

*A.M.D.G.*

# St. STANISLAUS MAGAZINE

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VOL. [6]

NOVEMBER 1948

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J. B. Gonsalves

Adviser:

C.N. Delph

College Editor:

Fr. A. Gill, S.J.

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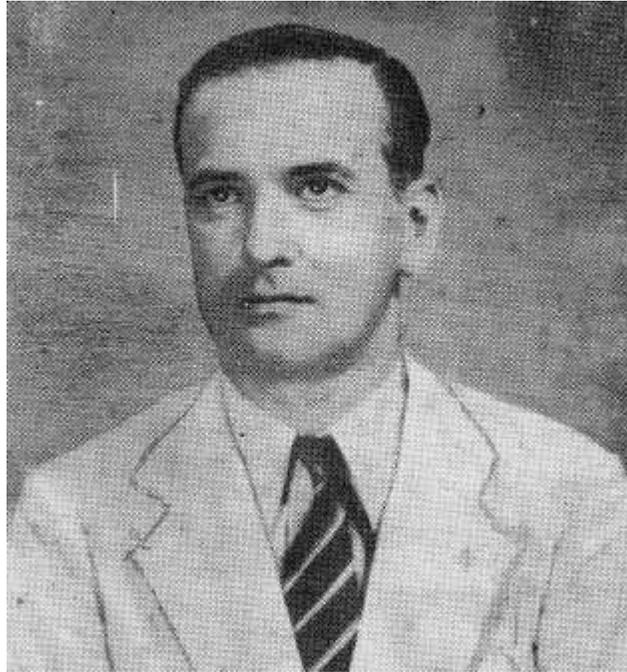
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Mr. F.I. De Caires  
(President of the Association)

## EDITORIAL

This magazine is perhaps a unique one. It consists of two separate and distinct sections, the Association section and the College section. This fact tells its own story. St. -Stanislaus College, with its history dating to as far back as 1866, and known as a Grammar School in its early years, has been and still remains the bulwark of Catholic education for boys in this Colony. Many of the architects of the fortune of British Guiana have been educated at the College. During all this time the College has been unaided by Government. Some six years ago the St. Stanislaus College Association was formed, one of its main objects being to render financial assistance to the College. In this magazine, then, are recorded the activities of the College and of those loyal sons who are assisting in up-keeping its reputation.

The formation of an association of any kind is not often a very difficult task. Its maintenance, however, is a different matter, especially in the age in which we live. It is not easy for the average person to escape "this strange disease of modern life, with its sick hurry, its divided aims." Time is an important factor in life today, and how much of it can be devoted to the furtherance of the aims of the Association is a question that rests only with its individual members. The danger of self-complacency is only too obvious. The reliance of the many on the willing, hard-working few tends to become the rule rather than the exception. Various activities calculated to provide entertainment or to broaden knowledge have helped to sustain interest. In the long-run, however, it is the

full realisation of the significance of its function in this community that will keep the Association alive. It is gratifying to note, anyway, that so far has not been encountered "the high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard."

There is a story of a horseman who used to wear only one spur. He defended his practice by commenting that when one side of his horse was induced to accelerate its speed, the other would not lag behind. Unfortunately, such is not the case with regards this magazine. From its very nature, its production calls for team, work. The grown-ups will do well to follow the example of the present pupils in their eagerness to contribute articles to the magazine. The editor of the College section must be complimented on the promptness with which he has compiled material for publication. He is certainly a model worthy of copy by the editor of the Association section.

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## COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT:

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<i>Hony. Asst. Secretary:</i>	A.A. ABRAHAM, Jnr. & F.P. BRAZAO
<i>Hony. Treasurer:</i>	J. FERNANDES, Jnr.

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S. A. MARQUES	H. W. De FREITAS
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REV. T. LYNCH, S.J.                 (Games Master of the College)

### *Nominated Member:*

REV. A. GILL, S.J.

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LITERARY and DEBATING GROUP	Chairman: The Hon. JOHN FERNANDES. Honorary Secretary: P. FRANCOIS. Members of the Committee: Fr. F. J. SMITH, S.J., Fr. S. BOASE, S.J., C.F. De CAIRES.

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## OBITUARY

It is with profound regret that we record the death of **Clarence Bourne**.

To his sorrowing relatives we tender our deepest sympathy.

Clarence Ciprian Bourne was born at Spareridaam on August 4, 1927. Upon leaving public school, Clarence following in the footsteps of his three elder brothers, enrolled at St. Stanislaus College for the completion of his scholastic career

He was of a quiet and genial disposition which won him numerous friends and made him a favourite at home. His sudden and tragic death by drowning in the Demerara River on the 18th April 1948, at the age of 20 years, was a shock to all and brought an untimely end to what promised to be a truly bright future.

At the time of his death he was employed at the B.G. United Broadcasting Company's Radio Station ZFY.



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# **REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT OF THE ST. STANISLAUS COLLEGE ASSOCIATION FOR THE PERIOD 1<sup>st</sup> of JANUARY TO 31<sup>st</sup> DECEMBER, 1947.**

## **MEMBERSHIP:**

At the close of the year the total membership was 252, composed of 3 Life Members, 184 Ordinary Members, 20 Honorary Members, 26 Associate Members and 19 Overseas Members. Compared with the membership at 31<sup>st</sup> December, 1946, the total membership at the end of 1947 represents a net decrease of 16, but this decrease is accounted for by the fact that during the year under review a number of members were struck off for inactivity.

## **COLLEGE DEFICIT:**

As recorded in the Committee's report for 1946 the net proceeds from "Wonderland" and the Christmas Raffle held during that year totaled \$6,140.38 and was more than sufficient to cover the deficit on the running of the College in 1945 and 1946. The deficit for 1947 which has to be raised in 1948 is \$1,894.29, and all members are asked to lend their maximum assistance to any efforts for raising this amount which the College Aid Committee for 1948 may undertake.

## **ST. STANISLAUS MAGAZINE.**

The 1947 number made its appearance according to plan on the night of the Annual Dinner. The Editor carried out his task with the quiet efficiency which is characteristic of him, and the Magazine reflected the care and industry which had been put into its preparation.

## **ACTIVITIES SUB-COMMITTEE:**

The activities organised monthly for the entertainment and edification of members of the Association maintained the high standard set in previous years. In January, May and October film shows were screened, while in April, June, July and August, members were privileged to hear interesting and instructive lectures by the following:

- Dr. G. Giglioli on "D.D.T."
- Dr. H.E. P. Yorke on "Radiology."
- Col. G. A. Moorhead on "The Relation which the Mining Industry bears to the development of the Colony."
- Mr. G. C. L. Gordon on "Co-operatives."

A social evening in March, and the Annual Dinner in November, completed the year's programme.

The Committee records its thanks and gratitude to all those who helped to arrange and carry out this programme, and its only regret is that on occasions the attendance was most disappointing.

#### **LITERARY AND DEBATING GROUP:**

We regret to have to report that this group became moribund early in the year: As far as it has been possible to determine, the cause of the group's inactivity seems to have been due in equal parts to the failure of the Group's executive to maintain the interest of its members and of the members to give the group the support so necessary to its existence.

#### **GENERAL:**

While the year 1947 was without any specially outstanding feature it can be said, without complacency, that the Association has maintained the satisfactory position which it had achieved in the five years of its existence.

We have to report, however, that during the year it was possible for the Association to award a second five-year scholarship valued at \$375 and tenable at the College. The award was made to Vibert Theophilus Rosemay. It is not inappropriate to record here that the 1945 scholar, Marcellus Fielding Singh, though confined in hospital for a considerable time due to a broken leg, is reported to be making satisfactory progress in his course.

It is hoped that the financial position of the Association will become strong enough to permit of more scholarships being awarded.

At an unusually well attended social held on the 16th of January, 1948, the Association was host to Father Martin D' Arcy, S.J., Provincial of the English Province of the Society of Jesus, who paid a short visit to the Colony recently. In a brief impromptu address the distinguished, visitor expressed his appreciation of the kindness which had been shown him wherever he went in the Colony, and complimented the College on the high standard of its work.

In concluding this account of its stewardship your Committee regrets the loss we have suffered in the departure from the Colony of Mr. C. P. de Freitas who has been promoted in the Colonial Service to the post of Crown Lands Officer in the Bahamas, and we wish to congratulate the Honourable John Fernandes on his election to the Legislative Council.

H. W. DE FREITAS,  
President

A. ABRAHAM,  
Secretary.

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## The Personal Touch



In the course of its history, the staff of the College has had its survivals and new arrivals. It is with the greatest pleasure we record that one member of the lay staff has just completed twenty-one years of loyal service and devotion to his alma mater. Many a boy, nay, many a boy's father will remember with pride having been taught at some time or other by **STANNIE MARQUES**. Whilst it is hoped that in course of time, to the above remark will be added the words "many a boy's grandfather," we extend to him our heartiest congratulations on the occasion.

"How well in thee appears  
The constant service of the antique world  
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!"

Perhaps a few of his present pupils would like to add in self-consciousness,

"Thou prun'st a rotten tree,  
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,  
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry."

Since the publication of our last number, the ever-existing shortage of eligible bachelors has become more acute. The young ladies responsible for this believe, no doubt, to use the words of the parodist of Longfellow's "A Psalm of Life," that

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end or way,  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Nearer bring the wedding-day."

Here is a list of the erstwhile bachelors Who decided to change their state together with the names of the fair ones who decided to change their surnames.

Our congratulations and best wishes to all.

ELSON GOMES	---	Maria Vasconcellas
Dr. CHARLIE ROZA	---	Beverley Johnson
JOSEPH S. FARIA	---	Stella Gonsalves
EDMUND THOMAS	---	Marie Ferandes
VICTOR FITT	---	Noreen Edghill
MICHAEL CORREIA	---	Elva De Freitas
JOSEPH FERRAZ	---	Felicia Gonsalves
JOSEPH SIMONE	---	Marjorie Henry
JOHN FRIEMANN	---	Gloria King
SHELDON YARWOOD	---	Zena Edmonds
ROBERT CAMACHO	---	Marianne Dalton
BERNARD FOSTER	---	Bessie Strang
MICHAEL GRANT	---	Lucille Da Silva

The example set by the above and other married couples has helped to make this shortage still worse. For

"Lives of married folks remind us  
We can live our lives as well.  
And, departing leave behind us  
Such examples as will tell.

Such examples, that another,  
Sailing far from Hymen's port,  
A forlorn, unmarried brother,  
Seeing, shall take heart and court."

Some of the bachelors who have taken heart and courted, and the happy maids to whom they are now engaged are mentioned below:

CARLTON De SOUZA	---	Maureen Thomas
DAVID COMACHO	---	Muriel Jardine
GEORGE SUE PING	---	Joyce Loquan
JOSEPH FARIA	---	Vera Vieira
PAT BOURNE	---	Rosita Mansell
DAVID HOWARD	---	Belle D' Andrade

Finally, to those whom we would like to mention in this article next year we say,

"In the world's broad field of battle,  
In the bivouac of life,  
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,  
Be a husband, be a wife!"

The subject of marriage reminds us that several new-born infants have been "mewling and puking in the nurses' arms." Some of the proud papas are **PETER BAYLEY, BERNIE THOMAS, MICHAEL CORREIA, ELSON GOMES, ARTHUR BELGRAVE, CLEMENT DA SILVA AND JOHN FRIEMANN.** JOHN is not as free now as his name would suggest, what with twins to contend with.

Among our old boys who returned home during the year are **CARL D'ORNELLAS** from Trinidad, and **MIKE DE GROOT** and **MANUEL Dos SANTOS** from England. During the war these gallants were intently engaged in "seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth." **KENNETH CORSBIE** is back home too from Barbados, having finished a course of Wireless Telegraphy and several courses of flying-fish.

**ARTHUR ABRAHAM**, the able Secretary of the Association, has left the Colonial Secretary's Office for England. It is rumoured that he is pursuing studies in the manufacture of red tape. **MICHAEL WOO-MING** is now at the West Indian University, learning the art of prolonging man's stay in this miserable world. **DAVID BUNBURY**, a very promising sprinter, has run up to the States in pursuit of a course in Chemistry. His athletic ability should certainly permit him to do the atomic split. Having disdained "the busy hum of men," **COSMO VIEIRA** and **JOSEPH SIMONE** are now residing in the interior. We shall probably see them again with a sun-tanned exterior.

It sometimes happens that men permanently forsake even this El Dorado of ours for other lands, perhaps "tired with waiting for this chemic gold, which fools us young and beggars us when old." On promotion in the Colonial Service, **CAESAR DE FREITAS** has taken up a new post in the Bahamas; **FRANK ZITMAN, WILFRID BELGRAVE** and **FRANK D'OLIVIERA** are employed in Venezuela, and **CONRAD EDMONDS** in Trinidad.

When the history of cricket in this colony is written, it will perhaps be recorded that this tournament or that was won on the playing fields of St. Stanislaus. About one half of the Colony XI in the matches against the M.C.C. and recently against the Combined Windward-Leeward XI consisted of old boys of the College. Two of the three British Guiana representatives in the West Indian side at present on tour in India were once members of the College XI. Incidentally, overseas tours are a great incentive to local cricket talent. They at least provide opportunities of seeing this world before the next.



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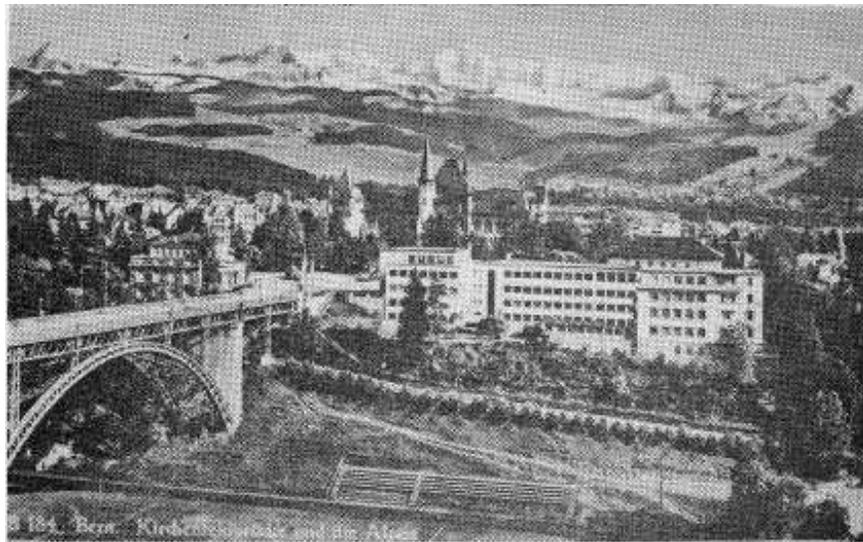
## A EUROPEAN TOUR

After the World Scout Jamboree held in France during August last year, and we were back in England, four other members of the British Guiana contingent and I decided to make a tour of the continent. Due to the fact that we were allowed to travel with only twenty-five pounds sterling each, we were unable to proceed with our original plan of visiting Holland, Sweden and Germany. However, the thrilling thought of seeing Switzerland, Italy, Luxemburg and, Belgium brought us both consolation and contentment.

It was on September 10th that we boarded a Channel steamer at Dover. The "white cliffs of Dover," we had known only in song, were sharply silhouetted against the blue sky in the distance, while sea-gulls hovered around them. The picture was truly beautiful. After about two hours of calm sailing, we landed in France.

At Calais we embarked on our journey by rail for Basel or Bale as it is sometimes called. This border town in Switzerland lies near the point where the French, German and Swiss borders meet. The seats in the train were very comfortable, but the journey of some twenty-four hours easily invited a feeling of fatigue and restlessness. In addition the crowded cabin was not particularly conducive to sleep'. So when we arrived at Basel, we were quite tired but, nevertheless, relieved. At a restaurant we enjoyed a delicious meal which included bacon and ham, items not found in the menu in London owing to rationing. During our stay of two days, we visited the Cathedral, the Post Office, the shopping centre and other places of interest.

Berne, the capital of Switzerland, was our next destination. The Gardens, the Bear Pits and various monuments afforded pleasant sight-seeing. We were taken up the Gurten Mountain in the neighbourhood of Berne by a funicular railway.

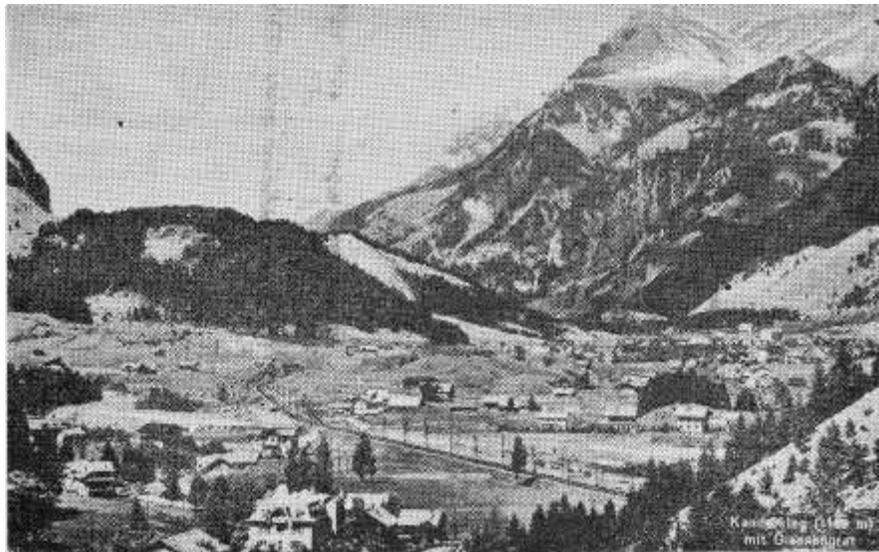


Berne

The panoramic view of the town in its natural setting was a memorable sight - the harmonious blending of the works of Creator and creature forming a huge canvas of

indescribable beauty. The novel experience of a dance at this high altitude served still further to make our memories of the place indelible.

At the invitation of the Swiss Scouts, we paid a visit to Kandersteg, This little hamlet is tucked away in a valley at the foot of the Bernese Alps. Here scouts from various parts of the world were gathered at the Scouts International Home. It was not long before we formed a party to journey by the funicular to the top of a nearby mountain, in order to view the surrounding country. We shall never forget the day we reached the summit of the Jungfrau. For the first time in our lives, we from British Guiana saw snow. We were so delighted that we played in it in much the same way as the kids here do in the sand. We enjoyed rides in a sledge drawn by dogs. But above all, the scenery was entralling. As far as the eye could see, rugged, snow-capped mountain peaks seemed to jostle one another in their rivalry to reach the skies; kind, rounded valleys separated these rivals and effectively lent them an air of majesty; and over the whole scene of interminglement of jagged lines and graceful curve, reigned an atmosphere of peace and serenity. It was indeed an epitome of the land of the Swiss. We found our Belgian comrades very hospitable, and they insisted on our touring Brussels and Antwerp on our way home.



Kandersteg

Leaving Kandersteg, we proceeded generally southward and passed through Dom d'Ossola in north-western Italy on our way to Rome. There was a great deal of confusion at the Italian border. Due to the shortage of railway equipment, the trains are terribly crowded. Wrecks of former railway stations still remain as evidence of Allied bombing. We eventually found seats on the floor of the luggage carriage. In Rome we were lodged at a college not far from St. Peter's. This superb Basilica, the Vatican Museum, the Catacombs, the Colosseum, the tomb of Crassus' wife, the Palace from the balcony of which Mussolini used to address the people - each one of these seemed a page on which the history of that ancient city was written. Arrangements were made

for us to have an audience with the Pope, and so a few days after our arrival we travelled by train to Gandolpho Castle. The Swiss guards looked rather impressive in their blue and gold striped uniforms. We were conducted to a room and told to wait there. Presently His Holiness entered, proffering his ring for us to kiss. He exchanged a few words with each of us. When he came to me, he asked me if I had come from India. I had to inform him that my home was in British Guiana. He presented us with medals bearing his image and blessed us before we left.

At a suggestion of a priest we departed for Naples. He had remarked "See Naples and die after." We did see Naples and nearly died there. The first mishap, was the loss of my rucksack with all my clothing. This was stolen before our very eyes at the railway station. One man attracted our attention by asking us if we wanted clothes to buy, while his confederate made off with my rucksack. The Police were no help in the affair. To our surprise they admitted that they were afraid to travel alone and unarmed in Naples. Two hours later we lost ten pounds sterling which was snatched from a member of our party. I caught the thief and we had a struggle. Soon two of his friends joined him but my comrade and I received no help from other members of our party, because our encounter had led us into a tortuous alley so that we were screened off from the street. However, two of the ruffians ran away and we succeeded in bringing the third to within twenty yards of the street, when we were attacked by about thirty men armed with sticks. All hope of regaining our money was now lost. In addition we received a sound beating. A mob of some three or four hundred people soon gathered around to witness our misfortune. It was with great difficulty that we finally escaped.

In contrast with our Neapolitan nightmare was the delightful dream we found the Isle of Capri to be. This little island, famed in song, was like a mosaic of emerald and white topaz set in turquoise. A cruise along its coast on the placid, blue sea revealed an infinite variety of patterns of massed foliage on the mountain sides dotted with white, clearcut stone houses, which appeared like pictures hanging on a wall. On our way back to the mainland, we caught a glimpse of Mt. Vesuvius, one of Nature's grim reminders of its latent destructive powers.

We had travelled far enough south in Italy. On Our way back north we passed through Rome and Naples and stopped at Milan in the Lombardy Plain. We visited the Naval Museum, the Zoo and the Park. It was at Milan that we first enjoyed some of the vocal and musical talent which has made Italy famous. The occasion was a recital by the great singer, Boris Gurdinoff at the Opera House. We took the opportunity, too, of inspecting the scene of the tragedy that ended the Fascist regime in Italy, the demolished building from which the corpses of Mussolini and others were suspended. It was a gasolene station near to a monument erected in memory of some young soldiers whom the dictator had ordered to be shot.

Once again in Switzerland, we spent a few days at Lugano. Moonlight is lovely everywhere; but when the moon rises over mountains and adds its silver touch to a town surrounded by a landscape splashed with lakes, when the mountains themselves form the border of this picture, and when the entire scene is viewed from a peak in the

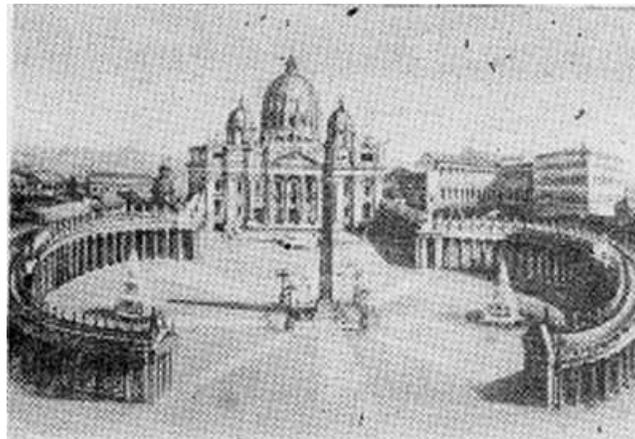
distance, then is the human mind made conscious of heavenly glory beyond imagination, and of earthly splendour above description. Such was the scene we were privileged to witness from Mt. Salvatore overlooking Lugano.

At Zurich we were delighted by the golden voice of Pagannini. Music in a country like Switzerland supplies ample food for the human soul. Returning to Basel, we spent our last day in the country that had provided us with a life time of pleasure.

Six hours travel, by rail brought us to the capital of Luxemburg, a small battle-scarred town bearing the same name. We found the people very hospitable. The late General Patton is still a real hero in their eyes. We enjoyed a delightful ride in a car uphill and downhill to the Belgian border.

When we arrived in Brussels at night, the town was beautifully illuminated. The following day we saw the main buildings of interest as the Town Hall and the King's Palace. It was in the Belgian capital that we first ate and enjoyed mussels. A few days later we were at Antwerp. Here we met our Belgian comrades who had accompanied us to the top of the Jungfrau. Antwerp boasts some magnificent edifices. Among them are the Steen, The Royal Museum, the Royal Opera House, and the Torengbouw. The last mentioned is nearly three hundred feet in height with twentyfour stories, and is one of the tallest buildings in Europe.

We returned to Brussels, spent a day there and left for Dover via Ostend. So ended a tour which was at once an education in itself and a dream of a lifetime come true.



Basilica and Square of St. Peter, Rome.



The Steen, Antwerp



Monumental Arch of the Half Century, Brussels.

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## ASSOCIATION MEMBERS IN THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL



**Hon. JOHN FERNANDES**, the first president of the Association, is an elected member for Central Georgetown.

Although he was the 'last horse' in the race, yet he won by odds. He is Chairman of the Legislative Council Advisory Committee on Agriculture and Fishery, Rice Marketing Board and the Flood-Following Committee for villages on the E.C., Demerara.

He is also a member of the Legislative Council Advisory Committee on the Interior, Public Works, and Transport and Harbours; and of the Central Food Production Committee.

Known familiarly as 'Honest John,' he has assured the Governor of his intention to talk less and work more in the interest of the people.



**Hon. CLAUDE VIBART WIGHT**, an elected member of South East Essequibo, has the distinction of being the Deputy President of the Legislative Council and a Member of the Executive Council. As a veteran representative of the people, he truly merits his high honours. He is Chairman of the Legislative Council Advisory Committee for Education Department, Visiting Committee for Essequibo Boys' Sc4001, Employment Exchange Service Committee, and Rural Housing Board.

He is also a member of:  
Advisory Committee to the Development Trust Fund,

Education Committee, Central Housing; and Planning Authority, Trustee of Mariners' Club, Sea Defence Board, Sewerage and Water Commissioners, Trotman Trust Fund, Board of Directors of the New Widows and Orphans Pension Fund



**Hon. CLEMENT PATRICK FERREIRA**, an elected member for Berbice River District, is a member of the following: Drainage and Irrigation Board, Forest Trust, Local Government Board, Transport and Harbours Advisory Council, Legislative Council Advisory Committee for Communications and Interior, Legislative Council Advisory Committee for Public Works Department, Board of Official Visitors to New Amsterdam Prison. At present, he is on the Continent, combining business with pleasure. His open letters in the Press make interesting reading matter.

**Hon. VINCENT ROTH**, an active member of the Association in its early days, is a Government Nominee.

A veteran of the last Council, he is Chairman of the Legislative Council Advisory Committee for Communications and Interior, and member of the following:

The Advisory Committee to the Development Trust Fund, Mitchell Fund Trustee, Board of Visitors, Public Hospital, Georgetown and the Tourist Committee.



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## **BITS FROM THE WITS**

It is rumoured that the use of the ferula has been abolished as the College is now in the Silent Zone of the city."

Look before you weep.

"Back to the land!" is a modern slogan, Indeed many a farmer has already turned his back to the land

More waist, less speed.

To marry one person is monotony; to marry two is bigotry.

A thing in bootee is a joy forever.

The Bren is mightier than the sword.

To give is better than to receive, as boxers will tell you.

In a bull-fight, he who hesitates is tossed.

A sterling fact - many a husband expounds on expense.

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## RELIGION IN THE COLLEGE

Friday afternoon Benediction is a well-established custom at St. Stanislaus. It is not a universally popular custom, and never was. In my day, there used to be occasions when some of the young and bold took it into their heads to "skip" Benediction. The plan used to be to cycle well ahead of everyone and turn off at the corner just before the Cathedral. Sometimes one or two unlucky ones were spied out and made to render an account before Fr. Marrion. There would be those dreadfully long minutes before a stern countenance. Some, indeed, decided there and then to stick to the narrow path of righteousness. Others who were never caught, who seemed to enjoy the protection of some superior kind of devil, never knew the awe of interview. They continued to evade the custom.

But on the whole it was, and still is, just the few who scuttle round the corner, The majority of boys go cheerfully, and, it may not be too much to say, willingly, there they kneel before the Blessed Sacrament. If shyness, or a certain boyish pride, do not allow some to burst into song, at least after a process of time and constantly hearing the words and tunes repeated, they come to know the hymns of praise and adoration. The important thing is that they are being made aware of the Blessed Sacrament. They cannot know of its immense power, of the wonderful love, the peaceful satisfaction, the lively enjoyment it can give the soul. They would be exceptional boys if they did so early on in life. Yet, certain impressions are being made on the mind, certain seeds are being sown which may one day blossom and bear fruit according as the early consciousness of the Blessed Sacrament is given the chance to grow in strength.

But it is not only through the mysterious manifestation of the Blessed Sacrament that the college inculcates a knowledge of religion. Friday Benediction is but one way in which the college fulfils its *raison d'être*, Religious instruction takes its place alongside the other subjects of study. At the same time that the boys learn mathematics, English Literature, French and Latin grammar, they receive instruction in the Life of Christ and read about the Acts of the Apostles.

A favourite criticism levelled by non-catholics, and catholics too, is that too much religion and not enough useful instruction is given at the college. In the first place the criticism is simply not true; examination curricula are so heavily weighted in favour of every subject except religion that any college which paid undue attention to religion would soon be labelled with a certificate of disapproval for its lack of successes at examinations. In the second place, no subject will prove in the long run to be more useful than religion.

In order to see what this last statement means, it is necessary to consider a boy at some later stage in life. Imagine a young man of 22 whose education in all the subjects had been most proficient. Only in religion, in his belief in God, had he been given the barest instruction. Instruction is hardly the word; he had heard about God only in passing reference, he had listened perhaps to smatterings of the Life of Christ spoken not in a spirit of conviction, but as though it were not as real and wonderful a story as

that of the campaigns of Julius Caesar. Such a young man should not be hard to imagine. They are almost everywhere to hand nowadays. By 22, he will rarely think of God, will even hesitate to mention God, simply because God was never put to him, if He was ever put at all, with any significance, let alone in any light in which God was made to appear tremendously important.

He will remember his mathematics and his English literature best, as they are the most relevant to the winning of his daily bread. But let anything go wrong with the ordinary routine of his life: Let there be a moral crisis say, and neither his mathematics nor his English literature will provide him with an infallible guide. His English literature will help in so far as it exalts good and defames evil, illustrates and ascendancy which virtue ever gains over vice. But English literature, as good as it is, has two defects. It does not extend in the first place to every department of life. In particular it has nothing positive to say about the more intimate human relationships. In the second place, it is quite unable to indicate how, in time of crisis, a propinquity between man and his Creator, out of which springs hope and encouragement, peace, satisfaction, confidence in the future, may be established, The young man such as we have imagined is so much the poorer through having received his spiritual influence at second hand, in part and not in whole, through having been given the shadow and not the substance. His most useful equipment for life, that which steadies and aligns and pulls into perspective, is the one which has hardly been imparted.

In St. Stanislaus, religion is given the place which is its due. That is the essence of the college, the office among others which it has to perform. As has been said in the beginning, certain impressions are made on the mind through the custom of Friday afternoon Benediction. Religious instruction takes its place naturally alongside the other subjects of study. Thus the spiritual sentiments and important facts of faith are moulded into the mind when it is still most ductile. An arresting feature here is that there is no danger of error in religious instruction through amateurishness or disinterestness or embarrassment. Those who instruct are avowed followers of Christ, whose training and devotion are too widely known and respected to need restatement of any kind. They perform the supremely important task of laying the foundations, of setting up the signposts. The young man starting off on his road of life will be sufficiently equipped to know how to proceed. Whether or not he will use the equipment is another matter, The point is that he has not been turned loose and left to find his own way. When problems confront him, as they must do sooner or later, he will know who to turn to for help and where to look for guidance. If, through weakness, or pride, he reacts in some other way, the chances are he will do so with a feeling of error and a sense of loss.

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# A MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE

By M.P.D.S.

We left Portland, Dorset, on the 13th of April 1946, just as the sun was rising in the heavens. The blue sea was as smooth as a sheet of glass. Our ship, His Majesty's destroyer "Chieftain" of the 14th destroyer flotilla, was covered in her coat of Mediterranean blue-grey with her conspicuous red pennant numbers.

We were now out to sea in the English channel. After three days of an uneventful voyage we arrived at Gibraltar, or as it is sometimes called "Mons Calpe." We stopped here for a day mainly for victualling and refuelling.

On the following day we were off again; and after three days of a bright summer cruise we reached Malta, the famous George Cross island, which fought so gallantly against the German bombers in the dark days of the recent war. There I saw for myself the scars of this great war-battered island. Its strategic position was so valuable, especially to the Royal Navy, that the Germans made such a desperate attempt to annihilate it.

About ninety-five per cent of its population is Catholic which just goes to show how the religion has spread since St. Paul's visit to the island in the middle of the first century. The people have their own language which was really formed from Arabic and a few European languages. English is also spoken by quite a large percentage of the gentry. Most Maltese are of Arabic, French and Italian descent which, in some cases, dates back to the days of the Phoenicians.



The Northern Section of the fortress of Gibraltar



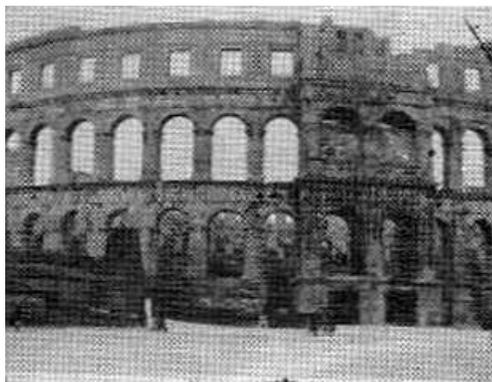
Front view of the Church of S.S. Peter and Paul, Malta.

Next we left this proud little island for the Northern Adriatic where we intended to visit the ports of Trieste, Venice and Pola. After sailing three days near the well-known Dalmatian coast, we arrived at Trieste, the port of the greatest commercial importance in the Northern Adriatic. Situated in the zone of Venezia Giulia, it comes under the authority of the Allied Military Government. Being a very attractive, modern city, it has most up-to-date conveniences. But in most cases the ordinary working people cannot

afford luxuries, so the goods are left to decorate the shop windows. The population consists mainly of Italians and Slavs who come to grips quite frequently just because one of these parties succeeds in getting the port all for itself, thus forcing the other to leave.

So carefully cruising through the mineswept harbour, we left Trieste in early morning and by three in the afternoon we entered the breakwater of the memorable land of the Doges. As soon as one entered the Riva Schivoni, one got the impression that the river had overflowed its banks mainly because there are telephone poles all along certain parts of the river. But sooner or later one found out that Venice is an island and is linked up with the mainland by a large bridge parallel to the Victor Emanuel III Canal which is the continuation of the Guidecca Canal. Venice itself is a land of waterways as blocks of houses are separated by canals and not by roads. There are quite a few narrow paths through which one can visit most of the city. One of the most famous buildings is the Basilica de San Marco which was built about the 12th century. Outside the Basilica is a large square which is infested with thousands of pigeons. Just opposite is the campanile of St. Mark's which is the chief landmark of the island, owing to its extraordinary height.

On leaving Venice we sailed across the northern tip of the Adriatic to Pola, which is not so well known. It was formerly an Italian naval base which received its share of bombing by the R.A.F. planes based in North Africa. There one can see the accuracy of the R.A.F. at its best. The dockyard was smashed to pieces while the town itself did not receive a scratch. Its harbour is good in the summer months, but in winter when the famous "Bora" wind sweeps down from Northern Italy, the harbour can be very dangerous to shipping as it does not afford sufficient protection. Pola was occupied by the Jugoslavia for a few days during the war before it came under the jurisdiction of the A.M.G. It used to belong to Jugoslavia before the 1914-1918 War, after which it was taken over by Italy. According to the Italian Peace Treaty it was ceded to Jugoslavia in September 1947.



A view from the road of the Roman Arena (built in B.C. 64) at Pola.

Leaving this war-shattered port, we sailed to Greece where we anchored off the odd spot of Port Drepano. Its beautiful mountain scenery attracts the attention of one who visits it for the first time. Life here is very primitive, but in spite of this, the people

are always enthusiastic to see visitors. As there were not many places of interest here, we left and after two days across the deep blue sea, we touched at Famagusta, a port on the island of Cyprus in the eastern Mediterranean. Here are found some of the detention camps where Jews, who try to enter Palestine illegally, are sent until it is time for them to be deported to Haifa. There they have the best food in some cases better than service personnel, and even then, they are always complaining. Famagusta is divided into two parts viz. the Old City and the New City. Mainly Turks live in the old City while Cypriots of Greek descent live in the new one. The new town is very small with just a few shops and business premises. The main languages here are English and Greek, because the island formerly belonged to Greece.

Soon we were off again, now to the Holy Land, arriving at Haifa about ten hours later. Here we have the chief port and the centre of the railway system of Palestine. Its artificial harbour was completed in the early thirties by the Palestinian Government. The town itself is divided into two sections namely Hadar Hacarmel, the Jewish section, and lower Haifa, the Arab section. In the Jewish part, there are the most up-to-date business premises and cinemas, which show the progressiveness of this race, while the Arab section contains a few dilapidated buildings with filthy streets. Of course, it was not safe for service personnel to wander about the streets of Haifa because of the danger of being shot or kidnapped by the notorious "Irgun Zvai Leumi" terrorist organisation. When going ashore we were armed with either a revolver or a sub-machine gun which gave adequate protection if one knew how to use the weapon to its best advantage. Life in the harbour was just as perilous as on land. Small depth charges had to be dropped occasionally to keep off frogmen from sticking limpet mines to the ship's hull, thus immobilising it for some time.



Kingsway Boulevard - Haifa's main thoroughfare.

With the terror-sticken land of Palestine behind us, we made our way to Beirut up the coast. The capital of the Republic of Grand Lebanon, it is situated on the southern shore of St. George's bay on a slightly elevated plain. From its artificial harbour the town looks very picturesque and attractive:

Beirut has no antiquities except some old mosaics and shafts of columns. One can take beautiful walks along the seashore at Ras Point where there are the so-called "Pigeons' Grottoes." Here, at the church of St. George in the city, Mass is said in Arabic according to the Maronite rite. The priests here wear beards.

The Nile Delta was our next destination. After sailing through the muddy waters, we arrived at Port Said, the port which commands the entrance to the Suez Canal from the Mediterranean end. The town itself is typically Egyptian with small Arab shoe-shine boys pestering the visitor while he is viewing the highlights of interest there. Policemen adorned with fezzes and white overalls regulate the traffic of this rather congested town.

West of Port Said on the North African shore lies Tripoli, the capital of the former Italian colony of Lybia, It is one of the best ship grave-yards we have ever seen. Most of the ships were sunk by the Royal Air Force during the war while others were scuttled by the Germans in an attempt to block the harbour before they surrendered. But here again the enemy was unsuccessful. In all, we counted wrecks of twenty-three ships, some of them being ammunition ships which were blown to bits. It is estimated that about 30,000 troops were drowned in the harbour during air attacks. The town itself suffered no damage from bombs. The Arabs here are very friendly indeed as compared with the rest of the Arabs we came across in North Africa. They usually walk about clothed in large white blankets, which come in very useful for long journeys which they do on foot at night. One we met had just come up from Derna, a few hundred miles further along the coast.



The Main Altar of the Basilica of Mount Carmel,  
Elias Cave can be seen below.



The Street called "Strait", Damascus.

On our return voyage, we revisited Malta and Gibraltar. We finally reached Portsmouth on October 28th, 1947, rich with pleasant memories of our Mediterranean cruise.

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# NATURE LORE

By R.C.J.

If you were lost in the woods, could you find the north? Are potatoes' roots above or below the tubers? Where do you find rounded pebbles, and what do they tell you? Perhaps you would say, you know much about the domestic cat. Well, do you know how many toes it has on each paw? Do you know that the pupils of its eyes changes with brightness and darkness? Do you know the reason for its quiet movement around the house?

If one goes though the world blind to the curious and interesting sights, deaf to the thousands of stories told by every leaf, pebble and feather, then he is missing the greatest part of the fun of living. There are today far too many persons who go through the world without knowing anything of the beauties of Nature. Things are looked at just to make sure that the correct names are attached to them that a kiskadee is not called a parrot a cat called a dog. There is a story which tells of a tourist who having paid a visit to an Art Gallery was just content with reading the names of the Artists responsible for the exhibits, and did not pay the slightest attention to the beauty of nature which each artist essayed in his own way to express.

To fully appreciate Nature one has to keep his eyes, ears and mind open to the sights and sounds around, the facts and fascinating puzzles of the natural world. To be able to get enough satisfaction out of the beauties of Nature Lore, one has to deal with two of the major points of the subject :-

- (1) Variations.
- (2) Selections.

Plants like animals exhibit a certain amount of variation, even though they may belong to the same genus. No two blades of grass are alike. The Bamboo and Sugar Cane belong to the same family; they have the same appearance in several ways - shape of leaves, jointed stems, fibrous roots, underground stems and feathery flowers. But, on closer examination, it is found that the bamboo's stem is hollow, except at the joints and that the leaves are comparatively smooth. With the Sugar Cane, the stem has a pulp which contains a sweet sap; its leaves are rough and can easily cut the skin.

Many causes have-influenced variation:

- (a) Conditions of life: It has been found that the legs of domesticated birds weigh more and the wings less than those of wild birds, since they walk more and fly less.
- (b) Quantity and quality of food: Examples are daily occurrences in the life of human beings. One's colour changes from a bright hue to pale, and the skin becomes flabby and cracked; on visiting a physician, one is told the return to normal could be effected by a change of diet.

To be able to identify a plant exactly, one must be acquainted with the generic as well as the specific name. Thus one finds that although the common hibiscus and the ochro are two different species, yet to the botanist they belong to the same genus. This is because the characteristics of the plant are the same. The former is the *Hibiscus rosasinensis*, the latter the *Hibiscus esculentus*. Hibiscus is the name of the genus, while *rosasinensis* and *esculentus* are the names of the species.

To the untrained eye, the toad and frog are the same, yes! Amphibians; but to a trained eye there are marked differences. In breathing, the floor of the frog's mouth is always rising and falling; the frog also breathes through its skin but this is done when it is in the water; it jumps and swims well, and its skin is smooth. The toad on the other hand, breathes through its nostrils; it cannot breathe with its mouth open. It walks clumsily and cannot jump as well as the frog because its hind legs are not as long; its skin is covered with little warts.

Further examples can be found in (a) Birds:- The duck and the parrot although belonging to the same genus are of different species, the former being a wader and the latter a climber. A close examination of the feet shows that the duck is web-footed and is thus suited to wading; the parrot's claws are so situated that this bird can always maintain a sure footing when moving along the limb of a tree. (b) Reptiles:- The snake and the alligator - different species but of the same genus. So, it is seen that all organisms of nature present individual differences.

At this point, one may be tempted to ask how it is that the world is not covered by the progeny of a single pair. Since the process of reproduction is continual, there must be a case of the survival of the fittest. It is here that nature plays an important part in selection - the preservation of favourable variations and the destruction of injurious ones.

Climatic effects have helped in this direction. For instance, periodic seasons of extreme drought or rain and epidemics have very often led to the extinction of many denizens. Human selection, too, has been instrumental in the development of nature; but this we must agree has been done solely for the benefit of man. Finally, there is sexual selection - the male struggling for his female. Thus we often find the male provided with weapons for the defence of himself and his mate.

But where is the opportunity for Nature Lore? Must one leave his home and go into the hinterland? No! Whenever the wind blows, the sun shines, the stars twinkle, the rain or snow falls, weeds grow or wasps buzz, the occasion is there. It is interesting to examine a tangled bank with many plants of different species, birds singing on the bushes, various insects flitting about, worms crawling on damp earth and snails wandering carelessly around. Such an examination will certainly improve one's knowledge of these members of the vegetable and animal kingdoms. Still further will it lead to an appreciation and admiration of the power to breathe life - the power that is God's alone.

We are grateful to the Editors of the following magazines for sending us copies during the year:

- Queen's College Magazine -British Guiana.
- St. Mary's College Annual -Trinidad.
- The Combermerian - Barbados.
- The Lodge School Record - Barbados.
- Annual Magazine of St. Mary's College - St. Lucia.
- The Stonyhurst Magazine - England.
- The Mountaineer - England.
- The Beaumont Review - England.

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