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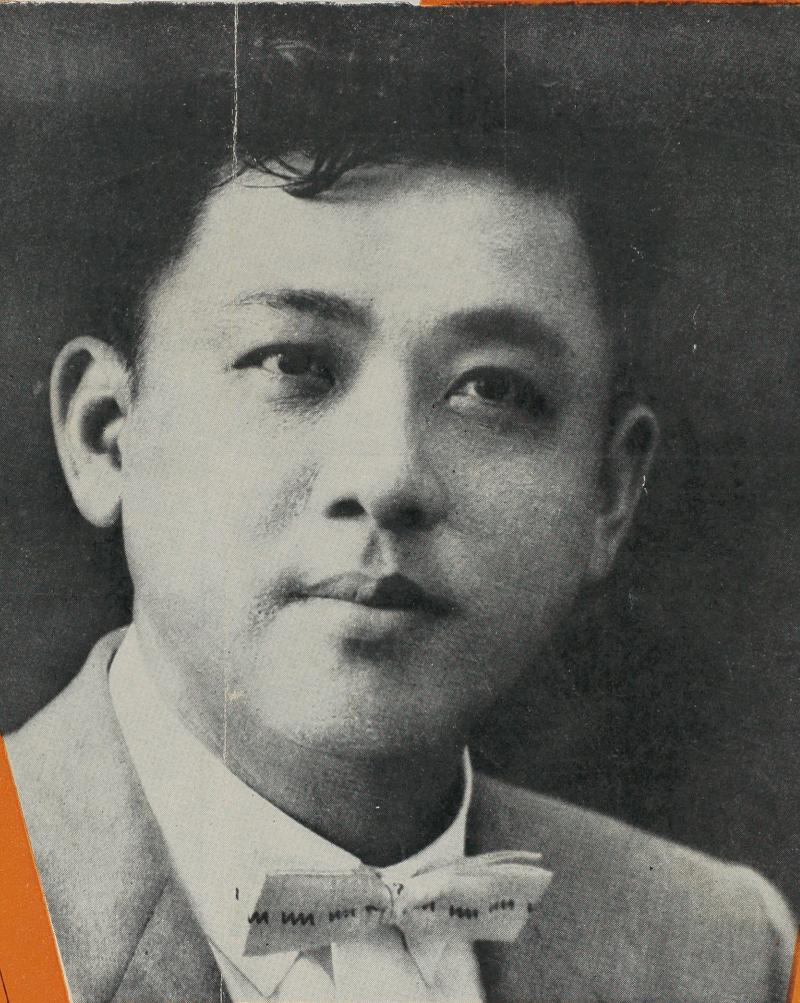
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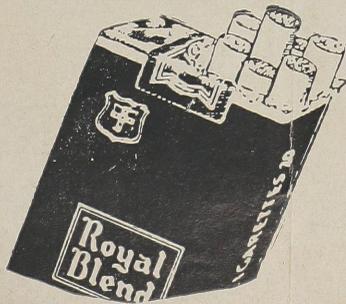
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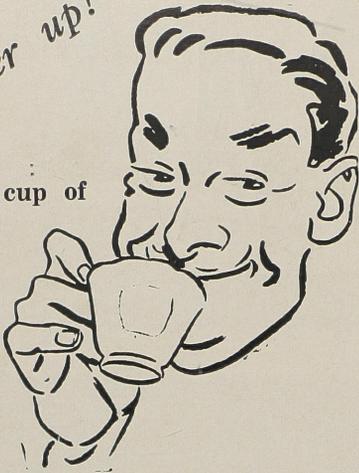
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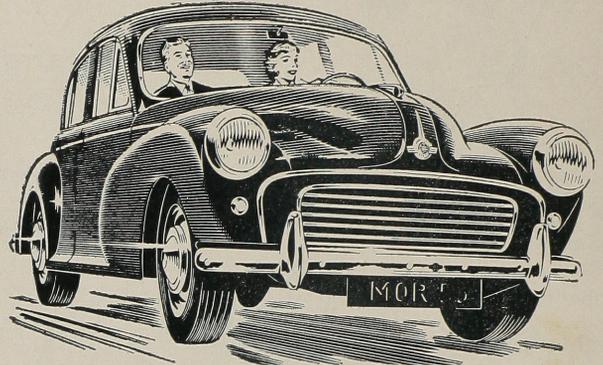
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

KREMLIN CLOWNS

The Editor, Sir:

"Political Observer's" article in your September 7th issue was quite interesting. The impending shift of power from Khrushchev to Marshal Zhukov is nothing new, however; at least not under the Communist system. Each generation brings with it its own political tune, and those clowns in the Kremlin dance different steps from time to time, depending of course, of who is blowing the tune.

And what about Mao Tse-tung? Is he in the saddle as firmly as he wants us to believe? It seems that things are not going so smoothly in Red China.

G. CHANG

Half Way Tree P.O.
September 16, 1957.

MISS CHINESE JAMAICA CONTEST

The Editor, Sir:

Please allow me space in your interesting magazine to remind the organizers of the Miss Chinese-Jamaica Beauty Contest that only a couple of months remain before this established annual event is due to take place, and as far as I can see, nothing tangible has been done, at least, to publicise it.

Mr. Editor, don't you think it is time to start the ball rolling?

A. CHIN

Mountain View Ave.,
Windward Road P.O.

Turn to our Social World column for information on the Miss Chinese-Jamaica Contest.

—Editor

POEMS

The Editor, Sir:

Enclosed herewith is a poem entitled "O BEAUTIFUL HILLS OF KENDAL" which I am submitting for publication with your approval.

I must advise that writing poems is merely a hobby of mine and one of which I know nothing. This poem, therefore, is subject to your scrutiny and under your more experienced jurisdiction, you are at liberty to make whatever alterations that may be required. I would, however, appreciate your adhering to the main theme of the poem in

conveying the thought present. Perhaps you would do me the personal favour of allowing your contributor, "Katah", to advise me through your columns as to the errors and omissions that are undoubtedly abundant in this piece of so-called prose. Elaborating on this clause, I will also express my opinion that among our community there are many aspiring poets who would receive great encouragement were they given constructive criticisms and advice in their submitted efforts by an experienced poetry writer of "Katah's" calibre.

A. L. F.

Vineyard Town P.O.
September 12, 1957.

O BEAUTIFUL HILLS OF KENDAL

by "Anita"

O beautiful hills of Kendal,
With grassy fields abound,
Your rich and verdant splendour
Which such bitter pain doth hold.

Each mortal man it touched;
And yet, no kin lost he
Among the scores of souls that
perished

In darkened agony,
On that blood-drenched night of
grief

When Death in its macabre
spree

Did reach out its hands and
Embraced all that in its greedy
clutches laid,

Obliterated into memories,
Loved ones gone without farewell.
Now the island weeps; and yea—
The far-flung reaches of mortality

Join in her dirges that sing
The futility of Man of his
Terrible awe of One
Whose voice o'er mournful cries
Be heard—

Yet in His wisdom and perfection,
Faith unyielding stand steadfast
To the Test.

• We referred your poem to "Katah" who has asked us to congratulate you on your effort. He has explained that to offer the kind of constructive criticism you desire, would require a great deal of space, which is not available at the moment. "Katah" further states that "success in the field of poetry can only be achieved by constant daily practice, that the occasional flash of inspiration is insufficient, that there must be correlation between technique and feeling." He has promised to contribute an article soon on the subject of Poetry.—Editor.

The CURVE COUNTS

CURVED BAR

OPEN CENTER

RUGGED BODY

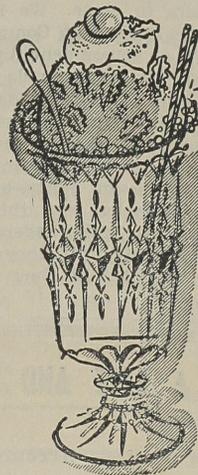
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◆
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LESLIE R. CHIN

◆
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editorial

DRAMATIC AID

The Americans' love of the dramatic is sometimes amusing. Several weeks ago when Leftist officers took over the Syrian Army, American diplomats inflated the 'crisis' to the headlines of the world's leading dailies. And as a climax to the whole show, the U.S. Government was reported as 'rushing' a shipment of arms to the nations of the Middle East whose independence and integrity were threatened. This dramatic and inspiring picture of Uncle Sam rushing to aid a small nation in distress typifies the conduct of American foreign policy in many parts of the world.

For many months, long before the ill-fated Suez invasion, the predominance of pro-Communist elements in Syrian politics and in the Syrian army in particular, was a well-known and established fact. Diplomatic observers and no doubt American intelligence men, were aware that the Russians were sending into Syria a staggering amount of military weapons. And the pro-Communist elements have been so vocal and active that only the most backward and disorganized intelligence agency could have failed to foresee the events in this part of the world.

The last sentence in the above paragraph does not necessarily describe the American intelligence agency, but suffice to say, that they miscalculated the possible course of events caused by a sudden heavy flow of Russian arms into an already delicate area. In a previous editorial, we maintained that the Eisenhower Doctrine would help to stabilise the Middle East, but we also wish to point out that in our opinion, the limitations of the Doctrine is far too obvious.

The operative clause of the Doctrine states that armed intervention by the United States would be forthcoming only upon request by a victim of "armed Aggression from any country controlled by international Communism." This means that to qualify for American military protection, a nation must first certify that Communist forces are roaming its countryside. Clearly, this is a case in which you have to take a licking before yelling for help.

In our opinion, the operative clause of the Eisenhower Doctrine will remain inoperative for many years to come. We advance this opinion because we know that Communists will not seize control of a government by force if they can accomplish the same ends by "fixed election", false promises, and by pandering to the economic wants of the people.

We do not pretend to know whether this love of the dramatic will remain an essential feature of American foreign policy, but we venture to predict that Jamaica, and thinking on a broader scale, the West Indies Federation, will not qualify for American aid until they can produce a Communist affidavit that they are victim of "armed aggression."

STRIKES AND THE UNIONS

It is gratifying to note that the Government has at last come to the realization that management-labour relations are not what they should be. The announcement this week that the Minister of Labour, the Hon. Florizel Glasspole, will meet with the leaders of the three major trade unions—the BITU, NWU, TUC—at the Ministry on Tuesday, could mean that a genuine attempt is now being made to bring management-labour relations to a higher level.

In the past, we have seen cases in which workers have gone on strike in direct violation of the agreement signed on their behalf by a union, and senseless difficulties created by strikes over minor matters which could have been solved at an arbitration level. But the island's industrial progress now demands that management-labour relations be improved so that difficulties and differences of opinion can be settled peaceably.

For this reason, Mr. Manley's announcement last Sunday was a timely and welcome one. Said he: "We have made it clear that this Government does not sympathise nor support procedures where workers have made bargains and break those bargains capriciously and for no good reason."

It seems to us then that the island is entering a new era in management-labour relations.

MISS CHINESE-JAMAICA CONTEST

Contest time is here again! Elsewhere in this magazine is an announcement that the "Miss Chinese-Jamaica" contest will be held, as usual, in November at the Chinese Athletic Club. We would suggest however, that in future the organizers should announce the date at least three months in advance so that those who have not got the right measurements but who wish to enter, can have the opportunity of acquiring through regular exercise, the proportions which would qualify them for this contest.

As we are numbered among the few who have a good view of what is going on behind the scene, we urge the girls to enter this year's contest. The prizes are worth winning, but the biggest thrill of all is being crowned, "Miss Chinese-Jamaica" and to be known as the prettiest girl in our community.

We would like to see the country towns participating in this annual event, and we have heard from many quarters that it would be a good idea if Montego Bay and Port Antonio were to enter contestants. We endorse the suggestion, and we feel sure that the public spirited citizens of Montego Bay and Port Antonio will do everything within their power to make this year's contest an all-island affair. These two towns are in an admirable position to do so as they are the only two in Jamaica having Clubs where community projects can easily be discussed and organized.

We look forward to greeting the "Miss Chinese Jamaica" of 1957.

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Cover Story

MEET MR. CROWN LIFE

THE high reputation that the Life Insurance Industry has in Jamaica is due largely to the high quality of the personnel that the various companies have been able to secure as Life Underwriters. One of the most prominent on the Jamaican scene is Capitor Ho Yen, who may be justly called **Mr. Crown Life**, for he has been associated for a very long time with the Crown Life Insurance Company of Canada.

Cap. was born on the 6th day of January, 1915 at New Amsterdam, British Guiana. His parents were well known Dry Goods merchants, and in British Guiana today many people remember Mr. Hoplee Ho Yen and his wife, Rebecca. It is as well to mention that there were five children, of which Cap. was the second. The eldest girl, Iris, is now married to Henry Ho-Sing-Loy, an eminent dry goods merchant of British Guiana. Joe, a brother, is Government Analyst in British Guiana and Basil, after going through the Imperial College of Tropical Agriculture and McGill, now occupies an important post in the Department of Agriculture in British Guiana. Ivy, the youngest sister, is now Mrs. C. Yu, a merchant in Houston, Texas.

Cap. received his early education at the Blankenburg Public School, and after leaving that Institution entered into the family business. We have mentioned these early details of Cap's life to show that Cap's many good qualities as we know them today were directly derived from the sound upbringing he received from an ambitious and cultured family.

IN 1939 Cap. came to Jamaica in search of wider horizons, and his first endeavour was in Portland where he opened a general store. It was not long, however, before he found that Life Insurance should be his

metier, that there was always room for the man who could inspire public confidence in the very responsible role of a Life Underwriter. Thus it was, that, except for brief respite, he has served with the Crown Life Insurance Company since 1947. Cap attributes much of his success to the early training he received from Pat Chung, who was then Manager of the Crown Life, and who himself had run up a phenomenal record of the business. With the example of Pat Chung, who is now his brother-in-law,

Association and the Life Agency Officers Section and the Life Underwriters Association of Canada.

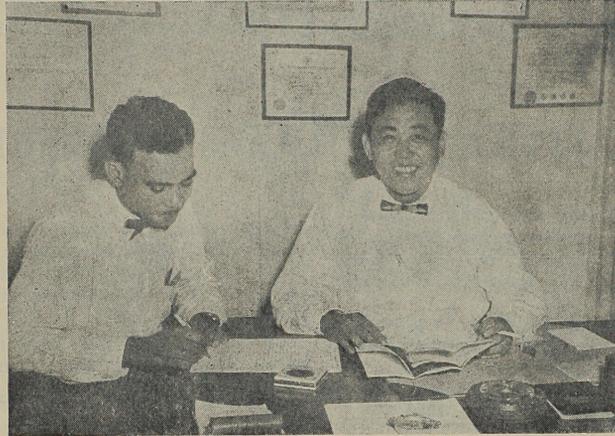
It is to his credit that he is as proud of a \$250,000 policy as he is of a £100 policy sold to a school teacher. It is to our knowledge that his services are as readily available to the small policyholder as it is to the biggest one. As we are now in the middle of 1957 we can recognise that Cap Ho Yen is now reaching the peak of a career, which at present places him 27th among 15,000

race is the centre of a very busy and useful social life, and their hospitality there is proverbial. Their well kept lawns and the beautiful furnishings of their home reflects the same orderliness and discipline of their lives, and there is nobody who has enjoyed Flo's cooking but is full of praise and anxious to come back for more.

In the field of recreation, the first thing that comes to mind is Cap's prowess at Bridge, and it is well to note that in 1947 he was captain of the C.A.C. Team that won the Manchester Cup. Today he has less time for that form of sport, but bridge enthusiasts are well aware that he is still a very dangerous opponent at the game. His interests run to cricket and soccer, which nowadays he can only watch, and he is careful to point out that he does not box anymore but is still a very avid fan in the manly art of self-defence. There is a great difference between the slim young man of 1947 and the Cap. Ho Yen we know of today and there is absolutely no doubt that if he were to return to boxing he would be in the class of men like Floyd Patterson and Rocky Marciano.

The propensity for charitable undertakings is always the hallmark of a complete man, and we know that in his unostentatious manner Cap. has probably given more of his fair share than he would like the public to know.

We have presented what we consider to be a factual report not been necessary to paint the on a man whom we are proud to have on our cover, for it has lily. We feel sure that in his business career, Cap Ho Yen is destined to go far. We are certain that whatever honours come his way they will be capably and humbly received and will be but spurs to further achievements. We hold him up as an example to the ambitious youth of our country.



At work in his cool and comfortable office on Harbour Street, Cap explains a policy to a client, looks on as client signs dotted lines.
Cleary & Elliot

it was no small wonder that for eight consecutive years Cap. has been in the Senior Club of his Company, and during these years won every souvenir seasonal campaign, and in addition qualified for six consecutive years of the National Quality Award—an award which is given in recognition of quality life underwriting service to the public as evidenced by an excellent record of maintaining in force and extending the benefits of life insurance, by The Life Insurance Agency Management Association, the Canadian Life Insurance Officers

agents of his Company. While his special field is that of life insurance, he is generally sought out by all sections of the community for advice on every type of insurance and sometimes for even very private business arrangements.

In 1938 Cap. married Florence Chung, his ertswile Boss' sister, and today they have two youngsters, Gary and Joy, who are receiving the type of upbringing that is bound to cause them to emulate the splendid life of their parents.

CAP'S and Flo's home in fashionable Grosvenor Ter-

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EXCLUSIVE! A Top-Ranking Red's Story!

This is the first of three articles, telling the moving story of Milovan Djilas, who had the courage and brains to search for and find the truth about Communism. For his pains, this former Yugoslav Vice President is now a political prisoner of President Tito, the man he once might have succeeded as ruler in Belgrade.

This series also analyzes a new book by Djilas, "The New Class", which is a detailed indictment of Communism as brutal and inhuman. Most importantly, Djilas tells why Communism is finished as a world ideology. Djilas is the highest-ranking Communist ever to turn against the system. Thus his conclusions will be explosive behind the Iron Curtain and in the uncommitted nations of Africa and Asia.

Djilas, who lost his party and Government posts in January, 1954, was jailed last fall. Tito acted after Djilas wrote articles for I.N.S., and an American Magazine, THE NEW LEADER, "which forecast the unrest in the satellites and Russia", and declared "Communism has lost its soul".

The Tyranny Of Communism

MILOVAN Djilas is probably the most important man today behind the Iron Curtain. But how many Westerners have ever heard of him?

When the West thinks of Iron Curtain personalities it mentions such as Khrushchev, Gomulka and Tito. But none of these has ever been what Djilas is — a philosopher.

And it is this philosopher who is today one of the greatest psychological threats to the Kremlin. Hydrogen bombs, ground troops, planes,—none of these poses such a menace to the men in Moscow as does this 46-year-old Yugoslav.

For Djilas represents the mind of man and man's ability to judge and reject Communism even behind the Iron Curtain.

Milovan Djilas is a prisoner behind the bars of Mirtovic Prison north of Belgrade.

He is there because he insisted on stating publicly that he thought Communism was wrong

—not only wrong but finished.

He condemns Communism in the language of Communism which all the comrades can understand.

This man was a Communist. Not only a party member but a high ranking one, a man in power, Vice President of Yugoslavia until January, 1954.

He voluntarily gave up his position and power, permitted himself to be stripped of the trappings of position in order to say to the world that the Communism which he had advocated, which he had used to reach high position and which had treated him so kindly, was in reality evil.

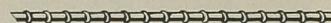
NOW Milovan Djilas has written a book, THE NEW CLASS, which will shake the Communist world. It is an analysis of Communism in which he proves that a Communist state is merely the perpetuating in power of a new ruling class.

The West will not be as excited about the book as will the Com-

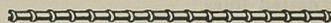
munist world. The West reached Djilas' conclusions long ago.

But the fact that Djilas wrote the book is of tremendous importance to the West.

To understand the author's background, and his lack of ex-



by Kathrine Clark
of I. N. S.



perience except Communist experience, is to learn once again that man is capable of pure thought. Even in the darkness of his mental and moral surroundings Djilas searched for truth.

This is no mere party activist revolting against Communism. Milovan Djilas is the highest ranking Communist in the world who has turned against the system.

And he says in the preface to his book:

"During my adult life, I have traversed the entire road a Communist can traverse: from the lowest to the highest rung of the hierarchial ladder, from local and national to international forums and from the formation of the true Communist Party and organization of the revolution to the establishment of the so-called Socialist state."

At the time he broke with Communism, Djilas was believed to be Tito's personal choice of a successor in event of the dictator's death.

HE had been a founder of the Yugoslav Communist Party, a hard, tough partisan fighter against the Nazis during World War II.

At war's end Djilas and his first wife moved into a posh villa. He lived well and was one of the few who could speak out on matters of party policy and theory.

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He was one of the delegates to the secret meeting near Breslau at which the Cominform was founded and he scolded Poland's Gomulka for talking of "separate roads to Socialism."

In 1948 he was entrusted with the task of asking Stalin for military supplies for Yugoslavia. It was probably then that the first wedge against Communism entered his mind. Djilas became convinced the Russians wanted to control all "Socialist states." He returned to Belgrade to write the sharp criticisms of Moscow which preceded Tito's expulsion

Milovan Djilas was once one of the top Communist of Yugoslavia, a man given a good chance to succeed President Tito. Today, he is imprisoned because he found the truth about Communism and turned against it. Now he has written a book—**THE NEW CLASS**—which is a logical analysis and condemnation of Communism as a political system and an ideology. In the following article, the first of three, the Central European Correspondent of I.N.S., reports exclusively on the book and tells the story of how Djilas came to write it. Katharine Clark knew Djilas and his family when she was stationed in Belgrade.

from the Cominform. His articles were the first blast by a Communist against Moscow from behind the Curtain.

At that time, Tito supported Djilas. The Communist world gaped as Stalin and Tito showered abuse upon each other. But it should be remembered that the first bitter blows against Stalin were written by Djilas.

Djilas was born in 1911 at Kolasin in Montenegro. His father was a fierce tribal chieftain in a part of the world where the tribe was still the way

of life and life was harsh. Djilas' stories about tribal raids, executions, food forages, sound like medieval times and not the twentieth century.

Thanks to an insatiable curiosity, Djilas learned to read and write and eventually reached Belgrade where he entered the University as a law student.

HE was troublemaker, a leader of student strikes and riots, and in 1932 he joined the Communist Party. When Tito arrived from Moscow some years later he purged the Yugoslav Party but kept the bright young Djilas as a right hand man.

By then Djilas had served three years in prison for being a Communist. He now is serving three years in the same prison for not being a Communist.

What Djilas really is, is a revolutionist, a revolter against tyranny of man over man. Any man's tyranny over any other man.

His active intellect and clear logic led him step by step to the renunciation of Communism. But even more important his great moral courage made him speak out about his beliefs.

Now in his book each step of his mind as it moved tortuously away from Communism is made public for all the Communist world to read and understand.

In his book, Djilas says:

"No one compelled me to embrace or reject Communism. I made my own decisions, according to my own convictions, freely, insofar as a man can be free. Even though I was disillusioned, I do not belong to those for whom disillusionment was sharp and extreme. I cut myself off gradually and consciously, building up the pictures and conclusions I present in this book."

(In our next issue: **HOW DJILAS TURNED AGAINST COMMUNISM.**)

POPULAR SONGS

STILL

I'm still, still,
I'm still in love with you
And still, still,
I can't love someone new
No one can take your place,
No one ever will, oh, my darling,
I love you, love you still!
And still, still, I miss your magic touch
Still, still, I need you, oh, so much,
No one shares my embrace,
No one ever will,
Oh my darling,
I love you, love you still!
Why did you have to go and grieve
me
Come back, my darling and never
leave me
Still, still, my heart still aches for you
Still, still, until it breaks in two,
No one can take your place,
No one ever will,
Oh my darling,
I love you, love you still!

JUST WALKING IN THE RAIN

Just walking in the rain,
Getting soaking wet,
Torturing my heart,
By trying to forget.
Just walking in the rain,
So alone and blue,
All because my heart
Still remembers you.
People come to windows
They always stare at me
Shake their heads in sorrow,
Saying "Who can that fool be?"
Just walking in the rain,
Thinking how we met,
Knowing things have changed,
Somehow I can't forget.

YOU CAN'T STOP THIS ROCKING AND ROLLING

You can't stop this rocking and rolling
It's been here for years and years
It is just history repeating
So you need not have any fears
It's been here but some folks ignored
it
And they said it was a shame
Now that someone has explored it
Ev'ryone rides on the gravy train.
Have you forgot in nineteen twenty
How you swooned over Russ, Rudolph
and Bing,
So you see it's no need to be worried
Just let the teenagers have their fling
Now you can't stop this rocking and
rolling
It will make you pat your feet
It's only good American music
That's played with a rock and roll
beat!

Fashion



This narrow torso contrasts beautifully with the fullness of the skirt. The material is of royal blue velvet cut with a 'Sabrina' neckline with several rhinestone pins scattered effectively on the bodice. On occasions, these pins may be replaced with small sprays of pale pink rosebuds. — M. Y. ORIGINAL.

JPS Chairman Killed in Crash

Mr. Russell Davenport Bell, 70-year-old New York born Montreal businessman, and Chairman of the Jamaica Public Service Co. Ltd., was killed when the passenger airliner in which he was travelling, crashed in a wooded swamp near New Bedford, Massachusetts, on Sunday night. Nine others were killed and 14 injured.

Mr. Bell has been connected with the major industrial development of the island since 1923 and made annual visits of inspection of his company's undertakings here. His last visit to Jamaica was in March.

Regarded as one of the world's leading financiers, he is survived by his wife, the former Phyllis Wainwright, whom he married in 1914, a son and daughter.

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A New Mystery

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 agency. First considered as suicide, it has become an apparent murder. Among the suspects are E. J. Warren, the dead man's widowed sister-in-law and business partner; Dexter White, client friend of the dead man's half-jilted sweetheart. A curious aspect of the case is Warren's interest in surrealist-type drawings, a type of art form which seems to have permeated his latest successful advertising designs. Viewing the latter at the agency office, Andrews appears to have sufficient evidence to trap the killer. . . .

CHAPTER VI.

ANDREWS pushed the folding door of the drug store phone booth flat as he stepped out, an angry gesture.

A newspaper reporter pal had told him all he needed. Paul Dexter had a wife. She was in Las Vegas for 'the cure.' She would be divorced in about two weeks. Grounds, mental cruelty. No names had been mentioned.

No names had been mentioned. But, take a look at the time elements. Give Mrs. Dexter the month she had been in Las Vegas. Give her another month before that to work up to her line of departure. As he remembered it, you came out just about even with the Mad Martini contracts. Coincidental?

He shouldered his way somberly through the narrow aisles on his way out of the store. A line of titles along the top row of a paperback book rack caught his eye. *A Kiss Before Dying, Kiss Me Deadly, The Black Widow, The Damned Lovely.* He couldn't have said it better himself.

How could you explain it? He had spent little more than an hour with a woman, had felt something about her that cried, this is the woman. The one woman. A woman on whom he had no claim. Never would.

A woman who could murder. He didn't believe it.

Why? Because someone else had killed Jimmy Warren.

Who? What the devil did it matter so long as it wasn't she?

He stood on the walk outside the door and wondered what came next. Officially, he was off duty. Sensibly, he should go home and put in a little sack time. But downtown in the city hall, E-for-Ellen J-for-Jean Warren was getting the works. Nothing but proof of her innocence could save her.

So, what could be done to free her for her ad-executive with his wife flown out the window?

He went back in his mind to the body of the young man on the white shag rug in the corner of the cottage up the canyon road. For, among all the proverbs of crime, there is none more false than that dead men tell no tales.

And to speak for Jimmy Warren? Bonnie Sarzabal!

A LOCAL phone directory provided the address, and he found the apartment without trouble. At the closed door, he knocked.

"Come in." The words were a shout, as careless as though they had been flung over her shoulder.

The fact that they had been, he discovered when he opened the door and found Bonnie Sarzabal standing before a large easel beside the largest window in the room, working at a furious rate. She didn't so much as glance in his direction when he entered the room and closed the door behind him.

She was standing barefooted on the hardwood floor, wearing a pair of faded denim shorts and a man's white shirt with the tails knotted Mexican fashion around her middle. In a plump, tawny gypsy fashion, Bonnie Sarzabal was completely engaging.

By Jack Webb

"The psychological cop," Bonnie said finally, "the clever Lieutenant Andrews."

"On postman's holiday," he told her. "Officially I'm off duty until eight o'clock tonight." He strolled over to stand behind her shoulder.

"Have you a drink around the place?" he asked, sparring for words.

The girl nodded her head absently. She said, "You'll probably have to wash out some glasses. They're on the drainboard."

She continued working on the sketch while Andrews busied himself in the kitchen.

He crossed the room and set down her drink, then settled on one corner of a studio couch. Silently, he watched her work.

The sketch she was doing seemed to be a preliminary plan. He could see the shape of the hill and the arresting stormy sky behind it. Andrews nursed his drink and watched.

"At least, you're a quiet one," Bonnie Sarzabal admitted. She picked up her drink and tasted it. "Why are you here?"

"Why did you do it, Bonnie?" "Do what?" She took a second sip

from her drink. "Kill him."

"Are you serious?" She sat on a window sill, regarded him soberly.

"Dead serious," Andrews said. "But why? I loved Jimmy. Couldn't you see that?"

"He didn't love you," Andrews suggested. "You, yourself, sent me to E. J."

"That's right. I sent him to her, too' E. J. was like a disease, one of the kind he had to be quarantined with in the house for a particular length of time. He would have recovered."

She glanced up and met his gaze directly. "Jimmy would have come back. He always did. And," she concluded bitterly, "E. J. would have liked that."

"She rather planned on that," Andrews agreed. "Damn her!"

The detective said quietly, "You did the original Mad Martini, didn't you?"

"You're guessing." Her black eyes were searching his face.

Andrews nodded. "I'm guessing," he admitted, "but that's not important. You know it's true. Experts will know that it's true. We can show them the El Greco copy you made, we can show them the Mad Martini water color Mrs. Warren keeps in her office. And they'll tell us the same artist did them. A very good artist. You."

He lit a cigarette and continued without pleasure. "Perhaps I won't be able to make it stick as evidence, but you might as well know. You gave yourself away when I saw that sky you're sketching. Three times in twenty-four hours is too often for the same sort of sky. Like the piece of sky that fell on Chicken Little, it fell on me."

"What about it, Bonnie? All those fancy pictures that pleased Mrs. Warren. Those neon sign ideas that Jimmy broke loose with after he got cut from under his brother's thumb, were your ideas and your doing, weren't they?"

She finished her drink and held out her glass. "Could I have another please?"

ANDREWS crossed the room once more and gathered in her glass. He carried his own with him. In the kitchen, he spoke over the clink of ice cubes and the fizz of soda poured over ice and whisky. "I don't think Jimmy Warren ever had it. I don't think there ever was anything really important inside him to break loose. I think he wanted it very badly, technique, skill, even the kind of imaginative know-how you have."

"I saw that pet shop sign on his table at the house up the canyon last night. I saw the cheap little bar sign on his desk at the office. They were mechanical drawings. They fitted the facts and figures of tubes and light bulbs and the tin cans that go behind them. They didn't even resemble the Mad Martini. They didn't take a simple advertising idea on how to make a perfect martini and make it jump out of an awful sky and say this is terrific! You did that."

He carried their fresh drinks out of the kitchen, delivered hers, and sat on the broad sill beside her. "I'm not



She met his gaze directly. "Jimmy would have come back," she said. "He always did."

sure you haven't genius, Bonnie. It's out of my line, but it was out of his line, too. And, it was something you couldn't pass on to him or share with him. Not to a boy who was still a boy of thirty-five. Not to a boy who had been bossed by a hero brother. Not to a boy who had been run by his sister-in-law. Not even to a boy who took his ideas from you and credit that should have belonged to you and held hell in his heart for every day and night he faced."

"Shut up," Bonnie said softly, fiercely, "shut up, shut up!"

"You should have waited," he went on. "He would have done it himself one of these days and saved you the trouble."

"No, he wouldn't. Never!" Bonnie broke down.

"He was going away." She spoke without tears, not even with anger. "When the money came through on the Mad Martini, he was going to sell out his half of the partnership, take the money and go to Tahiti."

Andrews said quickly, "But he'd have taken you to Tahiti, too?"

Dully, dead of feeling, Bonnie Sarzabal shook her head. "He had all that figured out. I was too strong of mind. I had polluted his thinking, his creative subconscious. He felt he had to go away and find himself."

"I think," Andrews said quietly, "we'd better have another drink."

On the way back from the tiny kitchen, he stopped and stared down at the sketch on the easel. It was a strange confession.

ON Tuesday evening, Andrews went into the captain's office and hung up his hat.

Leaning back in the captain's swivel chair, he pulled a fresh package of cigarettes from his jacket pocket and removed the cellophane wrapper.

Jensen, one of the detectives from the squad room, put his head and shoulders around the door. "A Mrs. Warren called twice, Lieutenant. She'd like you to call her back. The number's there on the desk pad."

"Thanks, Jensen." He reached the phone from its cradle and dialed. He heard the buzz, close to his ear, distant where she was. He saw her as she had been the first

(Continued on page 12)

John Hearne SPEAKING



WHEN you come to think of it, it does give a man considerable food for reflection. All the major forms of alcohol, I mean, are products not of civilised man, but of the cave. Comparatively speaking, at least. Like all the basic, major drugs and toxins, alcohol was among the earliest inventions of mankind. All the teetotalers, all the prohibitionists, all those dreary people who tell you with a muddy, fanatical gleam in their little, mean eyes that they don't need any stimulant to make them gay, receptive and quick, have never been able to explain this. If the natural man is such a good fellow and merry companion, why has one of the first considerations of homo sapiens been the discovery of those commodities which make the wheels of social intercourse spin so much more smoothly?

It was, when all is said and done, an astonishing feat. Man, cold, hungry, uncertain and imperilled man surrounded by hostile beasts, envious neighbours and a vast, unclassified Nature, yet found time in his short, brutish round to experiment and produce wine, beer and a succession of delightful spirits. Bewildered as he was by literally millions of strange plants, shrubs and fruit, he went infallibly to those select, almost divine few which would give to him the ineffable warmth of drunkenness.

Don't take it lightly, I beg you. Above all don't be influenced by those, who through a fundamental hostility to the best in life and people, would try to persuade you that alcohol was an unimportant or inimical discovery. Without it we would still be grubbing dingily for roots outside the cave mouth and suffering agonies of boredom as we looked at the flat, animal faces of our companions around the fire of some tiny, dirty tribe.

Of course, the whole business has improved — as have most things in mankind's cruel, incomprehensible, oddly magnificent progress. No one can deny that the lovingly precise hand of a German brewer turns out a far, far better product than the crudely impatient concoction of some savage fermenting palm-hearts in a jungle swamp. And no one who has had to depend for his supply on the raw, sour wine of a remote French village could pretend that the elaborate preparation of a Mouton Rothschild or a Chateau Montbrun is not a drink different in kind as much as in quality. But the fact remains: the most unique liquor of today is but a refinement of the original great dis-

covery, as the most up-to-date oxy-acetylene blow-torch is but a development of the first, crude pine-knot flare.

However, let us count our blessings, and what finer blessings to count than the multitude of flavours and effects which man, invincibly inventive and dissatisfied man, has evolved out of a basic formula.

WINE, unquestionably, is the head of the royal family of drink. A majesty and a conviction of authority attend wine, and a divinity hedges it about that only the most insensitive can ignore. It is the accompaniment of every sacred or deeply meaningfully ceremony in the world's history and it is a symbol of such complexity and profundity that even non-drinkers recognise the significance of its use.

In good wine one can sense and appreciate the volcanic, mineral secrets of the earth, and the sun itself winks and hisses at the edge of a glass. A good wine, too, implies a continuity of care and culture that no other liquor can match. Blending alone won't do it, but only the slow, unrewarded sacrifice of generations as the vine slowly fashions the contents of the earth to its own use and as slowly becomes pregnant from the perennial embrace of the ardent sun.

For my part, almost any red wine — but particularly those from the Rhone valley — give me a sense of ample achievement, a conviction of security, and a confidence in my status as a human being. But there are those who do prefer white. I can't say that I blame them. A bland, astringent sense of electric power is contained in every bottle of Chablis or Monbazailac, and there is a lofty, inspired but quite containably frenzy in those magical growths from the sunny slopes of the Rhine.

All of which is not meant to deny spirits and beer their proper places.

Of beer what more can be said than it is, supremely, the breeder of the democratic spirit, the potato of camaraderie and fraternal feeling, putting as it does comfortable pillows of flesh onto the body and nurturing affability and mellowness in the soul. No one was ever witty on beer, but then very few have ever been beastly, and most gain a placid tolerance which cannot be produced by any other drink. Let us honour beer, the unassuming invigorator and infallible releaser of all that's kindly,

humanitarian and earthy in the human breast.

As for spirits. Now these are serious fellows and must be taken with serious care. They plumb the sort of depths and release the sort of fierce, uncompromising passions that we must handle delicately. For that reason very few men, and almost no women, drink spirits properly.

They are made drunk, not so much by the draught as by what it frees; and there are few sights more pathetic than to see a man, or woman, whom one respects, consumed by the fire of his or her own soul too quickly freed by the great fist of a good whisky or a good rum.

But all honour to the spirits too. Well are they named fire-water by primitives and rightly are they kept from the reach of savages. For it is a fire, you're playing with when you burn away the layers of inhibition and dishonesty with spirit and light the brief intense flame in your own soul. But only a truly civilised person should be entrusted with such a fire. For only he has enough accumulated fuel in the depths of his own resources to light a creative flame, and only he has the wit to read his own soul by the light of such a fire.

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MISS CHINESE JAMAICA CONTEST COMING

The date has been set for the next Miss Chinese Jamaica contest! It is Sunday, November 17. On that day, thousands of spectators are expected to crowd the spacious ground of the Chinese Athletic Club to have a look at the bevy of beauties from which will be selected the Miss Chinese Jamaica of 1957.

At a meeting held at the Chinese Athletic Club recently, an organizing Committee was set up to steer the contest through the different stages leading up to the climax at the Chinese Athletic Club on Sunday, November 17. This Committee is headed by Mr. Robert Chin with Mr. Vincent Lyn as his Vice Chairman. Other members of the Committee are Messrs. Eddie Young, Karl Hendrickson, Ken Chong, Eddie Lai, Lucien Chen and Cecil Chuck.

The Committee announced this week that three functions are expected to be organized within the next six weeks. On October 10th or 12th, the Committee expects to sponsor a Dance at the Chinese Athletic Club where the contestants will appear in Chinese dresses. All the proceeds from this dance will go towards the Railway Sufferers Fund.

Then on November 9, the Committee proposes to sponsor a Cocktail Party at the Courtleigh Manor Hotel where the contestants will promenade in swim-suits. The following week-end, a Dinner Dance will be held at the Manor House Hotel.

None of these dates are final, but as soon as this can be straightened out, an announcement will be made in this column. The door is thus open to fame. Girls who wish to enter are invited to send in their name and address to The Chinese Athletic Club, Molyne's Road, Half Way Tree P.O.

Mr. Robert Chin tells this reporter that this year's prize list will be a big one, and that 1st and 2nd place winners will receive, in addition to a long list of lovely gifts, an expense-paid trip to Trinidad.

Announcements will be made from time to time as to the progress of the contest, so be sure to get your copy of Pagoda.

Constant Spring. The 2 p.m. ceremony was performed by Fr. Dennis Cruchley, S.J.

The bride, given in marriage by Mr. Ernest Lai, had Miss Mavis Chai Onn as her only attendant. Bestman was Mr. Edward Yap Chung. Little Paula Hysert was flower girl.

Immediately after the ceremony, a reception was held at 55 Constant Spring Road, home of the groom's parents, where Dr. Ina May Martin emceed. Speakers were Messrs. Hubert Tai Tenque, E. Keane Alexander, Edward and Herbert Yap Chung, Eric Fong Yee, Miss Mavis Chai Onn, Fr. Cruchley, and Messrs. George Chai Chung and Michael Chai Onn. The groom replied. The reception was in the form of a Chinese banquet.

Engagement

The engagement of Miss Lola Marie, daughter of Mrs. Lue Yap Chen of Vineyard Town, to Mr. Sydney Yap of Constant Spring, St. Andrew, was announced on Monday, September 9.

The wedding is expected to take place early next year.

Back Home With M.A.

Degree

Back home on a short holiday is Miss Patsy Chen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Aston Chen of Lady Musgrave Road. Returning from Boston College where she has been a student since the early part of last year, Miss Chen received her M.A. degree in Education at the College's Graduation Ceremony held in June of this year.

She plans to further her studies. On Monday, she will leave the island to enter the Graduate School of Columbia University to do postgraduate work. Within eighteen months, she hopes to qualify for another M.A. degree in Mathematical Statistics.

A former Wolmer's High School student, she received her B.A. degree from McGill University in 1954. Later, she entered Boston College from which she has just received her M.A. degree.

Chinese Christian Guild Notes

On Friday, August 30, a farewell party was held in honour of Fr. Alan McFarlane who has been spending a holiday in Jamaica; his departure is regretted by the Chinese community. During his short stay, Fr. McFarlane accomplished a considerable amount of work, taking into account the disadvantage of transport with which he was confronted but he was provided with a car during the later stage of his stay.

Many of his Sunday School pupils of yester-years, and their parents and friends were exceedingly happy renewing acquaintances, and those whom he met on this visit found him a ready friend and counsellor.

A Communion Breakfast was held on Sunday, September 1, at the Chinese Athletic Club, the order of the day being "farewell" to Fr. McFarlane and those members of the Guild who were leaving to study abroad. Both farewell functions were successful and very well attended.



James Chong (Paramount) Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Yap Sam who were married on Sunday, August 11, at the Holy Trinity Cathedral. The bride is the former Fay Chung, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Chung of Cross Roads.

On Wednesday, September 11, Rector's Evening, several members of the Guild had an enjoyable time at the Rectory. The programme for the afternoon was varied. Questions asked by each member were placed in a Question Box, the Rector answering them in his brief way. The topics of discussion provided all with food for thought, and many viewpoints were straightened out by Fr. Peel's explanations. After the discussion, games were organised.

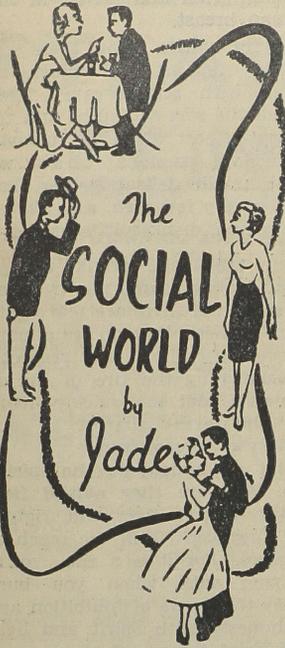
The next item on the Guild's programme is a Games Evening at 3 Wellington Drive, Mona, scheduled to be held on Wednesday, September 25. Members are reminded to attend. In addition to outdoor games, there will be an enlightened discussion patterned on the one mentioned above. (Contributed).

CRA Garden Party Features Tea House

The Tea House of the Harvest Moon was one of the big attractions of the Chinese Retailers' Association Fifth Anniversary Garden Party held at Chun San Recreation Centre on Sunday, September 15. A large representative gathering of retailers and their friends turned out for the occasion, and they all had a wonderful time.

Gates to the ground opened at 4.30 p.m. The first item on the programme was an exhibition basket Ball match between Eagles and United Aces, followed by a lovely selection of music rendered by the popular Jamaica Military Band.

On a field on which was erected a large number of stalls, merry-go-round, ferris wheel and other games, youngsters and adults alike had a gay time making the rounds. Practically everyone visited the Tea House of the Harvest Moon where Moon Cakes and Chinese Tea were served to patrons in traditional style. The Tea House was tastefully decorated with Chinese lanterns



Readers are invited to send me notes on parties, marriages, engagements, comings and goings, births, or any social gathering, for inclusion in this column. Residents of Montego Bay, Morant Bay, Spanish Town and other country towns are specially invited to write to me about their social activities. Address all letters to "JADE", Pagoda Magazine, P.O. Box 71, Kingston.

Toyloy-Shim Wedding

On Sunday, September 1, SS Peter and Paul was the scene of a pretty wedding when Miss Marie Toyloy exchanged vows with Mr. Herman Shim, before the Rev. Fr. Benedict J. Reilly, S.J. In the sanctuary were Frs. James H. Barry, S.J., Leo T. Butler, S.J., Joseph P. Crowley, S.J., and Denis J. Cruchley, S.J.

The bride wore a lovely dress of lace and nylon tulle ruffles while the matron of honour, Mrs. Barbara Chin, chose yellow acetate. The bridesmaids, the Misses Carol Wong and Vnette Chin, wore pink and blue respectively. Bestman to the groom was Mr. Morris Hart while ushers were Messrs. Neville Tenn and Ronnie Tai.

After the ceremony, the reception was held at the Chinese Athletic Club, at Half Way Tree.

Lee-Chai Onn Wedding

Holy Trinity Cathedral was the locale of a lovely wedding ceremony on Sunday, September 8, when Miss May Lee, who arrived from Hong Kong recently, walked up the aisle to become the bride of Mr. Edward Chai Onn, son of Mr. and Mrs. David Chai Onn of

and pagodas by Mr. Dalton Young. The opening ceremony was placed in the capable hands of Mr. Thomas Ho Lung, Secretary of the Chinese Retailers' Association. Acting as Master of Ceremonies, Mr. Ho Lung introduced Mr. W. McKintyre of the American Consulate, who was deputising for Mr. A. Ringwalt, the American Consul General unavoidably absent through illness. Mr. McKintyre read the address prepared by Mr. Ringwalt.

Other speakers were Fr. Francis Toan, Messrs. Barrington Yee and Henry Ho Fatt. Mr. Arthur Yap Chung acted as interpreter for Mr. McKintyre and Fr. Toan.

This was followed by the presentation of a play by Mr. Gladstone O. Chong, entitled A MID-AUTUMN STORY, with a cast from the United Chinese Dramatic Group. Later, there were a fire-works display and a movie shown with the co-operation of Mr. Robertson of the United States Information Service.

Parties

Keith Chang, son of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Chang Fong, was the guest of honour at a farewell party on Saturday, September 7. Organised by Terry Wong and the Fleur-de-Lis Basketball team of which Keith was captain, the week-end "shindig" was held at Keith's home on 15 Heywood St., Kingston.

On hand to emcee the party was Fr. Peel while Albert Lyn and Keith Lyn wished the guest of honour bon voyage. Keith replied, and expressed his appreciation for a lovely party.

This was followed by dancing to recorded music.

Keith left the island on Thursday, September 12, for Queen's College, Toronto, Canada, where he will enrol for a course in Chemical Engineering.

On Wednesday night, September 4, Virginia Hugh was hostess to a gay farewell party in honour of her cousin, Norma Lee. Locale was the Chinese Athletic Club of Half Way Tree, which was suitably decorated for the occasion. A large number of relatives and friends were on hand to bid Norma bon voyage.

Norma left the island on Sunday, September 8, for St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana, where she was awarded a full scholarship. She will pursue a course leading to a B.A., degree, majoring in Mathematics. A past student of the Immaculate Conception High School, Norma was successful in gaining her Senior Cambridge Certificate exams placing first in her class. After graduation, she joined the staff of her first Alma Mater, The Chinese Public School.

Emceeding the party was Mr. Donald Chung who called upon Fr. Dorsey to bless the cake, and Fr. McMullan who offered his best wishes to Norma. Other speaker was Virginia Hugh. Norma replied, thanking all for giving her such a wonderful party.

Later, the guest enjoyed themselves dancing to recorded music.

Among those present were Fr. Connally, Eddie and George Wong, Mrs. R. Lim Sue, Mrs. Thomas Wong, Mrs. Doris Hugh, Dorothy and June Lee, Joyce, Rita and

Ivy Wong, Donnie Young, Norma and Anita Hugh, Ian Pengelly, Molly Chen, June and Daisy Lyew, Arlene and Eleanor Wong, Tyrone Yap, Joan Lee, Claudette Chin, Clinton and Winston Wong, Bunty and Ann Lyn, Peter Chong, Faye Kong, Bunny Lowe, Mr. Harry Kong, Jerry Chen, Keith Lowe, Shirley Yap and Raymond Chen.

Births

CHIN LOY: To Victor and Barbara (nee Chang) a daughter at Nuttall Hospital on August 22, 1957.

CHEN: (Chung Fang) To Phillip and Ivy (nee Lyn) a daughter at the Nuttall Hospital on Wednesday, September 11.

CHIN LOY: To Joseph and Clarice, a daughter at the St. Joseph's Hospital, on September 6.

Off to College

Mr. Albert Lee of Old Harbour, and Mr. Fulford Chin Choy of Kingston, left the island on Monday, September 2nd, for Detroit University, where they will pursue a course in Electrical Engineering.

Miss Kathleen Loshusan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walton Loshusan, of Kingston, left the island on Sunday, September 1st, for Albertus Magnus College, where she will study for her B.A. degree. She will major in Sociology.

Miss Lily Moo Young of Sav-lamar, left the island on Thursday, August 29, to enter Emanuel College in Massachusetts. She was educated at the Alpha Academy.

Mr. Peter Lue left the island on September 2, for Trinity College, Conn., where he will pursue a course in Chemical Engineering.

Messrs. Cecil Chin and Anthony Chen, left the island on Thursday, August 29. Mr. Chin will enter Yale University for a course in Electrical Engineering, while Mr. Chen will study Natural Sciences at Boston College.

Port Antonio Notes

Despite the inclement weather, an enthusiastic crowd attended the annual Barn Dance organised by the Chinese Sport Club of Port Antonio, at their Clubhouse, on Saturday night, August 31. Several carloads of city folks motored over for the occasion, and despite occasional showers, had a wonderful time.

Cliff Beckford and his orchestra did admirably well in making this annual affair a gay and festive one, for his selection of rock 'n' roll calypsos and other tunes kept the crowd in a happy mood.

To give the patrons their money's value, the organisers of the Dance handed out a wide selection of prizes. In a treasure hunt, Charley's White Label Rum rewarded the efforts of those who searched diligently enough for the treasure.

There were also gate prizes and a Spot Dance in which Charley's White Label Rums were again awarded as the prizes. In the Spot Dance, Mr. Chance and Miss Mavis Chin, both of Morant Bay, were the lucky pair and their prizes were handed out by Mr. Leslie R. Chin, Editor of the Pagoda Magazine. Mr. Valencia of Messrs. H. D. Hopwood & Co. Ltd., emceed the Elimination and Spot Dance.

Mrs. Claire Chung recently returned from a vacation in the United States. During her two-month stay, she was the guest of her sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Leesang have gone on a well-earned vacation. Leaving Port Antonio on Tuesday, they will spend most of their time on the north coast, travelling and visiting all the scenic spots in the various tourist towns.

Comings and Goings

Miss May Mok arrived in the island on Saturday, August 31, on vacation. Travelling with Miss Karlene Chen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Chen, they are both on summer holidays. During her stay here, Miss Mok is the guest of the Chens.

Mrs. S. F. Chen arrived in the island on Thursday, August 29, to join her husband. She was accompanied by her two children. Mr. Chen arrived here several weeks earlier; he is attached to the Pan American Sanitary Bureau of the World Health Organisation, and is here to assist in a Malaria survey.

Mr. and Mrs. Chen are at present staying at the Flamingo Hotel.

Mrs. Inez Lee of Kingston Gardens, left the island on August 17, by Avianca, for Brooklyn, U.S.A., where she will spend a three-month vacation.

Mrs. Helen Woon Sam, grandmother of Dr. Keith Tang of the UCWI, left the island on Saturday, September 7, for her home in Trinidad, after spending an enjoyable three-week vacation here. During her stay, she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Welsey Chang of Milford Road.

Mrs. Ester Yun left the island on Sunday, September 15, for her home in New York after spending an enjoyable vacation with her parents. A Jamaican now residing in New York, she is the former Ester Young, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Yee Kim Young of Crooked River, Clarendon. She was accompanied by her two children, Sheila and Janet.

Mr. Carlos Wee Tom left the island on Sunday, September 8, for Chicago via Miami, to resume his studies. Having received his B.Sc. degree in the early part of this year, he will now be working for his M.Sc. degree in Economics

and Public Finance. Mr. Wee Tom also intends to do additional graduate work in Management at the University of Chicago before returning home sometime next year.

Mr. Cecil Lai Fook left the island on Sunday, September 15, by Avianca, for Miami on a business trip. He is expected to return within the next two weeks.

Miss Mavis Chai Onn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Chai Onn of Constant Spring, left the island on Monday, September 9, to resume her studies at Mercy Hospital of Nursing, Hamilton, Ohio. She arrived here eight weeks ago on her summer vacation. Tomorrow, she will receive her graduation Diploma in a ceremony to be held at the Hospital.

Miss Connie Simm of Half Way Tree Road, left the island on Wednesday, September 11, on a two-week vacation. Although Miss Simm will visit Nassau and New York, she will spend the greater part of her vacation Miami.

Before her departure, the Chinese Home for the Aged Committee (of which she is Secretary) had her as guest of honour at a small but delightful party. The new Glass Bucket Club was the locale of the party.

Miss Glenda Lyn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stanford Lyn of Half Way Tree, left the island on Wednesday, September 11, for Rutgers University, where she will pursue a course in Journalism.

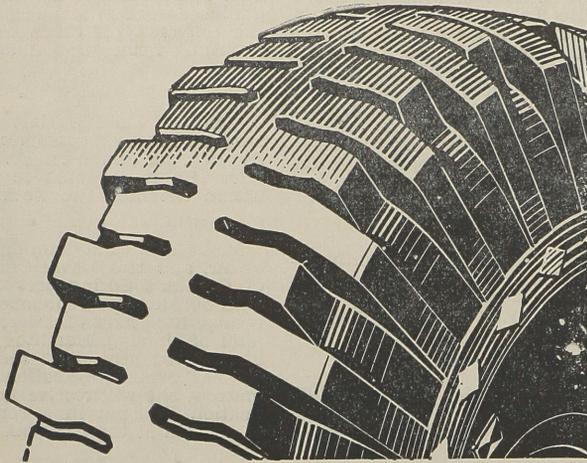
A graduate of the Alpha Academy, Miss Lyn was feted at a family dinner on the Tuesday before her departure.

On Sunday, September 8, Norma and June Lee, left the island for College. Norma will enter St. Mary's College and June Nazareth College, Kentucky, where she will study for a B.Sc. degree in Biology. June and Norma are daughters of Mrs. Lee Chit Chong of St. Andrew.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Jong arrived in the island on Wednesday on vacation. During their stay, they will be the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Chin Loy. Mrs. Jong is the sister of Mrs. Chin Loy and Mrs. Cecil Lai Fook.

Mr. Canton Williams, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Williams of 6 Burlington Avenue, Half Way Tree, left the island on Sunday, September 8, for the University of Detroit where he is enrolled for a course in Mechanical Engineering.

Mr. Thomas Williams, M.Sc., of the University College of the West Indies, left the island on Thursday, September 12, for Brandeis University, Mass., where he will work for his Ph.D. degree. Awarded a Fellowship to Brandeis, he will also do research work in Natural Products. He is the son of Mrs. Chong Kow Williams of Green Island.



ON AND OFF THE ROAD . . .

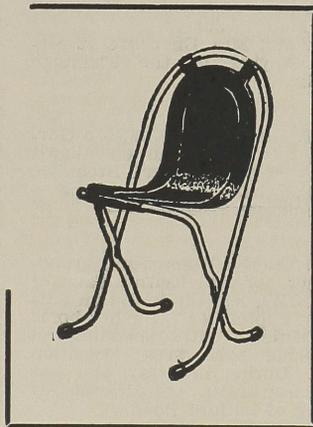
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AT THE THEATRE

By Ruby Simm

Film: "Ill Met by Moonlight".
Stars: Dirk Bogarde, David Oxley, Marius Goring.

Opinion: Light-hearted espionage.

THIS is not altogether quite what I expected it to be, having quite a passion for war stories, full of suspense and prison camp life with escape campaigns.

On the island of Crete, a daring band of English guerillas, or as they call themselves, unprofessional soldiers, plan and carry out the kidnapping of a German General. This, of course, happens during the last world war while Crete was German occupied.

Dirk Bogarde, as the leader of the gang, proves again that he is a master in the field of the casual approach of his lines to get the most effect. He takes great delight in saying the most startling things, as though they were afterthoughts.

Marius Goring, as Herr General turns in a fine performance, and is not the tyrannical despotic sort of German, to whom we have been accustomed. Rather, he is likeable, and in captivity keeps up a sort of house-guest position with his captors as his hosts.

This being a true story, we are given some of the most delightful personalities: A Cretan who has the gift of identifying motor engines from long distances off,—an adorable little unprofessional English Soldier, who hadn't bathed for 6 months, and who turns up with a knowledge of Morse Code, at an opportune moment, when the climax of the whole kidnapping effort would have proved to be a wash-out—and there is an intelligent little Cretan boy who seems unmoved by the demolition of his home and the death of half his family, but yearns for a pair of boots to prove his manhood. He earns his boots in proving his loyalty, and also wins the esteem of the General who had tried to bribe him.

Altogether, there is no great suspense, apart from near the end, when "everything seems hopeless", and the band of guerillas, who seem to be merely a gang of schoolboys playing pranks. For indeed, they seemed to have captured the General for a lark, because there was no real military reason. A bit of a farce, but there was the most

delightful background music, comprised of Cretan songs, rising and falling in beautiful cadences, with exquisite clarity and blended voices.

The foreign atmosphere is maintained with a good supply of Cretan and German, and it is remarkable how much German sounds like English.

Espionage, light and gay and an undaunted people with a sense of humour even under the greatest oppression.

THE STRANGE CONFESSION

(Continued from page 8)

night, in the jade green robe with the cream on her face and the white gold of her hair all hidden; not as she had been in the D.A.'s office, svelte and sleek in the black wool of mourning.

"Hello." A single curve of word, almost a lyric.

"Lieutenant Andrews," he told that amazing voice. *Where was the phone in her apartment? Was she standing, sitting? How were her eyes?* "You left your number," he added.

Something in his voice had come through to her. "This is E for Ellen, J for Jean. Remember, Lieutenant?"

"Sure," he said, "I remember."
"I," she paused, "I want to thank you."

"Line of duty," he said. "All in a day's work."

"On your own time," she said softly. "I found out. You were off duty, but you kept working. For me?"

"For you, for me, what's the difference?"

She laughed, the touch of fine crystal when one glass brim toasts another. "The very same thing perhaps. When can you take me to lunch?"

Andrews stared at the closed Venetian blind. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Warren. I'm leaving town for a couple of weeks on Friday. Maybe when I get back . . ."

"Oh," said E. J. "I see."

"I'm sure you do, Mrs. Warren."

After the circuit had been closed between them, the detective lifted the phone once more and waited for the voice of the girl at the switchboard.

"Lieutenant Andrews," he said. "Give me the city jail."

A good many floors above his head, a voice said, "City jail, Sergeant Hawkes."

"Sergeant, this is Lieutenant Andrews, Homicide. I'm coming pu. I'd like to see Miss Sarzabal. Unofficially."

"You'll be alone?"

"I'll be alone."

Andrews replaced the phone. He stood, turned off the lamp on the captain's desk and left the office. It was a long ride up alone with the operator in the cage of the elevator. But, it was that much higher above all the neon in the world and above *The Mad Martini*.

Integration In the American South

Integration is a painful and slow process in the U. S. South. Demagogues and racists are doing everything in their power to resist integration, but the majority of Southerners know that integration is something which must come. Here, in this article, "Observer" believes that integration is one of the greatest sociological changes ever to come to the American South.

ONE night two weeks ago, "Judge" (name, not title) Aaron, a 34-year-old Negro house painter in Springdale, Alabama, was talking to his girl friend on the road in front of her home, when six hooded men drove up, stopped, jumped out, grabbed Aaron and stuffed him into their car. The men took Aaron to a deserted shack, castrated him with razor blades and then poured turpentine into the wound.

"At week's end, four whites were arrested. One was a construction worker named Joe Pritchett, the Exalted Cyclops of a local Ku Klux Klan. In the shack where the men had taken Aaron, police found stacks of White Citizens' Council literature—and a Bible. Why had they picked on Aaron? Said one: "We just wanted some nigger at random." (From a report in TIME magazine).

Shocking incidents like these are filtering to the outside world, coming from beyond the dark, uncivilised American South. And with it, came the realisation that the American South is afraid of the sociological changes which it knows must come, but which it has fought so vainly to fend off.

Ever since, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that schools must integrate, the American South has been in a turmoil. Politicians, demagogues and racists, White Citizens' Council Ku Klux Klansmen and other fanatics have sought to inflame the minds of the people, have repeatedly attempted with mild success to incite riots against the saner minds who would like to give integration a try, but there are indications that the people of the U.S. South have come to realise that the Negroes have a stake in that great nation.

False Alarm in Arkansas. Little Rock, is a peaceful residential

district with its Central High School. But several days ago, the name of Little Rock echoed around the world. Central High School had accepted nine Negro students as integration was ordered. Before the order was to be carried out, the police made a careful check to find out if there was going to be trouble. They found no causes for alarm.

But the day on which Central High School was scheduled to accept the first group of Negro students in its first step to integration, Little Rock received a jolt. A National Guard unit, 150 strong, fully equipped with carbines, tear-gas, with bayonets drawn, threw a defensive ring around the high school. They were there to prevent integration.

The order to the National

by 'Observer'

Guards came from an insignificant Governor of Arkansas (Democrat) named Orval Faubus. While Little Rock citizens were wondering why the highhanded action, Governor Faubus marched into a TV station to explain. Said he: "Now that a federal court has ruled that no further litigation is possible before the forcible integration of Negroes and whites in Central High School tomorrow, the evidence of discord, anger and resentment has come to me from so many sources as to become a deluge!" Faubus went on to say that stores were selling out of knives "mostly to Negro youths."

Newspapers all over the world played up the incident, much to the discredit of the U.S. Government. The emotional and explosive atmosphere painted by Faubus was real only in the Governor's mind, for Arkansas has a

record of racial tolerance. As a matter of fact, during the week that Faubus was seeing his nightmare of "violence", three other Arkansas communities integrated without a ripple.

Covering the "mountain out of a molehill" created by Faubus, TIME correspondent states that "when the dawn of integration day came, the Faubus fabric was even more tattered. His early-morning 'March of the Mothers' at Central High School found only 15 curious bystanders—and one shaggy dog. A check of Little Rock stores disclosed no run whatever on knives or pistols. And the only 'caravans' converging on Little Rock were those of National Guard reinforcements called in by Orval Faubus.

"The scene outside Central High School was anything but violent. After a classic tradition, high-school boys stood around ogling high-school girls — who were in turn ogling the young National Guardsmen. A handful of women began singing DIXIE, faded dismally out before finishing. At top count, about 400 people appeared and, as one Arkansas told newsmen, "Before you boys get the wrong idea, remember that there's 110,000 Little Rock people who ain't here."

Smoke Screen. The smoke screen sent up by Faubus did not pay off. To convince the Governor that the Supreme Court order of integration must be obeyed, U.S. District Judge Ronald Davies who had taken up his Little Rock post only nine days before, ordered Little Rock to go ahead with integration.

Despite the South's deep concern about the problems of integration and the manner in which integration should be carried out, there are few like Faubus who are fanatical and narrow enough to

want to slow the wheels of integration.

Integration in the south, is a painful subject. It has come at a time when the South's mind is far more adaptable to transition than a hundred years ago, but the roots of racism which probably was planted with the first arrival of Negro slaves in 1619, die slowly. A generation taught to regard their coloured neighbours as second class citizens, have now to accept that their children must sit in the same classroom with the children of the Negroes, so long held in bondage. It is a painful acceptance, but one which must be regarded as one of the greatest sociological changes in the American south.

What Lies Ahead. When the world's newspapers have forgotten Little Rock, this community will have to learn to readjust itself. Men like Faubus come and go, but the task of integration must travel in continuous stream, meandering sometimes, but nevertheless travelling in a direction to full integration.

Other schools and communities in the U.S. South are accepting integration as something which must come. Some are slow, but the indications are there that the American South is slowly realising that it must regard its coloured citizens as equals.

In North Carolina, two more schools began integration last week. At first, there were protests but it soon faded as happened in Little Rock, Arkansas. In Kentucky, Governor Albert Chandler is also steering integration of the schools with a cool head, although he made it clear that he disliked the integration order. So far, Chandler has seen to it that 92 of Kentucky's 217 district schools were integrated.

Clinton Tenn, was probably one

(Continued on page 14)

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SMALL TALK

By Gim Sang

ON PROOFREADING

WHEN the proofreaders get through with you', a New-day writer was telling me, "you certainly feel shame". After reading this column in the last issue, I was finally and irrevocably convinced that the differences between the scripts and the printed matter are, on account of professional rivalry, purposefully perpetrated by the proofreading profession to make columnists appear ridiculous.

As a matter of fact, while the editor and writers of publications are held up to the public eye and the proofreaders in their little cubicle are perhaps the most obscure section of the publishing business, it is they who have the upper hand. Theirs is the final say; for if a proofreader does not sympathise with the views of a columnist, all he has to do is to let pass an appropriate printing error so that the writer gets donkey brays from the public rather than the usual parrot praise.

At any rate I really felt silly (more so than usual) at the inglorious mess rendered when the word (or does such a word exist?) "ingloriousness" was substituted in the last column for "ingeniousness", so that the sentence read: "...the great discoverer says with touching ingloriousness: 'We have consumed the Indians' provisions, so they do abandon us.'" Inglorious or not, it is certainly touching that proofreaders should pass such an enormous "chi-chi".

But it is only in modern times with printing presses everywhere that columnists have questioned the mentality of the poor, overworked proofreaders. Just before the Renaissance when presses were few and famous, proofreading was a noble occupation and a respected art. In fact some publishing houses were known for the excellence of their proofreaders. Rambling through a book on proofreading, I found an ancient writer issuing a stern injunction to proofreaders. He abjures the younger men (women were considered unsuitable for such exacting work) to refrain from "idle chasing after women lest their spirits be unsettled", and to the elder proofreaders he recommends abstinence from all strong drink.

Having been a proofreader myself (and one not unattracted to both wine and woman) for exactly one week, I hesitate to impose such severe strictures. I am satisfied that it is sufficient punishment that the proofreaders to Pagoda have to read this diatribe against them at least twice before it appears on this page.

MAN'S DIGNITY

PERHAPS we might consider this week an essay entitled "Man in the cosmos" written by my friend Peter Lue before he left early September to enter Trinity College in Connecticut, U.S.A. He will be remembered as a graduate of St. George's Col-

lege and the first President of the Camera Club of that School.

The ideas expressed below are particularly relevant today when certain sections of science would measure man by material yardsticks, denying his supernatural values all together. The sane man will realise that far from being just a "transient chemical chapter", he is a creature designed by God from eternity and for whom the God-man chose to die.

Following is the essay:-

MODERN science has, in revealing of the enormous dimensions of the universe, engendered a new attitude regarding the dignity of man. Thanks to telescopes and the advance of astronomy, man appears insignificant in comparison with the immensity of the cosmos; he is a mere speck on a tiny orb whirling about in space; he is nothing but a transient chemical chapter in the ever unfolding story of the world.

The mere mention of a few of the measurements of the planets and the distances separating them will throw sufficient light on the immensity of the cosmos. The diameter of Jupiter is eleven times that of the earth; fourteen hundred bodies as large as the earth could be packed into it, and there would still be space to spare. And that is not all; the stars are larger than Jupiter, some of them being ten thousand times as luminous as the sun.

The radius of the entire universe is two thousand million light years, that is, it takes light travelling at the rate of one hundred and eighty six thousand miles per second, two million years to travel from one end of the universe to the other.

These measurements have aroused in some a better understanding of the Majesty and Power of the Creator. In others, they have stirred up an awe at the immensity of the universe and the conviction that man is nothing. This latter group has developed a philosophy founded on cosmic intimidation and they attempt to prove to man that he is nothing because the universe is bigger than he is. These minds are misled by the false notion that magnitude is value.

Greatness is not in size. Man does not trip over a mountain but he does over a stone. Greatness is measured not by quantity but by quality. If bulk be the yardstick of value, then a fat man is of greater value than a child. Great men are always little men in the sense that they are humble. Those who judge value of a being by its magnitude are attempting to compare two incommensurable things—bulk, which has all the physical measurements and value, which has none. A normal mind does not gaze at a skyscraper and say that it is greater than the architect because it is of greater size than its Maker.

A few thousand years ago Aristotle thought out the dignity of man and termed him a little

cosmos because he contained in himself the universe. Man sums up the lower order of creation physically and mentally. Physically because he exists like matter, lives like a plant and feels like an animal.

But loftier than all these he possesses an intellect by which he can comprehend not only the phenomena of the earth and the heavens, but also by which he can recognize a First Cause—God. It is this power to contain in his mind the infinitely large cosmos and the infinitely small atom, and to systematize their relationships which makes man "the beauty of the world and the paragon of animals."

That the dignity of man far surpasses that of other creatures is proved by the fact that the Infinite God clothed Himself in flesh and blood to become finite man. Christ assumed in a certain sense the material world in His Divine Body and by the Hypostatic Union joined them together. Man by his intellect conquers the universe, subdues it, rules over it and contains it in himself as knowledge. Christ, by becoming man, brings to mankind His Peace, His Life, His Love.

He is the fitting mediator between God and man, and to show this he suffered himself to die, suspended between heaven and earth. Realizing this, St. Paul said: "All are yours, you are Christ's, and Christ's is God's."

Integration In The South

(Continued from Page 13)
of the hottest anti-integration spots in 1956 when racist, demagogue John Kasper incited a riot. Two weeks ago, however, all this has changed. Clinton High School opened for the next term with eight Negroes on enrolment. Not a finger was lifted in protest.

In Dallas, the public schools were ordered to integrate the beginning of next year. If the pattern of the South's attitude follows in Dallas, it will merely become one of the many which has accepted integration.

Painful though it is, the majority of Southerners are slowly accepting the fact that integration is something which must come. What threaten a peaceful transition is the Faubuses of the South, misguided men who would like to see their fellowmen reduced to second class citizens. The Nazi-like Ku Klux Klan, White Citizen Councils and demagogues like John Kasper are the ones responsible for the violence of the type mentioned in the first paragraph of this article. The South will be integrated, but it will be a slow and painful process, for the racist demagogues will do everything to make it slow and painful.

CHINESE STUDENTS HIT AT PARTY

CHINESE students and teachers have strongly criticised the Chinese Communist party and its educational policies. During May and the early part of June, just after the "rectification" campaign began, hundreds of meetings were held at universities, say Press reports reaching London.

The criticism was originally invited by the Communist party to help its relations with the people during its "rectification" campaign. But the reports make it apparent that critics in the universities, like those in other spheres, soon got out of hand.

At Peking University, coloured posters with satirical poems and critical articles were stuck on walls. These attacked the special privileges of Communists, the teaching of political courses and control of the university by a Communist party committee.

Debates were held in lecture rooms and in a square, where loudspeakers were installed, between 5 p.m., and 10 p.m. One paper compared the debates in the square to meetings in Hyde Park.

The most determined anti-Communists formed themselves into a "Hundred Flowers" Society." This name is derived from Mao Tse-tung's phrase, "Let the hundred schools contend, let the hundred flowers bloom together," which is designed to encourage criticism.

One of the society's founders described the People's Daily, the official Communist party newspaper, as a "great wall that shuts out the truth." The Society's aim was "to struggle for democracy, freedom and human rights with the party."

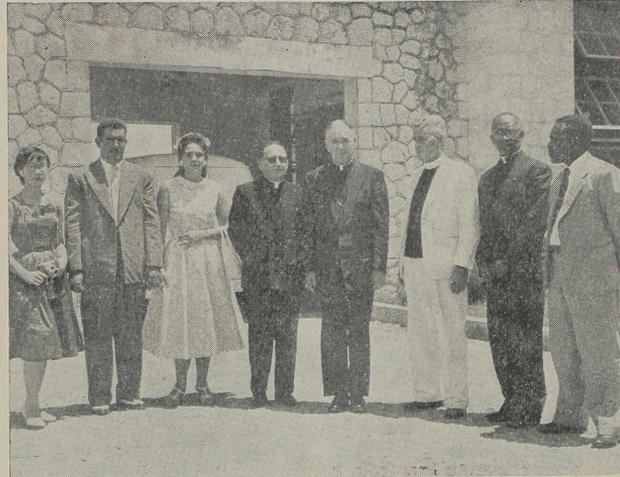
At Nanking University students demanded the dissolution of Communist youth organisations and attacked the teaching of Marxism-Leninism. They said: "It is a theory of the capitalist society; it is now out of date."

Students of a high school in Chengtu, Szechwan province, clashed with workers when trying to put up posters demanding higher student allowances. When two of them were taken to a police station by the workers, students attacked the station and manhandled the workers and the chief of police.

An alarming feature of student criticisms from the Communist point of view was the active encouragement it received from teachers, particularly in Shanghai. One lecturer is accused of intending to use his university as a base for student riots.

— From Daily Telegraph.

NEWS IN PICTURES



Sam Fo, Spaldings

On Sunday, September 8, the Rt. Rev. Bishop J. J. McEleney, S.J., D.D., and Monsignor Vittore Ugo Righi, Charges d'affaires to the Nunciature of Haiti and personal representative of His Holiness Pope Pius XII, accompanied by Monsignor Gladstone Wilson, Ph.D., and Rev. Fr. Denis Tobin, S.J., visited the crash victims of the recent railway disaster at the Spaldings Hospital. On arrival, the party was met and greeted by a local committee; Dr. Ken C. Grant conducted the tour of the hospital and introduced His Lordship and Monsignor to each patient. In picture are, (l to r) Miss Audrey Lyn, Mr. and Mrs. L. Handal, Monsignor Vittore Ugo Righi, His Lordship Bishop J. J. McEleney, S.J., D.D., Rev. Fr. Denis Tobin, S.J., Monsignor Gladstone Wilson, Ph.D., and Mr. Michael Thompson.



Chin's Photo Service

Little Joy Patricia Lowe (centre, cutting cake), second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Lowe of Port Antonio celebrated her third birthday on Wednesday, September 4, at a party held at the home of her parents, surrounded by her many friends.

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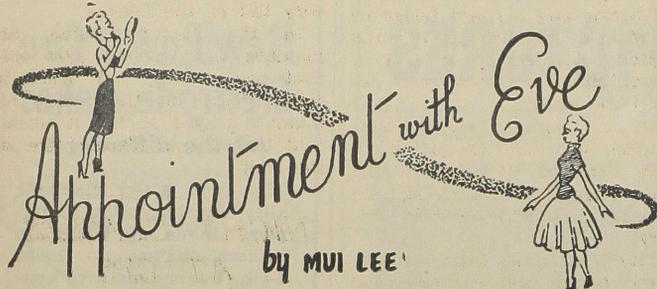
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Appointment with Eve

by MUI LEE

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

Dear Readers,

I was saved from hurting someone's feelings this week by—what do you think? Too big stitches! Yes, you see, woman-like, I was working myself into a tantrum over some annoyance, and preparing what I would say to my maid next morning over what I considered a stupid action. While I was sitting quietly after the children were in bed, my eyes fell on some very large stitches in one of my cushions. Then it occurred to me that they had all been washed, ironed and put back and stitched up, very obviously! Nevertheless it was in a desire to please me and when I considered how the sewer must have sat down in the middle of her busy day to stitch these cushions so as to make my room pleasanter for me, I could not help being touched.

Hence I spoke of the little annoyance in a matter-of-fact way next day and I'm sure it was much better for everyone. I was

so glad I had noticed the stitches before I spoke unkindly over something which after all was a minor matter.

First letter this week is not from a young woman but from a young man.

Dear Miss Mui Lee,

I am twenty-one years of age and in love with a girl nine months older than myself. Do you think nine months between ages should matter? I think she likes me a little but there is a married man who seems to have some hold over her and won't leave her alone. I am not slow of speech but each time we meet I should like to say so much to her but don't have enough courage. I am always feeling that I may say the wrong thing. She thinks that I am somewhat childish. Life seems empty without her. Thanking you for your advice.

Childish T.

Dear Childish T,

It seems to me you are allowing this young miss to give you a thorough inferiority complex! Normally, I wouldn't advise two people who loved each other to separate because the boy was a few months—or even a few years older than the girl, but it seems to me that in this case, your lack of confidence in your approach to this girl could never develop into a deep love, nor could it ever win respect and love from her.

I wonder if your girl-friend isn't just a bit too sophisticated for her age? It may be that the admiration she receives from this married man has turned her head a bit (could it be that she doesn't really want to break with him completely?) If you are determined to try to win her affections I suggest you play hard to get for a while; however, I have a feeling that this isn't really your kind of girl and that she may hurt you many times if you show her your anxiety to please her. It might be better for you to forget her and find someone with whom you can be more at ease.

Dear Miss Mui Lee.

I am very much impressed by a boy that I met at a party recently. While we were dancing we became quite friendly and he asked me where I lived, and my telephone number. I gave him the information and he promised he would phone me. It is over two weeks now and he hasn't phoned; however I enquired and got his telephone number. Do you think I should phone him first?

I am eighteen years of age. I do like him very much and would like to know him better. What do you think Miss Mui Lee?

"Shy".

Dear "Shy,"

I'm afraid my answer is going to disappoint you—I really don't think it would be wise for you to phone this young man. He seemed to like you, he asked you for your phone number and address, he said he would 'phone you—but he didn't! Had he been really in earnest, I think he would have done so by now. If you phone him first he will think either that you are over-anxious, or that you haven't much self-respect.

If he is just a "good-time guy" who makes such promises lightly you wouldn't really be interested, and if he should 'phone in this or the next week, you would be very glad you hadn't done it first wouldn't you? Don't stoop to conquer!

Dear Miss Mui Lee.

I am thirty years of age and have been married for seven years. My husband and I are very happily married, but have one great disappointment — we have no children. About three years ago we were both examined medically, and discovered that, for reasons which I don't care to disclose, we would be very unlikely ever to have children. This was a great sorrow to me and I suggested to my husband that we should adopt a child, but he said he did not think he could feel much affection for someone else's child. Now the longing to have a child is becoming unendurable, and sometimes when I leave a friend's house where there are children, I come home and weep in my room.

Recently I have heard of a young girl I know who has got into trouble and has had a baby. She is very upset, and her mother feels the best thing would be for her to give up the baby and try to forget the unfortunate affair. It seems just a wonderful opportunity for me to get a baby, I'm sure I could love it, even from the start. Do you think it is a good idea, and do you think I can make my husband agree to the adoption?

"A. T."

Dear A. T.,

If you consider yourself and your husband two responsible people with a strong sense of duty,

and if you find your husband is willing, then I think it would be the very best thing, for you to adopt this child. I have no doubt at all that it will make you very happy and that you will love it, and I am also sure that your husband will be surprised to find himself becoming almost as much in love with the child as you will be. An adopted child demands just the same love and sacrifices that your own offspring would deserve, but presuming you have taken all that into consideration, I think you should go ahead.

Just a word of warning: don't neglect your husband during the first few months after the baby's arrival, will you? He has been accustomed to all your love and attention, so do if anything make extra fuss of him at first just to reassure him that he is still tops!

If you both agree to take this step, I'm sure you will never regret it. Best of luck!

I'm sure mothers will agree with me that the simplicity and trustfulness of a little child can do wonders to make us strive to be the best we can. Many are the lessons we learn from our little ones.

And so until next time, Readers, as always,

Yours sincerely,
Mui Lee.

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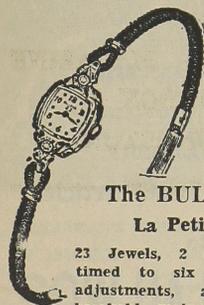
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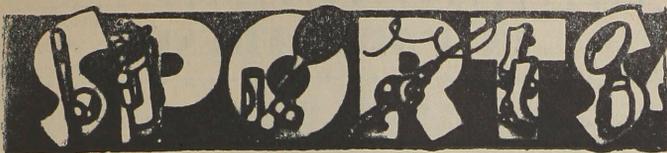


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By Ballin.

FOOTBALL:

At the time of writing, the football had not begun yet, but CAC were to have played their first match in the Junior League on Thursday against Gen. Penitentiary. Other dates of matches are on Sept. 23 — Jamaica Regiment vs CAC and on Thursday, Sept. 26—CAC are at home to St. Claver.

The CAC players have not turned out to a full practice and most of the players are far from being fit. CAC will have Cecil Chuck (Capt.), Jackie Lyew, Gillie Simm, Vincent Lyew, Yu Fatt Chin, Noel Lyn. Hector Lee, Victor Kong, Victor Chang, Valdi Lyn, Wilfred Lai.

BADMINTON:

Congrats to Rainbow I on winning the Inter Club Tourney. Their captain Danny DaCosta and all his team mates played exceptionally well, and, with such a great handicap given other teams by them, thoroughly deserved victory.

The All Jamaica Badminton tourney begins on Sept. 23 at the Rainbow Club. There are two newly built concrete courts which stem to be very good, so the venue of the championships have moved from St. Andrew. Quite a large number of entries are expected and no doubt there will be all those who played in the inter club tourney, taking part. Interest has been added by Susan and Judy Devlin, who have been invited from the States to take part. They are badminton champions in the U.S. and in this tourney they will have local partners in the women's and mixed doubles.

TABLE TENNIS:

The All Jamaica Table Tennis Championships concluded last Saturday night at Emmet Park. Congrats to Glen Mitchell on being the new A J champion by defeating the highly fancied Leo

Davis 21-10, 21-12, 21-10... Previously, Davis had defeated Mitchell in the YMCA tourney. The women's title was coveted by Mrs. Madge East Bond, who beat 7-year-old Joy Foster 21-17, 21-13. Other results were Winston Lee bt N. Saddler 21-16, 23-21 in the Boys' Singles. Leo Davis and F. Roberts won the Men's Doubles from Jasper Adams and Harold MacMahon 21-14, 21-12. Women's Doubles crown went to Mary Miller and Mary Chang and Mixed Doubles to Leo Davis and Mrs. Madge East Bond.

HOCKEY:

There will be a triangular women's hockey tourney between Trinidad, British Guiana and Jamaica, beginning at Sabina Park on Oct. 9. Among the seventeen players from which Jamaica's team will be chosen is all round athlete Dorothy Chin Fook, and it is very pleasing to see that she is representing our community for this country.

TENNIS:

At Forest Hills, Althea Gibson took the U.S. Women's title when she defeated Louise Brough 6-3, 6-2, thereby adding another crown to her string of victories since Wimbledon. In the Men's Singles it was an all Australian final when Malcolm Anderson upset top seeded favourite Ashley Cooper 10-8, 7-5, 6-4. Miss Gibson also teamed with Kurt Neilson to take the Mixed Doubles title from Darlene Hard and Bob Howe 6-3, 9-7.

The St. Andrew Club tennis tourney got off to a good start, and there are many of the island's leading players taking part. Peter Phillips is favoured to win the title, and most likely will meet W. A. Scholefield in the final.

CRICKET:

Congrats to Railway, led by J. K. Holt, on winning the Senior Cup competition on Saturday,

Sept. 7, when they defeated St. Catherine and Bernard Lodge by 7 wickets in their last round match. Runners up were Boys' Town, who were only 4 points behind the leaders.

In the Junior League, Melbourne won the League when they defeated Wembley in the final. Congrats to Bunny McLean and his men who deserved victory.

The West Indies team are now home bound and everyone will be looking forward to see our "ambassadors" back again with us. They did their best, and it won't be seven years until the W.I. will get a chance to even the score.

RACING:

There have been many improvements at Knutsford Park for Derby Day, Sept. 28 and for Oct. 5. The Derby will be difficult for all turfites, as there will be See Saw, March Past, Tam O'Shanter, Queen's Delight, Footprint and Projector among the starters. It is very doubtful whether See Saw will start, therefore my choice will be Tam O'Shanter, Queen's Delight, Footgood races on the card, and the "A" Class race should be very keen.

BASKETBALL:

One of the most disgraceful scenes took place on Thursday, September 5, when United Aces met the Kathenians, formerly known as Eagles, in a Senior match played at Min Chih Court. Players of both teams came near to exchanging blows as rough play was introduced at one stage of the game, and I have never seen sportsmanship forgotten so easily.

One player of the team who objected to decisions by referee Vincent Chung even went to the extreme of using indecent language to the referee. I urge the Jamaica Basketball Association to take the strongest exception to such behaviour and expel the guilty player from all games in this competition. The Association should let it be known that the decision of the referee is final, and if nothing is done to discipline players, the behaviour in future games will get from bad to worse.

In the game mentioned above, United Aces managed to whip the Kathenians by 63-53, but as many players wanted to leave the field after rough play was introduced, the score is no indication of strength.

Last week Thursday, United Aces were edged by Los Pan American 39-41 and on Tuesday of this week, YMCA was trounced by Kathenians 64-24. YMCA old-timers have lost much of their accuracy, and all indications

point to their running at the very tail of the League.

In the Junior League, no matches were played over the past two weeks, but from a rough glance at the results of matches played so far, it seems that United Aces (Junior) are in the lead.

NIGHT CLASSES AT CPS

Night classes in Chinese are now in progress at the Chinese Public School at 3 North Street, Kingston. Beginning from this week Monday and Thursday, these night sessions are organised specially for Jamaican-born Chinese who wish to learn Chinese. Hours are from 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. Every Monday and Thursday night, these classes will be held at the Chinese Public School.

For students who are now enrolled at schools in the city but who wish to learn the Chinese language, another class has been specially arranged. These classes are being held every Saturday from 1 to 3 p.m., and on Sunday morning from 10 to 12 noon.

Tuition fee both night classes and week-end classes is only \$1 per term. Those who are interested in joining any of the two classes mentioned above are invited to register with Mr. Chang An at the Chinese Public School as early as possible.

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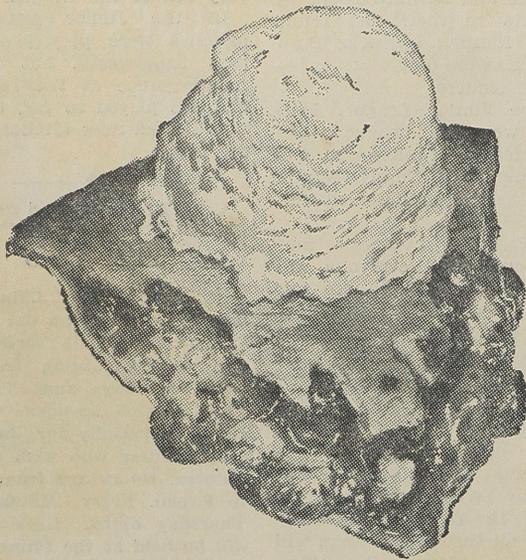
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IN PARENTHESIS

Publisher George Delacorte told of this silly about a New York hotel window washer appearing at the window of a suite occupied by visiting movie gal Jayne Mansfield.

Well, it seems the vastly endowed Miss Mansfield had just stepped out of the tub and was about to reach for a towel when she caught sight of the fellow at the window. At the same moment he happened to look in at her. Jayne, too paralyzed to move, kept staring in horror at the man.

"Whatcha lookin' at?" he drawled finally. "Aintcha never seen a window washer before?"

* * *

A mother spends the first 15 years teaching her son to be a man; the son spends the next 15 years teaching his mother that he is.

* * *

There is a great difference between the right word and one that is similar but all wrong. For instance, you can call a woman a kitten but not a cat; a mouse but not a rat; a chicken but not a hen; a duck but not a goose; a vision but not a sight.

* * *

The man who can make a woman listen usually does it by talking to someone else.

* * *

Here are a few Classified classics taken from newspapers: From the Hamilton, Ontario, **Spectator**: Lost. "Brown wallet at Civic Stadium, Scottish Gathering. Small reward.

Ad on bulletin board of the Ship Service Store, Naval Base, Norfolk: "For sale. One 1949 Harley-Davidson motorcycle, in good condition. Contact Geo. Smith, i/c Fracture Ward, U.S. Naval Hospital, Portsmouth, Va."

Help-wanted ads in the Ardmore, Pa., **Main Line Times**: "Wanted—Gentleman to escort Mrs. T. R. Roberts to the Wayne P.T.A., dance Saturday night. Preferably Mr. Roberts."

* * *

From the Columbus, Ohio **Citizen**: "A study by three physicians showed that perhaps two out of three births in the U.S., result from pregnancies."

* * *

When Jimmy Dykes, always an active umpire-baiter, was operated on for gallstones, umpire Cal Hubbard remarked: "The doctors may have removed the stones but it's a cinch that they could never remove the gall."

* * *

When Gladstone had finished a long speech in which he attacked the policies of Prime Minister Disraeli, the latter rose and said: "The man needs no reply. He is inebriated by the exuberance of his own verbosity."

* * *

Salesman—"What kind of car would you like, madam, four, six or eight cylinders?"

Timid Customer—"Couldn't I start with one?"

* * *

Policeman (after the collision): "You saw this lady driving toward you. Why didn't you give her the road?"

Motorist—"I was going to, as soon as I could discover which half she wanted."

* * *

Lady of the House—"Why, you're a big healthy man; why don't you go to work?"

Tramp—"Madam, I'll tell you my trouble. I'm an unhappy medium."

Lady—"Whatever that is." Tramp—"I'm too heavy for light work and too light for heavy work."

* * *

Old lady to Tramp—"If you really want work—Farmer Gray wants a right-hand man."

Tramp—"Jus' my luck, lady—I'm left-handed!"

* * *

A doctor was called in to see a rather testy aristocrat.

"Well, Sir, what's the matter?" he asked cheerily.

"That, Sir," growled the patient, "is for you to find out."

"I see," said the doctor thoughtfully. "Well, if you'll excuse me for an hour or so I'll go along and fetch a friend of mine—a veterinarian. He is the only chap I know who can make a diagnosis without asking questions."

* * *

A clergyman was recently telling a marvellous story, when his little five-year-old daughter interrupted him saying: "Now Pa, is that really true, or is it just preaching?"

* * *

A prominent Chicago politician, when a candidate for an important municipal office, related the following story of his campaign.

"Once I told three Negroes that I'd give a big turkey to the one who'd give the best reason for his being a Republican.

"The first one said: 'I see a 'publican kase de 'publican set us free.'

"Very good, Pete," said I. "Now Bill, let me hear from you."

"Well, I see a 'publican kase dey don' gib us pective tariff.

"Fine!" I exclaimed. "Now, Sam, what have you to say?"

"Boss," said Sam, scratching his head and shifting from one foot to the other, "boss, I see a 'publican kase I wants dat turkey."

* * *

The day after McWardlaw's wife presented him with offspring, the proud Scotsman was seen buying a baby bottle.

"Hoot, mon, that's scandalous extravagance," said a friend.

"No," sighed McWardlaw, "this time 'tis not—the woman's gone and had triplets."

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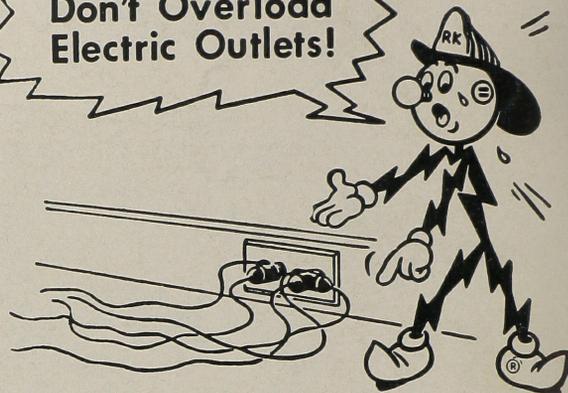
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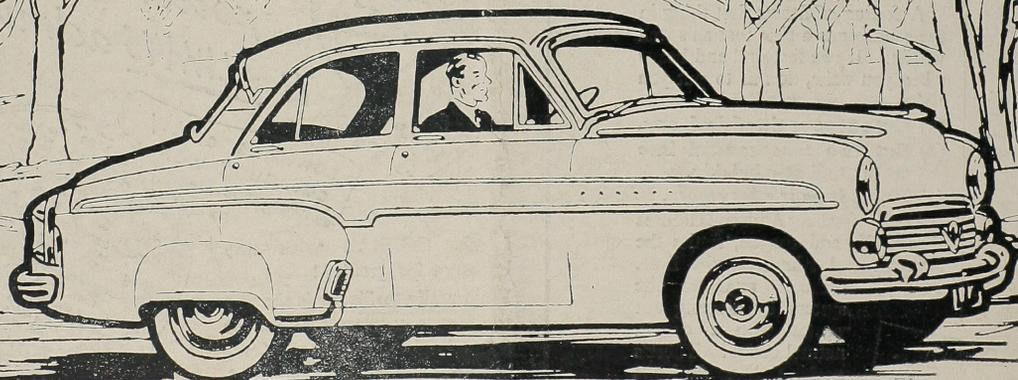
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