

A TIMES OF CEYLON PUBLICATION

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1974 - YEAR OF YOUTH



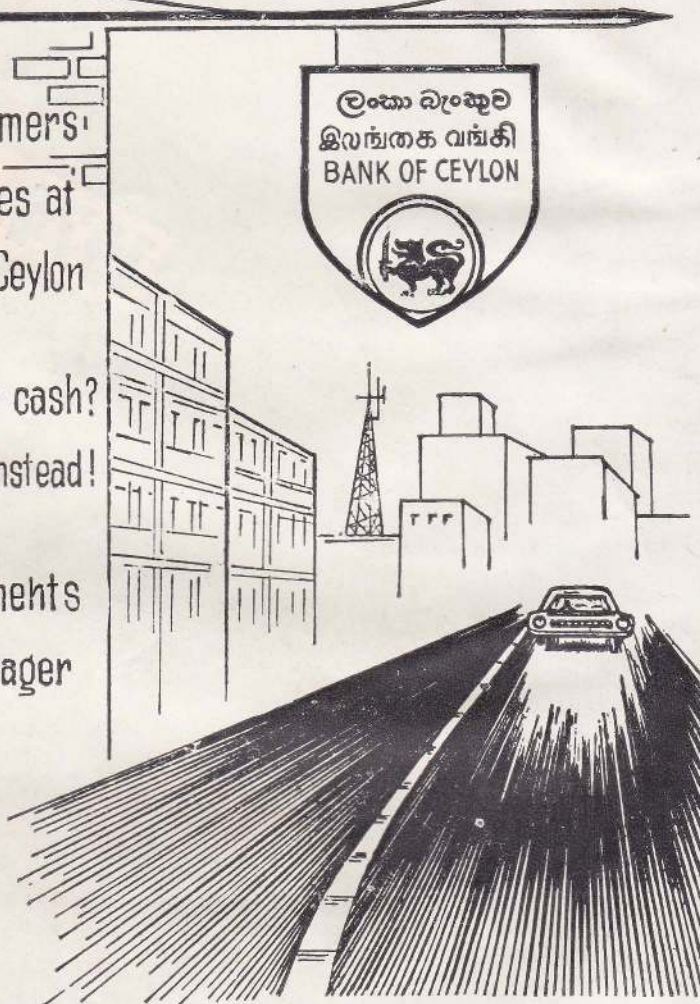
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Sketches by G. S. Fernando

OUR COVER this month is a montage of pictures taken at the inauguration by the Prime Minister last month of the first co-operative farm of the National Youth Service Council at Angunakolapeessa, Uda Walawe, in the RVDB Project area.

It is the first of four youth farms to be opened in Youth Year, 1974. The farm—500 acres in extent—will employ 500 youths, who will be mainly engaged in cotton cultivation.

Please address all correspondence to the Editor, "The Times Digest", P. O. Box 169, Colombo.

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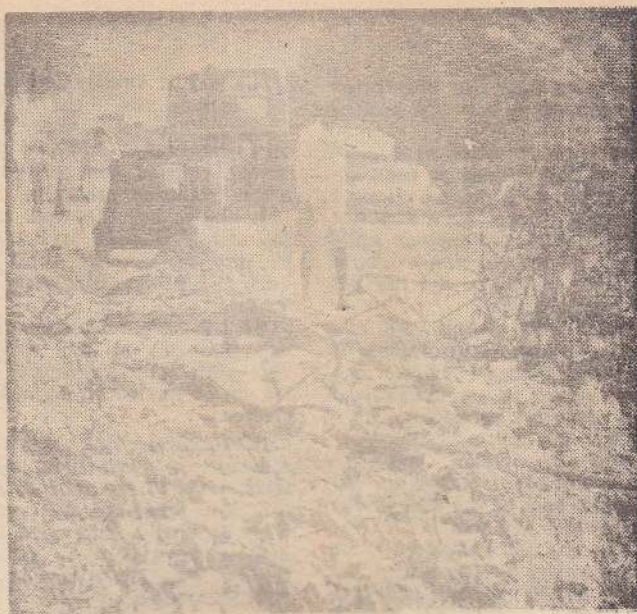
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4TH FLOOR - TIMES BUILDING, COLOMBO, I.

POLLUTION



And other problems of the environment

IN the early 1950s a strange new epidemic struck the people in the villages around Minamata Bay, on the south west coast of Kyushu, Japan.

First the cats in a village suddenly went mad. They screamed, fought the people, convulsed and died.

A fisherman in another village found his fingers were getting thick and fumbling. His lips and tongue seemed numb. Then he too went mad --and started attacking people. The doctors had him locked up in a room. In a month his body was wasted and he fell into a stupor. When he died there was a rigid horrible grin etched on his face.

The sickness struck many villagers and people in the city

of Minamata itself. The symptoms were repeated in every case. Numbness of the extremities, atoxic gout, loss of vision and hearing. In later stages the bodies of the villagers became spastic and rigid and they lost all emotional control. In death they always had that horrible grin etched on their faces.

Of the original fifty-two cases of Minamata disease as it came to be termed in 1953, only three returned to normalcy. Seventeen died and the rest were permanently disabled with blindness, loss of hearings, paralysis and loss of speech.

What caused this fatal disease? A head opened after many exhausting tests were conducted. Autopsies revealed

By **HASSINA SOURJAH**

that every case had one factor in common — mercury poisoning.

The authorities were astonished and puzzled at first, because the only place that used mercury was the fertiliser factory, and the factory made sure effluents were dumped into the waters of the bay out of harms reach.

Later when things fell into their proper perspectives, it was found that marine animals served as transectors of the mercurial compounds flushed into the bay.

Shell-fish, crabs and fish from the bay formed an important part of the diet of the fisher and city folk.

The marine creatures were not harmed by the poison but their bodies stored and concentrated the mercury, thereby passing lethal doses of it into the diet of the people who lived around the bay.

Similar tragedies repeated themselves in the U. S. A., Pakistan, Iraq and Guatemala. (and in parts of Japan). The lessons of Minamata went unheeded all the world over.

In Japan itself a second outbreak occurred in Nigata Bay from 1964—1965. U. S. scientists have warned the Federal Government that almost one third of the American nation faces the threat of mercury poisoning.

Amidst all these warning signs from the industrialised world, what do we a small, developing nation just starting on the path to industrialization and intensive cultivation do to prevent the hazards of environmental pollution occurring here?

The Founex Report,* and the subsequent international conference on environmental problems, such as the Stockholm conference, have done much to alter this complacency. The Founex Report found attention on the fact that pollution can be as much the stigma of poverty as the sin of high-technology.

* "Development and Environment" — Report of a panel of experts meeting in Founex Switzerland June 1971.

The lack of development with its accompanying ills of bad housing, inadequate water supplies, deficient drainage and sewage systems, can well cause major pollution problems.

It has to be accepted that the sewage disposal systems in the city, the suburbs and the villages are depressingly inadequate.

On the very outskirts of the city, the sight of the scavengers with their morning's collection of human waste, is still common.

It is known that hospitals, schools and other such public institutions in the suburbs and the rural areas are still served with the most outmoded and unhygienic system of sewage disposal — commonly called the "bucket latrine."

But a cause for greater alarm to all concerned with the problem of environmental pollution here is that a greater portion of sewage on human wastes from the city goes untreated into the waters of the rivers and thereby into the sea.

Scientists who have studied problems of pollution in and around the city of Colombo consider the treatment and disposal of the city's sewage to be far below sanitation standards.

The sewage treatment plants treating the wastes of the city are considered to have reached a stage near obsolete being installed as they were almost a century ago.

As a result, a good part of the city's sewage reaches the Kelani River in an untreated form. Such a discharge of fecal matter into the river and in coastal areas, into the sea, apart from causing water-borne viral diseases can cause much damage to marine life.

The sewage as it decomposes, uses up the rivers dissolved oxygen which is essential to sustain fish. A flowing river no doubt cleans itself to some extent. But this depends on the speed of the current and the quantity and quality of the waste concentration in its waters.

Most of our rivers are full only during the monsoons, and during the rest of the year

their purifying capacity is severely limited.

The crux of the problems here is one of foreign exchange. As times get better, better plant machinery will be installed. Sewage will reach the waters, of the rivers and the sea the way it should — in its treated form.

Shanties will be brought down and low-cost decent houses will be provided.

In Sri Lanka, while poverty causes problems of pollution, economic growth it is feared will only intensify it.

Already it would seem that commitments have been made to growth without recognition of the lessons the industrialized world has already displayed.

In conversations with local scientists who have made intensive research into the existing extents of pollution, it was learnt that virtually all government factories lack adequate waste-treatment plants and as a result the water in and around the city is highly polluted.

The major sources of industrial effluents include wastes from pulp, paper, textile steel tanneries distilleries, chemical and fertiliser plants which in high concentration are toxic and destroy fish and plant life.

In some instances, the tanneries in particular, the amount of waste reaching the rivers is already far in excess of the quantities specified by WHO standards.

Chromium — a by-product from these exhausts can cause many disorders to those who use these waters for consumption or even bathing purposes.

To what extent have such chemicals affected the health of the people of this country?

No one knows or no one has cared to know. After the furor following the death of a number of children supposedly from the cumulative effects of lead poisoning, there has been a complacent silence, broken from time to time whenever the Wellawatte canal stank beyond the endurance of a few sensitive nasal organs.

However, the lack of any

systematic research into the effects of pollution on human life, is cause for alarm.

It must be borne in mind that poisons from industrial wastes generally have a cumulative effect and that toxicity will reveal itself only years later.

The slow disappearance of certain types of fish and prawns from inland and river waters contaminated with mercury and lead is a pointer to the threat. Water pollution holds for both marine and human life.

It is estimated that almost 70,000 people living around the Wellawatte Canal are in danger due to the dumping of factory waste chemicals and dyes into the waterways.

Such water pollution is intensified due to the fact of increasing thermal pollution. Most industrial plants use water for cooling purposes and this water which absorbs all the heat is later let out into the lakes and rivers.

Very few of the higher organisms — fish in particular can survive, or reproduce in temperatures over 30 degrees centigrade.

Chemical reactions are also hastened in such temperatures. Thus the effects of any toxics present would intensify.

It is also feared in the present context, that with increasing bunkering in our harbours, as well as the increasing amount of re-fuelling done in the case of air-ships, the danger of oil-spills is becoming real.

During the past decade, very large numbers of small-scale industries specialising mainly in aspects of textile production, printing and dyeing works have sprung up in the residential suburbs. It is surprising to note that some such units have been set up within the precincts of housing schemes despite their

obviously inadequate drainage and waste-dumping facilities.

These facts are a reflection of the attitudes in this country towards the gigantic issue of pollution and the environment.

In the lack of specific studies much can always be borrowed from abroad. For instance, the answer to the question whether the technological advances made in the sphere of local agriculture will have adverse effects on the ecosystem.

In West Pakistan, India and Egypt widespread irrigation systems brought about problems which showed that interventions in the biosphere cannot go on without corresponding side-effects.

The percolate of irrigated water in surface irrigation system downward and the accumulation of this water underground inhibits plant growth due to water-logging and results in the surface soils becoming salty.

In West Pakistan hundreds of thousands of tube wells were installed to reclaim such water-logged land.

Other side-effects are not so easily remedied. The Aswan Dam on the River Nile is a case similar to that of Minamata Bay — a classic story in the annals of pollution.

At one time the Sardine fishing industry in the Eastern Mediterranean produced about 18,000 tons of sardine

Today the total output of this fishery is only 500 tons per year. What happened? Before the damming of the river, the Nile deposited great amounts of nutrients during its annual flood into the relatively infertile Mediterranean. With the damming of the river, the nutrient sediments are blocked from reaching the mouth of the river and sardines in the Mediterranean died of starvation.

The construction of dams with the result of stabilization

of water flow has given rise to a startling increase in the disease known as Schistosomiasis. This disease, which is extremely debilitating and occasionally fatal is estimated to affect 250 million people — mainly in Africa and Asia today. It is spread by the norms or schistosomes entering the system through the skin in contact with infesting water, or through intermediate hosts — mainly snails. With more durable waterbodies, both snails and worms are known to be multiplying rapidly.

Also relevant to the present intensive methods of farming, are the known facts of the dangers in the use of pesticides, insecticides and chemical fertilizers.

Sound ecological principles tell us that mixed forests and crops maintain stability in the long run. Similarly balance is more easily maintained in a diverse animal community than a limited one.

The balance in the entire biotic system is maintained through predation. When insecticides are used certain pests — which prey upon others — tend to get destroyed. Thus the species which were so far preyed upon tend to multiply. Insecticide-induced pest outbreaks are now frequent occurrences all over the world.

Moreover most of these new pests become pesticides — resistant requiring in certain instances almost 50 times the amount of pesticide initially used in their destruction.

Concentrations of DDT in mothers milk in the U.S. now exceed the tolerance levels established for foodstuffs by the Food and Drug Administration.

As a result of such findings, the use of DDT has been banned in Hungary, Sweden and Denmark. In Canada, its use has been restricted. The Soviet Union has banned the use of Dieldrin and Aldrin.

In Sri Lanka on the basis of the researches made on the various effects of pesticides such as Dieldrin, Endrin, Gamalin, Aldrin Rogor, Feabax and MCPA, it has been revealed that some of these substances can be harmful to man in producing teratologies and in inducing certain weaknesses in his germ plasma which can produce inherited diseases.

The destruction of our forests for industrial and agricultural purposes is being pursued. Planting vast areas with a single type of plant may bring higher gains — but it upsets the balance of the eco-system. The atmospheric composition and the vital supply of oxygen is maintained due to green plants.

We face problems of the environment due at once to our non-development and development. The lack of modern amenities in aspects of sanitation and the presence of modern technological advances in industry and agriculture contribute to a situation where it is time for people to sit up and ask themselves where do we go from here.

Where indeed. And whose problem is it? It is significant that at this stage we do not even know to whose door we should carry the problem—with all its complexities.

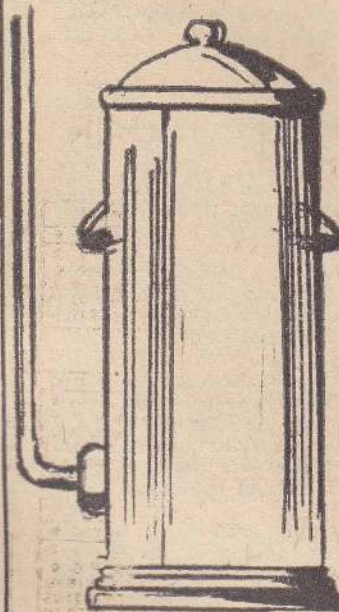
Having identified the issue in its proper perspectives, many fundamental questions will have to be resolved. Who pays for pollution? The Government, the industrialist or the consumer? How does a country make the maximum and yet rational use of its national resources?

What vistas for international co-operation on our specific pollution problems exist?

Seeking answers to such questions will at once require an inter-disciplinary approach, by national and social scientists, economists, town and country planners, general planners. It should be a Total Approach which will ensure economic progress while minimising "environmental degradation".

The demand is for new thinking — on economic planning and environmental pro-

Potable drinking water for all



Drinking water in the whole of Sri Lanka could be ensured to be hygienic and clean by making clay filters of containers of the proper type and storing boiled water in them.

The elaborate type of filter will have porous candles but porous candles are not a guarantee against harmful bacteria so that what is necessary on mass scale is a quasi-filter, which allows purification through sedimentation.

A simple clay filter could be made by any potter, it would be a cylindrical container with lid and round aperture an inch above the base. The aperture may be 1 1/4" in diameter and should admit a large cork or stopper so as to be leakproof. Since metallurgical industry here is still at low level a plastic would be used in lieu of metal tap.

The length of the plastic tube should exceed the height of filter, i.e. about 18". The stopper should be bored at the centre with a red-hot iron nail to a size to admit to a tight fit the plastic tube. Whenever water is required the tube should be lowered for the water to flow out; and to stop the flow the tube should be raised and left steady at a height.

The clay filter could be improved by fixing porous candles but a simple quasi-filter serves general purpose and can become as common as the clay pot.

A. E. GUNAWARDENA

rities. In the process new instruments like new legal procedures and new administrative resources may be required.

Population controls too will have to be administered. What Paul R. Ehrlich and John P. Holdren two American scientists who have been studying the interaction of technology with population growth and environment had to say cannot be overstressed. "We must" they said "curb population growth, extravagant affluence, economic growth

for growth's sake, the accelerating conversion of resources into wastes, the application of massive technology towards ill-conceived goals and ecologically absurd practices (present fertilizer and pesticide abuse).

"Any plans for the future would have to cover all these factors — The ideal would be an optimum population living at sub-optimum levels of prosperity.

Will ideas soon start moving towards such an end?

Will there be a new calendar next New Year?

asks STANLEY SURAWEEERA

THE WORLD CALENDAR

	JANUARY	FEBRUARY	MARCH
1st. quarter	S M T W T F S	S M T W T F S	S M T W T F S
	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	1 2 3 4	1 2
	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	5 6 7 8 9 10 11	3 4 5 6 7 8 9
	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	12 13 14 15 16 17 18	10 11 12 13 14 15 16
	22 23 24 25 26 27 28	19 20 21 22 23 24 25	17 18 19 20 21 22 23
29 30 31	26 27 28 29 30	24 25 26 27 28 29 30	
	APRIL	MAY	JUNE
2nd. quarter	S M T W T F S	S M T W T F S	S M T W T F S
	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	1 2 3 4	1 2
	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	5 6 7 8 9 10 11	3 4 5 6 7 8 9
	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	12 13 14 15 16 17 18	10 11 12 13 14 15 16
	22 23 24 25 26 27 28	19 20 21 22 23 24 25	17 18 19 20 21 22 23
29 30 31	26 27 28 29 30	24 25 26 27 28 29 30	
	JULY	AUGUST	SEPTEMBER
3rd. quarter	S M T W T F S	S M T W T F S	S M T W T F S
	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	1 2 3 4	1 2
	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	5 6 7 8 9 10 11	3 4 5 6 7 8 9
	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	12 13 14 15 16 17 18	10 11 12 13 14 15 16
	22 23 24 25 26 27 28	19 20 21 22 23 24 25	17 18 19 20 21 22 23
29 30 31	26 27 28 29 30	24 25 26 27 28 29 30	
	OCTOBER	NOVEMBER	DECEMBER
4th. quarter	S M T W T F S	S M T W T F S	S M T W T F S
	1 2 3 4 5 6 7	1 2 3 4	1 2
	8 9 10 11 12 13 14	5 6 7 8 9 10 11	3 4 5 6 7 8 9
	15 16 17 18 19 20 21	12 13 14 15 16 17 18	10 11 12 13 14 15 16
	22 23 24 25 26 27 28	19 20 21 22 23 24 25	17 18 19 20 21 22 23
29 30 31	26 27 28 29 30	24 25 26 27 28 29 30 W	

"W" means "Worlds day—holiday."

LEAP YEARS: 1972, 1976, 1980, etc.

If this reform, which is annually gaining ground, is accepted a lot of people will lose their birthdays!

THE calendar now in general use throughout the civilised world is known as the Gregorian Calendar. It has been found to be so out of date that many civic leaders and scientists have attempted to bring about a change, but so far they have not been successful.

True, they have got many nations interested in the project, yet until the major powers at the United Nations give the consenting nod, it cannot happen. Will it happen in the next New Year? No one really knows.

During the present century, there have been many ideas mooted for the production of a perpetual calendar. The best of all standards is the "World Calendar"—the brain-child of the World Calendar Association, centred in North America. The idea is so good that it has already the support of about a dozen countries of the United Nations, including Soviet Russia. Pity that conservative Great Britain and the power-packed United States are not among them.

The great feature of the plan of the association is that each day of a given month and each year and every holiday falls on the same day of the week, year by year! Thus:—

Easter Sunday would fall on April 8

The Sinhalese New Year would be a Friday

Our Republic Day would be on a Wednesday.

Christmas Day is always a Monday.

However, if your birthday falls on March 31, May 31, or July 31, you are out of luck for

bration. These days are done away with altogether, but that, you must remember, will only affect about eight out of each 1,000 people.

On the other hand, those born on February 29 are really lucky. They will have a birthday every year.

How does this almanac work? The ordinary calendar (less one day) is divided into four equal quarters. Thus there are ninety-one days in each quarter.

The names of the months remain as before. The first month of each and every quarter has thirty-one days and begins on a Sunday, while all the other months (including February) have thirty days. This means that only January, April, July and October have thirty-one days.

It also means that, according to this calculation, there is one day out of the 365 days unaccounted for. The World Calendar is stabilized by sandwiching this intercalary day between the last day of December and January 1. Do you know the advantage? That day, which is called a "Worldsday", coming in between a Saturday and Sunday, gives the workers of the world an enlarged weekend for fun and frolic.

When a leap year comes around (as it will every fourth year) that extra day, which is the only other "Worldsday", gets between the last day of June and July 1, with the same happy long weekend.

You will, therefore, see that the new perpetual calendar is

accepted by the world, it would revolutionise the the age-old table of months, as we now know it.

But then calendar-making is nothing new. The first of it to be used in the Western world was devised by the Egyptians some six thousand years ago. By the time of Julius Caesar's reign in 45 B.C., he found that some errors seemed to be creeping in and the seasons were already late by two months. He made the necessary alterations, in the course of which he added the month of July in his personal honour. The last correction was made by Pope Gregory III in 1582.

Don't think that the World Calendar is a thing of the other day. Its key features were made by an Italian priest, Abate Marco Mastrofini, as far back as 1834. His ideas did not interest the people of those days and they died with his death.

In 1910 the International Chamber of Commerce became interested in them and the Swiss Government began to study the plans with the view to calling a world conference. The plans were soon shelved—World War I had commenced.

By 1923 many people had their own ideas of calendar reforms. In fact, 186 of them submitted their plans to the old League of Nations that year. After a careful examination, the league rejected all but two: the World Calendar and another.

Things were again forgotten till 1937, when fourteen nations voted for the World Calendar in preference to the other. No further action ensued.

In 1949, Panama attempted to put calendar reforms on the agenda of the United Nations, but the move was blocked, for not a single Big Power was prepared to support it.

India, however, was more fortunate in 1953 for her proposal of introducing the World Calendar had the backing of such

nations as France, Egypt and even Uruguay. Very soon Italy and Japan were in the new-calendar camp.

The greatest scoop came in the summer of 1953, when the Vatican gave its assent and made known the willingness of the Holy See to collaborate with the United Nations in changing Pope Gregory's calendar into something new.

The World Calendar Association is confident for many reasons that its almanac would be internationally adopted in the near future.

It says the new calendar would facilitate business. A department store, for instance, would be aware as to how much merchandise should be offered every Christmas. Saturdays are the great shopping days before a festival. In the present calendar the number of Saturdays varies annually. But being sure of five Saturdays every year, they would know how much to buy and how much to invest.

Further, with equal quarters and fixed dates, trade arrangements could be plotted years ahead.

Similarly it would assist planning in matters of state. Besides, educational institutions and courts of law could fix their terms at regular intervals, without fear of mistakes.

Many seem to think that it would bring down the cost of living. You see, as each quarter has the same number of working days, it would be a simple thing for a housewife to budget her household expenses.

You cannot deny that, with the new calendar all types of travel, whether by land, sea, or air, would receive a fillip. Publishing houses would stand to gain. Financial dealings would be more stable.

But there is a fly in the ointment—there is a powerful body capable of lobbying the governments of many nations against it. They are the big calendar manufacturers now doing a thriving trade throughout the globe.

Once the World Calendar, which is a perpetual one, is accepted, calendar makers will go out of business.

Roberte de Nobili, who fitted the square peg of Christianity in the round hole of the Hindu social system. From the cassock to the garb of the sanyasi was the last step in the process of the —

Adaptation of Western philosophy to suit Dravidian culture

ADAPTATION of the Gospel to the Oriental peoples is very costly and requires for docility and firmness of faith, mind and character.

Many an ardent missionary has burnt his fingers in the attempt, either unwittingly compromising the rigid orthodoxy of the faith, or hopelessly failing to make an impression on those whom he felt would win to Christ a saint is needed for such a task. One such was Father Joseph Vaz (1651—1711). The other was the Roman nobleman — Robert de Nobili (1579—1656) whose efforts at adaptation were unique.

His Jesuit superior Albert who visited the Madura Mission in August 1608 summed up his impressions in a report to the Jesuit General in Rome as follows:

"The dress of Father Robert consists of a long gown of pale yellow colour reaching down to his feet; over it he wears a rochet of fine linen of the same colour as the gown.

On the rochet, and thrown over the shoulders, he wears a cloth either red or pale yellow. As for his head-dress it consists

of a cloth of fine white linen which he wraps round his head, so as to give it the shape of a round biret.

"Since the Brahmins who are teachers of these people, wear round their neck, as a badge of their status a thread made of three strands, Father Robert, to assert his position as a teacher of the Christian law, also wears a thread in the same manner. But it consists not of three, but of five strands

adaptation which made him acceptable to the elite and literate — the Brahmins and other educated high castes of the city of Madura.

Earlier he had given up meat-eating and became a total vegetarian. He had studied and mastered Sanskrit, Telugu and Tamil language. Also he spoke the purest Tamil.

No longer an outcast Nobili began to see India not as the country of his voluntary exile,

By S. THOMMANUPILLAI

Of these, three are of gold, and symbolise the Holy Trinity, while the two white ones represent the soul and body of Christ Our Lord. To this thread, he attached a cross which represents the passion and death of Jesus Christ. So his thread is a symbol of the mysteries of the Holy Trinity, incarnation and redemption."

The mere act of discarding the black cassock and donning the garb of a sannyasi was only the last step in the process of

but as his own country Madurai — almost from the very beginning — his own town and he took a patriotic pride in its "beauty, wealth, and large population." Tamil was his language and he regarded it as "copious, elegant and beautiful". He loved it and studied it thoroughly, trying to discover behind the words the mentality of the people."

Nobili proved to be a versatile missionary endowed with vision and foresight. His great

linguistic study enabled him to write extensively in Sanskrit, Telugu and Tamil. It has been termed the "Father of Tamil prose" because he first treated at length in prose subjects which up to his time had been in poetry form.

Nobili's last years were spent in Mysapore. At the beginning of January 1656, the last line of his twenty volumes of eulogies was written. On January 16, 1656, Roberto de Nobili died at Mysapore, the meeting-point of the Portuguese and Vijayanagar empires.

But deep scholarship in the language of the country was the least point of the missionary equipment in Madura. In his dress, food, his manner of life, in his very outlook, he was expected to turn Indian, or rather Hindu, so far as the square peg of his Christianity could fit into the round hole of the Hindu social system.

This method, which owed its inspiration to the genius of Nobili, and on which the Madura and other Catholic missions worked, has had severe critics.

CHRISTIANITY IN SRI LANKA

While Beshi and the Jesuits were engaged in the compilation of a Catholic literature in South India, the Jesuits in Ceylon and the Oratorians,

Indian Brahmins from Portuguese Goa, led by Father Joseph Vaz, were enriching Tamil literature in Ceylon with a wealth of controversial, apologetical and devotional works.

During the Portuguese era which ended in 1658, European Jesuit Fathers had laboured and produced books on Christian doctrine, Lives of the Saints, short prayers, etc. in Tamil and Sinhalese.

Henrique Henriques was the first European to master Tamil which he studied on the recommendation of Saint Francis Xavier. While he was in Macassar, 1561 — 64 he composed "A Tamil Grammar," "A vocabulary for the use of the missionaries," "A Life of the Saints," and "A Method of Confession."

For two years De Nobili himself was in Jaffna and was still surrounded by Tamil culture which he loved.

THE DUTCH RULE 1658-1798

In 1658, the Portuguese era in Ceylon ended. Under Dutch persecution, the Catholics of Ceylon were left without churches, schools, and priests. The Catholics kept up their faith until they were overjoyed by the arrival of Father Joseph Vaz in Jaffna in 1687.

FATHER JOSEPH VAZ

When Father Joseph Vaz, an

English Brahmin who was born in Goa in 1680, he knew no Tamil or Sinhalese. With his departure from Goa, he abandoned in Latin, Greek, Portuguese and western style of living; and, instead, he would think, feel and live as a Dravidian. He became a Tamil among Tamil-speaking people and a Sinhalese in the South of Ceylon.

FATHER JACOME GONCALVES (1676-1742)

Father Vaz saw the importance of the native language for close contact with the people, and so he directed Father Jacome Goncalves to compose Catholic books in Tamil and Sinhalese.

Father Goncalves very creditably carried out this work. His books are extensive varied and appreciated even today.

Some of his well-known works are—

Christian Alagan, Deva Arul Veda Puranam, Sattiva Vedagama Suvishesham, Sivasasha Virithural, Virakula Puranagam, Tarma Uttiyanam, Atottha Varalaru, Geana Unartidiy, Sukirta Tatpanam, Vattiyarum Kudiyanavanum Tarkam, Nava Tarkam, Musaliman Vadam, Kaduvua! Niruvayam, Nala Vadam, Tamil Glossary, Various songs and the Portuguese — Tamil Sinhalese Dictionary.

Map makers' hazards

A year in which British surveyors helped to make maps in 40 countries is described in the annual report, recently published of the Directorate of Overseas Surveys part of the Overseas Development Administration.

In Sarawak a helicopter party had a brush with a crocodile as the aircraft tried to land in a swampy area; the land surveyors retreated. In the Tonga group of volcanic islands they worked amid steaming fissures and jungles covered slopes. In the Solomons steam was still pouring from a vol-

cano as the surveyors stepped gingerly ashore; four hours after they left, a violent earthquake caused extensive landslides.

The basic contoured mapping of the whole of Sierra Leone neared completion and special maps were made for hydrological and geological investigations. As part of Britain's contributions to Nigeria's development plan, work went ahead on mapping 21,000 square miles.

As a result of an agreement between Britain and Ethiopia, work started on the first major joint project undertaken by the Directorate in a non-Commonwealth country. The mapping

area ranges from semi-desert to peaks just below the snow line at 14,000 ft. The Government of Kenya was again assisted with its land reform programme by contoured mapping of the centre of the country, but the report says lava fields made walking difficult and driving impossible.

The report says that a flying snake, performing its legendary aerobatics in a Malaysian jungle encountered one of the directorate's surveyors on an observation platform 120 ft up a tree. An official of the ODA commented that it was probably the first time the snake had met a high-level Civil Servant! — (BIS).

Tea for the British

A NEW tea book has recently been published — "Tea for the British", to quote the publishers, Gnatto and Wainman, the "book traces the history of the British trade in tea over a period of 300 years and shows how tea as a drink has affected social and domestic life in Britain which has been its largest market."

All this is true but it is only the bare bones of what this most interesting book is about. Not only does it recount new and little-known aspects of tea's story but these are further illuminated by anecdotes always pertinent, sometimes amusing and often quaint.

Did you know that tea was once taxed in liquid form? It was in the seventeenth century, first at 8d per gallon and subsequently rising to 2/8, per gallon. The tea had to be made in bulk and then had to await the arrival of the exciseman.

Thomas Short, writing about this curious tax phenomenon a little less than a century after it was abolished as revenue raiser (and a tax on dry leaf substituted) is quoted as saying: "This was no small prejudice to the liquor and inconvenience to the drinker, for the Excise Officer was to survey it before any could be sold, and was not to survey it above once or twice a day."

Apart from stewing one can well imagine the effect upon a brew long held for the arrival of a tardy exciseman on a freezing cold British winter's day. Was this the true origin of lead tea?!

A curious Custom's procedure which was in force in 1834 is also described: "Every chest of Indian and Ceylon tea sent

to London was turned out on the floor of the warehouse so that (a) the Customs men could establish the nett weight of the contents and (b) all the tea in a given break could be mixed to a uniform quality and appearance."

Bitter were the complaints about the charges (more than the freight from Colombo to London) for a process which did the owners property the greatest possible amount of injury — "that of turning out the tea on the cold, damp and probably dirty floors." Apparently the tea was then flung back into the chests and stamped down with the hobnailed boots of the ware-housman.

In 1896 the Friory Tea Company offered a hundred free pianos, but there was nothing cheap and nasty about these, for they were the genuine article worth £40 each. The apogee of recklessness seems to have

been reached by the end of the 1890s when two or three firms began to offer widows' pensions of 10s. a week to purchasers of small quantities of tea within a given period.

One company between 1800 and 1904 built up a colossal trade by this means. Its 250,000 customers soon included 19,000 widows entitled to draw a pension of £25 per year for the rest of their lives. By the time the company was wound up, it was estimated that a capita sum of at least £30,000,000 would have been needed to service the pensions — the firm's total assets did not exceed £20,000.

The author of "Tea for the British", Mr. Denys Forrest, has another tea book to his credit, "100 Years of Ceylon Tea" and of course Ceylon tea comes very much into his most recent work. However, "Tea for the British" is more concerned with selling than growing and deals at length with the ramifications of tea in the City of London and with the many characters who have adorned its progress through the years.

It encompasses the early days of trade in the China product and travels on to include recent developments such as the "take-over" of Allied Suppliers by the Cavenham Group.

("Tea Topics", Johannesburg)

New strain of rice

THE successful development of a new strain of rice by an eight-man research group of the Seoul National University's College of Agriculture marks a welcome breakthrough in the nation's all-important effort to boost food grain production.

Named "Tongil Chalbyo", the new kind of glutinous rice can produce at least 70 per cent more than the conventional type of sticky rice cultivated in this country.

The high-yield rice has additional advantages: it is virtually immune to blight and other common grain diseases and stands well against gales and other freaks of weather. The harvest comes about 10 days earlier than the other rice.

Due to its superior quality and high productivity, achieved through eight successive experiments over the past four years, the new rice, when popularised beginning in 1975, will greatly help to raise the per unit area output at a time when self-sufficiency in food grain supply makes his an

Oil crisis: the blow might have been eased

THE New Year dawned with the Prime Minister, Mrs. Sirimavo Bandaranaike, announcing that 1974 will be the Year of the Youth.

But as the days passed by, politics and economics came to the fore with equal speed and importance.

The banning of satyagrahas, the oil crisis and crisis of coups rent the political and economic spheres with both sound and fury.

What worried Opposition leaders most was the Emergency Regulation which stipulated that those who defy such a ban ran the risk of having their properties—both movable and immovable—confiscated to the Republic.

Our politicians, we must confess are not likely to risk their material possessions for political purposes and what was witnessed at Anuradhapura was the leader of the Opposition, Mr. J. R. Jayewardene, in the role of an upasaka observing all.

But the ban on the satyagraha took the sting off the Opposition's well-thought-out gimmick to embarrass the Government and divert the nation's attention from the food production war launched by Mrs. Bandaranaike.

Meanwhile, the Government itself appeared to have received to some degree its waning political reputation with the restoration of the free half-measure of rice on the ration to those entitled to receive it.

But this recovery was not going to be long-lived for then came the price hike in oil.

There was general resentment throughout the country over these price hikes and there is nothing other than

Government or anyone else could have done to pacify the people.

Our complaint is that if those responsible for handling both oil and propaganda in this country were only aware of what was taking place in other regions of the world, they should have taken special care to highlight the energy crisis.

It must be pointed out that if our officials had only brought to the notice of our people

By **E. P. DE SILVA**

the energy crisis and how it was affecting other nations, there would not have been evidence of so much resentment and bitterness when the hike in oil prices were announced.

We say this not in order to deride those concerned but to explain that if our people had been well informed of the energy crisis they would have received the oil price increases with less acrimony and animosity towards the Government, which they would have readily realised, was as helpless as they were.

COUP
The "coup" cry raised by the Leader of the Opposition, Mr. J. R. Jayewardene attracted much attention and continues to be the burning topic of the day.

The Prime Minister responded promptly to Mr. Jayewardene's warning and indicated

her willingness to commence investigations forthwith.

Unfortunately, the Opposition leader appeared to be in no mood to act with equal alacrity when he refused to divulge the name of his informant who, he claimed, was not personally known to him but had been brought to him by a party man.

Mr. Jayewardene's refusal to divulge the name of his informant has frustrated the investigations already initiated by the Prime Minister.

Apart from naming two persons who hold leading positions in the Government and the Armed Services, the UNP leader was not prepared to say anything more.

Besides, when two CID officials called on him to collect further information, Mr. Jayewardene claimed privilege.

For the present we do not wish to comment on Mr. Jayewardene's attitude and conduct. Maybe he has some good grounds for adopting his current attitude.

All we can say is that it is now left to the UNP leader to reveal the truth and nothing but the truth lest he be eventually accused of crying "Wolf" or, as some others say "kite-flying".

LEGAL REFORMS
The new laws pertaining to the administration of justice are yet another subject that deeply concerns the day-to-day life of the people, whose tendencies to go into litigation at the drop of a pin is well known.

The Minister of Justice, Mr. Felix R. D. Bandaranaike, and his secretary Mr. Nihal Jayawickrema, deserve a special bouquet for the speed with which they jointly worked out the new legal reforms.

Foreign News Round-Up

A shattering blow

THE decision of the 12-nation OPEC (Organisation of Petroleum Exporting Countries) and other oil producing states to double the price of crude oil has stunned the world, by dealing a shattering blow to the economies of the affluent Western nations, and has caused catastrophe in the developing nations already grappling with serious financial problems.

In fact, the affluent nations could take counter-measures, as evident from President Nixon's proposal for talks in Washington of all major oil-producing states, Defence Secretary, Schlesinger's tough warning that force might have to be used if the Arabs carried their oil sanctions too far, and Japanese Premier Tanaka's call for co-operation among governments in discovering more fuel and new sources of energy.

The six major oil-producing countries in the Gulf area are Iran, Iraq, Kuwait, Abu Dhabi, Saudi Arabia and Qatar. The other producers are Algeria, Libya, Indonesia, Ecuador, Nigeria and Venezuela. Gabon is a non-voting associate member. Together they produce 85% of the oil imported by Western countries.

Another ironic twist is that the Arabs have hit their friends including Sri Lanka harder than their foes, by their indiscriminate use of the oil weapon.

The World Bank in a study on the effect of the oil price hikes has said that it would offset the benefits of foreign aid to developing countries. The tremendous impact of the problem has overshadowed every other difficulty the Bank has had to face.

Developing countries would now be forced to turn to the Arabs for assistance. Even the

World Bank itself has already borrowed funds from certain Arab countries.

The bank also estimates that by 1980 the Arabs would have amassed £40,000 million more than a quarter of the world's currency reserves. This would then leave them the problem of surplus riches.

Finance Ministers of the IMF, who had earlier decided on a complete overhaul of the world monetary system, dropped plans on account of the dramatic changes in the world scene. The "Committee of 30", which con-

By **ELMO
BENEDICT**

sidered the huge rise in oil prices, estimated that the cost of buying oil this year for Western nations could cost anything between £17,000 million and £25,000 million.

This would naturally result in many nations, including Britain, France, West Germany and Japan, having a big balance of payments deficit. The US would probably be the only major country to escape this.

Another consequence of this would be that while most developed countries would be struggling hard to keep their economies in order, the 12 OPEC countries would have by the end of this year amassed \$90,000 million against \$15,000 million last year.

The Shah of Iran, one of the key men behind the huge oil price hike, said that the day when the affluent Western States could dictate terms were over, and the oil producing nations had asserted their own

rights. He also appealed to Western States to conserve fuel and look for other sources of energy.

CRISIS IN BRITAIN

One of the Western nations badly affected by the oil price hikes was Britain, where a ban on overtime by coalminers and a go-slow by railwaymen also contributed towards creating a severe industrial crisis.

Both the Government and miners were so adamant, that it was felt Mr. Heath might call a snap general election, months before the expiry of his term of office, to decide who runs Britain—the militant unions or the Government.

The fuel crisis and the miners' dispute had forced Britain into a three-day industrial work week, thereby making nearly a million jobless.

In the face of the deepening crisis, a new Energy Ministry was created with Lord Carrington as its head.

The 10-million-strong Trades Union Congress (TUC) urged that miners be allowed pay rises higher than normally permitted under Stage III of the Government's anti-inflation programme. The TUC also understood to refrain from cutting this in support of other claims.

MIDDLE OF THE BUZZ

Nixon's problems with the Washington affair did not seem to be over, as a panel of experts appointed by Judge John Sirica ruled that an 18-minute gap in a crucial White House tape was not caused accidentally, as stated by Nixon's personal secretary.

The tape contained a conversation between Nixon and his former Chief of Staff, Bob F. Woodward. The White House promptly denied that the tape was caused accidentally or deliberately.

Skillwords

No. 6. Rs. 5,000

must be won!

THE RULES

* The Master Coupon appearing on the next page must accompany all entries sent on cuttings of the Skillword made from "The Times of Ceylon," and the "Ceylon Daily Mirror." The number of entries sent must be noted in the space provided.

* Entry Skillwords appear in "The Times of Ceylon" and the "Ceylon Daily Mirror". Any number of Entry Skillwords may be sent provided that they are sent together with a Master Coupon. * There is no entry fee for the Master Coupon but EVERY Entry Skillword must be accompanied by an entry fee of Fifty Cents.

* Address all entries to: "The Times Digest" Skillwords No. 6, P.O. Box No. 746, Colombo.

* The closing date for entries is February 20, and the time 2 p. m.

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

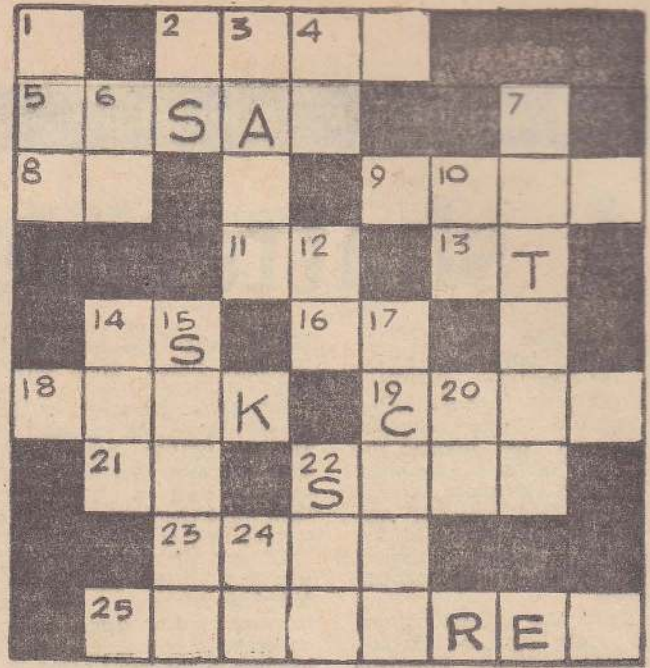
* The names of the winners will be published in "The Times Digest" of March.

* 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", and the Assistant Editor-Features Editor of "The Times of Ceylon" and "The Sunday Times".

* In the event of there being no all-correct solution the prize money will be carried over, which means that the prize money for the next Skillword 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

ACROSS

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------|
| 2. On the surface. | 16. Norse god. |
| 5. Depends on how you
——it. | 18. Some people just
——at their food. |
| 8. Proceed. | 19. Coin. |
| 9. Many a scheme de-
pends on —— | 21. Thanks. |
| 11. Teetotaler. | 22. Kind. |
| 13. Preposition. | 23. Inquisitive persons
are prone to —— |
| 14. Backward direction. | 25. Tramps usually look
——. |

DOWN

- | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------|
| 1. The hungry man
would like to —— a
meal. | 10. Note. |
| 2. Pronoun. | 12. Thanks. |
| 3. There is a class of
actor who likes to
dwell on his —— | 14. At parties a man may
be ——. |
| 4. A grandchild. | 15. It's a flow. |
| 6. Therefore. | 17. To know one's ——
is helpful for success. |
| 7. Some people prefer
medicines to be —— | 20. Expressing hesitation. |
| | 22. Put on eggs. |
| | 24. And. |

X'word No. 5 — the winners

THERE were 164 all-correct solutions to "The Times Digest" Crossword No. 5 of last month compared with 220 all-correct solutions to Crossword No. 4.

The senders of all-correct solutions numbered 146 and the largest number of all-correct solutions sent by a person was four.

Following is the list of the winners who will receive Rs. 30.48 for each correct entry:— entry:—

Miss Geetha Kulaweera, Putupaula Estate, Tebuwana.

T. D. Sugathadasa, 32, Retreat Road, Colombo-4.

M. S. Saheed, Government Veterinary Office, Matale.

Douglas C. de Lima, "Corina", 65A, Galle Road, Dehiwala.

J. H. Pallhana, 77/17 Rodrigo Place, off St. Mary's Lane, Mattakkuliya.

M. Wanasinghe, Sub-Post Office, Mousagolla SPO.

D. de Silva, 3M/58, NHS, Kiribathgoda, Kelaniya.

Mrs. Princy Pieris, No. 4, "Shanty", Mendis Avenue, Moratuwa.

Mano Amarasingham, 73/34, Sri Saranankara Road, Dehiwala.

J. Pushparajah, 127, Wellwita, Kaduwela.

S. R. Selliah, Walkers, Talawakelle (Three).

Mrs. E. Saparamadu, "Lillian Cottage", Kandana (Three).

P. D. Schoorman, Perera Avenue, Kohuwela.

Ashley Liyanage, 391, Makola South, Makola (Two).

A. R. Mohamed Bakkeer, 20, Hill Street, Kandy.

D. de Silva, "Lillian Cottage", Kandana.

Mrs. A. Jayasuriya, 84, Uyana, Moratuwa.

Miss Haneema Haniff, 46, Anderson Road, Dehiwala.

Mrs. D. Jayasundera, "Lillian Cottage", Kandana.

Miss Vasantha Singham, 7, Vidyalaya Road, Mount Lavinia.

S. T. Aleckman, 29/73, "Arden Forest", Sarikkamulla, Moratuwa.

Miss R. Ousmond, 55, Well-

gamba Mawatha, Borupana, Ratmalana.

T. R. Kandiah, 127, Wellwita, Kaduwela.

W. L. Fernando, Lady Lochore Loan Fund, 100, Parsons Road, Colombo-2.

Mrs. Mala de Silva, c/o G. I. de Silva, 260/1, Park Road, Colombo-5.

S. K. Koogathasan, 56, St. Jude Mawatha, Kurana-4, Negombo.

C. H. Fernando, "Walreen", Rajagiriya.

Master Warren H. Loos, 58, Sinsapa Road, Colombo-6.

Fazli Sameer, 300, Galle Road, Colombo-4.

Mrs. V. N. Perinpanayagam, 84, Colpetty Lane, Colombo-3.

P. D. C. Fernando, 114A, Pillewa, Dalupotha, Negombo.

A. J. G. Perera, 578, Tewatta Road, Ragama.

Mrs. Erica Candappa, 223, Galle Road, Idama, Moratuwa.

Miss Janaki Vethanayagam, Public Library, Colombo-7.

M. J. K. M. Perera, 8/1, Uswatte Circular Road, Moratuwa.

Mrs. Regina Perera, 8/1, Uswatte Circular Road, Moratuwa.

J. P. Muthiah, 7, Hospital Road, Batticaloa.

P. G. Gunaratna, 347/3, Nava-

yalatenne, Katugastota.

B. C. Perera, 375/4 Makumbura, Pannipitiya.

A. B. Chrysostem, 45, College Street, Kotahena.

Miss Rhona Edmund, 669, Bandarawatte, Kadawata.

Ainsley de Silva, 24/10, Lade & Rawatawatta, Moratuwa.

S. James, Culloden, Neboda. (Two).

D. S. Meegalle, Dambatuwa, Ellakkala.

A. H. Umardeen, Misiriya Hotel, 20, King Street, Badulla. (Two).

A. Santhan, 35, Saratha Road, Trincomalee.

G. I. de Silva, 260/1, Park Road, Colombo-6.

P. P. Brown, c/o P.O. Box 349, Colombo.

George Karunaratne, 277 R, A. de Mel Mawatha Colombo-3.

S. Kandasamy, Bank of Ceylon City Office, Colombo.

Mrs. L. T. de Mel, 3M/58, NHS Kiribathgoda, Kelaniya.

A. H. Abdul Kalam, Misiriya Hotel, 20, King Street, Badulla.

Mrs. Gemma Perera, 75, Meeraniya Street, Colombo-12.

Aloysius Wijeyesinghe, 135/5, Rampart Road, Etul Kotte.

Mrs. C. L. A. de Silva "Priya" (Continued on Page 42)

Master Coupon No. 6

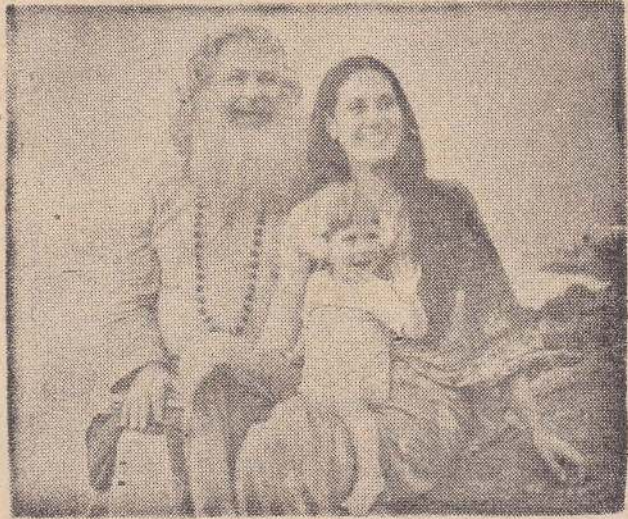
NAME (in block capitals).....

ADDRESS.....

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

YOGA:

An ancient call to modern man



MEENAKSHI DEVI with her guru-husband, Dr. Swami Gitananda, and their twenty-month-old son, Ananda Balayogi.

By MEENAKSHI DEVI

KNOW this! Health and happiness are not the goal of human life. They are man's birthright! The true purpose of existence is the realization of the indwelling self.

Born into a western culture, I was first attracted to the eastern philosophy of yoga by these bold words.

Thus I was ripe for the yogic challenge which came in the form of a book on yoga when I was twenty-three. "Arise Awake! and stop not till the goal is reached!" "Yoga is union with the highest!"

"Come! Comprehend the universe!" "Ho! Ye who suffer in darkness! Know! A way has been found."

The practice of yoga is one means to regain physical well being, mental peace and joy so sorely lacking in today's world. But this is only a welcome side effect: it is not the goal of this age-old science.

Yoga is both an art and science of living, a call to each man to discover the infinite power of the universe which cores his own being. Developed thousands of years ago in the forest retreats of India, techniques of physical, emotional and mental control have been passed in an oral tradition from guru (teacher) to chela (student) for centuries.

Patanjali first codified yoga principles in his "yoga Aphorisms." His is perhaps the most well-known definition of yoga—"yogascittavrtti — nirodhan" . . . yoga is the stilling of the whirlpools of the mind."

When the mind is still, that which some men call God, others Truth, other light — then the essence of life can be known directly, by a faculty higher than mind.

"Yoga is union," says Lord Krishna to his disciple Arjuna in the 'Bhagavad Gita'. Later, he explains that "yoga is skill in action" which rises out of the ever-increasing physical, mental, and emotional awareness developed through Yoga practice.

Some say, "yoga is four-fold

The practice of yoga is one means to regain physical well-being, mental peace and joy so sorely lacking in today's world. But it is not the goal of this ancient science. It is both an art and science of living — a call to teach man to discover the infinite power of the universe which covers his own being.

awareness: awareness of the body, and how it works; awareness of the emotions, and how they govern the body; awareness of the mind, and how it affects emotions and body, and finally, awareness of awareness itself."

Though yoga is one of the Six Darshanas, or six revealed views of life in Hinduism — yoga is not a religion. It is rather the unifying principle behind all religions and philosophies. "Yoga" literally means "spiritual unity", living an integrated, wholistic life. Yoga exists as a state of spiritual unity when man's life of thought word and deed is entirely in harmony with the source or root of his being.

The term comes from the Sanskrit 'yuj', which means "to join" or to "yoke together", to unite as one, a spiritual unity producing harmony of action. Yoga is not an "ism" or an "ology" but instead a wholistic attitude toward living a unitive life.

There are many different branches and schools of thought in yoga, as well as many teachers emphasising different aspects or parts of the total philosophy of yoga. In the main, however, the forty-four classical phases of yoga can be brought down into nine categories:

1. **Katha Yoga:** the yoga of

Dynamic health and well-being through the practice of asanas (Firm postures), kriyas (circulatory activities) and mudras, (glandular controls)

2. **Prāṇayāma:** the yoga of the regulation of the breath to gain control (ayama) of the vital life force (prana).

3. **Jnana Yoga:** the control of the faculty of mind concerned with concentration and learning, even producing a photographic memory.

4. **Karma Yoga:** control of body action and mental activity.

5. **Raja Yoga:** the royal or kingly yoga, is the control of sensory and sensual forces for concentration and meditation, culminating in samadhi or cosmic consciousness.

6. **Yantra:** the study and understanding of the mystic symbolism and includes samkhya (life science); tantra (control of psychic powers) and darshana (cyclic predictions and forecasts)

7. **Mantra:** the yoga of union through sound vibration. Mantric runes, repetition of single sounds (bilas) or concentration on an attribute or name of God (Japa) are popular forms to produce serenity and meditation.

8. **Laya Yoga:** the arousal of the yogic vital force called kundalini shakti and its control for evolutionary purposes.

9. **Bhakti Yoga:** yoga of devotion — devotion to some person, or at the highest level, to the supreme force.

Every possible question can be answered through yoga, every higher need fulfilled. In this yoga has something for all. The student who takes to yoga will find an excellent system of self-discipline and in study and scholastic achievement.

The study and practice of yoga also brings to his attention the importance of good moral character. For the scientist, yoga opens new vistas in the cosmos as well as a new way of science which could be termed the science of life.

For the medical man, yoga chikitsa through its use of yoga and yoga therapies, offers a cure of chronic refractory diseases and the elimination of psychosomatic illnesses.

For the businessman and executive, yoga offers greater efficiency through good health, better concentration and personal confidence. For the spiritual man, it offers a non-religious way of evolutionary uplift through meditation and contemplation.

To the city dweller, living under the stress and strain of modern life, yoga offers a way to derive some peace of mind and contentment through relaxation techniques of hatha yoga and pranayama. For the man blessed with natural environment, yoga helps him to immerse himself more deeply in the nature around and about.

The yogis of old were bold and brave. Not only did they dare to scale the perilous heights of consciousness, they also marked the trail for those with will to follow.

Even today they call to the modern man: "Take courage! The summit of existence is destined for man!"

THE AUTHOR: Born in America thirty years ago, Meenakshi Devi has been living in South India for the past five years where she aids her husband, Dr. Ananda Bhasanai (Dr. Swami Gitananda) in operating Ananda Ashram Yoga/Vedanta University of South India. She is editor of the monthly magazine 'Yoga Life,' an international journal of Yoga published in Pondicherry and is author of numerous books on Yoga including *Yoga and Natural Childbirth and Mama Yogis and Their Balas*.

She is the author of numerous essays, poetry short fiction, and has written one fiction novel 'What? Spoke the Bird?'. A book of her poetry entitled 'Ring of Thoughts' has been printed in the United States. She has written articles on Yoga for leading publications in India, England and Thailand.

Meenakshi Devi plans to start a yoga centre in Sri Lanka.

The 'retarded' child— there's hope for him

THIS is the story of a "perpetual child". There are many reasons why I have set it down in these columns, despite its being true and part of my own life.

I do not think this story will take away the ache from the hearts of such parents. The aches, pains, fears, doubts, anxieties these children, in all their innocence bring to their parents will be unending.

But I hope it will help parents understand that their plight is not without compensations. Along with the pains and despair, their suffering also holds laughter and joy if only they will seek it.

And above all parents should accept their pain without bitterness. Such thoughts along with the knowledge that there is a movement afoot to help these children make me want to tell this story, which may be of use to researchers also.

Roshan is my brother. A month after his birth, my parents began to suspect there was something wrong with him. He was extremely quiet, small for his age and looked frail.

He was often running a temperature and his breathing was heavy and laboured. When he was three months old, the family doctor advised my parents to take him to a specialist at the Children's Hospital who diagnosed that he was suffering from rheumatic fever and wasn't expected to live long.

However, two years later he was still alive. We did not know then whether we should thank God or not, because the only indication of Roshan being

alive was that he breathed. For the rest he was no better than a vegetable.

His body was fleshy. His limbs were shapeless and without strength. At two plus he still crawled on all fours. The few sounds he made were unintelligible. He barely managed to sit up. The doctors pronounced him a mongoloid — a form of mental retardation.

The doctors could give no real causes. Not that medical knowledge regarding causes for his retardation could help. The doctors said: we shouldn't get too attached to him. For why should we when all we'd get in

began to understand his likes and dislikes.

His greatest love was and still is music. He would listen carefully to every song and keep time. His delight showed in his eyes whenever a familiar tune was played over the air. This the doctors said, was a characteristic trait in every mongoloid.

People advised us to seek a home for him, where he'd be among children of his own kind.

We enquired. The only institutions which looked after retarded children were in far-off places.

Anyway the enquiries were then half-hearted. How does one part from a child who was the reason for each one of us in the family wanting to catch the next bus home from wherever we were?

At times he'd permit us to wash one hand. And then refuse to stretch the other. It would take hours to coax him into doing so. At such times we were forced to be firm. By reading how to handle such children, we learned that while these children could blossom under the warmth of parental and family love—they could also wither.

I think Roshan learnt words and sounds mainly through music. Our radio was on—however disturbing that is—the whole day—and by the time, he was seven he had not only picked up a good many words, he could make out a song by the opening bars.

The difficulty has been to make him retain the trend of his thoughts. Who knows when

By HASSINA
SOURJAH

return was the unending ache of hopelessness. He would remain, they said for ever a child.

I think he somehow understood that he had to fight. We brought laughter to his lips which gradually lost their sickly reddishness. He realised we wanted him to live.

When he was four, he learned to walk, short distances, around the house.

At six—the age children normally started going to school, he learnt to pronounce first 'mummy' and then 'daddy'. Our hopes grew. He understood more and more of what we tried to tell him.

And more important he made us understand the few things he wanted to say. We

What they were thoughts or simply words he managed to say?

Nevertheless we were thankful for every word he uttered—for every new thing he learned. Hope begets hope. Every day he'd seek for a new development in his speech, his gait, his body formation. For all of us life held meaning because we wanted and fought for Roshan to take his place along with other kids in society.

Roshan wanted as much. He decided he wanted to go to school. (He said 'skools'). We didn't know what we should do. There were no day schools for his kind—and we cared not think of taking him to an ordinary school where children in their normalcy would taunt him. We already had the experience of such children. We searched and searched for an answer. It came one day—when he was eleven. That was last year.

My sister seeing a child mongoloid going along with his father on the road, rushed up to him to simply smiled and spoke to him.

She found out then that he was going to school and followed him to his school. That I think is the turning point in Roshan's life. I cannot give the name and address of the school here because the teachers want it to remain unknown.

They cannot cope with the applications for admissions! As a special favour seeing the anxiety and desperation on my sister's face they agreed to have him in the school—though he was over-age—and we old to be handled by them.

It was the happiest day in our lives when with satchel in hand he stepped out from home to go to school.

The teachers were satisfied with the progress he has made so far at home and agreed to take him.

Since then, he has been growing very fast. He has more confidence in himself and in others. He simply loves school, more than any 'normal' child would.

Perhaps because he knows that we wait for him to win

through. It is sometimes difficult to understand why a child with such a love for books—he never fails to keep a book and pencil under his pillow at night—and a tremendous love for people, animals, birds, the sky, the sea and all living things should have been thus handicapped.

I will only say that he is handicapped—he is not urged. To be a child is not to be cursed. A child, who has despite all the pain brought, such intense joy to a family could be blessed.

What of the future? What awaits him when once he enter the larger world where our protection and kindness cannot permeate.

Will society reject him after all the struggle he has made against his ownself.

Like the loved ones of all the other 'Roshans' in this country we dare not think. One day at a public institution in Colombo I watched a grown man obviously a mongoloid stand up and stretch his hand to greet a member of a missionary organisation who was passing by.

Like all mongoloids that man had a childish, innocent smile on his face. But the man to whom greetings were being offered turned away in apparent disgust. The other man's face faded. He could not understand.

How does one explain a society that there is a great deal it can learn from a 'retarded' child.

I believe and believe firmly there is a wealth of experience knowledge and wisdom to be gained from this children.

What society owes them is not pity. It owes them a place among the rest—a place which shows recognition of their worth.

Society has to get more educated.

There are a few dedicated workers like the teachers in Roshan's school who are working towards such an end with a selflessness and patience that is rare.

There are also research workers, doctors, medical men, social service workers, who are involved in trying to make the lot of these children happy. Much depends on their success.

One can only hope that in their efforts, to first study what can be done to prevent retardation, to ameliorate such a condition, and where it prevails to lessen the suffering of all those involved, will find success in the next decade.

But there is also a very larger future—not of a decades duration but of years and years, when who knows there will be other Roshans who will pull through and say I am no longer the perpetual child.

There's always hope

I HAVE here recounted the story of a 'mentally retarded' child as told me by his sister who is a good friend of mine.

Today there is a great deal of interest in all forms of retardation. Due to this increased interest in what was once a 'delicate' and even embarrassing subject, we have now begun to see some of the dimensions of these pathetic cases in the proper light.

For instance, we know that the mentally retarded are not

actually 'retarded'. Growth is possible—the only difference between these and normal children, being that the growth process is a little slower. Their 'rehabilitation' is therefore not an impossibility.

To parents and relatives of such children—one in every ten children is said to be mentally deficient—the story I recount will serve to show that there is hope—a great deal of hope. But there can be no substitutes for love, kindness and care in the effort to help these children gain normalcy.

AS part of a medical study of kissing conducted in Stockholm Sweden, recently, an 18-year-old student named Helena offered her kisses to selected men in the street. Some of the men were startled and embarrassed by her frank request. Others—once they were assured there was no catch to it—were only too happy to cooperate.

A lover's kiss could shorten a man's life!

AS part of a medical study of kissing conducted in Stockholm, Sweden, recently, an 18-year-old student named Helena offered her kisses to selected men in the street. These pictures tell the story. Some of the men were startled and embarrassed by her frank request. Others—once they were assured there was no catch to it—were only too happy to cooperate.

A KISS, according to the dictionary, is a caress given with the lips as a sign of love, affection, greeting or reverence.

Unfortunately, dictionaries don't say anything about the

An American dentist writing recently in a technical journal warned that kissing "is one of the foremost causes of dental caries (decay)."

But dentists are not alone in their fears. Scientists have been studying what happens when two people kiss, and they've come up with some disturbing data about the dangers of this popular pastime.

Naturally, their findings don't apply to the light kiss of parent and child, or the polite peck on the cheek that women reserve for one another.

The scientists are concerned with the real kiss of love, and what it does to two human beings.

For a start, each kiss is likely to transfer hundreds of thousands of bacilli (germs) from one mouth to another.

Up to 400,000 bacilli can be swapped in just one lengthy kiss—and one person's germ can easily start trouble in the other's system.

In effect, long, passionate kisses can be terribly unhygienic.

But the more important as-



pect of this scientific research is the discovery of the effects of kissing on the heart.

An American doctor says: "A life of a middle-aged man by as much as three minutes. A passionate kiss steals five minutes."

"In all, kisses take about seven years off a man's life. A real Don Juan type can seldom count on living to a ripe old age."

The trouble is that a passionate kiss puts an unnatural strain on the heart, forcing it to beat 20 or 30 times more each minute.

As a result, says the American doctor: "Men over 50 should only kiss when it is

absolutely necessary. Which is bad news for ageing Romeo.

Meanwhile, how did the fair Helena fare when she canvassed her kisses among the men of Stockholm?

In the two hours that the tests took she found that most taxi-drivers simply would not cooperate.

Also among those who politely declined were eight men intent on drinking wine, a short-sighted old gentleman, two young men and a bacteriologist who said he was refusing for medical reasons.

But most of the others were ready, willing and—with one or two exceptions—reasonable.

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B. P. PEIRIS, former Secretary to the Cabinet, recalls —

A bachelor judge's views on women's dress

IN my student days in London in the early thirties I was often in the court of Mr. Justice McCardie, a bachelor judge who sat regularly to hear matrimonial causes in the King's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice.

One such case was that of Martial and Armand Ltd. vs. Gilbert Frankau (the well-known author) and his wife. The firm was suing for £265, the balance of £630, for various items of expensive clothing supplied to Mrs. Frankau. The husband denied liability and stated that the wife had no authority to pledge his credit. I reproduce extracts of the judge's scintillating judgment delivered in November 1931.

The judge stated that the questions at issue were of interest not only to dressmakers and shopkeepers but also to husbands and wives. The perils of a husband do not grow less as the years go slowly by, said His Lordship, and proceeded—

"The husband had the right to determine in what style he would live or permit his wife to live or dress, and also a right to fix the standard of expenditure. Married women should remember that the gross income of a man is very different from the small amount left after the merciless demands of the tax collector. It is, of course, a delicate matter to express a view as to the right or duty of a woman with respect to dress. Too few men have the courage to express themselves clearly and frankly on the matter. Married men in particular have, in some cases and for obvious reasons, a natural reluctance—and sometimes an understandable fear—to state their views with adequate firmness. Too many women are the slaves of fashion and too many men are the slaves of women. I shall deal bluntly with the matter. Plain speaking is essential.

"There can, I think, be no doubt that, so far as concerns the actual physical necessity for warmth or the like, and so far as there is any needed or desired concealment of the female body the ordinary society woman could clothe herself quite well for one-fifth of the money she now expends on dress. She could buy a sufficiency of stout and long-wearing woollen or flannel garments for a very small sum a year. Cotton fabrics for the summer are extremely cheap.

"Actual physical necessity has ceased to be the sole measure of a woman's need of dress. A woman is caught today in a net of new traditions, new conventions, new fashions and new standards of adornment. Not only do fashions change greatly but they change with almost ludicrous rapidity. That which is regarded as charming in one month is described a few months later as antiquated and impossible. The vast machinery of fashion-creation is ever active, ever powerful and ever merciless.

"It is permissible, I hope, to recognise, as I do, that nothing is more charming than a charmingly dressed woman. But the law has to consider husbands as well as wives, and it is just as well to state that a husband has rights as well as duties and that he can still use a shield against the stabs of an extravagant wife.

"Nature has decreed that leadership, physical strength and intellectual achievement shall belong to men but women are the chief decorations of social life. A reasonable indulgence in dress is needed to counterbalance what I may call the inferiority complex of women. Woman has an innate desire for the dainty and the charming and sometimes for the costly. She instinctively desires to be well dressed not only for herself and for those with whom she is interlinked but also to attract the attention and admiration of other women and also of the men she may meet.

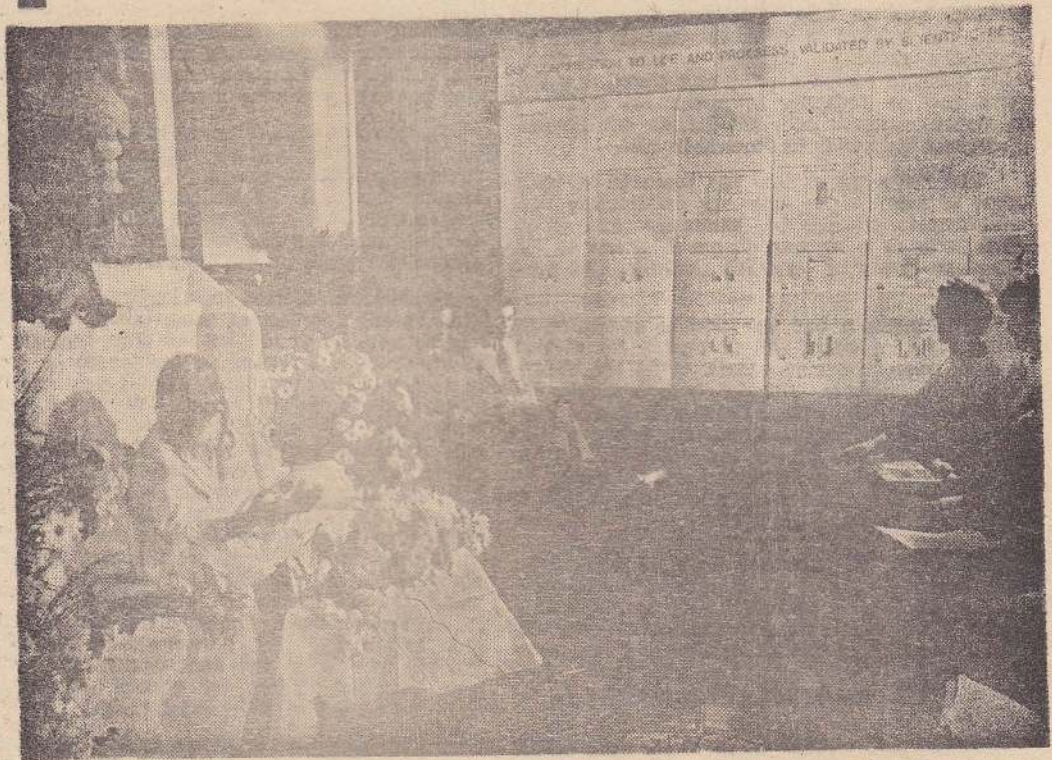
"Dress, after all, is one of the chief methods of woman's self-expression. I can well understand the fascination of a beautiful garment. In matters of dress, women often remain children to the end. But a husband is not to be exposed to ruin by the extravagance of a wife. The feminine instinct for variety and grace must be curbed to the needed extent.

"I have been struck in this as in other cases with the wholly false standard of dress and fashion which seems to prevail among many women and I am equally struck with the competitive vanity which so often leads not only to the absurdities of a so-called etiquette but also to bitter anxiety and grave financial disaster."

Judgment was given for Mr. Frankau with costs and for the firm against Mrs. Frankau with costs.

The Science of Creative Intelligence as outlined by Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, whose increasing number of followers include eminent men in the West as well as in the East. His programme —

To eliminate the problems of mankind



PROFESSORS and scholars of the University of Copenhagen's Institute of Philosophy packed a lecture room in recent weeks to hear Maharishi Mahesh Yogi describe the Science of Creative Intelligence during his 48-hour visit to the city as part of his six-day Scandinavian tour. He told a questioner: "Consciousness is intelligence which

within this generation

is produced by the activity of certain parts of the nervous system — some acid, some membrane, something else — that start to act. And from that collection of parts we get the whole.

"That's why this whole consciousness is within the region of the parts that constitute the nervous system. So it can be measured on the experiential level but not in terms of the parts.

"Where physiology ends there is a transcendental wholeness which is produced by the physical parts — and that is consciousness."

Maharishi's opening remark at his morning Press conference was: "Our programme is to eliminate the problems of mankind within this generation. Problems have been living with man throughout the ages just because there was no education to use the full potential of human life: The full potential of human life is infinite."

His claims inspired close questioning from reporters. One asked: "Do you consider yourself the saviour of mankind?" Maharishi replied: "Every man will save himself. Everyone is responsible for what he is. It depends on how much he uses his infinite potential."

One reporter questioned Maharishi's closing statement in "Alliance for Knowledge," the publication of Maharishi International University which offers governments the opportunity of using their resources to bring the knowledge of the Science of Creative Intelligence to all members of society. It says: "To inspire the whole population for knowledge and action has always been the joy of every head of state:"

"Even Napoleon, Hitler and Richard Nixon?" the reporter asked Maharishi.

He said: "Not meditating, a man is prey to localised vision but in his heart, he thinks: 'What more can I do for my people?' This outrageousness—to fight against other countries — born of this wish to do more for his people.

"If all the heads of state begin to meditate today, they'll have a widened awareness which will not only enter for their own

population but all the people of the world.

"The history of wars will continue unless man is trained to break the boundaries of his awareness by meditating morning and evening."

There was a tendency, said Maharishi, for those who took more responsibility to suffer from heart disease. He told reporters: "If modern man is not provided with a technique to do less and accomplish more than progress is at stake." The ability to meditate was inherent in man, but so far education had not provided the technique.

Scientific research, including electroencephalograph recordings, had proved the benefits of the technique, Maharishi said: "EEG recordings are very impartial. They can't be doubted. It was through these researches that we gained the courage to say that the World Plan will accomplish the highest goals of education.

"It only needs the schools, colleges and education departments of government to understand this."

Interviewed by Danish television, he recommended Transcendental Meditation to housewives. He said: "The experience is that when the mother is meditating and then becomes angry with the children, then the children remind the mother 'Mummy, you should meditate:'

"Transcendental Meditation is a process which brings deep relaxation and mothers with three or four children need just this practice. They hardly get time for anything and therefore they get worried and anxious. They get stressed.

"Fifteen or twenty minutes closing the eyes and practising Transcendental Meditation releases strain and stress. It takes away worries and anxieties."

At the Maharishi's public lecture at Copenhagen's Falkoner Centre, Dr. Lawrence Domash, a former NASA research fellow and Professor of Physics who gave up his post to take up a professorship at Maharishi International University, said his EEG studies had revealed a coherent effect. "Brainwaves, instead of being random and

mixed in frequency settle down into a single very smooth oscillation covering the whole of the brain. This is a form of electrical coherence in the literal, technical meaning of the word.

"When we see this occurring in the nervous system we are reminded of other systems in nature which behave in an analogous way.

Professor Domash said: "This orderliness is very similar to wave coherence". He said it had been considered that ordinary biological systems — and certainly the human nervous system — were far too complex for their workings to be revealed by such laws of physics.

But Maharishi had said that the way in which the nervous system functioned during Transcendental Meditation was based on the most fundamental laws of nature.

"When we see this analogy of what happens in a physical system — an increasing orderliness — we see that analogously something can be done to the nervous system which is also the onset of a coherent state.

"We then have the feeling that what happens during TM is so basic and so fundamental that we really can look at it from the standpoint of those basic laws of nature."

At the opening session of the Danish national symposium on the science of Creative Intelligence the symposium chairman Dr. Bent Ekkard, of the Copenhagen District Hospital, said in introducing Maharishi "The Science of Creative Intelligence may well prove to be the investigation of our most abundant yet untapped human resource."

Maharishi said: "What is possible for us today is life free from problems free from suffering. It may sound astounding — too good to be true — but this is the practical value of this Science of Creative Intelligence."

Speaking about work in industry government departments and educational establishments, he said that routine work was restrictive to the full growth of creative intelligence. Routine was nevertheless highly desirable for efficiency. — (World Plan News Service, Copenhagen).



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Fowl business

JAFFNA, and the north of Sri Lanka generally, somehow seem to get into such a position that it just has to be at the receiving end of bans. Not, one must hasten to add, for political reasons but purely for reasons of economy and health.

Like the periodic floods that maroon dwellers beside our great rivers, the sporadic taboos isolate the peninsula and make it singularly insular. From time to time, for example, the exodus of onions is prohibited or restricted; while chillies, another product of its soil, have also come in for their share of attention. The latest, of course, was the travel ban imposed at the outset of the recent cholera outbreak.

For all these impositions there have certainly been very good reasons. There was, presumably, an equally pressing reason for the ban placed nearly thirty years ago on the transport of eggs from the peninsula. A Government Gazette Extraordinary of July 14, 1946, published under Order No. 96 of the Food Control Ordinance issued by the then acting Minister of Agriculture and Land, Mr. B. H. Aluwihare, prohibited "the transport or removal of eggs from the Jaffna Peninsula except under the authority of a permit".

And, concluded the order triumphantly, evidently detained not to make a hash of it, "egg" in this order means an egg of the female domestic fowl".

Now it has never been established, nor, as far as one knows, has any claim been made, that the male fowl (domestic or otherwise) can lay an egg (or eggs). But the authorities, apparently, were taking no chances. What if, by some chance or mischance, a mere male fowl showed a female fowl

that anything she could do he could do as well or even better and produced an egg? That would have been something to crow about, indeed, and the unique rooster would have been the supreme cock of the walk.

But, unless the hens brooding over their fate, decided to go on strike, Jaffna would at least have been assured of her own eggs. There was, however, a ray of hope, for Jaffna could send her eggs beyond the border under the authority of a permit. The snag is that, considering the length of time it takes to get a permit, the eggs might not have been in a fit condition for consumption by then. The nett result would

its southern counterpart, just as the Jaffna mango is more succulent than the mangoes of the south?

Whatever the answer it is too late now to unscramble the riddle. The inescapable fact remains that the peninsula would have had a glut of eggs. The price would have tumbled down and the people of the peninsula would have, during the period they were under the yoke of the ban, eaten enough eggs to last them a lifetime. To misquote the song, it would have been a case of eggs in the morning, eggs in the evening and eggs at supper-time — and possibly in between as well.

Now eggs, granted, are good for the health, but one can have too much of a good thing. Even such a nutritious item of food as eggs must be taken in judicious quantities. Whether the extra intake affected the cholesterol level of the partakers of the feast of eggs, and to what extent, is, unfortunately, not known. Doubtless

By D.S.C. KURUPPU

have been that Jaffna's name would have stunk to the high heavens.

Another possibility is that lovers of the Jaffna egg could, following a celebrated precedent instead of waiting for it to come to them, gone to the egg themselves. Such connoisseurs and aficionados might have gone to such lengths as to go to Jaffna for at least the duration of the order. What a scramble there would have been then!

While this would have been good for the coffers of the railway and bus services, not to mention the landlords of Jaffna, it would postulate that the eggs of the north had something that the eggs of the south hadn't. If that were so could it be that they had some affinity with the owners of the hens which produced them and came out better hard-boiled? Or would it be that the Jaffna egg was tastier than

some latter-day researcher might shed some light on the matter.

What is clear, however, is that the ban would have affected the economy of the north — or at least the purses of the owners of the hens. To them the birds represented their livelihood and many of them would have depended on the sale of the eggs to bring home the bacon. The materialist fiat would have hit them where the chicken got the axe.

Possibly, in a desperate attempt to beat the ban on eggs of the female fowl, they might have tried all manner of means to induce the male fowl to deliver the goods, and failed miserably, which all goes to show, all things considered, that the whole affair was a pretty foul business indeed. But somehow the Jaffna man would have emerged smiling from the ordeal, for he does not believe in putting all his eggs in one basket.

Science & the quality of life

MOST of my time as a pathologist, I have had to work in laboratories amidst all the paraphernalia of scientific equipment in the diagnosis and investigation of disease and have been considerably involved in the scientific process.

During these years, my work has been centred around the human being as a living patient. I have a great respect for science and even a much greater respect for life. My mind, therefore, turns naturally to the subject I have decided to speak to you, namely Science and the Quality of Life.

There is another reason why I have selected this subject. Too intense an involvement in analytical and experimental science has among some of us eliminated the human being from the scene of scientific assessment.

His way of life, his hopes, his fears and his forms of government are not considered scientific. I would like to bring him back to occupy the centre of the scientific stage.

Science and life appear to be two different things. Science is cold, hard, neutral and uncompromising, whereas life is warm, soft, pulsing and temperamental.

Yet, science has had a tremendous impact on life. To be more precise, I should say, it is technology derived from science that has had this effect and it is to technology that I shall refer to when I refer to science.

Life on the other hand is an abstract quality of feeling, appreciated by all living matter otherwise known as cytoplasm and felt by man, animals and even plants.

It consists essentially of a totality of pleasure and pain.

I have seen a vast amount of pain and suffering, in war and in peace in violence and in disease and have often thought that, had it been possible in some way to make a quantita-

tists and laymen have begun to question the wisdom of uncontrolled scientific advance. The time has come when we must watch our step and walk with care for the quality of life is grievously at stake.

The triumphs of medicine have systematically eliminated many of the pathways out of life. The short and easy ones have been mostly removed and only the long and dreary ones are left to travel on.

The road through pneumonia, for long recognised as the friend of the aged, has been closed by the arrival of the antibiotics and people are living to a much older age than before.

This in itself is an excellent thing provided that the quality of life in the latter years is not impaired. Enhancing the quantity of life at the expense of quality is futile and adds to the quantity of earthly misery. Chronological age is not the criterion since we are fortunate in having persons with active minds and facile bodies even at 90 years of age.



Excerpts from the presidential address of DR. W. D. RATNAVALE at the recent annual general meeting of the Ceylon Association for the Advancement of Science.

tive estimate of global suffering, it would far exceed global satisfaction.

Technology has considerably relieved this burden but future change in this regard appears to be uncertain.

For the first time both scien-

At the other end of the tree of life, we find that newer surgical techniques salvage infants born with gross errors of development and malformed organs. They are submitted to ingenious innovative surgery to extend life, which by the nature of the

malformation may at the most be only a few years.

It is a cruel use of technology rendered unforgivable against the background of the plaintive cry of a tiny living human thing in severe pain unable to express itself. Nature makes many mistakes. The simple ones survive, the serious ones will die. Let not surgery lengthen their misery.

I acknowledge the marvels of surgery, I bow in admiration to its triumphs, to the saving of life, to the relief of pain and its inestimable contribution to the quality of life.

But too often have I seen incalculable harm to the quality of life by fruitless surgical intervention even though they have always been done with the best of intentions.

In recent years, medical science has embarked on the project of organ transplants referred to by some as spare parts surgery. In the years to come, if we successfully overcome rejection effects, it will be more widely used.

It is certain that in some cases, the procedure will be of considerable benefit to the quality of life—but as in most instances, the solution to one problem reduces another, and this time the problem lies in the source of the donor transplant.

The medical profession is in the process of laying down strict regulations to prevent transplants being obtained from persons not yet dead—and society will have to ensure that lives of persons detained under civilian or military power will not be used to maintain hideous organ banks.

More formidable than organ transplants is that technology can now interfere with genetic structures both by controlled selection and by artificial mutation. It is now possible almost at will to breed plants to suit our purpose.

Witness the tremendous advantages of the green revolution. But there are other and more fearsome methods of genetic engineering which opens up monstrous possibilities, and what goes on in the germ warfare laboratories is not for our good.

This brings me to perhaps the biggest issue that the ad-

vances of technology has created. The problem of human numbers. The population of Sri Lanka increases by 900 persons every day and by a million every three years. The effects of this enormous intrusion on the quality of living is only too obvious. There are too many people chasing too few resources.

Thirty years ago, when this Association was first formed, malaria was the chief factor which kept our population down to five million. We who have witnessed the terrible toll of human life and health taken by malaria before the war, cannot but pay abundant homage to science and technology for having helped to bring this scourge under control.

But, in consequence we seem to have upset a balance and we now have a population problem on our hands. The chief sufferer from over-population is the aggregate of factors known collectively as the quality of life.

Sheer numbers have influenced the logistics of living and we are now controlled and regimented by identity cards, ration cards, coupons and permits of every description.

Millions of people are without employment. Unemployment shackles national productivity and erodes individual personality and is the prime cause of social unrest and violence.

Crowded into every scene of human contact we are losing the values of neighbourliness and consideration for others. Courtesy and decorum are out of fashion and an unkempt insivility is taking its place.

Never before in the history of this planet has the earth been infested by such a plague of humans, living, eating, devouring, breeding and polluting every aspect of it at the expense of all other living things.

In Sri Lanka, most people are unaware of these changes. They think that what we read of as occurring in other countries is grossly exaggerated. Our only qualification to pollution status lies in the Wellawatte Canal and the contributions of the CTE. Of course, we have far more important problems.

Even as I speak on the possible future dangers to the quality of life, large numbers of

persons in Sri Lanka are more urgently concerned whether they can keep alive at all. Yet, slowly and surely, environmental problems of the rest of the world are going to crowd in on us, and we ourselves are building up local areas of stress.

Preventive action must come early. Fortunately, the Government of Sri Lanka is alive to the situation and this year, the Ministry of Planning, in collaboration with the National Science Council, have issued an excellent report on environmental management in Sri Lanka.

From the global point of view, things appear to be much more serious. In the Far East and the Far West, hundreds of industrial chimneys keep billowing forth volumes of smoke into the air, and the atmosphere is being continually fouled by exhaust fumes from belching buses, and cars causing a pall of soot, dust and gases to hang heavily over their cities.

Let us return to our own land. The air still flows clean over the hills at Hantane, the mists still sweep over the Haputale Pass, the water cascades in beauty at Dunhinda, the sun rises in majesty over Sri Pada, and silver moonlight bathes the beaches at Arugam Bay.

We, who live in this, the most beautiful land on earth, should do everything possible to keep it so. Must we bring dark crude oil from the depths of other lands to bespoll the shores at Trincomalee or foul the air at Sapugaskande?

Must we destroy the fish life in the lagoons and backwaters at Valaichenai, and the biggest blow of all, must we sacrifice that glorious rain forest at Sinharaja in exchange for some miserable plywood.

Not all the wealth that this country will ever make, nor all its piety will ever replace this national treasure once destroyed. To those who have not visited it, I ask you to go. — may I plead with you to go and you will stand as once I did, in scared awe and wonder at the silent strength and unseen power of a primeval rain forest.

You will feel a lonely mystic reverence which no amount of science can fulfil, or — perhaps when you go, you may only hear the reverberating roar of a grating bulldozer, destroying the

heart of our majestic jungles.

And this we do when all other countries are conserving their simple forests. Other countries have timber complexes, other countries have dead wooden logs, but very few countries have anything like the Sinharaja.

No. Sri Lanka's biggest asset is her natural environment and her living beauty. Let us sell the enjoyment of our sunshine, our air, our scenery, our friendliness and our oneness with nature, for foreign exchange if foreign exchange is what we want. Our skies are blue, the seas surround us and thank God that there is nothing between us and the Antarctic circle.

But, say the planners a developing country must of necessity have some sort of an industrial base. How else can there be a fusion of the material goods of life. How else can we save foreign exchange but by import substitution?

I being an economist, I do not dare an answer, but I think it will do us a lot of good if we re-assess our priorities to the light of possible environmental stress, and particularly beware of lending our environment to foreign enterprises environmentally debarrated from carrying on at home for the quality of life to us is equally precious.

It is in the realms of human feelings and experience that the quality of life is mostly appreciated, and I shall try to make a brief survey of the impact of science on some of these aspects.

Physical discomfort, deprivation, fatigue and labour have been considerably relieved. The greatest of triumphs has been the conquest of pain. It is in the area of physical sensations that science has been of greatest blessing to human life.

But far more sublime aspects relevant to the quality of human life lies in the many faceted content of human emotions. Psychologists have dissected these emotions and analysed their content. Pharmacologists with their side chains and double binds have been enlisted to help stem the tide of rising anxiety, and the therapeutic armamentarium of the physician has been effectively

reinforced by a wide variety of tranquillisers, sedatives, hypnotics and analeptic drugs.

Unfortunately, this very boon to humanity, which has been responsible for the relief of immense mental suffering and anguish, has as a result of abuse, opened the flood gates to one of the serious problems of current day society, namely the drug menace.

The whole quality of life has been artificially altered by the widespread use of mood altering drugs and the lives of many young persons are floundering on the false shores of chemical bliss. The fault lies not with the scientists but with society which makes these drugs so freely available.

Still another aspect of the quality of life is the freedom of thought and the faculty of reasoning and of judgment; faculties which are influenced by culture, education, experience and an age-long moral code.

By ingenious experiments of unlearning and fabricated re-learning and by subtle diabolical processes of brain washing, it is possible to make a complete change in an individual's personality, breaking down years of development. It is then possible to make automotons of us.

Should we not protest? Should not society rise up and cry halt to any further experiments on the working of the mind? Is this not an area where we should forbid scientific entry realising that despite all the possible good, there are graver potentialities of hideous harm.

I have spoken at length on the ills of technology that I fear I may be misunderstood as being opposed to science. Far from it. The benefits derived from technology far exceeds all harm. But, I merely want to point out that there is a writing on the wall, which, if left unheeded, may make Man not the master of technology but its slave.

The impact of science on the quality of life would not be complete if I do not mention the role of religion, since religion is a major component of the quality of life.

The discoveries of science, the systematic elucidation of the

causes of natural phenomena and the conquest of disease have eroded the dominating influence of religion on life and there seems to be less and less need for God.

While this may or may not be so, most medical men know that the vast majority of ordinary folk need a God, or if not a God, some supernatural agency and a hope or promise of a hereafter in some form or other.

The question is not whether God exists or not, or whether there is an after life or is not. The question is the part such belief plays in improving, maintaining or interfering with the quality of life.

The finest achievements of man down the centuries in every part of the world, in art, music and verse, have drawn their inspiration from religion. The ethics of science demands that the quality of life must be preserved: it should not destroy but support all measures to this end.

Some there be who lead normal lives without need for religion or a concern for the hereafter, but the great majority of persons would be hopelessly lost, drifting in the seas of unhappiness, without the anchor of a religious belief.

Science is searching for the cause of life, and religion postulates a purpose. At present, this purpose may only appear to be a conjecture. But somehow, this conjecture seems to enhance the quality of life.

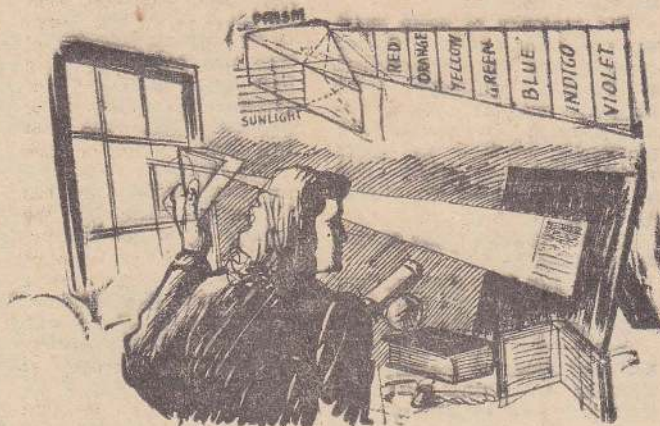
Through millions of years of evolution the human mind has evolved an innate respect and fear for the unknown. Even if fear no longer exists there is a quality about mystery that attracts our being. There is no thrill if all the cards are on the table, and life, like any other work of art, loses its beauty if viewed from too close to the canvas.

While we are, no doubt, dedicated to the advancement of science, I am tempted to say, that for most of us who are dealing with life, with hope, with suffering and with death, it is sometimes better not to know, for in the knowing we may destroy the essence of life, the will to live and the joy of living.

THIS is the age of Chemistry. A really wonderful era of Colour-Chemistry. Colourful substances found in our natural surroundings or created in the laboratory by enthusiastic chemists are the most appealing and fantastic gifts man has ever found!

Colour is so constantly evident in our daily lives that we are inclined to give it almost no conscious attention.

What is colour really? Just



Colour and you

By T. KAMAL DEAN

what happens in our eyes and the colour faculty of the brains when we perceive a colour is still a mystery. Our present knowledge about colour is no mere accident.

In 1667 at Cambridge University, the famous English scientist Sir Isaac Newton was experimenting on the study of light.

He was annoyed that his telescopes gave images fringed with colour and indistinct.

In an attempt to solve this problem, he made a detailed study of light, using a triangular glass prism for the purpose.

He worked in a darkened room, obtained a beam of sunlight through a hole in the shutter and made it shine on the prism. He noted that the white light was spread out in a rainbow strip.

Thus the spectrum was born with a myriad of beautiful colours... red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet.

Colour is a property of light rather than of bodies. Without light colour does not exist. Sunlight is not a simple form of energy, but consists of all different vibrations of light-colours travelling at thousands of trillion frequencies, each second between the short wave ultra-violet of the highest frequency and the long wave infra-red of the lowest frequency — all travelling at the same speed.

When these rays strike the eye, simultaneously they combine to produce the sensations of "white light". Thus we see the light from the sunlight contains colours which appear to cancel out each other when seen as white light.

Every substance natural or artificial, which has a chemical structure absorbs light to a greater or lesser degree, and also reflects some of it. It is these reflected rays which give the object its colour as seen by the naked eye.

For instance, leaves and flowers gradually change their colours during their life time because of chemical changes in the special chemical constituents present, named pigments colouring matters.

Colour of an opaque or semi-opaque object is, in simple terms the action of light on a chemical substance.

The special chemical bodies which are capable of making permanent use of this colour property of light are categorized as dyes, pigments, inks, and paints.

It was during Queen Victoria's reign that man found freedom from dependence upon nature's bounty to satisfy his craving for colour.

In the year 1856, an English chemist, Sir William Henry Perkin produced the first synthetic colour — aniline purple — a dye known as mauve!

Since then colouring matters

The world of new colours — the most
fantastic and exciting creation of
chemistry.

were derived from mineral, vegetable and animal sources, and very pleasing effects were sometimes obtained.

The majority of them were weak in colour value. Colour came of age with the advent of Perkins synthetic (coal tar) dye, and as a result today dyes and pigments are plentifully available in great variety, and their effect can be seen throughout the civilized world.

Colour renders great service to mankind.

Have you ever realized how much colour is involved in your work, in everyday business?

Since pre-historic times, man has used colouring matters to decorate his clothes, his surroundings, and sometimes his person. The cave paintings left by primitives are splendid illustration of man's love for colour. They painted their bodies to frighten enemies. Both primitive and modern women do the same for other purposes.

The Empress Josephine, at odds with her sister-in-law, the Duchesse of Guastalla, had the ballroom for a state reception painted blue in order to clash with the green dress worn by the Duchess.

When the Blackfriars Bridge in London was once re-painted from black to green the number of suicides from there had decreased to nearly thirty per cent.

When Glucose was poured into blue-orange coloured packs, it sold more rapidly even though the price was ten per cent higher.

I often think of my grand father who prescribed his own medicines specially for estate labourers. He used to dispense wonderful mixtures of fantastic colours... and what confidence his patients had in "coloured medicines".

He used to tell me coloured water would cure sickness if the patients had sufficient faith.

He had once treated an estate labourer for nervous exhaustion with a coloured stuff and it had worked like magic.

Yet sometimes when he had made the same mixture in a dull colour, patients had claim-

ed they felt no better once a kangany of the estate suffering from nervous debility had asked my grand father if he knew of a sure cure.

He was an intelligent chap who was careful about diet, took ample exercise and had considerable ability. But there was one hitch, his clothing was drab.

To remedy this situation my grand father tried one of the oldest tricks of medical science by giving him a placebo!

He gave him plain water coloured with an attractive colour and sweetened with sugar advising him to wear gaily coloured shirts and other attire.

In a few days he had visited my grandfather, dressed colourfully and there was indeed some improvement.

When colours are planned for sick rooms or hospital rooms a cheerful creamy pink, pale shade of apple green and Turquoise Blues are the dominant colours.

No sharply contrasting colours should be used. The paler shades of cool colours are considered to be healthy colours.

The same good-taste colour rules operate in men's and women's wear.

The blue, black serge psychology which ruled man is dead. The development has seen men's suits move through the grey-flannel craze, the nylon shirt and black trouser age and the charcoal grey era.

Now we are going from dark to light shades. Everyday more and more attractive fashionable shades are created. Navy blue.—the colour in every shade of the standard blue suit, pale browns, olive greens, grey-blues go well with most men.

Purple on the other hand, disfigures the complexion of the red-haired man. Browns and beiges are fine for the red or coppery-haired man. On the fair skinned older man, however, they make him an undistinguished blur.

Grey and blue are best for him. Yellowish brown is also

an ideal colour, though they play hot with the appearance of the older man.

Pale green, light brown, Turquoise blue, pale greyish maroon, even pale orange and purples are increasingly popular colours in shirting.

The standard white shirt though it escapes our notice gives most men a clinical appearance. A creamy white solves this problem.

Women are far more interested than men in new colours and colour-ensemble ideas.

It is safest to keep the main part of a costume in a reasonably subdued shade, and to use a brighter accent colour for small articles like bags, collars, blouses, gloves, socks, hats etc.

The brighter the colour of these areas, the fewer or smaller they should be.

Black is a protective colour. It is excellent as a suit colour for the girl who is job-hunting.

If a bit of yellow or gold is added, she is still more likely to get the job, for yellow is the colour to wear when one wishes to shine in conversation and to establish self-confidence.

Blue is subtle and more directly influential than red. Of course, it inspires interest in the male.

To catch the boy you are interested in, go in blue!

A green dress can have sex appeal, because certain greens symbolize sociability, tenderness and intensity. White represents calmness, composure, and savoir-faire. It enhances other colours.

Silver imparts charm and glamour. Gold has a lumbrous effect on the wearer. A Bluish-violet dress appeals very much to spiritual types. It seems to help make people more emotionally interested in the wearer.

A beautifully-proportioned room or a piece of furniture can be made even more pleasing by the proper use of colour.

It has been truly said that colour is the most attractive



element that enters the decorative scheme of any room or home.

In the dining room, colours should stimulate and aid digestion. Colours must be functional too. It can give a room the character which it lacks. For instance, one can "air condition" with cool colours such as green and 'heat' a room with warm colours as red.

Certain deep blues can "sleep condition" a room too. All shades of green are still favourite for walls. Pink which was a bedroom colour, has now spread its influence and is seen in living rooms, dining rooms and kitchen as well. When it is combined with warm grey, medium light bottle green, and

darker blue-plum, it adds up to an interior colour scheme that is harmonious and intensely feminine without being anemic.

Soft plum can be used with excellent effect with modern furniture. Aquamarine walls give a cool look, while coral coloured walls have a welcoming warmth.

Neutral grey, beige, chocolate browns are likely to prove more practical on floors because colourful rugs occupy the centre of the area.

Some of the most satisfactory wall colours are yellow yellowish grey, apple green, bluish green and turquoise.

Have ceilings lighter than the walls, using pale pink ivory white, or a tint of the wall colour.

If the ceiling is low, white is the best colour to give height

Museums are certainly not to be overlooked with their abundant collections of paintings and sculpture. One also notices exotically coloured marine and wild life in aquariums and zoos. Apart from what we have in our natural surroundings to stimulate our search for colour ideas, we also have beautifully coloured photographs in magazines. We should carefully study these to see how colour groupings have been arranged.

Where a colourful atmosphere abounds, there is love, peace, calmness of mind, harmony, happiness and success in every way. Living colourfully works like magic. Try and see it yourself!

The tea room that was Ceylon's Runnymede

"If you bring a guest to Cave's Tea Room SHE will appreciate the compliment".

This was the superbly subtle sales line of H. W. Cave and Co. about the most popular rendezvous in Colombo before and after the World War One.

Today, all but the oldest residents of Colombo are unaware that H. W. Caves were among several other things the caterers of the best culinary fare in Colombo.

In the process Cave's made history — the history of Sri Lanka, or Ceylon as it was then known.

Sir Oliver Goonetilleke, has described in his biography how he used to meet Mr. D. S. Senanayake and Mr. D. R. Wijewardene at Cave's Tea Room to map out the strategy of the struggle for constitutional reforms. Cave's have every right to the claim of being regarded as the Runnymede of Ceylon.

Cave's in those days sold everything from cakes to cars. They were the agents of "The Pierce Arrow" described as the Rolls Royce of America, the Apperson, Kissel, Chandler, Columbia Paige, Amco, Liberty and Cleveland. All these were American cars. Among the

British cars, Cave's were agents for the Hillman and Singer.

They were also the agents for the Burford and Paige lorries and the Ariel motor-cycle and bicycles.

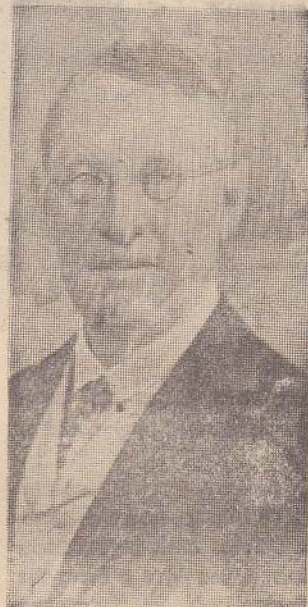
It was in 1923 that Cave's gave up their interest in cars. This section of the business was acquired by A. P. Rowlands, who founded the firm of Rowlands Garages Ltd.

While Cave's have been well known in the book trade since the inception of the firm in 1876, there was an even earlier connection with transport in the last century. This was in 1896, when the firm took to engineering and carriage works through a subsidiary firm known as "Lanka Works". This firm lasted only two years.

Books and printing have been the firm's main lines of business. The firm was founded by H. W. Cave, who came to Ceylon as private secretary to the Anglican bishop, Dr. Reginald Copleston. The bishop's patronage helped Cave for within a few years he invited two brothers in England, A. W. Cave and S. Cave, to join his firm in Colombo.

The firm made such rapid progress that it ventured into the printing business and also the import of pianos, harmoniums and other musical instruments.

As the business progressed, more members of the Cave family joined the firm in Colombo while Barlow Moore, who was the first manager of the



H. W. CAVE

firm's printing press, also persuaded his brother in the U.K. to join the firm.

The Caves and Moors also persuaded relatives and friends in the U.K. to come to Ceylon, for Sir Thomas Vickers has recorded that in 1910 the firm had 18 European employees.

This figure was certainly not a record but the Caves and the Moors preserved a family atmosphere about the firm with those who returned home for their retirement acting as representatives for the firm in the U.K.

D. J. M.

EACH year, several of our prominent writers, and their favourite acolytes, go in public procession to the common laundromat, exhibiting, and sometimes actually scrubbing their dirty linen as they go along.

The bystander, contemplating this amusing spectacle, may perhaps call it an innocent divertissement, a well-earned relaxation from the rigours of artistic creation.

The informed observer of the literary scene will instantly dismiss such a charitable explanation, for he knows that in traducing one another, these writers bring to the surface the intense rivalries, the jealousies, and the nagging sense of insecurity endemic to their small, fiercely competitive world.

Yet this is not all. Behind the wild accusations and bitter invective, one almost always finds intimations of deeper issues which go beyond the

Politics of art

liberally employed, but there was no systematic engagement with opposing points of view.

Even so, the debate (such as it was) did reveal that an extremely important dimension has entered into current thinking about the arts.

The concept of political art is a recent arrival in this country. While neighbouring India possesses a vital tradition of political art, and has practised it long and well, our artistic

"Grub first, morals later," they say with Brecht, and call for an art that meshes with their experiences: their hopes, deprivations, frustrations. The more socially aware among these young people demand political art because that is the only kind of art which makes sense to them.

Such a demand may not be couched in elegant academic terms; indeed, it may not be articulate at all. But it expresses itself in the rejection of or at least in the turning away from, the works traditionally held in high regard for their aesthetic qualities.

This is happening in our country. Several Sinhala authors of high standing have recently bemoaned the fact that young people no longer seem to care about their writings. The veiled criticism is that the youth of today do not have the capacity to appreciate their work. The truth, more likely is that the available work of these writers has failed to be meaningful to the emerging readership.

The interest in political art,

By A. J. GUNAWARDANA

merely personal, and both disturb and animate the participants. The indecorous displays of animosity and of vindictiveness that our writers periodically indulge in are worth some attention for this reason only.

The most recent controversy touched upon political art. To be sure, those who took part did not address themselves to the central complexities of the subject; indeed, many of them seemed incapable of doing so.

The familiar terminology associated with the theme was

establishment has generally looked upon it with contempt and distaste.

Our academics may concede that Shione's Fontamara is a great play. Yet they reject the possibility of political "art."

This curious state of affairs is not peculiar to our country, but here it has prevailed rather too long. Now the establishment view is being challenged — increasingly after the seismic events of 1971 — by young people no longer hooked on "the eternal verities."

Now the Establishment view is being challenged by young people who demand political art because that is the only kind of art which makes sense to them.

and the habit of mind that immediately connects subject matter to social process, are spreading. A highly desirable development, and one that should be fostered. But is the call for significance and relevance receiving an adequate response? Here we come to the less promising part of the picture.

Take theatre as a case in point. Let us, for the moment, forget the censor, everybody's bogey-man, and consider what has been legally staged.

Over the past two or three years there have been several Sinhalese theatrical productions which have received high praise for their socio-political content, and their progressive viewpoints. Most recently there was *Rathasi Uvasi Uvadura* ("The Menace of the Red Eyes") which had a spot of trouble with the censor.

A "historical-contemporary" parable, the play derives its name from a pestilence said to have occurred in the reign of the famous Sinhalese king Sirisangabo. The supposed historical events are re-interpreted, and verbally connected to the present. But the connection is forced and tenuous, and serves only as ploy to get in a few side-swipes at politicians.

The re-interpretation itself does not help to clarify the nature of historical process or of power politics. In fact the whole *raison d'être* of the play can be gleaned from the title the author attempts to invert the phrase and give it symbolic meaning: what menace for some (the few, the oppressed) is liberation for others (the many, the oppressed.)

A clever notion, but tortured, cumbersome and confused in the realization, and amounting to little more than a series of rhetorical statements, linked to a series of theatrical postures.

'*Rathasi Uvadura*' crystallizes the essential weaknesses of much politically motivated theatre in Sri Lanka. The only difference between it and the more successful pieces is a

semi-professional slickness and verbal dexterity.

Audiences who applaud such pieces are merely carried away by the raucous asides and the hard-hitting rhetoric. But then the accomplished political speaker manipulates his listeners in a similar manner. In other words, what audiences receive is a substitute for true political theatre. Ultimately, they are defrauded. But there are exceptions—such as '*Ahasin Vatunu Minussu*' a superb piece of social observation and analysis, and '*Devlova Yankan*' a neat satirical parable. These plays work out their themes structurally, through plot, character, situation, unlike '*Rathasi Uvadura*' and its ilk which care little for structural coherence and integrity, and depend largely on flashy dialogue.

One might say, then, that there is less to Sinhala political theatre than meets the eye. But could we legitimately expect more in this initial phase, with the censor hovering in the background?

I am sure we can, the dread monster notwithstanding. The trouble, I suggest, is less with the censor than with playwrights who fail to encounter creatively the social reality around them.

Considering what some of them choose for translation or adaptation—Anouilh, Ionesco—one might wonder whether they are ghosts from a European past. Even when foreign plays directly germane to our situation are chosen, emasculation invariably takes place. A patina of sentimentality settles on vigorous dialectics; gritty comedy is reduced to broad farce.

Nonetheless, the widening awareness of the socio-political dimension of art has created a climate in which every dramatist must be, or at least appear to be concerned with politically and socially significant material.

The outcome of this imperative can be good, bad, or just

odd. In the last category, we have the recent transfiguration suffered by '*Nani Sena*'. This perfectly adequate work has been "modernized" with additional stage business, placards and banners and recast in the interests of "relevance."

What the play gains by all this is unclear. One is thankful that the playwright didn't tamper with his own marvellous text.

Seevall Illangasinghe, the twenty-four year old painter who held his third public show last month, is a striking mixture of the traditional and the modern. He is both craftsman and artist: he makes his own paints, mainly from locally available material, moulds low relief style paintings on a sawdust base, paints on practically anything (hardboard, jute-hessian, plywood) and frames his work himself.

As if this isn't enough, he makes further innovations—the paintings are neither numbered nor titled. Such aids, he says, are superfluous where his works are concerned.

Their meanings should be clear to all. Furthermore the paintings are not price-tagged; the sale, so to say, is by private treaty. This is his gesture against commercialism in art.

Last, but not the least, Illangasinghe is an autodidact par excellence. He has painted as long as he can remember, but has never received formal instruction in art. Born and bred in the Vanni he made his way to the city several years ago. His work reflects this dual heritage: dark, sombre colours; bold, thick energetic lines; but unmistakably modernistic shapes and contours.

In last month's exhibition, the human form predominated. Some of the pieces looked derivative, but the artist disclaims any direct influences.

The show as a whole was suggestive not so much a personality as of the prolific energies of a man who just has to paint.

Help your parents to save

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,

I HOPE all of you did enjoy your holidays and that you are back at school with the thought of working hard this year.

Let me thank all of you who sent me Christmas and New Year greetings. I too wish everyone of you a happy and prosperous year.

I think you might have all realized that this is going to be a very important year, in which we will all have to work hard if we are to prevent more hardships coming our way.

The world oil-crisis means that Sri Lanka will have to pay very much more for oil and petrol and also cut down on their use.

What has caused this crisis?

Well the Arab states from where most of the world buys its oil are refusing to sell oil to some countries like the USA and have increased the price of their oil to other countries because they want the Israelis to give them back the land they captured in the six day war of 1967.

Daddy should be knowing all about it.

Since the other countries have done nothing about this demand, the Arabs decided on using oil as a weapon.

All this proves that war brings trouble to the whole world. One war leads to many others and people will suffer endlessly.

There are certainly hard times ahead. But when we see difficulties, we should not run away and bury our heads in the sand like the ostrich. Instead we must face things as cheerfully as possible.

For instance your parents must have already told you that bus fares will increase and there will be fewer buses.

The best thing we can all do—is to stop grumbling, and wherever possible save money and petrol by simply walking. Our great grandfathers did not have buses, and they walked wherever they wanted to go—and what a lot of good it did to them.

Talking of great-grandfathers, wouldn't it be fun to ride in a hackery. How many of you I wonder have travelled in one.

Well I love to go in one as I get the feeling that there is plenty of time ahead of me and that there are lots of things I could quietly see and enjoy on such a drive.

So, there will also be an interesting side to everything if we only know to look for it.

I would like all of you to keep on writing on any subject that interests you and letters or essays of a high standard will be published in these columns.

Do keep on sending in your entries for this month's competition which closes on February 15.

Bye now and best of luck
AUNTY HANNAH

This month's competition

WRITE in not more than 200 words what you know about the present oil shortage. The best entry received will be awarded a prize of Rs. 25.

Jumbles

TRY your hand at un-jumbling the following jumbles so as to get the meaning indicated against every jumble:—

GELLEY — A sad song. Sometimes for the day.

YARFFT — Lots of fun. Perhaps a birthday.

TIPSEL — Involves blood poisoning.

HIRTTY — Three score and ten are halved.

IOEOFF — This is where daddy goes every morning.

ALLSW — We painted them at Christmas time.

EWNIS — Display of strength? VIEMO — Who doesn't like to go for one?

OUSEM — The cat caught one.

BBLEBA — Talk you cannot understand.

MOURRA — They go to war in it.

SOKOB — This is the time for buying them.

NNERSMA — You'd show you lack them if you speak with your mouth full.

STHOI — They do it to flags or banners.

DOPRNA — Say it to excuse yourself.

RYSTOIH — It tells stories of the past.

CLOD — Don't you feel it on a January morning?

DLEF — The coward did this at battle. And the thief, too, when one saw him.

SSAGR — In parks they ask you to keep off it.

ANSWERS: Elegy, Party, Septic, Thirty, Office, Walls, Sineu, Movie, Mouse, Babble, Armour, Books, Manners, Hoist, Pardon, History, Cold, Fied, Grass.

LAST MONTH'S WINNER

The winner of last month's prize is:—

MISS ALMA VIRGINIA SORIS,

St. Anne's Balika Vidyalaya, Wattala.

The royal pipe

THE customers who had gathered in the tea kiosk waited looking at Hapan Hamu expecting him to relate another tale about his famous adventures. Hapan Hamu duly obliged

“Long long ago when I was about twenty seven years, I had a strange dream one night I saw myself in a land in which the people called themselves Tomarans. They were all clad in white robes. One thing that struck me about the people there was that everyone of them had grey hair. But strangely enough they did not look old. Some of them indeed looked little children.

I thought about the strange dream for a long time. I was quite certain some strange adventure was coming my way. And sure enough no sooner had I finished my breakfast, that I heard something like a buggy cart stopping at the door.

And to my surprise who should step out but two men in robes of white — very much like the people in my dream.

Then the two men walked in looking very solemn their eyes downcast. Without looking up one of them spoke. ‘Sire’ he began. ‘We come from across the seas from the land of Tomara. We come with summons from our good king Kai ti-ti-lo-ko.

The land of Tomara has been for the last hundred years plunged in a deep sorrow, whose causes more but courageous and clever man like you can remove.

To make a long story short, I stepped into the carriage which had white doors and

white seats — obviously signs of mourning.

After much travelling we finally arrived in the land I had seen in my dream. I gazed in wonderment at its likeness to all I had seen. The streets had white banners. Everyone walked with their eyes down and no one spoke to his neighbour. There was complete silence everywhere.

It was the same in the king's palace. It was a big, bare hall with no furniture, some black wooden desk and a white wooden chair. On the chair sat King Kri ti-ti-lo-ko on whose summons I was there.

I learnt that Tomara land was in mourning for hundred years because the Royal smoking pipe was lost. And if a dynasty ruled for more than three generations without the pipe, there would be utter disaster in the country.

The pipe it seemed had been lost by his great grandfather somewhere in a forest when he was returning from a hunt.

It was learnt that a dragon who lived in a cave in the forest had the royal pipe.

I also learnt that the pipe was kept inside the cave and that the dragon left the cave only to find food — which consisted mainly of leaves. But he never wandered far, and since he had eyes all over his body he could always see any man approaching the cave.

One morning — about four days after I had undertaken the task — I was carefully looking around the cave for a way of entering it, when suddenly — its iron door swung open and out puffed the head of the dragon with a sound like that of a hundred train engines.

I was so alarmed, that dropping my precious betel-pouch I ran away to a safe distance.

Then to my utter surprise the fellow came out and seeing my betel pouch lying there started pulling it open with his teeth.

When he found the betel leaves, the fellow at once put them in his mouth and together with arecanuts which he began chewing the leaves.

I was surprised that the leaves had a wonderful effect on him. In no time he was rolling about among the shrubs in obvious delight at this taste. And seeing this, I at once pulled out another bundle of betel leaves which I had tucked into my sarong before leaving the country, and threw them at him. Was he delighted? He actually seemed to smile and his eyes took on a delighted look. I was watching amazed, when slowly one by one his eyes began to shut drowsily. A while later the dragon was fast asleep — looking harmless as a child.

I needn't tell you the rest of course. I took my chance. Dashing into the cave I snatched the royal pipe which was a yard long and very heavy — and ran away to the king's palace.

What rejoicing there was in Tomada land that day!

The next day when I wanted to leave, they wouldn't hear of it. ‘Hapan Hamu, thou must remain here and be our next king’.

The King himself offered me a portion of his kingdom and the hand of his lovely daughter in marriage.

But I could not think of it. For how would I live without my betel leaves. So with great reluctance they let me leave. Even to this day, the king writes to me begging me to take over his government. Do you not believe it — some home and I will show you his letters.

A mother's prayer

KUSUMAWATHIE sat alone in the little kitchen of her cadjan hut, wondering how she was going to feed and clothe her five-year-old twins after the month was over. The little money which her husband, Sarlis, had left her when he died the previous month was almost finished. It was with difficulty that she had managed to get along so far. The odd jobs she had done in the village had not helped much.

The twins Chitra and Chandra were asleep on their mat. She had given them their dinner of some manioc with a sambol made out of green chillies. The manioc and the chillies were from their small chena which Sarlis had cultivated with her help. That was fortunate she thought, for she could no longer afford to buy bread or flour. And soon, the last bit of tea and sugar would be over.

Kusumawathie finished her meal which was the remnants of the children's dinner, and drank water out of a coconut shell from the earthenware pot, almost emptying the pot. Then she washed her tin plate and put out the fire, by the faint light of which she had eaten, closed the doors of the hut and went to sleep beside her children. But first, with tears in her eyes she prayed with all her heart that she would be able to afford to look after her children. Little did she realise how soon her prayer would be answered!

* * *
Chitra and Chandra were playing on the strip of grass near the chena and she was watering the chili plants when Luchamy the old woman who lived alone in one of the neighbouring huts and who

knew everything that happened in the village, came to her in a state of great excitement and said that there had been a burglary in the house of the rich mudalali at the end of the lane that led to the main road.

"The mudalali's wife has lost some valuable sarees and jewellery and the cookwoman has vanished. The police are trying to find her," ended Luchamy, pausing for breath.

Kusumawathie put down her pot of water. "Then they will be needing a cook—and I can cook well, you know that Luchamy," she cried. "Please take me there at once!"

By **ASTRID
KURUPPU**

And so it happened that Kusumawathie became the cook in the mudalali's house. She was to come in the mornings, and return home in the evenings. The mudalali's wife preferred to have the servants away from the house after the burglary.

"You will be well paid," she told Kusumawathie. "I hear from old Luchamy that you are a good cook, and I think we will get on well," she added, noting Kusumawathie's thank young face. "But—you know what happened last night—you must be honest and trustworthy."

Kusumawathie gave her assurances and gladly set to work in the big kitchen, knowing that the twins were safe with Luchamy, who had agreed to look after them in her absence. But, while she was preparing

the lunch for the mudalali and his wife, the twins felt hungry. Luchamy gave them some boiled jak which she had brought from her home. This, however, was not enough for the twins. Besides, they missed their mother.

"Let us go to the big house," said Chitra to Chandra. "It is not far away. Amma will be cooking there and we can get something to eat from her."

So, while Luchamy was busy gathering firewood from the jungle behind the chena, they slipped out and ran along the lane to the mudalali's house. They went through the small gate at the back into the kitchen and Kusumawathie scolded them for leaving Luchamy. "Now she will be looking for you. Go back at once!"

"But, Amma, we are hungry," protested Chitra. "We thought you would give us something to eat."

Kusumawathie turned away to hide the tears that welled in her eyes. Quickly she made a parcel of rice, meat and vegetables. "Here, take this," she told them. "Share it with Luchamy."

The twins went away happily. They had never before seen such a meal and were anxious to get back home as soon as possible to eat it. But, as they neared the rear gate, a dog came round the corner of the house and sprang towards them, barking.

Thoroughly frightened, the twins ran through the gate and shut it, just in time, as the dog reached it. But in her haste Chandra had dropped the parcel and its contents lay scattered on the ground. The dog stopped barking and quickly began to eat the meal which they had set their hearts on eating.

Meanwhile, the sound of the dog's barking had brought the mudalali's wife and Kusumawathie to the scene.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked the mudalali's wife, seeing the spilt rice and curry and looking angrily at Kusumawathie. "And who are these children?"

Kusumawathie tremulously explained. Her mistress's face softened. Smilingly she beckoned to the twins.

"What nice little children they are!" she exclaimed, chasing the dog away and opening the gate. "You are a lucky woman, Kusumawathie. Why didn't you tell me about them?"

Getting on with parents

FOR CHILDREN who have to deal with parents every-day and who do always understand their moods, life can become trying somewhat. Here are some hints that I am sure would help you to understand and get on with them better.

The average parent can be very irritating but getting annoyed with them or showing your temper does no good, sometimes it does much harm.

When the family is seated to dinner, talking, it is very unwise for the child to get up because if he gets up it is very likely that one of them would ask, "while you are up, will you please go and bring my pen."

So the best thing one can do if you don't want to go round the house for these endless errands is to sit still and try to listen to what they are saying.

During this age most parents take to gardening. They would dig out some plants and replace them with something else, and

Kusumawathie could not speak. In her heart was a great thankfulness. Her mistress had gathered the twins in her arms and was taking them to the house. "Get them something to eat at once!" she called out to Kusumawathie. "They will eat at the table with my husband and myself."

Kusumawathie ran forward, kneeling before her and kissed her feet.

"Come, come, there's no need for that!" said her mistress. "You see, we have no children, and we will look after your children as if they were our own. The three of you can stay here for as long as you like. Now get up, young woman, and bring your children their lunch!"

change the places of some flower-pots. After some hours of this to most of us the garden looks the same but the parent doesn't. However it is always wise to keep quiet without pointing this out.

When one of them says, "you are NOT to stay very late at Anne's party" or something like that, it does no good to point out that you are old enough to take care of yourself.

Remember they always compare your age with theirs and don't like to accept the fact that you're "old enough" because that means THEY are getting old. So they would always prefer to have you as their little one.

The fact that you are just a few inches shorter than them doesn't matter to them.

In conclusion, I would like to say that it is useless trying to change parents. They are going to be that way, anyway.

SANDYA SUMATHIPALA

Inventive minds

THAT Indian children had a large fund of ingenuity and inventiveness was there for everyone to see recently when President V. V. Giri inaugurated the second national science exhibition for children in New Delhi. On display were more than 500 exhibits made by schoolchildren from all over the country.

The range of the exhibits was wide and reflected the enthusiasm, motivation, perception and creativity in the youth of the country in full measure. There were all kinds of gadgets: to provide entertainment, to test one's mental uptake, and to speed up domestic work.

One of the eye-catching exhibits was made by four students from Coimbatore. On inserting a ten-paise coin, the curtain of a temple's inner sanctum would open and one saw the image of Krishna being bathed in milk while a recorded devotional song was played.

A Delhi student went around in a bright red "go-car" which he claimed travelled at 60 kilometres an hour and consumed one litre of petrol every 40 kilometres. He had fabricated the "go-car" himself after buying the American engine in an auction for Rs. 700.

For the housewife, there was a "puri-making machine," designed by a student from Sholapur in Maharashtra. The machine, which could be operated by hand or by an electric motor, flattens flour and fries the "puris". It could also be converted into an automatic sieving machine.

Some of the other exhibits included a combined fire, light, sound and intruder alarm, a model to avoid accidents on railway crossings, an improvised model of the Van de Graff generator and various kinds of slot machines. — ("Overseas Hindustan Times", New Delhi).

Sky-racked!

I'VE told you about my wife, haven't I? I thought I had so my latest little adventure, which was all on account of her—as usual—will come as no surprise to you. Amazing woman, my wife. She's got the worst memory of any woman—she remembers everything. She remembered reading about Air Ceylon's big problem, the shortage of trained pilots, and she decided that it would be an excellent idea if I trained for such a well-paid cushy job. Me, I don't think it is so good. Anyway, I went along to the Air Ceylon Flying Training Academy to try my luck, I thought I might need it. Lots of it.

They welcomed me with open arms. After all, I was paying for the training! An aircraft—not "aeroplane", please we flying types are a bit sensitive—was dragged out. It looked like something the cat had dragged in. A weird contraption which appeared to be held together with bits of string and bent wire.

The pilot told me to get into the rear cockpit. Reminded me somewhat of the pathetic shambles aboard the Victory, with Nelson down for the count in the cockpit madly kissing Hardy in all directions. Shouldn't have thought Nelson was that type, not with Lady Hamilton, and all. Be that as it may I had no desire to kiss the pilot. Except perhaps after we landed, if ever.

I plugged the end of the cable hanging from my helmet into the only hole I could find for it. Strangely enough it was the right one and connected me to the pilot via the intercom.

This was something I could have done without. The pilot, who seemed a little distraught, told me to get myself strapped in.

At last we took off and I am

now airborne. Unfortunately my stomach is not. It's still down there on the airstrip.

Up here there is space; to my right there is space; to my left there is space. Above and below there is more space. I realised that the pilot wasn't joking when he'd told me to strap myself in. I hastened to obey. Evidently flying is dangerous.

We are climbing. It is a queer sensation. I am sweating hot and cold, like the bathroom taps. We are a long way above the earth. Too far.

I have no confidence in the pilot, he has too many knobs to fiddle with. I think it is the

By BRIAN CLIFFORD

first time he has flown, he doesn't seem to know which knob to select. He has no confidence in his passenger. He knows it is the first time I have flown.

I realise I have no parachute. A bad moment. Then I realise that the pilot hasn't one, either. That consoles me. A little.

We are diving. My stomach, which was far below, is now suspended in the air above. This is worrying. I wish it would stay in one place.

I close my eyes. We are going right through the earth. Hold it! The pilot has found the right knob, we are climbing again. It is still the same sensation but I'm getting used to it, I think.

I can now look round and pick out familiar landmarks. There's the airstrip down there. It looks too small to land on. Perhaps it is. Doubtless I shall find out in due course.

There's the Galle Road. Now I know where I am. It's easy

this flying. Apoi! Somebody's tipped the Galle Road over sideways. They haven't. It's that pilot again. He's got his plane stuck up on one wing, I hope he can get it level again.

He's done it and we're flying out over the sea. This appears to serve no useful purpose as we're too high really to appreciate the scenery on the beach. Besides, from this height you can't tell whether they're stewardesses or just ordinary tourists.

I feel that going over the sea is very unwise. I can't swim. Besides, there are no landmarks so we might get lost. I offer the pilot my motor map of Sri Lanka. Apparently it isn't much help, particularly as it wraps itself around his face.

The sea rushes up to meet us, I looked round frantically for the life-boat. There isn't one.

The pilot gets his face clear and we climb again. I spot the CGR Coast Line. We turn and follow it. I think perhaps we may get some place now—the trains do, when there's no fuel shortage, that is.

This is grand. I'm going to like flying. I doze and dream of the stewardesses. One of them is airborne and I'm flying after her. She's practically in my arms when the aircraft loses hundreds of feet in one lump. Like a lift. Only worse.

We are over the National State Assembly. Must be one of their celebrated hot-air pickets we hit. Probably the burning question of the oil we haven't got. My stomach again fails to catch up.

The pilot decides to call it a day and follows the Galle Road back. I lean over the side and sneer at the bus queues. Poor saps, I think. They should try flying.

There is the airstrip. We are coming in to land. My stomach is catching up at last. We are on the ground. Apparently the bumps are all part of the game—like most of the roads.

The engine is switched off. I climb out of the aircraft and stamp on the solid soil of Sri Lanka.

I have awaited. Not to worry. By next week I'll be flying a Boeing 747!

Profile

Mr. Golf is Mr. Big Business, too

THE name, Warusahen-nedige Pinsiripai Fernando, may not ring a bell among our reading public, but if one says "Pin" Fernando, then at once the reader conjures up a picture of a snow-white golf ball soaring across the green to make a hole-in-one!

Mr. Fernando (pictured on the opposite page) has put Sri Lanka's name in thick, bold type on the golf map of our part of the world, but he also controls a financial empire with multifarious interests.

Pin Fernando had his early education at Royal College and Ananda and was accepted by Queen's College, Cambridge, to read for his B.Sc. (Econ.) degree.

Just as this time his father Mr. W. D. Fernando, was taken seriously ill of a coronary ailment and "Pin" dutifully stayed back and shouldered the business burdens so far carried by him.

"Pin" joined the Commercial and Mercantile sector of United Motors Ltd. and United Tractor and Equipment Ltd. and brought a youthful outlook and a national way of thinking to these two organisations.

On his father's death in 1953, he became Chairman and Managing Director of United Tractor and Equipment Ltd. and Chairman of United Motors Ltd. From this point, there was no looking back. He developed these organisations with dedication and fervour and placed them on a sound financial footing.

In 1955, he formed the Pure Beverages Co., Ltd., as a public company.

Mr. Fernando considers as his greatest achievement, both from a personal as well as a national view, the formation, in 1959, of the Ceylon Development Engineering Co., Ltd. for the purpose of harnessing the extensive local engineering skills for heavy construction in civil engineering.

At that time this was almost exclusively the preserve of foreign contractors and, to a small extent, of the Irrigation Department.

In 15 years CDE has become a by-word in engineering circles for heavy construction and has become recognised as the leading company for such work in Sri Lanka, having successfully completed many multi-purpose dam projects like the massive Moussakelle dam roads, tunnels (they are now deep in the bowels of the earth at Bowatenne for the tunnel for Stage 2 of the Mahaweli Division Project), power-houses and earthen dams.

CDE is now recognised and prequalified to tender for World Bank financed projects, not only in Sri Lanka but also in the international field.

Mr. Fernando calculates that foreign exchange saved by Sri Lanka so far on projects undertaken by CDE amounts to 15 to 20 per cent. of the foreign component of the contract values of the pro-

jects and would total approximately Rs. 20,000,000.

"Pin" Fernando, of course, would not be "Pin" Fernando unless one pictures him swinging away on the links.

He has been amateur golf champion of Sri Lanka ten times since 1947. He was All-India amateur golf champion in 1952 and 1954 and runner up in 1964 and 1967. He was the open golf champion of Sri Lanka in 1973 and the Wills open golf champion of India in 1973.

He played in the Royal College cricket team in 1942.

Golf runs in the family too. His wife, Pam, was three times Ladies golf champion of Sri Lanka and was the first Ceylonese woman to win the Ceylon title.

Daughter Tiru Fernando was twice ladies golf champion of Sri Lanka and is the current holder of the title and the present holder of the All-India ladies golf title. She was also the Malayan Open Golf Tournament champion in 1972. Tiru performed very creditably in various open tournaments in the UK and France in 1973. She plays to a handicap of one at the Royal Colombo Golf Club ladies' course.

Son Priath Fernando plays to a handicap of four at the Royal Colombo Golf Club and has won various club tournaments.

TEXT: A Felician Fernando.

PICTURE: D. M. Kodagoda.



X'word No. 5 — the winners

(Continued from Page 15)

Widdan, ... Road,
Negombo.
S. G. I. Poman, c/o Orchid
Connares, 10, Harrington Place,
Colombo-7.
Ithigar, Maudeen, 30, Glen-
sabar Place, Colombo-3.
Miss Ratanie Fernando,
112 1/1, Gall Road, Colombo-4.
A. O. F. useem, People's
Bank, Samanthurai, EP.
Miss S. Hawella, P6, Ander-
son Golf Lin Flats, Narahen-
pita, Colombo.
Mrs. E. de Silva "Lilian Cot-
tage", Kanda.
Mrs. Neelachie Karunaratne,
277, R. A. de Mel Mawatha,
Colombo-3.
A. R. Xaer, Rasawatta,
Kallady, Batticaloa.
S. P. Xavie, 15/2, Mathews
Road, Jaffna.
R. Yogalingam 90/5, Deiyana-
newela, Kanc.
J. S. Jirajah, 241/3,
Quarry Road, Dehiwala.
Mrs. H. Daniel, 14, 32nd Lane,
Colombo-6.
A. Ivor Root, 19/2, Hath-
bodiya Road, Dehiwala.
F. Z. Samih, Range Estate,
Munupitiya, Attala.
Premanie Arunaratne, 277,
R. A. de Mel Mawatha,
Colombo-3.
Miss M. Luratia, c/o Gem-
light Shoe Palace, Brownrigg
Street, Kand.
C. J. D. Als, 154, Peradeniya
Road, Kandy.
J. M. Bapst, Sup. A, Shop
32 CGR, Ranalana.
T. Sivakumar, 46, 3rd
Cross Street, Jaffna.
Frank Saara-weera, 19/9,
Sulaiman Terrace, Colombo-5.
Mrs. D. I. Garth, A15,
Samaranaya Square, Well-
sara, Ragam.
N. G. de Iva, 56/1, Ward
Place, Colomb-7.
Ravindra Arunaratne, 277,
R. A. de Mel Mawatha,
Colombo-3.
T. M. Ranan, 562, Galle
Road, Colomb-3.
M. Shabdr, 19/5, Malabar
Cross Street, Gampola.
T. Anverole, 77, Katu-
kurunda, Matuwa.

Miss May de Lima "Corima",
65A, Galle Road, Dehiwala.
W. W. J. Wijesingae, 101/1,
Galle Road, Mount Lavinia.
Miss C. H. Jirasiha, 23, Haras-
gama Walatuwe, Matale.
Mrs. Sheila Attygalle, 15/6,
Maitland Crescent, Colombo-7.
Mrs. D. E. Fernando, 23,
Annie Avenue, Dehiwala.
Felix Lazarus, "Frig Cot",
Mousakelle, Maskeliya.
J. Pushparajah, 127, Welivita,
Kaduwela.
Miss Vivienne Roof, 75, Mee-
ranyia Street, Colombo-12.
E. L. de Souza, 10, Campbell
Place, Dehiwala.
Freddie Schoorman, Perera
Avenue, Kohuwela.
Neville F. Lisk, 180, Gregory
Road, Badulla.
A. J. Gunasekera, 175/32, Pic-
kerings Road, Kotahena.
Miss Rusira, Cumaratunga,

J. B. M. Barthelot, 5,
Resthouse Road, Batticaloa.
Daniel P. Gunasingam,
"Marylands", Earialai North,
Earialai.
S. Ranjithan, 3, Kawdana
Road, Dehiwala.
R. Kathiravelu, F46, Raja-
watte, Peradeniya.
Lakshantha Fernando, 52,
Meda Welikada Road, Raja-
giriya.
J. F. X. Bocks, 50/14, Jaya-
suriya Mawatha, Kanda.
M. St. C. Blacker, 16, 32nd
Lane, Colombo-6.
D. M. Wickremasinghe,
N/Batagolla MV, Watumulla.
Mrs. G. S. Miskin, 133/24,
Wattegedera Road, Nawinna,
Maharagama.
Mrs. V. Kandasamy, 40, Pa-
manakada Lane, Wellawatte.
Miss Dilys Schoorman, Perera
Avenue, Kohuwela.
M. A. H. Raseen, 23, Hospital
Road, Dehiwala.
R. Motha, The Central Medi-
cal Stores, Kandy.
V. Ganeshan, 316, Anpuryal-
puram, Trincomalee.
Mrs. M. Selvarani, 127, Well-
vita, Kaduwela.
K. Balasundararajah, Govern-
ment Analyst's Department,
Colombo-7.
Bertram Labrooy, 32, Sama-
thul Lane, Trincomalee, (Two).
Nelson Samarasingha, C-13, De
Soyza Flats, Moratuwa.
Mrs. Rancee Muthiah, 7, Hos-
pital Road, Batticaloa.
B. R. de Vesser, Government
Press, Colombo-8.
Randolph Savundranayagam,
212/1A, Quarry Road, Dehiwala.
J. B. Perera, 228, Kotte Road,
Mirihana.
G. W. Wimalasena, Executive
Engineer's Office, Ambalangoda.
M. I. M. Deen, 340, New
Street, Wellgama.
M. A. M. Kamal, 49, Vauxhall
Lane, Colombo-2.
W. L. S. Fernando, "Romu-
eida", Marawila.
Mrs. J. Pieris, "Win-Est-Ern",
Prince of Wales Avenue, Mora-
tuwa.
H. B. Liyanage, 83, Gothami
Road, Colombo-8.
(Continued on Page 43)

X'word No. 5

SOLUTION

ACROSS: 1. Secs. 5. Arc.
7. Trace. 8. So. 9. Wistful
11. Ss. 12. Cap. 13. Try. 14.
Eg. 15. Tie. 17. Sands.
DOWN: 1. St. 2. Er. 3.
Cast. 4. Scoff. 6. Cures. 9.
Words. 10. Spite. 11. Speed
15. Ta. 6. In.

Pallinulla, Panadura.
Mallika de Zoysa, c/o Dr.
Christie Fernando, Norton
Bridge.
Moham Alwis, 10B, Nikape
Road, Dehiwala.
A. Silva, P.O. Box 885,
Colombo-1.
M. A. M. Hasim, 102/5, Bope
Road, Galle.
Miss Asha Mather, 110, Main
Street, Jaffna.
Ignatius Rodrigo, 80 A3, Kada-
watte Road, Dehiwala.
M. Thangarayan, Kalkudah
Road, Valaichenal.
D. D. Kulatunge, c/o Richard
and Co, 50, King Street, Kandy.

To withstand stress & strain

THE human brain is a wonderful organ. Nature has provided it with an array of forces designed to withstand stress and strain to help us whenever we are disturbed or perturbed. These are remarkable healing powers of the mind.

Spontaneous recoveries from emotional ailments are common, although we do not give credit to our minds for bringing comfort and ease to us. It is sound sleep that rebuilds the wellsprings of joy and health.

Most psychiatrists are of opinion that an ill-mind has little chance to cure itself. The fact is that the human mind has a whole battery of weapons to heal its own ailments.

One of the most important factors in self-curing is our human embellish propensity to forget unpleasant things. It is said, "Remembrances life; forgetfulness alone makes life endurable." Our natural and unconscious inclination is to mend ourselves rather than to destroy ourselves.

All through our lives, we keep on recharging one another, shaking hands, patting each other, kissing, getting together at social functions at dance halls and concerts, pic-nicking and so on.

This is what is called recharging our nerve-cells (our batteries) by means of touch and close contact.

This is that magnetic power, which is also believed to be the healing power emanated by certain persons gifted with

By JULIAN
SENANAYAKE

it, in a more marked manner. This is why we wish to see many other people at our weddings, funerals and parties.

When such persons get together for a given purpose, the entire atmosphere is charged with magnetic power, and everyone feels it.

There are many things which cannot be easily explained. For instance, spiritualism relating to unorthodox natural healing processes such as naturopathy, homoeopathy, osteopathy and so on. Then we have the yogi sys-

tem, which keeps the human-system fit.

From a scientific point of view, very little is known about yoga. In yoga, philosophy, science and medicine are co-related and inter-related and this puzzle still awaits clarification. So stand the other traits of the human brain in connection with hypnotism and extra sensory perception, (E.S.P.)

Will these wonderful attainments, come the puzzle of faith healing too. Faith-healers consider themselves as channels which direct natural forces to any patient.

Faith-healers never take credit for what they do. They make it known to their clients at the very first instance, and thereby instil more faith in the patients. This "positive" thinking helps the remarkable self-healing powers of the mind. This is very essential and is the most valuable and pervasive of all the mind's defences of the belief in self and in life.

The knowledge that the mind of man controls his entire body and actions should go a long way to cure us of our many ailments and make us stronger and healthier men.

X'word No. 5 - winners

(Continued from Page 42)
A. M. Gunatillake, 17, Bhatiya Avenue, Kalubowilla, Dehiwala.
K. G. Jinadasa, Urban Council Office, Moratuwa.
C. Udugama, 33, Torrington Place, Colombo-7.
T. M. A. Haniff, 49, Anderson Road, Dehiwala.
Bahawudeen Haniff, 49, Anderson Road, Dehiwala.
D. C. L. Billimoria, 213, Lady Catherine Estate, Ratmalana.
S. Chinniyah, "Field View," Batticaloa.
S. Anthony Pillai, 55/2, Pioneer Road, Batticaloa.
M. P. Dellikhan, 36, Piltanadala Road, Godigamuwa, Maharagama.

B. Goonewardena, 27, Anderson Road, Colombo-5.
Miss Veronica Gunasekera, 175/32, Pickering Road, Ketchena.
Miss Iromi Fernando, 382/1, Galle Road, Rawatawatta, Moratuwa.
Edward Selvarajan, Selvadurai, c/o Mrs. L. T. Selvadurai, College Lane, Vaddukottai.
Merville de Lima, 14, 1st Chapel Lane, Colombo-6.
Mrs. W. J. Fernando, 78/1, Mudduwa, Ratnapura.
G. S. Sivalingam, c/o Mrs. R. Rasiyah, Nunavil Junction, Chavakachcheri.

The pattern is distressingly familiar

Jobless millions

ALTHOUGH employment in the cities of the developing countries in the Third World grew rapidly during the twenty-year period 1950 to 1970, it did not keep pace with the rapid growth of urban population, mainly because of massive emigration from rural areas.

As a consequence the unemployed in the cities increased by about 20 million persons, thus tripling the number.

This picture emerges from Urban Unemployment in Developing Countries, by Paul Bairoch, a study based on research done under the World Employment Programme and published by the International Labour Organisation.*

There is no precedent in history, Dr. Bairoch states, for this surge in urban population. Dr. Bairoch attributes this massive movement mainly to heavy density of settlement in agricultural areas, wide differences between rural and urban incomes, and a considerable increase of the educated young unemployed who are fleeing the village in the hope of finding suitable jobs in the town.

There would be the risk of transforming many of the towns in the Third World "into huge camps of destitute people, in which a new international humanitarian institution would endeavour to initiate the distribution of foodstuffs... into a multitude of ancient Romes... without empires"

With many of the urban areas of the developing countries in "a deplorable state", Dr. Bairoch suggests a massive programme of rehabilitation, including housing improvement, as a first crash

measure to reduce urban underemployment.

As a second measure he proposes drawing the unemployed out of the labour market for training, to equip them with skills that would increase both their chances of employment and the possibility that job openings would be created as a result of the existence of a trained labour force.

Stimulation of local manufacturing by temporarily raising duties on certain imported goods or even by total bans on some imports are suggested by Dr. Bairoch as a further emergency measure.

To complement this policy, voluntary restrictions by manufacturers in industrialised countries in exports of goods to developing countries, or their support, for local production, might be sought.

As these emergency steps, by creating work, would tend to increase the drift to the cities, a system of control of immigration out of the rural areas would also be needed.

He rejects the idea of forcing rural immigrants to leave towns for the countryside but favours measures which would make town dwelling less attractive on the one hand and country life more so on the other.

Dr. Bairoch also stresses the need to give priority to industrial techniques which require the intensive use of labour, even if they tended to slow down potential future growth.

However, crash measures must be accompanied by longer-term solutions. The most important is aimed at increasing work opportunities in agriculture

Dr. Bairoch suggests that productivity in agriculture should be developed to bring about a rapid rise in farmers' income levels, and that this should be accompanied — and helped — by a policy of better prices for agricultural products.

Social legislation should be so applied that it would not widen the gap between urban and rural incomes.

A new type of primary education presenting an attractive image of agricultural work with — in the rural areas — adequate provision for the teaching of agricultural subjects, is seen by Dr. Bairoch as another way of slowing down the drift to the towns.

This should be associated with the rapid expansion of primary education in rural areas to reduce inequalities which encourage emigration, and with a rapid adult literacy programme.

Improved transport links, housing, social services, water, and electricity supplies for rural populations would also be factors in stemming the rural exodus.

It will also be difficult to slow down the rural-urban drift unless the rate of population increase tapers off, particularly in the rural areas.

Efficient agrarian reforms, Dr. Bairoch concludes, can make a big contribution to a reduction of rural, urban drift, apart from their obvious moral and economic justifications.

However, he warns against reforms which create farms too small to provide their owners with an adequate income. — ("ILO Information" Geneva).

A true sportsman who'll be missed

A BEVY of young girls, two youngsters in drainpipes and long girlish hair plus a cigar stomping middle-aged man—all went skeetering out of their chairs.

It happened on a sultry July evening in 1972 at Maitland Crescent. They were a part of the huge crowd watching CH and FC playing against the Army in an "A" Division rugby game.

Trying to keep trace of an elusive figure jangling his way across the field from his own 25—side-stepping, weaving, jinking and dummying—sent this band of spectators romping mad. They finally were ejected out of their seats and lay sprawling on the ground only to hear a thunderburst of ovation greet the final moment of his

Lorensz was a born sportsman, living up to its ideals from the time he was a junior member of the Royal College cricket, rugby, tennis and athletic teams. To him the Olympic motto was a driving force—"The greatest thing is to take part". Small wonder that he finished up as head prefect and all-round student at Royal College in 1958.

It was no surprise to find Lorensz win the "Schoolboy Cricketer of the Year" Trophy the first time it was awarded by "The Times of Ceylon". He captained the Royal College cricket and tennis teams and was a member of the rugby and athletic teams. As a cricketer "Lollo" was more an all-rounder, useful in every aspect of the game as he proved when playing for Cambridge under



played rugby for CH and FC and donned pads for the CCC. He captained both sides, setting a landmark as the first Ceylonese skipper of the hitherto all-European CH XV, when they opened their doors to Ceylonese.

Honours did not come his way in cricket, but "Lollo" shone in rugby and till last year was one of the country's finest three-quarters. His imagination, amazing physical fitness and thoughtful preparation before a match took him soaring to dizzy heights. It warmed the hearts of spectators and added a new dimension to the game altogether. Particularly the strict onus on fitness, gentlemanly conduct and teaching of the basics to youngsters at the club.

By **ELMO RODRIGOPULLE**

dazzling piece of rugby skill that took E. Lorensz Pereira across 60 yards of the CCC grounds past 15 breathless opponents and end up with ball under his chest over the Army goalline.

Even I, who was a spectator, could hardly stay in my seat throughout this electrifying move. And only later did we discover the fallen brigade. They needed no treatment, however, Lorensz's fabulous try was medicine enough for them.

That was only one facet of Lorensz Pereira's illustrious sports career in Sri Lanka. He migrates to Australia shortly with his family—and the country will be the poorer for it.

Mike Brearily and Tony Lewis—two players who went on to lead the MCC teams later.

Before Lorensz went over to Cambridge he stirred the imagination of rugby officials, players and fans with spectacular performances to win a Ceylon "title" in 1960 under Neville Leefe representing the country in Madras in the All-India Tournament. He caught the eye when playing for CR and FC as a centre three-quarter. He also played for the champion Sinhalese SC in the premier cricket tournament.

On his return after graduating with a Master's Degree, Lorensz continued with the same zeal and dedication. He

We will miss his happy smile, the methodical approach to any sports problem and administrative ability. Gentleman Lorensz belongs to a very rare breed of sportsmen, in fact a vanishing lot. It would not be an exaggeration to say that Lorensz Pereira was too much of a sportsman. To him it was a way of life that prepared one for the bigger tasks in the hurly-burly of life.

When a gentleman among sports leaves us I think it is time to recall a verse from a colleague's pen:—

"The winds and tides may change,

The last race may be run,
But where the good man goes
There goes happiness with him".

The immortal Dr. W. G. Grace was obviously out first ball, ruled l.b.w., by the umpire, but he continued to bat. "That crowd's come to see my batting and not your umpiring," he told that amazed official. This is one of the many amusing incidents that have occurred on the cricket field recounted here by S. M. JEFFREY ABDEEN.

Cricketing jokes



wicket-keeping batsmen England ever had was batting at Lords in a Test Match when he appealed loudly as the fielder against his batting partner for an obvious catch behind the wicket. "What" chided the umpire "appealing against your team?"

Umpire Bill Reeves whose cockney wit earned him a reputation as cricket's comedian was playing in a charity match, Tommy Oates former Nottinghamshire wicket-keeper was the umpire and Bill Reeves was bowling from his end. There was a snick to the wicket-keeper and Oates from force of habit, shouted excitedly, "How's that?" Without a second's hesitation bowler Reeves lifted his finger in the approved manner and said, "Out". And the batsman walked away satisfied.

Batsmen often suffer from lapses of concentration. In 1925, Jack Newsman of Hampshire was batting extremely well at Northampton. When he took a single to complete his 50, there was a round of applause in which he himself joined. The umpire had to remind him "It's you they are applauding Jack". He woke with a start "Good heavens, what am I thinking about?" he said and belatedly raised his cap to the cheering crowd.

Charlie Harris, the comedian of the Nottinghamshire team

The local press reported recently that an umpire for a representative game, was stopped, interrogated and not allowed to enter the ground, as he had no identity card, until the gatekeeper was notified of his real identity. This was only one humorous incident concerning umpires and cricket.

In 1920 International umpire, Frank Chester who was to umpire the Northampton vs Nottinghamshire match was stopped and asked, "Are you a player?" "No I am one of the umpires". The gateman viewing Chester with disdain roared contemptuously "You a county umpire! Be off with you and stop trying to get here for nothing." It was left to the club secretary to confirm his identity.

Cricket's immortal Dr. W. G. Grace was noted for his reluctance to accept umpires' decision, without hesitation. Once while the bearded doctor was batting, a young fast bowler bowled a quickie which beat Dr. Grace's bat and chipped off the ball. Dr. Grace, knowing that he was out tried to con-

tinue batting by commenting to the umpire "What a windy day is today and the balls keep falling." The umpire knowing the doctor's antics replied "Yes doctor hold your hat tightly as it may get blown off on your way to the pavilion".

On another occasion Dr. Grace was given an LBW plumb in front of the wicket in the first ball he faced. But the stubborn doctor refused to leave. When the umpire requested him to leave he said "What a big crowd is present here and they have all come to see my batting and not your umpiring." And then he continued batting much to the annoyance of his opponents.

Ask any umpire and nothing irritates him as "idle and stray appeals." Several wicket-keepers who become umpires find difficulty in overcoming the appealing habit. Jack Board, former Gloucestershire wicket-keeper, in an Oval match in his first season as an umpire roared at the top of his voice for a catch at the wicket and gave the batsman out at the same time.

Leslie Ames, one of the best



who was rarely used as a bowler once volunteered to do so when Phillip Mead of Lancashire was nearing his double century.

One ball from Harris beat Mead's bat and struck the pad. Harris leapt with glee and bellowed an appeal, but he was so excited that his dentures shot out on to the wicket. "What are you trying to bite me" cracked Mead.

Umpire Frank Chester who lost his right arm while in active service during World War I had fitted on an artificial arm. Surrey batsman F. R. Brown drove back a half volley with all his might. The ball struck Frank Chester's artificial arm removing it from its socket. It bounced on the ground once and then crashed against the sightscreen.

There was a horrified silence around as the spectators saw the umpire's arm dangling at his side.

It was Madras Vs Kandy cricket match at Asgiriya a few years ago. One of the Madras openers had reached his 50 and looked set for his century. Just then Kandy introduced a leg-spinner into the attack. The Madras opener quietly asked Kandy's wicket-keeper about the new bowler, and took guard accordingly. He tried to drive the first ball from the new bowler and was ruled out **L.B.W.**

The Madras opener looked annoyed and started at the wicket keeper till he reached the pavilion. When he inquired from the wicket keeper, he said that he had told the Madras opener that the new bowler was an off-spinner.

In 1971 during the Australia vs World XI test series, Sir Don Bradman, Ian Chappell and

"Howzat?" roared the umpire as the ball hit the batsman's pad. "Out!" shouted back the bowler, raising his hand.

Gary Sobers were at the Sydney airport expecting the arrival of Tony Greig and Bill Ackerman.

The plane arrived in the early hours of the chilly morning. Without a formal introduction all of them rushed into a nearby restaurant for a steaming cup of coffee. They were engrossed in a conversation so much that the South African 6ft, 7 ins giant Tony Greig hardly noticed the little spoken, humble, small-made man seated next to him.

When he did notice he asked him in a mocking way "Do you know anything about cricket." **This was Sir Don Bradman's**

reply "Have read a little, played a little and been a selector for sometime."

"What did you say your name was" asked Greig. "Bradman" replied the polite man. Bradman was one of the greatest cricketers of the world and Greig realising his folly quickly apologised.

Cricket commentators have made bloomers when describing exciting incidents. Joe Lister described England's wicket-keeper Alan Knott in this manner. "He is crouched up on all fours close to the stumps, looking starved and ready to pounce on the ball any moment".

It did not take much time for him to realise that Alan Knott's initials were A. P. E. and his descriptions sounded something like a member of the four legged, long-tail species.

That refreshing character Bill Reeves was umpiring in a club match and both batsmen floundered half way down the pitch trying to steal a hurried single.

They ran together to one end and then a couple of times up and down the wicket, still together, as the ball was overthrown.

Reeves was almost on the ground laughing, when the wicket was broken at his end with both batsmen out of the crease. "Blowed if I know who's out: it will have to be the toss of a coin" said Reeves. He tossed up a coin and gave one of the batsmen out.

How the Havies hounded the Cup holders

ON May 18 1963, the CH and FC, Clifford Cup winners of 1962, drove over to the Havelock Park to meet the Havelocks captained by L. D. Sumanasekera, the former Air Force crack centre three-quarter and illustrious brother of Army captain Bertie Dias.

The CH enjoyed the reputation of being unbeaten league champions and cup holders and even though they were without certain key players of the previous year, they were the favourites with the large crowd present.

Yet in thirty minutes from the kick-off, the CH were made to look like a bunch of has-beens, by a real crackerjack Havelock fifteen.

A new comet blazed across the rugby sky that Saturday evening where the Havies tore the CH into ribbons by the convincing margin of 34 points to 14. Three-quarter Maurice Fairweather with four dazzling tries wrote this message: "Havies for the Cup this year."

On the 20th minute CH were leading by 11 points to 3 earned the hard way. Things looked bad for the Havelocks. Maurice Anghie had been taken off the field. There were only 14 men in action and it seemed probable that the CH might just stay with the lead until the end. But then in a flash came a try and a goal to put the Havies level. Came a 11-all half-time and Nick Tait, the CH fly-half went off the field for strapping. It was obvious that he was crocked. He came back in the

second half but was a passenger most of the time. This was a big blow to the CH Tait was their star and the only man capable of swinging the game their way.

The other reason for the crushing defeat was that the CH cover defence was non-existent. Even in close defence the CH flankers were far away from their man. The Havies were quick to spot this weakness in the second half. There was no need to look for gaps as there were whole acres left unmarked.

Havelock stand-off Nimal Maralande was therefore a happy man all the time. He had bags of time to make his plays and his cross kick technique to get the ball to Fairweather paid rich dividends.

The third Havelocks player to rise to great heights was flank forward Ranjit Abeydeera, the previous year's Air Force captain. With tigerish play in the loose, he had to do the work of two men in the excruciating second half as Gamini Fernando dropped back as inside in place of Anghie. But Abeydeera kept at it with a will, flashing on his man, TAIT, with some stirring tackles.

There was also the wonderful work of Tupi Chang. It was his grand following-up and untiring play that made such a difference to the Havelocks.

With all of them playing so well it was only a matter of time before the home side got on top. A goal in the 38th

minute put them ahead. From then onward they tore big holes in the CH defence, scoring practically at will.

The CH cracked up fast in this session. Once their opponents lead was increased by 10 points, they gave up the fight. CH fans looked in vain for a McLeish to drop back and stop the Havies' swarming backs or for a Prendeville, a Stevens or a Gault to win the forwards tussles. Those days were gone and gone for good. For the CH the sun had set on their rugby in '63.

Mike James was nowhere near the bustling forward he was the previous year. Neville Leeffe, playing out of position, had far too much work to do owing to the defections of the flankers. It looked absurd to expect him to smother a hard-sprinting Fairweather all by himself.

That Saturday, the Havelocks played in new colours, switching to green and white hooped jerseys which did not clash with the CH's red and white hoops. Probably the hectic swing of fortune the Havelocks way that day, ten years ago, had something to do with that change of colours.

Altogether 48 points were scored in 60 minutes of play. Inevitably the rugby had to be of the finest and Sumanasekera's Havies maintained this scoring form till August, when they regained the Clifford Cup in the final against Dimbala on their own Havelock Park grounds.



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It's me, Richard.

For donkeys' years, we've been saying "Well begun is half done" When my wife Sheila, made up her mind to use that maxim on me, I didn't quite get her. Though, of course, I was sure that it was connected with money, some way or another. And then one day the story unfolded.

Listen to Sheila's own inimitable way of saying things.

"Look, Richard. We're twelve years married, four children and still living in a rented home. What have we saved? Nothing". "Of course, 'Nothing' means nothing to you"

For once it meant something to me. The thought haunted me. And I thought of Sheila and our children.

I asked our office head peon - 'Saving Silva',

who has three Bank Accounts, for advice. He told me about the PEOPLE'S BANK INVESTMENT SAVINGS ACCOUNT. Just ideal for an office worker like me. And then, I took to this HIGHER INTEREST, FIVE RUPEE WAY - what Silva calls the HI-FI WAY.

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