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The

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PAGODA

A FORTNIGHTLY MAGAZINE

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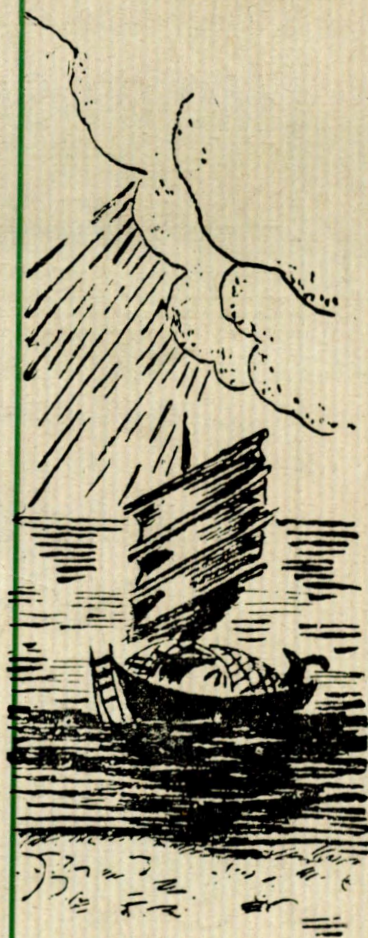
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Kingston, Jamaica, B W I

Saturday, February 23, 1952



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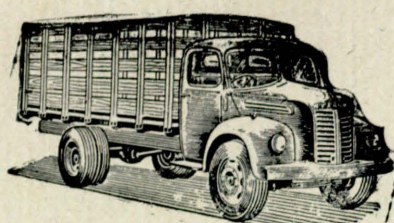
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THE PAGODA

THREE

HE LOVES A WIDOW

by Chow Wen

Translated by HELEN CHIN SEE, M.A.

(continued from last issue)

YUHUAI was maddened. He always side-stepped the question whenever she brought it up. He would not commit himself as to whom he would side with in case of a show down. She stared at him angrily, and putting all her sarcasm into her voice, she said coldly:

"You are indeed a filial son to your mother!"

"What do you want me to do?" said Hanchang dejectedly, helpless before Yuhuai's wrath. "After all she is my mother and she simply cannot understand our situation although I have explained to her repeatedly."

Before Yuhuai could retort, the door opened and the old woman, tottering on her bound feet, waddled into the room. Smiling artificially she said:

"Ah! So you're already back from the city! My! Am I tired. Hanchang Get me a chair please!" She darted her glance from one object in the room to another. Suddenly her glance stopped on the new, snow-white pillow on the bed. She hastened over, picked it up and scrutinized it closely. It was made of white cloth with some embroidered characters on it.

"Ah! Hanchang!" said she, her eyes still on the pillow: "didn't I hear you say that you wanted to buy a new pillow? Where did you get this one?"

Yuhuai's red lips rose in a pout and she stared angrily at Hanchang. But he stood there foolishly, grinning at both of them. His weakness irritated her and she said:

"What are you talking about? Is everything in this household bought with his money?"

The old woman was taken aback and dropped the pillow on the bed. Hanchang felt miserable. He knew that if he had acted quickly enough he could have prevented this latest row. He hastened to amend matters, but he could not think of any appropriate move. He was in a very difficult position, wedged in between his mother and his sweetheart, who were openly hostile to each other. Before he could think of anything, the old woman had walked over to the bookcase, picked up a book and was fumbling through its pages.

Hanchang felt that the recent developments demanded his saying or doing something. These were Yuhuai's favourite books. He walked over to his mother's side and said:

"Ma, will you please sit down on this chair? These books have not yet been properly arranged."

The old woman flared up immediately and said defiantly:

"Am I in anybody's way?"

"But someone wants to arrange them," said Hanchang with an awkward smile. He turned his back to his mother and the solemn look on his face served as a mute message to Yuhuai, telling her:

"See what I have done to my mother!"

YUHUAI felt happy as Hanchang had definitely shown that he cared more for her than for his mother. Deciding to put the old woman in her proper place once and for all, she nudged Hanchang's elbow in an endearing manner, and said sweetly:

"Let the two of us go and put the other room in order."

Hanchang was again in a fix. He knew that he would offend his mother if he again "deserted" her. But he could not think of any way to turn down Yuhuai's suggestion without offending her. Hooked in Yuhuai's arm, he was propelled helplessly toward the other room. All he could do was to look back and cast an apologetic smile at his mother. But his mother would not accept defeat without a struggle, and tottering on her feet, she followed them into the other room.

After the room was put into order, they all sat down. None of them spoke and an uneasy silence hung heavily in the room. Knife-like glances flashed at one another and each was on guard against the other. The old woman simply sat and sat, and did not mention going home at all, even though it was quickly growing dark. Yuhuai also sat and sat, and kept on turning over the pages of a book. She did not show the least sign that she intended to go to the kitchen to cook the supper.

Hanchang sat there feeling miserable and bored. He cupped his chin in his palms, resting his elbows on his knees. When he grew cramped in this position, he stretched

his legs and stared at the sky out of the window. He looked at Yuhuai, and he looked at his mother. He could see that his mother had no intention of leaving, and, with her around, he simply could not even think of that was choking in his breast. Finally he could not stand it any longer. He stretched his arms overhead and yawned deliberately, and turning to his mother, said:

"It's time for supper!"

The old woman smiled wanly but determinedly: "Ah! I feel so utterly exhausted that I just don't want to move. Didn't I see you buy a lot of meat and vegetables? I think I'll just eat here so that you don't have to pay for two suppers."

Yuhuai was so angry that she could have picked up the teacup and dashed it in the old woman's face. With great difficulty, she managed to restrain herself from doing any cup throwing, but she could not help slam the book on the table and utter a curse:

HANCHANG was both shocked and hurt. He could not believe that his dream woman could utter such a vile curse against his own mother! Slowly he rose from his chair, and found his legs trembling. His mother stood up too. He clutched her hand and said:

"Let's go home, Ma!" The tight, small voice which came out of his dry throat sounded so strange that he could hardly recognize it to be his own.

Yuhuai was also hurt and shocked. She thought:

"So that's the kind of man Hanchang really is!" And not wanting Hanchang to see her wounded pride, she swiftly turned round and ran into the other room.

"She cursed me!" said the old woman shakily, pointing a finger at the younger woman's disappearing figure.

"Never mind that, Let's go home and eat our supper", for he had already seen Yuhuai's hurt look and his anger, as well as his anger induced boldness, quickly oozed out him, and all he wanted was to make peace as quickly as possible. But his mother did not know what was in his mind.

(Continued on Page 8)

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JAMBOREE HIKE

By S. H. C.

WE were all there, on the dot. Jeepers, Jim, the Professor, Andy, Joe and I. Jeepers, highly Jamboree conscious, kept referring to us as the Old Scouts' Patrol.

A week ago, we had agreed to meet at Jim's, and then to set out on an overnight hike over what in our days of active scouting used to be a favourite among the First Class Journey tests. We carried fully equipped packs, and I am afraid that to the casual observer, we may have looked as if we were playing the title role in "Mule Train". Oh, there was one exception, Jeepers of course. From where we stood, we received the impression that we were standing at the foot of the Blue Mountains, and surveying the climb. We confined our kit to the things which we thought were the bare necessities, and he, on the other hand, seemed to have brought everything he had thought of.

We started off, by taking a bus to Papine. Our course took us up to the Training Camp at Kintyre. We whistled gaily as we strutted along, as tenderfoot scouts always do, at the start of their first hike. Somehow, it never occurred to us, that we were no longer young. We never thought for a moment that sitting behind office desks, boarding buses, walking from bus stops to home and vice-versa, was hardly adequate by way of training for the fourteen miles or so of hiking we had set ourselves for the trip.

Jim, in the capacity of leader, urged us to forget the comforts of Kintyre, and press on to Constitution Hill for the evening's camp. He felt that at least we ought to halve the distance that evening, and make an easy trip of exploration on the following day. We were scrambling up the hillside behind Kintyre, on the narrow track which leads on to the Triangulation point, when Jeepers started off the fun.

SPOTTING a U-turn, he decided to cut across and save a stiff uphill ten yards. At normal temperature and pressure, under ideal weather conditions, this would have been the thing to do, and is usually done by the normal person. But while conditions were normal, Jeepers forgot to compensate for the fact that he was by far from a normal person. The peak of his mountainous pack was caught in a low-hanging branch, pulling him backwards,

loosening the cords which he imagined had tied it securely. The sudden jerk made him slip in the loose shale of the pathway and so, in complete approbation of Newton's theory, he subsided with a rattle of assorted kitchenware, table ware and sundry items upon the earth beneath. With a sigh, he settled down to assert the mess.

It would of course have been no earthly use, putting them all together again to form his pack. Rather, we divided it among ourselves, leaving him with enough equipment to fulfil the definition of a hiker.

AFTER the distribution, we left him with his personal equipment by way of clothing and accessories, and shared the cooking utensils between the rest of the party.

We stopped by the school-house at Constitution for the night where Jim, in snappy scouty fashion, prepared cocoa, cod-fish fritters and bread and butter for supper. Rarely have we ever eaten so heartily of plain fare. Over cigarettes we chatted until about 10.30 and went to the beds we had prepared, of leaves and ferns and grass, while Jim cooked.

We woke up in the morning just before the first rooster in the little village realised that it was daybreak. Soon after we did, he woke up, rubbed his eyes, flapped his wings in a mighty woosh of sound, and crowed in sheer delight at his discovery. The professor took over the cooking arrangements for the morning meal, and the rest of us enjoyed the luxury of spending a leisurely half hour in bed, or toured our surroundings as our minds gave us to do.

Jeepers chose the leisurely half hour in bed.

"How're you doing boy?" I queried him.

"Just one huge mass of pains," he groaned.

"Cheer up, old man, we've got about seven miles more to do in the hot morning sun. You'll feel much worse, later on."

After a hearty breakfast, we retraced our steps to the water tank, and just about a mile and a quarter from the Dublin Castle Bridge, Jeepers picked up a limp. He struggled on however until we were nearly on the Gordon Town Road. Here he collapsed completely.

HE seemed to have been turning blue with pain. The pro-

fessor, the only one of us who seemed to have a clue as to first aid treatments, reluctantly undertook to look after him. He shook his head, as he told us that he could only remember the treatment for removing foreign matter from the eyes, ears and nose, and for nose bleed.

"Is your nose bleeding," he asked Jeepers hopefully.

We were all disappointed when Jeepers indicated that that was just about the only thing not wrong with him.

"Does your foot hurt?"

"Yes, and my head and my eyes!"

"Horribly?"

"Aaaaah! Yes."

"Good," said the professor, "now we're getting somewhere."

As required by the script, Jeepers groaned in a heart-rending manner.

The professor wet his handkerchief from the waterbottle, and applied a cold compress on Jeepers forehead, as he lay leaning against a tree trunk.

Andy volunteered, that he had heard that in emergencies that doctors loosened tight clothing, only, he wasn't sure if this was done in the case of appendicitis, or perhaps it was for measles. We took off Jeepers pack, loosened his shirt collar, and slackened his belt.

"Better?"

"Much, but it still hurts-a lot!"

"What does?"

"Ow! my foot!"

"How did you feel just now when you fell?"

"It felt as if my entire right leg had become paralysed."

We looked at each other in horror.

"Can you move your toes?"

"Nope!"

"Try and stand up!"

WITH tremendous effort he reached up, bracing himself against us, but the moment we let him go, he collapsed in a grunting heap.

Suddenly it struck me like a light. I was certain that I had hit upon the root of the trouble.

"Hey," I yelled in my excitement, "get the dope's shoes off!" And I was dead right.

We peeled off layer after layer of socks. The dunce must have had on every spare pair of socks around the house, and in between the second and third layer of them, we found a pebble the size of a grain of corn.

For a moment we were mystified, like the man who found a sea-shell on the mountain top; then we noticed for the first time, that not one of the socks provide any form of protection for his toes.

FEBRUARY, 23, 1952.

THE PAGODA

MOVEMENTS OF NOTE

By I. C. Evre "Ting"

WITH this issue I return to the fold of contributors. I have been absent for several reasons besides being squeezed out of space. I hope I have been missed but that, of course, may be expecting too much. I am anxious to get going again as in these days of high prices and decontrol every little thing helps.

THERE has been quite a few happenings the past few weeks. Consider the young cashier who has been quiet about her romance that the announcement of her engagement was a very pleasant surprise to everyone. Cupid aimed straight for a direct hit and now they are altar-bound.

ONE of my friends for whom I have a soft spot surprised me one day by telling me he is in the theatre business. It must have been a very sudden love of the theatre until I went to see him and discovered that it was a motor car repair shop and gas station near the Ward Theatre from which it also takes part of its name. In the very heart of town it should be a very convenient spot for motorists who want to have a bit of quick repair work done on their car. Drop in and see him sometime.

RAFFLES are indeed not an uncommon thing. But this raffle beats all raffles and threatens to become popular. It happened at a party a few days ago. A very charming young lady was having a birthday party when it was announced that a kiss was being raffled. The guest of honour was the generous donor. It drew lively interest and the guests clapped.

moured for more which is not usually the way of all raffles. QUIET weddings are in vogue. Last Saturday a couple said their vows quietly before the preacher, but the reception at the home was not so quiet. On Wednesday last there was another with one salesman who talked himself into the role of a bridegroom. The general opinion, believe it or not, is that the bachelor life of a salesman is very short! Next Tuesday a career girl in the government service will also step up the altar to say 'I do'. That will be the end of a government career and the beginning of a domestic one. With all these quiet weddings and events coming off my work just gets increasingly hard day by day, but who am I to complain.

BY all indications this should be a very busy year for parents and prospective brides and bridegrooms. I hear plans of weddings that will take place from next month on till through the Summer. A couple who has a wedding date next month will honeymoon in the States. A Stony Hill bridal promises to be the social event for the Spring. And in June and July our prominent Mandeville family will see their two children set out on the sea of matrimony, one in Canada and the other in Jamaica. And there are countless more still in the early planning stage.

KEEP FIT is the slogan of many girls right now who find the tri-weekly meetings at the Cathay Club a most stimulating event for them. The girls, whose number increases daily, seem to get more energy each time which is not due to vitamin pills either. From reports and daily progress charts the slim actually gains weight while the heavy weights, needless to say, are quite satisfied over their 'downward' progress.

Chinese Public School Raffle

The drawing for the Raffle in aid of The Chinese Public School Hurricane Restoration Fund will take place at the Chinese Public School on Saturday, March 1, 1952. All ticket sellers are asked to return immediately to Mr. Horace Chang any books in their possession.

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PERSONALIA

JOHN CHIN OF
SPANISH TOWN
CELEBRATES
70th BIRTHDAY

Chinese Freemason Hall was filled on Sunday, February 10 with nearly 600 guests who were there to celebrate with a Chinese banquet the 70th birthday of Mr. John Chin of Spanish Town. The function was given by his twelve children.

A long burst of firecrackers was set off after which his sons and daughters gathered before him and in the traditional Chinese manner bowed low in filial respect. Appropriate Chinese music was played by Mr. Joseph Lue and his orchestra.

The dinner which followed occupied the upper and lower floors of the building.

His twelve children include Cyril, Cecil, Norman, Cleveland, James, Thomas, Henry, Fay, Dorothy, Claudette, Norma and Cherry.

Mr. John Chin is the proprietor of the Sunrise Bakery in Spanish Town and has been doing business there for the past 35 years. He is a very well known figure in the old capital and well-liked there. Many of the guests who attended the dinner were from other parts of the island.

C.A.C. HOLDS EXECUTIVE MEETING

The C.A.C. held an executive meeting on Tuesday, February 19 at their Club grounds at 3 Deanery Road. There was a general discussion on the rebuilding of the Clubhouse which was blown down by the hurricane last August. The cost of rebuilding was estimated at around £3,000. It was decided to discuss the matter fully at their annual general meeting to be held sometime next month.

CHINESE STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION PLANS PICNIC

The Chinese Students Association plans to have a picnic to the country on Ash Wednesday. The party will go by truck and spend the day at one of the beaches in St. Thomas.

CATHOLIC COMMUNITY CELEBRATES FATHER BUTLER'S GOLDEN JUBILEE

The Chinese Catholic community is planning to give a reception for Father Butler on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee in Jamaica. The party will be held at the Cathedral Rectory at 7.30 p.m. on Monday, February 25. All Chinese Catholics are cordially invited to attend and it is hoped that they

will turn out in full strength. The function is being arranged by the members of the Chinese Catholic Action Association who held a committee meeting at the Cathay Club some weeks ago.

In his fifty years in Jamaica Father Butler has done considerable work in the Chinese community, and the function will be a fitting tribute to his long years in Jamaica.

No invitations have been sent out and all Catholics are especially reminded of it. Refreshments will be provided and music and other entertainment are on the programme.

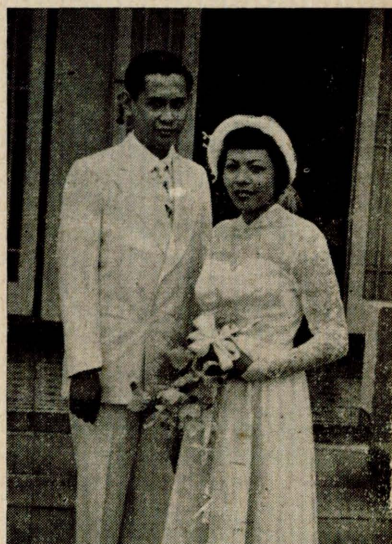
MANDEVILLE HAS MARDI GRAS DANCE

The Hyap Choo Fui Club of Mandeville will have a Mardi Gras dance next Tuesday, February 26 at the Manchester Country Club. All proceeds of the function are in aid of the St. Luke's School.

The Club had a similar function last year which was a very successful affair. Reservations this year should be made through Miss Sylvia Lyn, Honorary Secretary. Music will be supplied by Ivy Graydon and her orchestra.

LENA WONG NOW MRS. GERALD LEE

The wedding of Lena Wong and Gerald Lee was solemnized



Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Lee (nee Lena Wong).
Photo by Donald Wong

at the Holy Trinity Cathedral at 8 A.M. on Wednesday, Feb. 20th. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Fox. The reception was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Caphtor Ho Yen at 22 Beach Avenue, Springfield-on-Sea. Mrs. Caphtor Ho Yen was matron of honour and Mr. Caphtor Ho Yen was the best-man while the bride was given away by Mr. Causwell Harry. Mr. Hubert Tai Ten Quee was toast master while the couple were feted by the guests who were relatives and close friends.

The bride is the daughter of
(Continued on page 17)

THE PAGODA

PANORAMA

IN MEMORY OF THE LATE KING

The past fortnight has been devoted for the most part to services, broadcasts and events in general in memory of the late King George VI who died on February 6th passing away peacefully in his sleep after his months of suffering in the recent past. Throughout the day on Friday last, the date of his funeral, Radio Jamaica devoted its entire programmes to broadcasts direct from the BBC in London which told of the funeral processions and services, and to music of a suitable nature, a gesture much appreciated by us. The state service held at the St. James Cathedral in Spanish Town was also broadcast, thus enabling the many hundreds of persons who were unable to attend it, the opportunity to participate in the moving service, and the address given by His Lordship Bishop Dale.

In the churches of nearly all denominations at one hour or another of the day memorial services were held, and others arranged theirs for Sunday last. King George VI was a good King and a good man, who has fully deserved the high and touching tributes accorded him by his subjects of all classes in every area of which he was the ruler for the last fifteen years. These public demonstrations to his memory are now over, but long will he remain in the minds of us all as a true and gracious sovereign and a kind and noble man.

THE MEXICAN BOYS' CHOIR

Fitting into the picture at this time of public worship and sacred music, was the Choir of little Mexican boys ranging in age from eight to sixteen who had come to Jamaica under the auspices of The Daniel Musical Society which is represented in Jamaica by Mr. Dudley G. Mac-Millan. This Choir which is said to be the finest of its kind in the world is truly deserving of a criticism of so wide a magnitude, for in its rendition of all classes of music, classical, sacred and folk, the pure sweetness of the young voices was remarkable. Although only one big performance was given at the Carib Theatre, two special recitals were held one morning for the benefit of school children, and they were

also heard over Radio Jamaica in a broadcast. At a meeting of the International Club at which they were guests they also rendered three Mexican songs to the delight and entertainment of all present.

The Choir which is on a good-will cultural tour of the West Indies went on to Haiti from Jamaica. It has been a rare treat to us and their example should be followed by us here, where talent is so abundant.

TRAFFIC LIGHTS

The City Council has been busy in the recent past with its survey on the installation of traffic lights in the Corporate Area, and recommendations and plans will soon be submitted to the Traffic Committee of the Council for their consideration.

The survey has been carried out in many of the area's busiest sections at the peak hours of the day, where the flow of traffic and its type has been observed and analysed, and it has been stated that the survey showed definitely that light control was necessary at the principal intersections in the city. It is hoped and expected that traffic lights will facilitate and redirect the flow of traffic and so minimise the risks of accidents. Should this plan which has now been made be adopted for experiment it would be a very good thing for the city, once the people can be taught the correct meaning of the lights, for this system is used to advantage abroad, and should prove successful here too. Anything that can tend to lessen the number of accidents in the crowded traffic areas should be encouraged as a definite mark of progress.

ART EXHIBITION

The Annual Art Exhibition has been taking place at the Institute of Jamaica's Art Gallery in the past few weeks, and is drawing the usual numbers of interested persons to view it. The seventh which has been held in successive years, this exhibition contains sixty-seven specially selected paintings together with Edna Manley's carving of The Hills of Papine. In the presence of a large gathering of invited guests, the exhibition was opened by Jamaica's Chief Justice, the Hon. K. K. O'Connor, K.C., M.C., who, in his opening address, likened Art to a tryst at which both maker and beholder meet.

As always, there is unmistakable talent to be found in most of the works of art on show in this exhibition; a talent which, so

far, has escaped the heavy hand of technical direction, leaving it free to express itself along its own lines. Gradually the artist will learn from his own mistakes and his own seeking of those things which he is in need of most; he will strive to obtain that tuition which will guide him without dominating his innate gift. Constructive criticism will be his ablest help, and no artist, worthy the name, should be averse to accepting this. The Institute is, once again, to be congratulated on the encouragement it gives to Jamaican artists in such a way as to enable them to exhibit their works, compare them in their own minds, and acquire such criticisms as have been referred to above.

"I LEAP OVER THE WALL"

An unusual story, indeed, is the autobiographical work by Miss Monica Baldwin with the title given here, for few who enter convents or monasteries ever leave them to live ordinary lives again, and few who do have done so under free dispensation of their vows.

In a talk before the International P.E.N. Club at its informal meeting on the 11th inst. Miss Baldwin described some of her adventures since she left the convent in 1941, after having entered it in 1914. The vast differences she found which had come to the world in that 28 years; the noise and hurry of the days of the Blitz, her urge to help in the war effort, and many more things of like nature were touched on by her, which all served to enthrall her large audience.

Before the talk, the President of the Jamaica Centre called on the gathering to stand in silence for a brief period as a mark of respect to the late King.

OBSERVER.

THE SCOUTS CORNER

The Jamboree fever has risen to a high temperature in the Troop. Badge tests are many and frequent meetings are called on Wednesdays, Sundays and, sometimes, Fridays.

On the 13th inst. we were visited by Mr. John Moore, who brought along a visiting Bermudan Scout. He was Scout King who came to Jamaica as a recruit of the H.M.S. "Sheffield". Mr. Moore also assisted us in our Badge work by taking the First Class Signalling test.

On this same date, Mr. Gilbert Kong was present to take us in a short, strict military drill.

The Troop attended the Re-

hearsal of the Jamboree Opening Ceremony at Up Park Camp on Thursday the 14th inst.

We attended a Memorial Service at the Roman Catholic Cathedral on Friday morning the 15th. We were part of the Guard of Honour for his Lordship Bishop McEleney.

A meeting was held on Friday afternoon the 15th and another on Sunday, the 17th inst.

At our regular meeting on Wednesday the 20th, we had as a visitor, D/C Mr. Eustace Shim in his capacity as ex-S/M of the Troop. In his short talk with us he said that he was very pleased to see the keen interest and enthusiasm that we are putting forth in preparation for the Jamboree. He was also pleased to see old Scouts returning to give the Troop a hand in its preparation.

Mr. Shim also said that he expected and that he knew he would get "a great amount of hard work, a great amount of enthusiasm and a great amount of co-operation" in our Jamboree preparations, our Badge-work and at the Jamboree itself.

An overnight-camp and hike is being considered for Ash Wednesday. This is a part of our Jamboree preparation. We also intend to get bamboo for the making of our Jamboree gadgets.

A LETTER TO THE PARENTS OF THE FIRST CHINESE BOY SCOUT TROOP

1st Chinese Troop.
Kingston,
15. 2. 52.

Dear Parents,

Through the kind generosity of the Chinese Students' Association and of Mr. Gladstone Chang, and through your co-operation, it will be possible for the Troop to send all the qualified Scouts to the Caribbean Jamboree. For the older Scouts this Jamboree will be the realisation of the ideals of the Scout Brotherhood, which we all hold dear. For the younger Scouts who are newer to the ways of Scouting, the Jamboree will be an awakening to the thrills and adventure of Scouting. We are sure that your son will be grateful to you for allowing him to attend.

We have, however, to ask your further co-operation with regard to the problem of uniform. We are endeavouring to have the Troop appear at its smartest on this occasion. The minimum kit for each boy is: Two complete uniforms; one mackintosh, raincoat, or ground sheet; personal camping kit such as mess tins and eating utensils. The colour of the shoes must be black.

Concerning the schools, the

Continued on page 18

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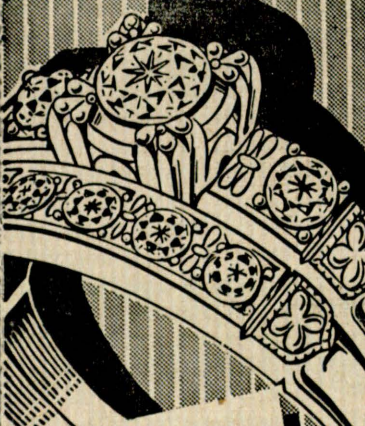
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Editor: Chas. T. Chang.

Our New Queen

After a lapse of half a century, England and the British Commonwealth of Nations has proclaimed a new Queen as reigning monarch, in the person of Her Gracious Majesty Elizabeth the Second.

In 1901 Queen Victoria the Great passed on after a long and fruitful reign. Elizabeth the First, known as "good Queen Bess", reigned from 1558 to 1613, and, like Queen Victoria, had one of the most eventful reigns in British history.

Today, in the midst of the increasing turmoil and change on every hand, the British people in every part of the world turn to their youthful new Queen, eyes in which shine a new hope of brighter days and better things to come, and look forward to her leadership. The peoples of other nations view her with this hope in mind too, and one and all hold her in high respect.

At the untimely passing of King George VI which has brought such genuine worldwide sorrow, the mantle of sovereignty has fallen heavily upon the shoulders of his elder daughter who is only 25, but who, for the past 15 years knew that in the normal course of events this must one day be, since her father was called upon to sit upon the British Throne at the unexpected abdication of his brother King Edward VIII. Carefully tutored during those years by loving parents and well chosen instructors in all the traditions of British kingship, our young Queen is also highly accomplished in all pertaining to her new status. She is possessed of a quiet dignity and a pleasing charm all her own, and she has, too, that most desirable of human qualities for endearing herself to all her subjects in every walk of life—humility. In her father, too, this quality was

most pronounced, for it is one usually to be found in the truly great.

Following quickly on her return to England by air from Kenya after the news of the King's death had reached her, the Proclamation of her accession to the Throne was read in the Throne Room at St. James's Palace, and in her resolve which she read after, and which was circulated to the many countries of her rulership, she stated that "I shall always work as my father did throughout his reign . . . " and "I know that in my resolve to follow his shining example of service and devotion I shall be inspired by the loyalty and affection of those whose Queen I have been called to be . . . " Soon after, she delivered her first Message to Parliament and to the Services.

Here, in Jamaica, the new Queen's accession was proclaimed by the Governor in the presence of a vast throng at the South Parade in the shadow of Queen Victoria's statue, when we, in union with all the Commonwealth of Nations, assured our new Queen of our loyalty. The sincere desire of Queen Elizabeth the Second to uphold all the honours and traditions of her new status, coupled with those attributes of courage, humility and youth which are hers, inspire within us, her subjects, the earnest wish to do what little we can to lighten her task for her by our own attitude and demeanour in this new era of history, into which we have now entered.

HE LOVES A WIDOW

(Continued from page 3)

"Why can't I eat here!" the old woman stamped her foot, and deliberately shouted at the top of her voice so that Yuhuai could not miss a single word: "Isn't this your mistress' home, and you're paying all the bills?"

Hanchang was so frightened that he knitted his brows in a tight knot and, slipping a hand underneath his mother's armpit, half dragged her out of the house. As they walked home, he realized the seriousness of his predicament. He could hardly expect Yuhuai to forgive him and to speak to him again. He felt that he must hasten back and explain everything to her. She would never pardon him if he did not apologize immediately. He said to his mother:

"Ma, you go first. I'll be with you in a short while!"

BEFORE the old woman could grasp his sleeve, he had already reached the door of house No. 50 in a few big strides. He walked straight to Yuhuai's bed. She had covered her body from head to foot under the

blanket and the frightened Pingerh was crying before her bed. Gently, he pulled down a corner of the blanket and said painfully:

"Yuhuai, I apologize for what my mother said. I was afraid that she would say even more terrible things, so I thought that it would be better if . . . if I take her home!"

"Yuhuai remained stationary. She still lay facing the wall. Even her hair lay quiet and immobile on the pillow.

He paused, and biting his lower lip, he started again: "I know I should not have done so . . . I was all confused then . . . "

Yuhuai still did not show a sign that she had heard him, he continued doggedly:

"But you should be able to forgive me. You know how difficult my position is!", and he shook her shoulder gently.

Suddenly Yuhuai sat bolt upright. Her face was as cold and as resolute as a sheet of iron, and in her eyes shone a cold, penetrating, gleam: "So your position is difficult! But how about mine?"

"Anyway, it's less difficult than mine!"

"Heng! less difficult! You think that I deserve all the insults? Has it occurred to you what are the words that that old woman — your mother — uttered? Have you heard the villagers mocking me: 'widow, widow!' So I deserve all these insults, it's only you men who rate all the consideration!"

Hanchang smiled bitterly, and racked his brain for a new approach. Making his voice soft and gentle, he pleaded:

"Yes, it is my fault. Please forgive me."

Yuhuai only laughed coldly. Before Hanchang could find anything else to say, his mother's voice shouted shrilly from the outside:

"Hanchang, come quickly! Do you want your mother to drop dead waiting for you?"

HIS mother's unreasonableness deeply irritated him. There he was. He hadn't even pacified Yuhuai and she was already shouting for him. All of a sudden he found his mother extremely detestable, who purposefully went about wrecking all that he had built up with great pains:

"Hanchang! Do you want your mother to drop dead?" again urged the old woman's shrill voice. And the landlady opened the door and poked her head into the room. She said:

"Young master Li, your mother is calling for you!"

He was so angry that he could have slapped the face of that landlady. But he only sighed and casting a helpless look at Yuhuai said:

"I have to go now. I don't know what to say, but you will see my heart someday." But as he turned round and walked out of the room, he heard Yuhuai's voice hurling this sentence at his back:

"I've seen your heart already." He gritted his teeth and forced himself to remain silent. There was no time for him to turn back and explain things to Yuhuai.

(Continued on Page 13)

SCIENCE AND YOU

The Birth Of The Fluorocarbon

By MAURICE GOLDSMITH,
Unesco Science Editor

A vast new range of products to increase the material comforts of present-day civilization are on the way. Envisaged are unfading dyes, fireproof plastics and paints, everlasting photographic film, powerful new drugs and insecticides.

A great part of this future prospect has been made possible by the work of a chemist—Professor J. H. Simons of Florida University. He has shown that chemistry, more than any other branch of science, may be regarded as the basic provider of the amenities of modern life. And this is all due to what Sir Cyril Hinshelwood described in Britain recently as "the perfection of the arts of synthetic chemistry, the acquisition of the lapidary skill with which the chemist places atoms into settings of his own devising and desiring."

It would be a great surprise to the German chemist, Friedrich Woehler, if he could see the vast industry which has already been built upon a discovery he made in 1828. From the lifeless contents of his test-tube Woehler produced for the first time in history a substance manufactured up to then only in animal bodies.

Woehler discovered that urea, the main organic constituent of human urine, could be prepared artificially by evaporating solutions of Ammonium cyanate, a substance which can be made up in the laboratory from its basic constituents. He announced the discovery in a letter to his great teacher, Berzelius, in Stockholm: "I can prepare urea without requiring a kidney of an animal, either man or dog."

This statement dealt a powerful blow to the then commonly accepted view that there was some undefinable "vital force" responsible for the production of organic compounds, and that therefore they could not be made artificially. When, in 1860, the great French chemist, Marceim Berthelot, published his book "Organic Chemistry Founded on Synthesis", the death blow was dealt to the "vital force theory", and the basis laid for synthetic organic chemistry.

In 1856, an 18-year-old British student, W. H. Perkin (later Sir William) accidentally discovered

mauve. This was the first synthetic organic dyestuff used in dyeing. He prepared this from coal-tar benzene. This led to the development of the mighty chemical industry based upon the exploitation of coal-tar constituents. Now synthetic dyes, medicines, perfumes, explosives—all have come from the chemist's test-tube.

In recognition of this, the British magazine "Punch" wrote:

"There's hardly a thing a man can name

Of beauty or use in life's small game,

But you can extract in alembro or jar,

From the physical basic of black coal tar;

Oil and ointment, and wax and wine,

And the lovely colours called aniline:

You can make anything, from a salve to a star

(If you only know how), from black coal tar."

The big new development now taking place in the United States of America consists in the making of what are known as "fluorocarbons". Organic chemistry, as distinct from inorganic, is concerned with compounds which are the product of living animal and vegetable matter. These compounds are made up of some six basic elements, such as hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen, always in combination with carbon. Organic chemistry, therefore, is the chemistry of the compounds of carbon.

Professor Simons has found a method of substituting fluorine atoms for the hydrogen atoms in the molecule. The existing arrangement of the carbon atoms remains undisturbed in the process. And the result is a compound which resembles the original, but which has new and remarkable properties. These two elements—carbon and fluorine—have never before been joined together. Indeed, fluorine has always been a most difficult thing to handle. It is a pale yellow gas, which almost nothing can hold. It can eat through steel or brick, devour glass, and destroy everything around it.

The means of taming this savage element was found recently by Professor Simons when

he announced that he could make fluorocarbons by using not the fluorine itself, but hydrogen fluoride gas. The raw material from which most of the fluorine compounds are made is fluor-spar, or calcium fluoride. This mineral is widespread, although there are few good deposits. Hydrogen fluoride is made by heating fluor-spar with sulphuric acid. The hydrogen fluoride is produced either in the form of a liquefied gas or in a water solution.

The hydrocarbon that is to be transformed is mixed with the hydrogen fluoride, and an electric current is passed through the mixture. The fluorine atoms, without any fuss, change places with the hydrogen atoms — and a fluorocarbon is born.

The forecast of Waldemar Kaempffert, science editor of the New York Times, in his "Science Today and Tomorrow", that by the year 2,000 synthetics will be predominant seems entirely reasonable. So far as the housewife is concerned, "draperies, rugs, bed and table linen", he says, "will be tissues of synthetic fibres. Washing will be obsolete; bed sheets, table cloths and napkins will be thrown away after use. Draperies and rugs will not be cleaned, for as soon as they show signs of dirt or wear, new ones will take their place. The future household of chemical furniture will probably spend no more in a year for these fabrics than it does now for its laundry."—(UNESCO).

You have not converted a man because you have silenced him.
—John Morley.

If you educate a man, you educate an individual; if you educate a woman, you educate a family.

—Dr. C. D. McIver.

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WITHOUT A BREAK

by John Hornby.

CHARAPAREE may not be the rainiest spot in the world but I'm willing to wager that it is amongst the first three wettest places. However, nature, or the hills, which amounts to the same thing in Assam, drops Charaparee's nine YARDS of rain almost in one lump. During the monsoon, the rain pours so hard that the houses have to have double roofs, but at the other seasons the place can be as dry as a desert.

The countryside was sun-baked the day I had to travel there. The sultry atmosphere was so heavy that its weight seemed to squeeze the perspiration from the pores. But there'd be relief soon. The rains would break at any moment.

I was a new representative for an electrical equipment firm. My predecessor had always produced an order from Charaparee, so I had to try and do likewise. That was why I was waiting for the morning bus at Shillong.

It was late, of course, and by the time it honked up to us there were far more people for it than could possibly get into it. Except for myself the crowd was entirely Indian. Then, as the car stopped, a little English clergyman came up.

He was thin. An undersized pale-faced man. In his thirties I guessed. I had to grin. He was the typical cartoon curate. He looked scared about something, too. His eyes were on the driver of the car, an Indian little more than a boy. The little parson caught sight of me. He seemed excited.

"That man is the most r-reckless driver", he stammered. "He oughtn't to be allowed to take a car along that awful road. There'll be a terrible accident. I'm not going with him."

"They're all reckless drivers," I laughed. Then I checked myself. The fellow was actually shivering with fright!

"There are too many people for this car," he mumbled, trying unsuccessfully to control himself. "There's another due in two hours time. There'll be a much steadier man driving it. I'll go to Charaparee with him." "I'm going now," I said curtly. "I've got work to do."

WITH that I climbed into the seat beside the driver. The other passengers settled down

and with an awful jerk we were off. We left the parson standing on the footpath. He was nervously rubbing his hands together and peering after us as if he was ashamed of being as scared as he looked.

But that drive gave me a little sympathy for him and I began to understand why he was so choosy about drivers. Within five miles of Shillong the road began to climb. It was bad enough then, but in the next few miles it really showed some tricks. Up hill and down hill it went on a road so narrow and so badly made that to pass another vehicle was an adventure.

And the driver! I've heard that Chinese are the world's most dangerous drivers, but now I know differently. None could be worse than ours and remain alive! He throttled round hairpin bends that skirted precipices and came to slithering standstills within inches of the edge. My hair seemed to stand straight half the time.

But there was worse to come. The last two miles to Charaparee. There was no road, really — merely a fantastically narrow shelf half way up a towering mountain wall. For nearly a thousand feet the cliff dropped sheer below us on one side. On the other the bare hillside rose to the sky. There wasn't even a railing on the unprotected side, nothing to stop a skidding car from plunging down below.

Yet our driver seemed to take it as a matter of course. He hurtled that car along at a speed that made it jump over the rougher places. And that machine stood up to a test as gruelling as a T.T. race. It stood it better than I did for I just staggered out of the car when we reached Charaparee.

A dark-featured man and a woman dressed in European clothes came up to me.

"Please," said the man in the sing-song voice of the Eurasian. "Ees Mr. Engelman in the car?" "Mr. Engelman?" I repeated, puzzled.

"The Reverend Mr. Engelman, B.A.," explained the woman shyly. "He must have come." Light dawned on me.

"Oh, the little parson?" I said. "He's coming on the later car."

The couple looked worried for

a moment. The man waved his arms.

"He will be too late," he protested, "he should have come with this car."

"If he gets off at the cemetery he will be in time," his wife rather timidly reassured him. "We could be there waiting for him at three o'clock. He will be there."

I was very interested in the conversation but much more in another fact that I discovered. The Eurasian was my customer. He was James Topliss the engineer of Charaparee's tiny power station. The woman was his wife.

I killed two birds with one stone. I got my order for equipment, then, over a cup of tea, I got the reason for the little parson's expected visit. They were eager to tell me all about it. I think they felt it tied them intimately with English things.

"We kept a garrison here over sixty years ago," Topliss began. "And although it stayed only a few years quite a number of the soldiers died. They are buried in a little cemetery just outside the town."

I began to see.

"So a clergyman has to hold a service every year?" I asked.

Topliss put a finger round his unaccustomed collar.

"Yes and no: Mr. Engelman was stationed in Shillong when the soldiers were buried—"

"Sixty years ago?" I put in.

"It was the present Reverend Engelman's grandfather," explained Topliss. "He was a missionary. He held a service voluntarily over the graves every year on the same day. When he died, his son who was also a clergyman continued the tradition. And the present Reverend Engelman keeps it up,—all without a break. But I think he is terrified of the journey. Whenever he arrives he is as white as a sheet."

"It is the big ravine," said Mrs. Topliss apologetically. "Heights make him faint, he told me."



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Poor chap I thought. To face a nightmare journey that put the fear of death into him just to do a self-imposed duty that nobody knew about. That nobody except a couple of Eurasians cared about, either. He wasn't such a rabbit as I'd imagined. Or was he? It seemed to me as if he was faking it this time.

The Toplisses took it for granted that I would attend the service. As long as it didn't prevent me getting to Shillong that day I was willing to do so. We strolled along to the cemetery which lay a little way back from the road. The dozen graves were surrounded by a low, circular brick wall, and the whole burial place was half hidden amongst lush, though temporarily parched, vegetation.

MY watch said a minute to three, but my companions didn't look worried although we could hear no car. The sky was dark and low and frowning with monsoon clouds which would burst before night. A mist that resolved itself into a light shower laid the dust. Mid-afternoon though it was, I could hardly see right across the tiny graveyard.

Suddenly Mr. Topliss gave a relieved smile.

"Mr. Engelman is here," he said pointing.

The light increased a little but I saw no one. There was a spluttering of raindrops and I turned away, angrily. If those people wanted to deceive themselves into seeing things, they could do so. I wasn't going to get soaked. I ran to the shelter of a tree a few yards away. I

We always love those who admire us, but we do not always love those whom we admire.

La Rochefoucauld.

* * *

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THE PAGODA

watched the Toplisses: rather cynically, I'm afraid.

Believe it or not, they produced prayer books and started giving the responses. There was no parson's voice leading them. Yet the scene wasn't ludicrous, nor yet was it weird. No, it was real and strangely impressive, for the jungle was a cathedral and twelve of the congregation were dead.

The Toplisses began to sing. Something drew me nearer to them despite the increasing rain. I couldn't stop myself — I joined in the hymn.

That strange service continued with its prayers and responses and hymns. I watched the Toplisses. Their eyes were on a few yards, swept clear, in the centre of the cemetery. They acted as though there was a clergyman there. But half-dark though it was, I could see clearly enough to know that there was not.

Then came the Benediction. I suppose that is what it was for Topliss, and his wife inclined their head. Well, what if I did too? Sometimes you can't help yourself.

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MIRROR OF YOUR MIND

By LAWRENCE GOULD
Consulting Psychologist



Is it natural to hate "deadlines"?

Answer: I do not believe so. To one type of person a deadline is a challenge which inspires him to his best efforts while a person of the other type is thrown into a panic in which he cannot do anything at all. The contrast may stem from the fact that the demands their parents made on people of the former type were fair and reasonable, so that they knew they could win approval by complying with them, whereas people who are paralyzed by deadlines never felt as children that they knew or could achieve what was expected of them.



Can you cure yourself of "taking too much"?

Answer: It is not easy, but you'll find it more than worth while not to have to say so often: "How I wish I had kept my mouth shut!" The trick is to form and hold on to the



Does brain injury make children "defective"?

Answer: No, writes Eloise Oxtoby of the North Jersey Training School in the Journal of Correctional Education. There is no one type of behaviour that is characteristic of children with brain injuries. They differ from normal children mainly in being restless and overactive but do not become idiots or morons. The main effect of brain injury is a lack of control which makes the child "restless, erratic, unpredictable, impulsive and illogical." He acts out whatever comes into his mind without regard for consequences.

The woman closed her book. She gave a little cry of surprise and grasped her husband's arm. Mr. Engelman, he is gone!

Naturally, I thought; since he'd never been there!

The two turned on me as though they'd read my thoughts. "He was here. He was here," they said fiercely trying to convince me — or themselves — that they had seen him. "The Engelmans have never missed the service. He was here. You saw him too?"

Kick fools out of their illusions has always been my policy. But you don't do that in church — least of all in a cathedral. So I nodded.

After all, he should have been there — and probably one of the Engelmans was about — in spirit somewhere.

(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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HEALTH FOR ALL DIPHTHERIA

The months when diphtheria is most prevalent are November,

December and January. But there need be no diphtheria months at all, if parents of young children take certain fundamental precautions against the disease. Science has gone far toward conquering diphtheria, but it cannot complete the job without the co-operation of parents.

At birth, 85 per cent of all children have immunity to diphtheria derived from the mothers. This immunity disappears at six to nine months. Most cases of the disease occur between the second and fifth year. It is of the utmost importance that children in this age group be protected against diphtheria. It would be ideal if all were immunised as routine practice between the ages of six months and two years.

Many children exposed to diphtheria escape it altogether. A simple skin test, called the Schick test, is used to find out whether the antibodies which prevent diphtheria are in the blood. If not, there should be no delay in starting immunization "shots" to prevent any possibility of contracting this highly infectious and dangerous disease.

Diphtheria toxoid or toxin-antitoxin is injected under the skin, usually in three doses at in-

tervals of three to four weeks. If a Schick test taken six months later does not show immunity, the injections should be repeated. Immunity gained in this way lasts, as a rule, for years. It is also important to have the injections given immediately when anyone, of whatever age, not known to be immune, is exposed to the disease.

Sometimes diphtheria injections cause a strong reaction which appears like a mild case of the disease itself. There may be fever, vomiting and joint pains. While the reaction is seldom severe, the doctor should be consulted if these symptoms appear.

The danger signals of diphtheria are a severe sore throat, fever, slight chilliness, aching pains in the back and limbs. There may be convulsions in very young children. In the event of these symptoms, call the doctor at once. If there is difficulty in breathing, rush the patient to the nearest hospital. It is important to begin treatment promptly, as the danger of death increases with each hour of delay.

The wise mother who has had her children immunized will not need to worry about diphtheria.

In the next article, nutritional anaemia will be discussed.

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ENGLAND

"The world dictates my life from day to day,
It holds my purse, and cuts my pleasures down,
If I would ride it tells me I must walk,
It counts my concerts when I live in Town.
Yet when I see yon lovely hill this morning,
All white and sepla with its trees and snow —
Who'll think I'd be a wiser, better man
To sit in cushions at a gilded show?
So let the world dictate my daily life,
Let beauty last till Summer brings me more . . ."

William Henry Davies: "The World Dictates."

FRANCE

"Although men flatter themselves with their great actions, they are not so often the result of a great design as of chance."

Francçois La Bochefoucauld.

AUSTRIA

"In youth we learn;
In age we understand."

Marie Ebner-Eschenbach.

ARABIA

"Love was before the light began,
When light is over, love shall be;
O warm hand in the grave, O bridge of truth,
O ivy's tooth
Eating the green heart of the tree
Of man!"

From *The Thousand and One Nights*: 13th Century.

POT POURRI OF THOUGHT

AMERICA

"Now let no charitable hope
Confuse my mind with images
Of eagle and of antelope:
I am in nature none of these . . .
In masks outrageous and austere
The years go by in single file;
But none has merited my fear,
And none has quite escaped my smile."

Elinor Wylie: "Let no Charitable Hope."

CHINA

"Now with the strokes of my inspired pen
I shake the Five Mountains,
My poem is done. I laugh, and my delight
Is vaster than the sea,
Oh, deathless poetry."

Li Po: "On the Ship of Spice-Wood."

GREECE

"Poor in my youth, and in life's later scenes
Rich to no end, I curse my natal hour,
Who nought enjoyed while young, denied the means;
And nought when old enjoy'd, denied the power."

Anonymous: "Riches."

JAMAICA

"On the far off, rugged hillside,
See the distant patches blue
Gleaming from the deep-green foliage,
Touching gloom with light anew;
For the lignum-vitae bloom is out
On hill, in dale, and all about . . ."

Harrie Ormsby: "When the Lignum-vitae Bloom is Out."

TRINIDAD

"In our land,
We do not breed
That taloned king, the eagle,
Nor make emblazonry of lions;
In our land,
The black birds,
And the chickens of our mountains
Speak our dreams."

Harold Telemaque: "In our Land."

CANADA

"Have you gazed on naked grandeur where there's nothing else to gaze on,
Set pieces and drop-curtain scenes galore,
Big mountains heaved to heaven, which the blinding sunsets blazon,

Black canyons where the rapids rip and roar?
Have you swept the visioned valley with the green stream streaking through it,

Searched the vastness for a something you have lost?
Have you strung your soul to silence? Then for God's sake go and do it;
Hear the challenge, learn the lesson, pay the cost."

Robert W. Service: "The Call of the Wild."

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THE PAGODA

PERSONS PLACES THINGS

By Old Joe.

PERSONS

MEN OF MERIT

David Jonathan Phillips would have been disappointed had he not the opportunity of attaining his ambition in life of becoming a Medical Doctor. His parents would not have felt satisfied had their favourite son not become a Doctor of Medicine. They had the means and were willing to spend to the utmost to have their boy educated. Jamaica would have lost the services of a man of merit, a medical man who was efficient in nose and throat ailments, a man versed in gynaecology and was thus able to save the life of many a woman in Jamaica during the many years he practised in Kingston. In the United States he practised medicine at Thompson St. in Philadelphia where he was Assistant Physician.

Born in St. Ann's Bay on the 9th July, 1869, Mr. Phillips was son of Henry Phillips-Davis and Elizabeth Phillips-Davis. After a sound elementary education at the St. Ann's Bay Elementary School, he was sent to Calabar College in Kingston. The youngster went into business; and for years served as Clerical Assistant in the Northern District Courts' Office at St. Ann's Bay. Preparatory for going abroad, he studied Pharmacy at the Kingston Public Hospital, and was Assistant Dispenser to the firm of Doctors Phillippo and Saunders, also as Dispenser to the Kingston District under Dr. Gayleard. He was also Dispenser to the Falmouth Hospital. For a few years afterwards he founded and conducted the "Midland Dispensary" at Ulster Spring. Abroad the young medico demonstrated his ability as a Jamaican when at the Pennsylvania University he won a prize for Medical Jurisprudence and Toxicology. Thereafter, he continued his studies at the University of Bishop's College, Montreal, and at the London Hospital, and the Royal South London Ophthalmic Hospital. Thus it was that he came to Jamaica with the coveted degrees of M.D., M.R.C.S. (Eng.), L.R.C.P. (Eng.) In Jamaica he practised in Kingston until his death September 8, 1951. His consulting room at

East Parade was always crowded with patients, some of them from the country parts. Busy as he was he found time to serve as a Member of the Mayor and Council of Kingston.

PLACES

COUNTY SURREY

Kingston is both a city and a parish. Laid out by refugees from Port Royal in 1693, it rapidly became the chief port of Jamaica, and in 1872 it became the seat of government. In recent years, since the advent of motor car, the city of Kingston has been stretching into the neighbouring parish of St. Andrew, and the business centre is becoming less a residential quarter. In the suburbs of the city, neat houses are springing up, and streets of houses are continuous from Rockfort Gardens on the east to Greenwich Farm on the west, and from Constant Spring and Papine on the north and north-east to the sea.

The Liguanea Plain on which the city is built rises gradually from the sea to a height of 500 feet at Constant Spring, and consequently the city enjoys the advantages of fresh sea breezes which have earned for themselves the name of the "Doctor." Since the earthquake of 1907 the city has been gradually built on more modern lines, and recently the roads have been improved.

The city is built where the southern road giving access to Spanish Town and Morant Bay meets with the route over Stony Hill to the north coast, that via New Castle and Hardwar Gap to the north coast, and that via Gordon Town and Mavis Bank into the coffee country of the Blue Mountains.

The city is supplied with water from the valley of the Wag Water River, where a huge dam has been constructed, and from the Hope River near Gordon Town. A further supply is obtained from the Ferry River in St. Catherine, and it is also possible to get water from wells.

THINGS

MY WIFE DELILA

Hardly a day passes without a notice in the Daily Press to this effect:

This is to notify the public that my wife Mrs. Delila Something has left my home, care and protection, without my consent, since the 3rd of June, 19. and I am not responsible for any debt or debts which she may contract.
Signed: Joshua Something,
Fish Pond P.O.

The phraseology may vary in

some cases, but the effect is the same. Some notices have the following addition: "It is my intention to marry again." I am informed by a lawyer friend that the former notice has no weight in law. If a merchant or shop-keeper cares to give Mrs. S. credit to any reasonable amount, to prevent her going around indecently clad, the husband is in duty bound to pay the bill. The same argument applies if a bill for board and lodging is rendered; but the demands must not be extravagant. The second class of cases comes under the Divorce Law which, as recently amended, sets out the conditions under which a husband (or a wife) may marry again a part from the death of either party. I am sure that no woman is going to run away from congenial conditions to face hardships and difficulties innumerable. She usually leaves home and protection because she must.

HE LOVES A WIDOW

(Continued from page 8)

When he was outside and saw his mother, he felt that she was his great enemy who had ruined all his chances for the future. Now, he could never marry Yuhuai, who would have made such a wonderful helpmate for him. Silently he blamed his mother: "All you do is nagging, nagging, nagging all the day. 'Get a daughter-in-law', 'bear a grandson. All you want is a daughter-in-law and a grandson you do not have me in your mind at all.' Only with a tremendous effort did he succeed in keeping such thoughts to himself. He was obliged to clench his teeth tightly.

NEITHER did the old woman say anything. She did not want to do any talking before they reached the privacy of their home. It would never do to have anyone see them quarrelling. No matter what, she must keep a good face for her son. She fumed within herself: "Now I know, you are keeping that wanton widow

as a mistress, throwing your mother out of the window. It's I who have brought you up, and now that you have grown enough feathers on your wings, the first thing you do is to discard your mother. I don't mind if you fool around with women. It is a man's privilege to have 'three wives and four concubines'. But you must have a decent first wife. Your head is all dizzy now, twirled around, as you are, on the little finger of that she-fox. You want neither wife, nor son, and you are throwing away your own mother . . ." She waited till she stepped into her own room, when she broke into loud sobs. Their landlady, immediately edged close to their closed door, to do her eavesdropping. "You no longer have me on your mind!" sobbed the old woman as she enumerated her son's sins: "You never think of the many sufferings I have gone through just to bring you up. Now, even that rotten peach of a woman is allowed to ride on my head!"

Hanchang sank into a chair wearily, and said hoarsely: "Mother, please stop all that nonsense. Is it a glory if people hear us?"

"So mother cannot even talk to you!" the old woman pounded the table and continued: "Heng! so you also know that it is not glorious if people hear us. Then why didn't you think of this before you did what you did last night? Everybody in the village is talking about it, and the landlady wants us to exorcise the bad luck for her. She wants you to burn incense and light candles before her House God. See what shame you have brought on me!"

Hanchang jumped up in surprise: "What did you say? I exorcise bad luck, and burn incense! That old bitch must be breaking wind!"

HIS mother was so scared by his words, that she immediately tried to cover up his mouth. But she was already too late. The door opened, and the landlady marched into the room, and demanded angrily:

"Young master Li, you are supposed to be a learned man, and you ought to keep vile words

(Continued on page 17)

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TALKING IT OVER

By ELIZABETH MARTIN

Dear Miss Martin:

I am writing to you in the hope that you may help me solve this problem which has been worrying me a great deal.

I am almost 19 years old and have fallen in love with a man ten years my senior. I know in my heart that this is not an infatuation as I have grown to love him more and more each day.

We have been seeing a lot of each other and he has shown great interest in me whenever we are together, but my problem is — he has never told me that he is in love with me although I've heard he has told his relatives about me and that he loves me very much.

Miss Martin, what do you think I should do to let him propose to me? You see he's very shy or rather scared to take the big step.

I do hope you may help me!
"Worried".

Dear Worried:

You did not say how long you have been friendly with this chap. If it is only a matter of a few months, then I don't think you have much of a problem. I'm taking it that you have known him for a short while. Then my advice is to give him time.

Most young boys make the mistake of declaring their love even before they themselves are sure, and it usually turns out to be nothing but infatuation. Your young man is probably the type who wants to be sure it is the thing before he pops the question. If there is no other girl (and you should know by now) there is really nothing to worry about. If you were a man you would understand why the idea of proposing scares a man.

Give him time and of all things, don't hint or act in any way to show that you are anxious for him to propose. If things go on like this for another couple of months and nothing happens, then I'd be interested to hear from you. In any case I'd like to know how things are going and would like to hear from you again.

I wish you all the luck.

E. M.

Dear Miss Martin:

I am greatly worried about my physical state and the effect it will eventually have on my marriage.

I am 20 years old and have been happily married for the past year but I easily get tired, irritable and moody. Is it because I am trying to be joint bread-winner with my husband and run a home at the same time, without sufficient experience at either? Please tell me what to do.

"Hopeful".

Dear Hopeful,

So many young people find themselves in your plight these days. This is due simply to the fact that it is essential for wives to keep a job as it is the only way they can have a home and family. But you need not get devitalised if you take proper care of yourself. Physical fitness and good health are the gateway to a happy married life. It is important to know which foods are highly beneficial and not merely filling. Start the day with a good breakfast, have a well-balanced lunch and a good supper with hot milky drinks and a sandwich or two in between. Brown bread, glucose, honey, milk, cheese, eggs, plenty of leafy green vegetables, raw carrots, oranges, tomatoes and fish are high on the list. Avoid vinegar and highly seasoned foods. Take plenty of fresh air, go for long walks and throw in a few limbering exercises. Learn to relax and get plenty of sleep, at least two early nights a week are a must. Warm milk and honey make a good night cap.

Good health, you will learn, can be easily and economically maintained if you follow these simple rules.

E. M.

Dear Miss Martin:

I am 21 years old and have been friendly with a girl for the past four months. I admire her very much and hope that one day I will be able to make her my wife but just now I am not in a position to do so, whereas recently she has been hinting at marriage.

Orphaned from early childhood, she is one of several children and although she is only 18 is anxious about her future. I am only earning a small salary and not properly trained for a really good job. Although my parents are moderately well off the family is large. If I get married now I would have to live with my parents, remain partly

dependent on them and my wife would definitely have to continue working although I know that she would like to raise a family.. Should I explain to her that it is not practical for us to get married just now. Or do you think she will be offended and turn away from me?

Uncertain.

Dear Uncertain,

Don't be foolish enough to think that you should try and keep a woman's affections at all costs. You are still both young and have plenty of time to wait for marriage. If your girl will not wait until you are better able to take care of her then it is just as well that you are rid of her before it is too late. If she is merely looking for security and you should rush headlong into marriage now as soon as she realises that she has made a mistake I do not think she would hesitate to leave you high and dry. Tell her quite frankly that you cannot afford to get married for sometime and she will be willing to wait if she cares sufficiently for you. Perhaps she is thinking of you in terms of your parents' financial position and you should make her understand that you cannot get married on that basis.

E. M.

FEBRUARY, 23, 1952.

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THE PAGODA

IN PARENTHESIS

According to one philosopher, friendship is more solid than love—but not so entertaining.

They used to say that the secret of a successful restaurant was sharp knives and pretty waitresses. Following a 30-day test the manager of the Hotel Edison, New York, has directed his waitresses to stop wearing plunging necklines, because customers' wives disapproved. He found that male customers spent more, took longer to eat their meals, ordered second cups of coffee more frequently and increased their tips by 20 per cent.

An old Republican farmer went to the dentist to have an aching molar removed. The operation was completed and the patient then instructed the dentist to remove the next one.

"It isn't necessary," explained the dentist. "That one only aches in sympathy."

"Yank it out, then," growled the farmer. "I got no use for appeasement!"

You shouldn't make fun of people's faces. Don't forget your face and her face came from the same mould.

What?

I said, don't forget your face and her face came from the same mould.

Yes, but hers is mouldier.

When a Scotsman was asked to join an anti-tipping society and was told that the subscription was only a shilling, he replied: "Hoots mon, it will be cheaper to tip."

"You are elected the prettiest girl in the class," sighed the Dean of women, "Miss Diana — elected by an overwhelming majority."

"Thank you," beamed the prettiest girl.

"I say overwhelming majority, advisedly," added the Dean. "With 107 members of this class you received 254 votes."

"The type who can put two together and make it a furore."

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"Too much singing increases the blood pressure," states a doctor. Especially the neighbours'.

A mild little man walked into an Income Tax assessor's office, sat down and beamed on everyone.

"What can we do for you?" asked the assessor.

"Nothing, thank you," replied the little man, "I just wanted to meet the people I'm working for."

An American author is looking in India for an 11-foot tall elephant. A very high ivory tower.

The little girl in the train looked so astonished at a woman applying a powder-puff to her face, that the woman asked: "Doesn't your mummy use these things?"

"Yes replied the child, "when she changes baby's nappies."

Some folk have short memories. Others remember things that didn't happen.

U.S. Congressmen say consumers are being slowly poisoned by chemicals in foods. But, as long as polygamy is frowned upon, nothing can be done about it.

Brown was a chain-smoker and would rather smoke than eat or drink. He picked up a popular magazine casually one day and saw the headlines: "Evils of Smoking." So he read, cynically at first, then with amazement at the dire results of too much indulgence in the weed. He was genuinely shocked. He closed the book thoughtfully and murmured: "I really must give up reading!"

So many men go home because it is the only place open at such a late hour.

Daly: Your wife doesn't seem to have such bad health as she used to?

Baily: Well, you see, I told her I would give her so much money a month for her dressmaker and her doctor. Since then she's been quite well.

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SPORTS PARADE

By GEORGE BECKFORD

THE LAST BASKET in the Basketball Leagues was filled by Y.M.C.A. who outthrew Chung San Senior champions by 33 to 21 for the Senior K.O. title on the Chinese Public Schools asphalt courts on Wednesday afternoon, February 13. And O what a fall for Chun San! It was not the thirteenth day which proved their downfall; rather, it was complacency at the start and when they realised that they were losing grip on the game poor shooting made things worse.

IF THE COURT was rough, as is to be expected of any playfield which survived the harrowing hand of the hurricane, the cool atmosphere should have tempered the players. Vigilance on the opposing forwards was ignored with the result that such a grand player as Franklin Walker was left unguarded to put several balls into the basket. Walker registered 16 points and James Rennie who played magnificently also scored 16, Pat McGlashan with 4 and Norman Gayle with 2 were the other scorers for Y.M.C.A.

The Ys led 18-10 at half time; quite a fine recovery from being down 12-6. Therefore, the chances

were still bright at the half interval. Somehow, I believe the height and longer wind of the Young Christians helped them, but did not Chun San beat them in the League?

Among the stalwarts in defeat were Isaac Tenn who scored 11 points, Young Foo 4 points, K Wong 2 points and that bustling, bespectacled Joe Young, mighty in a way, netted the other two points. Skipper Egerton Chin Loy bobbed in and out at various stages of the conflict but was too well marked for all his zeal.

ANYWAY, victory for Y.M.C.A. came as a delightful diversion to the mixed gallery—Oriental and Occidental—who cheered and congratulated them. After all, that is the spirit of sport and a consolation. For Chun San had won the Senior League and Chinese Old Students had captured both Junior and Knock Out. The outcome has left some hope for the other teams outside the wall of China.

Refereeing was in the unquestionable hands of cherubic Rupert Chang and Ken McNeil, Secretary of the Y.M.C.A.

Commissioner Horace Chang

opened the presentation ceremony, congratulated the winners and advised that basket ball is a challenge to youth. I needn't fear much. Trade Commissioner Hector White, himself a starry basket baller for the Ys in the golden age of a quarter century ago, handed the trophies and remarked that the game was intended for indoors and he hoped the time would come when wealthy enthusiasts would build a wooden floored stadium. Finally, Secretary White thanked all who attended and participated.

DESPITE the departure of the League season, many players will be on top form when the next assignments return, for Trinidad may come here as I mentioned last time. But brighter still is the prospect of a Jamaica team going to Haiti on the invitation of the Republic.

At the same time there is a hitch, in that the invitation has not come from nor to any official here or in Haiti; so Commissioner Chang cannot table it until his Association gets the official seal. By the way, I spoke to Lt. Commander Hayward, President of Trinidad Amateur Basket Ball Association, Football Association, Boxing Association and the Caribbean Football Association. The Commander said he would discuss the Trinidad tour as soon as he gets back home.



Egerton Chin Loy (left), captain of the Chung San Basketball team, winner of the Senior League Basketball competition and Byron Kong, captain of the Chinese Old Students' team which won both the Junior League title and the Junior Knock-out title.
Photo by Gilbert Kong

THIS WEEK Jamaica was honoured by the arrival of the first combined Caribbean Football team of 17 players. The men have been chosen from Trinidad, British Guiana, Haiti, Surinam, Guadeloupe and Puerto Rico. The Arubans would not come. In the first game the visitors handed a mild 4-0 to the Combined Secondary Schools, but they have some big tasks coming up with four Tests against Jamaica who have reinforced their ranks with the professionals Gillie Heron and Lindy Delapenha. The standard

(Continued on page 18)

THE PAGODA

PERSONALIA

(Continued from page 6)

Mr. and Mrs. Phillip Wong of Clarendon. She made a charming picture in a cocktail length dress of Chantilly lace over ice blue slipper satin with a matching hat and carrying a bouquet of cathylea orchids. The matron-of-honour wore silver grey lace over pink satin with matching shoes.

The newlyweds went to Christiana for their honeymoon.

BARBARA WONG WEDS HERBERT KONG

The marriage of Miss Barbara Wong to Mr. Herbert Kong took place last Saturday, February 16. Barbara is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Wong and Herbert is the son of Mrs. Mary Kong and the late John Kong.

Bridesmaid was Miss Casin Shim and the bestman was Mr. Robert Chin. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the newlyweds at 16 Kings Avenue, Richmond Park. The couple went to St. Ann's Bay to spend their honeymoon at Castle Gordon.

BACK FROM TRINIDAD

Mrs. Albert Chin Yee arrived back in the Island last Tuesday from Trinidad. She spent a three-week holiday there visiting her daughter, Mrs. Neil Lau and a new granddaughter.

VISITORS TO THE ISLAND

Mr. Solomon Hochoy spent a few days in Jamaica this week on his way back to Trinidad. He is the Labour Adviser in Trinidad and is returning there from a trip to Washington, D.C. In Jamaica he had also several important conferences with the Labour Department here.

On Thursday night last he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Chin Yee at dinner at the Cathay Club.

Other recent visitors to the Island include Mr. Neil Lau, son-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Chin Yee, who stopped over for a few days from a business trip to Canada. Mr. Kar Yip Chuck also from Trinidad, was guest for a few weeks of Mr. Tom Kwan.

BIRTHDAY PARTY

Miss Barbara Chang was the guest of honour on her 18th birthday at a very gay party held at the home of Mrs. G. Rodrigues, 85 Montgomery Avenue, Richmond Park, early this month. More than 80 members of the younger set were present and radiophone dancing was very popular with the guests.

with mambo music very much in evidence.

CHINESE BENEVOLENT SOCIETY SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING

A reminder is given for the special general meeting of the Chinese Benevolent Society to be held tomorrow at the Society's Hall starting at 12 noon. Many important matters regarding the Public School will be discussed. After the meeting there will be a dinner.

JOYCE LYEW TO WED CYRIL SIMM

The wedding of Miss Joyce Lyew, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson Lyew of Spanish Town to Mr. Cyril Simm, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Simm of Rambles, will take place tomorrow. After the ceremony a reception will be held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Simm of 44 Half Way Tree Road.

GUILD PLANS FAREWELL FOR ARCHDEACON EVANS

A few members of the Chinese Christian Guild met at the Cathay Club last Thursday afternoon to plan a farewell function for Archdeacon Evans who has resigned his post as Rector of the Kingston Parish Church to devote more time to his duties as Archdeacon of Surrey. He will also be leaving for England for a holiday within the next three weeks. A tentative date of Wednesday, March 5 is set for giving this farewell function.

BIRTHS

The stork paid many visits to the community the past fortnight and the couples who received their precious gifts included:

Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Shim of 4 Tremaine Road, a daughter, Judith Marian who arrived on February 10.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Fong, a son, on Monday, February 18th.

Mr. and Mrs. Charley Lee, a daughter on Monday, February 18th.

SPANISH TOWN NOTES

On Sunday, February 10, members of the Chinese Youth Club went to Port Antonio after receiving an invitation from the Chinese Sports Club there. Mr. Kimchoy Hosang headed the party from Spanish Town which numbered 24.

In a friendly cricket match played on a wet cricket pitch, the Spanish Town team won a close victory of only 4 runs, but

in the Table Tennis tournament which followed lost by 6-1 to the home team.

The ladies in the party were entertained by the C.S.C. girls. Dancing was included in the day's programme at the Kozie Korner.

The Spanish Town Youth Club plans to invite the Port Antonio Sports Club over in the near future.

At our last general meeting a few members who can speak Chinese volunteered to teach Chinese to those who do not speak. A class will be started soon and members are eager to learn what they can of the mother tongue.

PORT ANTONIO NOTES

Port Antonio had a very bright day on Sunday, February 10 entertaining members of the Chinese Youth Club of Spanish Town. We sincerely hope that they enjoyed their visit and look forward to many more of them.

The Leesangs also entertained Messrs. Phillip, Granville, and Gilbert Lowe and Hosang from St. Ann's Bay the same day.

At the Annual General meeting held recently the following officers were elected for 1952.

Albert Chung, President
Victor Chung, Vice-President
J. A. Lowe, Secretary
Kenneth Chung Seong, Treasurer
Ralf Mooyoung, Games Captain
Wilson Leesang, Assistant Games Captain
Vincent Leesang, Linnette Leesang, Pearl Chung, Dian Tiam Fook, Social Officers.
Barbara Leesang, Ladies Captain.

HE LOVES A WIDOW

(Continued from page 13)

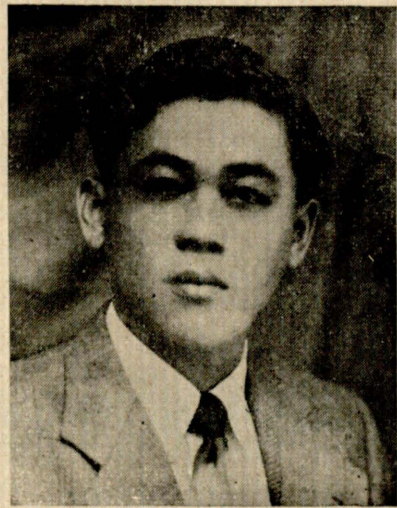
out of your mouth! This is a tradition which has been observed in this village for thousands of years. Even if you go and argue this thing out with Heaven itself, you still have to burn incense!" Hanchang was trembling like a leaf. With one powerful jerk, he pulled the door open, and before the two women could realize what he was doing, he dashed out of the door. He walked rapidly in no definite direction. The trees slipped behind him. The white-washed walls of the houses retreated behind him, the little creeks disappeared behind him. He did not realize that mud had caked his shoes and had splattered on his trouser legs, and he did not know that bits of twigs and dead leaves were caught in his hair and in his clothes. All he could feel was a great numbness in his mind, and an anger so great that it was ready to burst. Sometimes the ugly face of the landlady flashed before his eyes. Sometimes it was the tear-stained face of his mother. Sometime it was the angry face

of Yuhuai. Finally, he sat down on a piece of stone, and hugging his head in his arms he cursed:

"Indeed! Exorcise bad luck! Heng! burn the turtle egg's incense! This is using a man as a target of insults! And does Yuhuai know of such insults that I have to suffer? No, she doesn't care! She never sees the difficulties I have to cope with. Of course mother is wrong. But she is ignorant and uneducated. But if I split with Yuhuai she'll go around and tell my colleagues about this shameful business and my job will crack like an egg that has dropped to the ground!" the more he thought of Yuhuai the more frightened he grew, as he had no idea what retaliatory measures she would take.

It had grown quite dark and a flock of late birds hurriedly flew over his head, jolting him out of his painful reverie with their noisy squawking. Suddenly he remembered that he had dashed out of his house like a lunatic. His mother must be scared to death! Perhaps she had fainted. He jumped up with fright. It just dawned on him that with his spectacular disappearance, his mother would certainly go and fight things out with Yuhuai. In spite of the poor visibility in the darkening forest, he ran quickly back to the village.

When he dashed out of the house, his mother had run after him. But when she stumbled out of the door, her son was nowhere to be seen. She stamped on the ground, and lifting up her voice sobbed aloud. Even in this state she did not forget to grab one of the landlady's arms, for it was she who had caused this disaster. The latter was thoroughly frightened. Here she was, involved in a possible homicidal case! She voluntarily offered to find Hanchang. In no time at all, everybody in the village got wind of this newest development, and men and women laid down their rice bowls, left their



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suppers half-eaten, came out of their homes, and stood in a circle around the old woman. Pretty soon, the searching party returned in very low spirits. For, although they had looked into every corner, even into the shallow pond and the little creeks, they could find no trace of the young man.

Now desperate, the old woman jumped up and down like mad, and shrieked at the top of her voice. It was as if Heaven had suddenly collapsed and the very Earth under her feet had melted away. She was left all alone in this world, and she had nobody to turn to for food and clothing.

—She shrieked:
"Oh my son! The flesh of my heart! Whom do you think I can turn to now?"

Suddenly remembering she pointed her hand menacingly in the direction of house No. 50:

"It's all because of the widow! this widow who sells her body for a living! It's that rotten peach who has come between mother and son and torn my family into pieces! It is she who has caused all these disturbances to the four neighbours and the six domestic beasts! It's she! It's she!"

A voice echoed:

"Yes, it's she! Such a woman should not be permitted to live!"

The crowd nodded in approval, and Hanchang's mother shrieked:
"Let's go. I'll demand her to return me my son!"

THE crowd immediately made way for her, and the old woman stumbled in front, while the crowd, like a disorderly army, followed behind. She walked straight into house 50. At first Yuhuai paid no attention to Hanchang's mother when she entered, but she was surprised when she saw the large number of people crowding outside of her door, staring menacingly at her. Hanchang's mother marched straight into her bedroom, where she shook loose all the neatly folded blankets and peered into the closets and looked underneath the bed. Yuhuai stood behind the old woman, feeling outraged but perplexed by this strange behaviour. When the old woman failed to find her son, she turned round and was ready to dash her head into Yuhuai's chest:

"Give me back my Hanchang!"

At this revelation, Yuhuai was shocked. She was apprehensive about Hanchang's safety and was anxious to know what had happened to him. But his mother's menacing attitude forbade any questioning. She only said coolly:

"Your son has legs under his own belly. How am I to know where he is?"

The old woman stood staring into Yuhuai's face, her left arm akimbo, her right index finger pointing at Yuhuai's nose. She shrieked:

"You man-bewitching she-fox! You prostitute! What are you that you dare to speak back to me? Where have you hidden my Hanchang! if you do not return him to me it's your life or mine!"

Yuhuai's lips turned white as paper. And getting hold of the

old woman's arm, she tried to push her out of the door:

"Get out! Get out of here!"

The old woman immediately raised a hand and hit Yuhuai, shrieking at the same time:

"Help! Help! neighbours! She is trying to kill me!"

And a terrible roar immediately rose from the crowd, and one voice, louder than all others, cried:

"The widow is beating old lady Li. Get the police quick!"

Yuhuai was so angry that she could not control her trembling. She stared at the old woman, and stood with her feet planted firmly apart. Her arms were folded across her chest, and she was prepared for further attacks from the old woman. Pingerh was so frightened that he clutched his mother's dress and kept on howling. Luckily the landlady of house No. 50 squeezed into the room through the crowd, and with both her arms, held back the wildly jumping and weeping and shrieking old woman. Suddenly the crowd stirred and several voices shouted in unison:

"Everything's all right now. Young master Li is here!"

Indeed the pale faced man that now stood on the threshold was Hanchang. He stared stupidly at the people in the room. His mother ran to his side and clutching his hand, cried:

"Aiya! so you are here finally! Your mother is almost beaten to death by this prostitute!"

"Al, mother!" sighed Hanchang, knitting his brows: "what a mess you've made!"

"Oh!" gasped his mother, drawing her breath sharply. Then wailing aloud, she cried: "All right, all right, beat me to death then! I've lived enough!"

HANCHANG had not even said a single word to Yuhuai, and he felt that his neglecting her would only make matters worse. But Yuhuai was cold and aloof. She behaved as if he were an utter stranger, and he involuntarily cowered before her. Summoning all his courage, he said meekly:

"Yuhuai! What is this all about?"

"Get out!" said Yuhuai coldly but fiercely, pointing at the door. "Yuhuai, please forgive me! I still don't know what is this about?", begged Hanchang.

"Get out! Get out! get out! All of you get out!"

Hanchang was entirely at a loss. He looked at Yuhuai, and he looked at his mother. On one side was the woman of his choice, and on the other was the woman who had borne and reared him. Even before he could finish his painful contemplation, the crowd clamoured.

"Get your mother home first. Probably she is wounded!"

The crowd's support emboldened his mother, and shaking her son's arm, she sobbed:

"Aiya! aiya! she hit me and I'm wounded!"

There was nothing Hanchang could do except to put his hand under his mother's elbow and help her out of the room. He turned back to look at Yuhuai apologetically, as if saying with his glance:

"Please, I'm forced to do this. Please forgive me!"

But only an icy look was on Yuhuai's face. And she returned his pleading glance with a sneer — a sneer loaded with contempt.

THE END.

SPORTS PARADE

(Continued from page 16)

of play is expected to reach a high peak, to inspire, and infuse more enthusiasm locally and the making of a Caribbean side for future World combats.

Wednesday's match against the Royal Welch Fusiliers revealed the capabilities and skill of the Caribbean. They trounced the soldiers 3-0. Jacques Banguillot of Guadeloupe is an artist worth seeing; so are Minals, a young long-legged forward from Surinam who has a mule-shot; Kamperveen, his countryman, was colourful but attracts the gallery too often, Charleau was brilliant at right half while the full backs Parsons of Trinidad and DeSouza of B.G. dimmed the lustrous midfield play of the military.

Cricket was given out by the football tourney in the attempt of Chinese Juniors to play a friendly match against Kingston Police. Anyway, when the games begin Wallace Buddy Lee of British Guiana has decided to toss in with the University of the West Indies where he is an undergraduate. Lee is only 19; is an open-

ing left hand batsman; played in Trials for three summers and last year hit 137 vs Chinese Sports Club, 63 vs British Guiana Cricket Club and 80 vs East Indians. We wish him a successful Senior season here.

THE SCOUTS CORNER

Continued from page 7

Director of Education has directed all Headmasters to co-operate with the Scouting Authorities to the fullest by giving all Scouts in their schools the permission to attend the Jamboree. The teachers have willingly agreed to this because of the educational value of a Jamboree.

Between now and the Jamboree, the Scouts will be required to attend various meetings and rehearsals. We trust you will give them the necessary permission. The Jamboree will be opened to visitors daily from 12 noon, and so we hope that you will visit us while we camp.

Yours in Scoutcraft,

JAMES CHUCK,

Scoutmaster,

ALBERT LYN,

Asst. Scoutmaster.

ECHO

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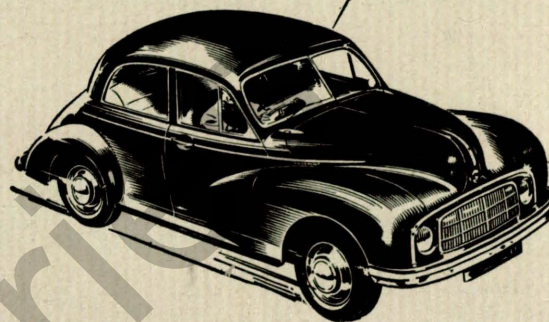
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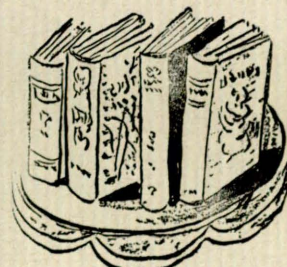
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