

A.M.D.G.

St. STANISLAUS MAGAZINE

VOL. [4]

NOVEMBER 1946

No. [1]

Editor:

JOHN A. HEUVEL,
MUS. DOC., A.R.C.M.

Assistant Editor:

S. CANZIUS

Business Manager:

J. FERNANDES

Adviser:

C.N. Delph

CONTENTS

ASSOCIATION SECTION

Frontispiece

- ([Mr. H. L. Steele, President, 1946](#))

[St. Stanislaus College and what we may do to help](#)

St. Stanislaus College Association

- [Committee of Management](#)

[South Americanwards](#)

[List of Members](#)

[The Inside Story of the "Girl Pat" Labels](#)

[Roll of Honour](#)

[Musical Form](#)

[Editorial](#)

[Hunters' Paradise](#)

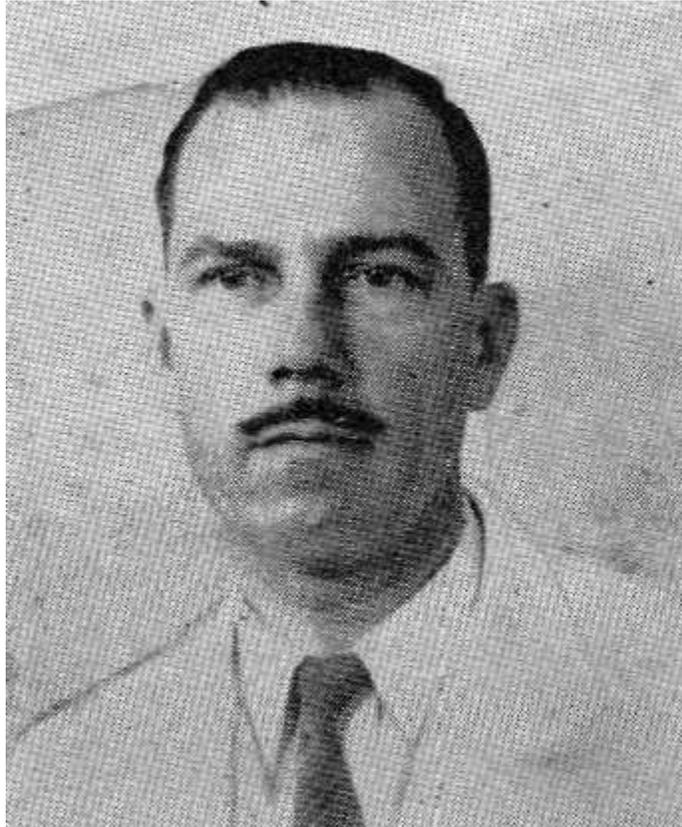
[Report of Committee of Management for 1945](#)

[A Drop of Power](#)

[Notes on some of our Old Boys](#)

COLLEGE SECTION

ST. STANISLAUS COLLEGE ASSOCIATION, 1946.



Mr. H.L. Steele
(President of the Association)

COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT:

<i>Vice-Presidents:</i>	C. N. DELPH & DR. J. A. HEUVEL
<i>Hony. Secretary:</i>	W.E.V. HARRISON
<i>Hony. Treasurer:</i>	J. J. D'ANDRADE
<i>Hony. Asst. Secretary:</i>	D. C. DA SILVA

Members:

JOHN FERNANDES	S. A. MARQUES
C. C DF FREITAS	E. H. GOMES
J. B. GONSALVES	A. A. ABRAHAM, JNR.

Ex-Office Members of Committee:

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

Sub- Committees

COLLEGE AID	JOHN FERNANDES (Chairman), W. E. V. HARRISON (Secretary) , FR. F. J. SMITH, S.J., AND A. GILL, S. J., J. B. GONSALVES, O.M. DE CAIRES. C. C. DE FREITAS, A. A. ABRAHAM. JNR .. H. L. STEELE, EDWARD GOMES, C. N. DELPH, S. A. MARQUES, DR. J.A. HEUVE'L AND J. J. D'ANDRADE.
ACTIVITIES	C. C, DE FREITAS (Chairman), A. A. ABRAHAM, JNR. (Secretary) , FR. F. J. SMITH, S.J., A. GILL, S.J. AND S. BOASE. S.J., JOHN FERNANDES, H. W. DE FREITAS, C. C. DE FREITAS. H. L. STEELE, DR. J. A. HEUVEL, AND E. H. GOMES.
MAGAZINE	Dr. J. A. HEUVEL (Chairman and Editor, Association Section), S. CANZIUS, (Asst. Editor. Association Section), Frs.. F. T. SMITH, S.J., and A GILL, S.J. (Editor, College Section), C. N. DELPH, J. B. GONSALVES. H. L. STEELE, H. W. DE FREITAS, D. C. DA SILVA and C YHAP.
DEBATING GROUP	Chairman: H. W. DE FREITAS. Secretary: D. C. DA SILVA. Members of Committee: FR. F. J. SMITH, S.J., H. L. STEELE, DR. J. A. HEUVEL.
DRAMATIC GROUP	Chairman: DR. J. A. HEUVEL. Secretary: P. DE GROOT. Members of Committee: FR. F.J. SMITH, S.J., C. C. DE FREITAS, JOHN FERNANDES, H. L. STEELE, S. A. MARQUES, H. W. DE FREITAS,

[Top](#)

LIST OF MEMBERS

Abraham, A. A. Abraham, Basil Abraham, Winston Adamson, Rev. Fr. R., S.J. Allamby, A Andrade, H. J.	Corsbie, I. D. Corsbie, J. D. Craig, Rupert Cregan, Ian Cyrus, S. I.	Denny, A. De Souza, E. N. De Souza, Manoel De Souza, G. D'Oliveira, A. D'Ornellas, C. D'Ornellas, D. dos Santos, J. dos Santos, M.
Baptista, M. B. Barcellos, A. M. Barnwell, C. Bayley, A Bayley, H. R. Bayley, J. N. H. Belgrave, A. Belgrave, D. Belgrave, M. E. Boase, Rev. Fr. S., S.J. Boon, Rex Boon, Robert Bourne, D Brazao, A. C. (Snr.) Brazao, F. P. Brassington, C. E. Brassington, Keith	da Costa, F. X. D' Aguiar, H. C. D'Andrade, J. J. D' Andrade, M. D'Andrade, W. da Silva, A.L. da Silva, Carl da Silva, C. C. da Silva, C.H. da Silva, Claude da Silva, D.C. da Silva, Rev. Fr. E. da Silva, F.A.(Snr.) da Silva, F.A.(Jnr.) da Silva, J. P. da Silva, L.O. da Silva, M. da Silva, S. I. Dea, Rev. Fr. R., S.J. De Barros, A. C. de Caires, A. B. de Caires, C. F. de Caires, F. I. de Caires, Dr. P. F. de Caires, S. de Corum, R. J. de Freitas, A. L. de Freitas, C. C. de Freitas, C. P. de Freitas, D. C. de Freitas, H. W. de Freitas, J. D. de Freitas, R. G. de Groot, C. de Groot, P. Delph, C. N. Delph, R. M. F.	Ellis, C. G. Ellis, F. I. Evelyn, E. S. Evelyn, H. A. P. Faria, J. Faria, Joseph Faria, Urban I. L. Farinha, G. Farinha, I. J. Fenn, Rev. Fr. F. C. S.J. Fernandes, Aubrey Fernandes, Charles Fernandes, Gaston Fernandes, John Fernandes, J. E. Fernandes, Joseph Fernandes, M. A. Fernandes, R. J. Ferreira, Hon. Capt. C. P., M.L.C.
Caleb, R. A. Caldeira, F. J. Caldeira, G. Camacho, D. Camacho, George (Snr.) Camacho, George (Jnr.) Camacho, G. I. Camacho, M. V. Canzius, Stanislaus Christiani, E. S. (Jnr.) Christiani, H. A. Christiani, J. Christiani, O. L. Collins, L. F. Correia, A. B. Correia, C. A. Correia, I. C. Correia, Jack		Fitt, A. E. Fitt, H. Fitt, Oliver Fitt, R. Fitt, R. J. Fletcher, A. K. Fitzgerald, M. Fitzgerald, J. P. Fitzgerald, P. Forshaw, G. L. Foster, B. Foster, Michael Foster, W. E.

LIST OF MEMBERS (Cont'd)

Francis, M. Francois, P. Fraser, E. G.	Jardim, Cecil Jardim, Jorge Jardim, Max. Jardim, R. F. Jardine, Dr. D. K. Johnson, R. C. Jorge, Jayme A. (Jnr.) Jowaher, D.	Morrison, A. Morrison, D. Morrison, J. Morrison, Very Rev. Fr. J. L., S.J.
Gaspar, J. F. de S. (Jnr). Gill, Rev. Fr. A., S.J. Gomes, Major A., M.B.E. Gomes, A. A. Gomes, A. C. Gomes, Carlos Gomes, Edward Gomes, Elson Gomes, John Gonsalves, A. Gonsalves, Albert. Gonsalves, Alex. Gonsalves, Charles Gonsalves, George Gonsalves, Hilary Gonsalves, J. B. Gonsalves, J. da C. Gonsalves, K. Gonsalves, Ronald Goodwin, Rev. Fr. J., S.J. Gouveia, A. F. Grace, L. B. Grant, M. St. C. Greene, T. F. K. Gunning, P. F.	Keary, Rey. Fr. W., S.J. King, E. B. King, Rev. Fr. J., S.J. King, J. I. King, P. W. King, Terence Kong, A.	Outridge, C. E.
Harrison, A. V. Harrison, W. E. V. Henriques, R. Heuvel, D. Heuvel, J. A. Ho, Dr. H. Ho-Yen, E. C. Humphrey, F. Husbands, W. A. Hyderkhan, J. A.	Leandro, T. Lindsey, J. Lopes, R. S. Lyder, E. A.	Parker, R. W. Parkinson, Rev. Fr. A., S.J. Paterson, Rev. Fr. W., S.J. Pearson, Rev. Fr. T., S.J. Pereira, E. Pereira, J. S. Pereira, L. S. Phillips, N. Psaila, S.
	Mahanger, J. Marrion, Rev. Fr. J., S.J. Marques, Rev. Fr. A., S.J. Marques, S. A. Martin, P. Martins, S. I. Martins, V. Mather, Rev. Fr. F., S.J. Mathias, Cyril Mathias, L. I. Mathias, W. J. F. McDavid, D. E. McWatt, C. A. Mendonca, A. S. Mendonca, J. G. Menezes, R. Mew, F. Mittelholzer, P.	Raymond-Barker, Rev. Fr. M., S.J. Rix, A. Rodrigues, Walter Roth, Hon. Vincent, M.L.C. Roza, F. H. Roza, Ignatius
		Sadler, George Santos, Claude Santos, Cyril Santos, Manoel Schuler, R. Schulz, D. Seelig, Ivan H. Sellier, Rev. Fr. J., S.J. Simone, Claude Singh, C. F. Smith, Rev. Fr. F.J., S.J. Smith, Rev. Fr. T., S.J. Solomon, T. Steele, H. L.

LIST OF MEMBERS (Cont'd)

Tamaya, F. Texeira, L. Thomas, Bernard Thomas, E. C. Thomas, I. M. Thomas, J. J. Thomas, J. L. Thompson, L. B. Thomson, Desmond Tranquada, J. R.	Vasconcellos, C. O. Vasconcellos, J. H. Veerasawmy, J. A. Vieira, Cosmo Vieira, E. Vieira, F. Vieira, Frank S. Vieira, J. M. Vieira, Joseph Vieira, Manoel (Snr.) Vieira, Maurice	Wallbridge, Patrick Walker, S. Weld, His Lordship Bishop G., S.J. Wight, C. P. Wight, Hon. C. V., M.E.C. Wight, O. S. Willems, V. J. Wrong, D. Yhap, C.
---	---	---

[Top](#)

LIST OF OLD BOYS SERVING WITH THE FORCES

E. I. Alves	R.A.F.
"Jimmy" Billyeald	Grenadier Guards
D. Birtles	R.A.C.
F. Brazao, Flt.-Mech.	R.A.F.
Alan Cunningham, Sgt.	R.A.F.
Anthony Cunningham, Sgt.-Pilot	R.A.F.
D. Cunningham	R.A.F.
Ian Cunningham, W. Op.	R.A.M.C.
Bruce Da Cambra, Guardsman	Canadian Grenadier Guards.
Francis J. D 'Agrella, Sgt.	R.A.F.
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.

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

Celso 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. (?)
P.M. de Freitas	R.A.O.C.
R. A. De. Freitas	R.A.F.
Colin A. De Groot, Sgt.	R.A.F.
P. John Dodds	R.A.F.
Carl F. D'Ornellas, 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, Lieut.	S.C.F.
J. O. Fitt	15 th Welsh Regiment.
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.
Maurice Gomes	R.A.F.
R. Gomes	R.A.F.
Francis I. Gonsalves, Sgt.	R.A.C.
G. P. "Stumps" Gonsalves, Wing Commander, D.F.C., D.S.O.	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.
H.C.B. Humphrys, Lieut.	R.A.F.
Bolland C. Jardine, Flt. Sgt.	R.A.F.

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

Denis R. July, Trooper	R.A.C.
Jackie F. July, Trooper	R.A.C.
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.
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.
David O. M. Thorne, AC2	R.A.F.
"Gerry" J. R. Tranquada,	R.A.F. (Mentioned in Despatches)
I. Vieira,	R.A.F.
Stephen H. C. Wallbridge, 2nd Lieut.	R.A.C.

[Top](#)

EDITORIAL

It is with much satisfaction we present, for the fourth consecutive year, this, the seventh issue of the St. Stanislaus College Magazine.

As may be seen from the report of the Association for the year 1945, all its various activities were well attended, and interest was maintained at a very high level. The fellowship existing-between its members is very happily marked on these occasions: thus fully implementing the aims and objects for which the -Association was formed.

The success achieved by the Association is largely due to that unanimity of purpose which is brought to bear on all matters affecting the welfare of the students of the College, and in its endeavour to further the interests of St. Stanislaus College no task is found too irksome by its active members.

This is as it should be, when the part the College is playing in the Christian education of some of the youths of the Colony, is seriously taken into account.

There is still much work to be done, and more help is needed. If you are a member of the Association, then attend regularly its meetings. If you are unfinancial it is your duty to play your part by becoming financial, and so help in the good work so many are doing because of their gratitude to their alma mater. Indeed, the more lasting motive for your help should be LOVE, because you delight in St, Stanislaus College, which is worthy of your love.

[Top](#)

REPORT

*Report of the Committee of Management of the
St. Stanislaus College Association
for the period 1st January to 31st et December, 1945.*

Membership:

On the 1st. of January, 1945, the Membership of the Association was 240, composed of 148 Ordinary Members, 23 Honorary Members, 31 Overseas Members, 35 Associate Members and 3 Life Members. During the year there was a net increase of 28 making the number of Members on the 31st of December 268. Of these 176 were Ordinary Members, 21 Honorary Members, 31 Overseas Members, 37 Associate Members and 3 Life Members.

College Deficit:

The deficit on the working of St. Stanislaus College during 1944 was \$1,875.72. However, because of the surplus of \$1,300.24 which had remained after the 1943 deficit had been met the amount the College Aid Committee had to find during 1945 to meet the 1944 deficit was only \$575.48. Due to the difficulty in finding a suitable hall consequent on the destruction of the Assembly Rooms by fire on the 23rd of February, 1945, no dances were held during the year. "Santaland Fair," however, produced, despite the inclemency of the weather, a net profit of \$553.73, while the net proceeds of the "Santaland" raffle were \$741.93, mail a total of \$1,295.66. After deducting the amount of \$575.48 required to meet the 1944 deficit, a balance of \$720.18 was left to be carried forward towards the 1945 deficit. The amount of this deficit, including a 10 per cent Christmas bonus to the lay staff, is \$2,657. Deducting the amount of \$720.18 to be brought forward from 1945 the amount the College Aid Committee will have to raise during 1946 is therefore \$1,937.68. As "Wonderland" will be held this year it is not anticipated that this will be a very difficult task.

St. Stanislaus Magazine:

Two issues of the St. Stanislaus Magazine appeared as usual in 1945. While there has been no dearth of material for the College Section of the Magazine the same cannot be said of the Association Section which has continued to suffer from the reluctance of Members to submit articles or other matter for publication.

The Committee again appeals to Members to assist them in producing a Magazine worthy of the Association and of the College and urges them to overcome their apathy and submit contributions for publication. To those who have contributed articles in the past year or in any other way helped in the production of the Magazine, the Committee tenders its thanks.

Activities of Sub-Committee:

This Sub-Committee has continued to be excellent work. The programme for the year included:

- (a) A social and smoking concert, two social evenings, and the annual dinner;
- (b) Two programmes of cinematograph films;
- (c) A musical quiz; and
- (d) Two talks, one on Blood Transfusion, and the other on Music.

The Sub-Committee would again like to express its thanks to the United States Consulate who have generously and willingly continued to allow the Association the use of their cinematograph equipment and films.

Literary and Debating Group:

Despite lack of support from Members this Group has been very active throughout the year. In addition to the usual debates and discussions, its programme of activities during 1945 included an evening of impromptu speeches, on two occasions spelling bees, and a talk on "Elocution" by Fr. Goodwin which was much appreciated and enjoyed by a large audience. The Group renews its appeal to Members for their support and reminds them that all that is required for membership of the Group is the submission of their names to the Secretary of the Group - Mr. D. C. da Silva.

Annual Dinner:

The Association's third Annual Dinner took place on the 30th of November at the Catholic Guild Club's Hall, covers being laid for approximately 140 persons. This was again the outstanding social event of the year, and the Committee has once more to thank the Committee and Members of the Catholic Guild Club for their kindness in again placing the Club's Hall at our disposal.

General:

The Committee wishes to thank all those who in any way supported the Association during the past year, and in particular those ladies, who in spite of the inclemency of the weather, assisted in the running of "Santaland."

To Mr. Clement I. Gonsalves who has again without charge audited the books of the Association and prepared the Auditor's report we owe a growing debt of gratitude.

C. C. de FREITAS, President.
W. E. V. HARRISON, Hony. Secretary

27th February, 1946.

[Top](#)

NOTES ON SOME OF OUR OLD BOYS.

With the end of the war, quite a few of our old boys have been released from the services . Here are items of news concerning some of them:--

Best of luck to **George Howard!** I understand that George, who was demobilised early this year, is pursuing a course of studies in engineering. George's brother, David, has recently rejoined the staff of Barclay's Bank (D. C & O).

Philip Camacho who was on a short vacation here a few months ago is expected back shortly. I believe he is still undecided as to what his post-war profession will be.

Leonard A. De Freitas recently arrived in the colony on a much needed holiday. Leonard, who was formerly attached to the Motor Transport Command is at present employed with the Chilton Aircraft Factory - in Berkshire, England.

Congratulations to **Arthur Belgrave** on his engagement to Sergt. Mavis Pimento of the A.T.S. Arthur, who was attached to the S.C.F. is now employed at the B.G.and Trinidad Mutual Fire and Life Insurance Co., Ltd

I see **Michael De Freitas** has rejoined the staff of the Royal Bank of Canada. These Navy fellows certainly have a way with the girls, if what a "little bird told me is true.

Quite a few of our old boys can be seen every Sunday morning on the Sea Wall renewing interest in that manly and "rugged" game. Best of luck to you boys, and I hope we will soon be seeing intercolonial "rugger" matches.

[Top](#)

ST. STANISLAUS COLLEGE AND WHAT WE MAY DO TO HELP

By OLD Boy

St. Stanislaus College is the only place in British Guiana where our boys can obtain a good Catholic Secondary Education. It is our duty, therefore, to see to it that not only its doors are kept open but also every opportunity is given to those responsible for its management to keep going from strength to strength improving the college from every angle.

A second appeal to Government which was recommended by an Education Committee was recently turned down. I understand His Excellency has informed His Lordship Bishop Weld, S.J., that we are not likely to obtain a Government Grant for several years to come. WE MUST NOW FACE FACTS! Our college has no senior science class and our boys are being denied the use of this facility which is obtainable at our contemporary Queen's College. To boys whose intention is to study medicine, this is a serious disadvantage. This will have to be remedied. This, and every other improvement the College may need, can be made easily possible if every member of the College Association pulls its full weight. Maximum co-operation is absolutely necessary if our Association is to continue to provide the College with everything it needs for necessary improvements. Everyone should take an active interest in all efforts made by our Association for the benefit of the College, thus helping as much as possible. We should refrain at all times from criticizing the efforts of those who have at least tried to help while we sit and look on. I can assure you nothing is more disheartening.

We should back up the College at all times. I can assure you that it is being run efficiently. When we over-hear destructive criticism being levelled at its management by evil tongues, do not be influenced by it. There is a good reason and explanation for every action of the College authorities. See that you hear both sides before you arrive at a decision.

Our College should mean a lot to us. Was it not responsible for our own education and the moulding of our own characters? It has in the past and will continue in the future to educate and mould the characters of our children. If you expect to get the best results we must help the staff by watching carefully over our boys when they are not subject to College jurisdiction. We should see that the good which is inculcated in them during school hours is not counteracted by evil influences which lurk everywhere. Guard them against these influences, encourage and insist on obedience, truthfulness, honesty and courtesy at all times. If you did this, you would be rendering the College a great service, helping them to continue to turn out the finest citizens in British Guiana in the persons of our own children. The College cannot perform miracles. At times, we may be disappointed when one or another of our children fail to make the examination grade. We should always remember that every child was not endowed with the same ability nor with the same desire to study and work hard. I am sure no

preference is given to one child over another except, perhaps, the natural tendency to specially help those who show great desire to help themselves.

When my boy failed to pass his examination and finished low down in class, I did not blame the College. I knew that the only persons to be blamed were my son and myself. To correct this failure I did what I am appealing to you in this article to do. I accepted the blame and put my shoulders to the wheel. He has not failed since. I sincerely pray he will never again fail his College in Study, Games, General Behaviour or in any other way. It is really surprising what a change can be brought about in a boy when his parents go all out to co-operate with the college in the training of his character.

MAKE THIS RESOLUTION NOW - promise to do everything within your power to help St. Stanislaus College to make educated gentlemen of your sons and mine.

[Top](#)

"SOUTH AMERICANWARDS"

By Clement H. Da Silva.

When my friend the Secretary of the Association's Activities Committee, suggested that I could write an article on a recent visit to Brazil for the Magazine, the reply was that someone would be needed to "take" it. To my surprise, the Secretary was able to produce quite a competent stenographer who took my dictation with complete ease. To both these good persons is due the credit that what follows has seen the light of day also my grateful thanks.

This article will, of course, not deal with the reasons for the visit whether official or otherwise, and, as far as I am concerned, if it conveys to readers the impression of the great mobility of modern air transportation it will have satisfied the writer's chief aim.

Three of us made this, trip and the pronoun 'I' when used will of course refer to the whole party - my companions are sure to see this even though we are now many miles apart.



Section I.

Georgetown to Manaus and back - 3rd to 8th March, 1946.

Leaving Georgetown at 4 p.m. on Sunday, the 3rd of March, at about two hours' notice, our plane soon reached Atkinson Field overnighiting there. At about 8 a.m. the following day, in good weather and with a stiff tail wind, we headed for the Rupununi, landing at the Manari airfield at 11:30 a.m. This airstrip, which is big enough to

accommodate even the largest freighter planes, is the principal one in the Rupununi; the photograph shows the airstrip facing west.

After refuelling the Grumman again took off quite easily and around two o'clock we landed at Boa Vista, the capital of the Federal Territory of Rio Branco.

This town is circular in design with a flat edge on the bank of the Rio Branco river. Its streets are as broad as those of Georgetown with the chief difference that there are hills in them. From several of these, quite a good view can be obtained looking down on the Rio Branco about three miles wide opposite the town. At Boa Vista the landing field consisted of a flat grass-covered bit of land only, yet big trans-continental planes were using it on a weekly schedule.

The following day began the final stage of the journey to Manaus. We travelled at about 1,500 feet, following the course of the Rio Branco, and were not at all surprised to see the typical rapids and falls, which were an all too familiar sight in the rivers of British Guiana, here too, with forest roads providing communication from above to below the falls. This was particularly noticeable at one point named Cari-Cari. Soon we reached the junction of the Rio Branco and the Rio Negro, the black waters of the latter being conspicuous. In addition, this was a much bigger and wider river than the Rio Branco.

Since leaving Boa Vista, except for a small village with a few streets at Cad-Cad, we had seen no signs of any habitations; the country being one vast mass of green trees and green bush recalling Julian Duguid's description in that fine book "The Green Hell" describing another part of South America.

After about two hours' flying down the Rio Negro, passing on the way a small settlement at a point called Moura, we reached the Amazon, easily distinguishable by its enormous width at the junction - about 20 miles wide.

Moura provided a scene of particular interest to us in that an airfield was being hewn out of the forest. Felling of the trees had been completed and we heard that the field would be ready within three months' time and also that a Brazilian airline intended flying up the heart of the continent from Rio using this point as one of its fuelling stops.

Our luck with the weather broke here and it began to rain heavily. As a matter of fact, for the next hour or so we had to come down to about 50 feet, above the Amazon, and even then for periods it was not possible to see anything at all. The weather simply closed in and our plane was flown by instruments alone. In one of the breaks in the weather, on the east bank of the river there appeared the town of Manaus, At first from the air it seemed to be flat and this impression gained strength as we circled it twice before deciding to land at the airfield about five miles from the city's southern boundary.

We landed at about 11 a.m. in the morning, to find that it was a public holiday, being the annual Latin festival of Shrove Tuesday or Mardi Gras. We thought that this meant offices closed, no telegraphic facilities, no contacting of persons, etc., but this

proved quite wrong as without much difficulty we contacted the persons who gave us all the information we needed.

Speaking for myself, I consider the Grande Hotel, at which we stayed, perhaps the smallest hotel I have ever visited and I was somewhat scared to drink or eat anything in it. I later learned that my friends' nervousness was on the same account. They noticed I was drinking "Guarana" - a local aerated non-alcoholic drink of the Coca-Cola class - from the bottle - and they soon followed suit. Nevertheless, the Festival was well worth seeing. Evidently limitless quantities of a highly scented powder were available to the populace, the ladies among whom seemed to be privileged to throw some of the stuff into the faces of any males who were fortunate (?) enough to be preferred. Standing on the balcony of the Rubber Development Corporation Office, we obtained a good view of the plaza, packed with persons, cars, bands, even priests in their white robes, and of course the inevitable powder. We watched this scene for about half an hour sizing up the lay of the land before getting any closer and this proved a rather wise course as events showed.

The plaza is about 600 feet wide and is really a boulevard with a very long narrow garden in the centre of it and for the occasion all the people of Manaus seemed determined somehow to fit themselves into this square.

In the streets my friends noticed a lack of any signs of heavy drinking and indeed of any fighting. As a matter of fact but for one case of an unfortunate man, whom the Police quickly removed, we were struck by the friendliness of the revellers. Some of the costumes too were quite good though I should imagine in peacetime, with goods more available, a really better show would have been put on. A personal incident was when passing a certain club. This Club possesses a facade with two fountains and the step running across the whole front of the building. I noticed a line of about twenty girls all dressed alike, standing up awaiting admission, and quite a number of boys also in line for the same purpose. I attached myself to this line expecting something to happen - and it did! I found myself in the Club. I soon realised that a boy could secure a dance from anyone of the twenty girls who had been in the line by the simple expedient of walking up to one of them and bowing and I actually had taken such a course when my friends thought it was time to return to the hotel. Getting back to the hotel we noticed particularly the tiring cobblestoned streets; and the old culture - Portuguese in origin - of the Town began to make itself evident to us. On the following day, Ash Wednesday, we heard the bad news that practically all the food in the Town had been eaten up by the revellers, who had evidently come in from the outlying districts. Our breakfast that morning consisted of a couple of loaves of bread perhaps two inches long, and a cup of that delicious Brazilian coffee, the best way of drinking which, I found out to be, one-third of coffee and two-thirds of milk.

Before we left Manaus that morning I noticed a bedraggled creature dragging herself to work. She turned out to be the Secretary of a friend of ours who, on the morning before, had smartly despatched a couple of telegrams for us, but who today seemed hardly able to reach the office as a result of fatigue from the Festival. Anita - let

us call her - an English speaking girl, explained that she would need a week to recover. Her boss added that what we had just seen was the way Manaus lets off steam.

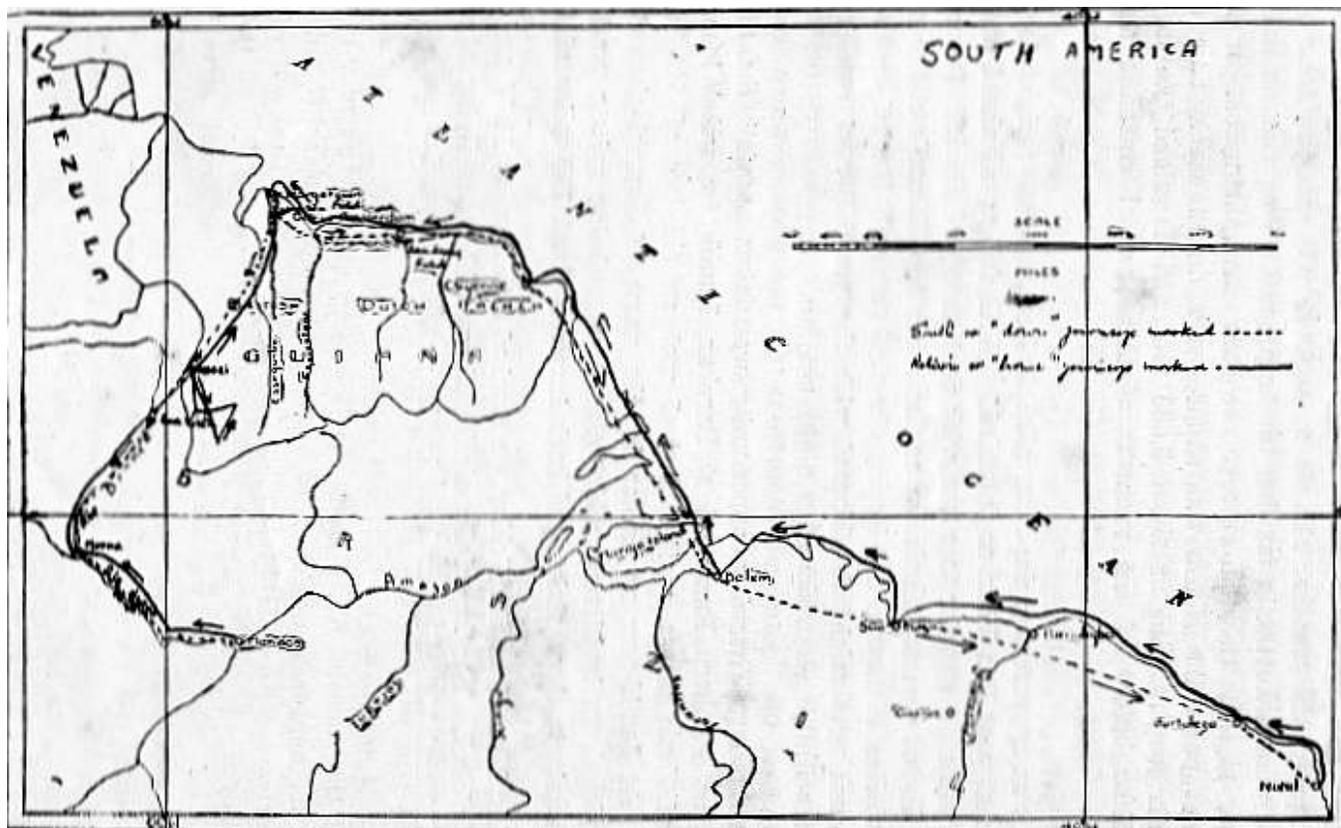
With broad streets, a reasonably good - if noisy - tramway system, large motor cars and open parks, it was difficult to realise that Manaus is approximately only 1,200 miles in the heart of the continent of South America. Off the town we saw two steamers, which had evidently sailed right up the river with their cargoes. The population of Manaus, I was told, is about 150,000.

At about 11 a.m., we drove out to the airport and quickly took off before the rain which had been threatening all morning, began to fall. This overcast weather continued all the way on the return journey again following the rivers. We decided to come down in the Rio Negro at a point named Moura. The Grumman was moored to a pole on the bank of the river and there we had a meal consisting of K rations. We ate this meal in the full knowledge that should another mealtime arrive before we reached Boa Vista there would be nothing to eat. We each advised the other to make the most of his cheese and crackers and synthetic dried orange-juice mixed with the Rio Negro water. Happily, the weather cleared at about 2 p.m. and we took off from Moura, the pilot deliberately taxiing the ship quite a long ride on the surface of the river so that we could observe the banks and the width. I estimated that at that point the Negro was about twelve miles wide. This time, to avoid clouds we travelled at about 5,600 feet and I gained the impression stronger than before of the vastness of this area of complete and thick jungle.

As it was approaching dark our pilot decided to head straight for Manari and not to stop at Boa Vista as intended. With full speed ahead we reached Manari at about a quarter to seven with just enough light left for us to see to land. It was a close calculation as there was the Hobson's choice of either stopping at Boa Vista and not having the fuel to reach Manari or the course followed - making straight for Manari with the possibility of reaching there after dark, with all the risks of a night landing.

The next day, Thursday, opportunity was taken to visit the three airstrips in the Southern Rupununi at Parubar, Lunid-pow and Wichabai. At the last of these places, visited first, I met an old boy of St. Stanislaus College. At Lunid-pow an Indian by the name of Samuel showed us the work completed on the airstrip which struck me as being quite a good landing field. The trip to these strips and back involved about 300 miles of flying.

Leaving Manari on the Friday we reached Atkinson at 11:30 and Georgetown at 3 o'clock. The log of the airship showed 23 hours flying at anything between 110 and 120 miles an hour in the past five days, i.e., well over 2,500 miles,



Section II.

Georgetown to Natal; Brazil, and back. - 10th of March, to 8th of April

The downward journey was made on Pan-American aircraft as we realised that we would have to fly home our own aircraft.

Again leaving Georgetown at 4 o'clock we overnighted at Atkinson. Boarding one of the Pan-American clippers at 7 a.m. on the Monday - the 11th of March - we travelled to Zandery Field, Dutch Guiana, and then to Cayenne. We were told that the runway at Cayenne was the best in South America being about 8,000 feet long built in the centre of what was a swamp, in the shape of a large oval with the drainage canal in the middle of the runway. Alighting from the plane I was astonished to be greeted by a French hostess with "Good Morning," but that was as far as I got as she did not speak another word of English and I knew no French. Anyway I succeeded in getting her to post a card home for me, although I had no French money, with the promise that on my return I should pay in Brazilian currency. This arrangement was faithfully carried out. I found out later that my card duly reached British Guiana. I brought back a five cruzeiros note from Brazil and on the return trip duly paid for the postage which amounted to three cruzeiros or fifteen cents. I may say that to obtain the five cruzeiros note one of my companions paid an American quart, for which I paid thirty-two British Guiana cents.

Leaving Cayenne our next stop was at Belem on the Amazon. Incidentally, the pilot of the clipper had come down very low and circled Devil's Island twice to give passengers a good view of the Penal Settlement. Also when crossing the equator, the steward duly produced cards asking for our names and addresses and promising to send us certificates stating that we now had qualified for entrance to Neptune's kingdom. Belem, we found to be a well laid out city but somewhat hot and the climate rainy or "humid" as some of our American friends insisted on calling it. An idea of the width of the Amazon River at its mouth can be gathered from the time taken to cross it - approximately 3/4 of an hour and our speed was 197 miles an hour. An experience with another Grande Hotel this time turned out much better - we enjoyed our meals, always with music; and sitting out on the pavement in front of the hotel watching the traffic in the broad street was very enjoyable especially in the warm summer afternoons. Here, on the second day, I pointed out a girl to my companions who had failed to recognise Anita, the English speaking girl from Manaus, who had so much enjoyed the Mardi Gras fiesta. She had flown down from Manaus the day before around what was called the hump, i.e., overland.

After concluding our business the next day, we left Belem south bound to Natal. Immediately the plane ran into a storm and it was quite an experience to feel the big 22-seater Douglas aircraft tossed about like a feather in the wind. Several times I realised that but for being held down, by my seat belt I would certainly have hurt my head on the roof of the plane. It seemed as if we were flying through the very centre of the storm.

Getting into good weather once again, supper was served and at about 8 p.m. o'clock we landed at San Luiz.

The next stop for fuelling was at Fortaleza-around midnight. There we were served coffee which, after a tiring journey, was very welcome indeed. All I saw of the runway here were the green-light markers and also the red danger lights showing the buildings. The reception room was a small one-flat building with the barest of conveniences, but quite comfortable. After a further run of about two hours we reached Natal around 3 a.m. After a few hours' sleep our business began and little did we think at the time that it would be four weeks before we should have left Natal on the homeward journey. Two incidents stand out among others during our stay at Natal. One was as follows:-

Around 10 p.m. one night there was a great stir, the United States Army personnel at the Natal Base being fully occupied and I noticed also Medical personnel standing by. It turned out that a Brazilian cruiser out on exercises had accidentally had a mine on the stern of the ship struck by one of its own gunners; so the story goes. The mine exploded blowing off the stern of the ship. A United States cruiser succeeded in rescuing the greater number of the crew, but we heard that one unfortunate sailor in particular with gangrenous legs needed immediate attention and a Catalina flying boat of the Air Rescue Service at Natal promptly took off to bring this man back to hospital. Next day, I learnt that the Catalina had had quite an experience. The wind which was very high at the time had made the ocean very rough, and to alight it was necessary for

the American cruiser to zig zag and then turn broadside for the airship to land in its sleek. This done, it proved equally difficult to get the boat, bringing the wounded man, alongside of the Catalina. I was shown a severe dent in the hull of the Catalina where a wave had knocked the boat against the airship. With the man aboard, I understand that the pilot was very doubtful of being able to take off at all. Once more, the cruiser zig zagged, the last time getting out of the course of the Catalina and after several hard bumps the Catalina eventually took off and brought back the wounded sailor within a matter of a few hours for the medical treatment he so desperately needed. Going over the Catalina next day, I was shown hundreds of rivets knocked completely out of the ship; the hull with about six inches of water, the bulkheads all strained; and the blister or door - way so bashed in as to be quite incapable of being closed. Seeing the ship, I realised how dose and dangerous that mission was especially as it all happened at night.

The second incident was our decision to make a test flight of the Grumman plane which was to be brought back to Georgetown. Because of a crowded schedule, permission to take off from the airport was not given until 5:15 p.m. With a remarkably short run of possibly 1,200 feet the Grumman easily took off with the pilot and a mechanic aboard. One of my companions and I watched the trial flight from the ground. Darkness came on and yet there were no signs of the return of the Grumman and we realised that there had been trouble. At about 7:30 we heard the drone of an airship and saw the Grumman with its landing lights on, coming down at the very edge of the runway, and after a few minutes being shown in by a jeep; the usual ritual. We then heard what had happened. Through not having been used for the last three months, the gears of the wheels had seized up and it was impossible to get the wheels down, thus being unable to land at the airfield. The pilot, perhaps the most ingenious I have ever heard of, knew that there were small lakes around the country and so had come. down on one of these lakes. All the light he had to guide him was the setting sun at its last visible point and he landed in the face of this on the lake. On touching water, the wheels immediately shook free and there was no need for the mechanic to go overboard and set them free as had been planned. They took off immediately from the lake and landed at the Natal airfield, where mishap was narrowly averted as a Brazilian truck, without lights, was endeavouring to cross the runway at the same time and must have escaped, by only a few feet, being hit by the aeroplane on its landing run. This would have been a serious accident and would certainly have resulted in the death of someone.

The homeward trip was planned to take four days flying about 800 miles a day. We would stop at Fortaleza, San Luiz, Belem, Amapau, Cayenne and Georgetown. Flying back in the Grumman, I sat in the co-pilot's seat and going low over pleasant and well laid out Brazilian towns I could see their shape, traffic and people quite easily.

Our first stop at San Luiz, where we spent the night, showed this town to be a small well laid out and pleasant coastal town with the climate very similar to Georgetown. I noticed in the telephone directory the great number of names of obviously Portuguese descent. There was the usual park, some-what smaller than the ones I had seen before.

The next day we flew to Fortaleza; landing in a rain storm, and because of the weather being forced to spend the night there. Fortaleza too is a coastal town quite similar to San Luiz though much bigger.

Next morning, we took off for Belem which we reached about 3 p.m. Here again it was raining and we actually landed in a very heavy shower. That night at the Mess we heard that the water supply had failed and that the electric current was very limited. Evidently this limitation did not apply to any fingers groping in the dark, as in an effort to find a switch in my room I received a severe shock from an exposed line.

We drove from the Base into the town and had a really hot European meal served us at a famous hotel named Madame Garré. A peculiar thing about this place was that the kitchen was situated at the very door or entrance, with the oil stoves making the entrance quite hot. They were nevertheless very clean.

For about two hours after our arrival all the light we had was from candles, but after this the electric lights came on and the quality of the restaurant's clients was easily evident to us.

We had drinks, chatting with an Army Captain who gave us the history of the Grumman we were flying home-it had had a very eventful life so far as it had been landed on a mud take in the high mountains of the Peruvian Andes; it had had its floats taken off and had its wings stripped like a fighter, and had been forced to take off as a flying boat from a marsh; it had had its baggage compartment blown out when a careless mechanic had left a gasoline-saturated rag in the compartment and the radio had been put on - the spark causing an explosion. This same Captain drew our attention to what he called 'the luscious dames' around the place, something we had already, of course, discovered. A group of R.A.F. fellows came in and finding out that we were from a British colony, they pestered us for stamps or anything else originating from British Guiana that we had. I found our four-penny bit, of which I had a few, in great demand as this coin evidently is unique in the world being, so I am told, the only one of its kind. They also extracted promises from us to send out to their homes in England, British Guiana stamps. These R.A.F. Officers and men we found were on the eve of pulling out from Belem to return home.

I saw here next day a football match and was completely astonished at the skill of the Brazilian boys who were very young, but who seemed to have mastered almost all the tricks of the game. I saw forwards trapping the ball on the run and moving off with it without stopping; a goal keeper who seemed capable of saving anything at all; and hardworking forward and half-back lines. The standard of the game was clearly very high - it was also noticeable that there was very little charging or any kind of rough play. The heading was also good.

Taking off from Belem, on the Monday morning, we understood that the weather reports said that there was rain up to Amapau and then good weather to Cayenne. The first part of this flight over the Amazon and the big islands at its mouth where herds of

cattle were seen, was very interesting. The main feature was of course the enormous width of the mouth, of the river which we could the better appreciate now as we were flying low and going much slower than on the first occasion. Then came the rain which was so heavy that the pilot flew completely by instruments for hours. The hours rolled by and still there was no break in the weather. We could neither see nor land at Amapau which is about 350 miles from Helem and we decided to try to reach Cayenne. While we were passing over Amapau the weather got worse, if that was possible, and we never saw a thing for the rest of that day. At about 3:00 o'clock we estimated we had about reached Cayenne and as there was still no break in the weather and it would not have been possible to land at the airfield, our pilot said that he would look for the first break in the clouds, come down in the ocean and then tie up on the coast spending the night there. Of course, we would have no food and our last meal had been at 7:30 a.m. that day. Hardly had he finished telling us this unpleasant news, when now, I saw a break under a high black cloud and there was the Cayenne airfield about a few miles away. This was a stroke of luck and we immediately made straight for the airfield and just landed before it started to rain again. Taking off under our plane at the very moment was a Pan-American clipper which also took advantage of the break that had helped us, to get away after being weather-bound at Cayenne for the greater part of the day.

Two remarkable things about Cayenne were the prices charged and the fact that it never stopped raining at all. As regards the first, at a cost of thirty-five cents we obtained a meal including such things as apple-pie. Regarding the rain, even to go to the pictures just across the street meant using an umbrella and a raincoat.

The trip from Cayenne home to Georgetown was remarkable for two things. Immediately after passing Paramaribo, sitting in the co-pilot's seat, I put on the radio earphones and heard the "Voice of Guiana - ZFY". I listened to the Station - a wee bit of Guiana - which was coming in very clearly, for at least twenty minutes. In what seemed, quick time, we crossed the broad estuary of the Corentyne and soon afterwards below us were the impressively clean-cut outlines of cultivated fields with their long canals. The whole of this area of Guiana seemed one mass of squares and from the air, presented a particular good sight of fertility. Then the town of New Amsterdam along the east bank of the Berbice river and the neat and well laid-out buildings of Plantation Blairmont on the west side.

We then more or less followed the coastal road noting quite a few cars, even driving into Bel Air Hotel, at which point we turned outwards so as to fly over the foreshore of Georgetown going around the city then turning up the Demerara River. Our pilot circled the city once more giving us quite a remarkable sight of it. Such places as the Public Buildings, the Carnegie Trade School and the St. Philip's Church area, the grand stand of the D'Urban race course and the wharf area rather stood out among the others. Travelling for a few miles down the West Bank we turned and made a quick smooth landing, taxiing across the River and up the ramp. We were back home !

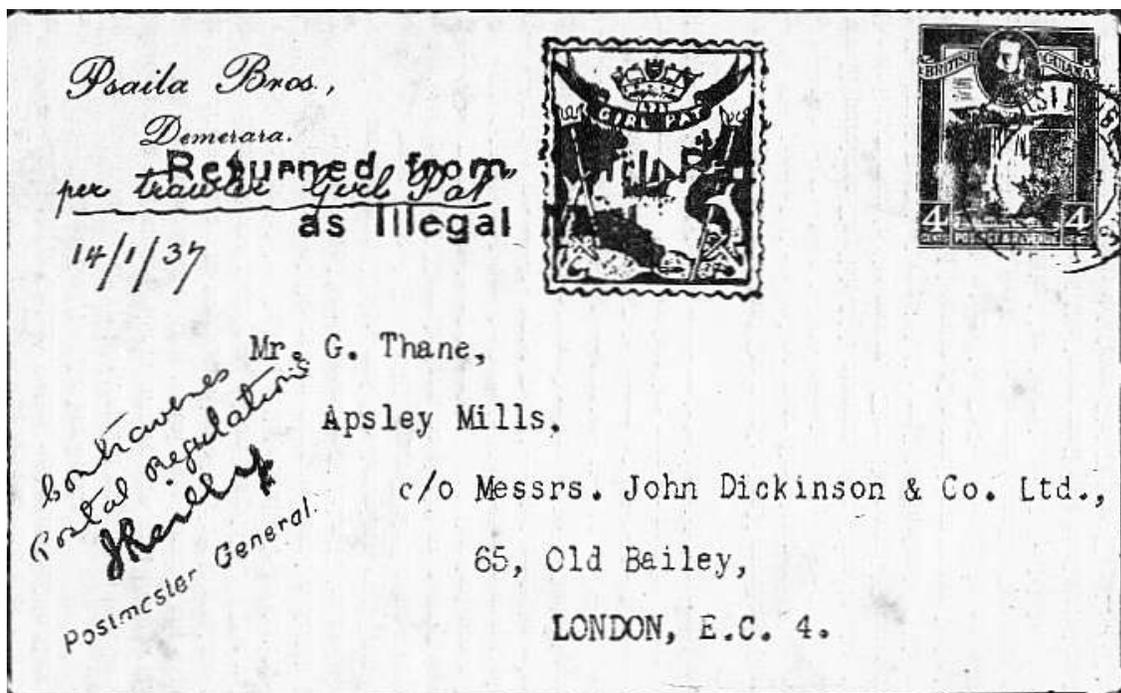
[Top](#)

THE INSIDE STORY OF THE "GIRL PAT" LABELS

The intriguing voyage of the trawler *Girl Pat* in 1937 must have stirred us all, and although the labels issued to commemorate the return voyage are not stamps, they are worth at least a few moments' attention.

It will be remembered that the trawler was arrested at the mouth of the river Demerara by the British Guiana Police, and remained in Georgetown until a new crew from England arrived to take her back.

Some weeks prior to the return, a proposal was made to a local printer, to print off a label as a souvenir of the return voyage, and these would be sold at 6d. each, which would possibly raise a useful sum towards the expenses of the trip. At this stage there was no suggestion of trying to produce a postage or pseudo postage stamp; it was merely an advertising label. The printer replied he could certainly do the job but had, no artists available to sketch a design, but after negotiation a member of the return crew produced a sketch in black and white. The design, illustrated here, measures 1 1/4 in. x 1 1/2 in., and shows a rough drawing of Western Europe, Africa, and the Americas, enabling the course of the ship out and home to be defined, with a scroll at the top surmounted by a crown as depicted on Royal Navy badges, no doubt as a compliment to Commander Lawrence, R.N., captain of the ship. At the foot are a Dolphin and Sword-fish, with tridents and two Anchors in the bottom corners, placed diagonally. The scroll has the words "Girl Pat" in relief, and the whole design is squared off and surrounded with a wavy border printed to look like a perforation.



The sketch was photographed, and thirty line blocks were made from the original. The labels were printed in panes of thirty by letterpress on white gummed printing paper. The perforation was by needles doing one line at a time, and thirty thousand labels were printed, which were put on sale at 6d. each.

The scheme suggested was that the people should purchase these labels and affix them to the face of the envelope near the stamp position, and the mail would be brought to England by the trawler. On arrival at destination the captain would purchase English 1½d. stamps, affix them to the envelope, and post in the ordinary way to the owner. Thus they would have a record of the fact that the "Girl Pat" had carried the mail to England. This rather harmless scheme fell to the ground because of a contingency overlooked by the promoters, which came to light when the *Daily Argosy*, in an editorial letter pointed out that the ship had no licence to carry mail. One can add that this Paper was obviously not published by the printer of the labels.

The labels had sold well and the large mail was confiscated and stamped in red with a rubber stamp "Returned from Girl Pat as illegal mail" and returned to the senders. The printers willingly gave an undertaking not to print or sell any further supplies, and as the blocks had already been disposed of, the matter was soon allowed to die down, without any legal action taking place.

The correspondent who despatched the cover illustrated was obviously not easily daunted, for having his cover returned he purchased a postage stamp valued 4 cents, and reposted his letter, so that in all events the recipient would have the label as a memento. Whether it is a fact or merely that the Post Office, would not risk a censure cannot be definitely known, but the letter which was cancelled on January 16th, 1937, was marked in ink "Contravenes Postal Regulations" and rubber stamped with the signature and title "Postmaster-General."

The reason given was the regulation in the Post Office Guide that no label, resembling a stamp may be fixed near the stamp position. The letter was back-stamped, R.L.O. January 29th, and again returned to the sender, but he, even more determined to send it through the post, enclosed the cover in another envelope, whence it safely reached its destination. There cannot be many in existence with the second stampings and as far as is known there are only a small number of copies of the label existent unused.

This ends another episode of the "Girl Pat," and although as philatelists we may deprecate such happenings, no doubt many of us are not sorry to see the gallant trawler leave her mark in our albums, before sinking into obscurity once again.

E.W.

[Top](#)

MUSICAL FORM

There is a great deal of unnecessary mystery and hocus-pocus surrounding the Theatrical side of music-and as a result of this, the layman has been frightened away from music-classical music. He says he doesn't understand it and leaves it at that. The truth of the matter is that he has seldom tried to understand it.

And when he has tried to understand it he has failed to do so, quite probably because the difficulties have been unnecessarily magnified, or presented to him in the wrong way.

I am quite sure that you know the materials with which the composer works - Melody, Harmony, Dynamics (that is the loud and soft in music), Tone-colour (which is the blending together with good taste the different sounds of various musical instruments, speed and most important - "form": which binds together all the materials into a coherent whole.

"Form" is the basic architecture of music and I am going to try and explain it briefly in an endeavour to dispel one of the musical "bogeys."

I can hear you asking yourselves: "Why do we listeners have to worry ourselves about "form"?"

We don't have to worry about how a pair of shoes is made, providing they are comfortable, so in the same way, why do we have to worry about how the music was made, in order, to enjoy it more fully?

In the majority of cases, it isn't necessary - you can listen to the Hungarian dances by Brahms, the prelude in C sharp minor, several operatic arias and other pieces of simple construction and enjoy them to the full. But it is where the musical pattern becomes elaborate - in fugues, concertos, sonatas and symphonies that the listeners' troubles begin.

A composer may have put in a couple of weeks, six months, or even several years, on a work of monumental proportions in which his musical ideas are not merely stated - but combined and interwoven in many ways. He doesn't go to all this trouble just to make it harder, but because he has something big to say, something so important, that it cannot be stated simply in terms of a few pretty tunes.

I can well remember the first time I heard a Brahms' symphony. It was many years ago, and knowing that Brahms was one of the great composers I went to the concert in anticipation of a musical treat. I was terribly disappointed - instead of attractive melodies and magnificent orchestral effects I heard a long drawn out and sombre exercise in notes. The few short snatches of melody I did hear seemed to be immediately swamped in a morass of complicated and extremely dull musical gymnastics. And they didn't make sense to my ears.

Of course I was only about 12 at the time. But after a few years and more, hearings of Brahms works, I began to see how very little I had really heard that first time. For what had struck me as complicated and boring gymnastics, was really the superb utterance of deep emotion, combined with the finest intellectual handling and workmanship.

It was not so much the *melodies* that mattered, but the *way in which they were treated*.

This architectural treatment of musical ideas, this building up and driving home of grand thoughts and emotions 'is not easy for the composer to achieve, and still more difficult for the listener to grasp. It requires a certain amount of sensitivity, knowledge and musical experience. In other words, it requires a certain awareness of the build-up of music, its architecture, its form.

I can't give you a full and textbook account of form, we haven't the time for such an exhaustive discussion. Also the understanding of form must be assisted by the ear. But a little information never hurts, and in the long run may increase your pleasure in listening to fugues, symphonies and modern compositions that at present, seem forbiddingly complex.

In theory the simplest musical form is the theme and variations. Music in this form starts with a melody which is then repeated a number of times, each time with changes or additional features. It is a form easy to recognise as it is featured in everyday music. When someone sings a popular ballad and the pianist alters the style of the accompaniment with each verse, to suit the changing of the words, perhaps, he is playing "variations" on the first verse. Or again, when a modern expert dance orchestra plays one of the song-hits of the day, repeating the melody over and over again, the musicians are playing variations. First the saxophones will play the melody, then perhaps the trumpets will take it up, whilst the pianist indulges in a few fancy tricks on the side then the clarinet, instead of playing the melody as written, will embellish it almost beyond recognition, and so on. In this way the music will retain freshness and sparkle.

In "art" music the form is the same, but even *greater* flexibility is permitted. The composer will choose a brief but distinctive theme so that it can be easily recognised through subsequent disguises. Then he proceeds to elaborate it, weaving ornamental figures above and below it, change its rhythm or speed, carry it from major to minor or vice versa and harmonize it in devious ways.

One of the earliest ways in which composers made use of the "theme and variations" form was in the old classic dance form known as the passacaglia. This slow stately dance required music in which a short theme was obstinately repeated over and over again, usually in the bass, while other melodies and figurations were played above it.

The other important fundamental forms were Fugue, and Sonata forms.

What is a fugue? It certainly has a bad reputation. It is said to be the driest, and most forbidding technical kind of music. There is an old definition which says:- "A fugue, is a piece of music in which the voices come in one after another, and the audience go *out* one after another !"

The most important thing-about a fugue is the subject - usually, a short and compact melody - which is announced at the beginning of the piece. It is immediately taken up by a second voice either at the interval of a fifth above or a fourth below, while the first voice takes up a contrasting melody known as the "counter-subject." Fugues may be in three, four or five voices, each entering in turn with the subject, but always a given number of tones higher or lower than the preceding entry. This process is known as "Exposition." It is characterized by a sense of cumulative growth, because each voice, after it has completed the subject, continues to weave an independent melody of its own. The end of the exposition leaves us with either three, four or five voices, or parts, perfectly blended together;

From this point on, the composer has freedom to develop his subject by a number of different devices. He can, and almost invariably does, introduce it in different keys. He can use the device known as double counterpoint, which simply means that the music has been turned upside down - or in other words the subject, which may have been above the counter-subject originally, now appears below it, or vice versa. The subject can be changed by inversion, by augmentation - meaning twice as slow - or diminution, meaning twice as fast, or by a *stretto*, which consists of a series of interlocking entries of the subject arranged in cumulative fashion and which occurs *near the end of the composition*,

Such technical terms, I am sure, sound like a Crossword puzzle to you and in a sense that is what a fugue is. In a well-written fugue, every note must be in its place and each one must have good reason to be where it is. So it is no wonder that the music student marvels at a man such as Bach who took this abstruse pattern and made it into music.

It is not because of the fugue alone that I give you this outline of fugal form, but also because fugal writing has naturally penetrated into symphonies, quartets, operas and ballet music. It is, for the composer, *a basic principle of his art* and makes most out of the smallest details.

Sonata Form is one of the most, if not the most, important form in composition, for it is the pattern not only of works entitled "Sonata," but of quartet, trios, symphonies and even overtures. It was developed about two hundred years ago and is still widely used, and no form has yet appeared that seems likely to take its place.

The form of a sonata's **first movement** - and the only part I shall explain fairly fully right now is very like a three-act play.

In most sonatas the main character - in musical language *Theme 1* enters right away on the stage and plunges directly into the action. However, the Sonata can begin with a short prelude in which nothing of any importance takes place - rather like the butler and maid engaging in a casual conversation. You know instinctively that sooner or later the hero will suddenly burst on and get things going.

Every good author knows that each of his characters must be distinct from one another. So also, in the sonata, Themes 1 & 2 (and 3 and 4, if any) must have their personalities.

So now we have met our two principle characters, Themes 1 and 2; and possibly some subordinate ones, 3 and 4, and we are all set for things to happen. Which rings down the curtain on **Act I** or the first part of the first movement.

Act II. Just as in a play, the leading characters get involved in all sorts of complications, entering and leaving the stage abruptly and in rapid succession. So our musical play goes on - Themes appearing and disappearing, being twisted about, disguised.

Act III. In drama the complications would be at their height but in music it is generally such an effort to follow the leading themes through all their distortions and disguises which they assumed in Act II, that the composer decides to present them once more in a clear and straight-forward manner. With this and possibly the addition of a short "Coda" or tail-piece, the composer brings his first movement to a close.

To recapitulate then, what we have is simply the following formula. **A** represents the theme 1 - **B** its development - **C** theme 2 and its attendant climax and **A** again, the recapitulation of Theme 1 and its close. So we get **A,B,C,A**.

This then is the **basic** pattern of the Sonata's *first* movement. Of course there is much more detail that could be added - about "bridge passages" - modulations - sub-themes and what not. But all these details are comparatively unimportant for most purposes and if you will only bear in mind this *general basic* outline it will be enough for your purpose. So much for Sonata form *itself*. Remember that what we have been talking about so far is the form of the *first movement only*. There are usually three movements, sometimes four - so what of these others?

In a symphony of four movements the Sonata pattern is *used in every movement* with the exception of the third, which is usually called a scherzo or a minuet. But though the *technical design* may be the same the *substance rarely is*. That would produce unbearable monotony. So, broadly speaking the plan of a typical Sonata, Quartet or Symphony is like this:-

First movement: Usually the longest and most serious of the four. It is usually lively and vigorous although a quiet opening can be used. As a "keynote" movement it should be such as will make the listener sit up and take notice, both emotionally and intellectually.

Second Movement:- Usually the slow movement in nine out of ten cases. This movement gives the listener a chance to relax and wallow in a long and expansive melody. This slow movement relies on more mood than construction. It is a test of the composer's power to create a poetic or lyrical line that flows on almost endlessly (unfortunately it is sometimes a test of the listener's power) full of rhythm and spirit. In the old days it was a minuet, elegant or lusty with Beethoven a prankish scherzo. With Brahms a folklike allegretto, Tchaikowsky, a waltz.

Fourth Movement:- This is the last and least predictable of all. Sometimes, as in Haydn it is a brisk and playful rondo, a sort of cheerful goodbye.

Third Movement:- This is the one part of a Sonata or symphony that almost *never* employs Sonata form. After the slow movement, something in the nature of refreshment is required and so the third movement is almost always a dance, (to stay awake).

Beethoven did all sorts of things with it. In the "Eroica" symphony it is a set of variations. In the fifth symphony it is a poem of struggle and victory, and in the ninth, the choral symphony, the great "Ode to Joy," dominates - Orchestra, soloists, and chorus joining in Schiller's hymn of universal brotherhood.

Since Beethoven's time, composers have been quite at a loss to know *what to do* with their last movement. Some, like Mahler kept to the "chorus" idea. Others reverted to the light mood of Haydn, and still others, like Cesar Franck, have thought it wise to bring the theme of the very first movement back again in full glory. But whatever the style, the last movement usually closes in a strong mood - Tchaikovsky was the only composer who dared introduce a note of mournful despondency in his Finales. Most composers have proceeded on the idea that audiences wish to leave the concert-hall with a feeling of lift and exhilaration.

Now all this sounds terribly complicated - but it really is not so complicated as you at first imagine. Fortunately for the lay listener, sonata form in *any* of its manifestations, is on the whole more accessible than the other forms we have discussed. That is because the problem it presents is not one of listening for detail in separate measures, as in the fugue, but of following the broad outlines of large sections.

I would like to warn you about one thing. When you go to a concert and find on the programmes a sonata for violin and piano by *Handel* or *Bach*, do not listen for the form I have just explained. The word sonata was used at that time in contradistinction to the word cantata - sonata being something played and the Cantata, something to be

sung. Otherwise, it bears little or no resemblance to the later sonatas of Mozart and Haydn's time.

So we have analyzed form to a certain degree but to profit from analysis of this kind, it is essential to hear a work over and over again.

There is no better way of truly appreciating the difference between a mere diagrammatic outline of a form, and contact with the actual work.

It is like the difference between hearing a description of a person and knowing that person.

J. A. HEUVEL

[Top](#)

HUNTERS' PARADISE

By "AKELA"

It was during the years that mark the transition period between youth and early manhood and we were all braves and mighty hunters. We explored and hunted that Paradise of wild things, the Abary Creek and its upper reaches at Easter and August, shooting, fishing, camping, and enjoying the free wide open spaces where boys are men, and smell like horses. There was a preparatory stage weeks before the day, during which we laid in a regular arsenal of various types of ammunition, minor drugs, aids and preventatives including potash, permang, well known as "rattlesnake obeah."

Naturally we wore old long trousers and shorts, heavy shoes or rubbers, but from a photogenic as well as a protective angle we rejoiced in sumptuous wide sombreros, which when supported for style by gunbelts arid rifles or sporting guns, which gave us a truly Western touch. We also had cameras' and films, etc., to acquire, and when the day came 'we usually took train to PIn. Bath where Red was a rancher, Wat was a planter and some of the squad were overseers.

That was our jumping off point, via the water path to the Creek Pump and then to the wilds. On one occasion we made the journey from town to Bath by Motor cycles and at night, which with stray pigs, horses, cattle, etc., and deceptive roads proved one of the most hectic and hair-raising adventures of all time and sighs of ultimate relief were universal when we arrived safely at Bath that night;. We had a couple of cook boys, a brace of Indian hunters, an engineer for the launch and outboard and about eight of us stalwart hearties. There were two boats or sometimes three land after an always enjoyable short stay at Bath Manager's house during which time we had a grand spell of horse-riding we, set out afoot to the Creek Pump as of tell , the water level in the estate advance trenches was far too low for a heavy boat with baggage, stores and men.

Sometimes however we used the boat ride, pot-shooting at alligators on the way, and twice we slew lazing rattlesnakes. On one occasion we had to spend a night at Bath Pump House and we were tired from the approach journey so we rolled in early, but the vibration and thump of the pump engine, the acrid fumes of exhaust and the tireless raids of mosquitoes drove some of us to seek another couch in the outer air, and in a launch two of the party sought slumber under provocation from the ceaseless enquiries of several inquisitive "Who You" birds. I think that we eventually slept for a spell. Early next morning we made Portage and were off on the second leg during which there was little to do but loll around until after Blairmont Pump; when a few saurians a canje pheasant or two, parrots and a few fish may usually be found. At Plantain Turn the game lands begin and experiences at this point include a brace of muscovy duck which we missed on the first flight, but Joe claimed the drake when they foolishly passed over again, and the eating was a treat.

At this point we also ran into a flock of teal duck one trip and we stalked them faithfully for nearly a' mile before I slipped into a deep creek hand and pearly lost my gun. Then Bates pumped shot at them and bagged one. A trifle further on we once witnessed the soldierly line-up of about seven negro cops, lined up on the creek bank like so many policemen and such a rare and striking sight it was, that we just shut off engines and stared, but our Indians were busy getting ashore to flank the six-foot birds and when they took off, Joe Joe and Jacob each got one. The plumage was good but they were in poor condition and the meat was stringy and fishy. Pictures of these big' chaps were taken and turned out well.

Just before the Rossfield Benab below Qua Qua we once started a heeri the somewhat smaller relation to the negro cap, and when he chose a tree Los went after him with the .44 Winchester and after smashing the limb on which he sat, with hot lead, that bird took to the ceiling in wide spirals never to return. Then on the Qua Qua, the home of the alligator, for I have never seen them in greater numbers and size elsewhere. I once set out in the afternoon for a big fellow, and he was tricky, for he ducked every time the sun glinted on the rifle barrel, but I eventually got a .303 nickel jacket through his tough skull by aiming at the spot where he kept coming up. He was over seven feet long. Another time a flotilla of them invaded the cook's tent at meal time and we had to set up a barrage to save the dinner. Yet again I touched up a big chap

with a .22 bullet and he kept leaning out of the water so we went out to rope him to the boat. He dodged and dived and when we did rope him and pulled he came into the boat which we all promptly evacuated and when it floated to the bank we went out filled him with lead and got our rope back. Leo once spotted a big 'gator and was determined to photograph the brute so I went ashore with him and stalked along for a snapshot but Mr. Gator was camera shy and he led us about half a mile up creek in sludge without defeating the hopes of my persistent cousin. At last I had no more patience, so I pumped three .38 revolver bullets into him and with the help of my furious cousin we pulled him out and took a post mortem picture instead.

It was at Qua Qua one August that it rained torrents and we were forced to camp at the ranch Benab instead of under canvas, but walking out on savannah we saw millions of wisi wisi duck. When they went over flock by flock all day long they shut out the sky and shooting was slaughter for five barrels yielded fifteen birds every time and I even bagged with rifle and pistol, It was on this trip that we later camped and saw the most awe inspiring electric storm I know of. Trees crashed, struck by lightning which zipped and sizzled across the creek. Cattle frightened to the creek side threatened to stampede and when the torrential rain broke we dared not touch our tent for fear of leaks, and expected it momentarily to be swept away from its rain soaked pegs. The next morning however was dear and a pageantry of colour and beauty. We spied a brace of muscovy duck and set out after them, having to cross a creek hand and Les first to go as ever, mistook a large alligator for a tacuba with disastrous results by a ducking. That day we had good practice with the high power Winchester at a heed some five hundred yards away, for his stupidity was such that he never seemed to mind our bullets sufficient to clear out before we got him. It is here that creek hands and cattle washes can snare one into crossing and getting stuck waist or armpit deep in stinking mud which necessitates help to pull one out and I have known to leave my boots at the bottom in the effort of extraction.

Going on higher up the Duck Pond and the Berbice hand is rare sport for no one knows what will be encountered next. Skilful boat handling is necessary for tacubas are prevalent and these tree stumps can wreck a boat. Once Joe Joe spotted a deer drinking and claimed him with a quick shot, and later we startled a maipouri or tapir but failed to get a shot. We routed a herd of peccary one day but these little pigs are too dangerous to pursue as they often show fight, and can cut a man or dog to pieces in short order. A school of others provided scope for a tremendous cannonade one afternoon as they rose and ducked and swam with the boats in pursuit but we only got three fine skins as they sink quickly when shot and do not rise again.

Red Howler monkeys create a terrific din at nights and we once saw them cross a creek by forming the famous chain of living monkeys and swinging across. Monkeys we never shot for they are too human and intelligent. Duck Pond is the haven of deer, pigeon, duckler muscovy and we have seen tiger and maipouri spoor often.

One evening we bagged about thirty pigeon with .22 rifles as they tread across the creek, and it was whilst claiming a bird that was winged, that I entered a clearing

unarmed and came face to face with a giant ant bear. I retreated faster than is perhaps credible to the other side of the creek and when I returned plus rifle he had also beaten his retreat.

Trekking through tall razor grass which cut even the clothes, we once disturbed a five-foot rattle snake which struck twice and missed before Bates blew his head away with a 12-bore cartridge from his gun. I developed fever and ague one night and nearly shook the tent down with my shivers but next day I was well again and out after deer, of which we got four. So heavy was our stock of venison that trip that we traded meat for fruit with the farmers lower down river. One moonlight night we saw two diminutive blue-faced moonlight monkeys over our camp in a tree, obviously as intrigued over us as we were about them, for they acted like two interested children.

The finest meal I have enjoyed was at Duck Pond when, ravenously hungry after a hard day, we feasted on roasted pigeon, roasted plantains, and cassava washed down with creek water: This meal seemed better even than the delicious curried venison, preparation of which was a speciality and an accomplishment with our Indian cooks. This curry was the real thing. It burned the eater more than once, and many were the times I have seen fellows with watery eyes and lolling tongues seeking water to cool their fiery mouths, but loth to leave the last morsel on the plate, John was a prince of a chap but a trifle hot tempered, while Otto was a determined sort who usually did things first and thought about them afterwards; for instance he thought nothing of taking a shot at a macaw when out on a deer-stalking trip where the slightest noise would send the quarry bounding miles away from the spot. These two lads did not find any hint of the soul mate existing between them and John's profanity was a masterpiece of non-repetition. Otto had a precious steel canister in which he stored his drugs, films, ammunition and what-would-you, but since he let no one handle it and must have it put near him in boat and camp, it became an evil thing to John since when all set to go, Otto would delay the move in packing and storing his canister. Imagine the colour of the atmosphere when at a hasty strike of camp Otto caused a canister delay, to the musical vituperation and fury of John, and then when entering the boat plus laden tin box, he trips and drops the metal nuisance on John's bare foot. Force of numbers saved Otto and his box from a deep and watery fate.

Les was a true hunter for whether with gun, rod, or camera, when he went after anything he never let up, knew not defeat and usually got what he set out after. Bunny loved swimming and despite the spectacle of a dog losing his tail to pirai he would swim anywhere until one day near Bath Pump House we saw a tremendous camoodie cross the creek. We hunted this python but lost him, though the ranger got him two days later for going after calves, and he measured twenty-two feet with eighteen-inch girth.

Travelling by launch at night with a lamp in the boat I have seen Bates half asleep, when a four-inch pirai leaped into the craft attracted by the light and landing on Bates' grey flannelled leg he hung on. When pulled off by the rudely awakened owner of the leg, the fish took with him a piece of trouser flannel the size of a shilling. When

fishing for lukanani, the pirai will cut your line, or slash your hooked fish to ribbons if they happen to be around the site of your fishing.

Bird life abounds and the weird and raucous cries are often eerie, particularly at night. Macaws, parrots, kingfishes, hawks, and various types of colourful small birds are a source of interest and beauty at all stages of the upper creek. Salapentas and iguana are frequently seen basking on banks and in forest trees where they blend so cleverly with the colour scheme of their natural haunts, and the speed with which they travel to safety is truly astounding.

Maipouri are infrequently met but tracks are often seen. I have heard a story of a famous Abary hunter named Ned who once started a big male and when Joe Joe gave him a twelve bore load of slubs he never faltered, but Ned got him through the heart with a high power sporting rifle. When they skinned him the twelve bore slubs had merely broken his thick hide and stung him badly.

This Abary Creek was truly the ideal of the lad and man who loved shooting and fishing and camping, but it is not easily accessible and the pukka trip needs at least five days, plenty of organisation and a congenial party. The cost in those days was negligible and more than worth it. For weeks after each trip t was wrapped in memory of the Creek and the past adventures and longing ardently for the next expedition to this Hunters' Paradise of thrill, adventure and unceasing novelty.

[Top](#)

A DROP OF POWER

Living things millions of years ago, even as today drank their energy from the sun's rays. Bits of decaying plants and animals were washed from land to join the vaster jungle of minute marine life underseas. The sea bottom's ooze was nature's test tube, in which these tiny organisms were chemically changed to become a pool of stored-up energy: petroleum for today's power.

In man's quest for petroleum the sharp teeth of the rotary drilling bit chew into the earth. A steel pipe attached to a rotary table turns the bit through rock or sand. As each section of pipe reaches its full depth, a new length is added. Special muds are pumped down the pipe to wash out the rock cuttings. On its way out, the mud seals the well's walls. Then casing is run into the well and cemented firmly into place. The drill pipe is hauled out, and the shaft that results is the oilman's entry to the hidden storehouse of petroleum.

Crude oil from the well flows into huge field storage tanks from where it is taken by pipeline, tankcars or tankers to the refinery storage for refining. Distillation of crude oil into various fractions is the key to all petroleum refining. After having been heated to about 800 degrees Fahrenheit in a pipestill the crude now partially vaporised, enters the fractionating tower where it flashes completely into vapour.

As vapors rise in the tower, which contains horizontal trays spaced all the way up within it, they gradually grow cooler. The vapours have different boiling ranges and they condense and collect on the trays 35 fractions with different characteristics. Some liquid from each tray drops to the tray below through overflow pipes. The liquid also has components of different boiling ranges which become segregated on their way down the tower just as vapours do on the way up. The lightest vapours are liquefied in a condenser on top of the tower and part of the liquid is reintroduced onto the top tray.

Each component can thus be drawn off from the trays as desired. The one with the highest boiling point collects at the bottom of the column and is drawn off as a RESIDUE for use as heavy fuel oil. Higher up, LUBRICATION OIL is drawn off at about 600-700 degrees F., GAS OIL condenses a little higher, at about 500 degrees F., KEROSENE still higher at about 300 degrees F., GASOLINE collects at the top at about 100 degrees F. After being purified, this natural gasoline has an octane rating of about 70.

In order to make 100-octane gasoline liquid from the GAS OIL tray passes through a fluid catalytic cracking plant. Here the gas oil is "cracked," which is the chemist's name for a literal cracking up of the petroleum molecule under heat. This cracking occurs in the presence of a finely dispersed powder (the Catalyst). Its presence controls the way in which the molecules first are cracked and then recombined to form the proper type of chemical compounds. One of these is high grade aviation gasoline for use as base stock for super fuel.

Gas produced during the cracking process is compressed so as to separate highly important compounds which go to the Alkylation plant. Here under the influence of an entirely different catalyst, gases from the cracking process are combined to form high octane synthetic aviation alkylate. (Techniques of this process were worked out by the research laboratories of the Standard Oil Company (N.J.) and made available to the entire oil industry).

The final blend of 100-octane gasolene includes base stock, alkylate, and sometimes other blending agents. To all this is added a requisite amount of tetraethyl lead to increase the octane number still further.

When high octane gasoline is vaporized and mixed with air, it can be subjected to very great pressure in an engine and yet burn without knocking (exploding too fast). For that reason it can generate more power. This means that for the same gross weight at take-off, a plane using 100-octane gasoline can fly 20% farther than a plane using 87-octane gasoline. A heavy bomber flying to an objective 1,000 miles distant can carry five more 1,000 pound bombs than one using 87-octane gasoline. Greater power for the same weight of engine meant much to Allied airmen during World War 2; capacity to carry deadlier guns, heavier armour and ability to operate from smaller fields. An idea of just how important 100-octane gasoline was during the war can be had from this statement by Geoffrey Lloyd, Great Britain's petroleum secretary:

"I think we wouldn't have won the Battle of Britain without 100-octane – but we did have the 100-octane."

A drop of oil is a tiny symbol of the modern world; for in it are contained in miniature the power and smoothness without which the machine age could not be. In 1900 there flowed from United States wells only enough of these drops to fill some 63 million barrels. Distilled into Kerosene this oil lit lamps on every continent. Automobile, railroad, factory, farm, ship and plane swelled the need for gasoline and oils, until in 1944 U.S. production topped 1,500 million barrels, which also fed the jeeps and trucks, planes and battleships of World War 2.

Keeping pace with the exacting refinements of the machines which the engineer designed, the chemist evolved fuel of new range and power, lubricants for arctic and tropic temperatures, for bomb sight and locomotive -and found uses for every fraction of the crude. Tomorrow, drops of oil will power machines as yet only dreamed of.

DENNIS DE FREITAS.

[Top](#)

Click here for: [COLLEGE SECTION](#)