

# TRIBUNE

## CEMENT HUSH - HUSH blunder to blunder

It has been pointed out in these columns earlier that the Government's decision to abandon the installation of a second kiln at KKS is an unsound one, based on wrong assumptions and motivated more by personal and political considerations than economic realities. This in itself is bad enough. What is worse, however, is the manner in which the project for the second cement factory is being handled at the moment.

It is understood that behind a veil of secrecy some high officials of the Department of Industries are busy with plans for a second cement factory which is to be located just north of Negombo. Everyone in Ceylon who has a knowledge of cement manufacture — which really matters — has been strictly excluded from the deliberations of the planners in the Department of Industries. Is this because of the fact that those who have given some time and thought to study the cement industry in Ceylon and its future developments are of the opinion that the installation of the second kiln at KKS and the erection

of a second factory in the Puttalam area are not alternatives but necessary ancillaries of a broad plan for cement production?

The direct outcome of this, in any case, is that those who have been entrusted with the task of planning the second cement factory in the South have no alternative — because of their lack of expert knowledge of cement manufacture — but to seek the assistance of technical experts from Czechoslovakia. Already, it is reported that a geologist has arrived from Czechoslovakia to examine the limestone deposits in the Puttalam area to ascertain their suitability for cement manufacture.

### Insult

*Ceylon, being industrially underdeveloped, should always welcome foreign experts, particularly from the Soviet Union, the Peoples's Democracies and China, as technicians from these countries will have a genuine sympathy towards this country and will not be disguised salesmen as some experts from other countries are.*

But if there is one industry in Ceylon for which sufficient technical know-how is available locally it is the cement industry. One cannot understand why a geologist from abroad is necessary to carry out

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such a straightforward task as the examination of limestone deposits when this could easily be carried out by the Department of Mineralogy at, perhaps, a fraction of the cost that will now be involved. The action of the Government in inviting a geologist from abroad is in the last analysis an insult to our own geologists.

One is also at a loss to know why the Department of Industries has upto now not taken any positive steps to examine the limestone and coral deposits in various other parts of the Island. It must be remembered that the site for the second factory had been the subject of much controversy over the past four or five years and it was, therefore, the responsibility of the Department to prepare the groundwork by carrying out such a survey so that objective data is available for the rational analysis of any project of this nature. This is indeed a sad reflection of the activities of the Department of Industries which the Minister would do well to look into a more carefully if his bold pro-

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## TRIBUNE

CEYLON NEWS REVIEW  
COLOMBO, Oct. 27, 1956  
Vol. 3 No. 24

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# MANNING CUP

*As I write this article, the heavens have opened up again; and should it continue to rain like this, the going will be as heavy as it was on the 1st day of this meeting, thus giving the 'mud lark-ers' another opportunity of earning their keep.*

It will be MANNING CUP day on Saturday - the final day of the October meeting. An attractive card of 7 races have been arranged again, and if full fields face the starter, we will be assured of a grand day's sport, as most of the races are over quite a distance of ground.

The MANNING CUP for Horses in Class I is the chief event, and on the handicap, and racing conditions under foot, I think the aged *Star Studded* has a great chance - more so if he is to be ridden by Raffaele. Getting on in years' now, the son of Stardust, has still a lot of old dash. *Festival King*, his bracket companion, who will also relish the going, should be closest to him at the finish, with *Nomad-Star* for 3rd place.

*Friendly Isle* looks a good thing for the MANNAR HANDICAP, if he takes kindly to the going, but why not *Ardlaw* again? — more so if the stable apprentice Isaacs rides him. The manner in the which he won last Saturday, after a not

too easy run, down the straight, suggested that he likes the soft, and that he goes kindly for this apprentice. Undoubtedly, he is not in the same class as the former, but as I say, can he handle the going? *Boston* too, likes the going, and now that he runs over his pet distance, and with Raffaele astride, must trouble my 1st and 2nd choice the most.

What is to stop *Linia* winning for us this Saturday as well? This gelding won with so much in hand, that the handicap of 8st. 21 lbs, seems to be a mere bagatelle. He runs over his best distance, and going remaining about the same, must repeat his victory this Saturday as well. I respect too, the chances of *Wishford*. The gelding is doing some good work at N'Elia and will appreciate the going and the distance. For my 3rd choice, I like *Ipomea*.

I come now to the events reserved for Arabs, commencing with the BERUWALA PLATE, for Class I Arabs.

*Desire* is the obvious choice here.

I note that he is doing some excellent track work, and should he reproduce his sparkling August run, where he went under to one, off the same stables by a very short margin, he will make no mistake. To beat him, I like *Salmut M'ahmud* quite a lot. He finished a good 4th on his last outing. Now carrying a lb. less, and with the going to his liking, will give *Desire* a hot time at the finish. *Hatheri Pasha*, now at a very convenient mark in the handicap, is my 3rd choice. He too will appreciate the present state of the going.

*Alam Al Ansar* is a handicap certainty for the Avissawella Plate. This race is reserved for Apprentices in Class 'A' & 'B'. Apprentice Jockey A. S. de Kauwe, who has won a few races on this pony before, should be astride him on this occasion. Should this be correct, his allowance of 7 lbs. will reduce the pony's weight to 6st. 7 lbs. On his commendable effort last Saturday with over 9st on his back, where he packed up just after the distance, he just cannot be beaten. For 2nd and 3rd places. I like *Super Gold*, and *Taj al Sibaq*, respectively.

A lot will depend on the draw in both divisions of the TAMAN-KADUWA PLATE, run at 6 furs. In the Senior Division, I like *Madhar al Rafidain*, *Royal Eagle*, and *Kosaj al Bahrain*, in that order, and in the following division, *Qaddah*, *Petroleum*, and *Curzon Street*.

## Cement Hush-Hush

*continued from first page*

gramme of industrialisation is to meet with any success.

It is understood that the Government has also requested the assistance of a cement technologist and a representative from the manufacturers of cement-making machinery. Here again local personnel with sufficient knowledge both of the process of cement manufacture as well as cement-making machinery have been ignored.

The general complaint during the tenure of office of a certain Minister in the past was that he recruited foreign experts merely to write reports to support his own pet theories. One hopes this will not repeat itself again. Ceylon needs the second kiln at KKS as well as factories in all other places where production is possible. Why then the present triguer to kill the second KKS kiln?

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# Nkrumah Promises Socialism

The tiny colony of the Gold Coast, shortly to be the independent state of Ghana, with its small population and its almost total lack of modern industry is the first land on the African continent to have a government pledged to achieve socialism.

The very first objective set out in the programme which Mr. Nkrumah's Convention Peoples Party put to the electorate at this month's general election reads:

**SELF-GOVERNMENT . NOW AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF GHANA ON THE BASIS OF SOCIALISM.**

And with that programme, in a land where the reactionary chiefs wield immense influence and where British imperialism has done its utmost to arouse opposition to Nkrumah, the CPP has won two-thirds of the seats in the legislature. **To y Promise**

In May the Tory British Colonial Secretary, Mr. Lennox-Boyd, tried to stall off the demand by the Ghana people for immediate self-government with the promise: "If a general election is held, His Majesty's Government will be ready to accept a motion calling for independence within the Commonwealth passed by a reasonable majority in a newly elected legislature and then to declare a firm date for this purpose."

The promise was made at a time when Nkrumah was beset by serious troubles. In the Northern Territories, Ashanti and Togoland, three of the territories which with the Gold Coast Colony make up Ghana, there has developed, under the leadership of the chiefs, the violently anti-Nkrumah National Liberation Movement. The forces upon which its strength is based lie deep in the country's ancient history.

## Nkrumah's Background

Nkrumah who had been a student in Britain and the U.S. became secretary of the United Gold Coast Convention in 1947. A paper organisation, this body was composed mainly of chiefs and lawyers, and followed a policy of "gradual evolution" relying on petitions and memoranda to obtain concessions,

With acknowledgements to the South African weekly *New Age* we reprint this informative and revealing article on the contemporary developments in Gold Coast. It bears testimony to the great a wakening which is taking place in Africa and which will soon herald the end of colonialism on that continent.

The only member of Convention who did not come from a wealthy or middle-class background, Nkrumah, the son of a tribal goldsmith, set about transforming the nature of the organisation's activities.

A British Royal Commission found that "soon after Mr. Nkrumah's arrival the Convention began a drive in earnest for members. They held meetings in the towns at which, according to the local press, Mr. Nkrumah became the star attraction."

## "Positive Action"

As Nkrumah advanced with this policy of "positive action" the old leadership, terrified by the forces that were being unleashed and the sacrifices which were being called

for from them deposed him from secretaryship.

Undeterred, Nkrumah formed in 1949 the Convention People's Party and turned his back on the class which he had found to be unreliable, wavering and fearful. Instead he went to the workers for support.

The ordinary people, the urban workers, artisans, petty traders, market women and fishermen, clerks, junior teachers and vast farming communities of the rural areas were seen as the makers of Gold Coast's history.

There followed the months of boycotts, strikes, mass demonstrations—the toll of imprisonment, suffering and death.

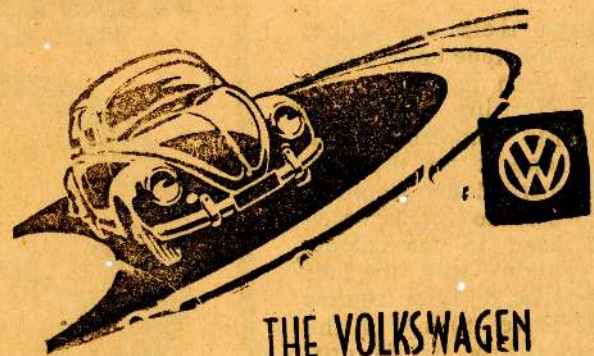
## Convict Prime Minister

In 1950 Nkrumah was sentenced to two years in prison, but before he had served his full period the British realised that the game was up. With a new constitution that met many of the people's demands, Nkrumah was elected Prime Minister while still in jail and was released to take office.

As Prime Minister Nkrumah began to turn his back on the

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THE PEOPLE'S CAR



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# Gold Coast

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people and to be swayed by the interests of the rich and powerful, the very class which had earlier disowned him. As a result he was quickly beset by a sea of troubles.

The very "leaders" whom he had shown up, and the reactionary class which they represent were quick to exploit the genuine grievances of the people in an attempt to discredit Nkrumah and his party.

## Fear, Profits, Bribery

There is genuine fear among the Ashanti and other people of the North that the CPP policy of "one people, one country, one destiny" aims to destroy their nationalities by imposing on them the system of government and culture of the people of the coast. To protect themselves they want a federal form of government with a large degree of autonomy for each of the four regions — Ashanti, North, Togoland and Coast.

In addition there is a great dissatisfaction among the people at the extremely low prices Nkrumah has fixed for cocoa exports, the country's main source of revenue. To please the British profiteer the farmers are being forced to sell at prices even lower than Britain dared to fix when she had direct rule.

And to make matters worse a Commission of Enquiry has established that prominent Nkrumah men on the Cocoa Boards have been taking huge bribes and waxing rich while the people were impoverished.

In addition there are serious rumblings in the trade union movement, which is an important part of the CPP. Growing numbers of trade unionists complain about Nkrumah's support for the U.S. dominated International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, which has a free hand in the colony, while all relations with the Left World Federation of Trade Unions are banned. Travel to any of the socialist countries is strictly prohibited.

In the situation it is not surprising that Lennox-Boyd should have felt reasonably safe in making his promise, and in letting it get about that as a "safeguard" for the interior regions, by "reasonable majority" he meant a two-thirds majority.

## A Miscalculation

Britain was confident that as the Gold Coast had only 44 of the 104 seats in the legislature and as CPP members who had ventured into the cocoa-growing Ashanti province to try to hold meetings had often barely escaped with their lives. Nkrumah would never get the required majority.

Spurred by Lennox-Boyd's statement the N. L. M., backed by the Chiefs and reactionaries throughout the country, came forward with the slogan "No independence without federation."

But the plan boomeranged. At enthusiastic rallies up and down the country the CPP was swiftly able to make clear that this slogan would mean that independence would be indefinitely delayed while the British, with one of their favourite devices, the Royal Investigating Commission spent years and years pouring over alternative schemes for federation.

Nkrumah's reply was the slogan — INDEPENDENCE THIS YEAR!

"If we are returned my first job in the Assembly will be to table a motion asking for a date to be fixed this year. Everything is ready for the transfer."

## The Main Enemy

Made highly politically alert by the years of struggle against British imperialism, the people responded without hesitation to Nkrumah's

call. The main enemy was continued foreign occupation — of that there could be no doubt. And, whatever reservations there might be about Nkrumah, it was he who had led the people to freedom. Differences could be freely fought over and resolved by the people themselves when their land was independent.

To show its good faith, the CPP offered to hold discussions with the NLM about federal safeguards. The NLM finally damned itself in the eyes of the people by refusing to negotiate.

At Kumasi itself, stronghold of the NLM, where the reactionaries had boasted that no CPP speaker would dare show his head, and where CPP leaders had been attacked and almost killed only a few months before, Nkrumah announced a mass election meeting. He claimed that the NLM did not in fact have the support of the people of Kumasi, but that the chiefs had employed paid thugs to terrorise CPP meeting.

## In Their Stronghold

He called out the police to protest his gathering and went to Kumasi. This is how a British journalist Douglas Rogers reported the rally for *Peace News* (July 13):

"The Prince of Wales Park is a sort of broad hallow 300 yards or  
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# SCANDALOUS

Very patriotically, Jennings says in the University Council Report for the year 1949:

“During the year the Government has had under discussion the size of the University to be erected in Peradeniya. The question is not only one of the cost . . .”

I will come to the question of the cost in a minute.

“ . . . but also of the number of graduates required for employment . . . . . The expenditure on the education is now very heavy, and it would be difficult to justify the provision of University education beyond the employment needs of the country.”

How does this gentleman know what the employment needs are? Did he ask the Government what it thought were going to be the needs over a period of the next 10 years? Or, did the Government find a channel through which it could send him that information? Jennings had always supposed that this country would have a colonial economy, depending only on the production of commercial crops, with an education in English necessary only for the professions, for the Civil and Administrative Services. He did not think in terms of employment beyond that.

The third difficulty that was thought up was that there was shortage of accommodation for science students. No longer is it a question of low standards, but one of lack of accommodation. I quote from the Report of the University Council for 1955:

“In the Faculty of Science, admissions have always been restricted by limitations of laboratory facilities. In the physical sciences, in particular, good students seeking admission to these classes were far more than the laboratories could accommodate, while the Government's immediate and most urgent need has been for an increase of science graduates to go out to the schools and technical departments and industry immediately after taking their first degrees.”

## Excuses

The man has now taken up a new position. He has now discovered that students have gone up in standard, and that the difficulty now is laboratory accommodation. This is piece of nonsense, because if you had people with common sense who could have seen two or five years ahead, they could have planned for increased laboratory accommodation. Even today you can plan for it.

Have you seen the Arts Block at Thurstan Road? The ground floor has been given over to the Sinhalese Dictionary, the office and library. They could have shifted this to the College House, and the entire ground floor could have been converted into a science laboratory. Or, you could have used the building that lies midway between Arts block and Sampson's bungalow. If it was a question of the University really wanting to provide accommodation in terms of buildings and equipment and in terms of staff, an institution which spends Rs. 7 million cannot say that an additional half a million

With this rather lengthy instalment we conclude our series on the University in which the Member for Pt. Pedro, P. Kandiah, has torn the veil of secrecy and mystery which has enshrouded the seat of higher learning at Peradeniya.

is so much that we could not suffer to spend it.

The trouble is that, from time to time, the University authorities, particularly this man Jennings, have been thinking up new arguments to keep the numbers in the University restricted. The University, when it says that the stuff which comes from the schools is not of the standard required, is unsatisfactory, should have had the common sense to have undertaken measures for co-ordinating its work with the work of the schools, of assisting the schools in bringing the students up to standard.

When the argument was raised some years ago that the University can and must take in a large number of students, it was stated that, unfortunately, the standard of their performance at the entrance examination was low. This body of University teachers discussed this problem and said that

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# UNIVERSITY

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that was a genuine difficulty. That difficulty exists because there is a lack of competent teachers, or no teachers, or the students are not provided with necessary, adequate, facilities in the H.S.C. classes in schools, to gain knowledge good enough to put them into the University.

## Suggestion

The special Committee of University teachers thought that our students failed not because their brains were poor but because in the two years they spent in school after the S.S.C., in the H.S.C. classes, the facilities provided for them in school were inadequate, so that good students were unable to enter the University.

This body therefore made a new suggestion. It suggested that a certain quota of students be taken every year—250 every year—in addition to the numbers already being taken, and that the last one-third of the new admissions, since they would not have reached a high standard to benefit from attendance in the first year classes of the University, they be given an additional year in the University; because, by giving that additional year you were helping those students in this last third group, who would have failed, to enter University and become good graduates.

This is what this Committee said:

"We suggest the following: that the last one-third of the students admitted every year be urged to spend an extra first year in the first-year classes. This extra first year should be separate from the normal first year. Their teaching also should be taken as a separate item."

In other words, the committee recommended that the first year this class actually should do the work that the second year of the H.S.C. class in schools should have done. This committee suggested that under the existing circumstances, because the standard was low in schools, and there was need for graduates, one-third be taken and given an extra course of tuition for a year. This recommendation was made as early as in 1946, but it was shelved. The result of all this was the inevitable one. The evils

which were committed in the early University College days,—taking in students, teaching them, examining them, and then getting them to leave the University—the normal cram-shop work which Jennings protested against in his writings were continued.

## Statistics

The House might also like to listen to one or two points in regard to the performance of the University in the last 14 years. The total number of students in 1942 was 904; in 1955 it was 2,430—in the entire University, including the Medical Faculty. Let us look at the performance in relation to science students. In 1942 a total of 165 science students were admitted to the University. In 1954 the total was only 332. That is only just double the number. In 14 years we had just doubled the number of science admissions to the University.

Of the total increase of students, the biggest increase has been due to the fact that we have been training a very large number of doctors. In 1942 there were 258 admissions to the Medical Faculty. In 1955, there were 644. Actually, the largest portion of the increase has been in the Medical Faculty. That is because the Ministry has continually urged that we should train more doctors.

In 1945 graduates of all types, including doctors, numbered 128; in 1954, they numbered 354 only, of whom 93 were doctors. The rest are graduates in the other faculties.

In 1942 the Government provided the University with a grant of Rs. 930,000. In 1956 we are asked to provide a grant of Rs. 7,100,000. I am not complaining about the money. Certainly we should give this money, but we are not getting from the University value for money that we are prepared to give.

One final point with regard to University numbers. To get into the University, a student has to pass the S.S.C., getting three or four credit passes. Thereafter, he has to spend two years in a school studying for the University preliminary examination. Thereafter he sits for the entrance, so that there has already occurred a process of sifting. You are really getting the best of our boys from the H.S.C. Even so, in 1954, 2,053 students sat for the University entrance examination, and 607 were admitted. That is less than one-third. In 1955, 2,096 sat and 658 were admitted. Briefly, that is the record of the performance of this University for the last so many years.

*Bereft of purpose and of policy, the University moves and lives from day to day. No wonder that, in the absence of a larger vision to inspire both students and teachers, there was a series of malpractices, to which I want to refer briefly, has arisen in the University. If the University teachers have no function other than to teach and examine you might very well appreciate why they remain preoccupied with other, non-educational activities, and that is what is happening.*

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After this paper went to press last week, the *Times* group and the *Lake House* combine went into action in regard to the advertisement ban by the Minister of Food. As was mentioned last week, the *Times* columnist Alice (in *Through the Looking Glass*) fired the first salvo. This was followed by an editorial in the *Times of Ceylon*. Attila who writes the weekly political notes for the *Morning Times* made very scathing comments about this action of the Food Minister.

*Lake House*, too, openly took up the challenge. The *Daily News* published two articles by a Special Correspondent on the rights and liberties of the press and followed this up with an editorial. The *Observer* too had a vigorous editorial whilst Collette had a devastating cartoon:

Knowledgeable circles were happy that the fight for the freedom of the press had been put on this footing of civil liberties and that it had not been made "a party affair". When Sir John took up the question of this ban in the Opposition Group, it was felt in many circles that *Lake House* had found the wrong kind of champion to fight for the freedom of the press. For, if ever there was a single politician who made a mockery of the freedom of the press, and civil liberties in general, it was Sir John as head of the UNP. Fortunately, however, Sir John seems to have faded out of the picture and *Lake House* and *Times* have now placed this matter as a non-party question as to the rights of the press. To have made this a party question - as between the UNP and the MFP - would have meant the side-tracking of the entire issue to the detriment of the major principles involved.

#### Treasury

The advertisement ban problem took a rather curious turn during the week-end. On Saturday the *Daily News* published a report that Government had decided to confine its advertisements only to Sinhalese and Tamil newspapers,

and that English language papers would not in future get any Government advertisements at all. If this report were true, it was felt that it was an attempt to *divide and rule* the press, and also to blackmail the English newspapers by threatening them with the overwhelming might of the popular vote of the Sinhalese and Tamil speaking peoples as against the minority of the English-educated.

Before there could any further speculation on this matter, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Finance, Sarath Wijesinghe, issued a statement which was published in the *Sunday Observer*. He declared that Government had made no decision to ban advertisements in the English papers. As the decision for Government advertisements rested with the Treasury, this announcement was the most authoritative under the circumstances. But it was vitiated by a further declaration that no ban had been placed by Government or any Minister in regard to any advertising in *Lake House* papers. The *Sunday Observer* did no more than publish a copy of the circular issued by the Permanent Secretary to the Ministry of Food directing Heads of Departments not to advertise in *Lake House* papers.

The fact that Sarath Wijesinghe chose to deny something which was a fact (not denied by Permanent Secretary Alvapillai or his worthy Minister) has thrown a great deal of doubt in regard to Wijesinghe's pronouncement in respect of the first part of his statement, viz. as to whether Government advertisements would in future be confined to Sinhalese and Tamil newspapers alone.

As we go to press, no further developments have taken place, but a great many things are likely to place in this connection shortly.

#### Bus Nationalisation

The other significant news for the week was the decision made by

Government that as from March 31, 1957 all bus transport services would cease to be private owned and that they would be nationalised. Readers will remember that ever since the MEP government came into power one of the most urgent questions that has been before the public was the one about the nationalisation of bus transport. One of the basic election promises of the MEP was the nationalisation of the private bus monopolies. Various views were advanced by official and private sources as to how this should be done.

An official committee set up by the Minister recommended that nationalisation should be by stages. Some in the MEP wanted private-state owned corporations to take over the services, whilst some others wanted the whole question shelved. A vociferous section in the MEP, however wanted nationalisation overnight on an island-wide basis.

There was talk about experts, and plans, but before any investigation seems to have been made Government has made a firm decision that as from April 1, 1957 all the transport services of the island would be nationalised. Cynics have been tempted to remark that it is significant that the MEP has decided to take over buses as from April Fool's Day in 1957. If the Government were serious about nationalisation, and was not merely playing up to the "gallery", it is emphasised by informed persons, that Government would not have announced the date-line but would have first prepared its plans and taken the buses over without giving the owners time to sabotage (as is being done now). The way Life Insurance was nationalised in India has been mentioned time without number as a proper and effective way of securing nationalisation.

The two main groups of newspapers, the *Lake House* and *Times* have extended qualified support to Government on this question: viz. nationalisation is a sound remedy if it were coupled with efficiency.

## Wignarajah - Walwin

The biggest muddle the MEP Government has been guilty of so far in the matter of development of industry is undoubtedly the fiasco over the appointments to the Cement Corporation. The facts are simple and straightforward enough. Sometime in August, Dr. Wignarajah was invited to be Chairman of the Corporation and he has been functioning as Chairman-designate ever since that time in respect of several important issues which needed immediate attention. Walwin A. de Silva was also invited at the same time to serve as a Director on the Corporation, and he had accepted this invitation. Suddenly, without any prior intimation or notice, both these gentlemen received letters dated August 16, 1956 informing them that Government had decided to fill the posts concerned with other nominees and expressed regret for any inconvenience which might have been caused to them.

There is widespread public consternation about this matter. The *Daily News*, at the time of our going to press, has not yet commented on this inglorious episode, but the *Morning Times* led with a vigorous editorial on October 22. Entitled "A Shocking Affront", the editorial stated: "The Ministry of Industries and Fisheries no doubt had some reason for the shocking insult it has offered to Mr. Walwin de Silva and Dr. Wignarajah. What was it? Whatever it was, no conceivable argument could justify so gratuitous an affront, and the only conclusion the public can come to is that something very suspicious has been going on behind the scenes."

### Ludicrous

The explanation offered by the Minister in a statement issued on the afternoon of October 22 was rightly characterised by the *Morning Times* columnist Alice as "flame, lamentable and ludicrous". All that the Minister ventured to say was the following: "I regret

that I did not find an opportunity of explaining personally to these two gentlemen before the official letters of October 16 were sent to them. No disrespect was intended. For the post of Chairman, I decided that it was preferable to have someone who would be able devote almost his full time to this work. The factory is situated at Kankesanturai and it is desirable that the Chairman should be able to visit the factory regularly and at short notice, in addition to attending Board duties in Colombo. In the case of Mr. W. A. de Silva, his subsequent selection as an unofficial member of the Planning Commission was the reason for omitting him from his semi-official post on the Board of the Cement Corporation."

Alice, after examining the Minister's explanation on October 23, concluded with the comment: "Really, the whole business stinks even more after the explanation of the Minister, issued as a communique after yesterday's Cabinet meeting." Undoubtedly, the whole thing stinks. Even the most enthusiastic supporter of Minister William de Silva and the MEP Government would find it extremely difficult to swallow the explanation proffered by the Minister. Knowledgeable persons seem to be of the view that there was more to it than the reasons set out by the Minister for the "sacking" of Dr. Wignarajah and Walwin de Silva, but no fully satisfactory explanation has so far been forthcoming.

For one thing, if what the Minister has said is strictly true, nothing more foolish and stupid in the way bureaucracy can handle a matter can be imagined. It is impossible to believe that even the rawest recruit to the Civil Service, or the greenest tenderfoot in the MEP could have blundered in the way the Ministry of Industries has handled this matter. Nobody seems willing to accept the explanation of the Ministry. The question that is being asked is: what is behind all this?

In the case of Dr. Wignarajah, the explanation that is going round is that he was "sacked" as a result of the Jayasuriya visit to Jaffna. It would appear, according to this story, that certain elements in Jaffna who expressed secret willingness to co-operate with the MEP were opposed to the appointment of Dr. Wignarajah as a "Colombo Tamil". It is also believed that insinuations against the politics of Dr. Wignarajah (this is the first time we have heard that Dr. Wignarajah had "politics") were made and that as a result it was decided to throw out Dr. Wignarajah unceremoniously. Whether by this manoeuvre the MEP will be able to win over stable elements in Jaffna is another question, but if this was the motive the manner in which the change-over was effected has resulted in a loss of prestige for the MEP government.

If the case of Dr. Wignarajah had stood alone, the popular explanation of intrigues following the Jayasuriya visit would have satisfied many people, but the fact that Walwin A. de Silva was also victimised by the same Ministerial fiat has brought in more complications into the situation. Why was he "sacked"? He was a founder member of the SLFP, and his quitting the party has upset many orthodox supporters of Bandaranaike. The questions that are being asked are: Was he moved out of the Cement Corporation because Comrade Philip Gunawardene objected to his presence there? (It must be remembered that Walwin is a brother Dr. Colvin R. de Silva of the NLSSP). Or were there some caste considerations in "chucking" him out of the Cement Corporation? Or did the Government want someone who would play a political role through the Cement Corporation? (Walwin, it is known, would have refused to be a party to any communal hanky-panky to suit any political party or caucus).

Whatever be the truth or otherwise of these stories going around about the Wignarajah-Walwin episode, there can be no doubt that the Ministry of Industries has bungled, and bungled badly. And instead of making amends in the only way it could have been done, the Ministry has chosen to add insult to injury.



I cannot but refer to the Railway again this week. So many of the things that should have been done long long ago is being down now — and that is a matter for congratulation. A recent "notification" — not the usual bureaucratic government announcement, but an attractive modernistic proclamation — set out **TOURIST TRAVEL CONCESSIONS**. And just what are they? A card issued by the Tourist Bureau to a foreign tourist will entitle such a person to travel first class at second class fare, and second class at 3/4 second class fare. Sleeping berths are made available at Rs. 5 for first class and Rs. 2.50 second class (usual rates being Rs. 8 and Rs. 4).

In addition to this, tourists will be entitled to a 10% discount on all refreshments. This is certainly the way to attract custom to the railway: the best way to make foreign tourists travel on our railways, provided the coaches and the compartments are kept clean and comfortable and the trains run on time.

I have also seen another attractive announcement with added facilities for moving freight by rail. Not only have rebates for transporting agreed tonnage been worked out, but facilities for storage, cheap tickets for traders who use the railway and the like have been offered.

The Ceylon Government Railways now seems to be on the right track towards acquiring a proper commercial approach to its business. I am also told that a new caterer has taken over the refreshment rooms and cars on the railways as from October 1. I am one of those who had complained bitterly against the service and food provided by the old caterer. I wonder what the new one is like. I hope to have occasion in the very near future to travel by train and then I will be able to judge for myself whether there has been any real improvement in the catering in the railway restaurant cars.

**High Jump**

One of the things that has amused me greatly in recent weeks is the

newspaper sensation that has been made of the question of high jump for girls. Our ebullient Minister of Education, Dahanayake, some time ago proclaimed that he was opposed to such vigorous athletic games like high jump and hurdles for girls. This touched off a mild controversy, and when it was dying down, an enterprising *Observer* newshawk made Dahanayake spread himself across the front page with a vigorous denunciation of high jump and hurdles for girls. The *Observer* thereafter sought and published the views of a large number of principals of girls schools.

But whilst school authorities and the Minister have been endeavouring to sort this matter out in a "reasonable" way, Parliamentary Secretary Henry Abeywickreme (of JAYAMENIKE fame) thought it fit to embark perilously into this stormy controversy. With all the poetry he could command, he gushed forth ".....a maiden is as delicate and sensitive as a glass or clay vessel. When they are broken, the pieces cannot be put together again. Such is the manner in which nature has made young girls....."

The burden of his song was that "we should not imitate the West, which had a different culture from that of the East. Girls should be trained in other activities as during the times of the Sinhalese kings." Strenuously and vigorously he objected to what he termed "Western style" sport such as high jump and hurdles, and thought that sport of this type was unsuitable for the fair ladies of Lanka. (I wonder whether our girls would like to revert to the days of the Sinhalese kings!)

He urged "young girls to protect their modesty; to go back to the kitchen and not make cooks of their mothers....." In the kitchen, according to Henry Abeywickreme, "young girls would find enough strenuous exercise to keep them young. They would cease to be the old hags they seem to be nowadays."

The only person who thought fit to retort to Henry Abeywickreme

was the Lochinvar from Kanda-wela, Sir John Kotelawela. He refused to agree that the girls of Sri-Lanka were fragile like glass. He was of the opinion that they were made of sterner stuff and that they were really "the backbone of the nation."

To think that the kind of trash that Henry Abeywickreme and Sir

continued on page 378

State of Sri Lanka

**RECORD !**

The Minister of Education Mr. W. Dahanayake was asked to give a record of his activities since he took office six months ago.

Here is Mr. Dahanayake's reply: "I hold ten records—here they are. I am the Minister who—

1. "has interviewed the most number of people.
2. "received the largest number of deputations.
3. "visited the most number of constituencies
4. "received the largest number of complaints from the public.
5. "Given the most number orders.
6. "Got the most number of headlines in the newspapers.
7. "Been the subject of the most number of editorial comments.
8. "Figured in the most number of cartoons, particularly by Collete.
9. "The only Minister who occupied a substantial place in the Sports Pages.
10. "made the most number of attacks on men and matters."

*Sunday Observer*  
21. 10. 56.

# Just Briefly

continued from page 377

John Kotelawela find pleasure in spouting is given prominence in daily newspapers is a sad reflection on the Fourth Estate in Ceylon, but what is worse is that we still have parliamentarians and politicians who can work up enthusiasm only for subjects like high jumps and hurdles for girls. They seem to be completely out of their depth when it comes to vital questions of national planning and development.

## Hang-over

A question that is being asked in informed circles is why the retired Political Correspondent of Lake House (still a functionary in that institution) insists on hanging around Sir John and the UNP. Nobody objects to his sticking around Sir John, *the man*: for, there can be no better friend in a personal

sort of way than Sir John Kotelawela. But when political affiliations of UNP vintage are still toasted, and when constant hush-hush *kusu kusu kootams* are held to revitalise the dead UNP, it becomes a matter of comment.

Lake House, as a whole, seems to have forgotten the UNP and consigned its remains to the oblivion of the remembered yesterdays, but its old Political Correspondent seems to be still obsessed with the idea that the UNP can be made to stage a come back. It is said that he believes that the UNP can do so at the next Colombo Municipal Elections. He is also said to be in the grand conspiracy to win the city of Colombo for the UNP at the municipal polls.

Lake House should have by this time learnt the lesson that independent newspapers should keep out of party politics. If the old Political Correspondent (whilst still functioning in a non-writing capacity) thinks that Lake House should pull the UNP chestnuts out of the

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fire, the other chieftains in that Press should sit up and do something. If such action is not taken soon, Lake House will only stir up a hornet's nest around itself.

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TRIBUNE

## THE LITTLE SURPRISE

Nihal de Silva got out of his car, mopped his brow and began to walk towards his office. The tropical sun was beating down pitilessly even at his hour of the morning. He was rather cross for it had taken him about fifteen minutes to find a parking space. The Fort seemed to be particularly busy this day and the cars were parked like sardines in the middle of Queen Street. Nihal had a special reason for wanting to be earlier than usual at the office this morning. It was his secretary's birthday and he wanted to be in before she arrived. He looked at his watch. It was precisely five minutes to nine. It was about this time that Miss Dagma Grayson came in punctually everyday. So he hurried towards Bristol Buildings and caught the lift upstairs. He was relieved to find that he had beaten her to it. With a sigh of relief he sat at his desk. But he was unsettled and could not get on with the day's work until the reason for his unusually early arrival had been vindicated. He lit a cigarette. He opened and closed files without even glancing at them. He fumbled in his pocket and produced a small parcel which he put back again. He was palpably in a terrible state of excitement. The sound of footsteps in the corridor made his heart beat faster. He made a forced attempt to quieten down and look composed. Here she was at last and fifteen minutes late too. He would tell her off in his own sadistic way. The footsteps approached and turned the corner into his room. To his dismay and disgust a woman from the Salvation Army walked in with a list for a contribution to their Silver Jubilee. This was a bit of a jolt but he concealed his chagrin with his usual suavity and the woman went away quite convinced that she had indeed obtained the signature of one of the finest gentleman of the land.

Nihal de Silva was the son of a Sinhalese Anglican clergyman who had sent him up to Oxford after a brilliant career in one of the local schools. His father was anxious that he should read for the Church. Paternal aspirations however often go awry. Nihal took a degree in

law and got a blue for boxing and a half blue for tennis. He then joined Lincoln's Inn and qualified as a Barrister at Law. On his return to Ceylon he started practising at Hultsdorp and was winning for himself a reputation for advocacy when his bachelor uncle, his father's brother died, leaving him a small fortune. A fortuitous development of this nature naturally had its repercussions at the Bar. By nature indolent and lazy, Nihal asked himself the question, why he should make money the hard way when some misguided relation had handed it to him on a plate. And like the sensible fellow he was, he abandoned the tedium of briefs and consultations, and dabbled in business. However, in order not to offend the susceptibilities of his father who disdained trade and commerce, he kept in touch with the noble profession to which he had the honour etc to belong in a purely consultative capacity. He bought himself directorships in the Boards of various Companies and was now the Managing Director of the one of the leading shipping companies in the island, in whose office he is now seated at his desk awaiting the arrival of Miss Dagma Grayson his secretary.

Owing to exigencies of space *Tribune* has not always been able to publish the fiction submitted by writers in Ceylon. Readers, however, have indicated on several occasions that a story about Ceylon by a Ceylon writer should feature in every issue of *Tribune*. We begin this week with the first instalment of a Long Short Story entitled "The Little Surprise."

Whilst in England he had an *affaire du coeur* with an English girl which did not work out right and had left him bitter and disillusioned. He was now a combination of several things. The cynic, the poet, the philosopher, the hedonist, the iconoclast and a connoisseur, among several other things, of women. But something had at last happened to the cynic and the connoisseur. Something had at last got under his skin. Something that made him show the enthusiasm of a school boy for a new cricket bat. Something that had, as it were, rewound the springs of his rustivating works. Something that had made him look at the moon without any considerations of inter-planetary travel. Something that changed the entire chemistry of his being.

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# The Little Surprise

continued from page 379

He was in love and he felt that he was in love for the first time in his life. Really in love whatever the phrase meant.

He wasn't sure. But he knew that he couldn't abide the thought of Dagma Grayson being away from his sight for any length of time. The mere sight of her gave him a kind of ecstasy which he couldn't quite put into words. For the first time something had made him emerge out of the cocoon of selfishness with which he had wrapped himself. He was at last prepared to live for somebody else. But not a soul knew of his secret passion, except his dear friend and colleague at the bar, Richard Bartholomew. In a sense he felt ashamed of her. In her own context Dagma was all right. But to remove her out of it and above it was to render her a great injustice. And this he was determined to spare her. Of course there was one way out of the difficulty and which the practical minded Richard had suggested. But that was unthinkable.

Not when one was really in love. Love admitted of no compromise. No workable half measures. Of course Richard, or anybody else could not be expected to understand that. Richard, and his ilk were practical hardboiled men, into whose life love or romance had not even remotely entered. They could never dissociate women from sex. That was their *raison d'être*. Love was something frustrated which sex starved poets wrote about.

As Nihal puffed at his cigarette energetically, footsteps were once again heard down the corridor. There was Dagma at last. He could have identified those quick hurrying steps anywhere. How stupid of him to be fooled earlier on. She soon came into his view and with a quick morning and sorry I am so late, proceeded to sit at her desk. On that all right, said Nihal casually and coldly as if it didn't matter to him one way or the other. He must not convey to her on any account the flutter of excitement her presence created within him. She thought he was being more standoffish and inscrutable than usual.

Will you take a letter Miss Grayson?

Miss Grayson left her chair and came up to him with her note book. He looked up for a moment and contemplated her with the same objectivity as he would have bestowed on a leg of ham. At least, so she thought, he might be a little nice today, it is my birthday.

The Managing Director, Ceylon Industries Ltd, Colville Place, Colombo 1, Dear Sir.....By the way it is your birthday today isn't it.....many happy returns.

My, thank you, Mr. de Silva, For some reason or other she did not address him "sir". She giggled. So nice of you to remember. Eighteen, aren't you?

My yes. Getting quite old, aren't I?

Nihal casually put his hand into his pocket and brought out the tiny parcel.

Bought you a small present, he said, hope you'll like it.

She took the parcel coyly and giggled once again.

You really shouldn't have, you know.....

I think I am the best judge of that...now where were we. He finished his dictation and she walked away towards her desk. He looked at her longingly, caressingly. If she only knew how desperately he was in love with her, he wondered how she would react. Would she be flattered? Or would she giggle? He had an awful horror that she would giggle. His eyes dwelt voluptuously on every bit of her anatomy. She had a pair of legs that men dream about. Her arrogant ankles delighted him, and he exulted in the elegance of her midriff.

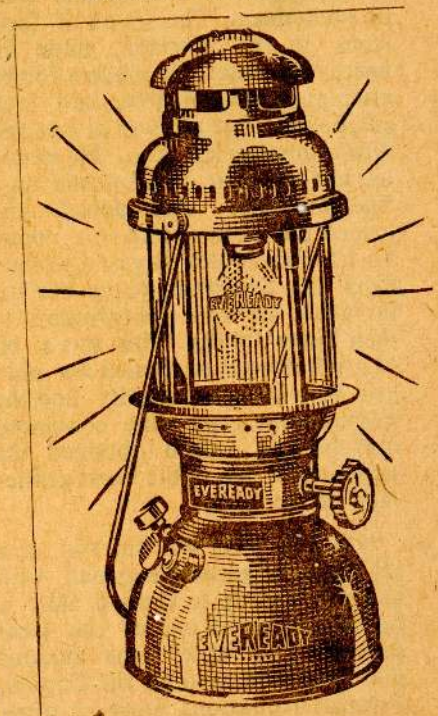
Dagma Grayson was a Burgher girl of startling beauty. Her fair skin and raven black hair and eyes gave her an Italian appearance. In repose she could have done justice to a *quattro cento madonna*. Her pearl white teeth were enclosed in a mouth which pouted coquettishly. A mouth made for passion and into which he thought in his more carnal moods, he could sink his fangs as into a ripe fruit. She was innocent. She had been kissed and pawed about a bit. But she had never embarked on any kind of serious affair.

She had a boy friend, a clerk in an office near by whom she intended to marry one day. Of course she was in love with him. She would

have been horrified if the question were asked her. After he had overcome the first impact of those primitive urges that beset mankind off and on, he began to look at her critically. She was gauche and awkward. She had no sense of clothes. She had no conversation. Her reading had been confined to the lurid love tales that appeared in the popular ladies magazines. And her hands, oh her hands, how she neglected them. But one thing about her jarred on his sense of the aesthetic. Her manner of speech and the intonations of her voice.

She spoke a kind of English *patois* which would be almost unintelligible outside the locality in which it was spoken. Her quaint phraseology put a label on her at once. He was so annoyed that she could be so unmindful of the little graces. All this created a barrier between them. He was even afraid to ask her to dine with him at the Galle Face, afraid that she would not fit in. Afraid that she would not be acceptable in his set. Afraid of the eye brows that would be raised and the unkind things that may be said. Nihal always wanted to feel proud of his women. He could not possibly do that in this case. Even as his wife, if he allowed himself to think of such a thing, she would be tolerated for his sake only. Or otherwise dismissed as cheap and *chi chi*. Another shop

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TRIBUNE

# UNIVERSITY

continued from page 374

I went down to Peradeniya the week before last and asked a friend to tell me what life was like in the campus. He said it was quite simple. The teachers, most of them spend the morning in reading to their students a few lectures from their notes, in the afternoon they rest, in the evenings they relax, and in the night they amuse themselves with indoor games. That is the sort of life that is really being lived by most of the senior members of the University — though, fortunately, not by all. The junior members spend their time more usefully because they listen to some of us talking to them on matters of very great importance in their halls of residence and discuss them.

I want to mention one or two other points in regard to malpractices. The appointments to the University staff are often made in a very peculiar way. As I said earlier, these Deans control everything. They put in their favourites. Of course, they do not directly appoint. They have a committee called the Staffing Committee of which for instance, four Professors may be members and each Professor obliges the other. If there is a vacancy in Chemistry, the other 3 Deans will oblige the Professor of Chemistry; and, in return, if there is a vacancy in economics, the Chemistry Professor will oblige. This process of mutual help in the division of spoils and appointments is a well-known, well-accepted method in the University. I am not surprised at it because you are giving all this money and all this power to a body of 5 or 6 Deans to dispose of without any directions.

Last year they increased the salaries of the University staff. The Professors of the University were, till then drawing a maximum of Rs. 18,000 a year plus all the allowances which worked out to about Rs. 350 to Rs. 400 a month. The Poulter Commission sat elsewhere and was followed by the attempt of the University to revise salaries. They did increase salaries of Lecturers and other junior employees by Rs. 25 or so, but they raised the salaries of Professors from Rs. 18,000 to Rs. 21,000 a year, plus allowances. But the incomes of the Professors do not stop there. All of them have now reached the point where the are

likely to get Rs. 21,000 in a year or two. In fact, I begin to think that these salaries are very much in the nature of public assistance to the aged and infirm. Having got this Rs. 21,000 plus allowances, which works out to about Rs. 25,000, they have been provided with other means of earning money. For setting an examination paper they get Rs. 50 and for correcting them they get 50 cents per paper. There is a continuous tussle between Professors and Lecturers as to who should set and correct the papers. It is very remunerative. The story is not over yet.

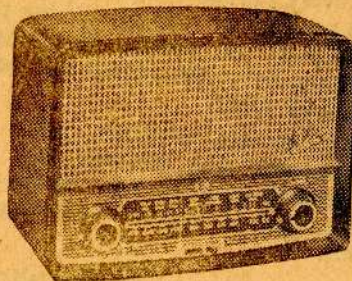
There are quite a number of Professors who also get appointed as Wardens of Halls of Residence — not honorary but paid Wardens. They are paid an allowance of Rs. 300 a month for being Wardens. I made a calculation and found that the annual income of a Professor, who is 45 to 50 years, comes to about Rs. 30,000 a year. I do not mind that, but I do want to ask what kind work they do. If you ask a Professor, who is a Warden, a Dean, an examiner and a corrector of scripts what work he has been doing, whether he has been writing anything or doing any original work, the answer is that he has no time because he is an examiner, a warden of a hostel and a Dean of a faculty, and so on.

That raises an interesting question. If a Professor is also a Warden, then he devotes to his work as Warden time he should normally devote to his work as Professor. If he has as a Professor to devote some time to his work as Warden he will have to take that time off from his professorial duties but still he is paid an allowance of Rs. 300. In the end he does not do efficiently a Professor's job, or a Warden's job, or a Dean's job. I understand that one of them does not even live there, in Peradeniya. He happens to be a Professor, a Warden and a Dean. He has his family living in Colombo and he spends a few days every week in Peradeniya. If you are a Warden you must spend some time with your students and make them happy by inviting them to tea with you and your family and so on. I do not see how you can do that if you do not have a house in the Campus. I can give the Hon.

continued on page 382

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# GOLD COAST

continued from page 372

so long at each side. When we got there at 9 o'clock it was filled. The park itself was a seething mass. Hundreds were dressed in red, white and green costumes, CPP banners fluttered everywhere.

"Thousands more people were terraced along a steep grassy bank. At every vantage point even outside the park up to 500 yards from the little platform, people were sitting waiting. Some we learned had been there all night.

"From the platform cries of 'Freedom!' rang out and tens of thousands of hands rose in the air 'Freedom! Freedom!'—a sustained roar.

"You could not have got all this into Wembley Stadium or any of

the great meeting places in England."

**THERE IN THE STRONG-HOLD OF ITS LAST ALLIES IN THE GOLD COAST, BRITISH IMPERIALISM MUST HAVE REALISED, AS THE ELECTION RESULTS HAVE NOW PROVED THAT IT WAS DOOMED.**

policy and administration of that institution.

This Government has a policy of economic and social development for the country. The policy of the Ministry of Education and the policy of the University must surely fit in and help in the execution of that policy.

## UNIVERSITY

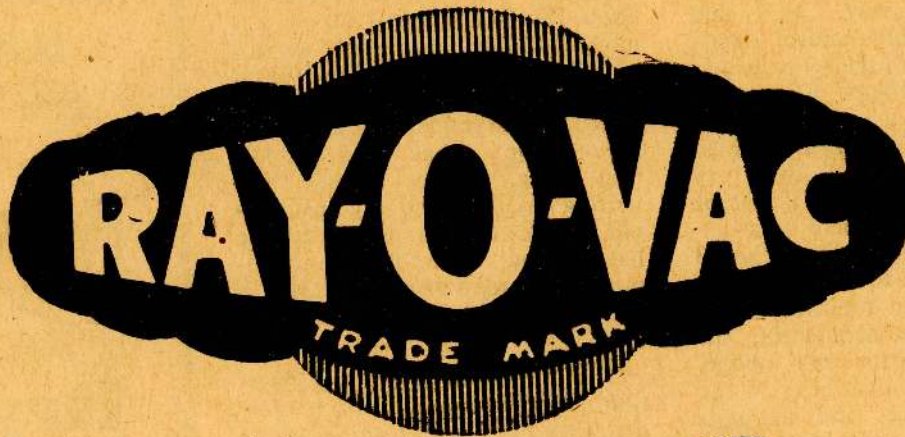
(continued from page 381)

Minister several instances to show the type of life senior members of the University live, vegetating there on the green Campus. If we are going to raise the University to the level, to the stature, that this House and the country want it raised to, we need to re think and re-form the

Professor Ernest Barker, a famous Oxford Dean, puts his finger on the exact place when he says, regarding a university:

"We in Europe think of the mission of the University as consisting in the conservation of culture. In other parts of the world it may well be its duty for many years to come, to act as a spearhead of change".

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## The Little Surprise

continued from page 380

girl who had married money. No, no. If she was ever going to be Mrs. de Silva, she would be accepted on her own terms, on her own merits.

But there was yet another thought that weighed heavily on his mind. The disparity in their respective ages. He was thirty eight and she only eighteen. That made him more than twice her age. The awful thought was that he was old enough to be her father. He often wondered whether Dagma ever considered him romantically. Whether she had or not, he was convinced that whatever attributes he may have in her eyes his age was all against him. He was optimist enough to think that if he did declare his love for her, she would be flattered and even accept him if he proposed, on the ground that he was a good catch. But that was not good enough. He would make her fall in love with him and be acceptable to her for his own sake. He wanted not the tepid passions of callow adolescence. But the deep irrevocable love of the mature adult female. Yes he would make Dagma into that woman. The woman he could be proud of.

He would make her into the synthesis of all the feminine attributes which he always admired. He would make her the perfect creature.

Nihal discussed the position with Richard at the club one evening.

I am thinking of sending Dag to Europe. A finishing school in Switzerland perhaps. Then Paris and London. What a difference it will make to her. It will smooth out all her rough edges. You see Richard, a girl like Dag has really never had a fair chance in life and we come along and very pompously and pass judgement on her. I propose to give her the opportunities she never had. But I would not like her to know that I was behind anything.

All of which is going to cost you a pretty packet, isn't it said Richard.

Nothing very much after all, possibly ten thousand chips at the outside. And that is very little to pay for the happiness of somebody else. In any case I don't really need all the money I've got.

Well its your money.

I've thought very carefully on how I am going to put it to her. Because if she knew that I had anything to do with it, she would prob-

ably refuse. I've struck upon an idea. Do you remember an aunt of hers who died a few months back. A Mrs. Mortimer. I believe your friend George Fernando is handling matters connected with her Estate. She was a fairly wealthy woman. Well I am going to tell Dag that her aunt has created a trust by her last will to provide funds for furthering the education of any of her neices solely at our discretion, you and I of course being the co-trustees. Do you think she will swallow that?

She may not. But I am going to have a shot. I remember she always spoke of Mrs. Mortimer as her favourite aunt and one who had helped the family on more than one occasion. In any case would a girl in her position refuse a trip abroad, free, gratis and for nothing and without any strings attached?

No strings, queried Richard significantly.

Yes Richard no strings. You may not understand this I'm sorry, but I like to see somebody I love as much as I do Dag do well for herself. Even if she cannot be mine.

To be concluded next week

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