



KCOBA Newsletter

April 22, 2006

April 2006

Volume 3 No. 4

A Few Words from the Editor



Glen Laman

Last month, I told you about some of the infrastructure improvements we had made in order to host the KCOBA newsletter on the worldwide web. This month, I am happy to report on some organizational improvements that will further enhance our ability to serve you, our readers.

continued on page 4

KC and Holmwood Awarded Free Internet



Basil Waite

Cable & Wireless Jamaica Limited (C&WJ) has offered to provide free high speed Internet service for life to Kingston College and Holmwood Technical High School as a reward for their victories in this year's VMBS/ISSA Boys' and Girls' Track and Field Championships respectively. According to C&WJ President and CEO, Rodney Davis, the provision of his com-

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Photograph by Ronnie Chin

CHAMPS 2006: Six Love – It was a Dog War

"It is extremely sweet. We had to dig deep, had to find some way of doing it" -Lennox Graham, KC head coach

KC won its sixth straight Mortimer Geddes trophy edging Calabar by two points in the 2006 ISSA/VMBS Boys 'and Girls' Athletic Championships. Ironically, it was the same two point margin by which Calabar pipped KC in the Schools'

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KC Quiz Team Takes 2nd spot in TVJ School's Challenge



Members of Kingston College's Quiz Team. From left, Dusean Harriott (captain), Peter-John Plummer, Rohan Lawrence and Andre Williams. – Photo by JUNIOR DOWIE

Kingston College recently took second place in the annual TVJ Schools'

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Earl Adams Receives Outstanding Programmer Award



Earl Adams

Earl W. Adams, KCOBA Atlanta treasurer and KCOBA Newsletter webmaster, recently received the James P. Rozelle outstanding

programmer award from the J. Mack Robinson School of Business at Georgia State University in Atlanta, Georgia. He received the award at the school's annual Honors Day ceremony held on March 29, 2006 at the Rialto Theatre in downtown Atlanta.

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Champs 2006

(continued)

Challenge Quiz earlier during the week.

TOP 10 Results

• Kingston College	233.5
• Calabar High	231.5
• Jamaica College	139.33
• Wolmer's Boys	118.5
• ST.Jago High	97
• Herbert Morrison Tech	71
• Camperdown High	69
• Holmwood Technical	60
• Bridgeport High	55
• Munro College	46.5

The victory was KC's 30th title at these championships. The school went into the games the overwhelming favourite. Champs preview predicted a KC victory by a city block: 284 points to Calabar's 187. The reality was we had to struggle throughout. From day one,



Captain - Leford Greem

Photograph by Ronnie Chin

Wolmer's was on our tails. We trailed in points on the second day. On day three we were just 8 points ahead of Calabar: 104.5 to 96.5. Coach Lennox Graham therefore had mixed feelings heading into the final day:

We have to be happy with where we are, the guys will have to step up and perform because its not going to be a stroll in the park.

From the first day, and even before, KC was dogged by injuries. Graham counted more than 4 including Alain Bailey, Andre Wellington, Cawayne Jervis, Kieron Stewart and Sheldon Clarke. He lamented that it was the worst he had ever seen in his twelve year tenure at the school.

Three times Calabar took the lead on the final day as they threw down the gauntlet. They surged to the lead by capturing two relays—the 4x100 meter Class 2 and 3. KC dropped the baton in Class 2 to add insult to our injury. Calabar came at us in

waves. They were sending through two athletes into almost every event final. A ding dong battle ensued. It was like the streets of Baghdad—a dog war. KC reached for its motto—**The brave may fall but never yield**. Captain Leford Green won the 400m Class I, then we won the medley relay and when Alain Bailey won the high jump Class 1, Calabar threw in the towel.



Donovan Davis and Jack Manhertz - ISSA Awardees

Photograph by Ronnie Chin

ISSA 2006 Honourees KCOB's Donovan T. Davis and Hugh' Jack' Manhertz jumped for joy.

Calabar's coach, Michael Clarke promised that he will be back next year. KC's Lennox Graham quipped:

He said that last year and he is going to keep coming back.
Reported by Basil Waite

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KC Quiz Team...continued

Challenge competition broadcast on local television station TVJ. The North street quartet lost a nail-biter in the finals to defending champions Calabar High School. The final score was 28-26.

Congrats to coach Valmore Stewart and the team on a solid performance this year.

Earl Adamscontinued



Earl Adams and Family at GSU Honors Day Awards

Each year, the computer information systems department honors the student in the CIS program with the most outstanding academic record in the programming courses. Called the James P. Rozelle Outstanding Programmer award, it is named for a former faculty member of the CIS department at Georgia State University. Winners of this award receive a cash award and their names are engraved on a plaque that hangs in the lobby of the CIS department.

KC and Holmwood...continued

pany's high speed Internet service would go a far way in enhancing the learning experience and performances of students as well as teachers.



KC Computer Lab

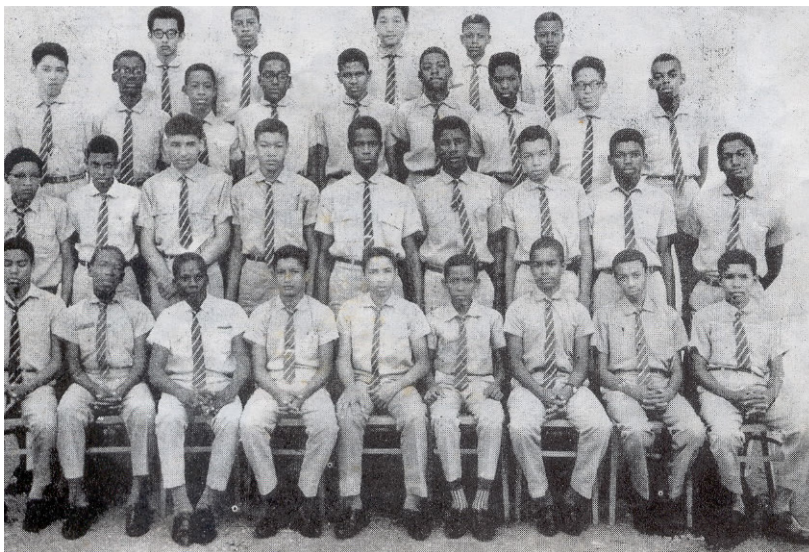
Cable and Wireless Jamaica's broadband network is amongst the fastest, most reliable and technologically advanced ADSL network in Jamaica. The Company recently pumped some \$3 million into the 2006 Athletics Championships and sees its donation as a fitting way of rewarding superior performance with a superior system.

KC has three computer labs in addition to computers for teachers. These have been funded by the school's development trust fund (KCDTF) as well as the New York and Toronto KCOBA Chapters. No doubt the administration will be repositioning itself to take advantage of this C & WJ gesture which will be an added fillip to the recent e-learning program announced by the Ministry of Industry and Technology.

Contributed by Basil Waite

Guess Who?

Lets see who can figure of students from form is a trip down memory up to this tas? Send to the the Editor, Glen



out who this group 5AD1 are. Now this lane. Who can step your submissions Laman.

A Few Wordscontinued



Glen Laman

Winston Stewart (Atlanta), Dr. Ivor Nugent (Miami) and Errol Lecky (New York) have joined the newsletter staff as assistant editors. Professional photographer, Ronnie Chin (Kingston) also joins us as photographer. Basil Waite (Kingston) and Lance Seymour (Toronto) who were already "on the Job" will continue as assistant editors. And of course, we will continue to have the services of the

hardest working webmaster around, Earl Adams.

Many of us are still basking in the euphoria of KC's recent victory at the island's high school track and field championships. It brings back memories of the remarkable run we had in the 1960's and 70's. And let us not forget the efforts of the quiz team in the TVJ schools' challenge just a few days earlier when the results against Calabar were reversed.

Congratulations and thanks to quiz coach, Valmore Stewart and track & field coach, Lennox Graham for guiding their teams to such splendid performances in 2006.

Sincerely,

Glen Laman
Editor, *The KCOBA Newsletter*

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Ian Wilkinson Elected VP of Jamaica Bar Association



Ian "Godfrey Legend" Wilkinson

Kold boy Ian "Godfrey Legend" Wilkinson was recently elected unopposed as Vice President of the prestigious Jamaica Bar Association at their AGM on Saturday. Ian is also President of the Chess Federation of Jamaica.

March Social a success



Everton Barrett

On March 25th the KCOBA-Atlanta hosted our first social event for the calendar year 2006. Approximately fifty guests were in attendance and they were treated to Captain Mike's food fare that included Jerk Chicken, escoviche fish, sautéed vegetables, hard dough bread and sweet

potato pudding. Mr Tony Williams provided the soothing reggae sounds which took us through three decades of culturally uplifting reggae from the eighties to the present.

Many thanks goes to VP Glen Laman for flawlessly managing the affair, Mr Music (the aforementioned Mr Williams for not forgetting his boxes this time and playing until Mr Barry Miller told us we had to go. Mr Miller was instrumental in securing the clubhouse and we owe him a ton of gratitude. Mr Gary Richards, Mr Earl Adams, Mr Ricky Edwards, Mr Conrad Jones, Mr

Winston Stewart and Mr Garfield Parker all provided valuable assistance in making this event a reality.

The domino games provided many a humorous moments as certain people who shall remain nameless seem to gravitate towards six-love whipping anywhere a game is convened, we have since surmised that he did not learn to play while at the college and may only have mastered the art of matching. But he remains a faithful and we will continue to show nothing but love.

In the end as the clock struck midnight, everyone in attendance expressed their gratitude to the organization for hosting a class event and many reiterated their commitment to continue to support our endeavors and keep KC in focus.

Fortis Forever.

This article is the first in our series on the evolving story of the avian flu virus by Dr. Lazarus who works for the Canadian Food Inspection Agency (CFIA) in Toronto. He will write an article each month that the avian flu remains topical and relevant.

Avian Influenza – A Pandemic in the Making?

by
Cedric Lazarus D.V.M



Cedric Lazarus

To date, the dreaded H5N1 Avian Influenza (AI) virus has killed 108 people, all in Asia. In one three week period in January/February this year there was an unprecedented spread of the virus to 13 countries, reminding many of the domino theory of the 1960s.

More than 200 million birds have died from the virus or through widespread culling by the veterinary authorities in efforts to eradicate or slow the spread of the disease. So far the virus has been confirmed in 45 countries on three continents and many experts expect it to arrive in the Americas some time this year.

In Canada (using SARS as a model), it is estimated that an AI pandemic would cost the health sector alone \$300 million to \$1.4 billion and over \$5 billion in lost

productivity and a 1% loss of GDP growth in the first quarter alone. The early projections for the worldwide economic loss according to some strategists would be in excess of \$800 billion with a \$2.5 trillion contraction in global goods and services trade.

The big question is, are we prepared? Around the world it seems that many people are not at all worried about it, let alone prepared. Some say it is because the news media have beaten the pandemic horse to death while others say that people won't act until the disease is right on their doorsteps. Many experts claim that we should prepare for the worse and hope that it does not happen.

Two years ago, at a meeting of poultry farmers in Jamaica, I likened Avian Influenza to a hurricane just starting to develop in the Atlantic off the coast of Africa which could either fizzle out, or develop into a category 1 or 2 storm with little consequence or into a giant category 4 or 5 hurricane with devastating consequences. The obvious dilemma is that we cannot predict exactly what will happen. It's the same with Avian Influenza. So the sensible thing would be to prepare for the worse and not to be caught off guard like New Orleans was last year with Hurricane Katrina.

When I was in veterinary school in the early 1980s, AI was not a very important topic. It rarely appeared on exam papers, mainly because it was a relatively rare disease and considered exotic; exotic meaning that it occurred "over there" not "over here." It was also referred to as Fowl Plague, probably because it sometimes appeared apparently out of nowhere, killed a few thousand domestic poultry and then disappeared from whence it came, usually after the culling of thousands of incontact and infected poultry.

AI is in fact not a new disease at all. Veterinary regulatory authorities worldwide have been tracking AI viruses for years and records will show that outbreaks have occurred from time to time and in many countries. Several different strains of the AI virus are known to exist in wild birds, long considered the natural reservoir of these viruses. Between 1983 and 1997 significant outbreaks due to strains other than the H5N1 have occurred in the USA, Mexico, Chile, Italy, Pakistan and Holland. Unless you were a veterinarian or someone involved in the poultry industry you probably never heard of these outbreaks.

However, apart from the Chilean outbreak, they all had a severe economic effect in the regions in which they occurred and were devastating to the poultry industry. These outbreaks were eventually controlled by a combination of quarantine, culling and in some instances vaccination.

Had it not been for the 1997 outbreak of AI caused by the H5N1 virus most people would still not have paid AI much attention. A new saga in the AI chapter was written in Hong Kong when the virus spread through the poultry population of the city infecting thousands of poultry, and to the total surprise of public health authorities, infecting a number of persons as well, of whom 6 died.

An Avian Influenza virus had jumped the species barrier from poultry to humans with devastating effect. (The term "jumped the species barrier" had become popular in the UK at the height of the Mad Cow Disease outbreak in the mid 1990s after several persons died after apparently consuming for years beef contaminated with the Mad Cow Disease agent.)

In a successful effort to eradicate AI from Hong Kong, all 1.5 million chickens in the city were slaughtered. However, the human cases had scientists wondering whether or not H5N1 would one day turn into a pandemic similar to the 1919 influenza pandemic which was one of the deadliest events in human history, killing over 20 million persons around the globe.

UWI Sportsman of the Year

KC Old Boy Daryl Strachan was recently voted UWI sportsman of the year. Daryl was deputy



Daryl Strachan

head boy of Kingston College in 2002. He recently represented Jamaica in table tennis at the Melbourne, Australia 2006 Commonwealth Games.



Karl Stewart

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Toronto First Fortis Friday of 2006

The Toronto Chapter hosted the first Fortis Friday of 2006 at Sydney's Restaurant in Mississauga owned by KC Old Boy, Courtney. For the first time live entertainment was provided by three of Canada's most celebrated and much awarded jazz artists:



David Braid, the astonishing young pianist/composer, and leader of the David Braid sextet; Mike Murley, tenor sax, and Steve Wallace, base.

Letter to the Editor

I have been looking for my cousin Tony Keyes for many years. I last saw him when we were kids (we were about 12-13 years old), then we lost touch. I was online on March 16th when I came across an article written by Doug Carnegie in the KCOBA Newsletter and in that article he mentioned Tony, I immediately emailed Doug expressing my desire to find my cousin, Doug passed on my email to Glen Laman, the Editor of the of the KCOBA Newsletter. Glen I believed sent out a mass mailing to the KC Old Boy community and the first response I got was from someone who recognized me (a past co-worker of my ex-husband) we are now in touch.

When I made my permanent move from Jamaica to the US in 1984, I began a private search for Tony, everyone I asked knew of him, but did not know where he was ... not even my closest friends, Claude and Leslie (KC Old Boys). About two years ago, in talking to Lascelles Lewis, another KC Old Boy, I happened to mention Tony and expressed my desire

in finding him. Lewis told me that he had seen Tony at the KC Ball in Florida that same year, but he was not aware that I was looking for him, neither was he aware that we were related. I then assigned the task of finding him to Lewis. Lewis told me he believed he was in the Washington area but I just could not find him, I never gave up my search.

On Tuesday evening, I received an email from Glen enquiring if I minded giving a contact number to which I responded positively. About an hour afterwards, Glen called with the good news. He had just spoken with my cousin and he wanted to talk to me. I was elated. It was almost 10 p.m. and I told Glen that I was going to make the call right away as I could not wait until the morning. I did, we spoke for a long time, now, we have been in touch and we have been talking on a regular basis. I cannot wait to see him again, those plans are now in motion ... I am so excited.

Thanks again Glen. I know that here is someone else out there whom I owe a thank you. THANK YOU!!

Veronica Kiese-Codling
Stone Mountain, Georgia

Editor's note: Basil Waite was able to obtain the phone number.



Champs 2006 Pictorial- Photographs by Ronnie Chin



Champs 2006 Pictorial- Photographs by Ronnie Chin



Profile of the Month - Dale Keizs

Dale Keizs is a Life Director of KCOBA Toronto and currently its Secretary

Dale Keizs is another KC Old Boy who was born “under the clock” in Kingston. He attended Central Branch, Trench Town, Mizpah and other schools before joining his brother, Manley, at Kingston College in 1958. There were also many sons of family friends who attended at the same time..



Dale Keitz

While at KC, Dale was active in several extra curricular activities. He was a member of the Sea Scouts and the Choir. He represented the school in elocution and was a member of the school's table tennis team. But the real treat was working on a drama production in partnership with the sisters from St. Hugh's High School.

In 1958, third and fourth formers organized a canteen strike providing an early lesson in people power. The sad news of the drowning of KC Old Boy, Edward “Bumpy” Clarke, on scholarship in England, was a somber moment that he recalls. Dale soon felt on “top of the world” when along with his scouting pals, he climbed to the highest point on the Blue Mountain peak.

Dale had many outstanding teachers, but Mr. Cargill who taught history was a real confidence builder. Miss Serrant, a biology teacher, was another of his favorites: she had a brilliant mind and he feels most fortunate to have come under her influence.

There is not enough space to mention the many memorable classmates from Dale's days at the “college.” But he and Owen Hector, also known as “Yul Brynner,” were invariably at “each other's throats.” Despite their young age, they passionately debated politics and rigorously defended opposing sides of the political landscape. Dale now suspects that such argumentative fervor was probably due to family ties rather than any deep political analysis.

And then there was Errol “Mickey East” Alberga or “Al” as he was affectionately called by family and close friends. Wolmer's Boy's School had Mickey West. The cricketers of the day will appreciate the comparison. He was a quiet spirit, and a real gentleman. Al and Dale were not only classmates but resided in the same neighborhood. Dale recalls that Al was always building or designing something. Small wonder that today he is among Jamaica's leading architects.

1963 was the last year that the Cambridge School Certificate was offered in Jamaica. This was also the year Dale completed his studies at KC. He worked briefly in the Technical Services department at the Jamaica Telephone Company before accepting an appointment with the Civil Service in the Government Printing Office Audit Team.

In the spring of 1966 Dale headed north to Canada, settling in Toronto. He joined the Canadian National Railways, a Federal Agency, in the fall of 1966 working in Information Systems. In spring 1979, he moved on to the Canada Post Corporation for a position in Transportation Logistics and is still with them to this day.

Dale married his wife Joan in 1967, the year Canada's celebrated its 100th anniversary and cites as his centenary project. They have three children: Judanna, Hal and Duane. They also have eight grandchildren. Dale still enjoys a good session of table tennis and an uninterrupted swim of an hour or more. He currently lives just west of Toronto in Oakville, Ontario, home of the PGA Glen Abby golf course and headquarters of Ford Motor Company (Canada Ltd).

Dale is a Founding member of KCOBA Toronto. He can be considered one of the association's foot

soldiers: always a part of the solution, not a part of the problem. He has served on the board of directors at various times and in various capacities, and was a driving force behind the incorporation of the chapter. In 1995, the first year that the association recognized its members, Dale was among a select few who received the Meritorious Service Award as appreciation for his dedication to and participation in the activities undertaken by the Association to foster a spirit of fraternity and provide continual support to KC. In 2003, he was inducted as a Life Director of the chapter in recognition and appreciation of his service to the association over the last 30 years. He is currently serving as its secretary.

Why are Head boys invited to the KCOBA Annual Reunion Dinners in Jamaica?

By
Cedric Lazarus



Cedric Lazarus

A time honoured tradition of the KCOBA in Jamaica is that the head boy and the Principal are both invited to reply to the toast to the School at the Annual Reunion Dinner, which is usually given quite eloquently by a distinguished old boy. No one ever explained why two persons are invited to reply to one toast.

When I was head boy in 1975, the year in which KC celebrated its fiftieth anniversary, the then headmaster, Rev. McNab, called me to his office one day and told me that we were both invited to the KCOBA Dinner and that I had to give a reply to the toast to the school. I asked him why and he replied that it was an apparent tradition of the KCOBA.

At that time I was not aware of that tradition and I felt that this new Principal was probably in the same boat. Fortunately for me, the then President of the KCOBA was on the staff at the time and he gave me a few pointers on what should be included in my reply to the toast. I must have rewritten my speech about fifty times in the weeks before the Dinner and when I felt that it was finally worth the paper it was written on I asked one of my English teachers to critique it, just to make sure that it did not contain any split infinitives or

other such sins that would betray their teachings or my supposed knowledge of the English language.

On the night of the dinner, decked out in my black pants, white shirt, purple blazer and KC tie, I nervously arrived at the Pegasus (or was it the Sheraton?) and walked into the cocktail area where I was greeted with, "Here comes the head boy!" by a vigilant old boy. Another old boy, wanting to be civil, came over, slapped me on the shoulder and shouted "Get the head boy a drink." Another wanting to be clever shouted, "Yes, get him a rum and coke or a gin and tonic!" I opted for the rum and coke, minus the rum. As I sipped my coke, someone slapped me on the shoulder and asked, "What's happening at the school these days?"

"We just won the triple at football" I said confidently.

"We know that, but what else is happening?" was the response.

One old boy wanted to know how many players on the team would be returning the following year. I responded that that very much depended on Mr. G.C.E. Cambridge and also on the persuasive skills of Coach George Thompson in September when the exam results came out. I was also itching to tell them that some student critics in my class were already predicting that we would be losing Boys Champs for the first time in fourteen years come April, but I decided not to spoil their collective appetites before the meal.

Eventually, we were called inside and I was led to a table at the very front of the ball room, directly opposite the head-table. I got the feeling that the seating arrangement was a conspiracy to enable the headmaster who was seated in the center of the head-table to keep an eye on me.

Dinner started with the soup and roll and that provided the first real test of my manners. Should I reach for the roll on my left or the one on my right? That was the all important question. I hastily tried to remember what I had read in "Etiquette 101." As I reached for the roll on my left, I realized that the chap on my left had already taken it! I dared not reach for the roll on my right, for surely the Principal was looking straight

at me and would notice my obvious lack of table manners. So I had my soup without a roll because the old boy on my left had taken the roll to his right, which rightfully belonged to me and the old boy on my right had taken the roll to his left which rightfully belonged to him.

As I listened to the proceedings, I couldn't help but notice that there were no young old boys in attendance. Where were my friends who had left school for UWI the year before? Did they not qualify as old boys? I came to the conclusion that they were either in some bar in Papine or in a club on Red Hills Road having fun.

A distinguished old boy gave a toast to the school and after the Principal replied, the MC invited me to the podium. I felt for my speech in my pocket but if the truth be told, as I got up to speak I had no idea what I would say, while I was speaking I had no idea what I was saying and when I had finished speaking, I had no idea what I had said. Nevertheless, I got a loud round of applause and some even stood up to give me a standing ovation. I figured that it was the rum and coke in them that caused that as I was convinced that they had not heard a word that I had said. As I sat down, someone slapped me on the back again and said, "Well done Lazarus, you earned your dinner!"

The proceeding finished at around mid-night and as I walked slowly towards the door I felt that I had lived up to the tradition of the KCOBA by giving the standard reply to the toast as was expected of the head boy. As I stood by the front of the hotel, someone slapped me on the back for the nth time and asked, "How is the head boy getting home?" I wanted to reply that my new red Ferrari was in the car park but instead I said, "I'll take a taxi."

"Come, I'll take you home." volunteered the old boy.

We got in his car and on reaching Knutsford Boulevard he asked, "By the way Lazarus, where do you live?" I told him I lived just below KC, off South Camp Road. I noticed the immediate look of relief on his face when he realized that I did not live in Spanish Town or Yallahs for that matter.

The following year when I actually became an old

boy, I did not make it to the Dinner. I cannot recall if I spent the night of the Dinner at a bar in Papine or at a club on Red Hills Road. In fact, I did not start to go to the Dinners on a regular basis until the early nineties. By then, based on my age, I could without contradiction be called an old boy.

One Dinner stood out for me in the decade of the nineties and probably for the wrong reasons. At this particular Dinner, at the end of his speech, the head boy said, "Give me a Fortis!" He wanted a full Fortis, the popular cheer. And, he got it from half of the old boys in the room. The ball room echoed with about one hundred fully grown men reciting, "Fortis cadere, are we yes, also cedere non potest, are we in it well I guess, rah rah KC, yes, yes, yes," My good friend, Chester Burgess, Life Member of the KCOBA and our Mr. Protocol, who was seated at the head table, was livid. His face turned pink and then crimson red. Had he not been seated at the head table he possibly would have stormed out of the ball-room. He couldn't escape as he was strategically boxed in between the guest speaker and the Principal.

The following week at the first post-dinner Executive meeting, Chester asked of the executive members, "Does the head boy of Kingston College know the difference between the KCOBA Annual Reunion Dinner held in the ballroom of the Pegasus Hotel and Boys Champs in the grand stand at the National Stadium?" He then offered his own answer, "If he does not, then God help KC."

At that meeting and on Chester's firm insistence, it was decided that in the future someone should brief the head boy before the Dinner and tell him what was acceptable and what was not. The task fell to me as I was then both a parent and chairman of the Association's School Affairs Committee and was at the school daily. I recall that head boy, Stefan Hemmings, gave a remarkable speech and did not ask for a Fortis. I suspect that his father who had attended many dinners had coached him.

In the new millennium, head boy Adrian Nembhard was simply brilliant. He replied to the toast to the school without once looking at his prepared speech and he showed no hint of nerves. Later, I asked him how he managed that feat and he replied that he had

some sort of a photographic memory. I thought to myself that we were not all born equal; while some of us could hardly remember the birthdays of our children, Nembhard could recall all the science, history and mathematics that he had done from first form. His 'A' level results some months later did in fact prove that he had a remarkable photographic memory and he reminded me of this fact when I asked him the secret of his success. "Hard work, discipline, prayers and a photographic memory," was his reply.

Jeffery Foreman was head boy last year and although I was not at the Dinner to hear his speech, I am sure that he acquitted himself well. As valedictorian for his graduating class a few years ago, parents were overheard saying that he sounded like a young Michael Manley and that his delivery was flawless. At the Dinner I am sure that he lived up to the tradition and I am equally sure that he did not ask for a Fortis. *The following is reprinted from the 1967 Kingston College Magazine. Res Clovella or "Clovellian Archives" is a perennial feature of the annual magazine recapping the year's events in an old English narrative style.*

RES CLOVELLAE



Glen Laman

Now it came to pass, in the second and fortieth year of the kingdom of Clovelly, that the elders of the surrounding kingdoms decided that the battles fought in the name of Manning should come to an end lest all suffer destruction at the feet of Clovelly. The children of

Clovelly were sore vexed, for they had often delighted in the spoils of battle; but they kept these things in their hearts.

And it came to pass that being unhappy, the warriors of Clovelly sought other battles and made war on the field of hockey. The wrath of the Clovellians descended on the other kingdoms and soon they were hailed as the greatest warriors in the land. The day came when the warriors of Clovelly should meet those who had been victorious over the Westlands. After long and hard fighting, the Clovellians rallied to heap

the spoils of victory on the King of the Woods, who was mightily pleased. The children also were jubilant and hailed the might of their warriors. So the glory of the land of Clovelly spread far and wide.

Before the sound of the battle trumpets had filled the land, Trevor son of Rhone did train certain of the children in the art of acting so that the voice of the Clovellians might be heard on the porches of the Theatre called Little. And when the appointed day had come that they should give forth, the children of the Muse did excel, even he that is Darlus and they (for he is many) called Clarence also Toby. Such was their greatness that many gifts were bestowed upon them.

Now it is customary that the children of Clovelly should offer up prayers daily in the Temple of Augustine. And all the children being led by Rameses, the High Priest, did lift up their voices and were exceeding glad. But lo, the strains of the mellifluous organ were grievously missed and the King of the Woods lifted up his voice and asked for offerings of gold and silver. And his prayer was answered and so the organ was repaired.

The children of Clovelly were happy again now that their music had been restored to them but Percival the Patriarch was sore afraid lest his children neglect the matters of the spirit; wherefore he prayed that a prophet might be sent to spread the word and a man, great in rank and stature, called Provost, did cross the waters and uplift us with his words.

Once more it was thought fit that we show our strength in the art of acting, for is it not said that we can only do battle on the fields of Manning and Sunlight? So it was that a small band did travel to the land of the fair damsels of St. Hugh's, who some say are our sisters. All the children were filled with warmth and joy for damsels are rarely seen on the fields of Clovelly and Melbourne. And the warriors of Clovelly were willing to be led by damsels even those as were mighty warriors and did excel in battles.

After many hours of practicing, all were ready to show their skill and many gathered in the hall of Assembly at the house of St. Hugh's to see what the mighty Clovellians could do in the company of damsels. All were pleased, even those called critics who helped

spread the wondrous works of the Clovellians far and wide throughout the land.

All sweetness has an ending and as the time drew nigh that the Clovellians should leave the land of the fair damsels they were sorely grieved for they did descend daily upon the land. But the elders knowing this and fearing the outcome arranged for a feast that the children might not yearn, but see each other again.

Many also did carry the name of Clovelly to far off lands. Among them, Kublai Chen who did jump and play, also Lewis, known as “Shats” for he shoots with marvelous and wondrous skill.

And so the greatness of Clovelly did increase and many grew in wisdom and stature.

Glen Laman

6 Science

1967 Kingston College Magazine

The following article about KC old boy Dr. Marshall Hall was excerpted from the Daily Gleaner.

Dr. Marshall Hall - the banana man

by Hugh Martin

WHEN THE history of Jamaica's modern banana industry is written Dr. Marshall Hall will emerge as the man who stood between its extinction and its survival. As chief executive officer of the Jamaica Producers Group (Jamaica Banana Producers, when he took the helm) he must be credited with its being among the most successful businesses locally and regionally.

There can be no doubt that in his capacity as chairman of the Banana Export Company, which is responsible for the export marketing of the fruit of all banana growers, he has succeeded in not only maintaining but in improving the quality of the product on the European market.

This has been in a period of stiff competition from the Latin American producers who are determined to capture the lucrative European market.

No one can forget how this competition, which is able to produce at a high quality and at very low costs due to the economies of scale, in the '90s enlisted the powerful support of the United States Government and the WTO to force the European Union to change its banana regime that had guaranteed us and other African, Caribbean and Pacific (ACP) producers (former colonies of European countries) unlimited access and preferential arrangements.

STRONG MARKET PRESENCE

Dr. Hall, by insisting on improved cultivation and handling practices enabled us to achieve competitive quality standards and in so doing to maintain a strong presence in the market.

On his own company's farms he reduced inefficiencies by removing from production all but the most productive lands. It was not without a cost, however, and exports fell from nearly 90,000 tonnes to 40,000 tonnes annually where it has remained for the past several years.

So, what's all the fuss about then, one might reasonably ask? A 55 per cent decline in export sales seems like some huge sort of failure and certainly not anything to boast about.

IMPROVED QUALITY

The truth is, had we not improved the quality from the average 70 per cent 'puws' (the quality measure used in the industry) of the 1980s to over 90 per cent by the turn of the century, we probably wouldn't be

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able to export one ton today.

But where the real success lies is not so much in the export of our bananas, but in the development of the local market. Local consumption of bananas is estimated to have moved from about 50,000 tonnes in the 1990s to over 100,000 tonnes at present, and that does not include the fast-growing banana chips industry.

What most persons have failed to realise is that the banana industry today is as strong as it has ever been. The only difference now is that the small grower no longer depends on the export order to earn a weekly income.

Local demand for both ripe and green bananas has grown to the extent that hardly any fruit goes to waste any more. The European Union's Banana Support Programme has played a major role in helping farmers to adjust to the changing conditions and many of them were assisted in setting up ripening facilities that have helped to improve the quality of fruits offered to the local market.

The Latin American producers have again succeeded in forcing the EU to reduce the tariff to well below the 230 euros per tonne that the ACP producers thought they could live with. Locally, Agriculture Minister Roger Clarke was heavily criticised for accepting that figure while negotiations were on-going. Now at 176 euros the Latins are still pressing for it to be reduced further.

As it has turned out the Jamaican industry is still able to withstand the pressure. And it is in this area that I have a slight problem with Dr. Hall. I think he cries too much. At every new threat he comes out bawling that it will mean the end of the industry or it will be a devastation of the industry.

The latest lament (at the **Gleaner** Editors' Forum) is that we might be forced to pay a tariff on some of the bananas that enter the EU this year and certainly next year because the quota for the entire ACP is only 775,000 tonnes.

WELL DONE

I just want to assure him that we are proud of what he has done for the industry and we believe that whatever the threats are he will take the necessary steps to negate them as he has been able to do in the past.

The current Eat Banana drive isn't even necessary as Jamaicans already love their banana a day. They know it has a lot of iron and other goodies that make them healthy. And finally, we want to congratulate him on being inducted into the PSOJ Hall of Fame last September.

Hugh Martin is a communication consultant and farm broadcaster at humar@cwjamaica.com.

Editorial Staff

Glen Laman
Earl Adams
Basil. Waite
Winston Stewart
Lance Seymour
Ivor Nugent
Errol Lecky
Ronnie Chin
Anthony Williams

gllaman@bellsouth.net
withmore@comcast.net
basil.waite@carib.crawco.com
MESENSEJAH@email.msn.com
lseymo1234@rogers.com
inuge@hotmail.com
buffbay7@aol.com
rcstudio2002@yahoo.com
will7916@hotmail.com