



北美風沙 The North American LaSallians

Nov 2009

Global Reunion San Francisco 2010

The website for the 2010 Global Reunion has been open to the public since September 1st, 2009. **Registration will commence on Monday November 2nd 2009.** Although we are still working on some of the details, the site will be in production and will provide useful information on registration, venues, programs, entertainments and sports events. Please use the following San Francisco / Bay Area Chapter Landing Page to access the 2010 Global Reunion site:

<http://www.lscoba.com/overseas/sf/>

Class 1969 40th Anniversary Reunion

Date: November 3 - 7, 2009
 City: Hong Kong
 Contact: lamtatchi@netvigator.com (HK)
 pxc8@hotmail.com (Vancouver)
 thomasylau@rogers.com (Toronto)
 tombo328@aol.com (USA)

Class 1959 50th Anniversary Reunion

Date: November 10 - 16, 2009
 City: Hong Kong

Serving in Uniform

In April 2009, we appealed to old boys who were serving or had served in the military forces to write about their lives in uniforms. The first article was published last month. Since the article is a lengthy one, we have broken the article into three parts. We welcome feedback from the readers and welcome contributions from other old boys about their own lives in uniforms as well.

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.

To subscribe to this newsletter, please email (with subject line: subscribe) to newsletter-lscobaedm.org-subscribe@lscobaedm.org.

Newsletter Committee comprises of the following members:

Vancouver	Victor Leung (1977), José Antonio Yeung-Cardoso (1968)	Southern California	Eddie Shek (1985)
Toronto	Felix Leung (1985), Jimmy Chang (1966)	San Francisco Bay Area	Ephrem Fung (1976)
East Coast (USA)	Christopher Tse (1965), Peter Lai (1967)	Edmonton	Calvin Chan (1971)

Reminders

Edmonton

Monthly Dim Sum Gathering
 Date: noon Nov 6, 2009 (every first Friday)
 Venue: Century Palace Restaurant
 金漢龍廷大酒樓

Grey Cup Party

Date: Sunday Nov 29, 2009
 Time: 3:30 pm – 8:00 pm
 Venue: Finnagan's Bistro Bar & Billiards
 Contact: Bill Wong billshwong@shaw.ca

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

Toronto

秋季大食糊

Date: Saturday November 7, 2009
 Time: 1:00 pm – 8:00 pm (mahjong games)
 8:00 pm – 10:30 pm (dinner)
 Venue: Seafood Delight Chinese Restaurant
 Charge: \$39/person
 Contact persons:
 Kevin Kwok kevkwok@rogers.com
 647-928-5880
 Danny Au Yeung dauyeung@on.aibn.com
 647-388-2020



Chapter News

East Coast, USA

Mid Autumn Festival/Fall-leaves gathering on October 3, 2009

Chris Tse (1965)

It has been our tradition to organize the Fall gathering annually, to remind us of the Chinese festival and at the same time witness the magnificent seasonal-fall color changes in the North East.

We had close to 30 persons joining the party in spite of the rain, attendance would have been more had the weather been more favorable.

This was a pot luck party, each participating family would bring in their favorite dish, preferably home cooked, to the party and share amongst all.



Due to the rain, our outdoor activities (tennis, golf, badminton and trails) were cancelled. Instead, we focused on the "sing-along" led by Victor Lee (guitar), Peter Wong (bass) and Gay Lee (piano). There was also karaoke; Evelyn Yu's vast karaoke album included Chinese (Cantonese and Mandarin) and English music pieces.

To remind us of the high school days, we revisited the billiard table. It appeared that most of us, especially Peter Lai (king of flukes), Gerald Lee, Simon Wai, Bel Baptista, Peter Yu and Frank Hon are still in good form playing the game. In additional, Gerald Lee and Peter Yu brought in two sumptuous bottles of Johnny Walker Black that doubtlessly enhanced the atmosphere and spirit at the billiard table.



As usual, we had four OB spouses competing on the mahjong table.

The climax was the dancing. We were too lazy to sing, play pool or mahjong. We settled with our spouses and danced through most of the remaining night to karaoke music.

Highlights of the pot-luck dishes:

Peter Yu + Cindy Ng + John Kam and spouses bought in the rib-eye satay. They were tasteful and tender. One comment: too much food. There were sufficient left-overs in the freezer for another 10 servings.

Sueki & Peter Lai's beef stew with turnip was genuine home cooking, and went well with the fried rice



Nancy Tse made (home made) Chinese moon cakes with lotus paste, almond and coconut fillings. They were not as sweet as the traditional moon cake, and was "fusioned" to resemble the western cookies.

John Chiu's vegetable dish was tender, garlicky and green as in the restaurant.

Victor Lee's tomato soup with lobster was a fusion dish - Victor



and/or Gay must be a creative chef.



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Maggie's dessert was as usual great. This time it was a combination of lotus, dumpling still have to figure out how she got (makes) such a great variety of ingredients, complimenting each other and tasting so good.

There is a "stuffed" tofu dish from Peter/Mable Wong. This was a favorite for tofu lovers, which most of us are, at our age group.

Bel brought in his awesome dessert sweets, including chocolate mash-mellow (home made) and other creative sides.

JJ bought in a bottle of XO, Simon and Gerald bought red wine and Black Label respectively. We thoroughly enjoyed those drinks.

It was a very nice evening, participated by all (especially the spouses) in the preparation and design of the activities.



Life Update

Another Proud Moment

The Alberta Gymnastics Federation held its annual Awards Banquet on October 25. Joanne Alano, daughter of Joe Alano (1975), won an Athlete Recognition Award for being the 2009 Provincial Champion in her age category.

Canadian Olympian Gymnastics gold medalist (Athens) Kyle Shewfelt was the MC of the banquet and also presented the awards. The two Alano angels took a picture with him as shown. Congratulations, Joe, Joanne and Diane!





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On the Move

Michael Lam (1966) and wife Janet decided to enjoy their life after retirement in Vancouver. They left Edmonton on October 9. A farewell dinner was held on October 4. 20 people were there to enjoy the night and wish the Lam's well. Jimmy Chane (1966) specially brought some moon cakes from Toronto for the occasion.



Welcome Aboard

Joseph Ng



A casual dinner was held on October 20 at Kwong Chow Congee Noodles (廣州粥面). It was truly fun; everybody was so happy...

Felix Leung (1985), Patrick Ko, Michael Lam (1966), Jose Cardoso, Paul Ng, Peter Kee, Ralph Yip, Victor Leung, and Joseph Ng were there. Albert Manson also dropped by and proved his talent in Chinese poetry again!!!

We had Michael Lam joining the Vancouver Chapter and signed up for life membership. Thanks Michael for supporting us. Michael just moved from Edmonton and is now settled in Vancouver. Please welcome Michael!!!

School News

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

2009-10-21

We are honoured and privileged to have **Ms. Zhang Ping, gold medalist of 2004 Olympic Games**, to coach our school volleyball team. It is an invaluable and precious opportunity for us to meet this experienced national team member. All of us learnt special tactics and techniques which are very useful. The school volleyball team would like to thank **Mr Horace Hui** for organizing this occasion. In addition, we would also like to show our sincere gratitude to **Rev. Bro. Patrick, Principal Mr. Wong Yen Kit and vice principals** for their guidance and support.





Serving in Uniform

In Part 1, William recalled his perceptions and impressions about what little military presence there was in Hong Kong when he was growing up. He noted the lack of a military career option, and observed that scouting seemed to serve as some sort of substitute for uniformed service. After a brief stint with the Hong Kong government, he emigrated to Canada. By some coincidence, he was recruited into the Canadian army reserves as a Personnel Selection Officer. Part 1 ended with William explaining his duties, experiences, and training in that position. In Part 2, William found himself promoted and assuming greater responsibilities which included three short deployments to the Former Republic of Yugoslavia with the Canadian peacekeeping force.

Editorial Board

A Personal Journey: From the 17th Scout Troop (La Salle) in Kowloon to Canadian Peacekeeping in Yugoslavia (Part 2)

William Lai (1961)

Stepping up

At that time, the Northern Alberta Militia District (NAMD) was one of four districts under the command of what was called the Prairie Militia Area (PMA) which was comprised of all army reserve units from Alberta to Thunder Bay, Ontario, and was headquartered in Winnipeg. There were five such Areas in Canada. Each Area had heads of disciplines serving in the respective headquarters as technical advisors to the Area Commander and as technical supervisors to the district officers in the discipline. In my case, my immediate technical superior was the Area (read Chief) Personnel Selection Officer (APSO) at PMAHQ. About a couple of years after I joined the service, this APSO superior of mine retired. To my surprise, one day, I was told that I was to assume this gentleman's duties, i.e. to become the new APSO. In rank, I was promoted to Major (akin to middle management in a civilian organization). I was apparently promoted ahead of other officers who had much lengthier service records and much more military experience. I thought I must have been doing something right that had been noticed by the powers that be in PMAHQ. Perhaps the vocational test results a few years back were not a fluke after all. At that point, I was advancing faster in my military avocation than in my vocation in the "real world".

With this new appointment came new responsibilities and new working relations. These responsibilities would now involve working with people in Winnipeg, throughout the Prairie Area and across Canada. Travel now became a main and constant feature of the job. For a period of time, I was on the road just about every weekend, criss-crossing the country many times. I showed up at the Winnipeg airport so often that I became a familiar sight to some of the airline ticket agents working at the check-in counters. At one of these check-ins, one of the agents finally couldn't help asking me why I was travelling so much. I told her wryly that I'd like to spend half of my life in airports.

Heretofore, the reserve army in Canada had its own command structure and was not integrated with the Regular Force command. Some time after I became the APSO for the Prairies, the Canadian army underwent a re-organization whereby the Canadian Land Force would be divided into four main areas: Atlantic, Quebec, Ontario, and Western. The Land Force Western Area (LFWA) would consist of all the army units, regular and reserve, from British Columbia to Thunder Bay, Ontario, an area larger than most countries in the world in terms of square footage. It would be headquartered in Edmonton, transforming CFB Edmonton from an air base to an army base. The old Militia units, districts and areas would now be integrated into a unified army command structure. The "Militia" unit names would eventually be replaced by proper formation designations. The concept in vogue at the time was one of "Total Force", the idea being that there should be no differences between the regular army and the reserve army and that members in both components should be trained to the same standards and individuals in each component should be interchangeable with their counterparts seamlessly.



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As the old PMAHQ was disbanded in this re-org, I was appointed to the equivalent APSO position with LFWAHQ. In keeping with the Total Force concept, I now occupied a position that had technical supervisory responsibilities for all PSOs in the Area, both Regular and Reserve. This new headquarters was much larger and more sophisticated than the old Militia one. My job became purely administrative and sometimes the duties were beyond the personnel selection area. I essentially became one of many “staff officers”, or sea gulls, in the headquarters.

Why sea gulls, you ask. The military is fond of using acronyms and nicknames, and for good reason due to the need for communication efficiency. Sun-ray, for example, refers to the commanding officer (CO). The sun can give or take life. Similarly, a CO’s decision also has life and death implications for his/her subordinates and other people affected by the decision. Now, save for some limited authority over some file folders, pens, and paper clips, a staff officer in the head office has no command or operational responsibilities. To many operators in the field, all these desk-bound administrative officers ever do is squawk and shit, just like sea gulls.

This new, expanded and more involved APSO position became even more intense for me. Remember that I was serving only as a part-time reservist (or what some would call a weekend warrior), but now was placed in a job amounting to a full-time regular force position. I was supposed to be able to handle that job as a reservist under the ideal of the Total Force concept. It was difficult, but somehow I managed, sometimes taking time off from my civilian employment to deal with army matters and also using holiday time to work in the army office when possible.

An opportunity

But the new position also offered opportunities. It was just after the first Gulf War, and the civil war in the Former Republic of Yugoslavia (FRY) was heating up. Canada’s involvement in the so-called peacekeeping in the Balkans began to intensify. Though Canada prided itself on a long history of peacekeeping, the intensity of the military involvement in foreign missions reached a height not seen since the Korean War. At the same time, it became apparent to the senior management of the Canadian Forces (CF) that these deployments were taking a toll on the soldiers. Canadian army units rotated to these overseas theatres of operations by Land Force Areas. Several deployments from the Western Area to the troubled FYR occurred during my tenure as the Area PSO. Though formally my job was not directly related to these deployments, I was asked to develop some strategies in the Area to try to mitigate the effects of these deployments on our soldiers. The task was not a personnel selection one, but I assumed I was given the task because of my background in psychology and because I was in a senior enough position to do something. I proceeded to develop a set of policies and procedures in the LFWA for dealing with what was then called critical incidents. This set of policies and procedures were intended for our Area only, but it was the first set of such standard operating procedures addressing the issue in the CF. This policy provided guidelines for steps to be taken in dealing with critical incidents within the Area as well as in-theatre where units were deployed.

From time immemorial, doing battle has been known to have drastic effects on those engaged in it. The impact of combat on individuals has often been portrayed in literature, perhaps starting with Homer’s depiction of Achilles’ post-battle behaviour in the *Iliad*. Shakespeare’s Lady Percy, in *Henry IV*, observed in her husband, Hotspur, a list of signs closely resembling what we now recognise as combat-related stress symptoms. Similar descriptions occur in various other literary works throughout the ages. In the American Civil War, battle-stressed soldiers were thought to be nostalgic or homesick. By World War I, the effect of battle on soldiers was called shell shock or war neurosis. World War II gave rise to the terms battle fatigue or combat exhaustion. Though there appeared to be progress in the changing terminology in describing the same condition, the understanding of the condition and treatment thereof actually did not advance very much. Many soldiers executed for “cowardice” or desertion in these two wars are now, in hindsight, seen as having suffered combat-stress syndromes. It was not until the Vietnam War era that the phenomenon of battle-induced psychological consequences began to receive prominent academic and professional attention. The term, Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD), was coined to describe a cluster of symptoms exhibited by veterans who had experienced the trauma of war. An explosion of research into the phenomenon, treatment methods, and preventive measures followed, and continues today.

Though Canada was not at war in the FRY, Canadian military units were deployed to active war zones under the United Nations mandate. In these theatres of operations, the chances of Canadian peacekeepers encountering war-related traumatic incidents would increase multi-fold from the more usual peacekeeping missions. The policy and procedures that I was asked to develop were aimed at preventing and mitigating the effects of these potential incidents and perhaps pre-empting the development of PTSD in some soldiers. The initial part of the program consisted of education. Prior to deployment, soldiers were given information on combat-stress, its signs, and steps they could take to prevent or minimize the effects of critical incidents. Some members were



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taught to conduct group defusings immediately after the occurrence of an incident. I was in charge of organising this portion of the pre-deployment training for every rotation, with help of course from subordinates and colleagues.

The second component of this program called for a preparedness in deploying specialist teams into theatre to conduct critical incident stress debriefings (CISD) as necessary. In those days, the CF did not have in-theatre mental health professionals serving with the deployed units, and specialised debriefing services had to be sent in when required. A team of debriefers were readied for this tasking, and I was appointed the initial leader of this team. With this involvement, I was deployed to FRY three times during my tenure.



Daruvar, Croatia - damaged building next to hotel

The team membership changed slightly with every trip. But they all were comprised of personnel selection officers, social workers and chaplains who underwent special training for this tasking. Ours were not the first ever debriefing teams sent into a theatre of operations. Teams from other branches of the CF had gone to different theatres before, but we were the first to do so systematically in compliance with a stated policy. We did learn from those who went before us.

Going to theatres, of war, that is

These debriefing team deployments were intense but interesting experiences. I will relate some of them.

Our first trip was to Croatia. I remember flying for over 24 hours before reaching Zagreb, the capital, followed immediately by a two-hour drive in a rickety and cramped jeep on bouncy roads to the town of Daruvar near where the Canadian unit was stationed. By the time we arrived at the Canadian camp, we had been travelling (from Edmonton) for almost thirty hours without much sleep, and we were in a very different time zone and in an area of potential armed conflict. Unbeknownst to us, the local Canadian commanders had already scheduled a number of debriefing sessions with soldiers for us. The sessions were to begin as soon as we arrived. The debriefings were to be held at various Observation Posts (OPs). The main team was divided into smaller two- or three-person teams who then would go to different OPs simultaneously. I don't remember exactly the local time of our arrival but that would have been their day and Edmonton's night. Though we had not slept for some 30 hours, we worked according to the local time, which meant we would not stop working until their end of the day, almost 40 hours since we last slept. The debriefing schedules were very tight and we had to travel great distances from one OP to another on some paved but many dirt roads. That was our introduction to a theatre of operations, and by the end of the first day, we had travelled many miles on Croatian country roads that were at some risk of being mined and we had done more debriefing sessions than we would care to count. We were completely exhausted. The schedule in the following days was just as tight, but we did learn much about the conditions under which our soldiers worked and the risks and concerns they faced.



Bullet-riddled Daruvar hotel



Hospital in ruins

We also saw the concrete results of war. Bombed-out buildings, destroyed cemeteries, warning signs of mine fields littered the routes we travelled everyday. We did stay in a hotel the first time we went to Croatia. The building next to the hotel was half-collapsed as a result of having been shelled. The side of the hotel, where our rooms were, was riddled with bullet holes. The scenes of destruction were much like what was shown on TV or movies. But this time it was for real. In one of the towns, it was eerie to see a bombed-out hospital with fresh bullet holes on the walls and damaged doors squealing in the wind as if those who shot up the hospital had just left or were still inside. Some things you learn to do very quickly in that environment: you don't walk on grass or unpaved ground, you don't pick up stones or anything on the road, you don't enter buildings casually, and once you're in a shelter you don't venture outside needlessly lest you stumble



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onto an unknown sniper's killing zone. You also don't want to be in a crowd of people.



Sarajevo airport

On another tour, we travelled to Sarajevo, the site of many shootings and bombardments. We were transported from the bombed-out airport into town in armoured vehicles. Through the few slits on the vehicle walls we could catch glimpses of the destruction wreaked upon the city with destroyed vehicles still lying on roadsides, like a scene right out of a WWII documentary. Pock-marked buildings attested to what must have



Heavily damaged building in Sarajevo

heavy fighting some time in the recent past. We saw the shot-up Holiday Inn and we tried not to imagine what it would have been like had we been staying at that hotel during the fighting. The sight was rather overwhelming and we were all dumbfounded by the devastation we saw. Nobody in the vehicle spoke a word on the ride to our accommodation destination. That destination turned out to be a converted residence of the former President of FRY, Tito, where the UN had set up some facilities. It was also located at the end of one of the known sniper alleys in Sarajevo. Fortunately for our team, the fighting in the city had subsided by the time of our visit and we experienced no untoward incidents while we were there.

As noted above, we sometimes had to travel by air within theatre. The aircrafts,

both helicopters and cargo jets, were UN planes with the proper insignia. But that did not prevent fighters from taking shots at the planes with small arms and with bigger weapons sometimes. We learnt how to look for SAM (surface-to-air missile) sites. These aircrafts were most vulnerable during take-offs and landings. There were no passenger seats as such in these cargo jets. The centre of the plane was packed with huge crates of cargo, leaving only a long plank of bench-like seating along the wall of the fuselage. Sometimes we would sit on our helmets during these landings and take-offs just in case a round came through the skin of the aircraft destined for the behind.



In front of our "home" in Sarajevo



Boarding an UN flight

There were scheduled UN flights within FRY, but the situation on the ground sometimes would create havoc with the flight timetable and the scheduled planes might or might not fly. There was so much uncertainty in the flight schedules that the UN air transportation system was dubbed the "Maybe Airlines".

One of things we also noticed was that there were too many guns in the place. Everybody seemed to carry weapons on the street, including children sometimes. It had been known that small children sometimes came close to being shot because of how they appeared in front of peacekeepers, with either a real or fake weapon. Fortunately, no such incidents involving Canadians actually occurred as far as I knew. But the fact that many adults carried guns was a concern for our daily travels. Canadian military vehicles even with clear UN markings were regular targets for some locals who



Maybe Airlines



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wanted to take shots at what they considered to be foreign occupiers. These kinds of attacks had resulted in a number of Canadian casualties. We would be driving along a country road on the way to an OP and we would see someone with a gun walking alongside the road. As the vehicle passed the person with the gun, he would cock his weapon demonstratively to show the occupants of the passing vehicle that he was armed. These roadside gun-toting individuals would sometimes shoot at the back of the vehicle that just went past. Every time we came across someone with a gun, we were never sure if we were going to be shot at. It was little comfort that we were usually ferried to various destinations in the then Canadian version of a jeep, called Iltis, which could hardly keep out the rain, never mind bullets.



Armed but not that dangerous



Sitting in an Iltis

For our part, all military personnel in theatre were issued and required to carry small arms. Even though the debriefing team members were not in the combat arms, we were also to be armed with the standard issue of weapons, a rifle and a side arm, plus a large number of rounds. We would carry this weaponry wherever we went, looking more like infantrymen/women than people in the helping professions. The bases that we stayed at in-theatre were at risk of being attacked periodically. We slept with the weapons by our bedside just in case. So, here I was, a normally rather docile civilian psychologist who found himself in a situation where I was prepared to put some unpleasantness between someone's eyes if and when the occasion arose. I was a Queen's Scout once, but I didn't think I would be in a position

to make ultimate sacrifices for Queen and country. Luckily for me, I never had

to fire a shot in anger and I was not fired upon by small arms fire. There was, however, a close call with bigger bullets; see Part 3.

Service members were required to maintain their physical shape as a condition of employment, so to speak. Thus, even in a war zone, soldiers engaged in



Stopover at Palmerston, Croatia

regular physical exercise which could include jogging around the base. But jogging outside and around the base had the risk of being harassed by local fighters. To

protect themselves, soldiers carried weapons with them on a jog. It was kind of an interesting sight to see joggers in T-shirts and shorts running with pistols in their hands. It would be an alarming sight back home.



And, do you know what the most effective traffic control device is? No, not a well-marked dancing traffic cop in the centre of an intersection. Try land mines. If you line up a series of exposed and visible land mines on two sides of the road forming a lane, you can be assured that no driver would veer off the lane. We came through a few of these lanes channelling the traffic to checkpoints manned by one or the other of the warring factions.

In three trips that I took to FRY, I had come across some members of the local populace and had visited some of their homes. Individually, they seemed to be nice people, at least the ones I met, though my short stays limited the contacts with locals. But I did have the chance of meeting, albeit briefly, with both sides of the conflict. After these meetings, I wondered, and I don't believe I was the only one to do so, what the fighting was all about and why they would need all that weaponry.

To be continued in part 3 ...



Focus 聽喇沙說故事

This article was published in Metro HK (香港都市日報) on October 16, 2009, and was the first of a series. Mark Huang subsequently pointed out some errors in the article and his errata are inserted in the article to ensure that history will not go down in error. Thanks Mark for the good work!

Editorial Board

如果說上世紀三、四十年代是中國最動盪的日子，那麼，上世紀四、五十年代，肯定是喇沙書院最坎坷的時期。

大戰爆發、香港淪陷、國共內戰，殖民政府、日軍、英軍權力接連交替，喇沙書院校舍先後多次被佔據、被徵用，作育英才的園地淪為倉庫、醫院，甚至監獄(*Mark Huang: The school was never a strict "prison" but rather an internment facility for Germans between 1939-1940.*)，學生被逼在簡陋的臨時校舍上課，原本古典宏偉的校舍也因日久失修，最終遭逢拆卸的命運。種種的過去，彷彿叫喇沙見證着香港有史以來歷史最黑暗時期。

這不單是喇沙的故事，也是香港人的故事。

從今周起一連三期，《學校有寶系列》找來多位喇沙人一起想當年，從寶貴的照片和回憶，述說一間中學，如何牽連着 700 萬香港人的過去。

文：陳詩欣

攝：鍾錦榮 (部分圖片由被訪者和喇沙書院提供)

畢業於喇沙書院的黃嘉為 (Mark)，曾經為母校編撰校史書，對於喇沙的歷史，比任何人都要熟悉。「書院的歷史，跟整個九龍的城市發展，有着密切關係。」因此要講喇沙的故事，就要從位於尖沙嘴的書院前身說起。

前身選址尖沙嘴

喇沙書院的前身是聖約瑟書院九龍分校。上世紀初，香港的城市發展由港島逐漸擴展至九龍區，位於中環半山的聖約瑟書院，由於遷居至九龍區的學生愈來愈多，辦學團體喇沙會於是決定在九龍區興建分校。據 Mark 研究，當



舊校舍建有羅馬式圓拱頂，屬歐陸式建築風格。聽說書院被拆卸時發生過一段小插曲，工人看見圓拱頂上的十字架，認為是神聖，堅拒拆除，校方於是將圓頂上的十字架和火炬保留，於操場旁建成圍牆。



舊校舍被佔用時，校內大部分傢俬都遭受破壞或搬走，難得刻有 La Salle 的教堂長椅，仍沿用至今。



時學校選址在尖沙嘴漆咸道，但由於找不到相關文件記錄，只能從照片中推斷學校大概位於麼地道和赫德道一帶。「學校鄰近玫瑰堂和聖瑪利書院，很多學生的家姐或妹妹都是就讀於聖瑪利，每逢放學時，兩校的學生就會互相到對方學校接細佬或細妹，然後才一起回家。」

隨着九龍區急速發展，社會對學位需求急增，1921年開校之初，書院學生人數只有兩班，十年間，人數已增至162人，原本的校舍不敷應用，學校於是在九龍塘另覓地方，興建新校。1932年，位於界限街的新校落成，正式命名為喇沙書院。由於當時的九龍塘仍屬新發展區，除了農田，學校附近的建築物少之又少，當時政府就以學校作街道命名，即現今的喇沙利道和書院道。

宿舍收留歐美學生

當年學校共分八個年級，由 Class 8 到 Class 1，與今時今日的學制比較，分別頗大。「昔日的學童年齡一般介乎10至18歲，Class 8等同於現在的小五，Class 1則是現在的中六。」據 Mark 所說，當時全校學生接近一半是葡萄牙的天主教徒，其餘的除了本地華人學童，還包括海外學生，他們來自俄羅斯、菲律賓、爪哇、越南、馬來西亞、新加坡，有些甚至遠及南美的墨西哥、秘魯、委內瑞拉。為了滿足需要，學校特別於當年新落成的校舍中，將西翼部分面積闢作宿舍，內裏設有偌大的飯堂和溫習室，甚具規模。

新校縱然位置偏僻，但仍受到不少家長歡迎，收生人數一年多過一年。正當以為學校發展一切順利，卻沒料到大戰的爆發，卻一夜間令書院陷入長達20年的黑暗期。

佔據做醫院監獄

1939年，希特拉入侵波蘭，掀起二次大戰序幕。香港作為英國的殖民地，因此也被視作同屬盟國陣營，為了軟禁居港的德國人，香港警方在德軍入侵行動數小時後，隨即宣布徵用喇沙校舍作軍事監獄，學生因而首次被遷往臨時校舍上課。禍不單行，1941年香港淪陷，日軍從殖民政府手中接管校舍，部分修士因此被逼遷至越南，之後學校變成倉庫，教學被逼中止。

好不容易等到大戰結束，學校終於在1946年重開，600多個學額迅速爆滿。可惜好景不常，國共內戰爆發，為防範紅軍南下，1947年駐港英軍再次徵用校舍(Mark Huang: *the year of occupation of LSC by Army was 1949, not 1947.*)，改建為第33綜合醫院。「為讓教學得以繼續，軍方在何文田巴富街興建臨時校舍，又承諾興建新宿舍。按協議，徵用期本為12至18個月，沒料到軍方一霸便霸了10年，新



舊校舍樓梯散件。Mark 解釋，以前港人缺乏保育意識，除少部分雕像石碑得以保留外，大部分文物皆遭破壞。有學生為留紀念，特地偷進書院並將梯間部分扶手拆除，直至幾年前才將之歸還學校，成為少數僅存的文物。



昔日的喇沙書院，約半數學生是本地葡萄牙人和來自海外的歐美學生，為滿足需求，校方在界限街的校舍闢出部分面積作為宿舍，內裏設有飯堂和溫習室，設備尚算完備。



巴富街臨時校舍照片。據當時與軍方的協議，校方只答應借出校舍12至18個月，卻沒料到軍方一佔便是10年。



臨時校舍設備簡陋，可憐的是部分學生包括黃霑和李小龍，也是在此校舍度過整個中學生涯。(Mark Huang: *It is incorrect to say that James Wong ONLY studied in Perth Street. He had studied in LSC's original campus for 1 year in his matriculation time, 1959-1960.*)



大鎚一敲，宏偉建築瞬間倒下。這幀照片，相信令不少現今社會的保育人士心痛不已。



北美風沙 The North American LaSallians

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宿舍工程更是不了了之。很多學生，包括黃霑和李小龍，都是在臨時校舍中度過整個中學生涯。」(Mark Huang: *It is incorrect to say that James Wong ONLY studied in Perth Street. He had studied in LSC's original campus for 1 year in his matriculation time, 1959-1960.*)爲了取回校舍，學校上訴至英國上議院，事件更引起當時社會廣泛輿論，在眾方壓力下，1959年軍政府才最終將校舍歸還。

故事還沒完。

校舍被佔用多年，校內很多設施早已變得面目全非，課室被破壞，傢俬被搬走，加上日久失修，校舍漏水情況嚴重，連結構安全也成問題(Mark *there is no evidence to point to that in our records.*)。Mark表示，有關校舍拆與不拆的問題，校內師生意見分歧，但鑑於翻新工程耗資龐大，修士於是將校舍拆卸重建。爲籌措資金，校方把靠近界限街約三分之一面積土地賣給發展商，交換條件是發展商需爲校方興建一幢新校舍。1979年，新校舍啓用，校址亦從此由界限街改爲喇沙利道。(下期續)



現任書院校友會副主席的 Mark 熱愛母校，畢業後不斷搜尋喇沙歷史的資料，最瘋狂試過花上連續數星期的工餘時間，流連於歷史檔案處和大學圖書館。爲紀念書院創校 75 周年，他花上 3 年時間將十多年研究資料結集成書，



喇沙書院的前身是聖約瑟書院九龍分校，1917年建於尖沙嘴漆咸道。



重建過程圖。首張照片攝於 1977 年，下方建築爲舊校舍；一年後，中間部分的新校舍已見雛形，此爲短暫的新舊校同存期，舊校亦於翌年遭拆卸；1982 年新校舍工程全面完成，舊校原址已變成今日的碧華花園



Mark Huang: *The three aerial photos order are not right. Instead of 1 → 2 → 3, it should be 1 → 3 → 2*

