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The

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PAGODA

A FORTNIGHTLY MAGAZINE

PRICE THREEPENCE

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Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I.

Saturday, January 26, 1952.

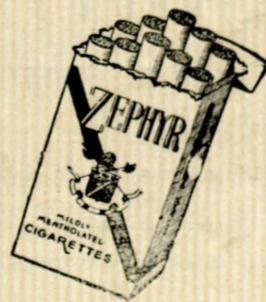
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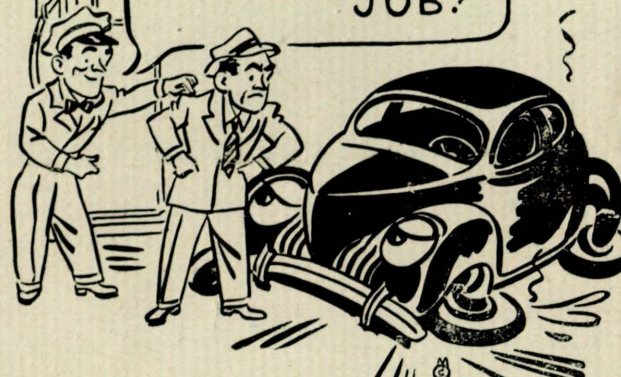
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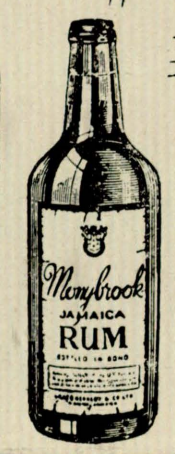
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HE LOVES A WIDOW

by Chow Wen

Translated by HELEN CHIN SEE, M.A.

(continued from last issue)

PINGERH however was truly glad to see "granny". Screeching happily, he stretched out his arms and rushed toward her. But the old woman grumbled in her heart:

"You're not my grandson, and why should I carry you—you heavy bastard!" But outwardly, she put on a pleased look, bent down, and picked up the child in her arms.

Presently they were all seated in the parlour, and the old woman lost no time in questioning Pingerh:

"Where did you have lunch today?" Hanchang interposed hurriedly:

"A few colleagues insisted that I eat with them in the office . . ."

But Pingerh was already saying smilingly:

"In a restaurant!" Hanchang's face reddened and Yuhuai cast a reproachful glance at him. But the old woman did not notice this, she was too busy pumping information out of the child:

"Tell me, Pingerh who were with you?" "Mamma and Uncle and me."

"How many dishes did you have?" "Oh! many, many, many, many dishes, and we had coffee too."

"Oh, so you had coffee. Did you have shark's fin?" "Yes, I ate shark's fin. Mamma ate shark's fin, and uncle also ate shark's fin."

YUHUI began to feel angry. It was downright mean to cross-examine a mere child. She stared angrily at the old woman, wishing that she could snatch her son from her arms. But the old woman continued:

"Do you know who paid the bill?" "Uncle paid the bill."

Heng! It was the old woman's turn to be angry. She thought:

"You have no money for your mother, but you have money to support a widow," and anger prompted her to this reckless decision: "All right, if the widow can spend his money, certainly I can spend it! We can all start throwing away money like we're rich people. And I shall start by getting out that chunk of meat that I've put aside and eat it! Eat! eat! eat!"

When we've swallowed the last penny, everybody will be happy and there will be peace for all. At least I shall not die and become a hungry ghost!" Her mind made up, she took a deep breath, smoothed the angry look away from her face, and looking at her son, said:

"Hanchang, I don't know why, but my stomach is aching again. You know that I have finished that bottle of tonic long ago, and it seems that I must have another bottle of tonic right away. And we also have to buy rice, cooking oil, and I don't have a single penny."

Hanchang knitted his brows and said: "Didn't I give you ten dollars just the other day?"

"But it's all gone! Ah! What do you know? You never come home and see how I am getting along, leaving me all by myself in this miserable house. So I went out and amused myself too. I invited old Mrs. Liu of next door to go to a movie with me."

Hanchang broke out laughing: "Now, now, now. I know you never go to movies."

The face of the old woman reddened, but she stuck to her story stubbornly:

"Indeed I have! Not only that but I also invited Mrs. Liu to eat in a restaurant and I paid the bill just like you did!" She was quite pleased with herself for having thought of this subtle way of dealing a blow on them. She glanced furtively at Yuhuai to see how she fared under this attack. But Yuhuai kept on gazing out of the window, wearing a fixed smile on her lips.

HANCHANG could see that his mother was on the point of bursting into a storm of rage, he hastily reached a hand into his pocket and took out a five dollar bill:

"All right, all right, here's five dollars." The old woman closed her fingers greedily over the bill and said: "Well then, this is for my bottle of tonic. But what about rice and cooking oil? And my stockings are all holes. I simply must buy a few pairs of stockings!"

"But mother, I only have a few dollars left for car fare!" Hanchang laughed miserably.

"But there is no rice, and there is no . . ."

Hanchang hurriedly took out two one-dollar bills and thrust them into her hand. He was afraid that their neighbours might overheard her nagging and took him for an unfilial son. But the old woman was not yet satisfied. She kept on clamouring for more. Desperate, Hanchang slapped both his hands against his empty pockets. At last convinced that she had squeezed the last possible penny from her son and feeling that she had scored a victory over the widow, the old woman was elated. She put Pingerh on the floor, and clutching the banknotes in her hand, hurried into the kitchen.

Yuhuai immediately picked up Pingerh and said:

"Let's go!" "Why? Hanchang was surprised, and instantly stepped into her path to block her retreat: "Didn't you say that you will spend the night here and as soon as you find a room, you'll move to this village right away?"

"I don't think I would like to come and live here."

"Why, didn't you say that the houses in Shanghai are crowded, that there is no playground for Pingerh, and didn't you say that the rental is too high? and besides, your lease has expired."

YUHUI hesitated and thought for a little while and said:

"But what will your mother think of us?" "Never mind her!" Hanchang said magnanimously. And making use of every available opportunity to advance his interests, he continued:

"Didn't you say that you refuse to be stopped by any obstacle! Why then should we mind what she is thinking. Would you be such a coward as to retreat before such a small obstacle?" He felt that he had spoken very appropriately and had chosen exactly the right words. With a flourish he pounded a clenched fist against his open palm, to give added emphasis.

"What do I have to fear!" said Yuhuai, putting Pingerh on the floor, "I only wanted to go because I can see that your mother doesn't like me."

(Continued on page 5)

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OLD SCOUT

By S. H. C.

THERE was talk of Jamboree all over town. The air was crackling with it. Uniforms were taken out and carefully inspected. Telephone wires leading to tailor shops grew hot with the frequency of the calls which poured through them in a steady stream. Old Scouts had heard the rallying call and were on a check up spree.

"Mason, can you put a piece into this navy serge shorts?"

"Dexter, when can I have those pants back!"

"Here, I just bought a yard and three-quarters of the khaki stuff, do you think that will do?"

"—and be sure to let me have it by Wednesday!"

Ah, it was great, the feeling of the old scout uniform. There's nothing like a war to make a man in uniform feel like an honest to goodness soldier, and there's nothing like a Jamboree, to hurry a man back into the uniform he had worn as an old Rover, or a Scoutmaster!

On the docks, in offices, in every walk of life men were slipping each other the three-fingered salute, and the smiles that went with them erased frowns that had started a housing scheme on many brow.

There were men between thirty five and forty five, and there were those who spoke of Gilwell Park the way we do of the Victoria Park, in an easy familiar manner. Among those of the first group, was Jeepers.

MY door cracked open for the N-th time that day. I made another mental note to have it oiled. Through those sacred portals have passed such minor deities as The Editor, The Proprietor, The Life Insurance Man, The Debt Collector, Jim, Anne, The Professor, and now, as I reminisced on the manner and forms of conversation that an open door invites, and as I briefly meditated on the sundry types and shapes and forms and characteristics of persons which said door may admit, I included in that fraction of time of assessment, a hazard as to who this new caller may be.

Now I had seen him before, somewhere, his clean-shaven face and neatly trimmed hair gave you the impression of boyish innocence. His infectious grin gave you the impression that this was what Scouting had in

mind, when it was casting around for an advertising motif. I had seen him in many roles, some of which fitted him with the fidelity of a favourite pup; I had seen him dressed in various garbs, some of which would have landed him top prizes in a "Best Dressed Hobo" competition, but this one was something new. It was out of the ordinary, as much out of the ordinary as he himself was.

It was Jeepers
It was Jeepers in a Scoutmaster's Union.

I looked forward to a bright future—Jeepers on Jamboree in his old Scouter's uniform was the sort of diet prescribed by my doctor for my high blood pressure.

On any other bloke, two sizes smaller than Jeepers, the outfit he wore would have been good, if not excellent advertisement for The Worldwide Brotherhood. On Jeepers it looked like the "DON'T" section of the book — "Policy, Organization and Rules." While I was reaching out for my second wind he spoke:

"Good, huh?" and he twirled around to give me the panoramic view.

"Splendid fit!" I found myself saying.

"So you agree with me,"
"Nope, you didn't give me time to finish. I meant splendid fit for a troop leader or a senior patrol leader."

"Aw you"
"Shun! Tut-tut-tut mah boy! Scout law Number 10 — quote: A scout is clean in thought, word, and deed!"

HE tossed me a salute, which to anyone in the Movement would pass merely as a gay wave of the hand. I hauled him out on parade and gave him the works. When I got through with him, he was greatly improved. Now he was saluting like a sun-drunk trooper on parade.

With my permission he flopped down into a chair.

"Now look you," I barked at him. "one more performance like that, and the only badge you'll wear in Scouting will be the 'Circle with a Dot.' And don't kid yourself, that uniform you've got must be given back to the right owner. We can't have grown up scouts taking advantage of the younger brothers in the Movement."

"B-b-but sir, they are mine!"
"Nonsense, you gave up ownership five or six inches-around-the-waist ago."

He grinned and rose to perch himself on the edge of my desk.

"Think I'll do?"
"Depends on how much scouting you remember!"

"I suppose so!"
"Well, what job has the Jamboree chief got in mind for you?"

"We've not decided yet. I can either be a Guide for one of his trips to Cinchona, Blue Mountain Peak, or any of those places; or I may be a cookhouse Mechanic. Quartermaster's Slave; I could be an Interpreter because there will be boys coming in to Briggs Park from all over the Caribbean and from other parts of the world too. I could get myself a medal tying up with the really tough jobs of policing, communications, marketing department, or even in the Department of Sanitation. Myself and all the old Scouts are chipping in — but we still need more guys like you, for instance, how about it?"

"Hah!" I snorted, "got you there — so you didn't know that I was on the Editorial Staff of the Jamboree news, did you. Well, my job is to report on the actions of all the little boys in shorts, even those over 21. And that includes you. No dating or drinking while you are in that outfit. Just you remember that, or I will!"

"His salute was a credit to my training."

"Yessir!"

"Now get out of here, on the double."

"But SHC, I just dropped in for a chat."

"Oh, did you? Well before we go into that, do you remember your scout laws?"

"Yes. At least I think so!"

"What's the seventh?"

"Why, a Scout obeys orders without question."

"Fine, now git out—and this time I mean it."

He did, thirty minutes later — after he had told me what was on his mind. But, we'll see you at the Jamboree folks—it will be at Briggs Park March 5th—12th. 1952. Briggs Park, by the way, is on the Mountainview side of Up-Park-Camp. We, that is Jeepers, Jim, Anne, The Professor and myself and the 1st Chinese Troop will see you there—won't we?

"Bah! everything is going up, food, clothing, fares, smokes . . ."

"The one thing that doesn't go up is rain!"

"Well, what of it? You get soaked just the same!"

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DELICIOUS!

HE LOVES A WIDOW

(Continued from page 3)

"That's settled then. We are we and she is she. You've said yourself that she lives in a world different from ours, and that she lives in an era different from ours. Besides I am sure her displeasure is only temporary, she'll be all right in a little while."

Yuhuai was pleased that Hanchang quoted her own words like quoting the teachings of an ancient sage. She also saw how handsome he was. Her eyes chanced to meet his and she smiled understandingly at him.

Hanchang went to take a look in the kitchen and returned in high spirits. He reported:

"Ha! Didn't I tell you that she'll be all right after a little while? Sure enough, she is quite happy now. I just saw her taking a large chunk of meat out of the cupboard. Doesn't this mean that she is preparing an extra dish just to give you and Pingerh a special treat?" Immediately he started to perform his duties as a host. He turned on the electric light, took off his coat, rolled up the shirt sleeves, and started laying chopsticks and spoons on the table.

Yuhuai laughed unbelievably, and said:

"Really? I don't think so."
"You just wait and see," said Hanchang with confidence.

THE old woman came in carrying several dishes on a tray. Hanchang and Yuhuai hurried over and helped her place the dishes on the table. There were a dish of green vegetables, a dish of bean-curd, a dish of scrambled eggs, and a dish of bamboo shoots fried with a few shreds of meat. There was no other dish. Disappointed Hanchang asked:

"Ma, why is there so little meat."

"Because there is no money to buy meat with."

"Didn't I just see you take out a large chunk of meat from the cupboard?"

"Well that's for to-morrow. We cannot afford to eat away all our money in one meal can we?" Yuhuai looked at Hanchang, and her glance said:

"Now, see what?" Hanchang returned her look with an awkward smile, and without saying anything more, he picked up his chopsticks and began shoving rice down his throat. But this time the exchange of glances did not escape the notice of the old woman, and she stared at them disapprovingly.

She made up her mind that, after supper, after Yuhuai and her son had left, she would give her son a good talking to. She would force him to decide whether he wanted his mother or whether he wanted the widow. She would accuse him for "not reserving a place for his mother in his heart". She could not allow him to drag on like that any longer. She would remind him that she was already over fifty, and it simply would not do for her to be without a grandson! And she would tell him that the bastard Pingerh did not carry the blood of the Li family in his veins, and she would not play nurse to that bastard for the widow. If Yuhuai harboured any such ideas, she had better abandon them

But Yuhuai was busy answering Pingerh's endless questions, and did not show any intention of leaving. Hanchang hovered beside them, playing and romping with the child. All the old woman could do was to muster her patience and wait for them to take their leave. She looked at the three of them. Her son was very handsome. His face was round and smooth. His hair was sleek and shiny. He was good looking enough to be the husband of an angel. And Hanchang evoked in her the usual surge of maternal pride. However, this night the sight of him also gave her jabs of pain. He was so merry, talking and laughing with the widow and her son, and in his merriness she had no share. She was excluded from the laughter and light which filled the room. As to the faces and bodies of Yuhuai and her son Pingerh, they looked downright ugly under the strong light of the electric lamp. Low-ness and baseness were stamped indelibly in their faces.

(Continued on page 13)

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PERSONALIA

VIOLET CHIN-SHERWIN
CHONG NUPTIALS

The marriage of Miss Violet Chin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Chin of Port Morant to Mr. Sherwin Chong of Golden Grove was solemnised at the Holy Rosary Church on Sunday, January 20. The Rev. Fr. Mahoney, S.J., of Port Morant performed the ceremony, assisted by the Rev. Fr. Brannon, S.J.

Mr. Albert Chin gave his sister in marriage. The petite bride was a picture of loveliness in her gown of white slipper satin fashioned with a yoke of delicate nylon lace with long fitted sleeves and turtle neck collar, terminating in a long train. Her headdress was a tiara of pearls from which flowed a finger tip veil of embossed tulle, and she carried a bouquet of lavender orchids.

Chief bridesmaid was Miss Lena Chin, sister of the bride, assisted by the Misses Pat Lee and Mavis Chin, cousins of the bride.

Bestman was Mr. Hector Lee, and ushers were Joscelyn Hoo and Samuel Chong.

After the ceremony, a reception was held at 26 Jackson Road, Rollington Town, the home of Mr and Mrs. Samuel Wong. The

usual long burst of firecrackers was set off as the couple arrived. A dance followed the reception until a very late hour with Roy Coburn and his Blue-Flame Orchestra supplying the music.

CHARLES HO TOM,
PRESIDENT OF SPANISH
TOWN C.Y.C.

The Chinese Youth Club of Spanish Town held a special meeting at 23 Old Market Street, Spanish Town on Wednesday, January 9. Mr. Charles Ho Tom, President of the Club, led off the discussion on the proposed site of the grounds. Several other matters were discussed among which was ways and means of raising funds for the new Club.

Mr. Ho Tom stressed the importance of the individual effort of every member and would like to see everyone put his energy toward the formation of the Club which should be a very valuable asset to the community and should benefit both old and young.

All those who have only just learnt of the existence of the Club should immediately enlist and send in their names to the Secretary, Miss Dolores Lee, 23 Old Market Street, Spanish Town.

CHINESE NEW YEAR
FESTIVITIES

The Chinese Public School will be the scene of much gaiety and

fun on Sunday, January 27, when the Garden Party sponsored by the Chinese Benevolent Association will take place. It will be the main Chinese New Year attraction for the community.

Mr. Cyril B. Chin, the new President of the Association is directing all his energies to make it an enjoyable affair for everyone. Mr. Willie Chong, Secretary of the Association, is in charge of the Garden Party and Concert.

On Monday which will be the official holiday, a moving picture programme, also sponsored by the Chinese Benevolent Association, will be presented at the Ward Theatre. The very popular picture "Fa Ngoy Lew Ang" will be back for the entertainment of the Community. The picture which is in the Cantonese dialect is a modern comedy romance and one of the most enjoyable Chinese films brought to Jamaica.

WILLIE LYN AH WOO,
CHAIRMAN OF
SANITARIUM
MANAGING COMMITTEE

Mr. Willie Lyn Ah Woo was elected chairman of the Chinese Sanitarium at the first meeting of the Managing Committee of the Sanitarium. He succeeds Mr. Hubert Tai Tenque who has been Chairman of the Board for the past three years.

ENGAGEMENTS
ANNOUNCED

The engagement of Miss Thelma Lee to Mr. William Chin was recently announced. Thelma is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Lee of Ritchies, Spaldings and William is the son of Mr. Chin Hon Chin of Honson's Ice Cream Parlour, Spanish Town Road, and Mrs. Chin of Hongkong.

The engagement of Cecilia, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Lee to Mr. Lennie Chang of Yallahs was announced at a party last Sunday, January 20, at the home of the parents of the bride-elect. The prospective bridegroom is a brother of Mr. Chang Kee Chin of Yallahs, while Cecilia returned from Hongkong about two years ago. The marriage will take place some time this year.

EDDIE WONG POWS
CELEBRATE
ANNIVERSARY

Friends of Pearlina and Eddie joined them last Saturday night at their West Ivy Green Crescent residence to help them celebrate their eleventh wedding anniversary. Congratulations to them both.

BIRTHDAY PARTIES

Cherice, little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Kong celebrated her first birthday with a party

(Continued on page 7)

PANORAMA

GATHERING OF BISHOPS

En route to Nassau where the Provincial Synod of the Church of England is being held, His Grace the Archbishop of the West Indies, the Most Rev. Alan Knight, D.D. together with the Rt. Rev. Douglas Wilson, Bishop of Trinidad, and the Rt. Rev. Gerald Brooks, Bishop of British Honduras, called at Jamaica. During their brief stay here before they went on accompanied by the Rt. Rev. Basil Montague Dale, Bishop of Jamaica, a cocktail party was held in their honour by Bishop Dale and Mrs. Dale at their residence, which was attended by His Excellency the Governor and Lady Foot, many of the clergy and their wives, and prominent citizens.

AND THE CHIEF RABBI

Also passing through Jamaica during the course of a Pastoral Tour which takes him to New Zealand and Australia, was the Very Rev. Yesrael Brodie, Chief Rabbi of the Commonwealth, who was accompanied by his wife. A welcome was accorded these noted visitors by the Rev. Henry P. Silverman, head of the Jewish Synagogue in Jamaica and Mrs. Silverman together with many prominent members of the Jewish Community at the Jewish Institute, and the occasion was a unique and historic one, for never before has a Chief Rabbi come to Jamaica.

The Very Rev. Brodie expressed his extreme pleasure in being able to make his call and Mrs. Brodie added her quota of satisfaction at having been able to do so. For 15 years the Very Rev. Brodie served as head of the Hebrew congregation in Melbourne, Australia, and he would, during his tour, be re-visiting the scene of his first ministry.

OTHER RELIGIOUS GROUPS

Always during the winter season groups of evangelists and ministers of various denominations pay visits to the Island, bringing their messages of faith and cheer with them to the people of Jamaica. Prominent in this field this year have been the group of Musical Ministers, a singing quartette of divinity students from the United States led by the Rev. Whitney Dough, who came at the invitation of the Christian Businessmen's Committee and have been giving a number of concerts at various centres in the city and have proceeded to Mandeville and other areas to hold others. These

concerts combined with religious addresses have been well attended and appreciated.

Also coming on an evangelistic tour has been Mr. Louis Zamperini, an officer of the United States Air Force Reserve, who was formerly a member of an American athletic team which visited Jamaica in 1938 but with which he was unable to come through force of circumstance. During his Air Force service in the 1st war he was a prisoner of war in Japan and has not fully recovered from the ill-treatment he suffered at that time. Besides others, he held a mass meeting at Montego Bay. Mr. Zamperini was accompanied on the trip by his wife.

Another noted American evangelist of the Seventh Day Adventists to come here has been Mr. Robert L. Boothby who has been holding a series of Bible messages at the North Street S.D.A. Temple and has been attracting the customary large crowd to whom he is well known already. He has also given regular broadcast talks during his visit.

STRATOCRUISER'S TEST
FLIGHT

Last week BOAC's Boeing strato-cruiser CANAPUS, the same which conveyed Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh across the Atlantic on their Canadian tour in October last, landed on a test flight at the Montego Bay airport, piloted by Captain Charles Longden, who took over from Captain Bill Crag at Nassau, who flew in with him. The crowd who watched the historic landing of this first strato-cruiser at Montego Bay cheered lustily, and endeavoured to take a peep inside the great liner. A few were permitted to board her. This flight has set in operation the BOAC service direct between New York and Montego Bay.

MONTEGO BAY AIRPORT

The improvement of the Montego Bay airport in the near future to enable it to accommodate Jet-propelled air liners has been good news to the people of Jamaica for this is an advancement in air activity which was undreamed of a short time back, and should make a considerable difference to the air traffic of the Island.

The runway which must be extended to 7,100 feet, will necessitate the filling in of some or all of the swamp land at the end, and a deviation of the main-road will also have to be made in due course since this adjoins what will be the end of the runway at too close quarters. Although there will be much expense incurred by this develop-

ment of the area it is certain to be repaid with interest in the long run, through the facility it will mean to tourist travel.

Squadron Leader David West, editor of "Aeronautics Magazine", has been in Montego Bay doing a feature for his publication on the airport, which will be one of the few that will be able to accommodate jet air liners in the near future.

TREE PLANTING CEREMONY

In an effort to beautify the double highway on the Windward Road, and to make it more shady than at present, a tree-planting ceremony was held earlier in the month when some 70 trees were planted between Paradise Street and Portland Road. Numbers of ladies prominent in the area were invited to take part in the planting ceremony, foremost among these being Mrs. Glasspole, wife of Mr. Florizel Glasspole, M.H.R. for Eastern Kingston; Mrs. Walker, wife of Councillor Walker, and Mrs. Atherton, wife of Councillor Atherton.

Hundreds of persons attended the ceremony, one which, it is hoped, will be repeated in other areas shortly. The trees were supplied by Hope and the Corporation made the protective cases for the young plants. With the destruction of so many trees during the recent hurricane and the need for both shade and beauty in our city, such a move must be applauded.

Observer

PERSONALIA

(Continued from page 6)

last Wednesday at 156 Windward Road.

Another delightful children's party was held by Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lai Fook at their Eden Gardens residence for their little daughter, Christine, on Wednesday, January 23. Christine will accompany her parents when they leave for their holiday in Trinidad, so it was a farewell party as well.

OFF TO TRINIDAD

Mrs. Albert Chin Yee will be leaving for Trinidad on Sunday, January 27 to visit her daughter Mrs. Neil Lau, and her granddaughter who is just a few weeks old. Mrs. Chin Yee will be away for about 3 weeks. Verna, her daughter, also visited Trinidad in

December and returned early this month.

Also going to Trinidad for a holiday will be Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lai Fook and their two children, Christine and Robin. They will leave on the same day and plan to be away for about six weeks.

TOYLOYS FROM PANAMA
ON HOLIDAY

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Toyloy of Panama arrived here on Friday, January 11. The Toyloys left here 6 years ago for Panama where they have now taken up residence. Mr. Toyloy is a brother of Mrs. Hilda Fong of Miladys Grocery. They are here on a 3-month holiday.

CANASTA NIGHT AT
THE CATHAY

Cathay Club had a very lively session of Canasta playing last Friday. There were 36 players competing in a knockout tournament which was won by Miss Glenor Chang and Mrs. Ernest Lee.

BARN DANCE TONIGHT

The Barn Dance sponsored by the Chinese Students' Association will start off at 9.00 o'clock sharp tonight at the Cathay Club. Fun galore is in store with a variety of surprises and entertainment for all. Part proceeds of the dance will go to the Chinese Scouts' Troop Jamboree Fund. Admission is only 4/- per person. Music will be supplied by the Cathayans led by "Iggie" Chong Yen.

(Continued on page 17)

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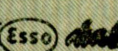
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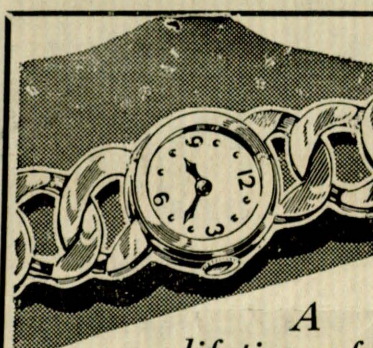


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Contributors are invited to send in their MSS at any time. Articles should not exceed 1,000 words.

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One year 7/6; half-year 3/9 postage included.

Editor: Chas. T. Chang.

The Public Service Commission

The recent setting up of a Public Service Commission has been a move of far-reaching significance in the general welfare of the Island, through the medium of its public civil services. It augurs well for a better organised, well-suited and contented machinery for the performance of the work of the Government in its various departments.

The members to serve on the Commission were carefully selected by the Governor. On these members, drawn from several spheres of service, rests the responsibility of making decisions and recommendations to Executive Council on those whom they consider suitable to fill the posts of an administrative, technical or clerical nature as vacancies arise from time to time. For newly created posts recommendations will also be needed in order to secure the best possible personnel for each post in the future.

Recommendations by this Commission are to be made through careful understanding and a knowledge of the party's suitability with regard to individual talent and personality, and not by qualification only. The Commission will be in a position to use their judgment ably, both in relation to capability and adaptability, for the Island's working machinery. The general benefit of such a method can easily be understood.

The Hon. D. C. MacGillivray, in addressing the Commission at its opening meeting, first drew attention to the importance of the work with which it was entrusted, and reminded its members of the time when with Constitutional advance Ministries would be established, and that

these Ministries would have to be staffed. The present shortage of qualified officers for key posts was also touched on by Mr. MacGillivray, as also, the fact that in due course University graduates would be available to fill many of these posts.

Mr. MacGillivray also reminded the Commission that each one must feel free to express his own opinions on every subject that comes up. In a Commission of this kind no pressure should be brought to bear upon its views. It is felt generally, that the Commission, will render guidance of real value in the Constitutional changes which will be coming up in the near future and in the ultimate goal of Federation.

COLLECTIVE SECURITY

Peace and collective security among all nations ultimately depend upon the thoughts and feelings of individual men and women everywhere on earth — and education remains an indispensable means for developing such individual attitudes of awareness and co-operation.

The authority for this view is Professor A. Appadorai, formerly of Madras University in India, one of the world's most distinguished experts and educators in the field of international relations, and author of a pamphlet entitled "Collective Security", one of three on the subject prepared for Unesco and just published by the Organization as part of its vigorously continuing efforts to explain and make widely known the principles and activities of the United Nations.

"The relevant attitude to be cultivated," the Indian educator explains, "consists of two elements: first, the attitude of 'live and let live', a sense of tolerance and charity, a recognition that the very existence of a diversity of cultures contributes to the increase of human happiness; and, second, the attitude of non-violence, that is, the recognition that a bellicose attitude is not something inherent in man, but that man is by nature a social unit capable of living in neighbourly friendliness and love."

The view of Professor Appadorai, that collective security depends upon the attitudes of individual men and women links directly with the statements in Unesco's basic Charter that:

"Since wars begin in the minds of men, it is in the minds of men that the defences of peace must be constructed..." "the educa-

tion of humanity for justice and liberty and peace are indispensable to the dignity of man and constitute a sacred duty which all nations must fulfil in a spirit of mutual assistance and concern..." "peace must therefore be founded, if it is not to fail, upon the intellectual and moral solidarity of mankind."

"History," says Professor Appadorai in analyzing the meaning of collective security, "is in large measure a record of man's efforts to achieve greater security together with personal freedom... War, with the aid of science, has come to mean total annihilation. Clearly, there must be a rule of law among nations as there is a rule of law among individuals within each State. The attempts to establish such a rule of law among nations represent a continuance and extension of man's efforts to achieve personal freedom."

(Unesco)

A populace never rebels from passion for attack but from impatience of suffering.

—Edmund Burke.

We can hardly hate anyone that we know. —William Hazlitt.

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THE PAGODA

SCIENCE AND YOU

AN INTERNATIONAL BATTLE AGAINST FAMINE

By MAURICE GOLDSMITH,
Unesco Science Editor

An old enemy, rust disease, was about to make a new attack on the wheat crops of North America last Summer — the first such onslaught in the past fifteen years. Previous attacks have been disastrous, but this one would not be, because of the scientific knowledge which is now available to farmers.

The microscopic spores were swept across the grain belt from the fields of Mexico. A generation ago, this news would have been regarded as an unexplainable act of nature, and we would have been powerless, unable to act, as happened in 1916, during the first world war, when rust destroyed about 200 million bushels of wheat in North America, and ruined thousands of farmers.

Today we know that we can beat this disease, but only by wise use of scientific knowledge on a co-operative scale. Professor Elvin Stakman, of the University of Minnesota's agricultural college, and of the United States Department of Agriculture, is one of the key men responsible during these past twenty years for this new understanding. His researches in plant and cereal diseases have helped bring nearer the day when famine will belong to history.

Rust is a fungus. There are different varieties which are specifically harmful for different crops: for example, a wheat variety, a rye variety, and an oats variety. There are minor differences in the structure of the different fungi, which can be distinguished under the microscope. Within each variety the fungus may concentrate on different parts of the plant, as for example the leaf or the stem. The wheat variety of stem rust comprises an indefinite number of parasitic races which can be distinguished only by the harmful effects on a selected group of about 12 wheats. Therefore, the standard method of identifying the rust is to inoculate these 12 varieties of wheat. Thus far some 250 parasitic strains have been identified.

As a young research worker, Dr. Stakman went out for him-

self to see what was happening during the 1916 epidemic. He collected samples from all over the wheat belt. He found that wheat rust spores, although they all looked alike under the microscope, behaved differently, for some would attack one wheat plant and yet leave another alone. He reasoned — correctly — that there were many races of rusts within each variety, certainly sufficient to attack the wheats then being grown in the United States of America.

Thus he began his great programme of sampling wheats and rusts from all over the world, and with the knowledge gained he began co-operative breeding of new kinds of wheat which were resistant to rusts. But this is a continuous battle, for while man is breeding rust-resistant wheats, the rust is breeding lots of new parasites, virulent and harmful, which will attack wheats regarded as rust-resistant. It is a deadly battle between nature and man. Nature, says Dr. Stakman, breeds more rapidly than man, but man can breed more intelligently.

The problem is extremely complex. The spores are one/one thousandth of an inch long, and on a single acre there may be no less than 50,000 million million of them. They can be blown as fast as the wind blows, and can spread through vast regions.

In its life-cycle the fungus needs two hosts. The rust develops on wheat and grasses in the spring and summer, and produces black spores in the autumn. These spores can survive the winter but only if they can find another host on which to live. Nature provides them with various "winter resorts", notably certain species of barberry bush. The spores infect this bush and then return — in their red or rust-coloured phase — to attack the wheat.

In France, as long ago as 1668, farmers found from experience that barberry bushes were bad neighbours for wheat, although they could not say why, and an order was issued in certain districts compelling their destruction. But this is not enough, Dr. Stakman in 1921 went up in a

plane to the wings of which were fastened vaseline-covered slides. He found red-rust spores on them. In other words, even if the barberry bush were destroyed, spores just took the autumn winds to other areas to spend the winter. The spores were in fact found as far south as Texas and Mexico, having travelled all the way, over a vast region without any natural barriers, from Canada and northern United States of America.

From small beginnings, the rust epidemic, under appropriate weather conditions, can spread over vast areas like an all-consuming prairie fire. Over natural wheat-growing regions like Canada, the United States of America and Mexico, the losses can range from complete destruction to one-quarter of the crop. International action is necessary to help destroy the host.

In addition, all nations can contribute to the production of rust-resistant varieties. In the past there has been a free interchange of materials between all interested countries. The ancestors of wheats now in use have come from the USSR, India and many other countries. These varieties have been exchanged freely, and so the breeding base on which the good qualities have been selected has been broadened.

"One of the greatest lessons in science in so far as the application to the primary wants of mankind is concerned", says Dr. Stakman, "is that this programme is not possible without this free exchange. It is an illustration of the fact that the people of the world will be fed adequately only through world-wide application of science and through international co-operation."

Basically, however, each country must do its own research work, for wheats cannot be mechanically introduced from one country into another. In India, for example, the best foreign wheats have been tested time and time again and none has yet been found suitable for growing in the plains as a commercial crop. Further, a rust-resistant American wheat does not necessarily remain so in India.

This is because the rust fungus has many forms, and the forms of the parasite found in India are different from those found in other countries. Indian wheat breeders, therefore, have had to breed new rust-resistant varieties for India, but using some of the foreign wheats as sources of resistance for particular groups of the rust fungus.

(Continued on Page 12)

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THE PIG OF M. PELLOTON

By PIERRE AUDEMARS

M. PELLOTON had many enemies in the village, but only one love, and that was Marcus his pig.

Let other people keep a servant. M. Pelloton preferred to do the work himself, chuckling as he thought of the wages he was saving. Let other, and more foolish men, burden themselves with a wife—but M. Pelloton knew better. What need had he of a wife—he who owned a prize porker to love and to cherish, for better or for worse, in sickness and in health?

Besides, a pig was undoubtedly less costly than a wife. And a pig never answered back, or nagged, or pointed out that the wife of M. le Syndic had a new coat, or that the front room positively cried out for new curtains.

Thus and thus reasoned M. Pelloton. One begins to form an estimate of his character. Behold him now, standing in the shop of Bertrand the butcher, amidst the rows of carcasses and joints hanging from their iron hooks.

"And I want some more of that excellent pork you gave me on Monday. As the owner of the finest pig in the Département, I know a good piece of pork when I see it—and when I eat it too."

"Very good, M'sieu," replied Bertrand, laughing appreciatively at the joke of a customer. "And how is Marcus today?"

M. Pelloton beamed. "That prize at the show is as good as mine."

Bertrand closed one eye and tapped the side of his nose.

"I would not be too certain of that, M'sieu," he said mysteriously.

"What do you mean?"

"I too, have bought a pig, M. Pelloton," replied the butcher confidentially, "the finest pig in the Département."

M. Pelloton grew contemptuous.

"You are mad. Everyone knows that Marcus is the finest pig in the Département. Let me see this pig of yours."

"Oh no—oh no. My pig is a secret. You will see him on the day of the show. The judges will see him when they award him the prize."

"Rot," said M. Pelloton with conviction. "I don't believe you have a pig at all."

"Come outside."

Bertrand led him to the back of the shop, where from a shed at the end of his garden there came the unmistakable sound of grunting.

"There—you hear? I have one hundred francs which say this pig, and not yours, will win the prize."

M. Pelloton stared at the shed, and his small eyes grew greedy and cunning.

"I have one hundred francs too. Is it a bet?"

"It is a bet."

IN a mind already made uneasy by the butcher's quiet confidence, M. Pelloton's grief and horror were intensified when on the following morning he found the wire fence trampled and broken, and his shed empty. Of his beloved Marcus there was no sign.

M. Pelloton's horror turned into rage. Muttering and cursing to himself he set off down the road to fetch Robert the gendarme who, arrived at the house of M. Pelloton, stroked his chin deliberately.

"You think someone has stolen your pig, M'sieu? If you ask me it looks as though your pig had stolen a march himself. See how the fence is broken and trampled."

"It is a trick, I tell you. That just shows the scoundrel's cunning," yelled M. Pelloton. "Marcus would never do such a thing."

Without haste Robert walked back to the road.

"You know," he continued calmly. "Your pig may have broken out and wandered into the road. And then—think how these motorists drive at night, M'sieu. One may have killed your pig, and what is more, taken it with him."

M. Pelloton grew purple in the face.

"Fool—imbecile—why should you say that?"

Robert pointed to the side of the road, where there was unmistakably a pool of blood, over which the dust had been carelessly kicked. M. Pelloton grew pale. Robert waved a hand.

"Of course—it is only a supposition. I will make the necessary enquiries."

M. PELLOTON entered the shop of the butcher.

"Some villain has stolen my pig," he announced abruptly.

Bertrand laid down his cleaver with console.

"That is terrible," he said gravely. M. Pelloton looked at him.

"I wonder if I could see your pig," he said softly. "The one that is certain to win the prize at the show next month."

Bertrand sighed.

"I am sorry, M'sieu—I do not wish to show my pig to anyone before the show."

M. Pelloton quivered with rage. His worst suspicions were confirmed. He stuck out an accusing finger.

"Aha—I thought so. It is a plot—it is a trick. You have stolen my pig, you liar, you thief."

Bertrand drew himself up with dignity.

"You wish to purchase, M'sieu?"

With a great effort M. Pelloton controlled himself.

"I will return—but not alone," he said quietly. "Very shortly I will return with Robert, and together we will look at this pig which no-one can see."

BUT M. Pelloton did not return with Robert, for the simple reason that the exasperating Robert refused to come.

"Oh no, M'sieu Pelloton. You can't do that. You may have your suspicions, but you have no proof. And if M'sieu Bertrand does not wish to show his pig, that is his affair. We can't force him without proof. If you are still doubtful, you must wait until the show, when you can make your accusation in public before the judges."

But M. Pelloton was far too enraged to do that. Far too enraged to eat his supper. And mingled with his rage there were suspicions that grew into cer-

tainties. There was that matter of the pig which he had not been allowed to see. True, he had heard it, but a borrowed pig can grunt just as well as a purchased pig. There was also that matter of the bet. And Bertrand usually drove back from the neighbouring market-town with his carcasses either very late or very early, when everyone was asleep.

So enraged was M. Pelloton, that about midnight, had anyone in the village been up so late, he might have been seen climbing stealthily over the fence behind the shop of Bertrand.

To urge a large and sleepy pig along a road on a dark night is not an easy task, but M. Pelloton did not spare himself in his efforts.

At length he tied the pig in his courtyard, and went to fetch a lantern. He was a very surprised man when by its light he saw that the pig he had brought home, although very large and fine, was undoubtedly not his own pig Marcus.

But M. Pelloton was still more surprised when suddenly, without any noise at all, there stepped into the circle of light both Bertrand and Robert the gendarme. Bertrand looked grave.

"M. Pelloton—this is a very serious matter."

Robert, if such a thing were possible, looked even graver.

"Breaking into a man's property at dead of night, willfully forcing his locks and stealing his goods, whether animal, vegetable or mineral—is a criminal offence." He remarked solemnly.

M. Pelloton wiped his forehead. Such was his agitation that it did not occur to him to demand why these two were fully clothed at such an hour.

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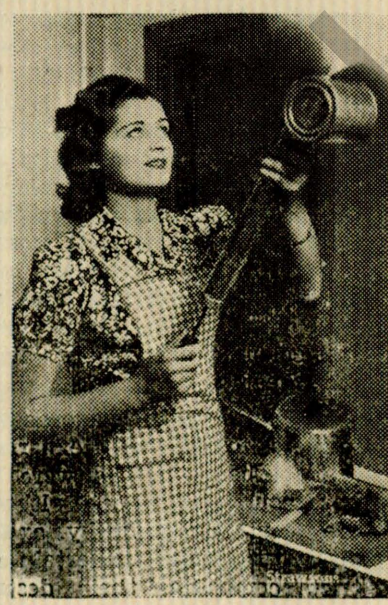
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"It is all a mistake," he stammered. "I can explain."

"Yes—you can explain it in court. If M'sieu Bertrand wishes to demand your arrest and to make a formal charge, he is within his rights as a citizen. I am his witness."

Here Robert began meditatively stroking his chin.

"On the other hand, such things have been settled before, out of court. Should you gentlemen wish to arrange the matter amicably between yourselves, and if M'sieu Bertrand can be persuaded not to make any charge—well, I will wait in the road, M'sieu Bertrand."

And he went. M. Pelloton looked furtively at Bertrand.

"How much?" he whispered eagerly.

"You heard what he said. You know what that means."

"What?" quavered M. Pelloton. "It means that he wants half. I shall have to ask you double. One thousand francs."

"What?"

This time it was not a quaver, but a scream.

"Not so loud—you will waken the village. I take it, then, that you prefer the matter to be settled in court?"

M. Pelloton went inside to fetch the money.

"M. Pelloton—this is a very serious matter."

THE weeks passed until the day of the show. M. Pelloton learnt that Bertrand's pig had won the prize.

When he entered the shop a few days later, Bertrand leaned forward with that air of calm dignity which clothed so admirably his air of injured innocence.

"About the bet we made, M'sieu Pelloton—" he began.

Rage rendered M. Pelloton almost inarticulate.

"Bet—bah—rubbish—I made no bet. There were no witnesses. You can't prove it."

Bertrand laid down his sharpener.

"You wish to purchase, M'sieu?"

"Two kilos of pork."

Bertrand smiled. Into his voice there crept a meaning that was terrible in its satisfaction.

"It is excellent pork, is it not, M'sieu—that pork you have been eating these past weeks? What a pity I have so little left of that excellent pork—what a pity there are no witnesses here who could prove the size of the original carcass from what remains of that excellent pork."

(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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MIRROR OF YOUR MIND



Do aged people know how old they are?

Answer: Their reports cannot be trusted, anyhow, say Drs. James E. Burren and Charlotte Fox in the Journal of Abnormal Social Psychology. Upwards of 300 inmates of a home for the indigent aged were asked their age and the date of their birth and the two quite often did not agree, though the old people did not realize it. What is more, the date of birth, which you might think was harder to remember, proved more accurate in most cases. The reason undoubtedly is that the birth date is learned early in life, whereas it is recent events that aged people are most apt to forget.



Does a hasty temper make you a bad parent?

Answer: It is certainly no asset, but if you are warm and loving most of the time, the average child will learn not to take your fits of rage too seriously. Short of chronic cruelty,

By LAWRENCE GOULD
Consulting Psychologist

the worst thing for a child is parents who take little or no interest in him or who let him realize—perhaps more clearly than they do themselves—that they regard him as a nuisance. Mothers to whom children are primarily interruptions of their careers may damage their personalities more seriously than if they slapped them now and then but loved them between whiles.



Is any illness wholly "physical"?

Answer: No, said the late Dr. C. Charles Burlingame in one of his famous lectures. "The status of scientific investigation today indicates that we are right in believing that there is no such thing as either mental or physical disease *per se*; there is only disease, and every disease has some elements of both the psychological and the physical which must be recognized and treated." No disease is "purely mental," either, but you cannot have a sick mind and a really healthy body, or vice versa.

AN INTERNATIONAL BATTLE AGAINST FAMINE

(Continued from page 9)

The social and economic significance of the fight against rust—which is only one of the diseases that attack plants—is obvious. The well-being of man depends on a successful outcome. This can only be ensured as a result of basic researches in the fields of genetics and cytology. To this work, all countries are contributing. Two blades of grass will be made to grow where only one grew before only as our increasing scientific knowledge is made universally available, permitting us to forecast what is likely to happen and to take the appropriate steps in advance. As Dr. Stakman says: "We must prepare for the future experience before it has become the past."

He has no doubt that the fight against the myriads of invisible hostile micro-organisms can be conducted successfully and that wheat sufficient to meet the demands of a growing world population can be produced.

(UNESCO)

Mummy, what's a lieutenant-commander?"

"A naval lieutenant's wife, Dear."

Milk, plus these two important additions, will give the baby the food he needs until the doctor says to give the baby strained, pureed and chopped solid foods, sometime between the third and fourth months.

In the next article, tuberculin testing as an aid in diagnosing TB will be discussed.

HEALTH FOR ALL

Feeding the Baby

Milk—especially breast milk—contains almost everything that a young baby needs for nourishment. Very early in his life, a newborn baby can be given foods that will supply the other things he needs.

When a baby is two weeks old he can be given citrus juices and tomato juice to help him grow and keep well. These juices contain vitamin C, an element necessary for health and normal growth. Freshly squeezed, unsweetened orange or grapefruit juice, which has not been left standing, contains the most vitamin C. Tomato juice is just as good for a baby as orange juice and is sometimes easier to get. But remember that it takes twice as much tomato juice as orange juice to get the same amounts of vitamin C.

Most doctors recommend a teaspoonful of orange juice every day at two weeks old. A suggested schedule, if your doctor agrees, is to give one teaspoonful daily at two weeks; two tablespoonful (one ounce) at four weeks; two ounces daily at six weeks, and three ounces daily at eight weeks.

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FRANCE

"Pierrot, no sentimental swain.
Washes a pate down again
With furtive flagons, white and
red . . .
That blackguards of a Harlequin
Pirouettes, and plots to win
His Colombine that flits and
flies.
Colombine dreams, and starts to
find
A sad heart sighing in the wind,
And in her heart a voice that
sighs."

Paul Verlaine: "Pantomime."

ITALY

"For January I give you vests of
skins,
And mighty fires in hall, and
torches lit;
Chambers and happy beds with
all things fit;
Smooth silken sheets, rough
furry counterpanes;
The wind, when most his mastery
the wind wins.
Or issuing forth at seasons in the
day,
Ye'll fling soft handfuls of the
fair white snow
Among the damsels standing
round, in play..."

Folgore da San Geminiano:
"January."

JAMAICA

"We will not mourn the joys of
yesteryear,
Or bind ourselves with mem'ries,
bitter, sweet,
Enough if the exactions of this
hour
Find us with strength erect to
love and bear;
With courage to take the path
before our feet
And trust that grapples the
enabling power."

J. E. Clare McFarlane: "The
Secret Chamber."

AMERICA

"In Summer and Winter I
walk
Up and down
The patterned garden-paths
In my stiff brocaded gown.
The quills and daffodils
Will give place to pillared roses,
and to asters and to snow.
I shall go
Up and down
In my gown.
Gorgeously arrayed.
Boned and stayed.
And the softness of my body will
be guarded from embrace
By each button, hook, and
lace..."

Amy Lowell: "Patterns."

ENGLAND

"And when the world in white
with snow,
With Winter in his prime—
I'll still maintain that Death's a
fool,
That knows no place or time."

W. H. Davies: "No Place or
Time."

CHINA

"I, Chang P'ing Tzu, had
traversed the Nine Wilde and
seen their wonders,
In the eight continents beheld
the way of Man,
The Sun's procession, the orbit
of the Stars,
The surging of the dragon, the
soaring of the phoenix in his
flight.
In the red desert to the south I
sweltered,
And northward waded through
the wintry burghs of Yu.
Through the Valley of Darkness
to the west I wandered,
And eastward travelled to the
Sun's extreme abode,
The stooping Mulberry Tree..."

Chang Heng: "The Bones of
Chuang Tzu."

CHILI

"From false astrologies with
somewhat lugubrious
manners,
Poured into the ineffable and
always kept close at hand,
I have preserved an inclination,
a solitary savor
From wasted conversation like
secondhand boards,
From the humility of chairs,
from words
Occupied with service, like
weak-culled slaves,
Possessing the consistency of
milk, from dead weeks,
From the air enchanted above
cities."

Pablo Neruda: "Savor."

RUSSIA

"It is my time now! I never could
love the spring . . .
In spring: my blood's astray, my
mind is oppressed
With a yearning pain. Winter is
better for me.
I love the serious snow-fields
under the moon!
How the light run of the sled is
swift and free.
And the hand of a love down
under the sables warm!"

Alexander Pushkin: "Autumn."

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PERSONS PLACES THINGS

By Old Joe

PERSONS

MEN OF MERIT

GIDEON, Hon. David Sampson,
C.M.G.

Hon. David Sampson Gideon,
C.M.G., was born in New York
in June 1862. He came in early
life to Jamaica and was educated
at the Collegiate School, Kingston.
In 1876, he entered on a com-
mercial career in Kingston; but
in 1880 removed to Port Antonio.
He was one of the chief
promoters of the Jamaica Co-
operative Fruit and Trading
Company and became its Chair-
man, but he left it in 1894. In
1891, he was made a Justice of
the Peace. In 1886, he was
elected member of the Legislative
Council for Portland. In 1897-98,
he was made a member of the
special Education Commission
presided over by Dr. Lumb, and
of the special Retrenchment
Committee, appointed by reason
of the financial difficulties of the
colony. In 1899 he was one of
a delegation that went to the
United States to arrange for
Trade Reciprocity, and after-
wards to Canada with a like
object. He resigned his seat for
Portland in 1900, and though re-
elected declined to sit. In 1913,
he was appointed a nominated
Member of the Legislative
Council, and in the following
year a member of the Privy
Council. In 1923 he was made
Custos for Portland, and shortly
before his death a C.M.G. He
was a Chairman of the Railway
Advisory Board, Chairman of
Titchfield School Board and a
member of the Board of the
Jamaica Mutual Life Assurance
Society, and was connected with
several commercial undertakings
other than those mentioned. He
went to London in 1924 and
acted as one of the Honorary
Commissioners for the Colonies
at the British Empire Exhibition.
He died in 1924.

PRINGLE, Sir John.

Sir John Pringle, the son of
John Pringle, of Wharfedale, County
Roxburgh, was born in 1848 in
Sutherlandshire, Scotland. He
graduated M.B. and C.M. at
Aberdeen University and came
to Jamaica as a medical officer
of the Lunatic Asylum, and two
years later was appointed

District Medical Officer for St.
Mary, which post he held for
many years, and occasionally
acted as Superintending Medical
Officer. Side by side with his
medical practice he devoted him-
self to agriculture. His native
Scotch shrewdness and industry
enabled him to acquire, one
after another, many of the best
properties in the parish at a
time when the cultivation of that
fruit was being successfully ex-
ploited, and he soon became
recognised as one of Jamaica's
leading public men.

In 1894 he was made a Privy
Councillor. In 1900 he was made
a C.M.G.; and in 1911, on the
occasion of the Coronation of
King Edward, he was made a
K.C.M.G.

In 1895 he was appointed a
nominated member of the Legis-
lative Council, at which he
seldom spoke; but when he did
it was with effect. He was Custos
of St. Mary, Chairman of the
Parochial Board of St. Mary,
Vice-Chairman of the Board of
Management of the Jamaica
Agricultural Society, Chairman
of the Board of Supervision, a
member of the Diocesan Council,
Chairman of the Financial Board
and a member of the Incorporated
Lay Body of the Church of
England in Jamaica. He was
District Grandmaster of Free-
masonry in Jamaica. He was
Chairman of the Directors of the
Jamaica Mutual Life Assurance
Society.

He died in 1923, at Manor
House, Constant Spring, St.
Andrew, which he had recently
purchased on giving up active
supervision of his properties,
many of which he had already
sold to the Atlantic Fruit Com-
pany.

THINGS

DISEASED CHILDREN

One phase of our social life that
gives cause for alarm is the fact
that young children are victims
of venereal diseases. An element-
ary school teacher tells of the
most distressing case I have ever
heard: A girl of seven, East
Indian extraction, suspected in
school; her persistent denial; the
awful exposure when the V.D.
clinic declare this to be a case of
a most virulent type. Reliable
information reaches me con-
cerning the inroads the disease
is making among boys at our
secondary schools. A medical
authority tells me that when he
divulged to the erring youth
what really he had contracted,
the small boy fainted in his
presence. This was a case, like
the many others I have heard of,
where youngsters stray from the

path of virtue because of ignor-
ance. Their parents neglect to
instruct them aright, regarding
this as the duty of the teachers
whose schools they attend. Some
teachers refuse point blank;
others touch very slightly upon
the subject, or speak in
language that is unintelligible
to children. The result of all
this neglect is the spread of a
disease that is sapping the
vitality of the manhood of our
island.

KING'S HOUSE

The absurdity of so designating
the residence of our Governor
during the reign of a Queen was
often referred to in the Press
of my boyhood days. In the old
days it was not so called; for
when a Queen was on the throne
of England, the residence was
called 'Queen's House'. At the
time of the Restoration, we learn
that it was called by the same
name as it bears today, namely,
'King's House'; but during the
reign of Queen Anne it was
officially or automatically altered.
The Bill which made provision
for its erection in 1763 thus
refers to it: "The King's Palace
in St. Jago de la Vega."

HE LOVES A WIDOW

(Continued from page 5)

PINGERH was staring at the
sky out of the window, his
eyes wide open and dreamy with
a child's fantasy. He pointed
his little hand at the bright round
moon outside of the window and
asked:

"Why is the moon bright?"
Yuhuai first looked in the
direction of his pointing hand,
and then looking into the boy's
face, said:

"The moon is bright because
it reflects the light of the sun."
"Where does the sun's light
come from?"

"The sun is bright because it
is a ball of fire."

"Why is the sun a ball of fire?"
"Huh! This is certainly low
class" the old woman laughed in
her belly. "I've been a mother
myself, and I have never seen
anything like this? How can a
mother let her son ask her such
silly questions? Besides, the
moon is the Goddess of Moon-
beams, and the Sun is the
Buddha of Sun. And if he wants
to ask any more questions, the
correct answer is to slap him
soundly on the face—this widow
is indeed of lowly origin!" But
just then Hanchang stooped
down, and putting his face close
to Pingerh's, began to explain
to the child why the sun is a
ball of fire. She hastily revised
her cursings. Certainly her own
son was not low class.

"Tong . . . Tong . . . tong
the clock on the mantel
struck nine, and still Yuhuai did
not show a sign of leaving. The
old woman thought it necessary
to drop a hint. She frowned and
said:

"It's nine o'clock and it's time
to go to bed!"

"Alright, I'll go and get the
camp bed," said Hanchang,
standing up: "I'll sleep in the
camp bed! and Yuhuai and
Pingerh can sleep in my bed!"

The old woman was greatly
shocked. Her head hummed as
if somebody had just hit it with
an iron hammer: "This won't
do," thought she. But she also
remembered that when she first
arrived in Shanghai, before she
had a home of her own, she had
lived in Yuhuai's home for half
a month. She could not very
well drive her away if all she
wanted now was to sleep under
her roof for one night. But still
she could not believe her ears,
and forcing a smile, she asked
weakly:

"Are they sleeping here?"
"Yes", answered Hanchang.
"So that early tomorrow morn-
ing, she can go and look for a
room, and they'll move here
right away. So I insist that they
spend the night here."

THE old woman felt her anger
rapidly mounting: "So you
insist that they spend the night
here! But you haven't even
asked for my permission. True,
you're the head of the family
now, but I am the mistress of
the house!" She was almost on
the point of shouting a great big
"no" to her son, when she
checked herself: "I mustn't
quarrel with him all the time.
After all he is all I have. It's
that prostitute who is so vile and
thinks of such wicked ideas.
And, this will give me a chance
to find out what they are doing.
To-night, if I catch the two of
them sleeping in the same bed,
I won't hush up unless they do
as I say."

She laid herself in her bed in
the adjoining room. But when
the light in the other room went
out, she found goose pimples
breaking out all over her. An
age-old saying cut through her
heart like a sharp knife. "In
steps a widow, in steps death
and out steps wealth!" Even
though it was pitch dark she
could see the ceiling whirling
round and round and feel the
very floor quaking. She could
not withstand it any longer, but
sat bolt upright in her bed. She
wanted to rush into the other
room and order Yuhuai to leave.
But even as she sat in her bed,
she became hesitant. If she
wanted to tell Yuhuai to go, she
should have told her so right
after supper. Dragging her out
of the bed in the dead of the
night and turning her out of the
doors would make a lifelong
enemy in Yuhuai. Besides what
would her son think of her?
Certainly he would be mad with
her? She heaved a deep sigh,
and forced herself to lie down
quietly again. However she
moved her ear close to the
wooden partition, straining every
nerve to catch every sound in the
other room. Her eyes were wide
open, staring hard into the
darkness.

IT was quiet in the other room.
Yuhuai lay motionless in the
bed, reviewing the happenings
(Continued on page 14)

TALKING IT OVER

By ELIZABETH MARTIN

Dear Miss Martin.

I am now 22 years old and until recently, never had a girl friend due to the strictness of my parents who are old-fashioned in their ideas.

A few months ago I met a nice girl who I am very fond of and we have become quite friendly and have been seeing a lot of each other.

She has invited me to meet her family. I should like to return the invitation and introduce her to my parents but I feel that they will not approve.

What would you advise me to do Miss Martin? I would welcome any suggestion from you with a view to solving my problem.

Howard K.

Dear Howard K.

I do not think your problem is quite as serious as you paint it.

You have not made yourself quite clear as to why you consider your parents old-fashioned. Perhaps you have not tried hard enough to understand them. You should always remember that parents are older and wiser than their children, even if they are not as modern. Their protectiveness is always well meant. Later when you have become a father yourself, you will appreciate this.

You say that you are 22 and now have a girl friend. Surely your parents do not expect you to go through life not thinking of marriage. Obviously, you had not met anyone you cared for to be sufficiently interested in until you met this girl. Is she someone you can be proud of and would your parents be justified in accepting her? Then by all means return the invitation. You are quite old enough to speak frankly to your parents and explain the situation to them. If they do not respond favourably, this should not prove to be any serious hurdle which cannot be surmounted by love if it is mutual.

E. M.

Dear Miss Martin.

When addressing a letter to a married woman, do you address her as for example: "Mrs. John Brown" or as "Mrs. Mary Brown"? Nell

Dear Nell:

One always puts "Mrs. John Brown". It is not correct to

address her as Mrs. Mary Brown as a woman always takes her husband's full name.

Mrs. Brown should always sign her name thus:—

Yours truly,

Mary Brown

(Mrs. John Brown).

I hope this is clear enough.

E. M.

KEEPING YOUNG

When you close up your mind like a bolted door—From then on. . . You start to grow old. When you think that you're too big to learn any more—from then on your heart will grow cold. . . And if you stop dreaming when reaching your prime—and see no far summits that tempt you to climb—You will soon fall a victim to old Father Time. Day by day you will start to grow old.

When you're stuck in the groove of your old ideas—Then Youth, like a bird, flies away. If you spend anxious moments in counting years—You soon will grow weary and grey. . . But if when you wake you can take a bright view—You'll always look out on a world fresh and new—and Life will hold endless surprises for you—and at heart you will never grow old.

Patience Strong.

Dear Miss Martin.

I find myself in a most difficult position. I am 21 years old, and my elder brother and sister fail to realize this because I am the youngest child.

My father died when I was quite young and my brother considers himself the "head of the house". I am not allowed to go out and make friends. They want me to live a secluded life, just work and home and vice versa. I am embarrassed by continually having to refuse the invitations of my co-workers and colleagues. In point of fact, I am deeply conscious of my lack of freedom to enjoy some simple happiness. The truth is, Miss Martin, my brother and sister are meting out to me their lack of privileges while growing up. I do not know whether I am viewing the situation from the correct angle but I would appreciate any advice and assistance through your column.

Don't you think I am old

enough to protect myself in choosing my friends and pleasures?

Olga.

Dear Olga.

It is not often that young people find themselves in your predicament in these modern times, but it is by no means unusual.

You have attained your majority and should not be treated as a child. Have you ever tried to have a serious talk with your brother? After all, he cannot be that impossible. Try to make him understand that perhaps without realizing it, he is making your life extremely unhappy. Friends are conducive to a normal, happy life and should be cultivated with discretion. Should your brother refuse to see your side of the picture, do not give up. Gradually pull yourself out of the rut into which you have fallen. Be careful in your choice of friends and accept only invitations which could be returned by simple entertainment at home. In time your brother and sister may relent and perhaps find some happiness in the company of your friends.

I shall be interested in hearing from you as to your progress.

E. M.

HE LOVES A WIDOW

(Continued from page 13)

of the day, and she mused miserably:

"I can see that Hanchang is in love with me. But one visit to his home is enough to convince me that this love can only hurt me. I certainly cannot live under one roof with this old woman. I should not let things take their natural course. I must give up Hanchang!" But it was not easy to give up Hanchang. She had already fallen in love with him, and that love now came and nibbled at her heart giving her stabs of pain like a snake's bites. She did not know what she should do, and she sighed.

Neither had Hanchang fallen asleep. And hearing the soft sigh, he raised his head and asked:

"Yuhuai, what are you thinking about?"

"Oh, nothing," said Yuhuai. "I was just thinking how deep-rooted feudalistic influences still are. Take the case of us women. Not only do men look down upon women, but women also look down upon women."

Hanchang hastily said: "Certainly I don't look down upon women!"

Yuhuai laughed. She felt that he was almost silly in his eagerness to please her, and she said softly:

"Of course that's very nice of you. But take the people as a whole, you must admit that

feudalistic influences are still deep-rooted in their minds. When an occasion arises, old fashioned ideas will triumph over modern ideas. . . ."

Hanchang interrupted hurriedly:

"No, no, I'm sure I'll never look down upon woman. I can't explain myself, but whenever I'm with a woman, I feel shy, I feel as if. . . ." he stopped, suddenly conscious that he looked a little effeminate even in his own eyes.

Yuhuai laughed again, and she said merrily:

"No, a man might be shy before his sweetheart, but he is entirely different with his wife. That is another reason why I do not want to get married."

Hanchang was greatly annoyed. He thought:

"So, that is what you are driving at, after going around in circles using so many high sounding words! But whether you want to get married or not, I won't let you fly out of my hands so easily! Not after I have spent so much time and money on you." However, he knew that it was utterly useless to argue with her, and wisely he remained silent. The moon had disappeared and a thick blackness filled the room. He could hear her heave another sigh. Then she turned in the bed, causing the rusty springs to squeak noisily. Almost immediately afterwards, he heard light foot-steps running across the floor. Puzzled, he asked loudly:

"Who is it?"

(to be continued)

ALFRED NOBEL

The man responsible for establishing the world's most famous group of prizes died fifty-five years ago on December 10th, 1896. Originally, Alfred Bernhard Nobel, a Swedish chemist, specialized in explosives, working on nitroglycerine and dynamite, then on smokeless gun powder. This built an impressive fortune which was expanded even further through his development of the Baku oil fields. But this fortune was to serve to reward achievements in the letters, the sciences and in building peace. In his will, Alfred Nobel stipulated that the interest accruing on his fortune was to be distributed annually by academics set up in his own country to five persons—the scientists responsible for the three most important discoveries of the year in physics, chemistry and physiology or medicine, the writer who shall have produced the most distinguished work of an "idealist tendency" and, finally, the person who shall have "most or best promoted the fraternity of nations and the abolition or diminution of standing armies and the formation and increase of peace congresses". The Nobel peace prize recently was given to Leon Jouhaux of France.

THE PAGODA

IN PARENTHESIS

A woman's brain is like a bachelor's bed—rarely made up.

Several Roman coins were recently unearthed on a golf-course in Scotland. We know some local golfers who play like that, too.

Fat women in the States are organising to get their weight down. Well, if they could get together close enough they could have hips like sardines!

"She appears to be an engaging woman."

"Yes; three times already this season."

"You haven't changed much."

"No. The laundries have been on strike."

The scene was a small theatre in a provincial town. A melodrama was being played to an audience of factory workers enjoying a well-deserved respite.

The heroine, lured all unsuspecting to the villain's lair, had just realised with horror that his intentions were anything but honourable. Swiftly she snatched up a handy carving knife.

"Stand back, you unspeakable cad, or you will rue this hour!" she cried defiantly. "I may be only a poor, weak, feminine creature—but, by Heaven, I will sell my honour dearly."

Came an accusing voice from the auditorium: "Profiteer!"

A Paris restaurant, well aware of the liquid temptations which surround visitors to the French capital, is putting on a special breakfast of "Tomato juice; two raw eggs; black coffee; two asparins and our sympathy."

"Anything new in the newspaper today, George?"

"No, my dear—just the same old things, only happening to different people."

"How do I look?"

"Sweet enough to kiss."

"Aw, go on!"

The best way to find your missing kinsfolk is to get rich.

Wanting some alcohol for his compass, an English yachtsman went to a chemist in a Swedish port, where he was told that, as a foreigner, he could only get a permit for alcohol on application to Stockholm.

After desperate discussions the chemist had an inspiration and rang up the local doctor. The doctor solemnly examined the compass and duly prescribed a dose of alcohol.

"She sure is a striking beauty." "You said it; she slapped me twice."

"I'm sure I saw a big fish down there under the ice."

"Nonsense! It was just your reflection."

It isn't the fear of criticism that bothers most of us; it's the fear that our critics may be right.

"Got it right now?"

"Near enough won't do. Want it right."

"Well, it's right, then."

"Oh, well, that's near enough."

Four-year-old Don seemed afraid of the big collie that lives next door. But one day, in a spirit of adventure, he climbed the fence into the neighbour's yard. The big dog rushed at Don, with tail wagging, and by way of friendly greeting licked his face. Don's screams brought the neighbour running out.

"Did he bite you, son, did he bite you?"

"No," said Don, "but he tasted me!"

"He has proposed to me a dozen times during the past month."

"I wonder whom he's practising up for?"

"For your birthday gift, darling, I offer you—myself."

"Thank you, but I accept only useful gifts."

Mathematicians are trying to solve the problems of throwing dice. This is known as research into predisporic bones.

The film producer was singing the praises of a child star at a party given in her honour.

"And so," he concluded, "we pay homage to our little star, but," placing his hand on the shoulder of the star's mother, "we must not forget the goose that laid the golden egg."

Doctors in England and Wales prescribed enough national medicine last year to provide half a pint for everybody. Doubtless the snake-bite cures were very popular.

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SPORTS PARADE

By GEORGE BECKFORD

CHUNG SAN, I DARE SAY, had more than a field-day in basketball campaigns last week; they had a field-week eliminating Community Store's Senior and Junior teams in the opening knock-out fixtures. This signifies that the keen Sun Yat Sen players, particularly the Seniors, are bent on taking the classic double of the League and Knock Out.

It is a matter of short memory that Chung San captured the League before Christmas and did not allow the gaiety of the festive season to outstride training. Senior captain Egerton Chin Loy led his team to double Community's efforts by 42 to 21. They were overlords of attack and Community lost many opportunities of scoring by missing the basket or rebounding against the "great wall" of defence.

COMMUNITY, very much like Jamaica football team, combine well, but lack the coup-de-grace. They are a great sporting team an example to be emulated by many other teams and clubs in the wide field of sport. As wizened Charlie Lee philosophised to Simon Yuen, Community's captain, "They can

take it, but can't give it". If that should be the true reading of the team's horoscope, it ought not to make them ashamed, for that is the spirit. Some years ago, Ken Powell creator of many novel events, led West Indies Cold Storage, a mixture of moderately good and late beginners, in friendly and competitive games followed by more defeats than draws they could recount.

But those losses did not deter their love for the game even when they were hopelessly out of running in the Carib Cup competition, while, on the other hand, several teams of might and ability winced or morally backed-out.

COMMUNITY Store, therefore, get our commendation and medal for gallantry. The Juniors, skippered by Jack Ho Hing who plays at guard, only gave in to Chung San in a walk-over decision when it was discovered that they could not field a team. Herbie Lee, one of their outstanding players and son of Charlie Lee, had left on the Colombie for England; Cecil Chin Yee, a courageous centre forward, said he had had enough seasons and retired after a fine career;

and Norman Chin could not be transported from Spanish Town in time. It must have pained the Community's captain to cede in unconditional surrender, but here's hoping they will take heart again in the coming season and to both teams Junior and Senior I would suggest to follow Kipling's great lines "If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster and treat those two imposters just the same".

Chung San must be congratulated in keeping the banner of Chinese sportsmen aloft, when today so many players are falling back in the other branches of sport. If C.A.C.'s cricketers would only employ the same determination and interest in the Junior and Carib Cup endeavours, the high standard of efficiency and achievement should return to the club when it is rebuilt.

IN my last column I pointed out the absence of Chinese in the Jamaica's International and Intercolonial representative teams. Basket-ballers are in the most advantageous position at the moment and there is the likelihood of a Trinidad team coming here soon. President Horace Chang of the Basket Ball Association and Secretary White are keeping in touch with the Trinidadian authorities with the view of inviting the "humming-birds". Only snag is the eternal

matter of money. The game has not been drawing any gate receipts as other sports and so would need financial aid. If all the money cannot be secured locally, Trinidad may be asked to subscribe something towards their coming.

C.A.C.'s football team has been courageously competing in the Junior League as Community are doing at basket ball. There is hardly any sign of talent among those who have volunteered to put on the club's red and blue colours, but it shows the resolve of several who are playing the game and in a competition for the first time. Recently a golden chance was lost when Boys Town were down 1-0 in the first half resulting from a penalty shot by Cecil Chuck and the opponents finally turned the tables 3 to 1.

PROSPECTS for cricket loom brightly for the coming season. Last year those who played in the Junior Cup competition did admirably for a first season. Skipper Horace Chang is pinning his hopes on new blood infused from the schools. He will have Y. Chin of St. George's College who is a useful batsman, and Chin also of St. George's; and, perhaps, Lee an under graduate at the University College of the West Indies who was a top ranking batsman in

(Continued on page 17)



MEMBERS OF THE CATHAYAN ORCHESTRA
Top Row (left to right), Carl Preston, Ignatius Chong Yen, Cedric Lyew Shue; Second Row, Harold McNair, Lovelock Brown; Third Row, Lily Wong, Mrs. Edgar Lyn; Fourth Row, Aston Young, Paddy Chung, George Lee.

Photo by Fotofair

MONEY THAT TALKED

From "Pageant", September, 1951

On August 25, 1944, a green Japanese squad car pulled up in front of the infamous Whangpoo Prison in Shanghai and a slight, shabby Chinese was pushed through its gate to his death and to his own peculiar glory.

He was a gentle, insignificant man and a very great hero. He spat in the face of the whole Japanese army and there was nothing the Japanese could do but kill him. They could have killed a thousand like him and never undone the harm he caused, for this man attacked them with a weapon more deadly than a bomb—ridicule.

Chang Chi Wei was his name. Chang was a master engraver as his father had been and his father before him. As a boy he learned the rudiments of his trade and as he grew to man-

hood he became a superb craftsman. His life was uneventful until 1940 when the Japanese stormed into Shanghai, burning and raping and looting. Chang himself escaped death and eventually was put to work for the Japanese occupation forces as an engraver in the mint at Shanghai. Here he laboured under the watchful eyes of his Japanese masters until the day of his exquisite revenge.

Chang's blow was not struck in the passion of combat. He was not carried along on the flood of battle—as so many are—willy nilly into the arms of glory. Alone, unencouraged and knowing that his sole reward would be death, he deliberately took his engraver's chisel and with microscopic delicacy chipped out his tiny niche in history.

The ways to glory sometimes

are strange and Chang, whose engraver's pride was the grace of his Chinese symbols, wrote his epitaph in Latin letters and Arabic numerals foreign to his hand—USAC 1945.

Because since 1912 Chinese currency has imitated the flowing scrolls and curlicues of American banknotes, Chang found even the tiniest of the complicated Chinese characters was fatally obvious. So, with infinite malice, he carved out USAC 1945 in English and scattered the almost invisible symbols into the master plates of a 200-yuan note. Two of the letters were concealed on the front of the bill and the other six on the back, which in Chinese currency traditionally is printed in English.

Right among the signatures of the puppets—for this was puppet money minted by the Japanese and signed by docile Chinese politicians—Chang embedded his double-edged message of hope and warning.

The Japanese unwittingly printed hundreds of thousands of these bank notes and circulated them all through occupied China. Within a matter of days delighted Chinese discovered and interpreted the meaning of Chang's message. By word of mouth they spread it from Peiping to Canton and a giant belly laugh rippled across the nation.

The secret of the great hoax even reached back to the mint in Shanghai where Chang briefly became a hero among his fellow workers. But, as Chang well knew, a secret can't be kept among millions of people and within a few days the Japanese found out—and Chang's doom was sealed.

By then, however, the damage had been done. From that time until the Japanese surrender in 1945 each Chinese who handled a 200-yuan note thought of Chang's incredible courage and held his head a little higher. And each Japanese who handled one felt the feather-light touch of impending doom upon his shoulder.

For what Chang had meant, of course, was: United States Army Coming, 1945.

He was right, too.

SPORTS PARADE

(Continued from page 16)

British Guiana. E. Young is still teaching at Jamaica College and may not find the time to divide his services for that school in the Minor Competition and C.A.C. Anyway, the only method of picking or discovering a good team is to see the players at practice and this should be the aim of all.

PHYSICAL culture is going from strength to strength more factually than literally at the Cathay Club. Headley Ho Sang says the ladies have responded encouragingly to the keep fit exercises. I would recommend the dumb-bells and weights for softballers who would improve on their throwing arm. After all, the Primroses should strive to regain the lost petals of two seasons. And lastly this column is making two loud appeals... for Lucien Chen who would like someone to donate a trophy for annual competition of the Body Beautiful... and for C.A.C.'s vice president Horace Chang who is seeking more donations for the club house which has two estimates—£1,800 for a half roof and £2,400 for a complete roof. After all, half a roof is better than none. But let's have a whole one.

PERSONALIA

(Continued from page 7)

PORT ANTONIO MOURNS DEATH OF

MRS. MARY RUSSELL

Mrs. Mary Russell popularly called "Ah Kneung" by the Chinese throughout the island and affectionately called "Aunt Marie" by others who had the pleasure of knowing her, passed away to eternal peace on the night of the 17th inst. at her residence in Port Antonio. Her funeral on the 18th was largely attended which indicated the love everyone had for her. At the Requiem Service held at the Anglican Parish Church of Port Antonio, Rev. Jones eulogized the qualities of the beloved deceased, Aunt Marie, with these words "None has been more true to her Christian faith, nay! To her fellow human beings she followed the teachings of Christ in all her words and works. In her dying hour, she was pleasant. She had borne the burdens of this world for seventy-seven years. To the

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A PHOTOGRAPHER DISCOVERED AVA GARDNER

by BRIAN YOUNG



Ava Gardner is one of the screen's most beautiful actresses. She never had theatrical aspirations as a child as so many others had.

However, a photographer brother-in-law, Larry Tarr, changed that. When she was eighteen, Ava decided to spend a holiday with her married sister in New York. There it was that Tarr took her photograph and, impressed by her beauty, sent it to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's New York offices. Company officials promptly asked to see the original, and consequently Ava was given a film test.

When viewed in Hollywood, the test immediately brought her a contract with M-G-M. In the time it took her to pack, Ava was on a train headed for Hollywood—towards stardom.

She made her film debut in a small role in "We Were Dancing," starring Norma Shearer. Her dramatic progress was marked by increasingly better roles in "Lost Angel," "Three Men In White" and "Maisie Goes To Reno." Then came outstanding roles in "Whistlestop," "The Killers," "The Hucksters," "Singapore," "One Touch Of Venus," "The Bribe," "The Great Sinner," "East Side, West Side" and "Pandora And The Flying Dutchman." She is now appearing before the cameras in the Technicolour musical "Show Boat."

sorrowful who had her sympathy, to the poor who had received from her kind bounty, to the cheerful whom she had lent her joys; honesty, to every man, the spirit of good Aunt Marie lived forever. She has not died, because if her body lying there was the end of Aunt Marie, then better had she not been born. Let us who remain, follow her footsteps on this earth, that when we fall off to the eternal sleep another eulogist may say

these same words I have said for our present departed sister and friend."

The Chinese community endorsed every word of Rev. Jones and could add more, but kind words cannot bring back our beloved Ah Kneung, but we can never forget her and as long as we live, we will try to live as she did.

J.A.L.

On behalf of The Chinese Sports Club and Associates.

SCOUTS CORNER

The Troop has started to do serious scoutwork in preparation for the Jamboree. Some are taking First Class Badge tests, others Second Class. It is our aim to get the whole troop through the 2nd Class badge before the Jamboree.

On Wednesday, January 23, Mrs. Chambers, the Local Association's Secretary, visited us and talked to us about trying our best to go to the Jamboree.

The C. S. A. Barn Dance tonight is in aid of our Jamboree Fund. Some of our older Scouts are going to help there by doing waiting services. We hope you will all be there.

ECHO
Troop Scribe.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sir,
My congratulations on your excellent Christmas Edition. The stories were charming, the articles well selected, and the news was newsy.

I do hope to read some contributive efforts of the younger generation, for the Pagoda offers them a fine medium of expression.

Again, my congratulation,
I am,

Rev. Raymond J. Fox, S.J.
Cathedral Rectory,
14 North Street,
Kingston.

Some reporters are like blotting-paper. They soak up facts but always get them back to front.

"Darling," gushed one wife to another. "What a lovely coat! Did your husband give it you to keep you warm or quiet?"

PASSING IT ON

If we passed our blessings on—How they would multiply! If we've had a kindness shown to us, then we should try—to do the same for someone else before the day is out—and they, too, in their turn, should pass it on, and spread about—the spirit of good fellowship — of helpfulness and cheer—We should try to do our very utmost, while we're here . . . If we've had some stroke of fortune, or some timely aid—We owe a debt to Providence—A debt that must be paid.

Think what could be brought about if people passed things on. One good turn deserves another. Don't wait till it's gone—Seize the opportunity and start an endless chain. If each Christian action brought another in its train — It would be a happier world—For we'd go looking round—for other folk with whom to share the good things that abound . . . If you've had a helping hand, your troubles to relieve—Do the same for someone else—and give as you receive.
Patience Strong.

Woman at the market was shocked by the high price of apples.

"It's because they're so scarce," said the assistant.

"Why," protested the customer, "only this morning I read that there was such a bumper crop that apples were rotting on the trees."

"That's just it, Ma'am," the assistant replied. "It doesn't pay to pick 'em."

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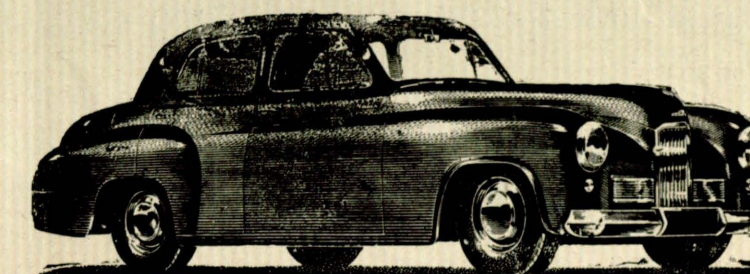
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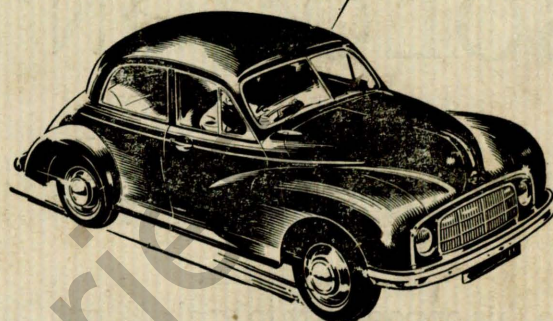
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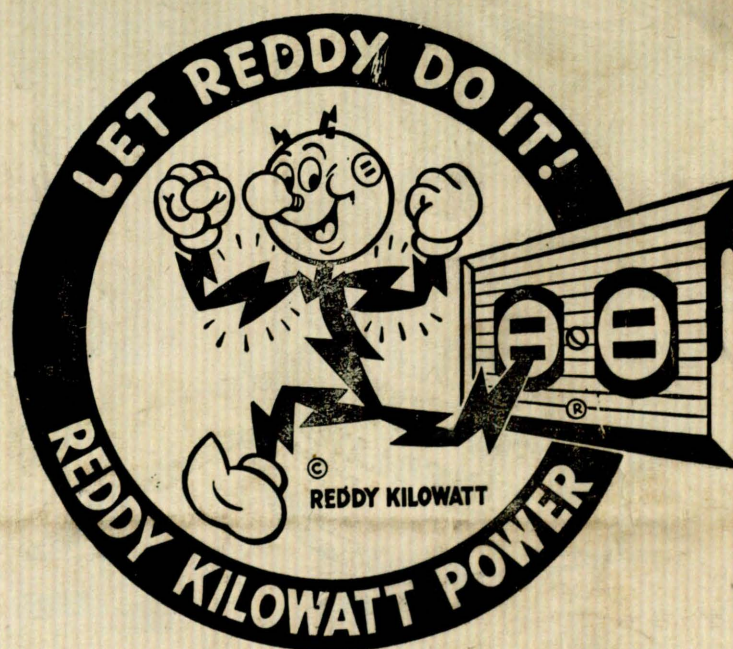
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