

# The **PAGODA**

*THE PAGODA*

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MISS KAY FUNG

Miss Kay Fung

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## MAGAZINE



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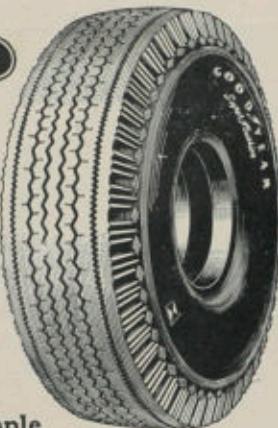
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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Editor, Sir.

I was very ashamed of our Chinese Nationals in Jamaica. I was born here of full Chinese parentage, and I am very, very proud to be so, especially to be called a Chinese with the good reputation of its art, culture and civilisation.

But, with what has happened on the last Independence Day—as is generally called and known as Double Ten—I must say that we the Chinese in Jamaica would be considered as DEAD. If not, why is there no celebration of this important day to rejoice the historic event of the Chinese people gaining freedom from the tyrannical, barbaric and dictatorship of the Manchus to join the Democratic world by our Father of the Nation, the late Dr. Sun Yat Sen.

I can think of no excuse whatsoever for the leaders of the Chinese Community for having this matter brushed aside and looked upon as just another saltish chopping day, or just another one of those "Mah-jong" or "Bow-Jai" days.

How true it is that if a person has no respect for his own self, how can he be able to understand that of respecting another nation's holiday. That is why one would find large and small grocery shops remaining open on the first of August; worse yet, on the day when the Queen visited this island, many remained open.

In the first place, what has, or, is happening to our Chung Far Fuicon? It took me a little time to find the advertisement in the Daily Gleaner for the closing of shops. We are so used to the four Chinese characters that accompany each ad, for it is so outstanding and attracts one's attention to realize that it is or for that date could be nothing else but Double Ten holiday.

There is the notice on Page 4 in the Gleaner of October 9, 1956, not only without the four Chinese characters but the notice is in such a way worded that shops may be closed or may not be closed. It does not give the public in general notice that all Chinese businesses are definitely closing to celebrate the Independence Day. Has the Association no pride or, is it that to suit some who are for the Communists first of October holiday?

I regret very much for not been able to tune in on Radio Jamaica on that day for the Chinese Independent Day programme, which was not advertised

before hand for us to know exactly when to listen in. And would it not have been more appropriate for the Chung Far Fuicon to sponsor the programme instead of, as I was told afterwards, the Chinese Retailers' Association?

Fellow Chinese, what about making it a big event of the birthday of the founder of the nation, Dr. Sun Yat Sen, which falls on the 12th of November.

Y. CHUNG.

Both P.O.  
St. Thomas.

BEAUTY CONTESTS

The Editor, Sir.

The do-good Christians are with us again. Mr. J. A. Lowe of Port Antonio has immersed us in his morbid fears that a Beauty Contest is against "Christian Modesty and Confucian estimate of propriety." May I ask Mr. Lowe to point out the section in the Old or New Testament which lay down the principles of Christian modesty, or the quotation by Confucius which forbade Beauty contests?

I am for Beauty Contests. Let's have them every year. Take it from me, any contest which encourages young girls to acquire physical fitness deserves your support. And let us show the other sections of the Jamaican population that the new generation of Chinese born in this island are developing physically as well as mentally with the march of time.

Would Mr. Lowe say that a Body Beautiful Contest for men is against "Christian Modesty and Confucian estimate of propriety?" Come on, Mr. Lowe, wake up and march with the modern times, or you will wake up and find yourself, like Rip Van Winkle, in an age where you find yourself out of place. No doubt, Port Antonio is far enough for you to feel at home.

So girls, join in the fun. Let's show the other people that in this rapidly developing nation, the Chinese girl is not lagging behind.

James L. Hui.

Kingston,  
October 26, 1956.

Will the writer of a letter who signed his or her name "JUDAS CHIN" send us his or her right name and address? We regret that in the absence of this information, we are unable to publish the letter.

—Editor.

(Continued on page 12)

## Trouble on the Double Tenth

### Riots, Fear, And Sudden Death In Hong Kong

**T**HE overcrowded Crown Colony of Hong Kong is the scene of a quiet but intense battle for the loyalties of its 2,500,000 Chinese inhabitants. Each year the measure of the battle is in the number of flags that fly on Red China's National Day on October 1 and Nationalist China's older Double Tenth anniversary on October 10.

As the Double Tenth dawned last month, the white-starred banner of the Republic of China seemed to have peacefully triumphed over the five-starred flag of Red China. Then an impetuous official ripped down two Nationalist flag in a strongly anti-Communist refugee project in Kowloon across the bay from Hong Kong Island. Riots, fear, death suddenly erupted across the peninsula.

It was started by enraged refugees who stormed the government refugee offices where the Nationalist flags were removed. They smashed everything in sight and fired the building. Then, clotting into crowds and then into mobs, they fanned out to other parts of the colony. Club-swinging police dispersed some, but by dusk the rioters had gathered again, in greater strength. Stones and water fell down from rooftops onto the heads of police reinforcements. Their night sticks and tear gas could not still the rioters.

**Tomb of Asphalt.** Through the night thousands of Chinese ranged the streets, looting and burning shops, factories and schools considered to have pro-Communist affiliations. Then, though it had begun as an anti-Communist eruption, the violence

gradually changed complexion. The crowds began singling out foreigners. Europeans were dragged from their cars and beaten mercilessly while their cars were burned.

By morning of the second day, blood lust was running high. Along Kowloon's broad Nathan Road some rioters overturned and fired a taxi bearing Swiss Vice Consul Fritz Ernst and his wife. The escaping driver fell into the arms of the mob, who doused him with gasoline and cremated him on a bed of bubbling asphalt. The Ernsts escaped, but Mrs. Ernsts died of burns 48 hours later.

By the afternoon of the second day, as spotter planes wheeled overhead and tear and vomit-gas bombs popped wildly, Hong Kong's Acting Governor Edgeworth B. David at long last ordered British troops into the troubled areas, soon swept the rioters off the street.

In the debris, stretcher-bearers found a shoe containing a human foot. There also were 47 dead, almost all of them rioters destroyed by the terror they had fed. Nearly a hundred stores and buildings had been sacked and burned, and a pall of the smoke of burning loot hovered over Kowloon. Governor David ordered the first curfew in Hong Kong's history. Military forces and police moved in to mop up a fiercely resisting core of rioters, arrested 3,000 Chinese suspected of provoking or leading rioters.

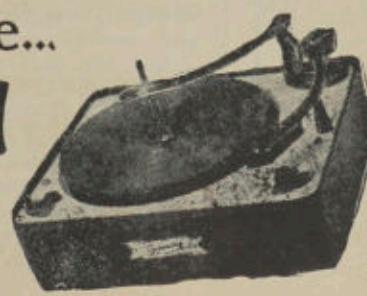
**Convenient Theory.** When the city was calm again, the government announced its finding: the

(Continued on page 15)

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## EDITORIAL

**THE CRISIS IN THE MIDDLE EAST**

Eight years of an uneasy truce has come to an end. The preparations for war in both Israel and the Arab world, the tension, the border incidents, have now exploded into full scale fighting as Israel sent her forces this week into Egyptian territory.

The Israeli Government claims that the invasion of Egypt is designed to destroy the bases of Egyptian commandos who constantly conduct raids against Israeli territory. Egypt, on the other hand, denies that these raids are planned and executed by the Government. In whatever light these charges and denials are viewed, it seems an extremely grave step for Israel to launch an attack on such a massive scale.

Certainly, no one anticipates that the conflict could be limited to Israel and the Arab world. Great Britain and France have been drawn into the fighting and there is every indication that the other Arab states—notably Iraq and Jordan—most of whom have placed their country on a war footing and have declared their willingness to go to the assistance of Egypt, will in time be drawn into the fighting if the situation gets worse.

The aim of Great Britain and France is to seize the Suez Canal and ensure the safe and free navigation of that important waterway. Under the Armistice agreement Britain, France and the United States were entrusted by the United Nations with special responsibilities for maintaining peace in the Middle East, and despite American objection, the Allied intervention must be regarded as a step in this direction.

It has to be admitted, however, that the Israeli invasion of Egypt and the unrest in the Soviet satellites are circumstances which have created an ideal opportunity and atmosphere for the British and French Governments to seize the Canal which Egyptian President Nasser nationalised on July 26. It further provides the two Governments with the opportunity of toppling the Egyptian dictator, whose nationalization of the Canal has been the cause of a steadily increasing tension over the past three months.

Certainly, President Nasser has few friends in the West and the military campaigns of the British and French forces so far seems to confirm this opinion. To date, only Egyptian targets have been singled out for attack by British and French naval and air units.

What has reaction, at home and abroad, been like? At home, Britain's intervention has brought down on the head of Prime Minister Eden the greatest storm of his three decades in politics. Abroad, the reaction has been unfavourable in many countries although there are signs that support for the British-French action is slowly mounting.

The United States, too, has made it clear that she will not be involved in the Middle East fighting, but President Eisenhower's pledge of non-involvement must of necessity reflect the caution or pre-election year.

In our opinion, the situation in the Middle East has plunged

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the world nearer to War than ever before. Although the Soviet Union is troubled by unrest in its own satellites, it is yet too early to predict what course of action she will take. Let us hope that the conflict will not widen, for in the long run we have all got to live together again in this ever diminishing world.

**THE CHINESE PUBLIC SCHOOL**

Word has reached us that the Chinese Public School is about to be closed. The Board of Directors has resigned and the Chinese Benevolent Society is unable to replace the old Board with a new set of Directors. It seems characteristic of Chinese organizations to enjoy a period of bright promise and then fade into oblivion.

What are the facts? The Board of Directors headed by Mr. Stephen Yap had made it clear from the beginning that they could not possibly accept a second term upon the expiration of their five-year term. In spite of this, the Executives of the Chinese Benevolent Society appointed the old Board to another five-year term.

The Board again made it clear that they intend to hand over the School back to the Society on October 10, of this year. During this time, the Society made little or no attempt to appoint a new set of Directors to take up where the old Board had left off, believing that by issuing an order from one of their Meetings the Board could be persuaded to continue.

What followed after October 10 when the Directors of the School handed over the School back to the Society is characteristic of the manner in which the affairs of the community are conducted. Instead of appointing a new Board, the Society called upon the Parent-Teacher Association to assume responsibility of managing the School! In other words, the Society neglected to explore other avenues, preferring to throw the issue squarely on the parents and teachers whom it knows fully well must be interested in the welfare of the 200 odd students who attend the school.

In our opinion, two outstanding facts need to be mentioned. Firstly, the Chinese Benevolent Society was formed to advance the welfare of the community. Secondly, the Chinese Public School plays a vital role in the education of our children, and should be given priority in matters of finance.

When these two facts are fully appreciated, it is easy to state just where the Society should devote the major portion of its efforts. Everyone knows that meetings of the Society sometimes waste hours discussing matters that have no place on the Agenda.

The Chinese Benevolent Society needs to be told where its duty lies; they need to be told that only when responsibilities of high office are taken seriously can the Society function smoothly; they need to be told that only by devoted work to advance the welfare of the community can the Society regain its ebbing prestige.

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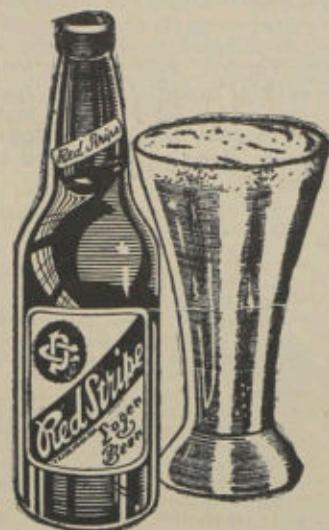
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## CHAPTER III

*Randy Phillips, a whisky-soaked misfit, is appointed sheriff of Palair, Texas, in a brazen mockery of law and order. Randy's only function, as dictated by Terry Drake, is to wear his badge and follow orders. Two persons have approached the sheriff in his official capacity so far; Jane Bellows, who has demanded justice for her brother's murder, and Si Persons, who seeks to drive Drake from town. At the moment, Drake has set the stage for something he doesn't want the sheriff to see . . .*

"WELL, sure," Randy Phillips replied. "Where do you want me to go?"

Drake laughed mirthlessly. "I don't give a damn," he said. "Go hide in some hole until tomorrow morning. Then, you can decide it was killing in self-defence. If you see what happens, it might bother your conscience, and you'd have to arrest Bart and maybe me," he added drily.

Bart smiled at the tips of his polished boots. "I'd hate to get Randy sore at me," he said, in an amused, mocking voice. "No telling what might happen."

Randy wet his lips. "I won't be around," he said, hating himself.

"Good. Now, clear out," Drake said briefly. "We got talking to do."

"Run along, Sheriff," Bart said, smiling.

Randy walked through the main room of the saloon and out into the dusty, sun-dappled street. The town of Palair was a mile or so long, but it bunched together in the middle, spreading outward from Drake's saloon, Si Persons' general store, the Wells Fargo office, a number of false-front buildings that housed odd businesses, and the jail. Now, on this Saturday morning, there were a scattering of kids playing in the street, carriages lined up before Si Persons' store, and across the street, in front of the barber shop, a knot of men were sitting together yarning and waiting for shaves.

Randy glanced up and down the street, seeing it really for the first time. This, on the surface, was a typical American town in the sprawling expanding west. The land was rich, the water good, and the people who came this way in Conestoga freighters frequently stopped with the feeling that they had found their new homes; but after a time, they saw the hidden cancer that ate at the strength of this country and they repacked their wagons and reluctantly moved onward. The thing they saw was Drake, and his gang of murderers, exacting tribute from farmers, cattlemen, punchers, and fouling one of the fairest areas of the State.

RANDY walked on toward the jail, reflecting gloomily that he and the town were very much alike.

Two of the kids in the street ran up to him excitedly as he neared the jail. "Morning, Sheriff," the younger said proudly.

"Morning, son."

"We want to talk with you," the boy said with solemn gravity.

Randy squatted on his heel, smiling at the two earnest faces. He liked kids. "Fire away!" he said.

"Did you fight with the Rebels?" the older boy blurted out.

"Yes, son." Randy's smile tightened slightly, but he held it steady.

"Where?" the boy asked.

"Most everywhere," Randy said quietly. "I was at Shiloh, Appomattox, quite a few places. Why?"

The younger boy, a red-cheeked cherub, cried: "He said you were yellow, said you were a coward. I told him you wasn't. Sheriffs can't be cowards."

"My daddy says he's a coward because he won't carry a gun," the older boy cried hotly.

"Your daddy's a liar," the cherub cried, and lunged for the bigger lad.

Randy separated them and sent them off in different directions, and then went on to the jail. His heart was pounding hard, and he felt perspiration on his forehead.

Si Persons was waiting for him in the jail house, stretched out at ease in an arm chair. "Hello, there," he said. "Made myself at home, as ye can plainly see. I came to see if ye could come to dinner tonight and meet some of the good folks of Palair. How about it?"

Randy smiled ironically. Drake had told him to find a hole for tonight, and now he had one. He could have a polite dinner with gentle people.

"I'll be pleased to come," he said.

Si Persons lived in the biggest house thereabouts, a white frame of two stories apart from the town. There were several carriages and a number of saddle horses there when Randy arrived about six-thirty. Si met him at the door, a glass in his hand, and a welcoming smile on his strong old face. "Step into the parlour first," he said. "The ladies are fixing themselves up in the bedroom. Like you to meet some friends of mine and have a drink before they come back to distress us with their beauty."

Randy nodded and shook hands with Si Persons' four guests. Some of them he'd met, others he knew by sight. There was Jed Kilian, the dapper barber, Miles Corbell, the fat agent for Wells Fargo, Ole Peterson from the livery stable, and the printer, David Ferguson.

SI HANDED Randy a drink and then waved him to a chair. The men sat for a few seconds, sipping their liquor and drawing on cigars, and the silence was somehow meaningful. Randy realized they were waiting for Si to speak.

"Well," Si said finally, "this isn't completely a social affair, Randy. Me and the boys here have a stake in Palair, and we're not going to let Drake and his kind take it away from us. But we don't want to have to fight a mob with a mob. We want to give the law a chance to work. That's the only way to build anything permanent."

He studied the effect of these words on Randy, sensed the struggle going

on in the younger man's mind.

"We don't want you to make up your mind or even say anything tonight. But when you see things like we do, then just let us know," he went on.

The old man drew heavily on his cigar and stared somberly into the fire, the lines in his face deep and strong. "Palair could be a good place to live," he said. "I thought that when I threw my reins down here twenty odd years ago. There's land and water for all, and it's country where kids can grow up healthy and where men and women could work together to make something better than they'd ever known before. There's room for new people here, too. People with new businesses, new ideas, new religions, from everywhere in the world if they want to come. That's what I thought when I first saw Palair. And I still think so. But it ain't worked out quite that way. And you know why?"

Si rubbed his silver-gray hair and frowned. "Maybe it's my fault. I met Terry Drake fourteen years ago when he came into Palair with a medicine show. Maybe if I'd whipped out my gun right then and there and cut him down, things'd be different. But I doubt it. This trouble ain't altogether Drake's fault. He's hired the killers, all right, and driven decent people away, and made his pile stealing anything that ain't nailed down, and filching money from honest punchers, but there's another side to it. We let him do it. We sat back and waited for someone to come along and knock him off his high horse, instead of taking on



She pushed herself away violently.

several seconds, then turned her head deliberately, coldly.

Si caught his arm. "Come over and meet Miss Bellows," he said genially. "She's the prettiest thing in Texas, excepting Mrs. Persons, that is."

"We've met," Randy murmured. But he let himself be taken over to her and introduced.

Si purposely left them together and wandered back across the room.

The two stood for a long moment in stiff silence. Randy's mouth was dry, and he felt a desperate need for a drink. She was looking past him, her profile turned so he saw only the curve of her cheek and the line of her chin. He was conscious of the womanliness of her beauty, her fragrance, her shining hair. She wore a brown dress, and her shoulders were bare under a lace shawl.

"We should say something," she said coolly. "There's no point in embarrassing our host and hostess."

"What do you wish me to say?" he asked.

"I'd rather you didn't say anything," she said drily. "But for the sake of Mrs. Persons, perhaps you could discuss the weather."

"I find it quite cool at the moment," Randy said.

"I was sure you'd be witty. It goes with all the rest of you."

"You despise me," he said, with agony.

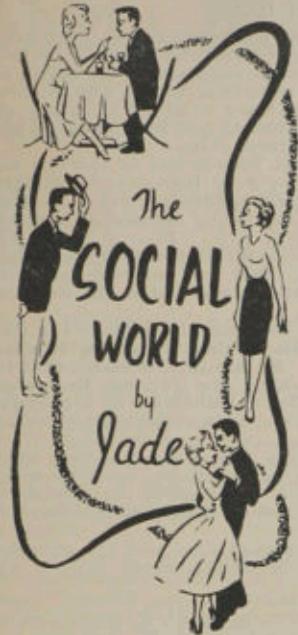
She turned then and looked at him squarely. "What reaction do you expect from me? It was Drake's whim that caused my brother to be murdered." Her eyes flashed as she concluded. "And it was his whim that made you our only protection under the law!"

She left him then and joined the group at the buffet table.

The evening dragged on painfully for Randy. There was food and drink he didn't want, and a fiddler who played lively reels and jigs that contrasted hideously with his mood. He danced with Mrs. Persons and the wives of the other men, but on the one occasion that he approached Jane

(Continued on page 15)

# The Sheriff Wouldn't Shoot



## Garden Party at Chun San Centre

The Chun San Recreation Centre, Windward Road, will be the locale of the annual Garden Party to celebrate the birthday of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, father of the Chinese Republic, on Sunday, November 11.

Scheduled to kick off at 4 p.m., with a basket ball match between UCWI and Eagles, the programme will also include an exhibition of 124 photographs flown from Formosa specially for the occasion.

A Mr. Wong Yam, journalist connected to the Overseas Department of the Nationalist Government, will also deliver an address during the opening ceremony. Mr. Wong who will be

travelling the Caribbean islands on a goodwill tour, is expected to arrive in the island sometime next week. He will bring with him a documentary film which will be shown at the Garden Party. Added to this, the United States Information Centre will provide an entertaining programme of Cartoon and other equally interesting films.

A stage show is another attraction, and it is expected that the Jamaica Theatre and Amateur Group will present Dance numbers with a local flavour.

Earlier in the evening, the usual variety of stalls featuring games of chance, hoop-la, dart boards, and refreshment stalls will keep the crowd in a gay mood prior to the commencement of the programme.

### Engagement

The engagement of Miss Rosa Ho Tai, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Ho Tai, of West Street, Kingston, to Mr. Albert Lym, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Lym Fatt, was announced on Saturday, October 20, at a buffet supper held at the home of the Ho Tais.

### Chinese Catholics Notes

Members of the Chinese Catholic Action Association are asked to note that the date of the next monthly meeting has been shifted to **Thursday, November 8**, at 7 p.m. Postponement of the meeting from the usual Monday to Thursday is necessitated by the fact that the Bishop will be unable to attend on Monday. Locale for the November meeting is the Chinese Public School where the annual General Election of Officers will take place.

Members and friends are requested to arrive on time.

### Chinese Catholics Launch Fund for Priests

The Chinese Catholics Action Association disclosed this week that they will bring out two Chinese priests from Hong Kong to work in the local Diocese and

### ALL ABOUT THE C.A.C. CARNIVAL

As the date of the big Chinese Athletic Club Carnival draws near, activities at the Club are humming louder and louder. Under the direction of Club President, Horace Chang, plans are being checked and rechecked and transformed into buzzing activity.

The Garden Party Committee have attended several meetings over the past few weeks to check the arrangements and to make sure that nothing is omitted. Judging by the enthusiasm of the organizers, the public, and the contestants, this is going to be the biggest social event of the year. And there's every reason why it should be so.

Eddie Young tells me that he has a list of contestants for the "Miss Chinese-Jamaica" title which will make the judges haggle and haggle, for the bevy of smiling beauties who will present themselves this year are the cream of the crop.

Neville Cha Fong tells me that the "Mr. Chinese-Jamaica" contest is coming along smoothly, and expects that awarding the title on the night of the 18th will be a difficult task.

Arrangements are also being made to make the spacious Club grounds into a bright, exciting, Carnival-like playground, with Stalls designed just right for the convenience of the public. Hoop-la, grab-bag, dart boards, fishing well, are just a few of the scores of games, not to mention that crown and anchor will occupy at least half a dozen stalls. Added to the list are supper stall, candy stall where the kiddies can shop to their hearts delight, tea stall, refreshment and many more.

**THE CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESS PARADE** is expected to fill the mailbag with applications. Under the capable hands of Mrs. Cleta Hysert, mothers are being encouraged to enter their youngsters and win one of the many prizes.

Organizer Mrs. Hysert tells me that every child who enters will be awarded a beautiful gift, irrespective of whether the contestant is numbered among the winning three.

Entries to the Children's Fancy Dress Parade is still OPEN. Just contact Mrs. Cleta Hysert at her office, phone 3277, or at home, phone 615471. Entries can also be sent to Mr. Horace Chang, Community Store, 93 King Street, Kingston.

among the large number of Chinese here. To defray the expenses of bringing out these priests, the Association has launched a fund-raising campaign aimed at collecting One Thousand Pounds.

At a recent meeting at which the Bishop was present, a Committee was formed to push the drive vigorously in all parts of the island. The Committee includes prominent business personalities from the larger country towns.

Members of the Committee are, Messrs. W. A. Chen, James Williams, Chin Yin Tenn, Mrs. R. Lim Sue, Mrs. Fong Tom, Mr. Thomas Ho Lung, Secretary; Mr. Cecil Lai Fook, Treasurer; Mr.

Yap Sam, Chairman; Mr. Rupert Chin See for Falmouth, Messrs. Masue Chin and David Yap for Montego Bay; Messrs. Wilson Lee Sang and Jimmy Lowe for Port Antonio; Mr. Lincoln Williams and Mrs. Austin Chong for Sav-la-mar; Mrs. Philip Young for May Pen and Mr. Chong You for Morant Bay.

Members of the Kingston section of the Committee have begun soliciting subscriptions for this very worthy cause and have collected over three hundred pounds. The Fund will eventually be opened in the Press and acknowledgements will be made through this medium as well as direct by the Treasurer as donations are received.

Announcing

# THE BIG, GRAND C. A. C. FAIR

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# THE SOCIAL WORLD Continued

## Comings and Goings

Mr. Robert Chin left the island on Tuesday, October 30, by PAA on a three-week business trip which will take him through the United States and Canada.

In the United States, Mr. Chin will travel through such cities as Miami, Detroit, Chicago and New York where he will attend an International General Electric Convention at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel. Later, he will go on to Toronto, Montreal and other Canadian cities.

Mr. Chin is connected to Messrs. Issa's Hardware and is travelling on behalf of that company.

Mr. Wong Chew Onn, prominent city businessman, accompanied by his son, George, left the island on Sunday, October 21, on a business trip. They will travel through the United States and Canada, and are expected back in the island within two weeks time.

Mr. Peter Ho, medical student at the U.C.W.I., left the island on Monday, October 29, for New York on vacation.

Leaving the Island by PAA on Saturday, October 27, were the five children of Mr. Ho Sheng Loh, former Vice-Consul in Jamaica for the Chinese Government. The youngsters, aged 6 to 14, will travel to San Francisco via Miami and travel to Hong Kong on board the American President Lines vessel, the **President Cleveland**.

They will be travelling unaccompanied but for each stage of the journey, they will be closely chaperoned by either the airlines or the steamship company. All arrangements for their trip was made by Messrs. Chin Yee's Travel Service, general agents in Jamaica for the American President Lines.

## Port Antonio Notes

Mr. and Mrs. Kingsley Lee recently held a send-off party for their daughter, Barbara, at their West Street residence. Barbara left the island on October 27 to join her prospective husband at Guernsey Channel Isles in the United Kingdom.

Among those present were the Misses Pearl Chung, Dorothy and Gloria Young T e n n, Nerissa Chung, Cherry Leung; Messrs Bill Chin Sue and Leonard Chin of Kingston, Eugene Chin, Osbert Chung, Leslie Chung, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Black and Mrs. Smart.

Buffet supper was served after which there was dancing to recorded music.

Mr. and Mrs. Jimmie Lowe announces the birth of another daughter on October 20. She was baptised, Maureen Veronica, on the 28th by the Rev. Fr. William Dwyer, S.J.

Fr. Dwyer was the guest of honour at a welcome dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Lee Sang at their home on October 27. Fr. Dwyer has just returned from a three-month vacation in the United States.

On October 29, another welcome party was held in his honour at the Chinese Sports Club. Sponsored by the Catholics of the community, it was organized by Mrs. Vie Coote, Mrs. Barbara Lee Sang, Mrs. Claire Chung and Miss Cherry Leung.

In spite of the rains, a large gathering was present.

J.A.L.

## Photographers Please Note

C.A.C. Secretary asked me to announce this week that only a limited number of passes are available to amateur photographers. Those photographers who wish to enter the grounds on the day of the Fair are requested to apply to the Secretary, Chinese Athletic Club, for the appropriate permits which will enable them to move about freely.

All applications for these passes should be sent in before November 10.

This does not apply to Press photographers.

## Parties

Gay week-end parties are always a favourite.

On Saturday, October 27, 24 Watley Avenue was the locale of a pre-Hallowe'en Party at which a group of teen-agers spent an enjoyable evening. Refreshments, buffet supper and sandwiches were served in between intermissions of dancing to recorded music.

This week-end "shindig" was organised by Miss Beryl Fung.

On Saturday, September 23rd, Lee and Linda Fong Yee were hosts at their 9 Stuarton Crescent residence in Molynes Terrace, to a number of friends. Occasion for this gay gathering was to celebrate the first birthday of their infant son, Roderick Mark Fong Yee.

The Rev. Fr. Riel, S.J., was among the guests and after he had blessed the cake, dancing to radiophone music began. Refreshments, sandwiches and chop suey were served.

Among those present were Ken Yip Chuck, Lloyd Kong, Annie and Teddy Wong, Busta Hoo, Mr. and Mrs. Donald Chung, Merle Thompson, Sonny Foreman, Rex

## PAST CBS CHAIRMAN HAS PLANS FOR POOR HOUSE

Mr. Cyril B. Chin, prominent city businessman, who was elected to the Chairmanship of the Chinese Benevolent Society in 1952, disclosed this week that as far back as 1952, plans were drawn up by his administration to improve conditions at the Chinese Poor House. However, due to the short tenure of office (1 Year) held by each chairman, his plans could not be put into operation and subsequent administrations ignored these plans.

Mr. Chin told this reporter that he was one of the few who showed any interest in the Chinese Poor House, and maintains that the institution is in a disgraceful condition because the Executives of the Society have made little or no attempt at improvement.

He agrees with PAGODA that a visit to the Poor House is a sickening experience. Half-naked, aged and without food, the inmates are suffering while the filthy rooms add to the sickening odour of dirt and garbage.

Mr. Chin says that he has a new plan to improve the Poor House and made it clear that in his opinion, the money to effect these improvements can be raised. He has further stated that his contribution to this project, providing the Chinese Benevolent Society co-operates, will not be limited to planning. He is prepared to give active support, and will devote his time to campaigning for funds.

He maintains that a case for the Poor House has been made out. Everyone agrees that it is in a bad condition; everyone knows and believes that improvements are long overdue. It remains to be seen whether the Chinese Benevolent Society is interested in improving the lot of the infirm.

Mr. Chin says that what the Society does over the next few weeks about conditions at the Poor House should indicate the direction of their sympathy.

Woo Ming, Margarita Young, George Sale, Sonny Chang, Madge and Margie Lyn, Norma-delle Lee, Dorothy Chin and many others.

spent many happy hours dancing to recorded music.

The couple spent their honeymoon at Silver Seas.

The bride who recently arrived from Hong Kong was educated at St. Mary's College, Hong Kong.

## Cover Girl

Attractive, Jamaican-born Kay Fung, now a resident of Los Angeles, California, tells us this week what it's like living away from childhood friends and relatives. Said she as she stepped off the aircraft at Palisades seven weeks ago: "The urge to come back for occasional visits is always strong."

Kay received the early stages of her Secondary School education at Immaculate Conception High School. Before she could sit for her Cambridge exams, she left the island for Los Angeles, California. There she entered Our Lady of Loretto High School, did so well in her studies that within two years she finished her High School course and was awarded a Diploma.

Now back in the island for a four-month vacation, Kay tells us that she likes it here and is enjoying herself immensely.

For recreation, she is fond of swimming. Like most teenagers, she also loves dancing and the Movies.

Kay expects to return home early next year, and plans on entering Woodbury College for a complete Secretarial Course.

**BRING THE WHOLE FAMILY TO THIS GAY, GAY, FUNCTION ON SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 11th.**

## GARDEN PARTY

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- Movies by USIS
- Exhibition of Photographs from Formosa

- Basketball Match
- Games of Chances
- Variety of Stalls

# Thirty Days Inside Red China

IT cost me three times as much to shave myself in China as it did to eat a good meal.

A meal in a Chinese cafe, simple and plain, costs about eight cents. One British-made razor blade cost me 14 cents, and by the time I'd use a squirt of "imported" shaving cream I had spent almost a quarter.

The leaders of Communist China try to see to it that the people have inexpensive food; they find it a gruelling task.

But if the food doesn't go around, the Communists have a little trick of soaking rice to make it swell.

Prices have been fairly steady since the revolution. They are fixed on a sliding basis according to the income of most people buying an article, and how necessary the Reds think it is.

A padded cotton coat, as worn by every man, woman and child in North China during the winter, in less than four dollars. Padded trousers are two dollars and shoes are about four dollars.

Imported luxury goods, such as cameras, are way beyond the reach of the ordinary Chinese.

Rice and cooking oil, and often times sugar, are rationed. The ration depends on what work a person does. An office worker in Shanghai, for example, receives 27.5 pounds of rice and 13 ounces of oil a month.

Non-Communists I met in China, including Chinese, said this ration was never enough. People had to fill up on potatoes and bread.

But even the most critical Europeans said workers in China were considerably better off than before the Communists took over, so far as food for the mouth is concerned.

Trade Union Congress officials Chin Tse-min, Ku Ta-Chin and Wang Yung told me that wages were usually by piece rates, with equal pay for women.

Wages were in eight grades for industrial workers depending on the importance of their work and the experience and skill required.

First grade workers received 30

to 35 Yuan (10 dollars to 12 dollars) a month. Eighth grade workers received 90 to 95 Yuan.

"Wages in 1952 were 66 per cent higher than in 1950," said the officials. "They will rise at least another 33 per cent by the end of the first Five Year Plan, in 1957."

Europeans I talked with could not argue this, but they told me

By

*Philip Luker*

a lot that the Communist Trade Union Congress didn't.

UNION are the tools of the Communists. Their main aim is to increase production and they are controlled rigidly by party members.

Conferences between Unions and Management of the Government factories to settle disputes are a farce because both sides have only one aim—to please the Government.

Five times I asked officials of the All-China Trade Union congress if the worker in China has the right to strike. Five times they avoided answering.

Finally they said there was no law against strikes but no one had tried to strike since 1950, when the Reds took over. There is no plan for a 40-hour week and few wages or conditions are set down in writing. Few workers receive vacations or overtime.

Living conditions have improved a little since the revolution, especially for factory workers allotted one room flats or beds in factory dormitories, such as those which stretch for miles in Shanghai.

Shanghai's slums have been partly cleared and the remainder are not nearly as dirty as the ones in Phnom Penh, Cambodia or Hong Kong.

Shanghai was a breath of fresh air after drab, dirty, colourless Canton, Hankow and Peiping. In Shanghai, there was a dab of lipstick, a Western hairdo and the Chinese split-skirt.

This great South China port

This is the fifth in a series of articles on a month's tour of the China mainland by an Australian journalist, one of the few non-Communist Western newsmen permitted to enter Red China since the revolution.

can never forget it was once about the wealthiest, poorest, most sinful, and most interesting city in Asia.

Shanghai's Communists have killed its big European firms; have turned the French Club into a workers' cultural centre; the Argentina night Club into a school; and the dog track into a cultural square with an Auditorium for 15,000 people.

But the skyscrapers, the famous Bund, the odd, blustering English shop signs and the memory of opulent luxury side-by-side with grinding poverty remain.

SIX European shipping firms and two woollen mills are essential to the Communists' scheme of things and have been more or less allowed to remain and make a small profit.

Twenty other firms still exist, but are trying to wind up as quickly as the Communists will let them get out.

These are the tunes most European firms had to dance to as part of the Communist "squeeze" campaign:

1. Orders for improvements

which, if not carried out, brought a Government renovator around and an impossible bill to pay soon afterwards.

2. Orders to pay taxes dating back to before the war, based on claims it was useless to challenge.

3. Orders that no staff were to be dismissed, except at great expense, and that no wages were to be cut.

4. Orders to a firm's tenants to pay no rent to the "Capitalist Imperialist Landlords."

5. Orders freezing a firm's bank deposits.

The aim, Europeans told me, was to force firms to bring in foreign currency the Communists need badly for trade.

The 4,000 Europeans in Shanghai when the Communists came are now down to 100. Their number is diminishing slowly as the Communists build up each firm's liabilities to equal its assets, take the firm over for nothing and then permit its management to leave China.

(Next issue: Slits in the Bamboo Curtain.)

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*His work benefited the Nation, the South and the Negroes*

# GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER

"George Washington Carver?", said the American chemical engineer just back from an Unesco mission in the Middle East. "George Washington Carver? Why yes, he was a wonderful man. I remember the day he visited our school and talked to us. It was a great day for us."

This conversation took place a few months ago in Paris between the American chemist and an Unesco official. From the subject of the expert's mission in the Middle East, it had suddenly veered to the achievements of the famous American Negro chemist, born of a slave family, whose quiet work in his laboratory in the South of the United States so greatly benefited the nation, the south and the Negroes.

The American chemist, who is white and whose home state is in the south, was recalling the day when Dr. Carver, then an old man, visited the Georgia Institute of Technology at Atlanta. To this expert who had made elaborate studies of foods and agricultural products, Carver's career was of special interest.

"Carver was the first and greatest chemurgist", said the American engineer, using a word coined by Dr. William Jay Hale in 1934, and used broadly to designate the application of chemical engineering to products of the soil. "He turned peanuts into paper and rubber, and into the equivalents of milk, butter, cheese and coffee, and made thirty dyes from peanut skins.

"And, what's more", said the expert, "he got starch, rubber, shoe polish, alcohol, vinegar and 113 other things just from the sweet potato—the yam—that grows plentifully in the American South and in many other countries. He made dyes and colours out of the clays of the Alabama hills, and paving material out of cotton combined with asphalt, and synthetic "marble" stone from sawdust retrieved from timber mills."

In Rackham Holt's biography (published in 1943 and 1950 by Doubleday, New York), Carver's personal story is given equal emphasis to the story of his scientific achievements. It shows the kindly, sympathetic Carver as a most effective practising sociologist, promoting the welfare of those of his race living in the United States. In fact, his determination to help the Negroes caused him to concentrate on developing manifold uses for the products of the soil rather than follow other pursuits for which he had talent. He could sing, he could paint, and pure botanical study delighted him.

CARVER'S birthplace was a slave home on a plantation in Missouri, near Diamond Grove, in the region of the lead mining centre, Joplin. He was born in 1864, a year before the Emancipation Proclamation that freed the slaves, and two years before the War between the States ended.

As a boy he roamed the woods and knew every tree and plant, fungus, moss and insect. He made colours from plants and used them to draw and to paint.

"The first bright day of spring . . ." wrote Mrs. Holt, "a little boy was in

the woods gently scraping at the earth. He came to a piece of bark and when he had raised it he peered into the hollowed space beneath. One by one, handling each with anxious care, he lifted from the snug hole the cans and gourds from which sprouted young shoots . . . George had protected his plants from the winter cold . . ."

At the age of ten, young George left the care of his aunt and the old family home to go to school. In succeeding years he wandered, in and out of school, making his way by working hard—doing laundry (at which he became expert), farm work, gardening and sawing wood—but always studying and learning. He made many friends who helped him to study, and he became the most popular student at Simpson College, in Indianola, Iowa, among 300 white students.

While at Simpson he decided to study agriculture, and friends arranged for him to enter the Iowa State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts at Ames, then as now a foremost college in this field. A Negro among many hundreds of white students, he found friendship, comradeship and kindness, and he soon distinguished himself in geology, botany, chemistry, bacteriology and entomology.

He did so well that his work was brought to the attention of the Secretary of Agriculture and, on graduation,

By  
Robert Faherty

he was appointed to the high post of an Assistant Botanist. Later, he decided to work in agriculture and, in 1896, went to Tuskegee, the foremost school for Negroes, as director of its agricultural department, chosen by the Institute's president, the famous Negro leader, Booker T. Washington.

IT WAS at Tuskegee that Carver's great work began. He caused an experimental station to be set up by state funds, and taught chemistry to Negro students. He developed new types of cotton which were immediately adopted by southern planters and by planters in West Africa and Australia. But he also told the white farmers and the Negro tenant farmers that they must grow more food crops, that they must prevent the soil from being exhausted by cotton, and must not depend on a single commercial crop. And when, in 1910, the boll weevil moved up from Texas to destroy the cotton crops, the farmers saw the wisdom of Carver's warning.

The farmers had been growing a few peanuts, mostly for their children. Carver showed them how the peanut enriched the soil instead of impoverishing it, and he demonstrated the similar values of the sweet potato. In Alabama and Georgia peanuts were sown over vast areas. But one day Carver was told: "We took your advice and grew peanuts. Now we have a huge crop . . . and no market."

According to Rackham Holt's narrative, Carver told this story of how he solved the problem: "I told the Creator I wanted to know all about the peanut . . . I carried the peanuts into my laboratory . . . and I set to work to take them apart. I separated the water, the fats, the oils, the gums, the resins, sugars, starches, pectoses, pentosans, amino acids . . . The Creator said: 'I have given you three laws, namely compatibility, temperature and pressure. All you have to do is take these constituents and put them together, observing these laws . . .'"

Carver's research with ground-nuts had magical results. From his laboratory came an endless stream of products derived from the peanut: synthetic rubber, axle grease, linoleum, oil, shaving cream, ink, paper, metal polish, washing powder, wood filler, bleach, dry coffee, mixed pickles, sauces, beverages and numerous plastics.

So successful was he in creating economic wealth through peanuts that Coffee County, Alabama, erected a monument inscribed to the boll weevil—because that insect had caused cotton to be replaced by ground-nuts as the principal crop and had thus brought new prosperity to the county.

CARVER next turned his attention to the sweet potato and created many by-products; then he worked on the pecan, which Georgia raises in abundance, and made 79 products from the kernels and hulls of the nut. When the nation needed dyes, he produced 536 different varieties from 28 plants. When food conservation was required, he developed the dehydration processes he had been using for years in his laboratory.

He had many friends—including Franklin D. Roosevelt, Henry A. Wallace and Henry Ford—and his work brought him many honours. He was elected a Collaborator of Mycology and Disease Survey of the U.S. Department of Agriculture; he was an honorary fellow of the Royal Society of Arts, of Britain; and, in 1953, the United States erected a national monument to his memory on the site of the plantation where he was born.

Carver's work was of vast economic benefit to the South, especially to Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee and Florida, and his discoveries in agriculture and chemistry were applied in many parts of the world. But throughout his life he remained concerned with the welfare and status of those of his race in America. He achieved a great deal in that direction through the inspiring example of his career. Today, the George Washington Carver Foundation at Tuskegee, a research centre for training young Negro scientists, is an embodiment of that example. In 1940, three years before he died, Carver had the pleasure of seeing the Foundation created and knowing that it would assure the continuation of his work.

(UNESCO)

The ruin of most men dates from some idle moment.

—George S. Hillard

A dying man was asked what should be put on his tomb. He answered, "Let this be the inscription: 'Here lies a fool who went out of the world without learning why he came into it.'"

Happiness consists not in having much, but in being content with little.

—Comtesse Diane

The end of the human race will be that it will eventually die of civilization.

—Emerson.

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# NEWS IN PICTURES



Hillite (Gill Kong) Cross Roads  
Mr. and Mrs. Ddoyd H. Chin who were married at the Holy Trinity Cathedral on Sunday, September 30. The bride is the former Daisy Lee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lee of Kingston.

## CARIB METAL WORKS DECLARED OPEN

The Carib Metal Works, first aluminum cooking utensils plant in the island, was formally declared open by Mr. H. A. Braham, General Manager of the Industrial Development Corporation, at a ceremony which took place in Falmouth at 11 a.m., on Thursday, October 18th.

The opening was attended by over 150 guests from Kingston, Montego Bay and Trelawny. The centre of attraction was a display table on which a complete line of aluminum cooking ware made by this infant industry, was displayed. Keen observers of this display included representatives from the island's hardware trade.

The guests were impressed by the quality, workmanship and the prices of the wares. Among the items placed on display were a heavy duty aluminum dutch pot. This silvery, attractively-finished utensil is designed to take the place of the old-fashioned iron dutch pots, and it was generally agreed by members of the trade, that this should have preference with the house-wives over the iron ones because of its lighter weight, better sanitation, neatness and competitive price.

The ceremony was presided over by Mr. Allan Douglas, M.H.R., and speakers included the Custos, Donat Delgado, Acting Custos, Frank Roxborough, Mr. H. A. Braham, Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Chin See and many others.

Mr. Braham then pressed a machine button to declare the factory officially open. At this signal, six boys took their positions at the machines and put on a 15 minute demonstration for the guests. Refreshments were served.

The Carib Metal Works is owned and operated by Messrs. Chin See Bros., well known bakers, provision, wholesale and hardware house in Falmouth. Mr. Rupert B. Chin See, Manager of Messrs. Chin See Bros., is also Manager of this new enterprise.

Messrs. Bryden and Evelyn Ltd., is the agent for the products of Carib Metal Works. Members of the trade are invited to send inquiries either to Messrs. Bryden and Evelyn Ltd., or Messrs. Chin See Bros., Falmouth. Carib wares are also obtainable at Messrs. D. Henderson Ltd., in Kingston and Messrs. Samuel Chin in Montego Bay.

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## NEWSY ITEMS

### BWIA Plays Host to American Personnel

Over the next six weeks BWIA is playing host successively to a total of twelve key BWIA-BOAC North American personnel on a comprehensive tour of the Eastern Caribbean specially designed for BWIA by Mr. Thad Hyatt acknowledged expert on package tour promotions.

These visits will further enhance BWIA's USA Caribbean Sales Drive, by ensuring that the BWIA-BOAC representation in main U.S. centres can sell the Caribbean with personal knowledge and appreciation of the attractions and delights which it has to offer the U.S. tourist.

The tour, which will be taken singly or in pairs, lasts 8 to 9 days. In that time all twelve will stopover in the main tourist centres in the E. Caribbean—Puerto Rico, St. Thomas, Antigua, Tobago, Trinidad and Barbados. Also travelling on BWIA's island hopping flights, they will obtain first hand knowledge of Caribbean Panoramic flying and the charms for the air traveller of St. Kitts, Guadeloupe, St. Lucia and Grenada.

The tour is in effect a concentrated tourist study course, as all the participants will not only be flying on a fairly tight schedule but also be visiting representative hotels, having talks with Tourist Board officials obtaining personal experience of the tourist attractions offering at each place and discussing airline selling with the BWIA representation on the spot.

From New York come Mr. Victor Stiff and Miss Bonnie Davis, BWIA Sales Representative and Assistant; from Chicago, Mr. Bob Simmons and Miss Pat Walsh, BWIA's Sales Representative and Assistant also Mr. S. McLeod and Miss B. Schriman BOAC's Reservation Supt. and Receptionist; from Washington Mr. G. Rivier and Miss J. Devereaux BOAC's Sales Representative and Reservations Assistant; from Biston, Mr. E. King and Miss O. Cook, BOAC's Station Officer and Reservations Assistant; from Boston, Mr. J. Candy and Miss B. Cleeland, BOAC District Sales Manager and Reservation Assistant.

### Scouts Corner

At the last meeting, the Troop was visited by the Scoutmaster of another troop, who led us in a short rehearsal of Carol singing. It was the first of a series of rehearsals being carried out by the Kingston District of Scouts, in preparation for a Christmas concert, the aim of which is to ac-

quire enough funds to enable at least one scout to attend the Jamboree in England next year. The rehearsal, though short, was fully enjoyed by all.

Again there was a marked non-attendance of Senior Scouts at the last meeting. The situation is rapidly and seriously approaching a crucial stage, and Seniors ought to realize that the continued existence of the Senior Troop rests entirely on the regular attendance of the Scouts at meetings.

Tomorrow, if weather permits, the Valentine Bakery Football Competition will begin. The Scouts have entered their team under the name Fleur-de-lis and the prospects of victory, denied us for the past three years, is brighter than ever now, with the addition of Yu Fatt Chin and Lester Chin.

Last Saturday, Fleur-de-lis played a practice match against Barclays Bank at the Chinese Athletic Club. The bankers, though efficiently aided by Peter Pinhorn, all-Jamaica player, went down under the vigorous attacks of the Scouts and eventually lost 1-3.

The Scouts have thus shown themselves to be a force to reckon with, as far as winning the cup in the Valentine Bakery Competition is concerned.

TROOP SCRIBE

### BIRTH

CHIN: To Mr. and Mrs. Harry of 594 Constant Spring Road, a daughter on the 27th Sept., at the Nuttall Hospital.

### Letters To The Editor

(Continued from page 3)  
The Editor, Sir,

Can anyone really be so silly? After reading Mr. J. A. Lowe's letter in your last issue, I was amazed at his ignorance.

He says that there "are different types of beauty of the feminine sex—beauty of the face, the chest, the abdomen, the thigh and the legs. Which of these qualities would the judges decide upon when choosing a winner?" Naturally, the judges will take all these factors into consideration, and award the crown to the one with the highest marks.

Mr. Lowe again makes the very amusing statement that a beauty contest gets a girl nowhere because her beauty "is not acknowledged by everyone." What nonsense! When we elect our Chief Minister to office, is the election unanimous? More than one-third the voters voted against the PNP in the last election, but that doesn't mean that our Government is a force because all the voters did not vote for one man.

In short, what I mean to say is, let's carry on these beauty contests.

(Miss) G. Chin.  
Kingston.  
October 29, 1956.

## NOTICE

In order to avoid confusion and misunderstanding,  
will readers and advertisers please note that  
**THE PAGODA MAGAZINE**  
is not, and has never been, in any way connected to  
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## Yuletide Giving

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# REFORM SCHOOL WASN'T THE ANSWER

By J. Edgar Hoover,  
Director of the Federal Bureau  
of Investigation

DELINQUENTS ARE not born. They are the products of neglect, the victims of indifference.

Recently policemen informed the father of a fifteen-year-old boy of his son's first criminal offence. This father replied, "If he doesn't straighten himself out, he should be put in reform school." It is amazing that any parent should expect a child to "straighten himself out," when the parent has made no effort to teach and train the youngster in the meaning of good citizenship.

THE FAMILY is the first great training school in behaviour or misbehaviour. There children are taught what is right and wrong. In the home the child learns that which must be respected. There he others besides himself have rights learns respect for others, respect for property, courtesy, thoughtfulness and reliability.

It is in a home, united by the spirit of family prayer, that the child develops an understanding of man's dependence upon God. He learns the necessity for obeying God's law, and the laws of the community, which are but a reflection of that higher law.

BUT THE YOUNGSTER must also be trained in good habits which are the foundation of good conduct. This means parental discipline. "Spare the rod and spoil the child" is still a timely and worthwhile guide.

Yet there are modifications of this guide. Certainly punishment should not be inflicted when a parent is angry—when brutal and unreasonable punishment may follow. On the other hand, children can sense the vacillations of parents. They will exploit wishy-washiness to the hilt. Parents who cry, "If you do that again, I'll . . ." and then do nothing, have little control over their children.

AVOIDING PUNISHMENT does not show true parental love. There are times when physical punishment may be necessary. I am sure that the parent who takes his erring youngster to the woodshed is hurt more than the child. And I am also sure that this parent's love runs deeper than the one who overlooks the fundamental necessity of insuring proper discipline.

Parents should realize that they have the basic responsibility for teaching their children to be good citizens. By their direction and cooperation, they help the youngster to "straighten himself out." When reform school is really the answer, we have a sure sign that parents have failed in their duty.

PAULIST FEATURE SERVICE,  
WASHINGTON, 17, D.C.

## A CHINESE HIGHLANDER

This interesting story was taken from the July 18, 1956, issue of "CHINATOWN," a Chinese-Canadian newsmagazine published in Vancouver.

THEY say there's nothing new under the sun—but there is! A Chinese-Canadian lass has taken the championship in the prairie Highland dancing competitions!

That's about the most astounding news that's ever emerged in the colourful and meteoric advances made by the newest Chinese generation in Canada.

We don't say that it outranks the high educational awards won so frequently by Chinese girls in Western Canada. It's the uniqueness of it—a Chinese Chan beating the Scottish clans.

She is 11-year-old Betty Chan of Saskatoon, and — hold your

(Continued on page 15)

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AGENTS: A. N. VAZ & SON

**Travel Talk****THE BOOM OF "BIG BEN"**

**I**N all probability before the close of the month Big Ben will be booming the hour across London and the BBC will be recording it and broadcasting it across the world. Since early July the huge old clock has been silent, undergoing necessary repairs. Apart from occasional brief periods of overhauls and the changes to Summer Time annually, the voice of Big Ben has been silenced only once before, and that was when, on December 9, 1944, the pendulum suspension spring broke, an occurrence thought to be due to the shock sustained by the clock when the tower was struck either by a small bomb or anti-aircraft shell on May 10, 1941.

I happened to be in London at the time that the BBC announced that Big Ben was striking that night for the last time for a period of some three months, and that Great Tom of St. Paul's Cathedral would be heard instead. Having learned in advance that this would be, and having often seen Big Ben encased in his ungainly and unpicturesque garb of scaffolding during my visit to London, I was eager to hear the great clock boom the hour in real life before it closed down. I was accustomed enough to listen to it through the years with a distance of several thousands of miles of ocean between us as it came across to me over the BBC, but to be in London and not hear Big Ben strike was unthinkable. So one evening at the end of June, when I had just returned from a river trip to Kew Gardens, I landed at Westminster Pier and on looking up, I saw that Big Ben was about to strike the hour of five.

I dashed up the long flight of steps, calling out to my companions as I went—"Wait . . . I must hear Big Ben strike!" Then I took up my stand at the base of the great clock tower. Soon I was vibrating from top to toe with the thrill and thunder of the booming above me. The reverberation died away. I was satisfied. I had heard Big Ben strike at the closest possible range in real life.

When I heard the voice of Great Tom coming over the wires to me I found it thin and uninspiring in comparison to that of Big Ben. Yet, there was something in its quality that was more

*By H. V. Ormsby Marshall*

musical and I realised that when the contrast in one's mind had become less acute this bell would hold its own place in our affections.

In any event, Great Tom was doing us a great service and filling a gap in our need: I have learned from a news item which appeared recently that there are many in London who have grown to prefer the gentler more musical tones of this bell, and who would like Great Tom to remain with the BBC instead of having the return of Big Ben. However, Big Ben is coming back, we are told, and I, for one, am not the sort who ever rejects an old friend for a new.

Great Tom, is, however, not to be underrated because of this pre-

ference. He is the largest of the four bells in the south-western Tower of St. Paul's, and has a history which far outdates that of Big Ben. He first stood in the Clock Tower of the old Palace of Westminster where, in 1698 William III had a clock tower placed to the poor of St. Margaret's Parish, near the site of the original clock tower designed in 1365 by Henry Yevele, the architect of Westminster Hall. In 1709 Great Tom was sold for £385. 17. 6 taken to St. Paul's, recast and hung where it still remains. It is tolled on the death of a member of the Royal Family, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Dean or the Lord Mayor.

BIG Ben's history dates back only to 1859 less than a century ago, when, after a controversy which had been in vogue since 1834, it ended when a Clock Tower was included in the Palace plan. The clock was designed by Professor George Airy, Astronomer Royal, and Mr. E. B. Denison, Q.C., (Lord Grimthorpe), and began service on May 31, 1859.

It was named after Sir Benjamin Hall, the First Commissioner of Works, and was constructed by Messrs. E. Dent & Co. Ltd. In order to give an idea of the size of Big Ben, the measurements of which cannot be judged from the distance of over 300 ft., as it towers above the Houses of Parliament, we are told that the mechanism weighs five tons; that the dials of the clock are 23 ft. in diameter; the figures are 2 ft. long and the minute spaces 1 ft. square; the minute hands are 14 ft. long; the hour hands are 9 ft. long and the pendulum is

13 ft. long while the bob weighs about 4 cwt.

The weights of the clock which are raised from nearly ground level by an electric motor weigh nearly 2½ tons. It is said to be never more than a second out in its correct estimate of the time for perhaps 18 days in any year.

The chimes of Big Ben are the same as those erected in the Church of St. Mary the Great at Cambridge in 1794, and similar to those of the Royal Exchange in 1845. Traditionally, they are associated with the lines: "Lord, through this hour, Be Thou our guide, That by Thy power, No foot shall slide." The tune is said to be based on a phrase in the accompaniment of Handel's "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

BIG Ben, like Great Tom, has been tolled in connection with the deaths of Royalty. This was at the time of the funerals of King Edward VII in 1910; of King George V in 1936, and of King George VI in 1952. On Armistice Sunday, November 10, 1940, the observance of the silent minute at 9 p.m. as a time of prayer was instituted.

Big Ben was first broadcast over the BBC on December 23, 1923, and except in those few rare instances of disablement when Great Tom has graciously stepped into the breach, he has been heard ever since. It would seem, therefore, that his history in broadcasting, his position of prominence and his vast dimensions make him of more importance in the world's eye and hearing than any other chimes could be.

So, once again, we anticipate the pleasure and satisfaction which his voice brings us by its arresting and impressive tones as it booms from land to land the passing of time.

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## The Sheriff Wouldn't Shoot

(Continued from page 6)

Bellows, she turned her back to him with unmistakable meaning.

THEN, at a few minutes past midnight, those gathered at Si Persons' house heard gunfire rattling faintly. It came from the center of Palair, a mile away.

The men exchanged glances in the sudden silence that followed the reports. Some of the women fluttered nervously, but Jane Bellows found Randy's eyes and smiled bitterly.

"More punchers being killed at Drake's," she said. "Why don't you ride down that way and pin a medal on the murderers?"

"Now, Janie," Si Persons said gently.

"Why should I be silent," she said, wheeling on him angrily. "They murdered Jim, didn't they? And their little toy sheriff stands by and looks worried and does nothing. What do you expect from me?" She began to sob violently, and putting her hands over her face she half-ran from the room.

Randy glanced uncertainly at Si, then followed her. She wasn't in the adjoining room, the parlour, but he found her on the terrace leaning against a pillar with her hands to her face, sobbing.

He put his hands on her shoulders and forced her to turn around. She clung instinctively to him, needing his human warmth and presence for the moment; then, recognizing him, she pushed herself away violently.

"Leave me alone, please," she said. "I will. I shouldn't have come here," he said. "You hate me for good reason, and seeing me can't be pleasant. I'll keep out of your sight after this, Miss Bellows. I can do that much for you."

*(Randy has become a challenge to Jane. Continue "The Sheriff Wouldn't Shoot" in the next issue of Pagoda.)* (c) 1956, William P. McGivern; distributed by King Features Syndicate. Illustrations (c) 1956, King Features Syndicate, Inc.

## A CHINESE HIGHLANDER

(Continued from Page 13)

breath — she wore Royal Stuart tartan as she danced her way to a series of trophies in Highland terpsichore in Western Canadian competitions. Her most recent victory was in Winnipeg.

Commenting editorially on this astounding event, the Vancouver Herald said: "It was bound to happen. The Scots have shown off their dances once too often and the reels excited the imagination of little Betty Chan, who climbed into kilts, composed her cheerful Chinese grin into a dour Scottish grimace, and walked away with the Gaelic Society's Challenge Cup in Winnipeg, of all places."

... Betty Chan should be invited at once to the Caledonian Games at Brockton Point to show that the clans are hospitable people and will welcome every-

one, with or without a Mac in front of their names."

"We would like to see Miss Chan in her Royal Stuart plaid, and wonder whether she can utter those barbaric Scottish cries with the same belligerence as the race she has adopted. We would also like to see the Scots open up a little in their international approach. Move over Mac, and try out the Chinese Dragon Dance."

Instead of loving your enemies, treat your friends a little better.

—Ed Howe.

It is better to give than to lend, and it cost about the same.

—Sir Phillip Gibbs.

### TROUBLE ON THE DOUBLE TENTH

## Riots, Fear, And Sudden Death...

(Continued from Page 3)

riots had been caused by Chinese secret societies that victimize the refugees. This was a convenient theory, designed to offend neither the Communists nor the Nationalists, and no one gave it much credence.

The riots were undoubtedly spontaneous, but the well-disciplined movements and the anti-foreigner manifestations that marked their later stages smacked suspiciously of classic Communist tactics. As the only political organization in Hong Kong capable of such efficient exploitation, the

Communists stood to gain by using the violence to, 1) test Hong Kong's strength for a possible Communist take-over, 2) to discredit the Nationalists internationally.

A pointed warning came from Communist China, just across the border. "China," said Red Premier Chou En-lai, "can neither ignore nor permit such events." Said an official broadcast: "We will watch carefully whether the British are capable of maintaining peace and order in Hong Kong and Kowloon."

—From TIME

"Remain careful to the end as in the beginning and you will not fail in your enterprise."

—Lao Tzu.

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# Appointment with Eve

by MUI LEE

**Do you have a problem which you cannot solve? Then why not write to Miss Mui Lee? If you are unhappy or lonely, if you have a household problem, if you can't seem to decide on what colour dress to wear to some social function, then write to her and let her wise, sympathetic guidance help you solve that problem. Address your letters to Miss Mui Lee, c/o Pagoda Magazine, P.O. Box 71, Kingston.**

Dear Readers,

It often amuses me to watch girls who were the "I wouldn't stand for that" type, gradually turn into very tolerant creatures, putting up with circumstances which sometimes appear to me more than I myself could bear!

The fact is, it seems, that a woman's love for her family in general can compensate for a great deal of personal discomfort and even injustice. Of course there are many very happy marriages where a couple spend long years building together for their mutual good and the good of their children, and this is surely the ultimate in happiness for both parties, that can be achieved on this earth.

But it constantly amazes me how many people I meet who in spite of life's bitter blows, nevertheless seem to be able to maintain a happy disposition and to find abundant enjoyment in life generally.

If you know Dale Carnegie's book, "How to Stop Worrying and Start Living", you may remember one of his pieces of advice: "If life deals you a lemon, make a lemonade". I have seen many people doing just this, bearing some great burden of sorrow yet finding a way to surmount their trouble so that they actually find real joy or benefit from a new activity taken up as a salve for wounds.

And believe me—judging from the obvious happiness and health of some of them, that lemonade must be a remarkably health-giving beverage!

Our first letter this week was

left over from the last issue owing to lack of space, and I hope that the answer will not be too late to help the sender, here it is:

Dear Miss Mui Lee,

I was engaged to be married to a nice boy until a year ago, but my fiance had to go to Canada for some months, and while there he wrote me to tell me he thought we had better postpone our wedding as he had spent much more money than he had expected and would not be able to marry for another year.

Later I heard from some friends that he was very friendly with a girl he had met over there and I wrote to say I thought we had better break off the engagement altogether, and have never heard from him since. For a while I was very lonely and sad, but recently I met another young man whom I like very much and who likes me, and has told me he wants to marry me.

I still think very fondly of my former boyfriend though I know he treated me badly, and don't know if I should trust this one. All the same I am 23 now and feel I should be married soon. What do you think?

Dear Miss Chin,

You did have rather a disappointment didn't you? However you mustn't think that you will necessarily have the same experience again, and please don't feel that you are getting on and had better marry this boy now! This is the worst thing you could do for it will always colour your thoughts. You will always feel "I never really loved him, I just married him to get married."

I think it is quite possible that

you can love your present boyfriend and there is no reason to doubt that he will not make a good husband from your letter. However there is no need to hurry over the question.

You are making plans for life you know, and there is plenty of time. Remember deeds count more than words and if you go about with this young man for a few months you will see by his actions whether he is kind and considerate, or whether he is mainly concerned with his own pleasures.

A loveless marriage seldom fosters kindness but kindness often fosters love. I hope this is the way it will turn out for you.

Dear Miss Mui Lee,

I was married very recently and have just returned from my honeymoon. I have been looking over the telegrams I received at my wedding, and wonder whether I am obliged to acknowledge them? There were quite a number of them, and they were all read out at the wedding reception. Must I write and thank the senders?

"NEWLY-WED"

Dear "Newly-Wed",

You need not write to all the people who sent you telegrams, they sent their good wishes, and you acknowledged those when you read the telegrams publicly at the reception. If you are sending out wedding-cake, it would be a good idea to include the senders of telegrams to show you appreciate their kind thoughts. However, there is no obligation.

Very best wishes for your future happiness.

Dear Miss Mui Lee,

Can you suggest a nice present for a girl who will be sixteen on her birthday? She is my best friend and I would like to give her something nice but not too expensive.

Joyce.

Dear Joyce,

There are so many pretty things that a sixteen-year-old is just beginning to use—all the beauty aids, compacts, cologne, etc., that there should be a wide choice of gifts that would really please her; however I presume you have thought of all these and must have written me because you want to get something a little more out of the ordinary.

I have been thinking back to when I was sixteen, and I think next to make-up—which was a new thrill—my great pride and joy was my bedroom, and I was constantly looking out for some new ornament to adorn it. Don't buy anything of which you see a dozen of the same, of course, but a really artistic ornament is a

pleasure to a girl just beginning to be interested in making her bedroom into a little den!

I have seen some really beautiful little "planters" recently, some of which would be ideal for a vanity, and if you could present it with a plant in it so much the better. Miniature cactus make good plants for these small size planters. I also like the black wrought-iron wall plaques, these come in many designs, some floral, some with figures, and some with exotic designs. Do you think one of these would appeal to your friend?

Stoles are still popular and have come down in price recently, they are practical, pretty and really add a touch of glamour.

Another type of gift which is not often given is a year's subscription to a magazine. There are many very nice magazines available now, some specially geared to the teen-age groups, and some of these are quite reasonably priced. You can arrange with the shop who stocks the magazine of your choice to send a copy every month to your friend. You have no idea how lovely it is to have this fresh surprise every month, and you are constantly reminded of the kind thoughts of the donor.

Do you think any of these suggestions fills your bill?

Do keep on sending in your letters, Readers, it is very encouraging to know that we have been able to help some of you, and we are ready and willing to give advice to others who may be at a cross-roads.

Until next time,

Yours sincerely,  
MUI LEE



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# HAS THE CBS OUTLIVED ITS USEFULNESS?

Has the Chinese Benevolent Society outlived its usefulness to the community? One might be forgiven for thinking so if the following is an example of its efficiency. In order to present a clear picture one must needs go back five years. This writer does not feel it necessary to point out that the Chinese Public School had long since died a natural death.

In 1951 the Chinese Benevolent Society appointed a Board to try to put the School back on its feet for it was realised that the School should and could, if properly managed, play a vital part in the life of our community through the proper education of our children, both in English and Chinese.

Under the leadership of Mr. Stephen Yap the Board literally 'worked wonders'. Fighting old prejudices and suspicions directed against the School, Mr. Yap and his Board after five long years of slogging and near heartbreak beggining, the Chinese Public School was a recognised place where any Chinese parent could send his child knowing that he or she would receive a sound elementary education in English up to a standard acceptable to any secondary school and, in addition, be taught the elements of the Chinese language as far as was possible.

One need not at this juncture concern oneself with the attacks and criticisms levelled at the Board with regard to the policy of the School on the part of certain sections of our community through the medium of the Chinese newspaper and Pagoda magazine, which criticism one might be excused for adding was far from constructive!

However it might be as well to point out that the policy of the School was laid down by the Chinese Benevolent Society, no doubt due in great measure to the School's failure under the old policy. Under the new regime and thanks to a capable teaching staff in the last two years 3 pupils have gained government scholarships to secondary schools and in the current year out of 27 pupils who have applied for admittance to secondary schools 23 have been accepted. In addition, for the current year, notification has been received from government that 7 pupils are eligible for consideration for scholarships to

secondary schools. (Results are expected in the next few days).

Also the Chinese Old Students Association, in a very commendable display of encouragement and faith in the future of the School, award an annual scholarship to a secondary school to any worthy child of the School of poor parentage. There is no need for one to remind the public of the annual scholarship donated by Mr. Yap Sam as that gentleman's philanthropic generosity is all too well known.

Suffice to say that in June, 1956, when the term of office of the School Board was due to expire the following was the position. The Chairman and his Board felt that they could now hand back the School to the Chinese Benevolent Society for that body to continue the management of the School along similar lines to those set down by the Board.

On 7th July, 1956, the Chinese Benevolent Society held a meeting to discuss the appointment of a new Chairman and Board

## Asks

### Constance Chin Yee

for the School. The Parents' Association of the School asked for and received permission for their representatives to attend. At the meeting it was made perfectly clear by the outgoing Chairman that he and his Board were unable and unwilling to serve for a further term.

To be fair, one could see with them as most of these gentlemen had given not only of their time and money for five years, begging, pleading, promising and enduring doubts and prejudices but had, in some cases, neglected their own business for that of the School.

This is especially so in the case of the Chairman, Mr. Stephen Yap, (if I might digress for a moment I nominate this gentleman as Man of the Year in our community). However, the Board were asked to serve for a further three months during which time the Chinese Benevolent Society gave assurance that a new Board would be formed or some means found to continue the School, for as the then President said 'the School must go on'. The Board agreed to serve for a further

three months and on 9th October, 1956, formally relinquished the School to the Society.

At a meeting on 21st October the Society decided to defer the matter of the School to the next meeting.

At a meeting on 28th October, 1956, the Society passed a resolution that the outgoing Chairman and his Board should continue for a further period of five years. All protests on the part of the outgoing Chairman were ignored and the Society then turned their attention to the next item on the agenda—the claims of a past President of the Society to a gold medal for services rendered!

On the insistence of members of the Parents' Association who demanded to know how the Society could force the outgoing Chairman and his Board to serve for a further term the matter was reopened. By this time it was all too apparent to parents and teachers alike that the Chinese Benevolent Society was not sufficiently interested in the Chinese Public School to make any effort to do anything to keep the School going.

Indeed as one member of the Society said at the meeting on 28th October, 'rent it out or let government take it over'. It may be recorded that there was no protest raised against this clear display of indifference on the part of one of our so-called leaders. In fact it was becoming increasingly clear to those parents present that ANYBODY who could be found to take the School off the Society's hands would be most welcome to do so.

Eventually the Chinese Benevolent Society formed a committee to discuss School affairs and to try to raise money to meet teachers salaries due at the end of the month. In answer to the question as to whether there would be school for the pupils in January the Parents Association were informed that that would have to be discussed at a meeting of the newly formed Committee, a meeting of which was set for the following day. Too few people turned up and a meeting was again arranged for the following day.

When eventually the Committee did meet it was to decide that the Parents' Association should take over the School and run it! Every assurance was given the Parents' Association that the Committee would assist! Taking

the assurance for what it was worth the Parents' Association realised that if they themselves are not prepared to take over the running of the School the School will simply close down.

These then are the bald facts. The question as it strikes this writer is, should the Chinese Benevolent Society assume some responsibility for the School and if not, what is the use of the Chinese Benevolent Society. Is it not one of the duties of the Chinese Benevolent Society to look after the welfare of the Community, whenever possible?

Actually, with the co-operation of the various Chinese organisations and the Chinese Benevolent Society in particular, it would be a comparatively simple matter to run the School efficiently. This co-operation was never received or, indeed, even though worthy of consideration by some organisations but it is still not too late. Is it fair to expect the parents to run the school?

They are willing to make the effort to save the school but can they do it? If it fails again the fine buildings donated by public spirited people which form the Chinese Public School will stand as a lasting monument to disgrace and a constant reminder of the depths of apathy to which our community spirit has sunk.

The question poised remains unanswered — has the Chinese Benevolent Society outlived its usefulness to the community?

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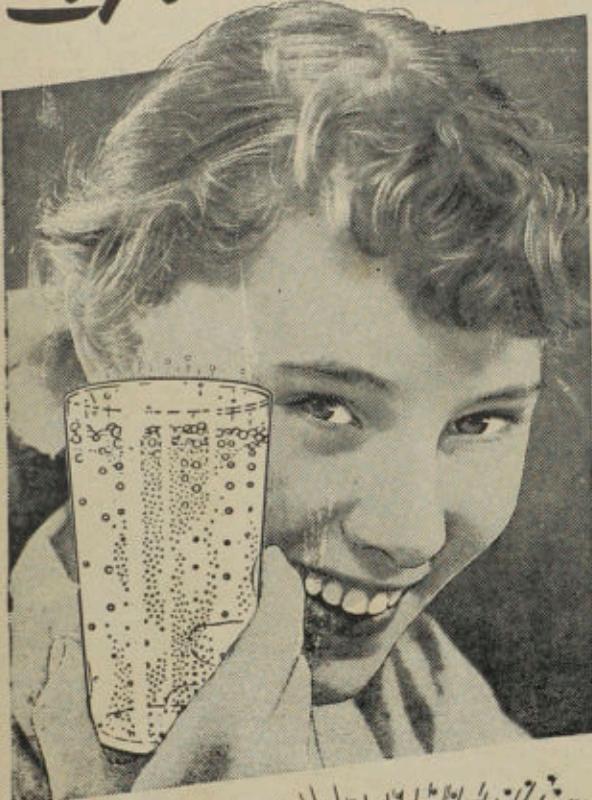
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IN

## PARENTHESIS

Traffic sign in a small town:  
"Slow. No Hospital."

An angry woman dashed into the county clerk's office, her marriage license grasped in her hand.

"Did you or did you not," she demanded of the clerk, "issue this license for Elmer Guerny to marry me?"

"Why, yes, I did," answered the clerk.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" she snapped. "He's run away."

The two strangers were sipping their drinks in the bar of one of the plusher hotels in Miami Beach.

"Yes," said one, "I am a Russian. I have travelled everywhere, I have seen everything—and I want to tell you there is no place on earth like Russia. What a country! What art—what music—what culture! Yes, friend, Russia is a paradise!"

The other man eyed him sourly. "Yeah? Well, if it's so great, what the devil don't you go back?"

"Well," answered the Russian, taking a big swallow of his drink and smacking his lips contentedly, "to tell you the truth, I just happen to be crazy about your lousy Capitalistic system!"

The car crunched to a stop on the busy parkway as the driver noticed a lady standing beside a car, looking helplessly at a flat tire.

"Oh, thank you," she murmured gratefully as the driver came over and started removing the tire. "I don't know a blessed thing about these things."

"You don't have to, ma'am," he answered. "It's no job for a lady."

After the tire was changed the woman put her finger up to her lips.

"Let the jack down easy, won't you?" she whispered. "My husband's taking a nap in the back seat."

The housewife stopped the door-to-door vacuum salesman on the street. "That new vacuum cleaner you sold me is exactly five times as good as my old broom ever was!"

The salesman was pleased. "I'm glad to hear that ma'am," he said,

"but how did you figure that out?"

"Easy," replied the little woman. "I hit my husband with the new cleaner, and it knocked him five times as far as the broom did!"

Attention girls! Take a lesson from one of the oldest adages we ever heard—a pretty girl who has a lot of men on her arm never has any in her heart.

The guy propositioned the gal. "How about going out with me tonight?"

"Look," said the gal, "I've got a husband."

"That's okay," said the guy. "I'll get him a date too!"

In Texas they like to tell some tall stories. With understandable pride the Texans aver that their state is the biggest and has the biggest everything. Imagine the chagrin of these southwestern folks when the Britisher, going through on a lecture tour, began to belittle not only Texas but the whole United States.

"I say," harrumphed the Englishman, "you chaps have some largish cities—New York y'know and all that sort of rot—but what can compare with London?"

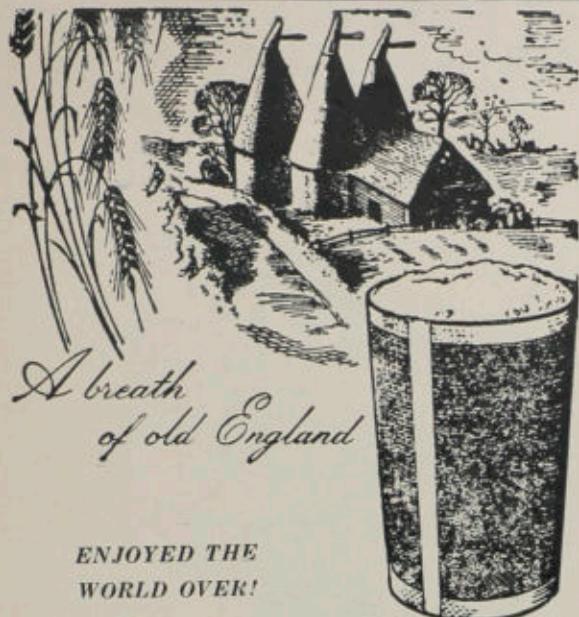
"You have a few beastly theatres—the Radio City Music Hall is rawther biggish—but can it compare with the dear old London Palladium?"

"Historic spots? My dear old thing, forget the Alamo and Washington, D.C. We have Stonehenge and the Tower of London."

Now, it's a dangerous thing to arouse a red-blooded Texan. After the stout fellow with the stiff upper lip had gone to bed, the puncher from Waco decided to have a little fun with his English cousin. Accordingly he cooked up a plot with the hotel's chambermaid.

At two o'clock in the morning the Britisher awoke to find a 200-pound snapping turtle in his bed. "Help!" shouted the Union Jack adherent. "In the name of Anthony Eden, what is this monster in my bed?"

In rushed the Texan and the chambermaid, plus a few other Texans who had heard those unflattering remarks. "Look here, parduh," exclaimed the Texan disdainfully, "don't tell me you're afraid of a li'l old Texas bedbug?"



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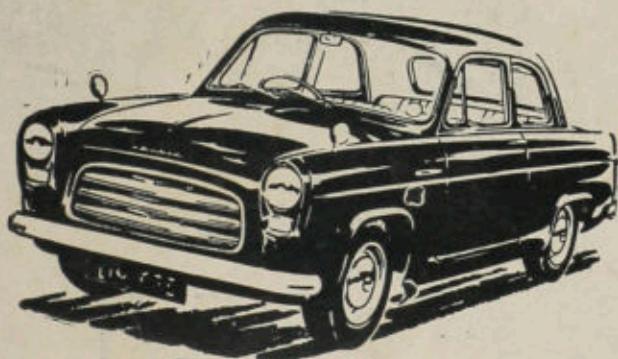
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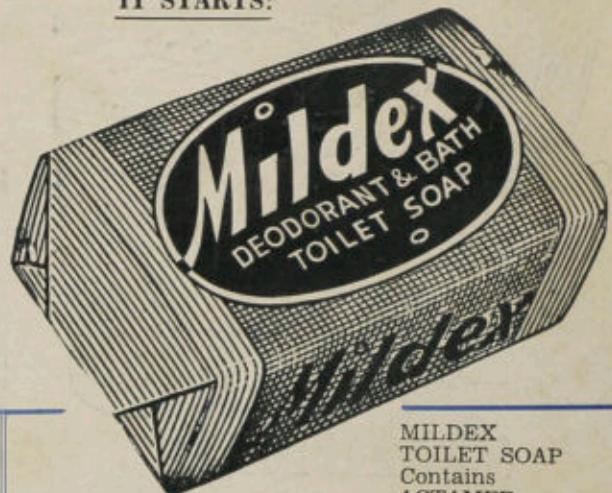
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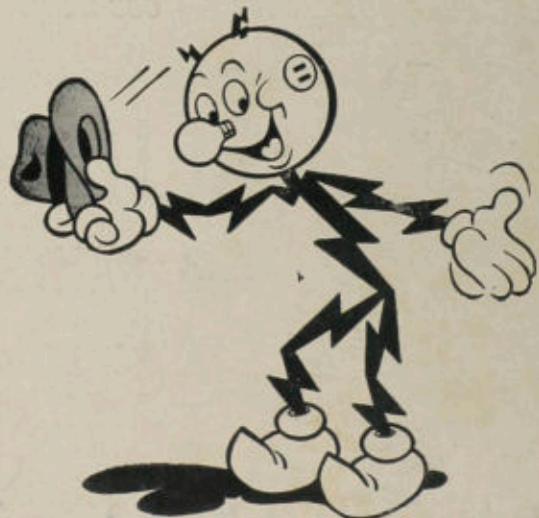
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