



SAINTS NEWS & VIEWS

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE ST. STANISLAUS COLLEGE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION TORONTO
AND THE ST. STANISLAUS COLLEGE (GUYANA) ALUMNI SOCIETY

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From the Toronto Saints Alumni Association and the Toronto Saints Charitable Society

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

TORONTO ALUMNI ASSOCIATION AND CHARITABLE SOCIETY ELECT 2021 - 2022 EXECUTIVES

SSC Alumni Association Toronto

At the Association's Annual General Meeting, held in Toronto on Sun. 26 Sept., 2021, the following were elected to the Executive Committee for the 2021 - 2022 year :

President: Bunty Phillips

Vice-President: *(vacant)*

Secretary: Godfrey Whyte

Assistant Secretary: *(vacant)*

Treasurer: Alfred Carr

Assistant Treasurer: *(vacant)*

Directors: Malcolm Barrington,

Rene Bayley,

Paul Camacho,

Neville Devonish,

James Fung,

Des Jardine,

Amanda King,

Renuka Persaud

SSC (Guyana) Alumni Society

At the Society's Annual General Meeting, held in Toronto on Sun. 26 Sept., 2015, the following were elected to the Board of Directors for the 2021 - 2022 year :

Chairman of the Board: Alfred Carr

Vice-Chairman: Paul Abdool

Directors: Malcolm Barrington, James Fung, Des Jardine, Amanda King, Michael Persaud

The following were elected to the Executive Committee :

President: Alfred Carr

Vice-President: Paul Abdool

Secretary: Art Veerasammy

Assistant Secretary: Yale Holder

Treasurer: Bunty Phillips

Assistant Treasurer: Paul Hazlewood

Community Relations Executive: Malcolm Barrington

Officers-at-large: Des Jardine,

Amanda King

Editorial

THE COVID-19 VIRUS, AND SEASONAL THOUGHTS

We were almost there! We had rounded the last bend and were into the homestretch with the finishing line in plain view! But oh, oh! As it is said, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip". We never succeeded in reaching the finish line as we were tripped up before we could reach it. And the name of the tripper was----OMICRON!

(Aside: For those unfamiliar with the Greek alphabet, omicron (uppercase O, lowercase o) is the 15th letter of the Greek alphabet, and is the precursor of "o" (pronounced "oh"), also the 15th letter of the Roman or modern Western alphabet.)

This variant of the COVID-19 virus is still quite new and has not been around long enough for the scientists to determine all of its properties. We do not yet have the answers to questions like how easy is it to be transmitted, or if the current vaccines can guard against it, or whether a new vaccine will have to be created against it, etc. However, early findings from South Africa, where omicron was first identified, indicate that omicron has a greater possibility of transmissibility and the potential for reduced protection from prior infection/vaccination. As of the start of the second week in December, there had been 87 confirmed cases of omicron reported in Canada, but all reported cases have been asymptomatic or mild.

Right now, children between the ages of 5 and 11 are the most likely to contract the virus, due to the low vaccine

coverage in this demographic. The infection rate is four times higher than the rate for any other age group. Fortunately, the cases in children often do not involve severe illness, with less than one per cent involving severe illness in children up to 19 years of age. Nevertheless, every effort must be made to vaccinate all children with all the shots.

Data have shown that the COVID-19 shots have been very effective at keeping people out of the hospital. Unvaccinated people between the ages of 12 and 59

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The Covid-19 Virus, and Seasonal Thoughts

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are 32 times more likely to be hospitalized for the virus than those who have had two doses. Unvaccinated people over the age of 60 are 16 times more likely to end up in the hospital than the fully vaccinated. Further, the data have shown that unvaccinated cases accounted for the majority (90.9%) of COVID-19 cases reported over the last year (December to December).

Pfizer has announced that its research has shown that a booster (third shot) vaccination has improved the body's ability to produce anti-bodies against the pre-omicron strain of the virus by 25-fold! This being the case, it is a no-brainer for everyone to get the booster shot when it becomes available for their age group.

The lesson from all this is very clear. Everyone must get the full set of vaccination shots. There should be no illogical arguments about the freedom and right to choose. To live in a society (which means two or more people), a person has to surrender some so-called rights or freedoms for the good of the society. No one argues about being forced to drive on the right side of the road. There would be mayhem and chaos if there were no rules about on which side of the road to drive. The rights or freedoms become licences in a society. Further, there have been very few reported cases about negative side-effects of these vaccinations. Also, people should not use the proven **false** claim - that the measles, mumps, rubella, and varicella (MMRV) vaccine causes autism in children - to sway them from taking any vaccinations. If you have not done so yet, get yourself and your families to the nearest vaccination clinic and get your shots!

Remember that getting your shots is not the end of it. The social requirements of wearing masks, keeping at a safe distance, and avoiding over-crowded events must still be followed. The vaccines do not prevent you from either getting the virus or passing it on to someone else. What they do is to make it harder for you to get it and, if you do get it, to last a shorter time with less serious symptoms. The pandemic will not be over until the virus has disappeared or has mutated to a variant which is more easily controlled and causes only minor symptoms.

Please take care, and keep well.

Over the past two years, the overwhelming primary topic of conversation has been the pandemic, for obvious reasons. However, there have been times when seasonal topics come to the fore. Christmas is one of these.

Christmas is known as a time of happy celebration with the offering of peace and goodwill to everyone, not just to our family and friends and neighbours. We make or buy special Christmas fare to eat and drink, and shop, till we drop, in buying presents for special ones. Christmas has become very commercial and secular to the point that we forget why we celebrate Christmas. Christmas is named for the Christ, Jesus, and is the celebration of the anniversary of His birth as God becoming Man. Ironically, it is interesting to note that one of the major commercial traditions of

Christmas has a religious source which is almost forgotten or unknown by most people.

We buy gifts for adults and children, and speak of Santa Claus or Father Christmas or Kris Kringle bringing gifts for the children. This gift-bringing character was originally a Christian Saint named St. Nicholas who was a 4th century Bishop in Myra (now Demre in Turkey). He was very religious from an early age, devoted his life entirely to Christianity, and was well known for his generous gifts to the poor. In continental Europe, he is usually portrayed as a bearded Bishop in canonical robes.

His name or feast day when he was honoured was 6th December and, during the Middle Ages, children were bestowed gifts in his honour on the evening before. When the Protestant Reformation occurred in Europe, there was opposition in many countries to the veneration of saints, and the gift-giving to children was moved to later in December, severing the connection to St. Nicholas. In fact, Martin Luther, one of the prime leaders of the Reformation, encouraged the gift-giving to children at Christmas so as to focus the interest of the children to Christ instead of to the veneration of saints. He further suggested that the Christ child be considered as the bringer of the gifts but, to his disappointment, the people continued to consider St. Nicholas as the gift-bearer.

In England, the gift-bringer is known as Father Christmas, but his origin is so old that no one knows what he was named before he became associated with Christmas. This character has pagan origins, long before Christianity appeared, and was an allegorical figure, a symbol of the Winter season rather than a physical being, and was not portrayed as an old man. Initially, the emphasis was on the celebration of the British winter solstice, and it was entertainment for adults and not children. He presided over holiday feasts, and there was no connection to gift-giving. He symbolized the coming of Spring after long, dark Winter and, for this reason, he was portrayed wearing green, with wreaths of everlasting plants adorning his head. Holly, ivy, and mistletoe were also used to decorate houses, protecting them from evil spirits.

When the Saxons starting ruling in the fifth century A.D., the common perception of the character changed as the British and Saxon cultures started to blend. The character borrowed characteristics of the Saxon King Frost or Father Time. King Frost would come to homes and ask for something to drink or eat. If people managed to please him, he would grant them mild Winter. That's how Father Christmas started to be associated with gift-giving.

The connection of Father Christmas with gifts was further emphasized by the Vikings who came to Britain in the late eighth century. The period from 20th to the 31st of December was celebrated as Yule, the Scandinavian Winter solstice festival. During Yule, Odin, the Norse God, was believed to roam the night sky in a sleigh pulled by his horse. He was typically dressed in a green or blue coat, had a long white beard, and gave gifts to good people. Over time, Father Christmas acquired characteristics of Odin. He could now see whether people behaved

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The Covid-19 Virus, and Seasonal Thoughts

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(good or bad), could travel magically to any place, and grew a beard.

When Oliver Cromwell and the Puritans gained power before and during the English Civil War, they attempted to end all Christmas celebrations and, in 1647, Parliament banned Christmas celebrations as well as Easter and Whitsun celebrations. At the Restoration, Father Christmas was revived, but he was far from how he was portrayed before the war. In fact, his look was closer to the original Father Christmas before the Saxons and Vikings influenced it. He didn't give presents anymore and symbolized only fun and feasts.

In Victorian Era of the 19th century, the cultural emphasis was on family values which required a more reputable Christmas spirit. Father Christmas returned, yet again portrayed with a wreath of holly, giving out gifts to children and adults. However, his appearance had undergone some changes following worldwide trends. It was heavily influenced by Thomas Nast's illustrations for *Harper's Weekly* and Clement Clark Moore's poem "The Night before Christmas", written in 1822. Father Christmas was now portrayed as a jolly and plump smiling man. His coat had shortened and was now blue, red, tan, or of any other colour. The difference between Father Christmas and Santa Claus started to fade even before the latter arrived in England.

While the British were praising Father Christmas, most of Europe has chosen St. Nicholas as the Christmas symbol. The Dutch had called him Sinterklaas, and brought the character to New Amsterdam (which later became New York) during colonization times.

In the United States, British and Dutch versions of the gift-giver merged further. In Washington Irving's *History of New York* (1809), *Sinterklaas* was Anglicized into "Santa Claus" (a name first used in the U.S. press in 1773). He lost his bishop's apparel and was at first pictured as a thick-bellied Dutch sailor with a pipe in a green winter coat. Irving's book was a parody of the Dutch culture of New York, and much of this portrait is his joking invention. Irving's interpretation of Santa Claus was part of a broader movement to tone down the increasingly wild Christmas celebrations of the era.

In 1821, a book, *A New-year's present, to the little ones from five to twelve*, was published in New York, which contained an anonymous poem, *Old Santeclaus with Much Delight*, describing Santeclaus on a reindeer sleigh and bringing rewards to children.

On 23rd December 1823, the poem, "The Night before Christmas", was published by the Sentinel newspaper (Troy, N.Y.) under the title "A Visit From St. Nicholas", so the link backwards was still acknowledged. The original words mentioned St. Nicholas driving a sleigh pulled by eight reindeer which were each named. The last two named reindeer were Dunder and Blixem, which were the old Dutch words for thunder and lightning. They have since been changed to the German-sounding names of Donner

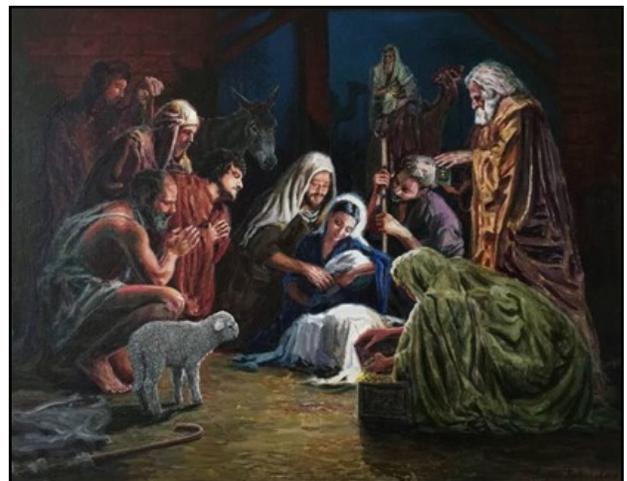
and Blitzen. St. Nicholas came down the chimney and filled the children's stockings which had been hung with care by the chimney. He was described as being "chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf" with "a little round belly", that "shook when he laughed like a bowlful of jelly". He had dimples on his cheeks which "were like roses, his nose like a cherry", and he had a "beard of his chin was as white as the snow", and he smoked a "stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth". And so, the physical characteristics of St. Nicholas/Father Christmas/Santa Claus was born!

The name, Kris Kringle, is also associated with Santa Claus. It was derived from *Christ-kinkle* of the Pennsylvania (U.S.A.) German, meaning "Christ Child". Following the idea of Martin Luther, it is a personification of the baby Jesus who, in German-speaking parts of Europe, takes the place of Santa Claus in bringing gifts at Christmas.

The foregoing has been a "short" history about the creation of Santa Claus. It is not meant as a condemnation and rejection of the concept of Santa Claus, which has good social and moral features. It is meant only to show that, in spite of all the commercialization of the season, there is a firm link from the current secular celebrations back to the original spiritual or religious ones. The problem is that the commercialization aspects of Christmas have almost completely obscured the original and true meaning of Christmas. Christmas and Easter holidays ("holy-days") are primarily Christian religious holidays. As well, though not as much known, New Year's Day is also a Christian religious holiday, but this fact has been all but consumed by the large secular meaning of that day.

During this period of great world-wide uncertainty and distress, we need to de-stress ourselves and we can do so simply by contemplating the mystery of the birth of Christ and all that He brings to the world – peace, love, and forgiveness. Even non-believers can accept these non-religious concepts.

With that in mind, on behalf of the St. Stanislaus College Alumni Association Toronto and the St. Stanislaus College (Guyana) Alumni Society, I wish to offer to one and all a **Holy and Merry Christmas, and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.**



(By Andrey Potapov)

MY PASSAGE THROUGH LIFE (Part 2)
RANDOM RAMBLINGS, RECOLLECTIONS, REFLECTIONS AND MUSINGS

By Alumnus (48-56) Harold Anthony (Tony) Clarke

(Excerpts, continued from the issue of 20 Sept., 2021)

B. SOME PERSONAL MUSINGS ON THE CARIBBEAN, INCLUDING GUYANA

As a child, I was repeatedly told by my teachers that Guyana had untold economic potential through its riches in natural resources such as gold, diamonds, manganese, and other metals; high grade deposits of bauxite ore for the manufacture of aluminium; productive fisheries off its Atlantic sea coast; timber from forests with over a dozen magnificent woods such as wallaba, silverballie, and purpleheart for building and furniture manufacture.... and greenheart, a wood so strong and long lasting in sea water that it was used around the world to construct wharves and piers; large savannahs or grasslands for raising cattle in the Rupununi interior of the country; fertile agricultural land along the Atlantic coast to grow vegetables and fruits of all kinds; a rice industry capable of feeding the entire Caribbean area and more; and sugar cane for sugar, molasses and rum. Although I have not lived in Guyana for over 6 decades, I become quite emotional and incensed at the opportunities squandered for improving the lot of Guyanese and the country. Guyanese politicians, full of mistrust of each other, have pitted ethnic groups against each other, and filled their pockets shamefully from the public purse when their turn to govern comes up.

A namesake of mine who studied with me at UCWI, a graduate doctor in medicine, told me one day at lunch at Pelican Village in Bridgetown: "It's our time, Clarkey", translated as that it was the time of the black man to reap his reward after a couple of centuries of slavery and economic rape by the white man. Michael was an educated man, well off, yet not at all concerned about misuse of the public purse by the politicians and government bureaucracy of the day. One tyranny had simply been replaced by another. I often hear the excuse that this behaviour is a result of colonialism; maybe, but these are educated people taking no responsibility for their actions, passing the buck, and looking back to blaming the white man....very convenient bullshit! The tragedy is that the natives of the West Indies, including those who run for political office, are NOT stupid people; in fact, quite the opposite is true (Michael Manley, Forbes Burnham, and Eric Williams, just to pick 3 of many, were all very intelligent people, graduates of the London School of Economics and leaders of their countries). Those who get elected to public office, however, seem to be incapable of governing for the good of all citizens. I must say that Barbados has generally avoided this curse of electing such leaders, although recent past history has not been all that positive in this regard. However, Mia Motley, the current prime minister, is a breath of fresh air.

I love the islands, the laid back environment, the ability of people to enjoy life, the music and dancing, the food, the



beaches, the sun, the blue waters of the Caribbean Sea....a paradise in many respects. In the main, the people are friendly and welcoming. Apart from numerous visits to Barbados, I have spent time in Jamaica, Grenada, St. Lucia, St. Kitts, Antigua, Trinidad & Tobago, and on my brother's sailing boat in the Grenadines, and there is no better place to relax and rejuvenate oneself than on these jewels of real estate that dot the Caribbean Sea. I was also fortunate in my final year at UCWI to travel through most of the islands with a group of students, interview-

ing leaders on the social, economic, and political issues with which they were grappling. A report was written on our findings.

However, all is not sweetness and light. The slave history of the islands casts a dark shadow that hangs over, informs, influences, and touches on just about every activity undertaken by local/national governments. A great effort is made to educate new generations on the past, which is good particularly since the British never included this aspect of history in the school curriculum during the days of colonial rule; instead, one learned about British history. Big deal!!! The scars on the populations of the islands are there even now, more than a century and a half after the abolition of slavery in the British Empire (although in truth, living conditions did not improve materially for many decades), independence from the British crown has been achieved, and the descendants of those slaves now govern these islands. Many aspects of quality of life have improved such as better health care, greater access to education, and more affordable housing; together with flourishing local businesses and tourism, national economies are stronger.

In my opinion, however, the shadow remains in that there is too much looking back on the past. Yes, one has to look back on the past and learn its lessons. 'Chips' on the shoulder abound, however, with the 'blame game' in vogue for things that go awry, and responsibility not being taken, to the extent possible, for delivering a better future. In my view, there is now a somewhat cruel twist to life in the islands which revolves around the tourism industry. The islanders once served the 'white man' on the sugar estates but now find themselves serving the white man in the tourism industry, which industry is now the lifeblood of all of the islands. In my experience, this is not going over too well in some segments of the population (the service sector) as I can attest to how I have been treated occasionally at the odd locally run restaurant (in Barbados), namely ignored, made to feel unwelcome or given very poor service. The reality is that, without the tourism industry, the islands become 'basket cases' as there is precious little in terms of natural resources to sustain their economies. And therein lies 'the rub', and the challenge for a sustainable future.

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MEMBERSHIP

The following is the list of alumni who are currently paid-up members in 2021. Membership is based on the calendar year.

CANADA (104)	Frank Delph	Gregory Kellawan	Albert Sweetnam ³	Julio Faria ⁴
Paul Abdool ³	Andre DePeana ⁴	Amanda King	Michael Texeira ⁴	Tony Gomes ¹
Lance Alexander ¹	Clive Devers ¹	Vibert Lampkin ³	Arthur Veerasammy	Leyland Grant ⁴
Howard Amo ³	Roger Devers ¹	John Lopes ⁴	Vibert Vieira ²	Neville Jordan ¹
Alwyn Appiah ⁴	Terence Devers ¹	Geoffrey Luck ¹	Paul Vincent ³	Charles Kennard ³
Glenmore Armogan	Neville Devonish ¹	Gerard Martins	Howard Welshman ²	Raymond Pancham ⁴
Bernard Austin ³	Ron Dias ¹	Michael Mendes de Franca ²	Godfrey Whyte	
Gregory Badley ¹	Jerome D'Oliveira	Colin Nurse ⁴	David Wong ²	U.S.A. (20)
Malcolm Barrington ²	Paul Duarte	Anthony O'Dowd ³	Brian Yhap ⁴	Satynanand Bhagrat-tee ²
Gerard Bayley ²	Joe Faria ¹	Michael Persaud ³	John Yip ¹	Rev. Andrew Chan-a-sue ⁴
John Rene Bayley ³	Raymond Fernandes	Renuka Persaud ²	Angus Zitman ⁴	
Teddy Boyce	Keith Fletcher ⁴	Compton Pestano ⁴		AUSTRALIA (1)
Ian Camacho ⁴	Andre Fredricks ¹	L. A. Phillips ¹		Lennox Yhap ¹
Paul Camacho ²	Darwin Fung ²	Carl Ramalho		
Alfred Carr ³	James Fung	Marcelline Ram-charan ¹	BRAZIL (1)	Ronald Chanderbhan ³
Wilfred Carr ²	Mike Gomes	Linden Ramdeholl ³	Stephen DeCastro ²	Ronald DeAbreu
Joseph Castanheiro ¹	Trevor Gomes	Paul Reed		Dalip Etwaroo ³
Bob Chee-a-tow	J. Neil Gonsalves ²	Alexander Rego	DOMINICAN REPUBLIC (1)	Bernard Friemann ³
Sydney Chin	Ken Hahnfeld ³	Romeo Resaul ²	Deep Ford ⁴	Edward Gouveia ³
Gerry Chin-sam ⁴	Albert Hamilton ⁴	Bryan Rodrigues		Philip Greathead ³
Ivan Choo ³	Hugh Hazlewood ²	Raphael Rodrigues	GUYANA (1)	Michael Heydon ⁴
Tony Clarke ⁷	Paul Hazlewood ³	Peter St. Aubyn ¹	Fitzgerald Yaw Jr. ¹	Edwin Jack ¹
Paul Crum-ewing ³	Monty Henson ⁴	Savitri Seenauth ³		Wilfred Jack ⁴
Richard DaCosta	Jocelyn Heydorn	Robin Shaw ³	TRINIDAD (3)	Kenneth Jordan ¹
Vivian D'Andrade	Desmond Hill ²	Asoka Robin Singh ²	Richard Harford ²	Jolyon King ⁶
Edward DaSilva ¹	Yale Holder	Michael Singh ²	Ronald Harford ²	Joey Lopes ¹
Terry DeAbreu ³	Andrew Insanally ³	Vanita Soman	John Jardim (dec)	Carlyle Moore ⁵
Tyrone DeAbreu ³	Richard James ⁵	Akisha Somrah ²		Godfrey Nurse ⁴
Benedict DeCastro	Desmond Jardine ²	Peter Spooner		Hugh Christopher Patrick
Gregory DeCastro ³	Clayton Jeffery ³	Brian Stevenson ¹	U.K. (7)	Horace Persaud ⁴
Rupert DeCastro ¹	Anthony Jekir		John DaCosta ⁴	Hugh Rodrigues ¹
Peter DeFreitas	Aubrey Kellawan			Peter Rodrigues ¹

There are 138 paid-up members.

Notes :

1. These (27) alumni have paid in advance through 2022.
2. These (22) alumni have paid in advance through 2023.
3. These (28) alumni have paid in advance through 2024.
4. These (23) alumni have paid in advance through 2025.
5. These (2) alumni have paid in advance through 2026.
6. This (1) alumnus have paid in advance through 2028.
7. This (1) alumnus have paid in advance through 2029.

Some Personal Musings on the Caribbean, including Guyana

(Continued from page 4)

Returning to Guyana, I have to say that independence brought to the surface the ethnic divide between the 2 major groups in the country, namely the Blacks and the East Indians....and the politicians of the 2 major parties have fuelled that divide for their own ill-gotten gains to this day. As a consequence, Guyana is still a backwater today despite the huge natural resources potential of the country. It has turned out that government by the locals has been worse than government from abroad, my opinion anyway; this is not a vindication for colonialism but the reality of the inability of ethnic groups to govern for the greater good and not only for those in power. As a consequence, in the

later half of the 20th century, many tens of thousands of Guyanese fled their homeland to find opportunity in other countries such as Canada. Unfortunately, many of these people were the brightest and smartest, resulting in a catastrophic loss/drain of brain power to other countries. Sad! And now, in the 21st century, oil has been found offshore of Guyana.... hundreds of millions of barrels with a potential for billions of dollars of revenue to the Guyanese treasury. If these oil fields are developed, what are the chances that this money will be spent to better the lives of all Guyanese? One can only hope, but the events of the past 50 years or so do not point to a promising future.

THE ACHILLES CLUB AND THE MANGO TREE

By Alumnus (49-55) Rae Leyland Hazlewood

One of the first things to excite me in 1943 when the family moved to Lot 'L' D'Unban Street, Werkmanville, Georgetown, was the mango tree. It greeted us with a supply of ripe mangoes. It raised our (Ingram, Myrna, Bill, Desiree, and me) expectations of the potential bounty to expect from the variety of other fruit trees in the yard. There were two coconut trees, a star apple, plum, downs, bread and butter with thorns (plimplahs), and a guava tree. As it eventually happened that was to be the last season that we would expect ripe mangoes from that tree.

That mango tree had a distinct character of its own and seemed to interact with us on many levels. If that tree could have verbalized its role in our lives, it would remind us of many things that we came to enjoy with its participation or forbearance. We loved green mangoes; especially when spiced with salt and pepper from the palms of our hands. We perfected our throwing and bowling arms from the skill it took to hit the green mangoes off the tree's branches with bricks or broken slates. It marked the imaginary twenty-two yards from which we bowled cricket balls toward the fifty-five gallon steel drum that served as the refuse bin and the wicket. It was an easy, almost friendly, tree to climb and relax on if, by some miracle, there was nothing left for pre-teenagers to do.

The mango tree stood in contrast to the imperious and aloof plum tree. It was shaded by the towering plum tree to which it seemed content to play second fiddle. The plum tree 'did its own thing in its own time'. Its fruit was bountiful – yellow and brown plums – so bountiful that it attracted the constant attention of young kids in the neighbourhood who would come into the yard, early in the morning, to fill small baskets and other containers with plums. It dropped its fruit on the galvanized roof of the house or on the ground, at will, and it dared you to attempt to climb it. Its trunk

was very large and rough. If one was daring enough to attempt to get to the very high point where it forked into more than one branch, it would have had to be accomplished at the expense of being bitten by hairy worms (stinging/itching caterpillars) that seemed to defend the tree from any human violation. We accepted the plum tree's bounty; but we loved the mango tree.

When Ingram entered Queens College, he would bring home books from his school library and the public library on High Street. One book that fascinated me was the annual publication of the Achilles Club⁽¹⁾. The pictures were riveting. There was Jesse Owens coming out of the starting blocks and winning the long jump and the 220 yds sprint (with Ralph Metcalf and Jackie Robinson's brother

following) at the 1936 Olympic Games in Berlin. There was Harold Abrahams, the British sprint champion, leaning into the tape, Don Finlay going over the high hurdles, and many more exciting pictures. Bill and I were more interested in the pictures than the text. The text was extensively discussed by Ingram and his colleagues who competed with each other in memorizing events and dates. Bill and I hung around them, listened attentively, benefitting from their discussions and arguments and, as a result could, as pre-teenagers, recite the results of the 1932 and 1936 Olympic Games.

The picture of Don Finlay was particularly etched in my mind. It was everything I could imagine of a ballet dancer - simply beautiful. When we saw the movie of the 1948 Summer Olympiad, it did not matter that Don Finlay did not finish his heat and that the event was dominated by United States hurdlers. I rationalized that, in 1948 Don Finlay, was then past his prime. Nevertheless, determined to imitate his action over the hurdles, I placed a dried branch from one of the trees in the yard into a notch in the mango tree and found another piece of wood to prop it up at the other end to the height that I imagined a hurdle should be. Then, 'day in and day out', I jumped the barrier imitating the action of Don Finlay.

In the years that followed, I went on to win the hurdles event in every age division at St. Stanislaus College, finally establishing the school record of 15.2 seconds in 1955.

Between 1955 and 1958, I was one of the leading hurdlers (120 yds. high and 220 yds. low) in the Washington DC Metropolitan Area. I was more often first place among the colleges and the US Army and Naval bases in the area and top scorer at inter-collegiate track meets as I often placed in the long and high jumps as well. In 1958, I earned a bronze medal for the 120 yds. high hurdles in the District of Co-

lumbia Track and Field Championships. In both 1957 and 1958, I did my best hurdling by placing fourth against Lee Calhoun, the 1956 Olympic gold medallist, and world record holder of the event, Elias Gilbert, Winston Salem State Teachers' College and a hurdler from Morgan State College. We competed in the Central Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association (CIAA) Conference.

In 1958, I graduated from Howard University with a bachelor's degree in economics and was selected to represent British Guiana at the British Empire and Commonwealth Games, Cardiff Wales. I was eliminated in my first heat, competing against Peter Hildreth, the British champion and successor to Don Finlay, and the Australian, Primrose, subsequently the head of the Australian



The Achilles Club and the Mango Tree

(Continued from page 6)

Track and Field Federation. It was a heady experience for a 20 year-old, hanging out with world class athletes and signing autographs for admiring Welsh track fans. Many of the athletes, whom I competed against, went on to represent their countries at the 1960 Olympic Games in Rome. I retired from track to pursue the MBA degree at New York University, Graduate School of Business Administration. God bless the Achilles Club, Ingram, his friends, and the mango tree.



(1) The **Achilles Club** is a track and field club formed in 1920 by and for past and present representatives of Oxford and Cambridge Universities. Members have won 19 Olympic Gold Medals (most recently Steph Cook in the pentathlon), and held 38 World Records. One of its founding members was Evelyn Aubrey Montague who is immortalized in the 1981 film *Chariots of Fire*. In the amateur age between the World Wars, the Achilles Club was the strongest amateur athletic organization in Britain. Its members enjoyed more opportunity for training than most, and made up the greater part of the British Olympic team. Champions like Harold Abrahams, David

Burghley, and Jack Lovelock (New Zealand) were household names, and they supported the Club's regular exhibition matches against schools throughout the country, to encourage the growth of the sport. Very popular books passing on their expertise were published, and members contributed at the highest national and international level as coaches, promoters, and administrators.

ALUMNUS (49-56) CHRIS MARTIN INTRODUCES HIS MEMOIR/MYSTERY

A standing-room-only crowd packed the Morristown and Morris Township Library, New Jersey, on Friday 17th Sept., 2021, to hear **Alumnus (49-56) Christopher Martin** introduce his memoir, *Is That You, Grandpa?* The audience included a large contingent of family and friends. Still elegant at 84 years, Chris is a retired civil engineer and long-time resident of Morristown and served on the Morris School District Board and was a Town Alderman before that Board became the Town Council.



"It took me 13 years to write this book," Chris said as he described the paper trail leading to the discovery of his maternal grandfather — a mystery that led him from Guyana to Europe and ultimately, back to Morris County.

Growing up, Chris heard many stories about his family history, but little about his maternal grandfather. He was not alone as his brother and sister harboured a similar curiosity. As their mother approached the end of her life at age 89, the siblings decided to extract as much information about their family history as she knew. Although many clues were unearthed, the details remained a mystery. What emerged was a promise, a commitment to their mother to try to find their grandfather and bring peace of mind to the family.

Chris' mother, Ruby Edith Camilla Pollard, was born in Georgetown, British Guiana, a place reputed to be the storied "El Dorado" where, according to the famed explorer Sir Walter Raleigh, the streets were paved with gold. Ruby's mother, Julia Amelia Pollard, was the daughter of a freed African Zulu slave, Hilda Chapman, and Josiah Pollard, manager of a sugar or rice plantation in British Gui-

ana. Ruby never knew her father as she was Julia's illegitimate daughter with, according to family lore, "a white German Jewish diamond merchant employed by a British diamond syndicate." Ruby recalls her mother revealing that her father's name sounded like "Speight". Herr Speight had come to British Guiana in 1897-1898 looking for diamonds and, in addition, found Julia with whom he fell in love. He left Guiana just before Ruby was born. Was his grandfather a German, Jewish merchant? Was he searching for diamonds in Guyana? According to the author, "This was the clue that my mother gave us."

The family wanted to know more, so Martin decided to research what few leads were available.

Years later, while on vacation in England, the author began his search for answers. "I went to the British Overseas Colonial Archives to follow the clues," he said. "They led me to the British National Archives, Kew Gardens, and the British Museum."

The search eventually took him through London, Hamburg, New York and, in the week just before the introduction of his book, to Chatham, NJ, where he located a relative who was completely unaware of the Guyanese side of the family.

That story and many others followed in the hour-long talk, during which Martin described his life in Guyana as a son of a civil servant, his transition to Howard University, and his first job with Allied Chemical in Camden, NJ.

It was 1961, his salary was \$525, and he recalled saying to his wife, "I don't know what we are going to do with this much money." They moved to Morristown, but life took a tragic turn when she was diagnosed with

Continued on page 8

Chris Martin Introduces his Memoir/Mystery*(Continued from page 7)*

multiple sclerosis and was told that she had one or two years to live. It turned out to be more like 54 years, for which Martin was grateful. "That's the kind of medicine and help and institutions that we have in Morristown," he said, adding, "I absolutely love Morristown." His next book will be called *Morristown Mon Amour*, which Martin hopes will not take 13 years to write.

In the meantime, the audience got to know quite a lot about

Martin and his family, but nothing much about Grandpa. "I felt like a detective, as I suppose most persons who undertake similar searches must feel. But the journey was most rewarding and gratifying and, at the end, I believe I found my grandfather."

So the audience will have to read the book to learn the rest of the story. *Is that You, Grandpa?* is available on Martin's website and on Amazon. Martin autographed copies of the book on Friday, and donated 15 percent of those sales to the library.

ALUMNUS (60-67) JOHN AGARD WINS BOOKTRUST LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT AWARD

The 2013 March and June issues of the newsletter contained articles about **Alumnus (60-67) John Agard** winning the 2012 Queen's Gold Medal for Poetry and photos of John receiving his award from Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II at Buckingham Palace.

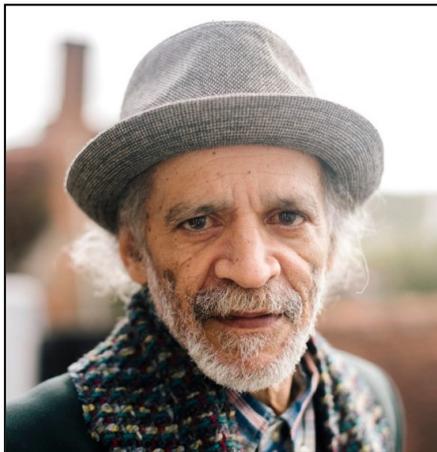
John is the author of more than 50 books for children and adults and, in November of this year, he became the first poet to win the BookTrust Lifetime Achievement Award which is intended to celebrate the work of an author or illustrator who has made an outstanding contribution to children's literature. In the past, this award has been given to some of the biggest names in children's literature, from Shirley Hughes to Raymond Briggs and the late Judith Kerr.

BookTrust is the UK's largest children's reading charity, based in London, England. The registered charity, which works across England, Wales, and Northern Ireland, was founded in 1921, and its current Chief Executive is Diana Gerald, who took over in early 2015. It aims to get children reading. Each year, it reaches 3.9 million children across the UK with free books, resources, and support to help develop a love of reading, from ages 0 to 16, but with a focus on early years.

BookTrust receives an annual government grant of £13 million for its book-gifting schemes. However, in 2010, the government announced that it would cut its entire annual grant. There was a public outcry and a campaign by many leading UK authors against this action, which forced the government to negotiate with BookTrust on the renewal of the funding. Today, BookTrust continues to be supported, using public funding by Arts Council England.

This year's judges for the Award singled out Agard's "persistence and creativity in championing and challenging the language norms that too often dominate literature and the curriculum, as well as his ability to connect with children today and inspire them to reach for their goals and aspirations, whatever they may be."

CEO Diana Gerald went on to say: "I'm particularly thrilled that this year's award is going to someone who explores and experiments with different ideas and genres, showing children and adults everywhere just what language can do, and demonstrating the power of an authentic voice



when it comes to storytelling – important messages that children today, whatever their background, need to see, experience and have access to. His writing has challenged and changed how poetry is studied and enjoyed in the classroom, and demonstrated that it is a modern and relevant medium with the ability to connect with children".

John said it meant a lot to him to receive the prize. "I feel happy that I've stuck with this craft since I was a 16-year-old boy, writing in a classroom in a Caribbean ex-colony. It's not just me receiving this award, but all the people that inspired me, people like my teacher Father Maxwell, the people who published my books, those who contributed to my journey way back in the Caribbean, and John Arlott, the legendary cricket commentator who inspired me with his words.

"Very often, poetry is marginalised, and fiction gets a high profile. By being the first poet, I'm excited, because I see it also as a mark of recognition for poetry. Because, let us not forget that, going right back in our evolutionary DNA, poetry was the medium of utterance, ecstasy, a lullaby, an incantation, so, before you had things written down, there was poetry. But somewhere along the line, particularly in the western tradition, the oral was cut off from the written, and then poetry began to be perceived as something abstract and airy fairy and not about the concrete fact. But let us face it: do we want to dwell in a world of concrete facts?"

John wrote his first poem in the 6th Form, on the back of an exam paper – which he failed, although his teacher admitted it was a good poem, and it went on to be published in a magazine. He taught French and Latin at O-level after he completed his education, before working as a librarian and moving to England in 1977 where he became a touring lecturer for the Commonwealth Institute to promote a better understanding of Caribbean culture. He visited 2,500 schools over the next eight years, and began to write poetry for children.

"I was a teacher for a year but I never dreamed I was going to be a teacher; a librarian, but I didn't plan to be a librarian. But that was a good grounding and a lovely experience. My mum felt poetry was a hobby,

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John Agard Wins Award*(Continued from page 8)*

so I hesitated for a while to say I was a poet but, as time went by, I took a delight in saying I was a poet – especially when I'd arrive at immigration, and they'd say 'what do you do? I'd enjoy, in a secretive, quietly humorous way, saying poet, because people respond differently to you then.

He added that he still gets "excitement from language", and finds "joy in standing in front of people and reading a poem ... I know this thing connects. This thing could touch a soul. This thing doesn't have to be didactic; I don't have to preach to people. My whole brain is on a tidal wave of delight."

TOUGH PEOPLE*By Alumnus (46-51) Dave Martins*

With much of Guyana undeveloped and not even fully explored, the conditions of daily living in some of the country, particularly the interior, have produced some very tough individuals, with both the physical and mental strength to overcome adversity. Most of us who live here can attest to knowing of persons like that from time to time, who leave you astonished at their ability to operate effectively in extremely difficult situations. Essentially, these are persons with a strong inner core that they draw on when the going gets tough.

As a youngster growing up in Vreed-en-Hoop, I was distantly aware of a fisherman named Tunus, who lived in Pouderoyen, as a tough-as-nails character known for his hard drinking, rough-and-tumble existence. The altercation was a way of life for Tunus who was often seen in the village some days, in a dingy white singlet, often with cigarette in mouth, grumbling about something, or berating somebody. Truth to tell, I was scared of him. Tunus was a contentious sort, always ready for a fight, and often in one. In one famous story I heard, Tunus had been in a scramble, with another fisherman in the village, that left his opponent dazed and bleeding on the parapet. On the following Saturday, seeking revenge, the fisherman came through the village in the late afternoon, a full rum bottle in his hand, looking for Tunus who happened to be standing alone on a middle walk bridge. The fisherman slipped through the crowd, ran up behind Tunus, swung the rum bottle in a wide arc and hit Tunus flush on his head. The bottle shattered. Tunus staggered, brushed off the broken glass, turned around facing the fisherman, and said, "You again, boy?" The fisherman dropped the neck of the bottle still in his hand and took off running.

In my time at B. G. Airways at Atkinson Field, we flew a variety of cargo to and from the interior – everything from dredge parts to balata – and the men loading those planes were strong, tough individuals proud of their ability to move heavy items around with ease. Once or twice while I was there, with no flights scheduled for that day, the loaders would amuse themselves with a simple game: with \$5 from every man put into a pot, they would put a couple of bags of sugar on the tray of a cargo truck, and whoever walked the farthest with the sugar on his back, won the pot. My memory is that these bags weighed close to 300 pounds; there was no way to grip them, and they were very unwieldy. Each loader competing would back up to the truck, two guys in the tray would set the sugar on his back, and off he would go. It was hard enough just to stand there

with 300 pounds on your shoulders; to walk with it for any distance was a feat. These men were in shape from the daily lifting, but I remember one guy, short and powerful, nicknamed Chatto for his talkative nature, who walked about 50 yards with his bag, suddenly stopped, let the bag fall, and just lay down on it, panting in the hot sun, and calling, "Water, water."

I was to remember that incident years later when, on a visit to Haiti, I took a trip by taxi up in the hills to a shop selling local craft. On the way up, from the hillsides bordering the road, I kept seeing Haitian women, barefoot, coming down the trails, carrying on their heads large bags of ground provisions to leave on the roadside for pickup. The sun was baking hot, and the bags were heavy. As they walked down the trails, you could see the legs of these peasant women, few of them young, literally bowing under the weight; how they managed that burden, on those treacherous slopes, in their bare feet, was a mystery to me. I asked the taxi driver why only women were doing this grinding work. He laughed once and said, "De men plant an' dey reap; de women fetch." And he laughed again. Somehow it reminded me of Chatto and Atkinson Field – same brute strength.

Another example of fortitude was contained in a story I heard from my brother-in-law, Joe Gonsalves, the Fire Chief at Atkinson Field when I worked there. This one involved a villager in Ann's Grove where Joe came from. The villager, let's call him Tom, was in his house one day watching his daughter who was feeding her daughter some fried fish, when the three-year-old child, the apple of Tom's eye, suddenly began choking on a fishbone in her throat. The mother began slapping the child's back, but the bone was stuck fast. The mother was in hysterics. Tom jumped up and stuck his hand down the child's throat to grab the bone. "Ah touchin it," he said, "but it far down an ah can't grip it." With the child now red in the face, continuing to retch and cough, Tom calmly reached for his pocketknife and cut the web between the first and second fingers of his hand; with the greater reach that gave him, he pulled the bone free from his granddaughter's throat. It must have been a horrendous scene – the child's agony, Tom's bleeding hand, the mother's screams. Nevertheless, as Joe recalled it, Tom, squeezing his cut hand, simply said, "I had to do it; the child would have died."

The hard lives many of us face in the Caribbean often produce this strain of ordinary people

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Tough People*(Continued from page 9)*

showing remarkable courage and strength. Another example is the episode involving a shipwrecked sailor, Andrew

Powery, of the Cayman Islands, who walked for two days across coral reefs to get help for his shipmates – but that is another story for another time.

(First published in The Stabroek News – January 2015)

REMEMBERING ALUMNUS (44-50) OSLO GIBSON

By Alumnus (44-51) Vibert Lampkin

On 22nd Sept., 2021, at about 9:00 o'clock, my telephone rang. When my wife Lorna picked up the receiver and said that Ingram Hazlewood was calling from New York, I knew exactly what he was calling about. Ingram Hazlewood is an Alumnus of Queen's College, the eldest brother of Saints *Alumnus (49-55) Rae Leyland Hazlewood* and first cousin of Saints *Alumnus (58-64) Hugh Hazlewood*. He has also been very good friends of Oslo Gibson and me since our High School days. Oslo has himself lived in New York for decades, within blocks of Ingram. Ingram was calling to say that Oslo had died about two hours before his call to me. Actually, we were both surprised that Oslo had not left us weeks ago. About three weeks before, Ingram had e-mailed to me a photograph of Oslo lying in the hospital bed. He had suffered a stroke, and it was a difficult photograph to watch knowing what he was as a man.

Oslo and I go back a long way. We had entered St. Stanislaus College as 11-year olds in September 1944. As a Government Scholarship winner, he was put in Form 2A. As one who had failed the examination, I was in Form 2B. But, at the end of the first term, I had placed third in the term exam, and the boys who had placed from 1st to 6th were transferred to Form 2A to start the term beginning in January 1945. From that time for the next five years, Oslo and I were together until we successfully wrote the Oxford and Cambridge General Certificate of Education Examination (Ordinary Level) in June 1949. Oslo left Saints to join the Civil Service, working at the Customs Department. I continued on to Sixth Form to take the General Certificate of Education Examination of the University of London (Advanced Level) and thereafter taught for three years at Saints before going on to study Law.

During those five years at Saints, we were best friends. I was rather surprised two years ago when Walter Hope, another QC Alumnus, told me that Oslo, Cecil Glasgow, and I had broken the colour barrier at Saints! Although Saints was a Roman Catholic Boys High School and therefore the overwhelming student population was Portuguese, there were Black students before us: Douglas Thompson, Rupert Trim, Harry Christiani, Stanley Seymour (the Master as he liked to call himself) to mention a few.

When I started out at Saints, I 'inherited' my aunt's old ladies' bicycle which had a carrier behind. And, practically every school day for those five years, Oslo would tow me at lunch-time and after school to his home, because he did not have a bicycle, and then I would ride the rest of the way to my home in Kitty. My memory is that he would either go to a home on Laluni Street, between Oronoque and Albert Streets, next to Vivian D'Andrade, also a classmate, where I believe his grandmother lived, or on Fourth

Street, near to the Alberttown Police Station, where his mother lived.

We both were in Butler House. About eight years ago, he related a story to me, which I do not recall. Butler House was playing cricket against one of the other Houses - Etheridge or Galton. The other House had made a ton of runs which we were chasing. Oslo was still at the wicket when I went in to bat as last-man. He came to me at the wicket and told me all I had to do was 'poke', and he would make the runs. He said that is what I did, and we won the game.

After school, he went on to play cricket for the Demerara Cricket Club. I remember once my uncle John Carter, who, I believe, was on the Cricket Board to select a Team to represent BG, coming home very upset one day, saying to me: "What's wrong with your friend Oslo Gibson? If he doesn't smarten up, he won't ever get selected to play for BG". And he never did play for BG. Oslo was a good batsman and should have played for BG. But, even as a friend, I admit he was irresponsible. Traditionally, we called each other on Christmas Eve. Last year, because of his faltering speech and other ailments, I tried to convince him to make a Will. He refused, saying that he did not have a black lawyer and he was not going to any white lawyer - he did not trust them. He said he had everything properly set up. He brushed aside all of my suggestions. I hope his family will be able to sort out his affairs because he told me of his investments in the USA, and he also owned the house on Laluni Street which, he told me, he had substantially renovated.

We had lost touch after we migrated, but our friendship resumed about thirty years ago when he was in New York. A number of the wives and women, who were at High School at the same time we were and who had migrated to the USA and Canada, decided that we should have a 'Friends Reunion'. We decided we would meet for a weekend, Friday night to Sunday, every two years, alternating at cities between the USA and Canada. The first meeting was held in Philadelphia. There were about 60 of us. Many of us had not seen each other for 40+ years. Oslo and his wife Cherie were there, Ingram and his wife Paula, and so many others. I remember that Sunday after a late breakfast when someone suggested that we sing some of Guyana's folk songs. I remember as we did so, Cherie sitting on my right, tightly holding my hand and banging on my right thigh, tears were flowing down the cheeks of us all. Over the years, the group met six times in the USA and four times in Canada - twice in Niagara on the Lake, once in Ottawa, and once in Toronto in 2013 which was the last meeting that Oslo and Cherie attended. The last meeting of the

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Remembering Oslo Gibson*(Continued from page 10)*

Group however was in October 2015 in Hilton Head, South Carolina. Although the group attracted new members, there are probably no more than 20 of the original 60 or so still alive. There won't ever be another meeting.

On every occasion that I spoke with Oslo over the years, he

always asked about *alumnus* (44-53) *Joe Hazlewood*, Hugh's older brother, with whom he played cricket at Saints, and *alumnus* (43-50) *Vivian D'Andrade*, next to whom he lived on Laluni Street.

Requiescat in pace.

OBITUARIES

Alumnus (44-50) Oslo Gibson died in New York city on 22 Sept., 2021, as a result of suffering a stroke three weeks earlier.

It is with deep sadness that we announce the passing of our dear loved one.

JOIN US AS WE
CELEBRATE THE LIFE OF

*Oslo
Gibson*

A tribute is given by *alumnus* (44-51) *Vibert Lampkin* in another part of this issue.

Alumnus (47-52) Raymond Wallace Pancham died at his home in London, England, on Tuesday 9th November, 2021. He was born on 20th November, 1933, and, after attending Saints, went to England to become a priest in the Order of the Society of Jesuits. In 1959, he returned as a Jesuit religious to Saints for three years to teach during the middle years of studies leading to ordination as a priest. However, he left the Order and married Joan, his wife of 57 years, who survives him. He was the father of Eleanor and Paul, and caring grandfather of Stephanie, Michael, Jessica, and Katie. He was uncle of Dr. Roger Viepre, Andy Pancham, Fay Yankana, and many others.

Alumnus (50-57) Malcolm Chan-a-Sue died in the early morning on Monday, 22nd November 2021, succumbing to injuries received in a road accident on 30th October, 2021, at the corner of Barrack and High Streets (in Kingston, Georgetown) when a speeding minibus slammed into the car he was driving. Video evidence shows that he had stopped momentarily at the junction before proceeding West into the path of a speeding minibus which crashed into his (the driver's) side of the car. His wife, Margaret, was with him in the car, suffered a broken leg, and was later discharged from the hospital to recuperate at home while Malcolm, who suffered the main brunt of the impact, remained in the Intensive Care Unit of the hospital.

His daughter, **Karen Whitehead**, is also an alumna of Saints and lives in Antigua with her husband **Dean**, also an alumnus of Saints and the Assistant Chief Pilot for LIAT, and with her their two children.

Malcolm has received the highest praises for his founding (in 1993, with Col. Charles Hutson) and oversight of the

Caribbean-recognised Art Williams & Harry Wendt Aeronautical Engineering School (at Ogle, Guyana) which was considered to be one of his most sterling contributions in Guyana. He has been the Chief Executive Officer since the founding up to 2018.

Captain Gerry Gouveia, a veteran Guyanese pilot, described Malcolm as a treasured and iconic Guyanese figure who has contributed immensely to the development of the aviation sector, including the Eugene F. Correia Ogle International Airport. "The aviation sector in Guyana became better because of him. Ogle Airport, for what it is today in terms of its compliance, was because of him. He was a stickler for standards."



Malcolm has been credited with training hundreds of pilots while he had been at the now defunct state-owned Guyana Airways Corporation (GAC). Many of them have since gone on to work in the Caribbean and beyond the region. Retired Lt.-Col. Egbert Field, the Director-General of the Guyana Civil Aviation Authority, has said: "His passing has really left a serious gap when it comes to aviation in Guyana because he continued to mentor and make available his experience to younger ones." He went on to say: "His training - you could rest assured that a pilot, having undergone that, could secure a job anywhere in the world that he goes because he is trained to the finest."

COLLEGE NOTES

TORONTO ALUMNI ASSOCIATION PROVIDES FUNDS FOR TEACHERS' COMPUTERS

The COVID-19 pandemic has affected the provision of education in every country in the world. Because of the requirement to reduce the possible spread of the virus which may happen because of the proximity of teachers and students in the class-rooms, most countries, including Guyana, have implemented on-line teaching using internet technology. This approach requires not only an internet network link but also computer technology at each end, the teacher and the students.

At the request of the College's Board of Governors (BOG), the Toronto Alumni Association provided \$30,000 (Can) to the school in December 2020 to enable the school to set up class-rooms with the appropriate technology to enable both in-person and on-line teaching.

It was discovered that many of the teachers do not have personal computers to enable them to perform their new duties. The BOG again requested help from Toronto in obtaining computers which will be loaned to those needy teachers for the duration of their teaching assignment at the College. The sum of \$15,000 (Can) was sent to Guyana in October 2021 for the local purchasing of fifteen laptops.

Shown is a copy of a letter of thanks to the Toronto Alumni Association from the Headmistress of the College.



St. Stanislaus College
1-3 Brickdam, Georgetown
Guyana, South America.

...st'd. May 1st, 1866

November 12, 2021

Mr. Alfred Carr,
Secretary
SSC Alumni Association
Toronto, Canada

Dear Mr. Carr,

RE: APPRECIATION FOR LAPTOP DONATION

We the members of the St. Stanislaus College Family (Board of Governors, Staff, Parent Teachers Association and Students) wish to express our deepest appreciation for the assistance of the Alumni in acquiring Fifteen (15) HP Laptops for the Teachers of the College. The laptops will be extremely beneficial for the teachers to perform their daily duties in teaching the nation's children and to continue to uphold the education quality of St. Stanislaus College.

We thank you for your time and use of your resources in delivering the laptops to the college. We pray that you continue to succeed in your businesses and future endeavors.

Sincerely,

Resound
PRINCIPAL (a9)
ST. STANISLAUS COLLEGE

"Generosity is the most natural outward expression of an inner attitude of compassion and loving-kindness." - Dalai Lama.

COMPARISON OF SAINTS CXC RESULTS AGAINST GUYANA AND THE CARIBBEAN

The following table shows a comparison of the percent of CXC passes by Saints students in comparison to that of all Guyana students and the whole Caribbean for the 2020 and 2021 years.

	2020			2021									
	SSC	Gu	Car	SSC	Gu	Car							
Additional Mathematics	83			29	59		Human and Social Biology	93	59		100	77	68
Agricultural Science DA	100			100	93		Information Technology	100			100	93	89
Biology	100	83		100	75	89	Integrated Science	100	80		100	69	66
Caribbean History	100	64		100	72		Mathematics	100	48		96	31	
Chemistry	96	72		70	61	63	Office Administration	100	87		100	80	79
Economics	100	72		100	67		Physical Education and Sports	100			100	99	
Industrial Technology Electrical	100			100	90		Physics	100	62		88	81	62
Electronic Document Preparation	100			100	88	87	Principles of Accounts	100	79		100	72	
English A	100	78		99	68	74	Principles of Business	100			100	75	79
English B	100			81	54	61	Social Studies	100			97	53	54
Family Resource & Management	100	86		nil	76		Spanish	93	67		68	56	
Food, Nutrition and Health Technical	100			100			Technical Drawing	100			96		
French	91	78		67	62		Religious Studies	100	89		100	89	
Geography	100	76		100	61		Portuguese	100	78		93	78	
							OVERALL	99			92	66	36

Analysis of the numbers reveals that the College performed lower in 2021 than in 2020 (by 7%). However, where the numbers are available, the College performed better than all the rest of the schools in Guyana and the schools in the Caribbean, except for one subject, Additional Mathematics, in 2021.

The teaching staff are to be commended for their work in taking their students to the top level in Guyana and the Caribbean, thus justifying the claim that Saints is No. 1.

SAINTS PLAYERS SHINE IN INDOOR HOCKEY CHAMPIONSHIPS

The only local Guyana field hockey competition in 2021 was the just completed ExxonMobil National Indoors Championships which featured three divisions of play. In the Women's First Division Final, the GBTI GCC Roulettes were unstoppable as (recent Saints Alumna) **Abosaide Cadogan** (who was featured in the September 2021 issue of this newsletter) led the score-sheet with five goals in a 7-1 victory over the GBTI GCC Spartans. While the Spartans put up a brave fight and the run-of-play was more closely matched than the score-line, it was the clinical finish of Abosaide and the high work-rate and skill level of (tournament MVP) Leo Berlie (who scored the other two goals) which separated the two teams.



The winning GBTI GCC Roulettes team, with Abosaide Cadogan (second from left).



The Saints Sensations, the winner of the Second Division.

In the Men's Second Division Final, the Saints Sensations team overwhelmed the YMCA Old Fort team 6-2, with the **Garnett brothers, Shomere and Tahrea**, accounting for five of the six goals scored for Saints. The final goal of the match was the most memorable moment as Tahrea sprinted up court on the left side, leaving the Old Fort defence in the dust, before gently lifting the ball over the advancing goalkeeper and into the net.

In the presentation after the conclusion of the three finals, the individual awards for the Best Goalkeeper in the Second Division were given to both Saints teams - **Raol Whittaker** for the Men, and **Donyale Nurse** for the Women.

THE LAST WORD

Laughter, it is said, is the best medicine and, in these perilous times, both are needed. Enjoy!

*I've sure gotten old!
I've had two bypass surgeries, a hip replacement, new knees, fought prostate cancer and diabetes. I'm half blind, can't hear anything quieter than a jet engine, take 40 different medications that make me dizzy, winded, and subject to blackouts. Have bouts with dementia. Have poor circulation; hardly feel my hands and feet anymore. Can't remember if I'm 85 or 92. Have lost all my friends.
But, thank God, I still have my driver's license.

* I feel like my body has gotten totally out of shape, so I got my doctor's permission to join a fitness club and start exercising. I decided to take an aerobics class for seniors.
I bent, twisted, gyrated, jumped up and down, and perspired for an hour.
But, by the time I got my leotards on, the class was over.

* An elderly woman decided to prepare her will and told her preacher she had two final requests.
First, she wanted to be cremated, and second, she wanted her ashes scattered over Wal-Mart.
"Wal-Mart?" the preacher exclaimed. "Why Wal-Mart?"
"Then I'll be sure my daughters visit me twice a week."

* Paddy says, "Mick, I'm thinking of buying a Labrador."
"Really, ...", says Mick, "Have you seen how many of their owners go blind?"

* My wife has been missing for a week now. Police said to prepare for the worst. So I have been to the charity shop to get back all her clothes.

* I went to the cemetery yesterday to lay some flowers on a grave. As I was standing there, I noticed 4 grave diggers walking about with a coffin. 3 hours later, they're still walking about with it. I thought to myself, they've lost the plot.

* My daughter asked me for a pet spider for her birthday, so I went to our local pet shop, and they were \$70!
"Blow this," I thought, "I can get one cheaper off the web."

* I was at an ATM yesterday when a little old lady asked if I could check her balance, so I pushed her over.

* On holiday recently in Spain, I saw a sign that said 'English-speaking Doctor'. I thought, "What a good idea, why don't we have them in our country?"

<p style="text-align: center;">Publisher: St. Stanislaus College Alumni Association Toronto 4544 Sheppard Avenue East, Toronto M1S 1V2</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Editorial Committee: L. A. (Bunty) Phillips, Paul Camacho, Michael Persaud, John Yip</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Contributing Writers: Tony Clarke, Rae Hazlewood, Dave Martins, Internet, Bunty Phillips, St. Stanislaus College</p> <p style="text-align: center;">Photographs: Tony Clarke, Chris Fernandes, Rae Hazlewood, Internet, SSC</p>	<p>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.</p> <p>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.</p> <p>Saints News & Views welcomes contributing articles from its membership. The publisher reserves the right to edit or publish all submissions solely at its discretion.</p>
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COMING EVENTS

Date	Event	Location	Cost
Fri. 31 Dec., 2021	New Year's Eve Gala		CANCELLED
Sat. 23 Apr., 2022 <i>(tentative)</i>	Spring Dance	West Rouge Community Centre 270 Rouge Hill Drive, Toronto (Hwy 401/Hwy 2/Port Union Road)	<i>tba</i>
Sat. 9 Jul., 2022 <i>(tentative)</i>	Golf Tournament	Lebovic Golf Club, 14020 Leslie St, Aurora, ON L4G 7C2 (W. of Hwy 404, N. of Bloomington Road)	\$300 (3 drinks, and snacks on-course)
Fri. 29 Jul., 2022 <i>(tentative)</i>	Caribjam	<i>tba</i>	<i>tba</i>
Sat. 15 Oct., 2022 <i>(tentative)</i>	Fall Dance (Dinner: 7:30 p.m. to 9:00 p.m.)	West Rouge Community Centre 270 Rouge Hill Drive, Toronto (Hwy 401/Hwy 2/Port Union Road)	<i>tba</i>
Sat. 31 Dec., 2022	New Year's Eve Gala	Scarborough Convention Centre 20 Torham Place, Scarborough	<i>tba</i>

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