

SAINTS NEWS & VIEWS

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE ST. STANISLAUS
COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION TORONTO



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The President's Farewell

I have often described the St. Stanislaus College Alumni Association Executives much like a flock of Canada Geese flying true in formation, with a specific purpose but where the lead bird changes during their journey. This is certainly true as my year as President comes to an end and this lead bird gives up the position to a new set of wings.

This has been the second time that I have had the distinct honour and privilege to serve as President of our Association, and I am proud to report that I have never felt as confident in the purpose and role of our Alumni Association.

We have been tireless in our efforts over many years to help the school and students of St. Stanislaus College. There were times we recognized that it was difficult to bring about change with our long distant influence. However, with the recent appointment of the Board of Governors headed by Chris Fernandes, we are confident, knowing that there is truly leadership with a vision of "Making Saints Number One."

We are in close touch with the Guyana Alumni Association, the Barbados Association, the New York Association and now a newly formed Antigua Association, always keeping sight of our united mission. It has always been one of the strengths of the Toronto Alumni Executives to foster camaraderie between our various Alumni Associations throughout the world. This year, that camaraderie has grown stronger. This was clearly evident in the presence of members from Toronto and Barbados in our visit to Guyana in November of '05 to dedicate our "Wall of Fame."

Our accomplishments continue to amaze and encourage all of our Executives as it should each and every member of our Association. The Wall of Fame, the refurbishing of classrooms, the funding of programs throughout the year for the benefit of the students continue to be our driving motives and our biggest rewards.

Clearly, the new Board of Governors gives us new energy as our vision now has a local champion as they team up with the Guyana Alumni Association. We have committed both financially and strategically to support the school more aggressively than ever before, and we know that our

purpose will be welcomed and beneficial to the students.

I could go on for countless pages to describe the efforts of our Executives at our dances, Last Lap Lime, Golf Tournament, and other functions, but none of these efforts would be fruitful if you, our members, did not support us. So, a big thank you for your support, and I hope we can count on your continued engagement. Please do not think for a minute that we take this for granted; we strive to deliver the best that we can at all times, strictly on a volunteer basis. On that note, I encourage you to become involved with your Alumni Association. Come on out to our monthly meetings and put in your "two cents".

As rewarding a year as it has been for me as President, it was not a year without tears as we said goodbye to two of our stalwart peers. Enough cannot be said about Howard Bryce, one of our dearest and most respected Executives and his contributions over the years. His saying, "I do it for the kids", has been engraved on three plaques that honour the walls in Forms 2A, 2B, and 2C. These Forms have been refurbished in his honour, and the plaques are a tribute to his involvement and immense contributions.

We said goodbye also to Derek D'Oliviera, a past member of the Executive, who was a co-founder of the Toronto Association and who has given the Association strong support, especially in legal matters. The Association has had another plaque engraved in his honour, and this will hang as a tribute to him in another refurbished room at the College.

We are all very proud of both of these alumni and will miss them, but their spirits live on.

Again, this lead bird wings are tiring, or is it my writing hand? In any case, it is time to turn over the reins to another lead bird who, I am sure, will take us to even greater heights.

Des Jardine

President

ALUMNI IN THE NEWS

Ian DaSilva, who lived in the Toronto, died in the early morning of Monday 3 July, 2006, after a lengthy battle with cancer.

Ian (R.I.) and his brothers, R.E. and Ivor, attended St. Stanislaus College during the early/mid 1950s.

The photo (right), circa 1950, is of Father Guilly, later Bishop Guilly and a group of altar boys at the Ursuline Convent. Ian is seen in the back row on the left next to Father Guilly. On the other side of Father Guilly in the back row is Honnett Searwar.

In the middle row left, is Chris Fernandes, present Chairman of the Saints Board of Governors. On the right is Donald Cheong Leen, now resident in England.

In the front Row, left to right, is Ian's brother, Ivor, Marcel Gomes, and Cosmas Searwar.

On behalf of the alumni, the Toronto Alumni Association offers its deepest sympathies to Simone, and to the rest of his family, and asks you to remember him and them in your prayers.

Requiescat in pace.

Bunty Phillips



Another Saints' Icon Passes On

Manoel J. da Silva, who lived in Toronto, died on Sunday 30 July, 2006, after a prolonged battle with Parkinson's Disease.

Mannie, to his family and many friends, was born on 7 Feb., 1927. The second son of Flavio and Stella da Silva, he attended Sacred Heart R.C. school and St. Stanislaus College.

Upon leaving Saints around 1944, he found employment first with the family business, and then with the Royal Bank of Canada as a junior clerk, and subsequently did tours of duty in the eastern Caribbean islands of Dominica, Trinidad, and St. Kitts, the latter as Manager of the branch in that island. He also worked in Brazil for several years before requesting a transfer back to British Guiana in 1961 after the death of his father in 1960.

On his return home in 1961, he met the girl of his dreams, Carmel Pereira, and they were married on 20 April, 1963. This union produced 4 children, 3 sons and a daughter.

Mannie was probably best known as a stalwart full-back at soccer. He played for the Georgetown Football Club (GFC), and also represented British Guiana at rugby. Popularly known by the sobriquet "Porksoup", he was a tower of strength in the defence. When his playing days were over, typical of the man, he gave back to the sport he loved by first becoming an FIFA accredited referee and then an administrator. He was President of the GFC for many years. Mannie also served as President of the St. Stanislaus



College Old Boys Association in 1962/63.

His dedication to "family" was exemplified when, in 1967, he resigned from Royal Bank after 18 years of service to take over management of the Main St. branch of D.M. Fernandes Ltd. so that his uncle, Gerald Fernandes, could retire.

See **Mannie**, Page 4

Mannie, continued from Page 2

Mannie managed the business successfully until the company decided to sell, and he brought his family to Canada in 1977.

A devout Roman Catholic, Mannie was a founding member of the "Cursillo Movement" when it started in Guyana in 1971/72. He was its first Lay Director and, under his dynamic and charismatic leadership, the Movement was to a great extent responsible for the fantastic renewal of the Catholic Faith in Guyana.

Mannie was an avid golfer but, in later years, he enjoyed a

card game. Whether it was poker, rummoli, or whist, he was always there in the thick of things.

A fine athlete, a gentleman in every sense of the word, a devoted husband, father and grandfather, we shall miss him dearly.

To his wife, Carmel, his children, Mark, Nicolas, Barry and Clare Marie, their spouses and his grandchildren and siblings, we extend our profound condolences.

May his soul rest in peace.

Joe Castanheiro

Recent shipment to Guyana

Books – they are always welcome to Saints. We were very fortunate to receive a large donation from the Vaughn Public Library which has since arrived at the school. We also received a generous donation from alumnus John Sparrock who brought them from his home in New Jersey during his recent visit to Toronto. John drove up from New Jersey in a van loaded with 'a whole lotta books'. Our thanks go out to the Vaughn Public Library, John, and to others who also donated from their own collection of books.

Should you have any books at home that you are willing to donate, the Association would happily arrange for them to be shipped to Guyana. Think about it; here is an opportunity for you to get more space in your house, and the books will get a new lease on life at a school where reading material is still in short supply. What kind of books?

Almost any kind at all; secondary school level text books and books for general reading are most appropriate.

Along with books and sports trophies, the Association shipped a new Infocus LP 540 projector to the school and a number of computer related items for use in the Saints lab. Some of these items are listed below and are typical of the kind of equipment used in the lab. As with the books, the Association will arrange for shipment of such computer related items you may wish to donate. The Secretary or any member of the Executive will be happy to accept your donations to the school.

The latest shipment included:

1 P3 Computer, 2 Colour monitors, several keyboards, 3 printers, one 4-port Wireless Router, 1 Data Transfer switch, assorted cables.

Oh! What a Lime!

By A. Rupert De Castro, CMA

Budget Chief, Last Lap Lime

Anyone of the 4000+ paid patrons will tell you that, this year, Last Lap Lime was by far the BEST organized Lime in our 11 year history.

You criticized last year's Lime (constructively). We listened. We pondered. We acted and, VOILA!, 1000+ cars were parked with little inconvenience, entrance tickets were bought without delay, and access to the grounds was immediate. Admittedly, the bar area remains an issue and will be fully addressed and resolved in 2007.

This year's reorganization entailed appointing, in effect, 3 project managers and a team of some 10+ key managers, ably led by our own P.M. (Project Manager) Paul Abdool,

and, of course, obtaining the help of hundreds of volunteers.

We are all anxiously awaiting information about the "bottom line". After all, this is the reason for the Lime in the first place. More information will be made available on our website (www.torontosaints.com) as it unfolds.

And the Winner is.....

That's the winner drawn from visitors to the Saints Welcome Tent. Her name is Sabrina Deonarine, Account Manager, Global Financial Institutions, RBC Capital Markets and she has won a bottle of Guyana's finest El Dorado rum.

Congratulations Sabrina! May the Spirit of Guyana bring you lots of joy!

Another Suspended Sentence? Not quite!

by Hilary De Cambra

While reading Professor Mark McWatt's *Suspended Sentences: Fictions of Atonement*, my memory was jolted into recalling an occasion during my years at Saints that bore some similarity, though definitely not as irresponsibly destructive or resulting from binge drinking as was the case with the Gang of Eleven of "literate vandals".

Our group of so-called delinquents were not of the same intellectual calibre either, as we had yet to attain any G.C.E. A-Level success. We were mere Form 4 students. The similarity lies only in the fact that we were a group of classmates from the same school and celebrating an end-of-term scholastic achievement. Our in-house team had scored the most points during the term for correctness of student behaviour and classroom work performance. Team members were rewarded with a half-day holiday, while the losing team had to attend afternoon classes on that day. Not much of a reward for all the effort, we thought, but celebrate we did.

A group of us decided to go swimming in the canal on one of Guyana's Sugar Estates on the outskirts of La Penitence, probably Diamond Estate. If the location is inaccuracy, the writer should be excused for his lapse in memory, trying to recall an event that occurred over 50 years ago. It was a bright, hot day causing us to sweat as we arrived on our bicycles and hurriedly headed for the "backdam", along the canal every Guyanese knew as a "punt trench". Finally, there we were, in open countryside, on a mud dam which seemed endless and leading for miles and miles to apparently nowhere, surrounded by acres and acres of lush sugar cane. Its solitude was disrupted only by the cacophony of excited school boys at play.

We soon disrobed, some skinny-dippers, some more conventionally dressed in "buctas" (Guyanese lingo of the '50s for swimming trunks). For an hour or two, we swam around, frolicking in the disturbed muddy, coffee-coloured water of the estate's transportation and irrigation systems, along which the harvested sugar cane was customarily loaded into flat-bottom iron boats called "punts", and pulled by mules into the estate factory for processing. Quite unexpectedly, we were suddenly interrupted by approaching plain-clothes estate security officers. As they gathered our clothes on the bank of the canal, they ordered us out of the water. To our astonishment, we were accused of trespassing on Sugar Estate property and of causing partial erosion of the dam bordering this swimming hole well known by every "small-boy" in La Penitence.

The few skinny-dippers were allowed to put back on their underwear and, with little else on, we were marched onto the main road, dripping wet, and into the La Penitence Po-

lice Station. After the preliminary paper work of filing charges, the Staff Sergeant demanded to know our home telephone numbers so he could call our parents. That presented a problem for me, as my family did not own a telephone.

On telling this to the officer, he asked me where any adult member of my family was employed. He immediately contacted my eldest brother at the Royal Bank of Canada, who soon came to sign for my release. My ordeal had only just begun.

The indignity of being marched down a public roadway under police escort wasn't nearly as treacherous to my being as was the expected incarceration from my parents. Fortunately, my father, who was of a peace-loving nature, intervened on my behalf and saved me from a severe beating by my disciplinarian mother. To add insult to injury, we were later summoned to appear before a magistrate on one Saturday morning. He did not order any suspended sentences, but gave us a "dressing-down" for our irresponsible and callous disregard for other people's property, followed by a stern warning that, should we ever appear before him again, he would put us in jail. Fortunately, we didn't have Boot Camp then.

To this day, I'm still not fond of swimming, and no wonder why. After all, in retrospect, it wasn't half as bad as when I nearly drowned in the Georgetown Football Club's swimming pool after closing hours. But that's another story of recalcitrant behaviour causing my fall from grace as a future school prefect, an honour to which I had once aspired.

Another Suspended Sentence? Not quite!

Saints at the Last Lap Lime

Saints alumni attending this year's Last Lap Lime were greeted by members of the Alumni Association at a Welcome Tent, and invited to register. Visiting alumni were able to peruse old copies of the Saint Stanislaus College Magazine, and identify schoolmates from the Class Lists of their years of attendance. Old pictures of football and cricket teams, and the results of Sports Days long past brought to light the athletic prowess of years gone by.

This event gave the Association the opportunity to meet alumni and invite those residing in the Toronto area to join in the running of the Association to help support the college in Guyana. Go to Page 7 to see or some of those who attended the Lime and visited the Saints Welcome Tent.

Teachers We Remember

We remember the teachers who were passionate about their teaching and our learning. We remember the teachers who distinguished themselves by how much they cared about us. We remember the teachers who struck our funny bone and made us laugh out loud. Above all, we remember the teachers who changed the course and direction of our lives.

I first met Fr. Fred Rigby, a Jesuit priest, when I was in high school. Tall and angular, even his voice was long and thin, he taught French, his eyes and voice dancing to the smooth rhythm of the language. So vivid was his description of eating a croissant in Paris where he had spent a year reading for his master's degree that our teeth sank into it with a crunch as the hot aroma wafted through the classroom.

He would stand in the hallway outside the classroom at the end of morning break, his lean figure slightly inclined as he watched us file past him. He was a steady and comforting presence in a schoolboy's life. In the classroom, we were led step by step through the intricacies of grammar and translation, our lessons crafted by a master teacher.

Once, he asked us to memorize a few lines of French poetry. Amazingly, it was much easier than we thought. I'm sure none of us still remember those lines, but what I remember is the cadence of the poem. Suddenly, those lines took on a life of their own in my mind, and I pictured the images as they flowed in succession. I breathed those words until I spoke them like a native.

Whenever we passed each other at school, Fr. Rigby was sure to inquire, "Ca va?" I would reply, "Ca va bien." This exchange, mundane though it was, served to signal a connection between the two of us that lasted a lifetime.

It was largely because of Fr. Rigby that I decided to pursue an undergraduate major in French. I even taught French, among other subjects, at the high school level and, on a few occasions, I saw my mentor when he was able to visit the school where I taught.

Years later, I heard that he was ill and had returned to England. I e-mailed and called him, and we exchanged pleasantries for a few months until, one day, I called and was told that he had passed away. In one e-mail, he wrote that he had no fear of death and that he had put his life in the hands of the Lord. I can imagine him reaching heaven and inquiring of the Lord, "Ca va?"

Then there was Desmond Sequeira, a young man who was my English teacher when I was 14 years old. Mr. Sequeira also had a passion and love for his subject. He read Shakespeare with fluency and articulation. Julius Caesar

and Brutus sprang to life as he rendered their speeches to a class of boys who listened raptly.

I wondered if my English teacher ever had time to devote to himself. We were a class of 30 boys, and he spent 15 minutes grading each of our essays, which meant that he spent more than seven hours every weekend grading our papers. This was in addition to other classes and papers to grade.

Two images of him remain engraved in my memory. At the end of every class, he would stand by the door with a tin container in which we dropped whatever money we could spare for the benefit of any of our classmates who could not afford something he really wanted.

The second scene still makes my heart swell in proud remembrance of my English teacher. The annual Sports Day climaxed with the Master's race, a hundred-yard dash pitting the teachers against each other. It so happened that my Math teacher, a short and stocky man who conducted his classes with an iron fist, was the favourite. He was seen running around the track at a great pace. Everyone predicted that he would win the race easily, so impressive were his practice runs. As for my English teacher, there was nary a sign of him doing anything remotely resembling training. The most action I saw from him was standing in class delivering Shakespeare with great conviction.

To my surprise and delight, he took off like a hare at the starter's gun and left the field in his dust, including the much-vaunted Math teacher. At the end of the race, a long line of boys ran after him to congratulate his magnificent feat. Did they catch him? No. How could you catch a wish upon a star?

To this day, I thank him for inspiring me to become an English teacher. In the meantime, my love for writing bloomed in his class. At the end of the period, he would read one of my short stories to the class. It was a writer's dream. Not only did my classmates listen to my words, they laughed in the right places!

After many years, I found and called Mr. Sequeira. He had left teaching, but he had not left the memory of one student who delighted in his teaching.

Fr. Rigby and Mr. Sequeira brought their subjects to life and etched an indelible memory. Ca va bien, Fr. Rigby. All is well, Mr. Sequeira.

Dr. Christopher Chung-Wee

(The author attended Saints from 1968 to 1975. He earned his bachelor's degree in French at the University of Toronto, the Diploma in Education at the University of the West Indies (Cave Hill), his master's degree in

Membership

Names in *italics* indicate members who have paid since the last issue of the newsletter was published. Of the 98 paid-up so far, 68 are renewals from last year, and the remaining 30 are new.

Lance Alexander	David Da Silva	Carlton Faria	Des Jardine	Ramon Rego
Leonard Arokium	<i>Tyrone De Abreu</i>	Frank Fernandes	John King	Joe Reis
Bernard Austin	Dennis De Cambra	Peter Fernandes	Vibert Lampkin	Romeo Resaul
Arnold Bayley	Hilary De Cambra	<i>Raymond Fernandes</i>	<i>Clive Lee</i>	Bryan Rodrigues
Doug Brandt	Richard De Caires	Julian Fisher	<i>Geoffrey Luck</i>	Raphael Rodrigues
Edward Caetano	Rupert De Castro	Sonny Francis	Fr. Ken Macaulay	<i>Joseph Schuler</i>
Ian Camacho	Stephen De Castro	<i>Gerard Gomes</i>	Gerard Martins	Keith Seaforth
Paul Camacho	Peter De Freitas	Trevor Gomes	Carl Marx	Maurice Serrao
<i>William Campbell</i>	Frank Delph	Mark Gonsalves	<i>Michael Mendes de Franca</i>	Cecil Seymour
Joseph Castanheiro	<i>Vyvyan Deryck</i>	Neil Gonsalves	Vincent Mendes de Franca	<i>Desmond Singh</i>
<i>Fr. Andrew Chan-a-sue</i>	Brian Devers	Gerry Gouveia	<i>Aubrey Miller</i>	<i>John Sparrock</i>
Ronald Chanderbhan	Clive Devers	Alfred Goveia	Richard Miller	Walter Tiam-fook
Victor Charan	Terrence Devers	<i>Guy Goveia</i>	Stan Niccols	Arthur Veerasammy
Bob Chee-a-tow	Roger Devers	Leyland Grant	Tony O'Dowd	John Vincent
Philip Cheong-leen	Neville Devonish	<i>Ken Hahnfeld</i>	Malcolm Pequenezza	Howard Welshman
<i>Ainley Ching</i>	<i>Frederick Dias</i>	Hugh Hazlewood	<i>Leslie Pereira</i>	<i>David Wong</i>
Guy Choo-shee-nam	Jerome D'Oliveira	Paul Hazlewood	Bunty Phillips	Len Yhap
<i>John Choy</i>	Ronald D'Ornellas	Jocelyn Heydorn	Ganga Ramdas	John Yip
Paul Crum-Ewing	Paul Duarte	Richard James	Paul Reed	
Ken Cumberbatch	Mark Dummett	John Jardim		
	Paul Dummett			

Annual General Meeting

Alumni are all invited to the Association's AGM to be held at 7.30 pm on Thursday 28 September at 4544 Sheppard Avenue East, Scarborough, Ontario. Note that attendance is open to ALL alumni, not just registered members of the Association or paid up members.

This is an excellent opportunity for newcomers to meet with other alumni, and get a taste of what our monthly meetings are like. Refreshments will be served at 7.00 pm, so, come early and enjoy some Guyanese fare before the meeting while you meet other alumni in the Association.

We look forward to meeting you there.

Teachers, continued from Page 5

comparative literature at Brigham Young University,

and his doctoral degree in English at Indiana University of Pennsylvania.

He taught high school English for 14 years in Guyana at St. Joseph High School, in Barbados at Queen's College and Harrison College, and in Idaho at two schools. He currently is a professor of English at Taft College in Taft, California, where he resides with his wife and 5-year-old son.)

Erratum

In our last Issue we erroneously omitted the New York Association when referring to a 'family of four' Alumni Associations. We are in fact a 'family of five'. We apologize for any embarrassment this error might have caused members of the New York Association.



Alumni all: Left to Right, Bunty Phillips, Errol Chapman and Art Veerasammy welcome Lloyd Houston now residing in Florida.



Saints Couple—Mark and Jo-Anne Ifill, both of whom attended Saints

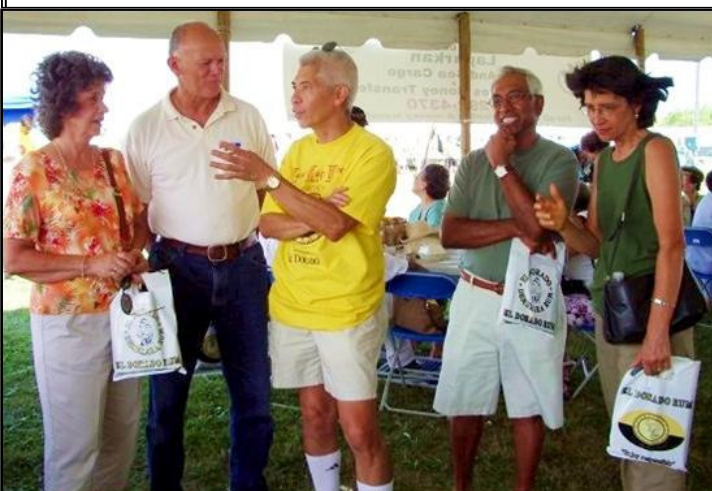
Visitors to the Saints Welcome Tent



Yonette Lewis, Class of 1989



Chenelle Hinds, Class of 1992



De Abreu sisters, Desiree Huxley (left), and Barbara Jekir (right), in conversation with alumni (left to right) John Sparrock, Bunty Phillips and Joe Adjodia.



Don De Goeas (Saints 1953), with wife Geraldine, now residing in California,

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

Coming Events

Thur. 28 Sept.	Annual General Meeting	4544 Sheppard Ave. E., Scar.	Refreshments served at 7.00 pm. Meeting starts at 7.30 pm
Sat. 28 Oct.	Fall Dance	Thornhill Community Centre	\$20 each
Sun. 31 Dec.	New Year's Eve Dance	Thornhill Community Centre	\$65 each

Alumni Association Membership Form

Please complete this portion and return it with a cheque for \$25.00 (Cdn) payable to:

St. Stanislaus College Alumni Association Toronto

4544 Sheppard Avenue East, Scarborough, Ontario, Canada M1S 1V2

Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone Res.) : _____

Amt. enclosed: \$ _____

(Bus) : _____

Year graduated: _____

Email Address: _____