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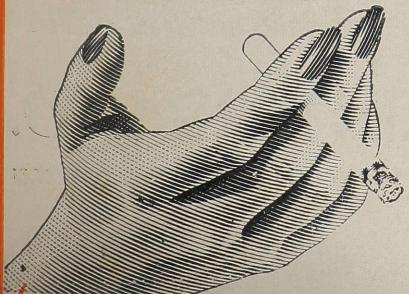
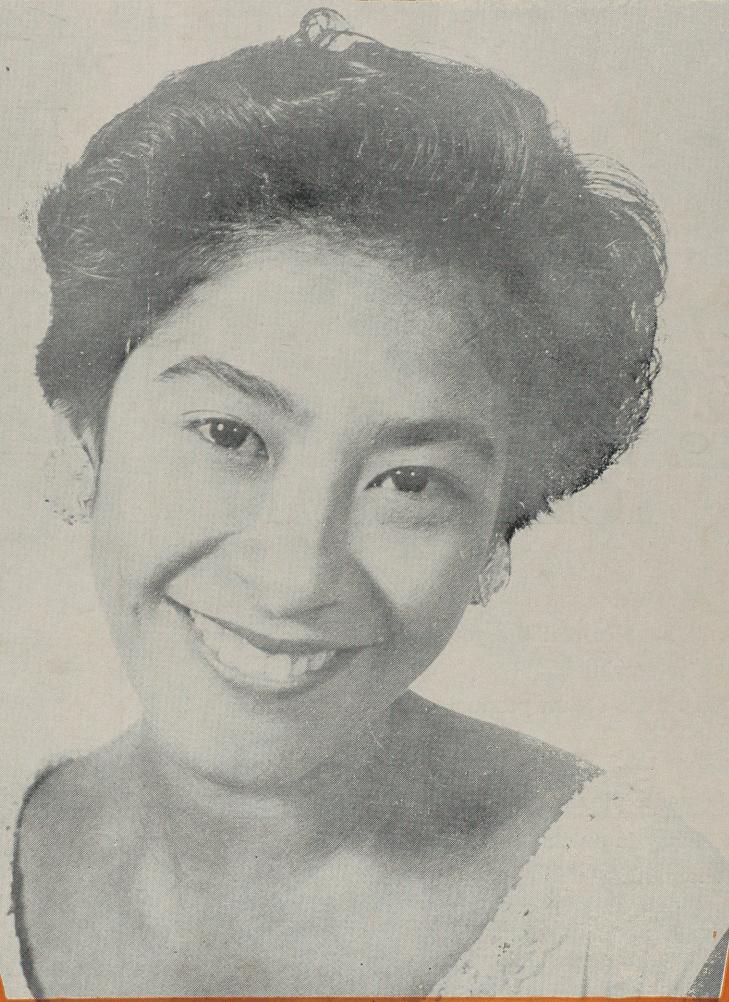
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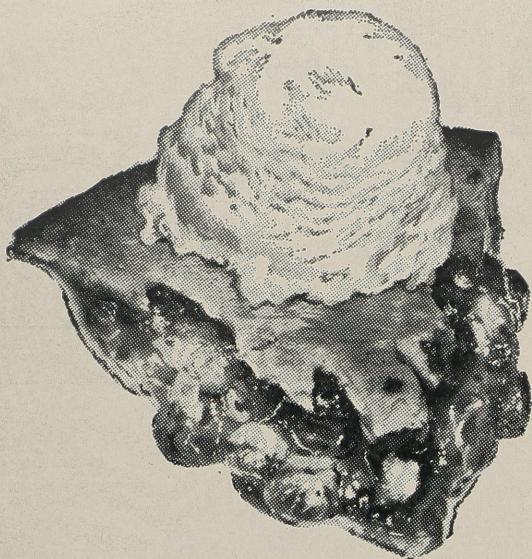


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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

GOOD WORK

The Editor, Sir.

I have been a subscriber to the Pagoda for the past two years and have thoroughly enjoyed every issue sent to me. Keep up the good work.

O. M. LYN.

Mandeville P.O.
October 9, 1957.

ON BEAUTY CONTESTS

The Editor, Sir,

So Mr. J. A. Lowe is at it again? It seems to me he is launching a one-man crusade against beauty contests without much success. In any event, I wish to suggest, Mr. Editor, that in future please publish Mr. Lowe's letters in your "In Parenthesis" column. Surely, if they are intended as a joke, that's where they belong.

BEAUTY CONTEST FAN.

Kingston,
October 10, 1957.

The Editor, Sir,

After wading through Mr. J. A. Lowe's letter, I must say it makes difficult reading. It reminds me of the time I read a book by Karl Marx; I had to go over every paragraph twice to get the meaning. Now, let us dispense with Mr. Lowe's first four paragraphs because I am sure very few of us know what they are intended to lead up to. As a matter of fact, his ramblings have the stamp of a politician or one of the American Southern filibuster who just talks on and on when he has nothing to say.

The gist of his long letter is that beauty contest organisers are like slave traders who operate on a more polished scale, but it takes very little common sense to see that this is pure nonsense. No one goes to a beauty contest to buy, no one is on sale. It is all clean fun and only one with a smutty mind can suspect the worst.

A beauty contest encourages our girls to keep fit; in short, it encourages physical fitness, grace, feminine charm and so on, all of which contributes to making a girl into a charming personality. It may amaze Mr. Lowe to know that our beauty contests are not won on the basis of a girl filling a bathing suit. There are intelligence tests; the judges meet the girls to see if they are capable of meeting people with a relaxed mood, to see if they can meet and mix with other people. All these are desirable traits in the human personality if social intercourse is not to be reduced to boredom.

Mr. Lowe should realise that the days when women should be shoved into background are gone and over. A woman is a man's

helpmate in today's world. She must be able to entertain his friends at a party, meet people who are strangers and make them feel at home. Isn't a beauty contest developing all these traits?

Mr. Lowe asserts that beauty contests lower the dignity of womanhood. What fantastic nonsense! One does not lower the dignity of womanhood by admiration. A normal person does not consider it an offense if he is told that his wife is beautiful. On the contrary, he is pleased about the observation.

The whole trouble seems to be that Mr. Lowe has never been to a beauty contest, but it ought to be pointed out to this gentleman that beauty contests are not just designed to perpetuate or encourage debauchery. I am suggesting that the Chinese Athletic Club dispatch an invitation to this gentleman, asking him to view our next beauty contest. Then he will perhaps realise that his wild ramblings are products of the imagination.

If he can be persuaded to come out of his country town and see how a clean beauty contest is run, he will perhaps be convinced that beauty contests do not lead one's soul to hell, nor does it unbalances the conscience with pangs of guilt. And let him clearly understand, that unlike a slave trade, none of the contestants are for sale. The girls will win their prizes on the basis of their beauty, poise, intelligence and other qualities just as athletes win races through their special abilities.

KENNETH CHIN.

Kingston,
October 12, 1957.

The Editor, Sir,

Mr. Lowe's amazing letter states that "can we not calculate the spreading of evil by exposing Eve to the naked eyes of men more than she already is?" I challenge him to point out the instances of evil which has resulted from the three beauty contests which has so far been held. In issuing this challenge, I am asking for him to write out not what he thinks has taken place but what actually took place.

MISS JOYCE LUE.

Kingston.

The Editor, Sir,

Speaking of a long-winded politician, I think it was Sir Winston Churchill who said that he possessed the ability to compress the smallest thought into the greatest number of words. How beautifully this applies to Mr. Lowe's letter which took seven long paragraphs which I still don't understand, to reach a small and unimportant point.

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editorial

THE RUSSIAN SATELLITE

Sometime last week, the Russians launched history's first man-made earth satellite. It whizzed around the globe at a speed of 18,000 miles per hour, and at an elevation of 559 miles. It was a notable scientific achievement, but as the applause began to fade, it soon became apparent how sadly the West, and particularly the United States, had underestimated the Soviet Union.

It was known that the United States was working on its own Project Vanguard to send a satellite into space in the early part of next year, and so were the Russians, but no one had anticipated that the latter possessed the skill and resources to launch a satellite at this early stage, so many months in advance of the United States.

Despite bland assurances from Washington that the Soviet launching did not come as a surprise, there were evidence to the contrary; despite an American announcement that the United States could have sent up a satellite before the Russians if they had wanted to, one comes to the inescapable conclusion that the United States suffered a grave defeat.

The reason for the U.S. defeat in the race toward space is fairly obvious; instead of having the use of the best military rockets available, the U.S. Project Vanguard was forced to depend on the Navy's Viking research rocket which is far less powerful. Also, American scientists have to tailor their research programme to fit their budget while Soviet scientists have at their disposal unlimited funds.

At this stage, there can be no escape from the fact that this great scientific achievement enhances the Soviet Union's prestige to an enormous degree, and to that extent, increases the political pressure that could be exerted from the Kremlin and most certainly will affect the conduct of its foreign policy.

We cannot yet forget that in September of 1949, the then President of the U.S., Mr. Harry S. Truman, announced that "we have evidence that within recent weeks an atomic explosion occurred in the U.S.S.R." It was the first official hint that the Russians had successfully detonated an A-bomb. Several days later, they triggered the invasion of the Republic of South Korea.

It seems then, that President Eisenhower's statement last week that the United States "is going ahead just as it has planned all along, with no special speed up now in the light of the Russian satellite achievement," is designed to minimize the importance of the Soviet victory.

We feel certain that the United States will now launch a vigorous drive in the sphere of space exploration to catch up and pass the Soviet Union and thus restore its precious lead. We do not doubt for one moment that she will be successful.

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THE MIDDLE EAST

The Middle East is once again the focal point of a crisis which has been getting progressively worse over the past few days. In an hysterical note, Syria this week demanded that the UN General Assembly act to stop an imminent Turkish attack on Syria, and both the United States and the Soviet Union threatened to move in if a shooting war started.

The Soviet Union has charged that the United States was sparking the Turks, but there is little to support such a charge. The plain fact is that the United States has nothing to gain by triggering a war in the Middle East. Turkey, on her own, cannot possibly support an invasion and a costly war; her economy is far too shaky.

The Soviet Union is the only power which would benefit if shooting started. For years she has been attempting to gain a footing in the Middle East, and an upheaval in the area would provide her with the opportunity of strengthening her hold in Syria, a country which is already strongly pro-Communist. Moreover, over the past months, the Russians have been sending in a staggering amount of arms into Syria, and the concentration of Turkish troops along the Turkish-Syrian border which Syria so strongly fears, could only mean that Turkey considers the heavy flow of Russian arms into a delicate area as a threat to her security.

The Soviet Union has strongly demanded that a U.N. Commission be sent to investigate the situation on the Syrian-Turkish frontier, but it is fairly obvious that the villain of the Middle East is the Soviet Union itself.

BEEF PRICES

We commend the Minister of Trade and Industry, Mr. Wills O. Isaacs, for instituting a campaign to stop the disgraceful overcharging which had been taking place for years in the sales of beef to the public.

Only several weeks ago, Government raised the price of certain cuts. These increases were necessitated by the unhealthy state of the island's cattle industry, but it will certainly be appreciated by the public that the Government will now ensure that the consumers receive a fair deal from these increases.

Although the Minister's campaign to see that beef is sold at the new controlled prices, will receive the enthusiastic support of the public, we believe that the effort is a belated one which should have been introduced long ago. And it is probably true that the scandalous over-charging which has been going on for years, would not have deteriorated so badly if the Government had not maintained a control price which made it unprofitable for cattle growers to sell at the control prices.

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What Happened In Little Rock?

A peaceful American city has become a symbol of the South's resistance to the U.S. Supreme Court's ruling on desegregation. How did this happen? Little Rock in Arkansas, has a record in race relations that would be the pride of any community. For years, there has never been any outbreak of violence on account of racial differences. While other Southern cities were burning crosses and beating Negroes, Little Rock took the Supreme Court's desegregation order in its stride, planned to carry out the order peacefully. Without doubt, Little Rock, with its record of good race relations, would have accomplished this without violence, but the citizens of Little Rock hadn't reckoned with Governor Orval Faubus.

What should have been a peaceful process suddenly exploded into one of the South's ugliest mob violence. Little Rock's reputation for good race relations went up in smoke, and the name of this little American city echoed around the world. What happened at Little Rock had the support of only a handful of Southern demagogues but the incident threw dark clouds over the name of American democracy in many countries. American diplomats across the globe grit their teeth in anger that a backwood Governor could so recklessly shame his country and render the task of winning new friends so much more difficult. Radio Moscow gave the incident much publicity.

The emotional turmoil which shook Little Rock should never have happened. It would never have happened if Governor Orval Faubus had not created it. Little Rock's Central High School was fully prepared to accept the first group of nine Negro students as its new term began. Prior to carrying out the Supreme Court's integration order, the police and the school authorities had made careful checks and decided that there were no indication of violent opposition to integration. Even the Mayor of Little Rock

had found no reason or cause for alarm.

But the day on which the nine Negro students were to enter Central High School, Governor Faubus, encouraged by his clique of racists, called out his National Guard "to prevent violence" in a city where the police, the school authorities and the Mayor, could find no trace of violence.

WHAT the National Guard was really used for was to bar the nine Negro students from entering Central High School. It was also an ideal way to thwart a fed-

by "Observer"

eral court integration order and win support from Arkansas segregationists, because instead of upholding the court's order of integration, the Governor was actually defying the law by having National Guards prevent the nine Negro students from attending School on the grounds that violence would result.

The reason for Governor Faubus' action was easy to see. A backwood politician who had climbed his way to Arkansas' top position, he was unwilling to let go of the reins of the Governorship after serving two terms. Ambitious for a third, he had staked his political future on the support of Arkansas' segregationists, and his reputation on an outbreak of violence in Little Rock.

After calling out the National Guards and announcing that he had done so to prevent violence, Faubus had to see to it that there was indeed violence, and the type that he had predicted. In response to an injunction issued against him by U.S. District Judge Ronald Davis, he called off the National Guard but refused to order the Guards to uphold the law by assisting integration.

The way was now open for violence. On the morning that

Judge Davis had ordered integration to begin at Central High School, seventy policemen took up positions outside the school. As the minutes tick by, a small crowd began to gather; the police made the mistake of not ordering them to move on. The crowd became thicker, then out-of-town professional agitators began to drift in. They moved among the crowd, dropping a remark here and there, slowly working up the crowd to a pitch of excitement. At 8.45 a.m., when the school bell rang, the crowd began to hoot when at the same time, the nine Negro students arrived escorted by police.

As the shouting became louder, four Negro newsmen unwisely approached the crowd, by then in an ugly mood, from the rear. It was the first spark of violence. A group of agitators gave chase down the block and the crowd followed. From then on, a mob ruled Little Rock.

In Georgia where he had gone to attend a Southern Governor's conference, Faubus kept in telephone touch with events at Little Rock. When reports of violence reached him, he announced delightedly: "The trouble in Little Rock vindicates my good judgement."

BACK in New Port, at his vacation office, President Eisenhower had resisted the temptation of using drastic methods in Little Rock, hoping that the backwood Governor would realise the urgency of the situation and obey the integration order. But when news of mob-rule reached him, the President picked up his pen and signed an history document, ordering the use of armed forces to uphold the law of the U.S. Supreme Court. From then on, it was no longer a simple matter of enforcing integration in the once-peaceful town of Little Rock. It was a choice between law and anarchy, and a powerful message to other Southern demagogues that the Government intended

to carry out the decisions of the federal court.

When told of President Eisenhower's move, Governor Faubus flew back into Little Rock. In a national television speech, branded as a "monument to demagoguery" by one magazine, Faubus said: "Today we find the members of the famed division...with bayonets in the backs of school girls, and the warm, red blood of patriotic American citizens staining the cold, naked, unsheathed knives. In the name of God, whom we all revere, in the name of liberty we hold so dear, which we all cherish, what is happening in America?"

What is happening in America? Thousands of people had asked the same question when Faubus had used his National Guards to block integration, now he was asking it. What had really happened is that the President of the United States had prevented a demagogue from putting himself above the law of the land. And as Little Rock returns to its normal peaceful days, it becomes more and more obvious how senseless it had all been, how unnecessary it would all be if the Fabuses of the South would bend with the wind, would accept the adjustments which they know must come.

No one doubts that integration would be a peaceful process in Little Rock. The President of the U.S. himself believed this to be true when he said: "As a matter of fact, had the integration of Central High School been permitted to take place without the intervention of the National Guard, there is little doubt that the process would have gone along quite as smoothly and quietly as it has in other Arkansas communities."

No one can yet say what the effects Governor Faubus' action will have on the rest of the South, but the consensus of opinion is that he has done his country a great disservice, the country which has made it possible for a backwood politician to become a Governor.

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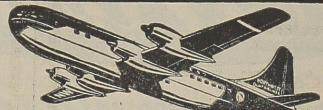
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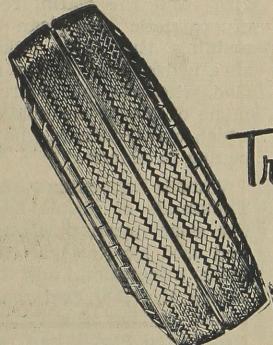


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John Hearne SPEAKING



THE human creature is, instinctively, fickle. Generations of prophets, priests and politicians have not been able to wean him away from this incurable addiction to change; and as he has his fashions in government, religion and dress so does he have his fashions in beauty.

Probably the longest run was had by the solid, massive, plentuously breasted creature we see depicted on primitive pottery or carved into the little figurines archaeologists find among the relicts of some forgotten peoples. We only have to think, however, of the widely publicised measurements of modern Miss Ghana to realise that this ideal extends beyond primitive concept into quite sophisticated, but still tribal imagination: fecundity, in exhaustible nourishment, great physical strength would seem to be the features which go to make the perfect woman. No other circumstances could explain a taste for bust and hips nearer fifty than forty and a waist nearer forty than thirty.

More complex societies though start a refining process pretty quickly; and in these refinements can what we might call the basic structure of the Woman which provide us with such different, sometimes startling, standards of beauty.

It is fascinating, for instance, to trace, by means of pictures, the change in women's appearance during the Middle Ages. From the rather heavy-set, powerful creature in close-fitting, functional dress, hair plaited for work and thick girdle accentuating the hip, she becomes, gradually, longer, thinner, more attenuated, her natural features serving more and more as a mere prop to strange elaborations and elongations of dress. By the end of the Middle Ages she is, frankly, fantastic. She is pale, pulled out to a wavering limit like a thread of chewing gum, eyebrows and front hair shaved so that a marble wall dominates an almost expressionless face beneath an immensely tall conical hat. Thin, terribly thin, boneless hands hold

limply to the front of a robe that for all its richness and ingenuity is, like the hat, curiously unreal: this is a fairy tale woman, and from one of the stranger, crueler, more disturbing fairy tales at that. I have often wondered, too, if her voice was like her appearance: thin, almost unhuman, slightly wavering, with that oddly repellent quality in it.

After the Middle Ages, the taste seems to have been for the rangy aggressive female, feminine yet athletic, with her well trained body set off by flamboyant clothes with wide stiff skirts giving plenty of freedom for leg movement. Significantly enough neither head-dress nor hair styles were allowed to distract from the tough, definite face, but were kept very plain and neat.

BEFORE our own times, the ideal of feminine beauty went through enough changes to fill several volumes: contrast for instance the small-featured, almost dumpy mid-Victorian "pin-up" with the lean, rakish woman who was just coming into fashion at the outbreak of the First World War.

But it is with the advent of the cinema that we have had really dizzying alterations in taste. The Twenties discovered 'glamour'. Not just beauty or attractiveness, but glamour. The heroine was heavy-lidded, sheathed in a quite impractical glitter of make up and clothes, and her glamour was indestructible. She could be scoured by desert sand, frozen half-dead in polar wastes, sucked dry by jungle leeches, but she had at the end of all this to be impeccable—and impossible. An allure that was half magical in its power to survive catastrophe and mysterious in its artifice was what filled the cinemas of the world; and this, too, was the beginning of the age of the uni-

versal beauty. All over the world, from Tokyo to Timbuctu, Montreal to Malenesia, men worshipped at the same shrine and dreamed of the same vision.

But how faithless men are to their ideals. For the sultry, eye-shadowed siren gave way to the brisk, almost manly comrade of the Thirties. Jean Harlow notwithstanding, the woman of the Thirties as idealised on a million screens had the bony, ambiguous face, the long wide-shouldered, cow-boy's body of a Rosalind Russell or a Joan Crawford. And the spirit behind the flesh—for ideal beauty is never only skin deep—was astringent, crisp, lively and highly competitive.

Now we seem to have returned to a concept of untouched nature. The heroines of today tend to wind-swept hair, ripe faces, but faces untouched by paint and artifice, figures which range from the virginal slim to the full-blown balloon but unadorned, uncomplicated by designing dressmakers; figures which speak for themselves, in uneducated voices, through shapeless sweat-shirts, rough jeans, simple dirndls and peasant-type blouses. The spirits behind these faces are universally insipid. Nothing is asked of them except that they be as fresh as new grass and as cosy as toast. In me, most of the modern idol-ideals under thirty inspire about as much feeling as does a long drink of cool, clear water. All right if you're very, very thirsty, but hardly anything to think about otherwise.

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The Roving REPORTER

Match Factory Strike

Minister of Trade and Industry, Wills O. Isaacs, issued an ultimatum to the match industry last week, to resume production "within forty-eight hours". The Minister warned that if this is not done, "I shall be reluctantly compelled to seek to adopt such measures (including if necessary the adjustment of the import duty on matches) as will ensure that supplies of matches adequate to meet the needs of the public are maintained."

The Minister's ultimatum came as match shortage spread last week following the complete shut down two weeks ago of the Jamaica Match Industry's factory at Darling Street. There the workers struck in protest against the company's delay in making the retroactive wage adjustments ordered last August by an Arbitration Tribunal and totalling an estimated £19,000.

This week, the strikers went back to work and a serious shortage was averted.

No Codfish In Shops

The Government announced last week that codfish will be dried here. The announcement, however, brought little comfort to the thousands of consumers who cannot now obtain supplies of codfish. Furthermore, if Government's intention is to become a reality, it will be months before locally dried codfish will be available, but it seems that the question of what will be used as a substitute during these months, has been conveniently side-stepped by the Government.

The decision to dry codfish locally is being given serious consideration because the price of codfish at the traditional sources of supply—Newfoundland and Halifax—have risen considerably, and the Government is now refusing to pay a higher price. The exporters lay the necessity for increase to higher wages and overall increased operational expenses.

It does seem silly however, to deprive the consumers of regular supply of codfish when Government has not yet made any start on the actual drying of codfish here. Surely, the Government could have maintained the supply of codfish, even at a higher price, while making plans to dry codfish locally, instead of choking off supplies abruptly. As things

stand, the Government has not provided any substitute nor given any assurance that locally dried codfish will be cheaper than it is at present.

Seven Hundred New Homes

A total of seven hundred new three-bedroom houses are planned in the biggest middle-class housing scheme to date for the Corporate Area. The project will cost an estimated £1,500,000, the financing of which will be done by Colonial Development Corporation and the Standard Life Assurance Company.

The announcement was made by Mr. H. O. A. Dayes, prominent solicitor and Chairman of the Industrial Development Corporation, who spent about three months in the United Kingdom in negotiations. The project will be located in the area west of the University College of the West Indies between Old Hope Road and Mona, the sale of which was negotiated earlier this year by a company in which Mr. Dayes, the Matalons and Puerto Rican builders are the major shareholders.

The project will comprise reinforced concrete three-bedroom houses, with dining and living rooms, bathrooms, porch and carport and separate maid's units of the same material consisting of a bedroom, bath and toilet. The plans for these houses will be drawn by professional architects and built by engineers with vast experience in this type of construction.

Chief Minister Back

Full of praise for the Standing Federation Committee, the island's Chief Minister, the Hon. Norman Manley, returned to the island this week after attending the Committee's final meeting in Port-of-Spain. Said he: "I find the greatest interest growing in the islands over Federation," continued by saying that the basis for most of the Federal establishments has been set up and that we are "all set for this great venture."

How great this new venture will be is anybody's guess, but there seems to be a great deal of indifference on the part of the voters.

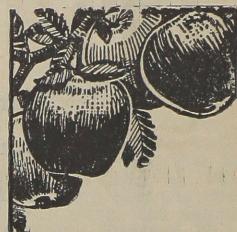
Queen Opens Canada's Parliament

For the first time in Canada's history, a reigning monarch opened a session of the nation's legislative body. As Queen of Canada, Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II, opened Canada's 23rd Parliament this week by hailing "the bright constellation" of the British Commonwealth as "a quiet but persuasive force for good in an unquiet world."

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh are on a ten-day State

(Continued on page 12)

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This is the last 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".

The Tyranny Of Communism

WILL the Communist world overlook or forgive Milovan Djilas?

The revolutionist who helped form the Cominform, this one-time President of the Yugoslav Parliament and former Vice-President of Yugoslavia, has struck a severe blow against Communism with his new book, THE NEW CLASS.

But he is not out of Communist clutches. He is sitting in a Yugoslav prison and the Communists can do anything they want with him.

And will the world know about it? Will anyone know if he is brought to trial again? Do they need bother with a trial? Can his wife help him when she is ostracized and cut off from the world? How will anyone know what takes place?

Or suppose the Communists use the other method? Suppose Yugoslav papers carry stories that Djilas denies the book.

What will the world know to believe?

Perhaps he best describes the inevitability of some action against himself when he describes tyranny of the mind. Djilas proves in his book

that to maintain power the Communists can not permit any thought other than those which reflects the line handed down from above.

is the most creative force. It uncovers the new. Men can not either live or produce if they do not think or contemplate...

"The stifling of every thought,

By the very nature of Communism therefore, the Yugoslav regime will not be able to overlook Djilas' book.

HE can look forward to a terrible diatribe in the Yugoslav press about Djilas, his book, and any foreigners who print it or talk about it. But the people will not know the actual contents of the book. This will lead to greater confusion not only among the Yugoslav people but among the rank and file of the Yugoslav Communist Party. Because of this the regime may charge Djilas with conduct harmful to the state—if they do not do worse.

Simultaneously we may have the ludicrous picture of a regime denouncing a man, possibly punishing him, and at the same time launching a campaign to discredit him.

If the Yugoslav Communists try to pass Djilas off as unimportant the West must never make that mistake.

His book will have a grave effect in Asia and Africa among the peoples coming out of Colonialism. Those people are free to read him, are searching for true ideology, and will be exceedingly interested. Djilas is



Milovan Djilas, former Vice President of Yugoslavia shown in a recent photo with his wife. Djilas was ousted from his Government and Communist Party posts in 1954 after splitting with Marshal Tito on ideological grounds.

INS Photo.

Djilas writes:

"Tyranny over the mind is the most complete and brutal type of tyranny; every other tyranny begins and ends with it. Thought

the exclusive monopoly over thinking for the purpose of defending their personal interests will nail the Communists to a shameful cross in history."

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THE PAGODA

known to them, especially in India.

His book will also have profound effect in Eastern Europe. It will feed right into the wave of unrest which has flared in Poznan, Warsaw, Budapest and even in Leningrad. The revisionists of East Europe (those who want to revise Marxism according to the realities of today) will find in Djilas' book the further steps in thinking from revisionism to denunciation of Communism.

One great problem in Communist countries today is that ideology has become static. There has been nothing new since 1948. Suddenly we now have a former Comrade and leader presenting the view that Communism is a dead duck.

Djilas writes:

AVERAGE in everything they (Stalin's successors) possess an uncommonly strong sense of reality. Unable to create new systems or new ideas because of their grasp of bureaucratic realities they are able only to stifle or make it impossible to create anything new...

The effect on such thinking and writing may cause real trouble for Tito. Khrushchev has called Tito the bad boy of Communism more than once. Now he will be able to say, "This is yours and look what he's done."

The Djilas' book may start a witch hunt after anyone whom Tito thinks has been remotely connected with Djilas.

But the Yugoslav Communists may use also a very subtle method against Djilas. There may be a campaign to discredit Djilas in the West and in Asia

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not just as an unimportant man but because of the contents of the book.

A campaign may begin which could go like this:

"If Djilas is right and Communism is wrong, why doesn't he write a positive book? Why does he write only that Communism is wrong and a failure? Why doesn't he tell you what to do about it?"

Many Westerners may fall for this line. After all, the West is desperately anxious to find some solution to the problems posed by Eastern Europe. And it is true that Djilas does not, in, THE NEW CLASS, tell us what to do about Communism.

Of course, the answers to that is that Djilas doesn't know either. Nor is it possible for the West to expect the man to know. He is a product of Communism. His horizons have been limited by his background. It is too much for the world to ask him to solve the problem. The world should instead marvel that he has been able, despite his surroundings, to see truth. As he himself says:

"This narration may appear uncommon to those who live in the non-Communist world; it is entirely common to those who live in the Communist one. I claim no exclusive credit for distinction for this picture of that world, nor for the idea concerning it. They are simply the pictures and ideas of the world in which I live. I am a product of that world. I have contributed to it. Now I am one of its critics."

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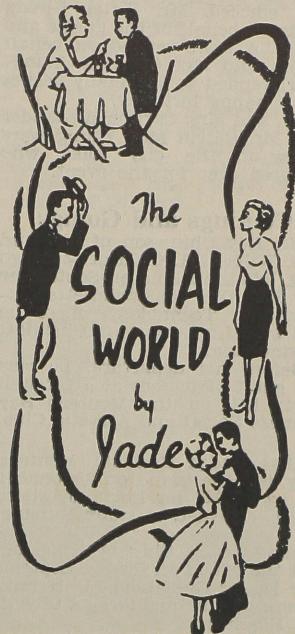
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Big Hallowe'en Dance

The Chinese Catholic Action Association will sponsor their big, gay Hallowe'en Dance on Saturday, November 2. Scheduled to take place at the Chinese Athletic Club, at Half Way Tree, the organisers tell me that the Club will be beautifully decorated for the occasion.

Engaged to provide music for dancing is popular Cliff Beckford and his orchestra. All the proceeds from this Dance will go towards the Chinese Priests Fund.

Admission to this week-end affair is reasonably set at 21/- per couple. This includes supper. Admission for a single person is 12/6.

Catholics and their friends are invited to attend.

* * *

Lym-Chang Wedding

On Sunday, September 29, Vineyard Town's St. Theresa Church was the locale of the wedding of Miss Carmen Angela Lym, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Lym of Darliston, and Mr. Bobby Chang King, son of Mrs. Chang King of Porus. The 10.30 a.m. ceremony was performed by Fr. Joseph Donohue assisted by Frs. McMullan, Butler and Glavin.

The bride, radiant in a creation of chantilly lace and nylon tulle over taffeta and satin, was given in marriage by her father. Assisting her as chief bridesmaid was her sister Jean Lym while Fay Chang was the other bridesmaid. Little Donna Young and Janice Chong were flower girls. Bestman to the groom was Mr. Eugene Chin of Montego Bay, while Messrs. Easton Chong and Charlie Lym were ushers.

Immediately after the ceremony, the reception was held at

77 Deanery Road, home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Roy Young, where Mr. Headley Ho Sang emceed. Fr. Donohue blessed the cake.

The reception was in the form of a luncheon, but later in the day the younger friend of the couple spent an enjoyable time dancing to recorded music. (Photo on page 15).

Engagement

The engagement of Miss June Chin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Chin of May Pen, to Mr. Gladstone Ho Lung, so off Mrs. Mary Ho Lung and the late Mr. Ernest Ho Lung, was announced on Thursday, October 10.

For Exhibition Photos Invited

Arrangements have been made by a group of Chinese Photographers in conjunction with other Chinese photographers throughout the island, for a joint Photographic Exhibition to be shown at the Institute of Jamaica early in 1958. The Committee in charge of the exhibition are Messrs. Vincent Chin, James Chong, Noel Seow, Ramsey Ho Tai and Edgar Ho Tung.

The object of the exhibition is to bring before the public of Jamaica and visitors to the island, examples of every phase of Photography. The Committee has made it clear that the exhibition is not competitive, and photographers are invited to send in as many pictures as possible, both in colour and black and white. There are no restrictions as to subject matter.

Pictures must not be smaller than 8" x 10" and all prints must be mounted on 11" x 15" mounts. Address all entries to PHOTO EXHIBITION, c/o Vincent Chin, 26 East Street, Kingston.

Contributors are asked to print on the back of each mounted picture, name and address, picture title, camera used, lens stop, film used, filter, shutter speed and whatever other technical data available. Further information can be obtained by writing to the above address.

Parties

Golden Dragon Restaurant on Princess Street was the locale of a very gay Double Tenth Party on Wednesday night, October 9. Attended by teen-agers, the party featured a selection of rock 'n' roll platters which kept the "cats" swinging until early next morning.

* * *

Shirley Nam, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Nam Tung of Brown's Town, celebrated her birthday on Thursday night, October 10, with a party at the Hosangs' new club in Discovery Bay.

Relatives and friends enjoyed themselves dancing to recorded music.

Mandeville Notes

In spite of inclement weather on Saturday night, October 5, the teenagers of this town met for a gay pre-Doubie Ten Party at 2 Ward Avenue. Dancing started at about 9.30 p.m., and while heavy showers were pouring, everyone had a wonderful time rock 'n' rolling to the latest hit tunes.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Roy Lyn, Sylvia, Jean and Judy Lyn, Iris and Ilene Fong, Donald Chin, Dorothy, Enid and Violet Lyn, Danny and Barry Chin, Fay and Danny Yee, Cecilia and James Hugh, Bing Yap, Pansy and Olive Lyn, Conrad Moo Penn, Leslie and Roy Chin Quee, David and Desmond Lyn, Paul Chen and Winston and Richard Chung.

The usual number of males in Mandeville has decreased by one since the departure of Maurice Chin on September 21. Maurice, an employee of the Electrical Department of Alumina Jamaica Ltd., left the island for New York where he will take up permanent residence.

Best of luck to him as he begins his new life in the "Land of Opportunities."

— Contributed.

Port Antonio Notes

Miss Pearl Chung, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Osmond Chung celebrated her 21st birthday on Saturday, September 7. The Chinese Sports Club was the locale of this gay birthday party, and many of her friends and relatives turned up for the occasion.

Cover Girl

As a first impression, twenty-year-old Phyllis Ho Sue seems shy and reserved, but that's just a first impression. The moment one gets to know her, her warm-friendly personality bubbles to the surface, and she becomes talkative, inquiring and interesting. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Ho Sue of Ocho Rios, Phyllis is a city-bred girl who spent a few years in the country when her parents moved to the north coast, later returned to Kingston to complete her commercial education at Kingston Commercial College. For her hobby, she chooses photography, and like young girls her age, she loves dancing, the movies and swimming. Phyllis is one of the contestants in this year's Miss Chinese Jamaica contest, and she confides to this reporter that one of her secret ambition is to travel and see the world. At present, Phyllis is a stenographer to a city accountant.

As usual, Fr. William Dwyer, S.J. emceed. Mr. Victor Chung spoke on behalf of the guests and Mr. J. A. Lowe replied on behalf of Mr. and Mrs. Osmond Chung. Pearl replied to the many wishes for a happy birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Alexander and Mr. Calvin Moo Young were a few of the city folks who motored over for the event.

Comings and Goings

Mr. Roy Chin, son of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Chin of Montego Bay, left the island on September 11, for the Massachusetts Institute of Technology where he will work for a degree in Chemical Engineering.

Before his departure, he was the guest of honour at a farewell party held at the Montego Bay Chinese Social and Athletic Club.

Miss Madge Hew of Montego Bay, left the island on September 12, by BOAC, for England, where she is expected to study Nursing.

Mr. Carlton Chin of Kingston, left the island on Friday, September 13, for Oklahoma University where he will qualify as a Chemical Engineer.

Mr. Maurice Chin of Mandeville left the island on Saturday, September 21, to enter College in New York. On his arrival in New York, he was met at the airport by his parents.

Mr. Cecil Lai Fook returned to the island by PAA on Tuesday, September 24 after a successful business trip to New York.

Miss Connie Simm and Mrs. Harry Chin, returned to the island on Monday, September 23, after spending a two week vacation in Miami. Miss Simm and Mrs. Chin are sisters, and daughters of Mr. and Mrs. James Simm of Half Way Tree Road.

Dr. Ralph Lee of Trinidad, arrived in the island on Friday, October 11, on his way home from New York where he had been on vacation. Dr. Lee flew home yesterday by PAA after spending a week here.

Miss Patsy Chen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Aston Chen of Lady Musgrave Road, left the island on Monday, September 30, for New York where she will enter the Graduate School of Columbia University.

Miss Chen recently received her M.A. degree in Education from Boston College. At Columbia University, she will work for an-

other M.A. degree in Mathematical Statistics.

Mr. and Mrs. Nevile Chin of Mona, returned to the island on September 15, after spending a two-week vacation in Miami.

Miss C.J. Trip to New York

When Miss Chinese Jamaica, 1957, is crowned at the Chinese Athletic Club on November 17, she will receive in addition to a long list of beautiful prizes an expense-paid trip to New York city.

The Beauty Contest Committee has not yet decided on the actual date on which the bathing suit parade will be held and where, but they have announced so far that a Dance will be held at the Chinese Athletic Club on Saturday, November 9. All the contestants will be present.

Byron Lee and his Dragonaires will be on hand to make this a happy gay occasion, and with the beauties present this ought to be a "must" on your list. What makes this function doubly worthy of your support is the fact that all proceeds will go to the Railway Disaster Fund.

CAC President Horace Chang also told this reporter that all the contestants will be awarded prizes. In our next issue, a list of the prizes will be published but up to the moment of going to press, United Agencies, Messrs. Leo Delisser, L. J. Williams Marketing Co. Ltd. and Albert Chang & Co. Ltd., were among those who have sent in their contributions.

Mr. Chinese Jamaica**Entries**

Although quite a number of muscle-men have gone out on a programme of vigorous exercise, many of them have so far failed to send in their application. The organisers have asked me to announce that all those who are entering the Mr. Chinese Jamaica contest should send in their application to "MR. CHINESE JAMAICA CONTEST", c/o K. G. Radio Sales and Service, 84 Slope Road, Cross Roads P.O. All entries should reach the organisers as early as possible.

All trophies for the Mr. Chinese Jamaica contest are still on display at K. G. Radio Sales and Service.

CRA President Attends**MRA Conference**

Mr. Barrington Yee, President of the Chinese Retailers' Association, left the island on Thursday, October 3, for Detroit, where he attended the Moral Rearmament Assembly Convention. Mr. Yee, who was invited to the Convention, had the opportunity of meeting delegates from every country in the world, many of them heads of Government and leaders in industry.

The other members from Jamaica who also attended the Convention were Messrs. Cecil B. Facey and Louis Byles.

Mr. Yee is expected back in Jamaica this week-end.

Morant Bay Notes

Returning to the island on September 10, was Mr. Lee F. Ying, prominent businessman of Morant Bay, who spent an enjoyable six-week vacation in Panama and Dutch Guiana re-

newing acquaintance with family ties. He also visited Trinidad before returning home.

Off to Colon, Panama, on Sunday, October 6, on a two-week vacation was Mr. Eric Chung, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Chung of Morant Bay.

On October 8, Mr. Joe Lee, well known wholesaler of Golden Grove, returned to the island after a two-week business-pleasure trip to the United States.

The community bid farewell recently to two of its most popular members. They are Miss Constance Chung, popularly known as Connie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Chung of Morant Bay, who left for the United States to further her studies, and Miss Mavis Chin, former Assistant Secretary of the Chinese Community Club, who left to take up a post at the famous Round Hill Hotel.

On Sunday, October 13, Mr. and Mrs. Lee F. Ying of Morant Bay held a family dinner for their grandson, Robert, son of Louis and Grace.

— Contributed.

Births

YOUNG: To Mr. and Mrs. Louis (nee Icy Lee), a son at the St. Joseph's Hospital on October 3.

HO TOM: To Noel and Nena (nee Wong), a son at the St. Joseph's Hospital on October 3.

CHA FONG: To Neville and Marjorie (nee Loy Chin), a daughter at the Nuttall Hospital on September 11.

HEW: To David and Nellie, a son at the Nuttall Hospital on October 14.

LEE: To Mr. and Mrs. Baron (nee Wan), a son at the St. Joseph's Hospital on September 2.

HUE: To Mr. and Mrs. Ronald of St. Thomas, a brother for Raymond on October 10, at the Princess Margaret Hospital, Morant Bay.

LUE: To Mr. and Mrs. Mack of Morant Bay, a son on October 9.

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B.G. Sport Club President On Visit

Mr. Cyril Too Chung, President of the Chinese Sports Club of British Guiana and Deputy Commissioner of Income Tax, arrived in the island from Miami on Saturday, October 12. Accompanied by his wife, Mr. Too Chung is on his way home after spending an enjoyable six-month vacation in England and the continent.

Mr. Too Chung and his wife left British Guiana in May, took in Trinidad for a few days before going over to Italy for a tour of the continent. They arrived in England in time to see the Third Test and spent the greater part of their holidays in that country. From England, they travelled on to New York, then to Miami and now Jamaica. They will spend a week here before visiting Barbados on their way home.

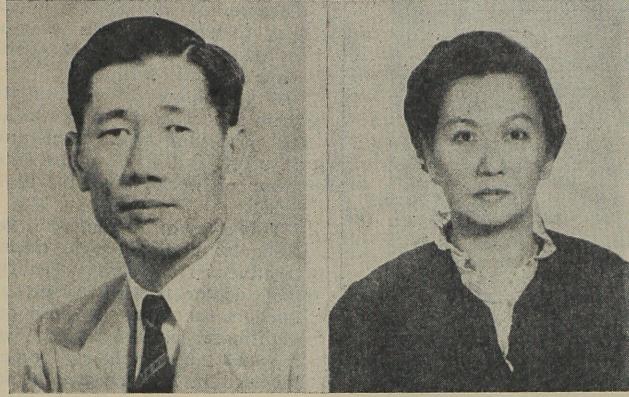
Interviewed by a PAGODA reporter, Mr. Too Chung said that he was very impressed by what he saw in Jamaica, and that he thinks "Jamaica is a very nice place to live."

This is not his first visit to Jamaica. He was here in April, 1949 with a number of other Chinese ladies and men from British Guiana and Trinidad. Recalling the visit, Mr. Too Chung said: "All of us were going on holiday to the United States or to England, and it was arranged that we would all travel at the same time so as to arrive in Jamaica together."

"Through the kind invitation of the Chinese Athletic Club, we were here to take part in various games, indoor and outdoor, against the Club's teams. The idea was to encourage an exchange of visits so that we could get to know each other better and foster closer relationship. Com-

sport is the best way of obtaining the desired result, and that a true sense of sportsmanship would make better citizens."

"The people of Jamaica overwhelmed us with hospitality," recalls Mr. Too Chung who captained the cricket team at that time, "and many of us were sorry to leave. We were guests at the homes of Chinese families in Kingston, each visitor remaining with the same host during the fortnight of our stay."



Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Too Chung of British Guiana.

mencing in 1929, teams of sportsmen and women from Trinidad and British Guiana have played in tournaments in each Colony from time to time, and in every respect the visits have been most beneficial. We appreciate that

"It did not take us long to discover that we had many things in common with the people of Jamaica. Our forefathers, having made their homes in British Colonies gradually adopted western habits and customs, and in the

third and fourth generations of today, it is chiefly the pigmentation of our skins that distinguishes us from the rest of the community. Other races have acquired a taste for Chinese cooking and have learnt to ask for particular items of Chinese food and delicacies. But that is not all; certain of our characteristics will continue and we believe that this is to our advantage."

Speaking of sports and the Chinese Athletic Club, Mr. Too Chung has this to say. "It was not surprising to find that the cricket and tennis played by members of the CAC in Jamaica was of a high standard. A few of them have attained Intercolonial and even International recognition. I am sure that in the future, the club will produce more top-rankers, and I sincerely wish that the Club will prosper and keep the flag flying from generation to generation. But the youngsters must support the Club in order that it might live. The Club, as its name implies, is for athletics, and athletics is for the young not the old. When there is a large number from which to select a team, the possibles must practice regularly and with keenness; the standard in any game will improve through competition."

Mr. Too Chung also believes that "under the leadership of men such as Mr. Horace Chang (the President) and Mr. Cecil Lai Fook, the Club should make great strides forward. I have no doubt that the older members will continue to give their support in every way possible."

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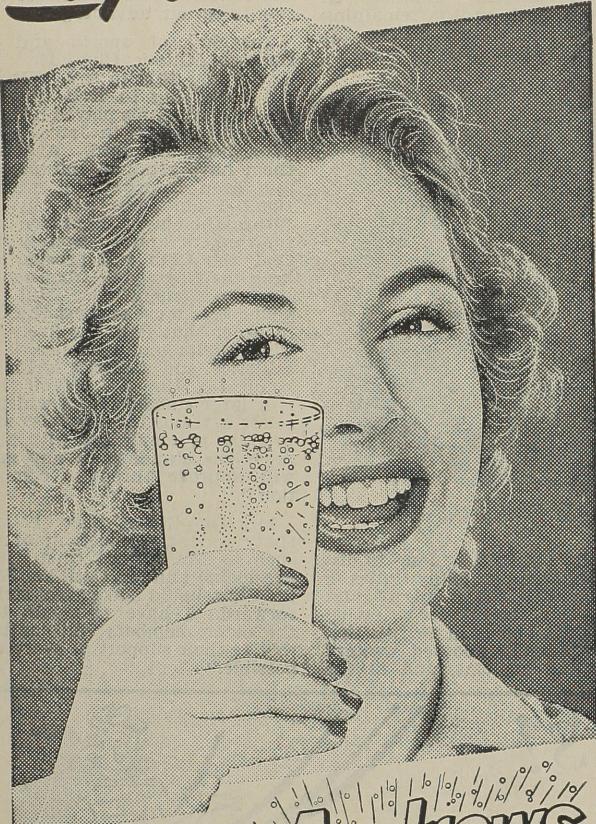
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AT THE THEATRE

By Ruby Simm

Film: Knock on Wood

Star: Danny Kaye

Opinion: Funniest Kaye film to date.

THIS film enjoyed a welcome revival recently at the State Theatre, and although it did not play to packed houses, everyone is agreeing that this is Danny Kaye's funniest film.

Kaye has certainly proved that there is method in madness, and his particular type of madness pays off, and gives to the entertainment world, a genius in his field.

This story of an American ventriloquist undergoing psychiatric treatment from a very beautiful lady doctor in Switzerland and London, takes on the form of a nightmare, when Jerry, the ventriloquist, unconsciously becomes involved in international espionage, and becomes the target of two spy rings, whom he has thwarted (unconsciously again) in their dastardly intentions. When the going gets rough, and corpses begin to fall out of closets on Jerry, his insanity seems proved, and in his panic, his one thought is to flee, and he escapes from one evil, only to fall into another more deadly. His ballet scene was unbearably funny, and the remainder of the film is along that same line, getting funnier and funnier.

Slapstick is bound to be irritating, while brilliant wit can be a headache, but with Kaye, striking a happy medium, the result is a smoothly running comedy, building up to a climax with a rarely found humour on the screen.

Mai Zetterling as his co-star is quite competent.

* * *

Film: Fear Strikes Out

Stars: Anthony Perkins, Karl Malden, Norma Wood.

Opinion: Fine performance by Anthony Perkins.

THIS is supposed to be a true story based on the life of Jimmy Piersiel, famous Red Sox baseball player, but is not the usual hometown boy makes good story.

There is the buildup of the early relationship between father and son, bringing about the climax of the unwholesome effect of the man's influence on his son. We are, by now, quite familiar with psychopathic cases on the screen, and this runs along the usual pattern, with the audience knowing the cause of Jimmy's breakdown, the doctor knowing it without saying, and only the

patient refusing to realize that his cure lies in his recognizing the harm of his father's ambition for him.

The situation is quite pathetic, and Tony Perkins with his dark, burning eyes, and thin feature in a strained, tense face, surprisingly like a small boy's, convey pathos sensitively and effectively. One of the latest of the crop to new male actors to the screen, Perkins proves that he deserves all the rave publicity he has been receiving.

Although this is his third film, it is the first that has been shown in Jamaica, or rather the first that I have seen, and it was quite early for him to have a starring role, and performing so well. His looks are suggestive of Glenn Ford, his voice amazingly like James Stewart's, and there is in his catlike movements, something of the late James Dean, in whose class he obviously belongs—but there is his own personality charged with the flavour of these "greats", and Perkins emerges as a young actor with years of improvement ahead, and development in style, but he is definitely here to stay. His breakdown scenes were played with great control and depth of understanding, breathing authenticity, despite Perkins' extremely youthful appearance.

Karl Malden, as his father, gave his usual excellent performance, while Norma Wood, as his wife, was full of sympathy and a natural charm.

THE ROVING REPORTER

(Continued from page 7)
visit to Canada and the United States.

Influenza Spreading

The incidence of influenza is spreading rapidly all over the island. In some schools, as much as 200 students have been reported down with influenza. Investigations carried out by the Ministry of Health confirmed the presence of Asian flu in the island, but not all the cases reported are as serious as the Asian flu; many are just the ordinary type of influenza, but care should be taken in either cases.

The Government has ordered a small shipment of vaccine which is expected to arrive sometime this week, but it is doubtful if it will be of much help since the vaccine takes about two weeks to become effective.

A New Mystery

The Murder He Didn't Do

THE STORY SO FAR: When weariness overtook truck driver, Joe Kaposic, he pulled over to the side of the road for a nap. He is awakened by police who drag him from his truck, point to a woman's corpse in the cab beside him, and accuse him of murder. Unable to convince them of his innocence, Joe bolts from his captors and takes refuge in a nearby motel.

CHAPTER II.

HE was safe for a moment. He grabbed the thin feeling of security to him. He lay there in exhaustion, his mind a chaotic jumble—and gradually out of the chaos emerged clear-cut memories of the dead girl. She was blonde, a clean, golden blonde with purple bruises on her white neck. She wore slacks and a blouse. A metal tag and her picture on it and her name and a number and the name of the Ramey Aircraft Company.

He lay there wondering about the girl, how she got into his truck while he slept. His thoughts flickered on to Betty and little Joe, and the light through the slitted blinds grew brighter and the street sounds increased. Outside, he could hear the voices of the fall tourists as they made ready for their day's drive. He wondered how long it'd be before the cleaning person came to this room and he wondered what he was going to do then or before then. He couldn't think clearly.

He had on a pair of striped overalls. He had two dollars and twenty cents in his pockets. He was sixty miles from home, but that was no haven. The police would be waiting for him to show up there. Because it was the easiest thing to do at the moment, Joe Kaposic slept.

He awoke with clogged nostrils and an aching body. Sunshine filtered through the slits in the blinds and he could see dust motes swirling as he sat up rubbing his face. Outside he could plainly hear the voices that had wakened him. He got to his feet and went to the window and peered through the slits. A bulky woman pushed a cleaning cart in the direction of his cabin.

Joe Kaposic had never made a bed. But now he frantically straightened the blankets on the bed and smoothed down the chenille spread. He picked up the damp towels in the bathroom and carefully hung them on the towel rack. When he was finished, he went silently and swiftly to the clothes closet, before a key scratched in the door lock.

In the close darkness of the closet he waited. The cleaning woman seemed to be having trouble with the door. With a sudden leap of his heart he remembered he'd left a key in the lock. Sweat broke out on him as he pushed the door open and scuttled across the room. He got the key out of the lock with trembling fingers, trying not to allow it to rattle. He went back across the room, his spine tingling, the coppery taste of fear in his mouth. He pulled the closet door shut as the outer door opened.

He heard the clatter of cleaning pails and the asthmatic wheeze of the cleaning woman. He heard her snort and a few muttered words and the door closed. He waited, listening to the sounds of the cleaning woman

By
William Vance

as she moved along to the next room. When he was sure she was gone, he got out of the closet and relaxed on the bed. Lying there with his hands clasped behind his head, he wondered what he would do.

They think they've got the killer, a hard realistic part of his mind said, You're it, Kaposic, as far as they're concerned.

What does one do when one is accused wrongly of murder? In the movies, on the radio and on TV, the accused always went out and found the real killer. But this was different. This was real, terrifyingly real, and anyway, what did a truck driver know about finding a murderer?

One thing was sure. He couldn't stay there. The room would be rented. Motels were always full this time of year.

THE rise and fall of traffic sounds was like the tides and told him of workers going to work, workers going to lunch. Then sounds outside the door drove him to the clothes closet again. He waited, hardly breathing.

The outside door closed on the manager and a man's voice said, "Alone at last."

"You said that last night," the girl objected. Her voice held a mild note of irritation. "I'm so tired, Chuck."

The man took the rebuff good-naturedly. "Me, too. Let's get a shower and find something to eat."

"Go ahead," she said. "I'll get out a few things."

Joe was glad the man was not the type that prowls, opening drawers, doors and inspecting the premises. He felt the footsteps cross the room, through the vibrations that reached his own feet.

"Damit, these towels been used," the man's voice growled from the bathroom.

"The bed isn't made good either," the girl answered. "Throw the towels out, Chuck. I'll go down to the office and get clean ones."

"I don't wanna touch 'em," the man's voice held an aggrieved note. "What the hell're we payin' five bucks for, anyway?"

"Don't get upset, honey," the girl said soothingly. "You get in the shower. I'll be right back."

The sounds of the door opening and the hiss of the shower steadied Joe Kaposic. While they were doing something else they wouldn't be opening the closet door and discovering his presence.

He inched the door open, looking at the suit lying across the bed and debating on whether he could get it and get out before the girl returned. He opened the door wider, intending to try when he heard footsteps outside. He jerked the door shut as the girl came back into the room.

Joe Kaposic's nose started tickling. He jammed his finger up under his nose. His eyes watered and he tried to smother his sneeze with his hand. The result was a strangled snort. At that instant the shower went off.

"You catching cold, honey?" the girl called.

"Huh? Where's that towel?"

Joe Kaposic held his breath for a moment. His stomach muscles



She was a blonde with purple bruises on her white neck.

hurt. He tried to relax when the girl's voice came from the bathroom. The shower hissed again and with it the sound of the man moving around in the bedroom.

The couple went out and Joe Kaposic breathed easily again. He came out of the closet and looked around the room. A pair of rumpled brown slacks and a brown sports coat lay on the bed where the suit had been. He got out of his striped overalls and put on the brown slacks and sports coat. The coat fitted tightly around his shoulder. The slacks were a little high.

He rolled his overalls up in a tight bundle, after removing everything from his pockets. He took them into the kitchenette and looked around for a place to hide them. He pulled out the vegetable bin on the electric refrigerator and dropped them in. He took a last look around and went outside and walked rapidly toward the street.

IT was dusk and the neon lights were on and the air was clear and cool. He walked along the street, watching each car that passed, wondering if the heavy shoes he wore looked out of place with the slacks and sports coat. Luckily his own shirt was a good wool shirt that looked all right with anything he wore. Betty had gotten it for him last Father's Day, an expensive maroon job.

He walked up the street to the hamburger joint. He looked in through the window and didn't see anyone who looked like a cop. His belly gripped hungrily and he went in and sat on a stool.

The waitress took a second look at him. "What door did you run into?" she cracked.

Joe started to josh her and then remembered that he wasn't a truck driver now. He put his head down and ordered coffee and a hamburger.

Joe ate in hurried hunger, turning his head sidewise between bites, trying to read the headlines on the newspaper the

(Continued on page 14)

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RED VICTORY IN THE SKY

by 'Observer'

LAST week, as the U.S. began to regain its composure in the disgraceful Little Rock incident, the country received one of its major defeat in the scientific field. Hurting unseen 559 miles above, travelling at 18,000 m.p.h., was the first man-made earth satellite. It opened a new era in the history of man's ambition to conquer outer space, but what made the launching of the first successful satellite so much more important was the fact that it was the Russians who had done it.

With that recognition came the chilling realization that the Russians must have a workable Intercontinental Ballistic Missile from which a satellite has to be launched. The Russian achievement has serious implications for the West and particularly the United States, the latter which has been pushing feverishly its own Missile and Satellite projects.

The U.S. Government maintained that the Soviet launching did not come as a surprise, but there is every indication that the Russian success in launching the first man-made satellite took the U.S. Government and the world by surprise. The U.S. Intelligence had no warning that a satellite was to be fired, and it soon became apparent how dreadfully the West had underestimated the Russians' ability.

The Sputnik. The Russians called their satellite, the Sputnik. It weighs a surprising 184.3 lbs., compared to the U.S. Missile Project Vanguard which had hoped to send a satellite weighing 21½ lbs., into space. This is less than one-eighth of the Sputnik, and scientists seem to agree that launching a satellite that weight requires an operational ballistic missile as big and powerful as the U.S.'s best and probably better. This can only mean too that the Russians have an intercontinental Ballistic missile capable of landing an atomic warhead anywhere in the United States.

Despite all that has been said by the U.S. Government, Sputnik is an amazing success. The U.S. Project Vanguard expected to launch a satellite revolving at a minimum of 300 miles above the earth. This altitude would have touched the fringe of the atmosphere, a fact which would probably limit the life of the satel-

lite to a few days. The Sputnik revolves at an altitude of 559 miles up, an altitude at which it could keep circling the earth for many years to come.

Thus, the Sputnik is better than the U.S. satellite which is still on the ground, in at least three important ways — weight, orbit and altitude.

During the first night of its launching, the Sputnik's familiar beep-beep sound was heard around the world by radio. No one but the Russians know whether these sounds are merely a series of beeps, or whether it carries coded information from instruments built within the satellite. So far, they have given out little information, but they have revealed the Sputnik's speed (about 18,000 miles per hour), weight and altitude, and disclosed that it circles the earth every 96.2 minutes.

The Russians have maintained that there is nothing concealed within the satellite excepting batteries and transmitters. These batteries will keep the transmitters beeping for about three weeks. General Anatoly Arkadievich Blagonravov, head of the three-man Russian delegation to last week's satellite convention in Washington, also disclosed that the satellite has four radio antennae and that the power of the radio signal is one watt.

What This Means. The success of Sputnik meant that Russian science, having been badly underestimated by the West, has now won new respect. Far from being a nation which was pictured as acquiring scientific information through its network of spies, a new generation of scientists have come of age to blaze a new era in man's desire to conquer space.

How the Russians will employ the fruits of their success is still difficult to foresee, but it does indicate a pressing need for East and West to reach some understanding.

BWIA PILOTS STRIKE HALTS SERVICES

All BWIA services were suspended this week as a result of BWIA Pilots' strike. Suspension of services followed the breakdown of negotiations with the Pilots Association (Belpa) who have issued a strike notice to bring to a standstill the whole of the Company's operations from Wednesday morning of this week.

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THE MURDER HE DIDN'T DO

(Continued on page 13)
man next to him held over a cup of coffee. Nothing there, but the murder might be elsewhere in the paper.

When he finished the last of the hamburger and coffee, he was still hungry but the diner was crowding up. He slid off the stool, paid the waitress, and went outside.

He walked down the street until he came to a traffic light. He stood at the intersection while the light changed several times and the traffic flowed and stopped. A Greyhound bus pulled in and discharged a passenger. The bus was indicated as headed to Los Angeles. Kaposic got on. He paid the driver, put his ticket stub in his pocket, and, when he had slumped down in a seat midway of the bus, he turned his head toward the window so no one in the bus could identify him well.

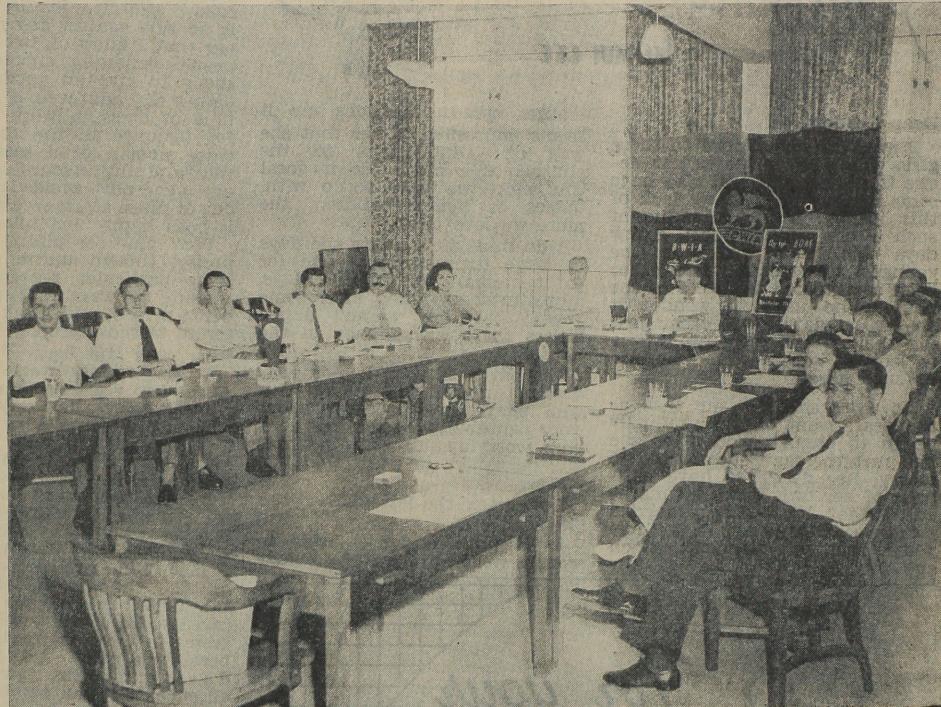


James Chong (Paramount)
Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Cheong after their wedding at the St. Theresa Church in Vineyard Town on Sunday, September 29. The bride is the former Lily Young of Kingston. After the 4 p.m. ceremony, the reception was held at 2 Glendale Avenue, Eden Gardens.



James Chong (Paramount)
Mr. and Mrs. Bobby Chang King of Porus, after their wedding at the St. Theresa Church, Vineyard Town, on Sunday, September 29. The bride is the former Carmen Angela Lym of Darliston.
(See Social World for story.)

NEWS IN PICTURES



A joint BWIA-BOAC Reservations Conference took place at the UCWI's Senate House on September 10 and 11, to discuss plans for the additional BWIA and BOAC services between Jamaica and the United States this winter. The result of the conference is that BWIA will introduce a daily Viscount service between Miami and Jamaica on December 15, whilst BOAC will have ten flights weekly between New York and Jamaica, using Viscounts and DC-7C's. The delegates above are, (from l to r) Mr. Ernest Jones, Reservations Control Officer, BOAC, New York; Mr. W. Hargreaves, BOAC, Nassau; Mr. J. Redden, BOAC Reservations Officer, New York; Mr. J. Habib, Asst. Reservations Superintendent, BWIA, Port-of-Spain; Mr. Ron Evans, BOAC District Sales Manager, Jamaica; Miss L. Barham, BWIA, Kingston; Mr. Martin Hyland, Overseas Reservations Supt., BOAC, London; Mr. Christopher Spurrier, Manager, BWIA, Jamaica, who is presiding over the conference; Mr. L. Rodrigues-Sejas, BWIA Reservations Supt., Port-of-Spain; Mrs. W. Watson of the local staff of BOAC, who is Secretary to the conference; Mr. Pat Simmonds, BWIA District Sales Manager, Jamaica; Miss M. Fogarty, Reservations Officer, BWIA, Jamaica; Miss D. Connolly, BOAC, Miami; Mr. R. Bouteiloue, Overseas Reservations Officer, BOAC, London; Mr. R. J. Brown, Reservations Officer, BOAC, Montreal; Mrs. J. Donald, Reservations Controller, BWIA, Jamaica; and Mr. W. Graham, BWIA, Jamaica.



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Appointment with Eve

by MUI LEE

Dear Readers,

I want to say a word to those girls who have no particular desire to be mothers, and may have some qualms about their lack of this feeling. I was thinking of such a one that I knew, a few days ago. This girl was the youngest of two, and had never been accustomed to babies in the house. She used to wonder if she was unnatural, as other girls she knew, would peep into prams to look at babies, while she had no such urges.

However, she told me that as the years went on she gradually began to change, and after she had met the man she wanted to marry, her desire to have children of her own increased markedly. She has been married some years now, and has three young children of her own, which she loves as devotedly as any

mother could. She tells me it seems impossible to her that she was once indifferent to the charms of a baby! So it goes! The more we have to do with babies or young children, the more we love them.

I do think it is a pity the days of large families have gone (or so it seems). In the old days, many mothers found after some years, that they weren't happy unless there was a baby in the house!

Well even if that is not your dream, any of you young girls who may have qualms about your suitability to be mothers, stop worrying, all your instincts will be called up when the time comes.

Let's open the letters:-

Dear Miss Mui Lee,
Is it possible for a bride to wear a wedding-dress of a colour

other than white? If white is not the only colour permissible what colour do you think is suitable? Is there any rule against other colours?

Looking for your reply in the next issue.

T. W.

Dear T. W.,

There is no obligation for a bride to wear white, but it is an old tradition which most brides follow eagerly. Similarly, there is no rule against any other colour that I know of, but naturally people generally choose a pale shade to give an appearance of daintiness, and even if a heavier type of dress is being worn (as for instance in the case of an older woman or a second marriage) strong colours and black are generally avoided as being out of place at an occasion which is both happy and solemn.

Pale blue or pink, would be pretty, though unless you have some particular reason for not wishing to wear it, I do favour white myself, and think it is flattering to most people.

Dear Miss Mui Lee,

I am twenty years of age. About two years ago I met a boy a year older than myself with whom I became very friendly, and later really loved. I thought he loved me too for he used to run after me all the time. We were "steadies" until I went away to Canada for three months, staying with some relatives for a holiday. Now that I have returned, I am not sure of his love at all. Although he met me at the airport and I have seen him several times since, his attitude seems to have changed. I have been told that he has been dating another girl in my absence. Do you think I should try to get him back, or forget him? I feel so lonely without him? **"DESERTED"**

Dear "Deserted".

I don't feel too optimistic about this young man. I don't condemn him entirely for dating another girl in your absence, that could be just a friendly outing with no intention of hurting you thereby, but the fact that his attitude seems to have changed towards you in such a short time, does suggest either that he was not really in love with you, or that he is not very stable in his affections. You are both young and perhaps neither of you were really sure of each other previously. If I were you I should put this young man out of my head meantime. You will meet others, but will surely find one more dependable. It may take time, but he will be worth waiting for.

Dear Miss Mui Lee,

Can you suggest any way in which I can train my children to be less shy? They are both girls, aged eight and six. When I take them out, and people speak to them, they will not say a word. They make me feel so ashamed. The younger one still sucks her thumb in spite of her age. Have you any suggestions for curing this?

Mrs. R.

Dear Mrs. R.,

You know I do feel that you are expecting rather too much of your children and they are afraid of not coming up to your expec-

tations. Some children are more naturally shy than others, but I cannot but feel that you convey your feelings of slight impatience and anxiety to your children. I think you yourself are probably a little over-sensitive, your children are not being rude, and there is really no reason for you to be embarrassed just because they don't reply to questions put to them. Try to praise them when they are with you alone, show appreciation of their good points and gradually you will build up their confidence in themselves. This slight sense of anxiety may be the reason for your child's thumb-sucking also - try not to talk about it often, and never with impatience. Speak to her occasionally, but quietly and firmly. Time will heal your children's shyness, and probably more quickly if you don't fret over it and increase the tension that has been built up over these occasions. Take a little less notice of these shortcomings for a while.

And so, that's the end of the letters for this week.

Must pass on a Spanish proverb I heard this week: "Mas sabe el diablo por viejo que por diablo"—which loosely translated means: "The devil learns more from old folks than from the devil!" Of course young people may not agree with this, but you older folks, well, what do you say?

Till next week, I am,
Yours sincerely,
MUI LEE.

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By Ballin.

BADMINTON

The All Jamaica Badminton tourney ended on Oct. 3rd and this will be the end of the season until next year. The tourney was very successful and no doubt was highlighted by Judy and Susan Devlin taking part. This was made possible through the hard work of the JBA's Secretary Lucien Tai Ten Quee, and congratulations must go to him for being able to have made the arrangements.

Well, on the final night the Men's singles crown went to Brendan Clair who was fancied for the title from he made his debut on the court in the tourney. He quite easily defeated young and vastly improved Eddie Ziadie who was inexperienced to his opponent. Eddie Ziadie did his best but was just not good enough for his crafty opponent. No doubt a lot will be heard from this youngster next year.

The Ladies' singles final was between Susan and Judy Devlin. Everyone expected a good match, but Judy Devlin was too good for her elder sister and easily won in straight games. Judy Devlin showed everyone how she became champion, not only here but also abroad, with some hard hitting precise shots. The Men's doubles were between D. DaCosta partners by Gillie Alexander against Ian Veira and Ron Williams. This match was very good and one would have thought Veira and Williams had it in the bag after the first game, but Danny DaCosta, who is no doubt one of the best doubles players, if not the finest, in the island, played exceedingly well and supported by his partner took the next two games and so thoroughly deserved victory. Brendon Clair and Ian Hunt won the Men's doubles consolation event and Eddie Ziadie and Hope Valentine won the mixed doubles consolation event.

There were two exhibition matches between Judy Devlin and B. Clair against Susan Devlin and the former AJ champ, Jimmy Leslie. The former pair proved too good for their opponents and won quite easily but one could see that all points won were well placed shots.

In the next match, the Devlin sisters played against the new All Jamaica doubles champs, Danny DaCosta and Gillie Alexander. This match was really worth going miles to see. No doubt the victory of the sisters was a foregone conclusion. The AJ champs tried their best, but the sisters showed them that teamwork and court craft with precise hitting was their key to victory. The sisters won in straight games but this match will always be remembered by everyone as it's the first time that men have been beaten by women!!

At the conclusion, Mr. Murray White, Vice-President of JBA asked the Hon. R. L. M. Kirkwood to distribute the prizes to the respective winners of events. There were also 3 special prizes which

went to the most improved players for the season and who were Eddie Ziadie, Dorothy Chin Fook and Elaine Ziadie. Thanks was given to Mr. Ivan Galan, owner of the Rainbow Club without whose assistance the tournament would not have been possible and to all those who gave a hand in making it such a grand All Jamaica Tourney which was termed as the biggest and best ever to be held in Jamaica.

FOOTBALL

It was thought that as the season progressed, the CAC Junior Cup team would improve, but they seem to be getting worse. The less said about them the better, so here are the results of the matches played and the scores will no doubt indicate how play went.

Oct. 3rd: Bellevue beat CAC by 4 goals to 1.

Oct. 7th: CAC lost to Bernard Lodge by 7 goals to nil.

Oct. 10th: CAC defeated by KSAC by 5 goals to nil.

Oct. 14th: Jamaica Regiment trounced CAC by 7 goals to 1.

Here are a few of the matches left to be played this season. Home team being named first:-

Oct. 21st: CAC vs Jamaica Regt.

Oct. 24th: St. Claver vs CAC.

Oct. 31st: CAC vs Bellevue.

RACING

Knutsford Park ended their two-day meeting on Oct. 5th with a good day's racing. In the Keeling Memorial Cup, the fast stepping colt Ra, won it in convincing style from Christopher Robin who was much stronger in the finish. In the A class race the Derby winner Tam O'Shanter, with a featherweight on its back, made it a post to post victory and was in unbeatable form. If anyone had followed my selections last time they would have no doubt left the track with their pockets full of money from the five winners picked.

HOCKEY

Oct. 7th the first of the matches of the Inter-Colonial Hockey Tour was played between the St. Andrew Old Girls and Trinidad at Jamaica College ground. The Trinidad team was very fast and showed signs of a champion team. They won by 5 goals to 3 and if it were not for Daisy Hernandez, the captain of Jamaica and St. Andrew Old Girls, who played exceptionally well, the score would have been much higher.

Oct. 8th, the BG team which arrived early that morning played a combined Cecilio-Griffinettes team at Jamaica College. The BG team was very impressive and gave us some hard hitting and good stick work. The visitors proved too good for the combined team and won by 9 goals to nil. The most outstanding player for the losers was Dorothy Chin Fook who got no support from her team mates. She is termed as a deft tackler and a very determined "sticker" who never gives up and refuses to be harassed.

Oct. 9th the first of the Test matches took place between Jamaica and Trinidad at Sabina

Park. Jamaica was outplayed from the beginning by Trinidad whose defence was sound and forwards very quick. Trinidad's captain, Rita Dopson was outstanding and showed that she is easily one of the best in the West Indies. Trinidad won by 2 goals to 1 but if it were not for the Trojan work of Jamaica's captain, Daisy Hernandez, who was a tower of strength, who was ably supported by Phyllis McDonald, otherwise the score would have been much greater. Jamaica's defence was not up to standard and their wingers very poor.

Oct. 10th: Jamaica played BG and made one change on her team, bringing in Dorothy Chin Fook for Hazel Samuels. Jamaica

showed much improvement in her defence but again her forwards were useless especially the wingers. BG played very constructive and their stick work and positioning very good. Their forwards, taking every advantage of their opportunities, won by 3 goals to 1. Here again the part played by Jamaica's captain was the highlight of the match on whose shoulders lay the Jamaica defence and was supported by Bernadette Stevens in goal. BG's captain, Pamela Glasfore, Berry Chee a-tow and the left back were outstanding for the visitors.

Oct. 11th: A Rest team played a combined Trinidad-BG side and although they lost 3-0, they put up a good show.

Oct. 12th: This BG vs Trinidad was one of the best matches for the tourney. Both sides were very fast and Trinidad victory was due mainly to their Capt. Rita Dopson who was outstanding in her stick-work, and tackling and distributing and she made Trinidad's defence look impregnable. Although Trinidad won 2-0 it was a good game but BG should have scored if their forwards had finished.

Oct. 14th: U. C. W. I. played a combined BG and Trinidad at the Varsity. The outcome of the match was a foregone conclusion and visitors easily won 5-1.

Oct. 15th: The return match of Jamaica vs BG began with Jamaica drawing first blood when Marjorie Richards scored from a pass by Daisy Hernandez whose position was shifted to centre forward. This left a big gap in Jamaica's defence, so the tireless efforts of right half Dorothy Chin Fook could not withstand the prevalent attacks of the BG forwards. It was 1-1 at half time and in the second half BG was rewarded

with a goal by Eileen Davis which gave them victory.

Oct. 16th: The long awaited return BG-Trinidad match was played. Play was scrappy for the first half in which both goals were scored. The most outstanding player on the field was BG's manager Berry Chee a-tow whose position at right back foiled many attempts by the Trinidad forwards. At times, it was anybody's game and in the last five minutes BG attacked the Trinidad goal area and was very unlucky not to have won. The match ended 1-1 all. This leaves the competition open because if Jamaica beats Trinidad on the final day BG will automatically win on a goal average.

The tourney was very keen and was played in a friendly spirit. All those who took part in it, must have enjoyed every minute of play and must have been sorry the tourney had to end.

BASKETBALL

In the Senior League, the Cathenians, formerly known as Eagles, are no longer favoured to win the trophy. As a matter of fact, if they managed to hold on to third position, they will be considered lucky. This week Tuesday, the Cathenians met Los Pan Americanos in what was supposed to be one of the key matches in the league but they were trounced so soundly that one wonders what has happened to the swift, accurate-shooting team which was once a delight to watch.

The Cathenians were leading at half time by 27-19, but at the resumption of play in the third quarter, their attack fizzled out into one of the most uninspiring defeat. It is quite possible that this is due to the fact that they entered the match with only five players and no reserves, and those five men had to carry the burden all the way, but it is also obvious that they are out of form. Busta Ho missed quite a few which should never have happened, so did the others.

Los Pan Americanos thus managed to amass a 77-55 victory.

In the previous week, United Aces whipped Dennis 58-29, thus placing themselves in second position in the league.

In the Junior League, United Aces Junior humbled United Chinese 32-14 last week Thursday, and this week Tuesday, Fleur-de-lis continued their climb to the top by whipping Crusaders 36-26. Of the matches played so far in the Junior League, Fleur-de-lis is in the top position with United Aces running a close second.

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IN PARENTHESIS

The leader of the City Soviet in Welikie Luki, Germany, made this speech several years ago:

"Comrades, we have extended our power over one-sixth of the earth. But we will not be satisfied! Under the leadership of our beloved Stalin, we will extend our domination over one-tenth, one-hundredth, one-thousandth, yes, even one-millionth, of the globe! Long live Comrade Stalin!"

* * *

A Polish peasant, who had received a questionnaire from Soviet Security officials, laboured long and hard over it. To the question: "What is your relation to the Soviet system?" he replied: "The same as my wife."

He was taken into custody and asked to explain what he meant. "Well," he said, "It's nice at first, but you can soon take it or leave it alone."

* * *

British Field Marshal Montgomery always examines the films which have been listed for presentation to his troops. One day he noticed on the list a film entitled THE RED ARMY. Monty called in his officers, had a long talk about the strength of the Russian Army, its internal organisation, etc. Then they adjourned to the auditorium to watch the movie. The lights went out and on the screen appeared the full title of the film: THE RED ARMY, THE LIVE HABITS OF ANTS.

* * *

An aged, bearded man stood in a crowded bus that was making its way through traffic. A 10-year-old urchin, unable to reach the straps to balance himself, was hanging on to the man's beard for support. The old man bore the burden patiently for a while, then finally said, "Boy, do you mind letting go of my beard?"

"What's the matter?" answered the boy, "Are you getting off here?"

* * *

"Now that Schloz has been made Minister of War," said one East German, "I feel better — maybe we won't have a war."

"Why's that?" asked a friend.

"Well, when he was Minister of Coal, we didn't have any coal."

* * *

When the plaintiff's name was called, he stood up in the jury box.

"What on earth are you doing there?" exclaimed the judge.

"I was chosen to serve on the jury, sir," replied the plaintiff.

"But," said the surprised judge, "that was a mistake, of course. You realise that you can't sit on a jury and try your own case as well, don't you?"

"Well," admitted the plaintiff ruefully, "I thought it was a bit of luck."

In Czechoslovakia the Communists were conducting a purge. An old gypsy was brought before the commissar. "How long," asked the commissar, "have you been in the party?"

"Many years, Herr Commis-sar."

"And your father?"

"Oh, he was a member too, and my grandfather and my great-grandfather."

"Now listen," said the com-missar dubiously, "back in those days there was no party."

"Oh, that didn't make any dif-ference," replied the gypsy, "we were stealing anyway!"

* * *

A member of Parliament was declaiming about an injustice. "It's difficult to exaggerate the seriousness of the situation," he shouted, "but I will do my best!"

* * *

A Soviet top-sergeant, in-structing a bunch of new re-cruits, asked: "And what does a good people's soldier do when he hears the command, 'Volunteers forward'?"

From the rear came a reply: "He steps back so as not to get in the way of the people's heroes!"

* * *

In Moscow, a downcast Izvestia reporter returned from the Kremlin with a totally blank notebook.

Said his editor: "What did our glorious leader Stalin say to-day?"

"Not a word."

"All right, then. Keep the story down to just the front page."

* * *

A Russian commissar was speaking to a group of enthusiastic fellow workers:

"Comrades, we have econ-omised and saved huge amounts of building materials in a rather unique fashion — we simply didn't build!"

* * *

"John, you're not even listen-ing!" complained the woman, after a long speech to her hus-band.

"If you want me to listen," snapped her husband, "shut up."

* * *

A cow-puncher ordered a steak at a restaurant. The waiter brought it in rare — very rare. The cow-puncher looked at it and demanded that it be re-turned to the kitchen and cooked.

"It is cooked," snapped the waiter.

"Cooked nothing," replied the cow-puncher. "I've seen cows hurt worse than that and get well."

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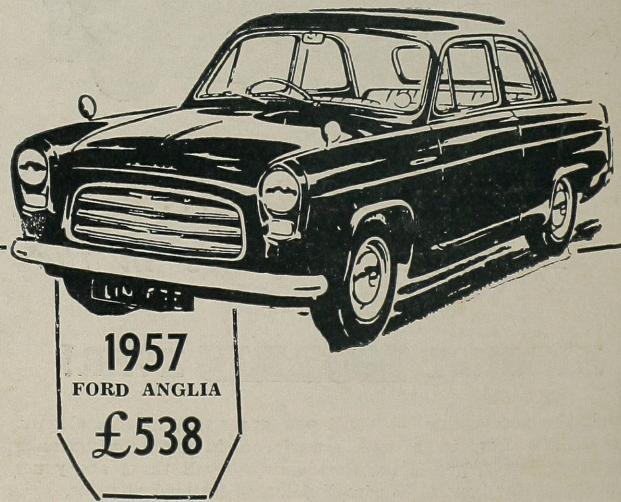
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