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St. STANISLAUS MAGAZINE

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CONTENTS

Association Section

[The President](#)

[Poem: God's Love](#)

[Open Day](#)

[Editorial](#)

[Art at Saints](#)

[Au Bord de la Mer](#)

[St. Stanislaus Association](#)

[Poem: Les Jolies Fleurs](#)

[News of Old Boys](#)

[A Miracle of God](#)

[A Mother's Love](#)

[Directions – Dave Martins](#)

[Is National Service at Saints Dead?](#)

[A Great Man](#)

[Poem: De Grand Matin](#)

[Poem: Being Loyal](#)

[An Interesting Custom](#)

[Poem: Only You](#)

[A Trip to Montreal](#)

[The Last One Left](#)

[First Time in Hospital](#)

[Life at a Foreign University](#)

[Sir Stanley](#)

[Poem: Poor Old Bets](#)

[A Priest in G.N.S.](#)

[Fifteen Sunburnt Laps](#)

[Obituaries](#)

[Poem: Mi Amiga La Paloma](#)

[The College Staff](#) and [Prefects](#)

[Psycho: A Short Story](#)

[Staff Changes](#)

[Six Days at Camp Mainstay](#)

[College Diary](#)

[A Startling Realization](#)

[The Prime Minister's Visit](#)

[Poem: Le Mauvais Chien](#)

[One-Act Plays](#)

[Elocution Competition](#)

[Catholics at Saints](#)

[Inter Schools Christian Fellowship](#)

[Poem: Happy Moments](#)

[Click for College Section](#)

The President



Mr. Ben Carter
1078 President of the Association

[Top](#)

EDITORIAL

In recent years, radical changes seem to have hit St. Stanislaus College with bewildering regularity. The College staggers, rises and moves forward again. But a recent phenomenon for which we have nothing but approval has been the meteoric rise of the College hockey team, brought to a climax with their recent tour of Trinidad and Barbados which tested and proved the calibre of our players. We congratulate them all, especially Mr. Chris Fernandes who has nursed the team from infancy to maturity.

Perhaps' the saddest event of the Past year was the Sudden death of Fr. Thomas (Joey') Lynch. For thirty-one years Fr. Lynch was a familiar and well-loved figure on the Staff. On Saturday 13th May he worked at his desk in the Staff Room until midday, and that night he had a heart attack from which he never recovered. We all miss him very much and we shall continue to do so. May he rest in Peace.

The late arrival of the G.C. E. results in September caused much inconvenience but also made us reflect that from now on, C.X.C. examinations will gradually take over. At present this is leading to a certain unease but in a year's time, we should have a clearer idea of the situation.

And so the changes continue, as they have done at Saints for over a century, welding the annual events into a rich tradition. It is a solid tradition and a proud one but it is inherited from the past. The future depends on what the present Staff and Students are doing. If we have that self-respect which comes from a justified' pride in the College, and that respect for others which Comes from a right appreciation of the value of every member of the school, we will guide St. Stanislaus' through this period of change and make the transition itself a part of our tradition. But we live and move in anxious times, when it is easier to destroy than to build. More than ever before, St. Stanislaus' needs dedicated teachers and hardworking students, all living-out their responsibilities. We need parents whose interest in their children is extended to school-life. And we need God's help lest the work of education becomes a work of deformation.

[Top](#)

ST. STANISLAUS COLLEGE ASSOCIATION

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Magazine – Editor Business Manager Sport Home Economics	Fr. Fred Rigby, S. J. Dr. Peter Fernandes * Mr. Jeane Forde Mrs. A. Gafoor (Convener) Mrs. C. Hughes

* = resigned

[Top](#)

NEWS OF OLD BOYS

We are happy and proud to offer our congratulations to all former students who have achieved success in their own way during the past year, and especially to a former President of the College Association who was honoured by the Nation in the Republic Awards.


**PATTERSON A.
THOMPSON
(1948)**

Chairman of the Bauxite Industry Development Company (BIDCO), has been awarded the Cacique's Crown of Honour "for outstanding service as a diplomat and in the Bauxite Industry." In October 1977 he was elevated to the status of Cabinet Minister and given the rank of Ambassador-at-large to carry out a special assignment aimed at expediting the progress of the hydro-power smelter project. We also offer Pat our sincere congratulations on his marriage to Evadne Leung-Walker on Holy Saturday this year.



Patterson A. Thompson C.C.H.

<p>BERNARD CRAWFORD (1950)</p>	<p>General Manager of the Upper Mazaruni Development Authority (UMDA), has been named a full-time member of Pat Thompson's task force for implementing the hydro-power project.</p>
<p>PAUL CHAN-A-SUE (1962)</p>	<p>has taken over the post of Executive Chairman, trading Group II, Guyana State Corporation from David Blackman who has rejoined Bookers in Brazil. David served on the College Association in recent years and generously gave his time and expertise.</p>
<p>RALPH SUCRE (1932)</p>	<p>has been elected President of the Ruimveldt Lions Club for the fiscal year 1977-78.</p>
<p>AUBREY COLLINS (1951)</p>	<p>completed a one-year course leading to the Diploma in Public Communication at the University of Guyana, and has since been transferred to Georgetown as Communications Officer, BIDCO.</p>
<p>JULIAN D'OLIVEIRA (1944)</p>	<p>has been appointed an Assistant Controller of Customs & Excise.</p>
<p>COMPTON MEERABUX (1954)</p>	<p>is now Coordinator of all Young Brigade and National Service Cadet Corps in Essequibo, Demerara and Berbice. Fr. Meerabux, who still retains the post of Coordinating Chaplain to the G.N.S. has written about his National Service work elsewhere in this Magazine.</p>

 <p>GEORGE VANDERWOOD (1967)</p>	<p>was ordained a priest in Brickdam on July 30th. We are grateful to God that Saints has now yet another priest among its Old Boys and we also congratulate George on being awarded the degree of Bachelor of Divinity by London University at the culmination of his philosophical and theological studies. George taught at Saints for one year, 1974-75, and made his mark on National Service. We look forward to many years of service to God and Guyana from this popular Jesuit priest;</p>
<p>EVAN PHILLIPS (1969)</p>	<p>rounded off 1977 by winning the Men's Singles lawn tennis title in the Bahamas. That was his fifth singles title last year, not to mention the five doubles titles with Bolongo Bay pro, Ted Donahue.</p>
 <p>CARLTON DE SOUZA (1941)</p>	<p>until recently Chairman/Managing Director of the Royal Bank of Trinidad & Tobago, has been appointed Assistant General Manager - Branch Banking, Latin America and Caribbean, at the Royal Bank of Canada's Head Office in Montreal, Canada.</p> <p>Carlton, who has been in the banking business for thirty-five years, is the first Guyanese to be appointed to that senior position.</p>
<p>MICHAEL CHIN-A-LOY (1970)</p>	<p>graduated as a surgeon from the University of Carabobo in Venezuela in October 1977, and on the following day he married Dr. Lima Perez. Congratulations to Michael, a former Captain of the College, on this double triumph.</p>
<p>ANTHONY JEKIR (1965)</p>	<p>was one of the two senior employees of the GTM Group of Companies to score a first for Guyana by becoming Fellows of the Life Management Institute, an international research and educational association of life insurance companies.</p>
<p>BERNIE GRANT (1961)</p>	<p>became. the first Black Councillor of Bruce Grove, Haringay, North London in May when the Labour Party won all three seats in the Borough Council Elections. Bernie is Governor of a large comprehensive school and an active Trade Unionist. He is married and has three young sons.</p>



**MIKE JAMES
(1963)**

the Assistant Editor of the *Catholic Standard*, was recently elected to the post of Secretary of the Guyana Council of Churches.

**WILLIAM
PHILADELPHIA
(1974)**

has graduated as a computer technician and is now in the U.S. Air Force.

**JOHN (DEEP) FORD
(1969)**

is an agricultural economist with the Livestock Development Company (LIDCO) which is responsible for the implementation of a \$2.65 million pilot project for the establishment of a viable dairy industry in Guyana.

**PERCIVAL CHIN
(1977)**

has been awarded a Government Scholarship in Chemical Engineering at U.W.I., St. Augustine's, Trinidad.

**KEITH SUE-LING
(1971)**

graduated from Howard University with a B.Sc. in 1973 and expects soon to obtain his M.D. from the University of Gainesville. He is married, with two children.

**HENRY SUE-LING
(1972)**

is in the middle of his M.B.Ch.B. course at Leeds University.

**CALVIN and IAN
WAUGH
(1974)**

dropped in during the long holidays to stay with their parents who are back in Guyana. The two brothers are studying in Quebec.

**RAYMAN ALLY
(1962)**

lectures in Obstetrics & Gynaecology at the University of Maryland where he obtained his F.A.C.O.G. after receiving his doctorate in Medicine from Howard University.

**GARY ISHMAEL
ALLY
(1967)**

first obtained a B.Sc in Zoology & Chemistry from Howard University and then did an MB.BS. in Medicine at U.W.I. He now plans to do further studies in either Surgery or Obstetrics & Gynaecology.

**NORMAN NG-A-QUI
(1964)**

is Head of the Department of Civil Engineering at the University of Guyana. He is a Ph.D. and is married, with four children.



ELVIN McDAVID
(1963)

has been appointed Guyana's first Ambassador to the Soviet Union. Until recently he was Executive Secretary in the Office of the General Secretary, P.N.C., and the Ministry of National Development, responsible for the development of planning and research. We wish him every success in his delicate and important post

HARRY CHARLES
(1956)

has been elected President of the West Indies Jaycees. He has also been awarded a Senatorship for outstanding services to the Organisation.

CLIVE DEVERS
(1969)

is conducting research on Forage Legumes in Antigua as part of his Ph.D. degree, after graduating from U.W.I. with a B.Sc. (Hons.)

TIMUR MOHAMED
(1973)

distinguished himself while playing for Guyana in the four-day match against Australia earlier this year. He shared a third wicket stand of 173 of which he made 115 not out. He has now joined Surrey Cricket Club,

DENNIS JOHN
(1973)

was due to graduate this year in Electrical Engineering from Pratt Institute, New York. In 1976 he became an Associate in Applied Science (AAS) in Electronics Technology.

LEYLAND THOMAS
(1965)

is doing specialist training in Pathology in St. Louis. He obtained his B.Sc. (Hons.) in Chemistry in 1970 and his M.D. in 1974.

ROBERT RAMKISSOON
(1976)

called in from Russia to say that he had just completed his first year at Rostov University, studying Russian with great success, and now he begins his medical studies.



GEORGE PEREIRA
(1955)

after serving for 22 years with the Guyana Telecoms Corporation, including four years as the Deputy General Manager, has resigned and taken up an appointment as Fleet Manager, Georgetown Seafoods & Trading Co. Ltd. George holds the qualifications of Dip. Eng., C.Eng., M.I.E.E., M. GAPE.

<p>ROGER CHUNG- WEE (1969)</p>	<p>has taken his final exams for the Institute of Cost & Management in England. He has now moved into the field of computer studies. His brother CHRISTOPHER (19751), a former Junior Table Tennis Champion, is studying French and Spanish at the University of Toronto, Scarborough College. Both were in Guyana at Christmas and paid us a visit.</p>
<p>MARK-ANTHONY McWATT (1966)</p>	<p>Was married to Amparo Marmolejo in Barbados by Fr. John Hopkinson last December. Mark lectures in English Literature at Cave Hill campus, U.W.I., and his Colombian wife lectures in the Spanish faculty.</p>
<p>IVOR CRANDON (1970)</p>	<p>has passed the final year medical examinations set by the University of the West Indies. He attended Windsor University in Canada before entering U.W.I., in Jamaica.</p>
<p> JEFFREY ROGERS (1972)</p>	<p>recently graduated with a LL.B. from the University of Windsor, after gaining a B.S. in English from the University of Toronto. He is now back in Guyana, working in the International Economic Relations department of the Ministry of Economic Development.</p>
<p>WAYNE D'ANDRADE (1965)</p>	<p>is a life Insurance broker in Ontario and is President of the Toronto Reunion Soccer Club which visited Guyana recently for a series of football matches. A number of Old Boys renewed their acquaintance with the College during their stay.</p>
<p>DEREK D'ANDRADE (1970)</p>	<p>is Production Manager at Greymoore Industries, Toronto. He obtained his diploma in Human Resources & Effective Supervision & Manufacturing Engineering.</p>
<p>CHRISTOPHER de CAIRES (1970)</p>	<p>is studying in England for his Chartered Accountancy finals.</p>
<p>PAUL CAMACHO (1964)</p>	<p>is Senior Field Auditor at the Ministry of Natural Resources of the Ontario Provincial Government. He is a student member of the Society of Management Accounts.</p>
<p>J.H G. (Gerry) KRANENBURG (1953)</p>	<p>has obtained a Master Foreign Ocean Going Unlimited Certificate of Competency from the Ministry of Transport, Canada.</p>

<p>KENRICK CHIN (1969)</p>	<p>has completed his M.Sc. (Physics) at McMaster University in Canada and is working as a computer technician at that university.</p>
<p>SAMUEL LANGEVINE (1970)</p>	<p>is now a Sworn Land Surveyor and is employed at the Ministry of Works and Transport.</p>
<p>ORIN BARKER (1975)</p>	<p>after working with the Guyana Airways Corporation for a year, has gone to the Academy of Aeronautics, La Guardia Airport, Flushing, New York, to pursue a course in Aeronautical Engineering.</p>
<p>LEON (GUN) ROCKCLIFFE (1947)</p>	<p>Legal Secretary of BIDCO, has been appointed to the First Board of Directors of the Guyana Mining Enterprise (GUYMINE). He has also been elected Junior Vice-President of the Georgetown Chamber of Commerce.</p>
<p>MICHAEL VIEIRA (1966)</p>	<p>successfully completed a Post Graduate degree in Agriculture (M.Sc.) at the California State University last year, after having obtained a B.Sc. (Agriculture) from the University of the West Indies. In January of this year, he married Miss Mary De Abreu.</p>
<p>ROYSTON and BERNARD BUTCHEY (1970)</p>	<p>now live in London, Ontario. Both have their B.A. (U.W.O.) and while Royston is working towards a C.A., Bernard' is busy on his diploma in Medical Laboratory Technology.</p>
<p>NEVILLE DENNY (1950)</p>	<p>who is Vice-President of the Guyana Rifle Association was top scorer for Guyana in this year's Benson & Hedges Shoot in Barbados. He was fourth among Caribbean marksmen in that competition.</p>
<p> STANLEY AFFONSO (1951)</p>	<p>formerly Manager of the Main branch of the Royal Bank of Canada (Water Street), has been appointed Deputy District Manager, Guyana</p>
<p>KENNETH ASGAR.DEEN (1967)</p>	<p>obtained an Honours Diploma of Technology (Air conditioning Engineering) from the Southern Alberta Institute of Technology. He has since been appointed a Lecturer at the Government Technical Institute.</p>

<p>ROBERT F. (BOBBY) CAMACHO (1935).</p>	<p>Formerly Director of Drainage & Irrigation here, has returned home and is the Consultant's Project Director for the Abary River Water Control Project, being undertaken by Sir William Halcrow & Partners, working in conjunction with C. A. Liburd & Associates. His prowess at Hockey and Rugby, particularly during the period 1948-58 when he represented Guyana in these games, is still remembered by many sports enthusiasts. He captained the Guyana Rugby team in Trinidad in 1950 and was also Captain of the Hockey side when Trinidad came here in 1953.</p>
<p>LLOYD ROOPCHAND (1964)</p>	<p>has been awarded a British Council scholarship to pursue his Master's degree in educational psychology at the University of Wales. Lloyd taught at Saints from 1971 to 1977, followed by a spell as Senior Master at St. John's.</p>
<p>VIVEKANAND RAMNARAIN (1975)</p>	<p>is now in Russia, learning the language before beginning his medical studies. He was a valuable member of the College Staff from 1975 - 78 when he left us to do a period of National Service prior to leaving for Russia on a Government scholarship. His brother YOGA (1975) is presently doing his National Service as a Teacher Officer before taking up a scholarship to study Veterinary Medicine</p>
<p>MARK BELFAST (1970)</p>	<p>has left for the German Democratic Republic for a five year course, also in Veterinary Medicine. He is no stranger to East Germany for recently he did a Course in animal husbandry there.</p>
<p>RONALD LEOW (1972)</p>	<p>has embarked on a Master's degree in Spanish at Georgetown University, Washington D.C. Ronnie helped us out at the College with Spanish last year, as well as fulfilling his duties on the University staff and successfully completing his Dip. Ed. Congratulations, Ronnie.</p>
<p>BALRAM OUTRAM (1977)</p>	<p>has been awarded a scholarship by the GDR to pursue a course in Mechanical Engineering. He and Mark Belfast will first study German for a year in Leipzig</p>
<p>JOHN FERNANDES (1914)</p>	<p>thrice-President of the College Association, married Stella de Ridder in Brickdam Cathedral last April. Our congratulations to this fine couple and may God bless them with many years.</p>
<p>DEREK D'OLIVIERA (1969)</p>	<p>graduated. this April from the Law School University and was called to the Bar. He resides in Toronto where he is a Barrister-Sol ichor</p>

	<p>has returned to Guyana after spending a year working for the United Nations in Thailand, and four years as a Wood Industry Consultant in Ottawa, Canada. He has been appointed General Manager, Guyana Timbers Ltd.</p>
<p>CARLTON COLLINS (1948)</p>	
<p>KUMAR PRATAP SINGH (1972)</p>	<p>qualified as an Electrical Engineer with a B.Sc. from Loughborough University in 1976. He is an associate member of the Institute of Electrical Engineering and is employed as a design engineer with a subsidiary of Lawrence & Scott Electromotor Ltd.</p>
<p>NEVILLE ARTHUR JORDAN (1959)</p>	<p>resides in Trinidad where he works as a Civil Engineer with Consulting Engineers Partnership Ltd. He obtained his B.Sc. from Aberdeen University.</p>
<p>PAUL SARRAN (1976)</p>	<p>has been awarded an E.E.C. scholarship to study Civil Engineering at the University of Aberdeen.</p>
<p>GAVIN HINDS (1975)</p>	<p>has obtained a Diploma in Agriculture from the Guyana School of Agriculture and has joined the Guyana "Agri" Bank as a Credit Analyst.</p>
<p>COLIN GORDON (1976)</p>	<p>was an outstanding member of the Guyana team, runners-up in this year's Fifth English-Speaking Caribbean Volley ball championships, which were held here. He has also been awarded an E.E.C. three-year scholarship to study Food Technology at the Grimsby College of Technology in the U.K.</p>
<p>MARIO DeSOUZA (1973)</p>	<p>married Lucia de Mendonca this year. Congratulations to these and all Old Boys who have lately tied the marriage knot. Mario also obtained a Diploma in Mechanical Engineering from Ryerson Polytechnic Institute in Toronto and is now reading for a B.Sc. degree.</p>

News has come of the marriage of three more Old Boys and we ask God to bless them in their new life:

<p>PETER HARRISON (1972) JEROME (Jerry) D'OUVEIRA (1960) ROBERT McRAE (1973)</p>	<p>to linda Kennard to Brenda Hall recently married Pansy Lee.</p>
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And there we end this year's News of Old Boys. Soon we will have news of our former girl students. All is welcome to make these columns a focus of interest for all who have St. Stanislaus College as their Alma Mater. So please call in or write in and give us your Views.

Que votre journée, votre semaine, votre année, votre existence n'aient pas pour but la feuille de paie et ce qu'elle donne; mais ce que vous pourrez donner aux autres, changer pour les autres.

(Madeleine Delbrel)

[Top](#)

DIRECTIONS



Dave Martins

DAVID (DAVE) MARTINS was born at Hague on the West Coast of Demerara, in 1935. He attended Sacred Heart R.C. School and was at St. Stanislaus College from 1947 - 51. Dave Emigrated to Canada in 1955 and five years later became a full time musician when he formed his own Group - The Denonaires, which he disbanded in 1964 to devote more time to writing.

In 1967 he formed the now famous Trade Winds Band, which has produced 12 L.P's, and recorded nearly 100 songs written by Dave. He keeps in touch with the Caribbean by making two visits a year, when the Band performs in several of the Territories. Dave is a very modest and unassuming person, is married and has two children. A teetotaler, he keeps fit by running and speed skipping. His hobbies are woodwork and reading.

Georgetown was not a place I knew well. I was born at Hague and lived for several years at Vreed-en-Hoop, coming to the city first to attend Main Street School and, later on, St. Stanislaus, but I never spent much time in "town." Years later I would become familiar with cities like Toronto, Montreal, New York and Washington, but while I admire the beauty of Georgetown I'm still not extremely familiar with it. Even today I'm not too Sure I can find Oronoque Street.

At 'Main Street' my closest friend was Stanley Greaves Who had already started drawing and we Went on together to College under St. Stanislaus Scholarships. I remember being impressed by the size of the building when I first saw it and the mass

of students, none of us being exactly sure of where we were going or what we wanted to become.

I was very much the country boy, crossing the river twice daily and spending virtually all my week-ends at Vreed-en-Hoop. I even had to abandon playing Soccer for Galton House, due to the difficulty of catching the last ferry at 7 p.m,

I was in mortal fear of Father Gill we called him the 'Red Fox' because of his ruddy complexion and quick mind and I paid close attention to his French classes. It was here that I first became aware of my love for the rhythm of language and novelty of expression and it marked the beginning of a direction for me to which I was oblivious at the time.

Music, at that time was Simply a hobby (I learned to play the harmonica), but when I passed my G.C.E. my brother-in-law bought me a made-in-Guyana guitar and another aspect of my direction began to emerge. At Saints' I had done well in languages and I had always been an avid reader and as I learned to play the guitar I began to write poetry and also the occasional song.

By then we had a little string band in the country and we would go to homes of friends and play our music, or sit on the seawall and strum, or walk the dark road of Vreed-en-Hoop late at night revelling in the sound of Soft guitars.

I began to do more and more writing, but I remember being very reticent about expressing it. In fact I played one of my songs one night at a friend's house and was ridiculed by one of the people present and praised by another.

This growing interest continued when I migrated to Canada, and while I was still not sure about my future, I was becoming more and more involved with words and sounds. I was reading sociology, anthropology, biography; I was studying music theory; my concrete was starting to set.

It was not a sudden decision for me no bolt from the blue no flash of lightning but more like a drop of ink on blotting paper spreading slowly outwards and growing gradually into a realization that I wanted to be a communicator of some sort.

As I look back on those years at Brickdam, I remember my disinterest in Chemistry and Algebra and my anticipation for English classes and lessons in French and the infectious enthusiasm for languages generated by the "red Fox".

It had been a very uncertain time for me, maybe even an unhappy one, but without knowing it, my outlook was being formed. I was leaning to love words and turns of phrase and modes of expression.

My direction had begun.

Dave Martins

[Top](#)

A GREAT MAN

We were all sad to learn that Dr. Peter Fernandes has left these shores. He will be sorely missed by all his colleagues and especially by those of us at St. Stanislaus' College with Whom he has such close links.

He graduated from St. Stanislaus' College in 1950 and went on to pursue graduate and post-graduate studies in the United States of America gained top Honours in the field of veterinary Science.

He returned to serve his country in a wide variety of positions, culminating with his appointment as Executive Chairman of the Guyana livestock Corporation.



Dr. Peter Fernandes

I had the privilege of being associated with Dr. Peter during the period 1972 to 1978 when he became first an active member of the St. Stanislaus' College Association then to be President and Vice-President. It will be no exaggeration to state that he was one of two men who initiated and sustained the radical changes that transformed Saints from a traditional Grammar-type School to a multilateral type School with agricultural and technical components, and made it one of the leading Secondary Schools in Guyana. In February 1973, Dr. Peter together with the President, Rafiq Khan, set in motion a train of events that culminated in the erection of the College Workshop and College Farm; they undoubtedly laid the foundations on which successive Presidents have built. Both men worked harmoniously for the improvement of their alma mater.

The College Farm was Dr. Peter's special love, and innumerable Sundays were devoted to the exacting physical exertions of cement mixing and construction of pens for poultry and livestock. As Principal Veterinary Officer, he kept a watchful eye on the cows, sheep, poultry, fish, etc., and the existence and continued development of the Farm owes a great deal to his active involvement and frequent visits. Whenever a crisis arose, he could be reached. The Farm would have shrunk or disappeared completely into the swamp from which it came, but for his untiring zeal and loyal support.

Dr. Peter was a man with a reservoir of energy and with unbounded determination. He did not suffer fools gladly, yet there was never any malice in his reproof. As President of the College Association for two successive years, viz. 1975 to 1977, he left an indelible impression on the College which few men will be able to better. The Official Opening of the College Farm by Cde. Gavin Kennard, Honourable Minister of Agriculture, was an event of considerable satisfaction to everyone who had worked very hard to bring it about. Dr. Peter was never a person to boast of his

achievement, but the history of Saints would be the poorer had he not taken the helm and steered the College during those critical years.

As a parent, an Old Boy, and a person with a warm and very likable disposition, he will be sorely missed. The College Workshop, Basketball-Tennis hard court, and the many improvements both in the physical plant and in the type of education offered at Saints, these owe a lot to his involvement. He helped transform the College Association from an all-male Old Boys' network into a co-educational extended Parents-Teachers Association, with former students continuing their involvement in the welfare of their 'alma mater: The admission of women members in February 1977, the election of a woman Vice-President in February 1978, and the gradual transformation of the Association from a once-a-year Dinner Society to a community aimed at developing the College and involving its members in activities that brought them closer together, these are part of the legacy of Dr. Peter. Both fund-raising for the College Farm and Workshop and Get-to-know-you Parties for parents and members, served to form a community of men and women who enjoyed coming together and working for the College.

Dr. Peter is a great man, of whom we are very proud and who will be missed by all. The College Association Committee has named him an Honorary Member of the Association and we look forward to the day when he can return to share with us the fruits of his labour. We wish him well in his new responsibilities and send our best wishes to his wife Jane and two sons.

God bless you, Peter!

Kenneth Khan

The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavour to be what you desire to appear.
(Socrates)

[Top](#)

BEING LOYAL

You must always be loyal to your friend,
No matter his quest, no matter his trend.
Always be kind, faithful and true,
For in that way, he'll be loyal to you.

You must always be loyal to your friend,
And stick with him from beginning to end;
And if you're in trouble, to him you can send
For help, for love, for he's your friend.

You must always be loyal to your friend,
And then, for you his back he will bend.
For he's not your enemy, your foe;
He's your comrade, your friend.

DAVID AFFONSO (2B)

[Top](#)

A TRIP TO MONTREAL

*Raymond Cheong left
Saints in 1976 and is now
studying Modern languages
at the University of Toronto.*

*He sends us this
description of a Visit to
Montreal during his pre-
University school year in
Toronto.*



Raymond Cheong

Indeed it was a sad day and those never ending drops of rain were cold, almost enclosing us in a prison of depression and melancholy. We all felt in deep regret as the familiar sound of the train's engines pierced those firm memories, freeing the salty tears which had already begun to manifest themselves. Time was a factor of least importance at that moment and only the ardent desire to relive those four short days of excitement, happiness and friendship remained. Ah yes, our trip to Montreal in 'La Belle Province du Quebec' was an unforgettable experience, though we never thought it would be so for one moment as the train traversed Quebecan countryside that Thursday morning, on the 21st day of April, 1977.

It was cool, about 16°C (60.8° F), slightly cloudy but the weather forecast had promised a full sun later in the day. That sun had almost reached its peak and the beauty of this French-speaking province began to unfold. A variety of youthful greenery made its appearance known, matched with a stunning reality of colour, bursting from the heart of early daffodils and tulips, both very peculiar to that time of the year. Like brilliant images from classical country canvases, small scattered farm houses, all unique in character brought out the lonely yet historical aspect of the landscape and as we drew nearer and nearer to Montreal, this unbelievable scenery degenerated before our eyes.

Dark, grimy brick buildings of late nineteenth to early twentieth century architecture loomed up abundantly in the distance, and junk yards and trash heaps were now more frequent. We were now passing through those areas known as 'la banlieue' (Suburbs), and a few minutes later we arrived at La Gare Centrale de Montreal. On hand to meet us were a few students from L'Ecole Secondaire de Roberval and after our two teachers met their counterparts, we all boarded a school bus en route to this French school.

At first all seemed quite strange, since only the voices of our superiors and the Montreal students rattled away in French, while the rest of the bus, filled with its 33 Toronto students, pondered on correct grammatical French, asking each other the usual insecure question "How do you say . . . in French?" Then quite suddenly, to our amazement, a smiling Quebecan girl broke the language barrier by speaking in English. Well, after that, it was not hard to tell what language was used since almost all of the Toronto students were 16 years old, and were now completing grade 10 French. What really shocked me for a moment was that the students from Montreal were also in grade 10 and they spoke English flawlessly, without hesitation and without a French accent.

Undoubtedly it goes without saying that Guyanese who have been studying French up to this age, have a more intimate knowledge of the language and are more equipped to deal with any French conversation. In Canadian secondary schools it is therefore, not surprising for such Guyanese to obtain an average of 90% and over in French since its grammar is not insisted upon immediately, but rather over a long period of time, and also the marking is of a very generous nature. Together with the Government's efforts to promote bilingualism throughout Canada by making this ability advantageous in the search for employment, such Guyanese would definitely have a hold over those who are only unilingual.

Another factor, almost invisible in Toronto, but very profound, meaningful and common among Quebecans as I was to learn, was the abundance of friendship offered instantaneously, with a warm smile and a very casual introduction. Such was our welcome on arrival at Roberval, filled with 'hip-hip hoorahs' and over-whelming crowds and the three days that followed were nonetheless crammed with excitement and intrigue.

We each stayed with a French-speaking family, being thankful enough that our hosts could speak English as well, but made an effort to speak French at all times. I found no difference in life-style, but was always amazed at that constant presence of friendship and the well-organised tour which our hosts took very seriously. They even

put on a French play in our honour - 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme' by Molière, and had us cheered and applauded in the presence of other Quebecan schools. Moreover, I discovered that the French meals prepared for us were not the ordinary day-to-day foods which were usually English-Canadian dishes.

I remember we never had a moment's rest. We always left our host's home at about 7 a.m., met at the school and were off to shop, explore and tour certain parts of Montreal, which included the costly Olympic Stadium, the Expo '67 site and 'Le Vieux Montréal' (Old Montreal), one of the most beautiful and quaint tourist attractions which reveals, the infant life of Montreal. In the heart of the latter we took photographs of the Place D'Armes and of the famous Notre-Dame Church, an almost identical replica of the Notre-Dame de Paris. Our evenings were devoted to parties and dinners rather than to rest and it was evident that very close relationships were being formed during this time.

The result was startling on our day of departure with the shedding of tears and delaying tactics much to the annoyance of our two teachers, obviously infuriated with our reluctance to leave, the while shouting, 'GET INTO THE TRAIN!' In reality we all found Quebec to be a dear part of ourselves as we crossed the provincial border and satisfied ourselves that we would return.

Unquestionably I found Quebec to be a province not withstanding to extreme French culture as proclaimed by the various media, but one which was suffering under an English atmosphere, producing a flawed French language and culture but yet a warm and happy people. According to a few Quebecans to whom I spoke, it is the politicians who wish Quebec to separate and the mass media which is making a mountain out of a molehill. This would seem logical since the majority of the Quebecan populace does not favour separatism and it would be very difficult to maintain bilingualism and biculturalism without Quebec, since there are at present a million French-Canadians outside the French-speaking province. With "un Québec séparé" Canada would lose its identity and there would be a division of resources, resulting in the suffering of both sides and also giving Canada less influence in the world with her diminished size. Indeed Canada is a large balloon and Quebec is its knot. Perhaps more people should venture forth and discover that at the grass roots, 'Separation' is just not possible. If Quebec does separate, Canada will lose more than 'La Belle Province du Québec.'

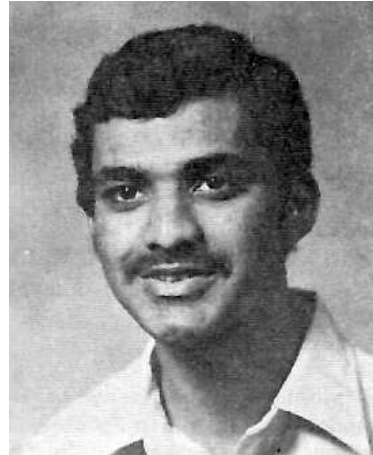
Raymond Cheong

[Top](#)

LIFE AT A FOREIGN UNIVERSITY

Afzal Deen left Saints in 1976, after spending seven years with us. In his final year, he was Captain of the College.

At present, he is studying for his B.Sc. in Distributive Studies at Iowa State University prior to a medical career.



Afzal Deen

After spending seven years at Saints' and soon after coming to the University, I obviously began to compare the two. There was, however a notable difference. Whereas at the College I was only attending classes, here I was living on my own as well, like thousands of other students.

One of the first things that struck me was the manner in which the dormitories were organised. There are several dormitories on campus, but each dormitory is divided into eight to twenty-four houses, depending on its size, and each house has about sixty students. It is within these houses that the closest relationships develop. The houses are not co-ed, but the dormitories are. We eat in a large cafeteria which has four lines and usually three dormitories are assigned to a cafeteria.

Getting along with American students could be a tough task or it could be made simple. It all depends on the foreigner who must adjust to suit them. Many Americans that I have met have some prejudices against foreigners: for example, that we do not know how to speak English or we are just bookworms. It is up to the foreigner to take the initiative and mix with the Americans. After a few attempts which may end up in failure, success will eventually come. When you get to know each other, you will find that they will start treating you as one of their own. From what I have seen, however, there is not much mingling between the two and this is probably because both sides have prejudices against the other.

There are of course many different habits between the two. For example in general, Americans can listen to rock music almost the whole day, except when they are looking at television. Even whilst studying most of them can concentrate with the music playing. They are very interested in sports and they follow up the sports news as well as actively taking part in games. Weight-lifting is very common, regardless of which sport you are engaged in. The girls, as at home do a lot of shopping. The students show very little interest in government or politics.

The size of the classes varies from about three hundred per class to about thirty, depending on the subject, whether it needs individual attention or not. There is a ten-minute interval between classes and at the end of classes you can see crowds of students hurrying off to the next building for their other subjects. This reminds me of the Vreed-en-Hoop ferry coming across at about 7.30 a.m. in the morning and you afterwards see lines of students walking along Brickdam. In the large classes you do not get to know each other, but in the smaller classes this is possible. In the laboratories there is a lot of fun (apart from work). This is similar to my time in Guyana in the Chemistry laboratory across the road.

The campus itself is very independent. There are shops and supermarkets that are open until midnight, a hospital, a gymnasium and the night clubs. During the week lecturers from around the United States come to share their knowledge with us and at weekends there are lots of parties. With all these activities, I think about St. Stanislaus' College with its ever-increasing curriculum and widening social outlook - co-education is now in its third year, home-economics and physical education were introduced - and I say to myself, that this is indeed the right college from which to spring off.

Afzal Deen

[Top](#)

A PRIEST IN GUYANA NATIONAL SERVICE

Some people may wonder what does a priest really do in the Guyana National Service? How can he fit into such a tough paramilitary organisation?

I have no daring exploits to relate. My experience in National Service has been that of a priest sufficiently near to school children, pioneers (youths) and staff (adults) to help them develop their total personality, as they press on with hinterland development through the National Service Centres in the interior.

As I look back to the time I joined Guyana National Service in 1975, I see myself visiting all National Service locations, even Konawaruk with the surveyors before it was built. I rose early with staff and



Compton Meerabux, S.J.

pioneers, worked with them in cotton and green vegetable fields. I studied the aims of National Service from the Prime Minister's state paper.

As the Coordinator, Chaplain and Welfare Officer, I was attached to the Pioneers Division till the end of 1976. I programmed priests from all three religions Hindus, Muslims and Christians - to visit National Service Centres. Moreover, I gave National Service a pattern for Inter-Faith Services. I have blessed National Service hinterland Centres, the cotton gin, bridges, Hooper Quarry at Itabu and other equipment. I have shared the joys of the staff at christenings and weddings and sorely felt their sorrow at deaths. I also dealt with difficult welfare cases and made visits to hospitals and homes.

At the beginning of 1978, I took on the additional responsibility of being Personnel Officer, and on April 17, 1978 I became the Coordinator of the Young Brigade and National Cadet Corps. Once more I was back in Education. The Militants and Cadets in primary and secondary schools came under my supervision. This new challenge extended my administrative ability and experience to their utmost limits, because I came at a time when the Division was beset with a number of problems.

However. I accepted the challenge of implementing an attractive programme for youths: games, culture shows, service to one's own country, discipline, military and outdoor living (pioneering). Awards came. During Youth Week. National Service cadets and militants came first in marching in their respective categories. Two of our cadets came first in the calypso competitions.

This account does not exhaust my responsibilities, but it shows that a priest is necessary among members of National Service. On him depend, to an appreciable degree, the bridging of human relations, material and spiritual welfare, tactful approach and the translation of ideas into action, which all contribute to making a priest a magnificent influence for good.

Compton Meerabux, S.J.

[Top](#)

1978 OBITUARY



Fr. Thomas Lynch S.J.

The sudden death of **FR. THOMAS LYNCH**, just before the G.C.E. Exams, came as a shock to so many who had known him. Fr. Lynch joined the College Staff in January 1947. He had taught for some years in English schools and was an Oxford M.A. in Mathematics. From the beginning of 1947 until the time of his death in 1978 he was teaching at Saints, and for many years was Games Master and Deputy Principal.

Many Old Boys will remember Fr. Lynch on the Sports Field. He believed in concentrating on the two main games, football and cricket (though Rugby was played a few times). In his younger days he had been a good footballer (centre-forward, I think) and day after day he could be seen cycling to the Seawall ground, then standing on the touch-line and giving advice in a stentorian voice. In cricket too, he followed every

game with interest and would argue at length about some incident, or what the player SHOULD have done.

But it was Athletics which became his great interest. He studied the whole matter scientifically methods of throwing the discus - running - High Jumping. "It's all a question of Centre of Gravity. You've got to get your Centre of Gravity over the bar." During the time he was Games Master, he and Stannie Marques organised the Sports Days, which were generally of high standard.

Fr. Lynch had an extraordinary memory, and years later he could recall many of his players and athletes. "X-? Oh yes, he was goalkeeper about 1948, Y- he was a left handed bowler and opening batsman, Z- he won the 100 yards in 1950."

But Fr. Lynch was mainly a Maths Master. He had a clear and logical mind which could unravel any problem quickly. Though he probably taught every class in the College at some time or other, he was most successful with the older boys. The small boys could not keep up with his reasoning. For older pupils, and especially Sixth Form, he was just the sort of teacher they needed, and many of the Scholarship winners owed their success in science partly to their firm grasp of Mathematics. He believed in getting them started, then making them do as much as they could for themselves while he was always there to help if needed. So they learnt self-reliance and found their own methods of study, a lesson which was to be valuable if they went on to a University.

In addition to taking the Mathematics and Games, Fr. Lynch helped in many ways in the College. Every year he made out the timetable a complicated task that no-

one wants - and with his clear mind he put the pieces of this jig-saw puzzle through many permutations and combinations. When the timetable was finished, he seemed to remember every detail and made alterations without apparent effort. But the whole task needed tremendous concentration. On occasions when the Principal was away, he, as Deputy, took over the College, and it was noticeable how quietly and smoothly everything worked while he was in charge. With parents he was courteous and businesslike.

Fr. Lynch will be missed by many at St. Stanislaus College, and many outside it. He had a good brain clear, penetrating with a great ability to concentrate on a problem. He had his eccentricities. He could cover a blackboard with mathematical hieroglyphics, which were almost unreadable. He could not keep anything tidy. But he was a simple and friendly man. All found him a likeable character. He was always kind and helpful. People could go to him with any sort of problem he would listen carefully and give a clear answer.

St. Stanislaus College owes Fr. Lynch a debt of gratitude for his thirty-one years of service to its pupils.



Leslie Stanislaus Fernandes

LESLIE STANISLAUS FERNANDES died tragically in a road accident on April 30th this year, at the age of 39. The news came as a terrible shock to all of us who knew him, and especially to his wife Annabelle and his sons Charles and Rodney, students at St. Stanislaus like their father before them.

Leslie left Saints in 1955 after taking his 'O' Levels and establishing his reputation as a cricketer. He helped in his father's business, M.P. Fernandes I.t.d., until 1962 when he went to the States and worked with Acmie Markets Inc. of Philadelphia. In 1967 he enrolled at the University of Pennsylvania and graduated in

1971 with a B.A. in Economics and experience of the Computer Centre of that University. He joined International Computers Ltd. and worked in Trinidad until 1974 when he returned to Guyana with his family and transferred to I.B.M. with whom he was working at the time of his death.

He made friends wherever he went. His sporting activities included golf, cricket, tennis and squash, and in 1975, he was elected Tennis Captain at the G.C.C. Leslie's cheerful disposition, friendly approach and sympathetic concern made him welcome in many circles, and the large congregation at the church of Our Lady of Fatima on the day of his funeral witnessed to his popularity.

<p>Cornpta Persaud Roopnarain Persaud Tessa Persico Rev. Fred Rigby, S.J., M.A. Rafeek Rivasat Berchman Robertson Bernard Samaroo, B.A. Dhanrai Samaroo Eileen Stephen Horace Stewart Charles Vaughn Joyce Watson Yvette Wills</p>	<p>- House Master 'Galton'</p>
<p>Teacher Trainees:</p>	<p>Pamela Fraser, Roland Weeks, Avril Williams</p>
<p>Librarian:</p>	<p>Annie Chancellor</p>
<p>Secretaries: -</p>	<p>Lounette Choo-Shee-Nam, Yvonne George Rita Ramnarine</p>
<p>Accounts Clerk: Office Assistant:</p>	<p>Bertley Mendonca Mathura Naraine</p>
<p>Laboratory Technicians:-</p>	<p>Dindial Ramdhar, Jainarine Ramlagan Satesh Parsan</p>
<p>Kitchen Assistant:</p>	<p>Gwendoline Giddings</p>
<p>Caretaker:</p>	<p>Zafar Alli</p>
<p>Groundsmen:</p>	<p>Ivan Ragobar, Surujpaul Persaud</p>
<p>College Farm:</p>	<p>Motiram Persaud (Manager) Robert Benjamin, Harvey Pompey, Priranjn Gupta John Basdeo Umrao, Sasnarine Mangroo Solomon Azeez Snr. Solomon Azeez Jnr.</p>

The College Staff 1978 - 79



Back Row: Mr. S. Parsan, Mr. C. Persaud, Fr. J. Mc Cluskey, Mr. P. Kendall, Mr. R. Cheeks, Mr. D. Ramdhar, Mr. D. Samaroo, Mr. B. Kilkenny, Mrs. H. Lawrence, Mrs. P. Fraser, Mrs. C. Heywood, Mrs. C. Campbell.

Middle Row: Fr. F. Rigby, Mrs. C. Bacchus, Mr. R. Persaud, Mr. A. Bhulai, Mr. D. Khusial, Mr. D. Nandlall, Mr. B. Robertson, Mr. B. Samaroo, Mr. C. Vaughn, Mr. R. Weeks, Mr. H. Stewart, Mr. D. Etkins, Mr. R. Agostini, Miss M. Broodhagen, Miss Y. Wills.

Front Row: Mrs. T. Persico, Mrs. B. Endeshaw, Mrs. Y. George, Mrs. L. Choo-Shee-Nam, Miss R. Ramnarine, Mrs. B. Mendonca, Mrs. H. Sargeant, Fr. K. Khan (Headmaster), Mr. P. Derrell (Deputy), Fr. B. Darke, Miss P. Bryan, Miss A. Williams, Miss J. Watson, Mrs. E. Stephen.

[Top](#)

STAFF CHANGES

Every year witnesses the arrival and departure of quite a number of our staff, and last year was no exception. The list of changes should not be taken simply as a record of names for posterity, but as a tribute to the men and women who have worked and continue to work for the improvement of the education offered at Saints. Our boys and girls owe a great deal to their sustained efforts.

In the course of the year 1977-78, we said goodbye to our three Workshop Technicians, Robert Welch, Carmen Cameron, John Brandon, our enthusiastic Farm Manager Peter de Groot, our Home Economics teachers Joycelyn Strunkey, Deryck

French and Ann Benn, our Laboratory Technicians Bernard Hercules and Khamdatt Persaud and our office Assistant E. Jodhan. Their places were taken by Ivor Benn, Charles Cassato our Farm Manager, Claudia Cromwell, G. Giddings in the Home Economics Department, J. Ramlagan and S.R. Parsan our Laboratory Technicians, and Mathura Naraine our Office Assistant. A warm welcome to Rita Ramnarine, our new Assistant Secretary and Bertley Mendonca our new Accounts Clerk.

We suffered a serious setback in our Science Department when Keith Carter and Vivekenand Ramnarain were released in January 1978 to fulfil their 6-month National Service stint prior to taking up scholarships overseas. Fortunately, their places were taken by Dennis Nandlall and Compta Persaud. Finally, the French department was assisted by the contributions of Mrs. Andrea Venner and later on Mrs. Bella Endeshaw.

Two events cast a shadow across our path, and saddened us considerably. The sudden tragic death of our Accounts Clerk Sulaiman Rahaman on March 20th, 1978 came as a great shock to the entire staff. Sulhu was a much liked person, affable and friendly, and a popular member of our staff. Pay day was never late during his tenure of office, and his loss grieved us a lot. To his family, we extend our sincere sympathy. On May 29th, we suffered a severe loss by the unexpected death of Fr. Joey Lynch. As a teacher at Saints for some 31 years, he had endeared himself to generations of boys, and his activities during the past few years continued unabated. He handled the Form 6 Maths and the vagaries of Timetables, and was always available on Saturdays and during Vacation to ensure the smooth functioning of the Administration. He died peacefully in St. Joseph's Mercy Hospital, and was given a Solemn Requiem at Brickdam Cathedral which was attended by a large number of past and present students. We will miss him a great deal.

The end of the academic year witnessed the departure of yet more members of our staff. A special word of thanks to our Farm Manager Charlie Cassato, our three U.G. Science Undergraduates, Courtney Andrews, Neil Gordon and Khiratt Hussein, our Workshop Teacher Ivor Benn, our Spanish teacher Ronald Leow, our Home Economics Trainee Teacher Latchmi Narainsami, our energetic Games Master Cyril Barrow and our popular Librarian Juliette Mendonca. We owe a great deal to all of them, and wish them well in their new responsibilities.

A hearty welcome to our new arrivals. We extend greetings to our new Farm Manager Motiram Persaud and Agricultural Science Teacher Roger Agostini, our U.G. Science Undergraduates Karim Khan and Rajandra Paul who will perform their National Service requirement as members of our staff for the year, and to the Spanish and English teachers Joyce Watson and Hazel Lawrence respectively. We also welcome Horace Stewart, Derry Etkins, Vidha Bipat, Rafeek Rivasat, Terrence Drakes and Yvette Wills, as well as Trainee Teachers Pamela Fraser, Avril Williams and Roland Weeks

Once more our best wishes to all who have left; we hope that their future will be a happy one and that their service to the College will be remembered for many years to come. We look ahead, confident that, despite the many changes that are now taking place, we can face the future with determination and resourcefulness.

The College Prefects 1978 - 79



- Back Row:** A. Solomon, C. Lee, A. Hammond, A. Singh, M. Henry, H. Sattaur, V. Ramsaroop,
- Middle Row:** C. St. Romain, O. Sankar, R. Prashad, K. Ragbar, P. Lake, A. Goveia, R. Shaw.
- Front Row:** S. Elias, B. Ramkissoon, R. Singh, R. Sawh (Vice-Captain), M. Da Silva-Jardine (Captain), R. Gibbs (Vice-Captain), M. Gordon, T. Singh, P. Correia.
- Absent:** A. Appiah.

[Top](#)

COLLEGE DIARY 1977 – 78

CHRISTMAS TERM 1977	
Sept. 2nd	<p>School re-opens with the loss of seven members of Staff and with five new faces. We now have girls in Forms I, II, III, and IV with a handful in Forms V and V I.</p> <p>Half-day holiday for the rest of the week, classes a.m. only, with afternoon sessions devoted to the distribution of Basic Text Books and the preparation of the School Calendar and Time Table.</p>

Sept. 19th	Regular classes commence. Welcome to three U.G. Science Undergraduates who will perform their National Service requirements by teaching for the entire year - a much needed boost to the Science Department.
Oct. 5th	Bus load of senior students travel to Timehri to join in welcome of President Machel of Mozambique. Students line the Brickdam route after 4.00 p.m,
Oct. 7th	Informal Social Evening at 7.30 p.m. for parents of new students, hosted by St. Stanislaus' College Association. A very good turn-out
Oct. 8th	Cake Sale at Royal Bank of Canada Foyer in aid of the College Farm. An excellent response
Oct. 12th & 15th	Heats for Sports Day at Sea Wall Ground. No classes p.m
Oct. 20th	Sports Day. Distribution of Prizes by Mrs. A. Carter. A very successful day with good weather and a large turn-out
Oct. 21st	Mid-term Holiday
Oct. 24th	24: Holiday for Sports Day.
Nov. 10th	Deepavali (National Holiday)
Nov. 11th	St. Stanislaus' College Association Annual Dinner in the College Forum. Once more, women members present and a very enjoyable occasion for all. The College Magazine appears on time, thanks to the enthusiasm of Fr. Fred Rigby, its untiring Editor.
Nov. 13th	Feast of St. Stanislaus, College Patron.
Nov. 17th	Ministry of Education Co-operative assessment team commences its in-depth visit of Saints.
Nov. 21st	Eid-ul-Ahza (National Holiday)
Nov. 25th	Bingo in aid of College Farm
Dec. 2nd	End-of term Examinations begin, including G.C.E. Trials I
Dec. 8th	Exhibition of work done in Art, Home Economics and Industrial Arts.
Dec. 9th	End of Examinations. Students allowed home to give the Staff time to correct papers and write reports.
Dec. 16th	End-of-Schools Examination Report I posted to parents. Staff Conference and exchange of Christmas Gifts. Congratulations to Keith Carter and Claudia Cromwell whose weddings take place very soon.



Christmas toys made by the Home Economics Department

EASTER TERM 1978	
Jan. 9th	School re-opens, with loss of Cdes. R. Welch, C. Cameron and J. Brandon and appointment of Cdes. I. Benn and G. Giddings,
Jan. 10th	Cde. A. Benn transferred to Lodge Community High.
Jan. 16th	Welcome to Cdes. D. Nandlall and PTA Compton Persaud who replace Cdes. K. Carter and V. Ramnarain fulfilling their National Service requirements, prior to taking up Scholarships overseas
Feb. 8th	PTA Meeting at 5.30 p.m. A very large turnout of parents and Staff.
Feb. 15th	Finals of Elocution Competition

Feb. 16th	Mrs. Bella Endeshaw replace Mrs. A. Venner as a part-time French Teacher.
Feb. 17th	Rally at National Park attended by a contingent of Form 2 students. S.S.C. Association Annual General Meeting at 8:30 p.m. Cde. Ben Carter elected President, with Dr. Peter Fernandes and Mrs. Hughes as Vice- Presidents. The first ever woman Vice-President. Congrats.
Feb. 20th	Youman Naubi (National Holiday)
Feb. 22nd	Flag Raising Ceremony a.m. Prize Day Exercise at 5.30 p.m. with address by Cde. Cecilene Baird, Pro-Chancellor of the University of Guyana. A very successful evening.
Feb. 23rd	23: Republic Day (National Holiday)
Mar. 17th	17: Cde. D. French transferred to Berbice High School.
Mar. 20th	20: Sudden and tragic death of Cde. Sulaiman Rahaman, College Accounts Clerk. A very sad and tearful happening. R.I.P.
Mar. 22nd	G .C.E. Trials II begin
Mar. 24th	Good Friday (National Holiday)
Mar. 27th	Easter Monday (National Holiday)
April 4th & 5th	No School p.m, to enable students and Staff to watch Test Cricket (W.I. vs Australia)
April 7th	Visit by Cde. Prime Minister a.m. for open session with Forms IV, V, VI. A very interesting and useful exchange of ideas. School vacation begins. Progress Report II and G.C. E. Report II distributed.

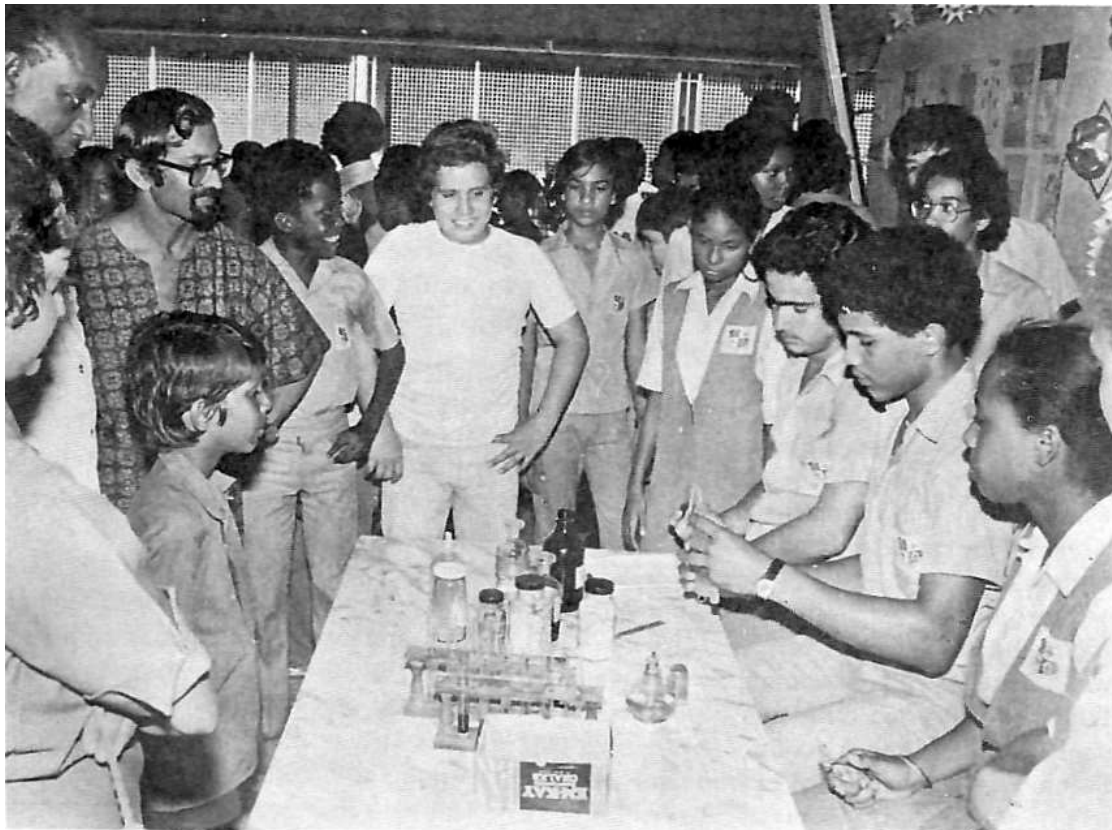
AUGUST TERM 1978

April 24th	School re-opens
May. 1st	Labour Day (National Holiday)
May. 3rd	Specially convoked P.T.A. to deal with Referendum hand-out. A useful exchange of ideas.
May. 18th	Cde. Leader's Birthday. March by a large contingent of College Students from Monument Square to Parliament Buildings.
May. 21st	Youth Week Parade.
May. 25th	Youth Week Assembly, with Flag Raising Pledge, National Anthem and Address by Cde. Laurie Lewis of Guyana National Service.

May. 26th	Independence Day
May. 29th	Death of Fr. Thomas Lynch, S.J. who will be deeply mourned by students past and present. A great man and a much-liked priest-teacher, R.I. P.
May. 31st	Requiem Mass and funeral of Fr. T. Lynch at Brickdam Cathedral. A packed Congregation took part in the final services.
Jun. 6th	Progress Report II distributed
Jun. 6th	G.C.E. Examinations begin
Jun. 15th	Headmaster on one month's Leave
Jun. 22nd	Open Day, with Exhibitions covering a wide spectrum of curricular and extracurricular activities. Cde. V. Teekah Hon. Minister of Education, visited the College from 1.30 to 2.30 p.m. Many parents toured the College and expressed appreciation of what was being done at Saints.
Jul. 4th	Caricom Day (National Holiday)
Jul. 5th	5: Enjoyable French Concert put-on in the Forum by students from Forms I - IV, Letter from Ministry of Education informing us that the name of Saints will continue as before - no change.
Jul. 7th	Bingo in aid of College Association Special Fund.
Jul. 10th	Referendum Day. School Holiday.
Jul. 14th	End of Examinations. Students allowed home while Examination papers corrected and reports prepared.
Jul. 17th	Headmaster resumes duty.
Jul. 21st	All students return for final day of School Year. Reports read out to students and prepared for distribution. Staff Conference and farewell to all who are leaving us. May God bless them all.



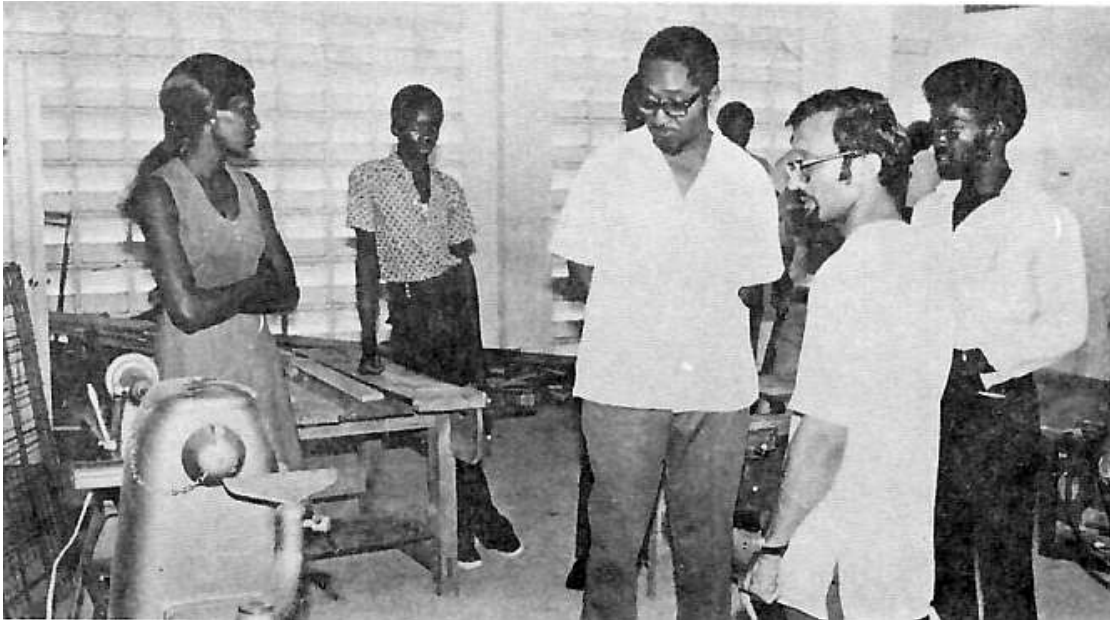
The Steel Band Entertains in Prize Day



Exhibition in the Forum

[Top](#)

THE PRIME MINISTER'S VISIT



The Prime Minister visits the workshop

It was the 7th of April, 1978 and the end of the Easter term. The upper school was all agog with excitement; not so much with hopes of the coming vacation, but with the Prime Minister's coming to address them at 9.00 o'clock.

Cde Burnham's arrival was heralded by the appearance of several soberly-dressed competent looking young men who looked like rising young civil servants - the

P.M.'s bodyguard. Then, punctual to the dot, the Hon. L.F.S. Burnham, O.E., S.C., made his entry, accompanied by his erstwhile colleague and rival, Mr. R.E. Cheeks, now a greatly respected St. Stanislaus master.



After an introduction by Mr. Cheeks, the P.M. arose to an ovation from his audience before beginning his eagerly-expected and long awaited speech. His did not seem a particularly long speech, lasting though it did for about an hour and a half.

In his speech, interspersed with anecdotes from his experiences at Q.C., as a Q.C. abroad and at home Cde Burnham explained, first of all, the problems besetting the Guyana Electricity Corporation (G.E.C.) and the Guyana Water Authority (GUYWA), and the resultant shortages suffered by the consumer. All the while puffing on cigarette after cigarette, he also lucidly analysed the reasons for Guyana's foreign-exchange difficulties, the benefits of independence and of the conversion of private into public enterprise and the need to eradicate the prevalent Guyanese ill: the indiscipline exemplified in the frequent desire of workers to 'take a five'.

After this, it was time for questions from the boys (and girls). Questions from Patrice Parris, and M.A. Niazi (both of 5C) and from Kenneth Kanhai and Peter Correia (both of 6S1) on such diverse topics as the place of science in socialist society, the National Service, the G.E.C., redeployment, the meaning of workers' control, Guyana's brand of socialism, (Marxism Leninism, interpreted to accord with the Guyanese situation, they were informed), the Corentyne issue and black marketeering, were satisfactorily answered.

A promise was made to Hugh Yearwood of 5B that his class's final examination in Agriculture, over which there had been much confusion, would be arranged with personal intervention on the P.M.'s part.

After the vote of thanks by Nicholas Marshall of 5B, the P.M. went on a short tour of the school and left afterwards, exchanging a few words with the boys.

After he had left, the upper school wended its way home, this day forever emblazoned in its memory.

M. A. Niazi (5C)

[Top](#)

LE MAUVAIS CHIEN

J'ai rencontre une femme eujourd'nu;
Qui m'a dit qu'elle s'appelalt Fifi.
Elle m'a amene a sa belle maison
Ou elle m's vite dit sa raison.

'Monsiear, il s'agit d'un mauvals chien.
Souvent il combat et defait le mien,
Il mange beaucoup de mes poulets
Et sort a pas de loup, ties amuse."

Puis, elle m'a demande de l'abattre vite,
Ce que je ne pouvais faire tout de suite.
Mais, par politesse et humanite,
J'ai decide de le faire la soiree.

Le soir done j ai affronte cet animal.
Il visait un poulet special.
M ais j ai saute sur, lui a la fois,
Et - quelle surprise!C 'etait a moil

Stephen Ahmad (4C)

[Top](#)

ONE-ACT PLAYS



L to R. M. Gordon, H. Kum, C. Carter" N. Harrison, C. Woodroffe

The tradition of House Plays suffered interruption this year. Before as, the three Houses began rehearsals but it was decided to postpone the performance until after the holidays. However, when the new term began, it soon became clear that the required standard would not be reached in time, so a compromise was made: two plays would be produced by present students and one by past students, regardless of House affiliation. Ian Valz and Wayne Forde deserve commendation for their enthusiasm and determination, for as well as acting in their own play, they rendered much assistance to the other two.

The plays were presented in St. Rose's Hall on Friday and Saturday, January 27 and 28. First on stage was Cockadoo by Arnold Cambridge, with the following cast:

Pa Jackson	Hilary Kum
Sammy Jackson	Charles Carter
Shirley Cotez	Margaret Gordon
Jeremiah Cotez (Uncle Jay-Jay)	Colin Rogers
Calico	Nicholas Harrison
First Thug	Andre Fredericks
Second Thug	Timothy Marshall
Third Thug	Christopher Woodroffe
Director	Ian Valz



L. to R. A. Fredericks, S. Leo, P. Ninvalle, M. Pieters, P. Lui-Hing

Three students in this play tied for the award of Best Supporting Actor: Margaret Gordon, Charles Carter and Nicholas Harrison. The award for the Best Overall Acting went to Pete Ninvalle and that for Best Female Acting to Marcelle Pieters, both of whom appeared in the second play, ***Strictly Matrimony***, by Errol Hill, with the following cast:

Manny	Peter Lui-Hing
Bella	Susan Leo
Slick	Pete Ninvalle
Lady Polly Love-Muggins	Marcelle Pieters
Rev. Timothy Shrimp	Andre Fredericks
Director	Wayne Forde

The third play, ***The Valiant*** by Holworthy Hall and Robert Middlemass, was produced by former students who had previously won a Certificate of Excellence for their presentation at Guyfesta.

The cast was:

Warden	Kim Vieira
Father Daly	Ian Valz
James Dyke (prisoner)	Wayne Forde
Josephine Paris	Lana George

Dan (Jailer)
Director

Mervyn Lucas
Ian Valz

The actors, actresses and all who helped in these three plays deserve congratulations for the way they persevered despite setbacks. The audience was not disappointed; indeed, on both evenings, a packed hall showed its appreciation in no uncertain terms. But the fact remains that these plays were not polished productions. Without regularity and punctuality at rehearsals, a good play is not possible, and it says much for the few students really interested that they did not give up the whole project after so many frustrations when key actors did not turn up for rehearsals. We thank them for keeping alive the dramatic tradition of Saints. Thanks, too, go to our judges: Pat Cameron, William 'Bumper' Harris and Ron Robinson.

Love doesn't make the world go round. Love is what makes the ride worthwhile.

(Franklin P. Jones)

[Top](#)

ELOCUTION COMPETITION

SENIOR COMPETITION

On the 15th of February, the College held its annual Elocution Competition, at the conclusion of which the judges announced the following results for the Seniors:

1st (tie)	Mark Chan-a-Sue (4C) & Robert Scotland (4A)
2nd	Jude Browne (4B)
3rd	Pete Ninvalle (5C)

On a morning in which the Fourth Formers dominated the placings, the audience had their fill of pleasure. One of the winners, Mark Chan-a-Sue, recited his poem in almost indescribable words, pronouncing each syllable distinctly, and holding the listeners' rapt attention.

The poem was about a snake and the refrain "Mayombé-bombé-mayombé, Sensemayá - it is dead" compelled listeners "as the moth is drawn to the flame". Mark's effort compared with that of Charles Fernandes. Charles recited another poem about a snake and the majority of those present held the view that he merited a place among the winners. However, the judges thought otherwise.

On the West Indian side, the poems recited by the three 'C's - Colin Bizzette (4B), Clovis St. Romain (4C) and Charles Carter (5B) - had the audience in peals of laughter, especially the one recited by St. Romain. This poem, in the form of a letter, very amusingly described the qualifications of a young 'fella' applying for a job as a teacher of Modern Mathematics, of which he knew nothing. Carter's rendition about a fussy old dame learning to drive was also well received.

Robert Scotland, who shared first place with Mark, recited in a deep voice a poem about creation, with the final crescendo "Amen, brothers, AMEN !" powerfully executed. He received well-deserved, thunderous applause.

The second place winner, Jude Browne, another Fourth Former by the way, impressed me the most. A small boy in stature, he made up for this by the effective use of his powerful voice. His piece narrated how Man had opened the box which contained war, and so brought "the tears, sweat and blood" that come with war. Despite the fact that he suffered two momentary lapses of memory, he still managed to come second.



A powerful performance
by Robert Scotland

At the end of the competition, Ron Robinson, speaking on behalf of the other two judges, Francis Quamina Farrier and Vic Forsythe, said that the standard of elocution was exceedingly high and it was evident that the students had done a lot of preparation for the occasion.

To the judges we extend our gratitude for giving of their valuable time and expertise, which was fully appreciated by all of us. I am sure that the students were stimulated by the morning's performance, not only of the prize winners, but also the many other good efforts which did not catch the eyes and ears of the judges.

Roger Seymour (5C)

JUNIOR COMPETITION

Brian Woo-Ming (2C), the junior winner last year, once more excelled. His poem "My Friend" was delivered with humour and restraint. His friend was a hefty hippopotamus! Susan Leo's "She was a Phantom of Delight" suited her most beautiful features and voice. She was also a prize winner, an outstanding achievement since she was hoarse on Elocution Day. "Tacky the Chieftain" was recited by Stewart Savory (1A) with the vigour and determination which Tacky would have had. He shared second prize with Susan, who is from 3C, and so each Form had a winner.

Tessa Fraser (2A) won third place with her clear and confident delivery of "Somebody Said", which illustrates the custom of Guyanese to pass on gossip. Shurab Sears (2B) did not win a prize but his poem "Karachi" was well received. His petite size and shrill voice made the poem nice to hear.

There were many other interesting contributions and Mr. Ron Robinson had some good advice and practical demonstrations to give us at the end. The experience of an Elocution Competition is very important and will benefit Guyana in the future.

Kojo Parris (2B)

[Top](#)

GOD'S LOVE

Talk of love,
How it makes life complete,
You can talk all you want,
Make it sound good and sweet,
But the words have an empty ring,
And they do not really mean a thing,
Without God, love is not to be found,
For love is surrender to his will.

Back to love,
God's love
That through all time
Fades not away,
But shines the brighter with each
passing day.

Sing of love
And the thrill it can give
You can see how you are ready
To face life and live.
But you will know as the days go by,
That no matter how hard you try,
Without God, love is not to be found For
love is surrender to his will.

Back to love,
Such love. God loved us so,
That freely he, gave his only son,
The sons of men to save.

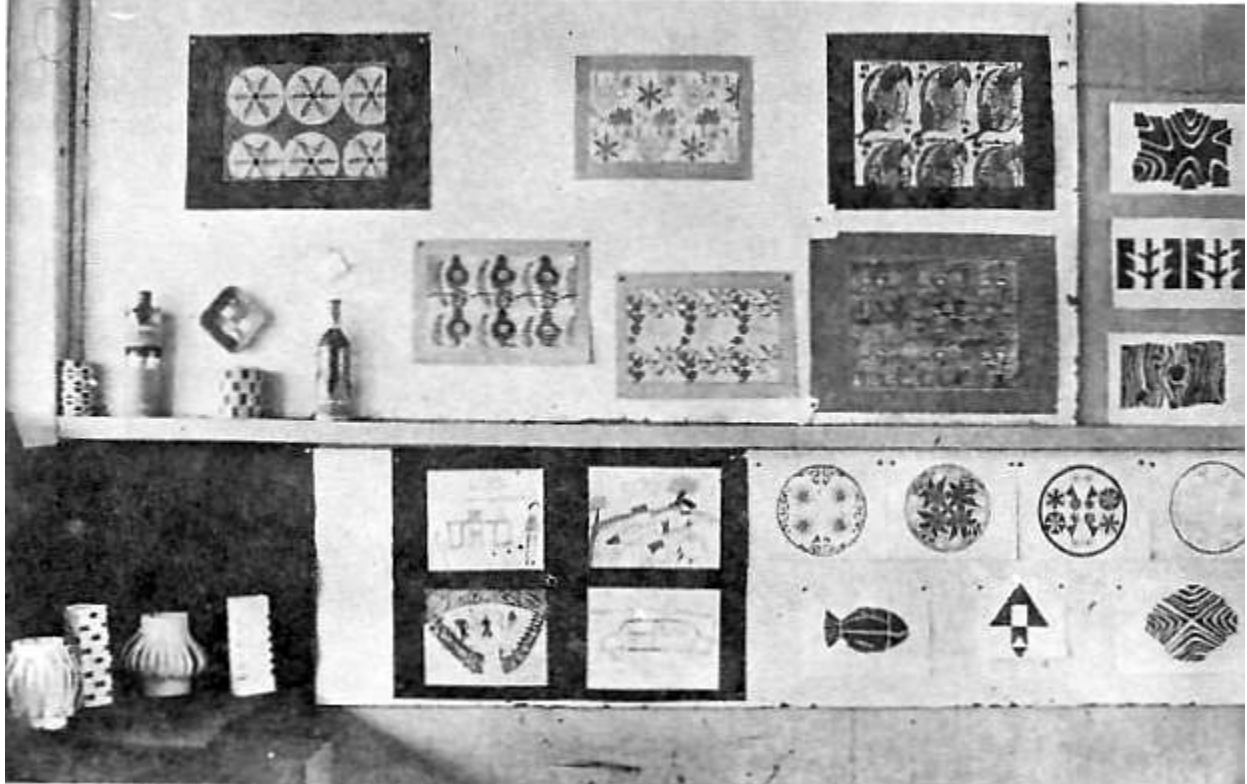
[Top](#)

Stephan Ahmad, (4C)

OPEN DAY



Thomas Singh demonstrates a steam engine to Minister Teekah



Artistic endeavors in various forms

On Wednesday 28th June, the College held an Open Day for parents and friends. Departments and classes had prepared displays and it was my duty to be one of the guides for our visitors. Some came in the morning, although the heavy rain reduced the number but in the afternoon quite a lot of parents came to see the school at work and to view the exhibits.

At 1.30 p.m. we were honoured by the arrival of the Minister of Education, Cde Teekah. Acting as his guide, I ushered him first to Form 3C where the display included a coin collection paintings and the stages of development of a motor-car. Next door. 3B had an agricultural display of products grown on the Farm.

Then we went to the Biology Laboratory to view several solutions, and the method of testing was shown to the visitors. Also on display was the life-cycle of the tapeworm, and there was fungi on a piece of bread. This could be viewed through a microscope.

Down in the Forum, our Steel Ballet played several tunes for the Minister, to his great satisfaction. In the Home Economics department, he inspected various sweetmeats and pencil cases. We moved through to the Woodwork department and saw the rolling-pins and ash-trays made by the pupils. In the Metalwork department, a lampshade was on display.

To end the tour, we went over to the First Forms in the Hopkinson Wing. 1C displayed a coin collection, French and Spanish word-posters and symmetrically paintings. 18 had folders written about great people and animals. And in 1A, the students rendered a French song for the Minister who thanked them in the same language. He completed his visit by signing the Visitors' Book in which he expressed his appreciation of all that he had seen.



3C's wall display

ARIF GAFOOR (1C)

[Top](#)

ART AT SAINTS



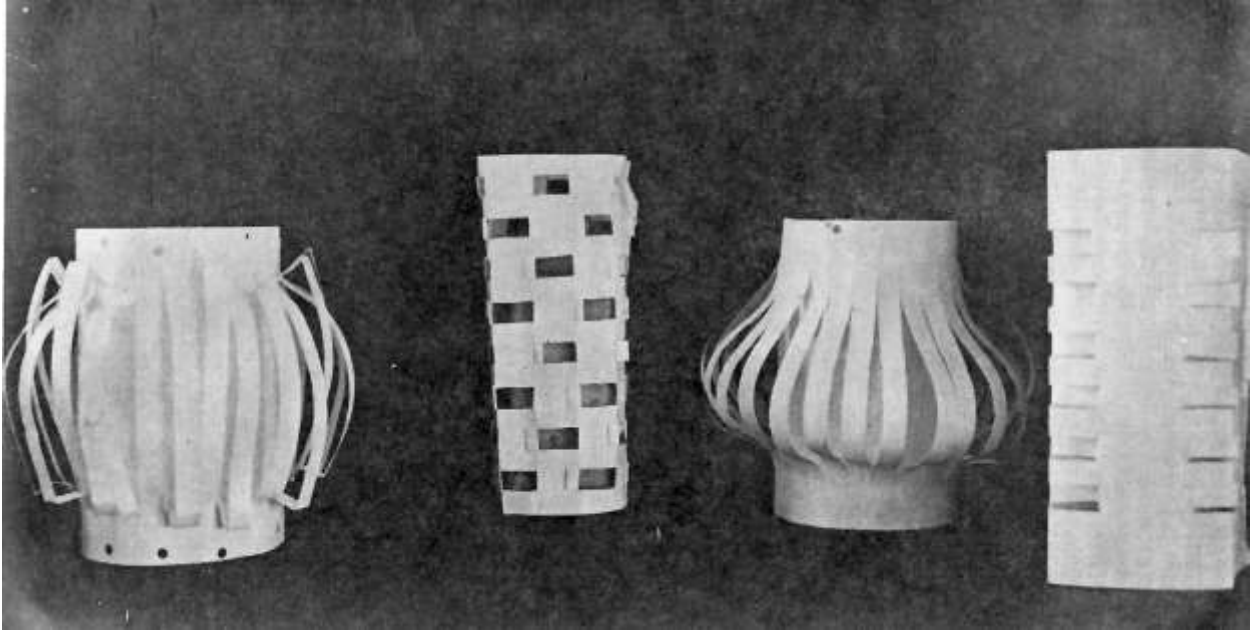
Miss Broodhagen makes a point to Minister Teekah

The end of the school year is as good a time as any to pause and take stock. I have been teaching Art to Forms 1, 2 and 3 with their divisions of A, B and C groups. Working with the Thirds was a kind of experiment to see how many students really had an aptitude for the subject to take it at 'O' Level and even later at 'A' Level. This is a very desirable exercise, when we bear in mind that Guyana sorely needs Art teachers, and trained persons for our upcoming textile factories, advertising, publicity, architecture and like fields.

It is a pity, therefore, that Saints is unable to offer Art right through to the 5th Forms at least. We must bear in mind the fact that the aim is to expose the pupil to all facets of Art, thus stimulating his creativity and sensitivity, teaching him Art History and the use of colour, the disciplines of Design and the awareness of this subject's impact on his other subjects. All in all we want a "well-rounded" student. The talented ones will surface anyhow. Thus this subject which is often termed an "enrichment" is absolutely necessary for the full education of the child. It is for this reason that I regret having to stop teaching the present Thirds. There are so many other things I would have liked to teach them.

Anyway I enjoyed teaching them, and I do hope they have benefitted in some way. With regard to the 1st. and 2nd. Forms, life is a bit more hectic. They are all terribly enthusiastic, and with the necessary physical movement that goes with the enthusiasm,

we find that the Art Room is too small for its purpose. We also have the country-wide problem of lack of art materials. The little we get is prohibitive in price, and when we have to experiment, try it again etc, we would like to have more than one sheet of paper each.



Design in Paper from the Art Room

At our last 'Open Day' I dropped two hints: one to Comrade Minister of Education, re. more Art Room space, and one to a parent who is connected with the buying of Art materials. I do hope they will bear fruit.

Marjorie Broodhagen (Art Mistress)

[Top](#)

AU BORD DE LA MER

Aujourd'hui, la treize luittet, nous allons au bord de la mer à Mahaica. Nous sommes treize élèves et nous allons avec notre professeurs, le Père Rigby. Nous sommes contents. Nous quittons l'école à onze heures dans un tres petit autobus. En route, nous vovons des cochons, des chevaux, des veches, des moutons - et beaucoup d'erbres, Nous voyons aussi une automobile dans la trenchee. Nous parlons beeucoup,

A douze heures moins le quart, nous arrivons a la maison a Mahaie,a et nous allons jouer dans la mer qui est brune. Ensuite nous mangeons notre dejeuner et apres, nous jouons sur la plage et dans l'eau. Sur la mer il y a dix bateaux. Nous desirons aller dans un bateau mais nous avons peur. Nous jouons aussi au cricket. Nous sommes tre heureux. Nous ne desirons pas rentrer.

Mais, plus tard, notre professeur nous crle. Nous quittons la plage et nous mangeons notre goDter a la maison. A cinq beures, nous quit tons Mahaica. Mai(1tenant nous ne sommes pas contents. Mais quand nous descendons 'a Georgetown, nous chantons des chansons frangaises comme 'Alouette' et 'Frere Jacques' et nous jouons eux cartes, et enfin nous arrivons a l'ecole.

Yonnette Arthur Marcia
Jeffrey Cheryl Khidaroo
Richard Luck
Jailall Ragnauth (Form 1A)

[Top](#)

LES JOLIES FLEURS

Quand je n'ai rien a faire,
Je vais au il y a l'air clair.
e'est la que je passe beaucoup d'heurss
En regard an ties lottes fleurs.

La, le sens une peix profonde,
Loin du bruit et loin du monde.
Si tu l'occeslon auras,
Je t'inviterai a y aller avec moi.

Tu t'amuseras, je t'assure,
De loie ton coeur sera tres lourd,
Parce que cet endroit est a la campagne
Et ces jolies fleurs sont sur la montagne.

Alan La Rose (4C)

[Top](#)

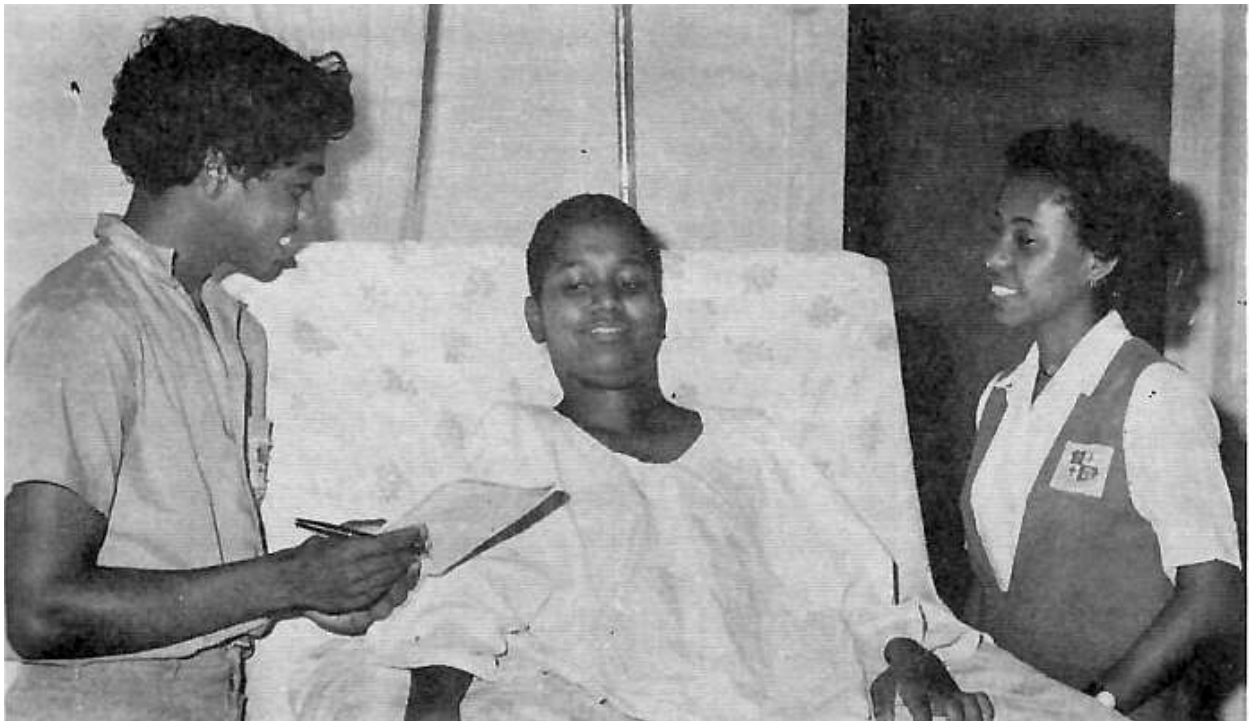
A MIRACLE OF GOD

When we walked into that room we received such a shock. Bryan Sealey was lying there looking so pathetic and pallid. We had known what to expect but this was far beyond our expectations. And yet he had a smile for us and was looking quite cheerful.

It all started last year about September when Bryan began to experience pains in the neck. At first he paid no notice but by the end of October they became really severe. He had a stiff neck and his right hand was painful to move.

He went into hospital but the doctors could not do much, so he was flown to Canada to undergo an operation. There it was found that there was a tumour growing on the vertebrae of his neck and was now large enough to affect him. It seems that it had been there from birth. It was cut off, but the operation was not entirely successful for, after the operation, he felt far worse and could not move at all. His condition was far more serious than before.

We all heard it announced at Assembly that he was near to the end and we all bowed our heads and prayed. It seems that God answered our prayer, for on the next day we heard that he was pulling out slowly. He was moving further from the edge of the precipice, farther from that dark chasm which swallows us at some point of our life.



Paul Harewood and Dawn Stephney interviewing Bryan Sealey

The nurses over there were marvellous. They really treated him nicely and were very understanding. But the journey back to Guyana was a nightmare both to him and his parents. Bryan was lying on a small stretcher and could not move a bone. They had

to wait six hours at Piarco airport, the plane to Guyana flew erratically and he was only too relieved to end that interminable journey.

Now he is a patient in the Mercy Hospital, and can move slightly. For earlier this year, he used to go to the Georgetown hospital to undergo treatment from a Cuban doctor. The doctor used some electrical method to recharge his muscle cells and this helped in a way. He is able to move his hands and his feet slightly. And he is also practising to stand. He is very bored and is restless. He eats a lot. "The best time of the day is eating time" he said, "Besides books, that is all that interests me."

When asked how he passes his time he said, "I read a lot, sometimes as much as two novels a day, and I sleep a lot. When I haven't a book to consume or I don't want to sleep, I daydream. Or I may look out of the window and if there is a cricket match on the ground opposite the hospital, I watch that."

Bryan misses all his school mates, teachers, friends and his games of table-tennis. He thinks about them when he is bored and has nothing to do.

He hopes to return to school in September and hopes to be up and around in a year or two, He is a very lucky boy and it must be an act of God that he pulled through. "Anyway, Bryan, here's from all of us. Good luck, and we look forward to seeing you in school sooner or later and WE ALL MISS YOU."

Paul Harewood and Dawn Stepney (3C) .

[Top](#)

A MOTHER'S LOVE

Once there was a woman who had a very bad son; he was, in fact, a thief. But no one dared to say anything to her about him for that made her raving mad. Because of this, they lived all by themselves.

The woman was a good lady and used to sit and talk to her son about his character and behaviour which was causing her much embarrassment. He never attempted to listen to her; instead, he followed the example of his friends. Every night he would raid people's farms, their animals and even their homes. His poor mother would sit at home and cry bitterly.

The boy carried on in this way for quite some time but one day he was caught. He was granted bail but when his mother heard this, she wept bitterly for she had no money. Her Son had never brought home anything of the goods he had stolen. So she was forced to beg for help but at first the people of the village did not want to cooperate. However, some kind persons took pity on her and she collected quite a few dollars. Then she went around the other villages and begged there too.

Finally she got the money and bailed her son. She was overjoyed when he came home. The neighbours slandered her son's name all over the village but she told the boy not to listen to them. After a few days at home, the boy went back to his former ways. His mother begged him to change his attitude but her advice was of no avail.

This time he and his friends stole a herd of cattle from a farmer. But the man recognised him and said that he would ring for the police. The boy begged and begged, saying that his mother would surely die if she heard. The farmer said that he would settle the matter only if the boy's mother came and worked for him. The heartless boy ran home and informed his mother, who fainted. When she recovered, she said she would go to the farmer. The next day, she packed and left, very sad. The farmer ordered her to feed the pigs and the other animals, to clean the yard, pens, sty, coop and barn.

When asked if she was happy, the mother replied yes, because she was working for her beloved son's sake.

Surtile Persaud (1C)

[Top](#)

IS NATIONAL SERVICE AT SAINTS DEAD?

No, National Service here is not dead. A once-flourishing cadet corps, that has been alleged to be the best in the country, became dormant. But with the advent of the four U.G. pioneers, K. Husain, N. Gordon, D. Nandlall and C. Andrews, and a permanent member of staff, B. Robertson, National Service at St. Stanislaus' is well on the way to capture the interest of the students.

One factor that contributed to the failure of G.N.S. Cadet Corps was that no permanent member of staff held the post of teacher officer. We stressed the need for this, and eventually Mr. B. Robertson accepted the post with great pleasure.

At first there was a general feeling of hostility evident among the students towards the G.N.S. Sessions were held twice weekly, but attendance was poor. However when the Prime Minister paid a visit to the school during April, he stressed that the G.N.S. cadet corps at St. Stanislaus' College must function. Positive steps had to be taken, and at one time it seemed as though G.N.S. staff would regularly conduct the school's assembly.

The assistant Director-General (Training) Cde Laurie Lewis held a meeting with all the G.N.S. cadets, and representatives from all the forms were asked to attend. This meeting was successful, because it involved the students. Together they planned a programme, and this programme was enforced immediately by K. Husain and C. Andrews.

In this programme the emphasis was not on military drills but it included camps, self-help activities, a farm plot, first-aid, and national policy. The students felt that this programme was rather interesting, and many volunteered on the spot to join the cadet corps. Today we have twenty G.N.S. cadets at Saints, and attendance at sessions varies between 80% - 90%.

At a recent G.N.S. camp held at the North Ruimveldt school, Saints was represented by five cadets and two teacher officers (Cdes. Andrews and Robertson).

National Service at St. Stanislaus' College is on the point of recovery, and I feel personally that the unit will flourish once again.

Courtney Andrews (U.G. Pioneer)

...

[Top](#)

DE GRAND MATIN

La rue est vide et le ciel frais,
Et le soleil! Appara it
Sur les ardoises de l'eglise.
Le soleil qui monte plus vtte
Aux nuages qui sont gris,
Comme les immenses marguerites.
Et le cueil le au haut d'une grille
Un rameau tout charge de rosee et qui brille.

Trevor Sankar (4B)

[Top](#)

AN INTERESTING CUSTOM

An interesting custom in my country is Phagwah. It is held each year in March and marks the beginning of a New Year for Hindus. It symbolises the destruction of evil and survival of the righteous. Phagwah is also celebrated in remembrance of their God Prahalad. He was thrown into the fire by his father, because he had not done what his

father wanted him to do; that is, to worship the evil God whom he was serving. After he was thrown into the fire, his father came and saw him with lovely flowers around him.

People of different religions take part and relax, forgetting their daily worries. It is time to make visits and invite friends and family for entertainment and merry-making, a time for throwing beer, perfume and powder on each other. Some go so far as to throw others in trenches.

On the morning of Phagwah, Hindus look after their altars first by putting flowers and other decorations. They also prepare a lot of sweetmeats to eat. By that time all the children start to run and wet their friends. It is really fun to watch, but not very funny when it's your turn to get wet, because all your clothes now stick to you and it is very uncomfortable.

Some boys even run after you into your houses if you run away. It is an enjoyable time for everyone, especially Hindus.

Jacqueline van Sluytmin (2B)

[Top](#)

ONLY YOU

Burn all your bridges and
Swim across without shoes I
For the more you possess
The more you learn
We will go on vainly fighting
As we have done in the past,
Finding short-lived victories;
And a peace that cannot last.

Oh, Lord why can't men see
That the battle is the 'Lord's,'
And our empty victories cannot
Be won by strategy and swords.
Why has man grown so mighty
And so aggressively strong,
And no longer asks himself
"God, show us where we're wrong?"

Bombs and missiles and
Man's greed for power,
Have blinded him to see, that
He is shortening someone's life hour after hour
Only you can stop this
Unholy mess and pain,
When you come once more
To give us life again.

Suzanne Leo (3C)

[Top](#)

THE LAST ONE LEFT

It would soon be Nancy's birthday. Her brother was making her a birthday present: a wooden box with a secret opening in which he placed some chocolates. Now Nancy discovered the box and wanted to see what was inside, but how could she open it? When her brother was still at school, she felt around the box for the opening but could not find it. Suddenly she found it, and inside the box were six chocolates.

Nancy wondered whether she should take one or not. Then she said to herself: "I will take just one chocolate". It tasted so delicious that she was tempted to take more, so she took two more chocolates.

When her brother came home from school, he did not look inside the box. The next day Nancy opened the box again when her brother was away at school and she took two more chocolates. "Scrumptiously" she said to herself. But a thought suddenly came to her: suppose her brother should look inside the box and see only one left.

Nancy became very frightened. She did not have enough money to buy five more chocolates, so what should she do? And then she had an idea. She could get some stale brown bread and put five pieces in the box to look like five pieces of chocolate.

The day of her birthday came at last. She jumped out of bed and dressed quickly. She ran downstairs and saw her mother in the kitchen preparing the breakfast. When Nancy had finished breakfast, she opened her birthday presents, from her father, mother and brother. Her parents had given her many nice preterits and, of course, her brother had given her the wooden box with the chocolates inside. He showed her how to open the box. Of course Nancy knew how to open it but she did not tell him.

Her birthday was on a Saturday so Nancy and her brother did not have to go to school. Later that morning, her brother asked her for a chocolate, so she opened the box and was just about to give him the last and only real chocolate when he said that he would like to choose one for himself. At this she became very frightened - suppose he

took one of the pieces of stale brown bread! She closed her eyes in fear. She hoped that he would not take the stale bread, for if he did so, how would she explain? Fortunately for Nancy, he took the last chocolate left in the wooden box.

Nancy thanked her lucky stars that day.

Nadia, Bhulai (1C)

[Top](#)

FIRST TIME: IN HOSPITAL

Oh! What a lovely Friday it was and my day in school was very happily spent with my class-mates. After school, as I usually do, I went straight home not knowing what would happen to me.

It was a breezy afternoon and I decided to fly once again my beautiful kite which was still in good shape long after the Easter holidays. I was very delighted when the heavy wind took my kite very high, but then things started to go against me. My kite became entangled with the electric wire, and at this point I must admit that I had often been warned by my parents, and even over the radio and in the newspapers, not to fly my kite near to electric wires. Don't think, however, that it was the electric wire that landed me in a bed in the Public Hospital, Georgetown!

I burst the twine attached to my kite which floated about in the wind and then landed on the road. A little boy came and smashed my lovely kite, and this really got me vexed, so I went up and hit him. After that I walked away but meanwhile, two other boys gave a cutlass to the little boy which he threw at me. The cutlass hit me on the back of my right heel and made a very deep cut. It was so deep that I could not stand up so I started to squeal. Soon a lady came and tied a piece of cloth around my foot, after which she sent for my mother.

Mom came straight away and, after learning what had happened, she went to our neighbours and asked him to drive me to the hospital. First he took me to the Diamond Estate doctor, who looked at it and said I should be taken at once to the Georgetown Hospital. There they put in some temporary stitches, and I was admitted to Ward 4.

My mother took me there and a nurse showed her a bed in which I should sleep. Just as my mother left, the doctor came and carried me to the operating theatre. Then he loosened the temporary stitches and operated on the foot. I decided to take a look at my foot and I saw a deep hole. However, a nurse told me not to look any more. After that I fell asleep. When I woke up I was just in time to see how the plaster-of-paris was being put on my foot. It was a dry bandage and the doctor soaked it in hot water and

wrapped it round my right foot. He used about ten of them and then smoothed them down.

At first the hospital was boring, but afterwards it seemed very pleasant. My first day in hospital was strange because I did not know anybody, but later I got to know everyone. On the second Saturday a man came and told us that they would keep a Sabbath School. The man and the ladies sang songs and told us stories. One day a priest came and told us stories and sang songs with us, and I was very happy on another day when my form master, Father Rigby came to see me.

I spent three weeks in hospital and enjoyed them

Capildeo Singh (1A)

[Top](#)

SIR STANLEY

On the 26th of May, 1966, the day on which British Guiana gained her independence from Great Britain, an old black man died. It was perhaps fitting and significant that he should die on that day for Stanislaus Eustace Brown was British, and he believed strongly that British Guiana would and should always be British Guiana. Yet it was a strange end for a strange man.

Sir Stanley had not got a British passport, and, as far as was known, had never laid his weathered boots anywhere within thousands of miles of his hallowed soil of Great Britain. Furthermore, no matter how long one spent searching one could not find a drop of white blood in Sir Stanley. Yet, a prouder and more loyal subject of the Queen could not have been found. He wore a white suit, a 'bughouse,' and carried a twisted cane wherever he went, If one passed his little tumble-down home at four o'clock in the afternoon, he could be found sipping tea and humming 'Rule Britannia'; in the front room of his house hung a large Union Jack which was his most prized possession.

Some say that Sir Stanley was mad. Most people, however, preferred to think of him as a sentimental and rather eccentric old gentleman. Sir Stanley did not work. He lived on money given to him by a noble Englishman whose life he had saved in more youthful days. The Englishman had grown to serve his country well and Sir Stanley felt that by saving him he had done something for England.

Sir Stanley's special day every year was the Queen's birthday. He had arrived in the village of Buxton on the Queen's birthday, and would celebrate it every year. In the morning he would go to the Anglican church in the village to pray. Then he would return home via the shop on the public road and buy several bottles of rum. He did not drink normally, but anyone who passed his home during the evening was offered a shot and drank a toast to Her Majesty.

The people of the village respected the old man and one could say that they were quite fond of him. The children, who found him a constant source of amazement, were especially dear to him and he would talk to them as they passed his home every evening. Unlike their parents, who seemed only to know of the misery in their past, Sir Stanley would tell them the story of slavery from the white man's side as well. He was, to himself, a white man. Sir Stanley was also an expert on the subject of British history. He would bend over on his chair, and his wrinkled face would burn with feeling as he told, in his inimitable English accent kind style, of the more agonising aspects of the history of his country, When he spoke to the children, the people say, they used to see him not as a poor black man, but as a gentleman of the highest class. They saw him as he would have liked to have been seen.

He never believed that Independence would come. 'What,' he would ask "could we do without the assistance of our Motherland?" He believed that talk of Independence was just a hoax spread by excited people.

The old man's other main interest was astronomy. He would sit outside on a battered old stool (one of the few pieces of furniture he possessed) and watch the stars. Sometimes on a dark night he would call to some of the children in the neighborhoods and point towards the heavens. "Don't you see England up there?" he might ask a boy. They say that if you look up hard enough and long enough, you will see the outline of the map. But that is not what the old man meant, he was not seeing a map but a dream. The fields, the birds, London, the Thames, a happy perfect England that was his dream and his reality.

He strove to be perfect. His manners were perfect and he endeavored to pass them on to the younger generation. He hoped that they would all become Englishmen someday. But the most startling thing came on the Eve of Independence Day. A man, rather drunk with the prospect that on the next day he would no longer be bound by the chains of his oppressors, saw Sir Stanley's Union Jack while passing. He rushed into the house to tear down the flag Sir Stanley was sitting on his stool, reading Dickens. Five minutes later, so they say, the man was lying on the roadside wailing in pain. He was badly hurt and had welts on his back. Sir Stanley was found putting his cane back in the corner. They say that before the intruder was allowed to leave the house, Sir Stanley had made him kiss the flag.

But the end was near. When the guns boomed in Georgetown at midnight some say that Sir Stanley's flag was seen whirling in the wind through all the streets of the village. Some say that he had unpinned it and finally allowed his Britishness to leave him. But on the following day when the people realised that Sir Stanley was not taking part in the celebrations they went to his home. He was dressed in his white suit, and his cane and hat were beside his bed. The flag was lying in a pile at his feet. He had gone to his dream, the people said or had he lived his dream? He had gone to heaven, they believed, ... via England!

Mark Affonso (4C)

[Top](#)

POOR OLD BETS

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high, o'er vales and hills.
When all at once I saw this woman
Among a clump of daffodils.

And as I watched, she took her pen
And wrote a poem, then and there,
So that all women, from that time on,
Her lovely sight with her could share.

Poor woman, if only she had known,
Her poem was destined to be
By countless students learned by heart
From nursery to G.C.E.
And scholars, as they voiced their ills,
Would curse those wretched daffodils.

Sursatie Persaud (1C)

[Top](#)

15 SUNBURNT LAPS

Gaily-clothed, twenty-five excited Saints boys marched off on the first lap of their marathon walk. They were all bubbling over with confidence. They felt sure that they could finish the 15 laps around the National park. This confidence was inspired by the fact that they had already done 15 laps while on a practice-walk. But a very disturbing fact that was being very conveniently overlooked was that this practice walk was done under a dying sun, quite unlike the ferocious monster that was blazing down then.

The first five laps were completed at a furious pace, much to the horror of a few fatter and slower walkers. The amusing sight of one very stout boy steaming along behind the main group, with arms pumping furiously and with sweat streaming down his face reminded me very much of the legendary tortoise racing the hare. But as the sun sapped their energies more and more they slowed to a more practical pace, which, curiously, only quickened when they passed the marquee.

Probably the most difficult aspect of the walk was its monotonous nature. Round and round we went, all the time seeing the same trees, the same trenches and even the same people. To battle the monotony all sorts of little ploys were tried. By the sixth lap

we had started a little game in which each walker tried to spot something new each lap. But this soon gave way to some lusty singing, sprinkled with some lively bantering. But in spite of all our efforts we became just robots during the last four laps. Mechanically we walked only because we knew that the reward at the end was worth it.

Many who were there will remember the group that finished with arms linked and singing the National Anthem. In this group there were many who would not have finished if they had not been supported by their friends. It was this sort of spirit that made the hockey tour a success.

Paul Da Silva - Jardine

[Top](#)

...

MI AMIGA LA PALOMA

Sentado sola por la noche
Veo un pajarito semipro
Y entonces yo se que no estoya sofas
Sino esta una paloma conmiga
Asi canto una cancion para ella.

Mi amiga, la paloma
Te amo muchisimo
Porque quedas conmiga
Todas las neches
Cuando estoy sola.

Mi amiga, mi amiga,
Eres hermosa.
Tienes ojuelos que relucen
Como el sol de un dia del verano
Y las plumas tan suaves como la nieve
De un dia del invierno,

Ann Shortt (2B)

[Top](#)

PSYCHO: A SHORT STORY

Night! The footsteps beat a monotonous chant on the wet side-walk. Cartwell hastened his pace to a brisk walk, his heart beat wildly as he glanced over his shoulder. The man was still following him . . . Cartwell tried to reason with himself; perhaps the man behind him was just a harmless stroller like himself, why did he keep imagining that the man wanted to kill him? Cartwell remembered the words of his psychiatrist, warning him to remain calm, to fight down the urge he always had to mistrust everyone and imagine the worst of a perfectly innocent situation. Cartwell fought back his panic and slowed down his pace. Perhaps the man behind him meant no harm, perhaps ...

Somewhere a clock chimed the witching hour. When Cartwell glanced into the darkness behind him, the man was still there, always a few paces behind him. Suddenly, something snapped in Cartwell, he began to run blindly, he wanted to seek shelter from the madman behind him. He glanced wildly about him for the presence of some other human being but the street was deserted. His feet pumped like pistons. His footfalls clomped hollowly on the midnight wetness of the concrete pavement and the footsteps of the man behind him were like echoes to his.

Cartwell collapsed in an exhausted heap behind a pile of crates in the road. He had lost the man. He breathed a sigh of relief and suddenly remembered he had walked with his pistol. "Rather sheepishly he withdrew the shiny metal and waited. From where he was hiding he commanded a view of the whole road. Cartwell's heart lurched as he saw the young man who seemed to be looking for someone. He was looking for Cartwell!

With sweaty palms Cartwell lined the muzzle of his pistol on the sparse frame of the youngster. His finger was tightening on the trigger when the man saw him behind the crates. Before Cartwell could fire, the man was on him. Cartwell braced himself for the stab of a knife in his ribs, and gazed into the sadistic, smiling face of his 'attacker'. He heard the man say: "These are your keys, sir! You dropped them and I was following you to give them back!"

Cartwell wiped his sweating brow and took, the keys from the young man. Feeling rather foolish at himself, Cartwell replaced his pistol. The young man regarded him; "Aren't you a little too old to play cops and robbers?" Cartwell silently swore never to let his imagination run away with him again.

Pete Ninvalle (5C)

Violence is the last refuge of the incompetent.

(Isaac Asimov).

[Top](#)

SIX DAYS AT CAMP MAINSTAY

"O La'd a Tarantula, boy!" and in a flash, the boys were out of their 'dorm.' This was only a part of the excitement and adventure which were experienced during a camp at Mainstay in July by a group of Second Formers. We had travelled from town to Parika, via the Demerara Harbour Bridge, to board a dirty-looking boat which left much behind schedule for Adventure. After calling at Hog Island and Wakenaam, grazing a sand-bank in the process, we arrived in Adventure, tired but excited, and climbed into a waiting truck. Travelling twenty-three miles in a topless truck is no fun, even though it did include a short stop at Anna Regina market where we bought fruit.

Our first sight of Mainstay was breath-taking and enchanting: three concrete huts on a stretch of glistening sand, a cluster of trees, and the land gently sloping downward to a wide lake which reflected the brilliant sunshine. But soon we realised what we had not hoped for, such as fetching water over hot sand and having to use the bushes as the 'toilet.'

Despite these setbacks, we were soon in the lake, soaking in the refreshing waters. Oh, how we swam! On that first night, we had our encounter with a tarantula, but being considerate young men, we decided to keep the news from the girls. The next day saw the establishment of a set pattern - fetching water for domestic uses, cleaning dorms, cooking and other activities, interspersed with inspection of the wild life around. That night a poorly-planned raid on the girls' dorm was foiled.

On Wednesday we walked down to Whyaka - a little homestead with just three families, all inter-related. They spoke proudly of their children who attend school in Georgetown. The following night we star-gazed and found Jupiter. We were all very happy and talked and joked for some time before retiring to bed.

On Friday we travelled to Charity by truck and visited the market and cassava mill. No-one slept that night as we expected it to be our last night at Mainstay. We teased Mr. Jones, a teacher from St. Rose's and he declared war on his persecutors. On Saturday, however, we waited in vain for the truck to pick us up, but it was not until 1.30 on Sunday morning that it came and took us to Adventure. It was 12.30 p.m. before we reached Parika, but even there, our troubles were not over for the back tyre of the bus blew out and we had to wait for a replacement.

We arrived back in Georgetown at twenty to three on Sunday afternoon, thus ending an enjoyable, challenging and educational camp at Mainstay.

Kojo Parris (2B)

We are only young once. That is all society can stand.

(Bob Bowen)

[Top](#)

A STARTLING REALIZATION

It was Friday. The summer night was cool and moist as earlier on there had been heavy rainfall. Laughter came faintly in the air from the small shack where the gang had congregated. This was their hide-out - 'the den'.

It was certainly not a large hut. However, because of its seclusion, it had served its purpose many times. The room was not well furnished: a table, a few chairs, and an old mattress. The dark and isolated surroundings gave one a most eerie feeling. There they were - the nine men with their four frightened hostages. In the middle of the room sat their leader exhaling puffs of cigar smoke that betrayed his cheap taste. It was on account of his scar that he was so conspicuous. It ran broad and red in a great crescent from his temple to his chin. It was due probably to a formidable wound caused by a sabre or even a fragment of shell. It was unexpected on that fat but ill-humored face. He had small and undistinguished features, and his expression was artless. His face went oddly with his corpulent body as he was a powerful man of more than common height. He was far from clean. He wore an old shabby outfit and a sombrero over his unshaven face. As he took another puff from his cigar, he slowly pushed his chair backwards and rose reluctantly, smiling in the direction of his hostages - he was Gus!

With well-measured strides he approached the crouching figures. They all appeared to be in their late twenties except for a tall slim one who could very well have been forty. He smiled again, his gold teeth gleaming in the lamplight. His orders had been carried out to the letter. The women were all tied and had bags over their heads.

Eventually his presence was felt by the nearest woman who began to scream and struggle. In a gruff voice he ordered her to be quiet. She persisted. He heaved her up by her long hair and gave her a powerful slap across the left cheek with his heavy hand. She was pitched directly across the room hitting her head on the solid post. She lay there, groaning. He turned and looked at his men, a wide and ugly smile on his face. He grunted orders at the rest of his supporters to join in the fun and enjoy themselves. They sauntered over without haste.

A couple of hours later, it was all over. The women were on one side of the hut crying, while on the other side stood the group of men laughing and mocking them.

Suddenly, the eldest woman staggered to her feet and attempted to make her escape through the door. However, Gus was quicker and in a leap had blocked her path. She scratched, bit and struggled, and soon a deep bite was seen on Gus' neck and then the blood made its entrance.

Losing his temper instantly, he boxed her hard in the face, following it up with a kick to the shin which sent her reeling on to the floor. He then kicked her in the stomach until she grew limp and began to spit blood. Then in one quick movement he snatched the bag from over her head. He stopped dead in his tracks ... rooted to the ground ... the message came slowly home ... he and his thugs had brutally assaulted his own mother ... his own mother!!

Confusion got the better of him. He ran out of the hut towards the high cliff. He jumped. His loud scream gradually died away into silence'

Trevor Agard (5B)

*Il faut avoir conscience d'avoir été choisi pour une tâche
qu'on est seul à pouvoir remplir.*

(Lavelle)

[Top](#)

CATHOLICS AT SAINTS

Catholic parents who choose St. Stanislaus' for their sons and daughters realise that it is now a Government school, even though a few priests remain on the Staff. However, several of these parents have approached us to ask what could be done to help the religious education of their children, and so we looked carefully at the religious affiliation of our students and discovered that, in the year 1977-78, over one-third of the students were Catholics.

In early December last year, parents of Catholic students were invited to meet with the Catholic staff at Saints and discuss the situation. The response was quite good and many interesting suggestions were put forward. Another meeting was held in February at which a scheme for the rest of the year was outlined. Religious education classes would be held once a week after school for those Catholic students who wished to attend. Fr. Darke would look after the First Formers, Fr. Rigby the Second and Third Formers, and Fr. McCluskey the Fourth and Fifth Formers. The custom of an early morning Mass was to be revived, each Wednesday before school in the Library.

At the third and final meeting for the year in mid-June, we met again to review activities. The attendance at this session was disappointingly small but it highlighted the obvious point that the Faith of the children depends heavily on that of the parents. Fr. Darke reported that, out of 41 Catholic students in the First Form, the average attendance at his weekly class had been 12. Fr. Rigby has 70 Catholics in his group of Second and Third Formers, of whom 22 attend regularly. And Fr. McCluskey had an average attendance of 17 from the 81 Catholics in the Fourth and Fifth Forms. The number of students at the early morning Mass each week averaged 20.

So where do we stand? Last year, we had about 195 Catholics among our students, and the parents of 116 of them, when contacted, said that they were

interested in their children's religious upbringing. Parents of 43 attended one or more of the three meetings held in the course of the year. Statistics do not mean much, but the effort made by parents to come on a Sunday morning and that made each week by students in remaining behind in class when all their friends have gone home or are playing in the compound - that effort is a good sign. This year has seen co-operation between parents, children and teachers in this area of Catholic upbringing and I hope that the coming year will show a strengthening of that co-operation. When the family and the school are working together, the Faith of the child stands a chance of surviving in a world where the Faith and its values are under attack.

Fred Rigby S.J.

Defie-toi de l'eclat: l'homme de caracere est calme. La vraie force n'est pas la mer en furie qui brise tout, elle est le roc immobile qui resiste a tout.

(Le Lezard).

[Top](#)

INTER-SCHOOLS CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

I.S.C.F. is a non-denominational student movement which shares with its University/College equivalent, Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship, the theme "To know Christ and to make Him known," The I.S.C.F. seeks to fulfil this motto through such means as camps, rallies and Bible Clubs in over sixty secondary and primary schools in Guyana.

This July we had a junior camp from July 24 - 29 at Camp Madewini, followed by the senior camp at Den Amstel from July 29 to August 3. We did indeed have a profitable and enjoyable time.

At St. Stanislaus, we have at least three regular meetings every week. There is the General Meeting on Mondays which is mainly evangelistic, prayer meeting on Wednesday middays and Bible Study on Thursday afternoons. At the beginning of the year we had an average attendance of about fifty, but as exams came into view the attendance dropped slowly. So, students, come out and support the work. And parents, you too can help by encouraging your children to attend I.S.C.F.

In His Service, C. Heywood

[Top](#)

HAPPY MOMENTS

There he stood with a new-born treasure,
Their eyes filled with ever-present pleasure,
The father, whose son is his heart's desire
Admires those eyes that are as bright as fire.

And as love clings them together,
Their faces become soft and tender;
But as Daddy realises that God is the sender,
He has nothing else but praise to render.

This veteran climber was tough and strong;
But mentally he was weak as he was born.
So, right now, Daddy, live and rejoice,
For you have a son that is your choice.

So do your duty and be obedient, little Roy,
For you're the source of your father's joy.

Colin Dye (3C)

[Top](#)

[Click for College Section](#)