

The

Ceylon Compass

Illustrated

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THE CEYLON CAUSERIE.

COLOMBO, NOVEMBER, 1936.

NEW COMMANDING OFFICER—C. G. A.



Lt. Col. O. B. Forbes, who is the new Commanding Officer of the

Ceylon Garrison Artillery.
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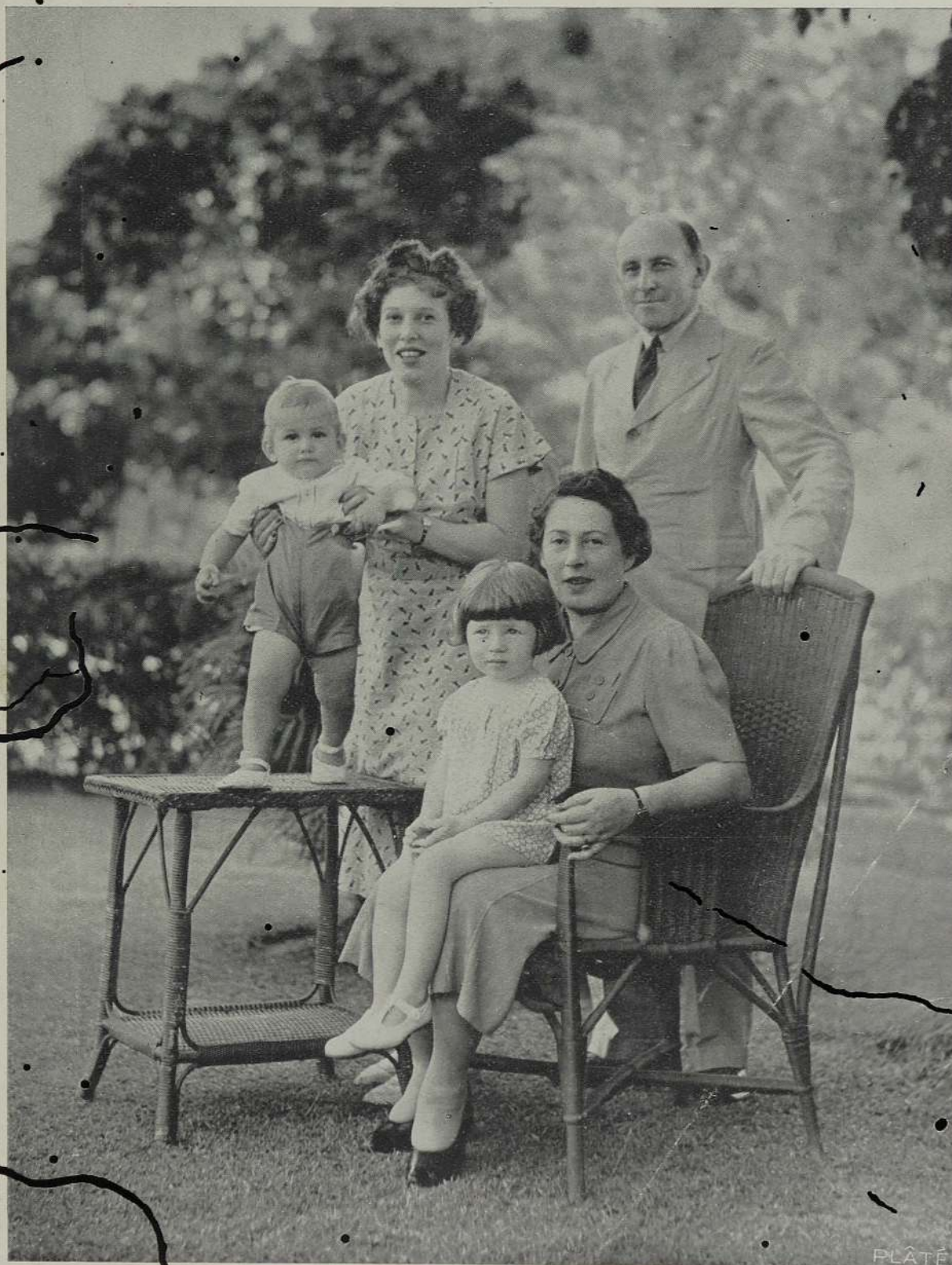
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COLOMBO, JUNE, 1938.

Vol. X.
No. 110.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE AT HOME.



PLÂTÉ

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This delightful picture of Sir Sidney & Lady Abrahams, their daughter & grand-children, was taken specially for the Ceylon Causerie.

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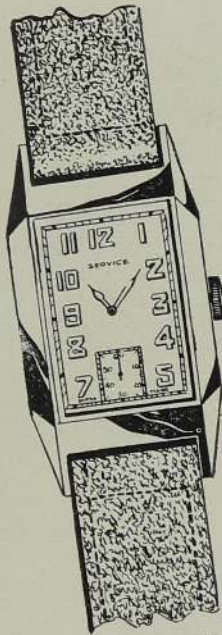
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THE PASSING HOUR

By The Editor.

It is no exaggeration to say that the honour of Knight Bachelor conferred on Mr. (now Sir) Macan Markar will be received with the greatest pleasure by the whole of Ceylon. Sir Macan Markar is easily one of the best known and best liked Ceylonese of our generation and no worthier recipient of the accolade could have been chosen by His Majesty. Sir Macan has the distinction of being the first Muslim to be so honoured and we trust this is the beginning of further honours.

The public will view with equal pleasure the choice of the other fortunate recipients of Birthday Honours. This is particularly so in the case of Mr. R. M. M. Worsley, the able Government Agent of the Western Province, and of Lt. Col. W. Sansoni the popular Commanding Officer of the Ceylon Light Infantry, who may well be described as the friend of every one and the enemy of none. To these and to all the others we offer our heartiest congratulations.

On the topic of country liquor and Ayurvedic drugs, Dr. S. C. Paul, the eminent Surgeon has always something provocative to say and his latest advocacy of Medicated Spirits manufactured locally has called down on him the wrath of many of his colleagues in the medical profession, as well as of temperance workers. To be told that the human body itself manufactures alcohol for its needs, must be most *dispiriting* to the latter! But it is from his colleagues in the profession that Dr. Paul is criticised severely for "boosting a particular trade in drugs" which it is argued is drunk more for its alcohol content than its medicinal properties! When doctors disagree, the safest course the layman can pursue is to steer clear of both and seek instead—the Faith Healer! Perhaps that is the one and only solution to this vexed problem.

The wisdom of the Authorities in appointing Mr. D. H. Balfour as Assistant Director of Commerce and Industries has been made manifest very speedily. One of those Civil Servants blessed with an ingenious and practical turn of mind, Mr. Balfour has been experimenting on his own, on the production of articles which should have a commercial value. One of these articles, we were informed in a Press report which Mr. Balfour has proved can be successfully made in Ceylon, is ply-



SIR H. MACAN MARKAR

who was recently created a Knight Bachelor, in honour of the King's Birthday.

wood, which is at present imported to the value of about three million rupees annually.

The samples made by Mr. Balfour are from Ceylon timber, and we hope that the experiments which are being carried out to test its quality and suitability will prove that he has not been unduly optimistic regarding its commercial utility.

If Dr. Paul Pieris' tenure as Trade Commissioner in London was not fruitful in stimulating trade in the major or even minor products of the Island, he certainly rendered a great service in two directions. In the first place he made Ceylon known to people in Great Britain by striking advertisements (some of

which aroused considerable controversy thereby achieving the very purpose he had in view) by lectures speeches and articles in the British Press on matters relating to Ceylon, and secondly by his historical "finds." The latest of these are the coconut shell cups, with exquisite ornamental work and mounted on silver, photographs of which were sent out by him, and are now on view at the Colombo Museum. The discovery of these cups should lead to a revival of this forgotten art and we hope that the day will not be far distant when the cups given as prizes at our Sports Meets, will be of this pattern.

Before our next issue gets out of the printer's hand the Church of Ceylon will have elected a successor to Bishop Carpenter-Garnier, whose retirement owing to ill-health was so greatly regretted. There has been a great deal of activity and canvassing regarding a candidate for the vacant Bishopric, and we fear that in some cases the enthusiasm of a few Churchmen, both of the laity and the Clergy in support of a particular candidate, has been allowed to outrun their discretion and the introduction of the racial element too, is to be greatly deplored. This, surely, is one of those offices in which considerations of such a nature should find no place. The qualifications are or should be an unquestioned reputation for saintly piety, ripe experience, administrative ability and scholarship—a combination of qualities not easily to be found in one individual, which however does not mean that no such individual can be found or need not be looked for. It is to be hoped therefore that the members of the Church will leave out of their purview such considerations as race etc: and approach their sacred duty with the single purpose of choosing one who can be expected to maintain and uphold the best traditions of the high office.

Why is this Bread
so much better?



Because —

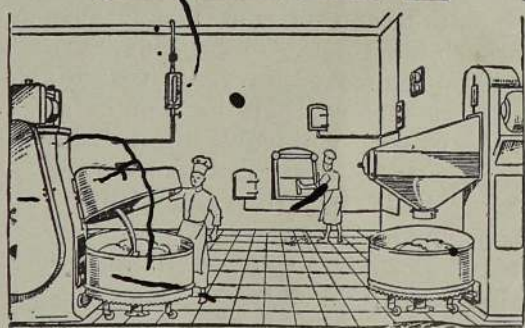
We give you Pure Sifted Flour freshly milled from the finest Australian Wheat (acknowledged the best in the world)—choicest Yeast (carefully stored in our Cold Rooms to preserve its "life" until required)—and to improve flavour and increase food value, we extravagantly add special Milk Powder and Butter!

This wholesome mixture is blended and kneaded by shining Electrical Machines in our spotless kitchens *under critical European Supervision*, and baked in immaculate ovens into loaves that *really are supreme*.

See, too, how the variety we offer banishes monotony from the bread-and-butter plate—a different loaf every day of the week and rolls on Sunday! (But we wager that once you've tried these delicious crisp rolls you'll have them every day.)








FOR HEALTH AND PLEASURE START ENJOYING THIS
BETTER BREAD TODAY!

ELEPHANT HOUSE



A CORNER OF ELEPHANT HOUSE'S MODEL
IMMACULATELY CLEAN ELECTRIC KITCHEN
Under Critical European Supervision.

7 delicious varieties
EVERY LOAF WRAPPED

SNOFLAKE (White)		1-lb. size 25 cts. ½-lb. size 9 cts.
VITAM (Brown)		1-lb. size 16 cts. ½-lb. size 9 cts.
* COBURG (White)		½-lb. size 10 cts.
COTTAGE (White)		1-lb. size 18 cts.
VIENNA		1-lb. size 18 cts.
* FRENCH		½-lb. size 10 cts.
* MILK ROLLS AND BRIDGE ROLLS		Each 3 cts.

To enjoy the delicious crisp crust of Coburg, French Loaves & Rolls to the full, pop into oven for 3 min. before serving

INCLUDE OUR BREAD IN YOUR BEEF-BOX ORDER

M. A. P.

By The Rambler.

THE Birthday Honours list has now been published, and many whose hearts beat high in anticipation of their names being included will have to wait till next year, when we trust their hopes and aspirations will be happily realised.

In offering our congratulations to all the recipients of Birthday Honours, we must make special mention of Ceylon's new Knight, Sir H. M. Macan Markar. Sir Mohamed was educated at Wesley College, and on completion of his studies entered the well known of jewellers, Messrs O. L. M. Macan Markar, of which he is now partner. He represented the Muslim Community in the old Legislative Council, and with the inauguration of the State Council, served as Minister of Communication and Works. In this capacity he showed rare organising ability, and his decision not to seek re-election in the 1936 election was received with regret, by his former colleagues. Sir Mohamed's experience has been of great help and service to the Government, and he has served on several Commissions and Committees.

Sir M. Macan Markar is the first member of the Ceylon Muslim Community to be so honoured, and his Knighthood may be regarded as an honour to his community which plays no small part in the commercial life of this country.

* * *

Lieut. Col. Waldo Sansoni who has been awarded the O.B.E. was educated at Royal College, where he had a distinguished career, both as scholar and sportsman. He was called to the Bar in 1909, and practised as an advocate in Colombo, until he was appointed Police Magistrate of Negombo, in 1909. He has held several judicial posts, and at present is acting as one of the additional district judges of Colombo.

Lieut. Col. Sansoni has had a remarkable military career. Joining the Ceylon Light Infantry in 1904 as a private, he was promoted Lieutenant in 1910. In 1930 he was awarded the V. D. and in 1934 was given command of the C. L. I. In addition to his military activities Lt. Col. Sansoni has always shown a great interest in the Scout movement, and was in charge of the first contingent to Wembley and Denmark in 1934.

* * *

Much of the work done for the betterment of mankind is carried on away from the glare of publicity, and this truth is particularly applicable to the splendid services rendered by Miss (Doctor) Isabella Curr L.R.C.P. & S. Edin, Director of the McLeod Hospital, Jaffna.

Born at Auchtermuchty N. B. Dr. Curr was educated at Edinburgh. After doing post-graduate work at Birmingham and Glasgow, she came out to Ceylon in 1897, and was attached to the Manipay Hospital, until the McLeod Hospital was opened in 1898.

In appreciation of her work for the women and children of the Island, she was made a M. B. E. in 1929, and the award of the O. B. E. in this year's Honours list, is further proof that her great services to suffering humanity, have been recognised.

Miss (Dr.) Curr is a great administrator and disciplinarian, and the fact that she is hailed as "Mother", by those who come to her for help, proves that she is one of the best-loved and respected personalities in Jaffna.

* * *

Mr. & Mrs Herbert Pieris, the accomplished Singhalese artistes are helping to place Ceylon more prominently on the cultural map.

Their London concerts are looked forward to, with intense interest, and the success which always attends them, proves that they make a definite appeal to the musical tastes of the English public.

It is not generally known that Mr. Pieris is a barrister-at-law, who has abandoned the legal profession for the more alluring charms of music. Mr. and Mrs. Pieris have visited the United Kingdom, the Continent and the United States of America, and our only regret is that the success they have achieved overseas, prevents them from visiting Ceylon more frequently.

* * *

The news of the death at home of Mr. E. R. E. Geddes was received with regret by his many friends in Ceylon. Born in Jaffna in 1871 he returned to the Island in 1883, and planted on the family estates at Pallai, N. P. before transferring to Galella as "creper" with the late Mr. C. H. Wilkinson. His planting activities took him to many parts of the Island and his last charge was the East India and Ceylon Group of Estates in Madampe, Rakwana, from which he retired a few years ago.

Mr. Geddes was a fine sportsman, and as far back as 1895 won the Tennis Doubles Championship of Ceylon, partnered by W. E. Mitchell. Mr. Geddes won the Sabaragamuwa Championship Singles no less than six times, retaining two cups outright, and after offering a cup—never played for it again.

Mr. Geddes also played in good class tennis at Home, and to satisfy some Ceylon critics that the best women players at Home could not beat the best men players in Ceylon, Mr. Geddes played Miss Garfit, who in that year was the Irish, Scots and Welsh Champion, and beat her 6-2; 6-2, in a base-line duel.

The picture on the cover is of the old Dutch Church at Galle. Taken with Kodak Retina Camera on

Kodak S. S. Pan Film.



*"I like
it!"*

It's swell! It's a
smashing handful. It's a yell by a whole
grand-standful! It's the pride of the shop
and the top of the cocoa-tree! It's the
choicest sample, the show example, it's
iamboree! It's the lid! It's a first edition!
My sweet tooth's one ambition. It's the
test of the best for the rest to imitate.
Just set me down by Nestlé's Chocolate.



WOMAN IN THE HOME.

Informal Evening Wear.

DINNER GOWNS WITH SLEEVES.**SUEDE FLOWER TRIMMINGS**

IT is amusing at the London dress shows to see how the entire audience "sits up and take notice" when mannequins appear in the new models for "sherry parties and quiet dinners."

It is easily understood, because everybody's wardrobe must include something for informal evening wear. Some women come specially to see the dressier afternoon ensembles, others are interested in dance frocks and gowns in the grand manner for important social functions, but every woman wants something to slip on in the evenings, and to meet the needs of the "little dinner" invitation when she must not appear looking dressed up.

DISTINGUISHED AT DINNER TIME

Most distinguished, and peculiarly elegant, is the dinner gown with long sleeves. You can have the clinging style in a firm material, such as black satin relieved by a yoke of milk white sequins, or filmy black chiffon with the hem of the full skirt weighted by roses in pastel shades.

Maggy Rouff shows a sophisticated model with a skirt of printed silk and a sweater top of golden yellow satin. The sweater is rather long, and clings to the hips and waist with "zip" fasteners at both sides. Above the bust line, the satin is draped upwards in gleaming folds to a high neck band tied in a bow under the chin. The sleeves are gathered into the shoulders with flat pleats, and fitted tightly from elbows to wrists.

The pencil straight skirt is dull black silk with a large design of branches in yellow, and both this and the sweater demand height and slenderness.

Easier to wear is the black crepe gown with a trellis work top and sleeves ending just above the elbows.

The wide skirt is shaped and rucked from waist to hips, and then released to its full width. Bodice and sleeves are composed entirely of criss-cross



"For the figure of rather generous proportions, a helpful vogue is the gown with bodice and flowing skirt composed entirely of unpressed pleats..."

strappings, lefts transparent quite low, and there is a broad band of bright red ribbon as foundation from waist to bust. A little black frill finishes the neck, and the back is laced down the centre to the top of the ribbon.

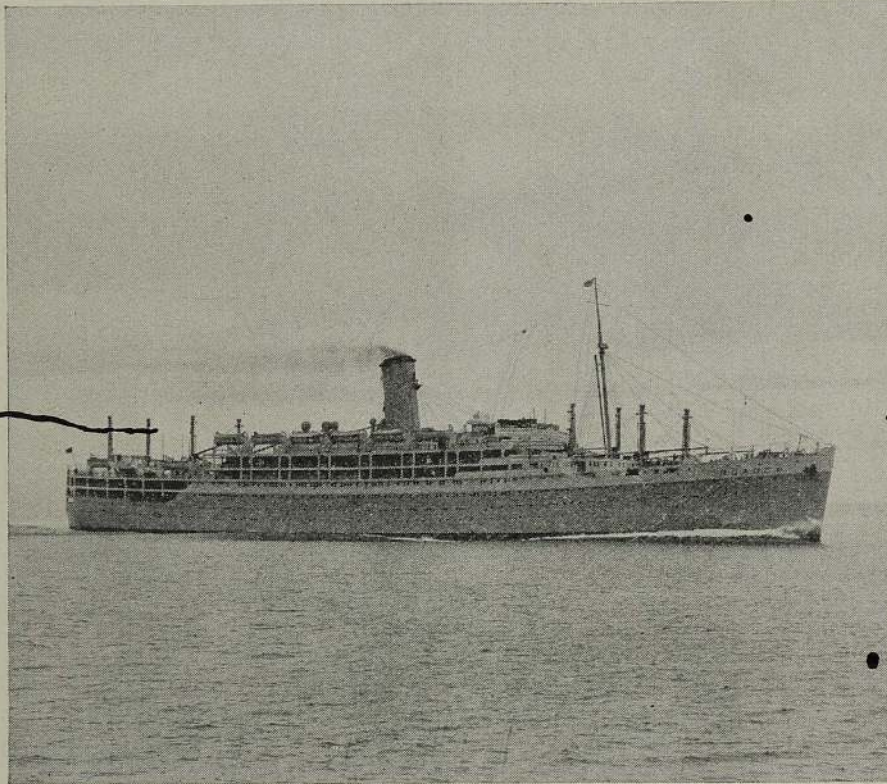
For those who prefer to avoid black, there is an exquisite model in soft silk crepe of a misty shade between hyacinth blue and mauve. The gown is fashioned on gentle flowing lines, the skirt falling in full and natural folds to the ground. The curve of the waist is defined without being accentuated, and there is rather a narrow belt of dull pink suede, with a suede flower fastening it a little to one side of the front. The full bodice is draped from a high round neck, and slit at the back from neck to waist. The graceful sleeves are cut very wide, and fall in pouches over the hands.

BELTS AND BOLEROS

Belts and flowers of the most pliable and velvety suede are a feature of evening fashions at the moment. The belts, except in the case of the half inch band, are not drawn in at the waist, but laid round rather loosely so that they fall a little below the natural line. Usually they are about two inches wide, and the flower when made of suede, is not of exaggerated proportions, but just the size of an ordinary full blown rose. I have seen a rose in gold kid combined with a suede belt, to match suede sandals with gold kid strappings, but I think the dull powdery finish of the suede is more beautiful without contrast.

For the figure of rather generous proportions, a helpful vogue of the moment is the soft gown with bodice and flowing skirt composed entirely of unpressed pleats giving the vaguest outline. The favoured material is mousseline de soie in black or white, relieved by the suede belt and flower in one of the pastel shades, clasped loosely round the waist. The bodice can be slit right down the back, and if there are sleeves they should be full and softly gathered, and can be slit down their entire length.

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R.M.S. "ORONSAY"	††	..	July 5th	July 28th
R.M.S. "ORONTES"	x	..	Aug. 3rd	Aug. 25th
R.M.S. "ORAMA"		..	Aug. 31st	Sept. 22nd
R.M.S. "OTRANTO"		..	Sept. 28th	Oct. 20th
R.M.S. "ORMONDE"	†	..	Oct. 26th	Nov. 17th
R.M.S. "ORONSAY"		..	Nov. 9th	Dec. 1st
R.M.S. "ORCADES"	x	..	Nov. 23rd	Dec. 15th
R.M.S. "ORONTES"	x §	..	Dec. 7th	Dec. 29th
R.M.S. "ORION"	x §	..	Dec. 21st	Jan. 12th

HOMeward SEASON 1939

R.M.S. "ORAMA"	§	..	Jan. 4th	Jan. 26th
R.M.S. "ORFORD"	x §	..	Jan. 18th	Feb. 9th
R.M.S. "OTRANTO"	§	..	Feb. 1st	Feb. 23rd
R.M.S. "ORMONDE"	†	..	Feb. 15th	Mar. 9th
R.M.S. "ORONSAY"	§ *	..	Mar. 1st	Mar. 23rd
R.M.S. "ORCADES"	x § *	..	Mar. 15th	Apr. 6th
R.M.S. "ORONTES"	x § *	..	Mar. 29th	Apr. 20th
R.M.S. "ORION"	x § *	..	Apr. 12th	May 4th
R.M.S. "ORAMA"	§ *	..	Apr. 26th	May 18th
R.M.S. "ORFORD"	x § *	..	May 10th	June 1st

† Tourist One Class Only. x First and Tourist Class Only.
 || First Class and Tourist "B" only. § Will call at Villefranche. †† Will call at
 Haifa on Saturday July 16th. * Will call at Southampton instead of Plymouth.

Passengers are recommended to make early Application for Accommodation.

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Suede trimming is most effective when allied with the flimsiest of silks, and it allows a chiffon dance frocks to do duty for less festive occasions by matching rather solid sandals of suede, and a long sleeved jacket or bolero of thick suede crepe. On pale chiffon frocks the suede and the bolero can be in deep colours, such as amethyst or sapphire, but there is



"There is an exquisite model in soft silk crepe in a misty shade between hyacinth blue and mauve."

a tendency to prefer the dark background believed by pastel tinted trimmings and jackets.

STUFFED DISHES ARE APPETIZING.

For the light lunches and lighter dinner that are the order of the day, appetizing "stuffed" dishes fill the bill admirably.

Beyond the ordinary stuffed tomatoes, however, the ideas of the average caterer rarely extend and she misses opportunities to make up inexpensive and delicious dainties from left overs and fresh supplies.

The large red and green peppers are excellent, suitably stuffed, served

hot or cold. A left over of boiled rice, mixed with chopped parsley and onion, moistened with melted butter and carefully seasoned, forms a good filling. Alternatively, cold mashed potatoes and a little gravy can be mixed to form the stuffing and the peppers served hot from the oven.

Stuffed hard boiled eggs are usually prepared in the same old way, the yolks pounded with some kind of sauce. Try filling the white cases with boned and skinned sardines, mashed with the yolks and moistened with the sardine oil. They can also be served hot with egg sauce to mask them.

Bake some large potatoes, remove part of the insides and mix this with a beaten egg, a pinch of mixed herbs, pepper and salt. Stuff the mixture back into the potato cases, heat for a few minutes in the oven to cook the egg, and serve hot. Chopped left overs of meat or fish can be introduced into the filling to add piquancy.

Oddments of sliced olives, capers, chutney, and nuts are permissible, and acceptable factors in compound-
ing an appetising savoury filling.

* * *

A WORD TO JEALOUS HUSBANDS...

I think what I am about to say will soothe their savage breasts.

A month or so ago one of the masculine gender turned up at St. George's Hall London and insisted on seeing a very popular announcer and comper, with whose voice women listeners are supposed to be in love. He eventually had his way, but the interview was short and snappy.

"Are you really Mr.—"

"Yes, that's me."

"Thanks, that's all I wanted to know."

With a radiant smile on his face he walked along Regent-street, and met a friend to whom he recited in confidence the reason for his happiness.

"You see," he explained, "my wife is in love with the voice of Mr.—, the B. B. C. announcer, and I have been very uneasy, but now I have seen him, well, I can afford

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Light Relief.

"I have always striven to follow our great national tradition of broad-minded tolerance. I have never spoken harshly to a swing vocalist. It may be my private opinion that the sooner he swings the better, but I have never rubbed it in."

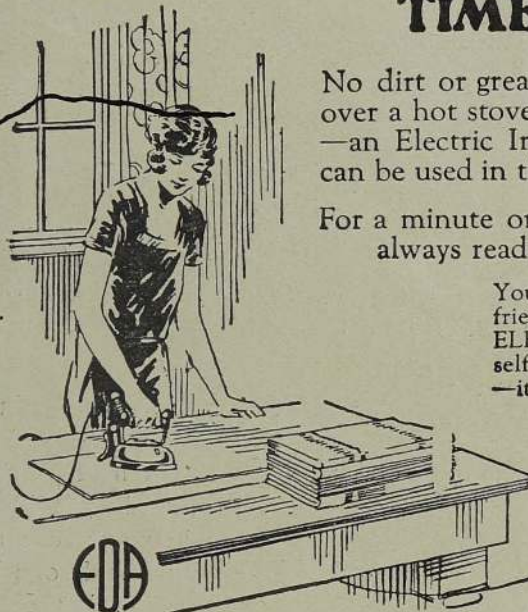
"The English have their faults. They are a little conceited about their modesty, and are apt to advertise on a large scale that they don't advertise. But these are small blemishes. The English are kindly and tolerant. They are the only people who are both sentimental and humorous. They have hearts of gold in bodies of pewter."—*Strolling Commentaries* by A. A. Thomson (Herbert Jenkins: 2/6).

* * *

A picture of the effect of House of Commons oratory on one who has to hear a great deal of it is given in a story told to me by a friend who was once a member: for reasons which will soon be apparent I do not say in what Parliament. One day, while a debate was in progress, he was standing at the corner of that curious sentry-box which is the Speaker's Chair, trying to attract the attention of a colleague. Suddenly he heard the Speaker's voice saying: "My God, is this fellow never going to sit down?" Somewhat startled, he peeped round the corner of the sentry-box to see whom the Speaker was addressing. But the Speaker was addressing no one: he was relieving his feelings by talking to himself. My friend decided that it would be worth while to eavesdrop a little longer and presently was rewarded by hearing the weary voice mutter: "The beggar's out of order, but I suppose I'd better let him empty himself." The climax of the soliloquy was reached when the Speaker exclaimed: "Heaven help me, did any man ever have to suffer as I do?"—*My England* by Edward Shanks (Jarrold: 7/6).

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TIME and TROUBLE



No dirt or grease on the clothes, no bending over a hot stove, no waiting for irons to heat—an Electric Iron heats as you use it, and can be used in the coolest room in the house.

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JEST A MINUTE.

THEY say that we shall soon see women on our Ceylon Juries.

The last word in Juries!

The "Test-tube" baby, according to Scientists, is a step nearer.

Or is it a step father?

They say that great men are superstitious, and never walk under a ladder.

P'raps they're too busy climbing it!

There is a movement on foot now to stop people putting their hands in their pockets, as they say it makes them round-shouldered.

Is this a Scottish movement, by any chance?

Shabby gilt picture frames, so we learn, should be washed in the water in which onions have been boiled.

Enough to make the Old Masters weep!

We're told that it will soon be a pleasure to be arrested by the New York Police women, as they are being selected, not for brawn but for their brains and beauty.

In "Ol' ole Noo York," they say, Crime's on the increase every day, And you'd believe it, once you saw The beautiful—arm of the Law!

Scientists, so we're told, are now trying fish as postmen.

Well, they ought to get on swimmingly!

Character, they say, can be told from the hair.

Apparently the bald truth is that those devoid of hair are devoid of character as well!

Paris, they say, has gone half-way back to crinolines.

We hope it has got back properly now.

It is reported that one of our buses tossed a boy quite six feet in the air, the other day.

We don't think it's fair for a bus to have horns as well!

Hollywood appeals to us all to wear lovely clothes, and so help to solve the world's troubles.

Like Barkis, we're willin', but we're afraid nobody will give us credit for our good intentions!

"ROUND THE ISLAND" TOURS!

(A Colombo motorist was fined the other day for not going "round the island," before turning into Lotus Road.)

*I'm all for advertising
Ceylon in every way,
But it's just agonising
To hear the Cops all say:—*

*"You can't do that there 'ere, Sir,
It ain't quite a la mode!
You must go 'round the Island'
Before you use this road!"*

*If I went "round the Island,"
I'm sure I'd get the sack!
The Boss just wouldn't listen
To me when I came back!*

There are two wonderful things in Kandy, they say. One is Nature's beauty, and the other is Ceylon's most disgraceful market.

And that's a beauty too, apparently.

Jack, they say, suffers a lot from indigestion as he has a tendency to bolt his food.

Well, they always do thing at the double in the Navy, you know.

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An explorer tells us that there is a river in Africa with water just like ink.

It must be much nicer dipping into water just like ink than into ink just like water!

They say we're going to have an oil famine now—in about eighty years' time.

By Capenbell.

Well, we're not a bit surprised with all these politicians pouring so much oil on the troubled waters nowadays.

A news item tells us that as a health measure, all eating should be done by candle-light.

No wonder some people burn the candle at both ends!

Local telephone subscribers, so we understand, are now invited to visit the Exchange, and see for themselves.

All Colombo calling now!

It appears that when the Germans reached the Brenner Pass recently, they were met with a blinding storm of rain.

"Anschluss" on the other side, too!

The "Prohis" say that tobacco contains quite a lot of harmful properties.

Well, there's no smoke without fire, you know.

Some people can't understand why the Education Bill is still rising.

P'raps they think the heavy costs ought to keep it down.

HUMBER.

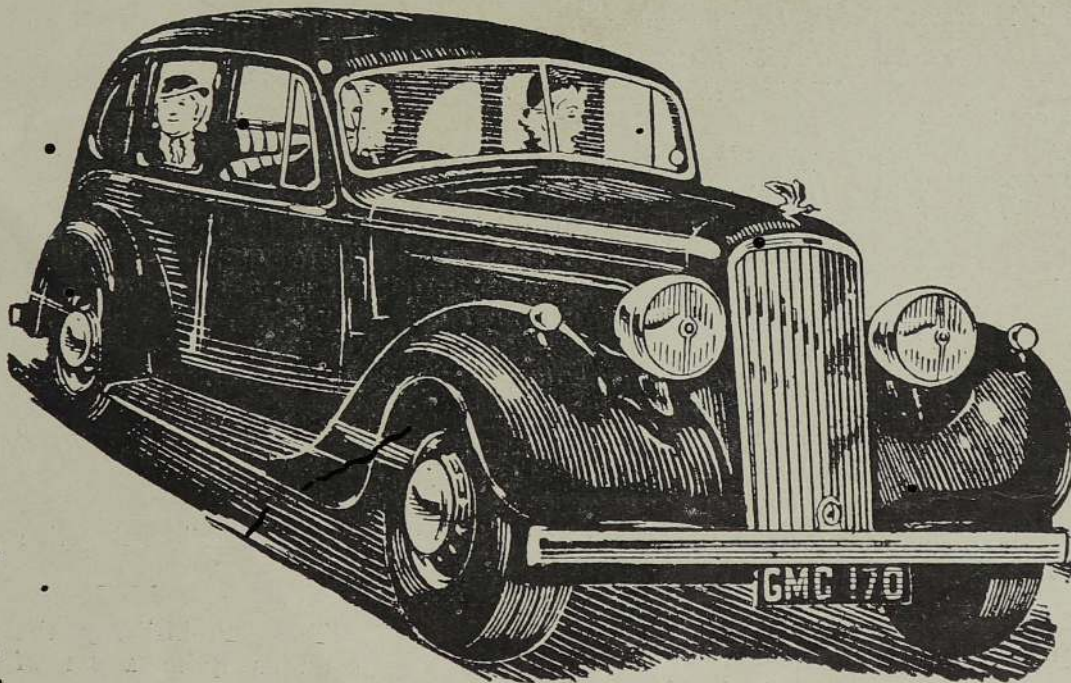
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Veddahs in Dutch Times.

By J. A. Will Perera.

ALTHOUGH the Dutch occupied only the Maritime Provinces of Ceylon, some members of that race penetrated into the interior of Ceylon for various reasons. One such was Jacob Haafner who published his impressions under the title "Reize Te Voet Door Het Eiland Ceilon" (i.e. "Journey on foot through the Island of Ceylon").

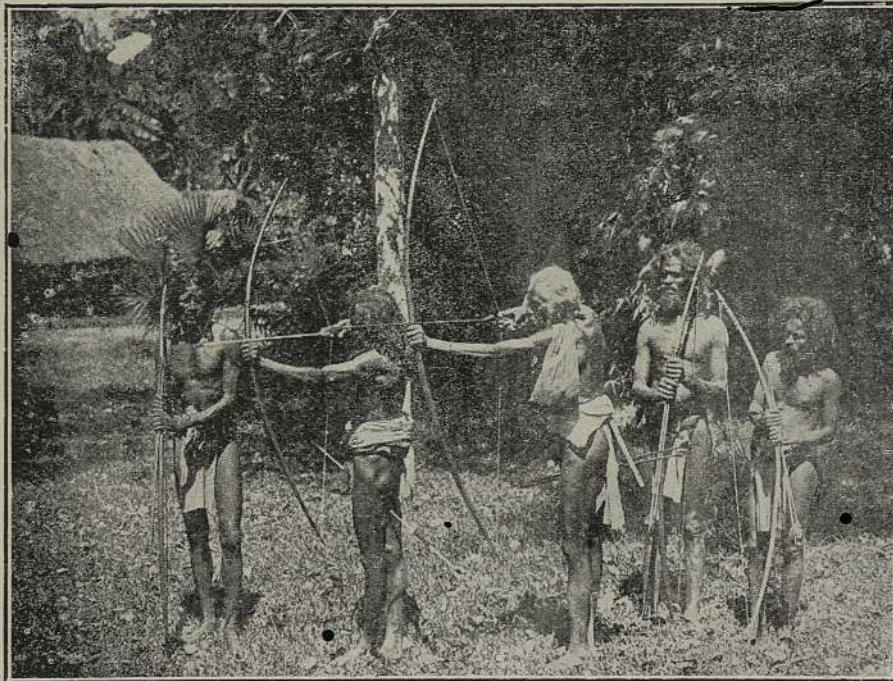
In this interesting account of his peregrinations Haafner did not forget to record for posterity his impressions of the Veddahs. His accounts of these primitive folk "De Wilde Boschbewoners in Ceilon" or "The Wild Dwellers in the Woods of Ceylon" was translated into English by that great authority on the Dutch language, the late Mr. F. M. de Vos of Galle, 52 years ago. In Mr. de Vos' translation, vivid and picturesque in the extreme, we read that the Veddah was "freedom-loving," that he despised "all subjection" and also refused to acknowledge any master. The Europeans of the 17th and 18th centuries did not grudge the contentment enjoyed by these "sons of the forest" in the desolate jungles.

The Veddah, we gather, was poor even two centuries ago. This "blissful poverty" did not embarrass him in the least. Haafner says that the Veddah lived "happy and free from cares". He was not aware of the existence of those trinkets and trifles no which members of the so-called civilized races place so great a store. In Haafner's own words:—"Things which a more enlightened world deems its greatest happiness are unknown to him".

Mr. de Vos who was a contributor to the "Orientalist", published in

that journal the translation he made of Haafner's account. In his description, (rendered all the more graphic by the able pen of Mr. de Vos), Haafner tells us that "necessity has invented his (the Veddah's) household furniture; the hollowed hand is his glass and a leaf his platter".

The elephant was the Veddah's friend "from whom he has nothing to fear". Together they "clinked



"He pierces him with his never missing arrow, and the strings of his bow whiz in the wind."

glasses" at a water-hole or a mountain stream.

His brain was never tortured by "useless knowledge," neither was the calmness of his mind ruffled by "idle desire after needless things" continues Haafner. The movements of the heavenly orbs, especially that of the sun and moon, required no investigation on his part. Neither the plough, nor "heavy work" made him sweat or complain of aches and pains.

"The chase" says Haafner, "is his sole and most pleasant occupation" as it is even today. Food was not scarce then, the Veddah did not cultivate grain in the depths of

forests, as there was no demand for that dope two centuries ago. Dope traffic was perhaps unknown in Dutch days, or was not so lucratively practised as in our times.

Honey helped preserve meat, and also "sweetens the dreggy water". Overhead the Veddah found wild fruits and berries in plenty, while beneath his feet were "deliciously nourishing roots", to obtain which he had only to scratch the surface soil.

The Veddah had his own herbal remedies. "For ills inevitable to human nature" adds Haafner, "he knows salutary herbs and healing plants which the accidents and beasts of the wood have taught him".

Then follows a graphic description of the chase, and I reproduce it *in toto*—

"Armed with an axe and accompanied by his son he walks in the pathless woods and goes out hunting, his stubborn hounds sniffing about him, and his arrow which hits to a certainty, defends him against the attacks of beasts of prey."

The two dreaded foes of the wild Veddah were, and are, the leopard and shaggy bear. Here is what the Dutch traveller writes about the leopard:

"When he encounters the cruel tiger on his way he approaches him, despising flight, undaunted to meet him; he pierces him at the same time with his never missing arrow, and the strings of his bow whiz in the wind."

The unclean shaggy bear of Ceylon disputes the Veddah's right to collect honey. But the Veddah is equal to the occasion and is invari-

ly victorious in the combat. Haafner states that "having met in dispute with the grunting boar concerning the hives of bees, he sends the whizzing javelin into its heart and covers himself with its hairy fleece."

Whenever the Veddah feels tired after the chase he "rests under green arbours by the bank of a murmuring stream while the lovely harmony of the innumerable birds rocks him to sleep".

The 17th and 18th century Veddah dwelt in "A hut of branches woven together, large enough for himself and his family". We learn, I believe for the first time, that talipot leaves were used as protection against rain. This is what Haafner tells us:—"A talipot fan protects him from the rain."

To guard against sudden attack by man or beast, the Veddah spreads round his rustic bed "great heaps" of dry leaves and branches, the rust-

ling of which indicated "the approach of his stealthy stranglers".

Meagre facts concerning Veddah religious beliefs in the 17th and 18th centuries can be gleaned from Haafner's *Travels*.

"His temple and altar is the foot of a tree, where he lays down his offerings and prays to his God for a seasonable shower, his only want."

Surrounded as he was by the Dutch in the maritime regions, yet, the Veddah was not led by curiosity "to examine their (Dutch) customs and habits." He was like the happy vestal "the world forgetting, by the world forgot". Contented and satisfied, this "child of an alien race" lived and still lives as his ancestors did in the childhood of the world.

Haafner's "epilogue" reads thus:—

"O happy choice!—blessed tastes! who of us is born with this desire in the heart—a de-

sire which conceals all the defects of our nature, and to the most unfavoured of all lands, the most desolate country and the saddest sky, binds their inhabitants with secret chains."

In Dutch Governor Rijklof van Goens' (the elder's) account of Ceylon in 1675 he writes that "The Weddhas (who call themselves Beddas) are aboriginal inhabitants from of old till now, whose origin no one is able to demonstrate." Mr Donald Ferguson considered it noteworthy that the 17th century Veddhas should call themselves "Beddas" because the Sinhalese word denoted a jungle or a forest.

In the year 1645 King Raja Sinha executed two "bedes" for supplying wax to the Dutch at Batticaloa. ("Dagh Register", Batavia 1644-45 examined by Donald Ferguson). The words "Beddas" and "Bedes" Mr. Ferguson says, do not occur in any other publication or MS scrutinised by him, and dated anterior to 1645.

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This Month's Short Story.

The Queen's Ruby.

By "Emef."

THE discussion had started over a brief news item in the papers. The little group of men were relaxing on the broad Club verandah, enjoying a "sun-downer," when Carson who was glancing through an evening paper, remarked, "What do you think of this?" and read out the short paragraph which had been given prominence in the first page.

It stated with a crisp economy of words that a man had been run over that afternoon by a suburban train on the coast line, sensationally adding the information that it was the seventh fatal accident that had occurred at the same spot within the year.

"I suppose that's to create an impression the place is unlucky", observed Conway carelessly, flicking away the ash from his cigarette. "It is surprising how prone the Ceylon mind is to make up superstitions about localities. I have come across a number of quite pleasant spots which have been endowed with a sinister reputation just because of some chance incident that took place near them."

"Not because of one incident I dare say, but perhaps because similar events have repeatedly occurred on or about the same spot, as in this instance," put in Trent quietly. He was a new-comer at the Club, a hatched-faced sparely-built man of about thirty-five, with a latent gleam of humour in his grey eyes, which suggested that he was observing life with detached amusement. The others had not quite taken his measure yet.

"Are you suggesting then that there is something in this superstition about certain places being haunted?" asked Tom Adams lazily. He was better acquainted with Trent than the others and had in fact sponsored his membership, so he felt a certain responsibility for the other's rather peculiar views.

"Yes, about as much as there is in the belief that certain objects bring the owner luck, and others misfortune," replied Trent. "That is to say it all depends not on the places and things, but on how people react to them. You see, it is my conviction that when the minds of several people dwell on any object, expecting some good fortune or evil from it, the concentrated mental effort will result in endowing it with the desired power, thus bringing about just what is hoped or feared. That is my explanation of the success of talismans, and of the series of misfortunes which attend the owners of some objects that are believed to be unlucky."

His hearers shrugged their shoulders and openly expressed their scepticism.

"I can't agree with you," said Carson decidedly. "I will admit there is something in the idea that some objects are lucky while others are not, but my belief is, that whatever mysterious force there is in such things must emanate from themselves, though faith in them might make them more effective. But I don't suppose for a moment that we can invest anything with occult power by sheer force of thought. Why, if that were possible it would be nothing short of Black Magic!"

"Oh, come, you must be more open-minded," interposed Lee. He was the genial type of person who tries to accommodate everyone's views. "Personally I feel attracted by Trent's theory, though I think it would be rather difficult to prove, unless of course you make the test with an object which has no previous history whatever. But that would not be possible in the nature of things, would it?"

Trent regarded them good-naturedly with his amused smile.

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"I see you are all unconvinced," he remarked, "Well, I will give you a case in point. Look at this." He put his hand into his pocket and held out something which glittered under the electric light.


They exclaimed with surprise as they leaned forward and looked at a big oblong ruby of a deep rich colour, nearly two and a half inches long. "What a beauty! It must be worth a good deal?" "Is it an antique?" "Isn't it unsafe to carry it about like that?" the questions were fired at Trent.

He seemed naively pleased at their interest. "Yes, it is an antique. An old Ceylon jewel in fact, as you can see from the workmanship," he replied, turning it over on his palm. It was cut cabochon, but the original facets had been highly polished, and it looked almost barbaric in the old fashioned gold setting of typical Kandyan design.

"Is there a story attached to it?" asked Lee looking up suddenly.

Trent nodded. "Yes, and that is what I meant to tell you. To put it shortly, this gem is called the Queen's Ruby, because the story goes that it was snatched from the neck of one of the queens of the last King of Kandy when they were captured. Others believe that it was stolen from the deckings of a goddess in a Devale. However that may be, a curse seems to have followed it in the hundred odd years that it has been in European hands. How Captain Fletcher, came by it is not known. Being at that time with the regiment which occupied Kandy he must have either bought the gem, or more probably confiscated it from the original thief. He was later sent home as unfit for service, and committed suicide by hanging himself, in a fit of depression, so it was said.

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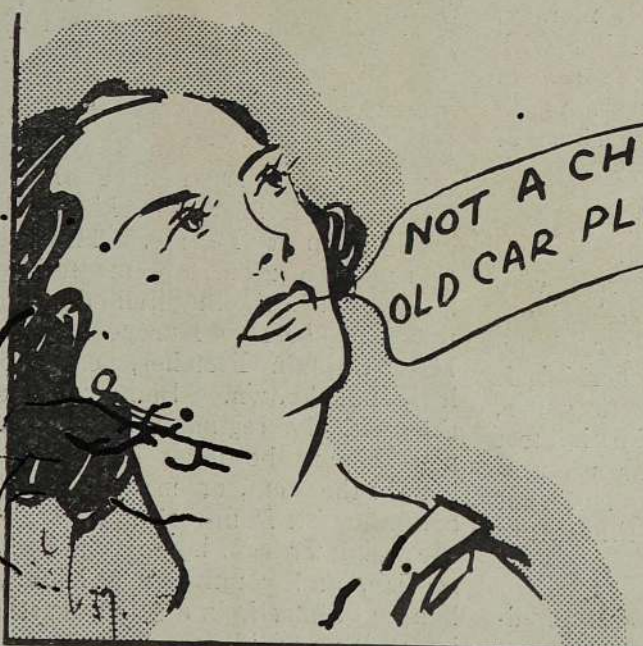
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The ruby was found in his pocket, and I suppose the superstition about it must have arisen from that incident. A niece of the dead man, a Mrs. Wakeley, next came into possession of the jewel, and shortly afterwards her husband who was a zealous Non-Conformist minister was stabbed to death while trying to interfere in a drunken brawl. The widow hurriedly passed on the gem to a cousin of hers, a gay young fellow who could not have been daunted by Satan himself. But all the same he overrated his luck in accepting the thing, for a few months later when he was out hunting, his gun exploded and shattered his arm.

The ruby had by now acquired a sinister reputation, and when some time afterwards, its owner, a curio collector, was found mysteriously dead in his house, even the sceptics were unable to explain away the chain of misfortunes. Nevertheless the jewel continued to exercise such a fascination on all who saw it that there were many people anxious to possess it, even though they knew the risk they ran. So four more victims were added to the roll. One of them was committed to an asylum, another was imprisoned for life for manslaughter, and a third was killed in the Abyssinian war when the field hospital was bombed.

Finally the jewel was bought for a trifling sum by a Mrs. Emery. She was my aunt, and she was killed last year in that big London underground train smash. According to her will I inherit the gem. I had half a mind to give instructions that it should be destroyed, but somehow I couldn't do it, with the result that I received it from home by today's mail.

He had spoken in the most matter of fact voice, but his hearers experienced an unpleasant thrill as the tale progressed. Their gaze kept drifting from his face to the baleful jewel which gleamed like a great splash of blood on his palm, and there was an uneasy silence after he finished.

"But look here, you don't really believe this nonsense," said Conway, sitting up as if he were rousing himself from a bad dream. "All those disasters were just coinciden-

ces, and they acquire a significance only when you keep on linking them up in your mind. My advice to you is, forget all about them, and keep the gem."

Trent shook his head absently. "Frankly, I don't like to keep it with me," he said with a puzzled frown. "It must be more than a coincidence that it reached me today, of all days."

"And why not today?" asked Carson curiously.

Trent glanced at their expectant faces for a moment without speaking.

"You see, I haven't yet told you the queerest thing about the ruby," he replied slowly. "It appears that its malevolent power, or whatever else you prefer to call it, becomes specially active on a particular date. All the misfortunes for which the gem has been held responsible have always occurred on that day, as I have verified for myself by careful investigation. Rather remarkable, isn't it? And that's why I am troubled about the arrival of the stone, because, you see, the fateful day for its activity is the twelfth of June."

He looked at them almost apologetically, and there was a general start as they realized that it was the twelfth of June. Four pairs of eyes turned simultaneously to the glowing red jewel, and dwelt on its evil glitter with fascination. There seemed something menacing and repulsive in its scintillating beauty.

Conway suddenly leaned forward with a quiet smile. "As you don't seem keen to have it in your possession today, let me keep it, Trent," he said lightly. "I don't believe in any psychic or supernatural influences, you know, so I would like to see how I react to this. You can have it back tomorrow."

Trent hesitated, "You shouldn't do it, it wouldn't be safe," he said gravely. "One man's will-power however firm cannot withstand the malignant force which has been growing in strength for over a hundred years. No, I don't think I ought to give it to you."

"Don't take it, Conway," interposed Adams. "It is foolish to tempt

fate, whether you believe in these things or not. And Trent, if you knew the whole history of this darned thing, why on earth didn't you place it in a Bank, at least for today?" He was thoroughly annoyed, for being a practical unimaginative person he resented the eerie uncertainty Trent had introduced into the atmosphere.

Conway however pocketed the jewel and stood up. "Don't worry about me, you fellows. I shall be quite alright," he said laughing at their nervousness. "Besides, to take all precautions, I shall go straight home as there is a spot of work I want to finish tonight. Coming with me, Lee? I can give you a lift as I shall be going your way."

They watched him walk down the steps and get into the car, big, self-assured, and unperturbed. Lee did not seem half so composed.

"I am glad it is his chauffeur who is driving," said Carson in a tone of relief.

A silence fell between the three men who were left. They were the sole occupants of the verandah, and it was plain to Trent that the other two were silently blaming him for giving the ominous gem to Conway. He smiled a little to himself as he smoked. After a while Carson went away abruptly to the billiard-room, and Adams barricaded himself behind a newspaper which he was obviously not reading.

"Telephone call for Mr. Adams," announced a white clad "boy" hurriedly.

Trent sat back with half closed eyes and waited expectantly.

Adams was back in a minute, and looked angry and shaken. "This is what you have done by bringing that beastly ruby here," he flared accusingly at the other man. "The call was from Lee ringing up from the Police Station. They have had a nasty smash at the Victoria place junction, and Conway and the chauffeur are badly injured."


Trent raised a protesting hand. "But that is not my fault. I told you this would be a case in point,

(Continued on page 19.)

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THERE was once a man who wanted to improve his mind. He bought an Encyclopedia Britannica and waded in. Night after night he used to read passages aloud to his wife, and she hung on every word. They started on A-A-M-A, finished that and proceeded to put it across ANA-ATH, and even got halfway through ATH-BOI before he gave up the ghost. Tackle him on any subject beginning with A, and he was one of the world's *savant*s. He was just as knowledgeable on some subjects beginning with B, but after that he was an ignoramus. Pundit from A to B, ignoramus from B to Z. But a hero all the same.

Popular opinion is notoriously fickle. So is popular applause. Why should a boxer or a film star be more popular than a gentleman who reads the Enc. Brit. for fun? After all, the ability to deal out right hooks (and, alternatively, to stretch oneself in a supine position) is nothing to be particularly proud of, neither is the ability to smirk glamorously and decoratively. A man who cycles round the world (selling picture post cards and sponging on the softhearted) gets his photograph in scores of papers. But the poor boob who goes on steadily night after night, finishing Agriculture and starting immediately, on Agrigentum, Agrigonia, and Agrippa, remains unhonoured and unsung.

Ceylon has its popular heroes, though we'd better not mention any by name for fear the other poor wretches are overwhelmed with jealousy and 'keep their necks' on the railway line or do some other foolish thing. We have our cricketers and footballers and political leaders and village *chandiya*s, yet no one ever gives a thought to the man who produces those local compendia of information, the Red and Green books. What a life the poor blight-

ers must lead! Reduced to hysteria by the thirteen different spellings of Goonewardena, (Here, hold on a bit, don't exaggerate. Ed. Right! Here goes! T. Goonewardena, Goonawardene, Gunawardene,.....T. Carry on. Ed.)

As I was saying (and now I am put out of my rhetorical stride)... Reduced to hysteria by the thirteen different spelling of Goonewardena, not to mention Vidyasekera; almost demented by the attempt to proof-read eleven pages of Customs Tariffs



"There was once a man who wanted to improve his mind."

and five hundred and twelve pages of Estate Information against time; saying naughty cusswords as the Press Day draws near and the matter for page 1592 is not yet in; their life must be worse than a dog's.

But it has its compensations.

Think of the thrill that is their's when, weeks and even months before the general public knows, they learn that in 1937 Ceylon imported 320 cwts of Unspecified Meat, value Rs. 27,251, against only 181 cwts (valued at Rs. 15,477) in 1936! What a joyful discovery for them to make, that Messrs. Welshem and Grabbe, the noted Colombo merchants, had added yet another telegraphic address to the fifteen they had collected hitherto. And "that it shall be lawful for the Commissioner on payment of the prescribed fees to issue a licence to any person to undertake insurance against liability-

ties to workmen which may be incurred by employers under this ordinance..."

How can life be dull again after that?

* * *

I've been emulating the Encyclopedia Britannica fan. With a Red and Green Book in front of me....As you were. With a Red Book and a Green Book in front of me I have been conscientiously improving my mind. Fifty pages from the Red Book in the morning, fifty pages from the Green Book in the evening. As both books were published on May 15th, the astute reader may reckon up, with the help of a pencil and piece of paper, and a wet towel (to be bound tightly round the forehead), how far I, on this day of June 1938, have progressed, and how much longer it will be before I can shut them both, regretfully and finally, with nothing but a vacuum to look forward to until May 15th 1939.

It is not for me to boost the Green at the expense of the Red, or the Red at the expense of the Green, but I *do* like the little tit-bits of financial information that the Red produces. I am glad to know how

By John Greenwood.

old Mr. So-&-So is, for he looks years older; and it is of more than passing interest to know that his salary is Rs. 12,600 per year. For it wasn't very long ago that I was talking to Mrs. So-&-So, and she was moaning and wailing. "So difficult to make ends meet, don't you know!" She knew perfectly well at the time that her husband's salary was several times the size of

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mine, but I made no comment. People who get whacking great salaries and are miserable about it don't deserve on a little particle of sympathy. Some of them get far more than is necessary for a comfortable existence, and yet, the poor mutts, they let their whole life be soured because they haven't got more.

Money can buy a Rolls-Royce, and the petrol and oil and grease to make it go, but it can't buy anything to grease the wheels of home life and reduce the friction caused by two or more bad tempers in constant contact. You can pay sixpence a week, plus postage, for Punch, but not for twice the highest salary in the land can you buy a sense of humour. So, cheerio, tararadiddle, and the rest of it.

* * *

Does anybody, besides the Observatory people and the compilers of the R. & G. Books, know what an Astronomical Ephemeris is? I hadn't the foggiest notion myself. (Sorry, and all that, if I am showing my crass ignorance.) In itself it is not particularly interesting, but there is a footnote which gives us a few thoughts to ponder. Our cousins in Nuwara Eliya, get 11 minutes more daylight than we do in Colombo, not just on Saturdays and Sundays, but every day in the year. About 67 hours extra daylight every year. Something to be said for N.E., after all.

Every one of these two-thousand-odd pages is a rebuke to my ignorance. I imagined I knew my Weights and Measures tables, but I find I have never even heard of some of them. How many *marakkals* are there in an *avanam*? The answer is—it all depends. There are considerably more in Tampalakam, for instance, than there are in Trincomalee. And listen to this illuminating explanation:

"One *amuna* is equivalent to five bushels, if thirty-two *serus* be reckoned to the bushel; but if each *seru*, or measure as it is sometimes called, be "pressed down and running over," only twenty-eight go to the bushel..... The *kuruniya* and the *laha* are of varying size and extent, the former being sometimes equal to the *laha* and at other times only equal to the *neli*."

Reference has been made to Unspecified Meat. What is the relation between Unspecified Meat and Neat Cattle? Because there are over a million neat cattle in Ceylon—1,121,600 (approx.) Perhaps the 'approx' represents the Unspecified Meat, or should it be Unspecified Neat? What about the Untidy Cattle anyway?

Talking of numbers, would you be interested to know how many Literate Females there are in Nawalapitiya, or the population (excluding Military and Shipping) of Rambukkana, or the number of Veddas in Sabaragamuwa? You wouldn't? Right then, we won't waste time, or printer's ink, in telling you.

* * *

There was one big shock that came to me. The Ceylon Precedence Table completely ignored me. Can't understand it at all! I certainly didn't expect to find myself close on the heels of the Chief Justice, or even of the Conservator of Forests, but I am not included even in the Also-Rans. It's been the same with the New Year and Birthday honours for years. Not that I expect a G. C. M. G. or anything like that—but not even a Muhandiramship or a J.P., U.P.M. But hope springs eternal. The King's Birthday will have taken place before this article is published, and perhaps the Editor might leave space for a wee line, just in case.....

In the meantime, shall we go on? I see that the Colombo Municipality has a list of Fees for Offensive and Dangerous Trades and Places. For instance, if you want to erect an Oil Boiling House it will cost you Rs. 100/-; the same for a Yard for Bones; while you can get away with a Maldive Fish Store for a paltry Rs. 5/-. Seems a bit over-balanced doesn't it? I feel that I could make one or two spicy additions to the list of Offensive and Dangerous Places, but there's no point in hurting people's feelings unduly.

* * *

How many doctors are there in Ceylon? Not very far short of a thousand, at a rough estimate. (You might have counted them ex-

actly. Ed. Yes, and so might..... I beg your pardon. T.)

How much, in port dues, does the 'Empress of Britain' pay for a three days' stay in Colombo harbour? I don't know, but if my arithmetic is correct, she pays about Rs. 550/- for pilotage. (Can we not arrange for a few more luxury liners to visit us? It might bring down the Income Tax a bit.)

* * *

How is it, by the way, that May 15th is not a Bank and Public Holiday in Ceylon? Such a red-letter day (of green-letter, as the case may be) demands some official recognition. For what would our officials do without these compendia?

The Queen's Ruby.

(Continued from page 15.)

and you were warned about the tremendous force of concentrated thought. After that, the four of you shouldn't have exercised your mental powers on the ruby which was quite harmless till then."

Adam, who was half way across the verandah, stopped and spun round. "Look here, where did you get that infernal stone?" he enquired suspiciously.

The other smiled faintly. "At a curio shop in Passengers' Street this afternoon," he replied gently. "The rascally Moor dealer wanted five hundred rupees for it, but I know something about gems, so I beat it down to ten. The setting I believe is genuinely antique, and worth double the price, but the stone is merely a clever fake in coloured glass. What, you are going? Oh, to see Conway, poor fellow! Well, let me give you a word of caution. Don't touch that ruby yet. It may still be charged with malevolent power as the others don't know the truth about it yet, be sure you keep that in mind. Good night!"

OUR LONDON LETTER

Sir Solomon Sighs for the Sun.

Mr. & Mrs. HERBERT PIERIS AT THE PALACE.

London, June 3rd.

SIR Solomon Dias Bandaranaike, over here on his only visit since 1928, had the bad luck to be greeted with a spell of miserable weather. Instead of the sunshine he expected, all we had at the end of May were rainstorms, cold winds and the greyest of grey skies. When the *Cheshire*, on which he and a large number of other Ceylon people were travelling, left Gibraltar, she ran into such cold weather that her decks were almost deserted until Plymouth was reached. Even in the Red Sea it had been anything but hot. As far as the weather here was concerned it was specially bad luck, because from the beginning of March to mid-May we had had phenomenal warmth.

As a result of his misfortune, it was hardly surprising that Sir Solomon caught a cold and was confined to his room in a comfortable service flat just off Piccadilly. Here, with the telephone (which was busy because all his old friends in London were ringing up to ask him out to lunch and dinner), newspapers and a bright fire, he contrived to console himself for the disappointment of not being able to go to the Derby, after a car had been engaged, his party made up and all other arrangements completed. However, he looks ahead to warmer weather, Ascot and the Royal Enclosure, where he will be, if all goes well, in just about a fortnight from now.

Just across Piccadilly, in a service flat in Duke Street, are Mr. and Mrs. J. W. R. Illangakoon. It is the first time Mr. Illangakoon has been in London since his young days and he means to enjoy a quiet holiday, which will be a busman's holiday to the extent that it will include a look sound the Courts.

Other Ceylon people in the news just now are Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Pieris. Mrs. Herbert Pieris was presented to the King and Queen by Mrs. Neville Chamberlain at the Presentation Party at Buckingham Palace last week and Mr. Herbert Pieris attended the Levee on Tuesday. He is known to a growing public of music-lovers here as Surya Sena, and he gave a big recital at a Wigmore Street hall a fortnight ago. His wife goes under the stage name of Nelun Devi and her playing of a large number of Eastern instruments was a valuable contribution to the success of the recital. How great that success was can be judged from the fact that getting on for a thousand people were present and there was enthusiastic applause, not only at the end of the sections into which the programme of folk-songs was split up but after every individual item.

The students' annual dinner is being held at Veerasamy's Indian Restaurant in Regent Street tomorrow night. You can get a first-rate curry at Veerasamy's, where the head waiter and several others of the staff come from Ceylon. As I am going, I hope curry will be on the menu tonight! It is a long time since I tasted one at all reminiscent of Ceylon. The so-called curries usually served in this country merely consist of a bit of yesterday's joint minced up, with a little curry powder added, and a parapet of moist rice round the edge of the dish.

Veerasamy's is in Regent Street and in that same famous street the other evening I saw what for London was a very unusual sight. A turbaned Indian was hurrying along with somebody's supper in one of those contraptions of aluminium trays, one on top of each other in the form of a cylinder, that are so

often seen in the East but never in this country. Someone suggested it was for a Maharajah, one of the several staying in London just now.

Miss Perera, the daughter of the of the new Trade Commissioner, who is living in a flat at Hampstead with her father and mother and is studying at the Royal College of Music, has just been the victim of an amusing incident concerning an umbrella. Miss Perera left the umbrella behind at one of the places she visited one day and, after much phoning, succeeded in tracing it. She was told that it would be sent to Euston the next day when she was leaving with her father and mother to see the launch of the new Colombo Harbour tug, "*Sinhabahu*." Unfortunately, the rebellious umbrella decided this time that it would be left behind in the bus bringing it to Euston and so Miss Perera had to go to Glasgow without it! So far, despite visits to the Property Offices (which are usually stocked with thousands of umbrellas) it has not returned to post!

Here is news of two changes that have occurred recently to people of Ceylon interest. Mr. P. B. Marshall, who was at one time working on that famous paper, the "*Manchester Guardian*," and was later editor of the "*Ceylon Observer*" and then Publicity Secretary for the Chamber of Princes at Delhi, has been appointed editor of the "*Melton Mowbray Times*."

Mr. W. W. Williams, who was Superintendent of Surveys in Ceylon until recently, has just been appointed Lecturer in Geography at Cambridge University and will go into residence there in the autumn.

An engagement and christening! The engagement is that of Miss Noreen Farr to Lieut. John Wood of the Royal Artillery, which will

take place in Colombo in July. Here are a few details about the bride. She is dark and extremely good-looking, and is the elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. John Farr, who are well-known in Nottinghamshire. The courtship was, I hear, rather a whirlwind affair. When Miss Farr and Mr. Wood became engaged in January, when the bridegroom-to-be was on leave, they had only known each other for a few weeks. Both the bride's and the bridegroom's mother are coming out to the wedding.

The christening was at Mr. Austin Dickson's house, Bury's Bank, near Newbury, and it was his granddaughter who was christened. His daughter's married name is Mrs. R. T. Vaughan. Another daughter, Miss Helen Dickson, was a god-mother. The other godparents are in Ceylon.

I was grieved to hear of the death in Brazil in the middle of May of Mr. Robert Armour, who was only thirty-eight years of age. Mr. Armour was tea planting in Ceylon but left the Island a few years ago to pioneer in Brazil, where he was engaged in opening up a coffee estate. I recall that he was very popular in Ceylon.

The Ceylon "At Home" at Grosvenor House on Tuesday was a great success. Sir Edward and Lady Stubbs, and Sir Graeme and Lady Tyrrell was there, as well as City people like Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Figg, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Dickson and others, and also a number of retired planters and their wives. The Ceylon Association Dinner, at which the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, Under-Secretary of State at the Colonial Office, will be the guest of honour, takes place, also at Grosvenor House at the end of the month.

The Secret

Mary was saving up for her mother's anniversary; the present was to be a secret.

Some time before the event the little girl went to her mother and said: "Mum, it's a great secret I'm keeping for your birthday. But whatever you do don't let anybody buy you a handbag."—

Aha!

Halfback: "Don't you think that football is over-emphasized?"

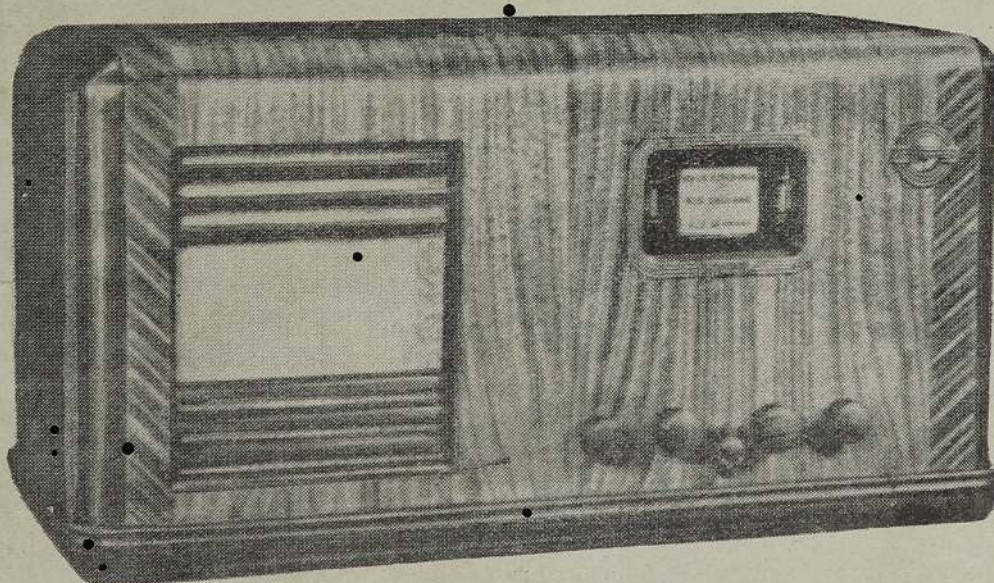
Fullback: "When were you dropped from the squad?"

Of Course

"But, officer, an up-to-date licence with an old car like mine would be so incongruous!"

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WALKERS

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Selected Pictures from World-famous Producers

TO BE SCREENED AT THE REGAL, MAJESTIC & EMPIRE THEATRES

SNOW WHITE & THE SEVEN DWARFS.—Delightful and sometimes powerful eerie story, beautifully drawn and told with a shrewd sense of comedy and drama—Typical Disney invention sustains interest. A stimulating and significant achievement—One of the longest continuous Performance runs in all exhibition history—Romance, pathos, suspense and humour are cleverly embodied in the story. Emotions that even the most human actors cannot portray with full justice are expressed by the drawn characters. It is done in soft tones and each scene is an exquisite composition of colour and shading comparable in beauty to the finest painting.

BREAK THE NEWS.—Jack Buchanan, Maurice Chevalier, June Knight—It has all the ingredients which go to the making of a sensational success, starring two of the world's greatest light comedians—It has laughter, thrills and a subtle blend of pathos and comedy. Buchanan and Chevalier have parts of equal importance—And it is fun to see them stage publicity in their character roles in a big way. The film has also a wide and varied locale including a large West End Theatre, Cannes, the capital of a Ruritanian Republic, Old Bailey, Brixton prison and Croydon Airport.

FIREFLY.—Jeanette Mac Donald, Allan Jones, Warren William, Billy Gilbert, Douglas Dumbrille—Eclipsing "Maytime" in sheer greatness comes this rousing musical drama—Hear Jeanette MacDonald and Allan Jones singing songs of love by the composer of "Rose Marie"—Colourful cast of thousands—Giant military chorus—Songs include "Sympathy," "I Adore You," "A Woman's Kiss and "He Who Loves And Runs Away."

MARIE WALEWASKA.—(Conquest) Greta Garbo, Charles Boyer, Reginald Owen, Alan Marshal. It is a colossal—a great screen tale, told with greatness. Powerful dramatic and romantic story... Emotionally intense... It is a great love story as well as a powerfully dramatic document—Outstanding screen achievement. Garbo is enthralling with her magnificent artistry.

DAMSEL IN DISTRESS.—Fred Astaire, George Burns, Gracie Allen, Joan Fontaine, Reginald Gardiner, —complicated white hot romance with music, daring deeds, high adventure and a load of laughs. Songs include "Things Are Looking Up," "I Can't Be Bothered Now," "Foggy Day" and "Nice Work If You Can Get It"—Special feature "The Drum Dance" by Fred Astaire.

HAWAII CALLS.... Bobby Breen, Ned Sparks, Irwin S. Cobb, Raymond S. Paige and his orchestra... Thrilling adventure and golden song in the mystic South Sea Islands... Romance and danger ride the salty trade winds... And the silver throated boy you love sings again. Songs include "Down Where The Trade Winds Blow," "Hawaii Calls," "That's The Hawaiian Time," "Macushla and "Aloha."

BARONESS & THE BUTLER.—William Powell and Annabella—A sophisticated comedy drama, lavishly produced provoking gay laughter. Annabella gives a fine exotic flavour to the picture and Powell maintains an extraordinary high standard. The Hungarian background is excellent and the play has considerable power.

FIFTY SECOND STREET.—Ian Hunter, Leo Carrillo and Pat Paterson—Period "street-scene" romantic melodrama set to music. It is decorated with fine cabaret entertainment and night-club scenes. Altogether it has a good cast, lively cabaret scenes, versatile comedy and feminine appeal. Leo Carrillo shows inimitable, volatile humour with a fine supporting theme.

AT THE REGAL.

Jack Buchanan & Maurice Chevalier in "Break the News"

"BREAK The News" produced and directed by Rene Clair and starring Jack Buchanan and Maurice Chevalier is to be presented at the Regal Theatre from Friday July 1st. A Jack Buchanan Productions' Picture "Break The News" presents these two famous stars of stage and screen in a story which affords them exceptional scope for their combined brilliant talent as well as providing excellent material for the well-known genius of Rene Clair. This eminent director says that this story is the only one he has found in the past two years that has really appealed to him. Jack Buchanan and Maurice Chevalier appear as two chorus boys who are suddenly given a chance to do a double act in a spectacular show produced by a woman actor-manager-portrayed by June Knight. At the last moment however their act is cut out, and in desperation they decide that the only way they can reach the top is to do something sensational to break the news. How they set out to do this is the point of the story. The ensuing complications range from conviction for a non-existent murder to the bullet ridden throes of a Ruritarian revolution, whilst the intensely dramatic climax shows how the two stars can attain the very heights of their ambition in the most unexpected manner. The supporting cast includes such well-known film personalities Marta La Barr, Gertrude Musgrave, Garry Marsh, Wallace Douglas and Felix Aylmer.

Vibrant Drama in a Story of Dangerous Love and Enchanting Melody!

AT THE MAJESTIC.

Each recent year has brought to the screen a finer type of musical picture and 1938 is no exception. "The Firefly," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's impressive adaptation of Rudolf Friml's memorable operetta, with Jeanette MacDonald in her seventeenth musical triumph, is

Hollywood's new offering at the Majestic Theatre. Allan Jones and Warren William as the star's leading men will delight audiences. "The Firefly" presents a powerful story of dramatic romance, as well as a vehicle for remarkable music. M-G-M has gone the limit in its settings and in the artistry of presentation.



Warren William and Jeanette MacDonald in "The Firefly."

Lavish scenes in the High Sierras and others made on thirty massive sets present the sweeping drama of old Spain in the period when Napoleon was defeated by Wellington at Vittoria.

Seven thrilling musical numbers, five of them from the original Friml operetta, feature the picture. Two others were written by Friml especially for the film. Miss MacDonald dances beautifully and sings "Love is Like a Firefly." "He Who Loves and Runs Away" and "When a Maid Comes Knocking at Your Heart" in perfect voice.

Allan Jones sings "A Woman's Kiss" and "The Donkey Serenade,"

and they sing in duet, "Giannina Mia" and "Sympathy" with charming effect.

New Bobby Breen Picture! Fine Entertainment!

AT THE REGAL.

Qualifying as one of the most thoroughly entertaining motion pictures of the season, "Hawaii Calls," Bobby Breen's latest musical starring vehicle, opens on Friday 24th June at the Regal. This diversified screenplay has all the elements of a successful film, and combines them in a manner that will prove a delight to the theatregoer.

Bobby has never before been so happily cast. He appears as a former San Francisco bootblack who joins his little Hawaiian newsboy friend in a trip to Honolulu, as a stowaway. The young star is completely natural and boylike, and gives by far the finest performance of his career. An especially enjoyable feature of the picture is Bobby's singing of half a dozen songs and the youngster fully justifies his reputation as the possessor of the screen's sweetest juvenile voice.

Comedian Ned Sparks, in the most important supporting role, is delightful as the ship's musician who befriends the boys, and Irvin S. Cobb makes a little gem of his role as a gruff, kindly sea captain. Warren Hull and Gloria Holden are outstanding as a married couple, and six-year-old Juanita Quigley proves herself a clever little actress as their daughter. Mamo Clark makes an attractive native girl, while other Hawaiian players who do good work are Pau Lani and Birdie De Bar.

Scenically, "Hawaii Calls" is a noteworthy contribution to the screen. With the exception of the scenes aboard a passenger liner, the entire story is laid in the Hawaiian Islands, and the picture affords a constant succession of the beautiful backgrounds of this tropical paradise. Many of Honolulu's most famous points of interest serve as settings for the action, and scenes of particular beauty take place at a great luau, or native feast, with gaily dressed participants and fascinating entertainment supplied by Hawaiian singers, musicians and scores of gracefully undulating dancing beauties. The music of Raymond Paige and his orchestra adds no little attraction.

JUNE FILM FARE At The New Olympia

A topping comedy, a musical extravaganza and an excellent domestic comedy are offered to their patrons by the Management of the New Olympia Theatre.

"OH DOCTOR"

"Oh Doctor!" starring Edward Everett Horton, is an adaptation of Harry Leon Wilson's humorous novel of the same name and presents the inimitable Horton in the role of the chief character, Ned Billop, a hypochondriac who sells his birthright for a mess of pills. He lives to regret the bargain and then regains his heritage by methods which, although highly amusing are dangerous and thrilling.

Wilson's novel and the screen version present the chief character as a man fond of his ailments, who hasn't the money to indulge in all the fancy phases of it. He's due to come into a million dollars in six months, but is certain he'll die before he can enjoy it. In order to make his last few days a delight on earth, he sells his coming fortune to a band of sharpers, on condition they advance him money with which to indulge his desires.

"EVERY DAY'S A HOLIDAY"

Mae West in any role is enough to cause a man-sized riot. But when the dazzling belle of the nineties appears as a Bowery beauty and the toast of Gay Paree' in the same picture it should bring on a stampede of international proportions.

In "Every Day's a Holiday," Mae plays the part of a wise-crack-

ing New York cabaret singer in the best West tradition as well as that of a French mademoiselle with enough "oo-la-la" to make the franc fall.

The story, straight from the pen of Miss West herself, contains all the bubbling good humor and hard-hitting satire that made her first great picture, "She Done Him Wrong," the hit it was. It takes place in New York at the turn of the century and concerns an entertainer, played of course by Mae whose habit of selling the Brooklyn bridge to unwary customers makes her the main worry of the city's police force.

"TRUE CONFSSION"

Comedy runs wild in Paramount's latest laugh-feast, "True Confession" with Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray and John Barrymore sharing co-starring honors.

"True Confession," directed by Wesley Ruggles and adapted from the famous French play, "Mon Crime," by Louis Verneuil and Georges Berr, is the hilarious tale of a girl who'd rather lie than eat, and her straight-laced, truth-is-the-only-policy husband.

This unfortunate honesty of MacMurray, the young husband, is the cause of his extreme poverty, which Miss Lombard, his wife, tries to cure by getting a job. This, however, she has to do secretly, because MacMurray feels that it would hurt his prestige if his wife were known to be working.

Monkeys and their Way.

An old monkey is usually sour tempered, eager to fight at the drop of a hat. If he can find someone or something to fight with, he is happy. I have taken an old monkey so mean and ill-tempered and sick that he was hard to handle, and placed him in a cage with smaller and younger ones. He immediately whipped the others into shape, compelled allegiance to himself as monarch of the tribe, and then settled down to a happy life. His coat took on a new shine and he gained weight rapidly. He thrived as long as he felt himself important enough to be in charge of the smaller monkeys.

A monkey is very susceptible to harsh treatment and will soon die if abused. He is temperamentally very highly strung, and emotional excitement immediately affects health. All monkeys are very much like children. I have frequently calmed down a cage of fighting monkeys by baring my teeth at them, making faces and imitating their chattering. They would chatter back at me in understanding, and carefully attend as I made faces at them, trying to get my meaning.

I am convinced that all animals have a language, and that the language of the monkeys is the most highly developed, next to man's.

Dogs are very similar to monkeys in their response to flattery. They never do so well as when their heads are swollen with a little jollying. I have never known a dog attack a monkey, or to defend himself when attacked by one; he seems to accept the monkey as his boss, and when the monkey abuses him he simply runs away.

Incidentally, I found that a sick dog in every instance where the symptoms could not be diagnosed, was completely restored to health with either raw bones or raw meat. I assume that vitamins have something to do with the case; at any rate the knowledge will be valuable to those dog-lovers who have not discovered it.

Extracts from *Master Showman* by Al. G. Barnes (Jonathen Cape: 10/6), a lively book about circus animals.

*Below is a list of pictures, selected from some of the world's leading film studios—
to be screened during the next few weeks*

AT THE **NEW OLYMPIA** (Equipped with Western
Electric Mirrophonic
Sound system.)

Watch for their screening dates and see them one by one:—

**“Every Day’s
A Holiday”**

WITH

**MAE WEST, EDMUND LOWE, CHARLES
BUTTERWORTH, HERMAN BING, WALTER
CATLETT, CHESTER CONKLIN &
LLOYD NOLAN.**

Mae West in any role is enough to create a world-wide interest! But when the dazzling belle of the nineties appears as a wise-cracking New York Cabaret Singer in the best West tradition and in the same picture as a French Mademoiselle with enough oomph to make the franc fall!.....

“True Confession”

WITH

**CAROLE LOMBARD, FRED MACMURRAY,
JOHN BARRYMORE, UNA MERKEL &
EDGAR KENNEDY.**

Comedy runs riot in this new laugh feast! Directed by Wesley Ruggles from an adaptation of the famous French stage comedy-thriller “Mon Crime”—this is the laugh-filled tale of a girl, the biggest natural liar that ever lived. The picture maintains a fast tempo throughout and winds up with the most hilarious climax ever brought to the screen.

“OH! DOCTOR”

WITH

**EDWARD EVERETT HORTON, EVE ARDEN, EDWARD BROPHY,
DONRUE LEIGHTON**

A very fast-moving and highly amusing comedy—excellent portrayals by stars—with all its stage inhibitions, it represents one of the finest light entertainments.

NAMES WORTH KEEPING IN MIND:—

“Nancy Steele is Missing”
“You’re a Sweetheart”
“As Good as Married”

“Sing, Baby, Sing”
“100 Men and a Girl”
“Merry Go Round of 1938”

A Sports Causerie.

Ceylon's Rugger Season in Full Blast.

IN the realms of local sport at present, Rugger tops the bill. The season has now well advanced and it must be admitted, that the available talent disclosed by the nine clubs playing serious Rugger, is not of an extraordinarily high order. None of the districts have produced any prodigies, while retirements from the game and trampers have removed many doughty performers of the past. Thus it comes about that this season there appears to be no combination capable of giving a display approaching the performances of some of the outstanding teams of a few seasons back.

Still the season is not without interest, for with more or less a level standard, amongst the foremost clubs, the honours are likely to be more evenly distributed than in the past.

With the season about half way through none of the clubs has succeeded in preserving an unbeaten record.

The nearest approach to the "steam rollers" of the past is the C. H. & F. C. They possess a heavy and well co-ordinated pack which is proving their match winning factor, while they have a sound back division, though not in the star class. They started off their season with three good victories to their credit against Kandy, Uva and Dikoya, all by convincing margins, and it came as a rude shock when their winning career was checked by the C. R. & F. C. in a match which provided one of the high-lights of the season. The overwhelming advantage in weight possessed by the C. H. & F. C. stalwarts was discounted by the quick dealing and smart breaking of the lighter pack, while their diminutive pair of halves and speedy three quarter line played together as they never did before. They displayed a vibrant energy which made their

opponents appear slow in comparison. In their next encounter, though the C. H. & F. C. won by a comfortable margin, they had another fright for at one stage it looked as though another Ceylonese Team, the Kandy Rovers, would

As the local racing season is now in full swing, we have for the benefit of our readers arranged with a competent journalist, who has made a special study of Ceylon racing to contribute a series of articles to the "Ceylon Causerie".

The writer will discuss the merits of the horses, and present accurate, and authentic facts regarding the form of the animals that are expected to run in the July and August Meets.

The first article will appear in the July issue of the "Ceylon Causerie".

again provide an upset. This match disclosed the fact that the C. H. & F. C. have little good material in reserve to fill in any gaps. Mair their captain, Hayworth and the full back were injured in the match against the C. R. & F. C. and it cannot be said their understudies figured with conspicuous success in the next encounter.

The season holds bright prospects for Ceylonese rugger. The C. R. & F. C. are a young side and are improving with every match. They have a fairly weighty forward line who pack excellently, one of the most brilliant scrum halves in the

irrepressible and diminutive Roeloffs, with whom his stand off has now struck up delightful understanding, and a speedy set of three-quarters.

After their victory against the C. H. & F. C. they travelled up to Badulla when they won another fine victory.

The Kandy Rovers have only one victory over Havelocks, as against four defeats. But most of these have been keenly fought out. This, too, is a very young side capable of much improvement.

Dikoya opened the season with four consecutive victories and then went down to the C. H. & F. C. and lost a return encounter against Dimbula.

By "Kay."

The latter lost their first match against Dikoya, then drew with Uva and Kandy and won against the Rovers and Dikoya.

The K. V. have got through the biggest number of matches, having played seven. At the start of the season they maintained their revival of last year but recently struck a bad patch and figured in three successive defeats. Kandy's performances have been moderate, winning twice against the K. V., tying with Dimbula and losing to the C. H. & F. C.

Uva have yet to win a match, losing three matches and drawing one. Havelocks have not had a successful season. They have suffered under the handicap of some of their outstanding performers transferring their allegiance to the C. R. & F. C.

Forthcoming Attractions.

An interchange of visits between Madras and Colombo is one of the

attracted this season. Ceylon's Rugby teams have generally fared well in the All India inter tournament, whenever it is held in Madras, and since 1930 Ceylon has won the trophy three times out of the six occasions they played. Madras will visit Colombo this year after the All-India tourney and will provide an added attraction to the representative matches at the end of the season.

There is also the possibility of a West Australian team coming out to Ceylon in October or November. The proposal is as yet only tentative. All Rugby enthusiasts will earnestly hope that this projected tour will materialise.

Ceylon's Soccer season made an early start this year. Three leagues in Colombo, the Colombo Association Football League, the Government Service League and the Mercantile Service League had a simultaneous opening, but with the rains rendering grounds like the City League and the Government Service unfit for play there was an unusually large crop of postponed games. The R. A. F. L. had a curtain raiser of more than usual interest for it was a meeting between the title holders, the Saracens, and St. Michaels, over whom they gained a surprise victory last year to win the title. The Saints gained their revenge in a fashion which augurs well for their chances this year. Greenfield Sports Club, champions of the City League have entered the C. A. F. L. this year and reinforced as they are by recruits from the Army, Navy and Police should have a big say in the championship this year. This club too has been already vanquished by the Saints.

The standard of Soccer has improved considerably as the season advanced and one of the finest matches played a closely fought out encounter between St. Michael's and Colombo United, where two lively sets of forwards provided thrilling exchanges, the former scraping through to victory.

A curious feature of the C. A. F. L. season has been the case of the C. L. I. When the fixture list was drawn up the C. L. I. were shown as entrants and a full list of fixtures were accorded to them, but when it

came to the playing of matches the infantry men announced that they had not entered the League this year! How an entry that was never sent in, came to be accepted, remains a mystery.

Hockey.

The weakness of Ceylon hockey was recently exposed when the Nawab of Manavadar's team to New Zealand played two matches against All-Ceylon. Though not by any means comparable to the Indian Olympic team the visitors were far too good for Ceylon and won convincingly on each occasion. The tactics employed by the Ceylon team did not tend to improve the game for it was of a purely obstructionist type. The visitors had to fight against a packed defence all through, with even the forwards dropping back most of the time to lend a hand to the defenders. A pleasing feature of the fixtures was that all local hockey interests dropped their differences and joined hands in picking their best side.

The local Andriesz shield programme has been completed except for a few postponed matches, but these are all important in that the finding of the champions rests with them. Two teams have gone through without a defeat, and have each two matches more to play. St. Michael's have won all their seven encounters and Havelocks have dropped only a point in a drawing game. The meeting between these two clubs should provide an exciting match and decide the Championship.

The Ceylon Hockey Association is to be commended for taking steps to organise an Inter-school Tournament. Hockey is a game for which local players show considerable aptitude, but most of them take to it after school days and so far very schools include hockey in their activities. A schools tournament should tend to an ultimate improvement in the standard of the game in Ceylon.

Ladies hockey continues to make headway. A big forthcoming attraction is the match arranged against the All England Ladies team when it passes through Colombo en route to New Zealand on August 10. Trials amongst the local ladies are already taking place in preparation for this match.

Facts About "Thunderbolt."

Here are some interesting facts about "Thunderbolt," with which George Eyston broke the land speed record at 319 miles an hour. It was made by Beans of Tipton and must have cost round about £40,000, which is not a high price when it is pointed out that the Bean engineers had to design and make over 600 individual parts. The horse-power produced by the car in one minute would drive an ordinary 10 h.p. saloon from London to Manchester at 30 m.p.h. The car's impetus at the finishing line would be sufficient to propel it to the top of Mount Snowden, or more than 3,000 feet up a vertical wall. The driver reached 100 m.p.h. in bottom gear and 220 m.p.h. in second gear. The old pump on each engine circulated Castrol at the rate of eight gallons per minute.

When the designs for "Thunderbolt" were first discussed it was laid down that it should be possible to raise the land speed record to 360 m.p.h., or six miles per minute. Every effort was made to keep down the total weight of the car as low as possible, but the final weight was such that the stored energy to be dissipated at the end of each run proved to be 68,000,000 foot pounds. This energy converted into heat would be sufficient to raise one cwt. of water from freezing to boiling point in 40 seconds.

The two clutches on "Thunderbolt" are of unusual design. They had to be transmit 2,000 h.p. from the two Rolls-Royce engines, and the original idea was to use friction surfaces to transmit the whole of the engine torque. Eventually a special type of clutch was evolved combining a friction plate clutch with a follow-through dog clutch. The friction portion of the clutch was designed to transmit 400-500 h.p. and after complete engagement spring-suspended dogs follow through and transform the clutch into a dog coupling. In disengagement the first motion of the clutch pedal disengages the dogs and further movement of the pedal releases the friction surface.



Our Competition Page

CROSSWORD PUZZLE No. 95.

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

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

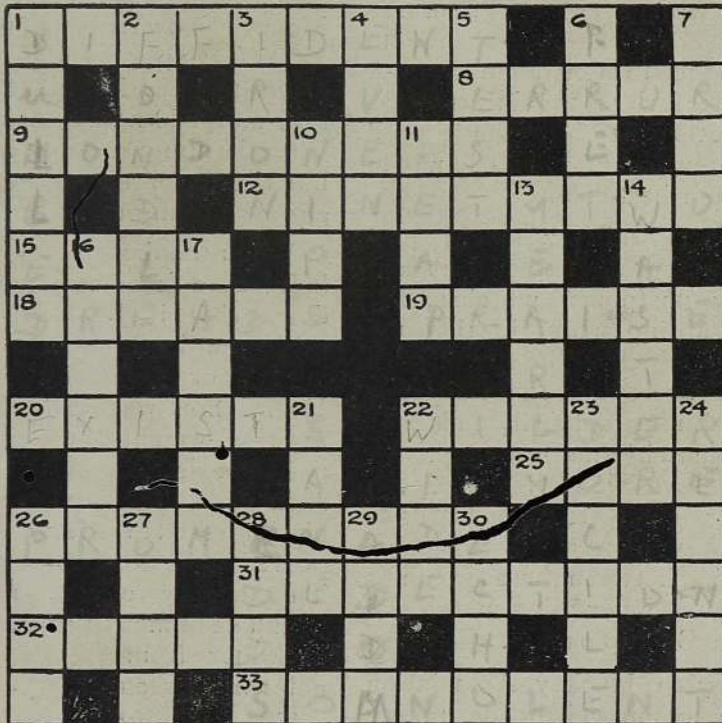
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Name

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- 1st Prize—Rs. 10.—R. Mallaby, The Bush, Bandarawela.
 2nd ,, — ,, 5.—S. Sockalingam, 243, Templar's Road, Mount Lavinia.

HORIZONTAL.

1. Modest.
8. Ship.
9. Cockneys.
12. Number.
15. Fish.
18. Fears.
19. Laudation.
20. Lives.
22. More savage.
25. Olden days.
26. Walk.
31. Discovery.
32. Suave.
33. Sleepy.

VERTICAL.

1. Deadened.
2. Caress.
3. Press.
4. Level.
5. Try.
6. Chafe.
7. Therefore.
10. Pinches.
11. Gather.
13. Annually.
14. Spend thrift.
16. Place of darkness.
17. Shoe.
21. Wise.
22. Broad.
23. Tame.
24. Kind of apple.
26. Recedes.
27. Fruit.
28. Supplements.
29. Particle.
30. Reverberate.

Solution to Puzzle No. 94.

Horizontal

1. Pokers.
4. Chapel.
9. Interrogating.
10. Othello.
11. Knife.
12. Gnome.
14. Antic.
18. Chair.
19. Plateau.
21. Ludicrousness.
22. Sonnet.
23. Teased.

Vertical.

1. Prison.
2. Kitchen garden.
3. Rural.
5. Harkon.
6. Primitiveness.
7. Lugger.
8. Colon.
13. Miracle.
15. Sculls.
16. Apron.
17. Cursed.
20. Aisle.

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Dr. G. E. de S. Rupasinghe and Miss Olivia Amerasingha.

WEDDED



Photos by Platé Ltd.

My Neighbours!

By Hugh Moritz.

TAKE it from me—neighbours are the pestilence that walketh by day and the terror that stalketh by night, as mentioned in Holy Writ. They are a pestiferous type of biped specially created for the diabolical purpose of being a source of perpetual annoyance to oneself. Yes, I know...you wont find all that in any dictionary, but then what do the writers of that class of high-born literature known about the breed? They have had no practical experience of living in a small town and judging for themselves. I have; and it is from the bitter depths of sanguinary knowledge that I mean to tell you something about them.

One of these ruddy "things" grows pigs. Another collects dogs. A third has a violin; a fourth a seraphina, while a fifth cultivates — BABIES! Yes, there are a baker's dozen already in half that number of years. Twins twice and triplets once and now they are out to out-Dione the Dione couple! So they say. And to judge from past performances, I have no doubt they will do it. Need I tell you that yet another of these neighbours has cats? Of course there *will* be cats and they *will* congregate on my roof at nights to sing me to sleep. And in every house there is a radio set, not to mention the inevitable piano! Well you can "televise" the scene for yourself—but don't try to listen in, unless you wish to serve your term in purgatory here and now and not postpone it till you get across.

You may think that dogs and babies and pigs are nothing to worry about much. Ah! but you dont know *these* dogs and pigs and babies. Take the dogs. They are priceless mongrels, but their owner thinks they are the last word in top-dogs and must therefore always be kennelled or chained up lest they join bad companions and lose their good "points." She—yes the owner is a *she*—always talks about their "points" as if they were barb-

wire. Well these wretched beasts keep up a daily and nightly competition as to which one can howl the loudest. As they number about half a score you can imagine the pandemonium. If this is what these top-class dogs can achieve in the way of noise, I am all for the "under-dog"—like Dr. N. M. Perera and his Sama Samajists! I verily believe every Sama Samajist must have lived next door to dogs of good breed. That would explain their passionate defence of the "under-dog." From now on, I too am all for "under-dogs."

* * *

Imagine then—if you can—what it means or sounds like when to this nerve-racking din, there is added the piercing yells and shrieks of my neighbour's baker's dozen of kids (*horno sapiens* variety)! This *devilura* hallelujah chorus starts round about 4 a. m. every morning and continues without a pause till 10 p. m. at night. When I remonstrated with the parents, across the garden fence the male of the species wanted to know from me what the blinketty blank I meant if his children could not do what they liked in *his* house. Was not the house his and were not the children *his*? To the last query, I gave what I thought was the only correct and proper reply viz: that I sincerely hoped so! At that the lunatic went purple with rage and called me nasty names. I replied by tracing his pedigree! He countered by predicting my future! I almost think that from words we might have got to blows, but for the fact that at that moment, one of the twins bit off a piece of the ear of one of the triplets, and another of the latter applied a lighted match to the sitting area of one of the solo arrivals!

That was a good enough excuse for the coward to rush away from the withering fire of my verbal battery, and I returned in triumph to my verandah, there to sit and consider in quiet, what I was to say to the wretch when I next met him. In

quiet! Help! Before I could compose a single stinging sentence, the pest who lives opposite started in on his violin, to play "Oh Danny Boy"! Oh! Help—I say! For surely you know that of all musical instruments in the world, the violin, is the most difficult to play. And here was this sanguinary worm on one side and the Seraphina player on the other rending the air with their wailing. It does not help much at such moments to be reminded of the fact that some are born great, some achieve greatness and some continually *grate* upon you!

* * *

But noise is not the only ordeal one has to put up with. There are the pigs!

Now I don't mind pigs—in their proper place. You, I am sure know where *that* is. But this abortion of a neighbour of mine keeps these animals for one purpose only—that is to sprawl about my flower garden and vegetable plots *at night*! You will not find them about the place by day. Never. They choose the darkest nights for their marauding expeditions and you get up in the morning to find the earth turned up and greet big gaping holes, as if bombs had been dropped, on what was once a bed of Sweet Williams or a luscious plot of lettuce!

As it was very little use invoking the aid of the law, I thought I would imitate Hitler *cum* Mussolini *cum* Stalin and carry out a "purge." So I sat up, with a big lethal weapon for three consecutive nights, in a corner of the verandah, with grim determination written on my distorted features.....But the pigs never came! Instead on the third night, I fell asleep at the post of duty. It rained. I was wet through to the very marrow ere I woke up. My effort to catch pigs only resulted in my catching a cold! The cold developed into "flu" and from "flu" to pneumonia was an easy step.

* * *
(Continued on page 32.)

What's in a Name?

By Dorothy Perkins.

WE'RE glad to see something being done at last to make our postmen and telegraph boys a bit more Colombo-minded, and instead of pedalling soullessly and mechanically along, they will now have to use their almost atrophied bumps of locality, and take notice that "17th Lane, Bambalapitiya" may have been changed overnight to "Rose Terrace", "Orchid Lane, or "Elfindale Avenue"!

P'raps it's another wrench in this "All-Up" business, and though they may take away our beloved numbers, we can console ourselves with the almost sure and certain hope that they will leave us with at least seventeen different ways of getting rid of our hard-earned cash.

One thing is certain. All those, squat, ugly, direction posts will have to go. "17th Lane, Bambalapitiya" might pass muster on a bit of "board laela", but "Rose Terrace" demands something more aesthetic, lest we confirm the opinion recently expressed abroad that modern art in Ceylon is uninspired and little better than sign writing!

Personally, if we were staying (as we hope to now) at "Rose Terrace", we'd insist on the municipality putting down "Street Lines" of "Ma Fiancee", "Dorothy Perkins", "Madame Butterfly", "Crimson Ramblers", or even "Dog Roses", though, of course, we'd draw the line at the cabbage variety! Nondescript patches of anaemic-looking herbage, flanked with odd bits of stick and barbed wire in a landscape starred with empty sardine tins, might pass unnoticed in the "No-Man's-Land" of 17th, or any other Lane, but certainly not in the select atmosphere of "Rose Terrace"!

"Orchid Place", too, with its Orchid Houses should be heavy with the perfume of the fragrant "Bambusifoliata" and its tribes, and Fairy Rings of our best Love-grass should

star the leafy glades of "Elfindale Avenue"!

How perfectly thrilling it will be to have a reception at "Tea Rose Cottage," Bambala.....but really, we forgot—you simply can't have a thing of beauty and a joy for ever like "Rose Terrace" in a foul setting like BAMBALAPITIYA—it's too, too ghastly for words!

Yes, BAMBALAPITIYA must go—begging if it likes—and "Rose Terrace" repose in nothing less than an artistic ring of er... "Rosapitiya", or "Ramblerpitiya", or even "Bramblerpitiya"!

* * *

Once you start, there's no end to this "Squander-Namia" business, for, as every schoolboy knows, tall trees from little acorns always grow. Why, only this morning we see in the papers that Class III of the Civil Service want more "sambalam" because a car is necessary to uphold their—status! And you can't blame them either. You can't very well roll up in a buggy or ox-waggon at "Rose Terrace"—it simply isn't done. We'll have to leave all that to "Canal Road," or Yalpanan Lane"!

Who ever thought of telling the Tourist to drive in and around 17th Lane, Bambalapitiya? (Loud laughter). This is where we put the Cinnamon Gardens' patrician nose out of joint, and Rosapitiya on the map, and the Tourist Bureau can now chortle the charms of Colombo with its "Rose Terraces", its "Orchid Places", and its "Elfindale Avenues" etc.

But a "Scilla Place" without a "Y" and its stable companion "Charybdis", seems but a half or faint-hearted attempt to deal with our modern motor menace, and it is a moot point whether the Authorities in so thoughtfully avoiding "Charybdis", will ever be successful in preventing our buses from falling daily, and even nightly, into "Scilla Place"!

The Names Committee have been on the job now for about five long years, and though we'd hate to add to their labours before they commute their pensions and retire to "Rose Terrace", we hope they realise that among others we've still got a "Hospital Lane", an "Amen Corner", A "Cemetery Road," a "Kayman's" or "Old Croc's" Gate, and actually a "Dam Street" and that, so far, nobody's been able to find a more respectable name for "Slave Island"!

* * *

You'd be surprised, too, but some people in Ceylon have strange views—on houses—like "Station View", "Factory View", "Mill View", &c. Of course, you really can't prevent people calling their house's names, if they want to, but perhaps we might buttonhole householders, and tactfully suggest that "Station View", by any other name would smell and look as sweet!

But lanes and views are not the only things that want looking into. Look at all the Provinces. Anybody not quite used to it would take most of the names for Railway extensions or Rivers in spate, and really it's no wonder we find it difficult to put little old Ceylon on the map!

* * *

As nobody, apparently, can do without that old stand-by, Ramasamy, just pause for a brief moment while we hold up the awful list of Estate Names. No wonder the poor old boy loses his way sometimes and finds himself up the wrong Totem pole! Surely, somebody ought to have thought of a new "Inge Va" Estate Guide for him by this time!

But if you don't consider us, or even Ramasamy—well, consider the Tourist. Fancy trying to beguile him with a touching appeal like, "Come To Venkalacheddikulam", or expect him to write intelligently, or even coherently about the charms of "Ekiriyankumbara" or even

(Continued on page 31)

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18	2	1	—	—	—	—	2 50
4.75-16	2	2	2	—	—	—	2 50
17	3	10	9	4	2	2	2 50
18	1	—	1	2	—	—	2 50
19	—	—	—	—	2	2	2 50
5.00-17	—	—	—	4	4	2	2 50
18	—	—	—	1	1	2	2 50
5.25-16	10	2	2	4	2	2	2 50
17	1	—	—	6	—	—	3 00
18	—	—	—	—	2	—	3 00
5.50-16	2	1	2	7	2	4	3 00
17	5	5	10	8	6	7	3 00
5.75-16	7	5	5	4	2	3	3 00
6.00-16	8	3	10	9	10	10	3 00
6.25-16	—	—	—	3	1	2	3 00
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What's in a Name?

(Continued from page 30.)

"Kahatagasdigiliya"! Why, it's like some of Euclid's wild theories—absurd!

* * *

And then, here's Colombo calling—for attention. They've all been at this name business now for hundreds of years, and everybody's done their damndest from "Col-amba" to "Kalambu", but it's pretty obvious that we've got the Portuguese to thank for having christened us "Colombo"!

Those dear old Buccaneers, who never quite realised that a domicile at Lisbon didn't alter the fact that Christopher Columbus (Italian, "Christofero Colombo") was born near Genoa, tried to make out that they were really the ones to discover us first, and went and called us "Colombo", but if they had only had a bit more poetic vision and "dip't into the future" like Tennyson did with his "Airy Navies grappling in the Central Blue", they would have tumbled to it, that "Columbus" was the real goods instead!

But anyhow, as we're all going to kiss and be friends now, and, as, despite Sanctions, we've always eaten Italian instead of Scotch potatoes, we'd better not do anything rash at present but leave it at "Colombo" as a friendly gesture to the Duce!

Finally, what about Ceylon? Surely we might do better than that. Look at the names the Ancients used to call us—the nice ones, we mean, like "Isle of the Blest", "The Fortunate Isle", "The Isle of Gems", "The Magnetic Isle", "Eden", "Paradise", "The Golden Coast" and what not!

Of course, though one wouldn't be far wrong, you can't very well call us "The Pearl Drop on the Brow of

India". It's too long for one envelope, and even if you did take the precaution of using two, the Post Office might make a mistake and forget to send off both bits by the same "All-Up" mail!

So don't let's go and use up all the nice names promiscuous-like. If we can spring to a "Rose Terrace" for "17th Lane", and a "Pleasant" or "Delecis" Place, or a "Coral Lane" for somewhere else in Bam.....(sorry, Rosapitiya), surely we can jump to a "Pleasant," or "Delecis", or even a "Coral Island" for Ceylon?

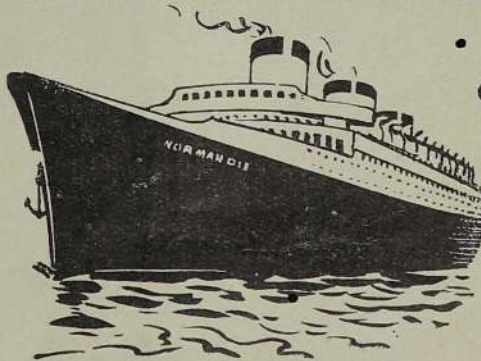
Personally, we'd plump for "Coral Island"! Then those misguided folk who still insist on calling "Galle Face" "The Gallee Face" would have to quit turning and twisting our Ceylon nearly out of its priceless old mango shape with their "Seelonn" and other "Seelonnisms". And we'd be able to do a real spot of bridge-building too, and put a stop to all this pother about "Ceylonese", "Ceylonians" "Ceylonites" &c., by calling ourselves just plain "Corelites," or "Coralines," or even "Corollaries"!

My Neighbours!

(Continued from page 29.)

But if you think all this quenched my determination to "Anschluss" those pigs, you will be hopelessly wrong. Even before I recovered I had conceived a great plan. Poison! That was it. Rodin! If this poison could kill rats, it would, given in liberal quantities, do the needful in the case of the pigs. And then for the cats! And the dogs! I got no further than that, at the time. So I set about it as soon as I was out and about. Two tins of Rodin mixed in tempting food was placed where those pigs invariably were wont to come. But do you think they touched it? Not they! Instead to my eternal misfortune, my wife's highly prized Rhode Island cockerels and pullets got out of their "pen," consumed the poisoned food, and when morning dawned their bodies lay strewn about the backyard, cold in death! Holy Snakes! There was a deuce of a "bust up" which ended in my collapsing with a complete nervous breakdown. It also ended my efforts to kill those pigs!

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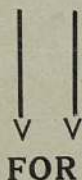
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Book of the Month.

PRINCE AND POET. — AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

WHAT THE CRITICS SAY.

WITH remarkable alacrity Messrs. Heinemann have published a fat biography of the poet Gabriele D'Annunzio within a month of his demise. The book (*The Life of D'Annunzio*: 12/6) is an extremely meticulous study written by his personal secretary, Signor Tomaso Antongini, in a style which may not be fairly described as sycophantic but is at least devoutly adoring. In it is recorded at length with a kind of breathless wonder and worship every incident of the Master's career. Signor Antongini does not help us greatly to divest the reality of the man from the shining cloud of glory around him. He embalms the wonder and embroiders the legend. His book is richly emotional in the Italian manner, which rather enhances than lessens its attraction.

It is easy to understand the awe and veneration to which D'Annunzio was accustomed. All Italy adored him. He could always be relied upon to do something spectacular or say something wonderful. For D'Annunzio was not only a great poet; he was manifestly a magnificent actor. The *Commandante* loved to think of himself in the grand tradition of the *Condottieri*—proud, debonair, superbly aristocratic. There is no doubt that he fitted the part.

POSES AND POSIES

He dramatised himself and everything that happened to him (so did Byron and Shelley) but poets live on their emotions and without anguish and ecstasy, nothing of worth is created. He had illimitable imagination—a bottomless reservoir of sensory energy out of which he might form impressions of enduring beauty. Without it he could never have written a word of poetry; with it he could not face the life of ordinary men nor accept their values. Hence those gilded eccentricities and

tumultuous caprices which have endeared him to the heart of Italy and established his peculiar legend. He poured his ardour into elaborate poses.

He loved to give high-sounding classical names to all his friends and to the towns and places which held memories for him. He was extravagant almost to insanity, generous to a fault, yet easily dejected in intermittent periods of semi-poverty. He feared squalor more than death.

It is impossible to separate the reality of D'Annunzio from his romantic poses. His affections became desperately important to him. Once when he lost his treasured monocle he said pathetically to his servant, "Let me carry your bag, for without my monocle I am good for nothing else."

There are some excellent anecdotes in this book, such as that which describes his method of ejecting unwelcome visitors by heating unbearably the cavernous stove in his ante-room; and his graceful procrastination of unpleasant engagements by a series of apologetic letters each more charming than the last. There is also much discreet allusion to the poet's amorous adventures with unnumbered "Dark Ladies," to whom at various times he wrote sublime and passionate letters, some of which are reprinted in this biography.

There is no doubt in the world that Gabriele D'Annunzio, "*Volucer demissus ab alto; princeps et praeco*," wrote superb poetry, lived exquisitely, and did magnificent things. No one can blame him if he was sometimes self-conscious about his spiritual eminence and inclined to be supercilious and ingratiating. No one can resent his exhibitionism since he enriched and entertained the common world.

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The earth is singularly bare of great spirits in our day. When you have read this book, and realise that Gabriele D'Annunzio is dead, you will understand why so many mourned his passing.

In the most obscure retreat of the Vittoriale D'Annunzio had caused to be engraved the words *Humanae Dementiae Sequester*: Interpreter of Human Folly. With profound justice the same stately epithet might be applied to our own great poet, William Shakespeare.

LOVE AND DISCONTENT

It is the wife who is discontented in *A Leaf in the Wind* (Herbert Jenkins: 7/6). She is a young Austrian who marries a merchant from Shanghai who is holidaying in Europe. Her love for him seems sincere enough but the unaccustomed life in China, with its queer sights and sounds, sets her longing more and more for the easier life she had known in Vienna. Her nostalgia gains such a hold that in the end her love is sacrificed to the paramount necessity of returning to Europe.

Though Miss Joe Lederer has already attained popularity on the Continent this is her first book to appear in England and her frank, vivid writing and subtle descriptive power make it very readable. Her description of the intense heat in Shanghai is sufficient to make you feel hot while you are reading. The translation from the German is admirably done by Basil Creighton.

* * * *

Nightingale Wood, by Stella Gibbons (Longmans: 8/6), introduces us to a family in Essex who live under the domination of a tyrannical old father, retired from business. His two daughters, aged thirty-nine and thirty-five and still single, both chafe under restraint and repression; and so does the dead son's wife who

New Books

in Circulation

<i>n.f.</i> Severn's Saga	E. Keble Chatterton.
<i>n.f.</i> Madame Curie	...	Eve Curie.
<i>n.f.</i> I Knew Hitler	Kent Luudke.
<i>n.f.</i> Through Turbulent Years	Vernon McKenzie.
The Dream Prevails	Maud Diver.
This Publican	Dornford Yates
The Spanish House	Lady Eleanor Smith.
Dark Horses	Eden Phillpotts.
Bidden to the Feast	Jack Jones.
Racing Yacht Mystery	Bruce Graeme.
Knaves & Co.	Sydney Horler.
Pray for the Wanderer	Kate O'Brien.
The Time of Wild Roses	Doreen Wallace.
News of England	Beverly Nichols.
No Easy Way	Naomi Jacobs.
<i>n.f.</i> Across the Frontier	Philip Gibbs.

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comes to live with them. She is twenty-one and longs to escape from her surroundings by another marriage. After many vicissitudes she finally succeeds—marrying a very wealthy young man. The younger of the two daughters deliberately commences a flirtation with the chauffeur and finally marrying him is turned out of home by her father. This bald summary does much less than justice to a very fine piece of work; it conveys nothing of the humour pervading the whole book, or the reader's awareness that Miss Gibbons has studied people to good purpose and so has made her characters live. All of them are well drawn and whether of high or low degree the author's touch is sure. This book will live on when many others have passed out of knowledge. You simply must get it.

Mr. A. T. Sheppard's *The Matins of Bruges* (Butterworth : 8/6) is an historical novel written in a very competent way by an excellent craftsman. The period is that of Edward I and the hero, John Battle, is a "shipman" of Old Winchelsea who falls in love with a Flemish maiden who had been shipwrecked on the English coast. The girl goes back to Bruges and how John eventually won her after many difficulties had been surmounted and dangers braved is told against a background of fighting in France and Flanders and in the English Channel which makes exciting reading. There is a fine description of the destruction of Old Winchelsea by a terrible storm.

"This world is all a fleeting show," wrote Thomas Moore in one of his songs, and readers of Mr. Dornford Yates's latest novel, *This Publican* (Ward, Lock : 7/6), will find vicarious consolation in the fact should they ever come across such a woman as Rowena Bohun.

Rowena is a modern Becky Sharp. She helps push a dear friend into the Channel and picks upon David, a mild, ordinary solicitor, as her stepping-stone to social prominence. She is a harridan of the first order, bullying her husband, carrying on with a stupid nobleman behind his back, and being thoroughly abominable. Fortunately for David he

chanced upon Helen, a dream of womanhood, who had her own problems to forget and knew something of what he was up against. But Rowena was determined to take everything she could even if it ruined her husband, and that is the battle.

I found this novel particularly enjoyable.

In *Characters in Order of Appearance*, by Romilly Cavan (Constable: 8/6), Mark Brown, a young playwright, achieves success with his first play, a witty social comedy, only to find that he cannot repeat the achievement. Before he finds inspiration again he marries Moira and to make a living takes a badly paid clerical job. All goes well until his wife, who had been trained as a dress-designer in Paris, begins to find her own small business becoming popular. Soon it soars into the first rank and Moira becomes a celebrity. Mark chafes at his ill-luck in proportion as his wife succeeds and the story of his growing resentment, tempered by the passionate love each has for the other, is told with great understanding. Round these two are grouped Moira's family, all real live persons whom it is a pleasure to meet. There is not a dull moment in the book, which scintillates with wit and shrewd observation of men and women. Miss Cavan is never boring and handles all her material with consummate skill. This is her fourth novel and it will delight her admirers and will make her many more friends.

Along with freedom, laughter seems to be vanishing from the face of our earth. Therefore, we must be grateful to William Gerhardt who gives us some grins in *My Wife's The Least Of It* (Faber : 10/6). But it is a pity that most of the fun is a little too easy, aimed at conventional targets such as the movies. At times the fun might be compared to the spirit of an ageing actress who waves with hollow arms a cigarette case in the air because she still believes in Gay Paree!...

The story tells of how a lodger in the same boarding-house persuades a forgotten and penniless novelist to

collaborate in a screen adaptation of his pre-war success. The way the poor old novelist tries to ginger his effort to suit modern film fare and his hopeless attempts to market his script, will raise a smile from anyone except a poor novelist.

Humbert Wolfe's hark-back is to his own past. *The Upward Anguish* (Cassell : 10/6) is a collection of the stubs of cheques drawn against life. Every value of the young Jew from Bradford who tries to make good at Oxford among "real" public school men is recaptured. The boasting of erudition ("Do you know the names of the lovers of Catherine the Great?") and the subsequent snub of being placed on the list of men to rag along with the bounders who fed soap to the deer. The encounters with young artists and poets whose rooms looked like the wreck of a large vessel carrying stationery; and the attempted philosophical conversations when "the eyes popped out of the head with surprise at what the mouth is saying." It is all in *The Upward Anguish*. Mr. Wolfe has retold his four undergraduate years with such craftsmanship that any less fortunate young man (as distinct from any young "hearty") who chances to read his new book can assure himself that he has exhausted the whole of University experience.

VIENNESE DUSK.

No book could be more timely than Willi Frischauer's *Twilight in Vienna*, which Collins are to publish at the beginning of the month. The famous Austrian journalist shows us the tragedy of Austria not simply by tracing the spectacular events that have occurred, nor in the conflict of powerful personalities to which they gave birth, but as reflected in the life of the "little man." *Twilight in Vienna* will come as a revelation to the complacent Englishman of what the middle classes have suffered in Central Europe, and will perhaps make it easier for him to understand why Austria should prefer even Hitler's regime to the miserable plight to which we in the Treaty of Versailles had so blindly condemned her.

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

My dear Children,

I received many entries in the Class A competition, this month but none from the younger Pixies. Under the circumstances, I am awarding all the prizes to Class A competitors, and suitable books will be sent to Eileen Molligodde and Francis S. Arndt. The copy of *Black Beauty* goes to Carlyle Herft who well deserves it.

To those of us who live in Ceylon, the horse is a somewhat unfamiliar animal. We see him either on the race course, or being ridden for exercise, but rarely think of him as a beast of burden.

In England the position is reversed. The horse is, or rather was an integral part of English industrial and rural life, but with the mechanisation of transport and farm labour, the horse is fast disappearing. More's the pity!

For this month, I think we will try some puzzle competitions. I have set six puzzles, and the first three correct entries opened will get the prizes.

The Ceylon Causerie is now being published on the 15th of each month, so do not forget to send your entries by the date specified.

With my love,

Yours affectionate,

Auntie Gwen.

Class A. 1st Prize.

"DOBBIN"

My Dobbin is a perfect dear

Astride her back, I know, no fear,
She's oh! so tall, and I'm so small,
But off her back, I've had no fall.

She has a glossy coat of brown,

A fringe on head, just like a crown,
Along her back, the jet black mane,
Matches her short and shaggy tail.

She's got the loveliest soft brown eyes,
What would I feel, if Dobbin
dies?

Ah! dreadful thought, I chase away
And on her neck, my fears allay.

Her alert ears are quick to hear,
My eager steps, to her so dear,
She nuzzles close, for my caress,
Of all my pets—I love her best.

Her thin but steady feet will bear,
My weight so lightly through the
air.

Her ears prick up, her eyes ope wide
Oh how I do enjoy the ride.

PRIZE WINNERS.

CLASS A.

Order for Rs. 15.

CARLYLE PERCIVAL HERFT,

(Age 15)

No. 12/2, Fountain House Lane,

Deans Road.

Maradana.

Order for Rs. 10.

BETTY WIMALARATNE,

(Age 14)

"Dordrecht."

Wackwelle Road,

Galle

Order for Rs. 5.

NAOMI BELING,

(Age 15)

Temple Road,

Kalutara.

CLASS B.

EILEEN MOLLIGODDE,

(Age 15)

Rillington,

Wellawatta.

FRANCIS S. ARNDT,

(Age 12)

18, Madangahawatte Lane,

Wellawatte.

Each morning I go for a ride,
My Airedale sauntering, by my
side,
We thread the roadway, gain the
park,
Dear Dobbin canters for a lark.

So round and round, and in and out
Like wrestlers in a wrestling bout,
We trot, and canter—just we three,
We're good companions on the
spree.

Finest Orchard
Produce the
whole year
round!



CHIVERS CANNED FRUIT

have all the natural luscious
flavour of freshly gathered
fruit. They are cooked
and sweetened ready
for table, and pack-
ed in tins treated
by a special
process, so that
—as *The Lancet*
says—"they are
perfectly sound
and hygienic."

MILLER'S
COLOMBO.

And when I weary of this game,
 I only whisper Dobbin's name,
 She knows now where I wish to go,
 Ere long I'm at my cottage door.

My darling Dobbin, when you're old,
 I'll be a young man brave and bold
 But I will always be your friend,
 And love you dearly to the end.

Carlyle Herft.

Class A 2nd Prize.

THE HORSE

Gone are the days of chivalry
 When noble knights their horses
 rode.

Gone are the days of carriages,
 Now stream-lined cars are 'a la
 mode'.

True friend of men from ancient
 times
 I've been; but other servants they
 From nature's forces have secured,
 Gone are the horses, gone my day!

Machinery usurps my place
 On roads and fields and at the
 plough.

Save those that races patronize
 For sweep-stakes, few do love me
 now.

'Tis they that want me most, but yet
 'Tis true the cowboy loves me still,
 As he goes riding through the ranch,
 And polo players know my skill.

Old orders change, and new things
 come,
 But I feel happy, feel so great
 To have my place in pageantry
 When British monarchs drive in
 state!

Betty Wimalaratne.

Class A. 3rd Prize.

THE HORSE

The horse is one of the most familiar of quadrupeds. The two leading types of horses are the Arabian, renowned for their swiftness and beauty, and the Flemish noted for strength and endurance.

Horses were used for transport for many years, but the invention of the steam engine and the advent of the motor car have greatly reduced the demand for them. To-day on farms,

much of the work formerly done by horses is now done by motor.

The finest animal in existence is probably the English race-horse, in which there is an Arab strain. Horse-racing is a very popular sport.

Here is an exciting experience I once had. One afternoon my younger sister and myself were playing on the estate in front of the bungalow, when one of the workers on the estate shouted out in Sinhalese, "There is a horse coming, run away missie." We looked up and saw a horse coming towards us, about twenty or twenty-five yards away, and we started to run for our lives to the bungalow.

My mother who was on the verandah, saw our plight, and shouted to Daddy who came quickly and was just in time to stop the horse as we neared the bungalow steps. We were out of breath and could hardly talk, and all we could do was to cry. Since then I have always gone in fear of a horse, and very often I dream I am chased by one and get up in a cold sweat.

Naomi Beling.

Class B.

THE HORSE.

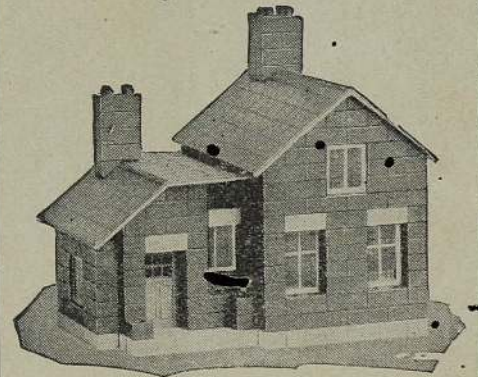
Of all animals created by God, the dog and the horse stand in a group by themselves. Many would, no doubt, say that of these two the former is the more loyal, the more affectionate and the more faithful, but to the few who have known and loved a horse there does not exist so loving, so gentle or so understanding a friend.

In Ceylon, the horse is reared mainly for the purpose of racing, but in countries like England and Australia this noble beast reigns supreme above all other animals. Being a creature of rare intelligence and understanding it is loved and valued at its true worth.

But to the cow-boy in the great lonely pasture-lands of America, the horse is the grandest and most wonderful being in the world. He regards him not as an animal, but as a friend who knows and understands him and who loves him in return.

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Minibrix sets consist of a full range of unbreakable rubber building materials, all made in the correct proportions and colours of the "real thing." There are bricks and lintels in various forms, doors, windows, realistic balustrades, columns, all-rubber roofs and other parts. The big Minibrix books supplied with every set from No. 1 upwards gives more than 100 models to build.



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" 3	86		12/00
" 4	96		17/00
" 5	104		22/50
" 6	112		30/00
" 7	116		45/00

We Stock all Minibrix Spare Parts.

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GARGILLS
 Gargills Ltd., Colombo.

Between the cowboy and his horse there exists a great bond of affection and loyalty and the former is always ready to sacrifice his life for the animal he loves.

Poets too have often sung its praises, and to me the sweetest and finest poem is "The Arab's farewell to his Steed." It is the story of an Arab who preferred death by starvation rather than sell the beast he cherished. And in these sad lines he fights against the temptation.

"They tempted me, my beautiful!
For hunger's power is strong,
They tempted me, my beautiful
But I've loved thee too long..."

Eileen Molligodde.

THE HORSE.

The horse is a noble, stately and majestic animal. A more beautiful animal than the horse is hard to find with its graceful curves of body, its beautiful mane and flowing tail, its rippling muscles and amazing strength.

Horses are classified: Mustangs, the prairie horses, Shetland ponies, war horses and the horse which rich people usually use for riding.

A horse, like the dog, is a faithful animal. It never deserts its master. There are some horses who stand over the bodies of their dead owners and do not move until the bodies are buried or removed; or otherwise, if its master is captured, turns back for help or tries its utmost to release him.

Its intelligence is seen by a number of people at the same time at a circus.

Horses need careful attention, any carelessness over its bodily attention often proves fatal on spite of its strength, it is a prey to illness and neglect.

Horses have their likes and dislikes, "You can take a horse to the water but you can't make it drink."

(Continued on page 40.)

RULES.

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

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

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

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

Direct your essays to

Auntie Gwen,

c/o The Ceylon Causerie,

Messrs. Platé, Ltd.,

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SIMES

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CEYLON CAUSERIE, CHILDREN'S PAGE COMPETITION COUPON.

Class Age

Name.....

Address.....

GUARANTEE.

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

Signature of Parent or Guardian.....

Children's Page.

(Continued from page 39.)

My grand-father's horse used to shy at twigs or even oil-marks on the road, after dark. Horses like carrots, some like lumps of sugar, while others favour a slice of bread.

I have often heard my parents say that Sir Solomon had a horse just like the late King George's "Jock."

You can always tell the age of a horse by the number of its teeth, hence the saying "Never look a gift horse in the mouth."

Francis S. Arndt.

Answers to Last Month's Puzzles.

1. Watch-man.
2. Well-come,
3. Plague (ague).
4. Dozens (Dozen.)
5. Most people say thirty days, but it is only 28 days, because on the last day it does not slip down two feet, having once reached the top.
6.

8	1	6
3	5	7
4	9	2
7. Never meddle between man and wife.

Next Month's Competitions.

CLASS A

See Auntie Gwen's letter.

CLASS B

A drawing or painting of an animal.

A Few "DATES" For You to Match.

The first has been checked. Try matching the others in like manner:

1	manlate	plunder	
2	sedate	office seeker	
3	intimidate	a command	1
4	elucidate	heart-shaped	
5	depredate	to ratify	
6	candidate	adjust affairs	
7	cordate	reconcile	
8	liquidate	overawe	
9	validate	explain	
10	accommodate	tranquil	

Incomplete Division

From the figures given, try completing this problem in division:

$$\begin{array}{r} 325 \overline{) 225} \\ \underline{65} \\ 150 \\ \underline{150} \\ 0 \end{array}$$



Using the 11 letters given below, try to arrange them so that they will form just one word:

T O N D R O S U J E W

Ready—GO!

Try filling in words from the definitions given below:

G O _ _ _ _
 _ G O _ _ _
 _ _ G O _ _
 _ _ _ G O _
 _ _ _ _ G O

1. to rule. 2. self-interest. 3. long-haired cat. 4. chatter. 5. deep violet blue.

Letter Juggling.

Try forming two different 6-letter words from the 6 letters given below. Use all 6 letters in each word:

I O E N G R

What Are the Numbers?

If one less than the smaller of 2 numbers is doubled, it will give one more than the larger number. Three times the smaller, increased by 4 times the larger, is equal to the product of the 2 numbers. What are the numbers?

A Little Light.

Kwang-hwang was a little Chinese boy, bright, industrious, and a thirst for learning. He labored by day and sought to study by night, but so great was his poverty that he could

not afford to buy even the cheapest coconut oil for his crude little lamp.

Next door was a wealthy neighbor who kept his house brilliantly lighted. Said Kwang-hwang, "He has so much light he will not mind if I take a little that he does not need." So the boy very carefully made a small hole in the rich man's wall, letting out a tiny beam of light, and in its radiance was able to study his borrowed books.

Kwan-hwang was too poor to buy books of his own, so he went among the rich families seeking extra tasks and asking that he be paid only in the loan of their books. Daily his knowledge increased, and with the passing of the years his wisdom and learning became known throughout the land; so well, in fact, that one day the Emperor summoned him to the palace and made him Premier of China.

In China today, lazy, idle boys are told, "Remember Kwang-hwang and follow his example."

PIXIES CLUB.

Enrolment Form

I wish to become a member of the Pixies Club.

Name.....

Address.....

Birthday.....

Age.....

(Please write in block letters.)

HOW TO JOIN OUR CLUB.

Any boy or girl between the ages of 5 and 17 can join our Pixies Club.

Simply fill in the form on this page and post it to

AUNTIE GWEN,

c/o The Ceylon Causerie,
 Plâté Ltd.,
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