



THE

PAGODA

刊週社輪扶海上

Julius LIEU
N. N. LIEU



OFFICIAL ORGAN: THE ROTARY CLUB OF SHANGHAI, CHINA

REG. NO. 545

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ROTARY CLUB OF SHANGHAI

R. I. District 58

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Sin-Hua Trust Savings and Commercial
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THIS WEEK'S MEETING

August 10th
at the Sino-British Cultural
Association Club Room
12.30 p.m.

Speaker:

Bishop W. Y. Chen

Subject:

Chinese Temperament and Culture

***The Editor invites contributions of topical interest for the columns of "The Pagoda." Contributions should be typewritten on one side of the paper only.

Rotary

By JAMES W. WALKER, Rotarian

Insurance Underwriter Lynwood, California

Men may not comprehend me,
Or the many things I do.
Yet, I only act as a guiding spirit,
To lead them on and through.
To a goal of genial friendship,
Of the men of every race.
Fellowship for just a few of us
On this earth has no place.
Our goal is so much bigger
That we must not lose faith,
But create better fellowship
In every land or place—
That men will live together
And demand a future fate,
Of understanding friendship,
Of peace without the hate.
I urge you to forge forward
Never faltering one bit.
The future is always onward
If we keep the torch well lit—
With kindness and faithful serving
A friendship that's well fit,
We'll all be self-deserving
Of a world-wide benefit.

Report of the Meeting, August 3, 1950

By "Y. T."

I was rather unlucky to run straight into Disciplinary "Sam" as I walked into this hall to-day. Whether he was in a bad mood or not, I don't know. But he immediately pointed at me and picked me to be the reporter for to-day's meeting and refused to listen to my excuses. Knowing him as all Rotarians do, I realized I had fallen a prey and thought it best to take his order obediently and try to avoid his sight in future whenever possible.

Every member felt honoured by the presence of our lone but distinguished guest, Mr. Y. F. Kwei, Chairman of the Relief Committee of the City Council, who seemed to have profound interest in the proceedings of our entire meeting. President F. S. commenced the meeting by presenting "Hawks" an exceptional present, a silver plate engraved with 4 Chinese characters meaning long life, in commemoration of Mrs. Hawking's 60th birthday which fell on July 31, 1950. In consideration of her past services and contributions to Rotary, she certainly deserves it.

Our over-sized Sergeant-at-Arms did not appear to like "Dicky" using "Slim" as the name of last meeting's reporter and threatened to fine him for the purpose of boosting the charity fund.

"T. G." introduced Julius as the speaker of the day. Owing to the early departure of our "associate" member, Arthur Rinden, who was announced at the last meeting to be to-day's speaker, Julius sportingly volunteered to pinch-hit for him and he certainly did an exceptionally good job. If every member possessed the spirit he demonstrated to-day, "J. C." in future would not have any more sleepless nights.

Julius, with his usual sense of humour, opened his talk by revealing his "original" plan of giving a gramophone recital but at the last minute, he decided to deliver a speech. I am sure everyone present, after hearing his class-room lecture, will agree with me that he definitely made the right choice.

The speaker gave a systematic resume of recent major Re-adjustments of Government Economic Measures. The following is a brief summary of his talk:

Causes of Present Difficulties:—

- I. Weakness of the original economic structure and lack of confidence in the value of currency giving rise to speculation and hoarding.
- II. Change in the nature of consumer goods caused by the change in environment.
- III. Inefficient management of private enterprises.
- IV. Over-production of certain commodities.
- V. General lack of purchasing power as caused by war and civil strife.

SECRETARY'S REPORT

MEETING, August 3, 1950

Members Present — (59%)	34
Members on leave	16
Excused absentees	7
Non-excused absentees	1
Total Membership	58

Guest: Mr. Y. F. Kwei

Visiting Members:

E. Lichtenstein	...	Nanking
Frank W. Price	...	Chengtu
K. S. Wang	...	Hangchow
Y. F. Feng	...	Hankow

Measures to solve these difficulties:—

- I. Land Reform aimed at improving the conditions of the farmers comprising 85% of the population.
- II. Retrenchment in government organizations and expenditures.
- III. Sound re-adjustments in industrial and commercial enterprises.
 1. Large scale government orders of manufactured goods.
 2. Government purchase of agricultural produce.
 3. To assist improving the efficiency of the management of private enterprises.
 4. Amalgamation of government enterprises to work with and not against private enterprises.
 5. To avoid over-production.
 6. Relief to un-employment.
 7. To maintain appropriate margins between wholesale and retail prices and to adjust prices between districts.

8. To confine government trading to stabilizing prices and preventing speculation.
9. To encourage farmers by maintaining reasonable prices for agricultural products.
10. To improve transportation facilities in order to facilitate exchange of goods.
11. Extension of government bank's assistance to private banks in arranging loans to private industries deserving help.

The speaker concluded that the above measures are believed to have been the result of many important conferences recently held in Peking where many influential private business men such as "Dave" were invited to attend and to give their views and that these efforts represent the genuine and earnest attempts on the part of the top government officials to improve the economic structure of the country.

The round of applause which followed the speech indicated unmistakably the interest and appreciation in the subject as presented. President F. S. on behalf of the Club, congratulated Julius for his most informative and interesting talk. On the failure of "J. C." to announce the name of the speaker for the next meeting, "Telly" rose to propose "T. G." who introduced the speaker to-day to be the logical candidate on the assumption that "J. C." also gave a classification talk after having introduced a speaker in a previous meeting. If this precedent were established, Mighty "Sam" or Efficient "Telly" would find it no easy task to look for an introducer in future.

NEW CHAMPION?

Emporia, Pa., Rotarians have taken up the challenge of CORYDON GARRETT, President of the Rotary Club of Summer, Wash., who believes that he is the oldest Rotary Club President in the world. He's 80. The Emporia Rotary Club sends these vital statistics on its President, DR. GEORGE METZGER, JR.: He is 85 years old, is an optometrist, and operates a jewelry store which he has owned for 60 years.

Those Years with Paul

Some Recollections,

By Jean Harris

It was on a Saturday afternoon in the early Spring of 1910 that I first met Paul. Quite unknown to each other, we had both joined in one of the weekly hikes of the Chicago Prairie Club, and it was this that brought us together. Perhaps I should add that a rip in Paul's jacket had a wee bit to do with it.

Paul, as you may know, was a lawyer in Chicago at that time. Five years before, he and some of his young business friends had formed the first Rotary Club. A bit later he had helped to found the Prairie Club, which for him was a way of getting back to the out-of-doors he had learned to love so deeply in his Vermont boyhood.

As I look back on our years, filled as they were with wonderful travel, visits with famous persons and great gatherings of people here and there, I think the one thing we sought most was simple contentment. And we found it in simple easy friendships, in good neighbors gathered at our hearth, in good books, in the woods, and in things in tune with Nature. Often, when we were young, we walked 28 miles to church and back on the Sabbath, enjoying each step of the way. Sometimes, putting on old clothes we would hike to a little clump of wild crab-apple trees, and the next day we would have fresh tart jelly for breakfast. Perhaps there would be some for the neighbors, too. We could not waste an apple, Paul always insisted, being a New Englander. He quite forgot the sugar needed to save them, however.

One of the first purchases after we had moved into our own home—which Paul named "Comely Bank" after the street on which I had lived in Edinburgh—was a set of Dickens. Night upon night Paul read to me the wonderful, true-to-life stories of that master mind as he exposed bad conditions of society. Who does not love Scrooge and Tiny Tim, Micawber and Little Dorritt? Sometimes Paul's dear old Aunt Parker would listen. If Paul suspected that she were dozing, as she sometimes did, he would inject amusing remarks about her into his reading.

"Paul!" she would cry, as she awakened, "that wasn't Dickens!"

Then Paul would slap his knee and laugh. How he loved his little pranks and jokes. They never hurt, however, for he never let them.

If Paul blessed the lives of men with Rotary, as many, many Rotarians have thoughtfully written me, how greatly Rotarians and Rotary blessed our own lives. They gave us so many priceless experiences that I could never enumerate them all.

We had been married but a month, I remember, when the first few Clubs that had sprung up here and there in the United States met in Chicago to form a national organization and elected Paul their President and Chesley Perry their Secretary. We wives played a very small part at Conventions in those days; our young men were struggling to find themselves.

Soon Paul had two questions to answer. One was: could he take time from his law practice to travel on Rotary matters? The other was: if he started to travel, could he ever stop? Time answered both questions and over the years he was able to do both in moderation. Our first Rotary trip together took us to California, and perhaps I was a bit self-conscious. How would the ladies of these Rotarians receive me? When one of them, seeing my lace collar or hair-do, exclaimed, "Why it's Jo from Little Women!" I still was not certain. But when such wonderful hosts as Harvey and Edna Johnson, of Los Angeles, took us to Clubs up and down the coast and on all manner of sight-seeing excursions and when we found ourselves talking with wholly new acquaintances as if they were lifelong friends, I was seeing in a new way what a wonderfully friendly thing this was our men had started. It is odd how little, unimportant things come to mind when one looks back on a thrilling experience of that kind. I recall how at that time Paul was temporarily on a diet of tomatoes only. Everywhere, good-humored Rotarians plied him with tomatoes, often by the case. Then one day our new friends took us on what was to us a hair-raising ride through the mountains which

were shrouded with fog. As we safely reached the end of the ride and stopped for supper, we were greatly relieved. Picking up his menu Paul declared, "No tomatoes! I want a large stack of buckwheat cakes and sirup!"

There came in time our first sea voyage together, which took us back to my native heather, and then other trips, with the constant wonder of meeting people of other ways. There was the fine Japanese Rotarian, for example, who told us it was his custom to sit at the feet of Buddha for four hours each morning. To his Christian wife he gave funds for the building of a YWCA. I remember, too, the great Japanese Christian leader Kagawa, whom we met on a ship bound for Australia. He wanted to conduct Sunday worship services on board and needed someone to sing hymns. Perhaps you can guess whom my Paul suggested! It was most interesting to hear Kagawa's life story, how he had lost almost all his eyesight by living in conditions so awful that he had contracted a terrible eye disease. While aboard ship he was completing his 100th book before his sight failed.

In Australia our dear friend Angus Mitchell and his lovely wife, who is now gone, entertained us in their beautiful home, with as many as 16 guests for dinner and many nights of enriching fellowship. Later we were able to have them at Comely Bank and at Onkama in Michigan where we spent our Summers.

In South Africa we talked long at a luncheon with General Smuts and General Hertzog. The former gave me a remedy for sea sickness. And so it went, our travels to every continent showing us over and over that people are so alike the world around, that the heart beats just as tenderly under whatever skin.

Then to our joy many friends we had met in far places and near came to us at Comely Bank. There was Angus, as I have said, and there were Fernando Carbajal, of Peru, and Armando Pereira, of Brazil, and Cesar Andrade of Ecuador, and Sir Charles Mander (it was to him that Paul wrote his

last letter), and scores and scores of others. Sometimes men and women from eight or ten different lands would be with us for tea. One afternoon only weeks before Paul passed away, J. C. Penney called upon us, coming in the company of Colonel Abells, of the Chicago Club. Mr. Penney wanted to meet Paul, feeling, he said, that the principles on which he operated his famous stores were quite like those of Rotary. And over a cup of tea, of course.

The quiet of our woods seemed to delight Glenn Mead, of Philadelphia, when he first visited us. He was the first President of Rotary after Paul, you may remember. Sitting for a long while on our front porch, he came in to exclaim that he had counted 35 species of birds in the trees. Then there was the fine Hindu gentleman in his turban and all. For two days he and I good-naturedly argued the merits of our respective religions.

Sometimes it would be some of Paul's dear friends of the Chicago Rotary Club—our lifelong neighbor Silvester Schiele, ever-faithful Chesley Perry, Harry Ruggles, Rufus Chapin, and the others. Sometimes it would be the night for the Discussion Club which Paul had organized in our basement. What a rich exchange of ideas took place around that long table there, especially when Rotarians from distant countries were among the guests.

Yes, Paul's real forte was meeting people, learning how they looked on life, drawing them out. Through all our years together, he loved to go around the neighborhood talking with people—the station master, the monument maker, the farmer who knew all about chicken raising. Every man interested him. Perhaps this will illustrate:

One day soon after we had acquired our home, a man knocked at our door and offered to cut down a tree in our woods for 25 cents. Paul accepted his offer and soon had the man doing little jobs here and there. Mac, which is his name, had no fixed address anywhere, so for years all his mail came to our home. Paul had arranged it. When Mac became too old to work Paul obtained a pension for him. Not long ago I saw old Mac and he said, "Mrs. Harris, there are no days like those when

Paul was there. He was my best friend."

One thought which Paul and I often discussed in his last years was while the world grows more and more complex, we all need to simplify our lives somehow. We need to calm our fevers. We need more reading, more talking in our homes, more simple hospitality. More neighborliness. Paul has written of the well-beaten path twixt our house and that of Silvester and Jessie Schiele. He wished that there might be such paths between all the homes on every street. Rotary, he saw, was helping to mark them out.

If I were to say anything to the wives of Rotarians, it would be this: Encourage your husbands in their Rotary work. They are better men when they return from their meetings. Rotary stands for high ideals, with its men always attaining to the better.

Paul sometimes said that though he was at the beginning of the stream, it was the tributary efforts of all the thousands of men who have poured in their strength and knowledge and love which have made Rotary the great organization that it is.

A WORD OF DIFFERENCE

The wealthy young matron felt so tired and listless all the time that she wasn't interested in anything. Yet a thorough physical examination revealed nothing wrong. Her doctor—who knew the pampered life she led—advised her to find some kind of work to do. "But, doctor," she protested indignantly, "how can you ask me to work when I'm so tired?"

"I know you're tired," he answered. "But if you'd only do something you could become tired from, there wouldn't be nearly so many things you'd be tired of."

The voters of a North Carolina county were considering an increase in the schoolteachers' salaries, which would entail a rise in taxes. I asked a farmer who was much interested in the schools what the general sentiment seemed to be.

"Well," he said slowly, "as best I can see it, almost everybody is in sympathy with it, but hardly anybody is in favor of it."

THIS WEEK'S SMILES

One night the announcer for the Pot o' Gold program telephoned a woman to report that she had won the \$1,000 prize. Since she was not at home, a boarder who answered the phone was asked the first thing the landlady would do with the money.

"Count it," was the prompt reply.

* * *

During a sidewalk interview in Amarillo, Texas, an announcer asked a woman: "What did your husband say when he proposed?" She replied that he just said he loved her and wanted her to marry him. "Didn't he do anything to back up his statement?" the announcer said.

"Oh, yes," she replied brightly. "We have two sons!"

* * *

On a radio quiz program, the assistant in the balcony announced the next contestant: "I have a paratrooper, sir."

"Here's the question for you, soldier," said the quizmaster. "How many successful jumps did a paratrooper have to make before he graduated?"

Came this immediate and logical answer: "All of 'em."

* * *

On a fishing trip in the Ozarks, my husband and I stopped for gasoline at a dilapidated little shack. Curious as to how the elderly couple running the "station" could possibly exist on the sales in this isolated spot, I asked the man, "Are you making a living?"

"Nope," he replied. "But I'm a-livin' on what I'm a-makin'."

SIGN LANGUAGE

Sign on a newly seeded lawn in Washington, D. C.: "Please! I want to be alawn."

* * *

Sign on back of war weary jalopy: "Don't Pass—Push."

* * *

Sign in a West Coast dance hall: "The management reserves the right to excluded any lady they think proper."

* * *

On the rear of a badly battered Newark, N. J., taxicab: "Safe Cab. Have already had my share of accidents for 1950."