

DOUBLE BLUE BULLETIN

Newsletter of Wesley College(Colombo) Old Boys' Union Australia Branch Incorporated

JUNE 2003

ISSUE 2

Message from the President

It is my privilege to say thank you to the members, for placing their confidence in me and electing me to lead the new committee. The Committee elected at the recent Annual General Meeting is a blend of old and new which augurs well for the future.

We welcome George Robertson who makes a return to committee duties after a few years break, and takes on the role of Editor; Rodney de Kretser, in whose Office some twenty one years ago the preliminary discussions to form the Old Boys Association took place and who served on the initial committee, has also come forward to lend his support; Daryl Koch who for many years has taken care of all the printing needs of the association is welcomed along with Keith Rozairo who brings to us the much needed fresh outlook with his youth; having started at Wesley after the rest of the committee members had left the school. The rest of the committee who continue to hold office are Bryan Wijeyekoon, as Vice-President, Dayantha Makalanda, who has taken over the demanding Secretary's position, Ken Mahamooth has taken over the responsibilities of Treasurer, and Reg Bartholomeusz who stepped down from the Presidents position after three fruitful years, yet has kindly agreed to stay on and give the new committee his support and cooperation.

To the four Committee members who have decided to stand down and take a well deserved respite, I say thank you for the time and effort ungrudgingly given to the Association. Allister Bartholomeusz, who functioned as Vice – President and then taking on the Editors role produced Newsletters of outstanding quality, and his wife Helen, Neville Ludowyke and wife Mignonne, Nelson de Silva who meticulously and scrupulously handled the finances, and wife Karin, and Mahendra Dissanayake who always found

time from his busy schedule to attend to numerous

tasks we say a big “Thank You”.

Mahendra, the architect and designer of our web site will continue to function as the Editor of our Web Page.

The challenges facing our Association and the Committee at the moment are to find out how to best serve the needs of our members as well as ensure financial viability. The Committee has scheduled the regular “Club Nights”, the Annual Dinner Dance, “Seniors Get Together”, we are hopeful that the cricket quadrangular will be held this year, and look forward to the support of as many members as possible for these occasions. The Newsletters will continue to be circulated and we request that the members contribute to these publications.

To all members who have omitted to pay their subscriptions I make a special request that you remember to send your dues in and thereby contribute to the efficient functioning of our Association. Remember “.....and when Wesley's' call shall sound Ready Aye shall all be found “.

ORA ET LABORA.....Trevor Collette

AIMS OF THE OLD BOYS' UNION AUSTRALIA BRANCH INC.

1. To unite in one fraternal band those who were educated at Wesley College, Colombo.
2. To afford an opportunity of bringing together past and present pupils of Wesley College.
3. To assist in meeting the needs of the College as they arise.
4. To do all things necessary to preserve the honour and dignity of the College

Editorial....

Why Wesley?

You and I live at a time unlike any other. We accumulate knowledge about ourselves, the Universe and all else at a rate far beyond our capacity to comprehend. And just when we think we have understood one lot, we are swamped by the next wave and everything we learnt previously has become obsolete.

Make no mistake, this is the best of times but it is also a time of great emptiness.

In our striving to succeed, we have today abandoned many tried and tested values which sustained us and our relationships. They were the measure by which we were identified, the standards by which we stood or fell.

In today's world, high achievement at whatever cost is the main goal. Being 'FIRST' is all that matters. To lose is synonymous with disgrace; in business, in the sporting arena, in politics and even in daily relationships.

I remember being taught that "It is not whether you win or lose, but how you play the game" that matters. To respect your opponent, and to recognize his endeavour. Does anybody still use the phrase "It's not cricket"?

The Union of Old Boys was never intended to be just a body of old men sitting around talking about themselves and the past.

We must look ahead, we must strive to make sure that the boys of Wesley, to-day, will also have the same opportunities that we enjoyed.

We are quick to express our affection and gratitude to Wesley College for the benefit of a good start in life. We must now commit ourselves to make sure that the work continues, and that the traditions and values we all respect will be evident for years to come.

In a changing world, some things must never be allowed to change. That's why Wesley.



A new look at old Books.....

"CEYLON BEATEN TRACK" - W.T. Keble

This wonderful book was first published in 1940 but I never had the pleasure of reading it until I recently purchased a copy in Sri Lanka.

The author describes his tour of exploration across the Island, traversing North-South, East-West, with every stopover included, plus many locations not even mentioned on any map.

The most enjoyable facet of Mr Keble's narrative is his ability to enliven even the tiniest incident in his travels, his talent in making the smallest detail come alive – the call of a water-fowl as it flies across the Kalawewa at sunset; the eyes of a leopard standing in the middle of the road in the glare of headlights; the village urchins watching him pack his car for another stretch of his journey.....

Interwoven into this masterfully constructed book are frequent descriptions of the Island's history, retold with such a zest for narrative and the atmosphere of the era that make it all seem so contemporary. It was hard to accept that the author is describing events that occurred many centuries back in time.

If you can appreciate the beauty of a tropical jungle at first light, marvel at the timelessness of a temple that was constructed twenty five centuries ago, and the terms "Jungle Fowl", "Minneriya", "Elephant Pass" and "Sigiriya" recall memories of another time, another place, you will enjoy Mr Keble's wonderful odyssey.

A book to enjoy and keep..



Your views/Ideas

We encourage letters to the Editor on any issue. Articles of interest, Births, Anniversary etc. Suggestions and new ideas we would like to hear.

Neil Gallagher visits Australia...

Old boy of Wesley College, fellow classmate and later workmate, my old friend Neil Gallagher took time off to spend a very pleasant afternoon at my home recently, chatting about old times.

Neil was holidaying "Down Under" when he managed to visit Victoria, New South Wales, ACT, Southern Queensland and South Australia, meeting up with many of his former school mates on the way.

We were students at Wesley when Rev. James Cartman was Principal, and later Mr C J Oorloff and others.

Neil was a keen sportsman, concentrating on cricket and was a member of that now famous unbeaten XI in 1953, under the Captaincy of Bryan Claessen.

He joined the staff of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank in Colombo sometime after I did, and we remained there until I emigrated to Australia in 1963.

Neil has recently retired from the Bank's Colombo Office and certainly appears to be enjoying his retirement.

He was the guest at a gathering of ex Hong Kong Bank boys in Melbourne before he returned home.

It was great to meet Neil after more than forty years.

George Robertson



Dates to

2003	July 12	- Club Night
	Date to be notified - Annual Dinner Dance	
	November	- Trip to NSW
	December	- Seniors' Night
2004	February	- Club Night
	February	- Cricket Tournament

An open letter to Thanushka Jayasundera, Wesley College, Sri Lanka

Congratulations! You are the first present Wesleyite to post a message to our website. It was also published in the previous issue of the "Double Blue Bulletin" here in Australia.

Your description of your days at Wesley and the sentiments you express on having to leave are shared by many of us, and bring back wonderful memories of our own school days.

In your message you asked the question – "So how come I have to leave this place? The whole idea is strange to me".....(your words)

You must leave, because Wesley College is not the end, it is the beginning. It is where we all began this adventure we call "Life", and Wesley showed us the path that each of us must follow according to his own needs. How far you journey and whatever goal you achieve, is up to you. And you will have with you some useful gifts from Wesley "especially the value of commitment, sacrifice, qualities of a good leader, time management and the value of sticking together at any cost"....(Again, these are your words).

Our years at school are a preparation for the years AHEAD. The lessons we have learned will be useless if we do not apply them to the changing scenes of life.

The teaching process is now almost complete. You are about to launch out.

There are many hundreds of old Wesleyites throughout the world, all of whom started life just as you are about to, and many of them will say a silent "Thank You" for having had the benefit of such a wonderful preparation.

So Good Luck and safe journey, and remember:.....
129 years of tradition and many thousands of Wesleyites past and present are your companions.

- Editor -

"There is a fountain of youth:
it is your mind, your talents,
and the creativity you bring to your Life"

All correspondence should be sent to:

The Editor
Double Blue Bulletin
Box 123 Glenway MDC
Mulgrave 3170
VICTORIA - AUSTRALIA

Godfrey Vandort

He was known as “Goofy” – a pet-name for Godfrey.

Goofy Vandort was quite a character – strong in opinion, inflexible and sometimes even obstinate. He was assailed by moods – high and low, full of fun and laughter on occasions, cynical and touchy at other times.

I knew Godfrey when he was a young man who visited his Aunt Rene when she stayed with my Grandmother in Pamankade – though much later in life I got to know him better. He worked in the National Insurance Corporation for many years. Should he have seen anyone he recognized in the corridors or offices of the establishment, he would saunter up to them, “What can I do for you?” or “Can I take you to the person you have come to see?” he would ask and leaving his desk take the visitor as requested. Goofy had an inborn sense of “PR” and would go out of his way to be of assistance.

Since his retirement I came to meet him more frequently. A very close friend of my cousin, he and his wife Crystal were always at their family events and invariably over a drink and pot-luck dinner of evenings. Goofy was an interesting man to converse with and he would entertain his listeners with a run of anecdotes, jokes and stories – some quite exaggerated and obviously fictitious. He had an insatiable desire to see and know more of our Island, its deep back-blocks, little towns and villages, places of historic or religious significance and he would probe my knowledge. A memorable holiday we once shared was in Diyatalawa, the Survey Camp. Goofy lapped up all I showed him in the hills around – “Adisham”, “Lipton’s Seat” off Haputale, the road down to Badulla and the Duwa Temple; the wooden Bogoda Bridge, Ravenella Falls and the spectacular Ella Gorge. The camera, which was part of the man, had its open shutter at every turn. Roll after roll of film emerged from that trip.

Godfrey Vandort was undoubtedly an expert with his camera – an extraordinary photographer. He was proud of the Award he once won for his picture of Stilt Walkers, at a Japanese Photographic Exhibition.

At every function in the Dutch Burgher Union in recent times, Godfrey stealthily moved amongst the crowd with his camera – be it a children’s party or in our Elders’ Home, the occasion of a special Lecture or Founder’s Day. He captured moments of significance which will remain on record.

Godfrey was not only the “unofficial Photographer for the DBU, he was also jolly “Mr Santa Claus” or the stately “Bishop, St. Nikolaas”. He played those roles with aplomb –.....varying his style, his expression, for the part he was taking. As the roly-poly Santa in red cloak and fur he bounced around kissing the old ladies of the Home for great giggles and with the children on St. Nikolaas’ Day he sat them on his knee and tenderly talked to them as the sober Bishop.

Goofy will be remembered by many - for a long time. The vast crowd, of all strata in life who turned out at his funeral Sunday evening 9 February 2003, did show what a circle of people knew him and came to pay him their respects.

Deloraine Brohier

Membership rates

**Full - \$12, Pensioners - \$10,
*Seniors - Voluntary
* Members over 70 years of age are to
inform the Treasurer of their age to
qualify.**

Membership Subscriptions....

The Subscriptions for the calendar year January to December 2003 are due and should be paid as soon as possible, to:

***The Treasurer
Wesley College (Colombo) OBU
Australia Branch Inc
Box 123 Glenways MDC***

Your Committee 2003

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Hopper Night:

Saturday, 12th July 2003



Brentwood Community Youth Club
645 Ferntree Gully Road
Brandon Park

7.30pm till 1.00 AM
BYO Drinks
Tickets \$22.50
Children under 10yrs free
Music by 'BLOO WAVE'

For Tickets Contact :

Bryan Wijeyekoon : 0409 554582
Trevor Collette : (03) 9706 1084
Reg Bartholomeusz: BH: (03) 9949 5141
AH: (03) 9874 2335

or email obua@wesleycollege.org

Capt. Navin de Silva to be felicitated - Daily News 9th May 2003

The old Wesleyites sports club at its forthcoming AGM to be held on 10th May, 2003, will felicitate Capt. Navin de Silva, a distinguished son of Wesley and past president of the Old Wesleyites Sports Club. His contribution towards both the School and OWSC could be an ideal benchmark for any to follow, and most fittingly his portrait will be unveiled at this function.

Navin aged 40 years, educated right through at Wesley, was the Senior Head Prefect, received School Colours for Cricket, Badminton, Athletic and Rugby.

He captained the Senior Cricket, Athletics and Rugby Teams and captained the Sri Lanka School Cricket Team in 1980 that toured England and the Under 22 team which played against India.

During the period 1980-81 he scored over 1000 runs and took 50 wickets, was awarded the Best Captain, Best All Rounder and received the School Boy Cricketer Award of the year.

Later he represented NCC, CCC and Tamil Union in Sara Trophy Cricket. In pursuing a career and in keeping with his reputation as a "High Flyer" Navin chose the path of navigating in the sky.

He served the Sri Lanka Air Force as a Volunteer Pilot for 1 1/2 years and joined the Sri Lankan Air Lines, where he has been employed for past 17 years and currently serves as an Instructor Captain.

His latest interest is Golf, where within a very short period in taking to hit the stationery ball has won several local and international tournaments. In the international tournaments he took part so far, he was a finalist in the Asian Finals held in Brisbane, World Finals Stuttgart both sponsored by Mercedes. He became the Champion at the world International Air Line Championship in New Delhi and took Sri Lankan Air Lines to the runner-up stage in the team event.

He was the OWSC president from 1999 - 2001. During which period he was responsible for many fund raising projects for his Alma mater.

He was also the pioneering strength towards realizing the 2nd development phase of the Club, which boasts Billiards Room and a Squash Court. (RD)

Sports Section...

Wesley takes WP Under17 rugby title 2003



Wesley College clinched the Western Province under 17 rugby title when they defeated giant killers Asoka Maha Vidyalaya Colombo by 39 points to 5 in the final worked off at Thurstan College grounds, yesterday.

The Wesleyites collected their points from two goals and five tries having led 22 nil at half time. Asoka MV who defeated some of the more fancied teams on their way into the final failed to live up to their expectations and managed to score only a solitary try. Wing three quarter Neranjan Wickremaratne planted two tries while centres Yamal Amarathunga, Malin Gimhana, scrum half Samantha Lakshan, prop forward Shiyam Salheem and full back Amal Pathirana scored a try each for the winners. Samantha Lakshan was successful in converting only two tries.

Pradeep Fernando refereed (C.D.)

Vernon Achilles triumphs in annual Rifle Shooting event



Our most senior old boy, Mr Vernon Achilles, was the winner at the Veterans' Championship event at the Annual Rifle Shooting Tournament conducted by the ACF last October.

Now in his 96th year, Mr Achilles has been a regular participant at this annual event, and must be commended for the enthusiasm and keen sportsmanship that has brought him this success.

We extend congratulations from everyone in the Wesley O.B.U. to Mr Achilles.

Remember when.....?

If you lived as a child in the 40's, 50's, 60's or even the 70's, looking back, it's hard to believe that we lived as long as we have.....

- As kids, we would travel in cars with no seat belts or air bags.
- Our cots were covered in bright coloured LEAD based paint. There were no child-proof caps on medicine bottles, no child-proof handles on doors or cupboards, and when we rode our bikes we had no helmets.
- We would be out playing all day; no one could reach us, so long as we came home before dark. There were no mobile phones.
- We got cuts and scrapes, broke bones and/or teeth, but nobody got sued. These were accidents. Remembers "accidents"?
- We ate apple cakes, kalu-dodol, milk toffee, drank cordial, but we were never overweight – we lived outdoors, playing, most of the time. We shared one drink among four friends, from one bottle, and no one ever died from this.
- We did not have playstations, Nintendo, video games, 65 channels on pay TV, video tapes, surround-sound, a personal mobile phone, computers or internet chat-rooms. We just had friends. We went outside and found them.
- We road our bikes or walked to our friends' homes, knocked on the door and walked in – Simple. Our actions were our own. Consequences were expected. There was no one to hide behind. The idea of a parent bailing us out if we did something wrong was unheard of.
- The past 50 years have seen an explosion of inventions and a whole lot of new ideas.

We had freedom, discipline, success and failure and learned to accept the responsibility for all that we did.

We were fortunate to grow up as kids at a time before lawyers and governments regulated our lives (For our own good).

- Editor -

Disclaimer

Whilst every effort is made to ensure correctness, the Wesley College (Colombo) Old Boys' Union Australia Branch Inc. does not accept responsibility in whole or part for views, contributions or advertised products or services included in this publication

My life as a boarder (1952-58) by Dr.N.D.Amerasekera

There was peace in our country although the storm clouds of discontent were gathering. My father was in Government Service and had to move every 3 years, what was then euphemistically called "transfers". My parents decided to send me to the hostel, at great cost to them. It was to give me a stable life and teach me social skills and discipline.

Memories of life in the boarding can fill a book. I will select a few that I can recall with clarity. I was lucky to belong to a generation inspired by great teachers and principals. They gave us lofty ideas, inspiration, self respect, firm discipline and anchorage. It was a sublime experience.

I was ten years old. It was the large frame of Mrs. Hindle, the Matron, who welcomed us. All our possessions were crammed into a large metal trunk and the clothes had our name tags.

There is no place like the boarding to get to know the fellow students. The Saints, sinners and the scholars reveal themselves in the fullness of time and there is no better preparation for the life outside. In the boarding we were confined to the school boundary. I was in the junior dorm which had a small wooden cubicle for the prefect in charge. In the dorms there were two rows of beds covered with the double blue bedspreads which were our trademark. We were not allowed to sit on the bedspread. Life began at 6am with the bell. Wash and ablutions were done in the communal bathrooms where Kolynos chlorophyll toothpaste and purple Lifebuoy soap comes to mind instantly

We had PE at 5.45 am taken by a monitor (usually a masochist) for about 10 minutes. Prep started at 6.45 finishing at 7.35 when we all assembled in the dining room for breakfast. Bread jam and tea was served,

sometimes hoppers like flying saucers and string hoppers hard enough to kill a man. These were served with mouth watering seeni sambol packed with a stick of dynamite. The school bell rang at 8.15am. From 4 - 6pm all boarders were expected to indulge in sports which most of us enjoyed. Prep was done in 2 prep rooms on either side of the common room. We had our own desks securely padlocked. There was a hostel master or a prefect on "guard" to make sure there was no chit chat during prep. After homework we prepared for tests and examinations. Prep was from 6.30pm until 7.45 when we met in a small room called the chapel and had prayers taken by a teacher. On one wall was a famous painting of the 'Praying Hands' by Albrecht Durer. There was a tall pulpit. I remember singing hymns and praying leaning against a wall. Dinner was served at 8pm and prep started again at 8.30 until 9.15. We retired to bed at 9.30pm when it was "lights out". The barber came every Wednesday, being a half day. Cutting was done in the open air in front of the primary block. I often feared that flying crows will provide the Brylcreem. We wrote our names in the barber's book and that was the "batting order". We had to be motionless during the procedure to avoid cutting the ears.

The clothes washing was done by a "dhoby" who visited the hostel once a fortnight in his bullock cart. Thursday dinner was special called, "State dinner". Mr. and Mrs. Oorloff joined us and the food was marginally better than usual with a dessert. The Principal always said Grace in Latin. Saturdays we played sports the whole day and in the evening there was a film show. The 16mm films borrowed from the embassies showed life in other countries and items of "Pathe" news.

There was no television, no computers, and no mobile phones. We made our own entertainment and amused ourselves. Mr. LA Fernando took large groups of us to see films at the big Cinema halls. I remember seeing "Demetrius and the Gladiators", "The Robe" and "Samson and Delilah". During the marble season we were all at it playing "bunkings". Games like carrom and table tennis were popular. These were played in the Common Room which had a Rediffusion set to listen to BBC News, Elvis Presley or Bill Haley. There was also a game called "Thachchi" which was played in the Badminton courts in the front of the school. In the hostel we had 3 houses Yodhayas, Vikings and Spartans. There was great rivalry. The matches were keenly contested and took place in the "small park". The small park was a patch of gravel. Trips and falls here resulted in numerous grazes and peeled skin. All these running repairs were done by Mrs. Hindle with iodine and spirits sending us

skipping in pain. We wore tennis shoes for games. As we never bothered to keep our feet clean constant usage created "toe jam".

On Sundays there was no salvation for the Christians outside the church and the non-Christians had it easy. The rest had to walk to the Maradana Methodist church in the morning for Sunday school and in the evening for Evensong. It was a long trudge on narrow roads with trams, cyclists and motorists whizzing past. Certainly the path to heaven wasn't easy! We all hated the journey and wished we were non-Christians. The highlight of the evening service was the singing of the octogenarian Mr. Blacker, an old boy of Wesley, who was very deaf and sang a different hymn to the rest of us.

There was intense loyalty to the hostel. All the Hostellers were in Moscrop House which brought a great degree of unity. This surfaced at interschool matches. There were little groups or gangs who stuck together and occasionally violence erupted ending up with "Laffa" who applied the Wisdom of Solomon. The victim, assailant, witnesses and bystanders were all caned. Those who "sneaked" got punished by the peer group as well. The friendships were strong and lasting and the day scholars feared the camaraderie that existed. Muslims, Tamils, Sinhalese and Burghers formed one large brotherhood which we carried to the wider world in later years. There were two blind students in the senior dorm who were greatly liked by us all. One of them, Cornelius, was an excellent pianist and the other was Matthew (thanks to Mike Christoffelsz and Lou Adihetty for jogging my memory) I met Cornelius many years later when he was in charge of a School for the Blind in Seeduwa. He didn't recognise my voice but recalled my name and the connection instantly.

For many years we had bed bugs in the hostel. There were debugging sessions on Saturdays which the boarders undertook without any input from the management. Some used lighted candles to burn the bugs from the iron beds. When sickness struck we were put in a small house by the rear entrance of the school called the Sick room. It had a toilet and a single large room. The matron visited us twice a day and the food was sent to us.

It would be fair to say I enjoyed the mealtimes more than the meals. As I recall the hostel food was appalling and we were eternally hungry. Wijemanne's Tuck shop was our only hope for sustenance. Trips from folks at home brought food and extra money. There were times when I was flat broke. Friday was the day we got our pocket money. Often the rupee we got was used to pay our debts to Wijemanne, the

achcharu ladies or the Toffee man. The large Tamarind tree provided a sour mouthful when the hunger was pretty desperate. Being cheap, tasty and filling a "thosai feed" was the ultimate luxury we dreamed of. Raman the gardener brought the stuff from Purasanda Café next door.

I joined the boarding as a child and left as an adult. In that process I noticed my voice go husky and the hairs appearing on my body. The Mount Mary girls whom I had ignored for many years became attractive and even sensuous and beautiful... I went to Church and Sunday school to see the girls and speak to them. It was a phase that remained well into our teens - a time in our youth when we saw the world in vivid Technicolor.

We often used the road through Karlshue gardens to go to Campbell Park for sports. Mr. Eric Gunasekera used to stand at the gate of his house to ask us the cricket scores on Fridays and Saturdays. He was blind then but his love for the school remained strong. The famous Nalanda cricketer Sarath Silva used to live down that road too and of course Ajitha Wijesinghe (old boy) at the top of the road and Dr. Jayasundera and his daughters next to the "small park".

The school cricket season made the hardships all worthwhile. Fridays and Saturdays all the boarders were at Campbell Park. Mr. LA Fernando led the cheering and the bailas. Even the College song was given a swing. Wesley had many unbeaten teams in the early fifties. The Claessens, Adihettys and the Fuards dominated the game from start to finish. There was good support for the away matches in Colombo as we were taken by a teacher or a senior boy. Having Neil Gallagher, and A.R. Chapman in the team both being boarders the support was intense and very worthwhile. I still believe 1952-53 were the finest years of cricket at Wesley. We were allowed out of the boarding one weekend a month, in the mid term and in the holidays. The process of getting off for these weekend breaks needed careful planning like obtaining a visa. We had a little blue book called the "Exeat" which had to be duly signed by a teacher.

There were annual hostel trips which took place in the mid term holidays or on a long weekend. We helped each other a great deal to achieve our goals. On the last day of school the leavers said their goodbyes and those who had the courage made a short speech after dinner. Life in the boarding was never a bed of roses. The years between the ages of 10 and 13 were the worst. Often I felt the teachers could have been a bit kinder to the boys who were far from home. In those days values were different and the belief was that the

boys had to be toughened up in preparation for the rigors of life ahead. Perhaps there is some truth in that too.

We had a premonition of the mass dispersal that would take place as we finished schooling. Many of us maintained autograph books. The contents varied from canny limericks to Shakespeare. At the end of our stay in the hostel it became a vast collection of memories which I guarded with my life only to be a casualty of time and lack of space later on.

Despite the hustle and bustle of life and the regimentation we had time to put our arms round our pals and share in their joys and sorrows. We shared our secrets and exchanged stories about our parents, brothers and sisters. We talked about our dreams and aspirations for the future and assumed we will always be friends. It fills my heart with sadness to think many of us will never meet again. It is a horrible reminder of your own mortality when you read or hear of the death of boarders who played, laughed, sang and fought with us all those years ago. For me they will always remain fifteen, healthy and smiling. It is hard to believe they will not be playing those elegant cover drives ever again or be ready for a pillow fight.

By 1958 it was time to leave the boarding. I left with mixed feelings. Sad to leave my friends with whom I shared six long years but glad to regain my independence and some good food of my own choice. I maintained strong links with the hostel and with my numerous friends in the boarding until I left school in 1962.

The sands of time have moved on as I have progressed from youth to middle age. After many years, I visited the hostel in 1998 and walked the long corridors once again. The nostalgia was overwhelming but the magic of the place had gone without the friends who made it so special. Fifty years on Wesley continues to make immense contributions to education but the Boarding has been scaled down - a sign of the times.

I dedicate these memoirs to my classmates, Dayaprasad Peiris and C. Amaradasa Fernando, who endured the pain and pleasures of boarding life with me. They were sons of Methodist Clergymen. Daya, I remember him as a chorister singing "Once in Royal David City" and CAF as a chap with a gravel voice and a poker face. Daya became a Journalist and CAF, a Superintendent of Police. They both lost their battle for life in their early fifties. May their Souls Rest in Peace.

Ah! Those were the days and how time flies.



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 -

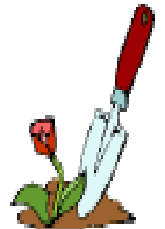
For all keen gardeners out there.....

First plant three rows of **PEAS**:

- 1 Peace of mind
- 2 Peace of heart
- 3 Peace of soul

Then plant four rows of **SQUASH**:

- 1 Squash gossip
- 2 Squash indifference
- 3 Squash grumbling
- 4 Squash selfishness



Next plant four rows of **LETTUCE**:

- 1 Let us be faithful
- 2 Lettuce be kind
- 3 Lettuce be patient
- 4 Lettuce love one another

Make sure to grow a couple of rows of **TURNIPS**:

- 1 Turnip for loved ones
- 2 Turnip to help others

Finally the garden just needs some **THYME**:

- 1 Thyme for family
- 3 Thyme for friends
- 4 Thyme for love

There can be much fruit in your garden because you reap what you sow!

Water freely with Patience and cultivate with Love

- **HAPPY GARDENING** -

The world will be a much better place if everyone became farmers with this garden in mind.

