

THE

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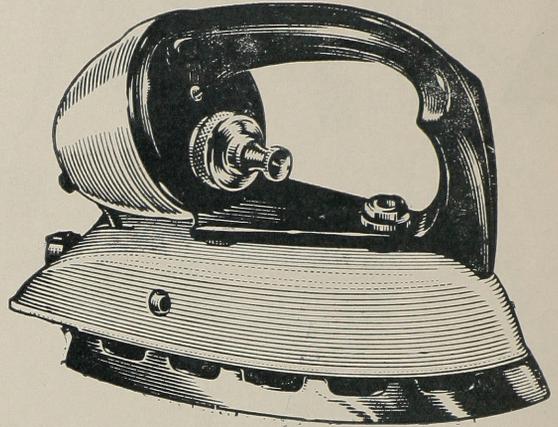
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

NOT ON CONTEST COMMITTEE

The Editor, Sir,

Kindly note that I am NOT a member of the Committee concerned with this year's Miss Chinese Jamaica Beauty Contest.

The information in your last issue is therefore incorrect in listing my name as a member of the Committee.

EDDIE YOUNG.

55A Duke Street,
Kingston.

we not forgo Beauty Contests because it lowers the dignity of womanhood? Can we not stop westernization of our girls who are not depicted as Lotus Blossom for nothing? Can we not calculate the spreading of evil by exposing Eve to the naked eyes of men more than she already is? Yes, I condemn Beauty Contests as one of the intrinsic evils of our time.

J. A. LOWE.

Port Antonio,
September 26, 1957.

ABOUT BEAUTY CONTESTS

The Editor, Sir,

It has been said "no one goes to hell alone". This is so because as a people we are more pagans and humanists than religious. We are not mindful of each others' welfare. Like pagans we convince ourselves there is no hell, there is no God to fear and in fact we are self-sufficient, as much as to say "It matters not how straight the gate, how fill with punishment the scroll. I am the master of my fate and captain of my soul."

Like humanists we live to eat and have no care of tomorrow, since tomorrow may never rise.

Equipped with that type of arrogant attitude, we are ready to regard religion as a humbug. Subconsciously we hate to learn of high resounding principles such as "love thy neighbour as thyself." For to learn of it may very well rob us of many attractive pleasures: because to "love my neighbour" limits us to help each other to better aspirations and it requires too much responsibility as to cultivate our person that we might not in any possible way hurt our fellow human beings.

In like manner, we cannot sacrifice popularity by not taking part in Beauty Contests although Beauty Contests must have got its origin from the surroundings of Harlem slave markets.

There is comparatively very little difference between the sponsors of Beauty Contests to Slave traders who would kidnap girls to put on a parade for a Prize—granting their method of approach has slightly improved with the progress of time. The slave traders use the power of physical force while the sponsors use monetary means to ensnare the innocent.

Indeed, directly or indirectly, intentionally or otherwise, we are in a society which prefers to help one another to hell: and the worst part is, whether we fear hell or not, we must one day die. But then even pagans know our spirits which exist after death will either find a resting place or not.

So before this light fade from our vision, can we not use it to see the folly of our ways. Can

The Editor, Sir,

I am happy to learn that the organizers of the Miss Chinese Jamaica have finally got the ball rolling. May I suggest however, that the names and numbers of the contestants be printed in the programme so that spectators can better follow the contests at the Fair during the parade of the girls on the stage? I am sure a great deal of us would like to know just who are entering.

BEAUTY CONTEST FAN.
Kingston,
September 28, 1957.

The Editor, Sir,

I think this suggestion has been made before, but I would like to mention it again now that the Miss Chinese Jamaica contest is in full swing. Why don't the Chinese business establishments each sponsor a contestant with the name of the establishment represented by the girl. For instance, if a trading establishment is Oriental Ltd., the contestant could enter as Miss Oriental Ltd., the firm of course, would reap rich reward in the form of publicity. Furthermore, the contest would be far more interesting.

I endorse your suggestion, Mr. Editor, that the country towns should be encouraged to enter. Montego Bay could perhaps send in a Miss Montego Bay and so on.

K. LEE.

Cross Roads,
September 28, 1957.

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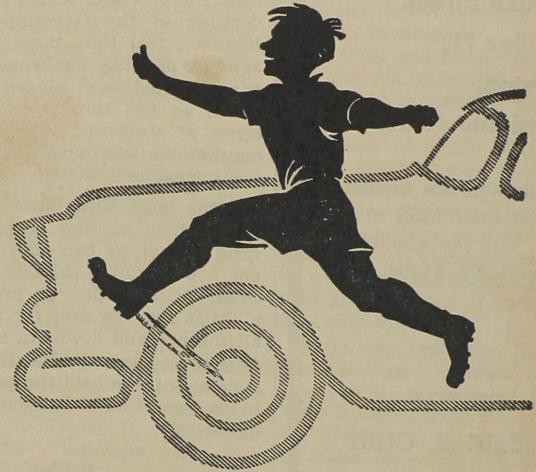
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LESLIE R. CHIN

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editorial

LITTLE ROCK INCIDENT

The attention of the whole world has recently been focused on the little American City of Little Rock where something which should be of vast importance to every West Indian has taken place.

We will not relate the story thus far because adequate coverage has been given to the whole disgraceful episode. It certainly gives West Indians much food for thought to think that such uncivilised behaviour could take place in a country which trumpets itself all over the world as the champion of Democracy, and all that that much abused term implies. It should not be forgotten, however, that there are millions of Americans to whom the actions of a Faubus are reprehensible.

Much has been made of the fact that President Eisenhower has been very calm in his approach to the problem and has relied on the legalistic processes at his command to enforce the decision of the Government. We, for our part, however, feel that there has been an incredible amount of shilly-shallyness and that firm action earlier would have nipped in the bud a situation which we feel sure is going to deteriorate into a series of stubborn actions on the part of other Southerners who have been encouraged by the kid glove treatment meted out to Faubus.

One good thing that we in the West Indies should note in view of our approaching Nationhood is that we can afford neither to be a Dollar nor a Communist satellite. Our relationship with Great Britain must be preserved, for in spite of all that may be said for and against, in spite of all the ups and downs in a long and historic association, at present time the British Government's policies seem to hold the greatest amount of sanity in a world which sometimes gets extremely hysterical.

BANK RATE

We all had a very unpleasant shock recently when it was announced that the Bank of England had raised its lending rate to 7%. This, as has been advertised, was to provide more security for the pound sterling as there were serious inroads being made by the Deutsche Mark and, of course, the Dollar. It is not unreasonable to expect that there will be a certain amount of unemployment in England as a result and much is going to depend upon the good sense and restraint of the Trade Unions in order to avert any more serious situation than at present exists.

It is difficult at this time to make an accurate forecast of the situation as it will affect Jamaica. There are, however, certain conclusions which may very well be safely drawn. The first is that there is bound to be an increase in the Interest rates on mortgage monies. This increase, we venture to forecast, will be to cause an Interest rate of at

least 8%. Frankly, we cannot see any likelihood of the rate of borrowing being decreased as a result of the higher Interest rate. The possible cumulative effects over another two years could be serious especially if there is a recession in the American economy. The Government should give every consideration now to encourage savings, especially in Life Insurance.

We know that there are many pressing needs in as far as the island's social and educational progress are concerned, but in the face of all criticisms we still consider that it is wise to restrict spending as much as possible.

UNION GIVES PLEDGE TO GOVERNMENT

We mentioned in our last issue, (Sept. 21), that if the leaders of the three major trade unions and the Government can reach some understanding, management-labour relations would enter a new era. We think it is fitting then that we should congratulate the union leaders on the they have given to Government that the normal channels will be utilised as stipulated in written agreements, before resorting to strike action.

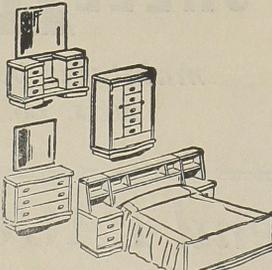
In the past, there has been cases where minor union officials have called strikes in direct defiance of written agreements freely entered into by the unions on behalf of the workers, thereby causing loss in the form of production amounting to thousands of pounds. In view of past behaviour, we believe that the pledge the union leaders have given the Government will go a long way towards making relations between employer and worker much more pleasant.

SOCIALISM AND BRITAIN'S LABOUR PARTY

The announcement this week that Britain's Labour Party voted overwhelmingly for a "moderate" approach to nationalisation of industry, is a significant change of heart. For a party which had formerly believed and publicly announced their intention of nationalising industry, to vote for a policy which clashes with their established aim, could mean that Britain's Socialists have bitterly learned that private enterprise is far more efficient in employing the means of production.

The warning by the Leader of the Labour Party, Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, that the electorate would be bound to reject an all-out nationalisation campaign, could also be interpreted as meaning that the British voter, having had a Socialist Government in the past, is now in no mood to return that system of Government to power.

Federal politicians ought to study the British Labour Party's announcement and tread softly on their pet subject, Socialism.



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Cover Story

MEET EASTON LEE

SHAKESPEAR'S Hamlet trapped his father's murderer by having a group of actors portray the manner in which the murder was carried out. Conscience-stricken, the murderer gave himself away by halting the play. In the courts of Kings and Queens, acting and actors have always held their place of popularity. Shakespeare's plays sent the stock of the theatre soaring to new heights in England, winning for it a permanent place in the theatre world. Ever since, the theatre has always enjoyed royal patronage. Ever since, acting has become an art, developed through the centuries, each adding an advance.

Here in the West Indies, the theatre has been a recent development. We boast of no Stratford-on-Avon to which the cultural roots can be traced. No one has yet written a comprehensive record of the West Indian theatre movement, but should such be attempted, it would probably be established that brunt of the burden of breaking new grounds, of winning new respect and following rest on the shoulders of the hard core of men who are today still pushing the West Indian theatre to new conquests.

At no time in the West Indies has there been a livelier interest in the theatre than the present. The annual Drama Festivals which have been held throughout the West Indies have attracted large audiences and sometimes aroused spirited controversy. Even in the Leeward Islands and British Honduras, to name two others, Annual Festivals are sponsored by the Extra Mural Department of the U.C.W.I., and are supported on a national scale.

Of the West Indian islands, Jamaica now leads the field. This year has seen an incredible number of individual productions, jostling each other for the ancient Ward Theatre. Most of the plays presented have enjoyed

success beyond the wildest expectations, and with the practical assistance of theatre-specialist Reuben Silver from Karamu House, Ohio, local theatre production has been travelling at a pace that would surprise its most pessimistic observer.

But the local theatre could not have gone this far without the devotion, perseverance and the ability of the hard core of men who nursed the theatre along in its infancy and saw to its development at the stage at which it now stands. Without monetary rewards, they have struggled to win for the local theatre a place in the sun. One of these men who have been giving their best to the cause of the theatre is Easton Lee.

THIS year, Easton Lee was awarded the Jamaica 300 Cup for the Best Male Performance of 1957. The Award is made annually since 1955, by the Adult Drama Festival Committee. Winning the Award is the climax of years of appearing in scores of plays, and it marks him as a man to watch in the future of the West Indian theatre.

Easton Lee probably developed a likeness for the theatre in his elementary school days when he was called upon to portray small parts in Sunday School production. At Siloah, St. Elizabeth, where he attended school, he appeared in several school plays, and although he cannot remember the names of the production, he does recall that he enjoyed the experience. Easton was born in Trelawny. If you ask him where, he will hesitate at first, but when pressed to divulge his birthplace, he will tell you rather reluctantly that the name of the district is Wait-a-Bit.

At Siloah, Easton's father had a small grocery, held it for years, but when the lad finished elementary school, sold out and head

for the city. That was in 1942. Upon arrival in the city, he entered Windsor High School; unlike his birthplace indicated, Easton was no "wait-a-bit" kid. He was an energetic youngster in those days, and when he learned that the school was casting a production, he immediately applied and won the leading role.

Easton recalls that his first big role in a real theatre, came when he was cast as Prince Charming in "The Stolen Princess". The play was held at the Ward Theatre, and he delighted his audience.

In 1947, he managed to "scrape through" his Senior Cambridge exams and left school the following year. By then, acting and the theatre had become a part of his life, and even when he joined the staff of Singer Sewing Machine Company, he devoted his spare time to rehearsals.

His High School days ended. Easton looked around the city at the few theatre groups in existence, and decided to join the Caribbean Thespians. He appeared in many of their major productions, including Drinkwater's "X equals O", produced by Errol Hill.

Seeing him in that play as the Pronax, the Greek soldier, Harry Milner wrote that "he played the part with surprisingly deep feeling," and was mentioned as one of the most promising actors in the local theatre.

He also appeared in "Are You A Mason?" produced by Joe Binns and a number of passion plays. He took part in the pageant "Joy For Jamaica" written and produced by the late Fr. Daniel Lord.

With his reputation as an actor established in the local theatre, the Little Theatre Movement pantomime producers tapped his talents, and he appeared in three consecutive pantos — Robinson Crusoe, Anancy and the Magic

Mirror and he portrayed the sensitive artist in Anancy and Pandora.

LIKE some Hollywood actors, Easton Lee soon discovered that he was being "typed," that is, he was always landing the same characters in most of the plays. In many of the plays in which he appeared, he played the role of a juvenile. This is probably due to his boyish look and youthful exuberance.

But if he was being "typed", it was in these roles that he scored some of his outstanding successes. As Matthew in Lloyd Reckord's production of Cicely Howland's "Uncle Robert," his ability was acclaimed. A local magazine, after seeing "Uncle Robert", wrote that his performance was at a standard that would be acceptable in any West end theatre in London, and that his drunken scene was memorable.

Early this year when Errol Hill founded the Federal Theatre Group with the aim of pushing West Indian plays, Easton joined the group. In the role of a boy in Vidia Naupaul's "B Wordsworth," produced by the Federal Theatre Group, he won the Award this year for the Best Male performance. "B. Wordsworth" also won the Best Supporting Actor Award and the Best Serious West Indian Play award.

Easton is now preparing to take part in the revival of "X equals O" which K. Parkin is producing in the near future. In addition to that, he is planning his own production of ROMEO AND JULIET in Chinese which will probably take place at the Chinese Public School in December.

Although he is married to Jean Lowe for nine years, his youthful appearance belies the fact that he is the father of two boys and two girls.

At present, Easton Lee is the Manager of the Cross Roads branch of the Singer Sewing Machine Company.

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The U.S. Consul General Looks At

THE PAST, PRESENT & FUTURE OF THE CHINESE

On Sunday, September 15, this inspiring address was read to a large gathering of retailers at the Chun San Recreation Centre, on the occasion of the Fifteenth Anniversary Garden Party of the Chinese Retailers' Association. The address, prepared by Mr. Arthur R. Ringwalt, American Consul General in Jamaica, was read by Mr. W. McKintyre at the opening ceremony of the Garden Party. Illness prevented Mr. Ringwalt from attending.



Mr. Arthur R. Ringwalt

ON this, the fifteenth anniversary of your Association, may I add my small voice to the far more eloquent voices of your many well-wishers. Your achievements, gained only after surmounting many obstacles and finding your way out of many pitfalls, stand out as a brilliant light along the long pathway of man's efforts to better himself. Notable, however, as the Association's achievements are, still are they not but one facet, revealing as it is, of the great contribution that the Chinese community has made to Jamaica in the scant span of a hundred years?

For I see your history through eyes not altogether inexperienced with Chinese folk. As a schoolboy, I was, neither at the head nor at the foot of my class, in my understanding of the humanities. Other tongues among my classmates, perhaps more facile, could outpace me in giving expressions to their appreciation of the world's history and literature and art. It was not until many years had passed that I learned that these tongues were only parroting, as a mirror reflects, the printed words between the two covers of our

school books. It was during my many years of foreign service in China that I first began to know, to understand and to appreciate the profound depths of human forces and emotions. I learned this from Chinese. How I came to learn it, I do not know, nor do I know when that first dawning of comprehension gripped my innermost being. It was all so very subtle. For I found my Chinese associates a patient, peace-loving and gentle folk, soft in their approaches, soft in their speech, never harsh, never brittle, always, indeed serene — the bamboo that bends gently to the wind. I see the history, the scant 100 years of history of the Chinese colony in Jamaica through eyes that understand.

LET us turn back the pages of our history book. It is now in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four. One hundred and three years ago, four hundred and seventy-two Chinese labourers, working in Panama, signed three-year contracts with Jamaica sugar estates to work in the cane fields. This, I understand, was the first Chinese immigra-

tion into Jamaica. The great tragedy of this beginning was that, before the three years were passed, due to some cause—perhaps climate or lack of sanitation—most of them were dead. They therefore, were unable to make their full contribution to the Chinese colony of today.

It was two or three years later when the second group arrived, a mere 200 persons, this time from Trinidad and British Guiana. They too worked for the sugar estates but — just as I observe your retailers do today — they did not limit themselves to the rising and setting of the sun. They started little vegetable gardens for themselves. Some started to peddle, not only vegetables, but other articles as well. This developed into the more advanced form of merchandising we know as retailing and wholesaling. This, I am told, was the beginning of the commercial life that has brought us together today.

It must have been 25 or 30 years later that the third group of Chinese coolies arrived, 680 this time, mostly from Hong Kong. This was the first immigration from China itself.

We may, I think, assume that although these fourteen hundred people may have had but little formal education beyond being able to read and write, they were an intelligent folk. All Chinese persons that I have known, were highly intelligent, be their walks of life what they may. Not all of the immigrant Chinese were labourers. Many were bi-lingual, speaking, reading and writing not only their native language, but English too. They came here at the invitation of friends and relatives who were already here. They came here knowing that Jamaica was considerably virgin territory crying to be developed. They came here with the firm determination to make a place for themselves and to put their shoulders to the wheel and more than do their share in the island's social and economic advancement.

And now, after the century has passed, from this humble beginning, what do we have today? You are, after only 100 years, leaders in Jamaica's commercial life. You are, among other things, excellent tradesmen, with a special talent for the grocery trade. Here is your Association with its one-thousand

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members. The wholesalers Association adds perhaps 400. Sometimes when I return home in the late afternoon, wishing that my work-day were done and that I could enjoy myself with my wife, my children or a good book — but abusing the Fates that consigned me to be a United States Foreign Officer whose day is never done, I take heart and courage. I pass grocery stores—I will mention no names—and I realise that you work harder, longer and more fatiguing hours than I. You, the men. You, the women. And your children. Just as your parents did before you, you are working, saving and investing for the generations that will follow you. After only 100 years, facing the almost insurmountable barrier of a strange language, by foresight, ambition and sheer grit and determination, you are today leaders in Jamaica's commercial life. Among Jamaica's industrialists are Chinese manufacturers of many products. You are in many other activities: hardware, building materials, construction, bakers, manufacturers, and planters. Artisans, too, in radio and automobiles. The professions are well represented — law, medicine, architecture and engineering. Jamaica's first woman barrister-at-law was a Chinese. And in religion, are there not a number of Chinese nuns and two priests? The first Chinese newspaper in the West Indies was founded in Jamaica by the well-known Albert Chang, who died but a few years ago. Now known as the Chinese Public News, it is published for the benefit of the older folk who find themselves more comfortable in their first language, and also for Chinese social and educational institutions to assist them in promoting educational standards with bilingual instruction.

The Chinese Public School, established thirty-five years ago, is a credit to Jamaica. One of your business men donates a medical scholarship to the University College of the West Indies. The Chinese Benevolent Society maintains a Sanitarium, a Poor House and a Cemetery. All of these altruistic deeds spring from generous hearts, and from minds of wide vistas. Not only are some of these acts preparing human beings to more than bear their future burdens in advancing Jamaica's economy, but, I understand, these great endeavours are being made without being a charge on the economy.

THERE has been too little contribution to art, music, literature and drama. But it may

be said that the Chinese here have transplanted the sterling virtues of Chinese culture. An understanding of humanity, a life unspoiled by the "shallow sophistication of modern civilization," the strong bond of family life, and the respect for elders. These are the greatest contributions that anyone could make to any society.

These are magnificent achievements. It was indeed from a very humble acorn that this stately oak tree sprung. You have good and sound reason to be proud.

We have taken a brief look at the past and the present. Now let us spend a few minutes in speculation on what the future of Jamaica may hold in store. Who can speak of the future with assurance? Most certainly I cannot. I am not one of those few gifted persons, several of whom I have known, who can look down that long corridor of future years and see clearly before them the certainty of events to come. Such clarity of vision is a rarity that I cannot hope to offer you. But, as a newcomer to the Jamaican scene I have not yet lost sight of the forest itself because of the day-by-day attention I must give to individual trees.

Jamaica has, I firmly believe, a rendezvous with propitious gods. Most — but not yet all — of the elements necessary to accomplish a prosperous destiny are at Jamaica's beck and call. The golden key that already has unlocked the gates was wrought by far visioned and devoted Jamaican men for whom I have great respect and whom I hold in high esteem. If we but look about us we can see the unlocked gates turning slowly but surely on their hinges. Perhaps but few of us here today will see these portals flung wide apart, for we are dealing with the most difficult of all human problems — the intractableness of mankind. There are hundreds of thousands of human beings here in this island who must be led to better health, greater energies and better training before those basic gifts that God has so richly bestowed on Jamaica can be developed and brought to a fruition for the common weal. Several generations must come, live and go, each endowing its successor with an advance. I believe that there is an economic Utopia ahead, to be won in due time by self-denial, hardwork, and patient serenity — three great Chinese virtues.

And not the least of the three is patient serenity. So many of the harsh and jagged edges of

(Continued on page 12)

The Roving REPORTER

Sprostons Showroom

Last week Tuesday, the new Sprostons showroom and offices on Half Way Tree Road, were declared open by the Hon. Wills O. Isaacs, Minister of Trade and Industry. The opening of the new showroom was attended by many distinguished persons, including the Mayor, Councillor Balfour Barnswell, the American Consul General, Mr. Arthur R. Ringwalt, the President of the Jamaica Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Dudley Levy.

Mr. Robert Shearer, Managing Director of Sprostons Jamaica Ltd. told the gathering something of the history of the company which had first been established in the West Indies in 1938.

The Minister of Trade and Industry, in declaring the new building open, congratulated Sprostons on their new home which he regarded as a welcome expression of the company's confidence in Jamaica's future.

Following Mr. Shearer's welcome address and the speech by the Minister of Trade and Industry, the large assembly toured the showrooms offices, parts and services departments of the company.

The new Half Way Tree premises will house the sales department of motor vehicles as well as the servicing and repairs of these units.

Shattering!

The Bank of England rate rise will affect Jamaica. The Minister of Finance, the Hon. Noel Nether-sole, queried as to the effects on Jamaica of the increase by two percent to 7 percent of the Bank of England rate, replied: "Shattering!"

Speaking of the immediate future, the Minister said he was particularly concerned at the blow which would be struck at employment, particularly in the building industry which he named as being the biggest employer outside of Government and the sugar industry.

Quits Post

It seems to this reporter that all is not well within the People's

National Party. Last week, the Hon. Dr. Ivan Lloyd resigned as fourth Vice President of the Party.

It was reported that Dr. Lloyd's resignation stems from his dissatisfaction at the arrangements made at the Party's Conference at the Ward Theatre on September 14, for the election of officers. Dr. Lloyd said that the election which used to be held on Saturday afternoon, was shifted to 11 a.m. Saturday morning, the result being that many country delegates could not reach the conference on time to vote.

Dr. Lloyd is the M.H.R., for Eastern St. Ann, and is the Minister of Education and Social Welfare.

Strike Pledge to Govt.

Is Jamaica's management-labour relations in for a new era? Judging from unofficial leaks it would seem so. Last week, it was reported from "unofficial sources" that leaders of the three major trade unions have given the Government an undertaking to take steps to ensure that in future, minor unions officials will not be permitted to call strikes in defiance of written agreements.

This assurance was given at a private conference between the Minister of Labour and representatives of the three major trade unions.

Cabinet Government

Jamaica will get a Cabinet Government shortly. In an announcement last week, it was stated that Constitutional changes to provide Cabinet Government for Jamaica have been approved by the Secretary of State for the Colonies.

Draft Instruments to give effect to these changes will shortly be submitted to the Queen in Council by the Secretary of State for the Colonies, and as soon as these have been proclaimed here and in London, the Executive Council will be reconstituted as a Council of Ministers presided over by the Chief Minister.

Federal Seats

At last, the Government has announced how Jamaica's 17 seats in the Federal Legislature will be allocated. In a Ministry Paper which was laid on the table of the House of Representatives last week, the Chief Minister announced that the island's 17 Federal constituencies will be allotted (Continued on page 17)

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EXCLUSIVE! A Top-Ranking Red's Story!

This is the second of three articles about Milovan Djilas—former top Yugoslav Communist, now imprisoned for turning anti-Communist — and about his startling new book, **THE NEW CLASS**, which indicts Communism as “brutal, inhuman and unlawful”. Katherine Clark, Central European Correspondent for Internation News Service, knew Djilas and his family when she was stationed in Belgrade.

The Tyranny Of Communism

HOW does a Communist turn non-Communist?

Milovan Djilas, one-time Communist leader and Vice President of Yugoslavia now a political prisoner, has written a book, **THE NEW CLASS**, which attacks Communism. How did he happen to do it?

The world has seen countless cases of former Communists who escape from behind the Curtain and proclaim themselves non-Communists.

But Milovan Djilas, the highest ranking Communist to ever renounce Communism, has done the dramatic and unusual.

He has not escaped. He is a prisoner. Additionally, there is no emotion, no personality, no special plea and no whining in his book. Instead, it is a cold logical analysis of Communism.

For the average Westerner, the dialectical language may be tough reading. But if we keep in mind that his book has come from behind the Curtain, that the author is still a prisoner, that his fate has not yet been settled, then the book becomes exciting.

Reading his book is like sitting in at a closed party Congress

while a brave man tells off the comrades, mocks them, strips them down to the paunchy bourgeoisie they are.



Milovan Djilas

INS Photo

What he says to them about Communism we of the West already understand but we gasp at the picture of this man saying it right to their faces.

Suppose you sat in a party Congress and heard a comrade say:

“Modern history has no record of actions against the movements of the masses which are as brutal, inhuman and unlawful as those of Communist regimes.”

DJILAS has moments in his book of magnificent irony and on a few occasions there is fine, almost Churchillian, prose. Listen to him:

“These oligarchs and soul savers, these vigilant protectors who see to it that human thought does not drift into ‘criminal thought’ or ‘anti-Socialist lines’, these unscrupulous procurers of the cheap and actually the only consumer goods, these holders of obsolete, unchangeable and immutable ideas have all retarded and frozen the intellectual impulses of their people...”

“By stifling the consciousness of others, and by castrating the human intellect so that it cannot take courage and soar, they themselves become grey, without ideas...”

“This is how it is with these high priests who are simultaneously policemen and owners of all the media which the human intellect can use to communicate its thoughts—press, radio and the like—as well as of everything that

keeps the human intellect alive—food and a roof.”

DJILAS went through three phases in reaching the conclusions of his book.

First, he tried to stay with the party. After all, Tito, Edvard Kardell and Aleksandar Rankovic had been his comrades in the true meaning of the word. So

by Kathrine Clark

of I. N. S.

Djilas tried to tell them that after a revolution had won the next logical step is a turn toward democracy. He wrote an article saying:

“There is and can be no other way out but more democracy, more free discussion, freer elections of social, Government and economic organs, more adherence to Law.”

The Yugoslav Communists ignored him.

Then Djilas wrote an article attacking the wives of big shot Communists for snobbery. The aroused the Yugoslavs and there was a big party meeting.

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Tito pronounced judgment:

"This," Tito said, "is revisionism of the worst type. Djilas has set back the clock of revolutionary history."

So Djilas was finished, striped of position and even lost his party card.

This led to phase two. Djilas, with his second wife, Stephanie, small son Alexas (now four years old,) and aged mother moved into a small apartment in Belgrade. The only employed member of the family was Stephanie who earned twenty dollars a month as a book-keeper.

Another man also was out of work—Vladimir Dedijer, the burly biographer of Tito who had spoken in defense of Djilas at the party Congress.

Both men existed in this manner from January until December 1954. Finally, Dedijer was summoned to appear before the mighty Communist Control Commission on charges of deviation. Dedijer rushed to world public opinion for help.

He summoned foreign and Yugoslav correspondents to come to his home for a news conference. The Communists moved faster. The Dedijer home was surrounded by police, no press conference took place and Dedijer was stripped of his parliamentary

immunity so he could face criminal charges.

In an effort to help Dedijer, Djilas then gave an interview to a foreign correspondent in which he said Yugoslavia needed a two-party system and that he wanted to form a Socialist Party.

The result was arrest and secret trial for both men on a charge of conducting hostile propaganda against the state.

Djilas was sentenced to eighteen months, Dedijer to six; but both sentences were suspended. Djilas was put on probation for three years and Dedijer for one.

DJILAS came out of the courtroom determined to behave within the framework of the law. If the Communists had let him alone he might never have moved to phase three or at least he would never have written his book.

But Communists can not ignore a man such as Djilas. They dared not have Djilas become a symbol to the people of opposition to the regime.

Djilas and his wife were followed openly by goons and shoved in the streets. All visitors entering his home were photographed, the telephone was tapped and his house wired for sound. Yugoslavs who continued to see him were fired from their jobs. Djilas tried to earn a living by writing. He wrote a collection of folktales which were not political. Yugoslav publishing houses refused to even read them.

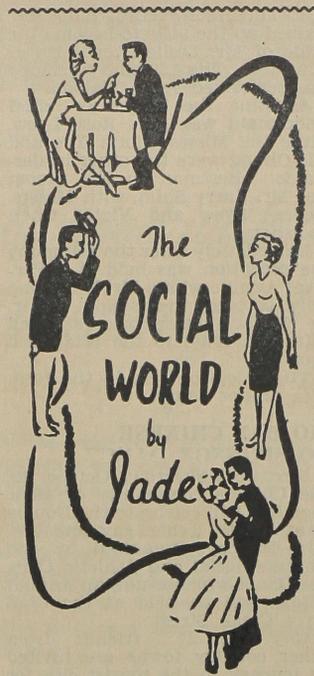
Djilas is a short-tempered man. He also was lonely, cut off from all friends and intellectual contacts. But he knew he must not let the regime provoke him into anything which could disgrace him or lead to a criminal charge.

Finally, he decided that if he was not going to be treated with even Communist legality, then he must put his political conclusions into writing.

Djilas' book might have been printed while he was still a free man except that history moved too fast. When the Ponzan riots followed by the Hungarian revolution broke out, he felt compelled to write for immediate publication a summation of what his book would say. Therefore, he wrote an article for an American magazine, *THE NEW LEADER*, in which he said what his book proves — that Communism was wrong and finished.

The regime's reaction was immediate. Djilas was arrested, given a secret trial and sent to prison for three years. Fortunately his book had already reached the publisher and now after translation has been made public.

(In our next issue: What Will Tito do next to this "old comrade?")



Readers are invited to send me notes on parties, marriages, engagements, comings and goings, births, or any social event, for inclusion in this column. Residents of Montego Bay, Spanish Town, Morant Bay 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, 50 Duke Street, Kingston.

CAROL LUE SANG NOW MRS. ROY TENN

On Sunday, September 22, the Church of S.S. Peter and Paul on Old Hope Road was the scene of a lovely double ring ceremony, when Miss Carol Jean Lue Sang, youngest daughter of Mrs. Lue Sang and the late Thompson Lue Sang, was married to Mr. Roy Sylvester Tenn, son of Mr. and Mrs. Tenn Tung of Richmond, St. Mary.

The wedding which took place at twilight was performed by the Rev. Fr. Roy B. Campbell, S.J., assisted by the Rev. Fr. Thomas Glavin, S.J.. During the ceremony Mr. Eustace Shim rendered the Hymns, "Mother at your feet is kneeling" and "Blessed Be This Day".

Given in marriage by her brother, Mr. Wilson Lue Sang, the charming bride looked radiant in a cocktail length dress of chantilly lace and nylon tulle over slipper satin, fashioned on Dior's H-line. Her headdress was a coronet of sequins from which fell a fingertip veil of tulle, decorated with lace motifs and rhinestones. A bouquet of lavender orchids completed her ensemble.

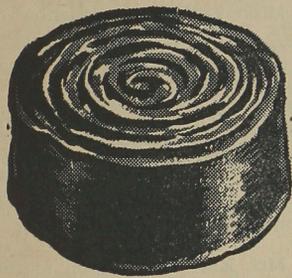
Miss Dorothy Lue Sang, a sister of the bride was chief bridesmaid. She wore yellow nylon lace and tulle and carried a bouquet of pink vanda orchids. The other bridesmaids, Misses Kathleen Chung and Yvonne Fong Yee wore similar dresses of lime green nylon lace and tulle, and carried bouquets of yellow vanda orchids.

Dr. Glen McLeod filled the role of bestman, and the ushers were Messrs. Ronald Chen and Carlton DePass.

At the reception held afterwards at the Belmont Road residence of Mr. and Mrs. Kitchener Moo Sang, Mr. Thomas Ho Lung was Master of Ceremonies. The cake was blessed by the Rev. Fr. Campbell,



Mr. and Mrs. Roy Tenn
Ray P. Tenn Photo



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who also proposed the toast to the bride and groom. There were other toasts by Dr. Michael Woo Ming, Mr. Irving Tenn, Mr. Leslie R. Chin and Dr. Glen McLeod.

The honeymoon was spent on the North Coast.

LILY YOUNG WEDS MAURICE CHEONG

St. Theresa's Church in Vineyard Town was the scene of the wedding of Miss Lily Young, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Young, of 1 Beckford Street, Kingston, and Mr. Maurice Cheong, also of Kingston. The 4 p.m., ceremony was performed by Fr. Joseph Donahue, S.J., assisted by Fr. Thomas Glavin, S.J.

Given in marriage by her father, the bride had as her only attendant, her sister, Miss Clemy Young. A brother of the groom, Mr. Basil Cheong, was bestman.

After the ceremony, the reception was held in Eden Gardens at 2 Glendale Avenue, residence of Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Fong Kin, where Mr. Vernon Cheong, another brother of the groom ably filled the role of master of ceremonies. Fr. Donahue, S.J., blessed the cake while Mr. Cecil Chuck offered a toast to the bride and groom. Other speakers were Messrs. R. E. Fennel, Robert Chin, J. A. Lowe and Thomas Ho Lung.

Later in the evening, Byron Lee and his Dragonaires provided music for dancing.

Prior to the wedding ceremony a dinner reception was held at the Hong Kong Restaurant at 3 p.m., where the elder members of both families met and dined.

YEE-LEW WEDDING

On Sunday, September 15, Holy Trinity Cathedral was the scene of a lovely wedding when Miss Rose Yee, daughter of Mr. and

Mrs. Thompson Yee of Kingston, walked up the aisle to become the bride of Mr. Leslie Lyew, also of Kingston. The 4.30 p.m. ceremony was performed by Fr. Watson.

Assisting the bride as chief bridesmaid was Miss Rose Lyew, while the Misses Gloria Yee and Iris Chung were the other bridesmaids. Bestman to the groom was Mr. Harry Shim, with Messrs. George Lyew and Victor Chen as ushers.

Immediately after the ceremony the reception was held at 4 Percival Avenue where Mr. Eric Fong ably emceed the happy affair. Fr. Watson blessed the cake and offered a toast to the bride and groom.

The reception was in the form of a dinner dance.

MO BAY CHINESE TO SPONSOR DANCE

Next week Saturday, October 12, the Chinese community of Montego Bay will celebrate the Double Tenth, with a big, gay and festive Dance. Organised by the Chinese Social and Athletic Club, the Dance which is now an Annual affair, will be held at the Club on 4 Creek Street.

City friends from other country towns are invited to journey to the tourist city for a gay week-end. To make the occasion a really memorable one, the organisers have had a new dance floor erected specially for the celebration. A visitor who had a glimpse of the new floor told this reporter that dancing on it will be a joy.

The music will come from Riff Mowatt's orchestra, who plays regularly at the Casa Blanca Hotel. Riff Mowatt is highly praised by tourists and Casa Blanca's guests and he is expected to make this a really gay affair.

The organisers also announced that raffles and a Spot Dance will be just two of the many popular items planned on the programme.

So folks, if you want to have a gay and festive week-end, my advise is, "Go to Montego Bay."

CHINESE CHRISTIAN GUILD NOTES

Although it rained on Wednesday, September 25, members of the Guild and their friends had a most enjoyable evening of games. The Rector's introduction of a game called "Salvage" was thoroughly amusing and everyone enjoyed it. About sixty persons were present and took part in Badminton, Table Tennis and Darts.

Tomorrow October 6, a Corporate Communion Service will be held at the Kingston Parish Church. The Service will start at 7.30 a.m., and all members are asked to attend.

On Wednesday, October 9, at 8 p.m., a Rector's Evening will be held at the Rectory. Some very interesting topics have been dealt with in past Rector's Evening and it is certain to be of interest to all.

On Wednesday, October 23, at 8 p.m., a Bingo Party will be held at the home of Mrs. Eva Shim, at 1 Altamont Crescent. There



Queen's Photo

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Lyew (centre) of Kingston after their wedding at the Holy Trinity Cathedral. From left to right, are, ushers George Lyew and Victor Chen; bestman Harry Shim, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Lyew, Rose Lyew, chief bridesmaid, and Gloria Yee and Iris Chung, bridesmaids.

will be lots of prizes, and proceeds from this party will be donated to charity. This is a worthy cause and the Guild asks your support. * Contributed.

PARTIES

Miss Phyllis Sun, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sun Hon King of Richmond Park, was the guest of honour at a welcome party on Saturday, September 28. Organised by her sister, Merrion, the party got off to a lively start from early in the night.

Mr. Thomas Ho Lung was master of ceremonies, and he expressed his pleasure at seeing Phyllis back home with her parents.

This was followed by dancing to recorded music.

Phyllis returned home two weeks ago from Canada where she had been studying Nursing at the St. Joseph's School of Nursing, Guelph. She graduated recently. Accompanying her on her return was a friend, Miss Ruth Hinatsu, who is spending a three-week vacation in the island.

The Montego Bay Chinese Social and Athletic Club had an enjoyable social evening on Saturday, September 21. Beginning with games such as Bingo, Badminton, Table Tennis and other games, the club members and their friends took to dancing to recorded music later in the evening.

The social was well attended by members of the Club.

On Wednesday, September 12, the TAIS at Red Hills was the locale of a lively get-together to bid bon voyage to Freddie and Olivia Kong, Annette Chang, Victor Chang, Jr., and Betty Tai.

The party was a gay affair with everyone enjoying themselves dancing to recorded music.

Among those present were Ronnie Chin Yee, Vera and Sylvia Shim, Karl Lyn, Marlene and Beverly Fung, Ukee and Ufatt Chin, Dorothy Chin Fook, Teddy Wong, Ina Chong, Cecile Chin Loy, Yvonne Chung and Karl Hendrickson.

COMINGS AND GOINGS

Freddie and Olivia Kong left the island for the United States on September 17, to resume their studies at college.

Miss Annette Chang, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Chang, left for New York on September 15, on vacation.

Mr. Victor Chang, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Chang, left for Stanford University for a Graduate course, on September 20.

Miss Betty Tai, daughter of Mrs. Evelyn Tai, left the island recently for McGill University to resume her studies in Liberal Arts.

Mr. Ken Lee, Sales Representative of Gordon Grant, Airlines Department, left for Trinidad on Thursday after a business trip to New York. He spent about four days in Jamaica before continuing his journey home.

Mrs. Karl Hendrickson returned to the island from Montreal, Canada, on Sunday, September 29, after spending a three-week vacation there.

MR. CHINESE JAMAICA

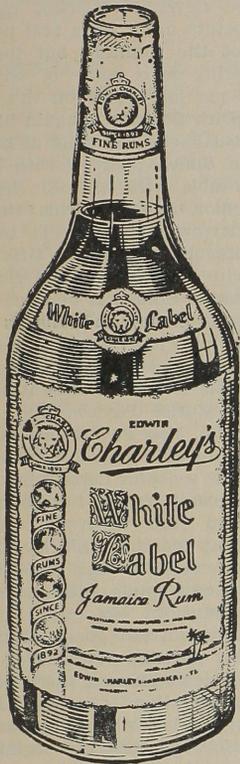
The organizers of the Mr. Chinese Jamaica contest announced this week that Mr. Chinese Jamaica, 1957, will be selected at the Fair to be held at the Chinese Athletic Club on November 17. This means that, like last year, Miss and Mr. Chinese Jamaica will be selected on the same night, thus making the programme doubly attractive.

All the trophies for the Mr. Chinese Jamaica contest are now on display at the K.G. Radio Sales and Service, at 84 Slipe Road, Cross Roads, and contestants and those interested in entering the contest can drop in at the above address to have a look.



Queen's Photo

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Hugo Lea who were married recently at the Little Flower Church Vineyard Town. The bride is the former Nora Anita Lee, daughter of Mrs. E. Lee and the late Mr. Henry Lee, of Merrion Road, Vineyard Town, and was given in marriage by her brother, Mr. Easton Lee. After the wedding, the reception was held at 6 Merrion Road, home of the bride's mother where Mr. Harry Charley, J.P., emceed.

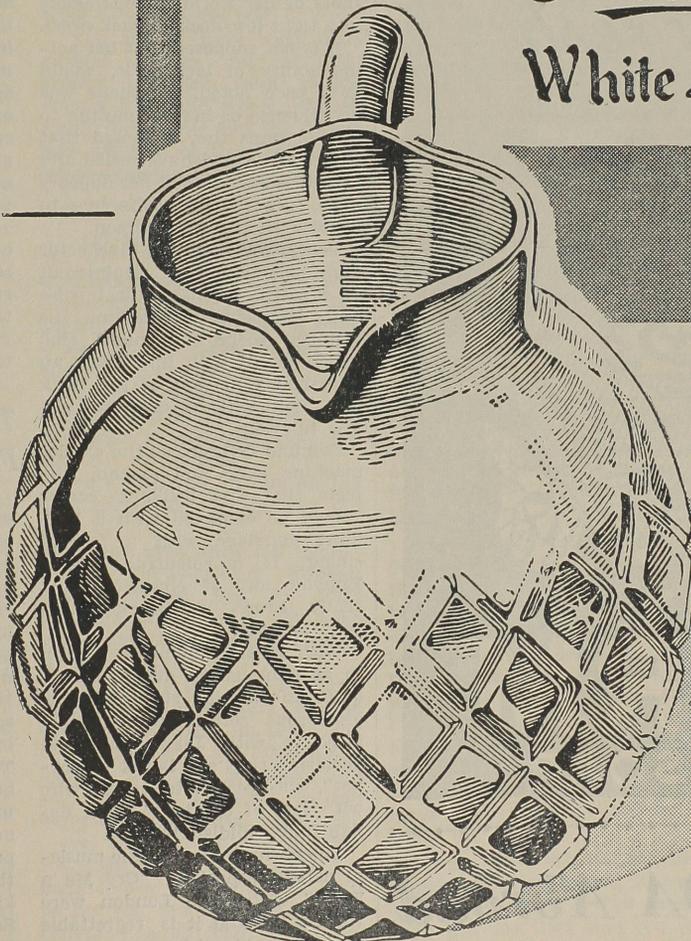


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AT THE THEATRE

By Ruby Simm

Film: "The Girl Can't Help It".
Stars: Tom Ewell, Jayne Mansfield, Edmund O'Brien.
Opinion: Clever Satire on Rock 'N Roll.

ROCK and roll forms the background for this story, but it is rock and roll gone classy, with Cinemascope and "wonderful life-like colour with De-Luxe." Also this is not a Rock and Roll film. The occasional and brief appearances of such artists as The Platters, Little Richard, The Chuckles, The Treiniers, and Fats Domino and Ray Anthony, are just so you can rest your eyes from the all too generous proportions of Miss Mansfield.

Anita Ekberg did it in "Hollywood or Bust", and now Jayne Mansfield does it in her own chariot, "The Girl Can't Help It", although what she can't help is never disclosed. Of course, she plays a dumb blonde with surprising bursts of intelligence, and we were given some strategic shots of her world famous assets in a tight low-necked black dress.

It is not supposed that her acting ability or lack of it, would have been noted, for there was no evidence of her attempting to act. Perhaps they expected that the senses would have reeled and then become numb at her appearance, resulting in indifference to all else on the wide screen.

Tom Ewell is a very fine actor and comedian, very reminiscent of Sinatra, in his natural poise and hang-dog expression. His drunken scene in a night club which ended with him doing an unorthodox version of the Rock and Roll with a cigarette girl was hilarious.

Edmund O'Brien, as the ex-slot machine King and ex-con, who feels that his brilliant career should be climaxed with a brilliant marriage with a famous singer, is a colourful Damon Runyon sort of character, and really throws his Brooklyn accent around.

With musical numbers thrown in as punctuation marks, this is quite an amusing story, and the glamorous setting proves quite effective with Jayne Mansfield declaring that she is not a "sex-pot", but yearns to be a "wife with lots of children", in a delightfully childish lisp.

The performances of the musical artists especially "Cry Me a River" with Julie London were very good, and it is regrettable that we could not have seen more of them.

Film: "Doctor at Large"
Stars: Dirk Bogarde, Muriel Pavlow, Donald Sinden, James Robertson Justice.

Opinion: Rather risqué.

THIS is the usual "Doctor" film, in which medicine is never taken seriously, and diseases are never mentioned, and the doctors never have real patients. Not the funniest, but the most daring with some of the most risqué jokes ever on the screen.

Dirk Bogarde is again his most casual self, and quite at home as Dr. Simon Sparrow with his inevitable tiffs with Sir Lancelot, Senior Surgeon. This time Dr. Sparrow's ambition is to be a surgeon, and so these tiffs do not help at all. His usual side-kick, Donald Sinden is of course, hard up for money, and fails his exams. He buys his degree, and sits for his exam on a horse-drawn taxi.

The female interest is supplied by Muriel Pavlow, and Shirley Eaton. Miss Pavlow, we have met before as a nurse, but now aims to be a doctor herself, but failure in exams makes her change her mind just when Dr. Sparrow offers marriage. Shirley Eaton is quite different as a nurse, a sugar coated blonde with a generous amount of sex-appeal. She is quite a fresh young thing, and very pleasing to the eye.

I don't know if there will be a continuation of the "Doctor" series, but while they are still enjoyable, they are beginning to wear thin at the edges, and they will have to get some new angle to vary with the past films.

The Past, Present & Future of the Chinese

(Continued from page 7)

our daily living would never exist were humans to be more patient. Time is much more than a soothing unguent, for it provides us the leeway to view, in more generous dimensions, the problems that beset our friends. And have not all of us in our time met many problems, insoluble at one moment, only later found to be non-existent? To have disappeared? They quietly reached their solution, unobserved, without spoken acerbities that help defeat our purposes by needlessly lacerating the feelings of those who are kindly disposed toward us. Serenity and patience are priceless endowments bestowed by the Supreme Being Himself.

A New Mystery begins

The Murder He Didn't Do

"How stupid do you have to be," Joe Kaposic wanted to know, "to get a sheriff's job?"

It was the wrong thing to say.

The deputy stepped hard on Joe's instep and Kaposic stood up. The deputy rammed a rockhard fist into Joe's belly and while he was bent over something exploded in the back of his neck.

On the cigarette-butt littered floor, on his hands and knees, Joe Kaposic shook his head groggily, the tight, blue-black curls uncurling for once to drop into his eyes, the blood tasting warm and salty in his mouth, dripping over his chin. His vision cleared and he could see big feet, immobile, threatening, the chair legs and desk legs, and in his sickness and pain he wondered, "How does this happen to a guy?"

YOU have to be a truck driver named Joe Kaposic. A guy who's driven the big rigs long enough to have the driver's occupational diseases. You've got to belong to Teamsters' Union Local, pay your dues, and if a day off happens to fall on the night the union meets, you drift up to the hall for a bottle of beer and a hot dog and to listen to the other drivers' tall tales. You've got a house on Oak Street, with a big lawn and a bigger mortgage. A backyard with a barbecue pit you've made on your days off. You've got a black setter dog.

You've got to have a wife named Betty. A wife named Betty and her legs aren't quite so slim any more and her waist can't be spanned with your two hands any longer the way it could ten years ago. But she's learned to cook your favourite foods; and she's learned to live with you and she knows your ways and your weaknesses as no other woman could and she's the best mother on earth to your kid who's nine and in the third grade. He was born just right, Joe, to start school just before his sixth birthday.

You've got to park your truck off the highway at two a.m., when the lights are getting blurry and you jerk awake, wondering how long you've been asleep. You know it's time to quit because you might wake up shaking hands with St. Peter. You've got to stick out your flares because your battery won't stand using the running lights the rest of the night, and then you crawl in the sleeper and fall off for what seems two minutes. Then two hick cops are pulling you out and pointing to a dead girl, asking questions so fast you couldn't answer if you knew the answer. And you, Joe Kaposic, didn't know the answers.

And then, half-asleep, but not so sleepy you're not fighting back your fear, you're pushed into a police car and driven through the night at a speed

that makes your guts turn over, with red lights flashing and siren going, and then you're shoved into a little six-by-eight room with bright glaring lights and more questions, and all of a sudden you're on the floor on your hand and knees, wondering how the hell it happened.

"GET up," the deputy said. He had a flat, emotionless voice that made Joe Kaposic's spine tingle. Joe Kaposic didn't move because he couldn't and a big foot came down on his hand, and Kaposic bit back the scream and tried to get to his feet.

"You should have been more careful getting out of that truck," the flat voice of the deputy said, and when Kaposic finally got to his feet the deputy was grinning at the sheriff and

By
William Vance

the sheriff was grinning at the deputy. The sheriff lifted a thick white mug of coffee to his lips and sipped noisily.

Kaposic licked his lips. He leaned against the chair back and tried to get the blood and hair out of his eyes.

The sheriff set his cup on the desk and said, "Why'd you do it?"

"I don't even know her name." Kaposic muttered through boody, puffed lips. "I don't know nothing about it. You woke me up and there she was. I never seen her before."

The sheriff set his cup carefully over a ring mark on the desk and belched. He said, "It's easy. You give a hitch-hikin' dame a ride. You get ideas, and she says no. All of a sudden everything goes dark. That's it!"

Joe Kaposic listened in horror. "No! No!" I ain't given nobody a lift," he mumbled. "It'd be my job. I'm carrying a fifty-thousand dollar load. I'm a responsible . . ." He saw how

futile it was to tell this man anything.

The deputy and the sheriff were grinning at each other. The deputy's grin went away without changing his face and he got his fingers entwined in Kaposic's short black hair and slammed him back into the chair.

"Police don't do this any more," Kaposic moaned. "I read in the paper how they don't do it any more."

"Sure they don't," the sheriff agreed. "You just fell down an elevator shaft. Didn't he, Mose?"

Mose's flat voice said, "You're a card, Jeff!" His open hand caught Kaposic full in the face, snapping his head back, and before the stars stopped flying Joe was hit on the other side and he thought wildly, they'll make me admit it just like they said. They'll come up with a confession. That put more terror into him.

K APOSIC came out of the chair with a strangled, maddened bellow and his big tough shoulder caught Mose and flung him backward against the wall. Kaposic leaped across the room and jerked open the door. The wide expressions of the two men playing checkers changed to excitement as one tried to get out a gun and the other leaped at Kaposic, with the sheriff and Mose bellowing behind him.

The man who came at Kaposic dropped as Kaposic kicked him. He dodged the swipe of a gun barrel and jumped the railing. He knocked over a water bottle, the crash filling his ears. Then he was outside on the empty street. The sky was grey and the buildings were dark blobs against that grey and the air was chill and moist and his feet made ringing sounds on the pavement as he ran as hard as he could do.

A gun went off behind him. They're shooting at you, Kaposic. You never broke a law bigger than the one that says you can only put so many pounds on a

What would you do if you were suddenly accused of the murder of a stranger? What could you do? You might get in the same fix as Joe Kaposic, who faced punishment for "The Murder He Didn't Do."

truck of such and such a size. But the bullets would kill you just as dead as if you were a mass murderer.

He darted down an alley, his guts jolting against his ribs as he pounded along, his breath coming in short jerks. How fast can a man run? How fast can a man run who's sat behind a truck wheel for twelve years? Not so fast, but he can run faster when the gun goes off at him.

Out of the alley and on the other side of the street. The street was also the through highway. A hamburger joint across the street was lighted, and Joe headed for that when he heard the beginning moan of a siren. He stopped in the middle of the street. The eating joint would be the first place they'd look. He ran on down the street, his shirt plastered to his skin with sweat now, his side a sharp pain that filled his body.

A truck rumbled by and Joe caught the tail-gate latch and hung on, his sweaty hands clinging desperately. A man came out of the hamburger joint and stared. That was all right with Joe. Down the street, his fingers lost their grip and he dropped off.

Red lights swung into the street and he looked desperately to the right and left, like an animal hunting a hole. A car with a Missouri license plate swung out of a motel and turned into the highway. Back from the highway, the units of the motel circled a black-top driveway. One of the units' door was open, a single lighted globe showing it to be unoccupied. The early rising tourists from Missouri. Kaposic went back as the flashing red light screamed toward him. He got the key with its tag from the door as he went in. He closed the door and snapped off the front and inside lights. There was a warm soapy smell in the mildewed air of the motel room. He dropped on the carpeting there in the darkness, his breath coming in hoarse rattles.

1956, William Vance; distributed by King Features Syndicate.

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• SMALL TALK •

By Gim Sang

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS:

THE thing that struck me most when I first set foot on American soil at Miami International Airport was that all the porters and cleaners were coloured. Coming from a country where coloured people are no less progressive than any sector of the community, I thought it very unfortunate that the socially lower kinds of work were manned by Negroes.

This is not an attempt to impute discrimination in this particular section of the United States, as it might well be that the Negroes, through no fault of their own, have not as much education for the better jobs as their fair-skinned brethren. I merely wish to point out the sadness when one section of a community does not keep abreast of the rest.

Further north in Boston the Chinese are in an almost similar position, the majority of them being in the laundry and restaurant business. The status of the Chinese on the west coast, particularly in California, I understand, is much more encouraging.

THE reaction of most people on seeing a skyscraper for the first time is one of awe at man's might. Because I have believed that human strength is better channelled into winning souls than erecting towers against the sky, my reaction was quite different.

The plane was flying west of New York as the sun was illuminating the clouds in the eastern horizon. Then I saw my first skyscraper, just the top of one sticking its head through the mists, somewhat suggestive of a hippopotamus which after swimming submerged suddenly sticks its head above the surface to look around.

I felt an irrepressible desire to laugh aloud; for man's misdirected energy was being symbolised by this stupid animal it created with its body planted on the ground and its head poking vaguely around in the clouds.

SINCE my arrival here I have renewed friendship with former classmates Derrick Chin, studying to be a civil engineer at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Bernard Lee, now in his Junior year at Harvard College. Making the trip up with me were Thomas Williams, B.Sc. from the University College of the West Indies now doing post-graduate work at Brandeis University, and Roy Chin of Montego Bay who has entered MIT.

On the Boston College campus I saw Anthony Chen, who is majoring in physics, and Gloria Lue, who is working towards the M.Sc. degree.

HARVARD, as the Harvard Handbook describes it, is "a big, rambling anarchic sort of university". Anarchic... this word adequately describes the extent to which freedom of thought and expression, for which Harvard is famous, is allowed to its faculty and students. Even the buildings seem to fit this anarchic trend, for every kind of architecture from 1636 to the present day can be seen on this extraordinary campus. "The diversity of the institution and the almost complete working autonomy of each department produce a labyrinth in which no one really knows how affairs are managed outside of its own niche."

As you would expect the Jamaican high school boy is somewhat bewildered finding himself in America's finest university (so Harvard alumni say) with its 57 libraries, including the largest one in this country. And he wonders how, out of the 4,000 who applied, he came to be among the 1,100 accepted this year from every state except one of the United States and indeed from the world at large.

Among the new students I have met men from Persia, Australia, Japan, Viet Nam, Greece, Hungary and even Tonga, Queen Salote's kingdom of 150 islands in the South Pacific. Quite apart from the book learning at Harvard, one is assured of a valuable education from mere contact with classmates by virtue of their international background and the highest standard of talent.

A married man looks comfortable and settled and finished; he looks at a woman as if he knew all about her.

A bachelor looks unsettled and funny and he always wants to be running around seeing things. He looks at a woman sharply and then looks away and then looks back again, so she knows he is thinking about her and wondering what she is thinking about him. Bachelors are always strange and that's why women like them. —James Stephens

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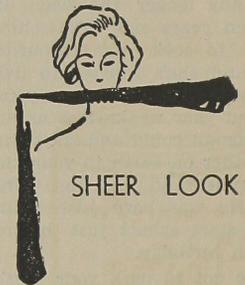
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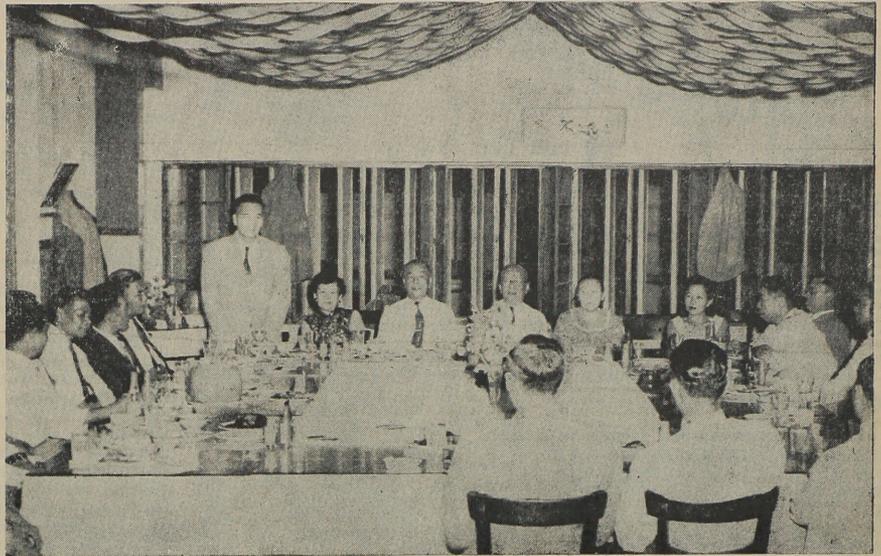
Montego Bay

NEWS IN PICTURES



Queen's Photo

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Shim who were married at the SS Peter & Paul Church on Sunday, September 1. The bride is the former Marie Toyloy. After the ceremony, the reception was held at the Chinese Athletic Club, Half Way Tree.

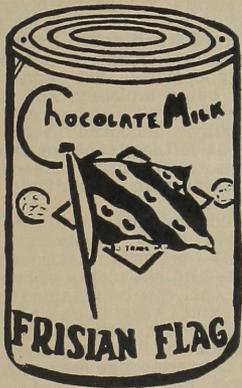


Sang Sang Photo

Mr. Lee Tom Yin replied thanking the Executives of the Chinese Retailers' Association for farewell dinner held at the Cathay Club on Tuesday, September 24. Mr. Lee left for Formosa on Thursday to represent Jamaica at the Ninth Annual Convention of the Koumintang.



It's delicious!

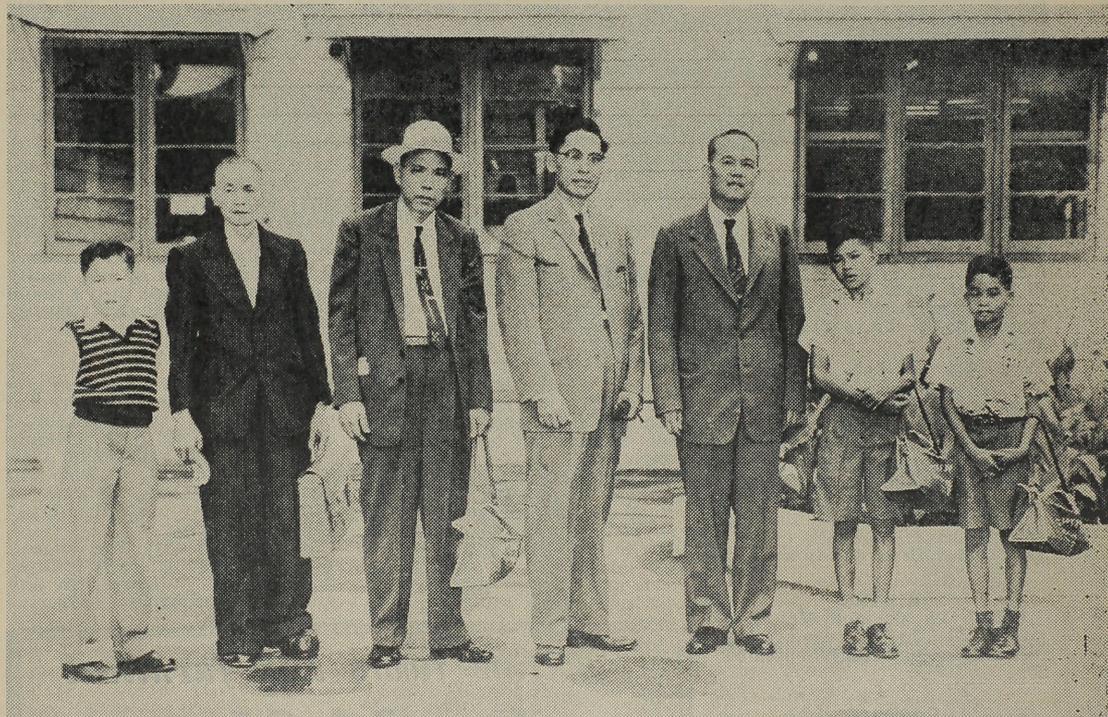


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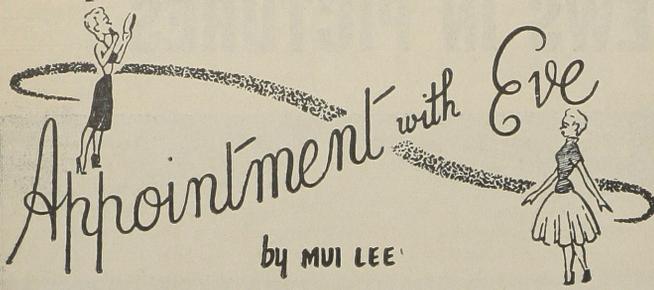
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James Chong Photo

Leaving on July 27 for San Francisco via Miami, to connect with the S.S. PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, which sailed for Hong Kong on July 29, this group of six passengers was seen off at the airport by Mr. Albert Chin Yee (fifth from left) of Chin Yee's Travel Service. A seventh passenger, Mr. Chen Chip Tseung, left earlier in July and joined the main party in San Francisco. From left to right, are, Calvin Hue Sow Chun, Messrs. Hue Sow Chun, Phillip Lee Kong, David Ahkin (formerly of Sang Sang Studio), Albert Chin Yee who saw the party off at the Palisadoes Airport, and little Keith and Lynden Chin. All travel arrangements were made by CHIN YEE'S TRAVEL SERVICE, General Agents in Jamaica for the American President Lines.



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 Miss Mui Lee,

I am now nineteen years of age. I have known a girl for four years and she is about three years older than I am, but from the first moment we met I fell in love with her. I don't think she knows I love her but the problem is: Do you think I should have a heart to heart talk with her about the matter? I would like to get everything off my chest because the sooner I know the truth the better.

R. H.

Dear R.H.,

I take it you are afraid that this girl may not want to marry a man younger than herself? Well I am surprised that you have not had a heart to heart talk with her by this time. Four years is long enough time to get to know a person and I think if she had not loved you she would have left you for someone else before this.

My own opinion is that age makes little difference to marital happiness provided neither of the partners is sensitive about it. I have seen many successful marriages in which the woman is several years older than the man. Take heart, young man, none but the brave deserve the fair!

Dear Miss Mui Lee,

I am writing to you in the hope that the person concerned will read this letter and take a hint. Failing that, perhaps you could suggest another remedy. I am a very close friend of a married couple with four children. Living with them is a young sister of the husband. She has quite a good job with a downtown firm

BIRTHS

CHIN: To Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin (nee Lai), God's precious gift of a son on Friday, September 20.

HO: To Cecil and Inez (nee Leung), God's precious gift of a son at the St. Joseph Hospital, on September 24.

LEE: To Louis and Grace of Morant Bay, God's precious gift of a son at the St. Joseph Hospital, on September 16.

and in spite of this, this couple has been generous enough to let her live with them free of board. In return she could at least show some interest in the household e.g. help her sister-in-law in the kitchen or help with the smaller children. As it is, every morning the wife has to get up and prepare breakfast for every one and if she should awake late this girl would prepare breakfast only for herself and leave for work. When she returns home and the wife is in the kitchen preparing dinner, instead of helping her, she props herself up in bed with a story book. When dinner is ready she has to be called at least twice before she shows up at the table.

Furthermore, being the youngest member of a large family, she would sit by at home and watch her older brothers, sisters and relatives come to the home without even showing the least respect of saying good morning or evening as the case may be. This embarrasses me so much that I feel myself shrink small enough to pass through a key hole.

Naturally the wife is peeved about this, but could hardly say anything in good taste to remedy this. Should I tell her or just leave her alone and let my "married couple friends" suffer?

"SORRY FOR HER"

Dear "Sorry for Her",

Though I can quite understand your feelings of irritation and sympathy, I don't honestly feel you could help this situation by speaking to this girl. I'm afraid you would only receive rudeness and insults and she might feel that the wife had influenced you. This might lead to a big showdown and trouble between the husband and his wife, who seem

to get on quite well at present.

I am very sorry for this wife and feel that her husband is the person who could remedy the situation, but he is apparently accustomed to the selfish behaviour of his young sister and hardly notices that it is putting an extra burden on his wife. If you can control your irritation, and put in a few digs now and then in a humorous way you might gradually bring the situation to the attention of the husband.

But be careful, in-law trouble is a touchy business and your good intentions might only cause worse trouble. I advise you to let sleeping dogs lie!

Dear Miss Mui Lee,

I have been going steady with a girl for a couple of years now and my problem is this:

This girl friend of mine is highly jealous, so jealous that I cannot even walk with any of my girl friends (I mean social girl friends) or co-workers, without being asked a whole lot of questions. I am beginning to feel that this so-called jealousy is what I would call lack of confidence with no trust at all in me and a sense of possession. You will agree with me that a successful marriage would depend greatly on mutual trust of each other even long after the honeymoon is over.

Now do you think that owing to the above circumstances and the lack of faith we could consider any serious steps? Your urgent reply would be appreciated as the life of this love is hanging on a string of hair which greatly depends on your wise advice.

"JEALOUSY"

Dear Jealousy,

I find it hard to advise you for I feel that your girl friend is a nice girl and a good woman. You have known her two years; do you feel that you really and truly love her? Do you feel that she really and truly loves you? If the answer to these two questions is "Yes" and also if you are sure that your actions do not justify her jealous attitude then I would advise you to talk very seriously to her in the same way as you have done to me.

Point out that you do love her but that you are gravely afraid that her attitude of continual mistrust would cause continual arguments — which it certainly would! The girl no doubt does love you but wants to keep you all to herself, but this kind of person is sometimes rather difficult to live with.

If you can give her enough assurance that you are entirely hers and not interested in any other woman she may stop worry-

ing, and you should see a difference in her behaviour in future. However, if the trouble recurs after a few weeks, or even three months, I would honestly advise you to be firm and break away as I'm sure this jealousy will reach even greater proportions after marriage.

Dear Miss Mui Lee,

I am twenty-three years of age. I have an eight-month old baby. My abdomen is still high up and looks as if I am expecting a baby, also my hips are big. I am asking you if you could recommend a diet or any form of exercise that will make my tummy go back to normal and also reduce my hips. My measurements are 32", 26", 42" so you can see that I am out of proportion. Please try and help me if you can. I am conscious of my figure so I hardly go out; sometimes I starve myself but I only get gas instead of reducing. I will be watching Pagoda Magazine for your reply.

Thanking you in advance.

"ANXIOUS"

Dear "Anxious",

I presume you had a medical examination six weeks after the birth of your baby, to see that everything was alright. However, it might be a good idea to have another though I really think your case is just like that of many young mothers who suddenly get fat after having a baby and in the average case, any figure can be regained with perseverance.

First, regarding your diet: Don't starve yourself, it isn't healthy; we do need a certain amount of fat in our bodies, and if you use up your reserves too quickly—as you will if you eat less than you need — your resistance may go down, and also you are liable to suffer from weakness and irritability. Cut down on starches and sugars. Eat brown bread instead of white, or else crisp toast (battered when cold). Avoid such high-calorie foods as ice-cream and chocolate; but don't cut sugar out completely. Eat plenty of fresh fruit and vegetables, especially uncooked vegetables such as lettuce, cabbage and tomatoes, substituting greens for the usual yam, breadfruit and potatoes.

Avoid constipation; to help this problem drink plenty of cold water — between meals not at meals—and eat plenty of "roughage"; this can be obtained in all fruit and vegetables, and an excellent non-fattening food is All-Bran.

As to exercise: go easy with this at first, but be regular. Leg-lifting and lowering keeping your legs straight, is very good for restoring abdominal muscles that have got flabby; also bending from the waist from side to side. I repeat, do not overstrain yourself; start doing each exercise perhaps three times, gradually increasing to ten times.

Why not join a Keep-Fit class? This is the easiest and pleasantest way of assuring yourself regular exercises, and I'm sure when you see other lumpy females trying to get rid of bulges, and making a joke of it, you'll soon get rid of your unnecessary self-consciousness.

Best of luck,

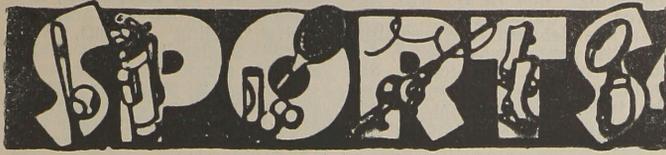
Mui Lee.

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AGENTS: A. N. VAZ & SON



By Ballin.

BADMINTON

All those who have been to the All Jamaica Badminton tourney from September 23, would have seen some first class matches. As in every tourney, there are bound to be upsets and the first one was Ronnie Nasralla defeating the present AJ champ Ian Viera in the first round. In the other half of the singles, Eddie Zaidie defeated Danny DaCosta and so will meet Brendon Clair in the final. Eddie Ziadie has shown remarkable improvement, and has done extremely well to reach the finals. He should go far in Badminton.

The women's field was dominated by Judy and Susan Devlin. They are really first class players, and they left no doubt as to their ability. It will be a ladies' singles final between them as Judy Devlin defeated our current All Jamaica Champion Barbara Chang 11-0, 11-0, in one semi-final while her sister Susan, turned back Sheila Snape 11-1, 11-0 in the other half.

Results of some of the final matches are as follows: Judy Devlin and Mrs. M. White won the women's doubles title from Susan Devlin and Hope Valentine. In the mixed doubles, Allan Feres and Judy Devlin defeated Murray White and Susan Devlin to take the title. Up to the time of writing, the men's singles, women's singles and men's doubles remain to be played.

In the earlier rounds, Jackie Lyew and Karl Lyn won a very good match against Brendon Clair and Ian Hunt, but bowed out to R. Williams and Ian Veira in their next match. R. Williams and Ian Veira reached the finals of the men's doubles where they will meet Danny DaCosta and G. Alexander who upset current AJ Champs, Ron Nasralla and Richard Roberts. In the women's doubles, Dorothy Chin Fook and Kay Wong Ken survived the first round only to be knocked out in their next match by Judy Devlin and Mrs. Murray White who eventually won the title.

On a whole, all the matches

have been very good and the standard of play high. It is a pity there was such a lack of lady players as the women's singles field could have been much larger.

There were consolation matches for those who got knocked out in the first round of the men's doubles and mixed doubles. It was very good to have seen the Devlin sisters in action and it is hoped that some day they will pay us a visit again as many players have gained a wealth of experience.

FOOTBALL

The first match CAC played against Penitentiary ended in a 2-2 draw. The CAC players had many opportunities of scoring and should have won the match.

The next match vs Jamaica Regiment had to be postponed. Against St. Claver, CAC was thoroughly trounced by 7-1. The outstanding player for CAC was Jackie Lyew who really tried hard and was rewarded when he scored the lone goal. It was from a free kick outside the area which went in the pidgeon-hole — really a first-class shot.

One or two of the CAC players had to leave the field as a result of injury, but it was quite obvious that none of the members have taken the game seriously as hardly any of them turned out for training in the previous week.

CAC put up a very poor show, and we can but hope that they will do better as the season progresses.

RACING

Last Saturday was Derby Day at Knutsford Park and it was a good day's racing as the Sweepstake was drawn from which resulted in the two major prizes going abroad.

Everyone, looked forward to the Derby between Tam O'Shanter, See Saw, Projector and March Past. As the gates went up, Tam O'Shanter led the field and never looked back, thereby winning this classic in easy

fashion and in the time of 2 mins. 33 secs., which is the best time ever for a Derby trainer.

Grannum must be congratulated in putting this colt in such fine form and it was his 10th Derby winner. See Saw, the champion 3-year-old, was unfit and should not have started at all.

There were many upsets and therefore many big pools. Those who return to Knutsford Park today should not have a difficult time in picking the form horses. The feature race will be the Keeling Memorial Cup which should be between Ra and Christopher Robin, although there are a few other horses which could easily create an upset.

There is also the "A" Class race with Epigram, Fishers Tale and Tam O'Shanter and a host of others, but the winner should come from anyone of the three.

Here are my selections:

- 1st Race: Mistake
- 2nd Race: Roman Rose
- 3rd Race: Hogan
- 4th Race: Sportsmaster
- 5th Race: Ra
- 6th Race: High Road
- 7th Race: Bill Cody
- 8th Race: Tam O'Shanter
- 9th Race: Rosita.

HERE AND THREE

In the St. Andrew Tennis Tourney, W. A. Scholefield won

the singles by defeating Peter Phillips . . . there will be a bridge tourney at the CAC next week and all players will be most welcomed . . . the Inter Colonial Hockey matches between Trinidad, British Guiana and Jamaica will begin at Sabina Park on October 9, and there will be a series of Test matches. Let's give them whole hearted support . . . We welcome the visitors to our shores . . . the film on the Basilio-Robinson fight is now on the circuit of PALAMCO's theatres, so don't miss it.

Roving Reporter

(Continued from page 7)

among the 14 parishes and the three counties—Surrey, Middlesex and Cornwall, each of these units returning one member to the federal House of Representatives.

U.S. Visas

The United States Consulate General in Jamaica last week announced that the new Immigration Law which President Eisenhower signed on September 11 of this year, is now being implemented in Jamaica and processing of the cases to whom the law applies has already commenced. It was made quite clear too, that there has been no increase in the annual quota for immigrants.

Mr. Arthur R. Ringwalt, United States Consul General, stated at a Press Conference that the "provisions of the law are primarily aimed at uniting families."

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IN PARENTHESIS

Darryl Selznick hadn't found the story that suited him for six years and had reached a point where he was ready to listen to all comers. An unknown aspirant was ushered into his august presence one day.

"They tell me you have a play," said Selznick, with a reassuring wave of his hand. "Go ahead and read it to me."

This was more than the author, a victim of severe stuttering, had expected. The chance was too good to miss, however, so he sat down and read his whole play. When he had finished, Darryl Selznick called his secretary.

"Sign this guy up at once!" he cried. "He's got a new twist that'll have them rolling in the aisles. Every character in his play stutters."

—Bennett Cerf.

A patron on the beach at Coney Island left his wife alone for a few minutes. When he came back, he saw a crowd of excited people gathered at the water's edge.

"What's the matter," he asked a cop.

"They just pulled some dame out of the water," was the reply.

The man investigated and found that the rescued woman was his wife.

"What are you doing to her?" he cried.

"We're giving her artificial respiration," was the reply.

"Artificial hell!" screamed the man. "Give her the real thing. I'll pay for it."

Although Molotov is no longer a big-wig in the Russian diplomatic core, he will be remembered for some of the words he coined. This is one of them.

During a session with the British and American representatives, he observed that the way in which his opponents indicated their approval was by nodding and saying, "Okay, Okay."

During one particular session in which Molotov's approval was being sought, the Russian Foreign Minister shook his head from side to side and declared loudly, "Nokay, Nokay."

A Hollywood writer with a reputation as a Lothario tried to refuse when a witty hostess invited him to a charity affair, pleading that he was working on something important.

"Oh, in that case just bring your work with you," the lady suggested. "We'd love to have her too."

Exasperated by repeated challenges of his statement to a House Committee that reasonable progress was being made in national defence, William S. Knudsen finally summed up the situation thus: "You see, gentlemen, it's like this. Despite your modern hospitals and anaesthetics, despite your obstetricians and psychiatrists, despite all your advancements in research, medicine and science—it still takes nine months!"

The calm routine of a young lady of Tennessee was interrupted recently by army manoeuvres. As she approached a bridge she was in the habit of driving over daily, she was stopped by a sentry.

"Madam," he said earnestly, "you can't drive across this bridge. It has just been demolished."

Leaving her dumbfounded, for

the bridge was in no way impaired, he walked off.

As she debated the possibility that the sentry was insane, another soldier approached. She beckoned to him. "Young man," she inquired, "can you tell me any reason why I can't cross this bridge?"

"Lady," he replied soberly, "I can't tell you a thing. I've been dead for three days."

When Sir Winston Churchill, today the greatest living British orator, first entered public life, he was a halting, faltering speaker. One day, as he was driving to a public meeting in

Manchester, his companion, Lord Salisbury, turned to him and said: "Feeling nervous, Winston?" England's future Prime Minister admitted that he was.

"My boy," said the veteran statesman, "don't be nervous. Just do as I do. Whenever I get up to speak I always make a point of taking a good look around my audience. Then I say to myself, 'What a lot of silly fools!' And then I always feel better."

Columnist Nick Kenny reports a new discovery for children: A coloured soap shaped like a lump of mud.

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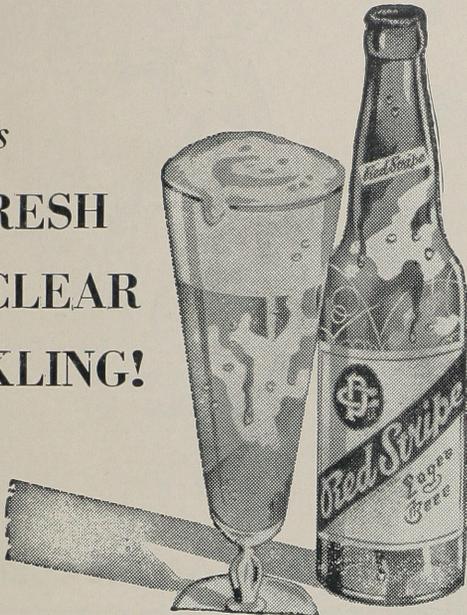


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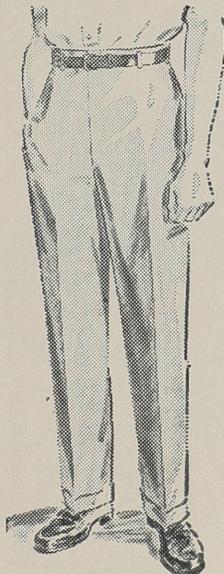
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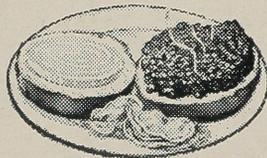
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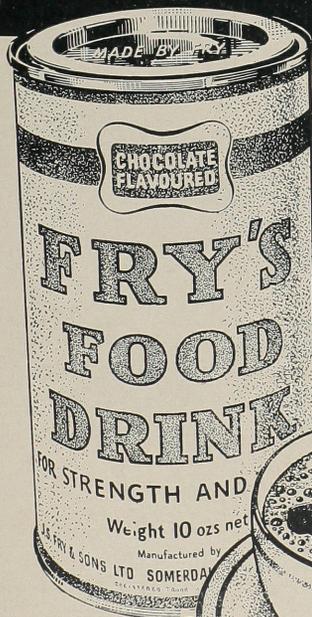


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