

The
Green And Black
Review



CALABAR HIGH SCHOOL

PRICE 2/-

MARCH 1963

VOL. 2. NO. 5.

"IF I had my way, I would write the word 'Insure' over the door of every cottage and upon the blotting book of every public man, because I am convinced that for sacrifices that are inconceivably small, families can be secured against catastrophes which otherwise would smash them up forever."

—Winston Churchill

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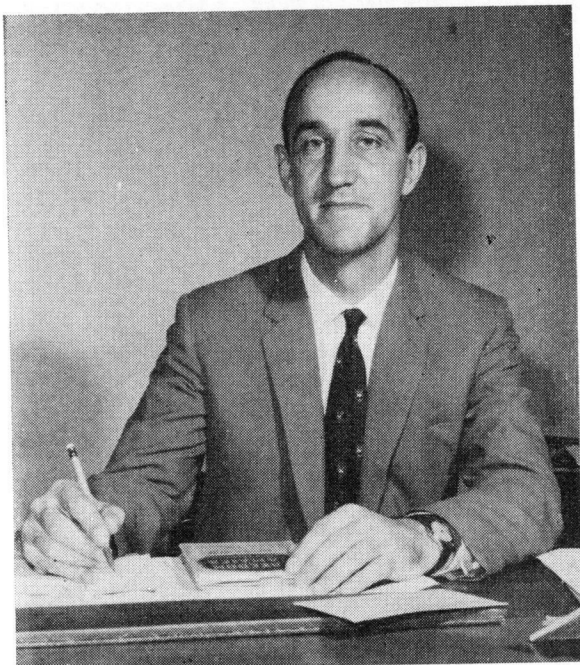
Standing, L. - R. — Nicholson C., MacKenzie M., Bertram A., Williamson A.
Sitting, L. - R. — Boothe W., Mr. L. Pena, Prendergast F., McCalla C.
Absent — V. Lawrence, L. G. Grant.

THE YEARS 1961 and 1962 were truly the most eventful and important years of our island's history. In preparation for Independence in 1962, every Jamaican was taxed physically and mentally. The country layman, with his self-imposed limit on thought was forced to think and act beyond the call of duty, and in the end make a choice as to his Government. We commend the elected party, and we have been indeed blessed in this island with a truly democratic, whole government, one that will serve us through thick and thin, and drag us out of the mires of early Independence. To them we raise a toast for the best of luck and to Jamaica we must raise our glasses and keep them raised forever, for as Jamaicans, we must throughout our lives salute our fair land and wish for her continued prosperity and happiness with freedom from all strife. Jamaica is a far cry from a utopian desire, but with combined efforts, we can create a great nation.

In the year of the advent of Independence another truly auspicious occasion took place. That was the arrival of Calabar's Golden Anniversary, and to this we paid tribute by a week of Celebrations. Those of us who have been here even for the short space of a few years, have noticed with great pride the growth of our school. It is only fitting that the second fifty years of service to Jamaican Education by Calabar should see gentleman of the calibre of Mr. Foster as its head. The Editorial Staff commends Mr. Foster on his appointment and wishes him the blessing of a wise administration.

The Editorial Staff now wishes to express its sincerest gratitude to Mr. Foster for his help in the publishing of this issue, and to Mr. Pena, what can we say so as to be able express our heartfelt appreciation and gratitude for all his help. The Editorial Staff wishes also to say an especial word of thanks to all those who contributed articles of any sort to the magazine, to those who typed for us, and the Businesses who so kindly advertised with us in the Green and Black Review.

THE EDITOR.



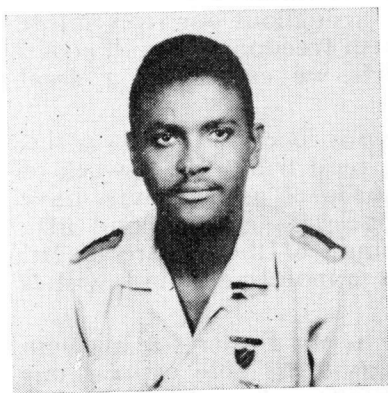
Rev. WALTER FOSTER,
M.A. (Oxon), B.A., Dip. Ed. (Bristol).

FROM THE HEADMASTER

WE CELEBRATE our Fiftieth Year, THE GOLDEN JUBILEE of the School in this Magazine, and we have cause to be proud and happy. I should like to congratulate all those who have taken any part in the production of this issue.

The business managers have set us a fine example in collecting advertisements, and the editor has inspired his committee to tremendous enthusiasm and effort. I hope that all the boys of the School will do their part in buying and distributing the magazine so that the good news may be spread far and wide. Calabar has already made a great contribution to Jamaica in fifty years of achievement. We believe that the years to come will be still more glorious and we pledge ourselves to service and dedication.

MESSAGE FROM THE HEADBOY



VIN. M. LAWRENCE

September 1962 heralded the Golden Anniversary of Calabar's birth. For fifty years has Calabar served Jamaica and we look forward to the next fifty years of service to this fair land. We the boys of Calabar have an heritage to protect and enhance, and hence we must strive to do ourselves and our school proud. As it stands, however, under the leadership of our new headmaster, Rev. Walter Foster, the critic will find but few faults in the Calabar of 1963, but we are sure that in the very near future he shall indeed find not one. For all time those of Calabar will rally their motto,

"THE UTMOST FOR THE HIGHEST"

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to prepare for the Inter-Schools Debating Competition.

Our warm-up was with St. Andrew High School and after that debate, our spirits soared as they fell our first victim. Enriched with confidence, we tackled Titchfield, newcomers to the Competition, but like good old timers, we sportingly bowed out, (score: 123-124), and then continued the season doing so more generously to Kingston College and St. George's. Happy Grove is still to come, and with them we hope to turn the tables and give, rather than take, a beating.

Our Sponsor, Mr. W. Foster, (now the Headmaster of the School) gave his assistance and advice wherever it was possible, and for that we are truly thankful. Despite last year's somewhat disappointing results, we are looking forward to the competition this year with the confidence that we will do much better, and in fact, we are going this year after the prize.

EDITOR'S NOTE

THE EDITORS of the *Green and Black Review* note with pride the active interest taken in the different aspects of school life this year. Several changes have been made to the betterment of the school and it is fitting that we mention some here.

Firstly in the realm of sports, the complete house system has been revised, this course of action being necessary because of the imbalance of the numbers in the houses noticed during the allotment of new boys to the several houses according to the old system. The house names have remained the same, but all the boys have been shifted into different houses. The house captains now are, Vin Lawrence, Athens; F. G. Prendergast, Corinth; E. E. Morrison, Rome; B. F. Panton, Sparta; C. Nicholson, Troy

There have been also several new societies formed, among these being the Career Club and the West Indian group which will start active operation after the results of the 1962 exams have been published. To note also is the fact that the choir has been re-grouped and the new choir consists of boys drawn from both the junior and the senior sections of the school. The defunct camera club has been revived and will prove an asset to the school.

The school has improved in another line too in that a new and much more adequate tuck shop has been added to the facilities here at school. Still a far cry from the ideal, we are nevertheless thankful and well rid of the past pseudo-tuckshop. Not to go unnoticed is the re-decoration of the chapel.

The boys of Calabar have been given a new lease on life and have taken full advantage of it as they should. The result is that the school has started the second fifty years of service to Jamaica in the right spirit and will strive towards greater things in the future. Everyone in this fair land of ours ought to notice this well.

THE EDITOR.

NEWS OF CALABAR OLD BOYS

Mr. K. Christian

*Like an ancient river
Flowing from the mountain to the sea,
So we follow, coming, going
To the wider life to be.*

—So begins the Calabar song, and, true to its words, successive years have seen the sea of Jamaican life enriched by a constant flow of Calabar boys—some to a life of local importance, and others to a life of national usefulness, destined to bring glory and honour to their old school.

We wish in this year of the Golden Jubilee anniversary of the founding of the school, to pay tribute to all those who, in the varied areas of life have striven to remain true to the Calabar ideal of the "utmost for the highest."

It is customary that in each annual publication of the school magazine special mention is made of some old boys who have distinguished themselves in particular areas of public life. In previous years we have mentioned those who have made an outstanding contribution in certain departments of the Civil Service and in the field of athletics. This year we intend to pay tribute to those who have and are playing a noteworthy role in the creation of a distinctive Jamaican culture of which all can be proud.

We mention first that pioneer in the field of the Jamaican novel—Mr. Roger Mais who died in 1957. He was an artist, playwright and photographer, but gained worldwide renown as a novelist (his books: "The hills were joyful together", "Brother man", and "Black Lightning".) "Roger Mais", it was said, "will long be remembered in literary and artistic circles, but to the ordinary man in the street he will always be identified as the author of "Now we know" (1944)—an article against British colonialism.

Other Calabar Old Boys who have distinguished themselves in the field of culture are: Mr. Noel Vaz (drama), Mr. Lloyd Hall, Mr. Kaestner Robertson, Mr. Carlos Malcolm, Mr. Chester Harriott and Mr. Philip Sherlock (poetry and history).

Mr. Noel Vaz is the Staff tutor for drama in the Extra Mural Department of the U.W.I. He is recognized in theatrical circles as one of the leading, if not the leading, drama producer in the island.

Mr. Lloyd Hall, G.R.S.M.; A.R.C.M., has gained islandwide repute as a pianist and conductor. He was for many years the music teacher at the Shortwood and Mico Training Colleges and is now the Government Education Officer for music.

(Continued on Page 22)

Sports Review 1962.

by E. E. Morrison.

Track

OUR fantastic track success of 1961, was very instrumental in stimulating the rather large turn-out of athletes in 1962. Mr. Al Phillips who had now succeeded Mr. Herb McKenley as track coach, found a wealth of talent to work on. Unfortunately, major injuries to top members of the team, dimmed our hopes of the victory so many of us had envisioned. Thus unable to compete with our best team, 14 points were all we managed to gain, which earned us sixth place. Special mention goes to Denis Anderson whose sterling performance in the Medley Relay gave us our only win.



Dennis Anderson as he strides home winning the Medley Relay.

Cricket

By Summer Term the spotlight had shifted from track to cricket. True to our tradition, we fielded teams in all three divisions. The Sunlight team led by Keith Brown, had four wins to their credit, including one over cup winners K.C.

Neville Flowers emerged our most prolific run-getter, a feat which earned him a berth on the All Sunlight Team. Reynold Foster and his Second XI team, all firm believers in the "Brighter Cricket policy" had an interesting season.

The Colts XI captained by Carlton Martin won all eight games to win the Whittaker Shield, thus bringing the first Cricket trophy to the "Green and Black" campus.

Tennis

Tennis continued to play a minor part in Calabar's sports realm. Lackadaisical approach coupled with the lack of a regular coach, was conducive to our poor showing. However, Hamar Dayes must be commended for his fine individual showing.

Swimming

Interest in Swimming was again revived, as we obtained the services of a coach, Mr. Jack Rogers. As a result we got more points at Championships than in former years. We hope that with a continued positive approach, Calabar will once more regain former pre-eminence in Swimming.

Football

For the first time in many years Calabar started training in the Summer holidays. Under the guidance of an energetic coach, Mr. Walter Chevannes, our young team progressed satisfactorily in acquiring the basic and intricate skills of the game. Our commendable performances against Wolmers, St. Jago and winners J.C. were lauded by both press and radio. Neville Flowers who came second in goal aggregate was considered for a place on the All Manning team.

Note: The introduction of Basketball to Calabar is high on the Sports Agenda. We sincerely hope that a good turnout will enhance the success of this Sports enterprise.



COLTS TEAM

Standing—A. Marriott, D. Kellier, F. Deperalto, C. A. Nugent, E. Nelson, E. McLean, N. Forde, L. Dawkins.
Sitting—Kenroy Laing, Rev. Walter Foster (Headmaster), Carl Martin (Captain), Mr. Stoddart (Coach), D. Saddler. (Carl Martin holds the Whittaker Shield).
Absent at time of picture taking—N. Ramsaran, P. Matthews, A. Morgan, S. Swaby.

MR. FISHER

(By Mr. L. Pena)

WE WERE all shocked at Calabar to hear on the very first school day of 1963 that Mr. Fisher had accepted the post as headmaster of Ferncourt School. Shocked, not because we doubted his ability (indeed it is widely recognized that he is the best man for the job) but because we wondered how we could manage without him. For Mr. Fisher, or "Fish", as we affectionately called him, had come closer to being indispensable than anyone we know. Preferring to work unobtrusively with no thought of reward or praise, he did singlehandedly the work of three men.

Before he went to England in 1961 on a Commonwealth Bursary, his official commitments were the teaching of geography and economics and supervision of the boarding school. Yet he found time to run our annual school sports, attend to our grounds and ground staff, keep the tuck shop going, advise with the timetable, and syllabuses. An infinity of responsibilities.

But all this tells us little about the man. For he is no mere automaton with a compulsion to work. He is intensely human and his humanity reveals itself as much in trivia as in the larger aspects

of his personality. The way he would break into dance, for example, as he sang or whistled a popular tune of today or one that took us a few years back . . . the twinkle in his eye as he seized upon a double entendre . . .

Of the larger man one is most impressed by a fantastic memory and an encyclopaedic range of knowledge. He amazed us one day in the staff room by producing a photograph of his Mico graduating class and telling us the case-histories, the whereabouts and the interests of the great majority of his colleagues. There is hardly a road in Jamaica he does not know or has not travelled. Indeed he admits to knowing the number of petrol stations between a certain remote spot and another. Characteristically, he claims that this is no achievement, that in certain areas one simply has to know where the petrol can be found or else remain stranded.

This keen memory and power of observation go hand in hand with a lively intellect. He is never hasty in passing judgment, and always before so doing you would see the gaze narrow from behind his spectacles, the brow would furrow. Then comes the assessment, invariably beginning the words:

"You know, people say this, but I wonder . . ."

In an age where mass media tend to beget mass

(Continued on Page 35)

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THE CALABAR CELEBRATIONS WEEK

Errol Morrison, 6A



The memorial plaque is unveiled in the Calabar High School Chapel Sunday night, at the school's Golden Jubilee dedication and thanksgiving service. Mr. Calvin Dewar, right, Chairman of the Old Boys Association, who unveiled the plaque and Rev. Cecil Woodyatt, Acting Headmaster read the inscription.

ON A sombre morning fifty years ago two humble men, Ernest Price and David Davis stared at the first members of their flock. Like them, these boys would be pioneers, for together with the staff they formed a school. At that time schools of the calibre of Calabar High School were greatly needed and so it was welcomed with open arms, and ignorant brains flocked to this worthy centre to alleviate the burden of their ignorance.

Over the past fifty years Calabar has grown considerably in every field and it has been greatly blessed. Upon the completion of fifty years, all were so overjoyed that there was great cause for celebrations. So it was that the old boys of the school planned the celebrations week to be enjoyed by all.

The week of celebrations started on Sunday 23rd September with a Thanksgiving Service. This service was held in the school chapel and was conducted by the Rev. Donald Monkcom, Chairman of the Board of Governors. The speaker was the Rev. J. Leo-Rhynie, an old boy of the school. The main feature of this service was the unveiling of a plaque which commemorated the Golden anniversary of the school and

had been given by the Old Boys Association. One cannot deny the pride which welled up in every Calabarian's heart then, for here was living proof of their school's greatness.

The Monday following was a bye as far as celebrations went but on Tuesday a second event in the week of festivities was announced. That evening the annual football match between the old boys and present boys was played. In the afternoon the old boys began to arrive, first in a trickle, which progressively increased to a steady flow. This was just proof that they meant the words:

Here sir, here sir, here sir, here sir,

So we answer near or far,

Here sir, here sir, here sir, here sir,

At the call of Calabar."

which they had sung many years ago while at school.

The old boys' team comprised rather heavily-built members, and the present boys, although confident of victory, could not help but shudder. Their confidence was misplaced, however, as the old boys edged them out 4-3. The present boys played well

(Continued on Page 17)

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UPPER SIXTH ROUNDUP

IN EVERY school there are the boys that help to keep the school alive, and away from the normal routine of humdrum studying. Here are recorded some of the characters to be found in Calabar and here also are recorded their main attributes.

"Scree".—A tall, rangy lad, with a ready smile and a witty comment. Rarely serious even when debating. A true brain (though his teachers don't believe it even now), and a ready advocate of the "National beat" which he and another character, Batso, play so effectively, on the classroom chairs. Scree is the type of fellow every school should have but can readily do without.

"Choche".—Named after a watery vegetable, Choche is anything but fluent. In Spanish he is great but he seems to take a somewhat adverse opinion of his other subjects. A fellow who is truly able to take "mouting", something which he has to bear almost every hour of his waking day, be he at school or on the bus or at home. A handy thick to have around the place.

"Mousie".—A remarkable creature; combines man and mouse in a diminutive structure. Nickname highly specific. The best wit of the form, (6A), and a lad with such a quick tongue that nobody is ever angry with him for more than five minutes, if as long; not even his teachers who have the greatest reasons to be angry. The same find him a fascinating pupil to teach, mainly because of his well disguised lack of knowledge. Truly a lad of wit par excellence.

"Zippy".—Zippy or Zips, a game tryer at everything but cricket or tennis. He attempts even football. His determination has brought him success after success, especially academic. Few witty words are from him forthcoming, though now and then he digresses from his usual Tommy jokes to give a true laugh to the form. A good mathematician or physicist, but chemistry, ha. Possesses the amazing talent of finding 'lost discords' when playing in the chapel.

"Ref".—One of the most fascinating things about Ref is how he calmly enjoys the company of dead men, especially when they are sitting beside him on long car trips. In class or out of class he is an avid arguer, who seems always to take the opposite view, arguing emphatically and unconvincingly. Also possesses the often sought after but rarely found talent, of telling the 'bigger one', and in his line Ref is absolutely unbeatable. Pseudo-philosophy one of his main interests.

"Prendy".—With Zippy and Mousie, Prendy forms the trio of '56. A veteran of three years of Manning football, he has yet to show talent. In class he is one of those amazing fellows who finds what is not there, especially in Chemistry and Physics practicals, and holds the all-time record for the use of "cooking" in each of his subjects. Possesses a form of "thickness" not normally seen and boasts the best

paunch in form 6A. His wit is good but ever too often he lapses into "Tommy wit".

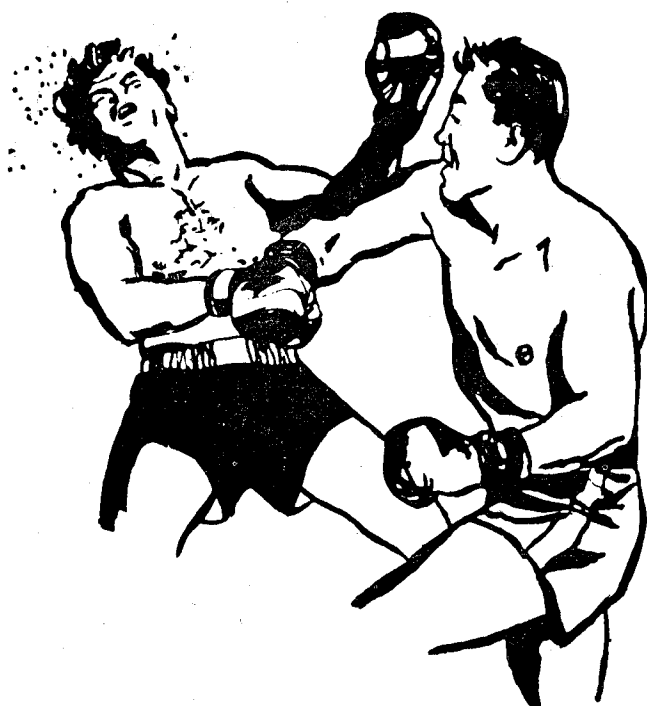
"Batso".—Tall, light and,—it ends there. A remarkable fellow, who combines brains and subtle wit to produce a rare specimen. A graduate of the Pool Football Academy of Calabar, Batso uses his thickness and slipperiness in and out of the pool, usually to his very great advantage, practising the same especially in the classroom where he wittily evades the acquirement of knowledge. He is really one of the few specimens who has combined Brains and 'Thickness' so very effectively.

"T".—T is for Terence, the most elusive fellow ever created. 'Tis a pity that his wit is as elusive as he himself is. He and Batso form the best duet of sleepers and lazars of form 6A. Both are graduates of the Pool Football Academy and T is the vice president of the Pool Football Association. Only rarely is he truly serious, but he is appreciative of only good jokes. Despite his skinny appearance, T is one of the most 'hungry-bellied' boys of Calabar, as many a pocket will attest.

"Cobbs".—He was named thus because of his abode in some far off obscure part of Jamaica, where, in his constant delirium, he boasts of a veritable utopia, with all the prerequisites of a comfortable life. No 'mouting' for him though. A shambling gait is his main attribute, and watching him at football proves a most amusing experience. A lad who takes things in his flatfooted stride, Cobbs has only one constant dislike, because he hates to be wrong. Anyway, he is a very likeable chap who is afraid of no one but his thick shadow. Loves to play chicken and often comes out the fowl. Possesses a charm, which makes the girls 'go' man, and in this sense *only* is he envied by anyone.

"Beaver".—An amazing fellow of rare talent in the art of laughing; combines a cackle, scream and a grunt, to give the weirdest of laughs. A walking text book with one quarter the pages blank. A paradox in that he walks like a bullet and runs like a snail. With Terence, or better "T", he forms a formidable duo of thickness and slipperiness. He has yet to be outdone in the fine art of forgery. There are few in the form who can nyam better than he; putting away three quarter dozen patties and just as many soft drinks again is a menial task. Beaver and the rest of the form though will have a battle for the best, and inevitably it seems that Beaver, like the tortoise, will win over the overconfident; time is flying though!

"Geesie".—Now we come to it. A beefy, to say the least fellow of around 180 pounds, Geesie is a well liked clown. His clowning is portrayed only through his queer actions of now and then, however. He argues readily and convincingly, if not wittily. Loses few arguments mainly because of the intimidating nature of his great structure. Finds the HSC



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course fascinating. Takes a fair share of mouting without getting 'fat', but unfortunately gives back only a bit, due to an inherent deficiency of wit.

"Chino".—This lad fancies himself a quaint joker, but often finds that laughs are not so readily forthcoming as he thinks. A game tryer at football where he represents the mascot of the team and provides comic relief in serious moments. He loves to delve into devious mathematics just to get more and more confused. He complains of dreaming noughts; we offer the explanation that this is the result of suggestion—he sees them so often. His methods in practical chemistry are unique as even the examiner will tell you with a woeful look on his face. We wish him all the best, though.

"Stranger"—A newcomer to form 6A, stranger is a tall fellow with a caput magnum. Fortunately brain and not water abides therein. A chap who only displays wit when debating, and then he does so, so as to be able to cover up his dire want of facts. A game tryer at Zoo and Bot, and in the economics class his main aim seems to be to imitate Humpty's "ha—ha" to a "t". Comes and goes with nary a sound and we all look forward to a year with him in 6A.

"Perro"—The nicknames these fellows have. Perro is the Spanish for dog and to tell the truth we can see no connection, except for the fact that frightening both of them produces the same rapid response. A joker whose absence for even a day is openly lamented (but secretly we rejoice), Perro along with one Grimps usually provides the music for the day in room 14, singing in his soprano-bass voice, the most discordant renditions of popular tunes—discordant and distorted. He loves mathematics most, mainly because he is so fond of the neat circles drawn over the hundred at the top of each math test paper. His ambition seems to be to emulate Jerome K. Jerome's "Idle thoughts of an idle fellow", and the proposed title of his book, "Idiocy begets idiocy".

"Grimps"—The last to leave school in the evenings and the first to arrive in the morning. Grimps is a half boarder boy. One would believe that such hours is due to a love for school, but the person who thinks such is under a sad delusion as Grimps readily attests. He possesses the loudest mouth in school bar Zips and also talks the most drivel when properly wound up. Shallow wit and miraculous sounding half-truths, Grimps is only bettered by Ref, and all these traits seem to enhance rather than depreciate his popularity. He hails from 'Spain' town and the one thing we find absolutely unforgivable as far as he is concerned is the fact that he carries every day his country habits to town and especially to room 14.

* * * *

CALABAR P.F.A. PRESENTS . . . "POOL SOCCA"

E. McLean, Form 3A

"UNCA Scree, Batso and Sparrow play forward line."
An mek no joke, de bwoy dem play de game real fine.

"Cuckoo and Jet play back defence"
Dem two play like dem widout any sense.
Den comes Coffee Strip, de goal keeper,
Im say de hot shot dem all de sweeter.
De boy dem a play so till dem a bus,
But hear waht a happen ina de dormitry fus.
Turkey legs and Belly, dem wake up;
Now dem wan dem bugga fe de early mawning
ketchup.

Turkey start shout fe him bugga.
Belly can' fine fi him own neida.
After searching evry likkle nook,
Turkey site Unca wid im bugga,
So Belly suspec say Batso have him supporta.
Well, mek we tek a look at de players
Batso and Scree a say dem prayers,
Cause Sparrow lef foot a score de goal,
An no fus im naw miss de rathole.
Talking bout Sparrow me member Jet,
Wen im get de ball we bwoy dem begin fe fret.
Cuckoo im so big an fat,
Fe score, is job fe pass a man like dat.
Now Coffee Strip is de thickest one.
Im cool de ball widout im han bun.
But guess wha happen wen de game done
Turkey bugga no got no bottom,
An Belly sô vex im start fe bawl,
Cause im no get back nuttin at all.

So ladies an gentlemen whenever you wan fe see
baller scheme,
Memba de six bwoys pon de P.F.A. team.

* * * *

CALABAR CELEBRATIONS WEEK

(Continued from Page 13)

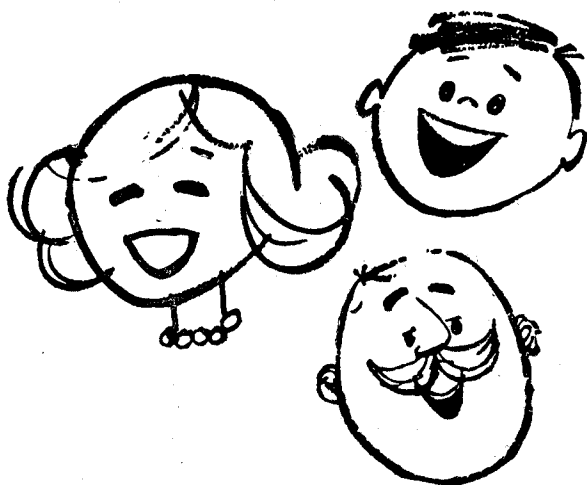
but they were not able to stand up to an eighty-minute game plus a powerful interchange system of the seventeen-man old boys' team. But we didn't complain; after all, weren't we all Calabarians? The repast after the match obliterated any lingering grouse which may have been felt in the ranks of the defeated present boys' team. One could not help but be amused when one present boy, having eaten two persons' shares of cake, said jokingly:

"Bway, we better let them win every year."

On Wednesday the school was astir as the final preparations for the evening were made. The long overdue Prize Giving was to be held that evening. As usual, it was a great success, with the Minister of Education as guest speaker, the Rev. D. Monkcom as chairman and Mrs. Allen handing out the prizes. The interesting and humorous headmaster's report was given by Mr. Woodyat and the vote of thanks was moved by the headboy Reynold Foster. The other feature of the night was the art exhibition, sponsored by Mrs. Ogle, who has worked very hard to improve art in Calabar.

The next item in this week of celebrations was a tree-planting ceremony scheduled for Thursday morning. We were honoured to have the then Gov-

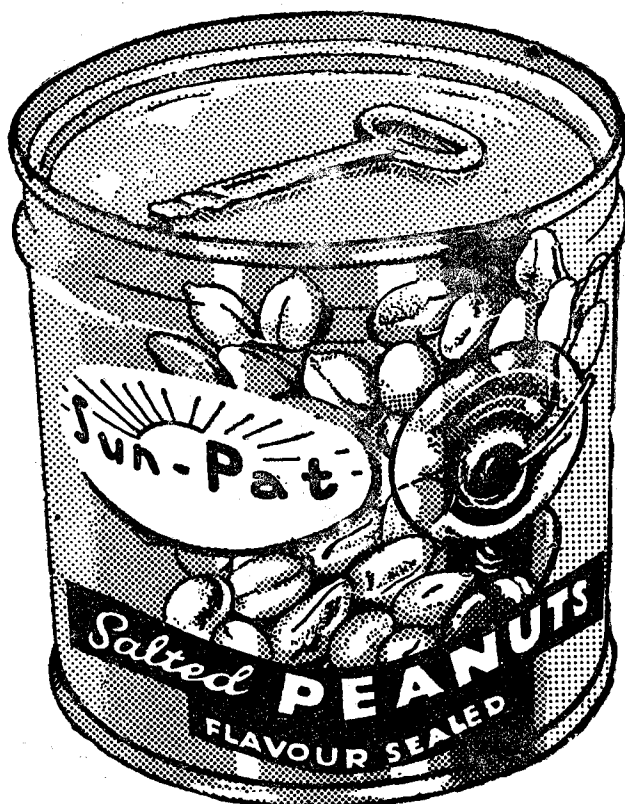
(Continued on Page 37)



Sun - Pat

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TRIBUTE TO MR. EGERTON RICHARDSON



ON AUGUST 6th, 1962, Jamaica became a nation, free after three hundred years of colonial administration. Having become a nation she earned the right to exist in unity with the other nations of the world and thus earned the right to apply for membership in the United Nations. Without hesitation she was accepted as a member. Things now moved quickly and a search began for administrative personnel to manage Jamaica's business abroad. Then came the appointment of Jamaica's permanent representative abroad. Necks strained, ears perked, and then came the long awaited news. Egerton Richardson had been appointed to the post.

Egerton Richardson was born in 1912. He attended Goshen Primary School and from there came to Calabar. A good student in the classroom, he progressed quickly gaining fair academic success, while on the sportsfield he excelled throughout his school career in the long jump. After passing the Cambridge Certificate examinations he left Calabar to teach for a time at Excelsior and later joined the Civil Service. After working in the Treasury for a while, he left Jamaica for England where he studied for 3 years at Baliol College, Oxford. While there he became a member of the Board of Governors of the West Indian Students Council and in addition was a member of the West Indian Society at Oxford. On

returning to Jamaica he re-entered the Civil Service. His excellent work and driving ambition carried him quickly aloft, and finally in 1956 was appointed to the coveted post of Financial Secretary. He remained in this position for the next six years until 1962 when he was appointed to be Jamaica's permanent representative at the United Nations.

The question now arises. Need one have a more distinguished record? Here we have an example of a true patriot, a true Calabarian. Here is the living proof that Calabar boys on leaving school live up to the motto of the school, "THE UTMOST FOR THE HIGHEST". Not only is this made evident, but also Mr. Egerton Richardson has sung through his deeds, the words of that verse of our school song,

*"One by one and as they name us,
Forth we go from boyhood's rule,
Sworn to be renowned and famous,
For the honour of our school."*

Mr. Egerton Richardson, you are a member of the throngs of Calabar Old Boys who have made Calabar proud. Your name has been written in the records of Calabar and in the annals of Jamaican history.

Mr. Egerton Richardson, we salute you.

F.G.P.

THE SCHOOL SONG

1. Like an ancient river flowing
From the mountain to the sea
So we follow, coming, going
To the wider life to be.
On our course from the source
To the wider life to be.

CHORUS:

Here Sir! Here Sir! ! (Repeat)
So we answer near and far
Here Sir! Here Sir! ! (Repeat)
At the call of Calabar.

2. One by one and as they name us
Forth we go from boyhood's rule
Sworn to be renowned and famous
For the honour of the School
True as steel in our zeal
For the honour of the School.
3. So today and oh if ever
Duty's voice is ringing clear
Bidding men to brave endeavour
We will answer we are here.
Come what will, good or ill
We will answer we are here.

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Cu ya! Dem say mi mus'n taak mi taak.

By F. Prendergast, Form 6A.

THE FRENCH declare, "Zis brand of meat iz abzolutee delicious", the Englishman, "Delectable stuff this, wot!", the American may casually remark, "it ain't from over hyah, but it sure is great!", and with an air of complete nonchalance, but true avidity, the Jamaican would probably say, "bway, dis ya beef ya sweet mi son."

It is by no means uncommon to find here in Jamaica many an advertising placard or poster with similar words and phrases used in much the same circumstance and manner. Often, and not without some chagrin, one notes that people take this as the general manner of speaking inherent in our fair land. This, of course, is true only to a limited degree, but it is not fair to declare that this is how most Jamaicans speak. Dialect is a natural part of Jamaican life and in "proper" circles ought to be limited if not completely removed. However, one ought really, by all means, to be conscious of the fact that every country has its patois, and actually Jamaican colloquial terms *are* unique.

Now, our dialect is often called patois, erroneous perhaps in the strictest of English meanings but applicable; nevertheless, it sounds very much like Spanish. Odd, this? Sample, "Cum ya rite away, far if'n yu no cum, miya go caal yu madda!" Rhythmic, isn't it. But this is even more alien-like: "Dis ya bway ya wan som peesa lik, far 'im cyan 'ear wen ennybady spik to 'im; an luk no, I is de rong man fe fool rung, yu know". One is at least able to recognise *to*. Not only is colloquialism employed to distort the Queen's English, but also one finds that there are several unique words used as synonyms. "Tenna" or "Tenner" for a sixpence, "quattie", for a penny half-penny. The "fip" or threepence is no exception and there are a few derived ones also, like the "dalla" and the "pown". A unique language, we all must agree.

The argument used against our dialect is that it induces the bad writing of English and therefore must be eliminated. Yet with the same breath a teacher will turn around and say vehemently that almost all Jamaicans speak bad English, or rather poor English. Surely, it is not true that almost all Jamaicans cannot write good English!

There is one thing, however, which could help to support the English experts' argument and that is the peculiar habit, chronic in the poorer class of Jamaican society which is called "spoking" by many. It is undoubtedly amusing to hear a man accustomed to patois speaking thus: "Gud marning saar, I hear dat you has a jab haufering to hall dose people who is hable to read han to write. Well sarr, I his happying far dat jab sarr". True, the man or

"sarr" addressed in this way thinks (along the lines) that this man is at least trying to speak better, but this is a ridiculous argument for he well knows that on going back to his environment, the fellow will revert to his old manner of speaking. The more likely truth is that he will laugh his head off or, if a candid type of person, will think the other silly for not using that which he is accustomed to.

The dialect has been applied to phrases which are often used in the "higher" circles of Jamaican society, "Time langa dan rope" is as factual as is "Stone a ribber battam no know how sun hat, ya", or descriptive caution, "no care how cockroach drunk, 'im na waak tru fowl yard". The mellifluous nature of these phrases is self-evident and anyone who is able to speak the Queen's English as well as the Jamaican dialect will agree that of the two our colloquialism is much more descriptive and colourful.

One needs be careful, however, about how far one advocates dialect. Since it is important that we address folks from across the sea, then it is important also that we be able to converse so that they may understand. But the converse is true, that dialect ought not to be unduly suppressed. In any case, "wen we bway get togedda an decide to taak we taak, we taak and nobody can tap wi; moas a de time d'ough, we taak a kind a half patwa; wi can taak good English wen we reddy d'ough, an is really de trute wen dem seh dat all school children should can speak all tree ways so dat all wid annerstand all, an den wi wood really den be out of many, wan people".

* * *

THE EXAM COMFORTER

By Paul Miller, Form 5B

ONCE MORE to the Chapel, dear friends once more,
Or close the wall with our Calabarian dead.

In peace there's nothing so becomes a man as
modest stillness and humility:

But when the blast of exams blows in our ears.

Then imitate the action of the genius:

Stiffen the sinews, summon up the brain,

Disguise lack of knowledge with a learned look;

Then lend the eye a positive aspect;

Let it comprehend the question fully;

And write the answer, not with a doubting pen,

But with bold stroke defy Mr. Cambridge,

And see your name with pride upon the coveted paper,
Termed the Cambridge Certificate.

Dishonour not your mothers; now attest

That those who you call fathers did beget you.

Be copy now to boys of the lower school.

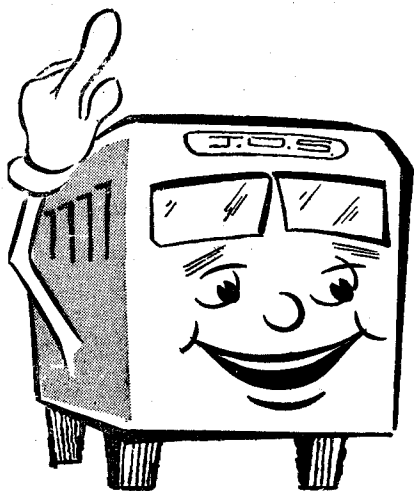
Thus teach them how to pass; or fail?

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How the ants ate John Worner

by "Anonymous"

THE NAME John Worner was a name that commanded the greatest respect from any citizen of the town of Carstos, a small village really, situated on the bank of a tributary of the great Amazon river. He was a great farmer and a prosperous and generous one too; but with all his virtues, he had one great fault; he was obstinate. That was partly the reason for his undeniable success as a farmer, true, but as even the ones who loved him most dearly said it would also be the cause of his doom. They had been called superstitious by John, but they knew, yes, they were sure that the ants whom he had thrice defeated in as many years, the dreaded army ants of the Amazon basin, were plotting his downfall.

An early morning in August, a rider was hastening before the rays of the sun; then, a silhouette against the distant horizon, a few minutes later, he thundered into the yard of the great house, and stumbled unto the porch of John Worner's home.

The ants are coming, the bi-bi-biggest horde of ants one ever saw! They have eaten all that I had, all, all!" the rather nondescript little gentleman from over the hill shouted. The ants had attacked him and his farm during the moonless night just past and he had barely escaped with his life.

The hired natives within earshot shrieked with sudden fear but the stolid and confident face of John Worner silenced them.

"The ants have come before, have they not, and they were defeated. So shall it be once again!" he said lending to his last words a tone of utter finality. The rider looked at him incredulously, then shrugging his shoulders, without another word he rode off towards the town some twenty-five miles away, crossing the river behind Worner's home by Ferry. The Ferry boat was left on the other side of the river as there was no one left to carry it back across. An oversight.

The hours passed slowly and about four in the afternoon a native turned toward the eastern end of the farm. His jaw dropped and he made a gurgling inarticulate noise and then ran shouting,

"The ants come! Master, the ants come!"

Here came the ants, a huge black mass, pouring over the distant hill, an awesome sight. The animals sensing danger came tearing down the slope, and across a special ditch Worner had had dug and thence into the river at the back of the farm, not stopping for one moment even to consider the crocodiles and dreaded piranha fish to be found therein. Some got through.

Relentlessly the ants moved on down the hill devouring all in their path. One boar risked a quick dash through the ranks of the ants. In one minute

he was on the parched earth squealing, and six minutes later only the gleaming white skeleton remained. Worner saw and shuddered; then he regained his poise. After all, had he not seen all this three times before? The ants moved on unchallenged.

"Wakman, get to the water gate and wait for the fall of my hand!" Worner shouted to his able foreman, who was off without the slightest hesitation.

The ants in a short time reached the ditch and in regulated droves began to cross; Worner's hand fell, and with a rumble the great wall of water filled the ditch, and swept away thousands of the ants. They fell back and the quick eye could detect the first hesitation in their march as their feelers waved and touched. Then a division broke off to the left and another to the right, and all the members of both these divisions climbed the nearby trees and began to strip the leaves therefrom. Worner had never seen them do this and thought that they were surely going to feed thereon. But he was wrong, as he soon discovered. The leaves were carefully drawn down to the water's edge, then they were carefully launched into the slow-moving water in the ditch; onto the leaf thirty or so of the insects jumped and the leaf was cast off. By the time that Worner got himself activated, thousands of leaves were on the water, and slowly and surely were drifting across the five foot expanse of water in the ditch.

A second ditch, much smaller than the first, was filled with water under Worner's instructions and unto the surface was poured petrol from huge canisters, procured specially for this purpose. He struck a match and the ants who had by this time crossed the ditch and were confidently marching towards the house and farm buildings, were caught in a blazing inferno of petrol. Those who did not perish by the petrol were drowned in the ditch as they retreated and many more were swamped being unable to land their leafy boat.

Night comes and no new move from the ants. The Indians are happy for the moat fire keeps blazing and there is an almost ominous silence befitting the dark, still night. But Worner is confident that the ants can't touch him or the rest of his farm. The damage would be covered by the insurance and his bank balance was as good as any. The time passes and with each passing hour Worner gets more weary and finally at two o'clock goes off to sleep, following the example given by his lessers, the natives. Two are left on guard, one sentry walking his lonely boat around the edge of the farm and the other to keep watch at the petrol wheel. The sentry on his round at three o'clock passes his sleeping master and moves on. Then, one lone insect, one

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lone army ant, appears as if from nowhere and moves quickly to Worner's foot. It seems to sniff and then hurries in the direction from which it must have come. Within minutes a hundred and then a thousand, and then ten thousand of the ants are present. A thousand or so begin to march up Worner's foot. Worner sleeps deeply and it is very difficult to awake him. The ants move steadily, undeterred, and as softly as a feather alighting on the ground, they march unto his face they cover the areas around his eyes, ears, nose and mouth. They wait a moment and then as Worner stirs, having smelt the musty odour of the ants, the ants simultaneously bite, their razorlike mandibles making neat and painful incisions into Worner's face. He screams and the camp is immediately awakened. The natives see him and behold the thousands of insects which now cover the unfortunate man. They see to their plight and realising that their master is done for, they run for all they are worth, and most of the two hundred natives which flee find themselves the food for the now once more hungry crocodiles and piranhas. Many are eaten by the ants too, and, in all, of the four hundred natives who had sought shelter, twelve escape with their lives. Worner before he died knew this would happen. As his eyes were eaten out, just before he went completely blind, he saw and understood how the ants had beaten him this time and why they had not tried many tricks this time. His friends had been right, the ants had planned this. They must have! Yes, that it how they had got past the burning petrol. They had dug a tunnel right underneath the ditch, some nine feet of digging in all. He lay on the ground and was eaten. The surviving natives watched from across the river, and the sight they beheld was never to be forgotten. Worner's white skeleton lay on the ground and the ants all gathered, forming a circle around the body, thus they remained for a full minute and then went about the task of completing their unfinished meal.

That last act of theirs, was it a tribute to a brave but stupid man?

(Continued from Page 6)

THE STUDENTS' CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT.

At the end of the year the old committee left and a new one was duly appointed; David Edwards was appointed as the new President, Juswyn Jarret, Vice President, Raymond Knight, Secretary, Terence Anderson, Treasurer and Averell Elliott and Charles Henville as the Executive Members.

As we look ahead into the future we cannot fail, but see great things in store for us, and with the assurance of God's help and guidance, we "Press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of Christ Jesus."

Raymond Knight—Secretary

THE SCRIPTURE GROUP.

(Continued from Page 6)

Knight as the Vice President. The other members of the committee were Mark Ricketts, Peter O'Sullivan, David Edwards, Rupert Lewis and Franklyn Prendergast. The first term was blessed, and we were able to send a boy contingent to the Inwood Conference. Nine members of our group went to the Leaders Conference. The Bible Studies started the year previously were truly successful and the numbers attending the same increased. The whole year was blessed and several new Christians were added to the group. Squashes and Camp Reunions were again well attended.

The members of the group wish to thank all those schools which over the past two years have so kindly invited us to come and take their meetings. We wish to assure them we were blessed by every minute that we spent with them and we look forward to the coming of the Lord, when we all the happy band of Christians shall be caught up to meet our Christ in the air.

F. Prendergast (Pres.)

* * *

NEWS OF CALABAR OLD BOYS

(Continued from Page 9)

Mr. Kaestner Robertson, L.R.C.M., L.T.C.M., is one of Jamaica's outstanding young pianists. Kaestner, having been to the Jamaica School of Music on a Government scholarship, is now doing further work in music in the United States.

Mr. Chester Harriott at the age of 17, and while still at school, was the first Jamaican to win the Empire Scholarship for music. He went to Trinity College of Music. He graduated with the F.T.C.L. diploma, and after giving a series of concerts at Wigmore Hall, London, he turned to the field of popular entertainment. He now appears regularly with another West Indian, Vic Evans, on B.B.C. television shows. He also makes occasional European tours.

Mr. Philip Sherlock, though better known as an educator, has nevertheless made a considerable contribution to Jamaican culture as a writer. Many of his poems appear in Anthologies of Jamaican Verse and he has written or co-authored several West Indian history books and readers.

Calabar is proud of these Jamaicans who have emblazoned the name of their alma mater on the pages of Jamaica's history. But to each successive group of boys leaving this school the challenge of life is ever renewed for,

*"So today and Oh if ever
Duty's voice is ringing clear
Calling men to great endeavour,
May Calabarians always answer, "We are
here."*

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RETURN TO VENUS

A Science Fiction Tale

Isom T. Herron, 6A

"GENTLEMEN," said the voice excitedly, through the public address system, "we are two hundred thousand miles from Venus and in four hours the ship will be ready to descend to the planet. You will all know the procedure, but in these four hours we must decelerate."

This was the captain of the rocketship MORNINGSTAR talking to his small crew, scattered throughout the ship. The ship began to decelerate as the engineer the retrorockets.

In four hours the rocket began to descend in a spiral trajectory. The landing in itself was a feat of navigation, for the surface of the planet was obscured from view by a hazy atmosphere. Because of this, the landing was done by radar.

Thus, after months and years of preparation, the historic occasion arrived on December 14th, 1980. Man had added to his accomplishments of a Moon landing and a Mars landing.

Putting on their spacesuits they left the ship, and began to appraise Venus firsthand.

They immediately began to investigate this unknown body. The radioactive count, atmosphere content and other factors were different from earlier predictions. They found the desert as they had expected; the gales which blew over the surface with frequent dust storms. The heat was fairly intense, with no vegetation of any sort, or mountain ranges. But despite all, this planet appeared to be returning to a former gloomy state. They intensified all observation in the hope that the reason might be discovered.

As the mineral occurrence in the surface was examined, the presence of a refined mineral was indicated on the apparatus. To find the cause of this disturbance they had no choice but to dig into the surface and at a depth of about six feet they struck something. It was a box-like structure made to survive the ravages of erosion. It was similar to one that had been buried on Earth to preserve extracts of late twentieth century culture. And, of course, this was man's maiden voyage to Venus, or was it...?

One crewman suggested an alien civilization had left it while exploring our Solar system. But the familiarity of this box could not be mistaken. Man had left it!

Somewhat hesitantly they began to open the container. It had been sealed in a way that was typical of man. In it they found remnants of a culture which could have been their own. They found spacesuits, and other articles of clothing with which they were familiar. They found many other objects common.

Newspapers and magazines were there also, but the horrrifying part was that they were all dated

1999, or nineteen years in the future.

Lastly they discovered a dictaphone which they were sure contained the answer to this mystery.

The Captain duly turned it on and a sombre voice began: "We, the people of Venus Colony 12 wish to record for eternity our last will and testament in the hope that one day our descendants may find this memorial and be made wiser by it. However, it is with regretful hearts that we prepare for holocaust which we know is inevitable. A large comet has been observed to be approaching our Solar system and there is no hope for Man's civilization.

"Optimistically, we hope enough life may be spared to ensure the continuation of the human race. We bequeathe to all those who follow, a legacy of a planet, our home.

"I appeal on behalf of the entire colony as their leader."

There the discourse ended.

The Captain spoke: "Well, men, it seems as though we are not the first on this planet at all. Consequently, we build on what these people have left. It is tragic to say that civilization as we know it was swept away. But this message implied that, so our civilization had to develop from rudimentary stages again. At least, after a tremendous setback, man is on the threshold of the stars."

It was not until nineteen years afterwards that they realized that the trajectory of the Comet which originally destroyed civilization was roughly elliptical . . .

* * *

YOU HEARD ME!

Son—But Dad, I don't want to go to Europe.

Father—Shaddap! and keep swimming.

* * *

1st Boy—Bway, a little learning is a dangerous thing!

2nd Boy—Oh, that explains why you're so absolutely harmless.

* * *

Bloopers all:

"Turn down Marcus Drivey Garve".

"The star bangled spanner."

"A good is as miss as a mile."

"Let us give Dr. Welcome a big Keane".

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SENSE AND INTELLIGENCE OF TURTLES.

D. E. Rogers, Form 6A.

ONE OF the most surprising facts that has been revealed by scientific studies of turtles is their lack of a sense of hearing. By this is meant the perception of ordinary air vibrations entering the ear. In view of a well-developed middle and inner ear, this fact is unexpected and many owners of turtles are convinced that they hear very well, indeed.

Casual observation of reptile behaviour can be misleading. A turtle that is responding to vibrations of the ground caused by the chopping of a block of wood, for example, does indeed seem to be responding to sound carried by the air. The behaviour of reptiles is notoriously hard to study because of their apathy, or slow responses. Where a bird or mammal will respond quickly, the reptile may stage a sit-down strike. It is not unusual for a captive individual to starve itself to death for no apparent reason.

Sound perception and sound production are complementary attributes of all animals, that is, those that make a lot of sounds usually have a keen sense of hearing. The deafness in turtles, therefore suggests a corresponding muteness, but turtles have been known to make sounds, especially during the mating season. The giant Leatherback, for example, produces a sound which has been variously described as "an indescribable kind of noise, a wail, a groan, a roar, or a bellow which can be heard for a quarter

of a mile."

The turtle has an apparently good sense of smell at close range and they often appear to smell objects before eating or rejecting them. If smell production and perception are complementary, as are sound production and perception, a turtle would be expected to have a pleasant odour, but, as in hearing the turtle is an exception in that many of them can give off a most disagreeable odour. The Musk and Mud turtles are most popular for this and it is used as a defence measure.

In addition turtles possess an unbelievably sensitive shell and skin and certain sea turtles literally enjoy having their shell stroked lightly by the fingertips. They are generally regarded as having good eyesight and certain species can even distinguish between ordinary colours.

The ability of a turtle to learn, called its "Intelligence", has not gone unnoticed. Anyone who has watched a pet turtle trying for minutes to climb over a book that it could much more readily go around, or to get through at the hinged edge of an open door for even longer, might object to the implication that it has intelligence. In defence of the turtle, it could be stated that the wood turtle is on a par with a rat in learning to go through a maze, and a pet turtle will always report readily at the kitchen whenever hungry.

BONS MOTS

Words of wisdom to guide our paths o'er life's rocky road.

- (1) Abuse, if you slight it, will gradually die away;
but if you show yourself irritated, you will be
thought to have deserved it.

TACITUS

- (2) Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

ANONYMOUS

- (3) Of all the horrid, hideous notes of woe,
Sadder than low-songs on the midnight blast
Is that portentous phrase, "I told you so".

LORD BYRON

- (4) Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

- (5) Ambition has but one reward for all:
A little power, a little transient fame:
A grave to rest in, and a fading name.

WILLIAM WINTER

- (6) I hate the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame.

JOHN GAY

- (7) Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies!

JOSEPH HOPKINSON

- (8) All that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

- (9) And he that does one fault at first
And lies to hide it, makes it two.

ISAAC WATTS

- (10) No man loveth his fetters, be they made of
gold.

JOHN HEYWOOD

- (11) That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

- (12) The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd:
It blesses him that gives, and him that takes.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



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(13) Such partings break the heart they fondly hope
to heal.

LORD BYRON

(14) Defer not till tomorrow to be wise,
Tomorrow's sun to thee may never rise.

WILLIAM CONGREVE

(15) He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

(16) Quarrels would not last long if the fault was
only on one side.

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

(17) Satire's power: 'tis her corrective part
To calm the wild disorders of the heart,

To point the arduous height where glory lies,
And teaches mad Ambition to be wise.

ALEXANDER POPE

(18) Silence is deep as Eternity; speech is shallow
as Time.

THOMAS CARLYLE

(19) And it is so plain to me that eloquence, like
swimming, is an art which all men might learn,
though so few do.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

(20) Catch, then, O catch the transient hour;
Improve each moment as it flies;
Life's a short Summer, man a flower;
He dies—alas! how soon he dies!

SAMUEL JOHNSON

IT NEVER RAINS BUT IT POURS.

Carl Nicholson

IT IS 1945, August the 13th in the quiet country village of "Grass Piece" in the parish of St. Elizabeth. For the last six months a fearsome drought has gripped the land, and the dry parched earth shows full evidence of this, with giant cracks "spersed" intermittently in what was once undulating, green, arable pasture. As one looks out on this desolate scene, lean, skinny cows with great hip bones sticking out from beneath their leathery hides, can be seen wandering about aimlessly, cropping away where they can at the now "haylike" tufts of grass. Even the two rivers, Outram and Pagee, which wend their wary way throughout this area, and which are usually full of life giving substance, now show the inestimable signs of the season. They are dry.

It is Friday, and as has become usual, tomorrow the market will be empty. A walk down the village street is a stroll in a Mexican pueblito during siesta time. The stores are closed, the bars are empty, and the howling wind of now and then stirs up the marl of the dusty road. It is a piteous sight and one finds it difficult to believe how a thriving township such as this one, could deteriorate so quickly into a ghost town of shoddy shacks with broken windows. Up at the schoolhouse the schoolmaster still wields his hefty corrective cane, though not so heavily, as all around him and on himself too, he can see and feel the pangs of dour malnutrition. A not so full stomach, the plaintive cracked voices of his charges, serve to tear him away from his usual reverie of teaching and remind him of the dreadful times, without he having to look out the window.

Every now and then an aeroplane sounds out over the horizon, serving as yet another reminder of yet another terrible situation. The world is at war and even in this remote district of this tiny island its far reaching effects are felt. 'Gone are all the young men, the young blood of the community, who

if they were here would carry water up the gruelling eight miles of bridle path from the well to the village; gone to be soldiers, everyone.

Teacher Williams draws his old worn-out Oxford Tweed jacket closer round him in an effort to sweat out his wracking fever and he utters a solemn silent prayer of thanks to the Almighty that at last he is seeing the end of the attack of the Asian 'flu which had fettered itself to his body for the last two weeks. Nearly everyone in the village has had it, and he was the last pillar to fall; his getting better will signify the end of this plague, which had its beginnings with the start of this drought.

Teach looks at his watch, then swats a lone fly on the top of his desk with the palm of his open hand. Even the flies seem to have had a taste of the hard times; every day they come forth in less numbers than the day before.

However, it is four o'clock, so Teach takes his hand-bell and rings it signifying the end of school for the day and for the classes to begin assembling for the evening prayers. The children all gather their books together and stand: Teach waits for silence. It comes, silence; ominous, and it hangs heavily blanketing the room like the 'Garua' of Peru. The children have not energy to chat, and the quiet is only broken when Teach in his now doleful baritone takes up the strains of,

"The day thou gavest Lord is ended".

All the children join in and high above the ensuing squealing, the chirping voice of Missus Teach rings out. As the strains of the last stanza die away, Teach bows his head and in a pious fervent whisper prays,

"Gracious Lord, we thank thee for having brought us to the end of yet another day. We are in . . ."

A chair scrapes and the voice suddenly rises in a steep crescendo, from its deep whisper to a booming bellow, then just as suddenly drops again.

"... indeed thankful for all the gifts and mercies which thou hast seen fit to bestow upon us in the past, and we humbly beseech thee to continue to further us with thy most gracious favour... These things we ask... who taught us when we pray to say,"

At this point the whole school joins in and within a few short moments the prayer is ended. With this everyone embarks on a general exodus from the schoolhouse, bound for home and a scanty supper.

Today is Sunday the fifteenth, the war is over and the young men are back home again. Most of the villagers are gathered in the schoolhouse, the village's church, for morning service. Come 2 o'clock and Teacher Williams has just delivered his sermon. Elder Jawrge (George) gets up and in his mellow voice begins to speak.

"We are gathered here today to thank the Lord for all his mercies and loving kindnesses. We have to thank him for giving us sound bodies that we are able to be here to praise him today, despite the efforts of the flu to stop us from coming. As I look out on you the congregation, I can see that we are no more threatened with extermination by that terrible malady, although I wish that I could also see here the faces of our young men just returned from the war; but their absence accounts for the flourishing business of the bar today. We have much to thank God for and to praise Him for; his mercies are everlasting and his truth endureth forever. Praise the Lord. Amen."

Amid "hallelujahs" and other exclamations, Elder Jawrge sits down and someone starts out lustily singing, "Rolled away, rolled away..."

Then elder Williams, (Teach) gets up and holds up his hands. Immediately the scene is transformed into one of tranquil serenity and Teach begins to pray; to pray for rain.

Suddenly, rudely, there is a loud crack from the skies and a peal of thunder rings out. All is quiet, and slowly at first, then more insistently comes the steady pitter-patter of rain falling on zinc roofing. All heads are bowed in prayer, in thanks to God for his answer to their pleas. With a final Amen, Teach ends his prayer and the service; all the people rush out, into the schoolyard turned churchyard, to have the gross satisfaction of feeling the life giving rain fall on them. The steady drizzle has by now grown into a torrential shower and even now looking down at the valley from the school, one can see that the

recently dry rivers are now becoming swollen. Everyone hurries home, to put out their drums, buckets and pans. Elder Jawrge in his haste forgets to doff his priestly robe, but even this can be passed. It is trivial and immaterial, compared to the joy and satisfaction he feels and exhibits with an unusually pleasant smile. Echoing to and fro across the valley are the joyful moos of the cows and the sweet chirping of the birds. Everyone is happy.

At seven o'clock the rain is still pouring down and Teach checks his rain gauge out in the schoolyard. Four inches of rain have fallen since quarter past two; and now Teach begins to wonder if the Almighty isn't overdoing it a bit. He remembers the last time they had had so much rain, back in 1936, then both rivers had burst their banks and washed over the valley in a flood. All the people of the village had had to seek refuge on the only piece of high ground in the area, the schoolyard, and even then the turbulent waters had claimed two victims. Two little children had been drowned and their bodies were never found.

On having this thought, several questions come to Teach's head. Will history repeat itself? Will the valley be flooded? At this, Teach's happy feelings disappear and in their place come apprehensions and anxieties, and he hurries back to his cottage after casting a worried glance out over the now darkened valley.

At 10 o'clock Teach is awakened by a persistent knocking at his door. He opens to find most of the villagers assembled outside in the still pouring rain, along with most of their movable belongings. He only waits long enough to hear his fears of 7 o'clock confirmed. Both rivers have broken their banks, and the village has been turned into a gigantic swirling lake of turbulent water. At least four people have been killed and all the buildings, animals, crops, and the various other fruits of years of hard toil have gone, disappeared with the devastating floodtide.

As Teach opens the school, the people pour in and lie down on the floor where they sleep till morning. They all are aware of the tragedy's every implication and each utter a prayer for strength in the days and years to come. They have lost all their material possessions, but Teach as he views the tranquil scene of the schoolhouse, he cannot help but marvel, and his true feelings were only expressed when he prayed:

"Lord, it never rains, but it pours. Two blessings especially do we remember tonight, one the water that thou hast sent us and will continue to send us that we may build a better and greater "Grass Piece". and the second, our stolid faith in Thee!"

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EDUCATION IN JAMAICA

Frank G. Prendergast, Form 6A

THE NATIVES of this island were allowed to enjoy the first rudiments of education nearly one hundred and thirty years ago, this period of time being judged from the year of emancipation in the nineteenth century. It seems a great pity therefore, that in such a long period of time the educational standard of the island as a whole is not above what it is today. However, let us forget the past. What cannot and ought not to be forgotten, is the present and even more so the future of education in Jamaica.

This subject of education is a vastly important one. There are many problems confronting the ones who seek to alleviate the illiteracy of our island, and not to go unnoticed is the fact that these problems are nearly all socio-economic in nature. A survey of these hindrances to education is interesting and informative. At first one may well doubt the statement that the problems are mainly socio-economic, but the doubter will agree that Jamaica is a poor country, and as a result education of her peoples is slow to appear. All the other problems seem to radiate from this central fact.

One of the most striking and obvious problems of education in Jamaica is that of the teachers, or rather the lack of them. Many people find this fact an amazing one, seeing that the University of the West Indies graduates so many students each year. The sad truth is that many of these graduates refuse to embrace this worthy profession because of the low salary offered them by the government. This again stems from the fact that Jamaica is a poor country; nevertheless, it seems ridiculous to think that Jamaica will ever be in a good financial position while many of her peoples are either illiterate or semi-illiterate. Skill comes through knowledge, knowledge through education and education through teaching. A sacrifice ought then to be made by the government to entice men and women into the teaching profession.

This is not, however, the sole reason for the lack of teachers. The second is that teachers often find themselves in a rather frustrating position, either because of lack of equipment, lab or otherwise, or because they have been put to teach a subject with which they are almost entirely non-conversant. It is amazing that the administrators of education in Jamaica take such an apparently light view of the matter. The result of this apparent nonchalance is that teachers with any sort of degrees are accepted even though their subjects are direly inappropriate, for example, an M.A. in Education put to teach third and fourth form chemistry. A suggestion to end such farces is innocuous in itself, but is to the government apparently inimical to their way of thinking. More thought ought to be given too, by government, to the better staffing and equipment of the existing schools prior to their even considering the building of many more.

Difficulties with teachers are by no means, how-

ever, the only problem to be surmounted. Only a minimum amount of learning is needed for one to realise that the topography of the country causes appreciable difficulty in the education of the masses. This is the cause of transportation problems resulting in the inaccessibility of schools in the rural areas. The end result is that the parents find it more economical, and it must be realised that the economy of the working class is vastly important to the same, to keep their children at home doing task, rather than send them to school.

These problems are not, however, unique to education as it exists in Jamaica. It has, though, been conquered in many other countries and is not beyond our capabilities here in Jamaica; but we must be prepared to work. In Africa, in every country of that vast continent, education is springing to life, like a sleeping giant awakening. This is one of the results of independence and since we are a newly independent nation we ought to emulate. There is nothing to be ashamed about; our educational woes are ones that have been faced by all the great nations of the world at some time in their past.

It is of vital importance that we make an effort to learn from other nations. Already we have decided on a comprehensive school system to be instituted in the island. Other like importations are invaluable.

However, the philosophical question which arises in our minds is whether or not we in Jamaica are being tutored towards living in a democratic and materialistic age. We must question along these lines and use democratic arguments, for education in a communistic society is a different matter altogether. The trend of society is definitely towards democracy and materialism. In this matter, therefore, it behooves us in Jamaica to make an outcry against the world, for such an education is one which would exclude all forms and cultural activities from the institutions of learning of the world. This would have the inevitable repercussions on society as a whole, and the world would become a place void of all literature, culture and religious attributes. Jamaica's heritage especially is too valuable to be lost by any such mis-handling and mis-application of democracy and materialism. Our attitude as far as that goes then, ought to be antagonistic, but we must realise also that our education must of necessity be tinged 'modern'; it must have a smattering of Americanism and Europeanism.

Despite our approach, therefore, we of necessity find that there are many problems to be solved to allow for the progress of education in the island. It is of especial importance that they be solved, for the future state of the island is entirely dependent upon its educational status. We all can work towards a successful solution and we all should. It is our duty in an independent nation, and the fate of our land is in our hands. *Education: knowledge is power and the basis of wisdom.*

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POSITIVE GOVERNMENT — NEEDED

A. Wallace, Form 6A

ON AUGUST 6th, we earned the long desired permission to show our ability to govern ourselves. This in itself, presents us with a challenge which as we face it does not compel us to tread the path of other nations. Different countries weave their policies according to the cultural and financial status of their people. So that following the footsteps of another country—although that country may have been successful—may not improve our problems in the same proportion.

Democracy, as we understand, is the denial of the omnipotence of Government. The opposite of democracy is totalitarianism, which rests on the claim of the state to have rightful authority in every department of human life. Under such conditions, our form of government is a democratic one. As the exponents and defenders of democracy, it is our hope and purpose to achieve a democratic solution for our social and political problems.

Democracy was really introduced by religious toleration, which implies in principle the freedom of all cultural activities from state control. It is the principle of our democracy that the economic life of the community, like its cultural, lies beyond the competence of political authority. It therefore denies the government the power to use the economic resources for the maximum benefit of the community, and this is the reason why people like "Macaulay" term our democracy "Negative".

The state is a material power and works by law which is the threat of force and should not therefore be allowed to interfere with the cultural life of its citizens. But, if the state, which is material, is barred from the positive control and direction of the material resources,—economic—and allowed a mere regulative control of the framework within which its citizens have to seek their own material welfare, then, such a government has only a negative function in the material life of its citizens.

There exists a widespread criticism of democracy, and an even more widespread notion that however desirable democracy may be in itself, it is too inefficient and ineffective for the conditions of the modern world. This, however, is the result of identifying democracy with negative government; and therefore assuming that the end of negative government means necessarily the end of democracy.

A country is a democracy if culture is left free of government authority. Therefore, to let government control its economic policies is not to destroy its democratic foundations, as long as its cultural activities are not so subjected. It is really the limitation of political authority in the field of culture that makes a country democratic, so that we can bring the economic field under the control of the government and still remain a democracy, provided that

the cultural field remains outside the control of political authority. There is, therefore, no reason why the acceptance of positive government should involve the abandonment of democracy. The examples of Russia, on one hand, and of Germany and Italy on the other, tell us much less than might be the case. Russia could not lose democratic freedom in the transition—from the negative to positive—because she was never a democracy; Germany and Italy were formerly democratic, but the democracy they lost had only slender roots in their national history and traditions. On the other hand, we have in this country a strong democratic instinct, which is the result of our experience and forced acceptance of English policy.

Without material resources we cannot live, the personal life must remain stunted and undeveloped. The economic activities of a community are the dispensable basis for its cultural life. Now, if the economic life of the community is excluded from the control and direction of the government, then there is no way by which the community can secure for all its members the means of realising the cultural freedom which it is the purpose of democracy to make possible.

In Jamaica, the greater percentage of wage-earners are barely above subsistence level and another high percentage unemployed. Unless the government is given maximum control of the economic resources by which it can determine factors such as the proper distribution of land, as done in Tanganyika, these unfortunate inhabitants will permanently remain the "Have-nots".

No doubt, the transition from negative to positive government may be difficult, but such an attainment is not impossible for Jamaica.

MR. FISHER

(Continued from Page 11)

opinions, whether at the cinema or at the football stadium, Mr. Fisher never follows the maddening crowd. To be sure, we don't always agree with him. But his views are always impartial, sober and challenging.

All these qualities Mr. Fisher wears with humility and self-restraint, virtues which prevent him from being a spectacular character, given to temperamental outbursts or neurotic behaviour. One could almost say that he took for his personal motto: "Tread the noble path with humility and caution."

We want to wish for Mr. Fisher and his family the best in their new sphere, and we know that from time to time he will come to see us at Calabar, not because he feels that he ought to, but because he wants to.

HIKE TO BLUE MOUNTAIN PEAK

D. Anthony Williamson, 6A

THE MURDEROUS summer sun was just past its zenith when Paul Miller, better known as "Pablo" or "Chubs", David "Boots" Edwards, Reg "Fish" Fraser, Ray "Noche" Knight and myself known modestly as "Choch", started on a long awaited trip to the peak. We collected some extra tinned food at Cross Roads, stuffed it into our haversack and awaited the bus. While we waited for the bus, Boots made it clear that he would be setting a "hot" pace up. Knowing the muscle-bound meathead, we thought him quite capable of leaving us behind, but we were in for a rather humorous surprise.

After a short while we boarded the bus to Papine and from there we went into another which took us to Gordon Town. There luck was with us, for we didn't have to wait long before a truck rolled up. We argued with the driver and finally he agreed to take us to Mavis Bank for a moderate fee. We drove somewhat fearfully past the frightening precipices and ravines and at last we arrived at Mavis Bank. We were told, however, by some rustics who had driven with us that if we were on time we would be able to get another truck which would take us as far as Hagley Gap; this would cut off five miles of walking. I welcomed the idea, but Boots who was itching to walk did not find the idea flattering. He was outnumbered, however. We just managed to catch the weather-beaten truck which after a while deposited us somewhere near the foot of the majestic mountains. We had to stop for a while and admire the grandeur ere we started on our ascent.

We pushed off at exactly six p.m. Boots immediately taking the lead and shouting arrogantly "Come on boys and follow the leader!" We moved on at a quick pace trying to catch up Boots. Then suddenly, a rather strange thing happened; after about fifty yards we noticed that between Boots and ourselves was narrowing. It was either that we were walking faster or that Boots had actually begun to tire. The latter proved to be painfully obvious. Soon we levelled with Boots who was by now sweating profusely and muttering. Boots couldn't bear the sight of our passing him and said feebly,

"Bway, I buss."

We teased Boots who tried to defend his self-made plight by giving a host of excuses,

"No man. Unu guy joking. I don tink unu guys realise dat dis haversack kinda heavy, and wid de leaning plus de hill, I kinda get tyad."

We stopped at a water pipe, refreshed ourselves, and then resumed the climb. We heard little from Boots, who by now had taken a modest position in the rear. Then it was Pablo's time to start complaining. He stated with his stomach as usual, saying he was unable to walk on an empty stomach and bright-

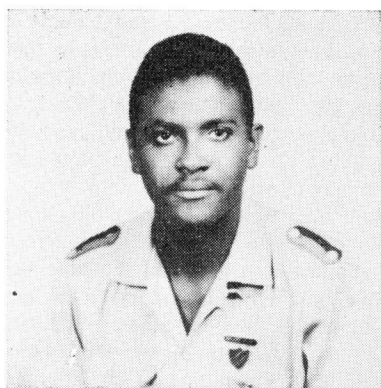
ly suggested that we stop and eat. We all sympathised with him and offered to pick him up on our way down if he couldn't make it. We continued uneventfully and after another little while we came to a quiet area where we settled down and had our quiet time.

We resumed and shortly afterwards we stopped at a little shop and there we rested. Here we ate a half supper ranging from bread-rolls to oranges. Nearly all of us agreed that we were not really hungry, but just to be different, Pablo tore voraciously into his food and then into mine. Having finished here we pressed on, plucking out our flashlights once more and continued along a relatively easy stretch of terrain. "Fish", and our portable radio, provided us with all the music that we desired, "Fish's" productions, however, being somewhat contrary to the general trend of music as we understand it. We passed a sign post saying, "7 miles to Blue Mountain Peak". Some facetious person had, however, scratched 11 before the 7. We started to think, a process simple to everyone but Boots and Pablo. Since at this moment thoughts were secondary, however, we trodded on, and about half an hour later we reached the Cross Roads or rather the cross tracks called the "Portland Gap". We were in a little difficulty as to which road we should take. However, with Boot's counselling we took the one which led eventually to the peak. (Boots is seldom right and so when we found that we had indeed taken the right road, we wondered if both paths did not in effect lead to the peak, though one may have been more devious). It was here that the really rude ascent began. We climbed and we climbed, resting every hour or so, and soon the rest periods became more and more frequent, and finally it was brought down so that for every fifteen minutes of walking we rested an equal length of time. We marched on with our flashlights rapidly burning out and we eventually had to stop and change the batteries; then we continued along the dark, tortuous, precipitous paths, in single file. We exchanged positions for the leader and rear guide at intervals. But at this time, while we were making steady progress, Pablo complained of hip troubles. All along he urged longer and more frequent stops till like an obstinate mule we had passed earlier on, he sat down in the path and refused to move.

"Come along, man," shouted Noche, "we'll never reach at this rate! !"

"Li-Li-Listen, oleman," stammered Pablo beligerently, "yu fine seh yu wi have fe leave a flashlight wid me. I nat moving!"

But with all his show of bravado, he did move, when Boots advanced towards him.

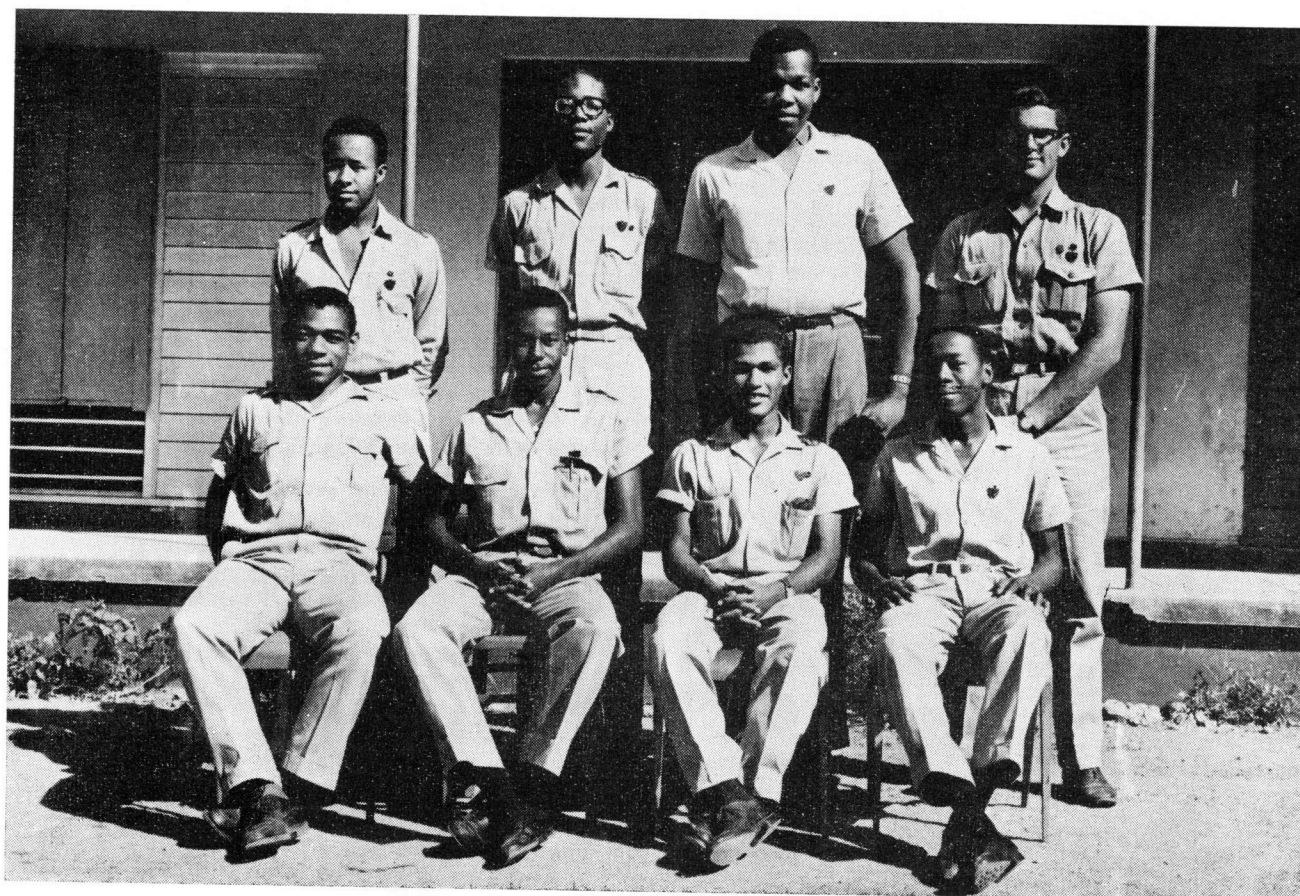
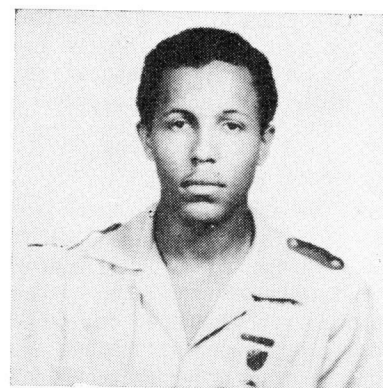


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Upper Left — Headboy, V. Lawrence. Right — Deputy Headboy, F. Prendergast.
 Standing, L. - R. — Williamson A., Herron I., Thorpe C., MacKenzie M.
 Sitting, L. - R. — McCalla C., Boothe W., Gray A., Hector C.
 Absent — Grant L., Morrison E.

CALABAR CELEBRATIONS WEEK

(Continued from Page 17)

ernor-General, Sir Kenneth Blackburne, who planted the first tree. The others who planted trees were Mr. Mais, representing the Minister of Education, Mr. N. Gillet-Chambers, Rev. D. Monkcom, Mr. Woodyat, Mr. H. McD. Messam, Reynold Foster, the headboy, and Warren Richmond, the youngest boy in school.

The shovel used was a very special one, used before only by Her Majesty the Queen and a few distinguished persons.

The next item on the programme attracted much interest and all of Friday was spent preparing for the concert to be held that night. This concert was held on the open-air stage at Calabar. At 7 p.m. the audience was informed that two of the guest

(Continued on Page 39)

We had our first nap a little further on; we all found it very difficult to distinguish between Pablo's snores and the loud hoarse croaking of the toads. Resuming our task rather reluctantly a little later, we made satisfactory progress till we reached what we thought was the peak. So glad were we that we fell on our knees as Columbus of old did on finding land. But lo! and behold as we came out into the open we saw, yes, we saw the peak, towering high above us in the clouds! We felt like turning back, but knowing the shame and derision which awaited our failure at school, we wearily pressed on. We stopped soon however, for our first real sleep. Before sleeping though, we had our rather late supper and then having unpacked our haversacks, we went to sleep amidst the stones and boulders which felt to us like the softest of Dunlopillo beds and soon we were safely stowed away in the arms of Morpheus. Our night's rest lasted two hours forty minutes and we continued our trek at three forty a.m., refreshed and in high spirits.

Then at 5 a.m. we reached the long awaited peak in the fog and the biting cold. Oddly though, on arriving the rejoicing was secondary, for once more our stomachs called, "Fish's" calling the loudest, as his watering mouth showed. We were not able to see the famed sunrise, due to the impenetrable layer of fog which hid the sun from our view, but we were able to obtain a beautiful view of Kingston and the south east coast. The journey to the peak had taken eleven hours in all.

We roamed around a while and then finally again rather reluctantly, we left the peak and be-

gan our descent, and to our great joy we found for once that the going was easy, though many a tale had been told to us that this part of the journey was most difficult because of the steep slope. Steady progress was made and the ever hungry Pablo and Fish gorged on wild berries for the better part of the trip down. At last, after about six hours of walking, we reached a river we had passed on our way up, and there we rested our weary feet in the cold invigorating water. "Noche" who was suffering from severe ankle trouble welcomed the brief respite, as also did Pablo with his bad hip, and Boot's weary back. After a lightning snack, we resumed walking. We asked some people we passed how far away was Mavis Bank. Some said, "just roun de corna," others, "not too far," and one rustic confidentially exclaimed, "'bout five chain." But alas, we walked and walked, and the discouraging fact was that it was a steep hill, and, we were weary. At long last we reached the town; there we sat and rested our sore limbs, and waited for transport.

A taxi brought us to Papine where the glib Pablo borrowed his aunt's car and took us to our several homes. We were all but dead.

"Now that I have related to you the facts about this trip of ours to Blue Mountain peak, I have heard fantastic stories of people walking to the peak in two hours and the like. But I say, any man who has done it under five hours starting from Mavis Bank or even Hagley Gap, tear out this article, send it along with some ketchup, and I promise that I will eat it!"

A Unified Multi-Racial Society — *Not Just Yet.*

Arnold T. Bertram

THE GIGANTIC task of establishing a harmonious, multiracial society has taxed to the utmost the resources of Jamaican sociology. Thus, despite commendable progress towards this novel achievement, many existing problems need be solved before this ideal unification can become a reality.

Quite naturally, it becomes a necessity that one of the various racial elements represented in our island be the hub of this proposed racial unity. As a direct result of this necessity our first problem arises.

The all powerful negro community comprises 90% of the population. Hence sheer superiority of numbers establishes their claim to be the acme of any unification, and the administrative capabilities

of the negro intelligentsia validates this claim. However, the unfortunate lack of originality, and internal dissension, (both features of our colonial heritage) would tend to suggest that the negro sector, despite their claim, is not yet an ideal nucleus for this racial unification to revolve around. We are all aware of the tremendous strides made by the negro over the past century. However, we should not forget that the period of negro enslavement was also accompanied by a gross repression of his academic capabilities. Then, even in post emancipation period, many negroes have for various reasons, been unable to make use of the limited educational facilities provided. Therefore, with this questionable degree of literacy, a good percentage of the negro population, logically experience difficulty in appreciating certain

values. Hence the pathological situation, typified by colonial societies exists in Jamaica, where a common sense of values has been acquired from outside. In our case, a European sense of values. These mal-effects of colonialism have driven many negroes to a realm of "social hypocrisy" where they ape the European.

The remaining negroes who invariably have high scholastic attainment are in almost diametric opposition to their kinsmen, as far as their attitude to Europeanism goes. They portray some originality in thinking and in general tend to reject European standards. Fortunately, with an increased emphasis on education, the ranks of these negroes are swelling. Hence it will not be long before the negroes will adopt a more unified approach. Till then and not till then, will they be able to give a lead. The European community (all white) although vastly inferior in numbers, have made an indelible stamp on Jamaican culture. European etiquette is still the hallmark of the social elite. Continental stylings still find more than a ready market in Jamaica. Certain administrative posts are still eligible only to the white. Preferential treatment at the top hotels, is still the order of the day. Even the radio stations popularize European classics and American jazz at the expense of our mentos and folk songs, which are intrinsically, a part of us. While I am certainly not suggesting that the classics, etc., be condemned, we must not fail to realize that the majority of our people are not very appreciative of them. Finally, in judging our national beauty contests the European criteria of beauty are predominantly used.

However, despite the apparent bent towards Europeanism in our culture, it is a mistake to think that the European community could form the hub of this proposed merging of the diverse racial elements in our island. First these gentry represent a mere % of the population. Secondly, as I have previously mentioned, the more learned sector of the negro population are steadily rejecting European standards. Finally even those negroes who continue to imitate the Europeans, do so, not because of a total lack of originality and self-sufficiency, but because they have always been taught and have apparently believed, the doctrine of "white superiority". Even this sector, if given a lead by their more educated contemporaries, will soon change their trend of thought.

Of the remaining races, the only two worth considering are the Chinese and the Jews. From the outset, it is apparent that these two suffer from a woeful lack of members. However, they must be given full credit for their unified approach and harmonious inter-relationship. Unfortunately these nationalities hardly entertain thoughts of a cultural union with the rest, which of course is typical of minority groups.

The second major problem lies in eliminating prejudices amongst the races.

The resurgence of racial movements warns us that some negroes have not forgiven the Europeans for their injustices during years of colonisation. In the minds of others the white men are to be associated with everything unhygienic and blamed for the introduction of certain immoral practices.

The Europeans on their part have yet to display sympathy for the poor negro's way of life. There are many who still don't place the negro above the slave status.

Good cooks and astute businessmen seem to be the only creditable recommendation voiced of the Chinese by the rest. This does not get them far in a cultural union. The extreme mercenary approach of the Jews and Syrians places them at variance with the other racial groups.

Under these circumstances our desire for racial unity will take some work if this dream is to come to pass. Theoretically it is very good to say that independence presents the ideal opportunity for us to dispel our alien sense of values and acquire new ones, our own, which will be more consistent with our aspirations, and will act as a uniting and not a dividing force among our people. Few reckon that people are basically conservative, and are therefore strongly opposed to changes which may significantly alter their way of life. Hence until we can eliminate these several problems, unity and harmony will only find expression in individual races, and not in a multi-racial society.

CALABAR CELEBRATIONS WEEK

(Continued from Page 37)

artistes, Mr. Carlos Malcolm and Mr. Abbott Anderson had met in accident and would not be able to perform. In spite of this, however, the concert was a success and the majority of the audience went home feeling satisfied that they had got their money's worth.

On Saturday night the old boys had a reunion dinner at the Sheraton Hotel. The old boys attended in large numbers. The guest speaker was the Hon. N. W. Manley, Q.C., and the reply was given by Mr. C. Woodyatt. Reynold Foster who represented the school replied after Mr. Woodyatt.

On Sunday we were informed that there was yet to be another function. The Prime Minister of Eastern Nigeria, Dr. Okpara, who was in the island at that moment, was invited to plant a tree. Before planting the tree Dr. Okpara gave a very interesting address to the boarders who listened with rapt attention.

The week of celebrations was indeed a grand affair and praise must go to the committee that planned it. All we can do now is hope that when we celebrate our centenary it will be an even greater success.

CALABAR HIGH SCHOOL, 1912—1962

ON SEPTEMBER 12, 1912, Calabar High School was founded by Rev. Ernest Price who had taken charge of the Calabar Theological College in 1910. He was assisted by his colleague, Rev. David Davis from Australia and they made an excellent combination in leadership, learning and versatility.

Their original intention was to give a good literary education and careful Christian training to the sons of Baptist Ministers in Jamaica. The two founders debated as to who should be Headmaster. In "Banana Land" Ernest Price describes the conversation—"Chronicler had only had four terms at a secondary school and none at a boarding school so how could he be Headmaster? Colleague's reply was convincing. He had never been to a school at all so how could he be Headmaster? Such an overwhelming superiority of qualification and experience decided it." Their very originality, ability, enthusiasm and devotion, aided by the obvious need for secondary education, brought immediate success. The School started with 29 boys of whom sixteen were boarders. It grew to one hundred in 1917, and later to 170, of whom 75 were boarders. Calabar was soon recognised by the Government as one of the six first class Secondary Schools of Jamaica.

Many of the leaders of modern Jamaica in all spheres of life passed through this School in these early years. Many were Baptists, but all denominations were welcome and special terms were available for Ministers of any Denomination. The original site on Slipe Pen Road was soon extended through the generous help of Miss Purscell to include Studley Park. The School became distinguished for its Athletics, (winning Championship Athletic Sports four years in succession), its Swimming, (winning the Swimming Championship seven years in succession) and Music, with its Choir and Orchestra. Boys came from Cuba, Haiti, Grand Cayman, Costa Rica, Panama, Columbia, Grand Turk and Nigeria as well as Jamaica, Britain and the U.S.A.

Calabar produced Rhodes Scholars like George Webster and Harvey DaCosta, and Jamaica Scholars like Alfred Carnegie and Bernard Price.

We will pass briefly over the closing years of "Old P's" regime, the tragically short year of his successor Dr. Gurnos King, and the five years of Rev. Arthur Herbert 1938-1943, during which Rev. David Davis took over as Headmaster, (leaving the College Presidency to Rev. Herbert) and remained in charge until 1949.

The present writer came to the School in 1940 when the School had one hundred and thirty boys, nearly half of them boarders, a well qualified and devoted staff entirely composed of Old Boys or English teachers directly enlisted by the Baptist Missionary Society in England, and serious problems, including a deteriorating site. There were still notable achievements. The two Robinsons, Leslie and

Rudolph won Jamaica Scholarships in 1943 and 1947. Calabar won the Manning Cup in 1943 and Championship Athletic Sports in 1946. Nevertheless, although the spirit was excellent, a move was essential.

A new era started for the School with the purchase of the Red Hills site by the Baptist Missionary Society of England through the efforts of Rev. David Davis and Rev. Thomas Powell who had been sent out by the Baptist Missionary Society as Commissioner.

Mr. Walter Murray White who had been with the School since 1938 returned as Headmaster in 1949 (after a break of three years in Scotland) and remained at Calabar for ten years. He was mainly responsible for carrying through the sale of the former site to the Government, and raising a substantial loan in England at low interest which enabled the buildings to be completed. A tremendous new pioneering effort followed. Calabar had once more moved out in faith to an unknown land, for Washington Boulevard had not been started, and there was no bus service. The land had to be cleared of trees, a substantial New School constructed, and the Playing Fields bulldozed and levelled. All this was accomplished, trees were planted and roads prepared, staff houses and accommodation built. The School grew steadily in numbers, stature and achievement. Today, in the first term of 1963 there are nearly 700 boys at Calabar, an increase of over 100 since last term and there are further expansion plans for new laboratories and other buildings. The Chapel is central in the life of the School with the School Motto clearly displayed there—

"THE UTMOST FOR THE HIGHEST".

The building programme had been planned and nearly completed under Mr. Murray White. He was an outstanding Mathematician and a prominent educationist, who rendered good service to Calabar and to the planning of education in Jamaica. He encouraged and took part in the varied activities of the School. When he returned to England in 1959, he was succeeded by Mr. Sydney Thomson in whose time a further classroom block was added and other buildings. When he resigned and returned to England, Rev. Cecil Woodyatt who had faithfully served the School since 1946, and done much to build up its science side, acted as Headmaster for one term, as he had done before. The new Headmaster appointed for January 1963, was Rev. Walter Foster who had been at Calabar for twenty-two years. Thus the enduring tradition is carried on in various ways with the same purpose.

The Staff has always been a source of great strength and there has nearly always been a real fellowship and understanding between staff and boys. We believe that the future is bright as we go forward in the great task of building up a truly national system of education "Out of Many—One People."

We can be proud of our outstanding liberal, moral and cultural tradition. We have added to our past heritage a reputation for dramatics and painting. We have maintained our Athletic reputation, with famous names like Arthur Wint, Herbert McKinley, Dennis Johnson and Mahoney Samuels. We have built up an educational and cultural reputation with men like Dr. Philip Sherlock, Mr. Leslie Robinson, and his brother Rudolph, Noel Vaz, Lloyd Hall, Hugh Morrison, Roger Mais and many others. The Civil Service is filled with men of integrity and importance from Calabar, and the Ministry has names like Rev. Hugh Sherlock (Methodist), K. D. Carnegie (Anglican), Horace Russell (Baptist).

We have produced many judges, lawyers, doctors, dentists, businessmen, welfare workers and agriculturists. We will close with the mention of two old boys recently distinguished in public life—the Hon. Vernon Arnett and Mr. Harvey DaCosta, our old boy of the year, Mr. Egerton Richardson, Jamaican Ambassador to the United Nations, and Mr. Chester Touzalin, the new Custos of St. Mary. With such a past we believe the future must be bright. We continue to win University Scholarships and to extend our opportunities for education and training in its widest sense. Above all, we maintain our purpose to create men of character and integrity who will serve and sacrifice themselves for the public good.

W.F.

STRANGE, ASTOUNDING ... BUT TRUE".

By D. M. McKenzie, Form 6A

WITHIN the short time of the last few hundred years, historically speaking, there have been many occurrences which, if not actually inexplicable by modern science, are certainly alien to the normal run of nature. Recorded here are a few such instances which we regard as strange, yes, rather strange, but true.

The Disappearance of David Lang

It is really not very uncommon to find that people have disappeared without a trace, but none have done so strangely as David Lang.

It was the clear afternoon of September 23rd, 1880. On a farm a few miles from Gallatin, Tennessee in the United States, the owner, David Lang, was just walking away from his house to look on his horses in one of his pastures when a horse drawn buggy with two of his friends, Judge Peck and his brother-in-law, came up the driveway. Lang stopped, and started walking back towards the house. His children, a son and a daughter, were playing in the yard; his wife stood at the house-door, and the two men in the carriage were drawing nearer.

Then, Lang disappeared—disappeared, as it were into thin air!

The five startled witnesses ran to the spot. It was a clear piece of ground, unmarred by either hole or crater. They searched frantically for some sign of the hapless man, but found none. The alarm was quickly raised and by nightfall scores of people were going over the farm inch by inch; they even tested the ground to see if, by chance, he had fallen into some hole. But then there was no hole and never had been, unless some sudden earth movement had caused the appearance of a hole and in a split second had closed it again; but then there had been no earth tremor. They never found what they sought for; neither David Lang nor an explanation as to his disappearance or cause of the same.

After full investigation into the matter by the

authorities, still no explanation could be given and the story was accepted as true—one moment David Lang was walking on solid ground; the next he was just not there!

A footnote to this story says that some months after his disappearance Lang's two children went near the spot at which he disappeared. There they found that the grass had turned quite yellow while the other grass surrounding the spot remained green. Then suddenly they heard a faint voice from nowhere calling for help, help that would never come, could never come.

The case of the frolicsome coffins

In the old Christ church cemetery in Barbados, there stands a family vault, with a question mark carved into its thick capstone. This was the Chase family vault and the question mark signifies an unsolved mystery.

Each time this vault was entered for the interment of another member of the family, the heavy lead-lined coffins of the Chases were found in wild disarray. The coffin of Thomas Chase, so heavy that it had required eight strong men to lift it, was found time after time upside down on the side of the crypt, opposite to the shelf whereon it should have lain!

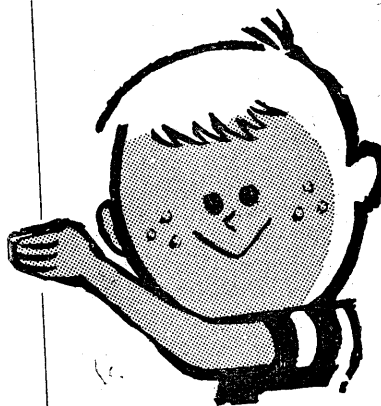
Armed guards were placed outside the vault, but the phenomenon occurred just as before.

Now, only two coffins remained unmoved throughout these strange occurrences, those of Mrs. Goddard, the original occupant of the tomb, and her baby granddaughter.

The whole mystery remains inexplicable, but the coffins of the Chase family have remained peaceful ever since entombed elsewhere.

It seems that Barbados is the home for these frolicsome coffins, for at a cemetery near the one already mentioned, there was a similar occurrence. When, on the afternoon of August 24th, 1943, a group of Masonic officials had a sealed tomb opened so that

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they could pay tribute to the founder of Freemasonry in Barbados who had been entombed therein, they found the door to the crypt sealed with bricks, and inside they found the six hundred pound lead-sheathed coffin of the only other occupant of the tomb, resting inverted against the door.

Upon full entry into the crypt, they found that the coffin, the one that they sought, was missing! The tomb had been securely sealed and apparently untampered with, so what had happened to the second coffin?

The modern Jonah

Many people have been skeptical of the Old Testament Bible story about Jonah being swallowed by a big fish, which we assume to be a whale, but just over seventy years ago, this happened to a British sailor, and he lived to tell the tale.

James Bartley's first voyage as a sailor was aboard the whaling vessel, *Star of the East*. In February of 1891 she was sailing along in the South Atlantic, a few hundred miles east of the Falkland Islands when a huge sperm whale was sighted. The whaling crews immediately made after the mighty creature; three small boats set out. Bartley's boat approached the unsuspecting animal from behind and went so close to it that the harpooner just leaned over the side and thrust the spear deep into the whale. The stricken mammal thrashed about in the water and then dived deep, finally to come up directly beneath the little boat and smash it to bits. As the whale dived again, the crew from the wrecked boats was rescued by one of their companion boats; that is, the crew, less two. Bartley was one of the missing sailors.

When the whale had finally died it was secured

alongside the whaler. The crew began to peel the blubber while it was still in the water, as the hundred ton mammal could not be raised to the ship's deck. Eventually, the stomach and liver were taken aboard for processing. A movement in the stomach which looked like breathing, startled the sailors. The captain called for the ship's doctor and the stomach was cut open. Bartley was found inside, unconscious, but alive!

The seaman was soused with water and he regained consciousness, but was delirious. For almost two weeks he was strapped to a bed in the captain's cabin, all the time on the brink of death. It was a month after the incident before the sailor was able to tell about his experience. His story was as follows:

When the whale struck the boat he was thrown up into the air, and, as he fell back towards the sea, he saw the cavernous mouth open below him. He had screamed as he was engulfed and felt stabbing pains as he was swept over rows of sharp teeth; then mercifully he slipped down a slimy tube. He remembered having to fight for his breath, kicking about; and then oblivion. Nothing more for a month.

James Bartley had spent fifteen hours in the whale's stomach. Consequently he lost all the hair on his body, was bleached to an unnatural whiteness, and was almost blind for the remaining eighteen years of his life. He spent these as a shoe cobbler in his native Gloucester, dying in 1909 at the age of 39. On his tombstone is an account of the unusual experience, and below it,

"James Bartley, 1870-1909 . . . a modern Jonah".

'Tis been long said that truth is stranger than fiction. Now, you do agree, don't you?

MARIE CURIE'S NEW ELEMENT.

C. Henville, 6B.

MARIE SKLODOVSKA was born in the winter of 1867. While she was still a young girl she proved to have above average intelligence. She spent her days of youth in Poland, which, at that time was dominated by the Russians. At the school which she attended, the Russians decreed that every student should learn Russian History. The Polish teachers made use of Marie's astonishing memory by teaching her everything they knew about Russian History and not teaching the other students much at all. Thus whenever a Russian Inspector visited the school Marie was called upon to recite and the man would go away satisfied. She worked at school, studying mainly the science subjects, and left school when she was only fifteen years old.

Upon leaving school she went to the country for a well-earned year's holiday. During this holiday she hardly touched book but spent most of her time outdoors.

Her one ambition was to go to Paris to study at a famous university there; so her delight was uncontrollable when at the tender age of twenty-three she managed to get into the university. There she met Pierre Curie, himself an aspiring young scientist, and they were married in the summer of 1895. In that same year, William Roentzen, a German, was experimenting with uranium, which he found gave off unknown (X) rays which could go right through paper and affect photographic film.

When Marie heard of this, she became interested and wondered if there were not any other elements that gave off these strange rays. After long experimenting she discovered that thorium also gave off X rays. In her announcement she called these ray-emitting elements "radio-active", thereby introducing this very useful word to the English language. However, there was one thing which still puzzled her; she found that pitchblende, the one element in

which both uranium and thorium occur naturally, gave off stronger rays than those of either uranium or thorium. She reasoned that there must be some element or elements in pitchblende which were hitherto unknown but nevertheless highly radioactive. After working on this theory for a long time, she found two other elements which she called polonium and radium, the former named after her beloved land Poland.

Upon hearing of her findings, other eminent scientists were highly sceptical of her theory and challenged her to produce some pure radium. By this time her husband had joined her in her experiments. They worked against tremendous odds and in poor conditions. Their 'laboratory' was an old shed and their equipment was crude. Another difficulty was that pitchblende contained very little radium.

Marie guessed that about one per cent of the ore consisted of radium, but this guess turned out to be a million times too large! They found later that the actual percentage of radium was 0.0000001 per cent.

However, finally they succeeded in their task and Eve Curie, their daughter, wrote: "In 1902, forty five months after the Curies announced the probable existence of radium, Marie carried off the victory in the war attrition: she succeeded in preparing a decigram of pure radium.

"The incredulous chemists . . . could only bow before the facts, before the superhuman obstinacy of a woman."

The discovery of radium has made possible all the new realms of atomic power that are now opening to the world. We have only one person to thank for this, the incredible Marie Curie.

ARE WE CONTROLLED BY FATE?

Hugh L. Hylton, 6A

THIS question must have occurred to you at some time or other, but you never stop to think about it, do you? No. And why? Why do you not try to find out whether fate controls us or not? Why do we accept that it does? Haven't we got the faculty to reason, then why do we remain static and helpless—why do we just believe that all our actions are pre-ordained by some invisible power?

Do not be deceived by some inadequate philosophy. Millions of people try to excuse their perplexity or helplessness during this earthly existence by saying to themselves and to others that they are dependent upon the decrees of fate. These are mere fatalists—helpless, pathetic creatures who think that it is useless to intervene and question their place and purpose in this great Cosmic structure. These fatalists, by such beliefs damn their Divine heritage, their power to reason, their will, and faculty of choice. Why were we endowed with these and other faculties which so few men understand and use, if we were mere puppets? Why, if we were mere puppets, do we possess the power of thought and the attribute of decision?

Think for a moment. Is it even reasonable that we should believe that a Supreme Being or God has mapped out a complete plan for the universe—even for this life—and yet man must stumble on like a moth attracted by the light? Does it seem part of an intelligent design that man must stumble through a mortal existence, constantly make mistakes, and learn through suffering alone? Does it seem reasonable, does it seem just that man must search for truth, happiness and peace of mind—like hunting for a needle in a haystack—and have even the remotest hope of finding it before the end of this life span? Is the Divine Intelligence even complimented by such reasoning? This is a philosophical, rather than a religious question and it concerns you and your life. Success in this life means Mastership, and to acquire Mastership one has to utilize every inner force and power of one's being, as well as every outer

force. Man's creative and constructive abilities do not rest in the muscular strength of his body, nor his fertile imagination. Rather, man must be able to bring his mental image into material expression daily, hourly. To be able to do this, he must use other faculties than simple visualization. Not only must he use according to the purpose for which they were intended. Since a purpose, or Divine Intelligence created an orderly universe, with its majestic and immutable laws, above and below, then of necessity there also must exist for man as part of this great Cosmic Structure, a true purpose in life. By knowing this purpose and by relating it to his existence each day, man discovers himself. Having discovered himself, man became the rightful master of his Dominion—this world—and relegates suffering, misery and ignorance to their appropriate places—and apart from himself.

There is a true pattern of living. Even those occurrences which have been painful to you have a place, a useful cause—when you know and understand them. Those people who continuously suffer misfortunes, and whose lives are not as inspiring and progressive as they would want, are living outside the Cosmic pattern. Have you ever stopped to think why you do the things you do? Is it not often because there is no alternative, and you took the chance that things might turn out alright? There are creative and constructive forces within man and these forces are supposed to repair the damage done to the body and overcome the stresses upon the mental system, and guide man in the right direction. Man is hourly a complex being influenced by important forces and latent principles. Man must understand these things if he is to become a success in life. Man must either live in harmony with the forces in and around him or at variance with them. Thus an understanding of the natural, spiritual and mental laws is the only means of mastership of life, and to put an end to the farcical idea that fate controls us.

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