

SAINTS NEWS & VIEWS

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE ST. STANISLAUS
COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION TORONTO



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Oh! What have we done all year?

A. Rupert De Castro, CMA, President

Our Executive was elected on September 25, 2002, at our annual general meeting attended by a small group of committed individuals. What I am alluding to here is: if you want to take over the organization, put together a group of about 25 people and you could easily become the President of the Association. That's how I got the job (smile).

While we have some stalwarts in the Association who do a tremendous job, we still need help. We are looking for "new blood" to infuse the organization with "NEW BEGINNINGS". Ask our latest group of "new blood": Prince Arthur Veerasamy (yes, the man is a prince in name and action), Leslie Choo-Wing who drew 150+ to his surprise birthday party, all of whom would probably have attended our BBQ if it were not held on the same night (we do screw up sometimes), Neville Devonish, our competent Treasurer who works tirelessly at every function (I don't know how his wife, Tessa, lets him get away with it), and Alvaro De Freitas, our next literary "genius" who is always willing to help.

We are an organization that takes risks...risks, in order to bring you exciting new products/ venues. And, in taking risks, sometimes we lose, but the experience, if used intelligently (and we like to think we are a smart bunch of guys/girls), can result in significant PROFITS in the future. Now, our year of stewardship:

Fundraising Activities

The year started with our Fall Dance on 19 October, 2002. D.J. Jones propelled the crowd of some 350+. We danced until 2 A.M. This was a profitable event.

New Year's Eve was our gala evening of the year. Tickets at \$75 per person were SOLD OUT way in advance. "Bing Serrão and The RAMBLERS" with their unique rhythms brought in the New Year. The party went until 2 A.M. Another profitable event.

Spring Dance: The smooth rhythms of D.J. Jones and "Small Man Band" melted the night away. Over 340 attended. Another profitable event.

The BBQ on July 5th was our first BBQ ever. On a gorgeous balmy, mosquito-free evening, we rocked the night away to the rhythm of Chinney Lee-Own's "TRIPLE PLAY". At 7 P.M., it was warm and beautiful – a truly tropical evening. Most attendees commented on how great a time they had. However, we experienced a loss on this event.

Our 11th Caribjam. Oh, what a success. After having "JAHRUSALEM" for 4 years, we moved to Chinney Lee-Own's "TRIPLE PLAY" and Raymond "Bakes" Pereira, popular D.J. They did such a splendid job that, at 2 A.M. closing time, hundreds lingered in the hall. THEY DID NOT WANT TO GO HOME. We made a "handsome" profit on this one.

Last Lap Lime. Another of our innovative events (Noel Denny's idea) held in conjunction with the St. Rose's, St. Joseph's, Bishops', and Queens College Alumni Associations. A change in venue did not deter our ardent supporters from finding us. Over 4,600 attended. The LIME ran from 10 A.M. to 9 P.M. The final figures have not yet been received, but we believe that we made a small profit.

The Golf Tournament at the Nottawasaga Inn Golf Resort on 12 July, 2003 attracted 100+. Another profitable Saints venture.

Our fund raising events netted \$20,914 this fiscal year.

Commitments to the College

We have committed \$20,000 toward building a Cafeteria and improving the Industrial Arts building.

We spent \$4,357 on computers and shipping to Guyana.

We granted \$2,000 in scholarships / bursaries. We are also committed to awarding \$3,825 annually for excellence in academic achievements, and committed another \$675 for outstanding extra-curricular activities.

And what about The Wall of Fame?

At last, we have committed C\$35,600.00 to start construction of The Wall. Toronto raised over C\$34,000.00, and Barbados raised over C\$8,000.00.

General Administration

The Executive has earmarked 50% of the Net Funds raised each year to be placed in an endowment fund. The interest on the endowment fund + 50% of the Net Funds raised each year will be used for current projects at Saints. The interest generated by this fund will be available for future use by the college.

As an Executive, our most difficult job is selling tickets for our Fundraisers. Our innovative mindset, our hard work, our hours of meetings, our good intentions, all mean nothing unless we sell enough tickets to make each function as profitable as possible.

continued on Page 2 , **What have we done**

Everything must “fall into place”, and we need everyone of our volunteers to do what needs to be done to have successful fund-raisers. In other words, we all bring special talents, knowledge, and experience “to the table”, and we each do what we do best to keep our “machine” rolling along the path of profit.

Nothing is achieved without our “Saints Supporters”. I personally want to thank each and everyone who ever took his or her hard earned money out of his or her pocket to purchase tickets and support our functions. Special thanks to those non-executives who encourage large groups to attend by selling lots of tickets. Without your continued support, it’s all for naught. We love you. I also want to thank all of our volunteers who help to make our organization the success it is. And, of course, I must thank our Executive who, as a group, is the most productive fund raiser I know, given our size.

Winston Churchill once said, “Talent is nurtured in solitude. Character is formed in the stormy bellows of the world”. Our Executive brings an immense pool of talent to the table. I would like to think characters are still being formed.

Come on out to our monthly meetings; you are guaranteed an enjoyable evening. Someone always buys the drinks.

AND WE WERE WORRIED! (about this year’s Lime)

Paul Abdool

So, like the headline says, we were worried this year when planning the Lime. We were worried first and foremost because we made a conscious decision to change the original venue of the Lime. Our reasons were sound (to us anyway). We needed more space for the Limers to be comfortable, we needed more parking, more space for food and drink stalls, better washroom facilities, a “real” stage for you to enjoy the bands and a more enclosed park to keep you all as safe as possible. We also changed the times of the Lime, starting at 10:00 A.M this year, and ending at 9:00 P.M, for the first time ever. We also wanted a non-residential area. Shangri-la was ideal, but it increased our rental costs by 400%. Nonetheless, we went ahead, as we felt your comfort and enjoyment should always come first.

It was a tough decision...the seven previous Limes were all at Tam Heather, and people, being creatures of habit, are very uncomfortable with and resistant to change. The doubts were numerous; would you be comfortable with a new venue? What about accessibility by highway? There are no indoor facilities at Shangri-la, would this be a deterrent? To compound these problems, we had to deal with the very real threats of SARS and West Nile. PLUS, we had to contend with some unimaginative joker who couldn’t think for himself, held his function on the same day as ours and called it last Lime or last lap or Lime lap or lap lap Lime or some such nonsense. And all of this just to confuse you.

But guess what? They didn’t fool any of you! They didn’t fool the people who came from Florida, or from California, or from Detroit or from New York. They didn’t fool those from Guyana, Trinidad, Barbados or Jamaica or any of the islands. They didn’t even fool the guy and his wife from Switzerland! And Toronto...they certainly didn’t fool you!

You came! Boy did you come...over 4,600 of you! Thank you. Thanks to each and every one of you. All of you know by now that the Lime takes a full year to plan, a year of meetings, a year of decisions, a year of dealing with suppliers and printers and security companies and government permits and on and on and on.

And yet, all of the work, the entire investment of time would be all in vain without you. It is gratifying, very gratifying, to know that once again you believed and you kept the faith. We know that you came because you had a good time the year before, and the year before that. It is a great compliment to us to know that we are doing something right.

That being said, we are not foolish either. We fully realize that we don’t do everything right. Before we can correct what we are doing wrong, you need to tell us what we are doing wrong; that is the only way we can continue to improve. So please, keep those letters, e-mails and word of mouth conversations coming. Send us your suggestions...we are still growing, and we will never cease in our quest to be the best that we can be.

You will note that I did not mention what the Lime is all about in this article. I really don’t believe that I have to, you have been coming for eight years, and you know. You know you will see a classmate or friend you haven’t seen for 30 years. You know that you will spot an old boy/girl friend somewhere in the crowd and share a sweet memory or two. You know for sure you will meet some new friends. And, you know that the profits from the Lime go towards improving the five schools of St Stanislaus College, Queens, Bishops’, St. Rose’s and St. Joseph’s in Guyana. Plus, you know for sure that you will lime for about 11 hours for less than the price of dinner.

So...as you’re getting out the snow blowers and shovels, as you are taking the woolen sweaters out of storage, buying windshield washer fluid and preparing for what is to come, remember Shangri-la this year. Remember that special conversation or that chance meeting you had, and you will feel a little better. I guarantee winter will be a little easier to deal with. We will see you soon, on the first Monday of August in 2004, when we will lime again. It’s not that far away! Have a safe and warm winter, and once again, our sincere thanks for your incredible loyalty throughout the years.

The Editorial Committee extends its heartfelt thanks to Paul Pooran of TIMEHRI Restaurant for providing the very necessary facilities for editing of this publication and the hospitable atmosphere that made it a very pleasant experience.

The Old School Tie

L. A. (Bunty) Phillips



The “tie we never knew” seen on the left, was “The Prototype” worn 50 years ago at the Government House reception. On the right, the familiar broad stripes of “The Working Version” of the school tie.

The year was 1953. The British Government had just suspended the Constitution of British Guiana, the most advanced constitution it had yet awarded to any of its existing colonies. They had imprisoned the leaders of the governing political party. Elements of the British Army and Navy had been dispatched to keep order, and the current Governor, Sir Charles Woolley, had been replaced by a strong disciplinarian, Sir Alfred Savage, who was transferred from Barbados to try to live up (literally) to his name.

I was in Lower 4A at the time, but the political upheavals were the least of my worries on my being summoned to the Headmaster’s office during normal class hours in the last term of the school year (Canadian summer-time). Fr. Brian Scannell did not have a reputation of one to be feared but, after all, he was the Headmaster with whom I did not have much daily contact in the classroom.....so what did I do so grossly wrong that he had to get involved, and how severe would my punishment be for the yet-unknown transgression?

I entered his office with great trepidation and fast-beating heart to find a welcoming and friendly smile on the face of my would-be judge. My fears quickly vanished as he set me at ease with the information that he would like me to undertake a task for him. It seems that the new Governor was trying to make a good impression on the Guianese and demonstrate that he was not completely as ruthless as he was made out to be in the local press, by holding a Government House reception for school children in honour of the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II.

Saints was invited to send a delegation of about a dozen students, and Fr. Scannell wanted me to be the leader of the group. While I was one of the academically “bright” boys in my class, up to this time I do not believe that I had demonstrated any particular qualities of leadership for him to select me for this position. I suspect that his choice was based on the fact that attendance at the reception had an age restriction which I met, being the youngest boy in my class. All the other selected students of my age group were in lower Forms and, therefore, I had seniority of

rank!

Fr. Scannell went on to advise about the dress-code for the occasion. Until then, the only Saints dress-code I knew was the daily uniform of khaki open-neck shirt and khaki pants complemented, if desired, by the choice of a school cap or a pith helmet (“bug-house”) decorated with a small white-striped blue flash. In an unspoken way, I had often cast envious glances at the QC students who looked quite smart in their uniforms of dark or khaki pants and a white shirt with a tie (albeit of a ghastly mix of yellow and black!). However, for this momentous formal occasion, we were to wear grey pants, a white shirt, and A SCHOOL TIE! Fr Scannell showed me the tie (a “Tootal” brand made in England) which was navy blue with a white diagonal pin-stripe across it (see “The Prototype” in the accompanying photo). In the English style, the stripes ran from the top left to the bottom right as opposed to the North American standard of top right to the bottom left. I cannot remember whether the tie was given to us or if we had to buy it, but I was now in possession of the first (to my knowledge) official Saints school tie.

On the day of the event, the Saints group (and delegations from many other schools) met at Sacred Heart (“Main Street”) R.C. school where we parked our bicycles and from where we walked over to the Government House grounds where we were admitted on showing our printed invitation. We were not sure what to do next, so we just wandered around the previously forbidden territory until an official started to circulate, telling us to go upstairs in the main Government House building for the reception. There still seemed to be no urgency by any group to go inside (remember, we were all about thirteen years old or less, and very few in attendance would have had any experience with this type of occasion) so, driven by thoughts of gooey cake, cold drinks, and ice cream, I led our group as the first ones up a wide wooden staircase with low risers (it was more comfortable to take the steps two at a time) and into a large reception room at the top of the stairs.

At the entrance to the reception room, we were greeted with a handshake by Sir Alfred and his wife, introduced ourselves by school and individually, and were invited to enter and partake of the “goodies” laid out for us. My memory of events after that is very vague. I remember the room being very large and quite devoid of carpets or any furniture except for the tables with the food and drink (and the staff serving behind the tables). I guess that the government officials did not trust young school children to have much respect for furnishings which are used in diplomatic settings! Eventually, after everyone was in the (now crowded) room, Sir Alfred made a short speech though I cannot remember what he actually said (the refreshments were far more important than any verbal pleasantries).

This was a late afternoon reception (about 4:00 or 5:00), and I remember it being already dark by the time I made my way back to Main Street school to pick up my bicycle and wend my way back home, stomach stuffed with delights.

Continued on Page 4, **School Tie**

The Summer Barbecue

Paul Abdool

The aroma in the air was unmistakable, and as all aromas tend to do, immediately triggered memories buried deep within the recesses of our minds. We were teenagers again, experiencing the endless summer of our native land and eagerly looking forward to the evening that was just beginning. An evening filled with the sweet musical strains of a "string" band, an evening of laughter and friendship capable of instantly transporting each of us 30 years into the past. The pleasure derived from dancing under the stars cannot be conveyed via explanation, it has to be experienced. Once experienced, it will become an addiction.

The aroma that triggered this particular memory was the very distinctive smoke from our 1st annual Barbecue. When planning this first time venture, our objective was to recreate this "back home" tradition as closely as we could. It had to be outdoors, it had to be a Bar B Que and it had to have that smell that we are all so familiar with. So many things had to go right for it to be successful. We had to pick a weekend when people weren't out of town; we had

to pick a weekend when there was no rain. We had to find the perfect location, the perfect caterer, the perfect D.J. and the perfect band.

As Saints boys, we owed this not only to you, the folks who pay the bills, but to ourselves as well. If we were going to attempt to carry on a tradition, regardless of how difficult and how many obstacles, we had to do it right.

Guess what? We tried it and it worked. Lots of hard work and planning went into it, and we got lucky with the weather, but it was worth it because it worked! For those of you who came, thank you, both for your loyalty and for the compliments. For those of you who missed it, we will see you next year.

It went so well that we intend to do it every year. The friends who came this year swore they were at Thirst Park or Milton's Low's Bar B Que back home. We promise to give you a lot more notice next year so you could reserve the date early.

In February and March when everything is gray and damp and cold outside, remember that it won't last forever. In three short months, you will be smelling the smoke, laughing like a teenager and dancing under the stars on a warm night once again. Just make sure to reserve one Saturday night in June for us.



Romance Under the Stars – a gorgeous evening, sweet music, and a crescent moon overhead as you crossed the Kissing Bridge. Enjoying the summer evening at the BBQ and Dance were these Friends of Saints, who regularly support our functions even though they are not themselves alumni :

Seated left to right - Desmond and Barbara Duarte, Aubrey Cheddie and Pat Alexander.

Standing - Terry and Angela Angoy, and Lance Alexander.

Our Association would like to thank you and all others who have been supporting our functions.

School Tie continued from Page 3

It seems that word got back to Fr. Scannell (he told us so) that the Saints group had made a good impression on the Governor with, among other things, our "formal" attire (maybe because we were the first, and therefore memorable, group who dared to enter the "lion's den"). The die had been cast! Beginning in September for the starting term of the next academic year (1953-1954), we were required to wear the new school tie as part of our normal daily attire. However, the design of the tie was changed slightly (for some unknown reason) over the summer vacation, and the final tie (again a "Tootal" brand) incorporated a broader white stripe rather than a pin-stripe (see "The Working Version" in the accompanying photo).

After a brief grace period to allow for the acquisition of a tie, any student coming to school without wearing one would "earn" a detention period after school hours. Too frequent an occurrence of this sort would result in an enforced visit to Fr. Scannell's office and/or a letter to or a call on the student's parents! Even the die-hard student rebels (including Stephen D. in my Form) eventually gave in and accepted the new order of things. The English institution of the "old school tie" was born and was there to stay at Saints!

I invite anyone who was part of the delegation to the Government House reception (and, again, I cannot remember who they were as they all were in lower Forms) to write in with their recollections of the occasion.

Bunty Phillips (at Saints : 1950 - 1958)

The Challenge (Caribjam 2003)

Paul Abdool

We are all living in Canada long enough to know that a long weekend constitutes 3 days off work. A quick and simple calculation verifies this...Saturday and Sunday are traditional days off, plus a holiday falling on a Monday or a Friday gives us an extra day. Hence, three days off in a row, or the "long weekend." Caribana in Toronto is such a long weekend, because August Monday, (the first Monday in August) is a holiday.

For Guyanese people and their incredible capacity to have a good time compounded with their all consuming desire to "beat the system", these three days off simply aren't enough to celebrate Caribana in a manner befitting the festival. A fellow committee member (who shall remain nameless) said it best. "Yuh all just had to find a way to mek a long weekend lass fuh four days instead ah tree, if not yuh all din' name Guyanese."

As we have been told countless times, where there's a will there's a way. The "way" in this instance is Saint's Caribjam, which is traditionally held on the Friday night. This dance kicks off the Caribana weekend, and its success is proof that we have managed to find our four-day weekend.

Years ago, when we first started talking about this function, the same anonymous "big mouth" friend on the committee questioned in typical nay say fashion "Yuh all don' tink yuh all ovah doin' de do? People goin fête Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday?"

Here are some reasons why we are not "ovah doin de do". This year we once again sold out the dance, with countless ticket requests coming from the States and other countries a month or more in advance of the function. Caribjam remains our most popular event of the year, and is the only function where revellers come early (which Guyanese you know arrives early for anything?), and refuse to leave when the music ends. This year, long after the band left and the DJ packed up, people continued to mill about, began singing themselves and then started dancing to their own singing!!! Again, my "big mouth" friend on the committee, who is also on the clean up crew had this observation. "Next year, ah bringing a pailing stave, an if dey ain't leff on time, ah gun start sharing some serious jumbee lash! Ah swear Paul, ah gun beat from Harry Right to Harry Wrong". Well, needless to say, Mr. Anonymous will not be flogging anyone next year or in years to come. There is nothing more gratifying than putting on a function where people receive their money's worth and more.

And we believe this is the secret to this function's popularity and success...value for dollar. Consider the following: we try to keep the donation as low as possible, make all drinks reasonably priced and provide both a DJ and a band. More than

that, we always try to hire a touring band from the West Indies, usually from Guyana, because that is what you have told us you really want. We couldn't fulfill the "outside" band mandate this year, but as they say, that is a "long story", and an anecdote I will probably address in an upcoming issue. Rest assured though, we really tried. However, the local band that we hired, "Triple Play", did a superb job on rather short notice, and received rave reviews.

I am not going to tell you whether or not people had a good time, you can judge for yourselves based on the following. They came early, refused to leave, wore their finest, danced all night (even to their own singing), drank out the entire bar and ate all the food. Nuff said!!!

Years ago, we spent countless hours in a boardroom (a basement with a couple of chairs and tables), debating the name of this function...it had to be catchy, it had to speak to the function, it had to reflect the time of year and hint at our culture etc. (we marketing types really take ourselves too seriously). The name "Caribjam" was born. In retrospect, it didn't really matter. The function is now simply known as "the Saints Dance", the fête that kicks off Caribana. That is one of the greatest compliments we have ever received!

So, you must be wondering if ah gone mad. The headline for this article screams "THE CHALLENGE", but you ain't read 'bout no challenge yet! Well, here it is. The whole article talk 'bout how Guyanese people so enterprising, so smart, have such a big appetite for life, for feting and for celebrating, that we manage to turn a three day weekend into a four day weekend. The challenge? ***Two free tickets to every Saints function in the future to the first person who tell me how to turn this three day weekend that became a four day weekend into a five day weekend!!!*** And I don't want to hear any nonsense like "calling in sick", because you goin get fired, then you're not goin be able to come to "the dance" next year. And that would be a bad thing, 'cause you goin miss the best fête in the world. So start thinking about the challenge and send in your suggestions...let's see if you really are Guyanese!

The Golf Tournament

C. Alvaro De Freitas

Despite the rainfall, which commenced on Friday, July 11th from early evening, the golfers began arriving long before 7.00 am, eager to get the show on the road. And so was the welcoming team in the gazebo, headed by tournament treasurer and registrar, Sherlock Martin, to take care of the paperwork.

To fully understand why no consideration was given to a postponement or a cancellation, we must realize that the TRUE object of all human life is PLAY. Earth is a task garden. HEAVEN is a playground, and so is the Nottawasaga Inn Resort, with its beckoning golf course, golf carts, delicious food and quenching drinks HEAVENLY!!!

This year's Committee is headed by Bernard Arokium, with members Sherlock Martin, Hugh & Paul Hazlewood, Bob Chee-a-tow, Des Jardine, Paul Camacho, Maurice Serrao, Denis Gaspar and Alvaro De Freitas whose combined efforts served to ensure another successful tournament. Bravo guys, BRAVO !!!

By 7.15 am, the golfers were in their golf carts and headed towards the Gazebo office, and the volunteer starters seized the opportunity to shout at this military-like procession of warriors – USE LOTS OF DUCK SPRAY, PUT ON YOUR VESTS (for floatation), THE SUMP PUMP IS AT HOLE #3, THE FISH IS BITING !!, TALLYHO !! – for humor and tragedy are close. Why are golf carts used? To quote Jean Gaudoux (1933), "A golf course is the epitome of all that is transitory in the universe, a space not to dwell in, but to get over as quickly as possible!" That's why the carts were invented.

Dedicated true lovers of sport claim that all SERIOUS sport has nothing to do with FAIRPLAY!!! It is bound-up with hatred, jealousy, boastfulness, disregard of all rules and sadistic pleasure in watching violence !!! In short, IT IS WAR WITHOUT SHOOTING.

While the battle was RAGING on the greens, very soaked greens, Paul C., Denis G., and yours truly moved on to Room 14, located on

the lower level of the Nottawasaga Inn Resort; to eat, drink and be merry, thanks to the generosity of our sponsors.

Finally, after about 5 hours of battle on the greens, all 90 plus golf-lovers joined us to do likewise. Des Jardine then took over as Master of Ceremonies, and distributed the prizes with humour and efficiency that was very professional indeed.

Before heading home, Bernard expressed his gratitude to all his Committee members for their dedication to Saints over these many years.

Sponsors who made this event possible included:

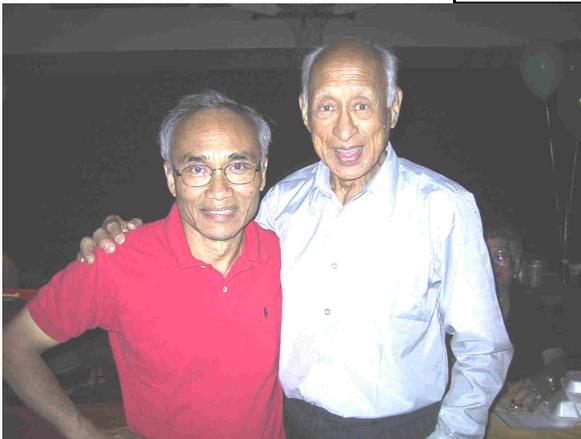
Manulife; KPMG; Dundee Financial; Laparkan; Transamerica Life; Sun Life; Plumbing Shoppe; Mobile Business; Timehri Restaurant; Friendship Restaurant; Metro Capital Financial.

On behalf of Bernard Arokium, Chairman of the 2003 Golf Tournament Committee, our heartfelt thanks. And to our generous sponsors of gifts, trophies, etc, our appreciation, and to anyone, company, firm or service not mentioned, thank you for your continued support.

Prize winners were:

Low Gross (Ladies)	Faith Sheppard
Low Gross (Men)	Abel Da Silva
Longest Drive (Men)	John Johnson
Longest Drive (Ladies)	Lynn Charette
Most Honest Golfer	Ryan Devers
Raffle (Golf Bag)	Des Jardine
50/50 Draw	Bob Chee-a-tow
Low Net	Dick Freeburg

At the Caribjam



All the way from Vancouver, where he is now resident, Vivian Lee (right) graced us with his attendance. He's only 82, so we can expect to see him at many more of our functions. Thank you Vivian, and we wish you all the best"

That is John Yip on the left, stealing a piece of the spotlight.

Meeting at Caribjam from around the world (left to right): David Wong (Toronto), Len Yhap (Melbourne) Anthony Bollers (Maryland) and Neville Jordan (Aberdeen)

Thanks to all our Paid-up Members - (136 in all)

We are pleased to report that the ranks of our paid-up members continues to grow. We welcome the following alumni who have joined since our last issue. Thank you for your help in *Keeping the traditions Alive*.

Ronald Camacho	Vyvyan Deryck	Michael Heydon	Tony O'Dowd	Lennox Yhap
Philip Da Cambra	Clive Devers	Andrew Insanally	Christopher Patrick	
Dennis De Cambra	Peter Fernandes	Damian Kissoon	Raphael Rodrigues	
Hilary De Cambra	Neil Gonsalves	Robert Mc Rae	Leyland Thomas	

The list of members who previously paid is shown below. If you are a paid-up member and you are not listed above or below, please get in touch with the secretary so that we can correct our error. If you are not a paid-up member, why not join us? For just \$25.00, you too can affirm your support of our Association.

Paul Abdool	Ronald D'Ornellas	Trevor Gomes	Neville Jordan	Ramon Rego
Bernard Austin	Frank De Abreu	Mark Gonsalves	Aubrey Kellawan	Joseph Alexander Reis
Michael Barrington	Michael De Abreu	Roy Gonzales	Gregory Kellawan	Romeo Resaul
Arnold Bayley	Rupert De Castro	Bernard Gouveia	William Lall	Desmond Rix
Gary Blank	Stephen De Castro	Claude Gouveia	Vibert Lampkin	Brian Rodrigues
Anthony Bollers	Tom De Castro	Alfred Goveia	Christopher Lewis	Dr. Cyril Rodrigues
Teddy Boyce	Alvaro De Freitas	Guy Goveia	Geoffrey Luck	Eric Rodrigues
Howard Bryce	Peter De Freitas	Francis Grenardo	Fr. Kenneth Macaulay	Keith Rodrigues
Ian Camacho	Andre De Peana	John Grenardo	Gerard Martins	Brian Sadler
Paul Camacho	Brian Devers	Ken Hahnfeld	Carl Marx	Joseph Schuler
Joe Castanheiro	Roger Devers	Albert Hamilton	Michael Mendes de Franca	Michael Seabra
Ronald Chanderbhan	Terence Devers	Prea Hardeen	Vincent Mendes de Franca	Maurice Serrão
Victor Charan	Victor Dinally	Arthur Hazlewood	Herman Mc Cowan	Anthony Seth
Bob Chee-a-tow	Neville Devonish	Hugh Hazlewood	Douglas Menezes	Robin Shaw
Paul Chester	Edward Driver	Paul Hazlewood	Richard Miller	Desmond Singh
Sydney Chin	Paul Duarte	Vernon R. Hazelwood	Perry Mittelholzer	Stanley Tiam Fook
Les Choo-Wing	Fred Ezechiels	Godfrey Henson	Harry Nastamagos	Arthur Veerasammy
John Choy	Carlton Faria	Desmond Hill	Clarence Nichols	Vibert Vieira
Noel Chung	David Faria	Patrick Hill	Dr. Colin H. Nurse	John Vincent
Vincent Correia	Frankie Fernandes	Richard James	Malcolm Pequenezza	Clement O. Weithers
Paul Crum-Ewing	Nigel Fisher	John Jardim	Leslie A. Pereira	David Wong
Ken Cumberbatch	Sonny Francis	Raymond Jardim	Desmond Perreira	Jim Yhap
Jerome D'Oliveira	J. Bernard Friemann	Des Jardine	Bunty Phillips	John Yip
Michael D'Ornellas	Gerard Gomes	Clayton Jeffrey	Paul Reed	

Saints Alumni honoured for contributions to Guyanese music and culture

Hilary De Cambra

Congratulations to the Serrão brothers, Bing, Bernie and Maurice of "Bing Serrão and The Ramblers", who earlier this year received the Guyanese Independence Award from the Guyana Festival Committee, on behalf of the Guyanese Community in Canada. This award was presented for their contribution to Guyanese music and culture, and for their generous support for the Guyanese Community in Canada, at a ceremony held at the Elite Banquet Hall in Toronto on May 16, 2003. Bing and Maurice are both alumni of St. Stanislaus College.

"Bing Serrão and The Ramblers" was also a recipient of the Wordsworth McAndrew Award at a ceremony held at the Crystal Manor Ballroom in Brooklyn, New York on August 29, 2003. This award was one of 37 presented to Guyanese individuals and institutions who have made outstanding contributions to Guyana's culture and heritage. The major themes for this year's awards were music, radio and the recording, visual and literary arts.

Our own Executive Committee member, Maurice, was also a panelist at the Guyana Folk Festival's Symposium at Medgar Evers College/City University of New York on August 30, 2003. Maurice presented his views on the Ramblers' contribution to the music scene in Guyana, and the development of "string bands", from the un-amplified bands with locally made instruments to the use of imported electric guitars with several amplified instruments.

At the Last Lap Lime



The Shave Ice Line



Plenty of shade

...and place to sit



The Bar was busy



Enjoying the Lime (left to right)
Patrick and Keri Naik, with Camille and Ray Kanhai

Publisher:
St. Stanislaus College Alumni Association Toronto
4544 Sheppard Avenue East, Toronto M1S 1V2

Editorial Committee:
Maurice Serrão, Paul Abdool
L. A. (Bunty) Phillips, John Yip

Contributing Writers:
A. Rupert De Castro, L. A. (Bunty) Phillips
Paul Abdool, C. Alvaro De Freitas, Hilary De Cambra

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 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.

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