

THE

PAGODA



A FORTNIGHTLY PUBLICATION

Vol. 18

No. 18

Saturday,

September 7, 1957

PRICE: NINEPENCE

Kingston,

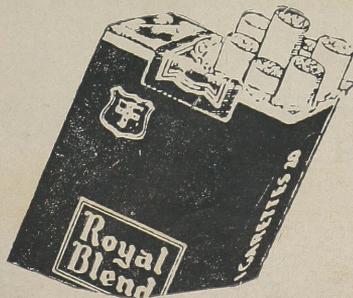
Jamaica, B.W.I.



**YOUR SKIN
NEEDS NIVEA**

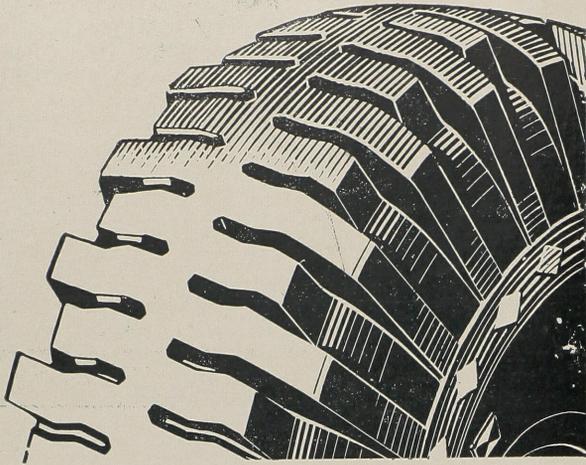


**for real
satisfaction**
any time!



**Royal
Blend**
CIGARETTES





ON AND OFF THE ROAD...
tough jobs PROVE

ROAD LUG

The most popular, most versatile double-duty
tyre ever built

GOODYEAR



"It's a
lovely
day
today!"

-after a good night's sleep

WHAT a pleasure it is to wake rested and refreshed after a good night's sleep! That is why countless thousands drink delicious 'Ovaltine' at bedtime—no other beverage can give you better sleep.

Remember that 'Ovaltine' is made from Nature's best foods—including MALT, MILK and EGGS—and is fortified with extra vitamins.



Drink delicious

Ovaltine

THE GOOD NIGHT BEVERAGE

MALT FLAVOUR OR CHOCOLATE FLAVOUR

OVALTINE IS EQUALLY DELICIOUS SERVED HOT OR COLD

VERY IMPORTANT—Note that the large size 'Ovaltine' tin contains sixteen ounces. Sold in airtight tins by all Chemists and Stores.

P.C. 350

ENTERTAIN
WITH

Appleton

A
DISTINCTIVE
PLEASANT
TASTE

ALWAYS
ASK FOR
APPLETON

J. WRAY & NEPHEW
LTD.



Quality Printing

- PRINTERS
- BOOKBINDERS
- BLOCKMAKERS
- DIESTAMPERS
- RUBBER STAMPS
- GOLD BLOCKING
- COPPERPLATE
- STEREOTYPERS
- STATIONERY

TELEPHONES 2101 and 4197

PRINTERS LTD.

3 HANOVER STREET, KINGSTON

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WONDERFUL JOB

The Editor, Sir,
I have enjoyed reading your magazine and thought you did a wonderful job on this year's annual. Keep it up that way.

Miss Lily Chin.

Hillcrest Parkway,
Winchester, Mass.,
U.S.A.

"ALL SHOOK UP"

The Editor, Sir,
There is a tendency among columnists to dwell on certain topics they are keenly interested in. Thomas Wright writes about bananas from time to time; Vere Johns is constantly concerned about our teeth and is currently throwing punches at the Minister of Health in his efforts to get Government cracking on the 'promised' two-year course for select unregistered dentists. Incidentally, is Mr. Johns father a dentist? In his column, **Small Talk**, your columnist Gim Sang has often put the spotlight on rock 'n' roll.

Last week his column simmered down to diary form reflections which rocked around the clock from British Guiana where Cheddi Jagan slid back into power — to the Suez in which he suggested the Iman of Oman and Sultan Said Bin Taimur of Oman and Muscat . . . 'cool it'; then on to our own paradise island where descriptive talk and medical prescription is bliss. Surprisingly the bees in his bonnet stopped buzzing — guess they got fed up trying to razzle dazzle.

In one of his reflections, he seemed 'all shook up' about the activities of the C.C.A.A.'s Sick Visiting Committee and posed the following question: "Are the Chinese Catholic Action Sick Visiting Committees on summer vacation?" Following this he implores us to wake up. Giddy-up Gim Sang, you are doing fine. 'Tis a pity you had to knock the rock. Better you 'ad heeded the good old proverb — "Let sleeping dogs lie," before pouring oil on our waters that are by no means troubled.

Your columnist has so completely divorced himself from

CCAA's affairs that this lacking of information does not surprise me. As the Acting Chairman of the Sick Visiting Committee, it is my duty to inform your columnist that although I have been on six weeks vacation this summer, the Sick Visiting Committee continues to operate.

Ever since the Expose of the Chinese Poor House, our Committee has taken a keen interest in that institution and has constantly given aid to its inmates by supplying them with food and clothing. Recently our committee has been focusing its attention on the Chinese Sanitarium and it was discovered that there is a crying need for proper nourishment among the patients. Our Moderator was consulted and through his instrumentality the St. Vincent de Paul Society has responded to the call for help. But the needs of the patients are by no means satisfied — further help is required, and those who are in a position to assist should act immediately.

This is by no means a bad reflection on the Chinese Benevolent Society. It is more a reflection on those who are in a position to cooperate with the CBS, in alleviating the situation, but are in constant abstention.

See you later all. Gim Sang I mean — no punches below the belt.

ROY S. TENN.

Kingston,
August 31, 1957.

LIFE INSURANCE ETHICS

The Editor, Sir,
Congratulations to "Observer" on a very nice article about life insurance. "Observer" rightly states that "an underwriter who spends more time discussing the faults of another underwriter or company instead of emphasizing the merits of the policy he sells, is a poor salesman," but the fact is an increasing number of young underwriters are guilty of speaking ill of their competitors. I am not familiar with the methods of life underwriting salesmanship, but it seems to me to be unethical to sell with an abusive tongue, and if it is unethical, the life underwriters association, or whatever organisation is in existence for underwriters, should do something about it.

H. LYN.

Kingston,
September 3, 1957.

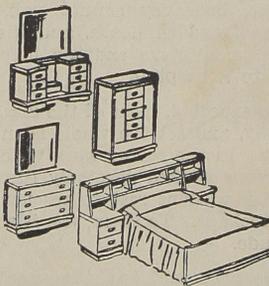
The Editor, Sir,
"Observer" deserves a medal from the life insurance companies for explaining so clearly the various policies which are available. Come to think of it, when I bought my policy, I didn't know what I was buying, excepting that I had to pay a certain sum every year, and that's all I was told.

I was not told the limitations of my policy, but I have now decided to read the fine prints in my policy, thanks to "Observer." POLICY HOLDER.

Windward Road P.O.
September 3, 1957.

TOBACCO EMPORIUM

24 KING STREET
SMOKER'S REQUISITES, CIGAR AND CIGARETTES
ALSO MILK BOTTLES AND STOPPERS
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Phone 2046.



EXCITING . . . NEW Styles In Furniture

- MAHOGANY BEDS
- BUREAUX ● WARDROBES
- CHIFFEROBES
- VANITIES WITH STOOLS
- METAL VERANDAH CHAIRS
- CHINA CLOSETS

AT
JAMAICA FURNITURE CO., LTD
62-64 King St. — Phone 3074



KEEP your engine young

You want to get best performance from your engine, and to go on getting it. You want to keep that lively "new engine" feel. Then choose an up-to-date oil—a detergent oil to keep your engine clean, an alkaline oil to protect it against corrosion, a tough oil to resist abrasive wear. Shell X-100 Motor Oil, the leading anti-wear and detergent oil, has all these essential qualities. It is the best protection you can give your car.

PROTECTS AGAINST WEAR Shell X-100 Motor Oil protects day and night against the combustion acids that cause most engine wear. It also protects unflinchingly at the high speeds and temperatures of modern engines.

KEEPS ENGINES CLEAN A modern oil must have a detergent cleansing action. Shell X-100 Motor Oil contains additives that keep engine parts clear of dirty deposits.

SHELL X-100 MOTOR OIL

maintains peak performance

SHELL CO. (W.I.) LTD.

Send PAGODA Abroad

Deal With
THE RAPID
THE ROAD
TO SUCCESS

THE RAPID
VULCANIZING CO., LTD.

82-86 Harbour Street,
Kingston, Ja.

editorial

**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,
50 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.

EDITOR:
LESLIE R. CHIN

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Local: 1 year—15/-; Half year— 8/-
Foreign: 1 year—18/6; Half year—10/-

Managing Director:

E. D. Young

Chairman, Board of Directors:

H. C. Tai Ten Quee

Directors:

L. Chin Yee
E. Chin Loy
J. Wilson
S. Chang

THE RAILWAY DISASTER

The terrible railway disaster last Sunday night was not only the worst in local railway history, but also one of the gravest in the world. Over 170 were killed and nearly 700 wounded. These figures by themselves reveal the magnitude of the disaster, but they cannot paint adequately the horror of sudden death, and the pain which the injured must have endured before they could be taken to a hospital.

As is expected, news of the disaster brought grief to many, and set the whole island under a veil of sorrow. In the rescue work which followed, scores of persons worked devotedly throughout the night and day without rest to rescue the injured from the wreckage. To them, the island owes a debt of gratitude.

We commend too, the speed with which the Government moved to set up a Commission of Enquiry. The task confronting the Commission is not an easy one, but there are questions which must be examined and answered. In any event, we feel that whatever is discovered will go towards making travel by the railway safer for passengers.

Let us not forget, however, that when all returns to normalcy, the injured and the maimed will have to face once more the daily chores of making a living. Many will not be able to return to their occupation, and for this reason, we welcome as a commendable step, Government's contribution of £10,000 to the Railway Suffers' Fund. We urge our readers to give unstintingly to the Fund.

* * *

COMPANY UNIONS

The Minister of Labour, the Hon. F. A. Glasspole, recently made it clear that he does not approve of company unions. Unfortunately, he did not clarify what he meant by 'company union,' but we assume that by that term he is referring to a union in which membership is limited to the employees of one company.

To our knowledge, a company union is nothing new in trade unionism. Such unions existed in the United States as far back as fifty years ago, and the records seem to prove that the majority of these have done well for its members.

At the present time, it is not illegal to form a company union, but the Minister of Labour and the island's labour leaders would no doubt like to have legislation enacted which would make it illegal for such unions to be formed. What these labour leaders ought to note however, is that so

far, no employer has shown any enthusiasm for company unions, despite the fact that it is perfectly legal for them to make use of such unions under present laws.

What needs greater emphasis is this: so long as the island's labour movement remain a robust, vigorous, and honest force, protecting the rights of workers without abusing employers' rights, there is no need to fear that one day workers will desert that cause for a company union. And so long as the labour union movement is strong and is willing to employ established weapons in their struggle for better conditions, there is no need to go running to government to legislate.

The labour union movement has come a long way in this island, and we would hate to see the day when our labour leaders expect that the Government should accord 'rubber stamp' approval to their every demands.

* * *

**MALAYA CELEBRATES
INDEPENDENCE**

After 83 years of British rule, Malaya has become an independent state within the British Commonwealth. With her new status, she joins India, Pakistan, Burma, Ceylon and Ghana, all British colonies which have shared in the historic and voluntary transformation to nationhood.

Unlike many of Britain's other colonies, Malaya was born out of turmoil. In 1948, the Communists launched a terror campaign in a vain attempt to block the country's constitutional progress. Thanks to Britain, the Communists failed.

The Communist rebellion was however, not the only danger. Equally explosive was the division of Malay's population, between Malay, Chinese and Indians. At first, there seemed little possibility of cementing the various racial group politically, and economic rivalry merely served to emphasize the division. Then slowly, it became obvious to the leaders of the Malay and Chinese political parties, that Malaya must determine its own destiny. She did.

Today, Malaya is led by Tunku Abdul Rahman who swept to power in 1955 when the Alliance of his party, the United Malay National Organisation, with the powerful Malay Chinese Association and the Malayan Indian Congress, won a sweeping victory in the July election of that year. Rahman is a gifted leader, and we are sure that he will be able to lead the new nation to further political progress.

Live Better

with a

Savings Account

When you have saved cash . . . you can PAY cash for the things you want. Also, saved money EARNs money. Feel independent, secure and happier—open a savings account at—

THE

BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

21 Branches Serving Jamaica.



You need THESE

- SUITCASES
- BENTWOOD CHAIRS
- LUCKY BELL PENCILS
- EXERCISE BOOKS

DANIEL LEE

& COMPANY LIMITED
54 West St. — Phone 2688

Advice To Wives

Watch Over Your Man

Why do husbands so often die early? Life insurance statistics prove that many men die before their time because they fail to watch their waistline. Overweight persons are prone to chronic diseases of the kidneys, liver and gall bladder; arthritis; hernia; etc. What can you do about it? Here "Observer" gives you wives a general idea of how to keep your man about the house alive.

A LEADING statistician of a large-insurance company recently arrived at the conclusion that many men who die before their time could have been saved if their wives had taken more seriously a wife's responsibility to watch over her man.

Here is what the statistician says: "Life-insurance statistics are proof of the axiom: The shorter the waistline, the longer the lifeline. The effort to maintain a fashionable silhouette keeps women watching their weight and diet. The result has aided their health as well as their appearance. Unfortunately, fashion has failed to have a similar effect on men. And the little woman, taking pride in providing her husband with luscious pies, cakes and hot breads, goes on contributing to his overweight.

"Excessive weight goes hand in hand with many diseases, especially heart and circulatory disorders: high blood pressure, hardening of the arteries, coronary disease. Overweight persons are prone to chronic diseases of the kidneys, liver and gall bladder; diabetes; arthritis; hernia."

In view of this startling revelation, it should be understood that obesity is not inherited. Not fat but the habit of overeating runs in families. Where all members of a family are overweight, all usually are eating more than they can use, and generally of the sweet or starchy foods.

Today's husbands tend to put on weight as he advances in years because he needs less food but is actually eating more. With this advancement in years, his metabolism rate slows, and his

body calls for less fuel mainly because he is less active physically.

What needs emphasis is this: if he shows signs of becoming overweight, an introduction of some change in his dietary habits should be made. The wife might start dinner with an appetite-cheating, low-calorie, vitamin-rich salad, and shun cream-pie in favour of a simple dessert of fruit. She could also limit her baking to non-fattening foods.

~~~~~  
by 'Observer'  
~~~~~

THE state of the mind can sometimes give rise to obesity. Cornell University's Dr. Harry Gold says that "people often take to eating when they are unhappy, or for release from depression or tension." In such a case, the wife of a man who overeats because he is tense should help him relax. If she feeds his emotional hunger with love and admiration, he may be more willing to relinquish the dollop of ice cream on his dessert.

Another cause of today's husbands bulging waistline is the high food prices. This has caused an increase intake of carbohydrates in bread, potatoes, noodles and pastries, all of which sends waistlines inches and inches beyond the ordinary safety line.

A dietician suggested that families which cannot afford the higher priced non-fattening items, might turn more to eggs, cheese or fish. The average portion of seafood has fewer calories

than the average portion of meat; it is a fine protein that equally satisfies hunger.

A wife must realize however, that a man who accumulates 20 or more extra pounds in ten years cannot be expected to shed his excess in ten days. This takes time. Not only must his way of life be changed, but a new way of thinking developed — by the wife as well as the husband.

If I may be allowed to borrow some figures from an insurance statistics, here is what is found: "Between 70 and 80 percent more men than women die in their early 50's, usually from some form of heart or circulatory disease, to which years of too much strain, too much food and too little rest have contributed. Typical is the following true case — the names are fictitious:

"John Edwards 35, is a brilliant executive with a big future—if he lives. He leaves house daily at 7.30, returns about seven, and puts in another hour or two at office work he has brought home with him.

"His wife, Jane, is ambitious for him. A little while ago she proudly told an observant friend of the family that John had been offered a better job—a wonderful opportunity for a young man."

"Shorter hours, less strain?" asked the friend.

"No, but more money," Jane said.

"This is suicide or murder," said the friend bluntly. He pointed out the result of cumulative strain, bad eating habits and violent weekend exercises, all of which characterized John's way of life."

"At least," he advised, "don't let him take this new job until he's had a check-up."

"Jane agreed, fortunately. The doctors found early signs of wear and tear, including heightened blood pressure. He advised John to slow down, and gave him a diet which eliminated many of the rich foods that Jane, in wifely solicitude, prepared. If John took precautions now, said the doctor, he could live to a good old age. If not, well..."

THIS case history probably wouldn't fit many of today's husbands in this island, but the fact remains that an increasing number of married men are putting on weight which can be bad for them. A great deal of the trouble springs from the desire to "keep up with the Joneses." But the truth is a man will live longer if his wife encourages a spirit of contentment with modest achievement, and creates an atmosphere of peace and enjoyment of simple pleasures.

Another interesting fact is that statistics show an excessive accident mortality among fat men, obviously because they are less spry, and probably because of other physical impairments which accompany overweight.

What then, should a wife do in order to keep her man sound, healthy and alive?

Here are the advices given by a well known statistician who has been studying accident-causes for more than 40 years:—

"Watch his weight as carefully as she does her own, and patiently reform his eating habits if these are causing overweight.

(Continued on page 15)

Summer Tours To The Far East

You Travel by Northwest Airlines Stratocruisers

Round Trip completes in nearly seven weeks leaving from

| | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|----------------------|
| Kingston to Miami | Seattle to Anchorage | Hong Kong to Manila |
| Miami to New York | Anchorage to Tokyo | Manila to Honolulu |
| New York to Chicago | Tokyo to Taipei | Honolulu to Seattle |
| Chicago to Seattle | Taipeh to Hong Kong | Seattle to Kingston. |

ONLY
£481-11-2
RETURN FARE!



For further information,
WONG CHEW ONN & CO.
80-84, Princess Street, Kingston
Phone: 3809

How Strong Is Khrushchev?

Events behind the Iron Curtain are heading for a new crisis. How will Khrushchev weather the new storm? How strong is he? There are increasing signs that his grab for power might only be a temporary affair.

by A Political Observer

TWO months ago, pudgy, hard-drinking, fun-loving Nikita Khrushchev became dictator of Russia. In pushing his way to the top, Khrushchev had to topple those who stood in his way. In Russian politics, he could not expect to reach the top of the hierarchy and survived without purges "and expulsions", for each struggle for the top post brings with it its own brand of violence. Now that Khrushchev has reached the top, how strong is he? And how long will he last?

In the weeks before Khrushchev managed to have Malenkov, Molotov and Kaganovich kicked out of the powerful Soviet Central Committee, he found himself outvoted at practically every meeting of the Presidium. The Presidium consisted of eleven members and at least six regularly voted against him—Molotov, Kaganovich, Malenkov, Perukhin, Saburov and Suslov. It seemed then, that Khrushchev was the one who would be booted out as the party's First Secretary.

Khrushchev however, anticipated the move, and appealed against the Presidium to the Central Committee. The party statutes provided that he was entitled to do so. The Central Committee consisted of younger members who were in the majority anti-Stalinist, and Khrushchev was able to get their support.

It must be understood however, that the Central Committee is far from being a unified body. The Stalinist elements exercise a great deal of power, but what prevented them from opposing Khrushchev is the intervention

of the military. For some time, Marshal Zhukov remained neutral between the two opposing factions, but he now threw his weight behind Khrushchev. From then on, none dare to oppose a Khrushchev backed by the army.

Having got rid of the Stalinists, Khrushchev turned to consolidating his power. There are increasing signs that he is not too satisfied with his dependence upon the army. Khrushchev is far too wise to keep all his eggs in one basket, and he has made an appeal to the country to strengthen his hand. He has branded Molotov and Kaganovich as "narrow-minded and conservative Stalinist seeking to obstruct the country's progress" and gave the same treatment to Malenkov and Shepilov.

WHILE doing this, he has set himself up as the advocate of de-Stalinization and "democratization," as champion of the people against the bureaucracy, as leader of peasants, as the man who personifies a conciliatory foreign policy, as a man of peace, as a man who wants to lift the standard of living of his subjects; in short, he has pulled every trick out of the demagogue's hat to remodel Khrushchev the new dictator.

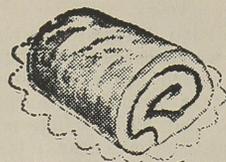
Yet, despite all his best efforts, there are growing signs that Khrushchev feels uneasy. He cannot allow himself to forget that only with the support of the Army which Marshal Zhukov heads, can be hold on to his gains and consolidate them. And judging by events, he feels unsure of himself because he has so far failed to stage a monster "trial" of the expelled Molotov, Kaganovich and Malenkov.



Nikita Khrushchev

Spend LESS . . . Get MORE At

REMCO's BIG
Annual **STOREWIDE**
SALE



Delicious . . . Freshly Baked

CAKES & ROLLS

• Finest quality and flavour
all the folks favour.

Valentine
The Ideal **BAKERY**

• Prompt
delivery to
all orders.

111 RED HILLS ROAD

TEL: 61151-3

A "trial" is the logical conclusion of his charges. To lay the "Leningrad Case" at Malenkov's door without putting him in the dock is a sad reflection of Khrushchev's prestige, as is that of Molotov and Kaganovich. But Khrushchev probably has another good reason for not staging a trial. In his climb to the top of hierarchy, he set out to destroy Stalin's old guard, yet he is himself a part of that old guard. Khrushchev must fully realise that there is not a single charge which he is now making against Malenkov, Molotov and Kaganovich which cannot be levelled against him. After all has he not recently told someone that, "We are all Stalinists"?

Although on the surface it appears that Khrushchev is the leader, there are shifting winds ready to blow at any moment. Khrushchev dare not launch a "purge" such as that which took Stalin to power, because the country is dead set against any form of Stalinism. Ironically, it was Khrushchev himself who generated the anti-Stalinism attitude which now obstruct his path to total power.

It seems safe to assume then, that Soviet leadership is heading for a turmoil, despite the front of unity which Khrushchev is attempting to show. There still exist the Stalinist faction and other opposition to Khrushchev leadership, and it might even be possible that Khrushchev's leadership may be short lived.

MARSHAL Zhukov is the reason for this assumption. Diplomatic observers have reported that Zhukov made a major and independent political move during Khrushchev's and Bulganin's tour of Czechoslovakia in July, which is probably a test of his popularity. Pravda reports that the Marshal delivered what it calls a "great speech" to the workers of the Leningrad Bolshevik factory. Only a summary of the speech was printed, and there are hints that the most important part is not yet fit for publication. The summary states that Zhukov has exposed Stalin's old guard, but let it not be forgotten that Khrushchev was a member of that old guard. The effect of Zhukov's "secret speech" may thus affect Khrushchev's future one way or the other.

In reporting the speech, Pravda stated that Zhukov demanded that the entire record of the Stalin era be brought to light, and continued by divulging parts of the record about which Khrushchev, the Presidium and

the Central Committee have so far seen fit to cover up. "Then," Pravda relates, "Zhukov listed the cases in which Malenkov, Kaganovich and Molotov violated the law."

Remembering then the Marshal's influence, he is actually demanding that those guilty of the crimes perpetuated during the Stalin era, be brought to trial. In doing so, he might be intending to force the hand of Khrushchev and to make it difficult if not impossible, for him to refuse a public trial of Stalin's old guard.

Diplomatic observers also reported that Zhukov is given a bigger reception wherever he goes. It could be that this is intended to build up Zhukov for the post which now rest shakily in Khrushchev's hands.

In any event, the leadership of Soviet Russia seems headed for a new storm. And it all serves to emphasize that Khrushchev's hold on the party is far less secure than was suspected. How he weathers this storm is difficult to predict, for in Russian politics, a leader is either a "patriot" or "traitor", depending on the climate in which he finds himself.

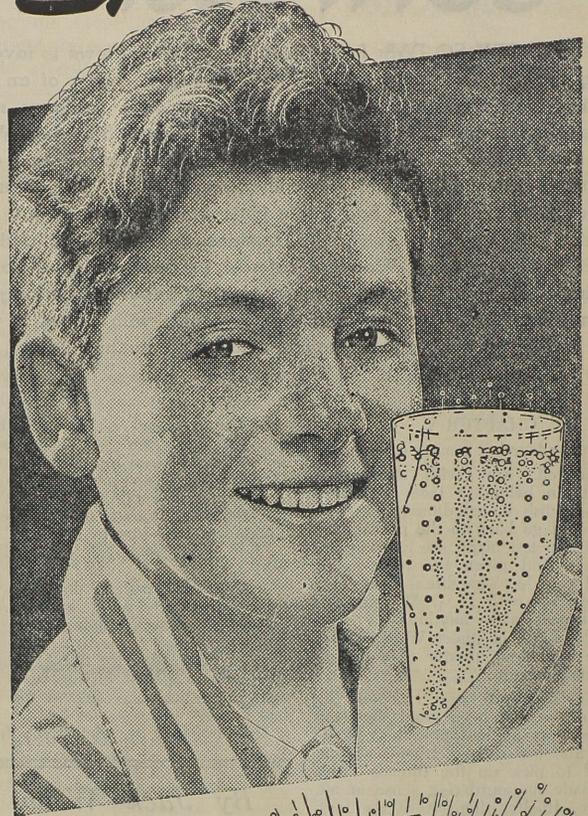
Marshal Zhukov has generated a new climate. How Khrushchev likes it and how he fares, are questions which can only be answered by time.

COVER GIRL

Departing from our usual practice, PAGODA this week turns its spotlight overseas and brings you a Queen. She is lovely Vivian S. Y. Choy, "Narcisus Queen" of the Honolulu Chinese Community. The Queen is selected annually, and the basis of judging in the elimination are character, deportment, beauty of face and figure, general intelligence and special ability. Under those stringent standards, Vivian captured the 1957 crown from a line-up of 19 other lovelies, and the prizes that go with it, which include a free and all-expense-paid trip to Canada and Eastern United States. The Queen is a really versatile and talented 20-year-old, and she can sing, dance, swim, bowl and speak in public. In the special ability contest, she warbled a Chinese opera number that was a real treat, coming from a fourth generation Chinese Hawaiian.

Miss Choy is a stenographer with an insurance firm in Honolulu.

My Good Health-



with morning **Andrews**

Every morning's a good morning when you feel fit and healthy. If you *don't*, then your system probably needs the help of sparkling Andrews. Just do this —

- (1) Get out your tin of Andrews.
- (2) Put one teaspoonful into water and stir briskly.
- (3) Drink it as it effervesces.

Andrews cleanses the entire system — freshens the mouth and tongue, settles the stomach and tones up the liver. Lastly, Andrews gently clears out wastes and promotes healthy Inner Cleanliness.

Just one teaspoonful is correct for most young people



Agents: Cecil B. Facey Ltd.,
158/160, Harbour Street, KINGSTON

FAMILY TIN 4/1d.
HANDY TIN 2/3d.
TRIAL TIN 1/6d.

A New Mystery Begins In

STRANGE CONFESSION

THE STORY SO FAR: Police Lieutenant Ed Andrews is investigating the death of Jimmy Warren, artist, and co-owner of an advertising sign business. First deemed a suicide, evidence now points to a murder. Those involved include Bonnie Sarzabal, Warren's sweetheart; E. J. Warren, Jimmy's widowed sister-in-law and business partner; and Dexter White, the latter's friend. Mrs. Warren has revealed that Jimmy had fallen in love with her and that she tolerated his attention solely for business reasons. A curious aspect of the case is Warren's interest in Surrealist-type horror paintings, a factor Andrews suggests has an important bearing on the murder. Andrews has submitted a report with hopes it will avert interference by fellow police officers till he has solved the crime . . .

CHAPTER V.

HE had played it smart, calling Bill Cantrell. Now with that sharp cop's brain behind a face as abused as an English boiled dinner, the captain went back to the preliminary report from last night, see the way he, Andrews, had given the facts a tilt toward suicide, straighten them out, and end up with E. J. Warren, the one suspect with anything to gain from the death of James Warren. This one in a million, quarter of a million motivated blonde.

Sure, there was still Sarzabal, the woman who had been jilted. But, the trouble was she had only been half-jilted. She was dearest friend, waiting around to pick up the threads. And that made no murdering sense at all.

Then, finally, there were the men in E. J. Warren's life. The men of whom Jimmy Warren had been jealous? Who were they? How close, how intimate? Had Jimmy Warren stood between any one of them and marriage to his hister-in-law? Given a woman of E. J. caliber and the control of a business the size Luster Lux had become and that combination added up to a pretty fair motive.

Andrews ran his fingers along the top of his close-cropped head of hair and rubbed his palms along the back of his neck. Tonight he could go any direction, go officially as the acting head of his division. Tonight was too many hours away. He reached for the directory and found the number of the Mar Vista Apartments.

Mrs. Warren was not in. Warren very probably could be reached at her place of business.

He started to dial the Luster Lux number, shook his head at the instrument and hung up. He was on his own time so he settled for a sport shirt and a light jacket. He went down stairs whistling.

The Luster Lux building was having its face lifted. Soon it would be modern in the extreme, prosperous looking below a new neon sign, expensive in appearance.

ANDREWS pulled in the parking lot at one side, walked back around the corner of the building and pushed open the door into the reception room.

A pert redhead glanced up from her typewriter and said, "I'm sorry, sir, we're not open for business today, Mr. Warren passed away last night."

"I'm a police officer, Miss. Would you tell Mrs. Warren that Lieutenant Andrews would like to see her?"

"But that's funny," the redhead said.

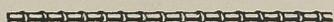
Andrews frowned. "I don't see anything particularly funny about it."

The girl was studying him with interest. "What I mean is that Mrs. Warren was called for twenty minutes ago by two police officers who had instructions to take her to the city hall."

Unconsciously, the detective's frown



By Jack Webb



worked its way into a scowl. "I see," he told her.

"I don't." The redhead's glance had narrowed suspiciously. "Or believe you're a cop, for that matter. Dressed the way you are and coming in here alone."

Andrews grinned and showed her his badge and ID card.

"I'm sorry, Lieutenant. It's just that we're so upset."

"We?"

She half smiled. "I, I should say. I'm so upset with E. J. gone, and with Carl Songer, our salesman, out of town since yesterday, that would leave just me, wouldn't it?"

"The older brother," Andrews asked. "How did he die?"

"Pete Warren? He was quite a hero. Flying a jet when something went wrong with it. He was afraid it might dive into somebody's house if he bailed out, so he drove it into an orange grove. Right after I went to work here, E. J. had to go out to El Toro and they gave her a medal for him. Almost two years after he died, imagine!"

So E. J. had been married to that kind of a guy. He liked the idea. He asked, "Has anyone from the department been out to look through James Warren's office yet?"

"No."
"Would you come with me, Miss . . ."

"Jean Emory."

"Miss Emory, while I have a look," he concluded.

"Yes, I guess that would be all right." Her eyes were friendlier as she pressed the latch and swung the counter half-door to let him pass. She led him along the inside of the counter and through a door on the right side of the building.

It was a big room with a broad spread of windows on the north side away from the street and a large skylight. Andrews moved over to examine the desk. A scale drawing of a bar and grill sign lay beside a sketch with what seemed to be the critical dimensions penciled onto the drawing.

The disorder fitted what he had gathered of Jimmy Warren's personality from his place in the canyon last night. Like the sketch on the drawing table at home, this, too, was a neon sign in the process of creation.

In spite of the El Greco in the bedroom, the Picasso monster that had been hoped for, this did not give the feeling of a man who was about to put a revolver to his head. He should have dropped by here last night, the detective decided, tasting the bitterness of hindsight. Then, E. J. Warren would not have led him along the trail he had followed so easily. The line of least resistance. Suicide, so much more tidy than murder.

He turned and took in the rest of the room. Two big drawing tables stood back to back beside the window.

"The extra board," he said to Miss Emory. "Was that for Miss Sarzabal?"

"When she wasn't working on something of her own."

"Could we have a look at Mrs. Warren's office?"

Jean Emory shrugged, and then grinned. "Why not?" She turned and led him from the room.

ONE thing Andrews reflected, Jimmy Warren had been surrounded by attractive females. As they walked the aisle, he said, When I talked to Mrs. Warren last night, she mentioned that Warren had sometimes been jealous, or at least, difficult about her relationship with other men. One in particular she mentioned was a Paul Dexter.

Jean Emory paused at her desk and obtained a key. "You should see this Dexter." She fitted the key into the lock of the very blond, very solid door just a step from her desk.

"Jimmy never cared much about clothes," Jean said. "He used to wander around here looking like an apprentice painter from the shop who hadn't learned to keep the paint on his brush. This Dexter lad, now he's the other kind. Perfect, a little too perfect."

"That sort of thing would bother Warren?" Andrews was surprised.

They were inside E. J.'s office now and the detective's eyes were busy with the handsome blond office.

"By itself, I don't think so. Jimmy could have passed Dexter on the street and never even noticed him. But when he saw him with E. J., that was something different. Oh my, yes!"

Andrews thrust his hands in his pockets and waited for her to go on, letting the office go for a moment, forgetting it in the pensive, leaning figure of the redhead. *Surrounded every day by E. J., Sarzabal and Emory, Warren would have been crazy to shoot himself!*

Jean Emory continued. "As I told you, Paul Dexter is a perfectly turned out piece of goods. So's E. J. I guess you've noticed that. Anyhow, when they walk together, they look like they belong together, way up there in a class by themselves. You know, the



"Pete Warren was quite a hero. Flying a jet when something went wrong with it."

kind of couple that are always out shopping in the expensive automobile ads. That's what got to Jimmy. You wait until you see Dexter, you'll see what I mean."

"How do you turn this thing on?" Andrews pointed to the display case. He did not want to admit that he could imagine how they would look together. He did not want to admit even to himself that he could show the same streak that had touched Jimmy Warren. Not that he had to like Paul Dexter when he got around to meeting him.

Jean Emory came away from the door and walked to the great bleached desk with its immaculate leather tabbed blotter, its appointment book and telephone index also in leather, its gold and black pen set.

She touched a button under the edge of the flat desk top.

The fluorescent lighting hesitated and then bloomed slowly. The painting inside the case came alive with a brilliant riot of colour. It was an eye-catcher.

"The original *Mad Martini*?" Andrews inquired.

"No, not the original," Jean answered. "This is the way it actually appears on the top of the Madden Building."

"Those clouds," Andrews pointed, "were they on the first painting?"

"Not the same, but something like them. Jimmy was crazy about clouds."

"So I've noticed," Andrews said. He concentrated on the painting before him. He could understand why the business had flourished as E. J. had told him. When Jimmy Warren could produce a package like this for her to offer the customer, it was no wonder they had found plenty of buyers. There was a quality to the painting that made the sign seem both alive and exciting; a brilliance of lights atop a big building at night and holding back the dark sky behind it. It was some sky to hold back, a dramatic and threatening sky which suggested that the sign was brave, even gallant, to stand up against the coming storm and sell perfection — The *Mad Martini*.

He thought of the boy who had lived with ghosts and who had been planning to buy a monster, shook away the coiling, peculiar ideas that had crept into his mind.

My God, he thought, I'm getting more like Warren every minute. Next thing you know, I'll be going for a look at that Picasso. He said finally, "I guess I've seen enough here. Thanks, Miss Emory."

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

John Hearne SPEAKING



I must apologise to readers for having missed two issues. I have been down the islands interviewing politicians and have had little time for anything else.

Interviewing in any form, if protracted over a number of weeks, is a terrible way to make a living, but interviewing politicians has its own terrors. Not that I have anything against politicians: by and large they are the most generous of men, kindly, courteous to any poor devil with a notebook who is looking for news and not at all shy or retiring. But they are exhausting. Three dozen, I should say, is about all the average human frame can withstand in any given month. After that a man needs some light, casual relaxation, such as catching wild horses with his bare hands or loading bags of wet cement.

They don't mean to exhaust you, yet they do. And to one like myself, a fundamentally weak, complaisant character, the effect of two score politicians coming one after another can be serious indeed.

No politician worth his salt can meet anyone, not even a journalist, (who, strictly speaking, can hardly be classed as a person), without seeing in him a potential voter. Before you know it, one and a half hours of passionate, closely reasoned argument has been put to you and you (I, at least) leave him feeling that, despite what people say, old Brown is really a man such as this generation rarely sees, that nobody but a fool could fail to realise his programme has the hallmarks of consummate statesmanship, genuine and devoted service to the people, brilliant and long-sighted planning and that if the

voters only had the sense to come in out of the rain, a glorious, ever increasing future could be theirs.

As for Jones, who is old Brown's chief political foe and who, as a matter of fact, beat him like a drum in the last elections, you can imagine what seething rage and contempt fill me at the thought of that incompetent, hollow, let's face it, unscrupulous sham. I turn over in my mind (as I go round the corner to Jones' office) what possible cosmic jest of the gods could have put Jones in office and left Brown to waste such a wealth of talent in obscurity, yes, and poverty, (forgetting for a moment that old Brown was wearing the sort of suit which London tailors put into their show windows one at a time). I even begin to wonder if democracy really is the answer.

By the time I have reached Jones' office, rage has frozen into a sort of lofty disgust and I coldly send in my press card, smiling cynically the while at the old election poster on the wall which shows only too well the low, brutish forehead, close-set, dishonest eyes, slack mouth and weak chin of the truly criminal type. I feel immeasurably superior to and sorry for the clear-eyed, clean-cut young voluntary helpers who are mailing out circular letters.

Then Jones sends for me and from the time his firm, dry hand closes on mine and two rows of even, well tended teeth warm the room with sunlight and sugar,

I know that I'm lost. I immediately realise that the photograph outside is a grotesque parody of the attractively creased, finely chiselled face opposite me, that nothing mean, sordid or immoral could ever breach the battlements of the noble brow and that the crip, modulated voice has begun to make me breathless with astonishment as it pours out a cornucopia of solid achievements, brilliant, long-sighted planning for the future and election promises fulfilled to the letter.

I leave Jones an inspired man; a little sad, perhaps, that I don't live in his country, under his administration, with the privilege of voting for him at the next election. I also reflect, as I go down the road to see Smith, how intolerably tragic that two figures of such grandeur as Brown and Jones could be so mistaken about each other. If I only lived here, I say to myself, perhaps, with all humility, I could bring about the merger of these splendid forces.

Smith has the same effect on me as the first two. But there is a difference. At the last election every one of Smith's candidates lost their deposits, including Smith, and the bitter, patient role of the man for whom the electorate is not yet mature enough is his. With ruthlessness, almost Socratic precision, he underlines the weaknesses, prevarication, nay, downright dishonesties of Brown and Jones. With gentle disillusion he explains to me the fool-proof system of change and change about which they have devised and which keeps them so nicely afloat in the turbulent political waters. Almost diffidently he shows me where his programme would heal the wounds of an already stricken, almost dead society. The sheer goodness of the man is such that I swallow a lump in my throat.

By the time I have repeated the Brown-Jones-Smith experience thirty times, my mind is beginning to reel and drown. Another dozen time and I'm on the way to the sort of neurosis Pavlov introduced in his dogs by setting up an unresolvable conflict of loyalties. I begin to have dreams that I'm writing a manifesto for a party called the Moderate - Progressive - Liberal - Crypto - Socialist - Democratic - Nationalist - Conservatives, and wake up with tears of frustration and terror streaming down my face.

Now, I begin to understand the withered, permanently sad faces of the regular political corres-

pondents I have met. I begin to understand that and to understand why some of them break-fast moodily on whisky.

HOW CAN I BECOME A SUBSCRIBER?

It's All Quite Simple

Just fill out the form below and send it along with your remittance of 15/- (or 18/6 foreign) to:

PAGODA MAGAZINE
P.O. BOX 71,
KINGSTON

Fill Out

Name

Address

I enclose.....in Cash,

Cheque, or Postal Order.

It's delicious!



- READY MIXED
- JUST OPEN and DRINK
- IDEAL FOR CHILDREN who do not like plain milk
- TRY A TIN TODAY you'll want more tomorrow.

Large 1/6

Small9d

Sole Agents

L. J. Williams Marketing Co. Ltd.

For fine floors and furniture

Poliflor

at 4/4d per 1 lb. Tin

AGENTS: A. N. VAZ & SON

day of National Mourning, and prayers will be offered throughout the island for the many who died in this week's rail disaster.

The postponement will, however, enable the organizers to bring the arrangements for this Fifteenth Anniversary Garden Party to a higher degree of perfection and to place added attractions on the programme.

As was announced in our last issue, one of the highlights will be the Chinese Tea House of the Harvest Moon, beautifully decorated by Mr. Dalton Young and enhanced by a bevy of smiling beauties who will be in charge of serving those who may venture within.

On the stage, Mr. Gladstone O. Chong, headmaster of the Chinese Public School, will present a play in two parts titled: "A MID-AUTUMN STORY", with a cast from the United Chinese Dramatic Society. The play will be delivered in English and Chinese.

Surrounding all this will be a colour and pageantry rarely seen at Garden Parties. The Jamaica Military Band will render a lovely selection of music from 5 p.m. to 7 p.m., and youngsters will have the opportunity to see a thrilling western film. As an added attraction, the beach will be open to those who wish to have a swim.

Earlier in the evening, there will also be an exhibition basketball match, and Mr. Arthur Ringwalt and the Rev. Fr. Francis Toan, will address the gathering at the official opening ceremony

scheduled to begin at 7 p.m.

The postponement of this Garden Party from tomorrow to the following Sunday, has enabled the organizers to come up with added attraction. One of these will be a fireworks display which should prove interesting for the youngsters. Another possible addition is a House of Horror.

The local retailers' association has asked me to say that this year's programme is a real treat, so don't fail to join the crowds to Chun San Recreation Centre next week Sunday, September 15. Admission is pegged at 3/- and 1/-, for adults and children, respectively.

ENGAGEMENTS

The engagement of Miss Corrine Chung, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allan Chung Quee, of Bath, St. Thomas, to Mr. Albert Lim Sue, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lim Sue of Princess Street, Kingston, was announced on Sunday, August 25.

Miss Chung is on the staff of Barclays Bank, King Street, while Mr. Lim Sue is the Manager of Wetjen and Co.

Wedding bells are soon to ring for Mr. Roy Tenn and Carol Lue Sang whose engagement has been formally announced. Mr. Tenn is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Tenn Tung of Richmond, St. Mary. He is at present attached to the Shipping and Export Statistical Division at the Citrus Growers Association Limited, and is Vice President of the Chinese Catholic Action Association and Committee Chairman of the Home for the Aged Committee. As a Pagoda contributor, Mr. Tenn will be remembered for his expose of the Chinese Poor House.

Miss Carol Lue Sang who recently graced Pagoda's cover, is the youngest daughter of Mrs. Lucy Lue Sang of Mountain View Avenue, and the late Thompson Lue Sang.

CHIN-WEE TOM WEDDING

On Sunday, August 25, the Holy Trinity Cathedral was the locale of the wedding of Miss Ruby Chin, daughter of Mrs. Iris Chin of Kingston, and Mr. Ernest Wee Tom, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Wee Tom of Gregory Park. The 2 p.m. ceremony was performed by Fr. Donohue, S.J.

The bride, radiant in a creation of chantilly lace and carrying a bouquet of Orchids, was assisted by her cousin, Miss Yvonne Chin. The other bridesmaids were the Misses Jasmine Wee Tom and Cecile Chin. Bestman to the groom was Mr. Carlos Wee Tom while the ushers were Messrs. Purcell Chen and Hubert Wong.

After the ceremony, the reception was held at Fook Chong Restaurant where the traditional burst of squibs greeted the couple on arrival. Emceeing was Mr. Thomas Ho Lung who called upon Fr. Donohue to bless the cake and to toast the bride and groom. Other speakers were Messrs. Carlos Wee Tom, Bunny Chen, and Z. Josephs. The groom replied.

The reception was in the form of a banquet at which approximately one hundred and fifty



Hilite (Gil Kong) Cross Roads Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Hoo who were married on Sunday, August 4, at the Holy Rosary Church. The bride is the former Miss Leonie Wong, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willie Wong.

persons were present. Dancing to recorded music followed later in the afternoon.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. George Chang, Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Chin and family, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Williams and family, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hugh Sam, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Chang, Messrs. Dudley Ho Sang, Philip Hugh Sam, Cecil Kong, Louis Cnang, the Misses Olive and Pansy Lyn, Olive and Lily Chin Fook, Cynthia Chin, and Fay and Cherry Wong.

The newlyweds are spending their honeymoon in Grand Cayman.

LEE-CHANG WEDDING

On Sunday, August 25, Miss Ivy May Lee, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Levi Lee of Old Harbour Bay, walked up the aisle of the Olivet Gospel Hall escorted by her brother, Mr. Vincent Lee, to become the bride of Mr. Humphrey Chang of Rousseau Road, Cross Roads. Officiating at the 5.30 p.m. ceremony was Mr. Sidney Kalcraft.

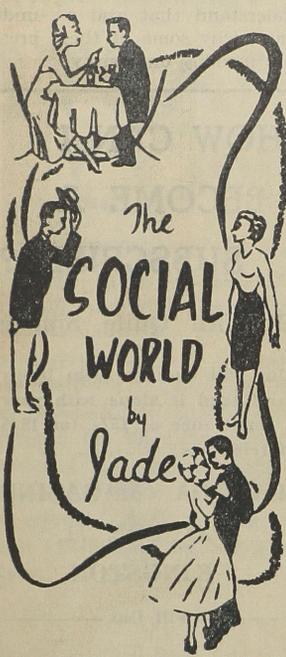
The bride's only attendant was her sister, Miss Joyce Lee while the groom had as his bestman, Mr. Lenny Chang, a brother.

After the ceremony, the reception was held at 189 Mountain View Avenue where Mr. Harry Wong emceed. Speakers who expressed their best wishes to the bride and groom were Messrs. Leslie Lim Sang and Eli Hoo. The groom replied.

PARTIES

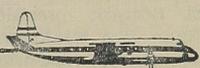
Celebrating her sixteenth birthday on Saturday, August 17, was Beverly Wong, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Wong. Locale of this gay affair was the Wongs' Barbican Heights residence at 3 Gainsborough Avenue, where Beverly had more than two hundred and fifty of her friends and relatives gathered for a lovely evening.

Emceeing on this occasion was Mr. Lloyd Wong who called upon Rev. Father Jack Peel to bless the cake and wish the guest of honour a happy birthday. To the



GARDEN PARTY POSTPONED

The Chinese Retailers' Association Annual Garden Party is postponed to next week Sunday, September 15. This is due to the fact that tomorrow, the day on which the Garden Party was scheduled to come off, will be a



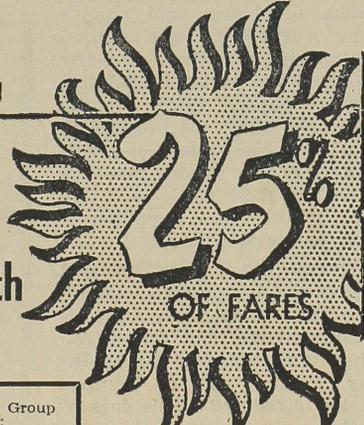
THE GROUP TRAVEL PLAN

SAVES YOU

Available between all BRITISH CARIBBEAN TERRITORIES

UNTIL DEC. 15th

* Minimum per group six



Here are examples of the Group Travel Fares from Kingston:

| | |
|-------------|---------------|
| ANTIGUA | £49. 14/- ea. |
| BARBADOS | £63. 1/- ea. |
| BELIZE | £38. 19/- ea. |
| BR. GUIANA | £72. 19/- ea. |
| MONTEGO BAY | £ 4. 8/- |
| TRINIDAD | £63. 1/- |
| ST. KITTS | £49. 14/- |
| ST. LUCIA | £60. 11/- |

Stop-overs permitted at intermediary BRITISH points provided all travel completed within 30 days.

For Reservations see your Travel Agent or B.W.I.A 75½ Harbour Street - Phone 4661 or B.O.A.C. Montego Bay Airport, Phone 2000.

BRITISH WEST INDIAN AIRWAYS



James Chong (Paramount)
Miss Beverley Wong at her sixteenth birthday party.

master of ceremonies also went the pleasant task of offering a toast to Beverly, after which she replied.

With that phase of the party over, the guests devoted their time to dancing. Byron Lee and his Dragonaires quickened the tempo with a good selection of rock 'n' roll and calypsos, and everyone had a gay time dancing until 3 a.m. Fruit punch and light refreshments were served throughout the night, topped by a sumptuous supper at midnight followed by ice cream.

In response to my appeal to readers to send in notes on parties and other social gathering, here is one I received this week. It was sent in by "A.L." and I am publishing it in the same form in which it arrived. Not a word has been changed:

"And it came to pass that the spirit spake to Peter Lue and Alfred Lee thus: 'Arise and take thy friends and acquaintances on a weiner roast.' And they did as their spirit commanded and began to telephone their friends.

"Now this took place on Monday, August 26, beginning at about the fifteenth hour, (i.e. 9 p.m.) that the saying might be fulfilled: "They shall roast their weiners and shall pop for three hours before midnight."

And the name of the spot was Copacabana which lies by the side of the road that is called St. Thomas. Now the company being together in one place on the seashore, a bonfire was built. They, having seated themselves around the blazing flames, began to roast sausages and toast bread. And they did eat these and drank Pepsi Cola and were filled.

Being refreshed, they desired that they should sing. And the songs they sang were so many and divers that they became hoarse and sounded like the Lonely Frog. And while they did join hands and rock to Auld Lang Syne, the sea did rool under a starry heaven.

And after these things were accomplished, going, they entered the building wherein was an instrument that is called a juke box. Which, when the brethren punched, let forth maddening music that is called 'rock 'n' roll.' And they did shake, rattle and

roll and make merry till midnight.

And it came to pass that as they bade farewell one to another, they all looked 'all shook up.' And they, singing, return the same way they had come.

And some of them that came were named Anthony Chen, Evelyn Lue, Margaretta Young, Beryl Fong, Cecil Chin, Angela Chong, Carmen Lee, Oscar Wong, Fulford Chin Choy, Levy Wong, Cissy Hong and Allie Lyn."

Despite the inclement weather, a delightful surprise party was held at the Barbican Heights residence of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Hendrickson, on Tuesday, September 3. The surprised guest of honour on this occasion was Mr. Alfred Chin Fook. The party which had all the marks of good organisation executed in complete secrecy, took Mr. Chin Fook by surprise when he happened to drop in on the Hendricksons in what he believed was a casual visit. There he found himself surrounded by nearly a hundred and fifty friends and relatives who had gathered at the Hendricksons to wish him a happy birthday.

Present to bless the cake was Fr. Leo. Butler. Mr. Louis Chang also expressed happy birthday wishes, to which Mr. Chin Fook replied.

Later in the evening, a wonderful buffet supper was served.

For entertainment, Mr. Larry Worth gave an exhibition of hypnotism.

The Chinese Catholic Action Association bid farewell to several of its members on Saturday night, August 24, at a party held at Emmet Park Hall. Organised by Miss June Chin, head of the CCAA social committee, the party had as its special guests Evelyn Lue, Peter Lue, Cecil Chin, Anthony Chen, Keith Lowe, Lily Moo Young, Glenda Lyn and Kathleen Loshusan, all students who are entering college this term.

Emceeding the lively affair was the CCAA President, Mr. Eustace Shim who expressed regret that the Association would be losing so many youthful and energetic members. Fr. Glavin, S.J., congratulated the group and offered counsel and his best wishes for the future. Miss Evelyn Lue replied on behalf of the girls while Mr. Keith Lowe thanked everyone on behalf of the boys.

Emmet Hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion, and the guests enjoyed themselves dancing to recorded music.

Miss Evelyn Lue has already entered the Convent of Mercy, while a few of the others have left for the United States to enter College. Those who have not yet left the island are scheduled to go within the next two weeks.

PRE-CHRISTMAS DANCE PLANNED

The Chinese Home for the Aged Committee are planning to celebrate their first anniversary with a gay, pre-Xmas Dance. To make it a really memorable occasion, they have started their planning three months in advance. Other announcements will be made in these columns from time to time.

Your Assurance of integrity through experience



'CAP' HO YEN
Senior Representative
Crown Life Insurance
Company
P.O. Box 427, Kingston
Telephone 3750



"Daddy . . . I have heard a lot about this Insurance. Bobby, at school, says his Daddy has insurance and he got it from Mr. Cap Ho Yen. Bobby also told us that Mr. Ho Yen helps his Daddy a lot . . . Do you know Mr. Ho Yen, Daddy? . . . He must be a real Insurance Man . . . and helpful . . . and Bobby says that his Daddy is smart 'cause he is thinking of his future. What is "future", Daddy?"

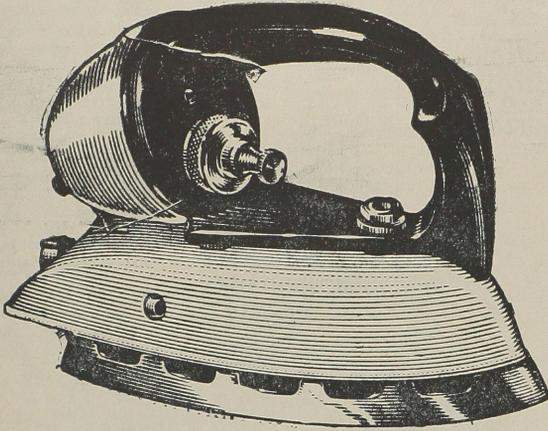
CONSULT

CAP HO YEN

"Insurance in all its phases"

ESTATE ANALYSIS, LIFE INSURANCE PROGRAMMES,
LIFE INSURANCE SURVEYS, FINANCING OF HOMES,
DISTRIBUTION OF YOUR LIFE INSURANCE
THROUGH YOUR WILL, THE PROBLEM OF ESTATE
DUTY.

if your home isn't served with electricity... YOU NEED A



"TILLEY"

kerosene domestic Iron

Simple and safe to operate—uses ordinary kerosene— $\frac{1}{2}$ pint gives 4 hours ironing. Also in stock Tilley Lanterns, Tilley Lamps and small Stoves.

HARDWARE & LUMBER Ltd.

4 King St., Phone 4646 — Spanis hTown Road, Phone 4969

Cruises and Tours



BUSINESS & PLEASURE TRIPS
BY AIR SEA RAIL

Planning a trip? Let CHIN YEE'S make all your travel arrangements . . . and save you time, trouble and money.

CHIN YEE'S TRAVEL SERVICE

61 PRINCESS STREET — PHONE 3067

Fletcher & Company Ltd.

Montego Bay
12-20 Harbour St.

Kingston
73 Harbour St.

GENERAL AGENTS & ATTORNEYS FOR:—

- The London Assurance, London
- The Home Insurance Company, New York
- The Halifax Insurance Company, Nova Scotia
- The Eagle Star Insurance Company Limited, England
- The Insurance Company of North America, Philadelphia
- The Maritime Life Assurance Company, Halifax, Nova Scotia

Place ALL your Insurance requirements with us at the
LOWEST Cost with MAXIMUM Protection

Strength — Reputation — Service

PRAYER IS ALWAYS POSSIBLE

By Rev. Joseph Manton

will, in a way, turn a cooking range or a carpenter's lathe into an altar. You can repeat the prayer during the day. Of course you shouldn't walk around mumbling, "All for Thee, my God! All for Thee, my God!" like a broken record. But before the important actions of your day, you can say the prayer softly to yourself.

BEFORE SUCH DRAB ACTIONS can be converted into prayer, two conditions must be fulfilled. We must not have serious sin on our souls. God does not accept offerings from filthy fingers.

Secondly the work itself must not be a sin. Otherwise you have the absurd situation of a man heaving a brick through a jeweller's window, scooping up bracelets and brooches and rings the while he piously murmurs, "All for Thee, my God!"

WE ARE ORDINARY PEOPLE leading ordinary lives. Tuesday is just a dull echo of Monday; Thursday is a faint carbon-copy of Wednesday. We walk in the unexciting footprints of our yesterdays.

Yet we can glorify our monotony and dedicate our routine. The way is as simple as the five fingers on your hand, five words that consecrate a day to God: "All for Thee, my God!" Say this in the morning and it will mean that everything you do that day you are offering to God as a prayer.

WHETHER YOU ARE A TEACHER at a blackboard, or a housewife at an ironing-board; whether you run a typewriter or run a truck; whether you fill teeth or fill gas tanks—the good God will accept it as a prayer. He knows that we cannot always be praying—but He knows also what a tragedy it is that during all the rest of the time we are gaining no merit for heaven.

If you say that little prayer each morning and mean it, it

ACTIONS THAT ARE BAD automatically rule themselves out. Actions that are good automatically register for our eternal reward. What I am talking about are the vast majority of actions that lie in between—the thousands of "neutral" actions, all the way from baking a cake to filling out an income tax report.

Somewhere I have read that the most gorgeous sunset is the result of the sun pouring its golden beams on millions of tiny particles of dust hanging in the atmosphere. Just so, one golden good intention shining upon all the thousands of tiny, grimy, insignificant workaday items in our ordinary day transforms them into a spectacle of splendour in the eyes of God.

PAULIST FEATURE SERVICE.
WASHINGTON 17, D.C.

NOTICE

Ken's Beauty Salon & Staff

wish to inform their customers and friends that the telephone number has changed from 673262

to 66581.

AT THE THEATRE

By Ruby Simm

Film: Serenade.

Stars: Mario Lanza, Joan Fontaine, Sarita Montiel, Vincent Price.

Opinion: Sadly lacking.

WHAT could have been a highly dramatic production, was merely a vehicle to exploit the singing talents (?) of Mario Lanza, in his comeback to the screen. While we may agree that it is not unpleasant to listen to him sing, it is altogether too much to look at him in the act of singing. One feels that if it entails as much effort as Mr. Lanza contortingly conveys, it must be uncomfortable for the singer as well as the listener.

The story was originally written by James M. Cain, and simply cried out for acting and direction. The atmosphere was attempted, but not quite successfully, leaving a feeling of inadequacy to grasp the fact that scenes were actually being enacted in specified places. In fact the only scene that was impressive was the Mardi Gras Scene in Mexico, where revellers in bright costumes doing daring feats in the streets, brought a bit of life to the film. Another good bit of drama was the last scenes, when at the cocktail party, Mario's wife attempted to free him of the claims of his one-time benefactress.

It was a mistake to place the burden of this role on Mario Lanza, for it called for a great deal of acting, in which he failed miserably. His renditions of operatic selections were quite good, but I'm afraid that I did not like the title song, and "My Destiny."

Joan Fontaine was the only one who seemed at ease in her part, and as the selfish scheming Kendall, she managed, with the help of a magnificently suave Vincent Price, to bring one of Cain's characters to life.

Sarita Montiel, as first seen on the screen, is sullenly beautiful, and did a fairly good job as Juana, who wanted the love of her husband.

Film: Something of Value.

Stars: Rock Hudson, Dana Wynter, Sydney Poiter, Juana Hernandez.

Opinion: Good film.

THIS is the story of South Africa at the outbreak of the Mau-Mau rebellion, and this is also the story of the impossibility of reconciliation of black and white in South Africa.

Two boys are brought up together, almost as brothers except for the fact that one is black and one is white, and suddenly when they have reached manhood, they are expected to shift their relationship, so that the white becomes the master, and the black the inferior servant. That this should happen just when Mau-Mau is being given birth by the hatred of the blacks, is opportune, and when the gulf between these two boys begin to widen, there is no turning back, for the call of their race is stronger than their friendship.

Rock Hudson as Peter, the son of the South African farmer, who cannot understand the country that he loves so very much, and his friend, who is more mature and with the sensitivity of his race, is quicker to "read the writing on the wall", gives a really good performance, and has risen in my estimation a great deal.

Sidney Poiter, the other central figure, as Kimani, Peter's boyhood friend, who tries to kill him when he thinks that he has betrayed him, is living up to his reputation as one of the best negro dramatic actors on the screen. In the tense scene where Peter bargains with him to end the rebellion, he excels, and the final scene where he brings about his own death is indescribably exciting.

Juana Hernandez shares honours with Poiter, as the one who gives the Mau-Mau oath to Kimani, but not to himself and his daughter.

In a film of this type the plot of the story over-rides the actors
(Continued on page 15)

The Bank of Nova Scotia

CELEBRATES 125th ANNIVERSARY

A century and a quarter ago in Halifax, Canada, on August 29, 1832, The Bank of Nova Scotia first opened its door to provide the public with banking services. From that first branch, the Bank has grown into a billion dollar institution with more than 520 branches throughout Canada, the West Indies, Cuba, Puerto Rico, The Dominican Republic, the United States and England.

Since the earliest times, the merchants of Nova Scotia enjoyed a lucrative trade with the West Indies and the fortunes of some of the men who founded the Bank of Nova Scotia were sown in the furrows of commerce between Nova Scotia and the sunsweped isles of the Caribbean.

Primarily intended as a bank to serve the needs of the maritime provinces, the BNS began to expand with the economic growth of the 1840's.

Halifax, in 1832, was the largest port in British North America and the West Indian trade was the principal source of commerce. "Our wharves and stores are filled with rum, sugar and molasses," wrote an historian of 1832, "and our fishing trade is well established and flourishing."

Because of the close trade relations between the maritime provinces of Canada and the Caribbean area, the Bank of Nova Scotia participated in the finance of Canada-West Indies trade from the time it was established in 1832. Thus it is not surprising that it was the first Canadian bank to extend its operations to the area, opening its first branch in the summer of 1889 at Kingston, Jamaica, under the management of W. E. Stavert, who later became Sir William—one of the best-known of Canadian-born financial men in the British Empire.

Today, the Bank of Nova Scotia's West Indian operations are conducted at twenty-one branches in Jamaica, and at branches in Port-of-Spain, Nassau and Bridgetown. There are also eight branches in Cuba, two in the Dominican Republic and three in Puerto Rico.

It was in the first decade of the present century that the Bank began the rapid expansion of its services in the Caribbean area, on the basis of its long-established business in Kingston. In 1906 it opened its second and third Jamaican branch at Port Antonio and Montego Bay and in the same year, became the Government bankers for the island. A branch

was also established in Port-of-Spain in 1906. (Unfortunately, this branch had to be closed the following year because of an outbreak of Yellow Fever among the staff which caused the death of a senior officer and made it generally impossible to carry on operations). The year 1906 also saw the opening of the first Cuban branch in Havana.

IN 1907, came Mandeville, and Cienfuegos in Cuba; in 1908, two more Jamaican branches were added in Port Maria and Sav-la-mar; in 1910 St. Ann's Bay was taken into the expanding circle, and the first of the Puerto Rican branches at San Juan also opened for business. The year 1911 completed the pre-World-War I expansion with the opening of the branch at Black River. During the war, in 1916, the Bank established one more branch in Jamaica at Spanish Town.

Thus the end of the first great war saw the bank a well established banking institution in the Caribbean area, providing services to eight communities in Jamaica, two in Cuba and one in Puerto Rico. The 'twenties extended the list to three more Jamaican locations—May Pen, Christiana and Brown's Town—and to five new places in Cuba. These years also saw the opening of the first Dominican Republic branch.

Naturally, expansion halted in the succeeding years of depression and war, but the Bank determined upon a policy of vigorous further expansion of services in the area soon after the end of the conflict. In the past ten years it has opened ten new branches in Jamaica; has extended its operations to the Bahamas, Barbados and Trinidad; and has added one branch to each of its Puerto Rican, Dominican Republic and Cuban operations.

One measure of the extension of the Bank's services in the Caribbean is the remarkable growth in its staff. Today, the number of men and women employed is close to 600 in the area, as compared with about 200 in 1935. Not only in its branches in the area, but also in its Head Office and indeed throughout the service, are men familiar with the economic and banking problems of the West Indies—the fruit of long association with and participation in, the business of the Caribbean. As a matter of interest, over 90% of the 600 men and women employed in this area are of local origin.

Equally delicious hot or cold, there's nothing like Milo to restore energy!

MILLO Cup of Health



... Cooling ... Reviving
... Refreshing

DIAMOND
MINERAL
WATERS

Try
our 8
Flavours

Also
Cock
Stout

DIAMOND MINERAL
WATER CO. LTD.

75 Orange St. Phone 2257



SMART
FOLKS

Shop at

WONG POW

GENERAL WHOLESALE
MERCHANTS

For the Best in
PRICES, QUALITY
& SERVICE

Country orders Promptly
Attended To.

56-58 Princess St., Kingston
Phone 2872

Enjoy
Lannaman's
SWEETS
JAMAICA'S FINEST
CONFECTIONERY
SINCE 1932

LANNAMAN'S CONFECTIONERY
4 Arnold Road — Phone 5688

BARLOVA

The delicious chocolate flavoured
drink, is recommended by the
medical and nursing professions.

• SMALL TALK •

By Gim Sang

IT is in a time of profound grief as wrought by the tremendous rail disaster at Kendal that we get a clearer perception of the mystery that is life and the tremendous consolations of living in human society.

The violent death the excursionists met in the Sunday night darkness of the Kendal mountain side arouses the strongest horror and grief, and the wholesale cessation of life in 178 persons who the minute before were alive and vibrant evokes the profoundest awe at the mysteriousness of human life.

There is none of us who did not thrill to the reports of men rescuing men—the efficient and gallant mobilization of medical resources, the magnanimous co-operation of the Government, the Jamaica Government Railway, Alumina Jamaica, the Police, the numerous organisations and individuals who worked on the scene of the derailment, and of the island at large.

It was indeed a soul-stirring experience witnessing people as part of society doing their utmost to help their fellowmen in a time of national catastrophe. At the Blood Bank I saw people—men and women of all classes but conscious then of no other class than the human race—donating blood, and as I saw it flow from the willing arms into the bottles, I was grateful to God for my fellowmen.

I heard the joyful cry of a father who knelt in thanksgiving on the bloodstained soil at Kendal on finding his three boys among the wreckage unharmed. At the same time I knew some of those who perished. To the dead we offer our prayers for the repose of their souls. To the living we offer the consolation that, as hard as it is to understand now, God ordains all evil to a good end, and He will certainly give them the grace to carry on—towards eternity.

FAREWELL

ON THURSDAY I leave for Harvard University. Readers will, I think, be interested to know what happens to a Jamaican student after the plane flies away with him from Palisades, so I shall continue this column giving my first impressions of the United States and of the Ivy League, until pressure of studies prevents me.

DISCOVERER IN DESPAIR

Driving past the National Shrine of Christopher Columbus

on the outskirts of St. Ann's Bay, one is inclined to think (as he takes in the serenity of his surroundings) that the discoverer of the New World rather enjoyed being stranded here on his second voyage in beautiful Sevilla Nueva among the friendly Arawaks.

But a letter from Columbus to the Catholic monarchs tells quite a different story. Following is an extract from the letter dated—Jamaica, 1503:-

If God be merciful to me as to conduct Mendez to Spain, I doubt but he will make your Highness and my great mistress understand that this will not only be a Castille or a Leon, but a discovery of a world of subjects, lands and wealth, greater than man's unbounded fancy itself covet. But neither he, this paper, nor the tongue of mortal man, can express the anguish and afflictions of my mind and body, nor the misery of my son, brother and friends: for here already we have been about ten months lodged upon the open decks of our ships, that are run ashore and lashed together.

In the midst of an impassioned plea for succour to the Mother of God and to Ferdinand and Isabella, the great discoverer says quite simply with touching ingloriousness: We have consumed the Indian's provisions, so they do abandon us.

A TRIBUTE TO FR. RAYMOND FOX, S. J.

IT is three years since our beloved Father Fox closed his eyes forever on Jamaica. He had served it long and loved its people. . . . He was content that his bones should rest here. It is well that we who remain should keep his memory fresh, and recall, at least briefly, the principal events of his life.

Raymond Fox was born in Holyoke, Massachusetts, August 19, 1905. By the time he had finished his elementary schooling it was clear that he possessed unusual gifts of mind and heart, and in due time he was readily admitted to the Jesuit College of the Holy Cross in Worcester. It is interesting to note that the then Rector of Holy Cross was Father Joseph Dinand, S.J. who later was made Bishop and came to Jamaica for a brief but memorable ten months as Vicar

Apostolic before his tragic illness. As Rector at Holy Cross, Father Dinand took a keen interest in Raymond Fox, suspecting no doubt that this gifted and popular student was destined for a career of unusual service. And so it proved. In June of 1926, with his college career successfully completed, and the prospect of further success inviting him into the world of business, he chose instead to give the rest of his life to God and to no other. In this resolve he never wavered. By the end of that same summer he was a Jesuit novice, and two years later the Society of Jesus accepted his unconditional vows to be poor, chaste and obedient in the same society for the rest of his life.

The next ten years were given to the highest discipline of mind and heart; years of prayer and study, of advancement in wisdom and age and grace; years crowned with the Sacrament of Holy Orders. And still for two years more he gave himself to prayer and study and his first steps in the priestly ministry, leaving nothing undone to prepare himself for the supreme dedication of his life.

That dedication, as we know with gratitude, was to the people of Jamaica. The moment his training was finished he offered to leave his native land and his own people, forever, if necessary, if thus he might do more for the Kingdom of God. He well knew that to serve the brethren of Christ is to serve Christ Himself and this dedicated priest asked for nothing else.

Father Fox arrived in Jamaica, practically on his very birthday, in 1939; he died here, on his birthday, exactly fifteen years later. They were the best years of his life and all of them belonged to the people he loved so dearly. It was but a matter of hours after his arrival when Fr. Fox administered his first baptism here. The time soon came when he baptized nearly one thousand in one year, and on a more memorable occasion, more than eighty in a single day. Books after books of marriage registers are filled with his name; his converts are legion; the map of Kingston was engraved on his mind by his countless consoling visits, by day and by night, to the needy, the sick, and the dying in every corner of Kingston. Zeal he understood, but he did not know the meaning of rest.

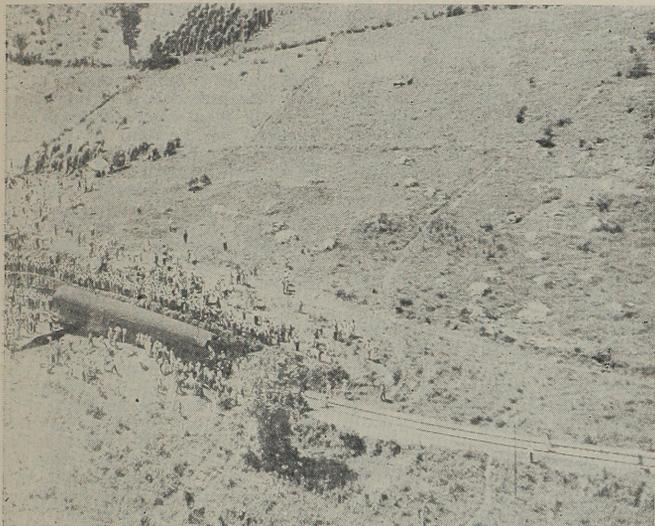
By 1953 it was clear to his closest friends that this zealous priest was wearing out. He visited the States that year, and seems to have known it was his last visit to his native land. He could have remained, but he chose to come back and give the last months of his life to his beloved people of Jamaica. It is proof of his selfless zeal and great charity that he gladly spent those last months outside the city of Kingston—smiling, cheerful, and harder at work than ever.

Death claimed him on his birthday, August 19, 1954. We cannot doubt that his intercession in Heaven is still directed to the souls whom he loved on earth. We have loved him in life, let us not forget him in death.

Contributed.

Railroad's Worst Disaster

Jamaica's worst railway disaster and by far one of the gravest in world railway history, occurred last Sunday night about a half a mile from Kendal. In the dead of night, (about 11 p.m.), a train consisting of two diesel engines ahead of twelve wooden coaches crowded with 1,600 passengers returning to Kingston from Montego Bay from an excursion organized by St. Anne's Catholic Church, Kingston, and led by Fr. Eberle, S.J., was approaching a bend in the line. Witnesses say the train was travelling at considerable speed because the coaches were swaying, and before the train could negotiate the S curve, there was a terrific jolting and swaying likened to an earthquake, then suddenly, eight of the coaches became a shambles of twisted steel and splintered wood. Caught in the debris were 172 dead bodies, many torn and mutilated beyond recognition, and nearly 700 injured.

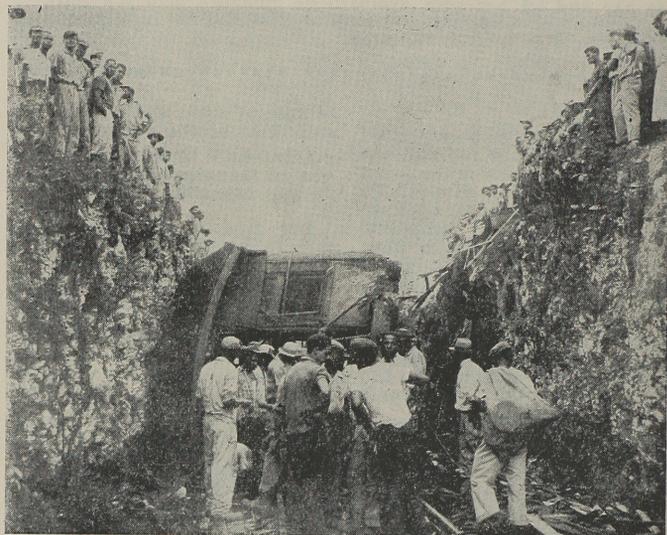


Aerial view of the area where the rail disaster occurred.

One of the coaches had its superstructure razed to the flooring, five plunged into a gully beside the track, two remained in the cutting and one mounted the bank, another had its body torn from the under-carriage. Only the last two coaches remained undamaged.

In the darkness, many of the injured went through a nightmare of horror. At first no large scale rescue work could be carried out because of the inaccessibility of the disaster area and the absence of adequate lighting facilities. But as the coming morn began to shed its first faint ray, the magnitude of the disaster became a shocking reality.

No one knew what caused the disaster. Already, a three-man Commission has been appointed to probe the cause or causes of the accident—confirmed as one of the worst in world railway history.



Caught between the ridge on Tobacco Hill is this coach, one of the twelve which was travelling to Kingston from Montego Bay.

ADVICE TO WIVES

(Continued from page 5)

"Insist on annual medical checkup."

"If indications of a disorder are discovered, help him follow all his doctor's instructions.

"Encourage him to be happy in his work and to preserve reason-

able ambition without gruelling overdrive.

"See to it that his home is one of security, rest and quiet happiness. Help him to be relaxed."

As every wife knows, it's nice to have a man about the house. Keep him there.

At The Movies

(Continued from page 13)

who are but tools to tell the tale, and then you find that every one is so caught up in the plot itself, that it is almost impossible to give a bad performance. A good

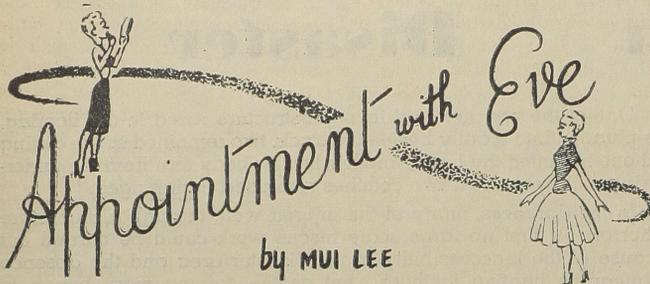
story, well acted and directed, with some love interest supplied by Dana Wynter, and a lot of excitement with a lack of some of the slick tricks of films nowadays.

Cleans Your Breath Guards Your Teeth

Always use

COLGATE with GARDOL!





by MUI LEE

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

Dear Readers,

This last week has been marred for all of us by the news of the terrible disaster which occurred last Sunday night at Kendal. To those who have lost dear ones, we extend our heartfelt sympathy, especially to mothers who have lost little children, and to little children who have lost mothers or fathers. It was really wonderful to see how the common human heart went out to the sufferers, resulting in crowds of strangers flocking to the scene of the tragedy and working long hours

to ease in some small way the sufferings of the victims.

Let us hope that no catastrophe of such magnitude will take place in this beautiful island again.

Our first letter this week is from a young girl, and though she has not asked any direct question, it is easy to see what her need is; here is the letter:-

Dear Miss Mui Lee,
I am a girl of sixteen. I cannot speak with boys or go out with them. My mother and elder sister are against it. When I am

among my friends and they talk about their dates all I can do is listen and have nothing to say. They don't like me for this. You see I know nothing and my people do not tell me anything about sex.

Thanking you for your advice.
"WORRIED".

Dear Worried,

As regards the first problem, do not fret over the fact that you do not go out with boys yet. I certainly see no reason why you should not talk to them, but as you are only sixteen there is no hurry for you to be going out with them. Your mother and sister though they may be a little strict, are only thinking of your ultimate good you know, so try not to resent their attitude. Would your mother agree to your joining some young people's society attached to a church? There are such organisation where young people of both sexes are able to meet, but where the activities are all under supervision of older people. Why not suggest this to your mother? Don't defy her though as this will not make her sympathetic to your request.

As to your second problem about getting information about sex. The best person to give you this is your mother and I think you should approach her and ask her to tell you something about it. Perhaps she would be glad of the opportunity to talk to you, it may never have occurred to her that you are ignorant. If she should appear not to wish to talk to you on the subject, it may be due to shyness which unfortunately some women never seem able to overcome even with their own children. Should this be the case, try to speak to some trusted family friend who can give you reliable advice. Don't listen to idle gossip—sex is a sacred and beautiful thing and should not be profaned.

Don't let the chatter of your young friends make you envious; you will have your own boy-friend all in good time. I'm sure these girls don't really dislike you for being ignorant, but if they do, they are not the best of friends. Remember, boys always respect girls with high principles.

Dear Miss Mui Lee,

What can I do to keep my boy-friends? I have a sister who is much prettier and gayer than I am, and whenever I get a boy-friend, after a couple of dates—they meet my sister and then they try to date her next time. I have lost two boys in this way. My sister is twenty-two and I am twenty; but she never seems to be contented with any fellow for long; she quickly gets tired of them.

How can I solve this problem?
LUCY.

Dear Lucy,

I shouldn't worry too much over this as I don't think these boys could have really have been in love with you or they would not have left you for your sister. You are obviously a quieter type than your sister, and being young-

er, you are, I suppose, less confident, so she attracts the boys by her apparent natural charm and gaiety. Nevertheless it is often rather difficult for very attractive girls of this type to settle down to one man, while quieter types like yourself often settle down sooner and enjoy complete happiness with the man of their choice. Don't try to vie with your sister in being vivacious, you may only appear unnatural. Retain your own personality and your own nature will attract some boy of kindred spirit soon—perhaps sooner than you think, and if he really loves you—he'll stay yours.

Dear Miss Mui Lee,

I have been married five years and have two small children. My husband and I get on well and have really been happy together. For the past two years he has been going out every Thursday to a particular society meeting, and I used to think nothing of it. Now a woman-friend of mine who recently was divorced from her husband on account of another woman, has been suggesting that he is not really going to this meeting but is meeting another woman. I am becoming so worried that it is making me very irritable towards my husband; how can I find out if he is deceiving me?

"UPSET"

Dear "Upset",

While you have no real reason to suspect your husband of having another woman, for goodness' sake don't torture yourself with such thoughts. Until you had the idea implanted in your head it was never in your mind, was it? Your friend is allowing her own experience to embitter her views on men in general and you must fight against this influence. If this outing takes place on regular evenings as you say, and that only once a week, it seems hardly likely that it is an excuse for dating another woman. It would be too obvious don't you think so? Try to put the idea right out of your mind before you allow your fretting to cause unnecessary bickering between yourself and your husband and spoil your present happy companionship.

So we come to the end of another appointment—let's learn a lesson from this last letter—never sow the seeds of doubt where they don't exist. What terrible unhappiness it can cause! Until next week then, Readers,

Yours sincerely,
MUI LEE.

Booksellers, Stationers.

Toy Dealers

and

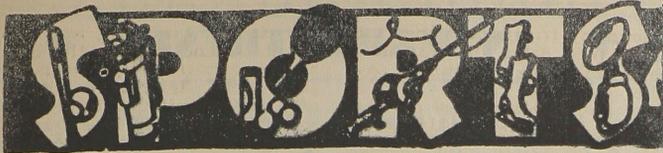
General Importers

JUSTIN MCCARTHY LTD.

14 King Street, Kingston.

Keep Fresh
AND
Charming
WITH

CHARM
TOILET SOAP



By Ballin.

BADMINTON:

On Monday, Sept. 2, C.A.C. played its last match of the inter club tourney against Norbrook I. C.A.C. reversed the decision on the visiting side by winning 6 matches to 3.

The tourney was very enjoyable to all those who took part in it and on the whole the C.A.C. team did very well, although they could have done much better if they had practised more often. C.A.C. played well throughout the tourney, and it is hoped that next year they will be able to be at the top of the table.

On Tuesday, it will be a free night for all players of this fast moving sport, and don't forget to turn out in large numbers. For the past few weeks, Badminton at the Club has been very popular with new players, and spectators have been treated generously to drinks and ice cream from "challenge" matches amongst players.

The All Jamaica tourney begins this month so all players intending to enter should put in as much practice as possible. There should be a record number of entries this year as the players have increased in number from last year.

CRICKET:

The Junior League competition has now ended with C.A.C. being at the bottom of the table in their division. In their last match against Garrison they were badly defeated and lost full points to the soldiers.

The season has not been a successful one for the C.A.C. as players seemed to have lacked interest in the game, as time went by. There were times when C.A.C. could hardly field a team from their numerous cricket minded

members, and this is really a pity. When cricket coach Geo. Headley went to the C.A.C. to give lessons, there were not more than a mere handful of members who gave him support, which would have been very beneficial to them. Come on C.A.C., it is time to start looking forward to a better season next year.

England, champions of the world in this game, thoroughly defeated the West Indies in their last test match at the Oval by an innings and 237 runs. Captain Peter May must be congratulated on handling such a fine team throughout the whole series. It will be three years before these countries meet again, and for the West Indies' sake, lets hope that there will be many more Collie Smiths and Garfield Sobers'.

TENNIS:

The Mandeville Hard Court Championships ended on August 31. This was a very successful tournament with a large number of entries, and the committee must be congratulated on running it so smoothly. As expected, Peter Phillips won the men's singles title by defeating Frank Mott Trille in the final 1-6, 6-2, 7-5, 6-2. The girls' singles went to Christine Roberts whilst the boys event went to Tyrone Yap. There were many upsets in the ladies events, and this is always expected in tourneys.

Remember there will be the St. Andrew Club tourney starting sometime this month, and this should be the last one for the year.

BASKETBALL

Basketball matches are progressing slowly. Over the past two weeks, only two matches were played as the fixture is

arranged to enable teams to enjoy a short pause. Over the next two weeks, however, quite a few matches are scheduled to be played in the Jamaica Basketball League competition.

As I mentioned before, only two matches were played last week. In the Senior League, United Aces trounced Min Chih by a comfortable margin. United Aces led from the first and never let up their gains.

In the Junior League, Fleur-de-lis met their first defeat, and it was a painful one. Entering the field against Crusaders, they ended up losing by 1 point. Inaccurate shooting and a lot of hasty decisions contributed to their losing the match.

Basket ball fans have probably forgotten about the Ten Pui Competition. The position is that about four or five postponed matches remain to be played. So far, none of the teams have made any attempt to complete the competition. The result of the competition is left dangling in the air.

Someone mentions that the JBA League interrupted the Ten Pui competition but I fail to see how this can be true. Ten Pui matches are normally played on Sundays while JBA League matches are played during the week. There is therefore, no clash

of dates.

I believe some attempt ought to be made to have the Ten Pui competition concluded, as quite a number of teams are eager to know if they will take home a trophy. It serves no purpose to have those unplayed matches remain in the air, and I urge the organizers to draw up a fixture and request that the unplayed matches be played off as early as possible. Teams which fail to turn up as scheduled should automatically lose the point.

Assuming that there are not more than four matches to be played, it will take only two Sundays to have these matches played if two matches are scheduled per evening.

HERE AND THERE:

The football season is just about to begin, and skipper Cecil Chuck is appealing to all those intending players to turn out to training on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at the C.A.C.

Remember that there will be racing soon at Knutsford Park, and the Sweepstake closes today at midnight.

The shooting season has been very poor, and the birds have gone into a secret place of hiding.

The All Jamaica Table Tennis Championships will soon begin at Y.M.C.A.

ESSO

FOR EXTRA MILEAGE

ESSO GASOLINE



first in progress!
first in quality!

ENROL NOW!

CLASSES COMMENCE SEPT. 16th

MODERN BALLET

CHILDREN FROM 3 YEARS OF AGE — WITH
DORENE LARNER, F.I.S.T.D., O.B. (ADV.)

Conducting Classes

When enrolling a 10/- deposit is required.

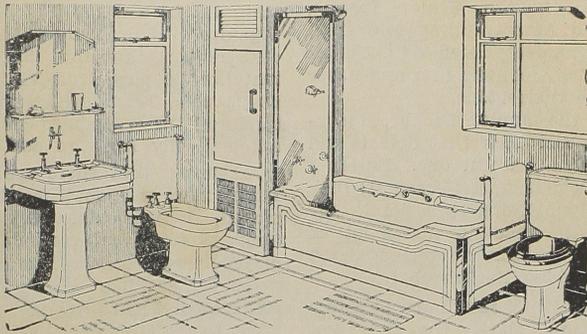
DORIS RUMSEY, I.S.T.D.

SCHOOL OF BALLROOM & TAP DANCING

10 Altamont Crescent

Tel: 66050

BATHROOMS of Distinction



*So different . . . yet so Perfect for
THE MODERN HOME*

In White and attractive Pastel Shades including —
CORALLIN, CLAIR DE LUNE, MING GREEN, PEACH,
TURQUOISE, PRIMROSE, JUBILEE BLUE, JADE GREEN.

HENDERSONS

1 King Street, Phone 5642 — Cross Roads, Phone 68161
Montego Bay — Phones 2554, 2854

BE SURE
TO ORDER —

"YORK" CANNED MEATS

You don't need a lot of time . . . or a lot of effort to serve tempting, nutritious meals when you use famous YORK Canned Meats. Every one will make a hit with every member of the family and with your guests.



Products of CANADA PACKERS LTD.

Distributors: J. H. G. MAPP (Succs.) LTD.

83 Barry Street

Kingston

IN PARENTHESIS

Nick Kenny reports a waiter bringing a fresh bowl of soup to the table adjoining his.

"The Chef's regrets, sir," apologized the waiter. "You were perfectly right—it was dishwater."

In Great Britain during the dark days of the Blitz there was an acute shortage of trained nurses. British humorist P. G. Wodehouse told of one London hospital which sought to meet the problem of feeding the wounded by having its nurses fill their dresses with extra food before leaving the kitchen. The girls, with trays already loaded, would stuff their pockets with goodies, thereby reducing the number of trips to and from the kitchen. Then, like a self-service cafeteria in reverse, they would pass among the RAF men.

"What'll it be, Chap?"

"Bread, Miss."

"Then bread me," the girl would say, bending forward and the man would help himself to bread from her person.

"And you, Ducks?"

"Butter."

"Then butter me." The girl bent low, and the butter was taken.

The ritual went smoothly until one lovely nurse stopped before a young flier who remained stubbornly silent.

"Won't you take something, Ace?" the girl urged.

The lad finally spoke up, "I wanted milk for my coffee," he murmured, "but to hell with it!"

In Tuscan Medical Centre, a Navajo patient was being visited by his cousin.

Cousin: "How feel?"

Patient: "Ugh."

Cousin: "Good night sleep?"

Patient: "Ugh."

Cousin: "How nurse treat you?"

Patient: "Ugh ugh ugh."

Cousin: "I ask simple question—don't make long speech!"

Eddie Cantor is justifiably proud of having fathered five lovely daughters. Jimmy Wallington, his erstwhile announcer, once told him of a rabbit who had six bunnies.

"So what!" Cantor shrugged. "He beat me by a hare."

Mother: "What would you like for Christmas, darling—a baby sister or brother?"

Darling: (After due consideration) Well, Mother, if you could carry the load I'd rather have a pony."

In the hospital, the wife sat at his bedside. "Don't worry, Looey," she said, squeezing his clammy hand. "We owe them twenty-five for the room, fifty for the nurses, three hundred for the doctor, a hundred for surgery... Listen, Looey, with all that we owe them, they won't let you die."

Everything today is so jazzed-up. His prospective surgeon told Irv Telson the other day: "We here believe in getting the patient on his feet as soon as possible after the operation. So on the first day I want you to get out of bed and walk around your room for five minutes. The second day you'll walk ten minutes. On the third day you must walk around for a full hour. Got that? Any questions?"

"Yeah, Doc," said Irv. "For the operation, do you mind if I lie down?"

Comedy writer Danny Simon's eyes are pretty bad. On a clear day he can see the inside of his glasses—but on a foggy night, feh! One night he found himself driving his car through drifts of fog. With his customary presence of mind, Danny followed the car in front of his, and presently—crashed into its gas tank.

Believing that the best defence is a good offence, Danny got offensive.

"Why didn't you stick your hand out," he yelled to the other driver, "before stopping so abruptly?"

"In my own garage?" shot back the other driver.

Scenarist Hal Kanter knows a Scotsman who died of a broken heart. He took out Blue Cross insurance and didn't get sick once all that year.

Talented Artie Phillips had been putting on quite a bit of flesh, and one afternoon began to hear a ringing in his ears. He couldn't still it. He looked in the mirror and saw his eyes bulging. These two phenomena, the ringing and the pop-eyes, didn't disappear. Finally, in desperation, Artie sought medical aid. A doctor suggested removal of his tonsils. Artie complied. But the operation did no good. A second doctor prescribed a spinal tap. Artie suffered it, with no improvement of his malady. A third doctor put it to him bluntly: "Mr. Phillips, you've got six months to live."

It was a shock, but Artie took it like a man. He decided he wasn't going to wait passively for the end. He was going to live fully, wildly, extravagantly before he died. He bought a foreign car, had the best tailor in the country make him a dozen suits, and even decided to have his shirts made to order.

"Okay," said the tailor. "Let's get your measurements. Thirty-four sleeves, sixteen collar..."

"Fifteen," Artie corrected him.

"Sixteen," insisted the tailor.

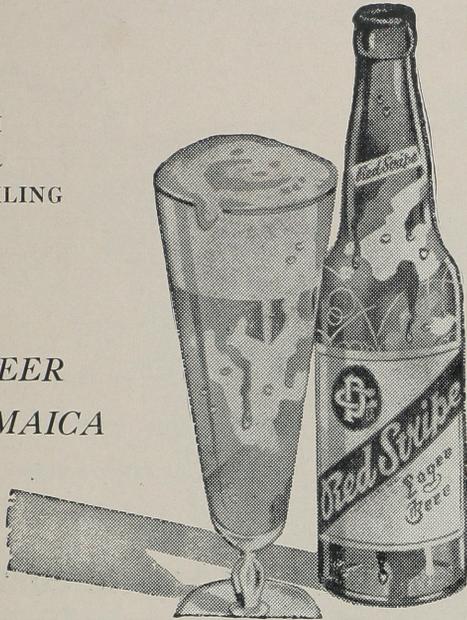
"But I've always worn a fifteen, and that's what I want."

"Okay," shrugged the tailor. "I'll give you a fifteen. But I'm warning you; you wear a fifteen and you'll be pop-eyed and get a ringing in your ears."

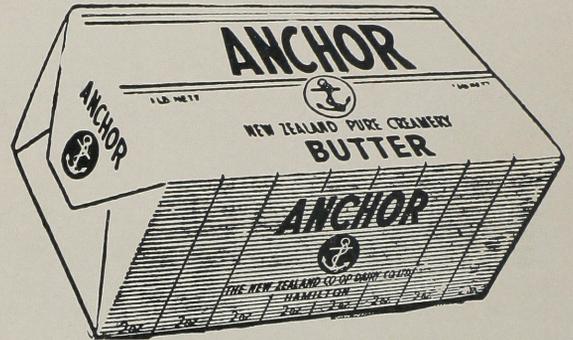
Keep COOL with
RED STRIPE

Always
FRESH
CLEAR
SPARKLING

★
THE BEER
OF JAMAICA



Unmatched
for
Quality



Obtainable at Groceries throughout the Island . . . Sometimes Imitated . . . Never Duplicated.



cool, crisp,

SUITS

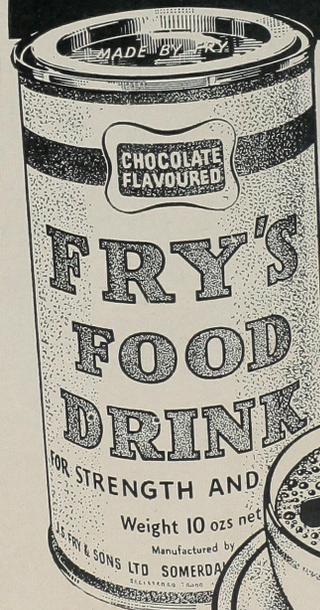
- Smartly Styled
- Expertly Fitted
- Economically Priced

Choose your Lounge Suits, Sports Coats, Dinner Jackets and Tuxedos from our wonderful selection.

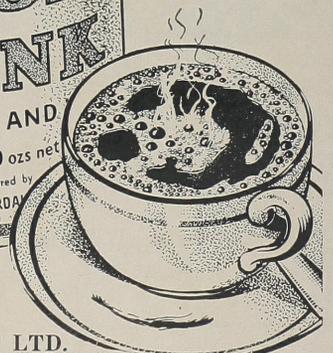
EL CORTE INGLES

135 Harbour Street, Kingston—Tel: 2856

Drink FRY'S



For
Strength
And
Vigour

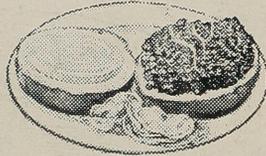


Agents:
T. GEDDES GRANT LTD.

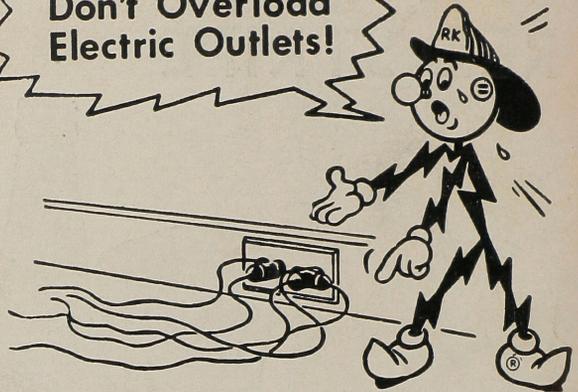


...for FINER FRYING!

* Foods fried in SNOWFLAKE are always deliciously crisp, light and easily digestible!



**Don't Overload
Electric Outlets!**



Have your electrical Contractor check your installation and make sure your fuses are in order.

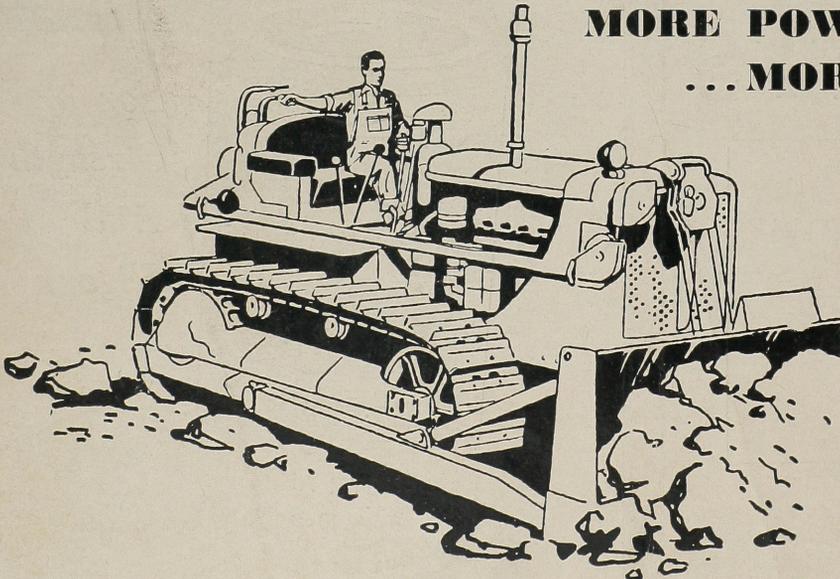
Keep spare fuses handy.

Jamaica Public Service Company Ltd.

CAT D6 TRACTOR...

MORE POWER...

...MORE WORK CAPACITY



Here's just the right size of crawler tractor for heavy-duty construction jobs and farm work . . . big enough to handle an amazing amount of work . . . yet compact and easy to transport.

CATERPILLAR

Caterpillar and Cat are Registered Trademarks of Caterpillar Tractor Co. U.S.A.

"Jamtrac"

A DIVISION OF SPROSTONS (JAMAICA) LTD.
KINGSTON PHONE 5255 — MOBAY PHONE 2766