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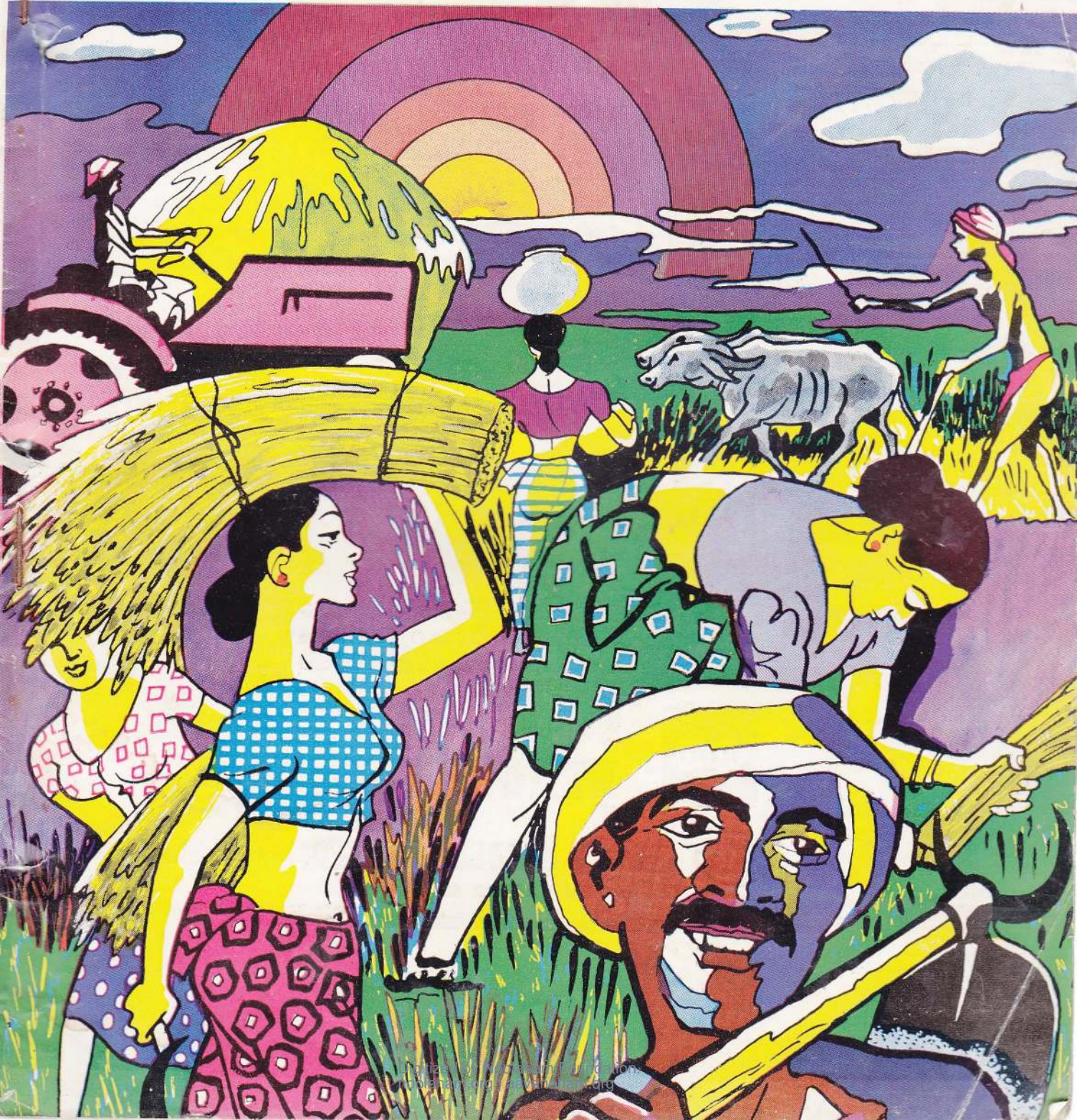
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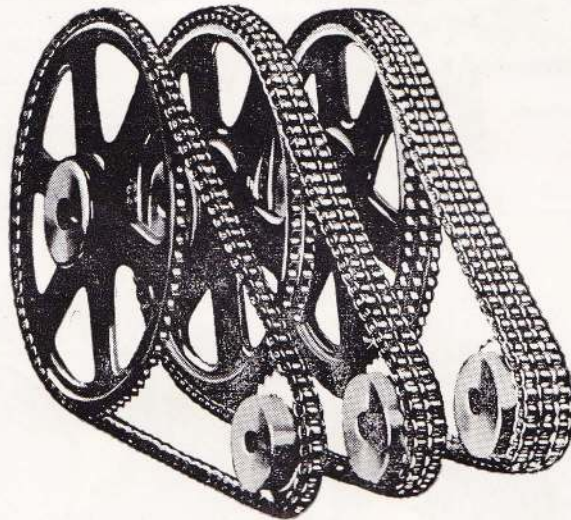
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*If modern women continue to expose their bodies as they do publicly — on streets, in movies, on TV and in various fields of life — the nations may soon suffer a fate as tragic as that which befell humanity because of the fall of our first parents, says E.R.S.M. PERUMAL.*

# 'As the women go, so goes the nation'

**T**HE famous eighteenth-century statesman Edmund Burke, once said: "All that is necessary for the triumph of evil is that good men do nothing". Today, women, who stand to lose the most in this programme of moral decay, are doing little, if anything, about it.

For centuries women have fought for certain basic rights for their sex, particularly the right to be respected, for the right to be free individuals, and not the pawns and slaves of men's passions. Yet, today they stand to lose those rights and once again become slaves — not only to men's passions, but also to Satan himself because they seem no longer willing to fight for their right to be respected.



There is an ancient proverb: "As the women go, so goes the nation". In other words, a nation can be no better than its women. Whenever the women of a nation let down their moral barriers and sacrifice their moral principles on a large scale just to

satisfy the passions of men, then both men and women will become immoral and pagan. The nation will become corrupt, may be cursed by God and subjected to His just wrath, and — being weak morally — may become an easy prey to destruction from without and within.

But whenever the women of a nation hold fast to their moral principles, in spite of all efforts to break them down and seduce them in general, then the men have no choice but to respect the women — because they command and deserve respect. Both men and women, then, will lead better lives according to God's plans; will be blessed by Him as individuals and as a nation will grow strong and free and be able to defend themselves against any enemy.

One of the greatest weapons that Satan uses to try to destroy nations is immorality. You can ordinarily make men immoral by appealing to their lusts, particularly through women. You can make women immoral through vanity — yes, vanity — when all else will fail.

Though women may not like the example, nevertheless, it is true. Satan, to bring about the fall of our first parents, Adam and Eve, in the Garden of Eden, first appealed to the vanity of a woman — Eve. Through an act of her



will, she first consented to even listen to Satan. Then, she appealed to Adam, and was able to entice, lure, seduce — whatever word you want to use — him to cooperate in her sin. As a result, death, lust, sickness and sorrow were born.

All through the centuries, it has ever been thus. Satan has not changed his tactics. They have been too successful, all through the ages. The most effective way to destroy mankind is to appeal first to the vanity of women, and through them to corrupt men.

There are many weapons capable of destroying morals. But — make no mistake about it — one of the most effective, by far, is women's clothes; fashions that reveal much of, or call attention to, the female body.

You see the proof everywhere you go and in all phases of life. The news stands are cluttered with many types of picture, "art", pin-up, men's, nudist and other magazines that are filled with photographs of young women and girls, either half or completely naked. This pornographic literature, demoralizes the youths of a country.

Young girls everywhere eagerly seek out the opportunity of entering various and sundry "beauty" (?) contests, even though it means parading around half-naked like a herd of cattle before the eyes of lustful men. Newspapers, magazines and TV stations devote endless space and time to covering beauty contests, giving the impression that the greatest honour that could befall a girl would be to win one of these "empty" titles.

What will these empty titles, won by so many girls, mean when they come before the Judgment Throne of Almighty God? Certainly they won't be passports to Heaven; and may end as being passports to Hell for all eternity, because of the many mortal sins committed as a direct result of their nakedness. All this pagan display and worship of the flesh can only lead to tragedy

for a country, and for millions of souls as well.

God, for the continued procreation of the human race, has given to women the greater physical attraction and beauty of body and face. There is nothing sinful or evil about this. It is a gift from God. Only the misuse of these gifts is sinful.

Properly used, this beauty and physical attraction is designed by God to draw man and woman together in marriage, for His purposes: (1) To bring forth children; (2) to satisfy the desires of concupiscence and sex in a normal manner; (3) for companionship, because man is a social being. Used in this way, the beauty and physical attraction of woman will bring about good for all concerned.



However, this beauty and physical attraction is not something meant to be put on public display, as is being done on such a wide scale today in the world. This can actually lead to the destruction of a nation because of the many sins committed as a result of the lust and desire aroused in man.

The atom is a gift from God. Properly use, it can provide new sources of light, fuel, methods for raising bumper crops, etc. thus benefiting and blessing mankind. It can also be used in making weapons to destroy mankind. The same is true concerning the physical attraction and beauty God has given women.

On the other hand, men usually have a much greater appetite and desire or interest in matters of sex than women. There is nothing sinful or evil about this properly used, for God has so ordained this as part of His plan to continue humanity.

Men are quite capable of becoming so occupied with the outside world and things of finance, sport, getting ahead in the world, acquiring power, or fame and fortune for themselves, that many of them would never be interested in marriage if it were not for this strong sexual desire God has placed in them. This, too, must be properly controlled, for it can be used for good or evil.

If it is true that men, generally, are more interested in sex than women then it logically follows that a man will often be more interested in a woman for the sake of her body than a woman may be interested in the body of a man; that the bodies of women — because of their greater beauty and physical attraction, plus the stronger sexual desire in men — will, therefore have a greater ap-

peal and attraction to men than will be bodies of men to women. A woman usually does not become sexually aroused at the mere sight of a man's body; often it may disgust her to see it publicly displayed. On the other hand, one of the things most capable of arousing a man sexually is the sight of a female body, be it partially or completely unclothed.

Many men would like to respect women but how can you respect a woman if she has no respect for herself and puts her body on public display? Though a woman may not realize it when she exposes her body or calls attention to it through immodest fashions, she is inviting the men who see her to desire and want her body, and to join her in sin — as did Eve in the Garden of Paradise.

If the modern women continue exposing their bodies as they do publicly on streets, in movies, TV shows and in various fields of life, the nations may soon suffer a fate as tragic as that which befell humanity because of the fall of our first parents. "As the women go, so goes the nation!"

# M & B and the rigours and rewards of food rationing

**I**N a speech Winston Churchill paid a tribute to M & B who had saved his life. He was referring both to the well-known drug colloid by that name as well as to his personal physician, Lord Moran, and another eminent doctor, Mr. Bedford, who had helped him to weather the crises of serious illness during World War Two.

It may well turn out that Sri Lanka will overcome the present food crisis thanks to the yeoman service rendered also by an M & B. In this

case the reference is to Manioc and Bathala, which now enjoy a seller's market and adorn the table both in the home and in restaurants and hotels.

I wonder whether any of our Ministers will have his name immortalised by being associated with any special food preparation devised to enable the country to get the best value from the rations? Some

years ago when chillies were freely imported there was a variety that came to be known in Pettah parlance as "Kotela-walas", from their fancied resemblance to the unmistakable nose of Sir John Kotelawala.

With new kinds of cereals being tried out in Sri Lanka, we may find "corn on the cob" undergoing a change to "corn on the Kob" by way of commemorating the Ministership of Agriculture and Lands of Mr. Hector Kobbekaduwa. Will it be as famous as the sandwich which owes its name to its inventor, the Earl of Sandwich?

**By H. E. R. ABAYASEKARA**

20/7/47

MINISTRY OF FOOD

## RATION BOOK

(GENERAL) 1947-1948

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(For change of address)

FOOD OFFICE CODE No.

Serial No. of Ration Book

AC 617130

IF FOUND RETURN TO ANY FOOD OFFICE

During World War Two the name of a British Minister came to be associated with an economy dish that was in wide use, even if opinions differed as to whether it was appetising or not. That was the Woolton pie. It consisted of an amalgam of potatoes, parsnips and pastry. Writing in the London "Observer", Norman Longinate relates that one woman, who was a wartime housewife, still puzzles over the fact that "such a wonderful man could have given his name to such a dish", and that another recalls how her five year-old son burst into tears when offered it.

However, it was under Lord Woolton's direction that Britain developed a food rationing system under which the health of the nation actually improved. Food rationing — affecting only bacon, sugar, butter and meat at the outset — was introduced in January, 1940, but it was not working smoothly and Woolton was persuaded to take on the portfolio of Food Minister in April of that year.

He did away with the red tape mentality and aimed to raise morale. It is said that at his first Press conference he adopted the phrase "the Kitchen front" as his battle cry. This inspired a number of advertisements, one of which showed a housewife with an apron aiming her rolling-pin at the enemy, above the caption, "Shoot straight, lady — You've got a fighting job on hand, too!"

The Briton is an inveterate tea drinker and one of the most difficult tasks of the Food Ministry was to reconcile the nation to a ration of two ounces of tea a week. Advertisements urged the consumer to go without the traditional "one for the pot" as it could save 60 shiploads of tea imports a year. Woolton's slogan was "Go easy on the tea".

The Ministry published a series of Food Facts advertisements in newspapers and magazines explaining the reasons behind the shortages. Food Flashes at cinemas urged the cause of "patriotic eating". In the radio feature Kitchen Front listeners were advised to ask for helpful leaflets like "Meals without Meat", "Making the Most of Milk" and

"Three Dinners for Beginners".

To give a personal touch Woolton caused to be placed over the staff entrance of his Ministry the words "We not merely cope, we care", and in pursuance of this promise prices were kept steady with controls linked to subsidies.

Bread and potatoes were not subjected to ration and people were told that potatoes were "a rich store of all-round nourishment". "Potato Pete" confided in the housewife that

*...the sight of peelings  
Deeply hurts Lord Woolton's  
feelings."*

me with a twinkle in his eye that I might soon find myself airborne, I was rather puzzled as to what he meant and he explained to me that the sausages had a high potato content and were much lighter than the product when meat was more freely available.

One of the results of rationing was that the people became diet conscious and learned more of the meaning of the words "vitamins", "proteins" "carbohydrates", etc. Children and expectant mothers were accorded priority in allocation of



When tomatoes and onions became scarce after the Channel Islands were lost, the British consumer was urged to eat more carrots, which were described as "bright treasures dug from good British earth...with their gay colour and fine flavour."

Of course, the consumer was better equipped to endure some of the trials of rationing if he had a sense of humour. Rationing was continued for a few years after the war until it was abandoned in 1954.

I had a glimpse of this humour when lunching in a restaurant in Birmingham in 1947. I had ordered sausages and when I was proceeding to consume them, another patron at my table warned

rations. The latter had a special green ration book, which entitled them to cheap or free orange juice and cod liver oil as well as extra eggs, cheese, meat and milk. They were even given priority when queuing for their rations.

In Sri Lanka, the spectacular fall in mortality rates shortly after the war has been attributed to the conquest of malaria and to the use of a number of new drugs for the protection of health. In Britain, too, infant and maternal mortality rates had fallen dramatically by the end of the war and this development was attributed to the fact that more people were better fed under a system of equitable distribution.



By B. C. PERERA

# Southern railway

**E**XACTLY 100 years ago a proposal was made to construct a railway line from Colombo Fort to Moratoo (Moratuwa). This was to be first stage of the Southern Railway which later would extend down to Matara.

According to the first proposals placed before the Colonial Government and the public announcement made in 1873, this line would have cut right through the present Galle Face, which is one of the "lungs" of the city of Colombo.

"The Times of Ceylon" of December 4, 1873, making this announcement said: "It is the intention (of the Government), we believe, to carry the line from a station to be constructed in the vacant space adjoining Lotus Pond Road, where passengers and goods from the Fort may be loaded and where trains may run in connection with the railway station at Maradana. From the Fort Station, the line will diverge at the police station on the Galle Face and skirt the sea beach as far as Mount Lavinia."

The alternative route was through the present Cinnamon Gardens. But this proposition was not acceptable.

When the public learnt that the Galle Face was to be cut up by the railway and when the Governor, Sir J. R. Longden, announced that this railway line was "most useful", there was a howl of protests from all quarters. The people's

protests rose to a high pitch when the Governor went before the Legislative Council and said: "Inconvenience has been apprehended from trains running so near the road of the Galle Face; but care shall be taken that trains shall not run during the time of evening drive."

The public protests went on for nearly two years, until March 15, 1875, when "The Times of Ceylon" came out with the happy news, "Galle Face Saved!". The report went on to state that

## that nearly

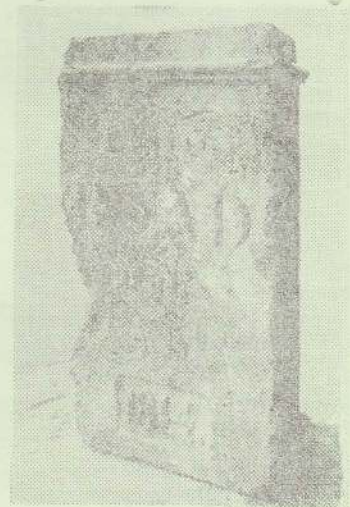
the Governor's "gracious deference to people's wishes gave general satisfaction." After this the construction work on the present railway line started.

Galle Face, even though taken for granted by the residents, visitors and tourists, is pregnant with history.

Before the turn of the century Colombo was plagued with dust storms both red and white, for which there was no remedy. The Galle Face was the only place then for the people to have some fresh air free from dust and



**T**HE two sides of the mile post on the Galle-Face Centre Road — (Pictures by S. Shivaraj)



# cut Galle Face in two

while there they watched the "swirling dust clouds moving rather like water spouts, some red and some white." That was also how Galle Face came to be known as Colombo's main "lung." People simply came there to breathe!

In 1856 Sir Henry Ward started the construction work on the Galle Face Walk and he "recommended (it) to his successors in the interests of the ladies and children of Colombo."

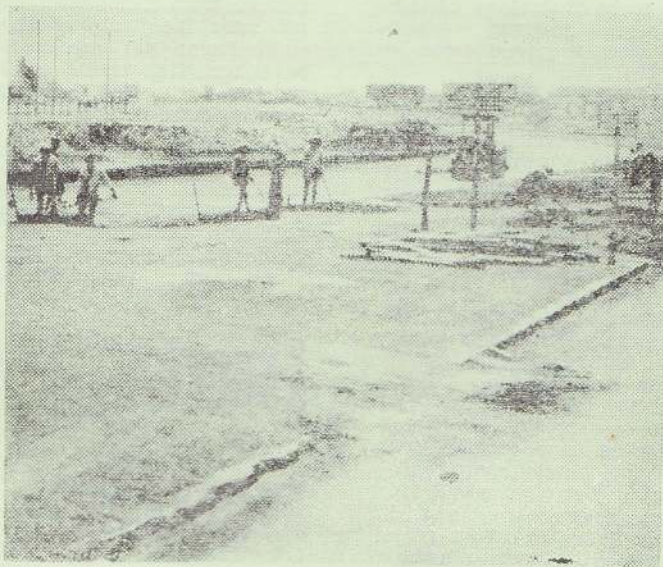
Galle Face, which was earlier known as the South Esplanade, came into the limelight after Bartholomew Petrus Racket, the second authority in Colombo during the time of the Dutch. As this was the southern land approach to the Dutch fortification of Colombo, it was defended by two batteries called Middleburg and Rotterdam, at angles to the ramparts.

The gate to the fortress was further protected from enemy attack by an entrenchment. This consisted of a low earth parapet wall where infantry could take shelter and effectively stall enemy musket-fire. The Dutch called this access to the Fort "Galle Gate". But since it faced Galle, they subsequently called it Galle "Fausse."

When the British came they appropriated this name for the whole stretch of land there and corrupted it to "Galle Face."

There is another landmark on the Galle Face which almost every visitor misses. In 1814 the British started the construction of the road leading to the south and during that year one mile of road from the King's House (now Janadhipathi Mandiraya) was completed. Right in front of the Samudra Hotel a stone block announces: "1 mile from the King's House" on one side and on the other: "This road — made A.D. 1814."

## New roadway that will skirt the Green



ONE hundred years after the first plan to construct a railway line through the Galle Face Green, work was inaugurated this August on a super-highway that cuts through the northern section of the Galle Face Green.

This will be the first stage of deviating the Galle Face Centre Road. It will run opposite the new State Assembly Building, which is proposed to come up on the stretch of land where the Ministry of Social Services was housed until recently.

Construction work was ceremoniously inaugurated by Mr. Maithripala Senanayake, Minister of Irrigation, Power and Highways

and Mr. Stanley Tillekaratne, Speaker of the National State Assembly.

The main purpose of this new road will be the deviation of 1,200 ft. of the Galle Face Centre Road, and 800 ft. of Lower Lake Road. It will have four traffic lanes each 12 ft. wide with a centre "storage" strip 14 ft. wide, which will provide for traffic deviation, and side walks 10 ft. wide.

In addition to providing a frontage for the new State Assembly Building, (work on which has been shelved) it will continue first stage of the re-alignment of the present Galle Face Centre Road up to Galle Face Hotel.

Cost of road project:  
Rs. 600,000.

## Crossed tusks at close quarters



**H**OW many have seen what wild life men call a "crossed" tusker? Very few indeed. This "shot" was taken at very close range when this majestic titan of our jungles emerged from its wild haunts at Yala. Crossed tuskers are very rare and those beasts that are so unfortunate as to have their ivory crossed, as in the case of the one in our picture, are badly handicapped. The malformation of the growth of the tusks prevents the animal from getting at tender branches above its head and from spraying itself with the water it loves.—(Picture by staff cameraman, D. M. Kodagoda).



# Malwana — for the rich glory of rambutan

By HARRISON  
PEIRIS

**M**ALWANA and rambutans are synonymous just as Kalutara is famous for its mangosteens.

In the past, Kotte was known for its oranges and Nawala for its pineapples. But, while Kotte's orange groves and Nawala's pineapple fields have gone with the wind, Malwana-grown rambutans still go strong.

You may grow rambutan anywhere under the sun, but you can't beat the Malwana rambutan for its delicious flavour.

How did the word rambutan originate?

In the Malayan language it means a "man's beard". It stems from rambu (meaning "beard") and utan (meaning "man").

Botanically, rambutan is *Nephelium lappaceum*. It is a native of Spain. There are those who tell you that the rambutan plant was first

brought to our Island shores by early the Arab traders.

There are others who stick to the belief that Sir Solomon Dias Bandaranaike's forbears brought the plant from Malaya. It is said to have been planted in Burulupitiya Estate from where the seeds of the original plants were distributed to the surrounding villages.

Still others declare that the famed Portuguese Captain-General De Azvedo introduced the plant here from Java. And De Azvedo, they say, found Malwana soil ideal. For rambutans flourish and thrive in the black loam there with plenty of river water.

To this day, Malwana's rambutans are superior to those growing in surrounding villages like Walgama, Mapitigama or Kalukondayawa.

How Malwana itself got its name, apart from its fame, as a rambutan centre, is fascinating.

Old-time villagers in Malwana and environs say that once there was a lovely flower garden in Walgama, where beautiful young princesses often sojourned. Having plucked the scented blossoms, they would climb a granite rock nearby, named Hiyubangala.

From this eminence, the princesses dropped the flowers on to the swirling, whirling waters below.

These flowers floated all the way down the river through the Pahuru Oya and ultimately made their way into the Kelani Ganga, where the waters met, and there a beautiful garland of flowers was formed, called Malwana ("mal" for flowers in Sinhala).

Malwana is a quiet village in the Dompe electorate. It was the historic site where the Portuguese signed the Convention of Malwana, and this self-same venue today is transformed into one vast grove of rambutans.

# Digest Crossword No 3 *Rs 5,000 must be won!*

## THE RULES

\* The Master Coupon appearing on next page 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. 3, P. O. Box No. 746, Colombo.

\* The closing date for entries is November 20, 1973.

\* The prize of Rs. 5,000 will be divided among all senders of the correct solution.

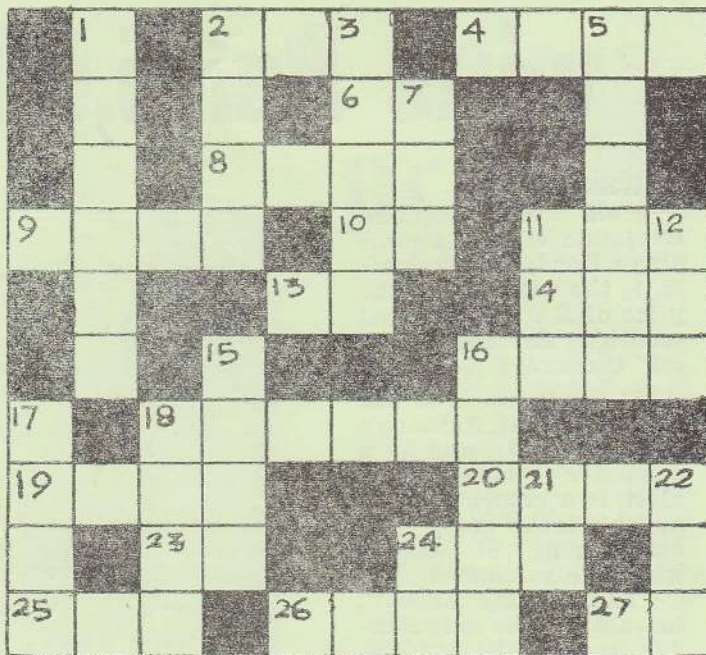
\* The names of the winners will be published in "The Times Digest" of December.

\* 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 solutions, 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.



## CLUES

### A C R O S S :

- (2) Seeker after truth can't sometimes do without this \_\_\_\_\_ (GAB, LAB).
- (4) Men are prone to be aroused by \_\_\_\_\_ (BUST, LUST).
- (6) Note of octave.
- (8) A poor actor may make other performers \_\_\_\_\_ (FLAP, FLOP).
- (9) Some modern girls are \_\_\_\_\_ (PERT, TART).
- (10) Top bid.
- (11) During a hard spell of work one may think longingly of a \_\_\_\_\_ (FAG, FAN, FIG).
- (13) Short road.
- (14) Name (Abbr).
- (16) Another name (Abbr).
- (18) Most vendors are \_\_\_\_\_ (HOARSE, COARSE).
- (19) Enough.
- (20) Essential in battle (ARMY, ARMS).
- (23) Article.
- (24) Skill.
- (25) \_\_\_\_\_ could goad a man into a frenzy (TAX, SEX).
- (26) \_\_\_\_\_ are sometimes

won on the tennis courts (SEIS, BETS).

### (27) Above.

### D O W N

- (1) A person with a stiff upper lip should not raise a \_\_\_\_\_ (SQUEAL, SQUALL).
- (2) A \_\_\_\_\_ is useful in time of need. (GIFT, LIFT).
- (3) Generally, girls prefer a \_\_\_\_\_ man (BLAND, BLOND).
- (5) Nowadays one tends to look down on one who is a \_\_\_\_\_ (SQUIRE, SQUARE).
- (7) Fit.
- (11) Tree.
- (12) Often a \_\_\_\_\_ can be infuriating (GAG, NAG).
- (15) Not a village.
- (16) Toothed wheels.
- (17) Linked with sweetness (BEET, BEES).
- (18) It is usually easy to \_\_\_\_\_ dull people (COAX, HOAX).
- (21) Right (Abbr).
- (22) Japanese coin (YEN, SEN).
- (24) Preposition.

# Young computer analyst wins Rs. 5,000 prize

**T**WENTY-seven - year-old Mr. Reginald Benjamin of 87/1, Pannipitiya Road, Battaramulla, is the winner of the prize of Rs. 5,000 in last month's "The Times Digest" Crossword No. 2.

Mr. Benjamin, who was educated at St. Anthony's College, Kandy, and is a computer systems analyst, is a crossword fan and his lucky entry was one among 64 entries which he submitted.

"The Sunday Times", he said, "is the only Sunday paper with a crossword and other puzzles and I work these regularly, so the 'Digest' Crossword was not all that difficult for me."

Correspondence and freelance journalism are among Mr. Benjamin's recreations. He is the organiser of a pen-pal club called "The Swingers" and he has contributed verse and prose to the "Ceylon Daily Mirror."

"TIMES DIGEST"  
CROSSWORD NO. 2

## THE SOLUTION

**ACROSS:** 1. Agility 6. Noel 8. Passive 10. We 11. Rat 12. Wit 13. MS 14. Asp 16. Eg. 17. Ah 19. It 20. Ton.

**DOWN:** 1. Insert 3. Invites 4. Tee 5. Ye 7. Looks 8. Pug 9. SW 12. Wogs 14. Art 15. Pat 18. Ho.



**M**R. REGINALD BENJAMIN (right) receiving his cheque for Rs. 5,000 from Mr. H. E. R. Abarasekara, Editor of "The Times of Ceylon" and "The Sunday Times".

### Master Coupon No. 3

NAME (in block capitals).....

ADDRESS.....

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

# Problem that takes priority over politics

THE Government's package proposals for tiding over the current economic and food crisis have no doubt provided ample ammunition for the Opposition parties to fire at the United Front.

These economic measures were certainly well intended, having an eye on the economic rejuvenation of the country and not on the ballot, as has been the case with all successive governments since independence.

The Prime Minister, Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike, and her Cabinet colleagues were not unmindful of the hardships these measures would inflict on the vast mass of the people.

Yet it redounds to the credit of the United Front leaders that they had even for a moment stopped playing politics in an honest and sincere attempt to salvage the nation from its present economic plight.

The Minister of Finance, Dr. N. M. Perera, who has, incidentally, been the most abused and attacked man in recent days, continues to speak with conviction. He is more than certain that these far-reaching measures will in the not too distant future set the country on the correct road to economic recovery.

"Even after our deaths those who curse us today will kiss our graves," was the acid comment of some of those Ministers who in the past have been the most vociferous in decrying and condemning any moves to "touch" the rice subsidy.

The Opposition—the United National Party in particular—appears to be impatient and feels the time is more than ripe for it to mobilise

mass opposition to the UF Government.

The UNPers believe that it is now in a strong position to muster adequate strength and forces to have these "harsh" measures withdrawn or modified or in the alternative to force the Government to resign.

These anti-Government elements are no doubt dreaming of the events that took place in the hartal of 1953, when a Prime Minister of the day quit office by "touching" rice in a less drastic manner.

We do not wish to be political soothsayers nor do we wish to comment on these probable dreams of the dreamers. At this stage we

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By E.P. DE SILVA

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can only commend the Government for having adopted a realistic attitude towards the subsidies—subsidies which all these long years had been a millstone round the neck of our nation.

The organised working class in the urban areas have not deserted the United Front but the Government must be cautioned that even a disciplined and loyal worker will not be tolerant all the while.

The Government's call for sacrifice has been well heeded and it is now left for some of our VIPs to give up their ostentatious living. We regret to note that some of those who matter quite a lot in politics and are deeply involved in the austerity policies still persist in continuing the luxury lives they were used to or adopted after the recent political changes

The Opposition's satyagraha cannot be completely ignored. Whatever reservations one may have on the subject there is no doubt that the Opposition parties are entitled to voice their protests through means which are wedded to democratic policies and actions.

The Government should take stock of its activities and also take notice of the Opposition's grim warning as far as these relate to the discontent and frustration that is now seeping through to every strata of society.

## Colombo North by-election

The United National Party romped home in the Colombo North by-election by an overwhelming majority.

Only a fool could have expected the Lanka Sama Samaja Party to win this seat or give a better fight.

It would not be far wrong to state that never had a Government been called upon to face an election or a by-election after it had been compelled by circumstances to impose measures as austere as this government had to introduce.

## The satyagraha

The Opposition should be commended for the very peaceful manner in which the satyagraha was staged on October 19.

But the Opposition leaders must not refuse to understand that political exercises of this nature are fraught with grave dangers for the simple reason that there is always a coterie of persons ever waiting to fish in troubled waters.

With the re-entry of Mr. R. Premadasa into the UNF hierarchy, it looks pretty obvious that there has been some re-thinking on the part of its policy-makers.

They seem to have now jettisoned the idea of stretching out the hand of "responsive co-operation" to the United Front Government.

The United National Party has succeeded during the past few weeks in attracting large crowds for its propaganda rallies and undoubtedly Mr. Premadasa continues to be the star attraction at these meetings.

## The Tamils

It is a pity that neither the Government nor the accredited representatives of the Tamil people have yet been able to make a break-through in any efforts aimed at having a round table conference to iron out their differences.

We are aware that certain elements are opposed to any settlement being effected between the Government and the Tamil people on these problems which continue to agitate the latter.

Whether one likes it or not, it must be conceded that no negotiations could be fruitful without the Federal Party being present at these talks and it is to be hoped that those who advise the Government on this subject would not seek to ignore this fact.

We must stress that parlour discussions between individuals would only tend to make official discussions both cumbersome and dilatory. It would be far better for these well-meaning gentlemen to keep aloof until the Government or the representatives of the Tamils make official moves to talk things out.



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## Foreign News Round-Up

# Oil — big say in troubled M-E waters

**T**HE war in the Middle East may end, but the tensions in this unfortunate land mass floating on a sea of fuel will keep mounting as long as the Super Powers keep adding their fire to this fuel.

In this context, the high-powered moves by Kosygin and Kissinger were welcomed with sigh of relief by a long-suffering world which has in major part been affected by the Arab-Israeli conflagration.

The background to the latest conflict is as hazy as the mirages that float over those searing deserts. From independent reports, it appears that it was the Arabs who fired the first shots and this was confirmed by the shock defeats that the Israelis suffered in the first 24 hours — the quickest time that Israel needs to effect full mobilisation.

The war itself see-sawed for the first few days and the reports of planes downed and tanks destroyed emanating from both sides were so fantastic that if they were to be believed the Arabs must have had a military machine mightier than that of Russia and the Israelis one equaling that of the United States.

That the Egyptians crossed the Suez Canal on to the East Bank no one could deny—and that must have been a moment of great joy for them, to be back on their Sinai territory after 1967.

But how far into this grim desert they penetrated and how much of the Israeli Bar Lev Line they made ineffective will remain only rumour till the dust of war settles and official records become public.

On the Golan Heights, too, the Syrian surprise swoop gained initial success but there again the extent of entry into Israeli-held territory was vague.

As the war got on to its fifth day, one could discern a pattern in Israeli tactics. While the ariel battles went on, the ground forces seemed

### By A. FELICIAN FERNANDO

to concentrate on pushing the Egyptians back to the Canal and holding them there. In fact, the task force that crossed the the West Bank must have had as its primary object the cutting off of supply lines rather than the gaining of new territory.

On the northern front, however, Israeli tactics appeared different. There, they went all out to smash the Syrians and made Damascus, the capital of Syria, their goal, not so much as to gain more land as to give the greatest possible psychological shock to the Syrians, humiliate their homeland and use the fact as a big stick in future bargaining.

At the time of writing (Oct. 21) a BBC correspondent reported that artillery fire could be heard from the city

centre of Damascus and the people appeared beleaguered.

One grim aspect of the war was its effect on oil — and the use of oil by the Arab states as the ultimate weapon against the Israelis.

Saudi Arabia announced cutting off of oil supplies to the United States and the Gulf States told oil consumers that they were reducing supplies by ten per cent.

To a world already facing an energy crisis these cut-backs and the consequent price rises could prove extremely serious and to small, developing nations like Sri Lanka, economically ruinous.

#### THE FALL OF SPIRO

What a fall there was! The man who held the Vice-Presidency of the most powerful nation on earth to be convicted of fraud and be given a suspended jail sentence and a huge fine!

That was the fate of Spiro Agnew, Nixon's second-in-command and the second most powerful man in the United States.

Though the episodes that led to Agnew's downfall are shameful in themselves — corruption, income tax evasion etc. — the fact that he was forced to resign his Vice-Presidency and face a court which convicted him without fear speaks volumes for the inherent strength of the American Constituion and the broad impartiality of its system of justice.

*A one-time Secretary to the Cabinet recalls*

# A London University 'rag' — just good, clean fun

I CANNOT remember the exact year and day. It must have been some day between the years 1928 and 1932 because that was the time during which I was a student at Lincoln's Inn and University College, London, though lectures had also to be attended at King's College and the London School of Economics.

The "rag" which had been planned by about twenty-five students of all three colleges was quite a different affair from the rowdy performances which appear to take place at the commencement of each academic year at our local campuses. There was no indecorum or misbehaviour. No physical violence was used on anybody, there were no flags and shouting.

Although there was gin, beer and whisky aplenty,

no one who was averse to it was forced to take a drink. It was all carried out quite openly in the sight of the public and probably a London bobby about one hour after midnight.

Situated a few hundred yards from Gower Street, from which one enters University College, was one of the biggest department furniture stores in London, occupying a large extent of land either in Kingsway or in Tottenham Court Road.

At this distance of time I am unable to fix the street with certainty. Its entrance stood where a side road met one of the two roads mentioned above and consisted of a large semi-circular vestibule nearly twenty-five feet in diameter. In the centre of the vestibule stood a beautiful statue in marble of a lady. The lady was standing with one leg



By B. P. PIERIS

slightly raised, one hand above her head in the motion of a dance. The whole was mounted on a high circular plinth, the statue and plinth being, I believe, in one piece. The whole thing was so large and heavy that it required over twenty strong men to lift it.

Now the 'rag' was this — to move the plinth and statue secretly from where it stood to the entrance of another large department store in the Kensington area some three or four miles away, and there place it in such a position as to make it appear to the public the next day that the statue was part of the decorative scheme of the Kensington store.

There was one very important condition laid down by the planners, who numbered about twenty-five: Not the slightest

scratch was to be made on the statue during its move. In short, the success of the "rag" depended on the statue not being damaged in the slightest way during its transport.

Now the planning body got to work. The "rag" was going to be expensive and the planners alone could not bear the expense. Over one hundred students who were sympathetic were sounded confidentially and bound to secrecy. Among these, the subscription list was circulated and the estimate prepared by the planners was quickly fully subscribed but the secret was well kept.

Everyone in the know anxiously awaited D day (or night, rather), which was the night of the Oxford-Cambridge Boat Race. About thirty students were on the active list. The others were sympathisers who pretended to be casual loiterers on Boat Race night. For all to have collected in a crowd would have given the show away.

Came the great day. The race was rowed and won. Nobody, except those in the two universities concerned cared by whom, but everyone was in the liveliest of spirits. Public houses were crowded and flowing with beer. Even the much feared and respected London policeman looked the other way at some violation of the law of which, were it some

other day, he would have taken notice.

It was a little after midnight when good humour, high spirits, merriment and hilarity were in the air. Three or four drunks accosted the sole night watchman of the premises where the statue was. This official was on his rounds and was found on the side street and greeted by one of the drunks with "Hello there—A great victory—what? Join us in a tot and celebrate a grand race. What ho!" And the old boy saying, "A great victory, indeed, sir. And a chilly night too. Ah, thank ye sir, thank ye. Ah not so much but thank ye all the same," as a snorter of neat whisky was handed to him.

He gulped it down, handed the glass back and was rubbing his hands to take the chill off when a second snorter was put into his hands. Many more "Thank ye's" and the two drinks had become about eight, with the drunks pressing the old boy with "Great day—what? Have another" when the old boy collapsed and was snoring fast asleep. They put the body away in a dark alley away from the draught and the public and covered it with a blanket. The drunks were the ringleaders in the rag.

Now started Stage Two. On a pre-arranged signal, a low-floored van like those used to carry pianos, re-

frigerators and dead horses arrived with about twenty-five workmen inside. They were dressed in workmen's overalls and appeared to be under the command of a foreman. The driver of the van was similarly dressed.

Orders were shouted in the midst of a gathering curious crowd of onlookers and the statue and plinth were very carefully carried and placed inside the van without any damage being caused. The onlookers apparently saw nothing unusual in transporting the statue at a time when there was little traffic about. The van drove off under the watchful eyes of a policeman and the onlookers and deposited the statue undamaged at its approved destination.

The next day, the public to whom the statue was familiar realised that a hoax had been tried on them and the store, and were not surprised to find that the department van itself had been sent early in the morning to fetch the statue and plinth and place them where they were before. It is needless for me to say that all the workmen and the driver and foreman in the outward van were university students.

And so ended what, to all concerned, was a very successful varsity rag. "Rag" in university slang means a practical joke.

## Brotherly love

A YOUNG bachelor who was enamoured of a pretty young woman whom he used to see regularly at a bus halt, finally mustered enough courage to speak to her. To his delight she did not rebuff him and he felt that Cupid's arrow had found its mark.

While this pleasant episode was being enacted, a man approached them with a broad smile of greeting, spoke to the young woman and then asked the young man who he was.

Thinking that the intruder was either an office mate or a casual acquaintance, the young man told him that he was the young woman's brother. The man's smile turned into a frown. He stood as if rooted to the ground and then said: "My dear brother, I am happy to meet you. The only thing that bothers me is why my parents had not told me I had a brother."

Exit the young man in confusion.

## Between the Lines

# Skeleton in the cupboard

ONE of the most successful films of Alfred Hitchcock, it may be recalled, was "The Trouble with Harry", based on the book by Jack Trevor Story — a masterly mixture of the macabre and off-beat humour that was an obvious choice for the maestro of the macabre.

Briefly, it was all about the trouble caused by a corpse named Harry which had a disconcerting habit of bobbing up at odd places despite all the frenzied efforts by the person responsible for Harry becoming a corpse to keep the fact hidden by keeping Harry hidden.

In one of his subsequent works Mr. Story, who has a flair for that sort of thing, made the corpse spend the night in a hotel room as a non-paying guest. There is, of course, no better place for a body than a bed — though one would, naturally, prefer a live one on it. Be that as it may this particular corpse made its appearance in a work of fiction about twelve years ago.

Now, last month, the truth of the ancient adage that truth is stranger than fiction was once again demonstrated. For in a small apartment in East London a man was discovered dead in bed — or, rather, his skeleton was discovered, for he had been lying there dead for ten years.

The police belief, we are

told, is that the man had died of natural causes. That makes it all the more horrible, for it was an unnatural way for a human being to be allowed to pass away. We do not know who the man was, but evidently he was poor. And one day, ten years ago, he was taken ill in that little room in that small apartment. We do not know what the "natural causes" were but the most merciful view we can take is that he had a sudden and fatal heart attack. That would

By

**D. S. C. KURUPPU**

have been most merciful for him, too.

But what if it had been some other "natural cause"? Surely then he would have called for help from the other tenants in that teeming tenement. Did anyone hear his cries and summon a doctor? Apparently not. And so he lay on his bed, too weak to leave it, and awaited death. Death was his only caller. Until last month, ten years later, when a new tenant went upstairs to investigate a water leak and came upon the skeleton on the bed.

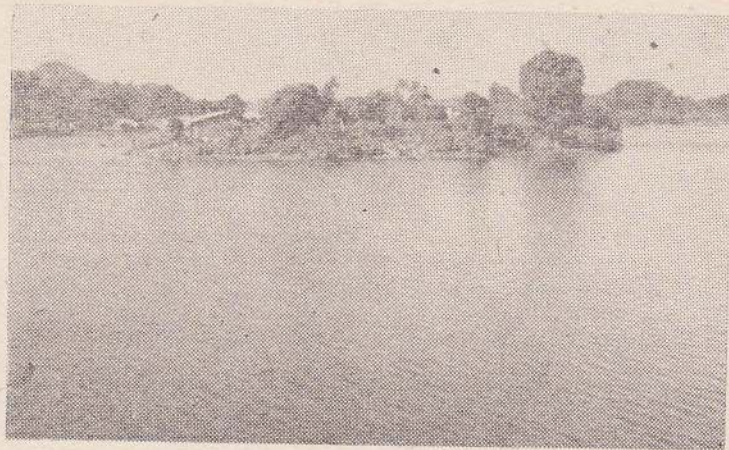
Here, in cold fact, is more horror than Hitchcock himself could have produced. The

discovery of human skeletons, is, unfortunately, not uncommon. Battle-lines and bombed areas yield their harvest of bones in time. Or a man may die and wither away in some remote, isolated dwelling and his remains may not be discovered for years. And in the solitude of jungles men have been the victims of wild animals and of fellow-men turned beasts, and only their bones have been found. But that a human being could have been left to rot away in the heart of a great city is monstrous.

It is not merely monstrous but also a shame and a stigma on London and all that she stands for in the civilised world. It is a shame on her society for even in the wilds a man may count on succour from his neighbour in times of need. Generally, there is a bond between the poor, and the poorer a man is the surer he is of a helping hand from friends and neighbours as poor as or even poorer than he.

For the poor are rich in their humanity. It is something which those apartment dwellers in East London lacked. The apathy they have displayed is appalling. When that skeleton in London was discovered there was also discovered a skeleton in London's cupboard. The skeleton of inhumanity.

# The Beira Lake – it could be the Venice of Colombo



FEW people realise that the present City of Colombo was built on the Beira Lake and that the land before the lake was constructed as an uninhabitable marsh.

At the start, the only habitable strip of land was between the present General Post Office and the Central Telegraph Office. Beyond that, up to Kotte, was a swamp. There was also another strip of high land stretching from the harbour — the areas now covered by Hulftsdorp, Wolfendhal and St. Sebastian.

From early days seafarers came to Sri Lanka attracted by her produce. The Arabs came to trade for pearls, peacock feathers, gems, cardamoms, ivory, ebony and elephants. The Arab settlements have been traced to Bankshall Street and the Moors of today are the descendants of these Arabs.

The Rev. Fr. Fernae de Queyrez called this city "Columbo". This spelling was accepted by Robert Knox, who was here in the 17th century. The Portuguese, Dutch, Germans, French and English, who came later, preferred to spell it as "Colombo".

At first, the Portuguese made their position secure by cutting a canal across the

marshy land to separate themselves from the rest of the Island. The canal started from the sea on the north and ended in the sea at Galle Face. The road that runs alongside this canal on the west, still exists and is known as Lotus Road.

The Dutch also built their fortifications and their first step was to defend their settlement from the Sinhala kings by flooding the entire marshy stretch of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  leagues with the waters from the Kelani River. This beautiful ornamental lake of the past extended up to Kotte, covering all that area on which Maradana and Cinnamon Gardens now stand. This lake had two entrances to the sea

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## says JULIAN SENANAYAKE

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one at Kayman's Gate and the other, as stated earlier, at the Galle Face Green.

The areas reclaimed in Cinnamon Gardens were planted with cinnamon and the British bought cinnamon from the cultivators at 5d. a pound and sold it in their own country and in Europe for 10 shillings a pound.

Before the land was reclaim-

ed from the Beira Lake, there were parts like the Hulftsdorp area jutting out of it. One such island was at Slave Island, which was used to house the slaves of the Dutch at night. One slave had murdered an entire Dutch family in whose household he had worked and lived. It was to prevent a recurrence that this precaution was taken by the Dutch and this area came to be known as Slave Island.

A similar island, on a very small scale, still exists opposite the Colombo Commercial Co. building in Slave Island.

Good use could be made of this beautiful lake in Colombo, or what now remains of it. Gondolas could be introduced, boating and swimming could be allowed, which could be an added tourist attraction. For this purpose the lake will have to be dredged and the water purified. Venice, Rotterdam, Amsterdam and The Hague could be our blueprint, with their waterways in towns.

The beauty of the Beira Lake could be restored. Moonlight boating and swimming will become popular and the grandeur of these waters could be made to relive. Once the beauty of the placid waters of the Beira Lake is restored, this area could, once again, become an ornament to the City of Colombo.

## The World of Science

# Soya beans turned into steaks and slices of chicken

**DENMARKS** reputation as an agricultural nation, selling bacon and other animal-based foods to the world, is well established. It is perhaps not so widely realised however, that Denmark also exports "meat" made of soya-bean fibres.

It is manufactured by de Saf, a company owned by the Seventh-day Adventists and located at Bjaeverskov near Koge. De Saf exports, for example, many tons of sausages every year to the Federal Republic of Germany — all made of nutritious soya-bean fibre.

Company technologists have visited the United States to study the latest vegetarian-food processes, and de Saf is at present the only European manufacturer able to supply vegetable-based sausages.

The Seventh-day Adventists operate factories throughout the world producing canned, frozen and other categories of vegetarian foods. Each factory serves a specific geographical area.

The factory in Denmark was set up primarily to supply the country's 4,000 Adventists with vegetable foodstuffs and also to serve these products to the rest of the Scandinavian market which extends not only to Adventists and other religious sects but also to many others who, for various reasons, wish to observe a fleshless diet.

De Saf is under contract to supply vegetable foods to Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Finland but its products are popular in many other coun-

tries, for example, the U.K. and also in a number of African countries.

The factory at Bjaeverskov is considered such a model of its type that it is frequently gusted by food producers on study tours. Recently a group of forty food experts from all over the world toured the factory and saw with considerable interest soya-bean fibres being transformed into "pork", "veal", "chicken meat" and "wiener sausages". The latest product to be developed by the company is deep-fried "chicken" slices in cans, which the housewife merely has to turn in a hot frying-pan.

De Saf (abbreviated from "Den sanitære fodevarefabrik" or The Sanitary Food Factory) manufactures about thirty different products, mostly canned. For example, there are cutlets and goulash in cans. But there is also a wide variety of deep-frozen foods, and a margarine (Nutana) which is 100 per cent vegetable in origin since it does not contain dried milk.

Most of the products manufactured by de Saf are lacto-vegetable, i.e., they contain milk in some form. But to cater for customers who are unable to eat milk or who insist on a 100 per cent vegetarian diet the factory produces its margarine without milk.

"Meat" made of soya-bean fibre provides as much protein as animal flesh but contains fewer calories and a high content of poly-unsaturated fatty acids which can help to counteract hardening arteries. — ("Denmark Review").

# Kiss of Life

"**VISIBLE** and invisible" was the name and the theme of an exhibit at Stockholm's Museum of Modern Art, in which the world's scientists from California to Australia showed the micro and macrocosms, from a speck of dust to a galaxy, using radio, heat, X-rays and other new techniques.

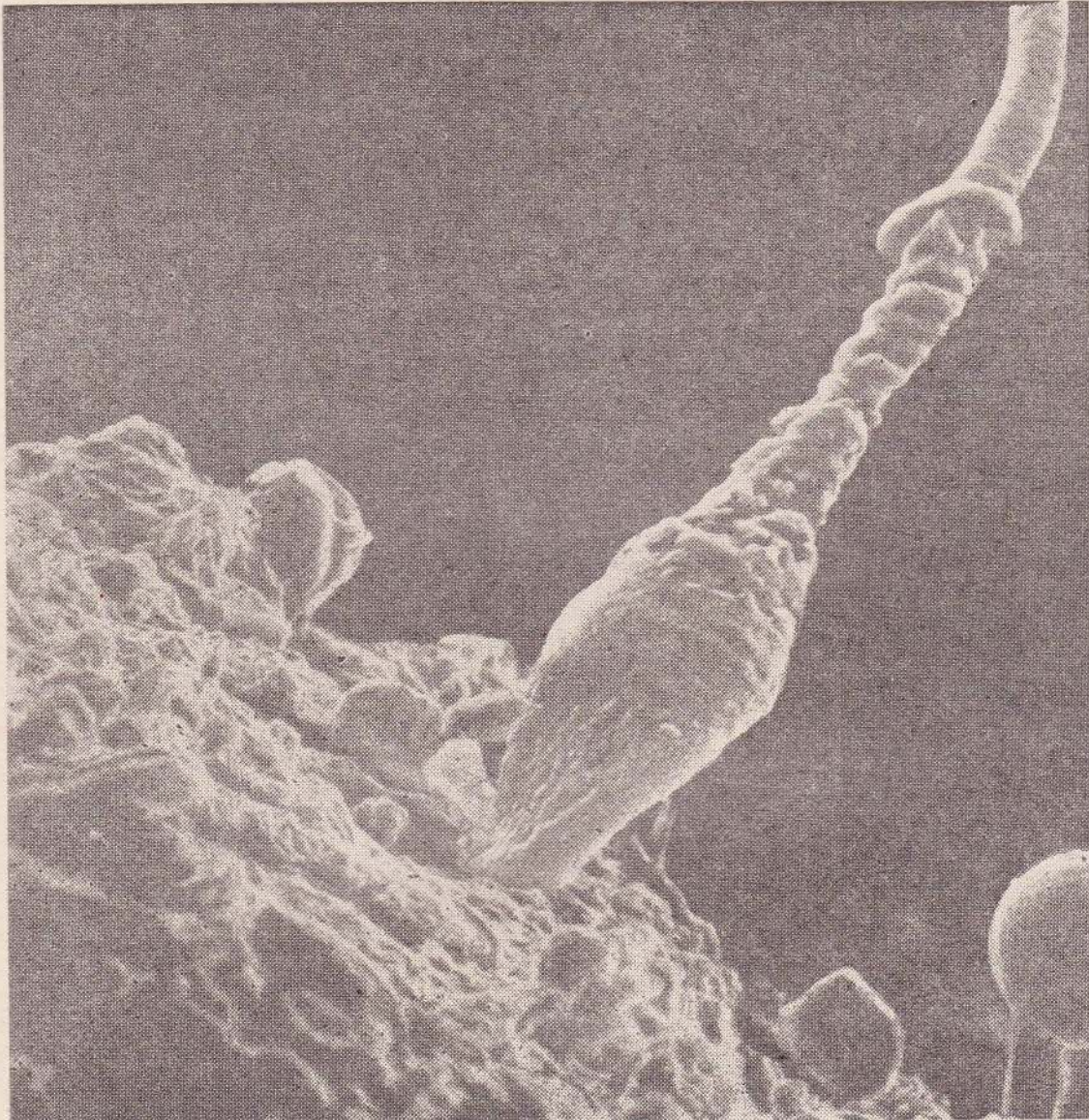
Perhaps most breath-taking of all was this picture (right) which reveals, for the first time, the moment of fertilization with a human sperm plunging head-on into the zona pelucida of a human egg, to light the magic fire of a new being.

Taken at South Hospital in Stockholm by the photographic researcher Lennart Nilsson it is one of a series on the penetration and absorption of the egg by the sperm—a process never before seen.

The follicular egg is taken from the woman one day before ovulation and held for 25 hours in an incubator in a medium of mucous secretion from the Fallopian tube, which keeps it alive. The sperm are kept for three to four hours in secretions from the cervix and uterus of the same woman before they are capable of penetrating the egg.

Taken with a Japanese Jeol scanning electron microscope, using a technique worked out by Drs. Greis Naslund at the Anatomical Institution of the University of Uppsala and Jan Lindberg at the Forensic Department of Karolinska Institute, the picture enlarges the subject 40,000 times (and allows a depth of field up to 500 times greater and a resolution 40 times greater than with a light microscope). — ("Sweden Now").

***The moment of fertilization...***



***...photographed for the first time***

# That the land may smile and that a nation may prosper

SEVENTY-five years ago the quickest and the cheapest journey from Colombo to Kalkudah was by the s.s. Lady Havelock which touched at Galle and Hambantota, and reached Kalkudah in three days.

One January evening, six young men climbed on board and occupied themselves in identifying the items of assorted baggage which were being hoisted on to the deck.

The compact canvas-covered packages and the stout wooden boxes each made up to a carrier's headweight, and the long bundles of tent-poles were checked against the lists held by each head cooly, and the travellers made themselves comfortable below.

The ship sailed at midnight. The first survey of the Bintenne wilderness was on

The Bintenne wilds extended from the Batticaloa-Kalkudah sea front, southwards up to the Mahaweli river for many malaria-ridden miles.

No maps existed, of this part of the country; folk-tales of improbable treasure-troves guarded by selected demons and stories of the ferocity of the wild animals inhabiting the forests, kept out many who would venture in.

This was the country of the

Veddahs, the aboriginal inhabitants of the Island for nearly two thousand five hundred years.

And into this area, the first survey party were to penetrate, gradually mapping each square mile as they moved onwards, until in the fulness of time, they succeeded in faving bare all its age-old secrets.

The travellers and their baggage were rowed ashore, and safely deposited on the Kalkudah beach. They walked

to Batticaloa the next day, arriving there in the afternoon.

It was time to separate from this point, after which each surveyor would be on his own. Each, together with his twenty-five men, would enter the jungle at separate points, and work his way southwards until the right bank of the Mahaweli River was reached. Thence it would be a fairly easy way to civilisation, along the bank, up to the ferry across the Mahaweli at Alutnuwara. They hoped to

complete this work within the year.

Each stream and path was measured as far as it was prudent to proceed. Often, the last stages of the return journey to the camp were made by the light of torches and bonfires.

One morning as they commenced work, Karnelis complained of a headache. Karnelis manned the back pole station, keeping a lonely vigil until the furling up of the white umbrella, in the distance, gave him permission to hasten forward to join the receding party.

They left him to rest under the cool shade of a kumbuk tree. When they returned at noon, he was much worse. Back in the camp he had to be held down by three men. His face was contorted, and as the spells of seizure came on he seemed to possess the strength of ten men.

It took three days to get down the kattadiya from the nearest village. He brought all his equipment with him. The night-long incantation culminated in Karnelis springing up from his mat, and going into a frenzied dance his head twirling round his neck, at an unbelievable speed.

"I am Mahasona....." he shrieked "I am here to punish the one who ate wild bear, beneath my tree". The kattadiya entreated for nearly an hour. At last the promise

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## PATRICK W. FERNANDO

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*continues the saga of the map-makers of Sri Lanka*

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was given that Mahasona would leave. Suddenly Karnelis rushed at the large basket of flowers kept on the makeshift altar, and buried his face deep in it. When he raised his head, he was quite normal, but every single flower in the basket had been eaten.

By this time, the camp had been shifted thrice. They had proceeded more than twenty miles in to the forest. More than half the party had already fallen sick, and lived on doses of quinine.

In front, lay a wide strip of parkland. They would en-



ter it by next day, and it would be a welcome change to tread the cool clean meadows, which might have been continuous stretches of paddy fields in the ancient times when the old kings lived.

That evening, the next surveyor blundered into the camp. He was in a pitiful state. His face and hands scratched and bleeding, puttees torn and half his shirt ripped away. He had been guided by the "hoos" of the head labourer calling to his mates. This surveyor and his men had been working some miles to the north, when an elephant had come upon them. Leaving the calf with the mother, the father elephant had promptly charged the men. The surveyor and another fled in the same direction.

The next moment the surveyor had tripped and fallen. On came the enraged elephant, trumpeting furiously. The surveyor felt no fear, as his mind and body were benumbed.

In a second the elephant had passed over him and was crashing onward, probably chasing the man from front.

The surveyor got up and ran. He kept on running, falling every few yards till he realised that he was quite lost. Coherent thought was impossible and his sole urge was to move, to keep on walking until the terrifying picture in his mind faded.

At last, hungry and utterly spent, he heard the high-pitched "hoos". And thankfully, he turned in the direction of the cries.

Opening the tent flaps every morning was a tricky business. A careful examination had to be made inside and out for tarantulas, which seemed to prefer the folds in the canvas to their own lairs.

The repulsive, hairy monsters seemed to have superior intelligence — they always

darted away a split second before the blow descended on them.

The bite was said to affect the nervous system. If death did not occur, the poison would linger on and the sufferer would often feel his extremities move in a painful spasm, exactly like the folding up of the tarantula.

The next shift of the camp past the parklands was into rocky terrain. Here the men then moved with extra caution, none venturing very far out alone, and never without a katty in his hands.

For this was the land of the bears, and among these scattered rocks, the bears used a strategy that was both simple and effective. One would stalk an advance party silently, then slip away to the rear. It would suddenly appear from behind a boulder with an unnerving shriek, just in front of the very last man.

Time was running out, so were medicine and provisions. The season of the rains was near, and once the rains came the approaches to the

Mahaweli River would be inundated.

They worked faster every day of the week. Up before dawn, out into the silent forest with the early light, measuring mile after mile of tortuous stream and winding tracks, now a foetid swamp and now a mysterious elaborately-carved rock cave abandoned for a thousand years.

Measuring, drawing, and moving on, ever onwards, until the shadows lengthened and the evening jungle sounds took over. Plodding back to camp on weary feet with the feeling of a job well done, a story written, a picture painted true.

And by the light of a kerosene lamp, with tent flaps closed against the moths and mosquitoes, to dream of other scenes, of wide roads made, forests cleared, land planted and fruitful; of hamlets and towns, schools and laughing children; that the earth might yield its most, that the land might smile, that a nation might prosper.

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ALEX JAYACHANDRA reports on the new

# Multi-million-rupee paper project

**W**ORK on the building for the multi-million rupee paper complex at Embilipitiya has already begun and is scheduled to be completed by early next year.

The civil engineering work is being handled by the State Engineering Corporation, which, I am told, is already ahead of schedule.

Mr. Daya de Silva, general manager of the SEC, told me that the bulk of the work on this project would be completed by next month, by which time it was hoped to begin the erection of machinery, and that by 1975 the installation of the machinery would be completed, when the mill could start production.

In order to save time and effort, the SEC is precasting the 50-ft. pillars for the building, I am told that this also saves costs.

According to a spokesman of the Eastern Paper Mills Cor-

poration, the production capacity of the mill will be 16,000 tons per year. The mill will be producing mainly writing, printing and bond paper. No newsprint is possible according to present plans, the spokesman said.

The raw material for the manufacture of paper will be completely indigenous and chiefly comprise rice straw. The corporation anticipates to use 35,000 tons of rice straw per year.

The spokesman said that in addition, the mill would also use kenaf, which is a fibrous plant. This followed experiments already held on the use of this plant for the manufacture of paper and which have proved successful. On finding this plant useful in the manufacture of paper, the corporation has already planted 100 acres of it at Valaichenai.

The capital outlay for the Embilipitiya project is Rs.

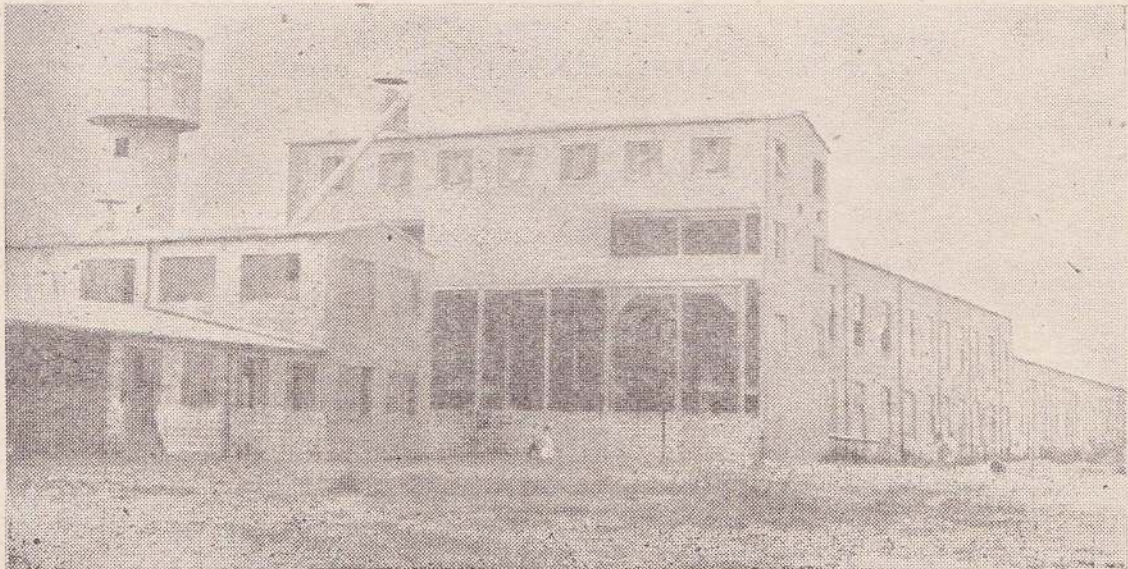
276 million. Of this amount the foreign exchange component is Rs. 98 million, which, has been received from a governmental loan organisation in West Germany.

The entire machinery required for this project is expected to arrive here by early next year and erection will be completed before the end of the year.

The employment opportunities afforded will be about 1,000, when production commences in 1976. This will be employment of persons in the mills itself.

In addition there will be indirect employment for several hundred in ancillary services — that is, those employed in the collection of straw, and in transport, etc.

The Valaichenai paper complex is now functioning at maximum production levels. It is producing 22,000 tons of paper per year.



THE PAPER FACTORY AT VALAICHENAI

# Big role for women on the food front

**R**ICE is the staple diet of the people of this country. Generations of people who have grown up and lived in complacency are now finding it difficult to contend with the painful realities which have come upon them in the wake of the Government's latest food proposals.

The situation, however, is one faced by three-fourths of mankind. But the ingenuity and courage of man, which have saved mankind from graver disasters in the past, will no doubt come to the fore to once again in the present crisis.

Happy though the thought may be, we cannot afford to bask in its warmth and expect miracles. Neither is mere lip-service of any use. What is of paramount importance is positive action, in this the women of this country have a prominent role to play.

It is not enough merely to help to GROW more food. Women, as mothers, teachers and custodians of the food habits of a nation, have a tremendous task ahead. It is their specific task to bring about a more rational consumption pattern so that the nation may make the best use of food resources.

The rules of a good diet, as handed down from generation to generation, do not often agree with the canons of nutrition science. In the US it was recently learnt that a large group of women accept false beliefs about food despite having received a university education. There is a similar

trait prevailing here. Ignorance, more than poverty, is basically responsible for most cases of malnutrition.

The problem is not merely to find substitutes for rice and flour but to understand what food values we actually need, which of these are available in our local food resources and to create the right attitude towards food.

The majority of middle-class and low-income housewives are guilty of sacrificing their family budgets in favour of social prestige. A larger portion of their family incomes is still spent on foods such as biscuits, soft drinks, tonics, confectionaries, etc., which have less nutritive value but bring the consumer greater social prestige.

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By **HASSINA  
SOURJAH**

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In other cases habits, beliefs and taboos influence consumption patterns to an extent which precludes good nutrition. Parents are loath, for instance, to give their children fruits such as mangoes and guavas due to the belief that these cause intestinal diseases. But these fruits are rich in vitamins A and C the lack of which causes so many diseases.

Cultural and religious factors also affect consumption traits.

Women, as the decision-makers, when it comes to the actual day-to-day feeding of twelve million people, must replace such sentiments with more rational ones. Even in affluent states such as the US malnutrition is present and its cause has been found to be faulty information and values, taboos and a lack of knowledge of the relationship between good nutrition and health.

The achievement of self-sufficiency alone will not save this nation from malnutrition and poor health. The right attitude towards food must be developed. We cannot even boast of an interest in food as the gateway to health.

Nutrition studies are part of the curriculum of domestic science taught to girls in schools. But this knowledge is seldom applied in practical life.

One can present the case for a more intensive programme of nutrition education in the country. But leaving that to the educators, let us remember that all education begins at home.

It is the prime duty of all mothers and housewives to grasp the actual nutritive values of foods freely available—vegetables and fruits in particular. Children have to be taught how and what to eat.

It was recently revealed that the majority of schoolchildren do not have adequate breakfasts. But they do have money for sweets and "trash".

## Handy substitute

**W**OT, nothing to eat? Don't ever say that again. What with manioc, sweet potatoes and a variety of other tubers and yams available in abundance, there's no reason to complain.

Anyway, I think I understand your problem, which (between you and me) had been my problem, too. But our Chinese friends have risen to the occasion and come to our rescue by promising to help us out of a grave situation by providing us with a whole lot of rice.

And if they could give us some of our staple food why shouldn't we reciprocate in some way by eating a food that is particular to their country?

Yes, it is **CHINESE NOODLES** — that very appetising meal that we have had on occasions. Now as a substitute meal for at least a couple of days of the week it should be just the thing — especially as it could be prepared in different ways either boiled or fried. Here's one way of preparing it:

### CHINESE NOODLES

For an average family of about five or six persons.

**INGREDIENTS:** 1 pkt. noodles, ½ lb. prawns, ½ lb. carrots, ¼ lb. leeks, ¼ lb. tender cabbage leaves, a handful of red onions, five or six bulbs of garlic, a few green chillies, salt and lime, a sprig of curry leaves, three tablespoons of margarine and chilli or tomato sauce.

**METHOD:** Take a fairly large-sized saucepan, fill it three-quarter full of water and bring to boiling point. Break up the noodles into 5 or 6 inch pieces, put all into the boiling water and keep from 5 to 6 minutes. Then drain out the water, rinse in cold water and drain away this water, too, after which the noodles should be left aside.

Now wash and cut up the vegetables into small pieces and shell the prawns. Put in the three tablespoons of margarine into a large frying pan and heat well; then add the garlic, red onions, green chillies and curry leaves and fry till brown. Next add the shelled prawns seasoned with pepper and salt and fry well. Now introduce the vegetables and cook for about three to four minutes.

Finally, add the noodles and the chilli sauce and mix well. Let the pan be covered while on the fire for another three minutes. If you wish you could add a bit of thick coconut milk before covering the pan, for a richer taste.

### ONION SAMBOL

**INGREDIENTS:** ¼ lb. capsaicum chillies and ¼ lb.

onions and a little vinegar.

**METHOD:** Cut up the chillies, slice the onions and mix them well with a little vinegar. Also add a pinch of salt and a bit of sugar.

### PORK CURRY

**INGREDIENTS:** 2 lbs. pork, three or four bulbs garlic, three tablespoons curry powder, five dessert spoons chilli powder, coconut milk (thick), a little arrack, a handful of red onions, a little ginger, curry leaves, rampe, a little ghee and salt, pepper and lime to taste.

**METHOD:** Chop up the pork into fairly large pieces. Grind and powder the ingredients. Put all these into a large saucepan and boil for a short time. Then add some ghee into a frying pan and fry the rest of the ingredients. Now mix the whole and add thick coconut milk, allowing it to cook on a slow fire. Add the arrack after seasoning to taste.

CONCY ABEYKOON

## Batala recipes

**INGREDIENTS:** 1 lb. fresh sweet potatoes (batala), 6 eggs, 6 ounces sugar, 4 ozs butter, 1 tea cup milk, 1 teaspoon baking powder, ½ tea-spoon chopped lime-rind, A pinch of salt, 4 tablespoons jam or marmalade.

**METHOD:** Boil or steam the sweet potatoes, mash them perfectly smoothly. Mix in the butter, sugar, salt, baking powder, lime-rind, the eggs well beaten and the milk. Put the jam or marmalade into a greased pie-dish, pour the sweet potato mixture on the top of it and bake it in a moderate oven for about half an hour. (If necessary the ingredients can be cut down to the amount the family will need and Astra Margarine can be used instead of butter).

### SWEET POTATO MUSCAT

**INGREDIENTS:** 1 lb. fresh sweet potatoes, 1 lb. sugar, 25

cardamoms, ¾ tea-cup water 1 dessert spoonful butter, ghee or (margarine). Rose flavouring, ¼ teaspoon powdered cardamoms.

**METHOD:** Boil and mash the sweet potatoes. Put the sugar into a preserving pan and boil until the sugar becomes a thick syrup, stirring all the time. Then remove the saucepan from the fire and mix in the mashed sweet potatoes. Stir well until quite smooth and add the cardamoms cut in small pieces. Return to the fire and stir again until mixture becomes very thick, then add the butter or ghee, flavouring, and cardamoms. When the sugar begins to harden on the sides of the pan take it off the fire and turn it on to a buttered dish. Cut into diamonds or squares while still warm.

The men join battle on the issue of —

# What *SHOULD* the working girl wear?

AS a request to the article in last month's *Women's Digest* on working women wearing a uniform dress we had a spate of letters from male readers.

Alternating between grunts of approval and screams of protest, they nevertheless reveal that the consensus of male opinion is all for women being more sensible and austere in their choice of working clothes.

**S.S.**, a well-known ruggerite who holds an executive position in a leading Colombo firm says:—

"So, women are at last coming to their senses! It was bad enough having them crowding the rugger fields in all their distracting outfits. We had to tolerate them in our work places as well. I can foresee a calmer age for all our male heroes!

**M.V.**, a government servant, writes:—

It was very heartening indeed to read that the majority of the women are opting to have a uniform dress to wear for work. Now we husbands can hope that a reasonable share of our wives' incomes will come home. We will no longer have to think twice before offering an extra cigarette to a friend.

I hope the *Women's Page* of "The Times Digest" will go all out to instill this idea into all working women.

**Hugo Williams**, a senior official in a business concern, who is in charge of a large female staff, has this to say:—

I feel that the long yearned for sanity will come the way of my department if your valuable idea is adopted. I have a sneaking suspicion that the length of time my women staffers spend in the Ladies is for the sole purpose of preening themselves before a mirror—and that during the only time they spend behind their desks whisperings go on, on the subject of the much coveted nylax or butter nylon.

May "The Times Digest" prosper for the bold suggestion regarding working clothes for women!

**B.A.**, a young man working in a mercantile firm voices the protest that:—

It is bad enough being told that we should tighten our belts and follow our dear rural brothers to the fields. All around us we hear nothing but words of doom. It takes a well-dressed woman to dispel our gloomy thoughts. Why cannot we retain the little colour and cheer left in our dreary lives?

Here is another such protest. **Victor Perera** of Wattala writes:—

Just because the country is getting a little poorer there is no need to penalise the working girl by telling her what she should or should not wear to work. Do we need to have the depressing fact of our poverty paraded before our eyes 24 hours of the day?

Does it help to have monotonous sameness in feminine dress amidst all other woes?

For most working girls in this country the work place is the only place they go to. How many go to dances or have other forms of entertainment. Since the office is a centre of enjoyment as well, let us not make the life of the working girls more depressing and freedom-less than it already is.

**Senaka Perera** writes:—

Thank God for this. We men should shout a thousand hosannas to the kind-hearted soul who suggested this revolution in female garb—one uniform!

Never before has so much money been squandered in the name of fashion—and our poor girls, too, have fallen a prey to this craving for "looking pretty" in the most hideous creations of the fashion designers.

Particularly those poor men married to working wives and who have school-going daughters would know the actual arithmetic involved in this nasty business of dress.

Apart from the severe competition among the young misses in the office, this dress war is carried out farther afield.

And who pays for this unwanted war? We poor men. Therefore let us hope that peace and sanity come our way at this belated hour, at least!

H.S.

# Your lagna this month

## BY MERCURY

### ARIES

**A** VERY fortunate month for Aries subjects. Plenty of money and happiness will be your lot. Mars, your ruling planet, is transitting in Lakna triangular to Venus and Dragon's Tail.



Act boldly and persevere—you will benefit without doubt. This month you should add a sizeable portion of money to your income. Planets are ideally suitable for money, pleasure and romance. You will succeed in these three spheres if you act boldly. Your nature is to act rashly and boldly.

First part of the month is not favourable for domestic harmony since Sun is transitting the seventh house in opposition to Mars during that period. Your children will do well during this month. A very good month for your profession. You should be on the way for some substantial progress there: promotion, increment, favours from superiors.

Fortunate day: Tuesday.  
Lucky colour: Red.  
Fortunate gem: Diamond.

### TAURUS

**N**OT so auspicious a month for you. The general results are unfavourable. Your



health problems may become acute. Your family members, too, may cause anxiety. You have to be extremely careful. Your Lagna is hemmed in on both sides by powerful malefics, much good cannot be expected this month.

Your income will fall and expenditure will rise. Beware of losses by theft and deceit. But it is a good month for your profession, and favours from superiors are indicated.

No domestic happiness is foreseen. There will be disharmony in the family and disappointment in love affairs.

Fortunate day: Friday.  
Lucky colour: Red—orange.  
Fortunate gem: Emerald.

### GEMINI

**A**N unfortunate month for you in every respect. A critical period as your Maraka planet is debilitated in the eighth house; Saturn is transitting your Lagna with Kethu. Therefore, ad-



verse results are shown in domestic life, health and profession. You will also experience troubles from your enemies. There will be reversals in marriage proposals, disappointment in love affairs, and obstacles in the way of marriage ceremonies. There will be disharmony in family life and evil results for your partner.

But, income from various sources is shown as Mars, lord of the 11th is in the 11th itself. A bad period for your children, too.

Fortunate day: Wednesday.  
Lucky colour: Orange.  
Fortunate gem: Agate.

### CANCER

**Y**OU start the month quite auspiciously. A very auspicious month for family happiness and harmony. Heart troubles might arise. Adverse results for your mother and opposition from mother's relatives are shown. Gains and respect from father's relatives; more recognition in your profession; marriage for bachelors; trouble from secret enemies.

Favours from superiors and a substantial rise in your job and profession are very likely.



You will be very active in all your work. Be careful of danger from your enemies.

Success in educational matters, heavy expenditure and financial difficulties are also likely.

Fortunate day: Sunday.  
Lucky colour: Yellow.  
Fortunate gem: Sapphire.

### LEO

**F**IRST half of the month is better than the second half. Your friends will not



be sincere to you and consequent loss is indicated. The whole year is adverse to your

mother. A land dispute is indicated. Losses from correspondence are also seen. Stomach complaints and evil results to your children are also shown. Urinary disorders are also indicated.

There will be greater harmony in domestic affairs. You will have a better position in your profession before the year is out. Success in studies and examinations will be poor because Rahu is still transitting your fifth house. It is equally adverse to your children's progress. There will be more money coming to you since Saturn transits your 11th house (income).

November and December are better months in the whole year for income. You will find self in a very much better position before the year is out.

Fortunate day: Sunday.  
Lucky colour: Yellow.  
Fortunate gem: Sapphire.

### VIRGO

**T**HIS year, of course, is more adverse than beneficial to Virgoans. There are indications that you may not do well if you rely on other people. Be prepared to be very adaptable and



in dependent. Other people will cause difficulties for you. Therefore, please watch out. Mars, transiting your eighth house and Saturn transiting the tenth house, are not good for you. There will be sickness, losses in the profession and loss of money consequent on these planetary transits.

Great success is indicated in your studies and examinations, but it is not so good for your finances. The month is adverse to your mother, but it is good for your children.

Serious sickness regarding a close relative is indicated. Lack of harmony in the domestic side, frequent quarrels and separation from family are indicated.

Fortunate day: Wednesday.  
Lucky colour: Pale green.  
Fortunate gem: Sardonyx.

#### LIBRA

**R**ELATIONS with your spouse and her relatives may be complicated. Success in educational matters are indicated. Profits in industries connected with water and great progress

and gains from brothers, sisters and friends and travel are also shown. A good month for your mother, you will gain from land properties. You will have a happy family life and get favours from superiors.

Fortunate day: Friday.  
Lucky colour: Green.  
Fortunate gem: Opal.

#### SCORPIO

**A** GOOD month for finance—you will get money. During the first part of the month, there will be heavy to engage You are likely enemies easily, come your You will over- expenditure, yourself in aggressive and violent acts and thereby get into trouble. You are tempted to do illegal things and thereby incur the displeasure of your people.



Lot of happiness in domestic affairs and family life is shown. Harmony in family life and marriage proposals are likely for bachelors.

Fortunate day: Tuesday  
Lucky colour: Aquamarine.  
Fortunate gem: Topaz.

#### SAGITTARIUS

**A** GOOD month for finance. As Jupiter is moving to an auspicious sign, finances will improve. Celebrations, conquest of troubles and freedom from disease will result. Those employed in service can expect good promotion or other favourable change. Bad for children's health and ailments to spouse are indicated.



Yet, Saturn's movement in your seventh house is not good for domestic harmony and happiness. There will be no mental peace. Children might engage in aggressive and thoughtless actions. Avoid hasty decisions. Troubles from women are indicated.

Your Neptune is in your Lagna. Therefore, you are likely to get an illusion that you can afford more than you really can. Suppress the desire to act swiftly on the spur of the moment.

Fortunate day: Thursday.  
Lucky colour: Blue.  
Fortunate gem: Turquoise.

#### CAPRICORN

**A** GOOD month for Capricornians. Domestic harmony, success in the profession, promotions, favours from superiors and success in business enterprises are indicated. Increase of reputation, appointments in government service, rise in status are also likely, specially during the first half of the month. But, unfavourable times for your mother and heart troubles to you are indicated. You are likely to earn fame through heroic actions.



Improvement in financial affairs, gain in vehicles and land property are shown. Success in business enterprises studies and examinations is likely.

Fortunate day: Saturday.  
Lucky colour: Indigo.  
Fortunate gem: Garnet.

#### AQUARIUS

**Y**OU will act courageously and boldly and achieve success and fame. On the whole a good month for you. You will engage yourself in academic pursuits. A bad month for your children—ill-health and troubles are indicated for them. Troubles from neighbours and friends and from travel are likely.



Obstacles in educational affairs may occur and domestic happiness and fortune are not forthcoming. Friction and discord in the family life and disappointment in love affairs for bachelors are indicated. You will have indomitable courage in all your enterprises and it is quite good for those who are cautious with money.

Fortunate day: Saturday.  
Lucky colour: Violet.  
Fortunate gem: Amethyst.

#### PISCES

**T**ROUBLES in affairs connected with land property, buildings and agriculture are likely; a bad month for your mother; heart troubles are also indicated. Unexpected gain of wealth is shown. Auspicious time for your children; they will make progress in studies; you will get happiness from your children.



Improvement and happiness in your job will come your way and recognition of merit and consequent honours will be yours.

Fortunate day: Thursday.  
Lucky colour: Crimson.

## Corn pops up in all climes

**C**ORN still outshines gold and silver in the United States, despite skyrocketing prices for the precious metals.

In 1972 farmers harvested 5.6 billion bushels valued at \$7.1 billion.

Though a native American grain, corn is cultivated in more places than any other crop. The prolific plant flourishes from Canada to China and from Italy to India. Corn thrives below sea level on the Caspian Plain and high in the Peruvian Andes.

The hardy stalks adapt to less than ten inches of rainfall of semi-arid fields in the Soviet Union and withstand the 200 ins. that flood India's Ganges Plain.

Scientists are working to get more nutritional value from the ubiquitous plant by breeding grains that would rival meats in protein quality. A team of experts at Indiana's Purdue University recently developed a promising new variety by adding a protein-building gene called "Opaque 2" to common corn.

Other varieties of corn have been developed through hybridisation. Hybrid corn results from inbreeding selected strains to develop desirable qualities, then crossing the strains. Often two hybrids are interbred to create what is called — in the best Corn Belt circles—a double cross.

Hybridisation of corn has been going on for centuries. Small hybrid ears of corn dating from 1000 B.C. have been found in Mexico.

By 5000 B.C., domesticated corn already formed part of the diet in some areas in prehistoric Mexico.—(National Geographic News Bulletin).

# They called him Mister Private Sector

**T**HE Press once called Malory E. Wijesinghe (pictured at right). "Mister Private Sector" — and Mr. Wijesinghe continues to deserve that title, representing as he does all that is admirable in that much-maligned field.

In these days when corporations have come to be considered as the cure for most of our nation's ills, men of Mr. Wijesinghe's calibre prove that there is a place for the private sector under our island's sun.

An engineer who put aside his slide-rule and set square to launch out into the world of commerce — Mr. Wijesinghe is a B.Sc. (Eng.) (London), C. Eng. MICE, AKC, and FIE (Cey) — he created a record of being elected Chairman of the Employers' Federation of Ceylon for ten years in succession.

He is now the head of Bartleet & Co. Ltd., and Chairman of Ceylon Cold Stores Ltd., which are only two of the prominent positions he occupies in the commercial world.

He is also the President of the Chamber of Commerce and Industries.

Mr. Wijesinghe has an enviable record, among employers, of maintaining cordial relations with the trade union sector and his abiding interest in fostering a better dialogue with employees has led to his election as a Substitute Member (Employer) of the Governing Body of the International Labour Organisation, and he is in his third consecutive period of service of three years each.

He is also the Honorary Consul-General for the Netherlands in Sri Lanka and his Executor of office for that country in Colombo, which was signed by the President of Sri Lanka and the Minister of External Affairs was the first issued after Sri Lanka was declared a Republic.

Mr. Wijesinghe was once a keen turfite but now that the racing days are only a memory, he relaxes with music — from classics to pop — and collects art as a hobby.

Text: A. Felician Fernando.

Picture: D. Mahinda Kodagoda.



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# Pablo Neruda - poet of the people



By DONALD ABEYSINGHE

IT is indeed a sad irony of fate that Pablo Neruda, Chile's national poet, had to die barely a fortnight after the brutal end of a regime and a man, Salvador Allende, his friend, in whose favour he withdrew as Presidential candidate in 1970 (after campaigning throughout the length and breadth of Chile).

And sadder still is the fact that while souvenir hunters were ransacking his dilapidated house, his body lay guarded by the military, and eventually was deprived of a State funeral! How prophetic then, do the following lines from his poem "Nothing But Death", seem:—

*There are cemeteries that are lonely,*

*graves full of bones that do not make a sound,  
the heart moving through a tunnel,  
in its darkness, darkness, darkness,  
like a shipwreck we are going into ourselves,  
As though we were drowning inside our hearts,  
As though we lived falling out of the skin into the soul.*

Neruda did not always write about death and darkness although they were two of his major recurring themes. He was also enraptured by the compensating beauty and bounty of nature. American poet and critic Phillip Murray has this to say of him: "Neruda is a tropical Whitman, and, if

anything, even more imaginative. He is a master of metaphor, and no one in any language has praised the natural sensual things of this world with more contagious affection." Note the lyricism of the following lines (from "Lazybones") :—

*In Chile now, cherries are dancing,  
the dark mysterious girls are singing,  
and in guitars water is shining.*

*The sun is touching every door  
and making wonder of the wheat.*

*The first wine is pink in colour,  
is sweet with the sweetness of a child,  
the second wine is able-bodied,  
strong like the voice of a sailor,  
the third wine is a topaz  
is a poppy and a fire in one.*

*My house has both the sea and the earth,  
my woman has great eyes  
the colour of wild hazelnut,  
when night comes down,  
the sea puts on a*

*dress of white and green,  
and later the moon in the  
spendthrift foam dreams  
like a sea-green girl,  
I have no wish to change my  
planet.*

His prolific outpourings of poetry over a period of over half a century fill up according to his own estimate almost seven thousand pages. He writes about animals, birds, fruits, flowers, vegetables, cats, lemons, elephants, artichokes, the earth and the sea.

To him, writing poetry was like "breathing". In his own words he was writing "poetry worn away as if by acid by the labour of hands, impregnated with sweat and smoke, smelling of lilies and of urine, splashed by the variety of what we do, legally or illegally.

"A poetry as impure as old clothes, as a body, with its foodstains and its shame, with wrinkles, observations, dreams, wakefulness, prophesies, declarations of love and hate, stupidities, shocks, idylls, political beliefs, negations, doubts, affirmations, taxes."

What he calls "the poetry of impurity" is actually poetry full of life, a poetry that sings in praise of the physical world. He is thoroughly aware of the world and objects around him and loves the earth, the sea and the bounties of nature. Consider the earthy nostalgia of these lines from "I want to turn to the South" (1941):—

*I ask to go back of the  
musky timber of the river  
Tolten, let me pass by  
the men manning the saws  
and enter cantinas my  
feet soaked in water  
guard me past the light  
of the hazelnut's electri-  
city lay me out full length  
in the excrement of cattle  
to die and revive gnawing  
of the wheat.*

With the very little translated material available locally, it is hardly possible to make even an approximation to a critical evaluation of the monumental work of a man who was "breathing" poetry for well nigh half a century. Beginning with a sense of despair, he followed

up with some remarkably moving love poetry but with his involvement with the workmen in the mining districts of Chile his poetry took a definite political complexion. Although critics (especially American) label his political poetry rhetorical and propagandist his lines have a ring of truth and urgency particular to his native Chileans.

In an interview with poet Robert Bly, one of his translators, he had this to say:—

"I come from a country which is very political. Those who fight have great support from the masses. Practically all the writers of Chile are out to the left—there are almost no exceptions. We feel supported and understood by our own people....As poets we are really in touch with the people....I read my poems everywhere in my country — every village, every town—for years and years, and I feel it is my duty to do it".

Neruda is a committed poet and his "political" poetry is at its rhetorical best typical of that commitment:—

*When I was writing my love  
poems, which sprouted out  
from me on all sides, and  
I was dying from depression*

*Nomadic, abandoned gnawing  
on the alphabet they  
said to me: "What a great  
man you are, Theocritus!"*

*I am not Theocritus: I took  
life, and faced her, and  
kissed her and won her,  
and went through the  
tunnels of the mines to  
see how other men live,*

*And when I came out, my  
hands stained with gar-  
bage and sadness, I held  
my hands up and showed  
them to the generals, and  
said: "I am not a part of  
this crime."*

The indignation of these lines can be understood for it was in the year that he wrote the poem from which this quotation is taken that Neruda was in exile in Mexico—1948, when he was charged with treason and stripped of sensational immunity by the pro-American President, Gabriel Gonzalez Videla.

Before he took senatorial office Neruda was rewarded for his poetry (as was the Chilean tradition) with consular appointments as far back as 1927, enabling him to serve in Burma, Sri Lanka and the Dutch East Indies.

Under the Allende coalition he was appointed ambassador to France and it was as ambassador that he was honoured with the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1971, many years too late. As far back as 1945 when the Chilean poet Gabriela Mistral received the prize, she is reported to have said that although it was "an honour for my country, I am sorry it was not given to Neruda, our greatest creator."

Declining the Prize in 1964 Satre said that Neruda should have got it. Probably his winning the Stalin Prize in 1950 was the real reason for the delayed recognition.

Born Ricardo Eliecer Nef-tali Reyes y Bosoalto on July 12, 1904, in a small agricultural community in the wine-growing region of southern Chile, his father was a railroad man who worked as a section crew foreman and locomotive engineer.

Neruda, who attended local elementary schools, read voraciously and indiscriminately the works of such authors as Victor Hugo, Jules Verne, August Strindberg, Sir Walter Scott and Maxim Gorky. However he is not reputed to have distinguished himself in studies.

In 1965 he became the first Latin-American to be awarded an honorary D.L.H. degree from Oxford University. He held honorary memberships at the Harvard University Faculty and the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

And in Stockholm, the secretary of the Swedish Academy, Karl Ragnar Gierow, exactly two years ago announcing the 1971 Nobel award, described Neruda as "the poet of violated dignity" one who brings alive a continent's destiny and dreams."

Probably Neruda did not want to live to see those dreams shattered.



**EVEN** stone animals may feel the heat. So the little girl does her good deed for the day.

## Junior Digest

# You, too, should help grow more food

HELLO there, all my little friends.

I can see that all of you are really keen on the Junior Digest Club. First, let me say that the letters some of you have written are very interesting and I was very, very happy to receive them.

Many of you had made some nice suggestions for the club and we are hoping to build it on some of these ideas.

All of you who have sent in the Club Membership Coupons have now been admitted as members of the club. Arrangements will be made to send you all your membership badges.

And do you know who the first member of The Junior Digest Club is? He is EMIL RUWAN MARASINGHE, a student of Nalanda Vidyalaya, Colombo. Emil is 8 years old and is studying in Grade III. Now won't he feel very proud!

Well, little friends, you will all no doubt be aware of

the problems mother and father are facing to find you food to eat. You must have been told that our country is now facing a very big problem about finding food for the people.

And do you know why we are up against this problem? **IT IS BECAUSE ALL OF US HAVE NOT WORKED HARD ENOUGH TO GROW OUR OWN FOOD.** The time has now come when all of us should try to work hard and try to grow at least a little of our food.

So you, as little children, could set an example to the grown-ups by spending all your free time (after school) to grow things like chillies and manioc in your home-garden.

Wouldn't you and all at home be happy to see your gardens growing and providing a little food? Won't Sri Lanka be a very prosperous place if all little children learned to work for their food?

AUNTY HANNAH.

### JUNIOR DIGEST CLUB MEMBERSHIP COUPON

NAME: .....  
ADDRESS: .....  
DATE OF BIRTH: .....  
SCHOOL: .....  
Form or Grade in which you are at present studying:  
.....

I certify that the particulars furnished above are true;

.....  
Signature of parent/guardian.

## From our readers

### GROW MORE FOOD

IF you have a plot of land big or small.

Rally round, form a band,  
Answer to the nation's call,  
Grow what the people need,  
Now is the time to sow the seed.

Show your might in word and deed.

Help the nation; doesn't matter what caste or creed —

Grow more food work harder, harder;

The only way to help the nation's larder.

JEROME JAYAWARDENE.

### NEHRU

THE death anniversary of the late Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru fell on the 27th of May, 1964. He was the first Premier of India, and governed the country peacefully for 17 years.

He was very fond of roses. He always wore a rose on his coat. His birthday fell on the 14th of November. He celebrated that day as Children's Day because he loved children and he spent the day with children. They called him "Nehru Uncle".

We, children must pay our respects to the late Prime Minister. His body has passed away but his services and sacrifices will ever be honoured by the world.

DHAMMIKA H. WIJESEKERA (11 years), 7 E Nalanda Vidyalaya Colombo 10.

### CONTEST NO. 2.

ANSWERS to last month's quiz:—

1. Dr. Salvador Allende
2. Munich.
3. United States of America
4. Mr. Kakuei Tanaka
5. Israel and the United Arab Republic
6. Russia
7. Newspapers
8. Ottawa, Canada
9. International Monetary Fund

10. 3.

And the winner of last month's quiz is:—

Miss Sivan! Wallooppillai of 15, Anderson Road, Colombo 5.

# The little hostess



**DINNER** is over and the little hostess mops up the table while her guests impatiently wait for the toys to be put back

## Beetles as pets ... and a village for children!

**D**O you get a little creepy when you see beetles, crickets and those many-legged creatures crawling around you? You'd be surprised to hear that in Japanese towns these creatures are so rare that children have started buying them as pets.

The big shops in Tokyo have "insect corners" where children who want to keep these insects as pets can buy them. They get them quite cheap, too.

These pets are housed in tiny little houses and children spend hours feeding and watching them. These pets have also begun to make parents happy.

In Frankfurt, West Germany, there is a large building which is really a village for children. In this village children behave very much like grown-ups. They run a toy shop, work as carpenters, sculptors and even do their own cooking in a common kitchen.

They even have small billiard tables, card tables and bowling alleys. There are little houses they can rest and play in.

A pet rabbit lives in one of these houses with a mouse as next door neighbour.

Not only do the children have lots of fun cooking and inviting friends to lunch; they also listen to the radio and watch TV in a very cosy living room.

Now isn't that very nice!

# Don't put your shirt on the dhoby!



**S**RI LANKA'S dhobies are almost always attired in clean clothes. I often wonder whether the natty shirts and snow-white sarongs they often wear belong to them or to their employers!

While some of these men are efficient and painstaking and computer-like when it comes to checking the "dhoby-account", many lose your clothes and household linen, and quite a few are adept at "exchanging" an inferior sheet for a top quality one that you've given to be laundered or sometimes they keep back your best shirt and substitute one that is not only of poor quality but doesn't even fit you.

Which reminds me of the good old days when a well-known firm used a little jingle over the radio to advertise its shirts. Whenever the line, "Shirts that dhobies cannot tear" was sung, my eldest daughter, who, was then quite small, used to retort, arms akimbo, "Give the shirts to our dhoby; he'll do the needful!"

And she was right; because our old dhoby's strength belied his years. Looking at him you would think he was a frail fellow with a back bent with toil; far from it, he was like Johnny Walker, old, but "still going strong!" His thin arms

could dash your garments on the craggy riverside with such vigour and fury and haste that he succeeded more in tearing and ruining your clothes than in washing them.

If a garment did retain its shape, very often a rent in it would be evidence of a severe beating against the huge black boulders that dotted the banks of the river that flowed below the estate. And what stirred my ire was the fact that a tear would often be where it was most noticeable — at the back

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By **LUCY THOMPSON**

---

of a skirt or on the pocket of a shirt.

As for buttons, they were either missing or broken, and I had to keep replacing them and reminding the old dhoby that buttons were going up in price.

One day I drew his attention to a name-tape on a sheet that he had brought along with my clothes. It was as plain as daylight that the sheet did not belong to me. The wily old fellow got away with it — and literally, too — by putting the blame on his helpless wife!

Yes, according to the superior husband, the foolish

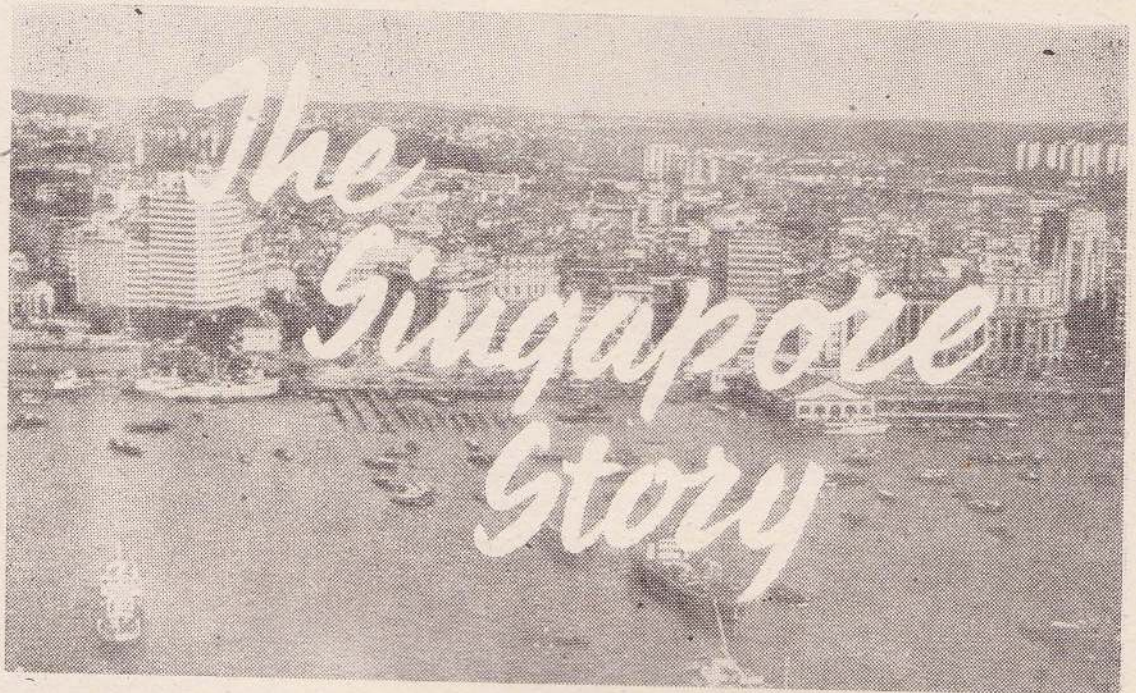
woman had made a big mistake when sorting out the bundles of clothes. He scowled menacingly and took the sheet. What a pity women's lib was unheard of in those days, else Mrs. Dhoby would have been up in arms against him!

Our dhoby, whenever he failed to turn up on the correct date, would fall back on a host of excuses — the squally weather, a severe stomach-ache, or the funeral of a relative. He was punctual only when he had to collect his pay!

When there were clothes to be washed, he would tie them securely in a big bundle, and when he lifted it, never, ever did he fail to groan or heave a sigh, giving one the impression that he was about to join his ancestors! I knew the cunning fellow's sole intention was to impress upon me the fact that the bundle of clothes was very heavy. Off and on, a request would be made for an increment!

Anyhow, I do feel nostalgic when I recall these little foibles because that old dhoby (now deceased) was the subject of an article which won for me a cash prize from the Editor of the "Times of Ceylon Sunday Illustrated" nearly twelve years ago, when readers were invited to send in contributions on "Why I hate dhobies."

*Foreign investment capital brings know-how and markets for established products... Tax holidays on profits do not mean much to investors unless prospects are good for earnings... Quality of labour supply is more important than its price. These are some of the lessons learned in Singapore's economic build-up.*



**W**HEN Singapore became an independent nation in 1965, its chances for survival appeared slim. With a land area of only 535 square kilometres and some two million persons of Chinese, Malay and Indian origin to support almost entirely by imports, the new government faced problems of unemployment and economic instability.

But in less than a decade, the transformation of Singapore to a viable country with virtually no unemployment is one of Asia's outstanding success stories. How was this success achieved?

Steps taken by the Singapore government to achieve its current position of stability and prosperity were outlined at the Third Economic Development Seminar in Saigon this year by Dr. Goh Keng Swee, currently Minister of Defence and an early leader in the People's Action Party. Dr. Goh is also a 1972 Magsaysay award winner for his role in his nation's social and industrial progress. . .

Perhaps of greatest interest to his audience was his list of important lessons learned from the Singapore experience. Excerpts from Dr. Goh's presentation follow:



**M**Y party, the People's Action Party, was elected to office in 1959, in Singapore's first general election as a self-governing colony. In 1963, Singapore became a member state of the Federation of Malaysia. That year Singapore's population was 1,587,200.

The main economic activity was international trade and services supporting this trade such as banking, shipping, telecommunications, warehousing, transportation and some processing industries. Because of its central geographic position and its fine natural harbour, Singapore served as a transit point in the two-way trade between Southeast Asia and the industrial West.

Because of the importance of trade, imports and exports were never subject to taxes or duties. The free port status of Singapore had been a fundamental policy for more than a hundred years.

The basic problem emerging from this arrangement was that the level of international trade depended on outside factors beyond the control of the Singapore government. Technical improvements in transportation encouraged direct shipment with a loss of trade and income to Singapore. Political consideration sometimes induced governments to try to bypass Singapore.

At the very time that international trade could no longer be depended upon to expand, infants born during the post-World War II baby boom had grown up and were attending secondary schools. Their prospects for future employment — judged by the circumstances of their older brothers and sisters — were not good. It was hardly surprising that large numbers of these young people in the Chinese middle schools lent fervent support to the communist united front.

The solution we saw to this problem was to expand the manufacturing industry. Other options did not appear promising. Singapore's limited land area with poor soils

did not offer much prospect for expanding agriculture. Nor did the tourist trade look very appealing at that time.

A number of initiatives were taken to induce investment in manufacturing. Because of Singapore's small domestic market, attempts were made to enlarge the market for industrial output. Tariffs on imported products were introduced for the first time in Singapore's history. Quantitative import restrictions were also resorted to as a temporary measure. By the end of 1965, import duties were levied on 157 items including mild steel bars, sugar, cement, chocolates, plastics and chemical products.

A tax holiday for five years was offered to prospective investors. In addition depreciation allowances could be deferred for five years, so that the tax holiday period extended beyond five years.

The effort in inducing industrial investment was centralized in one government agency responsible to one ministry. The promotion agency was Singapore's Economic Development Board (EDB) established in 1961, which also served as a universal aide to the prospective investor.

EDB was amply provided with funds by the ministry. This enabled it to establish industrial estates, furnished with all facilities required of modern industries — power, water, gas, road transport, rail transport and even a deep sea port.

The intense effort put into industrial promotion substantially increased the contribution of the manufacturing sector to the gross national product (GNP). In 1959, manufacturing accounted for S\$170 million; by 1965, this had increased to S\$414.3 million.

Despite Singapore's own limited market, industrial expansion reached significant annual growth rates, averaging 14.8 per cent a year between 1959 and 1963, increasing to 18.5 per cent a year between 1963 and 1965.

Gross capital formation

which was very low in 1959 partly as a result of political instability also increased substantially from S\$150.6 million to S\$475.8 million in 1965. This was mainly the result of industrial growth which resulted in heavy investment in machinery and equipment.

Despite the fair rates of growth achieved, the basic problem of unemployment remained unresolved. In six years and after an expenditure of S\$213 million by the EDB on infrastructure and financial support to industry, only 21,000 new jobs had been created.

Nor was the impact on the general economic growth any more spectacular. Between 1959 and 1965 the GNP increased from S\$1,968 million to S\$3,043.4 million. This represented an annual compound growth rate of 8.1 per cent between 1959 and 1963, and 6.5 per cent for the remaining years.

Singapore's separation from Malaysia on August 9, 1965, introduced a completely new phase in all aspects of life — economic, political, defence.

Singapore entered the new era with its basic problem unresolved: how to provide jobs for the burgeoning population of school graduates.

Steady progress was registered in the first two years of Singapore's independent existence. Then came the shock of the British government's announcement of intention to remove its military presence east of Suez. Not only did this threaten to have dangerous effects on investment confidence, but there was also the more tangible business of finding work for some 40,000 civilians employed by British military bases.

In short, problems facing us in the beginning of this new period were the same as before. In fact, the situation in 1968, threatened to become even more acute.

The fiscal incentives were amended to meet the new situation. To encourage the expansion of industries, as distinct from the establishment of new industries, tax relief was

allowed — in certain circumstances — on income from capital expansion.

To induce investment and expansion of export-oriented industries, a 90 per cent remission of tax on profits was allowed to approved enterprises for a period up to 15 years.

Tax exemptions were also allowed on interest on foreign loans, royalties and on know-how and technical assistance fees.

By 1970, it was found that some of those benefits were over-generous and they were reduced. Export incentives were reduced to five years for non-pioneer enterprises and to eight years, including the pioneer tax relief period, in the case of pioneer enterprises.

In 1968, a radical decision was made to change the structure of the omnibus EDB. The early concentration of all functions in one agency made for quick decision making. However, there was an obvious risk in combining investment promotion and financing activities in one organisation.

Three major branches of the EDB were organised as follows: The industrial facilities division, including the civil engineering branch, split off as a separate authority called the Jurong Town Corporation, which took charge of all industrial estates in Jurong and elsewhere.

The finance division, together with the specialist staff from the projects division and the secretariat, formed the nucleus for the Development Bank of Singapore. This is a new business corporation registered by Singapore with 50-50 equity participation between the government and commercial banks.

The investment promotion division of the EDB and the consultant services remained together. EDB became basically an industrial investment promotion agency but it engaged energetically in initiating specialised technical and training services. This activity led to complications, some of which remain unresolved today.

In addition to fiscal incentives and organizational changes, the government undertook three major policy initiatives in 1968 to meet the urgent problems expected to develop when the British military bases closed.

In order to ensure more stable relations between labour and management, two important pieces of legislation were introduced in Parliament in August, 1968: the Employment Act and the Industrial Relations Act. The Employment Act abolished certain discriminatory practices, rationalised the pay structure by doing away with some abuses of overtime and reduced re-trenchment benefits which had endangered the life of many young industries.

The Industrial Relations Act (as amended) removed an important source of friction between labour and management. Some matters such as the promotion of employees, methods of recruitment, transfer and task assignment had been constant irritants. The Act placed these matters firmly within the prerogative of management and not subject to negotiation. It also encouraged collective agreements of long duration—three to five years.

The second initiative accelerated development of formal training in technical and vocational fields. Six new vocational institutes teaching a variety of trades were established. The annual enrolment, once totalling only 100 or 200 a year, by 1969 had increased to 2,151 and is now running at 5,700.

Standards were raised in the secondary technical schools and new classes were formed to provide technical education in the academic schools. All boys in the academic schools and half of the girls were required to do a day's workshop practice each week. This new opportunity for technical training proved very popular because the boys could see that their employment prospects were greatly

enhanced by such education.

The third policy initiative increased savings by raising the rate of contribution by employers and employees to the Central Provident Fund (CPF). This is a fund managed by the government and contribution to it is compulsory.

Contributions were raised by stages from 5 per cent of pay contributed by employer and employee to 14 per cent for employers and 10 per cent for employees by July, 1972. Eventually, each side will contribute 15 per cent.

As a result, the volume of real savings available for non-inflationary development finance increased substantially. In 1968 the CPF totalled S\$88 million; in 1972 it was S\$310 million.

Whereas the earlier period saw an annual increase in employment of less than 4,000 a year in manufacturing, employment during this new period rose rapidly from a 17,000 increase in 1968 to 25,000 in 1969 levelling off at 20,000 in 1970 and 1971. In the last year or two, large numbers of workers had to be imported from neighbouring countries. Singapore had at last achieved full employment.

Capital investment, taking into account paid up capital in pioneer industries, amounted to S\$153.4 million at the end of 1965. Of this S\$82.1 million was local capital and S\$71.3 million was foreign capital.

Between 1966 and 1971, the increase in paid up capital in pioneer industries was S\$754.2 million. Of this increase S\$495 million was foreign owned, the balance of S\$259.1 million local capital.

This period saw the introduction of many interesting new industries from the United States and Europe. In 1970, a number of American companies making semi-conductors and integrated circuits established plants in Singapore. This was followed by giant international corporations.

The GNP which had hovered around six to seven per cent annual growth, grew to 12.1 per cent between 1966 and 1968 and to 15.6 per cent between 1969 and 1971. These are rates at current market prices. Constant price calculations should show a slight reduction.

While other branches of economic activity such as the tourist trade and offshore oil exploration made their contribution to the growth of the GNP, the principal engine of growth was the rapid expansion of export-oriented manufacturing industries. This led to substantial investment, principally from foreign sources.

The first lesson we learned is that foreign investment capital, especially by multinational corporations, brings with it the advantages of know-how, established products with world repute and markets.

This last factor is of special importance to Singapore. Finance and foreign exchange have been minor considerations as we are short of neither.

Where industry produces for the domestic market and not for exports, we learn that over-eagerness in the early years led to unnecessary generosity in the way of incentives. Where the domestic market can be secured by tariffs local production should be wholly owned by nationals or in the case of complex products, sizable national equity participation should be insisted upon.

It is necessary, however, to guard against the dangers of conferring monopolistic privileges. Where market size makes this unavoidable, the enterprise should be kept under continuing surveillance. National equity participation should also be insisted upon in enterprises that develop natural resources, such as mining and forestry.

As for incentives to investment—local incentives are im-

portant but not decisive. Tax holidays on profits do not mean much when the prospects for earning profits do not look good. Factors that will enhance profits are just as important as incentives.

In this respect, developing countries offer prospective investors the advantage of low wages. But low wages also can be overplayed as a promotional point. If low wages are accompanied by low productivity, poor training potential, irresponsible work habits, poor labour-management relations, insistence on employment quotas for nationals or special groups of nationals, they do not add up to an attractive package. It is, therefore, important to look into the quality of labour supply as well as its price.

As important as physical infrastructure are the intangibles. A congenial living environment is necessary for big ventures that have to be staffed with large numbers of expatriate management and technical staff. This means not only decent houses, health, plumbing and sanitation services, but also personal security in the form of law and order. Schools for their children must also be provided.

Important elements in the infrastructure of intangibles include a proper legal system and a good supply of accountants. Modern business cannot function well without lawyers and accountants.

Another point on which we find foreign investors lay great emphasis is the predictability of the government. When people start an enterprise in a foreign country, not only are the business risks much larger than in the investor's home environment, but also many kinds of unfamiliar problems have to be tackled—engagement of an unfamiliar work force including lower and middle level supervisory and management staff from local sources, complying with local laws and customs—all these added to the normal

risks and uncertainties of business.

If, in addition, the government's policy and conduct are unpredictable, it becomes impossible for the investor to make dependable forecasts for the future. It is therefore necessary for government policy and practice to be consistent, predictable and rational.

Further, governments must develop a repute for keeping their word, of honouring commitments and discharging expected obligations. Anything less would seriously dampen investor enthusiasm.

In Singapore we found that the best fiscal and monetary policy to underpin a major investment promotion effort is to turn a deaf ear to the seductive appeals of the New Economics, which preaches that economic growth can be achieved by over-spending and manipulating the supply of money.

We also found that the old-fashioned conservative policy of balancing the government budget—in fact budgeting for a substantial surplus to finance development expenditure—produces the best results in the long run.

The government, through the EDB and the Development Bank, invests heavily in business enterprises, usually as a minority shareholder. But we make it a point when an investment turns sour never to throw good money after bad.

The final lesson we learned is that investment promotion is a lengthy proposition. We had little to show for six years of strenuous effort, large sums of money expended and our deployment of the most talented personnel we could find.

But there is an inner dynamic in industrial growth that will generously respond to patient, sustained realistic and rational endeavour. This is the message of hope that Singapore brings to developing countries.

(Condensed from "Horizons",  
Manila).

STANLEY SURAWEERA tells of the days —

**DURING** the British regime taxes were levied on cinnamon, coconuts and cotton; on threat, timber and trees; on cattle, grain and ghee.

The British also claimed rents on arrack and toddy and took their share of the fish and turtles caught in the sea. Lands and houses were not exempt. They even taxed our gemming and cock fighting.

The returns obtained by them for the three pearl-fisheries from 1796 to 1798 alone totalled £396,000.

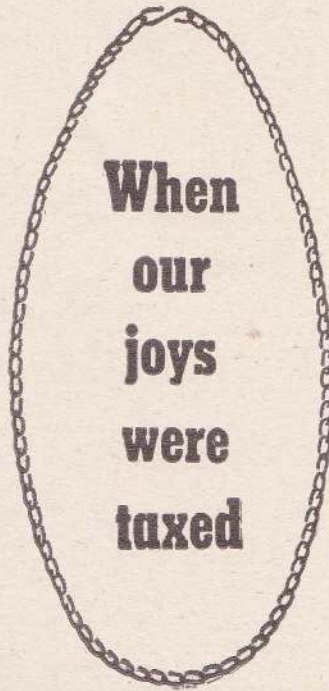
If they had stopped at that no one would have grumbled, but they went all out and also taxed our "joys".

The word "joy" used in this context is not an English word. It is a derivation from the Portuguese word "joie" (sometimes called "joias"). And according to Arthur Bertolacci, a writer of that period, "It meant in the vulgar Portuguese of Ceylon, jewellery or trinkets".

This meant that the British, who were reaping a good harvest by taxation on the necessities of life, had now turned to luxuries. The man responsible was none other than a thirty-four-year-old bachelor, the first resident Governor of Sri Lanka — the Hon. Frederick North, son of the Earl of Guildford, then Prime Minister in the Government of King George III.

He brought out his piece of legislature on April 1, 1800, with a proclamation which read:—

"Whereas it is our wish that the contribution necessary for the maintenance of the State should fall as lightly on the people



of these settlements, and be levied rather upon luxuries than upon the necessities of life, we are determined to farm out a tax on joys and ornaments...."

Of course, the Governor expected the poor proletariat in this newly founded Crown colony, knowing that this tax fell mainly on the reactionary bureaucrats, to acclaim his action with glee. It did not take long for him to know that he had made an error. He had made his first mistake.

According to the joy tax every person irrespective of sex or age had to take out an annual licence in case he or she wanted to wear any jewels or ornaments made out of "gold, silver,

or other metal, stone, pearl, ivory, glass, chank or bone."

What came under this rule were those that were fastened on any part of the visible human bodies or affixed to outer clothes.

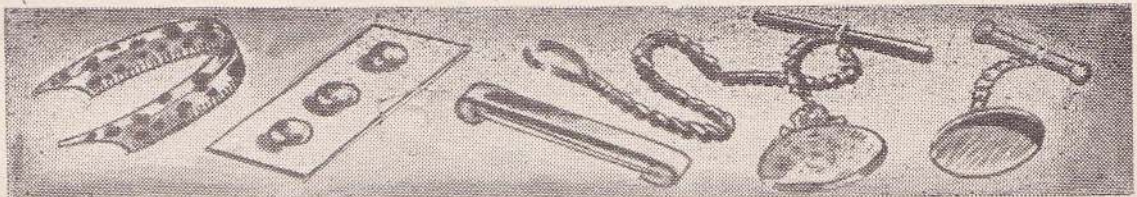
Coins, jewels, trinkets, e'c., carried upon the person in a bag, purse or cloth were exempt. In other words, the tax had only to be paid by those who displayed any sort of embellishment in a public place.

Women of Sri Lanka have been used to the habit (and most of them still do) of wearing valuable or costume jewellery. They came under the heel of this tax. In caste-bound Asian societies, badges were necessary to distinguish one person from another. They were taxed, too.

It was customary for well-to-do men to wear circular combs on the top of their heads. This was a relic from Portuguese times. The Governor held that these combs also came under taxation.

However, the annual licence was half rix-dollar for a woman, while it was double that for a man. Slaves were exempt from taxation and so were government officials who were compelled by law to wear ornaments on their coats as badges of office.

The Governor, in spite of having been born into a small English family, allowed a comprehensive licence to any head of a large family to pay down two rix dollars each year to cover the use of "joys" for his entire household, without exception.



Even in the colonies, the British maintained that everyone's home was his castle. Tax collectors, therefore, had specific instructions never to enter a human habitation for the collection of these dues. Men, specially trained in this art, had been brought out from the Malabar Coast in South India and the collector's office came to be known in the Hindustani word of "cutcherry." That word is still with us, but in an Anglised form, for many government departments are now retained in a "kachcheri."

Yet this tax, which on the face of it seemed quite innocuous, met with unexpected opposition. Funny as it may seem, it was the less fortunate Sinhalese who rebelled against it, claiming that the tax was unjust and inequitable.

And it soon became a bane to feminine education.

Parents of schoolgoing girls, unable to pay the tax for reasons beyond their control, preferred to keep their daughters at home than be laughed at on the streets when they walked without jewellery.

And many man-hours were lost when robust individuals stayed indoors without going for work to be away from the public gaze in the nudgy sans their head-combs!

The Governor met the second difficulty by amending the law by a new proclamation. He exempted combs made only out of horn from his joy tax. And the workers were back at their jobs.

All the time money was coming in. The net annual tax so gathered during 1800 to 1805 averaged as high as 100,000 rix dollars.

After Governor North was recalled, his place was taken by "that rough despot," Sir Thomas Maitland. He soon discontinued the

collection of this tax in the Sinhala-speaking areas but continued to levy it within the Jaffna Peninsula and in certain parts of the Eastern Province.

The tax thus continued to snowball for a full twenty-five years till 1825, when during the tenure of office of the fifth Governor of this country, the great roadmaking Sir Edward Barnes, it was abolished for ever.

True, Sir Edward brought in something that might be considered worse — the capitation tax. According to it, every male who had reached the age of fifteen years had to pay a poll tax of one rix dollar each year.

But the men and women of fashion of Sri Lanka were now not so unhappy. After all, they could now wear their jewellery and ornaments at all times of the day and night in public without the payment of any tax.

THE A TIMES OF CEYLON PUBLICATION

## Times digest

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# The creative writer

**WHO** is a creative writer?

An artist forms his picture with brush, paint and canvas. He forms it out of his imagination, from an impression or from a scene directly before his eyes. But whether he re-creates a sunset or paints the portrait of an imaginary girl there will be something of himself in his creation. He will paint as he sees.

This is not quite the same thing as when a camera clicks and records a scene or a person. The camera makes no attempt to create. It only reproduces a carbon copy of the original.

Like the artist, the writer creates a piece of writing, be it a story, a poem, a sketch or an article. Only he does not use paint and canvas but ink and paper or, if he is lucky enough, a typewriter. He will create with words and what he creates will, again, come from what he has seen or heard, from his imagination or what he has experienced himself.

Some people may say: "A writer should write only about what he has experienced himself or what he has witnessed at firsthand." This need not necessarily be so.

Take, for example, Ernest Hemingway. He wrote largely around his personal experiences. He wrote of his experience in the Italian Army and about his adventures on safari in Africa.

-Against this, take a writer like Stephen Crane, who wrote a masterpiece on the Civil War. It was called "The Red Badge of Courage" and when one reads through this book one will get the feeling that Crane was intimately involved in the war. But the truth was that he had never been in battle.

It is true that we learn about life through our own

senses. We experience best through seeing, touching, tasting, hearing and feeling. But if we are sensitive, impressionable and imaginative we can also absorb life effectively enough through listening to people, observing, feeling for them. We can absorb life again through newspapers, radio, television, the theatre. A historical novel, for instance, is created purely from research into the past. Upon whatever facts a writer gathers his imagination builds and creates, bringing the reader to believe that the past has become the present, at least while he reads the book.

But supposing someone just beginning to write is asked to use a personal experience. He

up excuses for mother to send teacher to help them through the day ahead. What about a headache that prevented the completion of a maths assignment?

And then there are the people the writer keeps meeting on the daily bus to work. Surely, among them, there must be one he could write about?

A creative writer is sincere, full of feeling and sympathy for his characters. At the same time he knows he cannot sit back and wait for the light bulb of inspiration to flash in his face. He is not a genius but only a person who is inspired by an idea or a person he meets or an incident. But this inspiration is

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By PUNYAKANTE WIJENAIKE

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might say that nothing exciting has happened to him. Unlike Ernest Hemingway, he has not served in the army, been on safari, or if the writer be a woman, never won a beauty contest. But some of the best stories in the world have been created around a humdrum, daily problem of life, or around a simple, normal character.

The writer could start with a few lines about what happens every morning at his breakfast table. If he is not wrapped up in his newspaper, he would notice, perhaps, that his wife is mechanically going about her chore of pouring the tea while her thoughts are elsewhere. What is she dreaming of? A new frock for the little one, how to find a pound of sugar or going on vacation to World's End with her secret lover? And what about the kids who eat with frowning brows? Doubtless they are thinking

only the beginning, the spark that sets off his creative power. He cannot sit back and let inspiration work for him. He has to build up around what inspired him. That is why some writers carry little notebooks around with them. If they are full of plots, characters, ideas, he does not have to wait to meet with inspiration.

The modern creative writer need not depend on plot to create a piece of writing. A story can stand very well on a theme, a character, a mood. Sometimes a problem need not present a solution either. Often problems of life offer no solution except acceptance of the inevitable.

The creative writer in Sri Lanka, writing in the English language, has the added problem of creating an idiom suited to the local scene. But that is a challenge, I am certain, he cannot fail to meet.

SHE was their only girl—the apple of their eye. They simply doted on her. Now she was going on twenty-three and to be married in a few days. Manel was fortunate, her many relations told her, to have such fond and loving parents.

It had been a hectic day—the day before her wedding day. Manel had been up before five in the morning and now she was plain tired. The strain was beginning to tell on her. She had kept her appointment with the hair-dresser. She had checked on her outfit that was getting its finishing touches from the seamstress at Nugegoda.

But it wasn't the work that was getting at her. Manel was sure of that. Her mind was in a whirl. The bustle and noise of screaming children and happy people didn't give her a chance to sit down and sort it out in her head. And she had to know it now—before she became Anil's wife in the morning. She stumbled half-dazed through the crowd and into her room. She bolted the door and fell on her bed, sobbing.

Why did it have to happen on her wedding eve, she wondered. Why did it have to spoil this happiest day of her life, which was barely a night's rest from now?

Why did she ask mother to see all those telegrams and letters? Couldn't Mother have given them to her after she returned from her honeymoon? But it wasn't Mother's fault. It was Manel who had asked to see the whole lot, and Mother had given her the black ebony box without thinking.

Slowly she removed the letter from inside her blouse, where she had hidden it when she took it out from the black ebony box. She placed it on her bed and began to straighten the creases from the envelope. She did it mechanically.

Her mother's name was written neatly on the cream-coloured envelope. She opened it again. Inside was another envelope with the word "con-

# Wedding eve

idential" printed at the top. She opened this, too, and took the letter out. For the third time now she began to read it—very, very slowly, this time.

Dear Mrs. Jayasinghe,

We were very happy to receive your invitation to Manel's wedding. Indeed, we were amazed to find that our little girl had grown up so soon. And now she is getting married. How time flies! Unfortunately, we do not know the young man. But to say the least, judging from what you have written to us from time to time concerning Manel, he must be a lucky man to find a girl like her.

Of course, I'll have to

happy and joyous life. Please kiss my daughter for me.

Sincerely,  
HELEN PERERA.

Manel sat still, looking at the ceiling. Then she put the letter back and locked it in her almirah. Suddenly she heard Mother's voice: "Manel, darling, why aren't you asleep yet? Put the light out and go to bed at once".

She listened for a while to the admonishing, yet gentle tone of Mother's voice. She recognised in it the tenderness of a mother's love and concern. Suddenly she felt she would like to rush out and throw herself on Mother, hug her and cry her heart out on

## Short story

By CLARENCE ABAYAKOON

disappoint you again. And for the same reason that I refused earlier, to attend Manel's coming of age and her twenty-first birthday. As I told you then, it would have so broken my heart watching her growing up that I refused to see her all these years. It would break my heart even if I saw her now, on her wedding day. It will be so much better for both of us if we did not meet. After all, she was only two months and she wouldn't remember, anyway. And frankly I cannot, for all my aching heart, now even remember her myself.

But you have been so gracious and kind, looking after her and giving her all the comforts that I, in my poverty, could never have afforded. So let things be as they are, for the present. I'll not forget to pray for them. And I wish them a

her shoulder. But there were so many people in that room that she restrained herself. "Yes Mother," she said obediently, "I was going to put the light out".

A sudden calmness and resignation had come over her after she heard Mother's soothing voice. She went calmly to her bed and removed the coverlet. Now she had found a solution to all her problems. Suddenly, she thought it wasn't important to find out. She knew who mother was. And she didn't want any other.

A strange sleepiness was beginning to crawl over her and she felt tired. She tiptoed to the switch and flicked the light off. Then she scrambled to her bed gratefully. This was a perfect wedding eve, she thought, sleepily. Tomorrow she would be Anil's wife. And suddenly, nothing else mattered to her.

(All characters fictitious).

## Little-known facts about well known-firms

# First in field of textiles

UNTIL necessity mothered industrial production in the nineteen sixties the Wellawatte Spinning and Weaving Mill was a lonely pioneer in the industrial sector.

Its giant chimney billowed fumes monotonously into the sky and for generations its time sirens regulated the lives of all who lived in the vicinity.

Today Sri Lanka exports textiles. The Wellawatte Spinning and Weaving Mill, the first in the field of textiles here, commenced production in 1888 at a time when anything locally produced was regarded as *declassé*.

The firm was actually commenced by Sir William Mitchell but in the following year he sold it to Mr. Ahmedbhoj Habibbhoj, a leading member of the Khoja community from Bombay.

At the commencement the spinning plant consisted of 9,600 spindles capable of turning out 4,000 yards a day. It also had a weaving shed with 234 looms with a daily output of 3,000 pounds of yarn or 14,000 yards of cloth.

It was after Mr. E. S. Captain became the manager of the mills that it was considerably reorganised and in 1922 the Governor, Sir William Manning, opened the enlarged and modernised factory.

The extended premises included a completely new mill which had 11,000 spindles capable of producing 6,000 pounds of yarn each day. The weaving shed had been enlarged to produce 4,500 pounds, or 20,000 yards, of cloth. The combined output was thus 10,000 pounds of yarn, or 34,000 yards of cloth.

The new mill had a waste plant for production of coarse yarn looms for making check cloth like sarongs and camboys and machines for making Turkish towels.

With the exception of some bales of textiles sold in India all the company's other products were sold in Lanka.

The labour force, which had up to then been 1,200, was increased to 2,000 after the new machinery was installed in 1922, and five blocks of houses were built to provide homes on the worksite — for the workers.

Even at this stage the company was against dependence on other countries for its raw materials. It felt that all the cotton required for its requirements could be grown locally and tried to interest the Government in cotton cultivation but without success.

The company had discus-

sions with Mr. S. M. Burrows, who was Government Agent at Matale, and even provided funds for cotton growing, but the official reaction was lukewarm.

While the plans for growing cotton locally were unsuccessful the company's new plant and machinery enabled the production of textiles of a much better quality than had been produced earlier.

Eager buyers came to the mill premises to purchase textiles and in order to afford customers an opportunity to examine the wide range of textiles produced at the mill the first retail sales outlet at Manning Mansions was opened.

D. J. M.

## A history of the safety-match industry in Sri Lanka

IN the article on the Hewavitaranas' role as pioneers of industry in the October issue of this journal, I referred to the fact that the Sri Lanka firm's attempt to break into the safety match industry was hindered by a Swedish firm.

I have since received additional information on this subject from Mr. Alibhoj Carimjee of Alibhoj Carimjee and Co. of Reclamation Road, Colombo.

Mr. Carimjee showed me Vol 42 No. 17 of "The Searchlight" (September 1963), which contains an outline of the history of the safety match industry in Sri Lanka.

According to this article the first Ceylonese who embarked on the enterprise of match making in Sri Lanka was the

late G. C. Gonsalves, who is described as "the well known pyrotechnist of Kotahena".

He produced matches which were put on sale as the "Lighthouse" brand. The boxes were made out of cardboard veneered wood, and the matches were also made of cardboard. Boxes were first sold at three cents each and later at two for five cents.

Mr. Gonsalves' matches could not, however, stand up to competition from China and Japan.

It was at this stage that the "Three Stars" made in Sweden became popular in Ceylon.

According to the writer in "The Searchlight", a Swedish merchant called on the late Carimjee Jafferjee and

(Continued on Page 47)



# First in the field of textiles

(Continued from Page 46)

offered him the agency for "Three Stars". Mr. Jafferjee introduced this merchant to Mr. A. Shwarsz of Volkart Bros and it was agreed that Volkart's would become the agents for "Three Stars", while Mr. Jafferjee would enjoy distribution rights.

In 1911 or 1912 the late Dr. C. A. Hewavitarana, who had sent two young men to learn match manufacture in Japan, equipped a factory at De Fonseka Road, Bambalapitiya, and started the manufacture of "Three Gems" as a rival

to "Three Stars".

The stage was now set for intense business rivalry.

Dr. Hewavitarana formed a limited liability company to promote the sales of his matches. He was assisted in his efforts by his brothers, the Anagarika Dharmapala, Edmund and Simon and his brother-in-law, Mr. Jacob Moonesinghe. Among "outsiders" who helped him were the Senanayake brothers, F.R., D.C. and D.S. Mr. N. D. S. de Silva, Mr. A. B. Gomes, and Mr. D. L. Wijewardene.

The Swedish concern was

headed by a safety-match magnate Kreuger, who was popularly known as "King Kreuger" and he crippled the local concern by selling his matches at one cent a box, or 10 cents for a packet of 12.

The local company could not stand up to the Swedish competition and sold a controlling interest, or 51 per cent of the shares to the Swedish concern.

Among other Sri Lanka pioneers in the match making industry were Mr. S. M. Naya-gam who made "Three Bowls" matches and Mr. H. E. P. de Mel, who started "Lanka Light".

D. J. M.

## Buried treasure

"CAN you secure three copies of the new translation of the New Testament for me?" requested a tribal worker of an Asian country.

"The edition is almost sold out", replied the missionary friend. "Why do you need three copies?"

"One for my use now, one for my family and one to bury for future use." — (United Bible Societies).

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## Want to be healthy? Go underground!

SINCE 1964, patients have found relief in the salubrious salt air of a smaller facility in the mine. A Polish doctor accidentally discovered the curative powers of the mine when he noted that salt miners had a very low incidence of bronchial complaints.

Salt miners at Retsof, New York, report a similar experience. For years they have said, a spell in the bracing underground air was a sure cure for colds, asthma, and hangovers.—("National Geographic News Bulletin").

# The sea anemone — architect of the human hand?

**T**ODAY the physical and mechanical sciences have called for the greatest attention. Man is more occupied in building implements for the destruction of life than with the problems of life itself.

Man's appearance is probably no accident. It is a long story. Man is man because of his brain. The human brain has come a long way since the sea anemone.

Man is a grasping animal. From an evolutionary aspect our hands, when we became bipeds, were relieved from the duty of locomotion and were then free to develop into more useful instruments, to perform many new kinds of functions such as twisting, throwing, catching, etc.

The hands, as everyone will, I am sure, readily admit, are the first, the most instinctive and the most faithful errands of the brain. The hands and fingers obey instinctively the moment the brain awakes to the expression of any motion. The hands are more directly at the service of the brain than are the tongue, lips or throat.

The hands are our most sensitive members. They are used as substitutes for ears by the deaf, in the place of eyes by the blind and as make-shifts for the tongue by the dumb.

As the most active parts of the entire body, the hands need extra brain space and provide a striking example of the close interworkings of nerve and muscle. The brain controls thirty different joints and more than fifty muscles for each hand. From a social standpoint, to the manual worker the functioning of this valued member is of great importance for his very livelihood.

Man's hands have kept the ancient five digits of the first

tetrapods and the mammalian three free segments of each finger except the thumb.

The functions of the hand depend greatly on the thumb's mobility. It is this very possession of the thumb which mainly differentiates man from his closest ancestor, the anthropoid ape.

In the hand of a chimpanzee, which is the nearest approach to a human being, the thumb is small and badly formed, its nail phalange barely reaching to the base of the first finger. The deduction, therefore, is that the longer and better formed the thumb, the more man has developed beyond the brute creation.

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By RANJIT  
MANAWADU

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In the hands of people who are dying—when the brain has ceased to act—the thumb, no longer owning a master, falls helplessly inwards across the palm. In medical science there are many proofs of the importance of the thumb, and the most striking of all is what is known as the "thumb centre" of the brain.

The palm of the hand contains the largest number of nerves which are directly connected with the brain. The hands of nervous people are full of mixed and intercepted lines. The lines on the palm are not made by work. If they are made by work, a seamstress should logically have more lines on her palm than the society woman of leisure.

Every portion of the brain, like every other living organism, is in a continual state of evolution and change. It is

reasonable to assume that these changes must alter and affect the brain cells and, through the nervous system, the entire body, especially those to the lines of the hand.

Early nervous systems developed in strand-patterns like the anemone. The sea anemone is an animal which fastens itself to rocks and looks something like a flower. It extends its finger-like tentacles to catch the food floating past. It has the simplest nervous system known.

The brain, heart, kidneys, intestines, etc., which are parts of the human body, reached their present stage of development through an evolutionary process. Their appearance is not accidental. There is no doubt that the primitive beings (especially invertebrates) may not have had such developed and complicated organs.

Among animals, such as paramecium amoeba, hydra, anemone, obelia, etc., the amoeba and paramecium belong to the acellular group (protozoa). Though both belong to the acellular groups, the paramecium is a more advanced being than the amoeba. Though the paramecium does not possess a "mouth", it possesses some kind of opening while there is a particular path (cytosis) for the food to pass through its body.

Cannot this process be compared with that of the alimentary canal system in developed beings such as man?

The hydra and the anemone show special skill in capturing their prey. Their tentacles help them to carry out the function. They are similar to our fingers. Though these types do not possess hands it is seen that they have made efforts to perform functions similar to that of the human hand.

We have an idea of the relationship that exists between the hand and the brain. The origin of the nervous system, too, has some definite relationship with the sea anemone. Cannot we then come to the theoretical conclusion that the anemone is the architect of the foundations for the present human hand?

# Hypnosis has come of age

WHAT the hypnotherapist seeks to do is to dull the subject's pain senses or the ego in order to allow repressed material to appear in consciousness, so that they would no longer constitute a threat to the ego. Thus the energy which it formerly used is transferred to more useful functions for the patient's well-being.

By dulling the pain senses the hypnotherapist can probe the unconscious wherein buried deep lie conflicts or causes that give rise to or manifest themselves in a series of illnesses and suffering. The revival of hypnosis has meant to these sufferers a newer and less expensive but effective means of understanding their deeper emotional troubles, which produce functional illness or psychomatic illness, that are part of the stress and strain of modern living.

Today, hypnosis is accepted more seriously by medical men in many countries and after a century of research into its curative aspects it has now become a major curative tool not only for personality disorders but also for certain physical malfunctions of emotional origin.

For example, a paralysis of the limb is often the result of some psychological disorder for which no organic explanation

can be found. In such cases hypnosis can demonstrate to the patient how his mind can control his body to banish the paralysis, for one of the most remarkable things about the mind is its relationship to the body — to cause or to cure illness.

There are a number of complaints that mimic real organic disease which are nervous in origin and no human being is immune to such effects. They include palpitation, difficult breathing and chest pain.

Hypnosis can be helpful

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## By DR. ADOLPHE A. JASON

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even in a case of angina pectoris, where the doctor will prescribe a regimen of medicine, rest and diet and the patient is told to avoid worry. But how to avoid worry and be calm is the problem, when the patient is informed and has to live with the conviction that he is liable to drop dead any moment. Actually, in cases of heart disease, fear and worry could predispose and bring about a fatal attack. Hypnosis can in such cases help remove fear and anxiety and make the patient easier in mind. Thus it can assist the usual medical approach and help obtain the best results.

Today, hypnotism is used frequently in dentistry, obstetrics, gynaecology and dermatology and, more recently, in the treatment of neurasthenia, anxiety states, anxiety hysteria, hysteria, obsessional neurosis, alcoholism, excessive smoking, sex perversions, impotence, bed-wetting, stammering, blushing, stage-fright, insomnia, nail-biting, habit spasm, duodenal ulcers, cardiospasm, migraine, asthma, rheumatoid arthritis to name a few from a ever increasing list.

If hypnosis is still associated with magic and mystery, it is due to more than one bad reason. Firstly there is the stage hypnotist who must impress his audience that his magical powers can make anyone do anything at his bidding, and so on, but no one would ever want to feel that curative hypnosis is no more fit a subject for the stage than is medicine or surgery. Stage hypnosis, besides giving the public an entirely misleading idea of the subject, is the wrong type for curative purposes and could be dangerous.

Secondly, many doctors know that as a result the public regard hypnotism with suspicion and feel that they run the risk of professional

suicide by suggesting such an unorthodox method of healing so that when a patient asks, "Shall I try hypnosis?" the doctor replies "Oh no, I don't know anything about it, It is dangerous."

Thirdly, ignorance borne out of foolishness prompts people to scoff at hypnosis and deride its usefulness — like the French physician and scientist, who to his dying day maintained that the telephone was a ventriloquist's trick and the photograph a fraud. Meanwhile, hypnosis works wonders and it has proved its usefulness in education, medicine and psychology.

# The beggar

**SCENE:** The bustling Nugegoda main bus station on a Saturday morning.

**TIME:** About 10 o'clock.

It had been a rather frustrating morning.

To begin with, to get to Maharagama from my home in Dehiwala involves me in a bit of an expedition. First I have to tramp across to the halt by the Municipal Council Office, a distance of about a quarter of a mile, where I have to kick my heels for about a quarter of an hour until a No. 118 trundles along to convey me — in God's good time and at the driver's pleasure — to Nugegoda junction on the High Level Road.

As I told you, my destination was Maharagama, so I hopped off the Nugegoda bus

main bus station at 10 o'clock of a sweltering Saturday morning, waiting for the 118...and waiting...and waiting....

Drip, drip, drip: some liquid was steadily dropping, like Shakespeare's proverbial quality of mercy — however, not from the heavens but from the tip of my nose — on to my upper lip.



Putting out a tentative tongue, I tasted — salt.

So there I stood, sipping my own sweat, and waiting, and waiting, for the bus that seemed never likely to put in an appearance.

In the interim, I looked around — one must do something, no? — and surveyed the populace about me: fellow-sufferers, a couple of in-

different bus conductors, and the usual motley collection of bums, beggars and other broken-down characters who generally infest bus stations.

It was then that I noticed this particular beggar.

Now beggars, as you know, are, as a rule, whining, sivilising beings; grovelling and, well — begging—for a few cents for the inevitable "pahn kella" or "tey ekkak."

But there was nothing subservient about this old geezer!

Clad in a grubby sarong and a khaki coat that must once have graced the brawny shoulders of a police inspector, he had about him an air of authority.

Clearly, in that rag-tag-and-bobtail band, he stood out: he was the leader, the boss.

When I first noticed him the queue wasn't all that long. He seemed to think so, too, as he ran a practised eye over his prospective patrons.

Deciding that it was a bit too early to go "on duty", he turned to one of his underlings and, fishing out five cents from a pocket of his threadbare khaki coat, told the man to get him a chew of betel.

The old boy was pretty specific about his order. "Mind you", he told his side-kick firmly in Sinhala, "see that you get a good portion. Make sure they don't give you a tough, stinky leaf! You can't be too careful, you know. These kaday mudalalis will cheat you left and right if you don't watch out!"

His second-in-command dutifully shuffled off to fulfil the boss's instructions. By this time the queue had swelled somewhat. Running his experienced eye over us again, the old boy apparently judged the time ripe to begin business.

This was the point at which he really began to intrigue me, and make me forget the heat

By  
**GORDON  
TYTLER**

and toddled across the High Level Road and — after another indecent time-lapse — managed to claw my way into a bus bound for Maharagama.

I said it had been a frustrating morning. The reason was that, after all this effort and expended sweat, my pal wasn't at home! I had forgotten that, unlike me, my friend worked a 5½ instead of a 5-day week.

What to do?

What else, since it was the day before pay-day and the coffers were rather hollow-sounding, ruling out a visit to the nearest pub to find solace in a bottle of beer, but to turn around and go straight back home!

So that was how I found myself back at the Nugegoda

and the flies, the dust and the dirt.

Up to this moment he had been just another seedy old sod, but withal, a man who had a certain manner about him, a sense of dignity despite his tattered attire. When ordering his chew of betel, for instance, he had spoken in a normal, even peremptory, tone. But that was all, as far as I was concerned.

Now, amazingly, his whole manner changed. His shoulders drooped, a hang-dog look replaced the matter-of-fact expression I had observed only a minute ago and, extending his rusty tin cup in a hand that had suddenly started trembling, he began in a sing-song nasal whine to enumerate all his woes, calling at the same time upon Providence to bless all those great-hearted souls who, out of their bounty, contributed a little something to help him keep the jackal from the door!

Halfway through this harrowing harangue, his side-

kick returned with the chew of betel.

Immediately the old man's voice changed back again to a normal pitch and intonation. He questioned his assistant sharply. Had he made sure that he'd been given a decent portion? Was it stinky? Did the man at the boutique try to be shirty? Unwrapping the chew from its newspaper packet, he examined it closely, grunted, and slipped it into his grubby pocket.

Satisfied that all was OK he again turned his attention to the long-suffering members of the general public sweating it out on the other side of the bus shelter — and resumed his whining litany.

Now, what really amused me about this whole episode was that this Jekyll-and-Hyde act was conducted in full view, and within a couple of feet, of the people he was trying to convince of his desperate straits! I have never come across anything like it before.

Of course, I have seen so-called beggars in unguarded moments looking (and talking and acting) like any other self-respecting member of this self-respecting society of ours, but, as I said, only in unguarded moments. Never so openly and unconcernedly!

Here was a man who, quite obviously, looked upon what he did as just as much a job, a profession, a vocation — call it what you will — whereby one earned one's living, just like any other working man.

In his case he was a beggar — he made no bones about it — but that did not mean that when not "working" he had to maintain his beggary stance.

Just then the 118 bus finally shuddered up to the head of the queue. I slipped the beggar-chief a coin and climbed in.

As we pulled away from the halt I heard a gruff voice say, in a peremptory way: "Ado! Mata beedi ekak genen!"

## Town car of the future

A TINY prototype town car, based on the Mini but even smaller, was unveiled at the London Motor Show last Month. It is called the Minissima and was built by a former British Leyland designer for his wife and family to go shopping in.

Although it is only 7½ ft. long — or 30 ins. shorter than the Mini—it is a four-seater with storage space. Its smaller size and box shape enables it to park at right angles to the kerb.

The single door is at the back. The rear passengers face one another with their feet in a central floor space; the driver and front seat passenger can step in and out between them.

More than 60 car makers from 13 countries are showing over 400 cars at this year's show, at Earls Court, London.

Britain's big four manufacturers all announced major model and improvement changes. British Leyland's Austin Morris Allegro made its London Show debut. The product of £21 million worth of plant and design development, the Allegro range of 12 cars spearheads Leyland's attack on the European family saloon market in the next few years.

Rover has the 2200 range, based on the successful 2000. The Triumph 1500, now with rear wheel drive, offers automatic drive for the first time.

A two-door fixed-head coupe is included in a new generation of Jaguar and Daimler XJ saloons — the Series Two Range Rover's lightweight V-8 engine has been tailored to fit a 120 mph version of the NGB GT. Triumph says the Dolomite has more power and there is a new 1500 TC model.

Vauxhall Motors, which has just announced a £53 million two-year expansion plan, introduces new 100 mph Magnum models based on the Viva and Frenza ranges.

A revised version of the Cortina, Britain's best-selling car, is featured by Fords, while the specialist manufacturer AC unveils a three-litre mid-engine sports car to succeed the Cobra. — (BIS).

# Ace jumper (back home on holiday) backs appeal: Give chance to the country lads

**NAGALINGAM ETHIR-VEERASINGHAM**—it's a name of a tall man with big deeds in athletics.

He was in Sri Lanka last month on a holiday. He was visiting familiar surroundings where he made a name. "Ethir", as he likes to be called, had some good advice for our athletics administrators.

Said he: "Take the nationals out of Colombo, to the provinces. Don't confine athletics to the capital. Give the provincial sportsmen a deal and make them part of the whole organisation by staging athletic events in different places—like Galle, Jaffna, Anuradhapura, Kurunegala and Badulla every year".



This is a popular cry, and has been heard over and over again. But little or nothing has been done to make it a reality. Only basketball and hockey nationals are played regularly in the outstations, thereby giving the games a big boost. The basketball and hockey associations must be congratulated in this connection.

Athletics can easily be taken to the outstations. At least the Sri Lanka AAA has an

soated over the bar at 6 ft. 7 1/2 ins. to break the previous record held by him and three others by three inches.

"Ethir", trained all by himself over self-improvised posts and crossbar in the sandy wastes of Jaffna. In 1946 he broke the public schools junior record, clearing 5 ft 6 ins. This was followed by a string of achievements till at the Oval in 1953 he did the "Western roll" to go over the

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By **ELMO RODRIGOPULLE**

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obligation to the athletics because most of the champions in recent years have been from the outstations. Their fans have the right to see them in action in their home towns.

If the Sri Lanka AAA endeavours to take the nationals to the outstations they could very easily find a sponsor.

What about the man who has been saying this ever since he won a gold medal at the Asian Games in 1958? He

Ceylon mark with a new height of 6 ft. 4 ins.

He changed from the "Western roll" to the "straddle" and went over 6 ft. 7 ins. at the St. Joseph's College Meet—a height not reached by any Asian before him.

Modest and simple, "Ethir" who left Sri Lanka about five years ago, is still conscious of the role he had to play as a Ceylonese in putting his country on the sports map.

# What about the poor, misunderstood husband?

The men have their fling in the  
great rugby controversy

"PIFFLE, Marjan! Poppy-cock and utter balderdash! Where do you rake up these girls with such weird ideas?"

This is how some of the men re-acted to my article, "Rugby—Women's Angle", in the October issue of "The Times Digest".

"Come off it chicks! You can't have it both ways", was Faris's angry outburst.

"I used to look forward to going to the pictures with him on Saturday afternoon", said Fawziya, one of those girls,

"Saturday afternoon!"

"Is she CRAZY? Did you ever hear of any sane adult going to the pictures on Saturday afternoon? Saturday afternoon is kids' afternoon at the movies in most parts of the city and the outskirts. No partially sane adult would go within miles of these bedlam sessions".

"That wipes girl-friend Sheeren, too. Can you imagine the squawk you'd get from the kids if Daddy asked them to stay at home and play with him on Saturday afternoon instead of letting them go to the pictures?" wound up Faris.

I had an equally hard-hitting note from Kingsley Pillal. Said Kingsley: "Mumtaz deserves all that's coming to her if she has the sort of friends who like to 'drop in' on Saturday afternoons.

Saturday afternoon visitors ought to be shot on sight.

Moreover, they should be at rugby matches instead of gallivanting round annoying their friends".

As for the sort of girl who admits that her boy-friend doesn't gamble, or back horses, or drink, or chase after women and still complains about his going to a football match...

"She deserves one of the chaps who has all these 'nob-

ing about the average, not the exceptions. And the average 'overworked' housewife seems to manage to keep abreast of all the fashions, all the hit parades and everybody else's business for a mile around—as well as finding an afternoon or two a week for netball, hockey or general gabfests".

In a curt note to me on this snowballing controversy, a batch of mercantile executives had this to say: "M. B. Marjan has quoted the girls and their sturdy afternoon plight from April to September. But what about us men-folk? We who come home dog-tired after a day's hard work have to cook our own meal or eat something from a parcel ordered from a nearby cafe because it's wife's netball afternoon or tennis afternoon or an afternoon with the girls".

Added a couple of angry neighbours: "The girls are barking up the wrong tree".

The fact is that the most avid and noisiest fans you'll find at any rugby mach are women. Next time there's a rugby match I'll take one of those girl-friends and ask her to have a good look how many of these "deserted" wives are right there yelling their lungs out!

That is the contemporary rugby scene, folks.

Any more bricks?

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By M.B. Marjan

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bies' and is consequently too drunk and broke to attend a rugby match, and is visiting the girl-friend in any .case", wrote in Rahmat.

And in a separate communication he added: "Don't the wives think we should have a break from the housework, the shopping and the kids? Wives have been trumpeting that since the year dot, and I for one remain singularly unimpressed. It's about time the myth of the frightfully overworked housewife was squashed for all time".

Naim joined in on a hot note. "Okay, I know there are exceptions. But I'm talk-

Rugby in the sixties (2)...By AUSTIN DANIEL

# Havies get the

WE linger on in 1961 trying to shake off those intoxicating effects brought on by Uva's display against the Havelocks at the Park in June.

The Havelocks realised that 1961 was to be their year of death or glory for in ten long years they had not won the Blue Riband of local rugby.

Despite three defeats during the League Tournament against the OR and FC, CH and FC and Uva and a close quarter-final clash against Summa Navaratnam's CR Bees, the Havies under Dr. Hubert Aloysius, were there in the coveted Cup Final.

To do so, they had to beat the CH again and the All-European side were league champions. This they achieved by the closest of margins and there was satisfaction written all over the faces of the fifteen Havelocks players as they entered their own park grounds for the Cup Final on Saturday, August 11, 1961.

Their opponents were not Uva but a doughty side from Dickoya who had pipped the Merric Men on points average after a hectic play-off game in balmy Badulla.

In the League Tournament, the Havelocks, having travelled to Darrowella, defeated Ken McPherson's planters by 11 points to nil in what a veteran sports writer called "a game of grand rugby where the home side—Dickoya—carried the match to the mobile Havelocks and thereby conceded a defeat which could have been averted".

The sun shone brightly that Saturday afternoon with the chocolate and pink colours of the Havelocks borrowed by fans for shirts and shifts worn by the men and women and children who packed every vantage point at Havelock Park.

Dickoya also enjoyed their share of crowd support when cheering squads from the totems travelled down those hundred-odd miles in buses,

lorries and antique cars. They occupied the Colts' corner of the grounds and estate conductors and cheroot-smoking kanganyies sat beside one another to egg the planters on.

They realised that this was Dickoya's first-ever Cup Final, although Dimbula and Dickoya combined a few years earlier and fought out the Final against the CRFC.

The whiz-bang Havelocks' back division of Maralande and Jayatilleke in the halves position, flanked by Sumanasekera, Israel, Maurice de Silva and Maurice Fairweather, were expected to be the deciding factor in this match.

However, none of them or their ardent supporters bar-

## Cup

gained for the crackerjack, devil-may-care defence put up by the Dickoya backs.

Each time Frankie David won the hooking battle from Sean Fischer and the ball began its floating fandango to the centres and the wings, Dickoya's backs flew in from all over the park and nailed the adversary with telling effect. Those who were privileged to watch that match are unlikely to forget the manner in which Maurice de Silva was reduced to a mere ghost.

Trailing him like a bloodhound was Ian Gunewardena, who flew off the ground time after time and hit de Silva with the stunning force of a sledgehammer. Hounding the rest of the backs were Vernon Tissera, D. Madugalle and Clive Haines, who with every other manjack in the Dickoya team, rose gallantly to the occasion.

Havelock fans died a thousand deaths to see Chris Bean, the flamboyant flanker, kick three majestic penalty goals, each from over 45 yards out and from the corner flag. As they curled over the crossbar the scoreboard read 9-0 in favour of the planters.

The Havelocks, however, never despaired. Instead they kept the pressure on. Stiffing their mobile forwards were the heavy armour of Dickoya, who had players like Woonnam Mills, Lancaster and Bean towering over them and pummelling their opponents into some submission.

And then in the second half there came the famous Havelocks retaliation with movements of joyous back division play.

None could deny them the goal and the try which rounded off moves of pure, unadulterated joy. The men who buried the ball in deep Dickoya territory were Fairweather and Sumanasekera. The goal was converted by Ken de Joedt.

Still the Havelocks trailed by one point as darkness moved in on the park. There were two minutes to go and the cups of joy and bitterness were about to be sipped when the game took a dramatic turn. Pilapitiya, the big Dickoya forward, was spied playing-on and a penalty it was for the Havelocks.

Hushed silence enveloped the grounds as Ken de Joedt walked up to kick the ball from 25 yards out. The moment the ball left his boot, the crowds erupted in their seats for the Havelocks had triumphed in the Final and snatched the Cup on the stroke of time—the Cup which they kissed after ten long years.

To achieve this honour, the Havelocks had to play twenty hectic games. There was no doubt that class and fitness told in the end and it was after a great game that they wrote that piece of rugby history.

# after 10 years



# Hic wicket!

**T**WO umpires were walking into the grounds from the pavilion. They were followed by eleven players staggering in with a distinct reluctance to engage in the task before them.

The match was two hours behind schedule and in the pavilion the bar shutters had to be put up to get the fielders moving on to the field and the umpires were given a "pint" each to be tucked away in their long pockets to meet any emergency.

By the wickets, the fielders had surrounded the umpires and an argument seemed to be going on. The umpires, it appeared, were undecided as to who should be initially relegated to the fortunate posi-

By M. V. MUHSIN

tion of being leg umpire. Both wanted it with a view to a good forty winks and none yielded. A suggestion that there should be a toss up was accepted.

Suddenly, one umpire was lifted off his feet by the fielders and carried bodily to square leg where he was peacefully laid to rest.

A good ten minutes had elapsed and there were no signs of the batsmen. In fact none seemed to bother, as all the fielders and both umpires were now leisurely stretched on the field and dreaming into mid-air and watching the imaginary collection of dark clouds.

Suddenly the umpire at the wicket, realising that his stay at the wickets was being unnecessarily prolonged, shouted out for the batsmen who were yet unsighted. The captain of the fielding side was sent into the pavilion to look for them and after a full five

minutes, the batsmen, who had managed to palm off a tenner to the bar boy and win the favour of a generous helping from the bottle of spirits, moved spiritedly on to the field.

The two umpires had by now got together and were in animated conversation and one could see a little bottle being pulled out from an umpire's coat, the stopper unscrewed, and a quick swig taken. Fortification they say!

The batsman was ready to take strike. The bowler, who had the height and the colour of a Wesley Hall and the girth of a Milburn, took a careful forty steps from the wicket, turned and with a cry that would have summoned Gaddafi's Guerillas stormed across and hurled down a bumper. Whatever may have been the mental conditions of the fielders, their reflexes were collectively excellent. All fielders immediately crouched low, their palms covered their heads and one could even sense a prayer or two quickly being whispered for the safe deliverance of the batsman's soul to Lord Almighty.

No one really saw what happened but the batsman being at the receiving end of the missile, felt a thud on this head and quick deflection of the ball towards the slips. One fielder at slips who moved his hands upwards to appeal to the bowler to go easy found the ball moving towards him and couldn't help but catch it.

It was the leg umpire who really appealed first and the fielders joined in chorus!

'Out or not out' was the question? But not before another swig from the bottle. The umpire surveyed the field. Eleven fielders against two batsmen. It's a democratic country and the will of the

majority prevails. A confident finger went up and a wicket had fallen for no run.

The fielders were jubilant as the batsman groggily walked towards the pavilion and another emerged from it. But this man believed that prevention came before cure. Wearing a helmet borrowed from a traffic cop retiring at the bar, the batsman advanced towards the wicket, looked at it with disgust and then moved towards the bowler. There was a shake of hands a movement of something from the batsman's hand to the bowler. The bowler looked thrilled and took his traditional forty



steps from the wicket, faced the sight screen and glug... glug... glug when the pint of ole stuff which had been palmed off with compliments of the batsman who loved his soul more than his team. The Hall-Milburn combination moved in but the delivery was a disgrace to the very physical structure of this bowler. It was a full toss. The batsman took in many cubic feet of air and swung his bat mightily. The ball struck square on the bat and like a little bird in flight it moved higher and higher until it got lost in the clouds.

A tremendous cheer broke out from the fielders. For the ball was lost and the umpires were readily agreed to call off the game on this account. Another ball? Perhaps another day, they said!

They all stormed into the pavilion and the bar keeper anticipating this invasion had opened the doors of the armoury.

'Ah fill the cup! For times slipping 'neath our feet' they roared as the bar keeper rolled out the barrel.

# The golfing doctor

ONE day during the rugby football season of 1966, a member of the army rugby team was taken along by a friend from rugby practice to the Royal Colombo Golf Club for a drink.

Golfers were on the ball, striking out with controlled gusto, and to the curious visitor the scene, with chaps called caddies marching along, was quite amusing.

The army ruggerite was a man who went for the rough and tough games. Basketball was his favourite and even as an undergraduate he emerged as one of the island's best men who could pump in baskets from all angles. At cricket he hurled the red cherry with great accuracy making use of his 6-foot carriage to advantage.

At rugby, he appeared to be at the height of his career, playing in the demanding position of a number eight forward, who also performed the work of a line-out specialist.

Naturally he couldn't hide a chuckle at those men with huge clubs driving so small a ball. But then a sudden impulse to grab a club and take a swing at a golf ball, changed Major C. Thurairajah's ideas about this strange game almost overnight.

Soon, the Army medical officer was forsaking his other pet games for wielding a golf club to tie up alongside some of the famous names in our golfing society.

Golf usually does not come naturally to everyone, and anyone, but 'Doc Thurai' as the unassuming medical man is affectionately known to his many fans and friends, impressed the connoisseur of the game with having a knack for golf.

He was quick to develop a penchant for all the fine arts associated with golf, and helping him on his way to newfound pleasure on the course was his burning desire to

make good in this discovery. Gifted with the figure of an athlete blending with stacks of stamina, these virtues went a long way in helping Thurai to reach the heights in a very competitive sport.

Giving him all the encouragement to reach this goal was the guiding advice of Sri Lanka's top professional golfer H. L. Premadasa. It was Premadasa who ironed out the rough edges for Thurai and instilled into him the finer points and invaluable tips, so vital to a precision sport like golf.

Recently, 'Doc' Thurairajah emerged the Royal Colombo Golf Club champion for the first time since he finished as runner-up in 1969. The 1973

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By AUSTIN DANIEL

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title came to him following a close victory over F. C. de Seran, another of those fast disappearing brand of dedicated sportsmen.

Thurai had of course to overcome hot challenge from teenager Priya Fernando in the semi-final, while old 'FC' outplayed people like Soli Captain and Willie Barsenbach on his way to the final.

The 36-hole final was played on the Ridgeway Course and fought out valiantly by the old soldier and the young officer, to the enthralling appreciation of a crowd of golfing enthusiasts.

It was in May this year that Doctor Thurairajah ventured into the professional scene, trying to grab the R.C.G.C.'s Open tournament from the clutches of coach and ex-caddie Premadasa.

Now Premadasa, at the age of 30, is Sri Lanka's top-flight golfer, having bagged the open title on four out of five occasions. Good friends on and

off the course (Premadasa is the master and Major Thurairaja is the pupil) on this occasion they battled out a tournament which produced exhilarating golf throughout the 4 rounds.

The margin that separated these two from coming out the winner eventually was one stroke, and it was Premadasa who triumphed but the manner in which the golfing went is worth recording.

It was a touch-and-go affair from the start. Premadasa displayed match-winning form on the first day taking a 3-stroke lead over 'Maestro' Pin Fernando.

On the second day, he fell behind his old rival by 5 strokes. On both days Doctor Thurairajah displayed quiet consistency in his play. 'Pin' and Thurai got ahead of the champion in the third round by 2 and a stroke respectively.

Premadasa also found that the presence of stand-on the fairways was not to his liking and did not dream of bagging the honours.

However on the morning of the final round Premadasa was a different proposition. A startling change for the better in his driving took him past the leaders of the earlier rounds.

It remained like this to the end with Pin Fernando's playing dropping badly, but Thurairajah displaying a veteran's cool fought to the end and this quality was to impress the champion greatly.

Premadasa had managed it by a solitary stroke over his most recent challenger as the final tally of points showed, Premadasa 297, Thurairajah 298 and 'Pin' Fernando 302.

If there is a golfer among the new generation of exponents to cause Premadasa any anxiety, it is Major C. Thurairajah, who has come to stay in our small world of golf — a game so many sportsmen are turning to these days.

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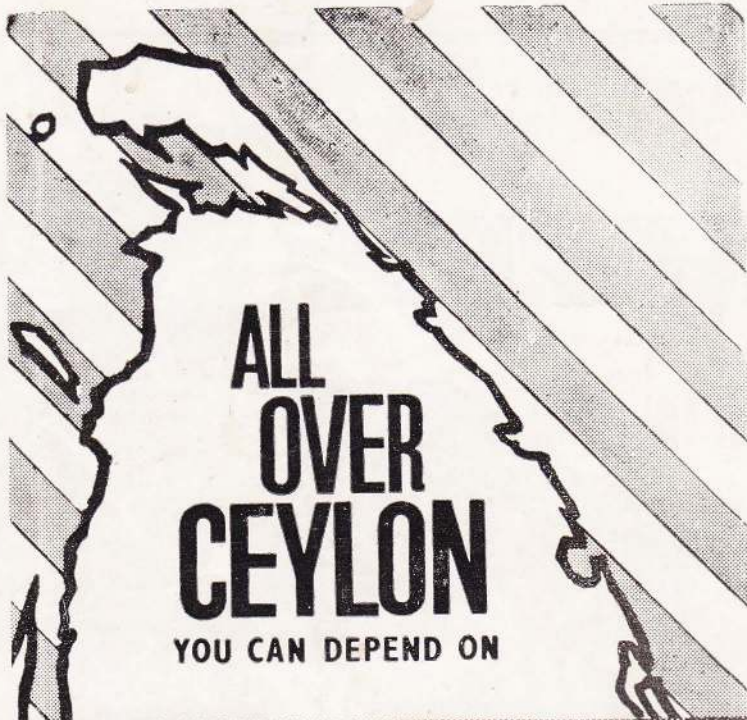
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