



# 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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(Editorial)

## FACING ONE'S MORTALITY

*(This Editorial will occasionally eschew the use of the editorial plural in favour of the first person singular.)*

The last twelve months from April 2013 have been an *annus horribilis* for me. At least ten people whom I knew personally (four being immediate family) have died in that period. Considering my time of life, this should not have been surprising as all those who died were over 70 years old, the oldest being my aunt, the last survivor of my parents' generation, who would have celebrated her 99<sup>th</sup> birthday if she had lived for four more days. Yet, when death does come to those close to us, it is always unexpected in most cases which are usually attributed to "natural causes" (i.e. the human body just plain wore out), the exceptions being those few whom we had known to be suffering from some well-known ailment.

When the number of annual deaths are few (one or two), we seem to take them in our stride, soon shrug them off, and just get on with our own life.

*("Let the dead bury their own dead..." Matthew 8:22, Luke 9:60)*

When they come in large numbers as I experienced, we tend to pause a bit longer, grow a little more introspective and, perhaps for the first time, begin to consider what it really means to us and if there is something we haven't yet done in preparation for our certain demise.

*("In this world nothing can be said to be certain, except death and taxes." Benjamin Franklin)*

In our own life, we start to wonder if we have made appropriate provisions so that, in the case of our unexpected death, our family knows what to do and will be well taken care of in our absence. Have we made a will? Will there be sufficient funds for those dependent on us? Have we specified what type of funeral arrangements we wish to have? If so inclined, have we considered the state of our spiritual health? And so on.

Even corporations have to consider deaths within their "family". Succession planning is very important (Who will take over the deceased employee's work?). As well, how important was the employee? (If the company will suffer financially due to the loss of some form of expertise or talent, has insurance been taken out to cover the financial loss due to the death?)

Both the not-for-profit Toronto Alumni Association and its Canadian-registered charitable arm, the Alumni Society, are formally incorporated, and they both need to consider the effect of the "loss" of members of the Executive. How-

ever, the "loss" here refers not only to the death but also to the withdrawal/unavailability of the voluntary services of the member.

An uninformed but educational guess of the average age of the 15 members of the Executive is at least 60 years, but 9 of the members are close to or above the traditional retirement age. In addition, about half has been on the Executive for many, many years, and this half falls into the senior age category. This aging of the Executive means the potential of sudden loss of experience due not only to death but also to retirement because of physical/mental wear and tear. The Toronto Alumni Association/Society needs an infusion of new (and especially younger) blood to take up the worthy cause of trying to restore our *alma mater* to its former glory. While we understand that the younger alumni tend to be pre-occupied with family affairs, yet we appeal to them to consider giving back to the College some of their time in appreciation of what they gained from attending the school.

The work of the Association/Society includes raising funds to be used for the benefit of the College. Even if an alumnus/a is unable to volunteer his/her help in person to the Executive for this objective, nevertheless there is still another way for an alumnus/a to be able make a personal financial contribution even if the benefit is realized only in the (hopefully) distant future. A charitable donation can be made using life insurance products, provided that the designated beneficiary is **St. Stanislaus College (Guyana) Alumni Society** and not the Alumni Association. This is too complex a subject to be tackled here, and you are advised to contact your life insurance agent/broker if this path is to be followed. A future issue will include an article which will address this approach in more detail.

In summary, new (and hopefully younger) alumni/ae are needed to carry on the work, but all can still donate financially by using strategic life insurance products.

L. A. Phillips

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(The following article has been taken (and edited) with permission from the archives of the British Province of the Society of Jesus, London, England.)

Biography of Jesuits at St. Stanislaus College - 6

### FR. ANSELM MARQUES - LATIN, MATHS, AND SCRIPTURE MASTER

Though not the first Guianese Jesuit, Anselm Marques was the first vocation from St. Stanislaus College. He was born on 9 Aug., 1899, in Georgetown of a sterling Catholic family. One of his sisters, Sr. Mary Ursula, was a Mercy Sister and Headmistress of St. Mary's R.C. Primary School with 1,200 children, attached to the Cathedral parish. His brother, Mr. Stanley Marques, whose two daughters also became nuns, taught for many years at St. Stanislaus College, showing great devotion and loyalty especially during the period when the College was not able to pay adequate salaries to its staff. His mother and another sister worked at St. Joseph's Mercy Hospital.

Anselm went to England to join the Society in 1916, but had to interrupt his noviceship in June, 1918, to serve in the Army in the First World War. He returned to Manresa in February, 1919, and took his first vows on the following 8 September. He did a year's juniorate, and then went to St. Mary's Hall, Stonyhurst, for three years' philosophy. He taught at Mount St. Mary's in 1923-25, and at Liverpool in 1925-27. Theology followed at Heythrop, and he was ordained there on 8 September, 1930. After his fourth year of theology, he did his tertianship at St. Beuno's. In 1932, he sailed for British Guiana, accompanying Bishop Weld, who had just been consecrated at Westminster Cathedral.

Fr. Marques was posted first to the Cathedral staff and, not long after, to the Sacred Heart Church, Main Street, where he had charge of the Mercy Hospital and of the Meadowbank district. The latter had a large church but no presbytery. In 1939, the beautiful old Meadowbank church was completely destroyed by fire. This was a great shock to Fr. Marques, and he was sent to Barbados where he worked until 1942.

On returning to British Guiana, he was attached to St. Stanislaus' College, where he taught Latin, Mathematics and Scripture. He was a good teacher, and his work at the College was highly appreciated. He was known affectionately as "Mouja" (?) (pronounced "m-ow-sha") by the students whose respect (and even fear) he commanded. During 1948-9, he was in charge of the church at Bartica and served the Potaro area, a forest area in the vicinity of the Kaieteur Falls, where many Catholics from St. Lucia and other West Indian islands prospected for gold, or worked for the British Guiana Consolidated Goldfields Company. This meant a long and uncomfortable journey by lorry some hundreds of miles through the forest. The people there still tell how devoted he was to them, and how he used to go round and visit them in their huts. A priest on

the Mission writes "Fr. Marques came out to preach on a Sunday where I was, and I was amazed to see how the attendance at daily Mass jumped up after his sermon".

He returned to St. Stanislaus in 1949 and was responsible for discipline there until 1954 when he had a serious nervous breakdown for which Fr. Scannell, the College Headmaster, took him to London by air for treatment. After a very long period of terrible depression, he eventually made a good recovery and, under the gentle guidance of Fr. A. Kavanagh at Worcester where he went in 1956, he gradually recovered his self-confidence and was able to resume normal priestly duties.

Fr. Kavanagh writes "Fr. Marques came to Worcester on 12 June, 1956. He had shown some small signs of improvement in the nervous disability from which he had been suffering, and it was thought that some ministerial work would be good for him. He began to say public Masses, then to hear the Children's Confessions, to give Talks in the church, and then Sermons which were very good indeed. He took over the Catechism Classes at Battenhall Convent and added, for good measure, the Latin Classes for the Senior Girls to help the Sisters who were suddenly left without a Latin Mistress. All this took a considerable time, and was the result of wonderful self-discipline and determination on Fr. Marques' part to overcome the difficulties that beset him. He set himself to help all the members of the Community, and each of them individually. We were short of domestic help, and so he was to be found, day after day, laying the table, washing up, stoking the furnace, and anything else that he could do to help us out.

"He grew slowly to be the man that we had known years ago, incisive in his judgements, witty in his comments upon persons and things, very determined in his habits, and so soundly good that those excellent judges, the small children, flocked round him whenever they got the opportunity.

"You can judge that he had made himself a man that was very difficult to replace in any house or College but, restored to his full capacity for work, it was obvious (and why should it not be so) where his heart lay. He wanted to return to B.G. and, so most regretfully, did this little community and many of the Parishioners, and particularly the Sisters of Mount Battenhall, see him depart, although they rejoiced also, for their loss was his gain.

"After his return to England this year, I was able to visit him on two occasions, and found that his wonted courage had not deserted him, and that he faced

**FR. ANSELM MARQUES** *(continued from page 2)*

God's Holy Will in his regard with that steadfast submission which was so characteristic of his outlook. The doctor had told him, he said without any 'wrapping', what was the matter with him, which shows incidentally what a high opinion the doctor must have formed of him."

In September 1958, Fr. Marques went back to Georgetown and started teaching again at St. Stanislaus. After some time, he began to suffer pain in his back and looked unwell, but he continued teaching till the end of term. Soon after Christmas, the doctor's diagnosis reported cancer of the lung, and he was flown to England immediately in case anything could be done, though the doctor was not hopeful. He took the diagnosis with perfect resignation; in fact, he was considerably more cheerful after the news had been broken to him. He received the Last Sacraments in Georgetown, and flew to England on 31 December. The new fasting regulations made it possible for him to say

Mass on arrival at Manresa on 1 January, his last Mass as it turned out. He went to St. Anthony's Hospital, Cheam, the same day, and then to St. Hillier. The cancer was found to be very widespread, and he was given a few weeks' expectation of life. He was taken back to Manresa where, for about a month, he waited for death. He was always cheerful and joking, though often in pain. Towards the end, the pain became continuous and so, a few days before his death, he was taken back to Cheam, where drugs could be applied continually. After that, he seems to have had little pain. Early in the morning of 22 February, 1959, he died. It must have been a great disappointment to him to have to leave Manresa for the end, but he took it uncomplainingly, as he had taken all his illness.

The Dirge, Requiem, and Funeral took place at Manresa and, in Georgetown, there was a Solemn Requiem at the Cathedral, sung by Fr. A. Gordon, S.J., which was attended by his brother and two sisters. R.I.P.

**OF GRACE AND GRATITUDE**

*By Nigel Hughes*

A year ago, I was taken from the Marudi mountains in the middle of the night by some of the best Guyanese I will ever meet, through some amazingly dense but beautiful rainforest to the Aishalton Health Centre where the good people of the community had kept vigil until I arrived from the mountains.

I am not quite sure how the miners in the Marudi mountains diagnosed that I had suffered a heart attack and decided to send a message to Georgetown about my condition without informing me, but I recall being told that my wife and sister had sent a return message that, unless they spoke with me that evening, they would be coming personally with troops to get me. Faced with that prospect, I thought I had better travel to the mining camp with the radio set to persuade them that there was no need for them to visit the Rupununi.

It was a brief almost one way exchange on the radio set, that went like this:

*Captain Gouveia:* Nigel, how you doing? Do you want me to come and get you?

*Nigel:* No, I'm fine. Will be good until the morning when I will travel to Lethem and get a flight out.

*Wife:* Nigel, are you feeling any pain?

*Husband:* I had a slight burning near my heart for the past five hours, but I think it's just heart burn or something minor. Will come out tomorrow.

*Wife:* You have had a pain in your heart for five hours and you think you are alright? We are sending for you now.

*Husband:* No need to, I am really sorry about this.

*Wife:* This conversation is over.

At 3:30 a.m., I was met at the Health Centre in Aishalton

by a medical team which had flown from Georgetown through the night on a turbo prop to arrive on an unlit runway in Aishalton with the help of the community, who had come out to ensure that there were lighted beacons on the side of the runway to enable a safe landing.

Nurse Yolanda Renville, whom I first saw at Aishalton Health Centre at 4:00 a.m., gently shared with me the precarious circumstances in which I had found myself. She had a wonderful way of letting me know that, if I had survived the three hour trip from the Marudi mountains to Aishalton in a 4X4, then the flight to Ogle would be somewhat less challenging. At that stage, that was great news. I was immediately comforted by the sight of my cousin and best friend, Stephen Fraser, who had accompanied Yolanda on the flight.

Despite my insistence that I was fine and perfectly capable of walking from the health centre to the aircraft, the good people of Aishalton (it seemed as if the entire village had come out) insisted on lifting me on a mattress onto the back of pick-up which took me to the waiting aircraft.

It's always a privilege when you meet one of your old clients when you are in difficult circumstances. The pilot, I hasten to add, was an old client in a civil matter. It was reassuring to see Captain Alvin Clarke in the left seat of the bird early that morning.

I don't remember much of the flight to Georgetown other than thinking 'I didn't know that GPHC had such attractive nurses'. I believe that was possibly where the recovery began. My other concern on that flight was I did not want my mother to have to bury her first child so soon after my father's passing.

Continued on page 6

### MEMBERSHIP

The following is the list of alumni who are currently paid-up members of the Toronto Alumni Association in 2014. The names in *italics* are alumni who have paid since the last issue of the newsletter was published. Membership is based on the calendar year and is due now.

<b>CANADA (101)</b>	Benedict De Castro	Clayton Jeffrey	Albert Sweetnam <sup>5</sup>	
<i>Lance Alexander</i>	Gregory De Castro <sup>3</sup>	<i>Anthony Jekir</i>	Walter Tiam-fook <sup>4</sup>	<b>U.K. (4)</b>
<i>Glenmore Armogan</i>	Rupert De Castro <sup>3</sup>	Desmond Kawall <sup>3</sup>	Arthur Veerasammy	Christopher Cho-Young <sup>2</sup>
Leonard Arokium <sup>4</sup>	<i>Peter De Freitas</i>	<i>Aubrey Kellawan</i>	<i>Vibert Vieira</i> <sup>4</sup>	Desmond FitzGerald
Bernard Austin <sup>3</sup>	Andre De Peana <sup>2</sup>	John King	John Vincent <sup>4</sup>	Tony Gomes <sup>3</sup>
<i>David Balram</i>	Frank Delph <sup>3</sup>	Vibert Lampkin <sup>5</sup>	Howard Welshman	Neville Jordan
Malcolm Barrington <sup>1</sup>	<i>Vyvyan Deryck</i>	Geoffrey Luck <sup>2</sup>	David Wong <sup>3</sup>	
Gerard Bayley <sup>3</sup>	Neville Devonish	Dereck Mahanger <sup>2</sup>	Raymond Wong <sup>2</sup>	<b>U.S.A. (21)</b>
<i>Rene Bayley</i> <sup>4</sup>	Frederick Dias <sup>3</sup>	Michael Mendes de Franca <sup>4</sup>	John Yip	Luke Abraham <sup>2</sup>
Randy Bradford <sup>1</sup>	<i>Jerome D'Oliveira</i>	Vincent Mendes de Franca <sup>3</sup>	Angus Zitman <sup>3</sup>	Anthony Bollers <sup>3</sup>
Ian Camacho <sup>3</sup>	Terry D'Ornellas <sup>3</sup>	Richard Miller	<b>AUSTRALIA (2)</b>	Ronald Chanderbhan <sup>3</sup>
Paul Camacho <sup>3</sup>	Paul Duarte	Perry Mittelholzer	<i>Michael Wight</i> <sup>1</sup>	Brian Chin
Alfred Carr	Carlton Faria <sup>3</sup>	Stan Niccols	Lennox Yhap <sup>6</sup>	<i>Ronald De Abreu</i> <sup>4</sup>
<i>Wilfred Carr</i> <sup>1</sup>	Joe Faria <sup>7</sup>	Clarence Nichols <sup>1</sup>	<b>BARBADOS (1)</b>	<i>Joseph Brian De Freitas</i> <sup>4</sup>
Joseph Castanheiro <sup>3</sup>	Raymond Fernandes	Anthony O'Dowd	Geoff De Caires <sup>4</sup>	Bernard Friemann <sup>3</sup>
<i>Antony Chapman</i>	Nigel Fisher <sup>2</sup>	Malcolm Pequenezza <sup>3</sup>	<b>BERMUDA (1)</b>	Guy Goveia
Errol Chapman	Keith Fletcher <sup>4</sup>	Leslie Pereira <sup>3</sup>	Francis Grenardo	Philip Greathead <sup>3</sup>
Vernon Chaves <sup>4</sup>	Leslie Fung	Desmond Perreira	<b>BRAZIL (1)</b>	John Grenardo
Sydney Chin	Richard Gomes <sup>3</sup>	Michael Persaud	Stephen De Castro <sup>3</sup>	Michael Heydon
<i>Louis Cho-Young</i>	Trevor Gomes <sup>1</sup>	Bunty Phillips <sup>3</sup>		Edwin Jack <sup>6</sup>
Tony Clarke	Neil Gonsalves	Linden Ramdeholl <sup>1</sup>	<b>DOM. REP. (1)</b>	Kenneth Jordan <sup>4</sup>
Paul Crum-Ewing <sup>3</sup>	Orlando Goveia <sup>1</sup>	Cecil Ramraj	Deep Ford <sup>2</sup>	Jolyon King <sup>2</sup>
Ken Cumberbatch <sup>2</sup>	Ken Hahnfeld <sup>3</sup>	Mary Rayman	<b>TRIN. &amp; TOB. (3)</b>	Carl Marx <sup>2</sup>
<i>Edward Da Silva</i> <sup>1</sup>	Hugh Hazlewood <sup>4</sup>	Ramon Rego	Richard Harford <sup>2</sup>	Evan Phillips <sup>2</sup>
Ivor Da Silva <sup>3</sup>	Monty Henson <sup>4</sup>	Herman Reid <sup>1</sup>	Ronald Harford <sup>2</sup>	Brian Ramphal <sup>2</sup>
Jerry Da Silva <sup>2</sup>	<i>Jocelyn Heydorn</i>	Romeo Resaul <sup>5</sup>	<i>John Jardim</i>	Peter Rodrigues
<i>Terry De Abreu</i> <sup>4</sup>	Desmond Hill <sup>3</sup>	Philip Rodrigues		Keith Seaforth <sup>3</sup>
Tyrone De Abreu <sup>3</sup>	Ivan Holder	Peter St. Aubyn <sup>2</sup>		Leyland Thomas <sup>6</sup>
<i>Phillip de Barros</i>	Andrew Insanally	Michael Singh <sup>4</sup>		Horace Walcott <sup>1</sup>
<i>Dennis De Cambra</i>	Richard James <sup>3</sup>	Winston Sparrock		
Hilary De Cambra	Des Jardine <sup>4</sup>			

Of the 135 paid-up members, 124 are renewals from last year.

Notes to Membership List :

- These (11) alumni have paid in advance through 2015.
- These (17) alumni has paid in advance through 2016.
- These (32) alumni has paid in advance through 2017.
- These (17) alumni have paid in advance through 2018.
- These (3) alumni has paid in advance through 2019.
- These (3) alumni have paid in advance through 2020.
- This (1) alumnus has paid in advance through 2022.

### 2014 GOLF TOURNAMENT

The Saints 2014 Golf Tournament will be held again at Bethesda Grange Golf Course, 12808 Warden Ave., Stouffville, on Sat. 12 July, with a shot-gun start at 7:45 a.m., registration at 6:30 a.m., and the cost being \$120 per person (which includes a cart, locker room facilities with towels, lunch, and prizes). If you wish to play, please contact any member of the Executive with the names of your foursome. Also, please contact us if you know of any persons/companies willing to be sponsors/donors for the event. Tax receipts will be provided for all donations.

## THE GREAT GUNPOWDER CAPER

### *A reflection after 57 years*

#### **Introduction:**

Adolescence - the years of our callow youth, that zone between childhood and budding manhood, no longer a child but not yet a man, a journey through which we must all pass. Still avidly learning, soaking up experience and knowledge, but not yet sure what it might all mean and where it might lead. We are capable of setting and achieving meaningful, worthwhile goals while simultaneously committing foolish, idiotic mistakes. Feelings and emotions swing wildly from hour to hour; life seems wildly exciting and full of adventure, or dreadfully dull and monotonous, and we live with great intensity. For most, it's an extremely intense period in our lives. The experiences we gain, the friendships we make, all form indelible impressions which mold and shape what we become for the rest of our lives. It can be a time of real danger, emotionally and physically, and teenage suicides, fatal accidents, drug and alcohol abuse and other misfortunes are not unknown. When these misfortunes occur, no parent ever fully recovers from such a loss. However, this story about an incident that occurred in my callow youth ended well, if not happily. At least, no one was badly hurt, and the life lesson learned by the 'unfortunate six' stayed with them until this day, almost sixty years after the incident. All six of these young boys went on to become responsible, honest, productive citizens and successful professionals in diverse fields. This story is true. Names have been withheld to protect the innocent(?).

#### **The Incident**

The year was 1956. The place was St. Stanislaus College (SSC), then an all-boys school, run by British Jesuit Priests, with a few lay teachers completing the faculty. It was the first semester in Form 3B, the boys ranged in age from 12 to 14 years, that adolescent age when hormones can often supplant rational thinking. The urge to gain acceptance and respect from peers can override all else. Muddled thinking can lead to the belief that a wild and amusing prank will garner some of that alluring commodity, and blind one to the potential danger of badly chosen actions.

There was always some idle time between subjects when teachers arrived and left the class. This window of opportunity provided ample time for students to stage pranks. The Christmas Season was impending and fire crackers (also called Squibs) were being sold in stores. It is possible that the perpetrator of the incident obtained his material from these. But hunting is a popular pastime in Guyana and some boys could cop a few rounds of ammo from older siblings and parents. Or, he may have obtained it by dismantling ammunition, a highly dangerous activity that

killed at least one young boy whom I knew. It is also not impossible that he made the gunpowder himself as a few knew the formula, and the ingredients were not impossible to obtain. So, whoever he was, this 'prankster' decided he would create some hilarity for himself and his classmates and hopefully gain some 'respect' along the way. In the mild confusion that usually accompanied the change from one class to another, he surreptitiously laid a trail of gunpowder on the floor about two feet long. This mischief was staged at the back of the class which made it easier to conceal from other class-mates while making it difficult for the arriving teacher to identify the perpetrator.

The new 'Master' came in, went to his big desk raised on a dais at the front of the room, and proceeded to prepare his notes and books for the class. Just as everyone was getting settled, the gunpowder was ignited. Suddenly, flames and black smoke erupted to the ceiling, instantly permeating the air with the pungent smell of gunpowder. Pandemonium broke loose as a mixture of outright surprise, raw fear, pure curiosity, and uproarious hilarity ensued. The Master, a new, young, inexperienced teacher who had much difficulty controlling his class at the best of times and was disrespectfully nicknamed 'El Speedro', shot bolt-upright, his face a mask of shock and disbelief. Trying his best to regain his composure and appear unruffled and in control, he sauntered his way down to the back of the class while confusion and hilarity reigned around him. He apparently thought he could snare the culprit. As he approached the scene of the crime, he could clearly see a two feet long scorch-mark burnt into the wooden floor. Trying his very best to regain control of the class, he loudly demanded in an authoritative voice, "Whoever is responsible for this might as well confess now and make it easy on yourself. If *I* have to waste *my time* to find you out, the repercussions will be very, very serious." The room fell silent instantly. His body language, his tone, and his manner threw his demand out as a challenge. And the challenge would not be discounted. No one uttered a word or made any motion to stand in admission of guilt. El Speedro glared balefully at the boys on either side of the scorched floor. They met his gaze unflinchingly.

#### **The Consequence: 1956:**

Seeing that no one was going to confess, El Speedro, flustered and befuddled, decided to change tactics and attempted to flush out the culprit by threatening, "Okay. Since the culprit will not confess, and since *I know* that someone else must know who did this, *all six of you*, closest to this burnt mark on the floor, will receive twelve ferulas (lashes) each." He paused, hoping this threat would force one of the boys to speak up.



**OBITUARIES**

\* **Alumnus Michael McAndrew Crum-Ewing** died peacefully, surrounded by his loved ones, on Sunday, 6 April, 2014, in his 83<sup>rd</sup> year. He was the husband of Monica (nee Nascimento) for 52 years, father of Dale (Lori), Brian, Andrew, and Carol (Craig), grandfather of 5, and great-grandfather of 1. He was the brother of **alumnus Tony** (Leny), Barbara (the late Dennis) and the late **alumnus Buster "Mal"** (Mary). Michael was a competitive cyclist who, after leaving Saints, rode successfully against top Guianese cyclists like Laddie Lewis, Tarrant Glasgow, and 'Flash' Gordon.

\* *Sheila Insanally* died in Guyana. She was the mother of **alumnus Andrew Insanally** who is a member of the Executive of the Toronto Saints Alumni Association.

\* **Alumnus Cecil L. Ramraj** passed away peacefully on Monday, 14 April, 2014, at Scarborough Centenary Hospital, Toronto, at age 74. He was the husband of Norma, father of Felicia (Gino) Daniele, and grandfather of Christina and Michael. He was the brother of **alumnus Victor** (Ruby), Professor of English at the University of Calgary, and Yvonne.

Cecil completed his "O" level exams in 1957, and his "A"

levels in 1959.

\***Alumnus Compton Singh** died on the morning of Mon. 7 April, 2014, at North York General Hospital, Toronto. He was the husband of Mauricette, father of Anne-Marie and Jean-Marc, brother of **alumnus Bishop Benedict Singh** (former Roman Catholic Bishop of Georgetown), Alma, Tony, Michael, Bernadette, Angela, and the late Feilden.



After completing his studies at the College, he joined the College staff and taught Latin, English Literature & Composition, and Elementary Mathematics.

\* **Alumnus Mark Steele** died on 27 March, 2014, at North Shore Hospital, Takapuna, Auckland, New Zealand.

**OF GRACE AND GRATITUDE**

*(continued from page 3)*

At Ogle, I was met by my wife Cathy, my brother Stuart, Moses, Captain Gerry Gouveia, and a few friends.

My stay at the Caribbean Heart Institute under the care of Dr. Mahendra Carpen and his exceptional team restored my faith in the high quality of professional medical care for cardiac patients in Guyana.

Mercifully a few days later, I was stable enough to be flown to Trinidad where, under the truly gifted care of one of the Caribbean's top heart specialists, Dr. Ron Henry, I was treated successfully.

At every stage of my journey from the Marudi mountains to Ogle to Trinidad and my return to Guyana, I was truly humbled and truly blessed to have benefited from God's Grace which manifested itself in so many ways through so many persons and circumstances. I was privileged to have

benefited from the prayers of many persons, several of whom I did not know and have never met.

On my return trip to Guyana, twelve ladies from Ann's Grove, whom I had never met before and who were returning home from a Church outing in Trinidad, prayed for and with me in the in-transit lounge at Piarco Airport. Only the hand of God could have afforded me such a blessing.

There is little I can ever adequately say to truly express my deep and sincere gratitude to everyone who took time out to contribute and/or participate in my recovery, or who just said a prayer.

I encountered kindness in the strangest places during my journey.

One year later, just a short inadequate note to acknowledge your tremendous contribution and express my profound gratitude.

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**Today's Reading from the Bible. . .**

From Genesis: *"And God promised men that good and obedient wives would be found in all corners of the earth."*

Then He made the earth round. . . and He laughed and laughed and laughed!

**HE MUST PAY. . .**

Husband and wife had a tiff. Wife called up her Mom and said, "He fought with me again, I am coming to live with you."

Mom said, "No darling, he must pay for his mistake. I am coming to live with you."

## THE GREAT GUNPOWDER CAPER

(continued from page 5)

You must understand, twelve ferrulas was a very painful punishment, the maximum sentence that could be administered, short of suspension or expulsion. But in boys that age, acceptance and respect from peers is paramount, and the corollary of that is: to 'snitch' on a friend is an anathema. A more experienced teacher would have known that. El Speedro had no clue and proceeded to the front of the class to start the lesson, probably confident that his 'scatter-gun' discipline would yield the result he craved.

As El Speedro continued with his class, he covertly observed the behavior and reactions of the unfortunate six, hoping that at least one intimidated and scared soul would rat out the culprit. It was not going to happen. The six stood firm. But there were at least five boys who knew in their hearts that they were wrongfully accused and condemned.

Ferrulas were administered only a few times a week, with great drama and ceremony so there was ample time before the punishment would be carried out. The high-handed unfairness of the punishment seemed outrageous to the six. So they decided to take their case to a higher authority, in fact, the highest one available, the Principal, a certain Fr. Scannell SJ, a wise old Yorkshireman. He was respected and well-liked by the faculty and the student body of SSC, and also renowned for his fairness. The boys were too young to understand that, in a situation like this, Fr. Scannell had no choice but to support his teaching staff. If he were going to correct or reprimand El Speedro, it would be done in private. He could not sympathize nor commiserate with the case presented by the unfortunate six. His response was to affirm El Speedro's mandate. "Give up the guilty party and the innocent will be spared." What the good priest and the teacher did not comprehend, and indeed it has taken until now, all these years later, to be understood by all concerned, is that no one knew for certain who committed the act. The perpetrator was so clever that no one else saw him do it. In fact, for all we know, it is possible that **NONE** of the unfortunate six did the deed. And why did he let his class-mates be punished? Perhaps after the matter had escalated to the point where the Principal was involved, he feared suspension or expulsion if he confessed. Or maybe he was just a devilish rat who lets his friends pay for his crime. We'll probably never know, unless, perchance, this narrative prompts him to step forward now and reveal himself.

## The Consequence: 2013

The consequences of this prank were substantial in more ways than one. Clearly visible on the wooden floor, a scorch line about two feet in length was left where the gunpowder burned into the wooden floor. Needless to say, the possibility of a full blown fire was probably present in the teacher's mind. In today's world of extremism, the school might have been placed under lock down for fear that it might be an act of terrorism. Perhaps all six young men would have been taken away in handcuffs and subjected to intense interrogation. Failing to get a confession could have led to more trouble with the law and tarnished records and reputations.

## Conclusion:

Was the incident handled appropriately? Clearly, the punishment of the unfortunate six was unfair. This form of Cowboy Justice was deplorable, outrageous, and intolerable. If this had happened at a crime scene on a street in Georgetown, and the police seized five innocent bystanders threatening them with the "Cat-of-nine-tails" if they did not deliver the culprit, imagine the uproar that would have caused. It was too easy a cop-out for an inexperienced and incompetent teacher, supported by a firm disciplinarian who undoubtedly felt he had no choice but to support his staff. The best Fr. Scannell could offer the boys was the platitude: "Maybe you're innocent this time, but accept the punishment as the consequence for all the times you were guilty and not caught". However, even though that old school system could be unfair, maybe it had some merit. It was a bitter lesson to learn but the lesson was clear: sometimes, life is just unfair. Deal with it. To their credit, none of these boys let that incident sour their ambition and outlook on life. All six of them grew up, graduated, and went on to successful, professional careers. In fact, one of them became a lawyer. One has to wonder if the incident did not perhaps nudge him along that path. One of them has a PHD in Music and became a professor at a university in Australia. A couple of them became professional accountants. All of them became responsible, honest, and successful citizens. None of them ever forgot that fateful day. At a recent class reunion, 57 years after the fact, some of those boys, now grown men, were present, and 'The Great Gunpowder Caper' was prominent among their reminiscences.

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*Graduating year of class: 1960/61*

## 2014 CARIBJAM

The weather continues to be cool, but we hope that it will be high summer heat by Friday, 1 August, when Saints will be hosting CARIBJAM, its annual Carnival-time blow-out. As last year, it will take place at the West Rouge Community Centre, 270 Rouge Hills Drive, Toronto (Hwy 401/Hwy 2/Port Union Road). Music will be by the Fuh Fun band and DJ Get Busy. Food and drinks will be on sale, and the admission is only \$35. Tickets can be ordered NOW!

<p align="center"><b>Publisher:</b> St. Stanislaus College Alumni Association Toronto 4544 Sheppard Avenue East, Toronto M1S 1V2</p> <p align="center"><b>Editorial Committee:</b> Paul Camacho, Frank Delph, Vibert Lampkin, L. A. (Bunty) Phillips, Godfrey Whyte, John Yip</p> <p align="center"><b>Contributing Writers:</b> Orlando Goveia, Nigel Hughes, <i>Jesuit Missions</i>, Bunty Phillips</p> <p align="center"><b>Photographs:</b> Toronto Star</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 &amp; 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 &amp; 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
Sat. 12 Jul., 2014	Golf Tournament	Bethesda Grange Golf Course, 12808 Warden Ave., Stouffville	\$120 (includes cart, lunch, locker, towels, prizes)
Fri. 1 Aug., 2014	Caribjam (Music by Fuh Fun Band, and DJ Get Busy)	West Rouge Community Centre 270 Rouge Hills Drive, Toronto (Hwy 401 / Hwy 2 / Port Union Road)	\$35 (Food and drinks on sale)
Mon. 4 Aug., 2014	Last Lap Lime	Woodbridge Fairgrounds	\$15 pre-event \$25 on the day
Sat. 18 Oct., 2014	Fall Dance	West Rouge Community Centre	tba

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