

The

20  
**Ceylon**  
**Companion**

Illustrated



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# THE CEYLON CAUSERIE.

COLOMBO, DECEMBER, 1935.

ON BOARD THE "ORION."



*Photo by Plâté Ltd.*

His Excellency was the Chief Guest at the reception held on board the Orient Company's new luxury liner "Orion" when she touched at Colombo on her return from her maiden voyage to Australia. H. E. is seen in the picture with the Captain A. L. Owens, R.D., R.N.R. and Mr. I. C. Geddes.



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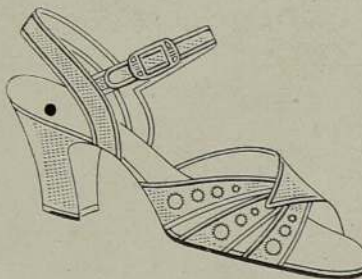
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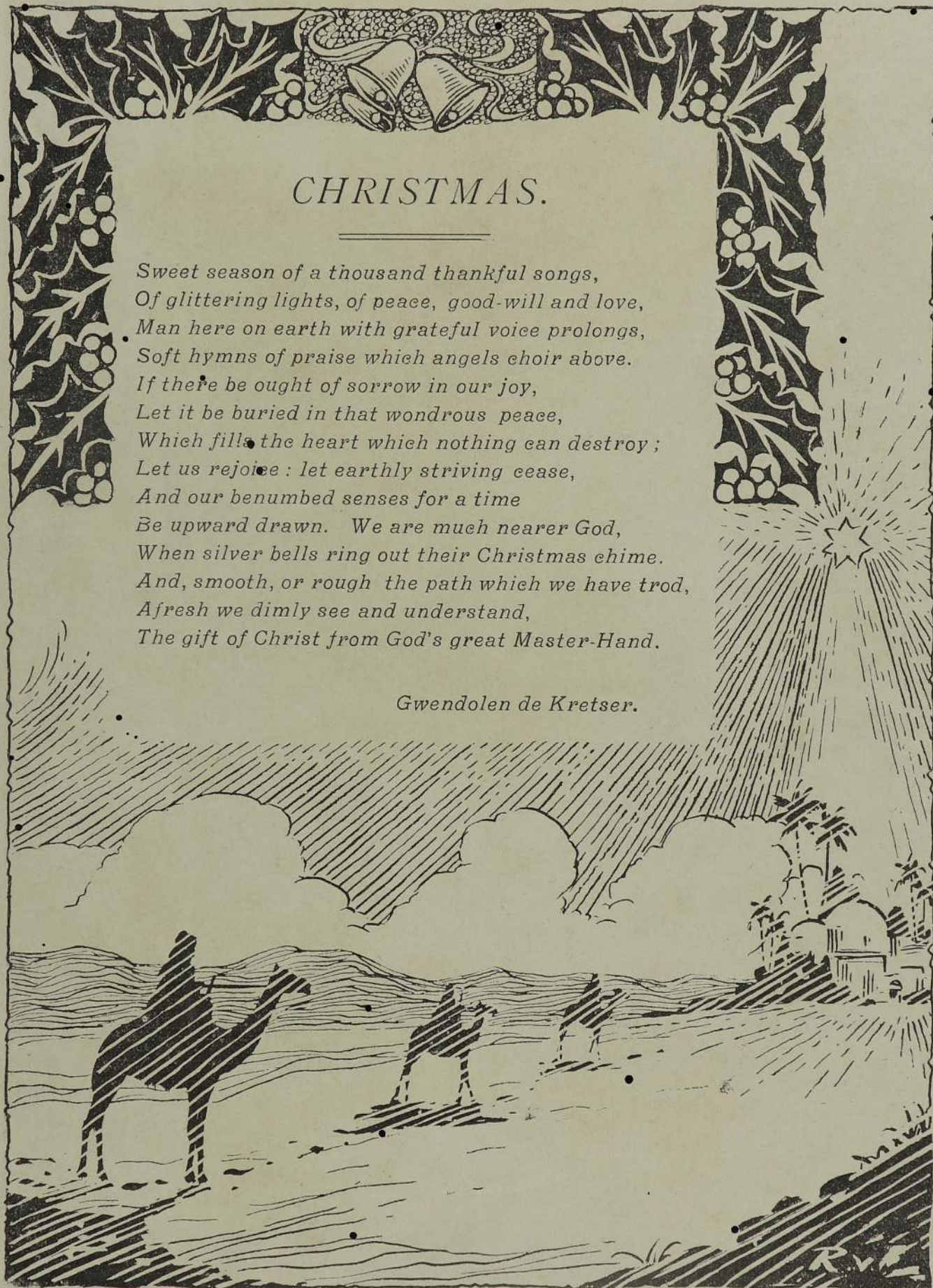
Rs. 20-00 nett.



## CHRISTMAS.

*Sweet season of a thousand thankful songs,  
 Of glittering lights, of peace, good-will and love,  
 Man here on earth with grateful voice prolongs,  
 Soft hymns of praise which angels choir above.  
 If there be ought of sorrow in our joy,  
 Let it be buried in that wondrous peace,  
 Which fills the heart which nothing can destroy ;  
 Let us rejoice : let earthly striving cease,  
 And our benumbed senses for a time  
 Be upward drawn. We are much nearer God,  
 When silver bells ring out their Christmas chime.  
 And, smooth, or rough the path which we have trod,  
 Afresh we dimly see and understand,  
 The gift of Christ from God's great Master-Hand.*

*Gwendolen de Kretser.*





The following Selected Pictures will be Screened during December & January at the Regal, Empire, Majestic, Colombo & Empire, Kandy & Clifford Pavilions, N'Elia

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**& "ALICE ADAMS" Etc.**



A Sports Causerie.

# Christmas Racing

## “Down South.”

### Tennis Team for India Next Year.

By “Kay.”

RACING ‘Down South’ during the X’mas holidays has always been thoroughly enjoyable. Coming, as it does during the festive season there is more spontaneity in the enjoyment at the Southern Carnival than is obtainable in either the big Meet at Colombo or the Easter Season at Nuwara Eliya, which are more or less full dress occasions. Gallileans, of course, patronise their Meet in force, but much of its success depends on the crowd that goes racing from Colombo and this support has always been given by the racing public in generous measure. All roads lead to Boosa at Xmas time and whether the trip is made by road or by rail, the 68 mile journey each way, is in fact one of the enjoyable features of the Southern Meet, colouring it with a picnic atmosphere.

The journey is being undertaken by increasing numbers each year. This year will prove no exception to the rule and a thoroughly enjoyable Meet can be anticipated on Boosa’s fine course which is now nearly a decade old.

The programme is extended this year to four day’s racing starting on Boxing day and ending on January 2nd. Last year’s Meet of three days provided 23 races and this year with 21 events on the programme, a bigger aggregate can be expected with many of the events being certain to be divided. Preparation on the track is now proceeding apace and

good support for the Meet in the shape of entries is assured.

Stakes to the value of Rs. 51,500 are spread over the four days and six trophies including the Governor’s Bowl, the plum, are offered for competition.

Supporting the race Meet, the main attraction of the Carnival of Sport in the South, the Gymkhana Club, have also arranged their annual tennis billiards and shooting tournaments and race dance. The tennis tournament which yearly attracts some of the foremost players in the Island, consists of 14 events and opens on December 21 and will close before the year is out. The same dates apply to the billiards tourney, while Rifle Shooting is confined to the 27th.

Galle’s programme is entirely an attractive one and visitors to the Southern Capital should thoroughly enjoy themselves during the Christmas holidays.

Prospects for racing in 1936 are bright.

According to the programme prepared by the stewards of the C.T.C. for Colombo and Nuwara Eliya there will be once again 19 racing days for the year. A welcome feature from the point of view of the owner, is the increase in the stake money. These are of a somewhat substantial nature in the August Meet; but at other Meets winning thoroughbred and Class I Arabs will get only

Rs. 100 more than they do now and Class II Arabs will receive Rs. 50 more. The stakes for the Governor’s Cup, including the value of the Trophy, represents an increase of Rs. 1,500 over the Rs. 6,750 awarded this year. Other Cup events during the big Meet also show substantial increases. With the increase in stake money and the brightening up of the general outlook, further improvement in racing in general and the standard of animal in particular, can be looked forward to.

Not the least attractive of the racing programme for 1936 is the revival of those two popular outstation Meets at Taldua and Radella. Taldua, Tebuwana and Radella hold many happy memories of the good old days amongst the older generation of turfites, when the planters of these districts used to hold high revel at their annual foregatherings. With racing now-a-days becoming more and more of a serious business, the revival of these happy little Meets where the actual sport of racing and the spirit of good championship are the predominant features, will be welcomed.

Now, after an interval of nearly ten years, the K. V. ‘Bhoys’ will once more celebrate Thai Pongal with a Race Meet at Taldua. January 11 and 14 are the dates fixed and no less than 10 Trophies are being offered for competition.

Next comes Radella. The annual precursor of the Easter Race Meet at Nuwara Eliya will function once again and a Meet will be held this year early in March.

While still on the subject of racing, it will perhaps be not out of place to touch briefly on the November Meet which has just concluded. It was at this Meet that All-Clear, full brother to that wonder horse of the world Phar Lap, and of whom much was expected since Mr. Lyon imported him to Ceylon, broke his sequence of bad luck, securing his first victory after well over a year’s racing, by securing a third Schofield Cup for his owner. The latter incidentally leads in the list of winning owners. Now that All-Clear has broken the ice he should figure more prominently in the coming season, in spite of a set back in the



Extra Meet when he was beaten into second place by Gaul.

Capt. Fenwick's stables were by far the most successful in this Meet and Daniels heads the list of winning Jockeys.

#### Tennis.

Looking ahead once more to 1936 tennis is due to come to the forefront of Ceylon Sport with the approach of the C. L. T. A. Championships.

Last year Ceylon tennis enthusiasts were privileged to see English, French, Australian, Japanese and Indian stars in action on our courts. Early next year there is a likelihood of the Czechoslovakian champions Hecht and R. Menzel who are coming out to India paying a visit to Ceylon. We shall also very probably again see a Japanese Davis Cup team here, but we will miss the Australians, for the latter intend to compete in the American Zone for the Davis Cup and this will entail their travelling across the Pacific.

For the first time in the history of the C. L. T. A. a team from Ceylon is likely to be sent abroad. Negotiations are being made for sending a Ceylon team to Madras, to take part in the South Indian Championships. This is a capital project and should do much for the advancement of tennis in Ceylon.

One event to look forward to before the year is out is the Colombo Tennis Championships, which this year have been thrown open to the Western Province and not confined to residents of Colombo alone.

Another sports event in December will be the visit of the Madras Cricket Club to Ceylon during the Christmas holidays. Matches have been arranged against Mr. G. R. Neale's team, against Up-Country and against the C.C.C.

#### Quadrangular Athletic Meet.

One of the high lights of Sport in November has been the first Quadrangular Meet held by the A. A. A. for the Obeysekere Cup, in which the Excise Department, the University College, the Public Schools and the A. A. team took part. The Schools won the Trophy with the Varsity second while the Excise Department, who had swept the board in the Government Service Meet, were third.

#### Soccer.

Soccer in Colombo reached its closing stages in November. Champions of both leagues were found and the Times Cup is nearing its completion. St. Michael's once again came out top in the Colombo Soccer League, the third time they have done so for the five years they are in the senior division. That their performance this year was fully deserved was demonstrated when they met the Champions of the other League, the Amateur Soccer League, the R. A. in the semi-final of the Times Cup. The Gunners had the better of the exchanges in the early stages but when a really clever bit of play in the second-half gave St. Michael's the lead, they rose to great heights in their defensive work, in repelling an intensive onslaught by the Gunners in an attempt to equalise. Now St. Michael's meet the C. H. & F. C. in the final and probably the match would be past history by the time these notes are in print. This should be another fine match, for apart from being a Cup final it is a proud boast of St. Michael's that they have not yet been beaten by the C.H.&F.C. in first class soccer and that only one goal has so far been scored against them. Will the C. H. & F. C. get their first victory this year?

#### Death of Dr. Rockwood,

Ceylon sport in general and Ceylon cricket in particular, will be all the poorer for the passing away recently of Dr. John Rockwood. No one in Ceylon, perhaps, counts a wider circle of friends in all branches of sport amongst all communities than Dr. Rockwood.

Cricket was a game he loved and he gave all his enthusiasm for the improvement of the game in Ceylon. Largely instrumental in organising the Ceylon Cricket Association he was its first President. He did not confine his interests to one Club. Though he helped to found the Tamil Union and became one of its Vice-Presidents, he was also associated with the N. C. C. and Colts, of which Clubs too he was Vice-President. He was also President of the C. R. C. and this Club have him to thank for their ground.

He was never so happy as when organising cricket tours in and out

of Ceylon or matches which gave the rising generation an opportunity.

Nor was cricket the only branch of sport he was interested in. He helped to revive the A. A. A. in Ceylon. Tennis, hockey and soccer were amongst his other interests. He devoted much of this enthusiasm to the Kennel Club and the Poultry Club and was also a keen "turfite."

A thorough sportsman, his loss will be keenly felt for many years to come.

---

## Horlick's Indian Calendar for 1936.

Impressive Scene Beautiful  
Reproduced.

WE have received a copy of the 1936 wall calendar which is being widely distributed in India by the Horlick's Malted Milk Company Ltd.

This firm's calendars are always conspicuous for their interest and artistic excellence. The present one is no exception, though in subject matter it represents a departure from the calendars issued in the past, which have generally illustrated famous scenes or subjects from the mythology or history of India.

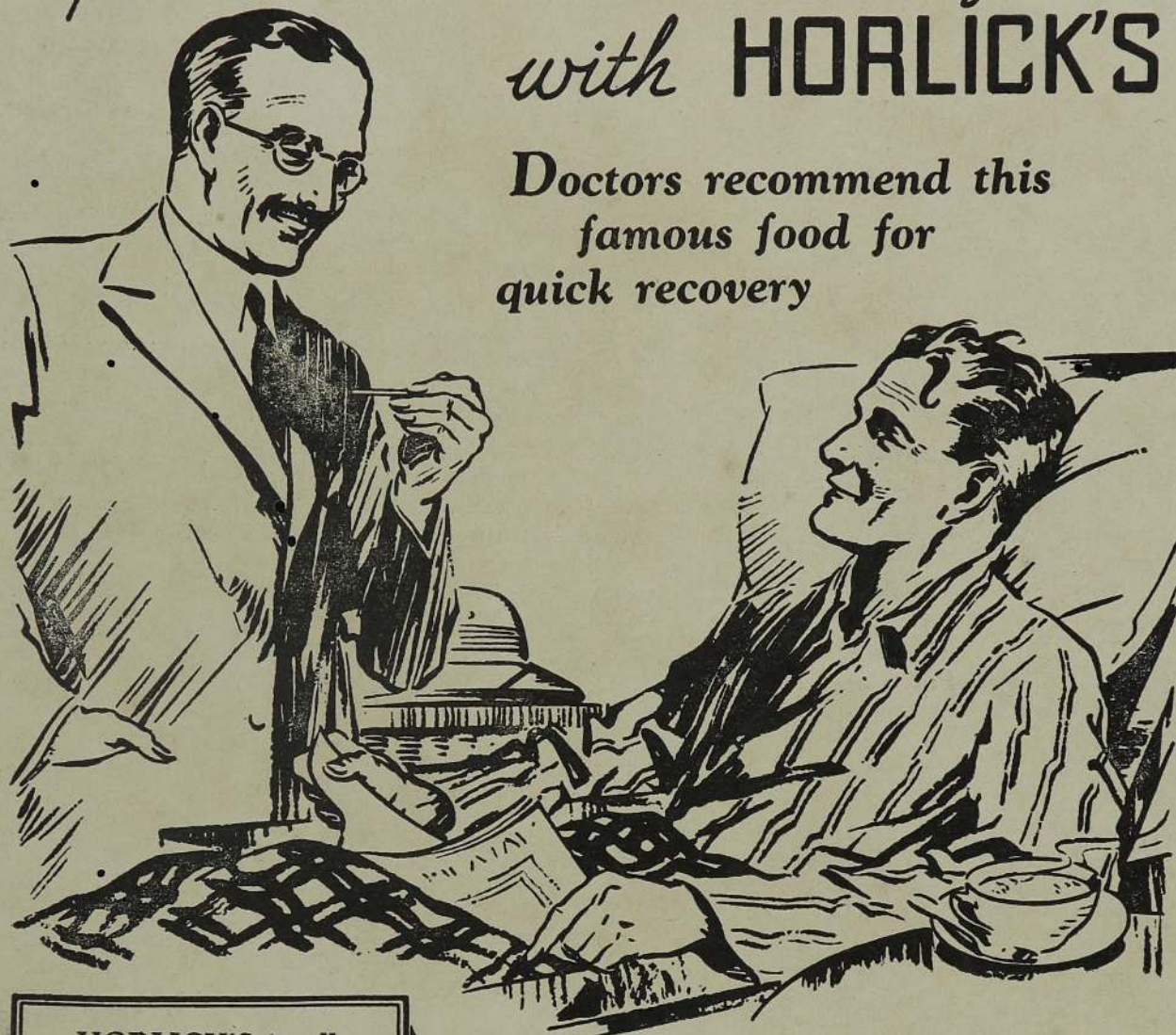
The 1936 calendar carries a magnificently printed illustration of the impressive and colourful scene in St. Paul's Cathedral, the heart of the Empire, during the Thanksgiving Service held there on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of the King Emperor. There are two smaller illustrations, one of Their Majesties driving in State to the Cathedral, and the other showing them kneeling in prayer.

It is impossible not to be impressed by this vivid Souvenir of the Jubilee of a Sovereign who so well deserved the congratulations and tributes of respect which poured in from every part of his Eastern Empire on that great occasion.



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**E**VEN a mild illness is a strain on your system which can leave hidden weakness unless you take special care to make recovery complete.

A full return to health and vigour depends above all on correct nourishment, to build up the reserves of strength which have been exhausted.

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Take Horlick's as soon as you can take nourishment, and keep up the good habit until you feel thoroughly strong and well. You will then be safe, your recovery will be full and complete—no hidden weakness will remain!

**HORLICK'S**

The Original Malted Milk

—100 PER CENT ENERGY-GIVING NOURISHMENT



# CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

By Kim.

AT this time of year, Brenda and I begin to turn our serious attention to Christmas presents. We start by classifying donees carefully; and, as our classification may be useful to others, I give it in detail:

(1) Parents, brothers and sisters living at Home. This is comparatively simple: a parcel of tea satisfies the parents. They know how hard up we are, and that it is all we can manage, to get a new car and wireless set; that tea and rubber are in such a bad way; and that Income Tax has been added to our woes. Fathers may be sceptical, but Mothers are not, thank goodness!—they back us up, and Fathers are prone to let Mothers have the last word! With brothers and sisters we have a tacit understanding, based on the reciprocal system: if they spend five shillings on us, we spend the same on them; if they forget to give us a present one year, we have a similar lapse of memory the next Christmas. Too easy!

(2) Uncles and Aunts from whom we have no expectations. The main thing about this class is: are they likely to send us more than a card with robins and snow on? If so, a cheap present is indicated: one that, in their opinion, smacks of the East; and it must look far more expensive than it actually is—e.g., the ghastly brass ashtray given to us the previous Christmas by my carting contractor.

(3) Uncles and Aunts from whom we have expectations. This is a difficult question, and the donees' pet idiosyncrasies have to be carefully considered. I shall never forget the time when we sent Aunt Julia, in error, a little ivory man, which I had picked up in China years before. He was a very stout gentleman, more or less naked—rather the former than the latter!—denoting *Fu*, which is Prosperity. He had a wine cup in one hand and a large chunk of food—probably shark's fin—in the other. It was of really good workmanship. But Aunt Julia is narrow minded, very pious, and utterly devoid of humour. She returned it with a letter, in which she wrote that she appreciated our intentions; but would we kindly refrain in future from the obscene. It had given her quite a shock. She presumed it was a heathen idol of some kind—probably Bacchus. In these enlightened days, &c., &c., *ad lib!* So one has to be careful, especially in posting; for this was meant

for Uncle Josiah. He received Aunt Julia's present—a woollen shawl; and as he is always raving about what he terms "modern mambypambyism" and prides himself on being a virile he—man, we got unpopular in that quarter as well!

It will be seen from the foregoing that care has to be taken where class 3 is concerned; and as Brenda and I have several childless Uncles and Aunts as opposed to uncles and aunts with heirs, it gives us a good deal of trouble. I have mentioned Uncle Josiah and Aunt Julia: now for Great-aunt Sarah. She likes, above all things, a lengthy epistle about estate things in general and the "dear labourers" in particular; for her great hobby (or, as she would call it, her Life's Work) is to further Brotherly Love. She belongs to several Welfare Societies—one has to be careful to use capitals when mentioning



these to her in letters—and is a dear, gullible old looney!

She has plenty of money, but gives away large sums annually to such things as the Provision of Summer Underwear for Esquimaux, or Trousers for the Head Hunters of New Guinea—don't forget the capitals!

Unfortunately, Aunt Sarah objects to my tea; she will only drink washy Chinese concoctions, which rules



out an obvious form of Christmas gift. However, we shall send her some locally made trifle, if we can find one that is suitable, and the Letter. Brenda writes to her occasionally; but I am expected to write a long screed about my "dear labourers" for Christmas, and it fairly bristles with capitals! Here is my first rough draft—I make several before the fair copy emerges, as it has to pass Brenda's censorship. The italics in brackets are her comments.

"My dear Aunt Sarah,

This is to wish you a very Happy Christmas. We are sending you a trifling present (*what the dickens are we to send the old thing?*).....

"Jubilee Celebrations overshadowed everything else this year. Let me tell you about them. We built a huge Bonfire at the top of the Estate. The Labourers thoroughly entered into the Jubilee Spirit. On May 6th. this Beacon made a wonderful Blaze, which was seen for miles. (*Oh, how can you? It fizzled out and the coolies pinched the rest for firewood. You should have seen to it yourself, my lad!*). This was superintended by my Foreman (*Quite so! the K. P. probably made it a failure so as to have the wood for himself!*), as I had to see to the fireworks. These took place on the Labourers' Sports Ground (*I suppose you have to keep up that fiction!*) and were most successful (*May you be forgiven!*). The rockets were the favourites—the Labourers loved to gaze upwards at a Canopy of Gold, Blue, Green, Red, Amethyst (*No, you DON'T! There are limits; and only about three*

*squibs went off, anyway. We'll cut that bit out.*) Then our Choral Society sang Tamil Songs of Love and War, winding up with a Translation of the National Anthem. (*We'll rewrite the Jubilee part—it's too ghastly for words. Aunt Sarah is pretty batty, but even she can hardly be expected to swallow that!*)

"That, dear Aunt, is the Great Event of the Year: an Event which will live for ever in the simple minds of the Labourers. This Christmas we are holding the usual Sports; and the Labourers are staging a play called "Nalikki," which is their picturesque word for Hope Deferred." (*Thanks! we'll make an entirely new draft together!*)

Well, Brenda makes unnecessary trouble. However, something like this will have to go to my respected great-aunt. There are other relations, but I have referred to the three really difficult ones. That finishes relations, then; and *pour les autres*, a Christmas card will do. I should like something *outré*, such as Adam's Peak in a snowstorm, or the Visiting Agent who is always pleased. But only Aunt Sarah can swallow such things. So we shall have to buy cards with snow and robins on—so appropriate! Or else, a few picture postcards of Ceylon.....

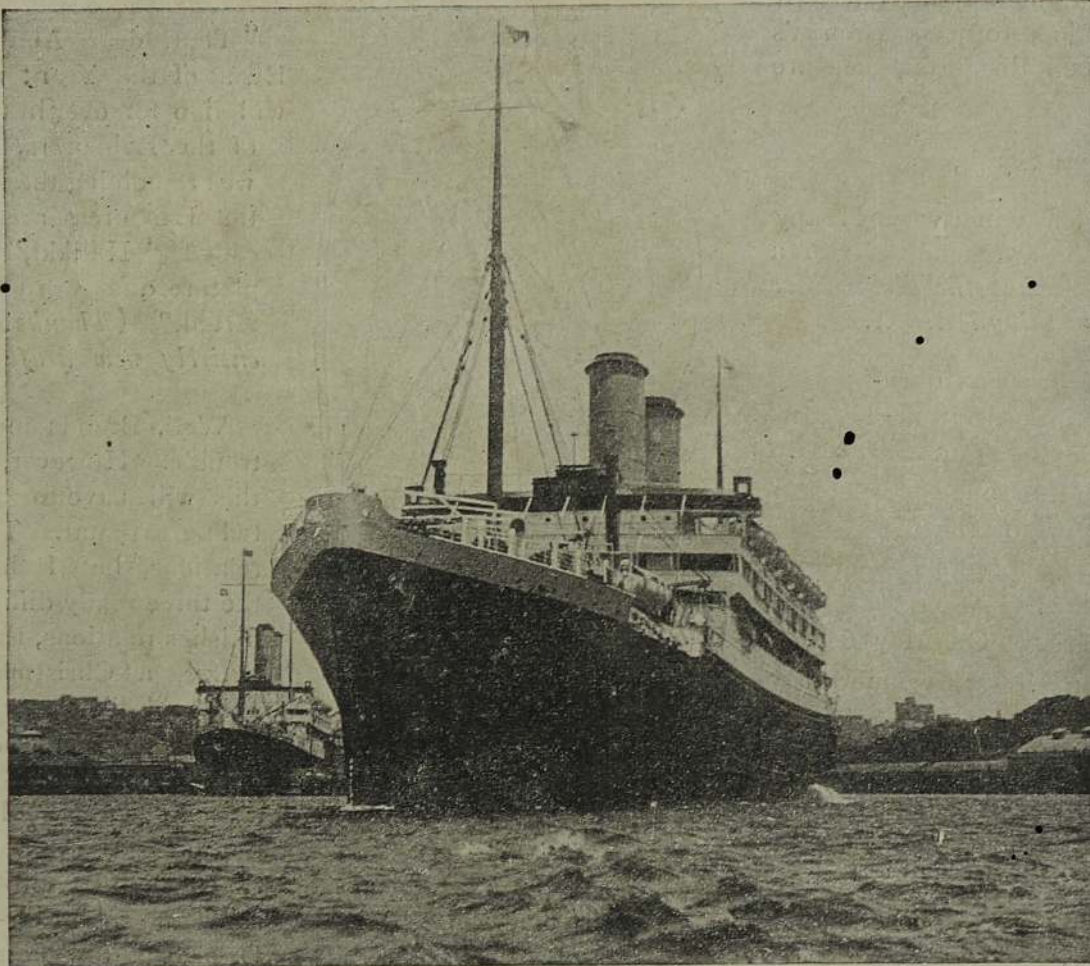
Brenda has just made a very sound suggestion: Why not send copies of *the local Annals* to each and all? It smacks of the East, looks as though it ought to cost far more than it does, and caters for all tastes. Just what the D. M. & S. S. ordered! So, for once, we have solved the Christmas present problem. *O si sic semper!*





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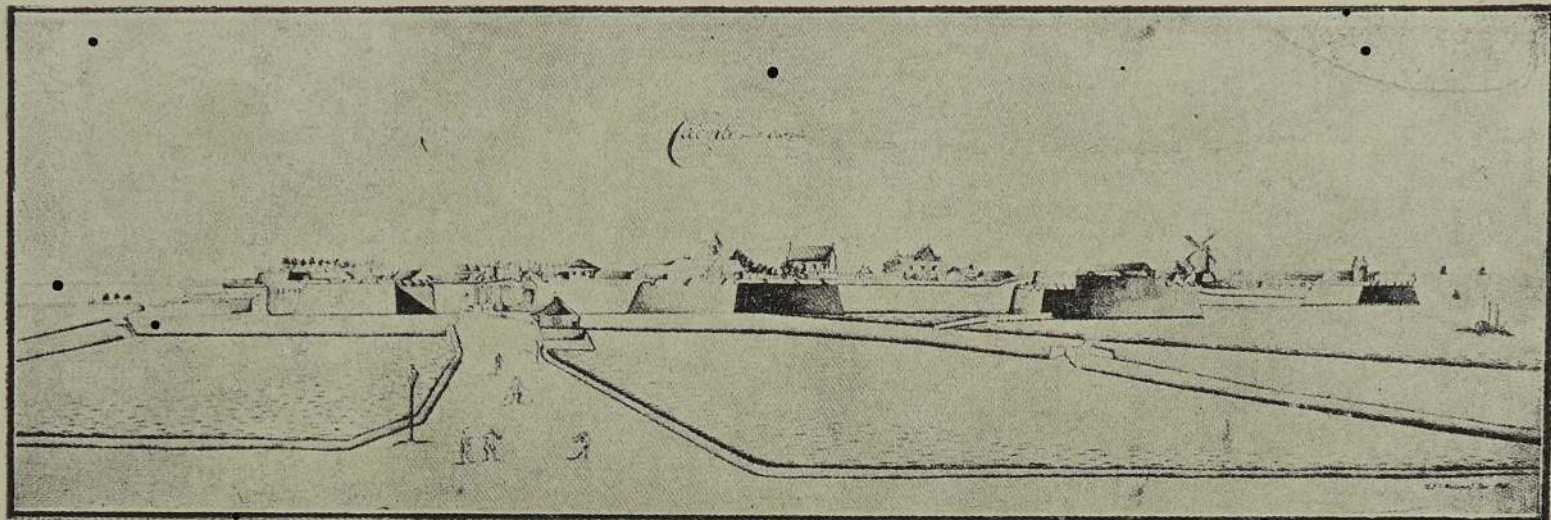












• COLOMBO IN THE DAYS OF THE PORTUGUESE AND THE DUTCH.

# Should Colombo be Handed to the Portuguese.

## SECRET TREATY OF 1661 WITH BRITAIN.

By J. A. Will Perera.

SOMEWHERE in the archives at Lisbon or London there may lie a document of considerable historical importance. It is nothing less than a Treaty entered into between Britain and Portugal, whereby it was agreed that if Portugal succeeded, presumably with the help of Britain, in wresting from the Dutch the possessions owned by the latter in Ceylon, the port and fortress of Point-de-Galle, was to be ceded to Britain, but if Britain succeeded in ousting the Dutch, Colombo was to be handed to the Portuguese.

The date of this Treaty according to Bennet is 1661, two years after the Portuguese had ceased to rule in Ceylon. Colombo had been captured by the Dutch in 1656, and Jaffna the last stronghold of the Portuguese had capitulated three years later. But this is not all. The dubious methods and devious ways of secret diplomacy is amply demonstrated by the fact, that scarcely perhaps had the ink dried on this treaty, than the Portuguese were

putting their seal to another treaty—this time with the Dutch! In this document they solemnly agreed that the latter should retain all their conquests in Ceylon! This treaty was confirmed by another entered into in 1669! Bennet does not state in what months the two contrary treaties were signed, so that we are in the dark as to which treaty antedates the other. But one may hazard the guess that the treaty with Britain was signed first.

It is difficult to understand why Britain should have entered into treaty relations regarding Ceylon at this date, when Portugal had lost most of her valuable conquests in the East and had ceased to count as a power of any consequence in Europe too. By 1661 she had broken away from the dominance of Spain, and both countries had declined in prestige and power. However this may be, the treaty serves to show that even so far back as 1661, Britain had Ceylon in her mind's eye. The treaty with Britain notwithstanding, the Portuguese in 1692 are said to

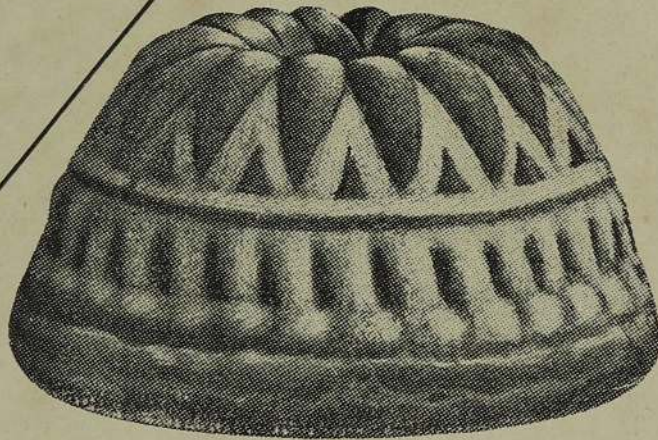
have definitely recognised the right of the Dutch to all their acquisitions in the island.

But hope dies hard. How hard is proved by the fact that 124 years later—dating from the year 1692—a Portuguese Secret Service Agent (to use an euphemism) landed in Colombo with the intention of securing a copy (or the original?) of the treaty with Britain. He was a Colonel in the Portuguese army and wore on his breast the decoration of the Order of Christ. Conditions in Ceylon in 1816 were still rather unsettled after the cession of the Kandyan Provinces in 1814.

The ex-King of Kandy was residing in Colombo Fort. The distinguished visitor was undoubtedly a spy, who taking advantage of the unsettled state of the country, tried to profit by it. The ship he travelled in did not come direct from Portugal but from Macao and she was bound for Goa. This was a ruse, for had he come direct from Europe he may have been under surveillance.



THE SPIRIT OF THE FESTIVE SEASON  
 IS INCOMPLETE WITHOUT THESE  
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 MINCE PIES  
 YULE LOGS  
 BRUDERS

TELEPHONE  
 1183.

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 ELECTRICAL BAKERS

TELEGRAMS  
 "PASTRY"

MYDE PARK CORNER

COLOMBO.



Coming as he did from the Far East, the sly Colonel could have posed as a time-expired officer homeward bound, taking advantage of the ship's stay in port to "do" the town. In those days vessels when they dropped anchor in the Colombo Roads, remained awhile, especially if the winds were contrary.

The prolonged stay of the ship enabled the Colonel to set about his nefarious plans with ease. He was aware that in the city there were Portuguese residents. To attain his object he soon made the acquaintance of two of the leading Portuguese families. Through them the Colonel attempted, clandestinely, to get an opportunity of perusing the Portuguese and Dutch records in the Government Archives.

The Colonel was perhaps too precipitate in his action, as news of his mission and the clandestine attempt reached the ears of Mr. James Sutherland, Deputy Chief Secretary and Secretary for the Kandyan Provinces. When this endeavour was made, it did not occur to the Portuguese spy that he was jeopardizing the official positions of his countrymen in British service.

Mr. Sutherland lost no time in summoning the alien officer and

questioning him about the object he had in view, when he desired so keenly to peruse documents left by the late Portuguese and Dutch Governments in Ceylon. To his chagrin the Colonel heard from the Deputy Secretary that the course he adopted was improper and not befitting his rank in the Portuguese Army and the high decorations he wore. Mr. Sutherland further told the spy that he had sought the aid of folk who could not assist him to the records, except at the risk of losing their posts under the British Government.

The Colonel instantly apologised and then entered into the question of the British being "in possession of the whole island of Ceylon." Mr. Sutherland who was not unaware of the tender mercies of the Portuguese in Ceylon, remarked in jest to the astonished Colonel:—"We have not yet turned out the wild Veddahs from the forests of Bintenne."

In the course of the interview Mr Sutherland gathered that there was a Treaty, according to the provisions of which, Ceylon was to revert to the Portuguese, in the event of the entire island becoming subject to Britain. He had never seen or heard of such a treaty. Sutherland acquainted the

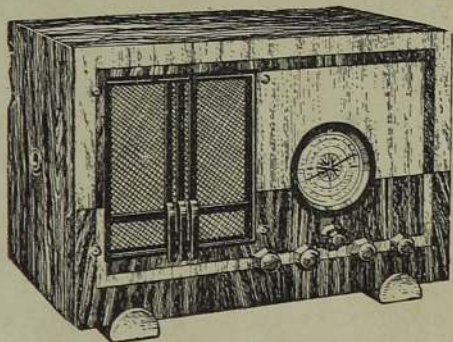
Governor, Sir Robert Brownrigg, with this strange story, the mission of the Portuguese Colonel, the sinister mode adopted to see the records, and the dubious excuse offered by him when discovered, viz:—"It is a casual accident of a passenger in transit from China to Goa." Mr. Sutherland had fears that this spy's object was not merely to glance at the important document, but also to pilfer and convey it to his native land.

Governor Brownrigg informed Deputy Secretary Sutherland, that His Excellency too had heard or read reports about such a Treaty. He directed Sutherland to search the Archives for the alleged treaty and to take such extracts therefrom as were expedient.

The search among the Portuguese records apparently proved fruitful, as Bennet gives the extracts taken from the treaty by Mr. Sutherland, for the information of Governor Brownrigg.

But what has happened to this document? It is not in the Government Archives in Colombo. Perhaps Mr. Reimers, Rev. Fr. S. G. Perera or Dr. Paul Peiris may be able to throw further light on this point?

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(Top left) Mr. Terence Scharenguivel and Miss Maysie Thomas. (Top right) Mr. A. Wright and Miss M. Bay. (Bottom left) Mr. L. H. Karunagoda and Miss Nancy Perera Rupasinghe. (Bottom right) Rev. and Mrs. Derek Karunaratna,



# STATE COUNCIL'S FAREWELLS,



A flashlight view of those present at the State Council dinner, just before the dissolution, at which His Excellency was the Chief Guest.



The teams in the match between the Councillors and the United Services.

*Photos by Plate Ltd.*



# An S. D.'s Reflections on Christmas.

THE phrase "Christmas comes but once a year" is said to have been coined by King Alfred, probably as he bent over The Grate watching the cakes burn.\* It has now been used by every father of a family, and most mothers, for over a thousand years. Which explains why the sound of it now strikes a chord of vague familiarity in well-educated people's brains and why so many women feel like striking their husbands at this time of the year.

For there is nothing that tells so much upon a woman as a husband who will go on saying the same things in the same way at the same times. I am not a woman but I can quite see why it is. I find my P.D. particularly trying when he keeps harping on Check Rolls on the 4th of every month. So that I can quite see that a husband who talks hoary platitudes at Christmas is far better underground.

I can't help feeling that Christmas lacks some of the most important factors for making successful "whoopie." In my experience, the most perfect sprees, the ones that give you a head like a dynamo in the morning, always happen unexpectedly. There is an air of adventure and a suspicion of forbidden fruit about them that is always alluring. Settle down with the grim determination to defy the backward flow of your mirth-making hormones and you will almost always discover that it can't be done. It doesn't do to disregard the chemistry of the body. If the oxygen and so forth is



*"The dear boys are let loose at this time of the year and, if better, there happens to be a fascinating little scrap of femininity anywhere about, they are apt to behave foolishly."*

not doing its stuff that evening, no matter whether it is Christmas, New Year or the wedding of your worst friend, you will find that you cannot make the "whoopie" the occasion demands.

And the trouble is, the sort of food we imbibe in large quantities at Christmas is not calculated to preserve the chemical balance of the

body. If you don't believe me just try this little experiment. In place of tomorrow's breakfast of bacon and eggs, toast, marmalade and coffee, tell your "boy" to bring a plateful of Christmas pudding, mince pies and claret. If you get to the office, or the pruning field, with your breakfast intact, I, for one, shall be surprised.

So it is obvious that a great deal more thought ought to be given to the scientific side of being festive than the majority of us imagine. I, for one, intend to go into better training this year. I am sending my P. D. a chit this afternoon to tell him my plans.

To begin with, too much exercise in the heat of the day will, I am convinced, have a very bad effect on my chemical reactions. So I am stopping all that. The Assistant Schoolmaster strikes me as none too eager to jeopardise his health with overwork. It will do his figure good to weigh up the Pluckers at 1 o'clock.

Then I don't think I got to go hounding about through the tea looking for cootch. That can hardly be good for my digestion and I am sure my mother wouldn't like it. So I shall stick to the roads in future. If the cootch does grow, I shan't see it and, as my P.D. is short-sighted and the V. A. traditionally stout, the chances are no one will be the worse and I certainly the

This juxtaposition of the words "better" and "worse" brings me, of course, to the subject of marriage. Christmas is a bad time for the preliminaries especially where S. D.'s are concerned. The dear boys are let loose at this time of the year and, if there happens to be a fascinating little scrap of femininity anywhere about, they are apt to behave foolishly. Many an S.D. has woken up on Boxing Day

\* There is not the slightest historical foundation for this statement. But someone must have said it first so why not Alfred? Anyway if I say he said it you can't say he didn't. So to Jericho with quibbling.



# PINK PARS

FOR PALE PEOPLE.

"If you are ambitious, if you see your goal clearly in front of your mind's eye, you will steer clear of love; if you have no goal, no ambition, then you will follow love wheresoever it cares to lead you."

(From *Perchance to Dream*,  
by Mary Lutyens.)

"Love knows no wisdom; love is eternal, elemental; it is beyond loyalty, beyond marriage, beyond religion, and beyond man-made commandments. In obeying man-made commandments you will be wise and you will be safe, but you will not know love."

*Ibid.*

"Love is a coin spinning dizzily through eternity, but the coin must fall, and on one side of its face is engraved satiation and boredom and on the other unappeased longing. It is just a toss up."

*Ibid.*

"Intimacy with a woman consists in a divulgence of one's own secrets and a betrayal of other people's."

*Ibid.*

"If a man is in love with you no one can take him away from you, and if he's not in love with you it's no good shutting him up so that he doesn't see any other woman."

*Ibid.*

"If all men went about in hiking-shorts and open-necked cellular shirts, I guarantee that there would be a marked decrease in the birth-rate before very long."

*Ibid.*

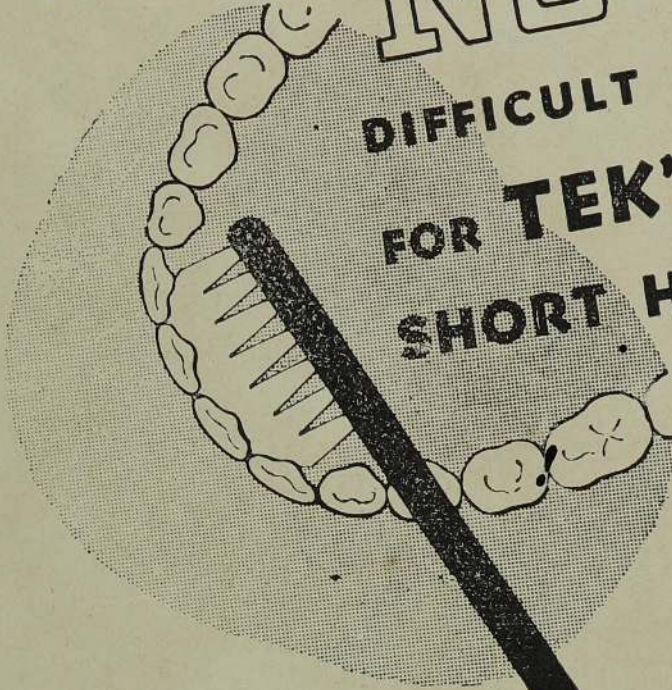
"The Cult of Modesty, which in primitive conditions had been a protection, becomes, as civilization advances, a tactical manoeuvre, camouflaged as a Virtue, which is discarded whenever inconvenient or no longer necessary."

(From *Feminine Fashions in the 19th Century*, by C. W. Cunningham.)

"Most women instinctively feel that absolute nudity, for example, tends to diminish sex attraction; hence their shrinking from it, while a pretence in that direction is alluring. To arouse curiosity but not to satisfy it too readily is woman's aim."

*Ibid.*

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and wondered what he said, why he said it and how the blazes he is going to get out of it.

My experience of the fair sex leads me to suggest that women are born wily. It is an amazing thing, but I have only to glance at the gaps in my bachelor circle of acquaintances, to realise how even the strongest amongst us fall sooner or later for some charmer in skirts, or shirts, as the case may be.

And I do certainly believe that Christmas is a very dangerous time for this love business. I shall again be very careful this year to make sure nothing of that sort happens to me. No pair of shining blue eyes will lure me into the garden to gaze at the moon. No rosebud lips will whisper sweet nothings into my ear. No waterproof lipstick will be left on my cheek. Why? For the simple reason that at the first hint of danger I shall rush to the bathroom and hastily swallow half a dozen pickled onions secreted there for the purpose. If any girl wants to kiss me after that I shall be surprised. By such Machiavellian tactics as this shall I encourage my friends again this year to resist the dangerous Christmas spirit.

Christmas presents constitute another problem. Actually I give very few presents and receive fewer. Except for the usual disappointment with regard to Uncle James, who is a disgustingly rich Colombo Agent with a large nose and a most uncharitable disposition, I know pretty well what my Christmas mails will bring. Mother invariably sends a cheque, with the admonition to spend it on all-wool stockings, or cholera belts, or flannel bags, and Aunt Mary invariably sends her love, which is nice but barren, financially, I mean.

My P.D.'s wife, who has never liked me since I fetched her first-born a hearty thump in the pants for twisting my poor Towser's tail with fiendish persistence, usually gives me 100 cigarettes of a brand I loathe. She does it on purpose, of course, but she underrates her adversary. I retaliate by sending her a pair of silk stockings of much too small a girth for her elephantine calves, which, by the way, she is very sensitive about.

My P.D. and I do not give each other presents. If we happen to be on speaking terms we grunt non-committedly at each other when we

meet on Christmas morning at the Club. Then we carefully keep away from each other for the rest of the day. We are both of the opinion that we see far too much of each other as it is.

After a morning's tennis I usually wobble back to my bungalow for tiffin about 4. A short, though heavy, sleep revives me for the activities of the evening. Being famed far and wide for my Salome dance, performed about midnight in a pair of shorts and a bath towel, I usually get plenty of invitations from my more boisterous acquaintances and am sometimes hard put to it to decide at which bungalow the whisky will flow most freely.

On Christmas evening I rarely remember more than snatches here and there. This is due to the fog of festivity that clouds my brain. However, there is one thing about Christmas that I always remember and that is lurching down to muster on Boxing morning. But let us draw a veil over a fellow creature's suffering. After all, Christmas only comes once a year, which for my beefman who is forced to fork out for dozens of attenuated turkeys is, I feel sure, once too much.

“ I H.”

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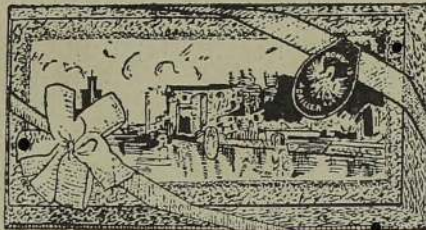




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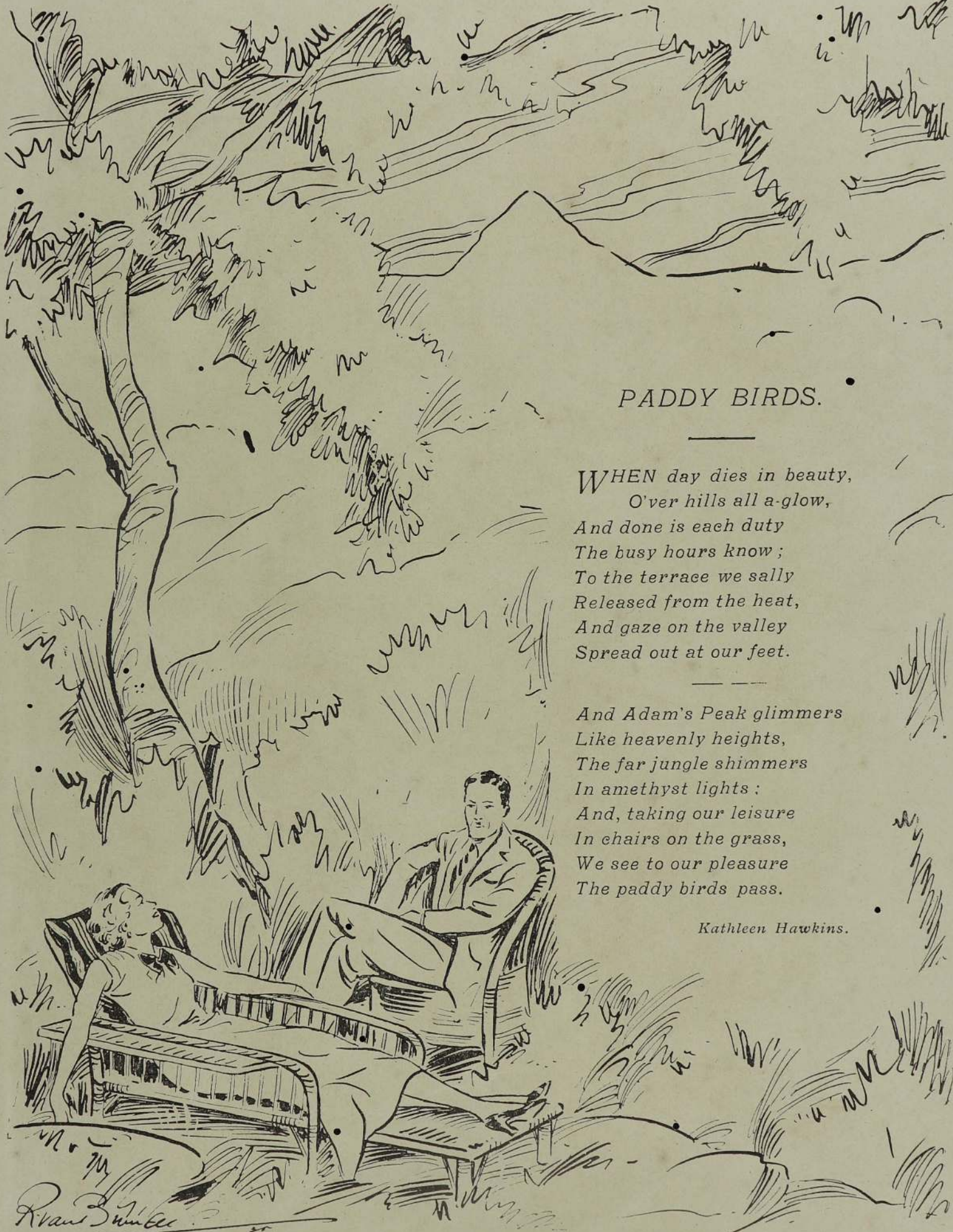
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### PADDY BIRDS.

*WHEN day dies in beauty,  
 O'er hills all a-glow,  
 And done is each duty  
 The busy hours know ;  
 To the terrace we sally  
 Released from the heat,  
 And gaze on the valley  
 Spread out at our feet.*

*And Adam's Peak glimmers  
 Like heavenly heights,  
 The far jungle shimmers  
 In amethyst lights :  
 And, taking our leisure  
 In chairs on the grass,  
 We see to our pleasure  
 The paddy birds pass.*

*Kathleen Hawkins.*



# WHO WILL BE MINISTERS IN THE NEXT STATE COUNCIL?

Certainties—"Possibles"—and "Probables."

By Gamma.

AT 12 midnight on Thursday the 5th of this month, the first State Council of Ceylon, whose birth caused much dissension and strife among old political friends, passed away, if not with trailing clouds of glory, at least with the encomiums of no less a person than the Governor of the Island ringing in its ears.

Some of the Councillors have, perhaps, said goodbye to their seats for ever. Others may perchance come back at some later date, after a brief so-journ in the wilderness. The rest will return to be the "applause delight and wonder" of the stage for another four years. Who will be numbered among the "rest"? There are the certainties, the probables and the possibles. Among the former, are Sir Baron Jayatilaka, (Kelaniya) Messrs. D. S. Senanayake, (Minuwangoda) S. W. R. D. Bandaranaike, (Veyangoda) G. C. S. Corea, (Chilaw) H. R. Freeman, (Anuradhapura) D. H. Kotalawala, (Badulla). and Mr. Peri Sundaram, (Hatton.) These will constitute the Old Brigade. It will be noticed that I do not reckon any of the other Ministers as "certainties." But perhaps I should add Mr. Macan Markar's name, to the list as he can expect a nomination in case his present constituents at Batticaloa prefer Mr. E. R. Tambimuttu to him.

Of the other Ministers, Mr. Batuwantudawe, I fear, will never sit in his Ministerial seat again, even if he

does succeed—which is very unlikely—in being returned to the Council. Mr. Panabokke, the Minister for Health, will have a tough fight to retain his seat at Gampola. The



SIR BARON JAYATILAKA.

betting at present is on Mr. R. S. S. Gunewardena, but if Mr. Panabokke succeeds in defeating him, he can I think expect to be reelected to the Ministry of Health. We are thus left with Mr. Peri Sunderam and Mr. Kannangara. The latter has refused to give battle to Mr. H. W. Amarasinguriya at Galle and is seeking to oust Mr. Atulmudali from his seat at Matugama. I doubt if he will succeed and even if he does, I have graver doubts of his ability to convince his colleagues that he should be entrusted once again with the portfolio of Education. He has been a failure as a Minister. Whether loyalty to an old colleague,

on the part of Sir Baron and Mr. Senanayake will be of any avail—in case Mr. Kannangara is returned—is left to be seen.

To continue the speculation as to the probable composition of the new Board of Ministers in the next Council.—I believe an attempt will be made to induce Sir Baron to accept the Speakership. I, for my part, doubt his consenting to leave the arena of debate, where he has scored so many triumphs and can look forward to scoring many more. But he is getting on in years and the life of a Minister and Leader of the House, is no easy task. The Speakership will give him a welcome respite and his sage counsel will still be available to his colleagues. It is undeniably true that there were many in the old Council—and a good few of them can be expected to be returned to the new—who were impatient with Sir Baron's leadership because, according to their way of thinking, he was not firm enough when the occasion demanded. There is, of course, Mr. Forester Obeyesekera, and his claims to be restored to the Chair cannot be ignored, but I do not think he will stand in the way of Sir Baron's elevation to that dignity. Should Sir Baron consent to succeed to the local "gadi" the mantle of the Leader will fall on the strong and ample shoulders of Mr. D. S. Senanayake, who astonished even his closest friends and admirers by blossoming





THE HON. MR. D. S. SENANAYAKE.

into a great Budget-maker, when, in the absence of the Leader of the House in England, he introduced the Appropriation Bill for the current financial year. Although his Budget proposals met with much criticism, it was generally conceded that the acting Leader had excelled himself. He had in fact out-Senanayakaed Senanayake. He brought to the framing of his Budget the same breadth of vision and grasp of essentials that had marked his tenure of office as Minister of Agriculture, and proved, if proof were necessary, that he is the only possible successor to Sir Baron.

To proceed along the pleasant paths of probabilities and possibilities—the elevation of Sir Baron to the Speakership will leave the way open to the member for Chilaw, who has pegged out a claim to the portfolio of Home Affairs. Mr. Corea's increase in political stature, since he entered Council, has been truly phenomenal. No one who knew him in his College days or later, as a successful Proctor of the Chilaw Bar, would have credited him with the political acumen and debating skill which he has displayed as a State Councillor, and while acting as Minister for Home Affairs. He was one of the most popular members of the House, and was as greatly respected for his sober views and well-balanced judgment, as he was liked for his charming manners. He is of the Baldwin type—sound, dependable and respect-

ted; a Councillor to whom no ulterior motive could ever be imputed.

In striking contrast to Mr. Corea is Mr. Bandaranaike, both comparatively young men, but there the likeness ends. While one is sound and dependable, the other is erratic and volatile. Endowed with all the gifts and arts of the orator, he has yet to convince his colleagues that he possesses those other qualities which would make him a successful Minister. But that he will make a strong bid for the portfolio of Local Administration can be anticipated. He is not likely to consent this time to stand aside in favour of another, as he did on the last occasion in favour of Mr. W. A. de Silva,

only to see Mr. Batuwantudawe step into the Ministerial chair! But can he persuade the majority of those who will get into this Committee, to vote for him? I have my doubts. If not Mr. Bandaranaike then who is the most likely to succeed to the honour? There is Mr. W. A. de Silva—one of the "old brigade," there is Sir Henry de Mel, there is also the member for Panadura, but unfortunately Mr. Fonseka can hardly vote against his uncle, Mr. W. A. de Silva. Should Mr. R. S. S. Goonewardene get into Council, he may choose to get into this Committee and if he does I won't be surprised to see him filling the role of its Chairman.



MR. G. C. S. COREA



MR. S. W. R. D. BANDARANAYAKE.

There is of course Mr. G. K. W. Perera who voted for himself on the last occasion! He has forsaken this Committee for that of Communications and Works, but he may, if he is returned, try again though his chances are *nil*. But I doubt his being returned at all. He has been described as a failure. The description however is not quite accurate. He is not a failure. He is a futility.

The Education Committee, like the Local Administration Committee, has a rather inglorious record. It has meandered along, following the line of least resistance, uncertain what to do, an uncertainty which has had unfortunate consequences. But in spite of all this Mr. Kannangara can, if he is returned to Council, expect to continue to occupy his Ministerial chair. Failing him the choice is almost impossible to conjecture. Perhaps the claims of the Tamils to the "loaves and fishes" may be considered, and if so there is an obvious choice—Mr. Nevins Selvadurai. He is the only Tamil from the Jaffna *bloc* who can expect to find favour with the Congress group and can be expected to make an efficient Minister of Education. But they may consider this too big a sop for the Jaffna Cerberus. If so the Jaffna members will have to be content to play the role of an opposition. I do not think there can be much hope of their being able to profit by any repetition of the "mistakes" of the Sinhalese members, by which,





COLONEL T. G. JAYAWARDENE.

Committees and this is where the Congress party rules the roost. They can "arrange" the Committees to suit their purposes and they can be trusted to secure the best talent available. That is why I would put my money on Mr. Macan Markar (in case Col. Jayawardene fails at the polls) as he has proved his mettle and would be preferable to many another, although he is considered as being too much of a "yes-man" when *vis-a-vis* Heads of Departments under his control.

For the same reason I would vote for Mr. Peri Sunderam retaining the portfolio of Labour, Industry and Commerce. It is not that the Congress party love Mr. Sunderam more but that they love his possible rivals less! But this again depends on the Congress party being able to "arrange" the admissions to this Committee. Mr. A. E. Goonesinghe has added a few members to his party and if he can "wangle" their election to this Committee then he can have his heart's desire—the portfolio of Labour, Industry and Commerce. But—there is a very big BUT against such a consummation of Mr. Goonesinghe's wishes.

There are however certain possible new members who have to be considered. I have already mentioned Mr. R. S. S. Gunawardena. There are also Messrs. E. R. Tambimuttu, C. H. Z. Fernando, and Dr. S. C. Paul to mention a few of the probables. The first mentioned may legitimately expect to be rewarded for his loyalty to the Sinhalese



HON. MR. MACAN MARKAR.

Messrs. Macan Markar, Peri Sunderam and Batuwantudawe entered the "cabinet."

Which brings me to the question: What of Messrs Macan Markar and Peri Sunderam? (I, of course, rule out all possibility of Mr. Batuwantudawe returning to the Council, or even if he returns, of retaining his portfolio.) I think both of them stand a good chance of keeping their Ministerial seats. Mr. Macan Markar will have a strong rival in Col. T. G. Jayawardene, provided the latter is returned for Balangoda, where however his chances are, I understand, not very rosy. Of course everything depends on who gets into these

politicians in the old Councils. If a Ministership is to be his reward it will be either that of Local Administration or of Labour, Industry and Commerce But I am inclined to believe that he will have to be satisfied with the Deputy Chairmanship of Committees which means that Mr. Subramaniam will recede to the back benches. Dr. Paul, if returned, should find himself in the Health Ministry and if Mr. Panabokke is defeated at the polls, may have a good chance of being elected its Chairman.

I have of course not mentioned the Ministry of Agriculture and Lands for obvious reasons. Mr. Senanayake can remain there for as long as he pleases, since no man in full possession of his mental faculties will dream of replacing him.

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## Violin Recital.

Mr. DENZIL LUDOWYKE SCORES  
ANOTHER SUCCESS.

ANOTHER very successful Violin Recital was given by Mr. Denzil Ludowyke at the Royal College Hall last month.

The two main features of this musical treat were the Bach E. Minor Sonata and 'Kreutzer' A. Major Sonata (Beethoven.) These two works were performed for the first time by Ceylonese artistes. Mr. Lionel Wendt, Ceylon's best pianist gave the violinist all the necessary support and the combination of these two players was a rare treat to music lovers.

Mrs. T. Uber sang her group of German Lieder with a great deal of feeling. The first group of violin solos 'On Wings of Song' (Mendelssohn) and 'Orientale' (Cesar Cui) were well received, Mrs. Spencer-Sheppard acting as a sympathetic accompanist. Mr. Ludowyke's broad, singing tone was

heard to advantage in both solos. Mr. A. R. Hallock contributed two songs by Schubert. The last group of violin solos began with a minuet by Ravel which was sensitively rendered. The recital ended with De Fallas' 'Dance of Terror.' Special mention must be made of

Mrs. Sheppards' collaboration at the piano.

Mr. Denzil Ludowyke studied music abroad, first in Munich under Professor Kilian of the Conservatoire of Music and later in London and Belgium under Temianka, studying at the Carl Flesch violin school.

(Communicated.)



MR. DENZIL LUDOWYKE.

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GOLF XI.

# The Importance of the Grip.

By E. R. Whitecombe.  
British Ryder Cup Player.

IT may appear to be elementary instruction to discuss the grip of a golf club. In almost every instructional book an early chapter is devoted to the subject because naturally one must learn to grip the club before attempting to swing it. Yet the grip seldom receives all the study and consideration it deserves. All players know, or think they know, the grip that is best suited to their game. But, if you were to go out on to the links to-day and ask every one of the first twenty players you meet why he employs the grip of his choice, not more than one of them will be able to give you a better reason than that each considers his grip preferable to any other.

That may, on the face of it, appear to be a sufficiently good reason, but it is inadequate, and only goes to prove, what I believe to be a fact, that the average golfer does not realise what an important part is played by the grip if one is to succeed at golf. Unless the club is gripped correctly, the whole swing may be thrown out of gear. The fact that the hands are not correctly placed upon the shaft of the club may make it quite impossible to strike the ball accurately; and yet the large majority of average players never give a thought to their grip. They simply grasp the club comfortably, as they think, in one of the orthodox manners and then proceed to set about hitting the ball, quite regardless of the fact that the position of the hands is such

that they cannot possibly strike the ball accurately.

Naturally the question arises "what is the correct grip?" The answer is "That which you find will enable you to play accurate and controlled shots." There are certain principles which must be followed, although even these have been defied. It is generally agreed, for example, that the left hand must be above the right—that is nearer the top of the grip. But there have been many

successful golfers who in their young days played with a great deal of success with the left hand below the right. Then, again, expert opinion is decided upon the rule that the hands must be close together. In answer to this, while I do not advocate such an unusual grip, I have seen quite successful golfers whose grip was such that there is an inch or two of the grip showing between the two hands.

But these are exceptions, not the rule. The majority will discover that the right hand should be below the left and the hands as close together as possible. The reason for this is that golf is the only game in which a ball is struck with a club or bat having a small grip. In cricket, lawn-tennis and hockey the grip of the bat racket or stick is thick. It is, therefore, possible to grip these in the palm of the hand sufficiently firmly to control them. Except in exceptional circumstances players cannot do the same with golf clubs. There is, of course, the "palm," or two-handed, grip in golf successfully adopted by many great players. Abe Mitchell, for example, employs this method with great success, but the average golfer needs the co-operation of the right hand if the left is to accomplish its task. Therefore, the overlapping grip, a method made popular by Harry Vardon, or the interlocking grip, such as I personally favour, is used by most golfers.

The merits of the interlocking and overlapping grip lie in the fact that they each tend to out some of the power of the right hand, and therefore assist the player to get into the correct hitting position before striking the ball. With the two-handed palm grip the player is inclined to take the club back with the right hand and thus deprive what should be the master hand, the left, of its power. With either of the other methods the hands must work together, and since it is essential that they should move up and down in perfect harmony anything that tends to accomplish this must be useful.



*The interlocking grip favoured by E. R. Whitcombe. The little finger of the right hand is interlocked with the first finger of the left, and the club is held in the web of the right hand.*



**SMALL HANDS.**

For players with short fingers or small hands the only possible grip to be employed effectively may be the double-handed palm grip. There is one important point to remember about this grip; it is NOT a palm grip at all. The shaft of the club should be allowed to lie diagonally across the palm of the hands, not actually straight in the palms. The position of the hands should be such that with the club gripped in the fingers there should be two distinct V's visible made by the pressure of the thumbs against the fore-finger. These V's must be on top of the shaft. It is possible to drive a low ball with a lot of run on it if the left hand is well over the top of the shaft, but by turning the left hand a shade to the left—that is towards the direction of the hole—greater height and less run will be obtained.

If a small movement like this will have such a great effect upon a golf shot it is obvious that the grip is worth some study. Naturally the choice of grip will be a matter of

personal taste, but the average player is less likely to make errors if the over-lapping or inter-locking grip is used. In these grips there is likely to be greater control than when the hands are working separately. The overlapping grip with the little finger of the right hand resting on the top of the forefinger of the left tends to bring the hands into co-ordination, and in my opinion the inter-locking grip makes the correct movement of the hands even more simple. If the little finger of the right hand is interlocked with the forefinger of the left it is almost impossible not to move both wrists smoothly together. It is not possible to play an accurate shot unless the wrists are working smoothly together, and if the position of the hands on the shaft is not correct one hand or the other will dominate the swing.

An easy grip tends to make for a free swing. If the hands are not comfortable on the shaft a feeling of tenseness is communicated throughout the body and the swing will

suffer. One thing to be carefully avoided is holding the club too tightly. The club, after all, is not a very heavy weight and no more power should be expended upon gripping it than is absolutely necessary. It should be gripped firmly but not tightly. A useful method of resting your grip is to develop a sensation of swinging a weight upon a cord when you have a club in your hands. The club should not feel like a stick with a weight at the end of it, as it will do if you grip too tightly. It must be remembered that the club is held in the fingers, not gripped as though it were a heavy hammer. •

It is well worth while studying the grip of the first-class players, making a few experiments with various grips and studying the effect of slight changes in the position of the hands on the shaft in either direction. The best way to learn is to watch the effect of placing the left hand a little further over or under the shaft; you will soon discover the effect for yourself.

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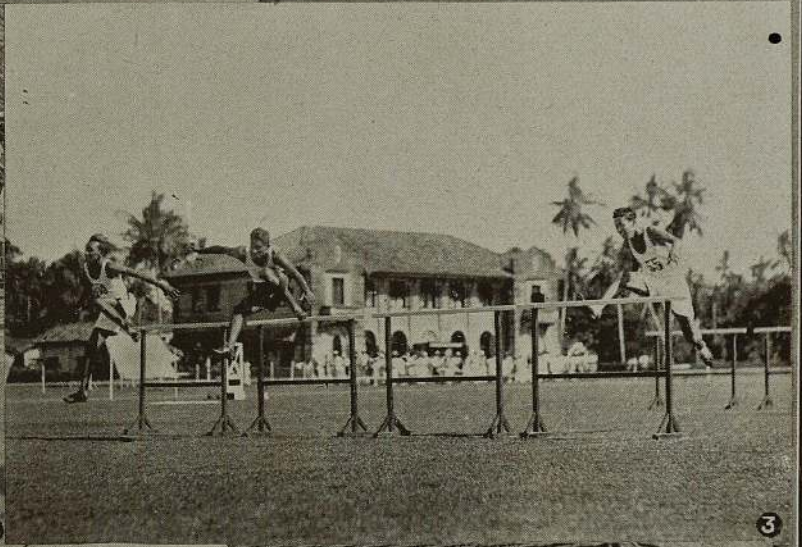
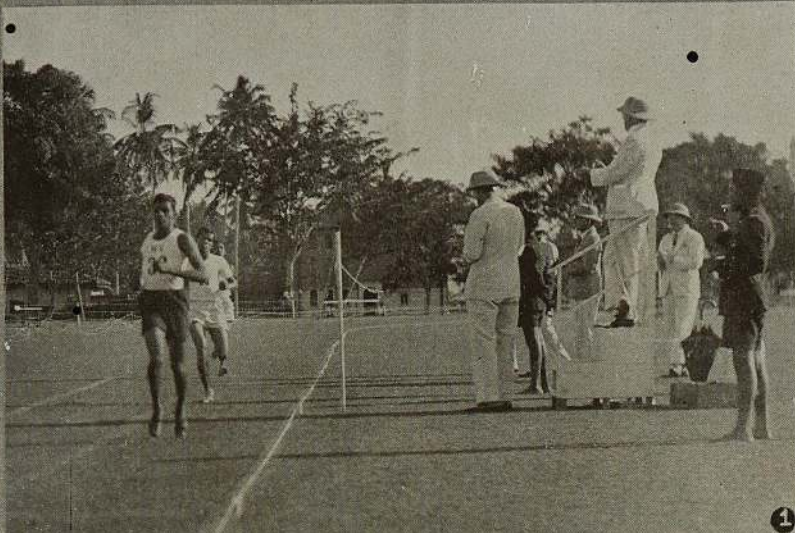
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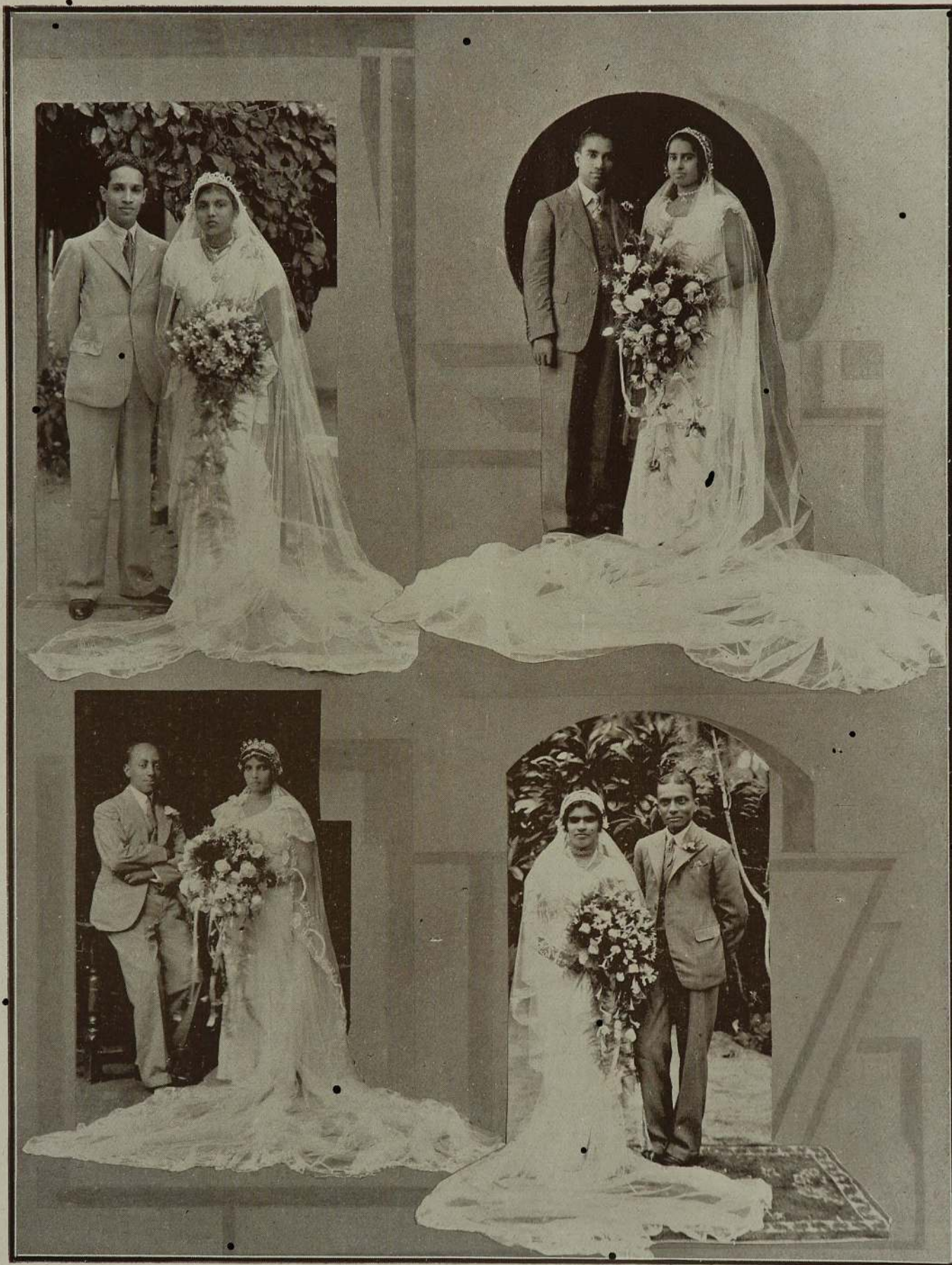


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1. Finish of the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile. 2. Finish of the 220 yards. 3. Start of the Hurdle Race. 4. Winner of the Hop Step and Jump Race. 5. Winner of Putting the Weight.



WEDDED.



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"Dionis Mudalali, one evening, found cause to have a determined straight talk with his nephew.

## THE LESSER EVIL.

By M. F. L. de Silva.

IF Dionis Mudalali into whose pockets silver rained from toddy rents had his own way, he would have made his nephew a Barrister-at-Law and thumb-screwed him into marrying a wife and a lakh. But Jerome never let him and Jerome readily agreed to go to the dogs. Which was the only command of his uncle he ever obeyed.

Jerome's means of transporting himself to the dogs was chiefly a flashing yellow painted sports automobile. Malcolm Campbell was never so given to high velocity as

was this gadding nephew of a mudalali. Jerome's plans for carefree gaiety were crystallised into the single purpose of careering through life at breakneck speed, meeting obstacles only to mow them down.

Dionis Mudalali, one evening, found cause to have a determined straight talk with his nephew. On many an occasion before, he had attempted to improve the young man's mind by means of straight talks, but they were neatly nipped in the bud. Jerome could smell a straight talk when one was incubating and he would scotch it by the simple ex-

pedient of failing to catch a fly and rushing off to look for the flit.

"Jerome, you are a festering boil," the mudalali said to the young man by way of a start.

"Meaning, uncle?"

"Meaning that you are a festering boil."

"Oh quite," the nephew heartily agreed. He made to skedaddle towards the garage where the battered remnants of a car which, twenty-four hours earlier, was a papilionaceous affair was lying glad of its refuge.

"Stop," the uncle commanded. "What time did you get back last night?"

"Last night? Oh yes, last night. About eight o'clock, I suppose."

"Then on your way home you must have met yourself going back," Dionis Mudalali observed facetiously.

Jerome flicked off an imaginary fly from the back of his ear. The other thrust an evening newspaper under his nose and Jerome shuffled uncomfortably. "What's this? Read it," he heard his uncle command venomously.

Jerome scanned the headline: "THE PILLAR OF FIRE THAT WAS." He swallowed guiltily and read on:

"The pillar of fire erected a fortnight ago at the McCallum Road junction was knocked down for the third time when a racing motor car crashed into it last night at about ten o'clock. The motorist, Mr. Jerome Jiwaratne, appeared before the Municipal Magistrate this morning and pleaded guilty to a charge of reckless driving and causing damage to a pillar-of-fire. The prosecuting Inspector told the Magistrate that this was the fourth pillar-of-fire that the accused had uprooted, to say nothing of lamp posts and retaining walls which seemed to be perpetually getting in his way. The Magistrate fined Mr. Jiwaratne Rs. 100, and warned him to leave alone those very useful hindrances to traffic."

(Continued on page 32.)



## New Books in Library.

- The Luck of the Bodkins**  
P. G. Wodehouse
- The Insolence of Youth**  
E. W. Savi
- Frost at Morning**  
Beatrice Kean Seymour
- Bird in Flight**  
Simon Dare
- The Eunuch of Stamboul**  
Denis Wheatley
- Catherine the Great**  
Gina Kaus
- The Mouthpiece**  
Edgar Wallace
- Wigs on the Green**  
Nancy Mitford
- The Glorious Pool**  
Thorn Smith
- The Days Dividing**  
Neil Bell
- Abyssinia on the Eve**  
Ladislas Farago
- Joan of Arc**  
Miltor Waldmar
- White Ladies**  
Francis Brett Young
- Barrell Organ Tune**  
Jane Oliver
- Haig Vol. 1**  
Duff Cooper

Platé's Circulating  
Library.  
"Iceland," Colpetty.

Book Page: What the Critics Say.

## SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN'S RECOLLECTIONS.

**F**ORTY years of strenuous political and ministerial life, during which Sir Austen has been behind the scenes of many momentous happenings is rich material for his *Down the Years* (Cassell, 15/-). It will be remembered that Sir Austen was twice a Lord of the Admiralty, twice Chancellor of the Exchequer, was Secretary of State for India, Postmaster General, Lord Privy Seal, Leader of the House of Commons and a member of the War Cabinet; it follows that what he has to tell carries weight and authority.

### "SPLENDID ISOLATION" ?

"What concern have we, it is asked, with the Continent?" poses Mr. Chamberlain. "What business is it of ours whether there is peace or war in Europe? Let other nations stew in their own juice and let us revert to a 'splendid isolation.'" "It might be sufficient" he answers, "to reply that we have signed the Covenant of the League" but he says, "Of one thing we may be sure. There could be no more perilous policy than to declare that we were henceforth indifferent to events in Europe. The British Empire covers a vast area. Its growth has been watched not without envy by other nations. It offers splendid pickings for the hungry. The one thing which might make possible Napoleon's dream of a Europe combined against us—a dream which haunted also the Kaiser's imagination—is that we should announce our intention to take no further interest in the affairs of the Continent. In truth, the choice is not between participation and isolation, but between helping to shape events and becoming their victim."

### GLADSTONE AND BISMARCK.

Recalling Gladstone, Sir Austen writes of him: "He had at command every resource of the orator except wit. He was occasionally

grimly humorous, but if he raised a laugh it was seldom a kindly one. He was pleading and minatory by turns; at one moment he cajoled his hearers, at another he overwhelmed them, and whatever his purpose, he had at his service every resource which art can place at the disposal of native genius. The tones of his voice were rich and varied, figure full-chested and erect, his gestures free and copious, and nature had given him a magnificent head and 'an eye like Mars to threaten or command.'" And of Bismarck in 1887 he says: "He sustains himself during his oratorical exertions by drinking copiously strong brandy and water—a tumbler to every quarter of an hour."

## Short Reviews.

Neil Bell has written another good long, 352- paged novel called **THE DAYS DIVIDING** (Collins, 8s. 6d.), and shown a wonderful versatility in doing it. He starts a family in Ireland, Anna Castell the girl being the centrepiece as one soon realises, and at the same time another lad, Robert Sanford, visits in the same spot, Ballybunion. The adventures of each of them constitutes the basis of the tale, and most entertaining and unexpected it is, for they do not come together until the very end. Life in London on the low scale, prison, office work, night life and all kinds of episodes, including a millionaire existence which happens unexpectedly to Sanford, pour out upon the pages until the right end comes. It is a novel in line, so far as quality is concerned, with "Bredon" and the "Son of Richard Carden," which firmly established this author in favour.

(Available Platé's Circulating Library.)

\* \* \*

Rarely, it seems, are we presented with a truer picture of the "new



rich' than that in Margery Sharp's new novel, *Four Gardens*. She has departed from the idea prevalent amongst writers that they are all hearty, fat and vulgar. Her heroine Caroline, very lovable and essentially human, falls quite naturally into place (not without some previous trepidation) when, during the war her husband becomes wealthy; and transplants her family from a small house, where Caroline tended the tiny garden to a much more pretentious home with a garden by the river. In this book our first introduction to Caroline is made in the garden of a large untenanted house. We leave her a widow admiring a few tulips on the leads outside her small flat. Her gardens are the measure of her life—an interesting life depicted with really unusual ability.

\* \* \*

*Illyrian Spring* is a very intelligent and beautifully written novel with Yugo-Slavia, chiefly the Dalmatian coast, as a setting. It is the story of a woman of forty-two whose husband fails to appreciate her either as a personality or a painter of considerable talent. Very undramatically, as it were experimentally, she leaves him, and wanders off to the Adriatic on a sketching expedition. What befell her there, and the manner in which she achieved a more valuable freedom than release from circumstances are told by Miss Bridge with skill, a remarkable insight into character and great sympathy for the problems of both the young and the middle-aged. The writing, we repeat, is of a very high standard and altogether charming.

\* \* \*

*Masks* is a romance which takes place partly in a quiet Rumanian town and partly in Constantinople. It is the story of Rachel a lovely girl whom an old Jew keeps hidden from the world behind his shop—a secret known to no one but Michael, the quiet professor who grows to love her. The tale is told simply, a little in the manner of a folk-tale, and with much brilliant colour. The atmosphere of the quiet Transylvanian town is vividly conveyed, and when the scene shifts to Constantinople (where the tempo quickens, and tragedy enters), the beauty fascination and sordid confusion of the great cosmopolitan

city are welded into a very realistic picture. The book is rich in colour and romance, and should please a great many people.

\* \* \*

*Victory to the Vanquished* is a novel of some distinction. The people in it are quite ordinary people, but Miss Goolden's insight and understanding have made them remarkably interesting. Iris, a wayward but charming wife, and Duncan, her dull self-righteous husband; a brilliant young barrister who drinks too much, and sees what his end will be, and pities his youthful wife, Flavia; Elsa, Duncan's second wife, a comfortable and stupid young woman—all these, and others, are drawn with quite exceptional insight and strength. *Victory to the Vanquished* is a very good novel, and should not be overlooked by readers who like intelligent writing.

\* \* \*

An American author, with *The Queen's Panetelas*, has here given us an amusing satire on dictators and politics in small European states. The princess—later the queen—of one country inconveniently falls in love with the crown prince of the hated people across the border. There are wars and rumours of wars between the two states; and several highly diverting and piquant situations are interrupted by national feeling. To say the least this book is saucy and often absurd; the spectacle of an iron handed dictator masquerading in a tiger skin to gain the favours of a lady of the rival kingdom may be ridiculous, but it is very funny.

\* \* \*

*The Five Mutineers* is by James Spenser, author of *Limey: An Englishman Joins the Gangs*, and is the very thrilling story of a desperate escape from an American prison. Prison life is described in detail, and the characters of several representative criminals are cleverly sketched in. The peak of the book, however, is the escape of the five mutineers—an escape which involves machine guns, aeroplanes, troops and tear gas bombs, and in which twenty or thirty men are killed in a really ghastly battle. Mr. Spenser has written a tale which most readers will read at a sitting.

## Books Expected During December.

### Women Called Wild

Rosita Forbes

### Once we had a Child

Hans Fallada

### Harvest of a House

Ursula Bloom

### Topper takes a Trip

Thorn Smith

### Been Places, Seen Things

Kenneth Mackenzie

### Masks

Marie Queen of  
Roumania

### Canon to Right of them

Bruce Marshal

### The Lion Beat the Unicorn

Nora C. James

### Over the Ridge

Hugh Pendexter

Plate's Circulating  
Library.

"Iceland," Colpetty.



## The Lesser Evil.

(Continued from page 29.)

When he had finished reading Jerome dropped the paper and proceeded to contemplate the ceiling. A pregnant silence reigned; a sort of silence between wolf and the good old lamb.

"Well, what have you to say to that?" the mudalali roared presently.

"But, uncle," the lamb replied attempting to be somewhat to the point.

"I will have none of your 'but uncles.' You are not to touch a car any more."

"Oh uncle, be reasonable," Jerome implored. "This very newspaper paragraph proves that there are other fellows also who go about knocking down pillars-of-fire."

The mudalali snatched the words off the young man's mouth and impatiently consigned the other fellows to the tribulations of a rather unpopular place. With great indignation he went on. "So long as I am your uncle, if you think I am going to let you go about knocking down pillars-of-fire all your life, you are mistaking the duties of an uncle. And I am not going to let you fritter away my little wealth in fines to the Municipal Court. To think that I have toiled to make all the money I could and there is a nephew to spend it!"

"Exactly, that's what I could never get off my mind. The one and only nephew. Think of a rich uncle without even a nephew! pah!"

The interpolation failed to impress. The mudalali continued his corrosive monotone: "you are incorrigible. You are good for nothing. You haven't a spark of gratitude, not a spark of respect to my wishes. You think you can fool your way all through life. Sense ought to get the better of even a fool some time. You haven't the sense to settle down in life and enjoy the peace and comfort which is within your grasp, though God knows you don't deserve any. You would not listen to a proposal of marriage....."

"Anything but that, uncle. Anything but a proposal of marriage, I have told you. Tell me to tie a rope round my waist and go to a monastery, I'll obey you."

"No, of course. You would not hear of a marriage I arrange for

you. But all this footling nonsense of yours must stop. I'll stop it. I know how. The worthless nincompoop that you are there is only one school that can teach you the business of life—the State Council. And that's where you are going."

"Uncle, you are not looney today, are you? I mean your good old nut isn't creaky, a bit cracked?"

"I'll crack yours if you don't shut up and listen," the old man said fiercely. "I tell you there will be no more of your nonsense. I am going to put an end to your wild gallivanting. There are many things you will learn in the State Council. If nothing else you will learn the value of money. You will learn the price which even patriots pay for money. Four years of State Council will make you more of a man of the world than forty years of motor mania. My theory is that association with the State Council alone will cure you of your contempt for dowry and ambition. The elections are coming and I will spend my last rupee to send you there."

Jerome's heart sank to his heels. Vindictiveness on such a colossal scale on the part of a noble soul like his all-forgiving uncle he could scarcely believe. But there it was, his uncle determined to sentence him to a term of four years boredom in the State Council. For a fleeting moment he pictured himself tied to a State Council seat and listening to interminable legislative twaddle.

"You really don't mean that?" he stammered in dismay.

"I mean that if ever I meant anything," said his uncle.

Jerome felt like a man who had just been sentenced to be hanged by the neck. He pondered a while gravely.

"Uncle," he said with slow deliberation. "There is one thing I never wanted to yield to at whatever cost. That is marriage as you arrange. But I give in—if only to be saved from the other peril, the State Council. I'd hate to die of boredom."

Sparks of sudden delight flashed in the eyes of the mudalali.

"My boy," he said, drawing the prodigal to his embrace. "You are

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# The Brotherhood of the Bats.

## THE TERRIBLE HOUSE.

By George Stanley

X.

THE little Essex village of Hadersley lies just off the main London to Southend road. It consists of a small group of cottages, with larger houses set in their own grounds, scattered over the countryside. It seemed a sleepy spot to Dick Power and his companion, the American detective, Hansen, as they drove slowly through it along the road to Southend. Yet, somewhere in the locality, was one of the centres of the Bats; a house bearing the prosaic name of "The Laurels." And in that house Doctor Kronprinz, their leader, held as his prisoner the man Thatcher Heale, who was the original head of the Bats. It was to confirm this that the two detectives were scouting round the village.

Cautious enquiries, however, gave no result. There seemed to be no house in the locality that was called "The Laurels." Driving on to Southend they waited until dusk and then returned in disguise to call in at the local inn. After a few drinks they got into conversation with the local carter, an old man, who, after accepting a mug of ale from the detectives, gave them the information they sought.

Dick Power introduced his companion as an American who was on a visit to the old country and was searching the village for a house known as The Laurels where some friends of his were living.

"The Laurels?" muttered the old man dreamily, "and you says as 'ow it's in Hadersley? I don't seem to remember no sich place.....Yet..... Now I comes to think.....there is sich a place.....but it's not in

Hadersley.....it's Wayleigh..... about five miles back. Belongs to some foreign gents I remember. I don't call Wayleigh way now..... that's how I forgot it....."



*The Detective helped Thatcher Heale and they stole from the prison into the Corridor.*

They thanked the old man, replenished his mug with ale and leisurely leaving the inn boarded their car and drove swiftly along the road for Wayleigh.

They found the village easily enough; a considerable hamlet with a main street, a cinema and one or two respectable hotels. Selecting one they parked their car in the garage and set out on a tour of the place. From a small stationer's shop they obtained a local directory, and in a few moments had gained the information they wanted.

The Laurels lay in Green Lanes, the direction of which they gleaned from the directory. They strolled

along Green Lanes and found a big gate bearing the name, 'The Laurels.' The house bore no suggestion of being one of the centres of the Bats. For it lay at the end of a neatly kept spacious drive and brilliant lights showed over the entrance, and through the uncurtained windows. There was nothing suspicious about the appearance of the house. They stole cautiously up the drive which swept in a wide curve to the front of the house. From the front door the drive swept in two semi circles to the right and left, vanishing into the obscurity of a garage and outbuildings at the rear. They crept towards the back of the house and behind it, in the gloom, they could see the black outline of another house.

The Laurels, although brilliantly lighted, seemed unoccupied. They stood a moment undecided. Suddenly Dick Power drew his companion further back into the shadows. "Someone coming," he whispered.

They crept back among the trees and from a path leading to the gloomy house behind The Laurels, three dark figures came into view. As they drew nearer the detectives saw that one was wearing a dinner-jacket while the others were dressed as servants.

"A near squeak," jerked the man in the dinner-jacket. "Someone's going to suffer for this when the Doctor hears about it. If the old man had got away he'd have busted things sky-high. How he got that gun I can't imagine. As soon as these fools have gone I must get back. You've been a bit too rough. The Doctor's orders are strict.



Under no circumstances must Heale escape nor must he be allowed to die!"

The voices died away as the three men entered the house. The same thought flashed through the minds of both the detectives. The Laurels was a blind and merely concealed the secrets of the sinister-looking house behind. Somewhere in that gloomy house Thatcher Heale was confined.

Dick Power signed to his companion and they moved along the path until a breast-high wire fence of close mesh barred their way. A closed wicket-gate stood in the path-way. It looked ominous and with a piece of bough which he jerked from a decaying tree Dick Power pushed at the gate.

It opened easily and they passed through. The garden beyond was overgrown and the trailing branches of straggling shrubs swished their faces as they passed. They gained a concrete surround bordering the walls of the house and, keenly alert, crept nearer. Lights shone from within, but closely-drawn curtains concealed the interior from observations.

Suddenly from within the house there came a weird wailing cry which made their blood run cold. It sounded like a creature in agony. Twice the cry sounded. Then silence descended like a blanket. Dick Power sniffed the air suspiciously. "Funny smells?" he whispered to Hansen. "Smells like...wild animals, or...". "You're right," answered Hansen, "the monkey house at the Zoo!" Then he clutched Dick Power's arm and pointed to the shrubbery.

There in the darkness two tawny eyes gleamed; a faint growl, and something sprang to the far end of the concrete and crouched lashing its tail.

Dick Power flashed his torch in the creature's eyes and with a snarl it turned and bounded into the undergrowth. Crashings sounded in the darkness as the creature vanished.

"Heavens!" said Hansen, "What was that?"

"Looked like a puma or a leopard..." answered Dick Power. "This place isn't healthy. We'd better get a look at the house somehow and then clear. Keep your gun handy!"

They found a covered verandah with a balcony above and Dick Power climbed up on the shoulders of his companion. A French window opened from the balcony into the house. The warped woodwork of the window made things easy. In a few minutes the detective had slid back the catch and the door gave creakingly. He flashed the beam of his torch on the dusty and mouldering furniture. No footsteps showed on the floor and it was obvious that the room was not used. He approached the door stealthily and had just placed his fingers on the handle when again the wailing cry sounded. He turned the handle swiftly, opened the door and peered out. A well-lit corridor lay beyond and in it he could see a row of doors bearing numbers. The sound of approaching footsteps made him close the door swiftly.

He listened cautiously. The sound of footsteps came nearer. They sounded like those of persons carrying a weighty burden. Then they stopped. The detective peered through the keyhole. Nearly opposite him stood two men bearing a stretcher. Upon it lay an elderly man who, in spite of his wasted appearance, Dick Power had no difficulty in recognising. It was Thatcher Heale! The missing philanthropist was alive and in the hands of Doctor Kronprintz.

As the detective watched a third man appeared, a bunch of keys jingly in his hand. The newcomer inserted one in the lock of the door leading into the opposite room, and pulled the door outwards! As he watched Dick Power saw the reason. Beyond the ordinary wooden door as it opened there showed iron bars. The man inserted another key into the lock of the iron grille and opened that also. Then he motioned to the stretcher-bearers. They walked in with their burden and the door closed behind them.

Suddenly from the garden there arose the snarling cries of fighting animals. Dick Power remembered the creatures he had seen outside

and thought of his companion. What was happening to Hansen down there in the garden? Quickly he retraced his steps, closed the windows behind him and looked down.

There in the faint light stood Hansen his back to the post, flooding the rays of his torch on the faces of two animals which, snarling and spitting, circled the ground before him.

Dick Power slid down the post and joined his companion.

"Better clear," he said. "I've got a silencer on my gun. I'll pot these two.....then we'll flit..... Ready?"

Hansen grunted and Dick Power raised his automatic. Twice there sounded the dull, 'Plop! Plop!' as a bullet struck with a dull impact and two wild cats slunk snarling away into the undergrowth.

Hansen leaped along the path from which they had come, Dick Power behind him. They gained the wire wicket-gate, and, as Hansen seized a piece of dead wood and pulled open the gate, Dick Power faced back into the darkness.

From the gloom of the shrubbery two tawny eyes glared at him. He raised his automatic as Hansen called softly and fired at the eyes. Through the gate they hurried. It swung to with a click behind them as a heavy form rebounded from the wire with a shriek. A smell of burnt hair blew towards them on the night wind.

They gained the road unobserved, returned to their car, and sped back to town. They put in a hurried call to Colonel Cavanagh from a call-box en route and when they pulled up at the Colonel's door they found a conference of the secret service section in progress.

In rapid sentences the two detectives detailed their discoveries. When they had finished Colonel Cavanagh frowned.

"This will want careful handling," he said. "This centre looks like Kronprintz's House of Correction or The Terrible House as these gangsters call it. Goodness knows what horrors we shall discover. The



elaborate protection of leopards, or whatever they are, and the electrical contrivances show that Kronprinz has something of supreme importance hidden there. At all costs we must get Thatcher Heale away alive before we start any trouble. I think we'll send two or three men down there right away to keep an eye on the place. The remainder can trickle down during the day. Tonight, at dusk, you two, Power and Hansen, can get up by the balcony while we put a cordon around the place. As soon as Heale is safe..... we'll raid....."

During the day in an unobtrusive stream, strangers began to filter into the little hamlet of Wayleigh, but as darkness fell the strangers seemed to fade away. At a selected spot in the town Colonel Cavanagh with Dick Power and Hansen conducted the operations.

Away from the lights of the main street the darkness fell like a blanket and, as the plain clothes men took up their positions around The Laurels and its gloomy annex, not a soul would have noticed the cordon of fifty men.

The watching circle once in position Dick Power and Hansen, with one assistant, stole stealthily into the wire-barred garden. They saw no signs of the four-footed guardians but from somewhere in the house there came warning snarls and cries. The three men gained the balcony and quickly climbed above into the darkness. They had mapped out their plan of operation beforehand and, as Dick Power clicked back the catch on the window his companions, with silenced automatics, followed him into the room.

They gave one sharp glance up and down the corridor. Then Hansen and his companion hurried silently to each end of the corridor where a staircase led to the floors above and below. Dick Power peered through the keyhole of the room into which he had seen Thatcher Heale carried. So far as he could see it was empty.

A few seconds work on the lock of the door and he swung it open and then peered through the iron grille which lay beyond. The room was sparsely but decently furnished,

and upon a low bed at one end he could see the form of a man. Swiftly he attacked the lock of the grille and his efforts were soon rewarded. The grille opened silently to his touch on well-oiled hinges and Dick Power on the alert for danger, moved across the room to the bed and gazed down on Thatcher Heale.

He shook the sleeping man by the shoulder with his hand ready to stifle any cry. It was necessary. Thatcher Heale grunted and as his eyes opened and he saw the detective standing beside him a light of hope flashed into them. "Keep quiet," whispered Dick Power. "Friends..... We've come to get you away. Slip into your clothes and come along."

He helped Thatcher Heale and they stole from the prison into the corridor. The detective carefully closed the grille and then the door of Heale's room and led him across into the deserted chamber beyond. A wave of his hand and he was joined by his companions. Exercising great caution they helped the prisoner down to the ground and, surrounding him, moved stealthily towards the road. They had passed the cordon and had gained safety, when somewhere from within the gloomy house an alarm-bell rang.

Hustling Thatcher Heale into a closed car Dirk Hansen and two of his companions, heavily armed, drove rapidly away, while Dick Power hurried back towards the house to find that the investing force was already closing in.

Dick Power and Colonel Cavanagh ran swiftly to the wire-barred wicket gate but to their dismay it refused to open. A portion of an old tree trunk lay rotting in the grass and in a few moments it had been raised and dropped upon the flimsy wire barricade. The wire sagged and broke under the impact, and the attacking force moved forward over the extempore bridge into the grounds of The Terrible House.

The party swarmed rapidly towards the house. Suddenly from the bushes a lithe, sinuous shape leaped. It sprang as if maddened straight at the little group. A heavy fusillade of shots from the detectives and the body lay twitching in the

grass. While Colonel Cavanagh and somebody were smashing in a window at the front of the house, Dick Power and four men climbed up to the balcony and slipped into the deserted room opposite to that lately occupied by Thatcher Heale. They listened and then opened the door quietly. From within the house came the weird wailing cry which Dick Power had heard before, whilst from the floor above sounded the rattle of chains and the noise of stamping feet. Swiftly they ran down the corridor trying the different doors. They were all locked.

Lights blazed in the corridors of the house but there was no sign of human occupation on the floor where Dick Power was. Suddenly he heard the sound of the police force in the hall below. Then from the staircase commanding the hall, there came the staccato rattle of a machine gun.

Dick Power gave a few swift orders to his companions. Silently they raced for the stairs at the other end of the corridor. They gained these, and saw a group of men directing the fire of a machine gun. The detective and his companions crept nearer. Then suddenly Dick Power shouted the order of "Hands Up!" Two shots fired over the heads of the gangsters hastened their obedience, and a few moments later the invaders were in possession of the house. The Laurels had already been seized, and there only remained now to search the premises.

Obtaining the keys of the various rooms they hurried from floor to floor releasing the inmates. The ill-repute of the awful house was well-founded. Room after room yielded its dazed and bewildered prisoners. Some of them were semi-insane, others were like wild animals, and were evidently under the influence of some drug, their eyes rolling furtively as they gazed at their rescuers.

A sumptuously fitted operating theatre and laboratory at the top of the house suggested awful possibilities which were confirmed by the doctor whom Colonel Cavanagh had had the foresight to bring along with the party. Among the prisoners were several well-known criminals. They made no response to

(Continued on page 40.)



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# CHILDREN'S PAGE.

JOIN OUR HAPPY BAND, AND WIN ONE OF  
OUR VALUABLE PRIZES!

Please send your name for Auntie Mary's  
Birthday Book.

My Dear Children,

FIRST of all, I must wish you all a very Happy Christmas, and a Bright and Prosperous New Year. I hope one and all will have a very, very happy time.

I am starting a Birthday Book in which I want to enter the names of my nieces and nephews, and I hope you will all send me the dates of your birthdays, so that I can send you a card of greeting. Aunties always remember their nephews' and nieces' birthdays, don't they dears?

There were some pretty cards sent for our Christmas competition, and a few verses, one of which wins a prize, as you'll see.

The first prize is divided between Enid and Jan Reimers, as they both sent very ingenious cards, neatly carried out. It won't show in the printed copy, but the birds and flowers in Enid's, and the clothes if Jan's comical fishermen, are made of pieces of coloured silk, cleverly stuck on.

Patricia Swan's pretty card is so dainty and attractive, and Gwendolen de Kretser's silver bells have a pretty verse, inside.

In Class B. most of the entries were neat, and prettily coloured. One small nephew had given the little boy on the sands a bright purple face, to match his jersey! But most of you colour beautifully.

Can any of you suggest a nice motto for our Page? It is not a competition, but if any of you can think of one, please send it along, and we will use it to head our Page, if suitable.

Be sure to look out for our Page next month, as I am making an

announcement about an extra special prize to be awarded half-yearly, and only those who send an entry for our competitions, each month, will be eligible for it.

With love from  
Auntie Mary.

## PRIZE WINNERS.

### CLASS A.

Order for Rs. 15. Divided between:—

**ENID REIMERS,**

(Age 16)

and

**JAN REIMERS,**

(Age 13)

Greenview, Greenlands Road,

Havelock Town.

Order for Rs. 10.

**E. DE VOS,**

(Age 16)

Hill Street,

Dehiwala.

Order for Rs. 5.

**NINON JOSEPH,**

(Age 15)

Glensmond,

Jawatte Road, Colombo.

### CLASS B.

1.

**JOHN A. RATNAVALE,**

(Age 10)

Regent Street,

Borella, Colombo.

2.

**TRAVICE TOUSSAINT,**

(Age 10)

Barons Rhue,

Station Road, Wellawatte.

Answers to Correspondents:—

Jim Van Sanden;—Dear Jim, didn't you notice that competi-

You'd wish  
you were  
boys & girls  
again!

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ENCHANTING

**TOYLAND**

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well-selected  
Toys.

Big attractions  
for the  
little folk.

NOW OPEN

**MILLERS**

COLOMBO.



tors in Class B. must be under 12 years old! Your sketch was nicely coloured, but could not be included, as you are over 12, and therefore in Class A. But try again, and read the rules carefully.

Delia. Delighted to hear from you again, after a long time. So you are at school at Negombo? I've been there, and had some marvellous prawns at the Resthouse! I do hope you did well in your music exam., dear.

M. P. S. Ismail Buhari. Thank you for the nice account of the moonlight picnic. I am sorry we have not room to print essays and articles, except our competition ones. Why not try for these? You write quite well.

Gwendolen :—I am afraid this is the last time you'll be entering for our competition, isn't it?

Sorry to lose you from among my nieces! But perhaps you will like to write sometimes, and I shall be ever so pleased to hear from you.

**Competitions for December.**

**CLASS A.**

An essay on either (1) "An Old-Fashioned Christmas." or (2) "Advertisements."

**CLASS B.**

Make a list of words out of the greeting "Happy New Year," using these twelve letters to form as many new words as you can. Each letter to be used only as many times as it comes in "Happy New Year." Thus you have two a's, two e's, two p's, and one h, one n, and so on.

**Class A. 1st Prize.**



Enid Reimers.

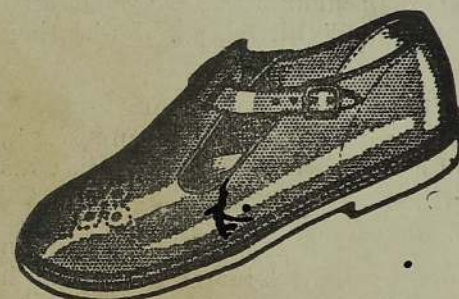
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Special Values in  
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SHOES**



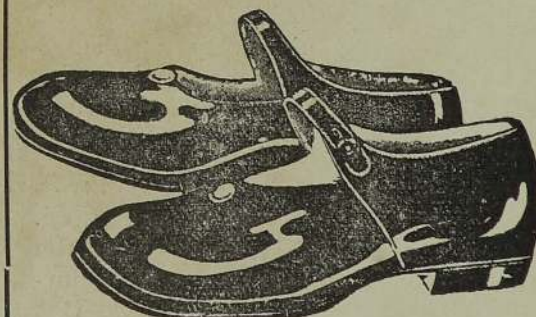
**CHILDREN'S COLOURED KID SHOES**

As shown, in colours of Red, Blue and Champagne with "SURE GRIP" leather soles and short heels. Sizes: 3, 4, 5, 6 **Rs. 2.50** per pair.



**CHILDREN'S VOLA-CREPE SOLE SANDALS**

Children's Tan Calf Sandals with non-slip-tread vola-crepe soles and heels, as shown. Sizes: 4, 5, 6 **Rs. 2.50**  
7, 8, 9, 10 **Rs. 2.95** 11, 12, 13, 1 **Rs. 3.50**  
2, 3 **Rs. 3.95** per pair.



**CHILDREN'S BLACK PATENT ONE BAR SHOES**

As shown with flexible English leather soles and short heels and broad toes, no button on instep. Sizes 4, 5, 6 **Rs. 3.95**  
7, 8, 9, 10 **Rs. 4.50** 11, 12, 13, 1 **Rs. 5.50**  
per pair.

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Class A 1st Prize.



Jan Reimers.

Class A. 2nd Prize.



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(milk)

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Milk Chocolate Bars

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Cts. 15

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containing thrice as much  
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at the same price

5 cents.

F. X. Pereira & Sons,  
THRIFT STALLS.



Children's Page.

(Continued from page 39.)

Class A. 3rd Prize.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.

From me to you,  
True friendship due,  
A Christmas bright  
Packed with delight  
A New Year too  
Bring blessing true.

Ninon Joseph.

Highly Commended:—

Gwendolen de Kretser; Patricia Swan; Justin Molegoda; Esme de Kretser and Shela Swan.

Class B Highly Commended:—

Cynthia de Silva; Miriam and Francis Beling; Lily Schrader.

Brotherhood of the Bats

(Continued from page 35.)

the questions put to them, and the doctor shook his head doubtfully. "I doubt if they will ever recover their memories," he said.

It was not until they reached the cellar beneath the house that they made their worst discovery. There in a well-lighted and well-furnished chamber they found a man in the forties. He raised himself from his bed as they smashed down the door and strolled listlessly towards them. As his eyes fell on their faces a look of hope flickered across his face.

"We are friends," said Colonel Cavanagh. "Who are you?"

"I am Doctor Kronprintz," came the surprising reply. "I have been a prisoner here for years...it seems to me."

"Then who is the leader of the Bats?" asked Colonel Cavanagh.

"My brother," replied the man. "He is mad. He was expelled from the country for his inhuman experiments. I fixed an arrangement with Thatcher Heale to meet him in this country. He came to meet me unsuspectingly. My brother had heard of our meeting and seized us both. We were brought here. They told Thatcher Heale I had been removed .....because I refused to obey my brother....."

Leaving the house in the hands of the local police the party moved off with their prisoners back to town, to lodge them in hospital for examination. Four of the poor wretches who had been rescued from The Terrible House only three seemed sane.

RULES.

1. Please write on one side only, of the paper.
2. Essays in Class A under 17 must not exceed 250 words in length.
3. Essays in Class B, little people under 12 years of age, must not exceed 150 words.
4. All work must be the original and unaided work of the competitor.
5. Don't forget to sign your name, age, and address at the foot of your essay, and write clearly on the top left-hand corner of the envelope to which Class you belong, Class A, under 17, or Class B, under 12, and attach a Competition Coupon which you will find below to your essay.

And these are the lovely prizes the lucky boys and girls will win:—

Class A boys or girls under 17. First Prize. An order for goods to the value of Rs. 15. Second Prize. An order for goods to the value of Rs. 10. Third Prize. An order for goods to the value of Rs. 5.

Class B boys or girls under 12. Two lovely prizes. One for the best essay sent by a boy under 12, and one for the best essay sent by a girl under 12.

Direct your essays to

Auntie Mary,

c/o The Ceylon Causerie,

Messrs. Platé, Ltd.,

Colpetty.

CEYLON CAUSERIE. CHILDREN'S PAGE COMPETITION COUPON.

Class ..... Age .....  
Name.....  
Address.....

GUARANTEE.

I certify that the attached is the original and unaided work of the competitor who is.....years and.....months.

Signature of Parent or Guardian.....

(Closing date December 31st.)





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# 4



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