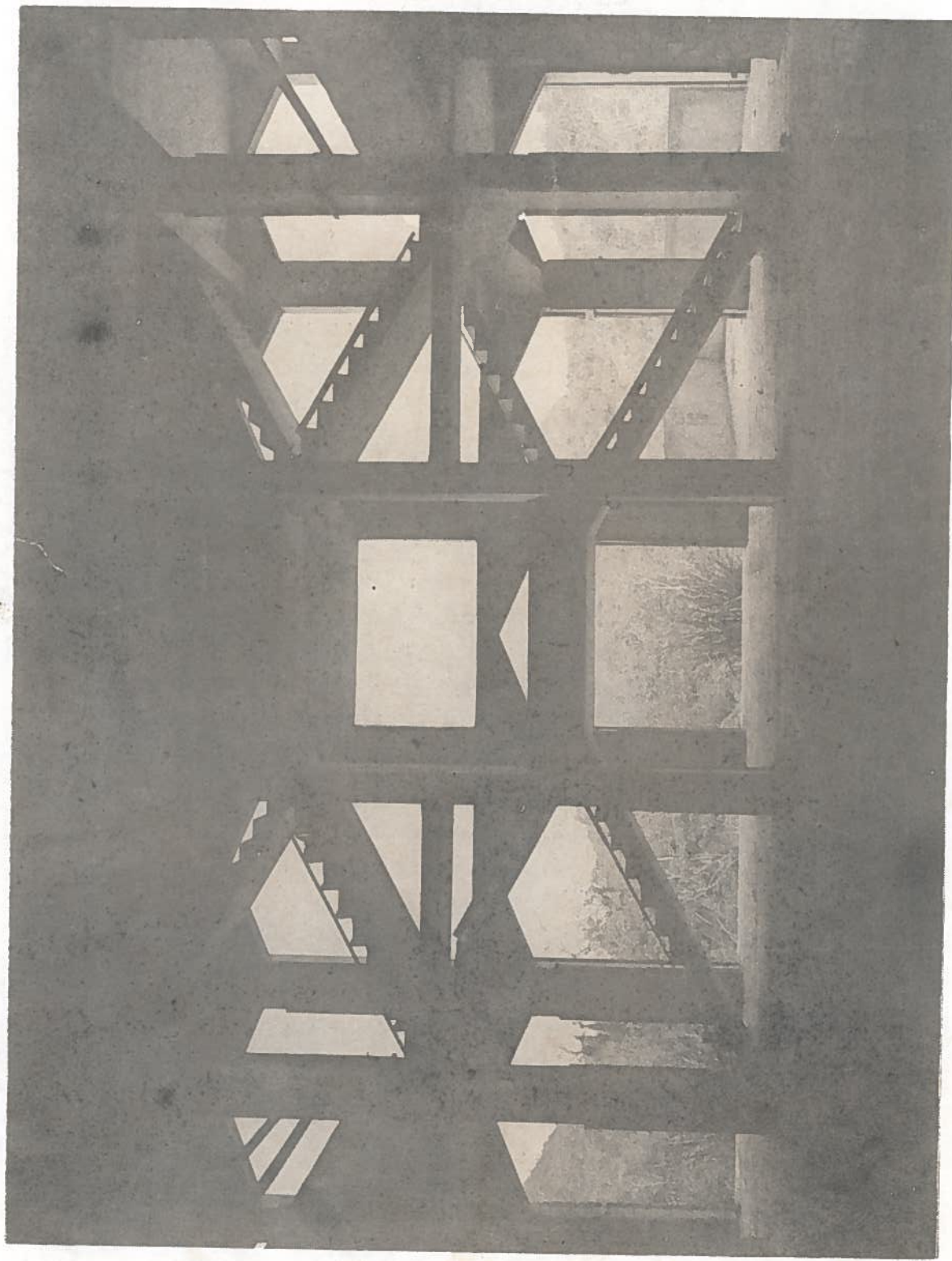


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*With Sincere thanks  
Ref.*



THE HALL STAIRS, TRINITY COLLEGE, MOKA.



# Editorial

Our second magazine marks the completion of our tenth academic year and the arrival at our new site at Moka, Maraval. It is in fact dated 1966-1967 and the reports on sporting, house and club activities, deal specifically with this period, while the Headmaster's Report spans the years between our first magazine in 1964 and this. However, we have deliberately slanted this issue to the past, since it is our aim to make it, in some measure, a record of our history so far.

With this in mind, we have carefully selected photographs to illustrate the different phases of the school's life, and the various aspects of the school boy's career. We have in the article 'Pioneers', highlighted some of the teachers of the first years who played a great part in establishing the reputation of the school, as well as three pupils who, we consider, broke new ground in differing spheres. We have also commissioned articles from old boys; Wattle has compared the old with the new, and Colin Lee has provided an invaluable record of the last Upper Sixth of Melbourne Street, in a series of sketches. Lee Johnson's cover an art nouveau type frame surrounding an egg-shaped space—is, he assures us, symbolic of the dynamism of a vital college able to adapt to the new education scene, and, to quote his own phrase, 'the hollow caves of the future'.

We wish to express our gratitude to the many people who have given assistance in the publication of this magazine: Mrs. C. Fajgenbaum for her help in procuring advertisements; the sixth formers

who scoured the town in search of willing sponsors; Mr. Alec Hammond and Mr. David Webborn, for their swift replies to our queries concerning their latest doings; the old boys who submitted articles and Gernot Hirsinger who sent back pictures of the school from Bermuda; the parents, secretaries and female acquaintances of the sixth, for typing out the material. Special mention must be made of Colin Lee for the vast amount of patience and time devoted to his drawings, and of his victims who sat stoically amidst a barrage of nerve-wracking 'fatigue'.

'Moka' is now a reality. Yet, not long ago, as boys came and went without the new college materialising, the word became synonymous with a pipedream, starting cynical smiles. However, one man was confident that, though it might come later than originally expected, it would be as soon as he could possibly make it. It is the faith and perseverance of Mr. Helps which have brought about the fulfilment of his hopes in our tenth year—an achievement suitably crowned by our first success in the National Scholarships. Mr. Helps is our founding Headmaster, who has seen the college evolve from the early intimate days of a two-form school to one of the country's foremost secondary institutions in an era of educational change.

The cement mixers have departed but our growth is not complete. The college stands solid and impressive, but it is only the second stage, a promise...

The Editors.

## Editorial Committee :

D. Fajgenbaum, G. Thomas, C. Applewhaite,  
L. Johnson, J. Garnette, R. Gibbons, S. Herbert,  
Mr. P. H. L. Yearwood (Master-in-charge).

## Cartoons :

by V. V. Alexander (Lower Sixth)

## Photographs :

by Allan Porter, G. Hirsinger, R. Inniss and others.

## Editors' Note :

The forms attributed to each author, indicate the boys' form when the article was written.

# Teaching Staff from December '57

—: o :—

*P. Helps	M.A.	December 1957
A. G. Hammond	B.Sc.	January 1958
W. W. Owen	B.A.	January 1958
J. L. Pearce	B.A.	January 1958
*Charlene B. E. Ogle	B.A.	September 1958
J. C. Gregory	B.Sc.	January 1959
*H. C. K. Spicer	B.A.	January 1959
D. Webborn	M.A.	January 1960
E. E. Adams	B.A.	January 1960
J. Gleave	B.A.	September 1960
J. G. R. Osborn	M.A.	September 1960
D. A. Simon	B.A.	January 1961
A. King	B.A.	January 1961
R. Baker	B.Sc.	April 1961
M. H. Ross	B.Sc.	September 1961
G. C. Sealy	B.A.	September 1961
W. D. Neblett	B.A.	January 1962
*D. Cows	B.Sc.	January 1962
P. J. White	B.A.	January 1962
S. C. Coles	B.A.	September 1962
N. I. Bramwell	B.A.	September 1962
*P. H. L. Yearwood	B.A.	January 1963
*M. G. Clark	B.Sc.	April 1963
R. A. Lee	M.Sc.	September 1963
A. D. Sykes	B.Sc.	September 1963
K. Q. Warner	Dip. S.E.F.	September 1963
N. C. Harrison	B.A.	May 1964
V. C. Mulchansingh	B.A.	September 1964
*Rev. J. M. Brotherton	M.A.	January 1965
Mrs. G. A. Bung	B.A.	May 1965
P. R. Bacon	B.Sc.	September 1965
*Mrs. J. M. Beckles	B.Sc.	September 1965
R. K. Bingham	B.A.	September 1965
*H. A. S. Graham	B.A.	September 1965
*S. W. Gray	B.A.	September 1965
*J. G. Cain	B.A.	January 1966
*D. W. Cowie	B.A.	May 1966
*J. D. Charman	B.A.	September 1966
A. S. Cheong	B.Sc.	September 1966
*A. M. Thompson	M.A.	September 1966



*J. P. Woodrow	B.Sc.	September 1966
*F. F. Taylor	B.A.	September 1967
*R. D. Wellington	B.Sc.	September 1967
*Mrs. J. M. Wellington	B.Sc.	September 1967
*Present Staff		

#### Part-time Staff

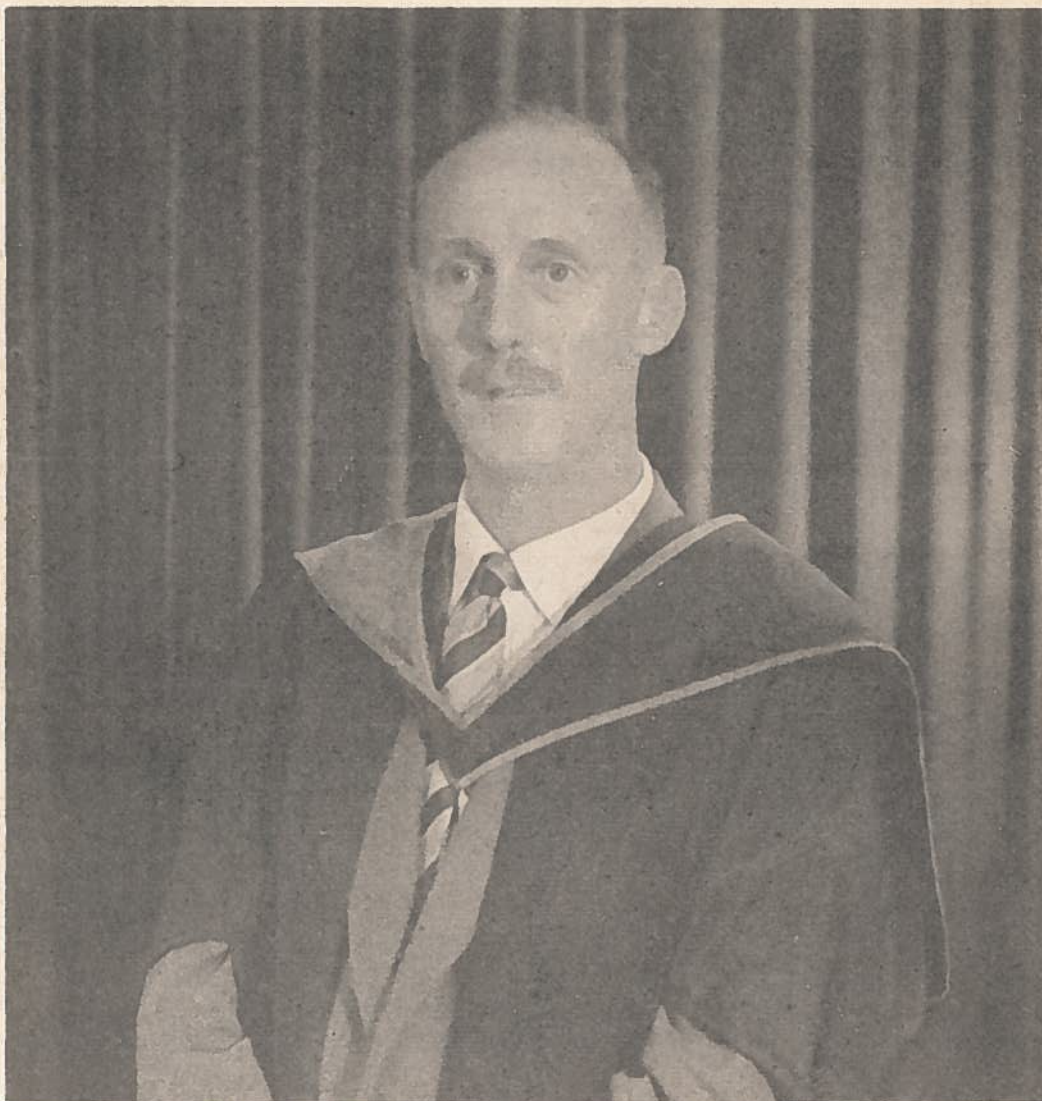
Rev. J. Free	B.D.	January 1960
Rev. B. Tonks	B.D.	January 1961
Mrs. H. Gill	B.A.	January 1961
Rev. D. J. Moseley	M.A.	January 1961
Mrs. S. Ratan	B.A.	May 1963

## COLLEGE PREFECTS

1963 - 64	N. Campbell J. T. Chang A. G. Cornwallis I. Hallim J. Richards	1965 - 66	L. M. Ambrose (Head-boy) G. R. Clarke G. M. Cumberbatch D. D. Darbeau K. O. N. Francis G. R. Learmond
1964 - 65	J. T. Chang (Head-boy) L. M. Ambrose M. A. D. Callendar I. R. S. Chin A. G. Cornwallis K. S. Subero	1966 - 67	G. R. Learmond (Head-boy) E. L. M. Chang C. D. Chin G. R. Clarke R. L. A. Lake R. N. C. Peterkin

#### Michaelmas Term

1967	C. E. Applewhaite L. S. B. Johnson R. L. A. Lake (Head-boy)
------	---



**The Principal—Mr. P. HELPS, M.A.(Oxon.).**



# Headmaster's Report

—: o :—

THIS Report will cover the three years which have elapsed since my report in our first Magazine. I shall deal with these three years, together with our plans and hopes for the College at its new site in the Moka valley.

When speaking at our Parents' Social Evening in December 1964 I forecast that the years left to us in Melbourne Street would be ones of increasing difficulty. This proved to be only too true. However, in spite of our many problems they were successful years as far as the general public was concerned. Proof of this is seen year by year as pressure for entry into the College increases, and it is now impossible for our annual intake to accommodate all those who choose Trinity on their application forms.

The creation of our Sixth Form at the first opportunity has been more than justified by the 'A' level results which have been achieved. Both in 1966 and 1967 the percentage of subject passes was 66% while those gaining university entrance requirements were 73% and 68% respectively. In 1966 one of our boys won the Chemical Engineering scholarship awarded by Caroni Limited to the University of the West Indies, St. Augustine. In 1967 we gained a government scholarship to the University and the Additional National Scholarship in Languages. This last award was a particularly pleasing conclusion to our sojourn in Melbourne Street and was a unique achievement so early in the life of a new college, as were our first House Scholarships.

In accordance with our plans we have now had a full-time Chaplain on our staff for nearly three years and this is doing much to emphasise our religious foundation. One of our recent Sixth Form leavers is in France for a year on a French Government scholarship prior to entering Leeds University in preparation for ordination. This is encouraging as the college is very aware of the necessity of providing young men for the Church who have the necessary intellectual capacity to compete with the problems of Christianity in a fast changing world.

As far as games are concerned we continued to suffer from the lack of adjacent playing fields. In spite of this, teams were fielded in nearly every aspect of inter-college competition. Our teams in Tennis, Chess and Swimming achieved particularly good results. A significant development was the appointment of our first Games Master.

It is appropriate at this point to pay tribute to the various members of staff who served the college so well during our years at Melbourne Street. In spite of noise, heat and lack of facilities their determination has achieved in many fields results which have been exceptional for a new school in spite of competition from older and larger colleges. We have been lucky also in the quality and loyalty of the Prefects and senior boys whose leadership and keenness helped to make these early years so very worthwhile.

On the 27th August, 1966 Trinity College became a Public School as defined by paragraph 11 (5) of the Education Act, No. 1 of 1966. The most significant aspect of this Act has been to make the approval of staff appointments subject to the Public Service Commission through the Ministry of Education. Unless care is taken lengthy procedures combined with a shortage of experienced administrative staff, may well result in delays over staff appointments, thus inflicting grave harm upon the very system which the Act was devised to protect. We are lucky in that up to date we have been able to maintain a full complement of staff, all of whom are university graduates. However, too many of our staff continue to come from overseas; but this is unavoidable while local graduates remain in short supply. We hope that in the very near future our own old boys will return to our staff on completion of their university courses.

After all these years of struggle and planning it was a real inspiration on the 11th September, 1967 when, for the first time, the boys in their grey and white uniforms were seen hastening up the incline to our new building on the hillside at Moka. The transfer was achieved in two stages with the senior boys starting on the 11th September and the younger ones on the 25th September. Adjustment to new routines and different circumstances is being systematically accomplished. How lucky the boys of this and future generations are that their studies bring them to surroundings which must be unique in our country for their spaciousness, quietness and beauty.

The move to Moka has brought with it the introduction of a new and more liberal approach to our teaching methods. The division of boys according to ability into 'A' and 'B' grades is being abolished. In its place we have forms which are equal in their distribution of academic ability and are named in such a way that neither is superior to the other. In this system, as the boy moves through the college his specialist subjects are taught in graded sets while the basic subjects continue to be taught in the balanced forms. Thus the atmosphere of failure which tended to emerge



among the 'B' grade forms is done away with. This will encourage all boys to adopt a sensible approach to their work and remove the excuse for unsatisfactory discipline. A necessary development of this scheme is the introduction of a wider range of subjects with particular emphasis on practical ones. Unfortunately most of these require buildings and expensive equipment not to mention specialised teaching.

In the last Magazine it was emphasised that our main inspiration lay in our youth and in our future. Now that Trinity has finally arrived among the hills of Moka the future is ours. Every aspect

of college life is being reviewed and new patterns are emerging. The youth of today is more demanding than that of any previous generation. The requirements of imaginative and up-to-date teaching methods, firm but sympathetic guidance combined with the recognition that earlier maturity expects earlier responsibility, all bring to the vocation of teaching a challenge which is increasingly worthwhile and demanding. Let us hope that in facing the future the new Trinity College at Moka will continue to show the resilience which brought success during our years of endurance.

Peter Helps.



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# Prize Winners 1965-66

Art	— Senior	.	.	.	L. S. B. Johnson
	— Junior	.	.	.	B. Nixon
Chess	— Senior	.	.	.	E. L. M. Chang
	— Junior	.	.	.	G. B. Wong
Table Tennis	— Senior	.	.	.	D. A. Lee Young
	— Junior	.	.	.	N. L. Barton
Lawn Tennis	— Senior	.	.	.	A. B. Wallace
	— Junior	.	.	.	H. Harragin
Colts	— Best Footballer	.	.	.	S. A. McMillan
	— Best Cricketer	.	.	.	M. A. Joseph
First XI	— Best Footballer	.	.	.	G. M. Cumberbatch
	— Best Cricketer	.	.	.	S. G. Gomez
Prize for Highest Cricket Score (Presented by Sir Errol dos Santos)					N. M. Lewis
Form 1A	— Form Prize	.	.	.	P. Bellamy
	Dean Vaughn R. I. Prize	.	.	.	P. Bellamy
	Most Improved Boy	.	.	.	I. G. Martin
Form 1B	— Form Prize	.	.	.	K. Shim
	Most Improved Boy	.	.	.	W. Holder
Form 2A	— Form Prize	.	.	.	K. P. Maynard
	Dean Vaughn R. I. Prize	.	.	.	A. Clinton
	Most Improved Boy	.	.	.	G. B. Wong
	French Prize	.	.	.	G. B. Wong
Form 2B	— Form Prize	.	.	.	L. Murray
	Most Improved Boy	.	.	.	B. B. Wallace
Form 3A	— Form Prize	.	.	.	P. J. Fung
	French Prize	.	.	.	P. J. Fung
	Dean Vaughn R. I. Prize	.	.	.	R. A. C. Gittens
	Most Improved Boy	.	.	.	C. R. Clarke
Form 3B	— Form Prize	.	.	.	K. C. Wilson
	Most Improved Boy	.	.	.	M. M. Storey
Form 4A	— Form Prize	.	.	.	V. Hirsinger
	French Prize	.	.	.	V. V. Alexander
	Most Improved Boy	.	.	.	C. G. Nicol
Form 4B	— Form Prize	.	.	.	H. R. Cumberbatch
	Most Improved Boy	.	.	.	G. T. Clarke



## Prizes given as a result of the 1966 G.C.E. Examination

### 'O' LEVEL

Best Results	.	.	.	.	.	J. H. Garnette
Spanish	.	.	.	.	.	J. H. Garnette
French	.	.	.	.	.	S. P. Taylor
Latin	.	.	.	.	.	C. L. M. McLean
English	.	.	.	.	.	K. A. Nicholas
Geography	.	.	.	.	.	E. A. Goddard
History	.	.	.	.	.	M. M. Maxima
Maths./Science	.	.	.	.	.	D. Fajgenbaum
Maths./Science	.	.	.	.	.	R. A. K. Inniss

### 'A' LEVEL

Best Results	.	.	.	.	.	B. F. F. Seale
--------------	---	---	---	---	---	----------------

### SPECIAL PRIZES

Creative Writing Prize (Presented by Mr. Rodney Webb)	G. O. Hooke
Bishop's Prize: 1st	G. O. Hooke
2nd	C. D. Chin
Principal's Prize	D. G. Murray
Independence Trophy for House with Best Results in Games — Rawle	

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# House Reports

—:o:—

## ANSTEY HOUSE

THIS year Anstey celebrates for the first time in four years the success of having again won the Independence Trophy which is awarded annually for the house that is most successful sportswise. We did remarkably well this past school year (1966-1967) and this can be largely accredited to two major factors. Obviously the primary one was the valuable contribution of our sportsmen, both in their great ability in this field, and their unearring perseverance to win, even in the face of the blackest defeat. Another major reason for our victory was the endless effort and organisation that Russel Learmond and housemaster David Cows contributed, without which we could never have attained this position of eminence.

Our initial victory was gained on the football field where having defeated School in the semi-final round, we were ushered into the finals against Gordon. This promised to be a match to remember as Gordon, for the past three years had ruled the roost in this field, and so needed above all to win and so keep up her string of unbroken victories, and only slightly tarnished prestige. Anstey, on the other hand, fresh from its recent success against School, and determined to recapture the trophy (which we lost last year) was thus coerced by the invisible motivation of the need to recapture lost prestige. With a little bit of luck, and again, good playing by our team, we managed to edge Gordon out of the running by a narrow victory of five goals.

Our freshly acquired laurels faded somewhat in the sphere of Junior Football in which division we fell to depths which were totally unbecoming to our dignity. A similar situation occurred in senior cricket, table tennis, and athletics, where we were overcome by our opponents and had to be happy with a mere second placing.

However Swimming, Junior Cricket, Lawn Tennis and Chess, both in the senior and junior division, enabled us to find the lighted road to final victory, and new heights in success for competitive sports, for of the thirty-five awarded points we managed to obtain thirty-one.

All in all it can be seen that 1966-67 was a very good year for Anstey, for not only was the head prefect chosen from amidst our ranks, but also the three best results were obtained by Anstey boys - viz., Adrian Chatfield (Additional National Schol. for Languages), David Murray (Scholarship for entry into U.W.I.) and G. Hirsinger (highest number of "O" level passes).

With the newly introduced system of administration centralised around the various houses, we look forward to the new and dynamic leadership of Mr. Phillip Yearwood. Yet, who knows what the future holds in store, and, as the opposing houses re-assemble their fallen forces, Anstey prepares to defend her newly won throne. Will she....? The answer lies within the deep recesses of the hollow cave of the future, and only time can tell.

Lee Johnson—(*House Captain*.)

## GORDON HOUSE

SINCE the inception of the competition for the Independence Trophy, Gordon House has been second once and third on the remaining three occasions. The Trophy, which is awarded annually to the House which gains the most points in all sporting activities, has eluded us because we are not well represented in certain activities.

The senior team continued their dominance in cricket by adequately disposing of Anstey House in the final. For the first time in many years we did not win the football crown, losing to Anstey in the final. We placed third in the chess and lawn tennis competitions and fourth in table tennis.

The juniors did not fare too well. They were second in the Lawn Tennis competition, third in Chess and Table Tennis, and fourth in cricket and football.

In the Athletic and Swimming competitions where we entered a combined team we placed first and second respectively. It is unfortunate that the winner of these events for combined teams only received three points while in other activities six points are awarded—three each to the winning senior and junior teams.

In the academic field we have a fair share of the top students in the school. In the sixth form we have six Gordon House members out of a possible twenty six.

Gordon House headed by Mr. Spicer can boast about the behaviour and dress of the boys as the House discipline is strict to maintain the high standard. Gordon House has more than an average share of leadership. Two out of the three Head Boys were Gordon House members and in the first four forms we have some potential leaders.

On moving to Moka the houses will be playing a more important part in a boy's life and we expect to see Gordon House pulling its weight.

R. L. A. Lake  
(*House Captain*)



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## RAWLE HOUSE

HAVING tasted the champagne of victory, in 1962 and 1965, and the sour grapes of utter defeat, in 1966, we can by no means say that the fortunes of Rawle House have been stable. Since our stunning victories have both been succeeded by our poorest performances, it is obvious that the cancer of over-confidence is our greatest enemy.

In 1967 we must screw our will to win, firmly to its sticking place. We must play fairly, but with such single mindedness of purpose that victory will be inevitable.

The participants of the other teams in the house should pattern themselves on our chess and table-tennis teams, whose record over the years, is something of which we can be justly proud.

We must also take this opportunity to say goodbye to our former housemaster, Mr. Harrison; our head prefect, Michael Chang; Richard Peterkin and Michael Harris, two of our sportsmen. We wish them every success for the future. Our late, but sincere congratulations are extended to Bruce Seale, an old Rawle House boy, who won a scholarship, donated by Caroni Ltd., and who has just begun his second year at the University of the West Indies, St. Augustine.

To our new housemaster, Mr. Alan Thompson, we give a hearty welcome, and hope that, under his guidance, we supersede, in the future, the heights attained in the past.

Charles Applewhaite  
(House Captain)

## SCHOOL HOUSE

DURING the school year 1966/67 School House has not been at its most active. We were doing well in the interhouse chess competition which unfortunately was not concluded before the end of the school year but otherwise the list of poor results in inter-house competition that School House has had since its inception, was extended. There have been some exceptions to this trend, notably the junior sportsmen of the past couple of years, but for the most part their early promise seems to have faded.

It is to be hoped that more active leadership from the senior boys of the house will overcome this lethargy and School House will rebuild itself to become an active contender for the Independence Trophy.

G. S. Wattley  
(House Captain)

## First XI Cricket

TRINITY COLLEGE is now an adult not only in the size of the buildings, grounds and number of pupils, but also in that gentlemen's game—the game of cricket.

This was a fairly successful year for the first eleven. We lost our first match on 1st innings points to Belmont Intermediate, but we began the climb up the ladder of success by stepping past St. Mary's on first innings points. We trampled Fatima, defeating them outright, and were about to overrun Q.R.C. when the sympathizers of the underdog sent rain to end the match. We won zone (A) division and in so doing received a beautiful shield, of which every member of the team was very proud.

I think the chief cause of our success was Mr. Charman who took eleven players and made them into a firing squad which executed its victims in the order in which they appeared in the fixture list. Mr. Charman displayed a great deal of patience and diplomacy in dealing with the team.

We were kept waiting to know whom we had to play for the north final, and as the G.C.E. exams were imminent the team lost interest and fell apart with the result that we were defeated by Progressive in the north final.

I would like to praise some of my colleagues: Brett Wallace knocked seventy-five runs off the Q.R.C. bowling. Besides this he was most dependable in times of crises. He never gave up. His fielding near to the wicket in front of the bat was pleasing. Allison Nurse finally produced the kind of batting which we expect from him. He scored a brilliant century against Fatima and batted well during the season. Wilbur Quashie was another who made a fine contribution to the team. His spin bowling was first class even when under pressure and at times he produced the batting expected of him. Michael Joseph was another of the dependable bowlers who did well throughout the season. He opened the bowling and at times produced the valuable early wicket.

I was very proud to have led this team as everyone contributed in one way or another and there were few disappointments. We suffered from lack of our own field, but now we are at Moka we can expect a steadily increasing standard.

R. L. A. Lake  
(Cricket Captain)







# FIRST XI SOCCER 1966

— : o : —

TRINITY COLLEGE has not yet won a trophy in Soccer. We finished about mid-position in the League—knocked out of the cup competition by the Belmont Intermediate Team, which is now competing creditably in the championship division of the Colleges League.

The quality of the playing fields we used to practise on, and their distance from the College, proved a severe disadvantage. Again the boys were willing to play their hearts out, but we lost most of our games through lack of condition. While other Colleges started training during the August vacation, we began a week or two before the season opened. The fact that the return of some members of the team depended on the arrival of the G.C.E. results, caused further delay in some cases.

It is interesting to note that our first and second year teams can hold their own, and on many occasions have defeated their opposite numbers in the larger Colleges. Yet when these same boys move up the school they are defeated by the other Colleges.

This proves that we have Soccer Talent at Trinity, but have so far failed to develop it. It is hoped that with our fields on the same site as the school, we shall improve. They should be ready next year, and it is my personal dream to support a winning team from the side lines in the Inter-Col Tournament.

R. L. A. Lake  
(Soccer Captain)

## TENNIS REPORT

— : o : —

THIS year our tennis teams, both senior and intermediate turned in very satisfactory performances.

Our Senior team, under Brett Wallace finished second in the C.L.T.A. Tournament. At times their standard of play was high but all too often deteriorated when pressure was applied. Wallace and D. Nothnagel, with their years of tournament experience proved the most competent performers. Congratulations to C.I.C. who once again were victorious with their well balanced side and aggressive play.

It was in the Intermediate division (under 16) that we really excelled. Under the captaincy of Stephen Gomez, we won both the C.L.T.A. tournament and the island-wide Nestle's tournament. Our team was well balanced and enthusiastic and we were fortunate in having two of the most outstanding junior players in the island—Hugh Harragin and Brian Nothnagel. Harragin won the Nestle's open (under 14), the Barbados open (under 15), the Surinam open (under 14) and was runner-up in the Caracas open (under 14). Nothnagel was more often than not runner-up to Harragin, but succeeded in reversing the decision when he defeated Harragin in the Tranquillity open.

Despite this impressive list of victories perhaps the most encouraging factor is the tremendous enthusiasm for Tennis in the lower school which promises well for the future. In fact, some of our younger players have improved tremendously and though overshadowed by the brilliance of Harragin and Nothnagel nevertheless played a vital part in our team successes.

D. C.  
*Tennis Master*



Playing Chess.

## CHESS

— : o : —

MICHAEL CHANG is to be congratulated on winning the senior, individual, inter-college chess title, and has our best wishes for the future.

The College team, however, was unable to distinguish itself, due to the non-existence of an inter-college team competition. The team is



practising hard at the moment and will try their best to emulate their predecessors in the coming season.

On the local scene, the inter-house competition was won by Rawle House, with Anstey second and School third. Due to certain altercations which occurred during the competition, stricter measures will be adopted for the supervision of competition games next season.

Charles Applewhaite

#### A CHALLENGE—

## Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme

— : o : —

AN opportunity for young people to make constructive use of their leisure time; a means of discovering hidden abilities and talents; a chance to find new interests; or something we have to remain for after school; a series of disappointments and frustrations; an impossible difficult set of standards to reach. Which of these descriptions conveys the true picture of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme?

Over the past year at Trinity we have probably experienced all of the above points of view. As is now fairly well known, to tackle the Scheme a boy must take part in each of four sections: Public Service, Expedition, Pursuit and Physical Fitness. He can attempt this at one of three levels of difficulty Bronze, Silver or Gold — depending on his age. Under the Public Service heading, voluntary lecturers from the Fire Service came regularly to Melbourne Street to instruct in practical and theoretical First Aid. Of the 17 boys who started the classes, 11 stayed the course to sit the short exam in March. However, at the end of the session we were still awaiting the results—one of the many frustrations.

Almost 20 boys have now spent a weekend camping at the old Moka Estate house, where they learnt how to use a compass, tried to construct bamboo shelters in the bush, attempted to cook their own evening meal, and then prepared for a night's rest on a hard, cold, stone floor. They have also, by their inane chatter through the small hours, been treated to the sight of a bleary-eyed, pyjama-clad Mr. Thompson threatening to send them all home, and have then experienced the latter's revenge as he led them the next day on a 15 mile hike in the Northern Range, involving over

4,000 ft. of ascent. But most will agree in retrospect that it was well worth it, if only to belong to elite body of Trinity pupils who have climbed Paramin village, have bathed exhausted limbs in remote Saut d'Eau bay, or who can recognise a four-legged Maraval taxi at sight. As a result of this training in campcraft and hiking, 12 boys have later carried out successful expeditions at Br level.

The Pursuits Section has led to an interesting variety of hobbies being taken. The list last year included Radio Construction, Table Tennis, Judo, Reading, Chess, Numismatics and Rabbit Keeping. The success of this part of the Scheme depends partly on the enthusiasm shown by the boys, partly on the help and advice given by the appropriate 'adult assessor'. Thanks are due to the members of staff who were prepared to devote some time and thought to encouraging the boys in their various pursuits. One of the disappointments here was that Sailing could not be included in our list, due mainly to lack of facilities and interest. From the writer's point of view, the Physical Fitness section was perhaps the most interesting. In spite of an almost complete lack of athletics equipment and facilities, we tackled a new set of Fitness tests, the first group in Trinity to do so. Success was limited (!) but with proper training in athletics this session many boys should be able to reach the required standards.

To sum up, a challenge has been thrown out to Prince Philip to the young people of Britain and the British Commonwealth. It is a challenge to measure oneself against certain standards of attainment in leisure activities. The challenge is not a difficult one; but neither is it easy. Enthusiasm, persistence, and a genuine interest in what one is doing are the necessary qualities. Does the average Trinity boy possess these? Can he respond to the challenge as his counterparts throughout the world are doing? Well, can you?

A. M. T.  
(Master in Charge)

## SOCIAL CLUB

— : o : —

THE Social Club is open to members of the 5th and 6th forms though most of the boys who attend meetings come from the 4th and 5th forms. A Committee consisting of Fr. Brotherton and boys from each of these forms organizes the activities.

Last year the club met on Friday evening in Melbourne Street from 6.30 until 8.30.



Activities included Table Tennis, Darts, Chess and Cards - The Television set proved popular from about 8.00 p.m. when 'Bonanza' started.

For several weeks club members were 'entertained' by a group of guitarists from the 4th form. Towards the end they were beginning to show real signs of improvement. A film show, put on by the courtesy of the British Information Services—The Cup Final—proved particularly popular.

Members of the Club also enjoyed a visit to the Danish Training Ship and managed to ask some intelligent questions of the Captain and Officers who showed us around. This visit was kindly

organised by Fr. Chalkley of the Missions to Seamen. A definite link has been formed with the Mission through several old boys who go down there to help from time to time.

The Committee are at the moment debating the future of the Club - now the school has moved to Moka. The problem of where and when to hold meetings is largely occupying their minds. It is hoped, however, that some solution will soon be reached and that the Club will continue to function during this coming academic year.

M. B.  
(Chaplin)

## ART

— : o : —

IN the past four years, there has been a great improvement in the standard of art in the College. This was due mainly to the drive and enthusiasm shown by Mr. Norman Harrison, the lower school's geography and art teacher.

It was the latter who initiated the annual art competitions that have been held since 1964, as well as a weekly display of some of the works of our junior artists.

The first art competition was held in 1964 and the numerous entries judged by M. P. Alladin himself. This competition was won by David Darbeau in the senior class, and Patrick Johnstone in the juniors. So successful was it that it was repeated the following year, and the talented young Patrick Johnstone this time copped the senior prize with Gordon Wong as top junior artist. The competition, becoming an annual event was repeated last year, and greeted with as

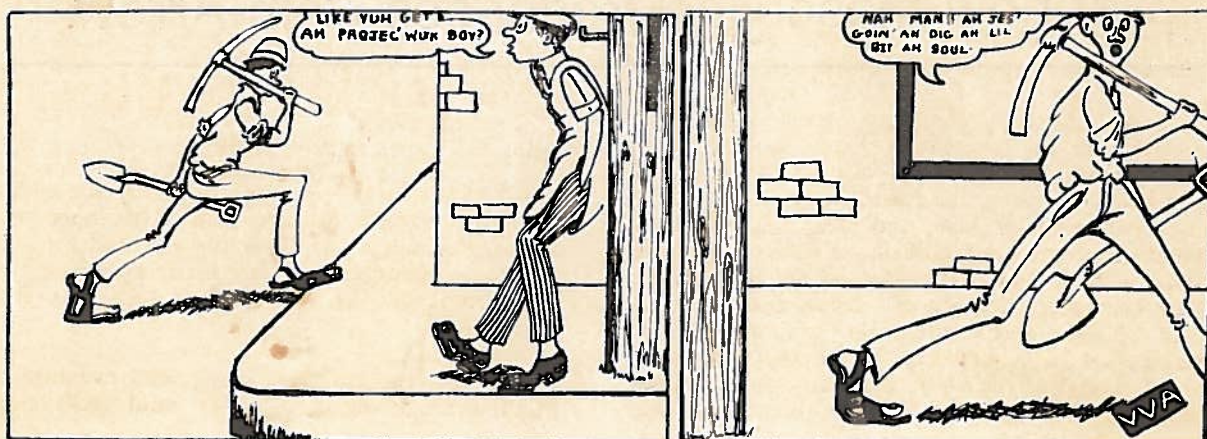
much gusto and enthusiasm as usual. This year, a newcomer—Lee Johnson won in the senior division with Bernard Nixon as the junior prize winner.

The college at Melbourne Street also saw the first ever art exhibition held by the 6th form, which was open for the rest of the school. This exhibition initiated by ex-sixth form master Mr. Phillip Yearwood, saw as well as his own work, exhibited by the budding artists—Colin Lee, Charles Applewhaite, K. O. N. Francis and paintings by Lee Johnson and one by O. Hooke.

This sixth form exhibition was repeated last year at the annual Moka luncheon, where, added to exhibits of the already mentioned students were those of Richard Stoddart, an old boy who has also exhibited elsewhere since leaving Trinity.

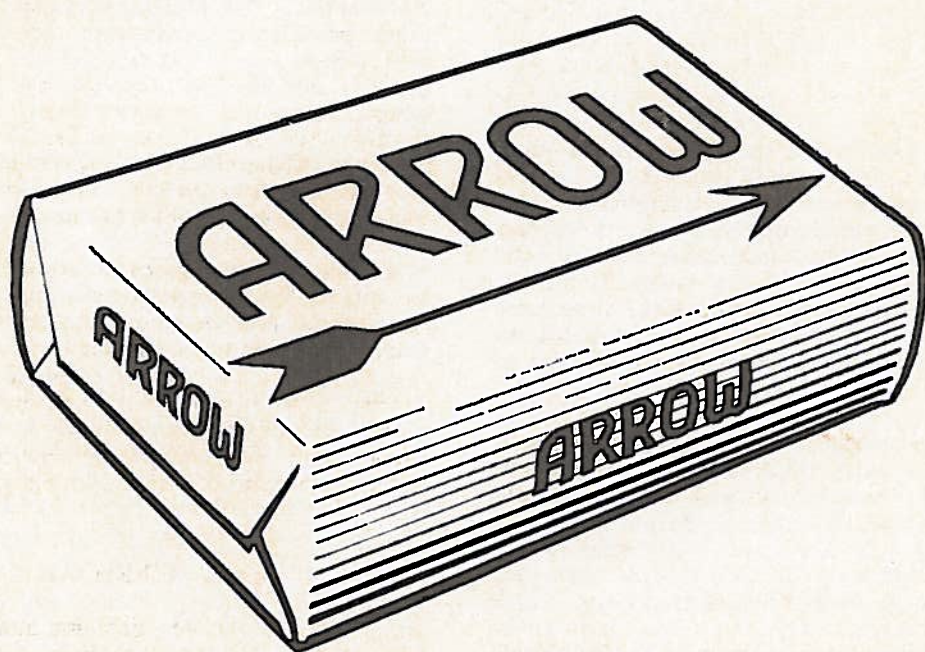
This year, unfortunately, Mr. Harrison is no longer with us, but we hope that the exuberance of the young artists, which was demonstrated on previous years, remains undiminished.

Lee Johnson.





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# PIONEERS

—:o:—

## MISS OGLE

MISS CHARLENE OGLE has been a teacher at Trinity College for the past eight years—as a matter of fact she was one of the first tutors of the College. She attended the University of the West Indies in Jamaica, where she obtained her B.A. in English, History and Latin; she however, specialises in English.

According to Miss Ogle, she had no ambition concerning teaching as a career. She wanted to become an administrative cadet in the Federal Government but the opportunity to teach came along so she took it. From her experience, she concluded that women teaching in a Boys' School, had the advantage over men, in that the Junior pupils thought of them with a motherly respect.

But what about Miss Ogle herself? Well, to begin with she is no different from any other woman in that she loves to buy things. She loves to travel and has done so extensively. London, she says, was the place she enjoyed visiting most. Miss Ogle has an extensive sportive interest and while at the University she participated in such sports as; Volley Ball, Hockey and Net Ball.

Miss Ogle intends to leave Trinidad eventually but not immediately. Her dream is to become the secretary of a travelling somebody. Any rumours of a vacancy?

## MR. SPICER

ONE of the roots of our teaching staff is Mr. Hugh Spicer. Mr. Spicer, an ex-pupil of Queen's Royal College, has been teaching for the past twelve years; the first two of which he spent in Jamaica; the following year at what is now Presentation College, Chaguanas; and the remaining nine with us here at Trinity.

Mr. Spicer obtained his degree in English, Spanish and French and his diploma of Education at the University of the West Indies in Jamaica. At Trinity he specialises in English. The standard of English at Trinity is comparatively good, says Mr. Spicer, but insufficient reading and the influence of colloquial English hampers its progress.

Though previously active in sports such as cricket and football, Mr. Spicer prefers (at his age) to play the part of a spectator. Reading is his most

cherished form of entertainment, and though not a "cinema bug" as Trinidadians say, he enjoys an occasional, well-rated film.

Plans for the future? Well, Mr. Spicer a stable husband and father of four, intends to continue in the educational field unless something intervenes to turn the tide of his life.

## MR. HAMMOND

MANY of us may remember Mr. Alec Hammond, another of our college's pioneers. Though no longer with us at Trinity, many boys still have "sore" evidence of his time as master in charge of discipline. Mr. Hammond came to Trinity in 1958, specialised in Geography and Maths. He left in 1964.

Mr. Hammond, now a teacher at a girls' grammar school in Stoke-on-Trent, England, is the Head of the Geology Department there. He says that teaching girls is rather different from teaching Trinidadian boys, but he enjoys his work.

In spite of the ostensible formidability of his reputation, Mr. Hammond is a man with a very pleasant and fascinating personality. Our former teacher has extended an invitation to any members of staff and pupils visiting England, to spend a few days at his commodious house in Stoke. There is one inevitable condition, however, the intended visitor must be accompanied by a bottle (or preferably a cask) of our Trinidadian Rum.

## MR. WEBBORN

THE name Mr. David Webborn and the subject Spanish have become correlatives over the years at Trinity College. The six years Mr. Webborn spent with us, from 1960-66, was a period which will never fade into oblivion in the school boys' mind.

Mr. Webborn taught us Spanish and French—the subjects in which he had achieved the degrees B.A., M.A., at Manchester University. He triumphantly obtained his Diploma of Education at the University of Wales and a further diploma at the University of Salamanca, Spain. Mr. Webborn is also remembered as the persevering captain of our unsuccessful (to say the least) staff football team, and as one of the college's sports masters.

Mr. Webborn, his wife and two children are now in England, where he is a lecturer in Spanish at the Manchester College of Commerce—"a College of Further Education". Previous to this, he taught







Spanish at the Stroud Girls; High School. Teachers come and teachers go, but teachers like Mr. David Webborn will always be rated among the immortals in the pupil's life.

Rawle Gibbons



GIDEON CLEMENT

ANOTHER of our original complement, Gideon, or 'Flacci' as he was more familiarly known among the boys, was the best all-rounder that Trinity College has produced. His love for sports, is unmatched in the annals of the schools history. He played on both our first XIs, cricket and football, and represented his house, Gordon, in table-tennis as well. But it is on the tennis-court that he has really distinguished himself.

He showed promise early, and was a "regular" on the tennis team until he left us in 1964. He has also represented North Trinidad; the Public Courts; and Trinidad's Junior tennis players; and was a member of one of the Brandon Trophy teams—the first boy in the school to represent Trinidad.

Never disregarding his responsibility as a "senior", his services to the other players of our teams will never be forgotten. His enthusiasm for other extra-curricula activities was invaluable, for he was an organizer with drive. Though now employed by Gordon Grant & Co., he still looks in on the college from time to time, and his loyalty is such that we know that success will be his.

JOHN CHANG

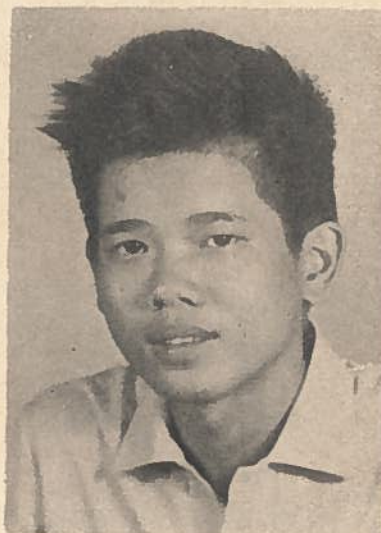
FEW remember Trinity College's early years. Fewer still can count themselves among the original hundred and fifty boys who called the Melbourne

Street building "school" in January 1958, when the Junior School, (three classes strong), and the Senior School, (two), were housed in the same building.

John Chang was one of the originals—the first batch. He was one of the boys who built the personality of Trinity College, in those early days, and watched it grow from the sapling it was into the ten year old tree it is today.

John, meanwhile, continued to score many personal firsts in the school's history. One of the first seniors in the school, he and others — John Richards, for example — helped establish the prefect system that has stood us in good stead at Melbourne Street. He was also one of the three boys to gain a Grade one School Certificate in 1962, the first year that Trinity's candidates sat an external examination. One of our original sixth formers, he went on to become our first headboy in 1965.

An avid sportsman, he has represented the school in the fields of chess and lawn tennis, while he played football and table tennis for his house—Gordon.



He passed his advanced level in 1965 and works with I.B.M., Trinidad, who gave him a scholarship. He will always be remembered for the yeoman service he did and has our best wishes for the future.

Charles Applewhaite









ADRIAN CHATFIELD

THOUGH born in Trinidad in 1949, Adrian Chatfield's travels have taken him to Brazil and Great Britain, so that when he returned to his "native" Trinidad in March 1964, he was hardly recognised as such by his other classmates. In addition, as that first term wore on, we realised that he was an academic force to be reckoned with. Indeed he topped the class in that term and continued to do so forever after.

In those early days he was a quiet boy and must have found it difficult to penetrate the rather cliqueish intra form barrier. One of our members however, Everard Barton, took him under his wing, and they have stayed fast friends ever since

By the time we entered the fifth form, he had become one of us. True enough, he needed to be taught how to speak the language (not English but Trinidadianese) and be introduced to one or two extra-curricula activities. We therefore interested him in the game of chess and he soon became a good player. Indeed he remained one of the leading lights in the chess club and was a member of the school's chess team.

Then came exams. He excelled, as we expected him to, and gained the second highest ordinary level results in the island, being runner-up to Kester Branford, of Q.R.C., for the Jerningham Silver Medal.

In the sixth form, he joined the editorial staff of our newspaper "Opinion", and continued to play chess and top the class in his own group (languages) as well as in the overall results. His sixth form life seemed to be over before it had properly begun, and he breezed modestly through his "A" levels.

Our shock was so mild as to be almost non-existent when we learnt that he had earned straight A's in his subjects and a General Paper distinction.

Speculation as to whether he would get a scholarship and perhaps the Gold Medal ran high. Although he did not get the latter he did earn the former and has won for Trinity College its first National Scholarship. He has set a high standard for us to emulate, and we wish him good luck and God's speed for the future.

Charles Applewhaite

## "THE FIRST SIXTH"

As pioneers throughout the college's history, we were used to hardships and so we accepted with good cheer the handicaps that faced us. The college grew into itself and it was into one of these growths, on a level with the ground and enclosed on three sides, that we moved, all twelve of us. I suppose we presented a bunch of anxious pupils as we awaited the results of the ordinary level examination not daring to delve too deeply into our studies should we have failed and suffer a loss of pride in being relegated.

We realised that a tough road lay ahead of us, and this became more apparent when our results were published. For those of us who had not justified ourselves in the exam, it meant a challenge to prove that a great difference lay in the approach to both examinations. We had to succeed.

The time in which we had to prepare for the exam was substantially reduced because of the changeover from the old grading system to the present one. We had a limited time in which to succeed but I think we were all prepared to try. Besides, we were ably taught by some very good teachers.

In the meantime, we brought out a college newspaper under Lidgiesue Oliver as editor. I believe that this was about the only time that the Arts and Sciences met on any common ground. It was a brave attempt but, faced with too severe censorship and lack of support, the paper folded. I remembered well the time when rightly (in retrospect) we had to ink out of the paper comments relating to an incident concerning the suspension of a pupil and another when we were collectively attacked by Mr. Lee for a critical article by Imran Hallim. This was a pity because the mistrust we had of authority thereafter stifled any desires to set up any committees that might have supported a stand for the formation of a debating society or even a dramatic circle.

The time had come when we would have to prove our worth. The masters were all very encouraging and it was at this last stage that we caught a glimpse





COLLEGE PREFECTS 1964-65.  
Standing—L. Ambrose, M. Callender, J. R. Chin.



of what University Life must be like. We had people come in to talk informatively to us and enjoyed a measure of freedom which we sometimes abused. As an Arts student I can only speak for the masters, with whom we came in contact and among them I remember fondly Mr. Webborn for his boyish antics, Mr. Bramwell—a very broad-minded chap, regular and with a great sense of humor. (His dress was sometimes the butt of clever heckling by Mr. Belfast and Co. Mr. Bramwell was always very tolerant but sometimes he put his foot down. Oh yes, I remember it was the colour of his socks, mustard, which caused a stir), and Mr. Spicer with his method that was as straight as a line. Mr. Sealey, our Latin teacher, tried so hard to make us realise the little we knew and the fact that we did not seem to mind. Mr. Yearwood talked a lot of hot air although we found him amicable.

Despite the fact that we suffered because of disadvantages—we did not have a proper reference library—I think, barring a few exceptions, that we acquitted ourselves reasonably well. By the time we learnt of our results we had all parted our ways. We were proud to have been the first to have taken the Advanced level examinations. Although it is now nearly four years since that time, some of us would like to still further our studies. Once you have been exposed to it, you become hungry for knowledge. This is the greatness and the tragedy of the sixth form.

Richard Stodart  
*Old Boy.*

## THE LAST PHASE

My last phase at Trinity College is now more than a year behind me. It was in June 1966 that I bowed gracefully to the inevitable and strode out of the school yard full of hope, having completed my final day as a student of the college. Many Memories of the 'last phase' however, are still in my mind.

What I left at Trinity was a firm structure of discipline, respect and loyalty built solidly around the paternal figure of the principal, Mr. Helps. To a group eager for independence this structure often seemed too imposing and oppressive. As sixth formers we were weary of the monotone of disciplined academic life, and were anxious to shrug off its burden. But in spite of occasional 'rebellion' and innumerable classroom complaints of 'dictatorship' we all really recognized the need for control from above. Then we were fortunate enough in that most of the masters were understanding. Mr. Webborn, the Spanish master, seemed particularly gifted in enduring the endless

denunciations of the 'powers that be'. On the whole there was an atmosphere of tolerance and friendliness which made the final, most restless years not just bearable but in fact enjoyable. The longing for life outside the school walls was there of course—after all many of our former classmates were now working, having a 'goodtime', no books to 'beat', no exams to worry about. But there were also those who were not doing so well. Employment is difficult to obtain in Trinidad. Some bosses demand too much. We also had to think about what our 'A' level results would be like. So much depended on them as most of us were hoping to enter University. These little doubts clouded the anticipation of school-leaving. Beyond Trinity there was so much uncertainty. At least in the grey and white we had the security of the familiar. Nevertheless the time for a change had come and in spite of apprehensions it was welcome.

In the 'last phase' we all did some looking back and I prefer to remember the many incidents that bring pleasure, satisfaction and often amusement. What I think impressed me most at Trinity was the extreme willingness shown by the Principal and masters to assist the boys in any way possible. Their concern for our academic fates was genuine and admirable. I cannot forget how much of his own time Mr. Yearwood was prepared to sacrifice for the benefit of his English pupils when our examinations were approaching. Mr. Bingham, too, the history master, worried about examinations, probably more than the boys did.

Getting on the right terms with the sixth form in my day, was, I admit, no easy task. Master-pupil relationship in the last stage of school-life had grown closer and yet somehow more volatile. Authority had to be imposed with tact. Mr. Webborn managed to perfect the necessary formula—reason and humour. He understood the unwritten tune. In the sixth form, boys do not like to be pushed around. Sometimes a new master would come and he would not understand. The only difference he would see between the sixth form and a first form was that one was a set of big miserable boys, the other a bunch of miserable little boys. Faced with resentment he would eventually realize the futility of coercion. There were times though when we capitulated. In Mr. Spicer's periods, he commanded a natural respect which was not dependent on resorts to the detention sheet. The anti-authority campaign whose verbal champion was Geoffrey Clark lost much of its eloquence when Mr. Spicer confronted the class. Even Garth Thomas managed to suppress his prankish nature. On the whole we were a rather subdued bunch of 'rebels' as we listened to the virtues of Jane Austen and Shakespeare.







All this held for me a sort of pleasant fascination which I was somewhat reluctant to leave. When one spend seven years in an institution it almost becomes a part of one. I had grown accustomed to my companions at Trinity. Heterogenous a group as the sixth form was, the years had taught us to live with each other. Wayne Bourne, or Wayne 'X' as he was more commonly called had proven over a rather extended period that he could withstand incessant heckling with truly Islamic fortitude. David Murray was never able to imitate this particular talent of Bourne's. Murray had the misfortune to be the 'junior' of the form and we had almost made his age into a neurosis. Apparently on the outside of it all was Carol Chin, noted for his long walks, detached by his introverted nature rather than the madness attributed to scientists. We were indeed a diverse mixture coming virtually from different worlds. But within the walls of Trinity social barriers were temporarily discarded and to some extent we assumed a common identity. This was partly the product of a single academic objective and the necessity of mutual adaptation imposed on us by circumstances. I would like to think that it was due even more to the natural friendliness of the

boys and their recognition of what was superficial in the society beyond the confines of the college. Whatever the bonds that had kept us together I knew they would be dissipated on the day of parting and we all had to be prepared to face a less accommodating world.

As we bunched around the yard on what was for some of us the last day at Trinity, I doubt anyone could have thought seriously about his future. Hyperbolic expressions of grief, contrasting sharply with the smiling faces were the order of the day. "If you have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now". Shakespeare was quoted to add to the mock sadness of departure. The mood was one of anticipation if not exuberance. With examinations only a week away there could hardly be relief. We were devoted to Trinity all right but too young to dread the challenge of a dubious future. After all we were fond of talking about our 'democratic rights'. Now we were being turned loose to prove that we had the responsibility to exercise them.

Dave Darbeau—*Old Boy*

## The World Beyond The Walls

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"...and when I became a man I put away all childish things". Quoting a phrase like this to the average college boy in the fifth or sixth form, will not enhance your popularity. In fact it might only serve in most cases to make you the object of the fury of his indignation. "I am a man. I know more than most men. I am even more mature than some I can think of", he would reply if your implication had not made him think you unworthy of an answer. A few of the fast livers might even be able to give you details in every realm of life to prove to you that they are more than prepared to enter the world as a full-fledged homo-sapiens.

Perhaps the truth is to be found somewhere in both your quotations and his counter claims.

Never mind, tomorrow is the last day of his last term at Trinity. Results will be out in a few short weeks after. Whether he fails or is successful his course has already been charted—his circumstances demand that he must begin to earn a living.

Time passes, the college boy has left the familiar walls, he is now on his own, there is no turning back. Suddenly the argument of a few short weeks is no longer one for an intellectual banter of words. Today it is reality.

Today he isn't so cocky and confident as he made you believe weeks ago. Life beyond the walls, he admits, will be something different from that which he had been used to before. He is aware that he is about to enter stage three in the seven stages. Funny, he wasn't so acutely aware of the change from one to two. Perhaps this will be as natural. Even now, although he can perceive that a change is coming, it is still within the realm of the mind rather than factual experience. From this moment on, the violent metamorphosis begins. If these years of schooling have really prepared him, he will make the grade and take his place as a man and a citizen.

Will he make it? What he has learned must now be tested against practice and usage. Some ideas he eventually discards, as he awakens to a world of reality-survival being the keynote.

In a country with widespread unemployment, his job perhaps does not come as easily and quickly as he imagined. Gradually his eyes open. He is now able to distinguish between propaganda and fact. The eyes and mind register events at first with the same indignation with which he greeted your quotation an eternity ago, then with bitter-



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ness, resignation and finally with acceptance and knowledge. The metamorphosis has been completed.

This change has not been easy. It has been welded by bewilderment. Like the time he applied for that job in Smith's and failed to get it when he knew he had better qualifications than the other applicants; like the time when that boss had offered him a job working under one of his ex-school buddies, noted for the laborious and painfully slow manner in which his thinking apparatus worked, for about one-eighth of the salary this old buddy was getting; in disgust and shame like when he had said to that man, "Look, I will take almost any job you can offer. I just want a chance to work."

He had travelled the whole gamut, it had been necessary to accommodate changes in thinking and outlook on several issues and approaches to life.

Changes have been necessary for those seeking to adapt themselves to existence in a far from perfect society. To some the disillusionment is shattering. Despite this, however, it is possible for one to identify a past Trinity student anywhere. The metamorphosis has only affected minor details. There remains in every one an indefinable quality, perhaps found in the school's motto, perhaps ingrained by the teachers—it is the stamp of Trinity. It remains despite environment and circumstance.

L. Oliver—*Old Boy*.



## OLD BOYS' REPORT

—:o:—

INEVITABLY, one becomes an "old boy" and so loses contact with the friends that were made in school. Then one day, loaded with the responsibilities of adulthood and in a hurry to get home from the office, you come across one of your former school pals. There is a hearty but somewhat hollow greeting. Hollow because you suddenly realise that you do not have the faintest idea or sometimes interest, in what he is doing at the moment. It is hearty because you remember that he was once your best friend. When you get home and you remember the meeting you are suddenly aroused and begin to wonder about him. This report is to help satisfy your curiosity.

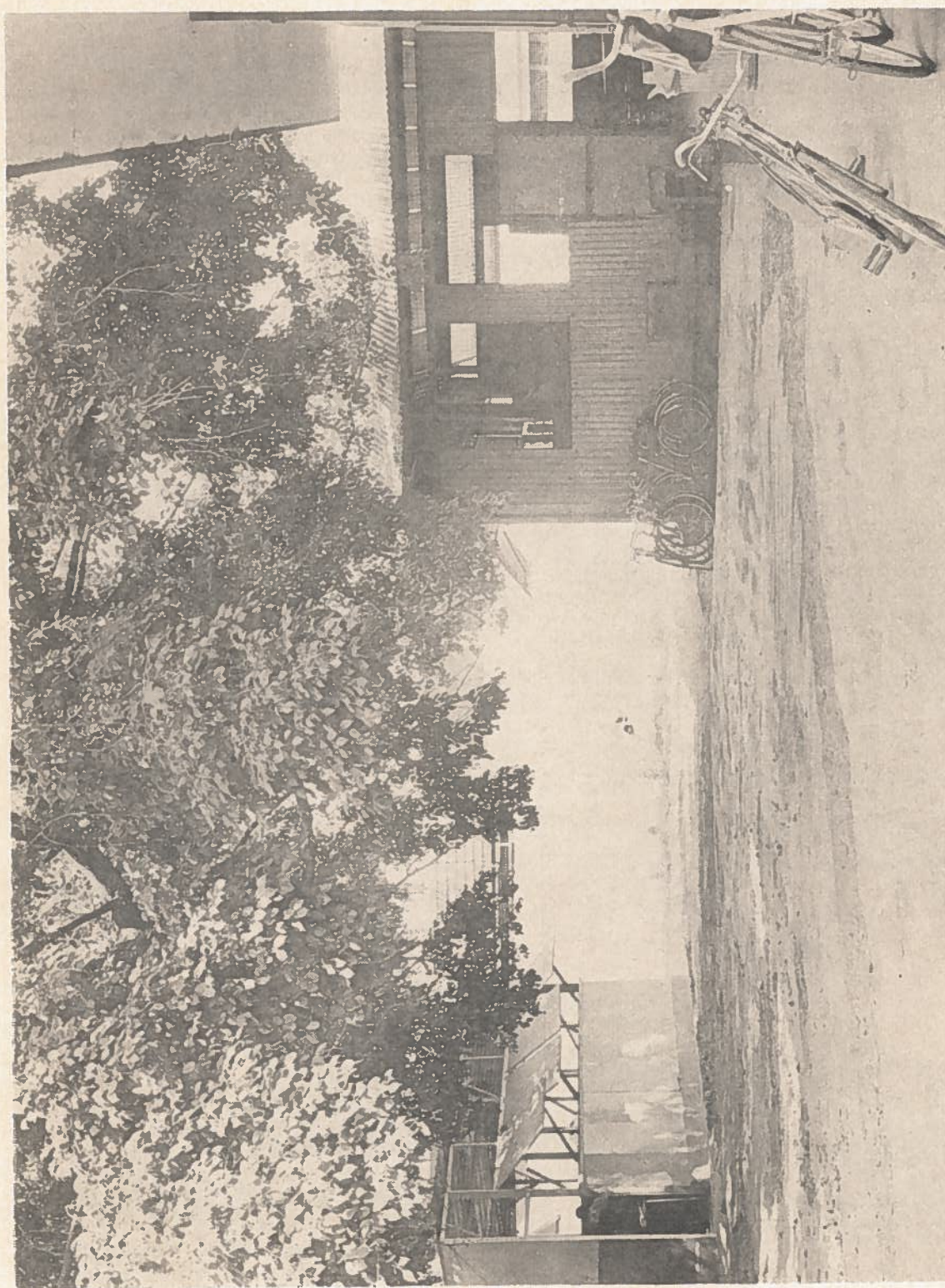
The first person who comes to my mind is Richard Stodart. He was one of the first sixth formers and a prolific artist. He revelled in the romantic style but now has a marked tendency to the abstract. Many of the paintings seen at one of our college functions were the works of Stodart. He is employed at Barclays Bank on Park Street. Also at Barclays in Park Street is the irrepressible and likeable I. G. Gomez. One remembers "I. G." as being a prominent member of the 1st XI both in cricket and football.

Remember Alvor Browne? He went to the U.S. soon after leaving school and is now in the U.S. Army.

Many old boys are in the government services. Garth Thomas is with The Public Service Commission. L. Oliver is at the John Donaldson Institute, Allie Nurse is working in the Ministry of Finance and is the arranger of the Blue Orchids Combo. Robert Bailey also has a combo. He leads the Group Solo, one of the leading combos in the island. "Lucretius Bartonius" Barton is employed at the Industrial Court. Following in the footsteps the teachers at this college are Demas and Seedarnee. Demas teaches at Richmond Street E.C. School while Seedarnee is the Senior Maths. Master at St. Charles Girls' High School in Tunapuna.

Many of our past sportsmen are carving a niche for themselves in various clubs. Lloyd Gerald plays football with Paragon. "Sackie" Morgan plays football for Colts. Edgar Garraway, one-time 1st XI Captain now plays for Essex and has represented the Northern Amateur Football League, while Michael Maxima, now a member of The Dookie School of Athletics, continues to make a name for himself.







Universities have claimed a number of our old boys. At the University of the West Indies in St. Augustine there are Anthony Rocke, a third year student, Bruce Seale and "Pointy" Cumberbatch, both second year students and Carol Chin, a first year student. They are all studying Chemical Engineering. In the Arts and Social Science Department we are represented by Dave Darbeau and Dave Murray, a first year student who has just received a U.W.I. Scholarship.

At the University of the West Indies in Mona, Jamaica, we have Franklyn La Hee, Anthony Maharaj and Winston Gormandy, all studying Medicine.

In the United States the Fajgenbaum brothers, Paul and David, are at Tulane University studying Chemistry which will be followed by Medicine. At Yale we have Raymond Da Silva while "Fat-Head" Bourne is at McGill in Canada.

Finally, further afield is Kenrick Francis who was recently awarded a one-year scholarship by the French Embassy to study at Caen University in France. After obtaining his Diploma he hopes to transfer to Leeds University, England, where he plans to study for the priesthood. Francis and Adrian Chatfield—our National Scholarship winner—will be the first of our boys to enter this profession. As an Anglican School we look forward to their success with much eagerness.

J. Garnette  
*Upper Sixth*

## THERE AND HERE

—:o:—

TRINITY COLLEGE was opened in 1958 at Melbourne Street and from the very beginning the boys were told of plans to lease land and build a really good Anglican College. The land was obtained, the new buildings designed and a determined organisation of parents (and other interested people) set out, under the chairmanship of Mr. Ken Galt, to raise the necessary money. This was slow in coming and in 1962 Trinity entered its first boys for the School Certificate Examinations: some went into the sixth form and many left the school and the vision of Moka to become our first old boys.

Meanwhile Trinity College stayed at Melbourne Street. As time passed the College grew rapidly larger. Firstly, until Trinity candidates sat the Higher School Certificate Examinations for the first time, the number of forms in the college was increasing annually and secondly, as Trinity's

reputation grew so the number of boys entering the College each year increased. Because of this growth more and more classrooms were built, each new batch reducing the size of the playground further and being hotter and more uncomfortable than the last. Trinity quickly outgrew its hall and eventually it became a daily crush even to fit the college into the hall and the adjacent room 1 together. Thus, year by year, the college became an increasingly difficult place to work in.

Despite these discomforts the College thrived. Examination results improved, with Seale winning Trinity's first House Scholarship in 1963 and Chatfield winning our first Island Scholarship in 1967. As new staff came, so new activities flourished in the school, most notably the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme. Despite the distant playing fields, Trinity's position in intercollegial sport also improved. In 1964 the Junior Tennis team won the Inter-College Junior Championship and the college team won the Port-of-Spain Jubilee Inter-School Competition. More recently boys from Trinity have done well in tennis tournaments in Suriname, Barbados and Venezuela. In 1963 the Colts Cricket XI won the Inter Port-of-Spain Inter-College 'B' Division. The College has also been successful in chess, winning the Senior Individual Chess Championship in 1962 and 1963 and the Junior Individual Chess Championship in 1964.

There was always talk of Moka among the boys. Usually it took the form of jokes equating the date of the completion of the new buildings to Doomsday, but occasionally rumours that the move to Moka was imminent would sweep through the school. These were nothing more than rumours and there was never any official statement to back them up but they did indicate the wish of the boys to be at Moka. During the Whitsun term of 1967 there came a rumour with a difference: many people were being named as having said that the college would definitely move to Moka in September. As the term wore on it became plain that rumour was fact, and by the time the last assembly of the term was held the boys already knew a good deal about the intended schedule of the move.

On the 25th August a circular letter was sent to parents giving them the details of the Canteen at Moka and of the bus services that were going to be run. During the last week in August the school furniture and the office equipment were moved with the assistance of some of the boys. On the 1st September the College Office officially opened at Moka. On the 4th September a letter was sent to parents saying that, due to delay in the building of the three upper rooms, they would not be ready by the 11th and so the first, second and third forms would not be moving till the 25th.



There were no further delays and the senior boys duly moved to Moka on the 11th September. At first things were somewhat disorganised with a tremendous noise from the machines being used to complete the last three classrooms, an erratic bus service, boys not knowing where their rooms were, wild rumours circulating about what would happen in games period until the playing fields were completed and so on. But by the time the junior boys arrived on the 25th September the College was functioning more smoothly.

The playing fields are still being graded, the bus service still leaves something to be desired and the laboratory equipment has not yet been installed. But Trinity College has moved to Moka, which, as has always been said, is cool, spacious and comfortable and we can see that ultimately all difficulties will be overcome and we shall be pupils of the almost ideal school that so many people have worked so hard to create.

G. S. Wattley  
*Upper Sixth.*

*What sound is made when a steam-roller runs over a bee? — B-flat.*

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## UPPER SIXTH FORM

SEPTEMBER, 1967

— : o : —

**Charles E. Applewhaite**, currently one of the best chess players in the school, this tall, dark, not-as-handsome-as-he-would-wish boy has been described as a dandy.

**Herman B. Creque**, this substantial lad fascinates all the girls by the combination of his name and his rotund eyes.

**Jerome H. Garnette**, co-author of this article, got the best results in the 1966 'O' Level exams and has prophesied that he will be the only science student to sit the 'A' Levels next year, all the others being mad or dead.

**Richard A. K. Inniss**, co-winner of the 1966 'O' Level science prize, is a keen Duke of Edinburgh Scheme member.

**Lee S. B. Johnson**, a shining light in history and a talented artist. This boy suffers from a rapidly receding hairline.

**Ronald L. A. Lake**, captain of first XI cricket and football is the possessor of a charming smile and an even more charming pair of sunshades.

**E. Michael Phillips**, otherwise known as Philo and Angel-Face. This boy can shout down anybody but claims, laughing weirdly the while, not to be able to speak loudly.

**Victor D. Questel**, librarian, and conscientious bookbeater, was the brilliant, extrovertive percussionist in the late sixth form band.

**Peter W. Stevens**, gorky, tall, angular and the only Maths specialist in the sixth form at present, recently became the proud possessor of a 49cc Honda.

**Shurland P. Taylor**, 'lively' is reputed to react to Pepsi as most people do to Benzedrine but when not under its influence he is one of the most conscientious bookbeaters in the sixth form at present.

**G. Stephen Wattley**, co-author of this article is the baby of the upper sixth and one of its leading manufacturers of wit substitute.

G. S. Wattley—*Upper 6th.*  
J. H. Garnette—*Upper 6th*



# LAST UPPER 6th OF MELBOURNE ST.

Drawings by COLIN LEE (Upper 6th)



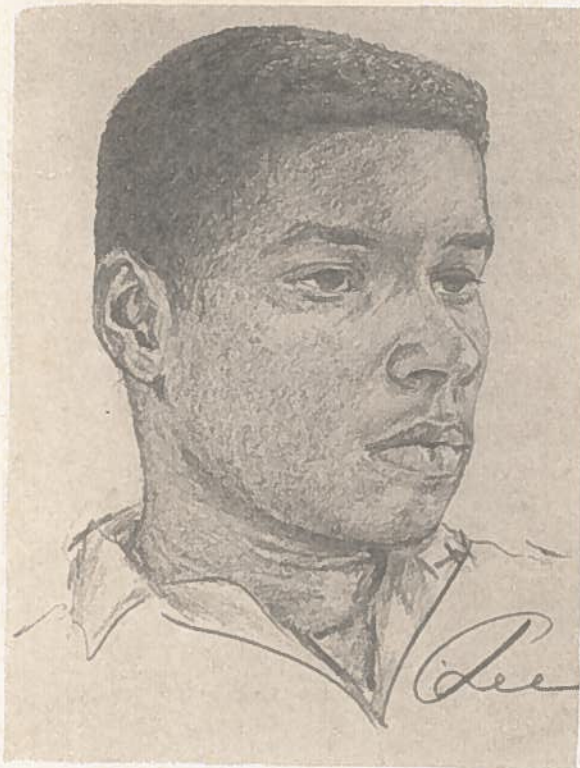
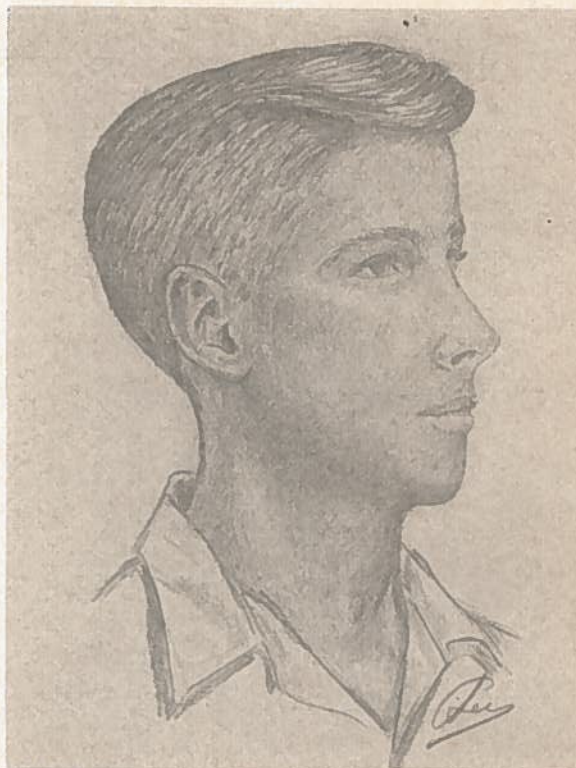
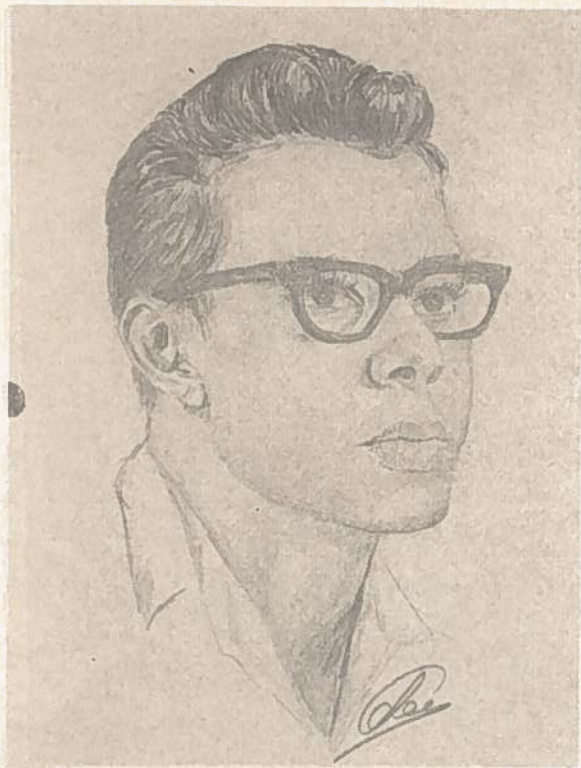
(Top Left to Bottom Right—Russel Learmond (Head Boy); Michael Chang (College Prefect); Carol Chin (College Prefect); Ronald Lake (College Prefect).)





(Top Left to Bottom Right)—Richard Peterkin (College Prefect); Geleong Apong;  
Charles Applewhaite; Nat Barton.





(Top Left to Bottom Right)—David Bodden; Adrian Chatfield; Michael Harris;  
Gernot Hirsinger.





(Top Left to Bottom Right)—Owen Hooke; Lee Johnson; David George Murray;  
Allison Nurse.





(Top Left to Bottom Right)—Oswald O'Garro; Peter Stevens; Garth Thomas;  
Colin Lee (the artist).  
[Note: G. Clarke (College Prefect) and D. Nothnagel not shown].



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# The Greatest Sin

(Winner of Creative Writing Competition)

—: o :—

ELLA knew that her daughter was different. She had known it from the time that Laura could play. At first she had just dismissed it as the child having worms, but worm medicine had not cured her. As the child grew older, the difference became more pronounced and Ella had finally grown tired of beating her and had just ignored her odd ways. That she could not predict Laura did not worry her; Ella was simple. All she cared was that the child was fed and clothed, and that she could boast to her neighbours that Laura could draw. She could show Laura's drawings with pride, for they were always detailed and accurate, and no one could deny their simple truth. When Laura sat on the doorstep staring into space she would shout at her and reluctantly the child would get up and go to find the other children.

"Laura eh get enough to eat".

"Yeah, she sick with hunger. She can' play she so hungry."

But Laura could ignore, and enter into the game as if nothing had happened and gradually she earned her acceptance and was subconsciously ignored.

Laura had once pointed excitedly to the sun beams in the water and asked Sissy if you could catch them. Sissy did not answer and Laura was too enraptured to notice the amazed look of helpless mirth that was growing on Sissy's face. Finally Sissy burst out laughing, and the sarcasm had cut across Laura's soul like a whip. It was the only time she had ever run away from laughter, and she hid in the bamboo patch and cried. But she had learnt. She never mentioned what she could see to the other children, and it sometimes amazed her that they could not see too. Slowly at first, and then with a rush she realized that she was different, and she somehow felt inferior. For fear of the laughter like Sissie's, she kept her secret, and any urge to share it was drowned by the memory of the sun beams.

As Ella watched Laura cross the road on her way to school she wondered vaguely if she loved the child, and for the first time felt her lack of communication with her. She dismissed the thoughts from her mind with a "wilfull little bitch" and continued with her housework. She was not to know that Laura drew in school, because Laura never talked with her, and she never tried to talk to Laura.

Miss Woods took a green bottle out of her bag and set it in on the desk in front of the class. "I want you children to draw the bottle and colour it", and the class set to work. Laura was bored. This was beneath her capabilities. She glanced up at the bottle just as a shaft of sunlight streamed across the desk, and a wonderful glory shocked through her. The bottle was no longer a green bottle, but had been transformed into an opal jewel, wonderfully pure and deep. The soul could sink in and drown. She allowed the bottle to fill her, surround her and overwhelm her. She felt supported in a green fluid, cool and pleasant, that left one free. The green liquid sparkled and flashed above her head, like the surface of a great green sea. As soon as she sank in, she knew that she must draw it, and knew the drawing before she had touched the pencil.

"Laura! what you think this is! I tell you to draw a bottle and this is what you do! Come here child!"

"But Miss Woods I draw what I see!" Laura shot out the secret of her soul; the sickening realization left her naked. She felt the whip of Miss Woods tongue lash once more across her exposed inner self.

"This is what you see! Tell me, this is what you see? Well I go teach you what to see!" Whack whack, whack, the blows cut across her body, lacerating her soul, leaving it pulpy and bleeding; exposing it so the whole world could see. Her spirit cried out for release, for a salve to cool the burns and comfort the weals. It seized a straw, and as the tears fell, she swore to herself that she would never draw again.

As Miss Woods walked home that evening she murmured with satisfaction, "Lying little bitch, she eh go lie to me again though."

A smile spread across her hardened face, and she thought with pleasure of the punishment she had inflicted. "She go never lie again though, she go never lie again!" She said it with confidence, and the certainty made her grin.

Owen Hooke  
(Upper Sixth).

---

Batman: "Well before using Super Shell ah used to have a li'l buckin' at times—but now, ah mean to say, everythin run so smooth—" Robin: Holy tamed bronco!"



# To Err is Human; To Forgive is Divine

—:o:—

"Do not feel too badly about it," Eric consoled Charles, "he insulted you and you hit him. I mean, that's what anyone would have done in your circumstance. Did he really expect you to take insult defenselessly?"

"I know, but—"

"No 'buts'! Listen, I'm telling you that your retaliation was justified."

As I listened to this rather intriguing dialogue of two of my classmates, I could not help but wonder at Eric's advice. One might ask what was so unusual about that conversation. Nothing was, and that's just the point. We congratulate Pope on his philosophical saying "to err is human, to forgive divine" and yet whenever we are placed in the situation demanding the observance of this advice, we disregard it. Had Charles not retaliated, Eric might have called him a fool, and that is what forgiveness is mistaken for today—folly. It's one of a series of synonymous terms—folly, stupidity, debility and forgiveness.

Today, a man makes a mistake - he did something he should not have done or did not do something he should have done—and we pounce upon him. He has hurt our 'pride'; he should not have. He has vitiated our sacred beliefs; he should not have. Maybe he should not have done these things, but we are even worse than he when we become vindictive. We pray to God to "forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them who trespass against us." We pray thus at least once a day and then we go out and act contrary to our recent supplication. We pray for equity, just equity, and then we have to solicit mercy, because if God were equitable alone we would be damned. Were we to realise the divinity of forgiveness, the very profound significance of the act, as quickly as we realised that John Brown was wrong in stealing our pen, we would be much better people than we are at present.

I am a human as you are and as practical as you can ever be. Yes, you find it difficult (I would not say impossible) to forgive him who has destroyed your personal pride. So do I. But great things are never easy. Their grandeur depends upon their difficulty. To forgive is divine. Divine! Mark that analogy. You a specimen of debility, fallibility, peccability would be acting as God

would when you forgive. God in his omnipotence, infallibility and spotless impeccability. To act like your Father all you have got to say is "I'll let it pass, but try and do not let it happen again."

Yes, do not let it happen again. You may not always be the one who has to forgive. If you have erred and are forgiven, it is incumbent upon you that that particular error does not happen again. That is your obligation as the errant. When asked how many times we should forgive others, Christ said, "Not seven times, but seven times seventy times," signifying that the number of times should not be limited. But we should nevertheless, make it clear that if we were truly penitent, we would not let it happen again.

Let us try not to be hypocrites. Forgiveness and resolution (for good, that is) should come from the heart. If you are the errant, then resolve that your error would not be repeated; if you are the victim of the errant forgive whole-heartedly. The barrier between folly and forgiveness is very thin, but it does exist. Whether you be errant or victim when the occasion arises, ask yourself "What would Christ have done in my instance?"

Rawle Gibbons  
(5B)

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# The Coastal Churchyard

—:o:—

It was noon, and all the village lay in a deep slumber under shady palms. Beneath old houses, in boats and on beds they sleep; the fishermen, their wives, the vendors, the children and the chickens. The sun made the sand unbearable to walk on. Only the wind and the sea were to be heard. Only the sounds that had been there for hundreds of years already remained.

In the churchyard, the same monotonous beating of surf filled the air. The strong breeze rustled through the palms, carrying a dense spray over the hard, overgrown, graves. The salt crept in, caking all the cracks of the few grave-stones that were left. Fast moving spots of sunlight danced over the ground, filtered in through the rustling leaves.

The entrance to the churchyard was an old gate. Years of weathering had corroded it, and one of its large iron doors lay rusting in the weeds. The other hung limply by one hinge, sustained by a massive concrete pillar. Many a vine had already tried to cover the pillar, but had only managed to reach the top, before drying up. Now the column was entangled in a dry, grey, mass of dead vines.

Elsewhere, vegetation had been more fortunate. The sandy path beyond the broken portal was overgrown with a dense mass of waxy-green leaves, and these stretched out into the graves that were on either side. Graves, covered with piles of sand that collected behind the low walls, with only hardy weeds for ornamentation. Hardy weeds that seemed to thrive on salt, and dug their powerful roots deep into the sand, almost to where the fishermen of yesteryear lay, dried, salted, dead.

There was little to show who the corpses had been. Here and there a gravestone struggled against the weeds, trying to show all, in its faded lettering, the braveness, the honour, the innocence, of the deceased. Here and there a gravestone lay, defeated by their overgrowth, beaten by the spray. But most of all there were only unmarked graves, where the stones had long since returned to the earth from which they had been hewn.

At one side of the place the old church stood. It looked defeated, bent and old. The grey-board walls were rotting, and sagged under the weight of the ancient slate roof. Only half the roof was, in fact still covered with slate, and large patches of rusty galvanize served to keep the rain out of the rest of the church. A certain beauty that it may

once have had, was now faded, as the last stained, glass windows were opaque, all in the same shades of sea-salt grey.

Yet, beneath one of the filled-in windows, and hidden from the other graves, new life, new work, and fresh earth could be seen. It was the final resting place of one who had died only a week before. The fresh, dark earth looked out-of-place. The withering petals of dying flowers, in the freshly painted can, indicated a recent death, and a present sorrow. Only a wooden plaque marked the spot, but soon a new stone would be set up in the church-yard. And then year by year, another plot of desolation would arise, as the wind blew over it, and the weeds fought to crack it open, using strength drained from the drying matter far below.

It was late, then, in the churchyard. Noon had past, and in the village, life had long since started again. Dusk was approaching fast. Then the sun set. In its last moment of glory, it shot bright rays of golden light through the lonely yard. The palms lit up, and the weeds took on a purple tinge. Yet most beautiful of all were the last remaining grave-stones. Their white surfaces reflected the full golden colour of the setting sun, and the salt deposits sparkled like diamonds, studding a golden slab.

V. Hirsinger—5A

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## The Early Days . . .



The first Seniors after an end of term lunch at Mr. Helps' home.

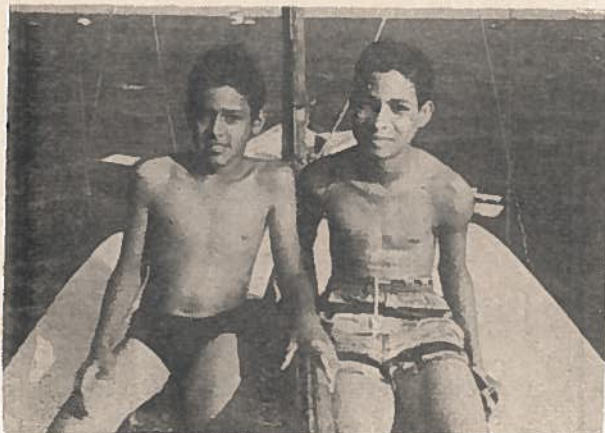
Some of the first in-take at Toco with Mr. Helps



Some of the first in-take at a May Fair for the Trinity Cathedral Fund.



Two of Mr. Helps' first boarders.



On Mr. Helps' Boat.



At the Beach.



# That Hot Day

—: o :—

It was one of those November days. The sun was shining directly overhead and the heat was terrible. I sat down in the living room reading a book trying to pass the time away, but it was useless. The book became very disgusting and then I flung it aside. I got up, walked outside and then slammed the door behind me. I had to get out, the heat was unbearable. I slowly walked down the road without any destination in my mind, just walking for no reason at all.

I looked at all the people passing by. They all looked so tired and weather beaten. There were people bathing under pipes and children bareback in the street. The air was hot and moist with a rotten scent. Then as I looked ahead, I saw a group of people outside a cinema. I glanced at the posters but there were not any good shows, but above, there was a sign which read "air conditioned".

I felt happy and I quickly went up to the queue to buy a ticket. I took the little change I had in my pocket and placed it on the counter. It was wet with sweat. I then handed the ticket to the doorman and went in. It was like heaven. I sat down in the chair, elevated my feet on another chair and relaxed.

After a few minutes I fell asleep and the first thing I remembered when I awoke was the noises and screams all around me. The whole place was a massive confusion. There were people all around me pushing and pulling. I was not aware of what was happening until I saw the flames flickering above me. I tried to escape as fast as I could but it was impossible to get out of the crowd streaming out of the terrified cinema. I was kicked, trampled cuffed and pushed all about. I could do nothing except keep going in the direction of the crowd.

Then I saw the door ahead. I made a quick dash for it and when I got outside I saw people running in all directions. I went to the opposite side and I saw firemen with their hoses putting out the flames at the top of the building. The building was hissing and cracking with the steam from the water, but it was finally extinguished.

After all the excitement I decided to go home. When I turned the corner I felt the cool sprinkle of rain which was beginning to fall. I took off my shirt and just let the drops fall on my back.

It was cool and I wished that it could be like this forever.

S. Ferguson—(4A).

# Journey To The Moon

—: o :—

No voyage of discovery has ever demanded greater courage than the journey to the Moon. It will not be a step into the unknown, as were the voyages of sailors like Columbus and Sir Francis Drake. Long before an astronaut sets foot on the Moon, we shall study photographs of the lunar landscape, sent back by robot explorers. We shall know whether the surface is firm or made of dust; or soft, crunchy rocks that might, in some places, swallow a complete space-ship in a few seconds. We may even have surveyed by remotely controlled vehicles the exact spot on which the space-craft will touch down. But there is one aspect of the Moon-journey that makes it different from any voyage of discovery on Earth—and far more hair-raising.

If Columbus had been ship-wrecked, he could probably have found sufficient food to stay alive. With his crew, he could have tried to build another ship, or even have had some hope of being rescued by other sailors. The first men on the Moon will be less fortunate. If, for any reason, they fail to make good landing on the surface, or experience major trouble that prevents a take-off within a short period, there is nothing that anyone will be able to do to help them. In a cold and barren world, without vegetation or water, they will soon die.

When we remember the equipment failures and other problems encountered during the comparatively simple orbital flights around the Earth of America's Mercury manned satellite capsules, it becomes clear how greatly the Moon explorers will have to trust the skill of those who designed and built their spacecraft.

No effort or money is being spared by America's National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) to justify such trust by the Astronauts who are being trained to go to the moon under project Apollo. Dummy Apollo space-craft have been put into orbit successfully by smaller versions of the Saturn rocket that will be used for the Lunar launching. The rocket escape system that would carry the spacecraft clear of the Saturn if something went wrong during the launch has been tested and proven satisfactory. The Astronauts themselves are receiving years of thorough training. Their target date for their half-a-million-mile return flight is 1969 - 70.

A. P. W. Bushe —(4A).



# Two Fascinating Hobbies

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## COLLECTING BOOKS

My hobby is collecting books; although some may find it boring, I find it extremely interesting. Sometimes it is very expensive and trying, for one has to buy books, build cupboards and shelves, and sometimes, even rooms. I have had to do each of these things. One has to sit down and classify, catalogue and number them, if one wishes to find any lone book at any one time. Some books are sequels, and therefore have to be bound between two covers. With the paperbacks, if one does not wish to have their covers creased, one must put hard backing inside the covers in order to leave its illustration in plain view.

I do not particularly like to collect old or rare books, although I have a few, but just hardbacks that are classics, science-fiction, fiction, adventure, non-fiction and reference books or paperbacks that are science-fiction, horror, Agatha Christie mysteries, tales of the supernatural, fiction and books that are entirely dedicated to the description of houses, rooms, towns, cities and gardens, also historical fiction and non-fiction are bought.

Although my hobby is expensive, trying and sees me late into the night sorting and classifying books, I still find it extremely fascinating. I think that when I am a man and I have children, I will tell them, "Do you see all of these books? Take them, I give them to you. Be careful with them. They are very old and delicate. Collect them as I have, and compare them with the books that are now". I feel this way, because I am collecting an everlasting heritage of contemporary literature which I know I can pass on to my offspring and I hope they will do the same as their father.

G. Stanford — (2A)

## COLLECTING SMELLS

One of my favourite hobbies is collecting smells. There are really only two qualifications needed, a good nose and places to discover your smells. When I refer to "collecting smells" I mean smelling something, keeping it in your head and then remembering where and when you smelt. You see, it's a very simple operation if you have the requirements needed.

Some of my smells fall into different categories. Spring, summer, autumn, winter, man made or

natural. Pine trees in Switzerland, wheat in Germany, buses in London, rivers in Canada and France, trains houses and many other things. Sometimes you travel three thousand miles from where you last smelt the aroma and find it waiting for you around the corner. If you are good at detecting smells and can remember where you smelt it you are quite good. A big challenge is to see if you can smell the difference between two types of grass in an area of about two feet. If you can, you are indeed remarkable.

One of the best places to locate beautiful smells is on a mountain by the sea in summer. In most places you can only smell the salt in the air, but near to Europe you can smell different things that would set the hairs in your nose on edge.

Another place to locate smells is on a rock in the middle of a river in the north-eastern U.S.A. You will smell pine trees and all the bush at the side of the river. In all, I like the scent of pine trees and their cones. Then again I prefer Hyde Park in spring and the Appalasian Mountains in the autumn and Oxford at summer and the Great Lakes in winter. You do not have to buy smells. They are all around you. Every country has its own smells, so start smelling.

G. Clarke—2A

---

## The Election Campaign

—A CALYPSO

*This is the first election I know,  
In my native land Trinidad and Tobago.  
The parties have meetings all around,  
In every city, village and town.*

*The members say vote for their party,  
Whether honest, bad or crafty.  
They also read the manifestoes,  
And attack the way the country goes.*

*They speak bad things of their Prime Minister,  
William the wise old conqueror.  
Many people say vote him for prosperity,  
To leave Trinidad small but a good country.*

Neville H. A. Garnes  
(3B)



## Impressions of Trinidad and Tobago

—: o :—

WHEN I first heard that I would be coming to Trinidad, all I knew about the island was that it was in the West Indies. Now that I have been here for a year, I realise that it is a very interesting place.

The spots which I find most interesting are the Pitch Lake and the Caroni Swamp, with all its birds. Incidentally, Australian birds are generally dull in appearance, whereas the birds of Trinidad are much brighter in colour.

The beaches of Trinidad I find very disappointing, as the sand and sometimes the water is dirty, and there is never much surf. The Tobago beaches are clean and beautiful, but there is still no surf.

The people of Trinidad themselves are also fascinating. The way in which so many races and cultures exist together is quite new to me, as well as the density of population here. The state in which I lived (the smallest in Australia), has twelve times the area and only one third of the population of Trinidad and Tobago, so naturally this country seems very crowded.

The more people, the more traffic, and Trinidad is no exception. It really takes some getting used to. The number of vehicles which tear along the narrow streets and roads is terrific, not to mention the way some of the cars are driven. I used to think Sydney traffic was bad, but now I've seen Port-of-Spain I've changed my mind.

Then there is Carnival. I had read about it before, but until I had seen it I did not realise the scale of it, either in the numbers of people participating, or in the amount of money spent on the different costumes. I thought it was great, from the first Ole Mas' jump-up to the Las' Lap. I'm glad I'll be around for a few more.

J. A. Friend (Lower 6B)

*Why can't a deaf man be convicted of a crime?  
The law states that a man cannot be convicted  
without a hearing.*

*What is the difference between a train and a teacher?  
A train says "Chu Chu"; teacher says "Stop  
chewing".*

## El Carnaval de Trinidad

—: o :—

Para color, trajes magníficos, emoción y satisfacción, no hay nada que puede sobresalir el Carnaval de Trinidad. Se celebra el lunes y el martes antes del miércoles de ceniza.

Meses antes de Carnaval se hacen preparaciones. Hay varios hombres que se asignan como jefes de varias bandas. Estas bandas tienen que haber músicos para que las mascaradas pudiesen bailar 'jump up'. Estas secciones de música pueden ser o charangas u orquestas del 'steelband'. Las orquestas del 'steelband' son más populares que las charangas.

Al fin llega el día. A las cinco de la mañana del lunes que se llama 'j' ouvert' empieza el Carnaval de Trinidad. A esta hora todo el mundo puede disfrutarse completamente de la fiesta. Muchachos, muchachas, mujeres y hombres forman grupos y bailan o 'jump up' por las calles de Puerto España y San Fernando, al compás de la música de las orquestas del 'steelband'.

Estas mascaradas se llaman 'old mass' o mascaradas viejas. Unas de estas mascaradas se representan unas personas cómicas; por ejemplo un hombre que representa una mujer preñada. Este se cesa aproximadamente a las nueve de la mañana.

A la una de la tarde las bandas salen. Ahora, para llegar uno a ser miembro de tales bandas tiene que pagar mucho dinero. Estas bandas consisten de personas ricas, de personas pobres, de mujeres, de hombres, de muchachos de muchachas, en otras palabras, de personas de toda categoría.

Para mirar las bandas numerosas, se puede estar de pie en las aceras o se puede comprar billete y sentarse en estados fijos en la sabana, donde las bandas tienen que pasar.

Estas bandas suelen representar episodios históricos de la India, Africa, la China, el Japón, Inglaterra, Francia, España, America o el Canadá. También pueden representar soldados, marineros, Indios o bestias como leones tigres y perros. Pueden representar mariposas y flores. En realidad todas clases de trajes magníficos.

El martes las bandas salen más temprano. Todo es ruido, ritmo, color y ron. Este carnaval es el más democrático acontecimiento del mundo. Es el cimientito que se une hombres y mujeres de varios orígenes de la nación.



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A las doce menos un minuto de la noche del martes de carnaval, todo el mundo esta alegre, aun cansadissimos. Las orquestas del 'steelband' están tocandos y miles de personas están 'jumping up', aunque a todo el mundo se duelen los pies. Pero a medianoche en punto, ello dejam de tocar y bailar de reprente. La población vuelven con cansancio a casa. El carnaval se termina de este año. Ha empezado la curesma.

Victor D. Questel  
(Upper 6)

## Strange Employment

—: o :—

Not in all hobbies is it possible to 'operate' as it were alone. So when I was employed by Mr. Matas to: 'assist him in the completion of a hobby 'collection', I was not in the least surprised.

I actually met my employer one Friday night. He was sitting behind his highly polished desk reading a newspaper, when I entered the library of his enormous Elizabethan mansion.

"Good evening Mr. Miller" his voice was low and seemed a mask of what it really was. "Please sit down". He placed the paper on the desk and looked up. His features were those of a mature man about 45, hardened yet well proportioned, a straight nose, his mouth a thin line of pink against his dark tan; his ears were well back and slightly pointed at the lobes; his jaws were set and moved harshly into a pointed chin. But what held my attention most were his eyes. Despite the placidity of his face his eyes were those of a wild man, yet set, not rolling. They held mine for a minute and then he looked away, almost forcing himself to do so it seemed, and continued in the same masked voice.

"I am a man of few words - you will realise as much when you have lived here for a while. Your job is to obey me without questioning my methods or motives for what I do or tell you to do. Once you have begun working for me it would be a tragic loss if you tried to stop. I hope I have made myself clear. Are there any questions? Do you want to leave for if you do, now is the time to do it."

I sat there and tried to think but my thoughts were interrupted.

"Go to your room and dress for dinner. You will give me your decision when you have eaten. Dinner is served in one hour. Please be punctual."

He again took up his paper with an air of dismissal. I took up my bag and walked out of the library door where I was met by a deformed butler who showed me to my room. The strange thing about him, the butler I mean, is that he was so silent. He turned to me as though wanting to speak, gave me a pitiful look and left me in my room, closing the door softly as he left.

When I came down for dinner, it was already served but he was not there as yet, so I sat down and began looking at my surroundings, when one on the panels of the wall slid back and he stepped out. He was dressed in black, with a high-collared jacket and a black silk cape lined with purple velvet which hung down to the ground. He stalked over to the head of the table and sat down in the high-backed engraved chair. His movements were as graceful as a swan. He sat erect in his chair, smiled and said "Shall we begin?" I consented, and we had a hearty meal spiced with stories of my wide travels, by which he seemed intrigued. At the end of the meal he poured some wine and continued. "Have you decided whether you will stay in my employ?"

Since I had given it some thought, I had decided that I would like to learn more of this man and his collection, as he referred to it. "Yes, I have decided. I will remain."

"Good, then let's drink to your success under me. Here's to a long life also."

We drank and then retired to his library where he began to unfold his secret - his hobby. This is how he put it.

"Mr. Miller now that you have decided to remain, before we go any further I will reveal to you my secret. My hobby is collecting-corpses."

At first I said "Surely you must be joking."

"I never joke" he hissed "Come, I had better show you my collection. You must learn to take me more seriously."

Before I knew what I was doing I was following him down the panelled corridors, through archways down three flights of steps. There he stopped at a large steel, nail-studded door. On the wall next to the door there was a lamp, the dim rays of which, when they hit his face, played on contorted features and in his eyes I saw the gleam of a maniac. I thought "By God the man's crazy. He must be joking". My thoughts were interrupted by a command.

"You had better button up your jacket, it is cold in there." He reached into his jacket, produced





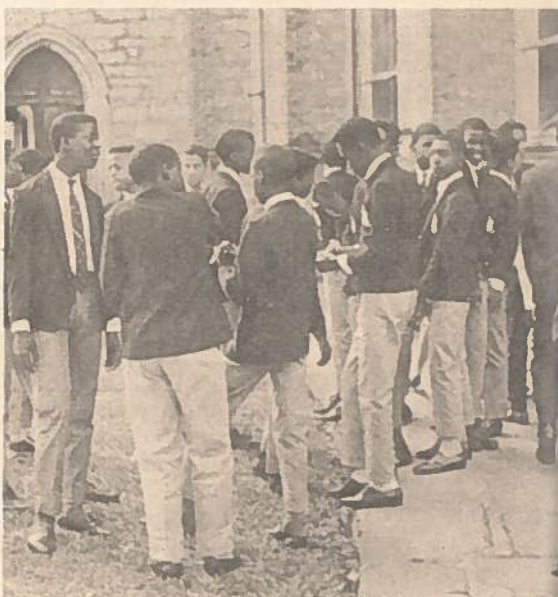
**Sports Day '67—Staff Officials.**



**Sports Day '67—Sixth form relay team, confident before their defeat at the hands of the Lower School.**



**Sports Day '67—Minor Officials.**



**Before the Cathedral Service.**



a key and inserted it in the lock, snapped open the door, stepped in, reached out seized my shoulder and yanked me in slamming the door behind me.

The scene that confronted me was absolutely nauseating.

—corpses, of every nationality in life-sized glass containers of formalin. They all stood there gazing at me blankly.

The negro corpse, its glossy black of life gone now, only its pallid skin stretched taut over a skeleton without much flesh. The body of an Englishman with its own peculiarity of death. But all, an unerving sight to behold. And I was to assist in the completion of this ghastly collection.

Raphael Cumberbatch  
(4B).

## The Value of Comic Books

—: o :—

THE art of writing and drawing comic books has been developed so much through the years, especially in the United States of America, that the majority of the population reads comic books for enjoyment or relaxation.

Ask the average man in the lower income bracket if he has ever read Dickens or Shakespeare in hard cover form. The answer, in all probability, will be 'no'. Ask him if he has read them in classic comic book form and nine times out of ten you will receive a positive answer. This is because the works of such masters as Dickens and Shakespeare have been compressed into comic book form. Although this has its disadvantages in that parts of speeches or large parts of scenes may be deleted, it is still more beneficial to the man in the street to have some knowledge of literature than none at all. On the other hand, if the comic book is cheaply published and inaccurate it will do more harm than good.

Most comic books have an attraction for children because of the amount of colour used. Children, when reading or being read to like to picture the action. Comic books help them to do this. But the reading literature of a child must not be based on comic books alone, for false pictures of real life will influence a child's action outside

the home. Also, comic books contain a limited vocabulary, minus a few exceptions such as comic books made by Marvel.

Some comic books (the better ones) are used as media for propaganda. They contain stories with plots based on controversial real-life situations. They make the leading figure take a stand for or against, which influences the thinking of readers. If the stand taken is socially correct then there is everything to be gained by reading such comics.

Many of the costumed heroes and heroines of the comic world are fantastically impossible, but at one time the thought of man flying through space also seemed quite impossible. The powers of these comic book characters vary from super-strength to the ability to fly. At present there are a series of comic books made by Marvel whose characters seem true-to-life even though they wear weird costumes. In their everyday identities they act as normally as any human being. Also, another point in favour of Marvel comics is that the racial element is absent. Scenes show negro policemen side by side with white policemen. These scenes could well influence the thinking of segregationists who love comic books.

Comic books can have a serious effect on the school boy's work if he regards comic books in a serious vein. Comic books can cause a school-boy to live in a dream world. His heroes who go to school spend their life chasing and capturing crooks. He therefore wishes to do the same.

Comic books on the whole, however, can be regarded as valuable for keeping the mind occupied. It is sometimes said that violence in comic books can have a harmful effect on a young person, but this has yet to be proved. Comic books are becoming better and better as an educational product. By the time a child is old enough to read and understand a comic book, he realizes that it is highly impossible and therefore is not harmful.

V. V. Alexander  
(5A)

*Said the Spanish farmer to his hens, "Ole, Ole".*

*Mama Guava to her son: "Junior, why are you always getting into a jam?"*

*A pupil in the class had his foot out in the aisle, and was chewing gum. Seeing this, the teacher said sharply, "Take that gum out of your mouth and put your foot in".*



# A Character Sketch of an Ex-Colonel

—: o :—

COLONEL ROGER SHARAPNEL-SMITH lived in the quiet village of Sedley in Sussex. He had been retired now for over five years, after having served with the British Army in India. He lived in a rambling old home, that was listed as one of the stately Homes of England. It was surrounded by a small park that was guarded by a large gate, which proclaimed on a large brass plaque the name of the house—Sedley Manor. The Colonel himself was a gentleman of no mean proportions. He had a fat jolly face, with twinkling blue eyes, and snow-white hair that completed the picture of a prospective Santa Claus. However the Colonel did not allow his features to distract from him the honour and reverence which he knew was appropriate to him. Whenever he encountered someone who he thought was lacking in respect, he barked his reproach with such ferocity and firmness that the matter was always put right.

The Colonel was a rather bossy character, and in the army he had been known as "The Bossy Roger". Unfortunately, for those concerned, he never seemed to get used to the fact that civilians were not his soldiers, and were not under his command. This led to some disturbing incidents, such as the time when he told an important guest who was visiting him, not to slurp his soup when sitting at his table! However all these things were forgotten when the time came for the colonel to make his yearly contributions to the local charities. He was obviously a rich man and these donations were very welcome, and he was always thanked very, very much by a humble mayor and even more humble citizens. This gave the colonel no end of pleasure and so he gave the contributions every year and everyone was happy.

The colonel could always be counted on to make a speech anywhere and at any time. He enjoyed giving speeches immensely because he felt everyone had to listen to him, whether they liked it or not. Another thing he enjoyed was prize-givings. He felt very superior indeed as he shook hands with the little brats, talked in intelligent whispers with prominent sixth-formers, gave them their various books and then dismissed them from the platform with a lordly wave of the hand. Once at a parents' day for a local school, the colonel talked for three-quarters of an hour on his various exploits in India. He even managed to persuade or rather force, his blushing butler to come out on to the platform, and display tiger skins and heads, as

proof of his valour and skill in shooting wild game. Hair-raising episodes were related of fights with wild elephants, in which the parents went quietly to sleep. Mission after mission, requiring great daring and courage, were told of but it didn't make any difference to the parents—they went on sleeping. They finally got him off the platform, whereupon everyone woke up, but he wasn't asked to make another speech there for a long time.

However, at heart the Colonel was a simple soul. When unexposed to the outside world Colonel Sharapnel-Smith was not the terror of the local school-boys, who tried to take his apples or steal his pears. He wasn't the headache of the town mayor, who was trying to get some charity money—he was quiet, unobtrusive and actually human.

A. Dun—(4A)

# A Recently Vacated Building

—: o :—

It was a very old house, built in the eighteenth century and preserving the appearance of a house of that period. Ever since it had been built, it had belonged to the Barnhams, a wealthy family who had, like the house, a distinguished past. Probably because of the fact that the house and family had grown up together, the Barnhams had cherished the old house and lavished upon it care and affection. However, all good things come to an end and, after years of prosperity, the family was ruined and, because of the expense of keeping a large house, they had moved to a suburban area of London. This had happened three months ago and since then the house had been deserted and was beginning the gradual process of falling to pieces.

As I entered the hall through the heavy oak door, I was struck, first of all by the beauty of it, and then by the signs of neglect. The graceful staircase swept up in a beautiful curve to the first floor and the panelled walls were almost black, contrasting with the painted ceiling; but there was a thick coat of dust over everything; the walls, the floor, were all covered with dust. It made the place melancholy, dismal, even depressing. The place where, in times past, lords and ladies had laughed; where noblemen had talked, where people had lived: now it was dead. I opened one of the doors leading out of the hall. It creaked slightly as if to apologise for what was inside the



room. It was the old dining room, where banquets and parties had been held. In the centre of it stood an old oak table with matching chairs; the table, as was all the furniture, dull and lifeless. I walked across to the huge fireplace which was the centre-piece of one of the walls; there were a few dusty ashes in it and it was festooned with cobwebs. I went back to the hall and opening another door, found myself in the living room: what a beautiful room it must have been! In one corner was an old piano, the keys yellowed with age. I played a note; it resounded dully throughout the house. How lovely it must have been in the old days, listening to rippling music on that old piano. Oh well.....

Going for a third time into the hall, the staircase caught my eye and I decided to go upstairs. As I went up the stairs creaked, seeming to resent my intrusion. Upstairs, the bedrooms were the same as everything else; dusty, neglected, forgotten. Just then I noticed a ray of light streaming in through the dusty window. I caught a glimpse of the garden. My goodness! The plants were a picture, the flowers blooming, the grass green, the trees waving in the breeze: the garden was **alive**. The house, which had seemed so dead before, seemed different now.

Even in its state of disrepair, neglect and dustiness, the house seemed to preserve an air of dignity. Its very appearance suggested that it was although neglected, still an old, noble place. Another thing that I noticed was that, even though it had been deserted for three months, it was still a home. What is built up over two centuries cannot be destroyed in a few months. A feeling of history was presented throughout the house. It was still in a dirty state, but memories of a past of beauty and elegance, overwhelmed this outward appearance. Although the house was sad at its desertion, it was still alive, though not outwardly. What had seemed pitiful before now appeared as ugly, but only temporarily. Every corner of that house, which had before seemed so dead and dull, now seemed alive in character. Truly appearances can be deceptive, and initial impressions are misleading, for I had only been in the house for a few minutes: already I felt as if I knew it personally.

I left the house with a feeling of happiness; what had seemed to be an old ramshackle house was now a beautiful mansion, waiting for better times, expecting them. Then I remembered: the house was condemned. In two months it was to be pulled down, to make room for a block of flats. How futile life must be! To destroy that magnificent monument to life and time to put up a few prefabricated boxes. My last view of the house

was one of beauty as the sun struck the mellow walls and just for a minute it was as it must have been in the better days: then that vision passed and I found myself looking at an old neglected house. I turned away and left, without looking back.

P. Fung (4A)

## Hands Off!

— : o : —

THE elections were near at hand and political arguments were the order of the day. John was arguing his heart out that Mr. Medwin would win his constituency. His friends could not help laughing at him. Mr. Medwin did not have as much chance of winning as had a snowball of existing in an electric furnace. Lost in the argument John pulled out from his wallet his last \$200.00 and offered to bet that Medwin would win. Seeing this as a chance to win money his friends without hesitation bet him.

It was now Monday, polling-day, and John earnestly believing that Mr. Medwin would be his representative in parliament, went to the polling station and was among the first group of people to vote. Satisfied that he had done his duty he walked down the road lost in a day-dream. Suddenly he was jolted out of his serenity by the feeling of the hairy hand of "Snake-eye" resting on his shoulder. In a low guttural voice "Snake-eye" growled, "Ah want back me \$200. ah have to bet a man". On hearing that John no longer had the money, Snake-eye, a rather black fellow, turned blue, and said, "How you mean you ain't have the money?", and as John stretched out his hands to show that they were empty, Snake-eye, an advocate of the belief that the hand was faster than the eye, in three deceivingly quick actions, had drawn his blade, sliced, and gone running. And there lay John's left hand, voting ink and all, lying in the dust.

John bawled for murder, but quickly regaining control of his senses, jumped in a taxi and went straight to the hospital. In the hospital his hand was well bandaged and he was sent home. On his way home late that Monday evening he saw a whole queue of people at one polling station and a mass, milling about at another, all voicing their intention of voting for Medwin. Everyone who had voted had ink on a finger of their left hand, except John. His one good hand was his right hand. His left was in a sling. Carried away by what seemed to be popular opinion John decided



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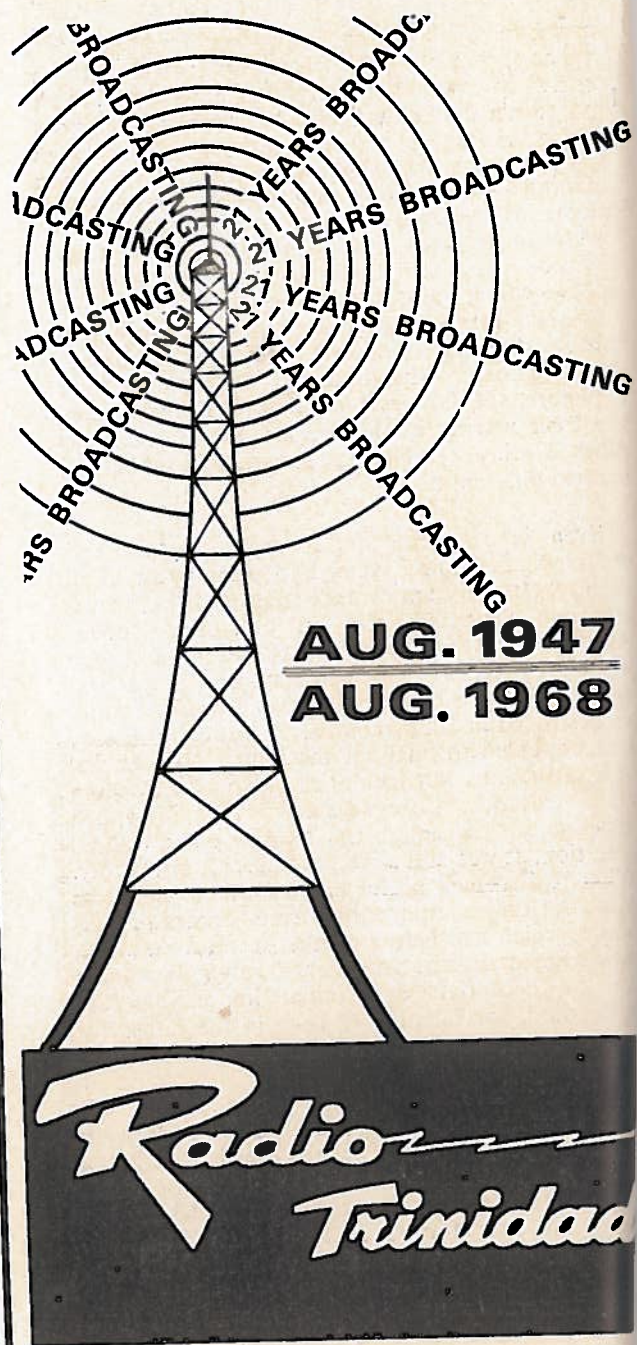
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## A DAY AT MELBOURNE ST., 1967



Duty boys await late-comers.



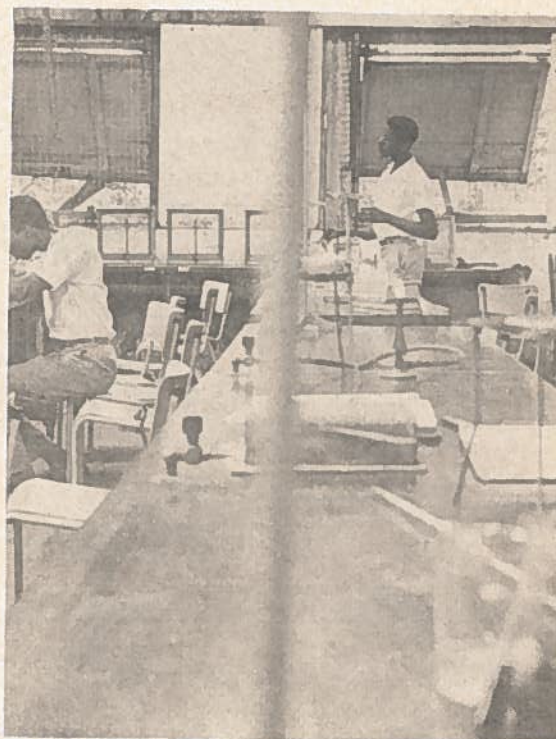
Break-time.



The Chaplin holds an out-door class.



On the way to Prayers.



In the Lab.



that he would vote a second time, so back he went and got his right hand inked, thereby registering his second vote for Medwin.

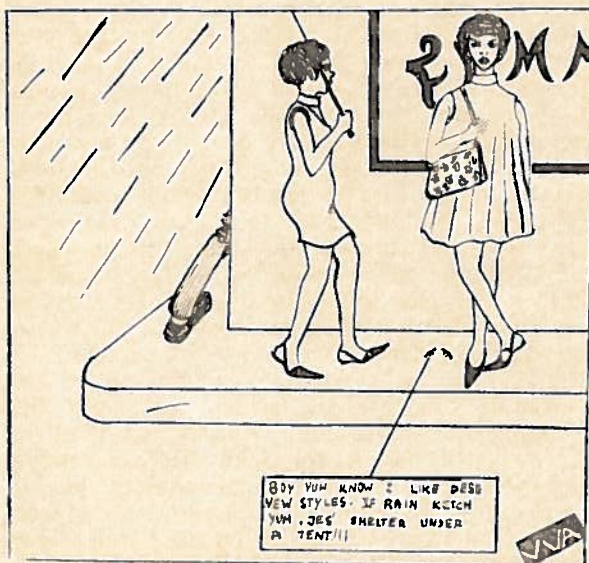
Later in the night, John, surrounded, one hand and all, by his friends all sympathetic towards his loss, was listening attentively to the results. All through the night Mr. Medwin was leading and finally won by one vote. His friends were disgruntled, and sadly, one by one, they paid John his winnings, until one observant fellow noticed that John had voted with his right hand and asked, "But John, when you get your hand chop off?"

"This morning after ah vote," answered John unsuspectingly, "Then how you have voting ink on your right hand when you suppose to vote with you left?"

"Wha happen, you trying to say ah lying or what?" asked John pushing his hand into the fellow's face. "Is only one thing I want to say", answered the fellow. "don't put your hand in meh face and give me back mih money." As he said that John realized that he was talking to "Snake-eye" in disguise.

In a blurr of silver lightening, Snake-eye, the knife man had drawn and sliced and John had lost his right hand. Thus John was able to say that he had no hand in electing the dictatorial government of Mr. Medwin.

J. Garnette  
(Lower 6th.)



## My New Bicycle

—: o :—

ON that Christmas morning I got up ar out to the drawing room to see what I had I was not expecting any thing in particu year, but to my pleasant surprise I saw a s new racer, with a tag saying "To ROGEL

I could hardly contain myself with joy a and kissed Mummy and Dad for giving it After breakfast I went out with my new cy the road. Up and down I went all ab avenue. Soon, I began to notice that ne my friends were outside on their lawns try their new toys, so I went up to one and si

"Hello John, what did you get?"

"Oh, I only got this fishing rod. I got a new racer. Let me have a ride?" he

"Ah, not yet. It's brand new and want it all scratched up", I replied.

"Ah shucks, I wish I had got a new too", he moaned.

"Don't feel bad, your fishing rod nice", I said, trying to make him feel be I knew I would not give my racer for tv his rods.

"Well bye" I said and rode on. I kn all the boys felt like John because I did anybody else with a new bicycle. I sa looking at me enviously but I pretended notice them. I began to race up and d avenue going faster each time. Then I tri stunts, all the while pretending not to ne boys who looked at me with envy. I began with my feet and coasting on one pedal. I a king, parading on my racer and saying t how sorry I felt for those poor boys who have a new cycle, but I knew that inward making them jealous on purpose.

As I came around the corner of the a put my feet on the handlebars and began with them. On the corner there was sor gravel, the bicycle skidded from under went flying to the other side of the road. ground and bounced around until I came in a gutter. I was badly bruised and the water stank. I stumbled over to my o racer and found that the fenders were all up and the front wheel was dished. I picke piece of steel and began walking home with over my shoulder. As I passed each house



the boys laughing and jeering at me. I wished that I could just disappear but I just did not have the powers needed to do that. All the way home the boys mocked me and from that day on I never showed off again.

Roger Stoute — 3A.

## The Prisoner

— : o : —

THE man lay on the cell bunk staring at the darkened ceiling above him. He was tall and slim. The moonlight shining through the bars of the cell gave his face the appearance of being pressed up against the bars, seeking to escape his fate. But far from it. Although his face was young it was lined and masked, and showed resignation, for he knew that in two hours time they would take him away to be hanged.

He lay on the bed and as the time passed he hovered between sleep and reality, his mind returning to the days of his youth. Those days had been hell. His old man was a hopeless drunkard. He drank while his wife went out to work and when she came home he beat her. If her two sons started to cry he would beat them too for good measure. But that had ended the day his father came home drunk and started to beat his mother unmercifully. He had made up his mind. He had picked up the hammer and struck the old man behind his head with all the force he could muster. The old man died, but he did not miss him much. He loved his mother though and after the old man's death their love grew into an inseparable bond. He loved his little scrawny brother too and shared anything he had with him. The convict lying on the bed remembered when the police had come. The big, fat, sergeant had taken his mother away and the two boys were handed over to an orphanage. He never saw his mother again and it was only when he was leaving the orphanage that he found out that his mother had taken the blame for him.

The people at the orphan home found him a job at a hardware store. He quickly made friends with another boy about his age. This boy introduced him to the ways of the world, smoking, drinking, gambling and girls. Despite all this he never forgot his sickly little brother and whenever he got a chance he would go and see him. One day his new found friend influenced him to take a bag of cement from the hardware store and they sold it. That evening as he walked down Charlotte Street, half of the money in his pocket, he had

seen his friend and two policemen walking on the other side. As they passed each other he hailed his friend, who, ignoring him, had turned to the policemen and said something to them. The policemen had crossed the street and corralled him. When they had held him and said he was under arrest for the larceny of a bag of cement, he was too stunned to move. Then he realized what had happened. He looked over the road at "his friend" who was now staring sheepish at him as if to say, "It was either me or you, boy." The policemen grabbed his arms and marched him to police headquarters on St. Vincent Street. When he appeared in court he was sentenced to four months at the Training Centre. During those four months, he crawled back into his old shell, grew morose and sullen. The turnkeys put him down as a 'Tough one.' On the day that they released him the officer in charge gave him a long talk but it was like nothing to him. He now hated everybody.

He walked all over town the first day. When he got hungry, he passed by the market and picked up whatever he wanted—figs, oranges, tomatoes. The vendors were so busy talking, they never saw him.

The convicted man on the bed turned slightly. It was brighter now. Probably just one hour more to go. His eyelids flickered and he picked up his train of thought once more.

He remembered the hard times he had had years after year. He had gone to live up North near a fishing village. Then the Venezuelans whom he had helped fix their engine. Afterwards they had talked business. The Venezuelans said that if he could supply them with marijuana, they would give him whisky and rum which he could more easily sell in Trinidad. He had got the plants and they had continued their little trade. Sometime they had to hide when the coastguard boat passed too near the shore. Finally the day had come when the Venezuelans were caught in their own waters. That same day he got news that his little brother had a hole in his heart and needed an operation. He had to get the money. He could send it as an unknown donor. But, where to get it? Ah. He knew. John, the old Chinese shopkeeper who lived in his home town of Laventille was said to have a lot of money. That was where he would get it.

Among other things he had got from the Venezuelans was a gun. And so he went to Laventille on that fateful night. He had entered the shop. John was behind the counter, but as he raised the gun the Chinese man started to reach for a meat cleaver which lay on the counter. He shot the Chinese man without a second thought,



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but then he saw John's wife come into the shop. She saw him with the gun and started to scream. He turned around and ran out of the shop. As he ran down the road a radio was blasting music. Then a newflash came over "Donors to the 'hole in the heart boy' are asked to retain their donations as the boy has just died." When he heard that he stopped running. He sat down by the roadside and cried and that was the way they found him.

Footsteps sounded down the corridor. He raised himself off the bed and looked through the bars at the slowly sinking moon. His time had come.

V. V. Alexander — (5A.)

## THE DAMAGE DONE BY HURRICANE FLORA IN TOBAGO

— : o : —

WHAT used to be one of the most beautiful holiday resorts in the West Indies was now in ruins, caused by 120 miles wind. There was not a house without the scars of the hurricane. The family who did not have a death, did not have a house. The destruction was throughout the whole island. The harbour was a mass of broken up boats.

According to a friend it was as if a fire had passed over the island. There were the corpses of dead animals all around. The birds no longer greeted you with their melodious chirping at morning, nor did you see the sea birds fishing for food. All that were seen were the corbeaux which were having their meal. Now and then some-one might pass with a melancholy face followed by their lean and hungry dog.

The mountain sides were scorched black and desolated, the plantations level. The coconut trees were like rows of logs along the seaside, or were bowing to the ground. The beautiful Buccoo reef was like the rocky coast of South Australia. The Birds of Paradise were all killed. How long would it take for them to multiply again?

The island had to be built back, this meant that a lot of labour was to be used. But with the mind of the Tobagonians and with help it was done. Anytime you may think of spending a holiday, why not go to the sister island? There may be still signs of destruction, but it now seems as though the hurricane made the island more beautiful.

Irvin C. Des Vignes—4B

## The Wacky Wackers First Session

THE second Saturday in June we, the Lower Sixth, minus Taylor that is, were all gathered at Inniss' house in Valsayn. We were there to play music, and all terribly keen to do so. It was Creque's idea that since the Lower Sixth was bursting at its sides with musical talent, we should pool our resources. So there we were at Inniss', our big moment had arrived.

Cheque, known to us as the Creak, was on the ivories with a styling which sounded vaguely like Jamal. Wattley (George) played the flute. Goddard (Eddie) pulled the cords, Stevens (Gawky) (upper 6th) picked. Inniss (Richie) pulled bass, Questel (Quesy) on drums, Phillip (the File) played the tock tock, and Garnette (Jerome) played the scratcher.

Yes, on paper the Wacky Wackers looked impressive. But when we started to play it was sheer noise, no denying it. On the piano was George's metronome, ticking out a solid 4 time, while most of the other instruments were anything but that. Eddie did not know music so he played it by ear, distressing; Gawky's picking sounded blunt, Jerome, scratched too hard on the scratcher, the File played on a machine cover-ludicrous; Quesy played on a padded box, - pitiful. Ironically the tune we played was 'As Tears Go By'. However, one person stood out — Richie "dat boy could pull bass".

Gawky played two tunes before he realized that the guitar was not tuned. He then told us that he was tone deaf, so Richie did the needful. Richie then decided to tune his bass. He screamed to the Creak, "give meh ah 'A' ". The Creak continued playing, cigarette dangling precariously from his lips, smoke drifting to the ceiling. He finally played the 'A'. The File in the meanwhile was getting restless, so he started to tap out a rhythm on the machine cover, Richie supported his with bass, with the opening bars of "Fats shake dem up" and the session gained momentum once again.

Soon it was refreshment time; juice, crix and cheese. Then the second half of the session started. It was like the first. We played "Blue Star" and stopped, a few more bars and stopped. Soon the Creak's "Lets crawl gentlemen" rang out. It meant that I hesitate before I write the word "practise" was finished.



As we filed into the Creak's '101', and Gawky and Eddie, into their Austin and Triumph respectively, we agreed it was not too bad and we would do better next time. We had experienced the birth pangs of a new combo, and we had got kicks.

V. D. Questel  
(Upper 6th).

## Sleep Mr. Wickham Sleep!

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TOMORROW I'll be top man. After years of stepping on other people, I finally made it.

Tomorrow, my 45th birthday I'll be there.

It took some bribing for the Board to kick out Hall and instate me but its worth it. Now I'll give the Board hell Ha, the fools.

I had best be getting to sleep now, hard day ahead.

"Who's that?" It sounds like Dr. Hunson. Wonder what's he doing here? My maid, what's she doing in my bed chamber?

"Your fears are quite justified Mrs. Thompson. Mr. Wickham is quite dead!"

"Me? Dead? Whats he talking of? I'm quite aware of my environment."

"Okay boys, take him away"

What are they doing? Where are they carrying me? Cars, engines. "Hey! where are you taking me? UM. hey!" I cant' move. Ah, we have stopped. Smells like a hospital. Good, I'm sure the doctors here will know I'm not dead.

"Can't find any external injuries."

"Take him to surgery, maybe its some sort of poison."

Poison? Can't they see I'm just asleep? Yes, I must be asleep. "Wait! Don't touch me with that knife. You'll kill me! Please. Don't do that. Not now. Today's my big day. Please please. . . . . (sob!) Movement. why can't I move! Just twitch a finger. Please help me to move." I'll try once again. I'll put all my strength into it. . . . . No its hopeless.

They are dressing me up now. "What for? Wait a minute. I'll awake. Just a few minutes please."

Now we are moving slowly, so very slowly. "God! Don't put me in that coffin. Don't! Look, I'll give you all the money you want. Please help me. At least wake me up. I'm not dead I tell you! Can't you see I'm a living human being.

What are you doing? No! No! Don't lower me! Please don't. Please!"

Sand! Mud! in shovel fulls. God. They are burying me! They are cutting me off from the world.

"Hey you! You can't bury a living person. Hey! Look! Hey!"

Rawle Gibbons —(4B)

## GIPSY MOON

*Gipsy moon, I see you rising,  
Up behind the trees.  
Upwards, upwards, over the mountain,  
Over the old oak eaves.*

*Watchful, watchful is your signal,  
I can see your lamp.  
Watching, watching, ever watching,  
Over the gypsies' camp.*

*Gipsy Moon, I hear you calling,  
Lonely, mellow and sad.  
Your call comes softly through the night,  
To both the good and bad.*

*Gipsy Moon, your call comes to me,  
Ever soft and slow.  
It helps the gipsies on their way,  
Whither they must go.*

*Softly, softly, gipsy moon,  
Dawn is breaking anew.  
Go sailing on your wispy way,  
Go flee before the dawn.*

*Gipsy Moon, I see you waning,  
Down before the trees.  
Downwards, downwards, and under the stars,  
Sink into the quiet seas.*

*Gipsy Moon, your silver galleon,  
Go sailing over the sands.  
Drifting, gliding, leading the gipsies,  
Into God's own hands.*

A. Dun — (4A)



## THE SUITCASE

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He waited anxiously for the man to disembark from the plane to collect the Company's jewelry from him. Then he saw another man with the same kind of suitcase. This man sat down beside him. He noticed that he was nervous and that he looked at him slyly. The man started to run away.

He raced to his car after he saw that the man had gone into a taxi. The taxi sped away. He turned his car and followed quickly. He pressed on the gas. The car shot forward and was going at a fantastic speed. The green trees and bush at the side of the road looked like a green wall. The road turned grey. He could see nothing. The car felt as if it were flying. He had no control over it. He had never sped like this in his life before. He became confused and suddenly stamped on his brakes. The car pitched up into the air and landed. Luckily, he escaped injury.

He had lost the man he was looking for. He had escaped. He spent hours trying to trace him. He wasted a lot of his money trying to bribe people. He spoke to what seemed to him like a million people, all the time thinking about the company's money. They would think that he had stolen it! He would spend years in jail. He would be disgraced. His heart beat faster. He became more excited and afraid. He had to find that man. He had to.

He finally located the man. He had last been seen on Frederick Street. The Friday afternoon crowd was at its thickest. It was not pleasant but his thoughts were in a different direction. He ran up and down the street with great difficulty. He saw the man. He saw the suit case. Impulsively, he ran towards him. The man saw him and ran too. The man ran, pushing into the people, bouncing, elbowing them. The man kept at a good distance from him. The crowd, after having received rough treatment from the first was reluctant to let the second do the same. They cursed him, they shouted at him. They were annoyed. The faster he ran the further the man seemed to go. The man ran all over Port-of-Spain, in the little alleys, through people's yards. Dogs were barking, faces were turned in their direction wherever they went. They stopped traffic. Brakes screeched. He became tired. It was a case of "mind over matter" that allowed him to go on.

He finally cornered the man. The man cowered, expecting the worst. He grabbed the suitcase, opened it and saw, not his jewelry but very important documents — it was not his suitcase after all.

T. Chan — 5A.

## Some of the Greatest Problems

### FACING MY COUNTRY

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As a young and newly independent country, Trinidad and Tobago has many problems which must be faced and will have to be overcome in the very near future if the economy of the country is to maintain a firm footing. Some very bold steps have been and must be taken to overcome these.

Trinidad has been having great difficulty in maintaining her balance of payments, and this is particularly dangerous, in view of the fact that she is deeply in debt and has many loans to pay off. Recently, attacking this problem, the Government has been restricting the import of almost any product that can be made locally. They have been doing this in an attempt to boost industry and at the same time, raise the ratio of exports to imports. This would seem to be the ideal way of overcoming this problem. However, the local manufacturers are in most cases incapable of competing, in either quality or quantity, with foreign producers.

For many years the unemployment situation has been truly serious, and instead of improving it appears to be growing slightly worse. One of the reasons for this, I think, is the attitude of the people, the unemployed themselves. They seem to be quite happy to live, like leeches, off of their relatives, who seem to be quite content to support them. However, even though the attitude of the majority of the people is particularly unhealthy, the fact remains that there are not enough technical institutes, and as a result not enough skilled people.

Eighty percent of Trinidad's income, comes from the export of oil and so the economy is said to be oil-based. It is usually a bad thing for any country to have a mono-basic economy, and is especially so for Trinidad because the oil industry is not too stable. The costs of production are among the highest in the world, and any major decline in oil production will be a severe blow to the country's economy. The government has been trying to promote new industries to improve the situation.

Thus we can see that Trinidad has a long and hard battle ahead of her for our problems are indeed serious. Whether or not she emerges victorious, will depend entirely on her people.

M. A. See Tai — 5A.



# THE LAYING OF THE FOUNDATION STONE AT MOKA. SEPT. 1960



**The Principal greets Sir Solomon Hochoy.**



**Sir Solomon Hochoy and Dr. Eric Williams.**



**The Prime Minister of Trinidad and Tobago, Dr. Eric Williams, lays the foundation stone.**



**The Principal at the party following the ceremony.**



**Sir Errol Dos Santos and the Prime Minister of the Federation, Sir Grantley Adams.**



**The Architect, Mr. Newell Lewis in front of his plan.**



# THE DECISION

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It was bright out of doors, with the moon shining down on the garden and on the small crowd that was gathering around two cars in the street beyond. But only a little of the light stole into the curtained, unlit bedroom of the house, making white streaks on the walls and floor and eerily lighting up the face of the man sunk deeply in his chair. His appearance was a cliché considering his high position in the Home Office: he was entering on middle age with greying temples and a distinguished aquiline face. Normally the face was peaceful but at that time the brows were knitted for he was deep in thought. He was considering committing suicide.

The world seemed to have turned against him. A week before his wife, with whom he had still been very much in love, had died at his side in a car accident in which he had been one of the drivers and he had escaped without injury. Shame of the perfect health he retained while his wife was dead, combined with a gnawing feeling that the accident, and therefore his wife's death, had been his fault, had left him distraught.

The day before he had refused to give any money to a clerk who had tried to blackmail him, by threatening to tell the newspapers that he had, without his wife's knowledge, had regular meetings with a certain young lady who had later been extradited at the request of the government of the United States of America in order to stand trial for drug running. In fact his wife had known about those meetings, for he and the young lady had only met in order to practice a piano duet they had been going to play at a forthcoming concert. But he realised how utterly feeble an excuse this sounded, and could see that, with the imminent elections, a scandal of this sort would leave him no choice but to resign.

That morning he had received a letter from his bank to the effect that, due to the devaluation of the pound sterling, the bank was ceasing payments. This left him with a small sum he had invested abroad, his house and its contents, his car (for which he had not finished paying) and nothing else. His wife and he had lived a very full social life and the parties at which they had been hosts had been lavish, expensive affairs. Without either the income from the not inconsiderable block of shares which his wife had inherited (they had passed on to her younger sister) or his own bank balance these festivities would have to stop.

He had decided that life without his social round without the comfort of knowing he had a balance and without his beloved wife, but with sense of blame for her death, would be so much of a strain as to be unbearable. And that did not include the possibility of losing his job and his reputation in a scandal of which he would be largely innocent.

Suddenly out in the road, a loud-speaker burst out, "Ladies and Gentlemen, this is the fiftieth speech of my campaign....." and a political meeting got underway. The persistent metallic voice went on and on, making one attack after another on the government for what it had not done. The man, his thoughts interrupted, listened for a while with the contempt which his position and his intimate knowledge of the reasons behind the Government's decision allowed him to have for that loudly, destructively critical politician. Then he crossed the room, closed the windows to shut out the sound of the meeting and returned to his chair and his thoughts.

He was beginning again the train of thought which had led him to consider suicide, when a new idea occurred to him. He had been contemptuous of the politician because of his own superior knowledge of home affairs. How many other people had that knowledge? Presumably none as his only superior in the Ministry - the minister himself - had only held his post for a few months. In other words, he was indispensable to the government and so, in the event of the scandal, the government would he supposed make a show of throwing him out in order to satisfy the electorate, but would be obliged to retain his services by some means or other.

The idea of suicide had seemed to him to be wrong and somehow cowardly and now that one of the arguments for his taking such a step had been eliminated he felt a rising sense of pleasure and began to examine the other arguments with a more cheerful outlook. If he continued to be employed by the government he would continue to receive his salary and would be able to run his house as he had been used to doing in the past provided that he did not throw any more of those elaborate parties. He did not mind this condition because he felt that to be the only host at those parties would remind him forcibly of his wife's death. Also, though he hated to think of his wife's death in such material terms, it would reduce his expenditure and would enable him to get an even greater sum of money together in the twenty-odd years before he retired.

G. S. Wattley  
(Lower 6th)



# The Disappointment

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JOHN was a perfect man, at least to himself he was. He had worked for the "Friendly Messenger Service" for four years now. He had recently been promoted from second to first class messenger. This meant he was issued with a gun, and he was allowed to carry not only negotiable bonds, but money too. This made him feel superior to the men he met in second class; and left in second class. One of his favorite boasts was the fact that he had never been robbed or attacked.

He pictured himself as a James Bond type and he liked his cars low, long, and the latest. His girls he liked exciting, up to date and well stacked. And Maxine fitted this description like she fitted her miniskirt and fancy knit stockings. He told Maxine every thing he did, and every thing he didn't do.

One morning the boss called him into the office, and gave him instructions to pick up a brief case from another messenger at the station. The messenger would arrive at 9.30 a.m. so he had an hour to kill. He naturally went to see Maxine to pass the time.

He then left for the station. When he arrived, he went in and sat in the waiting room, under the third window from the left which was where the boss had told him to sit. There was one thing which worried him though. It was this fellow who sat next to him. He seemed vaguely familiar, but, he said to himself, I must have seen him at a party or something. The messenger arrived and gave him the case, instructing him to deliver it to an aged gentleman, who would approach him outside the Ritz cinema after the evening show when the crowd began to get thick.

John decided to go to the evening show and come out a bit early, so he could get the bag from the car and be ready when the gentleman arrived. He parked his car directly across the road from the entrance to the cinema, locked it, put up the cloth hood, and went into the cinema. When he came out he saw the man whom he had seen at the station earlier on. He stood for a minute thinking. He felt people brushing past him, then he saw it, the man; he was carrying the brief case which he had left in the car. He looked at his car, and through the roof he could see the white upholstery. It had been cut. He tried following the man but he lost him in the crowd.

He sat on the step of the cinema after the crowd had cleared, his hands covering his face, tears

cascading from his eyes, for he remembered where he had met the man. Maxine had introduced him to that man once saying "John meet my brother Harry."

J. S. Nedd—4B.

# The Legend of Chin Fat

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Chen Chin Chong was a short, fat Chinese man, who lived at the back of his very small shop on St. Vincent Street. People who knew him well called him Chin Fat, for he moved slowly and they claim he did this because of excess weight. Chin Fat was fifty eight and had fathered twelve children through his wife.

He always wore a pair of khaki pants and a white jersey while in the shop, and these were always clean and tidy. In his tidy shop he was always as busy as a Sno' Cone machine at work. He was either fixing the counter or tidying the shelves or scrubbing the floor. People say that they never heard him curse or even raise his voice, and he always sold fair—the best quality goods at reasonable prices. His children said he was kind and considerate, always giving them what money he could spare, although this was very little. His wife said he would sometimes cry for hours at the poor conditions in which his children lived, and would swear to make things better in the future.

One night the Chin Fat's neighbours were awakened by the sound of a siren just outside the shop. To their horror, when they ran outside, the shop and house were being engulfed by a mass of flame. In vain the firemen tried to save the house but within a few minutes it was burnt to the ground.

No trace of burnt human tissues was found and the police came to the conclusion that no one was in the building when it caught fire. People, knowing Chin Fat's habits, believe, he took his wife and children back to China to a better life, setting the house afire to burn his sorrowful memories.

Chin Fat has never been seen since, but people say he is now a millionaire and the father of twenty one children.

A. H. Harewood  
(4B)



# A Wedding

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IN the village of Cumuto, just off the Churchill-Roosevelt Highway at the Waller Field end, Mano, a gay lad of the village, was to get married to Flo. The parents of the two were supposed to be rich, by the standards of the village, since Flo's father owned a shop and Mano's father owned three cows and lived in a high house. The wedding day was fixed for Sunday 23rd April and the invitations had been handed out some time before. It was agreed that the wedding was to be as grand as any in the island and the best thing Cumuto was ever to see.

Preparations were in full swing. The week before Auntie came every day, to sew and fit the dress, at Mr. Jack. On the Friday the house was as busy as a beehive—every one coming and going. Also on this day the cake was being baked, chairs were arriving for the guests, the bar was to be put up in the yard, the delicacies were being made, and a mad rush was on to finish the dress so that the following day only the crown and veil were to be finished. In the yard John and Joey were busy taking the chairs off the truck and stacking them up so that they would just arrange them on the day itself. Auntie was running yards of white cloth into the machine while Gemma hemmed. Gemma was also helping stuff prunes and was getting the dress into the dish, because of the eye she had to keep on it, for Jacob was continually passing and helping himself to a handfull. Flo herself was busy with helping with the cake, but she was almost always inspecting the hard work Auntie and Gemma had put down on her outfit asking why they had been so long at it and why they could not work faster.

After the polishing and scrubbing on the Saturday, Mano and his friends sat at his father's house consuming with the old man some of his stock. Vijash the best man had just arrived.

"Come man V.J. pull a chair and have one" called Mano to him. Mano's father took the opportunity to show off his wealth by displaying all the different brands on the Table.

The guests gathered outside the church, some stayed outside and chatted while others went in and sat down unable to keep still, always looking about them and about each other. The groom had arrived and sat in the front pew with Vijash, both chewing gum. The bride arrived about fifteen minutes late. She was dressed in a slender ankle length skirt, the bottom of which was so small in circumference that she took very tiny steps and it seemed as though she would topple at any minute.

During the ceremony, the guests in the congregation stood, talking and whispering to each another drawing the attention of each other to the garb or the outfit of this and that person. They were not to be blamed for this because almost every one was over dressed. Miss Hilda, a very buxom woman, was dressed in an orange dress with white frilly sleeves and a scalloped overskirt with white lace bordering. Mr. Joseph stood in a whole suit of trouserine and one of the younger men forgot to remove his hat. The server, may not have been used to seeing such a show, blundered in his moves and forgot to carry out many manoeuvres during the ceremony. The priest went on with the service while the women talked and laughed and the men stood with wondering eyes.

The reception took place at the bride's father's residence at his house on top of the shop. The champagne was served, in port glasses with ice in it, and most was mixed with cider or nearly all filled with cider, and the toasts were drunk to bride, groom, bridesmaid and the lot. In between speeches were made by the male elders of importance, each trying to outdo the other. The gaiety then began in full swing music blasting, with old and young enjoying themselves at this great Wedding in Cumuto.

Graham Clarke—5B

## THE FREEDOM JOURNEY

*Hide me away in a green thicket,  
Down near the silver, fresh river,  
Bundle me in robes of nature,  
Leggings of grass, and back bare to the sun.*

*Let me lie in the rain, have me nude and wet,  
Green as the damp grass whereon I rest,  
I will swim like a fish and follow the course of  
river earth,  
Upstream, early morning, to the hills.*

*Put me to lie on the bank of the pool of life,  
Let me lap the deep waters like a thirsty creature,  
Free me now, and let me run naked in the wood,  
Following the sun I see through forest firs.*

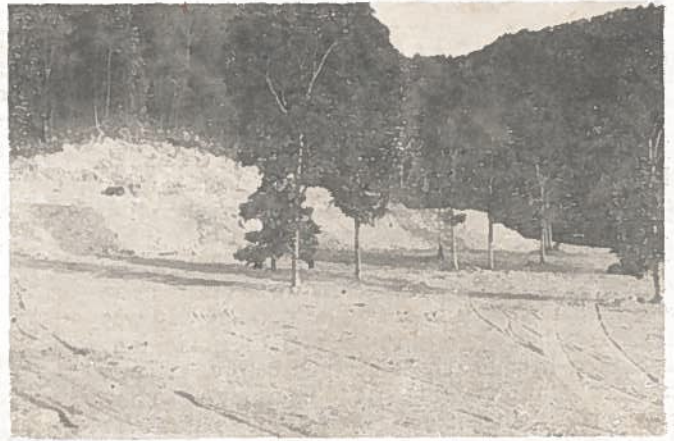
*Let me search for a high, place, to climb,  
At my will, to scramble in solitude for time,  
Uncensored, strong, submerged in my warm running  
stream,  
While lightning wreaks cold havoc above.*

*To find, at last, my mecca and sit,  
In a rain-cloud cold, at the foot of a stone cross,  
Cold, shrouded in mist as I'm lowered,  
Lowered down, with the rain all around me,  
Long streaks falling with me, from my high place,  
Weeping, on a cold afternoon,  
At freedom journey's end.*

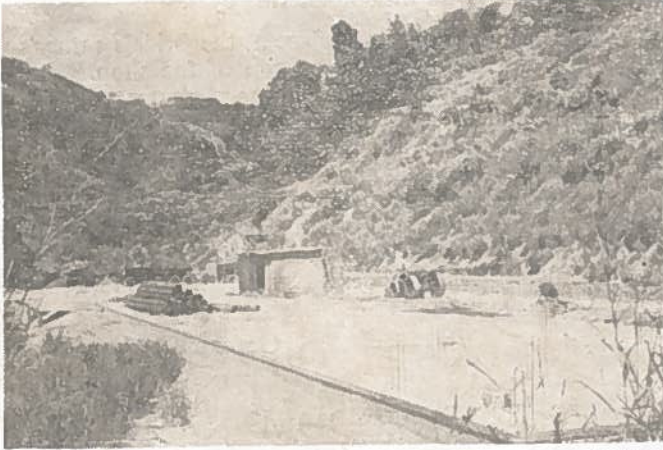
A. Dun — 5A.



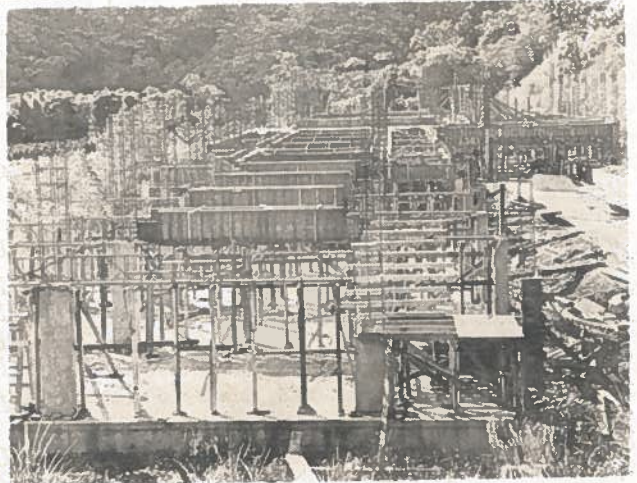
# THE GROWTH OF THE NEW SCHOOL



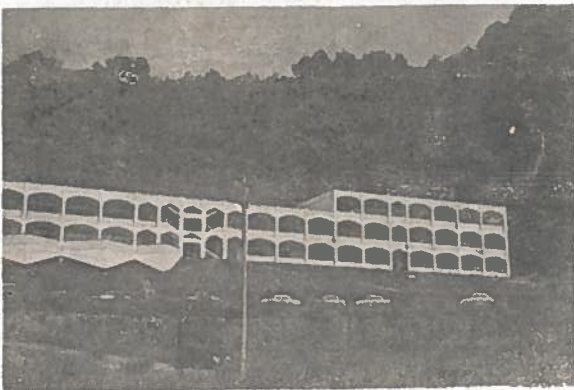
**The Site is cleared—1962**



**The Foundation—1963**



**Going Up—1964**



**Trinity College, Moka, Maraval—1967**