



Wesley Times - July 2009

President's Message -

To all the former students of that old school on Baseline Road who are proud to call themselves Wesleyites – our Call has sounded; will our universal response be

Ready , Aye ?

The time has come for Wesley's sons from all walks of life and from all corners of the world to rally around and help in the revival of our dear old school.

We have a new Principal, Dr Shanthi McLelland a loyal and devoted old boy who has turned his back on a very comfortable lifestyle in his adopted land of Canada and returned to take the helm and steer Wesley towards her destiny and to recreate another golden age for our Alma Mater.

While the first few days of his stewardship have seen the school undergo a transformation both physically the morale too is at an all time high. I entreat all old Wesleyites to take advantage of the modern marvels of electronic communication and get in contact with each other through any means and find out for yourselves what is happening at Wesley and most importantly how YOU could help.

No effort or contribution is too small, when each one is added up our faith will certainly move mountains; move the mountains of inertia, complacency and defeatism which enveloped the College for the past few years.

Our school song is set to the music of "Scots Wha Hae", the anthem with which Robert Burns called the clans to do battle; do you hear it? This same tune now reverberates in the air for you and me it calls us to do battle under the Double Blue Banner for Wesley.

Remember -"Hearts neer cool that once have beat 'neath the Double Blue"; so join me in a loud and resounding "Ready Aye!"

Ora et Labora,

Reg Bartholomeusz

A New Look At Old Books..... “Green Aisles”

- A story of the jungles of Ceylon

- D.J.G. Hennessy



I was fortunate to acquire a first edition of this most interesting book published in 1949. The author was a police officer, later Superintendent whose duties took him to remote stations around the island where he fell in love with the country, the beauty of the surrounding jungles, the wild life and the people he encountered in the villages and townships. His writing leaves no doubt as to his affection for the country and its beauty. The book introduces the reader to a brief History of Ceylon (now Sri Lanka) and continues with the author's own experiences during his years as a police officer. It is not just about hunting, or chasing criminals, or describing daily events in the life of a police officer. It is about a man from another land who learned to love the country and people he lived among. I have read and re-read this book, as the only alternative to reliving those same experiences I enjoyed a long time ago. If you have good memories of the “Old Country”, whatever they may be, this is a book you should read. Here are two extracts from the introductory notes –

.....“here we have a man, endowed by nature to a life of stirring action, now finding solace in the peace of the jungle, which he so thoroughly understands and enchantingly describes.....”

In these pages are revealed the hidden heart of Lanka-savage and old. The swift narration is shot with that wistful charm the jungle breeds in the hearts of its lovers. A book for those with the longing, but not the opportunity, to penetrate the depths of a tropical jungle; one for the weary town dweller to dip into of a quiet evening hour if he would capture something of the serenity of the wilds.

Dr. R.L. Spittel, C.B.E.”

.....“Here is a most refreshing book – full of high adventures, of original thought, of interesting comments and observations on the remarkable wild life of the jungles of Ceylon, all skillfully blended into a most entertaining story.

In these days of warfare, lies, strife and all uncharitableness, it is a delicious relief to turn to the pages of this book – to enjoy, for an all too brief spell, the peace and quiet of a jungle sanctuary....”

W.W.A. Phillips, F.Z.S., F.L.S., M.B.O.U.”

On his retirement, Mr. and Mrs. Hennessy moved to Australia where they made a home in Eltham, Victoria.

The Private Tuition Story, or Mr. Canagaratne vs. my Dad by Mervyn Wijesooriya

My Dad, Don David Wijesooriya decided that his precious eldest son – the future so and so of Sri Lanka or Ceylon – must receive private tuition to achieve those lofty goals!

In that era, in Ceylon, it was to a certain extent not “what you know but who you know” and a few other similar beliefs. In that era the art of bribing was honed or sharpened to a fine art. Like when the cop (Kossa) stops you, you give him some money and the cop will take it, crack his knuckles and you are off. Perhaps my Dad thought that if this tuition money was given to a teacher from the same College where I was being educated, it would work better!

Sorry Dad, I really did not think that you had such intentions, but those were the days. I was in grade six and Mr. Tom Canagaratne was my class teacher. My Dad arranged for us to visit him at his bungalow in Campbell Park on a Saturday. We were dressed in our Sunday best on this visit. I was uncomfortable when Mr. Canagaratne served us tea in a very formal manner. Mr. Canagaratne broke the ice. No! No! That's not to cool the tea, but you know what I mean.

Mr. Canagaratne informed my Dad that at Wesley “We do not encourage private tuition” and that he did not think that I required any private tutoring. Mr. Canagaratne promised to consult with my other subject teachers as to whether I required any additional help. He asked my Dad a question:” How much do you want to spend on Mervyn's tuition?” And he answered the question himself with: “Rs.25 to 30?” My Dad acknowledged and Mr. Canagaratne continued “Give him that money every month and let him go and buy books and read. And don't try to control what he reads!

This was the tail end of an era, where unsupervised reading was questionable. I am sure Mr. Canagaratne's comment was based on that thought. In that era we did not have access to Hustler or even Playboy. The only erotica printed or otherwise was to use your own imagination! In Mr. L.A.Fernando's class, Patrick Schokman and I used to sit side by side. Patrick being a cricketer is attracted by the opposite sex and would bring to class the occasional note, and used to pass it on to me on a “read and return” basis. Perhaps it was more bragging rights than anything else. Mr. Fernando, of course would notice this and say aloud, “Patrick we used to read those in the bathroom during our day!

My Dad, I know was beaming with pride at my progress. Parents sometimes have a strange way of expressing this pride. Especially when they want to brag to their friends; in this vein, my father speaking

to one of his colleagues said, "Mervyn's teacher told him to read any dirty book he wants. Dad's colleague - a grown up man - inquired - "Is it Sinhala or English?" and continued to answer his own question. "If you read Sinhala novels, you will end up in Angoda and if you read English novels, I don't know where you will end!"

When adults express such thoughts, in the presence of impressionable young kids... well I do not know what to say.

Of course, from Biblical days - or from when Christ was a Cowboy - we were told elders know best!

"An educational system isn't worth a great deal if it teaches young people how to make a living but doesn't teach them how to make a life."

---Mark Twain---

Two Shades of Blue

Some dictionaries will explain the word "Flag" as a symbol of unity, the sharing of a common set of values and so on. Whatever it is, and like all others, the Flag that defines Wesley College has now become a part of our lives, and brings past and present together whenever and wherever it is unfurled, as all flags are designed to do. It serves as a rallying point at every gathering of Wesleyites whether on the athletic field or in the classroom.

My father, who was a wise man, made sure that all his sons would have a good education and for this he chose to enrol us at Wesley College. But even my Dad could not have known that when he sent his boys to be taught at Wesley, they would also be learning how to live.

Think about it. The idea of a school to be opened in Colombo may have been the intention of an overseas mission in England, but the task was entrusted to an outstanding man, the Rev. Henry Highfield. What he did, and how he set about doing it, is now woven into the history of Wesley and will stand forever as a fine example of unceasing dedication and commitment. I said we gained a life. We must never forget, and will forever be inspired by what Rev. Highfield accomplished. It is now up to each of us to accept the responsibility and to ensure that the torch is passed to those who will take our place. That is the life Wesley gave us. You cannot spend the first ten or twelve years of your formative years at Wesley and then walk away and forget it. What you do afterwards, wherever you go, whether you know it or not, it will affect the rest of your life.

Whenever we get together, at the Annual Wesley College Dance, Club Nights, Seniors' Lunches, a golf tournament or an evening socializing with a few friends at home, the camaraderie will always be there. The recent visit by Dr. N.D. Amerasekera, so ably described elsewhere in this newsletter, is one example. He travelled from the U.K. to Australia on holiday, and looked forward to meeting old friends from his days at Wesley. Some he remembered as classmates and many others attended not because they knew him, but because they also had attended Wesley College and knew of him and his generous contribution to the O.B.U., and wanted to spend an evening with old friends. And as the moment arrived when we rose to sing the College Song, and gave out the War Cry I recalled being present when it was first introduced at assembly in the main hall by our Principal Rev. James Cartman.

I tend to forget things now and again. This is to be expected at my age, but I can say that whenever I need to, I still remember all the words of the College Song. And when I do, whatever the occasion, I know that our banner is unfurled and is waving proudly somewhere as it has for the last one hundred and twenty-five years. It is designed with simple dignity; no stars, no stripes, no lions or unicorns nor crowns, no crossed swords and not in glorious technicolor either. But it has inspired generations of fathers and sons and will continue to do so for as long as we meet under its colours –

"A crest, above three words, spelling out
'Ora Et Labora'
all on a background of two shades of blue."

George Robertson



E-mail Correspondence

All members who prefer to receive OBU correspondence by email are invited to inform the Web Editor on obua@wesleycollege.org. Your email address will then be included on our membership data.

This means that future OBU Bulletins will also be sent to you email, not by POST.

Your co-operation is appreciated.

Web Editor –

Wesley College (Colombo) Old Boys' Union Australia Branch Inc.
Annual General Meeting, 2009

The 28th Annual General Meeting of the Wesley College O.B.U. in Australia was held on Sunday 29th March 2009. In his welcoming address to the House, President Reg Bartholomeusz expressed his appreciation to all members who had contributed to the various functions and paid particular tribute to the Committee for their efforts during the year. He stressed the need for members to contact old Wesleyites with a view to recruitment in the Union and welcomed the new entrants who were attending for the first time.

The Secretary reported an increase in the number of new members over the previous year and endorsed the President's remarks regarding recruitment.

The Treasurer's Report advised details of support the O.B.U. had given to the Double Blue Trust and included the Annual Report of Income and Expenditure for the year under review.

The following members were elected to the Committee for the ensuing term:

Your Committee 2009/2010

President	Reg Bartholomeusz	9877 1689
Vice President	Arden Joseph	9803 6652
Secretary	Brian Ahzoor	9799 1026
Treasurer	Felix Berman	9711 5383
Editor	Trevor Collette	9706-1084
Committee:	Norton Abeydeera	9801 9753
	Nelson de Silva	9704 8971
	Darryl Koch	8707 5817
	Bev Nathanielsz	9799 0366
Public Officer	George Robertson	9982 4789

Postal Address Box 123 Glenways MDC
 Mulgrave 3170

Email obua@wesleycollege.org

Website www.wesleycollege.org

The meeting concluded with a rendition of the College Song and the War Cry, followed by refreshments.

Condolences



- **ALTENDORFF** – The family of Ron who passed away on the 5 June 2009
- **FERNANDO** – The family of Gilbert, retired Headmaster Wesley College,
- **LUDOWYKE**- To Mignonne, Trevine, Natalie, Gwendoline, Noel, Winston & Kay on the death of Neville
- **PRINS**- to Reg & Family on the passing away of his brother in law Peter
- **REIMERS** – to Trilby, Stuart, Tristan, Sue, Belinda, Glenn, Jill & Mrs. Reimers (Senior) on the passing away of Robin

VALE- Ron Altendorff 1935-2009

Ron was born on the 5th of July 1935 in Colombo, Sri Lanka, then known as Ceylon. He was the second of seven children to George and Florence Altendorff.

Ron was educated at Wesley College Colombo from about 1945 to 1952. His contemporaries were Arthlow Chapman, Bryan Claessen, Srilal Karangoda, George Robertson, Gordon Amerasekera, Benjamin Buell and Robert Coburn, to name a few. On the athletic field, Ron proved to be adept at "Shot Putt" which suited his rather muscular frame. The athletics coach was Mr. R. A. Honter who was quick to notice Ron's capability in this event. A well-mannered and popular student, Ron earned the respect of his class-mates and teachers. After he left school in the Senior Form' Ron found employment at Trevine's Florist in Colombo where he was well regarded by his friends and work colleagues.

Ron was the first of his family to emigrate to Australia. In 1957, when just 22 years of age, he arrived in Melbourne to seek employment, He found work in a number of positions and later moved to Sydney where he met his beloved wife Shirley. After a whirlwind romance they married in 1960.

They set up home in Bondi and a year later had their first gorgeous daughter Vicki. The passing years saw many more beautiful children come in to the world- Tracey, Steve, Kelly and Jason.

After holidaying in Queensland with Shirley's parents, Ron decided to move his family to Maroochydore in 1972, travelling interstate in a caravan that he had built. In 1974 they bought a property in Woombye. In the meantime Ron had obtained his builders license and began his career as a builder. A couple of years later they bought 6 acres in Nambour where Ron built his dream home to accommodate his family.

To supplement his income, Ron partnered with his close friend Ted Musca and started a fish run, then a

potato run, a tyre business and a paint agency. This led to a profitable partnership finally leading to the birth of "Tedron Homes".

In 1985, Ron (always striving to make things better) tried his hand at politics, running for the local council. Although he was not successful, he certainly left an impression on the local government.

In 1987 Ron met a man named Hubert Jayakody, and with Hubert's support Ron extended his building career in 1988 to Brisbane and internationally, constructing pavilions for international expositions and fairs. Ron always built a solid building. One of the many pavilions he built (the Sri Lankan pavilion in Spain in 1972) took only 3 months to erect but 6 months to dismantle. Records show that he also designed and built the Sri Lankan Pavilion for an exhibition held in Brisbane. Ron and Hubert worked together for the last 22 years and had developed a great friendship and respect for each other. Their projects took them all around the world including Japan, Spain, Korea, Dubai, Portugal, China and Germany.

On Tuesday the 2nd of June, after a short battle with cancer, Ron passed away peacefully surrounded by his loving family.

MAY HE REST IN PEACE

(Contributed by his niece Fiona Richardson, daughter of old Wesleyite Wilton Robertson, with the school information filled in by George Robertson.)

Good Bye Neville (Nifty) Ludowyke

2.11.1942 - 29.6.2009



A bleak winter's day greeted mourners as they gathered with the Wesley brotherhood to farewell Neville "Nifty" Ludowyke on his final journey home to his maker. The church began to fill from 10:30 a.m. for the 11 a.m. service of thanksgiving and as

expected a large crowd was in attendance to farewell one of life's nice guys. A free spirited generous guy in every sense of the word to his wife, son, family and friends, Neville was a popular bloke and many were there as he had touched their lives in some small way along life's journey.

The brotherhood of Wesleyites was well represented and sat in the seats next to the choir looking sombre at the loss of a loyal and proud Wesleyite and all wearing the College tie that identified our pedigree the 'band of double blue". The many Wesleyites

present were choristers in their day at Wesley and lived up to the Methodist traditions of music and supported the choir in all the hymns singing with gusto.

Neville lived life to the fullest and in that symbolic New Testament passage of scripture from St Paul's letter to Timothy, the words rang true

"As for me the hour has come, the time is here for me to leave this life.

I have done my best; I have fought the good fight. I have run the race; I have run the full distance and kept the faith. ..."

Older brother Winston in a brief eulogy paid tribute to Neville capturing in words the lovable larrikin and spirit that Neville represented and some of his experiences as a schoolboy at Wesley and later on in life in Sri Lanka and overseas.

At the conclusion of the service, the cortege left for the lawn cemetery where his mortal remains were to be buried. At the request of his wife and son and knowing Neville, possibly his final wish, he wanted his beloved alma mater to feature in the final moments of his journey. As the mourners braved the grey skies, intermittent drizzle and bitterly cold winds all the Wesleyites present, about twenty in all, formed a guard of honour as his coffin was carried to his final resting place. With the final strains of the graveside hymn "Nearer My God to Thee ' still ringing in the mourners ears, the old boys began the College Song which was sung in full concluding with the War Cry "Zam, Zam Zacky" which Neville looked forward to singing at all old boy gatherings.

Nifty was one of the founding members of the OBU Australia Branch and served on the committee. He was a Wesleyite through and through. If there was anything for Wesley be it fund raising, hosting Old Boys regardless of the era, Nifty was there and would pledge his support. His wife Mignonne and son Trevine were dutifully inculcated about Wesley and in what it was to be a Wesleyite and to be the wife and son of one. The last time he joined the brotherhood to celebrate was at the senior's lunch in 2008 when struggling to walk due to his illness, he climbed a short flight of steps to partake in the festivities. He would not miss it ! Sadly as his condition deteriorated we did not see Nifty at our functions again and when we had that nostalgic re-union when Dr. Nihal Amerasekera visited Melbourne, Nifty could not join us. Nifty supported all the functions of the OBU since inception and he would ensure that at every Double Blue Dinner Dance he would organise at least two tables. At one dance when he was Social Secretary in our formative years, we had over 450 patrons in attendance. At the end of the night it was the Social Secretary's duty to organise the clean-up, etc. We searched and searched but could not find Neville who was responsible for co-ordinating this task. After sometime we finally found him being carried out to a waiting car to go home. The dance was a great

success and Nifty had celebrated the occasion in fine style and was sadly a bit under the weather. As friends and colleagues gather their thoughts I am sure there will be many fond anecdotes that capture the character of Neville.

So as another passionate and loyal Old Wesleyite leaves our midst, we remember Neville with love and treasured memories of happier times. As the words of that famous old fireside classic *Beyond the Sunset remind us*, may Neville's soul rest in peace for evermore beyond the sunset of this earthly life.

Beyond the sunset, O blissful morning,
when with our Saviour heaven is begun;
Earth's toiling ended, O glorious dawning,
beyond the sunset when day is done

Beyond the sunset, no clouds will gather,
No storms will threaten, no fears annoy;
O day of gladness, O day unending,
Beyond the sunset eternal joy!

Beyond the sunset, a hand will guide me
To God the Father whom I adore;
His glorious presence, His words of welcome,
Will be my portion on that fair shore.

Beyond the sunset, O glad reunion,
With our dear loved ones who've gone before;
In that fair homeland we'll know no parting,
Beyond the sunset forever more

Keith de Kretser, Melbourne

VALE – Mr. P.G.R. Fernando

The passing of Mr P G R Fernando another one of those famous teachers that served Wesley for more than 25 years with distinction. Many would remember him I am sure as he was an institution in the Junior school for many years. I think he was house master of Lemphers House in the Juniors School.

May his soul rest in peace.

Death Notice from the Daily News of
29/05/2009

FERNANDO - P.G.R. (GILBERT). Retired Head Master Wesley College, Colombo. Safe in the hands of Jesus. Beloved husband of Nesta (formerly at Jayawardenapura Hospital), loving father of Nishanthi (Shin Kwang Lanka), Nalin (ICC Ltd.) and Gihani (Dialog Telecom Plc), father-in-law of Damayanthi, loving grandfather of Nimhan and Nimsari, expired. Cortege leaves residence 244/7, Dines Place, Kaduwela Road, Pittugala, Malabe at 1.00 p.m. on 29-05-2009. Interment at Raddoluwa Methodist Church Burial Ground at 4.00 p.m.

Chester Robin Reimers **1.09.1944 – 6.07.2009**



Good Bye dear friend!

They say that life at times can be cruel and in the space of one week to be exact, the news reached the alumni community that loyal Old Wesleyite Robin Reimers had slipped away from this earthly life after valiantly fighting his cancer. Whilst we were all aware that his time was near, it is a difficult time for all of us and particularly the batch of 1960 - 1962 who paid their last respects to batch mate Neville Ludowyke only a few days earlier. The final days were difficult and Robin's plea has been finally answered:

*Labouring and heavy laden
Lord no longer will I roam
Here I fix my habitation
In thy sheltering love at home.*

I am privileged to pen these few words on behalf of the many alumni in Australia in a tribute to a great Wesleyite and friend. Robin is the younger brother of Glenn and lived in the shadow of Glenn's sporting achievements on the field in cricket, athletics and rugby. However Robin was no slouch himself and was an equally talented sportsman. Robin and Glenn with a few other Wesleyites in Melbourne carried the flag of Double Blue with pride at a time when the past pupils of Sri Lankan Schools did not have any associations in Australia. Robin was one of the inaugural members of the OBU Australia Branch when we formed in 1979.

My memories of Robin go back to my collection of College magazines of 1959, 1960, 1961 era and the many sporting team photographs where Robin who with cherubic good looks was the baby in the team be it standing in the back row of a cricket photo or with legs crossed on the ground with one of the Christofelsz brothers in a rugby photo. Robin served on the OBU Committee for many years and was instrumental in recruiting new members through his wide network of friends. He was involved in arranging regular cricket matches between Old Boys from

Royal, St Thomas', Trinity and St Benedict's Colleges OBA's and displayed his flair with the bat on many occasions. He was also involved with Norman de la Harpe in arranging a Golf challenge against Trinity OBA which continues to this day. Robin was a proud and loyal Wesleyite and supported the many OBU functions.

At Committee, Robin provided a dignified balance to the debate and advice which gave perspective to the many issues the committee had to deal with. His love for Sri Lanka and Wesley combined saw Robin make many trips back to Sri Lanka. In the spirit of goodwill and support he graciously offered to act as the ambassador for the OBU Australia Branch in discussions with the College and alumni groups. Robin was always ready to help the College in its hour of need and on many occasions answered Wesley's call. His love for cricket and support for the work of the Cricket Development Committee at Wesley are well documented. However his generosity was not limited to helping the school but Old Wesleyites in distress. His concern for their well-being was not restricted to a mere donation but organizing a collection of funds, regularly contacting the person in need and monitoring their progress. He did not seek acknowledgement for these generous deeds of kindness but it demonstrated his concern and commitment to help others who were less fortunate than himself.

Robin represented a lot of those old world values and charm that we miss today. Not big in stature but of solid character, decent and forthright, a loyal and trusted friend and above all a gentleman who enjoyed the simple things in life without much fuss and ado. These qualities earned the respect of many. His engaging presence and friendly demeanour endeared him not only to his peers but to Old Boys of all age groups (Senior and Junior to him) who had the opportunity to meet him and share fond memories of those halcyon days of our youth at Karlsruhe and Campbell Park. He was liked by all who knew him and lived up to the accolade of being one of life's "nice guys". In cricket parlance he was an all rounder and a player you would pick in your team.

Robin took up the fight against cancer with a positive and courageous mindset and continued to live life to the best of his ability as this insidious disease took hold of him. Trevor Collette, Rodney de Kretser, George Robertson and I with our partners, along with Trilby and Robin would go away for the weekend in recent years and after Robin was first diagnosed with cancer. Even though he had some discomfort at times and was in recovery, he fought his battle privately and never did he seek our sympathy, complain about his lot in life but carried on with a positive outlook.

His love for Sri Lanka and Wesley slotted into his final plans and with his whole family he visited Lanka not long ago for the last time to say goodbye to his

friends and pay his last respects to the land of his birth and the school that he loved. His fierce loyalty and love of his friends saw him put aside his own adversity and pain to fly up to Brisbane to support Bill Deutrom in his hour of need when Bill's wife passed away last year. He again bravely gathered up the courage and made an appearance at the dinner we held for Dr Nihal Amerasekera in March this year in Melbourne to the delight of everyone. However his stay with us that evening was short as the pain and his fragile health forced him to retire early. The photo of Robin circulated at the time from the function shows how his physical appearance had declined rapidly in recent months.

I last saw Robin just about a month to this day when I dropped in to see him at his home and spent about an hour with him and his wife Trilby. I took him some ulundu vadais and sambol and though he had lost his appetite, he enjoyed two vadais for his lunch in my presence. He was lucid and we chatted about the changes happening at Wesley under the stewardship of the new Principal and the well being of other Old Boys both in Australia and overseas. Tiredness has prevented him from reading his emails and in recent months communication via the internet diminished. As usual his fervent wish was that Wesley would move forward in a new direction under Dr Shanthi McClelland's stewardship and that he would restore some of her standards and standing in the community. As I said good bye I knew it would be the last time I would possibly see him and it was difficult to remain composed as we made eye contact for the last time. A shadow of his former self he was still gracious and dignified as he endured the pain and uncertainty of the future.

3 Generations of Reimers



Tristan, Robin with Jed, Rhys & Stuart

So as friends and the brotherhood of Wesleyites prepare to farewell Robin on Friday this week, we remember him with fondness, the happy times we shared,, his inspirational and courageous fight against cancer and above all what Robin stood for. He endured the final days in a lot of pain and at last his weary soul may rest in peace.

To his wife Trilby, sons Stuart and Tristan and their families, brother Glenn and family and Mrs Reimers Senior, our thoughts and prayers are with you. We give thanks to God for the love and care demonstrated by Trilby and the boys as they cared for Robin and made his final days comfortable in the warmth and comfort of his home rather than in a hospital. May God's divine providence grant them the courage and strength in the days ahead as they grieve over the loss of their dear one, truly one of life's ultimate gentlemen. Bless them Lord we pray.

So from all of us "Good Bye dear friend" till we meet again on that heavenly shore.

*A friend we love does not go away,
they walk beside us every day,
unseen, unheard, but always near,
still loved, still missed and very dear.
A friend we love remains with us
for love itself lives on,
and cherished memories never fade away
because a loved one's gone.
Those we love can never be
more than a thought apart,
for as long as there is memory,
they'll live on in our heart.*

Keith de Kretser, Melbourne

More regarding Robin Reimers

This e-mail was received from Rev. Neville Koch and is reproduced for all of us to share Neville's thoughts and message

Hi fellow classmates and boys of Wesley,

It is with profound sadness that I received the news of Robin's passing away.

As you say, we have all lost a very special friend. For some of us (Robin's classmates in particular) who knew Robin from the early 1950's up to the time he left our shores for the land Down Under, who had the privilege of knowing Robin for 60 years, I believe the pain is even greater. We have lost a most sincere, genuine and devoted friend!

We were the guys who enjoyed (or endured) class teachers like Joyce Leembruggen (UKG, 1951), Agnes Smith (Std.2A), Iris Blacker (Std.3A), Oliver Swaris (Std.4A), Iris Blacker again and Dulcie Leembruggen (Std.5A), Ivor De Silva (Form 1A, 1956), Edmund Dissanayake (Form 2A, 1957), and Rachel Leembruggen (Form 3A, 1958) - to name a few!

Of course, we all enjoyed playing cricket, soccer and hockey together in the small park, where some of us (guys like Robin and others) graduated to playing

those games "big time" at the venerated "Campbell Park." Some of us sat on the boundary lines and cheered our guts out, relishing our victories, sober and sportsman-like in defeat ("taking cool whatever befall").

We enjoyed lots of great fun - and, of course, giving our teachers a hard time! We shared our deepest secrets, our joys, our struggles. We bared our hearts and skinned our knees together. We were in and out of each other's homes, where we enjoyed eating lamprais, buriyani, breudher, kavun, kiri buth and watalappan.

We talked about almost everything under the sun and, of course, about the GIRLS of All Saints, Methodist and Lindsay et al (ask William Deutrom about those long "after school" walks from Bambalapitiya to Borella)! He will tell you about those "glorious" days!

Such are the memories (and many more) that we all cherish and treasure (and will do so till we die). We can all profoundly thank God for bringing us together (that was no accident), for what we learnt from each other, and for how, in unique and unimaginable ways, we helped shape each other's lives over the years.

In the midst of our grief, we can thank God for Robin - that bright and shining star that impacted and enriched our lives in so many wonderful ways. We will all certainly miss him. I believe he is at peace with his Maker, free from all sickness and pain. And to dear Trilby and family, Glen, Jill and family, Lorraine and I offer our heartfelt condolences.

Though so far away, you are all much in our thoughts and prayers. May the Lord give you strength and comfort in the difficult days and long, lonely nights ahead. May you know the peace of His presence in the midst of your pain!

Regards, Neville Koch

Looking through the mist of fifty years

by Dr Nihal D Amerasekera

As I look through the mist of time I see my schooldays as perfect but in reality it was never a bed of roses. Now, all that remains are images of happy times. Above all what comes to mind is the kindness and camaraderie of my mates. The 1200 students knew and cared for each other. The teachers had a genuine concern for our welfare. It was a unique relationship. They inspired and also demanded respect and received it. Our parents believed the school can do no wrong, and they were right. The reality is that the road to success is rarely a

straight one. Aiming for excellence is not so much about gratifying the ego as the desire to move away from the poverty we saw around us. Nothing of significance or lasting merit comes without some kind of investment: be it time, energy, belief or enthusiasm. Many did this after leaving school. You certainly don't get success on the cheap. The school community made me what I am today and I owe them so much.

I left the shores of the United Kingdom on a bleak winters day to arrive in Perth Western Australia bathed in warm sunshine. I was on a 30 day "Grand" tour of Australia. This has been a life long dream. Many of my school friends left Wesley in the late fifties and early sixties to make their home Down Under. At school in our formative years we made lasting friendships. To see them perhaps for the last and final time has been my ambition all my working life.

Yogan and Vino Sathianathan

I came to know Yogan Sathianathan in Form IV. Being a mathematics whizz kid he was in great demand and he gave his expertise most generously. Yogan was a quiet lad from Wellawatte, a stalwart of the SCM and the Methodist Church. We proceeded together into the 6th Form and remained close friends before parting company in 1962. Yogan entered the Faculty of Engineering at Peradeniya as I went into Medical College Colombo. For many years I have asked numerous old boys about Yogan. The last they heard of him was when he was an engineer at the Uda Walawe Scheme in Sri Lanka. Paul David gave me a clue that he was in Darwin, Northern Territory Australia which helped me enormously. The internet did the rest. I phoned Yogan a few weeks before my travel to Australia. He insisted we meet at dinner. Yogan and his wife Vino gave us a fine dinner in a plush restaurant in Darwin. We reminisced and recalled those happy but uncertain times in the 6th form and before. He is now a Tax Consultant and a JP. He has immersed himself fully in providing a service to his local community. Yogan has retained his youthful slim figure. Time passed quickly and we hugged and said goodbye at the hotel car park. As I watched them disappear into the night, and wondered if we'd ever meet again.

Mike Christoffelsz and Harris Anthonisz

We spent four happy days and nights in the beautiful city of Sydney. The highlight was my meeting with 2 stalwarts from the hostel years. When a silver Holden appeared in front of our hotel I ignored it as its occupants didn't look familiar. The guy who stepped out of the car had a beaming smile and an outstretched hand and it was Michael Christoffelsz. We hugged each other until we got our breath back. Mike and I spent our formative years together in the hostel. The trials and tribulations of our teenage years we bore together with our fellow hostellers. Harris Anthonisz was a few years senior but a dear friend to us all. He was a rebel who instigated a hunger strike to improve the quality of food in the

boarding. He paid for it dearly but it worked !! Harris is a fine raconteur, a great historian and a wonderful friend. Mike and Harris kept us going for the rest of the day. We reminisced probing deep into the archives of our memory. Mike is an expert in the booming Australian mining industry and Harris retired some years ago. What I remember most of all about Mike are the intense soccer matches on the gravel surface of small park. Tackles came thick and fast. Falls were costly in terms of cuts and bruises. Despite this we were there to play day after day. What masochistic desire drove us to do this I do not know. We loved sports and still cherish those memories. After a long, sumptuous lunch by the river we said our goodbyes, most reluctantly, vowing to meet again someday soon.

The Band of Double Blue in Melbourne



Our next stop was Melbourne. We were warned of its unpredictable "British weather". Despite this we had wall to wall sunshine during our 4 days stay. Melbourne must have the highest concentration of old Wesleyites in the world. It is not the numbers that matter. They have the passion for our alma mater more than most. Reggie Bartholomeusz, the President, of the OBUA and the committee decided to host a dinner for me and my wife. We were greatly honoured by this kind gesture. Keith De Kretser sent a flyer and gathered the troops. The dinner was held at the Burgher Association House 358 Haughton Road, Clayton. Seeing my friends again I felt I stepped into an unexpected and surreal dream. My heart raced with excitement, not wanting the evening to end. I wasn't quite sure what the night had in store for us. Words cannot express how I felt. A good meal was accompanied by plenty of discussion about school and the days gone. After the speeches I was presented a gift for my contribution to the Double Blue International website. This will take pride of place on my mantelpiece. What a fantastic night it was.

Arthur D'With-Barbut

Arthur D'With-Barbut and his wife Glenys were most kind to take us from our hotel to the venue. Old Wesleyites in attendance were Hamilton Amerasinghe, Tissa Abeydeera, Brian Azoor, Alistair Bartholomeusz, Reg Bartholomeusz, Felix Berman,

Dr Jackie Carnie, Trevor Collette, Keith de Kretser, Rodney de Kretser, Beverly de Niese, Nelson de Silva, Bill Deutrom, Gerald de Zilwa, Arthur D'With-Barbut, Lucien Fernando, Harold Juriansz, Darryl Koch, Dayantha "Marky" Makalanda, Dr Mahen Menon, Upali Perera, Glen Reimers, Robin Reimers, George Robertson, Errol Smith, Lorensz Stork, Bryan Wijeyekoon.

It is more than 50 years since I saw many of them. From the time we arrived at the venue handshakes and warm hugs sparked off stories of those lost years. As the digital cameras flashed anecdotes of our mischievous years at school resurfaced. Arthur and I were buddies from the hostel. We had much in common, sang in the choir and played cricket in the small park. He was a good student winning coveted prizes and awards. He was a fine table tennis player. Arthur hasn't lost any of his sincerity and warmth which was a feature of the Barbut family. They showed their kindness and hospitality to the hostellers during our annual trips. We never failed to make a stop at the Survey Camp in Diyatalawa to enjoy their lavish hospitality. It was great to meet Glenys and Arthur's sister and brother in law Gerald de Zilwa. Oh! how much I wish we could have spent more time together. I was on a conducted tour and time indeed was too short.

Upali and Charmaine Perera

Upali and Charmaine helped to organize the event. We have been friends since my early days in the boarding and also later. Despite our motto Ora et labora, Upali never prayed neither did he labour at school. He still wears his wicked grin at times before his mischievous antics. Upali worked as a Technical Assistant at the irrigation department and I believe he looked after our ancient irrigation tanks to be free of leaks. They have survived a thousand years without his help!! If he continued in the army the war wouldn't have lasted 30 years. I last saw him in 1973 at a bus stand in Nawala when he said with a murky smile he was off to Melbourne soon. I wasn't sure whether to believe him !! Upali was a late developer and has achieved much since leaving school. Despite his mischief Upali is a genuine and dependable friend as we have all found out with the passage of time. His generosity to the Wesleyites in trouble in Sri Lanka speaks volumes. I must thank Charmaine for keeping Chiu entertained and involved while I strolled down memory lane.

Hamilton Amarasinghe

Hamilton Amarasinghe and I have been together since 1950 right upto the top of the school. He oozed common sense from every pore!! Hamilton was always energetic and hardworking. I know he held high office at the Katunayake airport and kept the place safe. Well most of the time!! He reminded me that we were the only 2 boys who had to take our University entrance examination at Visakha Vidyalaya. He dressed like a Prince on those 3 days and in the noon heat Brylcream poured down his powdered face. We were from an all boys school and

to be that close to girls gave us palpitations, ejaculations and nightmares. But we survived the psychological and sexual trauma!!

John Carnie

John Carnie with his brothers Hilary and Robin were hostellers in the fifties. Hilary and Robin were fine cricketers and the authors of much mischief in the boarding. John was sensible, studious and had a good singing voice. The Carnie boys left the boarding when the parents moved to the Railway Housing Estate in Dematagoda. My cousins were in the estate too and I continued to keep in touch with them. I later met John in the Medical College Colombo. It was wonderful to meet up with John after a lapse of nearly 45 years. I recall at school he had a fine academic career. Whatever job he was given he did it well. He was totally trustworthy and always reliable. John has risen to the prestigious position of Chief Health Officer Department of Human Services in Melbourne. He has brought honour and prestige to his family and to our school by his achievements. Despite this he remains modest. Your health is in his safe hands.

Mahendra Menon

Mahendra Menon was a year junior to me at school. His dad owned a Pharmacy in Dematagoda and lived in the premises. Often we have walked back to Dematagoda, together after school. He has always been a good student and we met up again at Medical College. It was wonderful to meet Mahen and I thank him for his invitation to dine with his family, an appointment we could not keep, due to our tight schedule. He is in General Practice in Melbourne after qualifying as a surgeon.

Glen & Robin Reimers

Glen and Robin Reimers were popular boys at Wesley being good sportsmen and also interestingly mischievous. They had a deep influence on many of those who were their contemporaries. They had great wit and exuberance of spirit. Meeting them in the school corridor was indeed a hazard as we never knew what to expect – a push or a shove or a clip round the ear. They were both blessed with a unique sense of humour. They had the gift to entertain amuse and charm. It was lovely to meet them after 50 years. They both have mellowed so much. I thank them for taking the time to attend the function. I say a special thank you to Robin for making the effort despite his illness. It broke my heart to say goodbye to them not knowing if we will ever meet again.

Keith De Kretser

Although I do not remember Keith De Kretser at school. We have been in contact through emails over many years. His passion and love for Wesley is never in doubt. He is a prolific writer for the school websites. Keith has made use of his excellent command of the English language to drum up support for Wesley on its many fund raising projects. His support for school rugby has been inspirational. Every school needs a Keith De Kretser to carry its

banners when everyone else has forgotten. It was great to meet Keith and we hope to stay in touch.

Trevor Collette

Recognising my friends after 50 years was hard. No one has changed more than Trevor Collette. He was a slim athletic lad at Wesley. Now he blots out the sunlight !! I was so happy to make contact with him again. When he was the President of the OBU he always sent me information about its members and events . At school Trevor loved all sports and played Rugby. He as always is a true blue Wesleyite. What he hasn't lost is his sincerity.

Erroll Smith

Errol Smith still wears that pleasant smile. We were hostellers together for so many years. He was an immensely talented sportsman. His hand eye coordination was too good for the rest of us. I recall the numerous cricket and football matches in the small park when he outshone everyone else. Errol is a modest man loved by all. Academic pursuits never appealed to him. Smithy is one of life's even tempered gentle people. He still maintains his youthful good looks. It was great to see him upbeat and in fine spirits. I hope we will meet again.

Harold Juriansz

When everyone else had changed beyond recognition Harold Juriansz remains unchanged in over 50 years. His unmistakable "galthoppi" and the broad smile is a photocopy from the late 1950's. Harold has maintained his athletic figure, a result of his clean living. . He remains soft spoken and gentle as he has always been. It was lovely to speak with a former Wesley College hero and cricket captain. I wish Harold many more years of the same.

Bill Deutrom

I must mention Bill Deutrom and thank him for making the trip from Brisbane to be with us. His loyalty to Wesley and Wesleyites is a lesson for us all. The school has benefitted enormously from his commonsense approach to the day to day problems. He is an able negotiator, shrewd and hardworking. Bill is greatly admired and deeply respected. He is an inspiration to those around him. It was great to see Bill after 50 years and no doubt we will keep in touch. His mother who was our revered teacher will be proud of Bill's personal achievements and his work for his school.

Bryan Wijeyekoon

It was great to see the very senior old boys like Gerald de Zilwa, George Robertson and Alistair Bartholomeusz to attend this function of an insignificant old boy. I am certain they did so to meet a fellow old boy of the Oorloff era. I have communicated with George through email as he has done a marvelous job as the editor of the OBU. It was lovely indeed to speak with Alistair and Gerald whom I have known only by name. It was good of Dayantha, Lorensz, Beverly, Lucien and Daryl to come upto me to say hello. It was great to see Brian,

Felix and Rodney at the function. I know Beverly is a busy man working off-shore and it was good of him to come for the dinner. I have been in touch with Bryan appealing to him to produce an article about his mum who was a fine and respected teacher at Wesley for several decades. Mrs Wijeyekoon has helped many generations of Wesleyites to stick to the straight and narrow.

I thank all the old boys and their wives who attended our dinner on the 19th of March. Reggie was most kind to organize the event through the great Australian OBU. You couldn't have chosen a better venue. As I write these notes in my study vivid images come rushing in. I will always remember and cherish the kindness and the hospitality shown to us. These memories will remain with me forever. I hope and pray we could all meet again one sunny day.

Randolph Ranjit Alwis

We ended our long journey in Adelaide. As I entered our hotel room there was a message from Ranjit Alwis to phone him. He was with us in a flash and then on until we left Adelaide we remained their guests. Ranjit and Lucky were generous hosts and took time to show us the beautiful city and its surrounds. Ranjit and I were hostellers together since 1954 and parted company in the sixth form in 1962. He is now a chartered accountant in Adelaide and a Managing Director of his own company. He has received an award from the Australian government for his services to the ethnic communities. Deep into the night we recalled events of our lives at Wesley and thereafter. He has a fine memory for his schooldays and speaks warmly of his association with Wesley College. We were both sad to say goodbye to Ranjit and Lucky and vowed to meet up again when they visit their daughter in London sometime soon.

I must mention those who couldn't make it for the dinner in Melbourne. Neville Ludowyke has been my good friend since the hostel days. He is a founder member of the Australian OBU and has been fiercely loyal to the Old School. He has always asked me to stay with him when I visited Melbourne and I thank him for that. Our mums were students together at the Girls High School in Kandy. I spoke with him a few days ago and was good form. Due to illness he was unable to attend but we will keep in touch. Bryan Claessen was unwell too. He was my schoolboy hero and I would have loved to see him. Radley Claessen spoke to me on his behalf while I was in Adelaide. I wish them both a speedy recovery. May God Bless them.

Thank you once again for your generosity and wonderful company. I never imagined I would see so many of my schoolmates in a single evening in Melbourne. That was a dream come true. There were times I was overwhelmed with emotion. The distance and the passage of years makes such meetings difficult but I will certainly try my best. Goodbye and God Bless – Till we meet again.

“A Personal Contribution from Life”

**by Rex Robertson
Adelaide, South Australia**

Looking back on the years of my life I find the most memorable year of my life was 1956. Many major changes occurred in my life in that year, and they were significant events in a life that may have directed me into paths unknown, and unplanned. And yet, as I believe in a Higher Power that guides me through my life I am confident and thankful. That guidance that has led me now to a point in life where I am at peace, and Contentment with my Life, and a partner who also was a significant person in my major year of 1956.

Since coming to Australia in 1965, and settling in our home in Fulham Gardens in 1972, many of my personal ‘treasures’ were stored away, as we went about establishing ourselves, and dedicated ourselves to the care and guidance of rearing our lovely children. Now in the years of retirement when I have found the time once again to indulge myself in my own dreams, I have come across three old exercise books of mine from my final year at school. This was again 1956, and I was in what was termed as the ‘Lower Sixth Form’ at Wesley College in Colombo, Ceylon. (Sri Lanka). The Lower Sixth Form was the equivalent of Year Eleven here, to be followed by the Upper Sixth Form, (Year 12), after the final exam you were entered in the University, following a personal interview.

What I am choosing to enter herein are some of the exercises I have found I had written in that class of ‘56, in the subject of ‘Practical Criticism’, relating to English Literature. On re-reading them I was surprised to realize where my love of Philosophy and thought came from!

13th Feb.1956, Subject: ‘Three Advertisements for Smoking.’

The three advertisements all emphasize irrelevant facts about the age, shape and appeal of the Cigarette and the Pipe to the aristocrat. All three could be termed as that type of advertisement that on being read appeals to the mind warped by society, ‘The Snob’.

The fact that the ‘Passing Cloud’ cigarettes oval in shape, and blended with the best Virginia tobacco is not what attracts the customer, but the fact that it is an expensive cigarette which would add to his dignity in public. The statement that ‘ you will not find it in all houses’ is one which adds to it’s rarity and cost and appeals to that type of man who likes to be seen in public, smoking something few others would have.

The advertisement of the Byford Pipe is clearly one, which appeals to the snob. The high language and explanations of the intricate process of the ‘Revolutionary new Capillary Collector’ are relevant but also unnecessary. They are used to make the advertisement more dignified and give a very colorful picture of the Pipe. The fact that it is used by the connoisseur is altogether irrelevant.

The best advertisement, that of the Marcovitch cigarette, is also one, which appeals to the mind, weakened by the desire to be aristocratic in some way or another. Opening with the statement of the Prince of a hundred years ago, who advised the manufacturers to open a bigger shop and begin production on a larger scale, the advertisement goes on to give dates and a brief history of the cigarette which is completely irrelevant in this case. But this is principally what the whole advertisement consists of and helps to add color and pomp to it!

(I was seventeen years old when I did these exercises, and today I was amazed as I have no recollection of writing them, although I see the initials of my Class teacher in my book and I remember him well. He was the first teacher to introduce me to Economics that year and I remember finding the subject most fascinating. Also it is ironic that I was able to be critical of smoking, not having experienced it at that time, but I did smoke later in life, and even began with the love of a pipe I inherited from my brother Wilton, after his death in 1962. It is a pipe he brought back from England and one he smoked for the intervening years. Named a ‘Captain Black’ it is one I still cherish it in my collection.)

And yet another exercise from 1956 that is still very topical today!

“The Importance of the Female figure in Advertising”

In the science of Advertisement Technique of the modern-day it has become apparent that the female figure plays a primary part. Today the exploitation of the female figure and sex has been vulgarized to the crudest extents. Man’s mind of today, though highly developed intellectually, has become warped with regard to sex and femininity.

It is no wonder therefore that certain individuals take full advantage of this trend of the mind, and the result is that in the modern age of advertisements the female figure is used to advantage, and is of greatest importance in this technique.

The theory of old that woman is the world’s most beautiful animal has been worked on, and the placing of the female figure on an advert focuses immediate attention other than any other article on the same poster.

The modern Film has by display of the ‘Feminine Form’ worked on the basest instincts of man. Thus we find that any picture from abroad displays vividly semi-nude women, exposing various parts of their anatomy, and posing in various seductive styles, thus appealing to the male sex, who seeing so much go naturally to see the film, not for the Film’s benefit but merely to see what more they can see, this fact is eminent and has to be faced.

Such posters as are found outside a theater where a film with women like Marilyn Monroe, Gina Lollabrigida and other actresses portrayed are done in the most appealing methods. Showing them in a towel or an almost invisible bathing costume encourages the public to go in, and satisfy it's baser instincts.

But it must also be stated that the women themselves have brought it upon themselves. They are a secluded part of Society, and are now coming into the limelight and it is more because of them, their walks, methods of dress and the daring fashions that have caused the desire in man to crave the sight of the feminine figure. They have brought about this vulgarization.

The results of the daring exposures of the feminine body have resulted in the Censor. Why should there be a censor at all? It is because of the crudeness, of this art and the bad effect it could have on society. This alone proves that the use of the feminine figure in advertising has been exploited to the fullest degree.

On the other hand there is another side to the use of the Feminine figure in advertising, a much more decent aspect. For instance many adverts of ladies smoking cigarettes, as in that of the 'DuMauruier' cigarette displays a certain elegance and is a much more decent advertisement, than of a woman changing her clothes, and the sentence stating "Why not change to a Philip Morris?"

Both these are advertisements of Cigarettes, one, the 'Demurer' is a very attractive and pleasing picture to look at, a beautiful lady all dressed up in elegant clothes smoking an expensive cigarette held daintily. This has a certain amount of snob appeal but still is much better than that of the Philip Morris cigarette. The scene of a half-undressed woman is attracting, true, and it may remain in mind longer than the other, but it is utterly debasing.

How much prettier it is to see a beautiful head of flowing long hair, for advertising hair oil, rather than a scantily dressed girl holding up a bottle of the same oil and smiling perpetually at the public! But thus though they may vary it is the more seductive advertisements which claim more attention and remain more in the mind. But such is Society today and the desire of the Public is played upon, and this is why the technique of advertising has become one of the greatest sciences and will remain so for quite some time in the future, if not for all time!

Wesley's unforgettable 'Podiman' by Dilshan Boange

Bearing a stark resemblance to a teledrama character that appeared on the famous serial 'Doodaruwo' validated Indika Ratnayake being

permanently labelled as 'Podiman' while in school. And though he found it beleaguering at first this nickname soon turned to a pet-name and transfigured affectionately as 'Podde'. March 27th this year marks the 26th birth anniversary of the late Capt. Indika Ratnayake.

Indika joined Wesley College at Grade 6, in the year 1994, and still to this day I can recall the first glimpse I had of him being introduced to our class by our class teacher Mrs. Nanayakkara. Her words were that there is a new friend who is joining our class (6E), little did we know how great a friend podde would become in our lives endearing himself to us with his mischievous pranks and sincerely caring ways.

His career in college was characterized by numerous achievements that ranged from studies to sports and a host of extra curricular activities. He became the Secretary of the Junior Buddhist Society in 1997, a forum that set the ground for his skills of Sinhala debating and oratory to gain note.

It was during this time that he took an interest in giving his acting talents a chance to take the stage, and I fondly recall how we put on short play for a variety entertainment program held at the college hall at the end of the term.

Podde played one of the lead roles, which was of a politico who had arrived in hell and tries bribing his way out of paying for his sins. 'Podiman' delivered an enthralling performance with his inimitable antics and expressions, which was imperative in making the play a hit amongst our peers.

In the arena of sports Podde first displayed his sporting abilities as a ruggerite in the junior team. Taking an interest in athletics he later went on to become captain of his house in our senior year in college.

While in the upper school Podde's popularity grew tremendously with both staff and students. The remarks said of him by our school teachers were at times to his detriment on parent's day when his restless streak of mischievousness came to be mentioned. Podde was famous as a 'motor-mouthed' talker whose vocal prowess served him well, and this talent culminated positively when he won the College prize for Sinhala debating (The Ranabahu memorial prize) while in Grade 12.

In my opinion his most significant mark in College was made as a prefect. Unflinchingly he carried out his duties to maintain discipline in the student body; he was known for his sternness which at times brought out an aggressive demeanor. But he was appreciated by many juniors for his fair play and boyishness that pulsated with fraternal feeling, which I know many younger Wesleyites found inspiring. He was ardently committed to perform his role as a

prefect and wore his badge with pride as a member of the Prefect's Guild of Wesley.

Upon completing his A/Ls in Commerce with three 'B's he stuck to pursuing his ambition of a military career. He was accepted to the Diyatalawa military academy as an officer cadet of the Sri Lanka Army and soon showed his talents in becoming an asset to the country's defence establishment.

Winning the prestigious officer-training scholarship to Sandhurst Royal Military Academy in England he returned with valuable military expertise, and passed out from Diyatalawa commissioned to the rank of 2nd Lieutenant in the SL Army's Engineering regiment.

He earned the respect of both rank and file with his dedicated hard work and conscientious valiance where ever the call of duty beckoned him such as precarious operations as the Silawathura campaign, and several others of note which posted him in the war front.

He was by any standards a remarkable officer and a gentleman who served with untiring effort and undiminished courage, committed to serving the motherland and keeping true to the Wesley spirit which is evoked in our college song in the line - 'and for our dear land we'd be men of grit and industry'.

He was last stationed in Vauniya, where he spent his final birthday, in active service, turning 25 and being promoted to the rank of (full) Lieutenant that very day. When I called him he said he got the best birthday present ever and told me of the elating news of his long awaited promotion.

When ever he got time off from duty, he never failed to ring up his friends and meet up, now in retrospect it seems he knew he had to make the most of every moment he got to spend the ones close to him, and to make life meaningful.

On his last visit home from the front, as always he met up with a bunch of us, his schoolmates and had a boy's night out, sharing moments of great laughter and mirth in endeared camaraderie. Four days later Podde passed away falling victim to an anti-tank high pressure mine while engaged in a clearance operation in Vauniya on April 30, 2008.

And so, posthumously, he made the rank of captain.

Never did any of us imagine his unmistakable laughter could ever reach a stop. And now a year is coming to pass, but the memories of him will linger in us, leaving his lively laughter and goodhearted mockery to forever echo in the land called 'the past' to which we run to from time to time. He was a brother true to his friends and made every effort to be a friend indeed to those who made meaning in his life.

When the flames of war finally get doused in our beloved country and victory is proclaimed in triumphant finality over the barbarity of separatist terror, may his name be whispered in the solemnity of a prayer to blend with the winds that traverse this earth timelessly

The Wesley College Calendar from July 2009 to December 2010

2009

July/August - 2nd Term Examination
August - GCE Advanced Level Examinations
August 15 - OWSC DANCE, Cinnamon Grand Tickets Rs.3750 Available Now
August - Summer Camp - Soccer etc.
September - Wesley Walk
September - Junior Basket Ball Tournament
September- Junior Senior Tournament
September- October - Badminton championships
September - IX Cricket season
October - Prize Giving
October - Ballard Festival
November - Wesley Carols by Candlelight
December - Junior School Concert
December - Year-End Sports Camp - Swimming
December - GCE O/L Examinations

2010

January - IX Cricket Season
February - Mega Book Sale - Library Project
March - OBU Spring Reunion 136 Year Celebrations
February/March - House Matches
March - College Inter-House Track & Field Meet
April - Examinations
April - Hockey
April - Public Schools Track Championships
May - FUSION 2010
July - College Prize Giving
July - Soccer
July - Rugby
July- Swimming
August - Examinations
August - Wesley Walk 2010
September - Cricket
October - Ballard Festival
November - Carol Service
December - Examinations

Shanti McLelland
Wesley College, Colombo

SPORTS

Boost for Wesley rugby



The skipper of the Wesley College Rugby team Azwad Hanief receiving the sponsorship cheque from Nazeem Ghafoor, Manager of Sales and Distribution of Amana Takaful. Others in the picture are (from left) Mohideen (Senior Coach), M. Vithanage (Team Manager), Laksanda Gunawardana (General Secretary; Wesley Rugby Development Union), M.G.M. Ansari (Manager Sales and Distribution (Motor), Shahul Hameed (Asst. Manager Client Relationship).
Picture by Farook Lantra

Wesleyite and the General Secretary of the Wesley Rugby Development Union.

The medical cover provided by Amana Takaful Insurance is a comprehensive cover for in-patient treatments for the players in the event of injuries that occur during practice sessions and matches.

As an organization that believes in team play, Amana Takaful Insurance, recently tied up with Wesley College as the official insurer of the first fifteen rugby team. The rugby team will be provided medical insurance cover for injuries that may occur during practices and matches.

"Rugby is a game that involves risk but fosters leadership, physical strength and team spirit and school rugby is the foundation they build upon. This was the reasoning behind the sponsorship of the Wesley College rugby team," said Nazeem Ghaffor, Manager Sales and Distribution of Amana Takaful Insurance.

In the past Wesley College has produced a number of talented players who went on to represent the country. The sponsorship by Amana Takaful Insurance is truly a motivating factor for those involved with the administration of a great sport like rugby, said Laksanda Gunawardana, an Old

Rugby - Wesley lost to Issipathana 29 -5 in the semi-final -11 July 2009

Wesley being undefeated B Division champions were the underdog to the more fancied A Division team, Issipathana. Wesley though they had a big pack the difference in the standards of A and B divisions clearly showed. Wesley having never been challenged by stiff opposition in B Division, the pack was slow to the breakdown, lethargic and with poor body height in the scrums so much so that they were pushed around and wheeled in almost every scrum by the smaller Issipathana pack giving poor ball to the scrum half and backs. When in possession poor decision making and ill discipline cost them much ground.

The no. 8 is a one man show and if Wesley is to play as a team in A Division they need to have more on field leaders and players to take on the same workmanlike approach and not rely on him. The scrum half has great talent and will blossom with experience.

The game highlighted the chasm between A and B Divisions and next year Wesley will have to lift. I am confident that with the work of the RDF there will be more improvement after they tested the level they have to encounter next year. Having watched some of the other teams playing, our pack has the potential to be the engine room and driving force to gain possession and dominate next season. They have good body weight/physique but need better match fitness, body strength and scrummaging technique and we will be a force in A Division in 2010. So the work begins in the off-season for the players.

It was great to watch and next week the final will be between St Thomas' and Issipathana on Saturday streamed live.

The Team did us proud by being undefeated and winning B Division this year and congratulations to all the players, coaches and the RDF for their efforts. It is one small step to being firmly entrenched in A Division from next year and even winning the championship.

I had the good fortune to watch the game streamed live on my computer with commentary. The link is www.thepapare.com

ANNOUNCING
WESLEY COLLEGE OBU (Australia)



DOUBLE BLUE
GALA DINNER DANCE

At

“The Grand”

Cathies Lane, Wantirna
(Melway Ref 63 D 11)

On Saturday 3 October 2009

From 7.30pm to 1.00am.

Enjoy an elegant evening
full of prizes, surprises and innovation

Advertisements in Dance Souvenir:

Full Page = \$150.00

Half Page = \$75.00

For Details & Tickets Contact:

Reg Bartholomeusz	9877 1689	Arden Joseph	9803 6652
Trevor Collette	9706 1084	Darryl Koch	8707 5817



WESLEY COLLEGE (COLOMBO) OLD BOYS' UNION
AUSTRALIA BRANCH INCORPORATED

Application for Membership
and/or Remittance of Subscription

(\$1.00 Joining fee - \$20.00 Annual Subscription)

I enclose payment of \$.....being membership dues for the year/s.....(Name).....
(Address).....

I,
(Surname) (Given Names)

of

Telephone : (BH).....(AH).....

Email address:.....

Desire to become a member of the Wesley College (Colombo) Old Boys' Union Australia Branch Incorporated. In the event of my admission as a member, I agree to be bound by the Rules of the Association for the time being in force.

Signature of ApplicantDate:.....

Period at Wesley College to

I,, a Member of the Association nominate the applicant for membership of the Association, who is personally known to me and meets the eligibility criteria for membership.

Signature of Proposer:Date:.....

I,, a Member of the Association second the applicant for membership of the Association, who is personally known to me and meets the eligibility criteria for membership.

Signature of Seconder:Date:

APPROVED:..... Date:.....
President

..... Date:.....
Committee Member