

ENGLISH SECTION

Published Every Friday

Addressing all correspondence for the English Section mark "English Section"

WE'RE ON OUR WAY!

MONTREAL —
At last the Jaunimo Choras is on its way to Toronto. And don't think it was as easy as all that. In fact we had a very hard time persuading the elders that we should go! By the time we made up their minds, we were all exhausted. I can hardly wait to see Toronto, especially the jitter-bugs I've heard so much about. They are trying to tell me that you're as good as Montreal, yeh, yeh, (I don't believe), but I — kinda — like the Tango. I am (patiently) waiting to meet the youth of Toronto. I even raised a dance last Saturday preparing for the journey. Cant. Wall.
— Dumbius

If everybody's as nervous and especially about singing we're in for a wonderful treat. What say? — Ed.

DELICATE TOPICS

TORONTO —
It is rumored that Charles, the "Duke", has been company with "the belle dame" from Montreal last Wednesday.
What happened last Saturday night, midnight. Hilda? It was really a wonder and a pleasant shock to learn that you left the company of your beloved sister for that of a fellow-town girl.
Our impressionist and best for she's seen to have had an incident with a very special friend. It had it was like she "forgot" the dance meeting the "merry" ones.
I wonder if somebody's going to lose a lot of money by the time he is ready for those handsome boys from Montreal.
ADDED — One of Montreal — there seems to be only one left, girl fine and should I say, waiting for one of you. She's a "wild" blonde swimmer with a wonderful and I do mean wonderful, me — and the best of luck to one of you.
Which the most attractive in Toronto? To know the answer to that be at the concert put on by Montreal Saturday as he will be there with very distinguishing marks that will tell you who he is and why he is the most attractive.
By Don't Change Me.

YOUTHFUL D. DURBIN TO SING OPERA
New York, N.Y. — Of widespread interest to New York musical and theatrical circles recently was the dispatch from Hollywood that Dumbus Durbin, eighteen year old screen actress, has added new laurels to her career by signing a contract with the Metropolitan Opera company here to make her New York debut during the 1941-42 season.
According to Andrew de Segno, former bass of the world-famous musical institution and now vocal coach to the Winnipeg girl, Miss Durbin will acquire 10 or more roles under his coaching and will make a preliminary bow as grand opera by way of Los Angeles and San Francisco before joining the ranks of Grace Moore and Lily Pons.

Are You?

Are you the erudite on erudite pushing a cart that squeaks past by window early in the morning?
Are you a park-bench sleeper with more than six months experience?
Or are you the picher of cigarette butts with one foot on and one off the sidewalk patrolling daily in the down-town area?
Are you roughing up your skin slowly, do you feel like killing for a sandwich and a cup of java, do you get sick of fifteen-cent needs with the lugs on your skin all night?
If you are
We have just the thing you want, we are the ones who can make new men out of you.
Apply for full particulars at your nearest funeral parlor. — C. T.

ARBOR VITAE

The Butterfly

Out toward the sunbeams a butterfly sped,
Her wings were silver, burnished with red
And sprinkled with starburst was the top of her head.
Deepset were jewels of luminous glow,
Two glittering emeralds — twin fires of green,
The iris suffused with a faint golden sheen.
She opened her eyes wide, impatient with gloom —
Sweet laughter of spring, wild turbulent sea
The flight of the South wind, the blossom filled tree —
The smile of the sun-god, the rampant green wood.
A limitless void — a kingdom of clay,
These were her toys, hers to survey.

A breeze rustled by — soft whisper ceased;
The brook murmured a song — then was subdued.
Summer stole on with a slow teasing step;
With a low mocking laugh and a careless grace,
She filled with delight the butterfly's chase.
Who eagerly sped, not pausing to rest,
Unending, tireless was her quest.

Thus deep she quaffed life's dewy draught,
Twilight descended,
With hushed staid and sad majestic tread
And tired night's solemn music mingled it with
And lo at dawn — the sun ascending,
To breathless day her magic leading,
Heard the sob of the wind in the trees,
Caught the radiance of glimmering tears,
And... breath a withered wild blossom left by the
A tiny green sparkle... a bit of red...
Some starburst, blown silver...

No more is the goddess who filled life with glow,
Her quest has been ended — her spirit is free!

Written by J. Klevas Translated by Arbor Vitae

CHINATOWN

I walked with leisurely steps through Montreal's Chinatown. Store windows, emblazoned with Chinese letters met my gaze everywhere. The atmosphere was so thoroughly Chinese that Montreal seemed to be somewhere far behind and this was the land of the Rising Sun.
The ancient culture and civilization of China flashed across my mind — pictures of their secluded empire, walled in by the zealous orientals in their desire to separate East and West. To this day traces of their ancient civilization remain: small wooden structures and huge Temples of worship, guarding their age-old secrets in the eternal sleep of death — secrets of Gems and riches, buried loot — of gods and goddesses — Myriads of enchanting legends and entrancing myths — Phantoms of ancient China drifting in even file. — Bridges built in zig-zag form. — The scent of incense rising in the night air. Strange customs — these.

Deep in thought I rambled the streets searching for that archaic China in Montreal. Curiosity led me into one of the Chinese restaurants to perhaps discover something more of that vague, dim land. My courage was slight. Somehow I remembered reading that a smile would win over a Chinaman as nothing else could. With a wide grin I made my way towards a young Chinese fellow. One word led to another and we were soon deep in conversation about the land of the Rising Sun. The youth spoke with a faint accent, characteristic of the Chinese.
"Of course the China of to-day resembles but slightly that of yesterday. Even to this day the petty distinctions of our mandarins and mikados has kept us from completely adopting the customs of the West. Should we succeed however, to stem the tide of Japanese invasion, there is hope for a brighter future at the hand of the enlightened Youth of China."
"When did the Japanese first acquaint themselves with your race?" I asked.
"That is hard to say... perhaps 500 A.D. The emperor of Japan sent an ambassador to China with the following mandate: 'The Emperor of the Rising Sun sends greetings to the Emperor of the Setting Sun!'"

"A strange legend," mused I. "Will me yet one more thing. This opium drug... is it grown in China?" I probed, bent to be the boy's eye.
"Opium is an evil narcotic in the youth of China," he began in a low voice. "The great of common people can hardly be blamed. It is true, the drug is grown in China. On a smaller scale perhaps than hundreds of years ago but it still wreaks havoc in the land that brings rich and disaster to thousands of people. According to an old saying, opium was first introduced to China by the Japanese. They taught the use of the drug, hoping to modernize their physical and intellectual strength and thus more easily subdue them."
"A sad tale," I agreed. "How are the Chinese of today connected with the drug?" I went on, eager to know whether it was still a like rumour that made me shudder today.
"The young youth of China is strongly against this evil. However there are those who foster these opium dens which are well supported by the state. Would you like to see one?" he offered.
"Would you mind in open-mindedness showing me one, never dreaming that I would say 'I see it with no regret'?"
We strolled through a narrow lane which was the sign "Members Only". My friend encountered something in a Chinese who led us up a flight of stone steps. As I ascended, the noise of the street came to my ears. At the door I experienced its taste — bitter sweet. A step more and we were inside.
The room was large and moderately high. The room was unsanitary and full of long benches upon the walls. They were covered in vases and incense burners. Through clouds of smoke I saw in this my heart stopped then moved forward. Everywhere was a deadly silence — not a sound, not a stir. With eyes staring I hardly dared admit this poisonous drug — those yellow faces devoid of feeling — victims of all. The surrounding atmosphere seemed to stifle me. There was a deafening roar in my ears and dark circles swam before my eyes. I clutched my companions' sleeve and in a few seconds found myself outside. We were both silent for a time.
"Thank you," I said, breaking the spell.
"Don't judge all China by this one example," he began in a quiet voice. "We have our own customs, our own social and cultural organizations. We too advance. These are but remnants of an old civilization that is dead, and is fast being away. The future may profit by the mistakes of the past."
Yes, I mused, retracing my steps

tween China and Japan. 200 BC Emperor Shi-Huang-Ti launched a ship of staid youth in search of the elixir of youth for their maidens, which was to be found in the land of the Rising Sun. They never came back. They became domesticated with the apes of that island, which now harbors the Japanese race," he finished with a smile.
"Of course I don't believe it," he added.

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Yes, I mused, retracing my steps

homeward and leaving Chinatown behind me. Yet my thoughts lingered long over Chinamen with their strange perpetual smiles.

J. RACKAUSKO
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Įžanga: Prieduru 40c. Perkant išanksto 35c.

OH YEAH! THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY...



PERCH AND PIKE ABOUND IN FRENCHMAN'S BAY
The fishing season has opened again at Frenchman's Bay, popular summer resort on Lake Ontario near Dunbarton. Every Sunday from now until summer's end, canoes, rowboats and gillboats will crowd the bay. Several fine catches were made yesterday by expert fishermen but none tried harder than the trio shown here. They are Jim Yanoff, Gene Morris and Gertrude Morris, who didn't catch anything but had a lot of fun.