Part 3

Living the Life: UWI, Geography: Memories---Field Trips

Cecille DePass

Field trips and field work are central learning experiences in Geography and Geology. A selection of essays, photographs and archival data, contributed by Hudson, Rocke, Collymore, (Stokes) O'Meally-Nelson, DePass, and Lumsden, in Part 3, illustrates the strengths and benefits of teaching and learning Geography in informal learning environments. Rocke's essay, further indicates that in time, the Geography field trips, for example to Montserrat, had moved from sites in rural Jamaica to the Eastern Caribbean.

Traditionally, field work has been associated with visits... to exciting hill and mountain country, often during holiday periods... Field work can be done anywhere, in any kind of landscape or townscape... [Furthermore]

Field work is invaluable as an educational method, in the widest sense. By working together out-of-doors, staff and pupils come to know one another in a way almost impossible to achieve in class... Field work gives opportunities for pupils and staff to learn together, instead of the teacher always expounding and the pupils listening... Above all it can be active, clearly important because it deals with real people and real geography, and thoroughly enjoyable (Patrick Bailey, 1974, *Teaching Geography*, London: David & Charles (Holdings) Ltd., pp. 185-186).

Patrick Bailey's perspectives, concerning the importance and benefits of field trips and field work, were undoubtedly, shared by the Geography and Geology professors who taught us at UWI. As students, we benefited immeasurably, from first hand learning experiences which were planned, designed and tailored for us students.

Our field trips, included a wide range of activities: sometimes sightseeing, sometimes doing field surveys and interviews, as importantly, sometimes simply, enjoying being alive. In the early years, field trips were to different parts of the island. By the 1990s, as Judy Rocke indicates, the Geography Students visited the Eastern Caribbean.

Painting vivid pictures with words and images, Part 3 samples some of the field trips. It recaptures and highlights some formal, non-formal and informal learning activities. Tour guides include Brian Hudson, Judy Rocke, Jeremy Collymore, Faye Lumsden, Blossom (Stokes) O'Meally-Nelson and Cecille DePass.

The narratives and photos, for the most part, represent aspects of our lived experiences which the tour guides, for very different reasons wish to: remember, hold dear and simply, share with the readers.

In the narratives and photos, the contributors present evidence of key learnings, faux pas, the ability to laugh at oneself and with others, and crucial elements, such as the collegiality, camaraderie and respect that existed between and among the faculty and students. Not mentioned, by anyone, is the accident which occurred in the final year, field trip of 1972, when the UWI bus overturned, on one of the slippery, mountainous rural Jamaican roads. Several students were injured, Hyacinth Wallace among them. This event, DePass' thinks had a long lasting impact on the professors and students involved. (Personal communication: Memory of Aerogramme from Cecille's mother, Phyllis Harriott, received in Wellington, New Zealand).

UWI Geography 50 Years: A Celebration

Brian Hudson

I first arrived in Jamaica in late 1967. Born and educated in the UK, I held degrees in geography and civic design from Liverpool University and had worked as a town planner in England and a university lecturer in Ghana. Following that, I spent two years as a Commonwealth Scholar at Hong Kong University. For reasons that had nothing to do with geography or town planning, I left Hong Kong and travelled to Jamaica. There I found temporary employment as a geography teacher in Kingston where later I joined the staff of the Jamaican Government Town Planning Department. In 1971, I became a part-time Lecturer in the UWI Geography Department at Mona, subsequently being appointed as a permanent member of staff. Apart from a period between 1982 and 1983 when I was seconded to the Government of Grenada as Physical Planning Advisor under a European Development Fund scheme, I remained at UWI until 1985.

My work with colleagues and students at UWI was a delightful and rewarding experience. I treasure happy memories of academic and social life on campus and on field study trips that characterize the work of geographers. Some of these excursions were organized as an essential part of the UWI Geography programme, notably the annual field trip which was normally based at centres such as Munro College, Hampton School, Knox College and Sam Sharpe Teachers' College. These field trips lasted several days. Other excursions were organized by the Jamaican Geographical Society (JGS), in which UWI staff usually played a major role. I was President of the JGS in 1971-72 and 1984-85.

When I arrived in Jamaica, Dr. Barry Floyd was Head of the Geography Department. In 1972 he left UWI to join the staff of Durham University in England. To mark this occasion, the JGS organized a field trip which took the form of a return railway journey between Kingston and Port Antonio. It was a privilege to have this experience which is no longer possible because most of this line has since been closed. The JGS hired a whole train which would stop wherever the field trip leaders desired. I believe that this was possible because there was no scheduled rail service on the Sunday when the trip took place. The driver of the diesel locomotive entered into the spirit of the occasion and suggested one or two stops that he felt were worth making for the benefit of the geographers on board his train. I recall the driver enthusiastically leading his passengers from the stationary train through lush countryside on a track that took us to the mouth of a small cave.

Years later, one of the UWI annual Geographical Field Trips started with a rail journey from Kingston to Montego Bay. Among the memorable events on this journey was the sudden appearance of a preacher man and his boy assistant who distributed hymn sheets among the passengers whom he encouraged to sing praises to the Lord. This rail journey, too, has become a thing of the past. One other field trip by rail that I remember involved the hire of a single coach attached to the scheduled train. This took its geographical passengers to Appleton where the subject of study was the cultivation and processing of sugar cane and the production of rum. For some, it also involved the consumption of the celebrated product, leading to very high spirits among passengers on the return journey.

Most of the geographical field trips required travel by road rather than railway. While small groups could be accommodated in the Geography Department's VW Minibus, it was usually necessary to hire a larger vehicle for the students. The accompanying staff travelled in the departmental VW. At the wheel was usually Head of Department Dr. Vernon Mulchansingh, wearing his hard hat, but occasionally other staff members relieved our expedition leader by taking turns at driving.

At the end of a UWI Geographical field trip it was common for students to carry with them loads of fruit and other produce kindly supplied by farmers they had interviewed as part of their studies. One of the most delightful aspects of these excursions into Jamaica's rural districts was the enthusiastic way in which farmers and others warmly greeted us all, often offering refreshment in the form of freshly picked coconuts which they cut open to provide their visitors with coconut water. I recall that on one return trip from a mountainous region of the island, some students were holding Milo cans in which grew pretty plants of an interesting species unfamiliar to me.

Among the many geographical field trip memories that come to mind are the following:

- A school bus driver who was prepared to take us along seemingly impossible roads and enjoyed his experience so much that he became quite emotional when it all came to an end.
- A Jamaican student who exclaimed his amazement at the beauty of his island when he saw the spectacular cliff known as Lover's Leap, on the coast of St. Elizabeth. That was before the tourist complex was built there.
- A Mona Campus radical student thrilled to be on an exercise that involved interaction with rural peasant farmers and workers.
- Students and staff welcomed by the proprietor of a bar in Spalding where, in the evening, we danced to music played by an old-fashioned juke box.
- After an evening meal at a rural school where we were accommodated, students from several Caribbean countries singing songs from their homelands, accompanied on a guitar by one of the group.

My classroom memories are too many to record in this short piece, but I will conclude with one of my favourites. At the end of one of my classes, I asked the students for some feedback so that I might learn how successful I had been in communicating the information and ideas I hoped they would gain. From near the back of the room came the comment, "Is a irie lecture, Suh."

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UWI Geographical Field week, Munro College, 1975

Photo taken on the south coast of Westmoreland. Eleanor Jones is hidden in the crowd on the left.

Browns Town Market, St. Ann

Photo taken on a JGS field weekend in 1970. Three members of the JGS' field trip -- participants can be seen in conversation, one, a woman is holding a blue folder. Opposite her, the man wearing spectacles and with his arm raised is, I believe, L. Nurse. Which L?

JGS Field Trip, 1972

Kingston to Port Antonio by rail (near Bog Walk).

Recognize anyone?

JGS Port Antonio trip by rail, 1972

Locomotive engine and driver

The JGS field trip by train to Port Antonio, was a fitting tribute by faculty, former students, friends and families who knew Barry, Jean and their family.

For the UWI Geography Dept. (itself, a symbolic train), Barry's roles and functions (as the young, dynamic leader of Geography at UWI), included designing and creating with faculty, support staff and students, the very modern Train, the Tracks, Stations and even Halts. The UWI Geography Program was a first, in the history of Caribbean. The Geography curriculum was built and tailored to meet the needs of the students, university and regional community.

JGS Field Trip to Port Antonio by rail (Bog Walk)

I think that the woman with her back to the camera is Ann Norton.

Cave Valley, 1977

I think that the UWI Geography Department, VW minibus, was used here on a pilot study in preparation for the annual, final year, field trip. Vernon Mulchansingh and I were there. I can't remember who was with us that day.

Experiential learning: Learning geography through one's body

UWI Geography students on a field trip in 1976. Photo taken on the St. Elizabeth coast.

JGS Field weekend, 1970

Dornoch Head near Stewart Town.

Geographers and Geologists: Cultural activities

“Rumramblers 1980”.

Recognize anyone?

Before all-inclusive resort developments became kings of tourism, Negril, 1971

Here is an ancient photograph that was digitized and used for a part of my presentation at the Geography 50th Anniversary Conference, UWI, in late June 2016.

The photo was taken by Anne in 1971, the year I joined the UWI Geography Department. I believe that I was still working for the Jamaican Government's, Town Planning Department at the time. I was in Negril on a site inspection mission. As I recall, the development in the background had gone ahead without planning permission.

Montserrat Field Trip, 1999

Judy Locke
(Geography Student, 1996-1999)

The trip began as any other trip in Geography in that there was anticipation at seeing an active volcano in our part of the world. It was going to be my last field trip with the friends and colleagues that I had come to admire and respect over the years spent with them. We were going to have the last few days of fun and camaraderie at this exciting locale.

We got there fast and got permission to go into the forbidden zone to see the Montserrat Volcano Observatory and then a trip to the peak adjacent to the volcano. Along the way, there was evidence of the destruction caused by this active volcano in the ash dusting the trees, some abandoned buildings and occasionally a whiff of hydrogen sulphide (rotten eggs). We were told that to breathe in the dust could cause tiny shards of glass to be lodged in our lungs causing siliconitis and so dusk masks were at least a minimal protection.

But nothing prepared me for the devastation that was Plymouth. In a panoramic sweep from the peak of the volcano to the foothills below lay a valley of desolation. The town had been abandoned for some years. Its once noisy and crowded streets were silenced. Only the howl of the wind could be heard as it blew dust through the streets and deposited this material on the open wound that was a town cut into the land. The fences, perhaps the last to survive, once demarcated the boundaries that told one person that another person owned this piece of land and that the intruder was a trespasser should he enter unbidden into the compound. Now those fences were all that were left of the transient dream that such ownership possessed. The sands were covering this open wound as the planet continued to heal itself.

My thoughts turned to how fleeting this civilization, and I suppose the countless ones that have gone before, are on a planetary scale. Should we have died at that moment, the earth would have continued healing itself.

We got back to the inter-island ferry enroute to Antigua and looked back to see the volcano had exploded again, sending a column of healing sands into the air to salute our departure.

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Lessons for Life and Living: Geography at Mona

Jeremy Collymore

I entered the Department of Geography in September 1979 in an era when the issues of environmental management and sustainable development were gaining significant traction in both the academia and development discourse. The students in the Department were a very diverse mix with respect to gender, ethnicity, religion and places of birth. This was the birthing of my multi-cultural sensitivity that served me very well in my short time in the UN employment and subsequently with the interfacing with the regional and global DRM community. On reflection, I think that this diversity in student population may be underappreciated as an important factor, in shaping us for an increasingly globalized working space.

The “half course” era was in vogue when I entered the Department. This meant that we were exposed to all dimensions of the discipline over the three year period. For the students who could endure this intensity it provided a reservoir of information and knowledge that served me well in teaching and the other areas in which I have had to share my knowledge. Today’s students would regard such a programme as academic terrorism. For me it was a preparation for the world of work (maybe, outside the public service). Delivering on diverse fronts with limited resources and time is a norm I found out later in the workforce. I still wonder if this was a deliberate workforce preparation strategy or the unintended outcome of overzealous academics!

The biggest and most lasting impact of my Geography experience was the field work that was a key part of our programme. For me it allowed for ‘the ground truthing’ of what we were being taught. It also highlighted limitations of solutions we offer. In particular, when the understanding of, and possibilities for consultations with the targeted beneficiaries of our actions are missing. These insights have informed all of my subsequent research, project proposals and program design considerations, to the extent that others have seen my stakeholder engagement prioritization as activism!

The Geography Department of my era was a place of activism with much pioneering work on the geography of health, agricultural geography, historical geography (with a strong heritage focus) and environment, inclusive of climate change. In an interesting way this knowledge has informed all dimensions of my professional life. I learnt early to distil the zealous articulation of issues from the facts presented by some of our enthusiastic lecturers. This was my early practice in diplomacy.

Work hard play hard. This was my socialization in the Department of Geography. One lecturer, maybe, a few more, lived by this motto. Unfortunately when I adopted it there was concern (not expressed to me), about when I even had the time to study! The message I sent back on the grapevine was that I was just following the mantra: ‘Work hard play hard’. I look back, with nostalgia, at the stimulating excitement, challenges and life learning experiences which I had when I studied Geography with faculty and students in the De la Beche facility.

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Remembering Geography

Blossom (Stokes) O'Meally-Nelson

It's not a good thing, I think, to be called a guinea pig. No reflection on the guinea pig, I must hasten to add because I think that they are among the least imaginative of our furry friends. We were guinea pigs.

We were the first class of Geography students at UWI. I was so happy when I heard that there was going to be a Geography Department. This meant that that I could go to University because it finally, offered my dream subject.

In 1966, I was already married and the mother of two sons when I joined the first of the 'Geography crew', who were drawn from all over the Caribbean. There was nothing homogenous about us. There wasn't even anything homogenous about the Jamaican group of students. We had different educational backgrounds. Many of us were referred to politely, as "mature students".

Nevertheless, we launched out into the wonderland, into the collection of courses which were classified as 'Geography'. There was even a rumour that Geography wasn't a legitimate discipline at all. It wasn't a real subject, in the traditional notion of an academic subject! The source of this disturbing allegation we believed was from among some members of the science faculty. They always felt superior to the arts students. Yet, here we were with Geography providing a bridge for the lowly arts people to encroach on sacred scientific territory! None of this mattered to me, however. Since I would have been a bona fide natural science student but for the vagaries of organic chemistry.

Those were good years 1966-1969. Economic Geography, locational analysis, linear settlements, market towns, knowledge useful to this day. Map reading, never mind that we had to use, for the most part, British military ordnance survey maps from a landscape alien to us. Weather maps, oceanography, raised beaches, wave action the 'swash' and the 'backwash', river regimes, the Wag Water valley, bifurcation; Precambrian times, the Miocene and Pliocene eras, fossils (I am still an avid collector today); land surveying and of course, my good friend Pangea, the original continent.

Seriously though, my studies in Geography provided me with an unparalleled platform of skills and knowledge that has served me in all my professional years.

As striking as the subject matter was, it was nothing to be compared with the people with whom we found ourselves, all of us involved with this scholastic journey. There was Saroop, my Trinidadian friend, who wrote his notes on the back of a patty bag that he had bought for lunch. This caused me to reflect on my writing my notes so conscientiously, recorded in a pristine large folder. Then there was Omar Davies who went on to become that most famous Finance Minister (I would like to think that Economic Geography had something to do with his later career).

How would I have known that one way to gain a lifelong friend was to carry her on my back across the Yallahs River while collecting field data? So it was with Norma Gentles-Newman my friend to this day. To top it all, I was pregnant during, my final year. The question was how was I going to do my final year research project which was to measure the slopes in the Upper Yallahs Valley, in the Blue Mountains, when I kept falling over? How does one do field work when unable to find one's centre of gravity? In addition to which I had a pathological fear of slopes and high places.

This brings me to the unforgettable, indomitable Professor Barry Floyd who provided me with the physical support to stay upright in all this. Professor Barry was a man whose heart was in the right place. He was a master of the craft. He had a flawless sense of judgement and was an impeccable role model. It was unfortunate that he found himself in the middle of the 60's turmoil with 'black man rising' on campus.

We can't forget the earnest Brian Waters unravelling the mysteries of Physical Geography at 8:00 o'clock in the mornings (I still have my Holmes textbook).

Soon enough it was time for final exams and to have my baby daughter. So while everyone was in the library beating books, I was in the hospital, covered with chicken pox and having a baby. Somehow I managed to do the exams with a two-week old baby and able to complete my Bachelor's degree.

Hail up those of us who are still here! Thank you UWI.

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High Jinx at Munroe College (1970)

Cecille DePass

“I wish sometimes they could come with us and practice thinking on their feet in all weathers when rain or perspiration drips from one’s person and the bar parlours with its insidious temptation to spirituous theorizing insistently beckons” (In Richard Chorley and Peter Hagget 1963, p. 190, quoting Sidney William Wooldridge, one of the founding fathers of 20th Century British Geography).

During the Easter holidays, the long awaited field trip took place. In one of the last classes, before the holidays began, we were briefed by the professors who would be with us in the field. Floyd, Mulchansingh, Norton and Fermor would be in charge of specific aspects of our week long, learning experiences in rural, southern, St. Elizabeth.

On the day itself, we gathered together, at the De la Beche Building. Each carrying a small suitcase, with personal belongings, and most importantly, a clipboard, paper, pens, HB pencils and perhaps, even a few, crayons. I do not remember whether any of us, younger students, had cameras. Unlike today, at that time, having easy access and owning a camera, taking pictures, and having them developed (coloured photographs, for example, were developed overseas, I think in Miami), were all subtle signs of being more affluent, or having a passion for photography, or that photography was a central part of one’s profession.

We took our places in the two UWI, Geology/Geography, VW mini buses. Drs. Floyd and Mulchansingh, each drove one of the buses. I think that Norton and Fermor may have shared the driving during the week, but I do not remember. On field trips, I usually sat, in the second row, and by the door, because I was often car sick. I think that Dr. Mulchansingh drove our bus.

We travelled, along the main roads from the campus, and left the city via Washington Boulevard. Journeying ever westwards, we saw key landmarks which included: the very old, narrow bridge near the Ferry Inn; the massive, ancient cotton tree with its gnarled, support roots; and the fields of Bernard Lodge, Caymans and Worthy Park sugar estates. We drove over the Rio Cobre’s, ancient, one lane, iron bridge; moved through Spanish Town and the parish of St. Catherine; proceeded along the straight roads of the flat plains of central Clarendon, with its tobacco farms and very small, thatched, peasant houses (all visible from the road); climbed progressively, through the limestone mountains; wandered through parts of Manchester, veered through Mandeville, past the old Court House; climbed up Spur Tree Hill (saw evidence of bauxite mining activity); descended Spur Tree, admired the wide vistas and the dry Pedro plains; continued through the small village of Junction (near the break in slope); and eventually, wended our way, up the limestone, Santa Cruz Mountains to Munroe College.

I remember that Munroe College had a commanding site, and a spectacularly, beautiful setting. The physical structures and stark design of the school, itself, were reminiscent of English public schools (although, I did not know this in 1970). Munroe College was and still is, one of the prestigious, boy’s secondary, boarding schools, in the country. At that time, Mr. Roper was the

Headmaster. Some years later, one of our peers, Mrs. Iverene Blair would teach Geography at Munroe, for a considerable, number of years. Mrs. Blair would have a marked impact on some of her students, for being an excellent, memorable teacher (Personal communication, Faye Lumsden, Winter 2016).

We were assigned to different dorms in the residential buildings of the College. The women were assigned to dorms in the same building. The young women shared one dorm and the mature, married women students, another. Sister, the young Roman Catholic nun who taught at one of the prep schools in Kingston and St. Andrew, probably stayed in their dorm. Miss Norton, probably shared the dorm with the mature women, or had her own room. The young men and male profs, who were fewer in number than the women students, shared another dorm, probably, in another residential building, or were assigned to another floor of our building.

I remember that I slept near the door at the eastern end of the dorm. I remember that sleeping on the lower level of a bunk bed was quite a novelty. I remember clearly, that Adrienne, Faye, Mary, Margaret and Myrtle distributed themselves in different parts of our very large dorm. The furniture was sparse. The clothes cupboards (solid wood), had cotton curtain screens instead of doors.

We had breakfast every morning, in the school's long, usually cold, austere dining room. We sat on long wooden benches, at long wooden tables. We ate cornmeal or oats porridge; hard boiled, scrambled or fried eggs; bacon; seasoned boiled callaloo; hard dough, white or brown bread with New Zealand butter; accompanied with tea or coffee; and oranges or bananas which we could take with our packed lunches. We returned to the College for supper, after a day in the field. Do not remember what we ate, but I know that we were well fed.

During the days, we visited several small farmers to learn, first-hand, effective small farming techniques such as mulching, which the farmers had developed themselves, over several generations, to meet the dry climatic conditions. We learned about multiple cropping, and types and times for planting the crops in layers. Although this was an extremely, dry part of the country, the farmers because of their careful land husbandry, were well known for producing the ground provisions and food which were sold in the major markets of egs.: Mandeville, Old Harbour, May Pen and in Kingston (See Volume 2, for Faye Lumsden's discussion and analysis of the Kingston branch of the Agricultural Marketing Corporation, AMC). I remember that we interviewed several farmers and duly took notes, on folder paper, clipped to our clipboards. I remember that Dr. Floyd instructed us on ways of making pencil field sketches, using perspective, in order to record our individual observations of landscapes (natural and man-made). At that time, learning skills of careful, observation, and making precise notes and records were critical skills in Geography.

However I remember far, more vividly, the informal, social activities, particularly, the high jinx/tricks which we played at night. One of them is worth noting. Early in the week, one day or evening, when we were not in the dorm, a few young men, decided to raid our dorm and capture some of the young women's underwear which we thought had been safely stored in our suitcases. When we returned from a day in the field, there were several exclamations of shock and anger. Our underwear had been stolen. We, young women, plotted retaliation.

Several days later, when things appeared to be calm, a few of us raided the men's dorms, surreptitiously, selecting, snatching, and stashing some of the men's T shirts, underwear and socks. One of us, stood guard at the door. We planned to up the ante, considerably.

At dawn, the very next morning, we quietly left our dorm. Dressed in our nightclothes, shivering in the cool sea breezes, laughing quietly, we tied together and hoisted all of the men's underwear which we had borrowed. We raised a brand new flag, flying it right to the top of the flag pole which stood at the front of the school. (During the early 1960s, this was a trick which we, young Queen's School guides, on a camping trip, had played on the guides, sleeping in another tent). Therefore, I know that I played an active role in the Munroe adventure.

The next day, everyone was suitably shocked when they went to the front of the school to see that a new flag was proudly, flapping away, in the breeze. Of course, all of us denied vehemently, any knowledge of the new flag which was quickly lowered by some of the male students, while we laughed, in pretended astonishment, at the prank. There were many other innocent pranks, but this is the one which I remember. I gathered later, that at the end of the week, the Headmaster reported to Dr. Floyd, that the Geography students created more trouble at his school, during only one week, than his entire school of 300 boisterous adolescents created in a school term.

I remember that we went into Black River, with Miss Norton, to do some urban geography, probably to learn about characteristics of a colonial town which had seen better days. I remember vividly, that one day, when we approached the town that many of the people on the street, booed and hurled insults at the bus. This was several months after the UWI, Rodney students' protest that had occurred in the preceding October (See Angela Cunningham-Heron's essay, Part 1).

After the Easter, week-long, field trip, as an active member of the JGS, I took part in several other Geography field trips, egs. to Brown's Town and St. Ann to learn about karst topography, and the Kingston Harbour field trip which was led by Faye Lumsden (See photo of the latter, field trip, in this part of the book). Undoubtedly, however, the high jinx in 1970, at Munroe College, for many reasons, has remained etched in my mind. A sense of play, has surfaced, at different times, and in many different ways, in my teaching, community and academic conference activities.

Reference

Chorley, R and Hagget, P. (1965). *Frontiers in Geographical Teaching*. London: Methuen & Co. Ltd.

Faye Lumsden's Archives, Extracts from an early Geography Journal

Christiana Area Land Authority (CALA) Field Trip with the first cohort of Geography students

Alexander Von Humboldt and Karl Ritter go again zigzagging up and up the hillside among others, would certainly approve of the methods used in our West Indian Geography Department to expose undergraduates to "on the spot" investigations carried out during field trips.

On the 7th of April this year the Second year group of geography students left Mona Teacher's College - the headquarters for the Christiana Area Land Authority, after much briefing on the uses of the "Eye ball" as the most essential apparatus on a field trip. The two mini buses bearing staff and students sped swiftly out of Kingston along asphalted roads with little traffic to impede their progress. This was Sunday afternoon when Jamaican roads are generally quiet. Our first halt was at Kaiser Bauxite's new port and storage facilities at Fort Esquivel. Soon we were on the

roads. The cool clean fresh air of the Manchester hills reminded us that we were no longer on the Liguanea Flains, and the red soils peeping out from quarry cuttings along the road side, spelt bauxite country all around. Everyone was relieved when at last we reached the Mandeville

But those who thought that the rest of the afternoon was "free" were mistaken as immediately after supper Dr. Barry- our captain, summoned us to the classroom where every activity for the next was mapped out - down to the last detail.

At 5.00 O'clock next morning some people ran for a dip in the nearby pool

Students watching minings trucks at work at the Kirkvine Bauxite works. These trucks mine thirty five tons of bauxite at one time, and take it to the processing plant.

A group of students and two lecturers preparing to examine the drainage nets, of a river in the CALA soil erosion area.

Lunchtime

Kingston Harbour Field Trip (mid 1970s). Recognize anyone?

Faye Lumsden, leader and guide (back to the camera, arm raised). Cecille Harriott DePass, front row, in blue striped blouse. Brian and Anne Hudson, standing, at the back.