get married.

THE FARM FRONT

by John Russell

You probably recall the ancient tale about the small boy whose mother was trying to coax into eating a new vegetable. "It's lovely, dear," she said. "It's something new—it's Broccoli."

* * *

The tiny tot took a wary mouthful, chewed gingerly, then spat it out. "You can call it Broccoli if you like," quoth he. "But I say it's spinach. And I say to hell with it."

* * *

Well, there are some folks who profess to admire the starling as a beautiful bird, and who urge its preservation. But practically everybody who ever lived in a place infested with them will contend, "I say they're nothing but pests. And I say to hell with them," or words to that effect.

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So it won't come as welcome news to any of the latter to hear that DDT has been tried for starling extermination — tried and found wanting.

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In closely-watched tests last summer DDT powder in strengths of 10, 50 and 100 per cent was dusted on flocks of starlings to determine the results that would probably be obtained if use of the insecticide was attempted in the field.

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No ill effect was noted among any of the birds regardless of the strength of DDT or the amount used. Similar tests repeated with pigeons and English sparrows yielded equally negative results.

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When DDT was applied to house mice in sufficient quantity, some degree of control was obtained. Results were most satisfactory when a finely micronized DDT product was used.

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Plans are already being made for a big celebration to take place at Levis, Quebec, in the fall of 1950. It will mark the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Credit Unions. Started in a small way there in Levis, Credit Unions have now spread to every Province in Canada, and to every state in the United States.

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Canadian credit unions hit a new high during 1948 according to a report to be released shortly by the Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa. In 1948 there were 2,608 credit unions chartered in Canada with over 850,000 members and total assets of $250 million.

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During the year, the credit unions which are in reality co-operative savings and lending institutions made loans to members of $130,285,237. Deposits and shares at the end of the year totalled almost $140,000,000.

Quebec is the leading province with 1,078 credit unions, over half a million members and assets of $205,000,000. Ontario is next in importance with 371 credit unions, 95,000 members and $16,500,000 in assets.

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There exists in every province at least one central credit union where individual credit unions and co-operatives may deposit surplus funds and make loans as needed. There are 21 such centrals in Canada and the combined balance sheet for 18 of these is included in the report and shows total assets of over $35,000,000.

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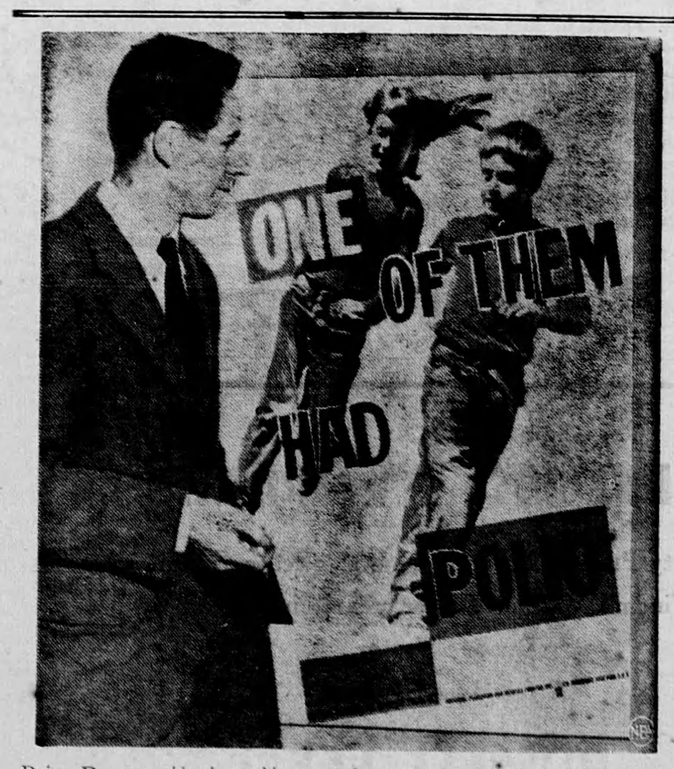
The Government "hand-out," from which I borrowed the above facts, failed to state the name of the individual responsible for the Credit Union idea. However, whoever he was, he really started something, and no mistake.

Two bandits held up a woman florist in her shop in Los Angeles. When she told them she was a poor widow, they handed her $5 and departed.

Film Cutie—Actress Mary Jane Saunders, age 7, clutches tightly the $6,000 to $20,000-a-year movie contract approved for her by a Los Angeles superior court. The child actress starred with Bob Hope in "Sorrowful Jones," the "Little Miss Marker" role that started Shirley Temple on the road to fame



Prize Poster—Herbert Matter, photographer, looks at his poster, which won him $1000 in a contest sponsored by the Museum of Modern Art and the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. The poster, which won first prize, is a photo-montage. Matter used his own son, who recovered from polio, as one of the models

JITTER By Arthur Poinier