

The Good & True

The Good & True ...issue# 22...Dec., 1997

[\[Profile\]](#)

Bobby Wills



The President's Message

The year 1997 can only be described as a very successful year for our association here in Canada and I will elaborate a little on the events of the year.

We started the activity year with our usual Breakfast Mass, then came our Annual General Meeting. We then turned our sights to our most ambitious fund raising event in our history, the summer **Byron Lee** Dance, and let me say how happy we were, because under the leadership of our treasurer Ray Chang and the hard and dedicated work of Michael Charley and Herb Phillips as well as the entire executive it was a complete success. A sell out if you will with over 1000 people in attendance, with visiting Old Boys from Jamaica, Hawaii, New York, California, as well as other parts of North America and Europe.

Next was our Annual Family Picnic and Soccer Match with arch rival K.C. which was also successful and victorious, for that I would like to thank our new sports director Lloyd Chung and our playing manager-coach, The Skedron, we really did kick KC's butt this year.

Finally came our retreat in September of 1997, our first ever where the executive members met and under the moderation of Fr. Hosie we made some very important decisions about which way we would like to go as an Association (more to follow on this) and which I think was very successful in many ways. So as we come to the end of 1997 and the end of my second term as your President, may I take this opportunity to say thank you to the members for their support and my executive colleagues for their hard work over the last four years which undoubtedly is the reason for our success. To the wives of the executive members I would like to thank you for allowing me to take your husbands away from home one Sunday in every month, thanks for understanding. Let me also say to Ray, Buskie, Robbie, Neil, Pat F, Lloyd, John, Herb, Pat G, DB and Warren. I love all you guys it was my pleasure working with you. As this is my last message as President may I also take the opportunity to wish all Old Boys and their families a Peaceful and Joyous Christmas and a Prosperous New Year. Thanks again for the memories and keep the Faith. God Bless You All

Bob Wills

IN PROFILE with Don Barnett

Robert and Carmelitta Wills



I have been given the pleasure of writing this profile on our President. This executive would have been remiss if recognition of the outstanding services of our President was to be ignored since this could be the last issue of 1997. We also realize that these are the dying days of his administration. This executive wanted the opportunity to acknowledge our appreciation to his very successful tenure. Needless to say, the President of note is none other than Bobby Wills. Little is known of Bobby before his Georgian years. Bobby entered St George's in 1964. He became the under 16 Table Tennis champion for Jamaica. He held that title and represented Jamaica for three consecutive years. It was in 1968, while enjoying the all-Jamaican limelight that Bobby met and fell

in love with a lovely Alpha girl called Carmelitta. Bobby graduated in 1969 not long after meeting his heartthrob. His natural bent was sales which he pursued successfully with Caribbean Brake Products Ltd. Our President claims that his life took on a serious tone in 1971 when he asked for Carmelitta's hand in matrimony. In 1973, his first of three sons was born and named Fabian. Bobby now recalls the awesome responsibility of caring for a wife and son at the ripe old age of 22. As most ST.GC graduates of the day, Bobby soon became a member of the "Old Boys' association. He still talks about the team tours to Nassau in 1972 and Belize in 1973.

Bobby continued at Caribrake until 1977 while as sales manager decided to relocate to Canada. Bobby landed a sales job with Allied Signal where he worked for 16 years. Meanwhile, Bobby's family grew. The Wills' second son who was named Mark arrived on the scene 10 years after the first. It's obvious that Bobby and Carmelitta had wanted to provide baby-sitting service for those that followed. As Bobby moved up in the Company, traveling away from home became a factor. Bobby says with tongue-in-cheek that Mark was 3 years old before he realized that he was a stranger to his son.

In 1988, son number 3 was born under the name of Robert. Bob and Carmelitta decided that this was it... no more children. Incidentally, this decision has no bearing on Robert. One has to be so careful of psychological scars.

In 1986, Bobby joined the StGCOB's association, Toronto chapter. After serving on executive committees under 4 Presidents, Bobby was elected to the office of President in 1994. He is now in his second term of office which indicates his dedication to the cause and a tenacious sense of duty. *His tenure has given rise to the most successful fund raiser in the history of the association which was the dinner dance with BL&D which promises to be an annual event also the first ever association retreat which will be held every 2 years.*

It has been a wonderful experience from close up to witness Bobby's rapid progress in leadership and stature. In biological age, the "Junior" of the executive held his own and for that, he has my greatest admiration. To my knowledge, Bobby is touted to be the youngest president in the short history of the Toronto's chapter. I have known Bobby for over 10 years and a greater sense of humor than Bobby's is not likely to be found. I crack up every time he tells a joke and it could be for the same old jokes which I have heard repeatedly. Bobby loves to laugh but he blends his lust for fun with the serious staff which is his sense of responsibility for family, StGCOB and God. Bobby lives with his charming wife Carmelitta and their two sons in Markham. Fabian got a head start on the other siblings by becoming engaged and have left the roost.

In closing, I can only reiterate my thanks to you Bobby for your continued service and leadership to our community and praise for measuring up to the claim of being a true product of the **"BLUE & WHITE."**

St.G.C. OBA (Ontario) 1997 EXECUTIVE

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Warren Abbott

BITS & PIECES with Warren



SCHOLARSHIP GRANT The Ontario chapter of the OBA has been providing this grant for the past ten years, and we have always been surprised with the less than overwhelming response received from the children of this chapter's Old Boys. However, while the number of applicants has been low, the truly gratifying part has been the quality of the applications that have been submitted and the achievements of the successful candidates. We know you are out there, we just want to know who you are. So get those pens and computers revved up and let's see those applications. All children of this chapter's "dues paying" members who will be starting or are currently attending college/university are eligible. All that you need to do is to submit a profile of yourself including details on the choice of your studies, why you chose that field and where you are or hope to be attending. In addition, the successful applicant will have provided an overview of his success and accomplishments and expressed his own reasoning behind why he or she should be the recipient of this grant.

It's with great pleasure that I announce on behalf of the executive that the grant has been increased from \$500 to \$1,000. The grant is awarded on the recommendation of a three member panel of the Old Boys whose decision will be final. The panel operates fully independent of the executive. They look forward to receiving your applications and good luck to all.

CLASS OF '83 There will be a 15 year re-union for the graduating class of 1983 to be held in Jamaica in 1988. For more details please contact Errol Young at eyoung@adminIOl.ml.com or get in touch with me and I will pass on the info.

Letters to the Editor or articles for Bits & Pieces, can be forwarded to Warren at 1621 Belinda Court, Pickering, Ont. L1V 3T4 or sent by e-mail to abbott@interlog.com

For details on advertising in our newsletter, contact any member of the executive.

The Picnic & Soccer Game

by Lloyd Chung



Man, we were just taking control of the domino game, leading 5-1, making the decisive and determined plays to finally overcome our erstwhile and formidable adversaries Tony Sani and his Uncle Vinnie, when the voice called out once again - them in the parking lot You wife leaving you!"

With that final warning, my partner stood up, ruefully looked at me and said "Lloydie, ah have fe leave." I could only stare at the back of the quickly disappearing figure of Errol Williams, as he dashed across the football field heading for the parking lot. We'll get them next year Errol.

This was the culmination of what had been a very enjoyable and entertaining day once again at our annual Picnic and sports day. One that started with Robbie Vernon and Buskie Charley blowing up balloons to mark our area' and ended with St.G.C. making our mark by reclaiming the soccer cup from K.C. There were the usual bantering from various tables. "Anybody want some chicken?" "I've got some jerk pork here." The constant laughter and shouting. Finally the big moment came - the soccer game.

K.C. had some difficulties fielding a full team' so we loaned them a few good men and a lady - our precious Stephanie Sani. Stephanie turned out to be quite a courageous and gutsy player. We later learned that she had played quite a bit of the game on a fractured ankle. The game was pretty close in the first half and chances were bad by all. Fortunately for us we fielded a very strong team' and under the capable guidance of our coach Patrick "Skedron" Smith, along with our veteran cocaptains Fabian Pieree and Carlos Thompson, we triumphed 5-1. Our team played magnificently that day, the brothers Vernon, the Garels, a hat trick by Aaron Sani, along with the rest of our valiant players.

Gentlemen and lady of the ST. G. C. Soccer Team, your magnanimous efforts are greatly appreciated by us all. Thank you very much.

~ Lloyd Chung

In The Rear-View Mirror (1959-62)

by Fr. Jim Hosie



Once upon a time, under the banyan tree behind the Jesuit residence (Priests House) at ST. G.C., I loaded the 15 seater van with the tennis team for an Away match All set to go, I could not: there was no rear view mirror! I couldn't trust driving through Kingston until we had one installed. So too, as we continue our Journey through life, although we look primarily through the windshield, we must periodically check behind us - see where we have come from - our roots, continuity amidst the change... Looking back I remember (through a glass memory-mirror, not darkly, but clearly):

Frank (Tex) Ryan, SJ picking up four new scholastics (J. Hosie, JJ McGrath, W. Sheehan, G. Winchester) at Palisadoes Airport and driving us along Windward Road to STGC on the "wrong" side of the road, dodging potholes, donkey carts and higglers at high speed - have we come 'from foreign' only to perish on the drive from airport to school?... Seeing my first lizard run across my wall - a croaker waking me at 4 am. ... Dogs, then roosters, serenading us at night (you get used to it). Bro. Tony Somers taking us to El Corte Ingles downtown to gel our white habits and suits. Finding out what we'd be teaching, three days before class. The shock of realizing that the Sept. term was the third of a three-term school year, and therefore telling my third-form geometry class that, since they no doubt forgot everything over the summer, we'd spend the first two weeks reviewing (while each evening I consulted Fr. Frank (Skip) Hagerty for my own review)...

Moving on, I check the rear-view mirror again: I see Fr. John Blatchford (the Man in Black) carefully selling the master-control clock, labelling each tree by Latin name, drying seismology-reading charts on a clothesline outside his room. Fr. Charles (The Doozer) MacMullan, Headmaster, telling us new teachers "What do you mean, what do you mean- just get into that classroom, you'll be fine" (a variation of something like "soon come, no problem?")... Catholic Opinion prints photos of Fr. Brian Duffy and Fr. George Duffy and - you guessed it - puts the wrong names under the photos - the boys say No Problem - Fr. Brian is the one with no chin, Fr. George the one with no hair...

Checking back again, I see the Boarding School (now long gone) - Fr. Bill (Bull) Hannas, cigar in hand, counselling on the front porch - Fr. Blatchford placing buckets throughout the dormitory to catch the leaks through the roof during the heavy rains. Miss Morais, the matron, during breakfast ("on and cocoa?") pointing out to me That little infidel over there" misbehaving yet again at table. Looking on with me, at various times (living in what they called the Palace" at II Emerald Rd our lay missionaries," Harry Hobbes, Tom Hughes Larry Driscoll, later, Peter Hickey (now SJ), Peter Quinn... The Friday night movie, 16mm Bell & Howell showing the British News, and an Alan Ladd movie: the night the machine broke down, and quelling an incipient riot by suggestion to my boss, Fr. Charles (Chuck) Munzing, let's turn on the Radio Jamaica and Redifusion and let them stay up till 11 p.m. - send out for patties and cokes (not available in our Tuck Shop) and it worked!... Early morning Mass, afternoon and evening study halls, and kneel-down rosary before Lights Cut in the boarders' dorm... Bruce McIntosh and friend (6th form transfers from Munro) sneaking out and being caught by Fr. Ed Donahue at a church garden-party, no less, Cur annual boarder-boy picnic, with headboy Jimmy Chung (or Trevor Summers) planned for Discovery Bay, but the truck-ride cross island being judged "too dangerous" a trip by Fr John Dorsey, so we went instead to Gunboat Beach and had a good time anyway...

Morning assembly prayers and announcements between the two Junior Form buildings, with Fr. Bernie Shea looking down from the porch above the Commanding heights... The All-School opening assembly behind O'Hare, with the new Headmaster, Fr. Leo (The Mighty Quin) Quinlan exhorting us to a new year Fr Frank Shea, leaving his tower of Learning atop O'Hare to take his traveling drama troupe across the island... Messrs. Larry Burke (now Bishop of the Bahamas, assisted by Fr. Paul (Mickey Rooney Hayes), Art (Sugar) Kane, Ray (The Englishman, dubbed so by Joe Blake), giving us younger scholastics advice - as we in turn would do for Don Larkin, Ken Hughes. John Surette and Fr Madden. "Brains" scholarships won by R. Thwaites, T. Monroe. D. Edmunds.. The one-and-only Mamas, her presence in wide straw hat and at her fruit table near the old bookstore assuring us that all's still right with the world. Frs. L. O'toole, R. McCluskey, G. Hennessey in the three science labs... Fr. R (Pinkie) Higgins "that's the spirit" to the

students.

Our "daughter school," Champion College, opening with future AB Samuel Carter, later C. Mac Mullan as Headmaster... First trip around the Island in the Sun - mountains as well as beaches! - The "country parson" pastors at Bamboo, Alva, Brown's Town. Mo Bay, Annotto Bay, Port Antonio - Frs. Ray Sullivan, Neil Donahue, Gardiner Gibson, Alwyn Harry, Hank Jurewich, Frank Jackmauh, John JG Alexander, the Judahs, as well as city pastors, Charlie Eberle, Tom Glavin, Roy Campbell, Deals Cruchley, John Sullivan, John P. Sullivan, and builder of the Wonder at Above Rocks, Fr. Ed Cheney, later Silvio Garavaglia...

Sports-a passion-Arthur Mac's Light Blues at Emmet or Sabina Park (National Stadium soon come) - Barnett, Ziadie, Appleton, Domville. Chin, Charley. Miller et al., - weaving, passing, scoring! The day F. Frank Ryan, Sportsmaster, asked me to help with the tennis team, a sport I really didn't know (what did that have to do with an assignment then?), but which was to become a big part of my life - first under coach H.N. Brown, then Willie Passailaigue, both mentors and personal friends, who also encouraged me to move from manager to player and (years later, after Willie's death), coach, Dennis Barnett, in his first year in tennis at age 16, the only junior in Jamaica who could trade wins with the highly-trained stars, David Tate and Richard Russell, beating the latter (and K.C.) to force a playoff with Wolmers a week after RR had won the Al Singles... P. Mais and R. Schnoor, doubles standouts, Jeff (Mutt) Chung, Warrick (later Wolmers) and Ferdie Lyn, Bim Williams, L. Dixon, M. Branday, K. Summers, H. White, R. Gyles and F Barnett on the horizon... Winning the Ja. Mutual Shield, later also the Alexander and Gibson Cups...

Enough for now - I must drive this memory-van beyond that round-about ahead, slow down crossing over that sleeping-policeman, and rest awhile at yonder lay-bye...

~ Fr. Jim Hosie

St.G.C. Old Boys Association Re-vamped

by Neil Dalhouse

Back in September, members of the Old Boys' Association's executive, went to a cottage in Collingwood, to review the activities of the Association, as well as the difection it should be taking in the future This action was long overdue, as the Association has been literally dancing to the same music ever since its inception in 1994. Times have changed, and in many instances, dramatically. And the Association has not followed suit. It has been referred to lately as "The same old, same old". The Executive group, comprised of John Chavannes, Bobby Wills, Warren Abbott, Pat Ferguson, Neil Dalhouse, Ray Chang, Don Barnett, Michael Charley, Robbie Vernon and Herbert Phillips, locked themselves away for the week end to review things like the Association's constitution, its annual activities, its executive structure, its continued role with the school and its membership. The week end was no picnic. The members of the team worked their butts off. They were all present at the cottage (provided free of charge by Warren) by 8:00pm the Friday night, and worked till about 11:00pm. Then they were up at 7:am Saturday morning and worked till 8:00pm that night. Then up again at 8:00am Sunday, worked a bit more, and left for home at about 12:00 noon. A lot was accomplished. The highlight was having Fr. Jim Hosie as facillitator, as he brought a spiritual touch to the entire activities. He said a beautiful mass for the team on Sunday. The entire executive sincerely thanked him for his presence and surren- dering of his personal time, to play a major role at this important event.

Watch for the next issue of the Good and True, as the recommended changes to the Association and its activities will be explained in full detail. They will then be officially presented to the membership at next year's annual general meeting for approval and implementation.

~ Neil Daihouse

Dance of the Century

by *Herbie Phillips*

This summer marked a milestone for the Toronto Chapter of the Old Boys



Association who demonstrated their innovation, dedication and ability to organize large-scale events. The opportunity arose this time last year when members of the executive committee met with another successful old boy, renowned for his management acumen in the field of live musical entertainment, Byron Lee. We discussed staging a dinner-dance venue in a relaxed setting, featuring the old and new melodies of BL&D. We had one goal. An event which people would never forget; meeting old friends, reminiscing our past days in Jamaica, rejuvenating sheer joy, and dancing till yu drop.

Our planning started early and every attention was paid to details. Our desire was to attract and please 1000 patrons. We started to spread the word among our membership, with the other high school alumnae, the various Caribbean council cores, friends and businesses as well as social organizations. A voice mail facility was implemented which was attached to a database to track calls, follow up with ticket distribution and of course collection. The event was even publicized on the Internet. Everything was checked out many times to ensure a quality evening that everyone would remember for years to come. We selected a hotel, which could comfortably accommodate over 100 tables of 10, with ample space between each table and a 40,000 square foot dance floor. We ensured an optimum number of waiters, one for each one and a half tables, taste tested and selected the menu, arranged prizes, decorated the hall, arranged for a large foyer where old friends may be reacquainted over cocktails prior to the doors opening, arranged for security guards, designed the layout for the stage where every seat in the house was a good one and prepared a souvenir brochure for the evening. Everything was done. The event was sold out and at 7:30pm on August 1st, the official weekend of Caribana, the people came to absorb their enjoyment, and they did.

The cocktail foyer was buzzing with chatter, smiles and hugs. There were people from far and wide; Los Angeles, New York, Montreal, Memphis, Miami, Jamaica, Bahamas, Windsor and other regions. There were many dignitaries such as Metro Chairman Alan Tonks and our beloved Consul General Margarietta St. Juste, but everyone present was a distinguished guest. Bishop Burke of the diocese of the Bahamas said Grace. Dinner was served then desert and coffee. Then an amazing thing happened. At the sound of the first note from the horns of the Dragonaires, approximately 900 enthusiastic supporters made a dash for the dance floor, totally engulfing the waiters. From that moment on, the dance floor was never emptied, even at the intermission where a DJ from New York entertained us. In fact at 2:30 am there were still over 500 people on the dance floor. Finally, at 3:30 am we had to vacate the premises, but it was as if no one wanted that evening to end.

Byron was presented with an Inuit art carving on stone, commemorating an illustrious 40 years of producing music worldwide. Thanks to all our supporters for making this a truly joyous evening and for supporting our school in Jamaica. Thanks to those who donated prizes: Superclubs, Air Jamaica, CI Mutual Funds, Appleton Rum, Walker's Wood, Tone Guard Security and The Jamaica Tourist Board. A special thanks to Barbara Bright-Patterson who produced the souvenir brochure in record time and to all the old boys and friends who helped immensely to make the evening one which we will all remember for a long time. If you were not there, I am sure you must have heard about it from your friends.

The Association in conjunction with BL&D has decided to make this an annual event to kick off Caribana and most importantly, to raise funds for our alma mater in Jamaica. Don't be left out next year. If each person in attendance told 10 people, then 10,000 will be scrambling to buy tickets for 1998. There is no venue that large. Get your tickets now. We guarantee sheer joy for the **"Greater Honour and Glory of God"**.

~ Herbie Phillips

Pictures from tht Dance of the Century



"MY VIEWS"

by Neil Dalhouse



In my view, if things keep getting better all the time, then how come so many people keep remembering the good old days? Boy, let me tell you, progress sometimes mean we just have a faster way of doing something that was never necessary in the first place.

And then there are those who say, progress means "Just when we can afford something, they make a new and better one we just can't afford. In my view, these old adages do not apply to the Old Boy's Executive Committee's decision to go on a retreat, to develop a new strategy on the future of the association.(See Association Re-vamped article in this issue) No sirree! Not in my view! This was long overdue. Our sincere thanks to Fr. Jim Hosie for giving up his week end, only to be locked up for 40 hours with a bunch of old St.G.C. jagabrats. He was let out for a 10 minute walk once or twice throughout that period. What drives a former headmaster to come this far north and be so deeply involved? His love and dedication to the old school, of course. Many thanks once again, Fr. Jim. Hey! Did you have a nickname at school? What do you mean NO? We all did. The boys at St.G.C. were famous for creating nicknames. They gave each other nicknames for everything some people had 2, 3 or even 4 nicknames at a time.

While reviewing some old history on the school, I found some information on students from the 1963 era. Can you guess who belongs to the following nick names? "Dickie", "Tweety", "Speck"~~Those are the easy ones. Now try these~~ "PJ", "Val", "Goody Gops", "Elvis", "Burl Ives", "Bardo". Aahhrite now!-- The first person to drop me a line with the correct names of the boys who had these nick names will get a \$25 voucher from HMV music stores. Write me at 1470 Indian Rd. Mississauga, L5H157. Not fair you say, because only those who were from that era would have a chance to win. Tough!! That's my view of the matter. Flipping through the pages of the same information package, I ran across a photo of the 1993 senior cricket team. Laaakkss amassy! -What a motley looking crew. Standing were coach Binns, then Metcalfe, Mitchell, McCatty, Taylor, Chin, Lyn, Thomas~~Kneeling were Dixon, Carty, Bardowell, Witter, Bell, Talbot, Hall. Every one standing had a very serious 'In your face" look, except Metealfe who had a funny smirk on his face, as though he had just passed bad gas, and was proud of it. What's the significance of mentioning the photo, you say? Just to see if you recall any of these people. It was a pretty powerful team as I recall. Speaking of memory, do you remember what brand of cigarettes Fr. Bowman smoked? For those of you who were lucky to have been offered a ciggy by Jerry himself, you will remember right away. Speaking of this brings back memories of many run ins I had with him, both good and bad. I won't go into them now, but I am sure the contents of this paragraph brought back memories of himself and yourself, run ins you might have had with him if you were around during his tenure.

It's been thirteen years now that I have been involved with the St.G.C. O/B's association, and for 13 years we've had an annual dance. None however, has been as magnificent and successful as this year's Byron Lee dance. What a raatiidd

dance dat was sa!~-sold out~-over 1000 people, and a great time was had by all. Many thanks to Byron and his gang for such a memorable evening. And yes, there will be another Byron dance again next year.

Oh! Before I forget. Fr. Bowman smoked Royal Blend cigarettes. Just as a point of interest- For those of you who are wondering whatever happened to Mr. Mullen, one of our scholastic teachers. Fr. Hosie told me that he was ordained a priest years ago, and is now the Chaplain of a jail in Boston.

Waiters are getting cheekier lately. I was at a restaurant a few weeks ago and overheard a customer say to a waiter, "Ah waiter, is this pie apple or peach?"~- "Can't you tell by the taste?" --- "No I can't"-- "Well what difference does it make then?" was the reply, as the waiter walked away quickly. Heck! Maybe they knew each other.

Ok! It's time for safety tips. As the cold climate sets in, be aware of frostbite, which is the freezing of a body part. The affected area usually first becomes pale and numb. If you suspect you have frostbite, DO NOT RUB the frostbitten area. Why? Because if the area (like a finger or a nose) has hardened, it could simply snap off from the pressure of the rubbing action. DO NOT BREAK blisters around the frostbitten area. These areas are highly susceptible to bacterial infection. DO NOT THAW frostbitten area unless you are sure it won't refreeze. Move to a warm place. Apply warmth to the frostbitten area. Do not use hot water to warm the area, but rather luke warm water (37°C). Blow on the affected fingers. Use body heat if nothing is available. If your nose is frostbitten, apply your warm hands. Wrap the frostbitten area in soft material and elevate the affected area. Frostbite is serious if the skin starts to harden and turn blotchy or blue. Obtain medical help as soon as possible.

On a closing note: "Failure is not the worst thing in the world. The very worst is not to try at all". And to those of you who are in a desperate way right now, hang in there, and have faith. God never gives us anymore than we can bear. Things will change. You'll see! Ha gaannee!



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