

HOW THEY MADE THE BURMA ROAD

China's Life-Line Against the Japs

The whole civilised world looks on with admiration at the feat of the Chinese people standing up to the bullying Japs, for years have been making on them and stealing their country.

The war has taken a new turn with the reopening of the Burma Road, which in itself is a nautical achievement bearing witness to the indomitable courage of the hard-pressed and untried Chinese people. The Burma Road is a new back door to China, running from the port of Rangoon in Burma thousands of miles north to the city of Chiang Kai-shek in the province of Yunnan. It has been about in this way.

Creating a Vast Army

As Japan has taken port after port and city after city in eastern China, Chiang Kai-shek has moved his people westward, to China is the biggest single country in the world, with 400 million people. So it is that, as the Japanese make their way slowly westward, the Chinese can press hundreds of miles inland and start building up a new life and new resistance. They can go back 500 miles from the sea—east till they come to the mountains and forests and rolling rivers and upland pastures of Tibet. Here, in Yunnan Province, Chiang Kai-shek is gathering his people together and training an army of two million men.

This vast army now rising in the heart of China must have arms and munitions, and it is to supply these that the Burma Road has been developed out of an old mule-track. The new piece of Chinese road is about 100 miles long and links up with a general road system of the country. It links up also with the great road the British made in Burma long ago, when it was opened to carry the road from Rangoon to Mandalay right into China. Part of the old road is as

old as Marco Polo, who walked along it when it was a narrow stone track. The whole of the British road has now been put right, and the Chinese made themselves responsible a year ago for their own part of it.

We have been reading of some Royal Canadian Engineers who have shocked an English county council by doing a piece of road work in seven weeks for which the council had estimated on a time-table of two years. But they had all the facilities of mechanised service; the Chinese have had to make much of their road with such tools as have been in use for 2000 years, and most of the work was done by hand.

The people rallied to the call of Chiang Kai-shek and made this highway with a marvellous enthusiasm born of the knowledge that it meant life and liberty to them. Families or clans gathered together men, women, and children in their thousands, breaking down great rocks, leading oxen to draw the heavier boulders on sledges, and setting up these rocks as walls to line the road. Grandfathers cracked rocks into small pieces for the making of the road itself and for the concrete bridges, and the surface was made with stone fragments, and smoothed down with crude rollers.

Beautiful Scenery

One section of the new road had to be blasted through a narrow gorge; other sections ran through mountain passes 8000 feet high, and over rivers. A marvellous road it is, often running through miles of pine forests and vast stretches of rhododendrons, so that it is beautiful as well as strongly built.

We must hope it will prove to be a new life-line for China, enabling her to throw back the Japanese Army, which after two generations of civilisation has gone back to barbarism in the true Nazi-Mussi style.

When the Window is Blown Out

There is much discussion of the question of protecting windows against the effects of blast from bomb explosions, and people living outside raided territory may be led to imagine from many letters published in the glass is blown into the houses.

Such is not the case. In the majority of instances the damage comes, not from the direct violence of a man, but from Nature asserting herself after a momentary upset.

The blast causes such a rush of air as to set up a vacuum. The air is thrust or sucked away, so

that the air inside the building, pressing on glass which for an instant has no external support, bursts it out. The glass from a leaded pane in the house of a C N reader was picked up 15 feet away. A huge leaded window elsewhere was left bulging outwards like an immense shield.

In a district near which a bomb caused the shattering of almost every window of shops and houses not a fragment of glass fell inside; it was all scattered in the gardens or along the pavement.

Ironclad Islanders

Of all Holland's possessions in the Far East none is stranger than the island of Nias in the Dutch East Indies. Its natives wear coats of wrought iron, as their ancestors did centuries ago when the first Dutchmen sailed to sea then unknown.

A traveller who went there on behalf of the US Museum of Natural History describes in the museum's journal the magnificent ceremonial costume worn by Lafau, the island's chieftain. The old gentleman, besides his iron coat, with its border of gold plating, wore attached to his

head huge curling gold moustaches and gold antlers. Round his neck was a gold collar, on his chest a gold plate. He carried a short sword in a scabbard ornamented with crocodile and tiger's teeth; and beside him stood his bodyguard carrying 17th-century Portuguese blunderbusses. Like most of the other islanders, they wore on formal occasions iron coats which all possess, pot helmets, shields, and spears.

They looked like figures from a tournament of the Middle Ages—which are still with them.

FOR THE AGE TO COME

We see not, know not; all our way
Is night—with Thee alone is day;
From out the torrent's troubled drift,
Above the storm our prayers we lift,
Thy will be done!

If, for the age to come, this hour
Of trial hath a secret power,
And, blest by Thee, our present pain
Be Liberty's eternal gain,
Thy will be done!

John Greenleaf Whittier—adapted

When You Buy a Piece of England

You buy a coat, a horse, a house; there you pay the seller for labour exerted, for something that he has produced, or that he has got from the man who did produce it; but when you pay a man for land, what are you paying him for? You pay him for something that no man produced; you pay him for something that was here before man was, or for a value that was created, not by him individually, but by the community of which you are a part. Henry George

THESE REMAIN

What then remains? Courage and patience and simplicity and kindness and, last of all, ideas remain, and these are things to lay hold of and live with. Arthur Christopher Benson

My Heart is Like a Rainbow

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these,
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
Carve it with doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves and silver fleur-de-lis;
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me.
Christina Rossetti

Where Your Treasure Is

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: for where your treasure is there will your heart be also.

From Matthew, Chapter 6

PRAYER ON A HEIGHT

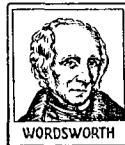
Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

John Keble

There Will Be One Master and Ruler of All

There will not be one law at Rome and another at Athens, one law today and another law tomorrow; but the same law everlasting and unchangeable will bind all nations at all times; and there will be one common Master and Ruler of all, even God, the framer, the arbitrator, and the proposer of this law. And he who will not obey it will be an exile from himself, despising the nature of man.

Cicero's Republic



CARRY ON

LISTEN, O MEN OF THE WEST

Hear me, O men of the West!
I have lived for thousands of years,
I have seen planets which exist no longer,
and I reaped the ooze out of the primitive waters.
Men of the West, do not hasten.
Upon the mountain of Tay Chang
I have sat down to wait for you.
Far away I see you coming.
The sand is tossed up and falls back to earth.
The nations are dispersed.
But the wise man's word remains.
Men of the West, heed the wise men,
the great wise men of ancient China.
While they lived they were

unimportant, and no one knew that they were wise. For such is the law. Truth is invisible, and we breathe it without being aware of its presence.

Men of the West, this invisible Truth was born on yellow soil; it ate rice and slept in the shade of the blue mulberry-tree; and we transmit it modestly.

Men of the West, heed the wise men, the great wise men of ancient China.

Confucius, a Wise Man of the East

Ye Fairies, From All Evil Keep Her

There's something in a flying horse,
There's something in a huge balloon,
But through the clouds I'll never float
Until I have a little boat
Whose shape is like a crescent moon.

Up goes my boat among the stars,
Through many a breathless field of light,
Through many a long blue field of ether,
Leaving the thousand stars beneath her,
Up goes my little boat so bright.

And there it is, the matchless earth!
There spreads the famed Pacific Ocean,
Old Andes thrusts yon craggy spear
Through the grey clouds—the Alps are here,
Like waters in commotion.

Yon tawny slip is Libya's sands,
That silver thread the River Dnieper,
And look, where clothed in brightest green
Is a sweet isle, of isles the queen;
Ye fairies, from all evil keep her.

Wordsworth

IT IS REWARD ENOUGH

To have been a faithful soldier in this fight, a faithful soldier in the Army of Freedom, to have laid one stone in this glorious building, to have done ever so little to bring the Kingdom of God upon earth—surely to have done this (even to have attempted it with all one's might) is sufficient reward for all the work, the fret and toil and sacrifices that are involved in it.

Surely, if we can be but certain to have done this, then when our last hour comes, when the merely selfish things men strive for lose their flavour, when riches and honours drop from us like worn-out habiliments, we may then feel that, though our names and our very existence be forgotten, we yet have left imperishable footprints on the sands of time, have not lived our lives in vain.

Max Hirsch



The great Minster at York is the glory of the ancient northern city. The present building, begun in 1230, rises on the site of a seventh-century church, and its West Front, shown here, is one of the most perfect examples of 15th-century architecture in England