

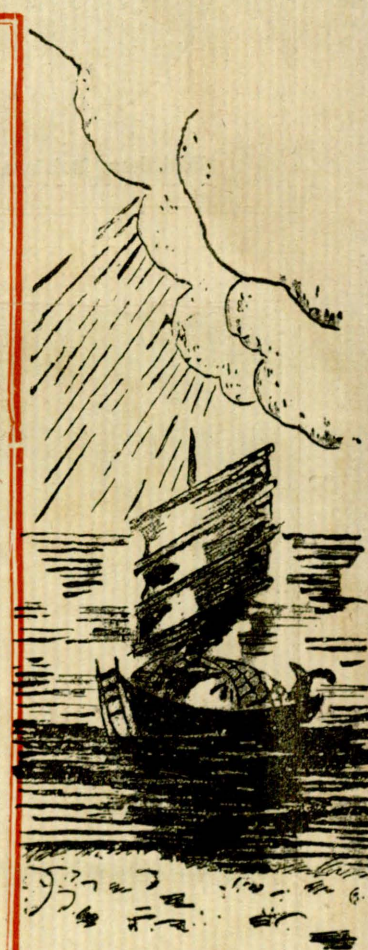
The

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PAGODA

A FORTNIGHTLY MAGAZINE

PRICE THREEPENCE



CONTENTS

Vol. XX No. 6

LIVING FOSSILS
By Edith Hume

A ROSE BY ANY OTHER
NAME
By S.H.C.

MOVEMENTS OF NOTE
By I. C. Evre Ting

PERSONALIA

PANORAMA

GOODWILL MISSION

THE BRIDGE
By Tony Gibson

THE KUNLUN SLAVE
By P'ei Hsing
Traditional Chinese Tales

TALKING IT OVER
By Elizabeth Martin

PERSONS, PACES, THINGS
By Old Joe

REFRESHING WINDS
By Gay

Saturday, September 17, 1949.

Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I.

COOL

SMOOTH

SMOKING

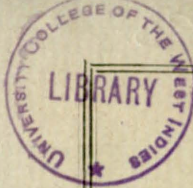
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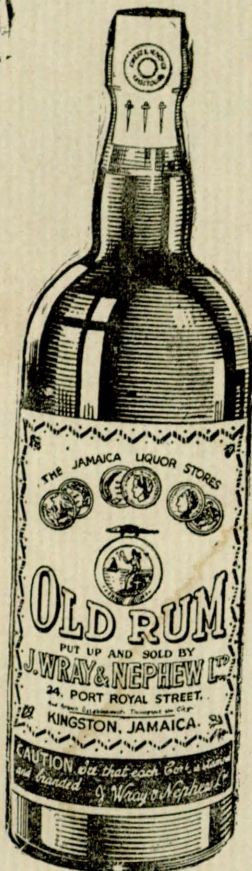
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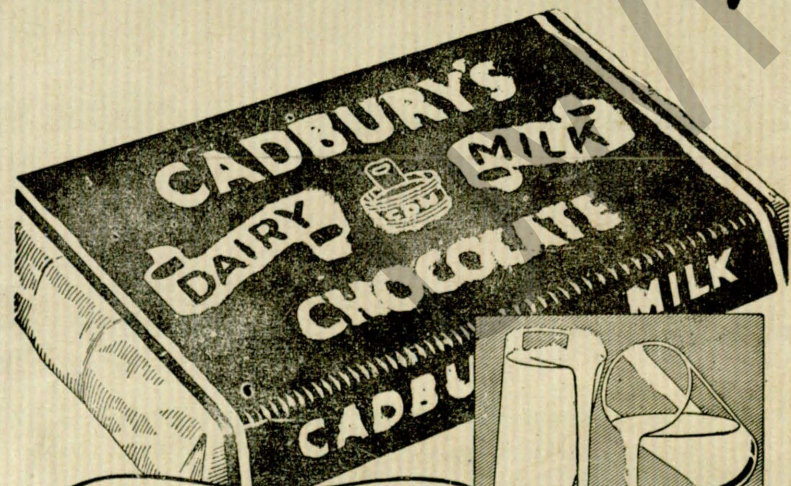
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LIVING FOSSILS

By Edith Hume

From CHINA REVIEW, London

AMONG the mountain ranges of Western China, in the Szechwan-Hupeh border region are hidden valleys where the traveller may find himself in a lost world. For growing on steep sheltered slopes are trees that are "living fossils" — Dawn Redwoods that are the only surviving descendants of trees that flourished when dinosaurs still roamed the earth. Growing with the Dawn Redwoods at Shui Sha Pa in Hupeh, deep in the heart of China, at an altitude of some 4,000 feet, are ancient species of oak, birch, chestnut and beech. These grooves, say the experts, tell us how Alaska and Greenland looked a million million years ago, when the Arctic lands were warm and green; how Manchuria and Oregon looked a mere forty million years ago.

The living fossils discovered recently in China are trees which world authorities have declared as 20,000,000 years old. In the shelter of the huge mountain ranges in West China these giant trees have survived millions of years.

Dr. E. D. Merrill of Harvard University and Dr. Ralph Chaney of the University of California. So great was their interest in this strange species of tree that in March, 1948, Dr. Chaney, one of the world's greatest authorities on prehistoric plants, decided to make the trip to China to see for himself.

His on-the-spot investigations confirmed the findings of the Chinese botanists. He said "The remarkable fact of their survival, 20,000,000 years after they were supposed to have perished, marks one of the greatest discoveries in paleobotany. Major credit is due to my colleagues, Professors Hu and Cheng for their initial reports and descriptions."

With another American, Milton Silverman, the science writer, Dr. Chaney set out from Wanhhsien, 175 miles down the Yangtze River from Chungking and in a difficult ten day, 230 mile round trip visited Mo Tao Chi, where Professor Kan first discovered the Dawn Redwoods, and Shui Sha Pa, near which village they found more of them living under what appeared to be natural conditions.

AT Mo Tao Chi the party found evidence of the awe and reverence which some of these majestic trees had inspired in the villagers. At the base of one giant redwood had been built a temple to enshrine the "tree god" who was supposed to live there. Candles and incense are burnt and offerings made in thanksgiving for a good harvest, or in order to drive away evil spirits. During his trip Dr. Chaney measured

and photographed the Dawn Redwoods and dug up seedlings which he took back to America and transplanted there. He found that the trees averaged 120 feet tall, although some attain a height of 145 feet. They have a tapering trunk, strongly buttressed at the base to a circumference of 22 feet. The bark of the tree is dark grey, and peels off in long threads in old age. The smaller branches tend to be smooth and green when young, changing to brownish grey or grey in the second or third year of growth. Its leaves, which it sheds during winter, look like those of a cypress. During Dr. Chaney's visit, having shed their leaves the previous autumn, the trees were bare and he observed hanging from the branches long catkins, bearing male cones, and shorter female cones. As a result of his investigations Dr. Chaney deduced that the Chinese Dawn Redwoods are of the same family as those which thrived from the Cretaceous to the Pliocene periods when America and Asia were practically one continent. For thousands of centuries the Metasequoia flourished in central Europe and was widely distributed throughout the Northern Hemisphere in Greenland, North America, Siberia, Japan and China. After the coming of the glaciers in the fourth phase of the Cenozoic era, about three million years ago, the severe cold drove all trees in the Northern Hemisphere southward.

IN Europe, the trees failed to survive; in North America, the Californian Redwood, a relative, still flourishes. But in West China, the shelter of the huge mountain ranges and the climate, wet in summer and cool and rainy in winter, appear to have enabled the Dawn Redwood to survive millions of years after its contemporaries, the dinosaur, the flying saurian and other animals of the age of reptiles, had suffered extinction.

(Continued on page 8)

MEANWHILE, specimens and descriptions had been sent to two American botanists,

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A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME

By S. H. C.

JEEPERS heaved himself onto my desk and draped himself elegantly over one corner. I mopped up the spilt ink, dried off his shirt cuff, gave him a brief lecture on the care and habits of the male baby elephant, and then unfolded my ear to the rumbling overtones which were the main ingredients of his speaking voice.

"Well, you know S. H. C., I find that lately I can't seem to remember people's names. It's pretty terrible. Take my word for it. You are going about your business on a crowded thoroughfare — out of a sea of faces, one looms up in front of you. There is something familiar about it, yet you can't grasp it, quite—"

"What do you want to grasp a face for? Just because it is familiar?"

"Oh, don't be dense — I mean the something that's familiar about the face. You cast about for an idea, some little thread of association that will give you a clue, something that will label or tag that face — and it's no go. And now the face looms closer and closer — now it blows its hot breath down your collar. The lips and eyes that belong to the whole outfit, smile warmly at you; you smile warmly back, the face continues to smile. You know then that you can't hold your pose indefinitely, for it is a pose on your part, and likely to remain so until further notice. You can't hold your would-be warm smile any longer, so it relaxes into a sickly grin. You grow embarrassed, you grope around in your mental address book, and it's no soap. The face yells a greeting at you . . ."

"Poor old Jeepers" I consoled, — "He ages — he waxes old — proceed lad!"

"How's tricks?" and you answer: "Fair to middling!"

"Got through that thing alright! That's a sticker. You don't know what on earth he's talking about, because you haven't the foggiest idea as to who he is."

"So . . ."

"So I keep praying that in his conversation he betrays himself. And inside this head the brain machinery goes whirring at a time and a half — thumbling through files, matching names with faces, and not doing such a good job at that. 'Gotta-find-

the-name, gotta-find-the-name, gotta-find-the-name . . . chug-a-lug-chug . . . And I know that I've just got to find the name that goes with the face now addressing me."

"Remember your Shakespeare, son? A rose by any other name would smell as sweet and so on and so on. Why not call him pal, man, friend or something safe."

ON parting I told him not to worry. I apologised for the fact that I didn't suffer from his complaint. I told him that that was probably due to the fact that the old brain was far superior to his.

"Don't worry old man," I consoled him, "you can't all be as bright as your's truly, else my line would be flooded. The thing is to be satisfied with your state in life, don't let the little things bother you, stay off women and liquor, and you will live to a ripe old age. And if it should ever happen again that a face pops up in front of you and demands conversation, start with the weather, go into the matter of his physical well-being, and lure him into showing you his name tag."

"Thanks pal," he said, and heaved a sigh of relief. I could see that he had benefitted tremendously from my conversation. He now seemed ready to face the world. I was about to say that he was ready to make it his oyster, when I remembered that he doesn't like oysters. I, in turn, was feeling pretty good too. Here I had hauled a man from the depths of despair, put him back on the gold standard and sent him again out into the world, broad shouldered, with head erect and a gleam of confidence in his eye.

Shortly after he left, I grabbed my hat and shoved off for King Street. I gave the shop windows a careful once over, stopping now and again to say 'hello' to a friend or an acquaintance. Jim and Anne had just passed by and I was thinking of dashing after

**Those who know
say bake with ROYAL**



them since they obviously had not seen me, when I heard a delicious sort of cooing in my right ear.

"Well of all people! Window shopping?"

I turned and my eyes were given the thrill of their life. If the voice had been beautiful, then this morsel piled up on the dish before me must have been the pattern. Here was a model of feminine yumyum, neatly tagged — "For Export Only" — and it was smiling at me.

"Hello there." Then I turned on the charm way over to the right to the notch marked 'Full'. There was something familiar about her face. And immediately a series of names started flashing across the screen of my imagination. In the passing parade, I saw Jeepers grinning at me, then some more names ran across. With a mental shrug of the shoulders, I dipped cautiously once more into the conversation.

"What gives?" The smile was brighter as she asked this one.

"Not a thing, honey, not a thing. But it has been an age — where've you been packed away."

"Oh, here and there! Floating about you know! You know with Moy and all that — we had to leave town."

In my mind's eye, I could see at least eight faces in the file marked Moy. I was helpless. So I tried again:

"What's on the pad now? All booked up?"

"We-ll! I'm kinda busy. Jo here, and I are collecting for our Youth Club Organizations and we've got half the town to cover before midday."

I noticed for the first time that there was a kid with her. That was of course because I was so busy talking to her, and looking at her.

LIKE a true sport, I sent the hand downward into the right hand pocket where there reposed, if I remember correctly, a sixpence, my last five bob note, a halfpenny, and a shilling. Guided by my thrifty nature, my hand touched the halfpenny, toyed with the sixpence and then grasped the shilling. All this was under cover. I was very con-

scious of a pair of lovely eyes assessing me, and not for income tax purposes either. She was probably measuring me up in Pounds, shillings and pence, and I didn't want to give the lady short change. With a sigh, inwardly of course, I fished out the five bob note. After all, when I remember her name, I am sure that I will regret it if I give her less.

I passed the note over as if this were the happiest moment of my life and with a smile she thanked me.

"Bye now," she said, "see you again soon!"

I waved and made it a date with our eyes.

As I was moving off to another shop window, I found that I had come up close behind them, for they had stopped to do a bit of window inspection too. Just above a whisper, her voice was audible:

"I told you Jo-Jo, you don't have to know them. I bet he thought I was an old family friend or something."

Well, fan my brow!

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MOVEMENTS OF NOTE

By I. C. Evre Ting

THERE were enough goings-on the past two weeks to fill many a page in a diary. For many teenagers it was a full round of going-away parties and birthday parties. One very interesting party was a hen party to our pair, Louisiana bound. The boys who could not keep away crashed in anyhow and the frolic began. One young man masqueraded as a lady down to fine nylons and a handbag. He (or rather she) began a strip tease act which ended with the crowd splitting their sides with laughter.

HIGHLIGHT of the fortnight activities was the short visit of our young piano virtuoso. Our impresario worked himself to the bone to put over her performance and thanks to the efforts of our young sarge the house was sold out by the time the curtain went up. Our visitor showed remarkable ability for her age. It was unfortunate that she could not stay to give a few more performances in the country.

QUITE an unusual number of our students have gone to the States to continue their studies this Fall. Cornwall College graduates are well represented in this annual exodus this year. They were all bright students in their school, I hear, and if they keep up their good work future applicants entering universities abroad should find it so much easier.

WHAT sounds very romantic indeed is a young miss who has gone to the States on a holiday and will be seeing her betrothed at the same time. Her friends would not at all be surprised if she returned with a plain gold

band on her third finger, left hand.

PANAMA is becoming a tourist attraction as two more young ladies, this time from Spanish Town, left early this month to spend a holiday there. They will be seeing old schoolmates who have married and are permanent residents in that city.

MANY fond parents were at the Soohih's Ballet Extravaganza to see their children do some very delightful dancing on the stage. It was an enjoyable show and I am sure that everyone else other than the parents, found it a very pleasing performance. If there is a repeat performance next week you should make every effort to see it, and if the little children in their bright costumes dancing on the stage do not brighten you up then I do not know what will.

THERE were so many parties that I am afraid a few of them must be crowded out for lack of space. Our beverage king gave a triple party for his son, a niece and a nephew at his Lady Musgrave Road home. There was also one for a young debutante who complained that the party was breaking up too soon when the guests started leaving at 2 a.m. There was also the one by the Students who can always be depended on to give a novel and enjoyable time to all. There was the Guild picnic where everyone had a good time and a bumpy one. Not to mention the innumerable ones, large and small, for our scholars seeking honours abroad. If anything it shows that our young generation is growing up fast.

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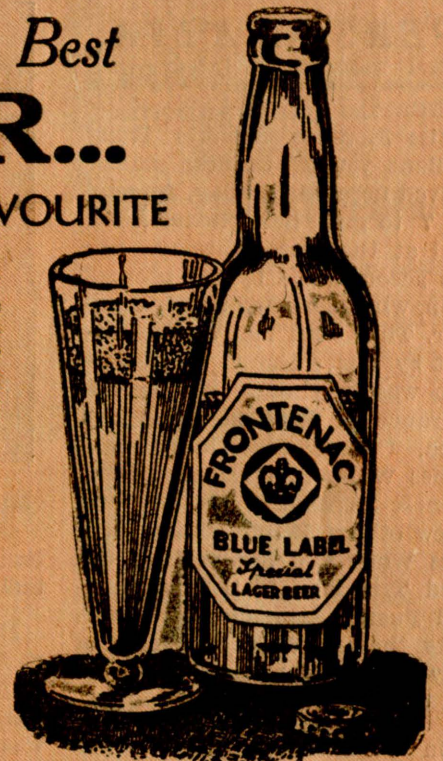
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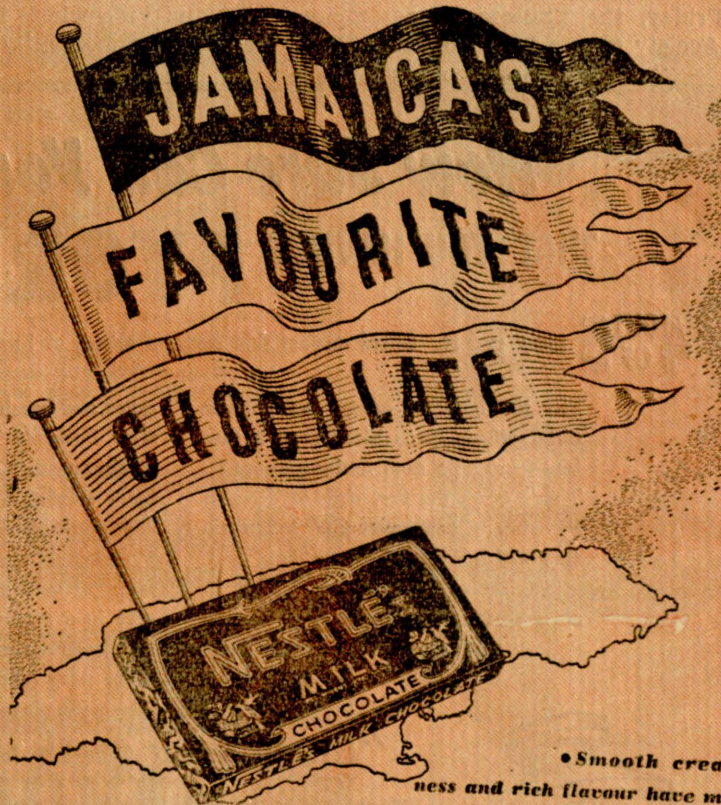
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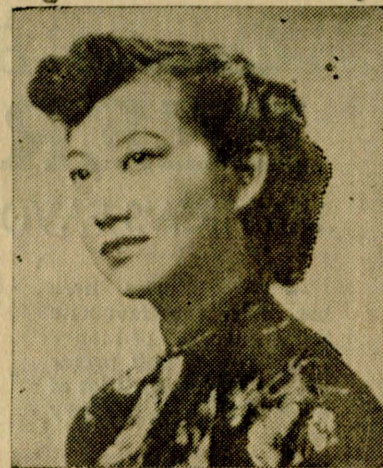


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PERSONALIA

Miss Florence Soonkin Wong, brilliant young Chinese pianist, arrived here on Tuesday, September 7 to give her scheduled recital at the Ward Theatre. She was accompanied by her brother, John, who also acted as her manager. They were met at the Airport by Mr. Lennie Chin Yee, who was in charge of her appearance in Jamaica. Mr. Ting Shoa, Consul for China, Mr. James Williams, president of the Chinese Benevolent Society, and a few others. Before coming here Miss Wong and her brother visited Trinidad, British Guiana, and Puerto Rico and gave concerts there. While in Jamaica they were the house guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Tai Tenquee.



Miss Florence Soonkin Wong.

their honour at the Society's building.

Miss Wong's recital took place at the Ward Theatre on Friday, September 9. The concert was well attended and the audience was very much impressed with the performance she gave.

After the concert Miss Wong and her brother were the guests of Consul Ting Shoa at a supper party at the Chinese Commercial Restaurant.

On Wednesday they visited Mandeville where they were the guests of the Maurice Lyns, the Misses Joyce and Fay Lyn who recently returned from a holiday in Trinidad, having met the Wongs while they were there.

On Thursday they went sight-seeing in the city and also visited Tower Isle and Shaw Park Hotels.

On Friday, the Chinese Benevolent Society gave a luncheon in

meeting a few more people. They left by the 4.30 p.m. plane for Miami.

The marriage of Miss Lileth Wong, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wong, to Mr. Leonard Chang, son of Mr. and Mrs. Chang Ching Sang, will take place on Sunday, October 9 at 3 o'clock in the afternoon at the Holy Trinity Cathedral. It will be followed by a reception at the Chinese Athletic Club at six o'clock.

The Misses Gloria and Blossom Lee left on Monday, September 5 for Panama. They are going on a holiday trip and will be the guests of Mrs. Milton Lowe (nee Beryl Sun) during their stay in that city.

Miss Colleen Hosang left for the States on Tuesday, September 6 for a holiday visit. She will be visiting friends in Philadelphia.

The Misses Betty and Blossom Chin Yee left on Wednesday, September 7 for Indiana University in Bloomington, Indiana. Betty will be entering her Senior year, while Blossom, who was at Carrol College in Wisconsin last year will start her Sophomore year. A farewell party was given for them on Friday, September 2 at Betty's home at 5 Stanton Terrace.

Mr. Lester Chin, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Chin of Montego Bay left on Friday, September 9 to enter Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Lester was formerly a student of Cornwall College. A farewell party in his honour was held the night before his departure at the home of Mr. Edward M. Chin in Montego Bay.

Miss Lily Hoo, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hoo of Lincoln Road, St. Andrew, also left on Friday, September 9 for Pratt Institute of Art in Brooklyn, New York. This is Lily's final year there, where she has been taking courses in commercial art, illustrating, as well as oil painting.

Mr. Morris Williams, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Williams, left on Saturday, September 10, for Louisiana University. Morris, who is a former student of Cornwall College, is planning to take a course in Chemical Engineering. A farewell party was held at his home on Rosseau Road on Thursday, September 8.

Mr. Clinton Chin, son of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Chin of Montego Bay left for Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, on Monday, September 12. Clinton is al-

(Continued on page 18)

PANORAMA

CHINESE PIANIST

Jamaicans have had a rare treat in the appearance of a young Chinese pianist, Miss Florence Wong Soon-kin, who gave a solo performance on Friday night last at the Ward Theatre. That she was unable to remain longer in the Island to give more than the one recital was due to the fact that she had been invited to open the Musical Festival in Washington on the 11th inst., which invitation alone can prove the value of Miss Wong's musical abilities, even had we not been able to judge of these for ourselves.

Born in Singapore, and educated in London mostly, Miss Wong studied music at the Royal Academy in London, and won the Blakiston Memorial Prize and the Henderson Scholarship in Britain. She has toured Canada, the United States and parts of South America, and came here at the invitation of the Chinese Consul Mr. Ting Shoa, and with her brother who acts as her manager, was the guest of the Hubert Tai Ten Quees. It is to be hoped that this talented and charming young pianist will return some day for another visit of longer duration.

MORE OF MUSIC

Music is very much in the air these days with a variety of news on the subject, in particular that of the forthcoming Musical Festival in Jamaica scheduled to take place in November. Arrangements are already being made for the various events, and the competition promises to be keen this year. The Adjudicator on this occasion is to be Mr. John Tobin whose musical credentials are such as to make one realize that no better a one could have been engaged for such a purpose.

The Musical Society of Jamaica has offered a scholarship for the duration of two years which will provide free tuition in bassoon playing, as an encouragement in this neglected branch of music. The scholarship dates from this month.

The performance of the "Tower Islanders" which came over ZQI a short time ago was exceedingly enjoyable to listeners, and this Jamaican orchestra in undoubtedly one of the best to be heard over the local station.

SALVATION ARMY MOVES

The departure from Jamaica of Brigadier Wm. Lewis as the

Army's Divisional Commander in this Island will be regretted by many. His new appointment is in Canada his homeland, and filling his post here will be Major John Nelson, Social Services Secretary for the past two and a half years, whose work for the Institute for the Blind is already well known to us.

The Salvation Army's Evangeline Residence for young businesswomen in the city situated at 153½ Orange Street is one of the most worthy moves of this great band of Christian workers yet organized. The residence can house fifty guests, and the matron is Major Hilda McLauchlan who was transferred from the Josephine Shaw House in Trinidad to fill this post here. The many benefits of the Salvationists' work are already so well known that little more need be said about it. The Home will be opened on the 20th inst. by Lady Huggins.

HURRICANE WEATHER

During the past few weeks there have been several hurricane scares in Jamaica, and in many of the other localities in this region the scares have taken concrete form, with a tremendous toll of loss in life and property. It seems as though the hurricanes have been rushing hither and thither almost without a pause, and one is left wondering when our turn will really come.

A highly dependable body now notifies us of the movements of these hurricanes both in the Press and over the local radio, and every precaution is being taken to protect us in every respect and to give us aid should the worst happen. The local Red Cross Society is preparing for possible emergency, with the co-operation of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, and every arrangement that it is possible to make in advance has been made on an island-wide basis.

THE VICTORIA PARK

All citizens are watching with keen interest the alterations being carried out at the Victoria Park after years of discussion on this matter. Regrettably one and all have seen the great old banyan tree,—landmark of decades, hewn down, and many have felt that even some portion of this beautiful and historic tree might have been retained under a more organised method, but the authorities did not heed this suggestion voiced so many times by the public.

A plan of the new park, or perhaps it should be called the old park with the new look, which appeared in the Press recently,

has given us a very good idea of what it will be like in the near future for the wire fencing is going up at a quick pace now, and it should certainly be less of an eyesore and a more healthy spot when all is complete, than it has been in the past. There is every reason to believe, too, that it will be converted into a beauty spot with its flowering borders and trees, splashing the vicinity from time to time with bold dashes of colour. The fountain, if well kept, can also provide a touch of the beautiful to this site in the very heart of Jamaica's metropolis.

MASTER OF MAGIC

The performance which young Barclay Hosack gave at St. Luke's Hall on August 31st., created so great a sensation that there are many requests for a repeat performance before his departure from Jamaica. This he was able to arrange for the 10th inst., much to the satisfaction of the people.

Barclay Hosack's Marionette Show is equal to any the world over, and even persons who have seen such shows abroad have made this statement. In addition to his Marionettes, Hosack has also been playing the part of a Magician Sarojini and his acts of magic have also been outstanding. When such unusual talent arises in our midst it is a pleasure to have it suitably acknowledged since such a course is not always taken in regard to a "prophet in his own country."

Observer.

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Contributors are invited to send in their MSS at any time. Articles should not exceed 1,000 words.

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Goodwill Mission

A delegation from the Jamaica Chamber of Commerce has just carried out a goodwill tour of some of the other West Indian territories. It was comprised of twenty members from the Kingston and Montego Bay branches of the Chamber, and was headed by Mr. G. M. DaCosta, member of the council of the Chamber, and first vice-president of the Incorporated Chambers of the British Caribbean. Leaving on September 2, the party went direct to Trinidad, then later visited Grenada, Barbados and Antigua, returning home on September 10.

Mr. DaCosta stated in a brief interview with the Press on his arrival, that a report of the tour will be published in due course which will throw considerable light on the business phase of it, but meanwhile, he commented on the warm hospitality which had been extended them in all the places they visited.

The goodwill tour was organized at the suggestion of Mr. Harry Vendryes for the purpose of getting in touch with other British Caribbean colonies to promote trade relations and to learn to what extent such relations already existed.

The agricultural mission sent by the Daily Gleaner recently has undoubtedly done much to help forward good relations between the colonies, and awaken interest in the minds of the people. Sports and cultural activities have this same effect and are, consequently, to be encouraged in every way. They promote travel between the islands and amicable intercourse which help to promote, in their turn, business relations.

In Trinidad, during the tour, much attention was paid to the tourist trade and hotel question, and Trinidadians were urged by

our delegates to erect more and better hotels. It was suggested to them by Mr. DaCosta that the sugar and oil interests should pool their resources and develop the swamp land of Maracas Bay into a lake and build hotels on its shores. So picturesque a site would certainly attract tourists.

In Antigua it was noticeable to our delegates that nothing had been done to transform their twenty miles of white sand beaches into a tourist resort since not even one hotel was to be found there.

There can be no question as to the value of such missions for only through these can first hand knowledge be obtained and sound suggestions offered in that spirit of friendliness and good will which is the foundation of all stable co-operative enterprise. The Jamaica Chamber of Commerce is to be congratulated on making this tour in such a spirit.

LIVING FOSSILS

(Continued from page 3)

Dr. Chancey emphasizes that no final answer to the reasons for the survival of these ancient trees in just one part of the world can be given until further studies are made. He has written, however, in the American magazine Natural History, "There is probably no other place in the world outside the tropics where a mild, uniform climate is combined with a summer rainy season . . . If it were not for the ranges of mountains that surrounded Mo Tao Chi and Shui Sha Pa, the winds from North China would come down during the winter and make these valleys too cold for the Dawn Redwood. And the hot summer winds from north and west would make them too dry. These mountains were built during the Pliocene epoch, when the *Metasequoia* was disappearing from other parts of the world. They have preserved in a limited area the climate on which the existence of the Dawn Redwood depends."

It remains the job of Chinese scientists to preserve these "living fossils" from extinction. The region is one where fuel and timber are scarce and despite the awe which the Redwoods inspire in some villagers there is grave danger of the trees being chopped down for building or firewood.

For this reason Chinese scientists have formed a *Metasequoia* Conservation Committee. Ex-Premier Wong Wen-hao, one of China's ablest men of science, is a leading figure on the commit-

tee and other members come from the Academia Sinica, the Research Bureau of Botany and similar bodies. The Committee plans to build public parks around the trees and it has singled out Kuling, in Kiangsi Province, as an appropriate place to conduct experiments for the propagation of the trees.

FLOODS IN CHINA

South China is at present suffering from devastation brought on by flood. Reports coming from that area have been scanty. Last year in the North vast areas were also affected by floods. One report is quoted below.

"Over a million people living within the vicinity of Tungting Lake in North Hunan have been affected by floods. Liu Hsiu-Ju, Social Affairs Commissioner of that province has rendered a graphic and pathetic report following a survey of the area. Mr. Liu says that many thousands of Chinese peasants were trapped and drowned by the surging flood waters. Many of the farmers who survived are still occupying their thatched homes, some of which are submerged in two or three feet of water. Their plight is pathetic indeed, says Mr. Liu, they look hopelessly at their belongings, clothing, furniture, cattle and crops, decaying in the water. Some of them have set wooden frames above the debris and are making the best of their unfortunate lot.

"In terms of produce, says Mr. Liu, 60 per cent of the arable lands are completely flooded and most of the autumn harvest has been destroyed.

"The floods are attributed to the heavy rains which generally occur between the Spring and early Summer but although the rains were unusually excessive this year, the basic reason for the disaster is attributed to the peculiar structure of the land.

"To alleviate the situation, Commissioner Liu has recommended that a large number of high-powered water pumps be installed to drain the land. A long-range plan to stop these annual recurring floods would be to dredge the beds and construct the necessary water conservancy projects."

"Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together."

Goethe.

Under the freest constitution ignorant people are still slaves.

THE BRIDGE

By Tony Gibson

Floods in China are a common occurrence. In the North the Yellow River, known as "China's Sorrow", breaks its dikes frequently and releases its torrents on the countryside. Here is an interesting eyewitness account.

THE ruins of the city stretched for nearly a mile until they met the water's edge. You could see the space that the city had once occupied outlined by the foundations of the mile-long outer walls but of the two thousand houses that had once lain within the city limits, only twenty battered remnants survived. We settled in one of them. Its roof still had lying across it the timbers of a Japanese machine-gun platform and the graceful flow of the Chinese tiles was interrupted by the shell holes which the war had left. About twenty yards from the house walls there were the swift, silent waters of the Yellow River.

The machine gun nest had been built to provide covering fire for the brigade on which the Japanese were still working when VJ came. Six months later, when I first saw it, the Chinese engineers had taken over, thrusting slender girders forward from either bank, and sinking wooden piles deep into the shifting floor of the river bed. At that time, the bridge was still unfinished, and we had to find a river junk to ferry us, before we could cross the mile-wide river. Then we zig-zagged by sail and pole and grappling iron, lucky if we reached the other side in less than an hour, or were carried no more than a mile down stream in the process.

There were about half a dozen of us, Chinese, Canadian, British, to set up a clinic, and a school, and a co-operative centre in the city's ruins. We watched the encroaching waters with more than a passing interest. The river bed covered just half of the site of the original city. Eight years earlier, when the Japanese were advancing across the North China Plain, the Chinese Army cut the dyke which held in the mighty Yellow River, and released its waters across the path of the advancing enemy. The dyke was cut at Hwai Yang K'ou, and the water flowed away southwards.

Our city was thirty-five miles away, it stood directly in the path of the torrent. The great battle-

mented walls, the double arched gateways, the civic buildings, the two theatres, the market place, the public bath house — all were swept away, overnight to mingle with the yellow dust suspended in the river's waters and carried downstream — a thousand miles to the East China Sea.

IN the war with Japan, the Yellow River had been a good ally to the Chinese Army. But like an old Chinese War Lord it remained long after its usefulness was past, to sap the resources and batten upon the livelihood of the common people. Along its new course there were no strong dykes. Year by year the channel which the waters had gouged out for themselves was silted up, year by year, at the season of high-waters, the river rose and overtopped its banks, to flood across the rest of the city, and over the surrounding countryside. In mid-summer when the waters had subsided all that was left were a few patches of broken brick work which showed above the heavy layers of silt — and on a rise of ground, the cluster of ruins in which we lived.

With the Japanese surrender, the Chinese authorities transferred their attack to the river itself. The United Nations provided heavy equipment, money, and advice. Chinese engineers mobilized ten thousand labourers at Hwai Yang K'ou to dam the breach in the dyke, and to dig a new canal along which the river could be diverted to its former course. For thirty miles around the buyers of the Yellow River Dyke Commission haggled with shrewd farmers for supplies of willow saplings, sorghum stalks and brushwood. Forty miles away quarry was opened so that the new dyke might have a hard core of stone. The edges of the broken dyke began to advance foot by foot towards each other. The River Dragon was being slowly strangled in a running noose.

Downstream, whilst we listened for news of the dyke repair, we were more immediately affected by the completion of the Japanese bridge, which spanned the river a hundred yards or so from

our back door. Our clinic was beginning to thrive, and now became uncomfortably busy as fresh patients from the further bank picked their way cautiously across the sleepers on the single railway track which formed the floor of the bridge.

Up at the Gap, at Hwai Yang K'ou, the engineers were less sanguine. The flood season was approaching, and the pressure of the river on the narrowing walls of the Gap increased. But I didn't hear overmuch of these fears until one day I went off across the bridge on a journey to the capital of the Province. I had to negotiate fresh reconstruction grants, and arrange for more medical supplies for our increasing work. On the third day, with my jobs finished I sauntered off through the busy streets to do a little sight seeing.

I had a chance of a lift home the next day, and for a few hours life looked pleasantly lazy. Before I had been half way through the morning, a battered truck careered down the main road that led into the city from Hwai Yang K'ou. Beside the driver, I recognized one of the engineers from the Gap, and called out for news. We wasted no time on polite conversation. He quickly answered, "the river has risen fourteen feet at Hwai Yang K'ou; half the new dyke gone already!" then slammed in his gears and was gone.

WITHIN less than twenty-four hours the head of waters would reach our ruined city. I decided to get back whilst there was still time. By mid-day I had got hold of a donkey and was jogging out by the south gate of the city, past the crowded suburbs — out under the burning sun and the fierce wind to the wide sandy stretches of the Plain.

There were nearly forty miles to cover, but less than half-way, I began to pass the refugees. They had pulled out from their little tree-clustered hamlets, their few belongings piled high on precious beasts, or swinging from the carrying poles of the men, or fastened in great baskets across the women's backs. After a time there were no more to shout warnings as we passed each other, and then there were only the desolate sand dunes, around which the flood waters were already creeping.

In the early evening I came to a rise of ground where the railway embankment met the crumbling temporary dyke. As I reached this eminence the whole expanse

(Continued on page 17)

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THE KUNLUN SLAVE

By P'ei Hsing

9th Century

Translated by Chi-chen Wang

IN the Ta Li period (766-799) there lived a man by the name of Tsui. His father was a high official and was on intimate terms with Ipin, one of the most powerful ministers of the time. He himself was then an officer in the imperial guard. He was young and as handsome as jade; he was of an independent and scrupulous nature, quiet and meticulous in his ways, and elegant and refined in speech.

Once his father sent him to inquire after Ipin's illness, and the latter summoned him into his chamber after he had commanded one of his dancing maids to roll up the screen. Tsui bowed and conveyed his father's compliments, and Ipin, having taken a fancy to the young man, asked him to sit down and talk with him.

There were three dancing maids and they were all of surpassing beauty. One of them was peeling peaches and putting them in a gold bowl. After she had finished, she poured on sweet cream and served some to Ipin, whereupon the latter turned to a dancer in red and told her to give a bowl to Tsui. Tsui was shy before the girls and refused, whereupon Ipin told the girl in red to feed it to him with a spoon, and there was nothing for Tsui to do but swallow what was fed to him, much to the amusement of the dancer herself.

WHEN Tsui took his leave, Ipin said to him, "You must come to see me when you have time; do not neglect an old man." He commanded the dancer in red to escort Tsui out. In the court, when Tsui looked back, the girl in red raised three fingers, turned her palm three times with all the fingers outstretched, and then said, pointing to a mirror hanging from her breast, "Remember!" And that was all she said.

After reporting to his father his interview with Ipin, Tsui returned to his own quarters in a daze. He spoke to no one and could hardly bring himself to eat. He kept on humming to himself a quatrain in which he compared the dancing girl in red

to a fairy goddess on the Isle of Penglai. None of his attendants guessed the cause of his abstraction.

Finally a Kunlun slave of the family by the name of Molo asked him saying, "What is in your heart that you look so distressed? Why not confide it to your old slave?"

"What good would it do to confide it to you?" Tsui asked.

"I shall relieve your distress if you will but tell," Molo said. "Whatever you desire, however far away the object of your desire may be, I shall enable you to accomplish it."

Impressed by his promise, Tsui told him everything.

"That is a small matter," Molo said after hearing his story. "Why didn't you tell me earlier instead of distressing yourself about it?"

WHEN Tsui told him of the puzzle that the girl in red had posed, Molo said, "That is easy to understand. Ipin has ten dancing girls, each housed in a separate compound. She raised three fingers to indicate that she lived in the third compound. By turning her hand three times with her fingers outstretched, she meant to suggest the number fifteen, in this case the fifteenth of the month. She confirmed it by pointing to the mirror hanging from her breast, for on the fifteenth the moon is round like a mirror. What she tried to tell you, young master, was that you should go to her when the moon is full."

Tsui was overjoyed and asked his slave how he might get to his love.

"Day after tomorrow is the fifteenth," Molo said with a smile. Please give me two bolts of black silk so that I can have a special costume made for you. The dancers' quarters are guarded by dogs from the famed kennels of Meng Hai of Tsaouchou. They are as keen as supernatural beings and as fierce as tigers, and will devour any one who dares to intrude. I am the only man

that can handle them. I shall kill them tonight."

Tsui gave Molo meat and wine. That night at the third watch Molo went to Ipin's mansion and returned in the space of a meal, saying, "I have killed the dogs. That obstacle is now removed."

On the night of the fifteenth, at the third watch, Molo dressed his young master in the black costume and went with him to Ipin's house. There, with Tsui on his back, he jumped over one wall after another until he reached the third compound. The door to the dancer's chamber was left ajar, and from it shone a dim light from a lamp of gold. The dancer was sitting up as if expecting some one and from time to time she would heave a long sigh. Then she intoned a quatrain in which she regretted that she had not heard from her lover.

The guards were all asleep and all round there was no sound. Tsui lifted the screen and went inside. It was some time before the dancer recognized him but when she did, she jumped off the couch and took his hands, saying, "I knew that you are clever and would understand the language of my hand. But I did not know that you have such magical power as to enable you to come to me." Thereupon Tsui told her about Molo. "Where is he now?" she asked. "Just outside the screen," he answered. She summoned Molo and gave him wine in a gold cup.

WHEN she said to Tsui: "I came from a wealthy family in the north and have been forced into

servitude by my present master. It is only because I have no way to end my life that I am still living. Though my face is bright with powder and rouge, yet my heart is black with sorrow and regret. Though I eat with chopsticks made of jade and burn rare incense in an incenser of gold, though my gowns are made of the finest silks and my jewels of priceless gems and pearls, I feel as unhappy as a fettered bird. Since your 'claws and fangs' is so mighty in magic power, will you not have him deliver me from my prison cage? If I can get my freedom, I shall brave death without regret. I shall be your handmaid and wait upon you with gladness. What do you think of it, my beloved one?"

Tsui was saddened by the appeal because he did not know what to say. Molo said, "Since you have resolved to leave this place, it will be a simple matter to get you away." He first carried away the dancer's boxes and bags in three trips and then said, "We must make haste as daylight is beginning to break." So saying, he carried Tsui under one arm and the dancer under the other and jumped over the walls and so out of Ipin's mansion without any of the guards knowing.

It was not until the following morning that the disappearance of the dancer became known in Ipin's household. At the same time the bodies of the dogs were discovered. Ipin was greatly alarmed by these discoveries. "Our walls," he said, "have always been closely guarded and the doors securely locked. It

Jamaican Proverbs

Their Meaning and Significance

Belieb nuttin' what you hear.

Belieb means believe; nuttin' means nothing. The lesson which this proverb teaches is well put in Prov. XXIX. II. "A fool uttereth all his mind; but a wise man keepeth it in till afterwards."

You do me good, you do youself; you do me bad, you do youself.

The story is told of a certain Beggar Minstrel, who went about chanting these lines to the accompaniment of his instrument, for the benefit of householders. The reward he earned was either a coin or something to eat.

On one occasion he was given some cakes that had been poisoned by a wicked woman, who expected by this means to get rid of the beggar for good. The minstrel did not eat the cakes, however, but decided to take them for his needy family. On the way home he met two young men, sons of the same woman, returning from hunting. They were very hungry. The minstrel yielding to the urgent request of the older lad for something to eat, gave him one of the cakes. The youngster died suddenly. His brother much frightened ran to give their mother the news, which so alarmed her that she passed away as suddenly as did her son.

Darg say him radar meet a troop of wild boars dan a group a school boys.

Radar means rather, dan means than.

School-boys constitute the most mischievous herd in the world. They are thoughtless besides. That which is play to them is death to others. What with their banter and noise, stone-throwing from hands and from catapults, doggie is in a quandary as to which course to pursue in order to get out of the way. On the other hand the dog could tackle the wild boars in single combat.

Ah coward mek crab walk backway.

It is fear, that causes the crab to walk sideways or backways is the common impression. So it is, that fear of the consequences, through a twisted imagination, has led a man to do things for which he may be sorry afterwards.

Wha' knife ben' a dey I' da go bruk.

Ben' means bend; go bruk means is going to break.

I appeal to the experience of the housewife to verify the truth of this proverb. The inclination in many cases points to the manner in

which the final acts will be accomplished.

Any time fowl lay, him mek the worl' know.

The domestic hen proclaims to all the world the arrival of an egg, especially if it is the first.

Doant tek me 'pon me cock-yeve side.

Do not attack me upon the side that has a cock-eye (crooked or defective).

One ought not to be cheated on account of some weakness or defect in his armour. Play fair. Never hit a contestant below the belt.

God a mighty nebber gi ugly cow horns.

God Almighty never gives an ugly cow horns. The omniscient creator made "all things bright and beautiful." If by accident there happens to be a disfigurement anywhere. He makes up for it by some redeeming feature.

Calulu grow wha' him 'tomach tek.

Tomach means stomach.

This vegetable is of prolific growth. It thrives almost anywhere, being propagated by seeds that are very fine, and which will lie dormant in the soil during the dry seasons, but sprout and flourish as soon as rains fall. And yet the richer the soil the better the harvest, as though its stomach will not relish meanness; just like some human who do not "stomach" that which is base and sordid.

Hungry-man mus' always call ah pickney-mumma yard.

The hungry man must always visit the home of one who has many children; for in such surrounding he is most likely to receive enough to satisfy his hunger. The home that is blessed with a quiver-full of children provides more than is necessary for the brood, and so Mr. Hungry-man gets his share from the left-overs.

Ebery donkey hab him Sankey.

This proverb also occurs as **Ebery sooko hab him nookoo:** A rough-and-ready rhyming which means that every one has his match or mate in life, and if he waits patiently and seeks well enough he will be sure to find it.

Lillee-Lillee sarb long.

Little by little goes a great way. A rebuke to those persons who will use up everything they have at once, only to regret when all has been spent.

By Pluto

looks as if some one had flown in and left without a trace. It must have been some swordsman (1) who carried the dancer away. Let us raise no alarm so as not to antagonize him further."

FOR two years the dancer in red hid herself in Tsui's house. Then, when spring returned, she went out to Chuchiang to see the flower festival. There she was seen by one of Ipin's servants, who reported what he had seen to his master. Ipin summoned Tsui and questioned him. Not daring to conceal the truth any longer, the latter told Ipin all the circumstances.

"It was wicked of the dancer to have done what she did," Ipin said, "but after she has been in your service for more than a year I shall not insist on punishing her guilt. However, I must rid the land of the menace of such a man as your slave Molo." He despatched fifty heavily armed

(1) He is like a knight-errant except that he does not champion any lady; he is something of a Robin Hood except that he works as a lone wolf. In some legends he is endowed with supernatural powers.

men with instructions to surround Tsui's house and capture Molo.

But armed with a dagger, Molo flew over the walls and flashed through the air like an eagle. So quick was he that though the arrows of Ipin's men filled the air like rain, not a single one touched him. In a moment, he had disappeared, much to the astonishment of Tsui's household.

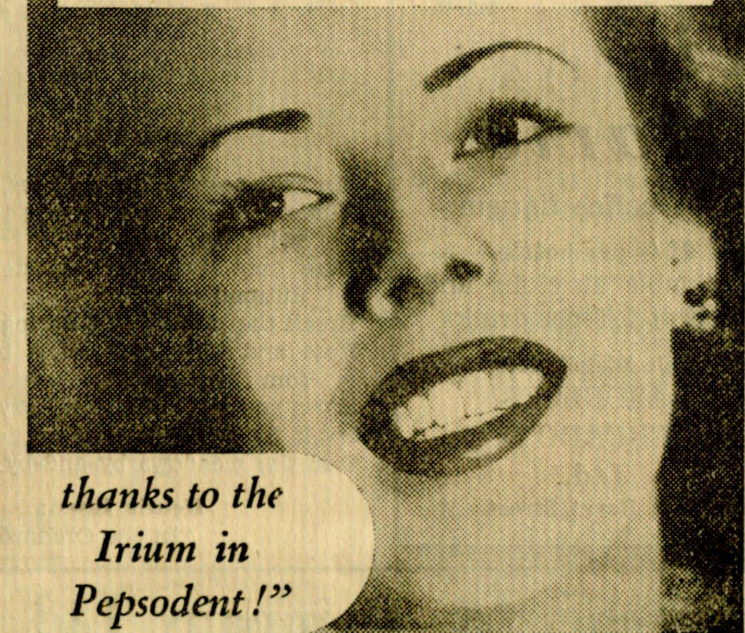
Afterwards Ipin regretted his action and for more than a year he surrounded himself with armed men at night to guard against Molo's revenge.

Molo was not seen again until about ten years later when one of Tsui's servants encountered him in Loyang where he was selling medicine in the market place. He did not look any older for all those intervening years.

Officer (to man pacing sidewalk at 3 a. m.) — "what are you doing here?"

Gentleman — "I forgot my key, Officer, and I'm waiting for my children to come home and let me in."

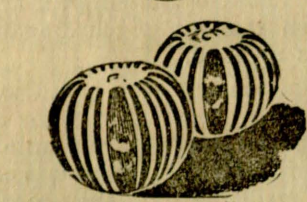
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JAMAICA

"We have neither Summer nor Winter
Neither Autumn nor Spring.
We have instead the days
When the gold sun shines on the
lush green canefields—
Magnificently.
The days when the sun beats like
bullets on the roofs
And there is no sound but the
swish of water in the gullies
And trees struggling in the high
Jamaica winds . . ."

H. D. Carberry:
"Nature."

GREECE

"Round about me hum the winds
of autumn,
Cool between the apple boughs:
and slumber,
Flowing from the quivering leaves
to earthward,
Spreads as a river . . ."

Sapho: "Round About Me."
610 B.C.

PALESTINE

"God has made man upright;
but they have sought out many
inventions."

Ecclesiastes VII. 29.

NORWAY

"In the sunny orchard closes,
While the warblers sing and
swing,
Care not whether blustering
Autumn
Break the promises of Spring!
Rose and white, the apple blossom
Hides you from the sultry sky,—
Let it flutter, blown and scatter'd,
O'er the meadows by-and-by."

Henrik Ibsen:
"In the Orchard."

CHINA

"The white dew wets the moor-
grasses,—

With sudden swiftness the times
and seasons change.

The autumn cicada sings among
the trees,

The swallows, also, whither are
they gone?"

Anon: "Severall Old Poems."
1st. Century B.C.

RUSSIA

"A solitary sail that rises
White in the blue mist on the
foam,

What is it in far lands it prizes?
What does it leave behind at
home?

Beneath, the azure current flow-
eth;

Above, the golden sunlight glows.
Rebellious, the storms it woeth,
As if the storms could give re-
pose."

Mikhail Lermontov:
"A Sail."

ITALY

"The fruit, as yet unformed, is
tart and sour

Little by little it grows large and
weighs

The strong boughs down with
slow persistent power;

Nor without peril can the
branches raise

Their burden; now they stagger
'neath the weight

Still growing, and are bent above
the ways;

Soon autumn comes, and the ripe
ruddy freight

Is gathered: the glad season will
not stay . . ."

Lorenzo de' Medici:
"Lyric."

**POT POURRI
OF
THOUGHT**

AMERICA

"Where long the shadows of the
wind had rolled,

Green wheat was yielding to the
change assigned;

And as by some vast magic un-
divined

The world was turning slowly into
gold . . .

A thousand golden sheaves were
lying there,

Shining and still, but not for long
to stay

As if a thousand girls with golden
hair

Might rise from where they slept
and go away."

Edwin Arlington Robinson:
"The Sheaves."

ENGLAND

"Flecking the sky like autumn
leaves,

To-day the martins fill the air.
And the round nest beneath the
eaves

Will silent be until next year.
But under hot Egyptian skies

Some English soldiers far from
home,

Will watch their flight and hear
their cries,

And know that winter's cool has
come."

Sylvia Lind:
"Migrants."

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**PERSONS
PLACES
THINGS**

By Old Joe

PERSONS

MORANT BAY REBELLION

The Riot of 1865 that has been
magnified into a Rebellion by the
historians did not originate as a
rebellion against the Crown and
island government. It arose from
circumstances that were purely
local in character. The island
was in a very deplorable condi-
tion economically. The Ameri-
can Civil War commencing in
1861 brought further economic
trials, food and clothing rising to
prohibitive prices. This, added
to falling prices in the sugar
market, brought widespread pov-
erty. Gardner the historian
vividly describes the picture:
Clothes ragged, multitudes al-
most naked; petty thefts from
provision grounds arising from
want; schools broken up, schools
masters dismissed; ministers of
churches who depend partly on
their people for support of neces-
sity participate in their suffering."

It was the policy of large land-
owners at the time to keep the
soil in their own hands and re-
fuse to sell in small lots. Thus
thousands of acres of land were
lying waste, yielding no profit to
the owner, and held back from
the people: a veritable no-man's
land on which it was possible only
to rent or squat.

Politically the Legislature was
not representative of the people.
Many families of the freed slaves
were emerging into a small yeo-
man class; and although they had
a status theoretically the same
as their former landlords, they
were not represented in public
affairs. There was much mis-
management, jobbery and cor-
ruption. The political situation
was the common talk of the
country. These feelings of frus-
tration found their second climax
in the Riot which broke out in
Morant Bay. Gardner describes
this end of the island as being
"religiously, socially and educa-
tionally behind the rest of Ja-
maica; the climate is bad, and
the difficulty of travelling great."

Some of the rioting centred in
the Courthouse, which formerly
had been the site where the first
Congregational Church started.
In this building over six hundred
planters and officials were killed,
including the Custos of St.
Thomas, Baron Von Kettelholdt.

The Rebellion and the stern
measures for its suppression said
the historian, caused uneasiness
and unrest throughout the island.
The crisis, however marked the
end of the old House of Assembly
and the forming of a New Con-
stitution, which was more repre-
sentative of the people.

PLACES

**PLACE NAMES IN ISLAND
HISTORY**

Kingston 100 Years Ago.
The city of Kingston was laid

out shortly after the destruction
of Port Royal in 1692. Building
sites in Kingston were allotted
free to the refugees, on condition
that they built on their lots
within a reasonable period, and
they were also relieved from tax-
ation for the period of develop-
ment.

At first the refugees whom it
was designed to rehabilitate, re-
fused to occupy the new town,
preferring to return to the por-
tions of Port Royal which remain-
ed above sea level. Even when
a few years later this portion was
completely destroyed by fire,
legislation had to be enacted to
compel them to occupy the city of
Kingston. The fact is that, be-
ing a mercantile community, their
trade was carried on with people
and ships from across the sea,
and so they felt that situated on
this tip of land they would enjoy
essentially better trading ad-
vantages over the city of King-
ston situated nearly 5 miles up
the harbour.

The Kingston of today has
developed enormously from the
settlement designed and erected
on the foundations of a mere
fishing village. In 1845-46 the
city's population was about 25,000,
or about one-fifteenth of the is-
land's population. Today with
an island population of about
1,500,000 this foremost city of
the British West Indies boasts a
population of about 200,000. The
census figures of 1943 were 1,237,-
063 and 109,056 respectively.

In 1845-46, the railway had just
been opened, and the foundation
stone laid for the general peni-
tentiary; plans were being made
for a new lunatic asylum at Para-
dise Street in Rae Town.

The first batch of East Indian
immigrants arrived in February
1845, and the city was then re-
covering from the effects of a
fire which had destroyed large
portions of the commercial area
two years earlier. Imported ice
was being sold at threepence a
pound. The electric light was
just being demonstrated; the Ja-
maica pound was worth only 14/-
sterling. The coinage in circula-
tion was almost exclusively Span-
ish, consisting of the gold doub-
loon, the real and postole (doub-
loon was worth £5. 6. 8 currency).
The disposal of the city's surface
water was achieved by means of
gutters running down the centre
of the thoroughfares. The ma-
jority of private buildings pos-
sessed their own wells, although
there were public wells promi-
nently located throughout the
city.

The modern boundary between
the parishes of Kingston and St.
Andrew ran almost parallel to,
and slightly north of North Street,
and Kingston at that time occu-
pied an area of little more than
two square miles, as against 7½
square miles today.

THINGS

**RICE AS A FOOD CROP
(Continued from last issue)**

I continue the story of rice
shortage with its serious effect
upon world economy.

Because rice is the basic food
of millions, its price strangely in-
fluences the level of wages and
the prices of other goods. Scarce-
ity of rice in the postwar period
has meant high prices for this

much-desired food, especially in
deficit areas, and this has been
an important factor in the great-
ly increased labour costs. It has
led also to large-scale smuggling
and black market operations
with serious repercussions on ra-
tioning plans in the deficit areas.

How meagre typical ration
scales in the deficit areas are, is
shown by the following examples
of basic rations in December,
1947:—

In Ceylon the rice ration per
person per day was 4.6 ounces
or 130 grams, that is, a calorie
equivalent of 457.

In the Malayan Federation the
figures are the same.

In Singapore the figures were
4.8; 136; and 477.

In Sarawak: 6.4; 181; and 636
respectively.

In Hong Kong the figures were
7.5; 212 and 745.

In India the figures were 4.3;
121.9; and 427.

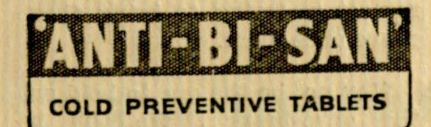
It is to be noted that in most
cases these rice rations were
supplemented by a ration of wheat
flour; but the two added together
do not provide a ration adequate
for the health and efficiency of a
worker.

An outstanding fact of the
postwar situation is the decrease
in yields of rice-growing lands in
all Asiatic countries except China.
For Asia as a whole, the rate of
yield appears to have fallen from
17.9 quintals (65,693 bushels)
per hectare before the war to
17.4 quintals (63,858 bushels) in
1946 and 1947. (A hectare is
equal to 2.471 acres).

Lack of good seeds, fertilizers
and other production requisites
continue to hold yields down.
Restoration of the damaged ir-
rigation and drainage systems in
the war-devastated areas is be-
ing carried out under the handi-
caps of shortages of machinery
and equipment, and progress is
slow. The heavy slaughter of
cattle for food in the enemy-
occupied territories and the havoc

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caused by the rinderpest have
reduced the number and effi-
ciency of work animals, and this
has adversely affected the pre-
paratory tillage of lands under
cultivation.

Despite these handicaps, gov-
ernments in the region plan to
increase the rice growing area
by 2-million hectares over the
prewar area during the next
three years.

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TALKING IT OVER

with Elizabeth Martin

Dear Miss Martin,

I am fourteen years of age, and very big and grown up for my age. My mother says that I am too young to wear make-up, but I tell her that lots of girls my age are now wearing lip-stick and I feel very left out of it and childish beside them. How can I persuade mother to let me wear even a little?

Teenager.

Dear Teenager,

I do hate telling anybody not to do a thing. You know how it is, they immediately want to do it more than ever!

It is quite useless, I am sure, trying to get you to view the situation from a more mature point of view, but one thing I feel confident that you must have discovered for yourself, and that is that whatever your mother may do or advise is for your good. Every mother wants her daughter to be the prettiest, the best dressed and in fact the nicest girl in the neighbourhood. So you can rest assured that if she says no make-up yet it is because she knows that you are much more charming, and a definite contrast to your painted companions, as you are.

Even at your age you must have observed a little baby's soft skin, with that delicate sort of bloom, and said to yourself "I wish my skin was like that"? Well the longer you can keep away from make-up—the longer will your companions and other women envy you your youthful bloom.

E. M.

Dear Miss Martin,

My friend and I are two middle-aged spinsters. We have quite a lot of fun going to pictures, the theatre and social functions together, but most of our friends are women. We both dance and would like a little male companionship sometimes — not from a matrimonial standpoint — but for a change of companionship. Can you suggest some way in which we can meet men and make friends with them?

The Two Spinsters.

Dear Spinsters,

You have given me quite a hard task. It is all very well to tell folks how to do things, but the

results all depend upon the individuals.

Your best way to gain this companionship is through those very friends that you have grown tired of. Some of those women must be married and if you gave them a chance they would welcome you to their homes, if they find you tactful and friendly.

Many women who have lived to middle-age without men are apt to be independent and very positive in their likes, dislikes, and views of life, and they seldom fail to voice these views, with the result that people are apt to shun them. They don't approve of card games — they don't approve of drink, they consider all children spoilt. No one welcomes the company of a person who makes them feel small or in the wrong. So if you can both develop tactful, kindly dispositions towards your fellow creatures, no matter what their failings in your eyes, then I see no reason why your married sisters should not welcome you to their homes where you can meet their husbands and their business associates who could provide the male companionship you need.

E. M.

Dear Elizabeth Martin,

Five weeks ago my boy friend and I had a quarrel. It was all his fault for being jealous, but I believe that he is as miserable about it as I am. And yet he won't say that he is sorry or try to make it up and, as I am not to be blamed, I don't see why I should be the one to make the first move. What can I do to make him apologise?

P. J.

Dear P. J.

Does it really matter who is wrong? Surely if you care for each other, and you are both miserable, there is no loss of self-respect in trying to bring about peace once more.

Why not be the one to hold out the olive-branch. He will be only too happy to grasp it I am sure, and to say that he is sorry. Love and marriage call for common sense and tolerance so why not show him that you have both?

E. M.

Dear Miss Martin,

I work in an office, but I am getting terribly fed-up with everything and feel that I would like to have a change of some sort.

My ambition has always been to travel. Can you suggest some way in which I can achieve this and at the same time get a change?

L. G.

Dear L. G.

Before you think of changing your job, just because you are bored, you should know what you prefer to do and consider whether you have some special aptitude for another.

A mere longing for a change and travel won't help you to get

anywhere, many of us have that feeling, I'm afraid.

Write again telling me more about yourself, what your present job is, what qualifications and experience you have, and perhaps I will be able to help you.

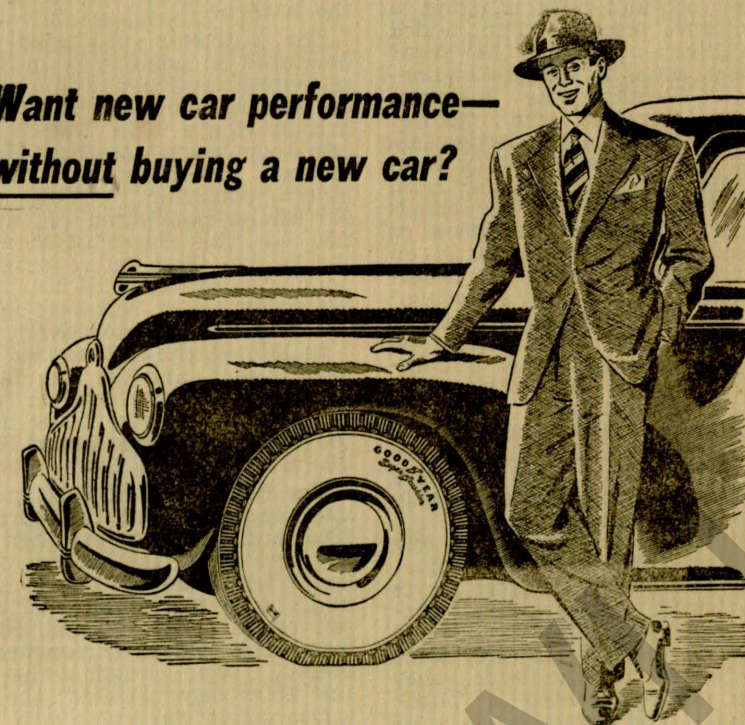
In the meantime, try taking more interest in your present job, try to be as efficient, helpful and cheery as you can, it often helps.

E. M.

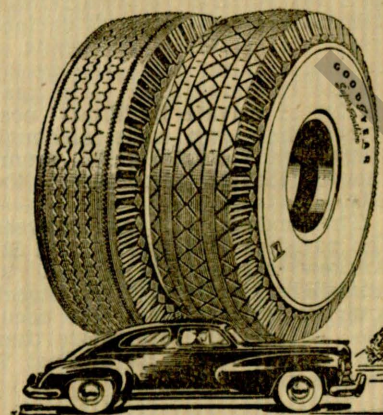
"So yer finally hurd from dat collitch boy who took yer out?"

"Yah. And he's a real gent, he is. He asked me if I got home from the dance awl right."

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IN PARENTHESIS

The success of the working girl often depends upon whom she's working.

"There's the dentist that was responsible for saving my teeth and hair."

"I can understand about the teeth, but how come the hair?"

"I used to be engaged to his wife, before he took her away from me."

A widow writing to an insurance company said: "You have asked me to fill out so many proofs of claims and I have had so much trouble getting my money that I sometimes wish my husband hadn't died."

A sailor writes in demanding the invention of a new secret weapon. He says he wants a device that will muffle the click of dice so he can get some sleep the first few nights after payday.

There's one advantage in using a dictaphone. It never takes a man's mind off his work by crossing its knees.

She: "Do you know why I refused you?"

He: "I can't think."

She: "That's right."

"What does this mean?" demanded a patron at a restaurant. "There's a bug in the bottom of my teacup."

"Listen, bud," snapped the waiter, "if you want your fortune read, go see a gypsy."

There was a young man of Ostend

Who vowed he's hold out to the end;

But when halfway over From Calais to Dover,

He done what he didn't intend.

A young man walked into an automobile showroom and saw just the streamlined model he'd like to own. "If I bought this car on the instalment plan," he asked "how long would it take me to pay for it?"

"That would depend on how much you could afford each month," replied the salesman cautiously.

"Well, I think I could manage three dollars a month."

"Three dollars a month!" gasped the salesman. "At that

rate, it would take 100 years."

With a look of happy anticipation, the young man replied: "So what? It's worth it!"

Harry — Well, I must go home now and explain to my wife.

Henry — Explain what?

Harry — I won't know till I get there and she jumps at me about something.

"I know a chap who's an artist and he's always drawing and painting pictures of people with no clothes on."

So I said to him: "Why do you always paint and draw people in the nude?"

"Oh," he said, "I suppose it's because I was born that way."

Plaintive old lady: "I was suffering so much, Doctor, that I wanted to die."

Physician: "You did right in calling me dear lady."

Women's faults are many; men have only two—

Everything they say, and everything they do.

A fool and his money are some party.

They met on a Moscow street. The first one said that if war ever should come the Russians would win easily.

"As soon as we develop the atomic bomb," he said, "we simply will send six or seven agents to America, each carrying an atomic bomb in a suitcase. They will set off their bombs simultaneously in the metropolitan centres.

"Impossible," said the second Russian.

"But why?" asked the first. "Don't you think we'll ever develop the atomic bomb?"

"Sure we will," said the second. "But where are we going to get the suitcases?"

Absent-minded Prof. — "Lady, what are you doing in my bed?"

Lady — "Well, I like this bed, I like this neighbourhood. I like this house, and I like this room. And, anyway, I'm your wife!"

"Oh, Marie, je t'adore."

"Shut it yourself. You opened it."

He — "I long ago made up my mind to kiss every girl who made that silly remark. 'How interesting.'"

She — "How interesting!"

To be vain is rather a mark of humility than pride.



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REFRESHING WINDS

By Gay.

Years ago, a white woman whose parents had been killed, was taken and raised from babyhood amongst the Indians. In later years she was brought back to live in the so-called civilized world. And this is what she said:

"The world is wide and beautiful and white people shut themselves up in prisons of their own making. This is a world of great silences and great music of rivers and weather and wind. White people do not let themselves hear the silences or the music. All they hear is their own noise. This world and the sun and the moon and stars were made for people with bodies and souls. White people are ashamed of their bodies and they ought to be ashamed of what they have done to their souls. I am going back to people who live in the world."

What have modern, so-called civilized people done to their souls? Do they even remember they have a soul in the hectic, mad struggle that seems to comprise modern living?

Society has built up more and more complicated patterns of existence. Economics has built up an intricate maze of desires, of demand and supply, and man frantically tries to live up to all the strenuous forces encircling him. Man's dwellings are detailed and confusing; his entertainment is tumultuous, his business life a startling network of entanglements; his social life so complex that there is a constant war in his mind between his nature and the enforced standards of society.

There seems to be no time to just "hear the silences." There is no place for the wind or stars or the hum of cooling rivers in modern man's existence. There is nothing but tension and nerves and struggle and confusion. There is nothing but his own noise.

But perhaps there is a way, in some small measure, to go back to those who live in the world. There may be a way to return to simplicity. There may be a way to find the earth again — by first re-finding our own souls.

Have you ever tried simply living with your own mind? Do you know how to enjoy your own thoughts and your own company? That should be the first step. If you seek the silences; if you read a probing book, or listen quietly to a wise friend's words, or invest in a lonely, contemplative walk—you may find the way back to your own mind.

Have you ever tried doing without all the modern gadgets that clutter up our lives? You might find a great feeling of freedom in letting go of so many burdensome things. You may find that you did not possess possessions so much as the possession possessed you.

Man's prime instincts need a place in this going back to simplicity. There is nothing wrong with instincts in a mentally fit person. We are born with needs for the body and the mind, for food and self-preservation and security and love. They are basically honest and good and they should be maintained in the most direct and honest and simple fashion possible. It's time to stop worrying about "what people will think." As long as you harm no one else, it is your privilege to live as fully and as simply as you please.

Seek the simplicity of wind and weather and streams. Empty your mind of ever man-made care

for just a day while you take to the high road. Use your eyes for at least this day to view the whole earth objectively. There is a time to be contemplative and subjective — but there is a time to forget yourself as if you hardly existed and just to see, actually see, every small objective particle of nature. Notice, when the wind blows in from the sea, how the blades of grass tremble like a green ruffle around a wide pale throat. Notice the intricate pattern of light and shade across the face of that mountain, look closely at the design on the surface of the clouds. Use every perceptive sense to understand the silences and the music of the natural earth, and it will sharpen your ability to stand off and view all of life, including yourself, objectively. It will bring you the greater understanding of the profundity and the simplicity of living.

Simplify your demands on life, and you simplify life itself. It is only mankind's intricate demands on his own time and work and play that have complicated the pattern. Free yourself from the modern prison into which you have placed yourself by demanding less and enjoying more from life, just as it is.

Then you will find again the simple life.

End.

THE BRIDGE

(Continued from page 9)

of the Yellow River was suddenly visible, thrusting across the middle distance like an express train, with great bores rising several feet above its surface like scales upon the River Dragon's back. Just ahead the river curved, and thrust obliquely at the slender piers of the railway bridge. Nearby, just discernible on the further bank were the ruins in which, I hoped, my friends might still be safe. But it was impossible to distinguish the extent of the flooding. Anyhow that pre-occupation took second place. For the bridge itself was whole no longer. From either side the railway line still projected, but in the centre the piles had been carried away. All that was left were the twisted remnants of the track, hanging down in a mass of wreckage above the rushing waters.

I watched for a long time, uncertain what to do next, awed at that silent, inexorable power. And then I discovered there was another watcher. About fifty yards away, in the shadow of a tiny clump of trees, there was a Chinese. He straddled the railway line as if he owned it, and as I drew near enquired of me in courteous, stilted English, where I was going. I told him I meant to cross the river to find out what had happened to our clinic. He was too polite to laugh, but he turned and pointed in silence to the throbbing surface of the river. Then, as if he too had to resist its hypnotic influence, he shook himself a little, and turned abruptly, and told me to go with him and he would find me a place for the night. We followed the railway track through the trees, and emerged to find a long train of cattle wagons drawn up a little distance from the water's edge. The embankment was wider here, and on it there must have been two hundred Chinese sunning themselves, making tea, gambling, doing their washing, and the better dressed of them, like my host, pacing up and down in quiet conversation. It was the encampment of the railway engineers.

Then I stripped and made my way naked through the flood waters that were already beginning to recede from the ruins in which we had been living. At first the place seemed deserted. Then I saw an old, wizened Chinese farmer, who squatted on his haunches on a piece of rising ground, and watched the river swirling past. He told me that my friends had gone, got away in safety, and then turned again to watch the river and to listen to the splash of eroding bank which from time to time disturbed the quietness. He smiled at the river like an old boxer who greets a familiar adversary. He turned to me with the mixture of apologetic pride he might use to speak of a wild but favourite grandson. "That river!" he said, he said, "our river."

I wandered along its bank to the ruined bridgehead. Overnight the last of the piles on our side had been plucked away by the river. On guard over the twisted metals that were left stood a Chinese sentry, gazing across the waters as though defying them with his ancient musket. "This part of the bridge which has been destroyed," he said, "the Japan-

ese built. But you see the part on the other side, that still stand," he pointed to the section over by the encampment of the engineers on the further bank, "we Chinese built that."

The engineers did not have long to wait before they began to rebuild. The great floods were the last fling of the River Dragon. As the flood waters receded, the great engineering scheme at Hwai Yang K'ou resumed and this time there were no more interruptions. In a few months, when I went up to look, the whole extent of the river had been narrowed to a twenty yard gap across which we walked on a swinging wire footway, whilst the mighty river thundered beneath us like the waters of Niagara.

A little later the last load of earth and stone filled up the breach, the noose was pulled tight, the river flowed north eastwards along its new course. Back at the ruined city we had already resumed our work and from our clinic window we watched the River Dragon dwindle and diminish until even the children could wade across his back. And before long the engineers had finished their work and spanned the valley that the river had left with a bridge that this time might endure.

Side by side, utterly indifferent to each other, the bearers of life and death in China continued on their destined courses.

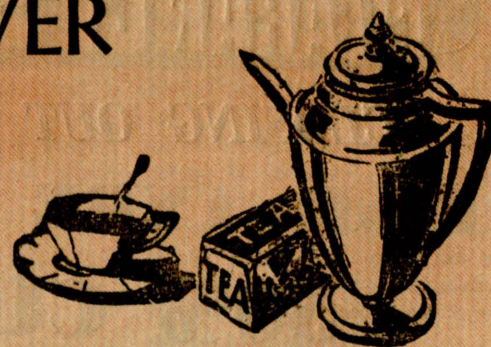
The train continued cautiously across the slender bridge. My eye was caught suddenly by something that was happening on the river bed below. Where the river had once roared, where the ice floes in winter had smashed against the wooden piles, there was a mud-walled pillbox. Outside it half a dozen ragged Chinese soldiers squatted intent over a game of cards. But they were not the only people on the river bed. At a discreet distance from them, a Chinese farmer was quietly ploughing a furrow through the fertile soil, staking out his claim on the ancestral land which his family had occupied before the river came.

Side by side, utterly indifferent to each other, the bearers of life and death in China continued on their destined courses.

Side by side, utterly indifferent to each other, the bearers of life and death in China continued on their destined courses.

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FAR EAST BOOKS

MADE IN CHINA
By Cornelia Spencer.

Here, in its way, is the counterpart compendium of a number of facts little known to the west, but this time for adult readers. There is a foreword by Lin Yutang and illustrations by Kurt Wiese, with eight beautiful colour plates and many other black and white drawings to give a comprehensive pictorial accompaniment in harmony with the text. The title, Made in China, may suggest to many people the trade mark stamped on commercial goods of Chinese manufacture, much that is cultural being turned to commercial usage in our day. Yet this book gives us a happy reversal of that process. The "goods" about which Cornelia Spencer writes need no trade mark because their eternal beauty of craftsmanship is impressed indelibly upon them—Silk, Jade and Porcelain, in that order, became known to the West and the comparatively few examples remaining, beyond price, became the pattern for countless imitators.

The products described are not only those of men's hands but also of their minds and spirits — music, poetry, the drama, medicine, ideals of humanity, varied expressions of man's higher nature. These are dealt with in separate chapters which are blended into the broader picture that so vividly shows what a tremendous con-

tribution China has made to world culture in all its parts.
P.H. in China Review, London

CHINESE PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION
By Rev. F. A. Smalley.

"I perceive that you are a most religious people... I passed along and observed the objects of your worship" — thus might a discerning visitor to China address his hosts for the Chinese religious idea is so woven into the fabric of her everyday life that its signs cannot be overlooked by those who are able to read them. The Rev. Smalley's book will help us to read these signs.

Attention is drawn to the significance of the wayside shrine; the paper Kitchen God; the difference between the Taoist Religion and the Taoist Philosophy; to the Confucian Harmony, the Buddhism of the Great Vehicle and, finally, the introduction of Christianity and the work of the Christian Missionary in China today.

As the author himself points out, his brief indication of the Religions of China is an "interpretation" and if the Rev. Smalley's interpretation of some of the Chinese religions is based on the belief that they were "created" to fill a need — it is understandable. Nevertheless, he shows a sympathy and insight into the Religious life of a great people.

E.H. in China Review, London.



Lovely Janis Carter makes her first film for RKO Radio appearing in "I Married A Communist," which co-stars Laraine Day, Robert Ryan and John Agar. The blonde actress came to Hollywood via the Broadway stage, where she appeared in "Du Barry Was A Lady."

PERSONALIA

Continued from page 6)

so a former student of Cornwall College.

Mr. Owen Chang, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Chang left on Monday, September 12 for Marquette University, Wisconsin. Owen returned recently from Canton where he has been studying for the past two years at Lingnan University.

Mr. Herman Lim, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lim Hing, left on Tuesday, September 13 for the States where he will enter Xavier University in Cincinnati, Ohio. Herman also returned recently from Lingnan University.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wong gave a birthday party for their daughter, Annie, last Saturday at their home at 20 Haining Rd., St. Andrew. Dancing begun early in the evening and continued until a very late hour.

The Chinese Students' Associa-

tion gave a party on Wednesday, September 7, at the C.A.C. for members and friends who assisted in the recent Garden Party at the Chinese Public School. A very enjoyable evening of dancing and games featured the social.

The Chinese Benevolent Society will have a gala Garden Party at the Chinese Public School on Sunday, October 9. Mr. Lloyd Hosang will be in charge of the concert programme, while Mr. Herbert Kong will be in charge of the games and grounds.

We regret to record the death of Mr. Vernon Chen which occurred last month from words recently received from London. Vernon was a very popular member of the CAC where he played in the basketball team. He was a member of the staff of the Chinese Public News for a number of years and later joined the teaching staff of the Chinese Public School. He joined the RAF and during the war served as an interpreter and instructor in

Chinese. His death will be sadly noted by the large number of friends he has in Jamaica.

Mr. Louis Chung of British Guiana arrived here on Sunday, September 11 to spend a short holiday here after a business trip in the States. He is the house guest of the Chong Yens at Li-guanea Avenue during his stay here.

The Chinese Christian Guild had a very enjoyable picnic outing last Sunday when about 35 of their members went by truck to Boston Beach.

Mrs. P. Wong, mother of Mr. Wong Chew Onn, arrived here by plane on Wednesday from Hong-kong. She is here on a visit and will be staying for a few months.

Mrs. Herbert Lyn left here on Wednesday, September 14 for New York for a short holiday.



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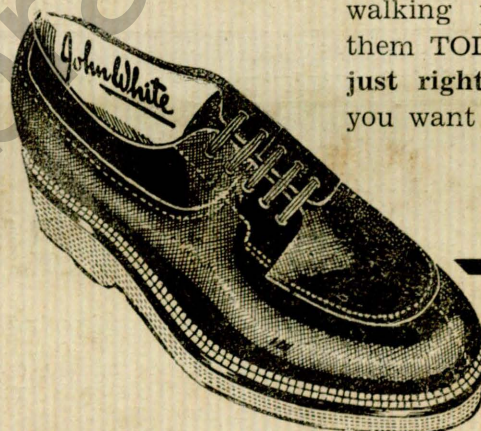
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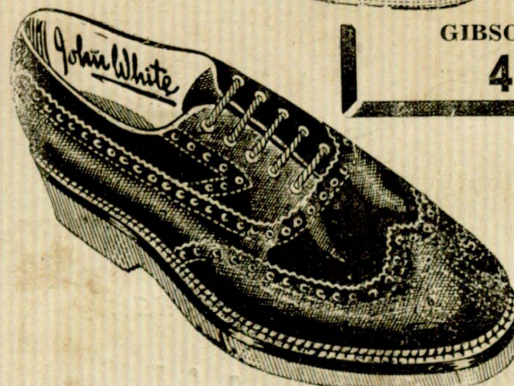
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