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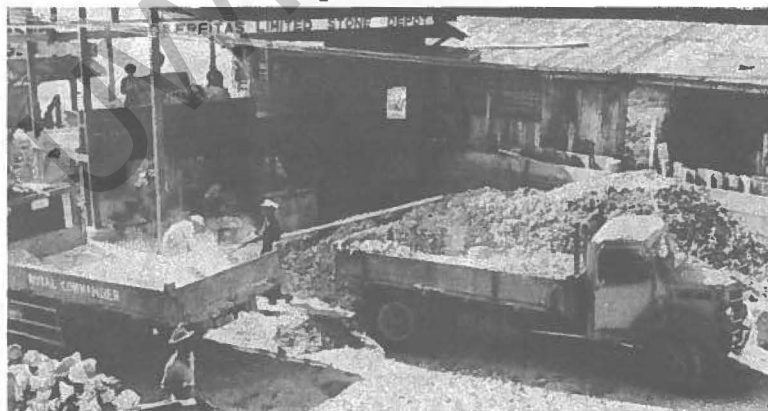
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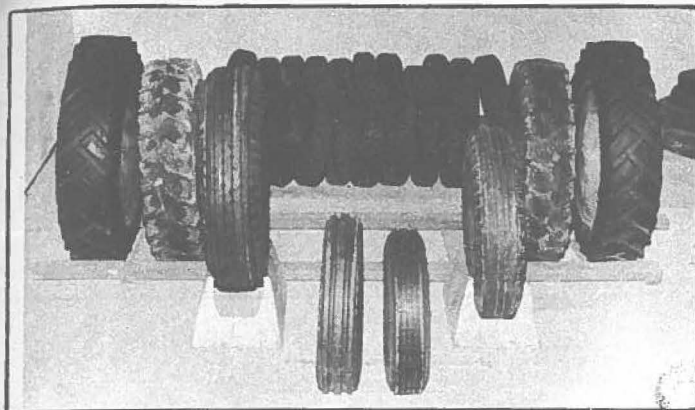
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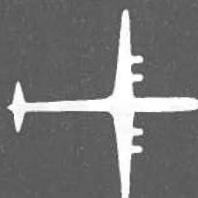
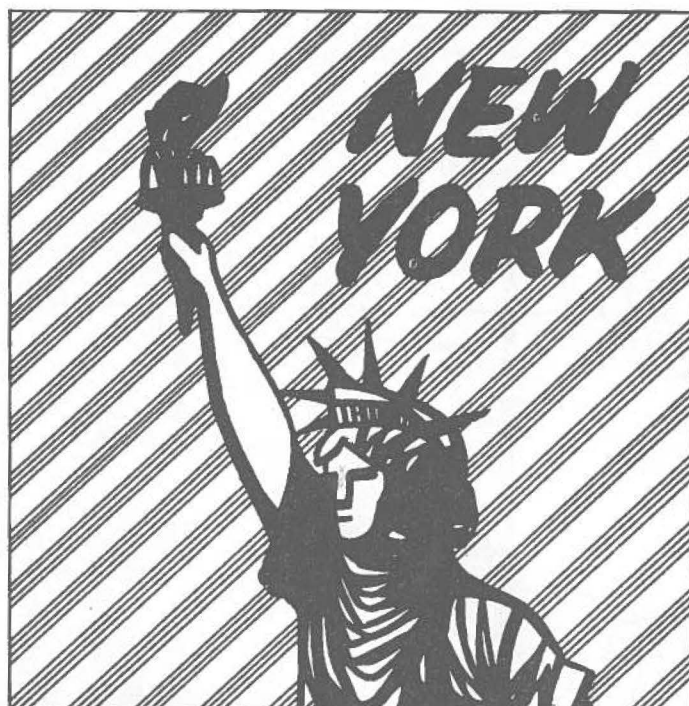
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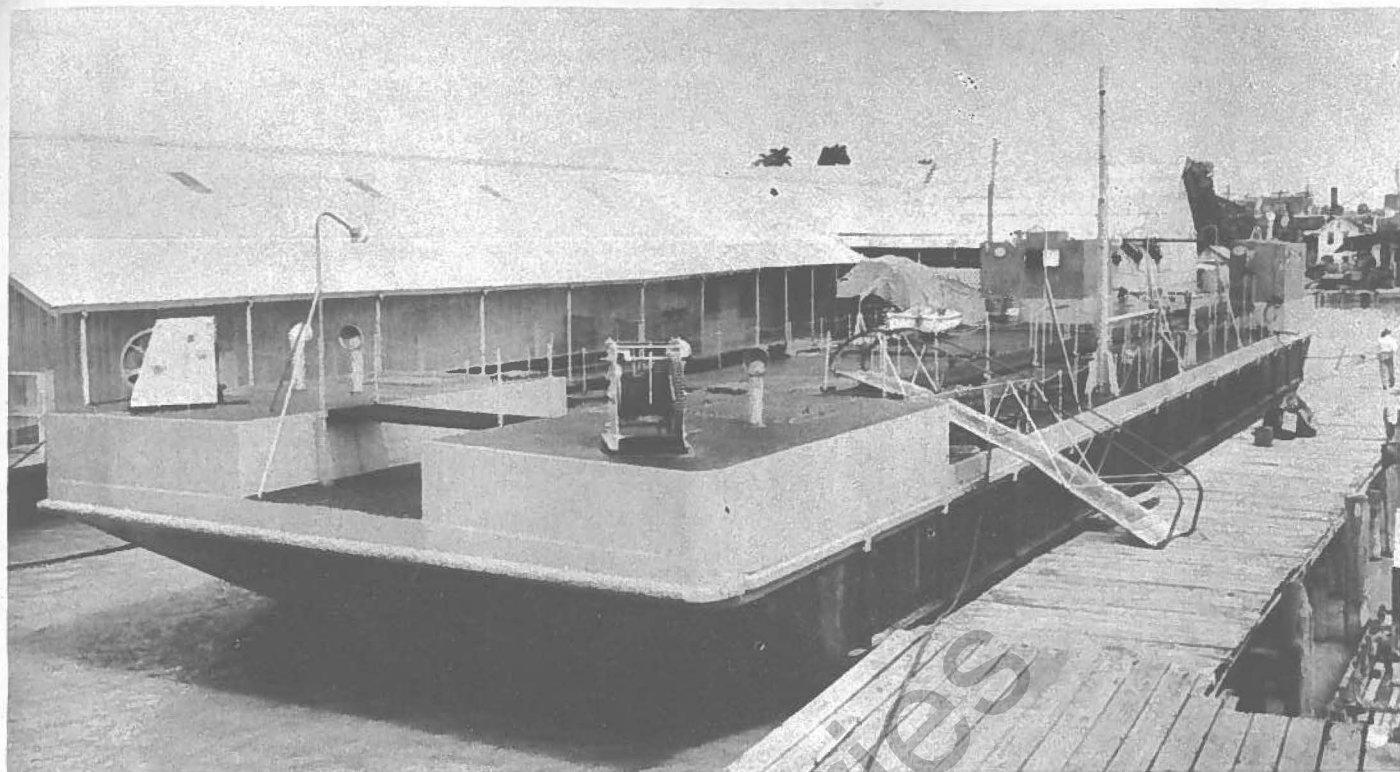
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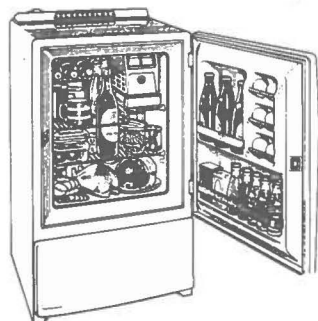
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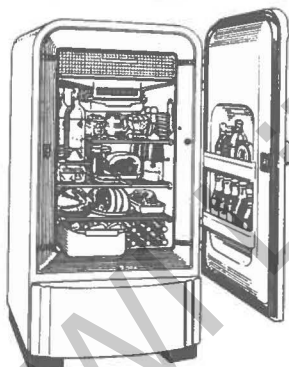


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In which is incorporated the Guiana Times News Magazine Vol. 8 No. 4 the year-end annual Caribia, published by the GUIANA TIMES PUBLISHING CO., LTD. of 45, Robb Street, Georgetown, British Guiana, and printed by B.G. Lithographic Co., Ltd.

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Percy E. Armstrong

Assistant Editor  
Olga Eileen Armstrong

Cover picture this year, is by well-known B.G. Tourist Guide and cameraman Louis Chung. Mr. Chung's camera captures six attractive girls representing six races of British Guiana, each in their picturesque costume. As usual we are indebted to the Editors of "Guiana Graphic" and the "Daily Argosy" for many other pictures appearing in these pages.



## From the Editor

ONCE again, this year we bring into sharp focus some of the major events of the year 1959 in pictures. It is more an attempt to leave on record some of our hopes and fears for the new year 1960. Even as we go to press there is a crippling strike of some 10,000 Government employees demanding increased pay, with so little chances of compromise. What this strike will mean in the new year is anybody's guess.

In keeping with Guiana Times news magazine, we have interpreted events in terms of people. And in keeping with Caribia, with which we are incorporated we let the pictures tell the stories. The combination is the TIMES of Guiana Pictorial. It is not, however, an easy job. We have to express considerable thanks to the artists of the B.G. Lithographic Company in bringing their exceptional talents to bear to give our advertisers much pleasure. As for our advertisers we sincerely thank them for using our columns to advertise their wares. We wish them every prosperity for the new year.

*Percy E. Armstrong*

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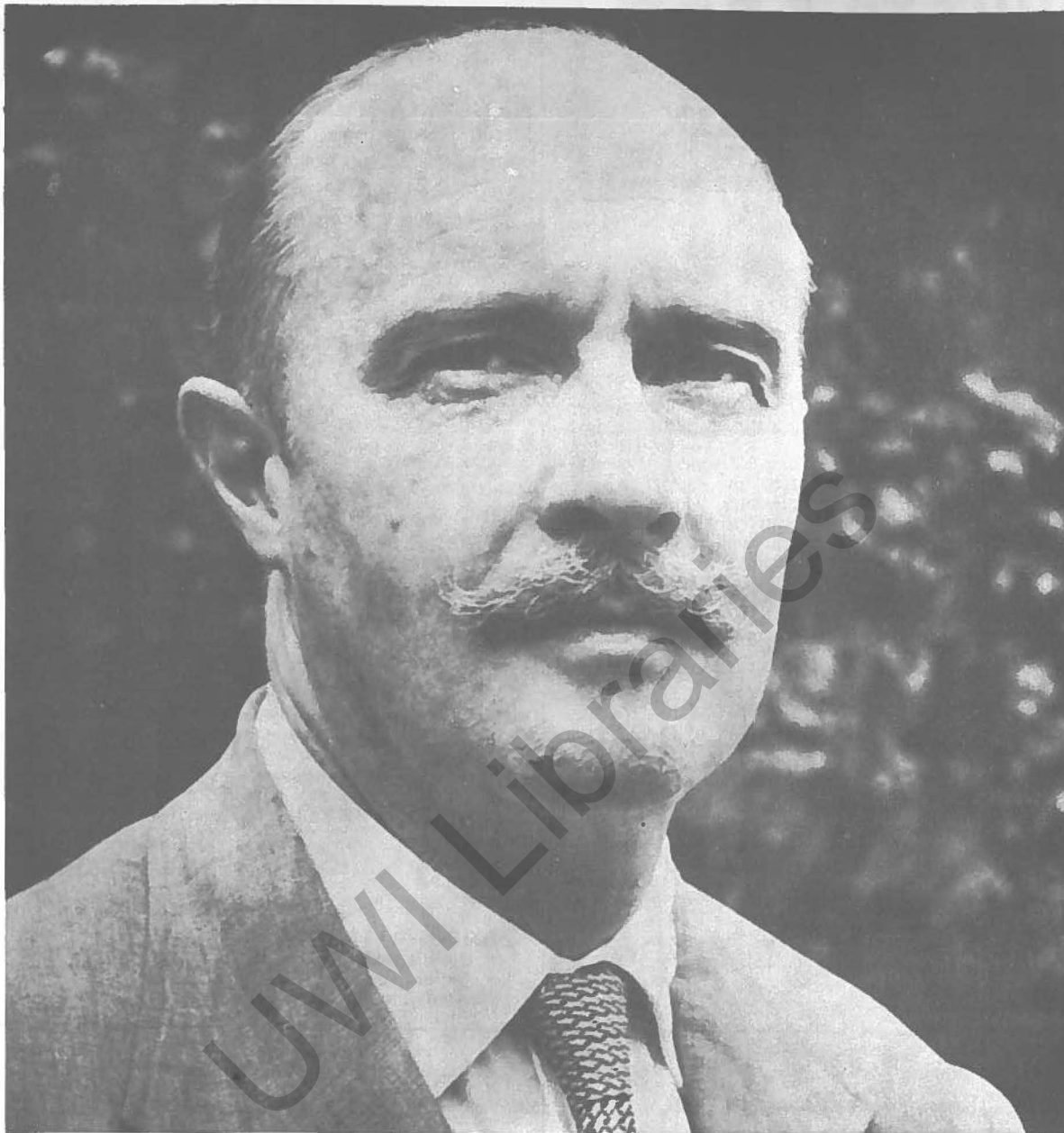
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#### CROSSWORD COMPETITION



BRITISH GUIANA'S NEW GOVERNOR. SIR RALPH GREY, K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., O.B.E.

IT is highly significant, that just before the October elections in Britain, the Colonial Office announced the high-level transfer of the brilliant Australian-born, twice-knighted Sir Ralph Grey, from the position of deputy-Governor-General of the 32-million-peopled Federation of Nigeria, to be mere governor of a little ½-million peopled multiracial British Guiana. Also that he served under Sir James Robertson, now Governor General of Nigeria, who with speaker Sir Donald Jackson served on the 1954 commission that enquired into the Suspension of the B.G. Constitution the Year before. The significance of the appointment appears to lie in the fact that only firm administrative handling can avert extreme situations in the South American colony.

CONSTITUTIONAL talks are due to open in about February 1960. Left wing, Majority Party leader Dr. Cheddi Jagan wants complete independence for the country, even before it could stand on its economic feet, with an all-elected, one-house constitution,

rigged with 2-candidate constituencies to give extreme racial preponderance and complete dictatorial control of the country, while Opposition leader Mr. L. F. Burnham, his former colleague, now wants a more moderate internal self-government, preferably in a W.I. Federation, with a bi-cameral legislature but with the lower house elected by proportional representation and the upper house selected on advice of the Prime Minister. (See Politics).

SINCE the Majority party based on the rural districts, will hardly produce capable ministerial material in any forthcoming elections, the need exists for a high grade civil service. But the B.G. Civil Service heavily weighted in favour of clericals is in throes of rebellion against government moves to curtail privileges and pay, but have complicated the situation with premature talk about 'Guianisation' of the service.

Governor Grey's first test is to make unpalatable decisions with both the civil service and the politicians.



**A**RRIVAL or departure of any Colonial Governor marks the opening or closing of a chapter in the country's history. Some chapters are long and sweet others are short and eventful.

In 1953 Governor Sir Alfred Savage, came to British Guiana with the best of intentions to introduce the New Liberalism, in which the Governor would stay in the background and leave the running of the country almost entirely in the hands of leaders elected by the people. Unhappily of him he encountered so intense a drive towards doctrinaire lefticism, that he found it impossible to work for a better country with the leaders thrown up in the new era. He had to brush them aside in a constitutional suspension and have the economic programme directed from Government House. But inside two years Sir Alfred ceased to be governor.

Sir Patrick Renison arrived in British Guiana as his successor in 1955, after stilling the stormy political waters of British Honduras. He was greeted with a great parade of slogan-bearers with placards of slogans about colonialism that have come to be so familiar in the post war years. The same day of his arrival he delivered a homily to the slogan-bearers in his famous "speech from the throne" that today could rank among the classics of our times.

Said he "Those who do not tell you the truth about the problems, who delude people with slogans and catchwords claiming that there is some sort of short cut to riches that a premature change of masters can turn mud and wilderness into gold; Ignorance into wisdom, frustration into happiness -- these men inflame minds but fill no bellies. They are anachronisms not reading their history aright. They are in a dismal procession of colonial agitators doomed by the visible achievement of our Commonwealth. . ."

The speech had an extraordinary effect. The opposition became more sober in their criticism and inside two years Sir Patrick had achieved the impossible: Making everybody happy by giving them the chance to chose their leaders. Then, having chosen Dr. Jagan and party he was able to work alongside them on the road back to Political reform.

He left British Guiana in June this year to join Dr. Jagan on a delegation as a Money Mission to London and found promotion to the Governorship of Kenya awaiting him after making out the case for aid to British Guiana to the Colonial office. Dr. Jagan returned with Exchequer loans for his D-programme.

## SIR PAT LEAVES

*Governor Sir Patrick Renison leaves British Guiana to join Dr. Cheddi Jagan, majority party leader and Mr. Frank Essex on a mission to London and is promoted Governor of Kenya. Behind are the Hon. Dennis Hedges (rt.) to act as top man and Mr. Michael Porcher (lt.) acting Chief Secretary.*



*Lady Renison and her daughter Ann say goodbye to staff at Government House. Ann became the bride of Mr. Michael Tinne and returned to B.G. to begin house-keeping.*



# ACTING TOP MAN



*The hon. Dennis Hedges and family. He acted Governor for five months*

**A**CCORDING to the Hon. Dennis Hedges, who has been acting topman almost as soon as he arrived in British Guiana, the most exciting thing about British Guiana is the extraordinary sense of initiative and enterprise, as compared to parts of West Africa where he served. He made this observation last October soon after his return from a visit to the annual L.C.P. Fair, on the British Guiana Cricket Club ground. There, he had glimpses of what he considered various forms of Guianese enterprise. He had seen, for example, the fibre glass exhibits of two young Guianese brothers, just back from Britain, as a small-man enterprise with big prospects. He had tasted Banks Beer, and seen pliboard exhibits that indicated Guianese million dollar undertakings. And he was vastly interested. In West Africa on the other hand Government had to do everything for the people. They even had to run the bus service. "But" said Mr. Hedges "They're coming around to doing things for themselves.

Mr. Hedges arrived from Sierra Leone, in West Africa where he began his career as a civil servant. As a young Cambridge Don, he had applied for a Cadetship in the overseas civil service, but the outbreak of war, found him like

many Cambridge grads, drafted into the army for training in combat duty.

Just about those early war days with the Mediteranean almost bottled off by German submarines, and the Americans pouring out the sinews of war with the slogan "All aid short of war", Freetown, the capital of Sierra Leone with the finest harbour in West Africa and its great naval coaling station sprang into prominence as a great shipping turn-around centre, between Europe and the far east and between America and the far east. Administrative problems became extremely intensified. Suddenly the powers-that-be discovered they were unable to throw their best young men to be Hitler's cannon fodder, and leave the Commonwealth administration neglected.

At once they drafted young Hedges out of the Royal Artillery and dispatched him to the West African colony where the need for European civilian personnel suddenly became intensified. Into this niche Mr. Hedges began his career as a civil servant. Since those days he rose from Cadet to Assistant District Commissioner and Senior Commissioner before his transfer to B.G.

Sierra Leone is a 28,000 square-mile chunk of West Africa, about the same latitude as British Guiana. Although, less

than a third the size of B.G., it has about four times the population of British Guiana. It is sandwiched between Guinea which under Sokou Toure claimed its independence from the French, and the republic of Liberia set up by American Philanthropists since the beginning of the century. Like the other British West African colonies such as the former Gold Coast, Gambia and Nigeria, Sierra Leone is divided into the coastal area called the colony extending some 210 miles, and the interior known as the protectorate, where most of the population live. As a District Commissioner, responsible for the well being of a sizeable chunk of the population he had served as a guide and arbiter, in their daily affairs. Although some repugnant tribal laws were suppressed, the bulk of the administration was left entirely in native hands. But often they came running to the Commissioner for advise, and to get their problems settled. As such the District Commissioner, Mr. Hedges learnt to like and meet the African people and thoroughly understood their problems in the drive towards self-determination.

But in British Guiana, in his four months as acting topman, the sudden change from the unsophisticated atmosphere of a West African society, to the intensely aggressiveness of the sophisticated society like British Guiana, with its organised labour force, its community with a rapidly climbing living standards and clamouring for 'independence at all cost', its smart politicians; and the constitutional limitations on the head of state; the problem of administration dropped like a heavy weight in his lap.

"I like meeting people" Said Mr. Hedges. And met them he did—A never-ending procession, principally of trades-union disputants often with problems they have no desire to carry to their elected ministers. In this respect he found able support in his function by the Acting Chief Secretary Mr. Michael Porcher, who had been bearing the brunt of the several human crisis that dogged the administration.

Climax came at the beginning of December when some 10,000 subordinate government employees walked off their jobs crippling all public services in protest of the \$2.75 Minimum wage offer made them by the elected leader Dr. Jagan. Although Dr. Jagan contended that any increase in the minimum wage would hurt the \$110,000,000 D-Programme, workers through their leaders contended that the programme was too heavily weighted in favour of the Rural districts at the expense of the city workers. Not until the T.U.C. approached Mr. Hedges as Governor in Council that any compromise proposal was found but failed to end strike early.



*Striking subordinate government employees in a huge demonstration ask:*

**Who is bigger . . . .  
Hedges, Jagan or  
Essex ? . . . . .**

# CIVIL SERVICE ASSN. FIGHTS FOR A PRINCIPLE



## THE B.G. CIVIL SERVICE

*Civil Servants with neckties off vigorously protest Government's policy.*

— and the New Liberalism.

**I**N an age of extreme liberalism, the British Guiana civil service has come a long way. The core of the present executive and administrative personnel is the produce of the great silent social revolution that followed the war. The old system of government by officials in prewar days, which had left bureaucratic control everywhere, is now replaced by the New Liberalism. What was either taboo, or out-of-place or lacking in decorum or downright unethical in the old days, is now taken for granted as present day trends. As a result the civil service personnel today has been transformed into a militant band of workers, organised in tradesunions like any group of industrial employees. They are extremely sensitive to every act on the part of their grimly impersonal employer, known as the state, controlled by some unseen, unknown board of directors vaguely described as 'De Govament'.

In the old prewar days, British expatriate departmental heads sat in the Executive and Legislative Councils, decided and agreed on policy then went back to their office desks to execute same. Top clerical personnel were drawn from the then remnants of mullatto colonial aristocracy. Family background and lightness of pigmentation were automatic acceptance for the service and qualifications for the highest posts in the administration. Like their English administrative heads the local senior clericals went on their periodical trips to

Great Britain. This helped to put the stamp on them as people set apart from the common herd.

Under this system the dead hand of bureaucracy kept everyone and everything in place. But with all their snootiness the 'old chaps' kept so high a standard of morality and integrity unequalled in any service worthy of high traditions handed down from the British system, that the 'youngsters' today found it often too tawdry to uphold. The older ones were more immune to improper influences.

**T**HEN the war came. With it also came the American invasion with high spending, base building operations. It set in motion the social revolution. Suddenly the ordinary working class man found himself with enormous jumps in earning power. Immediately he diverted most of his earnings into his children's education. By war-end the increased demands in all public services and the shortage of skilled per-

*Executives of the Civil Service Association L. to R. Mrs. C. Robinson, Mr. Frank Emery, Dr. Balwant Singh, Mr. C. C. Low-A-Chee (President) and Mr. W. G. Stoll (Vice-President).*







*Guiana for the Guianese*

sonnel to handle the machinery of government, coincided with the output of large groups of high school graduates. While British departmental heads, long removed from the policy-making decisions in the council chambers, had to sit in their offices and carry decisions made by the elected politicians dramatic changes swept the service.

Standards began changing in everything. The Cambridge School certificate replaced the pigmentation certificate for entry into the service. Most of the English expatriate departmental heads began returning home either on retirement or for transfer to other less advanced areas. The local family-picked sub-head moved to the retirement age. The younger ones of lighter complexion moved into the more lucrative fields of commerce or migrated to the

United Kingdom, leaving the way clear for the NEW LIBERALISM. By the beginning of 1950 the entire complexion of the civil service changed radically.

Next came the trend towards representative government. Representative government is described as a system of ordered arrangements which releases the energies and genius of the people for living, building, working and growing for invention and discovery for the development of mind and the enrichment of the spirit. The first major test of the Civil service came with the 1953 constitution, with its highly responsible ministerial system. Under the Waddington constitution the planners neglected to define whether the status of a permanent secretary should be matched by that of a minister whom he would have to guide. Or whether, in fact such permanent secretaries should be the existing department heads or bright young men in the rank and file senior clerical division.

NEVERTHELESS they took the latter course. Many a bright young clerical often with high academic qualifications, but relatively limited experience, received accelerated promotion into ministerial secretariat posts. Result was that the green horn ministers swept into power in 1953 with big promises of what they would do for the people, but extremely new to the complicated business of government procedure, hardly knew how to exercise their immense powers. Said one Civil servant afterwards. "Neither the minister nor the permanent secretary knew how to begin."

Happily the Constitution suspension ended the confusion, and the nominated ministers under the interim government restored some semblance of compromise between the politician and the civil service. Today however departmental heads bitterly complain that his departmental administration is hampered by some "Young fellow in the ministry" who could issue directives under ministerial authority. But under the new system began a feverish search for talent in service itself. This produced a curious rivalry in their midst. Automatic promotion gave place to "catching the eye" of the Public Service Commission when vacancies are advertised.

The service has become the be-all and end-all of every parent of a high school graduate. Every father breathes freely when his son enters the civil service with its security and inherent prestige. Every mother felt the same way when her daughter was sought in marriage by a civil servant. In any family of growing school boys, the ones that brought home the senior Cambridge certificate were automatically earmarked for the clerical service of the Government. The ones that didn't bring home any certificate, were earmarked for technical training. This had curious effects. The clerical branch of the service syphoned off all the country's most promising youngsters often to rot and fizzle behind desks, leaving the second raters for the technical and industrial field. It also affected the psychology and concept of the service personnel. The clerical service assumed the role of leaders over the entire technical sections. Clerical seniors were quickly advanced to administrative posts over sometimes often highly-trained technical personnel.

*Civil Servants with T.U.C. leaders in a long march.*





**I**N Britain, the type of man who enters the Civil Service is not likely to be adventurous and is more attracted to a safe rather than an exciting life. The more adventurous types with initiative could usually find outlet for their energies in industry or in the armed services. But in a growing society, peopled mostly with "Young men in a hurry", the civil services absorb all the brightest brains, with few alternative outlets (except perhaps the overcrowded legal profession) for the more aggressive. Thus, too many civil servants fall into the category of the frustrated. Others find the Service a nice resting place, or reward for some form of academic attainment rather than a call to service.

A young B.A., expects to be either an adviser to the departmental head or be paid merely because he acquired a degree, his colleagues failed to get. So they must be penalised by doing the donkey work and he the overlooking.

Like politicians wedded to the theory of 'Independence for independence sake' while actively demanding all the dependent fruits from a harassed mother country, Local civil servants now seem wedded to the concept of Guianisation for Guianisation sake, while vigorously clamouring for expatriate privileges handed down by "old chaps" who left Britain to come out to keep the flag flying at all cost.

Thus when the one-man Gorsuch Commission, appointed last year to investigate their conditions of service, recommended reduction of six-months vacation

leave and passages, for rank and file while advocating salaries improvement and privileges for higher-ups, in order to attract the best brains even from abroad. Civil services blew their tops.

Nevertheless the crucial test came when the Administration, faced with the problem of an expanding Post and Telecommunications service in 1960, and with three top Post Office Officials near retiring age, recruited a former P.M.G. of Malaya on a 3-year contract to be the new P.M.G. For the first time, in response to their Association's call, civil servants pulled off their neckties and voiced their extreme disapproval. G.M.O's, Legal men from the law department sub-heads, all joined with their junior secretaries on a bizarre march around town in pouring rain, to voice their protest.

They got the Trades Unions with them, on condition they joined up with the T.U.C. They contended that the Post of P.M.G. and the Local Deputy be promoted and that Government had neglected to train a deputy who could take his place on retirement. Although Government compromised by appointing the local man as P.M.G. and the expatriate as Director of Posts and Telecommunications, the clericals lost out because the future head will no longer be a clerical but a trained recruit from the technical branches of the services. On the other hand when the Federated Unions of Government Employees moved on their big strike this December, civil servants were embarrassed when they were called upon to join in.

*Is it Guianization for the sake of Guianization?*



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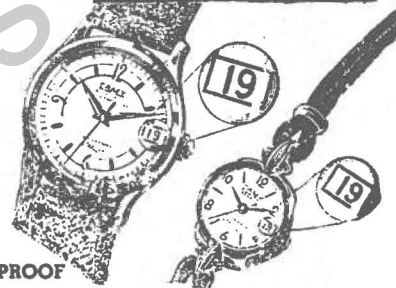
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*A VERY HAPPY CHRISTMAS*

*and*

*A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.*

*Your kind patronage throughout the  
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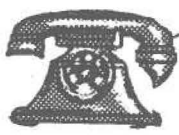
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# TELECOMMUNICATIONS DEVELOPMENT



1960

*Government  
Showpiece*

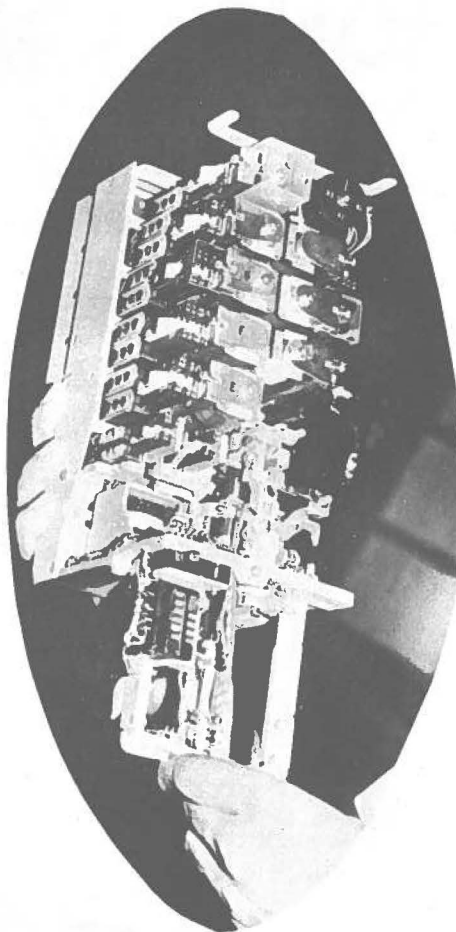


The new \$12,000,000 Telephone House, erected on the Upper Brickdam will go into operation in 1960, with the most modern and up-to-date Telecommunication system ever installed in these parts. In Georgetown it will control 5,000 dial subscribers, any of whom could be swiftly connected to distant points in the country by a series of automatic sub-telephone exchanges that are being installed at such points as Vreed-en-hoop, Suddie, Bartica, Mack-

enzie, New Amsterdam, Ituni, Kwakwani, Skeldon and other points and connected with Telephone House by very high frequency radio channels (note mast atop building). Female operators who formerly made cord connections on the old manual system will now be used to operate manual trunk line switch boards that connect the city callers with these remote areas and overseas, while all local telephone calls will be done by the automatic dial system.

The system is being installed by the General Electric company with most of the work done by locally-trained technicians. Within another year the system will eliminate the now out-moded wireless and land line telegraph service, which will be replaced by phonogram system, whereby messages will be phoned to a central distribution point in the city and sped out by motor cycle delivery boys to their destination.



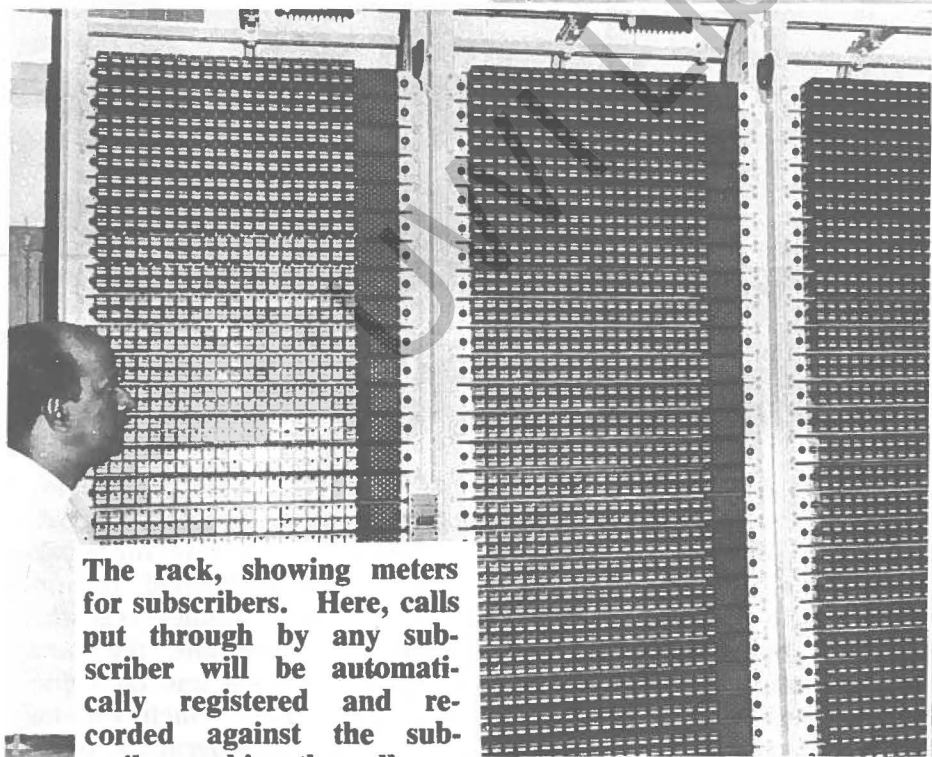


The S.E. Automatic Selector Switch, which has taken the place of the human operator.

A series of some 3,000, such switches are installed in the new Telephone exchange. First invented by a German named Strowger, and first used in British Guiana since 1923, at Mackenzie, this switch is now developed to an extreme degree of efficiency, by the General Electric company, installers of the new system.

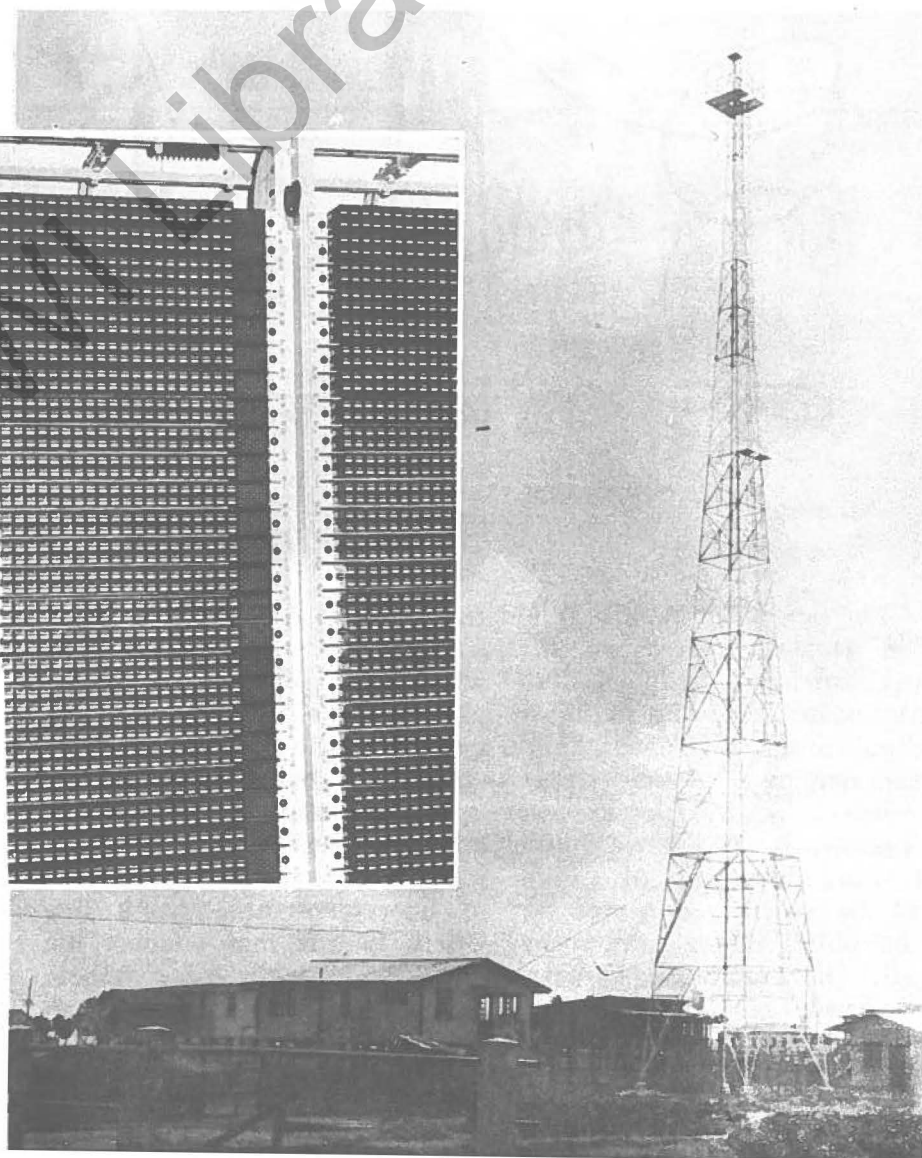
The turn at the first digit of a telephone dial, engages the first of a series of these switches, which swiftly connects the caller to another switch. This switch waits for the turn of the dial with the second digit and connects up to a third switch. The final selector switch has all the work to do. As the dial spins around after the final digit is turned, a small revolving cam on the switch speeds into operation, looking for a disengaged outlet, until the required number is found. If the number is disengaged it sends back an engaged tone to the caller. If it is not engaged, it rings the number and when the subscriber lifts his receiver it automatically registers a call on the registering meter in the office below to be later charged to the caller—all in a matter of seconds.

One of the automatic subexchanges that would put Georgetown subscribers in direct contact with persons living in remote areas. 20 such exchanges are to be installed all over British Guiana. ▼



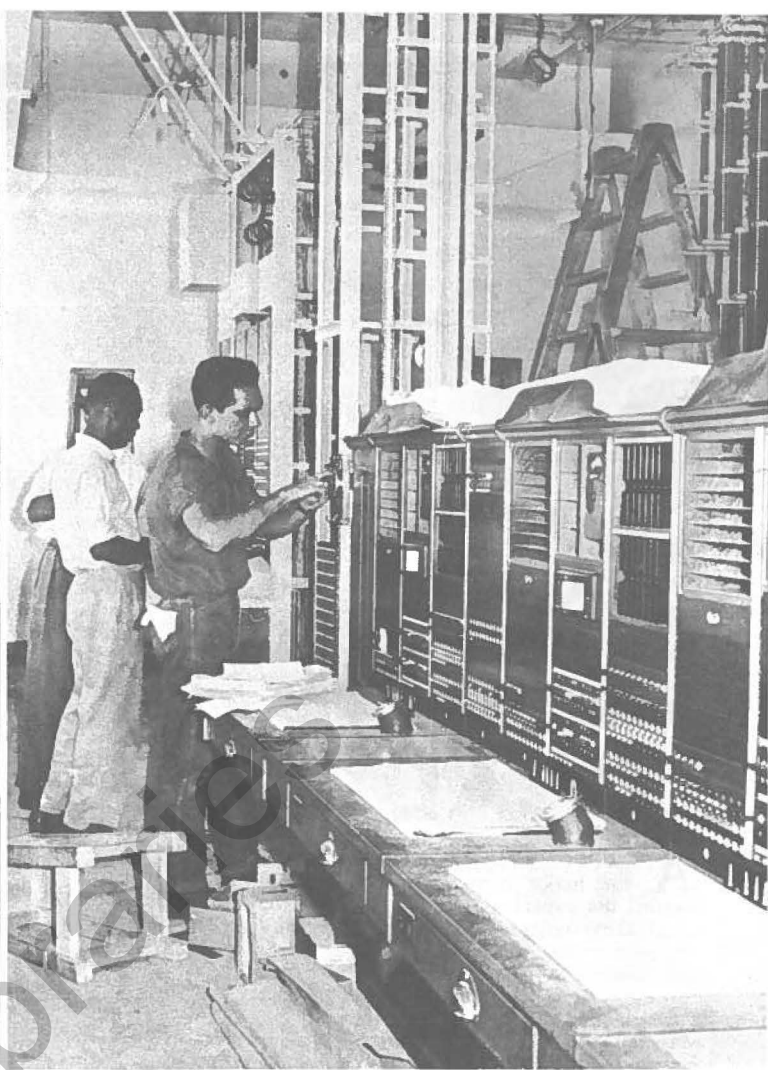
The rack, showing meters for subscribers. Here, calls put through by any subscriber will be automatically registered and recorded against the subscriber making the call.

A token rental will be charged to every subscriber and every call over and above a certain amount will be charged as extra to the subscriber.





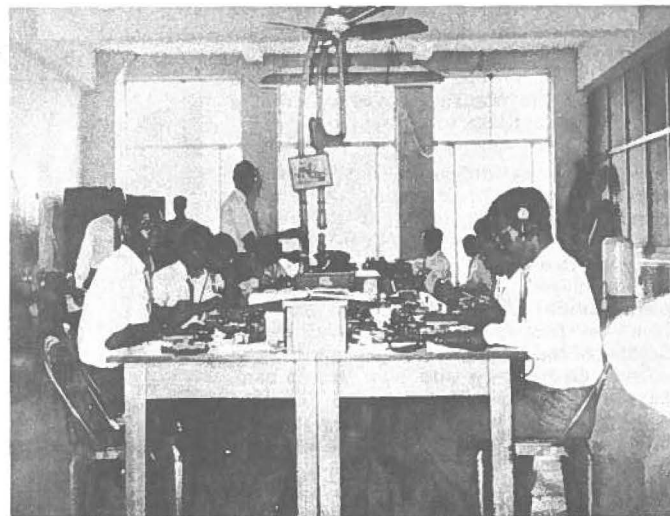
**General Electric Engineer G. B. Scott, standing near a rack with some 2,000 selector switches. As chief installing engineer, just out from Bagdad in Iraq, where a similar system was installed, he is now directing the installation by local technicians.**



**Local technicians installing one of the manual trunk boards which will handle rural calls, fire, police and ambulance, by dialling 999.**



**The old Telephone Exchange Cupola, at McInroy's Building, feeding all the overhead lines into city's telephone system. Under the new system all lines will go underground.**



**The central telegraph office atop G.P.O. buildings which will be abolished, in another year's time and be substituted by the phonogram system for central distribution of messages.**





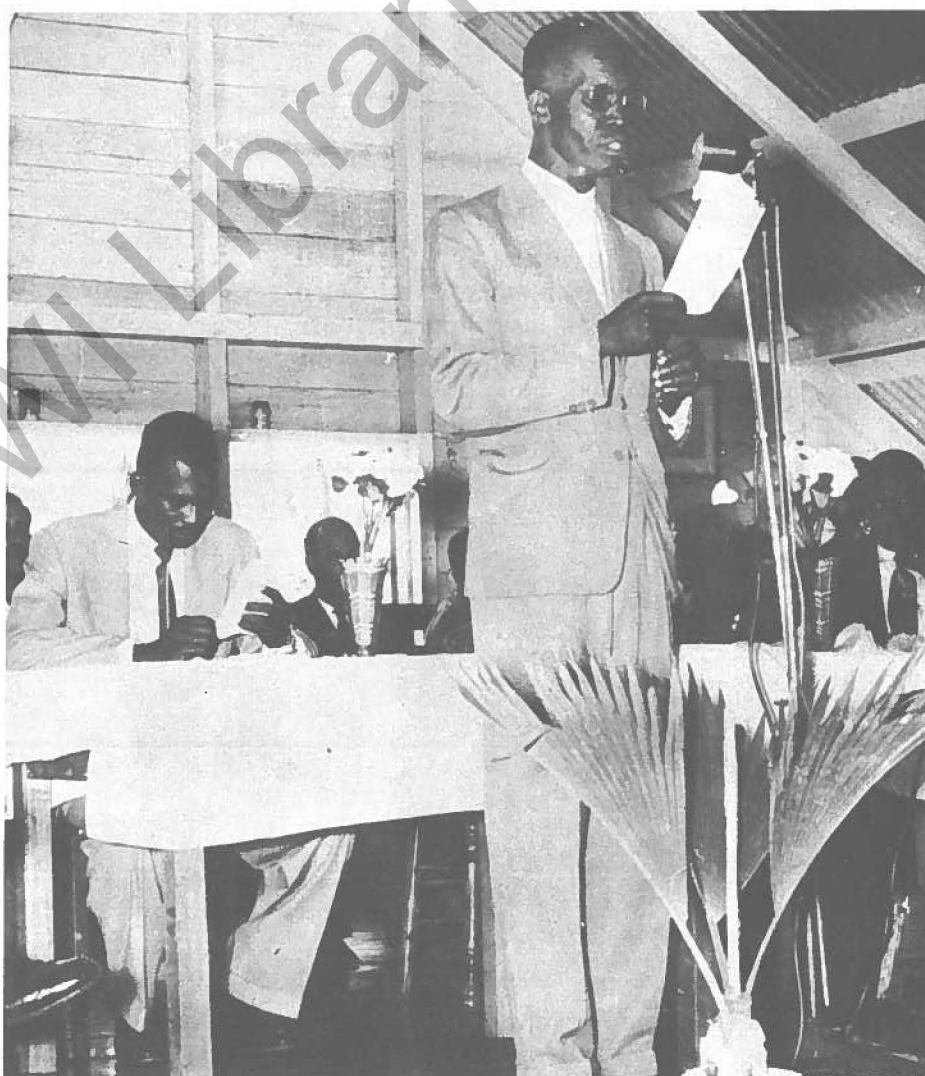
## ✓ LOCAL GOV'T.

*His Worship the Mayor Mr. L. F. S. Burnham presiding over the nominated Georgetown Town Council. On his left is Deputy Mayor Mr. R. B. Gajraj.*

**A**PART from Legislative approval of the major aspects of the Marshall Report, the expected re-organisation of the Local Government system of British Guiana, which should have come into operation in 1959, appears to have been bogged down by an overwhelming mass of paper work. Under the recommendations of Dr. Marshall, the 96 Local Authorities all over British Guiana including the city of Georgetown and New Amsterdam, were to be re-organised under 16 administrative authorities, each controlled by a council elected entirely by universal adult suffrage. Provisions were to be made for incorporating Georgetown with the suburban areas, and New Amsterdam with the surrounding villages. Three other townships were envisaged for the future; one in the Crabwood Creek—Skeldon area, another at Port Mourant on the Corentyne Coast, and a third in the Mackenzie-Wismar area in the Demerara River.

But so many difficulties have been encountered in the partitioning of land in order to define ownership of the various parcels of land, that bits of legislation now being drafted by the Law Officers have had to be delayed. The realities of the implementation have brought the planners face to face with the immense cost. Several of the Local Authorities, particularly outside Georgetown and New Amsterdam, have voiced their disapproval of merging with the larger units. Result is that the first stage for implementation may not take place until about 1961.

Nevertheless, the Hon. Balram Singh Rai, Minister of Local Government, amended the existing ordinance to introduce only elected (by property qualifications only) to all existing Local Government Councils. He however left out New Amsterdam and Georgetown to be run by nominated councillors for another year, until such time as the Marshall Plan is adopted, and the Greater Georgetown Plan implemented.



*Rev. Douglas Bobb, Chairman of the Village Chairmen's Conference speaks on the implications of the Marshall Report.*





*Dr. Jagan, Minister of Trade and Industry (rt.) and Mr. Frank Essex, Financial Secretary arrive at London airport on money mission to Colonial Office. Mr. Essex seems disappointed he received no garlands.*

## MONEY MISSION TO LONDON

**I**N the midst of considerable agitation by the Majority Party for Independence for British Guiana, with its small population and pressing economic problems, came the announcement again this year of another delegation to London for financial talks.

Before the elections in 1957, the Majority Party leader Dr. Jagan had denounced the British Government loans to the Interim Nominated Government set up in British Guiana after his ouster and the Suspension in 1953. Although these loan-grants amounting to some \$66,000,000, had virtually transformed the country's economy, with a huge housing programme, established a large Credit Corporation and started huge drainage and irrigation schemes in the Corentyne area, Dr. Jagan had denounced them, as efforts to increase the national debt and to run the country to bankruptcy. He how-

ever reversed his policy after being elected to the Government with a large majority, and in 1958 announced his intention of going to London to demand a \$200,000,000 grant from the British Government. At once the Colonial Office under Mr. Lennox Boyd, called for a Government mission from British Guiana to come up to London to discuss economic aid.

This delegation consisted of the then Governor, Sir Patrick Renison, Financial Secretary, Mr. Frank Essex; Minister of Trade and Industry, Dr. Cheddi Jagan and the then Minister of Natural Resources, Mr. Edward Beharry. At the Colonial Office, the delegation discussed plans for financing a five-year development programme started in the regime of Sir Alfred Savage and the Interim Government. Their proposals in 1958 were however described as "Guestimates". But the delegation returned home with an Exchequer Loan of \$26,000,000, and were told to return this year with more concrete proposals. At the same time, Dr. Jagan was told that the Colonial Secretary could not entertain any discussions about

constitutional reform until a representative committee had framed a report.

DR. Jagan and his colleague Mr. Beharry were greeted by their supporters at the Airport on their return last year, with placards saying "\$26,000,000 not enough". "We want Independence". But soon after, Dr. Jagan and his colleague Mr. Beharry broke over policy and Mr. Beharry was forced out of the Government. In the meantime, the Colonial Office sent down a Cambridge Economist Mr. Kenneth Berrill to survey the country's economy and put up a report to be made subject for discussion at this year's financial talks.

Early in June came the announcement that the delegation would return to London. This time, Mr. Beharry now out of the Government was dropped from the delegation. His Excellency the Governor was making his last mission to London for B.G. before his transfer to Kenya, while Dr.

Jagan was more interested in Constitutional talks. He had hoped to take with him to London his Majority recommendations of the Constitution Committee set up by Sir Patrick Renison. But this report was held back for other members to make reservations. Financial Secretary, Mr. Frank Essex





Part of welcoming crowd of West Indians and Guianese who greeted Dr. Jagan at London airport.

was armed with the report of Mr. Kenneth Berrill on the country's economic future.

Meanwhile in London the Guiana Freedom Movement, a left wing organisation allied to the Peoples Progressive Party, prepared a grand welcome for Dr. Jagan. A committee was formed consisting of all coloured organisations in Britain, to organise the welcome for Dr. Jagan in order to show up the more conservative Sir Grantley Adams, Prime Minister of the West Indies. According to London Newsman Ken Montano, a spokesman of the committee stated "We are going to show Adams and his people that this welcome for Jagan will make them appear in the eyes of the Europeans like some of the decaying houses in Nothinghill."

ON June 28, Dr. Jagan, accompanied by Financial Secretary Mr. Frank Essex, arrived at London Airport to be greeted by some 150 West Indians and Guianese. They carried large banners with familiar left wing slogans "Down with Colonialism" "Down with the Lynchers" and "Independence for British Guiana" etc. He was garlanded at the airport and in his first press interview declared "We want loans. We are not begging for charity".

Later at a private hotel, Dr. Jagan received a number of industrialists and manufacturers and was also heard over television to say "We need massive amount of capital to develop our country". He took the line that the British was spending too much money on armaments and this money could be used to develop the colonial territories.

The financial talks with Colonial Office officials centred around the Berrill Report. In his report Mr. Berrill had pointed out that the borrowing capacity of the country was of such that it could only embark on a five year development pro-

Socialist Dr. Jagan meets Capitalist Sir Jock Campbell, Chairman of Booker Group of Companies operating in British Guiana.

gramme of approximately \$110,000,000 or an average spending rate of \$22,000,000 per annum on development projects. If this money was pushed into productive measures, such a programme could be extended to \$135,000,000 or an accelerated annual spending rate.

The total bids of all government departments amounted to some \$260,000,000 and Mr. Berrill based his assumption on the rate of interest on borrowing at 6%, repayment of capital 1½%, and a revenue rate increase of 6%, and felt that the country could borrow up to about \$110,000,000 for its d-programme without hurting its economy. Such funds should be poured heavily on drainage and irrigation, and this naturally excluded such major projects as the East Coast Roadway or a new Public Hospital, or the much talked of Rural Electrification Scheme.

Left wing "Guianese Freedom Movement" in London were out in strength, at Downing Street to meet Dr. Jagan.



Dr. Jagan welcomed home by more "Independence" placards.

one stage took the figure as a great triumph by the party in securing "The biggest loans ever" for the country. At another stage they were worked up to believe that the mission was a failure, in that Britain would not give enough funds for development. Declared party newspaper 'Thunder', "The ministerial council set out with the intention of securing large amounts of Grants." At once Dr. Jagan began a gigantic campaign for public approval to approach the Soviet Union for loans at low interest rate. This matter is still pending.

In the months that followed, the Government began framing a budget for a surplus by the reduction of government ex-

THE British Government agreed to provide a free grant of \$20,000,000 from C.D. & W. funds and a loan of about \$40,000,000 from the \$500,000,000 exchequer funds set aside for all colonial territories. Thus the British Government contribution to the programme amounted to approximately \$60,000,000, or an average annual contribution of \$12,000,000. They suggested the rest could be secured from loans elsewhere and from the country's general revenue, and if there was difficulty in that connection, the delegation could return next year to discuss more aid. Again, the Colonial Office refused to discuss constitutional matters, pending a report from the Constitutional committee established by Sir Patrick Renison.

Dr. Jagan and Mr. Essex next proceeded to Italy to interest big financial concerns in British Guiana's electricity problems, then later to West Germany to interest investors and to raise more loans and finally to the USA to interest the World Bank and other organisations. From them all he received several promises of aid and arrived back in British Guiana on August 21.

This time Dr. Jagan was greeted by his supporters with placards which read "\$110,000,000 not enough." "We want independence." Confused over the meaning of the figure \$110,000,000, his supporters at

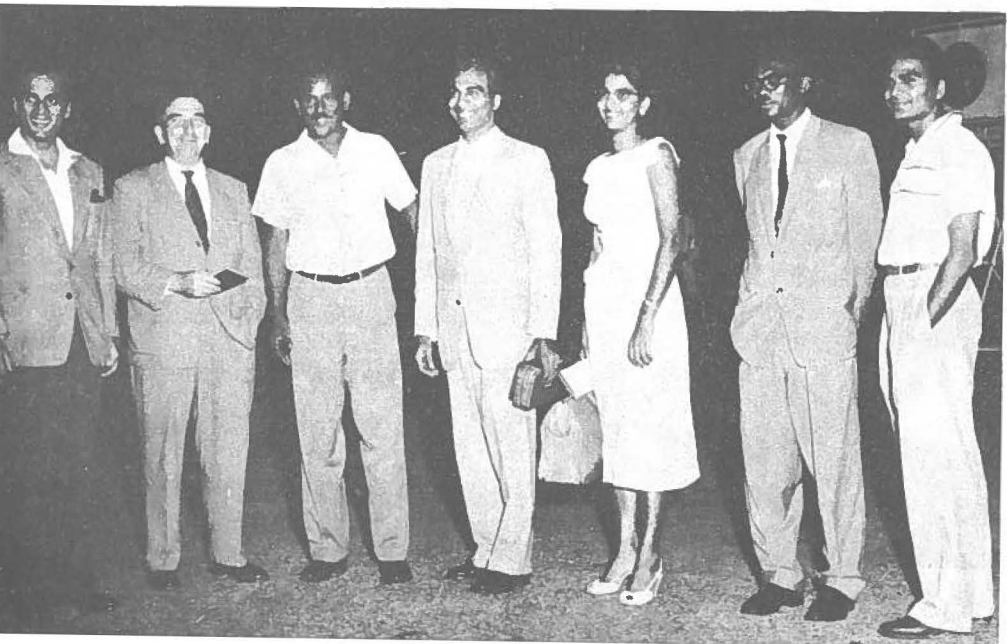


Instruments of propaganda were always ahead of Dr. Jagan.

penditure, in order to provide development funds. But no sooner the development expenditure was approved, Government employees in City drafted demands on Government for a minimum wage of \$4.50 per day. While the officials contended that it would disturb the development programme, the Union executives contended that too much funds were poured into Drainage and Irrigation schemes, which had been absorbing the country's resources for many generations. They criticised the D-Programme as merely a move to placate Dr. Jagan's supporters in the rural districts, and called for a revamping of the programme in order to give relief to the City workers with a grave unemployment problem and rising cost of living.

The Government of Dr. Jagan was forced in a dilemma by a paralysing strike of Federated Unions of Government employees on December 3

L. to R. Minister of Education, Mr. Balram Singh Rai, Director of Civil Aviation, Mr. Hubert Barker, Minister of Communications and Works, Mr. Ramkarran, Dr. Jagan, Dr. Jagan's younger sister, Minister of Natural Resources, Mr. Brindley Benn, Derick Jagan, younger brother of the Doctor.



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# POLITICS continued

## STRUGGLE FOR CONSTITUTIONAL

### Constitution Committee Vs Constituent Assembly



*Speaker of the Legislature Sir Donald Jackson. He presided over the constitution committee without a vote, while the majority voted to exclude public memoranda.*

**T**HE move towards constitutional reform for British Guiana began in June, 1958, nine months after the election to office of the present government. On June 11th 1958, the Legislature carried a resolution by legislator Mr. Jainarine Singh, calling for constitutional reform "with a view to the granting to British Guiana of the status of a fully self-governing territory within the Commonwealth," and secondly "The working out of an agreement between the British Guiana government and the United Kingdom government for a transitional period whereby the United Kingdom government would exercise control over defence and give guidance in foreign relations other than trade and commerce."

This resolution was rushed through in time for Dr. Jagan, leader of the Majority Party to leave with His Excellency the Governor, the Financial Secretary Mr. Frank Essex, and his colleague Mr. Edward Beharry, Minister of Natural Resources at the time, in the hope that Dr. Jagan might raise the matter with the Secretary of State for the Colonies. The resolution was also designed to counter another motion moved by the Minority leader, Mr. Linden Burnham to have the country begin negotiating at once to enter the West Indies Federation. This latter motion was deferred until the return from London of Dr. Jagan and the money mission. At the same time copies of the 'self-governing' resolution, were sent up to the Colonial Office to Mr. Lennox Boyd, who refused to discuss any constitutional matter with Dr. Jagan.

Instead, the Secretary of State instructed the Governor, Sir Patrick Renison to appoint a committee to recommend what form constitutional advance from the present interim arrangements should take and thereafter he would be willing to receive a representative delegation to discuss the recommendations.

#### GOVERNOR'S DIRECTIVE

In keeping with this decision, Sir Patrick decided to appoint as the committee, all 14 elected members, nine of whom were members of the Majority Party, and the five nominated members, two of whom were known sympathisers of the Majority Party. The three officials—Chief Secretary, Financial Secretary and Attorney General,—were made the official advisers to the Committee, while Sir Donald Jackson, Speaker of the House was named as Chairman, but without a vote.

In his directive to the Governor, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, had expressed the hope that the Committee would begin by inviting representations from the public and thereafter consider revision of the constitution point by point. It was also suggested that factual memoranda be pre-

pared by the Advisers and the secretaries to assist the members. But at the first meeting of the Committee, nine majority party members and one nominated party sympathiser, voted overwhelmingly to have no public memoranda, or receive no oral evidence from any organisation on what constitution should be desired. They called upon the chairman to withdraw the notice issued to the press inviting political parties organisations and other interested parties to submit memoranda, and took the decision that the Committee must deliberate in camera.

The Governor's reaction to this was to invite all interested parties, individuals and organizations to send their views and memoranda on constitutional reform to him personally at Government House.

At the next meeting the majority party with two sympathising nominated members voted overwhelmingly for British Guiana to become the independent state within the Commonwealth. A minority opinion considered that British Guiana should at this stage aim only at full internal self-government because they believed that the future of the territory lay in independence within a federation of the West Indies. "It was useless and wasteful", they claimed "to aim at independence now while the question of joining the Federation had not yet been finally decided.

The minority further argued that true independence was an expensive proposition and wondered whether a poor territory like British Guiana would be able to afford the services which an independent country must provide for itself, such as diplomatic representation in foreign countries. Nevertheless the majority, with all party members towing the party line, voted overwhelmingly for Independence. While Mr. Stephen Campbell the only member of Amerindian descent asked that it be recorded that he was not in favour of even full internal self-government for British Guiana at this stage.

Thereafter the Majority Party controlled all deliberations. Among the decisions that followed was that the Police come under an elected minister; External Affairs be vested in the hands of a council equally selected by the Prime Minister and the Governor. They rejected any idea that Her Majesty's government should be empowered to legislate for the country either by Order-in-Council or otherwise. They recommended a unicameral legislature to be called the Legislative Assembly consisting of 48 members elected on a 2-candidate per constituency basis from 24 constituencies defined for the 1953 constitution. The minority objected to the 2-member constituency basis and demanded proportional representation.

# REFORM



P.N.C. Constituent Assembly enjoying a joke from Barrister Rudy Luck. In the foreground is Secretary, Mr. Sydney King.

**S**INCE the minority found their views completely smothered, they took their own course of action. Members of the Peoples National Congress decided to form what they called a constituent Assembly, and convened by Mr. Sydney King, party secretary, this Constituent Assembly had its inaugural session on May 4.

Before a crowded Georgetown town hall, they picked forty-two persons, drawn from Political independents and splinter groups. They chose Mr. John Carter, the first vice-president of the PNC to be first chairman with Messrs Stephen Campbell of the National Labour Front and Deorooop Maraj as alternate Chairmen with Convenor Mr. Sydney King as secretary.

Declared Mr. Forbes Burnham, Party leader and Mayor, "It is out of the contributions that will be made, great wisdom will be found, and when history of the period comes to be written, this Constituent Assembly will occupy many pages of which all will be proud."

In the months that followed while the Constitution Committee held their deliberations behind closed doors, and strove to finish it in time for Dr. Jagan's money mission to London, the rival Constituent Assembly committee toured the country seeking views of the ordinary people.

On August 12 before a large audience of Georgetown folk in Charlotte Street Auditorium, Mr. Sydney King, secretary announced the findings of his committee. He said that they held 50 meetings including 33 sittings for the hearing of evidence, visited 19 districts touching from Skeldon on the Corentyne, to Charity on the Pomeroon. 49 persons testified they were in favour of unrestricted adult suffrage; 27

were in favour of some limitations, and 25 had no recommendations at all on this point. He said 63 statements recommended bicameral legislature and 13 a unicameral; 22 gave no opinion at all on this point.

Mr. King said 20 persons expressed a desire for full internal self government with safeguards. One group was for independence within the Commonwealth and within the West Indies federation. 8 Persons opposed internal self-government and wanted limited internal self government. About three persons wanted what they called "European rule". Of the 47 statements expressing an opinion on the Judiciary, 42 desired for it an independent status or

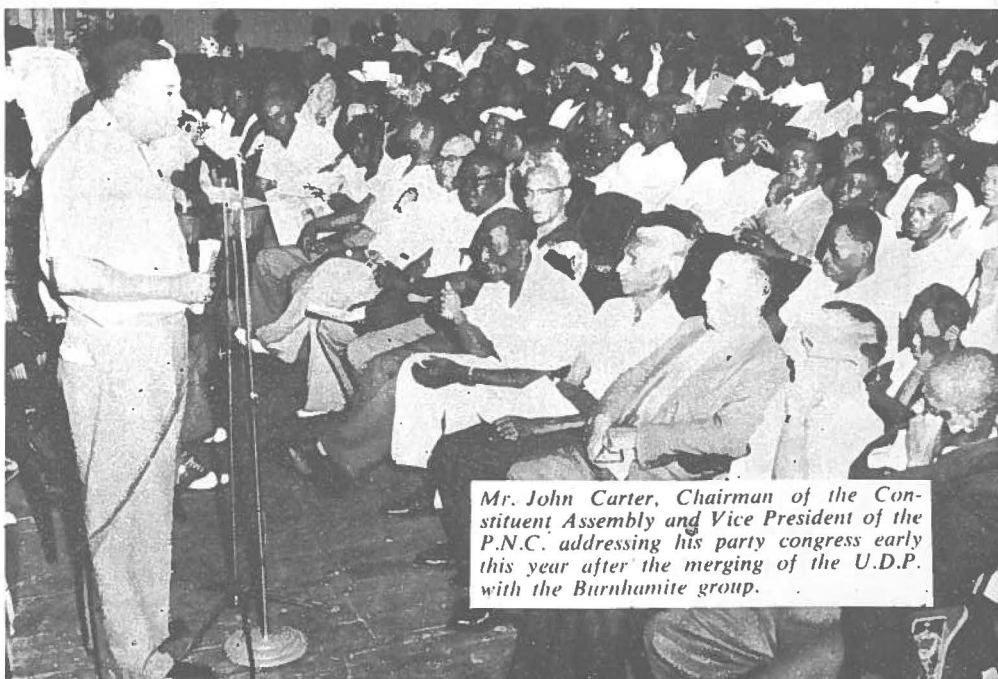
control by the Governor, a commission or Her Majesty's Government, while five persons demanded ministerial control.

33 statements desired a commission or government official to control the police. 11 were in favour of Ministerial control with a commission. 16 statements desired retention of the Governor's veto, six wished its abolition, 24 wished the retention of the Governor as president of the Executive Council.

Meanwhile although the rival constitution committee finished their sittings earlier in the year, no report was made in time for departure of the Majority leader Dr. Jagan for the United Kingdom on a money mission. The report was not made public until late in August because many members desired to express their reservations on the majority recommendations.

In Britain the Secretary of State for the Colonies refused to raise any constitutional matters with Dr. Jagan and when the report was published in August, it had a lukewarm reception. Critics condemned the majority recommendations of one-house all-elected legislature as being heavily weighted in favour of racial domination in an independent Guiana, with no safeguards and no outlet for minority views, conducive to either racial strife on the one hand or heavy handed dictatorship on the other.

The Constituent Committee, on the other hand, recommended that the country be given status of Internal Self Government with a bi-cameral legislature, consisting of an upper house of 12, nominated partly by the Prime Minister, and partly by the Governor, and a lower house of 36 elected by universal adult suffrage and proportional representation. They suggested that the Governor should head the executive, which should also include a cabinet to be called the Court of Policy with the Prime Minister as President. The Minister of Home affairs to be a non-elected Minister, chosen by the Prime Minister and to be appointed President of the Upper House. He should be in charge of civil service and Amerindian affairs. They also sought that the Chief Justice be appointed by the Governor, and the other Judges by a judicial or legal service commission. Finally that defence and foreign affairs remain in the hands of the Governor whose veto powers would be limited.



Mr. John Carter, Chairman of the Constituent Assembly and Vice President of the P.N.C. addressing his party congress early this year after the merging of the U.D.P. with the Burnhamite group.



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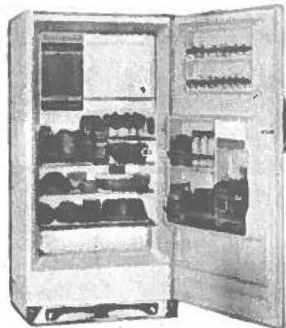


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# EDUCATION



Head Master D. D. Sim (behind microphone) presents a school crest and tie to the Hon. B. S. Rai, Minister of Community Development and Education, who conducted the official opening ceremony of Mackenzie High School in September this year. Others in the picture are Mr. J. N. Fraser, Manager at Mackenzie; Mr. G. H. R. Clough, Director of Education; Mrs. P. H. Morgan; Mr. J. G. Campbell, Managing Director of Demba; Mrs. D. D. Sim and Lady Holder, wife of the Chief Justice.

The Hon. Mrs. Janet Jagan, Minister of Labour, Health and Housing, presses the button that lit up the locations of British Guiana's four Nurses' Training Schools at the time of the opening of the Mackenzie Nursing School in the spring of 1959. Nursing Tutor Marion Davies looks on.



## INDUSTRY'S CONTRIBUTION

**DEMBA SPEND \$400,000 ON SCHOOLS IN 16 MONTHS.**

AT a colourful ceremony held last September, the Hon. Balram Singh Rai, Minister of Community Development and Education, opened the Mackenzie High School. The completion of this school marked the culmination of a three-year programme to enlarge the educational facilities for children of the Mackenzie-Wismar-Christianburg community, for it was in 1956, shortly after his appointment as Managing Director of Demba, that Mr. J. G. Campbell stated his determination to extend the educational programme of the community.

This was the third school, all built by Demba, to be opened in Mackenzie in sixteen months. In that period the Company has invested over \$400,000 in building and equipping these buildings.

It was in May of 1958, that the Demba Trade School was opened by the Hon. Brindley H. Benn, then Minister of Community Development and Education. This school, under its talented principal, Mr. Edwin Elcoat, is providing a high standard of technical education to enlarge the field of opportunity for youth of the district.

The day's class over, a group of students leave the Demba Trade School.



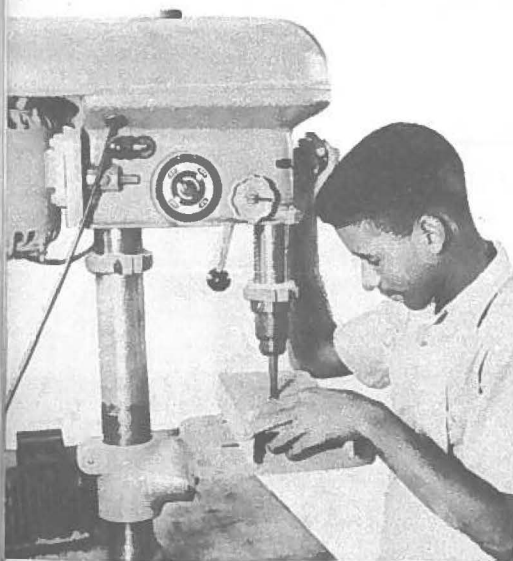
Modern architectural design and the use of masonry building materials are combined to make Mackenzie High School one of the most functional buildings in British Guiana.

## EDUCATION CONTD:

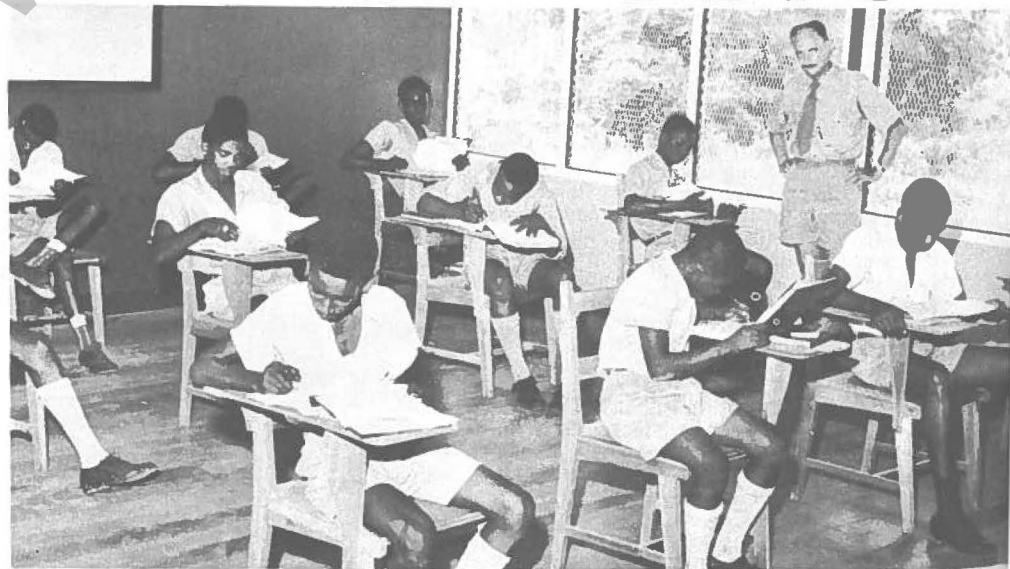
The Trade School gives a four-year course, the first two devoted principally to classroom study of basic subjects including mathematics, physics, chemistry and English. In the second two years the accent is on practical training in workshops, although the theoretical side of education is not forgotten. At the conclusion of the course the pupil writes the examination set by the City and Guilds Institute, London. If he is successful, he is then qualified and ready to embark on a career in industry.

The Mackenzie Nursing School was opened in April 1959, by the Hon. Mrs. Janet Jagan, Minister of Labour, Health and Housing. Drawing its students from all parts of British Guiana, it provides a four-year course of training under the rules and regulations of the General Nursing Council of British Guiana. It is hoped that the graduate nurses will not only fill a need in the 101-bed Mackenzie Hospital, but also in hospitals in the rest of the country. The first students have completed their initial study and have received their nursing trainees' caps.

A Trade School student at work in the carpentry shop. The School has modern equipment for wood and metal working, welding, blacksmithing etc.



Headmaster D. D. Sim supervises a class in gymnastic in the auditorium-gymnasium of the Mackenzie High School.



Students at work in the Demba Trade School under the watchful eye of Principal, E. Elcoat. In the first two years of the four year course, students concentrate on theoretical work including mathematics, physics, chemistry and English.



**Demba's Chief Medical Officer, Dr. C. F. Roza, conducts a class in the Mackenzie Nursing School. Students are drawn from all over the colony.**

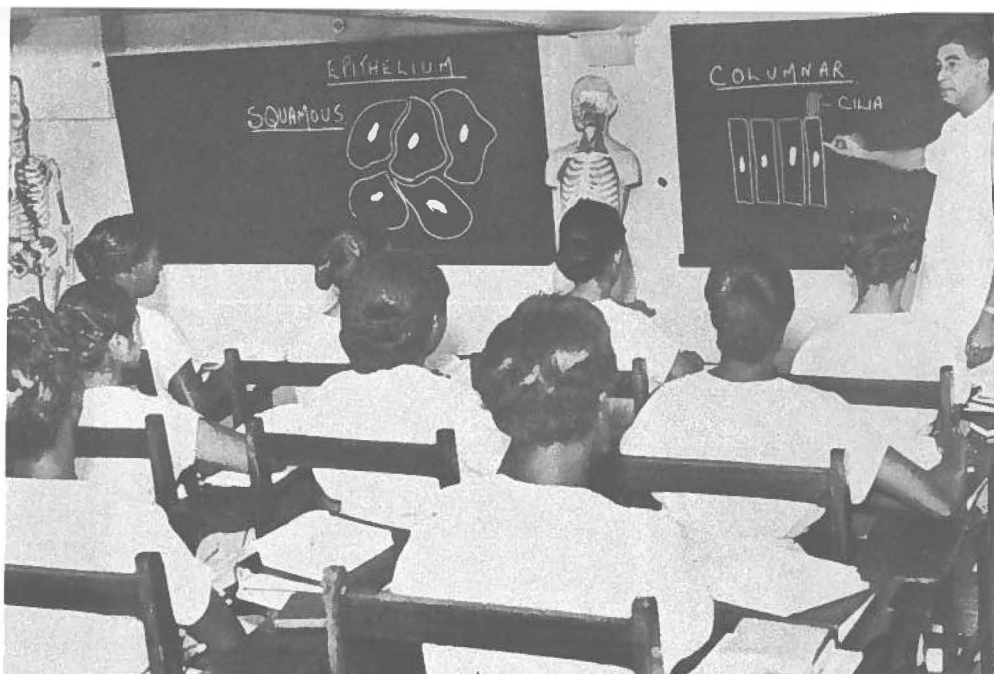
## EDUCATION CONTD:

The largest and most costly of the three educational units is the Mackenzie High School. As well as five classrooms and an auditorium-gymnasium, this school has a modern science block completely equipped to teach physics and chemistry. From the windows of the laboratory, students can glance out and see rising a short distance away the steel tanks and towers of Demba's alumina plant, which will require considerable numbers of scientifically qualified personnel.

Demba's attitude towards education was summed up by Mr. J. N. Fraser, Manager in Mackenzie, in his speech at the opening of the High School. He said, "I can think of no better indication of the importance we place on education. It is evidence, if further evidence is needed, of our willingness to assist in the overall development of British Guiana".

**Mrs. J. N. Fraser, wife of Demba's Manager at Mackenzie, and Miss Marion Davies, Nursing Tutor, perform the capping ceremony marking the successful completion of this fledgling nurse's first year of training at the Mackenzie Nursing School.**

**At drawing tables they designed and built themselves, students are seen in a class on engineering drawing.**



**Government Minister and Education Officials tour the Machine Shop of the Demba Trade School on the occasion of the official opening in 1958 by the Hon. Brindley H. Benn, then Minister of Community Development and Education. Seen in the photograph are: Mr. Edwin Elcoat, Principal; the Hon. Brindley H. Benn and Mrs. Benn; Mrs. J. G. Campbell; Mrs. J. N. Fraser; Mr. J. G. Campbell, Demba's Managing Director; and Mr. R. Nicholson of the Department of Education.**



MORNING

BETWEEN SUGAR in the  
and SUGAR in the

EVENING

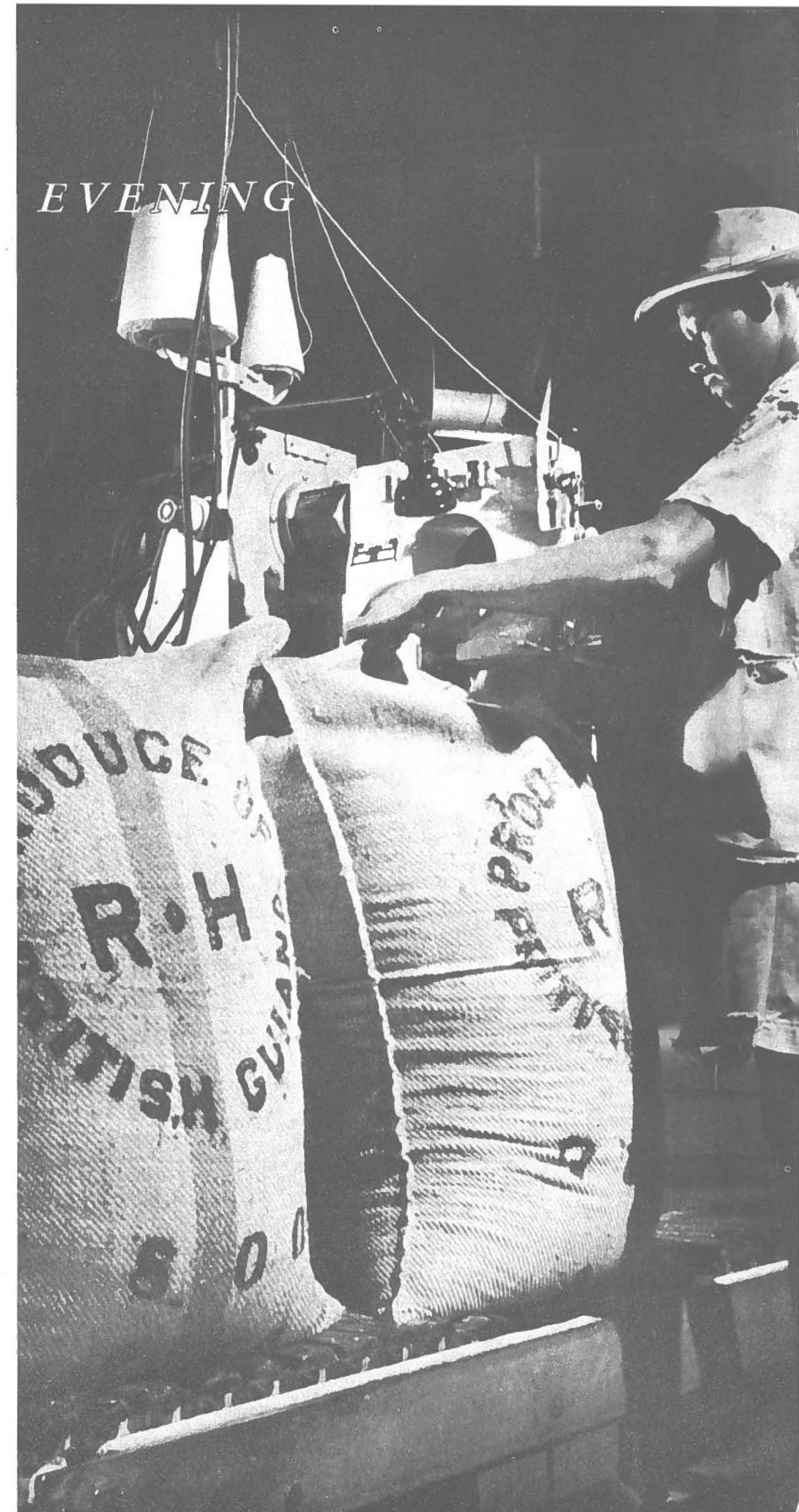
There is the  
work and scientific  
efficiency of the



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and Othes.



All members of our Sugar  
Industry team, upon which British  
Guiana so largely depends.





# SPORTS



## W. I. CHAMPIONSHIPS

**N**INE West Indian records were broken in the Third Annual Windian Track and Field Championships held at the historic Bourda ground in Georgetown in August.

The host country—British Guiana—was crowned the champion country with an aggregate of 117 points to Jamaica's 91 and Trinidad's 81. This result kept to the annual pattern ... the host country winning the championship title.

Athletes to star were those Windians who have been studying in the United States of America on athletic scholarships. Jamaica's Mal and Mel Spence, Robert Thomas and George Kerr set new figures for the



Jamaica's indomitable twins Mel and Mal Spence. They dominated the Quarter Mile Relay.

4 x 400 metres relay returning 3m. 9.5 secs. as against 3m. 14 secs. in '57. Jamaican schoolboy Mahoney Samuels cleared 48' 4½" to take the gold medal in the triple jump and Keith Gardner travelled over the 110 metre high hurdles in 14.4 secs. Jamaica continued to show her individual form when Commonwealth Games high jump champion Ernie Heasley easily won that event when he cleared the black and white triangular bar at 6' 7½"

**T**HE giant of the Championships in more than one way was Antigua's Lester Bird. One would have thought that this 6' 5" Ohio Relay jumper had wings when he leaped 24' 7½" to take the long jump title. Lester is considered as one of the top ten long jumpers in the world today and is the Windian hope for a gold medal at Rome next year.

Local hero was ruffled haired sugar estate worker Moses Dwarka who is coached by McDonald Bailey. Dwarka ran the thirteen and a half miles half marathon in his bare feet. Having his first season in international competition Dwarka showed Brenda Archer is over at 4' 10" to win her first Gold Medal in the Windian Championship.



## GAMES 1959 by



WILBERT G. FOKKER  
(Former Ulster Athlete).



Who won the gold medal? Some say Yvonne Smith (rt.) some say Myrna Fawcett (left).

Trinidad's mighty Mike Agostini in a pensive mood.



that this was his class. Unperturbed by the rough roads his bare feet pounded their way relentlessly to a great ovation at the finish.

Guiana's captain De Peana clipped 18.8 secs. off his 15 m. 20 secs. record in 1958 for the 5,000 metres and also won the 10,000 metres in 31 m. 58.6 secs.

Spectators were thrilled by the way Trinidad's Agostini fought every metre of the 100 to oust Keith Gardner. A packed Bourda could be heard on the outskirts of the city giving its ovation to underdog Jackson when he won the 200 metres from Gardner and Agostini. The event that caught the imagination of sports writers was the 800 metres featuring Guiana's Seth and Jamaica's George Kerr. Much had been heard of the vast improvement and the unbelievable performances of the ex-Saints boy since his going on an athletic scholarship to Michigan university. Like many Press-built events, the 800 metres turned out

a farce. Faced with Kerr on his right Seth never found his true form and as a result Kerr won in the slow time of 1 m. 53.6 secs.

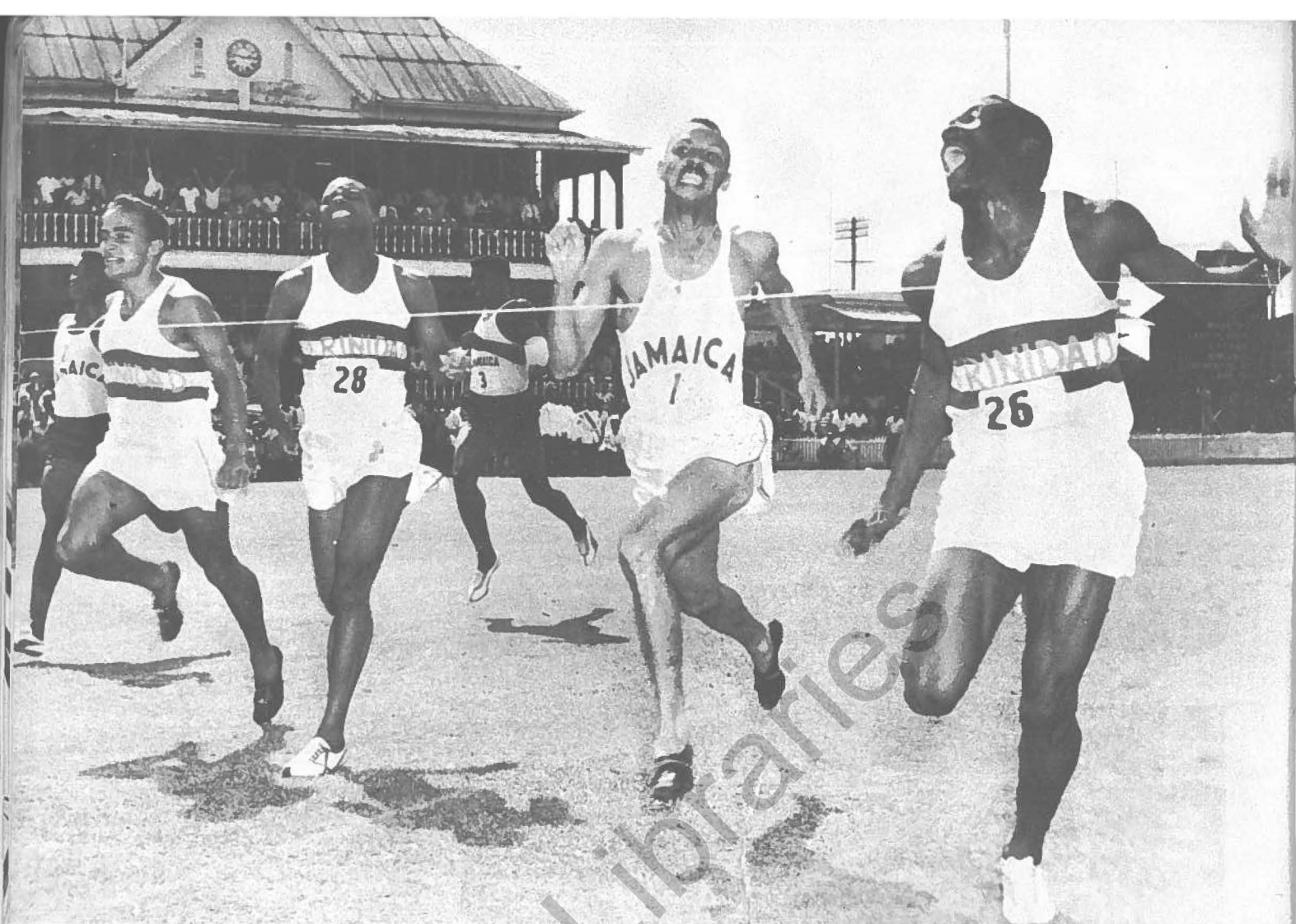
Championships usually bring new talent to the world's headlines and the ladies did not disappoint the 10,000 spectators. Unheard of five weeks previously Bishop's High School pupil Brenda Archer won the high jump title in straddle fashion with the bar at 4' 10" to set a new Windian native record. Myrna Fawcett established herself as the Caribbean sprint queen when she won the 100 and 200 metres from her colleague Yvonne Smith. All season the battle between these two has been like a sea-saw. It will be interesting to watch who goes to Rome.

The Championships gave that added incentive to British Guiana's athletics which seemingly was lacking in former years. The result... the future looks good for those who reach the top.



B.G.'s George De Peana arriving on G.C.C. Grounds, Bourda, with Governor's message to open the W.I. Championship Games in August.





Wilton Jackson (right) winning the 200 metres from Keith Gardner (second from right) and Mike Agostini (left) as the crescendo rises from the stands at the W.I.C/ships.

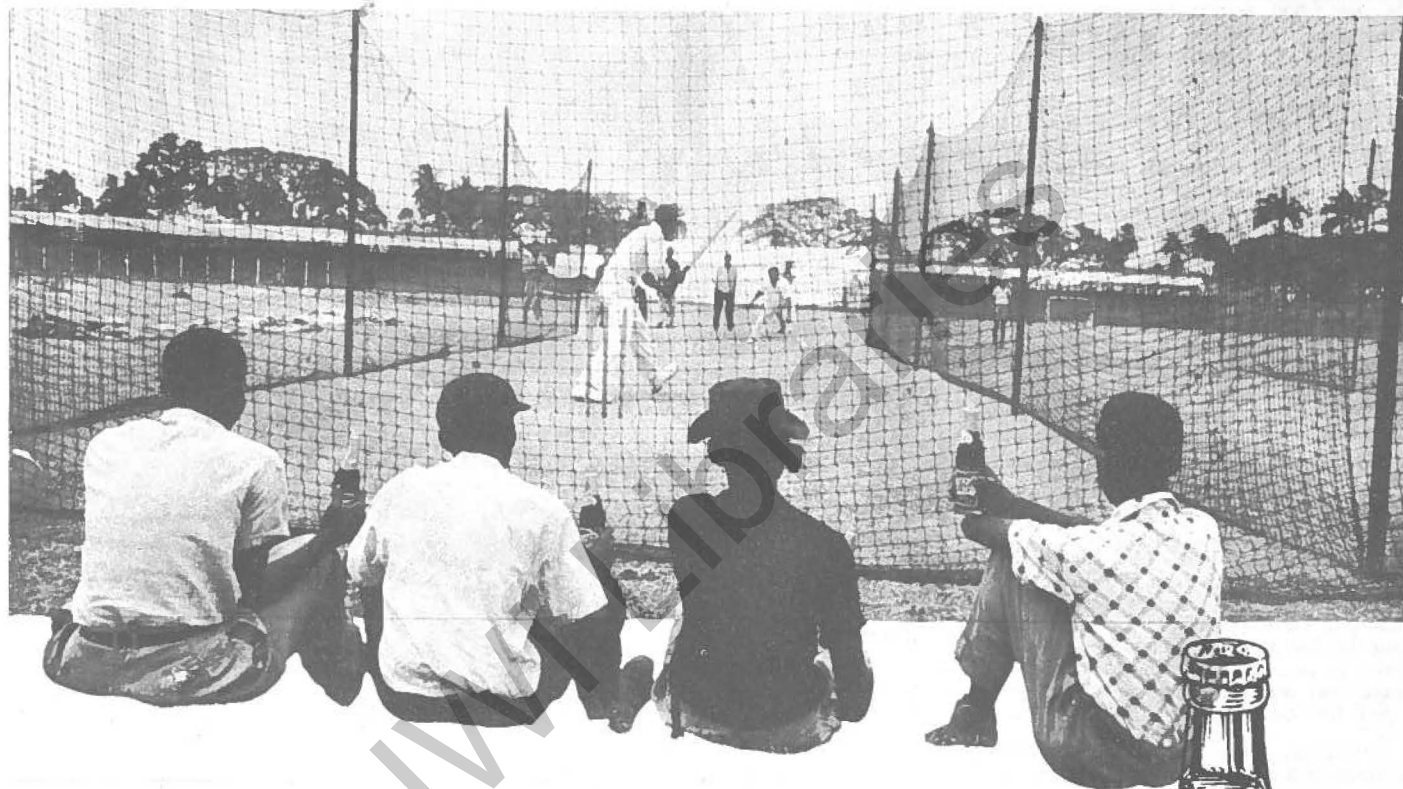


100-metre ladies dash with Fawcett (right) First, Smith, second and Masdammer (centre) third.



Jamaica's George Kerr, fastest half-miler on the grass track.

*In Preparing for the MCC Tour 1960*  
**in**  
**British Guiana –**



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*is there helping to pass the  
time of day for players and  
spectators alike*

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# A.A.A.C.U. CHAMPIONSHIPS

**T**HAT Master of English cycling Eric Thompson returned to 'the land of waters' with Ken Lowe and Commonwealth high jump record holder Thelma Hopkins to give us part 11 of 'how to do it' at the August Games.

British Guiana's much improved cyclists along with old timer Boy Blue were given a lesson on the art of staying up to the finish. The former Olympic tandem rider was a man of experience and confidence on the sun baked Bourda track. Though not a sprinter he demonstrated his versatility when team mate Lowe came off in the 1,000 metres by showing Phillips, Boy Blue, Nicholson and Elphage how to go round the almost square corners of sportsmanship was visible to all in the Blairmont-Sea Wall event in mid-September. Having given Bogey De Freitas some useful Bourda at top speed. Thompson's display tips in '58 Eric helped his prodigy to come within a minute of his record when he outshone other more experienced Guianese to the deafening ovation of that vast Sea Wall crowd. I am told that Thompson waited for Bogey at most villages to share the village prize with him, indeed on more than one occasion it was The Master who helped the automatic De Freitas to keep going: what a sportsman. Eric has done invaluable service to our boys Phillips, Elphage, Nicholson and Bogey and next year we will see and hear more of them in the International field.

**B**UT what of Eric's partner, Ken Lowe? This young Birmingham salesman was prepared to play second fiddle for Eric. We saw these two men ride as a team from 500 metres to the 65 mile road race. Before leaving for his home in Derby, Eric told me that had they not worked as a team they would not have been so successful. Perhaps our boys will note that on most occasions its the team spirit that counts at the finish.

Thelma Hopkins came to British Guiana as a coach in her speciality the high jump. Though not a sprinter she was prepared to give our girls the boost they needed and man they accepted it with 1.2. 1.2. each time. However, Thelma was in her own world class when she demonstrated with ease how to clear 5' 3" in straddle fashion from a grass take off to create a new Windian all comers record. It was with similar ease she glided over the 80 metres hurdles to make our girls look clumsy and static.

One girl to take full benefit of Thelma's experience was Dr. Ernest Corr's find, Brenda Archer. Thelma helped to build this lithe gold medalist to the height of 5' with four inches to spare. Coaching most afternoons Thelma not only imparted knowledge but explained such knowledge by demonstrations as the photograph on this page shows her going over the hurdle at Queen's College ground. Yvonne Smith also gained invaluable help in preparation for her attempt to be at Rome next year. It is girls like Brenda and Yvonne plus the host of keen school children who eagerly watched Miss Hopkins who will put British Guiana on the sporting map in the years that lie ahead.

Thank you Ken, Eric and Thelma for coming.



*Eric Thompson sweeps over the line in one of his many victories at the August Games.*



*Thelma Hopkins, Northern Ireland's champion clears the bar at 4' 10" in a ladies high jump.*

*Thompson and Cumberbatch in a grim struggle for the finish. Thompson won.*





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**TINNE—RENISON WEDDING**

**B** RILLIANT sunshine peeped out from behind Britain's dusty skies on the morning of August 6 last, as British Guiana's former Governor, Sir Patrick Renison, entered Chelsea Church to give his only daughter, Ann Willoughby, in marriage to Michael Patrick Tinne, youthful executive in the Georgetown office of Sandbach Parker.



*Mr. and Mrs. Michael Tinne after their wedding this year in London. Bride is the daughter of former B.G. Governor, Sir Patrick Renison. Groom is the youthful executive in the Georgetown Office of the ancient family firm of Messrs. Sandbach Parker & Co., Ltd.*

# GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER

## MARRIES

Petite, teen-age Ann, dressed in traditional, snowy-white bridal satin, emerged from a sleek Rolls Royce, to the supporting clasp of her proud father, and the cheers of excited crowds, truly appreciative of the beauty and artistry for which Chelsea is famous.

Tiny, Phillipa Holder led the way, while Diana Tinne, sister of the groom, and Patricia Gibbings, daughter of Sandbach's Managing Director, at whose posh Georgetown party Ann and Michael met and fell in love, held the bridal train in place, as Ann and her dad walked up the aisle.

Clearly, she repeated the marriage vows pronounced by the Rev. Right Hon. W. Ellison, Bishop of Chester. The Bishop had journeyed several miles to perform the age-old task of joining two people together as man and wife, "until death us do part".

The ceremony was simple and impressive, and Lady Renison, more charming than ever, flashed her sunny smile as she witnessed her daughter being handed over into the care and attention of a husband.

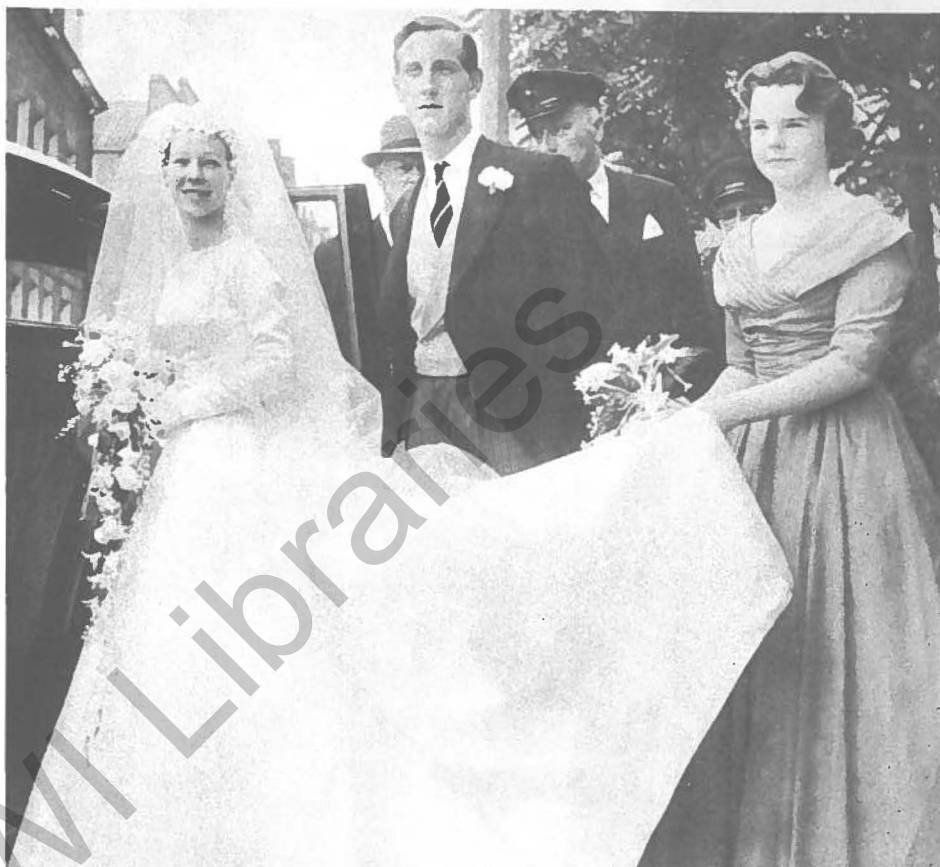
Only close relatives of the bride and groom and their parents witnessed the marriage ceremony. But the reception was a gala affair, attended as it was by 500 guests. It was held in the quiet town of Knightsbridge, and prominent among the guests were Sir Charles Woolley, former B.G. Governor, and Lady Woolley, Sir Jock Campbell, London Director of Bookers and Lady Campbell, and Mr. Philip Rogers, Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Mrs. Rogers.

Others who sipped champagne were majority party leader, Hon. Dr. Cheddie Barrat Jagan, and Financial Secretary, the Hon. Frank Essex, both of whom were in Britain at the time on a money mission to aid British Guiana's D-Programme. Then there were Mrs. A. M. Fulton, wife of Dr. Fulton — at whose Georgetown flat the couple were to set up housekeeping, and their daughter Andrea.

Ann's most prized gift from her parents was an aluminium boat, to go cruising in B.G.'s coffee-coloured waters.

After honeymooning on the continent, Mr. and Mrs. Tinne returned to British Guiana late last October. The airport scene at Atkinson at Ann's departure, was re-acted in part on her return. For there to meet her and her husband were the Governor's Buick with its gleaming crest and liveried chauffeur, to drive them to Government house, where they remained as guests before taking up residence at Fulton's Court.

*Ann Renison the Bride in all her splendor.*



*Bride and Groom leaving Church for their reception at 23 Knightsbridge, London, pause for camera-man Ken Montano, while Patricia Gibbings, daughter of Mr. Peter Gibbings, Managing Director of Sandbach Parker & Co. of Georgetown, is holding bride's satin gown.*





*Social and Personal Contd.*

## B. G.'s WEDDING

*Second  
Spring  
Marriage*

*Rev. Errol Pilgrim performs the ceremony at Trinity Methodist Church, Georgetown, as Marguerite Belafonte, ex-wife of Cinemactor Belafonte looks on.*

# OF THE YEAR

By OLGA ARMSTRONG

## CARTER—HARRIS SECOND SPRING

**B**RITISH Guiana's wedding of the year was that of debonair, Barrister-politician, John Patrick Carter, to American fashion model and radio and T.V. star, Sara Lou Harris, on Saturday afternoon, July 25.

Their marital vows taken, arm in arm John and Sara waved their appreciation to the milling crowd, as they left the church as man and wife to embark on their "second spring", for both had already tasted married bliss. John fathers two pretty daughters by a former marriage, and Sara one daughter by her previous U.S. husband.

Sara was given in marriage by Dr. Claude Denbow, President of the B.G. League of Coloured People, and John was given by Georgetown Mayor, Mr. Linden Forbes Burnham.

Thousands of spectators jostled with each other in the vicinity of Trinity Methodist Church, where the ceremony was performed, to catch a glimpse of the "beautiful bride in blue", and her hundreds of guests, all dressed in the latest creations from fashion houses in Georgetown and overseas.

Men took to the tops of their motor cars and branches of trees, while women stood in the parapet and church yard and screamed with sheer delight, and gave Police Troopers a time of their life to maintain order, as guest after guest arrived and dislodged from their ears.

When John arrived, the crowd went into momentary silence, before bursting into rounds of applause. They knew not whom to admire — whether the well-tailored and popular groom-to-be, or his Mayoral escort, equally well-tailored and popular figure with city crowds.

But it was the first sight of Sara, supported by corpulent Dr. Denbow and attended by Marguerite Belafonte, former wife of well-known film star 'Harry Belafonte, that stole the show. The outburst of the varied forms of appreciation, was second only to that given H.R.H. Princess Margaret, when she visited B.G. in 1958.

Marguerite had come all the way from the United States to be by the side of her best friend, and so did many cameramen, who nudged each other to select the best position for shooting pictures to carry back to the U.S. Policewomen, who kept guard at the church door, barely succeeded in securing enough space for the bride and her escort to ascend the aisle.

The marriage ceremony was performed by Supernumerary Methodist Minister, Rev. Errol Pilgrim, by special request of the couple, and the courtesy of Methodist Chairman, Rev. James Davison.



*Dr. Claude Denbow in a father-giving role.*

The bride's dress was another of her own creation, put into effect by American dress designer, Ruth Crowder. It was of ice-blue chiffon, with the yolk studded with seed pearls, sequins and bugle beads, and the skirt, a knee length, three-tiered swirler.

Another collection of the spectators waited for the arrival of the couple and their guests at John's boyhood home in Sandy Babb Street, Kitty, where the recep-

tion was held. There, toasts were drunk in champagne and guests took the occasion to swirl themselves round to display their ensemble.

Because they were attending the wedding of an American fashion model, B.G.'s women went to extremes by importing part, if not their entire costume from the U.S. The result was, a fashion show of class. But Sara surprised them by wearing the implest...yet daintiest of costumes on her



*John leads his bride away from the altar as hundreds of pairs of eyes gaze in such bewilderment.*



wedding day, which made her olive-toned skin stand out in all its beauty. Among her guests were U.S. Consul in British Guiana, Mr. Carroll Woods and Mrs. Woods

Mr. and Mrs. John Carter left the following day for Crusoe Island (Tobago) to spend a short honeymoon.

Ever since their return, Sara has entered into the full swing of Guianese life. One of her roles has been organising money-raising efforts for the People's National Congress of which her husband is first Vice-President, and the League of Coloured People of which he is an executive member. She has maintained her hold on her female admirers by teaching them some of the fine points in modelling for fashion shows. Her most recent public effort was "Autumn Fantasy" staged at the Empire Cinema, in aid of the B.G. Theatre Guild Playhouse.



*Off to their second Spring.*



*The new Mrs. Carter begins house-keeping with a huge squash to cook.*

*Ready for the reception after the ceremony.*



**RADIO**

# B. G. BROADCASTING SERVICE

**I**N one year of broadcasting, B.G.B.S. has established itself in Guianese homes as a source of entertainment, information and general good listening. The critics who, at the outset, felt that there was no need for two radio stations, have been silenced by daily evidence of the important service B.G.B.S. is rendering the public.

The value of this service has its basis in B.G.B.S.'s sound programme policy. This station does not set out to compete with Radio Demerara by providing programmes of the same level at the same time as the other station. (This is generally what happens wherever there are competitive stations). Rather, its purpose is to provide alternative listening, so that at any given time a listener could tune to B.G.B.S. with the assurance of hearing something quite different from what is being aired by Radio Demerara.

*"And here is Greg Poole with the News, compiled by the Guiana Times news-service"*



*"Thank you and good evening....."*

B.G.B.S.'s added value lies in the fact that, with its inception, it is now possible to place greater emphasis on the broadcasting of special events, especially sports, without disrupting normal programmes on Radio Demerara. As a result, a listener who wants to hear his regular Radio Demerara programmes, need not suffer because of the broadcasting of a special sport event; on the other hand, the sport fan could tune to B.G.B.S. and settle down to the enjoyment of full commentaries, uninterrupted by other programmes.

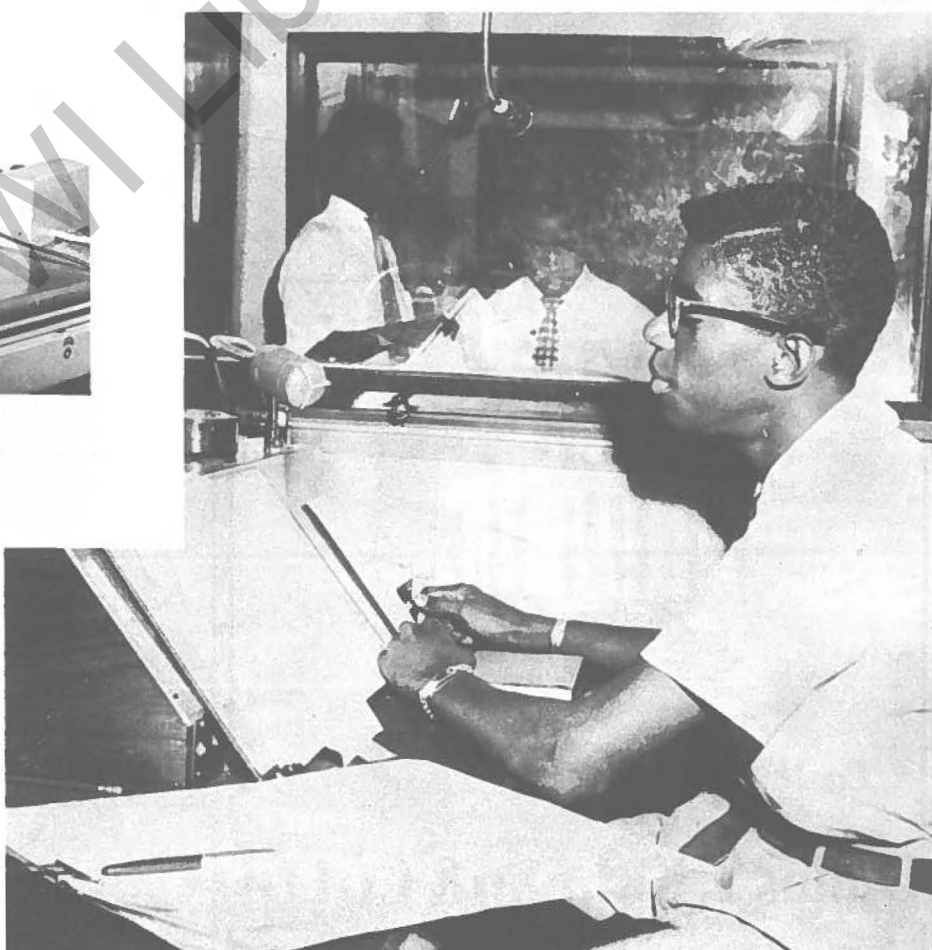
Listeners in British Guiana are, therefore, in an enviable position, for they have two stations — Radio Demerara and B.G.B.S. — that complement each other and, in the process, offer a greater variety and choice of radio programmes than obtain anywhere else in the British Caribbean.



B.G.B.S. control room with operator Brindley Barrington at the controls

*"560 on Your Dial"*

*Announcer Hugh Cholmondeley puts over a programme "From Hugh to you"*



FREIGHT BY RIVER & SEA — MEANS

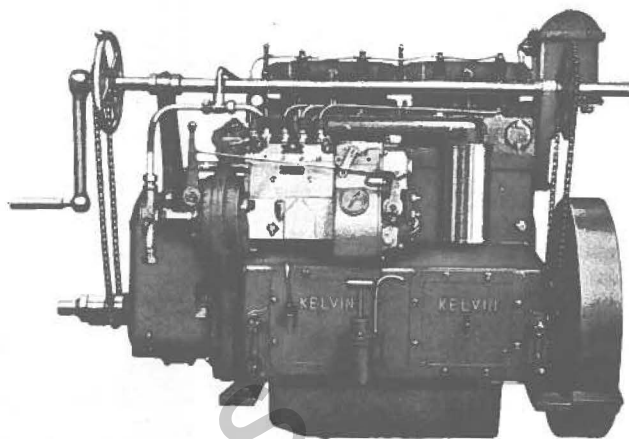
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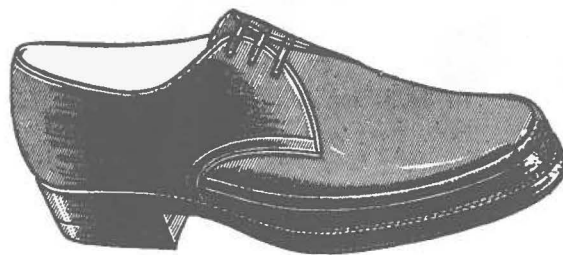
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EXPENSIVE, BATA VALUES ARE  
BEST VALUES,**

so come and make your selection from  
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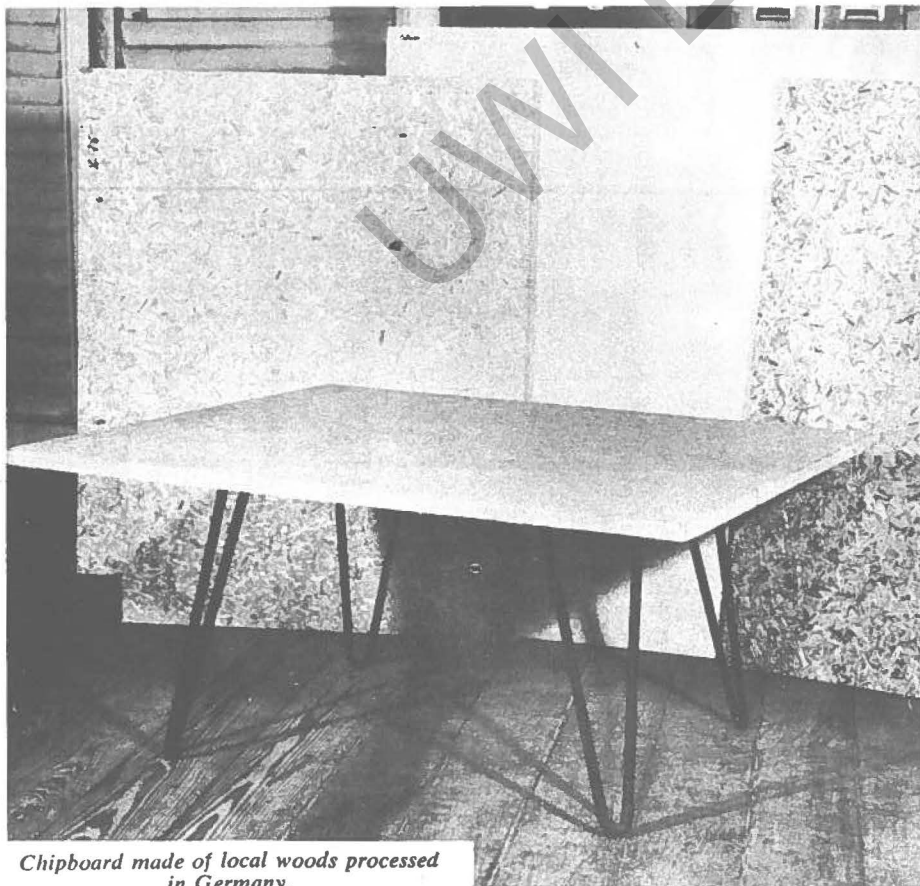
**FAMILY SHOE STORE.**

## INDUSTRY

# PLIBOARD DEVELOPMENT



*Directors of Timbers Development (B.G.) Ltd. walking down newly built wharf of Plibord Factory, East Bank, Demerara. L. to R. Messrs. H. Gajraj, Carl McGowan, H. A. Amo, Jack Willems, Dr. A. C. Miller, E. Correia, Rudolph Singh, A. Majeed.*



*Chipboard made of local woods processed in Germany.*

**T**HE most significant industrial activity in British Guiana has been the development of the particle or chipboard industry now known as Pliboard, which went into production this year by the second Guianese million-dollar public company—"Timber Development (B.G.) Ltd."

Under the new technique, large quantities of perhaps hitherto unused woods from the vast forest resources along the riverain areas or near the coastal belt, can be now converted into chipboard. By this process the wood is fed into chipping machines. The chips are mixed with resin and compressed into boards which combine the qualities of ordinary wood and the strength and durability of stronger material, ideal for building and furniture making. Pliboard is now rapidly developing into another major B.G. export, this time as a finished product.

The idea was first conceived about 1934, by Mr. Jack Willems of the firm of Willems Timber and Trading Company. This firm operated large wood grants from which suitable woods were sought for match making and timber for export. The company experimented with samples for the making of tentest and hard woods but unfortunately for one reason or another they proved no good.

After the war, samples were sent to America for plywood manufacture, but the country yielded an insufficient number of suitable woods. Then in 1955, during the

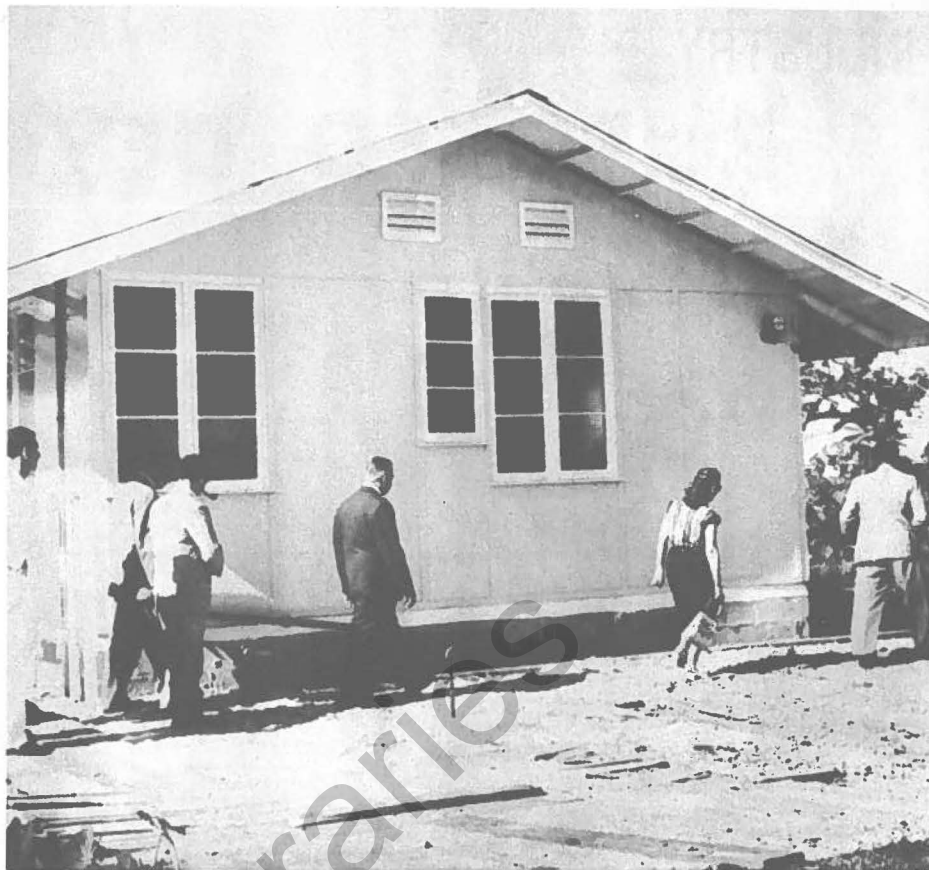


regime of the Interim Government one Legislator, Mr. Charles Carter, brought up the idea that Surinam was establishing plywood industry and why not British Guiana. With the late Mr. W. J. Raatgever, they formed a legislative investigating committee and invited memoranda.

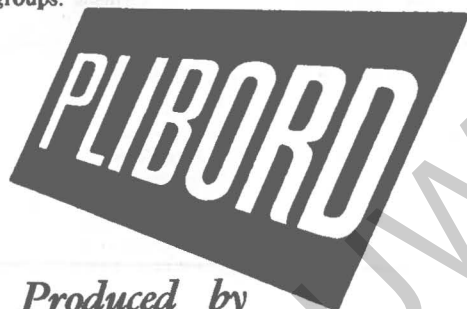
NE such memorandum came from Mr. Jack Willems. Being an engineer and always interested in woods, he had heard about the manufacture of particle board in Germany during the war and thought it had possibilities. He investigated same and gave in his report. Finally, the committee tossed it back to him, and said it was a matter for private enterprise.

At once Engineer Willems decided to become a company promoter. He approached the International Finance Corporation in America, who promised to take up 49 percent of the shares. Next Reynolds Metals, operating for Bauxite in B.G. offered to take up \$100,000 worth of shares. With this assurance he interested a number of Guianese businessmen, and following on the heels of the Banks Breweries Ltd., he managed to get the B.G. public to take up shares so rapidly that soon \$1,000,000 was realised.

A German Engineer was at once employed and a Factory Manager, and the plant came into operation on the East Bank of Demerara. Production of the pliboard chiefly from Walaba started just before the Easter holidays in 1959. Now, with a plant working to full capacity the demands are coming in from far afield. Timber Development (B.G.) Ltd., has now gone into the Prefabricated housing business which now threatens to reduce considerably the cost of house-building for lower income groups.



Directors showing the Minister of Housing the Hon. Janet Jagan, around the first prototype low cost house built by Plibord.

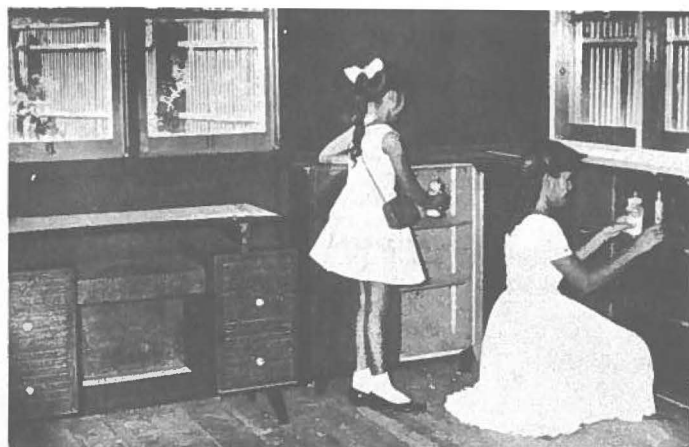


*Produced by*  
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(B.G.) Ltd.**

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Georgetown, B.G.



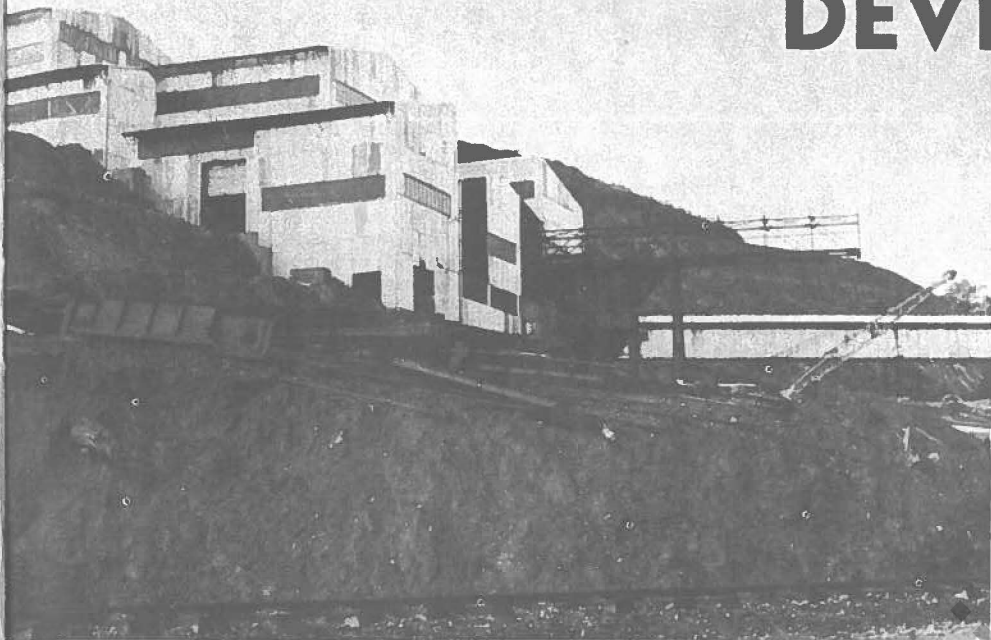
**HOUSE built by PLIBORD**



**FURNITURE of all kinds  
can be made of PLIBORD  
for all Building work  
use**



# MANGANESE DEVELOPMENT



Mathews Ridge, where manganese will be mined and loaded on the newly built railway for Port Kaituma 32 miles away.

ONE day in November this year, a British Guiana Airways Grumman plane took off from Atkinson Field with a number of high ranking personnel, and headed in a North Westerly direction. Among the passengers were the Hon. Dr. Cheddi Jagan, Minister of Trade and Industry and Mrs. Jagan, Minister of Labour, Health and Housing, and acting Chief Secretary, Mr. Michael Porcher.

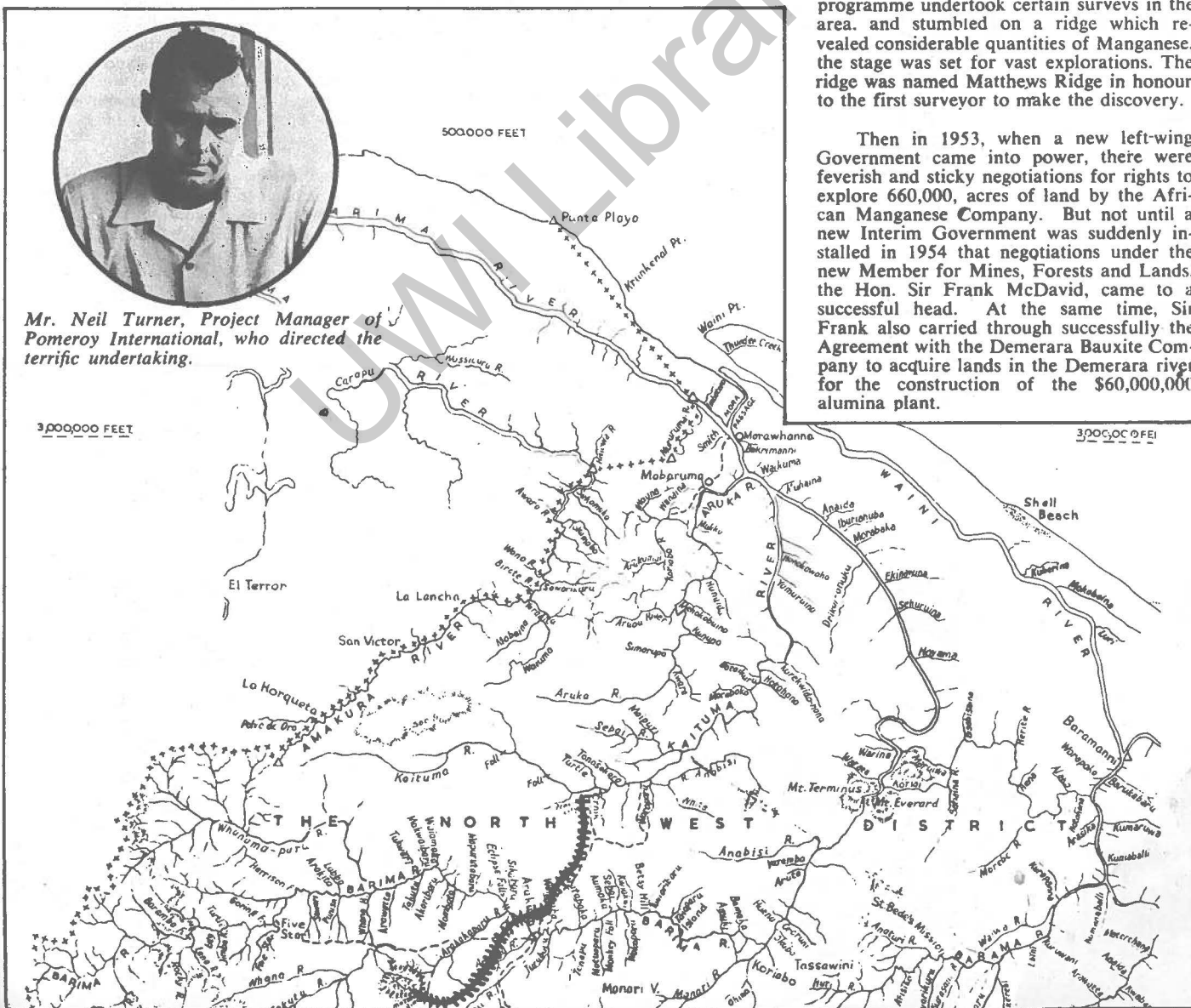
They were being taken by Pomeroy International Ltd. of San Francisco, USA, to see the ceremonial driving of the last spike for the completion of a railway. The railway ran through immense jungle of the Northwest district, to a point known as Matthews Ridge, which is to become the hub of future mining operations in British Guiana, not far from the Venezuelan Border, across which immense developments were underway.

More than seven years ago when two Geologists, American-born Ben Webber and British-Born Alastir Fraser, loaned to B.G. Geological Survey Department on an ICA programme undertook certain surveys in the area, and stumbled on a ridge which revealed considerable quantities of Manganese, the stage was set for vast explorations. The ridge was named Matthews Ridge in honour to the first surveyor to make the discovery.

Then in 1953, when a new left-wing Government came into power, there were feverish and sticky negotiations for rights to explore 660,000 acres of land by the African Manganese Company. But not until a new Interim Government was suddenly installed in 1954 that negotiations under the new Member for Mines, Forests and Lands, the Hon. Sir Frank McDavid, came to a successful head. At the same time, Sir Frank also carried through successfully the Agreement with the Demerara Bauxite Company to acquire lands in the Demerara river for the construction of the \$60,000,000 alumina plant.



Mr. Neil Turner, Project Manager of Pomeroy International, who directed the terrific undertaking.





*The single tract ore-carrying railway dug through the densest jungle yet known and through hills to haul manganese ore.*

Dr. Jagan appeared a bit tired when he lifted the huge sledge hammer to drive the golden spike. He declared at the ceremony that as far as Government was concerned, a lot of money was spent on geological investigations, and it is hoped to spend more in the future. As a result he said many more minerals will be found in the country. He also expressed the hope that the district will not only be concerned with mining but will attract people from the crowded coastal areas, in order to build an agricultural community. He hoped that the equipment used in the railway building project would be used in the development of the other proposed Wood pulp project.

The Project Engineer, Mr. Neil Turner, who directed the railway—building operations, paid much tribute to the Guianese workers. While Mr. W. C. White, Director and Superintending Engineer, paid tribute to Dr. Jagan and the manner in which the engineers carried out their gigantic task.

Mr. A. B. Henderson of Livesey and Henderson, described the North West Jungle as "probably the more difficult than others in the world. The density of the jungle was extreme and visibility was never greater than about five yards."

The completion of the railway now begins a new chapter in the mining developments. Production and export of Manganese is scheduled to begin in July 1960, when about 90,000 tons will move out of the new port of Kituma and later increase 360,000 tons.

Just a few weeks before -Mr. J. N. Fraser, Manager of the Demerara Bauxite Company, told a conference of visiting Geologists that in British Guiana an entirely new mining venture was launched by the African Manganese Company. This development will result in the establishment of a new community in the North West District.

He added that although the Guianas have not returned to their foremost place in the ranks of world bauxite producers. There has been a continued influx of new capital.

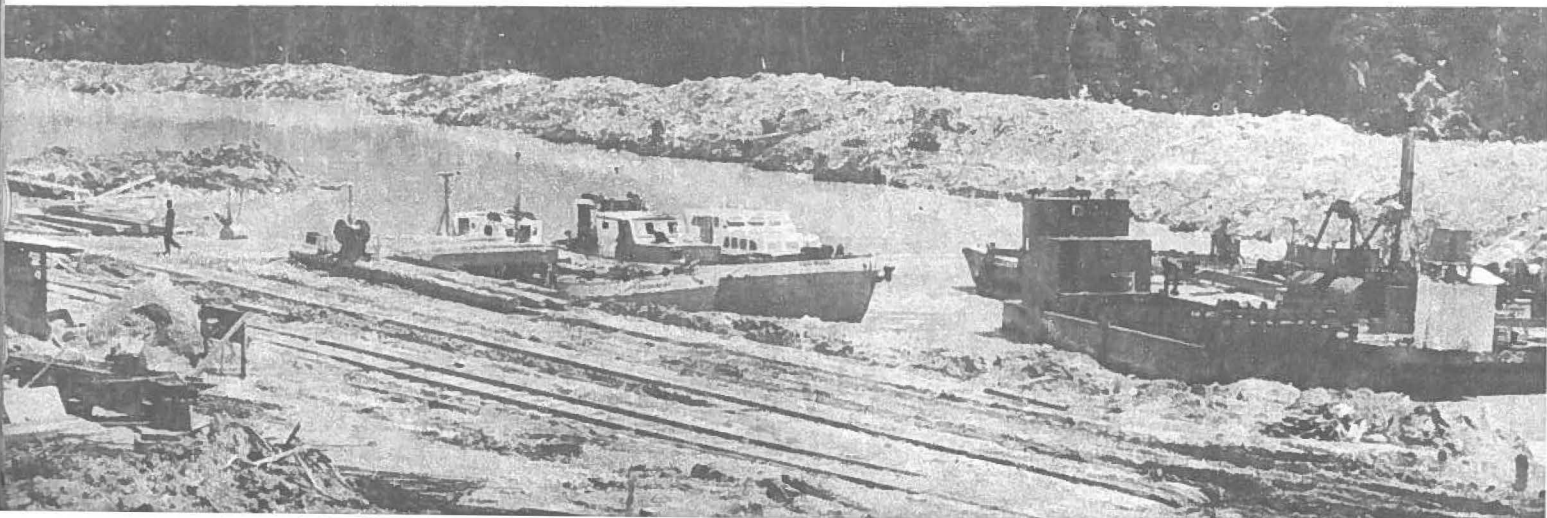
*Port Kaituma a deep water port in the headwaters of the Barima River, where deep sea Freighters will soon load manganese.*

When the first investigations were made into the possibility of extracting Manganese from the North West District, it was immediately realised that the transportation problem was the most important to solve. Then, with the help of a local contractor Mr. B. Khan, a London firm of Consulting Engineers Messrs Livesey & Henderson made the survey and reported it was possible to build the railway. This job was started two years ago through what is described as the worst jungle area in the world. The railway line was cut from the proposed mining area near Matthew's Ridge across the Barima river, to the shipping terminal being constructed at the end of the canal running into the Kaituma river. It cost \$240,000 per mile to build, took 3,500 tons of rail, 81,000 mra sleepers, and along it was installed 32 miles of telephone and signal system. It is equipped with three 46-ton 400-horse power diesel electric locomotives, and one 35-ton shunter locomotive. There are 51 ore cars and each train will comprise 10 of these cars carrying a total

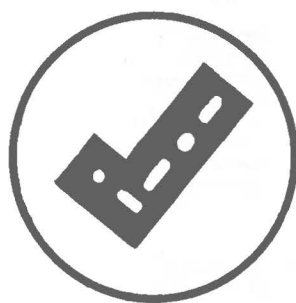
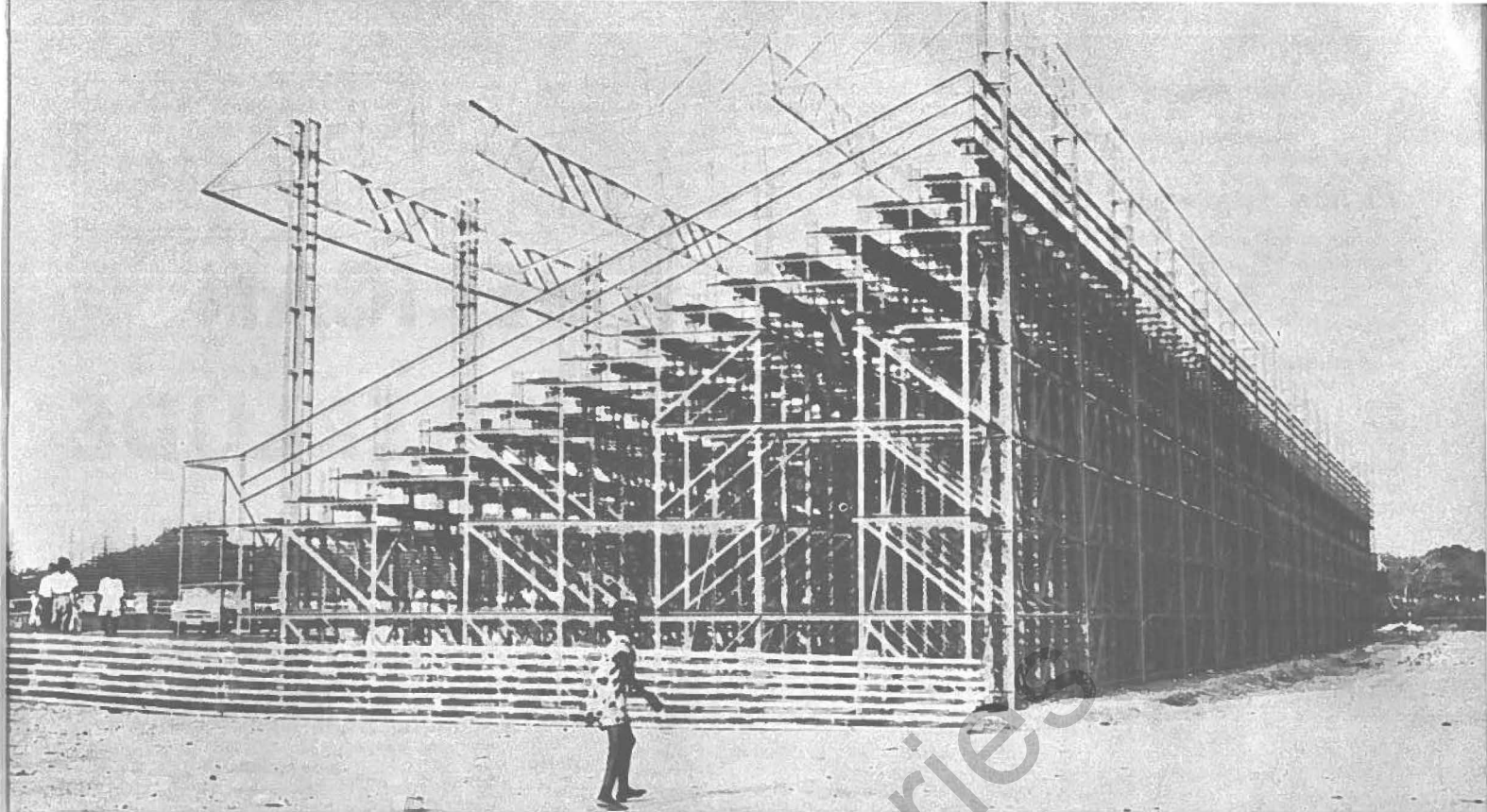
of 300 tons of Manganese ore. 1,000 persons were employed in the construction work.

On board the plane with the Government officials, were Mr. R. N. Pomeroy, President of Pomeroy International and his brother Mr. J. N. Pomeroy, who flew in from San Francisco for the spike-driving ceremony, followed by the official opening of the railway.

It was the morning of November 17, that the Grumman plane took its passengers to the river landing at Sebai. The party then travelled by launch up the Kaituma river where they had a view of the terminal, that is to be the huge harbour for ocean going freighters. Then they joined the train on the newly constructed railway and travelled through the wild country to Matthew's Ridge, which will be the centre of the big Manganese operations.

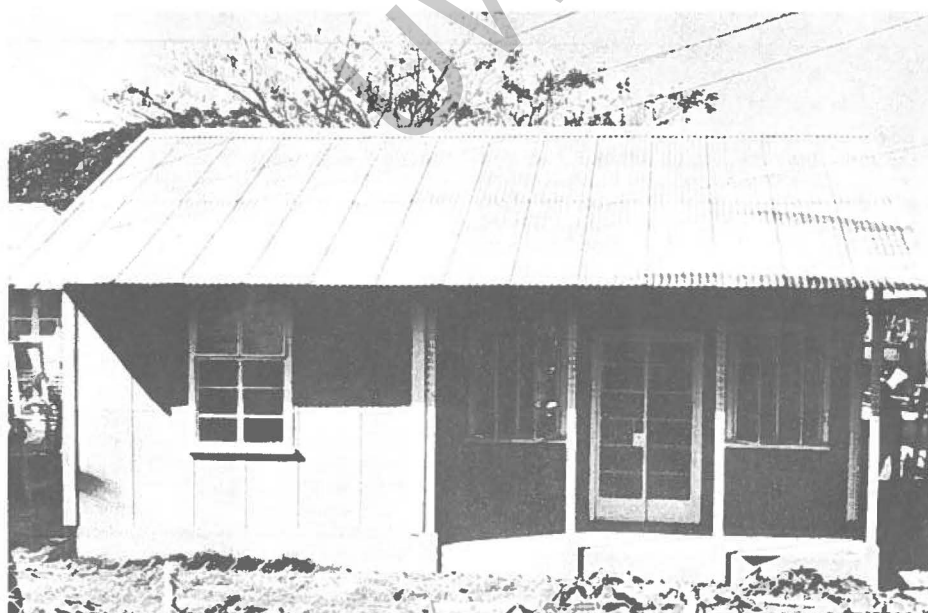






# DEXION

250,000 ft. of Dexion was used to erect giant grandstands for 7,000 of the people witnessing the Independence Celebrations in Ghana. The stands proved 30% cheaper than conventional methods and were dismantled later to be used for building houses, factories storage and other Equipment to help the new country.



This prototype house was developed for a government department in Jamaica. It took 2,300 ft. of Dexion 225 and has a floor area of 600 sq. ft.

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Fiction

The characters in this drama are purely fictional. But any resemblance to any person living or dead is a feather in our cap.

# MY SOUTH AMERICAN INTERLUDE



*He fought a grim duel over the chess board for the love of a beautiful Latin Senorita — and stumbled on plans to annex British Guiana and make it a Venezuelan province — if Hitler had won the war.*

by

Percy E. Armstrong.

A hell of a heat!" exclaimed the Englishman. The chess game, over which we sat for more than an hour on the boat deck was coming to a close. He had made a hopeless blunder through an oversight that cost him his queen, free gratis and for nothing."

"Swine of a heat!" he persisted, trying to suppress his mortification. "It makes my thinking powers dull, my brain refuses to function and so my game is ruined. Hence I resign."

He was probably right about the heat. It was the 1st day of September, 1939, and we were on the way to Rio De Janeiro from Trinidad. The oppressiveness of the heat with the total absence of a single breath of wind suggested we were in the Doldrum calms right on the equator. The day had dawned with azure skies, inter-spersed by fleecy clouds of all shapes, that chased each other across the heavens. The sea wore a glassy stillness, through which the ship glided with her turbines humming like a purring feline. As junior ship radio operator. I was off duty and was invited by this

English passenger to a game of chess with the most beautiful set of pieces I had ever seen. They were wrought in solid ivory, gilded in sparkling gold. The queen piece wore an ornate gold crown, while the king piece was decorated with a gilded cross of elegance.

My companion began collecting them and carefully stowed them away in the equally beautiful little casket. Then he dropped a backhanded compliment. "I never met a more brilliant opponent since I played Sten Reynolds for the graces of a lady back in Venezuela."

I was about to loll back in the deck chair but sat up erect. "You mean you have actually played chess for a woman?" I inquired incredulously.

Sure thing I did", he replied.

The stewardess appeared with a tray hesitated a while, to help himself but soon of coloured ice cream. The Englishman like myself he was enjoying the rich delicious flavour made from the mango fruit evidently collected in Trinidad.

"I beat him" he continued "with one of the most brilliant bits of queen sacrificing conceivable."

"And the lady" I interposed.

He took a sip from his glass, gazed reminiscently at the contents then hissed "I lost her to the other bloke."

The way he said it I burst out laughing so uproariously, it embarrassed him.

"You may laugh my friend, but it has made me a decided woman-hater. Here is how it happened."

I looked at my watch and found I still had much time before going on wireless watch. So I made myself comfortable and poised for a great tale.

"Now Sten Reynolds was my best chum. His real name was Stanislaus Renwick—a Pole by birth. His family had migrated to the U.S. and changed the family title to Reynolds. They did so well in America that he was sent to Britain for Cambridge University education. Practically a mathematical genius, he was a Cambridge half-blue in Chess and came over to London University for mining engineering like myself. We became intimate as room mates. Oftentimes we clashed for supremacy over the board but in the College championship his brilliance outshone me.

After we had graduated together, he exhibited to me the trophy he had won—this most beautiful set—and declared he would give me a chance to win it back. Early last year, having terminated a contract with a mining company in British Guiana, I wrote him to join me in partnership in Venezuela, where there was talk of impending mining developments. When I met him in Caracas he was taller, more athletic, with a shock of red hair as compared to me who seemed too conservative and serious.

We set up near the *Sales a Balconcito* in commercial Caracas as "Weston and Reynolds, mining engineers". At that time with Hitler's activities the shadows of war had lengthened across Europe and the search for strategic minerals all over the South American continent was underway. Thus from the start we controlled wide operations.

Unhappily for Reynolds he knew no Spanish at all, when he arrived in the country. Naturally with my fluent Spanish it was my part to transact all our business with clients and government officials. It was while doing some surveys in the state of Aragua that I made the acquaintance of Commandante Adolfo of Cartel (barrack) Bermudez. He one day offered to drive me back to Caracas, but when the car picked me up near the big barracks of soldiers I was surprised to find we had for company, an attractive girl whom he introduced as his daughter Auristella.

I must explain that I have and still have a grave prejudice for women since one was responsible for my self-imposed exile. On the other hand being an Englishman I was of special interest to the Commandante. He was telling me about the rumoured discovery of a mountain of Iron ore in the state of Bolivar—that there were big surveys under way near the border with British Guiana in the search for manganese. Like most Latins he touched upon the subject of British Colonialism and his country's claim to Guiana where he felt considerable mineral wealth lay buried—that bit by bit the Venezuela's great mineral wealth was being exploited thanks to the Americans and that one day Venezuela will be the richest state in the South America. So intense our conversation that I hardly noticed the young lady in the back seat.

The car sped up the winding mountainous roads as he spoke and soon were in Caracas cruising to a stop outside the Hotel Majestic where both Reynolds and I had joint suites, and where the Commandante had decided to stay for the week-end. On the pave outside he deposited me and his daughter and moved over to a car park. Then I suddenly realised what a stunning good looker she was. She was a veritable gold mine of charm and allure.

"Ingles?" she said by way of opening her introduction. Many minutes flew by as she told much of herself and I too trotted out all about myself. Since we were at the same hotel she expressed to see more of me shortly and as the old man came up we strode together into the hotel lobby.

Surprisingly enough I was thrilled and excited. I recollect having touched lightly on the subject of my partner Reynolds perhaps bearing in mind then the sort of in scrutable way that worthy had where women were concerned. I knew he had long ago ingratiated himself with almost all

the young women in the American colony in Caracas. It so happened he was at the window of our joint suite just as the girl and I stood talking animatedly on the pave and came into the hotel with old Commandante. He was not simply surprised but amazed, knowing well how notoriously prejudiced I had been against women.

"What's the giddy idea?" he demanded, ready for a pull at my legs as I entered."

"What idea?" I remarked, a smile curling up my lips.

"I mean the dame" Sten sallied.

"Brother" I exclaimed, "you should see her." I suddenly grew ecstatic. "Her lips like a rosebud—her eyes like a pelucid stream—her cheeks—"

Reynolds face contorted in doubt.

"Ye gods! You a confirmed woman-hater talking like that!" he exclaimed.

"I didn't mind the sally. The most beautiful Senorita I ever saw." I went on hopping on a low table in my ecstasy and starting a wondrous feat of tap dancing that might have won me a contract in Hollywood.

And what's more I'm to have supper with her this afternoon in her suite."

"I certainly would like to meet this senorita of yours" said Reynolds flopping on a low divan to enjoy my hilarity."

**M**Y friend emptied his glass of mango ice cream and continued his narrative.

"Early that afternoon I finished dressing for the appointment I had with Commandante Adolfo and his daughter on the balcony of their suite. It was just like me to have carelessly invited my partner Reynolds along. But I was beginning to wonder whether I desired him to meet the girl. It was of course, just like him not to miss the opportunity of meeting a new girl. Perhaps I was of a singularly jealous nature. That was why his charming personality—the kind that oftimes proves so devastating to the hearts of women—secretly annoyed me.

But it occurred to me his not knowing any Spanish, would snow him up into a silent onlooker. I brightened considerably at the thought.

In a few moments we were ushered into a wide balcony of the Hotel Majestic, that commanded a view of the tall spire of the Pantheon Nacional, with all the relics of Latin American martyrs. To my delight, Auristella appeared alone and announced that her father had not yet returned from an interview with the President of the Military junta and had telephoned to say not to expect him.

"That's good" said Reynolds aloud in English when I translated the message to him. "Who wants to talk about mines, manganese and bauxite anyway with a damn good looking girl around." As he spoke he transfixed his gaze on the girl and exclaimed in typical yankee fashion "Wow! She's a whopper!"

"Delighted to meet Senor Reynolds" she declared in Spanish, smiling at the

lowly bowing personage who ventured a "cum-usta Senorita" his only worldly knowledge of the language. I also detected the ill concealed note of admiration in her eyes. At once doubt assailed me.

"Americanos?" I explained to her, taking a good look at her. She shook aside her raven black curls with unconscious charm. Her movements were liquid and graceful, she reminded me of the classic figure of Diana with the stag. What with those dancing dimples and intriguing eyes I felt like saying how divine she was—how crazy I was about her—how I loved her. Loved her? The thought seemed absurd since I scarcely knew her. But there was no mistaking it. I felt so certain about 'my feelings towards her in spite of that Reynolds who had evidently gone nuts too. Heavens! How he was gazing.

"Hey Fool! Don't stare like that!" I called out in English under the farcial expression of a smiling countenance.

Reynolds started visibly. Luckily Auristella seemed not to be looking in our direction and appeared not to understand what we said.

"Fool yourself!" he retorted hotly, catching the note of jealousy in my voice. How could I help. She's so damn stunning.

He started to grow red when I politely advised "Curse, blast-you; if you must but don't speak so sharp, she'll notice we're having a row and that'll wreck the situation.

"What does Senor Reynolds say?" Auristella enquired amusedly. "We're . . . er . . . he was wondering whether you had visited his homeland." It was a thin but gallant lie on my part and the girl laughed lightly and said. "Oh I have many friends in New York and Los Angeles and I expect to be holidaying among them soon. Senor Reynolds might be there I hope."

Turning to him she paid the silent Sten a smile that lighted up something in him.

I too added to the compliment "You know Sten" I began "the lady thinks your face is rather flat, so I explained to her that your father kept a menagerie once." My modest tone coupled with a smile I guessed would have misled any unlooker not understanding the language.

Reynolds dug his spoon viciously into his grapefruit as he strove masterfully to suppress the colour he felt rising to his cheeks rapidly.

"Go ahead fathead. I'll get even with you soon." He had adopted my own mock attitude of politeness and we were both convinced of Auristella's ignorance of our skirmishes.

It was part of my plan to make things as uncompromising as I possibly could for Sten and so ensure my own hold. The explosion, however, was to come a little later after the company had grown much livelier. The radiogram gave forth strains of a jig, typically South American and Senorita Auristella talked of dances.



"You would like the Carioca", she said presently.

"What's this Carioca anyway?" This latter remark of mine came forth in English, more or less to hide my awful ignorance of the latest Spanish rhumbas and tangos.

Quick like a drowning man catching at a straw Sten picked up the threads of the conversation.

"The Carioca!" he caught on interestedly. "Why if you haven't seen the Carioca you haven't seen anything yet. It is the hottest bits of Rhumba dancing in this part of the world."

"Goodness!" I said innocently. (I think I might have done credit as an actor!) "With special reference to your cute physiognomy, she would have me believe it was one of those wild heifers they caught in the Llanos."

And Sten Reynolds exploded like an overheated cylinder.

"Dash it all! Damit! I could bust your bally head for this."

"Senors!" said the girl. To our intense horror the pretence had to be dropped.

Reynolds bounced to his feet, his face the colour of his hair. "I see what your game is", he shouted at me.

"I forgot what lie I flung in to explain my companion's behaviour but there we were swapping words in English, calling each other such horrid names and using such unseemly terminology.

"Your blasted face like a Pekinese Pup" he roared.

"And yours" I declared "like a Muscovy duck, when it discovers the decoy was no real duck." For a while we lost interest in the girl. While she looked on fascinated, a smile of puzzlement on her bewitching face. At length she held my hand "Los Senores no Pelean" (Senors don't quarrel) she whispered.

But Reynolds now an angry monster stormed out the room in chagrin and frustration. The quarrel spoilt the evening very much. But when I bid her goodbye she gave me a laughing "Hasta La Vista Senor" (Until we meet again).

**B**ACK in our suite that evening there was an ominous calm between us—the kind of calm that usually precedes a storm. Sten had paced the room for the tenth time, as I tried nervously to concentrate on some sheafs of blue prints.

"These specifications do not tally with the originals" I ventured to break the tension.

"Specifications Rats!" he rasped back at me.

I became silent, but failed to concentrate because of his infernal pacing. Presently he wheeled round on me.

"Listen Terry" he began "we've got to come to terms!"

"Terms! What about?" I rasped out.

Sten continued his infernal pacing for a while.

"I mean about the girl" he said at length.

"Well" I said, coldly choking my resentment and without removing the sheafs of blue prints from before me.

Reynolds paused for a while. "We can't both have her" he said calmly.

I told myself silently "You've got the nerve of an intruder."

"Look here Sten," I almost bellowed "You're a mining engineer. aren't you. Then stick to your damn blasted mining engineering and leave me and my confounded friends alone." It was now my turn to be exceedingly angry.

"You and your friends" he drawled petulantly. "If that includes Auristella, I might as well tell you she is as much my friend as she is yours. To think you were the one who called love a big farce and marriage a yet bigger one!"

I quieted for I thought of another plan. "Believe me Sten, she'll never suit you. For example how would you speak to each other."

"She'll suit you I presume," he countered indignantly.

"I have a presentiment that..."

"You have a what?"

"You see..."

"I don't see a thing" he declared. "But I'll get even with you sometime."

**E**ARLY the next day I had an important summons from the Ministry of Mines and Hydrocarbons. Commandante Adolfo had arranged this meeting with a high government official to discuss matters of great international significance.

This is Senor Weston said the Commandante, as he introduced me to the tall well-built official with short cropped hair. He sat behind a heavy steel desk littered with paper files. On the wall were a number of maps showing different sections of Venezuela.

"Si senor" said he as he rose to greet me "The commandante was telling me of you."

Then, as I made myself comfortable he purred "You know you English make the best mining engineers I've seen. And we are now looking for the best." I smiled broadly as he went on "Venezuela is a very rich country", he said. Let me show you something". Rising from his table he picked up a long cane and pointed to one of the huge maps on the wall. It was the area surrounding the estuaries of the Orinoco river and he pointed to the whole area even across the borderline into British Guiana's northwest district. "This is Venezuelan Guiana. It is the richest region in the country," he indicated virgin forests, high tablelands, running streams and rivers and added "Under its soils are reserves of approximately 2,000 million tons of high grade iron ore, large deposits of bauxite, manganese, titanium and other minerals. We plan to make this area a Tennessee Valley.

"But" I added "Where you are pointing to that's British Territory.

"Well" said he dropping his cane on the desk. "Not exactly. What's more we predict a war will soon break out in Europe. Hitler isn't joking. He'll sweep across Europe in no time and be settled in the British Isles and liquidate all their territories overseas. All we'll have to do is lay claim to British Guiana or at least this part of Venezuelan Guiana as our own.

"Indeed." I blurted.

"We plan to build a huge dam on the Caroni River to harness the enormous water power to convert the area into a Tennessee Valley project. Eventually we shall build a highway through the Guianas".

The whole point he was leading up to was that I should stay in Venezuela and work for the Ministry and help in this big project.

When Commandante Adolfo and I left the ministry I was in serious thought. At the hotel I found that Sten was away out of town on some surveys and for the rest of the week I was so preoccupied that I hardly knew when the Commandante and his daughter Auristella left for their home state.

When Sten returned that week-end, he was in a less sour mood and the incident with the girl seemed to have passed

But later that week I received an intriguing communication from the commandante. He informed me that he and his daughter were coming back to Caracas shortly to attend the grand ball at the Presidential Palace and that his daughter Auristella had made special arrangements to have them also as guests at the ball. Reynolds almost hit the roof with excitement. But once more rivalry was fanned anew.

The evening of the big occasion I had unearthed a trim outfit for the occasion.

Reynolds started diving in his travelling trunk for something presentable, since his preconceived notions of life in South America never included such things as attending balls. It was while diving in the travelling trunks that the box of ivory chessmen, hitherto forgotten in the depths, clattered to the floor and lay scattered. Immediately I conceived an idea for provocation. "I say Sten" I began "too bad for you, that you hadn't taken time to learn Spanish instead of the variations of Morphy and Steinitz."

He regarded me sourly for a moment fully comprehending the hint.

"Anyway, I beat you for these and will do so again anyway."

"You bet you won't" I said.

"Evidently crossing swords again for that girl eh. We might as well do it once and for all across the chess board."

"Agreed" I said.

Reynolds collected the pieces and began setting them up on a board. Come to think of it, men could really be fools at times since nothing before had previously turned up to mar the tranquility of our

It was exasperating enough. Then he disappeared out the room, which gave me time to make up my mind.

I glanced at the clock and realized it was near time to start dressing to keep our appointment. The Adolfo party was to pick us up. Critically analysing the position, which my pride forbade me to give in, I observed that a knight which was pinned to the queen, if brought up in time to drive the king into a certain position with a check I could force a checkmate. Then why not give up the queen, I reasoned.

When Sten came back he was in his underthings with lather on his face and a shaving brush in his hands.

"It's about time now" he said impatiently. "You can only avoid checkmate by resigning.

"Never!" I said. "I play knight to bishop six."

"What" he ejaculated "A Queen! Thanks awfully."

As his hand hovered over the queen, I got cold sweat in the excitement as he hesitated and said "But let me see what trap he has in store for me?" But right then his keen brain refused to function past the prize capture of the queen and when I saw it disappear off the board I could have let out a war whoop of delight. Dramatically I paused to let the exultation sink in. Hence what followed caused Reynolds to gaze pop-eyed in surprise, evidently nonplussed at the idea that it was checkmate for him in exactly two moves.

**S**ENORITA Auristella Adolfo had many admirers among the blades of Caracas. Perhaps due to a woman's instinct of being flattered by the rivalry of two men she found time to be in our company. In the lustre of the ballroom gaiety she danced most of her numbers with me. I wasn't by any means an expert dancer but the girl was light and airy and I found things satisfactory in my own way.

Sten made no effort to break this monopoly. Somehow he found more enjoyment watching us on the ballroom floor. But his chance was soon to come. It came with the much-talked of Carioca, a rumba, probably originating in Portuguese-speaking Rio de Janeiro and suddenly becoming quite popular in every South American community.

The orchestra, the striking feature of which was an array of Spanish guitars, opened a piece with the cha-cha or marra cas, a kind of rattle expertly handled and which proved only a barbaric supplement to the swing of the wild jazz harmony.

"Shak-Shak! Shack, Shack, Shak..." then the saxophone followed. It seemed a sort of signal for couples to come out in formation. Then the entire orchestra struck up. Instantly the formation broke up into a wild swaying, as a deep-throated vocalist came forth with "Carioo-ooo, carioo-o-o-o, cari-ao-ao-ao-ca."

The swaying changed into a wild fantastic whirling.

"Whew!" Reynold gasped. "Hotcha Rhythm."

The girl sat next to me and faced opposite to him. Turning to her he said with a significant toss of his chin "let's get into this."

Even if Auristella did not understand the English words, the gesture implied enough. She rose abruptly with a broad smile. It was my turn to watch them disappear on the floor, and onward with a capacious whirl they glided, to mingle with the hectic squirming mass below.

"Sway. sway... whirr, whirr... shack. shack... Cario-o-o!"

A baby-faced soprano had taken the place of the vocalist and from her perch had added to the strains. I felt those wild strains coursing through my veins. How that trumpet blared. To me, however, the music approached barbarity, and the dancing vulgar as compared with what I was used to in England.

Couples, with their foreheads braced in a wholly unorthodox manner and grasping each other's hips continued the wild fantastic whirling and swaying. I tried to single out Sten and Auristella, but the activity was too great.

"Whirr! whirr!" A corpulent Negress came out from behind the piano as the baby-faced Soprano disappeared.

"You'll dream of a new Cario-co" her rich voice swelled.

At length it was all over. Sten and Auristella came back, both perspiring and seemingly exhausted. But he escorted the girl to her seat and excused himself for a while.

Auristella appeared quite happy and commented on the surprising ability of Senor Reynolds as a dancer. This secretly annoyed me. "These rumbas are most exciting" I commented tactfully.

The next number found me on the floor with the girl in my arms. It was that most popular hit tune of the day "Cheek to cheek", just out of Hollywood.

In all my years in various South American countries I was never so divinely

*The Dancing changed to a wild fantastic whirling....*



*But what to do, and what not to do raced problematically through my mind.*

relations until, the fleeting appearance of this girl with whom we both had fallen violently for.

It was agreed that the loser would have at least one dance and discreetly let up to the other.

He played whites and started the Ruy Lopez attack. I counter acted with the universally popular French Defence. Presently I found the pressure of his attack so heavy that I had to be continually on the defensive.

Genius, they say is an infinite capacity for taking pains. In my experience, while all genius is an inflexible monument of efficiency, it finally abides in, singular depth of foresight, and above all, precision of thought which unlike the painstaker is extremely effortless and spontaneous in expression. Reynolds displayed every sign of genius, as compared to me who was more inclined to be the painstaker.

As my defence wore down, he became cocky and supercilious. "We'll see who has the last laugh now," he said, as he pushed forward a second passed pawn. I grew desperate for I had to win for my own self respect. I managed to get one pawn off but the other worried me.

"I am giving you an honourable chance to resign." His manner antagonised me, as I believed mine did, some days before. I reminded him I was an Englishman and for that reason alone resignation was unthinkable. I felt that if I couldn't win I had to draw; but what to do, and what not to do raced problematically through my mind. Here is the position."

My companion then reset the pieces of our late game in a position that seemed incredibly hopeless for the black pieces.

"At this stage of the game" he continued "Reynolds rose from the table with an air of finality, "Let me know when you decide to resign." He taunted and began a whistling tune with which he kept time by waltzing around the room.

"I shall hold her like this

And kiss her like this...."

happy as at that moment. Saxophone, trumpet, guitars, banjos,—practically every instrument of the orchestra spoke, pouring forth what my soul desired to express. And that vocalist....

"Heaven... I'm in heaven, and my heart beat so that I could hardly speak." The trumpeter poked his instrument in mid-air and it went "Twa Twa". The orchestration was delicious—and so was the girl.

Her vibrant pulsating body seemed to reply in words that came echoing over the hall in awkward latin accent.

**"Oh! I love zo climb za mountain  
And zo reach za highest peak  
But it never thrills me half as much  
As danzin' cheek to cheek."**

The merriment was at its height. Commandante Adolfo saw his daughter and smiled at her in his military manner. But she responded faintly for she was tired. The glamour and gaiety had spent her spirits although they might have stirred her emotions. She wanted something—a moment alone, perhaps.

"Isn't it hot Señor Weston?" she said in her sweet Spanish.

"Rather, may I fetch an ice?" I suggested politely.

"Muchas gracias", gratefully.

I was gone in no time to be back in a flash with a tray of coloured ice-cream, but just in time to see her slip out into the garden.

The garden was an attractively arranged one, fanned by light breezes in the rarefied atmosphere of the elevated city of Caracas. Like all such garden it proved a great retreat for disappearing couples. I saw her pick her way among covered rosebuds. Presently, I stopped dead in my tracks. A figure was at her heels. By Gosh! It was Reynolds. Where did he come from? He must have seen her slip out and followed her, I thought to myself. She laughed lightly as he appeared. She motioned him to a nearby crib. Slowly he complied while I moved closely behind the bushes.

"Just a trick of chance" I heard him mutter deliberately. "Here I've got you at last with that blooming Weston out of the way; still I can't tell you how I love you or am crazy about you because I cannot speak your blooming Spanish. Then as as he looked at her resignedly he muttered "I'd give anything to know enough

Spanish to tell you how I admire you. Gosh! You're radiant dream, you're wonderful. I could kiss you till morning." He paused as she turned abruptly towards him with a pert little frown.

"Then why don't you do it Mr. Reynolds?" It was English she spoke.

I saw Reynolds start from his seat in complete bewilderment, while I stood numb with surprise and pinched my ear hotly.

"So you actually speak English?" he finally stammered.

"By all means" she said. "I went to a finishing school in Los Angeles." I winced and I believed Reynolds was so embarrassed that he must have wished himself miles away.

"Well?" she said.

"I was just thinking of the many horrible things we have spoken before you in our ignorance," he began apologetically.

He shuffled uneasily while I silently cursed him for what I considered a most uncompromising situation.

"I am deeply sorry" he ventured, "er... would you believe it?"

As he spoke he deliberately turned, lifted one hand and just as deliberately kissed her cold lips a long kiss of satisfaction, while I clinched my fist to squelch the insidious tendencies that began to take possession of my mind. In so doing the tray of coloured mango ice-cream slipped from my hand and clattered noisily to the ground just as the loud baritones of the vocalist with the ballroom dance orchestra broke upon the midnight air like rippling waves on the sea-shore on a moonlight night.

**"Re-eeee-o Rita,  
My Zee-noor-rita,  
Life is Zweetter  
Reeta my aal."**

Y English companion finished his tale just as there was a general activity on the decks, and everyone was rushing to the starboard rails.

"Hullo" I said, "What's going on here" and together we reached the rails. There we were privileged to see one of the rarest sights that jungle life could present, although so many miles out at sea.

It was a cayman and a boa in the final stages of one of the grimmest of all jungle fights. It was impossible to gauge the

length of the two creatures, but the coils of the great snake seemed to engulf the body of the huge scaly monster, while locked in its jaws, the great alligator held in vice-like grip the neck of the serpent.

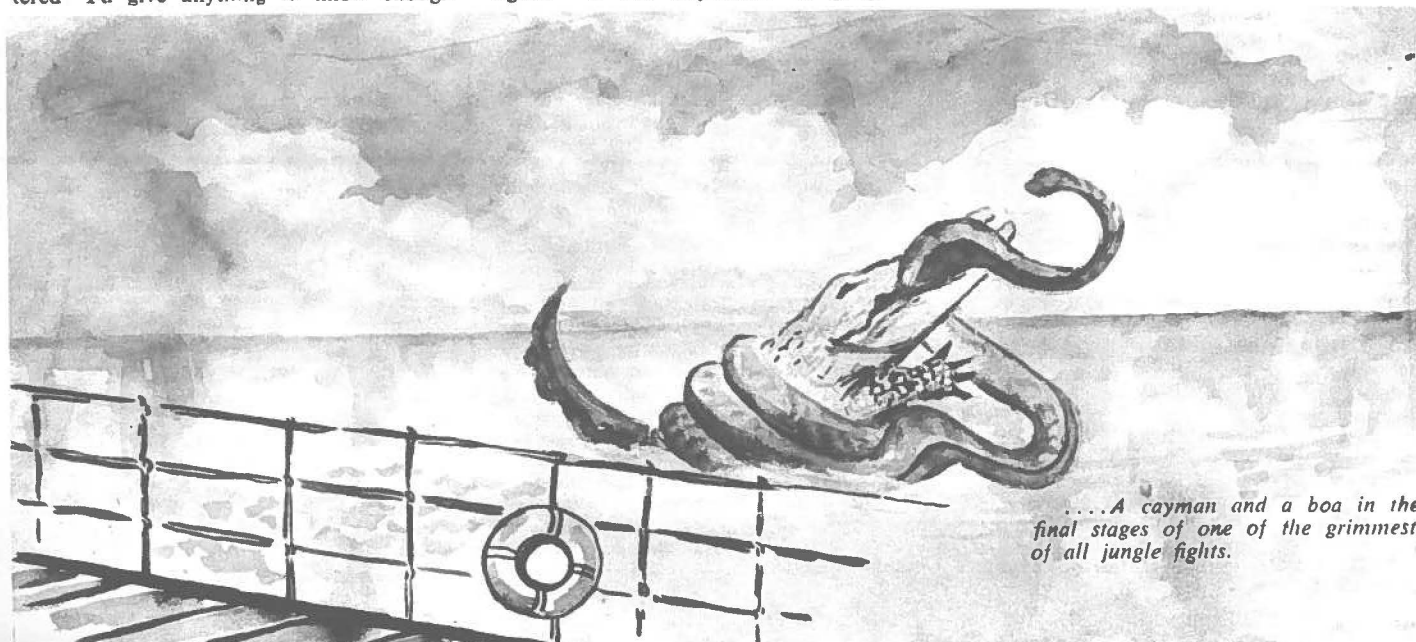
They were probably washed out to sea by the sweeping current of the mighty Amazon from their South American jungle haunt. Then it occurred to me that the keel of the vessel was moving in sweet water where centuries ago the explorer Pinzon lay becalmed with his men down dying of thirst and when told by a passing ship to let down his buckets were surprised to find it fresh. Presently the battling twain sank out of sight and rose again far astern. "The fools" exploded my companion. "None would give way so both will perish."

A few minutes later I was on duty in the Radio shack. I plugged in the short-wave coils in the Hammarland Superpro receiver to pick up the nearest shore station. Presently I paused for a while to listen to the familiar beat note of station ZFW atop McInroy's building in Georgetown. British Guiana several hundred miles away. As the beautiful bell-like notes in morse code beat into my earphones, like snow bells on a sleigh, the operator suddenly interrupted his message with "FLASH—CQ (calling all stations) FLASH CQ". Then there was a tense succession of V's: "dit, dit, dit, dah; dit, dit, dit, dah, Drr-dah"

The operator appeared toying with his vibroplex key to keep the suspense up. I switched in the beat frequency oscillator and adjusted the aerial to improve the signals. Then, he broke loose at high speed morse. "FLASH CQ—AT DAWN TODAY GERMAN TROOPS CROSSED THE POLISH FRONTIER AT SEVERAL POINTS...."

As the beautiful bell-like signals filtered into my earphones and the typewriter keys recorded the words of the dramatic news of the German invasion of Poland that touched off World War II, my thoughts strayed to the two monsters drifting away in midocean and the words of my companion "The fools. None would give way so both must perish."

I also thought of the Venezuelan Official's comment to him about a possible Hitler victory: "All we have to do is to lay claim to British Guiana."



....A cayman and a boa in the final stages of one of the grimmest of all jungle fights.





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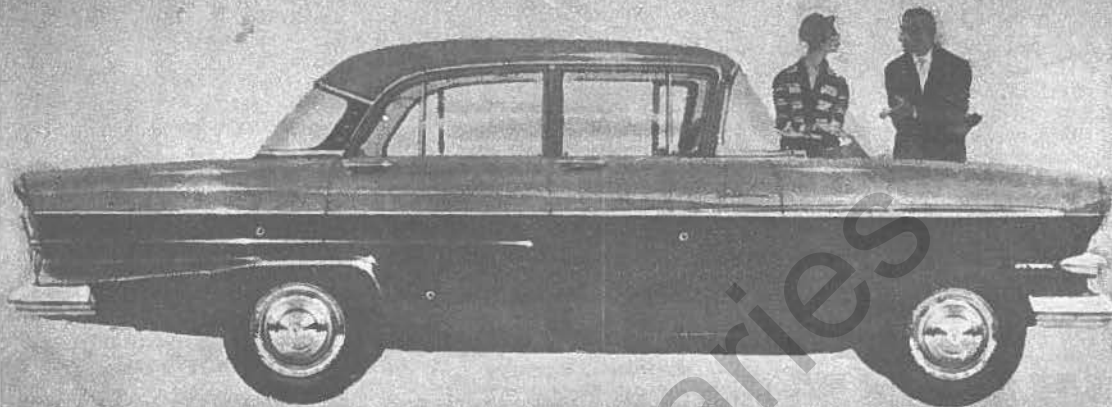


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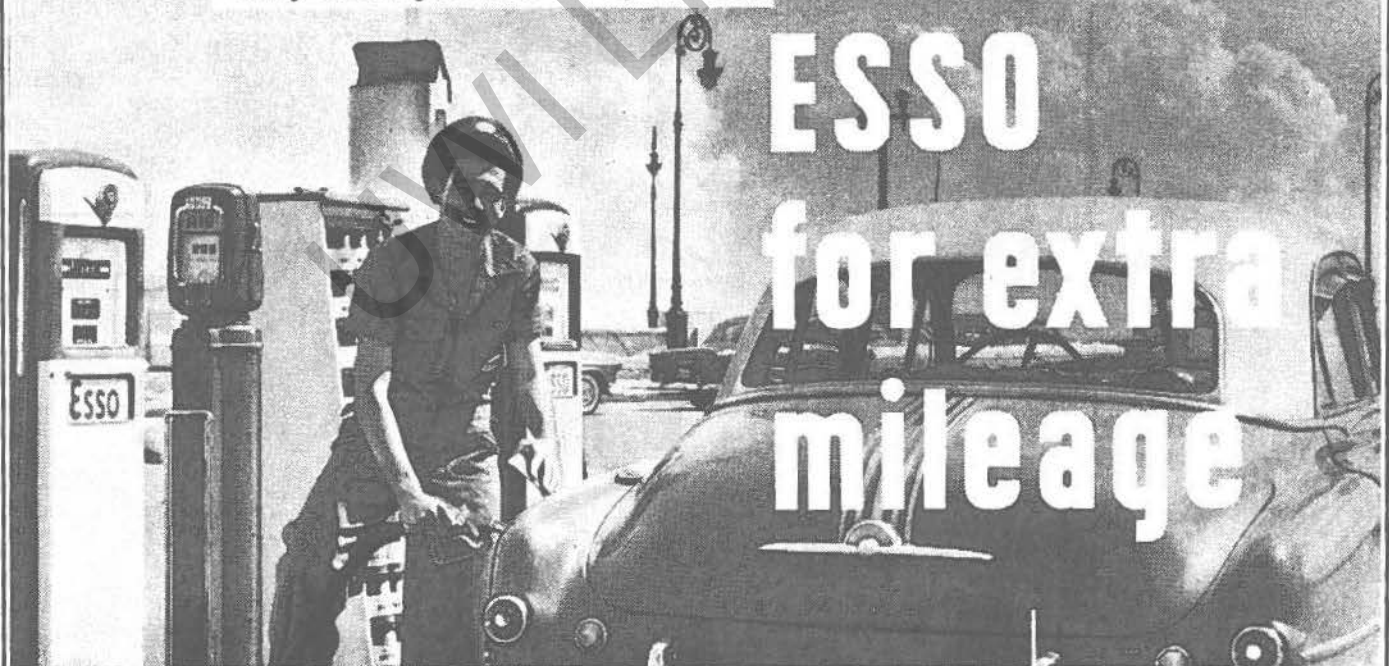
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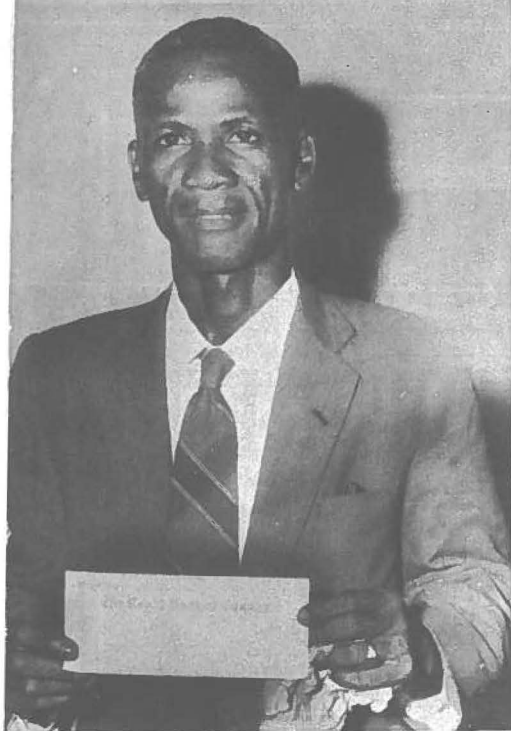


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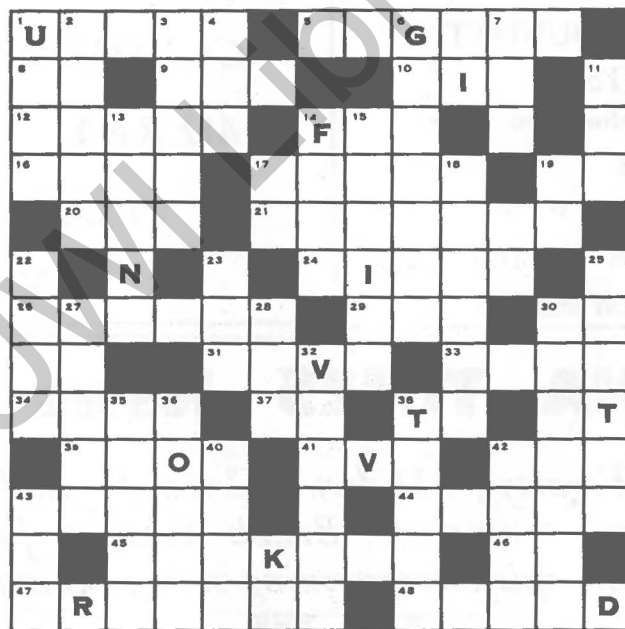
# TIMES CROSSWORD PUZZLE

### CONDITIONS OF ENTRY

- (1) Every entry must be accompanied by a crossword coupon taken from TIMES of GUIANA PICTORIAL 1959. On no account enclose any money or stamps whatsoever.
- (2) Name and address must be plainly written on every entry.
- (3) Entries could be posted to or dropped in crossword box at GUIANA TIMES OFFICE 45 Robb St. Lacvtown.
- (4) Entries for this Competition will close January 31, 1960 and results published one week later.
- (5) Every correct entry will share the prize money.
- (6) The editor's decision must be taken as final.

#### CLUES (Across)

1. Udallers are owners of these.
5. A second marriage.
8. Right Reverend (abbr.).
9. The organ of hearing.
10. A kind of valley.
12. Runner of a mile race.
14. An enemy.
16. Greedy.
17. To rosin.
19. A preposition.
20. His 'Ease' is shortened.
21. A mixture of milk and eggs, sweetened and flavoured.
24. Legal charges upon property.
26. Not a gale; but a feast.
29. F.D.N. (actual).
31. Jones added to this will give you the sailor's name for the Devil.
33. In the Roman Calendar, it's the 15th of some months and the 13th of others.
34. Once a famous English statesman.
37. Not a necktie; but a tree found in the Pacific.
39. A pace between running and walking.
41. Plural of ovum.
42. Nothing.
43. Name of a former head of the T. & H.D.
44. Slack.
45. The Allies once fought gloriously here.
46. Sounds like row.
47. A kind of porcelain.
48. To rise to one's feet.



#### CLUES (Down)

1. A girl's name.
2. To ride in a carriage.
3. Test matches in England are sometimes played here.
4. Not Sir; but the same as Sargus.
6. Patrons of the "Times of Guiana" magazine are always "Greeted" with good reading matter.
7. People use this often.
11. A small house.
13. A Chinese ounce.
14. Dirty.
15. To become bone.
17. Roman Catholic (abbr.).
18. Pertaining to tan.
22. To make a false step.
23. Ancient times.
25. To stir quickly.
27. The best in society.
28. To chew and swallow as food.
30. The flesh of deer.
32. A musical instrument played with a bow.
35. Buying and selling.
36. The plural of this is Tori.
38. Discussions.
40. To minister to.
42. 'Roan' becomes a girl's name when anagrammed.
43. A shortened and familiar form of Edward.

**Every entry must be  
accompanied by this coupon.**

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