

Casa de Macau no Canada (Toronto)

Newsletter

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From the Executive



SARS continues to have a strong influence on the lives of Torontonians. Directly or indirectly, we have all felt its impact with the cancellation and/or postponement of functions and activities. Although we have included a Social Calendar with this newsletter, no event will take place until the epidemic is over.

Fortunately, no member has been infected. However, we urge you to take all the necessary precautions. The experts say that you should sing "Happy Birthday" while you are washing your hands because the length of time it takes to do so, should be the same length of time to wash your hands properly.

Our membership is declining. If you know anyone who has not renewed their membership, please give them a friendly reminder to do so. To our Senior Members who chose to pay their membership dues, our sincere gratitude.

In closing, we would like to wish all Mothers "A Very Happy Mother's Day"!

Editorial Briefly speaking...



After emerging from one of the toughest long cold winters Toronto has experienced in some time and faced with all the tragedy and misery in the world we look towards Spring as a time of new birth and hope and pray for a brighter tomorrow. In light of this, we found this poem, which expresses these sentiments, which we would like to share with you.

THE GARDEN

Come to the garden alone, while the dew is still on the roses

FOR THE GARDEN OF YOUR DAILY LIVING

PLANT THREE ROWS OF PEAS:

1. Peace of mind
2. Peace of heart
3. Peace of soul



PLANT FOUR ROWS OF SQUASH:

1. Squash gossip
2. Squash indifference
3. Squash grumbling
4. Squash selfishness



PLANT FOUR ROWS OF LETTUCE:

1. Lettuce be faithful
2. Lettuce be kind
3. Lettuce be patient
4. Lettuce really love one another



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NO GARDEN IS WITHOUT TURNIPS:

1. Turnip for meetings
2. Turnip for service
3. Turnip to help one another

TO CONCLUDE OUR GARDEN WE MUST HAVE THYME:

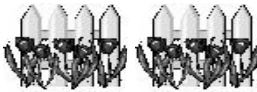
1. Thyme for each other
2. Thyme for family
3. Thyme for friends



WATER FREELY WITH PATIENCE AND CULTIVATE WITH LOVE.



THERE IS MUCH FRUIT IN YOUR GARDEN BECAUSE YOU REAP WHAT YOU SOW.



The late Erma Bombeck was a humorist, columnist and author. Many of the subjects of the articles and books she wrote were about ordinary human conditions and situations, which she described in her unique sense of humour. To illustrate this, some of the titles of her books were: *Just Wait Till You have Children of Your Own*; *The Grass Is Always Greener Over the Septic Tank* and *When You Look Like Your Passport Photo, It's Time to Go Home* to name a few. Her stories not only evoked smiles from her readers but described daily life in such realistic and down to earth terms that her readers could not help but identify with her and the situations.

Reproduced below is the article written by Erma Bombeck in honor of her mother.

"Dear Mother,
When the Good Lord was creating mothers He was into His 6th day of "overtime" when the angel appeared

and said, "You're doing a lot of fiddling around on this one."

And the Lord said, "Have you read the specification on this order?"

"She has to be completely washable but not plastic"

"Have 180 movable parts . . . all replaceable"

"Run on black coffee and leftovers"

"Have a lap that disappears when she stands up"

"A kiss that can cure anything from a broken leg to a disappointed love affair"

"And 6 pairs of hands"

The angel shook her head slowly and said, "6 pairs of hands.... no way."

"It's not the hands that are causing me the problems," said the Lord,

"It's the three pairs of eyes that Mothers have to have."

"That's in the standard model?" asked the angel.

The Lord nodded. "One pair that sees through closed doors when she asks 'What are you kids doing in there?' when she already knows. Another here in the back of her head that sees what she shouldn't but what she has to know, and of course the ones here in front so that she can look at a child when he goofs and say, 'I understand and I love you' without so much as uttering a word."

"Lord," said the angel touching his sleeve gently, "come to bed. Tomorrow . . ."

"I can't," said the Lord, "I'm so close to creating something so close to myself. Already I have one that heals herself when she is sick . . . can feed a family of six on one pound of hamburger . . . and can get a 9 yr. old to stand under a shower." The angel circled the model of a Mother very slowly. "It's too soft," she sighed.

"But tough!" said the Lord excitedly. "You cannot imagine what this Mother can do or endure."

"Can it think?"

"Not only think, but it can reason and compromise," said the Creator.

Finally, the angel bent over and ran a finger across the cheek. "There's a leak," she pronounced. "I told You You were trying to put too much into this model."

"It's not a leak," said the Lord. "It's a tear."

"What's it for?"

"It's for joy, sadness, disappointment, pain, loneliness, and pride."

"You are a genius," said the angel.

The Lord looked somber. "I didn't put it there"

In honor and appreciation of all the 'mothers' and 'grandmothers' of the Casa, we wish you a very Happy Mothers Day and hope you enjoyed the article.

We would like to thank the following members for their contributions to this issue: João Almeida; Elfrida Alves; Carlos Conceição, Cissy Conceição, Maria Cecilia Conceição and Angelina Marques.

Casa news



At the March 8 Pot Luck/Sing-a-Long, Armando provided the music and below is one of his adaptations.

FRED COM GINGER

(Sung to the melody of "Tea For Two")

Adaptation by Armando Santos

Copyright dated March 6, 2002

CHICA AZINHA, AZINHA VÊM AQUI
IOU QUERÊ DANÇÂ, VÔS NE BOM FUGÍ
VÊM MEXÊ SU CORPO,
GINGER VÊM DANÇÂ, COM IOU #

FRED TÂ ESPERÂ, SU GINGER LEVANTÂ
SÂ UIDE GOSTÂ CHACHA,
CHICA VÊM DANÇÂ
VÊM BUNITEZA, AZINHA VÊM DANÇÂ, COM IOU

GINGER MEXÊ, CORPO, FRED
MEXÊ SU PÊ
GINGER MEXÊ SU RABO, FRED
TREMÊ TREMÊ
DÔS QUELÊ CHAPADO, GIN-
GER COM SU FRED, TORCÊ

DÔS PASSO PÂ FRENTE, MÃO
VIRA PA TRAZ
TÁNTA VIRA VOLTA, OLÔTRO
QUI CAPAZ
NÔS SÃ FRED COM GINGER,
DANÇÂ DI BEM, SU CHACH-
ACHA ##

FRED ÔLA SU GINGER, BA-
BADO TROCÂ PÊ
GINGER ÔLA SU FRED, CORA-
ÇÃO BATÊ BATÊ
ESTUNGA DÔS CHAPADO, CA-
PAZ DANÇÂ, TORCÊ TORCÊ

FRED SACUDI GINGER, GIN-
GER TÂ AFASTÂ
FRED PUXÂ SU BRAÇO, GIN-
GER LOGO VOLTÂ
OLÂ ACUNGA DÔS, VIRA VÊM
VIRA VÂI, IUO TÂ VANGUIÂ #

When we contacted some members to get their reaction to the cancellation of social events (line dancing, tai chi, library, afternoon socials, etc.) they unanimously agreed that it was the right decision. A few said they were still going out for yumcha, while others did not frequent certain supermarkets. Most reported that, for the time being, they are shying away from their regular haunts.

At the request of members
We have been asked to insert the following:

- **Millie Castro advises that a chapter of the Sacred Heart Canossian College (Macau) Alumni Association has been inaugurated in Toronto.** We invite past and present students to join the association to keep our school spirit alive and to connect

with old friends.
To join or for more information please call any of the Committee members:

Millie Castro, President:
416-699-8065
Jenny Chau, Vice-President:
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Edith Fung, Treasurer:
905-825-2775
Susana da Costa, Social Conve -
nor: 416-297-4927
Anita Wong, Secretary:
905-940-1328

• **Heaven's Grocery Store**

I was walking down life's highway
a long time ago.

One Day, I saw a sign that read
"Heaven's Grocery Store".

As I walked a little closer, the door
came open wide
And when I came to myself, I was
standing inside.

I saw a host of angels – that were
standing everywhere,
One handed me a basket and said
"My child, shop with care".

Everything a Christian needed was
in that grocery store
And all you can't carry, you can
come back the next day for more.

First I got some PATIENCE,
LOVE was in the same row,
Further down was UNDER-
STANDING, you need that where
e'er you go.

I got a box or two of WISDOM, a
box or two of FAITH.

I just couldn't miss the HOLY
SPIRIT for it was all over the place.
I stopped to get some STRENGTH
and COURAGE

To help me run this race.
By then my basket was getting full,
but I remembered I needed some
GRACE.

I didn't forget SALVATION, for
salvation – that was free,
so ... I tried to get enough of that to
save both you and me.

Then, I started up to the counter to
pay my grocery bill,
For I thought I had everything to do

my Master's will.

As I went up the aisle, I saw
PRAYER, and I just had to put that
in,

For I knew when I stepped outside,
I would run right into sin.
PEACE and JOY were plentiful,
they were on the last shelf.
SONG and PRAISE were hanging
near, so I just helped myself.

Then I said to the Angel, "Now,
how much do I owe?"
He just smiled and said, "Just take
them where er'r you go".
Again, I smiled at him and said,
"How much do I really owe?"
He smiled again and said, "MY
CHILD, JESUS PAID YOUR BILL
A LONG TIME AGO!"

News from other Casas

We have been requested by Rita Guterres of UMA to insert the following:

"In Cerritos, California, on February 28, 2003, at the age of 74. Beloved husband of Rita for 46 years and loving father of Jeff and grandfather of Brittany and Kody."

"I wish to thank all our friends and relatives for the outpouring of love, prayers and friendship for Carlos and me throughout Carlos' illness, death and funeral. The Lord has blessed us with such caring friends and relatives through this most difficult time. Although it is so difficult and painful to lose Carlos, I am grateful to the Lord for his peaceful and painless death. Once again, thank you.

Rita Guterres"

Across the wires



Published in the *Jornal Tribuna* March 28, 2003 was the news of the passing of Joaquim Morais Alves, comendador da Ordem do Infante D. Henrique, in his 79th year. Born in Vila Real, Portugal,

Morais Alves arrived in Macau at age sixteen. Many members who have attended the various Encontros will remember his prominence in the organization and participation in the various functions over the years

The new Consul General of Portugal in Macau is Dr. Pedro Moitinho de Almeida.

Lusitano, the elite Club, opens its doors ... Paulo A. Azevedo
Ponto Final , April 9, 2003

It has been decided. Club Lusitano will open its doors and allow all Portuguese and other nationalities to become members, in order to revitalize the institution. However, they will not be allowed to vote. In addition, “women” will be accepted as full members.

The 27th floor of Lusitano’s handsome headquarters, in the Central District, is the “calling card” of one of Hong Kong’s most exclusive clubs. This is where the jewel of Lusitano’s crown is located: the “Camões” banquet hall. With its high ceiling and two of the four walls covered with glass, this hall offers a view of the financial and the Lam Kwai Fong (restaurants, pubs, coffee houses) entertainment districts. The ceiling is decorated with lights outlining the constellations of the Universe. At the entrance, these lights brighten the 1st Verse of the “Lusiadas” and the terrestrial globe, on a whole wall, depicting the routes of the Portuguese Discoveries.

Few Portuguese have access to the “Camões hall. According to the President, Mr. Arnaldo de Oliveira Sales, only half of the Club’s 400 members make use of the facilities. Whereas in the opinion of the Manager, Mr. Herculano Souza, only 120 to 150 ever show up, the others having either left Hong Kong long ago or have difficulties moving

around due to advanced age.

Unacquainted readers of Ponto Final may perhaps believe that there is still a large number of Portuguese living in Hong Kong. They number 38,000, according to the Portuguese Consulate General, soon to be closed. On the other hand, the “South China Morning Post” estimates 8,000 as the number of Portuguese still in Hong Kong. Both above figures are misleading.

Whereas it is difficult to become a member of Lusitano, it is not because of the initiation fee, this being a mere HK\$5,000. This figure is much less than the HK\$40,000 required to join Club Recreio (the first Portuguese institution in Hong Kong) and nothing compared to the HK\$400,000 charged by the American Club. The mentioned difficulty resides in Lusitano’s statutes stipulating that membership must be limited to those who can prove they are Portuguese by blood. Holding a Portuguese passport is no guarantee for membership. “Portuguese are those who we in the Lusitano Club acknowledge as such and with the ties to Portugal – not those simply holding Portuguese passports,” said Mr. Sales, who is the leader of the Portuguese community. A controversial statement for sure, which he proudly admitted was conveyed to Mrs. Manuela Aguiar, a Portuguese member of parliament and elected by an overseas immigrant riding. “In the best hypothesis, there are about 3,000 Portuguese here,” pointed out Mr. Sales, the only Portuguese ever elected as president of the Hong Kong Rotary Club. “Rigorously speaking, there are only about 1,000,” he added.

On account of the exacting “proof of blood” statute, many rightful Portuguese citizens found Lusitano’s doors closed to them. And many others are pinning their hopes that the institution, founded in

1886, would change its “commandments”. Among them are some women who consider Lusitano the most “sexist” club in Hong Kong today. Even though an amendment was added to the statutes a few years back, allowing women to join as token members, they had no rights to vote or to full membership. However, Mr. Herculano Souza promised that changes are to happen soon. Firstly, women are to be admitted as full members; then family members of Portuguese decent are to be allowed in; and finally, the doors will be open to other nationalities. Still, those changes will come with a set of conditions according to Mr. Sales. And what conditions! The first wave to be accepted are the well heeled. The waiting list includes judges, lawyers, surgeons, financiers, who will probably be charged way above HK\$5,000.00 for associate membership with all the privileges but no voting rights. Mr. Sales indicated the American Club as an example. “I have been a member of the American Club for 49 years and my name is inscribed on a plaque as a senior elected member,” yet, he is not allowed to vote because he is not an American citizen, even though he is exempted from paying membership dues and is always invited to attend the general assemblies, functions he chooses to disregard.

Mr. Sales favours the American Club’s policy. As to what to do when there are no more Portuguese in Hong Kong? “I have already thought of that,” answered Mr. Sales. He then gave his vision of branches of Club Lusitano in places where there are Portuguese residents. “These branches should be under the guidance of Portuguese from Hong Kong, or even from Macau, who have ties with the Portuguese community in the Orient,” he explained. The executive committee of Club Lusitano reads like a

Who's Who - people whose names ring a bell. Mr. Sales is confident there will always be Portuguese here or there.

It is not be due to lack of space that Club Lusitano might have problems in the future. On the 26th floor, there is the "Leal Senado" room, the main hall for meals, with a seating capacity for 72. On the 25th floor, there is the "Lilau" library; the "Praia Grande" room, a hall reserved for hosting monthly dinners for the interim committee of the future Portuguese Association of Hong Kong; and the "Penha" room, where Lusitano's executive and the administration committees meet. The 24th floor houses the "Comendador Arnaldo de Oliveira Sales" room, where the bar and lounge are located. The 23rd floor shelters the administration office, the billiards hall and the card room "Lorcha" for bridge and mahjong.

According to Mr. Sales, Lusitano does not depend on members to survive. He is probably referring to the Club's financial position. Still, all the remaining floors belong to the Lusitano. Given that only half of them have been rented out – the economic crisis in Hong Kong seems to have no end – the survival of Lusitano is guaranteed. "All we need is people coming in to hold parties," concluded Mr. Sales, that is, parties in the "Camões" banquet hall, where the saga of Portugal's history is written on its walls.

Interesting Links



Want to get something off your chest? Take it straight to the top. They DO answer.

Prime Minister/Premier Ministre
The Right Honourable
Jean Chrétien: pm@pm.gc.ca
President George W. Bush:
president@whitehouse.gov

Cook's Corner



Sonhos (*Dreams*) "The Food of Portugal"

Ingredients:

¼ pound unsalted butter
2 tablespoons sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup water
1 cup sifted all-purpose flour
4 large eggs
Vegetable oil or shortening for deep fat frying

Method:

In a small heavy saucepan set over high heat, bring the butter, sugar, salt and water to a boil. Now pull the pan almost off the burner, put in all the flour and beat hard with a wooden spoon until the mixture comes together in a ball. Set the pan on a damp cloth on the counter and add the eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. *Note: The mixture will seem to curdle each time you add an egg, but continue beating and it will smooth out nicely. Always beat each egg in thoroughly before adding the next one.*

Heat your oil/shortening. If using a thermometer, wait until the temperature reaches 375°F. Drop the *sonhos* into the hot oil by rounded tablespoons and fry just until puffed and golden-brown – about 2 –3 minutes. If you prefer smaller *sonhos* you can use a teaspoon to drop the dough into the oil. Drain the fried *sonhos* on paper towels. If you wish you could sprinkle them with powdered sugar once the *sonhos* are cold. Another option would be to make a sugar syrup and drizzle it over the *sonhos*.

Once you've sampled one of these airy puffs straight from the fryer, you'll understand why the Portuguese call them "dreams". Bom appetite.

Handy hints



With the snow finally melted and our gardens needing the attention they long deserve here are some handy hints regarding "companion planting". Companion plants are those that tend to get along extremely well when planted next to each other. Each one discourages the bugs that usually feed on the other.

- To keep bugs from roses, plant onion and garlic alongside
- Petunias seem to keep bugs away from beans
- Parsley can be planted near asparagus, celery or leek
- Peas and tomatoes tend to do better when planted next to each other
- To keep worms and flies from your tomato plants, plant basil near them
- Oregano works for pretty well all garden crops
- Marigolds keep virtually everything away.

A tomato tip....They say you can improve the size of you tomato crop by using the following method. Make the planting holes a little deeper than normal and drop in 2 tsp. of Epsom salts into each hole. Sprinkle a little dirt into the hole and then add your seedling.

Happy gardening!

Haley's Hints

Just In...

Fr. João (John) Sousa passed away in Macau on May 2, 2003. Fr. John was in his early 80s. May he rest in peace.



Funny bone



A good pun is its own reward.

Energizer Bunny arrested - charged with battery.

A man's home is his castle, in a manor of speaking.

A pessimist's blood type is always b-negative.

My wife really likes to make pottery, but to me it's just kiln time.

I fired my masseuse today. She just rubbed me the wrong way.

Shotgun wedding: A case of wife or death.

I used to work in a blanket factory, but it folded.

If electricity comes from electrons... does that mean that morality comes from morons?

A hangover is the wrath of grapes.

Corduroy pillows are making headlines.

Sea captains don't like crew cuts.

A successful diet is the triumph of mind over platter.

Time flies like an arrow. Fruit flies like a banana.

A gossip is someone with a great sense of rumour.

When you dream in colour, it's a pigment of your imagination.

Reading whilst sunbathing makes you well-red.

When two egotists meet, it's an I for an I.

B	A	F	O	C	O	M	P	R	E	D	O	A	L	O
☺	V	G	I	O	D	E	P	O	I	S	☺	I	M	L
S	O	L	U	V	A	I	D	O	S	O	H	U	☺	O
R	O	N	C	A	R	O	N	C	A	C	N	☺	F	H
A	C	A	P	I	D	O	☺	M	A	L	A	O	☺	O
B	G	E	O	O	C	H	U	C	H	U	M	E	C	A
U	I	T	L	M	E	V	P	I	L	I	Z	A	R	I
J	N	A	E	C	H	E	E	P	I	D	O	A	A	Z
A	G	T	R	H	☺	N	☺	R	E	I	N	H	Z	O
E	I	U	B	U	A	T	A	I	G	O	C	☺	I	R
E	B	S	M	R	H	O	N	G	K	O	N	G	N	A
Y	R	O	O	A	☺	S	M	U	F	I	N	O	H	C
M	I	J	S	H	D	U	R	M	I	☺	☺	H	A	A
A	O	O	☺	☺	L	J	V	A	I	O	H	C	A	T
H	U	N	G	T	A	O	C	H	U	K	☺	A	D	E

Word search

ADE
AGUA
ARAZ
AVO
AZINHA

BAFOCOMPEDO

CAPIDO
CATE
CHEEPIDO
CHUCHUMECA
CHURA

DEPOIS
DOI
DURMI

GALADODO
GINGINBRI

HAMYEE
HONGKONG
HUNGTAOCHUK

IOU

MALA
MOFO
MUFINO

NOJO

OLA
OLHOS
OMUN

PILIZAR

RABUJA
REI
RONCARONCA

SOL
SUTATE

TACHO

VAI
VAIDOSO
VEM
VENTOSUJO

Reminiscences

Carnival, Festa de Quarentoras, Mardi Gras, “Fat Tuesday”

By Monica Alves

It has been an observation of mine that more often than not when there is a gathering of our senior members, the topic of conversation inevitably harkens back to the ‘old days’ and their common experiences. It is my strong belief that if we, the following generation, and our children do not make the effort to record this oral history, colourful as it may be and filled with personal anecdotal bits of information, we will lose a very valuable part of our past.

So it was on one such occasion, when I was part of a group of our senior members, and the topic of conversation turned to the time of “Carnival”. I had often heard my mother speak of this time in her youth and whenever she did, there was an unmistakable excitement that came into her voice accompanied always with a smile as she recalled the customs and practices that were followed during Carnival in Macau. I would like to at this time acknowledge and thank Carlos Conceição, Cissy Conceição and my mother, Elfrida Alves for enlightening me about this aspect of my heritage and with their permission would like to share with you their recollections.

However, before I get into their personal anecdotes, here is a brief explanation and background on Mardi Gras’ Catholic roots, which I have gleaned from the American Catholic organization site. Mardi Gras, literally “Fat Tuesday,” has grown in popularity in recent years as a raucous, sometimes hedonistic event. But its roots lie in the Chris-

tian calendar, as the “last hurrah” before Lent begins on Ash Wednesday. What is less known about Mardi Gras is its relation to the Christmas season, through the ordinary-time interlude known in many Catholic cultures as Carnival.

Carnival comes from the Latin words *carne vale*, meaning “farewell to the flesh.” Like many Catholic holidays and seasonal celebrations, it likely has its roots in pre-Christian traditions based on the seasons. Some believe the festival represented the few days added to the lunar calendar to make it coincide with the solar calendar; since these days were outside the calendar; rules and customs were not obeyed. Others see it as a late-winter celebration designed to welcome the coming spring. As early as the middle of the second century, the Romans observed a Fast of 40 days, which was preceded by a brief season of feasting, costumes and merrymaking.

Carnival season actually kicks off with the Epiphany. There are well-known season-long Carnival celebrations in Europe and Latin America, including Nice, France; Cologne, Germany; and Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. On this continent perhaps the best-known celebrations are in New Orleans and the French-Catholic communities of the Gulf Coast.

The official colours of Mardi Gras, with their roots in Catholicism are: purple, a symbol of justice; green, representing faith; and gold, to signify power.

Mardi Gras literally means, “Fat Tuesday” in French. The name comes from the tradition of slaughtering and feasting upon a fattened calf on the last day of Carnival. The day is also known as Shrove Tuesday (from “to shrive”, or hear confessions), Pancake Tuesday and

fetter Dienstag. The custom of making pancakes comes from the need to use up fat, eggs and dairy before the fasting and abstinence of Lent begins.

Looking back to the 1930s and early 1940s in Macau, Carnival began one week before Ash Wednesday. As far as I can tell from the reminiscences told me, the perpetuation of the practices begun by the Romans of feasting, costumes and merrymaking was also what Carnival was all about in Macau. Apparently, for those Macanese who had ventured to Shanghai, similar celebrations were held there although they were not carried out to the extent that it was in Macau.

It was the practice in that week prior to Ash Wednesday that a musical group or groups, called *Tuna*, would sometimes phone ahead to certain households, my grandmother’s being one, to ask permission if they could come and visit. By way of explanation to those unfamiliar with this term I quote from an Oral Record of José dos Santos Ferreira (Adé): “*Tuna* is a Portuguese word which exclusively refers to a specific kind of amateur musical ensemble of popular characteristics, it’s members singing in choir folksy tunes while playing a variety of traditional instruments. In the olden days, no Band would dare go out into the streets without, at least, thirty instrumentalists, most of them playing violas and mandolins.” My mother recalls that in her day a couple of the members of the *Tuna* were the Braga brothers, John and Henriqui. Like pied pipers, the *Tuna* would attract people along the way as they played their music in the streets heading for the intended house. A song familiar to most of us titled “*Aqui Bôbo*” describes through the lyrics this time of Carnival in Macau. All those joining along and singing the familiar tunes would be wearing masks. These

'joiners' were known as "bôbos". There could be as many as forty to fifty people, "bôbos", who would end up at the house. The hostess would lay out a variety of foods for them. The specialties were made to 'entice' and included such dishes as *bebinca de nabos (lou pá kou)* – a steamed pudding made of cooked turnip and glutinous rice; *Barba* – a dessert made of pulled sugar; *Ladu* – also a dessert made with glutinous rice flour, toasted pine nuts and toasted ground white beans and covered with a dusting of bean flour. I have also been told that the spread could include *Tachu*. The entire group would stay sometimes for upwards of an hour at this house, where there would be much merrymaking, eating, singing and dancing with the music provided by the members of the *Tuna*. The group would then push off and carry out more *assaltos*, which literally means assaults or in this case it meant improvised crash parties.

Usually in the evening, there would be gatherings at the three clubs in Macau: the Clube de Macau; Clube Melitar; and Clube Sargento. On the first night, all the attendees would be decked out in their finery for the Ball. Come midnight, those wearing their masks would have to remove them. A lavish spread of food was laid out at midnight for the partygoers. The partying would carry on until the wee hours of the morning.

On the second night there would once again be the carousing in the streets and *assaltos* of more households ending up again at any one of the three clubs. Traditionally, this second night was designated as a Fancy Dress Ball. Each year there was a 'theme' for this Fancy Dress Ball. My mother recalls that one year it was a Mexican theme and she and her friends dressed as 'señoritas' and had beaded and sequined dresses made with boleros



Photo taken at Clube de Macau 1938

L - R standing: "Felinha" da Silva Botelho; "Letty" Melo da Silva; Alda da Silva; Olivia Lobo Conceição; Elfrida Pereira Alves.

L - R kneeling: Alice Rosario Gomes; "Gaby" Conceição Rangel; "Marizinha" da Silva Canters; "Marily" Ribeiro; Levinia Silva

and they all wore sombreros. Another year was a Russian theme and she recalls having a satin dress bordered with faux fur sewn specially for this occasion. She and her friends also had all the accoutrements so that they looked like Cossacks from the boots to the black tall hats no less. They were even taught some Cossack dance steps by the sister of Art Carneiro. Carlos recalled that because most everyone on this night was in fancy dress and masked, some naughty tricks were played on the unsuspecting. He said that on one occasion a Macanese gentleman disguised himself as a woman and this was so convincing that he managed to 'trick' a Portuguese military man into buying a number of drinks for him at the bar. Imagine the shock of the unsuspecting 'victim' of this prank when at midnight the masks all came off.

There was no specific dress code on the third night but once again at midnight there was the lavish spread of food set out.

For the remaining days and eve-

nings of the week there were just the *assaltos* and carousing in the streets by the *Tuna* and those hardy souls who had the stamina and constitutional fortitude to still participate. By the end of the week I can just imagine how tried and tested the 'constitutions' of all would have been. I would think that the fasting and abstinence of Lent was a welcome respite, a time to let the body recover from the week of revelry.

Carnival celebrations ceased naturally when World War II broke out and unfortunately they never resumed. Sadly all that is left today are the memories of those who participated in the revelry and old pictures of those bygone days.

*Aqi bôbo, olá bôbo
Ta passá na basso di janela
Aqi bôbo, olá bôbo
Tirá mácara pa nós olá!
Nhónha jóvi, nhónha vela
Qui capaz vai junta pandegá,
Bôbo tudo sã igual
Qui muchado, qui donzela
Vida sã 'nga carnaval!...*