



Just My Views



Neil Dalhouse

History - A scar on the flesh of time.

So where is ours? A lot of it occurred at St. George's College over the years, and unfortunately, I believe most of it has been lost, gone forever, because no one was ever appointed official keeper of notable photos, newspaper clippings, the spoils of great achievements of the school over the years.

What a shame!

The early 50s and 60s are deemed the "Golden Years," a period in which an outstanding number of accomplishments took place at StGC, yet only old boy "lime sessions" bear witness to these great events. Where are the trophies? Where are the photographs of our Rhodes Scholars, Jamaica Scholars, of every graduation class, of our Olympians, and students who achieved the unbelievable, of **Fr. MacMullan**, of other headmasters and teachers who made a difference?

Where are the letters of congratulations from dignitaries, records of their historic visits to the campus? Who has the likes of, maybe a shoe-lace from one of **Ken East's** football boots, a boxing glove worn by schoolboy **Byron Lee**, a pen that **Fr. Leo Quinlan** used? Who was the captain of the 1932 StGC Manning Cup champions? Does anyone know?

It cost 10 guineas for a father to send his son to StGC back in the late 1920s and early 30s. Does anyone know that? Do you know that as part of the uniform back then, the students had to wear a straw hat with a blue and white band around it?



Fr. Leo Butler

Who was headmaster before **Fr. Leo Butler**? Well, it was **Fr. George McDonald**. Did you know that the school had a different name when it was opened in 1850? It was known as the Spanish School, as it was founded by Jesuits who came to Jamaica after being banished from New Granada. Who in blazes would ever banish a Jesuit from anything? Someone out there will want to know that. But where is that kind of information kept?

Does anyone know where the school kept all its memorabilia items of various historic events over the years? Are there copies (or even prints) of every edition of the Blue & White newsletter ever printed kept in some old box, somewhere? Looking back at a copy of the school's newsletter of 1984, the Blue & White, I read that the National Library of Jamaica has one of the oldest issues of the Blue & White, Vol 1. No. 4 dated December 1923, along with several other newsletter issues on its shelves. The paper went on to say that **Stanley Waite, Clarence Chin, Adrian Bayley-Hay** and **Keith Parnter** had several copies of "every newsletter published to 1984," available for anyone asking. These guys were also said to have had copies of black and white 8 x 10 photos of the graduating classes of '55, '59, '60 and 5 x 7 copies of the 1959 Manning Team for anyone wishing their own. Wonder if any of all this is still available?

Is there anyone out there who agrees with me, that these items should be hanging in a place of honour, in some special room, on campus, for future students to appreciate?



Fr. Alwyn Harry

It's not too late to set this up. A small group of old boys should get together and scrounge up as many of these items (no matter how few) as possible, and begin arranging them for display in an area of prominence at the school. We could add material to the collection as time goes on. Who's up for this? Let's get it going.

By the way, just so you know, **Reverend Alywyn Harry SJ** was the captain of the team in 1932.

Drunken Gallagher opened the morning newspaper and was dumbfounded to read in the obituary column that he had died. He quickly phoned his best friend Finney. "Did you see today's paper, Finney?" asked Gallagher. "They say I died!!" "Yes, I saw it!" replied Finney. "Where are ye callin' from?"



Master Chef Pat Chen tending to St.G.C. basketballers on Toronto tour

I was saddened when I heard of the loss of the oldest member of our Association, our beloved **Alty Lawton**. He was 96 years old. I have know him and his family since I was 6 or 7 years old. He loved the school. He and his dear wife **Alma** regularly attended various events we scheduled here in Toronto. We will certainly miss hearing his stories of old. May the good Lord rest his soul. Please also join me in a prayer for **Trevor (Pat) Chen**, a great chef, whose exquisite food many of us had the pleasure of tasting here in Toronto over the years. Pat passed away this January after a short but intense battle with cancer. Our condolences to the families of both these great men.

Hey, if you tried to fail at something, and succeeded, which have you done?

It's my view that if **Fr. Blatchford's** seismograph unit behind the O'Hare building still functions, it must have recorded several earth tremors immediately below campus when the first female group of students set foot on the premises last year. Yes sirree Bob, girls are now attending the old school, but only at 6th. form level. The forever rooted "boys' school only" tradition is now shattered, and a new paragraph has been added to the campus dress code to accommodate the ladies, bless them. Change is a wonderful thing isn't it? Pity it didn't happen back in our time. The term "Golden Years" would have had to be changed to something, well, more appropriate, for sure. He-He!!

Paddy was driving down the street in a sweat because he had an important meeting and couldn't find a parking place. Looking up to heaven he said, "Lord, take pity on me. If you find me a parking place I will go to Mass every Sunday for the rest of me life and give up me Irish whiskey". Miraculously, a parking place appeared. Paddy looked up again and said, "Never mind, I found one."

Lots of praise and congratulations to **Principal Fred Kennedy** and his staff at the school, for the vast improvement on just about every aspect and activity taking place there. His report (in this newsletter issue) shows a marked improvement to those of 3-4 years ago. How many of you know that in 1957, 94 of 96 students passed GCE exams? Yes, this was another mammoth achievement that took place during the "Golden Years." We did it then, so we can definitely do it again. Go Fred, go!!

Why do you call people driving slower than you, "idiots", and those driving faster than you, "maniacs?"

He attended Holy Family Primary School. He was a prominent athlete at StGC, a boxer, baller & cricketer who graduated in 1951. He began his studies in Rome for the priesthood immediately after leaving 2 North Street, gained his Licentiate in Philosophy and Theology and was ordained in 1958. He traveled the world and developed a speaking knowledge of Spanish, German, French and Italian. He returned to Jamaica, was assigned to St. Joseph's Church in Spanish Town for a year then moved to Holy Trinity Cathedral as Assistant Curate. But unfortunately, this brilliant man succumbed very early in life to a disease that took his right leg, then eventually, the cancer took his life. The namesake of The Roper Cup, **Fr. Altamont Norbert Clarence Roper**, died at age 30 on July 4, 1963.

Ever wonder what people in China call their good dinner plates?

So, this year marks the 10th year anniversary of our annual Summer Ball in Toronto. We have moved the venue to a more modern and larger facility in Mississauga, and the event will no longer be just a dinner dance. It will now be a dinner, show, and dance. We are looking for everyone's support this year. Book your table now in order to get a great table location. It won't cost you anything to do so now, as we will invoice you later towards the end of June 2006. For more info on the event, visit our website at: www.stgctoronto.com, then click on Events Calendar.

On a final note, we should consider ourselves lucky to have been born speaking the English language, and that we didn't have to learn it from scratch in school.

Man, going to English classes for foreigners must be a terrible drag. Can you imagine the teacher trying to teach you, - a foreigner, that the plural of box is boxes; but that the plural of ox is oxen, not oxes; that one fowl is a goose, but two are called geese, yet the plural of moose should never be meese, that you may find a lone mouse or a nest full of mice; yet the plural of house is houses, not hice.

Then you ask, if the plural of man is always called men, why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen? "Because it isn't so," the teacher would utter "Why aren't you paying attention, instead of trying to stump me with more English clutter?" Teacher will also tell you that if one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth, wouldn't you scratch your head and wonder why the plural of booth isn't beeth? Crazy isn't it?

So if I spoke of my foot and show you my feet, and I give you a boot, why wouldn't a pair be called beet? Then the number one may be that, and three would be those, yet hat in the plural would never be hose, and the plural of cat is cats, not cose. In English we speak of a brother and also of brethren, but though we say mother, we never say methren.

The masculine pronouns are he, his and him, but, no, you guessed wrong. The feminine isn't she, shis and shim. So don't laugh, or ridicule, or contemplate insult, at those who are trying their best at learning a language, so difficult.

A Gaaannnee.!!!

Neil Dalhouse

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