



# 北美風沙 The North American LaSallians

Jan 2010



## GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY REUNION IN HONG KONG CLASS OF 1959



**An Affair to Remember  
November 10-17, 2009**

**Reported by: Benedict H. Fan and John W. Kwan. Class of 1959**

The idea of a reunion to celebrate the golden anniversary of the class of 1959 was first conceived back in May of 2008. With no formal planning committee but a small group of individuals working closely together via internet or face to face meetings for close to 18 months and, in particular, with enthusiastic response from classmates all over the globe, the reunion materialized in Hong Kong in the week of November 10 to 17, 2009. It was a joyous occasion and a wonderful time was had by all of the 29 classmates and some spouses who also attended. It was truly an affair to remember.



**Back row, L. to R.:**

Li Fung Cheung, John; Kwok Kam Shui, Albert; Lau Chung Yui, Francis; Lau Yiu Luen, Louis; Fung Ping Choi; Chan Hoi, Paul; Ng Hon Wah, Peter; Tang Wing Hong, James; Wan Ki Yuet, Robert; Chu Ming See, Paul; Leung Shiu Kee, Samuel.

**Middle row, L. to R.:**

Sinn Tung Yin, Peter; Cheng Wai Kai, Herbert; Chan Kam Fai, Lucas; Chan Cheuk, Christopher; Marr Hong Chong, Ted; Wan Hing Chow, Stephen; Tse Yan Ho, Howard; Lee Tin Yuen; Ip Kwok Keung, John; Kwan Wing Sun, John; Sinn Tung Kwing, Stephen; Ng Hon Chiu.

**Front row, L. to R.:**

Chan Kong Chiu, Kenneth (Sunny); Yung Man Tat, Matthew; Mr. Charles Chan, President LSCOB; Mr. Chiu Siu-Lai, former teacher; Mr. Henry Lau, former teacher; Dr. Walter Woo, former teacher; Mr. Mark Huang, vice-president, LSCOB; Fan Hon Yiu, Benedict; Lo Kin Kwok; Lie Ken Jie, Marcel.



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**Class of 1959 visiting LSC campus on November 11, 2009**

Reunion activities started in Hong Kong on November 10<sup>th</sup> with an ice-breaker dim sum lunch. It was an informal gathering for everyone to re-acquaint with everyone else. After 50 years we wouldn't have recognized most of one another if it had not been for the pre-reunion issue of the "then" and "now" photos. Small groups were found excitedly chatting and telling one another what had happened in their lives in the past half century.

In the afternoon of the 11<sup>th</sup>, most of us took part in touring the "new" La Salle College campus on Boundary Street (the front entrance and therefore actual address is now on La Salle Road). Before meeting with the principal, we strolled around the campus facilities. A professional photographer,



**Louis Lau and Benedict Fan in front of wall mural of original LSC campus in Old Boys' Room**

whose services were paid for by the generous sponsorship of Peter Ng Hon Wah, followed us around taking pictures. This campus is the third generation facility of LSC. Our class was the last to graduate from the Perth Street campus, followed by return to the grand "old" campus on Boundary Street and then by its demolition and construction of the current campus.

Hence we had a hard time feeling any sentimental attachment to the current facilities, except to marvel and take pride at its modernity. That is until we came to the "Old Boys' Room". Here we found many memorabilia and photos depicting the long history of LSC. We found pictures of ourselves we never knew existed: all sorts of pictures of harmonica bands, retreats, and so forth. There is a large wall mural of the grand old campus. We all took turn having our pictures taken in front of the mural, pretending we were back in the old days, especially for those of us who attended Lower and Upper Forms 6 on this campus.

The formal reunion banquet followed on the evening of the 11<sup>th</sup>. We showed up wearing jackets and old school ties, which either we have kept all these years or we purchased earlier in the day during the campus visit. Our better halves in attendance were decked out in semi-formal attire. An enthusiastic singing of the school song, accompanied by recorded orchestral music, kicked

Pre-reunion activities included re-connecting as many as possible of all the classmates spread all over the world. Some ingenious methods included searching on the internet and contacting alumni association of universities which certain classmates were known to have attended. The grapevine started to spread and practically all the classmates were contacted. Ted Marr, who is a professional in software development, created a website to collect "now" photos of classmates thus found. He scanned "then" photos of individual classmates from the graduation album and juxtaposed them with the "now" photos in pairs. This is not only extremely meaningful, but had an unintended benefit. This is the only means by which we recognized one another at the reunion. The website also contained a directory painstakingly compiled which will serve us all in days to come.



**Visiting group led by Mr. Wong Yen-Kit, LSC Principal**

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**Ted Marr and Benedict Fan pointing to an old photo of their Harmonica Band**





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John Ip, Benedict Fan, Fung Ping Choi and Paul Chu reading the 75th LSC anniversary commemorative publication

off the evening's activities. There were five invited guests. They included former teachers Mr. Chiu Siu-Lai, Mr. Henry Lau and Dr. Walter Woo, and Mr. Charles Chan and Mr. Mark Huang, respectively the current president and vice-president of LSCOBA Hong Kong. Mark Huang is the historian of LSC, who authored the publication "Sons of La Salle Everyone – A History of La Salle College and Primary School 1932-2007". He brought along an usb memory device containing some historical photos about the borders and the boarding home at Perth Street dating back to as early as 1951-1952. Those photos were displayed on the projector

Before and during the banquet, the scanned version of our 1958-1959 class album, the then-and-now photos compiled by Ted Marr, as well as the power point slides previously created by Kwok Kam Chuen showing nostalgic pictures of 1950 – 60, were displayed repeatedly on the projector. Hundreds

of pictures were taken and at the end of the banquet, each of us was presented with a large format print of the formal group photo.

From the 13<sup>th</sup>-16<sup>th</sup> several of us took part in a 4-day trip to visit the Hakka Roundhouses (客家土樓), an [UNESCO World Heritage Site](#) in Fujian province. There were 12 of us, including John Li, John Kwan, Louis Lau, Tse Yan Ho and Matthew Yung with their respective better halves, together with John Ip and Robert Wan. We departed Hong Kong on an early morning flight on the 13<sup>th</sup> bound for Xiamen, a flight that took about 2 hours. Because of time constraint, as soon as we arrived in Xiamen we left immediately for Yongding (永定) to visit our first Hakka village.

Yongding is about 3 hours by car from Xiaman City and is in the hilly part of the province. A "Round House", called tulou (土樓, an Earthen building) by the locals, were not built with mud alone, but with a mixture of mud and stone with bamboo and wood added as reinforcement. Despite their simple architecture and primitive building materials, tulous have survived for several hundreds of years; at least since the early Qing dynasty (1644-1911). They have survived earthquakes, floods and wars without much damage. A tulou is essentially a village in a house. The whole village (the villagers are usually related and sometimes even share the same surname) live together inside a big house and form a lively community even today.



Hakka Roundhouses

Tulous are usually 5 stories tall. The ground floor is the kitchen, with wells to supply the needed water; the second floor is used for grain storage and the upper floors are the living quarters. They were built like a fortress with only one door for both entrance and exit. In times of war the villages could just close the door and be safe and self sufficient until the war is over. After touring a number of the tulou villages we spent the night in Yongding.

The next day we continued our journey and drove to the next county, Nanjing (南靖). There we visited another group of tulous. Not all tulous are round. There are a large number of them that are square or rectangular in shape. We even saw a tulou cluster, a rectangular house surrounded by four round ones. After visiting several of these Hakka villages, we returned to Xiamen and spent the night in the city.

The next day was spent touring the city of Xiamen. We visited Xiamen University and talked to some students and professors. Afterwards we toured the South Potuo Temple (南普陀寺). This temple was originally built in the Tang dynasty (618-907) and has been a renowned and sacred place of Buddhism in the Xiamen area ever since. It is still a very popular temple today, both for

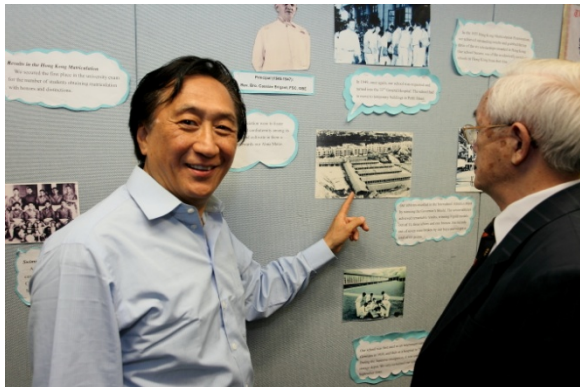


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worshippers and tourists alike. We had lunch inside the temple, all vegetarian of course. After a routine sightseeing in the city, we spent the night at the same hotel in Xiamen.

The next day was the last day of the trip. However our plane was not due to leave until late afternoon. So we utilize the time to visit



**Ted Marr pointing to a photo of the infamous  
LSC Perth Street wooden structures**

the island of Gulangyu (鼓浪屿). This island is inside Xiamen harbour and is only a 10 minute ferry ride from Xiamen. It used to be a very popular place for the foreigners living in the Xiamen area and that is why there are many Victorian style buildings on the island. In fact a number of countries even had their consulates there. These old consulate buildings are still visible. Gulangyu is now a pedestrian only island. No motor vehicles are allowed.

We boarded our late afternoon flight back to Hong Kong arriving just about dinner time. We all agreed that it was a very enjoyable trip. We saw and learned a lot, and had lots of time together to reminisce the good old days we spent together in La Salle College. We all felt it was a nice sidebar to a wonderful and memorable reunion.

On the 17<sup>th</sup>, we met one last time for the farewell lunch. We took turns taking the microphone to recount our favourite stories about our days at LSC. A couple of self-appointed songsters entertained us with their not so professional, though amusing, song styling. We each received a personalized album containing all the pictures that have the particular recipient in them. This is a well thought of and much appreciated keepsake by which to remember the reunion, thanks once again to the vision and generosity of Peter Ng. The festivities concluded with everyone agreeing the reunion had been a phenomenal success, and vowing to stay in touch and hopefully have another reunion somewhere in the world in a couple of years.



**Model of original Boundary Street Campus**





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Host group from Hong Kong



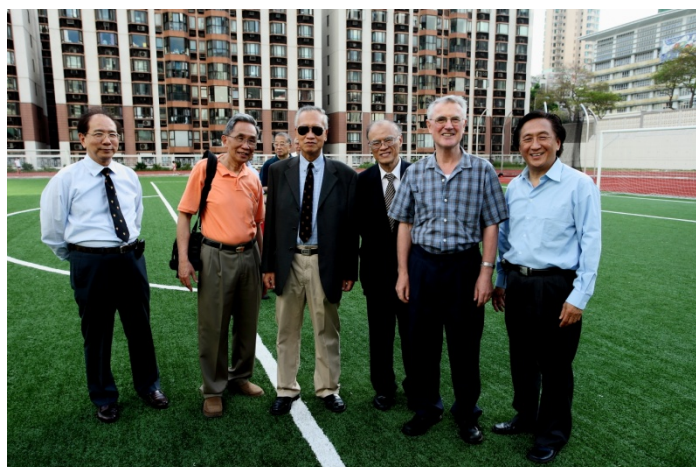
Group from North America



Group from Vancouver



French class with Dr. Walter Woo at reunion banquet



Brother Patrick Tierney with Stephen Wan, Lo Kin Kwok, Samuel Leung, Christopher Chan and Ted Marr



Group with Bro. Patrick Tierney, Chairman, LSC School Board, in the middle



# Happy 2010



## Happy New Year

This newsletter is published on the New Year Day of 2010. The editorial board wishes you a very peaceful and prosperous year in 2010.

The North American LaSallians, a joint publication of the six local chapters of LSCOA in North America, was first published on February 1, 2009. It will be one year old next month. Through its automatic subscription system, the readership has grown to over 1000 in the past twelve months! Thanks to everyone who has supported this newsletter. The editorial board would like you to help spread the word so that our readership will further expand to include more old boys around the world, making this newsletter one of the common platforms that help link old boys together in the near future. We do hope that this newsletter can further the theme of 2006 Global Reunion: "Bridging the gap, moving ahead".

Please send in your comments and feedback to let the editorial board know what they are doing right and what they are doing not so right. We intend to put all the feedbacks in the upcoming newsletter for all to share unless you explicitly express that you do not want your feedback published. Please send your comments to [editors@lscobaedm.org](mailto:editors@lscobaedm.org).

## Reminders

### Edmonton

#### Monthly Dim Sum Gathering

Date noon Jan 8, 2010 (every first Friday)  
Venue Urban China Restaurant  
10604-101 Street  
潮樓大酒樓

### Southern California

#### Monthly Dim Sum Gathering

Date noon to 2 pm, every first Sunday  
Venue Empress Harbor Seafood Restaurant  
111 N. Atlantic Blvd., 3/F, Monterey Park  
Cost: \$15 per person  
\$10 Children and full time students

## Don't Want to Miss

The editorial board has collected several good ones from the You Tube site. We believe that most of our readers would like to watch the clip or even keep a copy of several of these. We also ask your help to locate some good ones related to our alma mater and the old boys community and share them with fellow old boys here. Please send your findings to [editors@lscobaedm.org](mailto:editors@lscobaedm.org).

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vJXceJRdJaY&feature=related>

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9uJO19DNwRo&feature=related>

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7dfx9Eaqdu0&feature=related>

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kBlhXyAPKDQ&feature=related>

(The last one was originally posted on the NY Chapter chatboard.)





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## School News

Excerpts from <http://www.lasalle.edu.hk>

**2009-12-01**

### 2009-2010 Inter-school Beach Volleyball Competition Champion

2009-2010 Inter-school Beach Volleyball Competition Champion

(Left) Mr. Hui Po Lam (Coach), Chiu Ka Han(6A), Chan Chi Wai Alex(5A), Mr. Wong Yen Kit(Principal), Mr. Martin Wong(Teacher Adviser)



**2009-12-09**



### HSBC Living Finance 2009 - Young Financial Planner Competition

Congratulations to a team consisting of **Leung Pak Sze Pepsi (5C)**, **Henry Hung (5C)**, **Wong Ting Leung Tommy (5D)** and **Cheung Ho Keung Lewis (5G)**, which has captured the Champion in the **HSBC Young Financial Planners Competition 2009** after several rounds. Over 80 schools were enrolled to this competition. The team has been awarded a cash prize of \$10,000 Dollars and a two-day "Experience HSBC" Program that consists of Bank Visits, Workshops and Job Shadowing activities. The team wishes to thank its teacher advisor **Ms. Helen Law** for her unyielding guidance and support.

**2009-12-12**

### 2009 Hong Kong Youth Music Interflows.

Our Symphony Orchestra has won the Gold Prize in the Symphony Orchestra Contest of the 2009 Hong Kong Youth Music Interflows. The team members would like to express their gratitude to their teacher advisors, **Mr Christian Wan**, **Mr Robert Wong**, and their conductor, **Mr YAP Kit To**, for their invaluable guidance and support.



**2009-12-16**

### East Asian Games 2009

In the Hong Kong East Asian Games 2009, our old boys **Lau Siu Wai Dick** & **Yu Sum Yee Sam** achieved marvelous results. Congratulations!

#### Lau Siu Wai Dick

Squash Single Men – Champion  
Squash Team Men – Champion  
Squash Double Men – Champion

#### Yu Sum Yee Sam

Indoor Pair Artistic Cycling Men – Champion  
Indoor Single Artistic Cycling Men - Second



## A Christmas Letter

I wrote the piece Christmas of 2005 to the 66ers. It was sent out in 5 or 6 parts. It started when the 65ers had their 40th reunion in Hong Kong but I was not able to be there to meet many of our old teachers. I was very jealous.

I wrote the Christmas piece, remembering Brother Henry and Miss Tsang. It was written in 2005, but I am sure many of the boys may enjoy it.

Francis Kan

### Merry Christmas, Brother Henry

Dear 66ers,

#### Dinner With Teachers

I was very envious of you for being able to have dinner last month in Hong Kong with our teachers. I was tied up in Vancouver and could not make it. Some of you thought I should have at least written something. I did not want to spoil your fun with my boring stuff so I did not. Instead, I was on the edge of my seat waiting for the photos and reports. You did not disappoint. It took a while, but the pictures and reports did arrive, and they were well worth the wait.

It looked like I missed a good party. Darn! Thank you very much, everybody. Did Cyril write differently this time or was it my imagination? I did not have to use my dictionary as much this time. My English must have improved since I started reading you.

#### The Old Primary Building

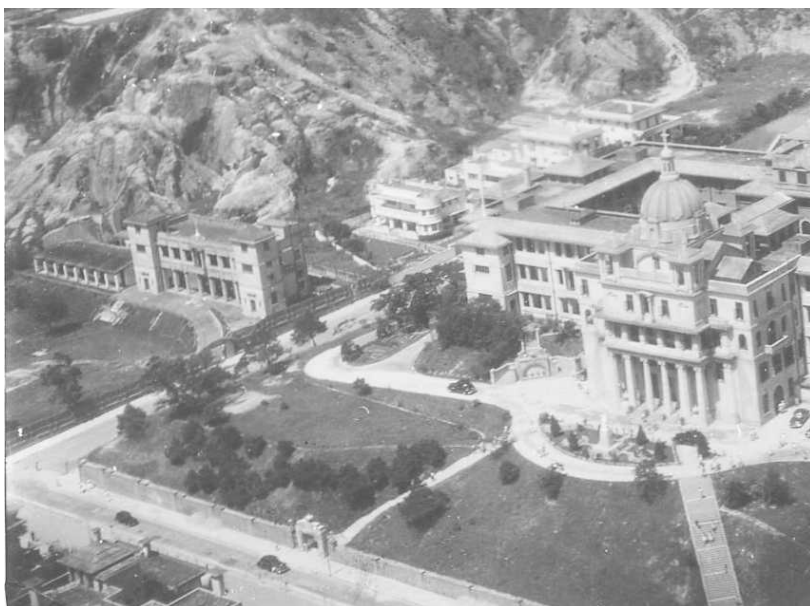
Mark Huang (85) sent me a photograph of our old school building. This picture was different from most of the ones I have seen in that it included our old La Salle Primary, before its addition of the west wing in 1960. It showed the low "shacks" (or "sheds") on the west side of the original two-story building. Mark hoped that it would jog my memory of our early days. It did.

Even though I have written bits and pieces before, I would now like to write a little more about my early days at La Salle. That of course will include Miss Tsang. So here are some recollections of our Primary School Days.

#### Primary 4D

I will start out with my days in Primary 4D. We have now re-connected with quite of number of boys from 4D. I will try to list us here. Sorry if I leave you out: Lee Po Sum, Ng Wing Cheung, Peter Lo (Chi Lik), Michael Young (Chiu Wing), David Cheng (Fu Kwok), Yeung Yiu Chung, Leung She Lap, Stanley Leong (Pui Lok), Yim Yuet Ming (Dai Ma), Chang Sau, Robert Chao (Yun San), Chong Pui Choy, Chow Man Sui, William Fong (Shu Wai), Benedict Jiu (Bing Dong), Lau Chung Hin, Ma Man, Charles Mak (Chung Kwong), Man Shu Shing, Ng Wai Lun, Dominic Shea, Albert Wong (Bak Wai), Henry Wong (Hei lin), Yao Chi Lun, Wong Kit Chiu. Chan Kwok Hung was on our list. Wong Jun Lap, Yuen Ka Cheung, and Raymond Lee (Wing Hung) are yet to be re-discovered.) Please let me know if I left out any.

One may as well start from the beginning.







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## Brother Henry

It was some time late spring or early summer in 1958. I was 9 years old and was attending Tak Sun School (Chinese Division) on Austin Road. It was a school for boys run by nuns, who were associated with the Canossian sisters that ran Saint Mary's School nearby.

One day mother told me that a La Salle on Boundary Street was giving out application forms and I was to go get one for myself. So I went and got it. No, mother did not come with me. She was busy. There were six of us and the seventh was on her way.

I did not know how to fill out the application form though. So I had to take it home first. Father filled it out for me that evening, and I returned it the following day. We lived in Hung Hum then. I remember it was the 12A bus I had to take to Boundary Street. No big deal. At that time, a nine year old was allowed to travel on his own. According to my family, anyway. I was already going to school at Tak Sun on the bus by myself. Sometimes I walked to save the 10 cents bus fare for snacks.

I picked up and returned the form at the Boundary Street / La Salle Road building. It was also there that I wrote the written test. And I went back there to look at the results. Then I saw my name, and I was to go for an interview. By the time I went for the interview, it was my fifth trip to La Salle Primary. Those were travel-intensive days.

I don't remember much of the written test. But I remember the interview very well.

When I was waiting to be called in for the interview, I knew something was wrong. There were many grownups in the waiting area. Then I realised they were mothers and fathers of the other boys. I must have missed something.

My name was called and I went in and there was a man in a white robe with glasses behind the desk. He said something and when I did not respond he switched to Cantonese and told me to sit down.

At the time I knew some English but it was limited to "A man and a pan" type of nonsense, from Tak Sun School – Chinese Section. In no way was I able to carry on a conversation in English, so the whole interview was in Cantonese.



Tak Sun might not have prepared me for conversational English, but I was trained to stand at attention, with hands behind my back, when spoken to, especially by superiors. I did not understand enough English, but I knew this man was a superior. I tried very hard to keep my hands in the back after I sat down. It was the first time I spoke to a teacher or a headmaster sitting down.

He asked me where my mother and father were ("ma ma nair?" 媽媽呢? "ba ba nair?" 爸爸呢?). I told him that mother was at home looking after the family and father was at work. He then asked me what position I was in my last exam at Tak Sun ("how dai gei ah?" 考第幾呀?). I said number eleven ("sap yat." 十一). He asked why not number one ("m hai dai yat nair?" 唔係第一咩?). I explained someone else took that place already. He smiled broadly.





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That was one of the few times I heard Brother Henry speak Cantonese. It was also the first time I met these men called "brothers." In the following 10 years, I was to find out that all these "brothers" did, was to teach boys. At first I thought they were like priests because they also wore robes. Just like Father Frare (霍神父) or Father Beretta (百神父), who also wore robes, at Rosary Church. Then slowly I discovered our brothers did not say mass, did not hear confessions, did not baptise or marry people... They just prayed and sang and played football and taught. And spent time with us.

I looked Brother Henry in the eye and took a liking to him right there and then. I guess the feeling was mutual. He admitted me to La Salle.

The next person I got to like was Miss Tsang.

## Good Morning Miss Tsang

On the September morning in 1958, I went to my first day of class at La Salle Primary. It must have been a nice day, for the sun was very bright. I found out I was in Primary 4D. They posted that on the walls. All you had to do was look for the crowd, fight off the taller grownups, and squint and see if you could recognise your own name. I did and I was in P. 4D. I actually did not know that the "P" stood for "Primary."

Then it was a matter of trying to find out where you had to line up for class. That I knew. Back at Tak Sun, we had to line up when the bell rang. The nuns would flick this wooden gadget to make clicking noise to quiet us down, before we were allowed to march to the classrooms, two by two.

It took a bit but I found the sign that said 4D, a little in front of the place where they sold things to eat (to the right of that, you could buy school supplies like school exercise books). It was good that the grownups (probably mothers and amahs) were not allowed too far into the school ground.

The bell rang and it took a while for us to quiet down. Without being told, we somehow lined up behind the sign that said 4D, two by two. A woman came and stood at the front of the line. It was more like a girl. At first I could not quite see her face clearly because the sun was in our eyes. She was wearing glasses, those cat-eye glasses which every woman who had glasses wore in those days. Other than that, she was just like mother. Skinnier, maybe. And younger. She was wearing a cheung-sam (長衫), what mother would have worn on an important occasion like the first day of school.

She looked pretty serious. Pretty, and serious.

Then we were led, two by two, to our classroom. She wrote on the blackboard, "Miss Tsang." She put down the chalk and said maybe three or four words in Cantonese. The rest then was in English. I had no idea what was being said. To me, it was like the beginning of a long dream in which I played almost no part. I think I probably finally woke up about Christmas.

## No Chinese Please, We Are Learning English

It took me a while to figure out that everyone in 4D was new to La Salle. 4A, 4B, and 4C were boys from Primary 3 the year before, when La Salle Primary started in 1957. It also took me a while to figure out that Miss Tsang started a rule that there would be a penalty of 5 cents every time Chinese was spoken in class.

I don't know how a rule like that will stand up today. But in our days, the teachers got to do what they wanted. I guess English was very important in those days. So important you would do anything to learn it. English was so important in those days, you would need to write an English letter to apply for a telephone. That's right! Father explained to me that we had to ask a friend of his, who worked for I.B.M., and who of course knew English and had access to a typewriter, to write a letter for our family to apply for a telephone. No, the Telephone Company would not give out application forms or any such convenience. If you wanted to have a telephone, you had to apply for one, in writing, in English. Our family went a long time without a telephone. When we needed to use one, we went to "borrow" the one at the downstairs Store.

Nobody in our class complained about the 5¢ rule. If there was a complaint, it was not in English.

## Sacred Heart and Holy "Hear"

I did not know what school the boys in 4D were from. Later I found out quite a few were from Tak Sun. It was also strange many already had English names. I did not use the Christian name, Francis, that was given to me by a nun at Saint Mary's when I was baptised. (I was baptised at Rosary Church on Christmas Eve when I was 4.)





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Miss Tsang came from another Canossian school, Sacred Heart. I think I told you I developed a healthy respect for that school because of Miss Tsang. I believe she learned most of her stuff there.

Anyway, one of the first things Miss Tsang did with us was Dictations. She would read out a paragraph slowly and we were supposed to write it out. But no matter how slowly she read, I did not know to write a single word. Ten marks was deducted for each incorrect word. So I got zero every time there was Dictation. Imagine how frustrated Miss Tsang must have been!

My reaction was rather natural. Because I tried to follow and understand every word she said, I started watching her face very closely. Not just Miss Tsang's face. I watch every teacher's face very closely. I imagine it was like a hard-of-hearing person trying to watch other people's lips closely, hoping to make out what was being said.

In the process, I think my eye-sight deteriorated, and at the same time my hearing became more sensitive.

## **A Rat In The House May Eat The Ice Cream**

All the other subjects except Chinese were also taught in English. The Arithmetic classes were torturous. The simple operations of plus, minus, multiply, and divide were easy enough. But the "problems" which came in the form of long-hand English sentences were hard. Then as if it was not bad enough, a lot of the arithmetic questions dealt in pound, shilling, and pence. I guess we had no choice because our text books were made for the English. So to us at the time, 12 pennies to a shilling, 20 shillings to a pound, and 21 to a guinea, eventually became as natural as marbles.

## **All The Marbles**

Oh yes, marbles. Other than football, the mandatory game before class and at recess was marbles. You use your "shooter" to bump the marbles out of the circle drawn on the dirt in the playground. You get to keep those you bump out and repeat your turn when you do. I was not a sharp shooter. I would save up and buy 10 cents worth of marbles and lose it all in one recess.

There was an interesting tradition with the game. When the bell rang, you grabbed what marbles you could. And you got to keep them. I was disadvantaged because I did not have a watch until I was in Form 3. But other than the inability to anticipate the bell, you did not need a watch in those days anyway. There were clocks everywhere.

I did not win many marbles. But I did learn to fight in English with the Portuguese and Indian boys. As a matter of fact, I probably learned more English that way than in class.

## **Pottery and Papier-mâché**

Miss Tsang taught more than English. She was also stuck with us on "Hand Work," the classes for which were held in the "Shacks" to the west. I think the shacks were probably something meant to be temporary but lasted. Anyway we had our Hand Work classes there. I think we were told to bring some old clothes to work in the Hand Work classes. At first only the boys who understood English did that. Slowly, by osmosis or something, we figured out what we were supposed to bring for these classes.

The first couple of time, we got carving knife sets and we learned to carve on rubber mats then half potatoes and we got to print with the results. Rather messy but fun.

Then one time we were to bring something from home. I had no idea what I was supposed to bring: it was either a toy figure or a vase or a container. I ended up bringing a glass fish-bowl. And we were also to bring some old magazines. Imagine the chaos we had to go through in a world where English was understood only partially.

Then we were to tear up the colourful pages of the magazines, soak the resulting pieces in water and slap them on the vase or bowl or toy we brought from home. Then we were to leave our work until the following class.

Those Hand Work class with messy ingredients were in the shacks to the west, probably every other Saturdays. The paper mesh on my gold fishbowl was dried and I was to cut it open so I could take the bowl home for the goldfish. What was left was a paper mesh that had dried out to the shape of my bowl. I could paint over or leave the original magazine colours and just put a coat of transparent shellac. It was probably 20 years later that I knew it was called Papier-mâché.

For her next miracle, Miss Tsang got some clay and we did pottery. There was only one pottery wheel there in the shack so we learned to build pottery cups the primitive way: we made long roles of clay, which were then curled around into cylinders to form cups. If there was a kiln around there in the shacks I didn't see it. But our works of art were "fired" before they were returned to us.



## Our Father and Our Houses

Having come from Tak Sun, and being Catholic, I already knew some prayers, Our Father, Hail Mary, and Glory Be. But in Chinese

only. So we had to learn the prayers in English, which were as incomprehensible as the Chinese versions. But we learned. We mastered those quickly; or we were able to make the noises reasonably resembling the prayers said in unison.

We were divided into colour "houses." I don't know the basis of the allocation. I was assigned to the "brown" house. On sports day the houses competed against each other. We all wore our house-colour tank tops. I had the same brown tank top all through primary 4 to 6. Either I was sold one too large or I did not grow much during that time.

We also got to wear that House tank top during P.T. Nobody explained what that stood for. I think it meant "Physical Training," Other schools would call it P.E. for "Physical Education." I think I like "Education" better. I would not mind my daughters taking "Sex Education" at school. I probably will shoot somebody if I hear that they are taking "Sex Training."

Anyway we had "P.T." in the Primary. Then we had "Drill" in the Secondary. You had to bring rubber shoes. I think they probably had to be white too. We did not have "Air Jordan's" anyway.

## Morning and Afternoon Classes

Primary 5 for me was in the afternoon. Miss Tsang also taught P.5 when we went to P.5. But she taught P.5G, which was in the morning. I guess two classes were added for the 1959-60 year. We only went up to "D" when I started.

There were morning and afternoon sessions, but we were the same school, La Salle Primary.

Then when we went to P.6, it was in the morning. And Miss Tsang was "promoted" with us to P.6. I was fortunate to go to 6B, Miss Tsang's class again. That was also when we had a new wing built on the old shacks, west of the original building. There was also one more floor. We were the big boys in Primary 6 so we got to have the new classrooms on the new floor. 6B was the second from the east, or from the washroom.

School was on a long/short week system, at least until we were in primary 6. We had classes every other Saturday, which was in the morning.

## Merry Christmas, Miss Tsang

By Christmas in 1958, we had all pretty well figured out what was happening in these classes. I actually understood it when Miss Tsang told us to bring a gift for gift-exchange in the Christmas Party. Yes, Christmas Party in the classroom. We decorated the blackboard and the ceiling and the windows. And Miss Tsang taught us to sing a Christmas Carol, which was not your run-of-the-mill "Jingle Bells" or "Silent Night." It was, "Good King Wenceslas." She told us the story about the good king. (I'd bet that you didn't know Saint Stephen's Feast Day is December 26, hence "the feast of Stephen" in the carol.) And we sang the song when Brother Henry came to visit during the Christmas Party.

I don't remember what I got in the gift-exchange. But I can still remember the excitement of my first Christmas Party ever.

It's beginning to look a lot like Christmas. Merry Christmas, Brother Henry. Merry Christmas, Miss Tsang.

And a very merry Christmas to the rest of you too.

Yours everly,

Kan Man Fai





## Focus 叫我喇沙仔

This article was published in Metro HK (香港都市日報) on November 13, 2009, and was the third and last of a three part series.

Editorial Board

因為負責這個喇沙系列報道，近個月來走訪過的喇沙舊生不下十位，從各人口中聽得最多的回應，是「我哋喇沙仔。」這一句。

沙塵？囂張？自負？是的，對他們缺乏認識的，或許會這樣認為。但當你認識到有畢業 30 年的「喇沙仔」，即使今天位高權重，仍風雨不改年年到運動場為學弟打氣；有人專程查探並拜祭在大戰中陣亡、卻素未謀面的學兄；又有人雖只讀了短短兩年，卻始終心繫母校，你就會明白，「喇沙仔」這簡單的三個字，背後卻是蘊含着實力、團結、念舊、永不言敗的喇沙精神。

文：陳詩欣

攝：Will Chow、鍾錦榮(部分圖片由喇沙書院和被訪者提供)

### 別叫我放棄

花名「小蒙」的蒙德揚(David)，是信興集團副主席，與父親「電器大王」蒙民偉一樣，都是喇沙書院的畢業生。

跟 David 首次見面是在九龍公園游泳池。當日正舉行校際游泳比賽，日理萬機的 David 趁着午膳的空檔，專程由辦公室趕來為學弟打氣。如此着緊，原來因為他以前也是游泳高手，曾經得過學界季軍，更一度是喇沙蛙泳紀錄保持者。雖然畢業已 30 年，但對於學校泳隊，多年來熱心依然，每年學界比賽，只要不用出差公幹，也定必親自到場為師弟們打氣，風雨不改。

「以前爸爸經常帶我們去游水。初中時，有一次參加游泳比賽後，老師指着我，仲叫我擺埋出世紙和身份證見他，嚇得我吓，原來佢覺得我有天分，想叫我入校隊。」

說起讀書時的往事，David 難掩面上興奮之情。「以前有個教體育的，好玩得。有一次，我們一班同學合力把他的富士車搬到別處，搞到佢放學時四圍搵車。」改老師花名，叫 Miss 做「飛機場」、「驅魔女」已屬等閒，原來一臉正經老實的 David，細個可也試過出貓，又曾用墨水弄污老師衣服。回想從前，David 說自己未算是「曳」，最多只是「百厭」，「個個細路仔都係咁啦！哈哈！」

David 說，以前老師對學生要求嚴格，有一次，他的英文作文被任教的修士，當着全班同學評為「very bad, zero！」(很差，零分！)，甚至被對方用紅筆，在簿上劃上一個大交叉。

自尊心雖然受盡創傷，但他卻視為鬥志訓練，「我唔會喊，還跟自己說，下次一定作好啲，好似比賽一樣，輸咗就要檢討，肯定就是自己做得不夠好。」大學畢業後，David 被父親「流放」到日本工作，起初語言不通，加上人生路不



中學時期的 David(前排左二)，是學校泳隊的中流砥柱，時至今日，他仍常與舊生相約游水。



比賽當日，David 就讀女拔萃的女兒也有份作賽，但作父親的卻現身於喇沙區的觀眾席，而非女拔家長席，可見這位喇沙仔是何等心繫母校。



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熟，經常碰釘子。但全靠中學時期鍛煉得來這種「永不言敗」的喇沙精神，他咬實牙關，每天堅持於繁忙工作中抽時間學習日文，苦練 5 個月，終講得一口流利日語。「我爸爸昔日推銷電飯煲，都係靠這種堅持囉！」原來在蒙家薪火相傳的除了電器王國，還有喇沙精神。



蒙家三代都是喇沙人。圖中為蒙民偉，右一是蒙德揚兒子，正就讀於喇沙小學。



David 仍有保留昔日的功課簿。任教修士在上面寫上評語「Horrible Pieces」，David 視之為鬥志訓練。



中四時，David 奪得水運會 B Grade 全場總冠軍。



中三時 David(右一)得過學界游泳季軍的事迹，當年報章也有報道。

## 元老級喇沙家族

事實上，除蒙氏父子外，喇沙舊生中「子承父業」的情況並不罕見，但要數要喇沙家族的故事，相信沒有比林氏一家更精采的了。

「林家的所有男丁，都是喇沙仔。」84 年班的林智聰(Brenden Lim)，是林家的第三代喇沙人。祖父林傑元(Benedict)，是上世紀二十年代獲喇沙會邀請，從馬來西亞來港任教的首批老師，也是喇沙書院的「開國元老」，人稱 Tiger Lim(老虎林)的他，更是喇沙中無人不曉的人物。父親林錫揚(Basil)與黃霑是同班同學，連同伯父林錫麟(Oswald)、兩位堂兄並 Brenden 胞弟，統統都是讀喇沙出身。就連祖母，也是任教喇沙小學數十年的資深老師。喇沙家族，果然名不虛傳。

因為要到英國升學，Brenden 在喇沙只讀至中二，但對母校的歸屬感程度，絕不亞於其他舊生。為甚麼？「因為喇沙仔囉！」他滿有傲氣地說。

「呢個係喇沙精神，brotherhood 好強，在校時個個都為學校搏命，即使畢業後，一樣好熱心參與學校的工作。」例如不少前校隊的舊生會回校擔當義務教練，而身任高級督察的 Brenden，也會不時返母校協助輔導學生，總之就是各獻所長。

Brenden 的家人大部分已移居外國，現有一子一女的他，相信承傳林家喇沙歷史的重責，就落在現年歲半的兒子了。



父親(左一)和伯父(左二)也是喇沙舊生，祖母(右一)更曾任教喇沙小學數十年。



Brendan 至今仍熱衷參與喇沙舊生會活動。



Brendan(最後排右一)中二時所攝的班相。坐前排的 Au Sir，是他父親的同班同學，也是其祖父的學生。



Brendan 的祖父 Tiger Lim(前排右一)是喇沙創校功臣，照片中他與修士同坐首排，可見其地位何等超然。



Brendan 上月出席畢業 25 周年慶祝活動，出席者都穿上校服，人數高達九十多人。





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## 不是書呆子

除了學術成績標青，喇沙也是體育名校。85 年班的黃嘉為(Mark)，在校時曾得過學界體壇最高榮譽的 Omega Rose Bowl(現為中銀紫荊盃)的最佳男運動員獎。田徑、籃球、足球、壁球樣樣皆能的 Mark 說，每天練習至天黑已是平常事，「運動場上得到的快樂，是無可取替的。」說起母校，仍然難忘昔日運動場上為母校拼命爭勝的日子。

Mark 有兩兄一弟，都是讀喇沙出身，對於喇沙的歷史，他從小已聽聞不少，亦因為兄長的緣故，入學前早已踏足過後來遭拆卸的舊校舍，相比於其他與自己一樣，在新校舍渡過整個中學時代的同學，Mark 自覺已相當有幸。

對於學校生活，Mark 至今仍非常懷念。他說和尚寺內生活的一班男生，最期待的莫過於每年的暑假和聖誕，皆因學生會每年都會安排與其他女校合辦活動，包括探訪、話劇、聖誕舞會等，而最受喇沙仔歡迎，當然是與喇沙相距數街之隔的瑪利諾女生，近水樓台嘛。「在聖誕舞會上請女仔跳舞，好刺激，有啲同學都試過畀人請食檸檬。試過有其他男校學生潛入舞會，以圖魚目混珠，最終要動員風紀趕其離場。」Mark 說，多年來這些聯校活動造就過不少良緣，而最後結為夫婦的，更是不計其數。



心水清的讀者應該會記得 Mark 就是喇沙校史書作者，早前也曾接受過本系列訪問。在寫書期間，Mark 曾經專程查探並拜祭在大戰中陣亡、卻素未謀面的學兄，他心願有一天，能為大戰時陣亡的學兄們，在學校豎立一座紀念碑。



為了發掘學校鮮為人知的歷史，Mark 曾走訪過多位四十至六十年代畢業的大師兄。

## About this newsletter

This newsletter is aimed at providing an electronic platform for communication among La Salle College old boys residing in North America. However, it shall not be used as a tool to promote any personal agenda. The editorial board therefore reserves the right to review and edit all submissions to ensure that no inappropriate contents appear in any issue of this newsletter. The editorial board also reserves the right to reject any submission that is not in line with the objective of this newsletter. Please send all your communications to [editors@lscobaedm.org](mailto:editors@lscobaedm.org).

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