



“BROADCAST”
Newsletter of the Toronto Unit

Naparima Alumni Association of Canada

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

Vol. XLIII No. 2

Fall 2023

Autumn in Ontario



Photo by Michele Comeau, member of Panache & teacher with the Toronto District School Board

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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.

At our NAAC ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING held on May 27, 2023, a new Executive was elected. Here are the officers for the 2023-2024 term:

2023 – 2024 NAAC Executive

President:	Selwyn Baboolal	selwyn@oblaw.ca
1st Vice President	Peter Mohan	peterbmohan@yahoo.ca
2nd Vice President	Riaz Oumarally	riaz.oumarally@gmail.com
Secretary:	Somey Oumarally	someyb@gmail.com
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Past President:	Merle Ramdial	merle.ramdial@gmail.com
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Executive Member:	Ia Sirju	ia@sirju.com
Executive Member:	Ras Shreeram	rasras@rogers.com

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CREDITS

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President's Message

As of May 2023, I have been serving as the President of the NAAC. I am pleased to report that there are several new and younger members of the Executive with whom I have the opportunity to work. It's trite but true, that the pandemic had a crippling effect on NAAC. Much appreciation is owed to the former executive who steered us through those difficult times.

Alas the ship is still afloat, but we were not able to do much because of the restrictions the pandemic imposed. Those restrictions had to be heeded strongly for us because most of our members are older. Consequently, our social activities were curtailed.

We decided to hit the ground running and try to make up for lost time. We planned some social activities geared to get our members

together to raise funds to support the bursary commitments to the schools in Trinidad.

On August 19th 2023, we held a picnic at Greenwood Conservation Park in Ajax. The event was well attended and by all accounts a big success (see picnic report).

This event was followed by a brunch on September 10th 2023 at Tropical Nights Restaurant. It was a beautiful sunny day and we filled the patio with 120 members and guests who enjoyed live music. Many thanks to our very own Rudy Maharaj who entertained all of us with his band Jamin. Also performing were the Rhythmic Rollers Iron Section.

To cap off this year we have booked the venue for our Christmas Gala which is to be held on November 26th, 2023. Looking forward to seeing you and until then stay safe and healthy.

Selwyn R. Baboolal

From the Editor's Desk...

Our last Broadcast publication was Fall 2019. As society adjusts to the new normal, we at NAAC have begun to host some past favorite activities. These have been mentioned in our President's message (p.2) and Social Report (p.4). Indo Caribbean World also did an article on our recent brunch (p. 20).

Before I go any further, I must pay tribute to Merle's tremendous work on past and present publications. I count thirty editions of the Broadcast on the Alumni's website and Merle's contribution to them all cannot be understated.

Amar Maharaj provides us with great insight into life in the Northwest Territories and in particular, its capital, Yellowknife (p. 17-19). Thank you Amar, I do hope to visit this part of Canada one day.

On page 15, Marilyn Ramasra White has done a short review on the book, *The Birthing Goddess*. As Marilyn mentioned, it describes the author Laila Sultan-Khan Valere's birthing experience.

In August, we were saddened by the passing of one of our past presidents, Stanley Algoo. Richard Charan has contributed a beautiful tribute to Stanley (p.7-10).

On page 16, we highlight the achievement of Kerissa Khan on being elected President of the Royal Aeronautical Society. Kerissa is a past student of Naparima Girls' High School.

Remember this is our magazine and its success depends on all our submissions. Please send in your news and views for future editions. Enjoy our latest edition.

Peter Mohan

Finance Report

This report reflects the Association's financial information as of August 2023. Annual Financial Statements for the fiscal year ending March 31, 2024, will be presented at the Annual General Meeting scheduled for May 2024.

GENERAL ACCOUNT

Bank of Nova Scotia **\$7,362.06**

NAAC INVESTMENTS

IPC portfolio: * Brookfield Infr LP-B Exch

*600 Units – B.V. per unit \$24.42 \$14,653.33
(M.V. \$29,988.00)

*Dividends earned – May/23 to Aug/23 \$ 320.00

****Riocan Real Estate Inv T/U** \$21,515.27
(M.V. \$15,924.00)

820 units - B.V. per unit \$26.23

Dividends earned – May/23 to Aug/23 \$280.00

TOTAL INVESTMENTS **\$ 36,168.60**

*Market value of Brookfield Infr LP-B Exch as of August 2023 was \$49.98 per unit. This reflects an increase of 104 % over book value. The stock earns dividends at the rate of \$104 per month which translates to a return

of 8.5% per annum on that investment.

**Market value of Riocan REIT as of August 2023 was \$19.42 per unit, a decrease of 25.9% over book value. Dividends from Riocan REIT are approx. \$73.80 per month, a return of 4.1% per annum.

We held two events so far for this fiscal year. 1) A Picnic at Greenwood Park Conservation Area in Ajax, Ontario. It was a fun, games, & eating event that was enjoyed by all. This event was not a fundraiser but through the generosity of members & friends who made donations we ended up with an addition to our coffers in the amount of \$215.86. 2) A Brunch at Tropical Nights on Sept 10/23 was a huge success. There was a great sense of camaraderie, delicious food, and good music. A grand time was had by all and the net profit on this event was \$2,777.25.

We look forward to our Annual Christmas event which is a fundraiser and helps us to meet our contributions to the schools in Trinidad and to fund our programs here.

Respectfully submitted,

Norma Ramsahai

Treasurer

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Contact: Ras Shreeram

at rasras@rogers.com or Tel: 416-743-1331

Social Report

Picnic

Date of Event: August 19th, 2023

Location: Glenview 2 Shed, Greenwood Conservation Park, Ajax

Number of Attendees: Total 61 (members and guests)

Our first event since the beginning of our pandemic era kicked off at noon on a sunny Saturday in August. The event would rekindle old memories of past picnics and set new goals for those to follow in the coming years.

Everyone appeared to enjoy the gorgeous weather, with which we were blessed. This year, all our members volunteered to provide one dish to assist in getting our picnic “eats” in on time.

Our food offering consisted of one large curry stewed fire roasted chicken, five regular oven roasted chicken and curried shrimp. We had a variety of side dishes, including potato and macaroni salads, curried chickpeas and potato, turmeric or Spanish rice and paratha roti, a variety of green salads, boiled corn and pholourie. Dessert was a combination of pone, cakes and cream puffs, as well as a variety of flavored soft drinks and bottled water.

Ms. Ia Sirju ran the games, with all winners rewarded with cash prizes. It looked like great fun; unfortunately, some of us were unable to participate.

Our day ended on a sweet note. A long-time member commented that there were dog bags, not doggie bags to take home.

The feedback that I received was good, with suggestions that we choose a Sunday

with an earlier start time. Everyone appeared happy with the day.

The park is a bit out of the way for people from the west end, but they were happy with the cleanliness of the park and its facilities, which were inspected and serviced four times over six hours.

We had many people who assisted with the day’s activities. Wendy Rostant took charge of the raffle from which she was able to top-up her bottle with cash. Our new vice president, Peter Mohan, stayed back to assist me with the cleaning up of the site after 6pm, as most other executive members left early due to other engagements. Thank you, Peter.

Our highest count was 61 including six children, for 2023.

Our 2018 count was 51, so it appears we are doing better.

We are looking forward to next year when we hope to secure a picnic venue on a Sunday.

My suggestion of doubles and red soda to start with pepper on the side, is being entertained, along with on-the-spot meal, right off the grill.

As more past students migrate, we look forward with a renewed sense of a brighter future.

We would like to thank our members and their guests for the generous donations made towards the picnic event and look to the future with great anticipation and expectation.

Submitted by

Richard C. Jaikaran

Chair, Social Committee

Membership Report

HONORARY MEMBERS	19
LIFE MEMBERS	188
ANNUAL MEMBERS	34
TOTAL MEMBERSHIP	214

We welcomed new Life members following the pandemic-created drought.

They are: Melissa Jankie; Arvind Brijbassie; Stacey Persad; Zorida Maharaj; Wendell Samaroo; Satish Lakhan; Riaz and Somwatie

Oumarally and their children, Aryan & Saheli.

Reminder to our Annual Members - Our membership year runs from January to December, so come January 2024, you need to renew your membership.

If you changed your email address and/or postal address, please let us know.

Contact Arvind Brijbassie at Arvind.brijbassie@gmail.com

Submitted by

Merle Ramdial for Arvind Brijbassie

Membership Committee

REMINDER TO RENEW YOUR NAAC MEMBERSHIP

*Please remember to renew your
NAAC Membership.*

*The membership year runs from
January to December.*



NOTICE OF NAAC GENERAL MEETING

Saturday, November 18th, 2023 • 1:00 p.m. (EST, Toronto)

Join Zoom Meeting

<https://us06web.zoom.us/j/84117144360>

Meeting ID: 841 1714 4360

Steelband Report

The After-School Steelband Classes at West Humber Collegiate started off very well with 14 beginners, 4 of these are returning from previous years.

They are very enthusiastic and keen to learn, especially on the soprano pans. Winston Poon is doing a fine job leading them.

Panache has a total of 22 members who have confirmed their return to the band after the two-year shutdown which includes three seasoned players who will boost the sections and make for a more complete sound.

The exciting news is that Al Foster has returned to lead the band in time for their performance at NAAC's Christmas Gala on November 26th.

So far this year, Panache performed at 4 fundraising gigs and has 2 upcoming gig requests:

NAAC Christmas Brunch - Nov 26th
Christmas D&D in Guelph- To be confirmed

Submitted by
Sheila Satram,
Interim Steelband Liaison



Joe Cullen ,

*Hope you are on your way to a full recovery following your shoulder surgery.
I am sure your students miss you greatly.*

NOTICE: Steelband Classes 2023/2024 Season

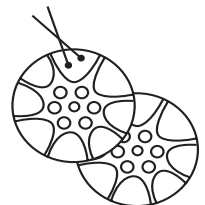
At the Music Room at West Humber Collegiate Institute

• **Beginners: 6:30 p.m. – 7:30 p.m.**

Contact:

Winston Poon

• Tel: 416-553-3018 • email: wpoon354@rogers.com



The death of a Naps boy

by Richard Charan, Daily Express, August 10, 2023

During the dark days of World War II (1939-1945), Edward Algoo packed his bags and emigrated with wife Doris to Trinidad, from Guyana, after his oil company employer shut down operations there.

Algoo found work at Trinidad Leaseholds Ltd (later to close as Petrotrin) and the couple would have seven children.

One of the Algoo offspring, Stanley, made it into Naparima College, San Fernando, and became only the second boy from South to win an Island Scholarship, breaking the North's monopoly on the awards.

Stanley obtained degrees at McGill University and the University of British Columbia, Canada, returning to Trinidad to serve as head of Central Library Services (predecessor to Nalis), and head librarian at the Carnegie Library, San Fernando.

He returned to Canada, obtained a Master of Library Science degree and retired as a director at the Scarborough Public Library, Toronto.

However, Stanley Algoo never forgot his roots, or the school that educated him. He helped form the Naparima Alumni Association of Canada, which raised funds for various improvements at the Presbyterian school started at the turn of the 20th century, and returned to Trinidad frequently to join



in activities that involved school legends from that time—Dr Brinsley Samaroo, Robin Maharaj, the Sammy brothers and Winston Dookeran.

Algoo has penned his recollection of his days at Naps between the years 1954 and 1961. His writing chronicled the larger history, lost to many, of the final years before Trinidad and Tobago's

Independence.

He wrote, "In January 1954, when I entered Naps, World War II had ended nine years before (and) the Americans in Trinidad were mainly a memory in the WWII calypso 'Rum and Coca-Cola', which confirmed the rest and recreational function of Manzanilla beach, where injured and de-mobbed soldiers were sent before their return to the USA.

Much of this information disappeared from the Trinidadian memory because WWII was conducted with minimum information-sharing with the natives since Britain was their master and communication between the British and Americans was considered sufficient.

Additionally, with America downsizing its presence in Trinidad, contractors denuded the bases of saleable material and only the runways remained as witness to this history.

The other influential event in my life was

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the British expedition's success on May 29, 1953, of reaching the summit of Mt Everest.

The news reached London in time to be released on the morning of Queen Elizabeth II's coronation, June 2, 1953, after her accession to the throne on February 6, 1952, upon the death of her father, George VI, while she was on a tour of Kenya.

To my mind, this was devastating news, a kind of violation of the last mystery of planet Earth. This sacred site was in India, my ancestral home, and had always defied Imperial mankind but now was another European conquest that validated their claims to evolutionary superiority over the non-white world.

In Trinidad, this struggle for influence led many Trinidadians to choose migrating to Britain as the Mother Country, while others migrated to the USA, enthralled by the lifestyle they saw propagated in the movies.

Across Europe, Winston Churchill once more marshalled the English language and dropped an Iron Curtain that separated communist Russia from its once Western alliance.

The world ended a hot war and began a Cold War era of threatened mutual nuclear annihilation.

Once the Russians launched the space age with Sputnik 1 on October 4, 1957, Trinidad and the rest of the world were locked in the battle of ideological supremacy between Capitalism and Communism.

In the rivalry between East and West, a classmate had a brother, Dr Randolph Teemul, who had obtained a Russian scholarship and was studying in Moscow. I discovered this bizarre event through intermittent enquiry of

him about his brother by one of the masters.

Many Trinidad politicians and advocates supported Marxism in an effort to overthrow British Imperialism and gain Independence.

These were the global influences impacting a young boys experience at secondary school from 1954-1961.”

School life on the hill

“The verdant rolling sugar cane fields of Phillipine lay to the south; San Fernando and the adjacent Paradise Pasture, which would be the site of the unique Naparima Bowl with its Greek-styled open-air amphitheatre and indoor auditorium, extended to the north.

The exclusive whites-only Naparima Club, where we were shooed away by a stern-faced white woman when we wandered on to their property in search of dongs during lunch, was only a hedge away.

The less-exclusive Promenade tennis club was past a short cut through The Tray, used by boys hustling to catch their buses at the King's Wharf.

In those days the hill was a community of schools and missionary family compounds which included the Lutes, Newcombes, Newberrys, Thompsons and later Purdys and Dayfoots.

Besides Naps, there were the co-ed Naparima Teachers Training College, Theological College, and three dormitories (one for the male teachers, another for theological students and one for Naps boys).

Among the female parade were two golden-haired daughters of missionaries. During school days, dressed in Naparima Girls' High School (NGHS) uniforms, they wended their way with stoic purpose among

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500 appreciative boys to the parent whose car would take them to NGHS at La Pique.

On weekends, a tranquillity descended on the depopulated hill as the sun set in a kaleidoscope of colours shadowing the isolated Gittens house on Farallon Rock in the Gulf, to which a few adventurous guys might swim.

In the courtyard of the Training College, an unattended Rediffusion set echoed nostalgic music and unlistened DJ soliloquies. Some dormitory boys who remained over the weekend (Brinsley Samaroo among them) would be engaged in meditative study or plans for a movie evening from among the cinemas located near the market with its redolent smells of fresh and decomposing vendibles.

On Sundays, some might find themselves at evening service at Susamachar church assessing the NGHS dorm girls who were compelled to attend.

On a cycling trip around the island with Brinsley Samaroo, I discovered that the Naps dormitory boys (at whom we stopped over) came from distant points of the island and their fraternity added a unifying identity to the college as day students hung out after hours with dormitory classmates, bonding with stories of their home locality and current school experiences which made for life-long friendships.

Many country boys would be introduced to urban experiences like electricity and plumbing, town commerce and health services, and social activities absent from rural areas and which would prime them for study and living abroad as many ended up doing.

Teenage boys are always hungry and

dorm food at \$6 per month was sparse and unappetising, consisting of bread each morning and evening in combination with some of the following: cheese, sardines, jam, butter, scrambled eggs, corned beef, saltfish-choka and bhajee.

Stewed chicken/beef/fish with talkari such as bodi, ochro, pumpkin, moko, curried channa, chataigne or aloo might appear at lunch with dhal and rice. Tea at 3.30 p.m. was juices, cocoa tea, currant rolls, biscuit or coconut sweetbread.

Those who stayed on the weekends had fat soup on Saturday, chicken on Sundays. The chickens were sometimes handicapped and missing the choice parts.”

North-South rivalry

Under colonialism Trinidad was run by British functionaries and a white elite Roman Catholic class based in Port of Spain, who controlled the economy. It included anybody who was not black or brown, eg, French Creole, Spanish, Lebanese, Syrian, Jews, Portuguese, Chinese or missionaries and expatriates. Two northern schools propagated this power structure. One was Queen's Royal College (QRC) founded to inculcate Imperial values and colonial compliance and to which Naparima College (Naps) had to be affiliated for government recognition.

This Port of Spain bias would prevail throughout my Naps career and would make my final graduation a satisfying triumph over this bias. One of the offsetting influences of this second rate psychology inflicted on South schools was the triumph in 1954 of Alma Lum Ser who won the girls open island scholarship from Naps. There were five open

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island scholarships which enabled winners to study at any university in the world at government's expense and carried no national service obligation upon completion. Since 1931 girls from Naparima Girls' High School (NGHS) attended Naps for classes unavailable at NGHS. So 1953-4 saw Naps triumph as South soccer champs and winner of one of the coveted five scholarships open to all the schools in the island.

Note: Stanley Algoo has been contributing his knowledge to the Trinidad Express since 2013. He received a BA from McGill, BLS Univ of British Columbia, and MLS from Univ of Toronto.

He was a former head of the Trinidad Central Library (South), director of Scarborough Public Library Technical Services, and retired in Markham, Ontario, where he pursued research

in the intellectual history of mankind with emphasis on the neglected history of India, China and the Fertile crescent of the Middle East.

*He provided editorial assistance for Fred Thornhill's *Dyslexia: Different not Disabled*, Rev Brian Brown's *Four Testaments* and his *Seven Testaments of World Religions: Jewish, Taoist, Confucian, Buddhist, Hindu, Christian, Muslim*, and Kenneth Lalla's *A Republic in Constitutional Transition: (Trinidad and Tobago)*.*

Algoo died two Saturdays ago at his home in Markham, Ontario, Canada, where he lived with wife Imogen Foster-Algoo and son Brendon. Algoo wrote a column in the Express a week before he died. It was about his friend, Dr Brinsley Samaroo, who also died in July. Algoo's funeral was held in Markham on Tuesday (August 8). He was 81.

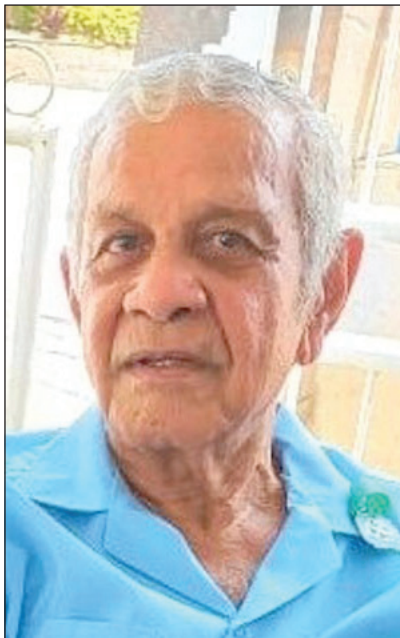


Dr Brinsley Samaroo, from left, Dr Frank Birbalsingh, Stanley Algoo, Sayeeda Silochan, Imogen Foster-Algoo and Rabindranath Maharaj (author).

Where the Man with the Hammer Gone?

A Lament for Brinsley Samaroo

He was a boy from Ecclesville, and he entered Naparima College in the early 1950's. He stayed in the school's dormitory ("dormitory"), a place where boys from places a long way from San Fernando survived on skimpily buttered bread: caraille and bread; bread and red beans ; ochro and bread; and for variety, bread soaked in the oil of slices of fried plantain. On days when there was meat at lunchtime, you had to rush into



the dining room and secure the morsel on your plate, or spit on it to deter the bigger boys.

The day-students were from San Fernando and its surroundings, included all the island's ethnic groups, and were much nearer to middle-class than were the Indian boys from the different country districts who lodged in the dormitory. Mixing with the day -students may have been a little strange at first, and some fatigue and a bit of tapping-up would have passed, but Naparima was not St Mary's or QRC, and San Fernando was not as stratified by race, colour and class as Port of Spain.

For the dormitory boys, the process of becoming Trinidadians of Indian origin picked up speed at the College. But when the day-students went home, the dormitory

boys had the freedom of "the hill", and Piparo, Rio Claro, and Bonasse mingled for the first time. Everybody played volleyball, football and cricket which Brinsley did like a break-dancer, arms and legs flailing. On evenings, he had a ready audience for his natural gift of imitating accents and gestures, and for his delivery or invention of folk tales and fantasies. In those unbounded days, he

took part in the publication of a hand-written dormitory newspaper and in the inauguration of a radio station for the school called the Blue Circle Network. We launched Bobby Thomas, Ashton Chambers and Sir Trevor McDonald who even then spoke better English English than the English themselves.

The dormitory was an institution within an institution. Open prison or cocoon. It had a profound influence on the lives of all whose home it became. It helped to foster his sense of community, his sense of humour, and it laid the ground for a saving irony and a tolerance. This later allowed him to take a mischievous delight in the follies and foibles and downright bad ways of the very people whose self-respect and self-discovery he would

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labour to promote. He revelled in every manifestation of irrepressible life.

There were connections between the lives and careers of a boy from Ecclesville (wild meat, bush and dark green forest), and one from the Cedros Peninsula (fish, coconut and the girdling sea). Over the years they worked together on many projects that traced the emerging Trinidadianness of people of Indian origin. Campaigning to save the Lion House. Editing a book written up by the Captain of a sailing ship speeding to India and back with a cargo of Indians for Trinidad and British Guiana. Promoting the outreach programmes of Friends of Mr Biswas. The strongest connection between them was that they were country boys, who remained country boys all their adult lives

The bush around him was a bush of ghosts. Ghosts of the indentureds. Ghosts of the descendants of indentureds. Ghosts of the plantations and estates, and two-faced great houses. Ghosts of enslaved people emancipated into greater enslavement. This was his place and these were his people. As a young man he cycled around the island with a friend. He visited all of Michael Anthony's towns and villages long before Anthony wrote the book.

The scholar and historian with the common touch grounded with the brethren to activate all the aeons, to cherish and portray all the places, persons and actions that he instinctively knew were natives of

his person. He re-mastered the soundless and the distorted; he penetrated layers of top soil to retrieve what was hidden and encrusted in the deeps of our past.

His research and his scholarly presentations have been justly praised and are fundamental. But the disciplined and unrelenting commitment to work without end, the fixed regimen of a man who invented creative routine manifested in other forms.

He has become increasingly for me, an oral hotline to social behaviours, cultural practices, iconic locations, and persons and events that he felt in the blood. All of it brought on stage by a griot telling and savouring as if he himself were hearing the tale for the first time; speaking now confidently as a bearer of secrets; now conspiratorially as if taking the lid off some impiety, shame, scandal or outrage; becoming the characters he was invoking; but all the time, singing the blues of repressed people in danger of becoming invisible.

The Ecclesville boy knew his centre early so he could risk inhabiting many lives and voices. He had a secure sense of his self and of the work to which he was devoted, so he could give unreservedly to those who sought his help.

His interest in people, his respect for them, and his elemental simplicity spring from his early immersion in the life of Nature, an attachment to growing things, a childhood experience of agriculture, and a grounding in rural community.

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Virtually every week he made pilgrimage to his source, which he flavoured with friends, fish broth and a dash of Scotch.

I celebrate him as a man who found fragments of himself in the peoples of the many countries to which he travelled as lecturer and speaker. He always returned with a more deeply felt sense of belonging to this maddening and bad-mind place which could absorb the energies and enthusiasms of its sons and daughters, and still remain, age after age, a heart-breaking place. Full of joie de vivre and always in motion. But unalterable.

It never phased him. Nothing ever phased him. Except the Sugar Museum.

When Caroni Limited was abandoned (as was to be the fate of Petrotrin), we rescued thousands of documents – health and hospital records, pay sheets, labour and housing records, and all kinds of clues to the workings of capitalism and post-slavery slavery. The man who was getting rid of the “old paper” felt no shame or guilt, and was hostile. His sticks and stones broke no bones. Even before the cultural carnage began, the idea of a Sugar Museum had been discussed as a possible project of UTT’s Academy for Arts, Letters, Culture and Public Affairs. To Professor Samaroo this was not an idea but a fleshy dream, and he would do anything to make it true. The Sugar Museum would bind together all the different strands of his lifework.

His instinct and his passion did not let him wait for the bureaucracy.

He would drink in rumshops to pick the mouths of people who knew to what places of abode items necessary for the museum had migrated. He involved students and colleagues and ordinary people around in his project and vision. They accepted the pittance squeezed out of the Academy’s budget and came to sort out the documents, and to recover artefacts and items that had not yet been sold as scrap iron. A little later, the Government of the day committed to his plans for the Museum and a Sugar Village on Caroni lands, their vulgar dream of a golf course for tourists and the island’s privileged not quite ended. By this time Brinsley had already fashioned a site that was accommodating local tourism and arousing interest.

For reasons unknown, the same Government clipped his wings. He saw in the newspapers that he had been removed from running and expanding the Sugar Museum. A change in Government did not do him or the Museum any good. Perhaps because the new Head was intent on forwarding Brinsley’s design, funds became hard to get, and before long, the Sugar Museum and the proposed Sugar Village were abandoned. The historic documents were dumped in the National Archives and the museum space turned over to other schemes.

The Sugar Museum was his greatest dream and brought him his most shattering disappointment. A lesser man would have caved in or been driven to

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undignified and humiliating action. He made no scenes. He spoke privately to friends. He was hurting. He would drown his sorrows in work he loved.

But he reached a point where he must have felt that the Museum was lost, and he needed relief from too long a silence. At an event held at the Nagar site on June 18 to discuss the work of Harold Sonny Ladoo and Kevin Jared Hosein whose novels explored the ghosts of the indentures and their living descendants, and were making new maps of the Plains of Caroni, its mangrove swamp, its rivers, its sugarcane plantations and its rice paddies, he lamented with visible sadness the cruel puncturing of a dream. His desolation focused on the nullification of his gift to the Museum of a yoke carved

from a huge forest tree by his father. A solid image of a life of work would be erased. A symbol of pulling together for the common good, rejected.

We should honour his love, life and work by returning to his model project.

I appeal to the Government of all the peoples of Trinidad and Tobago to make a priority of finishing what he started by moving to establish a Brinsley Samaroo Sugar Museum.

Rest well, my compere, my brother.

Eulogy done by Kenneth Ramchand, Professor Emeritus of English at the St. Augustine campus of UWI.

***In remembrance of NAAC members
who are no longer with us:***

Julian Sammy

Clarence Madhosingh

George Lalsingh

Marva Thornhill

Jacqueline Meghu-Mahabir

Clifford Ramcharan

Dr Lystra Dayal-Gosine

Ronald Mahabir

Lynette Hormozian

Gemma Eccles-Mahabir

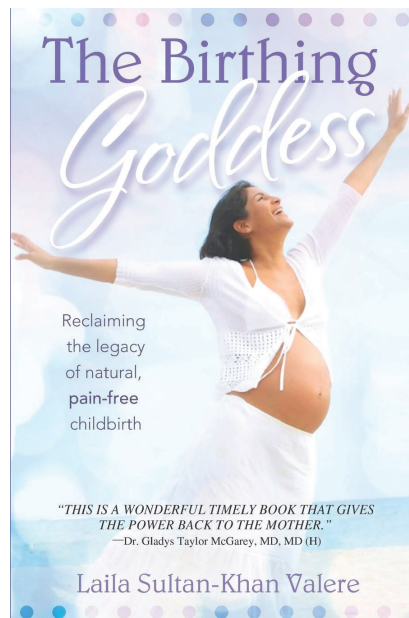
Roy Bhopalsingh

Stanley Algoo

The Birthing Goddess, by Laila Sultan-Khan Valere

Book Review By Marilyn Ramasra White

Beautifully and empathically written, this autobiographical monograph, describes the author's experience with the delivery of her fourth child, which she determined should be free of pain, and then took the appropriate steps to ensure that it was. The author's daughter's picture on the cover, along with the book's arresting title immediately catches the reader's attention.



Laila Valere had already undergone menopause, when at age 45, her doctor confirmed that she was pregnant. Her training as a practising psychologist as well as her deep faith are shown to have informed her path to a pain-free childbirth.

The thrust of Laila's thesis is that giving birth needn't be the painful process normally associated with bringing a child into the world without medical assistance (unless, of course, there are complications which require such interventions). Using brain-power, it is possible to think oneself through the birthing process and will oneself not to feel pain.

Meditation and self-hypnosis are the effective processes used to bring about a pain-free childbirth. Appropriate physical exercises are offered to complement mental exercises.

While the book is factual, its emotional spirit is uppermost, based on faith in God, and faith in oneself as a child of God.

Stylistically the book is inherently readable, going step by step into the processes a mother should take to enjoy pain-free birthing. The format and point style of the text make it very easy to follow, even for someone in a hurry.

This is especially important

in making it appealing to the prospective reader (especially a pregnant one).

Those of us who watch the BBC's *Call the Midwife*, will see firsthand the baby at the end of its journey through the birth canal, despite the fact that those births taking place in the 1950s might not be pain-free.

This book has been written to show that with the right training, the birthing experience can be a joy from beginning to end when a tiny creature is placed in its mother's arms. With the satisfaction that comes with this joy, the mother assumes the dignity and self-esteem of a goddess. A miracle happens.

Evolution has brought us to where we are today. We arrive in this world as tiny babies just emerged from the womb of our mothers. For brides, and new mothers this book is a must-read.

MRAeS elected President of the Royal Aeronautical Society

Kerissa Khan MRAeS serves on the Board of Trustees as the RAeS President.

Kerissa was educated at Naparima Girls' High School in Trinidad and Tobago. She graduated from the University of Glasgow with a Master of Engineering degree with Honours in Aeronautical Engineering (2012).

Kerissa is a technical expert in complex and integrated aerospace systems and a thought-leader in sustainable future aviation. She leads innovation for the £300M Future Flight Challenge at UK Research and Innovation, creating the future aviation system for the third aviation revolution. She is a member of the UK Trade Organisation for Aerospace, Defence, Security and Space Advanced Air Mobility Group. She has published the Future Flight 2030 vision and strategy for zero-carbon air mobility and Future Flight social science research forward strategy, in addition to socio-economic and market outlook studies for novel aviation solutions. She has also shaped the UK Transport Vision 2050.

Kerissa has been recognised in the 2022 Power Book, the definitive guide to the most influential people in the eVTOL industry for her leadership in future air mobility markets.

Previous roles include research, design



and development of world-leading aerospace systems for a wide range of military, commercial and business aircraft, including the Airbus A320, A321, A330, A350, Boeing 787, Bombardier Global 7500, Tornado and Eurofighter jets. She was in charge of programme management of

the Aerospace Growth Partnership Strategy Group, which is responsible for developing the UK aerospace industrial strategy. She also led UK corporate affairs for Safran, the French international high-technology group operating in the aerospace, defence and space markets.

Kerissa is a founding signatory of the Women in Aviation and Aerospace Charter and Women in Defence Charter. In 2016, she became the youngest RAeS Council member, first woman to chair the Gloucester and Cheltenham branch (established in 1930), youngest member of the Learned Society Board and co-created the Diversity and Inclusion Committee.

Her portrait has been exhibited at The Wilson Art Gallery and Museum in recognition of her achievements as an awarded Engineering Hero, Inspirational Woman in STEM and industry trailblazer empowering future generations.

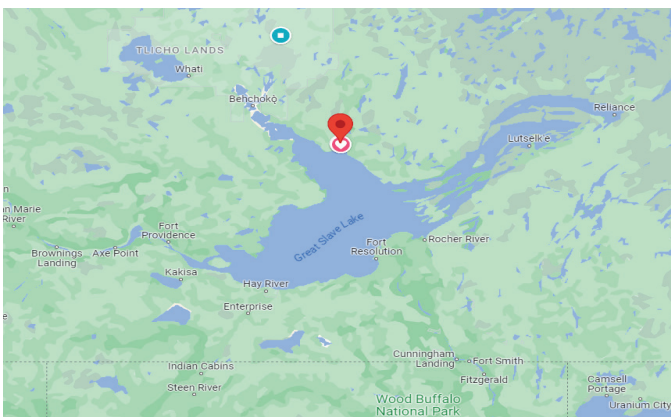
Spectacular Northwest Territories

– A time to remember

Submitted by Amar Maharaj

Eh heh

Since moving to Canada some 16 years ago, I had never ventured far north beyond Quebec City. Up until September 2022, had lived in 8 cities and towns across 2 provinces. I was definitely curious about life above the 60th parallel so my move to Yellowknife was an exciting one for me. My research showed it was a small city of 20,000 residents built on the northern edge of the winding Great Slave Lake. This rocky and rolling terrain was said to have the sunniest summer in Canada with summer temperatures that ranged between 14-22C. The picturesque scenery of the lakes, the houseboats, the nature falls, the ice roads and of course, the aurora borealis were alluring. Tempering this eagerness to venture north was information that there were winter extremes of minus 50 at times. Never have I experienced a negative 50C before!



Source; Google maps

So how did all this begin? As a frequent user of LinkedIn, I keep an updated profile to network with other professionals. The site also has a section that shows vacancies which allows members to ‘save’ the job. In this case, the Government of Northwest Territories (GNWT) sent me a message on LinkedIn and reminded me to apply for the position of Senior Policy Analyst I had saved which had a deadline in 2 days. I kindly thanked the sender and submitted my application. After 2 mock interviews with the McMaster Career Services team and 1 with my landlord who was a manager at ArcelorMittal Dofasco in Hamilton, I was ready for my official interview with GNWT.

After the submission of a policy assignment and a confident interview, I was contacted 1 week later by HR to inform me of the GNWT’s offer. I immediately accepted and was brimming with excitement - looking forward to starting a new chapter professionally.

I goin’

GNWT had arranged for the transport of my belongings 2 weeks ahead of my actual flight date. They had also arranged for a taxi to Pearson and I was to be accommodated for 10 days at a hotel until my move into

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my apartment I had arranged before my Hamilton departure.

My 40-minute window to connect at Calgary for my Yellowknife flight had me running to the gate after the adjacent passengers kindly allowed me out quickly from the window seat I had from Toronto. The 2-hour flight from Calgary took us over some varying landscapes that changed from well-ordered agricultural farmlands to lush forests to spotted areas of low vegetation that I later discovered were regrowths after wildfires. Many freshwater lakes dotted the Northwest Territories. The airport abuts the city and the terminal reminded me of the old Piarco airport. I felt I was back in time here.

We disembarked the aircraft using the metal stairs pushed against the airplane, walked across the tarmac and into the terminal. The 40-or so passengers surrounded a conveyor belt that wined around a lifesized stuffed polar bear – the icon for the NWT.

Ah kalekaytay!

The daylight hours shortened quickly over the course of 3 months – from 12 hours of daylight to about 4 hours as daytime temperatures went from a cool 18C to a very frigid minus 37C. In this small city, my apartment was just 10 minutes walking distance to my office, so I took the opportunity to walk and greet the other Yellowknifers on my way to work.

My winter coat and four layers was no help to prevent the wind chill from connecting

with me ‘to de bone’. My fingers began to burn under the double mittens and my eyelids began to stick together as my eyes watered when the dry cold air erased the moisture around my eyeballs.

One fine morning, in the dark hours of 7.45am, as I walked down the gently sloping road toward 49th Street, my feet suddenly lost ground and veered upwards.... I remember seeing the dark sky before a very hard fall on ‘meh backside’. I felt the hard thud of my head against the icy road and if stars were to be seen in the early morning hours, I certainly saw them.

Needless to say, I desperately ordered a very expensive winter parka and pants with an appropriate rating suitable for this glacial environment along with heated gloves. I now felt warm and ready!

We smokin’

Fast forward to the end of Spring 2023, when the daylight hours continued to increase, and smiles and lighter clothing reappeared upon Yellowknifers. There was talk about the subterranean fires which had been ‘living’ in the earth and the authorities had no means of getting under control. There had been fires outside the city in the past years and smaller communities had been evacuated to Yellowknife. This time it was different.

By mid summer, the city was being covered with smoke regularly and the wildfires had spread faster over a greater terrain. Soon

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people started leaving, driving out using the only road that headed northwest then around the lake southwards to Alberta. Others booked flights out to relatives in the south, not waiting for politicians to make a public statement.

Enterprise had been gutted quickly with little time for its residents to save much. Now Yellowknife was being threatened as the fires some 15 kilometres away were approaching the city limits. City of Yellowknife took the first official action to order the evacuation of the city on August 17, 2023.

After some 3 weeks in Edmonton, staying with very loving church members and family,

I returned to Yellowknife after GNWT initiated the return plan for residents.

The fires continue to burn in the southern towns and the city is still under smoke advisory. As of the time of writing, the city continues to be covered in smoke intermittently depending on the wind direction. It is certainly not a healthy environment, and I am ready for my next adventure!

Amar Maharaj is a Senior Policy Analyst at GNWT. Amar is a Life Member of NAAC and a Past-President of NAAC.

www.linkedin.com/in/amarmaharaj

<https://spectacularnwt.com/>



The picture above was taken from my office the day before the evacuation Aug 16, 2023.]



From Highway 3 - on the way out of Yellowknife to Alberta Aug 17, 2023



Downtown Yellowknife Sep 22, 2023

NAAC brunch fills evening with tasty food, dancing

Published in Indo Caribbean World • September 20th, 2023

Naparima Alumni Association of Canada held a brunch on the roof top patio at Tropical Nights Restaurant and Lounge, Scarborough, on September 10. The event saw many alumni members and friends in attendance. They were treated to a delectable and sumptuous cuisine of Indo-Caribbean, Caribbean, and Caribbean-Chinese dishes.

Among the dishes were various curries, bake and saltfish, baigan chokha, pumpkin, and dhal puri. Live entertainment was also on hand that saw attendees taking to the dance floor. Entertainers included Rudy Maharajh and his band Jammin, and foot-tapping performances by The Rhythm Rollers.

The evening was filled with good food, music, dancing, and recalling many pleasant memories. The get-together was a welcomed event for the NAAC, with members not seeing each other since the Covid-19 lockdown. The next event that NAAC will host will be its Christmas Gala, which takes place on November 26, 2023 at the Elite Banquet Hall in Etobicoke.



The Rhythm Rollers kept the event uptempo



Current NAAC President Selwyn Baboolal (centre) with friends and family; at left is Adam, with Sheeraz (second from left); at right is Omar, and second from right, Riaz.



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The Naparima Alumni Association of Canada



Annual Christmas Gala

Sunday, November 26th, 2023

**at Elite Banquet Hall
 1850 Albion Road, Rexdale**

Time: 1:00 pm - 7:00 pm

Appetizers: 1:15pm • Lunch: 2:00pm

Dress: Semi-Formal • Cash Bar

Music by: DJ Invincible & Panache Steelband

Tickets: \$65 • Members / \$70 • Non Members





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