

SAINTS NEWS & VIEWS

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE ST. STANISLAUS
COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION TORONTO



Vol. 9, No.1
April 4, 2003

Membership

Contributing members are the lifeblood of any organization. At Saints, we have a variety of contributors: donors, gift givers, ticket sellers, attendees at fund-raisers, personal time givers, meeting attendees, helpers at fund-raisers, etc. etc. and then we have PAID UP MEMBERS.

The number of PAID UP MEMBERS is a direct reflection of the confidence Saints alumni place in the Executive. Since mailing our last News 'N' Views in January, we have received annual dues (2003) from 100+ members for which we are very thankful. It is always a joy to receive cheques for more than \$25.00. Such action suggests we are doing more than a credible job (smile).

We, the Executive believe that there is a far greater number of "Saints alumni" who feel we are doing a credible job. We are asking that you show your support by sitting down and writing that cheque. It's only \$25.00. How many hundreds of us would testify that Saints has had a very positive influence on our lives especially during our formative years?

Remember, we were CHOSEN to go to Saints, whether it was a scholarship or our parents or someone paid for us to attend. Think of those who came before us, who contributed a lot more in the early days than we do today. As an example, on September 4, 1943, the Guyana St. Stanislaus College Association held a "Wonderland" fair and raised \$6,396.81. Think of that in today's dollars.

Personally, my parents had 4 sons at Saints at the same time. I remember the fees were \$15 per child, per term. My brother Steve (the "brainer" in the family) had a scholarship. If those that came before us had not been major contributors at the college, the fee would have been much higher. My parents would not have been able to afford it and I would probably still be "chopping salt fish" in my parents' "Salt Goods" shop (smile).

Reflect on your own situation and dig deep into your pocket for the \$25.00 membership fee.

I also call on all alumni who have already paid to ask, bug, push, cajole at least one other alumnus to join.

Remember Saints' needs are greater today than at any other time. Do not abandon the cause. The kids need you.

A. Rupert De Castro

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2003 WELCOME

Since the last issue of the newsletter, we have received membership fees from the following alumni. We welcome back those re-joining, and extend warm greetings to those enrolling for the first time. Small as it may be individually, your combined fees contribute to the successful running of the Association in its aims to improve the existing poor conditions of the College in Guyana. For those who do live in the Greater Toronto Area, we also ask for and welcome your active participation in the Association. Your small personal effort CAN make a big difference in the education of those less fortunate than you and your family in Canada.

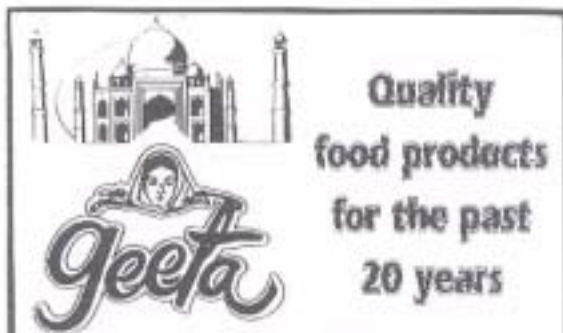
..Bunty Phillips

Paul Abdool
Bernard Austin
Michael Barrington
Arnold Bayley
Gary Blank
Anthony Bollers
Howard Bryce
Ian Camacho
Paul Camacho
Joe Castanheiro
Victor Charan
Bob Chee-a-tow
Paul Chester
Sydney Chin
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Richard James
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Neville Jordan
Aubrey Kellawan
Gregory Kellawan
William Lall
Vibert Lampkin
Geoffrey Luck
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Vincent Mendes de Franca
Douglas Menezes
Richard Miller
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Ramon Rego
Romeo Resaul
Desmond Rix
Brian Rodrigues
Dr. Cyril Rodrigues
Eric Rodrigues
Keith Rodrigues
Joseph Schuler
Michael Seabra
Maurice Serraõ
Robin Shaw
Desmond Singh
Stanley Tiam Fook
Arthur Veerasammy
John Vincent
David Wong
Jim Yhap
John Yip



Passage from Childhood

I was always by far the youngest in my Form, a dubious honour, which would stay with me until my second year in the Sixth Form. I was also considered to be one of the "bright" boys of the class with "bookish" interests and this, combined with my somewhat introverted nature (especially where the opposite sex was concerned) did not assist me in my passing into the teen years. During that transition period, while most of the rest of my class were already going to parties where there were girls (horrors!), my extra-curricular interests still lay in going to "star-boy pictures" (WWII and cowboy movies with John Wayne and Randolph Scott were the popular genre of the period) and the old serials (*Flash Gordon*, *Fu Man Chu*, *Superman*, etc.), and in playing games and sports with boys more my age.

My reading also reflected my interests. I had started to move on from the schoolboy fiction of the *Hardy Boys* by Franklin W. Dixon, and that aviation ace of WWII, *Biggles*, by Capt. W. E. Johns, to more adult fare, including Agatha Christie's Belgian detective, *Hercule Poirot* (introduced to me by Malcolm Cole, a classmate,...but that's another story). The detective stories satisfied my "grey cells" and, for action stimulation, I had started reading real life accounts of activities which occurred during the two World Wars. All this new reading was still hero or action related, and still demonstrated that I had not yet achieved the definitive change from childhood.

In my earlier years after I had outgrown reading the standard fairy tales, the books which interested me had been the "funny" ones, including the stories of the *Bobbsey Twins* by Laura Lee Hope, the Richmael Crompton's *William* series, and the Frank Richards' *Billy Bunter* adventures. However, as I approached my teen years, these books seemed to be too childish to continue to read and, knowing of no substitutes, I stopped reading comedies, and my growth was stunted....until I met Claude Vieira.

My class had just been promoted to the Lower Fourth Form, and we had a new English Master, Mr. Claude Vieira. Claude was no stranger to me. His younger brother, Vibert, was a Prefect in one of the senior classes and represented the College in sports. I had seen pictures and read stories in the local newspapers about Claude and his participation in local dramatics (Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Mikado* comes readily to mind).

Claude was also a qualified cricket umpire....at least, I assumed so as he was allowed to officiate at major matches, and also occasionally he was part of the cricket commentator team which handled the radio broadcasts of the matches against visiting cricket teams. No, Claude was no stranger to me but, other than seeing and passing him in the school halls, I did not know him personally until the Lower Fourth.

See Passage Page 4



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Passagefrom Page 3

I soon discovered that Claude, while teaching, was still studying as an external student and corresponding with a University in England in trying to obtain his University degree in English. My memory is vague about his teaching, both content and technique, but I can't remember him as being either the best or the worst teacher the class had ever had. What I do remember is that, like most humans, he could be steered into a subject of his deep interest, and then he would wax prolifically in expounding on it. English was not the most interesting of school subjects to study and, on a warm and lazy day when no one in the class really wanted to discuss the finer points of grammar, we would get someone (like Joe Castanheiro who, even at this early stage, was regarded as an up-and-coming College cricket star) to make an "innocent" comment about the latest international cricket match.....and that was the end of any studying of English for that period! This "technique" was well-known in Sixth Form Maths class where even the strict Fr. ("Jiggs") Lynch could be coaxed in class to sing (!) arias from Gilbert and Sullivan.....but, again, that's another story!

Claude was well suited to English studies and obviously made good use of this in his participation in dramatics. One day, he entered the classroom for his teaching period, sat down at the master's desk on the dais, mentioned that he was currently reading a very good book, and then proceeded to read it aloud in class. During the course of his reading, he would get up, move around, and assume the attitudes and voices of the characters of the story being read. Interspersed with his reading, he injected his personal comments on the action of the story. Even if the story hadn't been funny (and it was), his analysis and interpretation was absolutely hilarious, and he had the whole class continually in stitches of laughter.

The story came to a climax when the "hero", a chronic stutterer, seemed to have been cured of his embarrassing affliction while hiding out in his fiancée's house from a crowd which was chasing him and which was being led by a farmer wielding a pitchfork. His fiancée, not being aware of his present circumstances, asked him for a solution to a crossword clue which required a nine-letter word for a farm implement used to manage hay.

The answer came readily to his lips without the slightest sign of a stutter, and his final comment was that there were possibly other purposes to which such an implement could be put to use!

It had been fascinating....the whole thing - the words, the narration....at least, to me! At this time of my life, I had never attended a live play on stage, and had seen actors only on the big screen. Not only did this magnificent performance open my eyes to the existence of a new world about which I knew nothing, but also finally introduced me to adult comedy fiction.

At the end of the class period, I and several other classmates rushed up to Mr. Vieira to discover the source of such great hilarity. After classes ended that day, I jumped on my bicycle and pedalled as quickly as I could to the Public Library where I was lucky enough to find and borrow a copy of P. G. Wodehouse's *Meet Mr. Mulliner*. This was the beginning of a life-long love affair with the works of this inimitable English author.

It certainly marked my transition into adulthood as I then started on my own to seek out adult fiction of all kinds. This enabled me at least to learn about the adult mentality and how to react in the adult situations in which I would find myself increasingly more often. It was also the beginning of my interest in live theatre, and I would start to attend other schools' productions of plays, like St. Rose's version of *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, not just to meet the girls (I was finally growing up!) but also from a genuine interest in the actual performance.

All, thanks to Claude Vieira.

L. A. (Bunty) Phillips



The Last Run (Part 2 of 2)

The following is an excerpt from Walter O. Smith's story about the once popular East Coast train on its final run from Rosignol to Georgetown

The old conductor politely refused my offer of a fish-and bread."Nuh baye, ah jus had something". But I knew he was lying, because his legs shook nervously. He was trembling. "Wha happ'n Perr?" "Nuttin buddy, nuttin. Comin back just now." He headed for the toilet. When he came out, he blew his nose three or four times, though I could swear Perry was not suffering from a cold. He made an effort to sit, but through his kerchief I heard a muffled, "Comin' back."

I sat back thinking about Perry. When Transport wanted to pension him off, he offered to work for whatever pay they cared to give him. He had worked all his life on the Georgetown—Rosignol trains. Perry was a bachelor, "without chick nar chile" as he always told me. "Baye Tomatie, ah too luv me train dem. Besize, which woman gun want a man wid train ilse, train dus and train grease all in e hair an eyes an aaze and nose?" The rumbling of the train through the Mahaica bridge brought me back to earth. As the train came to a stop at the platform, Perry, flag in hand and whistle in mouth, was mobbed by a crowd of fruit-sellers and other friends. Some of the women were beslobbering him with kisses, while others were either shaking hands or slapping him on the back. "Good ole Perr," "Goo-bye, sweetart," "See you sometime," "So long old chap," they all wished him.

"People is the nicest things... afta trains," said Perry, after he had leapt back on board, smiling. Then he added, "Pass de likwid. I think ah need anada shat to ketch meself." I obeyed and he drank. After lighting up a Broadway, and letting out a puff of smoke like the old train itself, he said, "Tomatie, yuh rememba de Eas Indyun Awoman?" "Which one?" "Man, de wan dat gie burth to she chile on de train. Yuh bin dey de day wen de chile baan." "You mean de day when you bin a dactah an me bin tun middie" "Yes Buddy, de same very Gadd day," and he went off in a fit of laughter. After some time he wiped his eyes, and blew his nose, using it to mask his tears.

Guyanese Folklore ...Howard Bryce

"Well, wha yuh tink happ'n? De tarra day, who yuh tink me meet?" Wha ah gun tell yuh baye? Coupla days ago I bin in a cakeshop ah Kitty fuh buy two Braadway. An is who yuh tink gun sell de Braadway to me, if nat de same very woman, ah tell yuh." Perry replied, answering his own questions. "Baye, she ask me if ah remeba she. Yub know is only den ah mek she out. She shake me hand an ah ask she bout de baby.

Den she tun she mout ah kitchen side an shout, "Perry." And befo me koud ketch back meself, a nice lil baby chile run in de cakeshop. She lif e up an put e down pon de... excuse me." He conducted the train to a stop, and we were at Belfield. But as soon as we were moving again, he was once more in his seat opposite to me.

"Eh, eh, and wha ah gun tel yuh, she lif de chile an put e pon de counta an tel e, "Perry, kiss yuh uncle Perry." An de chile trow e han rung me nek...His voice failed him, and he applied his kerchief to his eyes and then to his nose. When he had finished his mopping up operations he lied, "Yes train good, but sometime train too does trow dus in you eyes." Perry had another fit of laughter and two lines of tears were coursing down his furrowed face. He got up and walked through the small crowd of listeners, and his voice was hoarse while he called for tickets, "Clonbrook, Enmore, Golden Grove, Clonbrook."

"Ole Perry is a great guy," said a man in our crowd. The man went on to tell us how one day, a Berbician was taking his sick father to Georgetown and how the old man died as soon as the train pulled out of Rosignol. "And when Perry saw that the old man was dead," he went on, "Perry turned to the son and said, "Son, you daddy meet a destinashun. Jus put e head on yuh lap and cover e face. Yuh see, de old man just sleepin, jus sleepin. An ah don't want any passenger to wake e up. When we meet in town, ah gun see wha ah can do fo help yuh to send e h me."

Letters to the Editor

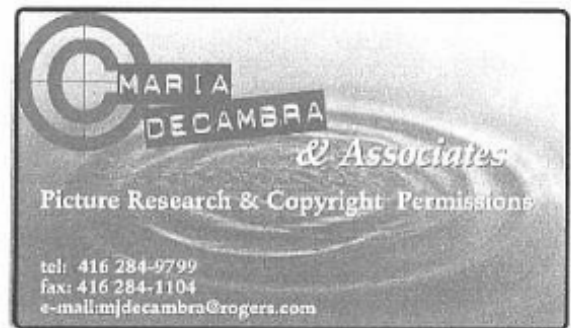
Dear Sir,
 I have compiled a list of my classmates, for the years 1945 - 1950, completely by memory, as I did not have this written down anywhere.
 Could you kindly publish it in the next issue of "Saints News & Views" for possible feedback? Thank you. Where are most of them now? A few are members of the Toronto Association, and two are members of the Barbados Association.
 As I do not have an up-to-date list of the Toronto Association, some of those who are shown as not being members could very well be members of the Association. Maybe some are even in the Guyana Association.
 Thank you for your attention to my request. Keep up the good work.
 Ramon Rego
 Scarborough

I have tried to be as accurate as possible. If I have left out anyone, I will be pleased to amend my list. Thank you, and please write in about it.
 Our years at Saints began in September 1945, with Fr. Francis Smith SJ as Principal. This is the same priest that Stanley Greaves (Barbados Association) wrote about some time ago, and who gave us a half holiday whenever the rain threatened to fall. He stayed until 1947 or 1948 when Fr. Brian Scannell SJ took over as Principal. Fr. Scannell stayed on for many years after that as Principal. The College boys owe a great debt of gratitude to Fr. Scannell since the "new" wing, with science laboratories, were built under his tenure.

Editor's Note : Ramon can be reached at
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List of Students - class 1945 to 1950

Emil Abdelnom
 Stanley Affonso - Barbados Association
 George Boyd
 Maurice Camacho - deceased in Toronto
 Stanley Camacho - deceased in Toronto
 Victor Charan - Toronto Association
 Sydney Chin - Toronto Association
 Aubrey Collins
 Vivian D'Andrade - Toronto Association
 Terence DeAbreu
 Paul (Tony) Crum-Ewing - Toronto Association
 Neil Fung
 Louis Gittens
 Stanley Greaves - Barbados Association
 Joe Hazelwood
 Desmond Kerry
 Rafiq Khan
 Malcolm Lam
 Julian Nurse
 Dennis Pereira
 Ramon Rego - Toronto Association
 Vibert Scantlebury - deceased in Guyana
 Honnet Searwar
 Harry Shepherd
 George Simmons
 Ricardo Simone
 Francis Sue-Ping



St. Stanislaus Student a Winner

In the recently held individual dance contest of the Georgetown Children's Mashramani Competition in Guyana, **Roslee Johnson**, a student at St. Stanislaus College, emerged the winner in the "Social Commentary" category for ages 14 - 17 with a presentation of "A Child's Woes".

The Toronto Association extends congratulations to Roslee and, in recognition of her achievement, has awarded her a prize of \$50 (Can.).

The Last Run

....Continued from Page 4

When someone asked the man who told him about the incident, he replied somewhat angrily, "Told me about it, told me about it? Man, I was there." Others, including myself, joined in to add to the Perry legend. One chap reminded us that we would never pass that way again. "The great iron bridges, the fish-and-bread, the boys bathing in the trenches beside the tracts, labourers working and going to work," he said. "We may see some or all of these things, but never again through the windows of this train." He looked 'tight' but he sounded educated.

The train whistled mournfully as it was pulling into the Georgetown station. It was chanting its own dirge, it was sounding its last post. When the train had finally jerked to a stop, I made my way to the baggage compartment and got out my basket of tomatoes. Perry always used to help me lift the basket onto my head.

As I looked around for him, another porter came up and offered to help me. I was becoming quite distraught at not saying goodbye to the greatest train conductor I had come to know and like.

eye-TECH
OPTICAL

Victor Dinally
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Finally, as I kept looking down the length of the platform, I saw his familiar figure seated on a bench at the far end of the station. His face was buried in his hands and his conductor's cap set far back on his head. Perry was a proud man. He was also a very emotional person. I could feel his sadness, but chose to respect his privacy. It was as if the train had been his only family, and he could not bear to say goodbye at its passing. I was sure I would meet him again, soon, hanging around the station, retelling his stories to anyone who would listen. I felt better at the thought and left.

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EVENTS IN 2003

EVENT	DATE	TIME	PLACE
Spring Dance	Sat. 12 Apr.	7:30 p.m. - 2:00 a.m.	Thornhill Community Centre, 7577 Bayview Ave., Thornhill
Golf Tournament	Sat. 12 Jul.	7:45 a.m. - 1:00 p.m. (shot-gun start)	Nottawasaga Inn Golf Resort, 6015 Highway 89, Alliston, (East of Alliston, West of Highway 27)
<i>Summer Barbecue & Dance (tentative)</i>	Sat. 12 Jul.	7:00 p.m. - 2:00 a.m.	TBA; (<i>tentative :Herongate Barn Theatre, 2885 Altona Rd., Pickering;just South of Concession Rd. 3, halfway between Finch Ave. and Taunton Rd.</i>)
Soccer vs. QC Alumni	? Jul. (TBA)	TBA	TBA
Caribjam	Fri. 1 Aug.	8:00 p.m. - 2:00 a.m.	Thornhill Community Centre, 7577 Bayview Ave.
Last Lap Lime	Mon. 4 Aug.	9:00 a.m. - 11:00 p.m.	TBA
Cricket vs. Central Alumni	? Aug (TBA)	1:00 p.m. - 7:00 p.m.	TBA
Cricket vs. QC Alumni	? Sept. (TBA)	1:00 p.m. - 7:00 p.m.	TBA
Fall Dance	Sat. 25 Oct.	8:00 p.m. - 2:00 a.m.	Thornhill Community Centre, 7577 Bayview Ave., Thornhill
New Year's Eve Dance	Wed. 31 Dec.	7:00 p.m. - 2:00 a.m.	TBA;(<i>tentative :Centennial Recreation Centre, 1967 Ellesmere Rd., Scar, W. of Markham Rd</i>)

EVENT	DATE / TIME/ PLACE
Monthly Executive Meetings	2 nd Thur. of each month 7:30 p.m. - 10:00 p.m. 4544 Sheppard Ave. East, Scarborough (meeting room on lower level)
Annual General Meeting	Thur. 25 Sept. (<i>tentative</i>) 7:30 p.m. - 10:00 p.m. TBA: (<i>tentative :Tam- Heather Country Club</i>)

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St. Stanislaus College Alumni Association Toronto, founded in 1993, is devoted to making St. Stanislaus College the best educational institution in Guyana. It provides financial aid and other aid to the college, which was founded by Fr. Langton S. J. in 1866. Formerly run by the Jesuit Order of Catholic Priests, the school was taken over by the Government in 1976, with Government-appointed teachers replacing the clergy in 1980.

Saints News & Views publishes four issues each year. The articles published represent the opinions of the authors, and do not necessarily reflect those of the publisher.

**Saints News & Views welcomes
contributing articles from its membership**