

THE

Mrs JEMMY

PAGODA



A FORTNIGHTLY PUBLICATION

Vol. 18
No. 13
Saturday,
June 29, 1957.
PRICE: ONE
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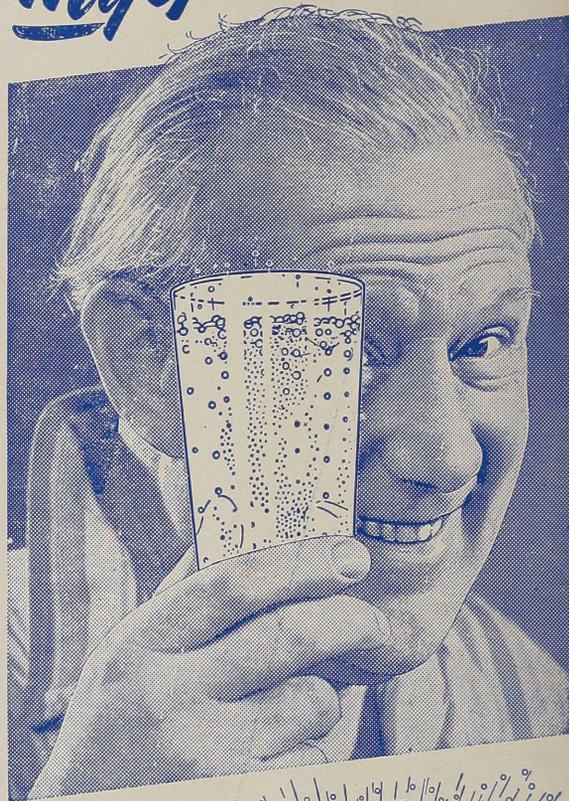
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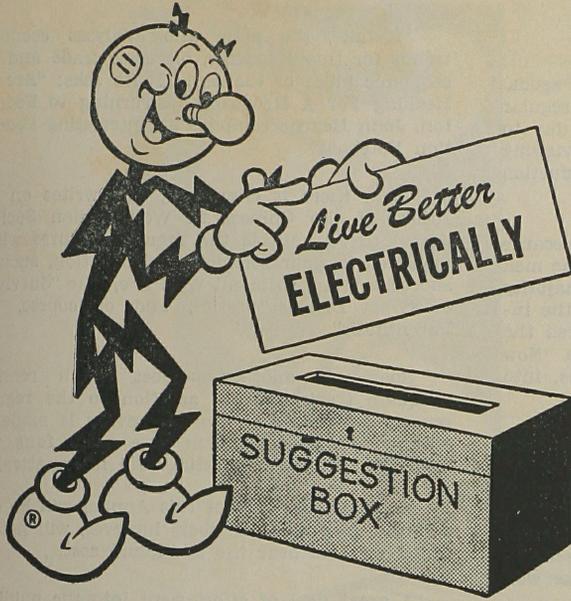


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A Letter from the Editor

Dear PAGODA Reader,

This is the third Annual produced by Pagoda. It will reach you a few days behind the regular schedule, but this could not be avoided, due to the added planning, campaigning, interviewing and re-writing which must go into the production of a special number of this kind.

PAGODA is proud of this issue, proud because its main feature records a success story. The men who are writing that story are in the majority Chinese-Jamaicans who have before them the inspiring example of those who have pioneered the establishment of an efficient retail trade. Now they are branching off into other avenues, into industry.

This is a short story of the Chinese in industry. At this stage, it has to be short because it is just the beginning of a new phrase of what the Chinese will contribute to the economy of this island. The end of that story is not yet in view, it probably never will, at least not in my generation, but the pattern is there. It bespeaks well for the future.

In this your third Annual, you will find a short cover story on Jamaica's 1957 Queen in the realm of beauty. She is no other than Shirley Jackson (see cover photo) who carried off this year's "Miss Jamaica" title.

"Katah", the man who analyses economic trends for this magazine, discusses trade and the economic pulse of the nation. He asks: "Are We Heading For A Recession?" Turning to Federation, John Hearne compiles an interesting Federation Notebook.

Then there is Gim Sang who writes on the future of the Chinese in West Indian Society. Added to all this, is the regular features which appeared in your fortnightly publication, such as short story, Appointment With Eve, the "Survivors of Great Disaster" series, and of course, "In Parenthesis".

Sports is another subject which receives adequate treatment. In addition to the regular report by "Ballin", a general review is made by "Happy Wanderer." I am sure sport fans will find both articles interesting and informative.

As usual, the cost of this Annual will be one shilling. Regular subscribers however, will not be called upon to bear the additional cost.

A great deal of effort went into the publication of this issue, and I hope you will receive this year's Annual as warmly as you did the previous ones.

Cordially Yours,
THE EDITOR.

THE PAGODA MAGAZINE

The Pagoda Magazine is published fortnightly by Pagoda Limited. All correspondence regarding subscription and advertising should be addressed to:—

THE EDITOR,
Pagoda Magazine,
55A Duke Street,
P.O. Box 71,
Kingston,
Telephone: 43045

Contributors are invited to send in their MSS at any time. Articles should not exceed 1,000 words.

◆
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LESLIE R. CHIN

◆
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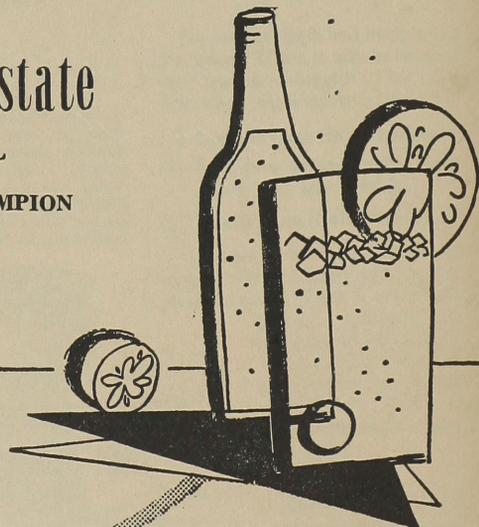
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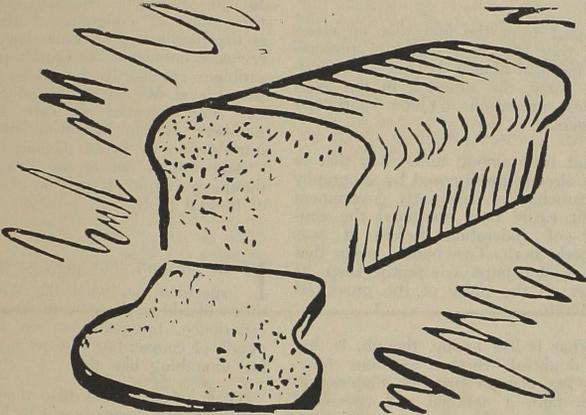
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A FEDERATION NOTEBOOK

by John Hearne

WHEN I was growing up, Federation was not even a private speculation to be discussed between friends on a verandah. Yet now, barely fifteen years later, we are faced with a reality that already seems to be the only rational way of organising the British Caribbean peoples. Strange enough. For this Federal idea is in no sense a response to the popular demand of a consciously emergent nation. It is not even the popular recognition of economic necessity. It is the patiently contrived product of a handful of determined, visionary, curiously inspired statesmen. It has been a revolution from above. The brute facts of geography and a tradition of separate destinies have been conquered by a statement of mutual aim.

THE West Indian is the world's greatest borrower. We came here, most of us, travelling pretty light; nor was too much recollection of the tribe or the language encouraged. The result has been an ability to lift whatever suits us from anywhere which is willing to lend a bit of culture. We can do this without feeling any sense of corrupting the indigeneous material. We are, except for a vanishing fringe, almost without nostalgia for any past. We have no past, and are busy borrowing the sticks we need to build the nest for the future. We are unencumbered, which is not altogether an advantage, and we have to go on from that.

What has been an advantage, though, is the limitations of our living room. We had to learn to live with tensions that in a country with space might have split the people into groups. We are tolerant not because of any particular virtue, but because we have not been able to afford any thing but tolerance. It should be quite interesting to see the West Indian racial type in about three hundred years. Already, we can see his forerunners: they are unlike anything else. You see, one of them in a crowd of, say, American Negroes, and suddenly realise that he or she is as distinct as is a Pathan from a Tamil.

YOU sometimes hear it said that we have had it too easy. That we

should have had to fight for freedom, and that self-government was handed to us without struggle on our part. Let us concede, for the moment, that a heritage of recalcitrance, resistance and revolt does not look well in the history books, that it does give a sense of unified purpose to the people who take part in the fight for liberty. But next, let's ask ourselves how long those who have come to independence that way maintain the fervour and unity of the fight.

Haiti, for instance, is an illustration of how little effect the magnificent struggles of the past have on the conflicts and greed of the present. Nor do our Latin American neighbours present particularly inspiring examples of either stability or democratic evolution.

The gradual, comparatively peaceful accumulation of independence and the reasonable, civilised manner with which, over the past few years, the transfer of power from the metropolitan centre to ourselves has been conducted, give a good augury for the future. The people of the British Caribbean have, I think, learned to refer to the ballot rather than to the bullet; and that curse of so many young nations, "the strong man," has, happily, passed us by.

ONE of the real problems of our coming nation seems, unfortunately, to be without any immediate prospect of solution. This is the impossibility of casual travel between the various territories.

No matter how efficient communications by sea becomes, at least half the Federation, (the Jamaica half), will be cut off from the other except for those few who travel for business.

This, really, is the sad part about this new and exciting venture which our generation is so privileged to begin. When only politicians and few in commerce can afford to know their fellow citizens, then the creation of a common identity is difficult indeed. We do not even, like Australia or Canada, have that awareness of a solid land mass cementing widely separated peoples. But even a few miles of sea can encapsulate one people from

another in a remarkable manner.

Solving this problem is going to be the severest trial of our ingenuity, and is quite probably among the two or three most urgent tasks to hand.

IF SIR ALEXANDER BUSTAMANTE had not formed a Democratic Labour Party around his flamboyant and magnetic personality, then the P.F.P. would have had to invent one.

Apart from the fact that no effective way has been found of preserving political liberty without an opposition party, the situation in the West Indies presented other particular dangers.

Not least among these, was that in area already predisposed by geography to parochialism, one party government might easily have shattered the concept of federation before it was properly born. Two parties mean that the capital must constantly keep its finger on the pulse of the provincial electorate.

What is less happy, though, is that it's doubtful whether any one territory has enough first-rate material to stock both a national and provincial government. The men may emerge when the occasion demands that they do; but at present, looking around, we shall be hard put to form a national government of high quality and not at the same time deplete dangerously our local houses.

However, it can be done. It can be done if the leading political parties in the various islands make it their duty and business to educate the electorate, as Dr. Williams and his party did so brilliantly in Trinidad.

It may mean forgoing cheap, monetary triumphs and histrionics on the platform; it may mean the abandoning of the mob-wooing, revivalist brand of emotional oratory; it may mean hard, tedious work in presenting a case that stands on its own merits and not behind a fog of rousing clichés. It may mean all these things—but it will have to be done if we want local governments on the level

of the capital and if we hope to make the federation work.

UNTIL British Guiana comes in, we must not pretend that the Federation is complete. Without her we are, at best, half-a-nation.

Only one of the losses we shall suffer is the constant emigration of more good material than we can afford. We are losing too many skilled craftsmen and too many of the industrious and thrifty. They will continue to go—Barbados, indeed, organises their flow of emigrants—until there is the promise of an expanding, fairly secure economy in the Caribbean. The problem can hardly be solved on an island level. We have neither the space nor the potential to care of the numbers. It can be solved with the introduction of British Guiana.

And this is not to use B.G., as a dumping ground. It will be a venture of mutual profit.

IT IS pleasant, but perhaps idle, to speculate on what the West Indies will add to the store of the world's experience. Impossible to say in any detail, of course, but may we not hope for something like this:

That here for the first time is a nation being formed which has no heritage of war and grievance with other nations. In the matter of racial and national tensions we are neutral. We can't have much racial allegiance because our mixture isn't ready yet. And we can't have anything but a cool and proper pride in our political heritage, because it is the recent result of a number of men getting around a table to talk business. Its origins are not lost in a mist of slow evolution binding all its members in a *mystique* beyond words, nor has it been formed in war and fiery emotion. It is a common sense arrangement made by a number of people with roughly similar background, an arrangement approved by the people.

Let us, then, be content with the idea that perhaps we are about to create a territory where literally and absolutely nothing else matters about a man except that he is a man, and where it would not occur to anyone to think that other things *could* matter.

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Cover Story

MISS JAMAICA OF 1957

THE Miss Jamaica Beauty Contest Committee has never since its inauguration by the venerable Gleaner in 1928, crowned anyone who could be called a dumb beauty. Take a quick look at our former national queens to see what they have made of their lives. The first Miss Jamaica ever, Ouida Calneck, a striking blonde who captured the crown twice, is now a successful housewife in England with a married son, and a beautiful house at Sinbury-On-Thames.

Phyllis Hilton, Immaculate Conception High School old girl, is now managing editor of an American paper, "Punsey" Duperly is now Mrs. Noel Holtz, wife of the Accountant General, Daphne Chong, noted Jamaican designer who owns the Babs Ocho Rios Dress Shoppe, and among others, the well-dressed Gertrude Sherman, fashion model and publisher—editor of Jamaica Mirror.

Shirlene Jackson, the present and recently crowned Miss Jamaica, is no less lacking in qualities which encourage success than her predecessors. With beautiful sparkling eyes and an enchanting gaiety, she is a Wolmer's old girl; her favourite (subjects were English and History, particularly West Indian history) and she is graduate of the famous dancing school of Madame Rambert at Notting Hill Gate in London. Studying ballet ever since she was a tiny tot under local teachers, she went to Madame Rambert's in 1953, did well there and qualified as a teacher of classical ballet.

Now a receptionist at Grace Kennedy's on Harbour Street, she teaches dancing after work in the church hall of St. Peter's and St. Pauls. She danced in public at a programme given by the Ballet Guild of Jamaica at the Ward Theatre.

Very poised and graceful, qualities to be found in nearly all good ballet dancers, sweet tempered Shirlene is the only child of city business woman, Minnie Jackson, and grand-daughter of the late Mr. Adrian Tucker, J.P., wealthy landowner of Mountain View who gave his name to residential Tucker Avenue.

Very shapely, of course, (her measurements are 33—22—35), she wears her clothes well and has even done some fashion modelling for shows here. She likes a variety in her clothes, she tells me, and wears both wide and close fitting skirts. Her dress which she wore at the Miss Jamaica Ball on the night she was crowned, had dozens of yards of material in the skirt. For convenience, she has three dressmakers, Flossie Thomas, a Miss Myers, and Mrs. Hazel Ashley.

She is not very fond of jewels, but she has a mania for earrings and has boxes filled with them.

Of her prize trip to Hollywood which is due to come off some time early in August, Shirlene says: "I'm looking forward to it very much. I do not yet know whether I will be given a screen test, but I wouldn't mind it. I

HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED

Have you ever wondered what you are like? Have you ever wondered what others think of you or what you think of them? Have you ever wondered why you all think as you do?

It does no harm to sit awhile and see yourself as others do . . . to pick yourself apart and reflect on your past. Have you been kind and thoughtful of others, unselfish and upright in your character? Have you kept the bonds of friendship? Or have you instead been thoughtless in your deeds and remarks, selfish in your ways and disloyal to your friends?

Should you unfortunately belong to the latter group, be you child or adult, it is not too late to pull up your socks—you can hardly realize the harm done by one simple yet unkind remark or thought.

"The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all thy Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it."

Are you perhaps judging others by your own standard? Is it right to crucify the innocent because of the way you think? Your actions may well boomerang, especially if your family is large. You should, therefore, stop to think—before you act—for you know not what you or yours have done in the past or will do in the future.

So, in preparing to judge others the important thing is to look within yourself—you must always be honest. If you are sly, deceitful and unfair you will never know the truth. No one can see the honesty in another if he is not honest himself.

Anita M. Wong

haven't had any acting experience, only my dancing and no ambitions at present for a screen career, but if it comes my way, I don't think I would turn it down."

Shirlene likes the movies but she has no favourite star, and definitely

no favourite male star. Unusual you might think, but this is quite understandable, really, for she is engaged to Mr. Leonard Thurlow, an Englishman on the staff of the IDC., and will probably marry him next year.

—by Lotus Blossom.

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TRADE: ARE WE HEADING FOR A RECESSION?

By "KATAH"

THE very vocal elements of the left-wing contend that the island is experiencing a boom. They maintain that never before have conditions been so good.

Undoubtedly, the island is obtaining a fair revenue from tourism and from our mining industry. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that there has been a considerable increase in the cost of living. Irrespective of whatever the cost-of-living index shows, the great body of consumers in this country cannot help but agree that never before have they had to face such high and continually rising prices. This, of course, is coupled with a corresponding depreciation in the value of money. At the moment of writing, the Minister of Finance is in England endeavouring to negotiate a sizeable loan for what we understand will be used in capital investment. It is not unreasonable to conclude that when the present Government came into power following on many extravagant promises to the electorate, that they created an artificial situation which stimulated considerable increase in consumer-purchasing. We feel that this was done at the expense of capital investment and, notwithstanding the Minister's present efforts, we feel that the amount now being sought for this capital investment when actually put into the economy, will be too late to avoid a serious recession. Having danced to the piper's music, the time is fast approaching when we shall have to pay him in full. There is no shortcut to prosperity of a lasting nature, and we lay down pragmatically that prosperity cannot be achieved unless it is laid on a solid foundation of capital investment, i.e. in communications, heavy equipment, etc.

We have never been enamoured with what we consider to be Government's over-emphasis on making ours an agricultural economy. We feel that our marketing arrangements which are reaching a degree of formalism never before seen in this country are building up for an anti-climax. We would prefer to see greater emphasis placed on utilisation of by-products aimed more at self-sufficiency. We should like to see the terrific

drain on our economy for the purchasing of foreign food-stuff reduced. If this reduction is to be accomplished there must be a substantial increase in the quality of locally produced goods. To buy Jamaican is sound, but the desirable ends involved in buying Jamaican will not be met until the local product is at least as good as its foreign counterpart.

Which leads us to the Beef Muddle. Notwithstanding everything else that the Minister of Trade has done, we do not think he can escape the charge that the beef problem has been approached in a most obtuse manner. We recommend a Special Commission for investigating the whole question of beef production. Every incentive should be given to the beef producer to obtain fodder of a higher quality at cheaper prices and there should be a steady elimination of uneconomical scrub cattle.

THERE has been very considerable activity in real estate and the soundness of this type of investment cannot be questioned when it is considered that there is a rising population with a static land space. In simple and classical terms, it means that there will always be a tendency for land values to increase. Of course, the northern portion of the island provides a little suspicion because there are many unforeseeable hazards such as war or a possible American depression which could knock the bottom out of the tourist industry. Even then we cannot envisage anything more than just a temporary setback. The tourist industry, under Abe Issa's energetic chairmanship, is reaching new heights every year. An especially pleasing feature is the efforts now being made to develop a summer trade. There is every reason why this is desirable because it is well known that our insular climate provides the cooling breezes to counteract the heat while the general high level of our elevation does the same thing.

In one aspect at least, we feel that there is much left to be done. There is no typically Jamaican entertainment for our guests. We feel that there is considerable opportunity for development of night clubs providing the type of entertainment which

is essentially Jamaican featuring Jamaican artists. There is no reason why show business could not be developed in Jamaica. We must be frank and admit that so far a great majority of our En-



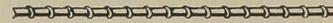
TROPICAL EVENTIDE

O, soft and low, the harps of eve
Are turning on the hills,
And tenderly their music spills
Sweet balm for hearts that
grieve!

A soothing anodyne to heal
The woes of day's harsh stride,
As o'er the landscape far and
wide

Their calm notes gently steal.
Hearts worn with toil, or grief,
or pain,

Beneath day's strident sway
Hail gratefully the tranquil lay
That heralds eve's fair reign.
Elsie M. Hutton



ertainers of this kind are a rather scrofulous lot. There is need for a more intelligent type of entertainer, and frankly, some better looking ones.

Turning now to another aspect of our economy, we are somewhat alarmed at the quality of the new recruits into the business world. Several people hold that it is a bourgeois tendency on the part of our middle class to encourage their children to enter into the so called professions such as medicine, law, etc. There does not appear to be many of the products of our Secondary Schools who are entering into the field of business at least at the executive level. On the contrary, it is the duller type of product that tends to be absorbed into business where he is generally started at the more menial positions.

In very few instances, this type of individual turns into a dull unimaginative plodder, the type that can only be led but who will never be able to lead. While much of the fault can be placed at the door of the educationists, it must be borne in mind that much of this is due to the social environment of the island at this particular time in history. So far as we are aware, the University College of the West Indies has not made any provisions yet for the training necessary for business administration and economics. We would seriously urge

that this aspect be not neglected. The island is in dire need of good material for injection into the economy.

With regard to foreign trade Great Britain continues to be our biggest purchaser as well as the biggest source of our imports. Canada and the United States continue to maintain a fair share of this trade but significant attention must be paid to the rapid increase in trade with Germany. While much argument has been adduced both in favour and against imperial preference, we venture to predict that with the advent of Federation this matter is bound to be thrown into sharp focus. While a great amount of sentiment exists in our relationship with Great Britain, these islands will be compelled to assess in hard-headed business fashion whether it will not be better for us to embark once and for all on the perilous seas of free trade.

Reports reaching us from time to time indicate that our products will receive good reception from European markets, and if a more equal tariff can be arranged the question of a decision will become even harder for us. Without going too deeply into the question at this time we would only invite consideration of the fact that a Volkswagen motor car with 45% duty including profit to the dealer can be sold for £598. The implications are obvious.

These are the aspects that we would discuss in this very brief consideration of our trading and general economic situation at the present time. Particularly to the trading community, we would recommend investment in lands, in gilt-edged securities, in life insurance and other forms of savings. We would recommend that more entrepreneurs investigate industrial development and not leave it all to Foreigners. We would recommend that there be a drastic curtailment in credit to the primary consumer, and we believe that it is sound to avoid over-stocking. It may be true that we are riding the bull now. It is probably sure that we have the bull by the tail. Let us hope that when we are forced to let go we may be able to vault the fence.

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The Future of the Chinese in West Indian Society is

A CHALLENGE TO YOUTH

Says *Gim Sang*

THE process of the assimilation of the Chinese people into the formative West Indian way of life has reached a delicate stage of transition, of handing over. The sons of China came to these islands in search of a better life. They settled, took root and blossomed. Whether or not the blossom comes to fruit depends on the young Chinese of today.

An alien people first adapting themselves as a part of a new civilisation faces very difficult times. For the Chinese, as well as the East Indians, with the culture of the East ineradicably rooted in them, there could never be a complete union with western civilisation. That had to be left to their children born in the country of adoption; that generation was brave; it flourished and became an established part of West Indian history. Now the old guard is fading away, and with them part of a great culture surviving under different skies 12,000 miles away from the homeland. It is a sad spectacle, but one which every migrant community must suffer. And in these times when the nation is taking its place in the sun, the first generation Chinese is handing over to the second and third.

No Chinese boy or girl wishes to lose his or her identity as a Chinese. This is not of course to suggest insularity, or the forming of a close-knit community self-sufficient and separate. This idea, because of its very impracticality, never even with the old-timers, never existed even with the realise that by carrying on their Eastern tradition, they will be making a genuine contribution to the advancement of the West Indies.

A first glance at Chinese youth does not lead us to believe that this realisation will be put into practice. While there is a rash of rock 'n' roll parties, there is yet to be formed a study club of young people studying Chinese customs. Those who are movie addicts and "true story" fans far outnumber those who are learning to speak Chinese, or those who are members of associations to spread Christianity among the community. Many assume those exterior symbols of social popularity they see in American movies; few take pleasure in going to the Double Ten garden

parties just to be a part of the community enjoying themselves in common. Not that parties, rock and roll, and movies are bad in themselves. But a constant diet of these things has a stultifying effect on the mind, and stifles the development of culture.

This, however, is a superficial estimation. I am convinced that there exists in this generation a genuine pride in our background and a strong desire to perpetuate those qualities of our forefathers which will be of best service to our country. It is generally realised that our heritage is a good one. We have received their patience, especially under difficulties, developed and imbued in the Chinese for thousands of years, their thrift and industry, their understanding of humanity, all too little of their great art, music, and literature, their sense of communal living unspoiled by the sophistication of modern civilisation, and above all, that unity of family life which is the age-old strength of China.

It is up to us Jamaicanised Americanised Anglosized West Indian Chinese, rock and rollers and movie fans. English educated with American social habits—we, the confused picture which the Chinese-teen-agers present, to carry on and foster those finer parts of our fathers' tradition which will serve our nation best at this particular time in its history.

THE answer to this challenge is culture, — developed within each of us as individuals who make up a community. And by culture I do not mean going to concert performances, wearing dinner jackets, or the elegance of fine manners. These are but the trappings and the suits of culture. Culture begins within us — the cultivation within our souls of moral integrity. This must be the essential base of culture; and on it we can superimpose our appreciation for the arts, for music, for good food, beautiful women and elegant men, and all the externals which people sometimes mistake for the essence so culture.

But how, in the thousand different relationships of our human living, in our society with all its native, American, Chinese influences, with its immoral trends and materialistic philosophies, can we pick the middle road for

our development? How can we put our activities and human relationships of our daily life into proper balance?

The process of living would not seem so complicated if we consider that as human beings we are naturally born into three societies: the family, the state, and the church. The family is the constituent of the state, which derives its authority from the families and exists to protect the temporal welfare of its citizens. Above and beyond the state and the family is the Church, whose concern is for our eternal salvation, it is important that a country realises the relative importance of these three societies; for when society is not patterned according to the proper relationship of family, nation and church, confusion results. Lawful authority must be recognised and respected.

These considerations must be made by us entirely as human beings; for we are primarily and naturally men, then West Indian by nationality, and then Chinese by race. But our Chinese background can be a pillar of strength in forming our West Indian way of life. As a boat is as strong as the planks which make it, so is a nation as unified as its families. That tradition of family unity, the comparatively low rate of family discord, the practice of the family working together in the shops (in Jamaica) and the farms (in China), and that centuries-old respect for elders—traits which the Communists will never eradicate from China—is the greatest contribution Chinese culture can make to our West Indian society.

To our Church we bring a firm and patient belief in a Supreme Being, and a reverence for the dead which is perhaps the strongest in any race. While the religious practices of our fathers may not have been according to orthodox Christian custom, nevertheless, their under-lying spiritual endurance and basic faith can be sublimated into Christian activity of the highest and most zealous standard. Many of our young men realise that the highest vocation which they could possibly take up is that of serving their country as a priest of God, and several of our girls have entered the religious life. But the call is still—"more labourers for the vineyard."

The qualities of thrift and industry have a vital part to play in the economic life of this country, and as such must be personified in our youth. The attitude of taking it easy, of farmers wanting Government to put seed into the ground for them, the sloppy methods of cultivation, and the wasteful government administration, account for the economic backwardness of this country. The per capita output of Jamaica is one of the lowest in the world, and the "nursemaid" attitude of a Government promising free education and free houses, which merely lead the masses on to expect free food and clothes as well, is not helping the situation. Jamaica will get nowhere until the peasantry have acquired a sense of responsibility and industry, until the middle class decide to soil their hands and not shy away from mechanical work, and the rich be manoeuvred into investing their wealth to provide employment for the masses.

A nation-wide sense of industry can only exist in an atmosphere where free initiative and individual enterprise are encouraged. The effect of an industry-conscious community permeating the population on a national level can work effectively in creating the atmosphere of progressiveness.

But whereas the future of the Chinese youth is promising in industry and commerce, how do they fit in the cultural and artistic framework of the country? Except for a few admirable exceptions, the answer must be that they fit in not at all. The explanation for this, I believe, is due to two things: firstly, a scientific profession offers much more financial security than a career in the arts, and secondly, an uncertainty, as we come to the cultural crossroads, concerning which road to take.

Chinese students generally excel in Mathematics and the laboratory sciences. But very few try to cultivate that basis of living and wide outlook on life which a liberal education offers. The tendency is to concentrate early in the sciences, go to university for training as an engineer, and after graduation make a load of money. A little more altruism and consideration for our fellow-

(Continued on Page 30)

THE TEACHER WITH ALL THE ANSWERS

By **Monsignor Ronald Knox**,
internationally known scholar
and author.

PAULIST FEATURE SERVICE,
WASHINGTON 17, D.C.

OUR TIME has seen a great popular interest in comparative religion. Even popular magazine articles point out the similarity of the world's great religions.

But comparative religion is an admirable recipe for making people comparatively religious. Such a study often leads one to conclude "that there isn't much of a difference after all."

CHRISTIANITY, as taught by Christ, is different, however. It is a fallacy to think you can compare it with other religions as if it were on the same level.

When you compare Christianity with Confucianism, you are comparing two systems of personal morality. Compare Christianity with Mohammedanism and you are comparing two forms of fighting enthusiasm.

WHEN YOU compare Christianity with Buddhism, you are comparing two streams of mystical tendency. And unconsciously, you have recognized that Christianity is something greater than any of the others. Each of the others corresponds to one particular need, one particular mood of man; Christianity corresponds to all three.

Christianity is not just a system of morals. Our Lord did not come to give us a set of helpful quotations to print in calendars. He came to tell us about Himself.

Did Confucius ever say, "All power is given to me in heaven and on earth"? Did Mohammed ever say, "Whosoever confesseth me before men, the same will I confess before my Father who is in heaven"? Did Buddha ever say, "No one cometh to the Father but by me"? This was Christ's teaching. Jesus Christ didn't think of Himself as the leader of just another religion. He knew, and preached to men,

that He alone was the way to God.

SOME MEN will point out the great likeness between Christian and Buddhist saints and mystics. But Christianity is something else besides mysticism, whereas Buddhism is precious little else.

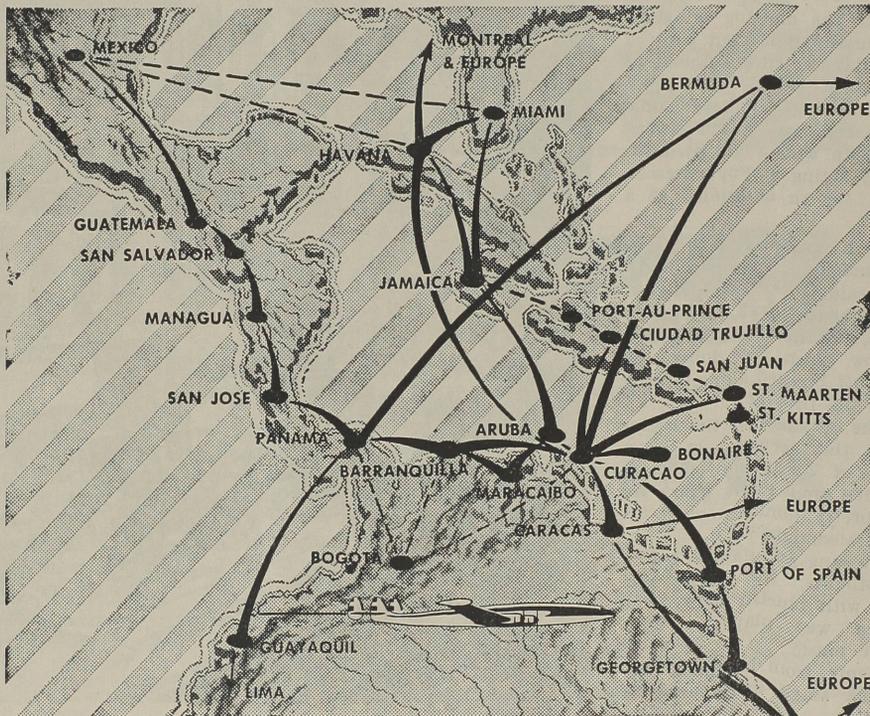
Christ offers us a new, supernatural life, complete with all

its faculties, in the midst of this troubled world. No one else offers us that; no one else dares claim of us the faith to believe in that.

REJECT HIM if you will, but do not try to match Him with the world's other teachers. He will not be content to take His place in a series; He is nothing, if He is not unique.

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Survivors of Great Disasters

THE IROQUOIS THEATRE FIRE

By James L. Kilgallen, International News Service
Staff Writer

The Iroquois Theatre Fire in Chicago was the most ghastly and terrifying experience of my lifetime."

The speaker is Jack Haskell, 75, a retired dance director of New York City, recalling the blaze which swept the Iroquois Theatre during a Christmas-week matinee on Wednesday, December 30, 1903.

The death toll was appalling. Within twenty four hours, Chicago's newspapers had listed 587 dead and many other men, women and children injured. Subsequent deaths of injured brought the total up to 608.

Haskell was dancing on stage when the fire broke out while a gay, holiday audience watched an extravaganza called "Mr. Blue-beard," starring the late Eddie Foy. Haskell was a \$12-a-week chorus man who augmented his salary by acting as Foy's dresser, or valet, for an additional \$3 a week.

"What happened that day remains indelibly in my mind," Haskell said.

"The Theatre was packed to capacity, and there were standees. The show, with Foy doing his funny stuff, breezed along merrily through the first act.

"I came on stage at the beginning of the second act as a member of a double octette—eight men and eight girls. We had a pretty number called 'In the Pale Moonlight.'

"As we sang and danced before the footlights, the stage was flooded with blueish light. The orchestra was playing soft, romantic music.

"Suddenly, from behind a curtain back stage came cries of 'Fire!'

"I turned around. Just back of me, only a few feet away, I could see the flash of flames. Apparently someone had opened a scenery door and the wind, sweeping in

from Lake Michigan, had blown gauzy material up against one of those old-fashioned carbon arc lights."

HASKELL produced a frayed photograph of the dancing octette. On it was marked an X to illustrate how close Haskell was to the fire. He and the girl

with whom he was working—Edith Williams—were on the end of the row of dancing couples.

"We kept dancing for a minute or two." Haskell went on. "Then somebody started to lower the curtain in front of the footlights as the cries of 'fire' rang out through the Theatre.

"Panic broke out. People stampeded madly for the exits. As the curtain was being rung down, the right side of it fell to the floor but the left section stayed up. Flames swept beneath the left side of the curtain and out toward the audience.

"Flimsy scenery and drapes went up in smoke. Tongues of flames shot out in all directions. You could hear the rush of feet down the aisles. All the musicians had fled. People wailed and groaned and cried out wildly.

"Hundreds of the poor victims were trapped at the doors. Upon reaching the doors they found they opened in, instead of out. Men, women and children were blocked in front of exits, caught in a trap. They piled up on top of each other—dying by the hundreds. As many died from suffocation as from the flames."

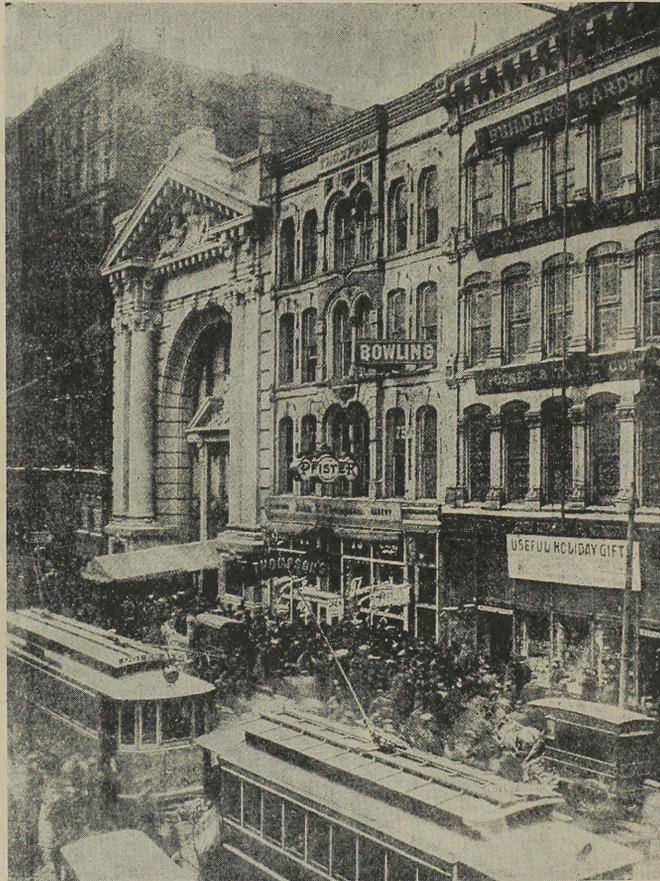
Haskell said that while he was dancing on stage, Eddie Foy's six-year-old son, Bryan, was standing in the wings. It was part of Haskell's job to keep an eye on little Bryan.

"I was lucky to get out alive," Haskell continued. "A few minutes or so after that first cry of 'Fire!' came, my dancing partner, Miss Williams, fainted. I grabbed her.

"Rushing with her into the wings, I seized Bryan Foy. As the three of us neared a stage door there was a terrific explosion and we three were blown out into the street.

"In a few minutes or less all the scenery back stage was a mass of seething flames. The explosion had hurled debris in all directions.

"My shoulder, I found, was dislocated. I don't know whether I was hit by a piece of debris or not.



International News Photo

Crowds of the curious, horsedrawn fire wagons, and trolley cars jam the street in from the Iroquois Theatre, (left), in Chicago on December 30, 1903, the day fire swept the vaudeville house and killed 608 persons.

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"I was directed to Thompson's Restaurant nearby. They were using the Restaurant as a morgue. There I lay among the bodies holding the kid, Bryan, until Eddie Foy came in. He grabbed the child and went off."

THE Iroquois Theatre was a plush new one, located on Randolph Street, between State and Dearborn, in the heart of the "loop."

It was estimated that more than 500 people perished from upper balconies. Police and firemen found masses of bodies heaped by the doors. Heel prints were found in the faces of some of the victims.

Newspapers put out extra editions. One Chicago paper used no headlines but merely published an alphabetical list of the dead and injured — page after



International News Photo

Retired dance director, Jack Haskell of New York, holds a picture of himself in the costume he wore the afternoon of December 30, 1903, when fire swept the Iroquois Theatre in Chicago, killing 608 men, women and children.



Take time out for fun and sun in this combination play suit and sun dress. The skirt has one pocket only and appliqued leaves fall gracefully almost to hemline. This outfit consists of shorts, skirt and sun top, and can be made from cotton or denim.

M. Y. ORIGINAL

page, mourning rules around each page.

Haskell showed the writer a subpoena from John E. Traeger, then Coroner of Cook County (Ill.) calling upon him to appear Jan. 5, 1904, as a witness at the inquiry.

The disaster brought about a nation-wide investigation of Theatres with improper exits. Theatres in various cities were condemned as fire-traps and permanently closed. Others were forced to make extensive repairs. Stringent ordinances regarding exits were passed, and are being enforced to this day.

Haskell remained in show business after the fire. In the years that followed he became a dance director and worked on musical shows for Florenz Ziegfeld, the Shuberts, Rodgers and Hart, Arthur Hammerstein and Aarons and Friedley.

Now that he is retired, he does a little writing. He has an office off Broadway on 44th Street. He is tall, slim and bald-headed but looks much younger than his 73 years. He is unmarried.

(Next issue: Tunnels Through the Snow in 1888.)

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CHINESE IN INDUSTRY

WHEN the Chinese community turned its hand to grocery retailing in the city and throughout the countryside, especially in rural villages where there was some concentration of population, they did not have much competition. And what competition there was, was offered by their own nationals. It was not that natives did not have the money or the patience to go into the business, but because they were not prepared to accept the same standard of living.

He lived in a little room behind his shop. His fraternisation with the rest of the community was confined to meeting them across the counter, or sometimes treating them on Sundays at the back of the premises. There was no necessity for him to have numerous tweed suits, as his working hours did not allow him to seek recreation. It was enough that every so often he could go to Kingston, if he was in the country, or to the down town shopping centres if he was in the city. His living expenses were cut to a minimum, and all his energies were concentrated on saving.

Usually his day began at five o'clock in the morning. He had to sweep out the shop, tidy the shelves. For his own convenience he had to make wrapped packets of rice, flour, salt and other fast moving items. By the time the country people were arriving for market, or in the districts, leaving to sell their produce, the shopkeeper was ready to serve them. Usually it was not until 10 o'clock before he had a chance to prepare his own meal.

But what also prompted natives to stay out of the retail grocery business was the attitude of the purchasers to the shopkeeper. It did not matter to them that after five hours on his feet, the shopkeeper was just taking time out

to eat. Their demands for salt, matches, kerosene oil, were made in a tone of voice which brooked no hesitation. And usually the service was as prompt as they demanded.

For himself the old shopkeeper was content if his savings permitted him to make periodic remittances to his family in China, and something left over. For now he had two ambitions: someday to own a wholesale establishment in the city and to send his children to school. For the youngsters there had to be secondary education and colleges and universities abroad. For if he had been unwilling to accept integration into Jamaican society at the social level at which he served he realised that his children would have to face and solve this same problem. He wanted to ensure that when the society finally began to be integrated there would be Chinese professionals, businessmen, to give it "face" and stability. But he could never imagine that they would also be among the country's industrialists.

There were many things which would tend to disqualify him, mostly the temperament which he had so far exhibited. In his dealings with the people he had showed impatience with their shortcomings, a tendency to im-

mediately exercise his power to dispense with their services. No one would have supposed that the relationship between his employees and himself could be anything but bad. And in industry good labour relations were just as important as capital and "know how."

But there was nothing in his immediate history which indicated he would be at home with machinery. He was coming from the agricultural belt of China, where cultural methods were crude and machines were unknown.

PIONEER

IN 1919 when Yap Sam commenced producing aerated water at his **Diamond Mineral** factory in Orange Street he was a pioneer among his countrymen. And while over the years he got their support, envious eyes were never cast in his direction. As was to be expected he has experienced difficulty in labour relations. But again the adaptability of a people was demonstrated.

For the Chinese have never tended to make full use of their citizenship, either by participating in elections, or using those agencies intended for his protection. But Mr. Yap has never hesitated to resist "squeeze", and bring to his assistance government labour relation agencies. And so with all the others.

Diamond Mineral is not the only company manufacturing aerated water. In Princess Street

is **Crescent Mineral** and along the Hagley Park Road **Liquid Foods**. When solicitor Leonard Chin Yee and his brother, Percy, acquired the Hagley Park plant, it had already been operated at a loss, had not succeeded in attracting public support, nor inspired shopkeepers with confidence. And other long-established firms were enhancing their appeal by bottling American name brands locally.

Neither of them had any experience or knowledge of the manufacture of these products, and their text-book acquired knowledge had to be tested by the trial and error method. But they progressed fast enough, far enough, had attracted enough support to embark on considerable expenditure for new machinery and buildings for the extension of the plant.

With this expansion, with **Diamond Mineral** moving to new, more commodious accommodation along the Spanish Town Road and putting in £60,000 worth of machines, the Chinese were firmly establishing themselves in this sphere of activity.

SOAP MANUFACTURER

WHEN **Caribbean Products** was founded in 1935 there were a host of cottage-industry-type manufacturers of soap. Then the Tai Ten Quee family brought down Cuban expert soap makers to help them at their West Street factory. But while they were establishing their products there was trouble ahead. World short-

age of oils and fats was compelling local authorities to insist that administration of copra and coconut oil should be administered by one authority, the Coconut Control Board. With the establishment of Soap and Edible Products (now Seprod) a government protected growers organisation, **Caribbean Products** was in a fight for its very existence. It is to the credit of the management that they have been able to weather the stormy controversy without exciting the animosity of a lot of people. It was not without a struggle that "Key" laundry soap is now a household name.

And out of their **Chesterfield** factory along the Spanish Town Road to which operations were transferred in '53, come two other producers important to the island's progress. With cattle rearing not producing anything near the quota of the country's meat requirements, there has been a continuously growing demand for poultry. Rearers soon found that their profits were being cut almost to the point of disappearance because of the high cost of feed. **Caribbean Products** came to their rescue with the production of "Chick a Meal". And they

have also gone to the help of pork producers, offering them coconut meal—a bye-product from the extraction of oil from copra—and a specially prepared pig meal.

FEEDING THE NATION

TO help feed the rapidly growing population hundreds of bakeries are to be found all over Jamaica, and many of these are operated by Chinese. In the Corporate Area the trade is sharply divided between the 'name' houses, catering to middle and upper classes, and the others. Until 1952 there were no Chinese among the big three (Powell, Valentine, Huntington). But out in Mandeville, Karl Hendrickson and his father were amassing the experience and know-how to make their entry into the Corporate Area.

It was in that year that the **National Baking Company**, with Karl as manager, opened for business on the Half Way Tree Road, with a capital of £70,000. Then, for the first time, loaves strange to Jamaica began to appear on the market. But the Hendricksons were not content to concen-

trate merely on producing bread, however unusual the loaves might be. This year additional machinery was installed to produce biscuits as well. The reputation they had earned in Mandeville was being duplicated in Kingston.

But another Chinese family headed by Gladstone Chang was also in the business bidding for recognition and getting it. He, too, had a baking family tradition. His father operated the **Buttercrisco** bakery for years in western downtown Kingston, later transferred his operations to Allman Town's Ideal Bakery. Gladstone got his opportunity when the executors of the estate of C. Hope Panton, placed **Valentine Bakery** on the market. Now pressure of business, enforcing increased production has caused Gladstone to move the business into new premises at 111 Red Hills Road this year.

Making a bid now to make it the big five, is Cecil Chin Yee's **Hannah Town Bakery**. By radio advertising, production of better-than-average loaves, he is already attracting the attention of a wider clientele. But he is not deserting the thousands who for

years have bought his 'hard dough bread' in the city shops.

WITHOUT FANFARE

OUT in the countryside are a host of small operators who never make the headlines, and only appear in the news when government notices list them as having been granted 'Pioneer Industry' status, the cornmeal manufacturers. With their small units they face heavy competition from government's Marketing Department. But they enjoy one distinct advantage: they are near to the sources of supply. But they too have their troubles.

For they come within the scope of the factories law and small though their units might be, have to conform with minimum requirements. It is to their credit that they have never been prosecuted, and that their products are welcomed by householders.

ICE CREAM INDUSTRY

ROYAL Cremo and Jamaica Ice Cream Industries are the two Chinese owned frozen sweet (Continued on page 16)

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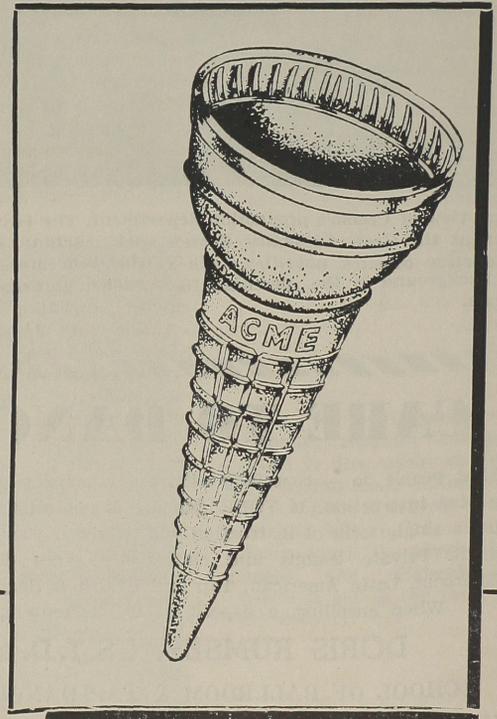
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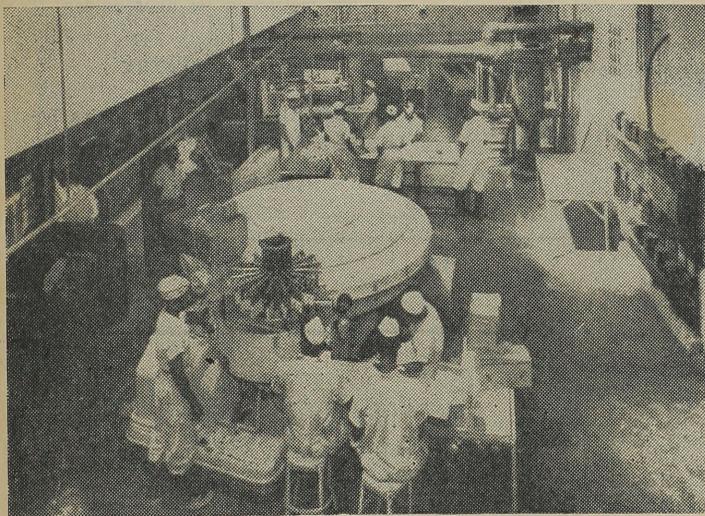


CHINESE IN INDUSTRY

manufacturing plants. In 1939 Charles Chin Loy pushed aside a few mackerel barrels, bags of rice and flour, to make space for the machinery to make frozen sweets. Like a hobby it held third place in his affections to his wholesale grocery business and his interests in J. H. G. Mapp (Succ). But it aroused the imagination of two of his sons, Victor and George.

Victor, 30 year old Managing

Director of **Cremo Ltd.**, is a chemistry graduate of California University, while George studied refrigeration engineering at Chicago U. It is they who are mainly responsible for the £70,000 investment which the plant represents. On the streets, in schools, at fairs, their itinerant vendors on bicycles and on foot, bring fun and nourishment to children and grownups alike, from their Princess Street headquarters.



A general view of Cremo's production department. The circular machine is known as the Gran Automatic Frozen stick machine. It is used for the production of stick novelties, such as the well known Choc-O-Mo. In the background is the machine for producing Cremo's delicious Ice Cream.

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Along Harbour Street, opposite the Myrtle Bank hotel, is Stephen Yap's **Jamaica Ice Cream**. In his quiet way Stephen is bringing his Edinburgh University honours chemistry degree to work for him in his factory. On a work day he can be found in the workshop filing pipes, or helping to mix the liquids for freezing, clad in water-boots and overalls.

Stephen was not content to rely on itinerants to sell his products. To interested shopkeepers he made a proposition. He would rent them the deep-freeze unit to store his products at a reasonable rate and supply them with the sweets. Now his products are constantly available to a much wider clientele.

IN much maligned Matthews Lane, on the eastern side between Barry and Beckford Streets is **Acme Products**. Under the direction of Mr. Charles Moo, a number of manufactured products are being turned out. Already his Acme Ice Cream cones are finding favour with a large number of ice cream producers. The mix is

ing curry powder. But Mr. Moo faces a problem most manufacturers have to tackle these days—scarcity of staff. Although he himself has only recently learned to operate the cone making machine, he has had to train a number of persons.

Out at Shooter's Hill the famous Pick-a-Pepper sauce is being produced at a factory owned and operated by Mr. Lyn Kee Chow of Mandeville. What the ingredients are and how they are mixed is a secret which a host of pretenders would like to obtain. But although there have been several failures to duplicate the product, its quality has remained constantly high, and its reputation unchallenged.

(Continued on Page 22)



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TOUGH CUSTOMER

Patrolling Wyoming's Shell Creek Canyon, game warden Jim Underwood came upon an old-timer sitting on the running board of his car, pulling on his boots—his fishing tackle spread out before him. When Jim asked to see his fishing license, the old fellow replied indignantly, "I ain't fishin' "

"I know but you're going to," said Jim.

"Mebbe I am and mebbe I ain't," stubbornly countered the old man. Picking up his rod, he started down the precipitous trail into the deep canyon. Jim followed him, still demanding the license. But all he could get out of him was, "I ain't fishin' "

After about a mile hike, the old fellow stopped and tied on a fly. Stepping into the stream, he dropped the fly on the water, then reached into his hip pocket and flipped his rod a couple of times, produced a license. "Now, I'm fishin' " he said.

vacuum pumped into moulds and after the moulds become hot, are continuously produced. But it is not only cones alone which occupy his attention.

His staff of 12 are concerned with roasting, milling and packing coffee; preparing spices, produc-

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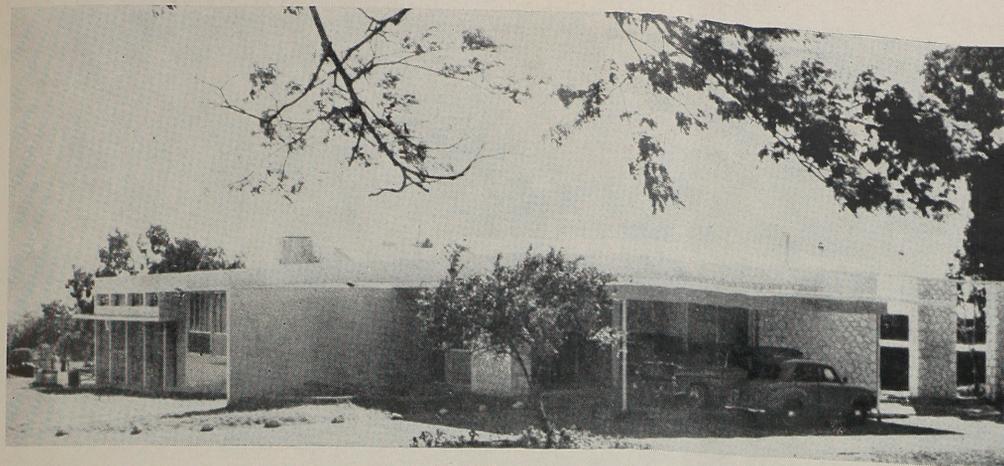
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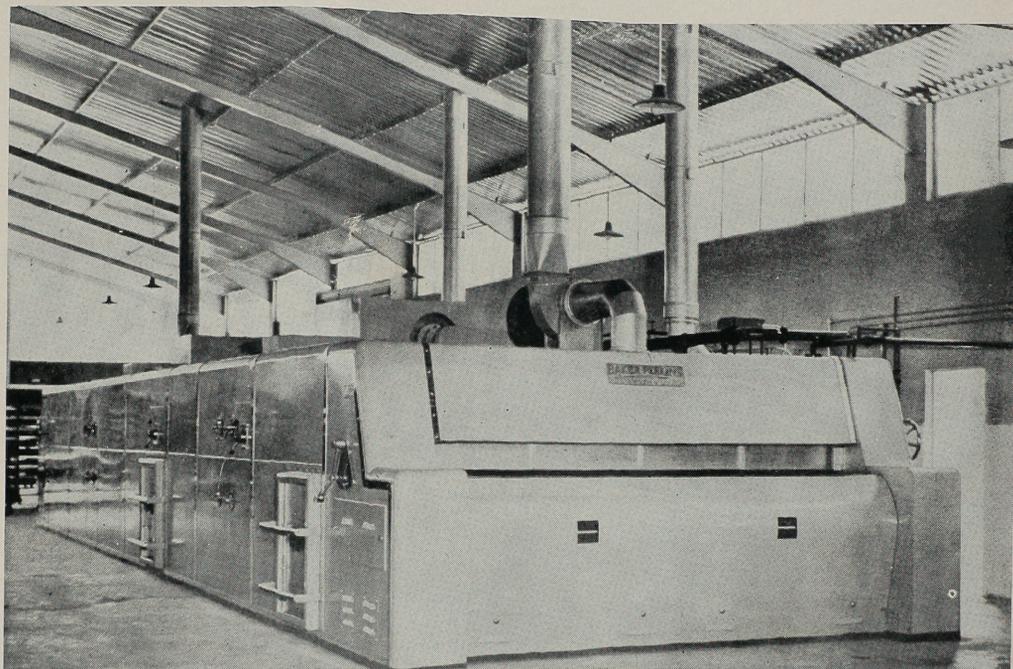
Valentine Bakery

Valentine, the ideal Bakery, moved into its new, modern home several weeks ago. Located on a 54-acre estate on Red Hills Road, the new Valentine is the last word in modern design and efficiency, enhanced by beautiful and matching colour scheme.

All photos on this page by Hilite (Gil Kong) Studio



Above: This is a front view of the new Valentine Bakery. Built by the Leonard I. Chang Ltd., Construction Engineers, a firm headed by Mr. Leonard I. Chang (a brother of Mr. Gladstone Chang, Managing Director of Valentine), the design was done by Mr. Edgar Milner, also of the Leonard Chang engineering firm.



Right: This is probably one of the most modern and expensive oven in the island. Installed at an estimated cost of £25,000, this Baker Perkins Turbo Radiant oven is the only of its kind installed outside the United Kingdom at the time of its arrival. This oven is oil fired and electrically controlled. The bread is fed into this end, shown in photo above, travels on a slowly moving chain to the other end, and is a baked product on the completion of its journey to the other end.



Left: An automatic Slicer-Wrapper machine carries the bread to the slicer which cuts object into neat, uniform slices, after which it travels on a revolving belt to the far end, which wraps the sliced product neatly and efficiently, and passes it out to the rack, ready for delivery.

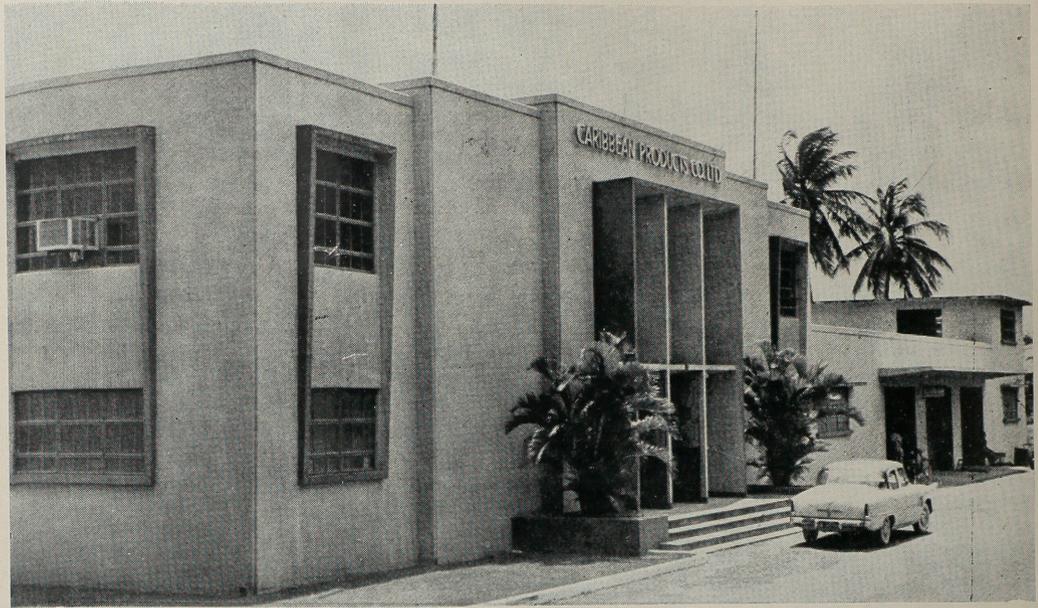


CARIBBEAN PRODUCTS

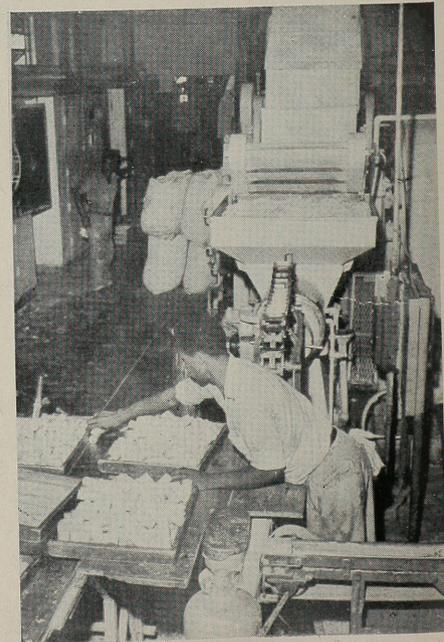
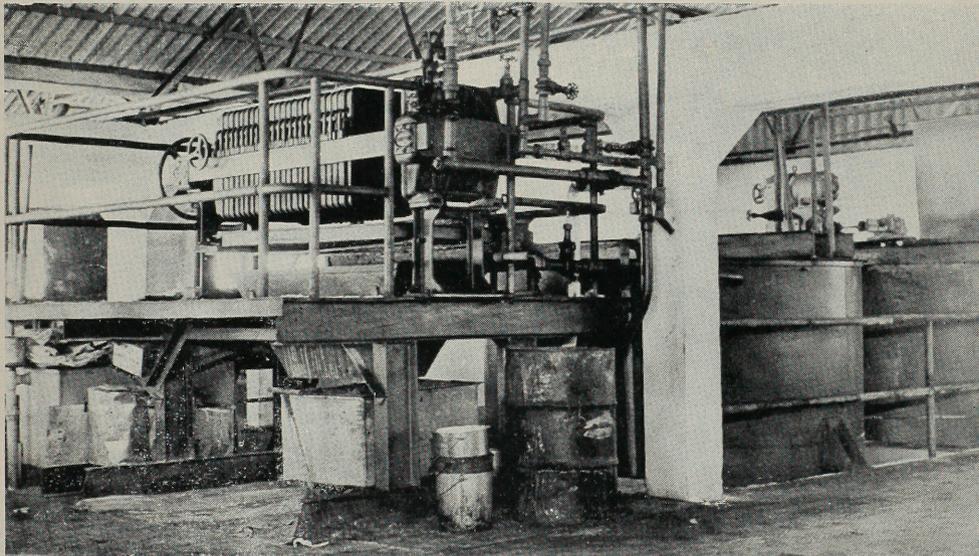


This is the well known Caribbean Products Co. Ltd., on Spanish Town Road, also known as Chesterfield Farm. Here, toilet and laundry soaps lard, margarine and butterine, crude and refined oil, chick-a-meal, dairy feeds, pig meals and other products are manufactured for local and foreign distribution.

All photos on this page by
Hilite (Gil Kong) Studio



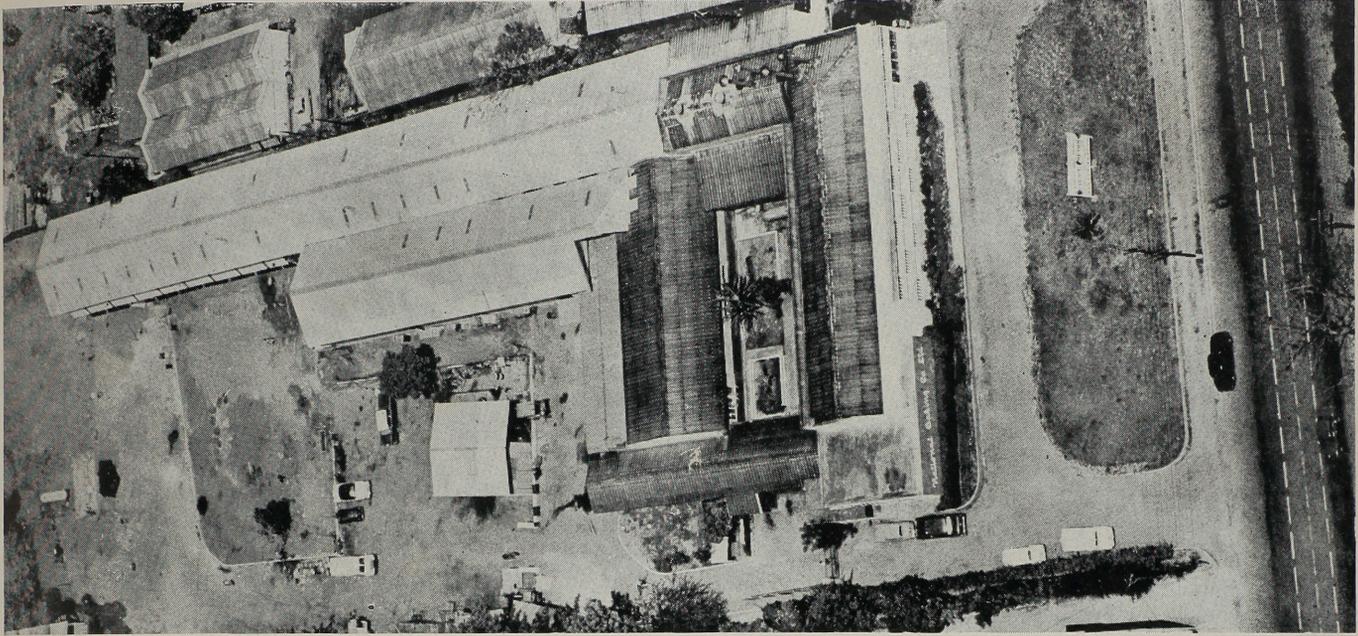
This is a section of the Boiler Department where all the raw materials for the making of toilet and laundry soaps are fed into huge boilers, such as the two shown at right in picture. Coco nut oil is also refined in this section.



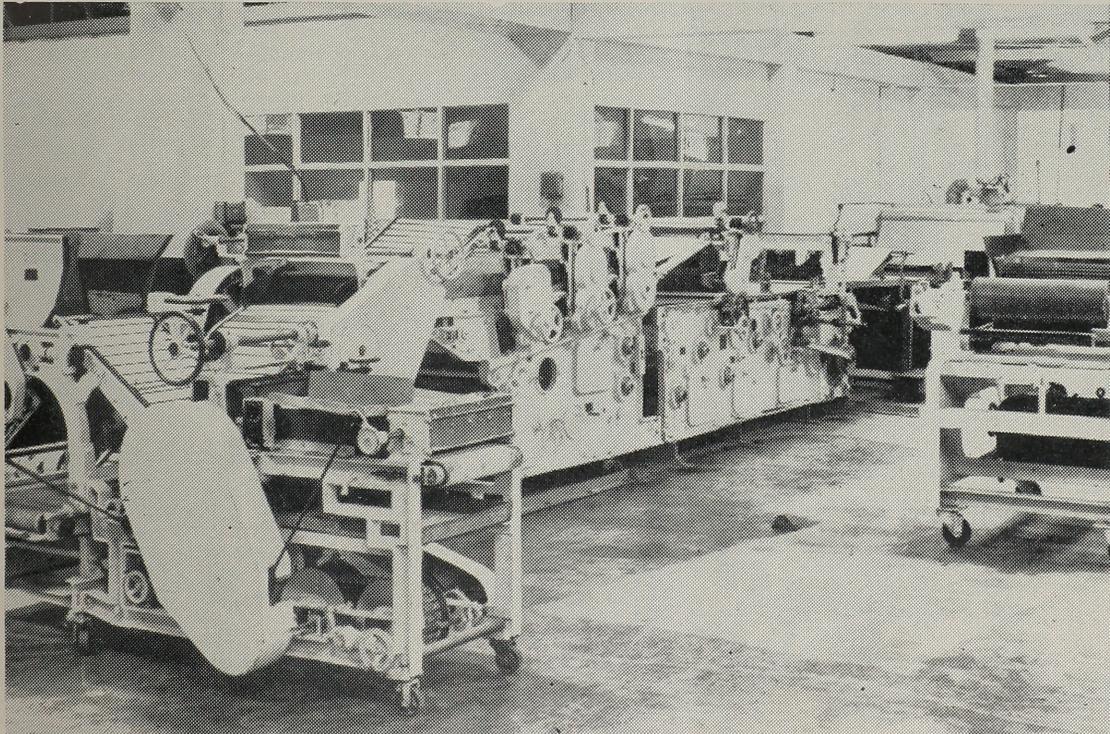
At right, is a Plodder Machine through which the toilet soap passes to be compressed and cut into neat round pieces before being stamped into the required shape. Briefly, after the soap comes from the boiler, such as the one shown above, it is passed on to the Frame for the cooling process. From there, it goes to the Drying Department and then to the Mixer machine. In the Mixer, perfume and colour are added after which the soap is passed on to the Mill machine which mixes and distributes the colour and perfume uniformly. The sweet smelling soap then travels on to the Plodder machine (shown at right) which compresses the soap to a solid and passes it out in nearly cut round pieces. These are then placed in the stamping machine which shapes the soap to the required size, after which it passes on to the packing department, ready for delivery.

JAMAICA'S MOST MODERN BISCUIT FACTORY

Jamaica's most modern biscuit factory came into existence several weeks ago when the National Baking Company Limited declared its biscuit factory opened. The new baking units shown below are housed in a new 20,000 square feet modern structure designed in keeping with the most advanced standards of ventilation and hygiene.



An aerial view of the National Baking Company Limited which is located on the Half Way Tree Road.



✦

This is a sweeping internal view of the new Biscuit factory of the National Baking Company. The machines at left is the cutting section, an outlay of two units of machinery with three principal parts. These are the automatic lapping machine for laminating the doughs; the three roll of sheeting machine for cutting down bulk dough to required thickness; and finally the cutting and embossing machine for cutting dough to required biscuit shape. The cutting section is 60 feet long and 13 tons in weight.

✦

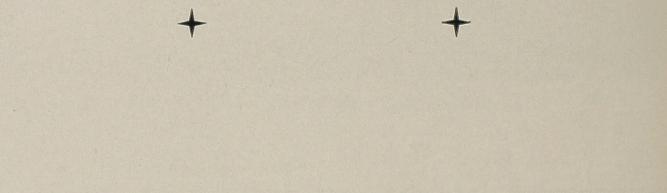
NEW FACTORIES



Hilite (Gil Kong) Studio
Now completed is the new home of Diamond Mineral Water Factory. At the moment of writing, the new factory is not yet in production. New and modern machinery are being installed to increase production to satisfy the steadily increasing demand for Diamond's products.

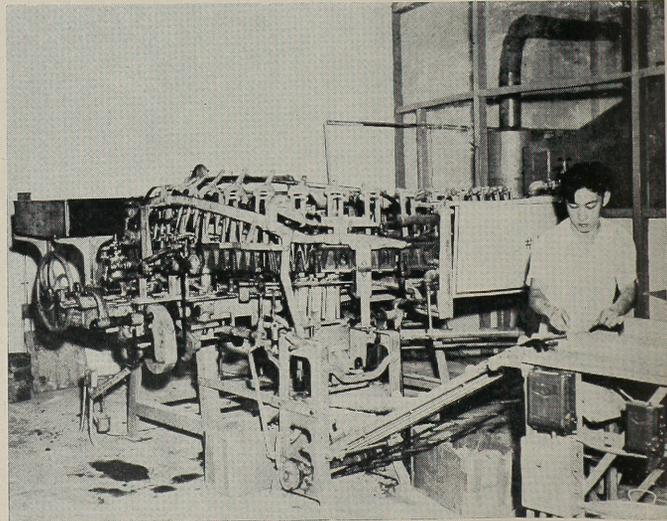


James Chong Photo
Acme Products Corporation is the brain-child of Charles Moo, well-known city businessman. Acme's products include baking powder, mixed spices, curry powder, coffee, and cones.



Below, is Acme's Automatic Ice Cream cone machine. The Batter—material used for cone manufacturing—is deposited into moulds which become heated as they revolve. Before the cone is released from the mould, the machine also trims the product, so that it is immediately ready for packing. Acme's cones are packed in boxes which are covered by moisture-proof cellophane paper. This gives Acme's cones longer storage life.

James Chong Photo



CHINESE IN INDUSTRY

On the Foreshore Road, near to its junction with the Spanish Town Road is the newly constructed **Lyn's Confectionery**, owned by Herbert V. Lyn of Maggotty, under the management of Vernon Chong. The machines now in the plant are used for turning out hard boiled sweets and were acquired from Desnoes and Geddes. But shortly new machines to make soft centre sweets of chocolate and higher grade confections will be installed. Mr. Lyn has left himself plenty of landroom for the expansion which he envisages must come.



James Chong Photo

LYN'S CONFECTIONERY is a new concern which sits in the heart of the city's Industrial area along the Foreshore Road. Although Lyn's is not yet in full production, it is now turning out hard sweets, such as mint sticks, paradise plums, mint balls, and other types of sweets. Later in the year, when additional machinery is installed, Lyn's will manufacture the more expensive soft centered sweets. Lyn's is owned by Mr. Herbert V. Lyn of Maggotty and managed by Mr. Vernon Chong.

Almost opposite to Kelly's on the Spanish Town Road is **Broadway Leather Products**. Operated by Cecil Chin Yee the £8,000 investment is making a considerable contribution towards the shoe-making industry, for with imported leather becoming harder to get the native article is everyday in greater demand.

Aluminium ware factory run by Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Chin See in Falmouth. Mrs. Chin See had to enter US plants to herself learn how to turn the raw sheet metal on the lathes, had to bring out expert help to teach the employees at the factory to do the work, and herself sometimes take up position before the machine.

If the Chinese have succeeded in breaking into industry, despite all the natural disadvantages which they possess, it has not been without toil and effort. There is the example of the **Carib**

The Chinese have had to learn to handle labour with sympathy

and understanding. Have had to realise that progress must depend on recognition of their duties as citizens, and that those duties must be shouldered. Have had to recognise that it is not by their efforts alone that success must be achieved. Are now learning that in an organised community apartness must give way to willing co-operation and the exhibition of real interest in the community's affairs.

SMALL TALK

STUDENTS AID

NOW that the UCWI undergrads seem set to get the fat sum of £12,000 for loans which they requested at the SFC meeting held on their campus last February, it is time Government start thinking of assisting the Jamaican students abroad who often need loans to complete their course of study. The Jamaican students at Howard University, who asked a MHR to petition Government on their behalf, are only a section of the student population abroad. Small loans should be made available to all Jamaican students in need.

The American institutions have been more than generous in awarding scholarships to Jamaican students who will serve their country at the end of their training. It is only reasonable that the Jamaica government should show their gratitude in the tangible form of assisting their own students in American institutions.

C.C.A.A. FUND

Amount already acknowledged	£469 4 0
Mr. and Mrs. Lee Tom Yin, Kingston	3 0 0
Amount forwarded from Chinese Welcome Committee	30 7 0
	£502 11 0

The Chinese Catholic Action Association Fund will be used to defray the expenses of bringing the two Chinese priests to the island who are at present serving in the local diocese.

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Social World

The home of Mr. Kenneth Chong on Gore Terrace, was the locale of a week-end party on Saturday, June 1. Occasion for the social was to celebrate the birthday of Ken, and at the same time to bid him farewell before his departure for the States.

Present for the double event were members of the Chinese Home for the Aged Committee of which Ken Chong is President, and friends of the guest of honour. The guests spent an enjoyable evening dancing to recorded music.

Among those present were Joyce Yap, Shirley Lai, Norma Chung, Connie Simm, Arthur Lyew, Roy Tenn, Maxi Lyn, Kenneth Chin Onn, Joyce Chin, Neville Cha Fong, Ronnie Chen, Elizabeth Wan and others.

Nearly two hundred teenagers spent a gay night at 4 Beach Avenue, Springfield-on-sea, on Saturday, June 1. It was a straight rock 'n' roll session put on by the United Aces basketball team. Held at the home of Mr. Valdi Lyn, the floor was crowded from the early hours of eight right into early hours of the next morning.

Refreshments and buffet supper was served at midnight.

Doctor On Visit

Dr. Peter Pau, M.A. (Oxford), F.R.C.S., arrived in the island on Monday, June 3, for a short visit. Hong Kong born, Dr. Pau is stationed in Singapore with the United Nations. He left on Wednesday, June 5, for Trinidad to continue his tour of these islands. From Trinidad, he will return home via the United Kingdom.

During his short stay here, he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Ta Tenque.

Left For U.S.

Mr. and Mrs. Wong Chew Onn, Mr. and Mrs. Wong Lim and their two daughters, Florence and Doris left the Island on Sunday, June 9, for New York via Nassau, on a three-week vacation. From New York, the party will go on to Chicago, then to Michigan, where they will attend the graduation ceremony of the University of Michigan.

Miss Hyacinth Wong, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wong Chew Onn, will receive her B.A. degree in Business Administration, at the graduation ceremony to be held on June 15.

AT THE THEATRE

by Ruby Simm

Film: Alexander the Great.

Stars: Richard Burton, Frederic March, Claire Bloom, Danielle Darieux.

Opinion: Magnificently gory.

THIS film has been very much over-rated, and one is apt to be disappointed on seeing it after it's world wide publicity.

With its cast of the usual thousands, this tale is told in battle after battle, until we are sick of the sight of spears sticking out of men's chests, and rivers dyed with blood. There is just too much of every thing—too many battlefield scenes, too many contradictory incidents, and too many scenes ending abruptly without explanation. During the film one gets a feeling of great depression for this version is told without humour, without a spark of humanity, and with an almost careless disregard of morals.

Long and drawn out, this epic seems to have confused the writers more than the audience. Alexander was a great king, of the Greeks, who believed himself to be a god, and in his early manhood conquered nearly the whole of the civilized world, because he believed that it was his destiny. He plunders mercilessly, applying his own code of justice, because of his "divine right", until at the very end of his life, when he discovers only too late, that he is human, and so are all of his subjects.

His character stands out in the performance of Richard Burton, England's best gift to Hollywood, whose most outstanding qualities are his compelling voice, and the delivery of his lines. He portrays Alexander without sympathy, and yet with a vast appeal, never slackening his poise and regal bearing, and introducing now and then a wry and even pathetic humour, if it can be called that.

Frederic March as Phillip of Macedon, father of Alexander is equal to Burton, and between them, they manage to give some interest to this over done production.

Claire Bloom gave her usual wraithlike performance, and one feels that if her expressions and movements had been equal to her very lovely voice she could have done credit to a thankless role, as the Athenian mistress of Alexander.

Film: Teahouse of the August Moon.

Stars: Marlon Brando, Glenn Ford, Machiko Kyo.

Opinion: Utterly delightful.

MORE and more we are being pleased with the screen adaptations of the best Broadway shows, and while "Guys and

Dolls" is still fresh in our memories, we are given Marlon Brando again, and that most versatile of actors, is now in "Teahouse" a gay bit of nonsense with a strain of the most serious philosophy supplied by Marion, himself.

This takes place in American occupied Japan, immediately after the end of the Second World War, when America had big plans for the rehabilitation of the smaller villages of Japan. But they hadn't bargained for the whims and fancies of the Japanese, and the simplicity and naivete of their concept of life. They welcome the Captain who arrives to the village armed with Plan B, with gifts which include a geisha girl to make his troubles fly away—and then wreck his plans for the new school-house that he has been assigned to build, and have him build them a teahouse, in which they can sit to drink tea, while they contemplate the sun going down.

This is a whimsical story in which Marlon Brando plays the adorable Sikini, with the golden philosophy who understands everything and believes nothing. He wears his tongue-in-the-cheek expression all through, having himself a wonderful time at the expense of the dignity of the U.S. Army to which he is attached as a civilian employee. He is in sole charge of the Captain and guides him skillfully through the haphazards of Japanese village, with diplomatic tact.

Glenn Ford, as Captain Fribsy, has a field day in a part that fits him like a glove. We are all familiar with his bewildered gestures, his fumbling phrases, and astounded repetitions, but never until "Teahouse" has he made such good use of these characteristics. Captain Fribsy, is a man who could do nothing right until he met Sikini, and even then what he did right, was wrong. And that was a matter of Geography. In Japan he was right, but in the U.S. Army, dead wrong.

Japan's first lady of the screen, Machiko Kyo, provides the female interest as the geisha girl who stirs envy in the hearts of the village women and nearly causes a revolution.

This is a wonderfully funny film, that stills the laughter for a minute, when Sikini in his last scene, imparts smilingly, "Pain makes man think, thought makes man wise, and wisdom makes life endurable," and these make us begin to think.

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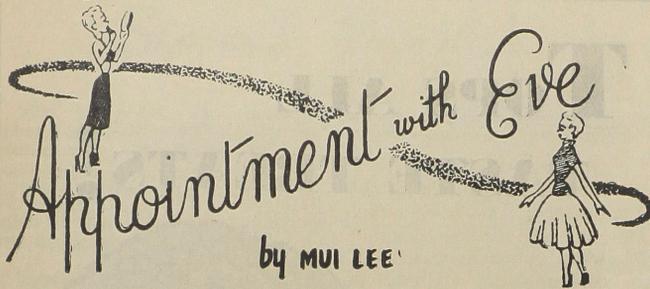


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Do you have a problem which you cannot solve? Then why not write to Miss Mui Lee? If you are unhappy or lonely, if you have a household problem, if you can't seem to decide on what colour dress to wear to some social function, then write to her and 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's a strange thing that when we women get together, in no time at all we'll be discussing one or all of the following: clothes, boy-friends or husbands, engagements, or children. Of course we have the name of being scandalous, catty, and unable to keep a secret, and yet as you know, often enough our conversation could simply be described as happy gossip. After all, why should we be ashamed of wanting to talk of the things that are closest to our hearts? And in spite of anything any

woman may say to the contrary, her loved ones, husband and children, and her home, are the sources of her greatest joy. So we must talk about them mustn't we? and which of us would want to be different!

Well now for our letters, here they are:—

Dear Miss Mui Lee,
I hope you can help me with my problem—it is making me very unhappy.

I was in love with a very nice boy, and he was in love with me.

At least he used to tell me so, and he was very kind to me. One night at a party, some of his friends started to tease him about me; he got very annoyed and looked very embarrassed. From that time he has never taken me out alone again though we have sometimes met at parties.

He is always quite polite to me, but there is an awkwardness between us. It was over a year ago that this happened. Recently I met his younger brother, and he seems to be a fine boy. I have accepted invitations from him to go out several times and we have had quite happy evenings together. He says he wants to make up to me for the way his brother has hurt me, and I really believe he wants to marry me himself, though he has only hinted at it up to now, but he is very kind and gentle to me.

Do you think I could possibly be happy with this boy, or do you think it would be foolish of me to consider marrying him? Please help me.

Yours sincerely,
Meg.

Dear Meg,

I do think your previous boyfriend behaved in a very un-grown-up way. It seems he is over-sensitive; nevertheless he has had ample time in which to explain the sudden difference in his behaviour towards you, and if it is pride that is holding him back, I'm afraid it is not a good omen for a happy marriage, where much give and take is required on both sides.

Nevertheless I suspect that you are still in love with him, you do not mention being in love with the brother as yet, but you are obviously gaining considerable consolation from his kindness to you in your present loneliness.

Why don't you take the bull by the horns and get an opportunity to have the whole thing out with your former boy-friend. Even if the result of such a discussion is hurtful at the time, it will at least let you know how you stand and make your decision for the future somewhat easier to make. You are in no state of mind to make a sound judgment at present.

Although the second brother no doubt has good intentions, it is foolish for him to imagine that it would be enough for him to love you if you do not love him; he would not be satisfied with such a state of affairs for ever. Keep a tight rein on your emotions meantime, in a few months when your first hurt has lessened, you will be more able to judge which way your heart is inclining.

Dear Miss Mui Lee,
I am going to be married in a few months. I should like the reception to be held at my house but my mother is dead and I wonder who will receive the

guests. Can my father do this alone?

Bride-to-Be.

Dear Bride-to-Be,
If the wedding is to be a very small one, your father may receive the guests himself just inside the door; but an aunt, older cousin or grandmother can quite properly act as hostess; and this will probably give a more friendly atmosphere to the function. In this case the guests will probably know her, but your father could stand near her in order to introduce anyone whom she didn't know.

Best wishes to yourself and your husband.

Dear Miss Mui Lee,
What is your opinion about a woman marrying a man younger than herself? I am in love with a man three years my junior. I am twenty-eight and he is twenty-five, and we get on very well together and have a lot in common. He is very anxious to marry me, but I hesitate to accept him as I don't know that it is a wise thing for a woman to marry a man younger than herself. I cannot bear the thought of giving up this boy however, as I so enjoy all the times we spend together. He says age doesn't matter when two people are in love, and that he likes me particularly because I think more seriously than the younger girls he has known.

Do you think I should take the chance?

"SENIOR"

Dear "Senior,"

I do feel that you and your young man could make a go of marriage, for you seem to be "comfortably happy" together (a point that I'm always emphasizing as the best foundation for marriage); also you tell me that you have common interests. I believe it is true that the age question means very little to your husband-to-be, he seems to have quite made up his mind, so the only thing that can cause trouble over it is your allowing it to take a prominent place in your mind. This could lead to many imagined innuendos and insults if you are unable to rid yourself of the obsession.

When I was younger I used to feel the same as you do, but honestly I have seen several cases in which the man is younger than his wife and the marriages are very happy; in one instance the man is actually seven years younger than his wife, but after one dozen years of married life he still loves her!

So I hope you will be able to subdue your doubts. I feel you have met an ideal marriage partner.

Best of luck to you.

And so we come to the end of another appointment with Eve, till next time.

Yours very sincerely,
Mui Lee.

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Sports Review

FITNESS GREATLY NEEDED

SPORT, like sex, is the topical talk everywhere, and like one's shadow there is no escaping from it. *Pagoda's* increasing circle of readers, including those who formerly were wedded to business are now disporting themselves even for the sake of keeping fit when time allows. Hallelujah!

Priority talk of this year is undoubtedly cricket in view of the Duke of Norfolk's visit in the Spring and the West Indies tour to England. The Duke's men left many pleasant and delightful memories of brilliant sportsmanship which was hoped to inspire local players. There has been an attempt so far to try and brighten the game which faces disintegration through the rush of current living. Nevertheless, Chinese Athletic Club, despite recurring defeats in the Junior Cup Competition, have been setting a splendid pattern of sportsmanship. Eddie Young, their captain, has finally decided to spare some time off his executive duties to play the game which is part of his character. His evangelical work in reviving interest in club life, has been remarkable. A few seasons ago the new club at Derrymore Road which is now addressed as Molyne's Road was being deserted. This year, there are at least 30 outstanding players from which to choose the Junior team.

I believe the CAC would have been further afield in the competition if the outstanding players were always available. For instance, Nukie Lee Yuen an excellent off break bowler anywhere, and oftentimes useful batsman, was too busy to play in important matches, so were Yu Fatt Chin a stylish and effective opening batsman, Cecil Lai Fook an all-rounder, and Noel Chin though getting girthy but still a stubborn bat and eager fieldsman. The Chinese should be a formidable team next season if their enthusiasm is sustained and no doubt it will.

A moment of advice is here given to parents that should not discourage youngsters who may smash the window panes or even the girls who may be taking a swing at the willow, for in time they may represent the club and possibly the Federal teams.

FITNESS WINS

BEFORE leaving this chat on cricket, I wish all the young players will endeavour to keep fit, because, as the famous Ovaltine Ad exhorts, it is quality which eventually wins.

The West Indies team have been far from fit; as a result they have been packed with injuries, pulled muscles having drawn the first Test and lost the second. Even captain Goddard who was an example of physical excellence, and the phenomenal Collie Smith have fallen into the rut of missed catches, and remember the Westies dropped 10 in one day! Anyway, I still

By **HAPPY WANDERER**

have faith in our winning or saving the series; this of course if we win the Third Test commencing at Trent Bridge on July 4, and the Fifth beginning at the Oval on August 22. I have skipped the Fourth Test starting at Leeds on July 25, because the weather there is so much like the treachery of Old Trafford, Lancashire, which is now abandoned.

FAILING FOOTBALL

FOOTBALL is nothing which anyone can gloat or boast about, at present. The standard has never been lower, except, perhaps, in primeval times that is, BC, before the birth of Colonel Curphey, one of our oldest pioneer footballers. The Jamaica team, which at the time of writing, was being put through some rigorous PT exercises, of some 30 players whom I thought was too plentiful. However, this method may enable the clubs to have at least a few fit players when the season resumes.

Last year the Chinese competed in the Junior League and Knock Out, but in spite of the array of promise, many important players had to retire to the casualty ward. This year, as Noel Lyn views optimistically, CAC will be among the top teams, because a number of St. George's College boys are coming over. I perceive such fine players as Marsden Chen and Denziel Lue.

Another hopeful aspect is the entry of the new military regiment, the Worcesters, some of whom have told me that they are better than the recent Duke of Cornwall Light Infantry. We are badly in need of good regimental soccer which helped to

build the local standard before the last World War.

The outlook on tennis is bright.

It reminds me of a much pampered and beloved child, what with continuous scholarships, coaching and competitions and courts ranging from grass, concrete to asphalt. Even the private one-court lawns are springing up again in homes which can afford the limitations of space. The titles in all the contests including the All Jamaica are wide open for those who are sparked with ambition.

Richard Tai on whose young and capable shoulders has fallen the garb of the Leahongs, is striving with the CAC squad. This year they entered the Ovaltine Club competitions and reached the second round before elimination by mighty St. Andrew Club. Richard had in his team the experienced and evergreen Harry Kong, unpredictable, efficient Yu Fatt Chin and zealous little Allan Chin. The moys were few; in fact, there was just one pair of representatives, Maisie Chang and Kay Wong Ken who

surpassed the efforts of their male counterparts in reaching the final of the women's doubles. It is time that both sexes displayed more enthusiasm and skill with the abounding opportunities afforded.

BOOM FOR BASKET BALL

BASKET BALL is getting into the limelight chiefly through the efforts of Commissioner Horace Chang and his committee. Last year, the JBA accomplished the feat of bringing the Harlem Globe Trotters, made an unforgettable exhibitional visit. This year, the Association has taken on the exceedingly ambitious task of again inviting the Trotters and the American All Stars on a two-night contest under the lights at Sabina Park. Jamaicans should support this venture in appreciation, and for the sake of their own appetite for good entertainment.

The local basket ball leagues have been chockful of keenness and the younger players are embracing the game more fully than they had done before. Several schools have laid out

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basket ball courts, and when the time comes for an Interscholastic competition, I think the JBA will have more than their hands full.

CALL TO ATHLETICS

I MUST again alert the school-boys and girls as to the needs of track and field athletes. This is a department of sport which has been too long neglected, and if the youngsters do not throw their hearts into it, I am afraid we shall have to wait for a long time for successors to Herb McKenley, Arthur Wint, George Rhoden, Leslie Laing, Cynthia Thompson, Hyacinth Walters and Lily Johnson.

Jamaica's showing at the last World Olympics held in Australia was unworthy of the high name built up by the forenamed stars.

I wish also to advise the boys and girls when they leave school to continue running, jumping, leaping and throwing the various athletic objects around. There are several training and coaching camps such as Ted Lamont's at Winchester Park and the Government-aided scheme at the George Memorial Park under the supervision of the great Herb McKenley. A few mornings and

late p.m. jogs will do more to build their bodies and minds than all the allurements of the movie theatres and night clubs.

BEFORE closing I would like to ask, what has become of our softballers? The game has sunk below the home plates, and the efforts being made in the schools competitions at Doncaster and the practices at the Kingston Race Course, need more spade work to bring back the former glory. What has also happened to the Primroses once made famous, and I should say fabulous, by the skill of Lilla Lee, Mae Ayee, Gwendolyn Chang, Terry Chang and others?

The decadence I should hate to believe is caused by lack of efficient management, suitable playfields where admission can be charged to help buy gears and so forth, and the want of outstanding personalities. The game needs people like Hermon Spoerri, "Coolie" Archambeau and Vernon Buckley whose unselfishness and love for the game and its glamour brought an era of delightful and opportune recreation for hundreds of schoolgirls, office clerks and stenographers who, hitherto, had no interesting dates until the moon and stars appeared.

HARLEM GLOBETROTTERS

Mr. Horace Chang, President of the Jamaica Basketball Association, announced last week that the Harlem Globe-trotters, acclaimed as the world's most spectacular basketball team, will be returning to Jamaica in August to once again thrill local basketball fans. The "Barnums of Basketball" are returning for a second visit on a special request from sport fans who saw them in action at Sabina Park in July last year, and from those who did not get the opportunity to attend the last show.

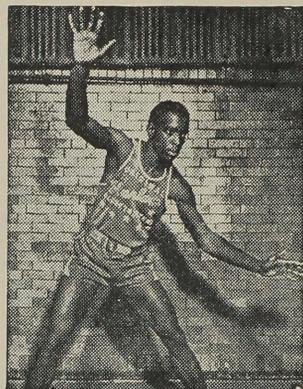
THE Globe-trotters will give two shows, on August 20 and 21, at Sabina Park, and each game will begin about 8 p.m. On this occasion, they will play against a team known as the American

the game will take a serious turn in opposition to the All Stars. This will afford local sports fans the opportunity of seeing just how good the Trotters are.

In addition to the Trotters, several variety acts will complete the bill of fare. No announcements have been made as to what these acts will be, but those who saw the last acts which accompanied the 1956 visit, will be assured that the Trotters will live up to their reputation of providing thrilling entertainment.

The lure of the Trotters' display, most of whose players are above 6ft., is fantastic tricks and showmanship. Sports fans who saw them last year were delighted by their clowning and their accuracy. The team which will come here in August is, however, not the same one which made the last visit. Several other players which did not make the trip last year are doing so this year.

(Continued on Page 27)



BOB HALL

All Stars. Although there will be the usual exhibitional displays and clowning, the Trotters' Manager cabled in to say that

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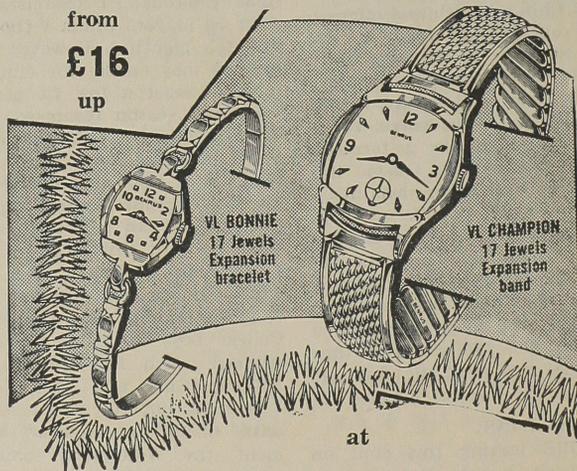


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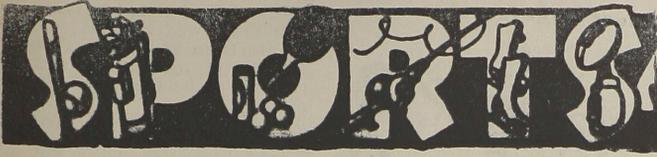
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By Ballin.

BADMINTON

The postponed match against UCWI was not played as the Varsity team has now withdrawn from the competition. At the end of the first half of the competition, the CAC was placed fifth with 82 points from nine matches. The leading team, Rainbow, having only played eight matches have gained 134 points. The handicaps for the Clubs have been revised and Rainbow 1 is now handicapped at minus 8, Elgin minus 5, Norbrook 1 minus 5, Rainbow 2 minus 2, Norbrook 2 plus 10. The matches in the second-half should be much keener and the lower teams will have a much better chance of going to the top of the ladder.

Here are a list of matches which the CAC will play in the second-half: July 5 CAC vs Liguanea; July 8—Norbrook 2 vs CAC and July 12—CAC vs Club India.

The CAC team should stand a very good chance of reaching the top of the ladder when the second-half ends as the handicap given to the other leading teams is a very stiff one.

It is very good to see that a few girls have taken a fancy to this game and if they will keep up a weekly practice no doubt they will be able to be an exponent of the game one of these days.

TENNIS

The Melbourne tourney is now in progress and although they were quite a few entries from our players like Clinton Wong, Tyrone Yap, Richard Tie, Allan Chin and Yu Fatt Chinn, one was able to reach the finals. Anyway, we hope that this will not dishearten them and that they will practice for the All Jamaica tourney which starts next month. In the tennis world all interest is focussed on the Wimbledon championship now in progress. Favourite for the Men's Singles

is Lew Hoad and for the Women's Singles, Althea Gibson.

CRICKET

The match between Stony Hill and the CAC ended in a draw as rain prevented play for part of the first day. The next match was against Boy's Town and CAC were able to muster only 101 runs. When Boy's Town went to bat, they had scored 169 runs for the loss of 3 wickets.

In the house league "A" side easily defeated the "D" side by 5 wickets. "D" team batted first and scored 81 runs whilst "A" team scored 127 all out, of which their opening bat Wilfred Lai scored 40 runs ably supported by Karl Lyn with 22 runs. This makes "A" house the leading team in the competition. The match between "A" house and "C" house was postponed last Sunday, June 23.

We are all sorry to see that the West Indies lost the second Test Match at Lords, but they were beaten by a better, balanced team. Congrats to England who thoroughly deserved victory and to Cowdrey, Evans, Bailey and Trueman who gained it for them. The West Indies will have to find a wicket-keeper and another fast bowler before they go into the Third Test, and although much criticism have been levelled at the Captain, Goddard, he has done a very good job.

RACING

Today is Sweepstakes Day at Little Ascot and the race on which it will be run is a very keen one. The Harry Jackson Memorial Cup has quite a few starters in the champion 3 year old See Saw, the Derby winner Creole, Bangle and Epigram. If Nicaltink had started it would have been a much keener race but up to now the favourite seems to be See Saw.

BILLIARDS

Although a billiard competition has been arranged among the

houses at CAC, no interest has been shown in this game as the first match scheduled to take place last Sunday between "B" and "D" had to be postponed as the latter side were not able to make up a team. If this happens again, it will be useless to have this competition for without the support of each house member it cannot be a success. It is hoped that skipper Eddie Lai will start the Club Championship very soon and intending players put in as much practice as possible.

BASKETBALL

Port Antonio is furious at my report in the last issue that they played a rough game in one of their encounters with Dennis. As I said before, I did not see the match but I was told that they played a rough game. Since then Port Antonio has explained the true situation to the Editor. After a careful examination of the facts, I have come to the conclusion that Port Antonio is not the only guilty party; Dennis also played a rough game. Incidentally, Port Antonio treated their guests royally.

Last week Sunday, June 16, one of the biggest upsets of the Ten Pui competition was the defeat of Eagles by Port Antonio. Played at the Min Chi court, the match was a see-saw battle from the first quarter. With a reputation for piling up a comfortable lead, Eagles were never able to lengthen their lead, and at one stage, Port Antonio managed to have them trailing behind by two balls. In the last quarter, Port Antonio pressed their advantage and won by a slim score of 20-18. Eagles' defeat was probably due to their underestimating their opponent, for in the first quarter, they benched all their sharp shooters, such as Busta Hoo, Noel Ho Tom and Roy Lowe. Ralph Moo Young did some fine shooting for Port Antonio.

On the same day, United Aces whipped Dennis by a comfortable lead of 38-25. United Aces employed speed and accurate shooting to win the match. At this stage, it seems that Dennis is no longer the menace, for they are tailing far behind in the competition.

On Sunday, June 23, United Aces scored another victory by defeating Min Chi 35-25. The match was played at the Min Chi Court. This places United Aces in the first three of the competition, and it is quite possible that they might capture 2nd place.

Globetrotters

(Continued from Page 26)

Among them is Robert Hall, known as America's No. 1, comedy king of Basketball. Hall's height is 6ft. 2 inches, and he will be performing all of the clever tricks in his extensive repertoire. He is the key man of the Globetrotters comedy show, is well built, and the product of the famous Brewster Centre in Detroit, where such outstanding Negro athletic greats such as Joe Louis, Sugar Ray Robinson, and others first came into prominence.

The All American Stars which will be lined up against the Trotters is a collection of some of the finest players in the United States.

Among them is a 19-year-old Chinese-Hawaiian youngster by the name of Donald Ho. Ho is a 6ft. 3 inch player of great popularity with his team mates and fans alike. He is a most colourful athlete, fast, clever, well versed in all phases of the game, and will perform effectively at any position assigned to him, be it forward, centre or guard. He is a good pivot man and scores heavily with right hand hook shots.

The 190-pounder, Ho, played High school Basketball at Kaimuki High School in Honolulu and was chosen Interscholastic All-Star guard in his Senior year. He joined the Honolulu Surf Riders after his graduation and this is his third season with the team from which he was selected to make the current tour with the American All-Stars picked aggregation.

Local sport fans will have the opportunity of seeing Ho perform at the two matches scheduled to be played against the Globetrotters on August 20 and 21.

Box plan for both matches are at the Community Store on King street.

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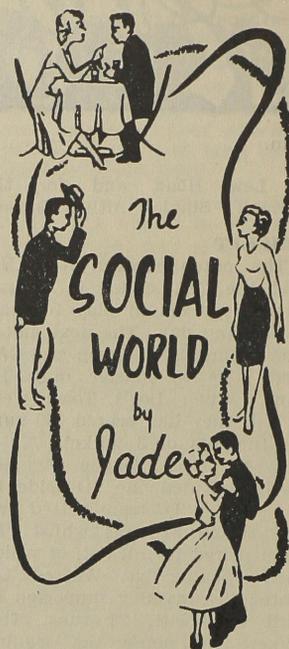
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**Chung-Graham Wedding
 In Mandeville**

A beautiful wedding was solemnized at the Mandeville Parish Church on Thursday, June 13, when Miss Sonia Chung, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Chung of Mandeville, became the bride of Mr. Frank Graham of Larne, Ireland, Venerable Archdeacon J. C. Swaby officiated.

The bride, given in marriage by her father, wore a gown of Chantilly lace with tiers of ac-

cordian pleated nylon tulle. Her headdress was a circlet of diamante from which fell a fingertip veil of nylon tulle, and she carried a bouquet of white orchids.

The chief bridesmaid was Miss Shirley Chung, a sister of the bride, who was lovely in an orchid acetate gown. She carried a bouquet of pink carnations. Other bridesmaids were the Misses Daisy Chin, June Chung and Jean Moosie who wore matching gowns of blue acetate and carried bouquets of red rosebuds.

Bestman was Mr. Norman Skelton and ushers were Messrs. Richard Chung, Winston Chung, and Conrad Moo Pen.

After the ceremony, the reception was held at the Hotel Manchester.

The bride and groom, Shirley Chung and Norman Skelton, left for Ireland via New York.

**Rosa Ho-Tai Bride Of
 Albert Lym**

On Sunday, June 23, Miss Rosa Ho Tai, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Ho Tai of Kingston, became the bride of Mr. Albert Lym, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Lym of Westmoreland. The 5 p.m. ceremony was performed by Rev. Fr. Crowley, S.J., assisted by Rev. Fr. Watson, and Rev. Fr. Higgins.

Given in marriage by her father, the bride was assisted by Miss Maisie "Pat" Young as chief bridesmaid, and Miss Angela Lym. Bestman to the groom was Mr. Charley Lym, a brother of the groom while the usher was Mr. Bobby Chang. Little Donna Hosang was flower-girl.

After the ceremony, the reception was held at 51 Half Way Tree Road where Mr. Sidney Chang ably emceed. Speakers



Mr. and Mrs. Frank Graham who were married at the Mandeville Parish Church on Thursday, June 13.

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MAISIE CHEN

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were Fr. Watson who blessed the cake, Fr. Crowley, Messrs. Charley Lym, G. Thornley, K. Alexander, Dudley Hosang and A. H. Val Cotterell. The groom replied.

Later in the evening, Cliff Beckford and his orchestra provided music for dancing.

The couple spent their honeymoon on the north coast.

Port Antonio Notes

Miss Pearl Chung, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Osmond Chung, was the charming hostess to a large gathering of the town's children on the eve of the 26th of April. Occasion was the 11th birthday celebration of her younger sister, Enid, who was the recipient of many happy wishes and a good and varied amount of presents.

Then came the biggest "sweet sixteen" party for Winnifred Leesang, charming daughter of Mrs. E. Leesang. Held at the Chinese Sport Club on May 4, the party was a gay affair from the beginning when friends gathered around the guest of honour to wish her happy birthday.

Emceeding was Rev. Fr. William Dwyer, S.J., who, after having blessed the cake, called upon the Hon. F. V. Grosett, Custos of Portland, Rev. Gerald Bowman, S.J., and Judge Marshalleck to add their happy birthday wishes.

Later, the guests enjoyed themselves dancing to recorded music.

Vacationing in Port Antonio recently were Mr. and Mrs. George Chin Loy of Cremo Limited, and son, Dennis. They stayed at Scotia Guest House and Bonnie View Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Ivor James spent a week here too as guests of

Munroe's Titchfield Inn.

St. Thomas Chinese Club paid a visit to Port Antonio on Sunday, June 23, and played two matches, one in Cricket and one in Basket Ball.

Led by Joscelyn Chance in the cricket match, St. Thomas defeated Port Antonio by 10 runs and 2 wickets. Chance took 7 wickets for 26 runs and also top-scored for his team with 36. The local team led by Ralph Moo Young, made '79, batting first after winning the toss on the Cedar Park Oval. Earl Moo Young took the most wickets for the home team.

In Basket Ball, Louis Lee and his squad were no match for the home team. St. Thomas was soundly whipped by 32-12.

After the games, the visitors were entertained at an impromptu party organised by the Social Committee made up of Mrs. Viola Coote, Pearl Chung, Nerissa Chung, Gloria and Dorothy Young Tenn and Mrs. Norma Hanna.

Port Antonio's social event of the year is about to take place again. On August 31, the Chinese Sports Club will put on their Annual Barn Dance, this time with Cliff Beckford and his orchestra providing the music.

Many prizes will be awarded to participants and to those who can win the title such as Barn Queen, the Best Dressed Hilly-Billy and the Rock 'n' Roll king.

C.A.C. Monthly Committee Meeting

The monthly Committee meeting of the Chinese Athletic Club will be held at the Club on Tuesday, July 2. The meeting will set the date for the half-yearly General Meeting of the Club. All Committee members are requested to attend.

Comings and Goings

Mr. Chan Kee Hwa, President of Huey An Industries Corp., Hueys Tobacco Co. Ltd., Far East Trade and Industrial Development Corp., and Permanent Director of the Hong Kong Chinese Bank Ltd., all Hong Kong busi-

ness concerns, arrived in the island on Sunday, May 12.

Mr. Chan is on a world tour, and before his arrival here, he visited Sweden, Italy, Germany and many other European countries. He is also a very close friend of the Premier of Burma.

During his short stay in the island, he met the heads of the various Chinese organisations, including Mr. C. C. Phang, President of the Chinese Benevolent Society. He was also entertained at a dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Tai Tenquee on Tuesday night, May 14, where he met the prominent members and businessmen of the community.

Mr. Chan left for New York on Wednesday, May 15, to continue his tour.

Mr. Victor Chang, Jr., and his mother, Mrs. Victor Chang, arrived in the island on Friday, June 12. Mrs. Chang left the island several weeks ago to attend the graduation ceremony at Fordham University held on June 12.

Mr. Chang, Jr., received his B.Sc., at the graduation ceremony, and was also awarded a Fellowship to Stanford University; he will enter that University in September for a course in Engineering.

Mrs. Eva Chin Fatt also arrived back in the island on the same flight with Mrs. Chang.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Alleyne arrived in the island from Trinidad on Monday, June 17, on their honeymoon. They were married in Trinidad on Sunday, June 16.

They remained in the city for a week, and on Sunday, they motored over to Montego Bay. The following day, they left for

Miami after which they will go on to San Francisco.

During their stay in Kingston, they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lai Fook. Mrs. Alleyne is the neice of Mr. Lai Fook.

Mr. Ernest Chung, accompanied by his daughter, Yvonne, returned to the island recently after spending an enjoyable vacation in the United States and Canada.

Miss June Chuck, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chuck of Deanery Road, returned home on Sunday, June 16, via Miami, on her summer vacation. June is a student of Aquinas College, Grand Rapids, where she is working towards her B.A. degree. She majors in Spanish. Incidentally, June arrived on the same flight which carried in Bill Haley and his Comets.

June will return to Aquinas College in September.

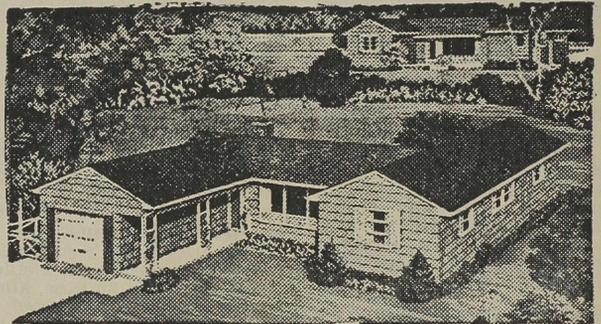
Miss Barbara Chin of St. Ann's Bay returned home recently to spend her summer vacation with her parents. She will return to College in September.

Miss Muriel Sue Ping of British Guiana arrived in the island last week for a two week stay before going on to New York on her vacation. She will leave on Monday for New York. During her stay here, she is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. Van deGroot.

Miss Sue Ping expects to return to Jamaica.

Births

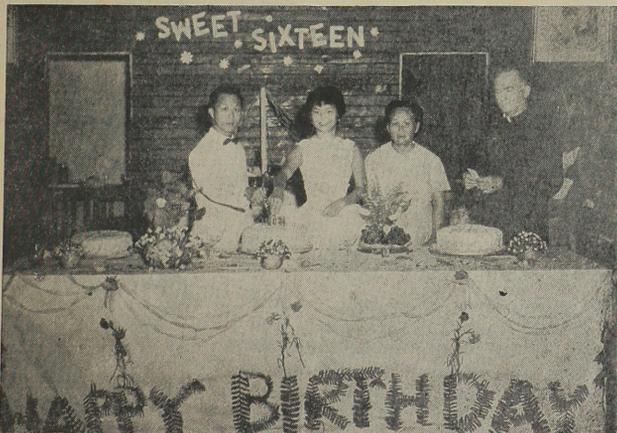
HO: To Everard and Nolio (nee D'Oyen) the gift of a daughter at the St. Joseph Hospital on Monday, June 24.



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Chin's Photo Service
Celebrating her sixteenth birthday recently at the Chinese Sports Club in Port Antonio was Winnie Lee Sang, caught by cameraman at the party are (left to right) Mr. Wilson Lee Sang, brother of Winnie, Winnie Lee Sang and mother, Mrs. Lee Sang, and Fr. William Dwyer, S.J.

Kongs Back on Holiday

Home from College for the summer are the Misses Barbara and Olivia Kong, and Mr. Fred Kong, children of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Kong of St. Andrew. Fred arrived on Wednesday, June 5, while Barbara and Olivia flew in on Saturday, June 8.

A recent graduate of the College of New Rochelle, New Rochelle, New York, Barbara majored in Economics and received her B.A. degree at the 50th Commencement early this month. Among her extra-curricular activities,

In September, Fred will return to the College of Holy Cross, Worcester, Mass., to complete his studies towards his degree in business Administration. He was recently elected President of the Jamaica Club, President of the International Club, and President of the Sanctuary Society, in addition to other offices he holds in the various college organisations.

Dr. Rudolph Wong Returns Home

Dr. Rudolph Wong, M.D., son of Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey Wong, of 2A Retirement Road, returned to the island on Monday, June 17, by KLM from Miami. He will probably join the Government Medical Service here.

A past student of the St. George's College, he left Jamaica in 1950 for Marquette University in Milwaukee, to study medicine. At the University's 75th anniversary commencement exercises held in the early part of last year, he received his M.D., degree. Upon graduation, he entered St. Mary's Hospital, Milwaukee, to serve his internship.

Horace Chang Heads JBA

Mr. Horace Chang, well known city businessman, was elected to the Presidency of the Jamaica Basket Ball Association for the seventh successive term.

The Annual General election of officers of the Association was held at the YMCA recently.

Others elected to serve for the 1957 season are Mr. Egerton Chin Loy as Vice President; Mr. Arthur McLaren as Vice Chairman; Mr. Winston White as Secretary; Mr. Vincent Chung as Treasurer; and Mr. Buster Ho as Assistant Secretary.

Mr. Chang has asked me to announce that the 1957 season is expected to kick off at an early date. For this reason, all Captains of teams who are interested in entering the League competition, are asked to send in their entry by today.

Elected To Campus Post

News has just been received that Miss Sylvia Hugh, a student at the College of St. Rose, Albany, New York, has been elected to a campus post for the next year. The daughter of Mrs. Geraldine Hugh of 13 Keesing Avenue, Kingston, she will serve as Vice President of the Spanish Club.

Wilfred Chan Obtains Ph.D. Degree

Wilfred Rupert Chan of British Guiana, has become the first graduate of the University College of the West Indies to obtain the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. News of the award of this degree by the University of London reached us last week.

Dr. Chan won an Open Scholarship to the University College of the West Indies in 1950 after having attended Queen's College, Georgetown. He obtained Second Class Honours in the B.Sc., General Examination of London for students of the U.C.W.I., in 1953. In 1954, he was awarded the T. Geddes Grant Research Fellowship for postgraduate study and



Dr. Wilfred Chan

in December of that year, he was appointed a Junior Research Fellow in the Department of Chemistry at the U.C.W.I. In 1955, he obtained the degree of M.Sc., of the University of London.

Last year an Inter-University Council Fellowship was awarded to Dr. Chan to allow him to continue research on the Chemistry of Organic Natural Products. He is at present at Glasgow University and at the end of this academic year will spend a further year at Cambridge University.

Dr. Chan is married; his wife is the former Miss Audrey Chung, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willie Chung of Mountain View Gardens.

A Challenge To Youth

(Continued from page 10)

men would help not a little. If we neglect to maintain the art, music and better customs of Chinese culture, we are killing the memory of our fathers; and if we do not have young people to take part in the drama, dancing and social activities of Jamaica, we are failing our country.

While I am on this point I would like to make a note of severe censure of those Chinese who have had the great opportunity of getting a University education and are not offering the fruits of that training to their fellowmen. They must realise that their talents are, in a sense, not their own, but the common property of the community. Too often do we find college-trained men, who, instead of leading the community intellectually and socially, relapse entirely into business. Next September more than a dozen of our students will be entering University, most of them on scholarships. We hope that this will be a generation of intellectuals who will face up bravely to their responsibility of being leaders of society.

It is difficult to understand why there should be any cultural uncertainty. As long as we realise that we are West Indian Chinese, then we can chart our cultural course. We will then be able to see how little relevance rock 'n' roll has to our society (though we must allow for the queer taste of a few individuals), and that we should try to take part in or see West Indian drama, music and dancing, and learn as much as we can about those things in western civilisation on which the West Indian culture is based. Confucius must naturally concern us as much as Shakespeare.

(Continued on page 32)



Miss Barbara Kong

she was President of the Missions Club, Secretary of the Students Activities Council, Treasurer of the Spanish Club, and an active member of various other college organisations which includes the International Relations Club, German Club, National Students Association, Young Christian Students, Athletic Association and the Sodality.

Olivia has just completed her freshman year at Marymount College in Tarrytown, New York, and will be returning in the fall to continue studies towards her liberal arts degree.

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CHAPTER VI

BLONDE, BEAUTIFUL & DEAD

THE STORY SO FAR: Private detective Bruce Brant is having to track down a killer in order to save his own skin. Big-time gambler Jake Hoben, was so worried when he heard that Cissie Neil was murdered that he had to find a fall guy fast. Brant was at hand when the killing was done, so he was chosen to be the fall guy. But Brant has convinced Hoben that the killer was Bobby Neil, Cissie's husband, who learned his wife was involved in a family shakedown plot. Brant has asked Jake to be at the apartment of Dexter Kirkley, a rival private eye, who has aided Bobby in the past, at a specified time. Jake has agreed to bring his boys for a showdown.

I reached the apartment house without any trouble at all. I didn't go in via the lobby, however. There were two reasons. I'd been lucky so far and there was no sense in stretching that luck. Besides, I had business with the guy who washed cars in the garage.

It was quarter of two when I rang the buzzer of Dex's apartment. He opened the door fast as if he half-expected me. I went in and sat down. While I told him what had happened, he mixed the drinks. I looked at my watch. It was time to go into action.

I said, "Dex, I've come to certain conclusions. This town is dynamite to me. I've got to leave."

Dex nodded. "I was going to suggest that. I'll stake you if you like."
"No thanks, Dex. I've got a little dough and I can get more. I would appreciate the loan of a shirt; mine has been ripped and dirtied plenty."

I got up and walked into Dex's bedroom. Without waiting for him to show me where things were, I opened a couple of bureau drawers. From one of them I picked out a woman's nightgown. An expensive frilly thing. It smelled to high heaven of perfume.

"Why, Dex," I held it up. "I didn't know."

Dex got a sheepish grin on his face as he took the garment away from me. "I just keep those around—in case my sister shows up. You know, Bruce."

I said, "I noticed the size. Twelve, wasn't it? Your sister must be small, like Cissie Leland. She was about a twelve."

Dex threw the nightie across the bed. "Are you insinuating anything, Bruce?"

I went back to the living room. "Dex, have you forgotten that I'm a detective too? Or so reputed. You knocked off Cissie. Okay—it's none of my business so long as I get in the clear. Cissie may have deserved killing. Seems maybe she did. She worked with Jake Hoben taking over the suckers. But Jake was getting old and more interested in his club. Besides, he demanded too much of a cut. So Cissie turned to you."

Dex just stood there, slowly rotating his highball glass. I could almost see the wheels spinning in his brain.

"Then what do you intend to do?" he asked.

"Not a thing, except warn you that Jake is on his way over and if I were you, I wouldn't be here."

Dex suddenly yanked a gun out of his pocket. I grinned at him and the gun. "You missed me with that a couple of times already tonight, Dex. It was a bum play."

Dex said, "I'll have to kill you, Bruce."

I shook my head. "That would be your last fool play. Like I said, I can get off the hook with the law now. You saved me—selfishly perhaps, because you wanted to know what I knew and who I may have told. But the fact remains that you did save my hide. So—I'll save yours."

Dex said, "I haven't got a thing to worry about. There isn't a clue; not an iota of evidence. Why should I run for it? The law doesn't worry me."

"Right—check—agreed," I answered. "But Jake Hoben doesn't give judgment by evidence. I figure he ought to be here about now. Your windows overlook the street out front; see if you notice anything."

Dex stuck the gun in my ribs and we walked to the windows. Down below three cars were already parked and a fourth was pulling up. We watched four men get out of it. Two more came from a doorway across the street.

By Norman Daniels

"Do they look and act like cops, Dex?" I asked.

Dex lowered the gun. "Bruce, can you really help me?"

"Sure, Jake moves slowly, but he's thorough. He can't know about the elevator leading to the garage. Your car is there. I'll stay right here and tell Jake I'm waiting for you too. So Jake will wait with me and pretty soon we'll all decide you smelled a rat and got away. That will give you maybe two hours grace."

"Bruce, I appreciate it. Stay here; I've got some things to pack. I'm sorry about the gun."

"Forget it," I said. "I'll have me a couple of drinks to face Jake better. He's going to take some convincing."

HE sped into another room. I followed him softly. I peeked around the corner of the door and saw him approach an old chest-desk. From one of its compartments, Dex took a wad of bills.

As he straightened, I tapped him on the shoulder. He swung around fast, going for his gun. But he was slightly off balance, much surprised, and I laid one smack on his chin. That was all there was to it. I went back to the living room and called Headquarters.

About the time that Jake Hoben was hammering on the door, a homicide lieutenant named Temple arrived at the head of a squad. Jake Hoben became quite reasonable about the whole thing then.

I gave them Dex Kirkley and told them the story.

"So Cissie double-crossed Jake for Dex. Bobby came along—a rich prize and they decided to really take him. Dex had a good reputation among Martha Neil's set and he went to her, offering his services. She gave him

twenty grand for Cissie. The twenty grand you found in Dex's pockets and which I made him take from a hiding place by scaring him with a boogymen named Jake."

Dex looked up. "I told you, Lieutenant, that I was a fool in trying to help Bruce. He planted those twenty C's on me."

I laughed at him. "Bobby is cooped up somewhere but, when he learns the truth via newspapers, he'll show; he has to. As Martha Neil's heir he must claim his inheritance. Bobby will testify that you faked his alibi. The garageman will testify when you came in that night—after the kill. A sap was used on Cissie and you used to carry one. Maybe we'll find it. The bills Mrs. Neil gave you can be traced. They were big ones and banks keep track of such large withdrawals. Think harder, Dex."

"I got enough," Temple said importantly. "Did he also knock off Mrs. Neil?"

I nodded. "Dex killed her, though I doubt you'll ever prove it. His motive: Bobby would then inherit and Dex had him hogtied; Dex meant to inherit, too."

When Lieutenant Temple and Dex were gone, I told Jake, "Dex played it too smart. He knew I was in Cissie's place, of course, and he wanted to kill Cissie, anyhow; the opportunity was too good to miss. Then he told Bobby to phone a tip to you about me being the killer. You would go looking for me. As it happened, I looked you up and things started boiling after that."

"How did you tumble, Bruce?" Jake asked.

"I should have guessed long ago. Cissie asked me, when I tried to buy her off, if Mrs. Neil was crazy. It didn't make sense until I realized Cissie wondered why Mrs. Neil had retained two private detectives. Of course Mrs. Neil realized she'd thrown that twenty grand out of the window and that Dex was a crook. Or she suspected it from the way Dex stalled her."

Jake nodded somberly. "I figured the cops would get me and I had no out. I told Cissie I'd kill her if she doubled on me and she did. I was sure you'd bumped her; Bruce, let's get out of here."

JAKE'S arm was around me when we left the apartment. It was still around me when we walked through the lobby. Everything he had was mine. The gambling place was mine. I couldn't lose at his wheels. The croUPIERS would have their orders. The bar was mine from one end to the other. He kept it up until we were out the door and atop the half dozen very ornamental steps which led to the sidewalk.

I let Jake descend the two steps ahead of me. Then I tapped him on the shoulder. He looked around and up. My fist was very close to the steps as I started bringing it up. The punch was a beaut, the kind I dreamed about. Jake crashed in a heap. I dusted my hands and stood over him for a second.

I said, "Jake, remember throwing a glass of whiskey in my face? That's what the punch was for; you shouldn't waste the stuff that way."

I felt pretty good as I headed down the street.

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ED-LINES

by Edward W. Chew

An American Dilemma

In the United States, all things are changing. It does in other parts of the world, but people here like to think, nothing changes as fast.

Our commercial television progress changes every few months. A man can be a "hero" today, and is forgotten "tomorrow." The Jackie Gleason who thrilled millions yesterday, is wondering if television will still want him around next season. Hit Parade songs do not last more than a few weeks—months at the most.

This summer, the Chinese-American Citizens Alliance will convene in Los Angeles. It is facing a dilemma. Has it outlived its original purpose, as a fraternal and "watchdog" society, to guard jealously the rights of American citizenship for Chinese people in the United States?

The delegates to the Los Angeles convention, from New York,

Chicago, Fresno and the deep Mississippi Delta country will attempt to tear-apart the fabrics of the CACA Constitution, and then hammer a new one together.

These are changing times for Chinese-Americans. He has gained stature, and accepted by more and more of the American society. Where once the society laughed at "Charlie Chinaman", today the Chinese-American is invited to dine with their Caucasian neighbours.

There is much more to be done, civil rights for more people, better housing, and the need for assistance for the older Chinese who will not leave Chinatowns.

Delegates to Los Angeles, remembering the great past when united Chinese-Americans fought Washington lawmakers to a standstill, and when CACA leaders were asked by other minority groups to show them the road to

better citizenship, knows that times have changed.

THE Japanese-American Citizens League, dormant for many years, erupted after December 7th. to demonstrate the loyalty of its American citizens of Japanese ancestry, and today is one of the most powerful lobbies in Washington, D.C.

Latin American groups are fast organising. Making headways.

For the Chinese-American, he has reached a good level of employment, he is accepted by professional societies. His danger is to rest on his laurels. For assimilation, integration and progress have already closed many chapters of the CACA.

When the Chinese-American can live in good homes, and is accepted as part of his community, he feels less need for the CACA. A few members in large Chinese communities continue to fly CACA banners, but its combined voice has been weakened faltered. Now and then a strong voice is heard, but these instances are far between.

In Los Angeles, men will decide whether the CACA should go the way of all things no longer needed.

The American of Chinese ancestry has come a long way, since his ancestors were coolies who helped to build the American railroads, and cultivated the soil for farms, and cooked for ranches, and hunted to "second" golds after the white-man miners had left his diggings for new and richer mines.

He is a member of the American society...and yet now and then we know of Americans of oriental ancestry who cannot buy a home in a "restricted" area, or neighbours complain about selling a lot or business to a Chinese. And every now and then there are people we know who had a hard time getting a job, because of the slant of his eyes, the colour of his skin.

Some say the CACA should dissolve. Others say it must revise its constitution, and bring it up to date. Chinese-Americans stand at the crossroads today. Los Angeles will give one answer.

A Challenge To Youth

Continued from Page 30
between homework and parties, we should find the time to read up on Chinese civilisation. And hats off to those who are learning to speak Chinese. Personal preferences will of course determine the course of the individual's development. But the community must watch out for insularity; it must associate itself at all times with the nation's cultural trends.

Finally, I would like to offer to my fellow young people two great gifts of our fathers—a sense of humour, and a sense of adventure. If we look close enough, there are many more virtues for us to imitate. But their quiet sense of humour has impressed me as the quality which has made their endurance under hardships such a happy task for them. A sense of adventure, is part of their more precious heritage to us and should inspire all our human activity. Remember that apart from the desire to seek a better life, it took real courage and an extraordinary sense of adventure to have left their native land to come to this colony in the latter part of the last century and early this century. The stick-in-the-muds stayed at home; the pioneers embarked on the old steamers across the Pacific, spending days in the train as it crossed the North American continent, and finally making another dangerous voyage south to Jamaica.

Our fathers did well. And I feel that all they ask is that we carry on as bravely as they did.

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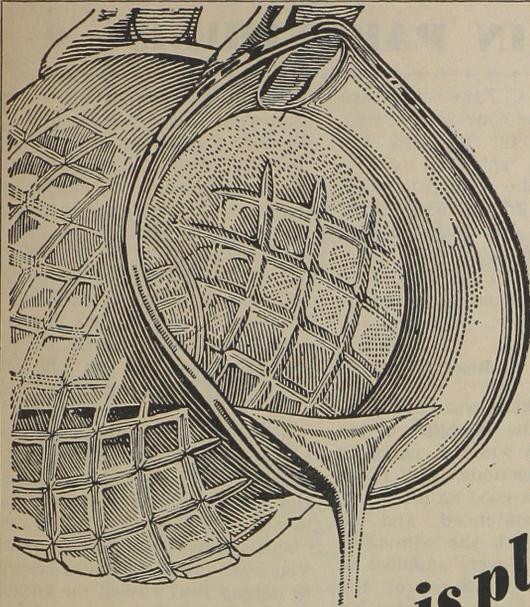
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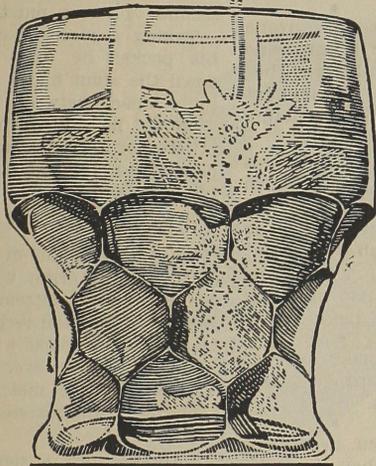
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Preposterous Over-Estimate.

THEY used to call me Old Goggle-Eyes. When my friends boasted about the amount they paid for things or spun assorted tall tales, they were sure to get an astonished gasp from me coupled with a "Gosh! No kidding? As much as all that?"

Now all this is changed. A year or so ago I decided to strike back at the braggarts and the know-it-all boys. It started one evening when I got myself surrounded by foreign sports-car enthusiasts. One of them boasted of a new acquisition — I think it was called a Leopard or an Ocelot — and added smugly: "They don't give those things away, you know."

I don't know what made me do it, but I promptly replied: "I imagine that buggy set you back \$50,000, eh?"

From his frown of annoyance I knew I'd scored a victory.

"Well, no," he said, "not as much as that, but it ran over \$10,000."

I quickly followed up my advantage with: "As little as that? I'd no idea."

I've been deflating people with the Preposterous Over-Estimate ever since.

The reverse of this gambit, the Preposterous Under-Estimate, is a deadly weapon against a different class of extroverts—those who like to boast of their shrewdness at picking up fantastic bargains. Such a man was Higgins, who informed me the other day that he'd made a wonderful buy on a custom-built deep-freeze unit. "What do you think I got it for?" he inquired eagerly.

"About \$20?" I asked. It was with some reluctance that he admitted (at my insistent urging) that he paid \$150.

But you don't have to confine my system solely to money figures. Take people who like to brag about their children. Hathaway, for instance, seems convinced he has fathered a brood of giants and Amazons. Speaking of his 11-year-old son, Tim, he remarked: "It's unbelievable how that boy's growing. How tall would you guess he is?"

Peering up at Hathaway, who is six-four, I estimated: "Why, I bet he's taller than you are now."

He glared, shrank about two inches, and replied: "Well, no. But he's darn near up to my chin, and that's pretty tall for a boy of his age." Hathaway was silenced for the evening.

Yep, I'm a tough customer now, and you'd better think twice before tackling me. I may not fight clean, but I fight darn effectively.

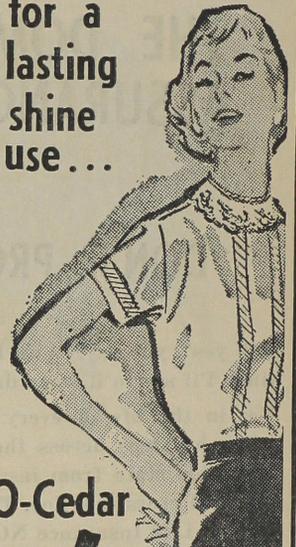
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IN PARENTHESIS

General Ira C. Eaker overheard a GI in private conversation with his buddy, refer to their top sergeant as a "spherical s.o.b."

"Soldier," the General interrupted, "I've known many s.o.b., in my time, but what do you mean by spherical?"

The private flushed, gulped twice and stammered: "I mean, sir, he's an s.o.b., any way you look at him."

—Reader's Digest.

Arthur Brisbane was constantly irritated by the fallibility of his sports writers when it came to race-track selections. Any horse was exactly as good as his heart, the editor contended, and he could easily pick the winner of any race if he were supplied in advance with an X-ray of the heart of each entry. To prove his theory, he sent a reporter to Kentucky to get the pictures of the entries in the coming Derby. The cub couldn't get the pictures, but rather than risk Brisbane's ire he rented an ancient nag, took the required number of X-rays and wrote the name of a Derby runner on each. After carefully studying them, Brisbane confidently made his selection and wrote a column explaining his theory and naming his choice.

Brisbane was probably the only one who was not surprised when his entry won.

—Mary Alkus in Your Life.

A few helpful tips for anyone who wants to catch a porcupine were offered recently by the Lands and Forests Department of Ontario in a bulletin reading in part as follows

"The best way to effect his capture is to wait until he's in the open. Then, watching for his slapping tail, rush in quickly and pop a large washtub over him." The bulletin adds: "Thus you have something to sit on while you figure out the next move."

If you want to make an easy job seem mighty hard, just keep putting off doing it.

Wives, like children, need to be loved most when they least deserve it.

Parson Brown, the pastor of the First Afro-American Methodist church was warming up for his Sunday morning sermon with a short prayer:

"Oh, Lawd, give thy servant this mawnin' the eyes of the eagle and the wisdom of the owl connect his soul with the gospel telephone in the central skies,

luminate his brow with the sun of heaven; pizen his mind with the love for the people; turpentine his 'magination, grease his lips with 'possum oil, loosen his tongue with the sledge hammer of thy power, 'lectrify his brain with the lightnin' of the Word, put 'petual motion in his arms, fill him plum full of the dynamite of thy glory, 'noint him all over with the kerosene oil of thy salvation, and set him on fire. Amen! Halleluoyah!"

A culprit was being tried for trying to give a "Scratch-ankle shave" to another, by severing the latter's jugular vein with a razor.

"This is a serious charge, Tom. You want me to appoint a lawyer to defend you?" asked the Judge.

"Now, suh, Jedge, thank you. Everytyme I done had a lawyer, dey lock me up in de calaboose, an' let de lawyer go free. Dis time, Jedge, I'm gwine to throw myself on de ignorance of de cou't."

Two Irishmen arranged to fight a duel with pistols. One of them was distinctly stout, and when he saw his lean adversary facing him he raised an objection.

"Bedad!" he said. "I'm twice as big a target as he is, so I cught to stand twice as far away from him as he is from me."

"Be aisy now," replied his second. "I'll soon put that right."

Taking a piece of chalk from his pocket he drew two lines down the stout man's coat, leaving a space between them.

"Now," he said, turning to the other man, "fire away, ye spalpeen, and remember that any hits outside that chalk line don't count."

An old Irishman grew sick, so sick that the priest was sent for to administer extreme unction. Somehow the man recovered, and in a couple of weeks was hobbling about as good as ever. On one of his hobbles, he met the priest who had administered the last rites.

"Ah, Pat, it's a sight for sore eyes to be seein' ye out again. I thought ye were a goner sure. Ye had a bad, bad time of it."

"Yis, yer riv'rence. Indade an' I did."

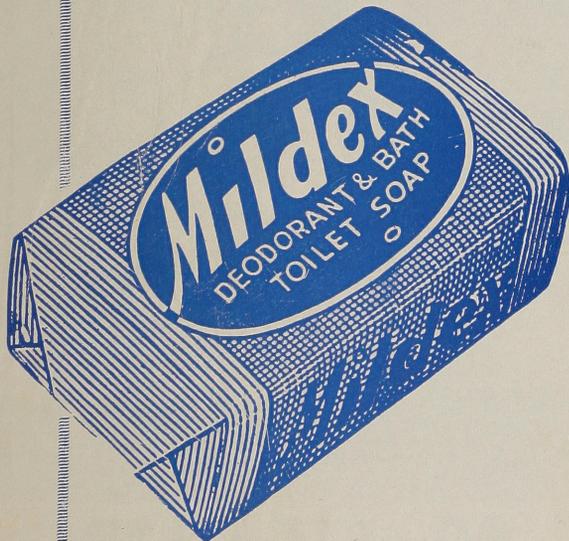
"When ye were so near to death's door, weren't ye afraid to meet your God, your Maker?"

"I wuzn't worryin' about thot, yer riv'rence. It wuz the other gentleman I wasn't anxious to meet."

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