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CHARLES R. JOY

Young People OF East Asia

JAPAN

Kayo-ko Iwashita
Tadao Yokota

KOREA

Kim Cheon Sun
Jong Chil Song

CHINA

Kong Lan
Kiang Sai Ho

TAIWAN

Shao Fong Fong
Michael Kiu-yuen Kiang

HONG KONG

Fung Shui Mui

MACAU

Pedro Paulo de Almeida

THE PHILIPPINES

Celia Menrino Carlos Arreza
Anselmo Dare

VIETNAM

Le Hou Yan
Nguyen Thi Hoa

CAMBODIA

Kim Sothila
Kranch Vanna

SINGAPORE

Khoi Francis Kah Siang
Celine Elizabeth Chandy

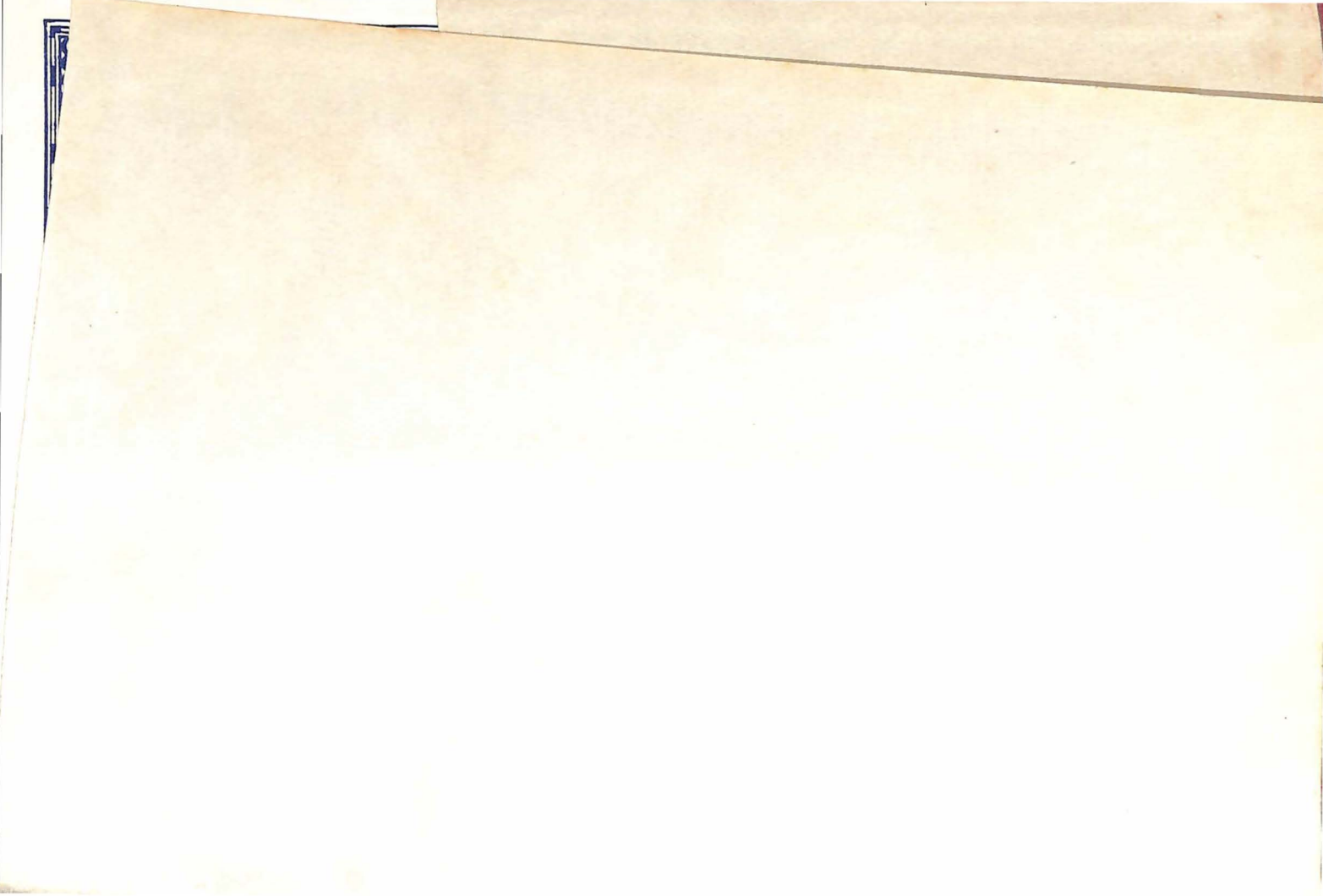
INDONESIA

Oerip Setiono
Yvette Malik

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YOUNG PEOPLE OF EAST ASIA

YOUNG PEOPLE OF EAST ASIA

Also by CHARLES R. JOY

YOUNG PEOPLE OF THE WESTERN MEDITERRANEAN

YOUNG PEOPLE OF THE EASTERN MEDITERRANEAN

YOUNG PEOPLE OF WEST AFRICA

*Young People of
East Asia*

THEIR STORIES IN THEIR OWN WORDS

CHARLES R. JOY

OLDBOURNE
LONDON

OLDBOURNE BOOK CO. LTD
121 FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

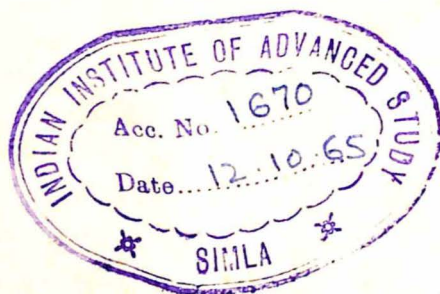


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Made and Printed in Great Britain
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London, Reading and Fakenham.

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1. EAST ASIA

'It's a Marco Polo'

THIS is what schoolboys sometimes say, when they are talking about a statement that just isn't true. Still they're speaking about one of the greatest travellers in all the long centuries of the world's history. Marco Polo and other members of his family were the first explorers to cross from Europe all the way over the largest continent in the world. They spent years in India, Ceylon, Burma, Siam, Tibet, China, and many other places. Marco lived from about A.D. 1254 to A.D. 1324.

It was Marco Polo who wrote down the tale of these wanderings. He wrote things which the people of his time, and even the people long after his time, were sure were false. He talked, for example, about black stones found in China that could be burned, about nuts in India as big as a man's head. These things were 'Marco Polos.' They were absurd, people said. The Europe of those days had never heard of coal, which the Chinese called ice charcoal, or coconuts.

The Welcoming Banquet

When Nicolo and Maffeo Polo, the father and uncle respectively of Marco, returned with the young man from China after an absence of twenty-six years, the dogs in their old home barked at them. The men were dressed in the shabbiest of clothes. They looked like tramps.

When, however, their relations and friends were sure who they were, there was a big banquet for them. The three Polos came in dressed in long crimson satin robes. But before the

feast began, they took them off, cut them up, and gave the pieces to the servants.

Then they put on more clothes of red damask. But during the meal they took these off also and gave them to some of the guests there. Then they put on garments of crimson velvet. And at the end of the meal the velvet clothes were given away, and the travellers put on the ordinary dress of the day in Venice.

Then they dismissed the servants and brought in the old clothes in which they had arrived. With sharp knives they ripped up the seams. To the amazement of everyone, diamonds, emeralds, rubies, pearls, sapphires, and other precious stones tumbled out in a big heap on the table.

The Court of Kublai Khan

Where had these wonderful garments and jewels come from? They had come from the court of the emperor of the Tartars, the great Kublai Khan. He was the ruler of the Mongols, a nomadic, warlike tribe of people in north-eastern Asia. Kublai's grandfather was Genghis Khan, who began the conquest of China. Kublai completed it.

The robes and precious stones that the Polos brought back from China showed what a wonderful world they had found. It was far more civilized than the Europe of that time. Before Marco Polo arrived in China two great public works had been accomplished. They prove what a great people the Chinese were.

One was the Great Wall of China. It was built up in the north to protect the people from invasion. It was 1,500 miles long, and about 25 feet high. Building it was a marvellous engineering feat.

The other great work was the Grand Canal, which was finished by Kublai Khan. It was 850 miles long and ran from Peking to Canton. It is still the longest waterway ever constructed by man.

Marco Polo remained in China for twenty years. Then he returned to his home in Venice. He took part in a naval battle against the people of Genoa. The Venetians were defeated and Marco Polo became a prisoner. It was then that he wrote the remarkable book that describes his journeys.

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Even in this day it would take men with the vision of Columbus, who discovered a new world, men with the daring and strength of Sir Edmund Hillary, who conquered Mount Everest, to duplicate these journeys.

Marco Polo climbed over the roof of the world, the mass of mighty mountains that fill Central Asia. He then descended from these icy heights to cross the great parched Gobi Desert. Finally he arrived at Cambaluc, as Peking was called at that time. The great Kublai, the Khan, or Emperor, of the Mongols, had made this place his new capital. He welcomed Marco and became very fond of him.

So Marco Polo found a world of wonders there in East Asia, and told the people of Europe about them. Many of his readers thought that he had made up these astounding tales. Even on his deathbed they begged him, for the peace of his soul, to deny the many falsehoods they thought he had told. But all he would say was: 'I have not told the half of what I saw.'

East Asia

In this book of ours we are going back to that wonderful part of the world where Marco Polo spent so many years of his life, East Asia.

The people of the greatest continent do not live on the bleak plateaus and the snow-crowned peaks of Central Asia. They live along the rivers that flow down to the sea, in the valleys and deltas. They live along the coast. They live in Island Asia, which is the fringe of the continent.

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YOUNG PEOPLE OF EAST ASIA

On the mainland are some of the world's most exciting countries. Divided Korea is there, the ancient 'Land of the Morning Calm.' Communist China is there, the old 'Middle Kingdom' of the world. The British Crown Colony of Hong Kong is there, on the southeast coast. The tiny Portuguese colony of Macau is there, a little to the west of Hong Kong. Vietnam and Cambodia are there, parts of the former federation of Indo-China, where the cultures of India and China met. On an island at the southern tip of the Malay Peninsula is the great British trading centre of Singapore.

Island Asia

Then off the coast is Island Asia, the eastern fringe of the great continent.

There are three principal island groups. The four main islands of the Empire of Japan run in a great arc from the Soviet island of Sakhalin to the southern tip of Korea. These islands enclose the Sea of Japan. In addition to the big ones there are probably one thousand small islands.

The second great island group lies off the southeastern coast of China. This is the mighty archipelago of the Philippines. It is made up of big and little islands, seven thousand of them. Four thousand of them have never been named.

In between Japan and the Philippines is the island of Taiwan, where Nationalist China rules.

The third great group of islands is Indonesia. It runs in another long curve from the Malay Peninsula to the northern shore of Australia. Inside this great arc, and forming a part of Indonesia, lies Borneo, the third largest island in the world. The other large islands in the group are Sumatra, Java, and Celebes, but there are about three thousand other islands also.

It is a mountainous group too, for these islands are mostly the tops of old volcanoes. Some of the peaks are very high. On the ocean side, the eastern side, the land dips deep down

EAST ASIA

below the surface of the sea. Gigantic trenches are there almost 35,000 feet deep. You could drop the highest mountain in the world, Mount Everest, which is 29,141 feet high, into such a deep hole, and the top of the mountain would still be more than a mile below the ocean level.

Volcanic ash makes very rich soil. Island Asia is crowded with people. They have their farms mostly on the lower plains of the islands, but where necessary they extend them in terraces far up the mountainsides. Most of the heavy work of the farms is done by hand.

The Strange People of Our Book

These are the exciting lands we shall visit. There are many different kinds of men and women in them.

There are ancient races whose history goes back for thousands of years. There are Europeans who settled there in the later colonizing centuries: Portuguese, Dutch, British, French, Spanish. There are all kinds of skin colours: black, white, yellow, brown, and all the mixtures of them. There are hundreds of different languages and dialects, many different kinds of religion, ways of life, traditions, and manners of dress.

This is now the part of the world we shall visit with the eager eyes of modern Marco Polos. We shall see a dozen lands. We shall see them, not only as they are, but as they may be, for we shall see them through the eyes of youth. These boys and girls of the Far East have their roots in the past, but they look forward to the future with all the faith and enthusiasm of their years. It is with them that we must build a better world.

In this western Pacific two different political systems are at grips with each other. Up in the north the Soviet Union lies. North Korea, mainland China, North Vietnam have gone over to the communistic camp. Mainland China and Taiwan, representing communism and democracy, are

YOUNG PEOPLE OF EAST ASIA

actually at war with each other. Between North Korea and South Korea there is an armistice but no peace. There is tension everywhere.

In this turbulent world of earthquakes and cyclones and political tornadoes it is comforting to find friendly young people. You will see, as you meet them one by one, that they want to join hands with us to build a world of peace. They are real boys and girls. They will help to shape the future.

2. JAPAN

THE ISLAND EMPIRE

Zipangu

THIS is what Marco Polo called Japan when he visited it so long ago. In his book he told of the great wealth of the country. The ruler's palace, he said, was a wonderful sight. There was a plating of gold on the roof. The ceilings of the rooms were of pure gold. Many of the tables were of solid gold. The windows had gold ornaments. It is impossible, said Marco Polo, to give any idea of these riches.

He mentioned also the great quantity of pearls there, round and pink and large in size.

The wealth of this island, as he described it back in China to Kublai Khan, was so amazing that the Khan decided that he must conquer it. This was in 1280. His expedition against Zipangu, however, came to a very unhappy end. There were two fleets under two of the Khan's best commanders. The two officers, unfortunately, were jealous of each other. They refused to co-operate. Only one of the Zipangu cities surrendered to them.

Then a terrible storm arose. The winds started to blow the ships against each other. So the officers decided to set out for the open sea. But the gale was so violent that a number of the ships sank. About thirty thousand sailors managed to get ashore on a small island. The ships that survived the storm sailed back to Kublai Khan.

The Khan was very angry. He had one of his officers

beheaded. He had the other one killed in another way. His body was sewn up tight in the hide of a buffalo, which had just been slaughtered. As the hide dried it shrank and the poor sufferer, who was unable to help himself, was squeezed to death.

Meanwhile the men shipwrecked on the little island managed to seize the boats sent out by the king of Zipangu to capture them. They sailed to the mainland and occupied the most important city of Zipangu. There, however, the king besieged them and after six months they had to surrender.

Marco Polo had something to say about the idols the people of Zipangu worshipped and the custom they had of eating their prisoners at a great feast they held for their relations and friends.

He told of 7,440 islands in this sea, and of the trees that grew on them, not one of which did not have a pleasant smell.

Maybe this was what schoolboys call a 'Marco Polo.' But Marco Polo said he did not visit the islands himself. He got the information from sailors who said they were familiar with these waters.

The people of Zipangu were civilized in their manners, Marco wrote. They were independent and had their own kings. The kings would not let the people export gold, however, and few merchants ever visited the country.

All this was back in the early thirteenth century. More than five hundred years passed. Zipangu, or Japan, as we must now call it, was still a place almost unknown. The Dutch were the only ones who knew anything about the country. They had established a little trading post on an island in the harbour of Nagasaki. But the Dutchmen there were treated like prisoners. The rest of the world knew almost nothing about Japan.

The Japanese, you see, hated all foreigners. Particularly they hated the Christians. The ruler said: 'So long as the sun

JAPAN

warms the earth, any Christian bold enough to come to Japan . . . even if he be the god of the Christians, shall pay for it with his head.'

There were sailors who were shipwrecked in Japan. They, too, were treated very badly. Some of them were put in little cages where they could not stand upright. They were made to trample on the Christian cross.

The Sun Goddess and Her Children

We know very little about the ancestors of the Japanese. Probably different tribes of people came from northeastern and southern Asia, mingled, and formed a single nation. Ancient Japan knew only two other countries: Korea and China. Japan's culture came to Japan from China through Korea. The two religions of Buddhism and Confucianism, which were to be so important in Japan, came to the country in this same way.

Today the Japanese teach in their schools that their empire began in 660 B.C. and that the first emperor was a direct descendant of the sun goddess. The historical records begin to be clear for us about 400 A.D. But from very early times Japan has been ruled by an emperor.

The victory of the Allies over Japan in World War II profoundly changed the country. Japan is now learning the ways of democracy. The Emperor Hirohito, the one hundred and twenty-fourth emperor of his country, is at present a much respected figurehead. He has little power in the government of his country. Japan is now recovering rapidly from the war. She has become our principal ally in the Far East. The scars left by hard-fought battles are still visible, but most of the people are very friendly to Britain and America.

Beautiful Nippon

The Japanese call their country Nippon. The name comes from two Japanese words. *Nitsu* means sun and *phon* means

rising. Our word 'Japan' comes from the Chinese name for the country.

Japan is a very lovely land. You would like to travel in it, and the hospitable Japanese people would like to have you.

The four main islands are Honshu in the centre, Hokkaido in the north, Shikoku and Kyushu in the south. Between Honshu and Kyushu in the west and Shikoku in the east lies the lovely Inland Sea.

In the centre of the east coast of Honshu is the capital of Japan, the city of Tokyo. If you should visit Japan you would certainly start with this great city, one of the biggest in the whole world. Eight million people live in Greater Tokyo. It covers about two hundred square miles.

In the city you would visit the Emperor's Palace set in the midst of its great gardens. You would see the National Diet Building, where the parliament sits. You would see the great banks, the hotels, the department stores—all the big modern buildings. You would walk along one of the world's famous shopping streets, the Ginza. You would begin to get accustomed to the Buddhist temples and Shinto shrines of Japan. You would never see all of them—there are 200,000 in the country. You would never tire of the busy little streets full of tiny shops and friendly people.

Then you might set out to see the rest of the land. You would go to Kamakura with its famous statue of the Buddha; see Mount Fuji, one of the most wonderful mountains in the world. Perhaps you would climb it. Almost 50,000 people do climb it every summer. One hundred miles to the north is Nikko. Nikko is a national park with splendid temples and shrines, lakes, forests, rivers, and waterfalls.

Farther north is the island of Hokkaido. You might want to visit there one of Japan's great volcanoes and spas, Noboribetsu. The crater of the volcano there is four hundred feet deep and a mile around.

In the centre of the island you would certainly visit Kyoto

JAPAN

and Nara, with their celebrated gardens and temples, the deer park, and the largest bronze statue of Buddha in Japan.

Down in the south you might want to see Hiroshima and Nagasaki, where the first atomic bomb was used in war. On the same trip you would visit the shrine island of Miyajima. It seems to float on the sea.

These and many other interesting things you would see on these beautiful islands where the mountains seem to grow like flowers from the ocean.

Too Many Babies

Life would be good fun for you as a tourist in this enchanting Japan. But for the people of Japan it is a very serious business. How many people are there? Over ninety million of them, all living in that small country. Farm land is so precious that houses are almost never built where crops can be grown. Villages rise on useless land. Through the centre of the island runs a chain of mountains. Few people live there, for the land is not tillable. There is almost no pasturage for animals in Japan and not much livestock. Everywhere the soil is good the little farms lie, almost always irrigated, growing usually two crops a year.

The major problem of Japan is that there are too many people. There are too many babies for the available food.

The waters around the islands, however, are full of fish. All along the coasts are little fishing villages. You see the nets hanging up to dry. You smell fish everywhere. If it were not for the fish the people of Japan would be very hungry.

In spite of the fact that the southern islands are crowded, however, the northern island of Hokkaido has very few people living on it. There are dense forests, plenty of water power, rich sources of minerals, and of course some beautiful scenery. There is even good farm land which no one uses.

The trouble is that the people of Japan do not like the long winters on Hokkaido with their bitter cold and deep snow.

JAPAN

I AM A JAPANESE GIRL

BY KEYO-KO IWASHITA

A Very Wonderful Woman

I go to the Keisen Girls' School in Tokyo. My school was founded by a very wonderful woman. Her name was Michi Kawai. She came from a long line of Shinto priests. Shinto means 'the way of the gods.' It is the ancient religion of Japan. However, Michi Kawai was converted to Christianity by an uncle, who was a Presbyterian minister. She went to America to study and graduated from an American College. When she came back to her own country she became the first secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association in Japan.

For a long time she dreamed of a particular kind of school. She thought it would be a fine thing for my country. Japan, you know, is very crowded. Four thousand people live on every square mile of cultivated land here. Most of them are very poor. So Michi Kawai wanted to train girls to work in the country, among the farms. She wanted them to help make life better and happier there. She thought they could train others to work in the country, too.

Finally, she resigned from the YWCA and started my school. Of course, we all get regular schooling there. But we all learn how to grow vegetables, and fruits, and flowers, and how to take care of animals. Finally we have religious education and international friendship.

Michi Kawai was the kind of woman I want to be, and I think my school is just as wonderful as she was.

I Was Born near Hiroshima

My name is Keyo-ko Iwashita, and I am sixteen years old. I was born at Onomichi, which is on the Inland Sea, between the big island of Honshu and the smaller island of Shikoku. Onomichi is about seventy miles from Hiroshima. It was at Hiroshima that the first atom bomb exploded during the terrible war. Onomichi has ninety thousand people in it. It is mainly a fishing town.

My father's name is Shojuro Iwashita. He was born in Tokyo. He is a naval inspector and works for a private company. During the war he was a naval officer, but he never fought in any battle. He had something to do with shipbuilding. He is now vice president of the business he is with.

We're Always Moving

Because of my father's work, we've had to move often. I stayed in Onomichi for only two years. Then we moved to Kimugasa near Tokyo. After that we moved to Sasebo, which is on the shore of the Sea of Japan, on the big southern island of Kyushu. Sasebo is not far from Nagasaki, where the second atom bomb exploded.

While I was at Sasebo, I met the Emperor and bowed before him.

After that the family moved to Utsunomiya and Nikko, up in the north. Nikko is very beautiful with many Buddhist and Shinto temples. The Japanese word for magnificent is *kekko*, and we have a saying in my country that 'you must never say *kekko* until you've seen Nikko.'

Then my father's business took him to Tokyo, where my mother's parents live. We could not find a house there, so the family went to Nagoya. Nagoya is on the shore. It's a big city, the fourth largest in Japan. One of its places of worship is the Atsuta Shrine. This was one of the most famous shrines in Japan, but all the buildings were destroyed in an air raid. This time it was not an atom bomb.

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At last, however, we were able to find a house in Tokyo, and we came here . We now live in a concrete building with sixteen flats in it. Our flat has four rooms including the kitchen. It is a modern flat and the kitchen and dining room are Western. We cook on a gas stove. But we still sleep on the floor, as most Japanese do. The floor is covered with thick straw mats called *tatami*. They are always very clean, for we take our shoes off at the front door before entering the flat. At night we spread quilts over the floor, and we have very hard pillows for our heads.

My Mother lived in the Palace

My mother's name is Sada-ko. She was born in Takoda in the Nigata Prefecture. She used to live in the Imperial Palace in Tokyo. She took care of the sister of the crown prince then. My mother's sister also used to work in the palace. I have one brother Ken-ichi, who is eighteen. He is now in the Catholic University of Sophia. He loves to make aircraft models and maybe he will go into aviation. He is also studying Spanish, and he is interested in building world understanding.

My Life at School

I first went to school when I was four. This was at the Sa Ho kindergarten. I was there for two years. Then I entered the primary school at Utsunomiya. I stayed there for almost a year, when I transferred to Nagoya for five more years of primary. I finished high school in Tokyo. I am now at college in Keisen Girls' School.

I'm taking Japanese literature, English, social studies, chemistry, mathematics, home economics, and horticulture, which is another word for gardening, or farming. Next year I will study world history. I like English best, but I want to specialize in history and help to build peace in the world. My brother and I are alike in this.

I get up at seven thirty and have breakfast of bread and butter, bacon and eggs, soup and tea. My school is fifteen minutes away from my house and I walk there. We have classes from eight thirty to two fifty, but we have an hour for lunch at twelve twenty. I bring a lunch box full of rice. The rice has small bits of meat and fish and vegetables in it. I drink green tea. Two hours a week we spend in the gym. There are school teams, but I am not in any of them.

I belong to two clubs at the school. One of them is for English conversation. We meet twice a week with a teacher, and there are about thirty girls in the club. The second club is the tennis club, which also meets twice a week.

When I go home I eat a sandwich and have some cakes and tea. Then I rest and talk with my mother about what we've done in school. I help her with the housework also. We have dinner about six, when we have rice or bread, meat or fish, vegetables, salad, fruit, and tea. We usually have Western-style food, but when I have rice I always drink green tea. After dinner I turn on one or two television programmes. Then I spend about an hour on my homework, and go to bed at ten or a little later.

My Life Outside School

On Saturday I sometimes go shopping or visiting my friends. Sometimes I go to the cinema. I like foreign films, particularly when they are in English.

I am a Presbyterian, and on Sunday I go to a young people's Bible class. Then I attend the morning service. The rest of the day is like Saturday to me.

We have our long holiday in July and August, and sometimes I go away for a week. I like to go to Kamakura, where there is a great bronze statue of Buddha. You can get inside and climb up to the shoulders if you want to. I can't swim much in the winter, but there is very good swimming at Kamakura. That's one reason why I like it. But I go to

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Nikko, too, and I never get tired of all the things there are to see and do in the National Park.

Once a year the school takes us all on an excursion to some beautiful or historic place. When I was in Nagoya they brought us to Tokyo, and now that I am in Tokyo I go to other interesting places. This excursion usually takes place in the spring.

I play cards at home, and out-of-doors I like to play soccer. I speak Japanese and English, and have studied French a little.

The Doll Festival

Every year on the third day of March we have a doll festival. Sometimes we call it the Girls' Festival. Then I bring out a special set of dolls and set them in rows on some shelves. These are not dolls I ever play with and all the rest of the year they are put away in boxes. The dolls are all dressed in ancient costumes and there are usually fifteen of them. The most important are two that represent the Emperor and the Empress, and of course they are put side by side on the top shelf. On the shelf below them on the doll stand I put the court ladies. Then under them on the lower shelves I place the court officials, the ministers, and the musicians. Along with the dolls I put different kinds of furniture, like little chests of drawers, a little dining table, small musical instruments. There are tiny boxes and candles. Usually there are peach blossoms, for in the old days of the lunar calendar the peaches were usually in blossom at this time.

After the dolls have all been arranged on the stand, I invite my girl friends to come in and see them, and I go to see their dolls also. We take offerings of tiny cakes and sweets, dishes of rice and beans, and other things.

This is the day when many Japanese girls get married.

The Memorial Service for Dolls

There is another beautiful ceremony that has to do with

dolls. It is a memorial service held once a year in the Buddhist temple. On that day people bring the old broken dolls, the dolls that have been thrown away, the dolls that have been left behind by children who have died, the dolls that have been outgrown, to the Buddhist temple. Then there is a Buddhist service for them, with music and chants and prayers and a sermon. When the service is over, all the dolls are burned up in a sandbox placed before the altar. Afterward their ashes are buried in the temple grounds.

We have lots of ceremonies and festivals like this in Japan. On the whole I think I like New Year's best, when we go around and visit all our friends.

I AM A JAPANESE BOY

BY TADAO YOKOTA

Japanese Games

Konichi wa, how do you do? My name is Tadao Yokota, and I am fifteen years old. I was born at Shimouma-machi, in Setagayaku, which is a part of Tokyo.

I like to watch the Japanese wrestling contest. We call this *sumo* in Japanese, and in January and May of each year there are many *sumo* matches from early morning until evening. In the outer garden of the Meiji Shrine in Tokyo there is a wrestling ring that seats twenty thousand people. These *sumo* wrestlers are very heavy. Some of them weigh more than three hundred pounds, but they are very strong and light on their feet. The ring is round and twelve feet in diameter. The wrestlers are naked except for their loincloths. At the beginning, they crouch with their hands on the ground and

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watch for an opening. If one of them is forced to touch the ground with anything but his feet, or if he is forced out of the ring, he loses the match.

Lots of people in Japan play 'soft-ball' tennis. It is played with a gum ball. People began to play this game before we were able to make ordinary tennis balls in Japan. Millions of people now play it. We also play 'soft-ball' baseball with a gum ball instead of a leather-covered ball. There are about forty thousand member teams in the Japanese Soft Ball Baseball Federation.

This is my Family

My father's name was Takanosuke Yokota, but he died when I was about nine years old. He used to repair watches. My mother's name is Husa Miyamoto. I have two sisters and a brother. My oldest sister is Aiko Minowa, who is thirty-two. Her husband works in a publishing firm. They help to support my family. Then comes my sister Kimiko Yoma, who is about thirty. Her husband works in a factory. My brother Yosuihiro Yokota is eighteen. He is a student in a technical school.

We still live in the house where I was born. It's a wooden house with a corrugated-iron roof, three rooms, and a kitchen. It's a Japanese-style house, and we heat the rooms with little charcoal stoves we call *hibachi*, and we cook on a *hibachi*, too. We sleep on *tatami*, on which we spread a thin mattress or a few quilts or blankets.

School is Compulsory

At six I went to the primary school, and remained there for six years. Then I came to the general high school and I have been three years there. I am now in the last year of this school. School is compulsory in Japan for about ten years.

I am now studying Japanese, English, social studies, mathematics, general science, history, music, drawing, vocational

training, and gym. Vocational training includes carpentry and metalwork. I have been taking English for three years. I like general science best, but I want to be a salesman, so I can help support my family. After I finish this school, I want to go to the senior high school of commerce in Tokyo.

How I Spend My Day

I get up at seven thirty. For breakfast I have rice and green tea. Sometimes I have eggs. It takes me eight minutes to walk to school and school begins at eight thirty-five and lasts until twelve thirty, when I eat the lunch I have brought in the classroom. This is usually rice with eggs and boiled beans. I drink warm water. School begins again at one thirty and lasts until four thirty. The classes are thirty-five minutes long.

I belong to the general science club and the gym club. These clubs usually meet twice a week. I go home at four thirty and help Mother with the housework. Then I do my lessons. Dinner is at six, and I eat rice, fish, meat, and vegetables. Sometimes I have fruit, and I always drink green tea. In the evening I have more studies. I am very fond of the radio. I go to bed about eleven o'clock.

On Saturday we have morning classes, but in the afternoon I am free. I play baseball, football, and volleyball with my friends. Sometimes I go to the cinema. I like baseball very much and I like to watch the games.

During the summer holiday I work in a store or in a factory.

We all wear a uniform at my school. It is blue and there are brass buttons on the coat. On the collar there is a III-1. This means that I am in the first class of the third year. We wear long blue trousers.

I play the harmonica.

Our Class Excursions

At the beginning of the third year the whole class was taken to Kyoto and to Nara. There are many beautiful gardens and

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temples at Kyoto, which was once the capital of Japan. In Nara, too, there are beautiful temples and the Great Buddha is there. This is a huge bronze statue that is more than fifty feet high and weighs about 450 tons. It is a very holy object.

There are many tame deer in the park at Nara and they are always begging for food. In the evening someone blows a trumpet and they all hurry off to their pens. Their horns are cut every October and many people go to see this done. There are thousands of lanterns at Nara leading up to the temples, stone ones and bronze ones, and when they are all lighted it is a very pretty sight.

I have been to Yamanaka-ko, too. This is at the base of Mount Fuji and there is a nice lake there. Mount Fuji is the highest mountain in Japan, and many people think it is the most beautiful mountain in the whole world. Someday I am going to climb to the top of it. It is a sacred mountain, and many Japanese people go up to the summit in July and August of every year. Many of them start in the late afternoon, climb all night, and see the sunrise from the top in the morning. There is time the next day to walk around the big crater before going down in the afternoon again. There are a good many stone huts where you can spend the night if you want to. There are lots of cinders on the sides of Fuji, and you can slide down for ten feet with every step you take.

I am a Buddhist, but there are no regular services in the temple except on special days, like the autumn and spring festivals, and Buddha's birthday on April 8. On Buddha's birthday all the children are supposed to go to the temple.

The Boys' Festival

The boys of Japan have a special day, just as the girls do. Boys' Day comes on May 5. This is also called the Iris Festival. Iris leaves are carried around by the boys like swords, and they are also used for decorations around the house. Young boys have stands for dolls like those the girls

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have, but the boys' dolls all represent generals and famous Japanese heroes. Bows and arrows and spears and swords are used, too. In the yard a tall pole is set up and from the top of it paper or cloth fish blow out in the wind. These fish represent carp which are very strong and can swim up waterfalls.

On this Boys' Festival I usually get presents from my family in the form of games and things like that. I usually go to the cinema and sometimes I have a big dinner at a restaurant.

I am fond of a Japanese dish called *sukiyaki*. This is usually prepared right at the table where you eat. Slices of beef are cooked with vegetables, soy sauce, and other things. I like shrimps dipped in batter and fried in oil. We call these *tempura*. Of course, we have all kinds of fish in Japan, because the waters around our islands are warm and there are many lakes and rivers. So we are eating fish all the time.

Cormorant Fishing

There is a nice fish we call *ayu*, and often we catch them in the lakes with cormorants, which are sea birds with a sack under the bill to hold the fish they catch before they swallow them. The fishing takes place at night, and it's fun to watch. Four men go out in a boat. One of them steers it. A second keeps a fire burning in the bow to attract the fish. A third in the middle of the boat looks out for four birds, and the master of the boat, who is called *usho*, at the bow looks out for twelve more. Each cormorant has a ring fastened around its neck, so that it can't swallow the fish it catches. To the ring is fastened a cord which the man in the boat holds. The bird catches from two to four *ayu* each time. Then the man in charge of this bird lifts it aboard, forces its bill open, and squeezes out the fish. It takes a lot of skill to handle twelve birds and to keep them from getting all tangled up.

Many visitors go out in pleasure boats decorated with paper lanterns to watch the fun.

This is my story. And now I say *sayo nara*, good-bye.

3. KOREA

A PENINSULAR PEOPLE.

The Hermit Kingdom

THE history of a country is often shaped by its location. Where we are determines what we are. Korea is a peninsula. It is the largest one on the eastern coast of Asia between Kamchatka up in the north of Siberia and the Indo-Chinese peninsula down south of China. The name peninsula comes from two Latin words, *paene*, which means 'almost,' and *insula*, which means 'island.'

Korea, you see, is almost, but not quite, an island. It is attached to the mainland. In the old days, before the time of express trains, blue-ribbon steamers, and jet planes, this meant that it was almost completely shut off from the rest of the world.

So Korea was called the Hermit Kingdom. Like a hermit, Korea lived alone. Its only ties were with China. The rest of the world was inhabited by the 'foreign barbarians.'

A Peninsula may be a Museum

Korean civilization is one of the oldest in the world. Legend tells us that it was founded by someone called Tan Goorn about four thousand two hundred years ago. This ancient people, living in solitude, developed its own arts, its own culture. A peninsular nation often becomes a storehouse of old and curious things. Korea now has for us the charm and interest of a great national museum.

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The Korean Bridge

In ancient times peninsulas were places of safety for the people who lived on them. In these later days of great navies and fleets of planes, the contrary is true. Peninsulas now may be exposed and dangerous places to live in. It is easier to conquer a peninsula than it is to seize a mainland country.

Spain held the peninsula of Florida for a long time. The allies in 'World War II' invaded Europe by way of the Italian peninsula and the Cotentin Peninsula in northern France. There are many instances of this kind in history.

So it has been with Korea. The peninsula which she occupies stretches down to the south toward the islands of Japan. Only the Korea Strait separates South Korea from the great Japanese islands of Honshu and Kyushu. Korea is a bridge between the mainland and Japan.

So in the seventh century China invaded Korea. The great Kublai Khan brought in his Mongol armies in the thirteenth century. The Japanese warrior, Hideyoshi, who is called the Napoleon of Japan, attacked it at the end of the sixteenth century. In the seventeenth century Korea accepted the lordship of China. Finally, in these later decades, Japan has used Korea again and again as a causeway to the mainland.

In 1910 Japan annexed Korea.

The Korean War

History often seems as dry as dust. Here are some of these dusty facts. But once you have brushed the dust off, you have all the excitement of struggle, all the conflicting emotions of tragedy and triumph.

Behind the dull facts in the next few paragraphs is the thrilling story of courage and sacrifice, disappointment and defeat, gloom and glory.

When World War II came to an end, Japan had to give up Korea. The Allies then divided the country between the Russians, who got the north, and the Americans, who got

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the south. The 38th parallel was the dividing line. All this was supposed to be just a temporary arrangement. It proved to be permanent. The relations between the Soviet Union and the United States got worse. In Korea two governments were set up, the People's Republic of Korea in the north with Pyongyang as capital, the Republic of Korea in the south with Seoul as capital. Syngman Rhee was selected president in the south. British, American and Russian troops were withdrawn from the whole of Korea.

Then came June 25, North Korean troops crossed the 38th parallel and attacked the soldiers of South Korea. The United Nations condemned North Korea and sent its armed forces into the country. They were just in time. By November of that year the United Nations had driven the North Koreans before them until the whole of Korea was almost cleared of the enemy.

But worse was to come. On November 26 two hundred thousand well-trained and equipped Chinese troops crossed the Yalu River, which lies on the boundary between North Korea and China. They pushed the United Nations forces once more far to the south.

The fortunes of war favoured first one side and then the other. Finally an armistice was signed on July 27. The boundary set by this agreement followed the battle line as it was at that moment.

All Korea is Divided into Three Parts

The Korean peninsula is now split in two parts politically, Communist Korea in the north, Free Korea the south. Nature, however, has divided the country into three parts, not two.

The south is the paddy land of Korea, the bread basket of the country. The soil is good, the rains are plentiful. The farmers can grow two and sometimes three crops a year. But there are few basic minerals, little heavy industry.

The north is the workshop of Korea. It is an area of great

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mineral wealth: iron, coal, copper, zinc, mica, graphite, potash, gold. The climate is more severe. Only one crop a year can be grown. This is usually wheat, rye, millet, potatoes, or sorghum.

Then there is the third division of the country, the mountainous interior, which runs from the far north to the far south. It is sometimes called the 'shunned interior.' It is a very rugged land. The soil is poor and stony. Most of the timber has already disappeared. A tangled growth of brush and weeds covers the land.

So it is Korea's unhappy fate to be divided, although the three parts belong together. The agricultural south cannot get on without the heavy industry of the north. United, the north and the south might redeem the 'shunned interior' and find new lands there for the homeless multitude.

The People of Korea

There are thirty million of them. Of course, on this fringe of Asia there's an enormous number of islands, three thousand four hundred of them, belonging to Korea. But they do not help much. Most of them are very tiny and useless. About two thirds of the entire population live in South Korea.

Indeed, so many people live there that most of them are forced to be vegetarians. They cannot afford to feed their precious grain to animals so that they can get meat. But they are very wise in growing vegetables that are good meat substitutes. Peas, peanuts, and soybeans have lots of the proteins that make meat nutritious for us. The Koreans grow a great deal of them. Still, rice is the favourite food. The planting and harvesting take a lot of labour. But rice produces more per acre than other grains, and labour is plentiful in Korea.

Up in the 'shunned interior' people grow some tea bushes and mulberry bushes. They do not have to cultivate these plants with the plough. The mulberry leaves are used to feed the silkworm. Tea and mulberry crops take a lot of labour.

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No one can measure the cost of the war to South Korea. More than a million civilians lost their lives. Another million suffered wounds or illness, or just disappeared. There were 100,000 orphans, 284,000 widows with their 517,000 dependent children. Eight million people lost their homes. It was a frightful price to pay for the final stalemate. There was no victory for us or for Korea in the end.

Land of the Morning Calm

This is a rough translation of Chosun, the Korean name for Korea. After the dark night of war, the morning has dawned. There is no peace in the land yet, but there is a truce between the north and south. We hope there will be no more fighting.

Yi Sung-man, or Syngman Rhee, as we call him, has been Korea's great patriot, the father of his country. He is no longer president of the Republic to which he has devoted his life. A revolution, led largely by immature students, forced him to retire. But he will not be forgotten.

Jong Chil Song and Kim Choon Sun are the boy and girl who are here to tell us what life is like now in this land. They are both refugees from North Korea. So they represent both parts of the divided country.

A REFUGEE GIRL FROM NORTH KOREA

BY KIM CHOON SUN

Our Flight from North Korea

I WAS born in Cholwon-Gun, which is a county in the province of Kangwon Do. This is up in the northeastern part of

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what is now South Korea. But this was before the war, and there were no South and North Koreas then. When I was only a couple of months old my family moved north to a place called Ham Hung in Hamgyong Nam Do, which is a province in what is now North Korea.

My father is Kim Tal Sik. In North Korea he was a teacher in a police school. My mother's name is Chai Byong Ok. She was born in North Korea. We lived there in a big town. Our house had six rooms and a tiled roof. It was heated by flues that passed under the floors from the kitchen fireplace. This made the floors warm and we slept on them. In the cold weather we were always comfortable.

I was six years old when the war broke out, and then we fled to South Korea. All of the family left except my oldest brother. He was a student in college, and the army was about to enlist him. One day he disappeared and we do not know what happened to him. Perhaps he went into the North Korean Army and was killed in the fighting. Perhaps the soldiers shot him as a deserter from the army. We just don't know.

Most of the people from our village fled, but they travelled in different ways. The seven of us in my family took a small fishing boat. There were other refugees with us. It was in December. We were on the boat sailing down the east coast of Korea for thirteen days and nights. The weather was bad and the sea was very rough. Most of us were seasick and we couldn't eat. We put in at only two places on the way and finally we arrived at Pusan on the southeast coast. We meant to live there, but the city of Pusan was already so crowded that we were sent to Kohje Island, just outside Pusan.

Our Life on Kohje Island

The first night on Kohje we stayed in a primary school. Then the refugees on our boat were all taken in by friendly families. We lived on this island for four years. For four

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months I went to a primary school but I couldn't continue. You see, the South Korean government had arrested my father for teaching in a police school in the north.

This seemed to us all very cruel, for my father did not like the Communists, and we had all fled from them. But they kept him in prison for three and a half years. There was no money to support the family and we all had to do what we could. My mother collected wood and sold it for fuel. My older brother got a job as a houseboy in the American Army. One of my sisters made clothes. Another stayed home to help keep house for us.

We Move about in Korea

When at last they freed my father, he could not get a job. Six months later we decided to move to Yung-Dang Po, just outside the capital city of Seoul. There my father began to work. His business was not good, however, and we stayed there for only one year. Then we moved over to the east coast, where my father taught at a normal college in Kang-nung. While there I began to go to school again. I skipped the first and second forms and entered the third year of the primary school. I stayed there through the fourth year.

Unfortunately, my father had no teacher's licence, and after we had been there for three years he had to resign. Then we went to Tongdu Chon, which is just south of the 38th parallel. There my father once again found a job. We were there for only one year, but I was in school again. From this place we went to Seoul. Then we moved to Mapo, then to Tapsip-ni, then to our present home in Seoul.

My Brother and Sisters

My oldest sister Choon Bon is now thirty-one. She is married but has no children. Then I have a brother Sung Hi who is twenty-five. He has no job. My sister Choon Ji is nineteen. She works in the old Duk Soo Palace in Seoul as a

guardian in the picture gallery. I come next. I was born on October 12, 1945. In the Korean calendar this is the year 4278. According to Korean custom I was one year old when I was born, and on January 1 of the next year I was considered to be two years old, though in England I should have been less than three months old. If a baby is born on December 31, it is two years old the next day. The youngest member of my family is my sister Choon Suok.

The Village of Miari

I am now in the second year of junior high school at the school in a new village called Miari, which is near Seoul.

Miari is a very interesting place. The North Korean armies crossed the 38th parallel in June and invaded South Korea. Then the war seesawed back and forth, and many people were made homeless. There were more than a million of them, many from North Korea like us, and many from South Korea, too, whose homes had been destroyed. So the government made plans for new settlements. One of the new villages was Miari. It was to be for refugees only, refugees who could not support themselves. The city gave them 262 acres of land, and one thousand families came to live there. There were twenty groups of fifty families each, and each group built its own houses with wood, cement, and nails given by America. While they were building they used any kind of shelter, mostly tents. But in seven months a thousand homes arose. There were many small shops, too, and a few small mills for the making of textiles, bean curds, needles, and briquettes. A little hospital was erected, and of course schools for the children. The men have now gone to work and four hundred women of the village also. Two hundred babies have been born since September.

This is happening all over my country. These villages are really cooperatives built by the people themselves. We think that the new nation will be very much like that.

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My Studies

All the subjects taught in the older city schools are taught here, including music and physical education. I am studying, now Korean, English, mathematics, physics, botany, geography, history, science, music, fine arts, gymnastics, sewing, cooking, embroidery, knitting, morality, social life, and commerce. I like best my mathematics, and I should like to be a lawyer. There is a college of law at Seoul University, and I should like to go there. The teachers say that I am the best student in the school.

I am up every morning at five thirty. I spend some time with my studies and help Mother prepare breakfast. We eat at seven, rice, *kim chi*, bean paste with soy sauce, and hot rice tea. The *kim chi* is mostly cabbage, radishes, and other vegetables, which have been allowed to ferment and made very hot with peppery sauces. Rice tea is the water in which the rice has been boiled. I have to be at school by eight o'clock, because I am a monitor. I have to keep order and check the uniforms. Our uniforms consist of a blue coat with a white collar and black trousers. We wear the school emblem on our coats.

School begins at eight thirty and lasts till three thirty. We have a lunch break from twelve thirty to one. I bring my lunch, which is much the same as my breakfast, and eat it in the classroom. After lunch I play in the yard any game I want to play. Then I take home my books, and help my mother prepare supper. I have to fetch water in pails from outside the house, and I have to clean my room. Supper is about the same as our other meals, mostly vegetables, but on special days we have meat and fish. After supper I study and read. I do not play any house games and we have no radio or television.

On Saturday we have school until one o'clock. The rest of the day I am usually home studying and reading.

I don't have any religion, so Sunday is about the same as

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every other day. Sometimes I go to the school to play, but much of the time I am home studying and reading. About twice a month I go to the cinema. I speak only Korean.

We have a winter holiday from December 20 to January 20, and a summer holiday from June 25 to August 25. Sometimes I go away to visit my friends for a week or ten days at a time. About twice a year we also have school excursions.

The August Moon

About August 15 we have our Festival of the August Moon, which I like very much. It is called Chusok. In the morning we offer wine in the house for each of our ancestors back to the fourth or fifth generation. Then we all go to the cemeteries and everybody bows before each grave. The head of the family tells us who the dead were and what each of them did during his lifetime. In the evening all the members of the family who can do so climb a hill where we light a big bonfire. The girls dance and sing and we all eat a big meal around the fire. Then we watch for the rising of the moon. Whoever sees it first will be the luckiest of us all. Those who cannot climb the hill go to a river to watch for the reflection of the moon in the water. If you bathe in the river while the moon is reflected in it, you will not have a cold for the next year. The children take long poles to catch the moon in the sky. But sometimes all they catch are the walnuts in the neighbour's trees. We usually get new clothes and give presents to the servants and the labourers. And we play many games.

Another big festival of the year is New Year's Day. I don't like that so much, for on the first of January I am always a year older, and I don't want to grow old.

The Swing Festival

We have a Swing Festival also. In the old days the daytime was supposed to be for the men and the night-time for

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the women. So all the men had to stay off the street at night and the women were free to walk around as they pleased. It was at that time that the Swing Festival began. It was started so that once a year the women could have outdoor sport in the day-time.

So on the fifth day of the fifth month we hang swings on the branches of tall trees. Sometimes the people put up two poles at least forty feet high, and a swing hangs between them. The idea is to see who can swing the highest, standing up on the seat. Nowadays the swings are often very high, and the sport is a bit dangerous, so the boys and the men take part, too.

Korean Clothes

The mothers in Korea carry their babies on their backs. At the same time they often carry bundles on their heads. They wear long dresses that reach to their ankles. Then they wear a very short jacket, often of a different colour, tied high with a bow on the chest. The ribbons for the bow hang below the waist in front.

The old men often have long wispy beards and smoke little pipes that are a yard long. They usually wear white gowns, and tall, stiff, black horsehair hats.

Hundreds of years ago every man wound his hair in a top-knot on his head. Then a low hat made of horsehair was placed over it. On top of that another tall hat was placed. This was also made of horsehair, and it had a wide brim. It was tied under the chin by a long black ribbon.

These hats are not worn by just anybody. Only older men wear them now. Usually these men are grandfathers.

A KOREAN FARM BOY

BY JONG CHIL SONG

We Fled from North Korea

My name is Jong Chil Song. Jong is my family name. I was born in North Korea in a village of about five hundred families. It was not mainly a farming village but my father was a farmer there. When I was five years old the war came and most of the village fled. We were taken in Army trucks to Cholla Nam Do, which is a province in the southwest corner of South Korea. There were many trucks and they were all terribly crowded. I travelled with my father, my mother, and two sisters. I don't remember how long we were on the road, but every night we slept in the truck. We cooked our own food, but there was very little food to cook. We were very hungry most of the time.

In Cholla Nam Do we went to Kwang-Ju, which is the capital of that province. For two years we lived in a temporary building provided by the government. After that the government gave us houses, but not single houses. We stayed there for three and a half years more. Each family had a room and a kitchen.

While my father was a farmer in North Korea, in the south he worked as a common labourer. He took any kind of job he could get, and worked by the day. My mother sometimes worked also. I was having a lot of trouble then with my back. It was something I was born with. They put me in a Korean hospital for a whole year, and I lived in a plaster cast. My older sister stayed with me at the hospital and my younger

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sister worked as a maid. After that I was in an American hospital for five months. Then, when they let me go, my back was all right. I have had no trouble with it since then.

Of course, I had ~~no~~ schooling at the hospital, I went to school for the first time in Kwang-Ju when I was nine years old, entering the first form.

Children's Games

In Korea children swing and jump and hop up and down on a seesaw. Little girls play house and make dolls out of bamboo. Boys fly kites and spin tops. But because of my back I could not play these active games much in Korea.

Now We Live on the Han River

Then my family moved north to Kok Kyo Ri. This is a town not far from Seoul on the Han River. We have been living here ever since. For four months we lived in another house and then we moved to our present house. This house has three rooms, two bedrooms and a kitchen. The kitchen is much lower than the bedrooms and has a dirt floor. The floors of our bedrooms are always warm, as the heat from the kitchen fire passes under them. We use one room as a bedroom for the whole family, and the other room I use as my study. We don't have any electric light. We have a well outside, which we share with a neighbour. We all sleep on the floor, as most Koreans do. Next door is a weaving shop.

My Father is a Farmer

My father's name is Jong Kwan So. He has always been a farmer. He does not own his farm. He rents it from the owner. It is a very small farm. There are eighty pyong of paddy land and one hundred pyong of upland. (There are twelve hundred pyong in an acre, so that Mr. Jong has about one

seventh of an acre.) On April 4 my father plants white potatoes in the low paddy land. Then after he has harvested the potatoes he floods the land and plants rice on it. This is about June 15.

On the upland he also plants white potatoes in the spring, and later he puts in cabbages and other vegetables. We have no animals on the farm, but we do have a dog.

Of course, the farm is so small that we cannot grow enough on it to feed the family. So Mother buys food from other farmers and takes it in to Seoul to sell. Father also works for other farmers and earns money that way.

My Mother and Sisters

My mother is Kim Soon Hak. I have three sisters. The oldest is Soo Bok. She is twenty-three, married, with one child. Her husband works in a brick factory nearby. Next comes my twenty-one-year-old sister Chan Ok. She is also married and has also one child. Then I come, and last of all my ten-year-old sister Young Soon. She was born in Cholla Nam Do, and is now in the fourth form in school.

I Am in the Sixth Form

I went to school, as I have said, for four months in Kwang-Ju. Then when we moved north to Kok Kyo Ri I was put into the second form. I was in that school for four months before I moved to my present school. I am now in the sixth form. My school is called the Ky So Primary School. This is my last year here and when I finish it my schooling will be over. After that I shall have to help my father on the farm. Of course, I have always been helping him as much as I could while I went to school.

I always get up at six-thirty and have my breakfast. This consists of wheat or barley, potatoes and *kim chi*. Sometimes I eat rice. After breakfast I study for a while before I go to school. School begins at nine and ends at three or four. There

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is a lunch period from twelve to twelve-fifty. Most of the children bring a lunch to eat, but I don't. I can't afford it. After school I go home and help my mother or my father. I clean the house and work on the farm. Sometimes I play ball with the other boys. Dinner comes at six, and I am very hungry then, since I have had nothing to eat since breakfast. I never have eggs or fruit. And I always drink water, never coffee or tea.

After dinner I rest for a half-hour and then study for an hour. After that I go out and walk for a little. Then I come home, study until ten, and go to bed. We have no radio or television.

I am studying Korean, arithmetic, social life, natural science, and physical education. We have no athletic teams at our school. I like arithmetic best, but I should like to spend more time on natural science. I am looking forward to being a farmer, and I hope I can have a bigger and better farm than my father's.

On Saturday we have school till noon. Then I go home for lunch. In the afternoon I work around the house for an hour and then I study until three. Then I rest until dinner. I never play any indoor games and I never go to the cinema.

Shamanists and Christians

My parents are Shamanists. This is a very ancient religion. The shamans are the magicians. They are the only ones who can talk to the gods and the ancestors and the demons in which my parents believe.

My younger sister and I, however, are Christians. There are many Christians in Korea, mostly Methodists, Presbyterians, and Catholics. My country is the most Christian land in the Orient.

On Sunday morning my sister and I go to the Presbyterian Church in the town. There is a Bible school there for young people like us.

Holidays

During the summer holiday I help my father on the farm. During the winter holiday I study. I have never travelled except when we were refugees, but of course I go to Seoul sometimes. However, I don't like the city very much.

Our house is near the Han River and I like to swim there, but I'm not a very good swimmer. I fish from the banks, too, and catch small fish, which we eat at home.

Since I am a Christian I don't like the old Korean festivals, but I love Christmas and New Year's Day and Easter at my church. At Christmastime we have a Christmas tree, usually a pine tree, in the church. We sing carols and have a party with presents. My family does not observe Christmas at home, but I worship by myself.

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Cathay

MARCO Polo called this great country Cathay. This was the name by which it was known for many years. Columbus carried a letter of greeting to the Khan of Cathay. Of course, he never delivered it. He was mistaken about the continent his ships reached.

Cathay must have seemed a marvellous place to Marco, if only half his account of it is true. Kublai's palace was in a walled square, he wrote, each side a mile in length. This square was inside another walled enclosure, each side six miles long. Then finally there was an outer walled enclosure, eight miles on a side. The palace grounds covered sixty-four square miles of land. Around it was a great city.

The Emperor's Palace was the largest and most beautiful in the world, Marco thought. It was a mile long, richly decorated with marble and gold. In this huge building the Khan lived. His bodyguard alone consisted of twelve thousand horsemen.

His Majesty Hunts

Falconry, in which hawks are used to hunt for smaller or weaker birds, is a very cruel sport. Still the story of the Khan's falconry shows the magnificence of his way of life.

The chase lasted for three months. The Khan took with him twenty thousand falconers and assistants and a vast

number of hawks. He himself travelled in a pavilion built on the backs of four elephants. Inside, it was covered with cloth of gold, outside with the skins of lions. The Khan suffered from gout, and when game was sighted he had the curtains of his pavilion lifted so that from the comfort of his couch he could watch the falcons chase the cranes and storks and herons.

There were many tents in the camp where he spent the night. The largest of them could hold ten thousand soldiers besides the officers and ladies of the court. The outside of these tents was covered with lion skins, the inside with the skins of ermines and sables. The tent ropes were all of silk.

A World of Wonders

It was indeed a world of wonders. To the Khan's capital of Cambaluc there came each day a thousand carriages and packhorses bringing loads of raw silk. This was a country far richer and more advanced than the Venice from which Marco came or any other place in Europe. Even supposing that many of the statements in this extraordinary travel book are 'Marco Polos,' the marvel remains.

Cathay was a country of art and science and wisdom.

More than a thousand years before Marco's time the Chinese had invented paper. More than three hundred years before he arrived they had used wooden or clay blocks to print books. They had a large encyclopedia with more than a thousand different sections. Their painting, sculpture, architecture, and music were remarkable. They had bronze and porcelain and carved ivory and jade. They mined coal and gold and other minerals. They got salt from the sea. They had water clocks and astronomical instruments. They had thought a great deal about religion and philosophy.

Not the least of the things that impressed Marco Polo was their paper money. No other country had any at that time.

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The people could get gold for it, too, whenever they wished. We cannot do that today in many of our modern Western lands.

Great Traditions

Kublai Khan and his splendid court form a glowing chapter in the history of China. But his Mongols were invaders from the north, just as the Manchus, who came later from Manchuria, were also foreigners in the land.

China has a way of swallowing up its invaders and making them all Chinese. 'China is a sea that salts all rivers that flow into it,' they tell us. This has happened again and again in the history of this great country. The Mongols and all the other invaders became Chinese.

We know the names of the kings of China, both native and foreign, back to about 2000 B.C. Gradually the little kingdoms of the land were conquered and united by the stronger kings. Finally an empire began that lasted until 1911.

Then a great revolution took place under the leadership of Dr. Sun Yat-sen and his devoted follower, General Chiang Kai-shek. The Japanese, however, conquered most of the country and ruled until they were finally driven out. Then war broke out again, this time a civil war between the followers of Chiang Kai-shek and the Chinese Communists, led by Mao Tse-tung. The Communists won the war. Chiang and his army fled to the island of Taiwan.

Today we have a divided China.

Too many Babies

China is a big country. It is the second largest in the world, next to Russia in size. And it has more people than any other nation. There are perhaps six hundred and fifty million of them. About twelve million new babies are born every year.

China is like the old woman who lived in a shoe. It is an

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amazingly big shoe, but still China has now so many children she doesn't know what to do with them.

This, once more, is a problem that many of the Asiatic people have to face. They have too many people to feed. This is a danger for all the world, too. The government of mainland China boasts that it is the only country in the world that can stand an atomic war. It can lose two or three hundred million people in such a war, and still remain, so far as population is concerned, a strong nation.

By the year 2000 there will probably be a billion people in China.

The Middle Kingdom

This is what the Chinese people often called their country. They thought it was in the very centre of the earth. But they knew almost nothing about the outside world. They were cut off from other peoples by geography. All around them were mountains and deserts and oceans. They had the Great Wall of China up there in the north also. For centuries China remained a mysterious, hidden land to the rest of the world.

Even within their giant country the people could not travel easily from one part to another. China is not a great level plain filled with rice paddies. The land is largely covered by mountains that stretch their long ranges from the west down to the Pacific Ocean.

Chinese culture came from the north. It began in the upper valley of the Yellow River. Then it followed this great stream down to the coast. After that it could spread only by jumping over the mountain ranges from one river valley to the next. It was a hop, skip, and jump story, from the Yellow River to the Yang-tse River, from the Yang-tse River to the Si River. There never was much farming land in China outside these river valleys and the coastal plains.

This is the chief reason why people are hungry in China today.

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Mao Tse-Tung and the Communists

It was the poor peasants of China that made it possible for Mao to defeat Chiang and to set up his People's Republic of China. Mao went first of all to these poorest of the poor. They had nothing whatever. He promised them everything they had ever dreamed about.

There was a time of terror and violence. Mao took all the land and the other property away from the rich and gave it to the poor. One and a half million of the old landowners and other well-to-do people were killed. That was not a high price, Mao said, in a population of more than six hundred million, to pay for this new and better day.

But what the peasants had not thought about was that the land the rich people had owned would not be very much, when divided among their millions. Each peasant got only from one sixth to one half an acre of land, on the average. No farmer could support his family on so little.

So Mao gathered the workers together in cooperatives. Each worker gave his land and animals and tools to the cooperative. The people were to work together and share their profits.

But this did not succeed either. Now Mao has started what he calls communes. Each commune has from ten thousand to forty thousand persons in it, and there are now more than twenty-six thousand communes in the country. The peasants own nothing now. The commune, which is the state, owns everything. The communes run the farms, the factories, the shops, the schools, the hospitals, the railways, the fishing fleets, everything.

At first the people were happy enough. Mao had told them that now the state would take care of them from the time of their birth to the time of their death. That seemed wonderful to these simple people. Their life had always been hard.

But soon the people began to find that the new system did not work much better than the old. They laboured sixteen or

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more hours a day, and still they were hungry. There just wasn't food enough for them in the land.

Machines and Guns

Mao blamed it all on the West. The West was China's great enemy, he said. If China was to have food, the West must be defeated. That meant arms and guns and ships. And to get those things China must have many new industries: mines, airplanes, submarines, steel mills, oil wells, power-houses, atomic-energy plants, tractors, cars, all kinds of machines. China used to be an agricultural country. Mao said it must now become an industrial state.

The government is now growing more food than ever before, but some of the food must be sent abroad to pay for the things Mao needs to build up his industry. And every day in the year there are about thirty-three thousand new babies howling for their food.

As if that was not enough to make the problem difficult, Mao has had nature to fight, too. In 1959 there was a terrible drought. Many millions of acres of farm land withered. The drought came to an end. Then rains and bad floods followed. After that there were locusts and plant diseases. Everything seemed to be making the task of the Communists and the life of the people more burdensome.

Still the new government of China has done a great deal for the country. To do so it has made slaves of the people. The old clans, which brought together and served related groups of people, have gone. Even the family itself, on which Chinese culture for thousands of years has been based, is disappearing. And the people are still hungry, hungrier indeed than ever before.

The Refugees

Life is so hard that many people have run away from China. They have fled in junks to the British colony of Hong

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Kong. They have swum to the Portuguese colony of Macau. In one way or another many of them have escaped.

Through these refugees we learn much of what is going on in China today. Tourists seldom go there now.

So our young people who tell us what life is like in China today are refugees. Kong Lan is a girl who escaped to Macau in a junk. Kiang Sai Ha is a boy who now lives in Hong Kong. We see Communist China as it is today through their eyes.

I HAVE JUST ESCAPED FROM RED CHINA

BY KONG LAN

I Escaped in a Junk

There were twelve of us that escaped together, five men, four women, and three children. The youngest was three, the next was twelve. I am a girl of fifteen. My oldest brother Kong Lim, was working for a commune and was in charge, of a big junk. A junk is high in the stern and low in the bow. It usually has three sails. There is a big mainsail in the middle, a smaller sail over the stern, and the smallest sail of all over the bows. The sails are called lateen sails. They open up rather like a fan. Our junk belonged to the commune. My brother Lim used to go out in it, collect the fish caught by the other fishing boats, and weigh them. He had three men to help him.

Lim had been planning for some time to try to get away from Communist China, and the men who helped him wanted to go, too. Lim took his wife and baby and me. The others who went did not belong to our family, but we were

all such close friends that it seemed as though we were just one family.

For some days beforehand the people who were going to leave managed to smuggle a little rice and a few sweet potatoes on board the boat. It wasn't much, for none of us had enough to eat at home at any time.

On the night we planned to leave we all sneaked on board one by one until we were all there. Then at eight o'clock in the evening we silently put out from the shore. No one noticed the boat slipping away. As fast as we could we sailed right out to sea. We carried no lights at all, but we were still afraid that a communist gunboat would chase us. I was very frightened, but I was never seasick. For three days and four nights we sailed. We quickly ate up all the food on the boat. For two days we had nothing to eat at all. When we thought it safe we put into Macau, which belongs to Portugal. We were very glad to be free.

When we got to Macau the Portuguese government there gave us each twenty Macau dollars and an identity card. They told us that after we had been in Macau for six months we could go to Hong Kong if we wanted to. This is about forty miles east of Macau. But if Lim can find work in Macau he will stay.

Of course, we are very poor. We could not bring anything with us except the clothes we wore.

It is lucky we weren't caught. If we had been caught we would all be on our way now to a labour camp in the north of China, where we should get very bad treatment.

My Home in China

My name is Lan. I was born on the big island of Chung San at the mouth of the Pearl River. My village is called Tau Mon Sin Mong Chong. This is a small place about ten miles from Shekki. Until I escaped I always lived in that village and in the same house.

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Our home was on the edge of the village and my father was a farmer, growing rice and vegetables. Most of the people were farmers and they all worked for the government. The land, of course, did not belong to them. Our house was of stone and belonged to us. It was an old house, very small, and in bad condition. So the commune did not take it away from us. We were told that they were going to build a big dormitory for all the men, another for all the women, a common dining hall for everybody, and a nursery for the children. Most of the people thought that would be fine, except they did not like the idea of breaking up the families. However, all this was just talk. These buildings were never put up. So we continued to live in our own little house.

My Father and Mother

There was only one big room in our house with a little kitchen at the back. Mamma and Papa slept in the big room, and we children all slept outside on a small porch. The house was some distance away from the farm where my father worked. He could not take any of the rice and vegetables from the farm for his family. Everything had to be turned over to the government. My father had to go and collect food for twenty people, including his own family, and arrange to have one woman cook it. The people then went to this woman's house and got their share of the food. We had a small metal stove in our little kitchen where we burned brush, but we did not use it for cooking. We slept on boards placed over wooden horses and used quilts to keep us warm.

My father, Kong Fai, had to work very hard, usually from 4 a.m. to 9 p.m. Sometimes he had to work even until midnight, carrying sewage out to the farm. Moreover, there was a meeting almost every evening. If he did not go to the meeting, he got no food. If he was hurt or ill, he got no food either, unless he was very ill.

Before the Communists came my father had his own farm,

but that was taken away from him. He used to have chickens, cows, and pigs. We used to have a dog also, but the Communists have killed almost all the dogs in China. They told us that the Americans dropped germs and that the dogs carried the germs to the people and made them ill. Most of the people thought this was true, but perhaps they killed the dogs because there was no food to feed them with.

The Communists have made a road in our town and they have built a hospital there. We had a school building before they came.

My mother's name was Wong Keng. She was born in another village. She works on the big communist farm just like my father.

The Rest of My Family

Besides Lim, who brought me to Macau, and who is twenty-three, I have two sisters and two brothers. Chan is the oldest of the sisters. She is twenty-six, married, and has three children. Her husband is a farmer, too. Wun is twenty-three. Her husband is a carpenter, working for the government. He makes furniture. They have no children. My brother Fock is eight years old and is now in his first year of school. Finally I have a small brother How, who is six. There is an old woman in the village who looks after him while my mother is working on the farm. Each old woman usually looks after three small children in her house.

Hungry all the Time

In the commune we got only rice and salt water, except when the vegetables were being harvested, when we got some of them. Sometimes we got some sweet potatoes but there was never enough to eat. Now they let the people plant a few sweet potatoes for themselves, but they have to do that in their spare time, and they hardly have any. We almost never had any fish, or meat, or chicken. All of these things are sold

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abroad. They used to give us a little less than two ounces of rice oil a month per person. This was made from the outer covering of the rice. We also got three ounces of paraffin a month.

Of course, we were hungry all the time, and many people got ill. We were all very unhappy, for the Communists had been making all kinds of lovely promises to us which they did not keep.

Still, when I was a little girl, I used to have fun with the other children, digging in the ground, playing house, and other games. But I never had a doll.

School in China

I went to the village school for the first time when I was nine years old. School lasted from 6 a.m. to 10 a.m. Then I went home for lunch. Then I had school again from eleven to four. After that I helped at home with the housework and sometimes I took care of the small children. The only homework I had to do was to learn to write the Chinese characters.

The old Chinese was like a picture language. Each picture was called a character. Some of these characters were very easy to learn. But most of the Chinese characters don't look like pictures any more, and many are very hard to learn.

In school I had arithmetic, dictation, and Cantonese. Cantonese is the language spoken in my part of China. These were all my subjects.

I stayed in school until I escaped, but from the age of twelve I only had one hour of schooling a day, which I had to spend learning Chinese. The rest of the day, from eleven to four or five, I had to work on the farm. I did not like this at all, because the work was very hard. Still the older girls had to work much longer hours than I.

On Saturday and Sunday there was no school but I had to work just the same then as on other days.

I haven't any religion.

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Holidays in China

At the Chinese New Year we used to have two days' holiday, but they were not very gay days. We never got any of the lucky money wrapped in red paper that children used to get at that time. We did have a few fireworks for each of us to set off, and each of us got one ounce of pork to eat.

We had a half holiday at the Festival of the August Moon, and each person got one and a half moon cakes to eat.

October 1 was the communist national holiday, and then we had meetings and speeches and parades.

My father and mother are still in the old village. They knew I was going to try to escape with my brother, and they were very glad to have me go, for life is very hard in Red China today.

I WAS BORN IN CANTON, CHINA

BY KIANG SAI HA

I'm not sure when I was Born

I was born in the great city of Canton. The city has a million and a half people in it. It's on the Pearl River in South China. The Pearl River is rather short, but it is one of the three greatest rivers in all China. It flows into the sea between Macau, which is a Portuguese possession, and Hong Kong, which is British. The river is sometimes called the Canton River. I think I was born on February 28, 1944, but I'm not quite sure. My family name is Kiang.

*The Town of Poon Yu**

When I was very, very young I went to Poon Yu. This was

* These names are fictitious names

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just when the Chinese people forced the Japanese, who had conquered China to leave the country. I stayed in Poon Yu until I had a chance to come out of Red China to Hong Kong .

In China my family has always lived in the same house. The house has brick walls and a tile roof. It has two floors, but the upper floor is very low. Downstairs there is one big room with a small kitchen at the back. We do not have any electric light and we get our water from a village well. We burn brush or grass in our stove, but we do not need any heat except for cooking, as South China is not cold. We never have any ice or snow. We sleep on long wooden benches on which we place a grass mattress, and we sleep under quilts. We don't have any blankets. When we eat, we sit on stools about a round table. We can fold up the table and put it against the wall when we are not using it. We have a tile floor in the house.

Some of the people in the town are rice farmers, but most of them grow mulberry trees to feed to silkworms. They make a living producing raw silk. Some of the people breed fish in ponds. The fish are of different kinds, but most of them are a sort of flat fish.

My Father made Porcelain Dishes

My family consists of my father and mother, and older sister, two younger brothers, and a younger sister. I have an uncle who lives with my family also.

My father and uncle used to be in partnership together. They made porcelain dishes, which they sold in the town. My father still sells these dishes, but he does not make them any more. They are now made by the commune. The commune is an organization of from ten thousand to forty thousand people, who work in a single community for the state. No one owns anything. The state controls everything.

My older sister is eighteen, and she is in the second year of

the upper middle school. She will graduate from this school in another year, and then she may have a chance to go to the university. She wanted to stop school before she went to the upper middle school. My family needed the money she could earn, but her teacher would not let her stop. The teacher got a scholarship for her, and now she doesn't pay anything for her schooling.

My two younger brothers are ten and six. The ten-year-old boy is in school, but the six-year-old boy is too young. Children usually go to school when they are seven. My younger sister is just a baby, two years old. She is learning to walk.

Our house is near the market place, where my father and my uncle used to have their shop for the making of dishes. They don't have a shop now, but we still occupy the same house, for which we pay forty to fifty yuan a year rent. They say the government is going to build a big house for the people to live in, and then my family will have to give up their own house.

I Came to Hong Kong at Eleven

When I was little I used to play hide-and-seek a great deal. I went to school on Poon Yu when I was seven, and I continued there until I came to Hong Kong at the age of eleven. At that time the government let my aunt go to Hong Kong to get some money. Relations in Cuba had sent it to her. She took me with her. At first my name was not in the permit, but my father pleaded for me, and so they put my name in. They did not want to be criticized by the overseas Chinese for not letting children under twelve leave China. Of course, they thought this was just a visit. They expected me to return. When I did not go back my mother got a bad scolding. My aunt went back, but two years later she came out again, and this time she stayed in Hong Kong.

Now I am a resident of Hong Kong. I have a Hong Kong identity card. I don't have any trouble now in going back and

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coming out again. In fact, the Communists are not so strict as they used to be. They have put up a lot of new buildings in Red China and they love to show them off to visitors. They are building roads, railways, factories, bridges, and other things.

I am not now living with the aunt who brought me out, but with another aunt who has been in Hong Kong for twenty years.

I Went to Night School

When I came out from the mainland, I did not have enough money to go to day school. This costs usually about fifteen Hong Kong dollars a month, besides the books, which cost even more. So I went to the evening school for one and a half years. This cost only two or three Hong Kong dollars a month. In the daytime I studied at home. I did not have to work. Two of my aunt's daughters are working, one of them making gloves. They support the family. There is a third daughter who isn't working. My aunt's husband has been unemployed for some time.

The Arsenal Boys' Club

After my one and a half years at night school I came to the Arsenal Boys' Club, I now spend most of my time there. On Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings I go to a workshop where I am learning to do carpentering. I am making ping-pong bats. Later I should like to become a carpenter. In the afternoons I have class work at the club. I have some arithmetic, reading, writing, talks on geography and history, discussions, and debates. On Tuesday and Thursday I may help my aunt, but if she doesn't need me, I am usually at the club. The club is really a kind of home for me.

I don't take part in outdoor games much, but I do play ping-pong, and I love to play chess. Last month I won the first prize in the chess tournament at the club, I play the harmonica also.

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There are boys' clubs like mine all over Hong Kong, but some of them do not have the fine new building we have. Some of them meet on rooftops. After this year I shall not be allowed to remain in the club for smaller boys, but I shall be able to join the teen-age club, which meets in the same building in the evening. This club is for both boys and girls.

I used to be a Boy Scout, but I could not continue. I could not pay the twenty cents a week it cost.

On Saturdays I help to cook the meals at home, and on both Saturday and Sunday I am usually around the house. I very seldom go to the cinema, but at the club they show a film once a week. They have a radio at the club, too.

I take showers at the club and I can wash my clothes there, too.

I don't go to church on Sundays, for I have no religion. My family in China are Confucianists.

Many Good Times

We have many outings. Every two months we go for hikes and picnics. Recently we climbed to the top of the mountain called Lion's Rock. Hong Kong is an island with mountains on it. But we can cross on the ferry to Kowloon on the mainland, and there are other mountains there that we can climb. Kowloon and the country behind it, which is called the New Territories, are British and leased from China.

We have nice beaches at Repulse Bay and Deep Water Bay, and every year we go for a week's holiday to Silvermine Bay Holiday Camp. I was unlucky this year, for it rained all the time I was there. I love to swim.

I live in a tenement house near the club. We have one long room, which we have divided in two with a wooden partition. There is a separate kitchen but no toilet. Every night between midnight and morning the sewage is collected. They use the sewage on the farms.

CHINA

I Have just been back to China

I have just been back to China for a visit. In fact I just returned a week ago. From Kowloon I took the train for the Chinese border, an hour's ride. Then I had a four-hour train ride to Canton. There I crossed the river and took still another train. Finally I crossed a small stream and took the bus for Poon Yu. I went back with a cousin who is the son of yet another aunt who remains in Poon Yu. The train was very crowded but everyone had his own seat. I could have bought food on the train but it cost too much. So I did not have anything to eat until I got back to my old home in Poon Yu.

I found my town much cleaner and nicer than it used to be. In fact I hardly recognized it at all. The ruins from the war have been cleared away. The old shops beside the stream have been taken down and there are gardens and a road there now. They have built some pretty bridges over the stream, and there is more room around the houses. Near my home they have turned a big old house into a school. There is a new home for the aged and a big hospital. There is a nursery for the babies, too. There is a common dining room where my father and other members of my family eat. But my mother eats at home and I ate with her. They had a flood recently in my country and they had to close the common dining room for a time because they could not supply food for it. So people began to cook at home again with rationed rice. They let me have a cattie of rice a day, which means four bowls when cooked. A boy like me usually eats two or three bowls at every meal, and I was hungry all the time.

Everyone is Hungry

As a matter of fact, everyone is hungry and everyone is unhappy at home. The radio told people that there would be a good harvest, but this did not turn out to be true. The people were very much disappointed.

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Everyone works very hard. My father gets up at five thirty in the morning, then works until four in the afternoon. Then he eats, and afterwards works again until 8 helping to build new houses. Then he has to go to meetings which may last until midnight.

Everyone is working like this.

I noticed that all the cemeteries had been removed. The land is now being used for gardens.

I think life is very bad in China today. Everything that is produced in the villages is taken away from the people. The pay is very small. My father gets thirty-six yuan a month (£4). Of this he is compelled to put thirty shillings in the savings bank. His yearly tax is £2. I was very glad to get back to Hong Kong again.

Christmas and New Year

We have lots of parties before Christmas at the club, with fun and good food. So I like Christmas better than any other holiday. But the Chinese New Year is fun, too. We go around to the houses shouting 'Here comes Choy Sun!' *Choy* means money and *Sun* means god. When the God of Money comes to a house, the people usually give a little money wrapped up in red paper. Sometimes I get about ten shillings. I buy and sell fireworks, too.

5. TAIWAN

THE BEAUTIFUL ISLAND

The Rooster and the Banana

ON the map of Asia mainland China looks for all the world like a huge rooster. Get out your atlas and see. It is pecking away at Korea. As a matter of fact, it has already gobbled up half of Korea, as we know.

Now follow the coast line of Asia south on your map until you come to the island of Taiwan. It lies in the Pacific Ocean about a hundred miles off the southeast shore of Communist China. It is about 240 miles long. And on the map it looks like a banana.

Roosters like bananas. Red China would love to gobble up Taiwan. It has already begun to peck away at some small outlying islands that belong to Taiwan.

The banana is Chinese, too. It has been Chinese for many centuries. It used to be just a province of the mainland giant we have been talking about. But now we have a divided China. Or rather we have two Chinas fighting each other. One is great Communist China. The other is Free China, a democracy governed by Chiang Kai-shek. He is now president of the Republic of China, which has moved to Taiwan.

Why does the big rooster not gobble up the banana? First, because Free China has a strong military force. Second, because the West has promised to defend Taiwan if it is attacked.

The big rooster hesitates. But there is no peace in this far corner of the Pacific.

Every Five Years an Uprising

It is easy for strong nations to seize islands belonging to some weaker mainland country. All over the world there are examples of this. We shall be visiting next in this book the island of Hong Kong, which also lies off the coast of China and now belongs to us. Later we shall see Singapore, an island off the tip of the Malayan Peninsula. That is a British possession, too.

Many nations have tried to take and keep this island of Taiwan. Fighting has been quite common there. In fact, Portugal, Spain, England, Holland, France, and Japan have all attacked the island, or occupied it, or ruled it.

The Chinese say of Taiwan, 'Every five years an uprising, every three years a rebellion.'

Hoklos, Hakkas, and Others

The first people to live on this island were not Chinese, but they certainly were fighters. As a matter of fact, they were headhunters. They belonged to the brown race, and they spoke the Malayan language. There are still about two hundred thousand of them in Taiwan. They are divided into seven different tribes.

Later the Chinese began to arrive. At first they were pirates who came in their junks to prey upon the people there. Or they were gold seekers who wanted to get rich quickly. Then in the twelfth century the Chinese began to settle. They came from different parts of the mainland.

Of the ten and a half million people who now live on Taiwan, the largest number are called Hoklos. There are about six million of them. As you might guess, they come from Fukien, the mainland province which is just opposite Taiwan. They speak a Chinese dialect called Amoy.

Then there are a million Hakkas also. They used to live in North China, but then they moved far to the south, to the province of Kwangtung. Then many of them came to Taiwan. They use their own dialect, Hakka.

In the south of Taiwan we find also about two hundred thousand people who came from the neighbourhood of Canton in China. They speak Cantonese.

Finally there are the two million people who came to Taiwan with General Chiang Kai-shek. They were his soldiers and his supporters. They did not like the new communist rule on the mainland.

Wu Feng and the Head-hunters

All of these different kinds of people have learned to live together happily. But it was not always so. It is a long story of progress from savage head-hunting to friendly cooperation.

Years ago the Chinese government tried to stamp out the fighting among the different tribes of aborigines, the primitive peoples of the brown race. These people liked nothing better than to fight with each other and to cut off the heads of their captured enemies.

Wu Feng was the Chinese governor among these mountain tribes. He was a very good and fair man. Everyone liked him, even the aborigines. But he could not stop this hideous custom of head-hunting.

Finally he called all the chiefs together and told them he would let them cut off just one more head. After that the government itself would take the head off anyone else who went head-hunting on his own. 'Up in the mountains,' Wu Feng told the chiefs, 'where the two trails cross, you will meet a man dressed in white. You can kill him if you wish. But this must be the end.' And he told them to be there on a certain night.

The head-hunters did not understand, and they certainly had no intention of limiting their fine collection of skulls.

But they thought it would be good fun. So on the evening indicated they went out with their long, sharp knives.

Sure enough, as the hunters waited, the stranger appeared, clad in white. The tribesmen, waiting in the dark, pounced on him with shouts of glee, killed him, and cut off his head. Then they lit their torches to take the head back to the village. And to their amazement they recognized the face. It was the head of Wu Feng, their friend, the man they admired and loved.

After that there was no more head-hunting!

Wu Feng has become one of the great men in the history of Taiwan. By such sacrifice, the schoolchildren are taught, the nation has been strengthened and united. All over the island you now find little shrines to Wu Feng, the man who gave his life for the people.

Ilha Formosa

More than four hundred years ago Portuguese explorers sailed by this island. They saw the long range of lovely mountains that runs from north to south. One of them was thirteen thousand feet high. More than seventy others were more than ten thousand feet high.

The visitors were greatly impressed. They called the island *Ilha Formosa*, which means in Portuguese the 'beautiful island.'

In England we have called the island Formosa ever since. But the Chinese call it Taiwan. The latter name means 'the terraced bay.' There are many terraced bays along the coast of this mountainous island nation.

There is no more beautiful island in the world.

The mountains of Taiwan run close to the east coast and there are many miles of high, bold cliffs. The sides of the peaks are covered with great forests. There are many wild animals. In the west, however, there are wide, fertile plains, where the people grow rice, sugar cane, and sweet potatoes, the three main crops of the island.

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The farmers grow other crops there also. We have all heard of Formosa Oolong tea. The tea is grown in the higher land. The southern part of Taiwan is in the tropics and tropical fruits grow there. There are many minerals in the country. The first oil well began to gush in November .

But besides lovely tropical flowers such as the lotus and the orchid, besides delicious fruits such as the papaya and the banana, besides the rice and oil and camphor and gold, the Taiwanese are well acquainted with some other less pleasant things.

The islands lie in the earthquake zone. There are on the average about fifteen hundred shocks a year. They are not very bad, however. People make light of them. They say, 'I'll see you after the afternoon quake.'

There are typhoons, too, bad ones sometimes. They usually come between the first of May and the first of November. Sometimes they do a lot of damage.

Chiang Kai-Shek

To this island of Taiwan there came in 1945 the defeated leader of the Free Chinese. He set up his temporary capital in the city of Taipei in the north of Taiwan. He still thinks of Taiwan as just a province of great China, which someday he hopes to win back again.

The provincial capital is at Taichung, the centre of the island.

President Chiang Kai-shek wants to build a model nation on Taiwan. He wants to show to the Chinese people everywhere that democracy is a better form of government than communism, and has already done great things.

Agriculture is thriving. The country now grows so much rice that it can export a great deal of it to Japan. Land has been distributed among the poor peasants. But the land was not taken violently away from the big owners. There was no killing of one and a half million people. The land was

purchased from those who had a great deal of it and given to those who had none.

Schools have been built everywhere. Today there is hardly a child of school age who is not in class. New industries have been established, factories and mines and power plants and shipbuilding yards.

This is, indeed, a new day for the island of Taiwan, a day of hope and confidence.

The City of Taipei

It is a big city now, this capital of Taiwan. There are about 850,000 people in it. There are some fine buildings and homes. But most of the factories are still small and many of the shops are tiny. There are hokey-pokey ice-cream carts that are pushed through the streets. There are pavement restaurants, where food is cooked for you on the street. There are many little stores that are carried about on sticks slung over the shoulders of the merchants.

The streets are crowded in Taipei. Modern automobiles and ancient oxcarts mingle. Most people travel in pedicabs or on bicycles. The pedicabs have a seat that will hold two people between two wheels. A man in front, on a bicycle attached to the seat, pulls the passengers along after him. The streets are sometimes jammed with bicycles also. Taipei is a fascinating city to visit, but often it seems impossible to cross its streets.

The Future for Free China

Taiwan really consists of about eighty islands. It is a part of the fringe of Asia, where mighty mountains rise from the sea. Two of the smaller islands are Quemoy and Matsu. These are the places the big rooster is now pecking away at. Every other day or so the shore batteries of Red China pour shells upon them. And Mao Tse-tung is constantly threatening to 'liberate' Taiwan from the grasp of Chiang Kai-shek.

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On the other hand, Chiang Kai-shek is always hoping to win the mainland away from Mao Tse-tung.

Who will win this war? Only the future will tell. And the future belongs to young people such as Michael Kiu-yuen Kiang, who wants to be an architect, and Shao Fong Fong, the charming little starlet of Free China. You will not find these young people doubtful about the future of Free China. They themselves, and all the other boys and girls of their age, are going to make it, if they can, a place of loveliness, a place of happiness.

Nee hao, they say to us, how do you do?

I AM IN THE CINEMA

BY SHAO FONG FONG

Nobody's Child

My name is Shao Fong Fong. I am thirteen years old and I was born in Shanghai, China. Fong means a fragrant flower, and Fong Fong means a very fragrant flower. When you repeat a word in Chinese the meaning becomes a little stronger. Sometimes my mother calls me Josephine.

I have been in films ever since I was seven years old.

In the spring of the International Film Festival showed in San Francisco one of the films I made. The picture was called *Nobody's Child*. It was chosen as one of the thirteen best films.

The scene of it is laid in North China. One of the war refugees had abandoned a little girl there. A mason, Lo Ta-lung, took her home and decided to keep her. He gave her the name of Siao-mei. Mrs. Lo loved her very much.

But the mason broke his leg and decided he could not keep her any longer. Without the knowledge of his wife, he sold her to Daddy Wei. Daddy Wei was a wandering showman with three dogs and a monkey. Daddy taught her to sing and dance and to perform many tricks. Siao-mei loved particularly the monkey, who was called Precious Egg, and the littlest dog, who was called Small Tiger.

They were getting along very well with the show when trouble came. Daddy Wei was thrown into prison, though he had done no wrong. Siao-mei tried to continue the performances, but she was often very hungry. Then, soon after Daddy Wei came out of prison, they were caught in a terrible snowstorm. The two larger dogs were eaten by wolves, the monkey froze to death, and Daddy Wei, who had given his fur coat to Siao-mei to keep her warm, also died.

The film ends with Siao-mei setting off with Small Tiger to find Mrs. Lo again, the woman she loved most in all the world.

I was Siao-mei in the film.

My Own Life in Shanghai and Hong Kong

My own life has been exciting, too. My father was a partner in the William Hunt Corporation, a Shanghai firm of exporters and importers. He had been born in Suchow, which is not far from Shanghai but a little farther from the coast. When the Communists came to Shanghai in May 1949 they seized my father's business. We wanted to escape then, but we couldn't, because my grandmother was ill. She died in 1950 and then we got away.

In Shanghai we had been living in a red-brick house. It was a foreign-style house of two stories with a tile roof. The house had mostly Western furniture and had all modern conveniences. When we fled, the Communists seized the house also.

We got away from Shanghai by sneaking on board a train.

We were not able to take anything with us, but we had friends in Hong Kong, and they helped us. My father died in 1952. It had been very hard for him to lose everything he had worked all his life for.

School and the Cinema

I first went to school in Kowloon. This is part of the Hong Kong Colony but it's on the mainland opposite the island where the city of Victoria lies. Then I entered the primary school but I was never able to finish it. I found I could not do my pictures and go to school at the same time. Since then I have had private teachers.

The first film company I was with was a communist company. It was called the Long Wall Film Company. We Chinese call the Great Wall of China the Long Wall. Before these films made by the communist company were even shown in Taiwan, which is Free China.

I have done about twenty films. One of them, the *Plume Girl*, was shown at Singapore. I received the Gold Tiger Award for it. This was the biggest prize for a child star.

The director of the communist film company in Hong Kong turned against the Communists and attacked them. Then, suddenly, he disappeared. When my mother also deserted the Communists, the Hong Kong police were worried about us. For a time they put six policemen round our house. Finally they persuaded my mother to move into a brick house in the centre of Hong Kong. This house had a telephone, which made it safer for us.

I am now under contract for three or four films every year. My company is the Kuofong Film Company. This is a Taiwan firm, and Kuofong means 'country wind.' Just now I am making a film called *Blood Bath on the Green Hill*. I came to Taipei, the capital of Taiwan, in 1957. Mamma and I were both glad to get away from Hong Kong. But now we think it is safe to go back again, and we spend about half the year

in Taipei and half in Hong Kong. I have also been on location in Tokyo. We had to go to Japan to get the snow scenes for *Nobody's Child*. Of course, we couldn't go back to North China.

I love every minute of my work and I want to be a good actress.

My Programme on Location

When I am on location I have to get up every morning at six o'clock. For breakfast I usually have bread and milk and an egg. At seven thirty I leave for location and I am there until five in the afternoon. The company provides my lunch, which is usually Chinese food cooked in the Shanghai manner. Shanghai cooking uses rich sauces. We have swallow nests made up into a delicious soup, and shark's fin boiled in chicken soup and served with chicken and ham. We use shrimps and fish a lot, fresh-water eels, and frogs' legs, which we call 'fried cherries.' We like sea slugs and fresh abalone. Then, of course, we eat other meats and vegetables.

When I come back to my hotel from location I have a bath, rest a bit, and have dinner in a restaurant. After dinner I study and memorize my part. I usually have many autographs to write. At nine I go to bed.

This is my programme seven days in the week.

The Chinese Opera

When I am making a film I have no time for school, or for anything else, but when the picture is done, then my teachers come. I have four teachers. One of them is my mother. Another teaches me English, and two of them teach me Chinese opera. There is no Western type of theatre in Taiwan, and except for the Chinese opera no good dramatic school.

I sometimes play in the Chinese opera, but this is very different from Western opera. The stage is almost empty,

maybe just a table and two chairs on it. There is no curtain at the front. The musician on the right-hand side of the stage play throughout the show. The actors speak and sing in a high falsetto voice. Their faces are painted to show their characters. All the costumes are of silk. The way they are made and the colours that are used show whether the actors are beggars or nobles.

When an actor comes on the stage, he may go to the front and say to the audience, 'I am a farmer, and my name is Wang Ying-t'eh,' or 'I am the daughter of a noble, and my name is Ling Kuang-mei.' There are many rules about the acting, and almost every movement suggests something. An actor doesn't weep, he just raises his sleeve to his face as if he were brushing away his tears. If he takes a little hop, he is crossing the threshold into a house or a room. If he brings his outstretched hands together in front of him, he is shutting a door. The Chinese opera is all played in this way.

Religion and Sports

I am very fond of sports: bicycle riding, badminton, rowing, swimming, fishing in the rivers. I like dancing, but the dancing I do is the old folk dancing of my people. Of course, I like films, and it's always fun seeing my own pictures.

I speak Mandarin, the official language of China, the Shanghai and Cantonese dialects, and some English.

My mother and I are Christians. When we are home and free we go to a Christian church in Taipei.

Chinese Festivals

We have many festivals in China, but I like best the New Year Festival. This is the Lunar New Year and it does not always fall on the same day. It may come any time between January 21 and February 19.

Nineteen sixty-one is our year 50. The Free China calendar is reckoned from the founding of the Republic in

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1911. Our years are always arranged, moreover, in cycles of twelve. Each year is represented by an animal. In turn these are the mouse, the cow, the tiger, the rabbit, the dragon, the snake, the horse, the sheep, the monkey, the rooster, the dog, and the pig. Nineteen sixty-one is the year of the cow, 1962 the year of the tiger.

On the twenty-fourth day of the twelfth month every family in China that observes the old ways says good-bye to the Kitchen God. For at that time of the year he goes back to the Lord of the Heavens to report on the family. So the god is taken from his little shelf and incense is burned before him. His mouth is smeared with malt sugar so he will say only nice things about the family when he makes his report. A big-bowl of rice wine is placed in front of him, so that he will get drunk and forget to tell about some of the family quarrels. Finally he leaves for heaven. Really the family burns him up. He's made of paper.

There is a big dinner on New Year's Eve. All the food, even the most common, is called by fancy names. An egg becomes a 'silver ingot.' Vegetables are 'Buddhist sceptres.' In the evening there are fireworks and games. When the children go to bed they find red paper envelopes with money in them under their pillows.

At dawn the next day the master of the house unlocks the front gate and burns incense to heaven and earth. Then each person salutes the Kitchen God, who is back again from his long journey.

These festivities continue until the fifteenth day of the new moon.

Of course, we Christians don't believe in the Kitchen God, but we all have a wonderful time at New Year, all decked out in the new clothes we get at that time.

I WAS BORN IN SHANGHAI

BY MICHAEL KIU-YUEN KANG

Names

My family name is Kiang. It used to be Chiang, but as my father and President Chiang Kai-shek were both born in the same little village near Ningpo, about one hundred miles south of the big city of Shanghai, my father has modestly changed his name to Kiang.

My given names are Kiu-yuen. All Chinese names are nice names. They all mean something. I am my father's ninth child and Kiu means nine in Chinese. But it also means long-lasting. Yuen means universal and great.

I also have another name, given me by my Western friends, who find our Chinese names difficult. This is Michael. Nowadays I usually sign my name Michael K. Y. Kiang. At home and in my Chinese school I am called Kiu-yuen.

My father's name is David Miao Kiang. When he was small the family moved from Fenghwa to Ningpo, because there were no free schools for small children in Fenghwa. In Ningpo my father went to a prominent Baptist school. The teacher there gave him the name of David. After he had been there about three years, he started to work for a shop that sold motor car parts and accessories he went with his mother to Shanghai and started his own business. He was not married then but he had met my mother, whose name was Olive Hsiang-lee Wong. She had been going to a Baptist girls' school in Ningpo, and the teachers there had given her the name of Olive. My father and mother were

married in Shanghai. My father had learned to speak very good English there, for English was very necessary in Shanghai.

Our Home in Shanghai

It was in Shanghai that I was born fifteen years ago.

In Shanghai we lived in the heart of the city. Our house was in a compound that had about a hundred other houses in it. These families were not related. Still they formed a little community and elected a committee through which they appealed to the authorities when it was necessary. There was a lot of trouble at that time in China and every night they posted watchmen around the compound.

Our house was a brick house with a tile roof and it had three stories. There were a living room, a kitchen, and a toilet on the first floor. On the second floor there were two bedrooms and a bathroom. On the third floor were two more bedrooms. We had Western furniture.

My father began to build another house in the suburbs of the city, about eight miles from the centre. The house was in the middle of an acre of land, surrounded by a fence. My father planned to build a wall around it, but he never did. This house was of brick, like our city house, but it was very large with two kitchens and sixteen rooms in all. There was a garage for the car, and my father set out many fruit trees.

My father sold and repaired cars. He built up a good business. But the Communists at that time were getting nearer and nearer. And when the Nationalist government began to move to Taiwan, my father decided to leave everything and escape with his family while there was time. It was not difficult to leave then, and in February we all came to Taiwan. Of course, we had to leave everything behind us. In those days the people who were leaving wanted to sell everything they had, but no one wanted to buy. So when we

arrived in Taiwan we had only the clothes we wore and a little money which was worth almost nothing.

Most of the people who were living in Shanghai stayed. They did not like the Communists, but they loved their own homes. The Chinese people always do. Now they are sorry they did not leave when my father did.

The Communists arrived in Shanghai in May , three months after we left. My father had never lived in the new house he was building in the country, though my father's father-in-law lived in it for a few weeks. When the Communists arrived they took our house for the city department of public works.

We do not know what happened to any of the other members of my family. We do not write to them because we are afraid of making trouble. Of course, I was only a small boy in those Shanghai days and I don't remember much about them. I do remember that I liked comics and toy pistols and that I had a dog named Lucky, of which I was very fond.

My Brothers and Sisters

There are seven boys and four girls in my family. First son has finished his studies at Cheng Kung University in Tainan in the south of Taiwan. He is a mechanical engineer but Father thinks he has learned too much from books and has not had enough practical experience. He is now working in the garage my father started here. Father wants to send him to America to get some training in tune-up jobs. There isn't a single mechanic in Taipei who knows much about this.

Second son is studying in a Christian Science college in Chung-Li, about thirty miles south of Taipei. He studies hydroelectric engineering. When he finishes his course he will have to take eighteen months of army service.

Third son has just graduated from Tan-Kiang English

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College in Taipei. He graduated in English literature and would like to be a writer. He is now in the Chinese army.

' First daughter is in Washington University at St. Louis, Missouri. She is studying music there.

Second daughter is in Taiwan University at Taipei, and is studying banking and accounting. This isn't what she wanted to do, but she had no choice. The Ministry of Education made the decision for her.

Fourth son is a mechanic at the garage, but very soon he will have to go into the army.

Fifth son has just graduated from high school. He is now studying in a special school getting ready to take his college entrance examinations.

Third daughter is in the Second Girls' High School in Taipei.

I am the sixth son and the ninth child.

Fourth daughter is in the First Girls' High School, and seventh son is in junior high school.

We Have a Japanese House

Our house in Taipei is a Japanese-style house. There were very few good houses in Taiwan when we arrived in 1949, and most of them were Japanese, for the Japanese had been here for many years. There is a low platform at the entrance of our house where we take off our shoes when we go in. This is a Japanese custom. But we have made a number of changes in the house. Instead of the straw mats on the floor, my father has laid wooden floors. He has put plywood on the sliding doors instead of paper. And he has painted the house inside and out, which the Japanese never do. There were only four rooms in the house when my father got it, but he has enlarged it by adding two more bedrooms and two bathrooms. The house is in a small compound with other houses, surrounded by walls.

Our Schools are Crowded

I first went to school when I was four. This was a kindergarten, and I was there for two years. Then I spent six years in primary school. After that I went to junior high, and I am now in my third year there. Through junior high education is compulsory. But you have to pay for it, and if you can't pay you leave the school. Next year I shall have to pass a hard examination before I can go to high school. Many thousands do not pass. In fact, I have only one chance in ten of getting in. The trouble is that there are far too many boys and girls and far too few school buildings.

I am now studying Chinese literature, which my father thinks is the most important subject of all. Then I take geography, English, physics, arithmetic, algebra, and geometry, music, which is singing, sports, and Chinese history. This year we have started foreign history also. I am in the Boy Scouts. This, too, is compulsory.

I like English and Chinese literature best. We have the old classics in Chinese literature. The language in the classics is very difficult, and very compact. There are many arguments about the meaning of it. Now our everyday language has been simplified. We use more words to say something, but the meaning is clear.

I think I should like to study architecture if I can get into college. But first I have to get into high school. If I do not pass next year, I can try again every year until I am nineteen. Then if I have not passed I must go into the army for two or three years. If I do pass, I can go through high school and college before I have to enter the army.

My Daily Schedule

Chinese students here have to study very hard. My day begins at seven and for breakfast I have soft rice with vegetables, eggs, and soybean juice. The soybeans are ground up, the juice cooked and then sweetened. I may have bread also

for breakfast. After breakfast I grab my books and my lunch box and cycle to school, which is four miles away. All students wear a uniform: khaki trousers and brown shirt. Every student has a number, which is embroidered on the shirt.

School begins at eight ten and lasts until twelve ten. There are four forty-minute classes and after each class a twenty-minute break. We can go out into the yard if we want to, but not into the street. Sometimes I study during these breaks. There is a school canteen and we can buy sweets and cakes if we want to.

Our lunch period is from twelve ten to two, when I eat the lunch I have brought from home. I eat in the classroom. My lunch consists of rice with meat, vegetables, and an egg. I have no dessert. The school provides either cold boiled water or hot tea. After lunch I often do paper work until the afternoon session begins. There are two classrooms for my form. Boys and girls go to the same school but usually have separate classrooms. However, we are short of rooms, and while all sixty-four students in my room are boys, the other classroom for my form has some girls in it.

The afternoon session lasts until five thirty for those who are about to take their examinations. The others get through at four ten. There are three periods in the afternoon. I am on the volleyball team for my class and we practice on Fridays from four ten to five thirty. We have only one match in each term, when we play another team in the same school.

After school I go home, wash, rest a little, eat a few biscuits with a glass of water, and then start my homework. I study until seven, when we have our dinner. This consists of soup, fish, either meat or chicken, with such vegetables as candied sweet potatoes or mushrooms, fruit, and tea. We usually have Chinese food, cooked in the Shanghai style, but often we have Western cooking, too.

After dinner we may chat a bit and then I go back to my studies. I go to bed at nine thirty.

On Saturday the school timetable is just the same.

My Other Activities

My family goes to a small Baptist church, which was built by the Chinese people and has a Chinese pastor. I sometimes go to junior church with my sisters. My Sundays are fairly free. I have nine pet pigeons to take care of. Sometimes I clean my bicycle and do other chores, and of course I have my homework to do. I have very little time for games, but once in a while I play badminton outside in the compound and Chinese checkers inside. I have a cocker spaniel whose name is Lin-Lin. That means both clever and good-looking. Then I have a Siamese cat that was given to me. Its name is Kitty.

I have five intimate friends at school, and we see a great deal of each other. But I have three other good friends in other schools, and we have a hard time meeting.

Our summer holiday comes from the end of June to the end of August, but even then we must go to school for half of each day, and I always have homework to do. We have to pay extra for this holiday schooling, but it helps us prepare for the examinations.

Of course, I can't get away from the city for any long outing, but sometimes my father and some of the children go fishing in one of the rivers. We drive to the shore and hire a boat. The family is now planning to build a boat.

Sunday afternoon during the holidays is the time when my friends come to visit me.

Sometimes the brothers in the family go to the cinema.

We have two weeks' holiday at the Chinese New Year, which begins about the end of January. Then for the first time in the whole year there is no school at all. We go around to each other's houses and wish our friends good luck and riches. We all have new clothes and new hats, and we eat a

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good deal of rich food. Just before this new year begins we have an End of the Year meal to which we invite our intimate friends.

I have never travelled more than thirty miles away from Taipei.

We all speak Mandarin, which is the national language. At home we usually speak the Shanghai dialect. The written characters are the same, but the pronunciation is different.

6. HONG KONG

THE SHOPPER'S PARADISE

The Opium War

HONG Kong was built on opium. The British grew a great deal of opium in India. They sold a lot of it in China. The Chinese government tried to stop the importation of this drug, which comes from the juice of the poppy. So China and Britain fought the Opium War from 1840 to 1842.

Of course, the strong British Empire won the war. The Treaty of Nanking was signed in 1842. By this treaty China agreed to open certain ports to foreign trade. It also ceded to us a very barren island containing 32 square miles of mountainous land.

The island was called Hiang-Kiang, which means 'sweet melon' in Chinese. It was the haunt of pirates in those days.

Kowloon and the New Territories

Hiang-Kiang, now known as Hong Kong, did not seem very valuable to the Chinese. But in a little more than a hundred years we have made it one of the ten leading ports in the world. Kowloon Peninsula on the mainland was added in 1860 to the original grant. The word comes from the Chinese *kau lung*, and means 'nine dragons.' The ridge of hills outside the city looks like a family of dragons.

Then in 1898 we leased from China 376 square miles of additional land, which it called the New Territories. This

was back of Kowloon. It now has also some other large islands.

Hong Kong became a British Crown Colony in 1843.

The Harbour of Hong Kong

Halfway between Tokyo and Singapore, the harbour of Hong Kong is one of the best in the world. Ocean-going steamers cannot go up the Canton River, so they anchor in the harbour between the cities of Kowloon on the mainland and Victoria on the island of Hong Kong.

In the course of its long history as an empire Britain has built upon some of the most important places in the world. They have been key spots for the defence of her trade routes—Gibraltar, Suez, Singapore, Malta, Cyprus, Capetown. Today she is losing some of them, but this is not so important as it would have been in the past. You cannot protect trade routes any more with these strongholds.

None-the-less Hong Kong still remains important in other ways. Its harbour is broad and deep. It is safe too, except when an occasional typhoon sweeps down upon it. It is still filled with great ships from all parts of the world, and by a multitude of Chinese junks and sampans. On the little sampans whole families live out their lives.

There are one hundred thousand people living on boats in Hong Kong. The children and the chickens are often tied to the decks to keep them from falling overboard.

The Shopper's Paradise

At the very beginning, in 1842, Hong Kong was made a free port. That meant that goods from all the world could enter without paying duty. So people could buy there cheaper than they could in other places. Now from Taiwan, and Korea, and Japan, and the Philippines people try to get to Hong Kong to make their purchases. Some people take this

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journey at least once a year. They say they save more than enough money to pay the cost of the journey. In both Victoria City and Hong Kong the stores are full of lovely things: jade and other jewellery, brocaded silks and cashmeres, lacquer and ivory, cameras and field glasses.

The people say jokingly that the stores are open for twenty-five hours every day, except on the Chinese New Year's Day. The tailor will make a suit to order for you in twenty-four hours.

Hong Kong is a real shopper's paradise.

Refugees Again

It is also a haven for refugees who are escaping from the slavery and the hunger of Red China. These refugees are crowding the city. There are hundreds of thousands of them. They are sleeping in three-tier bunks, one family to a bunk. They have taken over many of the housetops. They have holed up in hillside caves.

There are three million people in Hong Kong now.

An Uncertain Future

The Chinese have suggested that Hong Kong should be returned to them. At the present moment it is just a hide-out for refugees, they say, a place where anti-communist plots are hatched.

We now realize it would be difficult to hold on to Hong Kong, if Red China wished to seize it.

However, Hong Kong is not only a place where refugees swarm, where wealthy Chinese warehouse their goods, bank their money, and engage in business and smuggling. It is also a place through which Communist China itself imports many of the things she needs, and exports food and other things for foreign exchange.

From the Western point of view, Hong Kong is important as an attractive show window of democracy.

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At the moment Hong Kong is prospering. Fine new buildings are going up everywhere. The shops are doing a wonderful business. Ships fill the harbour.

Everybody Loves Hong Kong

The city of Victoria, which most people now call Hong Kong, is a fascinating place. The streets are crowded with cars, rickshaws, and pedestrians. The rickshaws are two-wheeled carriages with long shafts in front. A barefoot coolie runs between the shafts and hauls his passenger along. In a city such as Hong Kong the rickshaw is a necessity. Many of the streets in the Chinese city are far too narrow for any other kind of vehicle.

Victoria has three levels. Close to the water the noisy, bustling, colourful docking and business area lies. Above that are the government buildings and parks. Then, highest of all, are the fine homes of the Europeans and the wealthy Chinese, running up the steep mountainside to the Peak.

Over the harbour the ferries ply. They leave from each side every two or three minutes, the trip takes five minutes, and it costs three cents. On the Kowloon side are more fine shops and excellent hotels, some of them brand new.

There are wonderful views from both sides of the harbour. In the daytime from the highest point in Hong Kong, the Peak, you see the whole panorama spread out beneath you, and you know why many people say that this is one of the most beautiful harbours in the world.

In the evening, from the Kowloon side, the Peak rises from the water front like a glistening giant Christmas tree, strung with many coloured lights. Nothing could be more thrilling. The long line of wharves at the base, the tall buildings, and the gleaming houses above twinkle in the darkness, until you can't tell where the stars take over.

You must not look too closely at those strings of lights,

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however, or you will read the illuminated signs: 'Players, Please,' 'Rolex Watches,' 'Rolleiflex Cameras,' 'San Miguel Beer.'

The signs remind us that behind the beauty of Hong Kong is the commercial life of the city, and that the luxurious homes on the mountainside rest on the crowded quarters of the Chinese city and the dismal hovels of the refugees.

No, it is not true! Not everybody loves Hong Kong. It is, a magnificent place for a tourist holiday, but it overflows with misery.

You heard something about life in Hong Kong when you listened to Kiang Sai Ha tell his story. Now Fung Shui Mui, a little sampan girl, tells how a poor fisherman's family has to live.

I WAS BORN ON A SAMPAN

BY FUNG SHUI MUI

Life on a Sampan

I HAVE never known any home except a sampan. I was born on one and I have lived on one ever since. I am now fifteen years old. There are sampans everywhere in Chinese waters, especially on the rivers.

A sampan is a boat, usually about eighteen to twenty feet long and about six feet wide. There is usually some sort of roof over the middle of the boat. My sampan is covered with palm leaves fastened on bamboo poles. People often use canvas or anything else that will keep the rain out. Our palm leaves are not very good at that. In bad weather the roof leaks and we get wet.

This sampan of ours is always tied up in the same place in the harbour of Aberdeen, on the south side of the island of Hong Kong. There are almost a thousand of these sampans tied up here, and many poor families live on them. When the tide is out the boat rests on the black mud of the harbour bottom. The only way to reach it then is to walk through the mud and the pools of shallow water.

At night-time we spread a piece of canvas over the deck and seven of us sleep on it crosswise of the boat. Then in the morning we fold up the canvas and put it away. In the winter it gets very cold in Hong Kong. Sometimes the thermometer falls to about thirty degrees and stays there for a month or so. Then most people sleep with padded cotton quilts over them. We don't have any, so we sleep close together and pile old clothing on top of us.

We cook in the stern of the boat. We have a stove made out of an old tin can surrounded with clay. We use branches of shrubs for fuel, if we can't get any better wood. However, we have a smaller sampan, which is a kind of rowboat for us. I often row around in that looking for floating wood in the water. I used to go fishing with my father in this little sampan. We can't catch fish from the sampan where we live. The fish do not swim into this shallow water.

We have no lantern nor any other kind of light, and before we go to bed about ten o'clock it gets pretty dark. But there are lights around us on some of the other boats and we manage. We eat our food sitting on the deck of the boat. Some people have hens on their sampans, but we don't have any.

The Fishing Village of Aberdeen

Aberdeen is an important fishing village, and there are many big fishing junks there. The fishermen have cooperatives that help them market their fish. These cooperatives make life much easier. People from Victoria often come to

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Aberdeen to see the fishing village and also to have a nice fish dinner. There are floating restaurants anchored in the harbour. One of them is called the Sea Palace. It is very beautiful, painted in many gay colours. Small boats take people out to the restaurants. There they can choose the fish they want to eat while the fish are swimming around in the floating ponds tied to the side of the boat. The cooks on board then prepare them. Of course, I've never eaten there. It costs as much for a single meal as my mother and my two sisters earn in a couple of weeks.

Work and Play

My father's name is Fung Shup Yee. I don't know where he was born, but he is now a fisherman on a big junk. My mother's maiden name was Wong Ah Kan. Wong was her family name.

I am the oldest child. Next to me comes For Mui, my eleven-year-old sister. Gee is another sister, ten years old. My mother and these two sisters make nylon net bags for shopping and other things. They are able to make two dozen of them every day and they get \$.30 Hong Kong for a dozen. So each day they earn \$.60 Hong Kong, which isn't much. There is a company in Hong Kong that sells these bags, and an agent comes out to bring us our supply of nylon and to collect the finished bags. We can buy two catties of rice (about 42 ounces) with the money my mother and two sisters earn in a day. One person usually eats about eight ounces of rice a meal, though I eat only six. So two catties are not very much for the family.

I have another sister named Ah Kan, who is eight. She doesn't work. She just plays. My youngest sister, Ah Fay, is five. I have a brother who is only two.

Nobody in our family has ever been to school at all. We can't afford it. You see, there is no free education in Hong Kong, and we don't get any welfare assistance.

Very few of the children who live on the sampans ever play any active games. But they all have pebbles and play jack-stones. That's what I did when I was small. When I was ten I began to help my mother make bags. Before that I used to help with the housework on the sampan, and take care of the small children. I used to tie the babies to my back and walk around with them.

Life in a Fishing Junk

When I was eleven I began to go out with my father on the big fishing junk where he works. There are about forty people on the boat. I have to help with the cooking and the washing. The junks carry ice. When the weather is fine they go out every day to some good fishing ground and then stay out all night to get a good catch. They usually begin to lower their nets in the evening and continue until about 4 a.m. Then they start back to Aberdeen again to sell their fish to the co-operative. We catch many kinds of fish and everything we bring in is eaten.

The fishermen who own the boat take their families with them. They always have two tables, one for the women and one for men. The meals are served at 10 and 4. These are the only times we eat. We have a big clay stove on the boat, but the meals we cook are not very good. We have rice, salt cabbage, and fish all the time. We never have meat or chicken or sweet things, and never any other vegetable besides cabbage. I have never tasted ice cream. Sometimes when I am not cooking or washing or taking care of the children on the junk I have a chance to rest. Then I just curl up on the deck and go to sleep. But this doesn't happen often.

I don't like my life on the boat at all. It is too hard. I often get scolded and I am often unhappy. I never get any pay for my work. But I do get my food. There is nothing else for me to do. I hope that someday I may get married and have a sampan and children of my own.

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Saturday and Sunday are the same as any other day for me. I have never had a holiday, or even had an outing or picnic.

Holidays

At the Chinese New Year people celebrate for three or five days. This is the happiest holiday of the year. But it doesn't mean much to me. The only thing that is different for us is that we have rice pudding to eat. I have never had any fireworks at all. They give a Chinese opera in the village at that time just for the fishermen's families, but I have never seen it. My mother will not let me. I have always had to take care of the small children.

We Worship Our Ancestors

My people are Confucianists. They worship their ancestors. My mother's parents are buried on an island about one hour from Aberdeen. Every year in the third month we visit their graves. Our whole family goes in my uncle's sampan. We burn incense there, take food to offer to the spirits, and set off some fireworks.

Fung or Kwok

My family name is Fung, but my identity card says Kwok. You see, my mother bought our sampan from another family by the name of Kwok and the boat licence says Kwok. When our identity cards were made out, they put the name of Kwok on them. It would be a lot of trouble to change the name back to Fung, so we now keep the name Kwok.

I speak Cantonese, but I do not know any Mandarin, which is the official language of all the Chinese people.

Just now there are five junks tied up at Aberdeen that came from Communist China, filled with refugees who escaped.

7. MACAU

THE OLDEST EUROPEAN SETTLEMENT IN THE FAR EAST

Hong Kong to Macau

AT the busy water front of Victoria City you find the steamer for Macau. It is a lovely four-and-a-half-hour sail when the weather is fine. You sail out among the great ships anchored in the teeming harbour. You pass other islands that belong to the colony of Hong Kong. You cross over the wide mouth of the Canton River. You steam along the mountainous coast of China. And then at last you come to Macau. Its houses are tinted in pastel shades of yellow and pink and green and blue. It is like a rainbow arched over the sea.

This is Portugal

Macau is not a colony, like Hong Kong. It is a province of Portugal itself. The Portuguese say they have no colonies at all. Scattered over the world, in India, in Africa, on islands of the Atlantic and the Pacific, they have provinces. These provinces, the Portuguese say, are as much a part of the motherland as the province in which Lisbon, their capital, is located. The citizens of Macau are Portuguese citizens.

So here we are in Portugal, the only bit of Portugal bounded by China.

The Settlement of Macau

Portugal had great seagoing vessels before any of the other

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European nations. They sent their skilful navigators all over the world. They wanted to trade, to establish their settlements, to spread their faith. They were the first to tell Europe of the riches of Southeast Asia.

When these early Portuguese sailors reached Macau, they found the Chinese were having trouble with pirates in the Canton River. The Portuguese helped the Chinese get rid of the pirates. In return the Chinese government gave the Portuguese permission to build a storehouse for trading purposes on an island at the mouth of the river.

The island was called Heungshan, though it is also known as Macau. The Chinese would not let the Portuguese have the whole of the island—just the tip of it. Across the neck of the island the Chinese built a wall to keep the Portuguese out of the interior. This was in 1557.

Macau became the oldest of the European settlements in the Far East. From the sixteenth to the eighteenth century it was the leading port of trade for all of China.

It was in Macau that the first trade agreement between the United States and China was actually signed. You can still see the round stone table on which the representatives of the two countries signed the treaty.

Luis de Camoëns

The people of Macau never forget those early days of the great Portuguese explorers. Vasco da Gama in 1497-99 sailed around the Cape of Good Hope, at the southern tip of Africa, up the west coast of that continent, and across the Indian Ocean to India. Magellan in 1520-21 was the first man to sail across the Pacific.

The people of Macau remember these wonderful voyages because the greatest of all the Portuguese poets lived for a time in Macau and there wrote about these heroic days.

His name was Luis de Camoëns. He lived from about 1524 to 1580. His life was rather violent. He was always getting

into trouble. He was banished from the court of Portugal. He lost an eye fighting as a soldier in Africa. The army sent him out to the little province of Goa in India. He was imprisoned for one thing or another several times. He survived a shipwreck. Almost everything happened to him.

For a short time he was an official in Macau. There in a garden with a grotto he wrote part of a long poem, which he called *The Lusiads*. This means the 'sons of Portugal,' It is the story in splendid verse of Vasco da Gama and other bold Portuguese navigators in that great era of discovery.

Luis de Camoëns is the greatest figure in Portuguese literature. He loved Macau. He called it 'this land of sweet sadness.'

The People of Macau

There are about four hundred thousand people in Macau now, but only three thousand of them are Portuguese. Many of the latter are soldiers and officials who are in Macau for only a short time. All the rest of the people are Chinese who have been in Macau all their lives.

The city covers about six square miles. There is the little peninsula and two small islands. One of the Chinese islands is only about fifty feet away from Portuguese territory, and it is easy to swim across. So many refugees from Communist China escape to Macau. Some of them swim those fifty feet. Some make a dash for it through the Barrier Gate. Some come in boats. And, of course, some of them get shot.

We have heard the story of Kong Lan, the Chinese girl who escaped in a junk.

There are about three thousand refugees in Macau now.

Let's See the City

There are many things to see in Macau. There is the oldest lighthouse on the coast of China. There are public buildings and churches, the fortress, the water-front, and the stores.

You would probably want to see the Barrier Gate guarded

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by the Chinese and Portuguese soldiers. It is easy to see, but you would not be permitted to take a photograph of it. That need not bother you, however. When you go back to the shopping centre you can buy pictures as good as any you might take, maybe better.

You would go to see the garden where Camoëns wrote his epic poem. Nearby is 'God's Acre.' This is a tiny cemetery where sailors who died far from home were sometimes buried.

You remember that the founder of the Republic of China was Sun Yat-sen. He lived for a while in Macau. You would see his house there.

Then, of course, you would enjoy a walk along the Praia Grande, the ocean promenade shaded by its fine banyan trees. In the morning you would see from this promenade the great fleet of fishing boats come in, their lateen sails glowing in the light of the rising sun. You would see the sailors hang their fishing nets high on the masts to dry. You would watch the small sampans darting about the harbour that was once filled with the merchant ships of the world.

The Monte Carlo of the Orient

The gambling casino of Monte Carlo on the Mediterranean helps to support the government of Monaco. The government of Macau, also, gets a lot of income from its gambling houses. People come from Hong Kong to gamble over the weekend. Most of them are poorer when they go back.

You may want to visit the chief of these gambling houses, which is the Hotel Central. They play fan-tan there.

Fan-tan is a very simple game. Many of the players like to sit in a gallery that looks down on the gambling table. The table has numbered parts, 1, 2, 3, 4. Anyone who wants to bet lowers his money, any amount of it, in a little basket to the table, where it is placed on the number he chooses. One of the officials pours out on the table a gallon or so of cash. Cash, you know, are round coins with square holes in the

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centre. Then the official begins to draw them in with a little rake, always four at a time. After five or ten minutes he comes to the end. If the bet has been placed on the number 2, and there are two cash left on the table, the better wins the double of his wager, less 10 per cent, which goes to the house. If the money has been placed on any other number it is lost.

Light Industries

They make towels and shirts and stockings in Macau, matches and mats and incense. One of the most important industries is the making of fireworks. Perhaps you would like to visit a firework factory. The Chinese make fireworks like this: they first make little paper cylinders. Some are yellow for royalty, some green for princes, some red for ordinary people like you and me. Then they fill the centres with a little clay at the bottom, some gunpowder and the fuse in the centre, and some more clay at the top. After the clay has dried, the fireworks are ready to make a lot of noise at any Chinese festival.

All this you could see as a visitor to this tiny Portuguese province. What would it be like to live there? Let us ask Pedro Paulo de Almeida to tell us.

I LIVE IN MACAU

BY PEDRO PAULO DE ALMEIDA

Macau and Its People

My mother is a Chinese woman born in Canton. My father, who died a few years ago, was Portuguese. I suppose that

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makes me a typical Macau boy. For Macau has a mixture of Chinese and Portuguese people.

Where I Live

I'm fifteen years old now. I was born in a house on the Rua St. Miguel. We had three rooms on the second floor of a block of flats: a kitchen, a bathroom, and a living room, which we also used as a bedroom. We now live on the Rua Manuel de Arriaga. Rua means street in Portuguese. Many of the streets are named for some distinguished Portuguese. Portuguese family names are so long that when you start reading them on the street signs you're often in the next block before you've finished.

We now live on the second floor of another block of flats, where my mother and I have one room which is our living room and bedroom. We have a private toilet, but four families use the same kitchen and bathroom.

My father died in 1953. He was born here in Macau and was a government interpreter. He spoke a number of languages. His name was José Cardoso de Almeida.

My Family

My mother's name is Lelia Fatima de Almeida. Her Chinese name was Chio Lyly. My father and mother met here in Macau.

I have an older brother named José. He is nineteen and works in the Shanghai-Hong Kong bank in Victoria. He is an accountant there. I am the second child and after me come four girls. Susanna is thirteen, Helena is eleven, Joana is nine, and Filomena is seven. They are all going to the same school in Macau, the Instituto Canossiano.

Macau Schools

When I was four I went to kindergarten. After one year there I went for two years to the school my sisters now go to.

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Then I transferred to another primary school, where I stayed for two years. After my father died, I went to the Collegio Don Bosco for four years, and I am now studying in the Lyceu. The Lyceu is mostly for the boys of rich families, but I have a free scholarship. My books are also provided for me by the Assistencia Publica. I am now in the fourth form.

I should like to be a lawyer, and after I have finished the seventh form I will take an examination. If I should pass in the first place I can go to the University of Coimbra in Portugal with all my expenses paid. That's the university where our great leader Salazar used to be a professor. There may be a chance for me to go there, even if I only make the second place. I have always been a good student.

My subjects are Portuguese, French, English, mathematics, geography, history, music, science, and a little Chinese. I have been studying English for three years now and I like that subject best. I read all the English and Brazilian comics I can get my hands on.

I learned to swim when I was very small. Now I like to roller-skate and to play football. I am good at ping-pong and I like chess and draughts.

All Through the Day

My day begins at seven thirty and I have breakfast at eight, usually just tea and bread. On Thursday and Friday school begins at eight and we have an hour of physical exercise. On other days it begins at nine. At twelve forty-five I go home for lunch, which usually consists of rice and vegetables, meat or fish, with tea or water to drink. Then I rest for a little and go back to school from three to four. After that I have two or three hours of homework. My supper is about the same as my lunch. In the evening I have more homework. About once a week I go to the cinema. I love the Elvis Presley films, though I'm not allowed to see some of them. I'm fond of cowboy pictures, too, but only those in colour.

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On Saturday I have school in the morning. In the afternoon at three thirty I have drill with the Mocidade Portuguesa [Portuguese Youth]. When I'm sixteen I shall learn how to fire a gun. Most Portuguese young men are in the army from nineteen to twenty-one. But if anyone does not want to go he can pay fifteen Macau dollars a year until he has passed the age for military service.

After drill I go home, read comics, and listen to the radio. My radio is so small that it will go into my pocket. Sometimes on Saturday evening I rent a motorcycle and ride around the peninsula. I have no licence, and I'm not allowed to ride in the city, but I may ride anywhere outside the city.

On Sunday I go to mass at my Lyceu, and then go home for tea. After that I may go for a walk with some friends. In the afternoon I sometimes go to the cinema, or I may visit my sisters at the Instituto. They are boarders there.

My One Journey

When I was a little boy I once visited Canton with my parents. I remember being frightened by fireworks one day when I stood at the head of some stairs. I fell down and got my head caught between two posts. My father had to saw through one of the posts to get me out. This trip to Canton is the only journey I have ever taken.

Holidays

Christmas is a nice time for us. I always go to the midnight mass on Christmas Eve. We decorate our rooms with Chinese lanterns, balloons, and lights, and we have a Christmas crib. We give each other presents on Christmas morning.

June 10 is Camoëns Day, when we remember our great Portuguese poet. We buy flowers and put them in front of his statue in Macau.

December 1 is our Independence Day. There is a military parade and the Mocidade Portuguesa marches. At night the

old castle and the important public buildings are illuminated with floodlights.

, In our families we usually celebrate both our birthdays and our name days. Portuguese children are usually named for saints. Our name days are always the festival days of the saints for whom we are named. But my birthday and my name day are the same.

The Shooting

We had a very exciting time here . For a week there was fighting between the Chinese Communists and the Portuguese. There is a causeway that leads from the peninsula to the mainland. In the middle of it a gate marks the frontier. Some trouble arose there and the soldiers began to shoot at each other. Then the big guns began to fire. When it was over three Portuguese soldiers and forty Chinese soldiers had been killed. In the end the trouble was settled. We haven't had any fighting like this since.

8. THE PHILIPPINES

THE PEARL OF THE ORIENT

Ferdinand Magellan

He was a Portuguese from a little town in the province of Traz-os-Montes. He was born about 1480 of a noble family. His real name was Fernão de Magalhães. The English world did not know how to pronounce these queer names. So we all know him now as Ferdinand Magellan. He became one of the greatest navigators, explorers, and discoverers in the history of the world. As a boy he was a queen's page.

Those were exciting and important years. The world was growing bigger. In 1488 Bartolomeu Dias rounded the Cape of Good Hope in southern Africa. 'In 1492 Columbus sailed the ocean blue' and found the new world he wasn't looking for. In 1497-99 Vasco da Gama sailed around Africa and reached India. In 1500 Pedro Álvares Cabral and Amerigo Vespucci explored the coast of South America, and knew that here was another continent.

The boy Ferdinand had probably never seen even the picture of a ship while he was herding sheep in his native mountains. He was fascinated by the new world of sails he found at the royal court in Lisbon. He began to dream of distant realms.

His adventurous life at sea began with two voyages to India and the Moluccas, the famous Spice Islands. He became acquainted with storms and pirates, battles and wounds. Seven years of this and then there was more fighting for him in

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North Africa. From the Dark Continent the seasoned sailor came home, limping from a lance wound below the knee.

It was a great world that Portugal lived in in those days. The king called himself 'Lord of the Conquest, Navigation, and Commerce of India, Ethiopia, and Persia.'

The news that greeted Magellan when he got back to Lisbon was that Balboa had climbed a hill in Panama, and had seen the Great South Sea, as he called it.

Now, at last, Magellan knew what he wanted to do. If he sailed far enough south he would certainly find a water route to Cathay and the 'spicery' of the Moluccas. The King of Portugal would have nothing to do with this rash dreamer. So Magellan followed the example of Columbus. He offered his dream and his services to Charles V of Spain..

The king agreed to finance the daring enterprise.

The Greatest Voyage in the Annals of the Sea

On September 20, 1519, a little fleet of five vessels put out to sea. What a voyage it was! Good weather was followed by long calms that tried the patience of the crew. The storms came, when they scudded along under bare poles at the mercy of the wind. Three of the ships mutinied. The men were cold and hungry and homesick. They were sure that there was no strait into the Great South Sea. They wanted to turn back. Magellan's reply was: 'We will go on, even if we have to eat the leather on the ship's yards.'

They passed a terrible winter on the eastern shore of South America. One of the ships was wrecked. In the spring they sailed again—south. On October 21, 1520, a memorable day, they found the strait they were looking for, the strait that now bears Magellan's name. For weeks they explored its many branches, seeking an outlet to the west. Another of their ships disappeared. On November 28, 1520, Magellan sailed out into a wide ocean. After the stormy South Atlantic,

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the ocean was calm and pleasant. Magellan called it, therefore, the Pacific Ocean.

For months now the ships were out of sight of land, with the exception of two tiny, desolate islands. Their water stank, their biscuits were 'a powder full of worms.' The crew ate the leather covering the yards that Magellan had talked about. The men paid half a ducat (an old gold or silver coin) apiece for the rats on the ship. They reached the island we call Guam in the Marianas. Magellan called these islands the Ladrões, which means 'thieves,' because of the unhappy experience he had there with the natives. He did not linger, but sailed on.

Magellan Discovers the Philippines

Another week of westward sailing and at last, early in 1521, Magellan sighted the island of Samar in what we call the Philippines. He called them the Islands of Saint Lazarus.

The name was not important. The important thing was that for the first time the Pacific had been crossed.

Then tragedy swiftly fell. The native sultan of the island of Mactan refused to submit to Magellan. There was a desperate fight on the shore. A poisoned arrow hit the great explorer in the foot. A lance struck him in the face. A spear pierced his unprotected legs. He fell in the shallow water. The savages leaped on him and ran him through again and again with their knives. At the very moment of his triumph the great leader died.

The expedition continued westward. Two of the three ships had to be abandoned. Only one, the *Vittoria*, rounded the Cape of Good Hope to return at last to Seville. Among those who set out from this port there were only eighteen survivors.

The *Vittoria* was the first ship to sail around the world. Magellan was dead, but he had proved that the world was round.

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The Immense Archipelago

The islands that Magellan discovered form a great sprawling triangle stretching from Taiwan in the north to Borneo and Celebes in the south. Magellan, before he died, had seen only a handful of these islands. Had he lived to spend one day on each of them he would have lingered for about twenty years. It was a mighty archipelago—more than seven thousand islands.

The Philippine Donkey

If you look at the map and screw up your eyes, you will see that these thousands of islands look like a donkey's head. The big island of Luzon in the north forms the huge ears. This is a mountainous region, where some very primitive people live. In the south is the next biggest island, Mindanao, which is the donkey's mouth. This island is mountainous, too. It is inhabited by a Moslem people called the Moros. It lies below the typhoon region and the climate is more pleasant than in the north. In between these two large islands there are smaller but still important islands that make up the head of the donkey, Cebu, Iloilo, Negros, Leyte, Samar, and others. Then in the west the long island of Palawan and the islands of the Sulu Archipelago form the outlines of the donkey's neck.

Philippine History

The islands were named the Philippines in 1542, after King Don Felipe—Philip II—of Spain. From 1565 until 1899 they were under Spanish rule. Then the Spanish War ended with an American victory and Spain ceded the islands to the United States. In 1946 the Philippines became independent with Manuel L. Quezon as the first president. When World War II broke out, the Japanese occupied the country. They were thrown out in February. The Philippines are now a republic and Quezon City, just outside Manila, is the

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capital. There are more than nineteen million people in the islands.

The People

The people of the islands were originally Negritos, a black pygmy people. Then came the Malays of the brown race. Today the islands have become a melting pot of many nationalities. The Filipinos are now a proud nation with a long history of heroism and martyrdom. Ninety per cent of the population is Christian. The people have always been an agricultural people. Sugar is the principal crop and exports of it are taxed. So the islands are beginning to think of other things. The people are now making rope and cigars. They are producing coconut oil and canning pineapples. They are developing their own industries.

The Eighth Wonder of the World

Up in the mountainous north are the Igorots, a remarkable early people who have built terraced rice paddies for thousands of feet up the mountainsides. The Benaue Rice Terraces are an astounding piece of primitive engineering. They are carved out of the steep slopes and total fourteen thousand miles in length. This is more than halfway round the world. No metal tools were used for construction. These rice terraces are often called the Eighth Wonder of the World.

The Igorots used to be head-hunters, like the aborigines of Taiwan. But so far as we know only one white man ever lost his head among them. This white man had settled down with them. He had married an Igorot girl and had raised a family. Finally, however, he decided to go back to his own land. As he left to go down the mountain, his sons followed him and killed him. The people believed that the spirits of the dead remained near the place where they died. The sons wanted

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to keep their father with them. They killed him because they loved him.

Now here come two of the young people of the Philippines to greet us with a cheery '*Mabuhay*.' One of them is a city girl who wants to be a teacher. The other is a country boy who wants to be a farmer. Eagerly we listen to their dreams of the future.

A FUTURE TEACHER

BY CELIA VENRIO CARLOS ARREZA

My Great-Great-Grandmother

My great-great-grandmother was a very famous person. She was the beloved of one of our major Filipino poets, Francisco Balagtas. He wrote our great Filipino epic, *Florante at Laura*, which means 'Florante and Laura.' My great-great-grandmother was the Laura of whom he wrote. Her name was Selya. I was named after her, though I spell my name in a different way. It is Celia Venrio Carlos Arreza.

I am the oldest child in my family, sixteen years old. I was born in Pandacan, which is a very small place, a part of Manila, where everybody knows everybody else. People all call each other by their nicknames.

My father was Vicente Cirilo Arreza. He was born in Surrigao, a province of Mindanao, the big island in the south. He studied law and became a lawyer, but he never practiced the law. Instead, he began to work for the Bureau of Commerce. The government sent him to America to study economics. Then he was employed by the Budget Commission. My father died in 1957. This was a great grief to me, for I loved him very much.

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My mother is Sagrario Carlos Arreza. She teaches English in high school. She loves to tell us stories about her own childhood. There were nineteen children in her family and they lived in two houses connected by a kind of bridge. One house was for the girls and one house for the boys. There was a very big yard, and with all those children they must have had an exciting time.

My Childhood was Full of Japs

My mother says that compared with her childhood my childhood has been dull. I'm not so sure about that, for the Japanese came to Pandacan in 1944. I was only a small baby then, and I don't remember anything about those early years, but my parents have told me many times of all the things that happened. When the Japs came we first moved to my grandfather's house in Pandacan. Soon after, my grandfather took the whole family to Novaliches, about forty minutes' drive from Manila. The house there was wooden, with a thatched roof. It had four rooms. We thought it was a big house.

There were many anxious moments when the Japs were around. They took our radios and bicycles away. Once they gathered all the men and boys in the piazza and questioned them. They were kept there all day in the hot sun. A few were taken off and shot. There was nothing our family could do about it except to stay in the house and pray for my father. Finally he was released.

Just before the Japs came to search our house my mother hid a pair of binoculars under a trunk. The Japs opened the trunk and there on the top was a picture of my mother in a Japanese kimono. My mother loved to dress up. This picture pleased the Japs, for they thought my mother was perhaps part Japanese. So they did not disturb us any more. If they had found the binoculars, they might have thought we were spies.

One day my grandmother was busy in the yard feeding the chickens. The Japs came and asked for some eggs, which they swallowed raw. They called my grandmother 'Mamma.'

'We were really very lucky. Many people were massacred. Twenty-eight thousand Filipinos were killed at Fort Santiago in Manila alone. They even let dogs loose that roamed around and killed people.

We stayed at Novaliches for two years until the Americans came. Then we went back to my grandfather's house in Pandacan.

My grandfather died when I was seven, my grandmother when I was fifteen. But we are still living in my grandfathers' house with two aunts and an uncle. The house is of wood with a corrugated-iron roof, and has nine rooms in it.

Besides my mother I have a sister and two brothers. My sister, Lina Flor, is fourteen and is in my high school. She is interested in science. My brother Alfonso is twelve. He is in the Paco Catholic School. He looks like my father and is apt to be a little bossy. He wants to be a soldier. Vincente, is eleven. He talks baby talk for the fun of it, and sometimes he is very naughty. He also goes to the Paco Catholic School and wants to be a soldier, too.

The Philippine Women's University

My first school was a Catholic primary school. I stayed there for two years. Then I went to Maryknoll College in Manila, which was a girls' school. All the colleges in the Philippines have primary, elementary, high school, and college departments. I stayed in this college until grade seven, when I transferred to my present school, the Philippine Women's University. The reasons were that it was nearer my home and I had two cousins already there. This is a private school and I am now in my fourth year in high school. Next year I will enter college, where I want to study in psychology. I want to be a teacher of psychology. I shall prob-

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ably have to get a master's degree, if I am to teach in college.

You may have heard of the Bayanihan Folk Arts Centre. Bayanihan means cooperation, and a troupe of singers and dancers has been touring Asia, Europe, and America, giving a programme called 'Glimpses of Filipino Culture.' All the girls in this group are either graduates or undergraduates of the Philippine Women's University.

My Life in School

I am now taking the history and government of the Philippines, English, economics, physics, home economics (cooking, sewing, and family relations), and religion. If you are a Catholic you have to take religion, but Protestants can have a study period instead.

My day begins at five thirty. I often go directly to school for the six-thirty mass there, and then have breakfast at the school canteen. This is usually a sandwich and some chocolate, although sometimes I bring a hard-boiled egg from home.

We have classes from seven thirty to twelve thirty with a forty-minute break at ten twenty. During the break the girls usually play games. We like to play a Filipino game called Patintero, which takes about ten players in two groups. The playing space is rather narrow and half the girls stand on a line that runs down the middle with their arms outstretched. There isn't much room for the other players to pass them without going outside the playing space and without being tagged. The purpose of the game is to see if the other players can do this.

Most of the girls go home for lunch, but I stay at school and eat native Filipino food. Filipino dishes are usually very rich, and most of them are in the form of a stew. Filipino cooking has been much influenced by Spanish cooking. We eat lots of rice and noodles and often bananas and candy. I am very

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fond of sweets. For dessert we often have a caramel custard called *leche flan*.

The afternoon classes last from one thirty to four fifty. After school there are usually meetings of one kind or another. I seem to be in a lot of things. First of all, I am president of the student council. Then I like dramatics very much and I am now directing a play. Three plays will be given. The best of them will then be shown on television.

I am also a member of the student Catholic Action. This organization is divided into eight groups called cells. Each cell has twelve to fifteen girls in it. We discuss the Gospels a great deal. Each girl is expected to choose another girl outside the group who needs help. She may be lonely, or she may need assistance with her studies. Perhaps she is careless about her religion. We call these girls contacts, and we never reveal their names. We have a teacher adviser for the whole Catholic Action, and a priest meets with us once a week.

Our school paper is called *Philwomenia* (Filipino Women). I am a feature writer on it. But one of the teachers makes the final decision as to what goes into the paper.

There are always two activity periods on Friday. This is when groups such as the writing club, the glee club, and the dramatic group meet.

About five fifteen I usually go home and get out of my uniform. This uniform consists of a white one-piece dress. We wear a maroon tie with the letters P.W.U. on it. I take this uniform off and put on my ordinary clothes.

Dinner is at six, and this is the heavy meal of the day. I love boiled chicken with pineapple, which is called *sinigangna piña*, and I am very fond of vegetables also. We always have on the table a kind of sauce made of fish oil and salt, called *patis*. We add this to our food.

I do my homework or watch television in the evening, and go to bed at ten o'clock.

In my school we have about six hundred students, two

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hundred of which are boarders. We have seventeen different nationalities.

On Saturday morning I may rehearse our play or join in club activities at the school. In the afternoon I go to the cinema with friends or stay at home. In the evening I watch television.

On Sunday I go to mass from seven to seven forty-five and then I go home for breakfast. Sometimes on Sunday the family goes out riding in the country. We haven't any car of our own, but my aunts and my uncle have cars. I swim a bit, but I'm not very fond of picnics.

We have an indoor game called *sungka*. The board has twenty holes in it, and we play the game with seashells.

Our long holiday comes from the last week in March to the first week in June. I do a lot of reading then and play outside games. Sometimes we go on outings, but usually I am at home. Once I went to Baguio for a few weeks in the summer. This is the summer capital of the Philippines. People go there because it is five thousand feet high.

I speak English and Tagalog, our national language. In Tagalog we say *Mabuhay* for a greeting. *Kamusta ka?* means 'How do you do?' *Babay* means good-bye.

Santacruzam

Every year during May there is a church procession almost every day. This long festival is called Santacruzam. In the afternoon the children go to church to offer flowers to Our Lady. In the evening there are big church parades. Boys and girls, called *sagalas*, dress up in costume. They may represent the Virgin or the Saints. A girl blindfolded with a balanced beam in her hand may represent Justice. But most of the characters are biblical. These processions always end up in the church, where everyone offers flowers. There is a great deal of singing, all in praise of Mary.

A FUTURE FARMER

BY ANSELMO DARE

Filipino Food

WE have an organization called the Future Farmers of the Philippines, and I belong to it. I am going to an agricultural school, and someday I want to have a farm of my own.

Of course, as a future farmer I'm interested in foods, and we have many good foods here in my country. The national dish is called *lechon*. This is a suckling pig which is stuffed with papaya and tamarind leaves, and then roasted and served with a spicy liver sauce.

Bibingka is also delicious. It is made of ground rice, coconut milk, sugar, and eggs, and baked over and under burning charcoal. It is usually topped with white cheese and sliced and salted ducks' eggs.

We have a fresh coconut here which is very nice. It has no solid meat inside the shell. You can tell when you have one only because you can't hear the milk when you shake it. Inside it is all a sweet, soft pulp. It is nice with bananas. It is nice in ice cream, too.

People here eat other kinds of food that maybe you would not like. Up in the Mountain Province in the north some of the native people are very fond of dog meat. Around Manila people eat boiled ducks' eggs with the little ducks in them. They are called *balut*, but you must be sure to ask for *balut sa put* (enclosed with the white). You might not like it if you bit into bones and bill and feathers.

My House is a Nipa Hut

My name is Anselmo Dare and I am fifteen years old. I was born in San Pablo 2nd, Lubao, Pampanga. Districts in our towns are called barrios, and San Pablo is such a long barrio that there is a San Pablo 1st and a San Pablo 2nd.

My house is a *nipa* hut. The roof is thatched with palm-leaf tiles. These palms grow in swamps. The long leaves are sewn together and fastened to bamboo poles on the roof. They make a tight roof. The walls of my *nipa* hut are made of *sawali*, which is woven into designs and made of double thickness.

The house is raised above the ground. Underneath we often store our rice in boxes that are about six feet wide, six feet high, and ten feet long. There are two rooms in my house, a kitchen and one big room that is both living room and bedroom. Our toilet is outside. We have a wood stove and running water. We have chairs and a table too, but these are only for visitors. The family sits on the floor to eat, and sleeps on mats spread on the floor. The mats are made of branches from the *huri* palm. They also make wine from the sap of this palm.

We have two pigs and a shed for them. We have a dog also, but we don't eat dog meat. Our house is built near a mango tree and we have about twenty hens that sleep in the tree. People here often keep bonfires burning under the mango trees, for this makes the fruit ripen weeks earlier.

My Family and My Town

My father died just after I was born. He was a farmer. My mother's name is Maximina Lintag, and now she sews for a living. There are five children. Crisostomo is twenty-one. He drives a car. Amable is a boy of nineteen who is still studying. He has gone to live with his grandfather. Emerenciana is seventeen, and she is home helping my mother. Zenaida is a girl of sixteen. She is also at home. I am the youngest in the family.

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Lubao, where I live, is the biggest town in the province. It lies on the plain and has thirty-two thousand people in it. Most of them are farmers, but a minor occupation is fishing. The people sometimes dam up the rivers to make fish ponds. The fish they catch is called *bangus*, which means 'milk fish.' It is about a foot long and the meat is white. That's why it is called milk fish. Some of the farmers are finding fishing so profitable that they are damming up their own farms to make fish ponds.

When I Was a Boy

When I was a small boy I used to play *banzai*, which is a game our people learned from the Japanese. It is a kind of tag game. I used to fish, too, not just for fun, but for food. My uncle has a rice farm close to our house, and he had one carabao, which I used to take care of. The carabao has to be bathed several times a day. And he doesn't care whether it's clean water or muddy water. Sometimes I used to scrub his back with a brush in a muddy ditch. Often I used to ride on his back when he was grazing in the pasture. When the grain was forming in the rice fields I had to watch the fields and frighten away the birds by striking two bamboo sticks together.

The Pampanga National Agricultural School

I first went to school when I was six and a half. This was the San Pablo Primary School. Most children begin when they are seven, and since I was too young I had to repeat that first year. I was in this school for five years. Then for two years I went to the San Pablo Elementary School. Finally I came to the school where I am now studying, the Pampanga National Agricultural School. To get in I had to pass an intelligence test, and then an aptitude test. Most boys, when they pass these tests, have to pay twenty-seven pesos to enter, and then seventeen pesos each year. But I was an honours

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student, so I did not have to pay anything. This is my first year at the school.

There are 256 boys and 28 girls in my school. Fifty-three of us boys sleep in my dormitory. We don't have separate rooms. We sleep in one big room. There is a students' mess hall where we eat. All the boys take the agricultural curriculum, but the girls study homemaking and something about agriculture and animals, too. The girls will make good farmers' wives later.

My studies are English, Tagalog, applied arithmetic, Filipino community life, which teaches us how to get along together, farm mechanics, which this year is elementary carpentry, agriculture, which this year is animal husbandry, general science, character education.

I like agriculture best.

When we reach the second year in school we each get a plot of ground where we can grow our own vegetables, things such as corn, rice, and root crops. We get some pigs also. When we leave, the school gives us a carabao and a set of farm tools, and the government gives us from fifteen to thirty acres of good land.

When I sell the crops I grow on my school land I keep 75 per cent of the money I get and give 25 per cent to the school. When I graduate I can continue working on the school farm for two more years if I want to.

My school is supported mostly by the Philippine government.

This is How I Live

I get up at five every day. Then I have some work to do around the school, keeping the place clean. After that I wash, and at six thirty I have breakfast, coffee, rice, and dried fish. Sometimes we have milk also. After breakfast there is a flag-raising ceremony, then classes from seven to eleven twenty-five. From eleven twenty-five to twelve we have lunch, which consists of soup, rice, fish or meat stew, bananas, and water.

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From twelve to one we rest in our dormitories. We can read, or study, or take a nap. In the afternoon from one to five thirty I do my farming. This is the time when I try to apply what I have learned.

Then I have a bath and rest until six, when we have supper, which is very much like our lunch.

Every evening, from six thirty to nine, I have supervised study in the library of the school. From nine to ten we are all free. We can play, or sing, or have music. We have a very good school orchestra.

On Saturday, from seven to twelve, there are field activities. This means farming, animals, or working on some special school project. The afternoon is free. Some of the boys go home until Sunday evening, but I live sixty kilometres away, so I go home only once a month. Sometimes on Saturday I wash my own clothes. I like athletics, and this is the time when I play volleyball and basketball, when I run and swim.

On Sunday I sometimes go to mass, but the nearest Catholic church is four kilometres away. The rest of the day is free for reading or study, for swimming or ball games. We have a pool here at the school and I like to swim. Indoors, I like to play Chinese checkers.

Holidays, Fun, and Fiestas

We have a week's holiday at Christmas, and three weeks off during the summer. But since the school is a big farm with animals to take care of, not all the boys can be away at one time. So there are two to four shifts.

I am a First-class Scout, and I was chosen to represent my troop at the great international jamboree held recently at Laguna here in the Philippines. There were eight thousand boys there, and I made some special friends who came from South Dakota, in America. I get letters from them now.

I have never travelled much, but I have been to Manila several times.

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We have lots of fun at our school. Every quarter we have a social, to which our parents are invited. We are allowed to ask girls also. We have dances and music by the school orchestra.

Then we have weekly parties for ourselves on Fridays. These may take the form of quizzes, or parlour games, or singing and oratorical contests.

I always go home for our fiesta of San Pablo, which comes on July 29. We have church processions then, with lovely floats. The children dress in costumes, and once I dressed as an angel.

I speak Tagalog, which is our national language, English, and Pampango, which is one of the more than seventy dialects of the Philippines. If we want to say 'How are you?' in Pampango, we say '*Comusta ca abe?*' And the answer is '*Mayap naman,*' which means 'I am fine.'

9. VIETNAM

WHERE INDIA AND CHINA MEET

Southeast Asia

BETWEEN China and India a long peninsula sticks out into the sea. To the east is the Pacific Ocean, to the west the Indian Ocean. Four nations form the western part of the peninsula: Burma, Thailand, Malaya, and Singapore. Four more nations, all of them new, form the eastern part: North and South Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia. Until recently the eastern four were called Indo-China.

Indo-China was a very good name for this region. It was here that the races, religions, and cultures of India and China met. There is a range of mountains in Vietnam. On the eastern side of the range people eat with chopsticks, as they do in China. On the western side, only a few miles away, people eat with their fingers, as they do in India.

Because of its location, Indo-China was another hermit nation. The islands of Japan were cut off from the rest of the world by the surrounding oceans. Korea was a peninsula. China was separated from the world of the 'foreign barbarians' by deserts and mountains and the salt seas. Indo-China, also, for long centuries was a region shut off from its neighbours. In the north was a chain of mountains. In the west were high plateaus, more mountains, thick forests, impenetrable jungles, and swamps. To the east and south was the sea.

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The Old Lady

If you look at the map of Indo-China before it was divided, you will see that the country looked like an old tribeswoman with her bent back turned to the South China Sea. She sat on her heels. Her knees stuck up into Thailand from the south, just as her long nose stuck down into Thailand from the north. Her huge bonnet in the northeast separated China from the Gulf of Tonking.

She was obviously a very old lady. The deep lines of age showed in her scrawny neck and in her face. So Indo-China itself is a very old country. It is a dream country for the anthropologists, who study man and his development. Many early stages of human history have left their traces behind them here. The Chinese ruled the country from about 200 B.C. to A.D. 1000. Even after that the people were almost always fighting the Chinese.

In the middle of the nineteenth century the French came, and by 1900 they had completed their conquest of Indo-China. The southern portion of it, which was known as Cochin-China, became a French colony. The rest of the country became four French protectorates: Cambodia in the southwest of the land, Annam in the centre, Tonking in the northeast, and Laos in the northwest.

The French occupation was very good for the country. The French built many thousands of miles of new roads and railways. They built modern irrigation systems. Schools, sanitation, and labour conditions were improved. There was a great increase in exports.

Yet there were many complaints among the people. No country likes a foreign ruler.

Then the Japanese came during World War II. In a few years they over-ran the land. They broke all the ties with France. Up in the north the Communists, led by Ho Chi Minh, who had had his education in Moscow, continued the fight with the French armies. There were

seven years of struggle. The French were defeated. By an agreement signed in Geneva in 1954 Indo-China was divided. The northern part went to the Communists. The southern part became a republic. The frontier between the two went through the centre of Annam.

The Coolie with the Two Bags of Rice

There are two great rivers that flow through this part of the world. Up in the north, flowing through Tonking, is the Red River. Its delta is one of the most fertile and densely populated parts of the world. It grows an enormous quantity of rice. In the southwest the great Mekong River flows through Cambodia. The river is like the mighty Nile, and millions of tons of rice are grown in this region, all through Cambodia and South Vietnam. The delta of the Mekong is another place crowded with many people.

Now if you will look once more at the map and forget all about the old lady, you can see another picture: a long pole like that a Chinese coolie, or peasant, slings over his shoulder, with a huge sack of rice hanging at each end of it. One sack represents the delta of the Red River, the other the delta of the Mekong. The pole is the narrow land of Annam.

Indo-China has been one of the three great rice-exporting countries of the world. Ninety per cent of the food of the people has always been rice. Along the eastern coast of Indo-China runs a famous road. It begins at the Porte de Chine, the Chinese Gate, on the northern frontier. It follows the shore all the way down to Saigon, the capital of South Vietnam. Along this road the imperial armies of old China used to march, led by the high officers who were called Mandarins. The road became known as the Mandarin Road. It might better be called the Rice Road. Its story has always been the story of rice.

Indo-China has other raw materials, however. Long ago people found that the sap of the hevea tree could be used for

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many purposes. A British scientist, Joseph Priestly, found that the sap, after it had hardened, would erase pencil marks. So it was called rubber. A vast amount of rubber was produced in Indo-China, and Saigon became one of the world's greatest exporters of rubber, just as Akron, Ohio, became the world's greatest importer.

There were other raw materials. Up in the north there was a large amount of hard coal. The country was rich in zinc, tin, and other things also.

The People of Vietnam

- There are about twenty-seven million people living now in what was once a united Indo-China. This is far too many people, even for the great amount of rice grown in the land. A very serious problem is hunger.

These people are divided into many different tribes with different languages. Sometimes the people in one village cannot understand the people in the next one. They love colourful costumes. They are very fond of feasts and festivals.

Sometimes they box with their feet. It is a little like fencing without fencing foils. The object is to upset your opponent by twisting or pushing his foot when he is trying to strike you with it.

In some parts of the country they play draughts with human men. That is a queer expression, and in any case I should say girls instead of men, for the pieces with which the game is played are always girls. A rice terrace is divided into squares by strips of bamboo, and the girls in their bright costumes sit on stools where the bamboo strips cross. They used to play draughts in this way in India. Perhaps this is where the game came from.

Among the Moi people, the women are more important than the men. Here every year is leap year, for the girls always propose to the boys. When a girl of seventeen or eighteen sees a boy she likes, she goes to her parents and gets their

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permission to make the proposal. Then with a friend as a witness she takes to the boy's house two cakes and a cud of betel nut that people chew in this part of the world, and offers them to the boy. If the boy agrees he tastes the gifts, and they are engaged.

The Capitals of the New Countries

The capital of North Vietnam is now Hanoi. The royal capital of Laos is Luangprabang, but the administrative capital is Vientiane. The capital of Cambodia is Phnom Penh. The capital of South Vietnam is Saigon.

Of all these cities Saigon is the most important. People call it the Paris of the Orient. Its broad, tree-lined streets, its shops and pavement cafés, its hotels and public buildings are much like those you would find in one of the smaller cities of France. And French is spoken everywhere.

Nguyen Thi Hoa is a girl who came from Annam. Le Huu Van is a boy who fled from the Communists in North Vietnam. Both of these young people who tell their stories here are now living in Saigon. They have both known much hardship, but the future is bright for them now.

I CAME FROM ANNAM

BY NGUYEN THI HOA

Vietnamese Names

My name is Nguyen Thi Hoa. Nguyen is my family name. My friends call me Hoa. Most girls have Thi for a middle name. It means simply 'girl.' So most boys have Van for a middle name. That means 'boy.'

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My Birthplace

I am fifteen years old and I was born at Phan Thiet. This is in the part of the country that everyone used to call Annam. The town is right on the shore of the South China Sea. It is 120 miles north of Saigon. It is mostly a fishing village, but the people also make salt from the sea water. They make a well-known sauce, too, called *nuoi-mam*, which is used on meat and fish. There are about seven thousand people in Phan Thiet.

My family lived in a rented house right in the centre of the town. It had brick walls and a corrugated-iron roof. There was just one big room in the house, about thirteen feet wide and twenty-two feet long. We cooked at one end of it on a brick stove where we burned wood. We ate at a table with chairs. We slept on beds with wooden slats over which we spread thin mats. When we needed them we used quilts.

My Family is Scattered

My father's name was Nguyen Van Muoi. He was a teacher but he died four years ago after a few days' illness. For a time my mother supported the family by selling fish. She earned about thirty piastres a day. She remarried, thinking that she could support us children better in that way. Her second husband was an employee of the government. He proved to be very selfish. So all but one of the children had to leave our home. Only the youngest now stays with my mother.

My mother's name is Phan Thi Lien. She was also born in Phan Thiet. She still sells fish.

I have a sister of thirteen, named Thi Tung Thoai. She works as a maidservant, and earns three hundred piastres a month. She lives with a friend of my mother's. My brother Thanh Lien, who is nine, and my sister Thi Bich Thu, who is seven, go to primary school and live in the same house. Another smaller brother, five years old, lives with my father's brother. My four-year-old sister lives with my mother.

I Came to Saigon

I went to a free kindergarten when I was four. After a year there I spent five years in primary school. My father died before I had finished but I continued for three more years with the help of scholarships. Then I had to leave because I couldn't pay. After my mother remarried I couldn't stay at my own home any longer so I came to Saigon in June.

My mother's friend had a daughter here, called Nguyen 'Thi Ngoc Anh, who was twenty-three years old. I came to live with her. She was washing bottles in a factory and earned nine hundred piastres a month. We loved each other very much and I was able to continue my schooling with her help. The tuition was 250 piastres a month, but the director let me stay for 150 piastres.

Then, unfortunately, Anh lost her job and had to leave Saigon in October. I had to give up the house, too, because it belonged to Anh's aunt, and she had to sell it to pay her debts. But the school said I could continue my studies. I found a temporary home at Regina Pacis, which is a Catholic school for small orphan girls. They have twelve hundred children there. I sleep in the dormitory. This usually costs one thousand piastres a month, but I have been allowed to stay for three hundred to four hundred piastres. I was able to pay for this because I was sponsored by a kind American woman through Foster Parents.

Au Lac School

I am now going to Au Lac School, which is a private secondary school, I am in the fourth form there. I think I am a good student as I am always in the first ten of the seventy-nine pupils in my class. I work hard, and I want to get a job as soon as I can to help support my brother and my sisters.

I am learning English, mathematics, essay writing, geography, physics, and chemistry. I have to pay about 130 piastres a month for books and clothing.

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In a few months I am taking my examinations and if I pass I will go to the senior secondary school. I should like to stay there for two years, and, after more exams, for still another year. Then I can become a teacher and I shall get three thousand piastres a month.

Every day I am up at five and I study till six. I have breakfast of milk and bread and then I go to school, which is from seven to eleven. Then I go back to Regina Pacis for lunch. We have meat or fish, vegetables, rice, bananas or fruit juice, and water. There is no school in the afternoon, and so I usually study. Three times a week I go to a special English class in another school. We have no outdoor sports at school, and I don't play any indoor games. Supper comes at six and is much like our lunch.

After supper I take a walk with my friends for a half-hour, then I study in the dining room till ten, when I go to bed.

On Saturday I have school in the morning, and every two weeks on Saturday afternoon also.

I Am a Buddhist

I sleep in a Catholic home, but I am not a Catholic. I am a Buddhist. At Tet, or New Year's, I go to the temple, burn some joss sticks, and say prayers. But this is the only time in the year when I go. Most people in Vietnam are ancestor worshippers, and almost every home has a lacquered table on which the tablets that represent the ancestors are placed. There is always a lamp or candle there, some symbolic food, and incense sticks. But I live in a Catholic home, so, of course, I don't have any ancestor table.

During the long holiday I go to see my mother and the rest of the family in the north for a week, but I don't stay with my mother. I have long English classes in the holidays also. There is nothing else very special that I do.

I can't afford to buy books, so I often borrow books from my friends.

Tet

When Tet comes, the shops are closed for three days and no work is done. Even the servants have holidays. The people build a great bonfire and dance around it. We play games and have plays. The children get lucky money wrapped up in red paper, and we all have a special kind of food, made of sticky rice with pork and beans.

Women's Clothes

The women of Vietnam wear long silk trousers that hang from the waist and fall to the top of their sandals. Then over that they wear a dress which has a high stiff collar and long sleeves. It fastens under the right arm, and from the waist down it hangs in two long panels in the front and the back. We think it is very pretty, but the collar and the sleeves are hot in the summertime. However, we often wear a conical hat to keep off the sun. It is fastened under the chin with ribbons.

I speak only Vietnamese, but I am studying English very hard.

I AM A REFUGEE FROM NORTH VIETNAM

BY LE HUU VAN

Our Farm at Thanh Hoa

My father used to be a big landowner in the northern part of Indo-China. He was also assistant to the city chief at Thanh Hoa. This is a large place with about three hundred thousand people in it, not far from the sea. Most of the people grow rice, but some make salt from the sea. We used to live in the

suburbs. We had a wooden house with a thatched roof. It was a big house with eighteen rooms, all on one floor. It had to be big, for we had many relations living with us. They all worked on our farm. The house was really little more than one large room with columns and partitions dividing it into separate spaces. There was a kitchen outside the house where the cooking was done on an iron stove. We had wooden beds with slats on which we placed straw mattresses. We slept under mosquito nets. It was very hot in the summer but very cold in the winter. When the winter came, we used cotton quilts for warmth. The farm was very big but the fields were scattered. Some were near, some were very far away. The rice was brought into the yard and threshed there. Then it was stored in bins with bamboo walls raised above the ground.

When the Communists Came

When the Communists came to the city in my father lost his job. Then in June of that year they took his land away from him. Finally my father, too, was taken away. We never heard from him again. After my father had gone, they began to bother my mother. They questioned her three or four times a week. They thought my father had been very wealthy and that my mother must have gold. So they demanded the gold from her. But Mother told them she did not have any. So they made my brother Nam and me stand in the sun for a half-hour with arms outstretched, holding heavy stones in our hands. They did this to us for three or four days. But Mamma had no gold to give them. Finally, in despair, on August 17, she hanged herself.

In addition to my father, whose name was Le Phong, and my mother, whose name was Luu Thi Thuy, I had an older brother, Le Tran, who was married and had three children. He is about thirty years old now. He used to work for the Communists, but after a while he was sacked. I think he's working on a farm in North Vietnam now. Then I had a

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sister Le Thi Qui, who is now about twenty-six. She, too, was married and had two children. Her husband also worked for the Communists until he was sacked. He now does odd jobs. Finally, there is my brother Le Thanh Nam, who is now nineteen, and living with me.

I Escape to Saigon

In October the year my mother died, my brother Nam and I decided we'd escape. My brother Le Tran decided to stay. He wanted to see if he could find my father. My sister also stayed with her husband. Nam and I went to Kien An, where a parachutist in the National Army took us in. But after a time we began to think we were a burden to him, so we asked for some money so we could go farther south. First we went to Nha Trang in Central Vietnam. Then we got a lift in an army plane as far as Haiphong, where we took the train for Saigon.

We had a very hard time in Saigon. For a while we had to sleep on the pavements at night, and in the daytime we wandered around looking for odd jobs to do, so we could buy some food. Finally Nam got a regular job washing dishes in a restaurant. Then he got another job as a servant in Thu Thiem, a suburb across the river. There he started going to night school at Khoa Binh-Dan. He got free tuition there.

My Early Life

I was born in Thanh Hoa fifteen years ago. When I was small I used to take care of the buffaloes in the field. I used to ride on their backs and take them to water. For fun I used to fly kites with the other boys. I first went to school when I was eight. however, I did not go to school at all during the daytime, because the French were bombing the city. Instead, we went to school from five to ten in the evening. During the day we stayed in the house. When there was an air raid alarm, we all jumped into the trenches.

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In the communist system classes run from one to ten. Nam was in the seventh class when we escaped and I was in the third. I was studying there mathematics, geography, history, and the Viet language. No foreign language was taught in my school.

Our School Life in Saigon

When we came to Saigon I started school again as soon as I could. After a few months at school we learned that we could stay at Phu Tho Camp, which was for refugee students. We also received \$5.00 a month from the government to pay for our food.

After four months of night school my brother met Mr. Tran Duc Hai, a professor at a private school, who asked him to help him in his office. So Nam began to study in this school. He did not have to pay tuition and Nam and I got our food free.

One day when I was going to buy some old clothes in the market I met a former neighbour from the north, Mrs. Nguyen Thi Cuc. She invited both of us boys to go and live with her, and that's where we are now. In the morning both Nam and I go to school, in the afternoon we help with the housework, in the evening Nam tutors Mrs. Cuc's nieces. Since leaving the professor's home we have had to pay tuition at the school. Nam pays \$3.50 a month, and I pay \$1.00.

The house we live in is of brick with a tile roof in a very crowded district of narrow streets. There are only two rooms in the house, and there are eleven people besides us two boys. Nam and I sleep on the floor in the attic.

Nam sometimes writes little articles for one of the newspapers here and gets \$3.00 an article. Sometimes he makes from \$1.50 to \$3.00 extra for doing odd jobs. He sold a pint of blood to Grall Hospital for \$3.00. He goes to school in the morning only. In the afternoon he teaches and gets \$7.00 a

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month. He helps the school clerk, too, and gets from \$.70 to \$1.40 a month for this work. Finally, the Foster Parents' Plan has adopted me and I get \$8.00 a month besides extra things such as soap, toilet articles, blankets, clothing, school supplies, and other things. I was adopted on May 28,

I'm now in the second class of the secondary school, and I like it very much. I'm studying English, mathematics, history, geography, and science. I seem to be poor at languages, but I'm good in mathematics. I think I should like to be a clerk. My school is the Van Hamh School, which is near the house.

How I Spend my Day

If I have homework to do I get up at five thirty and study for a half-hour. If not, I get up at six and help clean the house. We have breakfast at seven, sandwiches and dried meat, sometimes a little sticky rice. Sticky rice is different from ordinary rice. The kernels are a little bigger and richer in vitamins. We mix it with green peas or beans, so it looks either green or black. Sometimes I have bread. I drink tea. After breakfast I go off to school. It lasts in the morning from seven to eleven. At eleven I go home for lunch, when I eat the ordinary rice with meat, vegetables, soup, bananas, and tea. We don't eat sticky rice with meat. There is no regular school in the afternoon, but I go to other schools then. On Monday and Friday I go to radio school from one to five. On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday I study physics and mathematics at a private school. When I come home, I have my supper, which is about the same as the noon meal, do homework until ten, and go to bed.

Weekends and Holidays

School on Saturday is the same as on other days. On Sunday I go to mass at seven in the morning, for I'm a Catholic. Then for the rest of the day I may do homework, or read

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stories, or ride a bicycle for fun, or play rugby or soccer, or visit my friends, or go to the cinema. Sometimes Nam borrows a motorcycle. We do not play any indoor games.

From March to June we have our long holiday, but I go to private school then and have the same subjects.

I am very fond of my brother.

Our mid-autumn festival is always very exciting. There are many cakes for the children, which are made of sweetened rice and meat. The children get toys, too. There are lion dances in the streets. The lion has a paper head and a long tail. The boys and girls dance through the streets holding the tail and carrying lanterns. Sometimes they have contests for the healthiest and most beautiful babies.

We celebrate the Chinese New Year, or Tet, for three days. The children get presents then and we all become a year older. Our actual birthdays are not so important.

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CENTRE OF AN ANCIENT EMPIRE

Marco Polo visits Ziamba

AFTER spending seventeen years in China, Marco Polo started home in 1292. The entire journey to Venice took him about three years. Part of the way he travelled on a Chinese junk. The first land he visited on this return journey was Cambodia. He called it Ziamba.

The people worshipped idols, he said. The country had its own king, and he had been conquered by one of Kublai Khan's generals. After that the king paid an annual tribute. It consisted of twenty elephants and quantities of sweet-scented wood. There were many forests in the land of fine black ebony out of which the people made handsome pieces of furniture. The king was very rich. He was rich not only in money, but also in children. He had 326 of them.

Strangely enough, Marco never seems to have heard of the most remarkable kingdom in the Indo-China of his day. He tells us nothing about the Khmers and the magnificent temples and palaces they built.

The Kingdom of the Khmers

Another visitor to the great capital of the Khmers, however, in Marco Polo's time has given us a few vivid details about it. The life of the king must have rivalled the grandeur of Kublai Khan's court. When the king went out of his palace, his cavalry went first. Then came his standard-bearers and

his musicians. Then three to five hundred of the palace maidens, each holding a big candle which was lighted even in the daytime. Then followed the ministers and nobles riding on elephants. Then the king's wives came, either on elephants or in carriages, more than a hundred of them. Then at last the king himself, standing upright on the back of an elephant and holding in his hand a precious sword which was the symbol of his power.

This was the ruler of a kingdom that may have had more people in it than all of Indo-China today. Its capital was far up in the heart of the country, three hundred miles from Saigon, one hundred and fifty miles from Phnom Penh, the present capital of Cambodia. Its culture may well have been the most advanced in Asia at that time. It was mighty in power. It must have been as wealthy as the Babylon we read of in the Bible.

The World's Greatest Mystery Tale

This great civilization flourished for centuries. Then suddenly it died. Some time perhaps in the fourteenth century a million people living in the capital walked out of their homes and palaces, and the jungle walked in. This whole splendid culture and the men that built it disappeared. The forests of banyan and bamboo began to hide the city.

What happened? In this, the greatest mystery tale of all history, the killer has never been found. All we can do is guess.

Here are some of the guesses:

1. Perhaps the people from Thailand defeated the Khmers and drove them out. But if so, why did not the Thais keep the city? And if they did not want it, why did not the Khmers come back again?

2. Perhaps some great plague wiped out the entire population. If so, why are there not some human remains? Why was it that the people left none of their belongings behind them?

3. Perhaps the Tonle-Sap, the Great Lake nearby, through which a river flowed, got filled with silt and flooded the capital. It could have happened, but it's not likely.

4. Perhaps the slaves revolted, killed all the members of the upper class, and then, having no leaders to guide them, returned to savagery. This is possible, but not probable.

The strangest thing of all about this mystery is that a few centuries later no one in this whole great peninsula, or anywhere else in the world, had any knowledge of the old Khmer capital. Even the memory of it had disappeared in the jungle.

Mouhot Discovers Angkor Wat

Then one day in 1861 a Frenchman named Henri Mouhot was hunting for specimens of tropical life in the unexplored regions around Tonle-Sap. Suddenly there rose before his astonished eyes, out of the deep jungle, a great stone pyramid with five towers on it, the central tower two hundred feet high. It proved to be an enormous temple. But there were no altar fires there, no priests, no worshippers, no trace whatever of the men who had built it and frequented it.

The ruins proved to be vast. There were two groups of them. The towers that Mouhot first discovered belonged to the temple of Angkor Wat. Angkor probably meant 'capital.' Wat means 'temple.' The temple had been erected as a shrine to Vishnu, one of the chief gods in the Hindu religion of India. It was a step pyramid surrounded by a moat six hundred feet wide and three miles around. You approached the temple over a wide stone causeway. Inside were many courtyards and galleries. The whole temple was rich with carvings.

The other group of ruins was Angkor Thom. Thom means 'great.' This was the capital city of the Khmers. It covered an area of five square miles. Like Angkor Wat it was surrounded by walls and a moat. The moat was crossed by five great avenues. Along the sides of them were huge seated

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stone figures holding in their laps the great many-headed *nagas*, or cobras, the sacred snakes of this religion. Little was left of the great palace except the terraces on which it had stood. At the centre of the city was another temple, now called the Bayon. This was almost as large as Angkor Wat and again every stone surface was a marvel of elaborate carving.

Here was one of the greatest, most beautiful, most luxurious capitals of the ancient world. How amazing that for centuries it had been completely forgotten!

This is exactly like the great sea mystery of the ship that was called the *Marie Céleste*. She was found one day riding a calm ocean with all her sails set, the table spread, a fire in the cook's galley, and not a soul on board. No one has ever found out what happened to the crew.

So no one has ever found out what happened to the people of this great city in the jungles of Cambodia.

Phnom Penh, the Present Capital

Some time after the jungle swallowed Angkor Wat and Angkor Thom, the city of Phnom Penh became the capital of the country, but no living traditions connect the present capital with the jungle ruins.

Phnom Penh is now a city of wide streets, of white buildings shining in the sun, of great markets, and pretty parks. Little food shops will roast bananas and boil rice for you over charcoal braziers.

Two rivers, the Mekong and Tonle-Sap, meet in the city. Many people live in houseboats tied to the shore. The people fasten pieces of bamboo to the babies to keep them from sinking if they fall overboard. They tie strings to the legs of their ducks so that they can swim about for fish but not escape.

The city is filled with hundreds of yellow-gowned Buddhist priests, for Buddhism is the official religion of Cambodia.

In the ancient legends of the people the *nagas* were supposed to be the original lords of Cambodia, and these stone serpents are found throughout the city. The palace temples and buildings are rich in colour and beautiful in design. They stand inside a high-walled enclosure close to the banks of the river.

We shall probably never know what happened to the old kingdom of the Khmers. We know very well, however, what happens now in the kingdom of Cambodia. Here are Kim Sothila, a boy from Phnom Penh, and Kranh Vanna, a girl from a small country village, to tell us how they live in Cambodia.

I LIVE IN PHNOM PENH

BY KIM SOTHILA

The Phnom of Penh .

My name is Kim Sothila. Kim is my family name. I live in the capital of Cambodia, which is called Phnom Penh. A *phnom* is the tall, conical monument which is found near Buddhist temples. On a little hill in the centre of Phnom Penh there is a Buddhist temple, which we call a pagoda here. Right beside it is a huge *phnom*. Centuries ago, they tell us, there was a woman living here whose name was Penh. She saved four sacred images of Buddha from the floodwaters of the river Mekong. These images are in the shrine on top of the hill. This *phnom*, therefore, is called the *phnom* of Penh. That's where the city got its name.

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A River that Flows Both Ways

My city stands at the place where two rivers come together, both of them flowing south to the sea. The one on the east is called the Mekong, and the one on the west is the Tonle-Sap. After the heavy rains, when the rivers are very high, the waters of the Mekong actually flow north for a long distance up the valley of the Tonle-Sap. Perhaps this is the only place in the world where a big river flows in both directions at different seasons of the year.

The Water Festival

When the waters begin to fall, both rivers, which separate again after leaving Phnom Penh, start flowing south to the sea once more. Then we have a big water festival with three days of boat races. This is usually in November. About one hundred villages take part in these races. Their boats are long dugouts, called *pirogues*, each of which holds forty paddlers. The boats are gaily painted and decorated with flowers. Everybody has a wonderful time. Each evening there are fireworks. On floating pavilions the people sing and dance and feast. When it is all over the racing canoes are taken to the monasteries, where they are kept until the time comes to use them another year.

The Ceremony of the August Ploughing

Buddhism is the official religion of my country and I am a Buddhist. But I don't go to the pagoda very often. I just go on Buddha's birthday and on other special days such as New Year's. Then we burn joss sticks and pray to Buddha.

There are some very interesting Buddhist ceremonies, however, that I like to see. One of them is called the Ceremony of the August Ploughing. Formerly no one would ever think of ploughing his own field until after this ceremony, when the king himself drove the plough. Now other officials usually do the ploughing, and the people themselves start their own

ploughing whenever they please. Around the field five ceremonial buildings are put up in which the gods are placed. In front of each of these pavilions a little mound of earth is heaped, and a little fire is built on the top of it. The leaves of plants which bring good luck are dipped in honey or oil and then burned. Milk and melted butter are poured on. Finally the fire is put out with holy water.

Then the officials come. Three ploughs, following one another around the field, make their furrows in the earth. In front of the pavilion on the east side the oxen are unharnessed. Seven silver trays are placed in front of them. They hold different things: rice, beans, corn, sesame, fresh grass, water, and alcohol. The oxen are allowed to eat or drink whatever they want. If they eat the grain, the harvest of that grain will be good. If they eat the grass, the flocks will be sick. If they drink the water, there will be good rains and peace in the land. But if they drink the alcohol, evil days will come to the kingdom.

I Was Born in Vietnam

I was not born in Phnom Penh. I was not even born in Cambodia. I was born in a place in Cochin-China called Travinh. Cambodia, you see, used to occupy that part of Vietnam which we called Cochin-China. My grandfather was a farmer there growing rice. We lived with him. I used to take care of my grandfather's buffaloes, riding on their backs, and taking them to the water for their baths. When I was old enough, I went to a pagoda school, where the *bonzes*, or Buddhist priests, taught me Cambodian, French, reading, writing, and arithmetic. But I had time to play hockey at the end of the village with the other boys. My father was a teacher then.

The Family Moves to Cambodia

When I was five the family moved to Kampong Cham,

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about seventy miles north of Phnom Penh on the Mekong River. I was at the primary school there for four or five years. My father did not continue teaching, for he did not have a diploma. He became an interpreter in the French army, and we lived in an army barracks. Each family had one room and a kitchen. There were about ten families in each building, but each family ate separately.

When I was about nine we moved to Phnom Penh, and my father became a *greffier*, or court clerk. His name is Kim Same and he wants to become a lawyer. My mother's name is Neang Soc. Both my parents were born in Travinh. I have one brother, Siphane, who is thirteen. He is now in the sixth form of the primary school.

There are six rooms in our house, which is near a market. There are two floors. The first floor is of brick, the second is of wood, and the roof is of tile. We cook at one end of the living room. Our house has Western furniture.

The College Sisowath

I am now attending the College Sisowath, a public school named after one of our twentieth-century kings. A college here is a high school. My school has six big buildings around a fine quadrangle and there are a number of smaller buildings also. We have boarders at the school, but I am not one of them.

My studies are French, English, mathematics, physics, chemistry, history, geography, and gymnastics. We have a big playground and I play basketball, volleyball, soccer, badminton, and ping-pong. I am on the school basketball team.

I get up at five every morning, put on a sarong, which is a large piece of cloth tucked in around the waist, help clean the house and grounds, and do some studying. At six we have breakfast. I eat rice with meat or fish and drink tea. After breakfast I dress in ordinary clothes and ride my bicycle to school. This takes ten minutes. Before classes begin we have a

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salute to the flag on the quadrangle. There are more than fifteen hundred boys at the school and about forty girls. There are very few girls because there is another high school for girls nearby.

Classes last from seven until eleven, and then I go home for lunch. I eat rice, meat, vegetables, and soup. Sometimes I have fish instead of meat. I drink tea. After lunch I rest in bed until one thirty, when I spend a half-hour on my homework. We have afternoon classes at school from two thirty to four thirty. Then I play until six.

Dinner is at six and is about the same as lunch. After dinner I listen to the radio until seven, do homework until ten, and then jump into bed.

Weekends and Holidays

On Saturdays we have school only in the morning. I study in the afternoon and about twice a month I go to the cinema.

On Sunday morning I sometimes go to watch boxing at one of the clubs, or horse racing at the hippodrome. Sometimes I go on bicycle rides with my friends. And sometimes I just stay at home.

We have holidays from April to the end of June. This is the dry season. Sometimes I go to a camp with my family at a beach on the ocean called Kep. The water is very cold there but I like to swim and fish in it. We stay there at a hotel for three or four weeks at a time.

I speak Cambodian, French, and a little English.

I LIVE IN A CAMBODIAN VILLAGE

BY KRANH VANNA

The Village of Kampong Kantuot

My family name is Kranh and my first name is Vanna. I was born sixteen years ago in the little town of Kampong Kantuot. This is in the province of Kandal and is about twenty miles south of the capital Phnom Penh. I still live in the house I was born in.

My house has no ground floor. It stands on brick and wooden posts about six feet above the ground. It has wooden sides and a tile roof. There are five of us in my family and we have three rooms. All of us sleep on the floor of one of these rooms and when it is cool we throw blankets over us. Another room is the kitchen where we have a wood-burning stove. The third room is the living room. My father has a vegetable garden, and he grows a great deal of rice, which is the main crop in my country. We keep pigs and oxen and buffaloes. The oxen are small animals, but they are strong. They pull the little carts we call *charettes* and work in the fields. The buffaloes are used in the rice paddies. They love water and as they have no sweat glands they have to be allowed to stay in the water for a part of every day. Sometimes we bathe them, too, and pour water over them. They like to work in the flooded rice fields.

There are about forty-five families and almost three hundred and fifty people in my village. Most of them are farmers, but some of them have another occupation also.

They keep little shops, they work as chauffeurs, or mechanics, or carpenters. They can get jobs of this sort because there is a big government school nearby.

My Father is a Carpenter Farmer

My father is a carpenter as well as a farmer. He builds houses and furniture. He was born in the same little village. His name is Kranh Poynluk.

My mother's name is Men Sama. She, too, was born in my village.

I have two younger brothers. Sanan is ten years old and goes to the primary school in a nearby town. Sokhoeun is a baby. He is only six months old.

When I was small we used to play a game we called *mik* and the French called *marelle*. It's a kind of hopscotch game. I used to play hide-and-seek also.

My School is very Wonderful

My first school was in the other town where my brother Sanan now goes. I started there when I was six and stayed for six years. Then I began in the Centre de Préparation Pédagogique, which is a normal school just established for the training of rural teachers. The school is about a mile and a half from my house.

I was very happy and proud when I was admitted. Five thousand boys and girls from all over the kingdom took the examinations. Only two hundred were chosen. Two other girls from my village also passed.

I think my school is very wonderful. It is not three years old yet, but my country has been a free country for only a little longer than that. Cambodia used to be a part of French Indo-China, but it is now an independent kingdom. In the old days most of the children in the little villages got no schooling at all, except for some of the boys, who got a little education in the pagoda schools, taught by the *bonzes*. When

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my country became free, it needed many teachers, especially for the rural schools, as many as three thousand a year, they say. But there was no way of training anything like this number.

So plans were made for a new normal school with the help of the United States Operations Mission. It was started in the country, because that is where the graduates would have to work, and it opened in December. The Unitarian Service Committee was asked to send over a team of educators. There are six of them living at the school now and helping with their advice. They are very nice people and I like them very much.

Some of the rice paddies were filled in, and the school built there. Not far from the main road is a long line of buildings, all of them one storey high with cream walls and orange tiles on the roof. In front of these buildings there are shady porches and a covered walk runs back from the administrative building in the centre to classrooms and the dining hall. I never have to go out in the sun or the rain when I am going from one building to another, except when I go to my dormitory.

I am in my first year now, and I am studying Cambodian, French, mathematics, physical education, music, art, agriculture, social science, and home economics.

Of course, I came to the school because I wanted to be a teacher. As a matter of fact, when I entered the school I had to promise that I would teach somewhere in a small village for ten years after I graduated. But that is a small thing to promise in return for the good education I am getting.

Classes and Sports

I am up every morning at five thirty with the other girls. After I have washed and dressed I study in a study hall from six to seven. Then I go to the big dining room for breakfast. We call the dining room a cafetorium, because it is used both

for a cafeteria and an auditorium. I have bread and Cambodian meat. The latter is meat cut up in small portions and eaten with a fork. Sometimes I eat bananas or eggs with my bread. And I drink tea.

At seven twenty all the girls and boys go out in front of the administrative building for the salute to the colours. We stand in a square around the flagpole while our flag is raised, and then we sing our national anthem. Our flag has two blue stripes running horizontally across the top and bottom of it and in between on a red field are the white towers of our famous temple, Angkor Wat.

Glasses begin at seven thirty and last until eleven twenty. Then we have lunch at eleven thirty. We have paid cooks but there are always four girls and four boys who help with the work. The rice is always put on the table first of all, but each student takes a tray to the counter, where it is filled with meat, soup, vegetables, and toast, before it is taken to the table. Each day in the week there is a special menu.

After lunch we rest until two. We have to lie down on our beds. There are classes in the afternoon from two thirty till five thirty. Then once more we have a salute to the colours while the flag is being lowered.

Then we are free for sports, for reading, and sewing, and anything else we please, but we are not allowed to leave the campus. The boys have to stay on one side, where their dormitories are, and the girls on the other. At six fifteen we get cleaned up and have our dinner at six thirty. The evening meal is different from the noonday meal. If we have meat at noon, we probably have fish at night. From seven thirty to nine we study in our classrooms. From nine to nine thirty we are free. We go to bed at nine thirty.

On Wednesday and Saturday we have classes only in the morning, but we cannot leave the campus in the afternoon. On these days we study from three to five. On Sunday we

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have what we call a *grande sortie*. In groups of about eighteen we take a long walk somewhere and have a picnic lunch.

I Am a Buddhist

Our school is not Buddhist but most of the students are. We go to the pagoda on the saints' days, and on big festivals such as Buddha's birthday and the anniversary of his death. Then our parents come to the school and take us to the pagodas.

I am at home during the long holiday. Then I help in the house and in the fields. I harvest the rice and I take care of the baby. When I am out with the baby, I carry him astride one of my hips. That is the way the women carry the baby in my country.

I speak French and Cambodian and next year I am to begin to study English. I want very much to learn English, because I want to talk with the teachers who are here working with us in their language.

Angkor Wat

I have never travelled very much, but I have been to Angkor Wat. It took me two days to get there and I spent the night on the way in the house of a relation. Angkor Wat is a group of ancient temples that cover many square miles. For centuries they were lost in the jungle and people had forgotten all about them. Now many people go to see them. They say they are the most magnificent ruins in the whole world. Everywhere there are the most beautiful carvings, flowers and animals and gods and heavenly maidens. Nothing seems to have been left without decoration, even rooms into which the light never comes.

New Year's

It is on New Year's Day that many people go to see the great temples. There are seven days' holiday then when

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nobody works and the schools are all closed. We don't even clean the house at that time. We have many games and feasts. We visit our friends and our relations, and all the absent members of the family try to come back again to the old homes.

One of the dances we like very much is called *Reamvang*. It is for six pairs of boys and girls. They always dance around a table.

The Harvest Festival

After each harvest we have a big celebration. Every village has a feast. We invite the *bonzes* to come and they have prayers. Then we dance or play games or have music until the evening. The good time ends at midnight. The next day at ten o'clock the *bonzes* are once more invited to eat, and when they have left, the harvest festival is over. All the village shares in the expense.

11. SINGAPORE

THE LION CITY

Raffles of Singapore

THE word does not refer to government lotteries. No one who has ever visited Singapore would make that mistake. There is a fine hotel in the city called the Raffles Hotel. You hear the word again and again. And finally in front of Victoria Memorial! Ha! you find the explanation. For there stands a statue of Sir Stamford Raffles, who founded the city.

His full name was Thomas Stamford Bingley Raffles. His father was the captain of a sailing vessel, and the baby was born at sea, on July 5, 1781. There was nothing distinguished about the family. They were middle-class English people. The boy had only two years of schooling. At fourteen he was taken out of class and set to work. He got a job with the East India Company. This was the company organized by the British Parliament to develop trade with the East.

When Thomas was twenty-four the company sent him out to Penang. This was a trading post set up a score of years before on the west coast of the Malay Peninsula. It was at the northern entrance of Malacca Strait, which lay between the peninsula and the Indonesian island of Sumatra. The strait was the most important route for ships travelling between the Indian Ocean and the Pacific. It was there at Penang that the career of this remarkable man began.

He became governor of the great island of Java to the south for a few years. Then in 1819 he bought from the Sultan of

Johore the island of Singapore, which became one of the most important trading centres in the world.

This was the last great venture of a man who is now regarded as one of Britain's great empire builders.

His life almost ended as it began—at sea. On his way back to England in February 1824, the *Fame*, on which he was sailing, burst into flames. The steward had taken a torch or a candle down into the storeroom to get some brandy. The brandy caught fire. In five minutes the whole ship was in flames. All those on board were able to get into the lifeboats, but they saved none of their belongings. Lady Raffles was clad in a wrapper. Her feet were bare.

It was their first day at sea, and they were only fifty miles from land. So they got ashore all right. But Sir Thomas, as he was then, had lost 122 cases of precious things: many specimens of plants and animals, many maps and manuscripts that could never be replaced.

In England he retired to a small farm where he lived for two more years. He died in 1826. It was July 5. He was exactly forty-five years old.

The Island of Singapore

If you look at the map of southern Asia, you will see the Malay Peninsula stretching down to the south just like a long snake. In the snake's mouth you will find the island of Singapore. If you think of it as part of the peninsula, it is the most southerly point of Asia.

Singapore wasn't much to look at when Raffles bought it. Six centuries before that time it had been a seaport for the Malay people. But those days had long passed. When Raffles cast his hungry eye upon it, it was a rather low island covered with jungle, and full of pirates.

The island was small, too, about twenty-seven by fourteen miles. It was separated from the mainland by the Straits of Johore, which were about three quarters of a mile wide.

Lions, Tigers and Rats

The name Singapore is very old. It comes from two Sanskrit words: *singa*, which means 'lion,' and *pura*, which means 'city.' Sanskrit was the ancient language of India.

Nobody ever remembers lions in Singapore, but there certainly were plenty of tigers. In the old days hardly a week passed that a tiger did not kill someone here. In one particularly bad year three hundred people were dragged off and devoured by them. The tigers used to swim across the Straits of Johore.

There were big snakes called pythons, too, and other wild animals. One early teller of tales said that the ants were as big as cats.

But when Thomas Raffles appeared on the scene, there were no tigers, or pythons, or cat-sized ants. The animals had shrunk to the size of rats. There were hordes of them, however. They used to gang up on the cats that were sent ashore to catch them. The cats did not have a chance.

Finally Raffles offered a reward of one wang for each rat tail brought to him. That took care of the rats.

There were many centipedes, too. In the tropics these many-legged insects can be eight inches long. Their bite is very painful. Finally Raffles got rid of them in the same manner.

The name of Singapore still clings to the city, though no lions are found there. Since the lion has always been the symbol of Britain, and since the city became the strongest outpost of the British Empire, the name is very appropriate.

The older residents call the city S'pore.

A World Gateway

There are four great gates through which the world's commerce passes: Gibraltar, Suez, Panama, and Singapore. Raffles saw at once how important Singapore could become. There was an excellent harbour on the south shore. All the

ships that passed through the Malacca Strait had to go by Singapore. Singapore became one of the greatest seaports in the world.

Five years after the island was purchased, the British established themselves at Malacca, another port on the western side of the Malay Peninsula. Penang, Malacca, and Singapore were known as the Straits Settlements. But Singapore quickly became far more important than the other places.

Ships from all over the world brought the manufactured products of Europe, America, and the Far East to the city. And there they picked up cargoes of rubber, tin, oil, pepper, and salt fish.

There were nine different native states north of Singapore on the Malay Peninsula. The four southern states later formed a federation. All of these states fell under British control, and everything they grew for export passed through Singapore to the outside world.

In 1880 twenty-two Pará rubber trees were smuggled out of Brazil and set out in the Malay Peninsula. These trees multiplied and the plantations grew, until today the peninsula is the world's largest source of rubber. More tin also is mined here than anywhere else in the world.

The Mighty Naval Base

As the British Empire expanded, Singapore became more and more important. For one hundred and twenty-two years it was the very cornerstone on which the empire rested. Finally it was decided to build the greatest naval base in all the world at Singapore. It was opened. The British were sure that no hostile power could ever take it.

We were wrong. We thought that Singapore could be attacked only from the sea. When World War II came, the Japanese attacked it from the land. It took them only two months to capture it. It was a very unhappy moment in our

history. But after the war the Japanese had to give the city back again.

•*Singapore Today*

Only two other islands in the world have ever been so important as this city—Hong Kong and Manhattan. Today there are about a million people living in Singapore. Almost every Asiatic race is represented there. The Chinese are the most numerous. Seventy-seven per cent of the people are Chinese. But there are also many Indians, Malays, and Europeans, and, of course, mixtures of them all. The whole Malay Peninsula is another of the world's 'melting pots.' And Singapore is a real babble of languages, a painter's palette of racial colours.

The city has many splendid buildings in it. A little river divides it, but there are several bridges. Parts of the river are crowded with the little Chinese boats called sampans, which we saw in Hong Kong. There are families that live their entire lives on boats about as big as the hallway of an average home. But there are many fine houses also.

Singapore is an excellent place to shop. Like Hong Kong, it is a free port. But the climate is very hot all the year round. It is only ninety miles from the equator, you see. In the early nineteenth century Yankee clipper ships used to bring cargoes of ice to the sweltering people. Only the rich, of course, could buy it.

Singapore is now a British Crown Colony.

Since there are more Chinese than any other people in Singapore, we have invited a Chinese boy, Khoo Francis Kah Siang, to tell us how he lives there. Francis is only thirteen, but he is already well known in the big city. Then, to represent the other races of Singapore, Celine Elizabeth Chandy, whose people came from India, will talk to us.

A CHINESE BOY FROM SINGAPORE

BY KHOO FRANCIS KAH SIANG

We Are a Family of Entertainers

Practically everyone in my family does something to entertain. My father is Khoo Tang Eng. He has just retired from the government service because of a heart attack. He worked for the government for thirty years, as a cashier, as a clerk, and as a rent collector. For twenty-five years he has been teaching English to private pupils and he still continues to do so. But he is also a magician, a ventriloquist, a hypnotist, and a mentalist. He is a member of the International Brotherhood of Magicians, the International Brotherhood of Ventriloquists, and the National Federation of Hypnotists. My father belongs to the Hokien clan among the Chinese.

My mother is Dorothy Chew Swee Neo. The Chinese words mean 'pretty maiden.' She is a pianist. My mother spoke Malay before she married. Both my parents speak English.

My Brothers and Sisters

My oldest brother Dennis is twenty-one and a magician like my father. He is a member of the Society of Magicians. He actually paid his way through college with his magic. He has just graduated from the University of Malaya in Singapore and has received his B.A. He is now studying for his B.A. with honours in history. He doesn't

know yet what he wants to do, but he may go to work for an English company.

- My oldest sister is Angela, who is twenty. She is a primary-school teacher. She plays the drums.

My brother Vincent is nineteen and is now in his first year at the university. He wants to be a teacher of geography. He is a mimic and gives performances with gramophone records.

Teresa is a girl of seventeen. She is now teaching music to private pupils, and playing in a ballet school, which is called the Art of Dance Studio. She is the organizer of an all-girl dance band which recently received the first prize in an All-Singapore Amateur Band Concert. They call their organization the Blue Belles, and they have played for many public functions. Teresa recently obtained the Licentiate in the Royal School of Music in London.

My brother Michael is sixteen, and is in his last year in high school. He plays the guitar, but wants to be a journalist.

Then I come, and after me Lawrence, ten years old, who is in primary five at St. Joseph's Institution. This is a Catholic school near our home. Lawrence dances and sings. I do, too.

Victor is nine and in primary three at St. Joseph's. He also dances and sings.

Sylvia is six. She does ballet and tap dancing.

Christina is four and Bernard two. They are not yet in school.

The Singing Khoos

Three of us boys, Lawrence, Victor, and I, have an organization which we call the Singing Khoos. We formed this group two years ago. My sister Teresa has coached us. Last year we formed another organization called the Dancing Khoos. There are four of us in that group, for Sylvia also takes part. We are studying ballet and tap dancing at the Singapore Ballet School.

I began to be interested in singing when I was very small. At the age of three I won my first cup in a Chinese Swimming Club Talent Show. Four of us children have altogether won sixty cups for music and dancing.

I Am Called 'Great Prosperity'

My family name is Khoo. Francis is my Christian name. My Chinese name means 'great prosperity.' I was born in Singapore, but not in the house where I now live. When I was two we moved to our present home in the centre of the city. It is on the second floor. We have two big rooms and a veranda in front. Underneath it is a tailor shop, with a covered arcade under our veranda.

St. Joseph's Institution

I'm now in form five at St. Joseph's Institution. Two years ago I had a double promotion. I am taking English, Chinese (Mandarin), literature, Malay language, geography, history, science, art, mathematics, and physical education. I like history, geography, science, and art best. My only sport is swimming. There are several swimming pools in Singapore, and I am a member of the Chinese Swimming Club, which has a big Olympic pool. I like to swim in the sea also, and I often go to the beaches.

While I am in form five I will take the senior Cambridge examinations, and if I pass I will get the highest school certificate. Then, if I want to, I can go to the university either here or in England.

I Have a Busy Day

Every morning I get up at seven and have breakfast of bread and butter and milk, sometimes an egg also. School begins at seven thirty and lasts until one. There is a half-hour break at ten, when I buy some milk to drink at the school canteen. I go home at one and have my lunch. This consists

of soup and rice with meat or fish and vegetables. I don't eat sweets or fruit very much and I drink water. After lunch I do my homework for half an hour, and then I spend all the time I can drawing or painting with water colours. I read adventure stories in English and I like the comic stories also. I am fond of detective stories, and Agatha Christie is one of my favourite authors.

About once a week the whole family goes to the cinema.

There isn't much chance to play outdoors here, for this is a busy part of the city and there is a great deal of traffic on the streets.

We have dinner about six, and this is like our lunch. I am very fond of steaks and ice cream.

In the evening I study for one or two hours, listen to the radio, and go to bed at nine.

Holidays and Picnics

Saturday is just like every other weekday. We have school then. On Sunday I go to the seven-thirty mass, for I am a Catholic. Then, almost every Sunday, I go to the beach for the whole day. I take along a portable radio that we won as a first prize for singing. We eat a picnic lunch and have a wonderful time. Usually we go to the same beach, which is called Changi Beach, and is about fifteen miles from town. We travel in our own car, a Morris-Oxford. I can tell you it's pretty crowded when our whole family, eight children and two adults, pile in.

From December 5 to January 11 we have our long holidays. But it's not an idle time for me. Most of us are very busy with shows we give, sometimes two or three a day. The rest of the year the Singing Khoos and the Dancing Khoos average about one show a week.

We have two weeks' holidays at Easter time and three weeks in August.

When I can I help around the house, making beds, doing

dishes, sweeping the floors. We have time for many table games, games such as Lotto, Scrabble and Buccaneer.

I haven't travelled very much yet, but I have crossed the Johore Straits into Malaya. I speak English, a bit of Malay, and some Chinese. It is natural that I want to continue to be an entertainer when I get out of school.

Our Biggest Festival

Our biggest festival is the Chinese New Year, which comes about the end of January. It lasts for fifteen days. On New Year's Eve we all start setting off fireworks, from six o'clock until midnight. The strings often hang from the roof to the street. You can imagine the noise they all make. Some of the houses are bad firetraps, and our New Year's Day had a good many fires and burns. Before New Year's Day starts, everybody tries to pay his debts, and on New Year's Eve the families get together for a big dinner. On New Year's Day we visit our relations. The children get lucky money wrapped up in red paper and they all have nice things to drink and eat. The fireworks are set off on New Year's Day also. The shops used to close for two weeks, but now they usually close only for two or three days. The last day of the festival always comes when the moon is full, and the people usually go to the Chinese temples then to worship the gods. My family, of course, is Christian. On the last day of the festival we have more fireworks, more fires, more burns, and more noise.

AN INDIAN GIRL FROM SINGAPORE

BY CELINE ELIZABETH CHANDY

My Parents were Born in India

My father was born in Travancore State in India. This is now a part of Kerala. He came as a young man to Singapore, and met my mother here. Her parents were also born in the same state my father came from, but she was born in Singapore. My father's name is Matthew Joseph Chandy. My mother's name is Teresa. There are about one hundred and twenty-five thousand Indians and Pakistani in Singapore. The two are always grouped together when they talk about the different kinds of people in the city.

My father is now executive assistant of the United States Information Service in Singapore. He has received the Meritorious Service Award from this organization. He is also deputy high commissioner of the Boy Scouts in the city.

I was Born in Singapore

I was born in Singapore . We lived then with my mother's parents. It was a single house of two floors in the heart of the city. We lived on the second floor in five rooms. We had a veranda in front which was over the first-floor arcade. I lived there for ten years. Then my father bought another house with six rooms six miles from town among the hills. The place is called Serangoon Gardens. It is a suburb built by private owners. There are three thousand houses there, and more than twenty thousand people. Singapore has

become very crowded and has grown out in different directions. We have a little garden in front of our house.

I am the oldest of the children. After me comes James who is in class five. He is eleven and wants to be a pilot in an aeroplane. Then comes Gloria who is nine and in class three. Finally there is the baby Adrian, who is one and a half.

Before I really entered the kindergarten as a little girl I used to go there with my cousin. The teacher did not mind. So when I was five and became a regular kindergartener I was quite used to it.

The Convent of the Holy Infant Jesus

I was in kindergarten for a year, and this was followed by primary and secondary schools. I am now in the third year of secondary. My school is the Convent of the Holy Infant Jesus. There are thirteen hundred girls there, but no boys. Some of the teachers are nuns, but the majority are non-religious and some are not even Catholics. In Singapore there are schools that are run by the government, and other schools that are mission schools. The Church of England is the strongest among the Protestants, but there are many Methodists and Presbyterians here. The Catholics are also strong.

At my school I am studying English literature, mathematics, geography, world history, domestic science, sewing, cooking, art, physical training, and the Malay language. At home my family speaks Malayalam. This is the native language in the part of India my people come from. It has nothing to do with the Malay language, though these two words sound and look alike. Of all my studies I like English literature best, and I should like to teach English. After I have finished my present school I want to go to the University of Malaya here in Singapore.

Study and Play

I get up at six and have some bread and butter, coffee and

eggs. We have a kind of bread made of rice flour. Sometimes we eat it with hot curry, sometimes with coconut and sugar. School begins at seven thirty and there is religious instruction until eight. Those who are not Catholic do not come until eight. There is a half-hour break at ten thirty, and I usually have something to eat, sweets or ice cream, or cake, or a bottle of milk. I go home, and there is no school in the afternoon. For lunch I have rice and curry, sometimes a bar of chocolate, and sometimes ice cream. I drink water.

Then I spend two hours on my homework, and at four I have a bath and a cup of tea with a biscuit. Then until six I go for a walk with other girls or play outdoor games, netball, tennis, and badminton. At six I go in to rest and read. I read a great deal, many novels, and always in English. For dinner we have rice and curry, meat or fish, vegetables, fruit, and Ovaltine. Sometimes I do homework in the evening, sometimes I listen to the radio, sometimes I play draughts and other games. I go to bed at eight thirty.

Other Activities

About twice a month I go to the cinema, and I like detective films.

We also have films at school, sometimes during school hours and sometimes after one.

We have field sports, track and other games at school but I'm not on any of the school teams. I swim in the town pools and I play table tennis.

We never used to go to school on Saturday, but the new People's Action Party has now insisted that school be kept open then. I do homework on Saturday afternoon, however, and sometimes I go on picnics with my family or my friends. I may go to the beach to swim also. I have some special friends at school with whom I play all the time.

Once a week the Legion of Mary, to which I belong, meets. One of the nuns sits with us, and sometimes a priest comes

YOUNG PEOPLE OF EAST ASIA

But usually different girls talk about religion and then we discuss what they have said. We go about visiting welfare institutions, too.

I belong to the Brownies, and later I'm going to join the Girl Scouts.

On Sunday I go to mass in the morning and sing in the choir. After church and on Monday night I always have choir practice. Sunday afternoons I go on picnics or go to the cinema. I always wear European clothes, and I speak English and the Malay language.

We Celebrate All the Holidays

The most important holiday for us at our home is Christmas. We have a tree and on Christmas morning we exchange presents. On Christmas Eve I always go to the midnight mass.

We observe the other Christian holidays also, such as Easter and New Year's Day. I watch the old year out and go to church on the first day of the new year. At Singapore, however, we usually celebrate all the holidays. We have many Chinese friends who invite us to their homes, and at New Year's Day we call on many of them.

My Travels

I haven't travelled very much, but my father was stationed for two years at Kuala Lumpur, the capital of Malaya, and when I was very small I was there with him. During the next Easter holidays I shall go there again.

12. INDONESIA

THE WORLD'S LARGEST ISLAND GROUP

Marco Polo Again

WHAT a traveller this Venetian was! After his visit to Cambodia he sailed to the south again for fifteen hundred miles and arrived at the island of Java. There he met some navigators who told him that this island was three thousand miles around and was the largest in the world. Of course, this was not true. Even the neighbouring islands, Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes, and New Guinea, were really much bigger.

Marco found many spices on Java: pepper, nutmeg, spike-nard, cubebs, and cloves. He said also that Java lay so far south that you could not see the North Star from it.

Leaving this island of Java, he went on to visit the island of Sumatra, which he called Java the Lesser. This was smaller, he said, than the first island, only two thousand miles around. Actually it was more than three times as big.

On Sumatra Marco found eight different kingdoms. He visited six of them. Many Saracen merchants had been there to trade, he reported. They were Mohammedans and they had converted many people to Islam.

The Indian nuts were the size of men's heads, he said, with a pulp that was sweet and pleasant to the taste and white as milk. The liquid in it, he thought, was as clear as water, cool

and better flavoured than wine or any other kind of drink. This nut, of course, was the coconut.

Many of the people were cannibals. They ate human flesh.

In one of the kingdoms, he reported, there lived men with tails. So far as we know, no one has ever seen men with tails, but maybe Marco was misled by native reports of the big monkeys who looked a bit like men. In the Middle Ages people in Europe told stories of Englishmen with short tails.

Marco also described the rhinoceros. He told of the single horn in the middle of the forehead. Then he made a strange statement. He said that the rhinoceros did not attack with this horn. Instead, he used his tongue, which was armed with long, sharp spines. It's clear that Marco never had any first-hand experience with these animals.

For months Marco remained on these islands. Then he continued his long homeward journey.

The Emerald Necklace

What are these islands really like? On the map of the world you will see them hanging like a string of emeralds along the equator. There are about three thousand islands, mostly covered with the dense growth of the green jungle. And this arc that stretches from southern Asia to northern Australia is three thousand miles long.

This, indeed, is the biggest island group in all the world. The largest island is Borneo. It is almost as big as France. Sumatra is bigger than California. Java is bigger than Greece. The whole of Indonesia is almost sixty times as large as the little country of the Netherlands that once owned this whole precious emerald necklace.

Besides the four big islands of Borneo, Sumatra, Java, and Celebes, there are about a dozen others, smaller but still important. Finally there are thousands of little ones scattered all over an enormous area.

INDONESIA

When you look at the map you can imagine that some gigantic volcano had erupted and had sprayed this whole great region with islands from the big ones to the tiny fragments.

When in addition to the size of these islands you think of the population, almost eighty million, you know that this is the largest island country in the world today. Australia has about one tenth as many people.

The Malay Barrier

There are three places in the world where the great ocean highways meet. The Mediterranean is one of these crossroads. The Caribbean Sea is another. The Indonesian Archipelago is the third. All the paths of the sea that run between the Pacific Ocean and the Indian Ocean pass among these islands. The people that live on them are mostly Malays. They belong to the brown race. And since the islands almost block the way from one ocean to the other, Indonesia is sometimes called the Malay Barrier.

People speak also of the Malay Archipelago. This includes both Indonesia and the Philippines. There is an astounding total of ten thousand islands in this group.

Asia and Oceania

Two of the smaller islands of Indonesia, lying just west of Java, are called Bali and Lombok. Between them the ocean is very deep. And the islands are very different one from another. Bali and the islands to the west belong to Asia. The animals and the plants found there are Asiatic. There are tigers and monkeys. And there is the jungle.

On the other hand, Lombok and the islands to the east in this emerald necklace are much more like Australia. They are much drier. The fauna, or animal life, and the flora, or plant life, are not Asiatic at all.

The scientists draw a line between Bali and Lombok. On one side is Asia. On the other is Oceania.

Crowded and Empty Indonesia

The island of Java, which the Indonesians call Djawa, is not the largest island, but it is the most important. The capital, Djakarta, which used to be called Batavia, is there, and the island is the most densely populated of all. In fact, it is one of the most crowded regions in all the world. The population averages about one thousand people for every square mile. In some places there are two thousand two hundred a square mile. This is too many people by far. There is not enough food for them all. The situation is very serious. As yet the government has done little to develop industry, but it has tried to move people from the crowded to the empty islands of Indonesia.

The other islands are really not quite empty, but compared with crowded Java they seem so.

Rubber, Quinine, Pepper

Sumatra, or Sumatera, as it is called now, is three times the size of Britain. There are great rubber, palm-oil, and pepper plantations, petroleum wells also. Some of the finest tobacco in the world is grown here.

Indonesia supplies about one third of the world's natural rubber, and almost all of its pepper and natural quinine. We used to get most of our rubber and our quinine from northern South America. Then the seeds of these plants were smuggled into Indonesia and other parts of Southeast Asia. The resulting harvests have crowded the South American products off the market. It is cheaper, you see, to produce rubber and quinine in cultivated plantations than to gather them wild in the jungle.

About three quarters of the world's kapok comes from Indonesia. This is the silky fibre that is used to fill mattresses. It comes from the silk cotton tree. In this part of the world it is called Java cotton.

The island produces also a great deal of tea, coffee, and

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sugar. But the main crop continues to be rice. This is the food of the people.

Borneo and the Dyaks

Borneo is a huge island, the largest of all. Much of it is uninhabited and undeveloped.

In the dense forests of the interior the very primitive Dyaks dwell. There are about one hundred thousand of them. They usually live in long houses, built high above the ground. These houses are often from 150 to 200 yards long. A gallery runs the length of the house. This is a kind of village street. Doors from the gallery lead into the rooms. In each of them a family lives, separated from its neighbours by screens of banana leaves.

Some of the Dyaks are Christians, but most of them worship and fear the spirits of the jungle. They used to be head-hunters, and almost every long house has a few human heads strung along the gallery. Nowadays there is no more head-hunting, except when someone is seeking revenge, or when a chief dies. But the government keeps a few heads in stock. The Dyaks can borrow them for a chief's funeral.

The Dyak people are usually very friendly.

Bali, the Beautiful

This little island has long been famous for its beauty, scenery, and for the dancing of its girls. It has often been called a paradise. The Hindu religion of India still lives here, and there are many fine temples. In the centre of every village there is a dance shed. The Balinese dances always take place at night. Sometimes they last until morning.

The United States of Indonesia

A number of European powers have occupied the islands. The first to come was Portugal in 1509. Then the Dutch came in 1596, then the British, then the Dutch again. Finally during

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World War II, the Japanese occupied the islands. When the Japanese realized that the war was going against them, they established a National Indonesian Republic. Then two days after the Japanese had surrendered the Indonesians proclaimed their independence. There were several years of fighting with the Dutch, but by the end of the Indonesians were victorious.

The country is now known as the United States of Indonesia.

From two of the great islands come our young people to talk to you. Oerip Setiono is from the capital of Indonesia on the island of Java. Yvette Malik is a girl from the city of Medan on Sumatra.

I AM FROM JAVA

BY OERIP SETIONO

Java Names

We have no family names in Java, and I am the only one of my brothers and sisters with two names. It happened this way. During the Japanese occupation I was very ill and my father did everything he could for me. At first the case seemed hopeless, but finally I began to get better. When I was quite well again, my father added another name to the Setiono by which I had been called. He added the word Oerip, which in Indonesian means 'life.' I was just a baby then.

So I have two names. Beside that I have a nickname. I am called Tetty, which comes from Setiono.

I Am at the Top of My Class

My family says that I was always very bright for my age.

When I was three I already knew as much as the children who were entering school. I knew all the letters and I could count. So I started in kindergarten when I was three, but they kept me there for two years because of my age. Then in spite of my age they had to let me enter the first form. I have always since then been at the top of my class.

I am now in the third form of secondary school and after I get through with secondary school I will go to the junior high school. My school now is Canisius College, a Catholic school. I am studying there mathematics, English, Indonesian, geography, history, chemistry, physics, religion, zoology, botany, drawing, and sports. I study the Catholic religion in school, although all my family are Moslems. I like mathematics very much, and I want to be an engineer.

There are over six hundred boys in my school, but only the senior boys board there.

I Have a Very Interesting Family

My father is R. Slamet Iman Santoso. The R. stands for Raden, which is the lowest class of aristocracy. It is not as high as a baronet. My father is a doctor of psychiatry and teaches psychiatry at the University of Djakarta. He also has a private practice with office hours in the afternoon. He loves books, and reads everything he can lay his hands on.

My mother's name is Suprapti. My father used to call her by the nickname Titi, but since all of us children came he has been calling her Mamma. She was born at Bogor in the interior of Java. This is a very interesting and a very historical place. It has the biggest botanical garden in Indonesia. There are 275 acres with ten thousand different trees and five hundred thousand different plants in it. Unfortunately my mother has been blind for fourteen years, but she speaks English, French, German, and Indonesian. She is a member of the Women's International Club. She goes out a great deal and is in all kinds of activities.

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Now come the children. The oldest is a girl, Suprapti, who has just been married. Her husband is a doctor, specializing in neurology and teaching at Djakarta Central Hospital. My sister plays the piano.

Next comes another girl, Oemarjati, who is in the Faculty of Letters at the university. She wants to be a writer. At the moment she is very interested in getting textbooks for the schools in the Indonesian language. There aren't many of them now.

All the rest of the family are boys. Sutomo is fifteen and in the second class of high school. He wants to be a doctor. After ~~me~~ comes Soerjono, who is ten and in the fifth elementary class, Soerjadi, who is seven and in the second elementary, and Soemantri, who is five and in kindergarten.

My House

We all live in a long house running back from the street about two and a half miles from the centre of Djakarta. The house is of brick covered with stucco and has a tile roof. There are three bedrooms, a dining and living room, and five small rooms. There is a small garden in front of the house. We have two servants, and one of them has been with us for twenty-two years now. She is just like a member of the family. I was born in this house fourteen years ago. I have always lived here.

How I Spend My Day

I get out of bed at six and have my breakfast. This is rice and eggs, soya sauce, and tea. Then I have a bath and start off for school. School begins at seven and lasts until one with a fifteen-minute break at nine and another one at ten forty-five. I can eat something during these breaks if I want to, and sometimes I buy a little bread, but usually I don't have anything. There are six classes in the morning.

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At one I go home. My father gets back from the university at about one thirty and then we all eat together. We have rice with meat and vegetables and fruit. We do not eat sweets and we have ice water to drink. After lunch I read the newspaper and sometimes do some homework. Then I sleep for an hour, and at five have another bath. After that I play either outdoors or indoors. Outdoors I play football and badminton and swim in a pool. When I am indoors I like to play chess. At six thirty I rest a bit and do some more homework. We don't have dinner until nine, when my father is home again. Dinner is much like our lunch. I am very fond of steak and ice cream. I can cook a little myself, but my family makes fun of me, because the only thing I know how to cook is some cake which I like very much.

Over the weekend I read and listen to the radio. I like Chinese adventure stories and Indian comics. About twice a month I go to the cinema. I used to play the piano, but I gave it up, because my fingers are too short.

We Are Moslems

We are Moslems, but we don't practice our religion much. We go to the mosque only on feast days, but we observe the fast during the month of Ramadan, and we give alms to the poor. We believe in God, but we don't observe the daily prayers. I suppose we are Moslems only by tradition.

We have ten days' holiday at Christmastime, three days at Easter, and a long holiday in June and July. During the long holiday we almost always go to visit my father's family at Ourworadjo, which is a two days' drive from Djakarta. My grandmother lives there. We visit the cemetery, pray, and leave flowers on the graves. This is a small town much higher than Djakarta and we usually spend two weeks there. I like it very much.

I have never done any other travelling.

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Our Independence Day falls on August 17, and I march in the parade with the other boys of my school. We always celebrate Christmas with a Christian family we know.

My Languages

I speak Indonesian, Javanese, and English. Indonesian is the national language here, but Javanese is quite different and there are many other dialects also.

The Indonesian for 'good morning' is *selamat pagi*. The Javanese for 'good morning' is *nuwun*, but this is a very polite greeting to someone older or more important than you. When I greet the boys in the school I just say 'hey.'

I AM FROM SUMATRA

BY YVETTE MALIK

The Capital of East Sumatra

SIXTEEN years ago I was born in Medan in the northern part of Sumatra on the east side. The city has a half million people in it. It is very clean and nice. The centre of the city has lots of business houses. There is a large mosque there and the palace of the Sultan of Deli. The city is about fifteen miles away from the ocean in the midst of rubber plantations and rice fields. We grow also some of the finest tobacco leaves in the world for the outside wrapping of cigars.

During the first year of my life I lived in a camp, because the Japanese occupied my country. But the camp was really a town, and my father says the life there was not bad at all. Then, when I was still a small baby, the Japanese moved out of our country, and we went back to Medan.

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Our house is of stone. It is a single house of six rooms, quite modern, with all the conveniences. There's a garage for my father's car, which is British.

School in Medan

I started in kindergarten in Medan when I was four and was there for two years. Then I went to a Catholic primary school. Then for three years I was in a government high school, called the Hoogere Burger School. This was a Dutch school and after we got our independence the government closed all the Dutch schools. So I had to change to the St. Thomas Menengah Pertama School. *Menengah Pertama* means 'first middle.' In the first middle instruction was in Dutch, in the second middle it was in Indonesian. It is not forbidden to speak Dutch now, but it is better not to.

School in Sukabumi

Then my father sent me to a school at Sukabumi, which is on the island of Java, about one hundred miles south of Djakarta. At Sukabumi I am now in the third standard, which is the last form before I go to Djakarta to study. In August I shall begin to attend Mother Romana's School, a Catholic school for girls. I have already been there a number of times during my school holidays, for it's easier for my father to meet me there than to come all the way to Sukabumi. The mother superior is very kind and lets me stay at the school so my father can see me.

This year I'm studying Indonesian, English, geography, history, economics, drawing, music, gymnastics, hygiene, anatomy, arithmetic, and algebra. I am also learning how to write Arabic letters, since there are so many Moslems here. I like arithmetic and English best. Next year I shall be studying cooking and dressmaking at school. Later I should like to go into business.

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From Morning to Night

I am up at five fifteen in the morning, and I go at once to the Catholic chapel for the mass. At six thirty I have my breakfast: rice with vegetables, chili, and tea. School is from seven thirty to twelve thirty with a break at ten. For lunch I have rice and vegetables, meat or fish, bananas, and water. We eat a great deal of *ubi*, which is made from the root of a plant. It is called *cassava* in some countries. We eat it cooked.

There is no school in the afternoon. After lunch I rest until three. At three I take a bath and then I study until five thirty. After that I go out to play. I often play a kind of game called *gastien*, which is a Dutch game. I play volleyball also when I can. My dinner is about the same as my lunch. After that I study until eight thirty, when I go to bed.

On Wednesday afternoon from four fifteen to four forty-five I have a piano lesson. I practice piano every day from six to six thirty. I have been studying the piano for seven years.

Saturday is the same as any other day, except that I don't study in the evening. I listen to the radio, read, and talk.

On Sunday I go to mass at six thirty. Then I study, play games, or walk, or listen to the radio. I'm not allowed to go to the cinema, although my father is in that business.

Holidays

We have holidays from December 24 to January 4 and another month in July, which is our long holiday. During the Moslem holidays we have two weeks, when I must go home. There are a good many Moslems in our school. When I am home in Medan I help my mother in the kitchen and learn how to cook. We also have a servant.

My Father is a Film Distributor

My father is Darwin Malik and he is a film distributor. He

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was born in Medan. He deals mostly in films that are made in Indonesia. If he imports foreign films he has to make one film every year in Indonesia. There are sixteen cinemas in Medan where we live, so it's a good place for him to have his headquarters.

My mother is Carolina Theodora Gossiaux, and she was born in Padang on Sumatra. This is a very important port on the western side of Sumatra. Her father was Chinese and her mother was French. She's a mixture of Asiatic and European blood, and so they call her a Eurasian.

I have a brother of twenty-two, Frans, who is not working because of ill health, another brother of seventeen, Ronald, who goes to the same school I go to, a younger brother, Johnny, who is eleven, and in standard five, and finally a sister of nine, Ingrid, who is in standard four. The last two are in school in Medan.

Christmas

Christmas is our main holiday, and the one I like best. The night before I always go to the midnight mass. We have an evergreen tree which we get from the mountains and call *denne boom*. We used to have a visit from Santa Claus, too. He came to our home and to the church. But the present government has now prohibited Santa Claus. They think he's too Dutch. We have a big dinner at Christmastime.

Indonesian Fruits

There are some special fruits here that are very nice. There is the *mangga*, for instance, which is a yellow fruit that grows on a tree. It has a big white nut inside. You take the outer skin off and eat the pulp around the nut. This is the apple of Indonesia. Another fruit is called the *rambutan*. It is very sweet.

I've never travelled outside Indonesia. I wear European clothes and I speak Indonesian, Dutch, and English.