

The

LASALLIAN EAST ASIA DISTRICT



# gateway

January 2017

issue

# 68



Lasallian Family  
Hong Kong





(Cover) A group of 20 Lasallian school principals, teachers and Lasallian Education Council members formed the Hong Kong delegation and attended APLEC 9 which was held in December 2016 at Melaka, Malaysia. The Asia Pacific Lasallian Educators Congress (APLEC) is held every two to three years for Brothers and lay educators in the region to discuss and share their views on carrying out the Lasallian Mission in this part of the world. The first APLEC was held in 1994. The PARC Region of the worldwide Lasallian Family consists of 14 countries: Australia, Hong Kong, India, Japan, Malaysia, Myanmar, New Zealand, Pakistan, Papua New Guinea, Philippines, Singapore, Sri Lanka, Thailand and Vietnam.

## HONG KONG LASALLIAN FAMILY BULLETIN

# The gateway

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issue

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# Welcome

In this part of the world, no sooner have the celebrations for Christmas come to an end than preparations begin for celebrating the Chinese New Year or Spring Festival. Obtaining suitable Chinese couplets in Chinese calligraphy



is a must. This year we say goodbye to the Year of the Monkey and welcome the Year of the Rooster, a hardworking, confident, courageous and talented bird.

Gateway 68, however, looks back to the lead up to Christmas and thereafter, a very busy time in school calendars.

Besides the usual sporting and cultural offerings, there was the Asia Pacific Lasallian Education Congress (APLEC) in Malaysia to which we sent 20 delegates. We cover this event in some detail in this issue. Then there were the Christmas Parties, Dances, Liturgies and Masses. While Christmas is rather commercialised by society in general, the churches were full.

We are indebted to Edward Ho, an old boy of St. Joseph's College, for our 'Memories' section. As you can see, his memories are sharp and vivid and there will be many who can relate to his content.

The Gateway editors would like to wish all its readers a very Happy Chinese New Year — 新年快樂。 🐓



**The Gateway  
Hong Kong  
Lasallian Family  
Bulletin  
January 2017  
Sixty-eighth Issue**



# 9th Asia Pacific Lasallian Educators Conference APLEC 9



A group of 20 Lasallian school principals, teachers and LEC members formed the Hong Kong delegation to attend the 9<sup>th</sup> Asia Pacific Lasallian Education Conference (APLEC 9) from the 4<sup>th</sup> to 8<sup>th</sup> of December, 2016 in Malacca, Malaysia. The theme of this conference was 'Lasallians working towards Justice and Peace'.

The presenters included Brothers and Lasallian experts in the field of justice and peace. They shared their views on how justice and peace could be promoted and implemented in our Lasallian schools. The participants at APLEC 9 were a rich mix of different races, cultures and religions. Yet, all of them were united in the Lasallian spirit of Faith, Service and Community and are ready to foster this spirit in their own education communities. As the song 'We are Lasallians' says, "We are one, but we are many". Lasallians always work together toward providing our students with quality education infused with human and Christian values. These values include the promotion of justice and peace.





As part of the conference, our delegates gave a presentation on the Hong Kong Lasallian mission. The presentation was well prepared and well received.

Our delegates were also tasked with providing an energizer (to ensure nobody fell asleep!). They decided to demonstrate some Tai-chi movements and got the participants to follow.

On the last day of the trip, our delegates also visited St. Joseph's Institution International in Kuala Lumpur, the first Lasallian International School in Malaysia. Brother Thomas Lavin is the Brother



President. The school opened in September, 2016 but already offers classes from nursery to Year 12, including the IB curriculum. The school building is a state of the art structure which has many classrooms and facilities that can accommodate up to 1,500 students. The sharing session with the two principals of the school, together with Brother Thomas, enhanced our understanding of the international school setting. Our delegates are grateful for the hospitality of the school principals, staff, and Br Thomas, for receiving such a large group of visitors.

The Hong Kong APLEC 9 delegates would like to thank the organizing committee for their hard work. An evaluation of how best to promote the theme in Hong Kong was held on the 16<sup>th</sup> of December. ☺





# Memories

## My Days in St. Joseph's College

— by Edward Ho

“I know for certain that the Brothers and many of the fine teachers of St. Joseph's will remain in the memory of their students. There was, and I hope still is, a grand tradition and a special spirit about being a Josephian ...”



One autumn day in 1951, a little boy and his brother attended their first day at St. Joseph's College. My brother and I were among about 160 new boys for Primary 5, most looking and feeling lost and apprehensive of the new environment. I don't know how I managed to get into St. Joseph's. It must have been through the influence of my father who was an 'old boy'. An 'old boy' has always been rather a big thing at St. Joseph's, an instant status for getting your son into the school; at least it was true in the days of my father when the Education Department had not come up with all sorts of notions about how far a student should travel to school.

I started my school days at the St. Paul Convent's School in Causeway Bay. In those days, boys were admitted to the lower grades, up to Primary 3, presumably before they were old enough to distinguish between boys and girls. Then, I had to leave and joined a Chinese primary school, the Shun Kwong Primary School. In my days, Shun Kwong, gone now for many

years, was quite well-known. We kids enjoyed the story that it was formerly really horse stables.

A couple of days before I was to take my primary school graduation exam, I nearly died of a bad case of appendicitis. Well, I survived. The upshot was that I never sat for the Final Exam. I had to go back to school during the summer holidays to take a supplementary exam so that I could graduate. It was a rather scary experience for one lone small boy to sit for an exam with the teacher all the time keeping watch. Anyhow, I graduated from Shun Kwong Primary School. (I still have the graduating certificate to prove it.)

Having finished at Shun Kwong, my father applied for me and my brother to go into St. Joseph's College, his alma mater.

I joined St. Joseph's (SJC) at Primary 5, despite my having already graduated from another primary school. This was quite commonplace at that time for kids who studied in a Chinese school and then switched to an Anglo Chinese school such as SJC.

Because of that and the impact of World War II, many kids ended up being much older than their classmates.

My first experience in SJC was having Mr. Liu On Wai as our class master. Nicknamed 'Fei Lo' Liu or Fatty Liu, Mr Liu was rather stout and fearsome. He ruled with an iron fist, or more correctly, a timber plank. He had a special timber plank, 3 inch by 9 inch by 1/2 inch-thick, fashioned by the school's carpenter for the sole purpose of spanking the hands of errant students.

Unsurprisingly, I was rather intimidated by 'Fei Lo' Liu and tried to be on my best behaviour, but still could not escape the fate of savouring the plank once in a while. On one occasion when more than a few kids were making some noise, Mr. Liu asked in his inimitable way: "Anyone talked?" Without thinking, I said: "No." I was given the plank on the hand for being impudent. The rule was that you must hold out your hand to be spanked. If you shirked during the strike, then you got another one. I still remember the alternating numbness and excruciating pain that lasted a good half an hour after the punishment. No one was likely to cross Mr. Liu after such treatment.

Mr. Liu also had a way of awarding red marks and black marks in our report cards. Red marks were given for academic merits (application) or for good behaviour (conduct). As I said, I was rather intimidated in the new environment especially having never met a teacher like 'Fei Lo' Liu, and I behaved as best as I could and gathered quite a few red marks. However, not being an angel by nature, I naturally sometimes ran into trouble with Mr. Liu. On those occasions, I pleaded with him that I'd rather take the spanking than the black marks. This was so that I didn't have to have further troubles at home with my Dad. Curiously enough, he would not comply with such requests.

The one man I feared more than any tough teacher was my Dad. I respected him a lot, but I really shook in his presence. He was very demanding of me. It wasn't until many many years later that I realised I benefitted most from my Dad and all those teachers who were really tough.

All in all, I did rather well in my first year in SJC: I not only survived 'Fei Lo' Liu, but came 2<sup>nd</sup> in the class. Not bad for a boy whose English was rather rudimentary when I first joined the school. My knowledge of English was almost non-existent before I joined SJC; all the English I learned was basically from comic books. One of my classmates at Shun Kwong was from the Lee family, of Lee Theatre fame.

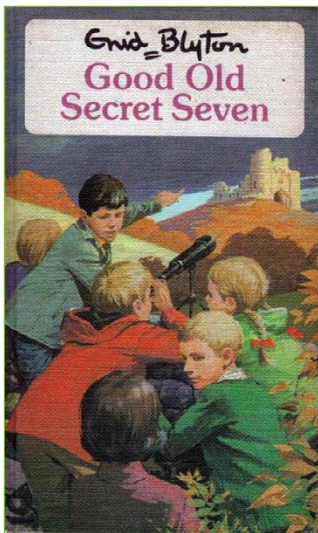


Needless to say, he was pretty well off compared to the rest of us, financially speaking. He had an endless supply of comic books and, being a jolly good fellow, would lend them to me at any time. I got to know Roy Rogers, Tom Mix, Lone Ranger, Superman and the like quite well, not to mention Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck. (Incidentally, I was often treated to movies at the Lee Theatre by this useful friend.)

From the comics, I learned quite a lot of 'useful' English words: words like 'Red Injuns', 'giddyup', 'shoot'em', 'Howdy', 'I ain't got nothin' and so on. Those comics were the source of my rudimentary English when I entered SJC.

My prize for 2<sup>nd</sup> in the class was a book by Enid Blyton called 'The Secret Seven'. It was the first book in English that I ever read for pleasure. I really enjoyed it.





As the book was written for children, I was quite impressed with myself that I could read an English book from cover to cover without too much difficulty, I then started to read book after book by Enid Blyton, borrowing from the school library.

This developed into my passion for reading which has lasted to this

day, and which was perhaps the one single thing that helped me tremendously in my getting good grades throughout my years in SJC.

I was insatiable when it came to reading. I discovered the American Library and the British Library and that I could borrow many different books from them. This was of course at the time before our own Urban Council would provide us with public libraries. Perhaps reading was a form of escapism, but certainly with it my imagination could roam free into other places and other times. Unlike today's kids, my biggest adventure and only time outside Hong Kong was when my Dad took the family to Macau.

Naturally, books were not the only things on my mind. Like any other normal kid, I liked football, though I never had great talent for it. I remember my Dad once gave me a brand new football made of shiny genuine leather. I took it to school every day slung in a little string net. The ball made me very popular with the gang and got me a place in the class team. We used to go down to play at the Happy Valley grounds on Saturday afternoons and had a grand time.

I dropped out from the team when we started serious competition with the other classes. Talking of football, SJC was famous for its football teams despite the fact that all it had was a playground a quarter the size of a football pitch. In fact, in my time, a couple of the most famous Hong Kong football stars were old boys of SJC. SJC was very good in other sports as well and won many prizes in inter-school athletic meetings. Even my Dad was a high-diving champion and a

good all round athlete. Unfortunately, those genes somehow never passed to any of his three children.

I did join the First Hong Kong Boy Scout Troop though, following the tradition of my Dad who was a Troop Leader, a position I also attained later. Scouting was a big thing for SJC. In those days being a scout and going camping were great ways of getting away from the confines of home and school, and being with one's comrades in one's own little world. I believe some people still go to camp nowadays, but probably very unlike the way we did it.



We really did it the primitive way. Most of our equipment including our water canteens were second hand goods from stores which sold used army supplies; and there were a lot of these after the war. I hardly see boy scouts carrying poles around anymore, but they were essential for putting up our tents. Tent pegs were usually chipped from firewood by ourselves. One piece of equipment which we took great pride in was the dagger. We slung it from our belts and really felt we looked the part. (Today, we would be hauled to the police station if we did that.) On the campsite, the dagger was a very useful tool for most things, including opening cans. Yes, we did our own cooking. I remember I did some very good pancakes in the morning (my wife never believed it when I told her this), but we occasionally cheated a little bit and opened a can of corned beef, or a can of baked beans.

Cleaning up afterwards was no fun and was done by the 'tenderfoots' meaning the most junior scouts, so we all went through it once. This would be done



by rubbing the pots and pans on the sand by the bay and then cleaning them in the creek. Later, they would have to be scrupulously inspected by the Patrol Leader, who was a bit like a sergeant major.

Our campsite was in Chaiwan, which was nothing but a small village with the bay coming right in. The boy scout campsite was on a little hill which came down to a little beach by the bay. Now, all that is gone: Chaiwan is a place with lots of public housing and factories. I wouldn't be able to identify where the hill was anymore.



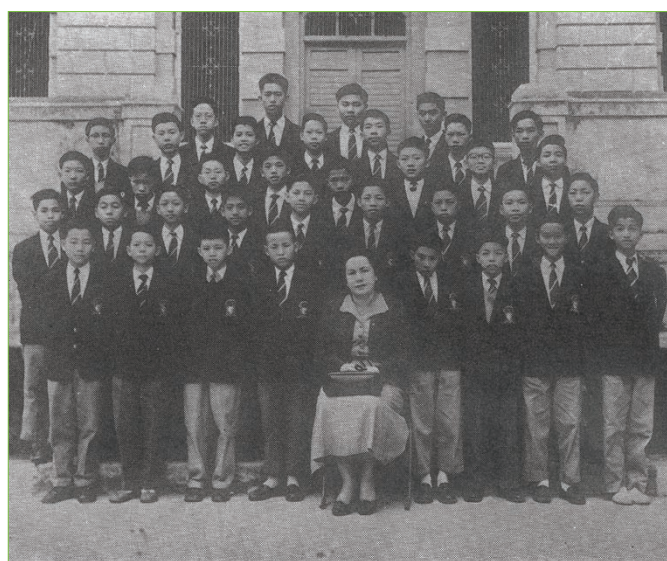
Archie Chan was my first Patrol Leader. He was a handsome fellow and cut a fine figure in the scout's uniform. I am sure he was aware of it; for years later he joined the Auxiliary Police and rose to the top position of Commandant. By then, he was also a

senior executive in a US multinational oil company, in addition to being the husband of the lady who became the first ethnic Chinese Chief Secretary of Hong Kong, Mrs. Anson Chan. I hope Anson never reads this, but Archie always had girl-friends coming to visit him on campsites, much to our envy.

We had some wonderful times as scouts, including one time Stephen Fan and I had to spend a night in a police station. No, we didn't commit any crimes. It came about like this. I was very keen on getting all sorts of badges as I rose through the ranks. In those days, you started off as a 'Tenderfoot', then 2<sup>nd</sup> Class and finally 1<sup>st</sup> Class before you went for the Queen's Scout'. For each step of the way, you have to obtain the required number of badges. I was going after the Venture badge, which was required for 1<sup>st</sup> Class. Stephen Fan, who became a famous accountant, went with me. The two of us had to trek a long way, up the hill to Wong Nei Chong Gap, and down the hill to Aberdeen. All the way we had to draw a map of the route we took and log the distance and all the important features along the way.

We had to spend a night somewhere before going on for another stretch the next day; and we decided to go into the Aberdeen Police Station and ask to stay a night. The policemen were rather nice about it and let us sleep in their dining hall instead of in the prison cell. I remember there was a notice on the wall exhorting policemen not to use foul language, but that didn't deter them one bit in their conversation, which was rather colourful.

My teacher for Primary 6 was Miss Agabeg. I remember her well but I can't honestly say I remember much about the way that she taught except for one thing. She wanted us to recite from memory the text of the books, be they English or Geography. She would ask one boy to recite a certain passage, and then she would suddenly ask another boy to continue. So, you would have to pay very careful attention to what was going on, besides having to learn by rote. This was very hard especially in the drowsy afternoons.



Form 1D. Miss E. Agabeg

Somehow, I kept getting good grades, and I was among those sent by the school to sit for the examination open to all schools. The purpose of the exam was to determine who would be granted scholarships for the secondary school. I was a very happy kid when I was successful, so that my Dad did not have to pay for any of my tuition fees until Form 5. I was happy because I knew that my Dad would be happy, though he would never show it for fear of spoiling me.





Our headmaster at the time was Brother Raphael, He had a red face as if he was blushing all the time. Naturally, he was nicknamed Red-faced Kwan Kung, Kwan Kung being one of the three blood brothers in the Chinese epic, 'The Romance of the Three

Kingdoms' and who is for some reason always depicted as someone with an extremely red complexion. As it turned out, the nickname was not too bad, for Kwan Kung or Kwan Wan Cheung was reputed to be full of courage and righteousness, not at all a bad fellow.

Neither was Brother Raphael. I never had any trouble from Brother Raphael, as far as I can remember. I remember one thing though. After we attended chapel upstairs and had to return to class, kids liked to run along the timber corridor floor of the old block causing a big raucous noise. He would discreetly stand on the landing of the staircase, and out from the long sleeve of his flowing white gown would come a swishing cane, almost in samurai fashion, and inflict a stroke on the nearest unlucky boy who happened to run past. Other than that, he was quite a gentle person, well-liked by everybody.

Another well-liked brother was Brother Gilbert. He was very musical. In fact, he was the only thing musical



about St. Joseph's at the time. Before I joined SJC, I was already playing the violin. My family was not musical at all. But somehow one of my friends who lived one floor down from me liked classical music very much. That got me into convincing my Dad to allow me to

study violin from a teacher who came from Shanghai. Music, especially playing the violin, had become another of my passions. I had not attended any concerts at that time of course; that would come later. My Dad bought a gramophone one day, the kind that used steel needles and played 78 rpm records. Beethoven's 9<sup>th</sup> Symphony would occupy probably ten sides of five records. Those records were my first introduction to classical music.

Because of my inclination to music, I got to know Brother Gilbert real well. Many times, on Christmas Eve, Brother Gilbert would organise a small group of boys who had any music sense at all to sing Christmas carols at outside institutions. My job was to play the violin to accompany the singing of the other boys. One time, after we 'performed' at the Children's ward of the Ruttonjee Hospital, we went to sing at, believe it or not, the Western Mental Hospital up in High Street. We were even invited inside to sing directly to the inmates. It was kind of scary. Every time we passed through a set of doors, and there were many, the warden would lock them up with an impressive clang effectively locking us up with the inmates.

We got a wonderful ovation from the inmates after our performance. I liked to think that they really enjoyed our music, and not because they were mentally challenged.

School continued. I did not have much problem except that I was always worried that my grades would suddenly drop one day, and my Dad would say that it was caused by my pride and that I spent too much time doing other things instead of studying.

Serious study came with Mr. Luk and Brother Brendan, but I will come to that in a moment. Many of the things I vividly recall have nothing to do with studying. Lunch time was perhaps the best time, apart from summer holidays.

When I first entered SJC, our family's faithful amah would bring lunch to school for my brother Claude and me in a multi-tiered food container





common in those days. We would eat on the edge of the playground, all the time anxious to finish the lunch real fast so that we didn't miss any play time. Later on, my Dad decided that we were old enough to look after ourselves and just gave us some pocket money to buy our own lunch.

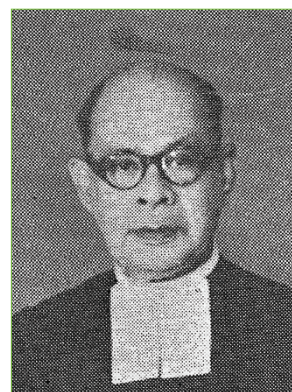
At first, we purchased coupons to eat at the school's canteen. In those days, the canteen was located at the bottom of the chapel block, a dreary place off the covered playground. Mrs. Pereira ran the canteen, and on most days the menu was Irish Stew. I didn't know whether this was because of the Irish Brothers, or that it was an economical meal to serve. As up to this day I have not been to Ireland, I don't know whether it was genuine Irish cuisine. If it was, it may be the reason so many people left Ireland!

After a while, I quit going to the canteen, but not because of the Irish Stew. Lunch time was very precious. We would quickly have a curry beef bun or some such junk food in one of the little food shops that operated along Kennedy Road in what must have been garages of Kennedy Terrace. This would give us maximum time for play. We went to the Botanical Gardens a lot to play hide and seek, and would be regularly chased by the guards there as we were not supposed to be up among the shrubs and the flowers where we were hiding from our enemies. One time when I was hiding, I was stung by a whole nest of bees and had to take the afternoon off. (This was nothing however to the time when I jumped off a tram and knocked myself unconscious, and had to miss school for almost a month - but that story belonged to my days at St. Paul's Convent School, not SJC.)

Another lunchtime, I was so happy to experience my first ride up an automatic lift in an apartment building on McDonnell Road. Lifts in those days were installed with creaky metal grille gates operated by equally creaky lift attendants. An automatic lift was quite a novelty. I stole a ride up and down on this lift only to find the security guard waiting for me as I came out of the lift on the ground floor. He threatened to report me back to school, which would have been a fate worse than death for me. But then, he relented and let me go.

There were many Portuguese students, and some Indians, in the school in my days. They and other native English speakers were all in class A. The Portuguese boys were generally more boisterous than us Chinese. We small kids learned to get out of their way as we were no match for them when it came to fighting. We didn't know Kung Fu at the time. The bigger Portuguese boys liked to play handball in the covered playground. The handball game was very fast, and the ball made a loud noise as it was hit against end wall. They played with their bare hands, so they must have been very tough.

Though fighting was very rare, it sometimes happened. Brother Hilary was the one who patrolled the playground during recess and lunch hours. Brother Hilary was another tough character and looked the part. Short and stout in stature, with a big and round head and not much hair, he was nicknamed 'Pig's head'. This was not as insulting as it sounds. He did remind us of one of the characters in another Chinese epic, 'The Journey to the West'. The character was the one who had the face of a pig and who was one of the followers of the leader, the monk Fa Hsien. Brother Hilary had the reputation of being a retired boxer. If he saw boys fighting with one another, he would, instead of punishing them, ask them to settle their scores by boxing each other in front of him!



Before I move on to other things, I should mention Mr. Boey Ka Shing, another much-feared character. Mr. Boey in Cantonese was Mr. Mui, and he was generally known as Mui 'Lo Fu' (tiger Mui). I count myself fortunate not to have been in his class, but he was our sports master. Actually it was called 'drill' in the school timetable, as no sports was ever taught. If students were caught talking or playing the fool, he would bang their heads together. This was rather painful and would not likely be condoned by the Education Department today.





Mr. Vincent Chan was my next teacher. He was always immaculately dressed and was a real gentleman. Maybe that was the reason he never had a nickname. I liked Mr. Chan and got on well with him. I also became friends with his son Michael, and much

later with another of his sons, Norbert, who was an architect.

Somehow, in life one often loses contact with good school friends. In my class, there were the three Ho brothers, Sai Leung, Sai Kwan and Sai Him. All of them were good football players and good students too. They are now all professionals: architect, doctor and engineer. Sai Kwan was especially a good friend of mine. We enjoyed going to the movies together. Sai Kwan, as well as his brothers, were handsome fellows. As a result, when they got to the dating age, they had a constant supply of girlfriends and held many parties. My father was not so liberal, and I myself was not so qualified to attract the opposite sex, so I went my separate ways to pursue other interests. I got involved with playing music wherever I could, and even joined a small orchestra organised by the music teacher of St. Paul's Boy's School.

I am now coming to the two teachers that had a profound impact on my study and my life.

Mr. Luk Fook Kiu taught me in Form 3 and Form 5. Very seldom the same teacher would teach the same class for two consecutive years, but it happened. This



was both good news and bad news. The bad news was that he was a very tough taskmaster, and we had a tough time keeping up with his demands. The good news, at least for me, was that his tough demands really shaped me and I am sure helped

me tremendously not only in my later studies, but in influencing my whole attitude to work.

Mr. Luk, usually referred by us as 'Ah Luk', was a perfectionist and expected nothing less from us. For instance, we were not allowed to make any alterations in our homework books, by crossing out or erasing. If we were to make a mistake in writing, even if we were nearing the end of the workbook, we would have to re-do the whole of the workbook from the beginning. You can imagine that it really made us extremely careful, otherwise we would end up spending whole nights copying entire workbooks.

Another thing Mr. Luk insisted was that our handwriting should be completely legible and in the proper form. The dot for the 'i' must be in the right place above the vertical stroke. The comma must have the proper round dot and the little tail to distinguish it from the full stop, etc. I don't know any other teacher who was so meticulous. Yet, I can't help but think that my good grades later on was because the examiners, when they had to mark hundreds of exam papers, found it easy to read my handwriting, and considered therefore that I was confident in what I had to say, not so much that I was always that much better in content than the other students.

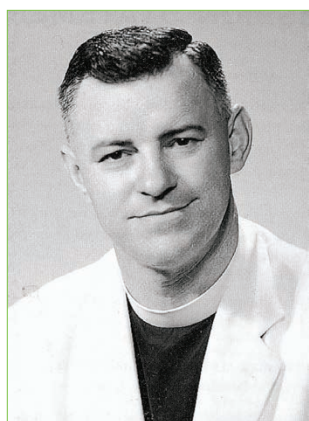
Mr. Luk had always a stern appearance to go with his tough teaching method. One time he was sick and we visited him at his home in Happy Valley, and he was very warm and casual with us revealing the private side of his nature which was just as human as any of us. Incidentally, we later learned from other students that after teaching us for two years, he became a little softer with his students.

At this time, I should also mention two other characters- One was our science teacher whom everybody simply knew him as 'Small Man' due to his diminutive stature. His nickname was so widely used that hardly anyone remembers his name anymore. Regrettably, I don't. He was a good science teacher and we were suitably impressed with the various experiments we were able to do in the old laboratory. Many of us may remember the teak benches in the lab. Many students carved names on those benches over the

years. One day, 'Small Man' copied down all the names and got after all of us who had so defaced the benches. Fortunately, since he was a mild-mannered man, no heavy punishment was dealt out.

The other teacher who also left a good impression upon me was Mr. Shum, the biology teacher. Through his clear and concise teaching, I did rather well in biology. In the days of our youth, sex education was not taught in schools, especially one run by Catholic Brothers. What little we learned was from studying sections of the human reproductive organs in the biology textbooks. Things are of course quite different nowadays. At this time also, Brother Meldan taught geography. He must have done a good job too, as geography was one of my other strong subjects.

Another Brother I remember fondly was Brother John, a kindly old man by the time he taught me. He had retired by then and only came for English dictations. As by that time I was pretty good at dictation, due no doubt to my voracious reading habit, I was very often asked to read out the passages for my fellow classmates. That was rather fine with me.



Brother Brendan was my form-master for Form 5. He was truly one of the great teachers in all senses of the word. He and I knew each other quite well before I reached Form 5. I joined the Legion of Mary, and later became the President of Star of the Sea Presidium. Brother

Brendan was the Spiritual Leader, and I met with him often, sometimes in his study upstairs. In many ways, he was more than a teacher to me. I remember he used to enjoy listening to records. One particular favourite of his which he played all the time was 'The Wayward Wind'. Did he subconsciously yearn to do more than just a school principal? I wondered. Or was it just the catchy melody?

Brother Brendan had an unusual way of teaching English. When we were in Form 5, we assumed that

we knew most aspects of English grammar and usage. He showed that it was far from the truth. He would spend whole periods teaching and analysing just one paragraph of Fundamental English, a textbook we were using. Every sentence and every punctuation mark was laboriously gone over to make sure we understood perfectly the correct usage.

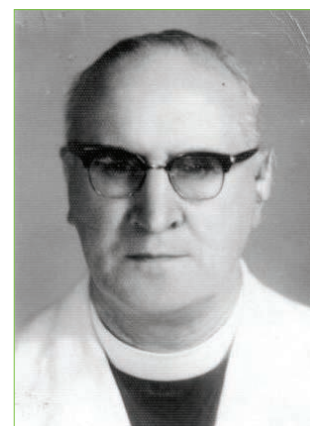
He possessed a biting humour but could be quite tough at times, but on the whole he was well liked by everyone. Once he caught me carrying a book written by Dale Carnegie called 'How to win Friends and influence People.' He said: 'Edward, don't read that rubbish, just be yourself.' I never read the book after that.

Many anecdotes can be told about Brother Brendan. It was a truly sad occasion when he passed away, at a ripe old age and after a distinguished life as an educator and a mentor and guide to hundreds of young men. At his memorial service, there were not many dry eyes even amongst 'oldies' like us.

Having done quite well at the School Certificate Exam, I had the ambition to take both Form 6 and Form 7 in one year (called ordinary level and advanced level then). My father tried to dissuade me from that. He thought I might be able to get a scholarship if I did it the normal way, and even promised me that he would give me a scooter if I could manage to obtain the scholarship.

I don't know why I was so persistent, perhaps because some of my friends at that time were already in the advanced level; or perhaps I wanted to make up for the lost time when I switched from the Chinese primary school to SJC. Anyway, I was not persuaded and fortunately managed to do the matriculation in one year, but without the scholarship.

The matriculation year was a happy year. There were some new friends. One more Brother to be mentioned was Brother Michael who taught





mathematics. He had a very even temperament. For some reason we never bothered to find out, he had to wear a hearing aid. I found mathematics rather difficult, and Brother Michael's method of teaching was a preparation for university. That is, if you don't understand, it is your own responsibility to find out; one had to rely on oneself.

One of the last things I did for SJC was to sit on the editorial board of the Green and White, the annual school magazine. Ronald Arculli, my colleague in the legislature and a prominent lawyer, was the editor-in-chief. I did a sketch of the Kennedy Road facade of the old school block, soon to be redeveloped, which was used as the back cover. I also designed the front cover and wrote an article on the history of the First Hong Kong Troop with which three generations of my family have been associated.

By the time I completed all my exams for matriculation, advanced and ordinary levels and the GEC exam, to get all the required subjects to get into the Hong Kong University, the other students in my class were enjoying their summer holidays.

One incident that I forgot and which Brother Brendan reminded me of many years later was that one day when I was in the College, my father came to fetch me. He was carrying a suit and I had to change into it. Earlier in the day, he had been informed that I was accepted as a student in the Faculty of Architecture of the University, and that the Professor

wanted to interview me that day. Years later, Brother Brendan got me my first job after I graduated from the University. A few days after my Final Exam, he called me up, found out that I was idling after the exam and promptly asked another 'old boy' Jackson Wong to interview me. He hired me on the spot and deprived me of my summer holidays. But I did get a good job as an assistant architect.



I never ceased to wonder how some of the Brothers, such as Brendan or Gilbert, could have remembered so much about their students when so many must have passed through their hands. I know for certain that they and many of the fine teachers of St. Joseph's will always remain in the memory of their students. There was, and I hope still is, a grand tradition and a special spirit about being a Josephian.

I had some memorable days at SJC. 



# Family Updates

## Five in Total

The birthdays of three Brothers was celebrated on the 30<sup>th</sup> of November. Brothers Lawrence Blake, Sockie De La Rosa and Patrick Tierney were the lucky ones. Of course we all defer to Brother Lawrence as the Dean! The celebration took the form of a social and dinner and there is no doubt but pounds were gained. Brother Sockie deserves special mention for arranging all the catering and general logistics. We thank our good Lord for giving our Brothers light and life.

Then it was the turn of Brother Alphonsus Breen in January. The Brothers, the school administrators and the sons of St. Joseph's rallied round and all had a happy time. Brother Lawrence always reminds us that he is a year older than Brother Alphonsus! Finally, it was the turn of Brother Chris Soosai, making for a total of five.





# Badminton Prowess

The A Grade and B Grade Badminton Teams of La Salle College, Kowloon, entered the finals of the Inter-School competition on the 19<sup>th</sup> of November, 2016. They had trained hard but were up against the best in the business. After some titanic battles, the teams came away victorious in both grades. The school congratulates the players, the teacher advisor, the coach Old Boy and parent supporters. The school also welcomed a visit by former world doubles and Olympic champion, Hendra Setiawan, on the 24<sup>th</sup> of November. His presence and demonstration was a further encouragement to the players. On top of all that, Ko Shing Hei emerged champion at the U15 Boys' Singles in the Singapore Youth International Series 2016 beating a Japanese opponent in the final.



## Community Visit

On the 27<sup>th</sup> of December, the Brothers of La Salle College visited those at St. Joseph's College to exchange Christmas greetings. Brother Chris Soosai was unfortunately not well enough to attend, having picked up a nasty cough and sore throat. Brothers Alphonsus Breen, Thomas Favier and Jeffrey Chan were on hand to greet the visitors and all shared a pleasant lunch. The two 'elders', Brothers Alphonsus and Lawrence Blake, took the occasion in their stride.





# Family Fun Day

The sun shone bright over the Family Fun Day of La Salle College on the 18<sup>th</sup> of December, 2016. It must have played a part in the record attendance. The day lived up to its name, a day for families and a day for fun. The food, games and souvenir stalls drew big crowds. The school's Chinese Drum Team kicked off the proceedings with a spellbinding rendition, followed by a colourful Dragon Dance. Brother Edmundo Fernandez, Visitor of the Lasallian East Asia District (LEAD) was the Guest of Honour and duly dotted the eye of the Dragon. He also delivered a fine short speech, with a fine message. A good day was had by all.



# Cross Country

The Division 1 annual Inter-School Cross Country competition was held on the 21<sup>st</sup> of November in the beautiful grounds of the Hong Kong Golf Club. It was a perfect day for sport, especially since the sun was not splitting the stones and there was no rain. Two of our Lasallian schools took to the field, and a strong field it was. When the dust settled and the grass grew again, Chong Gene Hang College emerged in 3<sup>rd</sup> at A Grade level. La Salle College came in 2<sup>nd</sup> at B Grade level and came in 2<sup>nd</sup> overall. We live to fight another day ... next year. Meanwhile, it was good news for St. Joseph's College who emerged victors in the Division 2 competition and will now be promoted to Division 1.





# Pilgrimage to Macau

Four years have passed since members of the Christian Union of St. Joseph's College organised a pilgrimage to Macau. They once more headed for Macau on the 6<sup>th</sup> of December, 2016. The aim was to strengthen the faith of the Catholic students and to introduce some aspects of the Catholic Church to the non-Catholic students. Members grasped the precious opportunity to pay a visit to a number of religious sites in Macau, including Penha Hill, St. Lawrence Church, St. Dominic's Church, St. Joseph's Seminary and Church and the Bishop's residence. They were also fortunate to be able to meet Bishop Stephen Lee Bun-sang, Bishop of Macau. Overall, the strong religious atmosphere in Macau really struck the pilgrims who in turn hope to strengthen the religious atmosphere in their own school.



# Speech Days 2016

The Speech Day of La Salle College 2016 was held on the 15<sup>th</sup> of November, 2016. The guest of honour was Mr. Stephen Lo, the Commissioner of Police and an old boy of the class 1979. In his speech, Mr. Lo talked about his school life and, in line with the school song, encouraged the graduates to dare to face the challenges in life and not be afraid. He also asked the graduates to uphold the Lasallian spirit which emphasizes integrity and fairness as core values in life.



Meanwhile, La Salle Primary School held its Speech Day on the 18<sup>th</sup> of November with Mr. Roger Lee, an old boy of the class of 1985 and current President of the Old Boys Association was Guest of Honour. He was accompanied by his wife Florence. Mr. Lee reminded the graduates to always be thankful, courteous and responsible and that these values would take them far in life.





# Exhibition

The Consulate General of Ireland in Hong Kong is fortunate to have as its leader a very able and dynamic man in the person of Mr. Peter Ryan. Besides helping to connect the various Irish persons and movements, he ensures that the Consulate reaches out to the wider community, including schools. This is much appreciated by the local Chinese people. On the 16<sup>th</sup> of January, 2017 the Consulate hosted an exhibition of some of Brother Patrick's poems, splendidly mounted by an artist called Mat Gallagher.



Minister Eoghan Murphy was also on hand to address the gathering. In keeping with good Irish tradition, the atmosphere was warm and welcoming.

# CBSSA

The annual Inter-Collegiate Athletics Meet was held at Wanchai Stadium on the 18<sup>th</sup> of January, 2017. All our five Lasallian secondary schools took part and their principals and supervisors were on hand to lend support. The day was relatively mild for winter and we were fortunate that the sun did not shine or we would have been roasted. The Guest of Honour was Mr. Ching King Bor, principal of St. Joseph's College who reminded the athletes that lessons can be learned from winning or losing. Indeed, the gathering of our schools together was more significant. Congratulations to the organisers and to all the participants.





# Open Day

St. Joseph's College, Hong Kong, is no stranger to hosting Open Days. In fact, the school hosts an Open Day pretty well every year. Sunday the 15<sup>th</sup> of January dawned grey and drizzly but the opening ceremony went ahead as scheduled and the large gathering took it all in. The Guest of Honour, Paul Shieh, old boy and former Chairman of the Bar, delivered a bright and enlightening speech which cheered everyone. The presence of Brother Alphonsus Breen, at the age of 87, was much appreciated. The drizzle faded out and the Open Day was its usual successful self.





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## GREENERY

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