



“BROADCAST”

Newsletter of the Toronto Unit

Naparima Teachers' Training
St. Andrew's Theological
St. Augustine Girls'
Naparima Girls'
Naparima
Hillview
Iere

Naparima Alumni Association of Canada

Vol. XXXIV No. 2

Spring 2011



Naparima Girls' High School Centenary Logo

Logo designed by Art teacher, Ms Allison Mykoo



LAWYERS

OUMARALLY, BABOOLAL



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The Naparima Alumni Association of Canada (NAAC) was founded in Toronto in 1978 and includes graduates of Naparima College, Naparima Girls' High School, St. Augustine Girls' High School, Hillview College, Iere High School, Naparima Teachers' Training College and St. Andrew's Theological College. Among other things, it supports programmes at alma mater schools as well as a steelband programme in schools in the Toronto area.

All graduates coming to Ontario are invited to join the Association.

2010-11 NAAC Executive

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CREDITS

“Broadcast” is the newsletter of the Naparima Alumni Association of Canada, Toronto Unit and is published twice a year. The views expressed in articles published are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Executive or of the Association unless specifically stated as such.

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President's Message

There ought'a be a law...

I am just completing my third year in a row as President, which is a first in the 33-year life of the Association. I am not particularly proud of this little bit of history-making as it clearly points to a breakdown in the succession planning as described in our Constitution, Section VII, Subsection 7.1 "... The position of President shall be filled each year by the previous year's First Vice-President."

"None of us can exist in isolation. Our lives and existence are supported by others in seen and unseen ways, be it by parents, mentors or society at large. To be aware of these connections, to feel appreciation for them, and to strive to give something back to society in a spirit of gratitude is the proper way for human beings to live."

– Daisaku Ikeda

Buddhist Philosopher

The last two Executives made it easier for its officers to conduct business in the winter months, January to March, by communicating via email. We could expand this by adding conference calls using Skype, if necessary. In doing so, we can eliminate the need to drive in hazardous weather conditions to attend meetings. This has been a particularly bad winter, but do not let this deter you from volunteering to serve. You can start off as an Executive Member and after some mentoring you will feel confident in running for a key position.

Comments like "Mama Doc" and "President for Life", although said to me in jest, should spur others on to do their bit for our Association.

Merle Ramdial

From the Editor's Desk...

In preparation for this issue of Broadcast, I was both saddened and uplifted by the submissions celebrating the lives of three of NAAC's dedicated members who passed away during the last six months. Common to these lives that were well-lived, was their dedication to family and service to others. Thanks to their families for contributing details that we could share with our NAAC community. (See p.14 & p.15)

In Karma Naike's article on p. 9 she recaps the early years of NGHS' history and reiterates the committee's earlier plea for donations to assist with the school's new Building Block.

I am always pleased to receive mail from Rev. Albert Baldeo, whose missives to this editor, are delivered by Canada Post, regardless of the hand drawings and pictures with notes that decorate the envelope. On this last envelope that I received which was addressed to the NAAC postal address in Scarborough, Ontario, Albert inserted an arrow indicating "Not Tobago". Thanks Albert for the chuckle. Albert's poem *Trini-Can* appears on p. 25.

A return to India spawned the article on p. 22 written by Shirley Lobin, in which she describes individuals whom she met. We get a peek into small parts of Indian society.

NAAC's AGM is on May 28, 2011 and volunteers are needed for all committees. The Editor's job is open, so if you have a desire to write or edit, please contact me at mjramdial@hotmail.com

I offer my thanks to Rajiv Persaud at Bluetree Publishing & Design for his assistance in the design and layout of *Broadcast*.

Merle Ramdial

Finance Report

This report reflects the Association's financial information as at February 28, 2011. Annual Financial Statements for the fiscal year ended March 31, 2011 will be presented at the Annual General Meeting on May 28, 2011.

Bingo Account

Bank of Nova Scotia	\$11,504.00
---------------------	-------------

General Account

Bank of Nova Scotia	\$40,601.00
---------------------	-------------

TOTAL BANK ACCOUNTS	\$52,105.00
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NAAC INVESTMENTS

Bank of Nova Scotia - Term Deposit

- Balance @ Dec/2010	\$ 1,206.00
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Edward Jones - GIC @ 2.0%	\$11,611.00
---------------------------	-------------

Scotia McLeod - Inter Pipeline Fund:

*1600 Units - B.V. per unit \$10.00	\$16,000.00
-------------------------------------	-------------

**Dividends earned - Apr/10 - Mar/11	\$1,536.00
--------------------------------------	------------

TOTAL INVESTMENTS	<u>\$30,353.00</u>
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**Market value of the Inter Pipeline Fund as at Feb, 2011 was \$15.10 per unit. This reflects an increase of 51% over

book value. The fund continues to earn dividends at an increased rate of \$128 per month which translates to a return of 9.6% per annum on that investment.

The Association continues to award bursaries, provide funding for resource materials, book awards, literary awards, and civic awards to NAAC's affiliated schools in Trinidad in the amount of \$6,260 yearly. Canadian bursaries to West Humber Collegiate and Cedarbrae Collegiate in the amount of \$1,000.00 were also awarded during this fiscal year. A generous donation from La Prima Investments in association with Mr Roy Bhopalsingh in the amount of \$1000.00 for bursaries was a welcome addition to our funds.

For the current fiscal year the main events that contributed to the Association's revenue pool were the April Spring Fling spearheaded by Panache Steelband, Christmas Dinner & Dance by the NAAC executive, and Bingos. Part of the Proceeds from the Spring Fling was used towards the purchase of uniforms for the Panache Steelband players. The luncheon & dance for the CD Launch was a breakeven event. Details of income and expense by each project will be presented in our Financial Statements for the fiscal year at the Annual General Meeting on May 28, 2011.

Respectfully submitted

Norma Ramsahai, Treasurer



NOTICE NAAC ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

Saturday, May 28, 2011 • 12:00 p.m. to 3:00 p.m.

Knox Presbyterian Church

4156 Sheppard Avenue East, Scarborough, ON

Lunch will be served at noon

RSVP to Membership Chair, Cynthia Ramdeen

no later than May 25th at 416-499-7357

or email: cynthia_ramdeen@hotmail.com

Bingo Report

Bingo sessions are run at Ultimate Bingo Charity Association, 2355 Keele St., Toronto, Ontario.

For the current fiscal year April 1st 2010 to March 31, 2011, NAAC was responsible for 25 bingo sessions. Revenue earned for that period with an estimated projection for January to March 2011 amounts to approximately \$16,500. This averages out to about \$660 per session, an increase of about \$200.00 per session over the same period last year.

This increase in revenue reflects that the pricing strategies adopted by the hall in late 2009 are beneficial. It seems to have attracted a larger number of players to the bingo hall. We need revenue from bingo funds of approximately \$12K annually to financially manage our steelband and bursary programs at West Humber Collegiate Institute and Cedarbrae Collegiate to maintain the status quo. Now that we have a surplus of \$4,500 we would be able to revert to helping the schools purchase pans or expand our bursary program.

Special thanks to all our volunteers especially our team leaders, Vitra Mungal, Ian Ramdial, and Norma Ramsahai for their help and commitment in running the bingo sessions. For this fiscal year, bingo revenue was used for the most part to fund the following programs:

- Funding the steelband programs at WHCI and Cedarbrae Collegiate which include payment of honoraria to steelband instructors and 50% of the cost of steelpan tuning

- Awarding of bursaries and awards to Toronto students in the amount of \$1,150

- Purchasing a steelpan at Cedarbrae in lieu of steelpan tuning expense

Financial details of the individual items will be contained in the Profit & Loss statement to be presented at our Annual General Meeting on May 28, 2011. Hope to see you all there.

Norma Ramsahai

Bingo Manager

Membership Report

MEMBERS

HONORARY	26
LIFE - REGULAR	154
LIFE- ASSOCIATE	40
REGULAR – ANNUAL	53
ASSOCIATE- ANNUAL	30
FAMILY - ANNUAL	3
STUDENT- ANNUAL	11
TOTAL	317

We extend a warm welcome to the following new members:

Ms. Ann Dabideen, Mrs. Marjorie David - Former teachers of NGHS,

Mrs. Angela Muller Carriere, Ms. Lorraine Mills, Mrs. Karen Shouldice, Mrs. Linda Webb and Mr. Lloyd Teelucksingh

New members are encouraged to attend our meetings and to become active in the Association.

Ann Dabideen and Everal Seupaul have willingly volunteered to serve on the membership committee.

This committee is searching for new strategies to implement, or as one member suggested, perhaps return to some of the old activities that were enjoyed in the past.

The Association seeks those of the 'thirty plus and forty plus' and our 'steelband friends' at both West Humber and Cedarbrae to come forward and join us.

We look forward to seeing everyone on May 28th. 2011 at our Annual General Meeting.

Do come and renew old acquaintances and acquire new friends.

Cynthia Ramdeen

Chair, Membership Committee

Social Report

March 28, 2011

So far during the 2010-2011 year, the Social Committee organized two events. The launch of Panache's second CD in September 2010 and our Annual Christmas Dinner & Dance that was held at the end of November 2010.

Since reporting on the CD Launch in the last issue of Broadcast, we continue to get requests for CDs based on Panache's performance at that event. We again thank you all for making that luncheon such a success.

The Christmas Dinner & Dance was held on November 27, 2010 and was attended by close to 300 members and their friends. Although we were saddened by the sudden death of Howard Sammy the very morning of the dance, the Executive decided to go ahead with the planned program, which included special presentations of Honorary Life memberships in Pan Trinbago to Howard Sammy and Rustin Oree.

Close friends of Howard who are Panache members, put up a brave front while playing for dancing during the evening. Thank you for making the extra effort. We also wish to thank Harold Hosein, our MC for that evening for doing a good job in this particular situation.

The Committee wishes to thank the donors of raffle prizes for their generosity.

For the next event on June 18, 2011, please see the ad on p. 10. This event, "Celebrating La Pique 100" is being organized by NAAC's La Pique 100 Fund committee.

Pam Rambharack

Chair, Social Committee

— REMINDER —
NAAC MEMBERSHIP

Please remember to renew your

NAAC Membership.

The membership year runs from

January to December.

Communications Report

March 30, 2011

Facebook

In November 2010 the administration of our NAAC Facebook page was handed over to the Communications Committee. We wish to express our thanks to Aneesa Oumarally for setting up and updating the page during the past two years, especially since she only expected to do this job for one year. The committee is aware of the privacy issues and inherent abuses that could occur with these accounts and we will continue to monitor its use.

The following appeal has been made in every issue of Broadcast for the last two years and we are still looking for a volunteer to update the NAAC website in the event that the current administrator is unable to do so. Files that require regular maintenance are the news items and membership lists. Please contact Merle Ramdial at mjramdial@hotmail.com if you wish to volunteer. If you have a basic knowledge of HTML, you will be able to update the site after only a short hands-on tutorial.

In the Fall 2010 issue of Broadcast, a mail-in form for donations to the La Pique 100 Building Fund was included. If you already sent in your donation, please pass this form on to other alumnae and friends of NGHS, who are not members and would not have received our newsletter.

Do you run a small business? Placing an ad in Broadcast is really inexpensive!

Call Ras Shreeram - 416-743-1331

or email:

rasras@rogers.com for details.

Merle Ramdial

Chair,

Communications Committee

Steelband Report

School Partnership Programme:

At both West Humber C.I. and Cedarbrae C.I. grants were made for the tuning of steel pans. In keeping with our partnership agreement with those schools, NAAC will continue this programme over the next school year. In addition, there is a strong possibility that NAAC will be able to resume financial support for the purchase of new instruments. Depending on the inflow of Bingo funds, NAAC may well be able to extend our support in this regard to North Albion C.I. with which NAAC was involved in the early years of our partnership with the schools of the then Etobicoke School Board.

NAAC Steelband awards were presented at their respective Commencements Exercises to Kashauna Moore (Cedarbrae C.I.) and Ashley Antwi-Adjei (North Albion C.I.). Jamie Bower and Terrel Bourne-Cave both of Cedarbrae C.I. were the recipients of the NAAC Steelband Bursary and the NAAC (Open) Bursary respectively. Similar awards made to students at West Humber C.I. were previously reported in the Fall issue of Broadcast.

After-School Community Teaching Programs:

At West Humber C.I., classes resumed after the Xmas school break for both the Beginner and Advanced classes with a slightly reduced turnout from the Beginner class. The NAAC Executive gave its approval to have Al Foster conduct a series of six workshops involving basic music theory that would be relevant and useful for members of the Advanced class. 16 members of Panache voluntarily enrolled in the workshops and so far the response has been very positive. In the light of this experience, a proposal will likely be submitted to incorporate some of these elements in the teaching of the Beginner classes for the 2011-2012 period.

At Cedarbrae C.I., Randolph Karamath reports that the NAAC-sponsored community steel pan classes continue to attract young and old students alike, with over 20 students in attendance.

Panache:

The major highlight for Panache members over the past few months was their performing at the 14th



Panache at 14th Annual Snowflakes on Steel, Toronto

Annual Snowflakes on Steel concert held in Toronto on January 22. The response was very encouraging:

Panache Community Steelband showed off their versatility with pieces ranging from Classical – “Air on the G String” by J.S. Bach, to contemporary – “Caught Up in The Rapture” & “I Just Haven’t Met You Yet”, to Calypso – “Ah Drinka” and a very infectious reggae rhythm in “Three Little Birds” by Bob Marley (The Caribbean Camera, Jan 26).

Our thanks are extended to Al Foster for all his help and encouragement in preparing us for this momentous occasion. And to PAN Arts, who put on this show, thanks for inviting us for the past two years.

It took a while after Snowflakes on Steel to come back down to earth, but the band went back to its regular gig schedule. Prior to Snowflakes On Steel, the band performed at the Sleeping Children Around the World event, October 2; NAAC’s Christmas Dinner Dance, Nov 27; and the Etobicoke Santa Claus Parade, Dec 4.

Howard Sammy passed away on the morning of the NAAC Christmas Dance and that night was a particularly sad occasion for us all. Not only was Howard instrumental in getting the steelpan music course accepted as part of the music curriculum at West Humber C.I., but he also was a driving force in launching the original NAAC steelband which was the forerunner of the present Panache band. At his funeral a small group of Panache members were on hand to play some of Howard’s favourite pieces, while Al Foster played “Last train to San Fernando” at the request of Kathy Sammy.

Ian Ramdial, Steelband Liaison

From Cedarbrae Collegiate...

There are 4 classes taking the Steel Band Music credit course from Grades 10-12.

The CCI Steel Band performed at various feeder schools in Toronto for Black History celebrations. The band was also featured quite prominently at our own Christmas concert and at our CCI Commencement in the Fall of 2010. Some of our pan students also performed at the TDSB offices at 140 Borough Drive. We are very pleased to announce that our new Recording Studio is in full operation and we have recorded our 3rd CD which should be out very soon. Here is more exciting news... CCI now has its own Teachers' Steel Band and they performed at our Commencement exercises last November.

CCI wishes to thank NAAC for donating the funds to purchase a Bass drum set and for assisting in paying for tuning of all the pans.

A bit about the after-school community program - In addition to the adults who attend the NAAC-sponsored after-school program, these classes have attracted many of the younger CCI students who are very excited about trying the different steelpan instruments.

Randolph Karamath, CCI Teacher



CCI Steel Band at TDSB (March 24, 2011) In photo from L: Mr. David Smith, Trustee; Mr. Randolph Karamath, Teacher TDSB; Mylez McLymont, Student CCI; Dr. Chris Spence, Director of Education TDSB; Chris Damoski, Student CCI; Ariel and Alana Dookheran, Students CCI.



CCI's Teachers' Steel Band

West Humber CI: Music Notes!

West Humber CI Music is once again powering through the Winter and Spring seasons with many performances! So far this year, our music program has had over 20 performances, including the following:

- Drumline playing for the National Capital Bowl pre-show and half-time show at the Rogers Centre, also filmed on Rogers Cable;
- Drumline playing for a TDSB Basketball Tournament half-time;
- Grade 12 steel band playing for the TD/Canada Trust Christmas Party at Stage West Dinner theatre (three 1-hour sets);
- Grade 12 Steel Band playing at the Toronto Christmas Market, Harbourfront;
- Grade 12 Steel Band and Drumline play at Roy Thompson Hall for the annual Martin Luther King Celebration Concert, this their sixth invited performance in a row! This concert featured rap star Kardinal Offishal;
- Steel band and vocalists play for Applewood United Church, Lawrence Park United Church and Bolton United Church for Black History Month Celebrations,

West Humber CI: Music Notes! (Continued)

- Grade 12 Steel Band plays for TDSB PD day session on Steel Band in schools and does hands-on workshop for teachers new to steel pan;

.....and upcoming gigs:

- **MUSIC NIGHT at WHCI!**
Thursday April 28, 2011 at 6:30pm!
- Grade 11 & 12 Steel Bands have been invited back to play for “**Music Monday**” at Yonge and Dundas Square on Monday May 2, 2011.
- Our Junior Motown band, which now includes 5 steel band players playing flute and keyboard parts, will be playing for the school in May for a “**Concert in the CAF**”;
- Our students are putting on the musical “Grease” with all-live music! This show will be on Friday June 3! It’s bound to be a sell-out, with just one evening performance!



*Grade 11 WHCI Steel Band at Applewood United Church
Black History Service, Feb 2011*



Grade 12 WHCI Steel Band at one of their Christmas Gigs, December, 2010

Please check our web site at www.whcimusic.com for more information and tons of pictures and videos!

by Joe Cullen

Howard Sammy: On another note, it was with great sadness that I heard of the passing of former WHCI Vice-Principal and former NAAC President Howard Sammy. Howard was instrumental in getting the steel pan credit course approved and started up in the Etobicoke boards. He shared many stories and experiences with me about the uphill struggle with funding approval and discrimination towards a credit course in steel band. He was a great source of inspiration and knowledge and was a great friend to me and countless others. I miss him everytime I enter our steel band room, and whenever I go for a roti, which is where we had many of our meetings to chat about the early years of WHCI’s pan program, how to deal with different types of parents, and how to motivate those “special” students. He was a great role model for teachers, administrators and parents everywhere. - J.Cullen

La Pique 100 Anniversary

In May 2010, the Annual General Meeting endorsed a project that will be committed to contributing to the celebration of Naparima Girls' High School milestone, through the establishment of a committee that will spearhead initiatives in order to realize a significant outcome to our commitment. This was not NAAC's first such endeavour. Besides our annual disbursements of just over C\$6000 among our family schools, our several Alma Maters, NAAC made a substantial contribution of approximately TT\$250,000 to the Naparima College's 100th anniversary landmark edifice, a Gymnasium/Auditorium, an imposing structure. Notwithstanding times are now different, NAAC community has a generous spirit.

In the Fall of 2010, the committee set up for the NGHS project, subsequently named "La Pique 100" and launched a letter appeal drive to all members and friends. Since then we are grateful to have received several positive responses, many from out-of-town friends, but not from the majority of us as yet. We know that the Fall and Winter consume our energy and time in managing the demands of weather and events, and that with spring awakening we become more relaxed and are able to catch up on other matters. During this beautiful time, the La Pique 100 Committee will formally celebrate the launch of its fundraising project. "Celebrating La Pique 100" on June 18, 2011 at the Elite Banquet Hall – a dinner/dance event commencing at 6:00 p.m. We have used the word "celebrating" because the NGHS Centenary Committee in Trinidad has been sponsoring a series of events since 2008 and will continue until the end of 2012. The centenary project is the erection of a building "Block" (yet unnamed), to house Science Labs, a Music Room and a Pan Theatre on the uneven ground of a sloping hillside on La Pique Road, a major financial undertaking.

Our parent schools in Trinidad have made us proud, and we have been mindful of our 'roots' that provided the 'branches' and strength to reach out

to preserve and achieve. Let us now further extend our generosity to our "Mother School" NGHS as she desires to mark one century, on the dawn of another. The launching of the centenary logo was the first of NGHS's celebration fundraising occasions. The logo has the image of a tamarind tree with its roots grown out to the surface, reaching to the tree top, and is encircled with its offshoots spreading out beyond the realm of the circle, and creates a concept of renewal from without. In retrospect the concept of renewal can be attributed to NAAC. Our alumni association has had the foresight and wisdom to reach beyond our schools' alumni, to invite other interested friends, not only from the Trinidad community, to join in the role of associate members. Such embracing has resulted in a wider reach in our programs, and in stature such that we received the T & T Silver Medal of Merit in August 2000. We have also improved on our reaching out to Canadian schools and community and our own Panache Steel Band is a fine symbol of our vision. Indirectly we share or have been the recipients of the influence of NGHS because of the values introduced through the education of women, and indirectly to society about one century ago. We all have family and friends related to NGHS. Let us help to make the new "Block" a reality for improving educational facility on La Pique Road.

The history of NGHS began in 1912 in a room at Grant School, with 22 students. This was the second Girls' High School after St. Joseph's Convent, Port of Spain in 1870. Bishops High School, then St. Hillary's, a government funded high school was later established in 1921.

In 1916 NGHS moved to a four room wooden building on La Pique Road, and in 1920 to a concrete structure which many of us knew as the Auditorium. This was the beginning of the current property, now with an enrolment of 775.

Although the school was started to serve the disenfranchised East Indian population, with

(continued on next page)

La Pique 100 Anniversary (Continued)

government funding it became accessible to all students who qualified and desired enrolment. Looking at the dates above, it is remarkable that it took the colonial government 51 years after St. Joseph's Convent and 9 years after NGHS to fund a high school for girls. Our church schools did blaze the trail for secondary education for women.

Let us therefore fete NGHS on its 100th anniversary in style and with generosity on June 18, 2011. We are hoping that Caribbean Airlines will donate the airfare of Dr. Patricia Mohammed who will be our feature speaker. She has offered to donate her time, and we are fortunate to have such an illustrious alumna honour our function. She is Professor of Gender and Cultural Studies; Campus Coordinator, School of Graduate Studies and Research, UWI; and also a playwright. We will have a great time together. Inspiring talk, great music and dance interspersed with laughter! And let us try to give as generously as we can to help NGHS realize its dream of a "Block" for Science and the Arts on La Pique Road.

We look forward to seeing you.

Karma Naike

Chair, La Pique 100 Committee

La Pique 100 Fund Donors (as of March 31, 2011):

Rev & Mrs Albert Baldeo	\$ 100
Mrs Jacqueline Bell	\$ 100
Mrs Vidya Mungal-Bissessar	\$ 100
Mr Anthony Boodhoo	\$ 50
Mrs Gloria Boos	\$ 100
Mrs Polly Clarke	\$ 100
Ms Marjorie David	\$ 50
Mrs Raabaya Goodman	\$ 20
Ms Brenda Jaleel	\$1000
Mrs June Khan	\$ 100
Mrs Barbara Kumar	\$ 25
Mr & Mrs George Lalsingh	\$ 100
Dr Mamin Lee-Sing	\$ 200
Ms Vitra Mungal	\$ 100
Mr Elsworth Poliah	\$ 100
Mrs Vilma Ramcharan	\$ 100
Ms Shirley Rodrigues	\$ 50
Mrs Angela Simon	\$ 25
Mrs Bess Maharaj	\$ 100
Mrs Marilyn White	\$ 200
Mrs Letitia Yerex	\$ 100
Total	\$2820

Naparima Alumni Association of Canada Event

Celebrating La Pique 100

Saturday June 18th, 2011

Elite Banquet Hall
1850 Albion Road, Etobicoke

Time: 6:00 p.m. - 1:00 a.m.

Dinner: 7:00 p.m.

Music: DJ Dinero and Panache Steelband

Cost: \$50 • Members / \$55 • Non Members



* Please Note: No Albion or Steeles Exits from 427

Rev. Dayfoot helped shape the Caribbean

By Herman Silochan

The passing of the Reverend Arthur Dayfoot shall not go without a salute. His labour for ninety five years was always a work in progress, not ever thinking about retirement, but looking towards the next project, hardly glancing back at the enormous accomplishments of his ministry.

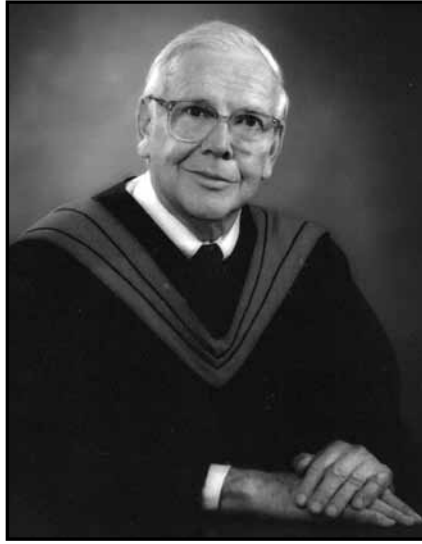
It was more than service to the Presbyterian Church, the honesty of his faith, or the raising of a family. It was a man imbued with scholarship, to get the facts right, and to nurture a following of academics that in their own way have contributed much to the Caribbean voice.

From an old settler family in Georgetown, Ontario, the young Dayfoot took up his calling, missionary work, his earliest being in China in 1944, when that country, and the rest of the world was in turmoil. It was an experience of adventure, armies, politics, refugees, death and destruction, unbounded faith, love, marriage and birth that came to an abrupt end when the communists came to power.

It was in the peacefulness of the colonial Caribbean where he found his fullest measure. From 1952 to 1974, beginning with a humble posting in rural Princes Town, Trinidad, he transformed his parishes into centres of better learning. To be sure, the earlier Presbyterian missionaries, Scottish and Canadian, had already established schools, but change was in the post war air.

Herein lay a beautiful story with a twist.

He went to a small farm Ecklesville, and asked a Mr. George Samaroo why his sons were not at school? What was to be their future? Mr. Samaroo had already planned to divide his fifteen acres of land into three parcels, and for him, their future was assured. But he agreed to send his eldest son, Bert,



on condition he passed the entrance test. He did, and was enrolled. Dayfoot returned to Mr. Samaroo's home and asked that the second son be also enrolled, and he would waive the annual fee of \$16. Thus the young Brinsley Samaroo began his life as an academic to eventually become one of the Caribbean's noted historians.

Dayfoot was already administering to the parishes in Grenada, and also set his sights far up to Barbados, Jamaica, and the fledgling University of the West Indies. His private studies and collection of documents pertaining to the Christian faith in the region was much in progress. In the early 1990s, now semi retired, Dayfoot returned to UWI, and asked his former student, the now famous Professor Samaroo, to help him do a doctorate. The puzzled and overwhelmed Dr. Samaroo had no choice, especially when he reviewed Dayfoot's proposed thesis. Out of this came, at the University of Toronto, one of the most seminal history works on the Caribbean, published in 1999, *The Shaping of the West Indian Church 1492-1962*. It is the only work on Christianity with a pan-Caribbean approach, putting into perspective another view of the colonial era, and the rise of new middle classes. In addition, there was massive thorough *Bibliography of West Indian Church History*, published in 2004. These two works are now among the foundation of scholarship at the University Theological College of the West Indies at the Mona Campus in Jamaica, which Dayfoot had a hand in establishing.

Dayfoot's other major input was as principal of St. Andrews Theological College in Trinidad from 1961 to 1970. It was more than a place of faith, but

(continued on next page)

Rev. Dayfoot helped shape the Caribbean
(Continued)

of ecumenism, with scholars invited from India, Europe and Africa to give their perspectives on how religion was shaped in different cultures.

That pool of learning also gave an impetus to the sister Naparima College to produce some of the finest scholars in the region, men who today play important roles in contemporary society and politics, even here in Canada.

I have had the privilege of visiting the Reverend and Mrs. Dayfoot's crammed condominium here in Toronto. It was a step back in time with walls and glass cases of rare books, manuscripts and countless mementos. It was overwhelming. All these were willed to the St. Andrew's Theological College in Trinidad, and were shipped last year. Undoubtedly, there is richness without dollar figures to be gleaned from this in years to come.

***Vera Baney Memorial Scholarship
established at N.G.H.S.***

A memorial scholarship in the name of Dr. Vera Baney has been established at Naparima Girls High School. The scholarship which will last about twenty years, is for an orphan or needy child. Herself an orphan, Vera very much wanted to attend N.G.H.S. but circumstances did not permit her. Because of her determination to get an education, Vera went on to get her High School equivalency (GED) and then the Bachelors degree at the University of Maryland. The intent of the scholarship is to provide support for an orphan or needy child so that they can realize their dreams as a result of the opportunity. Vera's life bears testimony to that fact.

In 2007, the year before she passed away, she was honored by the University of the West Indies, St. Augustine, with an Honorary Doctorate in recognition of her creative work as an artist. In September, Dr. Ralph Baney visited N.G.H.S. where he addressed the junior students and announced the scholarship.

Vera's art continues to be shown in Maryland and Trinidad. In April 2010 Vera had a one person show of prints, ceramics and sculpture at Howard Community College in Maryland. Then in September of last year there was a joint show of Vera's and Ralph's work at 101 gallery in Port of Spain. Together, Ralph and Vera Baney formed a formidable team of artists in Trinidad and Tobago.



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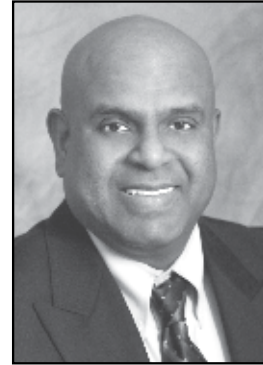
*Tranquil blue,
serene excitement
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myriad activity
Evolving still.*

*Sweeping circle of
continuity
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Naps girls, past,
present and future*

*(Above: Centenary bookmarks
are available from NGHS)*

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Winston Stanley Ramcharan

(1941 – 2010)

Just mention the name Winston Ramcharan and those who knew him cannot help but smile. His name was synonymous with responsibility, duty, preparedness and above all else, fun. Winston loved life. He loved the little things, he loved the big things, and he loved organizing them all! He was the youngest of eight siblings, all of whom were teachers, and Winston had his work cut out for him to shine among them.



Winston's attitude of fulfilling his duties transcended to his work and his involvement with the Naparima Alumni Association of Canada. He worked efficiently and earnestly in all the tasks he undertook. He was a forward-thinking man and for most of his life this made his years of employment easy and achievable. His professionalism was matched only by his humour, which he never let anyone around him forget. Winston was always armed with a joke and ready to fire at unsuspecting prey, making it easy and enjoyable to work with him.

We (the kids) grew up listening to Naps stories as both Myrna and Winston attended Naparima schools in Trinidad. When we made the decision to move to Canada, it was reassuring to have the alumni organization here in Toronto and our family was very grateful to have this link. We remember helping out at many Naparima events, whether assisting at bingo, setting up for dances, handling coat-check, or front door duties at performances. These were great learning experiences for us, and having dad there to make sure we did the job properly, was a great comfort.

The alumni association also allowed Winston to do something he loved best, interacting with people, whether old friends or new ones. And new friends he made by the dozen! He would often come home and tell the family of all the characters, new friends and acquaintances he had met, good and sometimes bad times he had, and all the colourful experiences that being a part of the association brought with it.

In essence, Winston loved his time there. I am sure that he will be remembered by all as a caring, respectful, extremely giving human being; one that led by example with a heart full of joy and fulfillment.

We the family, are thankful to the association for the joy it brought to Winston's life. He was a great husband, a father, a nana/aja, and most of all, he was always a teacher, willing to share his knowledge with anyone. We love him dearly.

Condolences are extended to ...

- Alan Poole and Simon Poole, husband and son of Indira Mohan Poole, who died on October 16, 2010 in Toronto
- Krishna Nankissoor and his family on the sudden death of his father in Trinidad, on November 30, 2010.
- The Ramcharan family on their loss of Winston. We extend our sympathy to his wife Myrna and their children, and to Winston's siblings, Pearl Crowley, Clifford, Kenneth, Phyllis Ramjattansingh and Pamela Alleyne.
- The family of Rev. Arthur Dayfoot, who passed away in November 2010 at the age of 95.
- Kathy Sammy and children Julian and Joy on Howard's passing on November 27, 2010
- Milton Moonah on the recent death of his mother in Trinidad
- Etty Shreeram whose sister died quite suddenly in Trinidad

James Howard Bindu Sammy

(1940 – 2010)

Howard, a founding member of NAAC, was dedicated and active from the early days of the organization. He held several positions on the Executive, including that of President, in 1980/81 and again in 1988/89. He was one of the members of the committee that wrote the Constitution and continued to advise, interpret and assist with revisions.

He was particularly proud of the NAAC steel band programs. How delighted he was to be a member of Panache, both for the music and the camaraderie. How honoured he would have been to be present when he was awarded honorary membership in Pan Trinbago for his contributions and encouragement of teaching of steel pan.

Professionally, Howard's teaching career began first in Montreal and then Milton, continuing for nearly 30 years with the Etobicoke Board of Education. In the early 1970s as a classroom Geography teacher, he helped establish and coach boys' soccer at Martingrove C.I. He also coached and guided the girls' team to the OFFSA championship. A most fulfilling time in his career was as a School Community Liaison Assistant working in race relations at all levels in diverse communities. During that period, he was instrumental in establishing steel pan programmes in Etobicoke schools. Howard retired in 1997 after serving as Vice Principal in three Etobicoke secondary schools.

As much as teaching was his avocation, Howard never let it override his other passions: travel, photography, writing, steel pan, gardening, geography, and above all else, family. He contrived to combine as many of these as possible into one effort: camping across Canada, sabbatical in Trinidad, safaris in Africa, exploring India, and more. He enjoyed adventure travel to all six continents, usually with family in tow. He was still dreaming of Antarctica. His travel writing and stories, augmented by slide shows were ever ready for any and all audiences.

Howard was born and raised at 85c Sutton Street, San Fernando, the first of eight sons to James S. and Marion Sammy. All eight attended prep school at Naparima Girls' High School and later, Naparima College. In his graduating year, Howard was awarded a one-of-a-kind Diamond Jubilee gold Medal for placing first. His goal after graduating from university in Montreal was to teach in different parts of Canada before returning to Trinidad. He claimed that this plan was sabotaged by Kathy whom he met in Milton and married in 1967. Together they created a life with their children that included regular stays with family in Trinidad and Canada so that Julian and Joy would know, appreciate and be comfortable with both cultures.

Howard was scheduled for surgery but sadly it was not to be. He lived to hold his first grandchild, Livé, Julian's daughter and to see Joy receive her doctoral degree at the University of Guelph. He died November 27, 2010, a few days before his 70th birthday. He was well remembered and honoured in two services in his two beloved countries. Fittingly, the memorial in Trinidad was held in the new auditorium at Naparima College.



(Editor's note: I will remember Howard for his generosity. He gave of his time, shared his experience and volunteered for the difficult jobs.)

Photo highlights from NC & NGHS



Speech Day at Naparima College, 2010



*Principal, Mrs. Patricia Ramgoolam
with student at NGHS Speech Day*



Naparima College Scholarship Winners 2010



NGHS Sports Day Parade/Cheerleaders

NAAC Christmas Dinner & Dance 2010



(Photos courtesy of G.D. Teelucksingh)

Panache Steelband



Rustin Oree accepting Proof of Honorary Membership in Pan Trinbago from Al Foster & Winston Poon



Harold Hosein, MC for the evening



Michael Lashley, Thelma & Desmond Teelucksingh



*Seated: Brenda Holman & Myrtle Gopeesingh
-Standing: Karma Naike & Ramabai Espinet*

Book Review: **Zalayhar – Life of A First Lady**

ZALAYHAR – LIFE OF A FIRST LADY

By Brinsley Samaroo, Yvonne Teelucksingh and
Kenneth Ramchand

Publisher Lexicon Trinidad Ltd and KR Education
Services, 2010

Reviewer: Dr. Patricia Mohammed

For ten years from 1987 to 1997, Zalayhar Hassanali occupied a position that few women in a society would ever attain in their lifetime - that of a first lady of the nation. It was a long step away from the girl child born to a humble tailor Ali Mohammed and his seamstress wife Khartoon Shah in Siparia, a closer step from the young girl of 21 who accepted the hand of Noor Hassanali, a recently returned from abroad young lawyer of promise who began his practice in San Fernando. Mrs. Hassanali would continue to move from one role to the next throughout her life with grace and dignity that she still carries today. The title of the book – *Life of a First Lady* – compiled and written by Brinsley Samaroo, Yvonne Teelucksingh and Ken Ramchand is a fitting tribute to a life that carries lessons and hope for women and men of all generations.

The book is all the more readable because it is illustrated by a series of photographs and sketches, over 150 in number. These take us not only through Mrs Hassanali's life, but equally on a pictorial journey through the massive changes in the history of Trinidad and Tobago and through the fortunes of people in the 20th century in this society. The photographs move from the grainy and beautifully textured black and white photos that situate time and memory in its curious mixture of nostalgia and hope – capturing the beauty of a past and the then youthfulness of our histories to the more contemporary technicolour photographs that record her duties as First lady, her family, and her still active life in contemporary Trinidad and Tobago. Read collectively and chronologically they reveal the transformations in roles and status that women born into this century would experience. As compelling and interesting is the prose, the photographs speak eloquently to me. One sees in her early childhood

photos, despite the gawkiness of teenage years, the composure and presence of a girl who is alert, intelligent, looking out at the world with wondering eyes and inviting experience. In a photograph on Coora Road, Siparia, in her parents home, she poses as the ping pong champion, healthy and secure in her pursuits.



The photograph I liked best was that of her wedding on page 50. Noor makes a handsome groom and Zalayhar a beautiful bride, the perfection of features of the young, the optimism of a life together and the promise of adventures ahead of them. The photograph captures the essence and compatibility of an eastern and western osmosis that has been the challenge of Indians in this society. It portrays the growth of a sophisticated and self assured class of professional Indian men, and women like Noor and Zalayhar Hassanali, and is prescient of the coming of age of a society that would welcome the leadership of the first Indian female Prime Minister, Kamla Persad-Bissessar who wrote the foreword to this book. The photographs of their residence in Tobago with family and visiting friends, tells of a woman's capacity for both joy and serenity which one recognizes as a feature of her personality throughout. Her son's testaments to his mother's care well demonstrated in the photos of her children that replace those of herself and siblings in her youth.

The chapter of the book that deals with education

(continued on next page)

Book Review: Zalayhar – Life of A First Lady
(Continued)

– not only of hers but of her father’s unsuccessful struggle to become a school teacher and then of his commitment to educate his daughters – is especially interesting as it mirrors the experience of so many men and women of this generation, including my own parents Ayoob and Zuleikha Mohammed. It is particularly pleasing to read the sections on her schooling at Naparima Girls’ High School, my own alma mater. There is an invisible umbilical cord that binds all ‘Naps’ girls old and young. We are proud to share this heritage with her and the school is honoured to have the first lady as one of its alumni. What was most revealing to me also were the dormitory stories. When I entered Naparima Girls’ High School in 1964, this was the final year of its existence as a viable dormitory. We did not have the presence of mind then to carry out research and record the experiences of those who had been part of this experiment that facilitated the early education of girls despite the loneliness and cuisine challenges, shall we say, that the young girls experienced. The book presents a useful record of this time. It was also interesting to read what it was like being one of the female students who had to go to do her advanced level studies in Naparima Boys college - to us as young impressionable girls in the 60’s this co-education experiment seemed exciting, even pregnant, if I may use the latter word, with possibilities. By the time I joined the school the newly outfitted chemistry and I think physics lab made it no longer necessary to go to the boys college to do certain subjects. But it is clear that Zalayhar Hassanali lived then as she did throughout her life, with a warmth of spirit and generosity that appealed to all. The cycling tour visits of her male classmates to her home during the vacation tell of a nice storybook kind of innocence of a time and place that we no longer inhabit, but it was good that a generation before had these simple and harmless pleasures at one time.

While it is expected to learn about the various dignitaries and occasions, the events and causes that the First lady encounters in her life as first lady, part three of the book that deals with the her years as First lady is made far more pertinent and valuable as

it introduced an aspect rarely developed in the life of public personalities. It examines the features she introduced to enhance the quality and condition of the President’s residence. In an entire section devoted to The First Lady’s Gardens, where are told that not only did Mrs Hassanali, introduce the planting of fruit trees, revived the horticultural beauty of the gardens and created vegetable plots but – I quote from the authors themselves “A fish pond was built and it supplied tilapia for the making of fish pies. After about five years, most of the state dinners used fresh vegetables, seasonings, spices, fruit and fruit juices from this garden.” One is amazed, or perhaps not, that she had the time and commitment to continue the heritage construction that this building represents to the nation in this organic way.

That Mrs Hassanali has consistently and with such humanity, humility and humaneness continued to hold all of these roles is a testament to not only the upbringing of her childhood but to a woman whose strength of character has sustained her throughout the happy and difficult times – although the latter are underplayed in the book, we know that no life is without its own tragedies. We must thank the subject for making her life available to us as a role model to many young women today who are torn between the glamour, and necessity of careers and balancing of home life. If I may be allowed to make one inference, the book also confirms research insights made by myself and another scholar Dr Halima Kassim that women of Islamic descent were actively encouraged to be educated, not just as good wives and mothers, but to be themselves strong and resilient characters in their own right.

It would be remiss of me to once again not to draw attention to the architects of this publication for the painstaking research that was required to bring both narrative and illustrations together with such unity and to those who supported the publication, among these the Naparima Boys Alumni and Scotia Bank.

Dr. Patricia Mohammed is a Professor of Gender and Cultural Studies at the University of the West Indies, St. Augustine and serves as Campus Coordinator, School of Graduate Studies and Research.

Naparima College to get new grounds

by Kevon Felmine

Published 2011-03-31

Minister of Foreign Affairs Surujrattan Rambachan, left, and President of Naparima College Association of Past Students Fareez Khan, right, are assisted in turning the sod for the rebuilding of the pavilion facilities.

Naparima College Association of Past Students (NAPS) continues to make inroads in its bid to improve the lives of the school's students. On Saturday the organisation hosted its sod-turning ceremony for the Pavilion Project at the college's playground at Lewis Street in San Fernando. Among those present were past students, Minister of State in the Office of the Prime Minister Collin Partap, Foreign Affairs Minister Surujrattan Rambachan, and Director of Public Prosecutions Roger Gaspard. The pavilion was commissioned in 1960 and is scheduled for an upgrade with an estimated cost of \$1.8 million. The seven acre ground is scheduled for a refurbishment estimated at \$11 million. The designs include the restructuring of the pavilion, fencing for the ground, a jogging track, a car-park, bleachers and courts for lawn tennis and volley ball. There are also plans for a conference room, two changing rooms, and two storage rooms.

NAPS president, Fareez Khan, admitted that the cost was exorbitant, but urged members of the association to contribute towards the cause. "We have to start to give more opportunities to our children. By building this facility and upgrading the grounds we will get more participation from students and parents. This project is about granting opportunities and, moulding our young people and giving them something that they can hold onto," he said. Minister Rambachan disclosed that he had contacted the Minister of Public Utilities, Emmanuel George, who announced that T&TEC would provide floodlights for the grounds. "There are so many things people can get from the government in terms of assistance. All they have to do is come forward and ask for it. You have friends in the government willing to work



with you in order to achieve these things," he said.

San Fernando mayor Marlene Coudray greeted the audience, and expressed her delight that the public would have access to the facilities. "We at the city corporation are much happier to hear that the organisation have partnered with us in providing facilities for the people of San Fernando," she said. Partap pledged his support for the association, and said that the project would reap much benefits for the public. "It will help many to engage in spending quality time with each other...Positive attitude will assist in the holistic development for young people to succeed." DPP Gaspard lauded the efforts of NAPS, and he too pledged his support for the project. He urged others to make contributions, and reminded them that Naparima College had been making significant contribution to the community and the country by the type of people it produced.

— School Activities for 2010-2011 at Naparima College —

- Our Annual graduation took place in October 2010 and was a grand occasion. The highlight of the ceremony was the presentation of Gold medals to our many National Scholarship Winners.
- The New Year started with Parents' Day and soon after was followed by Founders' Day. This was a special service as the College honoured Mrs. Zalayhar Hassanali as a renowned and distinguished past Naparima College Student.
- As promised by the Ministry of Education the laptops for form one students were delivered to Naparima College. A team of Ministry Officials and School staff received, initialized and distributed the computers in a most efficient exercise.
- A panel discussion of the 1970 Black Power Revolution took place in the School's Auditorium. This was coordinated by Dr. Jerome Teelucksingh of the University of the West Indies and V.P. Mrs. Rowena Wattley. The sixth form and fifth form students who were the target group expressed great interest and they were excited to have experienced living history.
- The 2011 Presbysports was hosted by Naparima College and was held at the Mannie Ramjohn Stadium. The event was organized by a team of teachers and with the PSSPoE. The day was a good one filled with fun and camaraderie between the staff and students of the five Presbyterian Secondary Schools.
- The annual Elocution Contest, organised by the Language Arts department took place in the School Auditorium. One of the judges was Ms. Deborah Jean-Baptiste, who is the founder of The Oratory Foundation in Trinidad and Tobago. The standard was very good and the winner, Sachin Moosay of Form 4 was acclaimed a brilliant speaker.
- The Naparhythms were invited to be on the programme of the Sod-Turning Ceremony of the new South campus of the University of the West Indies in the town of Debe. They did us proud.
- NC's Language Arts Department hosted the Spanish Food Fair on March 2 and March 3. This is an annual fair organised by the Spanish teachers at which students prepare and serve Spanish foods. All dishes are labelled in Spanish and the students share recipes with the patrons of the fair. Invitees and participants enjoyed tasting all the exotic dishes.
- The annual Naparima College Carnival Contest was held in the gym/auditorium. Students took part in Calypso, Extempo, Ole Mas' and Rhythm Section compositions. There was great excitement and creativity amongst the competitors.
- Members of the UNESCO Club and the Naparima College Peer Supporters gave voluntary service at the TTSPCA. They were accompanied by teachers Mrs. Shari Ablack and Ms. Alisa Jankie. This activity contributes to the hours of the Community Service which our students are encouraged to do.
- The first round of the Junior Mathematics Triathlon was conducted at the school with teachers and students from other schools. Curriculum officers were assisted by our Math teachers. All five of our contestants have progressed to the second of the three rounds of the Contest.
- The Sod-Turning Ceremony for the construction of the Sports Pavilion at the Lewis St. Extension was hosted by the NCAPS. Many dignitaries attended this auspicious occasion. The past students are asking everyone to pledge financial support to this effort.

Two Hindus and a Sikh

It must be that I'm catching that India bug, the one that keeps visitors returning to the country again and again despite all their avowals that once is enough - because, here I am, yet again, only two years later. Now, though, I plan to relax and become more absorbed into the rhythms, the feelings, the daily living, of Indian life, instead of constantly chasing who-knows-what all over the sub-continent. I'm spending time with friends, those whom I met two years ago, and the new ones on this trip. The more we learn of each other, the more we are reminded how little it matters where we live or what cultural trappings we clothe ourselves in.

Perhaps you will enjoy a little peek into the lives of these ordinary - yet to me very special - Indians whom I befriended on my first visit over two years ago.

Harvinder Singh is a Sikh living in the state of Punjab in North India. Sikh names usually involve the surname 'Singh' for males and 'Kaur' ('princess') for females. Sikhism professes equality among its adherents, so the use of these generic surnames is intended to erase caste distinctions (which, in India, can be determined from one's surname, among other markers). Harvinder's daughters use only given names in school and on their passports.

Harvinder's family arranged his marriage to Ravinder, but, luckily for the couple, they immediately clicked. "I was captivated by her grey-green eyes," he tells me, "but when she's mad at me, they seem like witches' eyes."

Once a year, on the fourth day of the full moon, Sikhs celebrate *Karva Chauth*, a ceremony in which the wife fasts all day in the hope that, by suppressing her desires, she will persuade the gods to grant safety and longevity to her husband. But I'm left wondering how exactly Ravinder is "suppressing her desires" seeing the exuberance with which she and her female friends spend the day shopping for new clothes and jewellery, painting their hands with henna (*mehendi*),

polishing finger-nails and applying make-up, all to dazzle their husbands in the evening. (There is no reciprocal fasting by husbands, the professing of equality notwithstanding). At night the family goes up to the rooftop-terrace where Ravinder must peer through an ordinary kitchen sieve to look at the rising moon. (She must not look at it directly. Why? I ask. She doesn't know, but I'm guessing that that, too, is a sacrifice, her relinquishing of the pleasure of admiring the moon's beauty). She cannot break her fast until she sees the moon through the sieve.



"What happens if clouds hide the moon all night?" I mischievously ask. Her smile says, "They better not!" Luckily, on this night there are no clouds. She sees the moon, performs a little *pooja* (religious ritual of worship), and her husband feeds her a morsel of food to break her fast. Then we all dive into the feast that she has somehow found time to prepare.

Harvinder was introduced to me via email by our mutual Canadian friend. I phoned him simply out of courtesy but, practically from the moment I set foot in their home, he and his family declared me to be 'family'. Many Sikh Punjabi men are tall and imposing, but Harvinder is barely taller than I, rather pudgy in the middle, with droopy eyes (common to many Punjabi men, I notice). He isn't exactly an extrovert, but he is extremely easy-going and generous. He

(continued on next page)

Two Hindus and a Sikh (continued)

adores his wife and indulges his daughters. He says that while he goes along with Sikh traditions to please his wife, he himself is not really religious. "I eat meat, I drink alcohol," he says, "though not on religious days, since my wife would refuse to touch me then." He brings home beer and humungous portions of roast chicken and pork, delighted to share these with me, his co-conspirator. I haven't the heart to tell him that I'd much prefer Ravinder's simple dinner of rice, *daal* and *sabzi* (curried vegetables). His younger daughter, too, eats meat, and she wants to attend university in Texas. "That's OK with me," he says. "I want my children to grow up free to live the life they choose."

A general manager at an Indian multinational company where he is responsible for several hundred employees, Harvinder is so used to orchestrating the show that this talent spills over into his private life. The moment I tell him I'm planning a trip to whatever place, he gives me all kinds of advice. "Shirleen" (he never calls me 'Shirley'), "listen to me. This is what you must do." And he goes on to detail just what I must do. "Take the train or bus. Don't fly, that's too expensive. Make sure you stay at a decent hotel with the right sort of people. And don't accept food or drink from strangers!" And he seems to have contacts everywhere - a phone call to one of them mysteriously produces train or bus tickets which the ticket offices have earlier claimed are sold out. "Harvi, Harvi, Harvi" I try to butt in, "I'm a big girl, I can manage just fine on my own." Of course I can, but why bother when I have my very own travel agent? "No fuss, no bother," Harvinder loves to say, "everything is possible in India."

Harvinder and I have this in common: we both love to take charge. Maybe that's why we get along so well.

R*enu* (Renuka) is in her late forties, and resides in Delhi with her two newly-university-graduated daughters, Ruhani and Rumani. Hers was an arranged Hindu marriage but it was a disaster from the beginning. She and her husband live apart

now, meeting only for the occasional extended-family functions when they feel obliged to put on a show of clan unity. But she still feels anger at her beloved father, recently-deceased, for 'throwing away' her life by forcing her to marry this man, his friend's son, who failed, or perhaps never tried, to evoke the slightest interest from her.

What a pity! When Renu smiles, not only does she display an enviable set of teeth, but her entire body radiates beauty. Normally she is full of laughter, chattiness and an inexhaustible love of Indian jewellery, but as she tells me about the years lost in her



loveless marriage, her demeanour is momentarily tinged by sadness and regret. "I don't know how we even managed to have two children together," she half-jokes, "but they're the only good thing that came out of it."

I first met Renu at a camel camp in Jaisalmer, Rajasthan. The program included camel-riding in the desert among the graceful, gently undulating sand-dunes, followed by dinner and entertainment by local musicians and dancers under the clear, cool night sky brilliantly adorned by zillions of stars. True, the entertainment was tourist-kitsch, but no matter, it was lots of fun. Renu and I quickly struck up a friendship.

Now, I'm back in Delhi once again, spending some time with her at her apartment home in a suburb which itself is hardly less crazy and chaotic than Delhi. She is a principal of a middle-school for girls, and on a day when she is not very busy (because the students are writing examinations) she takes me along with her to the school. She invites the three music teachers to entertain me with some music. The youngest,

(continued on next page)

Two Hindus and a Sikh (continued)

Ritu, shyly asks me what I would like her to sing. “The song from *Kuch Kuch Hota Hai*,” I reply. After her beautiful rendition of this, she asks, “What next?”

Now, the only other Indian song I sort-of-know is *Suhani Raat* (which, as I have learned from a television show, comes from the classic 1949 film, *Dulari*). But whenever I’ve asked people in India about this song, no one seems to have ever heard of it. I shamefacedly confess to her, “I don’t know any other.” She can hardly believe that someone so unknowledgeable has the nerve to claim Indian stock-hood!

But no problem, she knows lots. Very quickly she and her colleagues overcome their initial shyness, and entertain me with several songs while I shoot some videos of them on my digital camera. They accompany their singing with the harmonium, tabla and some other drums.

A little later, when the students have gone home, the other teachers, all female, attracted by the ruckus, pour into the room. Soon they, too, join in the singing, dancing, clapping. Ritu does a classical dance. The English Literature teacher, tall and willowy and attractive in her sky-blue sari, does a graceful, feminine dance. As the tempo picks up, two other young teachers do a wild village-folk-dance followed by an energetic Bollywood number.

Someone puts on a CD of popular Bollywood music and the party spontaneously leaps up several energy- and decibel-levels. They’re all dancing, doing their inimitable Indian hip-flinging thing, while my body is hopelessly mired in some soca-salsa concoction

We are making so much noise - it’s only 3 o’clock in the afternoon - that the lone male teacher and the school-maintenance men timidly sneak a peek into the room. No one has thought to invite them. Perhaps their presence might break the spell. But then again, maybe not - these women, all highly educated professionals, are fully in charge here, at least in this small world of a girls’ school. How they fare outside, in their homes and in the public sphere,

may be another matter entirely. Depressingly, almost every day brings news of all kinds of male violence inflicted on women and children.

Renu is a modern woman, hardly different from her Canadian counterparts, making space in her life for professional dedication, family responsibilities and religious traditions. She is financially independent, owns her apartment, and travels freely inside India without a husband or other male relative for protection (unusual among Indian women). She wears her hair fashionably cut, and dresses herself in saris and salwar-kameez and jeans and running shoes. She plays badminton with her daughters’ young male friends at the court next door. While many middle class women employ drivers, she and her daughters drive their car themselves. “Why are the men staring at you,” I ask Ruhani who is racing through the city streets, making death-defying Indian lane changes on our way to her relative’s wedding. “Female drivers are a rarity here,” she replies, “even though Delhi is supposed to be a world-city.” To my great relief, we arrive at the wedding with flesh and bone intact.

Renu prefers her daughters to marry for love. Her wistful smile suggests that she, too, would like that chance for herself

S*uri* is a talented young tabla drummer in Kerala. On most evenings, after his regular office job, he and his fellow musicians entertain tourists at a small local theatre for music and dance performances. Mostly self-taught (after his early introduction to the drums by his grandfather), he lives and breathes the music. I have become addicted to the tabla’s hypnotic rhythms, and spend so many evenings at the theatre that the musicians have jokingly bestowed honorary membership on me!

When you look at Suri, long and thin and knobby as a *bodi* bean, his wide, infectious boyish smile bursting out all over his face, seeming ten years younger than his twenty-eight, it’s difficult to envision him packing power into his drumming. But he does,

(continued on next page)

Two Hindus and a Sikh (continued)



surprisingly. I love to watch him as he practically goes into a trance during the long pieces, eyes closed, body tensed in its complete concentration, long slender fingers blurring like a bird's flapping wings.

The admiration is mutual - I admire his musical gift, he admires my admiring him. We are drawn to each other, somehow, this aging woman of the world, and this young man, so unworldly, such a nice temple-going Hindu "boy", following all the rules of tradition, waiting patiently and (I assume) chastely for his family to find him a bride. Yet, along the way, in his imagination, he gets me all mixed up with - what? I discourage him from giving voice to it; some things are best left undeclared.

Last summer he told me that his parents had finally found him a bride. "I'm happy with her," he said. He had met her only once, briefly, at the temple. "Please come to my wedding next year," he invited.

I am now only yesterday's fantasy.

At his wedding he proudly introduces me as his Canadian friend to his mother, his father, his grandfather, his brother, his new wife. "She knows all about you," he assures me. I have to smile - what exactly is there to know?

Shirley Lobin

shirleylobin@yahoo.com

Trini-Can

It's fantastic the way that people speak,
and the different things we say.
Sometimes we say the very same thing,
but in a different way.
In Canada we greet with, "How are you?"
whether Pat or John, Mary or Kay.
Trinidadians ask the same question,
by saying, "Wha' happenin dey?"
Even the modern drug Viagra,
that now has such a strong sexual sway,
in Trinidad it was long discovered
but we called it "Bois bandé".
Canadians will say, "Let's have a pop,"
without even stopping to think.
But in Trinidad, "pup" is a young dog,
so we call pop "sweet drink."
If a Canadian farmer's crop goes bad,
and hailed out before the crop is ripe,
Trinidadians describe that experience,
"Well man, crapaud smoke your pipe."
Canadian say, "You flatter me"
and in this way become so shy.
But Trinidadians express the same language,
with the simple word "Mamaguy."
So we may speak the same language,
with a slightly different flow.
Canadians may say,
"I don't comprehend."
Trinidadians say, "Me eh know."

Bilingualism then, is not just two languages,
in a land where we are born free.
Canadians call it pluralism;
Trinidadians say, "Man I'm basoudi."
So together let us all hold strain,
and what was that you say again?
Let's speak a language
which we both can understand,
and it is a new language
And we'll call it Trini-Can

Oh, Canada, we stand on guard for thee,
Forged from the love of liberty.

(Poem by Rev. Albert Baldeo)

Living a Dream

...Rabindranath Maharaj moves from country boy to major author

One of Canada's acclaimed short story writers and novelist, Rabindranath Maharaj, spoke with much endearment about his once George Village, Tableland, rural culture, as he compared it to life in the borough, now city of San Fernando. "There, the town people walking in measured strides on the pavement...they never stopped to chat as in the village." A cheeky, childlike smile played on his face as he recalled his boyhood days. "Most of the villagers were sugarcane and cocoa farmers, and as a boy I would gaze from the front yard at the bison and donkeys on the road, walking at the same slow pace day after day. They were followed in the evenings by workers returning from the canefield a little distance away."

From that early age, Robin (as he was fondly called) demonstrated the beginning of the writer's keen sense of observation and feeling for humanity; the mannerisms and body language of others, which are now reflected in the characters of his short stories and novels. In his novel *A Perfect Pledge* he describes: "Jeeves was fascinated by Huzaifa's strange stoop, his oversized clothing and especially the way he crouched on his chair like a plucked helpless bat." Even though he emerges like a writer in exile, his heart and soul still reside in his Trinidad as he continues to portray life in the villages, the characters, customs, the struggles, tears and humour of rural life in Trinidad.

Phillip Marchand, Canada's most recognised literary critic of the *Toronto Star*, wrote: "The only truly serious and successful Canadian novel I have read so far for this year is set entirely on the island of Trinidad and has not a single Canadian character." In recognition of Maharaj as a major novelist *The National Post* wrote: "When a major writer emerges, the time for comparison ends, and the time to celebrate the arrival of a distinctive, fully formed

voice and sensibility begins."

The Canadian Literature publication, in describing the author of his book—*A Perfect Pledge*—(401 pages), wrote: "Rabindranath Maharaj, its Trinidadian-Canadian author, as a most major post-colonial writer and potentially a worthy successor to VS Naipaul." Recently, he visited the Naparima Boys' College from where he graduated

before entering the University of the West Indies in St Augustine. He remarked: "I did not feel that sense of tradition, which we had in my days as a student there, although I was impressed by the physical improvement of the building."

When he visited the well-stocked library, however, he was disappointed at the paucity of

books by local authors, including his own. Later, he made a presentation of several of his novels to the principal when he addressed the students at a special assembly. "The importance of discipline cannot be understated," he told the students. "In every endeavour, discipline is important if you are to succeed." He also spoke about the diminishing regard for tradition, a tendency he attributes to the ambivalence about our history of slavery and indentureship.

He finds it highly regrettable that "people of third world countries, including Trinidad and Tobago, view writers with a degree of suspicion. "It is, like this person; the writer has nothing meaningful to do, that other art forms take precedent over the literary arts. "There appears to be a lack of appreciation of the writers' vision and intuition unlike most developed countries." Even though his books have received rave reviews in Canada and elsewhere, his books, like many other Trinidadian writers, are mostly unavailable in the local book stores. Maharaj stated: "This is part of the malaise affecting the local cultural scene where



Rabindranath Maharaj

(continued on next page)

Living a Dream (cont...)

there is a fondness for foreign-born artistes.”

Before migrating to Canada in the early 1990s, he received his BA in English, an MA in English and History and Diploma of Education from The University of the West Indies, St Augustine. Later, he worked as a teacher and briefly as a columnist for the Trinidad Guardian. While in Canada, he completed a second MA in Creative Writing at the University of New Brunswick. In 1994 he moved to the town of Ajax, Ontario, where he taught at a high school for a number of years. In 1998 he founded and co-edited Lichen Literary Journal which was launched in May 1999.

Among other posts, he has been a writer in residence at the Toronto Reference Library, a mentor for young writers with diaspora dialogues, and more recently, an instructor with both the Humber College School for writers and the University of Toronto School of Continuing Studies. Apart from his novels and collection of short stories, he has published work in various literary journals and anthologies, written book reviews and articles for the Washington Post, the Globe and Mail, The Toronto Star and others; written a play for CBC Radio and co-written a screenplay. He continues to reside in Ajax, Ontario, Canada.

Now, in the year 2011, at the age of 55, this author has successfully produced four novels together with three collections of short stories. In the mix of his academic pursuit and a focus on writing, it is wondered; how does he manage the time-sharing between these two intense activities? “Discipline,” he responded. “Discipline and dedication to the things you love and enjoy. You do not wait for inspiration to conjure a story. You have to make the time and think with a purpose.” His books include *A Perfect Pledge*, *The Lagahoo’s Apprentice*, *The Amazing Absorbing Boy*, *Homer In Flight* and three collections of short stories.

Several of his books have been shortlisted for the Rogers Writers’ Trust Fiction Prize, The Commonwealth Writers’ Prize (Canada and Caribbean Region) and the *Chapters/Books in Canada* First Novel Award finalist. With his passion for history and preservation of old buildings, Maharaj

visited the old Usine Ste Madeleine Sugar factory. On his way through the abandoned sugar cane field of Malgretoute Estate in the outskirts of Princes Town, he paused to reminisce on his boyhood days of the bison carts and donkey carts hauling tons of sugar cane. He reminisced: “It seems like only yesterday when I attended the Robert Village Hindu School as a little boy, where my father was the principal. In those days the sugar cane industry was alive. There was a sense of optimism about the industry most believed would persevere.”

He further expressed his sadness for the waste and abandonment of an industry with such a valuable history as he entered the precinct of the old Ste Madeleine sugar factory. He viewed the old locomotive, wagons and related agricultural machines on his way to the main factory, where the hum and noise of industry are heard no more since the shutdown of the sugar industry several years ago. A deep sense of sadness is felt; a silent haunting aura of a seemingly disinherited Colonial past, a desolation and neglect that seem perfect as a location for a horror movie. The author walked ahead, touching a rusted pulley here, a wheel there, a broken iron cupboard.

He tried his hand at turning a huge cog wheel but failed. As the rusted galvanised iron sheets banged overhead on the roof, he climbed a flight of iron steps through a maze of iron supports to a plaque which, when dusted, showed 1874. He suggested that this old factory should be preserved, not only as an historic monument but as a part of a museum of the past sugar industry, and open to those students of local history and as a tourist attraction. Rabindranath Maharaj, a consummate thinker and creative writer, who, in spite of his success as a major novelist, has maintained his simplicity, his Trini humour and common touch, and with a passion for preservation of old buildings, the environment and history. Even though he enjoys the Canadian scenes, it is his hope to return to settle in his beloved homeland Trinidad, some time in the future. He recognises, however, that writers in Trinidad are viewed with a mixture of hostility, anxiety, or indifference.

By Al Ramsawack

(From The Trinidad Guardian, 2011-02-06)

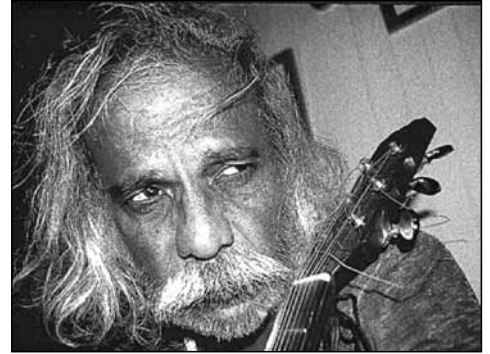
From Piparo to Hollywood and back

A brief encounter with actor, writer, film-maker Errol Sitahal

In spite of his many accomplishments, Errol Sitahal maintains his humility. Still the man from Gayelle, back in the 1980s he played an important role in the many TV presentations alongside Tony Hall, Sprangalang and Niala Rambachan. Today, he is viewed as a consummate artist, embracing the many art forms including drama, stage and film acting, play writing, poetry, music, painting, videography and film making. His endeavours took him to Canada, the USA, and of course, Trinidad and Tobago, Barbados and Guyana. A check on the internet movie data base (IMDb) credited Sitahal for his inclusion in three Hollywood movies—A Little Princess, Harold and Kumar go to White Castle and Harold and Kumar escape from Guantanamo. Following the release of A Little Princess, Sitahal went international. The movie was an instant family hit. His agent was awakened to his talent, which prompted more attention to him. Theatre and television offers increased.

In between engagements, Sitahal returns to Trinidad to relax and socialise with his Trini friends and relatives. He complains: “Living in Canada is too impersonal and ‘metropolitan’. No community.” This was when we encountered this unusual actor, like a voluntary recluse. Shoulder-length silver hair, a large, bushy moustache and grizzly beard. And there he was, in the porch of his sister’s modest house, in the peaceful, laid-back village of Piparo, crouched over an old acoustic guitar, casually strumming away. This was one of the breaks between engagements, when he lives here alone. “The fridge doesn’t work.” He offers to take us to the nearest rumshop. We graciously decline, preferring to talk in the quiet of his home. And that guitar; I seem to remember. Back in the eighties, didn’t he play Rodrigo’s Aranguéz in his role as the defrocked priest in Raoul Pantin’s ‘Sanctuary’ at the Central Bank Auditorium? “You actually remember that?” he grins. “Nobody else does. Is nice to be remembered.”

He hugs the neck of his guitar. “Yuh doh want to take a picture of ah ol’ bush m o n k e y , man!” He says he’s been wanting to



Errol Sitahal

shave for a while now. “Moustache getting in de food...hair keepin’ mih too warm.” But he can’t shave. He is contracted to continue shooting a TV series in Toronto in a few weeks. He plays Babaji, the quirky grandfather of an Indian family living in Toronto. The series, ‘How to be Indie’, is in the process of shooting a second season, the first season having successfully made it from Canada to Australia and England. How did he manage this from deep in southern, rural Trinidad? In the early eighties, Sitahal burst upon the Port-of-Spain theatre scene in a two-hander with the late Devindra Dookie sweeping the National Drama Festival and collecting awards for best actor, best production, best director (with Dookie), and a special award for excellence in theatre.

The play was Arrabal’s ‘The Architect and the Emperor of Assyria’ in which Sitahal had acted in Montreal a few years earlier, the French newspaper, *Le Devoir*, calling him ‘particulièrement remarquable’. Montreal? He was also nominated for a Best Actor Award in 1997, for his role in Nourbese Phillip’s, *Coup and Calypso*, acknowledging him as one of Toronto’s Best Actors. After an Island Scholarship from Naparima College in San Fernando, the young Errol Sitahal went to England to study Literature and Theatre Arts. Later, he was admitted to McGill University in Montreal, to do his PhD in English. He explained: “After three years completing my residence requirements, I really got fedup wit’ the cloistered

(continued on next page)

From Piparo to Hollywood and back (cont...)

stifling academia prison dat was university life. I was doin' some acting with the university drama club meantime...so I decided to chock university an' go professional.

"Jump in an' take the risk. Well dat was exciting... but real hell. Acting jobs few and far between. Lots o' warehouse work, garbage collecting, scrubbing floors in office buildings at nights. Finally, I found an agent. That helped. It was at that time when my picture in a union publication was spotted by a casting agent who auditioned me for the Hollywood feature 'A Little Princess'. And there was no holding back thereafter." Apart from his roles in foreign films and theatre, he acted in a major role as the overseer in a movie titled, 'The ghost of Hing King Estate', which was filmed in north Trinidad and projected at MovieTowne during last year's Film Festival. It was awarded the 'People's Choice'. Sitahal also played an interesting role in a TV series titled, 'The Reef', which was filmed in Tobago and produced by Danielle Deffienthaler. It was viewed on local TV. Another local film, 'Radica', produced by Francis Escayg, in which Sitahal played a role, was shown at this year's Film Festival.

Sitahal's film MALINI, which he produced locally, was based on a story written by his friend and novelist, Rabindranath Maharaj. It attempts to deal with language and communication, with truth and fantasy. A Trinidadian returns home after many years to deal with his guilt at neglecting his family. He 'sees' things the way he wishes them to be rather than the way they actually are. The film features Kenneth Boodhu in a wonderfully restrained and sustained performance. Sitahal's philosophy: "We need to pay more attention to the kind of films that explore more intimate and domestic situations than the mega-theatrical experiences that are nothing more than blown up video games. It is closer to the aesthetic we need to develop in film to examine our special situations. The directing styles of a Satyajit Ray, Winal Sen, the Italian neo-realists-Rossellini, de Sica-Iranian and African domestic dramas, the socially and politically committed films in Latin America...

Caribbean films (sadly not represented by Trinidad)... where is our own international film library, for Christ sake?"

Sitahal views "the rum shop scene as a stage of true-life drama, where characters are uninhibited and communication seems easy and fluent in our Trini language..." Bar man, look dem fellahs t'roat dry, bring ah rouns foh dem!' Expletives fly without restraint or offense, as they 'de-stress' from everyday burdens. Free discussions and exchanges of views on sometimes personal problems... Friendship and camaraderie prevail in a manner not seen in many high social levels where hypocrisy seems normal." Sitahal continues: "Well....it's like this. Anyone wishing to be an actor should sensitise herself or himself to the various subtle ways that language operates. Actors should be avid readers, exposing themselves to the best in literature, to poetry, to the novel, to dramatic writing. They should even try writing a few lines of poetry now and then. "In this way, the imagination is activated and kept active. And that is where all artistic activity takes place.

Art is energised by the imagination....by the active imagination. We can't allow the imagination to lapse, to get slothful...it must always look at the world, at nature and at mankind, and never cease to be in awe and to wonder. "So when you are confronted by a new character in a well-written play, this impressionable imagination, in awe and in wonder, embraces the entire world of the play and adopts it as its own. Every character in that play stimulates a part of you, and every voice in that play becomes your own voice. You become part of an integrated community of voices each indispensable to the whole. "I believe that within every human being is the germ of what every human being has ever been or ever will be in this life and the next. The nurtured imagination responds to a written role or dramatic situation by finding within itself, and developing, the germ necessary to create the role. So it is an internal process. I think that is what I mean by instinct."

He looks down at his guitar as if looking at a

(continued on next page)

From Piparo to Hollywood and back (cont...)

faithful friend; his eyes turn to the lush bamboo patch on the opposite hill as he talks about his travels to Europe, India, the Far East, Africa, North and Central America... In spite of all he's done, he still feels unaccomplished. "I am ready for Lear, and a repeat of Sookdeo in A Brighter Sun. Sookdeo has been my most beloved role....Lear will be my most challenging. Every actor worth his salt must take up this challenge. For me, the stage will always be the actor's ultimate test." The bamboos are gradually turning into silhouettes against the evening sky as the dusk of twilight brings out the nocturnal bats fluttering out of the ceiling. His eyes grow watery as he puts down his guitar. He gestures, "Aye boy

Al, take up yuh camera and ley we go up by de rum shop to wet yuh t'roat. Yuh will experience real life drama wid colourful Piparo characters. In Piparo, t'eatre is free in Cap rumshop." Because of his silence and modesty, we had lost track of his ins, outs and international roles in theatre and films; a humble son of the soil, from the desolate cocoa fields of Piparo to Hollywood, we must commend Errol Sitahal for his struggles and success, and for making us proud on the international scene; a true ambassador who genuinely loves his home and country, Trinidad and Tobago.

By Al Ramsawack

Reprinted from the Trinidad Guardian. Nov. 7, 2010

You must remember these days

Before the Internet or the Mac, Before Uzis and crack. Before Nike and Reebok, before the NBA. Before Sega or Super Nintendo. Before burglar proofing and KFC. Before soca, dub and chutney Before children's rights and women's lib.

Way back...

I'm talking about hide and seek at dusk. Looking through the window, sitting in the gallery, Licking your lips over hops and condensed milk. Going to Saturday afternoon confession. Drinking chocolate tea and cocoa tea and green tea and shining bush tea. Carrying sandwiches in a brown paper bag to school. Eating chilibibi and press with green and red syrup, with or without milk. Bathing in cold water from a barrel with a calabash. Hopscotch, butterscotch, hoop, Jacks, Police and Thief, Rounders ! Pass-out cricket in the road with a lime Lying on the floor reading Mandrake and Katzenjammer Kids and Mutt and Jeff. Borrowing books from the library. Hula Hoops and jawbreakers and kaiser balls. Bathing in the rain under the guttering. Going for walks on Sunday afternoon. Band Concerts. Window shopping. Wearing old pants to the beach and collecting sea shells and pretty stones.

Wait. . .

The excitement of catching candle flies in a jar and batimamselles. Putting the ti-marie to sleep. Killing birds with sling shot, cooking and eating them. Pitching marbles, running jockey in the canal. When a calypso on the radio in Lent would have caused a scandal. When going to town was a major outing requiring serious preparation. Spending holidays by your grandmother and aunts. Castor oil and senna pods at

the end of August to clean you out! Eating caimite and mammy seepote and downs and sapodilla and sugar apple and tying up your mouth with lalay. Climbing trees, and skipping rope and eating a bucket of long mango. Making a Christmas tree from a guava branch with cotton for snow. You thought apples and grapes only grew at Christmas time. Cops and robbers, cowboys and Indians, keeping an eye out for soucouyant and la diablesse. Sliding down the bannister, jumping on the bed. Pillow fights. Having a pet chicken, duck, rabbit or goat and crying when it became a meal. Being tickled to death. Running till you were out of breath. Laughing so hard that your stomach hurt! Being tired from playing....remember that? Going to the Chineese shop for Trebor and a penny sweet biscuit.

There's more . . .

Scratching your mother's head. Fighting for the bowl when your mother made a cake. Churning coconut or custard ice cream on Sunday and licking the palette. Peeling cane with your teeth.

Remember when . . .

When there were no sneakers, only watchekongs and you washed them every Saturday and whitened them. When you knew nothing of Rottweilers or pit bulls, only pot hounds. When a penny was a decent allowance, and another penny a huge bonus. When you'd reach into a muddy gutter for a penny. When fashionable young ladies wore crinoline and boleros. When your mother wore stockings that came in two pieces and had garters. When all of your male teachers wore ties and female teachers had buns. When you had to be rich to have a car or a radio. When there was no TV and you went to sleep at seven o'clock. When there was no designer water. When laundry detergent had free glasses, dishes or towels hidden inside the box. When any parent could discipline any kid, or feed him or use him to carry groceries, and nobody, not even the kid, thought a thing of it. When it was considered a great privilege to be taken out to dinner at a real restaurant with your parents. When every kitchen had a safe with wire mesh. Milk came in rum bottles and had to be boiled and the cream was a great treat. When they threatened to keep kids "down" if they failed...and they did! When your mother used to say that your licks hurt her more than it hurt you. When adults spoke in code so "little ears" wouldn't hear. Basically, we were in fear for our lives but it wasn't because of drive-by shootings, drugs, or gangs. Disapproval of parents and grandparents, godparents, tanties... was a much bigger threat! If you can remember any of these things, Well, sir/madame, I swear you must be my age!!!!!!

By Keith Smith



Hillview College

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February 24, 2011

Ms. Vilma Ramcharan
Naparima Alumni Association of Canada (NAAC)
Bridlewood Mall Postal Outlet
P.O. Box 92175
2900 Warden Avenue Scarborough
ON M1W 3Y9

Dear Ms. Ramcharan,

Please find enclosed, names of the recipients of your Bursaries and a receipt for your cheque re: our Annual Graduation and Prize Giving Exercises 2010, for your next newsletter, as requested.

- | | | |
|----|---|----------------------------|
| 1. | Book Award for Excellence in
CSEC & GCE O Level Examinations | Nikolai Maximay |
| 2. | The Arthur Siblal Memorial Award
For Excellent All Round Performance in Form 5 | Nikolai Maximay |
| 3. | Citizenship Award for Outstanding Contribution
To Corporate Life of Hillview College | Anthony Jawahir |
| 4. | Bursary for Higher Education | Ricardo Bridgemohan |

On behalf of the Administrative Committee, Staff and Students of Hillview College, I wish to extend my sincere thanks and appreciation, once again, for your very kind annual donation towards the welfare of our graduating students.

May Almighty God continue to richly bless the membership of the NAAC.

Yours sincerely

LESLIE CYRIL MAHASE
PRINCIPAL (SECONDARY)
HILLVIEW COLLEGE
B.Sc. Dip. Ed.
EXEC. Dip. SCHOOL MGMT. & LEAD.

— NGHS Upcoming Activities —

April 2011

- 2nd Annual 'Cruise 4 La Pique'

October 8th 2011

- Literary Evening & Tea

Launch of Book of Writings - "Tamarind Tree Blossoms" - Organised by the Alumnae Association

December 1st, 2nd, 3rd 2011

- Musical - "The 13 Daughters"

December 18th 2011

- Grand Reunion - Organised by the Alumnae Association (Venue: NGHS)

January 12th 2012

- Thanksgiving Service & Launch of Book on NGHS

January 15th 2012

- NGHS Centenary Newspaper Pullout

Carnival Friday

- Carnival 2012 (School Programme with Centenary Theme)

February 2012

- Sports Day (with Centenary Theme)

June 2012

- Launch of 'Satellite' Cookbook

July 7th 2012

- Gala Ball

July 2012

- Open Day & Art Exhibition
- Graduation Dance
- Centenary Magazine

September 2012

- Speech Day / Graduation

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NOTICE

Steelband Classes • 2011/2012 Season

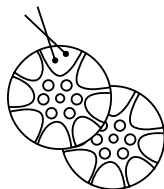
West Humber Collegiate Institute

Start: Sept. 2011 - TBA

Time: 6:30 p.m. – 7:30 p.m.

Instructor:

Rustin Oree • Tel: 416-745-7793
Steelband Liaison: 905-844-1254
email: iramdial@cogeco.ca



Cedarbrae Collegiate Institute

Start: Sept. 2011 - TBA

Time: 5:00 p.m. – 7:00 p.m.

Instructor:

Randolph Karamath
Tel: 416-283-4152
email: ramachez@hotmail.com