

高塔

THE PAGODA

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MISS DOROTHY LEE — Photo by Gilbert Kong



END OF A BOAT RIDE

Some members of the Optimist Club on a picnic to Lime Cay.

— Photo by Gilbert Kong

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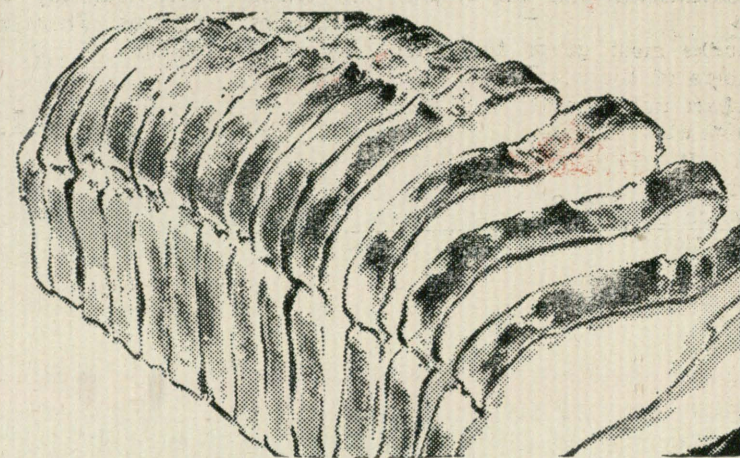
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CSA ENDS SUCCESSFUL TENNIS TOURNEY

Owing to the recent tennis Tournament, the members were unable to have a meeting for some time. But the tournament was worth the omission of meetings on Sundays because of the enthusiasm and fun it provided.

Thanks must go to the older members of the community who took part in the matches as well as those who attended the tournament. It was gratifying to note the large crowds that turned out to watch the games with keen and critical interest. Although the rains stopped play many times and prolonged the tourney, we were able to play it off in three weeks. The results were as follows:

GIRLS' SINGLES: G. Chang lost to Kay Wong Ken, who kindly agreed to enter to make this tourney more interesting.

MEN'S SINGLES: Won by Allan Chin, who defeated T. Wong in the finals.

MEN DOUBLES: Harry Chen and Yu Fatt Chen.

MIXED DOUBLES: Kay Wong Ken and Jackie Lyew defeated Harry Kong and Mrs. Sydney Chang in the finals.

The Association wishes to thank the organisers of the tournament, the players as well as the Umpires who braved the sun and often the rain to do an important job; and last but not least, we wish to thank whole-heartedly the donors of the prizes. These were distributed by Mr. H. C. Tai Tenquee.

Although the tennis tournament was an all round success there was a noticeable absence of members of the Association. A special appeal is being made to them for their support in future undertakings or activities of the Association.

Due to the lack of a quorum the meeting called to discuss plans for our annual effort to raise money for Chinese charities was postponed. The next meeting is set for August 10th at the Chinese Public School and will take the form of short talks by a few members on subjects of general interest to everyone. All members are asked to attend this meeting as there are also many important unfinished business to be considered.

MCY.

LYRIC SOPRANO ON A HOLIDAY VISIT

Mr. and Mrs. Koyce Young arrived here on Saturday August 2, by Pan American Airways. Mr. Young who is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Young of May Pen left here eight years ago to begin his course of studies. He worked with the Radio Corporation of America for some time and was subsequently drafted into the U.S. Army and saw service in Japan. He received his B.Sc. degree in Electrical Engineering this Summer and is at present attached to Columbia University in the Electronics department connected with basic research work in Atomic Energy. This is Mr. Young's second visit to his homeland

having been here in 1946.

Mrs. Young is the former Arabella Hong daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. F. Hong of New York City. She is a Lyric Soprano and was a student of the famous Juilliard School in New York where she studied under the great Dufolina Giannini of Dramatic Soprano fame.

It is interesting to note that Mrs. Young's mother was a distinguished operatic singer on the Chinese stage in America while her father is an Electrical Engineer.

The Youngs are here on a month's vacation and Mrs. Young will give a recital at the Ward Theatre on Wednesday August

CPS GARDEN PARTY ATTRACTS LARGE CROWD

The Garden Party sponsored by the Chinese Benevolent Society for the benefit of the Chinese Public School which reopens in September with Mr. Gai Eaton as headmaster drew a tremendous crowd. Members of the Chinese Community and their friends turned out in thousands to support a worthy cause in a jolly festive spirit on the spacious well-lit grounds of the Chinese Public School.

COVER GIRL

Miss Dorothy Lee is the third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Mook Fatt of Kingston. This is another picture taken on the Lime Cay picnic of the Optimist Club.

Dorothy is a student of Alpha Academy. She is a member of the Chinese Students' Association and the Optimist Club and her hobbies are ballet dancing and swimming. She appeared in a group ballet at the Chinese Christian Guild Benefit Dance under the tutoring of Madame Soohih of the Soohih School of Dancing.

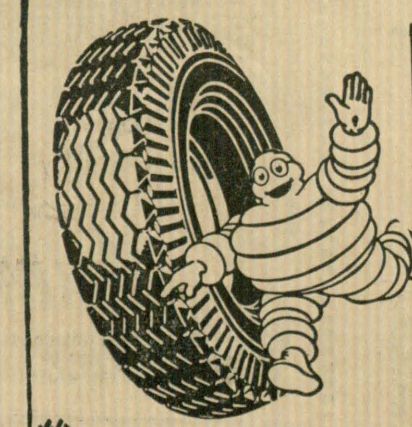
Opening with a Basket ball match between Keow You Squad for Kingston and the Chinese Sports Club, Port Antonio at 4.30 p.m. the Garden Party began in earnest at 6 p.m. with the Official opening of the Albert Chang Memorial Hall by Mr. Horace Chang, son of the late Albert Chang. It was his gener-

20th. She will be making history here as this will be the first time in the history of the island that a Chinese Lyric Soprano will appear on the Jamaica Stage.

osity and initiative which has made the dream of a modern school building the reality it is today. To this must be added the untiring efforts of his son, Mr. Horace Chang, who has done so much over the years on behalf of the school.

Mr. Stephen Yap, B.Sc., Chairman of the School, presided at the opening ceremony. This was effected in true traditional form with the indispensable festive burst of a hundred thousand squibbs as Mr. Horace Chang opened the main door of the Hall dedicated to the memory of his father. Speakers were Messrs. Cyril B. Chin, W. A. Chen and Lennie Chin Yee.

The School grounds was alive with beauty, music, laughter and song when the concert which was the special attraction of the evening began. The very interesting items on the programme included vocal selections by Roy Shurland, Shirley Wood, a ballet number by little Valerie Chin, a ballet dance by Millie Chin Yee, Dorothy Chin Fook, Audrey Chung, Norma Lue Sang, Glenda, Nolia, and Blandine D'Oyen, Dorothy Lee, and Verna Chin Yee; vocal solo by Mercedes Kirkwood Williams, a dance by Maureen Casserly, and a Fashion Show Parade. The models in the Fashion Show were Rose Lyn, Sheila Chong, Vera Shim, Madge Gordon Hay, Gwen and Carmen Azan, Vilma Austin, Norma Lue Sang, Ivan Johnson, Barbara Chang, Sylvia Hislop, and Ivy Clemetson. The show was the effort of Miss Rita Lyn, Mr. Vincent Lyn and Miss Alma Hylton with the generous co-operation of Issa's, Milady's, and Babs Shoppe who provided the costumes.



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CHAMPION SWIMMING TEAM

The 1st Chinese Scout Troop won the Annual Scout Swimming Meet at Doncaster last month. The team above are: Front row, left to right, Joseph Chen, Everard Ho, Arnold Chen, Harry Lee. Back row, Eric Ho, Horace Chung, Albert Lyn Shue, Andrew Ho.



A party of the younger set enjoying themselves at the Chinese Christian Guild Benefit Dance.

— Photo by Gilbert Kong

NEW CAMERA CLUB ON PICTURE-TAKING TRIP

A group of twenty-five budding photographers led by Messrs. James Chong, Buddy Wong Shue and Gillie Kong spent a very interesting and enjoyable day at Tower Isle which they describe as a "Photographer's Paradise" two Sundays ago. Cameras clicked to their hearts' content as scenes and objects of beauty abounded.

They are members of a new Club, the Chinese Camera Club, most of whom are beginners, but every moment was filled with interest and a happy exchange of views as the experts—James, Buddy & Gillie—explained the finer points of the art and suggested methods of improving their pictures whether they be box camera or the more expensive types.

This is the first of the many photographic trips planned by the Club whose primary aim is to popularize the art as a hobby and to make an expert out of every beginner.

On Sunday last, members of the Club met at the Chinese Public School with their pictures for an informal discussion on methods of improving negatives and print.

Anyone wishing to join the Club is welcome and should contact any of the above mentioned persons or any member of the club.

ENGAGEMENTS ANNOUNCED

The engagement of Mr. Aston Wong, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wong of Kingston, to Miss Corinne Lyn Cook, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Lyn Cook of Cave Valley was recently announced. Corinne is at present in the States on a visit to her sister in Stanton, Virginia.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeffrey Lyew

announce the engagement of their daughter, Zelma, to Mr. Granville Lowe, son of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lowe of Annotto Bay. Mrs. Lowe is at present in Hong Kong.

GRETA HOSANG NOW MRS. TOM QUONG

St. Peter and Paul Church on the Old Hope Road was the scene of a simple and beautiful ceremony on Saturday last when Greta Ho Sang, of Jamaica exchanged vows with Geddes Tom Quong of Trinidad. The Rev. Fr. Joseph LeRoy, S.J., officiated. Mr. Gerald Attek was bestman and the bridesmaid was Bernadette, sister of the bride. The bride was given away in marriage by her father, Mr. Dudley Ho Sang.

The reception was held at the residence of Mrs. Ruby Ho Sang, mother of the bride, at 5 East Avenue, Swallowfield. A large gathering of friends and relatives were present to felicitate the happy couple. Mr. Sydney Chang, J.P., was Master of Ceremonies. Speakers were Messrs. Lennie Chin Yee, Dudley Ho Sang, Gerald Attek, Drs. John Lodenquai, Van de Groot, Victor Chen See and Dr. Ivan Paris.

The happy couple left by British West India Airways on Sunday for Trinidad where they will spend their honeymoon.

ARRIVALS FROM HONGKONG

Arriving by Pan American Clipper on Thurs. of last week were Messrs. Joseph Seymour Nam Sham Yan Kee, Willie Shin Kun, Misses Chin Len Moy, Chang Sue Woon, Fung Keow and Yan Kee Fung. They travelled from Hong Kong to San Francisco, California, on the S.S. President Cleveland and from there flew to Miami where they took the P.A.A. Convair Clipper for Kingston.

EDNA YOUNG WEDS NOEL CHIN

In a quiet ceremony on Sunday, July 20 at Holy Cross Church, Half Way Tree, Mr. Noel Chin exchanged vows with Edna Marie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Young of Grove Road, Kencot. The Rev. Fr. Philip D. Kielly, S.J. officiated. Bestman was Mr. Gilbert Chin, and Miss Lily Young, sister of the bride was the bridesmaid. Her brother Mr. Aston Young gave away the bride. A reception followed at Innswood, Stony Hill residence of Mr. and Mrs. Chin Henn Beow, parents of the bridegroom. The young couple spent their honeymoon at Shaw Park Hotel and the North Coast.

GLADSTONE HOLUNG TO BELIZE

Mr. Gladstone HoLung of L. J. Williams Marketing Co., Ltd. left by British West Indies Airways for Belize on Wednesday August 6th. He will be away for a week on the firm's business.

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POT POURRI OF THOUGHT

ENGLAND

"Still comes no answer to my greatest question—
Am I two clocks or am I only one?
I know my Body is wound up to go
A certain number of days and all is done.
But is my mind another clock, wound up
To add its chime to those immortal spheres;
One clock for Earth, to run its numbered days,
The other for my more-than-mortal years?
That is the question; this, my only finding—
One clock or two, there'll be no further winding."

William Henry Davies:
"Clocks."

JAMAICA

"Fragrant loads of green pimento
On the barbecue,
Crushed green leaves among the berries
Giving perfume too;
Voices mellowed by the distance,
Sounding sweet and low;
Gay pimento pickers moving
Briskly to and fro..."

Eva Nicholas:
"A Country Idyl."

MEXICO

"When he sees red lanterns
All along the shore,
My fisherman with eyes of darkness,
Sets his black nets in the sea...
Fish of burnished moonlight
can't be caught...
O fisherman."

Jose Gorostiza:
"Fisherman of the Moon."

AMERICA

"Of all the sounds despatched abroad
There's not a change to me
Like that old measure in the boughs,
That phraseless melody
The wind does, working like a hand,
Whose fingers brush the sky,
Then quiver down, with tufts of tune
Permitted Gods and me..."

Emily Dickenson:
"The Wind."

CHINA

"... I am alone with the beating
of my heart.
Stay with me to-night,
Old songs."

Lui Chi: "A Poet Thinks."

GERMANY

"An old town lies afar
From where the great towns be;
The storm roars over the town
Beside it thunders the sea...
There is a lonely heart,
Strange, full of fears,
That town and that house and
that heart
Shut in my boyhood's years..."

Karl Bulcke:
"There is an Old City."

JAPAN

"On the shore of Nawa
The smoke of the saltburners,
When evening comes,
Failing to get across,
Trails over the mountain."

Hioki No Ko-okima:
From the Manyo-Shu.
8th Century.

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PANORAMA

EMANCIPATION DAY

Emancipation Day this year has been celebrated with the usual functions of great variety. The day was set off to a good start with the mid-summer revelry at the Ward Theatre at 10 a.m., which was a collection of variety stars giving of their best to make everyone present have a really good time. Star of the performance was "Rebecca" of Cuba, and Eric Coverley certainly carried through this latest effort of his in fine style. In both town and country there were many Fairs held, those at Mandeville, Linstead, and Retreat creating most of the interest.

OLYMPIC VICTORY DAY

Following in the wake of Emancipation Day on August 1, came the public holiday on August 2, declared to be such in honour of the great victories which Jamaica has scored at the Olympics at Helsinki. In order to provide the public with the long holiday weekend, the 2nd was selected for the celebrations in honour of this bid Day in Jamaica's history in sports.

The gay round of pleasures continued in the cinema and club life, and on the fields of

sports, here, there and everywhere, and one and all were happy in the knowledge that Jamaicans had won this lovely break for their countrymen by their wonderful achievements.

Winding up this long list of entertainment over the long weekend, was the mid-summer Carnival put on by the Chinese Public School on Sunday evening last, when a wonderful time full of variety was spent by the large gathering both inside and outside of the Albert Chang Memorial Hall, which was formerly opened in conjunction with this big event.

BOLIVAR THE LIBERATOR

On July 24th, a plaque in memory of Simon Bolivar, patriot and liberator of Central and South America in the early 19th century, was unveiled by the Mayor of Kingston at 217 Tower Street, at which premises Bolivar resided during his time in Jamaica in the year 1815 when he penned what is known as the "Jamaica Letter", a document which deals with the future of the New World. The plaque was provided by the Corporation and the ceremony was attended by the Consul of those countries liberated by Bolivar and others, and by a large gathering interested in the proceedings. The date of the function was the anniversary of Bolivar's 169th birthday.

Later in the evening a Boli-

varian Society was formed here by the following four co-founders — Miss Aimee Webster, Mr. W. Adolphe Roberts and Drs. J. L. Varma and W. B. Browne. This Society and the plaque to the memory of Bolivar will draw closer together the people of Jamaica and the Latin American countries so closely allied geographically. Next year there will be held the 10th Inter-American Conference in Caracas, and the Venezuelan Government has offered a prize for an essay to be entitled "From the Congress of Panama to the Conference of Caracas, 1826—1953," which is opened to Jamaicans also. The subject deals with Bolivar's period and service.

FRENCH ART EXHIBITION

Now current at the Art Gallery of the Institute of Jamaica is an exhibition of French West Indian art, which has been made possible to us in Jamaica by the Alliance Francaise combined with the Institute, and the personal efforts of the Representative of the British Council. The exhibition was opened on July 21st last by Professor M. Sandmann, Hon. Secretary and founder of the Alliance Francaise in Jamaica. The exhibits comprise the works of pupils of the L'Ecole Des Arts Appliques of Martinique, a school of arts and crafts in this French colony. There are 50 poster paintings, still life and landscape ones, and in the line of crafts are

ceramics, jewellery, pottery and cabinet work. Altogether, this is a most interesting and creditable exhibition and one which creates considerable interest among those who work along these lines themselves, for it constitutes an exchange of ideas and execution of these fine arts which tend to be inspiring.

JAMAICAN ART EXHIBITION

Also on show at the present time is an exhibition of paintings by Roger Mais which was opened at the Junior Centre of the Institute on July 28th last, by Mrs. A. S. Shackelford. Mr. Mais who is well known for his art exhibition from time to time, and whose landscape pictures have always attracted attention, has, on this occasion, done an imaginative work on Cain, portrayed as a mystic rather than as a murderer. In all there are some 40 odd pieces, and Mr. Mais is hoping to hold exhibitions broad in London and Paris later in the year when he will be visit-abroad in London and Paris later his book which has been accepted for publication by Jonathan Cape.

CARIBBEAN FOLKLORE FESTIVAL

From the 1st to the 10th of this month a Festival is being held in San Juan, Puerto Rico, to which the various colonies of the

(Continued on page 13)

HARMONY OF THE HANDS

by Thomas H. Clayton.

CAPTAIN Cave was ten thousand feet above the earth when he fell in love, and his joy was as boundless as the distant sky-line, and free as the scudding banks of cloud beneath.

They first met, as do most of the world's lovers, by accident, and thereafter constantly; at airports, in hotel lobbies, and sometimes to Phillip's joy, in the aircraft he was piloting.

Isabel was a concert pianist, and an artist with a starry future. Now, she was demanded in the world's capitals, and he attended almost all her concerts, adoring and applauding with a zeal born of devotion.

Marriage was as inevitable as embracing on meeting, and they planned a home.

"You will have much to endure," she laughed, "from my hours of practice. But I can never give up, Phillip. Never!"

"You will always play, Isabel, as I shall always fly. Our lives are in our hands," he said, and smoothed her fingers with his strong, bronzed hands.

He thought of her tonight. She would have completed the concerto by now, and within an hour they would be together. He would see her first from the cockpit, waiting on the tarmac, then she would be in his arms.

The night was clear, and he settled comfortably in his seat after becoming airborne. Lights of towns glittered beneath like the movement of jewels and sequined gowns at the first concert he had attended, betokening the delight of the audience. It had astonished him, that the slender creature on the platform could arouse such emotions.

WITH five minutes to run, he checked his instruments, and his eyes stopped at the starboard fuel gauge. The fuel was low, dangerously low, and a matter for concern, even though he could now see his destination and would soon be down.

He made a tight circuit of the airfield and lined up on the runway. He had started his glide when the starboard motor cut. Quite calm, as the flare path raced towards him, he fought the aircraft, willing her down, his two strong hands gripping the control column as if he sought to impose his discipline through the whole fuselage.

He was a few feet from the runway when a great burst of blue and yellow sparks showered from the dead motor, and then he could see nothing but the maddened, leaping glare of flames.

His wheels touched, bounced, and then it seemed that he was spinning like a top, as if at the bottom of a pit whose sheer walls were of roaring white heat. The stars and the moon converged on him suddenly with terrifying speed, and violent balls of colour penetrated his eyes. Strange forces pulled at his limbs, and then all light was extinguished.

He neither spoke nor heard speech for four months, and moved only when hospital orderlies lifted him on trolleys destined for the operating theatre.

Returning speech brought a struggle to marshal his thoughts. They evaded him, scudding round his head like vague wisps of cloud, so that he concentrated on a single issue, like a child.

Heavily bandaged, he felt as if thin wires were being drawn through his cheek bone, and his hands, encased in plaster were lead weights. Later, the surgeon gave him a mirror, and Phillip knew he would never fly again.

Soon, with the bandages removed from one hand, he was able to open his mail. Feverishly he sifted the letters; looked for her familiar hand, and found none.

The shock almost unhinged him, and he ripped the envelopes open, coming at least to a brief note, signed in her name, in a hand he had not seen before.

Bitterness surged over him in a wave. This had been his secret; his staff to lean on. All through

the pain he had waited for the moment when he would see or hear from her.

HE looked again at the type-written sheet, which told him that she was happy to hear from the hospital authorities that he was recovering. She hoped, he read through a blurred mist, that they would meet again, but she felt he would no longer desire their earlier plans to materialise. She had no claim on him. He was quite free, but if he needed her she would welcome the chance to aid him.

He re-read the letter, tore it to shreds, and thereafter gained marked unpopularity in his ward. Speaking only when addressed directly, his brooding silence and bitter tongue pained those about him, and in time he was left alone.

Before his departure he was interviewed by the senior surgeon.

"You are going out today, Cave," he said gravely. "The tale the mirror tells is a tribute to the skill of those who handled your case. I know," he went on, "that your condition forbids flying. We saved one eye. You want both. Your hands can hold a pen, but not the control column. What are you going to do, Cave?" he asked.

The room was very still, and Phillip answered slowly.

"I'll do whatever a pilot does, when he ceases to be a pilot," he said.

A taxi took him to an hotel, and the act of mingling with people again was similar to confronting a battery of cameras. There were degrees of shock, he found. Some frowned condolence, while others allowed their eyes. Children were the hardest to bear and he sat quite still in the lounge while a small girl with large, curious eyes paraded before him, and then he fled to his room.

From then on he was first into

meals, selecting a wall table and concealing the more disturbing side of his face. But he found now, that he brought the puzzled eyes of the staff upon him, whose sidelong glances sent him again to his room, from which he ventured no more until it was quite dark.

His nightly wanderings took him to many places, and he found himself frequenting questionable cafes, where, after an initial searching glance, he received no attention.

It was in one of these, where the smoke-laden interior throbbed with the music from a machine, that he heard her concerto, and his withered hand tightened on his cup as if it would never release it.

THE record ended. He was bathed in perspiration, and

(Continued on page 12)

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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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Editor: Chas. T. Chang.

Fighting Praedial Larceny

The law which was passed in the House some time ago for the purpose of curbing praedial larceny is one of the most important measures taken by Government to build up the economy of the island along agricultural lines, providing as it does, adequate legal sanctions for any community so affected, to fight the evil in a truly united effort. It is unnecessary to add that a strong and fearless public opinion against this form of evil as well as a genuinely cooperative and determined effort on the part of the people is all that is needed to make the Praedial Larceny (Prevention) Law truly effective.

In these days of land settlement on small holdings, small farms and backyard gardens praedial larceny can be an even greater menace than it was in the past when large landowners predominated. For apart from financial losses which smaller men can afford even less, there is the moral effect to be considered — fear and discouragement. Futility soon replaces hope and all is lost.

If agricultural progress is to be made, this form of evil must be eradicated and to do this single-handed efforts alone are unavailing. However severely a thief may be chastised if and whenever he is caught, he has only to pass on to the next holding to continue his evil chain of livelihood. He will never mend his ways. In the past even the penalty of the law against praedial larceny was far too lenient. The new law has altered all this. The Minister for Agriculture, Land and Commerce will lead the organisations set up throughout the country to cope with it on an island wide scale.

In each area where such an organisation is set up, it means that the people in the area have become of one mind in respect to fighting the evil determinedly and collectively. Soon, it is hoped, there will be no fresh areas for

praedial thieves to extend their activities to without fear of being caught and punished.

History was made last week when the first of these areas, Cedar Valley in St. Thomas, was proclaimed such. The signing of the Order making it a Declared Area under the Praedial Larceny (Prevention) Law by the Hon. Isaacs Barrant, Minister for Agriculture, Land and Commerce, took place in the presence of His Excellency the Governor, the Attorney General, and the Custos and Resident Magistrate of the parish. This proceeding is significant, too, because for the first time it has placed statutory powers into the hands of one of Jamaica's own Ministers. He, together with the people of the area, will be free to fight their own cause in their own interests and that of their country. On their own strength of purpose and unity of will the results will rest.

Cedar Valley was selected for this historical event not because praedial larceny is any more acute there than elsewhere, but because the people in that area have reached that agreement and unity of purpose necessary for the successful operation of the law. They intend to fight the evil as one man and rid themselves of it. Only on such foundation can the new law be securely laid, and the sooner each and everyone come to realise this fact the better it will be.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

The Editor, Sir—At this moment when the members of the Chinese Benevolent Association are busily engaged in selecting a competent staff and raising funds for the re-opening of the Chinese Public School, I feel constrained to pen this letter, with the hope that you will grant me space in your valued columns for its publication.

I read the announcement in the Pagoda that Mr. Gai Eaton has been appointed Headmaster of the school, and I wish to add my quota of praise that the choice is a wise one. This, however, does not automatically solve the problems that confront the school; it will require more than a glittering appointment to restore the prestige which the school had lost through repeated failures and poor administration on the part of the former School Board.

The former Chinese Public School was not very successful. It ended in failure because the teaching staff was not highly qualified, because it was inadequately financed, because the food and accommodation for boarders were poor, because it neglected to enlist the support of the entire Chinese Community without which it cannot enjoy any measure of success, and most important of all, because the language taught was far removed from the issues of everyday life.

There is need then to approach the re-opening of the school from an entirely new angle. The present School Board must exercise wisdom and caution, and at the same time, divorce itself from that policy which had previously consigned the school to the graveyard. The Chinese

language, which had before been regarded as the school's main subject, should now be relegated to assume the role of a foreign language, similar to that which the Spanish, French and Latin languages occupy in the ordinary Secondary Schools. The natural outcome, would be the emergence of English language as the main subject, which, along with other subjects, should be taught on a level equal to those of recognised standard.

Care should be taken too, to elect a competent School Board, since it plays an important part in directing the affairs of the school. Men who understand the problems of schools, men who sympathise with the aspirations of local born Chinese should be offered positions on the Board. In short, I advocate that more Jamaican Chinese should be invited to participate in the affairs of the school.

I desire to bring to the attention of the Chinese Benevolent Association, or any organisation interested in the welfare of the Chinese Community, the chronic need for the establishment of a Scholarship which will enable graduating students of Secondary Schools to pursue professional courses in Universities abroad. It is a tragedy that so many Chinese with brilliant academic records should be condemned to a life of obscurity simply because of finance.

I realise of course, that the crux of the problem in the establishment of a Scholarship is predominantly financial. But surely, if there is no one among the Chinese of this island with the resources to imitate that philanthropist who recently gave a large sum to the cause of education, there is at least a group of men who can pool whatever they have. To assist a worthy cause, seems to me the noblest way of proving that one's aim in life transcends the narrow goal of individual interest.

I am,

LESLIE K. CHIN.

Fellowship P.O.
Portland,
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A NEW KIND OF SCHOOL

By PIERRE AUBERY
Unesco Feature Writer

Recently, as I walked into the secondary school I had attended in my youth, I had the impression that nothing about it had changed since the day I left many years ago. There was the familiar dry-as-dust smell which inspired generation after generation of school children to refer to the school as "the box." There were the long, echoing corridors and the classrooms into which light filtered dimly through the trees in the quadrangle, today both bearing the scars of war. Plaster was flaking off everywhere, and the staircase creaked underfoot as I approached the wing of the immense building that had been destroyed by bombs.

Then, suddenly, I reached a floor of the school which seemed much more friendly than I had remembered it from the past. The vivid red and green of geraniums showed in each window. In the corridors framed drawings and engravings recalled leading events in local history, and the contrast became even more striking when I opened the door of what had once been my classroom.

In the old days we studied in an atmosphere of silence and immobility under the supervision of a master who never relaxed his severity. Now, I found about fifteen children there, aged between 11 and 13, seated in twos and threes at small tables. They were working as teams, some debating what finishing touches to give to a drawing, others discussing a report they were drawing up on a visit they had made to a factory.

The children moved freely about the classroom whose walls were decorated with drawings and models showing different stages in the evolution of dress during the Middle Ages, a subject which had recently been chosen for study as a topic of interest. This is the basis of the "new" education I saw in operation in my old school.

A topic of interest is chosen and combined with studies of local physical and social environments, in which many approaches to the subject can be made. This enables the children in these "new" classes to become familiar with a wide range of topical and local questions, knowledge of which will later help to speed up their social adjustment.

This "activity" method of education is by no means new, having already been applied in a number of countries. In France, too, prior to its present development in secondary schools, it had been used, perhaps in some cases subconsciously, by elementary school teachers. In its application to secondary education, however, it has had to prove its worth alongside the traditional system with its lecture-recitation approach to culture.

Subjects for study which have stimulated the curiosity of the young pupils of my former school are: different types of houses as they have varied from era to era and from region to region; reconstruction and town planning in their own district; the development of their port from its origin to the present day. To deal with such subjects, the youngsters have been shown how to use the best techniques of personal research.

This is how the children set about it. First, they hunt for documentary material in libraries. They take notes and make sketches. Then they interview any available experts on the subject. After this, under the leadership of the teachers, they do "on the spot" research, observing and asking still more questions. Finally, they combine their efforts in drawing up a report. The presentation and accuracy of these are usually first-rate.

It is a practical method which can awaken an interest in study even among apathetic or shy children who have been discouraged by routine instruction. The head teacher mentioned to me the case of a boy who was lazy and taciturn — the sort of child who, in the ordinary way, would have been treated as the "dull" boy of the class.

This child who did not want to read or study had, however a taste for drawing and, through drawing, it was possible gradually to work up his interest in other subjects, even those which had been the most difficult for him.

Nearly all the children have made astonishing progress by this method; and, what is still more important, their curiosity has been awakened and stimulated at the same time as they have learned to analyze, to understand, and to organize their knowledge. For the curiosities of the child play a large part in the formation of the adult thirst for knowledge.

"I always wanted to find a school where the pupils, not the teachers, ask the questions, and where the teachers, not the pupils, answer the questions," said the American journalist Lincoln Steffens about 20 years ago.

In these new classes the pupil does not feel that he is just one of many. The teacher takes an interest in his problems, and helps to solve them. He keeps in touch with parents, which makes for a still more personal approach to the children.

He does not impose an unyielding discipline, but tries to give his class a team spirit and a taste for orderliness. A good class is a team of real comrades, happily discovering culture and life.

Mastering a way of working, a manner of thinking, which will later facilitate the rapid assimilation of technology and culture is, of course, one of the aims of all secondary education. To achieve it in full calls for a certain maturity of mind, an intellectual curiosity which is not always to be found among 12-year-old schoolchildren.

For them, it is a weighty and rather formidable honour to be introduced, so soon after leaving the nursery, to the company of the outstanding intellects of all times, and to be initiated into problems which have confronted humanity for thousands of years.

Despite the wide resources of these practical methods, traditional ways of instruction are not cast aside. Although the children do most of their work in class, they are not completely excused from homework and formal lessons. They must do mathematics, essays, history, like other children.

In addition, however, their teachers encourage them, outside of class hours, to do personal research, to seek for documentation which will enable them to assimilate methods of order, analysis and synthesis, without which no profitable brainwork is possible.

Social life also enters to a large extent into the work of these new classes.

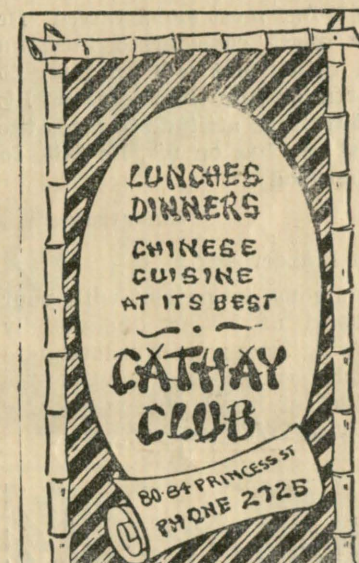
Sympathy and understanding between different generations; is not taught to children through lectures in moral ethics which generally fall on the ears of a completely indifferent audience. The children in each class "adopt" an aged and needy person, or a distressed family, which they visit and help. I saw

(Continued on page 14)

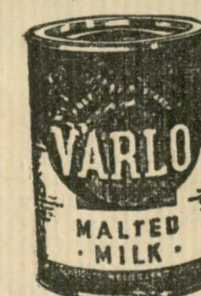
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TALKING IT OVER

By ELIZABETH MARTIN

Dear Miss Martin,

My problem may seem a simple one but I have been troubled about it for sometime as it concerns my husband. He is always belittling me as a woman and he is not even content at that as he belittles other women at the slightest provocation. If I talk to a woman friend, he calls it chattering but of course no matter what he talks about with his men friends he considers conversation. I think it most ungentlemanly as he continually makes unkind jokes about women and I feel most embarrassed. He is a most considerate husband and father but when I try to impress on him the bad effect his unchivalrous attitude towards the fairer sex has on me, he fails to understand.

"Embarrassed"

Dear Embarrassed,

You must be patient with your husband as he is undoubtedly suffering from a most unfortunate complex which could well be the product of having been the only son of a doting mother.



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It would seem to me that he is doubtful as to man's natural superiority and so resorts to belittling the opposite sex and you in particular. In an effort to create the confidence he would like to feel, it is gradually becoming a habit with him. You must assist him in acquiring that confidence through normal channels. Do not allow his attitude to develop into a serious grievance.

The situation is not beyond hope. His display of goodness and kindness is an indication of his true feelings. Try in a subtle way to make him realise that he will be viewed with contempt if he continues to ignore the fact that women play so fine a part in the world today, not only at home but at work, and he must learn to appreciate them for what they are worth.

E. M.

Dear Miss Martin,

I am planning to get married soon and would like your advice on certain points.

Firstly I will be having 6 bridesmaids. This seems quite a lot these days but both my fiancé and I have sisters and cousins and I do not wish to hurt anyone's feelings. Has the groom got to give them all presents.

Another thing, I contemplate refreshments buffet style and I would like to know how this should be started off.

"Bride-to-be".

Dear "Bride-to-be",

It is nice I think to have many bridesmaids. It does seem a pity these days that bridesmaids are reduced to merely one or two. It is customary for the groom to favour the bridesmaids with presents. These need not be too expensive if you give them a little thought.

As regards the buffet, it is customary for the newly-weds to lead the way to the buffet as soon as they have been congratulated by the guests. Of course, the wedding cake form the centre-piece of the buffet and after fifteen minutes or so should be cut by the bride assisted by the groom. The toasting then follows.

E. M.

Dear Miss Martin,

I will be going away to college soon. But I am worried about my popularity particularly with the opposite sex, although I have often been complimented on my attractiveness. I am now seven-

teen years old and have been allowed to go to parties since last year. But at my first outing I was asked to dance only once after having sat on the sidelines for what seemed an eternity. When I was eventually asked I was so excited it did not help matters any. Conditions have not improved since as the girls with whom I mix have noticed my unpopularity with the boys and have

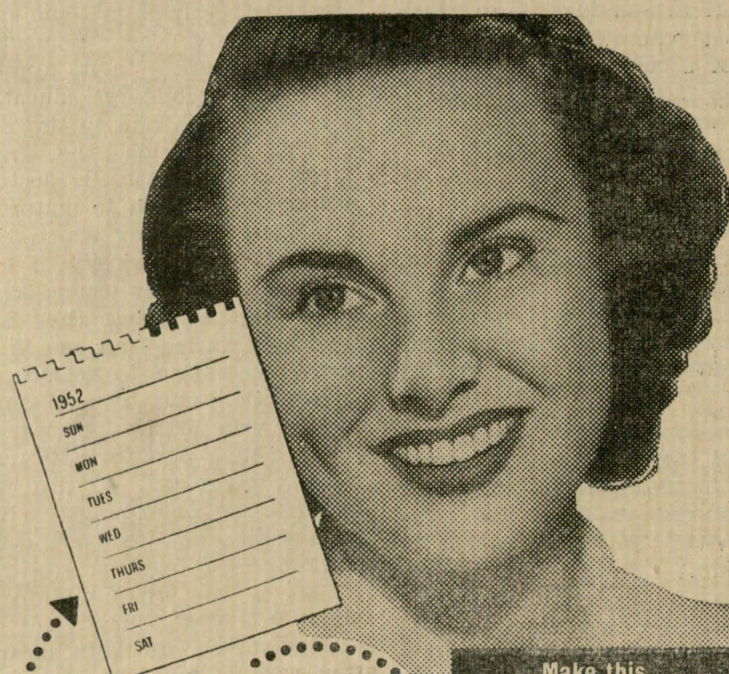
consequently given me the cold shoulder too.

Molly B.

Dear Molly B,

Be not too conscious of your failure to be popular to date. Fortunate for you, you have an opportunity of going abroad to school to take an interest in certain things and you will soon find

(Continued on page 13)



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When egoists meet, it's an I for an I.

The lady rushed into the lawyer's office and did not stop to take a seat.

Lady: My divorce—is it granted yet?

Lawyer: The law will give a decision in due course.

Lady: Heaven be praised—burn all documents relating to the case.

Lawyer: Are you reconciled?

"Never! But my husband has been killed in a motor accident and I want to claim heavy damages as the widow of a perfect husband."

Then there's the Mary who had a little man and fleeced him white as snow.

"I want to buy that book in the window called, 'How to Captivate Men,'" said the little girl to the book salesman.

The salesman looked dubiously at the child. "That's not the sort of book for you," he said. "What do you want it for?"

"Want to give it to my daddy for a Christmas present. He's a private detective."

Whisky is Scotch, but men are Scots or Scottish. And scotty when they can't get any.

The most important resolution of all is to keep your good resolution.

"A man with six kids is more contented than a man with a million pounds."

"How do you make that out?" "Well, a man with a million pounds always wants more!"

The most efficient labour-saving device is still money.

A clergyman was about to start a lecture tour of the district. On being interviewed by a local reporter, he asked him particularly not to publish details of the lecture as this might spoil the attendance at the other meetings.

The following morning he was horrified to read in the local newspaper: "Our versatile vicar delivered a delightful lecture in the church hall last night. He told some excellent stories, but unfortunately they cannot be printed."

Some men get their education late in life, says a clergyman

Others, of course, have no children to bring their lessons home.

Comment heard in a London club: "Of course, there are only two classes today really — the strikers and the stricken."

Fair Young Thing: This is a really nice perfume.

Assistant: Yes, Madam. One or our best smellers.

A woman's dressmaker or her beauty parlour can lop twenty years off her age. But you can't tool a couple of flights of stairs.

Mistress: Did you post those two letters, Bridget?

Bridget: Yes, Mum, but I saw you had put the twopenny stamp on the foreign letter and the threepenny stamp on the local one.

Mistress: Good gracious! What did you do?

Bridget: Oh, I made it all right. Mum I changed the address on the envelopes.

One reason romance lasted longer in the old days was that the bride looked much the same after washing her face.

In the courts martial, officers may be cashiered; but it's in the courts martial that the cashier really enters in.

Scientists are trying to precipitate the salt out of sea water. But what's the use? No sooner do you put it in a salt cellar than the water all comes back again.

Too many questions are discussed at diplomatic level instead of just on the level.

"My wife and I have a honeymoon every year."

"You are still so much in love?"

"Um—you see, she goes to the Riviera every year for three months and when she comes back I go to Switzerland for three months—we call those our six months' honeymoon."

Every man thinks he's different... that's why they're all alike.

If at first you don't succeed, you may be lucky! Take another look before you try again.

People not only like you for what you are but also for your individual attitude to them.

—Hugh Walpole.

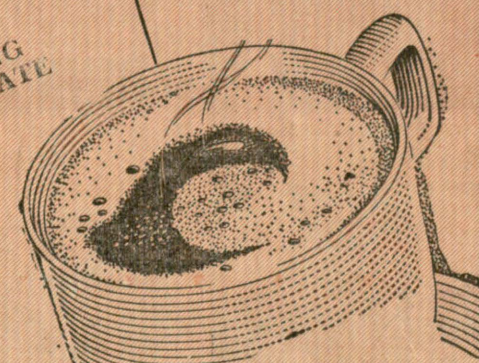
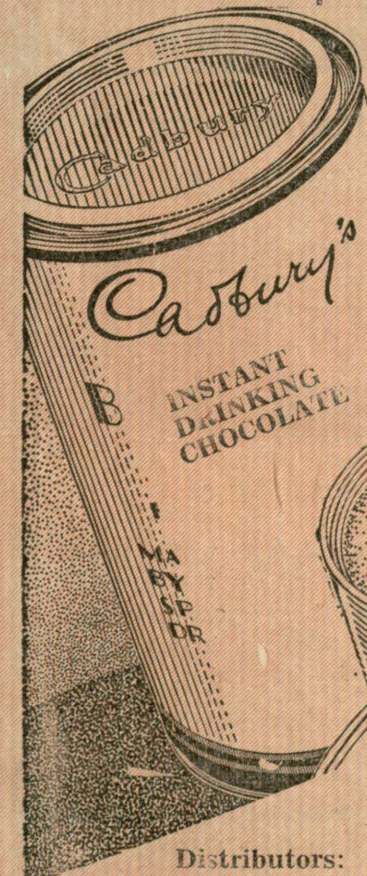
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HARMONY OF THE HANDS

Continued from page 7

moved towards the door. Outside he started to walk. Aimlessly at first, with the music still running through his brain like a persistent stream, and then suddenly, he knew where his steps were taking him, and why he wanted to go.

A taxi passed, and he hailed it. "I've a 'plane to catch," he lied.

The music stayed with him in the cab as they sped towards the airport. She was playing now, somewhere, with people to applaud and discuss her. Ordinary people, like those in the hotel, striving to get a glimpse of her.

His malevolence increased until he felt he must scream out or strifle, and he stopped the cab and walked the remainder of the distance to the airfield main entrance.

The man at the gate shone his torch full on him.

"Captain Cave," he gasped. "I wouldn't hardly have known you."

"Few do," Phillip answered, and pulled his coat collar higher to conceal his face. Faintly, in the distance, he could hear a steady drone, increasing in volume, until, as he looked up, he could distinguish the navigation lights of a homing aircraft,

and he walked rapidly in the direction of the runways.

The 'plane was over the 'drome now, circling. He checked the turns, approving subconsciously, and watched the pilot make his down wind leg. Automatically, his mind registered the final cockpit drill, and although his hands were in his pockets, they were clenched lightly, easing back, back, until the control column rested against his chest and the aircraft touched down.

His face was placid for a moment, and then his lips settled in a thin, twisted line, and he hurried forward. His single eye hardened and he became fixed. He could hear the music again, now, mingling with the roar of the aircraft engines.

He was a pilot. There was nothing else. She had her music. Tear the piano from her while she was playing. Smash the notes. Rip out the chords.

He broke into a jerking run, his face grotesque from his agony.

The airscrews were surging thunder, their vicious, cutting blades luring circles of light, their revolutions increasing, urging him to drown the music in his head.

It would be very quick.

He took a step forward, and then, because he had forgotten that there were other people in the world, he was almost swung

off his feet as a passenger put a hand on his arm.

"Captain Cave," the man said. It seemed to him that he was in a runaway car whose brakes had just been applied.

He turned and stood motionless, the man's face swimming before him. He saw an extended hand, shook it, and remembered vaguely that the little man confronting him had been a frequent passenger from the Continent.

"I hardly knew you out of uniform, M'sieu," the man was saying, eyeing him curiously. "I have always desired to thank you for the splendid evening you provided for me on my last trip with you. You remember?"

HE named a city, and Phillip nodded. He wanted to get away now. Shocked and appalled by his intention, he wanted to leave. He wanted, most of all, to see the people in the hotel and in the hospital: every one he'd hated, and tell them he was all right now.

"I was a pilot," he would say, "but I had a crack-up. I'm not a pilot any longer, but I'll teach the youngsters the early stuff on the ground. That was it! Instruction. Teaching."

He took the little man by the shoulders.

"Don't thank me," he told him. "I must thank you."

It was as if he had emerged from a cool and refreshing shower.

The passenger had not ceased speaking.

"I have often thought of you both," he went on, his voice pitched high with pleasure. "You may recall. I thought I was — how do you say — the unwelcome third party," and suddenly Phillip remembered the incident.

It was in Del Roccas. He and Isabel, and an amusing little man who wouldn't leave them — this man. Full of praise for his flying and her music. They danced, and each time they returned to the table, the little man had drinks ready for them.

"I haven't seen her for some time," he said in answer to the man's question. "But I intend to," and his voice was vibrant with new purpose.

He would tell the waiter. The one at breakfast, who was frightened by him brusqueness.

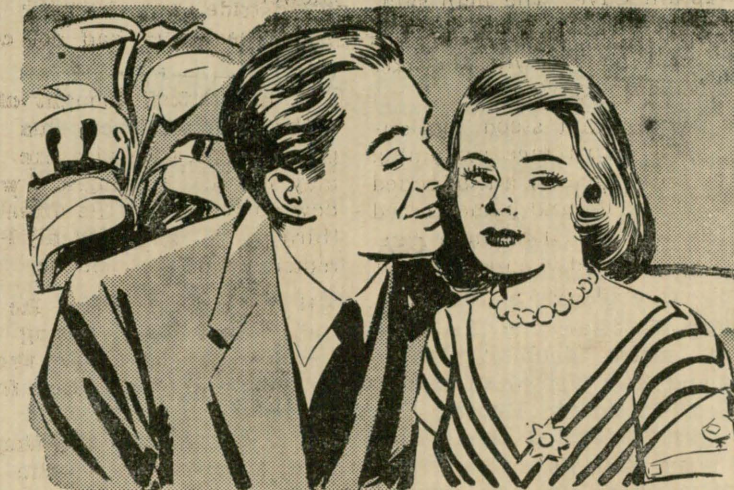
"I've been a fool, old chap," he would say. "There's a beautiful girl in a music room somewhere. I must find her, and discover where we went wrong. Don't be afraid of me."

His companion's voice dropped.

It was a tragic pity that she stopped playing," he said, and winced as Phillip gripped his arm.

"Stopped!" he demanded. "Do

MIRROR OF YOUR MIND



Should you tell a little girl she's "pretty"?

Answer: On the whole, yes, unless it's so obviously untrue that she can't help realizing some time that you have deceived her. Knowing that she is attractive will not only help her achieve the self-confidence which everyone needs so much but will make up in some degree for the feeling of inferiority that being a girl is so likely to give her. Only, don't let her grow up feeling that her good looks are all she needs to make people admire and love her, for this is far from true. The most complete "wallflower" at a party may be the prettiest girl present if she depends so much on her good looks that she feels she need not bother to be friendly.

these old people that had been "adopted."

There is only enough money you mean she no longer plays?"

"I thought everyone had heard, M'sieu. She teaches now."

A look of intense bewilderment crossed Phillip's features.

"Why?" he insisted.

The little man shrugged his shoulders.

"How can the bird fly without wings?" he asked. "I thought the whole world knew. She lost her hands, in a fire, when she pulled a pilot from a blazing 'plane.'"

THE END

The characters in this story are entirely imaginary. No reference is intended to any living person or to any public or private company.

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TALKING IT OVER

(Continued from page 10)

which of your colleagues have the same interests. You will thereby learn to converse now freely and friendships will materialise more easily.

Then too I would suggest that you take stock of your personal appearance. Try changing your hair style and when you choose your wardrobe just don't buy



Is humor democratic?

Answer: Yes, writes Richard M. Stephenson of Rutgers University in the American Journal of Sociology. Great emphasis has been placed on the harmful effect of jokes at the expense of racial minorities, but a study of anthologies of wit and humour shows that these are not the ones people enjoy most. The humour that

another dress, etc. Procure what will enhance all your best points. One must be able to hold her own in these days of keen competition.

E. M.

PANORAMA

(Continued from page 6)

Caribbean were invited to send some of their talented peoples to participate in the big event.

Jamaica has sent a Group consisting of the Ivy Baxter Dance Group well known for their creative folklore dancing, who were accompanied on the trip by Mrs. Jean Simmonds of the Extra Mural Department of the UCWI, Mr. Albert Huie, Mr. Robert Verity and others. Several rehearsals were planned by the Group before they entered the contest, and besides this Group a number of sculpture and paintings, selected by Mrs. Edna Manley and Mrs. Vera Moody were sent for exhibition at the

By LAWRENCE GOULD
Consulting Psychologist

is most popular is that which "minimizes" the notion of class or status conflict and consciousness" and implies the idea that "all men are equal." After all, nothing makes you laugh more heartily than the picture of someone you stand in awe of being placed in a ridiculous position. Current jokes about psychiatrists are evidences of this.



May guilt make bereavement harder to bear?

Answer: Yes. Even consciously, your first reaction to the loss of someone you love is apt to be one of remorse at whatever unkindness you may have shown him or at the fact that you did not "tell him how much you loved him before it was too late." But beneath such conscious feelings even though you may convince yourself that you "have nothing to reproach yourself with," you may suffer an unconscious sense of guilt at feelings which you never dared to admit to yourself. For no love is unmixed, and however much you love a person, there probably have been times when you secretly wished he "wasn't around." Having this wish come true adds guilt to your grief at your loss.

Festival. A thing of the kind is both new and enterprising, combining the talent of so many countries of various nationalities, and it shows a keen spirit of internationalism and friendly competition which helps to promote good will and peaceful relationships.

The Jamaican Group travelled by specially chartered plane to Puerto Rico and will be away for at least twelve days. We in Jamaica await the news of their accomplishments at the Festival eagerly.

Observer.

SCOUTS CORNER

Our Senior Team lost their Senior cricket Match with All-Saints. Final scores were: Chinese 81 all out (Eric Ho 21, A. Hoo 17, Lester Chin (Capt.) 12; L. Palmer 4 for 24, B. Robinson 2 for 17). All-Saints 99 for 4 decl. (L. Palmer 46, B. Robinson 23, M. Anderson 14; E. Cha 3 for 10, Everard Hoo 1 for 38.)

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Our Juniors, however, were involved in the most exciting match of the Competition, so far. On Saturday, July 26th, they met Doncaster Jnrs.—both teams then leaders of the Jr. competition with 6 points each. We were sent in to bat, and were bowled out for 23 (H. Chong 10, Eric Hoo (Capt) 5; B. Johnson 6 for 8, A. Brown 3 for 13.) Doncaster Jnrs. went to bat with hopes, and had 17 for 4 when a collapse set in. The score book then read 4 for 17, 5 for 22, 6 for 22, 7 for 22 and 8 for 22; then suddenly Doncaster in desperation, slashed out the winning stroke and so won a very exciting match. Doncaster were finally all out for 38 (C. Garel 12, C. Moseley 6; H. Chong 7 for 17; Eric Hoo 3 for 16). Our heartiest congrats, Doncaster Jnrs.

Under the leadership of SS/M Len Chong and S/M James Chuck, a patrol of Scouts left town on Thursday evening, the 31st, July, on a hike to Blue Mountain Peak. The patrol consisted of Lester Chin, Horace Chong, Arnold Chin, Eric and Andrew Hoo and Johnnie Lee, an ex-Scout of the Troop. After an exciting hike and stay up there, they returned to town on Sunday last at about 8 p.m. As a result only a few were able to attend the Garden Party at the School!

Plans for a Summer camp for the Troops have not yet been finalised. However, the Camp will be sometime this month.

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Experience seems to be like the shining of a bright lantern. It suddenly makes clear in the mind what was already there, perhaps but dim.

—Walter de la Mare

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SPORTS PARADE

By George Beckford

THEY ARE FILLING the goal-nets briskly in the Basket Ball Leagues; and counting out the midsummer weather, it is going to be a hot struggle for the championships this season. Chun San, defenders of the Senior crown, were happy before and after the recent holidays by taking the lead with victories over their arch rivals, YMCA whom they defeated 27-19, and Chinese Old Students who were trounced 14 to 9. Triumph against YMCA came after a hard fight at Sun Yat Sen's Recreation Centre last week. Young Foo was actually a great wall of defence while W. Wong and Justin Wilson scored 8 points each. Defeat of Chinese Old Students was comparatively easy at COS's grounds, North Street this week, but it brought to light Lennie Chin's connections this season. He is on the COS side. Lennie had for many moons kept fans and the press guessing as to whether he was retiring, resting or for whom he would be playing. Now we know, and rival teams will be on the look out!

TOP GAME in the Senior division listed for next week Wednesday should be Min Chi versus YMCA at the Freemason grounds. Min Chi have already beaten Chinese Old Students and are determined to keep abreast Chun San while YMCA cannot afford to fall any lower than that early defeat.

KEOW YU are ahead in the Junior League. Last Sunday at The Public School Garden Party they vanquished the visiting Port Antonians in an exhibition match. They have beaten Community and YMCA.

But most astonishing is Simon Yuen's Community Store squad who overwhelmed Cadet Corps by 57 to 24. Mind you, the Cadets are not to be easily walked over, for they have defeated YMCA. Leslie Lyn and Vinnie Chung filled most points but everyone pulled their weights for Community. Next Monday Min Chi will tackle Community on the Freemason courts.

MAIN EVENT, or shall we say main bout, of this week-end will be the annual cricket match between Chinese and East Indians. Play has been scheduled

for Sunday at Emmet Park atop Winchester Park which has been kindly loaned by the St. George's Old Boys' Association. The Indians are very strong this year as seen by the names with E. B. Rodgers Jnr. as captain.

Rodgers hit a match-saving and subsequent winning century for Kingston against Kingston Police in an important Junior Cup tie match last week. Horace Chang, however, has his talisman of luck and tact in hand and has summoned a worthy array. Among the stalwarts are Johnny Wong-sam, Charlie Lee, Phillip Powe, Eddie Young, W. Tai Ten Quee as batsmen, A. V. Cheong, Minna Chang, all-rounders; N. Lee Yuen, Abe Chin, as bowlers; and Noel Lyn wicket keep.

The first ball is timed to be bowled at 10.30 a.m.

BRAWN PLUS ALMOST ANYTHING should make a man feel the importance of his sex anywhere. Headley Ho Sang's Keep Fit Class, which started with the girls at Cathay Club, has now expanded as the boys have stepped on stage to lift their bi and triceps. Great improvement has been shown by these lads who spend a few hours after leaving work thrice each week to build their frames and nurture healthy minds within those temples The Sett twins—Gladstone and Glenston—are fine examples of fitness, but they look so much alike as do the Hew sisters that even maestro Headley cannot distinguish them apart sometimes—"they are like two peas in a pod," he says. I would say they are even more similar than peas, because there are slight differences among the grainy specimens but the Setts are even in height and other physical landmarks. Baby Ho Onn, Keith Lyn, Eric Chin, Herbie Wong, and Gerald Thomas are also doing well.

AT TENNIS GEORGE HEW reached the finals of the Boys Singles and Doubles in the Junior Championships, but failed to win either title. Hew's main foe, Peter Phillips who held the crown last year, defeated him in the singles and partnered Arthur Bloomfield to beat his doubles aid M. Hale. A. Lai and Babs Chang were ousted by A. Da-Costa and Beverly Streadwick in the Mixed Doubles.

Defeat does not seem to bother the players of today, and it is a good sign, for as soon as they are through in a tournament they are either back at practice or competing again. The hard courts are being well peopled and utilised; perhaps, the recent CSA tourney gave the inspiration. By the way, although the lights have gone out on the stage, let us applaud the winners of the CSA meet; they are—Alan Chin, men singles; Kay Wong Ken, women's singles; H. Chen and Yu Fatt Chinn, men's doubles; Jackie Lyew and Kay Wong Ken, mixed doubles. President Hubert Tai Ten Quee presented the prizes. Kay Wong Ken, Babs Chang and Yu Fatt Chin, are now competing in Melbourne's Senior tournament. Just before going to press, Kay lost to island champion Mrs. Cover Ramsay 3-6, 1-6 in the open singles.

ODDS AND ENDS ... Alfred Kong teamed with Miss Sylvia Gentles to gain 7th place in the Northern Bridge Championships held in Montego Bay last week. Alfred and his partner scored 185 and 158½, add with me, to total 343½ points while the winning pair scored 411 of a possible 600 points. Alfred, a vice president of the Jamaica Bridge Association was deeply grieved at the death this week of Roy Valencia whom he lamented as "a fine player, gentleman and sportsman". Paul Cho had a fine catch of nearly 80 lbs. fish recently at Grant Pen. The catch comprised 5 king fish, and 4 mackerel, Stanley Chen brought in 50 lbs catch of snappers, jacks, and a few king fish. "There won't be much fishing until the moon goes down," says Paul, "because the fish won't bite while the moon is shining."

What I believe is that the fish are too engaged courting the romantic beams that they have no time to notice the baited hook. Fish have their leap year problems and traditions as well. And before closing, let us lift our glasses to the Jamaican athletes who brought glory to this island by winning five gold medals and three silver ones in only 8 events at the recent World Olympics at Helsinki. By winning the 400 metres and 4x400 metres relay we were only eclipsed by the magnificent individual feat of Emil Zatopek of Czechoslovakia who won the 5,000 metres, 10,000 metres and 26 miles Marathon—all in record times.

Surely this Olympiad must have brought the world closer to peace, what with Russia, Germany, and Japan again competing. So, let

us hope that the spirit of sport will outstride any thought of future strife.

A NEW KIND OF SCHOOL

(Continued from page 9)

on the teacher's desk an enormous bundle of books for one of available to run these classes in the early stages of secondary education, in France. Only a small percentage of children, therefore, can have this practical instruction between the ages of 13 and 16, and afterwards they join in classes with children who have only known conventional teaching. In these advanced classes, young people who have had the benefits of the "new education" have gained at least equal rank with classmates whose studies have been of a more traditional nature.

From the results so far obtained, French educators are generally satisfied with the activity method both from the broad educational viewpoint and from the more limited one of examinations, so much so, that it is eventually hoped to extend the system throughout French Secondary Education. But this will only be possible when financial resources make available the larger staffs and the increased number of classrooms which such a development demands. (UNESCO).



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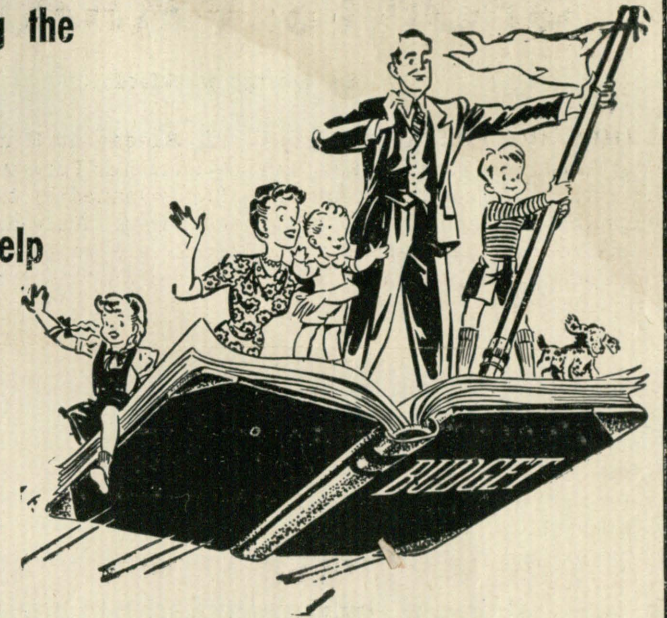
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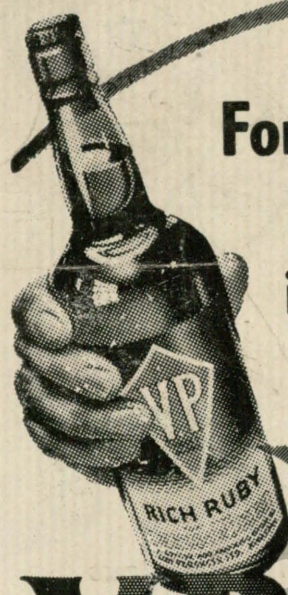
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