

THE

PAGODA



A FORTNIGHTLY PUBLICATION

Vol. 18
No. 14
Saturday,
July 13, 1957.
PRICE: NINEPENCE
Kingston,
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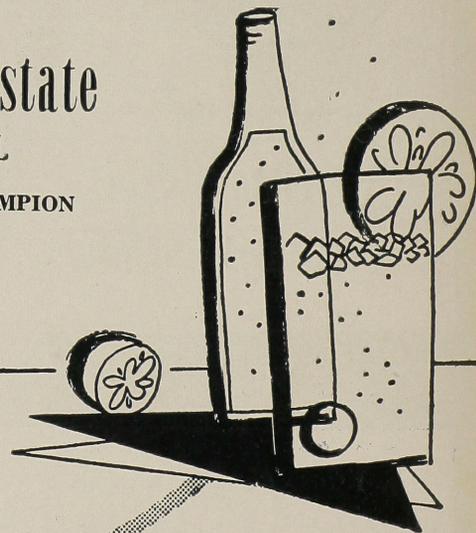
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

REPLY TO "MAXI"

The Editor, Sir:

Mr., Mrs. or Miss Maxi's letter in your June 15th issue in reply to my article, "Girls, Be Natural, Be Yourself," was rather amusing. I say amusing because after condemning my views as being "the work of a frustrated adolescent," he or she (whatever the case might) comes up with the surprising conclusion that "one will not deny but rather agree that our girls of today are definitely lacking in naturalness." That, after all, is the gist of my article.

So why write six long paragraphs differing with me in the first two and ending up by agreeing with my views. Come Maxi, you are slipping. I was rather surprised too that instead of devoting your letter to proving me wrong, you engaged in personalities. I shall not return those shots below the belt, but would merely like to advise that you seem quite tired. Take a vacation, Mr., Mrs. or Miss Maxi. You will be amazed to find that six weeks on our scenic north coast will do a lot to clear up your befuddled thinking. You will be amazed to find too that as for our views on today's girls, we agree on more than several points.

A. CHUNG

Kingston,
June 18, 1957

The Editor, Sir:

I have finished reading your June 29th issue (Annual) and I want to let you know that I think it was a wonderful job. The article on Chinese in Industries was particularly interesting, also your illustrations.

GEO. CHANG

Cross Roads,
July 6, 1957.

The Editor, Sir:

I did not realise how far the Chinese have progressed until I read your Chinese in Industries, in your June 29th PAGODA ANNUAL. I have just posted my copy to my pen-pal in Hong Kong who was asking me what the Chinese do in Jamaica. I am sure it will answer a lot of his questions.

Congratulations on a job well done.

(Miss) GLORIA CHIN

Cross Roads,
July 8, 1957.

The Editor, Sir:

I would like to say that in the course of my subscribing years I

have enjoyed reading every copy of your Pagoda immensely. I therefore, sincerely wish you every success both in production and circulation in the future years.

SIDNEY CHANG

39 Main Road,
Point Fortin,
Trinidad, B. W. I.

THE FORMOSAN RIOTS

The Editor, Sir:

After reading "The Truth About the anti-U.S. Riot" in Formosa (June 15 issue), I agree entirely with you that the conduct of the trial stinks. It stinks so much that I wonder what the fathers of American democracy would think after seeing that

CORRECTION

In our article, "Chinese In Industries", appearing on June 29, it was stated (on page 15) that Mr. Gladstone Chang's father "operated the Buttererisco Bakery for years..." This is incorrect. The bakery operated by Mr. Chang's father was known as the Butterkist Bakery, which began operations in 1925. At that time, Butterkist Bakery was one of the leading bakeries in the city. The Changs acquired ownership of Valentine Bakery in 1947.

Court Martial Board reduce justice to a common "comic opera."

After reading about the Girard case in Japan and the one in Formosa, I am inclined to think that the Americans think of themselves as some sort of superior beings who should not be tried in a non-white court because it probably never occurred to them, as your columnist Gim Sang rightly suggests, that justice can exist in an oriental court.

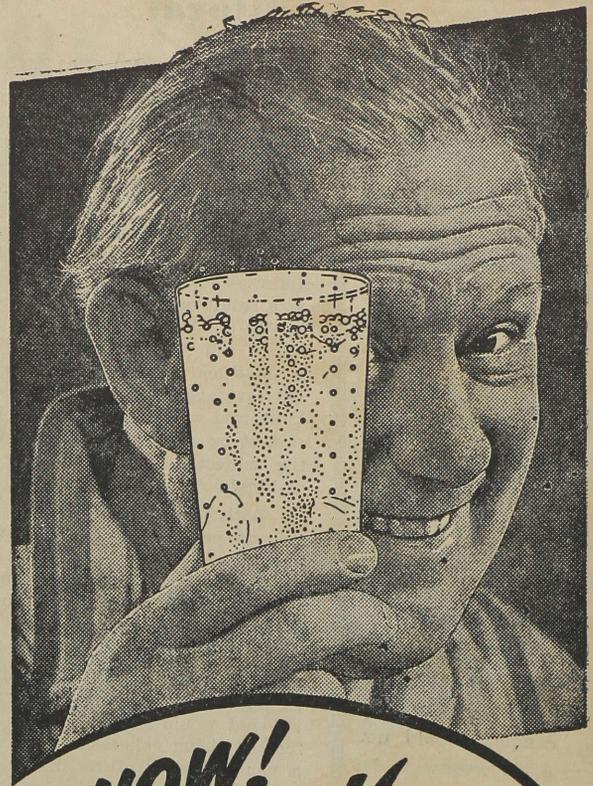
K. LEE

Half Way Tree,
June 24, 1957.

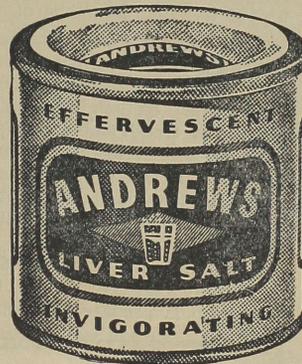
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THE EDITOR,

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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Foreign: 1 year—18/6; Half year—10/-

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editorial

THE AVERAGE YOUNG CHINESE BOY

Lately a number of articles have been appearing in this magazine which have in various ways been critical of the young girl of today. Fortunately, these articles, while most of them contain more than a germ of truth, have been written in flippant manner. This week we should like, in as serious a manner as possible, to make a comment on that "mythical" creature The Average Young Chinese Boy. Of course any generalisation will be as a result of a judgment on the majority, as there is, no doubt, a minority to whom these remarks will not be applicable. We have referred to a "mythical" person as it is necessary to speak of an "average" individual in a discussion of this kind, and we have made this clarification less any pedant be constrained to address himself to us on the subject of their not being any "average" individual.

With these necessary reservations duly made, we now proceed to label this average individual as uncouth, discourteous, entirely lacking in wit and social graces, whose mind is more often than not an intellectual desert, and whose sartorial taste is foppish, loud, and vain.

Had not History proved its progressiveness and the resilience of humanity, the thoughtful person would oft times be compelled to mourn at what would appear to be a most dismal future for the rising generation. The nauseating sight of a young lout strutting like a peacock down the aisle of any popular theatre, with his hair marcelled to the front, or a dense black jungle to the sides and back of the head, a la Elvis Presley must be enough to make any normal person experience a decided and sickly turn of the stomach. Pale and worthless imitations of tinselled movie stars constitute an ideal difficult to understand.

The mutilation of the Queen's English occasioned by a persistent and habitual use of the worst form of the Jamaican vernacular makes these boys compelled to be surly and taciturn when they are forced to speak a reasonable facsimile of the language of politer people. This type of verbal constipation is something that has to be seen to be believed. Plumbing even deeper depths of shame is a number who revel in the uninhibited use of the foul language of the sewers.

In the matters of dress there seems to be a growing disregard for conservatism. Ghastly ties with exaggerated knots, coats resembling overcoats, and balloon-like trousers, represent this distasteful trend. There seems to be no realisation that specific occasions demand specific types of dress and it is not uncommon to observe a sports coat and two-toned shoes at a formal occasion. These are necessary disciplines that the young must learn and by this we are not at all suggesting that comfort should be eschewed. Any good tailor can give the right advice to the young man who is prepared to listen.

We are not sure whether to use the term "barbaric" or "barbarous" to describe the behaviour at dances, dinners and other such social occasions. It is rare to hear a young lady being asked for a dance in the usually accepted manner. More often than not she is just grabbed by the nearest hand and propelled onto the floor, and after the completion of the dance she is usually then just left adrift to navigate her own way to her table without even a perfunctory word of thanks.

We do not deny that many of our young men are ambitious in an economic sense. It is undoubtedly true that this is a welcome trait in the young men of our community but it is equally sad to observe the appalling lack of culture that is receiving so very little notice or comment from members of the community who know and do better. Discipline is a word frequently viewed with disfavour nowadays, but discipline is not necessarily repression. It can be the means whereby greater freedom can be achieved and more enjoyment extracted out of life. We therefore commend to our young men the cultivation of a discipline of culture. It is not enough to be merely wealthy barbarians.

CHAGUARAMAS TALKS

Press reports indicate that the Americans will do their best to keep Chaguaramas as a naval base. The attitude of the U.S. Government on the matter comes as something of a surprise, for when Chaguaramas was selected several months ago, the politicians had expected that the United States would willingly hand over the base to the new Federation.

Events have now proved that this is far from being the case. What appals us, however, is the public statements of some of the men who are representing us at the conference in London. For instance, Sir Grantley Adams, Premier of Barbados, suggested that the United States might be prepared to offer Chaguaramas as a gift to the West Indies. Said he: "They are always talking about so-called 'Colonialism'. Here is their chance to stop some and help us get independence quickly."

In our opinion, that is poor material with which to go to the conference tables, and we predict, that if the West Indian delegation hopes to wrest Chaguaramas from the United States, along those lines, they will never succeed. What is more important, is to convince the Americans that Chaguaramas is the best and only possible Federal capital site.

With a convincing array of facts, we fail to see how the Americans can refuse to hand over the site, particularly since they have been given the assurance that other sites will be made available to them.

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PLANNING TO STUDY IN THE U.S. ?

Are you planning to enrol for a course of study in an American University? Published below are a few of the facts you will find helpful in planning your educational programme. Written by Mr. Roy Chung who spent four years in the United States, this article covers briefly, what to study, where to study, financing your education and several other points which will be helpful to students who are planning to enter an American University .

What to Study.

IN making this particular decision here are three facts to absorb:-

1. You do not have to commit yourself irrevocably to any specific line at this stage. There are advantages in knowing early what your goal is, but the flexibility of most American Universities is such that this decision can be made in stages. It would be useful to decide from here in which major category you are interested, for example, arts, physical sciences, biological sciences, social sciences, etc. If an occupational goal can be chosen even in very broad terms, the necessary decisions can frequently be made for the freshman year and more specific decisions postponed until later.

Some universities have what is called an Integrated Liberal Studies programme under which the student from both arts and sciences are exposed to a selected variety of courses in many fields in their freshman and sophomore years. The aim being not only to give a broad background but also to help them to make positive decisions in fields of specialisation based on actual exposure to these fields.

2. Fields of specialisation can be changed, and in some cases even as late as the beginning of the Senior Year. It is of course advisable to make this decision early and preferably by the end of your freshman year, for a change of course may involve prolonging your university career

because you must meet all of the requirements of the course and college from which you expect to graduate.

Where to Study.

This problem can be tackled with either the needs of the graduate or the undergraduate in

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By Roy Chung, M.A.  
~~~~~

mind. It should be realised that the graduate student is usually highly specialised even within a particular field and hence it will be of advantage to him to know not only what is the standing of the college but also who are the professors with whom he will work. Many a doctoral candidate will forgo a 'big-name' college in order to sit at the feet of some noted specialist who may be at some smaller institution.

Undergraduates are more concerned with the standing of the college and with the range of opportunities offered for a sound basic education. While not advocating this step, it is perhaps useful to know that colleges can be changed and credits from one accredited institution transferred to another. So if you do find yourself in a college not fully meeting your needs, there is nothing forcing you to remain there but your inhibited fears.

A recent survey by the 'Chicago Tribune' after consultation with the prominent educationalists in the U.S.A., came up with the following list of the ten leading Universities in the United States.

(They are listed here alphabetically): University of California, Berkeley; University of Chicago; Columbia; Cornell; Harvard; University of Michigan; Princeton; Stanford; Wisconsin; Yale. For those interested in this sort of thing, the big three are Harvard, Yale and California in that order.

Actually, lists of the leading institutions for particular subject-matter are more meaningful in helping a student to select a college. However, other things being equal, the listing mentioned above is as useful a starting point as any. This writer is not selling these schools and there are numerous first-class institutions that are not mentioned above. Yet it seems necessary to make the point that too many Jamaicans are flocking to second-rate institutions lured by mis-information and subjective evaluation.

Financing your Education

"So what! How can I go to the better schools when my funds are limited?" The answer is, "Separate the facts from fiction!" There is no direct correlation between amount of tuition fees charged and academic standing of institutions in the United States. If you can afford to go to school in the United States at all, then you can afford to go to one of the first-class schools, if you can satisfy the entrance requirements.

For the student going to study with just a marginal sum of money, time spent on getting specific information on relative cost of tuition, cost of living and opportunity for part time employ-

ment in different parts of the States will be a worthwhile investment.

Most state supported universities charge lower tuition fees than private universities for obvious reasons. Compare the tuition fees of \$800.00, plus or minus, per semester for some private schools with the out-of-state tuition fees ranging from \$150.00 to \$300.00 per semester in places like California and most of the Big Ten State Universities in the Mid-West.

College Bulletins.

Don't send for bulletins of one school only. Write to as many schools as you can in different parts of the U.S.A. By so doing you will be able to make a comparative evaluation of the relative cost and merits of the respective schools. Remember that the people who design these bulletins are well trained in the visual media of communication and can make you see what they want you to look at. It is only by being objective and comparative in your approach that you can come out with the optimum decision. The beautifully designed bulletin is not necessarily indicative of the standing or relative merits of a school.

Finally, speak with your teachers and with students who have been abroad. But also evaluate the merits of their statements relative to other sources. Too often a returning student sells his school because of personal bias and thereby influences others to go there.

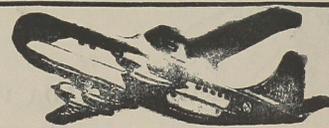
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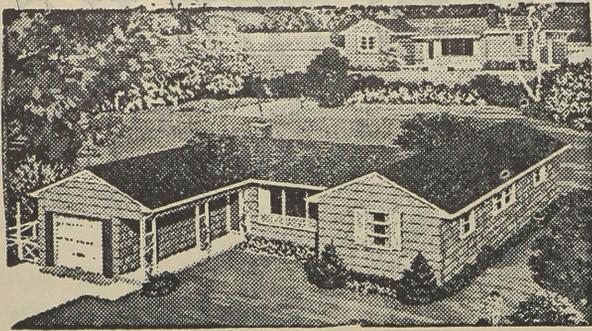
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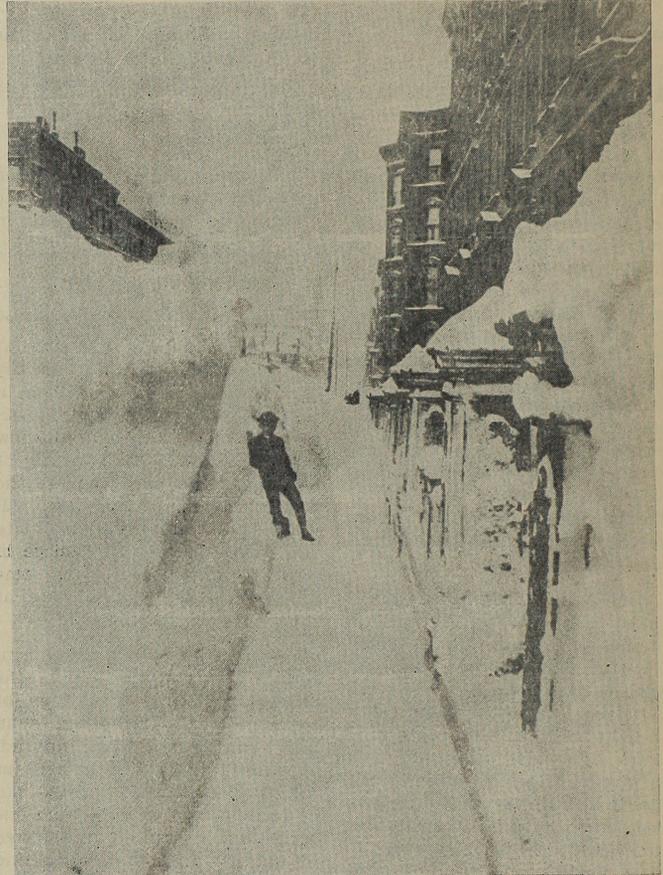
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Survivors Of Great Disasters

This is the fifth of eight articles in which some of the great disasters of the last 75 years are told through the eyes of those who survived them.

THE GREAT



International News Photo

A small boy is dwarfed by the huge drifts of snow which the Blizzard of 1888 piled up in the streets of New York City.

"It was a sight to see—a whopper!"

That's the way 87 year old Edward Engel describes the great blizzard which hit New York on Monday, March 12, 1888.

Sitting in his home at (63-32 Elwell Crescent) Forest Hills, Queens, where he is living in retirement, Engel—a former New York Deputy Sheriff—recalls "as it were yesterday" that legendary blizzard.

It raged in New York City for 36 hours, and spread fanwise over a wide area: up-state New York,

Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland, leaving death and destruction in its wake. It crippled such cities as Baltimore, Washington and Pittsburgh as well as New York.

The blizzard caused a loss of life variously estimated at 200 to 400 and property damage of from \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000. It is impossible to give the exact toll.

Engel was 18 years old at the time and lived with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John L. Engel, at 407 East 59th Street, Manhattan. He worked for a downtown shipping firm.

"At 6.30 that Monday morning, my mother woke me up," Engel related. "She said, 'Get up, Ed, I'm afraid you can't get to work because of the snow storm.'"

Engel peered out a window. Huge snow drifts were piled high against nearby buildings. Snow, whipped by a 70-mile an hour gale, swirled about in blinding fashion. The thermometer was

in railroad and ship accidents. In rural districts, many died of cold and starvation.

Houses were unroofed. Telephone poles were snapped in half. Delivery wagons, hansom cabs, brewery trucks and horse cars, were stranded under colossal drifts of snow. Railroad schedules were disrupted and maritime transportation in the har-

trucks piled with carcasses from the slaughter-houses, broken down hacks, delivery wagons and overturned milk carts found place in the mournful display of the abandoned.

trucks piled with carcasses from the slaughter-houses, broken down hacks, delivery wagons and overturned milk carts found place in the mournful display of the abandoned.

WHEN night came many of the city's streets were plunged into darkness because the lamp-lighters were unable to make their rounds to light street lamps. Oil lamps burned dimly in homes.

"Up and down the middle of Broadway poured a strange procession of coaches, hacks, cabriolets, coupes and cabs, with here and there a sleigh—for it was Cabby's Golden Harvest Day—and on each sidewalk was an Indian file of pedestrians.

"A more fantastic procession you would go far to find. Some wore blankets tied around their heads. Some stalled in huge rubber boots. Among the bold ones who braved the storm were a few school children and quite a number of working girls and women. In most schools there was no attempt to go through the usual exercises."

The storm died down some what Tuesday afternoon. By Wednesday noon it abated.

And Edward Engel remembers: "In all my 87 years I never saw anything like the blizzard of 1888."

(In our next issue: The Chicago Fire of 1871).

BLIZZARD OF 1888

By James L. Kilgallen, International News Service Staff Writer

down around zero. The storm had begun late the night before.

"We had a big wooden shovel," Engel recalled. "I tunneled a path through the snow drifts and made my way to the elevated station at 59th and Third Avenue.

"Trains on other 'L' Lines weren't running. But on this line alone came a train of five cars, drawn by a small coal locomotive.

"We got as far as Charham Station where the line veered off toward City Hall. The train came to a dead stop and the conductor shouted, 'All out!' I walked along the railroad tracts to City Hall Station. There, I couldn't see any steps down to the street, the snow was so high.

"So I sat down and slid, as if I were on a toboggan. I got to work all right but many others in our shipping firm didn't."

ENGEL had a hard time getting home that night. Stories circulated about deaths and injuries but news was hard to get. It was several days before the average person learned the full extent of the damage.

Some victims of the storm were found frozen to death in the city's streets and hallways. Others died

bour came to a standstill.

Engel chuckled as he told how the bums of the Bowery took advantage of the blizzard. He recalled that each morning horse-drawn trucks, laden with kegs of beer came down to the Bowery to supply the saloon trade.

"The day of the blizzard the beer trucks got stalled in the snowdrifts," said Engel. "The drivers unhitched the horses and left the trucks standing in the streets.

"Out from the flop houses came the Bowery bums. They rolled kegs of beer into basements. It was so cold the beer was frozen. But that didn't stop them. They built a fire, thawed out the beer, and had the time of their lives."

Neighbourhood stores were forced to suspend business because they couldn't get deliveries of meats, groceries and other supplies. Wagons couldn't get through to the big milk depot at 49 Street and Lexington where fluid milk was sold at three cents a quart.

Only the most daring ventured on the Streets as the storm raged. In some places the drifts were



International News Photo Retired Deputy Sheriff Edward Engel was 13 years old when the Blizzard of 1888 hit New York, but he still remembers how high the snow was. Here, in his Forest Hills, N.Y., home, he indicates with his hand the height of the drifts.

Newspapermen had a long, arduous workout. Reporters worked around the clock covering the story.

The New York World of Tuesday, March 13, 1888, carried vivid descriptions of the storm:

"Saving Broadway and Third and Sixth Avenues, the streets were wholly given up to the wind, the drifts and the scurrying snow.

"Street cars, beer wagons laden high with loaded kegs, great

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A New Mystery Begins In

STRANGE CONFESSION

IT WAS a dull hour, Friday, on the night watch. Lieutenant Edmond Andrews hooked his heels on the corner of the day captain's desk, worked to open a fresh package of cigarettes, and stared out of the window.

It was a great life. You stayed up all night and you slept most of the day. That was the way it was in your line of work and you found yourself taking two for one on the night watch because you were the only unmarried detective-lieutenant in the department permanently assigned to Homicide Division.

Andrews slouched in his chair and brooded on the fact. He was a lanky young man just beginning to push middle age, there was little enough of that to be seen in his short-cropped brown hair, intense, smoldering eyes, and deceptively narrow shoulders. Only the fine wrinkles etched deep at the corners of his lips, flaring out below the edge of his brows, gave evidence that he had been around long enough to have found solid opinions, and himself. Not that he was particularly content with either.

In the squad room through the door from where he sat, three detectives were playing cards. That the game lacked enthusiasm was apparent not only in the bored silence of the men but in the visible stakes. The stakes were match sticks. On the first night Andrews took over, there had been pennies, nickels, dimes and even an occasional reckless quarter on the table. That had been the last night.

A new era had begun. The night watch out of Homicide became almost as popular as a pigeon extermination detail.

At nine-fifteen, the phone rang. Andrews unhooked his heels from the corner of the desk, got his feet flat on the floor and reached for the instrument. "Homicide, Lieutenant Andrews."

"Sergeant Haggerty, Lieutenant, Fifteenth Precinct. I'm at 1917 Trowbridge Lane. We've got one for you." "One what?" Andrews snubbed his cigarette in the captain's bronze ashtray and scribbled the address.

"A stiff. Looks like suicide." "What do you mean, it looks like suicide?" Andrews scowled at the phone.

"There's a gun in his hand. There's a hole in his head. What more do you want, Lieutenant?"

"Just for you to leave things alone until we get there," Andrews said bluntly.

"What about the girl?" Sergeant Haggerty inquired.

"What girl?" "The one who found him, a Bonnie Sarzabal."

"She with you?" "She's in the bedroom with Roarity. She got kind of sick."

"Leave her there and Roarity with her. Does the dead man have a name?"

"Warren, James Warren. She calls him Jimmy."

Andrews added the name to the address. "We'll be there in about twenty minutes."

THE house was at the top of a rickety flight of steps that leaned up the hillside through an obscuring growth of oaks.

It was, as Andrews heard Jensen declare to Wells as they mounted the steps behind him, "a great place for a murder."

Sergeant Haggerty met them at the door.

The body of a young man lay face down on a white shag rug in the far corner by a large tilt-top drawing table. There was a nickel-plated revolver clutched in his right hand. He was wearing a yellow terry cloth beach shirt, grey flannels and blue canvas

By Jack Webb

shoes with thick crepe soles. The sort of outfit a man might wear who kept a drawing table in his front room.

Haggerty talked as Andrews let his glance slowly prowling the scene. "We got the call at eight-forty-two. The girl made it from here. Phone's in the bedroom. The girl said she had a date with the guy and when she knocked and got no answer, she came on in.

ABOUT JACK WEBB

The author of *The Strange Confession* is not the Jack Webb who is a radio and TV performer; he is the Jack Webb who wrote the popular mystery novels, "The Damned Lovely," "The Broken Doll," "The Naked Angel," "The Big Sin," and the creator of that memorable team of crime-solvers, Father Joseph Shanley, the Roman Catholic priest, and Sammy Golden, the Jewish detective. Webb's just as stimulating a mystery writer when he takes a vacation from the as you'll find in this story.

She's an artist and she says she brought along that folder of stuff over on the couch. She also says she worked for Warren off and on."

"Worked for him?"

Haggerty nodded. "This may surprise you, Lieutenant, from the look of this shack, that is, but this kid was partners with his sister-in-law in a neon sign business. According to the girl, the business is a good one, real good."

Lieutenant Andrews crossed the room and crouched beside the mortal remains of Jimmy Warren. There was no reason to doubt suicide.

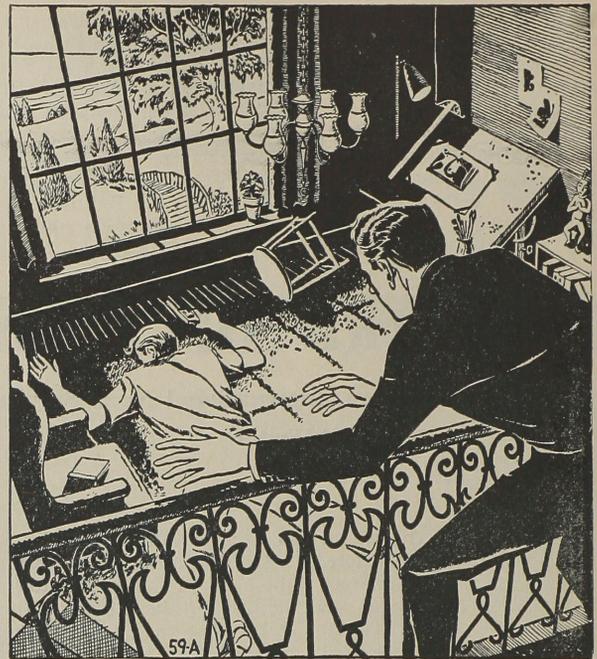
"You ask the girl about the gun, Sergeant?"

"Yeah, it's his okay."

Andrews rose and wandered the room. "The girl. What's her name again?"

"Bonita Sarzabal. Calls herself Bonnie."

Everything in the room appeared to be in place as much as anything could have a place in the casual disorder about him. There was a book face down on the chair. The lieutenant glanced at its title. *The Voices of Silence*. He grinned at the wry truth



"There's a gun in his hand. There's a hole in his head. What more do you want, Lieutenant?"

of it. That was what he was investigating, here in this room.

Skirting Warren's body, Andrews made his way around the drawing table. "You would have mentioned a note if he'd left one."

Haggerty grinned. "After your specific instructions, Lieutenant, I didn't dig into nothing. There's none laying out in the open, if that's what you mean."

Andrews studied the unfinished sketch taped to the board. Two tubular birds with enormous beaks

and one plump bare arm was cocked about her head. Her other hand, up close to the hidden face in the pillow, clutched a ragged fragment of facial tissue apparently ravaged by tears. She was wearing a peasant blouse, black and loose around fully fleshed tan shoulders, a brightly printed circular skirt and black sandals.

As he stood staring down at her, her shoulders shook and she dug her face deeper into the pillow. The fingers clutching the tissue worked impotently.

Taking his glance from the girl, he surveyed the room. While it was as careless in its disorder as the other one had been, it was almost spartan in its furnishing. There was the single bed, a boxed affair on casters, a chest of drawers, an odd nightstand and lamp, the lampshade tilted for better reading light just as the one in the living room had been, the single straight chair where Officer Roarity had waited and watched—and that picture!

Andrews turned his back on the girl and gave his full attention to the picture. A man who could live with such a painting, who would want to go to bed every night seeing it last, wake up with the inevitable expectation of seeing it first, was a man who must live with nightmares. Was this the voice of silence, which gave answer to the young man out there on the floor?

He wondered, even as he asked, "What in the devil is this thing?" He spoke without turning his head.

He heard, for the first time, the busy, almost harsh voice of Bonnie Sarzabal. "You wouldn't know, would you? You're a cop." "If I'd known, I wouldn't have asked."

"It's El Greco's landscape, *Toledo*. That is, it's a copy I made for Jimmy because he loved the picture. Jimmy was in the army then. Off and on, I had two years to do it. Some girls knitted for their fellows. I did this." "You're good," Andrews told her. "I never saw anything like it, but you're good."

How would you know?" Andrews turned with his hands still shoved in his pockets, his head and shoulders thrust forward, and regarded

(Continued on page 12)

THE girl lay with her face buried in a pillow on the half-made bed. She had short, straight, jet black hair,

EVERY so often some great scientist or sociologist divides the human race into groups. You know what I mean: extrovert and introvert, bourgeoisie and proletariat, Aryan and non-Aryan: the list is endless. Poor human race! As if we haven't had enough to contend with these last five hundred thousand years.

But since everybody else seems to have somehow got in on the act, I see no reason why I should not, for what it is worth, throw my small contribution on to the scales. It is no more (and certainly no less) accurate than the majority of such divisions; and it has, at least, the distinction of being closer to reality than most of the categories into which the various states and institutions try to squeeze the individual in our days. My own grouping (and I think this is, more or less, the definitive grouping for the future) is into Shoppers and non-Shoppers.

In a sense, this grouping does correspond to that other great and satisfactory division: the female and the male. Yet not entirely. True enough women are almost all born shoppers but a surprising number of males are what one may call secret shoppers. They pretend, the fifth columnists, that they don't like it, can't do it; but any day on King Street you can see them cheerfully, nay avidly, plunging from shop to shop, counter to counter, matching materials, comparing prices, enjoying the whole business. Oh, I know, they conceal it, the fellow travellers. No voices as loud as theirs at the club in the afternoons when they deplore and complain and spin tall, sad tales of hours spent tagging behind an inexhaustible wife, or, worse yet, fiancee. But I remember them, I have their names written down in a little black book. I remember their furtive, gloating faces as they have joyously walked from Parade to Victoria Market in search of one pair of socks.

Of course, all women shop like that. One of the last, bitter, necessary lessons a young man learns about sex is that if a wife (or fiancee) says, "Oh, I just want to match some threads at....",

John Hearne SPEAKING



and it's eleven-thirty on a Saturday morning, and he can simply hear the ice tinkling in a glass somewhere, that it will be one-thirty before he sees through a haze of fatigue and boredom inexpressible, the end of the expedition looming on his horizon. By this time his feet feel like red hot flat irons, his shoes have become tankards full of boiling perspiration, his shirt sticks clammy to a breaking back, sales girls and floorwalkers dance crazily before his clouding eyes and every so often an uncontrollable twitch or shudder shakes his manly frame. He has, in a word, been brain washed, or, perhaps, shop-wrung.

And the little woman? Look at her, I ask you. Her eyes sparkle, her step gets jauntier as yet another counter comes into view, laden with objects she has no intention of buying and could not afford if she had. For actual purchase is no part of a woman's expedition. Any respectable woman can pass four or five hours down town, examine, with a detail I would blush to even try, more than fifty objects and yet come home with one pair of stockings, a dish cloth and a grater that was marked down from 7½d. to 7d. and which brings the total of graters in your house up to a round dozen.

I know one man who had a job in which he didn't work Saturdays, so his wife used to take him down town shopping. After a year he realised that he was pretty near the end of his rope. He got a part time job loading pig iron in a steel foundry, in a temperature of 140 degrees Fahrenheit, and doctors tell him he can expect to reach at least seventy-five.

Most women, as I remember,

actually plan to shop together. You can hear them on Thursday night on the telephone holding conferences that last for twenty or thirty minutes. The real expenditure is, let us be fair, seldom more than a few shillings, but every penny of it is discussed, planned and strategically considered. On Saturday they dress in a sort of ritual glow and leave for town. About two o'clock they re-appear and put four or five small brown paper parcels on the divan. After lunch the parcels are unwrapped and examined with a meticulous care, although they have probably had a chemical analysis in the shop already.

Apart from that special class whose secretaries shop for them, men, on the other hand, have a severe, practical attitude towards shopping. There is, in fact a sliding scale of time values which apply to most normal men. A pair of slacks or a suit: fifteen minutes or two shops. A shirt: ten minutes or two shops. A pair of shoes: five minutes and the shop where they stock the brand you have worn since you were five years old. Socks or handkerchiefs: wherever you are in town at the moment and a counter looks reasonably free of other customers.

There is one exception to this—buying Christmas presents for your nephews or sons if they are above ten years old. I remember going one Christmas with a venerable English poet and our mutual publisher to buy a batch of toys for various small boys to whom we all owed obligation. We

got into Hamleys of Regent Street and there on the second floor was a scale model of a railway system. It was the most wonderful model railway you ever saw. Twelve passenger trains, a troop train, a long freight job and every imaginable viaduct, tunnel bypass, point line, crossing and signal. It was with a real sense of shock that we heard seven o'clock strike and realised that it was Christmas Eve and that we have thirty minutes to get what we had come for. It is, also a tribute to the efficiency of the masculine shopping system that we had everything purchased, wrapped and paid for by seven-twenty-seven.

MEN, too, the vast majority, shop only in a crisis. That is, you wake up one morning and see that apart from what covers your ankles there is very little of your socks left. It is rational that you need new socks. Or there comes that strangely disturbing day when the suit that has lasted you for seven years, and which you have grown to take for granted like your job, suddenly begins to fray at the pockets and around the collar. You go down and find the rough match to the grey you have always worn and take it across the road to your tailor. He greets you with a mixture of sympathy and congratulation. True you have had to go shopping but let's look on the bright side, there won't be any unnatural demand like that for another seven years; and with luck and good wear you might spin it out to ten.

I haven't said anything yet of shopping for women. Of the buying of those birthday or Christmas articles and garments that sooner or later **must** be bought if you hope to preserve your reputation as a thoughtful and worthwhile husband. That is another, grimmer story and has no place in a lightly inconsequential article such as this. The suffused face and strangled voice, the meaningless, agonised gestures, the wild, rolling eyes and sense of barbarous ignorance as you explain to an unco-operative, contemptuous goddess behind the counter, "Well, she's about this size...but she's a bit taller than you...well, you see...."

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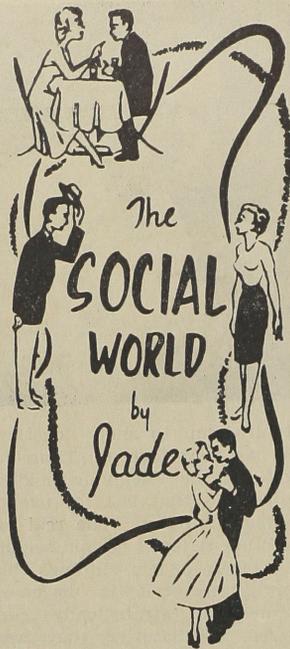
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Social World

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Engagement

The engagement of Miss Sonia Moo Young, daughter of Mr. Amos Moo Young and the late Mrs. Hazel Moo Young, to Mr. Eric Hoo, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Hoo of Maggoty, was announced on Sunday, July 7.

At a dinner attended by a small gathering of relatives and close friends, the engagement of Miss Ivy Chin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Chin (Chin Fook Hing) of Old Harbour, to Mr. Albert Hoo, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hoo of Kingston, was announced on Sunday, July 7.

Parties

Celebrating her eighteenth birthday on Saturday, June 29, was Merle Chong, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Chong of St. Andrew. With 5 Ulster Road, home of Mr. and Mrs. Wally Hosang as the locale, the party got off to an early and lively start.

A lovely cake with eighteen candles was blessed by Fr. Cruchley. Mr. Thomas Ho Lung was master of ceremonies. Later, the guests enjoyed themselves dancing to recorded music.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Hosang, Fay Kong, Jeanne and Monica Moo See, Mr. and Mrs. Bunny Lyn, Shirley Lee, Joslyn and Tomlin Young Tenn, Joan Hosang, Ray Moo Young, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Lyn, Clinton and Eleanor Wong, Virginia Hugh, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Bird, Valerie Chin, Peter and Paul Chong, Winston Wong, Carlton Lyew, Shirley and Phyllis Lai, Errol Williams, Frankie Tenn, Cherry Chin and Terry Kong.

Also celebrating her eighteenth birthday on Saturday, July 6, was petite Truemin Lai. Held at Loushusans' home on Princess Street, a large turn out of friends were present to wish the guest of honour a happy birthday.

At the roof-terrace locale, Mr. Arthur Kong acted as master of ceremonies. Fr. Glavin, S.J., blessed the cake appropriately decorated with eighteen candles while Miss Evelyn Lue tendered those happy wishes on behalf of those present. Truemin replied.

This was followed by dancing to recorded music.

Lovely petite Audrey Wong, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Wong of Vineyard Town, was the guest of honour at an informal send-off party held at the Chinese Athletic Club on Saturday, July 6. Organised by a group of her friends, the party began at about 8.30 p.m., with dancing to recorded music.

Audrey left today for the United States on vacation.

The Albert Chang Hall at the Chinese Public School was the locale of a delightful birthday party on Saturday, June 29. There, Maxine Yee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charley Yee of St. Andrew, celebrated her sixteenth birthday with a large gathering of her friends present to wish her many happy returns.

Emceeding on this occasion was Mr. Sidney Chang who called upon Fr. Osbourne, S.J., to bless the cake. Other speakers were Mr. and Mrs. F. Crawford, Mr. Arthur Lyew, and Mr. Busta Hoo. Maxine replied.

Mr. Winston Chen had the honour of cutting the cake with Maxine and having the first dance with her.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Fong Yee, Dal-

ton and Margarita Young, Herman Yee, Joe Lue, Olive and Patsy Lyn, Eddie Chang, Shirley Yap, Gilbert Kong, Pauline Simm, Winston Lowe, Phyllis, Eiorine and Mavis Chen See, Raymond Hugh, Gloria Fong, Trevor Tenn, George Chong Sang, Adele Yap, Joy Fong, Richard Chen, Audrey Lee, Maurice Chin, Danny Yee, Day and Patricia Yee, Bing Yap, Cherry Lee, Donald Chin, Vincent Chin, Joycelyn Hoo, Lillian Hong, Cissy Chuck, Austin Chin, Robert Yee, Lera Chin, Roy Lowe, and Fay Yee.

The Chinese Scout Troop had a gay party at the Chinese Athletic Club on Saturday, June 29. The week-end shindig, organised for the purpose of bidding farewell to Donald Chen and Noel "King" Lyn, both to attend the Jamboree to be held in England, got off to a slow start but later in the night, as the crowd grew larger, it became a gay affair.

A selection of rock 'n' roll and calypsos kept the crowd in a happy mood until the wee hours of the next morning.

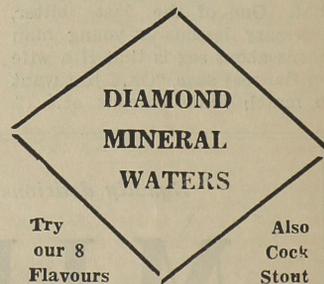
Donald Chen has already left the island with contingent travelling on the ill-fated Reina del Pacifico while Mr. Noel Lyn will be leaving by air sometime this month.

Comings and Goings

Mrs. Chin Wai Min and her sister left the island on Sunday, July 7, for New York on vacation.

Mrs. Louis Wong and her daughter, Audrey, will be leaving the island today by KLM for Miami on vacation. From Miami, they will travel on to Los Angeles

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where they will spend the greater part of their vacation.

The first leg of Miss Audrey Wong's journey, that is, to Miami, is being sponsored by the National Baking Co. Ltd. She received the award for the good work she did in last year's Miss Chinese Jamaica beauty contest.

Mr. and Mrs. James Chen arrived in the island last week from New York on vacation. Mrs. Chen is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chin Loy and she is in the island to visit her parents and relatives.

Mr. Chen, a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Naval Construction and Engineering, was recently appointed Assistant Marine Manager and Naval Architect of the United Operators Shipping Agency Corporation of New York. Before his appointment to this post, he was head of the Engineering Department of Bethlehem Steel Company, Shipbuilding Division, in New Jersey.

He had been Assistant Naval Architect at Kingston Dockyard in Shanghai, and has been affiliated with the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers.

Mr. Chen is known in New York for his ship conversion and tanker construction designs and in 1953 originated the forced ventilated shaft tunnel design, eliminating coffer dams, for American Liberty tankers carrying grade "A" petroleum.

COVER GIRL

MARGERY LEE. That's the name of this week's cover girl. Margery hails from Trinidad and is the second girl from the land of the humming bird to appear on Pagoda's cover since this year. She is simply charming, extremely friendly and is at ease in the company of friends and strangers alike. A stenographer at Barclays Bank of Port-of-Spain, her father, Dr. Lee, is a retired medical man. She is fond of swimming, sewing and the movies, and she has a wonderful tan complexion that tells you she is from the tropics. Margery told this reporter that she enjoyed every moment of her vacation in Jamaica. She arrived in the island on June 26, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Chin Yee. She has seen Dunn's River, Tower Isle, visited Montego Bay and our University and confesses that she is captivated by our scenic beauty. She left for home this week, but on her departure, told us that she will be back for another visit.

**Off To States
On Business Tour**

Mr. Lucien Chen, real estate agent, left the island by KLM today for Miami, on a business tour. He will visit New York and San Francisco to familiarise himself with all phases of Drive-In Theatre operation. During his three-week stay in the United States, he will tour the leading Drive-In theatres, consult management and exchange views on this subject.

On his return to Jamaica, Mr. Chen plans to form a company and put up the island's first Drive-In Theatre.

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In order to satisfy the increasing demand for travel between Jamaica and Grand Cayman which cannot be fully accommodated on the weekly Tuesday Belize service, BWIA will operate special Friday flights Kingston/Montego Bay/Grand Cayman and return on July 5th and 12th to the same schedule as the existing Tuesday service, namely departing Kingston at 7.30 a.m. and Grand Cayman at 4.30 p.m. via Montego Bay.

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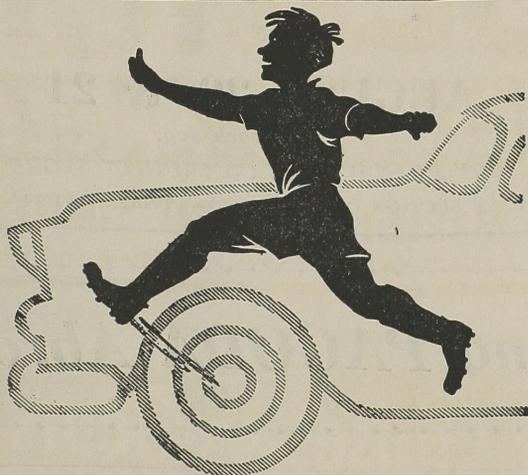
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THE STARS LEAD US TO GOD

By John Sternig.

Science Author and Lecturer in
 Astronomy

MAN STANDS HALFWAY between the atom and the star. We seldom look out into space or contemplate the atom with anything but confusion and fear.

For most of us, the cares and burdens of our lives keep our thoughts close to the earth from which we draw our livelihood. The earth looks flat and endless. Out in the sky the sun and moon and stars wheel ceaselessly along their paths as they move around the earth. We creep about the earth and it remains for us the center of creation.

HOW CAN WE understand the earth or its place in the plan of the universe if we never raise our eyes beyond our planet? How can we sense the glory of God, who made the universe and all things in it, if we never think of anything but the cares and worries of the day? We should lift up our heads and see the wonder of creation and of God.

The moon is the nearest of celestial bodies, yet 238,000 miles away. The present boundary of the solar system is marked by Pluto, 3½ billion miles away; 5½ hours by light time. The nearest visible star is 26 trillion miles from the earth; its light, speedy though it is, needs 4 1/3 years to reach us. From this star space goes on and on, so that light requires 100,000 years to cross the galaxy of which our sun and planets are but a part.

BEYOND OUR OWN galaxy lie millions upon millions of other universes, each of them with billions of stars. They are so far apart that light from the nearest takes 1½ billion years to reach us.

And what of us who live upon this tiny earth? Smaller than small are we, so utterly tiny that we seem to crawl within ourselves. Here is insignificance that one can really feel. Here is humility, but not humiliation for man is more than dust.

THE MIND OF MAN can encompass the whole universe even if he understands it only feebly. Here is where man's value lies—in his soul and mind, not in the

dust of which his body is composed. And just as the mind of man reaches out across the emptiness of space in search of knowledge, so does the soul lovingly seek the Fountain of it all—God.

If the universe is vast and wonderful, how much more wonderful the God who made it. In truth, "The heavens declare the glory of the Lord." Well did Lincoln say, "I cannot conceive how any man can look into the heavens and say there is no God."

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**THE STRANGE
 CONFESSION**

(Continued from page 8)

the girl. Though her eyes were swollen, there was no doubting their darkness, as black as her hair, and he was surprised, not unpleasantly, to discover that her face was heart-shaped. A widow's peak of brushed-back hair began the heart and a firm curve of jaw to an almost pointed chin completed the impression. Then he remembered she had asked a question.

"All I know about a picture," he said, "is that it gives me something or it just sits there. That thing behind me, it doesn't just sit there. For one thing, there's a hell of a storm coming up. You can feel it. It changes the air in this room. Then, there's that town pushed down under it. White walls, white towers, dead-looking, that's what I thought at first, a dead city like the bones of an animal eaten bare, bleached, washed by the rain. Then, I had another feeling. The town wasn't as dead as it seemed. Things moved there I couldn't see. Wouldn't want to. Things that crept and crawled or flew or scamped in another dimension." He halted, embarrassed, and rubbed the back of his neck.

"I've answered your question," Andrews said. "Now, I'm afraid you'll have to answer some for me. Do you want to tell me about finding Warren?"

The girl sat up, pushing herself back on the bed until she could lean against the wall. "I suppose I have to talk about it," she said. "Like I told the officers when they came, like I have to tell you now..." She paused. "You're the real thing, aren't you? The bright boy, the college-educated, psychological one. All that stuff about the picture, that business of leaving me alone while I had my little cry..."

Andrews scowled. "I'm Homicide, if that's what you're getting to. Now, Miss Sarzabal, about what happened tonight. Just as it happened for you."

1956, Jack Webb; distributed by King Features Syndicate. Illustrations 1956, King Features Syndicate, Inc.

AT THE THEATRE

by Ruby Simm

FILM: THE BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE STREET

Stars: John Gielgud, Jennifer Jones, Bill Travers, Virginia McKenna.

Opinion: A fairly enjoyable film
 THIS film is fairly enjoyable if one closes his eyes to its defects, forgets all about the real Browning the Poet, and Elizabeth Barrett the poetess as recorded historically, and concentrates only on what is presented on the screen.

The light of the story is focussed on Jennifer Jones, invalid eldest sister of a family of nine children ruled by a despotic father who gives them permission to do but one thing which he has no power over—to think. And what thoughts pass through their frantic little minds! Thoughts of love and of escape from the stifling atmosphere of this apparent prison that is their home, flutters through the minds of the two bravest of the daughters, Henrietta, (as flawlessly portrayed by Virginia McKenna) and Elizabeth (Jennifer Jones). The picture begins with Miss Jones reciting one of Elizabeth Barrett's well-known and well-loved verses—"How do I love thee"—and thereupon she very aptly describes her boundless affection. All very well and good. But for this up-to-now very good actress to be given this part was sheer buffoonery.

What Hollywood producers seem to have forgotten is that Miss Jones is not as young as she once was. The delicate features of her face, and the almost ethereal quality she brought to light as "Bernadette" years ago are no longer existent, or, if so were certainly not in evidence in this film. As Elizabeth she was never pictured composing any poetry, never once looked ill, and at times when she shouldn't bore almost a callous expression on her face.

John Gielgud as the father was quite convincing, apart from when he tried to be tender with his ailing daughter, and telling her he loves her, and her alone of all his children, attempts to comfort and compel her to show her affection for him in return. To hear him say such words of affection and to see the expression to the contrary on his face is something. Still, he contributed much to the good points of this film.

The most unforgettable character (and how I'd like to forget!) was Bill Travers as Robert Browning. A pathetically embarrassing figure, he tried too hard with this important role. Too loud, and reciting his parts as a child with a flair for the dramatic given the script for "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck", he prances around the gloomy and very well-arranged room of his beloved, trying, as I said before, with almost embarrassing enthusiasm to convince the audience of his supposedly "dynamic personality".

The picture, however, will appeal to most women and above

all, the beauty of the English countryside, revealed in the ever-popular Cinemascope, the freshness and almost perfect role of Virginia McKenna and Sir John Gielgud's equally good performance is well worth seeing.

FILM: STORM FEAR
 Stars: Cornel Wilde, Jean Wallace, Dan Duryea.

Opinion: A reasonable "Crimes-not-pay" Film.

HOLLYWOOD actors and actresses have been bitten by the "Directing" bug. Every now and then some film star gets the yen. It seems to present a challenge to his ability to score highest points in the movie-making world and sooner or later, the more advanced the star is, the quicker he or she takes the challenge. Such people as Sir Laurence Olivier, Ida Lupino, and Joan Crawford came through this venture with the proverbial "flying colours". Such fortune did not attend Cornel Wilde in the film which he directed and starred—"Storm Fear". Still, if it were a first try, and I think it was, it was fairly plausible.

Mr. Wilde portrays a "hot" bank robber, who, with cops breathing down his neck barges in on his brother's household, taking with him the loot, a loony gunman, and a very authentic gangster's moll. (Heavily pointed, of course, for the part—You should see her mascara run!). Handsome, well dressed, and clutching at his side wherein a bullet has housed itself, Wilde, as Charlie, gives a fair performance, gasping when he should, dragging his feet (not too convincingly) and all in all bringing home to his brother's wife with whom he has had an affair—the result of which his brother, Fred, married her to give Charlie's son a name—that she still loves him.

Wilde, like Burt Lancaster, Marlon Brando, and let us not forget, Tarzan, glories in his biceps. Almost to the point of ripping of his shirt whenever he can (even in freezing weather) and showing the world what he has spent years to develop—beautiful muscles. Again, as in "Forever Amber" he delights in demonstrating his strength. And so, gritting his teeth and shuddering while he clenches the bedposts, he proves he is "all man" when he permits his brother's wife to remove the bullet without anaesthetic.

The picture, though slow moving, has some good parts. The wife, as played by Jean Wallace, a pretty blonde with a good speaking voice, was a good characterization. David Stollery, as the son, however, commanded the interest of the audience with his very fine performance.

Dan Duryea as the slowly dying, unfortunate writer and head of the house does a good job of his part and manages up to his last dramatic departure from the story, to hold one's interest.

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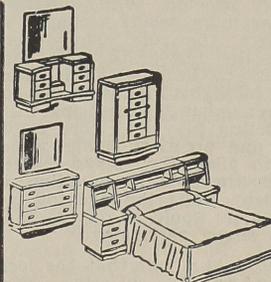
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• **SMALL TALK** •

By *Gim Sang*

DRAMA DISCORD

WHEN Harry Milner, in merry mood, but not too much so, mounted the Ward Theatre stage during the Repertory Players presentation on June 30 to inveigh against the policy of the selection committee of the Adult Drama Festival, he was to fan to a flame some embers smoldering in local drama circles for a long time now. Incidentally, he made a sound aesthetic judgment.

The incident provoked this comment in a *Star* editorial: "The Jamaican theatre has not yet freed itself from the cliques, the suspicions, the petty jealousies and unhealthy rivalries that can ruin any cultural effort". *Gleaner* critic Norman Rae wondered "not only what the criterion of the Drama Festival selection is, but also who is afraid of competition."

Countering with a blistering statement in the *Star*, Errol Hill, in his capacity as President of the Federal Theatre Movement, accused Milner of attachment to Orford St. John's Repertory Players, and declared that Rae had "no excuses" for supporting Milner's view. Hill admitted of the Jamaican theatre, however, that "its members have been too smug and self satisfied for too long, while the theatre itself has stumbled aimlessly along for years, hampered by petty jealousies and womanish gossiping. It is time that the leading protagonists come out into the open and declare themselves . . ."

Orford St. John obliged with an "oil-for-troubled-waters" letter in the *Gleaner*. "The selection seems to me to be perfectly reasonable", cooed the journalist-director. Meanwhile Milner nullified Hill's statement by pointing out in his column in the *Jamaica Times* that the President of the Federal Theatre "was made an adjudicator of the eliminations of the Festival, an honour which was granted to no other producer."

In my opinion, the whole fight is not over the judgment of the Selection Committee, which was aided by Mr. Reuben Silver, but was caused by personal feelings and by the stupid rule of barring plays from competition if one of the actors was appearing in one of the plays previously selected. While intended to give more people a chance to perform, the rule merely penalises the rest of the cast concerned by keeping them from the footlights because one of their number is appearing in a competing play. A more equitable and practical ruling would be to allow the plays barred under the present condition to compete, while the judging of the actors would be on the basis of a single performance.

But it is a fact that the local theatre is suffering from "cliqueism". A little circle of do-

gooders, forming a sort of mutual admiration society and deriving a sense of importance from associating with drama, holds the strings of the Jamaican theatre. If the string-pulling and petulant judgments were confined to the Adult Drama Festival, it would not be so bad. But when the disfavour of a clique within the Secondary School Drama Festival committee is brought to bear on a particular school, then the organisers could not sink lower. It is strongly alleged that the selection of the three plays for repeat performance on the final night of the Schools Festival was actually made before some schools had performed.

HOW BLUE THE SUEZ

In a 391-page report to the UN, a five-nation investigating committee alleged that many of the soldiers sent by the Kremlin to grind out the Hungarian uprising were Mongols and Tartars from Central Asia, who were told that they were going to throw back "Anglo-French imperialists", and thus "mistook the Danube for the Suez."

This explains to some degree the savagery of the repression, in which 3,000 people were killed. The humorous connection between Hungary and the Suez in the report recalls the cogent argument (effectively demonstrated by the Pittsburgh University debaters who trounced UCWI in January) that the Anglo-French attack on Suez, though justifiable, was unfortunately mistimed.

Coming shortly after the Hungarian revolt, it drew attention away from Russian brutality, the Soviet bloc taking full advantage of the situation by branding the British as invading imperialists. The censure of the UN, which should have been concentrated on Russia alone, was spread out to include the intervention of Britain, France and Israel.

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On the Local Scene

FEDERAL ELECTIONS

A FINAL attempt by the Opposition party in the House of Representatives to force the Government to disclose the arrangements for the Federal elections was made by Mr. Edwin Allen, member for North-Western Clarendon, whose motion requesting Government to state how the Federal constituencies will be divided came up for debate in the House recently.

Efforts of the JLP to keep abreast of the Majority Party in preparing for the Federal polls began with Mr. Allen's now-famous walk-out at the Standing Federation Conference held at the UCWI last February. The number of seats having been allotted to each territory (Jamaica 17, Trinidad 10), the Conference decided to leave the method of holding elections to the discretion of each territorial unit. Mr. Allen opposed it; he wanted to take the matter out of the control of the unit governments. He referred to the possibility of "fixed" elections.

While it would be well-nigh impossible to organise an elec-

toral staff on a West Indian basis at this stage, and the unit governments could more efficiently handle their individual territories, the decision might be construed as an attempt by the Socialist camp to create an advantage of ensuring that they get into power. For the determining of elections by a unit government naturally offers an advantage to the Majority Party in the existing government in that territory, nearly all of which are aligned to the WIFLP.

Members of the Federal Parliament will sit as representatives of their territory as a whole, and not of any sector of its population. Hence holding elections according to constituencies seems illogical. There should be some uniformity in the electoral system to allow unit representatives to meet on an equal footing.

by East Wind

However, the island-wide basis of election is regarded in most circles as impractical both in Trinidad and Jamaica, and the problem is now—how shall these constituencies be divided?

This was what Mr. Allen was trying to find out. The background of the matter is that the PNP seem to favour the plan of making each of the fourteen parishes a constituency, with the three counties, Cornwall, Middlesex and Surrey, as the remaining three seats. The JLP prefers a division of the three most populous parishes, Kingston, St. Andrew and Clarendon, giving them a certain win in Clarendon and a fighting chance at the extra seats in Kingston and St. Andrew.

The Member for North-Western Clarendon argued that the Federal elections were only nine months away (the exact date is March 25, 1958) and the public was anxious to know the election arrangements. It was common knowledge, he said, that two Federal parties had been formed. The announcement of the Federal constituencies at this stage would allow the parties just enough time to make preparations for election days.

The Government, through the Hon. Florizel Glasspole, Leader of the House, pronounced the resolution premature. Mr. Glasspole said that in so far as changes were to be made in the Jamaica Constitution in the near future,

it appeared to him to be idle for any member to move a resolution as the one before the House. The Chief Minister had given the assurance that every step concerning the Federal constitution would be placed before the House for its serious consideration, he continued, and that assurance would be carried out at the appropriate time which would be tied into the time when the Federal constitution was promulgated.

Facing the defeat of his motion, Mr. Allen cried "dictatorship". He charged Government with avoiding the democratic processes. He said that it was not premature for the top officers in the Federal Civil Service to be appointed nor to pay 43 per cent of an estimated cost of the Federation of £1,900,000.

"I ask for information for this country", cried Mr. Allen, "and the Chief Minister frowns and walks out, and the Honourable Leader of the House says it is premature to give any information. What am I yielding for? It is information I want on behalf of this country."

With members voting according to Party discipline, the motion was defeated by eleven votes to seven. Thus the country came no nearer to knowing how they shall elect the men to represent them in the Federal Parliament. Meanwhile several candidates have been announced, notably Mr. Morris Cargill on the JLP ticket for St. Mary; Mr. Pat Delapenha (PNP) for Manchester and Mr. Frank Ricketts as PNP candidate for St. Ann.

CAPITAL SITE NEGOTIATIONS

THE Capital Site Committee picked Chaguaramas, a naval base in Trinidad on a 99-year lease to the United States, with the belief that the benevolent U.S. Government would willingly release the beautiful and strategic peninsula as a coming-to-nationhood gift to this poor nation of islands. But as time went on, this naive outlook, confronted by the legality of contract and the overall importance of the defence of the western hemisphere, was forced to change.

Now in London to negotiate the release of Chaguaramas are Mr. Norman Manley, Sir Grantley Adams, Dr. Eric Williams, Mr. F. A. Baron of Dominica and Mr. R. L. Bradshaw of the St. Kitts-Nevis-Anguilla group. The British Government is expected to act as go-between for the main discussions between the West Indian Ministers and American Government representatives which open on Tuesday.

Apart from Mr. Manley who is to have talks with the Secretary of State for the Colonies concerning the Jamaica constitution and Mr. Baron who is seeking a loan in Britain, the presence of the other Ministers, except of course Dr. Williams within whose administration the disputed territory lies, hardly seems necessary. Do the West Indies hope to overwhelm the U.S. by a show of diplomatic numbers? And where are the technical experts on our delegation?

Certainly the approach of Sir Grantley Adams is not constructive. Whilst Mr. Manley told newspapermen on his arrival that the W.I. were willing to offer the U.S. an alternative site for their naval base, Sir Granley declared: "We are unlikely to consider seriously any alternatives... We have our eye on Chaguaramas and we are ready to fight for it". Continuing in similar vein, he said: "They (the U.S.) are always talking about 'Colonialism'. Here is a chance to stop some and help us get independence quickly".

If this attitude persists, and is allowed to pre-empt the rest of the considerable W.I. delegation, our first diplomatic entry on the international scene in negotiating the site of the nation's capital will be a clumsy failure.



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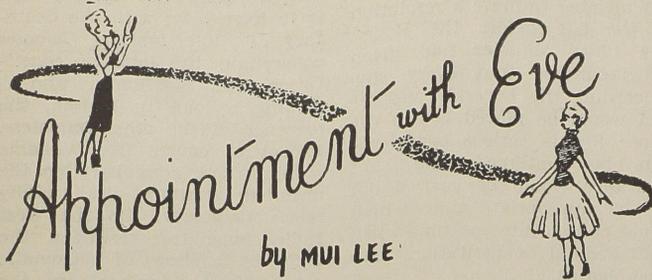
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Do you have a problem which you cannot solve? Then why not write to Miss Mui Lee? If you are unhappy or lonely, if you have a household problem, if you can't seem to decide on what colour dress to wear to some social function, then write to her and 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,

What a busy time this is! I wonder if everyone is feeling it, or is it the fact that it is so hot that makes me feel I'm doing much more than usual? I was talking to a friend of mine the other day and she was saying that she was really going to try to give up some of her out-of-house activities after the summer holidays. She complains that she has recently had so much on her mind that she is

perpetually telling her children, "Don't bother me now, I'm busy". She is constantly planning something in her head, or writing or phoning to make arrangements for some function, and this results in brushing away her children in the evenings, often with irritable remarks. She says she has got to take the situation in hand and see to it that she gets rid of some of the duties that conflict with her domestic responsibility. I think she is very

wise. Many of us mothers have to work these days, but our families are our main concern and it is unfair to them, and to ourselves to have so much to do for other organisations that we cannot give sufficient time and service to our own domains.

So let's examine our own position and see if we are spreading our energies over too many fields. Our families deserve our best interest, and the greatest part of our time.

Well, let's open our first letter of the week; here's one from someone who signs herself "Unhappy":

Dear Miss Mui Lee,

I have a big problem and I wonder what you would advise me to do. I am in love with a boy a few years older than myself and he says he is in love with me but my parents do not consider him a suitable person for me to marry as they say he is not of my class. He certainly has not had the opportunities of education and upbringing that I have had as his family were rather poor, yet I find him very attractive and he is very kind to me. I do want to be able to take him to my home but you will understand that I can hardly do this considering the way my parents feel; if we were to get married it would make me very unhappy to have to stay away from my parents.

I can see no reason why I should not marry this man. What do you think?

UNHAPPY

Dear Unhappy,

Yours is a very hard decision to make as you seem to really care for this boy. However, I wonder if your affection would stand up to the test of time. It is easy to find a person attractive while they are young, especially when they are kind to you; but you know experience has shown that in most cases, marriages in which the man's social position is inferior to that of his wife, usually do not last.

You see, differences in background make a difference to the way people think, and behave, and little crudities of behaviour can become very aggravating after some time.

I am being very frank with you as I feel it is important to face every aspect of this situation before taking any definite steps towards marriage. Perhaps you have not found anything of this nature in which case this difficulty might not arise.

Your parents do not encourage your friendship with this boy, but you must realise that they are only thinking of your happiness.

I advise you to take a long time over this decision! If after, say, one year, you still love this man and still want to marry him, then I think your love will stand the test of time and no doubt your parents will soften in their attitude at last. However, if you should begin to notice any little

traits of behaviour that irritate you, or any lack of mental stimulus in your friend's conversation, I think you should regard it as an omen for the future, and only a slight forerunner of much worse boredom and irritation later, and break with this man before breaking your heart or his.

Dear Miss Mui Lee,

I hope my problem won't seem silly to you but it is causing me much unhappiness.

My husband and I have been married three years now, and honestly we are very good friends. The one thing that causes any big trouble between my husband and myself is parties. When we are invited out to parties, my heart sinks. My husband is very gay at these affairs, laughs and talks with everyone, and dances with every girl in the room, except me. After the first dance—which he does give me—he doesn't come near me for the rest of the evening until it is time to go home. I am rather quiet and shy and generally sit around waiting for people to come and talk to me. When I complain to my husband he says he isn't doing anything wrong and is only having a good time; and why don't I dance with other men? Now, as I have told you he is good to me in other ways, but how can I cure him of this fault?

"WALLFLOWER"

Dear "Wallflower",

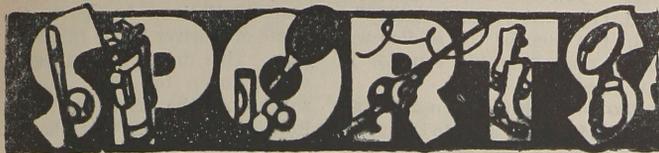
You are apparently a rather shy, self-conscious type. This is a pity, but obviously you have other good points and it seems your husband appreciates this.

While I do agree your husband is a little inconsiderate on these party occasions, I don't think it is such a fault as to cause continual quarrels, as you say you get on well together at other times. I therefore suggest that you try to overcome your own shyness at parties. This will take some effort at first, but don't be afraid of talking quite naturally to people, and you'll be surprised how friendly other people will be to you. When you persevere in this, and get accustomed to moving around on your own, you will enjoy these dances much more and won't notice the absence of your husband quite so much. And you may meet him here and there in fact, oftener than you did before!

I think this fault in your husband is one to which you should try to adjust yourself rather than try to change it. After all, it is the only one you have found to complain of.

Well, Readers, that's all this week. Keep sending in your problems, won't you? It's so true that talking to someone who isn't involved in your own problem, helps you to see the thing in a more correct perspective. So let me try to help, won't you?

Yours sincerely,
MUI LEE.



By Ballin.

BADMINTON

Results of matches played over the last fortnight are as follows: Rainbow 1, although handicapped at minus 8, defeated CAC by 7 matches to 2. Liguanea Club was unable to find a team so CAC gained maximum points from a W/O. On July 8, we played Norbrook 2 and won by 9 matches to nil. On Wednesday, July 10, CAC played the remaining match against St. Andrew Club after having been down 3 matches to nil the previous week, when a strong wind prevented play. In the end, St. Andrew edged CAC by 5 matches to 4.

Last Thursday, CAC played Club India, and won by 8 matches to 1. Up to the time of writing, the CAC team is second on the ladder, and should maintain that position throughout the competition, as the Rainbow 1 has virtually won it already. The next matches to be played are on July 19 vs Elgin and July 22, vs Melbourne at CAC.

CRICKET

On June 22 and 29, CAC played Boys' Town. CAC's first innings total was 101 all out, of which D. Chen scored 40 and H. Chong 20. In reply, Boys' Town scored 203 runs for 7 wickets declared. Sending in the CAC to bat for a second time in order to gain maximum points, they could only muster 93 runs, and thereby losing full points.

On July 6, CAC was at home to Kingston C.C. Again CAC batted first, and were skittled out for 92 runs of which principal scorers were Skipper Eddie Young 16, Noel Lyn 16, C. Lai Fook 15 and Victor Kong 12. In reply, the strong Kingston side scored 141 runs for 3 wickets and the match continues today.

The House Competition played on Sundays is now at a standstill, as I understand that there are many non-financial members of the Club who participate in the matches and if they are desirous of finishing this lively competition, they should see that their subscriptions are paid.

For the past week, the Government coach George Headley, has been to the Club every afternoon to try and help our youngsters with some pointers, but it is

disappointing to see the support given him, as there are not more than a handful of cricketers there each evening.

The third test between West Indies and England at Trent Bridge ended in a very exciting draw. Full credit must go to Frank Worrell for scoring 191 runs not out and to Collie Smith for saving his team from the hands of defeat by scoring an invaluable 168 runs at such a crucial moment. Nevertheless, they were ably supported by Captain John Goddard and Denis Atkinson. We are all looking forward to see the outcome of the fourth Test, which may decide the series.

TENNIS

The All Jamaica tourney is now in progress, and the only players who have entered from our Club are Skipper Richard Tie and Clinton Wong. Clinton Wong created a big upset by putting out one time A. J. Champion Ronnie Cooper. It was a good win for him, although he was not able to cope with BWI Davis Cup star Peter Phillips, who defeated him in the quarter finals. Richard Tie was also beaten by veteran Arthur Scholefield.

The youngsters Tyrone Yap and Winston Wong have gone along with Harold Phillips and Peter Lynch to the States as Ovaltine scholars. These youngsters should gain a lot of experience from this tour, and no doubt, later on they should be heard of.

RACING

We all went to Little Ascot on June 29 and saw the running of the Harry Jackson Memorial Cup, which was won by Epigram, and the champion — 3-year-old See Saw came in third. On July 27 there will be racing again, and we are looking forward to see the Boyle Flagon raced for, as the runners will be See Saw, Epigram, Nicaltink and Bangle.

It is good to see that in the next 18 months there will be a new race track built by Knutsford Park Ltd., to the west of Kingston. No one knows the location, but, no doubt, it will have the support of all racers.

BASKETBALL is about to leap back into the headlines. With the Harlem Globe Trotters to make their second visit next month, the current Ten Pui Competition and the Jamaica Basketball Association competition about to begin soon, Basketball is in a fortunate position.

In the Ten Pui competition, only one match was played over the past two weeks. At the Min Chih court last Sunday. Eagles met Dennis and defeated them by a good 7 points. On the same Sunday, Montego Bay was scheduled to visit Port Antonio for their first match, but at the last moment, I learned that Mon-

tego Bay pulled out of the competition.

Last week Wednesday night, JBA's President, Horace Chang formally declared the 1957 Basketball season open. Mr. Chang threw the first ball in an exhibition match between Bayer, 1956 League and Knock-out champion, and a Rest team. Bayer edged the Rest by 6 points.

Previous to this, two girls team also played an interesting match. They are Go Cats and the COS girl team. Go Cats won by 6-2. COS girls had a field day at the Go Cats basket, but missed over a dozen of the easy shots they took.

Meeting Pope, Trotters' Most Treasured Memory

THOSE hilarious Harlem Globetrotters who are scheduled to appear at Sabina Park on August 20 and 21, are exceedingly proud of the many attendance records they have established.

No other team in the history of the hoop sport has come anywhere near drawing the fans as Abe Saperstein's magical ball handlers have done for many years. They have set the highest attendance mark for basketball in most of the more than fifty countries they have visited on their

Municipal at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, on one of their fabulous tours of South America.

The largest crowd ever to see them in action in the United States, a record for that country, was the one of 36,365 in the Rose Bowl in Pasadena, California, in April, 1951.

But the biggest thrill came from their appearance before the smallest "crowd" in cage history—an audience of one man. That was in 1952 and the lone spectator was His Holiness, Pope Pius XII. The scene was Castel Gandolfo, the Pope's summer residence near Rome.

His Holiness had granted the Globetrotters a private audience and gave them his blessing. In appreciation Saperstein presented him with a basketball, autographed by every member of his team.

"I have never seen a basketball game," said the Pope, "I confess I am curious about it." Saperstein offered to stage a demonstration. The boys formed a circle. All hands whistled "Sweet Georgia Brown," their theme song as they swept into their rib-tickling routine. At the Pope's request, they gave an encore—only encore ever given of this specialty.

"How clever these young men are," remarked His Holiness.

That will always be one of the most treasured memories of every Globetrotter in the party that day.

Owner Abe Saperstein was named one of the six foremost sports promoters of all times. There are many who consider him the FOREMOST. "But give the credit to my boys," says Abe, with characteristic modesty.

Abe is convinced that basketball can become a popular game in countries where the game is not well known. In fact, he has suggested to local basketball commissioner, Horace Chang, that school boys of all ages should be encouraged to see the game. The result is that a popular price of 1/6 for seats in a certain section of the grounds will be available on the two nights of play.



Robert Milton stands 6 ft. 1 in., played six seasons with the Trotters. He flipped his favourite set shot on five continents. He has played before the late King of England, Aiy Khan, Chancellor Konrad Adenauer of Germany and an array of other notables.

travels covering all the continents of the globe.

Their own high mark—and that, by a wide margin, for all basketball—is the crowd of approximately 75,000 highly-entertained fans who applauded their every move in the Olympic Stadium at Berlin, Germany, in August of 1951.

That exceeded the previous record of 50,041 they had established May 5, 1951, earlier in Estadio

IN PARENTHESIS

An author once praised another writer very heartily to a third person. "It is very strange," was the reply, "that you speak so well of him, for he says that you are a charlatan."

"O," replied the other, "I think it very likely that both of us may be mistaken."

In reply to an advertisement for an organist who could also teach music, the following epistle was received:

"Gentlemen: In reply to your ad. for a music teacher and organist, either lady or gentleman, will say that I have been both for several years, and I am sure I can handle the job."

A woman visitor to the city entered a taxicab. No sooner was the door closed than the car leaped forward violently, and afterward went racing wildly along the street, narrowly missing collision with innumerable things. The passenger, naturally enough, was terrified. She thrust her head through the open window of the door and shouted at the taxi driver.

"Please be careful, sir! I'm nervous. This is the first time I ever rode in a taxi."

The driver yelled in reply, without turning his head:

"That's all right, ma'am. It's the first time I ever drove one!"

The two men were adrift in an open boat and it looked bad for them. Finally one of them, frightened, began to pray:

"O Lord," he prayed, "I've broken most of Thy commandments. I've been a hard drinker, but if my life is spared now I'll promise Thee never again..."

"Wait a minute, Jack," said his friend. "Don't go too far. I think I see a sail."

Housewife—"Look here, my man, why do you always come to my house to beg?"

Tramp—"Doctor's orders, madam."

Housewife—"Doctor's orders?"
Tramp—"He told me that when I found food that agreed with me I should stick to it."

The soldier asked for a furlough so that he might get married.

"How long have you known the girl?" his superior asked.

"A week."

"Why, my lad, that's hardly long enough. I suggest that you wait a couple of months, and

then if you still want to get married, I'll grant you a furlough."

In two months the soldier was back, reminding his superior of his promise.

"So you still want to get married. My, my! I didn't suppose that a young man would stay interested in the same girl for such a long time nowadays."

"I know, sir. But it isn't the same girl, sir."

A boy was about to purchase a seat for a movie in the afternoon. The box-office man asked, "Why aren't you in school?"

"Oh it's all right, sir," said the youngster earnestly. "I've got measles."

The president of a large corporation had occasion one day to reprimand an employee for his inefficiency, whereupon the inefficient young man began finding fault with the way in which the president was managing affairs. The head of the corporation turned angrily toward the speaker.

"Are you the president of this corporation?" he demanded.

"No sir, of course not," answered the employee.

"Well then," thundered the president, "don't talk like a fool."

A man once applied for a job in a dry-goods house. His appearance wasn't prepossessing and

references were demanded. After some hesitation, he gave the name of a driver in the firm's employ. This driver, he thought, would vouch for him. A clerk sought out the driver and asked him if the applicant was honest. "Honest?" the driver said. "Why, his honesty's been proved again and again. To my certain knowledge, he's been arrested nine times for stealing and every time he was acquitted."

Senator Reed Smoot once spoke before a large crowd of Swedes. There was but little applause. He was followed by a man who spoke to them in their native tongue. The applause was deafening, and Senator Smoot cheered as loudly as the best of them. Then, still clapping his hands, he leaned over to the chairman of the meeting. "What did he say?" he asked.

"He was interpreting your speech to them," replied the chairman gravely.

Man is but a worm. He comes along, wiggles a bit, then some chicken gets him.

People wouldn't get divorced for such trivial reasons if they didn't get married for such trivial reasons.

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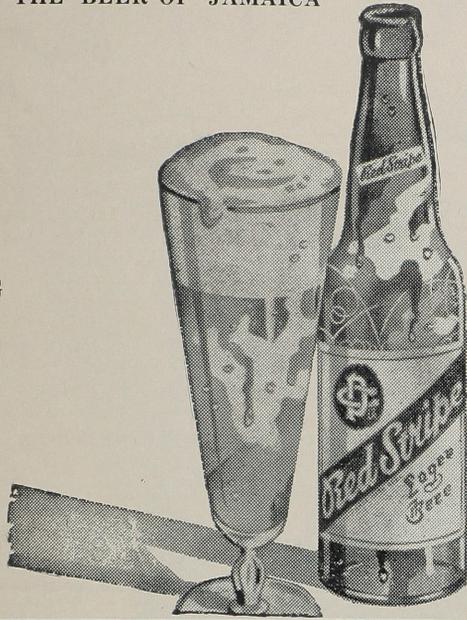
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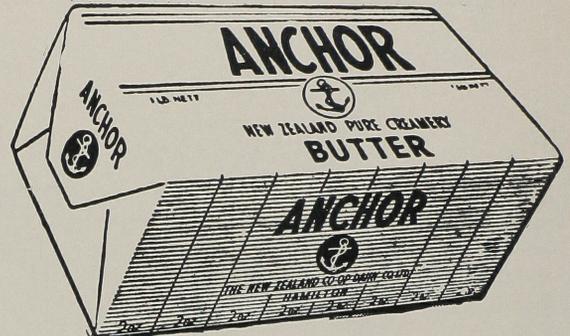
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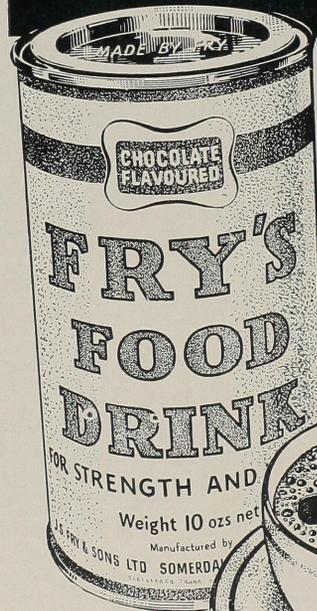
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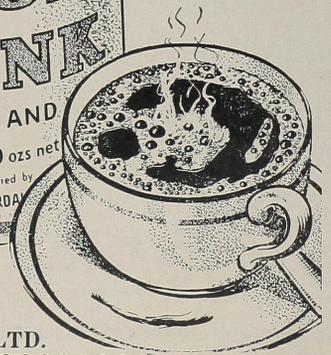
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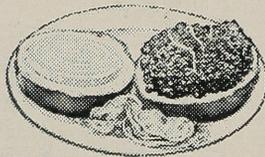


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