

The

22

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Illustrated



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# THE PASSING HOUR

The Editor

A new chapter in the history of planting enterprise in this Island would continue to live up to the ideals and aims for which it was

opened at Kandy on the 22nd of this month, when the Planters forgathered to inaugurate the Ceylon Planters' Society. There can be no question of the need for such a Society and the very great help it could render the working planters in various ways. As His Excellency observed, the opinions expressed by an organized body, must necessarily carry much greater weight than hastily summoned meetings of planters, only when some matter affecting their interests arises. The presence of leading members of the Ceylon Planters' Association, afforded ample proof that they recognized the useful contribution which such bodies could make towards improving conditions in the planting industry.

One of the principal objects for which the new society has been founded, is to ensure that only those who come up to certain well defined standards of efficiency and capability should be employed. As His Excellency remarked the idea is excellent but to accomplish its objects, it is necessary that the newly formed society should be a live body, which



Miss Timmie Swan, daughter of Dr. Eric Swan, who returned to Ceylon this month having qualified as a member of the Royal Academy of Dancing, London and the Association of Operatic Dancing.

brought into existence. We think the working planters of Ceylon can be trusted to keep this society alive, as on its successful working depends their own future prospects.

\* \* \*

According to press reports, official proposals are being considered for holding an International Exhibition at Colombo, to coincide with the visit of His Majesty to India, which is likely to take place towards the end of 1937. The proposal to hold an All-Ceylon Exhibition during Coronation Week has apparently been abandoned and the suggestion now put forward has, we understand, the approval of those best quali-

fied to judge the probable success of such a venture. We feel however, that an All-Ceylon Exhibition would have been more appropriate, but there is no necessity why the greater should not include the less. There is no doubt that the proposed Coronation of His Majesty at Delhi will attract thousands of people from all parts of the world to witness this Pageant and if by any chance the rumour that His Majesty intends visiting the Dominions, as well as the important Crown Colonies proves true, perhaps Ceylon may have the great privilege of a visit from His Majesty after the Delhi Celebrations. In any case it can be anticipated that an appreciable number of those who visit India, would be attracted to Ceylon, particularly if propoganda and judicious advertising of the

proposed International Exhibition is carried out. This would ensure the success of the venture and it is to be hoped that every effort will be made to make the exhibition worthy of this island,

# A Sports Causerie.

## Coming Visits to India.

By "Kay."

NOVEMBER'S two day race meet, although marred by unfavourable weather on the first day, provided excellent sport. There was only one big upset on the first day, when Shali took the first division of the Jeddah Stakes to pay out a three figure dividend. On the second day though no dividend topped the century mark, favourites did not fare too well.

The most prominent performers for the two days was Painted Veil, who winning the Schofield Cup by a short head from the favourite Street Singer, and on the second day the Stayers Handicap, registered a hat trick, and earned promotion to Class II. where he should continue his successes.

Coomber saddled a double on the first day. Shali and Painted Veil, the course double while Don Amaris too trained too winners. Selvaratnam was the only trainer to do likewise on the second day, saddling Dewan and Highrigger, both ridden by Graham.

The Schofield Cup, was the biggest event in a card of seven on the first day. Painted Veil's success in this event gave Mr. P. J. Stanley his second Schofield Cup, having won the trophy previously in 1932 with Trickster.

The big race on the second day, the Symons Stakes was won by Delightful, who in doing so scored his first victory amongst first divisioners, in effortless style.

Racing at headquarters closes for the year with the November extra meet, on the last Saturday of the month and thoughts of all turfites will then turn to the Annual Carnival of sport down South with its main attraction in the holiday meet at Boosa.

### COLOMBO TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS

The cream of Ceylon's tennis players will gather together at the

Lawn Club in December from the 10th. to the 12th. for the Annual Colombo Tennis Championships and some excellent fare should be provided for local enthusiasts.

Hildon Sansoni carried off three titles last year and, being at the top of his form at present, should repeat his treble once again. Miss Amy Rock who partnered him last year is away in England and Sansoni will have as his partner in this event Ceylon's Lady Champion, Miss Doreen Sansoni. In the doubles event Sansoni and Nicholas, holders of the Ceylon title as well as the Colombo Championship, will provide a formidable opposition to challengers.

Other prominent performers who are expected to hold the stage are Mrs. Wade the Garden Club Champion who will be partnered in the mixed event by G. M. Rennie, Miss Audrey Scharenguival who will have Nicholas as her partner, Miss Zoe Enright with Dr. C. H. Gunasekera, Miss Y. Obeysekera, and Mrs. Murdoch.

Altogether an excellent meet is anticipated.

### BOXING CHAMPIONS.

In providing three of the Champions at the Amateur Boxing Championships held at the Town Hall in mid November, the Royal Navy did not do so well as they did last year when they carried away four titles. But they captured the Manning Cup for the most scientific boxer.

This was won by G. B. Bradshaw the middle weight title winner, who got through his final without being in the slightest extended. Bradshaw was in a class by himself and there was no one at his weight capable of bringing out the best in him.

The other titles won by the Navy were the light and heavy weights.

The standard of boxing provided at this year's meet was in fact of a high average, though there were a few fights which were little more than scraps.

D. G. Obeysekera, the Cambridge Blue, retained his welter weight title for the fifth year in succession, giving a finished display against a Naval boxer, who though outclassed in skill, gamely took a tremendous amount of punishment.

Thus Obeysekera has in his keeping the welter title ever since his return to Ceylon.

### ATHLETICS.

Athletics still hold sway in Colombo. Several departmental meets have been held and before November is out the grand finale for the year is due with the Inter team athletic competition for the J. P. Obeysekere Cup.

This is the second year the trophy is being competed for and four teams are competing viz the Excise, Combined Schools, Varsity Nemaean and the "Rest," and will include the best of local athletic talent. The trophy was won last year by the Combined Schools who were 6 points ahead of their nearest.

### RIVALS.

It is a pity that the date of this meet should clash with that of the November extra race meeting but, in spite of that fact, with the Ceylon sports public having grown considerably more athletic minded of late. I expect to see another big crowd on the Police grounds on Saturday November, 28.

I have referred in earlier articles to the large part played by Sir Sydney Abrahms in fostering athletics in Ceylon ever since his arrival. Though barely six months in the Island his influence in the local athletic field has already given a wonderful fillip to what, was not so very long ago called the "Cinderella of Sport," as the Chief Justice remarked a few days ago when he gave an instructive talk on the radio.

Sir Sydney commented favourably on the standard of athletics in Ceylon at present and offered suggestions for its improvement.

(Continued on page 20.)

# Intelligence Crossword Puzzle No. 1.

Miss Dena Leembruggen Wins Rs. 300 Prize.

CORRECT SOLUTION.

T	R	A	M	P	S	S	P	O	O	R	
R	I	V	A	L			L	A	W		
A	D	R					U			L	
C	M	B	E	D	S		M	O	D	E	
E	V	A	M	A	I	M	E	R		N	
		K	I	P	N				B	U	D
B	A	I	L	I	N	G		U	S		
A		N	L	R		E	L	L		I	
R	E	G		E	R	R	A	N	D	S	
E	A	S	T				M	A	I	L	S
D	I				T	U	B		N	E	
		T	I	M	E			J	E	S	T

## WOMEN COMPETITORS SUCCESS: A CHALLENGE TO THE MEN!

MISS Dena Leembruggen, is to be heartily congratulated on being the only competitor to send in an "all-correct" solution in the first Intelligence Crossword Competition inaugurated by the Ceylon Causerie.

The Puzzle *did* prove puzzling as, apart from there being only one all correct solution, there were no one error competitors. The second prize was therefore divided between two entrants who had only two errors each, whilst only five succeeded in sharing the third prize with three errors each.

It is interesting to note that the women competitors were far more successful than the men. The fair sex should therefore redouble their efforts in the second competition which appears elsewhere—but the "mere males" on the other hand will not, it is to be hoped, give up the contest easily! To tamely submit to the soft impeachment that women are more intelligent than men, would be unthinkable! Men! Put on your thinking caps and prove to the world that you are, at least, as intelligent as the women!

For details of Puzzle No. 2 see page 21.

In acknowledging receipt of the cheque for Rs. 300, Miss Leembruggen writes:—

"I thank you very much for your cheque so promptly sent me.

I never for a moment thought that I would be the lucky winner of the Ceylon Causerie Intelligence Crossword puzzle. I shall continue to participate in this Competition and

### WINNER OF FIRST PRIZE



MISS DENA LEEBRUGGEN.

hope that this lucky win will be the beginning of many more to come"

Dena Leembruggen.

Eye Hospital,  
Colombo, 24-11-36.

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### PRIZE WINNERS,

All-correct solution 1st Prize  
Rs. 300.

MISS DENA LEEBRUGGEN  
VICTORIA EYE HOSPITAL,  
COLOMBO.

2nd Prize Two Errors Rs. 125  
divided between:—

Mr. A. Lionel Elias (Jnr.)  
Galaha Factory,  
Galaha.

and  
Miss Betty Wimalaratna,  
Dordrecht,  
Wackwelle Rd., Galle.

3rd Prize. Three Errors—Rs. 75  
divided between:—

- Miss Keuneman,  
Peiris Lane,  
Bambalapitiya.
- Miss E. Tribe,  
Y. W. C. A., Union Place,  
Slave Island.
- Mr. R. Wydeman,  
P. O. Box 101,  
Colombo.
- Mrs. A. Goonewardena,  
St. Rita's  
Joseph Fraser Road,  
Havelock Town.
- Mr. Elmore de Silva,  
Post Office Bungalow,  
Pundaluoya.

*It is regretted that owing to unavoidable causes the Ceylon Causerie has been delayed by a few days.*

*Pictures Big in every Sense of the term, the pick of the best that each Company makes;  
Winners; World's Greatest Entertainers; Stars of Great Repute.  
See Them one by one.*

ENTERTAINMENT CALENDAR FROM DECEMBER AT THE  
COLOMBO THEATRES

Always  
a Good Show

# REGAL

First  
with the best

**"FAME"** A Brilliant British Comedy produced by HERBERT WILCOX with the veteran Comedian SYDNEY HOWARD supported by lovable MIKI HOOD. This is an excellent role for SYDNEY HOWARD and he proves once again that he is one of the most popular British screen Comedian.

**"IF YOU COULD ONLY COOK"** Grand and glorious gaiety in this new laugh and love comedy, the successor to "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town" produced by the same makers—COLUMBIA and CAPRA with a grand new brand new love team HERBERT MARSHALL and JEAN ARTHUR. It happened on the Park Bench—The story of a merry millionaire who chases a penniless lass until she catches him.

**"CAPTAIN JANUARY"** SHIRLEY TEMPLES' latest and grandest picture with SLIM SUMMERVILLE, GUY KIBBEE and others—Happy new songs..Tappy new dances..and the grandest story she ever had! As the lovable little lady of the lighthouse.....the darling of the screen tops every former triumph!

**"SWING TIME"** The most sensational, scintillating musical success of the year with FRED ASTAIRE and GINGER ROGERS—The only music that was shown by Royal Command at The Balmoral Castle. Music By JEROME KERN. ITS A GLORIOUS HAPPY FILM AND LET YOUR X'MAS TIME BE SWING TIME.

## EMPIRE

### "IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT"

The Academy Award Winner for 1935! with CLARK GABLE CLAUDETTE COLBERT—A Frank Capra Production! Glamorous! Enchanting! Divine! Two great stars giving two grand performances in the year's loveliest Romance!

### "MESSAGE TO GARCIA"

Three great stars together at their greatest! United in danger...laughter...and love! WALLACE BERRY, BARBARA STANWYCK, and JOHN BOLES!

### "JUGGERNAUT"

A Great British thriller for Twickenham Studios featuring the greatest of living character actor BORIS KARLOFF!

## MAJESTIC

### "COLLEEN"

Warner Bro's big musical of girls and songs—Starring: DICK POWELL, JOAN BLONDELL, JACK OAKIE, LOUISE FAZENDA.

### "THE WHITE ANGEL"

The Producers of "Louis Pasteur" now bring you the dramatic portrait of Humanity's greatest heroine "FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE" with KAY FRANCIS and IAN HUNTER.

### "MUMMY'S BOYS"

Another great comedy with WHEELER and WOLSEY. Their latest and most enjoyable film.

### "BABES IN TOYLAND"

Rollicking comedy with LAUREL and HARDY at their best. Revived by popular Demand for X'mas festivities.

# RECENTALITIES.

By K. L. M.

THE popular Doctor of an up-country district was given a great send-off on his retirement. All clubs feted him; and one small but enterprising Clay Pigeon Club gave him a farewell shoot, at which there was a good attendance. We wish to discredit the rumour, started by some nasty-minded person, to the effect that, while the shooting was in progress, a mad dog appeared, bit four of the shooters, and then proceeded to wolf the clay pigeons, finally disappearing in a cloud of harmless shot!

\* \* \*

The Railway Commission has been busy; and our Tame Muse, not having been asked to give evidence before them, sends the following advice through us:

Good luck be with your efforts  
To bring to life again  
Our lumbering old railway:  
I hope the work's in train!  
The 'bus, beyond all question,  
Is the evil that assails  
The good old C. G. R., Sirs—  
'Twould make me leave the rails!  
I am not dogmatizing;  
Nor would I dare encroach  
Upon your proper business—  
Nor set up as a coach!  
But here is my suggestion  
To make the Railway pay:  
Sell out the whole caboodle  
Or tax the 'bus away!

\* \* \*

In October, Ceylon's long distance—or should one say world-wide?—telephonic service became a year old. A leading Daily tells us that New York rang up Ceylon twice during that period. We imagine the conversation to have been something on the following lines:

"Hello, hello, hello!"  
"Ullo, 'ullo, 'ullo!"  
"Say, you Cey-lon?"  
"What's that you say?"  
"Look at here, 'ol! Are you Cey-lon?"  
"Colombo speaking."  
"Wall, that's fine. Switch to double owe double owe one."  
"You meaning naught, double naught, naught one?"

"Say, this is Noo Yoik speaking; and I guess I ain't got time for crosswords."

"Mean naught, naught, naught naught one?"

"You shore slobbered a bibful! Lead me to it"

Grrr—tchk—gonk—grunk—brrrhh!

"Hello! That Gingerbotham and Crusty?"

"Speaking"

"Guess I'm your Noo Yoik Agent."

"Oh, Samuel P. Bloggs? Cheerioh! This is great. I'm delighted to meet you across the Atlantic or Pacific or Arabian S—"

"Cut it out, cully. I want to tell you about the blamed market. Things are some woozy. Now, I'm telling you, prices are—"

A Voice: "Time's up. Sorry, but Timbuctoo's calling!"

We can almost hear the P. M. G. carolling "Attaboy!"

\* \* \*

The Christmas Numbers are out; and we, being honest, if not impartial, admit that we like them all. It is curious how things come round in cycles. In an article in one Christmas Number the writer refers to the Call of the East as "B-o-o-o-o-Y". In *Platé's Annual* for 1921—fifteen long years ago—our Tame Muse wrote the following:

From Port Said to Yokohama,  
From Karachi unto Galle,  
From Pekin to Zaffarana  
Ye will ever hear the Call;  
From the gorges of the Yangtze,  
From the plains of Timbuctoo,  
From Shanghai and Nagasaki,  
From Colombo and Stamboul!

The Call of the East! How it draws us  
From Union-riden lands! \*

The cook of the East ne'er ignores us,  
Nor on his prestige stands.

Who cares if our money fritters

When with our friends we sit?

For it's "Boy, six gins and bitters,"

Or "Boy, three beers, one split."

The Call of the East! Have ye heard it?

'Tis the *sahibs'* greatest joy;

The Call of the East! In a word it

Is simply and solely "BOY"!

\* \* \*

The N. E. G. C. held its Ti Vali meet from Friday, 13th. (alarming date!) to Sunday, 15th. Our Tame Muse played with a friend from farther East, where tigers abound; and, when his friend was teeing up at the 14th remarked casually that

the jungle was full of leopard. His friend's reply was unexpectedly to the effect that leopards didn't amount to a row of pins to a man who habitually putted with a tiger looking on—at least, that was the impression our Tame Muse got. Hence the following:

There's a golf course in the East that has  
a first-class reputation;

All the golfers from the West aver 'tis  
worthy of our nation.

There are many bunkers wide  
Which simply will not be denied,

And the close-mown greens have just the  
right amount of undulation!

There is jungle by the fairway to the  
Ninth; you'll never win it

If you pull or slice your drive the slightest  
fraction of a minute;

What makes things even worse  
Is at times a notice terse:

"Note; The jungle round this green has  
got a tiger somewhere in it!"

\* \* \*

His Excellency the Governor paid his first official visit to Kalutara early in November. In State Council circles, the rumour that the Governor said that he preferred Kalutara Hats, undyed, to certain State Council heads, dyed with red ink, is generally discredited!

\* \* \*

Television has started in England in good earnest. We tremble to think of the possibilities of pocket television sets in Ceylon in, say, thirty years' time! The following might happen:

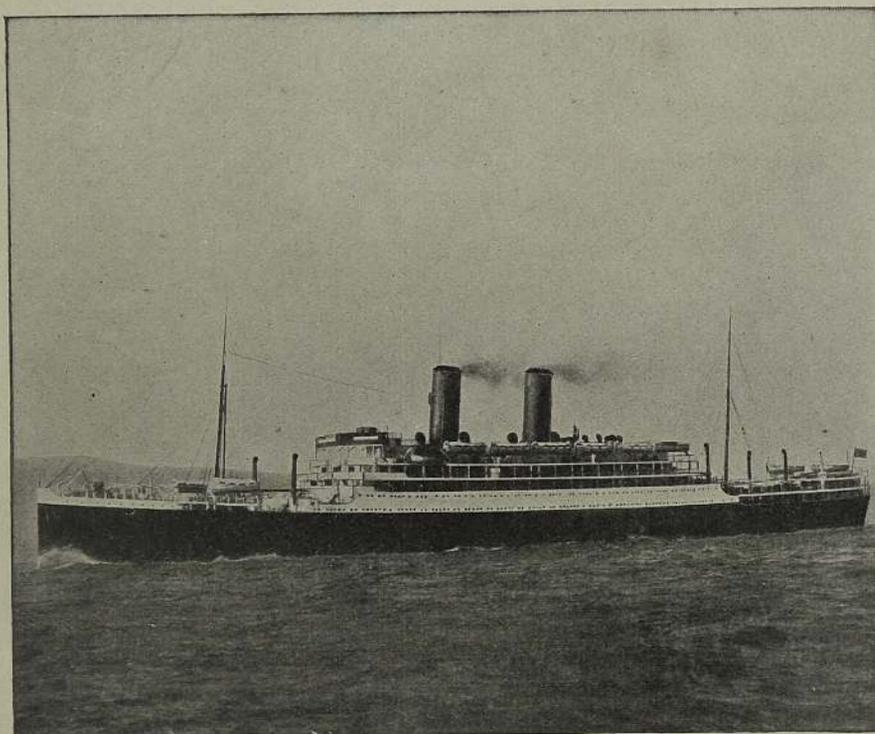
1. 9 a. m. on any week-day in an S. D's bungalow. P. D. rings up. Servant answers "Master gone to field." But the Televisor, or whatever it's called, shows Master alongside servant, whispering instructions!

2. A District Club Committee Meeting, which started at 5 p. m. Time 7.30 p. m. Committee member 'phoning his wife at the bungalow: "Sorry, darling; but we have an awful lot to discuss. 'Fraid I'll be late—don't wait dinner for me." And what does the televisor show? The Bar, and—but you can guess that one—even Little Audrey wouldn't laugh!

\* 1921 was the year in which the Trades Unions caused a good deal of trouble in England—strikes, &c.

# ORIENT LINE

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## CORONATION YEAR BOOK NOW

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	Tons				Tons	
‡ § R. M. S. 'Otranto'	20,000	Jan. 6th		* § x R. M. S. 'Orontes'	20,000	Mar. 31st
§ x R. M. S. 'Orford'	20,000	Jan. 20th		‡ * § R. M. S. 'Orama'	20,000	Apr. 14th
† R. M. S. 'Ormonde'	15,000	Feb. 17th		‡ * § R. M. S. 'Otranto'	20,000	Apr. 27th
‡ * § R. M. S. 'Oronsay'	20,000	Mar. 3rd		* § x R. M. S. 'Orford'	20,000	May 12th
* § x R. M. S. 'Orion'	24,000	Mar. 17th		* † R. M. S. 'Ormonde'	15,000	June 9th

† Tourist One Class only. x First and Tourist class.

§ Calling at Villefranche. \* Calling at Southampton instead of Plymouth. ‡ First and Tourist "B" Class.

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# The Dignity of the Umbrella.

By Mabel Fernando.

THE umbrella is one of those few objects for which familiarity has not lessened our respect.

Here in the East, especially, there is a halo of dignity investing it. Could this be because we are more in need of its aid as a shield against the elements, or, more possibly, could not this regard be due to a lingering historic instinct?

For it is only within the last two centuries that the umbrella has so expanded into popularity. Before that it was in use only in the Courts of Kings and Princes, and even there, few were allowed to possess it. Besides, it was effective only as a protection from the sun's rays, for being a very ornate affair covered with rich silk, and decked with gold and silver and gems, it was unfit for use in wet weather.

Unfortunately history has left no record of the unknown genius who invented the first umbrella. But we can be certain that he was an Easterner, for the practice of using umbrellas appears to have originated in the far East and gradually to have spread Westwards.

Here, in Ceylon, the umbrella seems to have been in use from a very early date. At any rate we know that it had already attained to an unusual degree of importance even in early historic times.

To the ancient Sinhalese, given to thinking in picturesque metaphors, the umbrella appeared as a symbol of power and protection. Hence they came to regard it as a token of the kingly dignity itself, and thus made it in fact a part of the Sinhalese regalia.

From the Mahavansa we learn that the umbrella was held as a regal emblem as far back as the time of King Devanampiya Tissa,

for the chronicle relates how this king's friend, the Emperor Asoka sent him among other rich presents, a royal Parasol to be used at his inauguration.

Whenever the king made a public appearance, a magnificent "umbrella of state" was borne over him by his attendants. His territories and



.....If deprived of his accustomed Umbrella would not the sleek black coated Mudalali.....look as forlorn as a Kangaroo without a tail.

subjects were likewise said to be under his "umbrella of dominion" and the same applied to anything else he took under his royal protection.

King Dutugemunu is reported to have made a graceful use of this metaphor, when he dedicated the Great Brazen Palace to the Buddhist priesthood.

He caused a throne to be erected in the main hall of the building. On this was placed a beautiful silver fan, while a royal parasol was fixed aloft over both.

The significance of this was, of course, that the king's power as

symbolised by the umbrella, was always watchful over the interests of the priesthood, which was typified by the Fan.

Beside the King, a few great ones were also allowed the privilege of using an umbrella. These favoured people were mainly the Chiefs of great clans, who in their own domains posed as petty kings.

The "Muthu Kuday" or "pearl parasol"—a white silk one embroidered and tassellated with pearls—which is produced even now on ceremonial occasions by the descendants of some of these chiefs, is an interesting survival of this coveted "umbrella of state."

The Sinhalese court however was not the only one in which the umbrella was regarded as a symbol of regal pomp and power.

Some Indian princes are still officially styled "Lord of the Umbrella," while one of the designations of the King of Burma was "the monarch who reigns over the great umbrella-wearing chiefs of the Eastern countries."

It was perhaps from these lands that the ornate umbrella was introduced into more Westward regions, possibly by the trader quinquereemes from Nineveh and Ophir.

The Pharaohs of Egypt, for instance, seem to have early adopted the practice of using magnificent state parasols. These were either borne over them by servants or were specially fixed to the royal chariots.

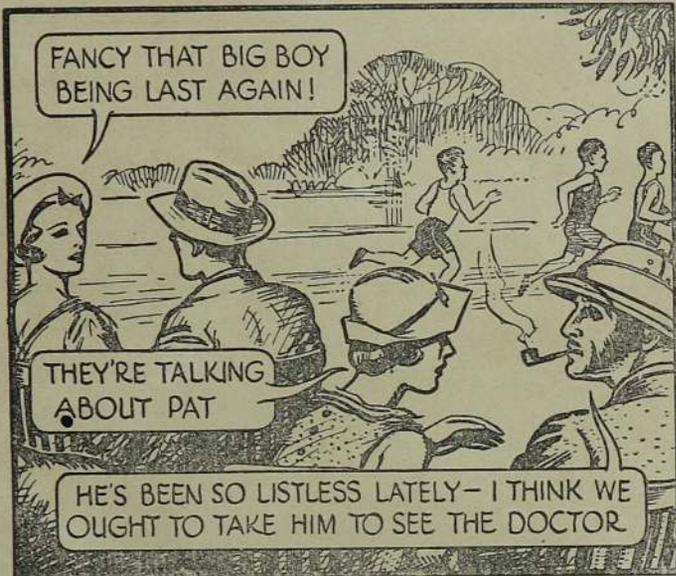
But the umbrella did not find such a ready welcome when it first penetrated into Europe. This was probably because, at that early stage, it was so heavy and clumsy that it required the services of slaves to manipulate it.

Roman and Greek ladies however found it a welcome means to protect their complexions from the sun when they went abroad, and hence for some time they became the chief patrons of the umbrella.

It was well on in the sixteenth century when people discovered that the umbrella should be used as a protection from the rain also. The

(Continued on page 32.)

# WE WERE WORRIED *about Pat, until—*



## HORLICK'S PROVIDES EXTRA ENERGY

GROWING children are using energy all the time, not only in their play but for growing too. If this energy is not replaced quickly they overtax their reserves, are tired and listless— suffer from ENERVATION.

Horlick's given regularly at mid-morning or at bed-time supplies children with just those vital nourishing elements that provide the extra energy they require. Children like its pleasant taste and it soon gives them a new sturdiness and vigour.



# HORLICK'S

## GUARDS AGAINST ENERVATION

# WARDEN STONE.

“He Never Set Traps for Boys.”

By Rev. R. S. de Saram.

THE small boy was very small. Warden Stone was six foot two and appeared to the small boy to be of even larger dimensions. So when the small boy came suddenly round a corner and saw the Warden no more than ten yards off, he instantly ran away. A roar stopped him and brought him back. Trembling he approached the presence. But the piercing blue eyes held a twinkle, and the stern lips were smiling. “Why did you run away? Never do it again.” And the small boy went away with a friendly tap upon the shoulder.

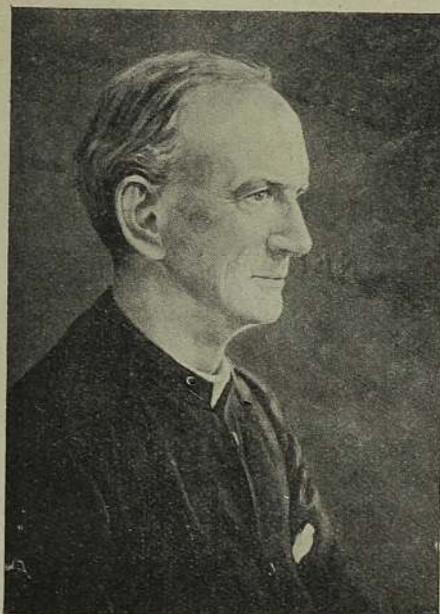
This story—a true one—throws a revealing light upon the kind of man Warden Stone was. Stone he seemed on first acquaintance; and indeed at all times he knew how to use sternness. But he was kind at heart. Boys are good judges of men. We saw quickly enough through the formidable exterior to the real man within. That is perhaps why an Old Boy said to me only yesterday, “Good old Stone! How I loved him in spite of the many thrashings he gave me!” The gentle side came out when a boy was in trouble. If a boy had lost his father he would have him into his study after Prep. and talk to him so gently and kindly, that the boy wondered if this was the stern old master he feared so much.

And then when a boy was leaving. Who will forget those talks? So frank, so wise, so full of humour and yet so discerning.

He knew boys through and through; understood their ways; made large allowances for their foibles. He saw a great deal more than he appeared to notice. He was not that kind of schoolmaster who pounces upon every fault he sees. But that score was apt to mount up and one day he would have you in and appal you with the amount of things he

knew about you. He liked all boys—not only the clever ones. In fact I think he disliked mere cleverness. Anyway he often championed the cause of some scape-grace when masters were tired of him and clamoured for his instant removal. Many such, he often said, turn out the best men.

He had a caustic wit but he never used it upon boys unless they were



From a Painting by E. G. Koch

THE LATE REV. W. A. STONE.

very conceited. Then he would wither them with one brief phrase. There is nothing boys hate more than that kind of patronising sarcasm adopted by some schoolmasters. Mr. Stone knew boys too well and respected them too much to employ this method.

We were returning from Galle by the evening train after a football match which we had won. Mr. Stone was very pleased with us for winning (we had beaten all the Colombo Schools that year too) though characteristically he said very little. He left us at the Fort Station looking for rickshaws. As soon as he had gone we repaired

to the Bombay Hotel—many Thomians of our time will remember the place with affection. Next morning the Captain was sent for. Dreadful moment! He felt he was for it. The Warden discussed the match in the friendliest fashion and said how pleased he was at our success. The captain's heart came out of his boots. He felt all was well. “By the way,” said the Warden, still smiling but watching very closely, “Where did you get to last night? I had supper waiting for you at the bungalow.” “Well, we had some difficulty in getting rickshaws” said the Captain, all confusion once again. “Yes,” said the Warden, fixing him with his eye, “and what else?” And so the whole story came out. “Why didn't you tell me that at once?” said he; and then followed some winged words about how to run a team and maintain its discipline.

He never pushed a boy too far. If he ever provoked a boy into losing his temper he just pretended not to see and went quickly on with his work as though nothing had happened. I remember quite vividly a time when a boy, now high in the Civil Service, was provoked into saying some quite rude things perfectly audibly to the Warden. All that happened was a piercing stare and the lesson was quietly resumed. Now, a lesser man would have pushed the boy into violent rebellion.

He never set traps for boys. He would never try to catch a boy out. Often in the College Form if he was a little late there would be high revel. Mr. Stone would arrive in the verandah, cough, pause a moment, and, having given time for decorum to be resumed, come slowly in, looking upon the floor.

It was this entire freedom from pettiness of any kind and his thorough understanding of boys, that made us love him and admire him in spite of his often brutal bluntness. We felt he had a right to rebuke us because he was a loftier spirit than our own.

To many thousands of Thomians the word Warden calls up one figure alone. He is the Warden *par excellence*. Well, indeed, has William Arthur Stone deserved that place in Thomian hearts.

# Rs. 350/- In Cash Prizes for Christmas!

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Photographs of the Winners of the First 4 Prizes will be published in the “Ceylon Daily News,” “Times of Ceylon,” “Dinamina,” and “Virakesari” during Christmas week.

**ALL CASH PRIZES WILL BE DONATED BEFORE CHRISTMAS.**

TO EACH OF THE 14 PRIZE WINNERS WE WILL SEND A FREE ENLARGEMENT.

**READ THE FOLLOWING RULES VERY CAREFULLY.**

- JUDGES—The following ladies have kindly consented to act as Judges:—Lady De Mel, and Mrs. H. M. Peries
- Babies who are less than 4 months or more than 18 months old may not enter for the Contest.
- Each photograph must be accompanied by the Entry Form printed at the foot of this advertisement.
- All pictures must also be accompanied by coupons from Lactogen tins amounting to 36 points; in return for these points a special coupon will be issued which can be returned to us again in exchange for Free Gifts.
- Only one photograph of the same baby will be accepted.
- All photos must reach this office not later than December 16th.
- All photographs will become our property for use as and when we desire.
- The decision of the Board of Judges is final and no correspondence can be entered into.

**SEE THAT THE PHOTOGRAPH IS PRINTED ON SMOOTH SURFACE PAPER.**

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Name and address of parents.....

Age of Baby.....

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# Musings From The Bar

By "Neethi."

LATE last month a dinner was given, as a farewell to Akbar J. and I could not help noticing the number of people who arrived in "tails" with black waistcoats. The Attorney's speech was weighty and ponderous. It was a historical resume of Akbar J's career. Pereira K. C. followed and started by saying that the Attorney had stolen his thunder. He, however thundered to good purpose, and I could not help feeling that what was required was a little "lightening". Akbar J's speech was very interesting and he referred to the arguments of certain learned counsel and proceeded to illustrate his speech with expressive gestures. Unfortunately the greater portion of his remarks were inaudible, whereupon Moseley J. succumbed to the superior attractions of a cabaret in the next room. Elliot K.C. was then called upon, and his impromptus provided the "lightening" which brought the house down! Moseley J. thereupon promptly returned. The company then adjourned to witness an interesting and startling cabaret, and the only lady barrister was hard put to accept the many requests for dances. It gave me considerable delight to watch sober-minded judges, impressive counsel, and serious proctors enslaved by the charms of various Greek Gods.

\* \* \*

It is with regret that the retirement of Sir Michael McDonnell C. J. of Palestine is noted. Coming so hard on the heels of his famous judgment against the Government I wonder whether the Executive had something to do with it.

\* \* \*

Although the Legal Secretary was defending the retention of the word "Police" in "Police Courts," it would perhaps interest him to hear that the allegations made by various members are quite true. The Police consider the Police Courts their

own little courts, and the unfortunate cognomen must be removed if this pet theory is to be rooted out.

\* \* \*

The learned Chief Justice is certainly cleaning up the Augean stables. The Bar notes with approval the resignation of a learned judge from the Municipal Council. The holding of the Law Students' function in the Chief Appellate Court did not meet with the same unanimous approval, but the invitation to bring their troubles to him was noted with favour and the result awaited with trepidation. It is rumoured that a certain high official who went with a complaint to the Chief Justice was asked in future to write to the head of the Department concerned. That is the correct procedure and this rebuff is hailed with delight.

There is, however, the learned Chief's desire to shift the courts from Hulstorp. It should be remembered that purely as a site, Hulstorp is the best in Colombo and without doubt the coolest. Are we then to give up this site and go to Slave Island, a place full of lake flies, in close proximity to a noisome, noxious, lake, in a place which is little better than a swamp? A point to be considered, architecturally, is the fact that 3 feet below the hard crust of soil underneath the top filling of earth, there is a swamp of unfathomed depth. The Engineering Association is aware of this and the question will arise after the expensive sinking of piles; will the crust bear the legal weight thrown upon it? Are we also leaving slums behind? No. Slave Island is perhaps a worse slum than Hulstorp. Thus for the sake of an easily made broad road we are going to leave the best site in Colombo. It does not seem to be a wise step.

\* \* \*  
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Moseley J. I understand is soon to take a parallel Assize in Colombo. It is regretted that the learned Chief has not seen fit to do so, because we would then have seen a Chief Justice taking an Assize in Colombo after nearly 20 years. Surely the premier Assize is worthy of the Chief's attention? This Assize will create a record being the third simultaneous Assize for the Western circuit.

\* \* \*

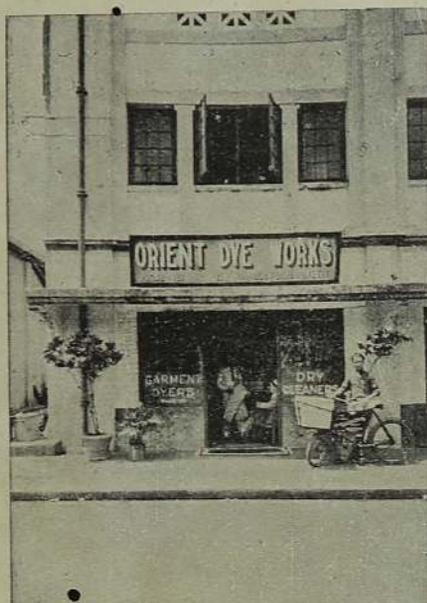
The Law Golfing Society is holding the attention of the legal profession. It has been the precursor of a boom in Ceylonese Golf and the Havelock Golf Club paid it the compliment of permitting it to play the first matches on the new 18 hole course. More strength to its elbow. Meanwhile the Voetlights are still dormant and a guest night is awaited with sinking feelings.

\* \* \*

Our lady barrister has raised an important point regarding the unsworn testimony of a young child. Maartensz J. has noticed the Attorney-General and if Deraniyagala C. C. is sent down to argue there may arise a domestic wrangle.

It is said that Mr. Justice Maule once asked a child: "What will be done to you if you tell untruths?" "I shall go to hell, Sir," was the reply. Whereupon the judge said, "Swear the girl: she knows more than I do".

In Ceylon the same question arose before Sampayo J. and failing, after repeated questioning, to get an answer from the child, the judge turned to Rudra and said "Do you know, Mr. Rudra?" Back flashed the answer "Go to hell my Lord" and the court was bathed in silence. Maartensz J. is, however, too experienced to let himself in like that and too sober-minded. He, however, once wished in his heart of hearts that counsel would credit him with a little intelligence. Counsel, happened to be Sampayo. Year 1911. Needless to say the senior did not credit the young little judge with any!



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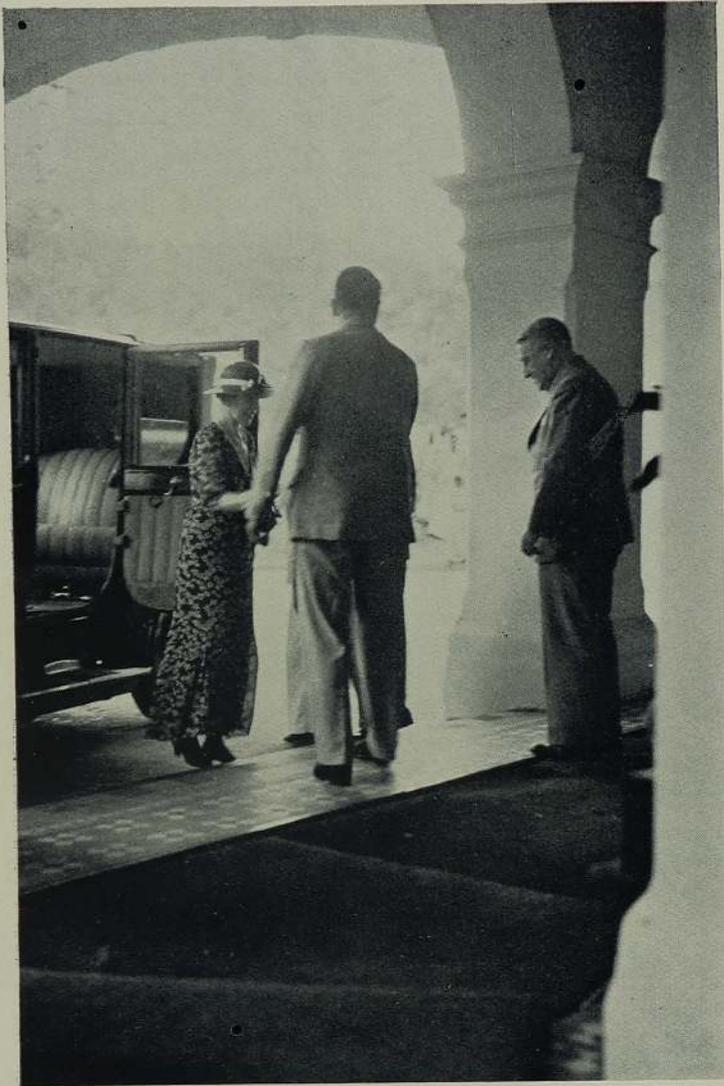
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COLOMBO.*

ACTING COMMISSIONER OF ASSIZE.



Photo by Pláté Ltd.

The Hon'ble Mr. O. L. de Kretser who assumed duties recently  
as Acting Commissioner of Assize.



## PLANTERS FORGATHER

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Two snaps taken on the occasion  
of the inauguration of the new  
Planters' Society which took place  
at Kandy on Sunday the 22nd.

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Photos by Plate Ltd.

# Remembrance Day in Ceylon.

“Lest We Forget.”

REMEMBRANCE Day in Ceylon was observed with all the solemnity with which this unique ceremony was first inaugurated. Time has not dulled its significance or blunted the edge of its poignancy. It is worth noting that the sale of Flanders Poppies was even more successful than in the previous year—thanks to the indefatigable efforts of the Hon. General Secretary of the Comrades of the Great War Association.

Below we publish two impressions of this Day, which will be read with interest.

“If, drunk with sight of power we loose  
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,  
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,  
Or lesser breeds without the Law,  
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—Lest we forget!”

—Rudyard Kipling.

If we are really in earnest in the homage we pay to our noble dead, if our praise of the glorious deeds by virtue of which we enjoy our liberty and freedom today is more than mere lip-service, surely we are willing to live a better life in remembrance of those who made the Supreme Sacrifice? It requires courage to give one's life on the battlefield, but it requires a higher order of courage, a persistent courage with no footlights, to live hourly and daily for the nation's good. These heroes who gave life simply, with no straining after glory, are but a glorious part of a long and great line.

Remembrance Day or Poppy Day as it is popularly known, has been associated with the Anniversary of Armistice Day. This is as it should be. The Flander's Poppy which is on sale throughout the British Empire on November 11th is symbolic of the sacrifice made by those countless heroes whose graves lie scattered in God's Acres. But the most remarkable thing that has ever taken place in this restless, noisy

world has been the institution of a great and notable silence. Hitherto silence has appeared to be a negative thing, it meant the absence of sound. Now it is one of the most positive and impressive events in the life of our time.

Appropriately timed for the eleventh hour on the eleventh day of the eleventh month, the great Silence of two minutes duration, is now observed as the nation's memorial to her Glorious Dead. No emotion of spoken things can compare with the emotion stirred by that silence in which vanished faces re-appear, stilled voices speak again and lay upon us all the solemn charge of concluding the peace of the world. If any stimulus is needed to spur us to the height of our endeavour, do we not find it in the ever present maimed heroes? Can we not, too, almost hear the spirits of our glorious dead reminding us that:—

“They never knew the secret game of power,  
All that this earth can give they thrust aside,  
They crowded all their youth into an hour,  
And for our fleeting dream of right they died,  
Oh, if we fail them in that awful trust,  
How should we hear those voices from the dust?”

Let us remember, then, that the same spirit of service which distinguished the flower of our manhood who laid down their lives that others might live and which finally brought us to victory, is with us still.

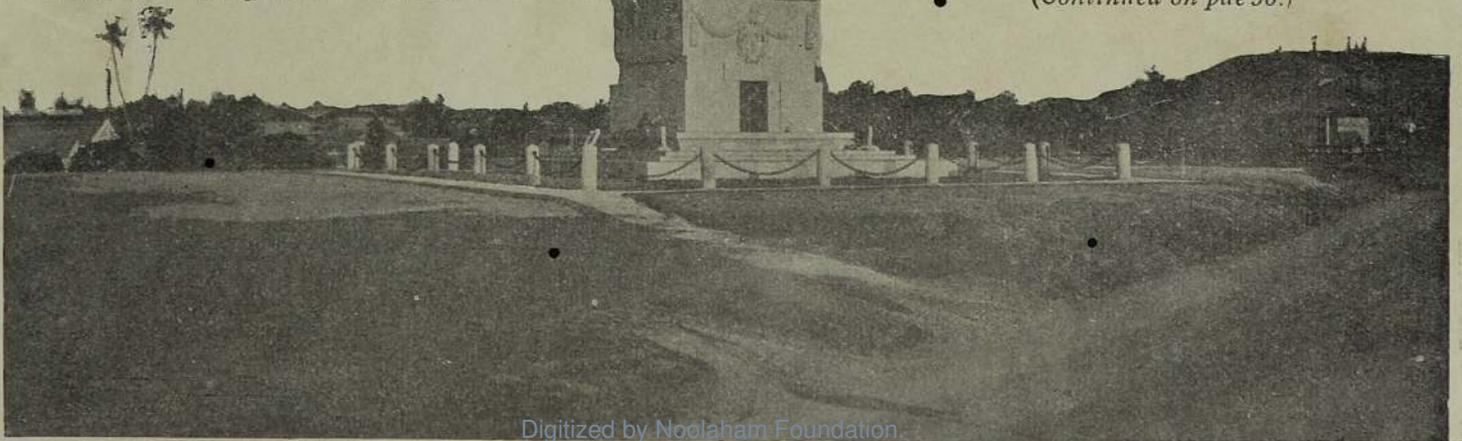
L. E. B.

## UVA'S ROLL OF HONOUR.

“Let those who come after see to it that  
Their names be not forgotten”

As one who has lived 35 out of his 50 years in Uva, the writer's thoughts on this Day naturally turned to Uva and to those gallant men who readily responded to the Call of King and

(Continued on page 36.)



From the day we opened we have always endeavoured to give you consistently good pictures, and if within such a short period of seven months since opening we could have shown so many outstanding productions is there any reason why we cannot continue to maintain our high standard of pictures in the future? We mention below just a few pictures which will be shown during the next few weeks.

AT THE **NEW OLYMPIA** (Where there's always a good show)

## ELIZABETH BERGNER in "ESCAPE ME NEVER"

• A revelation of emotional virtuosity by the Star whose performance in this handsomely produced adaptation of Margaret Kennedy's play, touches heights of artistry achieved by no other film actress in her class.

A British and Dominions Picture that must be seen.

## "LAST OF THE PAGANS"

with

## MALA & LOTUS

The haunting fascination of the South Seas, the idyllic lives of its natives—a mighty romance unfolded amid the thrills of primitive lives. An absorbing piece of entertainment, a story that will leave you breathless, with its sheer beauty.

## "EVELYN PRENTICE"

with

## William Powell

and

## Myrna Loy

The delightful Stars of "The Thin Man" together again—with more laughs, more thrills and an even more dramatic story.

Una Merkel and Rosalind Russell are also in it!

## "BROADWAY MELODY OF 1936"

WITH A POPULAR ALL STAR CAST

It's the tops! The finest musical ever produced—and that's putting it mildly! Sparkling with wit and gaiety, lavish in spectacle and music the cream of its type, "Broadway Melody of 1936" became the sensation of London after its spectacular première at the Empire, which caused all London to applaud enthusiastically and to hail with lavish praise the greatest entertainment spectacle ever put on the motion picture screen.

Seven years ago "Broadway Melody" startled the industry and showed what could be done—now comes a production that starts where the previous smash-hit left off.....a production that cannot be beaten.....that stands for the supreme in singing, dancing, musical spectacle and boisterous fun.

# Forthcoming Films at The New Olympia.

FROM the very day of its opening, to date, the New Olympia Theatre has been showing some excellent pictures. In fact all the films shown at this Theatre have been above the usual average standard. Their selections for December proves beyond all doubt that the New Olympia can be depended on for a good show always.

Romance in the tropics; idyllic native life in the land of the Southern Cross—stark drama on uncharted coral islands—the deadly typhoon—these are the contrasting elements in the kaleidoscopic South Seas, where “Last of the Pagans” Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer’s sage of Polynesian life, was filmed. “Last of the Pagans” tells the story of injury done to native life by the advent of the white man. It deals with a warrior and his sweetheart, living in a veritable idyll in the paradise of the Pacific.

“Evelyn Preutice”, the new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture co-starring William Powell and Myrna Loy, brings this popular team back to the screen for the third time as husband and wife.

The story was put into production upon the universal demand of the motion picture public, who besieged the studios with requests that they be cast together in another picture.

Following their astounding success in Dashiell Hammett’s hilarious detective comedy, “The Thin Man,” an energetic search was begun for another suitable vehicle for Powell and Miss Loy.

The decision finally fell upon the sensational courtroom novel from the pen of W. E. Woodward, who previously had written several exceptionally fine books that promise to live for many years to come.

The story deals with the domestic life of a brilliant criminal lawyer, whose business keeps him continually from his home and family. On the eve of a second honeymoon to Europe, the lawyer’s wife becomes deeply enmeshed in a scandalous murder case from which the lawyer husband alone can extricate her.

“Escape Me Never” is certainly a triumph for Elizabeth Bergner. The story provides her with by far the best opportunities she has yet had in a British film. She plays the part of Gemma, a waif with a baby “sheltered,” by Hugh Sinclair a rotter of a composer who allows her to forage for food, and lets her go out to work while he is finishing his music for a ballet. As a result her baby dies, and when she comes to him for help in the middle of a rehearsal of the ballet, he bundles her off the stage in a fit of temper. Bergner’s Gemma Jones is a lovely creation. Every mood and emotion of a complex character is portrayed with exquisite delicacy and subtlety. The sequence in which her baby dies is surely one of the most poignant ever screened. It is done with magnificent restraint, and a brilliant use of complete silence,

And then there is “Broadway Melody of 1936” which would require a whole book to describe adequately. Every member in the major cast is distinguished. Eleanor Powell, one of the stars, is unquestionably the World’s queen for tap dance. There are several songs in the picture which will be sung all over Colombo.

“Broadway Melody of 1936” is the most ambitious screen entertainment of the generation. It boasts the greatest galaxy of popular entertainers ever gathered together for a single picture. All lovers of real entertainment cannot afford to miss it. It’s the last word in musical spectacle.

## Queer Air Travellers.

The other day the Imperial Airways department which handles livestock sent by air worked out a list of some of the odd “passengers” with which they have been called upon to deal from time to time. It included:—

Dogs.	Cage-birds.	Mosquitos.
Cats.	Tropical fish.	Lions.
Mice.	Bees.	Tigers.
Day-old chicks.	Turkeys.	Monkeys.
Pigeons.	Locusts.	

A feature of animal transport by air is the contrast between some of the consignments which have to be handled. One moment the officials may be dealing with a number of racing pigeons, going out in their cages to some point on the continent to be released for a race back to England. And then, walking across to an incoming machine, they may find among its cargo a number of live crocodiles, monkeys, and tropical fish in tanks.

Not long ago a clever chimpanzee, flying to London to take part in some films in this country, walked up to the air-liner captain and shook hands with him solemnly after its keeper had led it from the machine.

Regular dispatches are made to London by air, from the Bay of Biscay, of the queer little fish known as sea-horses, which are needed to replenish the tanks in the Aquarium at the Zoo. They travel in metal containers full of Bay of Biscay water.

Performing animals, travelling to and from menageries and circuses on the continent, often make their journeys by air. Not long ago a fully-grown lion flew over to London in a cage inside one of the cargo-planes, its trainer travelling with it, sitting just outside the cage. It had been feared that the lion might become upset during its flight. But actually the animal seemed soothed, rather than otherwise, by being up in the air, and by the time it reached Croydon it was so quiet that its trainer went into the cage, put a chain on the lion’s collar, and walked out with it, just as though the animal might have been a big dog. And the lion, perfectly docile, just stood looking quietly round until it was led into a travelling cage to be taken up to town.



# ur Competition Page

## CROSSWORD PUZZLE No. 78.

1st Prize Rs. 10; 2nd Prize Rs. 5.

**Please note:** That all entries sent by post should be addressed as follows:

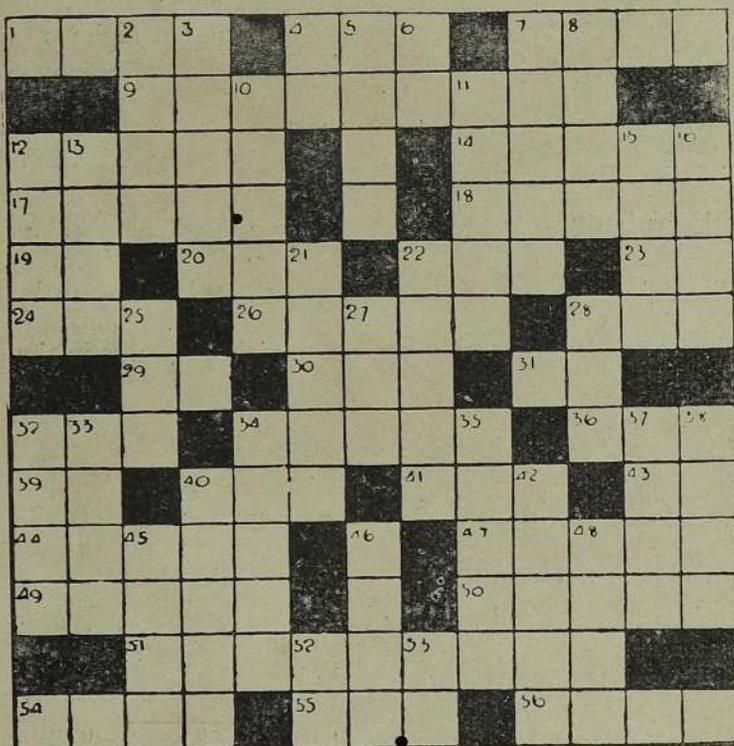
CROSSWORD, P. O. Box No. 127, G. P. O., Colombo.

Entries delivered personally or by messenger should be addressed:—

CROSSWORD, Pláté Ltd., Colpetty, Colombo.

All entries must reach this office by 12 noon on December 12th 1936.

The Editor's decision will be final.



Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

### Winners of October Crossword Competition.

1st Prize—Rs. 10.—G. Kennedy, Walker & Greig Ltd. Electrical Dept. Colombo.

2nd „ — „ 5.—Miss Merle Metzeling, Broadway, Dehiwala.

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## CLUES.

### HORIZONTAL.

1. Contribute; 4. Mineral Spring;
7. Eternity; 9. In a clumsy manner;
12. Piece of relief-carving in stone;
14. Smelling; 17. Shell fish;
18. Destroys; 19. In the direction of;
20. Test; 22. Marsh;
23. Egyptian Sun God; 24. Man's name (abb.);
26. Nest of bird of prey;
28. Beetle; 29. Concerning;
30. Atmosphere; 31. Perform;
32. Bed; 34. Tedious discourse;
36. Decline; 39. To a higher place;
40. Distress Signal; 41. ...Juan—river in Mexico;
43. Animal; 44. Skins;
47. Scum; 49. Trap; 50. Rub out;
51. Bark of tree used medicinally;
54. Make grating sound;
55. Insect; 56. Check.

### VERTICAL.

2. Title; 3. Lived; 4. Direction;
5. Gone; 6. Suffix; 7. Name; 8. Watches;
10. Wood of an East Indian tree; 11. Fish;
12. Weight (abb.); 13. Nautical call;
15. Roman Emperor; 16. Emperor;
21. Periods of time; 22. Foremost;
25. Period; 27. South American City;
28. Anima!; 32. Vessels;
33. Bare; 34. Assumes an attitude;
35. Duck; 37. Fish; 38. Keen, dry North wind in Switzerland;
40. Strip of leather; 42. Rich tapestry;
45. Girl; 46. Twilled cotton cloth;
48. Kiln; 52. South America;
53. Measurement (abb.).

### Solution to Puzzle No. 77.

#### Horizontal.

1. Models. 5. Sketch. 9. Lotions.
10. Tsar. 11. Nims. 12. En. 14. Emanate.
15. We. 16. Sow. 18. His. 19. Tee. 20. Islam. 22. Ant.
23. Ten. 24. Ass. 25. Bid. 26. Plate.
29. Top. 31. Icy. 32. Eme. 33. SS. 34. Gibbous. 38. Er. 39. Dido.
40. Glib. 41. Teutons. 42. Ensear. 43. Nature.

#### Vertical.

1. Modest. 2. Else. 3. Loam. 4. Straws.
5. Sonata. 6. Knit. 7. Esme. 8. Honest. 13. Noetics. 15. Winsome.
17. Weedy. 18. Haste. 21. Lea. 25. Bistre. 27. Labour.
28. Trogon. 30. Persue. 34. Gite. 35. Idea. 36. Ulna. 37. Sist.

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# Breaking in a New Factory.

(After Kipling's *The Ship that Found Herself*.)

By K. L. Murray.

THE factory was brand new, and so was some of the machinery; but, as the factory was not replacing a burnt-out one, but merely an antiquated building in a hollow, a fair amount of the old machinery had been re-installed in the grey factory, eight hundred feet above the old site. A Director's wife had declared the new building open; the builders had put up champagne; and there had been a good deal of verbosity.

The first week's manufacture in a new factory is always interesting; and this is especially the case when part of the machinery is new and part old. The former does not lie quiet until spoken to, like a new boy at school; rather the reverse, in fact. For new machinery is apt to look down on old things; and age and experience do not apply. You see, in the case of machinery—as opposed to boys—new things are the embodiment of experience. This is why a new factory's teas are rarely at their best. The various machines have to learn to pull together; and at first they won't do this.

"Hi! You ancient iniquity in there," said the new 125 horse-power oil engine to a triple-action roller, "what do you imagine you're doing? You're trying your hardest to make my work difficult!"

"Pressure and rotundity—pressure and rotundity," replied the roller. "I'm made round because my job is to make a circular sweep; and for four rolls out of six I work at full pressure—pressure and rotundity!"

"We work at full pressure all the time, day in and day out," growled the eight-inch vertical H-irons, whose job is to support the roof and

loft-floors. "Without us the building would collapse. We perceive that we are the only real indispensabilities!" (Big and important structural parts are inclined to be heavy—of speech!)

"But you can't do without us," came from all over the building in a small, flat voice. "We see that you stay where you are and do your job." The thousands of bolts were all talking in unison.

"And what about us, pray?" came in a resonant voice from the *tagarams* on the top and sides of the factory. "We keep out the sun and wind and rain. Without us, you iron fellows would go into rusty decay; and the wind and the sun would make all the efforts of you machines a mockery!"

"Rat-tat-tat," said the rain. "Let me in, can't you? Why do you stay there and make me slide along side tracks?" (He meant gutters).

"Because we imagine that's what we're for! But you are coming down very hard, and you aren't light. Ease up a bit—I just feel like buckling," said a *tagaram*.

"Here! Stop shoving down, confound you!" cried the iron *paralis* beneath him. "At times you weigh next to nothing; at others you press down on us like a ton of flat-iron!"

"I haven't finished with him yet," said the rain. "I'll make him—and you—give way!"

"Gug-gug-gug-get that out of your head," gurgled the down pipe at the corner, just below the *tagaram*. "I'm here; and by my Greatest Outpourings you'll have to come down far more heavily than this to drown me!"

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"Grr-brrr-phpheew!" roared the 72-inch fans, as they drew hot air into the lofts. "It's only the rain! He's always trying to make out how important he is. Now *we*—and we mention this in all humility—are *really* important; for we nullify the rain's effect on the leaf by passing on hot air."

"Hear, hear! Hot air! Carry on! Don't stop, we beg. Hot air is our greatest friend, for he lightens the weight that we have to support," said the tats.

"You support! We like that! Where would you be without us, we should like to know?" asked the wire frames on which the tats were stretched.

"Less chattering up there!" A heavy, grumpy voice came from far down below. "What, may we ask, can feeble little whippersnappers like you know about supporting? We support you and everything else!" The foundations spoke in no uncertain voice.

"Pardon me, gentlemen; you only support stationary things. Now *I* have to support a great, restless fellow, who is always quivering. I'll crack up one day for certain," groaned the engine-bed.

"Lie you still and do not move!" retorted the engine.

"Grr—crick—grr—crick—H o t draughts! You people make a good deal of fuss," snorted a five-foot drier. "Why, I carry on without murmuring, although this exercise heats me up to two hundred degrees; and I weigh some twenty tons with my furnace! I also am the most valuable piece of machinery, with the possible exception of my *confrère*, who sends me round." The driers and engines always back each other up, for they are the most costly machines in the factory, and know it.

"Indeed, indeed—so that's your rede!" exclaimed the patent sifter, who can never keep quiet. "I take the tea from you and grade it nicely. Without *me* you couldn't earn your keep!"

"Really?" sneered the roll-breakers, and how about *us*? We separate the *dhools* right away; so we *think* we could carry on without you! Of course, the big bulk that we turn down has to go to you; but

we feel that, for most of the tea, you are not really necessary. You are merely fool about and re-grade our output—quite unnecessarily!”

“We are the result of modern science. We are small; we are not conspicuous; but we are *the* essentials for good tea!” The hygrometers have only come into their own comparatively recently. They are unassuming folk to a certain degree; but very naturally too much self-glorification on the part of the bigger machinery gets them in both bulbs.

An oily voice took up the tale: “You all may toil and do your best; but without *me*—ME—you are useless—useless—useless!”

“Who are you?” asked several voices.

“I am the Liquid Fuel—I might even say, the Motive Power; for without me none of you can move!”

“By my Tubes!” snorted a drier-furnance, “I can live on coal, coke or firewood. So how do you account for *that*?”

“But you don’t; and, if you did, the big, green fellow who drives you can’t!”

“I’m getting a headache,” sighed the engine-driver belting; “your idiotic talk gets right under my fasteners. I try to connect you all in good comradeship, and yet all I hear is the very reverse of good feeling. I think I’ll slip out!”

“No, you don’t!” said the big main-drive pulley; “I’m facing your way exactly, and I don’t allow any skrimshanking!”

“Shshshsh” said the Mist Chamber. “I’m resting at present, as it’s raining; but I’ll come along soon and cool your ardour!”

“Keep you quiet—our Master’s here,” said the engine; and all carried on as quietly as possible.

The Superintendent and the Head of the Engineers (who had built the factory) entered the building.

“All seems well,” remarked the Superintendent; “and yet I am not too happy so far. Teas are not all they might be.”

“You must give the factory time,” replied the Engineer. “You have first-class material here; even the machinery from the old factory is in

perfect order—otherwise it wouldn’t have been passed, I assure you! And the new stuff is the last word in modernity, especially the engine and the five-foot drier.”

“Then why doesn’t the tea keep up to expectations?”

“It will, soon. But you have a hundred different things—machinery, shafting, structural parts, &c.—which are functioning according to book; but they aren’t pulling together yet; in other words, your factory isn’t broken in.”

“How long will it take, then, to get broken in, as you call it?”

“Can’t say; but not very long, I fancy, as everything is the best of its kind. Once they learn to pull together, you’ll have no complaint.”

\* \* \*

“Did you hear them, did you hear them?” chanted the engine, when the men had departed.

“We did,” chimed in a chorus in every key.

“We also,” boomed a large, deep voice. “We are the factory—we have decided to give up our individuality and to pull together; and we perceive that we are here to help you, even as you must justify our maintenance!”

“Let us sink our in-di-vid-u-al-i-ty,” said the big driver, “and all work together for the common good. If I subscribe to this, surely you other fellows can?”

“Pressure and rotundity—we’ll do our best to help comply!” ground out the rollers.

“Shshsh,” hissed the Mist Chamber (he prefers to call himself something longer, with “humidifying” in it!); “my motto is always to keep cool. Don’t get heated, and think, I spray and beseech you, of Team Work, and

not just individual efforts.”

“And go by me; yes, go by me,” twirled the main shafting. “Let me be the go-between. My engineers will tell you that I’m as straight as a die!”

“I’m agreeable! You can’t help being as straight as a die, ’cos the Engineers saw to that; but, seeing as how you *are* straight, I’ll accept you as the go-between!” The double-cylinder cutting machine always lives up to its name, and makes cutting remarks.

“Got it! Got it! Got it! Agree!” barked the Packer.

“That is that; oh, that is that!” sighed the Tats.

“Indeed, indeed, Accept your rede!” gabbled the Sifter.

“Then all is well, and I shall gladly take the Tea, which you pass on, to my bosom,” said the B.O.P. bin. “Carry on, friends; all goes well!”

\* \* \*

If you enter that factory now, you will not notice any one noise, for they all fit. The factory is broken in!

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# The Showman.

I wonder how many of us reading the heading of this column will not immediately think of the circus?—that great canvas covered ring which includes the ingredients of joy and entertainment for young and old.

Many of us who are getting towards the "sear and yellow leaf" stage or perhaps a little youthfully *blase* in our outlook, may scorn the attraction of the circus in conversation, but deep down we still feel the stirring call of the sawdust ring and its showmen.

Each member of the circus is a "Showman" from the humblest waggon hand to the splendid ring-master with his traditional garb of silk hat, tail coat, scarlet waistcoat, long whip etc, and their big effort in "showmanship" is the Grand Pa-

rade they make in each town. Headed by the band waggon instruments polished and shining, bright uniforms, and each musician making his instrument sound its loudest, the parade moves through the streets. Children of all ages and sizes, from the tiny toddler to the grey haired Grandad—for after all are we not all children where the circus is concerned?—throng out of the houses to line the pavement, climb trees, scramble on to the tops of walls, anywhere to get a view of the wonderful free show provided. Each and every item of the procession is acclaimed, criticised or gazed at in wide eyed wonder by the admiring spectators. The grown up children may see nothing but the beautifully groomed horses with

their riders, or perhaps the splendid proportions of the tumblers and athletes; the younger ones, the animals, particularly the elephant ambling quietly along; but to the little children and the toddlers the great joy is the clown, and if there is more than one, then their joy is uncontrolled as they squeak, jump about, clap their hands and goggle their delight at the funny faces. The grotesquely painted faces have a fascination for the tiny tots, just as colour attracts us later in life when we see gorgeous sunsets, beautiful paintings, lovely vistas of open country or buildings decorated with that wonderful material hall's distemper, which is recognised as the standard of the decorating world. The publishers of this magazine are agents for it, carrying large stocks for the benefit of those who admire the "showmanship" of beautiful colours.

W. Dalziel.

## A Sports Causerie.

(Continued from page 2.)

The Inter-Club contest is an idea that appeals strongly to Sir Sydney, fostering as it does a team spirit in a field of sport which is mainly individualistic in character. More clubs be advocated. These bring in turn more athletes, more talent, improvement in standard and then the really first class man. He further stressed the need for more scientific training in Schools, the formation of a club on the lines of the Achilles consisting of those who have represented their School at Public School Championships and lastly be appealed for public support. "We want such big attendances that the existing grounds won't accommodate the crowds and the question of a stadium will eventually become practical politics" he concluded.

### VISITS TO INDIA.

The X'mas holidays are generally availed of by various clubs to pay visits to the adjoining Continent. This year no less than four teams will be touring in India during the forthcoming holidays. The Colombo Cricket Club are responding to an

invitation by the Madras Cricket Club and will leave Colombo on December 22 and return on January 3. Though the personnel of the team is not yet known there is every prospect of a strong side making the journey. They will play a series of matches.

The Rubber Controller's Department have made arrangements for a vacation tour and will take out a strong team which includes no less than five cricketers who have figured in representative matches. They hope to play about half a dozen matches within a fortnight.

The Postal Department too intend taking across a team during the holidays while Zahira College too have arranged for a trip to Bangalore. The schoolboys should gain invaluable experiences from this trip.

### SOCCER.

Colombo's Soccer season has now practically come to an end. The two Leagues have completed their programmes. The Colombo Amateur League Championship has been won by the Government Services and St. Michael's have annexed the C. A. F. L. Trophy for the fourth time in the last five years—an unique record.

St. Michael's are out to add to their laurels this year by performing the double for they are still on the running for the Times Cup, which competition having now reached the semi-final stage keeps interest in soccer alive. St. Michael's the holders of the trophy now meet the C. H. & F. C. whom they defeated last year in the final after extra time had been played. Cup tie fever will be at its highest for this match. The C. H. & F. C. have their defeat in last year's final to avenge, for never in either League or Cup encounters have they been once able to lower the colours of the Saints.

The other Cup semi-final is between the Police and St. Paul's.

Civilians had their revenge against the Army this year in the annual Armistice Charity Soccer match and won by 3 goals to 1. It was victory by a convincing margin, but this final score does not truly reflect the trend of the game for the Army played more constructive football and held the stage most of the way. But sound defensive tactics and the ability to seize an opportunity stood the rest in good stead.

# INTELLIGENCE CROSSWORD PUZZLE No. 2.

## Rs. 500 in Prizes.

### FIVE CHANCES FOR ONE RUPEE.

The Intelligence Crossword Competition initiated by the Ceylon Causerie has been welcomed by a large number of our readers and in repeating it, in this issue, it is hoped that full advantage will be taken of the opportunity of winning so many attractive prizes.

As Mr. Elias one of the lucky winners of the second prize writes: "If you could make your Crossword Competition.....popular.....a lot of the money that goes out of Ceylon on these Competitions will automatically cease. There is no reason why you should not be able to offer 4 figure cash prizes in the near future."

It is to be hoped that four and even five figure prizes will be a *fait accompli* in the near future.

Intending Competitors are requested to note that the coupons appearing below will be repeated in the December issue.:

Book your copies with your newsagent. Ask him to communicate with us and we will send him your copies monthly or send us Rs. 2-50 which is the Annual Subscription, and the magazine will be sent to you regularly.

Read the rules and conditions given below carefully and send in your entries early. Note that the entry fee is only 50 cents for each coupon but that two paid entries entitle you to *three* free coupons—that is *five* coupons for Re. 1 only.

1. The entry fee for this Competition is 50 cents for every entry Coupon, which entitles you to one Free Entry Coupon, but competitors who send in two paid coupons will be entitled to three free entry coupons. Competitors can send in as many Entry Coupons as they desire.

2. These Entry Coupons will be found on the adjoining pages. Cut the Coupon along the dotted lines:—Write your name IN BLOCK CAPITALS, and address to, Competition Editor, Ceylon Causerie Intelligence Crosswords, P.O. Box 127, Colombo or if delivered by hand, forward same to the office of Messrs. Plâte Ltd., Colpetty.

3. Write your surname only in block capitals on the outside of the envelope and state the number of paid Entry Coupons enclosed.

4. Entry fees can be sent by Postal or Money order made payable to Ceylon

Causerie Intelligence Crossword No. 2. Postage Stamps will not be accepted in payment.

5. A prize of Rs. 300 will be awarded to the Competitor who sends in a Solution which agrees with the Official Sealed Solution which has been deposited with the Manager of the National Bank of India Ltd.,

6. Should no all-correct Solution be received the prize will be awarded to the Competitor who sends in the nearest correct Solution. The two remaining prizes of Rs. 125 and Rs 75 will be awarded to the runners up. In the event of a tie or ties the prize money will be equally divided.

7. The correct Solution will appear in the January Issue.

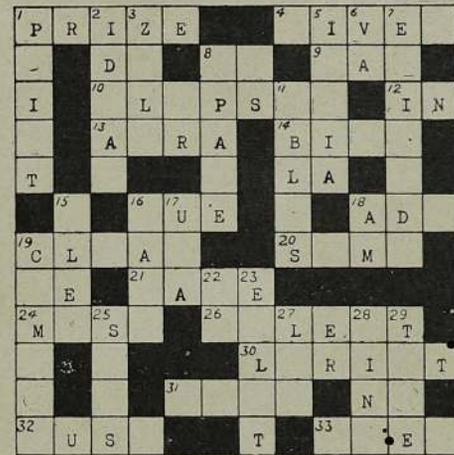
8. The closing date for this competition is January 15th.

9. Employees on the Staff of the Ceylon Causerie and Messrs. Plâte Ltd., the Printers and Publishers will not be permitted to participate.

10. No responsibility can be accepted for any entry coupons lost, mislaid, or delayed in the post. No correspondence can be entered into or interviews granted. The decision of the Competition Editor on all matters relating to this Competition is absolutely final and legally binding and is an express condition of entry.

11. In no case can any entrance fee or money sent with entrance fees be refunded or credited to another account.

12. Any entry which does not comply with these rules and conditions is liable to disqualification.



**CLUES DOWN.**

1. The shopkeeper sometimes uses this to advertise his wares.
2. Man does not always realize his...
3. Member of a Kafir race in S. E. Africa.
5. A great peninsula in the south of Asia.
6. Musical direction—Go on!
7. An incident in real life.
8. The sudden bursting of a tyre need cause no anxiety if the motorist has this.
11. The Chief of the jinn who were cast out of heaven.
15. Excuse.
16. He who has this is the man who usually gets there!
17. Woman's name.
18. To be.
19. A tent dweller can be said to be this.

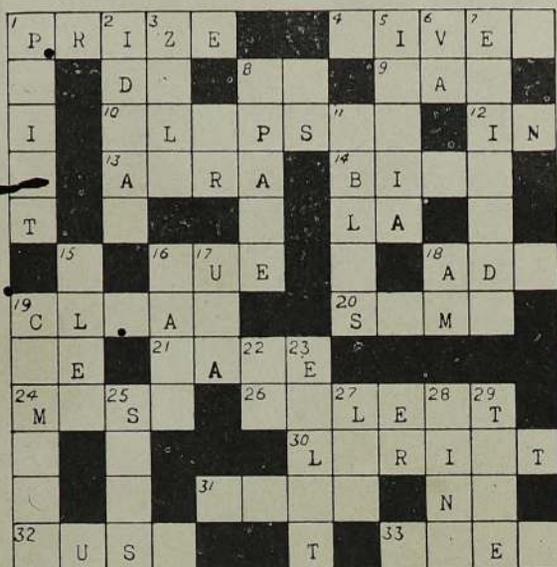
22. Belonging to me.
23. Acclamation.
25. Where many go for their health's sake.
27. A lyric song.
28. Measure of capacity.
29. This describes many an imaginative story.

**CLUES ACROSS.**

1. Solve this puzzle correctly and you will get this.
4. There is many a generous one in Ceylon.
8. In this manner.
9. Describes your "forty winks."
10. Passed away.
12. If you are at home, you are this!

13. A subtle emanation from any body.
14. You cannot buy bowls at a sale without this.
16. Happy he who always gets his...
18. Bustle.
19. Free from dirt.
20. The fashionable woman, seeing the latest model in hats, will not be satisfied till she gets...
21. Identical.
24. Horses enjoy a good one.
26. Called.
30. A lasso.
31. You may have to do this to game before eating it.
32. Often found on articles which have been laid aside and forgotten.
33. A strong one makes it easy for the climber.

Intelligence Crossword No. 2.

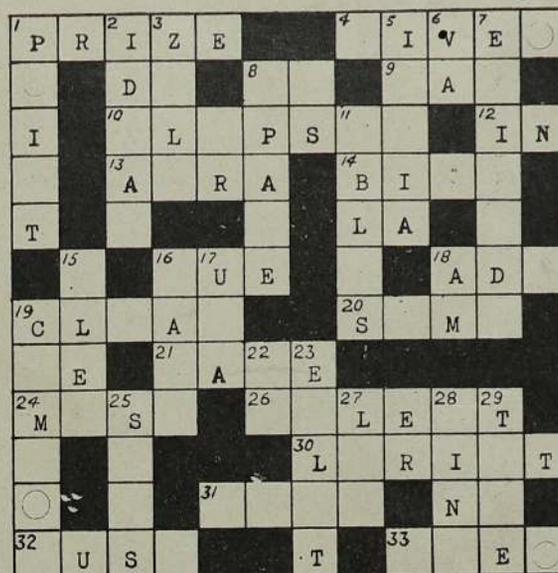


No. 2.

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Intelligence Crossword No. 2.

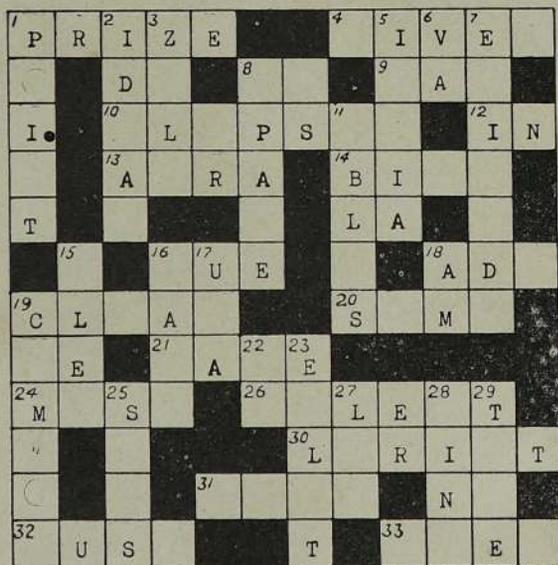


No. 2.

Surname and Initials } Mr. ....  
 } Mrs. ....  
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 Address .....

Postal or Money Order No. .... Coupon No. ....

Intelligence Crossword No. 2.

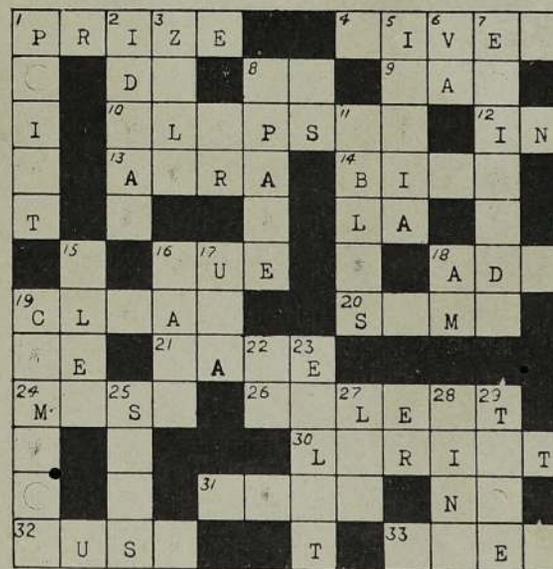


No. 2.

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 } Mrs. ....  
 } Miss .....  
 Address .....

Free Entry Coupon No. ....

Intelligence Crossword No. 2.



No. 2.

Surname and Initials } Mr. ....  
 } Mrs. ....  
 } Miss .....  
 Address .....

Free Entry Coupon No. ....

# ASSESSORS AND THEIR QUALIFICATIONS.

## More About A.C.R.A.

*By Mentor.*

WE have received several communications from readers, Income Tax payers, and practising accountants in regard to the subject of the academic qualifications of assessors. We do not desire to publish all the letters, nor can we find the space to do so.

Two letters about the "A.C.R.A." are published.

Mr. M. K. M. Ismail addressing "Mentor" writes:—

"I shall be much obliged if you will be good enough to allow me a little space in your valuable journal, re—the above matter.

I read with great interest your comments in the October issue of your journal. I had not the opportunity of perusing your earlier issue, and from what I could gather from the little you have stated, you state that an A.C.R.A. is a poor qualification for an Income Tax Officer, and your worthy readers too have expressed surprise that such an officer holding this designation of a third grade body should be raised to this status as an Assessor.

I therefore hasten to state that any person holding the designation of the Corporation of Accountants, is quite worthy to hold such a responsible position. In this connection I might mention here the corporation grants this designation only to those who pass the Preliminary, the Intermediate and the Final Examinations, which are of a very high standard, and on showing proof that the successful candidate has had at least 5 years professional accountancy experience in a firm of repute.

I might further inform you, that the Corporation of Accountants is one of the five professional bodies of accountants recognised by the British Parliament, the Dominions and the Colonies. You will therefore see that if the standard of this body

were not of a high order, there is no reason why Parliament should give recognisance."

Mentor writes in reply:—

"The Corporation of Accountants, Glasgow, which grants this A.C.R.A., is described in Harmsworth's Business Encyclopedia, a work of considerable merit and authenticity, as follows:—

"This association of accountants is a limited company with its headquarters in Glasgow. It was founded in 1891, its objects being essentially the same as those of the larger societies. It consists of members and associates. Accountants in public practice within the British Empire and the U. S. A., are eligible as members. Principal clerks in accountants' offices or in the employment of the Government or in that of a bank or corporation are eligible as associates of the Corporation of Accountants."

So that an A.C.R.A., is a doubtful "qualification" of an office or bank clerk, and that too granted by a limited liability company."

Another Correspondent signing himself "Approved Accountant" comments as follows:—

"I have perused with amusement your notes about assessors and their qualifications. It may interest you to know that there is a scheme before Parliament according

to the promoters of which, a qualified accountant is defined as being a member of one of the following bodies:—

- The Institute of Chartered Accountants in England and Wales;
- The Society of Incorporated Accountants and Auditors;
- The Society of Accountants in Edinburgh;
- The Institute of Accountants and Actuaries in Glasgow;
- The Society of Accountants in Aberdeen;
- The London Association of Certified Accountants, Limited,
- The Corporation of Accountants, Limited.

This Corporation of Accountants holds the last and the 7th place in that list.

To which "Mentor" replies —

"I am surprised that the Corporation of Accountants has managed to creep into the list. I am sure a qualified accountant will be more respected if the first six bodies in the list were only allowed to remain. But, however an A.C.R.A., is not a member of the Corporation, but an Associate."

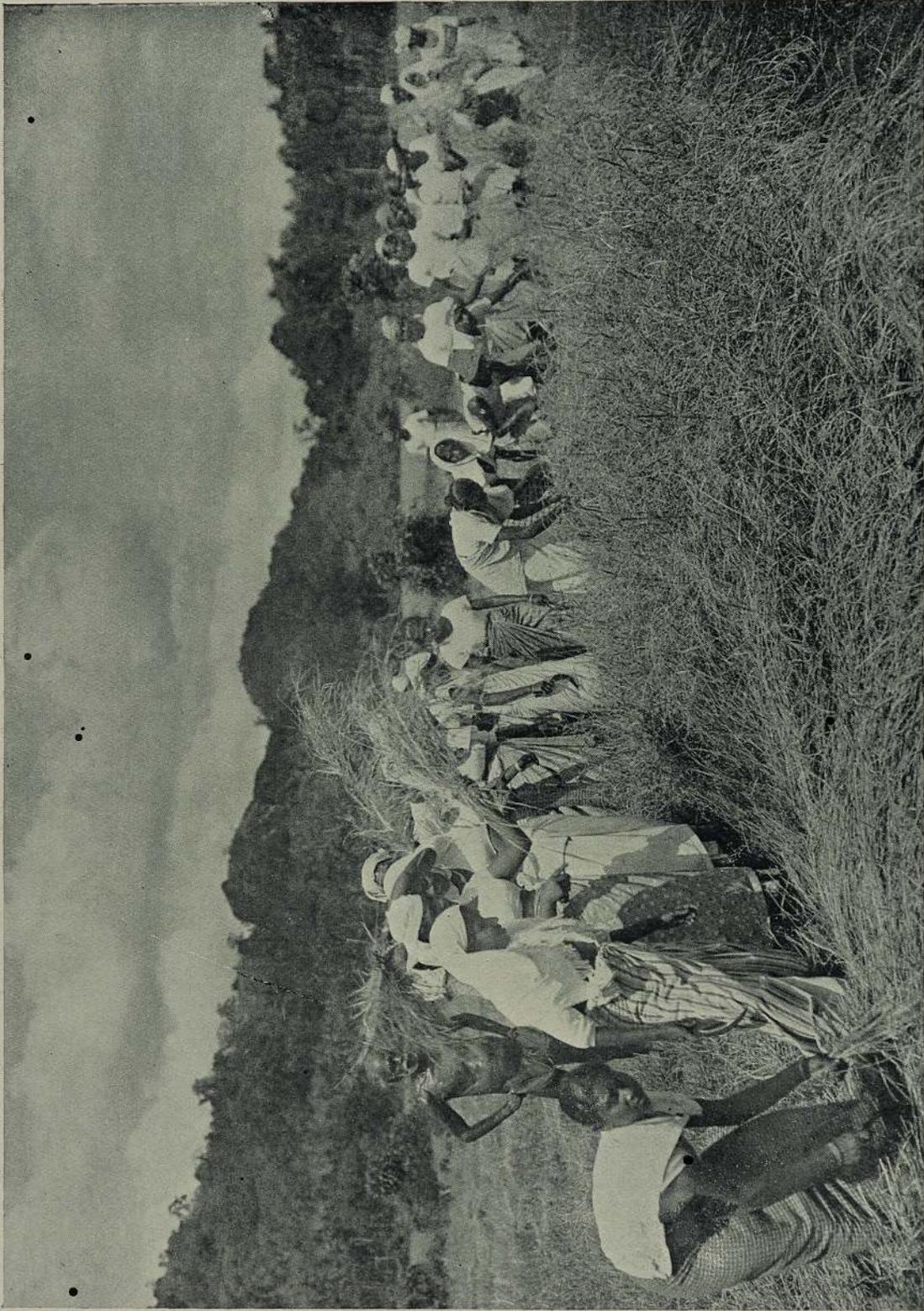
## SAREES SAREES

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WEDDED.



1. Mr. Bryan Jonklaas and Miss Innocent Jonklaas.
2. Mr. Theodore Abayasekera and Miss Vimala W. Goonewardene.
2. Mr. Herbert Albrecht and Miss Lorna Jansz.

# History in Proverbs.

By Arnold Gurusinghe.

WHEN in 49 B.C. Caesar crossed the Rubicon, a small stream in ancient Italy which formed the boundary between Italy and Cisalpine Gaul in Republican times, his action was interpreted as a declaration of war against Pompey and the Senate. The historic importance of what followed gave rise to the phrase "Crossing the Rubicon", meaning a step which definitely commits a person to a given course of action. Similarly we speak of a person "meeting his Waterloo" drawing an analogy from the fall of the French Emperor Napoleon.

\* \* \*

In Sinhalese too we have several such sayings which vividly recall to mind the various vicissitudes of the nation during the course of centuries. "Like the Portuguese going to Kotte", as applied to a long and circuitous route, is one of them. It is said that shortly after the Portuguese landed in Colombo on November 15, 1505 A.D., they were conducted to Kotte, the then Sinhalese capital, by a long and circuitous route through Panadure and Rayigam Korale in order to conceal from them the proximity of the capital to the port of Colombo. The Portuguese envoys sent by Dom Lourenco de Almeida had taken three days to reach Kotte which was only six miles from Colombo. At the time Vira Parakrama Bahu was reigning in Kotte and how his informants described to him the arrival of the Portuguese is thus stated in the *Rajavaliya*:—"There is in our harbour of Colombo a race of people fair of skin and comely withal. They don jackets of iron and hats of iron; they rest not, a minute in one place; they walk here and there; and with reference to their use of bread, raisins, and arrack, the informants said, "They eat hunks of stone and drink blood; they give two or three pieces of gold and silver for one fish or one lime; the report of their cannon is louder than thunder when it bursts upon the rock Yugandhara. Their cannon

balls fly many a *gawwa* and shatter fortresses of granite."

The trade in spices and other produce of the island was in the hands of the Moors, who therefore were anxious to prevent the Portuguese from coming into contact with the Sinhalese court. But Dom Lourenco was not taken in by the intrigues of Moors. Soon after his establishing contact with the King he took him under the protection of Portugal and, in spite of all outward expressions of amity and good faith, for the next hundred and fifty years the Sinhalese were exploited, harassed and persecuted by the Portuguese.

\* \* \*

"Like Prince Rajasingha's method of fighting the Parangis," is a saying reminiscent of the continual warfare that took place between the Portuguese and the Sinhalese. Once defeated in battle Rajasingha II had to seek safety in flight. Whilst wandering in disguise, like King Alfred of yore, he came to the hut of a poor widow. Hungry and footsore the Prince wanted some food and the poor widow, who had nothing better than a mass of boiled broken rice (*hunusalbath*) readily offered it to the stranger. Afraid to remain too long in one place the Prince was eager to hurry through the meal; but as he took each mouthful he had to throw it out again as it was too hot. The old woman who had observed this remarked:

"My son, your method of eating hot *hunusalbath* is like Prince Rajasingha's method of fighting the Parangis."

On being asked to explain the allusion she said:

"That is not the way to eat *hunusalbath*. Begin where the rice is comparatively cold and turn it all into balls; and when you have finished doing so you will find that the first ball that you turned is sufficiently cold to be eaten. The rest is easy."

"But I do not understand your reference to Prince Rajasingha," interposed the stranger.

"The same thing, my son, the same thing," she replied. "We hear of the noble prince fighting to-day in one part of the country and tomorrow in another, and getting defeated everywhere. But that is not a good plan; he must first clear some part of the country of his enemies, settle down there and gradually recover the rest of the country."

The Prince was much struck by the old woman's good sense. A few years later with the help of the Dutch he managed to oust the Portuguese.

\* \* \*

"I have given pepper and got ginger," was the admission of a disillusioned King, Rajasingha, when he found that the Dutch were no better than the Portuguese. His invitation to a stronger power had only resulted in the isolation of his kingdom and its removal from all progressive influences. This saying is recorded by Knox as being current at the time as referring to a bad bargain.

\* \* \*

The *Tupassis* or descendants of the Portuguese had degenerated into a mechanic class. They were well-known as spendthrifts and their fondness for liquor had become proverbial. The *Singho*, a corruption of *Senor*, who had enjoyed himself, rather too well than wisely, used to parade the street wearing his hat at a rakish angle. Hence the saying "The *Singho's* condition can be gauged from his hat." It now bears the same significance as Shakespeare's "For the apparel oft proclaims the man."

\* \* \*

"The whole of the *Solimandala* is coming," denotes the coming of a large multitude. This proverb takes one back to the early history of Ceylon when from the 3rd century B. C. the country was subjected to repeated invasions from the neighbouring continent. *Solimandala* or the coast of Soli, is the Coromandel coast, and the easy supremacy which two Choliens, Sena and Guttika, had

(Continued on page 36.)

## ON SALE

# Christmas Numbers and Annuals, Etc.

Britannia and Eve	Micky Mouse Annual
Bruin Boy's Annual	Modern Photography
Bo-Peep Bumper Book	Nash's Magazine
Baby's Own Annual	Nursery Rhyme Omnibus
British Journal Photographic	Picture Show Annual
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" " " (cloth)	Punch Almanack
Bubbles Annual	Puck Annual
Bystander	Popular Book of Boys Stories
Book of Good Needlework	" " of Girls "
Cracker's Annual	Photograms of the Year
Chick's Own Annual	Rainbow Annual
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Book Page: What the Critics Say.

# Biography of Lord Balfour.

“Is it Peace?”: Interesting Book by  
Graham Hutton.

“WHEN Balfour resigned the leadership of the Unionist party in November 1911, Asquith said that it would be long before there would be seen again in public life ‘a personality so invaluable to his friends, so formidable to his foes, so interesting and attractive to friends and foes alike.’ Mrs. Dugdale’s vivid and intimate picture of her uncle does justice to the qualities on which Asquith dwelt in this sketch of his great rival.” This was the *Manchester Guardian’s* view of *Arthur James Balfour* which was in great demand immediately upon publication. This book also shows in detail how a man regarded by all as a dilettante could become the strongest, most respected, and most hated Secretary for Ireland; how a great intellectual, once described as being as “languid as a lily,” more suited to the study than the public arena of politics, became one of the greatest of our Prime Ministers and a dominating force in the counsels of the Conservative Party. Hutchinsons are the publishers.

\* \* \*

## “IS IT PEACE?”

In the welter of the last five years’ foreign politics, “some cry one thing and some another.” Some fly to prewar alliances and heavy, expanding armaments. Others press for collective action within the League against all aggressors. Others advocate complete isolation, complete pacifism, or unilateral disarmament. What should Britain’s foreign policy be? Where do her true interests lie?

Mr. Graham Hutton in his new work *Is it Peace? a study of Foreign Affairs*, has set out to link up the long-run interests of this country with the main historical lines of British foreign policy and of European developments. He examines the post-war period closely—the League, Germany, economic tendencies and the roles of America and Russia. To British Imperial relations and Imperial defence he devotes special attention; and his concluding chapters unfold alternative foreign policies for Britain, suggested by his consideration of the manifold tendencies at work in the world of today. (*Duckworth.*)

\* \* \*

## “DIAMONDS AND DUST.”

AXEL MUNTHE having read in manuscript Baron Jean Pellene’s book on India, *Diamonds and Dust*, which John Murray has just issued, wrote “This delightful book, radiant with light and full of wonder, makes me bitterly regret that I have not seen the country which he describes so vividly.” The author travelled to India intending to provide himself with his own pictorial record of his journey but he soon realised the inadequacy of his brush to do justice to the scenes in which he found himself and instead he wrote this enthralling book. The value of his work is enhanced by the fact of the author being a Frenchman and, while he is critical in his detachment, he is also thoroughly appreciative of the great work the British are doing there. Finally, the translation by Stuart Gilbert is admirably done.

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## FUTURES

*Valiant Sailormen.* By E. Keble Chatterton. With 29 illustrations and a map. 18/- *Valiant Sailormen* is essentially a wonderful narrative of brave mariners in all sorts of ships, plunged into great perils and emerging triumphant. Now these thrilling happenings, with all their strange twists and surprises, are part of genuine history. It is because so much first-hand information and original documents have been placed at the author’s disposal that these epics not merely seem true but demand a permanent place in any nautical library. In spite of our mechanical age, there is still plenty of drama left in seafaring, and ample opportunity for all those brave deeds which make us so proud of our naval and mercantile seamanship. (*Hurst & Blackett.*)

*Royal Cavalcade.* (William I—Edward VIII.) By R. B. Mowat and J. D. Griffith Davies. 18/- (approx.) Illustrated. This book by two well-known historical writers gives, as its title suggests, a record of English kingship through nearly nine centuries of history. The subject is treated biographically, and the salient points in each of the thirty-seven reigns and the whole narrative are vivid and entertaining. The book, which will assuredly be a definite contribution to the literature of the Coronation Year, will please both general readers and students. It is profusely illustrated with reproductions of portraits of England’s kings and unusually designed genealogical tables.

(*Arthur Barker.*)

*Corpus Delicti.* By David Whitelaw. Illustrated. Demy 8vo. 10/6. Mr. David Whitelaw, unlike most successful writers of Mystery Novels, has made a careful study of criminology and is a member of the famous Crimes Club. Now he has written a most useful little handbook for murderers, in which he discusses the various methods, by earth, fire, water, of disposing of the corpse. His arguments are illustrated with examples taken from some exceedingly interesting cases in every part of the world, most of which will be quite new to English readers.

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# The Elusive Black Diamond.

## CHECKED.

By George Stanley.

### VIII.

"THE position now, Sir," explained Detective-Inspector Dan Wayne to his chief, "is that we have in our possession, five of the seven keys relating to this case and also five of the map sections. The remaining pieces of map and the last two keys should be in the possession of Jim Wilson's wife. Fruby traced her to a house at Plumstead, but it is now owned by her sister, also, funnily enough, a Mrs. Wilson. It appears that the two Mrs. Wilsons were twins, and they married two brothers of the name of Wilson, one of whom was Jim Wilson. Our Mrs. Wilson is now living at Beckenham in Kent."

"So that the end is in sight?" queried the Assistant Commissioner.

"I wouldn't say that," replied Dan Wayne. "Even when we have got all the keys and the map sections, I'm afraid I shan't believe that we've cleared up the job until we have actually got our hands on the bullion. Fruby and I are going down to see the right Mrs. Wilson this afternoon, but after what happened at the other house, I'm keeping our information to ourselves. This Black Diamond seems possessed of second sight from the way in which he's anticipating our movements and following up the different members of this gang."

"Well, good-luck," said the Assistant Commissioner. "Keep me posted on the latest developments."

He waved his hand, and the detective-inspector, accepting his dismissal, turned away from the room to his own office where his assistant was awaiting him.

"As soon as I've cleared up this," said Dan Wayne, pointing to his laden desk. "I'm going to have some lunch. Then we'll get down to Beckenham. Have a look at my bus. Get her filled up with petrol and be ready for me at two o'clock. Then we'll move off right away before I get summoned for an ex-

planation of why I spent three and six in expenses."

Fruby grinned and vanished, and Dan Wayne concentrated upon his routine work until he had cleared the accumulation from his desk. This accomplished, he hurried from the building to eat a solitary lunch, and then made his way back to his office. He found his assistant waiting, and promptly, as Big Ben boomed two o'clock, they climbed into Dan Wayne's car and turned into the traffic stream, heading south.

They wriggled their way through the almost impenetrable forest of crawling vehicles until they had gained the outer suburbs, when they accelerated, and, after a short run, reached Beckenham.

A few enquiries and they found Frinders Park Avenue, and as their car coasted along, seeking the number they required, Dan Wayne commented upon the pleasant planning of the neighbourhood.

They found the house they wanted—modern house of quaint design, with a carefully-tended front garden and a dual garage-way.

"You wait in the car," said Dan Wayne to his assistant. "Keep your eyes open. I don't want that Black Diamond to pop out from under a bush and checkmate us at the last moment. I haven't forgotten Plumstead yet! He almost took the hair off my head with those two pop—shots he took at me through the panel."

Leaving Fruby on watch in the car, he strolled to the front door, and after waiting a moment, rang the bell.

A pleasant-faced woman answered the ring and Dan Wayne stood staring at her for an instant in surprise. For, although he had expected to meet the twin of the Mrs. Wilson of Plumstead, the sudden appearance of practically the identical face and figure was somewhat startling.

"I'm Detective-Inspector Wayne of Scotland Yard," he said, "I should like to have a talk with you Mrs. Wilson."

"Oh, yes!" replied the woman. "Emily, my sister at Plumstead, rang me up and said the police might be calling on me. I can't think what it's all about. But come in and we can talk in comfort."

She led the way into a costly furnished room in which a fire was burning. The Detective-Inspector followed.

"Sit down there," said Mrs. Wilson. "Now, tell me, what this is all about?"

"The reason for my visit," began Dan Wayne, who had carefully rehearsed his speech during the journey from London, "is an occurrence which goes back some months. Some time ago, your late husband helped a man who was—well, not all he should have been. In fact the man was a criminal, and he gave to your husband, to look after for him, two keys of a rather peculiar pattern and two pieces of a map. These keys and portion of map have now become involved in a criminal case which we are investigating. It is my duty as a police officer to request you to hand over to me these two keys and pieces of map. A receipt will, of course, be given to you for them. But I must warn you that the possession of the keys and map portions places you in a position of grave danger, for the criminal concerned will stick at nothing to get them back."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilson "You can have the things

with pleasure. Poor Jim, to think that his good nature has resulted in this—"

"Have you any idea whether these keys and pieces of map are in your possession?" broke in Dan Wayne. "Did your husband leave them among his effects?"

"Yes answered Mrs. Wilson, to his relief. "There were two funny-looking keys. I believe I've still got them somewhere. Wait just a minute."

She stared at Dan Wayne suddenly, and her open face very obviously reflected her sudden suspicion.

"Of course, I haven't satisfied you that I am a police-officer yet, have I?" he said. "This is my identity card. All police-officers have them."

He produced his card from a case and held it out for his companion to see.

She looked at it and then apologised.

"I'm so sorry for seeming to doubt you," she said, "but you do hear of the funniest things happenings. You might have been this criminal you were talking about."

"You're quite right, Mrs. Wilson," agreed Dan Wayne. "If only people would be more cautious, half their troubles wouldn't happen. You were going to get those keys," he added as she hesitated.

"Of course," said the woman. "Just a minute."

She vanished from the room, and a few minutes later she re-appeared carrying a black tin box which she placed carefully upon the table. The key hung from a piece of string tied to the handle, and she inserted it in the lock and opened the box.

It contained a number of documents and small cases each tied with tape. She unrolled one packet which was on top, and from it took a photograph which she handed to Dan Wayne.

"That was Jim," she said. "A better husband no one could have had.....Pneumonia took him off. All in a few days, too. Did you know him?"

"Not personally," replied Dan Wayne, feeling sorry for the woman and intensely careful not to say anything which would shatter her ideals of the dead man. "But I've heard of him through mutual acquaintances."

"Well, you don't want to hear about my affairs," said Mrs. Wilson, as she tipped out the contents of the tin on to the table and begged to examine the packages. it contained.

She untied the tape on several of the packages and placed them on one side. Then, as she opened a flat case, Dan Wayne saw in it the two keys which played such an important part in the troublesome case.

"These are the keys," he said. "There should be two pieces of map with them also."

Mrs. Wilson placed the keys on the table and poked her fingers into the little case: but all it contained was an empty envelope. She stared at this, and turned to the detective.

"You're right," she said. "There's a note on this envelope. It says: 'Two map portions—One L.C's. They're not in the envelope though. I wonder what could have happened to them. 'It's a funny thing, too, I don't remember anything about them. I don't seem to have ever seen them. But my memory's getting awful. I might have done anything with them. Are they so very important?'"

"Those two map sections are almost priceless," said Dan Wayne, "because they can't be replaced."

Mrs. Wilson smiled.

"If they're so valuable as all that," she said. "Then I must find them at all costs."

She examined the contents of the tin box again, taking off all the tapes and shaking each document to make sure that nothing was contained within the papers. At last she turned a hopeless face on the detective.

"I'm afraid they're not here," she said. "I can't think what has happened to them. These are all the papers and all the things which Jim

left. As they're not here, I haven't the faintest idea where they can be."

"Never mind," said Dan Wayne. "I'll take the keys and leave you to try to find out what has happened to the maps. But I must ask you to be careful. Don't give them if you do find them, to anyone but myself. Here is my card. It has my phone number on it. If you discover them, ring me at once. Will you do that?"

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Wilson. "I'll make a very thorough search, but it doesn't look very hopeful."

She accompanied Dan Wayne to the door, and he thanked her and returned to his car. At a word, Fruby started it up the road.

Once clear of the house, Dan Wayne told his assistant what had happened.

"Then we're still in the air?" queried Fruby. "This job beats me. Bits of map all over the country. Keys lying all over the place. Well, anyway, we've got one satisfaction out of it. We've got the last of the keys. What are you going to do now?"

"I'm going back to The Yard to put the keys in a safe place. I'm getting scared myself of losing one of them, now that we're getting so close to the end of the business."

"Well, the joke's on the other fellow," remarked Fruby. "for, if Martin was right in his scheme, nobody can open the vault but ourselves—not without blowing the whole outfit into bits. Even if this Black Diamond does get the map, he will still be unable to move without the pieces which we've got."

"That's about the size of it," agreed Dan Wayne.

They reached The Yard without further incident, and the detective-inspector made his report to his Chief and handed over the two keys. Then he made his way to his office.

It was eleven o'clock the same night when the operator rang through on his telephone.

"There's a Mrs. Wilson wants to speak to you, sir," he said. "She seems very excited about something. Shall I put her through?"

"Yes," jerked Dan Wayne.

He heard the click of the plug as his caller was put through on the switchboard and then an excited female voice began to shout so loudly that he could scarcely make out what was being said.

"This is Detective-Inspector Wayne," he called. "Is that Mrs. Wilson?"

He heard the very audible sigh of relief which his caller gave, and smiled to himself, but the smile faded quickly as she began to speak.

"I've had a burglary at the house," cried Mrs. Wilson. "I've only just got home and the place is in turmoil. I didn't know what to do until I thought of you. So I rang you up. What ought I to do? Tell the local police or do you think that it's got anything to do with—you know what."

"It might have," replied Dan Wayne. "If you're not too frightened to hang on until I come down to you. I shan't be very long at this time of the night. Will you do that?"

"All right," agreed Mrs. Wilson. "I'll wait until you come, but don't be too long. I don't like to think what might have happened if he had been here when I came back."

As she hung up her receiver, Dan Wayne snatched off the house telephone, and by the time he had gathered his coat and stick and collected a few other implements, a Flying Squad car was gathering a crew to wait for him at the door. Within a short time of the telephone call they were racing through the quietening streets for Beckenham and the house of Mrs. Wilson.

They made wonderful speed along the clear roads, and Dan Wayne was soon knocking at the door of the house. For a few moments he heard no sound from within. Then a curtain was carefully drawn aside and he saw the face of Mrs. Wilson peering out at him.

He waved his hand in reassurance and presently the door was opened by Mrs. Wilson.

"I couldn't believe that it was you," she said in relief. "You came down so quickly."

"Yes, we move quickly in these times," agreed Dan Wayne. "I've got three officers outside with me. You don't mind them going over the house, while we are talking. They might find some clue to the burglar."

"Certainly not," agreed Mrs. Wilson. "If it means catching the man who upset all my things! Would you believe it! He's broken the lock on my wardrobe and also smashed the looking-glass! I hope he gets seven years bad luck! If you catch him, and it's the man you think, what will happen to him?"

"He'll get more than seven years," replied Dan Wayne, grimly. "He'll very probably be hanged!"

"But he can't be hanged for a burglary can he?" asked Mrs. Wilson.

"You were going to tell me exactly what happened," interrupted Dan Wayne.

"Oh, yes!" said the woman. She led the way into the front room. Dan Wayne waved his companion into the house, before he followed, and then took a seat in the little room.

"I went to the pictures," said Mrs. Wilson, "about half-past seven. It may have been nearer eight. When the show was over I came out and hurried home. When I opened the front door, I felt that something was wrong. As soon as I got inside this room, I found this mess. I guessed at once what had happened and went upstairs. All the rooms are in the same state. He's searched everything and turned all my linen out on the floor, too. And would you believe it, I can't find anything missing! There's no money in the house, fortunately. But he could have taken other things. What was he after?"

"Where is that black tin box containing all your papers which you showed me?" asked Dan Wayne.

"He'd never find that if he searched all night," said Mrs. Wilson triumphantly. "It's in a hiding-place Jim made. Come with me, I don't mind you seeing."

She hurried from the room and led the way to the stairs. At the bottom stairs she paused, and lifting the stair carpet, showed him a handle fixed to the underside of the tread-lip. She pulled at the handle and the tread rose, revealing a box-like cavity beneath. Within this hiding-place was the black, tin-box which contained her private papers.

"You see," she said, he was very clever, "but he didn't find this out."

"Open it and see that your papers are still there," said Dan Wayne. "You never know. He might have put it back again, empty."

Mrs. Wilson smiled as she lifted the box out and inserted the key in the lock; but her smile vanished as she stared at the interior. For the whole of her private papers had been removed.

"The.....beast!" she snapped. "He's even taken that photo of Jim! I'll never forgive him for that!"

"Don't worry too much," soothed Dan Wayne. "He may have heard you coming in, or been disturbed and seized the papers to examine later. When he sees that there's nothing in them that he wants he'll probably throw them away and you'll get them back."

"I hope you're right," said Mrs. Wilson tearfully.

"Did anyone else know about that box except your husband, Jim?" asked Dan Wayne. "Did he actually make that secret hiding-place or did he get someone to do it for him?"

"No, Jim didn't make it," said the woman. "But it was his idea. A friend of Jim's made it."

"So many people may have known about it," remarked Dan Wayne. "That doesn't look so good."

"Well," said Mrs. Wilson, "perhaps your assistants will find something."

But, in spite of the closest search, they found no clue to the mysterious burglar; not even a fingerprint. But, thrown carelessly beneath a heap of apparel taken from a cupboard, they did find all of the papers from the tin, including the photograph of her husband which Mrs. Wilson prized so much.

## The Dignity of the Umbrella

(Continued from page 7.)

credit for this discovery ought to be given to some enterprising coffee-house keepers, who hit upon this means to escort their customers to and from their conveyances in wet weather.

After this the umbrella established itself slowly but surely in popular favour. By the early part of the nineteenth century it had so taken the fancy of Europe, that at the historic battle of Waterloo the Duke of Wellington's Officers actually used umbrellas to protect their uniforms!

Though soldiers have since given up carrying umbrellas when in uni-

form, the general public have caught up the practice enthusiastically.

Here in the East, the popularity of the umbrella is significant as marking a social revolution, for from being the exclusive possession of a few favoured great ones, it has since come within easy reach of the noble and the lowly-born alike.

Today the ordinary Ceylon man, who under the old regime was obliged to shelter himself from the rain or sun with only a small triangular piece of palmyra leaf, can now openly boast of his dignity in possessing an umbrella.

Still though the restrictions against its use have been removed, and though the modern umbrella looks quite different from the stately bejewelled parasols of olden days,

yet the old hankering or respect for it lingers in many a breast.

For instance, if deprived of his accustomed umbrella, would not the sleek black-coated Mudalali—epitome of village gentry—look as forlorn as a kangaroo without a tail?

But the ordinary villager, with the instinct of a hundred generations at the back of his mind, would almost unconsciously lower his umbrella at the sight of a superior, just as another man would doff his hat.

And both these trifling instances are nevertheless, significant enough as indications that though the umbrella is now a familiar object, it has not yet lost the dignity it enjoyed when it figured in the pageantry of Eastern Courts.

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# CHILDREN'S PAGE.

My dear Children,

THIS month the subject for our essay seemed to appeal to you enormously. Nearly everyone chose the "Armistice Day" subject, and it is pleasant and gratifying to find how right-minded, loyal, and thoughtful you are, without exception. I feel proud of my happy band of nephews and nieces.

I wonder, my dears, whether you love beautiful words, as much as I do? I don't mean, you know, words which have a beautiful, sacred, or tender meaning. Those, of course, we love for their associations. I mean the words which are lovely and full of music, in themselves, not because of their meaning.

For instance, here are a few words which I, personally, find very beautiful:—

- Amethyst;
- Heliotrope;
- Daffodil;
- Heraldry;
- Dawn.

I wonder if you agree with me? Perhaps you don't, because our tastes differ about words, as about everything else. So I thought a competition about words would be great fun, and I'm looking forward to seeing which words you love best. As so many flowers have beautiful names, you will see that you must not include more than three flower-names in your twelve.

As for the ugly words— alas, there are all too many! Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could do without them? Ugly words have not always an ugly or unpleasant meaning. I hope you understand that I am speaking of the words themselves. What an ugly word "book" is, and "globule," and "fish" and—oh, hosts of others whose meaning is not a bit unpleasant.

Goodbye, my dears, till next month.

From your loving,  
Auntie Mary.

Answers to Correspondents:—

Erin:—Thanks for your nice letter. I do hope the snap-shots of you and the dogs will be a success, and that you'll send us some for our page. Best of luck in your coming exams; and tests, dear.

## PRIZE WINNERS.

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**DULCIE ABEYWICKRAMA,**  
(Age 14)  
Sagala,  
Kalutara.

### CLASS B.

Prizes to

**MARIE PERIES,**  
(Age 11)  
Leaward,  
Elibank Road,  
Havelock Town.

and

**SHELIA JANSZ,**  
(Age 11)  
Temple Lane,  
Colpetty.

Ismail:—Dear Ismail, I am really too busy to write you a personal letter every month, but I've not forgotten you. I am so very glad you are so loyal to King and country. I hope some day you'll be heard of as a right loyal Politician.

Aysha:—Always a pleasure to hear from you. I often think of Galle, which I know very well; it is a delightful place. I am sure you must all be looking forward to

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the end of your long Fast. I have many Muslim friends, and I know how trying the Ramzan Fast is, especially to school children.

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Dulice:—What a lovely time you had at the Prize Giving. You are lucky folks to get such beautiful prizes. I, too, am exceedingly fond of reading, dear, and I can just imagine how much you've enjoyed those splendid books. Shall you buy books with your prize, I wonder? I mean, of course, the prize you have won in our Page.

#### CLASS A.

A list of the twelve most beautiful words you can think of; and a list of the twelve ugliest. Please note that not more than three, of the twelve beautiful words, must be names of flowers. No "swear" words, nor medical terms are to be included in the ugliest words.

#### CLASS B.

A Christmas or New Year message suitable to send to one of your little friends.

#### Class A. 1st Prize.

### SHOULD ARMISTICE DAY BE OBSERVED OR NOT?

When on the 11th of November, Armistice Day, the booming of cannon, the pealing of church bells and the salvos of artillery are followed by the two minutes silence, we will in that deep hush give one fleeting thought to the illustrious dead who paid the mightiest tribute to the nation's Altar by sacrificing their lives for "King and Country." On this day the scene at the Cenotaph will be one fraught with poignant memories. Our thoughts will fly back to those four dark years of the Great War when the flower of many a nation's youth answered the clarion call of duty and marched to their nation's aid. After figuring prominently in many a bloody battle they laid down their lives for their Motherland and for the betterment of the World. Then the question remains whether we are justified in the observance of Armistice Day.

It is my firm conviction that we are, beyond all doubt justified in

observing this day. If not for anything else, at least, as a part of our Christian duty it is nothing but right that we spend a thought on those fallen heroes who fell, fighting for their Motherland. Many have tried to make out that the observance of this day tends to exalt the spirit of war. This is what I term a piece of sublime nonsense. I fail to see, how, on such a solemn day as Armistice Day we could let our thoughts exalt war when we commemorate the day set apart to the "glorious dead."

R. L. Michael.

#### Class A. 2nd Prize.

### "ARMISTICE DAY"

Certainly yes. The approach of this day enables one to seriously think of the events that took place 18 years ago, and brings home to one the grim realities of the struggle of 1914.

We in Ceylon thousands of miles away from the war zone had only read the news furnished by the newspapers, but the "EMDEN" gave us a little insight of what war could be, with the news of sinking of steamers daily by the elusive Emden in the Indian Ocean, nearer home to us.

Remembrance Day is the link we in Ceylon and others living under the British Flag have to remind them of the untold sacrifice of life, which enables us to show our sympathy by placing a wreath on the Cenotaph of the unknown dead.

It also remind us, to do our duty, by the Ex-Service men, and to the various associations connected with the helping of those dependent mainly on the support of these bodies.

It also reminds us that still in England at a certain Hospital there are wounded soldiers, entirely disabled and maimed beyond recognition, but in whom the life lingers.

These men are cheerful and happy although they are mutilated beyond description.

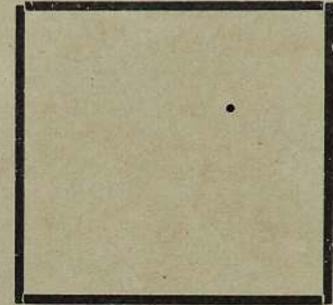
If only one of us see this sight, then and then only we will realize the significance of the day; and why it should be held throughout.

Remembrance Day is necessary, it unables us to think of the Supreme Being to pray to for having given us PEACE.

S. Nadarajah.

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COLOMBO

**Class A. 3rd Prize.**

**A VISIT TO THE MUSEUM TO SEE THE THRONE OF THE SINHALESE KINGS.**

Early one Saturday morning a bus stopped at the Colombo Museum and some thirty girls scrambled down in a great hurry, eager to see the throne of the Sinhalese Kings.

Then in twos and threes we joined the never ending line of people going in. There was a great rush that day and we were compelled to go at a snails pace. At last we entered a hall after several bumps and thumps. There in an enclosure was the throne. A constable was on guard and a gentleman with him, who told the people "to move on," because of the rush to see it.

The electric light made it glitter and sparkle. It was a beautiful piece of workmanship with several designs carved on it. It was of gold set with numerous precious stones, sparkling diamonds, big red rubes, and lovely Ceylon pearls. A purple canopy was over it and the foot-stool or "paputuwa" was also cushioned with purple cloth.

The Throne and Crown were brought to Ceylon by H. R. H. the Duke of Gloucester in September 1934. We bought a few photographs of it and returned home. That night several girls may have dreamt that they sat on the throne as the Kings of Lanka did in the days of yore.

Dulcie Abeywickrama.

**Class A. Highly Commended :-**

Robin Ebert; Aysha; Lynette Fernando; Gamini Salgado; Joyce Thomas; Ismail; Catherine Rasquimho; Edna Wijeratne; Philip

Stephens; Sydney Perera; Beatrice Wimalaratne; and Eileen Molligodde.

**Class B. Highly Commended :**

John Ratnavale; Miriam Beling; Venice de Silva; Sheila Goonetillike,

*The contributions by Class B. prize winners have been held over for lack of space.*

**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.

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Signature of Parent or Guardian.....

(Closing date Dec. 12th.)

## Remembrance Day in Ceylon.

(Continued from page 13.)

Country and Crowned themselves with glory by making the Supreme Sacrifice.

Uva's Roll of Honour consists of 33 honoured names—30 sons of Britain and 3 sons of the soil. A cursory glance at the list reveals the fact that "those who went forth and never returned" were among the best in every walk of life—men who had made their mark in the field of Sport and whose names are household words to this day—men such as "Affie" Peter, H. B. T. Boucher, H. W. B. Bremner, Hugh Walter, H. H. Sloane-Stanley, A. C. Saxton, E. A. R. Innes, H. J. C. Prior, G. E. Burney, A. D. Cave, S. V. Hasluck and H. A. E. de Vos, to mention a few.

It was during the years just preceding the outbreak of the Great War that Uva shone at Rugby Football being almost invincible.

When a comprehensive history of Rugby Football in Ceylon comes to be written, the names of Bremner, Boucher and Walter among those who are no more will stand out pre-eminently.

The Uva Memorials to those who fell in the Great War were unveiled on Sunday March 16, 1924 by Colonel-Commandant Clifford Coffin, V. C., C. M. G., D. S. O. The memorials consist of a brass tablet in St. Mark's Church and the Obelisk opposite the Town Hall. The unveiling ceremony was performed in the presence of a record gathering to whom the following message from His Majesty the King was conveyed by Colonel Coffin:

"They whom this Obelisk commemorates were numbered among those who, at the call of King and Country, left all that was dear to them, endured hardship, faced danger, and finally passed out of the sight of men by the path of duty and self-sacrifice giving up their own lives that others might live in freedom."

*"Let those who come after see to it  
That their names be not forgotten"*

The Last Post was then sounded followed immediately by two minutes silence and the sounding of the reveille.

Wreaths were placed around the Obelisk by Officials, relatives and public bodies, and the pronouncement of the Blessing brought the memorial ceremony to a close.

I cannot conclude this article better than by quoting the following lines:

"Sons of this place, let this of  
you be said  
That you who live are worthy of  
the dead;  
They gave their lives that you  
who live may reap  
A richer harvest ere you fall  
asleep."

C. H. A. Ratnayake.

## History in Proverbs.

(Continued from page 25.)

gained over the brothers of King Devanampiya Tissa, led shortly afterwards to Elara's establishing a Tamil Kingdom at Anuradhapura. The ruins of Anuradhapura and Polonnaruwa bear silent testimony to the depredations of these invading hordes, upto about the 12th Century A. D.

"Even in the coast of Soli there are starving men, and even in Gilimale there are white-teethed men," reveal the fact that even in ancient days the Coromandel coast was well-known as a land abounding in rice. Gilimale is a village in Sabaragamuwa which was reputed for the quality of betel leaves it produced. The habit of chewing betel was universal among the Sinhalese, "Virginias," "Coronas" or the "Jaffna cigar" being when not known; the man who abstained from chewing was nicknamed "white-teethed."

\* \* \*

"I do not understand that Andara and Tamil," is a reference to any unintelligible jargon. In explaining the proverb the late Mudaliyar Louis de Zoysa writes: "The word Andra, which I have no doubt is a corruption of the Sanskrit Andhara (another term for Telugu) is not known at present to any native, except perhaps to learned scholars, and the proverb therefore must have originated at a time when the word was commonly known." It undoubtedly refers to the times when people speaking these languages invaded Ceylon.

## HEADLINES IN LOCAL DAILY.

"Recruiting A Paddy Officer  
Scheme to Eliminate Present Degen-  
erate Breeds  
Division of Island into Climatic Zones  
Establishing Large Farms for  
Experimental Purposes."

We look forward to the results of the Experimental farms for producing a better breed of Paddy Officer with calm confidence in the ability of the versatile Minister of Agriculture to make a thorough success of even so formidable an undertaking. But the decision to divide the Island into Climatic Zones for the purpose, is surely unnecessary?

## EXAGGERATIONS.

"It used to be stated in my time that the ordinary District Planters' Association, consisted of three planters and a whisky bottle," said His Excellency at the inauguration of the Ceylon Planter's Society, "but that I think is possibly an exaggeration."

The other story that these meetings consisted of three whisky bottles and one planter is also an Exaggeration.

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