

A.M.D.G.

St. STANISLAUS MAGAZINE

ASSOCIATION SECTION

VOL. [2]

October 1944

No. [2]

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COLLEGE SECTION

ST. STANISLAUS COLLEGE ASSOCIATION 1944



St. Stanislaus Kostka

COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT:

President: C. P. De FREITAS.
Vice-Presidents: C. N. DELPH & C. C. De FREITAS.
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Hony. Treasurer: W. RODRIGUES.
Hony. Asst. Secretary: JOHN FERNANDES

Members:

JORGE JARDIM	A. A. ABRAHAM, Jnr.
J. B. GONSALVES	C. F. De CAIRES
F. I. De CAIRES	H. W. De FREITAS.

Ex-officio Members of Committee:

REV. Fr. F. J. SMITH, S.J., B.A. (Principal, St. Stanislaus College).
REV. Fr. A. GILL, S.J. (Games Master, St. Stanislaus College).

EDITORIAL

On the third Friday of each month, there takes place at the College an evening's entertainment of some sort or other – a lecture perhaps, or a talk illustrated by lantern slides, sometimes a social. The Literary and Debating Group arranges monthly debates or "quizzes". The 10th of November is fixed, as the day on which the Association's second annual dinner will be held. That the Association in its short existence has acquired the strength to be so active is something of which we are entitled to feel justly proud. In our pride, however, let us not lose sight of the fact that all these activities are mainly for the benefit of the Members of the Association, selfish activities we might call them. Doubtless it is inevitable, even desirable, that there should be such activities – indeed it is implied in the stated objects of the Association that there should be – but in the steady flow of these activities there is danger that the prime object of the Association may become buried and forgotten. We do not doubt that you are aware of this object; that we should bring it before you now attribute to a desire on our part that you should remain so.

On the first page Of the Rules of the Association, in the rule defining the Association's objects, will be found the following words, "To further the interests of St. Stanislaus College." Most of you know the reasons that led to the formation of the St. Stanislaus College Association. For those of you who may not, they are briefly as follows. Some few years ago it was found that, if St. Stanislaus College was to maintain the high standard it had reached in the general field of education, substantial financial assistance would be needed, and, in view of the unquestionably efficient and necessary part the College was playing in the Christian education of the Colony's youth, it was felt that justification existed for applying to Government for this assistance. An application was made accordingly. Unfortunately Government saw fit to refuse it, and the College was faced with a crisis. At this, stage a number of old boys of the College, remembering the debt they owed to their *alma mater*, decided to form an association whose task it would be to raise funds to meet the College's annual deficit. This association is the St. Stanislaus College Association. Other objects have been incorporated in its Rules, but this one of providing the means to enable the College to continue its good work remains still the chief.

We ask that you keep in mind this reason for the existence of the Association. When there is work to be done in this cause do not sit idly aside allaying your conscience with the thought that there are two hundred odd other Members of the Association who can get things done without your assistance. These other Members may have similar thoughts; get up and set them an example. The College Aid Committee undertakes no small task in the planning and directing of the annual campaign to raise funds for the College. If success is to continue to attend their efforts the help of each one of you is needed. Give it whenever you can, in whatever way you can, however insignificant it may seem to you. In so doing you will go a long way towards paying off the debt nearly all of us owe, in great measure or small, to St. Stanislaus College.

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LITERARY AND DEBATING GROUP

Since our last report there have been only three meetings, as in the month of August the Bank Holiday is on the first Monday.

In July, another Spelling Bee was held, but on a system exactly the reverse of the last occasion, *i.e.*, a group of four was selected to spell any word chosen by members of the audience in turn. The meeting was quite successful as several very long and almost unheard-of words were put forward. The first group of four comprised Frs. F. Smith, S.J., and S. Boase, S.J., and Messrs. J. N. H. Bayley and H. L. Steele. They performed their duties exceedingly well and missed comparatively few words. After each member of the audience had had a try, a new group of four was formed from those who had stumped the first group; these were three College boys, Jocelyn D'Oliveira, Arnold Bayley and Desmond Heuvel with Mr. Arthur Abraham to provide a steadying influence. Their average of missed words was also quite small. Throughout the night, prizes were awarded to those members of the audience who succeeded in stumping the experts.

In September there was another novelty – a mock trial in which the "Cinema" was charged with being largely responsible for the decline of the moral standard of this community. The proceedings were quite lively, as the Defending Counsel fought his case tooth and nail and raised strong objections to any attempt on the part of the Prosecuting Counsel to introduce extraneous matter. The Prosecuting Counsel struggled bravely to put forward his case in the impartial manner usually expected of the prosecution. There were two witnesses on each side, and while the evidence for the defence appeared rather to support the case of the prosecution, the Defending Counsel made such a stirring closing speech that the audience (who for the purpose of the trial were treated as the jury) gave an almost unanimous verdict of acquittal.

In October, our Chairman, Mr. C. P. de Freitas, gave an interesting talk entitled "Photography and its applications", explaining in detail, among other things, how coloured films were made and the use of infra-red rays. According to the notice of the meeting this was to be followed by "general discussion" but it was more in the nature of "question and answer", Mr. de Freitas very capably clearing up one or two knotty points raised by members.

In conclusion we should like to urge members to send in to the Secretary of the Group suggestions for subjects to be debated or discussed, or any ideas for meetings of the Group.

MONTHLY PROGRAMMES

The Activities Sub-Committee arranged the following programmes during the period covered by this issue of the Magazine:

June 23rd:

Mr. C. P. de Freitas gave a talk, with lantern slide illustrations; on "The Leeward Islands and their association with the French Wars".

July 21st:

A Social: a programme of music on gramophone records and refreshments were provided.

August 18th:

Through the courtesy of the American Consulate at Georgetown the films "Farming in Walla Walla" and "Battle of Britain" were shown. Very interesting.

September 22nd:

A talk by J. A. Heuvel, Doctor of Music, on "Musical Appreciation" illustrated on the gramophone.

October 25th:

Dr. P. F. de Caires spoke "on Some aspects of Yellow Fever Research and Control in Brazil," and answered questions on the campaign against Yellow Fever in British Guiana.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following publications:

The Lodge School Record (Barbados), May 1943 - April 1944.

The Combermerian (Barbados), April 1943 - March 1944.

The School Journal of the Bishop's High School for Girls (Georgetown), July, 1944.

ST. STANISLAUS COLLEGE ASSOCIATION SCHOLARSHIP

At a Meeting of the Committee of Management of the Association held earlier in the year the pleasant fact came to light that the financial position of the Association, despite a few unpaid subscriptions, was a very healthy one. As the Committee was of the opinion that some way directly beneficial to St. Stanislaus College should be found of employing at least a portion of the funds at the Association's disposal, consideration was given to a suggestion that a scholarship tenable at the College should be awarded from the funds of the Association. A small special sub-committee was appointed to go into the matter and to make such recommendations as they saw fit. This sub-committee duly considered the matter and submitted the following report to the Committee of Management.

REPORT OF SPECIAL SCHOLARSHIP SUB-COMMITTEE

The following were appointed to a sub-committee to consider the question of a scholarship award to be given by the Association from its funds, and to make such recommendations and regulations as may be necessary for the purpose:

Mr. C. P. de Freitas, Chairman and Convener, Fr. F. Smith, S.J., Fr. A. Gill, S.J., Mr. John Fernandes, Mr. C. C. de Freitas, Mr. Cecil de Caires and Mr. W. Harrison.

The sub-committee held a meeting on Friday, 7th July, 1944, at 5.30 p.m. at the College, at which the following were present: Mr. C. P. de Freitas, Chairman, Mr. C. C. de Freitas, Fr. F. Smith, S.J., and Mr. Cecil de Caires.

Excuses for their absence were received from Mr. John Fernandes, Father A. Gill and Mr. Harrison.

After discussion the sub-committee arrived at unanimous agreement on all points and takes great pleasure in making the following recommendations:

The Association should award a scholarship valued at \$60 per annum, tenable at St. Stanislaus College. It is felt that it would not be advisable to commit the funds of the Association to more than one scholarship at present; that is to say, the scholarship awarded now should be for a period of five years, at the end of which period another scholarship should be awarded. The hope is however expressed that the financial condition of the Association may improve to such an extent that it would become possible to award a scholarship every two years, and possibly eventually every year, thus having five pupils at the College for whom the Association would be responsible. This would, however, mean a commitment of \$300 per year payable from a standing fund of \$1,500, and the Association is not in a position to do this at present.

The first scholarship award should be made early to enable the candidate selected to commence his attendance at the College at the beginning of the coming school year in September. For this purpose the Treasurer should be authorised to set

aside in a special "Scholarship Account" the sum of \$300, from which the yearly sum of \$60 should be payable to the Principal of the College for the necessary disbursements. It is recommended that every year a similar sum of \$60 should be set aside from the Association's funds to this special account, thus keeping the account at the figure of \$300. In this way there should be no likelihood of the Association forgetting its commitment and there would be a certain assurance of at least one pupil at the College as the result of this scholarship.

It is felt that, in order to save unnecessary accounting and auditing, the sum of \$60, entire, should be paid to the Principal of the College, as suggested above, for the use of the scholar. From this amount, all fees for tuition and games, and for books, etc., for the year would be disbursed and the balance, if any, paid over to the guardian or parent of the candidate.

The question as to whether the candidate, if at the end of the scholarship period he showed promise of being a Guiana Scholar, should be given further help, was also discussed. It was felt that this should be left to the decision of the Committee at the time when such occasion might arise.

Attached to this report are regulations drawn up to govern the award of the scholarship and it is recommended that they should be adopted and passed by the Committee.

26th July, 1944

C. P. DE FREITAS,
Chairman

The Committee considered this Report and passed the following Resolution –

That the recommendations embodied in the Report of the Sub-committee appointed to enquire into the question of the award from the funds of the Association of a Scholarship tenable at St. Stanislaus College and to make such recommendations and draw up such regulations as they may consider necessary are adopted;

That this Committee approves of the award of a Scholarship valued at \$60 per annum for a period of five years tenable at St. Stanislaus College, the first award to be made to commence as from September, 1944;

That, for this purpose, the Treasurer be instructed and authorised to set aside from the funds of the Association the sum of \$300 to be credited to a special account to be called "The Scholarship Account" from which account the sum of \$60 per annum is to be paid to the Principal of St. Stanislaus College in accordance with the Regulations governing the award of the Scholarship, and that he be further authorised to set aside in every year thereafter, to the credit of this special account, a sum of \$60 in order to keep the account at the figure of \$300; and

That the Regulations, governing the award of the Scholarship, attached to the Report of the Sub-committee, are passed and approved as amended by this Committee.

Hereunder are the Regulations as approved by the Committee.

REGULATIONS GOVERNING THE AWARD OF THE
ST. STANISLAUS COLLEGE ASSOCIATION SCHOLARSHIP.

- 1) One scholarship will be awarded every five years to a boy, who, being a candidate at the annual examination for the award of the Government County Scholarships, in the year in which the Association Scholarship, is to be awarded, has qualified for, but has not been awarded, any such Government Scholarship; subject, however, to the conditions as set out in the following regulations.
- 2) Candidates must be from one of the three following classes:
 - a. Catholics attending a Catholic School;
 - b. Catholics attending a non-Catholic School, but doing so only in conformity with the laws of the Catholic Church;
 - c. A non-Catholic who may be a brother or son of a member of the Association.
- 3) The Scholarship will be tenable for five years at St. Stanislaus College, Georgetown. The value will be \$60 per annum, to be used for the payment of school fees, games, books, examination fees, etc., the residue, if any, to be paid over at the end of the scholarship to the parent, or guardian, to help towards the maintenance of the scholar.
- 4) The selection of the candidate will be made in the following manner:

The Committee of the Association shall appoint annually a scholarship sub-committee, consisting of not more than four members, of whom the Principal of the College shall be, *ex officio*, a member and Chairman.

The scholarship sub-committee shall select from the candidates, having the qualifications under regulations 1 and 2 above, three boys whose names shall be submitted to the Committee of the Association for the final award.

The scholarship sub-committee, in making such selection, shall take into account, causing such enquiries as are necessary to be made, the financial position of the candidate, the marks obtained by him in the examination mentioned in regulation 1 above, as well as his suitability in other respects for the scholarship; they shall make a report of their findings under these heads when recommending the three names to the Committee for its award.

- 5) Any scholarship awarded may be terminated by the Committee of the Association, in their absolute discretion, at any time within the period of such scholarship:
 - a. if the scholastic work, or conduct, of a scholar appears to the scholarship sub-committee to justify it;
 - b. if the Committee shall decide that the award of the scholarship was induced by any misrepresentation on the part of the scholar, or any relative, guardian, or teacher of the said scholar or by any evidence given by any of the said persons as to the financial circumstances of the scholar or as to any other material questions; or
 - c. for any other reason which the Committee of the Association deems fit.
- 6) This scholarship is offered under the condition that neither the Committee, nor the Association, nor any member of the Committee or of the Association shall be under any legal or equitable liability towards any candidate, or his parents or guardians. No legal or equitable contractual relationship is intended to arise between any member of the St. Stanislaus College Association or Committee of such Association on the one hand and any other person on the other.
- 7) The Committee shall not be bound to give any reasons for any decision arrived at by them or to observe any procedure or rule of evidence in arriving at any decision aforesaid except as they think fit.
- 8) The first award of a scholarship under the regulations shall be made for the school year commencing in September, 1944.

The above Regulations were passed at a meeting of the Committee of the St. Stanislaus College Association held on the 26th day of July, 1944.

C. P. DE FREITAS,
President.

In accordance with regulation 4 ,of the above Regulations a Scholarship Sub-committee was appointed consisting of the Principal of St. Stanislaus College (Fr. F. J. Smith, S.J., B.A., Chairman (*ex officio*), Messrs. C. R. de Freitas, C. C. de Freitas and John Fernandes, to carry out the provisions of this regulation.

This Sub-committee subsequently met and submitted its recommendations to the Committee of Management who have approved of the award of the Scholarship for 1944 to MARCELLUS FEILDEN SINGH of St. Anthony's R.C. School, Friendship Village, East Coast, Demerara. We take this opportunity to extend our congratulations to him and to wish him success in his studies at the College.

SANTALAND

A Christmas Fair will be held on Saturday, December 16th,
at St. Stanislaus College. May we expect you there?

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ROLL OF HONOUR

<i>DULCE ET DECORUM EST PRO PATRIA MORI</i>		
R G. Amory, Flt.-Sgt.	R.A.F.	Killed in Action.
Capt. Stanley Alastair Heald	R.A.F.	Killed in Action.
Lieut. Alfred S. H. July	Q.R.R.	Killed in Action.
Pte. C. de Chalus	R.A.M.C.	Died on Service.
Lieut. A. P. Heald	R.A.	Died on Service.
AC2 Dominic S. Psaila	R.C.A.F.	Died on Service.
<i>R.I.P.</i>		

LIST OF OLD BOYS SERVING WITH THE FORCES

E. I. Alves	R.A.F.
A. Belgrave, Lieut.	S.C.F.
D. Birtles	R.A.C.
F. Brazao, Flt.-Mech.	R.A.F.
Philip Camacho, L.A.C.	R.A.F.
John A. G. Christiani, AC2	R.A.F.
Alan Cunningham, Sgt.	R.A.F.
Anthony Cunningham, Sgt.-Pilot	R.A.F.
D. Cunningham	R.A.M.C.
Ian Cunningham, W. Op.	R.A.F.
Bruce Da Cambra, Guardsman	Canadian Grenadier Guards.
Francis J. D'Agrella, Sgt.	R.A.F.
Carl Da Silva	U.S. Navy.
Flavio Da Silva	R.C.A.F.
Frank Da Silva	R.A.C.
George Da Silva	M.N.
S. Da Silva	R.N.V.R.
Vernon Da Silva	R.A.C.
J. H. Davies	M.N.
Dennis De Caires, Flt.-Sgt.	R.A.F.
Alex. De Freitas, Major	R.A.M.C.
Arlindo De Freitas, Sgt.	R.A.F.
Celco De Freitas, Sgt.	R.A.F. (Prisoner of War).
Gerald A. De Freitas, L.A.C.	R.A.F.
H. E. De Freitas	R.A.S.C.
J. P. De Freitas	R.C.A.F. (?)
L. A. De Freitas	R.A.F.

LIST OF OLD BOYS SERVING WITH THE FORCES
(Cont'd)

Malcolm De Freitas, AC2	R.A.F.
Michael De Freitas, Sub.-Lieut.	T.R.N.V.R.
P.M. de Freitas	R.A.O.C.
R. A. De. Freitas	R.A.F.
Colin A. De Groot, AC2	R.A.F.
V. Peter Dias, Sgt.	RA.F.
P. John Dodds	R.A.F.
Carl F. D'Ornellas, Lieut.	S.C.F.
H. A. P. Evelyn, Lieut.	S.C.F.
J. Evelyn, Sgnlr.	R.N.
"Billy" Fernandes	U.S. Army
Charles Fernandes	U.S. Army
H. Fernandes	R.N.V.R.
Philip Fernandes	R.A.F.
René Fernandes, 2nd. Lieut.	S.C.F.
J. O. Fitt	R.N.
Terence Fitzgerald, Flt.-Sgt.	R.A.F. (Missing).
Anthony Fletcher	R.N.
Bernard A. Foster, Lieut.	S.C.F.
Clement Foster, Gunner	R.C.A.
Gordon French	R.A.F.
C. Gomes	R.A.C.
Elson Gomes	R.C.A.F.
Maurice Gomes	R.A.F.
R. Gomes	R.A.F.
Francis I. Gonsalves, Sgt.	R.A.C.
F. P. "Stumps" Gonsalves, Sq. Ldr.	R.A.F.
R Gonsalves, Pilot Officer	R.A.F.
Alfred Gouveia	R.C.A.F.
Andrew Grant	R.A.F.
Michael St. C. Grant	R.C.A.F.
Elmo Hart	U.S. Army.
Harry Hart	U.S. Army.
Lawrence Hart	U.S. Army.
C. E. H. "Teddy" Heald	Capt. S.C.F.
David Arthur Howard	R.A.F.
Bolland C. Jardine, Flt.-Sgt.	R.A.F.
Denis R. July, Trooper	R.A.C. (Prisoner of War).
Jackie F. July, Trooper	R.A.C. (Prisoner of War).

LIST OF OLD BOYS SERVING WITH THE FORCES
(Cont'd)

Cecil P. King, D.F.M., Pilot Officer	R.A.F. (Missing)
J. Lopes, Lt.-Col.	R.A.M.C.
Ovid Marks	R.A.F.
H. N. Nascimento	R.C.A.
Pat Nobrega	R.E. (Prisoner of War).
Bryan O'Dowd	R.A.F.
Norman Psaila, Lieut.	R.N.
Noel Rego,	R.A.F.
G. Lloyd P. Roberts, AC2	R.A.F.
D. Rose, 2nd Lieut.,	K.O.Y.L.I.
Walter E. Roth,	R.A.F.
Joseph A. Roza, AC2	R.A.F.
Chas. I. Schulz, Gunner	R.C.A.
Claude Serrao,	R.A.C.
Frank D. Slater, Lieut.	1st Bat. Loyal Reg.
John Milne Smith, Pilot Officer.	R.A.F.
"Kennie" Milne Smith, Lieut.	R.N.
F. "Bernie" Thomas, L.A.C./Bdr.	R.C.A.F.
David O. M. Thorne, AC2	R.A.F.
"Gerry" J. R. Tranquada,	R.A.F.
I. Vieira,	R.A.F.
Stephen H. C. Wallbridge, 2nd Lieut.	R.A.C.
Leon I. C. Willems, Pilot Officer	R.A.F.

We apologise for any errors or omissions in this list, and appeal to relatives and friends of old boys serving with the Forces to supply us with information to enable the list to be brought up-to-date and made as accurate as possible. Information about ranks and decorations will be specially welcome.

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A WEEKEND TRIP AROUND BRITISH GUYANA

BY

W. T. BELGRAVE

Our party left Georgetown on Thursday the 17th of August at 8.15 a.m. by the river steamer *R.H. Carr* bound for Wismar on the Demerara River against the tail end of a falling tide. Being a rainy morning the usual last minute bustle on the wharf was increased. I had not travelled by this route since 1924 and can certainly say that the traffic has increased enormously.

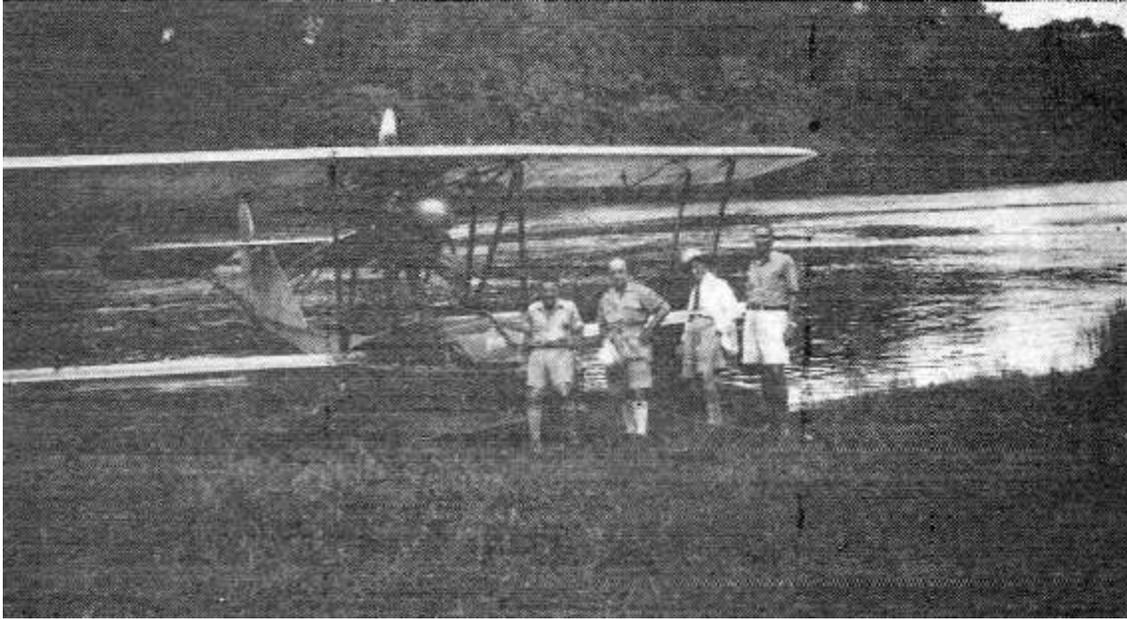
Shortly after the steamer got under way the passengers resolved themselves into groups. One could scarcely pass along the upper deck owing to the array of deck chairs in which people squatted and yarned among themselves. The elite of the passengers along with a few military officers played bridge in the forward saloon.

We travelled at the rate of about six miles per hour for the first part of the journey. After the tide eased somewhere around 10.30 our rate was increased as our direction of travel was the same as that of the incoming tide. This effect was not felt until late in the afternoon.

At 9.45 we passed the dredge "Jamaica Bay" with its snake-like pipe-line stretching across the river to the west. I observed several banks in the middle of the river and was told these were the result of the dredge discharge, the object being to increase the flow in the channel by narrowing its width.

About 10.30 we passed a U.S. tanker on its way up river. We had no sooner left this ship behind when a U.S. Navy high speed motor-boat flew past us as if we were standing. I am afraid I lost a bit of faith in the old tub, but by afternoon she picked up enough courage to pass a bauxite ship on its way to Wismar. The steaming time for this trip is some 7 ½ hours but owing to stops and slow periods the time taken was just over 8 ½ hours. We stopped at several places on the run – Soesdyke, Sand Hills and the pineapple factory at Dalgin. We also passed the "Turret Cape", another dredge, doing its work.

We passed through the newly cut Yaruni Bend. Here the "Jamaica Bay" has simply cut through what was once forest to make a canal 200 feet wide by 25 feet deep and so cut out a rather sharp hairpin bend too sharp for larger ships which as a rule ended up on the bank of the River.



ABOVE KAIETEUR FALL--THE AUTHOR IS SEATED
ON THE NOSE OF THE 'PLANE.

The Demerara River up to Wismar is not as picturesque as the Essequibo, having no spectacular hills or nice falls. Christianburg, Wismar on the west bank and Mackenzie in the east present a beautiful picture with man-made sand beaches and launches and tugs puffing around; it gives one a feeling of prosperity.

We arrived at Wismar at 4.50 p.m. Wismar is the starting point of a small railway across to Essequibo. In the old days this was the only safe way to travel up to Potaro, but with the building of the Potaro Road this route is not in as much demand as in the days when I travelled on it in 1924. In those days the railway was like the joke told. When going up hill, second class passengers must get out and push, first class passengers get out and walk.

We went around Wismar and Christianburg on a tour of inspection of Government buildings and compounds, and across river to see old friends and a spot of conviviality. We arrived at the Bauxite Co. at 8.00 p.m. where our transport was waiting to take us up to the new civil aerodrome now under construction. After dinner there were the usual discussions and night-caps, and a ready hammock to dream in of the next day's tour.

I awoke on Friday at 6.30 a.m. to a new scene of small huts and sand hills. Our host was very much up and giving orders for the day's work to truck drivers, operators, builders, etc. The new civil aerodrome is in fact a satellite aerodrome, and is situated on the way to the Bauxite Company's Ituni mines. We went down to the Bauxite Co. to look around at some machinery at the Noitgedacht workshop. You can always find a number of diesel tractors, scrapers, dumps, derricks, etc., and I enjoyed myself looking at the operators of the Tournapull scrapers. Having only two wheels they keep bowing every

now and then. I would not like to be the operator of one of these machines. I don't think much writing about or photographing of this area is allowed.

After breakfast we went down to the Seamen's Club to visit an old friend. At 3.05 p.m. we left for Seba Quarry by tug. As this is a protected area we had to stop at the Police Station and show our passes. On the east bank we saw a beautiful white sand hill, very high, and photographed it from the tug. On the west bank the Bauxite Co. has stripped a hill of all bush and sand by hydraulicing and left a brick red hill, a beautiful sight with a locomotive running on the side of the hill. We had to stop at the Akima bridge to show passes to the police. The bridge is constructed across the Demerara River and carries a trainload of bauxite. We ran into night but arrived safely at Seba at 7.30 p.m.

Seba is situated on the right or east bank of the Demerara River on a granite hill higher than the surrounding area, from which the river can be seen flowing lazily along. The U.S. Base Authorities had once operated this quarry and remains of their elaborate system of accommodation can be seen. One bungalow is still equipped with an English bath tub, and a large refrigerating room attached to the mess hall is left in rust and ruin.

On Saturday morning a dense mist was all over the area.. After a round of inspection we awaited the arrival of another official by plane which landed just after 9.00 a.m.. A round-table discussion was held and then breakfast. We took off by plane at 12.45 p.m. bound for' Kaieteur.

We crossed over the watershed, a range of mountains dividing the Demerara River basin from that of the Essequibo, and crossed the Essequibo itself which we flew along in a southerly direction up to the mouth of the Potaro River. The Marina Range with its high peaks came into view on the west. We then passed over the Omai gold mine – this mine is supposed to have yielded 1,000,000 ounces of gold between 1901 and 1906. We flew along at an altitude of about 2,000 feet, passing over the rapids at Tumatumari at 1.25 p.m. From above the river looks a muddy chocolate colour. The landscape around is really beautiful. The country is rolling and the tree tops look like a patterned carpet with green, beige, brown, yellow, white, black, gold and every imaginable colour represented in the pattern. At Garraway Stream we passed over the Denham bridge. A suspension bridge 350 feet in length, it is the longest single span bridge in the Colony. The Potaro River looks very small and snaky from the air.

The Kangaruma Falls, a series of impassable rapids, is by-passed by a road. In 1925 I made an excursion from the main road to take a look at these rapids; they are really a pretty sight. The roadway around the falls was made up mostly of corduroy and sand, and lorries ply along it to transport cargo.

Another pretty sight was the Amatuk Falls with the Amatuk Mountains on the left. The Fall is one of a clear drop and cargo has to be portaged around it. The next Fall of importance on the run was Waratuk. Cargo has also to be portaged around this fall.

After passing Waratuk, one can really say he is in the Kaieteur area as signs of the turbulence ahead can be seen. The river is very winding in its course along this section.

Flying along the Kaieteur gorge at about 2,000 feet the cliffs were above us. The walls were as if patterned by a brick layer in vertical and horizontal layers, with absolutely vertical faces almost bare; in places green vines clung to the crevices. The whole area was dotted with high peaks and deep gorges. After flying along the gorge we came in sight of the most beautiful bit of country I had ever seen, the mighty Kaieteur with its 741 feet of clear drop; it is a really gorgeous sight.

We circled on the wing tip about half a dozen times one way and then the other, shot up the gorge and across the face of the fall and finally touched down above the fall at 2.00 p.m. The pilot said he could have given us some better views, but one passenger was really having a bad time and so we lost our stunts over Kaieteur .

After securing the plane we walked up to the edge of the Fall where I heard several stories about the mighty Kaieteur and its visitors. I was told of a party up there a few weeks before who set out on a ramble. After they arrived at the rest house some of the ladies, dressed in bathing suits, decided to go for a walk. The walk was a long one and when they tried to return they lost their way. They tried in vain to locate the rest house and in the end had to sleep out in the wind, huddled up without food.

We looked at the fall from all angles, took some pictures and with a heavy heart started back for our plane. After a warm up we pushed out into the stream a few hundred yards from the edge of the fall. A short run and we lifted, shooting over the edge. It gives one a momentary sickening feeling if one is looking out at that instant as the altitude immediately changes on going over the edge from 30 feet to about 800 feet. I can say at once that I am a very good sailor both on sea and in the air and it would take a lot more than that to get me sick which was the intention when I was told to look out.

We returned along the same course by which we had come and I was able to sit and enjoy the view of the whole layout. I can tell you that if there is any place in the world that inspires peace in the human mind the air is that place. Prior to this I had found a church with its solitude the most peaceful place, but now I think that a church inspires not only peace but goodness, while the air is the most remote from noises and worry (except for engine noises which soon become part of the set-up).

We touched down at Garraway Stream at 3.30 p.m. and were met by the officer in charge of the interior roads. While our plane was refuelling we inspected the Denham bridge and a part of the road, yarned around and took pictures. I can assure you there is nothing like when three Scotsmen meet they have quite a lot to tell each other. At this point one of the passengers took the low road while we took the high at 4.30 p.m.

We cruised at about 85 miles on the airspeed indicator down the Potaro River to its mouth and then down the Essequibo. The sun came out sharply and there appeared

a rainbow on one side of the plane, a complete circle over the forest. It seemed to travel with us for a considerable time and then a part disappeared. After a while the whole rainbow came back to travel with us like a halo, but I am sure that I was not the angel.

From 2,000 feet up, the Bauxite Co. and the white sand hills on the Demerara River can be seen.

We passed over Rockstone, the terminus of the railway from Wismar. Rockstone is situated on the Essequibo River just above the navigation block in the river. This block is a series of small islands and rapids making it necessary to use the more navigable Demerara River and a railway across the country. Before the Bartica-Potaro Road was built, this was the only means of getting to the Rupununi without crossing the rapids in the lower Essequibo.

We passed over the famous Monkey Jump at 5.25 p.m. and over Bartica at 5.35 p.m. from where the Mazaruni and Cuyuni Rivers can be seen winding away. One of my companions then threw over a coin for luck, but I did not think that the luck to come was worth the coin though the one parting with the coin was a Scot.

I am of the opinion that flying around our Colony is one of the nicest ways in which one can get rid of some money if it can be afforded. We flew along the Naval Base. I can for obvious reasons not say much about this, but I must say that from the air it is nicely laid out.

Along the right bank of the Essequibo stretching from Bartica to the Base the bank is spotted with buildings. There is quite a lot of timber and quarry work around this area.

We passed over Parika, the terminus of the Transport and Harbours Department railway, at 6.00 p.m. and flew along the edge of the Atlantic. The rice and sugar cultivation looks like a soft, pea-green carpet with its orderly, laid out beds and trenches. Georgetown looks like a garden city with its numerous coconut trees and green cultivation.

At 6.15 p.m. we touched down at the seaplane ramp in the Demerara River, the end of a perfect three days trip to the hinterland of British Guiana.

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THE TEAM AND YOU

BY
"SOLFO"

There seems to be a marked indifference in the schoolboy of today to specialising at games and to assiduous practice with the view to mastery or proficiency in some, if not all, departments of some or one of the games played, which would build for the Colony today a reserve of material upon which to draw tomorrow. Let us take for the subject of this article Cricket. Nearly every boy knows the basic rules of cricket, has seen it played in various degrees of class, and is aware that some day ability in some or any of the departments of the game may mean a place in first-class games, perhaps even Inter-colonial or West Indian honours, yet few dream of, or aspire to, such heights. Like most things one cannot really start too young, and the boy who early develops the love for handling a ball, flipping it and catching, spinning and fingering it, is a potential bowler in the making, and probably a coming fieldsman of class; similarly the boy who finds joy in the feel of a bat, or makes strokes at this or that object with a stick, if cultivated may be a Bradman ten years hence.

But practice makes perfect, and patience with determination, plus coaching, are most essential. Yet many boys care little for practice, scorn coaching and, as self-constituted experts after a few games, rely on match days to bring forth dazzling brilliance. This cannot be, and I don't think a cricketer lives who has found success without diligent practice, or has found that he has nothing more to learn or no improvement to achieve.

I know of great batsmen who practice as regularly as they eat, in season, and who even practice footwork and stroke shaping before a mirror to observe stance and style.

I know great bowlers who after normal practice will stay on until dark bowling at one stump for accuracy, will draw a chalk line, and then a circle, and then put a shilling on the approved spot and bowl at them untiringly to obtain length and control with flight and spin. Believe me, I have seen them hit the shilling tree times in six, and go as close as makes no difference with the other three; when this is mastered they bring brain to play and study batsmen and how to outwit and defeat them, all of which holds tremendous thrill and pleasure.

As a lover of fielding I have studied, practiced with and watched fellows who spend much time fielding and catching hot ones or high ones, picking up the ball while running, and practice throwing in from all angles to well nigh perfection.

Slip catching from a slip fielding cradle day after day yields much reward, and the would-be wicket keeper who dons the pads and gloves, then faces everything from ten yards back of the wicket, soon finds that he can stand right up and achieve a growing degree of swiftness of eye and cleverness of hand at the job. The young tree bends easiest to the right shape, and has the greatest scope for fruition.

Coaching is invaluable but not easy to come by unless keen diligence, promise and the desire to learn are displayed, for most youngsters are spasmodic, irregular and prone to imagine that they already know all about everything, hence we have scores of unorthodox mediocres and all too few stars. Let me appeal to the boys of today to think of their school teams, put their hearts into the game, taking it seriously, practising steadily and regularly, trying to specialise in the department of the game they like best, or are most suited to, endeavouring to reach all round usefulness, playing always in the true spirit of cricket, and fostering the cricket ambition of the school. They will doubtless follow on to the sorely needed Colony representatives of the greatest and most English of all games.

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THE DIM PAST

BY

J. H. BAYLEY

Sometimes, when the press of work-a-day problems weighs my spirit down and I sink into the depths of dismal gloom, I seek relief by recalling pleasant memories of the good old days in school. I sit back and close my eyes and slowly out of the past mental pictures unfold themselves in an almost endless panorama, . There come to mind incidents, all amusing and carefree, peopled by colourful characters who though still familiar have long since drifted out of reach. Occasionally one sees the ghost of one or other of these, and inevitably time has wrought so complete a metamorphosis that they are scarcely identifiable with your conception of what they were,

I can see one of these incidents now. It is a group of boys, all hot and grubby after playing soccer in the afternoon recess. In the middle of the group, the centre of attraction, is a boy who stands out from the rest. He is large and brawly, deep of voice, polished and reserved of manner, by contrast even sophisticated; in attire he is impeccably neat – indeed, a sartorial poem. His sleek, black hair is carefully groomed and the delicate aroma of some refined perfume exudes from his person. His face, scrupulously clean, bears the faintest traces of Mennen's powder,

His name is "Skeet" and he is addressing the group, looking down his nose with an air of patronising indulgence. He is saying, "... I am going to teach you all a lesson today. I haven't learnt my Latin verse, but nothing is going to happen to me. Just wait and see. I'm not like you all. I don't have to tell lies and so on ..."

Open-mouthed, the others gaze at him in wondrous admiration, knowing full well that his words are only too true. They envy his position of trust even though not one of them would wish to emulate him. He is recognised by one and all, including the masters, as a model of rectitude and uprightness – an incorruptible, a trustee, in the most literal sense of the word.

The scene shifts to the classroom ten minutes later. Prayers have been said and the master has taken his seat at the desk. The latter, it must be said, is a recent addition to the staff, indeed making only his second appearance in the class – and accordingly he is wholly unfamiliar with the general scheme of things.

As the proceedings are about to begin, Skeet, the immaculate, steps out and forward, pauses before the desk, inclines his head and with a professional air of nauseating piety, says, "Please Father . . ." He pauses, awaiting the green light, and the muscles in his broad jaw pulse slowly with patient contentment.

"Yes, yes!" says the master, impatiently. "What is it?"

Skeet proceeds in a tone, somnolent and pacific, sweet as molasses. "You see, it's like this, Father." He inhales deeply, sighs and goes on. "Last night I had a headache and ..."

"What? An earthquake?" bellows the master, slightly hard of hearing. A titter of laughter rises from the class and Skeet, looking around, signifies his disapproval with a pained frown. He continues, somewhat louder, "A headache, Father, and I'm afraid I wasn't able to do my Latin homework." Having delivered himself of this little explanation, he remains standing, eyes closed, a picture of sickly virtue, awaiting the blessings of the master and perhaps even solicitations in respect of his health.

The master regards, during a moment of silence, this unusual specimen he had not noticed before, looking him up and down with a withering eye, the while restraining himself with great effort. Then suddenly the angry waters of his wrath broke the dam of his restraint. "A *headache!* NONSENSE, boy! Get back to your seat and bring me two hundred lines tomorrow morning." A burst of ribald laughter rocks the room, and the master raises his arms for silence.

Another incident, which for some unaccountable reason appeals to me, is that concerning a boy called Charlie. It would be difficult to explain satisfactorily why it amuses me and it is possible it may not seem at all funny to you; but nevertheless I'll take the risk.

Charlie was in every respect a strange boy. Short, pudgy and unathletic in appearance, he never played games. No one knew how he occupied his leisure time – it was a mystery. Certainly he did not devote it to his homework, for he was always behind schedule with that and invariably could be found in some remote corner of the compound or in the bicycle shed working feverishly to get things done in time for the bell. He was, as you see, slightly enigmatic. And his actions were therefore sometimes inexplicable.

The incident with which I always associate him occurred at a time when pranks were at a premium. You know the stage – troublesome terms in IVA when you felt chagrined at not having been promoted to Vth. The boys were bad and, the wave of buffoonery was assuming such proportions that it was rapidly proving a serious setback to the progress of much needed education. There had been the inexplicable ringing of an electric bell¹, stink bombs², a rooster placed in the master's desk, and a fearful epidemic of spilling flour all over the show. To say that the faculty were out for blood is to put it mildly; they were going to shoot on sight. All sorts of warnings had been given and there had even been threats of mass expulsions. The next boy to be caught in any act that could be construed as causing a distraction was going to be hung, drawn and quartered.

¹ Equipment required: your mother's old door bell, one 3-volt battery, and a length of hair-thin copper wire.

² H₂S

This of all times was when Charlie chose to indulge in a prank – something he had never done before and in the art of which he was not initiated. This was when, for no known reason, it occurred to him that it was high time he got acquainted with the active side of the prank business.

The instrument chosen for the fulfilment of his intention was a watch – one of those huge five-bob Pocket Bens. It had been relieved of its balance wheel by Charlie, probably in some abortive attempt at repair, and it made a nice, grating, whizzing noise when wound. Now ordinarily, there's nothing funny or even slightly amusing about a watch with no balance wheel which makes a buzzing noise. On the contrary, however, there is nothing more humorous and entertaining than an inexplicable and elusive noise in a class that is supposed to be at work.

This, then, was Charlie's plan. Time-worn perhaps, but always mirth-provoking. A safe plan – almost no risk attached. In nine cases out of ten, the guilty one has no difficulty in eluding detection; any master will readily admit how exasperated and powerless he has felt when submitted to a prank of this particular kind ...

Charlie brought the instrument into class one afternoon, put it into his desk and awaited a suitable opportunity to bring it into play. When the time came and everything was so quiet that one could have heard the proverbial pin drop, Charlie opened his desk and pushed both arms in, elbow deep. With the top of the desk thus projecting upwards some six glaringly conspicuous inches, Charlie naively pretended that the desk was shut and proceeded to wind the watch. "Click, Click," went the watch as it was wound. Looking up, the master saw that Charlie was winding his watch; and this being a routine function in which even a schoolboy is entitled to indulge, he said nothing and went on with whatever he was doing. Having wound the watch, Charlie let down the top of his desk with a clumsy thud and immediately the watch began to buzz.

"Buzz ... zzz . zzz " it went, rudely violating the peaceful quietude of the classroom. Heads bobbed up, faces lit up and a wave of amusement spread over the room like water on a flat surface. Sitting back with arms folded, a picture of felicitous self-satisfaction, Charlie acknowledged authorship of the disturbance by suave little bows at the boys all around him; intoxicated by the thrill of achievement, he was completely oblivious of the stern and forbidding symbol of authority at the head of the room. The latter, it may be added, sat momentarily hypnotised by the brazenness of the boy.

As soon as the buzzing had died away, Charlie opened his desk for the second time, plunged in and started the process of re-winding. Once again there was the artless withdrawal of hands, the bang of the desk top followed by the buzzing of the watch – each action accomplished with such appalling lack of subtlety as made the situation even more uproarious. Up to this point Charlie had not yet cast his eye in the direction of the figure at the head of the room. Now, having taken his bows, he apparently saw fit to do so. He looked and did a quick double take. The serene smile of accomplishment melted from his face like butter exposed to a furnace blast. The sudden change in

demeanour was so calamitous that the attention of the class automatically turned to seek the cause.

And there it was. If looks could kill Charlie would have been a case for the undertaker. The master's face was white with rage. His hair seemed to be standing on end, and beads of sweat poured out of his brow as he wrote deliberately on that familiar little square of writing paper.

"Gee!" somebody said with a groan, "he's gone into double figures!"

Yet another case in my mental store which often regurgitates is that of a celebrated bonehead. I cannot remember his name, except that I believe it was in some way synonymous with the creator of the Monroe Doctrine. This boy was a dullard if ever there was one. He was not only dull, he was utterly devoid of any imagination. A pale, lanky fellow, he seemed quite indifferent to the existence of other people's intelligence, and the sin he committed was that of repetition.

For some reason best known to himself, he could never be on time. I do not know whether it was that he started late, or that he underestimated the time it would take to get to school, but he was always late. It could not have been that school started too early, for invariably he was late for the afternoon session also. He just couldn't manage to make the grade, and it is reasonable to assume that if school could conveniently have been begun at 11 o'clock, he would still have been unfailingly late.

But it was not so much his unpunctuality that earned him his punishment; it was, as I said, the sin of repetition. Every morning as he shuffled in at 8.45 there would be repeated the same old ritual.

" ... ", the master would say, calling his name, "why are you late?" "It rained, Father," he would reply, after a moment of dull-witted reflection. Now in accepting this excuse it was not that the master was really as gullible as would at first seem; it was that he could not bring himself to believe that the boy was not telling the truth so long as there was a possibility that he was. That was his nature; he always thought the best of everyone, the dear old fellow. But even a worm will turn, and when our hero continued the exploitation of the same old excuse and extended it right along into the drought - in the Autumn of 1931 (or whenever it was) the kind priest became somewhat sceptical. The day of which I speak was somewhere around the middle of the drought, possibly the hottest and driest day of the year, and our friend happened to be half an hour later than usual. He staggered in looking fatigued and footsore, with that parched appearance that one sees in fowls brought down from the country for sale in town.

"Good morning, ... ," said the master, in his ultra-polite, slightly pedantic tones. "Late again!"

"Yes, Father," said- the old offender, "I ..." he paused, his eyes searching the ceiling for inspiration. He found none. "Rained," he gulped, adding in a much weaker voice, after a pause, "again."

The master's voice was icy. "Really, ..., I'm not at all satisfied with that excuse. I propose making certain inquiries and shall speak to you this afternoon."

On his return to the classroom that afternoon he lost no time in returning to the issue foremost in his mind. Head erect, chin well back, he approached the unfortunate boy's desk. "I have consulted the Meteorological Department and have satisfied myself beyond any doubt that not a drop of rain has fallen in these parts for the last two months. Ask for eighteen *ferulas*, please."

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CHILDREN OF TODAY, CITIZENS OF TOMORROW

BY
"VIVA"

Much stress has been laid from the pulpit on the Commandment "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain", and it applies to men, women and children, but, since men and women are first children, I speak to boys and girls. At schools and at places of recreation children meet, and by the example of others habits are formed, so that a child having heard a grown person break this commandment thinks it grand to do the same, and so the bad example spreads and expands to the detriment of many. The same applies to cursing, use of filthy language, lewd stories and jokes, which can only have a most degrading effect on the offenders and the audience, making for those so inclined a bad reputation which causes decent people to shun them and perhaps handicaps them in life. This evil-mindedness and dirty-tongued tendency has led many a boy and man, girl and woman into most serious trouble, and we should shun all who are guilty of such conduct in the endeavour not only to keep ourselves above reproach, but to show the wrong doers the error of their ways. Parents and teachers cannot be always with us, and in those unguarded hours we should shield ourselves from foul and evil language and thoughts in order that we may gain respect as children from all, and so shape ourselves to be good men, women and citizens of tomorrow.

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TRAVELS OF A TENDERFOOT

BY
"WEVH"

Twelve years ago I had the good fortune to make a trip through the interior of British Guiana to Kaieteur Fall. Since then there have, from time to time, been those so ill-starred as to find themselves in the position of having to listen to reminiscences of that trip. The Committee responsible for this Magazine have now persuaded me to inflict myself on you. Lay, therefore, your ill fortune at their door. Lay aside this magazine if you like – none the wiser, I shall take no offence. For the more polite of you my tale runs thus.

At the time I was a rather youthful Boy Scout, a tenderfoot in Troop 39 if you are interested, and as such very small fry in a group of about thirty which included the Colony Commissioner of Scouts. We left Georgetown at half past eight one Saturday morning shortly before Easter, on the Government steamer "Tarpon", and proceeded, with stops at Leguan, Parika, Fort Island, Tiger Creek and H.M.P.S., to Bartica which we reached at about half past four in the afternoon.

The journey was long and at times tedious, but not completely without interest for one who was making a first trip to the "bush". One incident sticks in my mind which left me with a profound respect for the "business acumen" of the party concerned. At Fort Island fruit of every kind was displayed for sale on the stelling. We did not leave the steamer and whatever purchases we made took place over the rail. One boy, with a nickname which did not belie his business methods (no! I am not going to mention it), was offered a pine by an East Indian fruit seller at a price of six cents. Whether he thought six cents an exorbitant price to pay or he did not possess that grand sum I do not know, but he brought a very effective power of persuasion to bear on the poor East Indian and when, after perhaps ten or fifteen minutes, the steamer began to pull away from the stelling the transaction was settled at arm's length, the pine changing hands for the princely sum of one cent. It takes a good argument to convince an East Indian fruit seller that his sense of value is five hundred per cent off the mark.

A night spent in a schoolhouse at Bartica followed the always delightful first evening in camp. You cannot know, unless experience has taught you, how enjoyable can be a simple meal of hot cocoa and bread and cheese partaken of in the warmth of a blazing, crackling camp-fire to the accompaniment of the conversation that can flow only from a gathering of boys of almost every age, size and humour.

The next day, Sunday, starting with a swim (a bath in my case) in the dark waters of the Essequibo, brought with it visits to Kyk-over-al and a little fall at a place just around the corner from Bartica, called Bara-cara. Kyk-over-al is an island situated at the confluence of the Cuyuni and Mazaruni Rivers. The name means "Look-over-all", and, if

I am not mistaken, the Capital of the old Dutch Colony of Essequibo, before it was transferred to Fort Island, was this island of Kyk-over-al; its strategic position commanding traffic on the Cuyuni, Mazaruni and Essequibo Rivers no doubt determined this. It is a small island and all that remained on it at the time of our visit to bear witness to its old Dutch masters was an archway somewhat preserved and the ruins of the walls of the old fort. Groping on the back shelves of my mind I come across an impression, dusty but still fairly well defined, of vastness almost to be felt that was created as our boat approached Kyk-over-al and we looked into the broad twin mouths of the Cuyuni and the Mazaruni edged to right and left with distant dark green borders of tropical forest and separated by the forest-covered promontory of Kartabo. You too may have enjoyed the same view. If you have not been similarly impressed, remember that the mind of a twelve-year-old boy exposed to the grandeur of nature for the first time receives impressions not permitted to those whom years and experience have touched.

Monday came and we were off into the "bush" in earnest. Leaving Bartica early in the morning, all packed into a large six wheeled Albion truck, we spent the entire day motoring between the tall forest walls of the Bartica-Potaro Road to arrive at about half past six in the evening, well bumped and bruised, thoroughly tired and with the appetites of starved wolves, at a point ninety two miles from Bartica. Dinner prepared and eaten by the light of hurricane lanterns, and much needed sleep saw the end of our first day in the "bush."

On the trip from Bartica to ninety-two miles we crossed the two largest wooden bridges I have ever seen. One over a shallow valley through which runs the Caburi Creek is, I believe, more than a thousand feet in length. The road itself consisted for the most part of two ruts, and made its way notoriously and uncomfortably for mile upon endless mile up hill and down dale, between walls of tall trees whose unchanging sameness soon put an end to their Initial interest

While we were in the lorry rain had started to fall and was destined to do so with such regularity in the future that nearly always until we returned to Bartica the only dry things we had to put on were our pyjamas.

The next morning after a short trip, this time in two small Morris Commercial trucks, we found ourselves four miles from Garraway stream on the Potaro River with the prospect in view of transporting ourselves and our baggage there on foot. The road at that time was not as yet completed to the Potaro River, and surfacing and blasting were still going on here and there for these last few miles. The rain had kept its promise of the day before and had been falling from early morning in a fine steady drizzle. As a result the surface of the road, a pale yellowish clay, was slippery in the extreme, making walking up and down hill a task not to be taken in one's stride, especially encumbered as we were with personal baggage, tents and other *impedimenta*.

One little fellow, I remember, the smallest of the party he was, had no small difficulty in retaining the position nature had meant for him. At the outset of the march he had been given the custody of a tin, almost the size of a five pound butter tin,

containing two cakes. This tin together with his diminutive ruc-sac was perhaps too much for him. Uphill was not so bad, he merely lost one step in each two he took forward. Downhill, however, he found not so simple. He would take three or four steps and then, slipping on the greasy clay, would lose his equilibrium and land heavily on a part of the anatomy which wise nature has fortunately constructed in a manner and position calculated to withstand such treatment. The tin, meanwhile, released through no fault of his, would career madly downhill to be retrieved at the foot and carried precariously to the top of the next hill, shortly after which its mad route more often than not, would be repeated. When our little fellow eventually delivered his tin at Garraway Stream it had assumed the shape of a rather large and badly battered cotton-reel.

I myself had started the march carrying my ruc-sac slung across my shoulders, an empty dixie – a fairly large oval-shaped metal pot – in one hand and a storm lantern in the other. With another youth about my own size and age and our little fellow of the last paragraph I was soon well ahead of the rest of the party who had set out somewhat after and rather more heavily encumbered. After a while, my companions having decided some time before to wait for the main party, I found myself alone. Begging some water of a gang of men working on the road, I decided that I too would wait for the others, filled with the fear, I now suspect, of finding myself too much alone. So I sat down at the side of the road and waited. In a little while two of the bigger fellows staggered into view carrying a bag of rice slung from a tent pole across their shoulders. I will not say they were actuated by any feeling of animosity towards me, but I think the empty dixie I carried viewed in relation to the bag of rice they bent under put an idea into their heads. Be that as it may, they deposited their burden and proceeded to lighten it to the capacity of my dixie. Then they resumed their load and departed. Now this dixie had a thick wire handle, comfortable enough when the dixie was empty but possessed of a rather keen edge when acted upon by a gallon and a half of rice. This I soon found out. I would stagger along for forty to fifty yards, changing the dixie from hand to hand, and then set it down to rest and rub my palms. This happened several times until I began to notice that the other fellows were passing me in twos and threes carrying nothing but themselves. Rather mystified, I enquired and discovered that a squad of Indian carriers lent by some kind resident of the district had assumed their burdens. Thereupon I decided that the first carrier I saw would be asked to assume mine. He was, and did. He carried the dixie – I stuck to my ruc-sac – for about three or four hundred yards and then put it down. Informing me he would be back shortly he disappeared into the bush, and for all I know he is still there. Quite certain now that I had been left behind, and almost in tears, I picked up the dixie, and, as well and as bravely as I could, struggled on for another few hundred yards until one of the workmen on the road, noticing my plight, kindly relieved me of the dixie which, along with myself, he delivered by way of a short-cut at Garraway Stream. I do not know this workman's name and could not recognise him now to save my life, but I shall be forever in his debt.

When the whole party had eventually arrived in ones and twos and threes, very much like Noah's animals, at Garraway Stream, we sat down to enjoy a much needed rest and a meal we all considered not merely much needed but thoroughly well earned.

At Garraway Stream we boarded one of the usual river launches propelled by an outboard motor and started out for Tumatumari. After the monotony of the journey by lorry on the Bartica-Potaro Road the day before – that morning's trek gave us little to be bored with – the magnificent hinterland scenery of dense tropical forest and the skyline with its irregular scallop of mountains brightly verdant close at hand and far away coloured a delicate hazy blue by distance, rising sheer out of the forest close to the banks of the Potaro or climbing distantly with gradual slope to imposing summits, provided a spectacle that the least impressionable of us could not but regard with honest admiration and pride in the magnificence our oft maligned Colony has to offer to those who care to seek it out.

The journey to Tumatumari was accomplished without event except for a sharp attack of "collywobbles" suffered by one member of the party. Arrived at our destination we unloaded our baggage and set about making ourselves comfortable in the rest house for the night which was fast approaching; we had reached Tumatumari at about half past four in the afternoon, and night can fall with surprising swiftness in the interior.

One incident that afternoon is worthy of record. Our case of "collywobbles" had no sooner set foot on *terra firma* than he made post haste for a building which he recognised as a W.C. nestling in the fringe of bush at the edge of the rest house clearing. It was amusing, to say the least, to behold the agility displayed by one who so shortly before, if we give credence to his own utterings, lay at death's slowly opening door. If that was amusing it was positively hilarious comedy to see him two minutes later issue at high speed from his recently found place of solace and clad in shirt-tails perform a series of wild gyrations in which the most whirling of whirling dervishes could have found no cause of shame, the while he brandished aloft in one hand a pair of khaki shorts. When we had recovered sufficiently to enquire the cause of his so obvious distress he wildly directed us to examine his lately hastily vacated W.C.

On doing so we discovered that which made it easy for us to appreciate and sympathise with his apparent spell of insanity. Under the seat of the W.C., which was of the type known as dry earth, was one of the largest ants nests I have ever seen. These ants, huge black brutes, no doubt resenting the hasty intrusion on their privacy, had sallied forth in martial array and launched a concerted attack on the unprotected rear of the enemy who at the first onslaught took to his heels in complete rout. When we got there they were engaged in holding a victory parade of almost unbelievable magnitude, marching backwards and forwards in what looked like millions and for all I know was.

Before leaving Georgetown I had heard some of the older fellows with experience of camping in parts of the Colony remote from the coast speak of something only referred to as the "Ice Cart". That night at Tumatumari before going to sleep I had been warned to look out for its passing during the hours of darkness. This warning meant little to me as I was completely ignorant of what I was being warned against. I was to learn however. Very tired we all rolled ourselves in our blankets at a comparatively early hour and our travels were soon confined to the land of Nod. About three o'clock in the morning I awoke wondering who had put my feet in a bucket of ice

and left an ice cap on my face. I sat up to find almost everyone else sitting up too in the same state of wonderment. The "Ice Cart" was passing. Neither before nor since have I ever felt so cold and I sincerely hope I never shall in the future. Consoling myself that I was not alone in my predicament I tried to go to sleep again, but soon found this impossible with my feet, hands and face in the semi-iced condition in which they were. Sitting up again, I notice one fellow trying to restore his circulation to normal by walking briskly up and down the large room in which we were sleeping, or rather were not. Surreptitiously purloining his temporarily discarded blanket, I wrapped this around my own, which was already wrapped around myself and somehow or other managed to go to sleep again before the owner could discover his loss. I suppose he eventually did for when I awoke in the morning the blanket was gone. I must have been in a coma when he took it, for I have heard that travellers in polar regions are sometimes reduced to this condition and I refuse to concede that they are the victims of a cold more intense than that experienced at Tumatumari that night.

The next day we hiked perhaps two miles to visit a fall on the Tiger River which flows behind Tumatumari more or less parallel at this point to the Potaro. This fall goes by the name of "Washer Woman" which it gets from the fact that it is formed from top to bottom in a series of rounded ridges like nothing so much as a scrubbing board, while the foam of the water cascading for fifty feet or so, if I remember rightly, over this rather unusual surface looks very much like soap suds.

We left Tumatumari that afternoon and proceeded back up river, past Garraway Stream, to Potaro Landing where we were to take a lorry and travel by road to Kangaruma, thus avoiding the impassable Pakatuk rapids which lie somewhere between Potaro Landing and Kangaruma. We reached Potaro Landing at about six o'clock in the evening and found waiting to convey us to Kangaruma an extremely ancient Model T Ford lorry with a chain drive, which, if you tell me, I am quite ready to believe was Henry's original experiment.

This lorry was not large enough to accommodate the whole party and so the bigger fellows found themselves faced with the not exactly pleasant prospect of having to walk over seven miles, I think it was, of forest road on a very dark tropical evening. We smaller fellows, happy on this occasion in our alleged inferiority, got ready to board the lorry. We soon found, however, that it was necessary to postpone this operation for a while. The road began its journey to Kangaruma in a long steady slope to the top of a hill and this poor Lizzie loaded with all our baggage was unable to undertake with the additional burden of our little selves. We had therefore to climb to the top of this hill and there to wait until Lizzie had laboriously grunted and groaned her way to us. Climbing aboard at last, we were soon off down the other side of the hill preceded by a faint glimmer of light from two storm lanterns tied on with rope to Lizzie's bonnet, for, poor creature, she had years earlier in her life been bereft of whatever passed for head-lamps in the dim days of her creation. With one stop en route when we had to disembark to let Lizzie climb another hill, we eventually reached Kangaruma just after seven o'clock in the evening, to be joined some little while later by the bigger fellows who had so bravely faced the dangers of the dark forest.

After dinner, tired and looking forward to a good night's rest, I found myself unhappily detailed, with one of the bigger fellows known as Jacko, to stand watch over the baggage in the lower room of the rest house, for it appears that the boat-hands, who slept in a room adjoining, were suspected of pursuing a policy other than the best. Well, Jacko and myself, who were to watch from ten o'clock until two the next morning when two other fellows were to relieve us, set out the rations for the following morning's meal and were just getting down to a bout of earnest watching when a most frightful din broke out in the surrounding forest. Not sure what strange denizens of the wild might seek to put a premature end to our young lives, we spent a most uncomfortable half hour, he clutching a huge axe and I none too happy under the protection of an unloaded double-barreled shot gun. After a while, as the din got no nearer and no louder and none of the party in the room above or of the boat-hands in the room adjoining seemed unduly put out by what was going on, we concluded that we were not to die that night and Jacko put forward what seemed to me a very practical suggestion. He proposed that I should go to sleep for the first half of what was left of our watch and he would keep guard, and then he would wake me to watch for the balance of the period while he slept. This proposal was unanimously carried, and rolling myself in my blanket I went to sleep while he lay down beside me with the avowed intention of keeping eyes and ears open. Jacko woke me alright, but not until five o'clock the next morning when he himself awoke. Fortunately nothing was found missing and we were not shot at dawn.

After coffee that morning we boarded another launch and set out for Tukeit at the base of the Kaieteur plateau where we arrived some time between four and five o'clock in the afternoon.

The river from Kangaruma to Tukeit flows down amid scenery much like that encountered on the lower reaches we have so far traversed. There are the dark green walls of tropical forest and the mountains, blue miniatures in the distance and close at hand rearing forest-manteled masses to forbidding summits. But here we have too the beautiful Amatuk and Waratuk Falls. Sailing along one begins to notice that the river, hitherto of an unchanging rust-brown colour, is now flecked with snowy patches of foam. For some distance these increase in numbers and size until, rounding a bend, the river slowly broadens to considerably more than its normal width and then, suddenly narrowing, comes up against a snow-white barrier of bubbling foam galloping upwards to a height of perhaps fifty feet and broken to the right of its centre by a tiny forest-covered islet. This is Amatuk. Disembarking on the left bank we transported our baggage a few hundred yards to another boat which was waiting to receive us above the fall. Here breakfast was prepared and eaten, and then, embarking in this second boat, we resumed our journey by river.

Some miles further on we reached Waratuk, a fall which, not as beautiful as Amatuk, is nevertheless well enough endowed by nature to take long possession of a niche in one's memory. Here we made the portage on the right bank, and, boarding a third boat, set out on the last lap of our journey to Tukeit.

As we left Waratuk and approached Tukeit we caught brief glimpses of mighty Kaieteur himself, throwing back the rays of the afternoon sun from the far end of his distant rocky gorge. Apart from this, we could deduce the ever growing nearness of the great fall from the noticeable turbulence of the river as it approached Tukeit.

We reached Tukeit, as I have said above, at between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, and, setting up our camp at the foot of a mountain, went to sleep to dream of the following day's climb to the brink of Kaieteur.

The next morning, leaving three of the bigger fellows in charge of the camp, we commenced our climb. This consisted for the most part of an arduous struggle up three succeeding rather steep cliffs which, we learnt that day, went by the unusual names of "Oh God," "Alleluiah" and "Amen." By the time we arrived at the top of the Kaieteur plateau we could well appreciate how they came to be so called.

The air was now filled with a mighty roaring. Approaching the edge of the gorge to the right of the fall as one looks towards it and about two or three hundred yards from it, we lay flat on our stomachs – lay, for he would be very foolhardy who would stand on the brink of a sheer eight hundred foot cliff in surroundings so ideal for an attack of vertigo – and looked in utter amazement at what is undoubtedly Nature at her grandest. Kaieteur is without doubt a superbly beautiful spectacle and the most confirmed sceptic would here disavow his creed and give Keats right. But as one gazes on it, it is not a sensation of beauty that one is most conscious of – rather is it one of awe, I would almost say fear. The dark brown stream, rushing swiftly forward, changes suddenly to the whitest foam as it plunges downwards in huge volume, hurtling madly to become with thunderous roar a river once more eight hundred and fifty feet below. Framed between its tall cliffs of brown and grey rock, Kaieteur is almost frightening in its immense magnificence, and the memory of it, losing none of its clearness over the years, is for me one of the strongest arguments that there exists a Being beside whom man, with all his achievements, becomes impotent and unlettered.

I have now brought you to the brink of Kaieteur and here I will leave you. Perhaps if those of you who have followed me thus far and have been able to quell your desire to ascribe Munchausen to me as an ancestor by the thought that my writings are based on a collection of twelve-year old memories and impressions, perhaps if such of you care for more of my company I shall return in the next or a subsequent issue of this Magazine and conduct you on the journey back to civilisation. If you do not – well, do you suppose I shall lose any sleep on that account?

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EDUCATION

BY "M"

Education, as the etymological derivation of the word implies, is a "leading out" of the personality, good qualities and special talents of the child. It is not, as many believe, a "putting in" of a vast amount of book-knowledge. To put it quite simply, education consists mainly of the development of the character of the child.

Every child, no matter how backward he may appear to his educator, has some special talents or gifts which even the most brilliant may not have. Every child, no matter how "bad" he may appear, has some good in him. In fact, there is no such thing as a problem child. The child by the nature of his origin is good; he is not born bad, he is made to become bad, through misunderstanding and tactless handling on the part of his educator. By educator is meant not only his teacher, but also his parents, nurse and all those who have charge over the child. It is therefore the duty of the educator to discover the latent good and talents of the child and to develop these talents to the greatest extent.

In schools educators, in addition to the developing of the character of the child, have also to aid the child in the acquiring of knowledge. The child should be taught above all to think and reason for himself. It is useless to "cram" the child with a vast amount of knowledge which for the most part he does not understand and consequently cannot apply. Take History for example. It is of no value whatever to make the child commit to memory a vast amount of data. It is not enough for him to know that the Roman Empire existed at such and such a time and that it declined and decayed in such a century. The boy must be made to examine the facts and discover as far as possible for himself the cause of its decay and to what faults of government this decay was due. Having discovered this he must be taught to compare the Roman system of government with our modern Parliamentary system and to realise that this system of government came into being through careful observation and correction of the mistakes made by governments of the past. Then and only then will the boy realise that History is not a dry useless subject, but a subject which has some practical application and is of great value to men in certain walks of life.

Again, in the upper forms of schools, it is found that most boys display special aptitude for a particular group of subjects which are usually in some way related to one of the professions or callings. It is the duty of the educator under these circumstances to assist the boy, in every way possible, in pursuing his studies along these lines and to see that these special talents are fully developed.

Above all, educators should bear in mind that although children have very much in common there are no two children who are exactly alike and that there is no such thing as a stupid child. Each one has its own gifts. We have all been created by a just God and He has endowed each of us with some gift peculiar to ourselves.

St. STANISLAUS COLLEGE ASSOCIATION

ENROLMENT FORM

WHY?

ST. STANISLAUS COLLEGE receives no financial assistance from Government. If the College is to exist, help is needed. The Association offers an opportunity to give this help and obtain benefit in so doing.

HOW?

The Association will organise Fairs, Dances, etc., to raise funds to meet the College's annual deficit. Money obtained from subscriptions will be used solely for the Association itself.

MEMBERSHIP

All past students of St. Stanislaus College, fathers and (male) guardians of present or past students and all lay masters of St. Stanislaus College – past and present – shall be eligible for Ordinary Membership. A guardian is taken to include any person who has paid, or undertakes to pay, at least one year's tuition fees for a boy at St. Stanislaus College.

Past students of St. Stanislaus College who have left the College for a period not exceeding three years and desire membership at a reduced subscription may join the Association as Associate Members. Provided, however, that no person shall remain an Associate Member for a longer period than such three years after leaving College.

The annual subscription for Ordinary Members is five dollars payable half-yearly in advance, and for Associate Members one dollar payable half-yearly in advance. Any Ordinary Member whose usual place of residence is out of the Colony is not called upon to pay more than two dollars per annum. The subscription for Life Membership is fifty dollars.

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COLLEGE SECTION