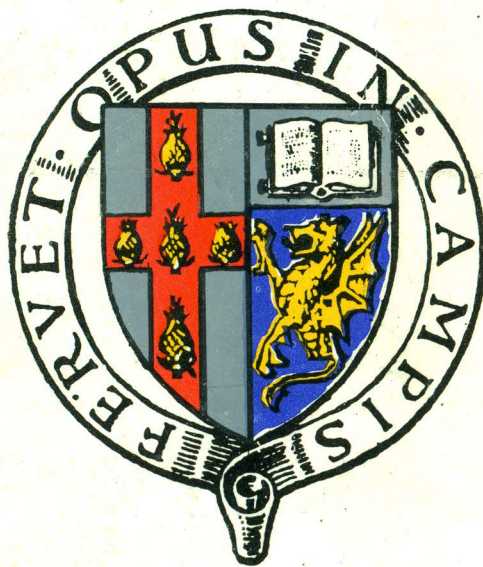


jamaica college magazine



summer 1966

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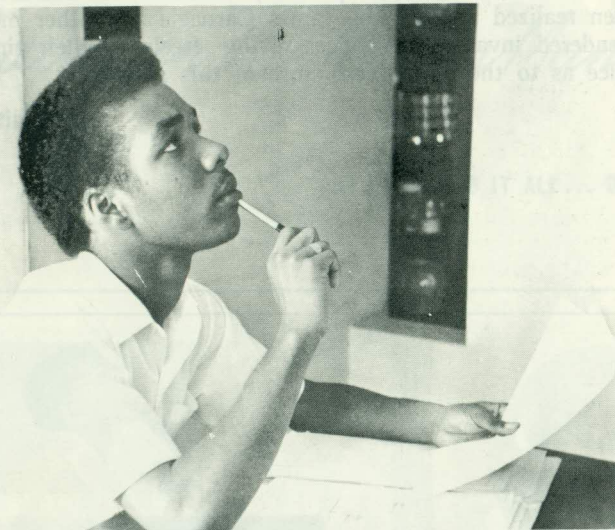
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Jamaica College Magazine

VOL. 49

SUMMER 1966

Editorial



What perhaps had seemed an Herculean task, whose accomplishment could only be imagined, has materialized — a "bumper-house journal" in the language and world of Bristow. The editor and his staff are indeed proud that they were able to produce a magazine of this size, possibly the largest ever. There has also been a policy change. Previously because of limited space, articles had to be compressed and full scope could not be given to the artistic leanings of contributors. This time no word limit was imposed and no reward was offered for the submission of articles. The response was pleasing and fully justifies the faith the editor had in the talent that lay untapped within the confines of the compound.

There has also been a policy change with regard to the image of the magazine. Symbolising the changing values and standards in the College and the community outside is the change in our cover and general layout. It was the convinced opinion of the Magazine Committee that in this day and age the practice of Old English lettering served no purpose. It did not beautify the magazine and rather gave the impression of a conservatism

and reluctance to change which could not rival the benefits of a more functional, modern type of lettering, which is just as imposing.

In the magazine itself one must single out the poetry that was submitted, which heralds I hope, a new awakening. Right throughout the school, there are, it would seem, future poets laureate. Mention must be made too of the fact that independent articles have been received with much pleasure from members of staff who previously had only contributed to the magazine in an official capacity. One feels that this type of action can go a far way in promoting that communication between adult and teenager that is so lacking in the world today and which is so necessary if a healthy and intelligent understanding is to exist between the young and the old. On the same note, we extend our thanks to Cherry Brady of St. Andrews and Janet Chin of Immaculate Conception for having kindly consented to provide us with samples of their talent.

Thanks to our advertisers and sponsors, without whom this dream would not have been realized and to Mr. James Carnegie and other members of staff who rendered invaluable services giving freely of their time, while offering advice as to the general structure of this magazine.

The Editor.

Magazine Committee

EDITORIAL ADVISER	Mr. Jimmy Carnegie
EDITOR	Garth White
ASSISTANT EDITOR	Bruce Golding
ART DIRECTOR	Richard Foster
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ASSISTANT DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY	Joseph Rhoden
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	Garth Fraser
	Roger Goldson
	Christopher Garbutt
	Gordon Leask



EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

L-R: Joseph Rhoden, Asst. Director of Photography; Garth White, Editor; Mr. Jimmy Carnegie, Editorial Advisor; Bruce Golding, Asst. Editor; Richard Foster, Art Director. (Absent: Richard Duval, Director of Photography).



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Back Row L-R: Norman Hamilton, Circulation Manager; Nigel Parke; Clive Smith; Peter Phillips; Brian Parke; Garth Fraser; Carol Roberts.

Headmasters Address



I feel my foremost duty in writing this my first message for the School Magazine is to offer both my congratulations and gratitude to the Editor and his Committee for the work in the production of the 1966 edition. I couple with this, my gratitude to Mr. J. A. Carnegie for his supervisory role and to others unnamed who have assisted in the production.

A comparison with the standards attained in articles and poems submitted and published with those of other years, I cannot make for obvious reasons. I will however, venture to express the thought that they continue to reach the high standard which obtains for publication in the J.C. School Magazine. That contributions have been subscribed from a good representation of 'years' shows the School Spirit is alive throughout its whole body.

It is this which is important — School Spirit — And this is born of attitude and the sense of belonging. Everyone recognises there are difficulties and that the School does not at present stand at the position it has held in former years. That it will return to its former position, I have no doubt, but it will require of us all an immense amount of effort.

No institution is greater than those who belong to it allow it to be. Each one of us must pose the question for himself — What do I wish J.C. to be? The answer must undoubtedly be — the best School in Jamaica. If this be so, all of us from the Headmaster to the smallest boy in the first form carries a degree of responsibility. And what is this responsibility? An acceptance and fulfillment of the standards of behaviour, assiduous and patient practise to master the skills necessary for excellence in classroom and on to answer correctly the problems which beset us by nurturing a high level of public opinion. If these are forthcoming from us all, we shall soon regain our former glory.

The present is but a continuation of the past and a foundation for the future. Using the best of the past as our guide and inspiration, can we not again re-lay the foundation for a more glorious future?

Everyone without exception has something to contribute — some virtue or gift which however small adds up to a great total. It was the Poet Milton who expressed it thus —

'I cannot praise a sheltered and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, which never sallies forth to meet her adversary but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without sweat and tears.'

Let us continue to run the race, reaching out for the highest things.

W. H. MIDDLETON.

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Old Boy's Column

Old Boys continue to play an important role in the affairs of our island. They have made names for themselves in Government, Commerce, Industry, and the Professions. It is therefore unfortunate that, having achieved some mark of distinction, but forgetting the basic source of their achievement, they pay scant attention either to the School, or to the Old Boys Association. Young Old Boys seem to lack the interest to put right this sad state of affairs. One could perhaps name two dozen Old Boys, out of many hundreds who are the exceptions to the general trend.

The annual cricket fixture between the Old Boys and the Present Boys was played earlier than the traditional Drax Day July 7th, because of the Cambridge Local Examinations. Nevertheless, the game provided its usual quota of amusement and fun. The match was followed by a cocktail hour at which the leavers were told of the purpose of the Association, and exhorted to help to make it a more lively organisation. At the tea interval, the daCosta bat, presented annually by Mr. W. D. Walcott, was handed to Anthony Wright as winner of the School's batting average. Unfortunately, illness prevented Mr. Walcott being present. We had come to regard his presence as a happy institution.

The football fixture between the Old Boys and the Present Boys played in mid-December appeared to attract little attention on the part of the Old Boys — or the Present Boys for that matter.

The annual Old Boys Dinner was held in the Dining Room on the evening of December 18th. A mere handful of Old Boys attended to greet the new Headmaster, Mr. W. H. Middleton, who was attending a Dinner for the first time as Headmaster. Mr. Eric Murray, High Commissioner for Trinidad and Tobago, and Colonel F. K. N. Mascoll, Chairman of the Board of Managers were the main guests at the function. Despite the lack of numbers, an enjoyable evening was spent.

We take this opportunity of extending our sincere congratulations to Mr. Vernon Lopez on his acting elevation to the High Court, promotion richly deserved.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Dr. Eric Don, who was for many years the medical officer of the College. Those of us who knew him will appreciate the fact that one of our very distinguished Old Boys has passed on. Another distinguished Old, Mr. V. C. McCormock has also passed on. He was at one time a member of the Board of Managers. We remember him best as a keen sportsman whose dedication to cricket was unsurpassed.

H. C. CHAMBERS
PRESIDENT, OLD BOYS ASSN.



The Headmaster Mr. W. H. Middleton speaking at Old Boys' Annual Reunion Dinner held last December. To his right are Mr. H. C. Chambers, President, Mr. Eric Murray, Trinidadian High Commissioner, and Senator Douglas Fletcher. To his left are Mr. Richard Ashenheim and Col. F. K. Mascoll, Chairman of the Board of Managers.



The Headboy, Bruce Golding replying to the Toast proposed to the School.

Headboy's Address



How many of us have ever asked ourselves the question "What have I done for Jamaica College?" And of those of us who have, how many have arrived at an answer of which they can in any way be proud? It all seems to be a question of what JC really means to us. Far too many of us regard JC as merely another place of learning — a depot where we pay a certain sum of money for being taught. To the true JC boys, however, the School means a great deal more than this. To them, it is a society in which each considers himself an integral part and in which their varying and often conflicting interests are fused in one grand community. Every true JC boy delights in being a part of this wonderful institution filled with all its joys and traditions, and in which "comradeship and loyalty to one another" is the watchword.

Far too many of us are content to sit idly by, and to leave it up to others to maintain an active school society. What we must always remember is that each of us is a link in a great chain. Each of us has an obligation to his school and to each other, and each of us must play his part in the life of the school. There can be no room for complacency. We must never allow ourselves to rest on past laurels, but must set ourselves new and higher goals, and our efforts must be constantly directed at their fulfillment. The School itinerary offers various opportunities for each of us to apply his own particular talents. There is the glamour of the sports field, the splendour of the uniformed groups, the intellectual satisfaction of the literary organisations, and there are several other means by which we can all play our part in making our school life an active one.

Some may ask what is the purpose of all this. In the first place, it provides us with a fuller, more enjoyable and more satisfying school career. But — and undoubtedly of more permanent value to us — the rounded

personality and the genuine respect for others which we will derive from such active fellowship will be invaluable assets to us in the different lives we shall lead in tomorrow's society.

I strongly urge each and every one to examine the value of his school career. Let us ask ourselves "What contributions have I made to the life of the school?" If there is room for greater effort, then let us strive to do our part in making our school community an active one. Let us devote ourselves to infusing a new vigour and spirit into our school society. Let us then instill new life into our motto FERVET OPUS IN CAMPIS.

BRUCE GOLDING

School Officials 1964-5

HEADMASTER — Mr. V. H. Ennever; Mr. H. C: Chambers (Easter & Summer terms).

SCHOOL CHAPLAIN — Rev. John McNab

HOUSEMASTERS

Mr. J. M. Ducker	— COWPER	Mr. R. E. Sparkes	— HARDIE
Mr. M. W. Senior	— DaCOSTA	Mr. K. A. Gordon	— CHAMBERS
Mr. O. Horsman	— DRAX	Mr. T. R. Theobalds	— MURRAY
Mr. K. V. Donaldson	— SCOTLAND	Mr. R. E. Taylor	— MUSGRAVE
Mr. A. T. Watson	— SIMMS		

SCHOOL PREFECTS

SCHOOL CAPTAIN: L. A. Smart

D. M. Ashley	D. N. Jones
I. M. Belinfanti	J. A. C. Marsh
F. L. Fletcher	H. E. O. Martin
O. B. Golding	D. W. Mills
A. C. Hayle	L. W. Stephenson

GAMES CAPTAINS

	Captains	Vive-Captains
FOOTBALL	K. Leach	G. White
TRACK	G. B. Shirley	D. E. McLaren
HOCKEY	G. Ward	R. Ebanks
CRICKET	T. G. Campbell	L. W. Stephenson
TENNIS	L. A. Smart	A. C. Hayle
SWIMMING	C. I. Roberts	
SHOOTING	J. A. C. Marsh	

CADET CORPS

COMMANDING OFFICER:	C. S. M. : F. L. Fletcher
2nd Lt. N. G. Duncan	C. Q. M. S. : J. A, C, Marsh

SCOUT TROOP

SCOUTMASTER:	TROOP LEADER:
Dr. Osbourne	R. A. HoSang

School Officials 1965-6

HEADMASTER — Mr. W. H. Middleton

SCHOOL CHAPLAIN — Rev. John McNab

HOUSEMASTERS

Mr. W. H. Middleton	— COWPER	Mr. H. C. Edwards	— HARDIE
Mr. R. L. Taylor	— DaCOSTA	Mr. K. A. Gordon	— CHAMBERS
Mr. O. Horsman	— DRAX	Mr. T. R. Theobalds	— MURRAY
Mr. M. W. Senior	— SCOTLAND	Mrs. F. A. Commissiong)	
Mr. A. T. Watson	— SIMMS	Mr. N. E. Duncan) — MUSGRAVE

SCHOOL PREFECTS

SCHOOL CAPTAIN: O. B. Golding VICE-CAPTAIN: D. W. Mills

T. G. Campbell	D. E. McLaren
R. A. Crosby	N. P. Murray
A. R. Cuthbert	J. A. Rhoden
A. T. Edwards	C. I. Roberts
D. A. Haase	G. B. Shirley
N. W. Hamilton	C. N. Smith
G. A. Leask	D. A. Vernon

GAMES CAPTAINS

	Captains	Vice-Captains
FOOTBALL	B. A. Scott	G. A. Leask
TRACK	G. B. Shirley	D. E. McLaren
HOCKEY	T. G. Campbell	C. Smith
CRICKET	T. G. Campbell	N. P. Murray
TENNIS	D. A. Phillips	D. Saunders
SWIMMING	C. I: Roberts	
SHOOTING	J. A. Tomlinson	J. Nelson

CADET CORPS

COMMANDING OFFICER:	Lt. R. E. Allen	A/c S. M: N. P. L. Murray
2ND IN COMMAND:	2nd Lt. N. G. Duncan	Ac Q. M. S.: D. A. Haase
		A/D M.: G. A. White

SCOUT TROOP

SCOUTMASTER:	Dr. Osbourne	TROOP LEADER:	R. HoSang
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School Notes

The end of '64 saw our Headmaster, Mr. V. H. Ennevor leaving after having been at the helm for about three years. Mr. W. H. Middleton took up his post at the beginning of the Christmas term, 1965. We wish him the greatest success and hope his stay here will be enjoyable and mutually beneficial. Thanks too to Mr. H. C. Chambers, who, in the interim period between these two headmasters, filled in sternly and efficiently. In this tone, we would also like to extend a warm and hearty welcome to those — too numerous to mention — who joined our teaching staff in September 1965. We are sure that the vast contributions that they are capable of making can go a far way in raising the standard of the school.

On a less happy note, it must be mentioned that the school lost the services of two persons who had almost acquired the status of institutions within the College. I am referring, of course, to Dr. Don, the School Doctor, and Alexander Tully, a groundsman. In two terms, death chose two mortals at opposite ends of the social scale, showing that truly, it respects no man. We will always remember these two personages, and extend the hand of welcome to Dr. P. Lodenquai, our new School Doctor, and to the three new groundsman who we hope shall manifest the same respected qualities of Mr. Tully.

The period of '64-'66, saw the Americans walking about in space, the Russians softly landing on the moon, and the war escalating in Viet Nam. In Jamaica College, nothing as spectacular was happening. Our sports teams reflected the need for specialisation if we are to achieve the measure of success attained by some, and we romped away with the swimming trophy yet again and again. Of course, here, we are specialists. Our new Sportsmaster, Mr. C. D. Dowell, is an earnest, imaginative man, and on him and his bold ideas depend the future of the College's sports.

Academically, we fared no better, as exam results were poor — as indeed they were in schools all over the country. While one is not qualified to give an accurate analysis of this, one can throw out a few thoughts on the matter. The results were not caused by inability or bad teaching or laziness, but are largely influenced by the environment in which today's teenagers live their lives. The seeming sloth is not that of the fat frog, but of the cynical donkey. There is evidenced a want of purpose. Cynicism is the most common quality seen in today's teenagers, and adults should not pass it off as mere fashion, as it really is more than this. The donkey may appear stubborn and foolish, but when he decides to work, he really works, and is one of the most knowing animals in the whole of that vast kingdom.

A number of societies were born in these past two years. The Photographic Club was reinstituted under Mr. Ducker with Mr. McLeod rendering valuable technical and advisory aid. The I.S.C.F. had new spirit injected into its veins with the advent of Mr. C. B. Morgan, a former Headboy, as Moderator. The Philosophers Society relieved itself of the burden, pleasant though it was, of administering to the intellectual needs of the school, and gave way to smaller societies, each with its specialised sphere of activity.

Life goes on as usual, and with this in mind, one adjures all students to really sit down, and try to identify himself and the people around him. Let us evade the attentions of propaganda and power, and seriously reflect on the need of the world for thinking, hardworking youth. Try to find this purpose, and single-mindedly, intelligently, seek your goal. It is useless to criticize while making no attempt to help solve the problems. We have to try to conquer them, for in the future, "on our heads be it". Let us utilize our talents and features, and we might find that peace within ourselves which the world cannot give.

THE EDITOR.

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Head of English Dept.

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Mrs. B. Iroswell
Mrs. M. Stephens
Nurse Nosworthy
Miss Banks
Dr. Lendenquai
Sgt. Maj. R. E. Allen

Accountant
School Secretary
Secretary
Matron
School Nurse
Asst. Matron
School Doctor
Supervisor of Grounds



PREFECT BODY
Standing

Seated

L-R: Noel Murray; Terry Campbell; Ward Mills, Deputy Head; L-R: Audley Edwards; Joseph Rhoden; Gordon Leask; David
Boy; Bruce Golding, Head Boy; Norman Hamilton; Gregory Shirley; Haase; Earl McLaren; Roland Cuthbert, Secretary; Clive Smith;
Robert Crosby.
(Inset: David Vernon)

Senior House Reports Cowper

House Officers 1964-5

House Master: Mr. J. D. Duncker
House Captain: David Ashley
Vice Captain: Anthony Hayle
Prefects: A. R. Cuthbert
N. W. Hamilton
Monitors: C. I. Roberts
P. Stuart
R. HoSang
M. Sinclair
G. Shirley
B. Sangster

House Master:
House Captain:
Vice Captain:
Monitors:

House Officers 1965-6

Mr. H. C. Edwards
Mr. W. H. Middleton
Norman Hamilton
Gregory Shirley
Carol Roberts
Roland Cuthbert Secty.)
R. Goldson
C. Garbutt
M. Sinclair
C. D. Haynes
R. HoSang
N. Parke
B. Parke
S. Stewart
G. Fraser

This year was not an outstanding one for Cowper, although by no means could it have been called a bad one. We started the year brilliantly by winning the Football Competition. We did not have the best team, but outstanding team work and sheer determination were the factors that contributed to our victory. The spirit of the football team was not felt in the track team in the following term, and we placed only fourth in athletics. In the next term, however, we swam away with swimming honours, and we also placed in the cricket competition.

For our successes, those who contributed in any way must be congratulated. For our failures we must be held responsible, as it was not for lack of talent that we did not win more competitions last year, but because of lack of co-operation, apathy, and a lack of spirit among certain members of the house.

I must mention how grateful we were to Mr. Ducker, our Housemaster, whose ability to handle adverse situations was most evident. He left us at the end of the Summer term, and we wish him all the best for the future.

Congratulations again, Cowper. I hope that 1966 will see more success for us, less apathy, and higher spirits.

DAVID ASHLEY

1965-6:

It is with a certain amount of satisfaction and pride that I tender this report. With the outset of the Christmas term, the absence of our former Housemaster terminated. He returned to us amidst a shout and a shiver. A surge of spirit immediately engulfed the house, and this excited great expectations of success. This rapidly developing spirit was not caused by the notable effectiveness of Mr. Edwards' 'warm strokes', but by his genuine friendship and dedicated interest in the house. That term

he was rewarded with our victorious endeavours on the football field. Once again the trophy was ours. It is quite unnecessary, I'm sure, to state how proud I am to have been the Captain of such a distinguished team.

However, Mr. Edwards' stay was short-lived. On a most solemn occasion, we bade him farewell. It was announced that on the departure of Mr. R. E. Sparkes, Mr. Edwards was to become the Housemaster of Hardie. Despite this, I am sure Mr. Edwards will be our faithful supporter always. The beginning of this term found us without a housemaster. Needless to say, things ran as smoothly as before.

Eventually, another page in the history of Jamaica College was turned. Our Headmaster, Mr. W. H. Middleton, probably the only person worthy enough to tread in the path made by our former Housemaster, decided to govern the affairs of Cowper. In his first term with us, Mr. Middleton realized that Cowper is a House to be proud of. I'm quite sure how thrilled he was to have witnessed the remarkable speed with which the Track trophy was attained. Sincere congratulations to the Track captain, Greg Shirley and his team who won the inter-house track competition with comfortable strides. With the approach of the cricket and swimming competitions, I can confidently say that the Clive Beckford Trophy shall be ours.

On a closing note, I wish all Fifth and Sixth Formers good luck in their forthcoming exams, and remind them to maintain Cowper's distinguished name.

NORMAN HAMILTON

DaCOSTA

House Officers 1964-5

Housemaster: Mr. M. W. Senior
House Captain: D. W. Mills
Vice Captain: R. Ebanks
Monitors: D. McDonald
J. Aarons P. Woodfield
A. Depass T. Campbell
M. Ziadie G. Leask
A. Melville C. Chambers

House Officers 1965-6

Housemaster: Mr. R. L. Taylor
House Captain: D. W. Mills
Vice Captain: T. G. Campbell
Prefect: G. A. Leask
Monitors: C. Chambers (Secretary)
J. Aarons G. White
W. Gaynor R. Duval
R. Foster R. Henriques
J. Davis R. Thompson

Still a comparatively new house, DaCosta started the academic year 1964-65 fairly well on the football field. As usual, there was a lot of talent in the House, but we were still held back by a lack of serious interest on the part of the talented — a situation which is understandable in a house as new as DaCosta is. We still have yet to build that necessary spirit which the older houses have and which is imperative if we are to win anything. In track the following term, the story was much the same as far as the lack of full effort is concerned, but on sports day, we managed to come forth. During the final term, we did not excell in cricket, but did very well in swimming, placing second to Cowper.

The start of the year 1965-6 saw a marked change in our fortunes. We won the 'A' team football competition, but since our 'B' and 'C' teams did not do as well, we did not win the overall competition. As usual, we had the material to win track, but because of illness and other unfortunate circumstances, some of our best athletes were unable to compete. As a result of this, we managed to come only fourth.

D. W. MILLS.

Drax

HOUSEMASTER: Mr. O. Horsman

1964-5:

HOUSE CAPTAIN: F. Fletcher
VICE-CAPTAIN: D. Jones
PREFECTS: B. Golding
L. Stephenson

MONITORS: D. McLaren
J. Rhoden
C. Smith
R. Lyons

1965-6:

HOUSE CAPTAIN: B. Golding
VICE-CAPTAIN: D. McLaren
PREFECTS: J. Rhoden
C. Smith

MONITORS: L. Sage
D. Parchment
L. Clarke
F. Edwards

1964-5:

The dominant feature of Drax in the academic year 1964-5 was a great insurgence in the spirit of the house which was stimulated by the genuinely active interest of our Housemaster and House Officers. We were soon to realize, however, that mere spirit can do so much and no more, and in the football competition, with only one Manning representative, we placed a miserable fifth. We did not lose heart, however, and with renewed determination we managed to register a creditable third in athletics.

Drax has for a long time lost her once held supremacy in swimming, and we were able to place only fourth, although a slight improvement on last year's performance. Our persistence efforts brought some degree of reward, however, as in the cricket competition, our team, spearheaded by F. Fletcher and skipper L. Stephenson came a close second to Simms.

On the whole, the general performances of the house throughout the year have tended towards mediocrity. Nevertheless, we are proud to say that the discipline throughout the house has been commendable — ably maintained by our vigilant Housemaster, and this, together with the new vigour and spirit which is making itself felt throughout the house, augurs well for the future.

1965-6:

Continuing in the pattern so well laid last year, the House spirit continued to rise. Again, however, our football team lacked the necessary skill to be a formidable force, and we ended up fourth in the competition.

In athletics, the courage and determination with which we fought enabled us to place second to the superior Cowper team. It is hoped that this new spirit will continue throughout the cricket and swimming competitions, and so restore Drax to its rightful place of supremacy in the school.

We would like to express our profound appreciation to Mr. Jimmy Carnegie, who, while acting as Housemaster for the Easter term during Mr. Horsman's absence, showed a keen and genuine interest in the house, and who was always a source of encouragement and support to us.

BRUCE GOLDING.

Scotland House

1964

House Captain: Marsh, J.
Monitors: Leach, K. White, G.
Vernon D; Edwards A.

1965 — '66.

House Captain: Vernon D.
Prefects: Edwards A; Crosby R.
Morgan M; Jackson F.
Saunders D; Wilson C.
McConnell R.

Scotland House, renowned for its mosaic of culture, wit, humour and spirit, once again took the spotlight in the boarding school in its academic and sporting endeavours. Scotland is the smallest house, in numbers, in the school, yet despite this factor the 'selected few' are all prominent characters in the school, prominent, not because of their personal qualities, but because they form the yolk of the 'enlightened' members of the school's society as far as intellect is concerned. The Scotland Building, situated to the east of the campus has an indefatigable feature in itself, one which brings back a feeling of glory to the old boy, who has dwelt therein. This characteristic of the house is the golden glow at dawn and sunset of the sun, which is transfigured on the building. This glow is, however, left on the house, and consequently Scotland 'shines' among the other houses.

In sporting activities, Scotland was unfortunate in not winning the Football competition at the end of '64, however we did win a 'Knockout' competition which gave us the distinction of having a 'skilful team'. Our members consisted of six Manning players and among them an All Schools representative.

Easter 1965 saw the 'golden boys' sweep the field, winning athletics very convincingly. Despite our low numbers, we taught the lesson that a mixture of spirit and determination takes preference.

Cricket is definitely our 'bad luck' game. We were however, worthy opponents during this term, but even our 'googlie' artists and pacemen could not wreck this bad luck. Here again we were thought a dangerous threat to every house, and often we confirmed these thoughts convincingly.

Football '65 was not a success for Scotland, but anything but a failure. We ended up third after giving goalkeepers blistering 'messages', followed by the shout — "GOAL".

Track Term '66 saw Scotland leading the competition on its first day. However, our lack of numbers gave way to two other houses. Scotland kept trying and in the end our average of 2½ points per boy topped the other houses. Scotland did their best but our material just could not reach our aims, which were above the limits of human power.

The 1965 school year which started in Christmas Term 1965 saw Scotland's numbers remain low. John Marsh was House Captain and Keith Leach was Vice Captain. These two members have left us now, but their services will always be remembered. Garth White, a monitor at that time has also

left us and is a day boy. His services were great and he has the privilege of being an Honorary Member of the house. This year was quite successful academically but this factor failed to be magnified because of our numbers. At end of this year, Mr. K. V. Donaldson, our Housemaster left us to take up a Scholarship in England. His services and devotion will always be remembered and his welfare in England is the concern of all.

The 1966 school year saw Mr. Mike Senior become our Housemaster and a new body filled the Monitor's room. Scotland had a few recruits, most of these from Hardie House, who show much promise for the future.

Mr. Jimmy Carnegie and Mr. Brinn are the other members of staff who live on the Scotland building. Their advice and very appearance portray the 'glow' of which Scotland is the fountainhead, and their presence among us is welcomed by all.

To all those who have brought credit to the house, let me offer sincere congratulations. Our successes in the past and our hopes for the future have shown and will continue to show that it is not a few that have achieved this glory but on the contrary, every member of the House.

DAVID VERNON.

Simms House

HOUSE MASTER — Mr. A. T. Watson

1964-65

VICE CAPTAIN — H. E. Martin
PREFECTS — I. M. Belifanti
MONITORS — J. Burr (Secretary)
D. Haase
N. Murray
G. Ward

1965-1966

N. P. L. Murray
D. A. Haase
S. Martin (Secretary)
J. DePass
P. Phillips
A. Scott
P. Tenn

No. OF BOYS —

38

The 1966 Report of Simms begins from the 1964-65 academic year starting with the Christmas Term. As we all know this term is commonly termed or phrased as the "Soccer Season". It is here that a start is made in the attempt to give a full and accurate account of the achievements of Simms over the past period of interest.

This season was one of partial success for the House for, although we were not the victors, we did well to come second in the Inter-House Football Competition. The House at this time could hardly have been said to be gifted with a great many superb footballers but we managed to prove that talent is not all in a team game, but that spirit and determination to win were also great contributors and we certainly owe whatever success we had to both these factors. L. A. Smart must be commended for his fine job as the Captain of the Team and for the great example he set in his duty. With the heat of the Christmas having risen to the heights of extermination,

Simms was re-assembled, with the same spirit as that displayed in the previous term, to face the field of Athletics. Here again we give L. A. Smart credit for the way in which he lead his team from the "crevices of disgrace" to the "paths of reasonable success", and with the enthusiasm of all the members of the track team, we were able to place a well-desrved second in the Inter-House Athletics Competition.

The next term — the final one of the academic year — can truly be called the "term of extremes" for Simms. To deal first with our successes, mention has to be made of our victory in the Inter-House Cricket Competition. Here was where talent, along with both spirit and determination, were combined, and were no doubt the great assets to our overall success. We must also congratulate A. Scott for his able captaincy which made us even more certain of our victory. However good things came to an end with the results of our Inter-House Swimming Gala. This term was rather a dry one for Simms in the field of swimming. This was mostly due to a "mass migration" of our well-known swimmers from the House to the "outside world" However those boys who swam must be given credit for their great effort.

The next term being the beginning of the new academic year again saw Simms doing fairly well in the Football Competition. For the overall trophy we managed to place second, in spite of our relatively small size. Both the A and B teams must be commended for their spirited performances and again credit is given to A. Scott for his fine job as Football Captain of both the House and the School.

The next and final term in this Report being our Track term was not one of great success for the "Green-Clad" boys of Simms. In spite of our attempt to turn out a full team from very little material we were not able to do very well in our Athletics Competition. However, the numbers of the team must be commended along with their Captain A. Scott for their fine and spirited performance, and must be reminded that even though they did not do as well as they might have wished, their brave attempt is quite some consolation.

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Junior House Reports

CHAMBERS

HOUSE MASTER: Mr. Karl Gordon

HOUSE CAPTAIN: R. G. Epstein

During the year 1965, Chambers attained fairly creditable standards. We came second to Hardie in the Academic Competition, and in athletics, we pulled off a surprise by placing second.

For the fourth consecutive year, we ran away with the swimming honours. Our cricket team was a good one on paper, but we came a disappointing third. Most of our members left at the end of the cricket term, and even with a young and inexperienced team, we placed third in football competition.

Due to lack of talent, we did not do very well in the cross-country competition. However, we are looking forward to 1966, and especially to the summer term, as it is usually our best term.

R. G. EPSTEIN

HARDIE

HOUSE MASTER: Mr. R. E. Sparkes, Mr. H. C. Edwards

CO-CAPTAINS: Philips R. K., Falconer H. G., Randall M.

HOUSE OFFICERS: Cameron N., Lee D., Murray R., Parcels A.,
Sutherland W.

During the past year, 1965, Hardie has continued to prove itself the best Junior House in the school. In sports we won Athletics, Cricket and Football, placed second in Cross-country and fourth in Swimming. We also retained the academic trophy, thus gaining us the cup for overall champions.

We were very sorry to say "au revoir" to our long-reigning house-master, Mr. R. E. Sparkes, who left us for DeCarteret College. However, we warmly welcome Mr. H. C. Edwards, who took up duties at the beginning of 1966. Under his guidance, and with the help of Mr. W. McLeod, we were able to complete our hat-trick of Athletics this term and we look forward to more of our well-deserved victories in the future.

Falconer H. G.

MURRAY

HOUSE MASTER: Mr. T. R. Theobalds

HOUSE CAPTAIN: P. Stephenson

HOUSE MONITORS: Clarke L, N. Durrant, G. Durrant,
D. Clarke, J. Ziadie, P. Lindo,
Warrell R., M. Pinks.

The school year beginning September 1965 was a successful year for Murray, both in the field of sports as well as academic achievement. In the football competition, we won the 'A' team competition convincingly, but finished second to Hardie on an all-round basis.

In the cross-country run, we won easily, having five boys in the first ten runners. In 1966, we fielded a very strong team in the inter-house athletic competition, but were forced into second place by Hardie.

We are now looking forward to a very good term of cricket.

P. STEPHENSON

MUSGRAVE HOUSE OFFICERS

House Mistress: Mr. F. A. Commissiong

Asst. House Master: Mr. N. G. Duncan

House Captain: P. Khan, N. A. Gibbs

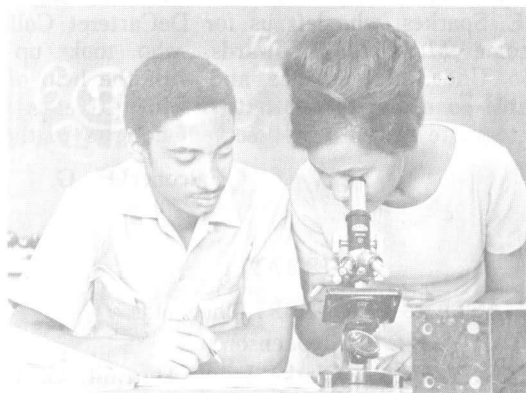
House Monitors: Moss-Solomon, Evans, Chin Yee, Grant.

The year 1964-5 for Musgrave was characterised by the goodwill and comradeship which has always been a prominent feature among members of this noble house. The year under review was not a particularly distinguished one for Musgrave in the field of Sports, as we did not emerge victors of track, swimming, cricket or football. Nevertheless, there was a keen house spirit shown by all the boys.

Under the able captaincy of P. Khan, we placed second in swimming. Robotham was captain of the cricket team which also placed second in the inter-house competition.

I am sure that all members of the House would like to congratulate any House that defeated us in any event, because we fought traditionally hard. We hope that the house will maintain this spirit of comradeship and sportsmanship in future years.

N. A. GIBBS



Director of Photography Richard Duval at work in the Lab. under the guidance of Botany Mistress Mrs. H. Seaton.

Sports Reports

Captain A. Scott, Vice-Captain G. Leask.

The football year of '65 was Reminiscent of the previous year. There was talent in the team and even brilliance, but the vital ingredients spirit and confidence were still sadly lacking. This year ran us losing the services of Mr. Deryck Tompkinson the coach who had helped us carry back the Manning Cup for three consecutive years. Our new coach Mr. Derek Dowell tried hard to instill the spirit that had always typified Jamaica College teams. To no avail! Even the advent of some Old Boys which helped somewhat could not avert the lack lustre draws and dull losses.

It was not that spirit per se was lacking. It was more that having won three years running that keen kill-or-be-killed feeling just could not be present. In addition the K.C. juggernaut was moving at a relentless pace with such singlemindedness, that weaker teams had already given up the struggle.

It would seem as if the Manning Competition will be temporarily suspended and one can only hope (with much justification) that when it is reopened, the dark blues will again be on top.

G. WHITE.

Shooting

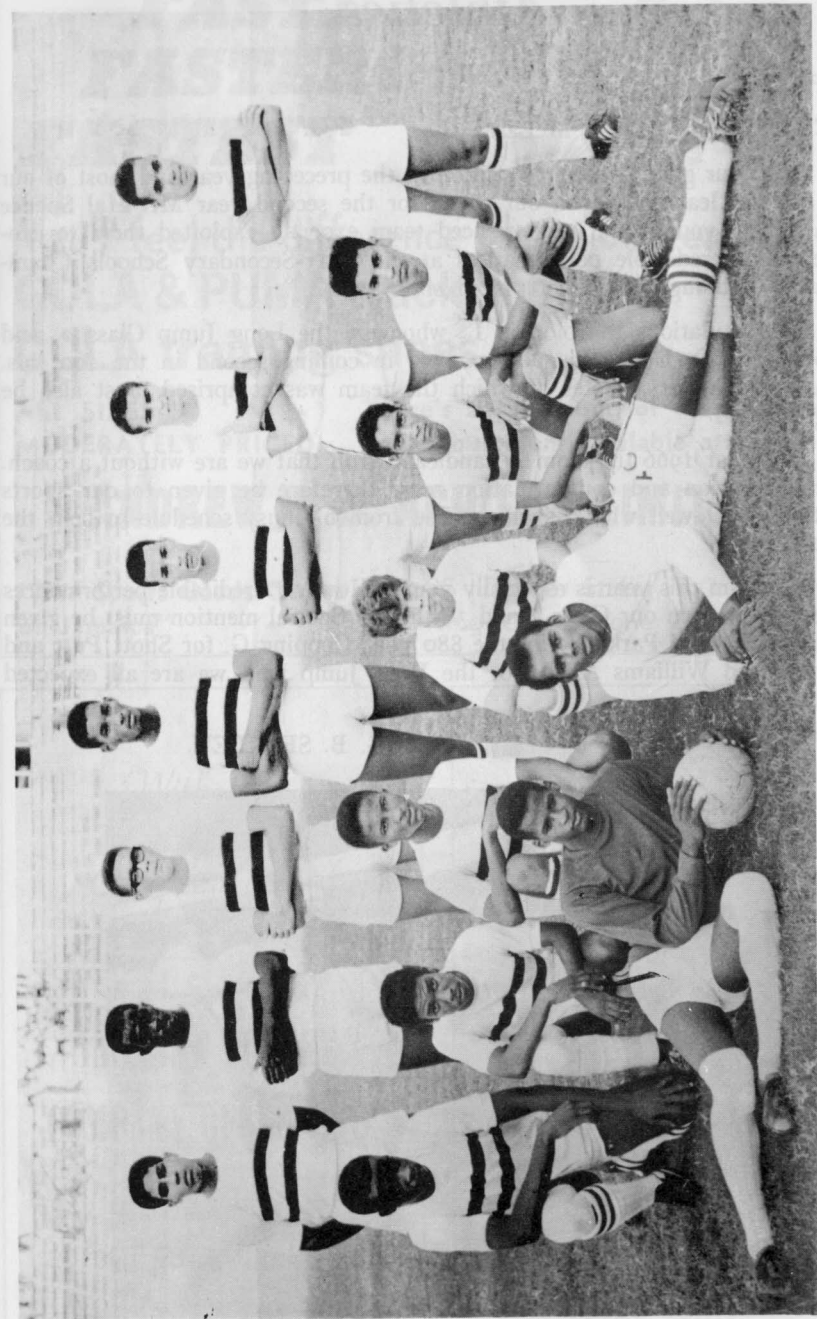
Last term was not a very good term for J.C. in shooting. At the beginning of the year 1965, we shot the Perkin's Shield, and placed third with a score of 1423 out of a possible 1600. In this competition, J. Marsh, our captain, came first in the school and second in the overall competition.

The next term was highlighted by the Machado Shield Competition, in which, however, we gave a dismal performance.

The captaincy of the shooting team was then changed as J. Marsh left us, and J. Tomlinson was appointed captain, with J. Nelson as Vice-captain. In the following term, we shot the DeCarteret Shield, and placed second to Munro.

This term, we will compete in the Perkin's Shield (best eight in the school), and we do hope that our boys will do well.

J. TOMLINSON (CAPT.)



MANNING TEAM

Kneeling L-R: A. Scott (Capt.); G. White; L. Jackson; G. Leask (Vice-Capt); D. Vernon; F. Delgado.
Absent: A. Edwards.

Standing:
L-R: N. Murray; G. Shirley; D. Phillips; D. Saunders; T. Campbell;
G. McFarlane; A. Stuart.

Athletics

CAPTAIN: G. E. Shirley

VICE-CAPTAIN: D. E. McLaren

After our gaining second position in the preceding year and most of our top athletes leaving school, our coach for the second year Mr. Mal Spence with a very young and inexperienced team expertly exploited them to produce many creditable performances at the Inter-Secondary Schools Championship, although the team placed sixth.

Congratulations to Solomon I., who won the Long Jump Class 2, and to McLaren D. E. for his performance in coming second in the 100 yds. Class 2. All other athletes of which the team was comprised must also be congratulated.

This year 1966 the team is handicapped in that we are without a coach. Special mention and congratulation must therefore be given to our sports master Mr. Dowell who has taken time from his busy schedule to help the Track Team.

Our team this year is especially young. However creditable performances are expected from our Class 2 and 3 athletes. Special mention must be given to Parke N.; and Parke B. for the 880 yds., Copping G. for Shott Putt and Discuss, and Williams A. D. for the High Jump who we are all expected to do well.

G. B. SHIRLEY.



The Parke twins, Nigel and Brian, striding home in the 880 yds Class II on Sports Day. They placed 1st and 2nd respectively in the Inter-Schools Championships.



TENNIS TEAM

Standing L-R: R. Bernal; C. Samuels; D. Phillips, Captain; D. Saunders
In Front L-R: A. Philpotts; C. Parcels; C. Jones.
Absent: T. Campbell; P. Belinfanti.

Tennis

CAPTAIN

1965. L. SMART
1966. D. A. PHILLIPS

In 1965 Jamaica College did very well to finish second to a very powerful St. George's College team. This year, 1966, we are without the services of L. Smart, A. Hayle, R. Virtue and G. Ward who contributed so much to the team. The new 1966 team consisting of D. A. Phillips, D. Saunders, C. Parcels, R. Bernal, A. Philpotts, T. G. Campbell, C. Jones, C. Samuels and P. Belinfanti shows great promise of doing just as well, or perhaps better than last year's team.

The school owes a debt of gratitude to Mrs. Valerie Bloomfield who did very much to improve the standard of tennis in Jamaica College in the past year.

Two trophies donated by Mrs. Bloomfield led to the start of a new Tennis Competition within the school. These trophies were won by D. A. Phillips and C. Parcels in the under 19 and under 15 respectively. Keen rivalry is expected in this year's competition, as the interest in Tennis has grown considerably.

In the past year, Jamaica College boys have achieved reasonable success in the Spalding Tennis Competition with C. Parcels winning the 14 and under division in 1965. This year, our boys achieved even more creditable results with two semi-finalists and one finalist in the 16 and under age group and three semi-finalists in the 12 and under division with W. Sutherland emerging as champion.

A great deal now depends on the present boys in the Junior School to maintain the high standard which has been reached. We can rest assured that they will do this successfully as Tennis is one of the more popular sports in J.C. today.

D. A. PHILLIPS

Cricket

1965

CAPTAIN : T. G. Campbell
VICE-CAPTAIN: L. W. Stephenson

1966

T. G. Campbell
N. P. Murray

Although this year's team, like the previous seven teams before it, failed to bring the Sunlight Cup back to Hope, we nevertheless enjoyed another good cricket season. Our team, in the earlier part of the year, consisted mainly of senior players, but due to the pressure of the G.C.E. examinations in the latter part of the season, many younger players had to be brought into the side. Although this weakened the team somewhat, it should prove valuable in the coming year, as it provided a testing ground for the players.

While last year's precedence of failing to win more than one match was not bettered, many practice matches were played throughout the season. A new series was started last year between JC and the Police Training School which was thoroughly enjoyed all round and will be continued this year.

Our special thanks go to Mr. Ralph Bardowell who gave up his afternoons to come and help the team. In the present season, Old Boys, headed by Mr. Martin Burke have started to coach us, and their renewed school spirit has had a marked effect on the team.

So it is with great anticipation and hope that we look forward to the coming season with renewed vigour and fight.

T. G. CAMPBELL

Hockey

CAPTAIN: 1964-5 Ward G.

1965-6 Campbell T.

VICE-CAPTAIN: C. Smith

Hockey for the past few years in J.C. has been a sport in the background, and in spite of the great efforts of our Captains and our Coach, Mr. Senior, we have been unable to accomplish anything of any real material gain.

The 1964-5 team, under the captaincy of Ward G., was a team which at first showed great promise of the future. However, their roots of enthusiasm proved to be very weak ones, and shortly after the beginning of the season, all hope of success was lost. In spite of this setback, however, the tradition that whatever J.C. starts is always finished was upheld honourably. Though the paths of victory were lost, the team still managed to comply fully with its fixtures, and played all its matches in spite of the great odds against them.

The 1965-6 team showed even greater promise than the previous team had at the beginning of the season. Campbell T., having taken the position as Captain, got his team together, and with most of the players bent on success, we made a bid for the Henriques Trophy this year. We started the competition very encouragingly by drawing with Titchfield at home,

and beating them on their home grounds, thus being the victors of our zone. Having not reached this far for the past few years, this was some achievement. However, faced by better teams, we lost to Wolmers Boys' School and Munro College in the finals.

Having climbed the ladder a step further, this season was not entirely an unsuccessful one, and if this gradation of improvement is kept up, one can see great future for Hockey in J.C. On this note, we say good-bye to those members of the team who are departing, and wish the members of next year's team "Best of luck."

N. P. L. MURRAY



SIMPSON SHIELD CHAMPIONS

Back Row: C. Smith; W. Rose; M. Young; J. Marsh; C. Woodstock; N. Samuels; P. Rodgers; R. Ebanks.

Centre: P. Khan; P. Parboosing; R. McConnell; F. ChinLoy; J. Moss-Solomon; P. Alexander.

Front Row: B. Meeks; C. Roberts (Captain); L. Chang; G. Allamby.

Swimming

CAPTAIN: C. Roberts

VICE-CAPTAIN:

The victory in 1965 made it Jamaica College's fifth consecutive win of the Simpson Shield. We accumulated a grand total of 236 points, followed by Calabar with 106 points and Kingston Technical with 56 points. Due to other school sending in their entries too late, the number of competing schools was reduced to four, and so, much of the competition and enjoyment was lost. But although there was a lack of competitors, the standard of the competition was high, with JC winning 17 out of the 22 events, and taking five of the seven records established. The Class I champion was Gresford Evans of Calabar, and JC's Wayne Rose and Phillip Alexander were Class 2 and Class 3 champions respectively. Thanks must be given to Mr. Neville Alexander and Mr. Derek Dowell, our Sportsmaster, who helped us in every respect. Commendable was the high spirit of the team, and I hope that in future championships, more boys from the school will attend and so increase the morale.

Our congratulations go out to Philip Alexander on his award as Sportsman of the Year, and also to all the boys that represented Jamaica in the IV Juvenile Central American and Caribbean Games in Chile. Our best wishes also go to all those competing in the Commonwealth Games in August. May JC boys stand out not only as victors, but also as sportsmen.

C. ROBERTS

School Activities

CADET NOTES

1964-65

O.C. — 2nd Lt. Duncan
C.S.M. — F. E. Fletcher
C.Q.M.S. — J. A. C. Marsh
Drum Major — H. O. Burgher

1965-66

O. C. — Lt. Allen
Act./C.S.M. — N. P. L. Murray
A/C. Q.M.S. — D. A. Haase
Drum Major — G. A. White

In 1964, the corps was one of the great interests to all parts of the school. It had established itself as the most prominent extra curricular organisation in the College, and with the strength of three platoons we were able to display a body of keen, enthusiastic, and interested cadets. With this accomplishment, we were able to achieve even more in the lines of the force. C. S. M. Fletcher and C. Q. M. S. Marsh must be congratulated for their selection this year to be two of the outstanding cadets to go on the annual exchange course in Canada. They accomplished a great deal while they were there, and on their return they were able to pass on much of the valuable knowledge they acquired to the rest of the corps.

However, the year 1965 did not prove to be one of great success for the corps. With the departure of Drum Major Burgher, both the band and the rifle corps suffered a great loss. Many of the leading figures in the corps, particularly most members of the band, had also come to the end of their stay in J.C. Thus, through the lack of immediate replacements, the band was dissolved, and the instruments were caused to undergo a period of rest. The Rifle Corps suffered from migration from the College, and soon our numbers dwindled to that of an insignificant nature. Great attempts were made to bring the corps back to its normal size, but in spite of these attempts we have still not yet been able to bring the corps back to what it was. Congratulations this year must be given to Sgt. Lee, who was chosen to be one of the cadets to go to Canada on the 1965 exchange course.

1966 has shown a much brighter future for the corps. With the great effort of Lt. Allen and 2nd Lt. Duncan, the corps had been able to attract many young prospective cadets. Even with the absence of a band, we were able to impress Brigadier David Smith at our annual inspection on the 23rd February. Before this, we had a week-end camp at Port Royal, which was greatly enjoyed by all cadets who went, and we have also enjoyed another week-end camp at Watsonville, approximately two miles from Moneague. At this camp, we trained forty-seven recruits, and were able to pass them out the following week. The band has also returned to existence, and with the zeal that has been displayed one can almost hear the enchanting notes of the future.

The past quarter of a decade can well be described as a cyclical period for the corps in general. However, with the visualised progress now being made, one can see the crops rising very soon to the crest of a wave — one that we will all endeavour not to break.

N. P. L. MURRAY.

Scouts

The past year and a half has been a period of rapid progress for scouting in Jamaica College. At the beginning of 1965, the troop found itself struggling with staggered attendance, owing to the absence of a Scoutmaster. However, the members of the Senior Patrol managed to keep things going until our new Scoutmaster Dr. Osbourne from the U.W.I. came to assist us. At that time, our enrollment stood at 20 scouts and 10 senior scouts. We won the St. Andrew Scouts Athletics Shield. We also held a camp at Folly in Port Antonio over the long week end, and we accomplished the feat of gaining fifty proficiency badges in six weeks during the easter term.

At the end of the summer term, Lion Patrol won the Duke of Connaught Shield for the year 1964-65. At the commencement of the Christmas term, Mr. Middleton joined us, and being an influential person in the scouting movement, he gave us extra incentive. Enrollment was then increased to 40 scouts and 10 senior scouts. In November, we held our annual progress camp at Kintyre, during which twenty recruits become tenderfoot and two boys gained their First Class Badges in the month.

This year, five seniors were awarded their First Class Badges, and these boys are now working towards Queen's Scouts. The troop also held another camp at Clydesdale over the long week end. The individual Scout prize was won by K. Donaldson. We are indebted to Dr. Osbourne for his kind and unlimited support, and we hope that the troop will continue to thrive under his guidance.

R. A. HOSANG.

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Debating Society

PRESIDENT: G. White
VICE-PRES: B. Golding
SECRETARY: N. Murray

At first it seemed that JC would wing unimpeded to the top of the ladder in the SFA-promoted inter-schools debating competition in 1965. One by one, we swamped our opponents until nemesis overtook us at R.J.R. and we lost by a slim margin to the girls — verbose girls of the Immaculate Conception High School. The Debating team consisted of D. Jones, D. Ashley and G. White.

We nursed our wounds, and out of the hospitalization period emerged a new Debating Society. It was felt that the Philosophers Society could not be expected to cope with all the tasks given it, and that in that light, it would be a more tenable proposition for its duties to be conferred on the shoulders of separate societies. In elections held, G. White was given the post of President, with Bruce Golding as Vice-President, and Noel Murray as Secretary.

So far, the Society has succeeded in promoting the inter-house Competition, and numerous Society debates and discussions which have proved both entertaining and enlightening. One hopes that the spirit exhibited will result in the continued success of the Society. Our thanks to Mrs. Veronica Blake who fills admirably the post of Honorary Chair Lady. May the experience be as beneficial to her as it is the Society.

G. WHITE

Drama

Facilities for the regular staging of productions are still sadly lacking in most schools, and J.C. is suffering from the same inconvenience. Nevertheless, in the School's Drama Festival of 1965, the College performed creditably a tragedy entitled 'The Long Fall'. It was produced by Mr. T. Theobalds and members of the cast included R. Ebanks, N. Stuart, D. Crosdale, J. Rhoden, J. Burr, D. Jones, D. Ashley and G. White:

The play was well received by most present, and the critic of the night commended both the producer and the cast for having staged an entertaining and well-acted play. This year, while many of the usual players have left school, talent still abounds. That, and the fact that Mr. Theobalds is still with us seem to point to yet another successful production.

G. WHITE

Photographic Club

MASTER IN CHARGE: Mr. W. McLeod
PRESIDENT: Joseph Rhoden, 6A.

The camera club was brought to life again by Mr. James Ducker in the Christmas term of 1964. With generous donations from Times Store the old Physics laboratory was equipped as a dark-room with enlarger, printing boxes, chemicals, cameras etc. The membership fee was, and still is, 5/- per term.

With the departure of Mr. Ducker in Summer 1965, Mr. W. McLeod took over as master in charge, and Joseph Rhoden was elected president with C. Smith as Vice-President. With the dues collected, certain new items were obtained along with chemicals. Boys use the dark-room once every week, under the supervision of other senior boys. On a whole, the standard of work is good, and the club produced some "abstract forms" for an exhibition at St. Andrew's High School. Boys obtain printing paper and films of all sizes from the club at reduced rates, and have the joy of developing and printing their own pictures.

D. HAASE, 6A.
Secy-Tres.

Choir Report

LEADER L. A. SMART, 1964-5

N. MURRAY 1965-6.

In the early part of the academic year, the Jamaica College Chapel Choir, was known to be of a very high standard. With the help and guidance of our Instructress and Organist Miss Fay Ennevor, our singing flourished, and we basked in the warmth of the praises of many. We sang quite frequently at St. Margaret's Church, and at The Church of Ascension, Mona Heights. This we enjoyed immensely.

Credit must be given to the determined L. A. Smart, who organized the regular practices which led to the fruits of success.

Unfortunately, at the end of the Summer Term, we lost both Miss Ennevor and L. A. Smart, not to mention several vociferous members from the bass section. However, our talent scouts have not been asleep, and we with them, jubilantly await the promise of things to come, and eagerly anticipate our first burst of song in the approaching term.

N. P. L. MURRAY.

I. S. C. F. - '64 - '65

In 1964 the I.S.C.F. group was quite large with Peter Morgan as our president. Their many activities that year included squashes and concerts, and the members showed real enthusiasm. The meetings are still held every Wednesday at 1:00 p.m. and although the time may be short, anyone is welcome to attend.

With the "good-byes" of previous members ringing in its ears, the number in the group at the start of Christmas term 1965 was not very encouraging. But since then the group has been struggling valiantly to regain its feet, and is succeeding. With the return of Peter Morgan as our sponsor, the membership of the group is increasing and we are sending three boys to the Leadership Conference at Moorlands during the Easter holidays.

We have another sponsor through whom we hear about many external events. She is Mrs. H. Seaton, and we must thank her for being a good source of information without whom we would be unable to broaden our social scope.

Just the other day, Miss Cathy Nichol, founder of the I.S.C.F. in Jamaica, came and spoke to us. She was most inspiring, and we hope to have more interesting speakers like her in the near future.

D. HAASE.

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Being Blind

As an introduction to this short article, I would like to say "thank you" to the boys and staff of Jamaica College who were so kind and helpful to me while I was teaching amongst you. I make no excuse for the title of the article as so many of you wanted to know about blind people and the way we do things, and it was impossible to answer all the questions in the middle of a lesson:

There are two kinds of blind people — those who can see, and those who can't. The first kind we may call "partially-sighted" and the second kind "totally blind". Blindness is a medical term and an industrial term at the same time; to be blind means to be unable to do the same things as a fully-sighted person by methods using normal vision. It can also be measured by judging whether a person can see an object normally visible at 60 metres. There are other ways of defining blindness but these are quite useful definitions. So do not be surprised if some blind people have enough sight to get around with care during daylight. Those same people may be unable to see any colour, print, small objects and details.

Whether one is able to see a little or not, as a blind person one must be prepared to admit that it is necessary to do things in slightly different ways from those which Jamaica College boys would use. For example, I had to ask some of you to write on the blackboard for me, I had to have some of my material written into forms for you to use, and I had to have some of it recorded onto tape. For getting around, a blind person must travel more slowly, use his ears more carefully and remember the names of streets and other landmarks, whereas a fully sighted boy would run around, judge things by sight and recognise streets when he came to them without necessarily remembering their names. Of course, if a blind man has a guide dog he may be able to move just as fast as anybody else, and if he uses buses and trains with his guide dog, which is done in most countries, he is at no disadvantage at all. So you see that the important thing is to be able to change one's methods and not to give up because of a handicap.

Some people imagine that blind people have extra senses — this is probably not really true. If we are wise we train ourselves to use our hearing and sense of touch more efficiently, but you could probably do the same if you had to. It is surprising what gifts God has given us which we do not develop until there is an emergency. However, I do not think that blind people have seven or eight senses to make up for having lost one. If a blind boy is put into a completely sound proof room he will be absolutely bewildered, but if he is in an ordinary room with an echo he can use the echoes in different parts of the room to tell him where he is — have you ever noticed when you are walking in the dark that everything sounds different as you pass a gateway or a gap in the wall? There are some blind people who do not attempt to develop their senses and become rather helpless, which shows again that one must work at one's self if one is to overcome any difficulty. This applies to people with normal sight as well!

Intelligent blind people do not want to be pitied or have things made too easy for them. If there is something we just cannot do, then we ask for

help; but if we can be shown how to do something ourselves, we like to have the opportunity. Blind people do not like to hear people talking about them as if they had no sense or did not understand what was going on around them. You would be surprised how often a blind person knows what is happening just by listening — sometimes a blind teacher can even surprise a first form who thought they were getting away with mischief. It is not very pleasant either when people ask our friends or a companion "Does he take sugar in his tea?" instead of speaking to us directly and saying, "Do you take sugar in your tea?" If you want to be liked and respected by blind people you should talk to them when you want to know something about them or if you wish to know what they want to do. You will not be popular if you talk across them instead. The same thing is true in the classroom. If there is something in the way or likely to be inconvenient to a blind person you should not say to somebody, "Lead him round it" or "That will make him fall". You should tell the blind person himself. All we wish is to be considered perfectly normal, because we are perfectly normal — usually!

Some people think that blind boys and girls are helpless and must be looked after as if they were babies or sick people. This is an insult. For example, two years ago when I started to teach some of the boys and girls of the blind school to use a white stick so that they could go out of school and travel on their own, people in the district said that this was wrong. They said blind children should be led around and not left to walk on their own even with a stick. They said it was dangerous and "cruel to the poor blinds". "Blinds" are pieces of materials to keep out the sun, not people. We had to explain to our friends in the district around Slipes Pen Road, that the pupils were just as strong and intelligent as anybody else and quite capable of learning how to walk around on their own, if given the opportunity. I set them tests so that when they reached a certain standard they were allowed to go a certain distance. Now some of the boys can go as far as Harbour Street, and all over down town Kingston, up to Cross Roads and on to Barbican. They are using buses and getting around without anybody to lead them. Some of you may have met Cecil Walters who visited Jamaica College on his own recently. In other countries, blind travel all over the place without help. English blind people travel as far as Russia. You will have read about Mr. Wilbert Williams, the first Jamaican blind physiotherapist, who is working at the Polio Rehabilitation centre; he travelled to Switzerland on his own. He has brought back a guide dog with him so that now there are two in Jamaica — Kate and Zeke. With these dogs blind people can travel up and down without difficulty. We are looking forward to the day when these two dogs will be allowed on Jamaican buses. This will bring Jamaica up-to-date with other countries. Japan gave permission last year, but most countries have allowed it for a long time. You are Jamaicans; what about Jamaican guide dogs going on Jamaican buses?

This has been very short, but you can always find out more — either by asking blind people whom you know, or by reading such books as "My story of St. Dunstons" by Lord Fraser, or "First Lady of the Seeing Eye" by Frank and Clark. God bless you.

Philip Roy Lucas.

Captain, Salvation Army School for the Blind.

The Dilemma Of The S.F.A.

During the past few years, we have watched the Sixth Form Association in its rapid decline from a not too high peak. We have seen the society being run by groups of immature teenagers, seeking only popularity from their dealings with the Association. Matters have been allowed to slip into such a state, that we wonder whether there is any point in continuing the life of the Association.

Fundamentally, the idea of an association of Sixth Formers in the Corporate Area is a good one. We do need a common meeting ground to get acquainted with our fellow students before we meet them in the much wider field of University life, and in our careers. We need an association which will prove to Jamaica, through its own example, that teenagers are not necessarily hooligans, but can be sensible adults who may be depended upon to assume a responsible position in the community. The Association should be active in the Literary Campaign, and should encourage its members to help those less fortunate than ourselves. We have failed to do this. We have only succeeded in proving that the Association is made up of schools which have no real desire to meet with others, or to share the problems common to all of us as young Jamaicans.

The enthusiasm for the S.F.A. of those entering sixth form is usually unbounded, but attendance at no more than one meeting is all that is needed to bring rapid disillusionment. Each school sits in a separate block, glaring hostilely around at rival schools. The election of Committee members may be described as a fiasco, the election depending on the force of representation of each school. Dissatisfied members subsequently provoke heated debates on the 'Constitution', with a view to deposing the Executive. Voices of various schools descend into the verbal arena, and with an ostentatious show of learning, and many mis-used and mis-pronounced words, do their best to insult the members of rival schools until pandemonium reigns, and the frantic President is forced to adjourn the meeting. Thus, the potentially enthusiastic S.F.A. members become hesitant about their future participation in the Association.

Nothing can be accomplished by the S.F.A., for the members refuse to recognize the authority of the Executive to make decisions on its own. Also, with such animosity between the schools, cohesive action is impossible. The meetings are usually divided between a loquacious 'voice', who represents the 'anti-everything' party, an equally vociferous speaker of the other side, who stands with the Committee, and a band of neutral schools who realize the futility of such arguments. Unfortunately, their number is decreasing rapidly, as the members withdraw from the Association.

In summation we might say that the S.F.A. has outlived its usefulness — whether it did indeed have any is debatable. What we must now consider is whether it is worthwhile to salvage the debris of the wrecked Association, and to try to reconstruct another on different lines, but with the same basic ideals, or to abandon the idea altogether. Would a smaller Association divided into zones for more efficient administration be better in the long run? Or should we struggle through the present situation with the one glorious ray of hope — that in a few months or a year, we will be out of it altogether — we shall have left school!

CHERRY BRADY,
ST. ANDREW HIGH SCHOOL.

The Outsider

When the brown envelope arrived, everyone was curious about its contents. But not for long . . . curiosity soon turned to surprise, and surprise to everlasting joy. Leroy had won a scholarship to King's College.

Leroy was besides himself with pleasure; his parents' joy knew no bounds, and his sister and friends all envied him. Their joy was well-founded, and I shall tell you why.

Leroy Coburn's parents were relatively poor, and so they had to work very hard to eke out even a meagre livelihood. Despite their lack of wealth, they did their utmost to pay for both their children's education, and they saw to it that they were not idle or neglectful where their school work was concerned. The result was that Leroy's hard work paid off, and the big day came when he entered the campus of King's College.

He was immediately impressed with all that he saw — the tall stately buildings which lined the campus, the vast playing fields and other magnificent sights.

His first day at King's passed eventfully. There was the usual welcome address to the new boys given by the Principal in the large auditorium. Afterwards, the boys were assigned to special forms where they met their Form Masters, and became acquainted with each other.

Thus the first day passed. Leroy decided that he was going to like it at King's and envisaged many things for the future.

The first year went by. Leroy was doing quite well academically, and on the games field, his performance was satisfactory. He got along quite well with his class-mates and already felt himself a part of the school.

The second year passed. Things remained much the same except that his marks began to decline somewhat, from 60% in the first year, to 40% in the second. He began to notice also that most of the boys at school had wealthy parents, and were driven to school every morning — either by their parents, or by immaculately attired chauffeurs. He envied them a little, but thought little of it.

The third year went by. His average mark had risen to 50%, and he was taking a more active interest in the school. He also became more self-conscious and more aware of his sometimes shabby appearance. He remembered that the other boys in the form used to question him about his father — where he lived, was his father rich, and so on. He remembered also how he lied to them — how he told them that his parents were quite wealthy, but that they lived in the country, and because of this, his father could not drive him to school in the mornings. He soon began to be aware of his deceit.

Why in fact had he lied? Was he ashamed of his parents simply because they were poor? Or was it because he knew that they would resent him if his poverty were to be revealed?

The truth was that he lied because he thought that was the only way to become accepted.

The fourth year rolled by. Leroy became aware of many things. He noticed that more of his classmates seemed to be avoiding him. Or was he imagining things? After all, he was not driven to school like most of his classmates were, nor did he have the large amount of pocket money which

the other boys had to spend each day. These thoughts gradually appeared in his mind and he began to envy the wealthier boys in his class. He noticed also that the boys who were slightly better off than himself stuck to the boys who had money. The situation deeply affected him, and his parents began to notice his uneasiness, and were wondering what could have caused it.

The fifth year came. His work was steady. He was reasonably intelligent, but somewhat dull chiefly because of the dark thoughts which were beginning to cloud his mind. The boys in the form spoke to him, but in a manner which suggested mere courtesy.

Imagine! The fifth year in a school such as this without a true friend. He was blind with hatred and envy when the boys spoke of their week-end's activities — the fishing trips and yatching expeditions they had — things which he could not afford to do because of his parents' poverty. He began to feel inferior in a way, and wished his parents were rich so that he could be one of them — so that he could be accepted.

He felt as if he were an outsider. In fact he was an outsider! So he decided to bury himself in his work. Maybe some day he would show them. Maybe someday he would get his own back.

The fifth year drew to a close, and Leroy's conscientiousness paid off. He passed his School Certificate examinations with flying colours, and came first in the school.

His hard work had paid off again for a second time.

In the first year of his Sixth Form, although unknown to him, things were going to look much brighter. He went home more than usually depressed one afternoon only to find his parents very secretive. He wondered why.

The next day, they told him what it was all about, and he received the biggest shock of his life. His father, an avid football pool buyer, had, after such a long time, finally won the pools.

Yes! He had won £250,000 — all tax-free.

Leroy could not believe it. He thought they were playing a gigantic joke on him. However, when the cheque arrived two weeks later, he was fully convinced.

Now he could have those things he had always wanted — all that he had envied the other boys for and more. Imagine everyone's surprise when Leroy was driven to school one morning, for he was too young to drive and his father was still in the process of learning.

Later on, everyone learned that Leroy's father had won a very huge sum in the pools. They now began to offer him their friendship which he had so much desired throughout the years.

But he did not want their friendship now. After all, he remembered how much he was ignored and resented, and he had sworn to have his own back.

The tables were now turned. They offered friendship — he ignored their friendship. He did not want to be accepted. He was rich now. Now he could afford to be as mean and unfriendly as they had been towards him. He could now give them all the cold shoulders he liked. After all, he was no longer an outsider.

L. CLARKE 6A.

The Sea

Thy depths unprobed still veil their secret haunts!
The mighty monarchs proud that plough their way
Upon thy boundless waste, their idle vaunts
Of power, of wealth, of comfort, still must stay,
What time thy maddened waters rise in wrath,
And sun and moon and stars are hid from sight,
And ocean's fiercest tempests strew their path
With relics of the pride that endless night
Hath claimed. Man's feeble race forlorn, how frail!
When caught within thy tempests' tortuous toils,
It boots him not his luckless fate to wail!
Who tempts thy wrath, thy wrath on him recoils!
Thou all — devouring mere, how stern a law
That craveth countless souls to glut thy maw!

Kenneth Carnegie



Time out from those horrible books for a brisk game of volleyball.

The Middle Passage

Writing late in the nineteenth century, James Anthony Froude sums up his impressions of the West Indies in the following words:

"They are valued only for their wealth
which They yielded and society there
has never assumed any particularly
noble aspect . . . There are no people in
the true sense of the word with a
character and purpose of their own."

This was unfortunately a true description of West Indian life, and to a certain extent it is still applicable today. Of course the West Indian wealth has long since evaporated, and its part in international affairs has declined accordingly. But West Indian society is beginning to develop a new purpose and national awareness which was not so evident a decade or so ago. What is important to remember is that everyone in the West Indies came by the "Middle Passage" and consequently a society was formed which lacked completely any unified national purpose or identity. This is one of the reasons why so many West Indian writers become increasingly dis-satisfied and restless with their communities and go abroad to live in the metropolitan countries.

There are many such writers, but probably one of the best known is the Trinidadian U.S. Naipaul who left his native homeland to live in Britain. In 1960 he returned to the West Indies and travelled around recording his impressions, examining the countries in a detached but yet extremely critical manner.

The outcome of this tour is "The Middle Passage" in which the author describes his impressions of Trinidad, British Guiana, Surinam, Martinique and Jamaica, all of which are either English, Dutch or French speaking.

Naipaul tends to be too superficial and although a great deal of his observations are very shrewd and perfectly true, he resembles Froude in his inability to see the pleasanter and more progressive aspects of West Indian life. In Froude's case, while this might have been wilfully done, Naipaul's pessimism seems to stem from an extremely cynical outlook on life.

Naipaul recognizes that the West Indies are an imported society, with most of its values dictated by American and other external influences. He might have discovered much more about West Indian life had he not been quite so flippant and cynical. Perhaps he came with too many pre-conceived ideas gained in the wider context of European life. As it is he lays himself open to the same charge that can be levelled against Froude, that of taking a too superficial view of the land and people of the West Indies.

An interesting feature of West Indian life was and still is the differing attitudes to colonial territories held by the three colonial powers — Britain, Holland and France — and the relationship between themselves and their colonies. The French and Dutch territories were regarded as integral parts of their respective countries and their inhabitants were French or Dutch. This is in sharp contrast to the British who never thought of their people as English, and regarded their colonies as having only economic value. For instance Holland is more important to Surinam than Britain ever was to

Trinidad or British Guiana. Naipaul says "Surinam feels like a tropical tulip-less extension of Holland." In Martinique the relationship is even closer because "Martinique is France, a legally constituted department of France."

The people of the West Indies are therefore an amalgam of many races — European, Asians, Indians and Africans—all of whom in a real sense have made the 'Middle Passage.' It is only natural that to this new world 'melting pot' the culture and patterns of the old should have been transplanted. One can only hope that in time, from this rich diversity a truly West Indian Society will one day emerge.

J. A. S. Aarons.

6A.

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The Jokes

They stayed stood on either side of the fence and laughed and laughed: each one amused at the same joke, each seeing it in his or her own way, through the medium of the joke.

Till one wondered, how can this joke I see so laugh at me? It is a great, grand joke that is so very blind that it can laugh at the great, grand joker when it is the joke — poor thing. And he tried to see the joker through the joke's eyes and saw a joke.

And the other wondered, how can this joke be such a great, grand joke that it laughs at the joker who laughs at it. Only a real joker could be so silly as to laugh at the joker — poor thing. He tried to see the joker through the joke's eyes and saw a joke.

So commisuating, for once they saw the same self scene through the same self eyes from the same self spot.

They saw that they were jokes alike

And the joker?

PHILIP LENNON 5A

The Rising Sun

The vanquish'd night has taken flight,
And in pursuit of fading night,
Comes down, fore-runner of the early morn,
Stealthily and steadily, as if forlorn.

There is a slight rustling among the trees,
A silky magic in the air doth run,
And yonder hills as if to tease,
Silently, slowly, reveals the rising sun.

L. CLARKE
6A ARTS.

JC Where Art Thou?

Recently while browsing through the browned pages of an old School Magazine, I noticed that this question was posed. Today, in my opinion, this question is even more valid. There can be no doubt in anyone's mind that the standards of JC have fallen and that there has been a general decline taking place throughout the school. No longer do comments of praise converge upon JC when the examination results are released. No longer are the record books filled with the names of JC boys. It is now a rare occurrence for boys to go out on the fields and train with the fervour which was so common in bygone days. It pains my heart to see the fields bare of any form of activity on an afternoon.

Even more painfully noticeable has been the general lack of spirit. It was this that in the past drove boys to do their best for the College. It was this spirit of fervour that gained JC her laurels on the games field and made her perform so magnificently in her academic work.

What have been the contributing factors to this lamentable state of affairs? Many critics have tried to lay all the blame on the shoulders of the boys. This is a very unreasonable attitude since much of the blame rests on the administration. In the past, there were many things which were common place in J.C. life and which spurred on the boys. These things are today being just revived or are non-existent. Where are the medals such as the Simms medals for sciences, and the medal for Mathematics? What of the Moody Prize for essay writing? It would appear that the cobweb and the dust have been victorious in gaining these prizes. The prizes and medals for athletics and outstanding sportsmanship or outstanding performances seemed to have also drifted into obscurity. Why is it that the weekly debates which were of incalculable help to Sixth Formers are only now being revived? The net result of this lack of thought on the part of the administration is, as I have said before, the loss of spirit which was ever present in the JC of the past.

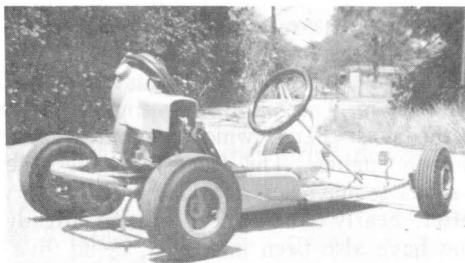
Although a lot of the blame for our decline rests on the administration, the boys are also to be blamed. Today, the boys of JC no longer seem willing to do their utmost for the College without regarding the hardships which such contributions must entail. They seem to want to be 'nurse-maided' all the time and are not prepared to face the challenges which life holds in store. It might be true that they have many things to be dissatisfied about, but certainly their time would be better spent if they tried to rectify these wrongs instead of spending such time arguing pointlessly. It is time for the students and the staff to make a concerted effort to regain the standards of the past and to rebuild the old JC of which we were so proud.

and to rebuild the old JC of which we were so proud.

Despite what I have said, however, JC has managed to retain its place as one of the foremost schools in the island. Let friend and foe alike beware JC is far from dormant, and soon our name will be feared and revered again. The glorious words FERVET OPUS IN CAMPIS will continue to be heard throughout this island of ours, and will fill the hearts of all boys — past and present — with that uncontrollable pride which all College boys hold for their school. Let me repeat that JC is again on the rampant path, and will strive to regain her position at the top.

PETER PHILLIPS
6B ARTS.

Go-Karting



Go-Karting is one of the newest sports in Jamaica, and, in fact, in the entire world. It is, however, one of the fastest-growing sports. In England, where it is reported to have started, many new clubs are springing up every year, and it is fast climbing to the top of the list of popular spectator sports.

The sport started roughly ten years ago when someone interested in motor-car racing, and yet unable to own a proper racing car, decided to adapt a small two stroke engine to a light-weight frame. The idea caught on fast, and soon, these miniature racers were becoming more and more improved.

In Jamaica, go-karts were brought in from the U.S.A., and those who were fortunate enough to own one, practised on unused parking lots and other suitable places. The karts brought out first were mainly heavy durable frames, compared with the latest models, and they were fitted with, in most cases, American Clinton engines. These, the A400 (2½h.p.) and the E65 (4h.p.) were strong engines, but very low-revving. This made their top speeds insignificant when compared with the speeds developed by the later models, and the acceleration was far from satisfactory.

In a go-kart, the engine is usually mounted to one side, although, lately, they tend to be centrally located. They have a chain connecting the pinion to a large sprocket which is bolted to the axle. In these earlier karts, the axles were mainly of the 'shib-axle' variety. This meant that instead of one long axle with a wheel at either end, there were two axles, each rotating separately, and having separate bearings in each hub. This caused some difficulty, as when taking a left-hand corner with the engine mounted on the left-hand side, the left wheel, which was being driven, would obviously slow down, due to the excess force on it when cornering. The right-hand wheel, which was not being driven, but merely pulled by the left, would therefore slow down accordingly, and the kart merely drifted around the corner, instead of being forced around. When taking a right-hand corner, however, the right wheel would slow down, and the left, having less work to do, would tend to rev more, thus forcing the kart to oversteer.

Nowadays, however, the go-kart has been improved and modified to such an extent, that, performance-wise, one cannot compare them to their forebears. Again, speaking with respect to Jamaica, most of the go-karts are equipped with McCulloch engines. These engines come in various sizes, in-

cluding the Mc10, and the Mc45. These, however, are not all the models available; there are many others. The Mc9 and Mc10 are both 98c.c. capacity (as are all the karts in Jamaica, except a few which are 200 c.c. and equipped with a gear box). They both have a single carburettor and develop about 8 or 10 h.p., the Mc9 being faster than the Mc10. The Mc45 has twin carburettors, and develops about 14 h.p. The McCullochs are quite high-revving, doing about 20,000 r.p.m. There are other engines in Jamaica, the next most popular being the West Bend, which compares favourably with the corresponding McCulloch engines. The frames on these newer karts have also been improved so as to have less track and a longer wheel base. The brakes are much better, nearly all of them coming already equipped with disc brakes. The axles have also been improved, being 'live', i.e., they have a long length of axle steel housed in a steel tube, with roller bearings at each end, and usually with 'plumber-block' type bearings in the middle. This helps a lot in steering, enabling an expert to take quite sharp corners at nearly full throttle.

These go-karts are very economical to run. They run on a mixture of oil and gas, and occasionally, a drop or two of methanol to give it more power. They do, however, need a lot of care and attention, and conscientious go-karters usually strip down and completely overhaul their engines after a particularly long run. However, I am sure, and you must agree, that for thrills and excitement, and without dipping too deeply into the pockets, you can't beat go-karting.

CHRISTOPHER GARBUTT
6A SCIENCE.

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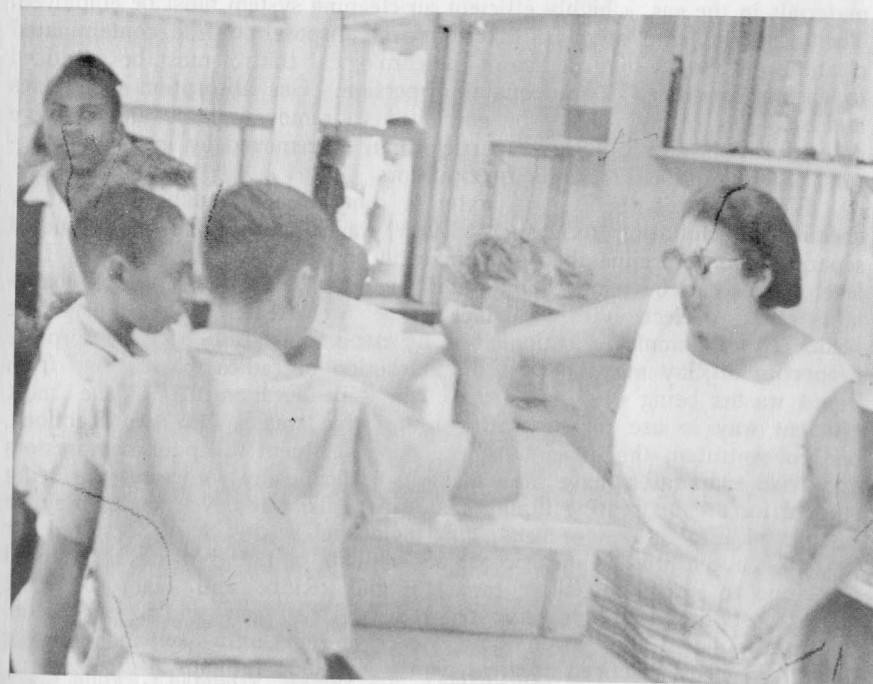
Rivers In Jamaica

Rivers when you hear them roar
In the nights behind your door,
Roaring here, roaring there,
Roaring in the atmosphere.

In the rainy days they bring down decay,
And wash it all into the bay,
And to the sea they will rush,
As a father will give a push.

Rivers in all you may see,
Cooling themselves under a tree,
Running smooth, bright and clear,
Running with a bright blue glare.

ROBERT YOUNG 3B



"One patty and coco-bread here, Mrs. DaCosta!"

Radioactive Waste Control

The magnitude of the problem of the disposal of radioactive waste from the fission of nuclear reactor fuels is tremendous. Forecasts point to a total installed capacity of 175,000,000 kilowatts by 1980. This is equivalent to the total power produced by the U.S.A. in 1960. This reactor capacity would produce 1,500 lbs. of radioactive fission products per day. This would require one year of storage to allow short-lived products to decay. But, even after one year of storage of the waste produced during 1980 alone, the total amount of radioactivity would be 100 billion curies per year (1 curie — the amount of radioactivity produced when 1 gram of radium disintegrates). Simply discharging it into the ocean would not be feasible, as it would result in widespread destruction of ocean life. Dilution with water to dispose of the radioactive produce each year would need 264 quintillion gallons of water, or the amount of water that would have fallen over Niagara Falls, at a rate of 80 gallons per minute, in 3,000 trillion years!

After a year or more of fission, the nuclear fuel in a reactor will have become contaminated with fission products. The strength of these wastes may be from 100 to 2,000 curies per gallon of waste material. In designing waste control treatment, the physical state of the waste, whether solid, liquid, or gas, determines the type of equipment used in dealing with it.

Air-borne wastes are dealt with by the conventional gas cleaning apparatus used in industrial plants. Because of the radioactivity of the materials in the gas, a highly efficient air-cleaning system must be employed. The maximum care must be taken in the disposal of the contaminated cleaning devices. A high degree of meteorological control must be practiced to ensure conditions for adequate dispersion. Gas absorption techniques and solid-gas reactions may be employed to remove soluble and reactive gases. Aerosols and radioactive particles can be removed by inertial separators, filters, and electrostatic precipitators.

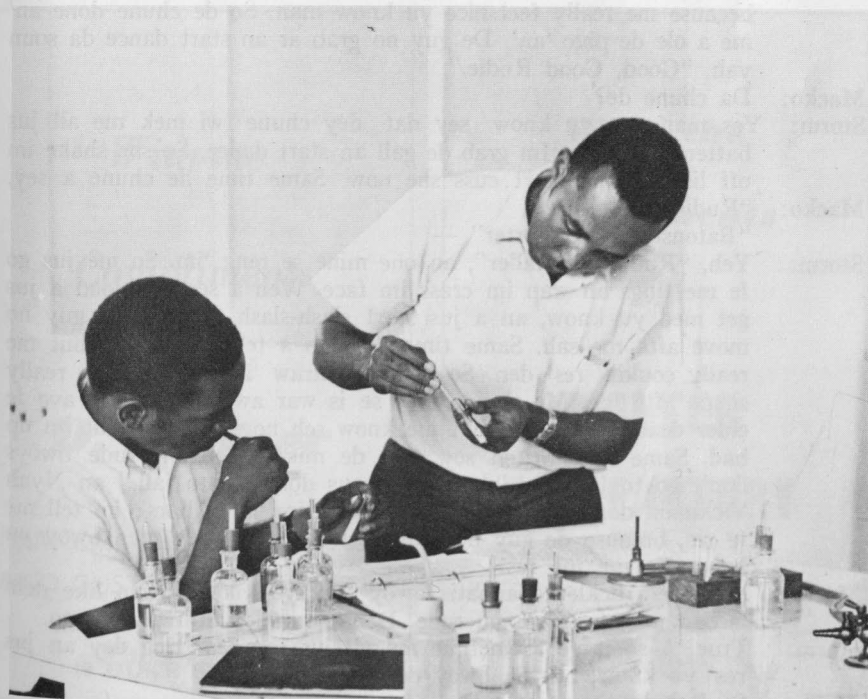
Liquid wastes dissolved in water or other liquids can be removed by chemical precipitation techniques. Every waste solution must be studied separately to determine the optimum condition for chemical methods. Low level wastes can be removed by water treatment processes, utilizing coagulants and polyelectrolytes. Soluble wastes are treated by ion exchange resins, either anionic or cationic, or by demineralization. The absorptive properties of clay may be used for extraction of radioactive cations from liquid wastes being discharged into the soil. Evaporation is the most efficient way in use for separating radioactive wastes into two fractions, one concentrated, the other uncontaminated effluent. Vapour compressors and flash evaporators have been employed. Biochemical processes are being studied for use in treating liquid waste disposals. Low level wastes may be discharged into the sea or earth, but high level wastes must be stored for years, even centuries. About 70,000,000 gallons of liquid wastes are stored in 30,000 to 1,000,000 gallon tanks at Oak Ridge and Hanford in the U.S.A. Costs are very high, estimated at between 50 cents and \$2 per gallon. Ocean disposal of high level liquid wastes in reinforced steel and concrete tanks have been practiced at great depths — 1,000 fathoms.

Solid wastes are disposed of by burial, incineration, or by remelting

metallic wastes. The Atomic Energy Commission operates burial areas for the disposal of contaminated solids in various parts of the U.S.A. Physical factors such as topography, geology, meteorology and soil characteristics influence the sites of these areas. For continuous operation safely for a century or so, at least one square mile of burial area with an equal fringe surrounding it, and both enclosed by stout fences, regularly patrolled, should be optimum. Costs range from \$1.50 to \$10 per cubic yard. Ocean disposal of solid wastes in strong steel vessels are also practiced, each vessel being anchored and marked by buoys. Processing of natural uranium and other operations use vast quantities of steel and iron equipment. This steel can be re-used by remelting the contaminated steel, driving off the uranium as slag.

Thus, the disposal of air-borne, liquid, and solid wastes containing various levels of radioactivity can be controlled even in the face of widespread use of nuclear power and radioisotopes.

JOHN DAVIS
6B SCIENCE.



Picture shows Chemistry Master Mr. Ruel Taylor instructing a sixth form student.

Conversation

It is becoming increasingly evident to me that one common language we'll never get. Language can help to provide the key to analysing social structure. While this article, for reasons centred around limited space, can do nothing but show how far different the language of some people is, I hope it will make J.C. boys (the future leaders we like to think) realise how far removed they are from the real world of the Jamaican people.

Storm: Ole man, a go a blues de odda night. Listen no, 'Roundbeat' 'ave chune yu no. 'Im mad man. 'Im ave same chune fe direkly mek yu feel mellow.

Macko: But me no 'ear se yu get eena a lickle trouble?

Storm: So 'im go sometime yu no. Me almos' go a jail, but dem se rude bwoy cyan go a jail no, so me free.

Macko: Is ow it did go?

Storm: Bredda, me a put it awn pon me lickle pigo, Stitch did a play Wailers 'Cry to me' — is a mad chune dat you know — yeh, an me really a feel 'appy. Dis bwoy come up to me an ask me whe mek me ave fe a dance up wid de spree fe de whole night? So me look pon im an sey, "Bredda, a my pigo yu know. A my girlie." Im no start cuss wole eap a bad wud, an a tell me sey, me wan cyan' control up dis ting. Meanwhile im a talk, me a get vex, because me really feel nice yu know man. So de chune done an' me a ole de pigo 'an'. De guy no grab ar an start dance da soun yah, "Good, Good Rudie."

Macko: Da chune de?

Storm: Yes man, an yu know sey dat dey chune wi mek me all jus batter-batter im. 'Im grab de gall an start dance. So she shake im off like, an im start cuss she now. Same time de chune a sey,

Macko: "Rudie gets taller."
"Batonstick get shorter" —

Storm: Yeh, "Rudie gets taller", an one mine se reng 'im. So me jus go fe me tings an wap im crass im face. Wen a see de blood a jus get med yu know, an a jus start slash-slash afta it. De guy no move afta me sah. Same time de pigo a tell me fe res, but me really couldn' res' den. So de bwoy draw 'im tings to, an really shape afta me. Me decide now se is war awn. One a we ave fe eider dead or sumpen, but me know seh now me a go cut im up bad. Same time Stitch sey over de mike, "Sensible rude bwoys don't go to jail, sensible rude bwoys don't go to jail." an Nyah Vickman, don't yu know im, dem call im 'Breakbars', im tell me fe res, because de guy de no conscious, is a lickle men bwoy yu know. So me jus res.

Macko: A so dem lickle topannatis bwoy stay yu know. Gwan like dem is bad man 'an dem no rude. Dem no rude! Still a so it go.

Storm: True. A so it go. Sometime me all jus see dem ting dey an jus res' yu know, but da bwoy de did ave fe learn.

Macko: So Babylon come fe yu?

Storm: Yu mad man? Me jus shif de dance wid de pigo an go a-yard.

De nex day me 'ear sey de guy get eight stitch — but a jus so it go. Nex time im won' fool wid a man. Yu ave fe graph it up under certain cosmic se 'im learn something.

Macko: A de trut dat. Me ave fe move awn yu know Bredda Storm. A 'ave a lickle pigo fe go look up, so is love.

Storm: Yes, is love Bredda Macko, lickle more.

G. WHITE.

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Do Jamaicans Live Up To Their Motto:

"Out Of Many One People"

Jamaica is a multi-racial society and as the motto suggests, it is a society with the desire that out of all these diverse groups of people with different ideas and outlooks, there can be a united Jamaica. The motto is fitting in that, it reflects the Kaleidoscopic nature of our society. It suggests unity; yet, are we really united?

This multi-racial society, is divided into groups deeply involved in the commercial development of Jamaica. These groups, unfortunately however, are known to exist by themselves and are readily conscious of class and race prejudices.

The lack of unity among Jamaicans probably stems for the fact that Jamaicans have nothing to identify themselves with as Jamaicans. No identity; no separate significance; no distinctiveness.

The motto therefore becomes superficial and the search for common ideological ground — something to identify themselves with, not as Afro-Jamaican, or Afro-Chinese-Jamaican but as Jamaicans.

By so doing they should be able to develop a greater love and pride in their homeland and so truly live up to the motto "Out of many, one people."

A happy thought, is that whereas in former days, the division of races was more pronounced, today this barrier is gradually being broken down due to a wider spread of social and intellectual activities. Not so long ago for instance, we had no dark skinned boy or girl in our commercial banks and offices. Today that is not so. This changed situation is a clear indication of our striving for unity; the acceptance of people for what they are; their speech and mannerisms not the colour of their skin or social acclaim. In so doing we are gradually complying with the terms of our motto.

In former years the Church and religious bodies seemed to be quite indifferent towards making our motto a reality. They had as a matter of fact, helped to widen the gap on account of their differences in religious worship. This new-found trend towards unity of Churches however, indicates that a more united Jamaica, one which truly lives up to the motto in all its aspects, a Jamaica which beckons, patterning in the near future, is about to be born.

It is my belief therefore, that in spite of efforts here and there, Jamaicans have not lived up to their motto. They are united merely because of economic and political reasons not for social or religious ones. We can only hope, that the youth of today will aspire to far-reaching heights of unity and integration that befits a society with the motto "Out of many, one people"— a society which, although integrated fully, has not lost or lowered its moral standards, and consists of people, proud to be called Jamaicans.

FRANCINE WALLACE
HOLY CHILDHOOD HIGH SCHOOL

We Are Honoured

History was created in Jamaica College on Friday 22nd April 1966 when we had the honour — undoubtedly the greatest ever paid to us — of a visit from His Imperial Majesty Haile Selassie I, Emperor of Ethiopia. The atmosphere was extremely tense with anxiety and anticipation, and this reached its climax at approximately 4.38 p.m. when the Police car piloting His Majesty nosed its way over the first sleeping policeman. As was the case wherever he went, a large crowd gathered to meet him, including students, officials of the school, admirers of the Emperor, and, of course, a few members of the Rastafarian brethren. The smartly-attired members of the Cadet and Scout troops lent a touch of splendour and ceremony to the occasion.

Included in the Emperor's party were his grandchildren and other members of his entourage, His Excellency the Governor-General, the Acting Prime Minister, Police and Military personnel, and other dignitaries. His Majesty was met by the Minister of Education, who presented the Headmaster Mr. W. H. Middleton, and the Chairman of the Board of Governors, Col. F. K. Mascoll. Col. Mascoll then presented members of his board, and the Headmaster in turn presented senior members of staff as well as the headboy.

After the presentations were made, the Emperor was invited to view an exhibition of paintings and sculptures done by the students, and mounted by the Art Master, Mr. Douglas Warner. After doing so, he was requested to sign the Visitors Book. He also inspected the Cadet Corps, during which the Commanding Officer Lt. R. E. Allen and the 2nd i/c 2nd Lt. N. G. Duncan were presented to him. As the Emperor was about to depart, the Headboy called for three cheers for the Royal party, and this was met by an enthusiastic and vociferous response. The line of cars drove out of the College amidst prolonged applause.

Although the visit was of only 13 minutes duration, it will long be remembered by all of us, and will be indelibly written in the annals of JC's history. For, apart from his being the most accomplished reigning sovereign, blood ties exist between the Jamaican and Ethiopian peoples. The honour paid to us at JC is indeed incalculable, and the Emperor's visit to the school is something of which every JC boy should be supremely proud.

BRUCE GOLDING,
HEAD BOY.



His Imperial Majesty signing the Visitor's Book. Looking on is Mr. H. C. Edwards, Deputy Head.



2nd i/c of the Cadet Corps, 2nd Lt. N. G. Duncan being presented to the Emperor. To the Emperor's right stand Col. F. K. Mascoll, Chairman of the Board of Governors, Hon. Donald Sangster, Acting Prime Minister, and Brigadier David Smith, Chief of Staff of the Jamaica Defence Force. To his left stand Mr. W. H. Middleton, Headmaster, and His Excellency Sir Clifford Campbell, Governor General.

The Coming Of Negus

ARRIVE! CONQUERING LION OF THE TRIBE OF JUDAH! HAILE SELASSIE, LORD OF LORDS, KING OF KINGS! These were some of the chants of Rastafarians as they waited patiently, lovingly for their God, Haile Selassie I, Emperor of Ethiopia, at the Palisadoes International Airport. Some had come from the hills and mountains surrounding. Others from the valleys in the countryside. Some from deep in Kingston. From all over the island came the queens, little children, nyah and dreadlocks attired in robes, suits, rags and onionbags. Far from being unkempt and dirty, their varied appearance illustrated that materialistic aping of fashion and pompous display are not important symbols for Rasta. Instead of criticizing their dress and hair, one should look carefully at the unifying sentiment that was common among the Brethren — LOVE! For LOVE it must have been. I saw no Rasta looking down his nose on his suffering brother who perhaps could not afford a robe. They all knew what they were there for — to give thanks for the fulfillment of Marcus Garvey's prophesy about the coming of the king from Africa.

It was obvious at the Airport that the overthrow of officialdom was not planned. Although Rasta did not want hypocritical, diplomatic welcome with its meaningless, stereo-typed ceremony, they did not go to the airport to cause trouble. And what Jamaica saw was that here was something — some force that existed. A section of the community that had been ignored, sniffed at, slandered, brought themselves into the public eye. The spectacle, perhaps the greatest ever in Jamaica's history, must be accorded the praise it deserves. Those who had been subjected to a form or religious persecution, who had been jailed for their beliefs, could not gaze contentedly on while Babylon and its forces extended welcome to the very being they lived for. Walking, running, limping, the strange surging in their breasts led them to disregard conventions and protocol, and as with Eliza Doolittle at Ascot, those who merely thought that it was a gripping, absolutely ripping moment kept their pseudo-dignity and criticized. The real people of Jamaica who flocked to see their Hope, Defender of the Faith, Elect of God were not frenzied and hysterical, yet the spontaneous overflow of powerful emotions led to the fall of Babylon. For Babylon did fall!

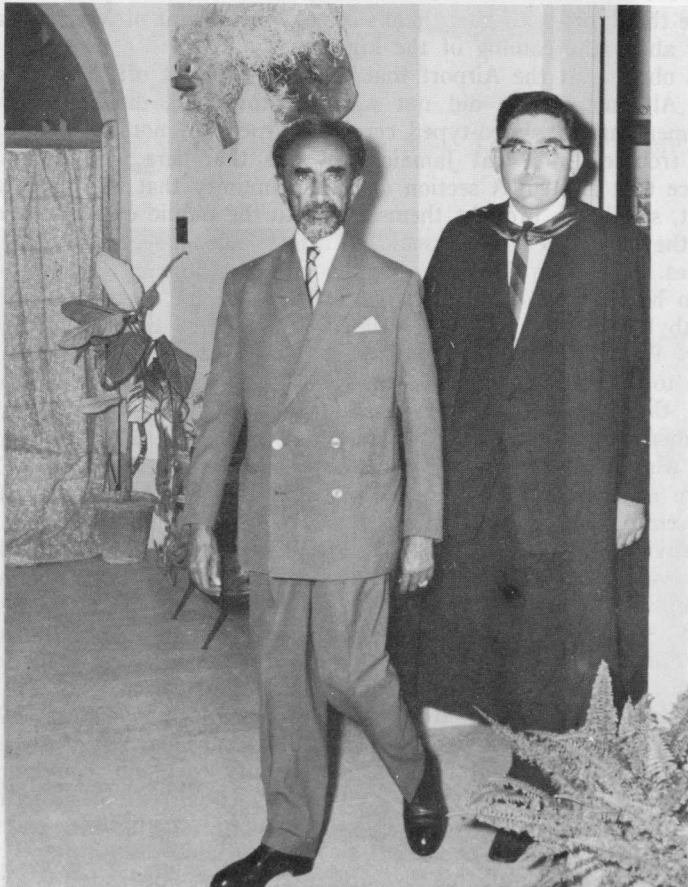
In any case, any honest man at the airport and other places that the Emperor visited, could sense the sincerity and recognise the tremendous social implications as weeping, laughing, dancing, shouting Rastas ruled this land. At the same time, the natural gentleness of the people must be noticed. There is perhaps no sect, if one can call it that, that wields so much unofficial power. Yet at the airport, a few words from Brother Planno was enough to clear a path through the milling crowd. Had this really been a criminal, unruly, undisciplined element, the handful of red-coated soldiers torn between duty to their masters, and loyalty to blood, could not have kept them in check. No violence, however, occurred, because the unofficial power they wield is, by its very nature, incorruptible, and cannot be used to further selfish ends.

The Lion to whom all this love and affection was dedicated is a striking figure. I can see no other man receiving this show of devotion with such composure, such dignity, such respect, and again, such genuine love. I will

always have in my memory the image of a man, diminutive in stature, with chiseled features, and remarkable, piercing eyes. I will always be aware of the immense power of the Lord of Lords. Truly, he is the King.

Now that the Negus has left, it is time for all those who regarded Rastafarians as members of a fringe group, to study the unique happenings of that week-end in a different light. To remember that on many occasions, Rastas were rubbing shoulders with the so-called social elite, and that far from Rastas cottoning to this group, and seeking their friendship, the "elite" had to respect the existence of these sons of man. They must remember too that except for the incidents in Spanish Town, it was a bright peaceful weekend, for a large percentage of the Jamaican population had seen their king Selah.

G. WHITE



His Imperial Majesty, escorted by the Headmaster, Mr. W. H. Middleton, leaving the Library after viewing an exhibition of paintings and sculptures.

The Orphan

The shadows lengthen o'er the hills
And steal the last rays from the rills,
And me the calm of Nature fills
With rest and peace.

Far from the water's deafening boom
That issues from the mountain's womb,
My dear ones lie, their silent tomb
With moss o'ergrown.

And oft within the mountain's cleft
The calm of eve has often left
Me cheered by voices sweet, though reft
Of hearth and home.

For then, methinks, my Mother's face
Beams on my soul with heavenly grace,
And in her accents soft I trace
Abiding love.

My sister too, I sometimes see
With outstretched arms that beckon me
To share her bliss and rapture free
From stress and strain.

For here, engulfed in cares, our life
With toils and fears and tears is rife,
Till Death release us from the strife
And make us free.

Nor less to stay my faltering feet
And soothe my wild brain's feverish heat
My Father me would sometimes meet
With strengthening hands.

Alas! my life and lot forlorn,
To live from kith and kindred torn,
A mate to sorrows that have worn
My aching heart.

Nay, come what will, some Unseen Hand
My frail barque pilots to the land,
And angels guard that heavenly strand
Where sorrows cease.

Kenneth Carnegie

William Wordsworth vs Petula Clark

Having been confronted with such a topic as the above, one would be expected to find it difficult to understand immediately the aims of the author. As the author writing under such a heading, I therefore find it necessary, to introduce to you, both these characters here involved.

First of all, I will introduce you to William Wordsworth. He was an English poet, commonly known as Nature's apostle — one who was filled with "tranquil restoration" when exposed to the soothing fingers of Nature. He wrote in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries and is well known up to this day. Then we see Petula Clark also well known, but unlike her rival, as an English "pop" singer of the middle 1960's, who whether by chance or by will, happened to sing a very particular song in this case, which became very popular in the eyes of those who are commonly called "crazy" — teenagers. The title of this particular song which is to cause further discussion, is "Downtown".

Having introduced you to both these people, one would not find it surprising to hear a question such as this asked. How could anyone in their right state of mind, think of putting both these people under the same roof, and setting them at large to have a bout; after all, they are of opposite sexes, completely different characters, of two completely different periods, and with entirely different rolls in life? However, what is to be the point of rivalry, has entirely nothing to do with these physical factors. The point of interest here, is their controversial arguments on a particular point; and what they had to say about a certain aspect of Human life.

It has been said by many well known Sociologists, that in certain times of distress, worry, confusion, doubt and trouble, times where great thought and meditation is necessary, or where a certain atmosphere has to be created in order to help the situation, man has been known to succumb to depression, and must take certain steps in order to save himself from the dark pits of strain and stress, which mean for him the agony of a slow and painful death — death here, not in the sense of dying, but in the sense of not living. These steps are the things that become particularly interesting to us if you have been able to bear with me up to this point. What are these steps? In what direction do they lead? And what are their effects on the upheaved soul of man? These are the questions that should come to mind right here, and this is where I find it convenient to introduce the fruit of my topic.

The point I am trying to bring over, is that both these people being discussed, had a great deal of advice to offer on this subject, and as one will see later, both these trends of advice are completely different. First I will show you the pattern of thought that William Wordsworth laboured under. As stated before, he was a nature poet, and was the first to write poetry under the heading of "Romanticism". He was a man that found his consolation in Nature, which he termed as being the only permanent thing. He saw Nature from an inner eye and he saw the depth in nature, and all the treasure that was hidden in the depths of Nature. He

"owed to them

*In hours of weariness, sensations sweet
Felt in the blood and felt among the heart
And passing even into my purer mind*

With tranquil restoration."
With tranquil restoration."

He became aware of the
mysticism in Nature, and the existence of something that was one step
beyond man, for he

"felt
A presence that disturbs me with joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused."

Wordsworth looked upon
Nature as some sort of an individual god to whom he prays —

"And prayer I make
Knowing that Nature never did betray"

and puts his whole trust in to help
him in awkward times. Nature to him, is —

"The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse
The guide, the guardian of my heart and soul
Of all my moral being."

He is assured by Nature, and not
only does he feel the present pleasure in the company of Nature, but,
"That in this moment there is life and food
For future years."

Here we see a man that is obsessed by the presence of nature and goes
almost into a state of stupor when left alone to converse with it or her.
This is his step. When he is surrounded by problems, he goes into the field
and pastures, that have not been tarnished with dust, and made ugly with
the presence of huge buildings of brick and stone. Here is a man who
makes Nature his leaning — post, his consolation and his guide.

Having thus to the best of my ability, put forward the beliefs and
thoughts of William Wordsworth on this particular subject, I will endeavour
with little or no favourable tendency to one side nor the other, to make as
clear as possible, the message of Petula Clark as related by her. Though
expressed in much fewer words, and in a very different manner than her
rival, Petula Clark has put forward her line of argument and advice with
almost an equal amount of weight. Here we meet a young woman who
evidently has opposite views to William Wordsworth, in that she says,

"When you're alone
Don't let your problems surround you,
There are movie shows

Downtown."

Here we meet upon a lady, who
is convinced that the bright gay and distracting atmosphere of "Down-
town" is the only solution to the problems of worry, unhappiness, lack of
confidence and lack of guidance. She believes, that in order to overcome
setbacks, one should

"Just listen to the music of the gentle Bossa Nova,"
and your problems

would be exterminated "before the night is over." She also believes that it
helps to try and have fun, to laugh and be merry.

We therefore find that Petula believes in forgetting, and not meditat-
ing as Wordsworth did, and she believes that the best means of forgetting,

is going "Downtown", and opening the mind fully to the beauty and joys
of music, illumination, action and all the virtues of merrymaking, and by
doing this, one is able to force out of the mind all the burdens of worry and
sad thought that may exist.

On having layed down the arguments of both these people in as clear
a manner as I have found possible, I feel satisfied that my job as author
and promoter has been completed. How well? is a question to be answered
by the reader. The result of this unusual bout is also to be left for the
reader to decide. It is here that I find it my last duty to invite you to be
the judge, and to decide whether, if under pressure of strain, worry, pain
of heart, doubt, confusion, lack of confidence and guidance, or any problem
at all, you would go out into the fields, or perch by a river to meditate, and
seek the help of Fair Lady Nature, or would you find yourself walking the
sidewalks of a bright and gay dreamland, made enchanting by the 'Sound
of Music'? somewhere like — "Downtown"

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A Look At British Colonialism

Nowadays one does not have any difficulty in finding critics of the British system of Colonialism. In any member of the Commonwealth, or any ex-colony (and a lot of other countries too), socialists and nationalists are heaping abuse and criticism on this system. Phrases such as "wanton exploiter of the colonies" are common, and much is said about how much the British have drained from the colonies, and how little they have given in return.

There are three aspects of the matter which I would like to discuss here: the purpose served by the system in Britain, the actual working of the system, and the fairness of the system. I have not got the space to enter into a wealth of detail, but I will try to give a general outline of the three points as impartially as possible.

British Colonialism, which was at its height in the late 19th century, was a system whereby the colonies of Britain were so arranged, as to be one of the principal reasons for the success of British Industrial Revolution of the 18th century. British colonies provided guaranteed markets for British goods and were also a source of raw materials. This was of great importance to a developing industrial economy. Under The Navigation Acts, which, among other things, permitted trade between the colonies to take place only in British ships, a very prosperous merchant class grew up in England, and this supply of capital for industrial development was also of great help to the British economy.

On the other hand, the colonies became very prosperous, although most of the money was in the hands of 'absentee owners' or the British East India Company and Hudson Bay Company. Still, some good was achieved. India changed from a country of frequent civil wars between tribal kings, to a relatively stable and equitable centralised government, even if it was completely under British control. Jamaica grew from a rather sparsely populated cattle-rearing economy to a prosperous sugar producer, with a guaranteed market for her produce. The same was true of most of the other West Indian colonies. One must also remember that America was opened up by the British colonists, and its westward expansion in the 19th century was helped by British immigrants.

The workings of the system were simple. The colonies were run by Englishmen, protected by the British army and navy, and forced to trade with Britain or with other colonies. The Britain-Africa-West Indies trade triangle was a good example of the system. Ships carried cheap manufactured goods to Africa from Britain. These goods purchased slaves along Africa's west coast. The slaves were shipped to the West Indies, where they worked on the plantations. The agricultural produce of the West Indies went back to Britain, completing the triangle. In much the same way, British manufactured goods were exchanged for Indian mineral wealth, Egyptian sugar, Canadian and American tobacco, and the various produce of the colonies.

There is no denying that the majority of 'profits' went into English hands. Yet it is unreasonable to suggest that the colonies did not benefit. In the West Indies for example, the only countries which can claim relative

political and economic stability, are those which are, or were, British. There have been no exploiting dictators, civil wars, or revolutions, whether of slaves, nationalists, or communists worthy of mention in these countries. In Africa, the most powerful countries are Egypt, a once British colony (in fact if not in name) and South Africa, which is controlled by British and Dutch expatriots. Although the Indian government is having considerable internal problems, it never reached the level of the Turkish Empire of the decade preceding 1914. Pakistan, Burma, Ceylon and Australia seem reasonably stable, and closer to home, one wonders what would happen to the Jamaican sugar industry if it did not have a quota at a fixed price (about twice the present world market price).

Perhaps those socialists and nationalists who perch on soap-boxes, and higher places, should go into these points in greater detail. They might find the study enlightening.

ROGER HENRIQUES, 6A.

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Africa

Africa — a Continent that still conjures in many minds, images of tiny states, populated by intellectually backward peoples living in murky jungles or mud huts, practising evil rites, and ruled by short-sighted demagogues. It is a Continent which, with the exception of the Arab-populated northern strip of coastline, was generally judged by an old school of European anthropologists as having a history not worthy of mention. However, a newer school of anthropologists and historians, delving objectively into the recordings of early geographers and chroniclers, have compiled evidence of well organised and wealthy states and empires in the sub-Saharan section of the Continent. These recordings show, among other things, that Ghana, in the eighth century, was already a centralised state of formidable power and great riches, and that it covered a vast section of West Africa. Mali, its successor state which flourished in the fourteenth century, possessed great intellectual centres whose colleges exchanged scholars with Spain and other sectors of the Moslem world, while farther east, lay the splendid empire of Kanem.

The existence of these states which had manufactures in iron and gold, and carried out lucrative international trade, were conveniently overlooked by the old school of anthropologists. At that time, Europe was awakening from the social torpor of medievalism and was divided into petty and quarrelsome kingdoms. Capitalism was on the up-rise, and sea-fearing adventurers were beginning their centuries-long search for gold, spices, silks, ivory and slaves, in order to plunder them for money-hungry monarchs and traders. These voyages brought them to the coast of East Africa where they discovered a large and wealthy world of commerce with a flourishing maritime trade in a vast assortment of goods.

The Portuguese, who, incidentally were the first such seafaring adventurers, were quickly followed by English, Spanish, French and Dutch sailors and traders. These people erected trading posts and forts at various points along most of Africa's coast, and with the addition of human merchandise to the list of other items which they plundered, began one of the most gruesome episodes of Mankind's history — the slave trade. The utterly wretched and degrading conditions under which these unfortunate Africans had to live, and the calculated cruelty that they were subjected to during transportation from Africa to the new world, were on such a scale that it simply staggers the imagination. This form of trading continued for about three hundred years, and involved a fantastic total of 50 million Africans!

Then in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, the 'scramble for Africa' began. Italy, France, Britain, Germany, Spain, Belgium and Portugal embarked on a race for colonies. In slicing up the Continent between themselves, regard for ethnic realities were completely ignored, as boundaries were frequently cut across tribes and towns. Motives for this greedy seizure of the Continent were obviously based on economic, political and military considerations, rather than on altruistic ones. This parcelling-out of Africa was more or less complete by the beginning of the twentieth century.

A pattern of colonialism thus arose whereby the colonies became large sources of raw materials and outlets for manufactured goods for the 'mother country'. In effect, it became a two-way trade as far as the colonies were

concerned, and this stunted any real economic growth in these colonies. From the economical point of view, therefore, Africa was ground to a halt. Allied with this were the persistent attempts of the Europeans to prove the inferiority of the Africans, and to subsequently treat them as inferior beings. This was done by depriving them of education, proper health facilities, and subjecting them to deplorable housing conditions, not to mention the ridiculously low wages they were paid. Added to this were the poor conditions under which they worked, accompanied by the archaic views of what has been called 'imperialist-anthropologists'. Such was the fate of the African Continent and its inhabitants for a great length of time.

Before the Second World War, a great number of political demonstrations and strikes took place in many parts of Africa in demand for reforms. Very few people at that time thought of the emergence of political parties wanting independence. However, during and shortly after the Second World War, many national organisations were formed with the common intentions of throwing off the yoke of colonial rule and improving social and economic conditions. These intentions were brought to fruition during the late fifties and early sixties in which time over fifteen territories were given their independence.

Today, with the exception of a few Portuguese territories, the Republic of South Africa, and Southern Rhodesia, Africans are now in control (theoretically, at least) of their own destinies. Africa's greatest danger today is neo-colonialism, and its greatest instrument — balkamisation — i.e., the breaking up of the Continent into small, weak states. By this means, covert control of countries and their governments are brought about by the financial and diplomatic forces of various Powers. However, if these forces can be overcome and a unified Africa can be created, proper utilization of its vast untapped resources can create a highly industrialised and agriculturally self-sufficient major world Power.

ROBERT GORDON,
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In Tribute To Jerry And Prof. Higgins

The following lines were conceived one night thinking of the overthrow of Nkrumah, the C.I.A., Johnson and "My Fair Lady".

I used to like

d
a
i
n
t
y

people.

The sort who,
never would,
could,

pass the sort of remark
that violent people
should.

Then,

my friend,

then,

I used to sit and
reminisce
like some

cheap,
golden daffodil.

And it was then

my friend,

then,

that things passed me by
passed by me!

that people wished me to think
never could hurt a flea.

Fly,

and those same things now
would make me want to
wail

and cry

wipe my eye!

as tears —

— angry tears

deluge from

that

same eye

both my eyes!

as lies
daily lies
are perpetrated nonetheless
by that class of person
who,
supposedly know the best.
The real best.
Beastly if you ask me now.

Now

I think people
— those people —

r
e
a
l
l
y
r
e
a
l
l
y

stink.

Stink!

I mean creatures
talked to me
of peace.

Of how they
loved each other
like brothers.

Each day brought them, they said,
a sign

radiant — shine
oh decidedly benign.

And those same people
now

fight

(they still say for rights)

but really commit crimes

for used-up old dimes

and I feel

I can't be innocent — contrite

as I watch the sights

SPECTACLE maybe.

The sight of others

every day being killed

is against Nature

and that respectable dowager
salutes,

loves,
that plundering,
raping
major!
War for peace.
Imagine they want me to think
that they are acting for us.
Just

know that now
I know
It couldn't ever be so.
For today, even
today, I was told
by similar youth
of how a man's life
became suddenly
cold.
He was not of the fold.
Death for him
who dares

to be cast
in some other mould!
"Blast!"

shouts that major
(the dowager's hero)
to his gunners.
"Blast that area
with your weapons!"
juxtaposed

together thus
are hate and love.
I,
gullible,
am supposed to believe
they consciously
love
the dove.

Remember, cheap
golden daffodils
like the dove
you are signs
oh so benign
acceptable,

even by the Rhine.

But never again in my life
as I stroll across say, tile
with a gentle, sweeping smile
with outstretched hand
(another love-symbol in our land)
can I ever

encounter those
enchantly

d
a
i
n
t
y

people
who consist of nothing more than
sickening,
debilitating,
reeking

muck,
without envisaging
milk

not (I beg your pardon)
silk smooth
but curdled.

I now comprehend
that people of that ilk
uphold,

cause
happenings
that suck,
Suck

the very life-blood out of me.
It's all so wicked
and my dear

d
a
i
n
t
y

people

I have to make the sort of comment
intimating

quite definitely
that if others won't change
I can,

I will,
kill.

Kill!

G. WHITE

The Value Of Space Travel

Space travel was first shown to be feasible by the launching of the second Soviet satellite, Sputnik I in 1957. Since then, Man has been making giant steps towards making space travel a reality. However, astronautics, the science and technology of space flight, is still in its early stages. Man has been endowed with insatiable curiosity, and wants to learn more about his environment and the solar system. He wants to extend his life beyond the limits of the planet Earth, and to broaden the scope of his knowledge. With the advent of space travel, Man will be able to accumulate a vast amount of knowledge — scientific and otherwise — about the little known void between the stars.

Apart from his thirst for knowledge, the exploration of space would be most advantageous to Man in many ways. In the first place, this planet is over-populated, and even in the future when the 'waste' lands, i.e., jungles, deserts, Arctic and Antarctic regions, are utilized, it will still be over-crowded. Therefore, through the medium of space travel, Man will be able to colonize other planets wherever possible, and so ease some of the population pressure.

The physical resources of the Earth are limited, and Man will eventually have to obtain necessary elements from other planets e.g. uranium from the Moon. He will be able to discover new materials for use on the Earth, and may learn a lot from any alien civilizations he may encounter. He will search for life within the solar sky and beyond.

As a result of space travel, Man has to exploit the use of new materials so that life away from this planet may be relatively safe. This research has already brought to light many new factors which are being utilized for the benefit of mankind. For instance, the North American Aviation Company, while seeking to manufacture food in spacecrafts, cultivated high-protein algae from sewage waste-water, thus producing a cheap, easily obtainable source of food material. Man is using satellites to record data on conditions in space as well as on earth. Some like the Telestar are used for communications. There will also be orbital weather stations and navigational satellites.

In research, light-weight plastics and new alloys were developed for use on space equipment and are now being used industrially for making lighter railway cars and valves where normal steel would corrode. Scientists have had to develop sealants for the seams of spacecrafts, and paint that can withstand weather, solvents, and radiation. These are now being used commercially for sealing cracks in bathroom tiles, and for use on houses. Heat-resistant materials have also been produced, and are being used, among other things, to line tobacco pipes. Techniques used in making space suits are also being used to make higher-quality brassieres.

Most important of all is the fact that space travel had led to the development of more powerful rockets and propellants. These rockets of various types are used by nations of the world on the battle-front in order to maintain their international prestige. The fuels invented have been used to make useful substances for sealing windshields, for use in medicine, and for various other industrial purposes.

The main source of propulsive power at the moment is obtained from nuclear fission, but fuel cells which generate power by converting hydrogen and oxygen into electricity and water have just now been developed. These do not need radiation shields, and are being used to propel spacecrafts and terrestrial vehicles. In the future, this source of power will be more widely used in cars and similar vehicles, and as a result of this new technology, they will no longer emit harmful gas fumes.

Man will also go much nearer to the sun, and study it in detail, so as to be able to predict electrical disturbances caused by the sun, and so learn more about cosmic radiation. He will also investigate the energy transfer-systems between the sun and the earth as a future source of power.

The net result of all this is that Mankind will be able to improve his manufacture of goods, his standards and his way of living, and probably with them, his morals and himself.

DAVID HAASE
6A SCIENCE.

An Exhibition of Art

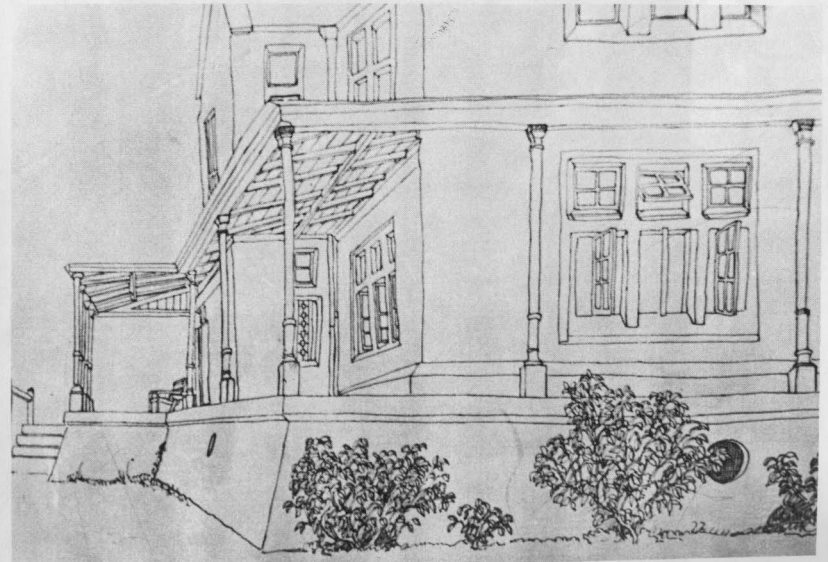


Oil Painting by John Burr

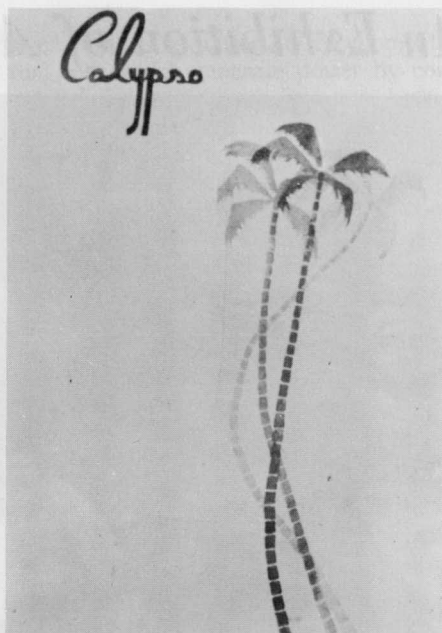


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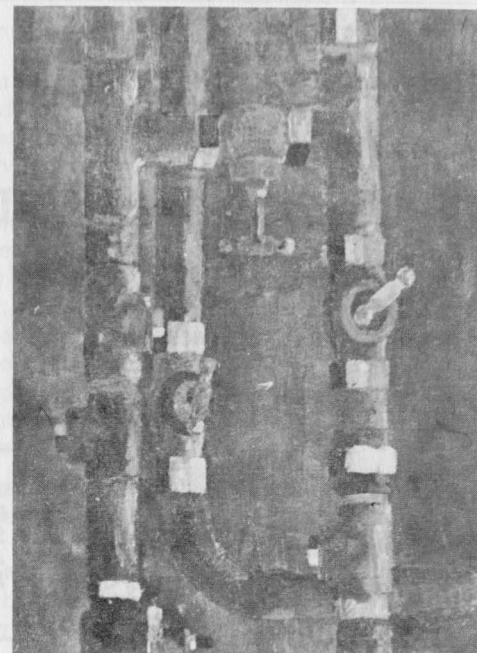
Pen and Ink Drawing by Frank Chinloy



Menu Cover Design by Richard Foster



Printed Fabric by Louis Stephenson



Pipes. Oil Painting by Richard Foster

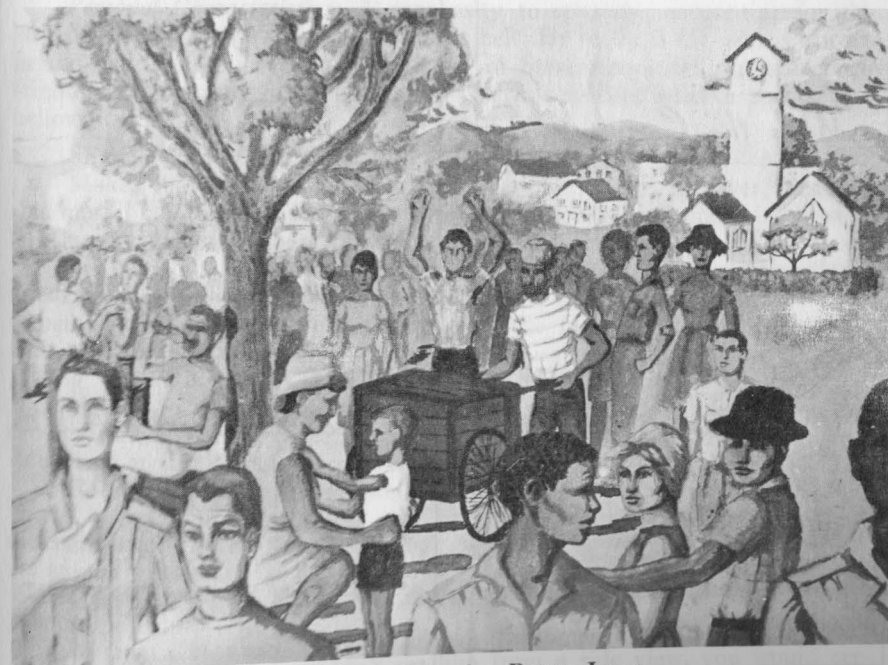


Figure Composition by Bruce Jones

MUTTON, TRITON AMONG THE MINNOWS

He comes in bulk, and sometimes waddles through the College in ignorant amplitude in which circumstance mesmerised onlookers observe shocked silence as some, spying for the first time this stalwart example of glandular activity gone wild, think of Behemoth in the land of Mini-Minors, or the return of Leviathan. And this concerns every last oleaginous part of his obviously well-fed, Brobdingnagian, pachydermatous body. He is more often seen comfortably jelled in the Sixth form room, where probably proudly and mistakenly identifying himself with Lord Kitchener (the imperialist), and (in General classes), with cold, clinical logicians, he boisterously, and in almost all cases, unintelligibly tries to justify British foreign policy, or describe the workings of the price mechanism. It must be recorded that his gross expansiveness is minimised somewhat through his draping of bolts of cloth round his frame in a desperate attempt to conceal his lumpy obesity.

Hobbies: Every now and then, if not exactly like Venus from the foam, at least like an inspired hippotamus from a succulent wallow, he ventures near the swimming pool, seemingly unaware of the fact that the exposure of his swarthy tonnage so near the tuck shop induces upset stomachs. There, his attempts at dives are more notable for their tremendous displacement of water, when volume defies density as he hurls his embonpoint with some indignity into the pool, than for any degree of skill in carrying out the process.

Personal Characteristics: A propensity to consume, accounting for the largeness of that area approximate to his belt. He really is fat, and is always in the habit of telling Sebo to shut up in Stentorian tones guaranteed to frighten more normal-size humans when one considers what a spectacle a bellowing Gargantua is.

SEBO

Makes the idea of a walking cadaver a fact. If he, however, has shed this mortal coil and is indulging in ghostly, ghastly fun, it is more in the style of Casper than of a more ferocious visitor from Hades. The main reason for this being that Sebo is long and thin, never having had a superfluous ounce on him, although in the matter of bones, he seems to have been quite generously endowed. Because of this, and the fact that his face is rather akin to that of a sheep — a lean and hungry sheep — persons are usually asking "What is that THING?" unable, as they are, to classify him, doubtful as to whether he is emaciated, spindle-legged, human ghoul, or pre-agrarian revolution ovine. As he stands, there isn't much to write about. We mean it just is not there.

Hobbies: Fond of dissertation that often degenerates into a saloon-type brawl between himself (itself) and Tuffy. You see, he labours under the misconception that his voice is a thing of honey, mellow, and that whatever he says is guided by the wisdom of a sage, obviously unaware that sagacity is not shown by hopping up and down and shrilly shouting, like some demented parrot.

Personal Characteristics: The absence of breadth (while one wouldn't go so far as to say you couldn't see him from a side view, you would cer-

tainly have to narrow your eyes a great deal), and the crackling, high-pitched cackle that passes weakly for a voice when he is ostensibly emotionally upset, which state of being seems omnipresent.

TUFFY

Now this is a stocky individual, broad of shoulder, lean of hip, and unbelievably heavy in the legs. His face is a painful, eccentric oval, bejewelled with large, blankly-staring, turquoise eyes, crowned with an imposing nose — fleshy in the extreme — that overhangs a mouth of rather magnificent proportions. His chin is a thing of angles, on which it is possible to hang something like a lantern. Taken in its horrifying entirety, this face bears fearful similitude to the fossilised butt-end of a worm-infested ficus log. The point of this detailed description of his facial attributes, or rather, failings, is that it exerts a horrible fascination for those who were wont to gaze upon its inundating hillocks and plateau, and because, *en masse*, it makes up a head — a Cyclopean head that is exemplification of the scientific principle behind the usage of the battering-ram in long gone days. Speaking of long gone daps, Tuffy, it is thought, must be an infelicitous misfit in time and space, as that head, in terms of thickness and permeability, would be more at home lethargically at rest on the shoulders of primeval ape somewhere in the dank jungles of Asia long before that creature evolved to become intelligent Man.

Hobbies: Speaking. Or more correctly, jabbering, as that technique which our specimen uses to palaver is more reminiscent of the Hopedomiciled baboons' never-ending babble than of civilized human confabulation.

Personal Characteristics: Lack of space prohibits the listing of these, so let it be sufficient to say that he is "*monstrum horrendum informe ingens cui lumen ademptum*", which, being translated, is "a terrible monster who dwells in everlasting night".

MOUSIE, JACK, DADDY OF THE FIFTH

Respected for his uncanny ability to adapt himself to each set of boys who have breezed past him each year in the fifth form since 1962 *anno domini*. He is said to have been attending school within these gates since the first visit of the Queen to Jamaica in 1955. No one knows for sure, as the records, which are now history, have been destroyed by the brotherhood of velvet — those furry creatures decidedly related to our friend — rats. They thought, perhaps, that the resemblance was a comfortable one and as such, should be a thing of joy, and not consternation which is the usual reaction of stupefied humans. Apart from this, he is known for his ungrateful exposure of his nibblers to the ministrations of wind and rain, for his lower lip is permanently divorced from its upper counterpart, thus baring the ill-shaped dentures for all to see. And seeing is believing. He really has teeth — well nigh four score and ten — teeth that provide a foreground in vivid colour, offsetting the sickly pallor of his extremely sallow complexion.

Hobbies: Eating cheese, and shooting goats that trespass upon his property in the almost impenetrable hinterlands of our wooded isle.

Personal Characteristics: Speaking of his ownership of doubtful mixtures of cloth, like terylene tweed, which he uses in a feeble attempt to grace his natal fur.

C-BERT, DANGER MAN, 006½

Has disposed of approximately nine men — some through firearms, others through a quick, scientific karate job. The number 006½, Jamaican representative of a British based Intelligence Service. Occasionally, he suffers mishaps, as on that night when certain thugs from the underworld pumped four slugs into his back, but after a day's rest, he had recuperated without much difficulty. This lanky, spare-biped lives in the world of danger and dolls. Presumably because he possesses uncommon facial similarity to those creatures that burrow underground, he usually shies away from the fairer sex, and in this respect, among others too numerous to mention, he differs from his more notorious mate, 007. To combat this, he writes sentimental odes — snivelling drivel that makes the girls to whom they are dedicated no doubt shudder with a mixture of incredulity and fear. Our man in Jamaica can be observed — at a distance — creeping stealthily along in search of some imaginary war criminal or Communist, propelled by two enormous flappers — size 13. From hair-line down, his body is somewhat like that of an under-nourished concentration camp inmate, which concludes at the other end in two pseudopodiae that are regularly punctuated by gnarled knots and lumps which he affectionately, albeit misguidedly, thinks of as common or garden ball and socket joints. It is believed that these unsightly protuberances are his real weapons, for to receive a knee-nudge from him, however gentle, is to accept an almost lethal blow.

Hobbies: Spying. All the time, the business of espionage and counter-espionage occupies him. At work or play, one can see him obstinately trying to break solid bricks with one swift, and obviously painful blow, kicking walls to toughen the already horny and grotesque soles of his feet, or shadow-wrestling with what he thinks is a bland, smash-buckling smile on his face, but which really gives the impression that he has just finished partaking of a bad and insipid repast.

Personal Characteristics: Possession of long, skinny members, the uppermost of which stretch giddily almost to the ground, and his usage of crisp, cryptic monstrosities, which he thinks has an authoritative ring, but which, in reality, would make any fly courageous. He uses same to convey his name, which, sometimes in all seriousness, he says is "BOND . . . NATIONAL SAVINGS BOND".

GOLLYWOG, THE BULL

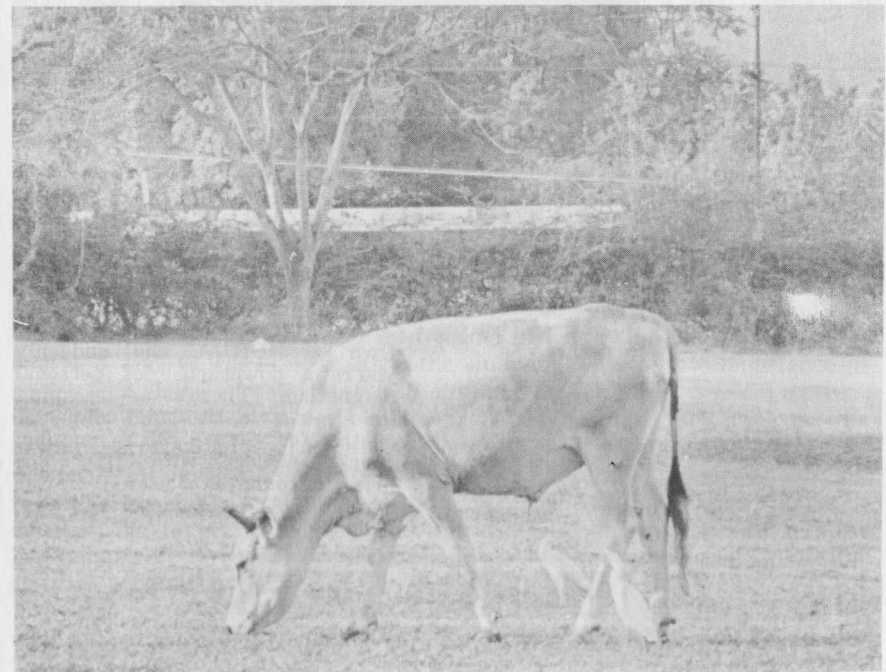
Characterised by a head whose size and irregularity of contour defy measurement and description. At one angle, it bears strange resemblance to a battered and mis-shaped coconut that has just fallen some great distance. At another, like the head of some dubious, ill-favoured bovine who has been deluded into believing that the female of the specie like the rough and ready type. For the Bull considers himself to be the most popular heman and face-basin in all-schools, and that the attempts of companions to describe him in somewhat uncomplimentary, yet true fashion, are but manifestations of male jealously pitted against the concerted opinion of the female world *in toto*. Actually, many of these really hold that he is the Jolly Green Giant. Ho! Ho! Ho! Anyone interested in observing a denizen of the day in comfortable pasturage can meander through the College and await the splutterings of a groaning and tired Honda (which is quite understandable, considering the massive bluk it is committed to bear) whose approach heralds the arrival of this partially domesticated mastodon. Of

course, you do so at your own risk, for while he is being slowly broken in, there are times when he hears the call of the wild, and obeys natural impulses, and lo! confusion worse confounded.

Hobbies: Perusing grimly a road map or diary, which he uses to inform him as to what "spots" are on over the weekend. The fact that at none of these has his presence been solicited does not deter him. There, he agonisingly, hopefully tries to manipulate his hoofs in a fashion that is in keeping with the "in" dance moves of the day. That his ponderosity and resultant awkwardness are grave drawbacks to the accomplishment of this end leaves him undaunted, and his partner's toes in utter misery. He is forever charging here and there, inconsiderately, dispassionately ruining toes, shoes, dresses, and even floors (including concrete ones) in his vain attempt to justify the statement "he is thick but dainty".

Personal Characteristics: Size of hoof which is usually roughly shod in specially ordered size shoes (14 for style, 15 for comfort). Indeed size, as a measurement of his proportions, require the employment of a yardstick — and a generous one at that. One must remember, too, that heart-rending picture — the sight of this character in concentration as he speculates anxiously, fearfully (and with much justification) about the needle's eye through which he will one day be called upon to pass.

G. WHITE



Lawn mower at work

Socialism vs Capitalism -

A Conflict Of Ideologies

To a great many people, the term "socialism" signifies something of a military-maintained system of administration controlled by and existing solely in the interests of a single individual and in which the life of the citizen is in constant danger, should whatever he does, says, or even thinks be considered as not wholeheartedly in support of the supreme ruler. To an equally large number of people, the term "capitalism" denotes the oppressive and tyrannical domination of those who, by virtue of the vast wealth they possess and the high social stratum in which this places them, are able to subjugate the rights and privileges of the masses for the benefits of this stratum. In actual fact, however, both these ideas are grave misconceptions of the real significance of the terms, and a thorough analysis of what they really represent will reveal that they contain many complimentary as well as conflicting elements.

It would perhaps be useful to attempt at this point a definition of the two terms in question. Needless to say, there are tremendous difficulties involved. No definition of socialism, at once true and precise, has ever been, or perhaps will ever be given. But for the purpose of clarity, socialism may be regarded as the theory of social organisation which advocates the public ownership and control of all or most of the material resources, and their administration or distribution in the interests of all. In the generic sense of the term, it embraces all such schemes which are intended to further the claims of society. The essence of socialism therefore, is, positively, to promote the good of the whole society, and, negatively, to prevent the system of individualism which generates or permits the injurious privileges of classes or individuals. The meaning of capitalism is less obscure: it is a system of administration which entrusts its economic process to the guidance of the private businessman; it is a system in which the means of production and distribution are for the most part privately owned, and operated for private profit. And, of paramount importance, it denotes the power and influence which results from such a system. On the whole, individualism places in the forefront the supreme importance of the personality of each citizen, pleading that he be given the opportunity of self-development and untrammelled freedom in his lawful enterprises. In the one case, society comes first, and the individual is of no importance as against the claims of the state; in the other, the individual is what matters, the state existing for the individual and finding its justification in the life of the individual. A society whose members were governed exclusively by self-regarding motives could not exist. It would be a war of all against all in which life would undoubtedly be nasty, brutish, and short. But it is equally true that a world in which altruism and 'other-regarding' motives had completely displaced the self-regarding motives would be an intolerable state of affairs.

Socialism owes its doctrinal character to two main factors:- first, it tends to emphasize the claims of human "society" as a whole — the "people" or the "community" — as against atomistic and individualistic conceptions of the state; secondly, it seeks, in its practical programmes, to establish greater social equality for the individual in conditions of modern

industrialism. Socialists believe that extremes of inequality of wealth are socially disastrous, are remediable by political action, and can be replaced by a more equal distribution of wealth partly according to work and partly according to need. In economic theory, they emphasize the social and co-operative nature of modern means of production, and advocate communal ownership or control of the main means of producing and distributing wealth. They seek to provide, for each citizen, freedom from fear and freedom from want; but above all, they seek to ensure greater social equality. This principle has been defined as "no cake for anyone until there is bread for everyone". They insist upon the inter-dependence of economic and political life in the modern world; and they strive through the use of political power and economic organisations to reform society so that it rests more fully on the recognition of these principles.

Despite its utopian appearance, however, socialism suffers from a conflict of objectives which no one has yet succeeded in reconciling. The internecine feuds between the various socialist schools provide ample testimony that one man's socialism is another's heresy, and that the numerous elements which constitute socialism often lack the coordination demanded of a formidable system of administration. Of all systems of government, undoubtedly the most austere — that which demands most from the individual — is the "socialist commonwealth". By its very name, it proclaims that which comes first in society — the common wealth; that the individual is subordinate to, and must be prepared, if need be, to be sacrificed for a higher good. It should be a gospel of sacrifice, of surrender, of renunciation. Needless to say, it has not proceeded along these lines. Instead of imposing burdens on the individual, it has tended rather to promise "all things to all men".

Another possible conflict of ultimate ideals is that involved in the incompatibility between liberty on the one hand, and the maintenance of order on the other. Socialism, in its leading exponents, almost invariably represents itself as a liberating force; its purpose is to deliver the proletarian from his chains, and to give real content to rights which may be nominal and ineffective under present conditions. It has today become blatantly evident, however, that socialism cannot be a society of free men guaranteeing to all the right to a full life, the development of the personality, the fulfillment of individual desires, and at the same time remain in orderly consistency with the pursuit of its other objectives. The one ideal excludes the other. Invariably, the ordered state to be attained under socialism must involve a grave curtailment of liberty.

It may be deduced that socialism aims at ends, and is actuated by motives which are ultimately incompatible. Broadly speaking, it would not be far wrong to say that socialism has two main channels of inspiration. It is, in the first place, a protest against the injustice of the capitalist system; witnessing the depressed faces of the poor, the monstrous inequalities in social conditions, it contrasts this repressive reality with a world where social justice and equality will prevail. But socialism is, at one and the same time, a protest against the inefficiency, the incompetence, and the chaos of this better world. Socialist parties, therefore, find themselves in conflict with all who, on one side, insist that progress and wealth come from individual initiative and private enterprise, and who seek accordingly to create conditions conducive to free competition and personal

advancement; and with all who, on the other hand, regard social inequalities as so inevitable and irreconcilable, that only violent revolution followed by a period of dictatorial administration to defeat resurgent inequalities can achieve any real social reform. Socialist organisations thus find themselves sandwiched between the rival forces of individualism and collectivism — between true capitalism and true socialism — a most conflicting position.

But what of capitalism? What relationship does it bear to the apparent incompatibility of the socialist objectives? It must first be pointed out that capitalism cannot, any more than socialism, be judged solely by economic results. Account must also be taken of the social and cultural achievements for which the capitalist process provided both the means and the psychological pre-requisites. Moreover, any final appraisal involves an estimation of an attitude toward life — a scheme of life's values; in short, a civilisation. It is this factor which precludes agreement even among those who agree on the economic facts and their interpretations. Few observers are inclined to criticize capitalism when considered as an engine of production. Criticism usually results from moral or cultural disapproval of certain features of the capitalist system, or from short-run vicissitudes with which long-run improvements are interspersed. But how far should the economic achievements of the capitalist epoch be attributed to the capitalist system itself? It is often contended that observed developments were the fruits, not of capitalistic enterprise, but of technological progress. The historic increase in world output of goods and services is not primarily due to the increase of capital, or of the working population, still less to any increase in the individual operative, but principally to the improvements in technology and organisation. But on the other hand, would these improvements in technology and organisation have been possible under a non-capitalist form of administration? It does seem that they are not independent of the capitalist system, that on the contrary, the capitalist system tends to call them forth by concentrating human effort upon economic tasks, by creating the rational attitude favourable to technological development, and by affording the possibilities of commensurate rewards in this field.

The first important feature to be noticed about the capitalist process is its evolutionary character. Stationary socialism would still be socialism, but stationary capitalism cannot exist, and is, in fact, a contradiction in terms. The central figure on the capitalist stage, the entrepreneur, is concerned not with the administration of the existing industrial mechanism, but rather with the incessant creation of new methods of industrialisation embodying new technologies which revolutionize the existing industrial structures. It is commonly held as grounds for objection that capitalism permits and induces class distinctions. Class distinctions, however, are perhaps inevitable in any social group of any size and complexity, and, in fact, have long since developed in Soviet Russia. They produce, and are in turn buttressed by what is known in sociological terms as "connection". Notwithstanding all this, these class distinctions are, in a capitalist system, further buttressed by the presence (or absence) of inherited wealth, and therefore convey to the casual observer an utterly misleading impression of stability.

The ever-changing world in which we live demands constant revision of our systems of organisation. It is a historic fact, — recurrent enough to be treated as an economic law, that capitalism, which builds up great civilisations, also wrecks them, if persisted in beyond a certain point. It is easy to demonstrate on paper that civilisation can be saved and immensely developed by at the right moment discarding capitalism and changing the private-property, profiteering state into the common-property distributive state. But though the moment for the change has come time and time again, it has never been effected because capitalism has failed to produce the necessary enlightenment among the masses. Nor has it admitted to a directing and controlling share in public affairs the order of intellect and character outside of which socialism, or indeed any meaningful form of politics is incomprehensible. Few people will dispute that the capitalist system, by permitting and even inducing social and economic inequalities, is utterly incompatible with modern needs and modern thinking. Most people will concede that a form of organisation which overcomes these disastrous short-comings without sacrificing to any degree the basic and inalienable rights to which Man is entitled, is urgently needed. But not until the two main tenets of socialism — the abolition of private property and the establishment of social justice and equality — have taken hold of the masses like religious dogmas as to which no controversy can be regarded as sane, will this need be fulfilled.

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"In Their Palms Lies Tomorrow's Destiny"

Never before in our history has so much responsibility lain with the youth. More than half the population is under 21; the future is rightly theirs and the sooner this is realized, the brighter its prospects could become. Ironically, any acceptance of the challenge has sunken into the river of complacency and a real fear of self-assertion. Mistaken notions of independence have added to the unfortunate condition. Yet, only a serious awakening on the part of our youth can prevent present conditions from turning quagmire-some. This awakening will mean hope internally on the political, economic and social fields, and externally, where our image is of the greatest importance.

Since 1962, diplomatic relations have been established with many countries. Our diplomatic boundaries are ever expanding, and our youngsters must begin to equip themselves for responsible offices. Where else can we seek suitable envoys to administer our embassies? At home, they have to protect our political heritage, debating the virtues and evils of "personality cults" and "images" in politics. Youth will be called upon to supply specific, formulated policies which will differentiate one party from another, and also ensure democratic stability. Understanding the goals will allow for achievement, although the toil will be laborious. It is almost as if our youth must start afresh! While introducing political reform, they must be motivated by deep thoughts, for theirs is the obligation to control any undue exuberance that only too easily results in radicalism, for the future requires mature thoughts along with the desire to improve. While steering clear of the extreme, they must welcome self-assertion, lest power be left to reside in the hands of those less capable.

One of the greatest setbacks that youth must conquer is widespread ignorance which retards progress in every aspect. A mere 4% of the youth receive a secondary education, and they have an obligation to spread literacy to the unfortunate. Our governments' arrest of the problem cannot have as far reaching an effect as individual action can, and while the problem may never be completely deliterated, an intense "each one teach one" campaign would bring education to most. No restrictions can be made on such a venue if youth were to dedicatedly sacrifice their time for its success. Here is fertile field in which present-day youth create a much more meaningful future. In education, and in every other aspect, they must be guided by this fact — present systems should not be distinctively criticized. They may be inadequate, even insecure, but nevertheless, are projects to be improved. The National Volunteer Movement and the highly controversial National Insurance Scheme are beginnings, and this is an important reality. Youth must take the initiative and improve them. The present attitude of either blindly accepting, fearing the consequences of being outspoken, or refuting without salvaging what is good, must be disregarded. Only by closely examining them and subsequently acting can they succeed.

Certain facts concerning agriculture and industry should give our youth impetus to want to employ new methods. While Jamaica is a primary producing country, industry should be encouraged. The problem, however, arises

when too much attention is given to industry, and we forget that Jamaica will always be basically an agricultural country. Why is there a stigma attached to "the land", when a general crusade for improvement in agriculture would solve many an economic problem? It is for the youth to demolish our "fool's paradise" in which we hope that foreign help will do more than personal efforts could for our economy.

Perhaps we gave too little attention to our society's potential core. What type of education would best train them for their roles? Do we set an example by pooling our efforts on major issues, thus assuring some progress? Discarding what is in our grasp, we hope for what is not, expecting fulfillment without serious dedication. It is these fallacies that our young people must guard against! In their dealings, they have to weigh the balance — whether it is prudent to welcome their heritage, or sleep that youthful slumber from which only disaster will awaken.

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Lines

Lanky — lean against the post
the crusty fingers twined,
playing with stale-sweet crumbs
of once-pocketed biscuits.
Conjuring images
of sweeter things,
he lounged there, vagrant.
The lamplight focused on kinky hair
Worthless it is said.
But he wondered,
pathetic,
chin up
and eyes blazing fiercely
out on a skyline
that meant
security
somehow for another,
or others.
His heart cried out
supplicatingly.
For what?

To screw up my face against
plate-glass showrooms,
barely seen, non-existent almost
and even then
registered as thief, scoundrel?
I'm destitute, yes,
I'm destitute.
But God!

I have thoughts
about man
and beauty
and love.
For what please,
for what?

My face is hardened, I know
and when I speak
my thoughts are shamed.
My unlearned tongue
cannot make wanted sounds, cannot
paint needed images and only
my soul —
my soul can cry
Loudly.
For what?

How is it please
that I know no solace?
From cares and worry
no peace.
I want to rest,
to cease... this timeless vigil
in a place with only
music and love
and beauty to contemplate.
And I can't.
My ancestors' legacy
means seeing others
flash by, laughingly
with their toothpaste smiles,
a type of happiness — testimony.
Happiness existing
in spite of me,
because of me,
Undeserving, I
cannot complain.
My days shall know
only gutters
and slime,
one-room apartments and
trudge — shuffle, idle locomotion.
In world-terms
no better than the sore-encrusted
cur killing the clime
with his stench —
as he sniffs along
the litter strewn alley
I share with him.
Unless
I bow and scrape,
innocently smile
and courteously
reply to "Boy".
Fawn on other men
mankind like myself.
Like that
I can become
a waiter,
or a yard-boy,
or even a garbage-man
for that's where I came from,
the waiters
and the yard-boys
and the garbage-men.
It has to be done
by someone.
That's me when I'm older.

No! I will not.
I refuse to succumb.
Thus metamorphosed
into hooligan,
how can he bow, now?
His young bones
not yet bent
mean strength.
His shoulders have yet to slump,
his eyes much time to lose their fire.
For he is young
and rude.
Storm the Bastille
if only in his mind, he can.
Again thoughts soared,
The wicked must fall,
The wicked must fall!
His head, unruly,
lay against the post,
the lamplight illuminating
an haloed head.

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I get up early in the morning
Staggering to my feet,
Drowsily I proceed to the bath,
And sluggishly brush my teeth.

More than sleepy, slightly awake,
In the shower, I shiver and shake,
Soon I am groomed, and neatly dressed,
A hurried breakfast, no time to rest,
A kiss from Mom and I am on my way,
Fresh and ready for another school day.

L. CLARKE
6A ARTS.

How Beauteous Is The Night

How beauteous is the night?
The stars, the meteors in their flight,
Never more could Man behold
A striking sight more lovely and bold
Than night in all her vibrant majesty,
The heart, the fountain of all mystery.

It creates a magic unparalleled by noon,
With the additional lustre of the moon.
The moon indeed is Queen of Night,
Bewitchingly lovely in her lonely flight;
In all the world exists no other sight,
As stunning as that of beauteous night.

L. CLARKE

Charles Darwin And The Subject Of Evolution

Many of us who have heard about Charles Darwin, no doubt believe, unless we have read a great deal about him, that he propounded a theory with the main objective of contradicting the doctrines of the major religions of the world. It is important for us, therefore, to discover what the Darwinian Theory really implies.

Charles Darwin, a naturalist, was not the first person to consider the subject of evolution. In fact, the ancient Greeks are commonly credited with taking the first steps towards reaching a clear idea of Evolution. Examples of these were the ancient philosophers Anaximande and Aristotle. Darwin was therefore one of the more modern exponents of the Evolution theory.

Let us first take a brief look at what Darwinism really is. It is the conception that all kinds of living beings which now inhabit, or ever have inhabited this earth, have been derived by natural transformation from other kinds; or that all kinds of living beings have originated naturally instead of supernaturally as myth and theology have taught. It is therefore an explanation of the characteristics, the diversity, and the distribution of the various forms of life as the outcome of a natural process of descent — with modification. The term is also used to imply that living organisms are all related to each other, and have arisen from a unified and simple ancestry by a long sequence of divergence, differentiation, and complication of descendant lines from that ancestry. In this sense, Evolution is specially contrasted with the doctrine of special creation, which holds that each kind of organism is the result of a distinct creative act by a divinity, and that the ancestors of living organisms have never been very different from their present descendants. The doctrine of Evolution is, therefore, an antithesis to the doctrine of special creation, but at the same time, it is not antithetical in general to the doctrine of divine creation. Many people, including theologians, hold the view that Evolution is the divinely ordained method of creation. The principle of evolution is basic, both in the theoretical as well as practical considerations of Mankind. Details are still disputed, but the broader outlines of Man's physical rise from ancient, lower animals are claimed to have been established, and the general degrees of his relationships to other more recent animals are claimed to be known.

Let us now take a closer look at Darwin himself. Darwin collected and assessed a great deal of evidence in connection with the subject. We learn that during his time, a naval survey ship, the 'Beagle' was setting off on a voyage around the world, and Darwin was invited to travel as a naturalist on the expedition. During his travels, he diligently studied the distribution, variations, and adaptations of the animals that he encountered, especially in southern America and the Galapagos Islands. At the beginning of his journey, he was theologically orthodox, so far as the Hebrew scriptures were concerned. This means that his orthodoxy included, among other things, the dogma of the 'fixity of species'. However, in his daily work, he was constantly coming upon plants and animals which could not honestly fit into his idea of 'fixity'. Darwin, therefore, saw one course open, and that was to abandon the idea of fixity, and to adopt some conviction that would not contradict the facts that he had discovered.

During the course of his research, Darwin read the works of the 18th-19th century economist Thomas Malthus. In his book on population Malthus suggested that the people of England might easily outstrip their country's capacity to provide food for them. Malthus even suggested that during his time, the struggle for subsistence had already become harsh. After reading the works of Malthus, Darwin decided that a struggle for subsistence was actually taking place in nature. He saw that, especially in equatorial forests, only the fittest organisms would survive and reproduce their kind. He also saw that no two individual plants or animals were completely alike, some being stronger or faster than others, or otherwise better adapted than others for the struggle for existence. So to his conception of evolution. Darwin added the idea of the 'survival of the fittest'.

Long after he had made his trip, and had collected his facts, Darwin wrote a piece of work entitled 'The Origin Of Species By Natural Selection', or 'The Preservation Of Favoured Races In The Struggle For Life'. This great work was not an attempt to prove evolution, but to explain it. In it, he marshalled a large body of objective facts indicating the truth of evolution, and presented these carefully and logically. He also provided a theory as to the mechanism of evolution, which, although quite incomplete, was explicit and reasonable, in contrast with the often vague and always highly speculative theories proposed by earlier evolutionists.

The term 'Darwinism' therefore, should be applied only to this special theory of the evolutionary mechanism, and not, as it is often done in popular speech, to the general idea of organic evolution, or descent with modification. In fact, there were many students after the Darwin era, who, though fully convinced of the truth of evolution, rejected Darwinism as the explanation of how evolution occurs.

The background of the Darwinian Theory is that evolution, which is a universal phenomenon in the organic world, is a gradual process occurring wholly as the result of realistic, mechanistic factors. Among these factors, natural selection is considered the most important. This is the essence of Darwinism as opposed to the other broad schools of evolutionary thought. With regard to the factor of natural selection, Darwin thought that all groups of organisms vary, and many of their variations are, he claimed, hereditary. More young organisms are produced than live to reproduce in their turn. Those that do succeed in reproducing, are, on the whole, those whose variations best fit them for survival in the struggle for existence. The offsprings, therefore, do not inherit all the variations of the preceeding generation equally, but there is a selection in favour of the fitter or more adaptive variations. Long continued selection of this sort eventually changes the lineage in such a way that it represents a species entirely different from its ancestry. Darwin's theory, therefore, involves two different principles. The first is the principle of evolution by different reproductions; and the second is the control of this reproduction by natural selection.

To what extent should we therefore believe in the Darwinian Theory? There is no evidence of the kind on which trustworthy knowledge can be based that Nature, as a whole, had a beginning or will have an ending. Even the best of Darwin's methods of observational and theoretical reports are inadequate to give us cause to believe in his theory.

AUDLEY EDWARDS
6A ARTS.

ICAH!

ICAH! (in memorium by a narrator)

1st Boy: "Icah!"

2nd Boy: "Extranimo!"

Icah: "If a ketch dem
a lick dem
down kill dem!"

Narrator: fiercely underbreath
as you ran
blue-shirted,
khaki pants
draped
tight
round waist.
Shabbily clad
bundle of
experience.

Ran after
Icah: "dem big mout
stan' pipe bwoy".

Narrator: You are gone now Icah,
but everyone remembers —
Everyone!
We miss you, Icah.
Those who tried to understand you,
who heard your mumblings
and in that sound,
O! furious sound!
heard wisdom
belch out
like some colossal
train emerging from
a
deep tunnel.
You're gone now Icah,
but your presence
in the morning
about the time when we amble to chapel,
we must recognise
(our minds go flitting back to that time)
an old man
with a chipped rake
scooping leaves
in a
pile
to burn.
Smoking.
We will
always
treasure your memory,
Icah.

G WHITE

The Flower-Seller

The flower-seller is fat,
And she wears a big shawl,
She sits on her kerb,
With her basket and all.
The wares that she sells are not very dear,
And she sells us the loveliest things of the year,

Daffodils in April,
Purple-Flags in May,
And sweet peas like butterflies,
Upon a summer's day.
Brown leaves in Autumn,
And green leaves in spring,
And berries in the winter,
When the Carol-singers sing.

The flower-seller sits with her hands in her lap,
When she's not crying "Roses!", she's taking a nap.
Her bonnet is queer, and she calls you "My dear!"
And sells you the loveliest things
Right throughout the year.

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Behind The Scenes

Note: An interesting article on the specimens that gather behind the tuck shop each day with unfailing regularity during the luncheon interval.

Specimens: Big Boy, Slabbo, Beanhead, Kiddy, Pip, Pinhead, Cow-boy, Patti, Al Capone, The Fugitive, Conroy.

At exactly 12.30 p.m. each day, certain slackers disguised as honorary pupils of Jamaica College are awakened from the deep slumber of the form room by the shrill but most welcome sound of the luncheon bell. With automatic agility, the above-mentioned specimens make their way behind the tuck shop where all gather round to hear the news of the day, so reliably related by these learned humans from remote districts. Almost everyone is an expert on at least one, if not many, topics. Those under discussion are widely varied, the outstanding ones being horse racing, cricket, football, athletics, music (usually in its less refined forms), and, of course, girls. Interest is immediately aroused as the syndicate members reminisce, somewhat sadly, on their once successful expeditions to what is now 'out of bounds' — Caymanas Park.

Whenever cricket is mentioned, the argument as to whether Kanhai is a better batsman than Sobers is unavoidable. Insisting that Kanhai's superb array of leg slide strokes and tight defence tactics makes him superior are Conroy, Kiddy, and Slabbo, while Big Boy, Pinhead, Pip and Patti stubbornly defend Gary. The fact that this discourse usually ends with the Sobers fans reluctantly admitting defeat is largely due to Conroy's and Kiddy's greater familiarity with the finer points of the game.

The most popular sport under discussion is football, possibly because all have played, (or as in Pip's case, have attempted to play) this game. Our experts are Slabbo, Conroy, Patti, and Droopy. Any questions on the modern game can be answered by at least one of the above quartet.

Our expert on athletics is Al Capone, and picking the probable winners of events in this year's Champs is as popular a pastime as picking the 'hot things' for the coming Saturday. Pip, incidentally, has some brilliant athletic achievements to his name.

It is on the subject of music that Big Boy and Beanhead get a chance to express themselves. The fact that their points used in defending Rolando Al and his so-called Soul Brothers against Byron Lee and his Dragonaires are highly irrelevant never seems to deter them. Their theory seems to be 'the more and louder my nonsense, the greater the chance of my getting something across'.

Although arguments on sports usually prevail, still the most important under discussion is girls. Here our face men Big Boy and The Fugitive become speechless.

All things considered, life behind the tuck shop is very interesting. Although the language used when Pinhead and Big Boy argue over their respective physical attributes (on drawbacks) is not always pleasant to the ear, constructive information is, nevertheless, always being gained, and this despite Big Boy's ignorance, Beanhead's irrelevance, interspersed with The Fugitive's pig-headedness and absolute refusal to see reason.

C. ALLISON, 5C.

The Beat Generation

"Grab a chair and let's talk it over." Do you agree with the above title, that we are the 'beat' generation, that expression so often used to describe the present generation? Literally that would be an insult, after all, we are a hep group, always moving about, in the wrong directions sometimes, but still, moving. Are we really progressing as we should be, proving that youth is not a shortcoming, but a virtue?

True, there are thinkers among the young Jamaicans but not enough of the get-up-and-go type. Jamaica depends on us for a nation to rise eventually from our small fair island.

We can start first with the college graduates from whom lawyers, doctors, businessmen, judges, financiers and politicians among others eventually come. They are the pulse of a growing nation and of whom a government is formed. Where are they? Have the graduates deserted Jamaica, and if so, why?

Ability, and qualifications are not fully recognized and taken into first consideration here. In applying for a job, you come up on the old custom of relatives and friends first — everyone else after. How discouraging it is to spend four years and a fortune for the outcome of nothing. It is better to stay behind and get acquainted with those in authority.

High school students find that summer holidays prove the truth, 'the devil finds work for idle hands.' It is the time for the 'we-don't-care' to try for the 'we-know-better' group, to attempt the responsibilities of adult life. This is where the older generation steps in, to provide summer jobs so the young adults can know what it is like, to earn and splurge their own hard earned money.

Proper recreational facilities where there is the right type of freedom are needed. There is no reservation — no border line for 'adults only', or 'no one under twenty-one allowed' since what is good, decent fun for someone can be said for all.

In comparison to some countries, most of Jamaica's youth are humane and clean living. I emphasize 'in comparison' for there is still room for improvement, to show the other meaning of 'beat' which is to be on the go and in tune with the harmony of the world.

Janet Chin.

Immaculate Conception High School

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**'MIRROR, MIRROR ON THE WALL,
WHO IS THE FAIREST OF THEM ALL'**

Each year, we witness the crowning of a ridiculously large number of 'beauty queens'; and with each such crowning, a blatant fallacy grows deeper roots into our society. Where will it all end? Time and time again, we see our young women parading solemnly before a panel of judges in zealous rivalry to determine the most 'beautiful'. The event reminds me somewhat of livestock on parade at an agricultural show, and while I have no objection to the quality of animals being judged competitively, the mere thought of the physical appearance of women competing for superiority is utterly distasteful. The situation arouses a number of questions in my mind — questions which, when answered, point to the heretical nature of the whole issue.

I must first ask, why should any single individual be publicly exalted, and very often, so richly rewarded for something over which she has no control, and which she played no part in creating? Is this morally right? We are led to believe that God made us all basically and naturally equal. I further contend that whatever advantages we may acquire over others must come as the result of training, hard work, or some degree of good fortune which may fall to us. Beauty falls into none of these categories. Beauty, in this context, is something with which, or in which we are born: it is something which becomes a part of us, and as such, should not entitle us to any special acclaim. Beauty bears no relation whatsoever to intelligence, knowledge, skill, or personality, all of which have to be cultivated and developed. It is these things that make the woman — not her physical appearance.

May I also ask, by what authority do judges of beauty contests determine beauty? What qualifications do they possess which render them sufficiently competent to assess beauty? This leads us to yet another set of questions. By what standards is beauty to be judged? What prescribed set of features do they adopt as the 'measuring rod' of beauty? Should they decide that straight hair, a straight nose, and thin lips are the criterion by which beauty is to be judged, on what grounds would they be justified in disputing my own conviction, should I believe that thick, woolly hair, a broad nose, and thick, fleshy lips make a girl more attractive to behold?

We are all born with differing physical features. The human anatomy takes innumerable different forms, and very rarely, if ever, do two persons look perfectly alike. The physical features of any individual, therefore, depend solely on the individual for its significance. It is a part of the individual; it cannot be reckoned in terms of good or bad, of beautiful or ugly, but must always be related to the individual which it goes to constitute. Our physical attributes, therefore, are each separate and distinctive 'units', and cannot be judged side by side. In other words, the 'beauty' of Mary Brown cannot be compared with that of any other, because it derives its 'personality' solely and entirely from Mary Brown.

The question of the standards by which beauty is to be reckoned bears special significance to us in Jamaica. We are, in relation to our size, perhaps the most multi-racial country in the world. African, European, Asian and Indian bloods flow freely throughout the nation. Because of these unique characteristics, it is virtually impossible to arrive at even a vague combination of features by which Jamaican beauty can be determined. Any attempt to do this will inevitably result in standards which cater for only

a small sector of our community. The Jamaican girl, therefore, who is mainly of African descent cannot be critically compared with her compatriot who has predominantly European blood, because each of their blood strains has its own peculiar background and origin. When the opportunity for free competition is thus removed, the idea of beauty contests becomes even more absurd, and its incompatibility with Jamaican thinking becomes painfully glaring.

We must now ask, what is beauty? This is undoubtedly the most important question to be asked, but it has been withheld until the present because it precludes all other questions which must be asked if a thorough investigation into the subject is to be made. The question is of a highly delicate and even dangerous nature. In fact, the Concise Oxford Dictionary tells us that beauty is 'a combination of qualities as shape, proportion, colour that delights the sight'. By its very definition, beauty exists solely in the eyes of the beholder. It is that combination of qualities which appeals to the person viewing the subject, and in the light of this, no one dare question the validity of such a conviction. There can be no set rules, no prescribed qualifications, no orthodox body of principles by which beauty is to be judged. For all practical purposes, therefore, beauty cannot be a statutory combination of specific qualities. It is unreal; it does not exist. This argument underlies all others connected with the subject. It is evident that despite our efforts to purge our society of dissimulation and self-derision, and to bring ourselves in line with modern thinking, we still live in a world where the demons of farce and heresy still stalk the land.

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Second Cycle

The two men sat on the patio soaking up the last summer heat. The sun, shining through the gently stirring leaves, made an ever-changing kaleidoscopic pattern of light and shade on the ground. Only one of the men was watching the interchanging shadows. The other was too intent on the subject about which he had been talking for some time . . . Too long, thought Meredith, as he brought his wandering attention back to the speaker.

'But don't you see', Hopkins was saying, 'that nearly all of our problems spring from over-crowding and the population explosion? If there was no starvation there would be contentment'. He waited for the effect of this optimism on Meredith.

Meredith yawned.

'I wish you wouldn't do that', snapped Hawkins angrily.

'Sorry, old man', said the other, with scant apology in his tone.

Hopkins warmed to his subject again.

'Look at those people in India and Pakistan. They don't care if their country is democratic or communist, if their leaders are dictators or not. Their sole concern is to be able to fill their bellies for one more day. And they don't care what intangible rights they have to give up to be able to do it. Then there is the recent incident of the Chinese being found building towns all over the Russian border. They're desperate for more territory. Why, if the Chinese and all the other overcrowded peoples could be certain of enough land space for every citizen, we would have world peace.

This last statement recalled Meredith's attention, which had begun to drift away again. He was a firm believer in the 'concrete jungle' description of civilization, and also in Man's basic greed. At times, in fact, he even seemed to be proud of it.

'No siree!' he declared firmly.

'Men have always been fighting — from primitive times — to get what they want. It's part of our nature. You can't change it'.

'But it's not a question of human nature', said Hopkins. 'I'm not saying that ensuring that every man had enough land would create a utopia, but it would certainly help. Most thieves steal out of need for food or housing. Imagine a world with every man assured of a house and nourishment. True, there'd still be some trying to get even more, but the police wouldn't be bothered with petty thefts. Think of the progress we could make if our economy was completely stable and we could concentrate wholly on all our other problems'.

There was a brief silence as the image conjured up by Hopkins faded from their minds.

But Meredith broke it quickly, urgently, as if he had to act rapidly to convince himself, as well as Hopkins, of the impossibility of his dream.

'Nuts to all that. This is a rat race, see? It is all you 'holy-Joe' types who are messing up the works with your preaching and goodwill ' Words seem to fail him for a moment.

'Look, I heard about this guy who listened to one of you . . . '

But the words were cut off abruptly, as a sudden, blinding radiance enveloped them. The great heat melted their flesh, but they were dead before they could feel the agony, or hear the mighty blast that followed which

Earth lay silent, shrouded under an unnatural cloud cover. But wherever there was a break, pinpricks of red light showed that the destruction was still going on. An occasional explosive flash revealed yet another bomb, but by then these were triggered explosions, not under the control of any human agency. For whatever vestige of life which survived the initial bombings would soon succumb to radiation and fallout.

The stars gazed down at Man's folly and laughed.

And the Voice spoke, with the wisdom of millenniums, 'They were made greater than the beasts, only to fall prey to their common enemy — themselves'.

LL

The last dots of light faded.

Years passed. Radioactive clouds circled the planet making a second Venus of it. They did their work well, and on the surface and in the seas of the Earth, nothing moved.

LL

One day, in the black depths of the ocean, molecules linked up to form an amoeba. It drifted aimlessly for a while through the empty seas. Then it split up to create a partner.

The cycle had been restarted.

* * * * *

The monster prowled through the grass, its passage being marked by the crackling of the dead leaves. It sniffed the air as it went along, hoping to catch the scent of some animal which could provide a meal for it. For two days it had gone hungry. For some reason beyond the monster's comprehension, game had recently become far leaner in the area which it regarded as its hunting ground. Nor had it seen any of its own kind who might have been responsible for the shortage, except once, and that was a dead one. This in itself was a puzzle to the monster, for there were no great predators in the vicinity, and although the creature seemed to have died in agony, there were no visible reasons for its death.

As it entered the clearing, it growled. All around were traces of its enemy, and the loathsome scent still remained, being especially strong around the small hole in the centre of the clearing. It sniffed around this excavation suspiciously. Then, satisfied of its Enemy's absence, it lay down a few yards from the hole.

It had only been there for a few minutes when suddenly its nostrils dilated. The wind had brought the Enemy's scent, but this time it was fresh. A quick bound carried it away from the clearing's centre, where it waited, motionless, for the arrival of its foe.

The party of men which had hacked its way through the grass did not see the monster as they entered the clearing. It had sunk to a crouching position in the grass at the clearing's edge. From there, it watched greedily, longing, but not daring to attack, for it had encountered men before, and the livid scar along its flank had made it more respectful of them and their weapons.

The archaeologists dumped their equipment at the edge of the hole, and stretched their tired arms relievedly. It had been a hot and and torturous trip through the grass. Their load had been made heavier by the necessity of carrying guns to protect themselves against the denizens of the area.

After a brief rest, they resumed digging in the hole in the centre of the clearing which marked their progress of the preceeding day. They worked in relays, with one man always on guard, watching for one of the many huge

shaked the ground, crumbled the buildings, and entombed them in the wreckage.

* * * * *

beasts that terrorized mankind all over the world. Men had been forced to unite in order to survive. There was no time for domestic squabbles when they were engaged in perpetual war against the pitiless killers of the outside. Wherever a centre had sprang up, it had had to withstand a savage attack, until the flying, crawling, sneaking creatures had been forced to withdraw reluctantly, yielding yet another vantage point to Man. All through the world, the boundaries of the mighty jungles were slowly being pushed back. At least fifty major islands had been completely cleared of beasts. The Government Centre had been built on the largest of these, and a web of communications was slowly radiating outwards from this base, gradually linking all other centres in world government.

Eventually, after about five hours of work, they unearthed their find completely.

'A beautiful specimen', said one.

'It seems to have escaped the fate of the others we found', said another.

They examined the remnant of the race that had preceded them in reverence. It was not often that one found an example that was not crushed or shattered in some way.

The guard dropped his gun and moved over to get a closer look.

The monster sprang.

The little group clustered around the find scattered wildly. The guard dived for the gun and was scooped up between two mighty jaws which crunched noisily, but failed to drown out the scream. As it turned for another victim, the blast from the double-barrelled shotgun caught it full in the eye. It tottered and fell forward slowly, crushing its slayer as it crashed to the ground.

The men got up slowly amidst the slowly-rising clouds of dust. The dead body of the wolf covered their diggings completely. Further work would be impossible until the ants had done their job.

They put the unearthed skull on a stretcher brought for the purpose. The injured man was placed on another. Then, staggering under the skull's weight, the new breed of men began their laborious return trip to the Centre.

C. MILLS, 5A.



A Botany field trip with girls from Holy Childhood

Stagnant

Ceremonials
Splendour hung
Pomp displayed.
Excited chords;
Voluble
Buildings defaced
Profess the scene
Paint up!
Why?
Royalty?
Divine?
Mortal!
An answer,
Everlasting quest
Why forget?
No longer theirs.
Forward.
Why reminiscent?
Numb minds,
Ignorant.
Here today
So what?
Tomorrow gone
Importance
Distant to me
Drifting dreams
Hypocrisy
Queen? Die
Like all, Gone
Forever . .
Eternal Father
Do I see?
One People —
Man Free.

NORMAN HAMILTON. 6A

SCIENCE, MAN AND HAPPINESS

Science has advanced magnificently during the last century, and its achievements have been of great value to us. The discovery of what we are and what we live in has enabled us to produce a wide variety of medicines, machines and general appliances that have made our lives easier. Science has shown us many ways by which we can cure our diseases. It has given us means of protecting ourselves against the dangers of nature, and the use of science in warfare has prevented us from being over-run by many a tyrant. It has given us the means by which we can communicate with others. In many respects, therefore, science has made the world a more pleasant place in which to live.

But there is the glaring fact that while science has advanced, the number of murders, divorces, suicides, cases of juvenile delinquency etc., taking into account the vast increase in population, have also progressed. This cannot be sheer coincidence. There must be some relationship between the two factors. But what is this relationship?

Science has advanced too quickly for us. Our characters have not advanced proportionately, and therefore, science exerts a great deal of control over us. Science has produced so much that Man today wants much more than he is able, physically or mentally, to cope with. At the present, humanity is mainly concerned with what material benefits it can gain. When we cannot obtain all the material things we want, we are tempted to do all sorts of immoral things to get what we desire. This results in jealousy, theft, murders etc. Furthermore, the large-scale use of science in warfare has given rise to a world-wide feeling of tension. With the constant invention of more destructive weapons, the outcome, were there to be another world war, would be utterly disastrous, and might mean the total destruction of the earth. Not trusting the power-hungry governments of the world, the common people live in constant fear of this. This fear induces hyper-tension, nervous breakdowns, as well as a countless number of minor illnesses.

The younger generation, too, has been affected by science. It is true that we today have more with which to occupy ourselves than our counterparts of forty, fifty, or one hundred years ago. The stereo-typed 'sensational' movies and similar forms of entertainment, however, do nothing, or very little, to develop our characters. In addition, we have found ourselves with an overdose of immoral and degrading forms of entertainment which are constantly being projected into the minds of the youth. Television, present in so many homes, introduces the youngster to the world of gangsters, where robbery and murders are so often treated with scant complain. No longer do young people enjoy clean and simple, yet wonderful pastimes; their minds are not as unspoiled and mature as they ought to be.

Science has also affected religion. With the scientific contradiction of our belief in God, the Bible has quite unreasonably gone down in the estimation of many. It is no longer considered to be a factual account of the lives and teachings of our Lord and the many prophets. We seem to think that the people who wrote the Bible did not relate what actually happened. It is evidently because we feel that with our wealth of scientific knowledge, we do not need Christianity. Science is all very well and good; it is practical and logical, and it has many good characteristics. But it has inspired a rather unpleasant facet of the human race in general. We refuse to accept anything in faith anymore. Whatever we believe in has to be 'scientifically proven' irrevocably beyond doubt.

Because of these reasons, I maintain that Man is not living more happily than he was a century ago. There is the constant threat of a world war, of armed men entering our houses at nights, of numerous accidents taking the lives of our friends and relatives. The instruments which are the fruits of scientific research, and which can make our lives much easier, can, when not properly utilized, or when in the hands of evil persons, bring misery and disaster to, our lives, and it is the constant fear of this which accounts for many of the mental strains under which we are suffering.

What can we do to remedy this? Abolishing scientific research is inconceivable. The answer lies in each and every one of us. Science is not to be blamed for the way in which we use it. The solution is for all of us to cease using science to further our own desires and ambitions — to desist from seeking to satisfy our personal greed. We must try to find time for the simpler things in life which can afford us greater and more satisfying pleasure than any of the scientific mediums. Science has provided us with innumerable things to make our lives happier ones, but due to misuse and abuse, it has spoilt many people. Until we cease being greedy, personally ambitious and unscrupulous, the beneficial effects of science will be smothered by the misery and unhappiness which it brings.

PAUL LINDO 4B

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Gentle Youth Play On

Oh how when in my youth so shy,
I thought but on to Glory high,
Of Goodness and such natural things,
But oh such thoughts had wings.

Here when at last myself I've found,
The end of living's gary round,
I see now that the life that's best,
Is that life lived early in jest.

So, gentle youth, play on, play on,
Too soon will youth's bright spark be gone,
Ephemeral if ever bare,
To man so lost in strife forlorn.

PHILLIP LENNON 5A



Transient Beauty

Oh, why then blooms a rose so shy,
Her beauty quailed at our approach,
As though — some little fealty sent
A gesture from the conscienc'd high —
It was a hope at atonement;
Yet how it seems we would encroach
And spoil, if e'er we hasten'd nigh.
Oh why her blooms so all ablish,
— Incarnacline and mellow hue'd,
Should be but one morn dew'd,
Then with a solitary sigh
— though yet her essence is unspent,
Though yet her heart is moist and plush —
She must pass on with time and hush.

PHILLIP LENNON 5A

A TRIP TO THE BLUE MOUNTAIN PEAK

The motivation behind climbing to the Peak is often the result of tales of those who have gone before, or just the self-satisfaction to be derived from reaching the top. I plan to give you a short, guided tour to the Peak. First of all, I might warn you that it is cold up there, often dropping to 54°F in the summer, and far below that around Christmas time. The basic luggage needed is food, money, sweaters (long-sleeved), thick, woolen socks, a pair of Hush Puppies or an equivalent pair of comfortable, yet durable, footwear, rough pants, and a camera. A very comforting and warming addition is tobacco, and something to ignite it.

A suitable place to begin the hike is at Mavis Bank at the foot of the Blue Mountains. A suitable time to begin is anywhere between 4.00 p.m. and 7.00 p.m., the reasons for this being the fact that it's cooler, and the fact that you can't see what's ahead of you. From Mavis Bank, you may hire a mule to take your luggage to the top, but it usually works out beyond the pockets of most of us.

The track crosses the Yallahs River, and begins to climb, proceeding to Penline Castle. This is about three miles from Mavis Bank. From Penline Castle, the next leg is to Hagley Gap. Incidentally, if you can reach Hagley Gap by car, you can begin the hike there. Hagley Gap is seven miles from Mavis Bank by road, and five miles by track. From here, the track is a single track. There are no side tracks to lead you astray. "Keep going up" is the motto.

The next place of importance along the way is 'Journey's End' in Blue Mountain humour, a small guest house about a half mile from Hagley Gap. The track continues for a further six miles to Portland Gap. Don't look for Portland Gap, because it's only a shaded widening in the track. The Peak is now only three miles away, but this is the roughest part of the entire journey. The slope gets greater, and the track gets smaller. However, the scenery from these high mountains compensates for this. Looking down the Yallahs Valley, one can see the river widening its way into the forested plain far below. A few light crops are grown on either side of the track.

Soon one notices the change in vegetation and climate. The trees become coated with slimy moss, and the air is damp and cold. There are few leaves, and these are quite small. Then suddenly, one encounters a tortuous, winding track for about a mile, but when this is reached, Blue Mountain Peak will have been conquered.

Accommodation is provided for ten people on bunks, some without mattresses, in one room of a small stone hut. The other room can be used as a kitchen. There is another hut, but in that one, there is too much ventilation for comfort. There is also old-fashioned, but clean sanitary conveniences, with all the necessary accessories, and, in addition, four huge drums to supply drinking water.

The scenery up there, when you are not covered in cloud, is beautiful. On a clear day, you can see Kingston, Montego Bay, Port Antonio and even the dim coastlines of Cuba on the horizon. I can guarantee that you will find the most beautiful sunset there. The journey is only fourteen miles, and takes only about ten to fifteen hours. Why don't you go and see for yourself?

R. A. HO SANG
6B SCIENCE

AU REVOIR

Among those leaving us in July 1965 were:—

SMART L. A.

Our Headboy last year, Leicester made a profound impression on the general life of the school. His school spirit was tremendous, and the energy with which he injected this spirit into the school was boundless. His high moral code, and his dogmatic insistence on what he believed was right made him a firm disciplinarian, and earned him the respect of all. He was the leader of the School Choir, captain of the tennis team, and also represented us in track and football. He is at present studying medicine at the UWI and our very best wishes for success go to him.

FLETCHER F. L.

Fletch was indeed a remarkable individual. A brilliant student, he was always respected for his deep-rooted convictions, and his sincerity and affable nature earned him the respect and friendship of everyone. He possessed a tremendous amount of spirit which he did not hesitate to instill into the school. As CSM, he made invaluable contributions to the vitality of the Cadet Corps, and in addition, he represented us in track, cricket, and football. We wish him every success in his engineering career.

ASHLEY D. M.

In his last two years at school, David rendered invaluable services to the life of the school. A very good actor, he also represented us in debating, and was the editor of the School Magazine. He was involved in several extra-curricular activities where his efficiency and organising ability were superb. At present studying Sciences at the UWI.

JONES D. N.

Although D. J. was a very firm School Prefect, his jocular nature and his frequent use of witticisms with which he was characterised earned him an unbelievable amount of popularity. The genius of the College, he was renowned for his wide knowledge and for his deep sense of humour. He represented us at Drama, Debating and Cricket. His argumentative qualities ought to make him a fine lawyer.

LEACH K. A.

This popular personality who hails from Nassau gave very generously of his many talents. As a Monitor in Scotland, Bungi was firm and strict, and everyone grew to respect this determined fellow. He represented us in many sports, excelling at track, cricket and football, in the latter of which he was the captain, and in which he also gained a place on the All-Schools squad. He returned to his homeland to take up a career in business administration. With his determination, we are confident that he will be successful.

MARSH J. A. C.

J-Marsh was undoubtedly one of the most popular Prefects last year. The 'Mr. Personality' of the school, his amiable nature won for him the esteem and admiration of the entire school, and captured the hearts of everyone who knew him — particularly those of the fairer sex. As CQMS, he was a tower of strength in the Cadet Corps, and he represented us very creditably in shooting and swimming. He intends to pursue a career in agriculture, and in this, he has our very best wishes.

MARTIN H. E. O.

Although a quiet and unassuming person, Huntley was very frank and outspoken, and this earned him the respect of all who knew him. A firm School Prefect, he contributed largely to the general discipline of the school. He represented us in track, football and hockey. We wish him the very best in his law career.