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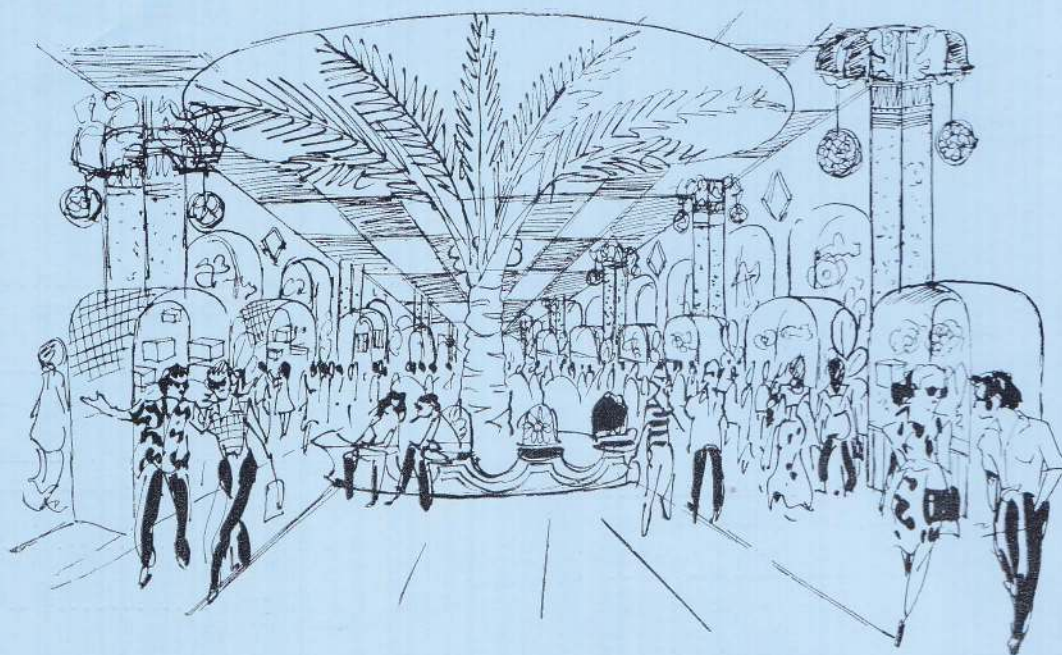
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. . . . . Elmo Rodrigopulle.
55. When Uva's Merrie Men made  
merry . . . . . Austin Daniel.
56. Rugby — Women's angle . . . . .  
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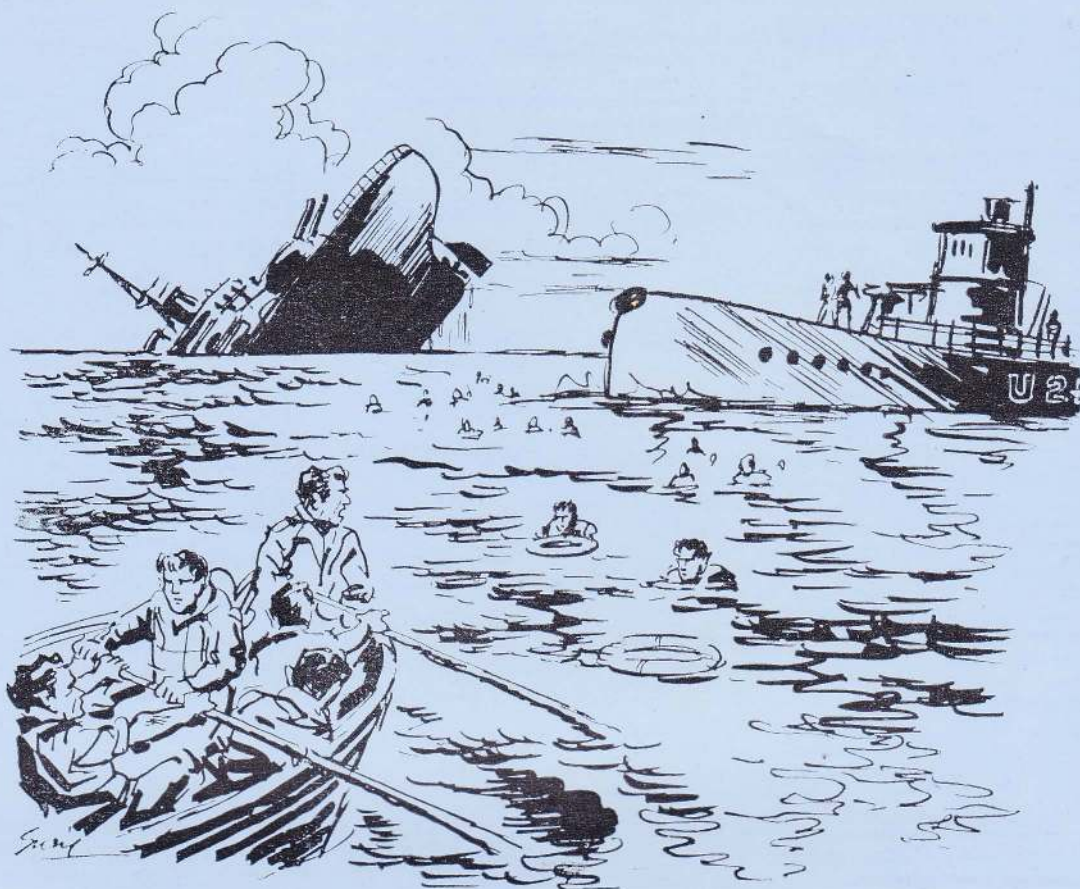
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# CEYLON AT WAR



*"The U-boat surfaced and an officer wanted to know whether there were any British soldiers in our boat."*

SOMEWHERE in the Mediterranean a French ship, the "Ville de la Ciotat", was steaming to the scene of war. The year was 1915, and the day was Christmas Eve.

The ship was conveying the first Ceylonese contingent of volunteers for active service and the men were in high spirits. As a Christmas Eve treat they were served with cold pork, omelette and claret but as the dishes were in circulation there was an explosion and the plates and crockery were flung to the floor. In that instant no one knew what had happened. The "Ville de la Ciotat" had been

By DONOVAN  
J. MOLDRICH

torpedoed. For the Ceylonese contingent on board the war had begun. What followed was a battle for survival as torpedo after torpedo hit the ship.

Fourteen Ceylonese died in the sinking. Many escaped death at sea, but were later killed in action at the front. Among them was C. L. Mellonious who, in a letter to his parents, wrote:—

"We did jump for that noise from our seats, and as soon as I turned my back the first thing I caught sight of was the boys climbing the stairs like monkeys. I made a rush for my cabin and the first thing I thought of was my cigarettes".

Leaving his cabin Mellonious spotted a friend, Georgie Stirling, peeping out of his cabin. He asked Stirling to come along with him but Stirling who had been ill, replied: "Oh Mello, I am off to sleep".

When Mellonious got to the boat allotted to him in boat drill—there was no boat. The



boat had already been lowered and like some others it had been smashed by being dashed against the side of the sinking ship by the waves.

Mellonious and another friend, C. V. Misso, ran towards the end of the ship where they saw a boat being lowered. "I spoke to Misso in Sinhalese" Mellonious recalled, "saying 'Hittapang, thang paninda epa'. We waited a few seconds and when I saw that boat lowered a few feet, I told Misso, 'Panapang!' and I, too, jumped.

"Once in the boat we were safe as the ropes of this boat had been cut off. We then started rowing for our dear lives, owing to the fear that the boat would be sucked in. To tell you the truth, it was with feelings of regret that I saw the ship sink, head foremost, and the last I saw of her was the French flag".

Soon Mellonious and the other survivors had another surprise. "A few minutes later I saw the submarine come up and heard an officer speaking to a Frenchman. I learnt later from the latter that the Hun wanted to know whether there were any English soldiers on board. It was a lovely sight to see the submarine, the whole craft covered with aluminium".

With their ship at the bottom of the Mediterranean and the submarine departed in search of more enemy ships, Mellonious and party had nothing left to do but to drift in hope that a friendly ship would spot them. Before they sailed away however, they noticed other survivors.

"While our boat was moving along I heard some one shout out 'Mello, Mello'. Turning round I saw that it was Moldrich, clinging on to a raft. This was J. B. Moldrich of the Royal Fusiliers, who was later killed in the Battle of the Somme.

"I asked him to wait", wrote Mellonious, "till our boat came that way. Looking round we saw a French lady clinging to a chair and being picked up by another boat. Having picked up Moldrich we went to the rescue of a Frenchman and another who were noticed

sinking. We managed to pick them up".

Mellonious and the other survivors drifted for three hours before they were spotted by a British vessel, the "Meroe" which took them on board. After steaming hot coffee they were none the worse for their adventure but fourteen Ceylonese had already died in the waters of the Mediterranean.

"Of the lot", wrote Mellonious, "the De Vos brothers were the best and the jolliest chaps I came across. If they



*He jumped on to the parapet spurring his men into action against the enemy.*

had only listened to me as I had advised them to stick to me. I am sure they would have been alright". The De Vos brothers were L. G. and C. W. They were sons of Mr. Henry de Vos, a CGR guard and Mrs. De Vos. L. G. resigned from the Colombo Municipality to fight in the war, while C. W., like his father, was a railway guard. The others who died in the sinking of the ship were Graham, F. Perera, Aelian Kingsley D'Silva, G. P. Stirling, G. Van Rooyen, William Whittle, W. E. Speldewinde, William Weerakoon, A. G. F. Perera

R. Robertson, S. Ramanathan, C. H. S. de Saram and F. Obeysekere.

The survivors of the "Ville de la Ciotat" and others who reached the front without mishap were soon in the thick of the fighting. Deaths at the front brought the tragedy of war into many Ceylonese homes and also "Queen's House".

Governor Sir Robert Chalmers' son, Lt. Robert Chalmers, was among those killed at the front. Chalmers went to Nuwara Eliya to get over his grief and it is now believed that the repressive measures which he permitted to be taken in suppressing the 1915 riots may have been due to his mental condition at the time.

A Capt. Ashby who was with Lt. Chalmers on the day of his death wrote to a friend that in the midst of fierce fighting "Chalmers jumped up on the parapet and shouted, 'Come on you men of the Eighth. We are not afraid of these beggars'. At the same time he held up the enemy with his single bayonet. He succeeded in rallying the men but was hit in the body while so doing. Two of his men came back for stretcher-bearers (who quickly reached him) while others stayed by his side. The stretcher-bearers arrived, Chalmers refused to be dressed until some men of the party were dressed and when the stretcher-bearers came back a second time he sent them away again saying: 'No you have not had the time to do the men properly.... When he did allow them to attend him, he asked for morphia, and I believe never regained consciousness'".

Sgt. A. W. Hodgson in a letter to Governor Chalmers, wrote: "We could have asked for no better or more kindly gentleman for our officer. The manner in which he met his death was indeed a glorious one and worthy of the best traditions of the British Army".

The first Ceylonese to be killed in action was Lt. G. C. B. Loos, of the 3rd Worcesters. He was a son of the Hon. Mr. F. C. Loos, a Mem-



ber of the Legislative Council and of Mrs. Loos of "Rose-neath", Colombo.

Among those who lived to relate a particularly narrow escape was Private J. H. A. Krause. In a letter to his father which was reproduced in "The Times of Ceylon" on February 15, 1918, Krause wrote on the Battle of Ypres: "We had a hot time there with gas and shells. We then took charge of a portion of the line at Lens and held Hill 70. A shell came over and blew me over with the tea I was drinking. I only got a slight wound in my thigh".

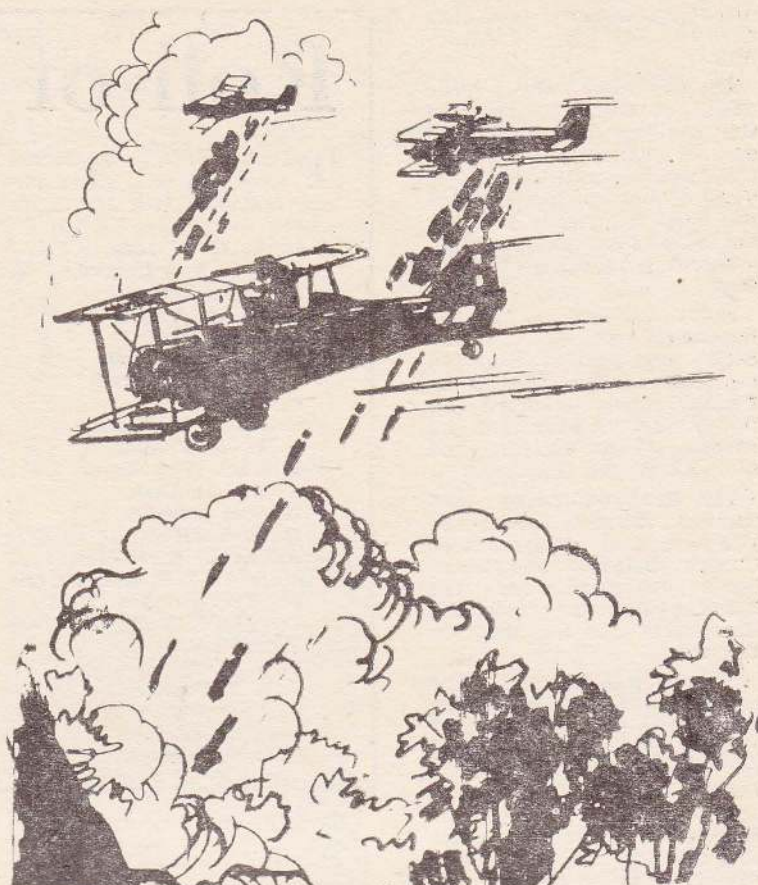
One of the most vivid descriptions of the agony and horror of war was written by Corporal W. H. Pate.

Describing action at the front, he wrote: "A German plane followed us all the way and when we were all in the wood they let go. Their shells fell like rain in about three acres of wood. Nearly every square foot of earth was turned up. Trees came crashing down and they used every conceivable form of shell—gas shells, tremendously high explosives, shrapnel, 'whiz bangs' (a sort of shrapnel which gives one no chance at all—it comes so quick), liquid fire, trench mortars and machine-guns galore trained on us to a nicety. Neuve Chappel was nothing to it.

"There was no chance of turning back and we had to go through with it. I was knocked down several times by the concussion of the shells, but managed to escape through. I lay in one newly-made shell hole for about two minutes and then up and on again. I had scarcely gone fifteen yards when another shell dropped just where I had been. The ground kept heaving like as though the earth were breathing like some huge chest of a giant. We returned to camp twenty-four hours later; and when we mustered for roll call I cried, and so did some of the rest when we saw what was left of us."

"We were in the trenches now but my nerves are all gone to pieces and I do not think they will be the same again for a long time to come. I will not tell you everything about it in my letters for I cannot but when I come home again I will....."

Pate, a Trinitian, was later wounded, but survived the



*The German planes strafed the forest in which we were hiding.*

war. To some extent his description of the fighting anticipated Richard Aldington's "Death of a Hero".

A turning point in the First War was the breaking through of the Hindenburg Line, and a young Ceylonese, H. B. Young, who had been a sub-inspector of the Board of Improvement of Nuwara Eliya was in the thick of the fighting.

This was one of five major battles in which he had fought, according to "The Times of Ceylon" of January 21, 1918, and he got through them all "without a wound although he had close shaves".

Writing to a friend in Nuwara Eliya he said he had felt "quite snug" in the Hindenburg tunnel which was nine miles long.

As the war was drawing to a close in 1918 Ceylonese who had been wounded at the front were allowed to return home.

On January 15, 1918, "The Times of Ceylon" reported that Mr. Roy Van Twest who had been in the Survey Department and had seen service in France had returned with a wound just below the left eye.

E. C. Jacotine had returned with a wound in the hand. He was awarded the Military Medal for Bravery.

L. Pretz, who had been a clerk in the Colonial Secretary's Office had lost a finger on active service, while Howard Poulier had also returned wounded to the Island.

A curious feature of sailings for the frontline was that they went on almost till Armistice Day.

On November 4, 1918, when the end of the war was quite evident, "The Times of Ceylon" reported that four Ceylonese and one European had volunteered for war service.

The Ceylonese were S. P. Eaton, K. James, J. I. Perera,



and Hilton Dickman and the European was B. Langran, ASP.

On the same day "The Times of Ceylon" reported that the Fort had assumed "a garb of rejoicing" following the Armistice with Turkey. A party of students also paraded the Fort "singing patriotic songs and generally making a thorough nuisance of themselves".

Not to be outdone Pettah merchants met at Jezima Stores and decided that "all the Mohammedan shops in the Pettah" should be closed on November 6 "on account of the success of the British and their Allies over the Turks".

The dawn of peace was imminent when a special service was held at St. Peter's Church, Colombo, on November 2 1918, to pray for the 325 Ceylon men (including Europeans) who had died in the war.

"It was distinct from the services we have had before", wrote "The Times of Ceylon" reporter who covered the event for his newspaper. "On those (earlier) occasions the feeling at best prevailed that the war had yet to be won; at worst that our enemies looked like winning in which case our gallant dead would have perished in vain. This morning a new element intervened. It first became evident as one rode to the church along the principal thoroughfares in the Fort where from many of the buildings flags fluttered gaily in the brisk morning breeze signifying the surrender of Turkey and the probability of an immediate peace. And later the same note of jubilation was sounded at the beginning of the service in the church when the Bishop of Colombo referred to the capitulation of Turkey and the possibilities it opened up for an immediate cessation of hostilities".

"The Government", wrote a "Times of Ceylon" reporter, "looked upon a church full of khakhi, with a smattering of the whites of the Navy and the Colonial Service, the darker mufti of prominent civilians and the soft tints of the ladies".

# Roll of Honour

THE list of the Ceylonese who died on active service in World War I is as follows:—

Lt. C. G. B. Loos,  
G. J. C. Van Rooyen,  
R. Robertson,  
C. W. de Vos,  
L. G. de Vos,  
W. E. Speldewinde,  
C. H. S. de Saram,  
F. Obeysekere,  
Graham F. Perera,  
S. O. L. Pereira,  
William Weerakoon,  
S. Ramanathan,  
William Whittle,  
G. P. Stirling,  
Aelian C. K. d'Silva,  
Major R. E. E. Kriekenbeek,  
Lt. Rory Joseph,  
2nd Lt. H. G. H. Jan,  
James Loos,  
A. J. Wells,  
C. L. Mellonious,  
A. Paramanathan,  
J. B. Moldrich,  
S. L. V. Reimers,

E. L. Brohier,  
Sam P. M. Nell,  
C. F. Kent,  
Frank Driberg,  
Kingsley Redlich,  
E. F. Edema,  
H. E. W. Staples,  
Harry St. John,  
E. A. H. Gibson,  
D. J. Lourensz,  
A. Aiyadurai,  
G. Paktsun,  
P. C. Sirisena,  
M. D. Jansz,  
Leslie de Vos,  
L. G. Toussaint,  
Clive B. Joachim,  
C. H. Kate,  
A. C. Wijekoon,  
H. C. Foster,  
H. R. Jacotine,  
F. Ludovici,  
H. A. E. de Vos,  
W. Peter de Alwis, and  
H. G. Van Sanden.

Two hundred and seventy-six Britons from Ceylon also died fighting at the front.

Rev. W. A. Stone delivered the sermon "and the chirruping of the sparrows lent a strange note of merriment to the solemn oration".

The climax of the service came when Rev. Garnett read out the names of the Ceylon men who had died in the war. With mingled feelings of sorrow and pride one realised that the Angel of Death had been busy claiming his victims among Ceylon men, and stray tears that trickled down the faces of many in the congregation showed that it revived memories of their relations and friends, to use John Bright's pregnant phrase, brought the Angel near enough in their imagination for them to hear the flutter of his wings.

On November 12, 1918, "The Times of Ceylon" reported that "A wave of jubilation swept over Colombo last evening when it became known that the Armistice had been signed with Germany".

All Colombo, of course, was on tip-toe of expectation from

noon onwards and once the news got abroad it spread like wildfire. As the evening wore on rounds of cheering and the singing of the National Anthem and patriotic airs floated on the breeze; sporadic displays of fireworks illuminated the skies; and motorcars some of them decorated with blinking Chinese lanterns and variegated flags, all of them carrying excited occupants announcing the news, charged merrily along the principal roads.

The two main hotels, the Galle Face Hotel and the Grand Oriental Hotel, were "hives of rejoicing crowds, agog with excitement, which gradually died down through sheer physical fatigue with the approach of morning when it was taken up afresh by newcomers who had not exhausted their evening by these nocturnal demonstrations.

Friday (Nov. 15) and Saturday (Nov. 16) were declared public and bank holidays by the Governor.



*She named her home in the Isle of Wight 'Dimbola' in memory of her association with Ceylon, and she returned to Ceylon to spend the last years of her eventful life.*

## Woman who pioneered the art of the camera

**H**AMPSHIRE has three tangible reminders of Julia Margaret Cameron, the unconventional and extremely gifted pioneer of photographic portraiture.

The first of these is her home, Dimbola, at Freshwater, Isle of Wight, named after one of the Cameron estates and to which she moved to be near her very great friends, the Tennysons, at their home in Farringford.

The house with its small blue plaque which marks the one-time occupation of Mrs. Cameron, bears no trace of its turbulent past when it was noted for its buzzing activity.

The other two features which are a reminder of Julia Cameron are the exhibition of some of her photographs in the unusual setting of the Pier Waiting Room at Yarmouth and a similar collection in an equally unexpected venue — the waiting room at Brockenhurst Railway Station.

The portraits displayed at Yarmouth were given to Yarmouth Town Trust in memory



**JULIA MARGARET CAMERON**

of Mrs. Cameron by her friend Mrs. S. Richard Fuller, who was the grand-daughter of William Makepeace Thackeray.

The collection of photographs at Brickenhurst Sta-

tion —eleven in number— were presented by Mrs. Cameron herself in memory of this being the meeting place with one of her sons after his long absence in Ceylon.

Mrs. Cameron, who was born in Calcutta in the year of Waterloo, was regarded as something of a character because of her unpredictable behaviour and unconventional ways. Her six sisters were noted for their beauty and wit and she was said to be the exception; but she had other qualities which more than compensated for that particular lack. She was generous, impulsive and extremely persuasive—as many of her sisters came to realise!

Her father was a Scotsman, James Pattle, a high official in the Bengal Civil Service, and her mother was a Frenchwoman of high rank, being the daughter of Chevalier de L'Etang who had been a page of honour to Marie Antoinette.

While recuperating in 1834 at the Cape of Good Hope, Julia met Charles Hay Cameron, who was also recovering from an illness, and four years later they were married in India. They had a large family: five sons and one daughter, in addition to orphan nieces and nephews whom they had brought up with their own family.

The Camerons' home had been two cottages, which they had bought from a sailor and had converted into one

*She took to photography at the age of 50 as a pastime, with a coalshed as her darkroom and a hen-house as her studio, but her work is valued more highly than that of her contemporaries. She has won acclaim for the outstanding characterisation of her portraits.*



building by erecting a tower between them. Dimbola was their home for 15 years. It became noted for its hospitality and was always packed with guests. No visitor was ever unwelcome at this door.

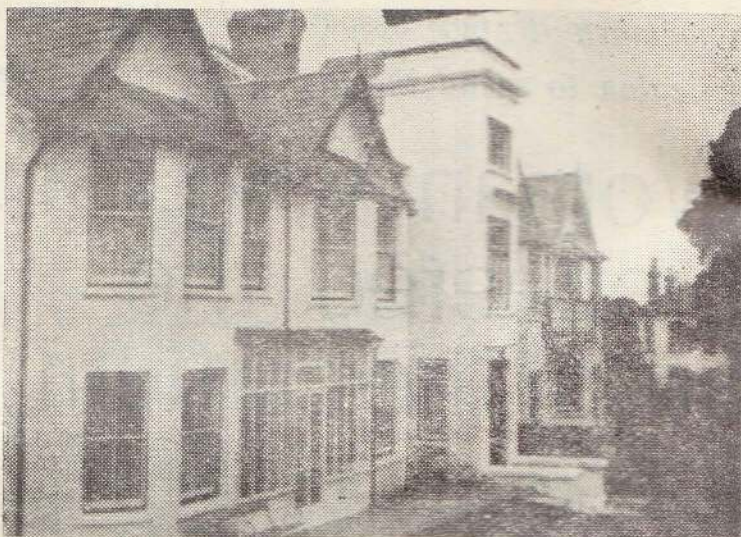
It was at Dimbola that Julia Cameron first took up photography. Her husband was away in the East and she was feeling rather bored and at a loose end because her family had dispersed. While she was on a visit to her daughter and son-in-law, they gave her a camera as a parting gift and with characteristic enthusiasm she returned home to pursue her hobby through every minute of daylight. Her coal house was turned into a dark room and her fowl house into a studio. She persuaded Farmer Rice to be her first sitter and he was paid the fee of 2/6d, an hour for this service.

She always said that her first really successful photograph was of Annie, a small girl who turned out to be rather fidgety, if less expensive than her first sitter.

At the time when Mrs. Cameron took up photography, collecting photographs was the rage. Each family had its photo album a prized possession with which visitors were entertained (or bored). At that time, there were no less than 35 photographic businesses in Regent Street, London, and one wholesale firm claimed that their monthly sales of "cartes-de-visite" were £0,000. The greatest demand was for photographs of the Royal family and portraits of Queen Victoria were sold by the thousands.

Julia Cameron's work showed great "life" and originality. She disliked the conventional portraits she had seen of her friends, which she thought gave little indication of the personality of the sitter. Her technical ability was often criticised but her characterisation of her portraits was outstanding.

It was because of her great friendship with the Tennysons that Mrs. Cameron was able to meet and photograph many of the famous men of her time. Among the people who sat for her were Lord



"DIMBOLA", THE HOME OF THE CAMERONS FOR 15 YEARS

Tennyson himself, Alice Liddell (the original Alice in Wonderland), Ellen Terry, Longfellow, Darwin and Carlyle.

Many of these distinguished people found themselves in strange situations and stranger costumes, Robert Browning, for instance, was draped in black velvet cloth—part of the camera equipment—and was left with the strongest of warnings not to move one tota while Mrs. Cameron went to prepare her plates. She was away for such a long time that the distinguished poet thought he had been forgotten but her instructions had been so firm that he had rigidly held his pose until she returned!

Not only the famous were coerced into visiting the converted studio, but surprised holiday-makers would find themselves being hustled along to be photographed. One person who did withstand her powers of persuasion was Garibaldi—and he would not change his mind even when Tennyson added his entreaties to those of Julia.

At her photographic exhibition in London in 1864 and Paris in 1867 her work was much admired for its vigorous and expressive qualities. Although most of her male sitters were men of importance, the only well-known women who sat for her were

Annie Thackeray and Ellen Terry.

G. F. Watts, the painter and sculptor, was a great friend and adviser to Mrs. Cameron. He had married Ellen Terry in 1864 but they separated the following year and were divorced in 1877. In 1873 he built a home for himself in Freshwater Bay and became a neighbour of the Camerons.

The whole of Freshwater mourned the departure of the Camerons when they decided to return to live in Ceylon and many of their friends and neighbours travelled to Southampton to give them a send-off.

They departed in characteristic style together with two large coffins which formed part of their luggage, each packed tight with glass and china! As Julia had run out of change for tips, she gave to each of the porters a large portrait instead!

Only four years after sailing from Southampton, Julia Cameron died at her son's home, in far-off Colombo, but the two collections of photographs and the old house at Freshwater are still tangible reminders of the brilliant and unconventional pioneer of photographic portraiture who, nearly 100 years later, is still believed never to have been surpassed. — ("Hampshire Magazine").



# Market at mid-sea

A market at mid-sea is an unusual sight, but, about seven miles off the coast of Negombo, this is exactly what one sees every morning after sunrise.

I spent 12 hours at sea (in a mechanised three-tonner named Mark Peter) with three young fishermen, from Negombo, K S. Milton Fernando 19, Nemician Fernando 19 and Victor Fernando 18.

If one is to sense the real adventure of the sea, one must go along with fishermen. We left at two in the morning and by three-thirty we were at the estuary of the Negombo Lagoon, which was a hive of activity — boats taking in fuel, provisions, bait and fisherfolk chatting about the prospects for the day.

Milton, the skipper, manoeuvred the boat safely through the estuary, where

There were a large number of fibre-glass lighter boats and mechanised theppams, which fish at a range of 5 to 8 miles and catch small fish like 'Sudaya', 'Saalaya', 'Kumbalawa' etc.

Bigger boats like ours that fish farther out, buy fresh fish to be used as bait. So the theppams make a good sale before reaching the shore. One could see boat after boat taking in bait fish from the theppams in a small net like contraption tied to a long stick, and the men of the theppams balance themselves expertly on the heaving, dashing sea, while making their sales. At most times money was paid when they reached the coast. There was no 'cut-throatism' here; instead only friendliness and camaraderie seldom found on the shore.

When we were away about 20 miles from the coast, the boat slowed down to begin actual fishing operations. Two long poles were tied to the two sides of the boat and were secured just above the engine room. On these poles and at the rear end of the boats, five fishing lines were fixed and dropped to sea.

The boat then picked up speed over the heaving waves. Looking around I saw far away the catamarans. They fished like beautiful black butterflies nearer the coast, because they needed time to get back to the shore before the fish went bad.

The advantage of the mechanised boat was that it could get to the sea and come back faster with more fish. But the 'oru' remained still the colourful symbol of Negombo.

Before we landed the first fish, we passed a shoal of dolphins known to the fishermen as 'mullas' or 'blood fish'. They were moving in military formation. "They are harmless. They are the dogs of the

fishermen at sea; they are our pets", Victor explained to me.

A tug alerted us that fish was on one of the lines. The boat slowed down and in the fishermen's language the fish was "given enough rope to swallow". For quite a distance we could see the fish splashing and struggling wildly at sea, seeing that escape was now impossible. As the fish was hauled up the boat, a good thump on the head silenced it. This process was repeated a number of times and I was assigned the 'apprentice' job of stocking the fish in the hold of the boat.

During lunch my friends talked to me of the perils that fishermen faced day in and day out. They told me about a father and son who were fishing at mid-sea.

Suddenly there was lightning and a flash of thunder. The father jumped and covered his son with his body. Days later, their boat was found drifting at mid sea, the father shielding his son against thunder, but both were dead.

There were instances when they drifted for days with dead engines, and some fishermen slipped into the sea by the force of big fish they were trying to land.

"But with that sometimes, on one day we earn all that you earn in a month".

The heat of the sun by eleven a.m. was quite unbearable. My friends were getting worried when storm clouds began to gather and the sea became choppy. On the way home a heavy downpour of rain greeted us.

When we reached the "lallama" the fish auction room of Negombo it was nearly three p.m., 12 hours after we left the shore. But within those hours I had an experience that I will never forget.

---

## B.C. PERERA

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the waters were always choppy.

As the boat cut across the steely dark sea, we could see the dark shoreline with the glittering neon lighted cross of St. Mary's Church, Grand Street, receding behind us. This cross acts as the lighthouse for Negombo fishermen.

Nemician consulted his compass occasionally. It was necessary, he said, as the mechanised boat travelled on an average about 30 miles into the sea.

At such a distance away from the coast, the boatmen must know their bearings. The boatmen could also decide on the best places to fish by observing the movement of sea-birds as well as small fish.

At 4.30 a.m. Victor motioned the boat to slow down. Then I saw the panoramic and colourful fish 'market' in the middle of the sea.



# DEVINUWARA —

THE scene of the annual Esala Perahera, held at Devundara or Devinuwara, the City of the Gods, has had a long and chequered history. Archaeological, epigraphical and literary evidence point to the fact that this sea coast town had been a centre of pilgrimage for over a thousand years.

The oldest document extant, one of Nissanka Malla's inscriptions (A. D. 1187—96) testifies that Devundara was one of the holy places, he visited on an extensive pilgrimage. An eighth century inscription of the reign of Vijayahahu I (A. D. 1058 — 1114), discovered on the grounds of the pre-

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By R. L. RODRIGO  
SIRIWARDENE

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sent vihara, refers to the monastic institution here as Kihirali Privena.

The vihara and the shrines were founded by Dapulasena a prince of Ruhuna, who held sway in these parts in the 7th century. It is said that a red sandalwood image of the deity Upulvan was washed ashore at Devinuwara and Dapulasena founded a vihara and a shrine to house the image.

Dr. S. Paranavitana, of revered memory, seems to think that the image of Upulvan was enshrined in the 'Galge' situated farther inland from the modern devale and the temple. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that the galge is an attempt at a new style in stone architecture not found elsewhere.

Dr. Paranavitana in his *Memoirs of an Archaeological Survey of Ceylon Vol: VI* says: "This is one of the few ancient edifices in Ceylon, of which the construction, including that of the roof, has been carried out in the medium of stone. Simplicity, which is the keynote of the galge, is foreign to Dravidian architecture."

Local opinion disagrees with this view, not supported by any epigraphical evidence that the image of Upulvan was housed in the galge. They seem to think that this image was enshrined in the premises of the partly restored modern devale and are of the opinion that the elaborate ruins now standing here bear eloquent testimony to the fact that God Upulvan was worshipped here and not in the unpretentious galge.

Dr. Paranavitana also seems to think that Upulvan was a deity distinct from Vishnu, who has been the object of devotion here before the 15th century of the present era. He is of opinion that Upulvan was merged with Vishnu due to Brahmin influence, since a large number of Brahmins lived here and were entrusted with the performance of the poojas at the numerous shrines which existed here, dedicated to the principal deities of the Hindu Pantheon.

The poojas held are said to have been very elaborate, involving dances by about five hundred nautch girls. The Sandesa poems, the Paravi Sandesa and the Kokila Sandesa of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, leave no doubt that this was a most sacred place of pilgrimage.

The Portuguese, with their unenviable record of vandalism, selected the magnificent buildings at Devinuwara for venting their wrath on what they considered to be places of pagan worship. Under Thome de Souza, they sacked the temple and the shrines in A. D. 1558. They are supposed to have emptied all the treasures, and gold images, studded with precious stones, including the image of Upulvan, which contained two unique blue sapphires for the eyes, into their ships, anchored in the Bay of Don-dra.

Local opinion has it that the wrath of the gods they had despoiled was turned on them a few miles off the shores of Devundara and many of their ships came to grief. The story goes that the venerated image of Upulvan once again floated in the ocean and was washed ashore at Trincomalee and Rajasinha 11 enshrined it in the Vishnu Devale at Kandy.

The Portuguese built a church in the premises of the Vishnu Devale. When they were forced to abandon the Matara District, Rajasinha 11 (A. D. 1635 — 87) of Kandy ordered the destruction to be made good. The church was demolished and the Vishnu Devale was rebuilt. The restored devale, the ruins of which are seen to this day, seems to have incorporated the Kandyan style of architecture.

When E. P. Wijetunge (senior) was Basnayake Nilame, he restored a part of the devale, according to a map of the devale discovered by Dr. Paul E. Peiris in the archives of Lisbon. The Portuguese seem to have drawn a

## CITY of the GODS



map of Devinuware prior to its wanton destruction. Perhaps the grandeur of the structures induced them to do so, in spite of their contempt for works of art alien to them.

Subsequently with the occupation of the Maritime Provinces by the Dutch, the shrines at Devinuware appear to have gone into ruins. With the coming of the English, and the greater tolerance shown by them, the temple and the devale were once again active.

In British times, the custody of the devale and the conduct of the annual perahera were in charge of a Basnayake Nilame. In the early days of British administration, the Mudaliyar of Wellaboda Pattu, who had jurisdiction over Devinuware, was ex-officio Basnayake Nilame. It is interesting to recall that Frederick William Ratnayake, grandfather of Mudaliyar Fred W. Ratnayake, the last of the Mohicans to retire with abolition of the headman system, was the only mudaliyar being a Christian to refuse to officiate as such on a matter of conscience.

Subsequently this office came to be elective. The Mudaliyars and the Village Headman of Weligam Korale, Morawaka Korale, Kanda-boda, Wellaboda and Gangagoda Pattus elected the Basnayake Nilame. The Divisional Revenue Officers and the Grama Sevakas of these areas now exercise this right.

Of the Basnayake Nilames, E. P. Wijetunga held this office with high esteem. He was responsible for commencing the restoration of the Vishnu Devale. He never accepted any of the perquisites that legally accrued to him. His successor Major B. A. Perera, the present Basnayake Nilame, also has plans for restoring some of the buildings and follows the good tradition set by his predecessor in office.

The annual Esala perahera follows the pattern of the historic Kandy Pageant, though on a less pretentious scale.





# The Munneswaram Temple

By S.C. SHIRLEY  
COREA,

Former Speaker of the  
House of Representatives

**T**HE Munneswaram Temple — the sacred devale — is of historic and religious importance. It is difficult to establish the period when the devale was first built.

The Hindus believe that when Rama was returning triumphant after defeating Ravana and regaining Sita his wife, with Lakshmana his brother in an air chariot, he first espied the lights of the Munneswaram temple.

On seeing these lights he broke off journey and worshipped God Siva at this temple. He was surprised to see the glimmering "Gopura" — the pinnacle of the temple, the sacred Bath and the beautiful flower garden.

It is stated that Rama dipped himself at the sin-expurgating and soul-elevating temple, and that this gave him new vigour and that his mind "effervesced with unalloyed joy". Thereafter with uplifted hands he offered poojahs to Lord Munnainatha and his consort Vadivambikal.

It is said that at the request of Lord Siva, Rama got a temple built on the sacred Wednesday which was the second day of the waxing moon fortnight in June, Rama also enshrined the "Swarna Linga" at Manaweriya and consecrated it with the water of the sacred Mayavanaru or Maya Nadi which is the present Deduru Oya.



Rama performed various other religious and pious acts and got himself consecrated at Ayodhya and ruled righteously as its sole Emperor.

Legend has it that during the period of King Vijaya, he established a weavers' colony and encouraged pearl fisheries in Chilaw.

## The Bo-tree

Buddhists of the area believe that the sacred Bo-tree in front of the Munneswaram Maha Devale is a sapling from Shri Maha Bhodhi of Anuradhapura, planted during the reign of King Devanampiya Tissa.

Certain Buddhists believe that the Thivanka Bamunugama, a Brahmin colony referred to in the Bodhi-wansa, is the present Munneswaram village.

Tracing the history of the Munneswaram devale, it is said that King Parakrama Bahu of Dambadeniya, bearing the title Kalikala Sahithiya Servangga Panditha, had donated 66 villages to the devale as he was cured by some Indian Brahmins from a disease caused by lightning.

History has it that King Parakrama Bahu VI of Kotte renovated the devale and had given over the village of Kottapitiya in addition to other villages which had been granted earlier in the Dambadeniya era to this devale.

These villages are still in existence in the Chilaw electorate and the villagers still offer their annual offerings to the devale during the festival season.

This custom seems to be a part of the ancient custom originating from the Dambadeniya era.



These customs or the 'Rajakariyas' which had to be carried out by villagers are described on a stone inscription in the devale premises.

G. H. Fowler, CCS., in an interesting article in the Royal Asiatic Society (Ceylon Branch), Journal Vol. X, No. 36, at page 118, regarding the Munneswaram Inscription refers to a case in the Chilaw courts where the Inscription is in evidence.

A Sanskrit stanza in the inscription bears these words when translated into English:

'To this effect this was caused to be inscribed by Parakkraman through the Grace of Munnesswarar, who is An Ocean of wisdom in Saivism and Lord of all the different Classes of Gods.'

The villages mentioned in the inscription are still in existence by the same names but the boundaries of these villages except Kusala do not seem to be known by the present people of the area. The boundaries of the original area were 'Sena' a village in the Devamedi Korale in the East a banyan tree called 'Al-mara' in the west by Seetala — bo tank in the south and village Kusala in the north.

Prince Thaniya Valla Bahu of Madampe and King Kirthi Shri Rajasinghe of Kandy also have donated some lands and fields by grants to the devale.

The Kokila Sandesaya, a book of poems by the Rev. Principal of the Thilaka Pirivena, Devunuwara in Sinhalala during the Kotte period also deals with the devale.

There is evidence that there were large tracts of cultivated paddy fields. In fact, it is stated that they were able to raise two crops, and there is no doubt that the cultivators were well versed in rice cultivation.

Beside these, there was extensive cultivation of coconut as stated by Dr. Paul E. Pieris, in the Ceylon Littoral.

There were several other devales attached to the main temple. The Aiyanaayaka Devale which is devoted to the god of the area and Maha Badhra Kali Devale which is devoted to the most powerful, goddess of the Hindus stand in close proximity to the sacred temple. Shri Badhra Kali Devale of Munnessarama is claimed to be the most prominent and powerful Kali Devale in Sri Lanka.

## Daily poojahs

Though the festival is in Esala — Nikini (August — September) yet there are daily poojas and special poojas for individuals to fulfil vows. Many VIPs including Prime Ministers, Ministers of State, Speakers, judges and other prominent citizens of Sri Lanka arrange to have special 'poojas', in which not only the Hindus but also Buddhist and other non-Hindus take part.

During the first 13 days of the Esala — Nikini festival, the Deva Perahera is conducted in the pita hale or the outer area of the Maha Devale and during the subsequent 13 days, the perahera is conducted in the streets or veediya around the village passing the three devales.

The main features of the Munnessaram festivals are Ramba Videema, Maha Radha Edeema and Diya Kappeema. Ramba Videema is in significance of the triumph of Goddess Uma over Asura in Sura Sura Sanghrama. Maha Radha Edeema is on the day after the Ramba Videema. Two huge chariots gaily decked in Hindu tradition are drawn by devotees along the Perahera Veediya on this day, with the golden deities of Shiva and Parvathi or Ishwara and Uma in the centre of the chariot. In this procession the statue of Gana Devi goes in front and the statue of Sri Skanda or Kataragama Devi follows. (God Gana or Gana Devi is the younger son and Skander or Sri Kataragama Devi is the elder son

of the parents — Ishwara and Uma).

Diya Kappeema or the water-cutting ceremony is the grand finale of the festival, when the perahera starts from Munneswaram Devale, on the day after the Maha Radha Edeema, and is conducted to the Deduru Oya. Thousands of devotees participate in the sacred bath at the Deduru Oya, where an almsgiving takes place at the Madama.

After the water-cutting ceremony, the statues are conducted in procession along a decorated route through Chilaw town to the accompaniment of "nagasalam" and native music, and the sacred statues are taken back to the devale where they remain closed in a room and are not taken out till the next year for the Esala-Nikini poojath-sawa.

Munneswaram Devale is an ancient and sacred one, with its historic and religious background. People of Sri Lanka have every reason to be proud of this great heritage.

The existence of this ancient and celebrated shrine close to an ancient tank indicates that the area had been colonised at a very early date by people who felt the importance of rice cultivation. These fields were neglected for some time for want of water, but with the reconstruction of the Yoda Ela scheme, these fields are once again flourishing.

Munneswaram was once an independent principality ruled by a Brahmin and consisted of the Puttalam and Chilaw districts. Before the advent of the Portuguese, it was a separate kingdom and was even reported to have a coinage of its own. There is evidence that the old devale was demolished by the Portuguese in 1578, and thereafter the temple was renovated.

Munneswaram Devale still remains sacred and non-aligned. Long may it continue to inspire devotees and make them realise the importance of religion to solve their personal difficulties, and bring peace and harmony to the people of Sri Lanka.



# When Mount Lavinia was known as 'the pregnant wench'

AT the dawn of the nineteenth century, the desolate rocky promontory at Mount Lavinia on which no vegetation grew, was visible to sailors far out at sea and was known to them as the "pregnant wench".

It was the haunt of many species of aquatic birds. There was lush tropical vegetation, and swamps teeming with crocodiles, mosquitoes and gnats. Deer and wild buffaloes

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By K.V.G.  
DE SILVA

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roamed freely in the jungles which were thickly covered with flowering shrubs, orchids and giant creepers. It was a riot of colour and a paradise for rare birds and beasts. There were majestic flower laden trees of Muruta, Ironwood (Na) and Champak, and extending as far as Colombo Fort was a wilderness of cinnamon along a broad stretch of white sand. Few

people dared to venture out alone in this wilderness which harboured many a thief.

The landscape has changed completely over the last two hundred years. The Dutch cut several canals to drain the marshes into the rivers. Most of the graceful coconut palms fringing the coastline are now fast disappearing. Only the crows and the broad expanse of the Indian Ocean remain.

In 1905, a forty-six-year-old bachelor, Sir Thomas Maitland popularly called King Tom was appointed Governor. He was strangely enough des-

cribed as a man who was not romantically inclined.

The problem of housing even Governors at that time was very acute. Maitland complained to Downing Street that "my own situation was most uncomfortable. I would have no place to live in at all, if Mr. North had not ordered the house I am now in, and which had been unroofed by lightning, to be replaced before my arrival. I do not consider the house Mr. North lived in, decent accommodation for any man". In 1809 Maitland built a country house on the site where the present hotel now stands. A little farther inland was another resort, Mount Attidiya, once famed for the beauty of its grounds.

There has been much controversy regarding the origin of the name Mount Lavinia. Many, among whom were authors of books on Ceylon, erroneously connected its origin with the wife of Governor Barnes whose name was Maria and not Lavinia.

Mount Lavinia was also known in the past as Lihini Kanda (Gull Hill) or Lihiniya

Gala (Gull Rock). The Sinhalese called it Galkissa derived from Gal-kessa ('stone key'), 'kessa' being somewhat of an obsolete Sinhalese word for a key. There was a legend that some very important key to a treasure trove had been hidden there in ancient times. Some seem to think that the place was named after a plant known in Sinhalese as Lavenia which grew profusely in marshy land. However the most romantic story is given by a Sinhalese Buddhist monk who was a renowned scholar and a poet, Battaramulla Unnanse, in a pam-



SIR THOMAS  
MAITLAND

phlet entitled 'Sirit Maldama' published in 1901.

Not far from bachelor Maitland's rustic home, there lived an exceedingly beautiful girl named Laviniya, the daughter of a "low caste" man, who "contrived to get into the good graces of the



Governor by rendering him services which apparently did not desire totally to ignore."

Women of "depressed" classes were not allowed to wear jackets, but were permitted to tie a handkerchief round their necks to cover their breasts. On an appeal made by the girl's father, the Governor made an order that these women be permitted to wear jackets.

Barnes, the next Governor who lived in regal splendour spent nearly £30,000 in 1824 to rebuild completely the rustic house in an Ionic and Corinthian style of architecture. After Governor Barnes left, the British government "in a paroxysm of economy" order-

ed the sale by auction of this palatial house and realised the very paltry sum of £120, which was less than the cost of the door frames. It has changed hands many times since, and no building has suffered "so many evils and indignities" from its inception. No trace can now be found of the road that Barnes constructed from Galle Face Green to Mount Lavinia, bordering the seashore.

Mount Lavinia, however, has remained one of the most famous seaside resorts in Ceylon, and its magnetic charm still draws visitors who wish to enjoy "the advantages of a sea trip without its discomforts". "From the terraces of the headland on which the hotel stands, can be seen wonderfully extensive and beauti-

ful views of the changing seas and tree fringed coastline. A fine sunset, viewed from this eminence, is an experience that thrills the fancy and dwells long in the memory of even the most stolid traveller".

Somerset Maugham, the great novelist and short story writer, a few years before his death, spent two delightful days at Mount Lavinia. He used to sit out on the terrace, after a rice and curry lunch, gazing at the sea and the swaying palms. He was most fascinated by the crows. It was indeed a great pity that at this time Maugham had ceased to write. If not he may have written a romantic story woven around the beautiful girl Lavinia, which would have made her immortal.

## Greetings

Citizens of the Federal Republic of Germany resident in Sri Lanka greet *The Times Digest* as a welcome addition to the periodical press in this country.

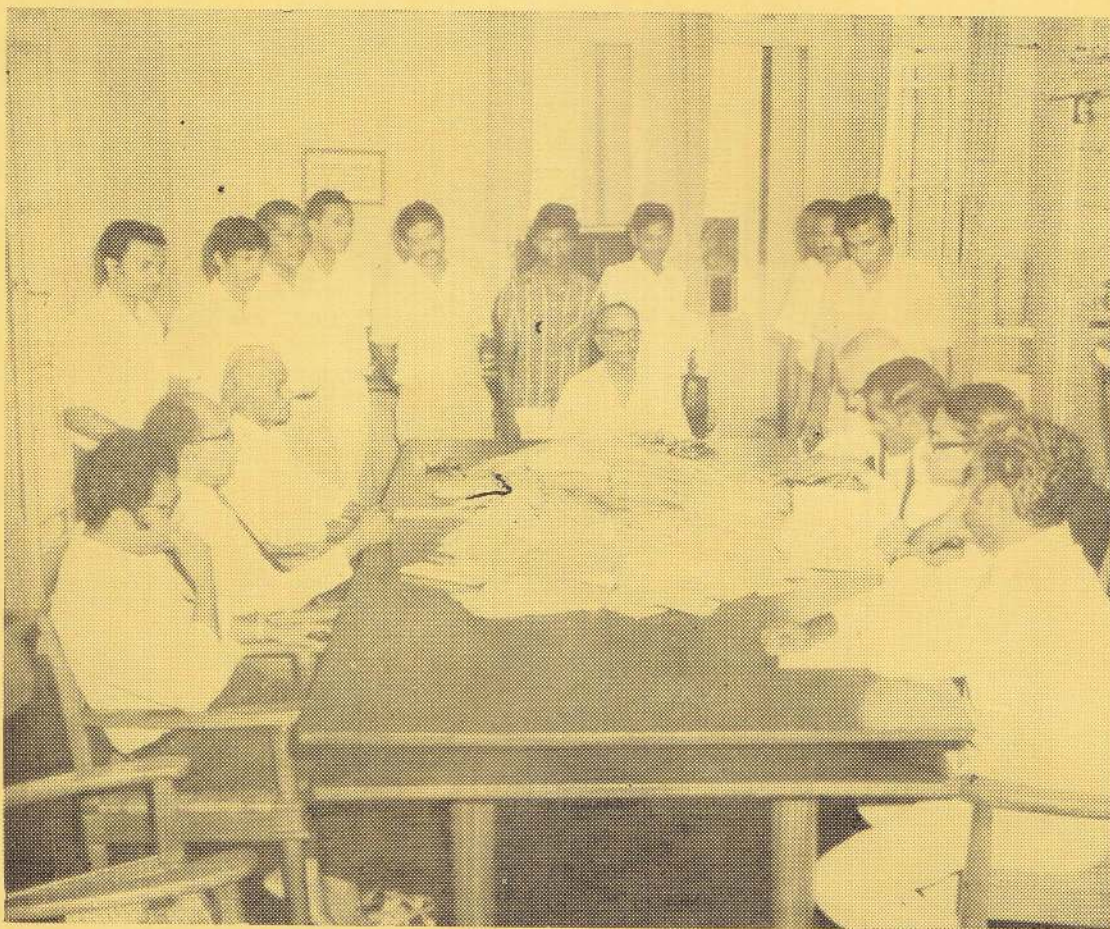
In the Federal Republic itself the periodical press plays an important role in public life. At a recent count it was ascertained that more than 5,600 million copies of periodicals are circulated annually in West Germany—and that works out at something like 100 copies for every citizen old enough to read.

The press has a tremendous part to play in keeping the citizenry informed. We wish *THE TIMES DIGEST* every success in its endeavours.

—Inserted by the Embassy of the Federal  
Republic of Germany



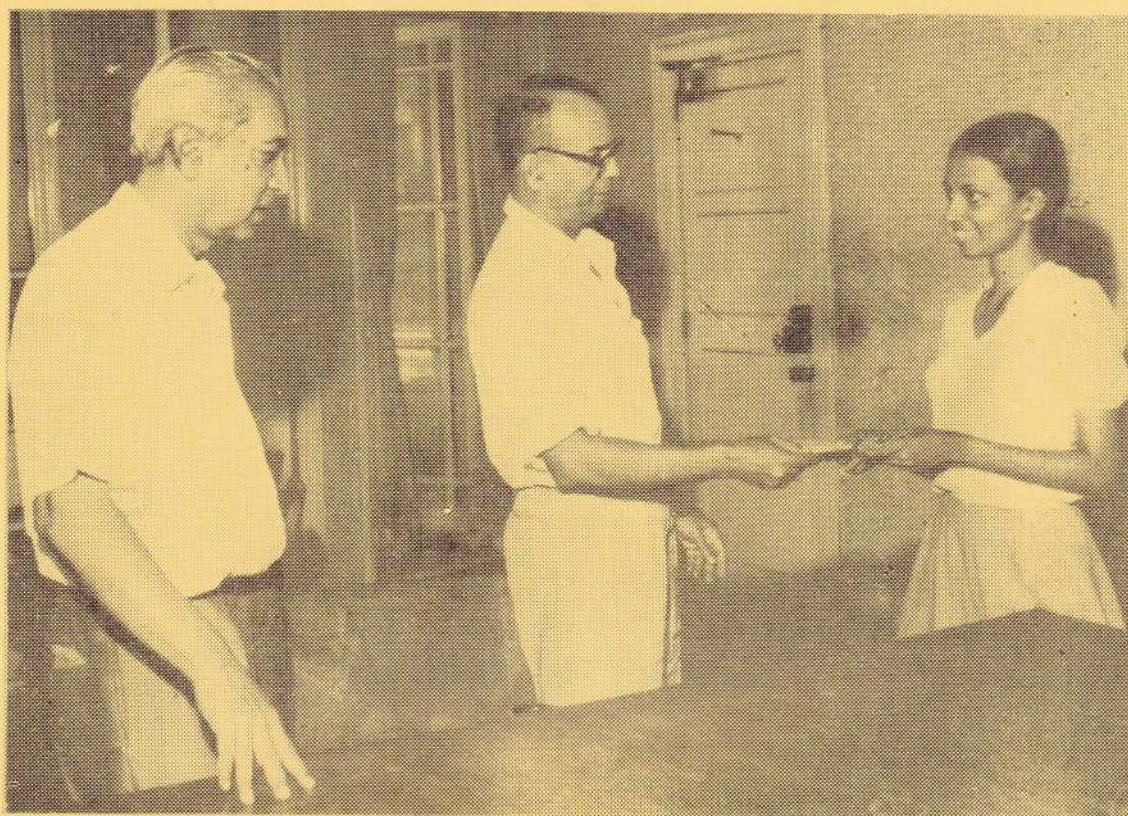
# How the winner was picked



**T**HE preliminaries in progress before the picking of the all-correct solution from the thousands of entries for "The Times Digest" Crossword No. 1. The draw for the Rs. 5,000 prize took place in the Board Room of The Times of Ceylon, Ltd., presided over by Mr. H. E. R. Abayasekara, Editor, "The Times of Ceylon" and "The Sunday Times". Left to right: Mr. K. Jayasekera, Assistant Editor, "Lankadipa"; Mr. D. H. Abeysinghe, Editor, "Lankadipa"; Mr. D. B. Udalgama, acting Editor, "Ceylon Daily Mirror"; Mr. Abayasekara; Mr. Donovan Moldrich, Assistant Editor/News Editor, "The Times of Ceylon" and "The Sunday Times"; Mr. D. S. C. Kuruppu, Assistant Editor/Features Editor, "The Times of Ceylon" and "The Sunday Times"; Mr. Felician Fernando, Assistant Editor, "Ceylon Daily Mirror"; and Mr. M. Kandasamy, Personnel Officer. Mr. P. A. Ediriweera, Deputy Chairman of The Times of Ceylon Ltd., was also present.



# The Rs. 5,000 winner



**MISS PRIYENI DE SILVA** receiving her cheque for Rs. 5,000 for her prize-winning entry in "The Times Digest" Crossword No. 1 from Mr. H. E. R. Abayasekara, Editor of "The Times of Ceylon" and "The Sunday Times". Looking on is Mr. P. A. Ediriceera, Deputy Chairman of The Times of Ceylon Ltd.

## 'I decided to try my luck'

AS announced in the first issue of "The Times Digest", the selection of the winners was done by a panel consisting of the Editor, "The Times of Ceylon" and "The Sunday Times", the Editor, "Ceylon Daily Mirror" and the Editor, "Lankadipa".

There were 37 clues to be filled in the crossword and the three Editors filled in 13, 12, and 12 clues, respectively. This Master Solution worked out by the three Editors independently and presided over by the Deputy Chairman of The Times of Ceylon Ltd, was the

all-correct solution on the basis of which entries were scrutinised.

After the correct solution was worked out, it was endorsed by the compiler and the three Editors, who handed it to the Deputy Chairman.

Another team of "Times of Ceylon" executives and clerks acted as the scrutineers of the many thousands of entries received.

Miss Priyeni de Silva's solution was the first all-correct entry to be drawn, and in accordance with the rules she was declared the winner.

And now on to Crossword No. 2 with another first prize of Rs. 5,000 for the lucky winner of the first all-correct solution to be chosen on the same basis as in the first crossword

(See next page)

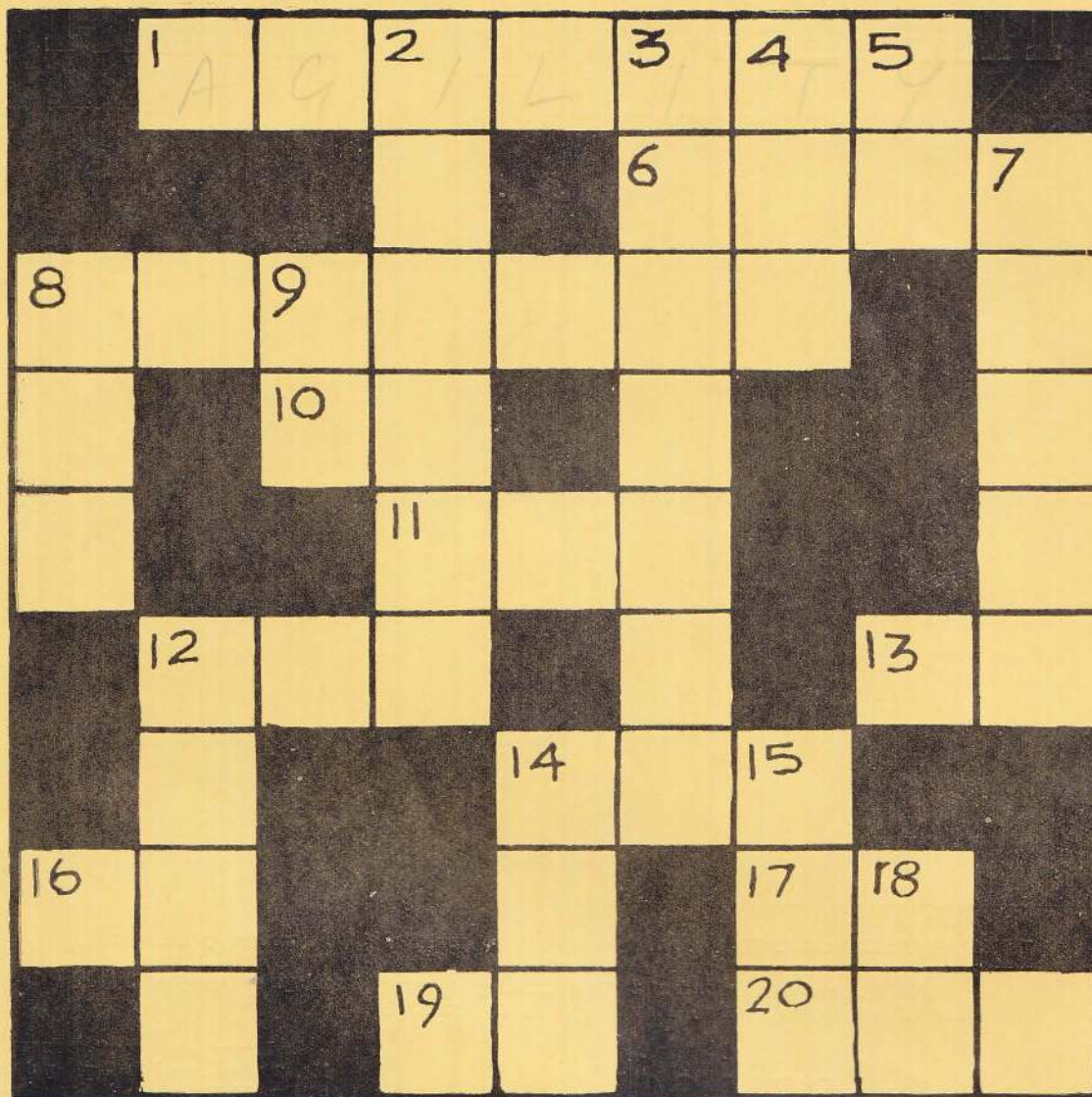
"TIMES" DIGEST  
CROSSWORD NO 1

## The correct solution

ACROSS: 1 Stop, 5 Tarry, 6 Shame, 9, Spare, 10 Lie 11 Art, 13 Sad 15 Sump, 18 PS, 19, Spa, 20 Dips.

DOWN:- 1 Start, 2, Tame, 3 Ore 4 Pr, 6 Spars, 7 Ha, 8 Weed, 10 Lisp 12, Tusk 14, Asks, 16 Mp, 17 Pad.





## Master Coupon No. 2

NAME (in block capitals) .....

ADDRESS: .....

No. of entries (in words) .....



# CLUES

## TIMES DIGEST CROSSWORD NO. 2.

### ACROSS

1. You need mental — to get out of a jam. (ABILITY, AGILITY).
6. The first one is remembered at Christmas.
8. ——— people are generally quiet (MASSIVE, PASSIVE).
10. Pronoun.
11. Rodent.
12. After a binge one may feel a ——— (HIT, WIT).
13. Manuscript.
14. Snake.
16. For instance.
17. Exclamation (AH, EH).
19. Preposition.
20. Weight.

### DOWN.

2. Insert.
3. Calls.
4. Part of foot.
5. Pronoun.
7. Some girls are judged by—(LOOKS, LOCKS).
8. A ——— is a boxer or a punter (MUG, PUG).
9. Direction.
12. It's insulting to call some people (HOGS, WOGS).
14. With many people music is an — (ACT, ART).
15. One is apt to ——— a child who is helpful (PAT, PET)
18. Exclamation.

### THE RULES

\* The Master Coupon must accompany all entries sent on cuttings of the X-word made from "The Times of Ceylon". The number of entries sent must be noted in the space provided.

\* Entry Crosswords appear in "The Times of Ceylon" daily. Any number of Entry Crosswords may be sent provided that they are sent together with a Master Coupon. There is no entry fee.

\* Address all entries to: "The Times Digest" Crossword No. 2, P.O. Box No. 746, Colombo.

\* The closing date for entries is October 15, 1973.

\* The name of the winner will be published in "The Times Digest" of November.

\* The first all-correct solution picked will be entitled to the prize of Rs. 5,000.

\* The selection will be made on a majority decision by a panel comprising the Editor, "The Times of Ceylon" and "The Sunday Times," the Editor, "The Ceylon Daily Mirror", the Editor the "Lankadipa" and the Assistant Editor-Features Editor

of "The Times of Ceylon" and "The Sunday Times".

\* In the event of there being no all-correct solution, the prize money will be carried over, which means that the prize money for the next Crossword will be Rs. 10,000.

\* The Editor's decision is final. No correspondence will be entertained.

\* Employees of the Times Group of Newspapers and members of their families are debarred from taking part in this competition.



# Attractive covers



SOME of the competitors for "The Times Digest" Crossword No. 1 really went to town with their entries. We were so struck by the attractive covers in which they enclosed their entries — some numbering hundreds—that we reproduce here a selection of them. It's a pity none of them drew the prize of R.s. 5,000. We wish all these painstaking and artistic competitors better luck in the future.



*Although it lies a long way from the tropics, the German North Sea resort of Sylt is a veritable 'spice island' — an invigorating holiday cocktail of sun, sand and sea, superb wining and dining, rest, recreation and swimming in the nude.*

# Bottoms up for Sylt!

**S**OME say Sylt is a place where people with fame and money and other people with no clothes on gather once a year—in summer—to watch one another. And to a certain extent, this is true.

For in Sylt—and in summer—you'll find plenty of both types, happily—and in combination—making up the magic mixture that's made a bubbling, thriving vacation

spot out of what was formerly little more than an isolated sand bar in the North Sea.

Within Germany, Sylt is practically a phenomenon and its name (you pronounce it "zoelt" with the "oo" sounding rather like the "u" in "flute") is almost a magic word. Now the island is exporting its magic and ever-increasing numbers of other Europeans are diving, riding sailing, flying and hitchhiking their way every year to this 36 square miles of sand.

Sylt is a place to see and a place to be seen in—naked or not. Polls show that over two thirds of the island's annual average 250,000 visitors favour nude bathing. Even the local residents blushing admit that it's good for business and the tourist authorities immodestly push its praises in their literature.

Their "if you are gonna do it then do it in the raw" message reads something like this: "Thanks to early pioneering years ago in setting the nudist areas aside in each resort along the almost 30 miles of coastline beaches, these are no fenced off as ghetto-like secret districts.



Everyone is welcome, dressed or undressed and actually the "textile" beaches are the ones which are now restricted for the minority still insisting on bathing suits.

Everywhere you go in Sylt you'll see and hear the letters "FKK". These stand for "Freie Körper Kultur" — which translates, literally as "free body culture". FKK they all say, is the only way, and thus Sylt lays bare one of the secrets of its enormous success: And nowhere is the secret better exposed than in such exotic places as "Samoa", "Oasis" and "Zanzibar"—names given by the nudists to just three of their favourite beaches.

While nudism is Sylt's biggest draw card, the island nevertheless has a few other





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tricks up its sleeve Sylt's capital village Westerland, is just 75 flight minutes from Hamburg. A gentle panorama of rolling sand dunes and waving grass dominates the island which is virtually treeless.

Under a farsighted policy, practically every building is a cottage—based on the traditional North Friesland style of architecture—and wears a thatched roof. They dot the dunes like giant brown mushrooms and their quaint romanticism combines with the waving dunes grass, the solitude and the surrounding sea and sky to present a scene that Sylt is striving to preserve. The writer who likened holiday life on Sylt to that of the spirit on board a cruise ship was right.

The widest part of the island—its centre—is only seven miles across: the narrowest point: Just 1200 feet. The 30-mile long west coast is almost one uninterrupted beach washed by an energetic surf from the North Sea.

Also tops in Sylt is walking and the available facilities—like everything else—are well-organised and first class. However when you take a walk in Sylt you keep off the grass please!

There is a good reason for this. The green mantle which holds the sand dunes together is delicate and without it winter winds would blow much of the precious dunes away. The islanders have solved this problem by building miles of wooden footpaths which link car parks with the beaches and with other walkways where treading on the grass presents less danger of an ecological upset. Sylt first and foremost is a national park and is entitled to protection.

Fortunately there are very few of those horrific "keep off the grass" signs to be seen. The many friends and fans of Sylt seem to take the message behind them for granted.



If the accent of holiday life in Sylt is the outdoors then the emphasis is health. Anything with an ounce of bodily goodness in it can be found here for sale for rent or for free: There are 10 major resort villages on the island: List in the north Kampen Wenningstedt Munkmarsch Westerland Keitum Tinum Morsum Rantum and Hornum the southernmost one and practically all of them offer health the hard way.

Expert handlers will give you a mud bath (or pack) a warm sea-water bath (with cold water poured over you at regular intervals) a carbon-dioxide bath or an oxygen bath. Other treatment include seawater drinking and inhaling sea water that's been vaporized. My favourite is the "Liegekur": you get healthy just by laying down and doing nothing.

Sylt also provides good opportunities to shed all that newfound health. Some good, pulsating discotheques and night clubs in Westerland and Kampen offer noisy smoky Scotch-and-water atmosphere until 3 a.m. every day and an abundant supply of restaurants serve up wining and dining according to the highest standards.

Keitum, incidentally, boast a landscape that's totally different to that of the other resort villages. Seeds brought home hundreds of years ago by returning ship captains have grown into the trees that make Keitum the green heart of Sylt.

Also to be found in Keitum is the Sylt museum a thatched-roof-covered permanent exhibition of the island's history and culture. A low admission price helps keep the museum's stuffed birds—and other things—alive.

Practically every German holiday resort provides the opportunity to shed wealth while gaining health and Sylt is no exception. Its casino in Westerland offers nightly roulette and baccarat—and somewhat unusually—art exhibitions between the tables.

The Sylt holiday "cocktail" is a mixture of gusto, joie de vivre and elegance. Sylt is very smart and very fashionable without being over trendy and the people, when dressed are very well dressed.

Sylt gets more trendy in Kampen, the village which has become a talking point in Germany. Kampen is said to be the summer headquarters of the jet-set, the "beautiful people", and it's a place where yet another "game" is played although this one is not exclusive to Sylt. It could be called "joining the jet-set!"

To gain admission to one particular very smart night club-pub-disco there, you must first ring the bell and present your face to what one guide-book describes as the "cool stare" of the young lady on the other side. If she likes your face you may enter and buy whisky either by the glass for DM 5.— (US\$ 1.75) or by the bottle for DN 80.— (US\$ 27.60).

Thus accomplished it is said you have won the game. You have joined the jet-set of Sylt and your unfinished bottle of whisky—with your name on it—waits on the shelf for your next visit tomorrow. Congratulations!

Stripped to the bare facts then Sylt is a place for individualists. The kind of mass tourism to be found in other well-known European resort islands is not to be found in Sylt which neither encourages nor discourages it.



Price is not a factor. Things generally cost no more on Sylt than they do in other places although the island, admittedly, has a first-class feel about it and the solid determination to stay that way.

Perhaps the reason lies behind more abstract things. Sylt-goers are the young and old, the rich and the poor who've found—and continually delight in—the almost indefinable "spice" of the place. Most of them spend their holidays nowhere else. There is, for example, the professor from Hannover, who has been sitting in the same sand dune every summer for the last 20 years.

The real Sylt-lover might play the "beautiful people" game in Kampen once or twice for laughs and refusal of admission at the door would for him be more laughable than insulting.

Probably he would go to the beach, take off his clothes, grin and bear it. For tomorrow is another day. This is where the really "beautiful people" are and that's what Sylt is really all about.—Neville Kito ("Jet Tales" Munich).



# The State Board jungle

LATELY I have developed a terrible fixation, an almost uncontrollable yearning for the good old days of the past.

I wasn't like this till recently. Till recently I used to pride myself, that unlike so many others of my age and generation who don't seem to be able to talk about anything else but how cheap and easy and happy the good old days were, I have refrained from joining in this doleful chorus.

I used to reason it out like this. The good old days were good all right but what good does it do to moan about them now, for they will never come back and even if by some miracle they do that is not going to stop us moaning for it is in the very essence, the nature of human beings to moan. We will then, in all probability, moan for the good old days that were before the good old days that the miracle brought back.

There are times, I admit, when the yearning, the ache for the good old days, can be as tough as a toothache, times such as when the teaboy comes round the office these days and gives you a cup of tea with one grimy hand and a bit of jaggery with the other.

I don't know whether this happens to you too, but often the bit of jaggery I pop into my mouth remains there long after the tea has gone down my throat, and I am left feeling as guilty as a school boy surreptitiously sucking on a toffee while the class is on.

Spit it out or swallow it? I tried the latter course once and never before have I looked as silly and sheepish as on that occasion, when under the close and disapproving scrutiny of a prim and proper principal of a leading girls' school, I gasped, choked and finally spat the muddy bit of mess into my handkerchief and pocketed it.

In spite of it all, I did not see much purpose in moaning about the past until recently, and this change of attitude came the day I read a piece

in one of our daily papers about a Beach Board.

It was a fairly longish piece and before I read it through to the end, I wondered what the fuss was all about. In my ignorance I had confused the Beach Board with a surf board or something of that small and insignificant sort.

But as I read deeper and deeper into the piece, and read of objects and aims and purposes and projects, I realised the full horror and import of what it all meant. It meant that another State Board was in the making.

That night I went to sleep in a troubled frame of mind and that night I had a nasty nightmare. I dreamt that I was in some strange and unknown land whose only inhabitants save for me, were hundreds and hundreds of boards, of boards of various sizes and shapes, of tall boards and

mare, I could read only a portion of what was written on its face. It said something about fertilisers.

Another board that had a hide as thick as that of a hippopotamus and wore shoes that looked like old padda boats, kept screaming at me that it would skin me alive and use it to make shoes for Soviet Russia.

Another tread on my toes and I felt as if a bag of cement had dropped on them. Yet another one rustled and crackled like toilet paper and one moment it was there and the next moment it had disappeared into thin air.

All these boards hopped and skipped around me like a legion of devils and pushed and shoved me around so cruelly that I lost consciousness. When I recovered, a board that was pure white in colour was pouring something like milk into my mouth. But though it looked like milk it was only plain Mahaweli water.

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By T. AMBALAVARNER

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short boards, of thin boards and fat boards, of light boards and heavy boards, of soft boards and hard boards, and so on.

These boards crowded round and hemmed me in. They spat at and insulted me, they nudged and nudged me, they jeered and jeered me, they poked and prodded me, all the while yelling, howling and shouting at me like a set of stark raving lunatics, and as I looked over them I could see more boards hurrying and scurrying up to join those that were already clustered round me.

One particularly fat board rubbed up against me and left me all wet and oily. I looked up and saw that it was the Oils and Fats Corporation. Another board pushed up close against me and gave off a most offensive smell. In the hazy, half-light of the night-

But that is not my only worry. Another worry is where is all the board going to come from to provide the name boards for these State Boards? Not from the Hardboard Corporation which is no more? And since plywood is hardly strong enough, will all these boards have to come from the State Timber Corporation, and will there be anything left after that to build the houses that Minister Keuneman is so keen about?

Or, wouldn't it be a better idea to leave the State Timber Corporation alone and take all the blackboards from our schools and use them for the new boards that are daily springing up? Then there won't be any danger of a Blackboard Jungle cropping up in this country. There will only be this State Board Jungle.



## Political Digest

# CP at crossroads

THE United Front leader, Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike's letter to Dr. S. A. Wickremasinghe who led a deputation of Communist Party hard-liners to the summit talks of the UF on September 12, has raised a series of doubts in political circles.

Mrs. Bandaranaike's letter is addressed to Dr. S. A. Wickremasinghe MP and does not refer to him even as the General Secretary or leader of the Communist Party of Sri Lanka.

Besides, she states, "it is no longer possible to regard you as members of the United Front".

The wording here is considered so vague that one begins to wonder whether the refusal to recognise as members of the United Front applies to only Dr. Wickremasinghe and those who comprised the deputation to the UF summit talks or that entire section of the Communist Party of Sri Lanka which is dominated by the hard-liners.

Whatever interpretation is given to this particular sentence there is no doubt that the Dr. Wickremasinghe Group of the CP has fallen foul of the other constituent partners of the United Front—the Sri Lanka Freedom Party and the Lanka Sama Samaja Party.

After CP veterans like Messrs Arnolis Appuhamy, V. A. Samarawickrema, L. W. Panditha and M. G. Mendis were thrown out of office at the CP's 8th Congress held in August, political observers held the view that the Com-

munist Party would split soon.

To the more observant it also became obvious that the younger members elected to the Central Committee and the radicals who secured positions in the Politbureau would compel the leadership to pursue a "tough line" even if this meant running counter

In these endeavours they trotted out the theory that the Communist Party of Sri Lanka could continue to remain as a live political force only if it adopted a more critical attitude towards the Government.

The hard-liner leadership had no option but to follow suit until the current crisis



Dr. S. A. Wickremasinghe



Mr. Pieter Keuneman

to the party's connections with the United Front.

These "hot heads" as the hard-liners' deputation described them at the summit talks, were not keen to stay within the United Front and were reportedly toying with the idea of wooing those sections of the community who were disappointed with the UF Government's performance.

developed within its own ranks.

In fact the UF leader in a letter summoning Dr. Wickremasinghe for the summit talks stated: "These attacks go far beyond anything that can be considered even remotely as friendly or constructive and are akin to those emanating from hostile sources. This is the view of both the SLFP and LSSP".



While these bickerings were taking place, the Communist Party's former General Secretary, Mr. Pieter Keuneman was content to play a passive and silent role.

Now that the CP hard-liners have been refused recognition by the United Front, the soft-liners are expected to rally round Mr. Keuneman to ensure that there is still a Communist Party functioning as a constituent partner of the UF.

The sixty-four million rouble question now being asked in political circles is which Communist Party — the Keuneman Group or the Wickremasinghe Group — will receive the blessings of the Kremlin?

Incidentally, the statement issued by Dr. S. A. Wickremasinghe in reply to the UF leader sounded rather tame and underlying its general tone was obviously a desire to make peace with the UF "to support the anti-imperialist and progressive policies of the SLFP-LSSP Government and to join in the common struggle against all reactionaries".

If the hard-liners are sincerely determined to follow this policy we won't be surprised to see the CP veterans join hands once again and jettison the 'hot-heads' and those "irresponsible" youth in a fresh bid to fight reaction.

## SLFP's 22nd anniversary

The Sri Lanka Freedom Party celebrated its 22nd anniversary and in the absence of Mrs. Bandaranaike who was away in Algiers, the SLFP deputy leader was the principal speaker at the mass rally held to mark the occasion.

It was encouraging to note Mr. Maithripala Senanayake stressing the fact that the Sri Lanka Freedom Party was "committed to an anti-impe-



Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike

rialist and anti-capitalist platform".

Such an assurance is very timely indeed at this juncture when certain sections within the party are raising the Marxist bogey.

These SLFPers are apparently unaware of the fact that the Sri Lanka Freedom Party was not formed to fight the Marxists.

"The Times of Ceylon" of September 3rd, 1951 which reported the inaugural meeting of the SLFP held at the Town Hall, Colombo stated as follows:— Mr. H. Sri Nissanka, President of the Kandy Socialist Front, who moved the motion for the inauguration of the new party said it was necessary to make it clear to the people that this party was not formed to fight the Marxists.

"The first and foremost task of the new party was to lead the battle against the imperialists and their collaborators, the local capitalists".



Mr. Maithripala Senanayake

No reference to the Sri Lanka Freedom Party can of course be complete without a reference to its founder, the late Mr. S. W. R. D. Bandaranaike.

Mr. Bandaranaike will be hailed as the emancipator of the common man, etc., but the signal service he rendered to Sri Lanka was the founding of the Sri Lanka Freedom Party which could function as a democratic Opposition and alternate Government as well.

But for the SLFP, the continuance and development of parliamentary democracy in this country could have been short-lived.

With Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike at the helm of the SLFP we can certainly look forward to the preservation of democracy and all it stands for in Sri Lanka.



## Foreign News Round-Up

# Arab oil at a price

THE Arabs having failed in their bid to persuade Israel to come to terms, because of continued US support for Zionism, have decided to use oil as a political weapon to pressurise Western European countries and the US, in adopting a friendlier attitude to the Arabs.

King Faisal of Saudi Arabia, the world's richest oil country, has warned the US to end its total support of the Zionists. A similar warning has been given by the rulers of Abu Dhabi, another oil producing state in the Persian Gulf. Libya has also nationalised 51 per cent of interests of the major world oil companies.

However, these same rulers have made it clear that no reckless gamble with oil can be permitted, nor will production be decreased.

**By Elmo Benedict**

This Arab plan has gathered momentum due to the possibility of a serious energy crisis in the West and Japan.

After the Six-Day war of 1967, the Arab policy of cutting off supplies to Western Europe and the US failed, as countries like the US bought more oil from non-Arab countries, or increased their own production.

But the situation has changed radically now. President Nixon has himself admitted that there is an energy crisis facing the US, and efforts must be made to redouble production, as it is not keeping pace with consumption.

Oil remains the cheapest source of energy available, and the Arabs are aware that it can now be used to their advantage.



THE Prime Minister, Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike, and her entourage were accorded an exclusive private audience by Pope Paul VI during her recent visit to Rome on the way to Algiers. Picture shows His Holiness handing over to the Prime Minister a memento of the visit.

This is coupled with the decision of Egypt and Syria to restore DFL ties with Jordan, thus reactivating the Eastern Front against Israel.

The UN Secretary-General, Mr. Kurt Waldheim after a recent visit to Middle East countries said there was no immediate solution to this serious problem, but he was encouraged by the desire for peace he found on both sides. He cited the UN resolution of November 1967 as a basis for peace talks.

For the first time President Nixon has also rebuked Israel for its adamant stand in keeping away from the negotiating table.

The impasse in the Middle East must be broken so that the threat to world peace can be removed.

### THE ALGIERS NON-ALIGNED TALKS

"Non-alignment does not mean a flight from reality. It means commitment to the cause of economic independence, justice and peace."



So declared Mr. S. W. R. D. Bandaranaike in 1956 at the UN General Assembly. He along with Jawaharlal Nehru of India, President Soekarno of Indonesia and President Tito of Yugoslavia, fathered the non-aligned movement and provided its philosophical concepts.

Mr. Bandaranaike stressed that the UN represented a new morality and non-alignment was a vital part of it.

In fact, the main problem of many countries which won their independence recently, is to develop their economy without being caught up in power groups and military alliances. This is not possible without collective action.

Hence it was not surprising that when leaders of 76 non-aligned states, the PLO and various other liberation movements met in Algiers recently, the poorer developing countries asked for better trade terms from the developed countries as well as a monetary system which would give them preferential treatment.

Algerian President Houari Boumedienne who hosted the 4th summit, said that the climate of world opinion would be more sympathetic to them, as the summit had given them a chance to speak out.

President Tito said that non-alignment remained a force to be reckoned with.

Ceylon's Prime Minister, Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike, urged the setting up of a special solidarity fund. The movement had played a big role in preventing cold wars, created by Big Power rivalry.

In a political declaration, the 12-year-old non-aligned movement welcomed the growing rapprochement between the Big Powers, but warned that peace was far from assured.

A whole series of conflicting resolutions on the withdrawal from the Mediterranean of the US and Soviet Fleets, and the condemnation of Israel, remained as they were, as they could not be drawn up in agreeable terms.

As decided at the summit, Sri Lanka will play host to the next non-aligned meeting—and rightly so as Sri Lanka has been associated with this movement from its inception.

Although the concept of non-alignment itself came under fire in Algiers, there is no doubt that the movement will continue to grow.

### ALLENDE'S DREAM CRASHES

When Dr. Salvador Allende (pronounced 'Ay ende'), known as "Chicho" to his intimates, took over the Presidency in Chile in 1970 as the first democratically-elected Marxist head of State, he was Latin America's best hope of effecting radical social changes through democratic processes.

Allende, son of a lawyer a freemason, and a doctor by profession, created history by not only being the first elected Marxist head of State but also by being also the Marxist who would stand for re-election in 1976 in a free and unfettered poll—something improbable in any Marxist State.

But Allende, whose social conscience made him head a unique experiment, had his dreams rudely shattered when a coup by a combined military junta forced him to commit suicide.

His novel mode of ballot-box revolution was not objected to much by the US, although the ITC (International Telegraph Company) tried to prevent his election.

Moscow, too, favoured his brand of socialism, and regarded it as helpful to them.

But radical measures introduced by the Popular Unity Coalition Government of Dr. Allende, such as the nationalisation of copper firms, banking and the land reforms designed to benefit the peasants, particularly the Mapuche Indians, incurred the wrath of vested interests both at home and abroad.

In fact Dr. Allende had to contend not only with political pressure from the right (Christian Democrats) but also from the violent left.

In this he favoured a middle road of law and order and ended the illegal occupation of land by poor peasants, by taking over 227 estates and settling 70,000 of them.

But Chile's fast-dropping foreign assets, a serious money crisis, wage demands and in-

dustrial unrest, caught him in a vice-like grip.

The Chilean Armed Forces, the ultimate guarantors of Parliament's legality, took a neutral stance at first.

However, industrial unrest by white-collar workers such as doctors and teachers took a serious turn this year.

Dr. Allende, who realised that the workers were his only power base, made several Cabinet reshuffles to meet the crisis. He even brought in an Armed Forces man.

This did not stop the course of events from taking its tragic turn. On September 10 leaders of the Christian Democratic Party and National Party called on their followers to strike indefinitely and urged Dr. Allende to resign.

On Tuesday, September 12, Dr. Allende's unique experiment of socialism through democratic means lay smouldering in the charred remains of the Presidential Palace in Santiago, where he lay slumped on the table, shot through his mouth.

There were widespread protests about the coup that toppled and killed Dr. Allende. The US which considered Allende a thorn in its side, was accused of involvement. But a Presidential spokesman quickly denied this although he admitted prior US knowledge of the coup.

Sri Lanka's Prime Minister, Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike, regretted that the Chilean Armed Forces had overthrown a legally elected government which was carrying out radical reforms by peaceful means.

She said that Allende's progressive measures were opposed by vested interests, both at home and abroad, who tried to shield their hostility to radical measures by picking on economic difficulties, which were the results of their own system, to justify opposition to a legally elected government.

Cuba sought a meeting of the UN Security Council to discuss the issue.

In Chile the military junta dissolved Congress and indicated that it would rule by decree.



## Between the Lines

# Kind Hearts & Cops

**I**N a little Spanish town (remember the old song?) police recently found a young man and a young woman wandering about the streets in the early hours and promptly took them to the police station.

No doubt there followed a sort of Spanish inquisition. The upshot of it was that the police found that their fears were unfounded: the couple were not night-birds but newly-weds on their honeymoon.

Then what were they doing out on the streets at that ungodly hour when only the ungodly or the guardians of the godly or night workers on their legitimate business had any business to be up and about? The answer was tragically simple or, what was worse, simply tragic: the newly-weds had no place to go to for their honeymoon, all the hotel rooms in the town having been booked for it was the tourist season.

Clearly, no action could be taken against the unfortunate pair. The obvious thing to do was to let them go; but that would have meant sending them back to the streets. So the understanding policemen in that little Spanish town did the next best thing. They kept the couple back, giving them their much-needed accommodation in the only room available — a cell. And that's where the bride and her groom began what must be to them an unforgettable honeymoon.

It is a pity that the Reuter report which flashed the news of this happening to the world's waiting teletypewriters was so sketchy, but it could be safely assumed that the police in their large-heartedness, did not do things in a small way. They would surely not have been content merely to pro-

vide a bare cell but would have embellished it with at least the basic furniture for a honeymooning couple.

And, though the bald Reuter report made no mention of it, it is equally certain that on the following day the local paper or papers went to town (in the parlance of the Press) with the many-faceted highlights of the drama in the police cell.

We are, unfortunately in the dark about the names of the *senorita* and her *don* or those of the policemen concerned. Which at least in the case of the latter, is a pity for their names deserve to go down to posterity.

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By  
**D.S.C. KURUPPU**

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The report also did not mention whether the night was dark or whether there were stars in the sky. Which is also a pity because the presence or absence of stars on that night might have helped to throw light on how it came about that the cops met the couple when they could conceivably, have missed them altogether. We are left to conclude that the fortunate encounter was fortuitous for otherwise we might have been led to surmise that it was no surprise and that the stars had something to do with it.

Or, perhaps, the stars did have a say in it—just as, 1973 years ago, a star led three men from the East to a virgin who had just become a mother in a stable, it being the only

place available and she and her spouse, after hours of weary wandering on the streets, had found that the inns in the little town were full. Would the plight of that young couple of nearly two thousand years ago have been different had a police patrol—or what passed for a police patrol in those days—have chanced on them? Or, even if such a meeting taken place, would the minions of the law have given them shelter in a cell? According to the trends of the time, it is improbable that such kindness would have been shown them.

But in this year of grace two Spanish policemen took pity on a virgin and the man she had just married. All we know about the couple was that they were young. We do not know whether the bride was pretty or plain, tall and thin or short and stout. We cannot even be certain that she had blue Spanish eyes. But, whatever the figure of the bride or the features of the bridegroom, they were given shelter for the one night on which they most wanted to be alone together. And the fact that stands out in stark clarity is the charity of the police.

This is all the more outstanding considering the regrettable fact that the world does not normally connect the constabulary with compassion or presume that the police are paragons. Fortunately, there are times when the world is made to realise by an example such as this that the police, too, can be very humane. Would that there were many more such examples—in Sri Lanka, too!



## Queer doings

A MISSIONARY named Justin Bukamuye was conducting an outdoor service in the Naga district of Western Tanginia, Africa. The congregation saw a huge lioness only a few yards away, and began quivering with shock but to the amazement of the crowd the missionary shouted back "Folks, don't be afraid the god who saved Daniel from the lion is here, the risen Christ of Easter is here."

Then with a God given faith and authority he turned to the lioness and said, "You lioness, I curse you in the name of Jesus Christ!". An amazing thing then happened, from the scattered clouds, though there had been no rain — nor was there any later. A bolt of lightning struck the lioness and she dropped dead in her tracks.

The missionary jumped up and down on the carcass and used it as a platform to preach. An unusual platform indeed. — (From "The Herald of Hope").

\* \* \*

FOR the modern civilised world giving a person who is in need of blood is done in a scientific way, but not so in certain parts of Nigeria when a person or persons is in need of blood.

A man who has too much blood is brought, and with the help of an animal horn a vacuum is created by suction, and the blood drawn to the surface, incisions are then made on the swollen surface of the flesh so the blood can be taken.

— (From "The Black Gold Pictorial").

## Edmund J. Cooray — his interests are varied & far-ranging

A TOP Civil Servant who one fine morning found that he had been appointed a Senator and went on to become the Minister of Justice, now heads the vastly successful conglomerate that is the Browns Group of Companies — one of the largest private sector trading organisations in Sri Lanka, employing over 4,000 workers.

This is Edmund Joseph Cooray, CMG, OBE (pictured on facing Page), the scion of a well-known Wadduwa family, a brilliant product of St. Joseph's College, Colombo, a graduate in classics, a Master of Laws and a barrister at law, linguist and Constitutional lawyer.

One of the highlights of Mr Cooray's brief excursion into politics was when he deputised for his Prime Minister at the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference in 1960.

Since he became Chairman of Browns 12 years ago, he has diversified this primarily engineering firm into fields as varied as tourism and transport and batteries and banking with interests stretching from Negombo to Yala and Hatton to Darley Road.

The Browns Group is one of the largest exporters of non-traditional products, on

which the Group earns over Rs. 20 million a year in foreign exchange. Mr. Cooray who is a member of the Government's Export Promotion Advisory Committee and also Chairman of the Ceylon National Chamber of Industries, is quite confident that, given the proper incentives, the private sector can and will make its own contribution to the solution of the country's pressing economic problem — namely, self-sufficiency in essential foodstuffs — by means of a vigorous food production drive, earning of foreign exchange through non-traditional exports and tourism; and, last but not the least the provision of more employment, particularly for our youth.

Mr. Cooray went on to say that Browns, so far as the Government was concerned, was already making a fair contribution towards the achievement of all these three objectives, and the Group's future plans were being drawn up with a view to making an even greater contribution in this direction during the next few years.

INTERVIEW & TEXT:  
Felician Fernando and  
Alex Jayachandra.

PICTURE: Mahinda Kodagoda.



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This unique opportunity will bring buyer and seller together conveniently. There will be no need to scan the advertisements and spend hours travelling around to inspect cars of your choice. Sellers, too, will find it very convenient to meet potential buyers of cars in the Times premises.

Advertisements could be handed in at the counter on the ground floor of the Times of Ceylon Ltd.



# The little Maharajah

IF there was provision to award a Nobel Prize to an inanimate character, the little miscreant of a Maharajah of Air-India would really have been bestowed with this signal honour by now.

In the world's history of creative advertising, this creature of a feudal era is hard to beat. Not that Air-India could not have girdled the globe without this puckish mascot of a Maharajah, but the fact today is that Air-India can't do without this turbaned tartar. His ready wit, his biting sarcasm, his hypocrisy behind the sweeping low bow, make him all the more lovable.

Who created this creature? Everybody in the airline business knows it. It is Bobby Kooka, the man behind the Maharajah who has figured in international controversies, in Lok Sabha debates and cultural cavalcades.

It all happened this way. When Air-India first started many many years ago. Thos. Cooks, were the booking agents for the infant airline. When the big bosses wanted to have a house of their own, Bobby Kooka commissioned an artist to decorate the show window with an oriental hubble-bubble which would catch the eyes of the passers-by.

And the Maharajah was born.

Ever since he has dominated the scene of Ind'an aviation and later conquered the imagination of international travellers.

Few airlines in the world could provide such exquisite feast of wit and entertainment in their literature.

It was about twenty five years ago that I first read the booklet "Foolishly Yours" on my flight from Colombo to Madras and I still preserve that copy, which of course, was not retained by me without the knowledge of the pretty hostess! Bobby Kooka makes fun of everybody in-

cluding the Customs, Immigration officials and even his own directors.

One of the outstanding billboards of Air-India was the one at Kemp's Co.ner, the Piccadilly Circus of Bombay, when Air-India was about to fly the Boeings. The Maharajah portrayed the serenity of a woman about to have her new born and the caption read: "Can you keep a secret?"

There followed howls of protest from embassies and the

propriety of such an advertisement was questioned in the highest political circles. The ho-ha died down and the Boeings arrived. The people who mattered talked about the event. That is creative advertising.

My only regret, as an admirer of the little rascal is that even in his maturity he is still single alone in the wide skies without a companion of his own to hold and cherish. Could Mr. Kooka oblige? There are still match-makers in India! E. A. E.





## Theatre and the Arts

# Two related plays

IT must be by one of those strange quirks of circumstances that the two important new plays that were staged in September appear to have a complementary relationship to each other.

In Henry Jayasena's *MAKARA* (The Dragon), the hero is obsessed with the determination to build a just and perfect society of the future by cleansing the present of its evil within. In Somapala Gunadheera's *UMATHUSANVARUSAWA* (The shower of insanity) we find an attempt to affirm the view that "sanity is invariably and inadvertently attributed to the majority," and to put this into theatrical terms he uses, like Jayasena, the method of allegory but, unlike Jayasena, in a mocking tone of levity. And both can be cited as examples of the play as fable.

Jayasena had a disciplined well-structured original to work with. He had seen Eugene Schwarz's *The Dragon* on the East German stage several years ago.

He was impressed with it and translated it into Sinhala, as he felt that it could be successfully tried out on the local stage. The Russian original was the variation of a theme.

The fable of Lancelot and the Dragon, and the ultimate triumph of good over evil brings romantic memories of a childhood story-book world. Schwarz's play had not been staged until 1962 (four years after the playwright's death) in the Soviet Union.

It is reported that it had not been readily acceptable in the country of its origin but it has since gone into the repertoire theatre of Eastern Europe.

And in April-May 1963, a highly successful American production had appeared on Broadway.

Jayasena's *MAKARA* is a serious play and one to be taken seriously. To adjudge it as a marathon "talkie" would be grossly unfair. It is true that Jayasena has not had the opportunity of bringing to the stage SCHWARZ'S dragon with all its awe and splendour. On the East German stage the dragon had been almost literally breathing fire and smoke, but then, with the limited resources of the local stage he has concentrated mainly on the allegory of the dragon within—the dragon that Lancelot refers to thus. "There is a dragon in the hearts of every one of us. Let's vanquish that dragon. It is only then that we know happiness."

Jayasena had the unenvia-

handling of the production he combines a certain degree of artistry with nimble theatre craft, the latter being clearly evident in the climactic sequence of the mortal combat between Lancelot and the Dragon.

By its very conception, the role of the Mayor was open to a comic interpretation and this potential has been realised particularly in order to add humour to an otherwise serious play. And Daya Alwis' interpretation was in that vein, but sometimes I wondered whether he did not indulge in a bit of over-clowning.

Dharmasiri Bandaranayake's Lancelot appeared too smooth and sleek, but then I suppose Henry wanted him to be more than "the conquer-

## By DONALD ABEYSINGHE

ble task of translating this idea into theatrical terms. And he approached it with the discipline, restraint and above all the theatre craft that was required of it. I have not read the original. Nor would Jayasena have. However, his translation from the English (and therefore necessarily second hand) was ingenious, while adhering faithfully to the original he uses a racy localised idiom bringing the play closer home.

The very fact of the timelessness of its theme lends itself to immense possibilities of "contemporarising" and up dating. There is no clinical diagnosis of the ills of the Establishment and without much political banter Jayasena brings out the rottenness of the order that needs a kind of purgation.

He avoids what may be put into clichetic terms, "playing to the gallery", and in the

ing warrior." But yet he was somewhat stilted and appeared to have the same stance throughout.

Sunila Abeyssekera as the Mayor's daughter Elisa, of course had little to do except look pretty and helpless. After all she was the damsel in distress — the four hundredth virginal sacrifice to the three-headed Dragon.

The fairy tale like quality of the play is greatly enhanced by the other characters—the talking cat, the magic carpet weavers, the blacksmith and the violin maker all adequately played. Nimal Fernando's dragon was convincing enough but was not his occasional roar to the accompaniment of loud and sonorous music somewhat melodramatic?

Like *MAKARA* Somapala Gunadheera's play is a fable. It is allegorical in content. But unlike the former which



is a translation of a play based on a universally popular fable the latter is an original creation.

Actually the borrowing has been limited to the use of a theatrical device the use of the hanamichi or an extension of the stage through the central aisle of the auditorium down to the main exit at the end, the performers moving freely virtually mingling with the audience.

This is a device used to minimise the limitations of the walled in stage or ostensibly to minimise the physical separation of the audience from the performers and to establish a certain rapport or intimacy.

The play itself was a rollicking piece of infectious fun. But then at the beginning when the chaplain heralds the entry of King Budhisara, what transpired left me with a sense of bewilderment.

I was wondering whether I had gone to the wrong theatre. The domestic scene between the king and the queen reflecting the eternal conflict between husband and wife, with broomstick and all, put me aback and reminded me of the old days of the vulgar ayah-appu comic relief scenes of the early days of the Sinhala cinema.

But soon with the change of scene and the chaplain's announcement of the oncoming "shower of insanity" sanity seemed to prevail paradoxically, and the play moved spiritedly on its mad jaunt of uninhibited fun in the nature of comic opera.

Basically UMATHUSAN-VARUSAWA deals with a serious idea but in theatrical terms it is the levity of presentation that makes it enjoyable. Dr. Padmasiri de Silva, Head of the Department of Philosophy, Peradeniya Campus, has this to say of the theme of the play in the programme note (whose cover deserves special mention):—

"What is the conventional notion of society? To be a normal and sane man is to make a neat adjustment to society and belong to the respected majority; to be insane

is to move against the majority.

"Thus the deviant, the rebel and the exceptional man who finds the stand-point of the majority basically irreconcilable, are all insane."

It is this idea that Gunadheera's characters try to express in his play set in no particular place or time in "a mad mad mad world" — to borrow from the title of a recent film. Gunadheera's king and queen represent the old order of an archaic monarchical establishment, and possibly he clothed them in un-majestic attire and made them talk in common or garden dialogue and made them behave in the manner I referred to earlier to bring about the ludicrousness of the whole situation.

From monarchy to democracy and on with the march to Socialism is Gunadheera's journey. And those who oppose the Establishment are considered insane. But then, the awakening of a whole people, brought about by intellectual awareness and a sense of righteousness coupled with the expression of the individual will, is this "shower of insanity" that the chaplain ominously prophesies at the beginning. But it is a welcome shower and its invigorating effects cannot be resisted even by the most obstinate detractors of change who like the king, queen and the chaplain, succumb to it.

It was all high fun while it lasted and the allegorical essence takes contemporary relevance where one can indulge in the pleasant pastime of trying to identify persons, places and events with strong similarities with the local scene, although never covertly discernible but left to the imagination. And they make the whole thing effective: the actor, choreographer, musician, singer and the director have put in their mite with a remarkable sense of team work which was the highlight of the play.

With a cast of nineteen the director Padmaseela de Silva has indeed done well to maintain a consistency in the quali-

ty of the performances. The role of the king may not have been the ideal vehicle for a seasoned actor like Saman Bokalawela who nevertheless played with competence; but among the males it was Lucien Bulathsinhala — as Ruchaka who spearheads the awakening—who stood out. He had got the interpretation right and went on to play his role with an air of confidence matched with almost professional competence. An expressive singing voice further aided him in the execution of his role, not to mention the airs themselves with which he seemed to be equal-ly at ease.

Then there was Shantha Padmaperuma whose uninhibited portrayal of a veritable women's lib character kept the audience in gales of laughter with her risque comments delivered in high pitch while raising a knee length skirt to show an alluring bit of leg. Murie Samarasinghe as the Queen Mother did some excellent miming while Chandrasoma Binduhewa as the chaplain made the best use of a good singing voice and an equally good stage personality.

Austin Munasinghe's music which drew liberally from the folk idiom to the swinging pop kept the audience tapping their feet. Although sometimes one began to wonder whether the beat was too much bordering on the vulgar one could dispel that thought as it was functional.

But the playwright's use of language, idiom and sometimes innuendo left something to be desired. It tended to be at times rustic and vulgar to the point of being embarrassing although the risque and the bawdy seemed to go down well. Much money and work seems to have been put into the costumes but sometimes a clumsiness and garishness was evident. But these are minor blemishes in a play that turned into a lively romp.

It is light theatre, not repertoire; craft, not art; theatre not drama — where the playwright emerges as a remarkable craftsman.



## Little-known facts about well known-firms

# Pioneers of local industry

**DON CAROLIS** are quite justifiably known as "the furniture people". Over a hundred years ago, they exported furniture to Australia, Africa, India, Burma, the United Kingdom and the United States of America.

What is less known about them, and the founders of the firm, is that they were the pioneers of industry in Ceylon.

Don Carolis Hewavitarana, the founder of the firm, left a bequest of Rs. 30,000 for the training of Ceylonese youth in industry, and it was his sons David (who became known as the Anagarika Dharmapala) Edmund Simon, and Dr. C. A. Hewavitarana who nurtured their father's wishes into reality.

The Hewavitaranas had to contend with the Ceylonese craze for imported goods. As T. W. Bennet noted in the last century: "No people in the world set a higher value upon British machines, stationery, or perfume, or relish with a keener zest, English hams, cheese, butter, ale, cider, salmon, anchovies, pickles, than the Ceylonese."

## Denounced

This national failing was denounced in the strongest terms by Anagarika Dharmapala in his speeches and writings.

"We purchase" he wrote "Pear's soap and eat coconut biscuits manufactured by Huntley and Palmer, and sit in chairs manufactured in Austria, drink the putrid milk known as tinned milk,



**MR. DON CAROLIS HEWAVITARANA.**

While our weavers are starving, we are purchasing cloth manufactured abroad."

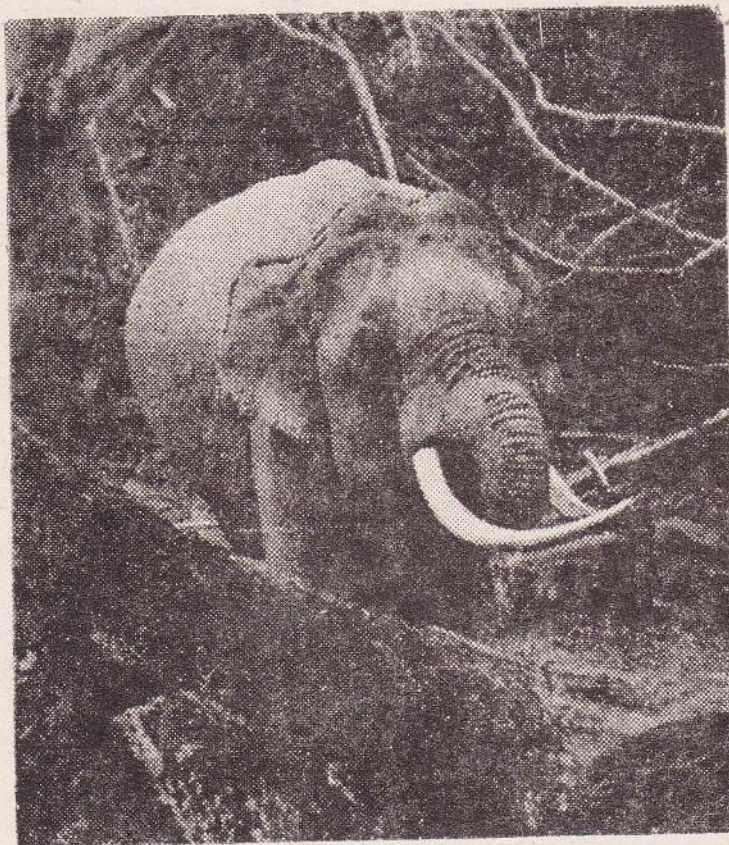
Out of the proceeds of the scholarship fund established by Mr. Don Carolis Hewavitarana, Mr. U. B. Dolapilla, was the first to be sent to Japan where he studied the textile industry. He returned to Ceylon after five years and became the principal of the

weaving centre at Rajagiriya. This institution acted as a feeder centre for the weaving centres which the Government later established.

Mr. W. M. Balasuriya, who was another of the pioneer industrialists studied the safety match industry in Japan, and on his return to

(Continued on Page 41)





## *The legend of gajamuthu*

# Pearls of ivory

By STANLEY  
SURaweera

**A**N ancient Sinhala legend says:

"Collect a thousand king-cobras (*nagayas*) and only one would carry the shimmering gem in its bosom; round up a thousand spotted-deer (*muvo*) that roam the forests and none, but a solitary navel, would have the life-giving 'kasturi'; sway the heads of a thousand tusker-elephants (*eththu*) and you will be rewarded by a peal of a bell—it is only he who carries the precious pearl; the *gajamuthuwa!*"

Although, this statement is an exaggeration of the Sinhala dialect, it cannot be completely brushed off. It proves the rarity of these pearls of the elephant.

According to the *Brihat Samhita*, a treatise in Sanskrit they should never be perforated. "They have in them", the book continues, "an inherent power to bestow good fortune on a pos-

essor: sons, wealth, reputation and renown, bringing about fulfilment of desires, dispelling sickness and sorrow".

These pearls are actually formed inside the tusks of the animal. As you may know, these tusks which grow in layers, are in fact its upper incisor teeth. Due to their weight, a large proportion of them are embedded in the bone-structures of the skull, while there is often a conical shaped empty hollow between the nerve-pulp (*randa*) and the ivory.

It is in this space that the pearls grow.

According to that dedicated naturalist, Sir Frank Colyer, a pearl begins to form when some foreign body, whether it be a hunter's bullet or a chipped fragment within the tusk, enters the pulp cavity.

Dr. P. E. P. Deraniyagala, a famed lover of our wildlife, had this to say in 1955 in a Government publication:

"As the tusks develop, dentine fills up the anterior end of the pulp cavity and the solid portion thus formed is pushed forward; the pulp cavity also becomes relatively shorter after middle age. The secondary dentine possesses a criss-cross pattern and is arranged in concentric layers that show well in fossil tusks. Concentric layers of dentine deposited around foreign bodies entering the pulp cavity are termed elephant pearls".

Although Dr. Deraniyagala seems to accept the theory that a foreign body is necessary to give the urge for the formation of the pearl, the late Mr. A. H. E. Molamure, that loveable birdwatching judicial officer who died a few years ago and who has



written a monograph on the subject, taking from where Dr. Deraniyagala had stopped, appears to accentuate the second point of Sir Frank.

For Mr. Molamure says, "Not inconsistent with such an explanation is the further possibility of the matrix around which dentine accumulates being, in some instances, a fragment of ivory, from the tusk itself and not invariably a foreign body. It is also part of the legend that, sometimes, the pearl can be heard to rattle within the tusk of the living animal."

In his bestseller, published in London in 1963 under the title of "Elephant Gold", P. D. Stracey had this to say:-

"The myth that a certain super-race of elephants possessed pearls in their skulls may have its origin in ancient times..... During the 1928 khedda operations in the Chittagong Hill Tracts, a forest officer who destroyed a wild tusker found a small oval object, about as big as a man's little finger-nail, in the fleshy pith of one of the tusks".

It is a good thing that this big-game hunter had even seen this, for he was an unbeliever.

Mr. D. J. G. Hennessy, who was Assistant Superintendent of Police Kegalla in the late twenties and whose record of elephant shooting would only be second to the exploits of Major William Rogers, published a book in Colombo in 1949 under the title, "Green Aisles".

In it, he speaks of an incident where he met a Kandyan chieftain who had owned an elephant with four pearls in one tusk alone! "They were small", he recalled, "only about the size of a peppercorn; three were loose in the pulp cavity and one was embedded near the tip."

It was also Hennessy's good fortune to meet Mr. Louis Siedle who was then doing a thriving business in gems at the old York Arcade in the Fort of Colombo. Siedle had told him that once when he was sawing the base of a tusk in his workshop, he cut one of these pearls in half and the core appeared to be of ivory.

Elephants in Sri Lanka and neighbouring India have sometimes have had these pearls, but the African beast seems to possess something different

John A. Jordon hunted extensively in Africa about the turn of the last century, and later reported this. Although the African elephants are generally all tuskless, once on safari he encountered, what he would call an "elephant-stone" in the head of a tuskless bull. "It was a hard stone of great beauty, just like an oyster grows a pearl", he said.

He had found it on a side of the skull, where tusks normally commence to grow. He further remembered, "It was a great ball about the size of a coconut".

Unfortunately it was so brittle that when he hacked it with an axe, the whole thing splintered into shavings of ivory.

I would like to end my article just as it began, with a statement in Sinhala.

It says: "Gajamuthu walata wada watina ekama wastuwa-nam, ekamuthu kama pamanai". And do you know what it translates into?

There is only one thing that is more precious than the pearl of the elephant, and that is true friendship.

## Killing an elephant with one blow!

**A** WIFE who wanted to get rid of her husband gave him a poisoned cake before he set out on a journey. Before eating it the man decided to take a dip in a wayside pool. While he was bathing an elephant spotted his cake and ate it.

Enraged the man rushed to the elephant and hit it. The elephant dropped dead. By now the elephant's keeper had arrived on the scene.

He spread the story of how the man had killed an elephant with one blow and the man became very famous.

(Story related by the late Mr. I. M. R. A. Iriyagolle in the House of Representatives, Hansard Vol. I Col. 271).



## The World of Science & Medicine

# Mysteries of the sun

WHAT kind of weather is it on the sun?" is an old and fascinating question to which man cannot always reply. So he continues to study the mysterious world of the stars.

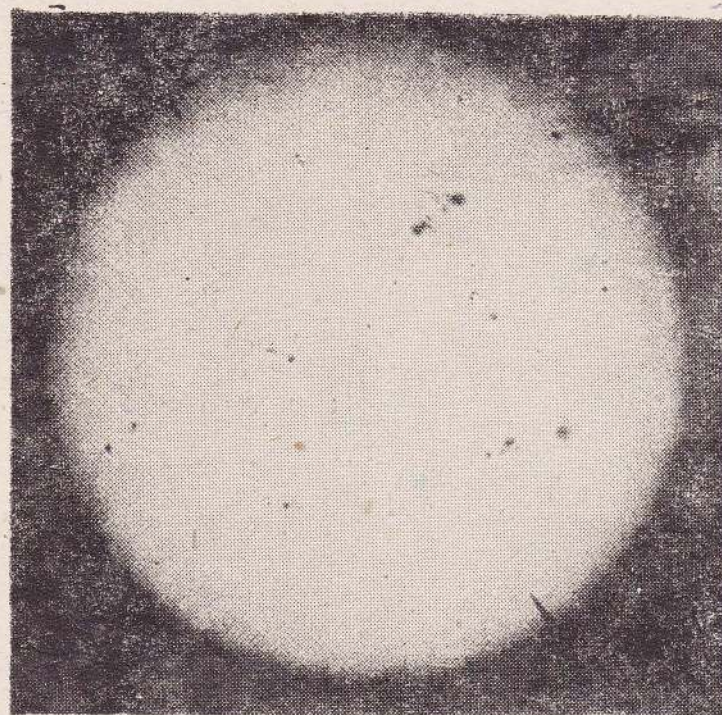
A century ago it was found that the sun's eleven-year-cycle—with alternate calm and storms—corresponded exactly to the disturbances in the earth's magnetic field. The information acquired since then gives ground for hoping that there will be fresh discoveries.

The aim is not to satisfy idle curiosity, but to find out what influence the sun has on climate on earth, which is all-important for human life.

The total solar eclipse of June 30 brought these questions up again. Experts summed up, in many scientific publications, what we already know and what we hope to find out about our star.

Professor Giorgio Abetti of the Arcetri Observatory explains that the sun's influence on the earth is of three kinds. First, there are the electromagnetic radiations emitted in the form of X-rays, ultra-violet radiations, zodiacal light and radio waves. These radiations travel at the speed of light, and take eight minutes, three seconds to cover the one hundred and fifty million kilometres between the sun and the earth. The radiations cause disturbances in the ionosphere and explosions in the chromosphere.

Then there is the effect of the arrival of the "cosmic rays". These are mainly protons travelling at about forty



thousand kilometres per second, covering the distance between the sun and the earth in an hour.

The third kind of influence is the mission of magnetic particles formed by ions and electrons when the sun is stormy. Their speed is great, and varies between one and two thousand kilometres per second.

These particles take between twenty and forty hours to reach the earth, where they produce "magnetic storms", polar auroras and ionospheric storms. All the possible influences, however, appear when the sun is active. This happens regularly every eleven years.

Through the observation of this frequency and the attendant phenomena scientists aim at discovering correlations between the influence of the sun and the earth's climate. There are many uncertainties to be overcome in this type of study, but progress has been made recently thanks to the Mariner and Pioneer satellite surveys, and the informa-

tion gathered during their journeys in the solar system towards Venus and Mars.

Again, the observation of the "sun's crown", the sun's fantastic permanent halo, which can be seen in detail during eclipses, helps to increase our knowledge of the star. The "crown" is made of a gas composed of ionized hydrogen: protons, electrons and different metal atoms stimulated by a very high temperature. Some scientists think that the sun's "crown" is growing all the time.

Others have spoken of solar "wind" or rather of a cloud travelling towards the earth at a speed of three hundred kilometres per second. At first, the temperature of the "crown" is no less than two million degrees. Then, as the speed decreases, the heat disperses in space, as it moves away from its natural source. It is common knowledge that the sun is essential for human life. It remains to discover the reasons for this.

—(Agenzia Italia).



# Self-confidence — clue to good health

**P**EOPLE who won't say no become ill, age prematurely and could under certain circumstances develop a physical handicap, according to Rudiger Ullrich, 32, and his wife Rita Ullrich de Mayne 23.

The Ullrichs, both psychologists, analysed the spreading mental inhibition against rejecting demands imposed by the world around. They believe that this disorder is a result of contemporary civilisation, a misguided form of social conduct that is learned by or drummed into a person.

The two researchers examined more than 140 patients with psychoses of this type over the past three years. The case of a 45-year-old civil servant whose mental sickness manifested itself in the form of serious organic symptoms is as crass as it is typical.

"E-d-u-a-r-d...." His hand began to shake as he wrote the letter "u". "S-c-h-u...." His fingers shaped into claws as if formed by some invisible force. His whole arm shivered. Bathed in sweat, Eduard Schuster allowed his pencil to drop—he could no longer write his own name.

The terrible battle was the end of a career of pen-pushing. Looking more like an 80-year-old as a result of premature aging, the man had undergone a number of courses of hospital treatment before coming to the behavioural therapists at the Max Planck Institute for Psychiatry in Munich.

"Are you a civil servant?" Dr. Ullrich asked. "Yes sir!" came the reply like a shot from a gun. Schuster leaned forward as he spoke and smiled amiably at the two psychologists.

"Are you widowed or divorced?" He considered. "Well, actually I'm married. Have I filled in the form

wrong? Sorry, that was stupid of me".

The civil servant had indeed stated he was married on the form. He had an extremely pleasant wife and five children and lived in a modest home on the outskirts of a city in the west.

The psychologists knew most of the details from their files, but they wanted the man to talk with them. Three hours later they knew Eduard Schuster's whole life story.

He was born in 1927, was of medium build and average intelligence and was proud of his neat and careful handwriting.

Whenever there was a training course, Schuster would pass it with flying colours. Whenever there was overtime to be done, his boss always found him willing. "With pleasure", was his answer, even if he had not been asked.

(Continued on Page 41)

## Kidney trouble? Then have a bun!

**I**N the Sahlgrenska hospital in Gothenburg, they use a special sort of bun under the direction of professor Bjorn Isaksson. The buns are claimed to taste very nice. In fact it is very important that they are tasty, as people with kidney trouble have to eat four such buns each day, and are at the same time restricted to a frugal diet with a low protein content.

As the buns contain nine essential amino acids, they keep the patients free of symptoms for a certain time.

The buns are an alternative for patients who are dependent upon regular dialysis treatment in order to survive. Dialysis machines are in constant demand and insufficient in numbers. The new buns make it possible for many patients to live longer without dialysis.

People with kidney trouble should be given a diet with a low protein content, but proteins contain, among

other things, the eight essential amino acids that the body is unable to produce itself.

These are now provided in the buns. To these acids is added a ninth amino acid, which is particularly important for patients with kidney trouble.

From the waste products of the proteins the patient himself can rebuild the remaining ten or so amino acids that are normally contained in body protein. In this way the kidneys need never be encumbered with the waste products from the proteins of the diet.

Previously the essential amino acids have been given to the patient in the form of intravenous injections. But a long experimental period has shown that equally good results are obtained with the special buns, which are expected to be generally available next year. — ("Sweden News").



# PIONEERS OF INDUSTRY

(Continued from Page 36)

Ceylon started the manufacture of matches known as "Three Gems."

Unfortunately a Swedish firm which was operating in Ceylon gradually gained control over the Ceylon Safety Matches Company which produced "Three Gems".

"We have no protection in Ceylon for any native-run industry. The country is too poor to withstand the enormous factory output of Lancaster, Manchester, and various European cities" wrote Anagarika, Dharmapala.

## 'Fairy land'

In March 1923 Dr. Hewavitarana organised an All-Ceylon Industries Exhibition which he called "Our fairy land of industry".

"I call it a fairy land" he said "not only because of its beauty, but because in this we have greeted a sentiment of unity and harmony. In my industrial fairy land there is nothing communal. It is all brotherhood."

In the same year Ceylon industrial products were sent to the British Empire Exhibition in London. Dr. Hewavitarana was quoted in "The Times of Ceylon" as saying that local craftsmen should not be content with selling their wares in the British Empire, but should start an organisation to export their goods throughout the world. In this respect he was fifty years ahead of his times.

D. J. M.

# More about Freudenberg's

WITH reference to the first article in our series, "Little known facts about well-known firms"—F. A. E. writes.

About 1885 my grandfather, Mr. J. C. Ebert while serving as a wharf clerk for Aitken Spence and Co. had launched out on a small scale to supply water to ships calling at Colombo Harbour. Old Aitken heard about this venture, sent for my grandfather and gave him the ultimatum — "Either you give up your water boats or we give you up." My grandfather said he would decide within a week. At the end of the week he met Mr. Aitken and told him: "I give you up."

A little later Philip Freudenberg fell out with Hagenbeck who was a dubash and supplied the German liners with water. Mr. Freudenberg sent for my grandfather and asked him whether he could cope with the supply of fresh water to German ships. "Yes, sir", was the reply, "but there is one hitch." "What is it?" asked Freudenberg. My grandfather extended his right arm rubbing the thumb on the index and middle fingers. "We

will see to that" was Mr. Freudenberg's reply to this gesture.

From that day to the 1914 war The Colombo Water Boat Company, established 1888, Proprietors J. C. Ebert and Son supplied fresh water to the Nothdeutscher Lloyd steamers. My grandfather retired early and his son Albert Ebert managed the business which amassed a fortune for my grandfather. During the tension in China, a number of Russian, German, Dutch and English ships were in the harbour demanding fresh water. In the absence of sufficient water tanks, my father coped with the crisis by removing the tanks from the boats, cleaning the boats thoroughly, filling them with fresh water and pumping the water straight from the boats to the ships' tanks.

Incidentally, Mr. Siegmund Freudenberg who married Miss Middleton took British citizenship before World War I and received his share back when the war was over. This was the nucleus of the resurrection of Freudenbergs after the first world war.

## Self-confidence

(Continued from Page 40)

"Schuster, could you work through these files before nine o'clock tomorrow morning?" "Certainly", he would eagerly reply, even to such a presumptuous demand as this, and would often sit at his desk before the break of dawn.

With eyes big and friendly, hat in hand and as eager as ever, Schuster eventually attended the most important training course in his life as an invalid in the Max Planck Institute in Munich. He learned to say no.

Schuster plucked up more and more courage as he found that he could get his own way

—whether at play or in real life. He went to the income tax department and insisted that they explain something to him. He rehearsed how to ask for a rise and not take no for an answer.

Schuster passed this course with flying colours as usual. Two months later he was refusing to do anything that did not fit in with his plans. His hand-writing was once more clear and precise. He returned to his job and was promoted soon afterwards.

Eduard Schuster could easily have been called Willi Lehmann or Franz Huber. His name has been changed anyway. But the story is true.



## Women's Digest

Despite the period of austerity we are going through the working women of Sri Lanka are dressed like fashion plates. It is time they faced up to realities. This does not mean that they should look drab but —

# Why not be more rational in what you wear?

SOMETHING very similar to what Nero did while Rome burned is happening in our country today.

What indeed has happened to the good sense of the majority of the women here, that at a time when austerity should be the theme, they are striking the highest pitch in the strains of vanity?

We do not of course suggest that working women should don sack cloth and ashes and add more darkness to the gathering clouds.

But it is indeed time we all faced up to the realities of the economic straits in which we find ourselves.

That reality calls for a more rational form of spending particularly on our work clothes.

I reproduce below some discussions and interviews I had with a cross-section of working women in Colombo.

Miss Carmelita Perera, a teacher from Ladies College Colombo, told me that the teachers of her school were seriously proposing to have a uniform dress for the members of the staff.

"A white cotton saree with a red border is what we hope to adopt". She said that with such little time in the morn-

ings to decide on what she should wear for the day, she found dressing a tiresome process.

"Above all" she said "I welcome the idea of a uniform dress, because it is very economical. As it is we spend much too much on our working clothes." She has just returned from India and found that even in India the price of sarees is rocketing.

Mrs. S. J., a senior lecturer at one of the campuses, said the idea was the most sensible women could adopt at such a time.

Apart from being economical it would also remove disparities between the haves and the have-nots, she said. "It is time, women have a set of proper values.

"Women have a more meaningful role to play in society than being mere ornaments."

What did Miss Jayanthi de Silva, a salesgirl in a textile shop in the Fort, think about it? She was a little hesitant. "Well, it will be so boring wearing the same thing every day. Customers might get sick of seeing us drably dressed." But she conceded she was finding it difficult to budget on the salary she earns.

I also tried to get the views of those women who are working in places where a uniform dress has already been adopted. Both Nilanthi Andradi and Nandini Perera who work at Air Ceylon, don't find it boring wearing the same kind of clothes every day and seeing others wearing them too.

Nandini, who says she is not very fashion-conscious, did not mind a uniform dress. "But", she said, "You should change it after a year or so to relieve the monotony."

Nilanthi does not agree. She likes to be recognised as belonging to a certain firm. "There must be regularity" she said. "Do you feel it is a kind of rigid discipline?" I asked.

"Not at all", was her reply. "We had uniforms in school and we were all very happy in them."

In institutions where women employees wear such a dress the initiative it has been found was taken by the respective managements.

In these firms, women have been provided with their working clothes free of charge.

In all this we would also like to know what the members of the opposite sex think. We therefore propose to let the men air their views on the subject of a uniform working dress for women. Do write in.

H. S.



# The proper upkeep of the walls

THE key, we said, in the last issue of the Digest, to the upkeep of floors, is choosing the right kind of paint.

The same principle applies to walls as well. You should first decide what kind of paint finish you want, and subsequently the paint that will give you the desired result.

A flat finish is an intelligent choice for your bedrooms and living room walls.

With the right flat finish paint, your walls will stand up to frequent washing. Distemper is cheaper, but will not stand up to washing and should not be used in damp and steamy rooms.

A low sheen finish is ideal for a surface of asbestos, brickwork, plaster or concrete. Emulsion paints are ideal for achieving such a finish.

The next step will be to prepare the wall for painting.

If your house is a new one, take care that the walls are quite dry before you start painting.

This is essential as salts and alkali in building materials such as plastic, cement, concrete, brick etc. acting together with the water with which they are mixed, attack the paint.

You will know that your walls are not dry, by the appearance of white crystals (called efflorescence) on them.

It is particularly unsafe to paint with oil-based or alkyd paints at this stage. Primers or sealers are used at this stage to hold back the water. But such hasty tactics are not advisable.

Patience is the surest way to ensure good results. Primers

may however be used after the surface is dry, because they help oil-based paints to resist the attack of alkali found in building materials.

Once you are sure the surface is dry, brush down the wall to remove dust and scrape off any stains of plaster, mortar or cement. Plaster all cracks and holes.

The filling must be left to dry and harden. Then apply a primer if necessary. (Distemper does not need a primer).

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## More practical hints for the housewife .... from HASSINA SOURJAH

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If the surface is rough, apply a second coating of the alkali-resistant primer. Let the surface dry overnight. Then put on the finishing coats.

If however you intend painting previously painted surfaces, you must make sure that the old paint is not cracked or flaking.

Scrape all the paint off with a steel scraper or burn it off with a blow-lamp.

You may even use a chemical paint remover. Then rinse the surface and proceed to apply the primer and then the paint. Remember that distempered surfaces must be wetted thoroughly, allowed to dry and then painted. Emulsion painted surfaces if in good condition, need not be rinsed too much.

After having taken all this care you may still come up with a few problems. The following hints may be helpful.

\* Always use clean brushes. Wash your brush well in paint thinners and warm water to remove previous paint. Wash all new brushes in soap and water before use.

\* Don't let any dirt get into the paint.

\* Sweep your floors at least an hour before you start painting. Don't sweep the floor while paint is still drying, as the dust may settle on the walls.

\* If however, specks of dust, and grit make your walls look "bitty", allow the paint to harden and rub it down lightly with fine abrasive paper. This also helps to get rid of any brush-marks.

\* Where a gloss finish loses its gloss or looks dull, another coat of paint might put it right. But make sure the first coat has hardened.

\* Use of greasy solvents such as kerosene or paraffin as thinners may cause slow drying and loss of gloss.

\* Where the old colour shows through the new paint, don't try to cover it with too thick a coat. If you make this mistake and the paint runs or sags, leave it as it is till it dries and hardens. Then use a light abrasive paper on the wall.

\* Always stir the paint thoroughly.

\* Applying paint to hot surfaces in the glare of the sun may make the paint shrivel or wrinkle on the wall. Rub down with an abrasive and re-coat, with a light layer of paint. Avoid painting in the sun.



# Stringhoppers — the easiest way out

— says CONCY ABEYKOON

AS flour, these days, is in short supply—due to a shortage throughout the world of course—and consequently bread too is difficult to get, the housewife has to forget about Courses, if and when she intends entertaining guests to dinner.

The easiest way out of the situation, since rice is also fairly heavy for a night meal, is to serve your guests a stringhopper dinner. As for the flour, there is always rice flour to fall back on, and it is just ideal in every sense.

## FOR THE STRING-HOPPERS

**METHOD:** Take a measure of milled rice flour, sieve it and using a steamer, steam it in a fairly large saucepan. Leave it to cool. When it is cooked, put the whole into a large bowl and after having added salt to taste, mix it well to a dough. Now introducing a sufficient amount each time, into a stringhopper mould, press it on to the mats. Place the mats one over the other in the steamer and keep in a saucepan of boiling water. Let it cook for a few minutes and repeat the process till the dough is over.

## COCONUT SAMBOL INGREDIENTS:

- 1 Coconut,
- ¼ lb. red onions,
- 1 lb. maldive fish,
- 8 to 12 green chillies,
- A little tamarind and ginger,
- Lime, salt and a little Cook's Joy.

¼ dried prawns.

**METHOD:** Scrape the coconut and leave aside. Chop up the onions, maldive fish, ginger, green chillies, and mix them well, together with the scraped coconut. Put the whole in a pan of Cook's Joy along with the other ingredients and temper it, seasoning well to taste.

## MULLIGATAWNY INGREDIENTS:

- A fairly large fowl,
- 1 lb. dhal or condai kadalai
- ½ lb. red onions,
- A few bulbs of garlic,
- 1½ cups of coconut milk,
- A bit of coriander, cummin seed,
- Fennel, rampe,
- 2 or 3 tomatoes,
- Ginger, lime, pepper and salt and Cook's Joy.

**METHOD:** Take a large saucepan with about four pints of water. Then joint the fowl and put it in. Roast the dhal or kadalai, add the chopped tomatoes, onions and garlic and the rest of the ground ingredients and fry it in a pan of Cook's Joy. Now introduce all this into the saucepan containing the fowl and boil well until the fowl is tender—lastly add the coconut milk.

## A BEEF SPECIAL INGREDIENTS:

- 3 lbs. beef,
- 5 tablespoons chillie-powder
- 4 tablespoons roasted curry powder,
- 3 teaspoons garlic,
- ¼ lb. chopped red onions,
- 1 wine-glass of arrack,
- 1½ cups of thick coconut milk,

Pepper, salt and lime, Rampe, curry leaves and a bit of ginger.

**METHOD:** Powder all the ingredients—cut the beef into fairly large cubes, and put them into a large saucepan, then add the powdered ingredients, mix well and fry in ghee. Now add to the whole mixture the 1½ cups of coconut milk and allow it to cook on a slow fire, also seasoning well to taste. Finally introduce the arrack.

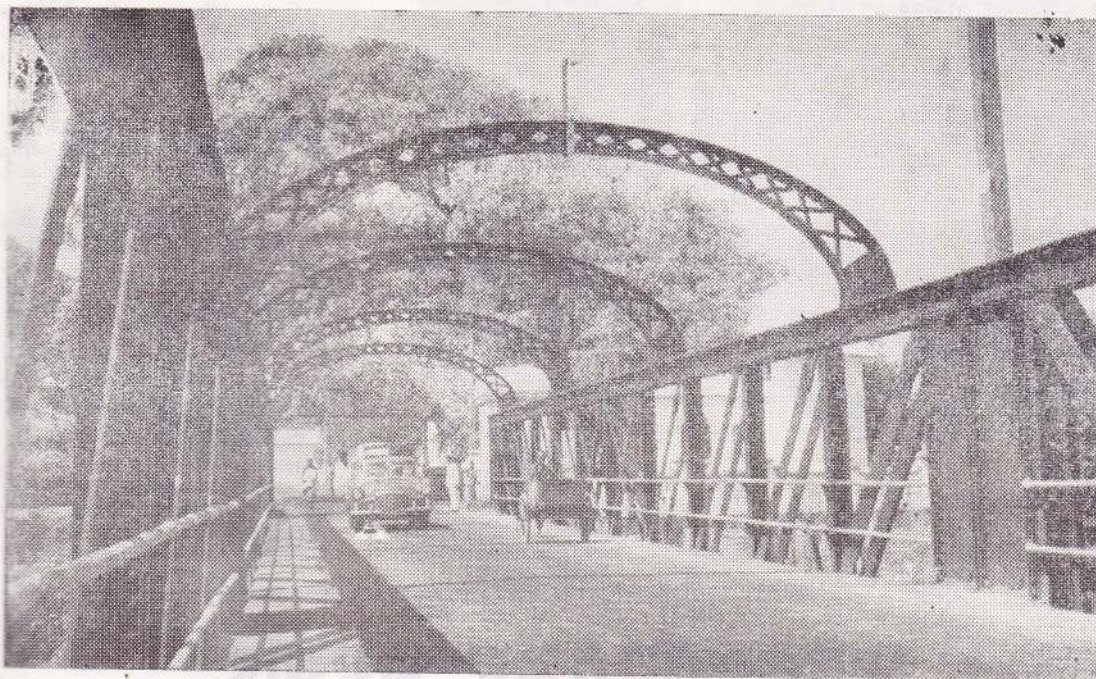
## FRENCH OMELETTE INGREDIENTS:

- 6 Eggs,
- ½ lb. red onions,
- 1 lb. prawns,
- 3 large capsicum chillies,
- 1 tablespoon fennel leaves,
- Pepper and salt, lime and a little margarine.

**METHOD:** Boil the prawns and add a teaspoon of pepper and salt. When cooked, shell the prawns and chop them, then season with pepper, salt and lime juice. Beat all the eggs together and add a teaspoon of pepper and salt. Now fry the onions and the chillies, and add it to the egg mixture. Put some margarine into an already heated pan, pour in enough of the egg-mixture, sufficient for an omelette (French style) and finally add the prawn filling and roll. To decorate, use boiled spinach and parsley.



# The call of Kalutara



THE Kalutara bridge, with the famous Bo-tree in the background.

**T**WENTY-six miles down south of Colombo, Kalutara lies basking in an aura of hallowed, old-time memories for me.....

Sited on the banks of the Kalu Ganga, Kalutara is, of course, reputed for its straw hats and baskets (woven deftly from the sun-dried leaves of "indi" (the wild date palm), its luscious mangosteens — and its girls!

If you have any doubt about that, read what is possibly the finest piece written on Kalutara by a son of the soil — the late well-known journalist and famed literary star of this isle in the sun— J. P. de Fonseka.

Here is the poem he wrote on the charms of Kalutara — as he preferred to call it — the charms of Kaltura's fruits hats, baskets — and girls, which so enraptured his heart, but no Kaltura girl could "steal his heart away!"

For Sri Lanka's great literary man lived, and died, a gay bachelor! And now, to his gem of a poem:

"Have you seen the showers  
of Kaltura  
Gauged in the weekly charts?  
Have you seen the dowers of  
Kaltura  
Boom on the distant warts?"

That held the olden town?  
Have you seen the port of  
Kaltura  
Where the raftsmen scramble  
down?

Have you seen the girls of  
Kaltura  
Glitter with splendid ray?  
Have you see the girls of  
Kaltura

Would steal your hearts  
away?"

There is a typical Sinhala proverb which frankly states: "born in Kalutara educated in Matara, what better?"

And, as Major Roland Raven-Hart in his excellent book "Ceylon — His'ory in Stone", reminds us, Matara is reputedly the most cultured place in Ceylon, as Kalutara is the healthiest....."

That Kalutara is one of the healthiest spots in this country is verified in a des-

By **HARRISON  
PEIRIS**

Have you seen the fruits of  
Kaltura  
Deck the Gardens of the  
Sun?  
Have you seen the shoots of  
Kaltura  
Into hats and baskets spun?  
Have you seen the Fort of  
Kaltura



scription penned a near-150 years ago:

"Kalutara — a favourite resort for invalids, with its umbrageous walks and cool and salubrious climate..."

The famed Kalutara Bodhi with the gigantic dagoba and the imposing *Waiadage* (the only one of its kind in Sri Lanka), on the hillock, has been hallowed over the years.

The evidence of history points to the fact that the parent Bodhi was planted on this selfsame hillock in the time of King Wickrama Pandiya, in 1052.

Kalutara's hoary, 300-year-old Banyan Tree forming an entrancing archway over the highway to Galle — the well-loved landmark and an unforgettable sight, alas! it no more.

The death of the giant tree was due to purely natural causes and this link with the past was snapped in 1965, finally.

The Fort of Kalutara still stands a mute witness to the historied past.



J. P. DE FONSEKA  
*Giant on Ceylon's literary scene.*

Way back in 1677, a man of the Dutch East India Company, Christopher Schweitzer

wrote in his diary under April 22,

"I was sent with 30 soldiers to the Fort of Kalutara" — one of the earliest references to this town in Dutch chronicles.

Conjuring up visions of the ancient days is a warmly human incident in the day to day living of those times.

The famed antiquarian, historian and scholar, Dr. R. L. Brohier, refers to this poignant incident in his book "*Seeing Ceylon*."

After the British captured the Fort of Kalutara, one of the buildings in the ramparts was used as a countryside residence of Chief Secretary Hon. John Rodney.

In 1824, when his infant son died and was buried, he constructed a pyramid over his beloved son's grave.

It carries this plaintive, heart-sobbing epitaph which is also an appeal to future generations of Kalutara people "Respect and spare the remains of our child...."

## TAPROBANE NEWS

### HARBOUR ROOMS

8 p.m. to 11 p.m.

Dine in comfort and Relax to the Music of  
Christine & The Set Up  
Dress: Casual.

### BLUE LEOPARD NIGHT CLUB

Dine & Dance to the Music of  
Gazali Amit Combo—

Wednesday to Saturday.

The Oceanites — Monday & Tuesday.

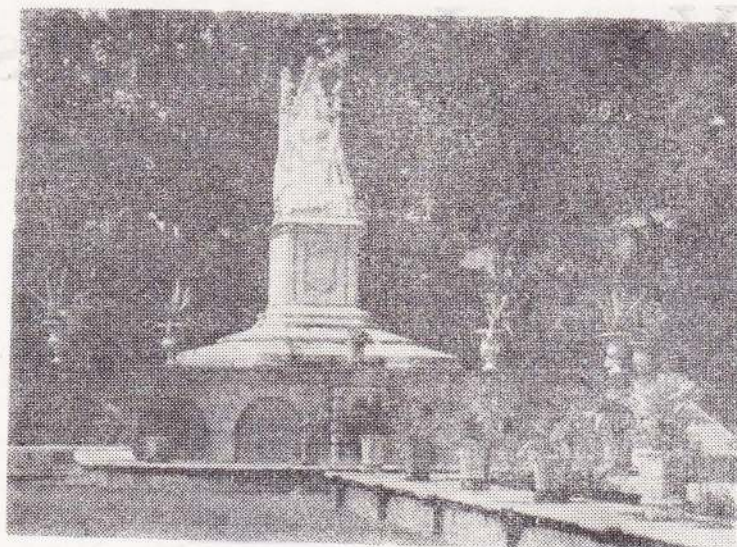
Dress:—

Monday to Friday—(Tie Only).

Saturdays—National or Lounge.



# When Gordon Gardens was a cricket ground



GORDON GARDENS, which at one time provided shade and rest for those who visited Colombo, has a long and colourful history.

Surrounded by Queen's House, the Prime Minister's office, the Customs buildings and the large banyan tree stretching seawards, Gordon Gardens has lost most of its former prestige, but continues to be the quietest spot amidst the hustle and bustle of the city.

With a pond in the centre and a few flower beds, Gordon Gardens does not have much to attract a visitor, yet the magnificent marble statue of Queen Victoria, the "Portuguese Padrao" and the old Dutch buildings in the vicinity of the Gardens take one to a world of the past.

The statue of Queen Victoria overlooking the Gardens was brought to the present site at the beginning of this century. It was first put up on a spot where once stood the Ceylon Tea Kiosk — a well known centre then — where many visitors refreshed themselves with the "cup that cheers." The Ceylon Tea Kiosk was at a later date demolished to make way for the development of the city. It was situated just in front of the present Mackinnon Mackenzie Building.

The marble statue of Queen Victoria was sculptured by Mr. G. E. Wade of London. The expenses were provided by a vote of the Legislative Council as a fitting memorial of the diamond jubilee of Her Majesty, which fell in 1897.

The Portuguese Padrao, which stands on the northern end, serves as a memorial to the Portuguese regime in Ceylon. Though there is much controversy over the date of

were interred the bodies of several Dutch Governors.

The British, who soon followed the Dutch, became masters of the seaboard in 1796, and the Dutch buildings and churches fell into disrepair. It is said that the remains of these Dutch Governors were removed to Wolfendhal Church in 1813 amidst lefting ceremonies.

There was a time when the present Gordon Gardens was

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by NIMAL SARATHCHANDRA

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the arrival of the Portuguese in Ceylon, the inscription in the Padrao points it to 1501. Don Lourenco de Almeida who landed on the shores of this Island, caused the Portuguese coat-of-arms to be carved on the boulder, which is well preserved even today. During Portuguese times, a Roman Catholic cathedral and a house of Franciscan monks stood on what today we call Gordon Gardens.

During the Dutch regime, which began in 1656, the Portuguese church was razed to the ground and a Dutch church was put up on the same spot. In this church

used as a cricket ground, but from 1889 it began to assume its present shape.

Sir Arthur Gordon, the then Governor, as a personal gift to the capital in honour of the jubilee of "Queen Victoria's reign, transformed the gardens into a beautiful spot in the heart of the city with well-laid-out flowerbeds and a variety of tropical flowering trees. This became an attraction for foreign visitors.

Though cricket is played no more and the music of the organs from the Portuguese cathedral and Dutch church is heard no more, it still bears some vestige of the imperialist age.



# Your Lagna this month

## By Mercury

### ARIES



A very much better month in health and finance. You will improve in

health and more money will come to you this month. You will achieve success in all your enterprises. You will face problems in life with greater courage; you will overcome your foes. You will do very well in your profession or job, and there are prospects of a promotion or better status in your job. You would also be inclined towards religious activities.

But your common fault, rashness and quickness of temper will be more prominent this month since Mars is transitting the Ascendant first two weeks of the month, are more favourable than the last two.

Lucky colour: Red.

Lucky Days: 6, 12, 19, 25.

### TAURUS



Not at all a good month for Taurus subjects. Your Lagna is hemmed in on both sides by powerful enemies. Your health will suffer; nervous complaints and diseases of the eye, swelling in parts of the body, falls from trees and vehicles, bone-fracture are indicated as adverse results.

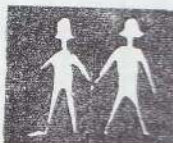
You will be romantic. There will be disharmony and quarrels in domestic life. On the financial side, there will be losses and heavy expenditure. You will also have a lot of worries. Do not venture upon new schemes or any speculation this month. For some time to come, your planets specially Saturn, Mars and Jupiter are transitting ad-

verse signs. Heavy losses in financial matters are indicated for you.

Lucky colours: Red and yellow combined.

Lucky Days: 12, 13, 14, 29.

### GEMINI



A bad month for your health; there would be bodily pain; some

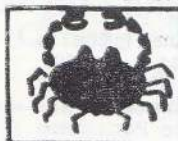
serious sickness is afflicting you. Diseases in the head will come up and your thinking power will be weakened. Your body will be emaciated. Yet, your financial side is good; Income from many sources is indicated as Mars is in the 11th house. But there will be expenditure and commitments.

There will be upsets and unpleasantness in the domestic sphere. A good time for studies and success in examinations. On the whole, a bad month for Gemini subjects. Jupiter, a Maraka planet for you is transitting your 8th house. Be careful in all your dealings.

Lucky colour: Green.

Lucky Days: 10, 19, 26, 30.

### CANCER



An extremely favourable month for you. Your best planet, Mars is

transmitting your Mid-heaven, shedding strength to you. The only thing you have to do is to switch on; the rest will look after itself. Prospects in employment are very good; Favours, from superiors, rise and more status in your profession and job are indicated.

On the financial side, also good results are indicated. Your business enterprises and investments will bring in better profits. There will be

great harmony and happiness in the domestic sphere; children will do extremely well in their studies and they will spend a very happy time. As Saturn is transitting your 12th house with Ketu, there will be heavy expenditures, losses and disgrace also.

Lucky colour: White.

Lucky Days: 5, 11, 19.

### LEO



A favourable month for you. Your health will be normal, as your

Vogharaka planet Mars is transitting. The house of fortune, in his own house, you will be successful in all your enterprises. Fortune is clinging on you and there is a rise in profession and status. There is great opportunity for a promotion in your profession and job. Great progress in financial matters is indicated; your studies and examinations will bring in unfavourable results. Not much success in academic sphere. A bad time for your children. Help is forthcoming from a prominent person. On the domestic front mental suffering and sorrows.

Lucky colour: Copper.

Lucky Days: 5, 22, 28.

### VIRGO



Virgoans this month also bring in unfavourable results. Disputes, loss

of status, disgrace, sickness, loss of money and changes in profession are indicated. You will be inclined to rash activities and impulsive actions and rude behaviour. You should avoid malice and anger in your actions as danger arises.



ing in that quarter is indicated. Do not fall into the net of intrigues created by others.

There are plenty of disturbances in your profession, as your tenth house now is subject to great affliction. There will be some change in your profession or job. But harmony and happiness are indicated in your domestic affairs. Progress in children and happiness in family-life are indicated.

Lucky colour: Green.  
Lucky Days: 14, 19, 23.

### LIBRA



You have now come to a good period in your life, after spending an un-

fortunate period in the past. Your health will be better. Troubles and sorrow from relatives are indicated. A good month for finance. Profit from investments is indicated. Good prospects in employment. A very good month for a rise in employment and status. There will be a promotion in your profession or job, success in studies and examinations. Desire to study new subjects and engage in research work, happiness in family life and prosperity for children are indicated. A birth in the family is also indicated. A great progress in the educational sphere.

Lucky colours: Red, yellow combined.

Lucky Days: 12, 16, 19, 25.

### SCORPIO



You will go forward with courage and valour to achieve success in life.

You will show keener interest in your work. Financial side is favourable to you this month. Trouble from enemies, over your job will arise and there will be clashes with your superiors. Great progress and profit are indicated in educational and academic spheres.

Success in financial matters is indicated. Gains from bro-

thers and sisters and associates; happiness in the family circle and opportunities for marriage. Harmony in the family. Health will be better. Be careful and cautious in your travels.

Lucky colour: Red.  
Lucky Days: 14, 21, 23.

### SAGITTARIUS



Your health will suffer; P l a netary positions are very adverse for you in

many respects. Avoid travel. Great mental unrest is shown. Loss in financial matters is indicated. Sources of income will decrease and expenditure will arise and there may be even indebtedness. Enmity from mother's relatives is indicated and evil time for mother also is shown. Disputes in landed properties; sickness to children are also indicated.

Disharmony and disunity in domestic life, sickness to your partner are shown. Disappointment in love affairs for unmarried people. Great obstacles will arise in your job and no progress in employment. Businessmen will incur losses in their dealings. An unfavourable month for you.

Lucky colour: Yellow.  
Lucky Days: 5, 8, 23.

### CAPRICORNUS



Your health will be normal; but you will have worries and troubles on

account of your enemies. Be careful of urinary disorders.

Your desires will be realised. More money will come. There would arise a new source of income. Specially, this month will bring in lot of profits and income for you. There is a gain of landed property. Access to good vehicles and profits from lands is quite probable. Heart- trouble is indicated. Expenditure and fruitless travels. Success in employment, promotions and new appointments are indicated favours from

superiors and great improvements in your job are also likely.

Lucky colour: Black.  
Lucky Days: 5, 12, 19, 28.

### AQUARIUS

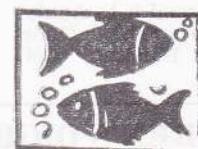


Good for finance; a sudden profit in finance is indicated. Good pros-

pects in employment; A propitious time for a promotion; A change of station for your own benefit is also indicated. Obstacles in studies and examinations. Disharmony in the domestic sphere and disappointment in love affairs; you will go forward in your activities with great courage till you realise your ambition; Unfavourable month for your children. Danger in travel is indicated. Gain of new lands is possible. Tedious travel and consequent fatigue in the first two weeks of the month.

Lucky colour: Black.  
Lucky Days: 5, 14, 28.

### PISCES



A good month for finance. Gains from friends and relations is

forthcoming. Your savings will increase and there will be gain of landed property. There will be marriages, birth of children and auspicious ceremonies in the domestic side. There is a tendency to leave the home-station and travel in foreign countries. Sudden profits; respect and honour, a new status in life are indicated in travels away from home. There is the possibility of the loss of a close relative and ailments in the heart are also possible. Times of solar and lunar eclipses are bad for you. There is happiness in the family. A good period for success in studies and examinations. Changes for the better in your profession are likely. A great change in your life for your own welfare is indicated.

Lucky colour: Yellow.  
Lucky Days: 5, 19, 23.



# The Children's Digest

## More news about your own club

**H**ELLO there, all my little friends,

First let me thank you for all the lovely letters some of you had written. We publish here two letters which I thought were very sweet.

I see that all of you are agog with excitement over the Children's Club, the Digest is planning Well we do have some news about the club. If you are under twelve years of age on 1.10.73, fill in the membership coupon published in these pages, get your parent or guardian to certify your age and send it to Aunty Hannah c/o "The Times Digest, Times Building, Colombo 1.

I would also like all of you to write and tell me what you would like to do as members of this club. It is your very own club, remember, and the aim of the "Digest" is to make all little children happy. So do write in.

And keep sending your entries for the Second Competition.

The prize again is a Bank Voucher for Rs. 25/-. But see that all entries reach this office before 12 noon on 12.10.73.

Till next time. Cheerio and the best of luck.

AUNTY HANNAH.

## From our readers

**C**ONGRATULATIONS on this your first issue of the "Times Digest". I wish it years and years of success. I was thrilled to read about the formation of a "Children's Club" and I will be looking forward to the details in the next issue. I wish to say my piece in verse form so here it is:—

The "Times Digest" is here to stay.

Prizes, surprises, "Junior Digest" hey! hey!

Success, success, come what may.

Once a month it's coming your way.

JEROME JAYAWARDENE,  
31, Balagala Road,  
Hendala.

**I** WAS very happy to see a Junior Corner in the Times Digest! I wish this magazine will reach lots and lots of children.

I would like to join the children's club of the Times Digest. Please let me know how I could join as a member.

I am a student of Isipatana Junior School. I am ten years old.

Wishing the magazine success.

S. K. GOONESINGHE,  
Anderson Road,  
Dehiwala.

## LAST MONTH'S WINNER

**T**HE winner of last month's competition is **MISS ROHINI PERERA**, 7A, Sri Sumangala Road, Panadura.

Congratulations, Rohini! You will soon receive a gift voucher for Rs. 25.

### CHILDREN'S DIGEST CONTEST No. 2.

Name: .....

Address: .....

Age: .....

Parent's/Guardian's/Teacher's signature certifying

Age: .....

1. Who was the head of State killed recently in an Army coup?
2. Where were the last Olympic Games held?
3. Which country's President is involved in the Watergate trouble?
4. Who is the Prime Minister of Japan?
5. Which two countries fought the Six-Day War of 1967?
6. The world's oldest man died recently. From which country was he?
7. What is Fleet Street, London, famous for?
8. Where was the last Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference held?
9. What do the letters I.M.F. stand for?
10. How many astronauts went on board the Sky-Lab?



## Short story for children

# The haunted house

THE village was a long distance away from the main road between Rambukana and Kadugannawa. A cart track led to it from one of the branch roads and ended at the foot of the rocky mountain in whose shadow the village lay. On two of the other sides were terraced paddy fields while on the fourth side was a thick jungle.

In one of the few little huts in the village there lived Soma with her parents and her two younger sisters. Her father was a farmer and her mother looked after the hut and the stray cow which her father had caught and which gave them their milk.

Soma's sisters were too young to go to school but Soma, who was ten years old, not only went to school but also went to the school-mistress's house twice a week to learn sewing. Soma was a bright, clever girl and her teacher loved her. She taught Soma sewing free and also gave her the cloth and needles and thread for the lessons. Soma hoped that one day she would be as good as her teacher at sewing. Then she would be able to help her parents by earning money from doing sewing for their neighbours.

One evening Soma was late, so she took a short cut to the teacher's house. This was a footpath which, halfway down, went for some distance through the forest. But Soma was not afraid. She hurried along, sorry that she was not able to pick the lovely flowers she saw as that might delay her still further. It was a bright day but inside the forest it was gloomy.

Soma knew she had not much farther to go when suddenly it started to rain. She ran, taking shelter under the trees, but the rain that beat in through the gaps in

the branches soon drenched her. She was wondering what to do when she saw a house ahead of her. She ran as fast as she could to it and knocked at the door. Nobody answered. She hit hard on the door and it opened. Thankful that the people in the house had not locked it, she went in, calling out: "Who's there?"

Though she called out several times there was still no answer. "Never mind", she thought. "Maybe the people are out, caught in the rain, and they will be back soon. Then they will help me to get back home".

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By Astrid  
Kuruppu

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She had left the door ajar. Suddenly it closed with a terrific noise and Soma found herself in the dark. She began to shiver. She wanted to run away, but her legs refused to move. She could not even open her mouth to cry out. But, as I said earlier, Soma was a brave girl. She forced herself to think calmly. "It's only the wind", she told herself. "It's the wind that shut the door".

Sure that she was right and feeling much better, Soma thought of the box of matches she had in the little tin box containing her sewing materials, which she carried. She quickly lit a matchstick, found a piece of candle on a dusty table in the dining room behind the hall and was happy to see half a loaf of bread on the table.

"I hope they won't mind", she said to herself as she ate the bread, for she was hungry. She found that she was feeling sleepy, too, so she went to the solitary bedroom with the

aid of the candle. There was a low, wooden bed in it with a musty-smelling pillow and sheet. She removed her wet frock, left it to dry on the rail at the foot of the bed, wrapped herself tightly in the sheet and lay on the bed.

She could hear the rain beating hard on the zinc roof. It would also be quite dark now, she realised. It would be safer to wait in the house till its occupants came back rather than risk getting lost in the dark in the woods.

Soma was tired and soon she fell asleep. She woke up suddenly on hearing a noise. The candle had gone out, but against the gloom she could make out, almost at eye-level, a white ghostly figure. Too terrified to cry out or to move, Soma watched it approach the bed slowly and soundlessly. Then it came quite near and Soma shut her eyes. The next moment it had jumped on to the bed and she nearly fainted.

Something soft brushed against her face and something soft licked it. She heard a faint, purring sound and then a plaintive "Miaow".

Instantly Soma opened her eyes and sat up in the bed, hugging the white object to her. It was her pet cat, Kitty.

Kitty had come to find her and led Soma's parents to her, for soon afterwards, they arrived, together with the occupants of what Soma will always think of as the Haunted House.

She went back home with her parents, but did not forget to apologise to the occupants of the house for having eaten their bread and made use of their bed.

Soma never saw them or the house again, for she never again took short cuts. It was a lesson she would never forget throughout her life.



# Where children have their own savings banks

THE inhabitants of the north-western part of Yugoslavia have a remarkable talent for thrift. It would appear that the Slovenes have never developed the habit of keeping money earmarked for a rainy day stowed away in mattresses, stockings, clay pots buried in the back-yard, etc.

They trust their savings banks, or Hranilnice as they call them.

The thing which marks the Slovenian savings banks off from a large number of similar institutions in the rest of Slovenia is the fact that that no one, with the sole exception of the courts, can make enquiries about the extent of any particular deposit.

And in Slovenia, savings bank deposits are not inconsiderable. In fact they constitute one-third of the total money reserves in that Republic.

In Slovenia, the propensity to save knows of no age distinctions, there are even savings banks intended exclusively for children which are perhaps the most interesting feature of the whole banking system.

The children's banks are always crowded and buzzing with activity. Everything within them is designed to a miniature scale. There are tables where the children count out their money into little trays with raised sides rather as though they were playing with plasticine or blocks.

When this operation is complete they then enter this amount into inventories of their worldly wealth at one of the miniature windows behind which sit regular employees of the bank.

While they are receiving the money and carrying out the necessary formalities involved, the tellers offer their small customers a variety of sweets.

They made the point in this connection that the greatest despatch is essential for each depositor is entitled to go on

until the formalities are completing himself to sweets and it is good for business to have something left over for the next in line.

The premises are decorated throughout with subjects from fairy tales, ranging from La Fontaine to Krylov. In the centre of the main office a small aquarium swarming with gold-fish completes the picture. The total effect is highly colourful, but pleasant and tasteful at the same time.

Individual deposits are naturally small. However, in conversation, the director of one of these banks gave us the following startling information.

In Slovenia 84,000 children have savings accounts with total deposits amounting last year to TWO THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY MILLION OLD DINARS, or just over two million US dollars.

Seeing the benefits that could result from the fostering of children's accounts, the Ljubljana Kreditna Banks undertook a major campaign to get small children interested in saving.

Sociologists, psychologists, teachers and other specialists were consulted, a series of edifying but entertaining films about the virtues of saving were shown in schools.

The results of this five-year programme may clearly be seen in the figures just quoted. Painlessly, a virtue had been inculcated in the children which would benefit the bank, Mr. Lendovsek gave both them and the country in which they were growing up

Said one pleased mother, Mrs. Kranjc.

Perhaps it would convey a sharper impression of the magnitude of the figure mentioned above as the total amount of children's deposits if it were emphasized that this is a higher figure than that of the monetary reserves of a number of banks in Yugoslavia.

Other banks in Yugoslavia are now forming children's sections as well, and organizing savings campaigns in schools with a view to forming more such accounts. Whither the marbles industry?

## Junior Digest Club MEMBERSHIP COUPON

NAME:— .....

ADDRESS:— .....

DATE OF BIRTH:— .....

SCHOOL:— .....

Form or Grade in which you are present studying:— .....

I certify that the particulars furnished above are true.

Signature of parent/guardian.



# Photo-finish cameras replace stop-watches

**I**S the old stop-watch dead? Though not in Sri Lanka, in international athletics at least, it is a dying concept, and its extinction was triggered off with the last Olympics, a year ago, in Munich.

Progressive technology has stolen a march, as it were, over time and today the stop-watch is replaced by photo-finish cameras connected to electronic devices and with the aid of computers. Competitors and spectators are, within seconds, put in the 'now scene' with precise 'on-the-whistle' information.

With the stop watch, one's thumb reaction had to be just as quick as the blast of the starters gun—but not before the natural delay of a tenth of a second at least. Judges had to hover around excitedly to single out winners. At the Munich Olympics, things were desirably different. Placings and times were ascertained by three photo-finish cameras connected to other electronic devices.

A photo of the contestants in their finishing order, including a time scale is ejected from the camera within twenty seconds after the sprint is over! Results are flashed with equal rapidity. A historical analysis of the event is available at the push of a press button.

Utopian as it may seem to us over here, at the Munich Olympics however, this was the order of the day. A data processing centre comprising three computers had its network at all competition sites. The results of each event were fed into the computer system. They were then automatically sorted out analysed and flashed across. This determined who qualified for the next round, in the case of a heat, and gave the names and countries of the athletes, their starting numbers and if one wished their previous records! And, the time factor

for all this — just two seconds at the most. Fantastic indeed and faster than a sneeze!

Two computers, one to pick the results, the other to analyse and flash across and a third—a stand-by but just in case one might break down.

At the last Olympics, journalists had a field day with information. Wherever they sat they were continually fed with information of

activities at all sites. Detailed results were compiled on all sports activities and sent on a platter as it were and a telex was at hand so that news and views could hit the newspapers all over the world 'hot'.

In addition, during the closing ceremony itself the athletes, officials and journalists were all presented with a volume containing all the results including the very last event of the Olympic games.

## How to beat the thieves of time

**BURGLAR** alarm just announced by a British manufacturer can easily be installed in a home by any householder — or his wife. A BBC science programme reported on the new alarm.

The basic system costs about £30, and it will keep watch on five doors, windows or other ways by which an intruder might get into the house.

For a proportionally higher price, almost any number of extra entrances can be watched: It's simply a matter of fitting more detectors.

The detectors are electromagnetic devices, screwed on at each door or window and powered by batteries. One part is screwed to the architrave or window-frame the other to the movable door or window.

There is no mechanical link between the fixed and movable parts, just their magnetic influence on each other. So if a draught makes the door or window rattle, or move even as much as half an inch (12 millimetres), the alarm doesn't go off.

The user has a key to switch on the system before he goes to bed or leaves the house, and turns it in the 'lock' of a central control unit. Then he has about half

a minute to leave the house if he wants to — during that time (but not afterwards) the alarm will not sound when a door is opened.

Later on, when the user comes home, or gets up in the morning and wants to switch off the system, he has to do two things. If he has been out, he opens his front door in the normal way, and within a few seconds he must touch a special, concealed, detector with a special key — a magnetic one this time.

That delays the alarm for about half a minute, allowing the user to go to the control box and switch off the system with his ordinary key.

Both keys, the ordinary and the magnetic one, have to be used in this order to prevent the alarm from going off.

And the noise cannot be silenced even by cutting the wires or hitting the device hard. Only the man with the keys, and who knows how to use them, can switch off the din.

If a burglar or other intruder sets the siren going, it is likely that he will be frightened away before doing any harm. And that deterrent effect, the manufacturers say, is the purpose of the new system. — (BBC London Letter)



## Sports Digest



CLIVE INMAN



RAVI SATHASIVAM



GEHAN MENDIS

# Chance for us in World Cup cricket

WORLD Cup cricket fever has hit Sri Lanka with a big bang. News has filtered in from Lord's, the headquarters of cricket, about Sri Lanka and East Africa joining six other Test playing countries of the Imperial Cricket Conference in the first ever World Cup cricket tournament to be staged in England in June 1975.

The other countries participating are Australia, England, India, Pakistan, West Indies and New Zealand.

This is the great day that local cricket has been waiting for. Sri Lanka is in the correct street, where instant cricket (limited number of overs) is concerned.

We acquitted ourselves creditably on two occasions on the picturesque Colombo Oval, when Michael Tissera led the Sri Lanka team to victories over Colin Cowdrey's and Tony Lewis's teams. Sri Lanka scraped through against Cowdrey's side, but completely

out-played Tony Lewis's side early this year.

If the tour is to be successful the Board of Control for Cricket in Sri Lanka, must plan immediately for the World Cup.

We have three talented cricketers in England now — Clive Inman, Ravi Sathasivam and Gehan Mendis (England Schools and Sussex).

ment, the "P. Sara" is played on these lines. It is similar to instant cricket and we should be able to fare well.

As the Ceylon team must also be pitted against stronger opponents, the Board must invite foreign teams from India Pakistan, etc., here during the next two years. The itinerary must be based on 50-over cricket.

## By ELMO RODRIGOPULLE

The Board should make full use of their services.

Clive Inman holds the world-record for the fastest 50 (ideal for this tourney) while Gehan Mendis was picked by Tony Greig himself to play for Sussex in the 50-over games. Ravi Sathasivam is adjusting himself well to English conditions, and should be in fine fettle by 1975.

Sri Lanka has been used to only one-and-half days cricket. Our premier tourna-

Three and four-day cricket games must be avoided as we are unsuited for Test cricket, due to the nature of our tournaments.

A Pakistan under-25 team will be here in November, the Indians in January and the Windies in the latter part of 1974.

The Board must plan out the itinerary to cater to the 50-over game.



## Great rugby games of the sixties (1)

UVA and the name makes people think of some of the best tea in the world along with rugby football that was legendary in the 1920's and throughout till the late 60's.

1961 found the Uva Gymkhana Club being captained for the first time in its rich history by a Ceylonese. He was Senarath Pilapitiya, a prince among scrum-halves produced by Sri Lanka.

One remembers that sunny June afternoon at Havelock Park for the screaming Havelock Sports Club fans who as a ritual flocked there on Saturdays and the rugby fare served by two thoroughbred rugby teams playing that season.

Havelocks versus Uva. Today there wouldn't be even twenty people watching a clash of these teams, for Uva has temporarily packed up rugby.

Twelve years ago, the situation was vastly different. A meeting between these two sides evoked tremendous enthusiasm and the match I am referring to was to create history, at the end of sixty electrifying minutes of red-corpuscle rugger.

That game had an added significance, S. B. Pilapitiya Uva's captain and his fly-half the mercurial Fred Aldons were responsible some ten years earlier for the success of the Havelocks.

Now more than a decade later these same stalwarts were preparing for an assault on their former fortress at the Park. Aldons was staging a comeback to the game. The heavy strapping on his right thigh was perennial as the man himself, an omen which gave Havelocks supporters much consolation.

For ten long years, their club had not won the Clifford Cup. Under Hubert Aloysius, that year, they had gathered a young side which looked good to grab that elusive honour.

# When Uva's Merrie Men made merry at Havelock Park

"None would have imagined the Havies buckling under to a team of planters from the distant hills of Uva who played their rugby purely for enjoyment. And a defeat at Havelock Park was a blasphemous thought on the part of every club supporter.

The game kicked-off into instant action with crisp passing movements rocked by swift tackling that swung play tantalisingly from one 25 to the other.

It seemed to many that this Uva fifteen meant business, for the Havelocks players

plete control of the match in the remaining minutes, looking capable of collecting more points at any time.

However, the Havies gathering their wits and losing heart packed some punch into their play to collect 8 point during this second spell, but that was all the fight back from the homeside.

Uva stormed back tenaciously, clinging onto the lead by a single digit. Arthur Palmer and Carl Ludvigsen the latter a Welsh schoolboy International gave Maralande and the backs a torrid time while Ian McDonald and John Boyd-Moss, swooped down on the Havies forwards, reducing them to impotency. Punts ahead by scheming Maralande ended up in smoke as Dick Lister, Uva's full back crowned himself with glory, repelling every danger and threat with certainty and uncanny intuition of a high order.

As the match ground to a halt — a game of spirited rugby the crowd stupefied but enthralled, rose in their seats to accord the Merrie-Men of Uva a standing ovation and the men who wrote history by defeating the Havelocks that day in June 1961 were:— Lister, Partridge, Bowie, Wright, Shelton Perera, Pilapitiya, Aldons, Boyd-Moss, Mike de Alwis, Duncan Subie, Ian McDonald Witham, Palmer, Wallen and Ludvigsen.

## By AUSTIN DANIEL

sported worried brows even before the match was ten minutes old.

The rhythm of the home team appeared to have deserted them even at that stage of the match so much so, that to everyone's consternation, Uva had rocked the crowd by scoring 9 points in the first 25 minutes of play.

The 9-0 lead enjoyed by the Merrie-men did not convince many who felt that Uva would crack-up during the second half. Uva on the contrary would have none of that myth. Revitalised after oranges the planters took com-



M. B. MARJAN writes of the wives and the girl friends of the men to whom rugby is not a hobby but an obsession.

WHEN the Rugby Football Season draws near in April, you don't have to read the papers to know when a kick at goal or a try is missed.

You can hear the cheers and moans for miles around, from Longden Place to Havelock Park; Maitland Place to Police Park and Galle Face. You can also hear the moans—from the hundreds of wives and girl friends who are left alone every Saturday, while the hubby and boy friend barracks for his favourite team.

You'll hear the women making acid little jokes about being "rugby widows" and having to stay home on Saturday evenings.

But don't let their jokes fool you. Underneath their strained and tolerant smiles the girls are fighting mad.

I know. I've been talking to most of them and here is what they say:

\* "I HAVE to get his lunch ready early so he gets to the ground in time," said Muzeena. "Doesn't matter if it is convenient or not as long as he doesn't miss the wretched kick-off".

\* "I USED to look forward to going to the pictures with him on Saturday afternoons", said Fawziya. "But since he became a rugby addict, I haven't seen him for dust".

\* "HE hardly ever sees the children during the week", exclaimed Shereen. "But when I ask him why he doesn't stay home and play with them on Saturdays instead of going to the rugby matches, he turns on me and asks: 'Are you crazy?'"

\* "BOTH of us go to work during the week", said Kerima. "So most of the work round the house gets done during the week-ends, but when the rugby season comes round it's do-it-yourself time for me".

\* "WHEN visitors call round on Saturday evening, I just don't know how to tell them he's out at the rugby match again", said Mumtaz. "I can just feel their pitying looks. They think I can't hold my husband".

\* "WHEN I complain, my boy friend just looks hurt. He doesn't gamble or drink or chase after girls he says, so why shouldn't he go to see rugby matches?" said Erin. "Rugby is not a hobby, with him but an obsession".

playing. That means they stay away from home, come back home cranky and tired, and expect to get a meal served to them hours after everyone else has had theirs", another wife added angrily.

\* SOMETIMES the hubby actually has the cheek to bring home a bunch of his club mates. "That's when I'm expected to turn out a meal for all of them and sit around while they all discuss things like OR must get back Dida to the centre. Cee Aitch play

# Rugby — the women's angle

What infuriates all wives is their husbands' explanation that they must have a break from work, and that's why they go to see rugby football.

\* "WHAT about us?" the wives shriek. "Don't they think we should have a break from the housework, the marketing and the children?"

\* "IT'S not as though they could see the error of their ways and at least give us an opportunity to go out with them", one wife complained.

\* "AS if this is not enough, they often travel miles—to Kandy, Radella, Darrawella and Badulla, to see their club

rough. Police are hard tacklers and Havies are hard up for players", she added.

\* "AND it doesn't matter how sick a man is during the week. Even the kids say: 'Don't worry mum. Father will be better by Saturday'. And of course he always is."

\* "AS for my better half, she's neutral. She'd rather spend Saturday evening by herself and with the kids.

"What better time could a woman find to catch up on the reading?"



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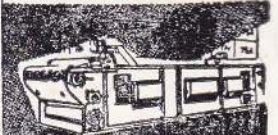
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