

the

Year book

JC

1964

Headmaster's Address



AND now to my theme for this evening. Understandably my thoughts are directed at the young people who will be leaving school tonight, about to embark upon the sea of life and wondering perhaps how best to chart their course in the turbulent waters of modern living.

I know of course that some of you have not yet fully made up your minds about what you propose to do professionally. That of course is by no means a disaster, provided that you will not be content to continue living without the conscious exercise of your will power and choice. The first thing which seems to me important is to discover a purpose; to ask yourself what needs doing and is not being done; to find, as it were, a vacuum into which you can expand having thoughtfully assessed your own capacity for doing things, which will bring — within human limitations — the completest satisfaction to yourself and others. Today the careers beckoning to young men of education and will power, courage and tenacity have increased enormously and there is certainly no lack of opportunity for the young person with a vision and fixity of purpose to respond to the challenges. What your choice may be, is of secondary importance; what matters is that your aptitudes and talents should be stretched to their fullest and, above all, you should spare yourselves the frustration which comes either from wasted opportunity or from not being prepared to take the opportunity for service to country when it comes. So often time and talent are wasted by young people leaving school because they yield to the blandishments of a cosy, comfortable image of themselves and their society. I

mention the blandishment of a car-by-the-month instalment plan, membership in a poker club and the temptation of earning enough to become deadly dull in an unproductive and parasitic way. Sports and the comics will never satisfy you in depth while reading and thinking and studying will enrich your lives abundantly. Yes; reading and thinking and studying are in fact activities that properly belong to the adult world, although little more than lip service is paid to this dimension of adult experience. In a society where nearly every advertisement is not too subtly designed to demonstrate that work and effort — mental or physical — are repugnant, if not positively degrading, youth is made to believe that labour is man's punishment for the wickedness committed in his first garden.

You are all expecting to enjoy new freedoms, but you will discover that these are illusory, unless you act knowingly about what you are doing. It will be your duty, therefore, to continue studying and thinking; your duty to take an interest in the various aspects of the baffling problems facing the world, to do your own thinking about these issues and, in particular, those confronting your own country and it will be your obligation to take positive steps to promote the solution of these problems through the democratic process. It is for this reason that continuing to learn, to read and to think will be important, since every kind of knowledge which you acquire will bring new understanding to the human dilemma and will help towards a richer understanding of life. Many people will boast and proclaim that they ceased to learn on leaving school, others that their activities were directed towards the acquisition of goods, but I exhort you tonight to discard and reject those attitudes. In fact, such people ought not to be allowed to wonder around loose in these challenging and difficult times. It may have been true once upon a time, but it is clearly not true today, that you can make your way through life subsisting on what you stored in your minds during your school days, especially since some as in times past may have stored precious little. Education has always been and will always be a continuing process aimed not merely at securing an increase in salary but at improving your ability to make independent judgments on important issues; to develop your intellectual powers and your aesthetic sensibilities in a disciplined and creative way, and to keep alive to the grave, the fires of curiosity. Remember that the transaction of living is a complex one calling for men of action to participate actively. The world is not finished and Jamaica will be needing young men who are not merely spectators in the setting around them, but active and courageous doers fully engaged in a job for Jamaica; men of character and self reliance, unafraid and with a zest for life; men with courage and tenacity never fearing to do what they think right because others will disapprove or laugh. Above all for a better Jamaica, be tolerant, be earnest and be brave, believing in what you do and persevering always in spite of hindrances or discouragement, standing firmly for principles. Whatever may be your vocation in the years ahead, seek always that fulfilment which comes to those who pursue an aim with diligence and zest, to those who willingly accept responsibility and demonstrate their capacity for hard work.

You will best honour the memory of Charles Drax whose Will dated July 7, 1721 provided for the establishment of your school, if you realize that ancient but still valid truth that nothing can be had for nothing; If a man wishes to reach the top of a hill, he must not shirk the trouble of climbing. He may fail of course, and failure has a certain dignity — but certainly not failure to try.

Footnote: This is an extract from Mr. Ennever's prize-giving address.

The Editorial Committee

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We are grateful to Mr. D. Wainer and Mrs. V. Bloomfield for their advice in the layout of this magazine.

The Jamaica College Magazine

VOL. XLVIII

CHRISTMAS 1964 NO. 1

Editorial

ONCE more the Jamaica College Magazine is off the press and we trust this issue will be as interesting as the last and will furnish the reader all the information of the school's achievements during the past year.

This year in order to stimulate more interest we ran an essay, short story and poetry competition. The response was encouraging and the judges had a hard time deciding the winners. I hope that you will enjoy the articles selected.

Thanks once more to all the advertisers for their contribution to the magazine; without their help this issue would not have been possible. Thanks also to those who contributed in any way to the publication of the magazine which provide a media through which the artistic talent of our Boys can be shown to all.

THE EDITOR.

School Officials 1964

HEADMASTER — Mr. V. H. Ennever

HOUSEMASTERS

Mr. K. V. Donaldson —	Scotland	Mr. R. E. Sparks	Hardie
Mr. A. T. Watson —	Simms	Mr. T. Theobalds	Murray
Mr. O. Horsman —	Drax	Rev. J. McNab	Musgrave
Mr. J. M. Ducker	Cowper	Mr. H. Neilan	Chambers
Mr. K. D. Carnegie —	DaCosta		

SCHOOL PREFECTS

School Captain:

Bennett, E. L.
Burgher, H.O.
Boxer, D. W.
Brady, K. A.
Campbell, W. I.
McDonald N. W.

K. M. Snaith

Palmer, C. D.
Smart, L. A.
Snaith K. M.
Vendryes, K. E.
Waddington, G. A.
Williams, O. D.

GAMES CAPTAINS 1963-64

	Captains	Vice Capts.
TRACK	— Duncanson, B.	Smart L. A.
HOCKEY	— Lowe, E.	
SWIMMING	— Campbell, W. I	Mair, H.
CRICKET	— Duncanson B.	Leach, K.
TENNIS	— Smart, L. A.	Virtue, A.
SHOOTING	— Marsh, J.	
FOOTBALL	— Dyer, E.	Morgan, P.

CADET CORPS

OC — 2nd Lt. Payne and 2nd Lt. Duncan
CQMS Marsh
D/M Burgher
C. S. M. Fletcher

School Notes '63, '64

DURING the past year J. C. has witnessed some remarkable changes. A long awaited classroom block has been completed and the Sixth Form laboratories are now nearing completion. The roads were resurfaced and sleeping policemen were installed.

This year was not a particularly good one for J. C. neither in the classroom nor on the games-field. In the Cambridge School Certificate exam held for the last time in December 1963, there were three Grade 1 and 50% passes. Nine boys passed the Higher School Certificate, the most disappointing result in many years. Again J. C. was honoured when for the third time in recent years an Old Boy was awarded the Rhodes Scholarship. He was R. Fletcher, an excellent scholar and leader. After leaving school he attended the U.W.I. where he gained 1st class honours in the B.Sc. (Econ) exam. He is at present reading Law at Oxford University.

In the Christmas Term of 1963 we regained the Manning Cup Trophy for the Third consecutive year but our Olivier Shield Opponents Cornwall proved to be too great a challenge. Congratulations to Mr. Tompkinson our coach whose devotion and hard work has brought us so much success.

In the Easter term of 1964 we once again placed second to K.C. in Track Athletics, with a closer margin than in the previous year. We lost the services of Mr. Woodstock but he was replaced by the famed middle-distance runner Mal Spence. We wish him greater success in the future. In this term we also saw the successful production 'Breakfast with a Witch' in the Annual Schools Drama Festival. Written by Mr. Denis Scott, then a master at the school the play won two of the most coveted awards of the festival. Congratulations cast Mr. Scott and Mr. Ducker. We hope that your efforts will be rewarded with a School Auditorium where we will be able to stage bigger and better productions. Mrs. Sheila O'Riley must be thanked for her valuable assistance in the make-up of the cast.

In the Summer term the Cricket team failed once more to reach the top of the tables, losing 7 and winning only one of their matches. It is hoped that the coming season will prove more profitable for the team. We however won the Swimming Trophy for the fourth consecutive year. In the shooting competition we placed second in the Machado and Perkins Shield competition.

In the first of the G.C.E. exams held in June of this year the Advanced Level results were pleasing. There were 80% passes. However among the boys taking the Ordinary Level less than 40% gained passes in more than three subjects. One now begins to regret that these exams replace the S. C. exams in which it is easier to get passes in the desired subjects.

It is hoped that the boys are wiser now that they have realised that the G.C.E. exam means more competition and consequently harder work. So to those that will sit the exam in June 1965 remember 'Fervet Opus In Campis' and — Good luck.

THE EDITOR

Staff Notes

Mr. V. H. Ennever	B.A. (Toronto) Dip. d' Etudes Superieure	Headmaster
Mr. R. E. Sparkes	B.Sc. (Lond)	Head of Physics Department
Mr. H. C. Edwards	B.A. (McGill)	English
Mr. A. T. Watson	M.A. (Oxon)	Head of Modern Language Department
Mr. O. Horsman	B.A., P.G.C.E. (Lond.)	Head of Geography Department.
Revd. K. D. Carnegie	B.A., M.A., Dip. Ed. (Leeds)	Head of Latin Department
Rev. J. McNab	S.T.M., M.A., Dip. Ed. B.D. (Lond.) S.T.M. (McGill)	Religious Knowledge School Chaplain
Mr. M. W. Senior	B.A. M.A. (Leeds)	Geography
Mrs. E. Potter	B.Sc. (Liverpool)	Physics
Mr. D. A. Campbell	M.Sc. (Manchester)	
Mr. K. Gordon	B.Sc. (Lond.)	Head of Chemistry Dept.
Mr. K. V. Donaldson	B.A. Dip. Ed. (U.W.I. London)	French and Spanish History
Mr. S. W. Brown		Chemistry
Mr. N. Neilan	M.A. (Aberdeen) T.C.D.	Spanish and French
Mr. T. R. Inebalds	M.A. (Oxon)	English
Mrs. P. Hew	B.Sc. Econ. (Lon.)	Economics and English, Careers Consultant
Mr. J. Ducker	B.A. (Oxon)	Head of English Department, Master in charge of Drama, Library and Debating
Mrs. N. Hew	B.A. Dip. Ed. (Lond.)	Mathematics
Mr. A. J. Edwards	B.Sc. (Exeter)	Biology
Mr. J. G. Morgan	B.Sc. (Lond.)	Mathematics
Mr. J. A. Carnegie	B.A. (U.W.I.)	History & World Affairs
Mr. D. W. King	B.Sc. (Manchester)	Mathematics
Miss C. Page	B.Sc. (Southampton)	Biology
Mr. D. Warner	D.A. (Glasgow)	Art
Mrs. L. Brown	B.A. (Anderson, Ind.)	English
Mr. C. B. Morgan		History
Mr. D. Hammond		Physical Education
Mr. C. E. McLeod		Biology
Mr. W. McLeod	C. and G., R.S.A.	Woodwork
Mr. D. Scott		English
Mr. B. Jackson	Teacher's Certificate	General Science
Mr. N. Duncan	Teacher's Certificate	General Science
Mrs. P. Bloomfield	B.Sc. (Lond.)	Mathematics
Mr. H. C. Chambers	B.Sc. (Lond.)	Part-time Mathematics
Mr. K. Commissiong	B.Sc. (Lond.)	Botany
Mrs. F. Commissiong	B.Sc. (Lond.)	Zoology
Mrs. J. Ennever	Licencie es Lettres	French
Miss F. Ennever		Choral singing
Mr. K. Abrahams		Art
Mrs. V. Bloomfield	D.A. (Glasgow)	Art
Mr. E. L. Morris	Bursar	
Mrs. E. Lewis	Headmaster's Secretary	
Mrs. D. Brown	Secretary	
Mrs. M. Stephens	Matron	
Nurse Nosworthy		
Nurse Taylor	School Nurses	
Dr. Don	School Doctor	

We would also like to acknowledge the services of Mr. J. Cousins who served for part of the year.

Senior House Reports

Scotland

HOUSEMASTER: Mr. K. V. Donaldson

HOUSE-CAPTAIN: K. Snaith

PREFECTS: Duncanson B., Palmer C., Bennett E., Williams, O. D.

MONITORS: Marsh J., Leach K., Gordon D.

With every term the number of boarders decreases and one of the boarding houses most affected by this is Scotland. Nevertheless, the yellow clad forces did not lose heart and in the easter term of '64 won the coveted track and field cup. This was no mean achievement and the captain of the team, Bert Duncanson, and the house were justly proud.

In the following term after suffering a major set-back when defeated by Cowper in the first cricket match of the season, Scotland gamely fought back with the result that Cowper had to share honours with Scotland and Drax. In this same term a Scotland which had been written off as a force only to be reckoned with on land surprised the experts by narrowly losing the trophy for swimming. Special mention must be made of Mair H. and Captain Marsh J. who brought most of the points to Scotland and of young Wilson T. who won the cup offered to the most improved swimmer of the year.

This term a Scotland already deficient in non-power is further ravished by illness but all can be sure that Scotland will give a good account of herself. We wish Keith Leach, Charles Robinson, David Vernon, Garth White, Douglas Saunders and Audley Edwards — the Scotland members of the Manning Squad best of luck. Together with the rest of the Manning Team they shall endeavour to bring home the cup for the fourth successive year.

GARTH WHITE

Simms

HOUSEMASTER: Mr. A. T. Watson

HOUSE CAPTAIN: Morgan P., Smart L. A.

VICE CAPTAIN: Burgher H.

HOUSE SECRETARY: Lynch J.

MONITORS: Smith C., Martin H., McKintyre R., Strewick E.

On the whole the year 63-64 was not one of prosperity for Simms sportswise. Under the able captaincy of our Head-boy Peter Morgan, Simms commenced the Football term with determination. However our determination proved inadequate and the superior

skill of our opponents prevailed, and we were able to finish only 4th in that competition.

Despite our lack of numbers and the loss of our foremost track star, Morgan, the Easter term saw a superb effort in Athletics, and Simms was able to do much better than anticipated.

The arrival of the Summer term heralded a change in Simms fortunes. We were the Cricket cup favourites, but unfortunately some of our most valuable members suffered mishaps and both our swimming and cricket teams were affected. This led us to the loss of the Cricket cup and also ended our lien on the Swimming Trophy which we had held for three years.

Our academic efforts were rewarded however, and through the awareness of our boys we gained the trophy for 'best work.'

We of Simms still boast the distinction of being the foremost exponents of the Gentlemanly Tradition of which J.C. boys endeavour to keep alive.

It was with regret that we said Good-bye to leaders and other members of the house. We wish them the best of luck and hope that they will always remember Simms and its "GOOD OLD DAYS."

IAN BELINFANTI
House Secretary.

Cowper

HOUSEMASTER Mr. J. Ducker

HOUSE CAPTAIN: V. J. Setton.

VICE CAPTAIN: N. McDonald

MONITORS: D. Ashley, R. Evans, C. Levy, I. Levy, V. D. Setton, P. Robertson.

During the past year Cowper has had their successes and their failures, failures mainly in places where they were not expected. However this may be contributed to the lack of House Spirit shown and the difficulty in managing a House with almost a hundred boys.

Once again we offer congratulations to Scotland on regaining the Clive Beckford Memorial Trophy but we can assure them of a stiffer challenge this year.

We placed fourth in the Football competition in December '63 and returned to school in January with renewed vigour to defend the Athletics title, however we were only placed fourth and the team inexperienced as they were, ought to be congratulated.

The following Term brought us more luck and we swam away with the Swimming Trophy and shared Cricket Honours with Scotland and Drax.

In the Academic competition we managed to finish only third but we hope that in years to come Cowper boys will realise the importance of this cup and strive for higher goals.

With renewed spirit and determination we look forward to the new year which promises good for Cowper.

D. ASHLEY

DaCosta

HOUSEMASTER: Rev. K. Carnegie

HOUSE CAPTAIN: Brady K.

VICE CAPTAIN: Vendryes G.

MONITORS: Mills D., McDonald D., McConnell M., Lyons C.

The beginning of the year saw newcomers to the house, and so we were optimistic of improving our performances of the past. Our track results were quite heartening as we placed third in the competition. Special mention must be made of Hornett B. Class III who was also a member of the school track team.

Summer term brought new hopes as we anticipated our first victory in swimming. However with the team a few weeks old, our Captain and main hope, Mair H., shifted to a boarding house. McConnell took over the team and we placed third.

Cricket was most disappointing because there was as much talent, but through a lack of co-operation, we were unable to improve the previous year's position of last.

A new trophy for academic achievements was introduced, based on the system of Tri-Weekly Tests. After a shaky start, the year ended with us coming a close second to Simms. Our congratulations to them.

Under the new educational system, the school year starts in September, so at the end of the Summer term, many members said Valette to the School and to the House.

It is hoped that as the years go by, DaCosta will continue that upward trend of 1964.

BRADY K.

Drax

HOUSEMASTER: Mr. O. Horsman

HOUSE CAPTAIN: W. I. Campbell

VICE-CAPTAIN: G. Waddington

MONITORS: R. Gardner, M. Long, C. Barham, P. Wright, D. Jones,
G. Watson, F. Fletcher.

Drax continued to play a dominant role in all spheres of the College. During the football season, of 1963, we managed to take only the "C" team competition but in the Easter term of 1964, we came a close second in athletics, and went on in the Summer term to win or share all three cricket competitions.

In swimming, we failed to better our position of the previous year. We "Drew the Bucket." In all we had a creditable performance in sports.

Academically, it would appear that the inspired efforts of many, was thwarted by the few, and we failed to take the Academic Cup.

Murray

HOUSEMASTER: Mr. T. Theobalds

HOUSE CAPTAIN: D. Capleton

HOUSE OFFICERS: P. Cuthbert, M. Morrison, D. Wehby, C. Wright,
C. Woodstock, B. Jones and P. Virtue.

The School year 1963-64, was not a particularly excellent one for Murray, but we benefited in that we gained much well-needed experience.

We started the football term almost perfectly winning the overall Championship by emerging victors on "A" and "C" teams.

Even if we were not victorious in cross-country, cricket and swimming, the boys certainly did their best and should be given credit for their efforts and spirit.

CAPLETON, D.

Chambers

HOUSEMASTER: Mr. N. Neilam

HOUSE CAPTAIN: Parboosingh P.,

VICE CAPTAIN: R. Chang

HOUSE OFFICERS: C. Crooks, C. Goodall

Chambers started in September 1953 with hardly three years experience. The 1963-64 season, started with disappointment as we lost the football cup to a strong Murray team. As usual, we came second in Track, and won the Swimming Trophy for the third consecutive year. We lost the Cricket Cup to Hardie whom we congratulate on their fine field play.

At the end of the term, we grieved the loss of our Housemaster, Mr. H. Neilam, who led us extremely well during those three years. We are sure that under the guidance of Mr. K. Gordon, the House will continue to prosper.

PARBOOSINGH, P.

SPORTS REPORTS

Athletics 1964

CAPTAIN: B. Duncanson
VICE CAPTAIN: L. Smart

WITH the acquisition of a new coach in the Easter Term came the reassurance of hopes for our Athletics Team. Mr. Mal Spence had brought with him a new approach as well as fresh hopes and it was by an altogether different method that our 1964 Team was coached.

For the second consecutive year we have been able to only prove ourselves second best but under Mr. Spence's guidance and the leadership of our captain B. Duncanson, our very limited resources were expertly exploited to produce many creditable performances at the Inter-Secondary Schools Championships this year.

It was not without misfortune in many instances that our position in the competition did not measure up to expectations.

In Class 1 our main hope for the sprint events P. Silvera, came down with Chicken Pox on the first day of the meet. Then there arose a grave misunderstanding between the Sports-Master and the J.A.A.A. so that it was not in fact our finished Team that represented us but the original and less competent one.

However these did not succeed to dampen our school spirit and so we sallied forth and did extremely well in placing second in the competition.

Congratulations to the Medley Relay Team which placed second, O. Williams who placed third in the Shot Putt Class 1. In Class II D. Saunders placed second in the Shot Putt and the 4x110 yards relay Team. In class III C. Major was second in the 100 yards. B. Hornett first in Long Jump, P. Pinnock and A. Williams who placed first and second respectively in the High Jump.

The House Competition was very keen this year and some excellent performances were turned in which resulted in the breaking of many school records. B. Duncanson received the cup for the Field Events and was class 1 Champion and Scotland emerged overall Champions. Murray House were Junior Champions.

CROSDALE, D.

Football 1963

CAPTAIN: Dyer E.

VICE-CAPTAIN: Morgan P.

A **GAIN** it happened. Despite a major setback sustained at the opening of the season, the tireless, talented players of the Soccer Squad again carried home the Manning Cup to its acknowledged home, at Hope.

The team thus completed the hat-trick, started in 1961 and set the pattern, we hope, for the years to come.

This triumph is a classic example showing admirably what a good coach, fitness and determination can do. As usual, many think that we won the Cup through the efforts of others, but this is a most negative and erroneous statement to make. Hard work, the unflinching patience of coach Deryck Tompkinson and the fighting spirit of the members of the team, were the dynamic elements that brought us the Cup and decisive victories over teams of the calibre of KC, St. George's and Calabar, was the result. In addition, we pumped ten goals into the Ardenne net — a score in this day, only realised in country school-boy soccer.

At the end of the season, the stalwarts of the side were chosen for the All-Manning team, the four men on the defence, O. Williams K. Leach, E. Dyer and K. Snaith, and on the forward line the skilful schemers W. Lyn, and M. Mowatt.

Now to the Olivier Shield. Here we were not so fortunate as the skilful Cornwallian tactics coupled with a boisterous and hostile crowd, worked together to completely demoralise an already confounded eleven, and the first leg of the Competition, therefore, went to Cornwall as they inflicted a crushing defeat. In the second leg, JC more than held their own, but these efforts were not enough and the match ended in an exciting draw. Cornwall thus won the Olivier Shield which had for the previous two years adorned the shelves of the JC Trophy Room. Congratulations to them, and a word of warning as it has but taken up temporary residence in MoBay and will shortly be, once again, in its accustomed place, at Hope.

K. LEACH

SCORES

JC	vs	Ardenne	—	10—0
JC	vs	EXLCR	—	0—2
JC	vs	Wolmer's	—	4—2
JC	vs	St. Jago	—	2—0
JC	vs	Calabar	—	4—1
JC	vs	KTHS	—	4—0
JC	vs	KC	—	2—0
JC	vs	St. G. C.	—	2—0



Standing left to right: Mr. D. Tompkinson (Coach), Lyn W., Leach A., Mignott E., Dyer E., (Capt.), Wright P., Mr. V. H. Ennever (Headmaster).
Kneeling (left to right): Morgan P., White G., Snaith K., Mowatt M., Webb E.,
in front. Williams O., Mann R. V.

Hockey

OUR Hockey Team, at last, did better than the preceding year. In the Senior League Competition, JC won one game — against Pelicans who were playing nine-strong. We went all the way to Titchfield High School to be outplayed 3—1 in the Henriques Shield Competition on a bad field.

Favourable mention must be made of G. Ward, E. Lowe, R. McKintyre, I. Wright, H. Martin, P. Robertson, R. Ebanks, C. "Tuffy" Smith and specially Christian Smith whose sportsmanship and stamina were tried on almost all our outings:

We have heard that some Footballers will turn to Hockey in the Spring to keep fit for the next season, and I am sure that our team will benefit from this exercise. However, it remains to be seen if these Footballers will actually play Hockey instead of aspiring towards a Track Career.

Hockey training can be as hard as any other of the popular sports and there is no supportable reason why this sport should not enjoy the support of the games enthusiasts in the school.

D. LOWE
Captain

Tennis

CAPT.:— L. Smart
VICE CAPT.:— A. Virtue
TREASURER:— A. Hayle

In 1964, with a young and inexperienced team consisting of L. Smart, A. Virtue, N. Marley, A. Hayle, D. Lowe, D. Phillips and C. Parcells, we lost the Mutual Shield Competition to Wolmer's, Calabar and St. George's returning however, to trounce KC.

We exchanged our annual visit with St. Andrew High School — an event which is always eagerly anticipated by our boys.

In the future, we hope to introduce Inter-House Tennis, which we hope will stimulate more interest among the boys. It is also proposed that Exhibition matches will be played at various schools. This is also another move to stimulate interest since we are now depending on a sparse number of dedicated enthusiasts to keep the game alive at JC.

HAYLE, A.

School Activities

THE PHILOSOPHERS' SOCIETY

PRESIDENT — G. White

HONORARY CHAIRMAN — James Ducker

THIS Society like many other extra-curricula activities flamed into life and then simmered down to dully-glowing embers. For once however, this was not because of a lack of enthusiasm among the students, but because of the pressure of normal school engagements on members of staff and pupils. Our usual Wednesday evening had been taken over by the Cadet Corps, and apart from this, many scheduled meetings had to be cancelled for one reason or another. So far, members of the Society have engaged in activities ranging from informative lectures and debates to visits to places like Gordon House.

In the Summer term of 1964, a Debating team chosen from among the ranks of the Society suffered a defeat from the students of St. Andrew High School. The moot was "Women follow fashions, regardless".

This term, the Society has planned a number of activities including talks by well known West Indian figures, a visit to the Law Courts and various debates.

The Society hopes to return with a new vigour which will this time, surmount all obstacles, and instead of the usual flame-and-die process, a sustained brilliance is expected.

THE PRESIDENT

Drama

IN a previous issue of the School Magazine, an indictment was made, charging the school with serious neglect of this type of artistic endeavour. This was for the main part, a justifiable accusation. Since then, there has still not been much effort to place Drama on the stage, and only one production has been made since the publication of that magazine.

The sole production however, resulted in the school's winning two prizes in the recent "Schools Drama Festival — one for Best Production, and the other for Best Acting. The producer was Mr. James Ducker, who many will recognise as the producer of "The Birthday Party" and the cast consisted of R. Gardner, D. Ashley, R. Ebanks, D. Haase, and M. Long.

The play titled "Breakfast with a Witch", was a fantasy set in Jamaica. It was written by Dennis Scott, then a master here at Jamaica College. It received favourable critical appraisal from Mr. Rex Nettleford.

More of this is what is needed in the College, and perhaps with the advent of Mrs. V. Bloomfield, a talented young actress, coupled with the producing genius of masters like Mr. Ducker, Mr. T. Theobalds and Mr. K. Gordon, we will see drama taking its rightful place among the other extra-curricula activities.

G. WHITE

Miniature Rifle Club

CAPTAIN 1963-64 — J. Marsh

As usual we are putting up a valiant effort to win the various cups and shields which we have not won for the past two and a half years. For the Machado Competition we have virtually the same team as last year so naturally we have high hopes of winning.

Unfortunately Inter-House Shooting has not yet been introduced, and the range has not yet been completed but nevertheless we have enough good young blood to lead us to insurmountable heights and inevitable victories.

I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate D. Soutar and J. Tomlinson, both of whom were able to make the Under-14 Team, and the Best Ten Team in the same year.

I can safely say that the outlook on shooting has changed for the better, and can only promise that "Our Day Will Come".

J. MARSH

Cadet Notes

During the Christmas term in 1963, the Easter and Summer terms of 1964, the Corps existed in a state of depression, despite the valiant efforts of our O/C, Second Lieutenant Payne. With the arrival of Sergeant Major Allen from the Jamaica National Reserve, the Corps sprung to life. We are now with our new O/C, Second Lieutenant Duncan, busily building a sturdy foundation for a much larger and more interesting Corps.

During the past year, some of our Cadets excelled themselves in certain fields. C/QM/S Marsh was selected to go on the Jamaica-Canada Exchange trip. Sergeant-Major Fletcher won a Flying scholarship and our shooting team came second in the Daly Trophy Competition, with their leader Marsh getting the coveted best-shot award. Marsh was also chosen as one of four to represent Jamaica in Earle-Roberts Imperial Cadet Trophy shoot

The Band under Drum Major Burgher once more won the decided approval of the inspecting officers at the Annual Inspection Parade.

The highest tribute must be paid to D/M Burgher whose unceasing and tireless efforts deserved commendation.

S. M. FLETCHER

The Manning Hat-Trick

THE 1964 Manning Cup season finds Jamaica College defending the trophy for the third year in succession. We are the only team to boast such a feat which was even more notable in the 'teens', when we held the Cup for seven years running (1913-1919). Prospects of this being repeated are dubious but nevertheless still possible.

Let us forget these arbitrary speculations, however, and reflect on our victory of 1963. It was a season riddled with glory yet blemished by certain dilemmas. I say dilemmas because I vividly recall the awkward situation confronting us on hearing that our many-years-victorious coach would be leaving us. This was a mere rumour, however, the details of which are not important. From the end of July a contented and enthusiastic group of trainees submitted themselves once again to the expert requests of Mr. Tompkinson. Hardly at our peak of physical fitness, we took the field on the 16th September to defend the trophy. We met newcomers Ardenne on the Stadium field. Our first match revealed a lack of the tenacious spirit and unity characteristic of previous years. However, with nervously weak opponents and the experience of the entire team, we overwhelmed them, amassing 10 goals.

This victory gave us a temporary boost and enhanced our esteem among football enthusiasts, who placed us about third in line as favourites. Our worth was to be tested the following week, when we were to meet the favourites, Excelsior. There is not much which we would like to recall about this encounter. As spectators recall, it was a thriller; seventy minutes of hard play; the pace was hectic; both defences were tight; two second-half goals were scored.

Fifteen thousand football fans witnessed it — the first defeat of the Dark Blues since Calabar defeated us in the first match of the 1960 season. It was a defeat we deserved, yet one which helped us to win the Cup.

At this decisive point we had to take stock of ourselves. Our whole attitude of laxity and invincibility had to be changed for determination and alarm. Our defeat had tempered our acquired esteem and confirmed Excelsior and Kingston College as outright favourites. Were we to relinquish our hopes? Or could we keep our eyes fixed on the heights through the thickened cloud of improbability? The coach put it plainly to us — we had six matches to play, and the only way we could win was to take these six games without dropping a single point. This was difficult to conceive. Over the previous seasons we had never won six consecutive games. But then every season must be different — after all, in no other season had we lost a match either.

We glued the telescope to our eyes and with each anticipated

victory we would turn one notch on the instrument, increasing the visibility of the trophy beyond the clouds.

The first notch was screwed when we met Wolmers. They scared us with two early goals. We had to turn on the heat and before the final whistle went, we had ushered home four goals within their net.

The fourth week of the competition brought us face-to-face with the co-favourites, Kingston College. For many years this school had failed to defeat us. This year they had a formidable team, one which was enjoying an unchecked run of victories. On Thursday, 17th October, the four top teams on the chart were to display their skills at the National Stadium. Calabar has eased their way to the forefront, and now had to meet an extremely confident and composed Excelsior team. Today's results would either solve or further complicate Manning speculations. The JC squad remained at bay within the changing room, nervously awaiting the hour when they would meet their equally nervous opponents. We remembered that we had to defeat KC in order to progress further toward our goal. But then we remembered Excelsior — what could we do about them when they had already laid us waste? We did not have to worry too long. Calabar rose to the occasion, clipping the Antrim boys, two goals to one. This placed them at the top of the chart.

This was our cue. We took the field inspired by the previous match. Like our Excelsior encounter, it was an action-packed encounter. Both defences were good; both custodians were safe; and again, only two goals were scored — fifteen thousand spectators witnessed it — KC was on its way to Manning honours.

Thousands of spectators left the stadium hysterical with cheers. Some of them, Calabar's supporters were visualizing at last ultimate victory. Others were excitedly anticipating another "hash and roast beef" session.

The temper of the season cooled slightly as first St. Jago and then Kingston Technical made unsuccessful attempts to mar our goal. With the table reading JC — 10 points from six matches, we soon came face to face with our annual headache — St. George's College. Both teams had impressive lineups. The whistle signalled the beginning of another thriller. While St. George's excited the crowds with skill and tactics, we pressed onwards to the goal, and twenty thousand spectators witnessed the indisputable three-one victory which brought us within range of the Manning Cup. Finally the bubbling Calabar team met us after a series of postponements. We defeated them by three goals.

For the third consecutive year we topped the goal-aggregate (29 goals). We had the leading individual scorer for a single match and for the entire season. We had the highest score in a single match (10 goals), and we won six consecutive games — above all we had achieved the hat-trick.

PETER MORGAN

Campus Celebrities

CAVO, etc.

"A face ravaged by time". He can often be seen on the losing end of arguments, but when this is suggested to him, he denies it vociferously and often threatens violence. Makes frequent excursions to the football field, but all of these are distinguished more by a lack of skill than by the presence of same. No face, he seems supremely confident of his facial attributes and is entirely ignorant of the absence of the latter. 'Quae cum ita essent': the perfect description of him would be — if beauty were the criterion by which truth was judged, then he would most certainly fall into the category of blatant untruth.

Hobbies: arguing with umpires in a usually feeble and invariably unsuccessful attempt to divert the attention of the spectators from his normally non-existent score.

Personal characteristics: unique countenance, somewhat akin to an eroded mountainside.

LENNY, PECKY, LATIMUS

Obviously a misfit, not in terms of society, but in terms of time. It has oft been suggested that Master Lenny is the 'missing link' because no doubt of his striking resemblance to the genus gorilla beringeri. If master Lenny is indeed a prehistoric throwback, he then is quite high up in the line, the reason for this being that creatures further down the line were said to have emerged from the water, and these creatures must then have had a singular affinity for the briny. This characteristic immediately disqualifies master Lenny. His toes, poor things, are of indescribable shape and hue and have a miasmal mist surrounding them, to the great discomfort of the boarding house. This mist was known to dissipate somewhat on those occasions that he ventured near the shower.

Hobbies: his occasional accent, which he used with varying degrees of success in seducing girls and obtaining access to functions which demanded that a certain sum be paid.

Personal characteristics: has been known on occasion to wear tight-fitting, red, bejewelled, iridescent pedal-pushers not thought by a great many people to have been possessed by him at the time.

BUNGI, LIVER LIP, PRINCE WAMBO, MUTTON BASE, ETC.

This particular specimen has baffled the school community for many years. Despite repeated 'moutings' he still ambles along, self-consciously, thinking of himself as 'God's gift to mankind.' His amatory advances meeting with little success yet he is in constant conversation with the 'face men' of the college. The topic being, of course the girl he is going to 'fool roun.' But what is phenomenal about this character is his ability to consume and his love love of goats. He is known on occasion to have consumed six eggs, big eggs, four slices of toast, five thick slices of hard-dough bread and washed this down with three mugs of orange juice. To his needy companions all he gave was a loud Arabian Belch. Then his true love. In and out of the college he aimlessly herds his goats in such a way that is bound to discolour his clothes, every one knows what mutton stains can do.

Hobbies: Football, reading Kozy books and saying "A 'goin fool roun' that ting".

Personal Characteristics: His mannerism of stretching and stroking that feature that passes rather weakly for a nose.

A Visit to the World Fair

Fairs may be characterized by awe, tired feet, nostalgia, and boredom. However this is not so at the World's Fair, as this includes a trip around the World, a look at the past, and a look at the future.

In August of this year I was privileged to undertake a trip to New York along with the other members of my family. While in New York we decided to visit the World's Fair. In all we spent three days at the Fair, and with the aid of the guide books, maps, a Greyhound trailer, and the Swiss sky-ride we were able to cover about a third of the showground.

On arriving at the Fair, after purchasing tickets at a cost of \$2 each. we proceeded to the main entrance. It was quite a picturesque sight to behold. There were the flags of the many participating countries fluttering gaily in the breeze, fountains of all sizes squirting water to unknown heights, the large buildings which housed the displays of the different countries, and in the centre of all this stood the Unisphere which was to be the symbol of the Fair and which represented the theme "Peace through Understanding". Everywhere an atmosphere of mirth prevailed.

At first we did not know where to start, but after we were informed by one of the many guidettes that the Industrial and International areas were the most interesting and exciting sections of the Fair, we set off in that direction. Here the displays ranged from Flamenco dancers at the Spanish Pavilion to space capsules from the U.S.A. At first we visited the Hawaiian pavilion where we purchased leis, and after paying a dollar to enter, we were entertained by some very beautiful girls who rather sparsely clothed, did a Hula dance. This pleased the male members of the audience very much and their frantic shouts of encore almost deafened us. We then visited the General Electric pavilion where we were treated to a display of Atomic Fusion, and then General Motors, where we took a look at the future. Here we saw miniature models of houses and cities of tomorrow, and hotels at the ocean's bottom where guests would enjoy submarine views and tips in aquascooters. At the Ford pavilion we saw the exact opposite of what we saw at the General Motors. Their display featured a look at the past and here we saw a picture of what our ancestors (cavemen and cavewomen) looked like in their natural dwellings. Adjoining this pavilion was the Sinclair Dinoland which featured nine life-sized replicas of different types of dinosaurs shown in their natural pre-historic environment. We also visited the Coca-Cola, Pepsi-Cola, Kodak, Johnson's and the RCA pavilions. The latter attracted a number of viewers who invaded the booth to get a glimpse of themselves in colour on a closed circuit television set.

There were many religious displays too and we managed to visit a few of them. Among these were the Mormon Tabernacle Pavilion, The Billy Graham Pavilion and of course the famous Vatican Pavilion which housed that masterpiece of Michelangelo — The Pieta. The Pieta I understood was insured for two million dollars. One really has to go to this pavilion to appreciate the setting and the atmosphere.

The admission here was free and consequently large numbers of people flocked this pavilion. On entering I felt as if I was in Church on a Good Friday. There were robed priests and nuns all about and a choir which sang the most solemn hymns was in attendance. After buying a small replica of this Pieta, we jumped on an escalator which would take us around the statue. This I understood was done for means of safety. The Pieta was of solid marble, five feet high and about five feet at its widest. It was placed in a glass case which stood against a background of black velvet drapes. It truly was a masterpiece.

This excessive amount of walking made us very tired and hungry so we had to stop occasionally for refreshments and to rest our feet. We had refreshments in France, lunch in Africa and we dined in Hong Kong. Here, in return for two dollars and fifty cents we were credited with a large plate of shrimp and rice, some chow mein, and a bowl of egg drop soup.

However, our tour would not be complete without visiting the Caribbean Pavilion, so without further delay we went there. Here I was most disappointed on seeing that Jamaica was not represented but I felt a little happier when I learned that a stage show was being put on that night and all the performing artistes were Jamaicans. These included our own Byron Lee and the Dragonaires, Millie Small and the Blues Busters. This stage show was quite a success and it was very amusing to watch the non West Indian members of the audience doing the "SCAW" as they call it and very much different from the "SKA" as we know it.

Within a short time however, we would have to say goodbye to New York and to the World's Fair. The trip was over, but the memories of it will remain for a very long time.

DOUGLAS McDONALD, 6A

Art in Jamaica College

ART is perhaps the most useful and most important thing in life. The intricate designs on dresses, the layout of magazines, the beauty of modern cars, the elegance of buildings are all taken for granted, yet without the artist these things would not exist.

Because of its importance, it is only fitting that art should play a part in the life of a school. In Jamaica College this was not so until this year, when the art department was formally organised for the first time. Up to this time, art had not been seriously treated at the school. One boy had this to say, "Art was never one of the subjects that anyone enjoyed. Even the mention of the word 'Art' was revolting. But this year there is a sense of enthusiasm; our new art master has added interest and routine to the classes."

Interest and routine are the most striking words here, and a visit to the Art department illustrates what the boy meant. The whole room is impressively adorned with paintings and sketches done by the boys. One of the most striking things is the massive mural 'The Rape of the Indies', which is being executed by John T. Burr, one of the Sixth Form students.

Pottery and clay modelling have been introduced, and it is intended that within the next three months, full-time pottery work will be established, and that sculpture will take its rightful place in the department. Silk-screen or fabric printing is also proposed for the future.

In an interview with the head of the Art department, Mr. Douglas Warner, he said. "I want the boys to realize that art is an important phase in everyday life, and that is why I have introduced pottery, and intend to introduce silk-screen printing. In my classes I try to create a workman's atmosphere — I don't teach, I merely advise." On the subject of sculpture, Mr. Warner said that it was the most important phase of art; "When drawing and painting," he said, "one tends only to realize a part of the meaning of the subject. With sculpture, one has to realize the three dimensions of the subject before you begin. As a result someone with experience in sculpture will produce a painting or drawing with richer meaning than one with no such experience."

It is my opinion that Art is a most valuable subject and should be studied by everybody. Not only does it give relief from the 'studying' subjects, but it makes one learn to use one's hands productively, and to express feelings freely. It is quite obvious that the art classes accomplish these aims, and with improved facilities, widening of scope and the continuous dedication of the staff, the future promises a new awakening for Jamaica College.

D ASHLEY, 6A

Why do we listen to music?

THE famous composer Felix Mendelssohn once said, "If words were able to express all my feelings, then I would write no more music." This is a perfect summary of one of the chief functions of music. It is for this reason that Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, Debussy and all the great masters composed incessantly, because of what was inside them, their deepest feelings, which had to be expressed and revealed to the world. Not only musicians and composers, but also poets and painters create for this reason. This is the primary purpose of art, and music is able to depict human emotion and mood more than any other art.

Music, however, is an abstract art in the sense that it cannot depict accurately objects of nature or human personality. Poetry and painting are able to do this better, although Debussy's impressionistic works come as close to doing so as is possible in this medium. He does this by evoking a 'mood' and an 'atmosphere' in the music, introducing a great deal of movement and life. Of course his compositions are very unconventional, but they possess a depth and a nostalgic quality, a mysticism which makes them almost the greatest music. Can anyone depict a better impression of the sea than 'La Mer'? or of the clouds as the 'Nocturnes'? Not to speak of the awakening of the faun in the prelude to 'L'Après midi d'un faun'?

Music therefore is an art of the emotions in which we may share the composer's sorrow and joy, and his many other moods, and this is why we listen sometimes to Mozart, sometimes to Schumann, and at other times to Ravel and Rachmaninov. By listening to music we obtain satisfaction and pleasure, for music quenches our thirst, and supplies us with a rich nourishment of sound.

MICHAEL A. ZIADIE, 6A

The Cinema

IN modern civilization, one place which gives me great pleasure is the cinema. Without it many people would be very bored. Right down the street there is a magic door for me. At a small cost I can explore new worlds. This place is the cinema.

Through the magic world of the film I can leave Kingston. I can be dying of thirst in a monotonous desert; I can be freezing to death on the highest mountain peak in the world. The submarine world can be opened for me going through this door. I can visit the hot jungles of Africa, with their teeming insects and many wild beasts. All these places are no longer out of my reach. In my normal life I may never see a live whale, a fierce tiger, an angry lion. But with the help of the cinema I can. There will never be a sandstorm or snowstorm in Jamaica; I may never see the strange beasts in that country on the other side of the world, Australia, but all these worlds are opened to me through the cinema.

A lot of people live boring lives. They need to be taken out of themselves and the everyday world to which they belong. They need to have a hero or heroine to associate with. The bored child can become a famous marshal, the quickest draw in the West. He can become a jet-fighter pilot, gunning down the enemy. Adults can become famous private detectives. The viewer knows his adventures are impossible, but he enjoys them all the same. Viewers will feel a thrill going down their spines as they are confronted by snarling tigers. Now they are on the planet Mars, having to fight off the weird creatures there. The person watching forgets that he is John Brown or Mary Smith: they become people who have adventures, who always come out on top in the end.

There is, of course, the educational side of the cinema. There are Walt Disney films such as 'White Wilderness', which show life in far-off places. What looked boring in Geography class will come to life in the cinema. That boring king, what was his name again? will cease to be boring once he is viewed through the eye of the cinema. The children can be fascinated by a picture showing such a film as 'Insects of Africa' or 'The Life History of the Butterfly'. That is why it is so useful to show films in school, so that the child will actually see what the Geography master or History master is talking about. They will be more interested in the life story of a butterfly when they have seen it for themselves.

Many interesting books are shunned by the child because they are 'classics'. Many boys will not read a book like 'Great Expectations' because they say it is boring. If the film is seen, however, the boy will want to read the book. I relive the moments of danger, of comedy, of sadness that I saw in the film. In this way a child will become more

inclined to give the book a chance to speak for itself, instead of condemning it unjustly. I myself have this book, and started reading it the very day after seeing the picture.

Then there is the life history of people. Pictures like 'El Cid', 'Alexander the Great' and 'Ivan the Terrible' will interest people. Many children who have never heard of 'Ivan the Terrible' will want to read about him in History after seeing the film. They will be able to see the full cruelty of this person after seeing the film, while they may never bother to understand him if they only read the history book. The courage and failings of great men are brought out in their life-histories, as seen at the cinema.

Finally there is the news. Before nearly all pictures the news is shown first. We can see the events of the week which we may be too lazy to read about in the newspaper. We can see for ourselves man's latest conquest, civil war in Cyprus, an earthquake.

I go to the cinema not only to enjoy myself, but to learn. I will learn of events happening now or events that happened years ago. The cinema is a vital part of civilization. It is a place to go when you are bored, when you need cheering up and when you wish to visit far-away places. For some people the cinema is the door to freedom.

C. MILLS, 4A

Crema MILK

**FOR YOUR FAMILY'S
GOOD HEALTH!**

Is the Lawyer or the Doctor more important?

DOCTORS are a very common sight, and whenever a member of the family is ill, the man with the stethoscope and the black bag comes to attend him. But what do doctors do? Doctors have done much for mankind in the last century. They have brought down considerably the formerly high infant-mortality rate and continue to do so. They assist mothers-to-be in childbirth, and while formerly a high percentage of mothers and babies died during laborious delivery, doctors today can give the mother drugs to ease her pain, and will bring forth her baby safe and sound. Over the past few years doctors have done much to prevent people from catching diseases, and young and old are regularly inoculated, especially the young. In countries where diphtheria, tuberculosis and other diseases plague the people, inoculations are given on a mass scale to protect the people, and they must be renewed every two years or so. In the under-developed, over-populated countries like China and India, where diseases occur most frequently, these inoculations are the only means of preventing millions of people dying when the diseases strike. Doctors have also found that many diseases come with the lack of certain foodstuffs, proteins and vitamins, and they have prescribed a general diet for various ages to ensure good health.

Although great steps have been made recently to prevent people from catching diseases, there is still a large number of people who get sick, or who have other misfortunes: bones broken, serious cuts and others. Operations are frequently required, and here doctors play their most important part, to cure people who are seriously ill. If a man had a serious liver disease two hundred years ago, he had not a ghost of a chance to recover. Today, however, with the doctor's skill, and the increase in knowledge of medicine, many complicated operations take place, and they are nearly always successful. This job can be very tiring, for the doctor must be expected to get to the seriously ill person immediately, not caring whether it is 3 a.m., or not. Certainly I think that all communities owe a great service to the man with a scalpel, who works at the operation-table all night, just to save a person's life, and maybe a bad life at that.

As I have shown what doctors do, how they have saved millions of lives and prevented the death of millions more, one might think the original question foolish, for lawyers could not even be of equal importance in society. All that these learned men in wigs and black gowns seem to do is to advise rich men what to invest their money in, and to defend people in court. Lawyers, however, can be of great importance to people charged with murder, for the lives of these people depend on the skill of the lawyer in court. Lawyers can advise men of wealth and property, helping them with wills, legacies, real estate, investments and other things, but they have a much more im-

portant task, the Law. It is by the law that we have ordered communities, with each person having equal rights. If, for instance, the man owning Kingston College sees how far the grounds of Jamaica College extend, and he wants it and sends an army to get it, and captures Jamaica College, then the man owning Jamaica College would get a lawyer, who would get all the facts and present them in court, and the man owning Kingston College would be forced by the law to clear off the lands of Jamaica College. Again, a man's rights can be seen in driving: if a man is driving his car along a side road and he wants to get into the main road, but there is a stream of cars along the main road and he bores into the stream damaging one of the cars, he is forced by law to pay for the damages, in addition to a fine for careless driving. The law makes sure that a man respects his neighbour's possessions. Lawyers interpret the law so that even country-folk know what to do and what not to do. Lawyers see that the law is carried out, and whenever a person needs legal help, maybe he is not sure about his rights, he is free to go to a lawyer who will help him as best he can. A citizen might need advice on his income-tax, or insurance, or a piece of land that he owns.

It is very difficult to say whether the doctor or the lawyer is more important. Doctors are fighting the good fight against illnesses, cancer for example, by inoculations and research, and it is certainly assuring to know there is less chance today of our getting diseases, and that skilful surgeons are ready for all emergencies. This ensures our physical well-being. But to have prosperous, lawful communities it is essential that people's rights, especially their possessions, are observed and respected, and lawyers are essential for that. I would say that the two professions are indispensable to any large, organised community.

DAVID MATHURIN, 3A



THE NEW SCIENCE BUILDING

A Turn of Fate

THE gentleman who plays the main role in this story had, at the time about which I am writing, the somewhat ludicrous name of Ernest Eustace Ambrose Fairweather. I say 'had', because since Ernie, as his friends called him, had no great affection for this name, he has probably changed it by now.

Ernie was a quiet, unassuming man of forty who seemed to find life amusing, and so wore a perpetual half-smile on his not-too-hand-some face. He had worked hard and had become a man of considerable means in a remarkably short time. He lived with his wife Jenny, whom he had married a little time before, on the outskirts of the town of Davon. Here he owned a large farm on which he kept quite a lot of livestock. Jenny, who was fifteen years younger than he, was a charming creature who never ceased to make him happy. The aspect of her character, however, which most concerns us here is the definite tendency she had towards flirting with other men, a tendency which most women have who are much younger than their husbands. This fact does not excuse her actions and, to speak figuratively, the penalty she paid for them cooled her down somewhat.

At first Ernie paid no attention to these flirtations and indulged her every whim. He saw no reason to reproach her because she did not allow her flirtations to go too far. About a year after they had come to live in Davon, however, Ernie began to hear some persistent rumours, and, unknown to his wife, noticed she was acting a trifle strangely. He therefore put two and two together, and apart from arriving at the inescapable answer four, also came to some other conclusions. After performing this somewhat intricate mathematical feat, he decided that the nature of its conclusion necessitated some investigation on his part. The next evening, telling his wife that he had to undertake a journey to the next town, and that he would return sometime after midnight, he departed. He drove a few miles away from the farm, then after driving around aimlessly for about half an hour, he returned. Parking his car some distance from the gate, he crept stealthily through the farm, and when he reached the hedge by the terrace, he stopped. He parted the leaves and looked in. The sight which met his eyes caused a slight widening of his perpetual smile. He saw his wife and a complete stranger sitting on the divan. Judging from the exercise in which they were engaged at the time, however, he was no stranger to Jenny. After a while they broke apart.

"Hal, I think you'd better be going before anyone sees you here."

"Sure, Jenny, anything you say," replied the man.

"And please don't be late tomorrow. Remember you're supposed to be an old friend of my family. I managed to get the poison today."

"Jenny", said the man anxiously, "do we have to kill him? I mean. . . ."

"Stop being so difficult, Hal," said Jenny impatiently, "when the poison takes effect, we'll just put him in the deep-freeze in the cellar. It'll be over before you know it."

At this point, since he did not care for the details of the proposed

disposal of his corpse, and also because it was obvious that if he tarried he would be discovered, he beat a hasty retreat. The next day, when Ernie was told that an old friend of Jenny's family was coming to tea, he simply said, "Sure, dear, that's o.k. with me: any friend of yours is a friend of mine."

That evening, while his wife was performing her ablutions, Ernie found the bottle of innocent-looking white powder. He took it to the kitchen, took out the sugar-bowl, and made a transfer.

When Hal arrived, Ernie greeted him cordially and chatted with him for a while until Jenny brought in the tea, which was already poured out. Ernie immediately gulped down his, and then excused himself saying that he was going down the cellar for some brandy. As soon as she thought he was out of earshot, Jenny said to Hal, "The poison will soon take effect, stop looking so nervous."

Hal tasted his tea, decided it needed more sugar and added two heaping spoons full from the bowl. He stirred it carefully and drank most of it quickly, although it was quite hot.

"I hope it hurries up," he said, "I'm getting a bit nervous." At that moment, Ernie's voice came up from the cellar: "Jenny, will you come here a moment, I need some help." She looked anxiously at Hal and said, "I'll call you when he collapses. He can't last more than a minute or two now." She left him, but as she walked down the cellar steps, she wondered vaguely why Ernie had turned out all the lights down there. . . .

After a brief struggle, Ernie managed to get her well tied-up, hand and foot, and, lifting her up gently, he carried her to the open deep-freeze and put her down inside.

"What are you trying to do?" said Jenny breathlessly, her eyes full of terror.

"Almost exactly what you planned to do with me, my sweet," he replied with a faint widening of his smile, "with only one difference: I won't be poisoning you, I'll simply leave you here so that you can freeze to death slowly."

"Ernie!" she screamed hysterically, "I wasn't going to do it, it was Hal's idea, he forced me to do it. Please, Ernie, believe me." She was pleading desperately for her life now.

"My dear," said Ernie calmly, "you know as well as I do that it was your idea to poison me. By the way, you should have checked the contents of the sugar-bowl before allowing your friend to help himself so liberally from it. She gasped.

"Hal," she screamed, "Hal!" There was a moment's silence, then they both heard a strangled gurgling cry, the sound of a table being overturned and then the heavy thud of a body hitting the floor above them.

"My God," said Jenny, weakly. Ernie laughed out loud, then said, "I think I'll leave you to meditate on your misdemeanours. Your boyfriend might soon be joining you, but I think that by then your reception for him might be a bit too cold for his liking." Ernie laughed at his little joke, then stepped back. Too terrified to speak, Jenny heard the clang of the steel door, then she was totally engulfed in the dark and the terrible cold.

D. W. MILLS, 6A

Two Cool Cats

THE beings of which I shall write are, or should be, familiar to most Jamaicans. Despite my limited knowledge, I think I speak the truth when I pronounce them unique to Jamaica. There are many tales of legendary 'duppies' in the island and my essay is concerned with duppies of a more complex nature, so to speak. It is about the mysterious 'rolling-calf' and the 'three-foot-horse'.

Citizens of urban areas tend to deride one when one speaks of these duppies, but rustic dwellers are quite certain of their existence. Anywhere in the countryside one will be told by the locals of the aforesaid beasts. Many have seen, many have heard them. They are reputed to be a most dangerous type of spirit as they cannot be deterred by the usual run-of-the-mill expletives, as is the case with ordinary ghosts. Many a native, however, can offer some medicinal advice to be used if gored by a rolling-calf or kicked by a three-foot-horse.

Curiously, it is always asked by the traveller if the locomotion of these animals is not an impossibility. In my investigations, despite the difficulties implied by the names, no one learned in matters concerning these spirits was able to inform me of any peculiarity in their movements. Movement of the rolling-calf is accompanied by the jangling of a — to mortal eye nonexistent — huge chain. Whether the adjective 'rolling' refers to eyes balefully moving in a circular fashion, or the gait of the animal is unknown to me. The three-footed-horse, in addition to his two hind legs, has one leg in front affixed to what might be his sternum, despite the impediments which are its legacy and claim to fame, it is said to be of startling celerity.

Every ghost is supposed to be vulnerable in some way. For ordinary, human-like ghosts, it has been mentioned that the casual curse will suffice. In the case of the calf and the horse, only a few well-chosen phrases will damp its antagonistic disposition. Thus, while they are damped, as it were, one must run for cover as fast as heels can touch the sod. For an escape hatch, one can bolt under a house or any such edifice of comparatively low foundations. The unwieldy bulk of the animal-spirits, while allowing them to pass through doors, renders them incapable of bending so low.

If the outflow of words is impossible — either through shock or because of some supernatural power emanating from the beast — or a house or hiding place of the correct proportions is not there for the taking, one may scuttle up a cotton tree and rest assured. Again the spirits are restricted, as they find it a bit too difficult to climb, and, if the tree is strong enough, they cannot butt it down or dig far enough to unearth the roots. Why a cotton tree especially I do not know. I have been told with the dogmatic assurance of country parishioners that it should be a cotton tree. No sign-of-the-cross or quoted verse of scripture can have any effect. We must take into consideration

Why do we listen to music?

THE famous composer Felix Mendelssohn once said, "If words were able to express all my feelings, then I would write no more music." This is a perfect summary of one of the chief functions of music. It is for this reason that Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, Debussy and all the great masters composed incessantly, because of what was inside them, their deepest feelings, which had to be expressed and revealed to the world. Not only musicians and composers, but also poets and painters create for this reason. This is the primary purpose of art, and music is able to depict human emotion and mood more than any other art.

Music, however, is an abstract art in the sense that it cannot depict accurately objects of nature or human personality. Poetry and painting are able to do this better, although Debussy's impressionistic works come as close to doing so as is possible in this medium. He does this by evoking a 'mood' and an 'atmosphere' in the music, introducing a great deal of movement and life. Of course his compositions are very unconventional, but they possess a depth and a nostalgic quality, a mysticism which makes them almost the greatest music. Can anyone depict a better impression of the sea than 'La Mer'? or of the clouds as the 'Nocturnes'? Not to speak of the awakening of the faun in the prelude to 'L'Après midi d'un faun'?

Music therefore is an art of the emotions in which we may share the composer's sorrow and joy, and his many other moods, and this is why we listen sometimes to Mozart, sometimes to Schumann, and at other times to Ravel and Rachmaninov. By listening to music we obtain satisfaction and pleasure, for music quenches our thirst, and supplies us with a rich nourishment of sound.

MICHAEL A. ZIADIE, 6A

Is the Lawyer or the Doctor more important?

DOCTORS are a very common sight, and whenever a member of the family is ill, the man with the stethoscope and the black bag comes to attend him. But what do doctors do? Doctors have done much for mankind in the last century. They have brought down considerably the formerly high infant-mortality rate and continue to do so. They assist mothers-to-be in childbirth, and while formerly a high percentage of mothers and babies died during laborious delivery, doctors today can give the mother drugs to ease her pain, and will bring forth her baby safe and sound. Over the past few years doctors have done much to prevent people from catching diseases, and young and old are regularly inoculated, especially the young. In countries where diphtheria, tuberculosis and other diseases plague the people, inoculations are given on a mass scale to protect the people, and they must be renewed every two years or so. In the under-developed, over-populated countries like China and India, where diseases occur most frequently, these inoculations are the only means of preventing millions of people dying when the diseases strike. Doctors have also found that many diseases come with the lack of certain foodstuffs, proteins and vitamins, and they have prescribed a general diet for various ages to ensure good health.

Although great steps have been made recently to prevent people from catching diseases, there is still a large number of people who get sick, or who have other misfortunes: bones broken, serious cuts and others. Operations are frequently required, and here doctors play their most important part, to cure people who are seriously ill. If a man had a serious liver disease two hundred years ago, he had not a ghost of a chance to recover. Today, however, with the doctor's skill, and the increase in knowledge of medicine, many complicated operations take place, and they are nearly always successful. This job can be very tiring, for the doctor must be expected to get to the seriously ill person immediately, not caring whether it is 3 a.m., or not. Certainly I think that all communities owe a great service to the man with a scalpel, who works at the operation-table all night, just to save a person's life, and maybe a bad life at that.

As I have shown what doctors do, how they have saved millions of lives and prevented the death of millions more, one might think the original question foolish, for lawyers could not even be of equal importance in society. All that these learned men in wigs and black gowns seem to do is to advise rich men what to invest their money in, and to defend people in court. Lawyers, however, can be of great importance to people charged with murder, for the lives of these people depend on the skill of the lawyer in court. Lawyers can advise men of wealth and property, helping them with wills, legacies, real estate, investments and other things, but they have a much more im-

the fact that the creatures cannot read, and so are unaware of the existence or the possibility of existence of a stronger one with grim powers of retribution.

If these antidotes, so to speak, are not available, then only heaven or the capricious nature of the beasts can help. They usually work singly, and if a crowd happens to be in close proximity, are quite shy. Obviously. Many heads will surely be able to devise sufficient strings of curses to daunt the beasts. They are also most afraid of members of the armed forces. Presumably because this type of man is sufficiently proficient or prolific in swear-words to frighten anything.

I was unable to discover whether the beasts ate their victims or made them honorary members of some diabolical secret society. It would seem, for want of conclusive proof and because of the fact that most of the reasons for believing in them is based on prima facie evidence, that the rolling-calf and the three-foot-horse are but vagaries of the superstitious mind. To me, this belief is an anachronism, but its power over the rustic mind is enormous. The country dwellers, and no offence is meant, are possessed of an implacable desire to hold some belief. Am I, however, being too hasty? Should one preclude the possibility of the creatures' existence? Who knows?

G. WHITE, 6A

Felinity

Fluff-balling over a limitless floor
involved in a web of sweater-stuff,
self spun, breaking bonds and
Tiger-stalking lawn be-jungled prey.
full boredom snuggling upon
a mothering thigh, all cuddlesome,
all fuzz.

BASIL SMITH, 6A.

The Crimson Waterfall

THE great fireball had not yet cleared the tops of the Long Mountain, and the few weak rays of light did not make an impression on the still-dark sky. The drops of rain caught these rays, reflected and refracted them and were transformed into a million falling pearls. But the beauty was wasted because it fell on the dirty hovels huddled together.

Theo Brown walked out into the rain-washed morning. He looked at his attempt at a garden, a garden that was not even really his own, from which he could be evicted at any moment to make way for a housing scheme.

As he walked down the muddy path towards the road, carefully picking his way among the mud-puddles and the excrement of various 'captured' animals, he met Big John. John claimed he was a Communist, and he had a group of avid young disciples who followed and accepted his words as their own private bible. Those disciples claimed they were radicals, who would one day rise in Jamaica and overthrow the Capitalist Government. Theo remembered his own private joke that times were getting so that the only radicals left were those who did not claim to be radicals. He chuckled to himself.

"Wha' 'appen, man," Big John greeted him, "tings hard nowadays boy. But things shall improve when we Communists take over Jamaica. By the way, have you turned to the right path yet? It's about time, look how much work you have done for the Capitalists, and look where you are now, poor, so poor that you can't even feed your family properly. Do any of them remember you enough even to lend you a helping hand? No, Sir, not even one."

Big John was continually trying to convert him to communism, and although he had not succeeded yet, the seeds of thought he had sown in Theo's mind were beginning to bear fruit.

Big John shook him out of his reverie with a huge slap on his back, "those people up there think they are safe and that there are only a few of us Commies in Jamaica, but they may be in for a big surprise soon. Hope you find enough to eat today," John jibed as he walked away.

Theo was thoughtful as he walked the rest of the way to the road. He was no longer too bothered to step over puddles. He didn't care any longer. He was thinking how wonderful Communism was; of when there would be more than enough to eat and drink, and one would have a roof, a real roof, to shelter one's family. No one could call him a squatter again. He would be lord and master of his own domain. None of the Capitalists could bring bulldozers and wreck his house as they had done so often before. He had not, however, felt any deep-rooted, long-lasting hatred of them until Big John had begun to preach to him.

Theo reached the road. He kicked the large white stone into the large pool of water by the roadside. It was some distance to 'downtown', and slow walking wouldn't get him there early. He quickened his pace, and as he came level with the large pool of water, a wave of water hit

him flush. His rags were drenched and he felt cold. Looking up, he saw a large American car full of laughing teen-agers driving quickly away. The outrage, coupled with the meaning of Big John's words, which were just beginning to take hold of his mind, touched off the explosion. Theo himself was surprised when he shouted out "Capitalist Pigs!" He felt a little ashamed of himself for his outburst, after all, they were only children playing a prank.

What would today have in store for him? He had tried begging, but there were so many beggars about that all he could get were a few pennies. The family had gone to bed that night on empty stomachs. Since begging was so unprofitable, he would have to. . . No, he couldn't do that. In all his life he had credited himself that he had never stolen anything. That is, if you excluded the spoon-full of sugar he took when his mother's back was turned. Yet this was a necessity: no man likes to see his family go hungry too long, especially when the Capitalists had money enough to spare. That word 'Capitalist'. How often since the morning had that word occurred in his thoughts. Just what did it mean? Maybe it's one of those words which cannot be defined. He thought of asking the man across the road from him. The man looked like one of those U.C. students. . . But wouldn't it seem stupid? I'd better ask Big John when I reach home.

No, Theo had never stolen, but this was a necessity. Jesus ate corn on the Sabbath when he was hungry. Theo was hungry now. There were no cornfields in Kingston to pluck corn from. But there was much money in Kingston. Money could buy corn. So there was logic in taking the Capitalist's money.

Then Theo saw his benefactor. She was a woman holding an oversized handbag, which emphasised her smallness. She was fidgety, probably had some money. Theo examined her carefully . . . shouldn't be too hard to take that bag.

The woman walked up Barry Street. Theo saw his chance when she stopped to look in a shop window. How was he to know that the funny-looking bald-headed man was the store-detective, and a crack-shot at that. Theo made a cat-like jump, a quick grab. Now I must run, must not stop running till I'm safe. Theo heard shouts of 'T'ief! t'ief!' Mustn't stop. . . getting tired, am going to rest. No. 'Tief! tief!' and then the shot. Theo felt the fire burn into his back. He saw the dirty sidewalk rushing up to meet him. He saw the blob of cold. Theo had always hated people who spat on the side-walk. He hit the ground with a bang. He hit his head. There was blackness, but somehow the pain of the bullet penetrated the blackness. It was sharp pain, no it was dull. . . no one can describe real pain.

A kick in the face revived him. He felt death rushing at him as each heart-beat sent blood gushing out of the gaping hole. He looked around him. Strange how his eyelids felt heavy now, as if he was sleepy. Maybe he was sleepy and would soon fall asleep. An eternal sleep. No more worries. A place where all were equal. No more Capitalists. Strange how that word cropped up now. Strange, no pain now. Must get up.

By now a crowd had gathered. The detective stood over him

proudly, his smoking gun unholstered. The crowd was excited. Everyone was talking, no one was listening. "Wha' happened?"

"That guy," he said, pointing at Theo, "grabbed this lady's handbag and held a knife at her. See the knife in his hand? I was on the spot, ran him down and shot him. First shot and running too. Good riddance. One thief less."

The noise of the crowd barely cut through the darkness as Theo summoned every ounce of his fast-ebbing strength to raise himself up on his elbow. What's this knife in my hand? The blood flowed quicker, and a crimson stream flowing from a crimson waterfall ran down the side-walk. His strength failed and his head fell back into the cold. He felt the line dividing life and death give way. He didn't care. He couldn't care.

The police ambulance drove through the dispersing crowd. The excitement was ended, no use hanging about now. The bloody rag-clothed corpse was roughly thrown on the floor of the ambulance. The head rested at the feet of the detective. There was contentment on the detective's face: the contentment of an African hunter who has killed his first lion with one throw of the spear.

W. DAWES, 6A

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(Words composed at midnight, after a party, on a bridge table, lamenting the failure of one who should have been so successful.)

Barry

He stood under the arbour.
Hands folded, Cigarette
in mouth.
Breath smelling of tobacco

and
Rum.

Quite a stench.

-I am a philosopher-

he drawls,

-I sleep during the days,

Live my life during the nights-.

-Why-

-Because life is short,

and only enjoyed at nights.-

-DEATH is like one

long

n
i
g
h
t.

Not however to be enjoyed.-

He exhaled.

Reeled slightly

With a slight smile he was off.

A forlorn, rejected person.

Alone with

this his philosophy and

n
i
g
h
t
m
a
r
e.

Number 2

The fresh fruit flash their waxen
skins in the sparkling
sun

Cheerful smiles,
Voices of bargainers rent the air.
Vendors with bright eyes
Sharp tongues
delicate movements
Plump bodies.

Jolly souls all

The noise,
the sight

the mirage
Slowly vanished into the deep dark gloom
Of an overworked imagination.

Reality

a dirty dusty square.
a few battered bashed fruit.
The sickening smell of air rank
with dung.
Vendors dirty, tired, listless
Voices slow, sludgy
Bodies sweaty sticky,
Movement slack.

Came slowly back to fill the void
created.

Where have scenes
so glorious, magnificent
disappeared to

Reminders of an heritage, culture,
disappeared

swallowed
Into the vast vague limits of time.

A picture unfolds

Dreams fight reality
are conquered.

Reason

Never again will towns,
villages
sense the romance of the market.
The passing times
That ugly destroying creation
of man,
sweeps on,
relentlessly on
wiping out past present
dictating our future.

Comes with sudden

Melancholy
Speed
Clarity.

Nostalgia

They have gone
Left in lonely vigil of bare campus
No more with them to rape ripe Orchards
No more in dim dorm dance
But solely by day, damp rising spirit in dubious silence
Yes they have fled.
Some to the beckoning of a foreign land
Others to the ties of commerce
While one remaining clay itself restrained in khaki hemp
Sponges the saws of salient sage
But enough. Sentimentality seeps in
Here is no place for that.

G. WHITE, 6A

The Work of Eddie

Bodies taut, triumphant
Held in a variety of stances
A moment's seeming langour
Then frantic activity
All sensuous postures made in worship to that sound.
The sound of the soil.

Yet they scoff. The new thing of the bungoes
Only haughtily, mockingly can they imitate it.
They must never get with it. Never feel it.
They are observers really. The 'haves'.
But their pictures flash garishly in the papers doing it
Free trips to New York for doing it
The same thing all over again
And we thought it would be real. Ha!

G. WHITE, 6A

Au Revoir

Among those leaving us at end of 1963 were:

MORGAN C. B.

Peter (as he was known to all that knew him, was the most energetic person that I have ever known; this quality along with his vivid personality accounts for the popularity he now holds. His religious convictions account for his highly moral life which made him a firm disciplinarian, respected by all. In his capacity as School Captain, Peter contributed more to the school than in any other thing he did, although he represented us in track from Junior Days and was a member of the thrice victorious Manning Team. We offered him heartiest congratulations on gaining a Government Scholarship to the U.W.I. and we wish him success in his studies.

ASHENHEIM B.

Bryan proved to be a brilliant and responsible student. Although not particularly gifted on the games field, he possessed an incalculable amount of school spirit which he never hesitated to show. He is at present studying law in Great Britain.

DELGADO L.

A strict, quiet and careful school prefect. Louis had something to do with anything staged at J.C. He left as Vice Captain of the school and was also a keen footballer. He is now completing his studies in England.

FRASER R.

As a firm disciplinarian Fish achieved an unbelievable amount of popularity. He represented us in track, football and debating. He effervesced school spirit and took an active interest in all phases of school life. His argumentative qualities will surely make him a good lawyer.

Among those leaving us in July 1964 were:

SNAITH, K.

A quiet and unassuming lad from Bermuda. He was our Head Boy in 1964. He represented both track and football and made a valuable contribution to the life of the school in general. We wish him success as a medical practitioner.

BENNETT E.

Labio, the genius of the college, was famed for his wit and knowledge and again for his terrific profile. He represented us in Drama and Debating. We are quite sure that he will be a successful chemist.

BRADY K.

Our organist for many years Keith certainly added life to the boredom of the campus. Gifted with a very dogmatic attitude, he always stimulated arguments. He is at present studying Medicine at the U.W.I.

GORDON D.

The most notable character that has yet entered Jamaica College. His hobby was writing and blabbing philosophy. He was editor of the School Magazine and took an interest in Drama and Debating. He is at the U.W.I. studying Economics.

WILLIAMS O. D.

A good student and a good athlete, Willy represented us at Track, Cricket and Football and yet left with a very creditable academic record. Congratulations to him on being awarded a scholarship to study Dentistry in Canada.

PALMER C. D.

Undoubtedly "P" was one of the most popular prefects in his last year. This did not disable him from being a stern disciplinarian. He was athlete extraordinaire and at the same time managed to be successful academically. We wish him success in his study of Medicine at the U.W.I.

SALVETE 1963 (Sept.)

2A

Barrows M. A.
McIntosh D. O.

2D

Braham M. A.
Motta D. F.
Stewart G. E.

2B

Kerr, D. L.

2C

Wynter R. C.

3B

Hart R. A.
McDermott D. A.
Parsons D. A.

SALVETE 1964 (Jan.)

1A

Allamby G.
Anderson M. S.
Beswick P. A.
Bridge M. A.
Chantrelle H. R.
Chin Yee T. G.
Coore I. D.
Curtis L. D.
Cyrus J. F.
Dixon P. L.
Douglas R. A.
Flannigan M. G.
Harrison C. W.
Hawkins D. R.
Haye H. S.
Hendrickson G. C.
Lawrence C. H.
Levy D. A.
Lynn R. A.
Marshall K. N.
Martin R. O. A.
Maxwell S. G.
Parkinson J. F.
Pitter P. F.
Purchas I. N. M.
Richards H. A.
Simpson N. C.
Rose C. E.
Samuel P. A. K.
Sutherland W. E.
Taylor L. M.
Wiggins D. A.

1B

Abrahams C. P.
Annamunthodo C. D.
Bailey P. E.
Bartlett A. T.
Black O. A.
Blichen M. A.
Browne R. A.

Chang L. W.
Enticknap M. E.
Forbes L. E.
Goffe R. W.
Goldson W. M.
Gray P. R.
Harris L. A.
Harrison P. W.
Heywood R. C.
Kaye C. A.
Knight C. W.
Minott N. O.
Motta P. J.
McCartney E. P.
McIntyre G. E.
Sherman P. O.
Saunders J. G.
Schwab B. R.
Tapper B. W.
Williams D. C.
Young G. G.

1C

Alberga M. L.
Allen B. G.
Bardowell R.
Benjamin A. A.
Burey T. R.
Cameron H. L.
DeGroot M.
Ferreira A. F.
Figueroa B. R.
Fung J. L.
Jones L. A.
Lawson A. A.
Mendez C. R.
Morris M. A. D.
Morrison H. St. A.
Murray R. N.
McFarlane D. M.
McKenzie G. D.

McPherson A. A.
Robinson O. A.
Scott B. J.
Scott I. R.
Sherman S. A.
Smatt E. G.
Smith W. St. A.
Tong K. J.
Whitbourne R. C.
Williams J. C.
Young R. A.
Ziadie E. F.

1D

Bailey J. A.
Capleton R. A.
Evans M. C.
Davy R. S.
Farquharson O. O.
Feanny P. M.
Gunter J. C.
Guthrie L. A.
Langford D. I.
Lawrence E. A.
Lee R. M.
Lewis G. B.
Martin E. L.
Martin M. G.
Martin R. A.
Morgan H. C.
Munoz-Bennett A. N.
Richards D. L.
Robinson A. R.
Rookwood A. V.
Shakespeare W.
Smith T. J. A.
Smith S. V.
Walcott B. S.
Ward H. V.
Whittingham H. L.
Wint D. M.

3A

Blishen A. M.

3B

Warner A. O.

3CGray D. L.
Reynolds L. R.**4A**Hutchinson E. J.
Scott B. A.**5A**Gaynor W. A.
Hutchinson P. J.
Wilson Carl**5C**

O'Connor P. A.

VALETE 1964 (Summer Term)**1A**

Curtis, L. D.

1CZiadie, E. F.
Alberga M. L.**1D**Davis, R. G.
Munoz-Bennett A. N.
Shim Quee A. M.
Williams J. C.**2A**Crawford P. N.
Milner R. G.
Bonner P. R.**2C**

Ziadie M. F.

2DBonner R. D.
Campbell L. G.**3A**

Bullock C. F.

3DChen D. E.
Ho-Yen R. A.**4A**Chang T. H.
Crawford P. G.
Shalom A. A.**4B**Copping G. M.
Scott S. A.**5A**Barrett H. D.
Braham D. F.
Gurr Stephen
Hoyes L. W.
Laville F. A.
Lawrence W. M. D.
Miller H. R.
Pinks A. N.
Simpson I. G.
Small R. C.
Stephens R. M.
Valentine R. S.
Wilson S. E.
Wright L. G.**5B**Anderson F. K.
Bullock F. P.
Chisholm W. A.
Dundas D. R.
Figueroa T. A.
Frankson H. A.
Geddes M. E.
Gore N.
Hadeed R.
Halliburton O. K.
Hamaty R. M.
Lewin D. G.
Lynch J. D.
Murray N. P.
Sinclair C. W.
Stewart G. O.
Williams R. G.
Wong W. A.**5C**Abrahams R. M.
Anderson M. B.
Anthony C. G.
Duncanson B. B.
Gooden N. A.
Kerr I. M.
Marley P. N.
Matalon C. L.
McFarlane K. G.
O'Connor P. A.
Setton S.
Small R. A.
Wright C. A.**6A**Barham C. J.
Bennett E. L.
Boxer D. W.
Brady K. A.
Burgher H. O.
Campbell W. I.
Cooke, P. E.
Escofferey R. F.
Frankson G. B.
Gardner R. A. R.
Gordon D. S.
Kennedy L. I.
Levy C. T.
Levy Ian
Long M. C.
Lowe D. W.
Lowe E. W.
Lyons C. V.
Marley N. A.
Messado G. E.
McDonald M. K.
McDonald N. W.
McIntyre R. M.
Palmer C. D.
Robertson P. D.
Royale A. P.
Setton V. D.
Setton V. J.
Smith B. H.
Snaith K. M.
Vendryes K. E.
Waddington G. A.
Watson E. G.
Watson G. A.
Williams O. D.

6B

DeLeon M. G.
Laidlaw L. C.

MacLean S. O.
Powell W. W.
Small S. M

Smith C. A.
Wainwright W. A.
Williams J. H.

VALETE EASTER TERM

3D

Glaze P. M.

4B

Alexander D. L.

4C

Campbell P. M.
McDonald C.A.

U 5C

Silvera P. Arthur
Silvera P. Alexander

THE UNDERWORLD
By J. Bun.



HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE RESULTS — DECEMBER 1963

Ashenheim B.
Boxer D. W.
Delgado L.

Epstein D.
Fraser R.
Lloyd E.

McIntyre R.
Morgan C. B.
Tingling M.

G. C. E. CERTIFICATE 'A' LEVEL 1963

Bennett E. L.
Cooke P. E.
Evans R. C.
Forbes M.
Lecy C.
Gardner R.

Gordon D. S.
Long M. C.
Matalon J.
Palmer C.
Phillips A.

Snaith K.
Stephenson G.
Virtue A.
Wilson P.
Williams O. D.

G. C. E. 'O' LEVEL 1963

Ali S.

Crosdale D.

Wong P.

SCHOOL CERTIFICATE RESULTS 1963

GRADE I

Haase D.
Lee O.
Woodfield P.

Wills D. W.
Powell W.
Sangster B.
Stewart G.

Gordon R. G.
Lyon R.
McDonald A.
Wainwright W.
Ward G.
Wong M.
McLaren D.
Martin H.
Montserin E.
Newman C.
Stuart P.
Thompson S. V.
Valentine R.

GRADE II

Abrahams G.
Benjamin G. E.
Cuthbert A.
Calame C. P.
Leask G.
Marsh J.

GRADE III

Aarons J.
Belinfanti I.
Chutkan H.
Crosby R.
DeLeon M.
Duval R.
Goldson A. D.

G.C.E. O LEVEL RESULTS — JUNE 1964

Garbutt C. J.
Collymore R. F.
Gallimore A. A.
Hosang R. A.
Parke B. C.
Pigott D. A.
Saunders D. A.
Summers J. D.

Wright M.
Smith C. N.
Stewart S. A.
Gooden N. A.
Guniss G. L.
Henriques R. D.
Campbell T. G.
Gaynor W. A.

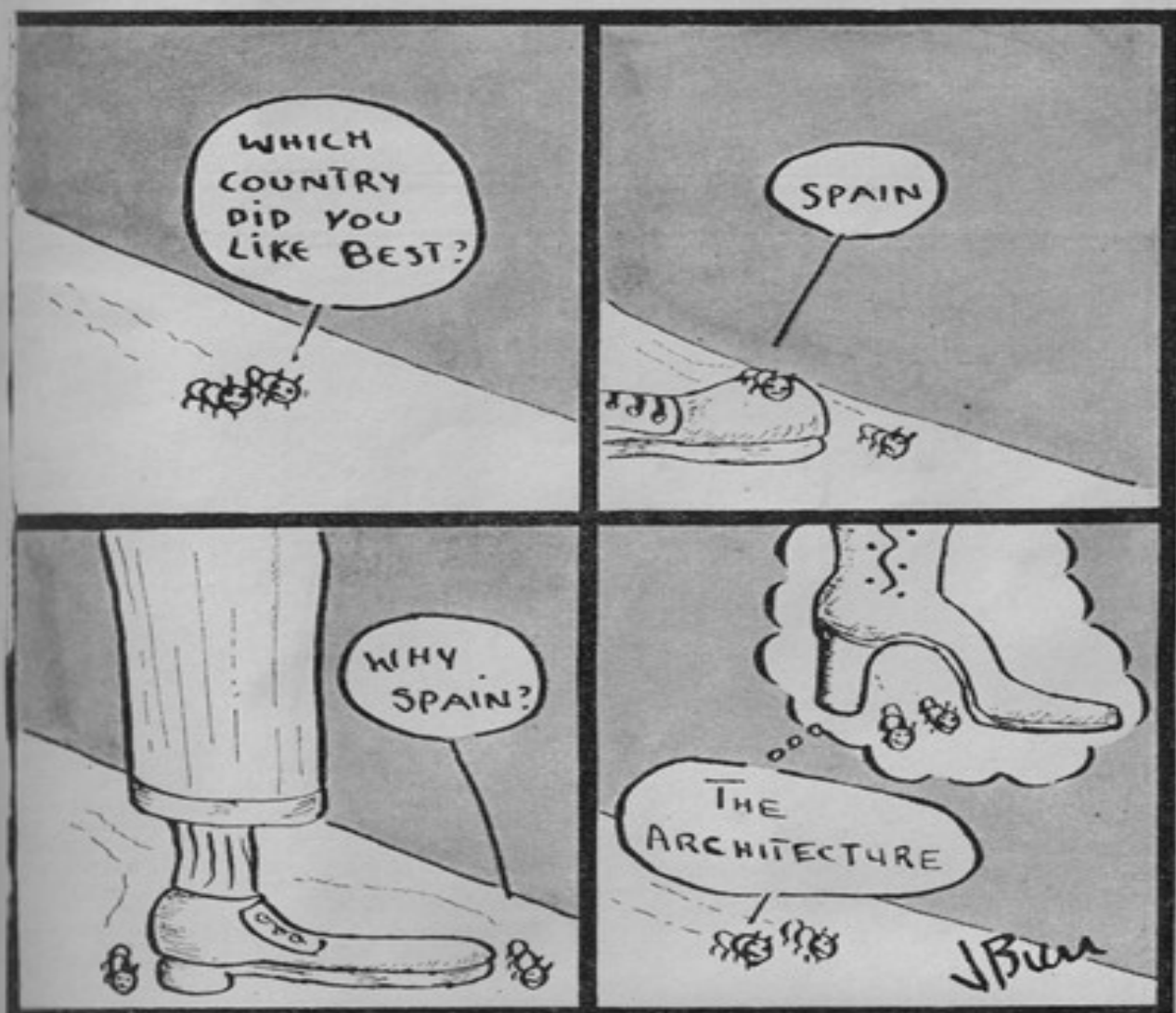
Laidlaw L. C.
McDonald W. A.
Rhoden J. A.
Chambers C.
Duval R. G.
Morgan M. A.
Roberts C. I.
Wright I. G. L.

G.C.E. A LEVEL RESULTS — JUNE 1964

Ashley D. M.
Barham C. J.
Bennett E. L.
Boxer D. W.
Brady K. A.
Burgher H. O.
Campbell W. I.
Cooke P. E.
Ebanks R. C.
Escoffery R. C.
Evans R. C.
Fletcher F. L.
Forbes M. A.

Gardner R. A.
Gordon D. S.
Hayle A. C.
Jones D. N.
Kennedy L. I.
Levy C. T.
Levy I. K.
Long M. C.
Lowe D. W.
Lowe E. W.
Lyons C. V.
McDonald D. G.
McDonald N. W.
McIntyre R. M.

Messado G. E.
Palmer C. D.
Robertson P. D.
Royale A.
Smart L. A.
Snaith K. M.
Stephenson L. W.
Stewart N. A.
Vendryes K. E.
Waddington G. A.
Watson G. A.
White G. A.
Williams O. D.
Ziadie M.



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