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GOLDEN OLDIES LUNCHEON

The Golden Oldies Luncheon which was held on Sunday 20 March at the Mt Waverley Community Centre was an enjoyable occasion where several Old Boys and their spouses renewed their friendships and swapped yarns of yesteryear.

The Chief Guest for the afternoon was our Patron, Hon Judge Christopher Weeramantry (1937 Group) who addressed the gathering on the Dangers of Nuclear Reactors, Nuclear Waste and Nuclear Weapons, an issue on which he has been campaigning against for the past 30 years. Hon Judge Weeramantry has written a paper on the Illegality of Nuclear Reactors and has also issued an Open Letter to the Environmental Ministers of the World, a copy of which is reproduced in the Floreat. He warned against the dangers of short term profit vs long term damage and stated that all religions condemn this practice. He also opined that the world would not be faced with all the problems we face today if we were more aware and tolerant of other religions. He recounted how during his schooldays, Mr Bradby would read from the scriptures of all religions at Assembly, a practice which opened the eyes of the boys to other religions.

Nihal De Run did an excellent job as MC for the afternoon and has perhaps found his true calling in life as a Bingo caller!! Mazhar Rauff lived up to his reputation with a scrumptious buffet while Rob Foenander provided a touch of nostalgia with his Golden Oldies music. All in all, a most enjoyable afternoon and a good time was had by all.



GOLDEN OLDIES LUNCHEON



“Learn to play the game”

Our heartiest congratulations to Kumar Sangakkara and his men on making it to the finals of World Cup 2011 and emulating the feats of their predecessors in 2007, albeit not quite matching the heroics of Arjuna Ranatunga's victorious team in 1996. Three squads spanning 15 years and comprising 32 men who have ensured that Sri Lanka has confirmed its reputation as a cricketing powerhouse.

In years gone by, it would have been safe to assume that the Sri Lankan team would have had a liberal smattering of Royalists and perhaps a few Thomians too. However, among these 32 men who brought glory to Sri Lanka there was not a single Royalist (and as for any Thomians who might be reading this and sniggering, I am afraid there is no reason to look so smug as there were no Thomians in the team either!).

So, are we seeing the setting of the sun on the Royal Empire?

I was in Colombo last month for the Royal - Thomian Match and the excitement surrounding the game and its traditions was no different from that when I was a schoolboy. Similar to the reputation of the Melbourne Cup as “the race which stops the nation”, the Royal Thomian continues to be the “match which stops the nation”. The Royal College Souvenir Magazine made for pleasant reading and amidst the reminiscences and strolls down memory lane, there were also plenty of articles extolling the virtues of Royalists and self congratulatory pats on the back for being the “crème de la crème of society”. Are we kidding ourselves and clinging on to illusions of grandeur? Are we like ostriches sticking our heads in the sand and refusing to see that in terms of achievements, the playing field is much more level than in the past and we are no longer clear leaders of the pack?

In the past we have basked in reflected glory based on the achievements of prominent Old Royalists who have been Presidents, Prime Ministers,

CEOs, leading figures in the world of business, finance, medicine and law as well as giants on the cricket and rugby fields. However, are these achievements the only reason why we are proud to call ourselves Royalists?

What is our Value Proposition? How do we want to be perceived by generations to come? What is the legacy we want to leave? How does one differentiate a Royalist from a non - Royalist?

As Dimitri De Silva states in an article in the Royal College Souvenir Magazine, “a school is judged by those it produces rather than by what it has by ways of resources and achievements”.

In a world that is constantly rocked by greed, corruption and scandal on a daily basis, shouldn't we be proud if Royal College can continue to produce men of integrity, men of courage and men who know the difference between right and wrong? Qualities which we take for granted but which are so sadly lacking in today's world.

“We will learn of books and men and learn to play the game”

When Major H.L.Reed urged us to “learn to play the game” he was referring not to the game of cricket but indeed to the bigger game of life. The fact that there were no Royalists in the Sri Lankan World Cup Squad may be a small matter of concern but in the greater scheme of things is not the end of the world as we know it. However, as long as Royal College continues to produce men who can play the game of life with integrity and courage, men who will be dutiful sons, caring husbands, loving fathers and loyal friends, we will still be considered to be “Primus Inter Pares” or “First Among Equals” and we can hold our heads up high and be proud to call ourselves Royalists.

Floreat

Dinesh Chelvathurai



It was a gloomy day on the last Saturday of February. As players from both teams arrived at the ground there was a steady drizzle which later escalated onto slightly heavy rain effectively ruling out the match taking place on the traditional turf wicket at Mulgrave Reserve. The Royal College team was slightly depleted as a result of last year's captain, Shanaka Perera and vice captain, Umesh Goonawardane both being unavailable due to overseas holidays. As a consequence, the gentle giant, Sanjeewa 'Sajja' Udumalagala reluctantly stepped up to the captaincy role, much like Allan Border did in the mid 1980s! The Thomians were also low on quality with last year's captain Chanaka Goonawardane being unavailable due to family commitments. In his absence, last year's man of the match, Azwan Thajudeen stepped up to the captaincy role for Thomians. Therefore, on paper both sides were evenly matched, perhaps with a slight advantage towards the Royalists.

Once play was ruled out on the turf wicket the umpires and captains inspected the hard wicket on the adjoining ground. At this stage it was still raining although there were signs of the rain easing to allow play. Finally, after much debate, both umpires and captains agreed to put on a show for the sparse crowd that had turned up to support their respective alma maters. Given the time limitations an agreement was reached between the captains to play a 20/20 game consistent with the current hype surrounding this particular format of 'crash-bang' cricket!

To the delight of the Royal team Sajja won the toss and elected to bat. Royal got off to a good start with opener Dharshana Athukorala making a quick fire 19 runs. After the fall of the openers, the veteran Channa Goonawardane walked to the crease and immediately started dispatching the Thomian bowlers to all parts of the ground. He was ably supported by Lakmal Abeysekera (15 runs) and Chehan Senasekera (17 runs). Royal managed a total of 120/9 from their allotted 20 overs. Channa batted superbly for a swashbuckling 48.

After a short break the Thomians got on the park for their batting stint. However, they got off to a nightmare

start with both Sajja and Channa bowling superbly at pace with considerable swing. As a consequence, the Thomians collapsed to 4/10 after 6 overs! Finally Azwan with the help of a few others managed to get the Thomian score passed 50. Unfortunately, the traditional Thomian grit was nowhere to be found with the Royal bowlers running through the Thomian batting for a paltry score of 85. Sajja lead the bowling from the front with 3 wickets ably supported by Channa and Chehan each picking up 2 wickets apiece. In summary it was a clinical performance and a convincing win by the Royalists despite the absence of a couple of their stars.

The main award winners were as follows:

Best Bowler: Sanjeewa Udumalagala (Royal College)

Best Batsmen: Channa Goonawardane (Royal College)

Edward Gray Memorial Trophy for the Man-of-the-Match: Channa Goonawardane (Royal College)

By Lakmal 'Laki' Abeysekera



Autumn Fires Dinner Dance

The Autumn Fires Dinner Dance was held on the Saturday 9th April at the Glen Eira Town hall. The main purpose of this dance was to attract younger Royalists in Melbourne to RCOBAA events. It was well attended with over 300 tickets being sold.

The event was held to coincide with the Sinhala and Tamil New Year. The Glen Eira town hall was beautifully decorated for the evening with a touch of Sinhala and Tamil New Year traditions. Going with the Avurudu theme a plate of kiribath was served to each table during the final break of the event. Liliith De Silva as the President of the Association commenced proceedings by welcoming the Royalists of various year levels and their guests. He briefly outlined the projects the association has embarked this year to participate in- specially the projects undertaken to provide scholarships to students attending the College hostel. This program is run by the Royal College Hostellers Association in Colombo.

Desmond De Silva was the guest artist for the event and music was provided by Sandra and Replay 6. There was a good variety of music by Desmond which included waltz, rock & roll and baila. Desmond did a tremendous job in getting crowd to the dance floor and keeping them there. The dance floor was packed to capacity.

It was heartening to see many young Royalist attend the event and have a very good time. Judging by the feedback received from younger Royalists we can expect to see younger Royalists attend future RCOBAA events. There is a good opportunity for the RCOBAA to increase the membership base following the success of the Autumn Fires Dinner Dance.

Nihal De Run once again did an excellent job as MC for the evening. Riza Mutalip a fellow Royalist and his team from East West Caterers provided the guests with a scrumptious buffet. The dinner dance was proudly sponsored by Koncept Homes Dandenong and Jovees herbal skin and hair care. The subcommittee in charge of the dinner dance did an excellent job to make the event a success, a special mention should be given to

Sunil De Silva and Feisul Uduman who played a major role in organising the event. On the whole it was an enjoyable evening and we look forward to seeing many young Royalists attend future RCOBAA events.

Royal College Old Boys in Australia
Association Inc.
presents
**Royal
Rendezvous
2011**
Saturday 16th July 2011
7.30pm - 1.00am

Box Hill Town Hall
1022 Whitehorse Road, Box Hill VIC 3128

*Canapies served on arrival
(7.30 - 8.00pm)
Eastern & Western Smorgasbord
by Mazar Rauff*

*Bottle of Scotch Whisky
Limited Red and White Wine
Mixers provided
BYO Drinks of your choice*

Music by : MP5
Dress : Lounge/ After five

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\$75 pp

Mahes Rodrigo

The end of a glorious innings

Tribute to a great sportsman

By Bernie Wijesekera

Mahesa (Mahes) Rodrigo one of Sri Lanka's early double-internationals has passed away after a brief illness. Mahes represented his alma mater, Royal College and later his country then known as Ceylon, both in cricket and rugby football as a diminutive wicket-keeper and scrum half respectively. His clubs were the Sinhalese Sports Club (SSC-cricket) and the Ceylonese Rugby and Football Club (CR&FC-rugby). He was particularly fond of the 'CR' where he was a live-wire for decades as a Life Member. He was 84 years old.

Mahes Rodrigo played as Ceylon's wicket-keeper in the pre-Test status era and his 12 first-class appearances consisted of matches against Pakistan, the West Indies, Commonwealth XI and the Marylebone Cricket Club, amongst others. He also took the field for Ceylon in a one day match against Don Bradman's Australians in the 1947/48 season.

In 1949, at 20 years of age he represented the country in

cricket, blasting 135 not out, as an opening batsman against 'fiery' fast bowlers of a first class West Indian test cricket team that visited the island. It was considered the 'gutsiest' innings played by any batsman on the 'Sara' Stadium Grounds described as 'the fastest, grassiest and bounciest' ever seen. In the 'one-dayer' against the world famous Australian test team captained by the great Don Bradman, Mahes performed with great distinction scoring a confident 26 runs and taking a 'superfine' catch to dismiss Loxton in the outfield.

Playing under the brilliant and crafty F. C. de Saram, young Mahes received his 'baptism' into big-time Cricket in the company of classy players like, B. R. Heyn, Sargo Jayawickreme, C. I. Gunesekera, R. L. de Kretser, S. Nagendra, V. G. Prins, M. Sathasivam, Bertie Wijesinghe, Sathi Coomarasamy, Ben Navaratne, Malcolm Spittel, Lucien de Zoysa and C. V. Abeysekera, to name a few.

In later years, Mahes coached several Royal College teams both cricket and rugby in the 1960s and early 1970s. Mahes never demanded respect but he commanded it, which he duly received from everyone who was associated with him. His 80th birthday was celebrated in style at the '80 Club' and in the midst of the gathering, shining out were Golden Oldies Bertie Wijesinghe and his wife Doreen, Ian Peiris, the Cambridge Blue and his wife Gun, Gamini Salgado, the 1942 Royal cricket



Mahes Rodrigo (Pic by Ravindra Dharmatilaka)

captain, Summa Navaratnam, yet another die-hard old Royalist, also a ruggelite and once renown as Asia's fastest sprinter, Ifthika Cader to name a few. Joining him on this grand occasion were his charges U.L. Kaluaratchi, Vijaya Malasekera, Shaw Wilson, Chanaka De Silva, Malik Samarawickrama, Jagath Fernando, Susantha Ratnayake, Dhammike Wedande, Ray de Silva, Nalin Pattikirikorale, Ana Wimaladharma, Dr. Fred Perera and other vintage cricketers and ruggelites.

Glowing tributes were made to Mahes at this reception. The tributes paid to Mahes were sweet and were re-lived by greats such as by Bertie Wijesinghe who said: "He keeps some things to himself and never throws his thoughts around. He is quite a shy personality, but never shy when the pressure was on. A great pal since my days at the SSC."

NUCLEAR REACTOR CATASTROPHE IN JAPAN

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE
WORLD'S ENVIRONMENTAL
MINISTERS

By

Our Patron

C. G. Weeramantry

*Former Vice President,
International Court of Justice
President, International
Association of Lawyers against
Nuclear Arms
Founder Trustee, Weeramantry
International Centre for Peace
Education & Research*

The earthquake in Japan and the resulting damage to nuclear power plants have sent shock waves and a dire note of warning to the world's entire population. Despite their obvious dangers, nuclear reactors are proliferating worldwide and sowing the seeds of pollution and congenital deformities for a thousand generations to come (the half life of Plutonium 239, one of the bi-products of nuclear activities is 24,100 years).

Unborn generations are just as much members of the human family as ourselves but have no voice to speak for themselves. We take advantage of this and are damaging them catastrophically by our breach of trust of this environment of which we are custodians and not owners. Every single citizen is a trustee of the environment. All the more are Governments

trustees, and in particular the environmental ministers of the world bear a special responsibility in this regard. We are in default of our duties if we continue to keep open such possibilities and create more, despite our knowledge of their dreadful consequences. Our generation and particularly those who are specially entrusted with the care of the environment will have to answer before the bar of history for our default and abuse of trust. Indeed we are committing the gravest possible crime against future generations and are doing so with a full consciousness of the effects of our actions.

If people of the Stone Age had been able to cause damage to the environment and cause congenital deformities to our generation, we would have condemned them as savages, brutes and barbarians. Yet, even if they could have caused such damage, they could have had no idea of the irreparable harm they were causing to generations yet unborn. We, on the other hand, who are fully aware of the catastrophic damage we are causing to unborn generations, still proceed regardless, pursuing activities which, it is patently clear, will release these dangers sooner or later. We continue to build nuclear reactors all over the world.

Even a school child is aware that no power on earth can insure against earthquakes, tsunamis, wars, insurrections, negligent management and other disasters. These will inevitably occur over a period of years and not only do we know this as a virtual certainty, but we know also that there is no known

means of eliminating them. This makes us savages, brutes and barbarians several



C.G. Weeramantry

times over. In a supposedly enlightened age, we are, with total disregard of any sense of responsibility, proceeding to build more reactors, pursuing short term advantages while being fully aware of the long term perils we are inflicting on our own posterity. Solar and other renewable energy sources provide all the energy the world needs but we neglect them, for there are great profits for those few who are engaged in the nuclear energy enterprise, whatever the costs to the vast majority and the generations yet to come.

As a result we have become the most destructive generation in all of human history, regardless of the fact that we are destroying the undoubted birthright of billions of human beings for whom we hold the environment on trust.

I take the liberty of addressing you on this matter as I have for over 30 years campaigned against the dangers of nuclear weapons, nuclear reactors and nuclear waste. As early as 1985, I toured the major cities of Japan at the instance of the Japan Scientists' Association delivering lectures on the dire dangers to humanity resulting from nuclear weapons, nuclear reactors and nuclear waste.

Also, nearly thirty years ago, in *The Slumbering Sentinels: Law and Human Rights in the Wake of Technology*, Penguin 1983, pp 139-141, I foreshadowed this danger, referring to leakages from nuclear reactors and the possibilities of major accidents threatening our very survival. I referred also to the possibility that, if the residents of a city were exposed to radioactive contamination through a serious nuclear accident, the national interest may demand their compulsory sterilisation to prevent the birth of an unprecedented number of defective children, observing that "we are only a nuclear accident away from this". I referred also to the fact that a major accident near a populated city could cause property damage and health damage which could not be estimated even in hundreds of billions of dollars, and for which insurance coverage would be beyond the realm of possibility. As early as 1982, the Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC) released estimates of death and property damage from reactor accidents running to over \$300 billion in crowded city areas. The Harrisburg nuclear leak demonstrated, even then, how close we could be to a nuclear

accident, the percentage possibility of a nuclear accident occurring somewhere in the world being assessable at between 5 and 10% within the next few years. Such reasonable forecasts of possible catastrophes have somehow been completely submerged by the combined political and economic strength of those who advocate the extension of nuclear energy.

In my Dissenting Opinion in the case in which an Advisory Opinion was sought from the International Court of Justice on the legality of nuclear weapons, I discussed the possibility of damage to nuclear reactors and the lethal doses of radiation to exposed persons 150 miles downwind and the radioactive contamination of the environment more than 600 miles away. I also discussed the damage caused by the Chernobyl incident, for years after its occurrence, to all species of life for thousands of square miles in the vicinity, which necessitated the pouring in of medical personnel, supplies and equipment from across the Soviet Union in a manner which strained the resources even of that powerful nation. Smaller states could be completely crippled by such an accident, with a loss of income, loss of life, loss of jobs and loss of resources from which it would take generations to recover. Medical injuries caused included convulsions, vascular damage, cardio vascular collapse, keloids and cancers.

Having discussed these dangers in judgments, publications and lectures worldwide for so many years I have been devastated

at the thought that my worst premonitions have come to pass and worse can follow if we continue with our betrayal of trust and abandonment of responsibility towards our children and our children's children.

Any plea for the abolition of nuclear reactors would be incomplete without reference to the problem of disposal of nuclear waste. Nuclear waste carries all the elements of radioactive danger to health and the environment and there is no known means of disposal of these toxic accumulations. Whether they be buried in the depths of the ocean or deep trenches or salt beds, or wherever else, we cannot guarantee for twenty-four thousand years that they will remain safe in their repositories, and we would be inflicting this source of inter-generational, environmental, and physical damage on future generations in a manner which is totally unjustifiable by any standards of morality or law.

Another danger, which by itself is sufficient to justify the total abolition of nuclear reactors, is that nuclear waste from hundreds of reactors cannot possibly be accounted for and it is well known that such records are not maintained, even by the International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA). This material is the raw material needed for the manufacture of nuclear weapons and there is here an open invitation to terrorists across the world to interest themselves in the manufacture of nuclear weapons. This is particularly dangerous in a world in which the necessary knowledge for the

construction of a nuclear weapon is available on the internet, as I have been assured by eminent physicists.

In the result, the continuance and proliferation of nuclear reactors violates every principle of humanitarian law, international law, environmental law and international sustainable development law.

The traditional wisdom of ancient peoples such as the Native Americans used to ordain that no serious decision concerning the community should be taken without considering its impact for seven generations to come. Traditional African wisdom has decreed that any major decision affecting a community should bear in mind the three-fold face of humanity – those who went before us, those who are alive here and now, and those who are yet to come – without which the decision taken would be a lopsided one.

Our modern technological civilisation disregards all such traditional wisdom in addition to disregarding the governing principle that we should tread lightly on the earth, which underlies all environmental law (I have expanded on these aspects in *Tread Lightly on the Earth: Religion, the Environment and the Human Future*, Stamford Lake, 2010).

It is not only traditional wisdom we disregard. We disregard also the wisdom of the great religions of the world, which are likewise united in their concern for the people of the future. Jesus Christ warned that it would be better for those who place

obstacles in the way of children to have a millstone around their neck and to be drowned in the ocean. The Koran states that the true followers of the Almighty are those who tread lightly on the earth. Buddhism teaches that not even a sovereign is the owner of land, but only a trustee, and Hinduism prescribes detailed duties lying on the sovereign to look after every department of environmental protection. Judaism likewise, in numerous teachings, elevates protection of the environment to the level of a primary duty.

All these are aspects which must necessarily engage the attention of ministers charged with care of the environment, in an age when the environment is being threatened as never before during the hundreds of thousands of years of humanity's existence on the planet.

I urge on you, as custodians of our environment, the need for immediate action to halt the construction of new reactors, explore alternative energy systems and phase out the existing ones. Populations throughout the world need to be alerted to the dangers we are facing. The one-way flow of information on the benefits of nuclear reactors needs to be reversed.

Failure to take these steps will result in the commission of crimes against future generations and a gross betrayal of the trust which we owe to our children and our children's children. You are in a position to play a leadership role in this crisis. This is an appeal to you, as those primarily responsible for the care of our

planet, to do all within your power to avert the catastrophes that loom ahead.

Time is running out. Please act now.

Remembering Kadalay on his 20th - Death Anniversary

NO OTHER HOME

The unique bond between Kadalay and Royal Sport

By Eardley Lieversz

Dr. David Ponniah, former Warden of St. Thomas' remarked that the Royal – Thomian involved people affiliated to the two schools "..... coming together to play and witness a game of cricket." However, the greatest character to grace the Royal-Thomian neither studied nor taught at either of the schools, but was a humble gram seller, who was affectionately known as *Kadalay*.

Kadalay arrives at Royal

Although *Kadalay* claimed to have been a follower of Royal cricket since 1937, when Pat McCarthy was playing, he came to Royal in 1947 as a 21 year boy to assist the female gram seller *Kadalay Achchi*. (Although he couldn't remember the year he remembers Kassipilai as Royal's cricket captain.) He used to sell *vade* next to *Kadalay Achchi* and also collected debts for her. Subsequently he was allowed to sell gram by himself but only outside the College premises. It was only following the death of the

Kadalay Achchi, in the early sixties, and when his black beard had turned white, that he started selling inside the college premises. At 10.15 a.m. interval he parked his box in an area triangulated by the hostel, cycling shed and the west wing. This area is now occupied by a large three storied building similar to the east wing of the school. His association with Royal ended in 1991 the year he passed away.

Mixing business with sport

Kadalay's business was contained in a glassed wooden box, about 2 feet long and a foot wide, with glass paneled sides. In this was contained a selection of "taste" gram, *thambapu* (boiled), *konde* and *bola*, with slices of newspaper to wrap up the gram and lime to give "taste". Although gram was his mainstay, he also sold a variety of *vade* (*masala* and *isso* with a prawn on top) and coconut toffee. In the sixties all his products sold at 5 cents a piece.

Kadalay would deftly fill the paper cones with gram and neatly stack them on a side during slack periods. His fingers were small and well-shaped, and lacked the roughness of a manual worker. During cricket matches at Reid Avenue, he wanted to park his business in the vicinity of the jam fruit tree at the point at which the two walls which separated Royal from Thurstan, intersected. On Saturdays he sometimes arrived at the grounds unencumbered after

fortifying himself with spirits. As a result he was more vocal in his comments. Not unlike his loyalty to Royal, *Kadalay's* attire was consistent - white shirt and sarong. He only shaved his white beard after obtaining white collar employment in the late eighties which returned him to the clean shaven state that attended his arrival at Royal. In the seventies he lived in the school's old cycle shed although where he lived before that is a mystery.

Kadalay symbolised the ecumenical spirit of the times. He communicated mainly in English and Sinhalese, the only concession to his Dravidian ancestry being the manner Articles in which he addressed everyone as "Dorai". To all those who knew him he was simply the best supporter and friend Royal ever had. His identity was trans-ethnic.

An ubiquitous presence at sporting fixtures

Not only did *Kadalay* not miss a Royal-Thomian, he hardly ever missed a game of cricket or rugby, even turning up when Royal played in Kandy. *Kadalay* was known to clear the cigarette butts, empty liquor bottles and other tell tale items from the dormitories of St. Anthony's and Trinity, prior to the arrival of the master-in-charge in the morning. At Asgiriya in 1964 it was *Kadalay* who warned the vice-captain of the cricket team and a future Royal cricket captain, then a fresher, of a plan to harm them. And during sparsely attended third

term cricket games at Reid Avenue *Kadalay's* presence lent importance to the proceedings.

Whether it be cricket, rugby, athletics or any other sport, attended by all manners of VIPS, it was *Kadalay* mingling in the outer that completed the picture. He was to major sporting events what the Oval's ivy covered scoreboard was to the Royal-Thomian's aesthetic setting. *Kadalay* also made his presence to minor sporting fixtures. Tissa Atapattu recalls being padded up to bat in a Royal "A" fixture against St. Peters at Reid Avenue in 1953. *Kadalay* who was standing by him commented in Sinhalese that "Today we can boil two eggs in Mr. Atapattu's stomach" in reference to "butterflies in the stomach" which Tissa had difficulty in suppressing. The laughter all round relaxed the player who subsequently fared well with the bat.

A sporting enthusiast

It is very likely that *Kadalay* attended more sporting encounters involving Royal than any other Royalist. His association with Royal sport was so complete that it buried all other associations he may have had. Almost nothing is known of his parents and siblings. As a result of his ubiquitous presence he developed a sporting wisdom which qualified him to comment on the state of games. He often picked cricket, rugby and relay teams ahead of the official selection and was very vocal when

players who did not meet his approval were picked. Punithakumar, one of a family of six Royal hookers Articles between 1963 and 1973, recalls that if there was a pivotal scrum in which Royal lost the ball and her opponents capitalised on the mistake and went on to win, he reminded you the next day in no uncertain terms the cost of losing the ball in critical play. His cry "Ennah Dorai" said it all.

By the early fifties *Kadalay* was already a Royal institution and icon. His exuberance was exemplified in 1961 at the end of the public schools 4 X 400 relay. When Darrell Lieversz gained the baton for the final lap Royal were running third. However, he gained ground to win the relay for Royal. *Kadalay* embodied Royal's elation by running up to Darrell, hugging him and carrying him off his feet, spikes and all.

Kadalay was also a vociferous supporter of the Royal boxing team at Stubb's Shield encounters. He was familiar with every punch in the boxing manual and advised the Royal boxer on the most appropriate punch to use while the fight was on. After the bout, if the Royal boxer had won, he took all the credit for the win. He attributed a loss to the boxer's failure to follow his instructions and urged him to train harder and not bring shame upon Mr. Danton Obeyesekere, the legendary Royal boxing coach.

Making his *mark on the Royal-Thomian*

During his 43 year association with Royal, *Kadalay* witnessed four Royal wins over STC (1951, 1969, 1983, 1990) and possibly a fifth (1991), and was present at four Royal defeats at the hands of STC (1952, 1953, 1964 and 1988). During this period, the Royal-Thomian was played at the Oval and the SSC grounds. *Kadalay's* reaction to Royal's wins in 1951 and 1990 isn't known to the writer. In 1983 he is reported to have led the celebrations and to have carried Royal's cricketers around the ground. However, he was in his element in 1969 and took credit for Royal's win.

The glory of his prediction

Sensing that pitch invasions would lose Royal time and derail Royal's attempts to capture the remaining Thomian wickets in 1969, he used his authority to restrain Royal's enthusiastic supporters. Around 5.30 pm on the second day, the last Thomian pair were at the crease, Royal were on their way to a victory they had waited for 18 years, and *Kadalay* knew that only something that wasn't cricket would thwart Royal.

When an appeal was made unsuccessfully against the last Thomian pair, a large contingent of Royalists invaded the field and pitch. Fearing that this would encourage the Thomians who had nothing to lose, Royal's captain raced towards the

Royal boys tent and urged the stewards to control the Royalists and prevent a repeat of such an incident. The captain's eye caught that of *Kadalay* whose look captured the seriousness of the situation. That *Kadalay* could subsequently keep the Royalists behind the barrier at such a pivotal stage in the game speaks volumes for the respect Royalists had for him.

According to an article by Samat which appeared after the game, *Kadalay* spent the evening following Royal's win at the beer stall of the Royal Fair basking in the glory of his prediction. Old boys from all walks of life shared a drink with him. Doctors, lawyers, businessmen and other distinguished old boys left their addresses with him in case he needed their assistance. (Such help was needed in the early eighties when he was put out of school and a case filed against him. *Kadalay* won the case and it is said that prosecution lawyer, defence lawyer and the judge were all, old Royalists.)

Receiving the acceptance he yearned for

There was no finer testimony to the iconic status of *Kadalay* than that Royalists young and old treated Royal's first win over STC in eighteen years as his personal triumph. After all no one had cheered, encouraged and championed Royal's cricketers for as long as *Kadalay*, and if anyone deserved to savour this particular moment, it was him,

While *Kadalay* was being interviewed a car stopped and the occupant put his hand out to offer his congratulations. The moment the car left, *Kadalay* remarked to TMK Samat that he didn't need help from anyone. All he wanted was that kind of acceptance and to be identified as part of Royal. This then is what made *Kadalay* such a special figure. Although he never studied or taught at Royal, and emerged from a humble background, through his devotion to the cause of Royal sport, he became so well-known, that he embodied the school's greatest sporting moments more than the players involved.

Putting Royal first

Kadalay worked out his priorities. To have accepted an offer of white collar employment would have separated him from his beloved Royal and his interactions with Royalists. Hence, as long as he had enough to get by he was happier being close to his school.

Royal benefited from *Kadalay's* decision for there was no one better placed to pass on traditions, anecdotes and folklore from one generation to another. No one had more credibility than *Kadalay* who himself had long since passed into Royal folklore. Many an old boy with a distinguished sporting record relied on *Kadalay* to convey his past glories to the present generation.

Most significantly, *Kadalay* created Royalists equally regardless of whether they were stars or only played house sport. He would make a person who never made the first XI feel special by recalling some obscure performance in a house cricket match.

He defined the times

As was the case with many of our masters, we came to appreciate *Kadalay* after we left school, and after his death. In retrospect, we realise how much he defined the times and made them unique.

All prestigious schools produced great sportsmen and scholars, and had excellent teachers. But Royal also had *Kadalay*. How many schools could boast a character like him? It was *Kadalay*, not so much Royal's sporting and academic achievements, important as they are, which made Royal and Royalists special.

Playing the game

Kadalay's views on Royal's finest were recorded in the 1974 Royal cricket souvenir. Although he is likely to have altered his views in the next 17 years, they are still worth Articles mentioning for what they reveal about him.

Kadalay's best bowler, fielder, all-rounder and wicket-keeper, were Asita Jayaweera, . Lorenz Pereira, Nanda Senanayake and S.D. Jayaratne, respectively. Although he is recorded in the

souvenir as stating that Vijay Malalasekera was Royal's best batsman, he is also reported to have said the best batsman Royal produced never played in either the Royal Thomian or for the First Eleven. His name was Sarath Kodagoda.

His favourite captain was Jagath Fernando who he said played for the sake of the game. In 26 years of cricket (1947-1973) his most memorable Royal-Thomian was that of 1969 for the team spirit Royal demonstrated.

According to Royal's rugby fraternity *Kadalay's* favourite ruggerites were Lionel Almeida, Maurice Anghie, Lorenz Pereira and Jagath Fernando. He vividly recalled Maurice and Lorenz weaving and side stepping at Nittawella in 1958 before touching down. Other highlights for him were Lakdasa Dissanayake's drop goals which nailed Trinity in 1964. And he was positively thrilled when Royal whacked Trinity in 1968. Whether it be at Longdon Place, Havelock Park, Nittawella, Asgiriya, Bogambara or Peradeniya, *Kadalay* was wont to follow Royal's linesman during junior and senior games admonishing the boys in blue and gold to "jump for the ball, and run, run, run", and being ecstatic when points were scored.

A man of principle

In addition to his knowledge of sport and memories of great mo-

ments in Royal sport, *Kadalay* stood out because of his dignified bearing. Even when under the influence of liquor he behaved with complete decorum and never went overboard. He was an example to many a schoolboy who was inclined to show off by acting the fool and exceeding the boundaries of harmless mischief.

A self-made Royalist

While most Royalists merely passed through, *Kadalay's* links with Royal were more enduring. Apart from the small minority of old boys who devote their lives to either coaching at the school or participating in organising committees, many of us lose interest in the school after leaving it. Our enthusiasm is greatest when in junior school or when hogging the limelight. To *Kadalay* however, Royal was his whole life. Because his association with the school was voluntary and wasn't derived from membership of the student or school body, or any family links to such, *Kadalay's* devotion to Royal was bereft of self-aggrandisement or ego.

Kadalay had to carve his own path to glory without the inbuilt advantages *alumni* had. In this manner he became a genuinely self-made Royalist, although an honorary one.

The end of a 43 year association

In the late eighties, when in his late fifties, *Kadalay* obtained employment at a business run by ex-Royalist entrepreneurs and housed at Vauxhall Street. He used to reside on the premises of Royal College. A former prefect and house captain used to collect him after dropping his son off at school and take him to work. He did not have any specific job to perform and he used to sit at a desk at the entrance to the office more like a guest relations officer. When he passed away in 1991 he was back at Slave Island where it is believed he was born.

Kadalay was last seen on 9th March 1991 at SSC grounds on the occasion of the old-boys match. People had noticed how weak he looked. He passed away a week later, on Articles 17th March, the day after Royal beat STC by 9 wickets. It appears that he was too ill to attend the Royal-Thomian. It is not known whether he followed the game or not, and if he did, what his emotions were on hearing the news. One thing's for sure. With good health the years 1990 and 1991 would have been the highlight of his life. Two successive Royal wins in the Royal-Thomian would have exceeded the wildest fantasies of a person who devoted his life to Royal cricket and sport.

Thangiah Ponniah gave his all for Royal and contributed much to her sporting camaraderie.

In return Royalists either looked after him or cherished his example. We are all the richer for having represented Royal on the playing field with him in the audience, or simply having had exchanges with him on matters of sport. We will never see the likes of him again.

Kadalay's legacy is not reflected in school records or honour rolls. It is etched in the hearts of everyone who knew him. *Kadalay* rest in peace wherever you are.



Outside the Ropes

By Chanaka De Silva

Nostalgia like vintage wine matures and tastes better with time. Likewise, hackneyed tales from our school days sound better with time. The ones who remember and relate these stories, of those halcyon days, usually adapt new twists and adds rapturous details to the old tales each new year. Royal-Thomian time is when the narrator becomes the center of attraction. He would, with abundant clarity, recount fresh adaptations and new sequels of the real thing, with the customary preamble “Machang, you remember when that mad b...er got caught toetc. etc?”

Memories are fading, but when I was asked by an old college friend's son to write for the Royal - Thomian Souvenir, memories came flashing back of what went on outside the ropes than those within. The Royal-Thomian, in those days (60's) were the very core of school life. Come the Ides-of-March or thereabouts, a complete transformation takes place at school. Everything else takes second place and even revered teachers, held in great respect and fear for most part of the year of, mellow like all of us, to the revelry of this short period.

I was a Hosteller from the 1st to the 5th form, although my parents lived not far from school. Perhaps, I was enjoying myself too much at home, or under playing the importance of studies, that my father in his infinite wisdom thought, his son would do much better if he turned out from the hostel, rather than home. It was not to be the case, as you shall see.

It was around Royal - Thomian time that I obtained an “exeat” to retreat home for the weekend, but in reality, to spend the weekend with a friend, another hosteller, in good preparation for the big match. We had a ball that weekend, and I turned up at the Hostel a day late, on Monday night, rather than the usual Sunday night. I had a letter of excuse ready for the Warden C.E. Belleth, who as a custom took our studies each morning. Mr. Belleth was a firm and devoutly religious person who prayed to God each evening and who vainly tried to spiritually uplift us hostellers, under him. “De Silva, where were you yesterday?” he bellowed. “Sir, I was not well.” I said. “You got a letter of excuse,? ‘Yes Sir’” I replied handing over the letter, which I wrote myself on behalf of an unsuspecting father. That evening I was called up to his quarters, asked to bend over, only to receive 6 of the best. I hadn't a clue as to why this cruel

assault on my buttocks was for. Another Hosteller who was in the sick room located right below Mr. Belleth's quarters heard him pray late that evening to God “Please God, make sure that De. Silva gets his spelling right next time - F-L-U is not spelt, F-L-E-W”, he told God.

It was the year 1962, when I had finished playing Cricket for college. Desmond Fernando & I were appointed as Royal-Thomian Tent secretaries while Padde Witharana was the Treasurer. We were the most senior Prefects at School. On the first day of the match (in those days, Royal Thomian was played over 2 days) before the match could start, we had most unfortunately consumed a few beer's and were not found to be around. True to form, after the match we were all reported by another Prefect to the Principal, Mr. Dudley K. G. De Silva, of having been found smelling of Beer even before the start of play. We were hauled up before Dudley, but with vanished spirits and fermented mind we deftly denied the charges. We thought the matter would rest there. But, our Principal with great fore-thought wrote out a questionnaire which was distributed amongst all Stewards and the 4 Masters in charge of the tent. About 60 in, all for prompt reply. The questions (& answers by all except 2 stewards' went

something like this:-

Did you see Fernando De Silva & Witharne at 12.05 p.m.:- Yes, Sir.

Did you happen to find any of them under the influence of alcohol ? - No, Sir

Did you happen to speak to any of them ? - Yes, Sir.

Were any of them sleeping in the tent, at any time? - No, Sir.

Did they smell of Alcohol ? - Not at all, Sir.

With 58 out of the 60 answers in hand in exactly the way Dudley had planned, he called up the Prefect who reported us and admonished him thoroughly for telling lies. He was warned and discharged with a last warning for making a false complaint. That Prefect later came to be a Minister of the State!

Then, there was a colleague who later rose to the highest position in the Judicial Service Commission, who missed an entire Royal-Thomian as he was lying flat in a lorry hired for the procession. He had imbibed one too many before the match!

Another colleague was doubling his friend home on his push bicycle around 07.30 p.m. after the match on Galle Road. He had no head Lamp, either. A Policeman who was on duty on the pavement jumped on to stop. 'Sorry', my friend shouted, I have no

breaks to stop and continued his journey chased by the cop. This guy too ended up as the Hon. Minister of the State. Many other tales come to mind which will keep you in fits of laughter. But time and space do not permit me to relate more of these gems.

The final year I played (1962) was a most interesting Royal-Thomian. Darrel Lieversz, our captain & I had waded through almost the entirety of the other school sides that year. St. Peter's twice, for 30 and 44. Ananda for 70 in the second innings St. Benedicts for 89 in the 1st Innings, St. Anthony's for 76 in the 1st Innings, St. Josephs for 75 in the 1st Innings, Nalanda for 69 Trinity for 43 & St. Thomas for 83 in the 2nd Innings etc. Between us we had taken over 112 wickets for the season. This could well be an all school record. It was easy for me as the other opening bowler to Darrel, who was one of the finest in-swingers (as well as a gentleman) of all time. Most batsmen feared Darrel so much that they went for their strokes against me and I picked up many wickets, as a result.

The Royal-Thomian of that year was one that we could have won. We had 11 runs to make with 3 wickets to go and plenty of time to make it. It ended in a draw. Trevor Janson has been tormented for the rest of his life for hold-

ing on rather than going for it. But that is, from all those who don't know the real story. Trecor was only carrying out instructions! Trevor, is a leading Surgeon in Adelaide, Australia and to-date, takes a barrage of insults from friends and fore, for playing for a draw, But yet remains tightlipped in solemn defense of his instructor.

There was magic within the ropes too. Jothilingam's 121 in 1956, Ronnie Reid's 156 the same year and his 2 x 65's in the next, Vijaya Malalasekera's terrific 106 in 1962, comes to mind. We were all moulded into men in the field by the likes of Mahesh Rodrigo, the late Christie Gunasekera and the late Sunith Goonethileke. Whilst our teachers made us "learn of books and men" these gentlemen of the field taught us "how to play the game". We still do.

Somebody asked me the other day, which period of your life do you consider your happiest? There is only one answer. It is obvious.

Editor's Note :

The writer played for Royal in 1961 & 1962 and was Head Prefect and the Donhorst Memorial Prize winner for General Merit in 1963. He now knows how to spell 'flu'!!

Royal College felicitates Air Force chief

Royal College and the Royal College Union paid the highest tribute to the newly appointed Air Force Commander Air Marshal Harsha Abeywickrama at the Navarangahala Colombo 07, Tuesday by organizing a special assembly, accorded in keeping with Royal College traditions to those who have achieved the highest degree of recognition and achievement in society.

The ceremony witnessed the pageantry of the current Royal College students and staff members, with the air wing of the college cadet platoon and the cadet band heralding the parade, with the distinguished gathering of past Royalists participating in full strength.



Royal College and Royal College Union felicitated the newly appointed Air Force Commander, Air Marshal Harsha Abeywickrama at Navarangahala Colombo 7. The ceremony witnessed the pageantry of Royal College students and staff members, with the Air Wing of the College Cadet Platoon and the Cadet Band heralding the parade.

Royal College Principal Upali Gunasekera said, "We are honoured and privileged to have with us today Sri Lanka's newly appointed Air Marshall Harsha Abeywickrama. It is to our pride that you have taken flight from your alma mater and reached the pinnacle of your profession.

We value your time in 'touching down' at your beloved alma mater today, to be present at this momentous occasion".

Gunasekera further elaborated that the Air Marshal's career continued to take wing as he was appointed as the Commanding Officer of SLAF Palaly, Base Commander of SLAF China Bay, SLAF

Base Anuradhapura and SLAF Base Ratmalana, then becoming the zonal Commander East and Chief Instructor of the Air Wing of the Defence Services Command and Staff College.

In conclusion he stated that the Air-Marshall's illustrious career is one that many a young Royalists will aspire to reach and find hard to emulate.

Royal College Union Secretary Manju Ariyaratne said, "today it is an assembly at which we felicitate a true son of our nation, a warrior of our times, and most of all another distinguished product of Royal College, Harsha Abeywickrama".

Air Marshal Harsha Abeywickrama, acknowledged with pride and also humility that his foundation and grounding to reach great heights, were sparked-off at his beloved Royal College.

The Air Force Commander enthused that the mind was of paramount importance for a human being, and that one had to cultivate a pure mind without cluttering it. Quoting from the "Rathana Suuthra", he likened a strong mind to being like that of an unshakable tower. He highlighted the example of the "Indrakeelaya", which was a 'strong tower', which was placed in the heart of a township in days gone by, which was a symbol of strength and also a beacon to draw those who were lost back to their habitat.

He thus challenged the young audience present to be strong in mind, whilst also being committed and focused and to have a 'never-say-die', positive attitude in life. He stressed that these three criteria were instrumental in his success and challenged the young Royalists to like-wise aspire to be well-rounded young men.

The Air Marshal has been awarded many notable accolades for gallantry including the Rana Widarama Padakkama and Rana Sura Padakkama for individual acts of bravery, the service medals Uttama Seva Padakkama and Sri Lanka Armed Services Long Service Medal.

Royal College Head prefect Dasun Perera also spoke.

[Royal-Thomian - 132 year old Social Networking Brand](#)

By Hilmy Cader

Following are extracts from MTI CEO Hilmy Cader's article on brand learning from the Royal-Thomian.

Talk to someone in their mid to late twenties and they will hail the concept of Social Networking (conceptually I agree) and tout that the likes of Facebook, Bebe and LinkedIn are the ones who invented this (which I disagree).

The concept of Social Networking (in its different forms of manifestations) did exist for centuries, however what I am about to discuss today is a Social Networking Brand that was invented 132 years ago, is still going strong and arguably unparalleled by whatever measures of brand equity you may decide to use.

The Royal-Thomian as a brand provides many learnings for today's marketers, and even sets a benchmark of brand strength that many of today's brands should aspire to. Here are the learnings and reasons why:

Prof. C.K Prahlad in his book the 'The new age of innovation' talks of the concept of co-creation and sites ground breaking examples of Wikipedia, Youtube – where the user provides the contents, while the producer provides the platform. This has been the case with the Royal Thomian for more than a century, whereby the alumni provide a key part of the contents, not forgetting those in their boys tents, the school boy cricketers and the well wishers.

It is argued that Profit is the only driver of a business, here is an exception where Passion is the driver of the business – an event that the busiest corporate CEOs will find time for and one that old boys will cross continents for.

New age marketers will talk of Tooty brands like Chelsea, Nike, Harley Davidson. Linked to the Royal Thomian you will use many such experiences – for instance 60 years olds clad in school uniform going back to their classes for a lesson with the same Master (some still hale and hearty) who taught them 50 years ago

Even the modern day concept of 'Cult Brands' is so evident when one takes a look at Corporate Sri Lanka and how loyal alumni pull strings for each others, even proudly claiming "he was at College, my batch, we played rugby together" – would not today's marketers aspire for such a cult brand status for their brands?

The Royal-Thomian has strong sub-brands, the Mustangs, the Stallions, the Colts to name a few. Each has a unique customer profile based on a combination of demographics and psychographics!

Above all, it has gone on for 132 years and considering it never had a single payroll employee, only the efforts of the different Brand Evangelists. For those of you not part of this Brand, I do apologize if my passion for the brand got the better of me, but it does not take away the strong brand learning.

James Wilfred de Silva – A Profile

The 1st Royal Cricket Captain and Pioneer of the Reform Movement

The first Royal Thomian Match in which only the students took part was played in 1880 (the 1879 encounter featured school masters as well) on the Galle Face Grounds. The Academy (Royal College) was captained by James de Silva and the Thomians by F.W McDonnell. Royal College triumphed by 62 runs and the highlight was the bowling of skipper James de Silva who captured 7 wickets in each innings and ended with a match bag of 14 wickets. Records are not available as to how many runs he conceded but as the Thomian totals were 59 and 27, it would be safe to assume that his match figures have not been surpassed in the 132 years in which the game has been played. Thomian L.H Arndt has come the closest to breaking his record with a match bag of 14/55 in 1906.

So what do we know of James De Silva, the forefather of Royal Cricket Captains?

James de Silva was an extraordinary man in many ways. He was a successful Proctor in the Badulla Courts and later, with Sir Thomas de Sampayo built one of the best tea estates in the district. James de Silva left for England in 1904 and was called to the Bar at Gray's Inn. On his return to Ceylon, James de Silva practiced before the Appeal Court.

In 1909 he was a member of the deputation led by Mr. H.J.C Pereira which placed before the Secretary of State for the Colonies certain proposals for constitutional reform in the island. Other members of the deputation were Mr. F.H.M Corbet, Mr E.W Perera, Dr. K Gomez and Dr. W.G Rockwood. Whether in Ceylon or in England, James de Silva took an active interest in politics and in agitating behind the scenes for self-government. For a second time he was a member of a deputation which interviewed the Secretary of State for the Colonies, this time in connection with the Government's action during the 1915 riots.

James de Silva went to England again in 1923. He

married in England and lived in Jamaica for some time on account of the ill health of his wife before returning to Sri Lanka in 1932 where he remained until his death in 1947, aged 85.

Sri Lanka has seen men who have been an inspiration to those who have come after them and James de Silva was one such man. Our march to independence and self-government would not have been possible if not for the First Reforms Deputation of 1909 and the good work done so unobtrusively by James de Silva who saw so much accomplished during his lifetime.

Editor's Note: Thanks to Vanessa Whitham, grand-niece of James de Silva and wife of Old Boy David Whitham who provided me with newspaper cuttings from 1947 which enabled me to piece together this profile and re-create a bit of history relevant to Sri Lanka and Royal College.

NEVER TRUST A CRICKETER

*Come all ye fair young maidens, and harken unto me,
Never trust a cricketer, whoever he may be!*

*Randier than a sailor who's been six months at sea.
Never let a cricketer's hand an inchbove your knee.*

*First let's take the paceman, pure speed from first to last,
My darlings do be careful; his balls are hard and fast.
Then there's the medium pacer, his balls swing either way.
He's really most persistent and can keep it up all day.
So ladies, do be careful - your mothers would agree...*

Never trust a cricketer-whomever he may be.

*And watch for the off-spinner, girls, another awkward chap,
If you leave him half an opening, he will slip one through
the gap.*

*Then there's the wily slow, pure cunning is his strength,
He'll tempt you, then he'll trap you, with his very subtle
length.*

*And what about the opening bat, his struggles never cease,
He has only one ambition, to spend all day at the crease.*

*The number three's a dasher, he seldom prods and pokes,
When he goes into action, he has a fine array of strokes.*

*So ladies, do be careful - your mothers would agree...
Never trust a cricketer-whomever he may be.*

*And do beware the slogger - not content with one or two,
When he arrives at the crease then only six will do.*

*Then there's the real stonewaller, girls, he knows what he's
about,*

And if you let him settle in, it's hard to get him out.

*We come now to the last man in, I hope this will not shock,
He doesn't mind if he's last man in - as long as he gets a
knock!*

*So, darlings, do be careful-and be well warned by me,
Never trust a cricketer- whomever he may be.*

*And watch the wicket keeper, girls; he's full of flair and
dash,*

And if you raise your heel, he'll whip'em off in a flash.

*If you take the field, with the captain, you had better know
the score*

Or he'll have you in positions that you never knew before.

*So ladies, do be careful - your mothers would agree...
Never trust a cricketer-whomever he may be.*

*The cricket commentator is a nasty sort of bloke,
He watches all the action and describes it stroke by stroke.
Even the kindly umpire - though he looks friendly as a pup,
You'll quickly find you've had it, when he puts his finger up.*

So, Darlings please remember ~ repeat it after me...

**NEVER TRUST A CRICKETER - WHOEVER HE
MAY BE!!!!**

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