



# The Scribbler

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Summer 2001 Edition

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Fellow Alumni:

The long hot sleepy days of summer are almost over and it is time for us to look forward to the most colorful season of the year. And then you know WHAT? White stuff!!!

It's a good thing that we have our 10<sup>th</sup> Anniversary dance before the white stuff begins.

Yes, it has been 10 years since our Canadian chapter came to life. And Yes, it has been 10 years since many of us on the executive have been there holding this association together. We have come a long way since 1991, we have regular fundraising activities during the year starting with our joint 12th night Fundraiser with Bishops' High, our Father's day brunch, the Last Lap Lime with the 3 Saints and Bishops' in August and this year our 10<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Dinner and Dance. We organize many other events including literary evenings, Bursary presentations and Ap-

preciation days.

But needless to say, it is the same people who are there doing it year after year. You know I made an appeal to our Alumni in our Scribbler Fall edition for more Participation in our association, but alas NOTHING!!!! I am AMAZED!!!

We get more participation from wannabe Q.C Alumni.

I am therefore appealing to our Alumni to come out and support our Anniversary Dinner and Dance on September 29, 2000, it promises to be a very exciting evening where you will meet many old friends. We have Alumni coming from many overseas locations to attend this celebration. Tickets are going fast, so purchase your tickets and book your tables soon.

We need your ideas on how you can help our association and how you can participate. Please call me or e-mail.

Eden Gajraj  
President 2000-2002  
Tel: 416 332-3655

## 2001 / 2002 Executive

Dinner Dance.....7	President	Eden Gajraj
Early Memories of Barbados.....8	Vice President, Membership & Communications	Arthur Henery
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The *Scribbler* is published thrice yearly by the Queen's College of Guyana Alumni Association (Toronto) Inc. The Editorial Committee reserves the right to edit articles for length and clarity and to determine which articles will be published. We welcome your articles, photographs, poems, opinions and suggestions. Please forward all materials in electronic format, if possible to:-

**The Editorial Committee***"The Scribbler"***Po Box 312****West Hill, Ontario M1E 4R8****E-Mail: [qcaa@interlog.com](mailto:qcaa@interlog.com)****PIRAI FO SO**

Fat Boy lillest daughter was coming of age. Man, the girl was looking good! Fat Boy decide that this one in gun marry any foreigner, scientist, or any other such good-for-nothing! She got to marry the bravest man in the land! So he arrange a competition by he air-conditioned pig pen behind the Gardens. He had a squad a soldiers dig a deep pond about 100 foot across and full the pond with pirai (piranha, the deadly man-eating fish). The rules wuz simple. Any man who could swim across the pond gun marry he daughter! He put a big ad in the newspapers announcing the competition for Sunday morning, 9 o' clock sharp.

Well, by 9 o' clock a big crowd already show up, everybody surrounding the pond, including Fat Boy and he daughter on the far side. The first man to try, jump in the pond and start swim. Before he could swim 20 foot the pirai eat he out. When the water clear, all you could see was he skeleton. Man, everybody was frightened!

After about 15 minutes, another banna volunteer. He walk up to the edge and plunge. Before he could hit the water, the pirai eat he out, right in mid air! Boy, well now everybody di' really frighten. Everybody just stand up wid their hands fold, looking at one another.

All of a sudden, a banna fly in the water and start swimming like hell for the other side, with a whole bunch a surprised pirai right behind he! He mek it to the other side and jump out right in front of Fat Boy and he daughter. The crowd was going wild, clapping and shouting!

But then Fat Boy daughter notice that the banna was a rasta, and she seh, "Daddy, I in wan' marry no rasta! I can't handle that i-tol food!"

Well, wha' Fat Boy gun do now, wid everybody watching?. So he seh, "Look, banna, ah gun give you anything you want if \_\_\_".

*Rasta:* "Anything I want? Anything I want? All I want right now is to catch the person that push me in deh!"

# Last Lap Lime 2001

Bright, beautiful August Monday. Find Military trail. Find Tam Heather Golf Club. WHOA! People! Cars! Find parking!!!

Be optimistic. Drive through the entire school parking lot. Some very creative parking solutions here. How did that driver get that car over that curb? Does the car still have a muffler?

No parking spaces here. Watch out for that guy! Hey buddy, you almost hit me there. Lucky thing I have good reflexes.

Definitely no parking here. Drive down the road. Further, further, further. Oh, there's a spot. Okay, take that one. It will be a twenty-minute walk back to the Lime but I guess a two kilometer walk would be good for the health.

Passing many pilgrims like myself, walking with in the direction of the Lime with eager anticipation. Getting closer. Music. Pretty young girls. Proud young stallions strutting their stuff. Conrad belting out the old, familiar tunes. What's wrong with my ears, when did I those tunes suddenly turn too old, too familiar?

Large crowd of people at the entry gateway. Very efficient admission system. Only took three minutes to get in. Beautiful shoulders in all shades and shapes. Inhale that delicious aroma of dozens of different colognes and hair sprays. Never before realised that our community actually smells different from the mainstream crowd. Some magazine in Britain recently got into hot water for remarking that people smell different depending on their diets.

Younger crowd. The average last lap Limer is younger this year than previously. Good sign. The children of the alumni seem to like the Lime. Pity they are not getting involved in its planning or execution.

Here is the line for buying chits. Oh, sorry, I didn't realise that the line went much further back. Are you in the line? Are you in the line? Wow! Does the line really go *that* far? How nice it would be if there were three or four booths selling chits! Come on, darling, decide if you want two fried rice and one roti or vice versa. Perhaps one booth selling

chits to women and one for men? Oops, politically incorrect (Sorry).

These sweet gentle ladies managing the roti stand seem to be milling around. I wonder if any of these booths could actually be profitable in the outside world considering the length of time it takes for me to buy some chits or pick up my order. What? No more curried chicken? Only potato curry? Oh, well, I'm not fussy, I'll take it anyway.

Let's see how the kids' games are coming along. Kids games limited to inflated bouncing cubicle. Cars parked on the lawn where the kids' games used to be held. Should I feel guilty that I gave up organizing the games? Is it really my responsibility to keep the whole world in order? Remember Marlon in that old British cartoon? He was a kid who went about maintaining the world by dripping oil into holes in the ground? Oh, never mind, that was most likely, 'before your time'. Darn! Now I'm beginning to sound like my grandfather.

'Who is that rather large lady singing over there? She is very talented! Never seen her before. Versatile voice, impressive choreography. She has a most devoted fan, a little girl of about five. She is mesmerized by singer, mimicking her every move. Mother scoops the kid up and begins taking her away, is intercepted by a gentleman who pleads with mother to let the kid express herself. Mom relents and kid resumes her charming and totally uninhibited act.

Now, into the chamber of noise. This Galvanised tin structure is so reminiscent of Stabroek market! Enveloped in a crowd of about five hundred people, the noise of friendly voices and laughter is all embracing. Is it my imagination, or is the crowd smaller this year? So many empty seats in the sitting area! I get the sense that many people came expecting some undefined nirvana that is not materializing. Maybe I'm out of tune. Very energetic band warming up. Jharusalem? Unusual name. Seems that the music is louder but flatter than it used to be, many of the Limer people are less enthusiastic than before. Many people seem to be going through the motions of having a good time. Reminiscent of those office cocktail parties where

attendance is mandatory but its difficult to let your hair down with the boss watching.

I read somewhere that by age 40, people will have lost 40% of their taste buds and that after age 30 we lose 10,000 brain cells per day. Have I lost too many of each? Make a mental note to get a checkup.

Whatever happened to the booths that sold high school memorabilia? Not enough volunteers available to run them? Is no one interested in selling or buying those things? Oh, wait. It's coming to me now. I'm getting a message here. The Last Lap Lime has evolved. It is no longer a warm comfortable picnic. It has matured into a commercial

venture without a soul.

Perhaps, having left high school some thirty or forty years ago, our high schools are no longer what they used to be, we are no longer what we used to be, there is no longer that close familiarity between us and Guyana and its trials and tribulations and the Last Lap Lime no longer serves its original purpose.

I feel that it is time to dismember the Last Lap Lime, inspect its mission and vision. Time to examine ourselves and decide what we really want to accomplish with the lime. The management needs new blood.

*Andrew Knight*

## QC is on the Web



The Alumni Associations have a joint website maintained by the New York Chapter.

The web address is: [www.kaieteur.com/qcsite/](http://www.kaieteur.com/qcsite/)

You then click on Associations to see what is happening in the other Chapters, register with the alumni data base or browse through other topics in the menu.

Toronto's e-mail address is: [qcaa@interlog.com](mailto:qcaa@interlog.com)

Our official mailing address is: P.O. Box 312, West Hill Ontario M1E 4R8

## BIG GUN

Charlie was in court answering charges of stealing a rifle. Here is how it went:

**Judge:** How do you plead, Charlie?

**Charlie:** Not guilty, Your Honor.

**Judge:** How did you come by this rifle, Charlie?

**Charlie:** Your Honor, I had this rifle since it was a lil', lil' pistol!

**Judge:** Well, in that case, Charlie, I will have to send you Mazaruni prison (maximum security prison in Guyana) 'till it grow into a big, big cannon!

## Father's Day Brunch

On Sunday, June 10 we had this year's Father's Day Brunch. These occasions are not least an opportunity to meet and greet friends we might otherwise give up as lost. Many of us look forward to that, almost all of the time. The food was up to Mr. Headley's customary standard, tasty and belly-full. Once full, we moved to the cultural segment of the program.

We were fortunate to have Ms. Sandra Whiting, Caribbean storyteller, who had not met a relatively undiluted, if polluted, Guyanese audience before, but who quickly found her narrative length, while exploding very nicely from time to time with well placed shots at our QC-vanity. But we can take it, took, and would love to have Sandra return, get to know us better and dish it out some more.

The interlude of Indian dancing was contributed by a youthful Miss Misir, daughter of our own Amernath. Her youth notwithstanding, her performance combined the catchier pace preferred by film-going and West Indian audiences with Fleeting references to classical origins: martial poses, leg outstretched with heel on the ground and eyes following hand movements.

We have reached a stage in the Association's life where Conrad cannot refuse a place on any program of entertainment we put together, not if he does not want to disappoint females members, who can still listen, become entranced and REMEMBER. You see, on the program Conrad is usually down to do two or three sets of golden oldies. What he really does is recapture cochoire (see Allsopp, 1996) practiced by enthusiastic young men seeking to play life-affirming situations with young women offering decidedly tepid encouragement. Now, that transcends the Platters, the Drifters and Percy Sledge.

No Brunch would be complete without the Filipino/Hawaiian segment featuring the most expressive waists in the program, and almost disreputably torrid athleticism. This year the young ladies were on their own and must have missed cock-bottomed undulations (see Allsopp, 1996) from a certain member of the hall of ex-presidents.

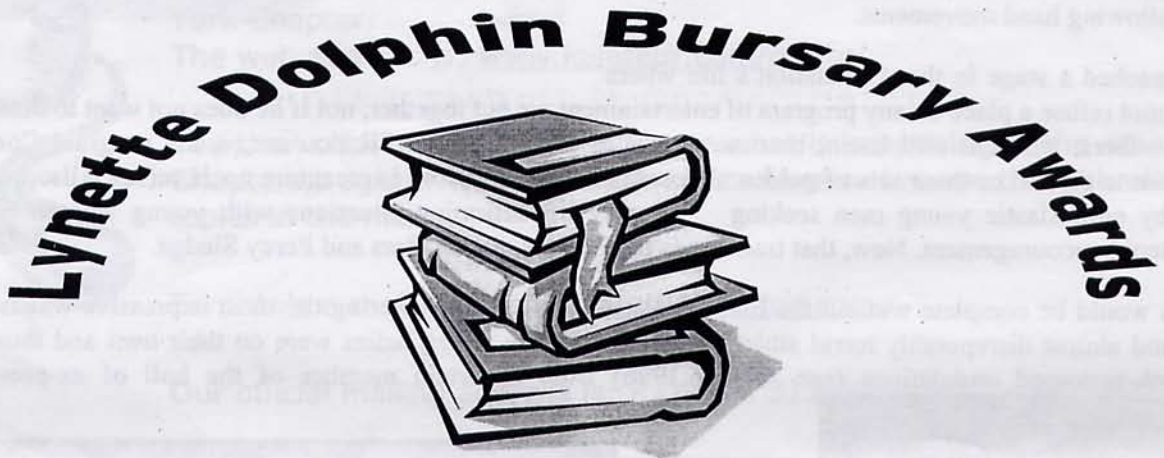


*Filipino / Hawaiian Dancers*

# Upcoming Events



- ◆ Once again in collaboration with Bishop's High School Alumni Association we will be hosting the Twelfth Night Dance in January 2002.
- ◆ Our annual Appreciation Evening will be held in February 2002. This is the time we can show our appreciation for people and organizations who have made positive contributions to our organization.
- ◆ Annual Literary Evening, a time to examine and savour our Caribbean as well as other writers. This also takes place in February. The actual dates for these two items will be announced at a later date.



The successful applicants for the year 2001 Lynette Dolphin Bursary award are Ms, Emma Alleyne and Mr. Patrick Bhola.

Emma has been accepted by McMaster University and will be pursuing studies for with the ultimate goal of qualification as a Psychiatrist, Patrick has been accepted at the University of Toronto with the intention of becoming an Engineer. We wish them both success in their chosen field.

We wish to bring to you, the readers, our concern regarding the low level of participation by your children in these bursaries. If you have children who are planning to attend post High School education, please make them aware of these bursaries, and ensure that they apply.

**QUEEN'S COLLEGE OF GUYANA  
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION TORONTO**

c/o Arthur Henery 104 Willowridge Rd Toronto, Ontario M9R 3Z4 Canada

Under the distinguished patronage of  
the Prime Minister of Guyana The Honourable Samuel A. Hinds  
presents

**10th Anniversary International Reunion  
&  
FUNDRAISING DINNER DANCE**

Saturday September 29th, 2001  
Inn on the Park Hotel, Eglinton Ave. & Leslie St.  
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

**\$75.00 PER PERSON**

**Cocktails: 6.00 pm - 7.30pm**

**Dinner: 7.30pm - 9.30pm**

**Entertainment: *Hawaiian Dance Troupe***

**Music by: *Triple Play & DJ Bake***

**Complimentary Photographs of Attendees**

**FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CONTACT:**

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Complete and return this section together with a cheque made payable to: Queens College of Guyana Alumni Association or VISA / Mastercard information to the above address

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ # of tickets: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Province / State \_\_\_\_\_

Postal / Zip Code \_\_\_\_\_ Telephone: \_\_\_\_\_

Cheque  VISA  Master Card # \_\_\_\_\_ Expiry Date: \_\_\_\_\_

## Early Memories of Barbados

The Cable and Wireless Manager, a rather 'chubby' and red-faced Englishman, gave me along with Johnny Terrill a test. I really cannot at this time remember what sort of test it was, but anyway after a week, it was off to Barbados for training to become a Cable and Wireless Operator.

If my memory serves me correctly, it was late August or very early September 1952, I left Atkinson Airfield at about 5 p.m. on a Viscount aircraft flown by B.W.I.A.

This was my very first opportunity at flying, and having a window seat right next to the wing proved to be quite educative. I noticed that the wings tended to move up and down. Curious, I asked a gentleman sitting next to me if this movement had any negative significance, he said "only if a little old lady was sitting there, because such movement tended to create anxiety for them." He then went on to explain that such movement was standard on viscount aircraft and I should not concern myself unduly. My mind found this advice a relief and I could thereafter sit back and enjoy the flight.

As we approached Barbados, I looked out and saw the beautiful pink/white sandy beaches and the brilliant aquamarine sea and I was smitten. It was all I could do to keep myself from running straight to the sea.

I had been told in Georgetown that a reservation had been made for me at a Guest House in Hastings, so I got a taxi and started out for Hastings. Very soon after we left the airport, we arrived at fishing village called Oistins and the traffic ground to a halt for some unknown reason. There seemed to be a lot excited loud talking going on around where the taxi had stopped, none of which I seemed able to understand. Then I made a classic error, I said to the driver "What language do you speak here?" He turned, looked at me with disgust and informed me that "we speaks English here!" I did not ask any more questions until we arrived at the Guest House in Hastings.

On entering the Hastings guest house, I felt uneasy since there were no other Cable and Wireless trainees there. After a little discussion I found out that the majority of trainees were at Silver Beach Guest House in Rockley, which I had actually passed before arriving at Hastings.

One of the boys at Silver Beach Guest House at Rockley, was a schoolmate of mine, John Eyre, so I telephoned over there and he offered to come and get me as Mrs. Talma (the proprietor) was willing to have me. So he rode his bike over and I was soon settled in a large

room with John.

At Mrs. Talma Silver Beach Guest House there were about 5 other boys from various islands, 1 Trinidadian, 1 Vincentian, 2 Kittisians and one from St. Lucia, this group melded very well with us two Guyanese, and we had the beautiful Rockley Beach at our backdoor, I felt I had died and gone to heaven.

The basic routine at this time was school Monday to Friday 8.30 a.m. to 3.30 p.m., with a lunch break. We had to learn the Morse code, how to transmit on a wireless key, a cable key and of course we had to learn to type. Included in our group at school were fellow Guyanese John Joaquin and Johnny Terrill. We were tested every 3 or 4 weeks to ensure that we were learning, retaining and improving what for most was a foreign language. Somehow we survived.

Mrs. Talma assumed the power of a "Mother" and did her very best to keep us on the straight and narrow, but we sometimes broke out and she would bring us "to heel" in short order. It was as if I had never left home. With her delightful "Bajan" accent I could forgive her just about anything. Truth is she was a darling woman who truly cared for us.

Soon we had finished our training and were assigned to work at either the Cable Station at St. Lawrence Gap or the Wireless station in the country.

I was sent to the Cable station at St Lawrence and told to report to the on-duty Supervisor Mr. Edward Stoute for 7 a.m.

I arrived at the station at about 6.45 a.m. and after a short time a tall man about 6'3" and weighting over 200 lbs. appeared. He was stout of name and figure.

I walked up to him and said "Good Morning Sir, my name is Arthur Henery, I'm from British Guyana, what circuit should I take?"

He looked me and said "Son, you see that clock on the wall. It says 6.45, and I've been on duty here since 11 p.m. last night, and as far as I'm concerned you can take all the f.....g circuits and stuff them up your ass!"

I could not resist laughing, I had never imagined someone in authority talking like this. He looked at me chuckled and said "Okay, you have a sense of humour, you'll do alright here, go take the Georgetown circuit"

This was my baptism into the Cable and Wireless workplace. Looking back over all my life these years, were some of the happiest years.

*Arthur Henery*