the Georgian

1982-83

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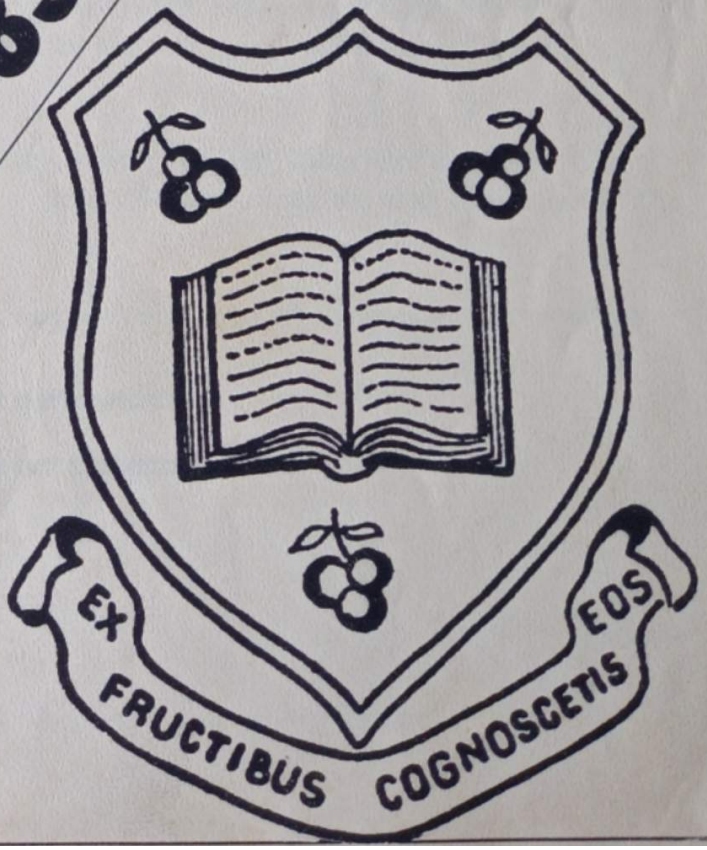
Petra Pierre

the Georgian

1982-83



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THE PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE

The decision of this year's sixth form to continue the production of the school magazine, started last year by their predecessors, is highly commendable. This is a manifestation of their continued interest in extra-curricular activities which, over the past years, has been one of the highlights of the College.

I therefore take this opportunity to commend the Editorial Staff, as well as the others who have contributed in any way, to make this exercise a success and to express the wish that future sixth formers will ensure that there is continuity.

I hereby make a special appeal to students, past and present, parents, friends and well wishers to give their full support to this worthy gesture.

H. Gift,

Principal.

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INTRODUCTION

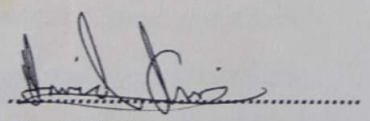
Editor-in-Chief	: Roslyn Carrington
Production Manager	: David Chin
Advertisement Committee	: Louise Poy Wing : Narisa Singh : Martin Raymond
Photographers	: Mr. Alva Viarruel (Past Pupil) : Deodath Ramheerai & Graham White
Producers	: Students of 6B
Writers	: The students of St. George's College
Special Thanks To:-	: Mr. P. Clark (Form Teacher) :Mrs. J. Lakheeram (Teacher in charge of Production) : Mr. R. Henry (Art Teacher) : Shelly Jordan : William Petit (last year's Editor) : All the readers, advertisers, & the printer.

Dear Reader,

This magazine was designed to provide information and entertainment for all. It is not a year book, but it does contain important information about St. George's College for the past school year.

I hope you enjoy reading it.

Yours sincerely,



David Chin.

★★★★★★★★★★

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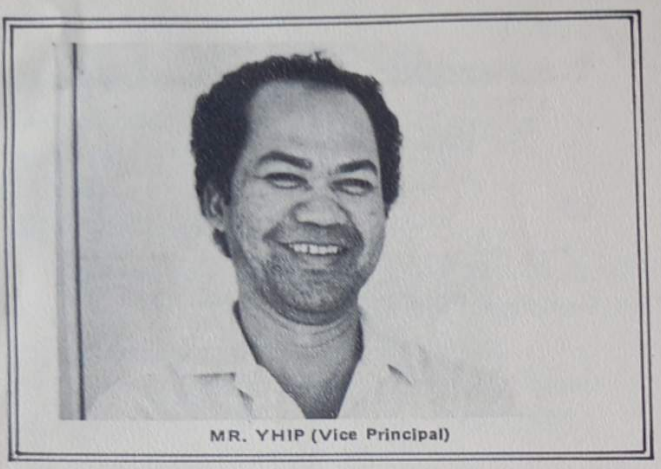
VICE PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE



MR. YHIP (Vice Principal)

The publication of a school magazine raises many issues, several of a serious and legalistic nature. Magazine editorial committees do have their hands so full of matters concerning the practical problems of production that they may well have given little or no thought to legitimate questions of responsibility and accountability for what gets printed in the magazine.

It is easy to visualise copies of a school magazine being innocently circulated, distributed, sold and sent to a wide cross-section of the society, ranging from pupils, present – and past, parents and the PTA, teachers, visitors at school functions, peers, ministry officials, Dip. Ed. Programme Co-ordinators and the like. The list is long, and longer still, if one adds to it the complimentary copies which "should" be sent to advertisers in the magazine, sponsors, donors and well-wishers. The potential readership may be extremely large and wide. The school magazine is a de facto publication and should not, with impunity, exceed the legal limits laid down for any publication, nor should its editorial committee fail to be guided by codes of ethics which publishers should accept and follow.

The advent of student "militancy" in schools and in universities in the United States and in Britain was marked by a rise in the appearance of student publications. As the mouth-piece of the more vocal amongst the student body, such publications became associated with the more "radical" who were thought to use them as weapons for attacks on the "establishment." Such publications were spawned in the schools of Trinidad and Tobago and the low level of literary expression which emerged was matched only by the enormous lack of good faith which one associates with the anonymity of authorship and the clandestine production which was much in evidence.

I have heard colleagues of mine speak glibly about free expression in writing and I am prepared to argue that "free" expression cannot be an end in itself, even in the teaching of writing and literature. Unlimited "free" expression is as likely to bring out the best in us as it is to show up the worst! Mightier than the sword, they say, is the pen, the unrestrained use of which could, at worst, result, literally, in innocent literary bloodshed.

The written word is a record of itself and it is this "permanent" nature that facilitates legal action to be taken against a wide variety of collaborators for offences relating to publications, such as in cases of libel. For the publication of a school magazine the determination of liability might well involve several intricacies. Is the school responsible for unfair comment appearing in the magazine? Is it the principal or the Minister of Education? Or, is it the chairman of the editorial committee or the entire committee? For reasons of age, and because of that role of the school as a social training institution, students enjoy so much (perhaps, too much) protection and immunity from the consequences of their actions that one may not have to look very far in order to find an explanation for the widespread irresponsibility found throughout the society.

The yoke of responsibility is not easily removed. Editorial committee members have a responsibility to promote only the highest quality of literary expression. The committee has to be critical and discriminating in selecting articles for publication. Nothing less than good writing should be published unedited for I hold the view a magazine of poor quality is a miserable thing which could be a source of embarassment to a school as a whole. A 'bad' magazine could be worse than none at all. It would be bad enough if teachers and school administrators were to be so errant as to authorise the publication of any article which is subsequently deemed to be offensive or libellous. What would be even worse is a situation in which anything is allowed to be published as a result of their carelessness, indifference, unconcern and disinterest. What say you?

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Letters To The Editor

Winston Lee Kit
80 El Socorro Road
San Juan

February 28th 1983.

The Editor,
School Magazine,
St. George's College.

Dear Miss,

I am writing to you on my views about the school's security and the safety of my fellow students and teachers I find that there should be security guards on the premises watching constantly during the school hours. This is a very serious case. Another problem is the wire fence. It is very easy for the rogues to come in. So the workmen should fix them.

Winston Lee Kit
St. George's College.

---

43 Aranguez Main Road,
San Juan,
February 28th 1983.

The Editor,
School Magazine,
St. George's College.

Dear Miss,

I would like to complain on the fault I think is most important. I will appreciate if the workmen will have a little more consideration for the students. During school-time while classes are in progress, the workers disturb the classes by making excessive noise. I hope this is one wrong that can be put right.

Yours faithfully,
Vashtie Jagroop.

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41 Third Avenue,
Barataria.

February 28th 1983.

The Editor,
School Magazine,
St. George's College,
Barataria.

Dear Miss,

I would like to note one of the complaints about St. George's College. It is the bathroom facilities. There are many ways in which it should be cleaned properly, anyway there are not enough facilities. For Example,:

(a) There are only two clean bathrooms.
(b) Some of the toilets do not function properly.
(c) Sometimes there is no soap or toilet paper.
(d) There is no dressing room.
(e) There are lockers in the bathrooms which are dirty and look untidy.
(f) Please Miss, comment on the fact that our school needs more facilities.

Yours sincerely,
Sally Ragunan.

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BIRTH-CONTROL

We asked several students of St. George's College this question and here are a few of the answers that we got:

QUESTION:

DO YOU THINK THAT BIRTH-CONTROL SHOULD BE MADE READILY AVAILABLE TO TEEN-AGERS?

ANSWERS:

"Yes, I do, because they will succumb to the temptation anyway, so it's better to be safe than sorry."

Shelly Jordan 6B
(Head Girl)

"Available, yes, but not TOO readily. I think that sound advice on things like Venereal Disease, Morality and the best birth-control devices should be given to young people along with the option to use contraceptives."

Roslyn Carrington 6B

"Yes, I think so. I don't think that being without it would stop them from doing it, anyway.

Jasmine Minty 4L

"No, because if they get birth-control they will have sex more often."

Tressy Birbal 2L

"Yes, young people are having too many babies: we need to control it."

Marlon Miller 4L

"No, I feel that it will encourage them."

Clayton Smith 4L

"No, they shouldn't even be thinking about it. They should wait until they are mature enough."

Jerome Jagan 4S

"For Forms three (3) and under no. For the others, yes "

C.M. & L.R. 3

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HOW WE HAVE THIS COUNTRY

Yuh know we Trinidadians is the worse. We doh sit down and see what does be going on in this country until somebody mention something and is then we does say all kinda things as if we did know from long before. But if yuh take a look at the situation yuh would see that Trinidadians could only talk. Actions speak louder than words, but ah Trini can't prove dat. Not he. He does sit down and take what he get. Just look at the state ah dis country. Everybody using the budget as an excuse to do all kinda ting. Prices going up and public facilities getting worse than they already are. An what the government doing? Nothing! Yuh know why? They eh have no money. Imagine Trinidad eh have no money. Tell meh what the government do with all the petrol dollars, and taxes that higher than heaven? Yuh want to hear the greatest? We eh have no money, but we lending $12,000,000 to Dominica to develop over there. Yuh ever hear more? But apart from that Trinis eh go ask wey the rest of money gone and government too glad.

But that is not all we does sit down and take T & Tec playing the fool again. Almost half the country black out the other day. We eh say nothing. WASA digging up the roads and leaving it in a terrible condition. We eh say nothing. We never have water and when we get it, is bes we doh have, fuss it stink! We take it without ah word. We cyah get land to buy, but the Grenadians, Vincentians and other small islanders building house on government land — government land foh we, but not small islanders. And what more hurtful, is that they always have lights and water. The prices of food, a necessity to man, gone sky-high. But yuh know what we doing bout it? Saying, 'Good Lord, so much? Gimme ah poung then.'

Long ago we use to make money by exporting. Now others making money because we importing. But we ain't the only ones that find it so. Tourists that visit we country judging we from the time they reach the airport. I read in the newspaper where a man came from Alaska an say the people in the airport so piggish. He eh enter the country yet, but passing judgement. The people at the airport suit the place. To tell yuh how Trinidad backward — we lend Barbados money to fix dey airport and we own the pits. All yuh el feel to laugh? It eh even have anything worth seeing in Trinidad no more. The beaches stink — yuh know who have it so? The entertainment so bad that ah feel shame when all the tourists that come for Carnival get up and walk out of the Carnival shows CDC put on at the savannah. And to tell yuh how we know dey eh good, we stay home and watch it on T.V.

Could you imagine what these people does go back an tell dey fellowmen bout this country? Ah know all yuh doh care, but all yuh conscience doh bother all yuh? All yuh does go to the States and Canada and England and spend so much money there, so why we cah try and bring the English, American and Canadian people here to spend they money? Why can't we make it attractive and beautiful like them countries all yuh does go to? Yuh know why? Because we find it hard to get up off we rumps and fix we own country — not for foreigners — but for we — the people who have to live in it. They say Trinidad is ah paradise, but soon the whole place will look like the Beetham Estates, and jes' because we does take everything we get without refusing.

Indira Mahabal.
Past Pupil.

GIRL WHO READ WITH HER EAR

A young Italian girl, whose case was recorded in 1882 by an eminent nerve specialist, could see with her nose and left ear, and smell with her chin.

At the onset of puberty she began to develop disorders and she soon went blind. But then the 'miracle' happened, and she started to 'see' with the tip of her nose and the lobe of her ear that she could read. And she could smell ammonia, not with her nose, but with the point of her chin. Later she learned to smell so vividly with her heel that if anything with an unpleasant odour was put near it, her leg would move away sharply and writhe.

TAKEN FROM STRANGE AMAZING FACTS

****

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Mr. Alcohol

They playing with me, they think ah easy
Doh value their life them people want to drink and drive.
I know they like the liquor, so they bound to suffer
When ah badden they head
Who ain't injured must be dead
See ah sharp like razor and ah hot like pepper
I'm known the world over as mass murderer.

Used by everyone in every profession
By doctor and priest, crooks and police
I could make midget stand tall
And big men look small
And friends, ah could ease your tabanca
Like a real God Father
See, ah bad for so; they even call me Macho

Some must find the bar, doh matter how far,
Running behind me like if they stupidy;
What they really don't know is that ah killing them slow.
For Carnival ah causing plenty scandal
See ah ranking like ah real V.I.P.
Friends ah ain't easy even the law adore me,
So people beware! Mr. Danger is here!

Is time you must learn to leave me alone
Could cripple your wealth and bad for your health
I ain't making joke, ah come out to work
Like them private eyes ah come in disguise,
With sweet aroma and lovely flavour
I'm vicious youth man with bad intention
I'm a home breaker and a trouble maker

So friend use your brain and join the campaign,
For some protection against alcoholism
For if you disobey me well you bound to sorry,
'Cause the next thing they know Simpson driving you slow
Friends I ain't joking, this is the final warning
Stay off the liquor otherwise you would suffer.
So please have a care,
Mr. Alcohol is here!

By Michael Sweeney (3F)

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AND NOW OPEN AT

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FOR PRIMARY AND SECONDARY

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AND UNIFORMS

MAGAZINES

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STORY BOOKS

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"CATS"

RACHEL CARRINGTON

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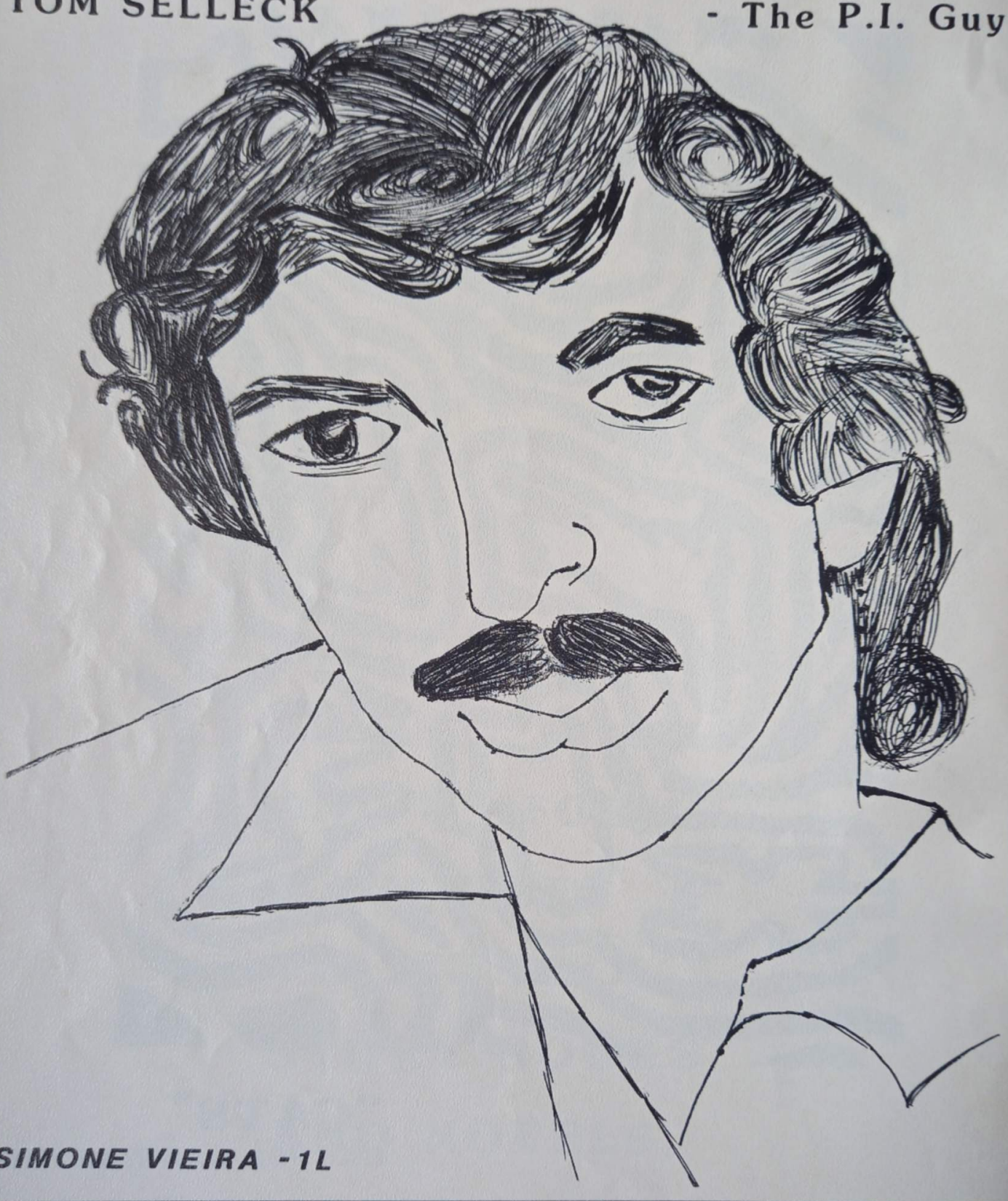
TOM SELLECK - The P.I. Guy



SIMONE VIEIRA -1L

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ADVERTISEMENT

Advertising is, basically, drawing attention, by public announcement, to a commodity or service with the aim of selling it. Modern advertising is a child of production for profit.

People in tribal societies produce goods for themselves and/or neighbours. What trade there is, - is mainly in the form of barter, and each man with something to sell or exchange is his own advertiser. Organised advertising becomes necessary when production is organised by businessmen who raise capital and hire labour with it. The larger industries become, and the further they advance towards mass production, the more dependent they become on advertising to help sell their products.

Advertisers refer fondly to themselves as 'symbol manipulators'. They most definitely are. Advertising has transformed what were once considered luxuries, reserved by fate for the more privileged, into necessities for a higher standard of living for whole societies. In this and other ways, advertising has changed our personal habits. A good example of this is that in many countries, peoples now eat processed cereal for breakfast.

The advertisement that makes us prefer X product to Y product is not a luck and chance gamble that paid off. Large-scale efforts are being made, often with impressive success, to channel our thinking habits, purchasing decisions, and our thought processes by the use of insights gleaned from psychiatry and the social sciences. Typically these efforts take place beneath our level of awareness so that the appeals that move us are often, in a sense, 'hidden'.

The use of mass psychoanalysis to guide campaigns of persuasion has become the basis of a multi-million-dollar industry. Professional persuaders have seized upon it in their groping for a more effective way to sell us their wares – whether products, ideas, attitudes, candidates, goals or state of mind.

These symbol-manipulators in order to sell a product, first seek why we buy it, what hidden feelings the public has for it. Take ice-cream for example. A company selling ice-cream was not getting the sales they thought they should. Their advertisment showed neat cones and talked of their superior quality and flavour. The mass-psychoanalysts went to work and conducted extensive surveys on what were people's feelings about ice-cream. The memories people had of ice-cream were connected to their childhood – the treat of a dish loaded with it. The advertisment changed drastically. Gone were the neat little cones and in came the overflowing dish, inviting viewers to 'sink your mouth right in it'. Sales doubled.

Trinidad's own Rum Companies have deemed it that rum should appeal to the 'he-man' and in their ads show macho men, literally "screaming" with money and beautiful female companions, with a bright sophisticated smile and slogan, 'Rum is Macho' The symbol-manipulators have changed a man drinking whisky to a much sought-after rich, very sophisticated, very sexy and very mysterious man drinking whisky. One of the successful whisky companies has a very graphic way of putting whisky and sex together. The advertisment shows a world famous model stroking her body (a very luscious body) simultaneously as a man's well manicured strong fingers stroked a glass of the whisky. The sub-conscious influence of the sex urge was found to appeal to the public's basic nature. After all, the need for sex is preceded by the need for food they say.

In 1924 an attempt was made by an International Advertising Convention in England to adopt a code of ethics, encouraging advertising practitioners 'to seek the truth and live it' and 'to tell the advertising story so simply and without exaggerations and to avoid even a tendency to mislead.' Admirable though these sentiments were, it failed miserably. One could hardly expect sales by saying they think somebody else's goods are better.

All the same, the customers have played some part in cleaning up the debris of advertising. In 1892, many newspapers either censored or banned patent-medicine advertisments such as, "*I broke a blood vessel and was cured by Pulmonic Syrup.*" Strict food and drug laws were passed in the U.S.A. It took 27 years of protesting for the sale or advertisement of 'cures' for cancer consumption, paralysis and a number of other serious illnesses to be banned by law in Britain.

Since then advertisments have been under trial. Poster advertisements have been one of civilization's

Continued on page 15

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Continued from page 14

major eyesores. They have been a hazard to road safety by distracting motorists from the road ahead.

Even worse is the loud-speaker advertisement, which enjoys what has been described as a 'captive audience'. The victims can only endure or flee.

Equally strong objections have been made to subliminal advertising, which depends on the fact that both aural and visual impressions can be made on the mind without the person concerned being aware of them. The first experiment in this type of experiment was made in a movie theatre in U.S.A. in 1957. The words 'Coca-Cola' and 'Eat popcorn' were flashed on the screen so rapidly that the audience was not conscious of them, but according to the company that made the experiment, the sales of Coca-Cola went up by a sixth and the sales of popcorn by a half.

One of the fundamental considerations involved here is the right to manipulate human personality. Such a manipulation must involve a disrespect for the individual personality. These symbol manipulators should try again in drawing up realistic codes, set up so as to safeguard the public against being manipulated in ways that might be irresponsible and socially dangerous. There is a definite need to protect, as far as possible, the credulous, confiding, and unwary from the wily arts of the advertiser.

The practitioner of these cunning and sly techniques has to answer to the questions of morality.

What is the morality of playing upon the hidden weaknesses — our anxieties, aggressive feelings, dread of non-conformity, and infantile hang-ups — to sell products?

What is the morality of manipulating small children, even before they reach the age where they are legally responsible for their actions?

What is the morality of exploiting our deepest sexual sensitivities and yearnings for commercial purposes?

The most serious offence that the depth manipulators commit is that they invade the privacy of our minds. It is the right to privacy in our minds, at least we must strive to protect.

Shelley Jordan.

A Dream

Silence
A deep dark silence
An echo
Like a scream
It deafens
Silence

Shadows
Dancing silently
Darkness
Like a shining black light
It blinds
Shadows.

People
Trapped in the darkness
Their bodies are Shadows
Drifting in Space
Their screams are echoed
Silently.

People.....
Shadows.....
Screams.....

Silence

Rachel Carrington
4L

For the person who gives the insult, it is written in sand.
For the one who receives it, it is carried in bronze.

* * * * * * * *

A PRAYER

Dear Lord,

Help me to keep my eyes open.....for if I ever see a nice teacher pass by, my ears open.....to hear a good gossip of a student which sails from teacher to teacher My big mouth shut.....for telling people my opinion about them, and my nose out of other people's business.

Amen.

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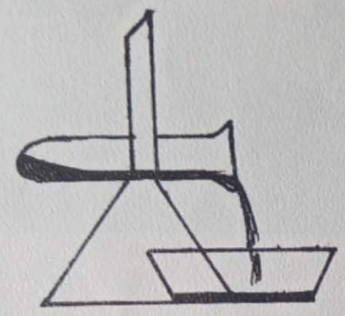
RAMCHARAN'S PHARMACY
123 EASTERN MAIN RD
(COR. 7th AVENUE) BARATARIA



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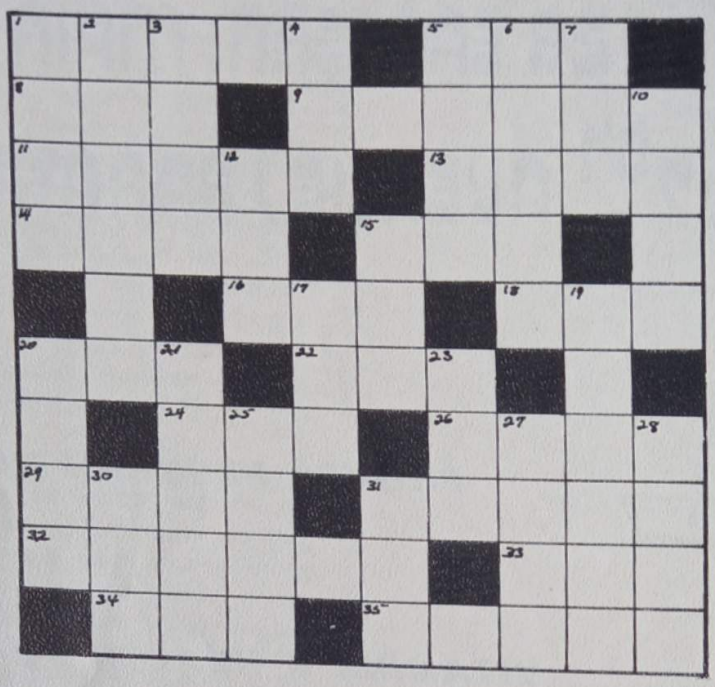
CROSSWORD

Answers to Crossword on Page 21



ACROSS

1. Throat wear.
5. Lady's cooler.
8. Melody.
9. Principal player in orchestra.
11. Winding
13. Concluding section of music.
14. Greek goddess of youth.
15. The girl.
16. Someone each of us is to someone else!
18. Tennis necessity.
20. A small metal container.
22. Married.
24. Place for those famous cricket ashes.
26. Poems.
29. Land area.
31. Nimble.
32. Bunched fringe.
33. Tennis obstruction.
34. Darling.
35. Sings rhythmically.

DOWN

1. Waist or shoulder wear.
2. Place for film fans.
3. Fine horse.
4. Go by modern transport.
5. It often gets compact attention.
6. Dress up.
7. Boy in briefs.
10. Swimmers may cling to it.
12. Piano lever.
15. Colour.
17. Admit.
19. Opening for lace.
20. You'll need one in winter.
21. Many girls do this as their chosen career.
23. 34 perhaps.
25. Musical interval.
27. Water from this plant is medicinal
28. Tennis games.
30. 21 wears one on duty.
31. Even score.

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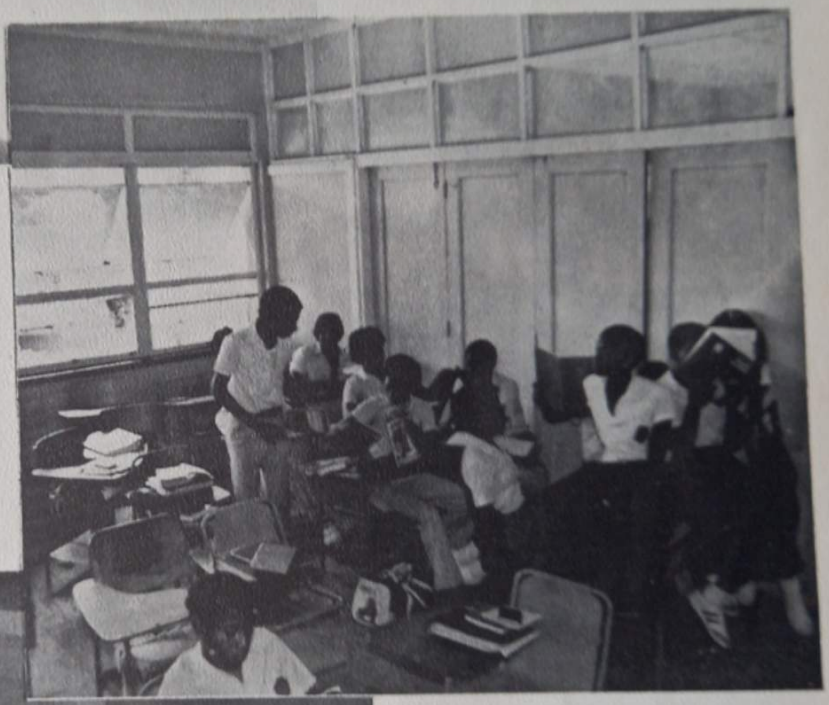
Candid Camera

FUNTIME AT THE ZOO



Our Head Boy is studying HARD!

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Candid Camera

Just like a Georgian to find a new way out

We seem to be learning new spelling these days. Has anybody notice that the "G" in "COGNOCETIS" is missing?

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LIFE AFTER LIFE

By Raymond A. Moody, Jr., M.D.

What is it like to die? The question stirs deep curiosity in us all. Doctor Raymond Moody has interviewed many people who actually had the experience. These people were clinically pronounced dead, but later came back to life. Their memories of what happened to them while 'gone' were reported in the thrilling book, Life after Life.

Dr. Raymond Moody's first encounter of this phenomenon occurred while still a graduate at the University of Virginia. His Professor of Psychiatry gave a fantastic account of what had happened to him while being 'dead', to a small class. Other cases were encountered while he was teaching Philosophy some years later. The series of events in all reports were the same basically.

On entering medical school in 1972, Dr. Moody had collected a sizable number of these experiences and they fell into three categories:

(1) Persons who were revived after being clinically pronounced dead.

(2) Persons who, in the course of severe accidents or injuries or illness, came close to physical death and:-

(3) Persons who, as they died described the experiences to the others present.

Despite the difference in circumstances there is a striking similarity in each category; the basics are the same. The events take place in this way: A man is dying and on reaching an unbearable distress, he hears himself being pronounced dead by his doctors. He begins to hear a loud ringing (or) buzzing sound and at the same time he is being drawn rapidly through a long, dark tunnel. Suddenly, he finds himself outside his body in the room. He notices that he still has a body, (some describe it in the form of a mist or cloud) with certain ghostly powers. He is now at the ceiling and looks down at his physical body and the doctors and nurses heads. He does not actually hear what they are saying, but knows the words before they are even out of their mouths.

He suddenly senses that he is not alone, and there welcoming him were 'spirits' of his dead relatives and friends. Then a light appears and as he grew closer to it, there becomes a compatible warmth around him. He feels secure. The light grows larger. The glow communicated, 'I am the light of the world. Are you ready to die?' In some cases the light has been said to ask 'What have you done with your life to show me!' Most Christians interpret the being as Jesus Christ. An instantaneous playback of the major events of his life passes before him. Abruptly he realises that he must return to his body. He resists for he is overwhelmed by the intense feeling of joy, love and peace that surround him. Yet somehow he reunites with his body and lives.

This report rather sums up an unusual experience of the after-life. In some cases more was told, in others, even less. The knowledge from the phenomenon gained by these special people has in most cases changed their attitudes toward life. Generally the transformation is one for the better. The people try to love and care for others in the same unique profound way as 'THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD'.

* * * * * * * *

ANSWER TO CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

ACROSS

1. Scarf: 5. Fan: 8. Air: 9. Leader: 11. Snaky: 13. Coda: 14. Hebe: 15. Her: 16. You: 18. Net: 20. Can: 22. Wed: 24. Urn: 26. Odes: 29. Acre: 31. Agile: 32. Tassel: 33. Let: 34. Pet: 35. Lilts:

DOWN

1. Sash: 2. Cinema: 3. Arab: 4. Fly: 5. Face: 6. Adorn: 7. Ned: 10: Raft: 12. Key: 15. Hue: 17. Own: 19. Eyelet: 20. Coat: 21. Nurse: 23. Dog: 25. Rest: 27. Dill: 28. Sets: 30. Cap: 31. All:

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"Poetry Corner"

A CHILD'S TROUBLE

Sometimes I sit and think awhile
Why do grown-ups think I am just a little child?
They think nothing I do is good
And I should be seen and not heard
But a child has feelings too,
Just as much as grown-ups do,
A child feels love, A child feels strain,
A child feels hurt, A child feels pain.
I will like to take this poem to say
What right do they have to treat us this way?
They were the ones who started wars and crimes
And turned this world into a big sour lime
If this is the best they can do then
It is best they leave this world to us children.

Marcia Hosten

A LIBRARY

Books, books, everywhere,
Books here and books there,
You never get to read them all,
Yet you are never bored at all.

There're fiction books,
And books of crooks,
And books that make you happy
There're books of fright
That makes you uptight
You will find them all in a library.

Nigel O'Connor

MOTHER'S DAY

My mother is so sincere,
She does everything with care
My mother is so kind,
She looks lovely everytime.

My mother is so kind to me,
I really don't like it when she gets angry.
My mother works hard everyday,
She really needs pay.

My mother who loves all her children,
She is really one in a 'Million'.
When I am sad she cheers me up
The best mother a child ever got.

So on this important day,
May God show you the way.
Mother's Day is known all over the world,
For young mothers and old.

She gave me birth,
That's why she is the greatest person on earth.
And there's no other,
Like my dear mother.

Rhonda C. Blake

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AROUND THE CORNER

Around the corner I have a friend,
In this great city that has no end,
Yet days go by and weeks rush on,
And before I know it a year has gone,
And I never see my old friend's face,
For life is a swift and terrible race.
He knows I like him just as well
As in the days when I rang his bell.
And he rang mine: we were younger then,
And now we're busy, tired men.
Tired of playing a foolish game,
Tired of trying to make a name.
'Tomorrow', I say, 'I will call on Jim',
Just to show that I'm thinking of him.
But tomorrow comes and tomorrow goes.
And the distance between us grows and grows.
'Here's a telegram, sir.....'
'JIM DIED TODAY'
And that's what we get, and deserve in the end,
Around the corner – a vanished friend.

Charles Hanson Towne

* * * * * *

MY LAND

In the wee hours of the morning
Awakened by crackling leaves.
I sprang to my feet
For I knew I was in danger
Alone but not afraid, I will be
How fast he can be, we shall see
My dull animal instincts now sharp and keen
I looked around to where I had been
Noted my position and made the decision
I had to move and fast
For this was hunting season
I commanded my every leap from first to last
I had it all planned
My thick furry hide is my pride
And no man shall rule my land
In the dull early morning light now becoming bright
I would stick to my fight
For this jungle land, no man shall command!

Cecil Mark.

THE TRAMP

Under the shacks and shed he slept
When the cold wind of the night that slowly crept.
Shivering trembling from the cold breeze,
When people in houses slept with ease.

Early in the morning when the sun rose
He folded his cardboard bed as though it were clothes
He stretched and yawned as it was early dawn
Then faced the sun to feel warm

He opened bins and bags of trash
Looking for food to eat or stash,
Then he returned to his shed
To beg passersby for a loaf of bread.

When it was busy
To him life was easy,
To beg for money or a meal
Or something that he later steal

When the sun was going down on its way
He knew it was the end of the day
He lay under the old wooden shed,
Where he would lay his cardboard bed

Then back to sleep in the breeze
Where he would never sleep with ease
That was the day of the tramp he told
When everything to him was old.

Barry Dyer.

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ONE FLIGHT AFTER ANOTHER

I quickly made my way towards home. The breeze was blowing mildly and the leaves of the trees kept shivering, casting shadows on the ground. Suddenly, I heard a loud noise. I quickly turned around and froze as I saw two bright evil eyes staring at me from the bushes near the side of the road.

The morning had dawned cool and misty, but according to the weather report changes were expected later in the day. As I woke and sat on my bed I decided to spend the day at my grandparents. I quickly slipped out of bed and made my way towards the bathroom. After tidying myself I went downstairs to get the O.K. from my dad to go. He said that it was alright.

I left home around eight o'clock and took a taxi into town. On arriving there I got into another taxi which took me into the country. As the taxi drove through the country, I felt very elated as if some being from inside me had just left my body and I was free again. I received a hearty welcome from Bap and Mai and was treated like a little prince. The whole day they were giving me things to eat and wanting to know if I was alright. Bap never took the smile off his face and Mai seemed to want to know how I spent every day of my life. Around four o'clock we all sat on the verandah to relax when Bap who was a pundit, started to relate a series of superstitious stories. As a pundit he was accustomed to having people come to him with such stories, and that afternoon I heard everything from loupgaroux to soucouyant to la-diableess to douenne.

Not accustomed to hearing such stories, I was really frightened and worst of all Bap made them sound as if they were really true and he believed in them. I did not want to show my fright and I listened attentively. Time fled quickly as grandfather had us absorbed in his stories. When six o'clock came and darkness began to cloud the land, he stopped as he did not want, the children who had dropped in to listen, to be out after dark. Shortly after six, I was ready to leave. I packed my bag, kissed my grandparents goodbye and went out to the road. Unfortunately cars were very slow in coming that evening and I must have waited three quarters of an hour before I got one.

About half an hour later, I dropped out at the corner of the road which taxis never ventured on. From there I had to walk about a half mile. The road was bumpy with boulders and surrounded in some places by thick bamboo clusters which made the trace very dark on moonless nights – that night was moonless. The houses were few and well spaced. The place was fairly dark and the dim lights filtering our from the homes only seemed to add to the eerieness. As I walked along I whistled an old tune which my grandfather taught me. I passed a few bamboo patches and quickly got over the little bridge which was half way down the trace to home. Another bamboo patch came into sight and stepping bravely, I began to stride past it when I heard a loud "whoop". My mind immediately raced back to story of the douenne which Bap had spoke about and the whooping sounds they made. Filled with fear I glanced intently at the tall bushes that stood directly at the side of the road.

Then the sound came again, twice this time, *"whoop, whoop"* and the bushes shook and green eyes peeped out from among the leaves and I was sure I saw a fat little round bellied boy hidden in the bushes peering out from behind those green eyes. My whole body went cold and my legs felt as if somebody had strapped on lead weights to them.

"Oh gawd, ah dead, ah dead", I said, still transfixed as if hypnotised by his eyes that did not take their unblinking gaze off me. The bushes shook again, more violently this time and the eyes appeared to move towards me. This time, nothing held me back, not fear, not douenne, not anything. Flinging my bag off my shoulder, I turned and flew up that trace as if Satan and all the hordes of hell were at my heels. Screaming in terror – *"Oh gawd, it coming, it coming..."* I raced into our yard – there is a small fence around the house, I still don't remember if I went through or over it – and started banging at the door. Bruno, our dog, immediately set up a loud barking and the chorus was taken up by the dogs in the houses nearby.

Needless to say, I caused quite a commotion. When things had died down, my brothers, our cousins and other boys, armed themselves with cutlasses and set out for the patch, their aim: to find the "fat, green-eyed douenne" which I described for them. As they made their way towards the bamboo patch, the light of the flambeaux which one of my cousins held, cast a spooky yellow glow on the ground. Stealthily,

Continued on page 25

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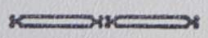
IT WAS JAMES J. CORBETT' FORMER HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD' WHO SAID FIGHT ONE MORE ROUND! WHEN YOUR FEET ARE SO TIRED THAT YOU HAVE TO SHUFFLE BACK TO THE CENTER OF THE RING' FIGHT ONE MORE ROUND! WHEN YOUR ARMS ARE SO TIRED THAT YOU CAN HARDLY LIFT YOUR HANDS TO COME ON GUARD' FIGHT ONE MORE ROUND! WHEN YOUR NOSE IS BLEEDING' AND YOUR EYES ARE BLACK' AND YOU ARE SO TIRED THAT YOU WISH YOUR OPPONENT WOULD CRACK YOU ONE ON THE JAW AND PUT YOU TO SLEEP — DO NOT QUIT — FIGHT ONE MORE ROUND.

When thing go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you're trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest, if you must - but never quit.

Life is queer, with its twists and turns,
As everyone of us sometimes learns,
And many a failure turns about
When he might have won if he'd stuck it out,
Stick to your test, though the pace seems slow-
You may succeed with one more blow.

Success is failure turned inside out-
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt—
And you can never tell how close you are,
It may be near when it seems afar,
So stick to the fight when you're the hardest hit,
It's when things seem worst that you mustn't quit.



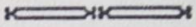
There is nothing so bad or so good that you will not find Englishmen doing it; but you will never find an Englishman in the wrong. He does everything on principle. He fights you on patriotic principles; he robs you on business principles; he enslaves you on imperial principles; he supports his king on royal principles, and cuts off his king's head on republican principles.

(G. B. Shaw).

THE LA BORDES

Harold & Kwilan La Borde and their first son Pierre are all citizens of Trinidad & Tobago.
They decided to sail around the world and so,
Left Trinidad in their boat The Humming Bird 2 on 2nd February 1969
Some clothing, food and wine.

So they sailed West along the coast of Venezuela and Colombia,
They passed throughout the world.
But not one of them caught a cold.
They then returned to Trinidad on 2nd June 1973,
Then they were awarded
The Trinity Cross
And a cup of tea.



THE TRUTH ACCORDING TO MARX

A black cat crossing your path signifies that the animal is going somewhere.

Recognising the number 13 is a sign you have been to school.

Shaking hands across the table is a sign that the two parties are lazy.

Singing before breakfast is a sign of a fight with the neighbour - if the neighbour is trying to sleep late.

TAKEN FROM STRANGE AMAZING FACTS

Continued from page 24

they crept towards the patch, crouching like animals about to attack. I stayed a safe distance behind with my cousin for company. We reached the grove. The eyes were still there but somehow they did not look as frightful as before.

"It's still there!" Ameer shouted and as he did so, out from the bushes flew a bird, taking its green eyes with it. I never felt so ashamed. Ameer steupsed, someone else laughed, then the heckling started, and once more I ran towards home, but this time, not from fear.

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POVERTY

Poverty, a family of ten sharing a one room house
It's their bedroom, dining and bathroom
They are dirty, foul and their hair is full of lice.
Father not knowing when next he will find work.

The well-to-do citizens rebuked the family
The children crying from lack of food.
Mother and father cry to themselves
When they see how their children have to suffer
In this wretched form of life

One day in a fit of frenzied hunger,
Peter the youngest son stole an apple and some other items,
The proprietor who was a horrid man
Wrung his arms in delight for he had so often wanted to do some wrong to the family
And with a sneer on his face he twisted the boy's arm

His mother had cried and she reflected
On how she had dreamt her life to be.....
A rich princess with lots of money and anything she wanted but,
that would never be

Well one day luck struck their way,
And the father found work
But the joy and the happiness did not last for long
He was fired and no reason was given

Things got worse, no money
The mother and the father were rarely eating
They gave it to the children
Soon food was no more
Annabell the youngest died
They could not afford a funeral, so she was buried in their back yard

They all cried and they had to look at it
as one less mouth to feed
It hurt them all in their heart,
God! How they hated this life

Denise Young

UGLINESS WAS HIS CAREER

Fact

A certain student overheard in a conversation that there was an ugly competition which will take place in Tunapuna (his home town) and decided to enter the competition. It started at 1:00 p.m. but he reached back in school for 2:00 p.m. A fellow student (prefect) asked why he came back so early. He said the judges said they didn't need PROFESSIONALS.

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Women in a man's world of

Fashion

Scanned by Easy Scanner

by

Jasmine
Minty
- 4L -

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CONSERVATION OF THE ENVIRONMENT

Man has burst into the eighties in a blaze of scientific, technological and industrial glory. Nuclear power, solar energy and space exploration have now become household words. We live in an age where we have machines do everything for us, giving us more time to think of more innovative and faster ways to make money — the easy way. Which gives us more time to improve on these methods - "Ad Nauseum".

Who stops to think about the havoc that we wreck on our environment? Does the manufacturer who dumps his factory's toxic waste into our rivers for once think of the thousands-millions in fact — of animals that die as a direct or indirect result of this careless action? No, of course not — it costs too much

The recent advances in Nuclear Physics have catapulted scientists into wonderful dream-worlds of personal glory and politicians into fantasies of power and supremacy. In their dreams they bathe in the country's adulation, and engage in the never-ending battle of the world's Super Powers which is not unlike a preadolescent schoolyard argument between two bullies.

"My army is bigger than your army!"

"Oh yeah! Army-nothing! My H-bomb is bigger than yours!"

"Really! Well, my nuclear warhead can kill ten thousand people in thirty seconds!"

"Oh Yeah!"

At which point country A slinks off determined to build one twice as deadly as that of B. This example may seem a bit exaggerated but the point I'm trying to make remains the same. The age old *"I-won't-shoot-you-unless-you-shoot-me-first-but-I'm-spending-ninety-percent-of-my-country's-assets-on-arms-just-in-case."* game has been played by politicians for years, regardless of the cost in life as well as dollars. We have only just begun to realise the destruction that nuclear waste is causing. Acid rain falls into our rivers and seas, eradicating entire eco-systems. The effect on our forests is devastating People who live near to nuclear plants are packing up and leaving home in droves, out of fear that what happens to the animals can happen to them too. Years after the episode at Hiroshima, babies are still being born with horrifying deformities-results of the effects that nuclear radiation has on the chromosomes. The authorities seem to be doing next to nothing about this. Must the entire world turn into the barren wasteland inhabited by the grotesque mutants of cheap science-fiction novels before we get some action?

No doubt many Englanders still remember the large-scale spraying of the country with DDT a few years ago. The results shocked Britain. The chemical not only got rid of pests, but of some very valuable animals too. Bird shells thinned and cracked easily, and, if they did survive, they soon died of starvation because the caterpillars and other insects were already dead. That spring and summer not a bird call was heard. The chemical was soon taken off the market, but there is no telling what other damaging insecticides are still available for sale. Some sort of law must be made and enforced to make sure that the chemicals are tested thoroughly before they are sold before millions more of the earth's creatures are made to suffer.

Many more examples of man's total disregard for his environment in his search for wealth and status spring to mind. The whale for instance, one of the most majestic creatures on earth, and the largest living mammal, is being senselesslv slaughtered by the thousands for no justifiable reason, unless lamp oil and dog food can be called that. These harmless, sensitive and highly intelligent animals who take delight in just playing in the sea and communicating by under-water sonar, are trembling on the brink of extinction. I can easily see that in the next twenty years or so, text books will read like this:-

"Once upon a time, not so long ago there lived, on Earth a creature called a whale....."

To pander to rich women's vanity and craving for social status man has pushed many other animals halfway off the edge of extinction. Foxes (killed for sport as well) minks, young sea-lions, tigers, bears, rabbits, the list goes on and on. All these are brutally shot, drowned or clubbed to death, stripped of their skins and left to rot so that a fashion-conscious debutante or an ageing society madame can adorn herself with the poor creature's skin. Laws must be made to protect these, defenceless animals before it is too late.

Continued on page 31

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Continued from page 30

Even in seemingly harmless deodorants there exists fluorocarbons which damage the ozone layer. Spray deodorants containing these fluorocarbons should be banned.

Man in his endless search for minerals and wood has carved ugly scars in the faces of our mountains. Some companies blatantly disregard re-afforestation laws and as a result several feet of earth are being washed away into the sea causing damage to crops, floods and destroying the atmosphere, because the lack of trees results in an oxygen shortage.

The time has come for Man to sit up and take notice. His lust for money and an easier way of life is taking toll on the environment. Steps must be taken, recycling, re-contemplating the energy situation to save, before it is too late, the beautiful blue earth of ours.

Roslyn Carrington.
6B

SOMEBODY

This story is about four men named Everybody, Somebody, Anybody and Nobody. There was an important job to be done and Everybody was asked to do it. Everybody was sure that Somebody would do it. Anybody could have done it but Nobody did it. Sombody got angry about that because it was Everybody's job. Everybody thought that Anybody would do it and Nobody realised that Everybody would not do it. It ended that Everybody blamed Somebody when actually Nobody blamed Anybody.

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THE MOTORCYCLE ESCAPADE

"Man, what a bike!" Roy Garvey whistled as John Fleaden wheeled his brand new motorcycle into the back year.

"Is it yours?"

"It's mine all right," John replied, laughing. *Isn't it a beauty?"*

" He just bought it yesterday," added Steve, the younger brother of John, and Roy's best friend.

"I'm trying to get him to take me for a ride, but havn't talked him into it as yet." John wheeled his bike into the garage and walked over to where Steve and Roy were shooting darts.

"I can't believe we're having this great weather in February! I think that's why I brought my bike — I've got the spring fever already!" John was definitely feeling good.

"The guys are coming to pick me up to go help clean up the church for tomorrow's service, so you all will tell Mom I won't be home for supper. I'll see you guys later." Steve held the darts in his hands, *"Roy I can't believe my own brother going to church and stuff. It's not like him."*

"When you invite JESUS CHRIST into life, your interests do change some, Steve. Why don't you come to church with me on Sunday and you will see what I'm talking about? You might even like it, you know.' said Roy.

"Hah! That will be the day. Maybe you and John need God, but I for one don't." Roy decided that if he wanted to keep his best friend, he'd better lay off for awhile.

"Hey Steve! Let's go and check out your brother's bike." They went into the garage and circled the bike slowly, checking out the equipment.

"Roy do you know how to start one of these?" said Steve.

"Oh sure! The guy who lives next door to me, has one. He explained it all to me."

Steve climbed onto the bike.

"Tell me how to do it," he said excitedly.

"I really don't think we should be messing around with it. John wouldn't appreciate a busted bike, I'm sure."

"Oh come on Roy! I just want to start it and see how it feels. I won't even put in a gear."

"Well, O.K. First you have to pull out that kick-start on the side there. Then put on the choke, pull in the clutch and kick the starter."

"I think I can handle that easy enough. Does this thing have a key, do you think?"

"Nope, it's an off road bike," Roy told him. Steve kicked the starter and twisted the gas at the same time. The engine sputtered, then roared to life.

"Cut off the choke!" Roy yelled. After doing so Steve eased the bike into first gear and let out the clutch. The bike crawled out of the garage. As soon as he was clear of the door, Steve gave it more gas and the bike shot ahead, almost out of control. As he came to the end of the yard, Steve tried to slow down so he could turn around. But while turning he accidently turned the gas control the wrong way and the bike shot out from under him.

Roy came running over to where Steve lay sprawled on the ground.

"Hey! Are you alright?" Steve sat up dazed.

"Yeah I'm fine, but would you just look at that bike!" Roy helped Steve up and they walked over to where the bike was resting on its side. They uprighted it to see how much damage was done. Steve whistled, surveying the damage. A huge dent in the gas tank, bent handle bars, a missing foot peg and a bent rear brake pedal.

"Man, is John ever going to be steaming mad!" Roy looked at Steve. He knew he was scared because John had a nasty temper.

"I'll pray for you. You know John has really changed a lot since he became a Christian. Maybe he'll understand."

"I doubt it. I know John better than you do. You'd better take a good look at me 'cause it might be the last time you'll see my face intact." Just as they had finished hauling the bike into the garage, John's friends dropped him off. He came into the garage.

Continued on page 33

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Continued from page 32

"Hi, you guys. We got done early, so we decided to grab something to eat and — my bike!" John's face turned red as he walked around his bike, surveying the damage. Steve cringed in the corner, waiting for the storm to hit.

"What happened Steve?" asked John through clenched teeth. Steve explained exactly what happened. Before John could say anything, Roy said,

"I've got to go home Steve. Call me later." Steve called that night. He was so excited, Roy could hardly understand him.

"Roy, I can't believe it! John forgave me! He was mad alright, not that I blame him. But when he saw that I really was sorry, he cooled down. All I have to do is pay him $50.00 bucks for the damages as soon as I can earn it!"

"Tonight he acted as if nothing happened. He explained how he doesn't want to do anything that would mess up his relationship with God and he just couldn't stay mad at me!"

"Hey that's great Steve. I told you he'd really changed."

"Yeah, I guess he did. Man, if God can do that for my brother maybe..." Steve paused. *"About that offer to go to church with you Sunday.....is it still on?"*

"Yep."

"O.K. I want to give it a try." Roy laughed.

"Really?"

"Really." said Steve.

Kenneth Maharaj.

"THE BASIC TUNE MELODY

Hush! Be quiet now
For out there
There is a soft sweet melody unheard

Soft and quietly the notes play,
Soft and quietly in the sweetest way,
Soft and silent, where it comes from?
I don't know

Gently it plays as you feel the breeze,
The notes sound on a basic melody
It rises, then drops.
Oh! Please don't let it stop

Bang! went a noise
It's all gone
The basic tune's melody
Is, oh sorrowfully done.

Janin Jones

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CONFLICT BETWEEN PARENT AND CHILDREN IS NATURAL AND AVOIDABLE

Many people tend to disagree with this statement but I agree with it, mainly because of the present situation in today's society.

Conflicts between any two people usually occur because of the their difference of opinions. The bigger the age difference the more their opinions would differ. These differences usually show themselves during the adolescence stage (13 to 19 years).

Teenagers, as they are sometimes called, usually do things in group form. They usually stick together in large or small groups. They confide in each other in their respective groups, whereas with some parents there is absolutely no time to discuss these little problems teenagers have. A typical day in the life of most families usually goes like this.

Parents leave home early to go to work. Children go to school. They spend most of the day away from each other. When they return home both parents and children are tired after what may have been a rough day. Mother sees about dinner, father reads the newspaper and children do their chores and home-work (if any). After dinner mother sits knitting, sewing, engaging in some other activity or just relaxing. Father retires to bed or just sits watching television also until tired. After a few hours they all retire to bed. This happens day in day out with little or no changes. There is a total lack of communication and a break down in family life. This in itself is unavoidable.

Years age the problems that are seen with teenagers were less visible than they are today. Mothers, who were once the homemakers, have now become the prime job seekers in the society. They have taken up two roles and they no longer have the time needed to bring up a family which takes lots of care and constant attention. In so doing they have substituted love for material things which are also important for comfortable living. We no longer see families moon-lighting while talking about past relationships and traditions with which the children can identify themselves.

Instead, the family usually sit together watching television. I think that the television has become a babysitter for many parents. They go and relax, leaving the children to watch television by themselves There are things on television that are just not fit for youngsters to look at. The television could be a bad influence to some youngsters.

Due to the unavoidable pressures of the world such as crisis, inflation or what have you, parents have a decision to make. Whether their interest lie in their children's future or in the material things the world has to offer. In any case it's a world-wide problem which every individual has to decide upon.

Ella Webb.

Nobody can own a miracle anymore than they can own a beautiful sunset, but when they become parents of a Newborn child, they come mighty close.

The truth of it is, learning like travelling, and all other methods of improvement, as it makes good sense, so it makes a silly man ten thousand times more insufferable, by supplying variety of matter to his impertinence, and giving him an opportunity of abounding in absurdities. *(Joseph Addison).*

There are two tragedies in life. One is not to get your heart's desire. The other is to get it. *(George Bernard Shaw).*

Do not do unto others as you would like them to do unto you. Their tastes may not be the same. *(G. B. Shaw).*

Liberty means responsibility. That's why most men dread it. *(George Bernard Shaw).*

We have quit learning if we don't feel a little more ignorant every day.

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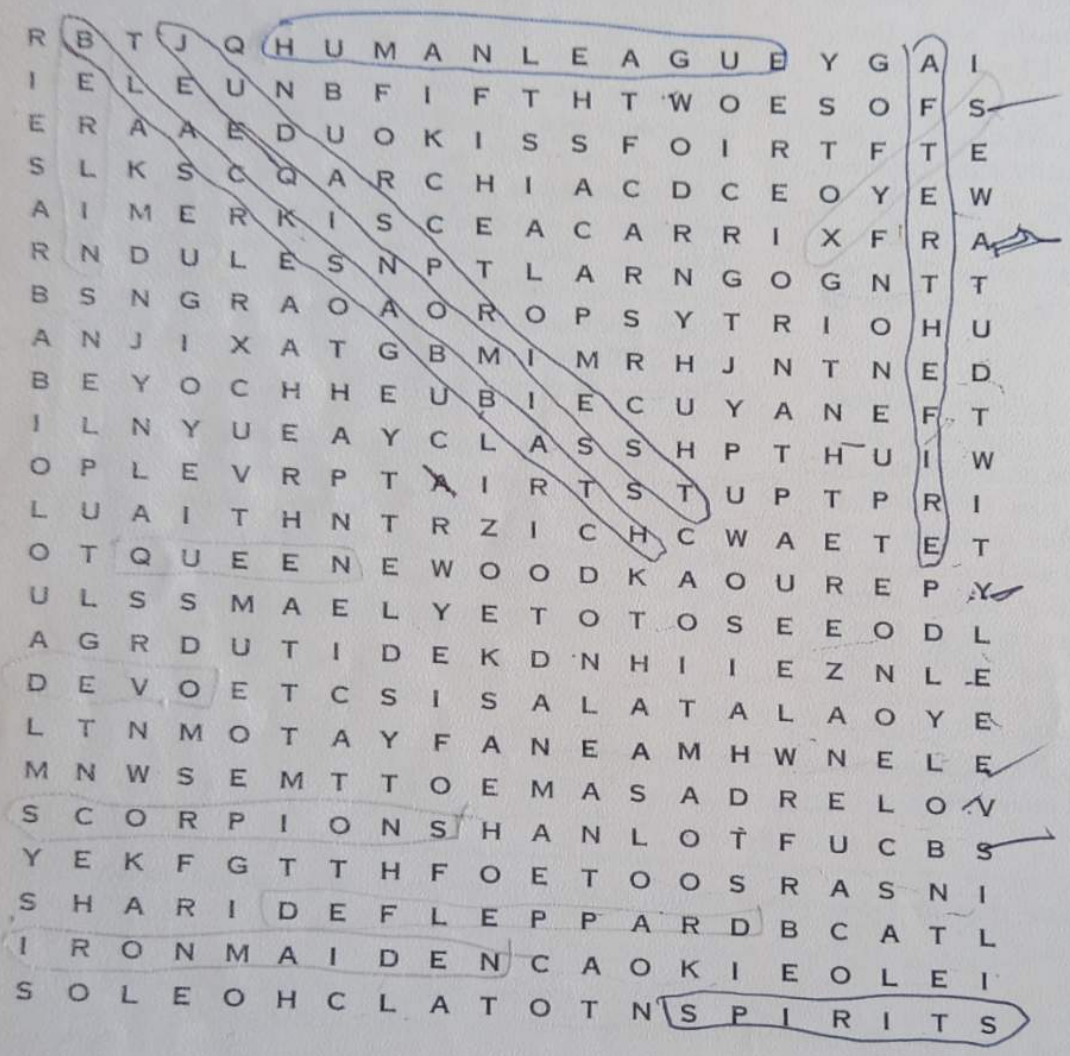
WORD SLEUTH: Spot the rock

Names to be found: moving across rows, backward or forward, vertically up or down, diagonally

Let's see how Punk you really are!

SPOT THE ROCK



HUMAN LANGUAGE
HUMAN LEAGUE
TOTO
IRON MAIDEN
TOTAL CHORELO
BLACK SABBATH
SAXON
JOURNEY

SPIRITS
BERLIN
JUDAS PRIEST
YAZOO
QUEEN
SCORPIONS
AC/DC
THRUST

TRIO
AFTER THE FIRE
STATUS
NAREZETH
DEEP PURPLE
DEF LEPPARD
STYX
DEVO

CARS
KISS

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Prerequisite: Money to open an account.

COMMERCE 102

How to Manage your Money
Supervisor of Service: The Commerce
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Prerequisite: Money to manage.

COMMERCE 103

Principles of Student Loans
Supervisor of Service: The Commerce
Check with the Supervisor of Service for full description and prerequisites for enrolment.

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WORD SLEUTH: Sports

Let's see how fast you can spot these popular sports

Time limit: 3 minutes!

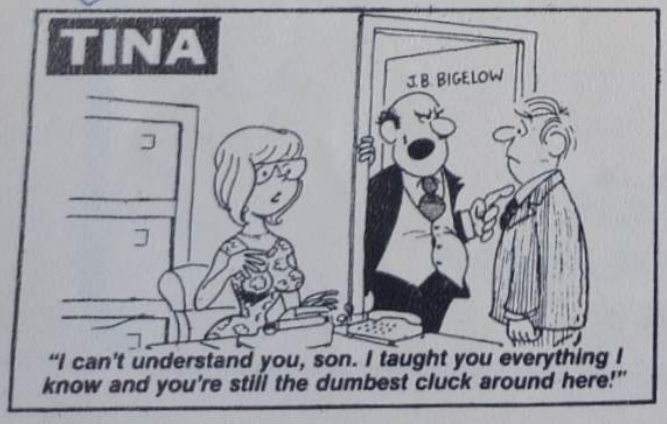
A N O Z M F G A I J K L
B C M M N M M N O P C E
B F P P Q T I N G V V O
O K D F R N N V S O V G
D M O F O G H W K M V E
Y R S T F O I I K J L Q
B O B F F M T J J J K C
U L B U M N E B K O J C
I B R I H U K B A P I Y
N Y R R I R C Y C L I N
G Z D E N W V U A D E G
A B C O G X Y Z B C F G

FOOTBALL
CRICKET
CYCLING
HUNTING
RUNNING
SWIMMING
BODY-BUILDING

Find the Sentence

"They all hate doing Homework in Class"

A A T E D D F F K I N H
M H T P O O J L R L C G
K L H T I N P A O A T E
L L E N N G H E W S S J
P A Y O W H O M B C D K



QUOTATIONS

It's always more fun to learn than it is to be taught

★★★★★★★★★

A person can be brief only when he knows what he's talking about.

★★★★★★★★★

The more you lean on others the leaner your chances of success.

★★★★★★★★★

The worst kind of loneliness comes from being ignored.

★★★★★★★★★

I will go anywhere - provided it be forward.
(David Livingstone).

★★★★★★★★★

A friend in need will always remember you - when he's in need again.

★★★★★★★★★

See the happy moron,
He doesn't give a damn
I wish I were a moron,
My God! perhaps I am!
(Anonymous)

★★★★★★★★★

The angry man always thinks he can do more than he can. *(Albertano of Brecio).*

★★★★★★★★★

A belief is not true because it is useful.
(Henri-Frederic Amiel).

★★★★★★★★★
★★★★★★★★★

I was angry with my friend,
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe,
I told it not, my wrath did grow
(William Blake)

★★★★★★★★★

Activity is the only road to knowledge.(G.B. Shaw)

★★★★★★★★★

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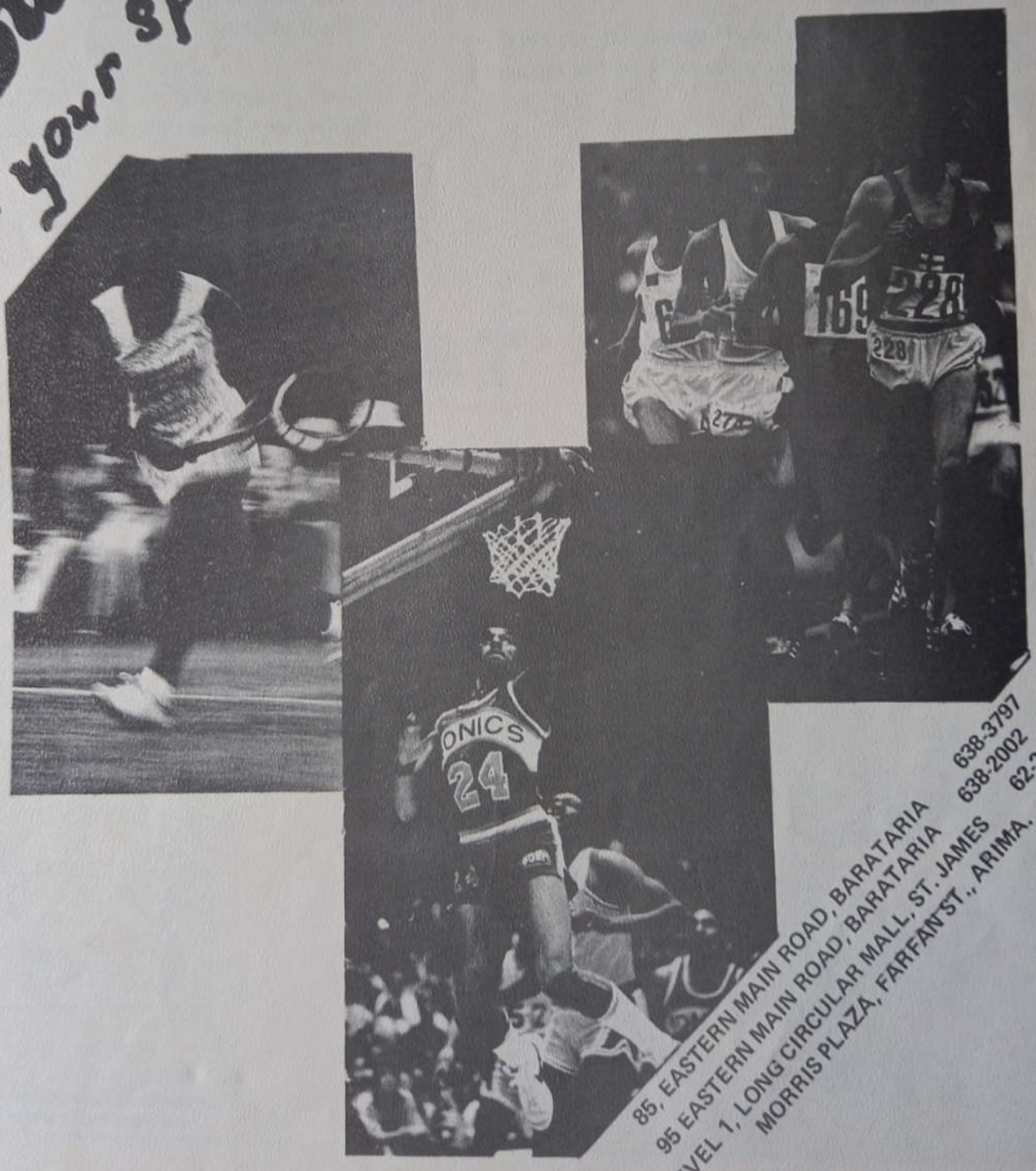

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LEVEL 1, LONG CIRCULAR MALL, ST. JAMES 62-26242
MORRIS PLAZA, FARFAN ST., ARIMA.

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STALE JOKE CONTEST

We all know that "George's" is full of jokers. Well folks, it's even worse than you thought! When word reached the masses that we actually planned to publish this awful article we received several threats over the phone warning us about what they will do to us if we did. And are we afraid? NO! St. George's College has guts! And just to prove to you how brave we are, we now present the winning entries in the annual STALE JOKE CONTEST.

Please Note: The Editorial Staff denies any responsibility for any personal injury resulting in the release of this article!

R.C., Ed.

RUNNERS - UP:

1. "A man went to the doctor because he was ill, so the doctor recommended that he eat lots of fruit along with the skin. He came back some weeks after and said: "Doc, well, the mango and fig were alright, but the coconut give me hell!"

   Take a bow, N.F., that was awful!

2. J.S. tried hard and nearly won with this one:
   "What animals have their eyes closest together?"
   "The smallest."

3. "How do they dance in Arabia?"
   "Sheik to Sheik!"

4. *If you thought that was bad, try this!*
   "What does Tarzan sing at Christmas time?"
   "Jungle Bells!"

Okay, folks, remember YOU asked for it! The winner of the 1983 STALE JOKE COMPETITION IS:

"What has fleas but does not sneeze?"
"A dog without a cold!" HEE! HEE! HEE!

Last term the French Students went for a field-trip to Martinique.

"I hope the groceries aren't too heavy for him"

"I don't see how we can blame Reagan, we were broke under Carter too!"

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SQUIZZUMS

AT

VALPARK

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FACES OF ST. GEORGE'S COLLEGE

THE ACADEMIC STAFF

Back (Left to Right) Mr. S. Mohammed, Mr. L. Joseph, Mr. K. Chadee, Mr. M. Kisto, Mr. Y. Khan, Mr. L. Ragoonanan, Mr. K. Hosein, Mr. N. Hutchinson, Mr. I. Hydal, Mr. L. Yhip (V.P.), Mrs. M. Edwards, Mr. G. Naranjit, Mrs. J. Campbell. FRONT ROW (Left to Right) Mrs. C. Stephens, Mrs. G. Prime, Miss. H. Dolly, Miss. I. Melville, Miss. K. Joseph, Mrs. M. Ribeiro, Mrs. J. Lakheeran, Mrs. M. Donawa.

STUDENT COUNCIL

Second Row: (Left to Right) R. Chinfatt, P. Byam, R. Carrington (Secretary), L. Hewitt, R. Gittens, A. Francis, A. Oriviette, S. Khan, A. Moore, M. John. First Row (Front) S. Stubbs, G. Sealy, L. Poywing, S. Jordan (Head Girl), D. Chin (Head Boy), C. Morris, M. Mohammed, P. Gowrie.

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HOUSE CAPTAINS

Left to Right: S. Baksh (Farrel House), W. Petit (Patrick House), R. Carrington (Lecock House) B. Dubay (Mitchell House).

JUNIOR CRICKET TEAM

Second Row: (Left to Right) M. Miller, D. Hazzard, M. Rodriguez, Mr. S. Mohammed (P.E. Teacher), B. Pierre, K. Kisto, B. Colthrust. First Row (Front): R. Singh, R. Thomas, S. Oodeen, S. Pundit, I. Mohammed, W. Baksh.

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Mr. M. Adams and the ST. GEORGE'S COLLEGE STEEL BAND

DEBATING TEAM

Second Row: (Left to Right) W. Scanterburry, W. Petit, C. Washington, P. Byam. First Row: (Front) E. Headly, L. Hewitt, A. Mactingtosh, A. Francis.

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6A

BACK ROW: (Left to Right) L. Brathwaite, W. Petit, A. Browne, R. Nanan, W. Mustapha, D. Assing. FIRST FROM BACK W. Scanterbury, A. Mohammed, C. Nelson, K. Ramkissoon, R. Carrington, B. Dubay SECOND FROM BACK R. Balwant, R. Rodriguez, S. Baksh, P. Gobin, C. Campbell, C. Washingtons. FRONT ROW J. Guiseppi, A. Wilson, R. Hareewood, A. Soodeen, M. Mohammed, J. Pantin, K. F. Mills. MISSING D. Khan, N. Ramoutar, S. Dass, V. Bissram, D. W. Roberts, N. B. Mohammed, S. Harripersad, S. Noel, C. Rene, R. Tardieu, A. Lawrence, A. Gosine, J. Browne.

6B *(Incomplete)*

THIRD ROW (Left to Right) G. White, R. Gittens, D. Chin, H. Nanton, A. Jagessar, R. Hunte, D. Singh, H. Joseph, G. Sitram, S. Springer. SECOND ROW: C. Maharaj, W. Durham, M. Bruce, S. Jordan, A. Douragh, V. Peters, S. Hunte, R. Carrington, S. Mohammed, S. Lalla, I. Samuel, K. Samaroo, S. Khan. FIRST ROW (Front) G. Lutchman, R. Maraj, R. Maitland, A. Ollivierre, E. Steele, P. Cain, S. Cato, S. Thomas.

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5F (Incomplete)

SECOND ROW (Left to Right) E. Headley, A. Lambent, D. Niles, S. Davis, S. Stubbs, P. Henry, A. Mitchell, P. Persad, N. Baiad, N. Ramdass, A. Restant. FIRST ROW (Front) G. Chapman, P. Wharwood, M. Persad, E. Web, A. Weeks, V. Hosein, S. Mohammed.

5M

THIRD ROW (Left to Right) D. Campbell, G. Ramey, R. Gobin, L. O. Buland, V. Singh, C. Romano, L. Hewitt, K. Cornwall, C. Mc Kellar, L. Baptiste. SECOND ROW: C. Kong, M. Nunez, A. Dolsingh, D. Hayling, M. Alexander, C. Parris, K. Bobb, I. Collymore, A. Rattan. FIRST ROW (Front): S. Ali, R. Maharaj, J. Haynes, M. Marcano, C. Jones, P. Pierre, L. Geofroy, R. Young.

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4M

THIRD ROW (Left to Right) W. George, A. Mc Knight, R. Thomas, A. Wilson, B. Pierre, D. Trumpet, D. Lakeeram, D. Maraj, K. Kisto, M. John, P. Fernandez, S. Sooden. SECOND ROW M. De Freitas, Y. Adams, R. Manaraj, A. Khabay, S. Wilson, A. Quinones, D. Hazzard, E. Balcon, E. Mohammed, L. Baptiste, M. Edwards, A. Moore, D. Telesford, J. Bridgewater, D. Noel, A. Buckradee, E. Parasan, B. Colthrust. FIRST ROW (Front) V. Ramheerai, G. Sealey, Y. Antoine, H. Rampersad, S. Hulder, P. Gowrie, M. Mohammed (Prefect), K. Thomas, ABSENT: M. Rodriguez, B. Balkissoon.

5L

THIRD ROW: (Left to Right) P. Byam, C. Applewhite, N. Rene, S. Narine, K. Hepburn, A. Francis, T. Roy, A. Mc Intosh. SECOND ROW: A. Ollivierre (Prefect) R. Chinfatt, D. Clarke, M. Mills, V. Persad, G. Harrypersad, T. Khani, A. Ali. FIRST ROW (Front) T. Ramjahti, V. Gayadeen, A. Gosine (Prefect) M. Baptiste, T. De Castro, N. Nereiga, S. Sebro, K. Wright, A. Richardson.

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4L

THIRD ROW (Left to Right) N. Harriot, R. Cumming, D. Paris, S. Thomas, L. Sandy, S. Leggerton, N. Joseph, C. Smith, T. Felix, W. Baksh, V. Gajadhar. SECOND ROW: A. Lawrence (Class Prefect), D. Jordan, N. Ramnath, J. Minty, R. Carrington, A. Medina, S. H. Mc Keller, C. Phillomen, N. Cadet, N. Christiani, S. Pundit, G. Wharton, M. Miller, M. Maloney, R. Gobin. FIRST ROW F. Mohammed, A. Ramcharran, P. Hayban, S. Ali, J. Williams, M. De Souza, J. Murray, C. Bissesar.

4F

THIRD ROW (Left to Right) A. Small, B. Paul, M. John, C. Morris, G. Benjamin, R. Ali, D. Walcott, R. Dindial, W. Jordan, B. Maraj, K. Sue SECOND ROW R. Moreno, L. La Barrie, G. Thomas, A. Marshall, S. Carr, E. Clarke, P. Peters, S. Ramlal, J. Plummer, K. Pierre, S. Francois, K. Francis, S. Hosein (Prefect). FIRST ROW (Front) A. Gajadhar, K. Mohan, J. Silva, J. Richards, C. Morris, F. Ali, D. Maharaj, K. Moe.

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3M

BACK ROW (Left to Right) J. Singh, G. Bojarrat, S. George, M. Greene, R. Manswell, B. Briggs, D. Ramsey, C. Cummings, M. Mohammed, A. Hosein, R. Charles, F. Ryce; MIDDLE: M. Melville, A. Rameweshsingh, L. Gonsalves, N. Missette, L. Wilson, S. Boney, M. Hamilton, K. Wilson, V. Riley, J. Lewis, N. O'Connol, M. Fitziorme, M. Hosten, W. Petit, A. Alexander. SITTING: R. Joseph (Class Prefect), B. Rameshwassingh, S. Parsotein, R. Celestine, M. Modeste, F. Ramsingh, S. Ramdass, S. Mohammed.

4S

BACK ROW (Left to Right) B. George, J. Jagan, C. Thompson, T. Mohar, J. Maynew, M. Ali, R. Baksh, D. Ramsudar, M. Brown, R. Primus, MIDDLE ROW: A. Lord, C. Campbell, S. Kissoon, B. Felix, M. Beharry, K. Venus, M. Cole, P. Walker, M. Francis. FRONT ROW: M. Millington, K. De Four, N. Kalawan, S. Cumabatch, C. David, S. Nelson, C. Husbands, L. Tannis. MISSING: M. Bascombe, J. Nicholas, L. Singh.

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3F

BACK ROW (Left to Right) B. Dyer, J. Jeffrey, J. Groden, L. Morris, G. Henry, G. Goorahlal, M. Sweeny, M. Clarke, N. Daniel, K. Boodoo, V. Seenath, MIDDLE ROW: L. Batson, D. Lowe, S. Persard, N. Harewood, D. Walker, P. Raymond, M. Hosten, A. De Four, R. Chin Fatt, (Prefect), C. Neptune, O. Phillip, S. Maraj, D. Alvarez, N. Francois, L. Burrows. FRONT ROW: R. Sieulal, W. Ackbarali, K. Ford, D. Young, S. Cordner, N. Chapman, S. Mohammed, A. Boodoosingh.

3L

THIRD ROW (Left to Right) E. Moses, J. Kassiram, R. Gorden, J. Carillo, D. Huggins, D. Leckett, G. Craig, C. Mark, L. Braithwaite, M. Hamilton, L. Dwen. SECOND ROW S. Forde, P. Richards, R. Assam, H. Dinchong, A. Edwards, S. Horten, S. Dean, V. Ali, A. Singh, N. Bharat, F. Mustaha, N. Frnako. FIRST ROW (front) R. Christian, N. Erdelle, L. Lloyd, R. Timm, R. Jagmohansingh, I. Mahabir, H. Ali, Mohammed, L. Owen.

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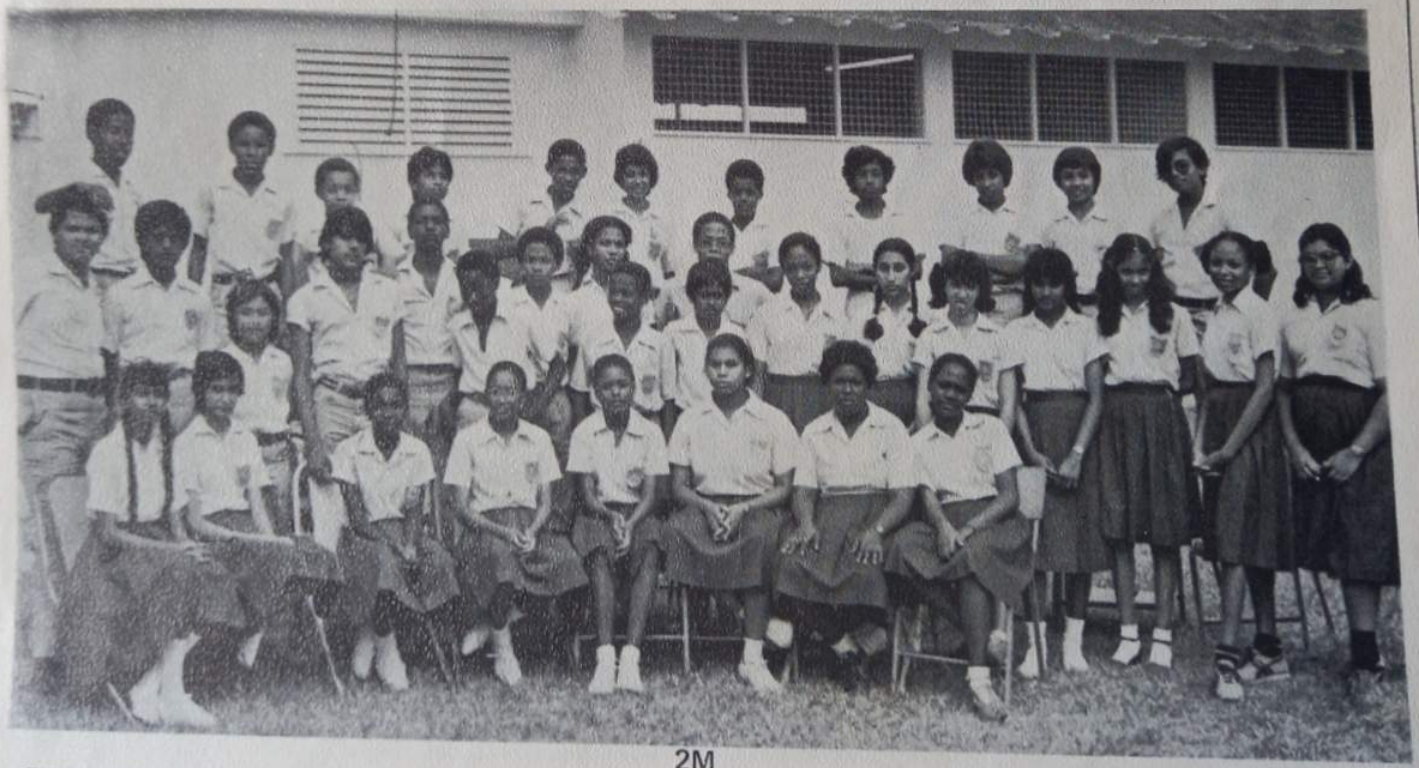
2F

BACK ROW (Left to Right) M. Allatey, W. Byam, A. Richards, J. Snaggs, A. Owen, K. Harrynarine, E. Xavier, B. David, J. Hinkson, A. Knot, R. Ali. MIDDLE ROW: N. Atwell, A. Mohammed, R. Singh, A. Ramcharitar, A. Ramnarine, C. Toussaint, L. Martin, G. Sealey(Prefect), K. Dillah, A. Gobin, S. Adam, T. Mc Kenzie Cook, A. Reid, N. Bridgewater, V. Ferreira, A. Jagroop. FRONT ROW: L. Williams, G. Pierre, J. Mohan, K. Parker, M. Meighoo, J. Taylor, C. Olton, V. Madu, D. Alleyne.



2M

THIRD ROW (Left to Right) P. Charles, D. Henry, R. Anthony, H. Nandram, S. Marine, V. Birsingh, D. Figuera, Ja. Khan, J. Singh, S. M. Singh, S. Ragoonanan. SECOND ROW: J. Khan, S. Ali. G. Wilson, M. Ramdhar, F. Bernard, J. Rennie, B. Superville, D. Mac Millon, P. A. Gowrie (Prefect), A. Ramcharitar, L. Assing, M. John (Prefect), J. Ramjohn, A. Abraham, S. Samlal, I. Lakheeram, F. Oliverre, R. Singh. FIRST ROW (front) C. Wallace, N. Ali, S. Gill, H. Witshire, S. Hem-Lee, T. A. Boisselle, A. L. De Laney, N. Duke.

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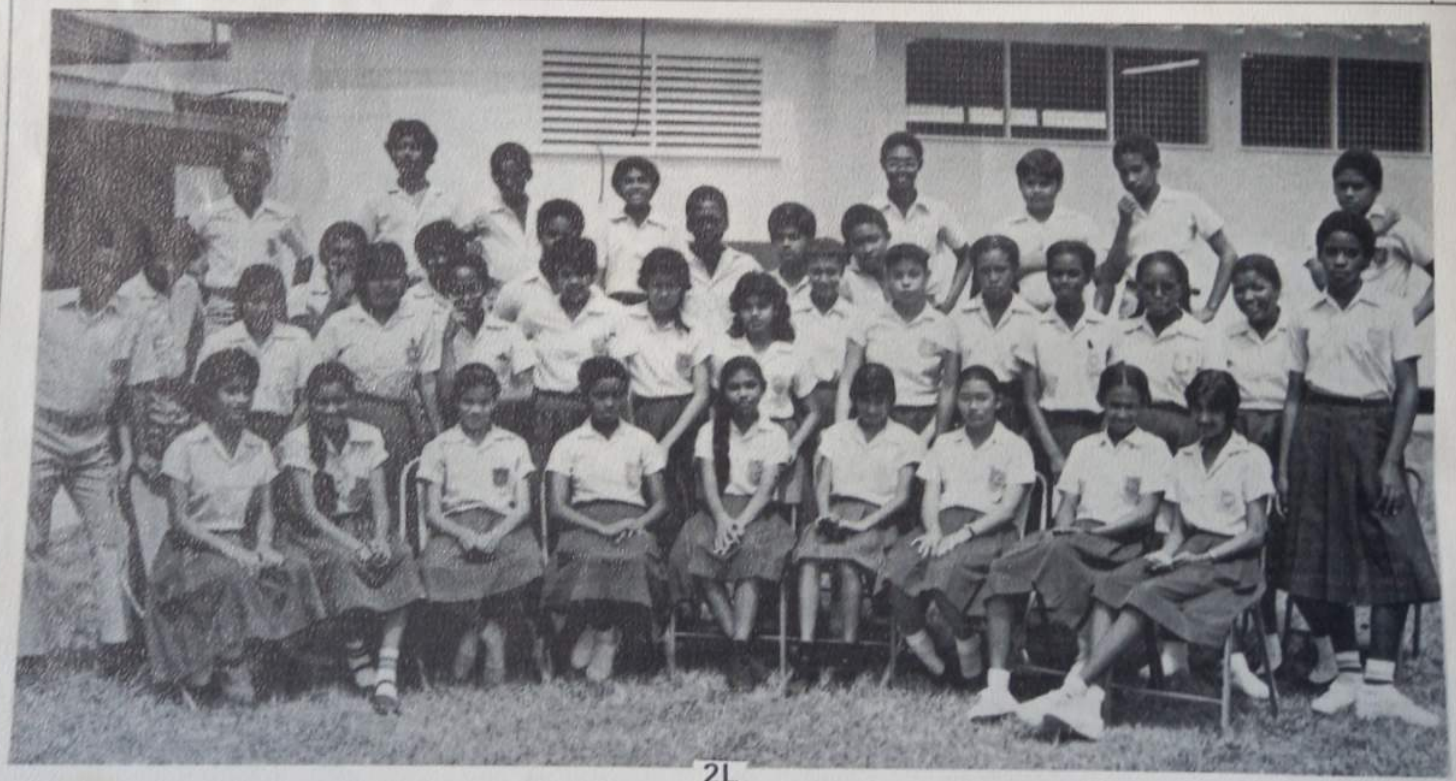
1M

BACK ROW (Left to Right) D. Ramsingh, S. Singh, A. Hercules, O. Morales, B. Bachan, S. Seerattan, K. Maharaj, C. Greene, A. Oliver. MIDDLE ROW: W. Leekit, S. Jeffrey, D. Broome, R. Chin, A. Walker, T. Bhagwatsingh, A. Sagar, E. Elder, S. Niles, D. Thorpe, G. Crichlow H. Nunez, S. Lewis, A. Medina, S. Ragaunanan, A. Gordon. FRONT ROW: C. Morris (Prefect) S. Sankar, C. Booyarrat, S. Peters, S. Peters, S. Ragoonan, V. Jagroop, A. Khan, V. Ramsaroop, M. Barrat. MISSING: F. Ali, K. Ramkissoon.



2L

FOURTH ROW (Left to Right) K. Hyde, R. Ramoutar, B. Richardson, S. Chan, K. Headly, V. Mungal, K. Vidali, C. Mc Jean. THIRD ROW T. Mathews, A. Ramcharitar, L. Paul, R. Baptiste, S. Ali, N. Sicorsh. SECOND ROW: T. Edwards, A. Ackbarali, S. Mohammed, M. Roopchand, L. Williams, D. Pooran, J. Mohammed, P. Maharaj, S. Stubbs (Prefect) J. Pantin, A. Davis, N. Noel, C. Issaac, T. Birbal, N. Antoine. FRONT ROW: S. Marquis, W. John, N. Ullerie, S. Morris, R. Ganga, G. Singh, I. Sookial, J. Grey, N. Ramsaran, ABSENT: D. Andrews, S. Vadali.

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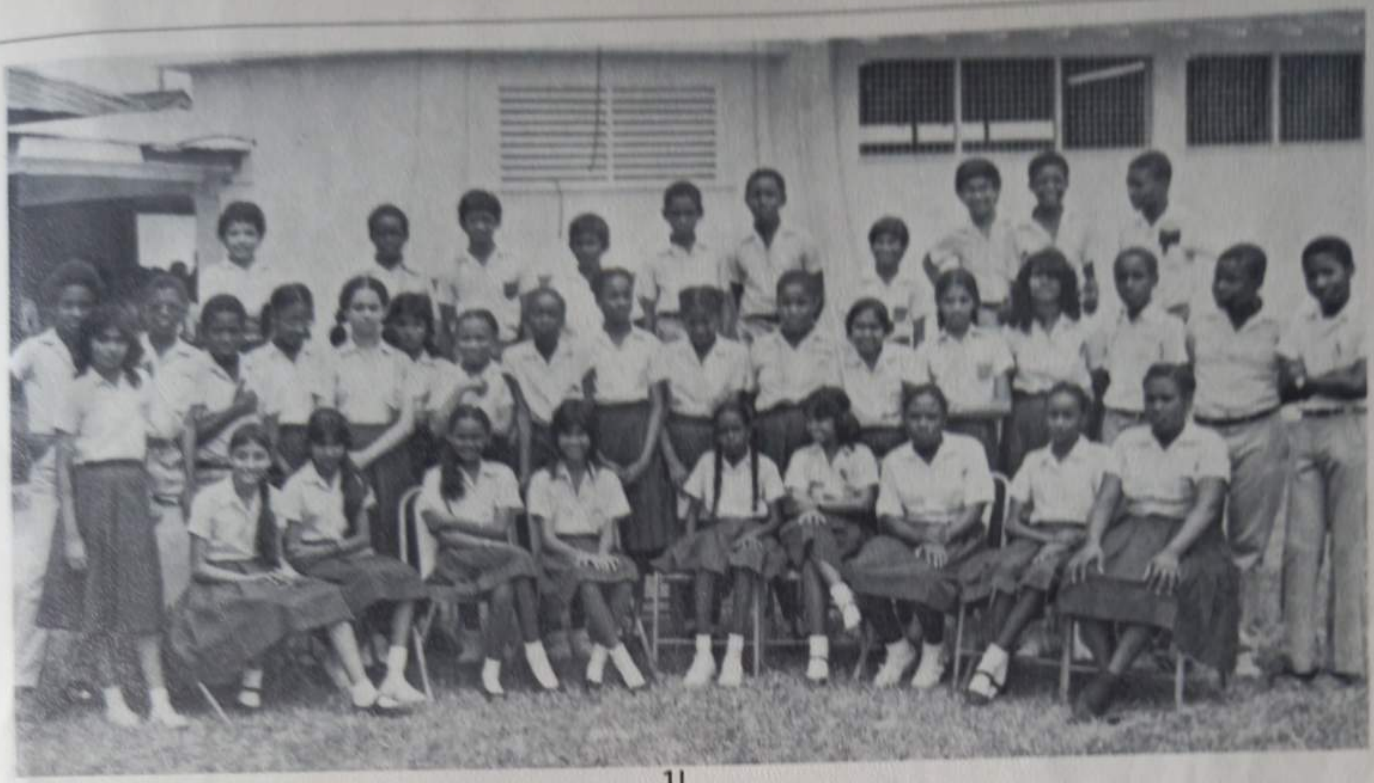

1L

BACK ROW (Left to Right) R. Le Blanc, S. Simon, A. Ramsarran, S. Ragbu, H. Lovell, R. James, T. Mohammed, R. Harricharan, O. Grant, A. Alcantora. MIDDLE ROW: W. Qui, C. Noel, R. Scott, M. Gadsby, S. Vieira, A. Ali, R. Protairi, R. Small, K. Arthur, D. Dookie, R. Blake, W. Lalla, N. Naipaul, E. Ramkissoon, R. Caesar, K. Tobias, S. Baptiste. FRONT ROW: A. Ali, S. Mohammed, P. Musai, P. Jagassar, T. Ali, J. Jones, L. Gooresingh, T. Rudder, G. Paris, M. Clarke.

1F

BACK ROW (Left to Right) A. Andrews, D. Cox, C. Jaggernauth, A. Soomai, D. Ramnarine, M. Phillip, N. Ackbarali, K. Baksh. MIDDLE ROW: R. Burton, A. Rozales, E. Lopez, G. John, A. Simmonds, H. Mustapha, P. Marcano, N. Ferreira, G. Walters, L. Goojansingh, G. Choo-Ching, N. Orie, G. Pilgrim, A. Moore (Prefect). FRONT ROW: A. Harris, D. Mahasir, M. Mellowes, V. Rogers, M. Andrews, M. Singh, D. Jodhan, N. Ramesar, W. Mungroo.

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Autographs

Petra Pierre

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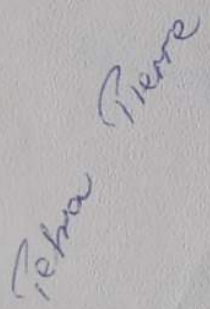
Autographs



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