

# Good & True

*Good & True ...issue# 34...July 2002*

St. George's  
College  
Old Boys  
Association

## Just My Views

Good & True  
ISSUE #34

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Neil Dalhouse

The name **Bell** is synonymous with StGC football. **Jackie, Vernon, Carl** and **Neville** all played on the Manning team. And so, it's now come to pass that another Bell - **Andre** - to be exact, (no relation to those mentioned) has been appointed as coach of the Manning Team for 2002-2003. A former StGC Head Boy, he studied in the U.S., and I am told, was a star football player, named to the 'First-Team' All State (Virginia) and All Conference teams, and is a member of his university's Athletic Hall of Fame.

He has coached at the high school level in the U.S. for over ten years and was in the U.S. military for seven years. He also served as Coaching Director of two Soccer Clubs in Virginia, U.S.A., and participated in an international Football Symposium in Sao Paulo, Brazil. Ah, yes! 'Bell Magic' is back at North St. again.

Join me in wishing him and the team all the best for the season.



Pancho Rankine

It's that time of year again when I wish Noah had swatted those 2 mosquitoes.

In my view, the death of **Pancho Rankine** will be felt by everyone who knew him, for he was a kind hearted, decent, family man, and a good Christian who was always there for those in need. A great athlete in his time, he represented the school on the 1932 team that won the Manning Cup. He was a true Georgian who loved the school, and over the years, gave back far more than it gave him. He worked hard, and played even harder. If he were still with us today, he would say that he was truly blessed with a great life. He died leaving his wonderful

children, **Cecile, Francis, Robert and Michael**. He was 86, bless him. My sincere condolences go out as well, to **Skedron** and family, as his older brother passed away recently and also, to the family of **Andrew Johnstone**, who died of a heart attack in June.

Our Communion Brunch this year was a success. It was great to see **Fr. Hosie** who surrendered his week-end to fly to Toronto from Boston to be with us, and even better to see that over 200 people showed up. Special congratulations to **Derrick (Mello) Melvin** a former Excelsior O/B (who se wi neva love dat school) was declared an Honorary St.GC O/B. He has supported us from the day our 'Ontario chapter' was born. We love that guy! Best wishes to the very bright, -**Nicole Look Hong**, who received our annual Scholarship. Congratulations and good luck to her in her future endeavors. And our own **Patrick Lee** as 'Nat King Cole' and **Clive Yap Sam** in his Elvis costume, shades, and hair, closed out the event on a high Presley note. Funny though, females in the audience threw nothing at the King of Rock & Roll during his performance, and come to think of it Ð nor did he at them. The entire event was enjoyed by all, especially **Fr. Jim**. We call, you're there for us - every time!-- Thanks Father. Ever wonder why it is that Psychics don't seem to win Lotteries?

Check out this new site that Fr. Dziak in Ja set up.

<http://www.stgc.org/sports/Sports1.html>. It gives results of all the sports being played by the old school. Heartiest congratulations to the StGC Basketball Team that recently won the ISSA Under 14 Basketball Championships. Check Fr. Dziak's website for further info.

Gosh! Isn't it good to be a man?? Heck! - You're not upset if someone doesn't notice your haircut - mechanics tell you the truth - a 5 day vacation requires only a small suitcase - you can open all your own jars - your underwear is \$9.95 for a 3 pack - three pairs of shoes are all you need - if the toilet seat is down, you don't scream and shout - there is no shaving below your neck - you can do Christmas shopping for 24 relatives on Dec. 24th. Ð and it's ok to spit when you are with the guys! Great, uh?

I put a call out a couple of years ago for anyone who knew the whereabouts of **Garo Paroonagian**, a former Georgian, who hailed from Columbia and lived with my family for 5 years. He was like a younger brother to me. After 40 years of having no contact with him, I found him through the net. He is living in California, and is a VP of Jacuzzi International. Isn't technology wonderful? Funny, isn't it - you have to hit the 'Start' button to shut down your computer? I just love touching base with guys I haven't seen in years. Michael Foreman gave me a surprise phone call a couple weeks ago. Hot Dang! I haven't heard from him for over 12 years now.

What a great World Cup we are having, (or had by the time you read this) How many of you went to work with eyeballs hanging down to your feet from lack of sleep over the 2 week first round? It's unbelievable how France and Argentina got knocked out early. Now England and Spain are gone as well. See what happens when you don't pay your exorcist? You get repossessed! All hail to South Korea!

Time flies like an arrow. Fruit flies like a banana. Seems like only yesterday that I was standing in front of Fr. Blatchford with a couple of other students, when a blinding flash of lightning went off, followed by a tremendous clap of thunder a few seconds later. With his head tilted slightly to the left he whispered in that raspy voice



Coach Andre Bell

of his, 'Boys, from my calculations, that storm is only 15 miles away'. He then turned and graciously walked away, with a 'wadda-ya-think a that' smirk on his face. He loved baffling his students with little interesting tid-bits of science whenever he could.

Congratulations to **Philip Lee** (son to proud parents **Dr. Louis & Claudette**) who recently got married to **Nicole Pequenezza**. I close with a request for you all to support the annual Summer Ball in Toronto this year. This is the only source from which we are able to send dollars that are desperately needed by the school. Last year, the money from the ball was used to buy the 600 chairs that proudly sit in the school's Auditorium today, and we sincerely thank you for that. This year, proceeds will go towards resurfacing the tennis courts and adding one more basketball court to the existing two. Don't make any plans for Friday, August 2, just pick up the phone and dial 416-681-6688, give your name, address and amount of tickets you need. That's it! You don't give us your credit card number. You pay nothing then! All you are doing is reserving your table. We will contact you later. It's a great evening of entertainment, and this year, the special guest, along with the **Fabulous Fab 5 band**, the man who made Ram-Goat liva good fe mek Mannish Wata, **Pluto Shervington**, will be featured as well. Now, how can you afford to miss this event? Make the call now - please?

Can too much love for someone be a bad thing? A Ja. folklore story might agree with this. The story unfolds with a man in hospital, who has been slipping in and out of a coma for weeks, awakens to see his loving wife by his bedside. "Yuh know; yuh deh wid me thru all a de bad times dem. Wen me get fired, a yuh comfort me. Wen me gwan bankrupt an' bizniz mash up, is yuh stood by me side, no bady helse. Wen me did get shat hena me bak dungtown, ayuh did tek good care a me. Wen wi lose de 'ouse, ayuh support me. An' even doh me health start fi fail me, yuh still deh deh by me side..." Then he paused and said, 'Now me a tink 'bout it; it look say a yuh deh bring me hall dis bad luck. Me want a divorce, rite now.'

Remember, no matter how badly your heart is broken, the world doesn't stop for your grief. So do go ahead and grieve, but do get on with life, for yesterday is history, tomorrow is a mystery, and today is a gift from God. Use it well, and thank him for it, for there are those who didn't receive a smile from him today. Speaking of the Almighty - one day, a group of scientists got together and decided that man had come such a long way today, we no longer needed God. One scientist was selected to tell God man no longer needed him. The scientist approached God and said 'We have decided we no longer need you, as we can now clone humans and do many miraculous things, so you can get lost and leave us alone now!' God listened patiently then said, 'How about us doing this first? How about us having a man-making contest?' To which the scientist replied, "Great!" Then God said, 'We are going to do this just like we did in the days of Adam!' The scientist replied, 'Sure, no problem!' and bent down and grabbed himself a handful of dirt. God then said immediately, 'No, no no, no! Use your own dirt, fella!!!'

A Gaaannneeee!!

*Neil Dalhouse*

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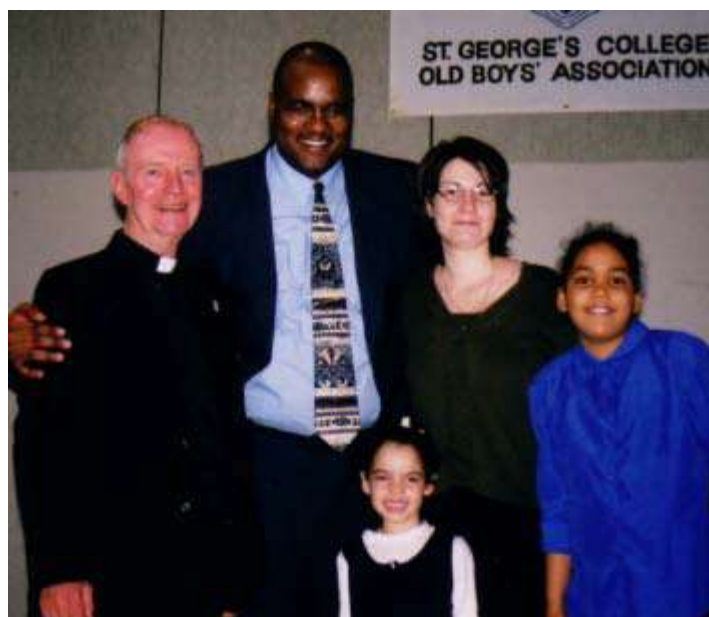
Thank you Speech  
to Fr. James Hosie S.J.

In 1987, two weeks before 'mock' exams (trial exams before the CXC exams), I had completed a short term of suspension from school. I had been issued a suspension because of an incident that happened in the detention room one day after school.

You see, a former friend of mine made accusations against me about an incident that involved a teacher. He did this to save himself from being punished. The teacher in question, upon hearing the accusations, became very upset, and wanted me expelled from the school.

This teacher never liked me in the first place, and I was never able to figure out why. Maybe because I was bigger than he was - cause as you notice, I am bigger than a lot of people. Maybe he didn't like me because I was not easily intimidated by him (it's a man thing). The teacher simply wanted me out of the school, for good.

My mother made an appointment for us to meet with Father Hosie, to discuss allowing me to take the exams, as well as to discuss my future in the school. Father Hosie told her he would allow me to take the exams, but that I could not participate in the ceremonies. When my mother heard this she was very disappointed. Tears welled up in her eyes immediately, because she was really looking forward to attending my graduation, along with my father, sister and grandmother.



Fr. Hosie, Shaun & Laurie Wilson with Jocelyn & Tyrah

With tears running down her cheeks, she pleaded with Fr. Hosie to give me another chance. Seeing my mother cry made me cry too, because I felt that I had let her down after all the sacrifices that she had made to keep me in school.

Father Hosie responded by saying he had to discuss the matter with the teacher before making a decision. Being a compassionate man he later relented, and finally told my mother he would give me another chance.

I was allowed to participate in the graduation ceremonies and received my diploma. I went on to sixth form and was selected to become a prefect to my surprise, by Dean of Discipline, Mr. Martin and sixth form teacher, Mr. Wilson.

After completing 6th form, I migrated to Toronto, Canada where I joined the Old Boys chapter. I worked for a couple of years, then went back to school. I

met my wife, Laurie, while at the University of Guelph. I graduated, got married and have two beautiful daughters, Jocelyn and Tyrah. I presently have a good career as a Business Analyst for an Insurance brokerage firm in Waterloo, Ontario.

This experience has taught me that everyone needs a second chance. There is an ancient oriental saying, 'A small pebble can make a big ripple in a large pond.'

Fr. Hosie, you have no idea of the ripple effect your compassion had on me that day.

It made my mother and family happy.

It gave me a different perspective on the teaching profession.

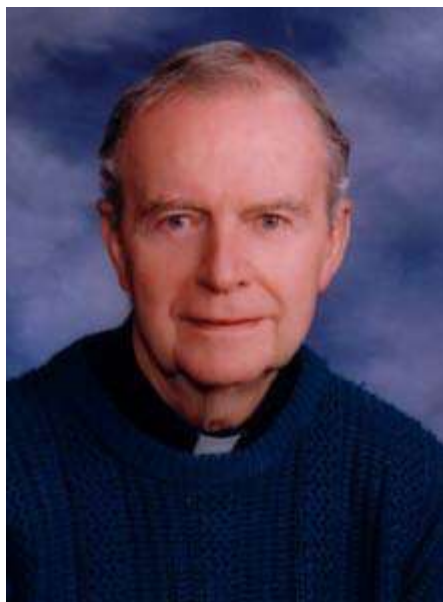
It made me look at life differently.

It had a lot to do with making the person you see in front of you today.

So, I thank you Father Hosie, for the second chance you gave me, for believing in me, and for being the 'pebble' that caused such a positive ripple in my life, - from that day in 1987 - to present.

*by Shaun Wilson, 'Class of 1987'*

## Some (more) Recollections of St.G.C.



*Fr. Jim Hosie, S.J.*

My latest visit to Toronto for the April 14 StGC Old Boys' Family Communion-Dinner once again brought the "Time-Machine" experience of deleting the years and miles - meeting, e.g., Paul Ireland, whom I remember as a "Boarder-Bwoy" ca. 1960 (where am I?) - and so many others: we "pick up" as though it were yesterday. Why is this? It can only be in one word, **RELATIONSHIPS**, formed in those formative StGC years. Scripture says, "Love is stronger than Death", and, we have no doubt experienced a taste of this.

Looking at StGC from the Winchester Park field, we still see the two most impressive buildings on campus, O'Hare

and the Jesuit Residence (now Centre). Those sturdy brick buildings, built ca. 1913 by Douglas Judah (father of Frs. Sydney and Charles, SJ) still hold together, their bricks joined by interlacing mortar. What is the "mortar" that holds together the StGC community so, over all these years and miles, I wondered. Certainly, the Jesuit mission, the course of studies, imbued with the Gospel, service to others, sports, activities, graduation into life, and the wider world. But I feel also, this "mortar" consists largely of people, and everyday events that remain as expressions of this bonding, many of them anecdotal, often humorous. Some of the Jesuits, for example, once involved are no longer active, but praying at Campion Center (Weston, Ma.), or, with others, have gone to God. At any rate, a few recollections of these "Mortar moments":

Ca. 1960 - The Friday night Boarding-School movie (16mm. Bell & Howell) breaks down - Fr. Hannas leaves, cigar puffing. To quell an incipient riot, I suggest to Fr. Munzing we turn on to RJR , send out for coke and patties, have a late lights-out: he agrees: riot averted.

Ca. 1961 - The Boarders' planned end-of-year picnic for Discovery Bay is not approved by the Rector, Fr. Dorsey (a dangerous trip) - we repair to Gunboat Beach, and still have a good time.

Ca. 1970 - I ask Fr. John Blatchford, our resident scientist, known to be very serious, "Is it true, Father B. that love makes the world go 'round?" He ponders this, and replies, "No, it's centrifugal force". Now we know.

Ca. 1973 - "Black Power", big in the USA, is becoming known in Jamaica, and some students are using the phrase. So Fr. Paul Hayes in his class, removes his black leather belt, holds it up in front of the students, and says, "This is the only Black Power you need to think about here." It works, momentarily, until his trousers fall down.

Ca. 1977 - A difficult period, burglar-bars being put up in the school and residence continuously, The Jesuits at StGC have a community meeting upstairs in the residence and unanimously agree to take certain drastic measures on security. When we then go downstairs for some Red Stripe and snacks, we find that thieves have entered our kitchen-area during that very meeting, stealing a fridge, and using a bottle-case metal rollaway to wheel it off beneath our meeting, and out and away down North Street.

Ca. 1982 - The Century-Palm tree near the old residence finally blooms - a beautiful growth - like a Christmas tree, with flowers on it, blossoming for several weeks. Then this dies, falls off, and soon the whole tree dies! All those years apparently doing nothing, but all the while preparing for its "final statement"... - Hang in there - "Ordinary Time" can also mean slow but sure growth!

Ca. 1983 - During a term exam in 3B, I notice (standing in the back of the classroom), students periodically looking upward, as if in prayer perhaps, or deep thought - finally, I too look up, only to see crib-notes written on the wooden cross-beams of the class. Think of the effort needed to do this: in a free period, or lunch, using the teacher's desk and a chair... Anancy lives!

Ca. 1984 - Winchester Park field is finally re-grassed: our becoming-dominant Manning Team under Coach Dennis Ziadie is there, along with Old Boys, friends and Jesuits, in front of the O'Hare Building for a blessing dedication. The Rector, Fr. Don Larkin, SJ, goes out onto the field wearing cape and stole, carrying a prayer book, sprinkling holy water generously about the field during the solemn blessing. Rumor goes out immediately that no visiting team has a chance of winning on that field ever again...

Ca. 1984 - "Mamas" (there for donkeys years) and "Juicy" (a somewhat recent arrival) are at a 'truce of sorts.' Juicy keeps to the upper campus, one day however showing up with a new cart painted blue and white, with the logo "St. George's Juices" - the torch is passed to a new generation.

Ca. 1985 - Mark Murray, scoring a long-range, wind-aided crucial goal at the National Stadium for our Olivier Shield efforts against Cornwall, was interviewed later on JBC-TV. Admitting that he and the goal actually were very good, he remarked that he does try to help "the morality of the team". He meant morale, but was congratulated for his efforts to build up the team's ethics all the same.

And so it goes - recollections often come down to persons and small events - where "the rubber hits the road" (where the mortar holds the bricks). There are countless others - perhaps for another time... I see parallels here, these years at Boston College High School, our Jesuit school in this area. Like StGC, we

have "JUG" (similar to detention for a demerit), which the students say means "Justice Under God" - which is one approximate interpretation... nevertheless, the events over the years at StGC, though so much further away, seem somehow, more vivid. Why is that?

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