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St. STANISLAUS MAGAZINE

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General Editor:
Business Manager:
Assistant Editor:

B. SCANNELL, S.J.
J. DE FREITAS
CLAUDE A. VIEIRA.

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Mr. C. C. De Freitas - President of the Association

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FOREWORD

Time certainly flies and this is increasingly evident as one grows older. On reflection I find it hard to realise that ten years have elapsed since I first served as President of the Association in the year 1945. The St. Stanislaus College Association was then but three years old. Since its inception in 1942 its fortunes have varied but little; whereas at the outset I had envisaged a more virile organisation, increasing in strength from year to year. However, during the past year it is pleasing to record an increased interest in the affairs of the Association coupled with an appreciable influx of new Members. Yet, there should be far more enthusiasm and support of the Association, particularly by young Members. Every boy on leaving St. Stanislaus should join the Association and thus maintain that very valuable link with his College of which he should be justly proud. Further, the Association has so much to offer through the medium of its Literary and Debating Group and Activities Committee. I would urge the young Members in particular to take pride in their Association and support it in fuller measure; take part in all its activities and you will certainly benefit from them.

It is gratifying to observe that Government now recognises the true value of St. Stanislaus College and the great part it is playing in our community. The increased Government grant in 1955 is greatly appreciated and will assist in a substantial way to maintain the high standards which the College has attained over the years. This is a wise investment on the part of Government.

The Magazine has grown in size and quality over the years. A special debt of gratitude is due to our General Editor, Rev. B. Scannell, S.J., for the magnificent job he has been doing so well. I must also thank our Business Manager, Mr. Jerome de Freitas, and all those who have done their 'bit' in contributing the many fine articles contained herein.

C.C. DE FREITAS.

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EDITORIAL

THANKS

Before thanking those who have contributed articles to this number of the Magazine, I wish to thank those who have obtained the advertisements; without the advertisements the Magazine would have to be sold at \$1.50 just to cover expenses. I also wish to thank Mr. Claude Vieira, the Assistant Editor, who has done the bulk of the donkey work necessary to produce the Magazine.

To those who have advertised in our Magazine; to those who have contributed to the Magazine; to the Argosy, who have kindly lent us blocks for some of the photos; and especially to the Daily Chronicle who have printed the Magazine, we wish to express our sincere thanks.

The Magazine is produced by the St. Stanislaus Association; to the President and his Committee of Management we say "many thanks".

OVERSEAS MEMBERS

To all overseas Members we send greetings. There could be and should be many more overseas Members, and most interesting articles they could send us if only they would summon up enough energy to write. Failing that, at least they could send us news; news of themselves and news of other St. Stanislaus boys they have met; they might even rope in more overseas Members. The subscription is only \$1.50(B.G.!) a year and it entitles them to receive a copy of the Magazine.

This school year (1954-1955) the Valette List shows a bevy of potential overseas members. The four Bookers' Scholarship candidates are F.T. De Abreu and D. Perreira in U.K.; O. De Haan and G. Menezes in Trinidad - we know they will return to work in and for B.G. We hope some of the others will also come back.

THE GRANT

Thanks to the work of His Lordship when he was Superior of the Mission, the grant of \$5,000 a year obtained by Mr. John Fernandes has been raised to \$20,000 a year. It is no longer true that any boy from Form 5 entering a bank begins at a higher salary than his masters were getting; the salaries of all those who have been with us since 1949 have more than doubled, but so has the cost of living.

Because of the grant, the Association no longer has to guarantee to wipe out the annual deficit. In fact we did not have "Wonderland" this year because it would have clashed with the excellent work of the Catholic Trade Fair.

The debt on the New Wing is still \$12,000. Until that is substantially reduced or completely wiped out, there is no hope of further expansion. The annual grant is for running expenses and not for capital expenses. So, please, do everything to promote our Christmas Raffle.

ORDINARY AND COUNTRY MEMBERS

Apart from its various social functions and they have been frequent this year, the Association has at present three scholarships. This means that the Association must pay \$270.00 a year. This money comes from the subscriptions of the ordinary and country members.

It is essential that there should be a good number of financial members. Every boy who leaves from Form 5 or from Form 6 ought to become an "associate" member (50 cents a half year for 3 years). Many do; but not all associate members become ordinary members (\$5.00 a year) or country members (\$2.50) when the three years are over.

If we had enough members the Association could give a scholarship every year, instead of every second year. So turn to the list of Members; try and find one or two of your own school-year who are not members, and then persuade them to become members.

MOUNT ST. BENEDICT'S

During August we had a visit from Mount St. Benedict's. Details and photos appear in the Magazine. It was a very pleasant visit. Our special thanks to the Mercy Sisters who catered for the boys at "Stella Maris"; to the parents of the B.G. Mount boys who organised transport, entertainments etc. and to the Association which helped in many ways.

They hope to see us in Trinidad on a return visit. We hope that we will be able to accept the invitation in the not too distant future.

B.S., S.J.

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ST. STANISLAUS COLLEGE ASSOCIATION COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT

President: C. DE FREITAS.
Vice-Presidents: J. D'OLIVEIRA & J. FERNANDES, SNR
Hony. Secretary: D. THOMPSON.
Hony. Asst. Secretary: D. PASEA.
Hony. Treasurer: J. FERNANDES, JNR.

Members:

J. DE FREITAS	N. DE FREITAS.
S. A. MARQUES.	E.N. GOMES.
J. MAHANGAR	M.I.R. CHEE-A-TOW

Ex-officio Members:

REV. FR. B. SCANNELL, S.J. (Principal of the College).
REV. FR. T. LYNCH, S.J. (Games Master of the College).

SUB-COMMITTEES

COLLEGE AID:

Main Committee en bloc with JOHN FERNANDES SNR (Chairman)

ACTIVITIES:

C. C. DE FREITAS (Chairman), D. PASEA (Secretary), REV. FR. B. SCANNELL, S.J., REV. FR. T. LYNCH, S.J., J. FERNANDES, JNR., I. CHEE.-A-Tow, S. A. MARQUES, J. D'OLIVEIRA, J. DE FREITAS, J. MAHANGER, J. FERNANDES, D. THOMPSON, E. H. GOMES.

LITERARY & DEBATING GROUP:

J. D'OLIVEIRA, (Chairman), W. MURRAY (Secretary), REV. FR. S. BOASE, S.J., J. FERNANDES, SNR., C. A. VIEIRA.

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LIST OF MEMBERS

HONORARY MEMBERS

His Lordship Bishop Richard Lester Guilly, S.J.

His Lordship Bishop G. Weld, S.J.	Rev. Fr. F. Edgecombe, S.J.	Rev. Fr. E. Moriarty, S.F.M.
Rev. Fr. R. Adamson, S.J.	Rev. Fr. A. Ellis, S.J.	Rev. Fr. J. Moriarty, S.F.M.
Rev. Fr. M. Raymond-Barker, S.J.	Rev. Fr. O. Earle, S. J.	Rev. Fr. J. Morrison, S.J.
Rev. Fr. S. Boase, S.J.	Rev. Fr. F. C. Fenn, S.J.	Rev. Fr. A. Marques, S.J.
Rev. Fr. P. Britt-Compton, S.J.	Rev. Fr. H. Feeny, S.J.	Rev. Fr. H. Mather, S.J.
Rev. Fr. B. Brown, S.J..	Rev. Fr. A. Gill, S.J.	Rev. Fr. B. McKenna, S.J.
Rev. Fr. J. Byrne, S.J.	Rev. Fr. J. Goodwin, S.J.	Rev. Fr. T. O'Brien, S.J.
Rev. Fr. W. Banham, S.J.	Rev. Fr. H. Hale, S.J.	Rev. Fr. T. Pearson, S.J.
Rev. Fr. L. Buckley, S.J.	Rev. Fr. L. Kearney, S.J.	Rev. Fr. G. Payne, S.J.
Rev. Fr. R. Bulbeck, S.J.	Rev. Fr. W. Keary, S.J.	Rev. Fr. A. Parkinson, S.J.
Rev. Fr. G. Cooney, S.J.	Rev. Fr. B. Kirby, S.F.M.	Rev. Fr. J. Quigley, S.J.
Rev. Fr. G. Crimp, S.J.	Rev. Fr. J. King, S.J.	Rev. Fr. B. Scannell, S.J.
Rev. Fr. R. Dea, S.J.	Rev. Fr. T. Lynch, S.J.	Rev. Fr. F. Smith, S.J.
Rev. Fr. E. Da Silva	Rev. Fr. P. McCaffrey, S.J.	Rev. Fr. T. Sumner, S.J.
Rev. Fr. H. de Caires, S.J.	Rev. Fr. K. MacAuley, S.F.M.	Rev. Fr. F. Shorrocks, S.J.
Rev. Fr. J. Dinley, S.J.	Rev. Fr. A. MacIntosh, S.F.M.	Rev. Fr. F. Thornley, S.F.M.
	Rev. Fr. J. McNamara, S.F.M.	Rev. Fr. G. Wilson-Browne, S.J.

ORDINARY MEMBERS

Abraham, A. A. Jnr.	Caetano, E.	Correia, A. B.
Andrade, H.	Caldeira, F. J.	Correia, C. A.
Affonso, S.	Camacho, G. Snr	Correia, L.
Alleyne, J. A.	Camacho, G. Jnr.	Collins, M. F.
Bacchus, J.	Camacho, O.	Corsbie, I. D.
Bacchus, M.	Camacho, F.	De Caires, A. B.
Belgrave, A.	Camacho, M. V.	De Caires, S.
Belgrave, D.	Chan-A-Sue, E. Snr.	De Caires, F. I.
Belgrave, W. T.	Chan-A-Sue, E. Jnr.	De Caires, C. F.
Brazao, F. P.	Chapman, C. G.	De Castro, A.
Boyd, G. A.	Charan, V. Jnr	Derrell, D. J.
Barcellos, J.	Charan, V. Snr.	Driffield, P.
Barcellos, N.	Chaves, A. F.	Da Silva, C. H.
Bayley, H. P.	Chaves, S.	Da Silva, C. C.
Butler, V.	Cheddie, M.	Da Silva, E. T.
Bettencourt-Gomes, C.	Chee-A-Tow, I. R	Da Silva, H.
Brandt, D.	Chee-A-Tow, M	Da Silva, M.
Blair, S. J.	.	

ORDINARY MEMBERS cont'd

Da Cambra, J.	Gonsalves, J. B.	Marques, S. A.
D'Aguiar, H. C.	Gonsalves, J. D.	Marques, F.
De Freitas, C. C.	Gonsalves, V.	Mendonca, A. S.
De Freitas, Jerome	Gonsalves, J. Da Cruz	Martins, J.
De Freitas, J. E.	Gonsalves, C.	Martins, P.
De Freitas, J.	Gonsalves, S. I.	Martins, S. I.
De Freitas, A.	Gaspar, J.	Mahangar, J.
De Freitas, H. W.	Giles, A.	Mekdeci, S. M.
De Corum, R.	Gibson, O.	Mendes, F.
De Freitas, D. C.	Glasgow, C.	Nedd, E.
De Freitas, R. G.	Golbarly, D. H.	Outridge, A. S.
De Freitas, John	Gomes, A.	Psaila, S.
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De Sousa, A. J., Jnr.	Gomes, C.	Pestano, C.
David, H.	Gomes, E.	Pasea, D.
D'Andrade, V.	Gomes, Ed.	Pires, J. A.
D'Andrade, W. M.	Gomes, L.	Quan, L.C. A.
D'Andrade, A. S.	Gomes, N. E. S.	Ramalho, D. G.
D'Oliveira, Jos.	Gomes, S.	Rix, A.
Dos Santos, M.	Gorinsky, C.	Rawlins, J. L.
De Groot, P.	Gouveia, G.	Rego, R.
Dias, F. I.	Gouveia, L.	Rodrigues, W.
De Abreu, F. I.	Gouveia, U.	Roza, F.
De Abreu, J. M.	Greene, T. A.	Reid, J. A.
Da Costa, F. X	Harrison, W	Steele, H. L.
Dennison, J. T.	Husbands, W. A.	Singh, M. F
Evelyn, E. S.	Henriques, V.	Singh, A.
Ellis, F.	Henriques, Ig.	Singh, C. F.
Ezechiel, F.	Hazlewood, J. E.	Singh, J. R.
Ezechiel, A.	Hazlewood, A. D.	Scantlebury, V.
Edwards, E.	Hill, R.	Teixeira, J. A. Snr.
Edwards, I.	Humphrey, C.	Thompson, D.
Fernandes, John Snr,	Hugh, R. S.	Vasconcellos, J. H.
Fernandes, John Jnr.	Jardine, E.	Vincent, J.
Fernandes, B. A.	Jekir, L. M.	Vieira, F.
Fernandes, Jose	Jowahir, D.	Vieira, F. S.
Fereira, D.	King, J. A.	Vieira, C.
Faria, D. L.	King, E. B.	Veerawamy, J. A.
Fitt, C.	Kidman, D. V.	Vallidum, E.
J. Fletcher J. A.	Knights, B.	Wight, C. V., C.B.E.
Francis, M.	Lopes, R. S.	Wight, N.
Farnum, C. W.	Lampkin, V.	Yhap, C.

LIFE MEMBERS

Belgrave, W.T. Gomes, C. Gomes, E.	Gomes, Major A Seymour, S. I.
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COUNTRY MEMBERS

Bacchus, N. Chan-A-Sue, E. Snr. Chan-A-Sue, E. Jnr. De Castro, A. Derrell, D. J. Driffield, P. Da Silva, E.T. De Goeas, A. Da Cambra, S.	Gorinsky, C. Goorbarry, D.H. Greene, T.A. Jekir, L. M. Kwok, B. Mendonca, M. J. Melville, E. Miranda, F. Ng, H.	Persaud, J. Perreira, J.I. Perreira, D.L. Paul, F. I. Ramraj, R. Williams, F.R. Yhap, V.R.
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OVERSEAS MEMBER

Searwar, J.

ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Camacho, M. Campayne, L. Correia, L. P. Chamakoon, J. Chee-A-Tow, I. R. Da Silva, J. Da Silva, I. Driffield, A. Fernandes, P. Gittens, L. Gomes, G. Gomes, J.C. Gomes, J.S.	Gunby, C. Gouveia, M. Hawkins, B. Henriques, C. Henry, S. Jardim, J. Martins, D. Mendonca, I. Miller, N. C. Moonsammy, S. Nascimento, I. Nichols, R.	Pancham, S. Persaud, G. Phillipe, M. Quail, C. A. Jnr. Quail, J. A. Rambarran, C. V. Rosemay, V. Spence, R. Stayers, C. Vieira, V. Vieira, D. Veerapen, G.
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Report of the Committee of Management of the St. Stanislaus College Association for the period of January, 1954, to 31st December, 1954.

MEMBERSHIP

The total membership of the Association at the close of 1954 was 381, comprising 5 Life Members, 257 Ordinary Members, 51 Honorary Members, 19 Country Members, 36 Associate Members, and 13 Overseas Members.

ACTIVITIES

Once again a stag Social was held at the conclusion of the Annual General Meeting in February, and the attendance was good. The other activities for the year were: three film shows, a mixed Social and film show and the Annual Dinner. The mixed Social was a new feature. Married members were invited to bring their wives, and the response was indeed gratifying. The dinner was held at the Parochial Hall and was presided over by His Lordship Bishop R. L. Guilly, S.J., O.B.E. This was the last activity for the year.

COLLEGE AID

Donations received during the year for the Building Fund amounted to \$81.73. There was no raffle this year, but instead the Association and the Lay Staff ran a very successful Teen-age Bingo Drive. This realised \$1675.00 which helped defray the building costs of the top flat.

COLLEGE DEFICIT

During the year, heavy expenses were incurred in rebuilding the old Laboratory and the old Physics Room into a new set of Class Rooms. This resulted in a deficit of just over \$2,100.00. However, now that the College is to receive an increased Government Grant, there must be no deficit in the future. The debt on the new wing is \$12,300.00.

LITERARY AND DEBATING GROUP

Four Debates and a Quiz were held during the year. The debates and their results were as follows:

- 1) That this House believes that what British Guiana needs today is more Economics and less Politics. (Carried 19 - 9).
- 2) That this House believes that the land reclaimed from the Lamaha Canal can be put to a more useful purpose than being made into an avenue. (Carried 7 - 4).
- 3) That this House believes that the present Jury system in British Guiana should be abolished. (Defeated 8 - 15).
- 4) That this House believes that there is no necessary connection between age and wisdom. (Defeated by large majority).

These results indicate one significant feature: the sparse attendance of members, despite the fact that notices were sent out on each occasion. The largest number present on anyone night was 28. The last debate was attended by about 50 College boys and this accounts for the majority vote. Even an attempt to change the night from Friday to Thursday in order to attract more members proved futile. However, the standard of the debates was fairly good, and there was no dearth of speakers taking the floor.

MAGAZINE

The magazine once more made its appearance in time for the dinner in spite of the fact that Fr. Scannell, the General Editor, did not return to the Colony until the 30th October. Instead, Fr. Lynch and Mr. Vieira did most of the editing, while the Committee spearheaded by Mr. Jerome De Freitas looked after the advertisements. The magazine itself was considerably brightened this year by the inclusion of several photographs including those of Archbishop Raimondi, Papal Nuncio to Haiti, and Bishop Guilly, Vicar Apostolic of British Guiana and Barbados.

GENERAL

On the whole, it was a good year for the Association; but the perennial bugbear of arrears of subscriptions is still with us. Moreover, the attempt to secure the services of another collector has so far proved fruitless. However, we have had good news at year's end. The College is to get a substantial increase in the Annual Government Grant. This would tend to make the Association concentrate less on raising money for College Aid, and more on the important task of maintaining the bond of fellowship among the Old Boys and strengthening the ties that bind them to their Alma Mater.

Finally, this review would not be complete without reference to the appointment of Fr. F. Smith, S.J., former Principal of the College, to be Superior of the Society of Jesus in British Guiana and Barbados in succession to Bishop R. L. Guilly, S.J., who was consecrated during the year. To Fr. Smith and Bishop Guilly we offer our congratulations and best wishes; and even as the present Bishop was responsible for the new wing, Bishop G. Weld, S.J., was responsible for the building of the old College. We wish His Lordship every happiness in his retirement.

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I'M AFRAID OF THE BIG TOWN

By CLAUDE VIEIRA

I have always considered myself a "small-town" chap. You know the feeling I'm sure: a feeling of smug complacency (this is superciliously described as settling into a rut), a feeling of satisfaction with life generally, satisfaction with an easy-going existence in an easy-going land.

In my constant mood of laissez-faire (call it sloth if you will, I hardly care tuppence), I am so grateful for a lot that has placed me in this slow-moving, slow acting (oftimes slow-thinking) country of mine. It's a delightful place in which to live, this sunny, rainy, seasonless, hurricane-free garden (replete with horticultural gems as well as its full share of herbs and grasses and weeds and thorns)- a refuge marred only by the inevitable curse of the small town to wit, the relentless, almost frantic, onslaught on individual privacy by the vast army of "without..sinners" designed to correct the social and moral transgressions that exist only in their own vividly fertile imaginations. Poor people with so little else to do!

But back to context! This small-town chap who loves his Small Town went to the Big Town, where everybody minds his own business and doesn't give a tinker's dam about the activities or problems of his neighbours in the same apartment house. And was he scared! You bet your life he was. He was really afraid of life in the metropolis.

The place itself is an education. A contradiction in terms, it combines artistic enlightening beauty with drab degrading ugliness. Witness the incomparable thrill of Coney Island by night (see the fireworks from the Boardwalk of a Tuesday) rivalled only by the lights of Broadway (The Great White Way), a night at Radio City Music Hall (the showplace of the Nation). Quite a contrast to the Bower with its ugly elevated (now happily being torn down), the side streets of Harlem and the "Village." The visitor is made to gasp constantly in amazement at the product of architectural and engineering wizardry. The scene in the Big Town is a source of wonder to the uninitiated.

But life in the Big Town is fearful. Crime and vice apart, it takes some readjustment to fit into the pattern of activities. With my customary languor I was quite bewildered by the maelstrom of movement. There seemed absolutely no opportunity for "the forty winks" so dear to my heart. You simply have to be on the go. You are pushed into the slipstream and you take the air pockets and bumps as of necessity.

On your way to work, you join the human assembly line, jostling, pushing, crowding into the nerve-racking grimy subway that bounces its way through tunnels under the city and under the rivers. You are pushed out of the train along the street, into your workplace, out of your workplace, into the cafeteria, out again, in again, out with the five o'clock whistle, carried along on the rush-hour tide for the hour-long (at least) journey home (you're not living "around the corner" you know, as in Georgetown), until it suddenly strikes you that you are no longer being

herded along with other human cattle. You're on your own, dragging your weary bones up steep flights of steps to your apartment, or (if you're lucky) instinctively pressing the button of the lift to take you up to your floor.

Then comes the hopeless task of putting together the pieces of jumbled family activities for the day in an atmosphere of house-cleaning (you're not that wealthy to afford hired help you know), washing, cooking, eating, television, the kids (you get them off to bed, it seems, before you've hardly had time to say hello), and you've had a normal, easy American day, a day in which family life has been pushed completely into the background by the perpetual struggle for existence in a soulless Society. And still I say crime and vice apart.

Of this I am afraid. Let the intrepid wanderer through life clamour for this life of excitement. Let him lose his identity in the throng of the prosperous in this land of opportunity.

True a man survives there because of his personal fitness; true there is none of B.G.'s false pride in regarding certain types of jobs as infra dig; true a man's a man be he janitor, garbage collector or waiter, teacher, civil servant or banker.

All this I concede. But greater far than this is a life of security and comradeship in this pretty little, quaint little land with its funny position, funny composition, funny little villages and funny little streets, funny big politics and funny little demonstrations.

For this is "my own, my native land," under my flag, under my Queen.

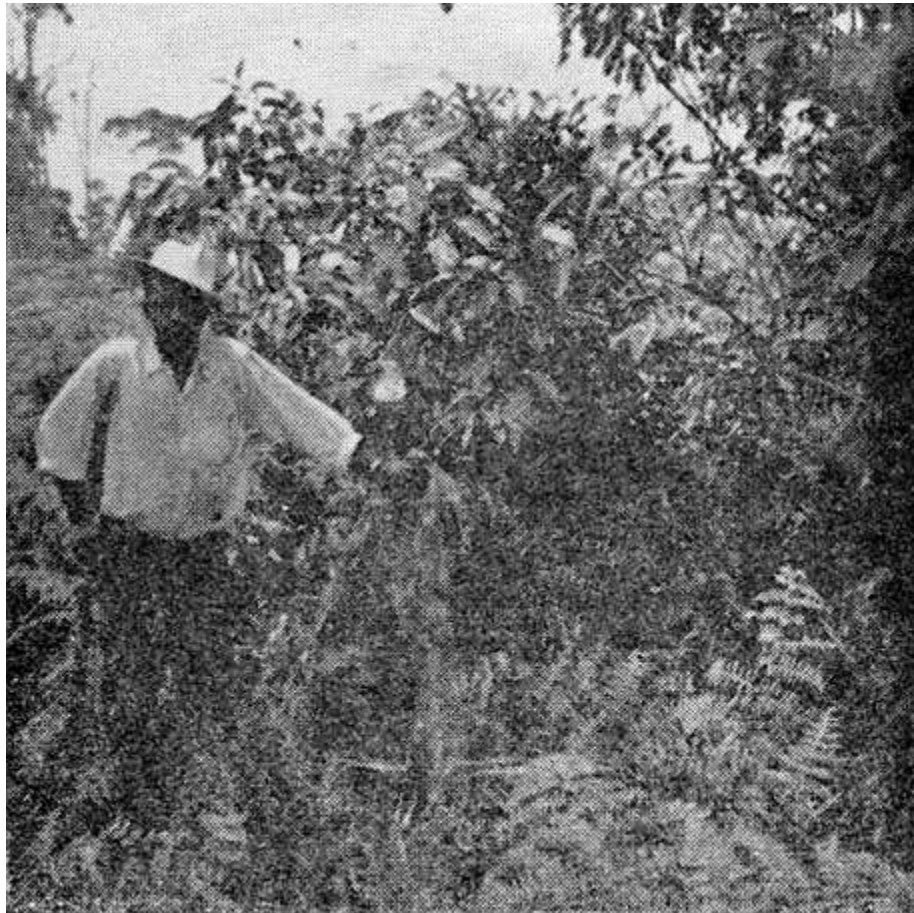
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SOME RORAIMA EXPERIENCES

We were six sitting around the table at Kamarang Guest House having a comfortable supper that April evening this year, each thinking, I suppose of the part he was going to play in this attempt to reach the summit of Roraima. They were Mr. H. S. Irwin (who organized and led the party), Mr. E. A. Mason, Mr. R. D. Rock, and Mr. Chunilall, of Queen's College, Mr. E. N. Rickford, an adventure-loving young man, and myself, the humble representative from St. Stanislaus.

Little did I know that it was going to be a journey through the rivers and jungles of B.G. and Brazil, across waterfalls, through swift streams. and across the parched Venezuelan savannahs up to cold Roraima.

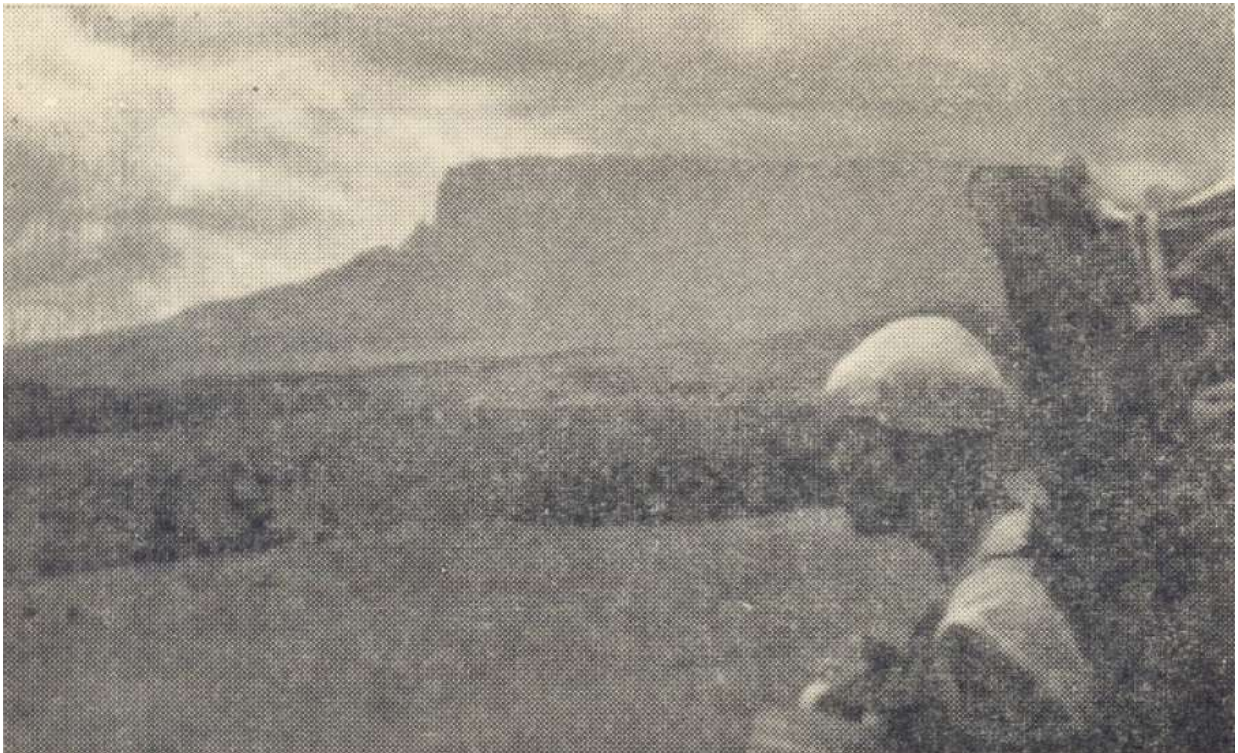
On the morning of the 13th, bidding goodbye to our hostess Mrs. Seggar, we started our 3-day boat journey up the silent Mazaruni, the swift Kako and the tree-strewn Arabaru rivers. Each evening we would pull up by the bank, and straight way the Indians would be busy clearing a spot with their sharp and prized cutlasses, making Our fire, and fetching water, while we would try to combat the rain, mosquitoes, hornets, and leaking tents.



Yours Truly at the Brazilian-Venezuelian Boundary

We were glad to get out of the cramped confines of the boat at Amigoi Landing, which was going to be the start of the long, long, trek to the mountain. I was surprised to see the size of our pile of botanical equipment, provisions and personal luggage, and I doubted the droghers (14 in number) ability to carry these; In the morning however these doubts were quickly dispelled. They divided the luggage, and each man strapped his load on to his wareshi (the basket-like arrangement on their back) by the aid of the very useful maho bark. In some cases the load was so heavy that each man had to be helped to his feet by another. Once, however, he got into that characteristic bending position, the drogher would set off through the forest trail at a kind of jog trot, which he would keep up for hours. Mr. Rickford ("Rick") had decided to fetch all his personal equipment, and there he was in the vanguard, his wareshi on his back.

The next few days followed a pattern: we would strike camp at about eight, set off through the damp and narrow trail, across streams, through incredibly large swamps, up slippery slopes, stop at midday for a few biscuits, and walk again until about six. And all the time it rained incessantly. Huge, stinging drops. We got so used to this rain that we would eat, talk and even take short naps in it. Each day was tougher than the preceding, but few can beat the night (Monday 18th) we camped on the B.G.-Brazil boundary high above the clouds.



RORAIMA

This part of the boundary is the summit of a very steep mountain, a mountain covered by superficial deposits of red lateritic clay. The rain had started earlier than usual, and was already rattling through the trees when we left Waiek. The clay was slippery and treacherous, the slope was steep, the footholds were pools of mud. Each

step had to be studied, for one false step would mean crashing down into the yawning valley to our right, or tumbling headlong down, down, downward to lie prone against any of the huge trees, that rise like dripping sentinels on the slope.

When we literally dragged our aching limbs to the top we decided to camp although it was only 4. But search as we would we could not find a dry spat. We decided to camp in the swampy ground actually between the boundary stones. The few Indians that had come up got busy, clearing a spat, and piling leaves on the marshy ground. We turned to cook. But to our dismay we found that the Indians who were carrying the ground sheet, the pots and the food were not among those present. We guessed (and correctly so) that they, starting from Waiek several hours after us, had been caught at the foot of the mountain by the rain, thunder and darkness, and had decided to make camp there. Indeed we had all the botanical equipment, but no food! We borrowed an incredibly small pot from an Indian, and, dipping water from a dirty pool same distance away, we cooked some oats, and ate it in batches with the one spoon that I happened to have on me. And to, add to the fun the rain started afresh. When sleeping time came Mr. Irwin, Mr. Mason and Mr. Chunilall put up their cots (which were soaked) while Mr. Rack ("Rock"), Rick and myself, too weary to care, threw ourselves on the muddy leaves.

Next day we camped on the banks of the Kwating or Cotinga - one of the headwaters of the Rio Branco. An entry from my diary reads "Falling tree nearly killed Rick and me today." It happened that on that day - the 19th Rick and I had lagged behind the party, having lost the trail for about a quarter-haul. When we finally found the trail we stopped to have some biscuits and jam from Rick's wareshi. In the midst of the meal, I heard a loud explosion. I was baffled, but Rick, knowing the forest, scrambled to his feet shouting. .

"Good Lord, Cummings, a tree's falling!" I was petrified. I tried to get up but couldn't. Dimly it crossed my mind that when a huge tree falls, it brings down as many as six with it, and, as the cracking, breaking noise was coming from all around us we could not run or tell the direction of its fall. We were like that for several seconds - Rick half-crouching, staring into the trees above, and myself, sitting with a forgotten biscuit in my mouth. Then we felt the earth tremble, and heard a loud boom to our left. The tree had fallen about 30 yards away! I wiped my forehead and my glasses. Both were covered with large globules of plain, honest-to-goodness cold sweat!

The next few days were ordinary ones. We emerged from the forests into the Venezuelan savannahs - the Gran Savannah. From the wet dark forest, to the blazing sun and dry parched ground of the savannahs.

Friday 22nd and Saturday 23rd were eventful days for me. I had the novel and, I hope, never-to-be-repeated experience of inadvertently straying from the party in these same infertile savannahs, with only my camera and water-canteen.

On that Friday we had stopped at about 11 o'clock beneath a small tree on the bulwarks of one of those streams that cascade off Roraima and flow southward. At about 11.30 Rock and Rick and two Indians (who, by the way, were mere boys, and on their first trip as droghers) set off along the single trail, I following them at about 11.45. Now these are rolling savannahs and a man a little distance behind would not see his companions for long stretches of time because of the hilly nature of the terrain.

I wandered on taking pictures, making sketches, and collecting rock specimens until about one o'clock. Then, on the crest of a hill, I stopped, looked around and realized that in as far as the eye could see I was the only person around. This however, did not trouble me as I thought that the main party was but a short distance behind and would soon catch up.



CROSSING THE ARABOPO FALLS

Very shortly I came upon a fork. One trail (to the right) looked unused and petered out after a couple of yards. The other looked used, and I could see it winding up and around the hillocks. Moreover, I saw a few of Rick's bootmarks in the loose sand in the latter trail, and so I took it without the slightest qualms. I walked on for about an hour when I saw on my left, some distance off the trail, a rather wide valley, with a small misfit stream on its floor. Leaving the trail I went down into the valley examining the remarkable earth pillars and rocks, and maintaining what I thought to be a path parallel to the main track.

I was so engrossed in my little attempt to study this valley, that it was about 5 when I tried to, get back on the trail. Tried is the word, for I could not find the trail. I resolved to be calm. I followed the stream again to find the point where I had first joined it. But, (you guessed it) I could not find that point. Again I resolved to be calm, but I must confess that I was far from that state. Using the sinking sun as my guide, I struck across the savannahs at right angles to the stream going towards Roraima itself, and hoping to intersect the track in that way. On and on I trudged, scanning the horizon on each crest, but there was nobody in sight.

The pangs of hunger that I was beginning to feel were fast disappearing as the sun sank behind the mountains. For I knew that if I did not find the track or somebody before dark, life was going to be rather uncomfortable for me. At about 6 I suddenly came across the two Indian boys sitting disconsolately on a rock. My joy melted as they made me know that they were almost in the same position. I asked about Rock and Rickford. The one who understood English a little pointed over the hills and said, "Two man gan so. Them lose it".

[Mr. Rock and Mr. Rickford were actually missing for almost 3 days, and only connected with the party the day we left the high slopes. As Rick had his wares and Rock his camp utensils, at least they were not hungry.]

I persuaded the two Indians, with much difficulty, to try and let us find the "RORAIMA LINE". They were at first unwilling, as the sun had set, and a cold wind was beginning to howl across those desolate savannahs. But we set out. They set the grass on fire every hundred yards or so, as a signal to their companions. At about 7.30 we struck the trail, but the Indians, bursting into Akawoio (of which my knowledge is very limited) refused to go further, stating quite rightly that we might easily go astray in the darkness. All they were carrying were the Aluminium parts of Mr. Irwin's drying press, and, as we were in no mood to eat those, we threw ourselves on the cold savannah hungry and weary. The Indians curled up and dropped off to sleep. I sat there almost numbed by the cold, praying that there were no animals about, and if so, that they would give me a wide berth. The wider the better. We started to travel early the next day. The Indians were as famished as I was, but they set up such a pace that I was forced to trot to keep up. Towards 8 we came to the fork, and found that the party had taken the slightly used trail. After petering out for a while the track became clearer, and wound up and up and up. It was easy to follow when it was soil, but when the trail ran over the tumbled talus heaps, we would lose the trail for several nerve-racking minutes.

At about 9 o'clock, the sun already blazing down parching and cracking our lips, on reaching the crest and a slope, I spied the camp far in the distance, like a small white spot perched on the highest shelves almost against the vertical Roraima Wall. We made for this speck, which disappeared when we descended, and re-appeared when we ascended a slope.

My feet were heavy, and each step was an effort against gravity and altitude. My heart pounded, my stomach groaned, my body ached. I kept my eye on that tent, knowing one thing for certain: when we would have reached the camp (which we did around 11) I was going to be too weak and weary to make the climb to the summit, and we couldn't stay more than 2 days to keep the schedule. I glared at the huge box-shaped mountain, that I had come all this way to climb. It had defeated me!

- L. P. CUMMINGS.

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At the foot of the Church of St. Mary Major, in Rome,
before the torch light Procession began.

ONE HOUR AT FATIMA

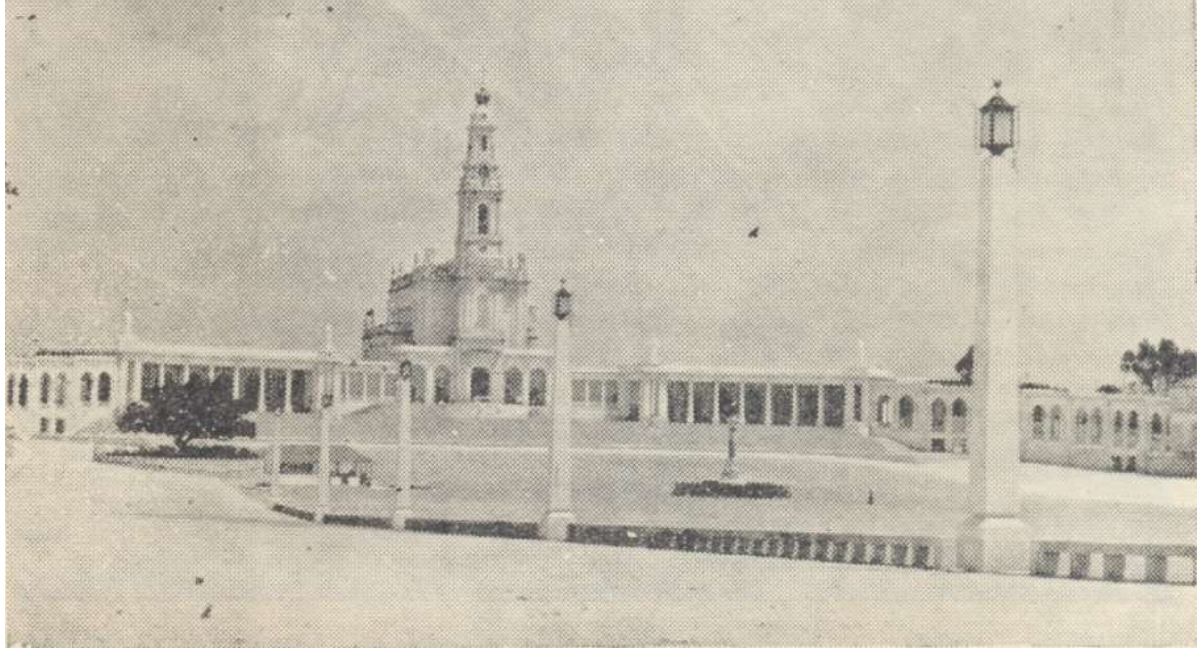
When our ship left Liverpool for Trinidad in late July, we knew that she was going to call at Leixoes, the port of Oporto, Lisbon, Madeira and Barbados, but the duration of her stay at each port could only be ascertained on arrival at that port. From the start of that sea voyage We made inquiries from fellow passengers, including holiday trippers, to Portugal and from the ship's personnel about the possibility of visiting Fatima. For if there was one thing we looked forward to on the journey, it was a visit to this out-of-the way but far-famed village in the mountains between Leixoes and Lisbon.

By the time we reached Lisbon at 10 o'clock one morning, all we knew for certain was that our ship was due to sail at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. No one aboard ship was able to give any precise information about the means of conveyance to our intended destination, the length of time required to do the double journey of some 112 miles and so on. In fact we were seriously warned by the ship's Purser against attempting such a lengthy trip. A much shorter tour in and around Lisbon had been arranged for passengers, as this was calculated to cause less anxiety to all parties concerned around departure time. The suggestion that we should have disembarked the day before at Leixoes, travel overland to Fatima and re-join the ship at Lisbon did not put us in any happier frame of mind.

Fortunately we had discovered a few passengers who were determined not to miss this chance of a lifetime. So on disembarkation, when our party was informed at the Tourist Bureau that the journey by taxi was the quickest and would take about six hours altogether, since it was not the thirteenth day of month, when the mountain roads would be jammed with bullock carts, cars and pedestrians, we were extremely delighted that it was possible to spend if only one hour at Fatima.

The fairness with which tourists are dealt with in Lisbon is worthy of note. For once we felt that the tourist's purse was not regarded as buried treasure about to be recovered. We were allowed to select the chauffeur who it appeared to us could make himself best understood in English. The number of kilometres already registered by the car we chose was noted by an official and handed to us, so that on our return we could check exactly the distance travelled. The rate of charge was also given us in the presence of the chauffeur.

As we drove through the wide streets of Lisbon and glanced fleetingly at some of its magnificent buildings and fine monuments, we were a bit sorry that time did not permit full exploration of that fascinating city. Soon we were out in the open countryside, covering mile after mile of the mountain road at nerve-wracking speed. Vineyards and olive groves afforded a pleasing background for a good part of the way. Luckily the traffic was not heavy. In the more remote parts, donkeys ridden by the poor peasants were a common sight. After about three hours we reached our destination.



Fatima Basilica



Group at Fatima shows Lucy's sister in back (second from right) with her daughter (second from left) and two little grand children.

The keynote of Fatima is simplicity. The Basilica with its eighty foot tower is a simple but impressive church. The mysteries of the Rosary are depicted in panels around the walls, the fifteenth mystery being shown above the high altar. The remains of Francis and Jacinta lie buried in simply inscribed tombs in the transept. In front of the Basilica is an immense square, about twice the size of St. Peter's in Rome. It is in this square that huge crowds gather on the 12th and 13th of the month from May to October. On either side of the square there are large buildings consisting of the Hospitals and Retreat Houses. Two fine colonnades in process of construction will connect the Basilica with the latter buildings. They are reminiscent of, if far less grandiose, than Bernini's around St. Peter's Square. Within these collonnades, seven altars on either side of the Basilica, each with a painting of a Station of the Cross above, are being built especially for the sick and infirm who cannot comfortably climb the steps to the Basilica.

Inside the square stands the most important building, the Chapel of the Apparitions with its red tile roof. It was erected by the poor folk of the neighbourhood over the spot where the Message of Fatima was announced to the three little children. Within this sanctuary is a statue of Our Lady, similar to the pilgrim statues', which have served to remind the world of that Message. The small oak tree over which Our Lady stood has long since disappeared. A plain column of stone, smoothed by the pilgrim's kiss, now marks the hallowed spot. Small marble plaques from grateful recipients of favours the world over are the only form of decoration on the plain walls.

At the tiny hamlet of Aljustrel less than two miles away, we visited the house where Francis and Jacinta were born and where Francis, died. We missed the pleasure of meeting their aged parents who now live across the road. But at Lucy's home a short distance away, we were delighted to greet Lucy's sister and her niece. Fatima and its surroundings remain much the same in outward appearance as some forty years ago when the "Hope of the Human Race" appeared in person to plead with the world for prayer, sacrifice and the cessation of sin. True the structures described above have been erected in honour of those visits from the "Immaculate Mother of Grace," as a token of acceptance of the Message of Fatima, but the simple, frugal life of the peasant folk goes on. Commercialisation has not been allowed to spoil the original setting of one of the greatest miracles of our time, "God's fiery signature" to Our Lady's Message. We certainly did not begrudge the six hours of speedy, at times risky, travel to spend one hour of sheer spiritual delight at Fatima.

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I'LL NEVER FORGET

For as long as I can remember, ever since I first heard of "Kaieteur", I have wanted to see for myself the wonder that defies description. So, when I learnt that a Party was making the trip during the Easter Holidays this year, I lost no time in making use of this opportunity.

At 5.00 a.m. on April 21st, we -(a party of fifteen)- set out on the steamer which was to take us as far as Bartica. We were, most of us, strangers to one another; but the common goal-the thought of what we were hoping to see- brought us quickly together, and we were soon chatting away with the ease of old friends. We arrived at Bartica at 3.00 p.m., and after a dip in the Essequibo River and a stroll around the town, settled down for the night at St. Anthony's Catholic School.

We rose early next morning, and, after breakfast, left by lorry for Garraway Stream, which is 110 miles from Bartica. Our voices re-echoed as the lorry bumped along the trail; such a trail! The poor lorry - you could almost feel it straining at times to climb the steep hills; then, almost falling over itself as we came to V1lon the other side. Nevertheless, we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

We lunched in the jungle; and, after a stop or two for the lorry to be refuelled, were at Garraway at 4.00, in good time to enjoy the scenery around us. The Denham Suspension Bridge, of course, came in for a lot of inspection, and we tried to get snapshots of it from all angles.

After dinner that night, we played games and had a concert; then, tumbled into our cots, pleasantly tired and looking forward with a great deal of pleasurable anticipation to the day on the Potaro River, which lay ahead of us.

Next morning, we travelled by lorry to Kangaruma, which is about 10 miles from Garraway. Here, we said good-bye to our lorry driver, and were greeted by Mr. Austin and his two helpers, who were to pilot us to Tukeit, where the Government Rest House nestles at the foot of the mountain.

As we glided along the Potaro, we eagerly looked out for signs of life from the bank. A few beautiful butterflies of the same colour as the ones which had flitted across the lorry on the Bartica/ Potaro Road, made their appearance, but except for these, we seemed to be the only living things in the area. Suddenly, we glimpsed a gleaming spot in the distance, and learnt that it was the Amatuk Falls. Here, our cameras got busy, and soon we were almost right up to the Falls, and hearing the roaring of the waters. This small idea of what Kaieteur might be like excited us terribly, and as we landed, we all made our way to the spot where we could get our best view of this small waterfall. It was truly beautiful; and, as the water gushed forth over the rocks from all directions, we were content to forget our destination for the moment and lend ourselves to the enchantment of the present.

At last, we sat down beside the Falls to lunch; then, packing away our plates and pots, picked up our luggage and trekked through dense jungle to a spot, some distance away, where our guide had got ready the second boat for the continuation of our river trip. This took us as far as Waratuk, where we again disembarked. These rapids are really powerful, and, as we dangled our feet in the water, we could feel the pull of the current. We spent some time enjoying the scenery, then were off for another jungle walk, which brought us out to a clearing in the other side, where we again took to the river, for the last boat trip, right to Tukeit.

As we journeyed up the river, we were warned by our guide to be on the alert for the three glimpses of Kaieteur visible from certain points. Our heads kept bobbing from side to side as we gazed in awe at the mighty mountain ranges surrounding us on all sides, giving the impression of fortresses. A shout from one of the party, and there was our very first sight of our "Old Man", appearing like ribbons in the distance. By this time, we were all getting a bit stiff-necked from craning our necks to look at the towering mountains; and we were feeling a bit 'puny' in the midst of such mighty surroundings. At each fleeting view of the "Mighty Kai", we strained our eyes to see if we could discern, even at this distance, any of its splendour, but, at this stage, we could still only liken its appearance to streamers of ribbon.

Soon, we were at Tukeit, and before going to the Rest House, we stepped across on the other bank, where there is a beautiful white beach, and where we bathed as we had never thought it was possible to bathe in British Guiana. We tared ourselves away to cross over to the Rest House, where, after dinner, we turned in early, but not before we had gazed far a while at "Old Man's Beard", the waterfall set high up in the mountainside opposite the Rest House, and which, at times, deludes those who make the trip by air into thinking they are 'seeing the "Old Man" himself.

The day of days arrived; we woke early, and lay awake, listening to the small sounds of the jungle coming alive. As we looked out, we could not see the mountains for the mist that covered them. Slowly, it rose, until eventually, they were visible in all their gigantic majesty. Our breakfast was light, since we were all going to make a strenuous climb. After packing our lunch into knapsacks, (which the Sir Galahads of the party carried for us) we set out, all with our sticks, cameras and raincoats, for we had been told that we were almost sure to have rain on the climb. That climb! Easy at first, then, insidiously, becoming steeper and steeper, with your breath running short, until at last you realise that to attain your objective will take same effort on your part. But then, when at last we beheld the beauty of "Kaieteur", which of us could say that he would not have endured much more for the wonder which lay before us!



ON THE BRINK

It was a beautiful, clear day, and the "Fall" appeared, with the sun glinting on it, to be a sheet of various shades. The Pataro River flows along on the summit, then comes to an abrupt stop, and, as the river rushes over the brink, there are colours of glistening <white, amber, gold and brown. They blend together and roar down into the gorge eight hundred feet below, sending up a cloud of white spray, between which the colours of the rainbow play in and out, as the sun casts its reflection. Even as you gaze, enraptured, the rainbows change direction and appear in another spot; and as you remain there, spellbound, you feel that for this moment had you been waiting, and that who can behold this magnificent vision and deny the existence of God.

We came away from the "Fall" in a sort of trance, and, as we prepared to leave the mountain-top, we knew that the experience which we had shared would always stay with us, and that never again would we be able to utter the word "Kaieteur", without a reverence and awe which had been lacking in our anticipation of this wonder.

- CORA LOPES.

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"HAMLET AND I"

First of all, let me explain why I have chosen this "adventure on the stage" as a subject for my former school's magazine: The sole reason, because I considered appearing in John Ainsworth's production of "Hamlet," an education in itself, and a personal experience long to be remembered.

Although I had very little experience in the serious type of amateur acting, when I heard that John Ainsworth Productions Ltd. were on their way to British Guiana with a presentation of William Shakespeare's masterpiece "Hamlet," I had an inkling and strong desire to apply for one of the minor non-speaking roles, persons for which were to be chosen from this colony. To make a short story even shorter, it was with a mixture of amazement and pride that I found myself after two interviews with the man who had understudied Sir Laurence Olivier for the film version, turning up at Queen's College Hall at 9 a.m. one morning for rehearsal, slightly bewildered at the sight of the maze of confusion offstage as the scene for "Hamlet" rapidly took shape, and perhaps a trifle worried as to whether I had done the right thing after all in applying. When I was told that I would be "in the thick" of the most realistic duel ever seen on the stage, I was staggered, and the first thing that came to my mind was the thought of my making a wrong or hurried entrance and completely ruining a recognised production by walking flush into "Hamlet's" flashing saber. However, after meeting Freddy Kissoon and Arthur Bentley, the former, the previous lord who would show me my part, and the latter a famous BBC Variety star (though I did not know it yet) with a reassuring and pleasing manner about him, I actually began to look forward to five performances of "Hamlet."

Opening Night and Queen's College Hall was packed to capacity: In the "wings" somewhere stood seven "locals" about to take part in this almost professional production: these included Monica Schuler and Elizabeth Crum-Ewing, the former saddled with a small speaking part, and the latter "My Lady" (I was the Lord). I will not describe the actual play, for I think that almost everyone knows "HAMLET," and the majority I feel saw this presentation.

Everything came off as planned on opening night, but in the last interval I was puzzled as I walked down the corridor, by the sound of clashing metal coming from inside our dressing room. Lo and behold, John Ainsworth and V.C.W.I. dramatic tutor Errol Hill portraying LAERTE8 were carefully rehearsing for the grand finale -the famous duel. (As I was to learn later, this was a compulsory practice for safety's sake, and took place before the last scene at each performance). I must say that the duel scene was fantastically enacted, and so intrigued was I by the realism of it all taking place a few feet in front of me, that when Graham Suter as KING CLAUDIUS said to me "Give him the Cup," for a brief second I paid no heed, catching myself just in time. In the fourth performance I was "taken by surprise," for HAMLET, dying, charged at me with outstretched sword to grab the poisoned cup which I held. Being caught unawares I feel sure to this day that I jumped.

The children's 2 p.m. matinee was a scream, and when it was known that Arthur Bentley would take the part of the second gravedigger for this performance, we all (including John Ainsworth) lined the wings to watch the fun. This scene was' sensational and poor George Smith the first gravedigger was not "in on the act" and was soaked by Bentley's bucket of water: The children loved it, Shakespeare or no Shakespeare, and HAMLET was almost hysterical with laughter as he watched from the wings. It was in the car that night that I learnt from Mr. Ainsworth, that Arthur Bentley was the same Comedian and Variety Star that we have all heard on "Variety Bandbox," and similar BBC programmes.

Finally I must say what a fine bunch of fellows the cast of HAMLET was made up of: Ainsworth is apart from a brilliant actor, a thorough gentleman, Graham Suter, Arthur Bentley, George Smith, Freddy Kissoon, James King and Errol and Sydney Hill are all likeable, helpful and friendly, and Helen Ross of Radio Trinidad who portrayed QUEEN GERTRUDE, is a really charming woman. Our own Monica Schuler was excellent and in the words of John Ainsworth "she has an amazingly rich diction." They all contributed to the success of a magnificent production, a production which I am proud to have been in, and one which has given me a clear insight into the professional stage; most important to me, it has given me a personal experience never to be forgotten.

- MARK STEELE.

ROMA

Of the sixty thousand pilgrims who visited Rome in September, 1954, representing their respective countries at the *Congressus Mundialis Congregationum Marianolum*, few must have experienced the road journey we undertook and found so physically hard to us. But the fault was our own - the simple oversight in our calculations that a new car cannot be driven faster than thirty miles an hour during the first thousand miles of its life which resulted in our having to travel as many as 350 miles a day to reach Rome in time on the last day.

We had by-passed Paris to save time, rushed through the sleepy, quiet "time-is-no-object" cities and villages of Southern France and had seen the blue sea of the Mediterranean at Cannes. A check up on our schedule there showed we should reach Rome at approximately 5 p.m. on Wednesday the 8th of September with good time for a shower after the day's drive and then to attend the opening of the Congress in the great Basilica of Saint Peter at 8 p.m. at which the Holy Father Pope Pius XII would make an Allocution and welcome the Sodalists of the Blessed Virgin gathered in Rome for the first session of their World Federation.

In our onward path there lay the natural beauty of the Maritime Alps as they descend steeply to the Mediterranean, perhaps the most wonderful road in the world, the Grand Corniche with its triple highway each about 600 feet above the other, literally carved out of the sides of the mountains as they fall abruptly into the sea, one at sea level, the highest well up the sides of the mountains, the flowers of the Italian Riviera del Fiori and then Rapallo on the Ligurian Sea where we stopped the night. We were supposed to have been accommodated for dinner in the same room recently used by Ingrid Bergman, but I for one was hardly interested in this. Our plans called for an early start from Rapallo the next day and straight on direct to Rome.

The winding mountain road from Rapallo and our progress of only thirty odd miles in an hour and a half soon made us realise the problem staring us in the face - Would we reach Rome in time? We cut out our usual stop for a drink around 10.30 a.m. then became encouraged as we reached the Via Aurelia, a great motor highway which was built on the exact location of the old Roman road - the Romans must have been extremely good surveyors judging from the siting of this highway and were now travelling at nearly seventy five miles an hour across the plains of Tuscany. Nevertheless time was still against us and we countered by giving up our lunch, eating sandwiches and drinking milk in the Ford Consul as it sped on to its destination.

As the road turned inland away from the sea, we realised at 5.30 p.m. that we were only roughly 25 miles from Rome, which we eventually reached at 6 p.m. and straight away reported our arrival at the Curia and received our admittance cards and "Pax Christi" button-hole emblems. We were there informed that the opening of the Congress had been changed to 6 p.m. and advised to proceed straight away to the Basilica of St. Peter.

Thus tired, hungry and unwashed, we took part in the opening ceremony. The irony of all this lay in the fact that our wives had made suitable clothes for the ceremony into which there was not even time for them to change. I recall the thought that the "grey flannels" the men were wearing were the oldest we had, the ones we all wore when actually "on the road" - mine certainly were of somewhere around 1947 vintage! Nevertheless we had reached Rome in time and by a remarkable motor journey across France and Italy.

The four days the Congress lasted were packed with engagements, and we had to do all our sight-seeing whenever time was available. After the opening of the Congress we stood in the famous "square" of St. Peters when the Holy Father from the balcony of his apartment blessed the crowd below. The same evening by means of a horse-drawn vehicle, we drove up to the tops of the hills around Rome.

Next day the programme was: Holy Mass for the men at the beautiful church of the Prima Primaria St. Ignatius (the same devotion for the ladies was held in the Basilica) after which we solemnly renewed our vows, as Sodalists, of consecration to Our Lady; an address in English by an American Cardinal from St. Louis at the Gregorian University; shopping for souvenirs; in the afternoon a concert by the Swiss Harmonic Band, rushing home to our Hotel on the Via Ludovisi for dinner and back at 8 p.m. to the lawns of the Villa Borghese for a Musical and Folklore Fete.

Then there was the torchlight procession the following evening. It began with Holy Benediction given by His Eminence the Cardinal Micaria, Vicar General of the Sovereign Pontiff for the city of Rome on the steps of the Church of St. Mary Major and an address by His Excellency Monseigneur A. Traglia. President of the Marian Year Committee and ended at midnight after Stations of the Cross and Prayers for Catholics under persecution in some countries, in the ruins of the Coliseum, the very spot on which the first martyr members of the Church died for their faith.

Our sight-seeing included such sights as the Fontana di Trevi, now well known through its portrayal in the film, Three Coins in a Fountain. We were also fortunate to secure by means of our coloured film movie camera the identical panorama of Rome with which "Three Coins in a Fountain" begins. The scene was taken from a hill outside Rome around mid-day in good light. Incidentally at the Convent of the Holy Child, we met a nun who is a Guianese and were we glad to see someone from home!

The Congress ended on Saturday with a Reunion in the Piazzini di Spagna. There we bid goodbye to the many persons we had met including the Secretary General of the Prima Primaria Father Paulsen who asked us to convey his greetings to our Bishop Guilly, Father Holland, and representative in Rome of the English Province of the Society of Jesus, Father Bassett S.J. of the United Kingdom delegation and some of the English speaking Sodalists.

After Holy Mass on Sunday we left Rome for Venice. Words can hardly describe this Eternal City. When asked "What is it like?" there can only be one answer "See it for yourself when next you are in Europe on holiday. Do not miss it,"

- By C. H. DA SILVA.

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HIGH SCHOOL: AMERICAN PATTERN

INTRODUCTION

The experiences have been written at my request. They are of great interest in themselves; they are of greater interest because they are the experiences of one of our very new old boys most of whose class-mates are still at College. I hope they will inspire others and warn others: U. S. A. and Canada are calling, but they want young folk whose motto is "work, work, work."

The title and the moral are mine: the article is Gary Blank's. We are overjoyed at his success and congratulate him.

-Editor.

I would like to start right from the beginning -October 16, 1954. After an interesting though uneventful journey of about 27 hours I set foot in this wonderful country accompanied only by my baggage and my dreams.

It was fall and it grew colder and colder day by day. After a week's vacation the urge to get back to work was unbearable. I was confronted with the problem of where to go, what to do, what to say. Consequently my mother and I had an interview with the Assistant Superintendent of Schools (a female) and she conferred with the Principal of Harlem High School which was eight blocks from where I lived at that time. After much ado and headaches for everyone, it was decided to place me in the Senior class and hope for some result.

A 15 year-old boy in a class, the average age of which was about 18, caused some surprise for his class mates. You can imagine what happened after a few weeks when I began to establish myself as a prominent student at work. I was allowed to take 4 subjects. My choices rested on Trigonometry, (there was no General Mathematics), English, Spanish, and U. S. History.

The English was as usual, Spanish was new, but I seem to have a special gift in learning languages and the result was obvious (only two years of Latin is offered and no French). U. S. History proved to be my problem subject and it is taken by Juniors only, so I had to take one step down. However, I came out successful at the end of the

first Semester in January. With an average of 94%, I was 5th in the senior class of 85 - I was beaten by 4 girls.

Meanwhile, not long after I had started to school, I got a job in a bowling alley as a pinsetter. Within 3 weeks I had had enough of it, earning about \$2.50 a night. Ambition -or disgust -drove me on to another job; this time it was a food market. At first I worked 2 nights (week days) and Saturdays: about 20 hours a week at 75c per hour, roughly \$15 or \$16 per week.

Come January 1955, and, after a quiet Christmas, a new Semester. That inner urge drove me on to increase my academic status: I asked the Principal to let me take 5 subjects. The fifth subject was chemistry. Only one year of chemistry is offered, but in that one year quite a lot is taught. The work was easy, but the homework too much.

At work I became a "bigger wheel." At first I worked two nights a week, but now I was working almost every night with steady increase in pay. I started out packing customers' groceries, but by this time I was given responsibility of the store's dairy case. I was earning approximately \$30 a week.

Now let me explain my difficulty. In this icy winter I woke up at 7.30 a.m. and trudged through the snow to school by 8.15 a.m. School lasted until 3.25 p.m. (luncheon at school). I started to work at 4.00 p.m. and finished by 9.00 p.m. Home again by 9.30 p.m., tired, cold, and sleepy. There was very little time to do home work, much less to study. But I hung on to the end of the school year, averaging 93.75%, 4th in class, beaten by 3 girls.

But to get back to where I was, winter had just gone and a chilly spring was here. My father worked very hard and soon we were able to get our own home. We pay \$48 a month on it, like rent, but actually after 20 years the house will be ours. Furnishing the house was, and is still, quite a problem. Tables came in, followed by chairs, and then a stove and frigidaire; bit by bit things were taking shape. A second hand car was among the hard-earned belongings.

My father is employed at Ingersoll Milling Machine Company and this company offers two scholarships annually to promising young graduates who are keen on any type of engineering. It wasn't long before my application was on file (May 1955). With the excitement of graduation, the prom, picnics, parties etc., matters like these faded into the background. The beginning of the summer meant graduation and vacation, but not for me.

The day after I graduated I started on a new job: a summer job at Ingersoll. I was earning \$1.35 per hour, 52 hours per week: with overtime, night bonus and tax deducted, this comes to about \$75 a week. I work from 5.30 p.m. to 4.00 a.m. and sleep most of the day. It is monotonous, but the financial phase is encouraging, until it happened.

I realised that within a short time I would be starting College life. But the problem was: what do I want to do for a living after school? I was prone to science in general, but that was too vague. Was it a doctor? a chemist? an engineer? What? This has always been a haunting question and to this moment it still is.

Frankly, I was hoping to stay away from school for one year and work and save my money for College while I decided what to do. But I hate to waste all this time and I am afraid that after such a long period of mental relaxation I would never be as good as I was before, partly on account of oblivion. After many aptitude tests and intentional interviews, I was advised to take up electrical engineering and major in electronics. It sounded true and good, just what I wanted.

Well, the news came along that I had been awarded this wonderful scholarship, valued \$1,000 a year for 4 years, at Illinois Institute of Technology in Chicago. Tuition amounts to \$700 and \$300 cash is given to me to help with my living expenses.

This scholarship was open to all High School graduates in this area and there were applications from married men 27 and 28 years old who would like to study engineering. I was a dark horse, but I had won and am getting ready for school which begins about the middle of September.

- GARY BLANK.

* * *

Some young West Indians with School Certificates or Higher School Certificates have migrated to England with the intention of studying at evening institutes for a degree while, at the same time, working to pay their way. Can this be done?

Nothing is impossible, but to work by day and study by night requires a tremendous amount of physical and mental energy. Don't forget that there is more in studying for a degree than just attending classes. A good deal of time must be given up to reading as well.

Perhaps the best illustration of the difficulties is that the university authorities are now very worried because so many undergraduates are taking holiday work to help with their expenses and pocket money. The authorities say that the vacations should be used for rest and study and that the undergraduates can only lose academically by abandoning the time to wage earning.

Obviously those students who have full-time jobs all the year, and who are studying at the same time, are in an infinitely worse position than those who just get holiday work. And the job itself may present difficulties. Unpopular work is always the easiest

to get, and it may be the only work available-for instance, shift work. That might mean missing classes, and so many of them that the course becomes worthless.

Every local authority in England runs some sort of night classes and there is usually a fee. There is great pressure on these classes, and great numbers of would-be students queue up to enrol on the enrolment day. This is usually in September, and usually there isn't room for everybody in some of the most popular classes. If you are certain that you have the determination necessary to carry off such a project of work and study, and if you are quite certain. that you will be able to get a job that fits in with your studies and will support you at the same time, it is important to try and make arrangements about your classes in good time, if not in advance. You don't want to be told, "Sorry, you are too late for this term or this year; come again next term or next year,"

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