

# Good & True

*Good & True ...issue# 35...July 2002*

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## Just My Views



Neil Dalhouse

In my view, **Andre Bell**, new head coach of the St.GC Manning team deserves a lengthy round of applause for a great job done this year. Look at the stats on his team's achievements; out of 10 games played in the first round, the team only lost 1 game, tied 5, won 4, had 6 goals scored against them, and scored 36 goals against the other teams. Brilliant!! KC took the only flicker of hope away from the "light Blues" by beating them (2-1) in the 9th game of round 1 of the series. Result, due to so many tie games, St.GC didn't have enough points to make it into the 2nd round of play, but the boys can certainly hold their heads high, and be able to confidently wag their index fingers at everyone and utter the warning "Just wait till next year" bit. The Colts and Under 13 teams have made it into the second round of play in their divisions, so coaches **Everald Campbell**, and **Bello Williams** are to be commended as well. We wish them all the best. Where did I get all this info? Just check out **Fr. Ted Dziak's** Web page at [www.stgc.org](http://www.stgc.org). It's really worth the look, cause it's chock-full of information on the school.

St. George's  
College  
Old Boys  
Association

Good & True  
ISSUE #35

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Here is a bit of Trivia on Ja. Anyone knows how the little town Gutters, located at the foot of Spur Tree Hill, got its name? Well, history has it that after heavy rains in the area, water flows through the town from three directions, making it almost impassable, hence the name Gutters. How about Putogether Corner, near Mandeville? Heard of that one too now, have you? It's the spot where market women stopped to put their goods - and their dresses - in order before proceeding to town. Anyone care to help me out on these other famous place names (send an Email) *Rat Trap*, *Wash Foot Gully*, *Quick Step*, *Wait A Bit*, and in the Cockpit country area in Trelawny the districts of *Me No Sen Yu No Come* and *Look Behind*. These last two obviously have to do with the maroons and their successful guerilla war against the British, resulting in the famous treaty signed by Queen Victoria.

Sad, the passing of two very prominent Jamaicans, **Bishop Samuel Carter**, and **Eric Coverley**. May the good Lord rest their souls. And my heart goes out to **Max Charley** and family, as he lost his beautiful 17-year-old daughter to a sudden massive cerebral hemorrhage this summer. **Max**, she has left us and gone to a far better place, my friend, far better. May God be with her too.

On August 2nd, **The Fabulous 5** rocked the ballroom of the International Plaza Hotel in Toronto with nostalgic sounds of the 50s & 60s, not to mention how good it was to hear **Pluto Shervington** sing with them too. **Pluto**, who graciously left a busy schedule in Florida to accommodate us, brought back memories with a repertoire of old tunes, including Ram Goat Liver, and I man Born Ya. Thanks to the hard work of all those involved, the event was completely sold out (890 attendees). On behalf of the Association, sincere thanks to **Anita Chang** for selling "a ole eepa tables" for us again this year. Anita, what would we do without you every July? Not as much, that's for sure! Many thanks too, to all of you who attended and supported us, for this event, is truly a worthwhile cause.

I love George Burns's little quotes, as they are so true. He once said about old people, (I am slowly getting in that bracket myself) First you forget names, then you forget faces. Next you forget to pull your zipper up, and as time goes on, you forget to pull it down

Ever notice, the more people complain, the longer God allows them to live?

We had a great golf season again this year. Apart from the regulars, two newcomers brought some added fun to the game - **Patrick Haddad** (who will play rain or shine) and Mr. Memory himself, **Bobby Gauntlet** (KC) who remembers faces, places, and events from way back when; stuff that only comes back to us, when he mentions it. **Dennis Chin**, a regular, played in the low 80's, and if it gets any hotter than that, he won't play at all. Well, the season ended on a funny note, as the handicapper and tourney coordinator, **Fen Chang**, gave **Ray Chang** too much of a handicap this year. Ray had a pretty good game and as a result, he won the cup, because of the generous handicap he was awarded. Fen said he didn't know what came over him when he set Ray's handicap that it must be due to age. I believe him, 'cause when Fen went to George's, back then, the school didn't have History. Now, there was a very unusual thing that happened to good buddy **Rudy Chin's** 3 iron one day during this golf season. (See article, another year of Golf, Fen's Way)

Here are some more reasons why "It's Great to be a Guy" - 1) If you are 34 and still single, nobody cares. 2) New shoes don't cut, mangle or blister your feet. 3) You are not expected to know any more than five colors. 4) You don't have to clean your place if the maid is coming. 5) Wrinkles add character for you, while the occasional well-rendered belch is practically expected of you.

The Triad Picnic between Alpha, ICHS and Stag was a great success; and we couldn't have asked for a nicer day. Last year's was washed out, but this year, the day was bright, the air was fresh, and this brought out our oldest old boy in Ontario, **Alty Lawton**, who is 92. And the lady who keeps him so fit and young, his dear wife, **Alma** was looking just as good at 86 years of age. It's always great to see them. God Bless 'em both. **Fen**, these lovely people aren't getting older, they are getting better. Think about it.



Alty Lawton,92 wife Alma, 86.

The following sentences were actually used in performance appraisals recently, "This employee is depriving a village somewhere of having its own village idiot." "This employee should go far, as far away as possible from here".

And now, for our Fall Dance... How many times have I heard Old Boys say, "Your Annual Ball isn't for me. When are you going to have something for me, eh, when?" Well, on November 30th - we had something to put you in the mood for Christmas. Coverage in next newsletter.

The Basketball Season has begun at St.GC. Click on [www.stgc.org](http://www.stgc.org) and follow the team's progress. Send the team an email message of encouragement too, as I know it will mean a lot to them.

Out of the clear blue, I got a call from **Bobby Neal** a couple of nights ago. Any one remember him? Said he saw me on the Net, and decided to call. Bobby left St.GC in 3rd. form. I haven't spoken to him in over 40 years. Bobby said **Fr. Mac.** asked him to leave, since he had no interest in schoolwork at all. So, his Mom decided to send him to Montreal, to finish secondary school. He eventually ended up at McGill U, got a couple of degrees, a masters, and is now a practicing Chartered Accountant in the Big Apple, doing very well, thank you. Don't you just love the great ending to these types of St.GC fairy tale stories? I do!! .

A math teacher I disliked once asked me, "If you, Neil, had 5 apples and I asked for 1 of them, how many would you have left?" I replied "5!" He didn't speak to me for a couple of weeks after that. Here's hoping that next year will bring peace closer among all enemies, --- that all who are ill will be well again very soon, that those out of work will get work soon, --- and that you and your family end up having the best Christmas together yet. And remember, -- sometimes, -- in some instances-" it's better to keep your mouth shut and appear stupid, than to open it and remove all doubt!".

A Gaaannnee!!!

*Neil Dalhouse*

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## Another year of GOLF, Fen's way!

Someone must have put an Obeah mark on the first hole at Lakeridge Golf Course here in Toronto. For the past three summers, we usually end up playing here every Friday. This 1st hole is pretty straightforward, and lies about 340 yards away from the tee. Picture it now. There are woods off to the right, and a wide open 9th hole fairway off to the left. The drive from the 1st tee is flanked by a couple of sand traps about 165 yards away, with a good 50 yards of open space between each trap.

It's just a simple hole, yet so demoralizing. Why? Because somehow, when hit, everyone's ball eventually begins to slowly drift off to the right, straight for the tall trees in the woods, as if there was a huge ball-magnet planted in the thicket. This hole deflates the ego of even the best of our players. Many guys finally end up sinking their ball on the 1st green with a triple bogey stroke. Man, to begin a nice clear, fresh smelling sunny day like that is very disheartening. It makes you feel like you should have been sitting in a dentist's chair, getting a root canal instead.



Let me explain how each Friday would turn out. We would all arrive at the course, sometimes 16 of us, full of confidence, with a goal of playing a better game than the previous Friday. Then, with faces set deep in focus, we would each walk up to the 1st tee-off mark, reach for our ball, and set up for the shot. A hush would come from our so called "buddies" standing behind us, a hush that would suddenly explode in a burst of jeering laughter by these "clown" friends of ours, as they watched our individual balls being sucked over into the tall pines by the woods. Sometimes, mind you, on the rarest occasion, there would be a loud "thuck", as a ball would hit a tree and bounce back and onto a good position on the fairway, bringing a cunning smile of relief to the shooter's face. The laughter would suddenly stop, followed by a howl of "Rock-stone! Hunu se dat?? Yu lucky no raww-ted, buoy!"



Neil and Ray

Tassy &amp; Fen

The same group would show up for some humiliation and fun, week after week; Fen Chang, who by now, I am sure, has convinced himself that Lakeridge Golf Club has secretly given him shares in the business for all the support he has thrown to the Club over the years. He is our supreme organizer. You don't get to play on Fridays, unless you phone him first, 'cause he ain't calling you to find out. You will play his way, or get stuck with a handicap you don't deserve. Then there is his cousin, Ray Chang, whom he gave too much of a handicap this year, allowing him to win the big St.GC trophy. Then there is Dr. Louis Lee, and occasionally, either Mark or Phillip his 2 sons, who would come not just to play, but to give their dad strong encouragement. And Rudy Chin, my personal instructor and dietician, then "Dooley" Chung, the only one with an automatic cart (it takes him a while to put that stupid thing together, and we are all just as stupid waiting on him) "Tassy" Lyn (KC) and his dear wife "Joany," the only woman in our group, (no, I don't mean Tassy). And then Peter Chin, who takes his game so seriously, that he only speaks when spoken to. Having a partner like that is just a pleasure for a serious golfer like me, as other guys just keep chatting and chatting, distracting me from playing a great game, every time. And yours truly, Mr. Inconsistent, who, much to the surprise of some, finally shot below 100 for the first time in 3 years. When told of this achievement, others simply exclaim, "Gu-wey from ya. Yu lie no-rawted!!"

Then there were the infrequent visitors, like Michael "Buski" Charley, who used my brother's excuse last year for not showing up more often, "Me ave tu much work fi do, y'ear sa!" And Jeffery Chin, who seemed to have become fed up with us, because he went and paid lots of money to join a golf club on

his own. He only graced us with his presence a couple of times. Francis, my brother, who only seems to play at private or world championship courses, graced us as well by showing up a couple of times, and had the gall to bring his \$5 (each) Calloway balls to putt with. This year, a couple of newcomers joined our group. Patrick Haddad, (where the heck has he been all these years) said he had no idea that we had a weekly golf game going (right, Pat!). He played the last 3 season games with us, and brought along Bobby Gauntlet (KC) who remembers everything that happened when we were all still living in Ja., including the names of everyone involved, as well as the date and time of occurrence of each event. Skedron can't hold a candle to him (and believe me, the Sked. is good at remembering stuff like that) Our guest "from fareign" this year was Danny Chin (it's great to see him anytime) who came up from Ja. and played in the final tournament.

Ah, the StGC tournament. Lots of laughter, a tad bit of swearing here and there. Everyone had a great time, including a great meal at Cravins Restaurant afterwards. Everyone got a prize too. And, like I said, the day ended with Ray winning the huge trophy, which incidentally, he donated. Fen caused this by giving Ray a big handicap. Some ask why he did this. It's an age thing, which I won't bother to go into. But in fairness to Ray though, he did play a good game that day.

The highlight of the season was when Rudy and I played golf a couple weeks ago, in the pouring rain. It was cold too, and my hands were quite slippery. One time during the game, I swung at the ball, and the club left my hands, almost ending up in a rather deep creek. Rudy found this very funny, but not for long, as the same thing happened to him, only his club got stuck 15 feet up an oak tree. We finally got it down, but the groundsman said under his breath as he left us standing under the tree, "In all my years here at the club, I have never seen anything like this!"

If anyone wants to join us next year, please call me. We'd love to have you along.

Don't call Fen. He is too busy setting next year's handicaps for all of us, and may screw up again if disturbed.

"Golf is a game in which you yell 'fore', shoot six and write down five" Paul Harvey.

*Neil Dalhouse*

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## Jamaicans

Jamaicans: Truly a great bunch of people. Jamaicans are Pentecostal, Anglican (Episcopalian), Jewish, Roman Catholic, Baptist, Methodist, Moravian, United Church (Presbyterian and Congregational), Hindu, Muslim and Rastafarian (a group believing in the divinity of Haile Selassie, late Emperor of Ethiopia).

We are a mixture of Indian, Chinese, African, French, Spanish, and English people with different backgrounds, cultures and traditions. But, we all have

something wonderful in common, that is, we are all Jamaicans. Basically, the majority of us are a tad shy, but fun loving, happy, and proud of our culture and heritage. Many are world renowned for their academic achievements, also in the fields of medicine, sports and music.



In recent years however, a few Jamaicans have been caught red-handed on the bad side of some horrendous crimes against humanity. These incidents have been so horrific, that they have raised the gander of many people around the world. The incidents are not being recognized as isolated, and have resulted in Jamaicans now being looked upon as the scum of the earth.

How can we remove this stigma that is gaining notoriety on a daily basis, one that is detrimental to us all and to the country we love? We need to expose the good Jamaicans are doing in the many communities they live in, outside of the island itself. Some will say we don't have hundreds of major icons like, Bob Marley, Lenox Lewis and Colin Powell (Jamaican parents) to show off at this time. True, this would help suppress the stigma that is building, but let's not forget that there are thousands of Jamaicans that are making major contributions to mankind on a daily basis. When next a bunch of Jamaicans get together for some special occasion, just ask each one what type of volunteer work he/she does within his/her individual community, and you will be pleasantly surprised.

Recently, at an Executive Committee meeting of the St.GC Old Boys Association here in Toronto, we did just that. There were 15 of us at the meeting, including a few guests. After canvassing what we all were doing as volunteers within our communities, to our amazement, this is what we discovered: (Our president alluded to this previously in his "President's Message" article, but it's worth reflecting on again):

**\* Weekly visits on two prison chaplaincy programmes; \* Promotion and**

coordination of youth sporting activities; \* Co-ordinating Community Financial advice workshops; \* Running Soccer Associations; \*Promotion Diversity community involvement & activities; \* Pro-Life movement; \* Meals on Wheels; \* United Way; \* CCA executive; \* Pro Jam; \* Canadian Cancer Society neighborhood canvassing; \* Providing transportation for cancer patients to & from treatment Centers;\* Co-founder & fundraiser for the Cerebral Aneurysm Survival Support Association (CASSA); \* Organizer for the Terry Fox Run;\* Heart and Stroke Foundation; \* St. Vincent DePaul Society; \* a Toronto University Board Member;\* a Toronto Hospital Board Member;\* Creator of a Farm Project-Jamaica;\* The Rite of Christian Initiation of Adults (RCIA) mentor;\* Church Financial Committees; ushers, etc.

This is what just 15 of us are doing. How many Jamaicans are in Canada, USA and Britain? Easily over 1 million would be a fair statement, wouldn't it? Consider now for a moment, that if just 15 of us are doing so many good things in our communities, how much more are these many people contributing to mankind today? Mind boggling, isn't it?

*Neil Dalhouse*

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