

The

高塔

PAGODA

A FORTNIGHTLY MAGAZINE

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CONTENTS

Vol. XXV No. 7

SYMBOL OF LONGEVITY
By Pioneer

HOME MECHANICS
By S. H. C.

PERSONALIA

PANORAMA

OUR FREEDOM OF SPEECH

SCIENCE INVESTIGATES
VULCAN'S SECRET
By Maurice Goldsmith

WALK THE PLANK, PIRATE!
By John Hornby

TALKING IT OVER
By Elizabeth Martin

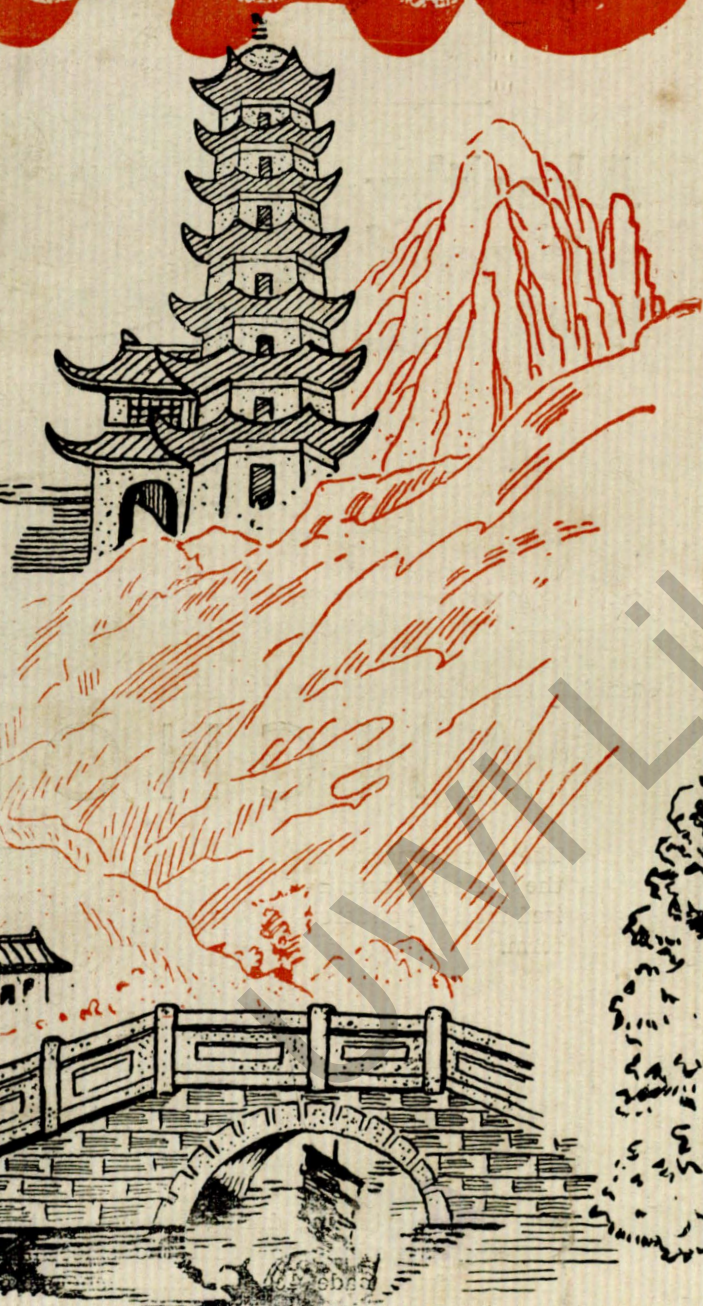
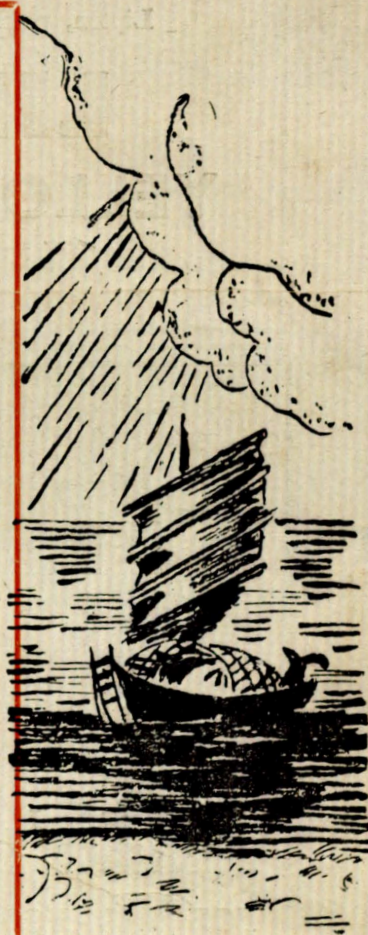
POT POURRI OF THOUGHT

DOMESTICATE THE SUN
By Norman Cliff

SPORTS PARADE
By George Beckford

Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I.

Saturday, April 5, 1952



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SYMBOL OF LONGEVITY

By PIONEER

From South China Morning Post, Hongkong

A Glance at the Paper shops for a fortnight before the Moon Festival will reveal that their stock in trade, always appropriate to coming events, consists almost entirely of lanterns, and rabbits.

As a matter of fact the latter often perform the functions of the former, and play a dual part in the celebrations. Although the official ending of the New Year festivities is marked by the Feast of Lanterns, in the south their display is far more evident in the worship of the Moon on the fifteenth of the Eighth month.

Some of the specimens are very elaborate, and are adorned with tassels of silk, or paper strips, whilst a ring of silhouetted figures throws its shadows on the panes set in an octagonal frame. Others are in the form of butterflies conveying to the recipient the wish that he may live for seventy or eighty years.

Huge red lobsters, with their feelers looped back, are most effective when illuminated from within.

THE origin of the Feast of Lanterns when householders put up lamps over their doors, and hung branches of evergreen as a symbol of longevity, is supposed to date from the Han Dynasty, two thousand years ago. It began as a ceremonial worship at the Temple of the First Cause, from the 13th to the 16th of the New Moon, marking the end of the holiday with a religious service, though the lantern display was not adopted till eight hundred years later, when all religious significance had been lost.

The rabbits commemorate the most popular of the Moon's inhabitants, and

bring the children into the picture, for Mr. Rabbit is their especial toy.

In the North he is always constructed of clay, and is dressed either as a civil, or a military official. Oddly enough he is the only rabbit who exists in China, for the word is only used in polite society with the prefix of Mister. The Chinese have a hare, in fact, two species, one living north, and the other south of the Yangtze, the former being a true lepus, and the latter a Caprolagus. The only similarity to the habits of the rabbit are that both shelter in holes, instead of forms, but neither takes the trouble to dig them, preferring to be tenants in other peoples' houses

Other races have connected the hare with the moon, and Pausanias recorded its aversion to honest toil, for he states that the Goddess of the Moon having been consulted by some soothsayers as to where to build a city, replied "where a hare makes its burrow".

THE hare owes its elevation to the satellite for an act of supreme self-sacrifice, and it entered Chinese mythology with the Buddhist religion.

In the days of the Master there was a forest glade where holy men came to meditate. In this earthly paradise the air was scented with flowers, and the gurgling brooks made music for the ear, whilst the eye was rested by the deep shade of the heavy foliage which caused the fierce sun to disperse in dappled markings on the moist ground.

The spirit of holiness, which pervaded the spot, even affected its normal inhabitants, who elected the hare, on account

of his in-offensiveness their expounder of the scriptures. As teaching is an honourable, rather than a lucrative profession and, as in any case the hare gave his services for nothing, he lived in dire poverty. One evening Buddha came to this other Eden, with a following of his disciples, and sat down to expound the Law. All night long he discoursed till the sun was high in the heavens. As noon approached he assumed the likeness of a Brahmin, and cried out as one who had lost the road, and was consumed by weariness and sorrow. "Alone, and astray, having lost my companions, I am hungry and thirsty. Help me ye pious."

ALL the forest dwellers heard his cry of distress, and all begged him to accept their hospitality. The otter brought fish, and the jackal his kill but, when it came to the turn of the hare, he presented himself empty-handed, and humbly said. "Master! I who have grown up in the forest, fed by grass and herbs, have nothing to offer you but my body. Grant us the boon of resting thy Holiness among us, and vouchsafe to me the favour of feeding thee with mine own flesh, since I have nothing else to offer."

As he ended the sentence he perceived a mound of magic charcoal, glowing without smoke hard by. He was about to leap on the pyre, when he paused, and gently combed his fur with a chip to dislodge the livestock who battened on his charity.

"My body I may sacrifice for the Holy One" he murmured, "but your lives I have no right to take." Placing the insects in security, he threw himself on the blazing fire.

(Continued on page 8)

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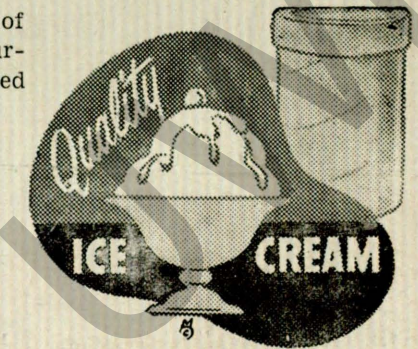
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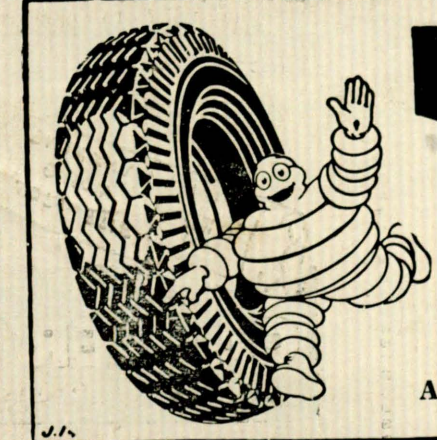
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HOME MECHANICS

By S. H. C.

LARRY turned over lazily. He pushed one sluggish eyelid upward and glanced at the clock. It assured him that it was just after seven o'clock. Hopefully he opened the other eye and confirmed the fact that it was Saturday morning, of the long Easter holiday week-end. Imagine it! No breakfast to dash through, no bus to chase this morning.

Of course, the fun would start popping on Monday morning, but until then, he wouldn't lift a finger. Just rest, and glorious relaxation for, after a hard week at the office, with barely a let up after the closing down of the books for last year, and stock taking following with indecent haste, Easter week end appears just in time to save a man's sanity.

With a gay carefree wave at the clock and the calendar, he rolled over and buried his head in the pillow. Gee, I don't even have to get up this morning!

But that is what you think, buddy.

Fate tapped lightly on the door. She had a lovely, husky voice.

"Larry! Darling!"

FATE was five foot two in her low heeled shoes, and in her voice was the brightness of one who had been up from six o'clock. She put her ear to the door and called again:

"Larry, Darling!"

"MMMMMMMMH?"

"Get up, lazybird! Time's a-wasting! The kitchen tap's got to be fixed again!"

"Ooooh no! Goway'nlemme-sleep!"

As if he hadn't replied, his wife tapped on the door again.

He smoothed his pillow and kissed it lingeringly:
"Bye now pal, that was only a wild dream I had a moment ago! See you tonight."

WITH a groan he put his legs down and sent his feet snuffing like bloodhounds after his slippers. Boy, that guy Dagwood sure has something there! He went through the usual morning pantomime of a busy man getting dressed for work and awake fully, as usual, when the impact of the cold water caught his face.

"Darling, shall we call the plumber? If you fixed it last night, why should it go bad again this morning?"

"Maybe it needs a washer; and would you want the plumber to come just to change a washer? I've got dozens of them in my cupboard."

"Oh, alright dear, but the drip-drip-drip just gets on my nerves."

"I'll fix it in a jiff, hon! Just call on Dr. Larry Fixit for any odd job about the house lady, and your troubles end right there!"

"With a wifely peck on his cheek she took him at his word, and went on to her other household tasks. She was humming a gay tune, as would any wife who could boast that her husband was a handyman about the house."

BUT I am afraid, the blithe confidence of his wife found no reflection in the heart of Dr. Larry Fixit. Perhaps it could be blamed on the impulsiveness of the male of the species, but when all the tinsel and the wrappings had been removed, the task seemed all but a simple pleasant one.

Just to keep up appearances, he whistled as he collected hammer, spanners, monkey wrench, and a pair of washers. The tap, all unaware of the meditated improvement upon its system of delivery, was dripping placidly into the kitchen sink. As quiet as it was, once he became conscious of it, the sound of that leaking faucet seemed to drown all other sounds in the kitchen. The rattle of pans being shifted on the fire, the hissing of the impatient kettle, the roar of the gas-flame, all shifted down to merely background music to the monotonous overtones of the dripper.

HE first tried the spanners on the knurled nut at the head of the tap, and after tapping gently at it with the hammer, he decided to lock the monkey wrench around it, and grunted with satisfaction as the thing loosened and began to spiral slowly upwards. He undid the wrench and then kept twirling away with his fingers. The screw came out and slipped up the neck of the long shaft of the turning screw. He hadn't the foggiest idea of what was at the other end which was still buried in the neck of the tap. All he knew, was that there was something holding it in. He tugged away at it, but there was little or no co-operation on the part of the faucet. He tapped at it with his little hammer, as amateurs often do with a wish and

a prayer, for want of a better idea. The obstruction was apparently cleared, and with it came a gush of water which sprinkled the entire kitchen before it settled down to the slower business of completely drenching it. In a trice Larry was reduced to a completely liquid state, and soon too, Laura, as she came, impelled by wifely curiosity and solicitude. She yelled over the rushing of the water to her husband:

"Larry! Do something!"

THANKFUL that there was one clear head in the house, Larry did something. He covered the tap with a kitchen towel, and slowly worked the shaft down. Slipping the towel around this, he slowly pulled the shaft upwards, and then realised that there was probably the broken and swollen washer with a screw and a metal washer holding it fast at the other end. He bent over the head of the faucet and tugged at it. With a sudden swoosh the whole business gave, and this time the tap did not

(Continued on page 18)



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A BOOK REVIEW

THE YELLOW STORM

By Dr. S. Y. Shu

Reviewed by Irving Babow in
The Chinese Press, San Francisco.

Peiping, as the seat of the Chinese Communist government, is much in the news today. So a novel about that city by a native of Peiping who is now living there seems especially timely. The author as "Rickshaw Boy," Lau Shaw (pen name of Dr. S. Y. Shu), has written in "The Yellow Storm" (Harcourt, Brace; \$4) a powerful, frank and often moving novel about Peiping under the Japanese occupation, a period of eight years to V-J Day.

The author makes very vivid and real the life in a street in Peiping called the Little Sheep Fold, containing seven compound and like a small village inside a metropolis. A map on the end pages shows the houses of the various families, but so graphic is the author's style that the map is superfluous.

No doubt much of the credit for making this novel so readable is the excellent translation from the Chinese by Ida Pruditt, who captures the flavour of idiomatic speech. There is one minor fault, however, sometimes characters are referred to by their Chinese names and at other times by the English translation of their names.

In many ways, "The Yellow Storm" makes one think of "The Wall." John Hersey's novel of the Warsaw ghetto gave a heart-breaking, realistic picture of the fate of Jews under the Nazis and Dr. Shu in a rather similar vein shows that the Japanese treatment of their Chinese victims was little better. There is only one sympathetic Japanese character in the book, an old woman who had been raised in America and

whose two sons-in-law were sent back home in the form of ashes.

There have been few novels of recent years which show so clearly and so powerfully the systematic use of terror, torture, degradation and enslavement by totalitarians.

The people in the Little Sheep Fold meet the challenge with different reactions—some like Mr. Chien, the mild poet who after torture becomes a man of action and a leader of the resistance, and others who become collaborators and "running dogs" to curry favour with the Japanese, such as the collaborators Kuan and his wife, Red Pepper, or Lan the Eastern Sun, who never hesitate to betray their neighbours to win privilege or profit.

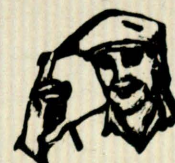
The Paralysis of the will to resist is shown not only as something imposed by the Japanese strategy of terror, but is also described by the author as something sick in the culture of China and of many centuries of passive acceptance of their fate. This indecision is shown by Ray Shuan, the schoolteacher, who understands the need for resistance but for a long time fails to act.

"The Yellow Storm" has great interest not only as a novel but also as a social documentary in showing what happens to all people under stress. As one of the characters remarks, "The bad become worse and the good become even better."

After reading Lau Shaw no one could believe naively that Chinese are "all alike," that Chinese are inscrutable and emotionless, or the other ethnic stereotypes.

(Continued on page 18)

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PERSONALIA

CHINESE PICTURE FOR EASTER

"Fire In Their Hearts" is the title of an action-filled drama which will be shown at the Ward Theatre on Easter Sunday at 1.00 p.m. It is another of the recent Chinese motion picture hits which have been shown so successfully. The Chinese Benevolent Society has brought it from the States especially for the Easter and all proceeds of the picture will go to local Chinese charities.

GARDEN PARTY ON EASTER SUNDAY

Another attraction for the Easter will be the Garden Party at the Chinese Public School. It is being sponsored by the Ming Chee Tong. A grand variety entertainment is on the programme as well as the usual ground attractions for young and old.

UNA LEE JACKSON WEDS HERBERT CHONG YEN

The marriage of Miss Una Lee Jackson to Mr. Herbert Chong Yen took place on Sunday, March 9 at the Saint Peter and St. Paul Church. The Rev. Fr. LeRoy, S.J. performed the ceremony.

The bride was given in marriage by Mr. Keith Wong. Chief bridesmaid was Miss Shirley Lee Jackson, sister of the bride, assisted by Miss Hazel Chong Yen.

Mr. Ignatius Chong Yen acted as bestman and Mr. John Lyn as groomsmen.

After the wedding a reception was held at 21 Liguanea Avenue. The Cathayan orchestra led by "Iggie" Chong Yen supplied dance music for the guests.

LYGIA HO TO WED KENNETH WONG

The marriage of Miss Lygia Ho, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ho Shue of Spanish Town to Mr. Kenneth Wong, son of Mrs. Ivy Wong and the late Charles Wong will take place on Sunday, April 6 at 4.30 p.m. at the Kingston Parish Church. After the ceremony a reception will be held at 4 Westlake Avenue.

The bride is a member of the teaching staff of Wolmer's Girls' School.

CHRISTIAN GUILD ELECT NEW OFFICERS

The Chinese Christian Guild has been very active during the last fortnight. On Wednesday the 26th March they held a General Meeting at Cathay Club and

electd their officers for the present year as follows:—

- President: Rev. Fr. P. L. C. Price.
Vice Presidents: Mrs. Alexander Tai Tenquee, Mrs. Albert Chin Yee, Mrs. Donald Leahong, Mr. Sidney Chang, Mr. Horace Chang.

- Secretaries: Mr. Headley Ho Sang, Miss Geraldine Lyn.
Treasurer: Miss Beryl Kun.

- Executive Committee: Mrs. Lyra Chin Foong, Mrs. Milton Wong Pow, Miss Lily Fung, Miss Joyce Lyn.

The executive committee and officers also met at the Rectory on Wednesday 2nd April and planned their programme for the period April to June 1952 as follows:—

April Sunday 6th Corporate Communion 7.30 a.m.

Wednesday 9th "Easter Preparation and Obligations" Fr. Price—The Rectory—8.00 p.m.

Wednesday 16th Basket Party—3 Mapletoft Avenue 8.00 p.m.

May 4th Corporate Communion at 7.30 a.m. and after Communion Breakfast—Marine Villa 7th Rector's Evening—Fr. Price—The Rectory 8.00 p.m.

21st Games, Canasta and

Community Singing — Cathay 8.00 p.m.

June 1st. Corporate Communion 7.30 a.m.

4th A Talk by the Rector—The Rectory 8.00 p.m.

18th Games Evening—The Rectory 8.00 p.m.

The Committee is leaving no stone unturned to ensure that this prove a successful year for the Guild, and as can be seen by the programme numerous interesting things are in store for members and their friends. The Guild extend a cordial welcome to all who are interested.

MARRIAGES ANNOUNCED

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hugh Choy has announced the marriage of their daughter Gloria to Mr. Richard Yap to take place on Sunday, April 20 at 5.00 p.m. at the Holy Trinity Cathedral. After the ceremony a reception will be held at 6 Upper Sandringham Avenue, St. Andrew.

The marriage of Miss Esme Tai, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Tai to Mr. Albert Chin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Chin of Port Morant will take place on Sunday, April 27 at the Kingston Parish Church. After the ceremony a reception will be held at 23 Jackson Road and a

(continued on page 11)

THE PAGODA

PANORAMA

A MUSICAL GENIUS

The city first, and now the country areas have been experiencing the most thrilling time with the advent to Jamaica of little Gladys Le Bas, of Argentina, who is a musical genius on the piano. Aged only seven, this little girl has been playing the piano from infancy, and is in complete command of her instrument from start to finish of every recital that she gives. Her calm, childlike poise, innocent of stage fright or affectation of any sort is heartening to see.

In programmes of classical music which many an adult would find it difficult to master, little Gladys is at home, displaying an understanding of technique and an ability to memorise that is truly prodigious. Flowers and acclaim have been showered on her alike, and these she receives with a childlike simplicity and unruffled calm, that is truly delightful. The Daniel Musical Society is sending out celebrities of an unusual sort for our benefit through their agent in Jamaica, and we will look forward to hearing more of this little artist's work in the years to come.

ANOTHER MUSICIAN OF NOTE

Also an artist of great talent, the violin being her medium of expression, is Miss Editha Braham, who is a native of Jamaica, having left the Island to reside in England many years ago in her early childhood. On a visit to her relatives at the present time, Miss Braham has been giving recitals in public and at the University College, which have been fully appreciated by all who have heard her. At the early age of 12 Miss Braham won a scholarship to the Royal Academy of Music and she once played before the Royal Family in London. She has played with all the famous English and Vienna Orchestras, and at one time she was Chief Violin Professor at the South African College of Music at the University of Cape Town. For the past couple of years she has been resident in New York and she has

played at the Carnegie Hall there.

Jamaica is proud to have back this talented daughter, even for a time, and to have had the privilege of enjoying some of her performances.

AND STILL MORE MUSIC

Also in Jamaica now is the musical examiner, Mr. Edwin Benboa, of the Associated Board, London, who is conducting the examinations this year. Mr. Benbow is also a musician of note, having won many medals and prizes for his accomplishments. He has also done broadcasting and appeared in professional concerts at the "Proms" with Sir Henry Wood. For some time he was a member of the BBC Music Staff. He took part in the recital at St. Luke's Hall with Miss Braham and gained much favourable comment for his musical ability at his first appearance here.

The Edward Gordon Orchestra which needs no introduction in this, its native stage, held a concert on Monday evening, also at St. Luke's Hall, under Mr. Tom Murray's direction. Miss Kathleen Campbell was the soloist. Jamaicans have, indeed, been revelling in the musical feast which has been served out to us in the recent weeks and still goes on.

APPEAL FROM CANCER CAMPAIGN

The British Empire Cancer Campaign has launched an appeal through the local branch of the British Red Cross Society for used postage stamps to aid in the research work of the dread disease. A special committee in connection with this campaign has been organised here, headed by Mrs. Douglas Judah, and all business houses, offices and private individuals have been asked to donate their used postage stamps to this great cause, one which is everybody's concern alike.

The place of collection will be the Red Cross Office at 5 1/2 East Parade, from where the stamps will be forwarded to the Campaign Headquarters. It is little enough that one can do to help in the research of a cause and subsequently, in all likelihood, of a cure for this disease

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MILITARY MEDALS

At the annual inspection of the Jamaica Battalion at the Pali-sadoes parade ground last week, Brigadier A. Cosby Jackson, O.B.E., Commanding Officer of the Caribbean Area, decorated two men with the high military medals which they had been awarded in their respective spheres of action in recent years. One of these was Ex-Company Sergeant Major Cyril Deir, late of the West India Regiment, who received the Meritorious Service Medal for distinguished and gallant service, awarded him by H. M. the late King George VI, in October 1951. He served from 1898 to 1921 in various areas overseas, and distinguished himself at his post at Sudi Bay in 1917. At the time of his retirement he was also awarded the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal. The other to be decorated was Captain Mascoll, E. D. Adjutant of the Jamaica Battalion, who received the Efficiency decoration. He joined the Barbadoes Force in 1936 and served abroad also. The award was made to him in June, 1948. Such distinctions as these show that good service in whatever sphere does not pass unnoticed.

Observer.

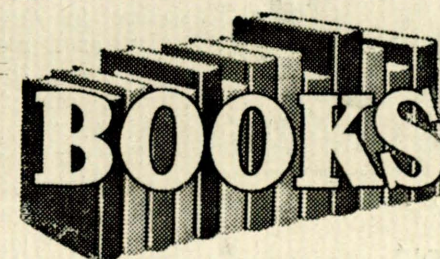
which is becoming more prevalent and claiming the lives of so many all over the world. Let us determine to collect and submit our collections of used stamps without delay to the Red Cross here.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

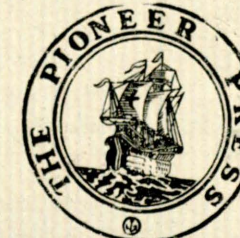
Coming off the Pioneer Press on the 29th last, were its two latest productions, SIX GREAT JAMAICANS by W. Adolphe Roberts, and TALES OF OLD JAMAICA by Clinton V. Black. Both these works have been compiled by experienced historical writers, and have been well put together. Externally, they present pleasing appearances, the biographical sketches bearing a cover of the picture of the statue of Edward Jordon, the first of the six mentioned in the book, that of the tales a picture of an old great house. The former is in blue and black, the latter in yellow and black.

These books which tell so much of Jamaica in the past and of some of those best known to us, will be of considerable interest to ourselves and, perhaps, still more so, to others from abroad. The Pioneer Press is to be congratulated on these two new books, and so, too, are their authors.

Two Outstanding



- "Tales Of Old Jamaica" DARING DEEDS... DARK DOINGS OLD LEGENDS... STRANGE TRUTHS. Author—Clinton V. Black.
"Six Great Jamaicans" JORDON, GORDON, NUTTALL, LOVE MACDERMOT, DeLISSER Fascinating Biographical Sketches. Author—W. Adolphe Roberts

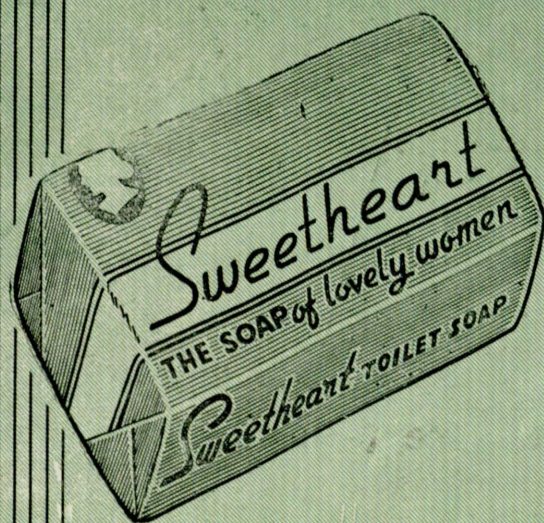


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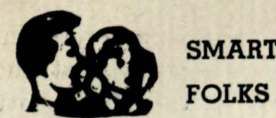


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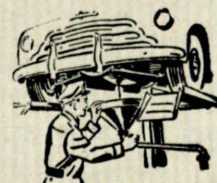
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THE PAGODA

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

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Editor: Chas. T. Chang.

Rights Of Free Speech

The Inter-American Press Association Conference held in Panama City was attended by Mr. S. G. Fletcher of the Daily Gleaner as one of the only three British representatives on a Board of 45. Among the large numbers who attended this meeting was Dr. Gainza Paz, formerly editor of La Prensa newspaper, who is now an exile from his native Buenos Aires.

Mr. Fletcher pronounced it a success apart from the routine work connected with the organisation. 28 additional publications in various parts of the hemisphere had been admitted to membership. In an article, Mr. Fletcher touched on the importance of cooperation among the various publishers in the various countries of the Western hemisphere in the interests of the Press, as a means of obtaining news from the Press Agencies abroad, and for upholding its freedom. "The Press," he said, "is the guardian, not the owner, of the right of free speech. In a situation where the Press is not free, the people are not free."

During the period of the meeting, it so happened that the Directors of the Radio Broadcasters' Association of Latin America were also engaged in conference in Panama City, and together the Press and Radio agreed in a joint declaration to the world, the text of which will soon be available, that they will stand together in the fight to preserve the basic human rights of free expression, and to regard any attack made on any member of either Association as being an attack on all members of both.

In the face of the occurrence in Argentina last year which occasioned the suppression of the independent La Prensa, it is certainly advisable to establish a means for fighting against any further like occurrences. We of

the Western hemisphere are deeply concerned with that freedom of thought, speech and action which is still ours, but which has been intruded upon by such alarming acts and by censorship laws and other restrictions in other of the Latin American countries. The iron curtain, if not suppressed, might be drawn across the oceans, and, viewing from afar off what this has meant to those countries in the Middle and Far East the thought of our becoming closed in by it also, is intolerable.

The power of the Press and Radio as individual bodies of speech is indisputable. Jointly this power will now be brought to bear heavily on all who attempt to quell its rights in their quest for world domination.

**SYMBOL OF LONGEVITY
(Continued from page 3)**

Resuming his own form, Buddha praised the sublimity of the sacrifice, saying "He who forgets self be he the humblest of earthly creatures, will reach the Ocean of Eternal Peace." To reward the hare the Master decreed that his image should adorn the face of the Moon, as a shining example to all eternity.

THE Taoists could not neglect a story with so powerful an appeal, so they adopted him into their pantheon as the Gemmous hare and, to fit in with the legend of Heng O, and the pill of immortality, picture him as compounding the elixir of life, using the head of a toad as a mortar.

He sits under the sacred Cassia tree, as its bark is one of the ingredients, and it is always in flower about the time of the Moon festival.

In an old Medical treatise dating from the IVth Century A.D. there is a prescription "Thoroughly mix cassia bark with bamboo juice, and the brains of a frog. This potion if drunk will cause you to walk upon the waters after seven years." In other words attain immortality.

It is probable that the Taoists had this recipe in mind in accounting for the Hare's occupation, rather than that Heng O, in the guise of the Three-legged Toad, was undergoing this punishment to fit the crime of purloining her husband's pill.

THE Moon Hare has a companion in the shape of the Woodcutter, condemned like Sisyphus to an interminable task. His punishment was to fell all the cassia groves on the moon's surface and, as it is an

alleged property of the tree that it renews itself as fast as it is chipped, his occupation to say the least is unprofitable. Beyond the fact that he was a poor scholar, little is known of the Woodcutter's biography.

The cassia tree is, however, the emblem of forgiveness for, though the celestial scholar seeks to destroy it, it remains friendly to the seekers after learning.

Those who took the second literary degree were said to have "plucked a flower from the top-most branch of the Pavilions of the Moon."

Hongkong's Moon rabbits are much less like the rodents they are supposed to represent than those sold on the stalls at a Peking Fair.

THIS, being the time that the harvest was in, allowed the agricultural population leisure for some diversion, so village theatricals, acrobats, and stilt dancers, came into their own, and shared in the general prosperity.

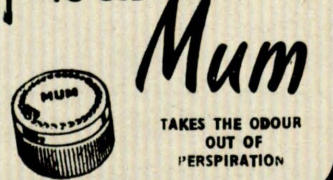
In some rural districts little girls, standing on a small platform on the top of a long pole, were carried about by men, performing a sort of cake walk.

This was known as the Yang Ko (Yang meaning to raise) and the ritual has been practised from time immemorial.

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SCIENCE AND YOU

Science Investigates Vulcan's Secret

By Maurice Goldsmith,
Unesco Science Editor

Mount Lamington, the New Guinea volcano, killed more than 3,000 people in its terrible eruption in January 1951 — and it is not yet silent.

While the volcano still continues to show signs of activity, authorities have announced the complete evacuation of a scorched area with 16 miles' radius of the volcano. Eye-witness reports say that the area "might have been hit by an atomic bomb and is like a scene from another planet".

Terrified natives had climbed into trees when the ground became too hot after the eruption. As temperatures rose and showers of flame poured down, they burned to death among the branches. About 400 people had met swift death in Higaturu, the main settlement near the volcano. This township had only a few minutes' warning before it was overwhelmed. The local medical missionary was found sitting dead in his ash-covered jeep, his hands raised as though trying to shield his eyes.

In a settlement 10 miles from the volcano, rescue parties found only 12 male survivors out of a male population of 400. The eye-witness said: "The dead died quickly. The blast that killed them had the speed of 100 miles an hour and the temperature was several hundred degrees".

There is nothing we can do to prevent a volcanic eruption. It is a natural incident, full of majesty, awe-inspiring and deadly. There is no wonder then that volcanoes appear among the myths and fables of mankind as godlike, the terrible expression of the wrath of the gods. The name "volcano" is derived from the Latin "Vulcan", god of fire. Originally, the name was applied to Mount Etna and to some of the Lipari Islands, which were regarded as the seats of Hephaestus, a Greek god identified with Vulcan.

The Encyclopaedia Britannica defines a volcano as "an opening in the earth's crust through which heated matter is brought up to the surface where it usually forms a hill, more or less conical in shape, and generally with a hollow or crater at the top. This hill, though not an essential part of the volcanic mechanism, is what is commonly

called the volcano". There are three main types of volcanic eruption: the explosive, the quiet and the intermediate.

The explosive type is a violent eruption of pent-up forces. Huge quantities of dust-charged steam are discharged into the air, forming great clouds. The material discharged consists of heated gases, volumes of steam, ashes, large boulders, and molten rock called lava. These are thrown up to great heights, where they cool rapidly and fall back as solid matter on to the opening, or vent, through which they erupted. This matter accumulates until a mountain several thousand feet high may arise. This is the way in which Etna, in Sicily, Hecla, in Iceland, and Vesuvius in Italy, have been built up over great periods of time.

Only eight years old is an entirely new volcano called Paricutin, situated about 200 miles from Mexico City. This volcano rose 20 feet above the ground in three hours on 26th February, 1943, and eventually reached a height of 1,500 feet after a year's activity. Paricutin is active, regularly emitting streams of lava and showers of rock and ash, but it is much less violent than it was.

It arose from the ground in rather dramatic fashion. Dionisio Pulido, a peasant, was ploughing with a bullock team when a tremor shook the ground. He found that the field was hot when he touched the ground, and that smoke and ash were seeping out of the furrows. As he said, "I more or less ploughed up the volcano". Within a week, Paricutin had thrown out a cone of cinders 500 feet in height. A mushroom-shaped cloud of smoke and fine particles extended upward for 3,000 feet and dust fell on far-away Mexico City.

Dust mounted as high as the village doorways, and in some places piled up as high as 20 feet. The only casualties were caused when the rains consolidated the powder resting on the tops of buildings into a heavy mass which brought down the beams. Eventually all vegetation within a few miles of the volcano died.

One of the most violent ex-

plosions occurred in 1883, when Krakatao erupted. Most of the small island on which the volcano is situated was blown away. Great waves were produced in the sea and these did damage to villages on the shores of some of the East Indies. More than 30,000 people perished.

In 1902, the city of St. Pierre was completely destroyed when Mount Pelée, on the island of Martinique, blew up. A vivid description of the last days of prosperous St. Pierre is given by Fairfax Downey in his book, "Disaster Fighters".

"But chiefly the death cloud slew with its lethal content of hot steam and dust. So swiftly did it pass that its heat did not always burn all of the light tropical clothing from its prey, but once it was inhaled into the lungs—that was the end. Some had run a few frantic steps; then dropped, hands clasped over nose and mouth. Encrusted by cement-like ashes, corpses lay fixed in the contorted postures of their last struggle, replicas of the dead of Vesuvius preserved in the Naples museum. Fire had charred others or incinerated them to a heap of bones. A horrible spectacle was presented by bodies whose skulls and abdomens had been burst by heat and gases. . . . Mutilated, or almost unmarred, shrivelled in last agony or seeming only to have dropped into a peaceful sleep, lay the legions of the dead". It was in this way that the ancient cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii were destroyed.

Older volcanoes, formerly violent, such as Mount Shasta and Mount Rainier in the United States, are now extinct. Their cones are today high, snow-covered peaks.

The quiet type of volcano has no violent explosion. There is a flow of lava, and steam and other gases escape. Typical of this type are the Hawaiian volcanoes. The Islands are themselves volcanic mountains, built up on the ocean floor. From the crater of Kilauea overflows white-hot lava, which has a temperature of over 1,000 degrees F.

In the evening of 4th December, 1950, the inhabitants of Baku noticed a red-orange light in the sky. This lasted for about fifteen minutes. It indicated a new eruption of the volcano, Banka Koumani. A group of geologists was immediately sent to the spot, and they found at nine kms from the volcano the outline of an island that was new. It was 1 km long and 500 metres wide. The following day it was seen to be about 6 metres high.

In many parts of the world there are areas made up of a
(Continued on page 17)

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Walk The Plank, Pirate!

By John Hornby

CAPTAIN HALTON slid a red handkerchief furtively from his trousers pocket and polished the brass buttons on his blue jacket. Not that they needed it, but a job like his had its responsibilities. And he could see a handsome saloon car standing on the ferry landing stage waiting to come aboard. A limousine... CLASS!

Class! The Mary Cummings was class now. There wasn't a ferry boat in the country with as much shining brass on it. And as for its captain...

The old man's feet came further apart. His shoulders squared and his eyes shone out of their mahogany setting as if to compete with the glow on his buttons.

To lift the Mary Cummings out of the oil and the muck was certainly a job, even for an old shellback. They had said he couldn't do it. He had shown them he could! And where were they now, those scoffers? Commanding their ships as he was?

Pampered pensioners in the Old Sailors' Home at Seawarth! Grateful for the rum he bought them. Looking forward to the baccy he tossed at them with:

"Here y'are Jack!"

"Thanks, Captain," they said, and meant it. "Thanks, Captain!"

It hadn't always been like that. It used to be:

"Still a second, Halton?"

"No, I'll pay, Halton. I'm No. 1, now."

They had laughed when he had taken the Mary Cummings. Nothing lower than a ferry boat, they had told him. They had roared to see the press-button landing controls on the bridge. Like a lift in a store, they had chuckled. They didn't seem to want to laugh when they mumbled:

"Must be off now, Captain. Got to be in by ten, else the Warden gets mad."

Captain Halton's face went purple. The Warden—then the spasm passed and some of the blood drained from his face. The light in his eyes went out and his body seemed to contract.

He'd never have to go into the Home. No, never. He'd got a job and he was good for another ten years. He'd never lose the Mary Cummings. The Chairman of the Company had pumped his arm and told him how pleased they were to have such a conscientious man. Told him they were delighted with the way he kept his boat. And how well he handled her in the fogs.

The Home wasn't for him. The job was safe until they put the tunnel through. The Tunnel! He chuckled and his body expanded again. They would be still talking about tunnelling under the Tear a hundred years from now!

The Mary Cummings neared the side. Captain Halton rang a bell and checked her progress. Now she was square on to the landing stage. She touched, so gently that only the slightest shudder was felt, then she nuzzled up to the little quay. Captain Halton pressed a button and the gangway fell. It wasn't in place before the passengers were swarming over it, followed by two cars and a lorry. The larger, shiny car moved on to the deck and a five-minute wait allowed more passengers to collect. Then the gangway went up and the boat was moving across the river once more.

The car began to appear regularly on the ferry. In it, were a chauffeur and a big hatchet-faced man who was always studying typewritten papers. He was so intent on them that he seemed blind to his surroundings.

He had no time to waste, it was evident. For as soon as the gangway began to drop the chauffeur set the car edging forward and was off the ferry boat before the first passenger.

Naturally some of the passengers began to protest. Some would have squared up to the chauffeur. But the Captain quelled them.

"See here," he roared, "it costs that car seven an' six to go across. You pay thruppence. So the car comes first, understand?"

The logic, not the bullying tone of voice convinced them, and the car was given a voluntary priority.

The noise of the dispute penetrated into the car. Its owner raised a finger as if in salute of the Captain's victory. The little act of recognition whetted the old man's curiosity as to who his passenger was, but no one seemed to know.

At last the old man got his chance. The big car came across without its passenger. Captain Halton had a few words with the driver.

"He's Alderman Sharperton", the chauffeur explained in answer to a question. "Going to be Castleton's next Lord Mayor, y'know." Captain didn't know.

"He's the bloke what's going to

get the Tunnel going..." Captain Halton gave a deep chuckle—the local people's greeting to their favourite joke.

"You needn't laugh," the chauffeur put in. "The Alderman's keeping it from the papers and everything's sure. But it won't be long now until the Tunnel's started. He's got enough pull up at Westminster to get the scheme passed. Nobody else but him can do it; but the Alderman can if he keeps at them—and he will!"

The old man scanned the younger man's face, hoping against hope that his leg was being pulled. But the chauffeur was serious.

Still, it couldn't be true. It couldn't. For twenty years they had talked of the Tunnel. They'd go on talking another twenty years yet!

But if they did put it through—they wouldn't—but if they did, they wouldn't need the Mary Cummings—nor its Captain.

But the Alderman couldn't keep it out of the news. Significant little stories appeared. Soon it was known that, thanks to Alderman Sharperton the Tunnel was almost certain to be constructed.

From his little bridge Captain brooded down upon the big car and its occupant. He no longer tried to catch the great man's eye.

Captain Halton spat. Spat on his own clean deck. In the sight of the Captain he was far from being great; he was just a dirty, lousy pirate who was using the Mary Cummings now, but who would sink her with a stroke of his pen when the Tunnel went through.

And what would her Captain do then? Go to the Home? He ground his teeth at the thought.

The fog wisped up from the sea and thickened. Before the boat reached the far side of the river it was hard to see Sharperton's car. The quayside buildings were but blurs. Still, Captain Halton's fingers reached for the buttons and pressed at the exact moment. The Mary Cummings touched the side, shuddered, backed a few inches, then returned to the quay. The car, as usual, was on the gangway before its far end was in its bed.

If only that sea-cook son of a stuffed dummy that called himself a chauffeur would run Sharperton and his car off the boat in mid-stream there'd be no Tunnel. Sharperton was the Tunnel. Everybody knew that. But accidents like that couldn't happen.

Couldn't they?

As the months moved into late autumn the fogs came more frequently and each one was thicker than the one before. At last one was thick enough for Captain Halton.

The car came aboard. Its chauffeur looked as stony as ever. Its passenger indifferent to his surroundings as usual. Though he did glance at Captain Halton once or twice. But he seemed to find nothing strange in a ferry crossing with the fog so thick.

The men ashore did. They protested.

"I can feel me way across," snorted the Captain. They admired him for his decision. The old boy could feel his way over the river.

"You'll do it!" they admitted.

"You'll do it! You'll do it!" cried a voice inside the old man. He peered at the few passengers. Could they hear what the voice was shouting? He breathed with relief when he saw they were not looking at him. "You'll do it!"

But they did not know what he would do. He reviewed every step. Let the boat bump the side hard. Let it bounce twenty yards back across the river. Then let the gangway down. The car moved fast always. But this time it wouldn't reach the quay. It would plunge into the fog-hidden

gap between the gangway and the side. Into the water.

Then no Tunnel for there'd be no Brough Sharperton. Simple! Accidents can't happen. They can in a fog.

Captain Halton moistened his lips. The fog was cotton-wool thickness now. In a minute they'd bump. He opened his clenched hands and felt blood running from the palms into which his nails had been digging.

Blood. Blood on his hands. But this was no time for squeamishness.

The fog lamps were dull yellow blobs ahead. The Mary Cummings bumped, swung back. Now for the gangway button.

The old Man's eyes went dull red. His face, a brighter scarlet than his palms. His neck thickened, swelled. There seemed a bird madly beating its wings in his chest. He pushed his hand out and pressed, pressed.

Captain Halton's eyes flickered open and he slowly took in his new surroundings. The green walls, the white beds, the flowers.

"Feeling better?" asked a girl's voice.

"Where am I?" he croaked thickly.

"Sick berth of the Sailor's Home," the girl replied briskly. "You've had a bad turn but you'll be all right now. Take it easy and don't worry about the boat. It docked safely."

"The car..."

"Mr. Sharperton's car? He brought you here in it. As a matter of fact, he had noticed you looked ill so he went up to the bridge just as you collapsed. He picked you up. And he's sent you some flowers this morning. He's such a kind man. Now, try and rest. Here's the bell. Press the button if you want something."

Such a kind man!

"Here y'are, Jack. Catch this baccy!"

"Flowers from the kind man, Jack. Say 'Thank you, Mr. Sharperton!'"

... She'll bump any minute now. She'll swing back twenty yards. Press the button if you want something....

If you want something. Want something. Want something.

The old man's thumb sought the button and viciously pressed, pressed, pressed.....

(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



Are most great men "realistic"?

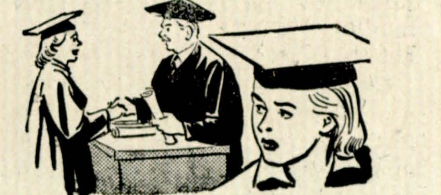
Answer: Usually not in the same sense as ordinary mortals. The main difference is in the great man's attitude toward what the rest of us would "realistically" see as obstacles to the achievement of our goals, but which the great man manages to ignore or surmount—as Beethoven, for instance, did his deafness. But confidence based on mere wishful thinking will not make a man great, and in so far as their unique natural gifts make possible for them what is impossible for most of us, great men have their own special kind of "realism."

Can matter triumph over mind?

Answer: Apparently, in some cases. On the theory that when obesity is the result of neurotic over-eating, what the person really craves is an emotionally reassuring sense of fullness,

By LAWRENCE GOULD
Consulting Psychologist

chemists have developed a harmless substance known as "mucilose" which will fill a person's stomach without giving him calories which he does not need. It is said that after having fooled his sense in this way, a stout person will "leave food on his plate." Dr. A. J. Jonas reports that with his patients, this method of treatment produced weight reductions of an average of 2.5% per month.



Are scholarship awards biased?

Answer: They would seem to be, say Drs. Irving Lorge and Rose Kushner of Teachers College, New York. The apparent bias does not involve racial or religious backgrounds, but the subjects which the givers of awards seem to think most important. The fact that more boys than girls receive scholarships does not mean that the boys are brighter, but that they more often specialize in science and mathematics, whereas girls are more apt to choose the "humanities."

PERSONALIA

(Continued from page 6)

Dancing will be from 5.00 to 9.00 p.m.

DALTON YOUNG ELECTED PRESIDENT OF C.S.A.

The Students' Association held its Annual General Election of officers on March 23 with the following results:
President—Dalton Young
Vice-President—Millie Chin Yee
Recording Secretary—Barbara Kong
Corresponding Secretary—Marie Lee
Treasurer—Maurice Kong
Assistant Treasurer—Joe Tai
Study Group Leader—Maurice Tenn
Games Group Leader—Donald Chen
Registrar—Cecile Chin Loy
Elected Executives—Anita Wong.

ENGAGEMENT ANNOUNCED

Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Lee recently announced the engagement of their daughter, Inez, to Mr. Earle Leahing, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Leahing.

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. David B. Wong (nee Marguerite Chinn) of Montego Bay announced the birth of a daughter last week.

CATHAY CLUB BIG EASTER DANCE

The Cathay Club will hold their big Easter Dance on Saturday, April 12. Cover charge will be 4/- per person and music will be supplied by Iggie Chong Yen and the Cathayan orchestra.

On Easter Monday the Club will introduce a Tea Dansant.

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Gloria Fong, Vera Shim
At the meeting which followed,
Continued from Page 11

C-O-O-L OFF

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FRANCE

"April, pride of woodland ways,
Of glad days,
April, bringing hope and prime,
To the young flowers that
beneath
Their bud sheath
Are guarded in their tender
time;
April, pride of fields that be
Green and free,
That in fashion glad and gay,
Stud with flowers red and blue,
Every hue,
Their jeweled spring array;..."

Remy Belleau: "April."

SPAIN

"To know that I go naked
Under thousands of stars
And to feel how sorrow
Trembles in the world."

Eugenio Florit: "Nocturne."

JAPAN

"The dress that my Brother has
put on is thin.
O wind from Sao,
Do not blow hard
Till he reaches home."

Manyo Shu: "The Lady of
Sakanoye."

GREECE

"Off in the twilight hung the low
full moon,
And all the women stood before
it grave,
As round an altar. Thus at holy
times
The Cretan damsels dance
melodiously
With delicate feet about the
sacrifice,
Trampling the tender bloom of
the soft grass."

Sappho: "Fragments: Full
Moon."

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POT POURRI

OF

THOUGHT

ENGLAND

"I saw eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and
endless light,
All calm as it was bright;
And round beneath it time in
hours, days, years,
Driven by spheres,
Like a vast shadow moved, in
which the world
And all her train were
hurled . . ."

Henry Vaughan: "The World."

PALESTINE

"What is a man profited, if he
shall gain the whole world,
and lose his own soul?"

Matthew XVI, 26

GERMANY

"The storm cries every night,
Its great, moist wing falters and
sweeps,
In dreamy flight the plover
falls;
Now nothing sleeps
And through the land stirs new
delight,
For the Spring calls."

Hermann Hesse: "Spring
Song."

AMERICA

"The down drop of the blackbird,
The wing catch of arrested
flight,
The stop midway and then off;
off for triangles, circles,
loops of new hieroglyphs—
This is April's way: a woman:
"O yes, I'm here again and your
heart
Knows I am coming."

Carl Sandburg: "Spring
Notation on Biped."

JAMAICA

"I am the hope of the morning,
The herald of Spring;
The shadows of night and of
Winter
Take flight as I sing:
It passes, the winter of weeping,
the terror
Of darkness takes wing . . .
It rises in rapture aspiring, the
passion
Of Duty and Right."

H. S. Bunbury: "The Voice of
the Lark."

CHINA

"Men's hearts love gold and jade;
Men's mouths covet wine and
flesh.

Not so the old man of the
stream;

He drinks from his gourd and
asks nothing more.

South of the stream he cuts
firewood and grass;

North of the stream he has built
wall and roof.

Yearly he sows a single acre of
land;

In Spring he drives two yellow
calves.

In these things he finds great
repose.

Beyond these he has no wish or
care . . ."

Po Chu-i: "Lodging with the
old man of the Stream."

Indian Scientists Seek To
Domesticate The Sun

Written for Unesco by Norman Cliff
Delhi Correspondent for the London "News Chronicle"

Sunshine is nature's free and most generous gift to those living in tropical climates. Familiar with the sun's daily benediction, they usually take it for granted. As a rule, it has been in countries where sunshine is scarce that it is most highly valued and special attempts are made to enjoy it and put it to work. India is becoming an exception, for India has abundant sunshine—and increasing determination to exploit it.

It is calculated that on one little State in India, Jodhpur, occupying only one-thirtieth of the country's total area, sufficient solar energy is poured to meet the needs not only of the whole of India but of the whole world! All but a tiny part of this free supply of wealth in terms of energy is allowed to go to waste. Whilst expending vast sums to erect elaborate and ingenious machinery to generate power, we are deprived of the most abundant source of energy simply because we have not yet discovered how to make efficient use of it.

Fitful efforts have been made from earliest days in various countries to harness solar energy, but with limited practical success. Only in recent years have Indian scientists studied the possibility of using the sun directly to lighten the burden and cost of daily tasks in homes and fields and in various ways to make life pleasanter. As a result of experiments being conducted at the National Physical Laboratory at New Delhi, there is hope of engaging the help of the sun to cook meals, provide hot baths and irrigate fields. The sun of its own volition keeps Indian houses warm and in fact often overdoes this service to the extent of turning them into ovens in which human beings can only pant and perspire. The scientists are trying to induce the sun to cool buildings instead of heating them.

During the country's struggle for independence, Indian leaders, finding themselves imprisoned, with time on their hands, turned their minds to ways of using the scorching rays of the sun to heat their food. Dr. Rajendra Prasad, who was to become first President of the Indian Republic, built an oven of wood, with a glass top and a reflector, in which it was

possible to cook the daily ration of rice. It was a lengthy and not very efficient process. Now President Prasad's prison-made oven stands in the open-air kitchen of the National Physical Laboratory as an example and inspiration to the scientists working on the same problem with more promising apparatus. Chief "cook" in this scientific kitchen is young Dr. M. L. Ghai, Assistant Director of the Heat and Power Division, who, despite his youth, has an impressive number of degrees from universities both in Great Britain and the United States. The kitchen range consists of a series of mirrors of varying shapes and sizes mounted in tripods. In the centre of one large convex mirror of polished metal is attached a pressure cooker on a base of glass which acts as a heat trap. With this device vegetables can be cooked by concentrated solar radiation in from ten to fifteen minutes and meat in half-an-hour. Alongside is an aluminium mirror with a percolator affixed at the focal point to a cylindrical tube. From this tea or coffee can be served piping hot in a very few minutes. When perfected and simplified, this apparatus could effect a great saving of time and money to the busy housewife.

At present, with homes warmed by the sun, domestic fires in India are usually needed only for the preparation for food. The fuel normally used in the villages consists of dried cakes of cow dung. This is wasteful in several respects—because it is not an ideal fuel and—because it is an ideal fertiliser. This misuse of material as fuel instead of manure, starves the soil of the means to increase its production of food and helps to keep the peasants' diet on a near-starvation level. A process that would save a substantial part of the time, labour and fuel now required for the preparation of inadequate meals would be a blessing to Indian homes. The problem is to simplify the apparatus and to bring it within reach of the ordinary peasant's purse. On this aspect the scientists are of course at once hopeful and properly cautious, but there are indications that Dr. Ghai and his colleagues are well on the way towards an early solution.

With cooking processes depend-

ent upon the co-operation of the sun, it is obvious that until the storing of solar heat can be made effective, meals will still have to be prepared in the old way on sunless days and at night if the main meal is not taken at mid-day. Therefore, whilst saving time and money, solar cooking could benefit the Indian housewife for only nine or ten months of the year and would be capable of adoption in other countries to a degree governed by the amount of sunshine upon which they can normally rely. The biggest advantage of solar cooking will be in the matter of cost. Once the apparatus has been bought, the sun does the rest and no further expenditure is involved. The same is true of other devices involving adaptations of similar principles.

Most Indian houses have flat roofs and are favourite sleeping places. Pipes run under a glass surface to trap the sun's heat can be made to supply storage tanks and to provide a domestic hot water system for nothing but the initial outlay. As large sheets of glass would soon be broken, particularly by children playing on the roof, tile-sized panes have been adopted in the Indian experiment. Plans are being made to cool buildings by allowing concentrated solar radiation to heat oil in a metal tube sheathed in

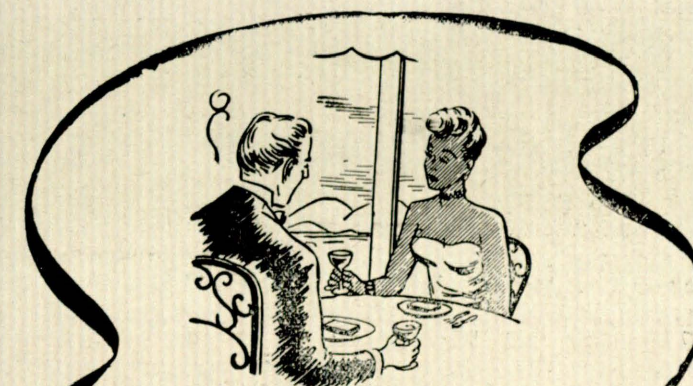
glass and attached to a long mirror. The heated oil can be used to work a system of refrigeration for the low-cost air-conditioning of houses—an important possibility in India where temperatures and the cost of electric power are both very high.

Working on the principle that air expands when heated, a small engine can be kept running in air and sunshine alone. It is confidently believed that this idea will eventually enable peasants to run their irrigation pumps without cost or animal power. At present bullocks, camels and buffaloes are used to keep water pumps going. In future the sun will do the job—without competing with man for food grains which are still in short supply. (UNESCO).

HANDBOOK ON AUDIO-VISUAL AIDS TO EDUCATION

The revue *Ricreazione*, published by ENAL—the Italian workers' education organization—has devoted a special issue to audio-visual aids to education. Produced in cooperation with Unesco, this number provides practical advice to educators on how to set up audio-visual centres. It also includes background information, a bibliography and a dictionary of radio and cinema terms in English and French, as well as in Italian. (UNESCO).

When Friends Meet



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TALKING IT OVER

By ELIZABETH MARTIN

Dear Miss Martin,

My husband and I are slowly but surely drifting apart. We have been married five years and have one child, 3 years old. He used to be very fond and attentive to the child and would spend most of his evenings at home but now he goes out more and more often and I have been told that he has been seen a few times with an attractive girl at parties and the movies. When I broach the subject he tells me quite frankly that he does not wish to discuss it.

We were so in love and attached when we were first married that I am deeply troubled at the rift which is widening between us. What shall I do?

I should tell you that I sometimes nag and criticize him and I never seem to have time to listen to his problems and the friendly chit-chat we used to share in the early days.

I shall be grateful for your helpful advice.

"Terrified".

Dear "Terrified",

Too many women take their husbands for granted after they are married and it is no wonder that the men stray. True enough, sometimes it is because some men are by nature inconsiderable brutes but more often than not the trouble lies with the women.

Women would do well to remember that they should not be aggressive and domineering. The man should be the boss. Do not nag your husband. If you think back I am sure you will recall that the drift first started with your nagging. Be interested in his affairs. After all, they are your affairs too. You should so schedule your day that you have certain hours in the evening earmarked for him. Be as careful about your grooming as you were before you were married. You must endeavour at all times to hold his interest — Competition is rather keen these days.

Display a little concern and interest in the state of his health. You should learn his habits and be able to detect even slight indispositions such as a headache resulting from over-work.

You need not be subservient but men certainly like to be petted and babied at times although fundamentally they are the boss of the show. Do not delay making an effort to win him

back — it might be hopeless if you do.

E. M.

Dear Miss Martin,

We have been married for five years and much as my husband and I are very fond of children so far we have not been blessed with any. Our efforts at medical help have been fruitless and I am getting worried. True enough I am just 24 years old and my friends tell me not to worry as there is still plenty of time. I wish I could be as optimistic but unfortunately I am not. Do you think I should adopt a child or two?

"Concerned".

Dear "Concerned",

Down through the ages your problem has been one which many a married couple have had to face at some time or another.

Adoption depends mainly on the child available for adoption and, of course, on your attitude towards human disposition. Are you a very critical person with high ideals? Could you honestly treat an adopted child as though it were your own. Human nature being what it is one must be extremely unselfish and uncritical to appreciate and understand the shortcomings and peculiarities of another person's child. This my dear is something you yourself must decide on after the most careful consideration and after consultation with your husband.

As your friends say, you are still young and there is every possibility of your having children of your own for a long time yet. Suppose you should have a child of your own after having adopted one, how would you feel towards the adoption? Experience has taught that oftentimes an adopted child has acted as a stimulant to childbearing. This is an advantage you might wish to take into consideration.

On the other hand you must bear in mind too that there is every possibility of the child growing up to realise that you are not his parents much as you would like to keep it a secret and some children grow to be antagonistic towards foster parents whose interest in them is often mistaken and resented.

E. M.

Dear Miss Martin,

I am nineteen years and grossly overweight. Although only 5 ft.

3 inches tall, I weigh 180 lbs. This rather distresses me and I would be most grateful for any hints you could give me towards reducing to normal.

"Worried".

Dear "Worried",

You are indeed overweight. Ever if you are built on the large rangy style you should not weigh more than 140. If you are small boned, not more than 130.

First you should consult a doctor and he will advise you as to whether your plumpness is due to any physical disturbance or over-indulgence in food. If the latter is the case he will recommend dieting and exercise and here are a few simple rules to follow in that case:

To begin with, do you eat to entertain yourself? Then find

(Continued on page 18)



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IN PARENTHESIS

Girls who are live wires are dangerous to touch.

As the guest was leaving the hotel he slipped a shilling into the hall-porter's hand.

"Here's something to drink my health with", he said.

"Thank you, Sir," the man said grudgingly, "but you gave me five shillings last year for the same thing."

"That's right", smiled the guest, "but this year my health is better."

White: A lady friend of mine has taught mice to jump from chair to chair.

Black: Yes, but the mice taught women that first.

"When I told her I'd been entertaining friends, the cat said it must have been a pleasant change for me."

Mother looked out of the window to see her two boys in a gorgeous battle with their water pistols.

"Don't do that, Boys," she called. "Remember, water is scarce."

"Don't worry, Mother," one of them shouted back. "We're not using water — we're using ink!"

The Wall Street Journal remarks that money is responsible for many paradoxes; not the least of which is the wealthy relative who is at once both distant and close.

The two men had not met for many years.

"And your wife's maiden name was Fortune?" said Brown. "By jove, that should have meant good luck!"

"Eh?" grunted Frown. "Don't forget, old chap, her full title was Miss Fortune!"

From a fashion note: "The neckline plunges deeply and the whole effect is designed to focus attention on the high collar." It won't.

One of these days they'll make collecting taxes a crime against the people.

Said the business man, rung up in error for the tenth time: "No, this is not Universal Flowerpots, Inc. This is MacNab's and Company. MacNab! M for murder, A for arson, C for choke,

N for nuisance, A for assault and B for battery!"

There is a boom in strip-tease in Los Angeles. No business like show business.

Doctor, I'm suffering from a pain in my right leg.

There's no cure, alas! It's because of old age.

You must be mistaken, Doctor. The left leg is as old as the right and it doesn't hurt me at all.

The American male is not an aggressive lover, says a Frenchman. Over there the heart is rapidly becoming a rudimentary survival.

A man is as old as he feels and a woman as old as she feels like admitting.

An Israel community in Galilee got sour milk recently because of military manoeuvres.

When the milkman tried to cross a bridge to the settlement a guard told him:

"Sorry, but the bridge was blown up a few minutes ago by an enemy plane. You'll have to wait until the engineers put up a Bailey Bridge."

The astonished milkman, pointing to the intact bridge, complained to an officer who appeared to be in charge.

"Wish I could help you", the officer said, "but I was killed in the raid."

Height of cannibalism—Public Relations Officer eating oysters.

"So she asked how did I suppose all those empty bottles got into the cupboard while she was away on holiday. But how should I know? I never bought an empty bottle in my life."

"What is the difference between alimony and bigamy?"

"Alimony is keeping a woman apart."

"And bigamy?"

"Keeping two women apart."

"I am a bachelor from choice."

"But isn't that rather ungalant?"

"You must ask the ladies. It is their choice, not mine."

Faith is the soul going out of itself for all its wants.

The first proof of a well ordered mind is to be able to pause and linger within itself.

—Boston.

—Seneca.

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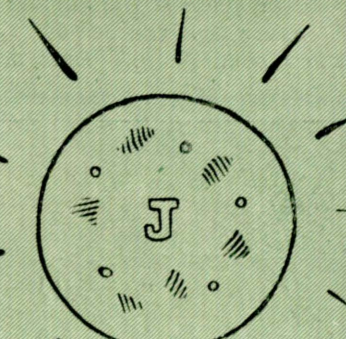
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SPORTS PARADE

By GEORGE BECKFORD

THIS leap year—1952—seems to be an era of party divisions in sport and politics except for the ladies who are traditionally permitted to propose and drag the bewildered males to the matrimonial stand especially if they are long haired; a case of the cave man methods reversed. Anyway, we should be glad that the democratic spirit of free speech and expression still exists, and for that reason I admire the opposition (those who favour remaining at the old centralised Deanery Road site) by their attentive attitude to listen to the ultra-modernists (I cannot say whether they are right or left wingers) who want to abandon City headquarters and start planning an elaborate club house at suburban Derrymore Road.

AS it stands, it appears as if the ultra-modernists will win out in the long run when the project again comes up for discussion, for there will not be any competitive activity except for softball at Deanery Road this year, and perhaps football may be played there if the booters do not take the course of the cricket councillors. Derrymore

Road planners will therefore have nearly a year to work on the grounds which Mr. Alex Tie Ten Quee has so kindly donated. This, of course, means that more funds will have to be raised; so how about a drive for garden parties; fairs, beauty contests, body beautiful shows and raffles? Every little bit helps as the months roll on.

RON AND DON DEFEATED

TENNIS fans were amazed last week at the defeat of Donald Leahong and Ron Sturdy by Eddie Aris and Jimmy Farquharson. The youngsters conquered the Caribbean doubles champion 6-2, 6-4, 15-13 for the Liguanea Club title. They played exceptionally well which gave rise to the critics query as to whether they would replace the veterans as Jamaica's doubles representatives in the Brandon Cup series—Championship of the British Caribbean in mid April. The view, however, is that Leahong and Sturdy should be retained for their experience and the youngsters could find their places in the singles, for did not Thavenot and Nothnagel play for 13 years for Trinidad before

they were dethroned by Leahong and Sturdy?

PHANG, HO, TANG TO PLAY IN BRANDON CUP

JIN Ho, that crafty little player who mesmerised and defeated Coke, Nunes, Kirkcaldy and even D. Barton, England's Davis Cup captain, is coming in the lead of Trinidad for the Brandon tournament. Ho seems to mature with the years and our younger players will have to be at their wildest to offset him. Other Chinese taking part in this important series are Keith Tang of the University College of the West Indies and Derek Phang; both will wield their racquets for British Guiana. Tang began at Queens College, British Guiana, and captained a Guineese school squad against Barbados school netters some years ago and was Junior champion of the Colony in 1948. Keith came on to Jamaica as an undergraduate at the University and captured the singles crown for two years until this Spring when he was defeated by Robert McDonald. This Brandon Cup struggle will be a test of youth and there is an abundance of it to be displayed.

BADMINTON IS GOOD

BADMINTON has taken the night by storm. Several homes in the City and St. Andrew have built lawns and hung up

their lights. This game requires a lot of speed and energy and is not recommended for fatigued business folk but there is no harm trying. L. Tai was listed this week to pair L. Veira against D. Mahfood and R. Nasralla in the St. Andrew Club doubles.

CRICKET CRACKERS

Chinese players who have excelled in the opening round of cricket matches for other clubs are Johnny Wongsam who scored 47 for St. George's Old Boys against Combined Parishes, G. Chang, not the Honourable Secretary of C.A.C., but the Railway allrounder hit 38 versus Wembley, and Lee had a poor start of? for University College against Lucas. Wongsam has been batting very well, but his weakness is to get out just when he is approaching the half century. He is also assistant treasurer of St. George's Old Boys Association.

Gentlemen Sidney Chang and Horace Chang are teamed on the committee of the Ys Men's Club in the promotion of Y.M.C.A. Annual Youth Week for this year which will last from April 24 to May 4. There will be table tennis tourney, gymnastics display, swimming and a garden party at the Doncaster Club by the sea. Pagodians should come out and see the good work that is being done for the juveniles.

(Continued on page 17)

SCIENCE INVESTIGATES VULCAN'S SECRET

(Continued from page 9)

solidified lava. At intervals, layer after layer of lava has been added to the original surface. Typical of these are the Columbia Plateau (USA), the Deccan (India), Ethiopia (Abyssinia), and southern Brazil. These are nothing but great lava plains.

The intermediate type of volcano may erupt without explosion but with accompanying flows of lava. Vesuvius is such a volcano.

Volcanoes are usually to be found in areas where the earth's crust is weak. Such areas are ocean basins, the territory around these basins, and the ranges of mountains outlining the great continents. One of the chief lines of volcanoes surrounds the Pacific Ocean, running along the western coast of South, Central and North America; the Aleutian Islands, Kamchatka, and the Kurile Group; Japan, Formosa, the Philippines, the Moluccas, the New Hebrides, New Zealand and South Victoria Land. In the Atlantic section are the Antilles, the Canaries, the Azores, the Cap Verdes, Iceland and Madeira. The European line follows the Mediterranean into eastern Asia, around the Caspian.

The causes of volcanic action are still not completely clear. We know that the earth is not actually molten in its interior, and that it is a body 1.5 times as rigid as steel. Where then does the high-temperature liquid rock come from? We know that it is hot in the interior of the earth—temperatures not many miles down are higher than the melting point of any rock—yet the interior is solid. How is that possible. A probable explanation lies in the tremendous pressure that must exist in the earth's interior.

Drs. E. J. Cable, R. W. Getchell, and W. H. Kadesch in their book "Science in a Changing World" say: "The reason for the high



A Jamaican get-together occurred when Sister Mary Casimir, formerly Winnie Hue of Holy Rosary parish, Windward Road, pronounced the Vows as a Marist Sister, at St. Theresa's Convent, Bedford, Mass., on February 2. Four Jamaican Jesuit scholastics, now pursuing their theological studies at nearby Weston College, Weston, Mass., came over for the ceremony. In the picture, left to right, are Mr. J. Maurice Feres, S.J., Mr. S. E. Carter, S.J., Sister Mary Casimir, S.M.S.M., Mr. John J. G. Alexander, S.J. (who is to be ordained a priest this June) and Mr. Alwyn J. Harry, S.J.

—Courtesy "Catholic Opinion".

temperature has not been fully determined. It may result from the slow contraction of the earth or from the transformation of radioactive elements. As the heat moves slowly outward, it comes in contact with certain rock material that fuses at a lower temperature than the surrounding masses.

"Liquid rock impregnated with gases is lighter than solid rock, and hence is forced upward. The molten thread fuses its way through the rock outward toward the surface. When the lava thread reaches the fractured rock zone of the earth's surface where there is air and water, it breaks forth as a volcano. If on the other hand, the lava thread solidifies before it reaches the surface, it remains in the earth as some form of intruded lava".

The volcanic eruption remains an act of nature which man cannot control. We are however learning more about the structure of the earth, its stresses and strains, and its strong and weak points. It may well be that at some future date we shall be able to tell in advance what are to be the likely eruptions, and thus help to avert tragedy. It may also well be that we shall be able to harness the tremendous forces involved in volcanic eruption for man's social ends. — (UNESCO)

SPORTS PARADE

Continued from page 16)

BUNNY CHIN QUEE, former Jamaica diving champion and star water poloist who helped St. George's Old Boys — Dragons — win the Water Polo trophy last year, has joined the Royal Air Force in England. We hope Bunny will get his wings soon then he will be safe on land, sea and air.



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THE YELLOW STORM

(Continued from page 5)

Dr. Shu doesn't pull his punches. Some of the language here may shock some readers, but for those who like an unvarnished account of what life is like under brutal occupation, this novel will be of special interest.

While much of the story is grim, there is also irony and bitter humour. For instance, the barbers advertise that their haircuts will make you look like Tyrone Power. And there is a kind of gallows humour in the ironical fate of the collaborationists.

Altogether "The Yellow Storm" is written with much human insight and transcends any national or ethnic boundaries in its portrayal of many different kinds of people. While the novel does not deal with the Communist in China today, the book does give the background for current developments. One wonders about the reaction of the author to conditions in Peiping, where he is now living, and which of the characters he is emulating in the face of challenge of Communist totalitarianism.

TALKING IT OVER

(Continued from page 14)

some other means of entertainment. You should have three regular meals a day made up of the necessary vitamins, minerals, muscle-building foods and just enough calories necessary for the daily energy used up by the body. Eat lots of vegetables, fruits and not too much meat and starchy foods. If you feel for a bite in between meals, try eating a raw carrot or an orange or some other fruit. Avoid ice cream, chocolates, candy, soft drinks and other beverages, oily and highly spiced foods.

Exercise should be indulged in but not too strenuous ones, as these only tend to whet your appetite thus defeating the cause. Stick to simple bending and stretching exercises and take a brisk walk every day.

Determination will bring its reward but remember that you cannot expect to lose your excess weight overnight. After all it was not gained that quickly. Believe me you will find it easier to gain than to lose if anything. When you do finally attain normal weight do not consider the fight ended; you must endeavour to keep that way by avoiding any excesses in eating. Take just enough to keep you fit and trim.

E. M.

HOME MECHANICS

(Continued from page 4)

miss. A sudden and accurate gush of water caught him squarely in his eye. Laura was ready this time with a glass towel and she stemmed the flow. While she did this, Larry freed the old washer only to find that the washers he had brought to replace the old one were hose washers, and of a different pattern entirely.

They looked at each other. "Darling," he said to the wife, "Don't you think we ought to call the plumber?"

She looked at him and in her was the hero worship which quite often makes for many happily married years and is the sign, the world over, of the wise wife.

"I think that that is a good idea, it's not your fault, I would have thought myself that they would fit. Funny, I forgot that we could call up the plumber on the phone."

"Oh, that's all right, dear, that's more in the way of a man's job, so he would naturally think of such things first."

PERSONALIA

(Continued on page 18)

the need for a more whole-hearted support by the members was stressed. The President remarked that the attendances at the fortnightly meetings have decreased considerably and unless members attend in full the interest of the Association will be lost. Members and those interested, are asked to note the date of the next meeting which will be on Sunday, April 6 at 10 a.m.

Other matters discussed were the formation of a Girls' Softball and Netball team, the editing of a magazine and other form of outdoor activities which will be undertaken in the near future.

Plans are being made for a day's outing to Lime Cay on Easter Sunday.

OPTIMIST CLUB MEETING

The Optimist Club held a meeting on Wednesday, March 26 at the Cathay Club. Mr. Donald Wong presided over the meeting and led a discussion on the proposed activities of the Club. The next meeting will be held at the Cathay Club on Wednesday, April 9. Anyone interested in becoming a member are invited to attend.

PORT ANTONIO NOTES

The Portland Table Tennis Competition is now in full swing and in the past fortnight the

CSC captured 2 points by defeating Buff Bay and Port Antonio. Mr. Victor Chong, vice-President of the CSC is now with the Public Works Department. Victor is a former student of the Chinese Public School and Titchfield Secondary School.

Miss M. Chen and Mr. J. A. Lowe have been elected into the Junior Chamber of Commerce of the Portland Executive Committee at a general meeting held on March 31.

THE SCOUTS CORNER

At a Court of Honour held on Sunday, March 30 at our Headquarters it was decided to divide the Troop into two separate groups, Junior and Senior Troops, but as our numbers are insufficient there is only a Junior Troop and a Senior Patrol. The Junior Patrol, Woodpecker, is dissolved. At present there are only three patrols in the entire Troop: They are Senior Owl Patrol, P/L Everard Hoo, P/S Gilbert Chen; and Jr. Peacock Patrol, P/L Robert Chang, P/S Leslie Chin.

At this point we heartily welcome Lester Chin (a Senior) and "Little Man" to the Troop.

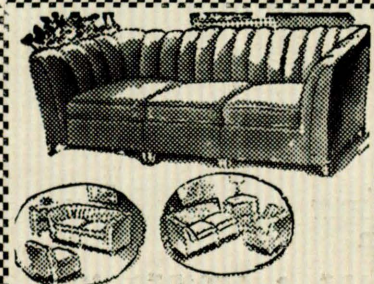
For this quarter of the year the Troop is concentrating on more outdoor activities as hikes and journeys. We are also forming a Camera Club, a Gardening Group and a Gymnastic Class. There is going to be more concentrated practice for the Harmonica Band. All in all, there will be more serious efforts for Proficiency Badges.

At our last meeting on Wednesday, April 2, we were visited by Mr. Shim, who urged us on to more serious scouting.

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A boating trip to Lime Cay on Easter Sunday, sponsored by Mr. Albert Chong, is being considered by the Troop.

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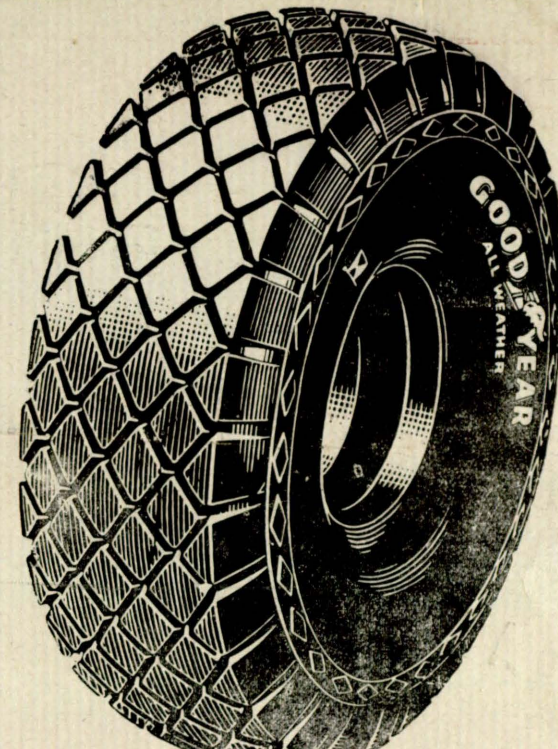


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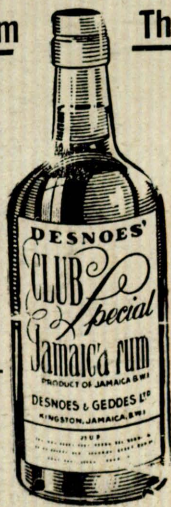
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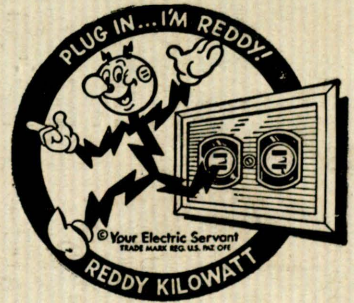


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