

# SAINTS NEWS & VIEWS

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE ST. STANISLAUS  
COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION TORONTO



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On the Web at:  
[WWW.TORONTOSAINTS.COM](http://WWW.TORONTOSAINTS.COM)

## A Year in Review

By A. Rupert De Castro, CMA (1954-1959)\*, Past President

Neville Devonish (1978-1980)\*, our very capable and hard working past Treasurer, was elected unopposed as our new President at our annual general meeting on September 28, 2004; and so the "torch passes" to a new generation of conscientious Saints graduates. We all expect great things from Neville and his new team. No doubt 2004-2005 will be a banner year for our association. My sincerest congratulations to our new Executive.

I will leave it to our new President to relate his vision of the future to you; as the old president (and before I am "put out to pasture"), my job now is to review our performance over the last year.

Anyone who reads these News & Views knows my position by now: Whatever else we do pales in comparison to raising \$\$\$ for Saints. As one of my old bosses used to say "Talk is cheap. Money buys whiskey" and he was not a drinking man. (smile)

We have been funding projects at Saints since 1993 when wood ants were eating away at the very foundation of the wooden buildings. Enter Bobby Fernandes in Guyana and Errol Campbell in Canada and the rest is history.

Over the last 11 years we have shipped goods to Saints and funded projects worth over \$275,000 CAD. Think where Saints would be today if we had not helped.

### OUR YEAR 2003-2004

#### Wall of Fame

I cannot resist starting with Creole Johnny and the Wall of Fame. We have endured "Dear" Johnny's lament over the last two years but guess what? The Wall is up. AND the S.O.B. is going to eat crow. I have got the birds! I know who he is! Johnny, I am coming! (SMILE).

**We have raised \$45,000 CAD with our first campaign. Our next campaign will begin in the new year to raise the**

### **additional \$55,000 CAD.**

#### Fall Dinner/Dance 2003

Not a great turnout but nevertheless profitable. In "running" these events, our objective is always to maximize the profit while providing great value for our supporters.

#### New Year's Eve 2003

Tickets at \$75 per person were once again sold out. Bing Ser-rao and the RAMBLERS did the good deed again. All went home happy. Wait 'till you see this year's New Year's Eve:

We have GUARANTEED our supporters no more than 400 tickets will be sold in a hall that holds 500. Why? We want you to have a great time with room to "strut your stuff". And when you do, next year's tickets will go even faster.

#### Spring Diner/Dance

This event was so popular, we ran into some logistical problems with the seating arrangements for which we apologize. However, The Vibes and D.J. Jones "rocked the night away". It was a resounding success.

#### The BBQ

It never materialized. We believe our supporters are always fearful of the weather. Shangri La demanded such a high price (2 ½ times the amount we would pay somewhere else) that the cost of the ticket was also a deterrent.

#### The Golf Tournament

Queen's College alumni association "came on board" this year. This arrangement proved profitable. Queen's College's profit was \$873 based on their "sales" performance. We retained \$3012.

#### Caribjam

Once again, we had a "full house" but still had lots of dancing room. As usual, this our 11<sup>th</sup> annual Caribjam was another successful event. We raised over \$11,000.00 + (net profit).

**Our Year continued from Page 1**Last Lap Lime

On October 21<sup>st</sup>, Neville Devonish and I presented a 5 page proposal entitled “Making the Last Lap Lime a \$100 000+ Net Profit Event” to the Presidents of St. Joseph’s, St. Rose’s, Bishops’, and Queen’s College. Improvements suggested by the 5 Presidents have been incorporated. The document is now available on our website, [www.torontosaints.com](http://www.torontosaints.com). Please e-mail, write or call us with your suggestion for improving the Last Lap Lime.

**My “one Liners” on Our Past Executive**Andrew Insanally (1997-1984)\*

Never afraid to open his mouth. Always asks the tough questions.

Art Veerasammy (1952-1957)\*

A man of his word.

Neville Devonish (1978-1980)\*

No one works harder.

Lawrence Phillips (1950-1958) \*

One can always expect him to keep the records with great accuracy and “recall”.

Howard Bryce (1957-1961)\*

Mr. “Fund raiser”. The “go to” guy for getting the job done.

Roger Devers (1959-1964)\*

A “storehouse” of information.

Paul Hazlewood (1963-1966)\*

Our website guy.

Maurice Serrao (1956)\*

Always willing to help. Does what he has to do.

John Yip (1951-1959)\*

Mr. “News & Views”. If it doesn’t get into the News & Views, it’s not for the want of pushing and cajoling by this guy.

Des Jardine (1962-1967)\*

24 hours a day are not enough. Des, when he can, contributes significantly.

Paul Camacho (1958-1965)\*

“Been around the block” with Saints. Mr. “Barman”.

Bob Cheeatow (1951-1955)\*

Like me, Bob is an “old seadog”; loyal and happy with himself.

Hugh Hazlewood (1958-1964)\*

From day one, Hugh does what he does for Saints. Our “go to” computer guy.

Bernard Arokium (1951-1955)\*

“Took over” from Les Choo Wing on short notice.

Les Choo-Wing (1955-1961)\*

Could never understand why he resigned. Hope he’ll return.

Paul Abdool (1968-1973)\*

Missed his wise counsel. I am sure he’ll be back.

People passionate about a cause do not always agree on how best to serve that cause. As the President, my job was to keep them talking even when they are mad at one another. Having two Executives resign under my tenure is a “black mark” on my presidency. However, with the group working together (even the two who resigned), we leave the organization in the strongest financial position it has ever been, while at the same time spending more dollars on Saints this year than any other single year. Of that, our Executive and I take pride.

Finally, I want to thank those Executives (including the resignees) who served the cause exceptionally well during my two year tenure as President. Also to thank all the wives of our Executive who, on many, many occasions, give up personal time with “lover boy” so he could serve the cause. And of course our supporters. All our good intentions “go for naught” if you, our stalwart supporters, do not buy those tickets. Everyone connected with Saints THANK YOU.

The organization will go on with capable Saints guys/girls at the helm. We will continue our mission – Helping Saints.

Once again, for those of you who attended Saints and are not “on board”, consider the cause. Come on out to one of our meetings (2<sup>nd</sup> Thursday of every month at 7:30 P.M.). You’d be surprised at the fun things that go on... “dancing girls” and all.

\* These dates reflect the years at Saints, or the year the individual left Saints.

## ON THE STREET WHERE I LIVED

Hilary De Cambra

To quote Paul Harvey in his commentary on Dirt Roads, “What’s mainly wrong with society today is that too many dirt roads have been paved”. I was born at home and grew up on a red brick road, much the same as any dirt road. Dirt roads definitely impacted on the town folks’ psyche.

There were only two arterial roads, Water Street and Main Street (if we discount the seldom used ‘Backdam’ along its black water canal and savannah on the perimeter) running North to South. Like two highways, they bordered a network of short, straight, narrow, parallel, dust-covered red brick roads that traversed the length of the town, incongruously named New Amsterdam, yet revered by its residents as “The Ancient County”.

On Chapel Street where I lived, the corner ‘salt goods’ shop was operated by Mr. Choo-Son, a pleasant Chinese immigrant who never mastered the King’s English. As kids, we laughed at the way he called my older brother Raymond, “Lemond”. We lived next door to the shop which originally belonged to my Grandfather who ran a ‘sweet drink’ (read ‘pop’) factory, producing his famous bottled lemonade by hand, one bottle at a time, on antiquated machinery. The aeration in the bottle forced the glass marble in the neck of the bottle to seal it. I imagine they hadn’t yet invented the ‘screw top’.

A row of tenement rooms, as portrayed by one of Guyana’s literary giants, Martin Carter, in his “I Come From The Nigger Yard” adjoined our property. There were hardly even partly fences separating most of the properties on our side of the street, with only passageways between them. As kids, we ran freely through the “Yard”, avoiding the chickens feeding on paddy and corn kernels strewn on the open ground, then under the ‘bottom house’ where the Baburams lived next to Nurse Hart, the Town’s only midwife who delivered all nine De Cambra siblings at home. Behind Nurse Hart lived ‘Mother Vaughn’ in a one-room tenement. She was a kindly, elderly, wellbred English lady who though fallen on hard times, was of strong character and humorous nature. Further behind them, across the alley lived the De Souzas in a small but homely cottage. Beside the Harts lived another family whose name escapes me. Next door there was Mr. Wright who resided above his car repair and body shop. Next door was the Carrega family, and finally at the top of the street was the Menezes’ Grocery and Hardware Store.

Everyone living on any street in New Amsterdam in those days literally knew everyone else living on the same street. Neighbours looked out for each other, long before ‘Block Parents’ became a household word on paved streets in modern-day cities. It’s true, as Paul Harvey alluded in his commentary, the street impacted on the residents’ character as much as on their lifestyle. On hot windy days, the dust only deepened the dingy rust red colour on the houses customarily painted white. On rainy days, the red brick roads turned sandy in some parts and muddy in others among the pot holes you dodged on your bicycle to avoid falling.

Yet, it was our playground, our theme park, our stadium, the street where I lived. With a stalk of grass, looped at one end, we caught lizards lazing in the sun, and then let them go. With our slingshots, we shot home-made mud slugs at the Bluesackees, the Swallows and the Kiskadees loitering on overhead wires, as there weren’t any trees on our street. We played ‘chase’ among the houses and through “The Yard”. We spun our humming home-made ‘bucktops’ on the road. We hung on to the metal ladder at the rear bumper, leading up to the luggage compartment atop the buses at the major road. We went for a short ride and jumped off, not always early enough, as the bus picked up speed. We brushed off the bruises that red-coloured ‘mercurochrome’ would soon heal.

A favourite pastime was to record four-digit licence plate numbers (preceded only by the letter P for Private or H for Hire) of passing vehicles to see who would record the most numbers. We chased after the movie theatre vans to collect the pamphlets, of serials and upcoming movies, that they threw out the window as they sped by, with loudspeakers at full blast. It was those very picturesque pamphlets that got me started drawing faces of popular movie stars of yesteryear. My first amateur attempt was of Allan Ladd of *SHANE* fame. I can still hear Brandon de Wilde crying out, “Shane, come back Shane. Shane, mother wants you. Shane, come back...” as the hero rode off into the sunset.

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## The Annual General Meeting

Roger Devers

The Annual General Meeting of the membership of the St. Stanislaus College Alumni Association Toronto was held on Tuesday 28<sup>th</sup> September, 2004, at the Tam-Heather Country Club. The meeting was called to order after the requisite number of members to form a quorum was in attendance.

It was somewhat disappointing in not getting more of our members to show up and participate in this important event. This was an occasion for the membership to express their views, to give direction and support, and to elect the new executive for the coming term. Your Executive would appreciate your input on what could be done to encourage your participation at this event.

The meeting proceeded quickly with the outgoing President, Rupert DeCastro, thanking everyone for their support and being proud of the success of the Association in achieving its goals over the past two years of his stewardship. The Auditor, Kathleen Devers, reported on the audited statements as of August 31<sup>st</sup>, 2003, and indicated that, in her opinion, the financial statements present fairly, in all material respects, the financial position of the organization.

After reports from the treasurer and the various sub-committees, discussions were held on the proposed changes to the constitution. The proposed changes were then voted upon and the changes were all ratified.

Essentially, the constitution now allows for the provision of scholarships, bursaries, and other forms of assistance by the association, to the College as well as to

its membership. This change was necessary to enable us to seek charitable status in Canada. The other changes were : reducing the term of office to one year, allowing the accounts of the association to be audited by a certified accountant who may be also a member of the association but not a member of the current Executive or an Executive in the year being audited, and changing the collection of membership dues to the calendar year to simplify the administration.

Nominations for election to the new Executive Committee then proceeded, and the candidates for the various positions were acclaimed unanimously. The new Executive is as follows.

President:	Neville Devonish
Secretary:	Andrew Insanally
Assistant Secretary:	Prince Arthur Veerasammy
Treasurer:	Lawrence Phillips
Assistant Treasurer:	Robin Shaw
Vice Presidents:	Howard Bryce, Roger Devers, Paul Hazlewood, Des Jardine, John Yip
Directors:	Paul Camacho, Bob Cheeatow, Hugh Hazlewood, Maurice Serrao
Past President:	Rupert De Castro

### On the Street continued from Page 3

As Paul Harvey commented, criminals of the day didn't walk for miles on dusty roads to rob or rape. There were no driveby shootings. There was less crime on our streets before they were paved. The kids got their exercise walking a dirt road to school and church with other kids, and learned how to get along rather than how to swear or fight, as we had no school buses to get us there. Parents worshipped their kids more than their cars. Motorists didn't tailgate, as there just weren't enough of them. Dirt roads in a sleepy town like ours taught us patience. Dirt roads were environmentally friendly, because you didn't hop in your car to get some milk, bread or sugar from the corner shop. When it rained 'a bucket a drop', as in Guyanese parlance, things got better, because you stayed home and played board games like checkers or drafts, or played cards with your siblings, or simply read books, or spent 'quality time' with the entire family. We enjoyed our breakfast, lunch and dinner together as a family, every day.

At the end of a dirt road, you never had to lock your bicycle. It often led to a fishing canal or swimming hole, like the two we fondly referred to as Lilboy and Broadee in the nearby savannah at the lower end of Vryheid Street. In retrospect, I usually had lots of fun and made many new friends everyday, on the street where I lived. To my kids, with their paved streets and modern lifestyles, I can only echo Paul Harvey's comment, "What's wrong with society today is that too many dirt roads have been paved".

## 2004 Membership Update

We are pleased to announce that we received a positive response to our membership drive launched in our last issue of the News & Views. As of October 26, 2004, the complete list of paid-up members is as shown below. If you have submitted a membership form with payment, and your name is not listed below, please inform the secretary so that our mistake can be corrected.

The Executive encourages you, whether a member or not, to attend one of our monthly meetings. See for yourself how the meetings are conducted, how decisions are made and how you yourself can contribute to helping your old school. So, call our bluff and come on out; you might even enjoy it!

### As of June 11, 2004

Bernard Austin	Peter De Freitas	Trevor Gomes	Gerard Martins	Robin Shaw
Arnold Bayley	Clive Devers	Alfred Goveia	Michael Mendes de Franca	Walter Tiam-fook
Joseph Castanheiro	Roger Devers	Ken Hahnfeld	Vincent Mendes de Franca	Arthur Veerasammy
Malcolm Chan-a-sue	Terence Devers	Hugh Hazlewood	Douglas Menezes	John Vincent
Ronald Chanderbhan	Neville Devonish	Paul Hazlewood	Clarence Nichols	Howard Welshman
Sydney Chin	Frederick Dias	Jocelyn Heydorn	Tony O'Dowd	David Wong
Guy Choo-Shee-Nam	Victor Dinally	Patrick Hill	Malcolm Pequenezza	James Yhap
Leslie Choo-wing	Ronald D'Ornellas	Richard James	Leslie Pereira	Lennox Yhap
Noel Chung	Paul Duarte	John Jardim	Bunty Phillips	John Yip
Paul Crum-Ewing	Rene Edwards	Kenneth Jordan	Alexander Rego	
Russ D'Abreu	Frank Fernandes	Aubrey Kellawan	Ramon Rego	
Frank De Abreu	Peter Fernandes	Vibert Lampkin	Brian Sadler	
Hilary De Cambra	Philip Fernandes	Anthony Lee	Maurice Serrao	
Rupert De Castro	Raymond Fernandes	Savitre Lenis	Tony Seth	
Alvaro De Freitas	Bernard Friemann	Christopher Lewis	Cecil Seymour	

### Since June 11, 2004, until October 26, 2004

Anthony Bollers	Vyvyann Deryck	Francis Grenardo	Carl Marx	Vibert Vieira
Howard Bryce	Roseanna D'Ornellas	John Grenardo	Herman McCowan	Ronald Westmaas
Ian Camacho	Edward Driver	Albert Hamilton	Richard Miller	Andrew Yansen
Bob Chee-a-tow	Carlton Faria	Ivan Holder	Desmond Perreira	
Ivor Chee-a-tow	Marc "Sonny" Francis	Andrew Insanally	Carl Ramalho	
Paul Chester	Gerard Gomes	John King	Romeo Resaul	
Philip De Cambra	Michael Gomes	Kenneth Macaulay	Joseph Schuler	

## Newsletter Distribution

If you received this newsletter in paper form and have an e-mail address, please provide us with your e-mail address so that we can send you the newsletter electronically in the future. This will enable us to save the cost of postage, and you will receive the newsletter faster.

In addition, the pictures you see as black and white in the paper edition are actually colour pictures, but can be seen as such only in the electronic edition. The difference is dramatic and must be seen to be believed.

Please note that we will not make any of your personal information available to any other person or organization, and we will use it only for the purpose of carrying out the objectives of the Alumni Association. As well, do not forget to let us know about any change in your personal information.



## At the 2004 Last Lap Lime



Mine yuh han wid dat cutlass!



The kids had a swinging time too



Men with nuts



Having a good gaff with old friends



The Bar was busy all day



The food was well worth the lineup



**Publisher:**

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

**Editorial Committee:**

Maurice Serrao, L. A. (Bunty) Phillips, John Yip

**Contributing Writers:**

Rupert De Castro, L. A. (Bunty) Phillips, Hilary De Cambra  
Roger Devers, John Yip

**Photographs:**

Art Veerasammy, John Yip

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. The publisher reserves the right to edit or publish all submissions solely at its discretion.

**LETTER TO THE EDITOR**

*Re : The Grand Old Lady of Classic Brass (Saints News & Views, July 2004)*

Nice article on the band-stand. I have very fond (and, then again, not so fond) memories of this famous and popular landmark in its day. You see, the Troubadours played for a concert at the band-stand.

The reason for this note is to inform you of a BIG mistake in your article. The band stand couldn't possibly be buffeted by SOUTH-EAST TRADE WINDS. It was obviously the NORTH-EAST TRADE WINDS that did the damage. I wonder how many other readers picked this up. Never mind. All in all, it was otherwise a good article. I even got to see a picture of the Wall of Fame.

Congratulations, and thanks for the memories. I even remembered Major Henwood conducting his orchestra every Sunday afternoon. How about the first time a "PUTAGEE" by the name of D'Abreu played in the orchestra? I was there for that too.

Vic Gonsalves

Florida, U.S.A.

14 July, 2004

**The Editorial Staff** is happy to know that at least ONE old boy still has enough of his wits about him to notice that technicality. Thanks for contacting us, Vic, and keeping us honest in our writings.

## The Crabfest

by John Yip

Many moons ago, as the end of the Association business year drew to a close, the executives of this fledgling organization felt a need to gather together to celebrate the end of the year's activities. After all, the year had ended successfully, they were still on speaking terms, and all indications were that this organization could actually be viable.

It was Errol Campbell's idea to hold a crab feast. In the spirit in which he provided leadership of the association, he offered his place as venue. Of course, a decision had to be taken on how the crabs would be cooked, and furthermore, who would do the cooking. Up stepped Anthony Sookrah to fill the gap! Curry crab it was. And it was the start of a great tradition. In the years since Errol and Nadya hosted the first

Crabfest, as it is now called, Roger and Kathy Devers have hosted this event, and most recently Des and Helen Jardine. Hosts have changed over the years, but the key role of "Cookman" has remained the same. Remember; no Cookman, no Crabfest! Tony and Corrina still find the time to attend this event, and Tony himself sees to it that the legendary quality of his curry is maintained.

How do you get to attend this event? Easy! Join the executive, put in your year's work and you qualify to help prepare the crabs, get the drinks and snacks organized, and share in the cost of the event. It is a time to bring out the wives and girlfriends, and to meet other members of past and present executives. Oh! The joys of being on the Executive!



Division of labour: some cleaning and some drinking

**At the  
2004  
Crabfest**



The Past President and the "Cookman"