Sitting L to R:—Sai Aung Htun (Member)
B.A. (Hons) : 1st, Yr. M.A.
Nang Kyi Nyunt (Member) Sr. B.A.

Nang Noom (Member)
B.A. 1st, Yr. B. Ed.
Sai Maung Mg (Member) B.A. 2nd Yr. B.L.

Sai Htun Aye (President)
Sr. B. Com.

Standing L to R:—Sai Aung Po (Education Officer)
2nd Yr. B.Sc. Engg.

Sai Yaw Han (Member)
2nd Yr. B.Sc. Engg.

Sai Kham Leng (Secretary)
Jr. B.A.

Sai Khun Lu (Member)
B.A. Ed. (Final)
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EDITORIAL

The publication of this number of our tri-lingual Tai Youth Magazine marks the successful accomplishment of one of the annual commitments undertaken by the Rangoon University Tai Literary Society in pursuance of its object of re-energizing and reviving Shan Literature and culture. The successful publication of this Magazine was rendered possible by the unstinting efforts of the students coupled with the generous contribution of financial, intellectual and moral resources, sent in by our patrons, readers and writers.

Though in many ways the articles may still be wanting to attain the level that we had hoped for, they are nonetheless an academic achievement and in comparison with our previous efforts, this Magazine is relatively refined.

Taking into account the tremendous amount of work that must be done to revive our literature, our contribution falls so far short of the envisaged goal that it is almost insignificant. Our literature today is in a hopeless condition of abandonment. How-

however, it is our sincere hope that our work will pioneer far more comprehensive and effective work and we also hope that our work will inspire the youthful generation, and mould it into a dynamic force which will devote its potentialities to the betterment and promotion of our culture, literature and standard of living in the future.

Literature is a treasure, a priceless legacy handed down from our ancestors through countless generations as the care of our national identity and integrity. The advance of a nation lies in the wealth of its literature and a nation without literature resembles a body without a soul. It is with the deepest regret that we have to mention that the literature of the minorities has been overlooked in the Union Constitution, though they deserve at least secondary official recognition.

We do not know whether it was due to the folly of our politicians or the carelessness of the framers of the constitution that such an important thing as literature should have been overlooked, but we do know
that it is an example of crude political exploitation in consequence of which the Shan State at present is fumbling at the slump of her history. The production of her literature is at its lowest ebb and the Shan Race itself has been reduced to the fading embers of a once flaming fire. The blue mountains are reflecting sadly the shade of an impending doom.

Today, the few Shans in New China are using their own language and literature in their official administration, while the bulk of the Shans who live on Shan Soil are still fighting vainly for recognition of their national flag. "This is not mutual co-existence. It is total annihilation" by the method of assimilation.

As youths of the Shan State we have firm faith in the destined greatness of our literature which in the long run will reveal the greatness of our Nation. The works of our Maw Liik Long, such as Sao Karr Sae, Sao Kaw Li, Sao Naw Kham of Mong Kung and Amatgyi of Mong Naung and others are surviving evidence that the boast that "Shan Literature is inferior to none" is no mere hollow boast.

We have been taught a bitter lesson because we were ignorant. Ignorance has made us a Semi-conscious nation in the middle of the twentieth century when other nations are launching scientific marvels into space.

The history of the Shan is one long tale of ups and downs, defeats and triumphs. At present we are at our lowest level below which there is nothing but the earth itself. Nevertheless there is one ultimate direction left for us—UPWARD.

Therefore we appeal to our readers, the worthy sons and daughters of the Shan State to realize the plight she is in, to unite and co-operate for the revival of our literature and culture. Together let us mould with courage our old Shan State into a New and brilliant State which will be the pride of everyone.

Editor.

Parliament is not a Congress of ambassadors from different and hostile interests; which interests each must maintain, as an agent, and advocate, against other agents and advocates; but Parliament is a deliberative assembly of one nation, with one interest, that of the whole; where, not local purposes, not local prejudices, ought to guide, but the general good, resulting from the general reason of the whole.

—Edmund Burke.

By concentrating his energies upon a definite objective, a man of moderate talent will often outstrip his more brilliant brother. Talents to be effective must be brought together and directed by the power of purpose. Without purpose talent may easily be a liability instead of an asset.

—F. C. Roberts.
THE R. U. SHAN LITERARY SOCIETY
EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

The following Office-bearers were unanimously elected for the academic year of 1957-58 at the Annual Mass Meeting held on the 22nd......1958.

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<td>Joint Secretary</td>
<td>Sai Lek</td>
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<td>II B.Sc. Engg. (Jt. Secretary)</td>
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<td>Treasurer</td>
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<td>Sai Myo Myint</td>
<td>I.Sc. (B) Out door incharge</td>
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COUNSELLORS

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<th>Residence</th>
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<td>Sai Mya Tha</td>
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<td>Sai Maung Mg</td>
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<td>Laikha</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rosie Sein</td>
<td>M.B.B.S, Final Year</td>
<td>Namhsan</td>
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The Mandalay University Shan Literary Society

The annual general mass meeting of the above Society was held on the 17th August 1957, Saturday, at 1 P.M. in Pyidawtha Room 2 and the following Office-Bearers were unanimously elected for the academic year 1957-58.

1. President
2. Vice President
3. " "
4. Secretary
5. Joint Secretary
6. " "
7. Treasurer
8. Joint Treasurer
9. Auditor
10. Education Officer
11. " "
12. Librarian
13. Cultural Officer
14. Social Organizer
15. " "
16. " "
17. " "
18. Publicity Officer
19. " "

Sao Soe Tint (Laihka)  
Sai Sang Lu (Hsenwi)  
Nang Bo Tip (Taunggyi)  
Sai Kyaw Hla (Namkham)  
Sai San Myint (Hsipaw)  
Sai Nyunt Gyi (Lashio)  
Nang Sam Ku (Kyaunkme)  
Sao Hmong Sa (Khesi)  
Sao Tin Mya (Lashio)  
Sai Aung Kham (Mong Kho)  
Nang Kham Aye (Kyaunkme)  
Sai Htun Zan (Hsipaw)  
Sai Nyein (Namhsan)  
Kham Pan Hpa (Kyaunkme)  
Sai Thein Win (Namhsan)  
Nang Num (Namkham)  
Sao Sein Pwint (Khesi)  
Sai Hla Myint (Namhsan)  
Sai Htun Myat (Namhsan)  

B.Sc. (Agri) II  
B.Sc. (Agri) II  
B.A. (A)  
I.A. (A)  
B.Sc. (Agri) I  
I.Sc. (A)  
B.A. (A)  
I.Sc. (A)  
I.A. (A)  
I.Sc. (B)  
I.A. (B)  
I.Sc. (A)  
B.Sc. (Agri) I  
I.Sc. (A)  
2nd M.B.B.S. Sr.  
I.Sc. (B)  
I.Sc. (B)  
I.Sc. (A)  
I.Sc. (A)

REPRESENTATIVES

20. New Hall  
Sai Htun Aye (Namhsan)  
I.A. (B)  
21. Shweypiaye Hall  
Sai Khun Hta (Mu-se)  
I.Sc. (A)  
22. Ratansbon Hall  
Sai Shwe Hla (Kutkai)  
I.Sc. (B)  
23. Shweman Hall  
Nang Shwe Sone (Hsenwi)  
I.A. (B)  
24. Medical College  
San Lun Maung (Mong Pan)  
2nd M.B.B.S. Jr.  
25. G. T. I.  
Sai Sein Lwin (Namkham)  
26. S. I. P. Training  
Sao Aye Maung (Monghsu)  
27. T. T. C.  
Than Than Shwe (Hsenwi)  
Sai Htun Aye (Namhsan)  
28. Taing Chit  
Sai Aye Maung (Mu-se)  
I.A. (B)  
29. " "  
Sai Shwe Lwin (""")  
29. " "  
Nang Saw Mya (""")  
30. " "  
Sao Tin Maung Yin (Khamti)  
31: Pwegon  
Sai San Aye (Namkham)  

M. B. B. S: Final I  
33. Members  
John Noi (Kentung)  
M.B.B.S: Final I  
34. " "  
Sao Tha Htun (Loilong)  
B.A. (B)  
35. " "  
Sao Kham Oo (Lashio)  
I.A. (A)  
36. " "  
Khin Khin U (Namhsan)  
I.A. (B)
1. Words are the dress of our thoughts; which should no more be presented in rags, tatters and dirt than your person should. —Lord Chesterfield.

2. On your way to work in the morning spend five minutes jotting down the things you intended to do during the day and see you do them. Plan your day in as rational an order as possible. There is a tendency to polish off the easy work first before getting on to the main job of the day, whereas actually you are probably in better shape at the start.—Anthony Cotterel.

3. When once a decision is reached and execution is the order of the day, dismiss absolutely all responsibility and care about the outcome. Unclasp, in a word, your intellectual and practical machinery, and let it run free; and the service it will do you will have twice as good.—William James.

4. Promptness is the mother of confidence. It is the best possible proof that our own affairs are well ordered and well conducted, and gives others confidence in our ability.—Orison S. Marden.

5. The world is a looking-glass and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it will in turn look sourly upon you, laugh at it and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion.—William Makepeace Thackeray.

6. There are three primary principles essential to the success of any venture. They are simple, but important; 1. Determine your objective. 2. Analyse the obstacles in your way. 3. Learn how to overcome your obstacles.—Dick Carlson.

7. We can do most things if the desire to do them is strong enough. It is usually laziness which prevents.—Wilfrid Noyce.

8. The surest basis of success in life is to take on more work than one believed one can possibly do. Anyone who can approach that with a light heart is guaranteed success. —Viscount Kilmuir.

9. There are three marks of a superior man: being virtuous, he is free from anxiety; being wise, he is free from perplexity; being brave, he is free from fear. —Confucius.

10. The wise husband and wife know that even the deepest love must have its intervals of non-active expression. They do not fall into a panic because they are not the object of each other’s ceaseless pre-occupation. On the contrary, they realise that a person who makes constant demands for “Proofs” of love is like an insecure child who clamours endlessly for his mother’s attention. Those who are confident of their basis love will see to it, instead, that provision is made for release of the tensions and hostilities inevitable in every intimate association.—Similey Blanton, M.D., in “Love or Perish”.

11. The really happy people are those who do not expect too much from life, who have hobbies, reasonable ambition, and who recognise that it is human to have one’s ups and downs.—Dr. Donald A. Laird.

12. (TURMOIL IN THE BLUE HILLS)

Lakes, wood lands and mountains blend in harmony
That is where Shan State has lain from time of yore
Reknowned for its lovely dames and superb scenery
But now the peace has left and misery flows.

In every nook and corner uniforms spill danger
Harsh orders mingle with the boom of guns
Pushed and pulled around the Shan peoples suffer
Eversince Shan State and Burma became one.
All sorts of tragedies reign upon the blue hills
Endless tears stream down from desperate eyes
Nothing else but cries; mourns wails and shrills
Could answer to the evil force that terrorises.

For Shan State there awaits a sinister destiny
For her sons and daughters an eventual doom
There is no solution to this inevitable calamity
Save the mercy of the so called socialist grooms.

(POO LOI BAN)

13. Carelessness is not theft, but it destroys profit just as much as if it were. It is not murder, but it often causes people to lose their lives.

Buildings are burned down; trains are wrecked; people are killed and wounded in the streets and roads...all because of carelessness.

14. The ablest and most creative men in any country are men over fifty who have kept their brains alive.

It is also true that the most obstructive men are those over fifty who have stopped learning and who are opposed to improvements.

At fifty a man has a golden opportunity to do his best work. And most of the men of this age do not see this golden opportunity.

15. It is very valuable to acquire the art of working quickly. Many people allow themselves to be slow. They make no effort to speed up.

Literally, thousands of people in the business world are as slow as farm labourers. Many of them try to justify their slowness. They babble that misplaced proverb—“More Haste, Less Speed”.

In their case it is not true, as they take a whole day to do half a day's work.

The fact is that it is more tiring to work slowly than quickly at most jobs. A quick worker acquires a momentum that carries him along.

The art of working quickly can be acquired. I learned it in a newspaper office.

The quickest workers in London are the people who prepare and print a big newspaper every day. They work to minutes, not hours.

16. To see and to think—these are the two important things in the practical world. Use the senses to bring facts and idea into the brain, and then shape them by the power of thought.

17. It is true that hard work is necessary for success. So is patience. So is endurance. But these alone are not enough.

There are millions of men who are hard workers and who are patient and enduring and they are still working for small wages.

A real efficient man, when he looks at a job, tries to find some way to do the work more easily and quickly.

This is not because he is lazy, but because he has sense and because he wants to raise his pay or his profits.

Hard work plus efficiency—that is the right policy. It is the secret of success in any line of business.

18. Wishes without will-power. Almost everybody has wishes, but very few people resolutely set out to get what they want.

Many a young person sits in a small bedroom and thinks:—“Why cannot I have the pleasures that others have? Why cannot I, too, have money to spend, not merely a few kyats a week? Why do some people have all the luck?”

Now it is a good thing for people to have such questions in their minds. Wishes are like seeds. Every successful career started with wishes.

But you cannot take these wishes to the bank and cash them. Nothing as easy as that.

Seeds are no good till you plant them, and wishes are no good till you form a strong purpose in your mind to get what you want.
HOW IS THE GOAL OF PERFECTION
AND HAPPINESS TO BE ATTAINED

By (S. N. K.) TAUNG-BAW-THA.

We are asked to control our impulses, shake off our wanderings and confusions by reverence to understanding or otherwise we will become the victims of lust which is the enemy of man on Earth.

There are certain factors in our lives which are determined for us by forces on which we have no control. We do not choose how, when or where or in what condition of life we are born. It is our past Karma that determines our ancestry, heredity and environment. But when we look from the stand point of this life, we can say that we are not consulted about our nationality, race, parentage or social status. But subject to these limitations, we have freedom of choice.

Life is like a game of bridge. We did not invent the game or design the cards. We did not frame the rules and we cannot control the dealing. The cards are dealt out to us, whether they be good or bad. To that extent determinism rules. But we can play the game well or play it badly. A skilful player may have a poor hand and yet win the game. A bad player may have a good hand and yet make a mess of it. Our life is a mixture of necessity and freedom, chance and choice. By exercising our choice properly, we can control steadily all the elements and eliminate altogether the determinism of nature. While the movements of matter, the growth of plants and the acts of animals are controlled more completely, man has understanding which enables him to co-operate consciousness with the work of the World. He can approve or disapprove, give or withhold his consent to certain acts. If he does not exercise his intelligent will, he is acting in a way contrary to his humanity. If he acts blindly according to his impulses and passions, he acts more like an animal than a man. Being human he justifies his action,

The individual should become transparent to himself and different elements should reach a fundamental integration for spontaneous or creative activity to be possible. It is man’s duty to control his Rajas and Tamas by means of his Sattava nature which seeks the truth of things and the right law of action. But even when we act under the influence of our Sattava nature we are not entirely free. Sattava binds us quite as much as Rajas and Tamas. Only our desires for truth and virtue are nobler. The sense of ego is still operative. We must rise above our ego and grow into selflessness non ego to rise above nature and be freed from the bonds of the World.

By yoking together and harnessing our energies by the most intense concentration of personality we force the passage from the narrow ego to the transcendent personality. The spirit tears itself away from its prison house, stands out of it and reaches its own innermost being.

Samsara is historical becoming. It is the temporal procession of changes of one state to the next. What keeps the world going is action or Karma. If the world is nothing but ebb and flow, continual becoming, it is due to action. At the human level action is caused by desire or attachment, Karma. The root cause of desire is Avidya or ignorance of the nature of things. The roots of desire lie in the ignorant belief in the individuals’ self sufficiency, in the attribution of reality and permanence to it. So long as ignorance persists, it is not possible to escape from the vicious circle of becoming. We cannot cure desires by fresh desires, we cannot cure action by more action. The eternal cannot be gained by that which is temporal. Whether we are bound by good desires or bad desires, it is still a question of bondage. It makes little
difference whether the chains which bind us are made of gold or of iron. To escape from bondage we must get rid of ignorance which is the parent of ignorant desires and so of ignorant actions.

Vidya or wisdom is the means of liberation from the chain. Wisdom is not to be confused with theoretical learnings or correct belief for ignorance is not intellectual error. It is spiritual blindness. To remove it we must cleanse the mind of its defilement and kindle the spiritual vision. The fire of passion and tumult of desire must be suppressed. The mind inconstant and unstable, must be steadied so as to reflect the wisdom. We must control the senses, possess the faith which no intellectual-doubts distrub and train the understanding.

Wisdom is direct experience which occurs as soon as obstacles to its realization are removed. The effort to the seeker is directed to the elimination of the hindrances, to the removal of the obscuring tendencies of Avidya. This wisdom is always present. It is not a thing to be acquired, it has only to be revealed. Our casual apprehensions backed by our wishes and prejudices do not reveal reality. Utter silence of the mind and the will, an emptying of the ego produce illumination and wisdom, the light by which we grow into our true being. This is life eternal, the complete fulfillment of our capacity of love and knowledge the completely simultaneous and perfect possession of unlimited life at a single moment.

Wisdom and ignorance are opposed as light and darkness. When wisdom dawns, ignorance dies and the evil is cut off at the root. The liberated soul overcomes the world. There is nothing to conquer or create. Action no more binds when we grow into this wisdom; we live in the supreme greatest happiness.

Wisdom pure and transcendent is different from scientific knowledge, though it is not discontinuance from it. Every science expresses after it’s own fashion, within a certain order of things, a reflection of the higher immutable truth of which every thing of any reality necessarily partakes. Scientific or discriminative knowledge prepares us for the highest wisdom. The partial truths of science are different from the whole truth of spirit. Scientific knowledge is useful since it dispels the darkness oppressing the mind, shows up the incompleteness of it’s own world and prepares the mind for something beyond it. For knowing the truth, we require a conversion of the mind, the development of spiritual vision. Knowledge pursued for the sake of power and fame does not take us far. It must be sought for obtaining truth.

Action done devotedly and whole heartedly without attachment to the results makes for perfection. Our action must be the result of our nature. Everyone must grow upwards from the point where he stands. If ignorance is the root of evil, wisdom is the sovereign remedy. Wisdom is ever pure and perfect. Liberation is accomplished by wisdom but wisdom does not spring without the purification of the heart.

For the purification of the heart one should perform all acts of speech, mind and body according to the eight noble paths, which will in the end lead to the realisation of the four noble truths of sufferings, disgust, detachment, cessation of all sufferings and deliverance to the real and greatest everlasting happiness in this world and forever.
YOUTH HOSTELS ASSOCIATION

The main objective of this article is to stimulate interest in “youth hostelling” in Burma. Youth Hostels Associations are non-political organisations which enable young people to travel in their own country or abroad without having to spend extravagant sums of money on board and lodging while sojourn ing at the various places on their journey.

The Youth Hostels Association in Great Britain has a number of hostels dotted all over the countryside. The term “youth” is rather a misnomer, because there is no age limit imposed on those who wish to join the Association. Members can spend the night at any of the YHA hostels in the country. They are charged about K. 2/- per night, and an extra charge will have to be covered if food is required. Any member using these hostels must either be a cyclist or a hiker. Those who travel by any machine generated vehicle are debarred from stopping the night at the hostel. This rule is usually evaded: there are many cases where people travelling by car or motorcycle leave their vehicles at a nearby garage for the night, and by walking the short distance to a Youth Hostel, they are accepted as hikers.

As soon as members arrive at the Youth Hostel, they must present their membership cards to the warden who directs them to their respective dormitories. One rule which is rigidly enforced is that every member must use a sleeping bag in order to keep the blankets and pillows clean.

The atmosphere in a youth hostel is warm and genial. When members meet in the lounge conversations are easily made: there are so many things in common to talk about. The youth Hostellers, are mostly students with limited means who have taken the opportunity to spend an inexpensive holiday by putting up at the youth hostels throughout their travels. Every morning before the members leave the hostels the warden assigns them different duties which must be performed. They are usually light domestic chores which contribute to the cleanliness of the hostel.

The YHA in Great Britain is affiliated to the International Y.H Association. A member of the British YHA can put up at any of the hostels in Western Europe. This applies to all the other YHAs which are affiliated to the IYHA.

Rules vary in the Continental youth Hostels, where only those who are in the 15-30 years age group are accepted (with a few exceptions). However those who travel by car or by motor-cycle or by any other means of transport are welcomed without discrimination.

These youth hostels are maintained partly by subsidies in the form of private donations and partly by membership fees and hostel charges. (Membership fees are generally about K 7- K 10 a year). They encourage travelling and are a boon to those who love the open air and the countryside. They give the young people a sense of independence for they can travel freely without having to rely on the hospitality of friends and relatives residing in the places they visit.

In Burma, we are rather limited in our travels, because we are usually reluctant to visit a place where we have neither friends nor relatives to provide us with accommodation. If youth hostels are situated all over the country, especially in the areas which attract most tourists and holiday-makers, they will solve our problems of accommodation. The Shan States for instance is an ideal place for youth hostels: they can be scattered among the hills or nestled in the pine forests. They need not be luxurious mansions, but cozy and modest bamboo or wooden bungalows. To get to more ambitious thinking, if an IYHA can be established in S.E. Asia, this will encourage and

(Continued on page 11)
In 540 B.E. Hkun Phang Hkam ascended the Tai throne with his capital at Wain Wai. The king had a lesser wife (Minor Queen) who under suspicion of infidelity was sent away to live at Hman Kaidaw in 653 B.E. and late in the same year she became mother of triplets who were-named severally, Hkun Ai Ngam Mong, Hkun Yee Hkang Hkam and Hkun Sam Lone.

In the year 550 B.E. the king shifted his capital to Pang Hkam and ruled from there for sixteen years eventually dying in 655, when he was succeeded on the throne by Nang E Hkam Leng, his second daughter by the chief Queen, because the eldest daughter Nang Yey Hkam Lone had been given in marriage to a Chinese Official of Mong Myen and had left her native land to live with her husband.

The Queen Nang E Hkam Leng reigned for seventeen years and died in 673 B.E. and was succeeded by her half brother Hkun Yee Hkang Hkam better known as the heroic and Militant Hso Hkan Hpa, the second of the triplets mentioned in the opening paragraph. His elder brother Hkun Ai Ngam Mong had died while still an infant at the age of two years in 655 B.E. After his accession, the new king made his younger brother Hkun Sam Lone the Kyemmong or Heir Apparent and vested in him the chief command of the army, in which office he was assisted by a Board of strategy consisting of three ministers, named (1) Tao Hso Yin, (2) Tao Hpa Law and (3) Tao Hso Han.

The King's capital was at Se-Hai but in 675 B.E. he established a new capital at Se-Lan. He was by character aggressive and ambitious and dreamed of extending the bounds of his dominions. Hostilities were sought and broke out with China. In 679 B.E. the king invaded Chinese territory and advanced up to Se Zong Tu when the Chinese Emperor put an end to the invasion by making peace at the price of the cession of Mong Se-Long to the Tai King.

The next year, 680 B.E. his victorious sweep continued. The Tai forces occupied Keng Mai, Keng Hai and Keng Hone Laboon Lagawn. The Ruler of Hpa Hso Taung in an attempt to resist and check the Tai King's advance, was overthrown in battle and the Tai forces proceeded to overrun Mong Yun.

Thereafter the King’s forces were turned in a westerly direction and a victorious campaign ended in the annexation in 681 B.E. of Upper Assam or Way Sali Lone as it was then known. While returning from this campaign, the Heir Apparent and commander-in-chief, died at Mogaung. Hkun Sam Lone is stated to have taken poison as a consequence of intrigue the part of his deputies Tao Hso Yin and Tao Hpa Law. The death of the prince did not check the successes of the King's armies. Hso Hkan Hpa's victorious sweep continued in 722 B.E. when the Burmese armies were routed at Tagaung, Saging and Pinya and the King, Narathu was taken away to Mong Mao. (Kawzambee became known as Mong Mao on the accession to the throne of Hkun Sang U Ting other-wise known in Burmese as U Dainna Mingyi).

The Chinese then resumed hostilities and launched an invasion in 723 B.E. in a vain attempt to catch him napping at a time when they considered his military power to be exhausted with his successive expeditions. But they were defeated. Two years later, the King, Hso Hkan Hpa moved his capital from Se-Lan to Ta Saop U but died the next year in 726 B.E.

It will thus be seen that Hso Hkan Hpa was perhaps the most monumental figure in Tai History. As an administrator and Military Leader he was unequalled and spread the boundaries of the Tai dominions to an unheard of extent. Any student of Tai History would be able to ascertain from a study of the map of these regions, how extensive the Tai dominions were in those days—penetrating into China, Mong Yun, Arakan and Upper Assam and now unhappily scattered, disunited and shared out.
The Right to Secession in the Burma Constitution.

By H. T.

(Article Review, Tai Youth Magazine 1955-56)

Developments in the Shan States have recently brought the question of secession from the Union by the constituent units into public discussion. It would not be far wrong to say that many people view such developments with considerable alarm, and indeed certain quarters have applied the term 'disloyal' to those who have been speaking of secession. These quarters have gone so far as to state that secessionist activities 'amount' to a betrayal of the Union itself.

Nonetheless, the right to secede from the Union does undoubtedly exist in the constitution. As the Sawbwa of Hsipaw pointed out in the 'Nation' a few months ago, Chapter X, Section 201 specifies that 'every state shall have the right to secede from the Union in accordance with the provisions hereinafter provided'. The Sawbwa asserted on the basis of this section that it was the absolute right of the Shan States to pull out of the Union if she wishes.

Confronted with this provision, relating to secession in the constitution, the Unionist may feel that its inclusion was unfortunate, and a mistake on the part of the framers of the constitution. An examination of the United States constitution shows that it is silent about the right of secession. The American Civil War (1861-65) had the effect of abrogating any such right which—it could be deemed—was implicit in that constitution. Lord Bryce, in his study of the American Commonwealth tells us: "It was felt so strongly that the precedent of the victory by the North would discourage attempts in future to secede from the Union that it has not even been thought worthwhile to add to the constitution an amendment negativing the right to secede".

In 1947, a Frontier Areas Committee of Enquiry was set up under the Aung San-Atlee Agreement to enquire into the best method of associating the Frontier peoples with the working out of a new constitution for Burma. When we look at the report of this committee we find that the committee also went into the question of the form of the future state. But although a majority of the witnesses who gave evidence before it asked for the right of secession by the states from the proposed federal union at any time, the committee was doubtful of the wisdom of including this right. It observed; "Few federal constitutions contain provision for the secession of states. It seems to us that if any such right is to be contained in the federal constitution for Burma, it will have to be carefully limited and regulated".

Why then did this provision for secession have to be in the constitution?

The answer lies partly in the desire on the part of the national minorities to have a safeguard for the autonomy they were to have under the new constitution, and partly in the influence of the political principle of national self-determination which at the end of World War One, played a cardinal role in reorganising the map of Europe, particularly in its interpretation in Marxist-Leninist doctrine whereby it is defined as the right to secession.

Before the advent of the British, the frontier areas of Burma were under the suzerainty of the Burmese kings but it was traditional Burmese policy not to interfere with the customs and traditions or with the internal administration of their feudatory states. In 1885, with the annexation of Upper Burma, the Burmese monarchy was destroyed, but the feudal rule of the Shan Sawbwas was preserved by the British who chose to rule their states more or less indirectly. Burma was divided into separate administrative units and it could be said that in the frontier areas there was not too much interference in their internal affairs.
This historical fact of non-interference in internal affairs and political separation from what has sometimes been termed 'Burma proper' caused the frontier peoples to demand local autonomy under the new constitution. Moreover the British, regarding themselves as responsible for the interest of the minorities, asked the Burmese for adequate guarantees for the protection of minority rights in their preliminary negotiations for the transfer of power.

In the circumstances, the Pangjong Conference held in the beginning of 1947 was a great significance. In a situation where to many, the fruitful association of the Burmese, and the frontier people seemed doubtful, mutual confidence and trust among Burmese, Shan, Kachin and Chin leaders was secured. They united in a pledge to fight together for Burma's independence. The agreement provided inter-alia that the Frontier peoples should be entitled to fundamental democratic rights and that they should have the right to full autonomy in the internal sphere.

Still, the participation of the Frontier Areas through their representatives in the constituent assembly (April to September 1947) was on the definite understanding that such participation did not commit the frontier areas to union or federation with Burma. There were other safeguards, such as the stipulation that no proposal in the assembly relating to the mode of government in the Federated Shan States, the Kachin Hills, the Chin Hills and the Karenni States should be deemed to have been carried in the assembly unless it had been voted for not only by a majority of the members of the assembly present by also by a majority of the members present of the unit concerned.

At the opening session of the Constituent Assembly Bogyoke Aung San, addressing the representatives of the frontier peoples said: "The Frontier Areas may or may not join the Union of Burma. There is no force and no compulsion. It is for you to make your decision freely and frankly". Speeches in support of entry into the Union were made by the various representatives of the national minorities.

Nevertheless, although it was agreed to join together to form a federal state the right to secession by the states was pressed for in the deliberations of the Assembly and found its way into the constitution although a condition was also inserted that such right was not exercisable within the first ten years.

The crux of the matter was that over and above the federal design of the constitution, which in itself was meant to secure local autonomy for them, the frontier peoples wanted a further safeguard for their autonomy in the future by the inclusion of the right to secession. From this point of view the presence of this provision in the constitution attests to the sincerity of assurances by the Burmese leadership of full autonomy for the constituent states. Mr. Vun Ko Hau is an article in the Guardian of October 1954 relates how Thakin Nu was asked in London how a settlement with the frontier peoples had been reached so quickly. Thakin Nu's reply was: "By giving them what they want".

Of the political principles which played a part in the achievement of independence by Burma and in determining its form of constitution the principle of self-determination may be taken as one of the most important. The principle states that every people should have the right freely to choose such form of government or of political and cultural institutions as it thinks will best correspond to its needs. During World War One, allied propagandists had represented the principle as part of the allied programme to liberate certain subject nationalities in eastern, central and south-eastern Europe.

On January 8th., 1918, President Wilson proclaimed his famous 14 points, eight of which dealt with the various territorial problems of Europe on the basis of self-determination. The principle was subsequently applied in the treaties of peace after the war and the entire continent of Europe, west of Russia was divided into states organised on the basis of nationality.

Quite apart from the numerous other considerations which determined the issue, Mr. Atlee was speaking in accordance with
this principle, when in the capacity of British Prime Minister, he announced on 20th December, 1946 in the British Parliament that the government proposed to review its existing policy towards Burma and said: ‘We do not desire to retain within the Commonwealth and Empire any unwilling peoples. It is for the people of Burma to decide their own future. We consider that the new constitution for Burma should be decided by the nationals of Burma’.

So was Bogoyoke Aung San speaking in accordance with the principle of self-determination when he declared in the constituent assembly that it was for the frontier areas to decide freely and frankly what political future they wanted.

While the recognition of the principle of self-determination was general after the first world war, Bolshevist doctrine went further than that of the capitalist powers in strongly emphasizing that it entailed the right to secession.

Stalin said: “Nations are sovereign and all nations are equal. The right of self-determination means that a nation can arrange its life according to its will. It has the right to arrange its life on the basis of autonomy. It has the right to enter into federal relations with other nations. It has the right to complete secession”.

While the recognition of the principle of self-determination was general after the first world war, Bolshevist doctrine went further than that of the capitalist powers in strongly emphasizing that it entailed the right to secession.

The right to secession was included in the Soviet constitution. Each union republic has the right freely to secede from the Union. The right is also included in the federal constitution of Yugoslavia. In regard to these two constitutions Bogoyoke Aung San acknowledged that in drafting the constitution for Burma, the idea of the Chamber of Nationalities had been taken from the former, while the Yugoslav pattern formed the general model.

Hence in the federal constitution of independent Burma, given the very strong feelings of the national minorities for autonomy, it followed that the right to secession would be included. Contrary to the view that it is an absolute right, however, Marxism-Leninism holds that it must not be over-indulged regardless of time and circumstances. In a speech on May 23rd, 1947 before the AFPEL Convention which met as a preparation for the Constituent Assembly, Aung San quoted Lenin with approval: “The various demands of democracy, including self-determination, are not absolute, but a small part of the general democratic (now general socialist) world movement.

Possibly in individual concrete cases, the part may contradict the whole, if so, it must be rejected. The question of the right of nations fully to secede must not be confused with the question whether it would be expedient for any given nation to secede at any given moment.

H. T.

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enable young people in that area to visit one another’s country, this promoting friendship and understanding among the youths of these nations.

The impediments to the establishment of a YHA in Burma are undoubtedly many. If there is peace in the country, if there are young people with the drive and the initiative to start a Youth Hostel Association, and if financial support can be obtained, then there are possibilities of achieving this purposeful objective. These are but a few “ifs” to be encountered, but the main factor is to win co-operation and approval from the young people in Burma. Some may argue that as customs and habits in Burma are quite different from those of the European countries, Youth Hostels are not necessary here. They may argue that monasteries anywhere provide accommodation to all and sundry, so why all the bother about Youth Hostels? There are are many counter-arguments to this, but the main reasons for establishing Youth Hostels in Burma are to encourage the young people to be independent when they are travelling, to enable them to know their country better, and to promote healthy relationships among them.
"The Case of Secession in the Union Constitution"

By THE UNIONIST:

(Article Review, Tai Youth Magazine 1956-57)

If we look at the constitution of the Union of Burma we will find in Chapter X under the heading "Right of Secession" the statement that "every state shall have the right to secede from the Union" and one of the conditions laid down is that the right of secession may be exercised only after ten years from the date on which the Constitution comes into operation. In two more years the appointed ten years will have passed and if the States were to exercise their right of secession the Union would be greatly weakened, so this question of secession is at the moment of vital and burning interest to every member of the Union.

Some people might think that the inclusion of this clause is a mistake and they might wish to amend or delete the clause but this sort of procedure would be the same as inviting disaster. We must try and solve the problem some other way.

First of all let us see (a) What is the reason underlying the provisions under Chapter X? (b) Whether there will be secession at all and if so when?

To understand the first question we must have a knowledge of its background the Panglong Conference of 1947 and the outcome of those provisions at the Constituent Assembly. Unless we take into consideration the historical background of the Panglong Conference and the outcome of the famous Panglong Agreement, we would not be able to come to the right conclusion.

After World War I, there was political agitation and changes in India and Burma and this had some repercussions in the Shan States also—This is quite natural among the dependent nations. Added to this burning desire to liberate the country from foreign domination, the failure of the British to give sufficient protection against the Fascist invasion of the Japanese in 1942, and the brutal treatment extended by the Nipponese Imperial Army and the Kempeitai during their glorious occupation from 1942 to 1945, undoubtedly added fire to the already kindled desire to free oneself from subjugation.

This noble desire, the desire to liberate oneself from slavery, has struck root in the heart of every one, be he the Burman, the Arakanese, the Karen or the Shan.

This was the sole reason for the races to come together at the first Panglong Conference in March 1946. Bogoyoke Aung San was conspicuously absent being away in Ceylon, at the time. Though no rich harvest was gained at that first Conference, it was later to prove fruitful to jointly prepare the desired seedbed and to successfully sow the seed of liberation.

In December 1946, Bogoyoke came through the Karenni (Kayah) State accompanied by the present Speaker of the House of Nationalities, Sao Shwe Theik, on a goodwill mission to the Shan States. At Taunggyi he won over the explicit trust and affection of the people when he delivered a really effective speech at the mass rally. In that speech the point that touched the heart of the mass was when he said: "ရှောင်ဖူးသော တောင်ရိုးကျွန်ုပ်၏ အနေဖြင့် ကြည်စိုက် သူတို့နှင့် အောင်မြင် လျှော်လွှေ့ ပြောဆိုခဲ့သူ သူတို့၏ မိန့်စား အောင်မြင်ခဲ့သူ" He said this because he was sincere through and through and he meant what he said.

There was reason for him to say this and to give the pledge to see that every thing went squarely. One of the reasons was the behaviour of some of his officers stationed in the Shan State during the Japanese regime among whom were Bo Let Wa alias Bo Aung Thein, Bo Ba Tha and Bo Hteik Tin who did a lot of damage to the people. These and probably a lot of other unpleasant incidents moved him to take adequate disciplinary action to stop further repetition. He had to do this because as a great leader aiming at consolidation, he
could not possibly tolerate bullying and unfairness.

At the Second Panglong Conference held in February 1947, he assured the Frontier people that the present day Burmans were not the bureaucratic type of the past. That they had changed and could be trusted. This assurance further strengthened the relationship created in 1946, and helped the liberation tree to bear fruit. The races consolidated themselves to fight for Independence and the consequent creation of the Union. One of the vital points negotiated at the time was the right of Secession at any time after gaining independence.

This was a sort of safeguard against unfairness and Bogyoke agreed to this in principle but suggested that this question should finally be decided at the Constituent assembly in May 1947 at Rangoon. Hence the adoption of Chapter X of the Constitution but instead of “Secession at any time after Independence,” it was altered to “Secession only after ten years.” The idea of Bogyoke was to render assistance to the Union States during this period so that there could be no mistrust what soever in the new relationship. In the Yugoslav Constitutions too we find similar provisions and so our Constitution is not unique. (a) The reason underlying the adoption of Chapter X in the Union Constitution is now answered fully.

The ten years period will mature in 1958 and the question (b) Will there be secession at all and if so when ?-arises.

If everyone of us had the big heart and sincerity Aung San, there would be no question of secession today, because the root cause of the rumour of secession has come as a result of the misunderstanding and misbehaviour of responsible persons who create hatred among the races. Many questions in Parliament concerning the high handedness of our district officers are lightly treated. If in such cases attention and prompt action had been taken to prevent repetition there would have been cordial relations everywhere and the idea of secession would not have risen at all.

The Constitution is drafted and adopted to be respected and not be infringed. But there are many occasions of the right of the Autonomous states being ignored. There are instances where the state Governments were not consulted in matters of common concern. U Tun Myint of Taunggyi in his brochure “Where to the Shan State?” has pointed out some of the infringements of the Constitution by Burmese Officers, and undesirable mis-behaviours. These are facts which should not be ignored if we want to build a strong and lasting Union. It is no use blaming others; it is best to study our defects and correct ourselves in the interest of the Union.

If we can correct ourselves in this way and cultivate fairplay in all our dealings, not forgetting to respect the doctrines of Bogyoke, and the constitution the answer to question (b) would be “no Secession at any time whatsoever.” But if we cannot change our attitude towards the people of the Union States it is likely sooner or later that we should face secession not only by Shan State but by all the other States of the Union.

If we look at the history of Europe in the period following the First World War we will see that there was partition between Austria and Hungary and countries like Yugoslavia, Albania and Czechoslovakia appeared in place of Serbia and Montenegro. If we ask ourselves why these new states should appear the answer is simple. The main cause is inequality, constant high handedness and suppression by the major state. So it will be to the interest of all of us Union citizens, to correct ourselves of the mistakes of world events and strive to bring equality, right and freedom to all. It would be disadvantageous to the Shan State if it had to secede and it will also be detrimental to the interest of the Union. It does not pay to assume superiority over others. Show by actual deeds our love and sympathy towards our brethren of the Frontier areas. There is no meaning in co-existence outside unless we can tolerate co-existence within, and has not our Lord Buddha taught us that “Purity” Within means Purity Without, and unless the inside is pure the outside cannot be pure.
London to Rangoon by Road

By PETER SIMMS.

I don't know when we first thought of driving from London to Rangoon. Certainly for me it was an old ambition. I remember planning to drive back to England from India, when an illness at home made me choose the more certain way by boat. In 1950 I got as far having lunch with an old school friend and two charming, but oh so frail old ladies who said they were setting off to Delhi.

But that also fell through. I don't think my friend went and I have often wondered what happened to the old ladies. They had such delightful ideas of what they would do, the men, they said, would be tired after driving all day so they would be both cooks and bottle-washers. As well they would take it in turns to sit up all night, so that no bandits could creep up on the camp.

I gave up planning such a journey. Then suddenly, Sana and I found ourselves on the cross-Channel steamer having told all our friends that we were driving to Kathmandu.

When you look at the map the journey appears to be rather dangerous and some hundreds of miles seem to be very difficult going. In fact if you do not wander off the road, unsurfaced and rough as they may be at times, you can make the whole journey from London to Calcutta in an ordinary car. With a few spare parts, the means to carry enough petrol for 300 miles when in the deserts, and some food, there are really no other requirements. Except to be out of Turkey before the winter and to travel during the dry seasons once in the tropics.

But we wanted to be able to go anywhere. To cross deserts, drive through river and to be able to cross practically any kind of ground. To do this we chose a Land Rover and to be extra safe we had fixed a front winch. Even though we went through some atrocious mud patches in Iraq and forded numerous streams with the water coming nearly up to the headlights I am glad to say that we only had to use the winch once. And that was our own fault. We tried to drive over a thick mud wall, instead of going round it!

We drove quickly through Europe, impatient to see the Middle East. We did stop in Paris, but our time was so taken up with making last minute preparations that the carefree farewell we had planned never took place.

We crossed into Germany by Strasbourg and stopped for a few days in Munich. Our pleasantest memory is the clock on the Town Hall tower. At a certain hour each morning, I must confess I have forgotten which it is, life-size figures of knights on horseback, courtiers, jesters and acrobats spring suddenly to life. To the sounds of a giant musical-box they begin their precise and complex movements before a royal dias, on which sit an admiring, but very rigid, king and queen.

Two knights charge each other. Their lances clash and one of them falls to the ground. But the stately couples still go on dancing. The king still smiles and the acrobats perform their tricks. No one seems to care about the fallen knight. Then the music begins to die, the hands of the clock approaches the hour and, as suddenly as they all came to life, all the figures come to a stop, waiting for the next day and their few brief moments of clockwork life.

Remembering always the thousands of miles ahead, we forced ourselves to drive through beautiful Austria, not stopping until we came to the beautiful town of Graz where we spent an afternoon as the guests of Mobiloi who were kindly supplying us with petrol.

The next morning found us driving over the cobblestones of Belgrade. The city lies on the top of a hill. As we drove up a line of drays with fine teams of horses came clattering down, their iron rimmed wheels sending up clusters of sparks as they slid over the stones. The fresh crisp morning air gave it all an air of excitement. Our
three days there were carefully planned for us so that we could see as much as possible. We visited the parks and museums, and spent a morning at our guide's university where the students immediately plunged us into a debate on politics, and plied Sanda with numerous questions on Burma.

By the time we reached Salonika it was October. The Mediterranean sparkling and pellucid in the warmest sun we had seen since we left India at the beginning of the year. We could not resist swimming, and for an hour lay basking on the shore feeling the tiredness and dust of the journey gradually falling away from us.

Our Greek friends were however very upset when they saw what we had been doing. To swim in such a cold month as October seemed absolute madness to them.

Salonika has a most beautiful waterfront lined with cafes. Here in the evening every one goes to meet their friends and to drink a sweet wine called retsina which is made with the addition of some resin, giving it a pine wood flavour. This has been the way the Greeks have made their wine from far back into the past.

From Salonika we began to follow the route that Alexander the Great led his armies to India. Constantly we were reminded of him in the name of a town, or a great monument; or inscription that he had put up.

Istanbul is far more lovely and exciting than the film we saw here in Rangoon recently. We arrived on a hill overlooking it late at night and decided to sleep in the car until morning as we did not know even the name of a hotel to ask for. The thousands of lights sparkling on each side of the Golden Horn and along both sides of the Bosphorus were a most beautiful sight.

We drove in early and decided to buy some coffee and have a picnic breakfast. By chance having lost our way innumerable times we arrived at the place of the Sultan, now a park. Here we sat on the grass looking down onto the Bosphorus. There is a terrible story told of one of the Sultans who suddenly tired of his whole harem and decided to change it completely. Since no woman who had once entered the harem could leave it except through death, he decided to drown them all. He had weights tied to their feet and one night they were taken out and dropped one after the other into the water.

A few days later a fisherman passing over the spot found his net had become entangled on the bottom. He dived into the shallow water and to his horror found himself in the middle of a dance of death. Hundred of figures floating upright were swaying backwards and forwards in the under-water currents.

But Turkey today carries on the great traditions of Kemal Ataturk and is modernising itself as rapidly as possible. In Istanbul the age-old costumes and manners of the past mingle unselfconsciously with the very latest fashions from Paris, and the most modern cars and buildings. Dominating one half of the city is the great Hilton hotel, one of the most luxurious in the whole world. Before on the hillside stretch tennis courts, gardens and swimming pools and beyond lies the shores of the Bosphorus.

The Bosphorus was the only other stretch of sea that we had to cross on our way to Rangoon, As we drove off on the opposite shore we were back in Asia once again.

From Turkey we passed through Syria and into the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan. From Amman, the capital, we started south to visit the great rock city of Petra. After driving two or three hours we found the road blocked, and so save time we decided to make our first desert crossing to another road some thirty miles to the East.

It seemed very simple at first. All we had to do was keep driving in a straight line. But the desert was hardly ever level. Either we were passing over great sand dunes that twisted and turned in all directions or we were being forced to skirt great hills half-covered in sand and rock. Within an hour we had lost our way hopelessly. From far away we saw two men riding on camels but when we eventually reached them, rifles slung over their shoulders, we could only understand one thing: they wanted water! Another hour of driving in what we hoped was a straight line and the road
seemed as distant as ever. Then we saw a car chasing madly across the sand. We turned towards it, and to our surprise it seemed to be trying to avoid us. Eventually we managed to head it off between some dunes. The two cars stopped a few yards apart and we found ourselves prisoners.

Four Arabs wearing their long flowing robes were pointing Lee-Engfield rifles at us in a most fierce manner. Another Arab in European dress climbed out of the car a heavy revolver in his hand. It was very apparent that they were likely to shoot first and ask any questions later. We began speaking rapidly trying desperately to pronounce the Arab names of the places we trying to find.

For a moment they regarded us even more angrily. Then the man in the lounge suit spoke to me and out of the sentence I caught the one word “English”. Not knowing quite what would be the result, I said hopefully, “Yes, English”.

The rifles were lowered and by signs and odd words we learnt that they had mistaken us for an Israeli commando party, and were afraid that suddenly other cars would appear and they would be attacked.

Finally they understood where we wanted to go and drew a map in the sand, pointing out the different shaped hills and showing where we should turn north and where go straight to the East.

From Jordan we drove into Iraq and visited the richest oil field in the world, a days journey north of Baghdad. Here in the very heart of the desert we found garden and rich green grass and flowers everywhere. In a hollow of one of the hills were the Eternal Fires, that are mentioned in the Bible. During the war the Oil Company were afraid that they might act as a guiding beacon to German planes if they ever succeeded in flying so far. The Company poured hundreds of tons of concrete over the ground in an attempt to put them out. But the gases still managed to break through and burst into flames. You have only to take up a stone and scratch a trench some two inches deep, and the blue and yellow flames come breaking through.

By the time we had left Teheran behind we were tired of the monotony of driving along the roads. We turned off and made another desert crossing, this time of three days duration, driving by the rough tracks and dry river beds whenever possible, and on the flat sandy plains by the sun or the stars. We came across the most wonderful salt lakes lying in the bowls of the hills. Their shores a dazzling white and the heavy saline waters a deep ultra-marine blue. They were wonderful driving. The Land Rover would leap forward at sixty miles an hour until suddenly we would hit soft sand. The whole car would shudder throwing us forwards. Then for five or ten miles we would plough our way on in four wheel drive never able to go more than five miles an hour.

Once we reached Pakistan we were back on tarmac roads. We drove through Quetta, Lahore and crossed into India. We were in Kathmandu, Nepal by November 13th, just two months after leaving England.

In Kathmandu we met Group Captain Peter Townsend and made tentative arrangement to drive into Burma with him. But I had had jaundice and the doctor said that it would be dangerous to travel so soon after it. Sanda and I therefore stayed until February in one of the friendliest countries we have ever known.

The day we reached Digboi on the Burma border the Daily Mail carrying Peter Townsend’s article on his journey over the Pang Sau Pass reached us. He and Mr Warner had taken about a week to drive the 24 miles to the first village on the road! It did not look very encouraging for just Sanda and I. But for one thing my entry visa was on the point of expiring and Sanda was determined that having got so far nothing was going to stop her.

It was a very exciting moment as we drove into the Army Outpost at Pang Sau. We were back in Burma. They gave us tea and an immense parcel of dried fish in case we got stuck and did not reach the village that night. But a bulldozer had been over the road and it took us less than three hours.

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SHAN STATE TODAY AND TOMORROW

By SAI PAN.

(1957. R. U. S. L. S. Essay Competition, 1st Prize Winner.)

Today Shan State has reached a transitional stage; has come face to face with an immediate socialist or democratic future in contrast with countless decades of feudal background. Defeudalism is inevitable; yonder looms freedom and democracy. Two million Shans are here to see the making of their new history; an era which will bring many unique changes to their lives. So far feudalism has hindered democratization; has killed every form of progress; but as a symbol of nationalism it has held Burmanization at bay. Though the end is welcomed the consequence remains doubtful. Mere words of democracy and liberty seem to hold a blissful future yet whether it will be bleak or bright optimism fails to prevail. Democracy in theory cannot brighten a future nor can an abstract freedom do so unless honest hands come to be the moulders in place of the sly cunning ones.

Up in the Shan hills today nature still boasts her glory, the green forests and the blue mountains still remain as green and ever blue. Sun light flickers still make tiny ripples dance upon the blue In-le. Under the roof of every home there is still the old hospitality which never turns strangers away. In many scattered taungyas pink cheeked Shan maidens still flush at the sight of strangers. Everything still wears the looks of old. But beneath this beauty of nature’s wonders something sinister is lurking; stealthily creeping and penetrating in, bringing endless pity-begging human tragedies. At one moment in the still woods, the engine of a car would be throbbing, its tyres crunching against the stony rood the next moment KMT machine guns would send echoes reverberating through the hills. Carcasses of such ill-fated victims glimmering in the moonlight have rendered many a snug valley a valley of death. Deep in the midst of the night blurred figures would crouch trembling together while KMT orders thunder through the stillness of the night. In the secluded corner of a barn a young dame would sob in hiding leaving the pursuing ye-baws furious with demands. On the arms of a forlorn mother a new born would be wailing, the father having deserted to the west. Such sorrows have become common, have shred the peace of many humble lives. Once Shan State was a peaceful refuge of the Shan people, the homeland of freedom lovers, now it is becoming a military camp. On roads and high ways army convoys move in endless streams and commotion can be heard for nights and days. From the pine clothed Kalaw hills to the outskirts of every major town army barracks have mushroomed, in every nook and corner kha-ki uniforms have become a routine sight. Yet today the dawn of many places is heralded by the shrillness of KMT bugles calls and many Shans are being subjected to their oppressive rule. In places like Mong Phong; Mong Gyan and Mong Pauk the KMTs are openly ruling and taxing the peasants their honest and hard earned money. But strange enough in the barracks bullets are rusting and heaps of guns need to be oiled. Co-existence seems to be their mutual agreement though excess consumption has set prices swell; threatening the poverty stricken Shan. Throughout their history the Shans have never seen so many warring elements nor have they served so many over lords. On one hand the KMTs are killing, looting and terrorizing while on the other hand a great number of army bad heads are raping, menacing and creating racial prejudices. For ages the Shans have been oppressed people, they have experienced despotic feudalism; English colonialism and Japanese fascism, yet none so severe as the present ordeal. Today beneath the boom of guns, the marching boots, rifle butts and harsh orders the Shans are reeling. In many towns sunset becomes a curfew,
for danger from straying uniforms lurks in the darkness of the night. Shan State with her picturesque hills and valleys where multi coloured blossoms bloom has become a living hell. Political consciousness too has awakened and politicians clean and foul have entered the lime-light. Various voices are battling to represent the Shan people, many stooges have become animates at the lift of the master's finger. From the solemn State council down to every noisy coffee shop, speeches, conversation, gossips and whispers of power relinquishment, of reconstitution, of cessation, of atomic base and battle ground have become heavy in the atmosphere. Many banquets and dinners have become scenes where human merchandise is being bought and sold. Such are the events happening and such is the picture of Shan State today. It may be too faint for the press to see or too sombre to the public eye, but to the Shans it reveals the sketch of their future and it bring tears to their eyes. Ten years ago Bogoyoke Aung San had promised progress and a bright future to the Shan people, now his words echo amidst stark contradictions. Full autonomy and equality are the phrases of the Pang-Long document but for ten years they have been confined to paper and ink. Unionism has rendered every Shan a natural loser has placed his national identity at stake, but he has remained tolerant; reconciliation has been his contribution to independence. Independence has marked the end of English colonialism but army fascism has come to be the substitute. Ten years of post independence have brought backwardness, misery, oppression and the foolish intention of some politicians, which aims to succeed where millions of Hindus and Chinese have failed. So far democracy had existed as a theory, practically it is nil in the State council it self. Shan State stands without an economy because her natural resources and every economical product remain in exploiter's hands. Today with silver and gold under their very feet the Shans are starving and the state is functioning on alms. Shan culture and literature which once belonged to a great nation are mere relics in the monasteries and the sound of ozis and gongs are fading away. The mother tongue itself is becoming shy in many towns. The present sees the deterioration of these things, the future may see the Shans as people without an identity. Currently when other youths are jamming every university available young Shans are loitering on buffalo backs; in paddy fields and gambling dens. Academic life is a dream too distant, for their plight and cries for education vibrate in deaf and adamant ears. Such is the fate of the younger generation, the citizens of Shan State tomorrow. Shans State may likely have cowboys as leaders of her future and gamblers guardians of her destiny. With things proceeding in this fashion and trusting votes producing puppets and sellish members the future may be as dark as the night. The Shans may become an extinct race and Shan State a vanishing island.

Whether the skies of tomorrow shall be grey or blue depends on whether people can live together without suspicion; on the bonds between the Shan and the Burmese people (not the army) and on who shall emerge the victor when assimilation and nationalism wrestle for democracy.

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We reached MyintKyiNa the next night. We hoped to get to Hsenwi the next night, but by the time we reached Kutkhai it was already after ten o'clock, and none of the soldiers could tell us whether it were safe to go on driving in the night or not. While we were still wondering whether to risk it or not, we met a man who had been one of the family's drivers in Yawnghwe and he persuaded us to stay.

We stayed in Hsenwi for a day and the night and three days later reached Rangoon. The journey had taken just three months driving time and we had covered over 14,000 miles. Sanda is now determined that we shall go back the same way to spend longer in some of the places that we could only glance at in the first journey.
That day, when I woke up from a deep, dreamless slumber, my wakeful senses were over-whelmed by the peaceful silence of the usual surroundings. I lay still for some minutes reposed and contented to be in such quietude. From the tiny peepings of the bamboo mat wall I could see the night yielding gradually to the grey light of the day. I got up and noiselessly opened the door of the hut so as not to disturb the others who were still asleep.

Facing east, I saw the soft red dawn creeping up slowly touching everything around me with its magic wand of beauty. The fields, the valleys and the rolling hills at the distance glowed in the dawning light and became alive with the twitters of bird songs. The cool breeze rustled through the leaves of the bamboo grove and through it I could see smoke rising from the houses of the nearby village. A day had begun for all living things.

I went back into the hut, washed myself and shook my companions awake. After a quick coffee, I left them and headed towards the village to spend the day in it. It was nearly six in the morning. As I approached, a group of young girls came hurrying along the narrow lane each carrying primitive farm implements of their shoulders and a packet of food. They were followed by other groups of men and women some on carts some pulling buffaloes by the rope and all heading for the respective fields they worked in. Some of them would probably have to walk four or five miles to reach their fields. Their faces looked content, expecting nothing unusual apart from the day’s routine. In the distance their fields of paddy, potato and groundnut spread themselves like green carpets welcoming the morning sun.

Suddenly, the air filled with a monotonous tune from a flute and a youth appeared, leading a herd of cattle about a hundred in number. The animals followed the boy, some trudging wearily, some pushing to get ahead. Then another boy came in sight with a huge herd behind, also playing a flute but of another tune. The two boys met and walked away together chatting and joking. The herds mingled and followed them. At the village exit they began playing their flutes again and separated along different paths. The cattle stopped, and pricked their conditioned ears to listen and identifying their own familiar music, the two herds separated to follow the lead of their masters.

A gang of noisy children came out, little girls carrying clay pots on their heads and little boys each shouldering buckets suspended by ropes at each end of a bamboo pole. They were going to fetch water at a spring two miles from the village. All of them were between five and twelve years of age. In place of pots and buckets I thought they should be seen with books and bags heading for school and not for the spring. Oblivious of what I was thinking about them, they smiled at me happily and went away chatting childishly, their bare little feet striding away at quick short paces. With the receding musical notes of the cow herds and the jangling bells of the cattle at a far distance, quietude again settled on the village.

Except for the infants, the infirm old and a few house wives the village seemed almost deserted. The village folk had their meals very early in the morning so as to be able to work long hours in the fields. As I wandered through the village lanes, I thought of the University where youths studied in a carefree, irresponsible manner pichiking and gallivanting in their leisure hours. Back here, it pained so much to see little village children of our own country men bothered with the care of fetching water every morning for household use. Their childish minds were too full of family duties to give a thought for the education they were missing. For them and their parents, survival is the main goal. They went about their daily routine, their ignorant young faces aglow with them so hard at work. The children of today are
the adult citizens of tomorrow! Look at the way these children are getting ready to face the complications of their adult lives tomorrow. The way they are equipped to fight hardships, what could they hope to be? Doctors, engineers, lawyers, manufacturers? Every one knows the country is desperately in need of such promising youths many of whom could have emerged from villages were they given the opportunity of good education.

What effective practical measures are taken to prevent these thousands of rural children from home drudgery during their school age? What must be done to the education they are forced to overlook in order to render necessary help in the household so as to live in the least of temporary security? After all, the rural population is the majority in our country. Once, in a village, I asked a little six years old girl if she attended the primary school a short distance from her village. She said no. On pressing the reason why, she failed to attend, her young friend with a baby tied to her back explained that this little girl, though she was the only child of her widowed mother, had to baby sit other people's children and in doing so she received twenty five pyas a day as a charge which to her and her mother meant a great help in their income. This is not an uncommon story; through out the villages and to the rural people it is something they took for granted, without complaining and without realising the lost privileges which they are equally entitled to as any of the town children. And yet we have been an independent nation for almost a decade.

Life in the villages of the Shan states is so primitive and simple and so deprived of the modern material way of living that few town folks dare to venture at the thought of settling for work in a village deep in the country miles, away from any town. Authorities seldom bother to pay special attention, having marked a large area of the country as being within the region of insurrections. Villages of a hundred years ago are still villages today, some smaller in size, some completely deserted due to malaria, typhoid and cholera. Very few of them have prospered into even small towns. The economic, education and social conditions of the rural people are more or less at a stand still for years at a stretch.

In this age of satellites and flying missiles, these people still gape with wonder at the marvels of a radio, a gramophone or a car. Some are even afraid to come near a car when its engine is roaring. A great number of them have never seen a town of any size in all their lives. Their houses, dim and windowless furnished with the barest equipments to make life possible, have been built in the same style for many years past. After all who cares about style? Infact many of them don't even understand the meaning of it. They would be too tired when they return from the fields at dusk and their only desire after dinner would be sleep, a deep sleep or to find relief from the daily monotony by sinking themselves in drinks. That much, the local ale can make them forget about their poor reality.

Day in and day out, to and from the fields, the springs, occasional visits on foot or in carts to the nearest market square which may be five to ten miles away, nights spent in the unchangeable manner of early bed time of drinks, of simple talks and of courting in cases of youths, how in the world can these people, our people hope to progress? No doubt, they are contented with their lot and some of them are even happy and love their villages for they know of nothing better that he could be pursued for happiness, for contentment or for a cause that would make them worthy of their existence.

Elections come, elections go with the half educated charlatans snatching away most of the precious seats by, everyone knows what means, and having secured them, set forth in pursuit of personal wealth and a secure future by usurping the undeserved privileges of the parliament members, Forgotten were the daring promises they swore to fulfill in the name of heaven; forgotten because they are terribly busy enjoying innocence.

While I sat drinking green tea in one of the small houses or rather huts, my elderly host beamed at me with the sincerest of welcoming smiles that could be seen only on the faces of simple rural folk. Out
side, the sun was climbing high and getting warmer. The children returned, faces pink with heat and bodies perspiring under the strains of weight and walking. They emptied their buckets of water into larger vessels. After a moment's rest they left again to fetch some more water, this time, for their household use as well as for the monastery. Some little girls stayed behind to pound paddy in big wooden mortars with pestles longer than their height. The exercise of pounding is good for their muscles but instead of this, physical exercise in a school compound would be more beneficial for them.

School, being five miles away, their parents, in their hand to mouth condition, couldn't spare the children to attend classes all day. For they need every able hand in the family to drive the wolf from the door and to assure their security in this chaos reigning country with a tottering government system. They had been honoured with the one and only gracious visit of the member of parliament they were told to vote for and that was just before the election. At that time he was so busy wooing the people with sweet dream like promises, that the people didn't have the opportunity to voice their very basic and simple wants for a little betterment of their lives.

When the little boys came back from the spring, they walked away jauntily to the monastery where the presiding monk would teach them to recite religious literature and a little of lay education that was within his capacity. Most little girls were deprived of this privilege, they being busy with the chores of baby sitting the toddlers, washing clothes and doing other odd jobs. After the second meal of the day in which I joined my host, the village lay quiet again except for the young voices reciting prayers aloud from the monastery and the cry of some wailing baby.

Afternoon dragged on, and as evening came, heavy clouds sailed in from the south over shadowing the sunny patches of the village and the surrounding fields. A cool breeze blew in as a warning and soon big cold drops came down in a heavy shower. Rain beat down non stop for almost an hour drenching everything exposed. The face of my old host looked pleased. "Rain like this," he said, "at this time of the year, is always welcome by us field workers. It promises us good crops at harvest time, which means we can breathe freely security till the next sowing season."

Streamlets overflowed with rushing rain water. Trees and plants, washed clean of dust, shivered in the slight wind, shaking off drops of water from their fresh green leaves. Thatches dribbled with yellowish rain water. The children ran out bare footed from the monastery and houses, shouting and waving their arms with excitement. Some collected a few pieces of firewood and after splitting them, began to prepare for dinner. Soon the elders would be back from the fields, tired and hungry and no doubt soaking wet through and through.

As I wandered from house to house, I saw little children, gravely at work in their kitchens. The older ones handled the cooking while the little ones helped around preparing the simple menu. At one hut, I saw a five year old pounding chillie in cornest with a big pestle and a mortar almost half his height. In the kitchen his seven years old sister sat arranging the fire under the pot of rice. They were the only inmates of the house in the day time. After cooking, they must make a couple of trips to the spring for some more water before dark. Their parents would come in then from the field, then mother carrying her suckling young on her back and she would cook the already prepared dishes for dinner. Having always associated little children of their age with toys and school books, it was strange and hurting to see

(Continued on page 25)
As far as Oscar could see there was no reason why that weekend at Amherst shouldn't turn out to be the most wonderful weekend of his life.

Of course, the Seinda family were not all that easy to get along with. Many would call them difficult. But one could put of with a lot for the pleasure of spending a couple of days with Sein Sein, their one and only daughter.

Oscar found the Seinda Residence at the other extremity of Amherst. The family had taken it for a month. The house gleamed white and inviting against the almost too-perfect blue of the sky.

Just across the road from the house was the quite rectangle of golden sand with a short flight of steps leading down to it. Perhaps when he stood at the top of the steps to look down at the beach he had the idea at the back of his mind that he might see Sein Sein. If so he was not disappointed.

She was down there on her own lying on her back in the sun, and he stood looking at her before going down to the beach. The lovely lines of limbs, spread in luxurious abandon, made his pulses throb. Her dead-white two-piece accentuated the polished copper of her lithe young body and the glossy back hair that poured on to the sand around her head.

"Sein Sein" he said going up to her and she opened her eyes, shaded them from the sun and glanced up at him.

"Why, Oscar!!" She sat up eagerly, smiling with her wide friendly mouth "You've just arrived?"

He patted his weekend grip. "Yes but I haven't been up to the house yet. I thought I might find you sunbathing and the temptation was more than I would resist.

"Sit down, and we'll talk" Sein Sein said spreading out a towel for him.

It brought him much too close to her for his peace of mind and he thought: I wonder if she feels about me the way I feel about her?........

"I was surprised to get the invitation from your mother" said Oscar. "Did she ask me of her own bat, or did you use a bit of persuasion on her?"

Then Sein Sein looked at the sand doodling with her finger. "You want to know too much" she said.

"It's important to me," Oscar told her. "I've never really know whether your folk accepted me as a possible suitor.

"It remains to be seen," Sein Sein smiled without looking at him.

"Have they asked me down here to give me a sort of going-over?" he asked with a trace of anxiety.

"Could be," she said "But you won't be entirely alone in the ordeal!"

Oscar regarded her curiously, "I don't quite get you?"

"Ko Yawhan, is here too," she told him. "Yawhan? Oh lord I and I thought this was going to be the perfect weekend."

She went on doodling in the sand. He then said: "I suppose your mother would still like to see you marry Yawhan?"

"Socially he's regarded as a prize." Sein Sein murmured.

"May be," Oscar admitted, clasping his jaw muscles. "But he's a howling snob, and darned rude. I wouldn't call him a gentleman." He hurled a pebble towards the water's edge. "Still, your mum and dad wouldn't know that. I expect Yawhan has only shown them his best side.

"Jealous?" said Sein Sein fixing him with her dark, languid eyes.

"Like hell," Oscar confessed. "Whose side is your father on?.........mine or Yawhans?"

She hesitated. "I think that he's neutral. Perhaps he wants to see you and Yawhan together, just to help him make up his mind!"
"Holy smoke," muttered Oscar, "I can't say I know U Seinda that well. What sort of a man is he?"

Sein Sein laughed. "Oh, utterly old fashioned! He belongs to another era really. Everything he does and says... not that he says much... is madly old world.

"He doesn't object to your beach-wear?" Oscar smiled glancing at the tiny swim-suit which for the last five minutes he had found almost intolerably disturbing.

"Daddy learned to tolerate it," she said, "along with lipstick and nail varnish. But on important matters... like my future husband... Daddy holds the casting vote. It will be Daddy who makes the final decision about that... at least while I'm still his baby girl.

"Yes, of course," Oscar said. He had scarcely realised that his magnificent specimen of girlhood was still only 18. But she was eager to marry and have kids and the lucky more could by Yawhan or Oscar. And now the Seinda's were wanting to make up their own minds and Sein Sein's.

Daw Seinda could be carrying a torch for Yawhan. He had more money but he had made his money too easily. It had made him too suave, too cocksure, too pleased with himself.

U Seinda, thank heavens would be sitting on the fence. He would watch points before making up his mind. Oscar and his rival were being tested and it would be U Seinda who made Sein Sein's mind up for her—that would be worth remembering.

"We'd better get across to the house," Sein Sein said "Daddy will be cross if we're late for lunch. He isn't in a frightfully good mood right now."

Oscar swallowed "Oh... why?"

"He's having rheumatic twinges," Sein Sein said "You must be careful not to rub him up the wrong way."

"Holy cats," murmured Oscar "that makes it just perfect."

She suddenly took his hand and gripped it in her cool fingers making him tingle with an indescribable pleasure from head to toe.

"You musn't let it get you down," she said. And, remember... I... I want you to make a good impression."

"A better one than Yawhan?" he asked eagerly.

(If you asked Oscar now if he---)

"There you go again," she said, "Questions, questions, questions, come on, quick, pick up your case. We'll be late."

Oscar followed with a heart that beat faster—because of what lay ahead and because of Sein Sein's wonderful nearness.

If you asked Oscar now if he had enjoyed that weekend with Seindas at Amberts, he would probably shrug and say it was like the curate's egg, good in parts, the bad parts were awful. They sprang from the presence of Yawhan. Oscar had always given him a wide berth. It wasn't possible to do it now, not when they were both members of a close little weekend party.

On Sunday morning, the weather was just as beautiful and the sea looked sparkling and inviting.

"Why don't we all go for a swim?" Yawhan suggested, trying to be the life and soul of the party. And just as suddenly his expression changed as he looked at Mr. Seinda with carefully feigned sympathy. "It's a pity, U Seinda can't join us with his rheumatism as it is."

Then he goes thought Oscar, "butting up to the old man... pandering to his self pity,

"I'm afraid I shan't be able to go in the water either," Oscar put in, and felt foolish as Sein Sein threw him a quick glance of inquiry. Like an idiot, "Oscar confessed," I didn't pack my swimsuit. Can't buy any this morning, of course, being Sunday..."

"Oh well that's your loss old boy" said Yawhan not quite concealing his pleasure. He took Sein Sein's arm. "Come on Sein Sein," he said "let's go...."

She allowed herself to be led out. Oscar didn't like that. Nor did he like the glance she threw over her shoulder. She looked just the tiniest bit cross,
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"Sit down, and we'll talk" Sein Sein said spreading out a towel for him.

It brought him much too close to her for his peace of mind and he thought: I wonder if she feels about me the way I feel about her?........

"I was surprised to get the invitation from your mother" said Oscar. "Did she ask me of her own bat, or did you use a bit of persuasion on her?"

Then Sein Sein looked at the sand doodling with her finger. "You want to know too much", she said.

"It's important to me," Oscar told her. "I've never really know whether your folk accepted me as a possible suitor.

"It remains to be seen," Sein Sein smiled without looking at him.

"Have they asked me down here to give me a sort of going-over?" he asked with a trace of anxiety.

"Could be," she said "But you won't be entirely alone in the ordeal!"

Oscar regarded her curiously, "I don't quite get you?"

"Ko Yawhan, is here too," she told him. "Yawhan? Oh lord! and I thought this was going to be the perfect weekend."

She went on doodling in the sand. He then said: "I suppose your mother would still like to see you marry Yawhan?"

"Socially he's regarded as a prize." Sein Sein murmured.

"May be," Oscar admitted, clapping his jaw muscles. "But he's a howling snob, and darned rude. I wouldn't call him a gentleman." He hurled a pebble towards the water's edge. "Still, your mum and dad wouldn't know that. I expect Yawhan has only shown them his best side.

"Jealous?" said Sein Sein fixing him with her dark, languid eyes.

"Like hell," Oscar confessed. "Whose side is your father on?.........mine or Yawhans?"

She hesitated, "I think that he's neutral. Perhaps he wants to see you and Yawhan together, just to help him make up his mind"
"Holy smoke," muttered Oscar, "I can't say I know U Seinda that well. What sort of a man is he?"

Sein Sein laughed. "Oh, utterly old fashioned! He belongs to another era really. Everything he does and says...not that he says much...is madly old world.

"He doesn't object to your beach-wear?" Oscar smiled glancing at the tiny swim-suit which for the last five minutes he had found almost intolerably disturbing.

"Daddy learned to tolerate it," she said, "along with lipstick and nail varnish. But on important matters...like my future husband...Daddy holds the casting vote. It will be Daddy who makes the final decision about that...at least while I'm still his baby girl.

"Yes, of course," Oscar said. He had scarcely realised that his magnificent specimen of girlhood was still only 18. But she was eager to marry and have kids and the lucky more could by Yawhan or Oscar. And now the Seinda's were wanting to make up their own minds and Sein Sein's.

Daw Seinda could be carrying a torch for Yawhan. He had more money but he had made his money too easily. It had made him too suave, too cocksure, too pleased with himself.

U Seinda, thank heavens would be sitting on the fence. He would watch points before making up his mind. Oscar and his rival were being tested and it would be U Seinda who made Sein Sein's mind up for her—that would be worth remembering.

"We'd better get across to the house," Sein Sein said "Daddy will be cross if we're late for lunch. He isn't in a frighteningly good mood right now."

Oscar swallowed "Oh...........why?"

"He's having rheumatic twinges," Sein Sein said "You must be careful not to rub him up the wrong way."

"Holy cats," murmured Oscar "that makes it just perfect."

She suddenly took his hand and gripped it in her cool fingers making him tingle with an indescribable pleasure from head to toe.

"You musn't let it get you down," she said. And, remember..........I..............I want you to make a good impression."

"A better one than Yawhan?" he asked eagerly.

(If you asked Oscar now if he———)

"There you go again," she said, Questions, questions, questions, come on, quick, pick up your case. We'll be late."

Oscar followed with a heart that beat faster—because of what lay ahead and because of Sein Sein's wonderful nearness. If you asked Oscar now if he had enjoyed that weekend with Seindas at Amherts, he would probably shrug and say it was like the curate's egg, good in parts. The bad parts were awful. They sprang from the presence of Yawhan. Oscar had always given him a wide berth. It wasn't possible to do it now, not when they were both members of a close little weekend party.

On Sunday morning, the weather was just as beautiful and the sea looked sparkling and inviting.

"Why don't we all go for a swim?" Yawhan suggested, trying to be the life and soul of the party. And just as suddenly his expression changed as he looked at Mr. Seinda with carefully feigned sympathy. It's a pity, U Seinda can't join us with his rheumatism as it is."

Then he goes thought Oscar, buttering up to the old man...pandering to his self pity.

"I'm afraid I shan't be able to go in the water either," Oscar put in, and felt foolish as Sein Sein threw him a quick glance of inquiry. Like an idiot, "Oscar confessed, I didn't pack my swimsuit. Can't buy any this morning, of course, being Sunday........."

"Oh well that's your loss old boy" said Yawhan not quite concealing his pleasure. He took Sein Sein's arm. "Come on Sein Sein", he said "let's go........."

She allowed herself to be led out. Oscar didn't like that. Nor did he like the glance she threw over her shoulder. She looked just the tiniest bit cross.
Oscar didn’t follow him. He sat a little uncomfortably on a chair near U Seinda. The latter sat eyeing him from under his heavy eyebrows, looking very much like a man from Alaungpaya days; with his high wing collar and the gold watch chain across his Tawkbone.

“Of course,” began U Seinda, “since I can’t take a dip myself today, owing to these confounded twinges, I suppose there’s no reason why you shouldn’t borrow my costume.”

Oscar hurled a bright look of gratitude in his direction. “You.......you mean that sir?”

“Of course,” Sein Sein’s father said. “It isn’t just trunks, you know. Can’t stand walking about half naked myself. Not decent. It’s a proper costume.”

“I.......I’d be grateful for anything,” Oscar told him warily, thinking of Sein Sein departing in the water with Yawhan. Well, he’d show what a good swimmer looked like; he knew he could swim better than Yawhan.

“Your Daw Daw, will show you where the costume is,” U Seinda was saying. “And after you’ve changed in your room, you can come down and take me across the beach. I feel a bit uneasy crossing the road alone with my leg slightly wonky. These confounded cars dashing about.......”

“Yes, yes of course”, replied Oscar eagerly.

“It took him more than five minutes to undress and don U Seinda’s swimming costume. And then, studying the effect in the mirror, Oscar suddenly went stiff.

The effect was hideous. The costume belonged to another era....... he might have foreseen that. It was shapeless. It had a high neckline and was too long in the legs, reaching almost to his knees.

Oscar realized that he was trapped. He couldn’t tell U Seinda that the costume was a sheer burlesque. That would deeply offend the old man. Perhaps he would say he was ill? No.; Daw Seinda would put him to bed, and that would leave Yawhan a clear field.

He had to go ahead with it. The one consolation was that once he was in the water, the monstrosity wouldn’t be seen, and his masterful swimming would make up for a lot.

He led U Seinda across the road, and saw him installed in the shade of U Seinda’s private beach hut. He swallowed hard, counted three and whipped off his raincoat which he used to conceal his comic appearance.

Just at the moment Yawhan and Sein Sein came out of the water and sprinted towards the hut. Oscar stood rooted to the spot, waiting for the explosion of laughter. If Yawhan laughed it didn’t matter. But if Sein Sein laughed, he would wish the beach to open up and swallow him.

To his relief, Sein Sein didn’t laugh. She didn’t even smile. He saw only a tiny quizzical frown on her face. He also hears the huge, bellowing guffaw of Yawhan.

The latter stood pointing at him as if he were some circus freak. He could scarcely speak for laughing. He doubled up, slapping his stomach; he gripped his sides; he laughed.

“Oh, my gosh”, Yawhan yelled, the tears streaming from his eyes. ” Just look at old Oscar’ What does he look like? Ten sixty-six and all that. Have you ever seen anything more comical in your life? Is it a gag or something?”

U Seinda rose from his seat beside the hut. He leaned heavily on his stick. He glowed at Yawhan. He was trembling slightly with rage that simmered inside him.

“Mr. Funny Man,” U Seinda said in slow measured tones, “that swimming costume which gives you so much amusement happens to be mine.”

Yawhan’s healthy tan became a liverish yellow.

“The good friend Oscar,” U Seinda went on grimly, placing an arm on Oscar’s
shoulder," has borrowed it, and much appreciates the loan. He doesn't think it funny." There was an electric silence.

"I believe you won't be staying master Yawhan," said U Seinda pointedly.

"Ed...............no" Yawhan said. He scowled and made for the house at a brisk trot.

Sein Sein's father looked at Oscar, his eyes twinkling. "I understand you can swim very well, young man. Let me see you in the water."

"Come on," Sein Sein said, taking his hand. She looked suddenly happier as they ran towards the water—— Thus—— Oscar became the eligible bachelor, a worthy suitor for the sophisticated and the perfect specimen of girlhood Sein Sein.

SAI SANG LU.

(Continued from page 21)

Everytime I came away from a village, my heart sank to leave them thus, smiling, tearfully with sincerity and begging me to come again soon and I curse my inability to help them single handed. Then in my castle of thoughts, I would plead and argue with the educated youths of the hills, who finally would agree to unite for strength and all under one purposeful cause, would again disperse themselves through out the rural regions to devote themselves selflessly in the struggle to promote our country and our people from the dark aging depth's of ignorance, superstition and poverty to the advanced ways of living, thinking, working and educating their children. With a jolt of the car my day dreams often shattered and as I came down to earth with a jerk I could almost imagine the Tai youths of the University smiling indulgently at my incurable madness.

Mao Wanderer.
At Kambawsa College, Taungyi, the boys have to go and study in the Assembly Hall from seven thirty to nine every evening. So if someone had come to Kambawsa, on any evening in January 1955, he would have found me sitting in the Assembly Hall with the other boys, studying quietly. This studiousness on closer observation would have been found to have been caused by the presence of the Housemaster-on-duty, because a closer look at me would certainly have revealed how I fidgeted, especially after the younger boys had been allowed to go to bed at half past eight. Since I was a matriculation student at that time, I couldn’t possibly slip away with the younger boys without being noticed, and though I couldn’t really concentrate much on the book I had open in front of me, I had to do what was expected and sit for thirty minutes more, quietly looking at the pages of the book. At nine I would joyously lock my books away in my desk and hurry back towards dormitory and would soon be rung in bed because the Housemaster usually came to see that we were in bed soon after nine. If anybody at ten o’clock in the evening while I was in Kambawsa, he would have found out that I was usually snowing away at that time even when the examinations were only one or two weeks away.

In 1955 however things became different; at ten in the evening I would most usually be found in the Globe theatre. Take the evening of the 10th January for instance. At midnight I was waiting there for a bus with my five room mates from the Yankin Hostel after having seen the 9:30 show. After a long wait one single bus came rolling along. Just as we had stepped into the bus, five ladies came along and wanted to get on the bus, although there was no room left. We reached a compromise, the driver promising to come back to fetch us after depositing his passengers at Bahan. So we stepped down and let the ladies take our places. The bus rolled away and we waited for it to return. We waited and waited. One o’clock, and there was no sign of the bus. We had to walk of course. We arrived at No. 2 B Yankin Hostels at 2:30 on the morning of the 11th January 1955. At nine o’clock Room 2 (B) was still dark and quiet. At 9:30 six sleepy inmates of the room could be seen hurrying out. We had to hurry because our meal would be removed from the tables in the dining hall at ten o’clock. No one commented on our late rising because the inmates of Room 2 B never got up before nine o’clock on any day. Some of the others went on to the College after the meal but as for myself I went back to bed since I had missed my class the previous day also, and I was sure I wouldn’t have known what the lecture was all about. That afternoon I had a twinge of conscience and I walked the forbidding distance to the College building. Unfortunately I hadn’t bothered to find out that the lecturer had gone on maternity leave so my walk was in vain. I began my private study the very next day, by which I mean that I did not attend another class during that academic year.

Sometime during the final week of April I was at home in Hsenwi with my family. In the evening an announcement came over the radio that the results of the Intermediate Part (A) would be broadcast that night. I wondered what made me even have a flicker of a hope that I would pass. To days later I was on my way to Rangoon to prepare for the June Examinations.

On May 27th I was studying in Room 114 Amara Hall at about 5 o’clock in the afternoon. One of my room-mates from Yankin Po Zero came into my room and suggested that we should go to the pictures to clear our brains, and as I thought I had been studying rather hard and was needing a rest I readily agreed. Po Zero was also in Amara Hall preparing for June, (the other four from Room 2 B Yankin were preparing for the examination at their homes) so Zero and myself went quite often clear our brains. The only trouble was that we cleared our brains too much so that nothing
was left in them when the examinations came along. I was rather glad my family was not with me at the Convocation Hall when I looked in vain for my name in the list of the students who passed the Intermediate Part (A) in June.

One afternoon in July a young man with a serious face and hair thinning to top, came into my room at No. 12 Pegu Hall. I had been admitted to the Intermediate Part (B) class and to the Central Halls at the main University although I had not passed the Part (A) examination as yet. It was from this young man that I first heard about her. That night I lay in bed and thought about her. However I was up quite early the next morning and managed to secure one of the front rows in the Chemistry lecture theatre which was always full.

Through the serious young man I got to know her better, and since my five former room-mates, who had also failed, had changed their combination and had gone over to Hteedan, the serious young man became my closest friend though he was a couple of years senior to me in class.

January 10th 1956 came round I seemed to remember the date but I didn't have time for reminiscences. I got up at six in the morning. Had a cold bath at the open-air bathing place on the lawn, and as soon as the dining Hall opened at seven, was inside heartily attacking the steaming food. Soon I was on my way to class at Yankin. People commented on how regular I was in attending classes now, when I had to come from two and a half miles away, had to take two different buses on each trip and walk quite a bit after that too, whereas last year when I resided only a stone's throw away I wasn't even seen at the College buildings. But the reason was that I was now inspired, I wanted to do something that would make her proud of me. I felt that a lot depended on my work and the outcome of the next examination.

May 1956 and I am again in Amara Hall. To the surprise of many of my acquaintances I passed the Intermediate Part (A) examination of March with credit and distinction in Geology, and I was now preparing for the Part (B) examination. Someone walked into my room as I was studying and on looking up I found that it was my serious friend. He congratulated me on my success and we got into conversation about her and about how well I was doing. I also told my friend about my father's sending me a money order with his letter of congratulations and I promised to take him to the pictures after the examinations. He in his turn offered to give me a treat at the Hai Yuan Restaurant as he too had passed his examination with credit.

When I went to look at the results of the Intermediate Part (B) examination this time, I wished I had my family along because my name was there on the list with a distinction, this time in Geography I had done it. I had managed to catch up on the year I wasted and I had done something she could be proud of. Something which I owed to her, to the Shan State, my State. It was this desire to serve the State the realization of the duty I owed to her, awakened in me by my serious friend Poo Loi, that had made me turn over an entirely new leaf.

At the annual prize distribution of the Shan State Students' Association I received a prize for standing first in the Intermediate class among Shan Students and I was asked the reason for my surprising success, I told my audience that my success due to my realization of the duty which I owed to the Shan State. I told them that we, who were lucky enough to get into the University formed only a small per cent of the people of the Shan State. Most of our fathers and brothers were still tilling fields and looking after cattle and if we who had the chance of improving their conditions were to throw our chances away then our state would be worse off than ever. We must realize that to enable the Shan State to become an equal and effective partner to Burma proper in the Union we must gain our education and provide our State with able administrators economists and technicians. If we once realize that we all have a destiny to fulfill, that we have a responsibility to succeed then there will be no more wasting of time and money. Let us realize that time and money are precious and that our aim at the University is to gain a good education and that it is our duty to achieve this aim for her sake.
Wind driven rain was slashing mercilessly against the large and generous glass window of the waiting room. Outside and under the window, the skeletons of what had once been gloriously blossoming flowers but what were now mere dry stalks danced and swayed to the music of the wind. He stood there with his hands deep in his pockets and with his mind blank, looking out of the window across the wet concrete of the runway. He was looking at nothing in particular and was only slightly conscious of the seemingly perpetual pitter-patter of the rain on the widow and the murmur of voices behind him. Wearily and with an air of indifference for his immediate surroundings, he slowly turned on one heel to survey the other occupants of the cigarette-smoke filled room. In one corner an elderly couple sat talking. Next to them a few feet away, a lanky American leafed through an old dog-eared Times magazine with tobacco stained fingers. From the corner of his mouth dangled a cigarette emitting blue whisps of smoke that spiralled lazily up into the musky, antiquated atmosphere of the room. A draft blew in and caught the spiralling smoke which withered and struggled as if in agony, to be lost amongst the haze that prevailed in the room. The ash tray on the low, plate-glass covered teak table before him was filled to overflowing with the butts of many others. A restless character he thought. His eyes strayed across the room and rested at a pretty young thing deeply engrossed in a Burmese magazine. “Can’t be more than 19, and lovely too”, he mused to himself and wondered where she was going. Her hair he noticed was done up in the pony tail style, tied up with a ribbon that matched the colour of her sleeveless, nylons jacket. Her hands were slender and ivory white as they daintily turned over a page, his mind without effort flew over endless miles of paddy fields and white pagodas; across the burning plains of the Dry Zone to the cool and extremely picturesque hill country which at that time of the year was decked elegantly with cherry blossoms; to another pretty little thing that he had flit behind. He remembered that she had wept when he broke the news of his going abroad. He felt pity for her and the pity had turned to anger for himself. Why had he been so crafty as to get himself sent abroad? Her parting words still rang clearly in his mind. “Be”, she had said with her usual sweet and angelic voice. “When you return, don’t bring back another girl. It'll break my heart.” She had intended it to sound as a joke but he knew only too well that she had meant it to the last word. She had smiled then to mask the pain that was torturing her heart but her tear-stained eyes had betrayed her storm-tossed emotions. He had reassured her with soothing words that his going was for their good only and that he would be back soon. Soon! He had lied, for it would be at least five years before he returned from college and during that time........

Suddenly the loud speaker blared rudely and without ceremony, broke his dreams and brought him to realise that he was miles away from her. The rain had stopped how long ago it did, he had not the slightest idea and the sun was venturing to peek upon the earth once more from behind a fast retreating cloud. The surrounding country side and the runway had acquired a new and clean look. Even the decayed flower stalks seemed to be striving for life anew. The grass and leaves in their wet and glossy coats glistened and sparkled in the sun. “Attention please. PAA flight will be taking off in 15 minutes. Passengers bound for Bangkok, Singapore, Hongkong and Tokyo please check at counter 3”, the crisp voice of the announcer came over on the loud speaker again. Unconsciously, he picked up his handbag and with his other hand still tucked into the deepest part of his pocket lazily ambled out with the rest of the passengers. He glanced back and saw
the girl hastily stuffing the magazine into her over-stuffed handbag. Alas, lack of time was followed by hastiness and the unfortunate bag slipped from her fingers to spill out its contents of the usual bric-a-brac onto the floor. Perhaps it was the chivalrous spirit which is so typical of his kind or perhaps it was something undefinable that compelled him to go to the aid of the maiden in distress. From then on it wasn't difficult for him to strike up a conversation. He learnt during the course of the next ten minutes that she was bound for Tokyo and it must not be omitted that by that time he had obtained all the important information of her name and address as well. They were on the plane now and to his surprise he found that she was sitting across the aisle from him. He denied to himself that he cared but the thought that he had helped the girl a short while ago became a nagging worry. That was purely chivalry, he desperately told himself but he knew better. He was lying to himself. He knew that there was something else that had prompted him to do what he had done and he knew that chivalry played but a minor part in his act.

They were over Thailand now and the plane was gradually losing height. Soon they would be touching down at Bangkok. He hadn't done much during the past hour or two since the start of the journey except try to do a little reading. He certainly had endeavoured to concentrate on the novel but had only managed with great determination to finish a few pages. Half of the time the book was a shamble of letters and words and as for the story, it made little sense to him. His senses were perpetually aware of her presence; her closeness and it was more than once that he ventured to steal a look at her. On one occasion she had turned her head in his direction and had caught him staring at her, but instead of tossing her pretty head she had smiled at him. He almost jumped out of his skin that time and his efforts at returning the smile had been rather unsuccessful. His face, tanned by the long periods in the sun when he had gone duck and wild pigeon hunting back at home, broke into a faint smile when he thought about it. The plane was circling Bangkok for a landing and the stewardess was coming down the aisle making sure that everyone's safety belt was on. She finally came up to where he sat and he asked, "How long are we stopping here ma'am?"

"Forty-five minutes, sir."

"A very adequate amount of time," he said half loudly to himself.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I didn't hear you," the stewardess asked.

"Oh, I am awfully sorry. I was talking to myself" he replied and at the same time going red all over.

They were coming in for the landing and although he was by no means a very religious person he prayed silently, "God! Don't let the tyres burst or the plane skid. Please give me this chance to...to..." He couldn't find appropriate words to continue and by that time the plane was taxiing along the smooth concrete runway towards the terminal buildings. He breathed a sigh of relief. He had never looked forward to a journey by air and this was no exception. He had always thought the airy domain was exclusively reserved for those creatures with feathers and besides, dizzy heights always made his stomach turn. He was glad that once again he could plant his feet on terra-firma even though for forty-five minutes, and collecting his coat and hat heaved himself out from the seat. He was cramped from head to toe and was just about to stretch himself but restrained from doing so. Its bad manners to do so in front of a lady he thought. The girl was still in the plane assembling her hand bag and coat on the seat before disembarking. Gathering up the reserves of his courage, he said, "Would you do me the honour of having some refreshments with me?"

"With pleasure and thank you very much," she replied with one of her most enchanting and disarming smiles. For a full minute he was completely thrown off guard and stood there not daring to breathe lest she might hear the thumping of his heart which was by the time she had finished smiling, vigourously functioning twice as normally. Together they descended the gangway and made their way under the
blistering heat of the sun towards the terminal buildings. "Wish I were back home," he thought. "This heat is getting at me." He thought of the glistening frosts that covered the ground and reflected on the rays of the morning sun back home. It was cool and pleasant to the eye and touch in spite of being just a short-lived, temporary and superficial covering. One would have to go about with a coat and a sweater and not to mention a muffler. The cherries would now be in full bloom and detached petals would sadly fall to earth and cover the ground with a pink fairy carpet. It would be wonderful to lie on it as he had often done with Nang! Nang! Nang! He gazed at this girl walking besides him to the Terminal. What right did he have to do this? What would Nang say if she knew? It would most certainly break her heart if she did. Oh well... he told himself, this is just something to while away the time. After all one must have a companion to talk to mustn't one? In any case, I probably won't be meeting her again and I'll soon forget her. But the facts were staring him in the face and try as he might he couldn't very well have thrown it into a dust-bin and covered it up. Now he realized that it was more than a mere, silly infatuation—it was—Love.

They entered the transit passengers' restaurant and chose a table for two. He ordered coca-cola, and for a long time silence was maintained between them. Two tables away from them was the lanky American sipping at a glass of beer in his hand was an ever-present cigarette. Observing the excessive amount he smoked, one might have got the impression that his handbag was full of cigarettes, and it might at that who knows. The silence in the restaurant was punctuated only now and then by a plane taking off they sat there sipping their drinks each one searching his or her mind for something to say. At length he broke the forbidding silence that prevailed and asked her, "You haven't told me why you are going to Tokyo. I take it you are going to college there?"

"No," she replied. "I am going there too—well it's just a visit—a vacation you might call it."

"Oh, You must be pretty well off to take such a vacation. Will you be staying there long?"

"It depends," she said.

"Have you been to Japan before?"

"No, this is my first time. What about you?"

"Who, me? Why I've never been out of the country before. I would like to see the world but I'll probably be stuck at home most of the time. Are you going to be met at the airport? If not I can send you. You see, some pen pals of mine have arranged a sort of reception. Rolling out the red carpet and all that and I am sure they won't mind if I ask them to send you to wherever you'll be putting up."

"Oh its alright," the girl said. "I'll be met there by my—er-relatives."

"My hard luck. Shall I be seeing you in Tokyo?"

"Perhaps."

"Where will you be staying?"

"I don't know as yet."

He could take a hint when given one and he knew that it was obvious she didn't want to talk about her stay in Japan. How strange, he thought. Usually people are rather anxious to talk about the place they are going to; about what they would see and what they would buy and what they intend to do. Oh, well, it was none of his business. In any case he might be seeing her again but he had only that uncertainty for his hopes to dwell upon. Before he had time to change the subject, the announcer blared out that their plane was ready to depart. They had stopped at Singapore, Hongkong and Manila and now they were on the last leg of their journey. They were both more or less like old friends now and he saw a chance for bettering their acquaintance. The seat next to her was unoccupied and on a pretext of looking at the scenery on her side of the plane, although all one could see for miles around was a great endless expanse of ocean, he nonchalantly stepped across the aisle and pretended with great dexterity to look out of the window.

(Continued on page 35)
TO MAKE YOU SMILE

Themistocles, the famous Athenian general, once said to his young son:
"You are the most powerful person in all of Greece."
"How is it possible?" the son asked.
"Because the army controls Greece, I command the army, your mother
manages me and you rule your mother." (Student press, "ACM")

* * *

Three turtles decided to have a cup of coffee. Just as they got into
the case it started to rain so the biggest turtle said to the smallest
turtle; "Go home and get the umbrella."
The little one replied: "I will, if you don’t drink my coffee."
"We won’t," the other two promised.
Two years later the big turtle said to the middle turtle; "Well, I guess
he isn’t coming back, so we might as well drink his coffee.
Just then a little voice called from just outside the door: "If you do,
I won’t go." (Student press, "Gargoyle")

* * *

In the course of a gay New Year’s Eve party, with lots of eating and
drinking, one of the students swallowed the corkscrew.
His colleague frantically called the doctor who asked, "What are you
doing to relieve the situation?"
"Well," replied the student, "for the moment we’re opening the wine
bottles with our penknives."

* * *

The despotic old gentleman emerged from his club and climbed
stiffly into a taxicab.
"Where to, sir?" asked the driver respectfully,
"Drive off a cliff," replied the old gentleman, "I’m committing
suicide." (Student press, "The Sheaf")

* * *

1st roommate: "What did you do with my shirt?"
2nd roommate: "Sent it to the laundry.
1st roommate: "Ye gods! The whole history of England was on
the cuffs!" (Student press, Saskatchewan University's
"The Sheaf")

* * *

A hypochondriac medical student told the doctor in great alarm that
he had a fatal liver disease.
"Nonsense," protested the doctor, "You wouldn’t know whether or
not you had that. With that disease there’s no discomfort of any kind."
"I know sir," gasped the student. "My symptoms exactly." (Student
press, "Mistura")

* * *
1. Notes On Prose Selections  Kyats 3–00
2. Notes On The Golden Gate  ,, 3–00
3. Notes On Thirty Burmese Tales  ,, 3–00
4. Fifty Matric Essays  ,, 3–00
5. Hundred Middle School Essays  ,, 1–50
6. A Hand Book Of Correct English  ,, 3–00
7. English Idioms  ,, 3–00
8. Eng-Bur: Dictionary  ,, 12–00
9. အလင်းသံပါးချိုး အစိုးရအားလုံး ပိုင်ရှင် လေးစာ စားမှုမှ နေထိုင် ဦးစော ဖြစ်သည်  ,, 2–00
10. The Story Of Mg Mg  ,, 1–00
11. The Story Of Ma Ni  ,, 1–00
12. Nursery Rhymes  ,, 1–50
13. Twelve Tales  ,, 1–00
14. Middle School Poems  ,, 1–00
15. Key to Lessons in English  ,, 0–75
16. Student’s Review Library  (စားမှုအားလုံးလေးမှု အချိုးဦး စာကြောင်း အားလုံးကြောင်း)  ,, 1–00
17. ကူးစောင်းစိုး  ,, 1–00
18. ရှေးဟောင်း စာမျက်နှာပါဝင် ဖြစ်သည်  ,, 0–75
19. Model Matric Letters  ,, 1–50
20. Matric English  ,, 3–00
21. Student’s Review (အသ်းမကြာ)  ,, 1–00
22. စာအုပ်  ,, 0–25
23. Educational Cartoons  ,, 0–60
(Continued from page 30)

"Are you thinking of going out for a swim?" she said humourously. "If so, you'll find that it's a long drop!"

He couldn't help laughing at that and sitting down beside her said, "No. I hear the water in this part is icy... I just came over to see if the ocean on this side looks the same as it does from the other side."

"And I suppose you saw that it looks green this side and blue on the other."

With that they both laughed and the way she modestly covered her rose-bud mouth with her lady size handkerchief and the sight of her slight body quivering spasmodically with laughter was too much for him. He took her hand and said, "I—I...

"No—don't," she stopped him and gazed intently at him for some time and then suddenly turned her head away.

"I am sorry. I didn't mean to..."

"No. Its all right." she said, turning round to face him again. "Its my fault for not telling you something earlier, and now I think its time I brought out the facts. I am engaged to be married and my fiancee is in Tokyo. He sent for me and we are to be married there. I am so sorry it has to be like this between you and I."

He didn't hear her last few words and as he gazed past her through the porthole to the blue sky outside he suddenly came to realise that he had been wrong, and that it was better for both of them that it should end this way. His mind, regardless of the empty void of time and space, went back to the land of green hills and pink cherry trees; to the humble villages nestling among the groves of bamboo and to Nang, who would be waiting and waiting for his return. He would return to her loaded with presents including perhaps a wedding ring and no doubt a guilty conscience, but certainly no regrets. For one thing he would be a much wiser man then.

Kenneth
(a)
Sai Sang Toom.
HERE IS TAUNGGYI.

SAI KYAW MYINT.

As far as can be ascertained from some elderly people of the locality interested in legendary subjects, Taunggyi was said to have been founded in the year 1889 by Mr. H. H. Hilderbrand, CIE, a British Civil Officer who marched along with a British Column under the command of one Col. Steadman after the British Annexation of Upper Burma in the year 1885.

The British Column was stationed in Mainthauk, a village on the eastern shore of the famous Inle-lake. Finding Mainthauk too low (2025 above sea level) with stagnant water nearly a breeding place for mosquitoes, not congenial to health at all, Mr. Hilderbrand explored the adjoining area with the view of finding a more healthy site.

He soon found the present site of Taunggyi (4675 above sea level) then an isolated and thinly wooded vacant site very soothing and refreshing and lost no time in making it his headquarters and naming it TAUNGGYI as it lies along the Taunggyi Hills.

Mr. Hilderbrand was soon joined by the British column from Fort Steadman and both the civil and military Administration began to function from this day, Mr. Hilderbrand becoming the first Residential Civil Officer with the designation of Superintendent and Political Officer, SSS. The newly founded little Hill station of Taunggyi was soon occupied by a handful of Indian petty traders who were very alert to follow the footsteps of the column which consisted of Indian Troopers, and they had the foresight to realise the immediate future prospects of their trading enterprise. They therefore had the foremost opportunity in selecting the best part of the town and settling down with their kith and kin who gradually joined them from India and that so-called best part of the town now forms the present Main road of Taunggyi, and the buildings on both sides of the main thoroughfare have been in their lands for nearly three generations now.

On his retirement in the year 1897, Mr. Hilderbrand was succeeded by Mr. James George Scott who was the author of the Upper Burma Gazetteer, in which he described Taunggyi in a more historical manner. He served the British Government till 1910 when he was relieved by Mr. G. C. B. Stirling from Lashio N.S.S.

The school which was known as the “Shan Chief's School” was the only building of any significant size in those days, having been opened in the year 1902. It continued to establish itself till the last moment of the British occupation of the country.

Taunggyi has been the seat of the Shan Government throughout the British Regime and continues to be so in the present Government of the Shan States and its importance is even increased as the result of the transfer of the Headquarters from Rangoon on May 1st 1951. A long awaited Independence was obtained on the 4th January 1948 when the British Resident was succeeded by Sao Htun E. Saophalong of Thamakkan State, as third Resident after his predecessors U Htun Aung and Sao Kyaw Ant 1949. Sao Htun E’s successors were Wunna Kyaw Htin U Thaung Pe (retd.) and the present U Nyo.

Taunggyi, as most people know, has an admirable climate, very attractive to the people of the Burma plains and foreigners who can afford to use it as a summer Resort. Added to that is the fact that fresh fruits and vegetables such as oranges, sweetlimes, pomeloes, strawberry, pappayas, pears, apples, and some other varieties are available according to their season and are obtainable in Taunggyi bazar all the week round at comparatively cheap prices.

From the Educational dimension Taunggyi produces the highest percentage of successful candidates in the Matriculation...
Exams in all Shan States Matriculation Centres. There are altogether five high Schools. St. Anne’s Convent High School” with Mother Magdalew as its Principal, “Kanbawza College” (which was known as “Shan-Chief’s School in the British time) with Mr. R. E. Ockenden as its Principal, the “Sampa-Matric” (which is a newly established one), National Christian High School, and the Myoma High School. Different schools have their different school uniforms and the students take pride in wearing their uniforms whenever they have to walk in public especially on Independence day and so on.

Taunggyi is wonderfully beautiful at Christmas time. The cherry trees yield their most attractive foliage at that time as though they are artificially planted, and the trees are spread out far and wide, over the hills, and on the landscape. Apart from cherry there are other flowering plants which burst into sudden bloom with the warm sunshine of May. And now the whole country-side is covered with young green leaves, with the pink and white hawthorn, and the perfumed lilacs. Butter cups make every meadow a cloth of gold. Under the woodland trees, the blue bells are a misty azure carpet. The cuckoo calls all day, Nightingales are melodious under the moon. Taunggyi is lovely the whole year round.

On the eastern side of the town and close to it there is a huge mountain called the “Crap” and it lies as a strange scene to foreign spectators. On the North-East side of the town there is a reservoir which is a very famous picnic spot, and it is through this reservoir only that the residents of Taunggyi obtain their supply of water.

Replete with all that one may wish for Taunggyi is truly a wonderful town! It is a town in which Religion reposes in its purity. There are many Phone-Gyi-Kyaungs and Shrines in various parts of the town. The “Standing Buddha” which is on the western hill shines in its utmost purity.

Taunggyi has now developed to such an enormous size in area and in population due to the daily influx of country-dwellers who have to take refuge from the dangers of insurrection and consequently the housing problem has become difficult. The cost of living has also risen and the less fortunate class of the Town-dwellers have to struggle for the mere elementary needs of their body and soul.

Despite this state of Affairs, entertainments and enjoyments have never stopped. Three new Cinema Halls “Yoma” “Myo Ma” and “Bandoola” are over-crowded every night and day. They have but lately sprung up like mush-rooms after the rains and have greatly added to the grandeur of Taunggyi.

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**MY COUNTRY**

My country, my life  
To thee I pledge myself.  
In thy hour of need and despair  
Though miles away I be,  
My body, my soul I give and dedicate  
For thy safety and deliverance.

*Anonymous.*
NO ESCAPE.
Sai Myo Myint (Loilem)

Torrential Showers of rain were pouring down from the lead-coloured Sky so intently that the ceilingless zinc roof sounded almost like the clatter of fire-crackers on a Chinese new year celebration. The winds were howling and whistling as they hustled down from the high ranges that encircled the wide stretch of not undulating land that formed the site of handsome town in the heart of the country. The trees and plants of the convicinity which engulfed itself in a gigantic green cloak, were “Rock ‘N’ Rolling” to the harsh melody of the breezes. Seated on a newly but reluctantly acquired wheel-chair by an enormous glass window, he was gazing out blankly with his mind engrossed in profound contemplation and his countenance enveloped in a veil of sadness. Suddenly his expression gave way to that of a person in great distress and discontentment. He should be out there, he thought, revelling in the prime life of youth like those boys playing foot-ball, instead of sitting monotonously in this wheel-chair perhaps for the rest of his life. He was displeased and restless with life. He wanted to keep it awake, he wanted to see things, to do things and to get in touch with activities in this would of scientific achievements. But now his time was all over. And there was nobody but himself responsible for what he was now. He wouldn’t ever bring himself to forgive the havoc that he had caused. The more he realised his hopelessness, the greater was his hatred for himself. Yes, he hated himself. And the fact was much more pronounced when his thoughts flashed back to the tragedy that had so recently befallen him. The tragedy that had invited misery to his life. The tragedy was now threatening to subdue his entire hope and target of life, He knew only too well what would be lying in store for him in the years to come; and he also knew that nothing would ever be able to compensate his great loss. In fact, it is a great loss indeed, to any body who has to sacrifice away a part of the structure that constituted his body.

x x x x x

It was about the middle of 17....... A town of strategic importance remained in a precarious state under the enemies since it had fallen to them some time ago. Ultimately, a device had to be schemed out to regain to the town. But reinforcements in the form of trained and armed units couldn’t be expected from the neighbouring districts. The only possible means of acquiring them was to recruit levies of limited age from all available places. And so, it was planned immediately, resulting in heavy recruiting until at length the entailed number was reached.

He was approached. And despite the fact that he was an army officer on leave to reunite with his family at home, he offered his service in these troops as he was well aware that trained and experienced leadership would be needed. In this way, he got himself entangled in the war, and some days later he was made a company commanding officer.

It was now September of the same year. The months before had flown in intense preparations and planning for a special operation. He had received yet another special order from the regimental H.Qrs, to reconnoitre the surrounding terrain before the main campaign commenced. He could get little sleep the night before. His mind was all in confusion and he had lain on his cot tossing and turning all night. At O200 hours he got up and checked and rechecked his operation Kit to see if he had overlooked anything. There was an hour and a half before zero hour; and in the eerie half light east by the crescent moon in the west, he made his way to the officers’ mess for coffee. As he sat slowly sipping his beverage which sent a warming glow through his body and cleared his hazy mind, he thought of the war. So far he was still alive and for that
he was thankful. He thought of the imminent dawn patrol that he was going to lead to reconnoitre enemy territory. What would be the ultimate outcome of it? Would he live through it to see the dear faces of those he loved again? Would there yet again be another widow? Would—he dismissed further thoughts from his mind. This was the fortune of war. This was the time when his country’s hour of need must be met regardless of the consequences regardless of his life. But he could not shake off that certain funny feeling which he had always felt before going into battles. It was just like how one feels before a game of football. You wonder whether you are going to win or not and you over estimate the opposing side’s capacity and ability.

Dawn was almost breaking now and he made his way out of the tent and into the swirling mist which engulfed him in its cold yet fantastic embrace. There was a little frost covering the ground and his breath came out in vapours. His men had already gathered before H. Qs. and they went through the old routine of checking their equipment and ammunition. The walkie-talkie was working. Compasses and operation maps were in order. Then all the men were ready, ready to get started. The only thing they were keen and waiting for was the order. Half an hour passed and some of them were already beginning to get bored, when all of a sudden it was zero hr. He looked at the stern and unshaven faces around him for a short while and said in a low-determined voice “Right hr boys let’s move.” And they 25 strong-filed silently through the misty gloom towards enemy held territory.

In a few minutes they took to the motor road and marched on in much the same manner, silent but forever alert, through the seemingly perpetual rows of cherry trees whose leaves were just beginning to give way for the coming of the blossoms in December, and which were embanking the road side. The road itself however, was in a dilapidated state mainly because it was pock marked by innumerable bomb craters. The hills on either side of the road, constituted a vast and greatly undulating sea of pine. Every phenomenon that nature had brought forth especially on this particular morning was simply at the height of its beauty. And to breathe one gasp of the fresh morning air was really a sweet pang of enchantment. They had now covered up a distance of at least 2 smiles and were starting to change their course over to a forest path. The soft green grass and the withered pine needles were moist with frost forming in some cases slippery ground under their ammunition boots. The mist, was commencing to descend slowly to the valleys. But the range of visibility was about a hundred yards or so as yet. Through this beauty of nature they marched climbing up and down hills and valleys. Some times they even had to edge through thick under growth with their typical creepers mostly bearing beautiful flowers of contrasting fragrance. But sweet, they all were. Above all the delightful things they had undergone so far, the first red streak of the sun trying to break through the departing morning mists, was the height of the picturesque.

Two hours from the time they launched out on this reconnaissance operation had elapsed, but nothing had broken the prevailing silence ever since. And no trace was seen nor no knowledge was gained whatsoever of the enemies. But they went marching on monotonously without any one having the slightest notion of what would be lying in wait for them beyond those masses of mists and those ranges of hills.

Morning had worn out and noon was setting in bringing along its infernal heat as they advanced more sedately, looking left and right and paying scrupulous attention to the slightest sound they could catch. The heat was terrific, so that sweat ran down their faces and necks in a constant stream. Far ahead and standing on the crest of a hill was a solitary white pagoda. He ordered five of the boys to scout the neighbourhood, then beckoned the rest to follow him. They went up to the pagoda, and for the first time stopped over for a rest and luncheon. They were unpacking and were beginning to have their meal under the forlorn tintinnabula
tion of the pagoda bells which swayed and shivered at every motion of the lazily drifting breezes, when they were conscious of the fact that they were not alone in the forest even though nothing in particular had aroused their attention. Along with this premonition they could hear distant gun shots punctuated by the ominous chatter of a Bren gun. Where could it be? they wondered. Were their scouts engaged in a battle? This was most likely. But even as they were carried off in indefinite imagination, the operator could catch unmistakably the agitated voice of one of the scouts asking for help and apprising them of the fact that they were confronting a troop of the enemy, and of their position. No scruple could now hold them from prompt action as they bounded down to the fighting scene— their concern being only for the safety of their comrades—the old saying 'Look before you leap' lost all meaning to them. They didn't care how great the adversaries' strength was; they didn't care for their unfinished meal nor their kit bags. The only impulse propelling them was to go to the rescue. Consequently, in their impetuous rush they failed to take precautions. For approximately 15 minutes which they cared not to notice and which seemed like interminable dragging hours to them, they ran and ran until finally they were almost at the battle field. They had anticipated horrifying scenes characteristic to such places after every battle. But to their pure astonishment everything appeared peaceful and unchanged in much the same way as if nothing extraordinary had ever taken place. There were no mangled dead bodies lying about nor even the remnants of fighting. Then what about the boys? They were here, weren't they? Yes they were. Of this they couldn't have been more positively sure. Why! it was just 15 minutes ago that they received information from them. Yet their whereabouts couldn't be located; it was all so absurd. Ah! now, dawn was gradually breaking upon him through experience. And suspicion along with hesitation was beginning to supersede his eagerness of reaching the scene. He was beginning to suspect a trap, and he was beginning to recall how the operator had spoken before they launched into this desperate reinforcement. The voice at the other end had sounded very sophisticated in the walkie talkie. He could link up every reason now and ascertain that they had been cheated and that they were at this moment walking blindly into a trap. It wasn't at all improbable that the scouts had been attacked, out numbered, seized and made to call for more victims. But this realisation came too late for, even before he could warn his men, they were already surrounded and bombarded. Though there were no possible hiding places, the enemies seemed to have suddenly emerged from everywhere, from their left, right and even from their front, in almost less time than it takes to tell about it. So ingeniously had the adversaries excavated their trenches on either side of the wide path by which any reinforcements would elect to come, and covered them up with layers of grass-clad topsoil, that unless and until very carefully observed it was impossible to make them out from any normal grass-covered land. Taken all of a sudden and in such a way, they couldn't stand a dog's chance against the overwhelming number of the surprise attackers, they had no time to seek for cover in this clearing-almost 70 yds in diameter. Thus, although they put into exertion all their skill and intrepidity, it wasn't very long before they -20 of them were done with. He was the last remaining man and soon became the target for countless bullets that buzzed and whizzed around him like angry bees. But it wasn't before he had shot down at least a dozen or more of the ambuscade that something hit his thigh and he felt the pain as of a red hot iron being thrust into it. He dropped. But he still could manipulate his carbine and popped off at 7 others. Then alas, the time came when another bullet nicked the side of his head and inflicted a minor wound, but the impact of the leaden missile was substantial enough to send him unconscious. He knew no more after that.

How long he remained thus he knew not, but when he regained consciousness again, he could hear the sweet melodies of birds somewhere far away. He could hear the sound of gunfire and the clamour of exploding grenades no longer and presumed that the battle had ended or perhaps he
was in heaven. He must know, he said to himself, and slowly he opened his eyes. A sudden red mist of pain shot before his eyes but he resolutely fought away the oncoming coma. Through the dull red haze of pain he saw overhead the torn and tattered remnants of the branch of a tree and high above and beyond that, the azure sky with fluffy clouds lazily drifting by and was surprised at their utter brilliance. His first thoughts were for his men and he wondered where and how they were. He endeavoured to get up on an elbow and managed to get a glimpse of his friends and foes lying still and unmoving all around him. Then a hot searing pain caught his lower limbs and shot like a red hot knife through the rest of his body. He was engulfed once again in the deep chasm of coma and he knew no more.

It must have been hours later before he came back to himself. And when he opened his eyes again he saw that among scores of other patients, he was lying helpless on a bed at an army base hospital. He discovered with a shock which almost nearly sent him back to the uncertainty of unconsciousness, that one of his legs was missing from the middle of the thigh down. It had been amputated. For one moment he was maddened by uncontrollable fury but recovered himself as soon as he recollected the mutilated state of his leg while he was in the jungle. He conceived that it must have been a long time before he was picked up by the reinforcements that had arrived when no message was received, and that by the time he was admitted to the hospital, there must have been no alternative but to amputate. He made good progress and remained in the hospital for [only] two months before he fully recovered and was discharged.

The main campaign had ended in an ultimate victory a month before he left. And there had been jubilation all over the country for a whole fortnight after that. He was happy to learn everything but at the same time an under current of melancholy was always behind his joyance because he had to lie flat on a bed while everybody else was rejoicing. He felt utterly bitter towards himself for having undertaken that risk, lost all his men and leg while everything could have been settled if only he had used his brain. He wouldn't ever bring himself to forgive the havoc that he had caused. Although rejoicings had embraced the people of the newly born country, he could not wipe the memory of that battle from his mind. The bugles had sadly announced with its time of penetrating sadness, the departure of those great sons who had fallen for the liberation and freedom of their country. The grim reaper had come and had departed with his grim harvest. Those men whose rifles with fixed bayonets thrust into the hill side to mark their resting places, were not present bodily to take part in the rejoicings, but they no doubt had been present in spirit. They had known then that they had not died in vain.

"Darling, dinner is ready." He was brought sharply back to reality by the angelic voice of his loving wife some where in the dining room. He turned and smiled a faint smile that had nothing behind it but teeth, in response. Then his wheel-chair rolled away under his own propulsion to the dining room.

Sai Myo Myint

This wise man looks into space, and does not regard the small as too little, nor the great as too big; for he knows that there is no limit to Dimensions.

—Lao-Tze.
INDUSTRIES IN SHAN STATE.

Speaking of the industries of Shan State one is inclined to think that there are scarcely any save the old merchandise: tea, orange and thanatpet. For, not less than 75 per cent of the trading population in the entire Shan State depends more upon the above mentioned merchandises than on any other single item of trade. This article is not intended to bring forth the statistics of trade done in the past nor the future but to give a brief description of what can be done in the near future to simply boost up her national income.

Of course, there are other commodities of foodstuffs which are worthy of mention like the Ngapi and potatoes of Southern Shan State, the Virginia tobacco of Linhkay, the famous Bangkok silk longyis of Inle lake district, etc., etc. I will delete them as I have no expert knowledge regarding these commodities. Nonetheless I see no reason why there should be no increased demand of them, if only they are manufactured with an eye on the world market. Take for instance, the Shan bags industry of Namkham. Prior to World War II, Namkham’s products were known only within the boundary of Shan State and little outside it. Today, handbags of more and more attractive designs plus quality are outing all other makes in the entire Union. Another notable feature is the coming of ladies’ purses from Namkham which is a very recent innovation. This has created quite a sensation among ladies in Rangoon and other towns that production cannot catch up with the demand. In the Southern Shan State, the industry of Bangkok longyis has no rival. Up to the present it has stood up with no equal in this line and though much imitated its market remains good. If sales depots in foreign markets could be opened with much advertisement, there is no reason why this product should not find an increased demand like the ‘Batik’ of Indonesia...

Turning our attention to Mong-nawng bamboo hats (khamawks) we find that production has increased by many times the prewar level. This has been due mainly to one important aspect alone: better and more attractive design. Buyers pay as much as K.20/- per hat attractively inlaid with velvet and trimmings whereas the original cost of each is only K.3/50. Why not someone send a few such samples to Hollywood and California and who can say it might not create a sensation? But remember, one thing that will keep the trade alive is-design and better design.

Well, someone might say, “Hey you Mr. Jack-of-all-trades, keep your mouth shut if you don’t know anything more than Bangkok longyis and khamawks. You may as well mention the export of Khawpoe and Pe-poke. Instead, why don’t you mention much more important things like Silver and Lead mines of Namtu, Gold in the Wa State and so on?”. Well, lo, you see I have no knowledge of these big things. It’s much more complicating to me every time I try to learn something about them. So, I simply leave it to more qualified hands who might let you know something about them later. As far as I am concerned, I know next to nothing about them save, of course, that the production of silver and lead from Namtu-Bawdwin mine is very high. Somebody told me sometime back that the Government netted a profit of K.60 million on it last year. That is a lot of money to me and, there is also mention about other minerals discovered in the Shan State, (out of which perhaps the Government is thinking of making more money), Galena (lead), wolfram, coal, copper, antimony, lead carbonate, and Uranium. Uranium??? Well, where is my Geiger-counter!

I am sure some of you readers will be bored by my article. Because it can offer you nothing like the get-rich-quick
prescription. Well, I don’t know it myself either. Otherwise, why should I bother writing this? Nor does it contain politics? Oh, politics is a dangerous thing. It’s only meant for politicians, and that means heroes. I am no hero either. You know, I just happen to be a little cog in the wheel of the Burma Pharmaceutical Industry. I work with a United Nations’ advisor on finding out raw materials for the B.P.I. factory. You may already know that this B.P.I. factory at Gyoogon, Rangoon, is producing modern medicines and other essential products like Ethyl alcohol (from broken rice and molasses), all sorts of acids, ointments, extracts, infusions, liniments, tinctures, oils and other solutions which totalled together are more than two hundred items. Of course, some of them are merely bottled or mixed in the B.P.I. factory from the raw products imported from other countries but there are many things which can be and are manufactured from raw materials found in this country. For instance, manufacture of Ethyl alcohol from either broken rice or molasses is successfully carried on, and the production figure is high. Extraction of morphine from the opium found in this country, and extraction of caffeine from tea wastes are other money-saving items which will greatly enhance our export ability. Here, Shan State’s scope comes in. In Namhsan and other tea growing areas in the Shan State, manufacture of caffeine from tea wastes or full grown tea leaves can successfully be carried out. This is one most important industry which I cannot over-emphasize but leave to more enterprising hands.

Shan State is the paradise of the plant kingdom. The thick foliage and varying heights of her mountains make it fit for growing most of the tropical and semi-tropical variety medicinal plants. I will mention a few wild growing medicinal plants which are within my knowledge. From these plants, very important medicines can be extracted:

Datura Stramonium (Padaing)
Rauwolfia serpentina (Bonmayaza)
Carica papaya (Thinbaw thi)
Cassia fistula (Ngu)
Phyllanthus emblica (Zee-hpyu)

... Extract: Hyocyanin.
... " Reserpine, etc.
... " Enzyme
... " Laxative
... " Vitamin C.

and a host of others. I shall be most willing to give further information on these if interested persons would care to write to me, care of this magazine.

Anyway, if it is true that Shan State is an autonomous state and if it is within her power to do so, a-department such as the “Industrial Corporation” of Burma should be instituted. This department should mainly consist of science and engineering graduates from the Shan State. This will enable these young men to study in various projects and boards in Burma. At the same time it will initiate them into the wider scope of the various industries that are possible within the Shan State.

How this will be possible, I do not know. But, I believe that it will not be out of the way to create such a project within the Shan State Government-if ways and means are open. This group of young scientists will form the nucleus of future industrial corporations in the Shan State. It is of course all too well to depend on the Central Government for all the Pyidawtha projects that are and that will be coming to the States in the future, but such a process is rather slow for a people like ours whose life remains as old as the earth itself. The establishment of such an office, on the other hand, will greatly relieve the Central Government of many headaches which she will encounter in the execution of the many projects in these States.

The Lawpita water fall is being harnessed for an Hydro-electric power project for use in Central Burma towns like Meiktila and
Toungoo. If there is such an office in the State Government, it would certainly be possible, if not to use part of the power thus generated, at least to study the project for the future use of many of the water-falls in the Shan State like the Lawpita itself.

I will not dwell upon the various projects and schemes which are now being operated by the central Government for the welfare of the Union in general. However, it will give one an idea of these projects, by studying the various publications of each department and to obtain an overall and brief picture, it would be advisable to read the Tenth Anniversary of "BURMA" published recently.

Now, I cannot finish this article without mentioning the paper industry in the Shan State. Shan (Maing-kaing) paper, the manufacture of which has been carried out from time immemorial, is a crudely made thing. This should be properly studied for production on modern lines. Just a little improvement on the method of production, using of course machinery and other better things, and the quality of paper produced will successfully compete with any foreign make. I wonder why some big industrial tycoon in the Shan State does not think of this seriously? Besides, there are a lot more important things which I cannot mention now, because they do not happen to cross my mind as I am writing this article. So, may be again next time, if my article still meets the public demand. Well, towards bigger industries in the Shan State.

Sai Mya Tha

FREEDOM

Freedom! That word is sweet: but when we probe at it, scrutinize it, view it from all angles possibly imaginable, then it takes on a new aspect—a funny kind of aspect if you ask me. It is not one of those funny things that you make yourself silly from laughing at. On the contrary, it makes you think hard about it and perhaps acquire for yourself a headache into the bargain.

In politics, speech, education and almost every other thing in existence under the sun, freedom demands top priority but alas—and I stress that word "Alas", it means little or nothing where marriage is concerned. Instead, it loses what significance had been manifest under other circumstances. The average man rarely think twice before taking the plunge. Others of the more "hard-boiled" type ponder over it and are more or less reluctant so to speak, to lose it but sooner or later they are bound to fall in line. One doesn't think so unless our turns it upside-down and inside-out.

Sai Sang Toom, (R.U.)