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JAFFNA RALLIES TO U.N.P.

MR. C. PONNAMBALAM, Advocate (Chairman U. C. Jaffna) presided at the first meeting of the U. N. P. at Jaffna on Friday the 20th March. Over 5,000 people attended the meeting. Picture shows Mr. Ponnambalam addressing the meeting.



Non-Party View Point

By
"A j a x"

IN my first article I dealt with the Sama Samaj-Bolshevik Leninist personalities whom the political correspondent of a daily has labelled as our local Marx Brothers—you can identify them as you wish, Chico, Harpo, Groucho and Beppo. Today I would deal with more curious personalities, for my contention is that political parties are made up of personalities and if they are, in the eyes of the public, more suitable to guide our country than persons like Mr. D. S. Senanayake, why then, choose them.

Take the Lanka Swaraj Party which started roaring like a lion and now produces an occasional bleat like a lamb. Dr. Andreas Nell who formed the spear head of this party at the start is admittedly an erudite scholar and a student of archaeology. Next in line of succession was Mr. James P. Fernando. But can students of Archaeology and retired plumbago merchants aided by a few exuberant lawyers and an ex-Civil Servant be in tune with practical politics?

It was said that this party aimed at being an Opposition. This object took various shapes when it came to words and deeds. They went on gunning for one Minister over the refusal of a telephone. They shot, rather obliquely, arrows at another Minister for keeping the office of Rubber Commissioner unoccupied by Civil Servants. That is their idea of being an Opposition. Of propositions they do not seem to have any.

Then there is an organisation labelled the United Lanka Party. Its original President was Mr. H. W. Amarasuriya who soon discovered among whom he had fallen. He beat it in good time. Now there are some curious personalities functioning as officials in this Party. There is a Mr. Darrell Peiris, rural reconstruction worker, songster, ex-propagandist of cold water cures. If you think he can guide our country better than persons like Mr. D. S. Senanayake, do choose him, by all means. A coterie of these United Lankaists once careered round the country trying to raise money to buy the "Times of Ceylon." Ask about their technique from some of our Big Business men and then, if you wish, prefer them to people like Mr. D. S. Senanayake.

Then, we can choose the Communists, organised by Mr. Keuneman who even spells his Pieter in a Russian way. Do you want the Secret Police, the liquidation of people who hold different views to yours, the abolition of religions on the score that they are the opium of the people? If you do, then go ahead and prefer Mr. Pieter Keuneman to Mr. Senanayake. There is also a Mr. M. G. Mendis, but heaven forbid that I should be guilty of discourtesy by discussing him.

Now go through the list once again—the Lanka Swaraj Party, the United Lanka Party, the Communist Party—are

they, symbolised by their personalities, practical politics or museum pieces? Let my readers decide.



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I WOULD like to give an outline of the main features of the recent Asian Conference, however sketchy such an outline has to be in an article of this nature. In the first place this idea of a conference of Asian countries was not a new one. It had been simmering in the minds of many leaders of Asia for several years. The great poet, Rabindranath Tagore, and the Indian leader, Mr. C. R. Das, and others had suggested that such a conference should be held some time.

During the war years an organisation was set up in Delhi with Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru as its President, called the Indian Council of Foreign Affairs.

This organisation was not political in character. It had very modest aims. It organised the study of the development of various Asian countries as well as of the affairs of countries in the Western Hemisphere. In addition it issued pamphlets on the studies conducted by it and in a general way focussed the attention of a large number of Indians on the value of a study of World Affairs.

Last year this organisation decided to call a Conference of leaders of various Asian countries as well as of representatives of cultural and scientific institutions in the Eastern Hemisphere. In this way some 250 delegates received invitations to attend the first Asian Conference which has just come to a close.

When this Conference was arranged the organisers limited themselves to the achievement of one or two restricted aims. They wished to give an opportunity for representatives of various Asian countries to meet each other, to learn from each other about problems common to all Asian countries and of the problems peculiar to each individual country. They also intended that such a Conference should be the basis of a more permanent spirit of friendship than existed at the moment.

But by the time of the Conference itself several events took place in Asia which gave it a completely new significance.

The freedom movements in various countries of Asia like Indonesia, Burma, the Viet-Nam and in India itself had changed the status of these countries. Some of the members of the Indian Council of Foreign Affairs, like Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, had become figures of political importance in the Interim Government of India. Nehru himself was by now the head of the Interim Government and as such the Asian Conference was raised to the level of a political and economic importance that had not been anticipated for it at the time at which it was first suggested.

★

IT was in such an atmosphere that the Conference was held, and the eyes of the world were upon it. There were many who viewed it in a spirit of hope, and I dare say there were others who viewed it with some measure of trepidation.

I believe that in the end the Conference developed into something far more important than what it was intended to be. In my view it was one of the most momentous events in the history of modern times.

It is true that the organisers of the Conference did not intend to come to any agreed conclusions or decisions on any particular matter. They intended to enable the delegates to meet each other and discuss common problems. The subject of internal politics and similar controversial issues were precluded from the work of the Conference but I felt from the moment of my arrival in Delhi that such an occasion should not be left to pass without some substantial achievement. I was of the opinion and I must say this view was shared by several other delegates, that a permanent organisation of some kind should be set up to follow up the work that this preliminary discussion would begin. I

S. W. R. D.
Bandaranaike
Says—

—“WE MUST BRIDGE A GULF OF HISTORY and Time is Pressing”



MR. S. W. R. D. BANDARANAIKE

Nanking in 1949. The Secretaries attached to this Committee were selected from the country in which the first Conference was held—India, and the country in which the next sessions are to be held—China.

★

I CONSIDER this very important because it is essential that there should be not merely unity within the various Asian countries but unity among all the peoples of the Continent of Asia. The need for this will be realised when we take into account the fact of the rapidly changing structures of Government in these different lands.

In each country the transition period from a colonial administration to that of a Sovereign State is bound to be one of great trial and difficulty. The lessons of history show us that whenever an

Imperial Power has left a particular land such a country has always been plunged into chaos and even civil war. We find this phenomenon in the history of Europe when the Roman Empire disintegrated and thereby plunged the whole of Europe into what has now come to be described as “the Dark Ages.” We know that it took the various countries of Europe several centuries of internecine conflict to emerge from this stage of transition.

That same process can well take place in Asia from which Western Imperialism is beginning to beat a gracious but nevertheless definite retreat. It is imperative that we should prevent a repetition of history in the East. We cannot afford the luxury of chaos. We cannot let our people fight each other and destroy the foundations of civilisation that have been built up through many centuries of travail and fortitude. We must go forward from a stage of Colonial Rule to a stage of Sovereign Rule and yet avoid the intervening historical period of disorganisation. In other words we must bridge a gulf of history, and time is pressing.

India has been promised independence by June, 1948, and that might well be a critical stage in the history of Asia.

That is why I was very keen on having an Action Committee set up at the recent Asian Conference so that we can have a permanent Secretariat for Asian Affairs to help each other during the course of the coming years.

I earnestly hope that between now and the moment when we shall get such an organisation nothing serious or appalling will happen in any of our countries. But I do say that the foundations of Asian unity were well and truly laid at the Delhi Conference. It was in a spirit of good fellowship and cordiality that we met and parted and I hope that the unity and progress which can spring from those foundations might well mean the unity and peace of the world as well.

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HENRY A. WALLACE, the stormy petrel of U.S. politics, started another political storm the other day when in three public speeches in Britain he lashed out at President Truman's anti-Soviet policy which, he thought, may lead to another war.

Last December at an anti-Republican rally at Madison Square Garden, New York, he issued a direct challenge to the then Secretary of State, James F. Byrnes' policy. It had repercussions. President Truman requested him to resign his post as Secretary of Commerce and issued a statement that the U.S. Administration supported the Byrnes policy without qualification. Byrnes himself resigned the next month.

Entered General George Marshall as the new Secretary of State. Henry Wallace wrote an open letter to him in his journal:

"We have permitted the Russians to parade themselves before all the colonial peoples of the world as the only enemy of 'Imperialism.' Almost without a battle we have yielded to the Russians the loyalty of millions of workers and peasants in Europe because they believe that the Russians and not ourselves are their only guarantors against hunger and war. We cannot permit this to go on...."

But he did not mean war with Russia. His solution was the implementation of the Atlantic Charter, and the improvement of the colonials. "Those who put hatred of Russia first in all their feelings and actions do not believe in peace," he recently said.

Even Homer Nods

WHO would expect the chosen representatives of the Big Four Powers to behave like peevish schoolboys? But reports of incidents behind the scenes make us believe the impossible.

On one occasion a translator rendered the word "attend" as "participate." That started the storm. The question of the actual status of the delegation referred to was heatedly discussed for two hours before a compromise was reached.

The Chairman of another meeting walked out yelling: "I will not recognise any delegate—the meeting is adjourned." While some delegates stormed over this exhibition of bad taste, the U.S. delegation good-humouredly suggested that the Chairman read the rules before the next meeting.

Military Truck Terror

THE death sentence passed recently on a Yugoslav military truck driver for "one of the worst traffic accidents in years"—he drove drunk, killing two women and critically injuring a male pedestrian when his vehicle skidded on to the pavement



HENRY A. WALLACE

—brings to mind the military truck "reign of terror" in Ceylon during the war years.

The peak period was in 1943 when military drivers caused 3,203 accidents, killing 144 of our people. Only 644 persons were prosecuted in the Civil Courts and 32 handed over to the Military to be dealt with. But it is common knowledge that many cases went unreported. The 1944 figures were never published. All in all, the military drivers who were part of the army that came to protect us killed more of our people than the enemy did—the casualty figures for the two Japanese air raids was paltry in comparison.

The most that an offender got here was hard labour. More stringent measures, as provided by the Yugoslav case, could have saved more Ceylonese lives.

Black Week for Reds

LAST week was a black week for "Reds" in many parts of the world. In Burma the Communists' threat to wreck the General Elections fizzled out (even the military policemen at the polling booths dozed off through inactivity!) and Aung San's Anti-Fascist Peoples Freedom League scored a 90 per cent. victory.

Close on the arrest of Mr. S. C. C. Anthonypillai in Madras in connection with the strike at the Buckingham and Carnatic Mills (involving some 15,000 workers) came the arrest of our local "Red," Dr. Colvin R. de Silva, in Madras in connection with the same offence.

Chile got a new Cabinet. But the Communists, who previously held three out of ten Cabinet posts, failed to find a place. General de Gaulle, in France, has bestirred himself with a new political party "Rally of the French People" which pledges itself to squeeze the Communists out of power.

Ring for Banda

I HAVE a good story from Mr. Bandaranaike about the Asian Conference. The Leader of the Delegation from Korea was headed by a woman who had brought with her a number of special silver rings set with beautiful stones to be presented to the leaders of the various Asian Delegations. With considerable ceremony she placed the rings on the fingers of the respective recipients. This was, of course, a most gracious gesture of friendship and goodwill.

But in Mr. Bandaranaike's own words he has found it rather difficult to "convince" his wife that "the gift was one of pure international goodwill and not inspired by any other consideration!"

"I am living in the hope," says Mr. Bandaranaike, "that my wife will one day accept the explanation that I have offered."

Mr. Bandaranaike related the story to an appreciative audience at the Y.M.B.A., Borella, the other night when he delivered his lecture on "Some Impressions of the Asian Conference."



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"THE ISLAND'S CHOICE"

un.p.

Friday, 25th April, 1947

A PEOPLE'S PASSION

ONE million people have seen the Sanchi Relics already, and between now and Vesak Day several lakhs more will pay their respects at the Colombo Museum. Those who have seen the ecstasy with which these pilgrims have worshipped the relics will have noticed also the chagrin with which some Marxist propagandists have had to flee from the scene. They had thought it a fine opportunity to mix with the crowds and distribute Sama Samajist pamphlets. In nearly every instance such propagandists have found the otherwise even temper of the crowd burst out indignantly. The average comment might be freely translated to mean: "A fat lot you would do to let us worship Relics if you were in power." Propagandist efforts to assure the people that Marxists will not interfere with Religious Freedom have proved useless, the people answering: "We know all about that." The million men and women who passed through the gates of the Colombo Museum constitute a portion of the real backbone of our country. We can rely on their good sense and their wisdom. They have already given evidence of it in their attitude to the Marxist propagandists.

If we suspected the Sama Samajists of believing in ordinary human values we should have described their conduct as shameful. Their attempt to deceive the gullible villager may provide amusement for a few of them, and, perhaps, some diversion to their High Command, whose law-giver is a Detenue in Madras at the moment. They, however, can never see the finer things of life. Their creed is summed up in one word: "Violence," and that one word is in direct opposition to the "Maitriya" in which the Million Buddhist Devotees passionately believe. It is no surprise, therefore, that they cannot understand the passion of a people steeped in the great teachings of the Gautama. To their scheming minds a million people represent merely a fertile ground on which to sow their seeds of violence and dissension and civil war. Their creed has been kept alive in various countries by the blood of the innocent victims of their stratagems. Blood is their daily bread. Assassination is their mildest cup of tea. But they will soon realise the fertility of the Dragon's Teeth they have sown. They will soon begin to reap the inevitable harvest of a people's wrath.

When ARNOLD BENNETT Helped Ambitious Youth

THIS is a cavalcade of past and present. Or if you prefer, a fairy-tale of real life. A bit of both.....

Way back in 1929, Arnold Bennett was strolling through the streets of London, planning a scene in his newest novel, when he was overtaken by a young admirer.

"Hello!" said Bennett, thinking he knew the stranger. "Who are you?" "Oh, I'm nobody," said the youngster. "My name's Henry Adler. But I wanted to speak to you." And he poured his heart out.

He was eager and ambitious, this youngster. He wanted to live in a room of his own and write for a living, but he hardly knew how to begin. Should he start in the low-brow vein or in the highbrow vein? Would Mr. Bennett advise him?

Bennett was kindly and amused. He had been poor and unknown himself on these London streets, and now he was famous.

Eminent author and struggling beginner walked side by side on the pavement. Master—and disciple.

That evening A. B. noted the strange encounter in his journal.

And he added: "I venture to call this romantic." But just how romantic he never knew. No writer, perhaps, can see for himself the effect of his genius on those who work with him or keep his company. Whether he "talks" his mind or deliberately talks "below his level," there is an element in his personality that breaks through unconsciously.

Last year a soldier broadcast a B.B.C. talk on Arnold Bennett. His name? Henry Adler.

You can think that a triumph. And its nothing.

For this year Henry Adler is writing on books and persons in the self-same paper in which Arnold Bennett once wrote of books and persons. AND I VENTURE TO CALL THIS ROMANTIC.

Not is that all. Seventeen years ago a warehouse hand went without his dinner in order to buy Bennett's books, and longed for the day when perhaps like Arnold Bennett, he too might live by his pen. His name is Harold Albert.

Romantic? Arnold Bennett saw

the magic and beauty of the industrial scene and he made others see it.

A 15-YEAR-OLD engineering apprentice inspired by Bennett's success wildly dreamed of becoming a film producer and capturing that same transcendent vision for the screen.

His name is Ronald Riley and his film "Steel," hailed as last year's greatest British documentary, will soon have a gala premiere in Paris.

Romantic? Bennett commissioned a struggling young artist to paint his portrait and today Edward Wolff is himself the centre of a coterie of painters.

In a Scottish industrial town, a small boy read "The Old Wives' Tale." It cleared my mind, it gave me an impetus," says George Blake, now a famous writer and broadcaster.

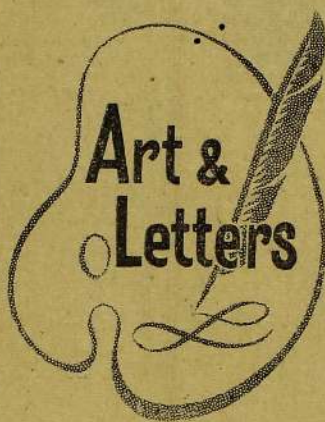
ONE final instance. A girl raised to be a school-teacher, happened to read one of Bennett's little books on success.

Its sum total was that you must know your plan—and follow it.

That's right," she thought..... and went all out for her real love, the stage.

Her name is Greer Garson. And I venture to call this romantic

Harold Albert



There's No Money in Poetry

"I DASH it off....." writes an optimistic correspondent. "I wake up in the night and poems come to me."

"I often make up poems for fun. I enclose a dozen I wrote last week. Could you tell me which paper would like to print them and how much they are worth.....?"

So write the descendants of Shakespeare, prolific, enthusiastic and ardently optimistic. I applaud them for it.

POETS of all kinds, however, are accustomed to be paid very modest sums by newspapers, magazines and periodicals. Sums, I fear, which are based upon the phillistine but nevertheless truthful assumption that verse is a fill-up.

There are periodicals in Britain and in America which pay fair sums for the longer poems of very eminent poets.

Few poets, nevertheless, receive more than a fiver for any new work. Two guineas may be considered a fair sum.

Poetry, therefore, is unlikely to provide butter for your family bread.

Poets from time immemorial have usually had to be something else. Even those happy ones who are leisured and not under the obligation of earning a living from day to day have usually lived many lives beside their strict life of poetry.

Good poets with whom I have the honour to be acquainted at the present day are publishers, advertising men, journalists, film executives, pilots and very good soldiers.

Nevertheless, they are serious poets. I doubt if they "dash off" works or exhibit the "dozen they wrote last week."

Poetry is a long, slow exciting studios process. The poet must be equipped with many of the tools of writing.

Not only must he be able to rhyme and scan, but his ear must be trained to be the servant of his mind.

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BOOKS & AUTHORS

FOR my first article I have chosen three recently published books on Reading. They are "How to Read a Book" by Mortimer J. Adler (published by Jarrolds); "Books and You" by Somerset Maugham (Heinemann); and "Reading for Profit" by Montgomery Belgion (published by Pelican Books). Now, before we begin to discuss the books themselves let me digress for just one moment. We learn a great deal about a book, and particularly of interpretative books, such as the three I have chosen, by finding out the type of audience, the writer has addressed himself to. It is the audience, that consciously or even unconsciously conditions the author's attitude, his matter (or lack of it), his style or tone of voice; this is true at one extreme of the esoteric poet, so preoccupied by the obscure and the incomprehensible that he cuts off even himself as a potential reader of his work, and the propagandist (the man with a message) at the other, who in the zeal and fervour of his convictions addresses himself to as many people as possible.

Mr. Adler is a professor of an American University, and he has written his book specifically for those who cannot read. Before you stop reading me by saying "Well at least I can read..... Good heavens we learnt to do that in our first form in school," let me warn you that according to the professor very few of us, in fact an infinitesimally small number of us, can read at all. He says so quite forthrightly and in the very first page of his book. It is a very distressing thought no doubt...but there it is. Mr. Maugham on the other hand is far more congenial company and almost restores to us our shattered confidence. He is an eminent and remarkably popular novelist; and his book is a collection of three commissioned articles and throughout he is the soul of discretion, tact and courtesy as befits one who addresses himself to the vast reading public of the "Saturday Evening Post." Mr. Montgomery Belgion is a professional critic, and his book is a collection of lectures delivered to brother officers, all prisoners of war in Germany. Apparently Mr. Belgion does not rate the intelligence of the Allied officers high for he takes some time to disabuse their minds of the thought that his title "Reading for Profit" has any thing at all to do with the pecuniary benefits derived from reading books. But this is by the way

TOUGH WORK—READING

LET us get back to the bleak professor. His book, I gather, has been a great success in America, a country where "How to Win Friends and Influence People," "How to be Happy Though Married," and the innumerable short cuts to success and to the somewhat startling solutions of the more mundane problems are assured of a rousing reception. Unlike them, "How to Read a Book" contains no ten easy lessons on how to hack your way into the heart of a masterpiece. Indeed according to Adler reading a book is about the toughest job on earth. And hardly anyone does it properly. His recipe for good reading is almost intimidating in its complexity. "A book must be read three times." The first reading, he says, "can be called structural or analytic. Here the reader proceeds from the whole to the parts. The second can be called interpretative or synthetic. Here the reader proceeds from the parts to the whole. The third reading can be called critical or evaluative. Here the

reader judges the author and decides whether he agrees to disagree. In each of these three main divisions there are several steps to be taken, and hence several rules you must discover; and interpret the most important sentences and similarly for the paragraphs. The fourth rule which I have not yet mentioned is that you must know which of his problems the author solved and on which he failed."

Which I know is a very elaborate and even laborious way of expressing what Bacon knocked off in one famous line—"Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest." The extract I've quoted is the very heart and core of the Professor's book. It is also a fair, abstruse philosophical and scientific disquisition, such a method is invaluable. It is often wise, often illuminating. But to the ordinary reader, and it is the ordinary reader the Professor takes most pains to convert, it has great defects. Though continuously lucid, it is also continuously depressing. It makes the appreciation of Literature, particularly the great imaginative literature, an almost forbidding task. It presupposes certain analytical and critical gifts with which some of us are unfortunately not endowed, as well as a convenient bank balance, and almost an infinity of leisure.

"I myself read only about ten books a year," adds the professor somewhat drily: "To read a classic is akin to gulping down some nauseating medicine prescribed by a sadistic doctor."

Nor does the professor's style and manner help very much. There is a somewhat portentous air about the simplest, most self-evident things he has to say: "The most direct sign that you have been reading is fatigue" (he says). If you are not tired out, you probably have not been doing the work. Far from being passive and relaxing, I have found that what little reading I have done the most arduous and active occupation. I seldom do it in the living room in an easy chair for fear of being seduced into relaxation, and eventually sleep. I do it sitting up at my desk and almost always with a pencil in hand and a pad at the side."

To expatiate on the obvious is a frequent practice of a great deal of American criticism. By some mysterious process they transform an essay into the somewhat startling dignity of a thesis, a scientific exposition. Of course the Americans do take most things far more seriously, and thoroughly than most others. Lacking the stolid tradition, the centuries of achievement which the English and French fall back on, they are forced to go slowly, making their points with extreme thoroughness, establishing principles with an air of discovery that's sometimes charmingly naive, and sometimes downright exasperating. If the professor has poisoned some of the simpler, more intuitive pleasures of reading, he certainly has brought back the slovenly, careless reader to a sense of his responsibilities, made him aware of the complex labours which the great classics demand, and deserve, and seldom receive. This indeed is his distinctive contribution to the subject.

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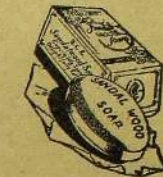
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SPORTS

Commentary

COVER-POINT

THE principal features of the Tennis Championships was, undoubtedly, the success of the "home" brigade, who kept all but one of the titles in Ceylon. This was all the more creditable in that the challenge from neighbouring India was never so powerful as it was this year.

The "invaders" were headed by KAPINAPATHY, who had won the Ceylon title last year. The manner in which he brushed aside all opposition in his way to the final last week, suggested that his second bid for the title would be as dangerous as it was twelve months back. But young "KOO" DE SARAM had other ideas about it. His victory over Kapinapathy in the Tamil Union championships late last year had given him all the confidence he needed and, what is more, assiduous practice had closed up the only chink in his armour, his back-hand. Time was when de Saram was inclined to run round his back-hand, but in the final last Sunday he traded shot for shot with Kapinapathy on both wings and had the Indian always at his mercy. Late in the week he emphasised his superiority over the erstwhile champion, when he beat him twice in succession in exhibition matches, literally driving his challenger off his feet.

The Men's Doubles gave "Koo" de Saram his second title for the Meet when in partnership with his elder brother, Derrick, paid the best possible dividend in the shape of a straight set victory in the final over the South Indian champions, NARAYAN RAO and HARI MOHAN, who had earlier put out of the running the title-tolders, GUNASEKERA and RUTNAM. It might, perhaps, be invidious to attempt to pick out the best of this really brilliant quartette but many good judges of the game assured me that it was F. C. DE SARAM'S rock-like steadiness that swung the scales in favour of the Ceylonese pair. A master tactician, he was the ideal foil for the brilliance of his brother—and the final result was almost a foregone conclusion.

F. C. de Saram came near to emulating "Koo" in winning a second championship for the Meet when with MISS SHEILA ROBERTS as his partner, he all but carried away the Mixed Doubles title. The final opponents were MRS. WIJEWARDENE and C. I. GUNASEKERA, who were just a shade too good for them.

AS for the Women's Singles championship it was almost a miracle that it did not go across to India. MRS. SINGH, who is probably India's No. 1 woman player having recent victories to her credit over MRS. WOODBRIDGE and LEELA ROW, was actually at match point but twice missed a "kill" and Miss Sheila Roberts, who had beaten MISS DOREEN SANSONI in Madras, turned almost certain defeat into a glorious victory.

Some commentators thought this unexpected reverse came of Mrs. Singh

when, in partnership with the only European player who took part in the Meet, MRS. DANDO, she won the Women's Doubles, beating Miss Doreen Sansoni and Mrs. Wijewardene in Colombo. Miss Sansoni has written her name large in the tennis history of the island but the passage of time has somewhat dulled her brilliance.

Hard on the heels of the Nuwara Eliya Championship came the Bandarawela Tournament in which the two major titles were won by G. ERNST and MRS. FLAMER CALDERA, both of whom had gone a good bit of the way in the earlier title meet.



KOO DE SARAM.

IF Tennis furnished the headlines last week, it will be Golf that will make the news this week. The Ceylon Golf Championship starts on the Nuwara Eliya Golf Club links on Wednesday with the medal round, and the final will be played on Saturday. An excellent entry of 18 includes past champions in ACHIE AITKEN, J. B. McLACHLAN and T. K. ANDERSON, and five Ceylonese in W. P. FERNANDO, NEVILLE BARTHOLOMEUSZ, M. SATHASIVAM, CONRAD EPHRAUMS and R. L. ILANKOON. W. P. Fernando recently "burnt up" the course when winning the Gold Medal of the Club and he is bound to give a good account of himself.

THOUGH it is the closed season for Cricket in Ceylon, two matches of note were played last week. The first was the inter-zone match at Galle in which South took first innings points from Central in a match in which the exchanges were pretty even all the way.

The other was the continuation of the final of the "B" Division of the Mercantile Cricket Tournament, in which an intriguing position has been reached. Bosanquet & Skrine, fighting back gamely their second innings, following their first innings collapse for 92, took full advantage of a number of dropped catches yesterday to run up a total of 181 for 7, in reply to Brown's score of 185.

THE flat Racing season in England is already under way and last week saw the leading three-year-olds with classic pretensions make their first acquaintance with the tracks this year. First in point of time, PETITION was given a race and came home on his own with such a hollow victory that it gave us no pointer as to his real ability, except that he finished so far ahead of the Gaekwar of Baroda's SAYAJI RAO, that it looks as if the record price paid for Dante's half-brother by the Indian Prince is going to turn out to be a bad investment. Then the unbeaten TUDOR MINSTREL was given a public trial and beat two other runners absolutely pointless but, here too, the opposition was not of classic vintage.



SHEILA ROBERTS

The Aga Khan's MIGOLI, a grey son of the Derby winner BOIS ROUSSEL, then came along to prove that his Dewhurst Stakes victory at the back end of last season was no fluke, by winning the Craven Stakes over a mile at Newmarket—but once again, there is no true line to his form as he beat nothing of class. And so, the Guineas puzzle is no nearer solution than it was at the end of last season.

On performance, Tudor Minstrel and Petition are obvious first choices, but two "dark ones" came to light last week in SAVERNAKE, another Bois Roussel colt belonging to the Aga Khan, who won the Wood Ditton Stakes over a mile at Newmarket, and Lord Roseberry's FIREMASTER, who won the Tudor Rose stakes at Hurst Park over 10 furlongs. There is also a French challenger of more than ordinary quality

in M. Volterra's PARISIEN, who won last Sunday at Longchamps over 10 furlongs. He is by the French Grand Prix winner, ADMIRAL DRAKE.

NO review of the week's sport would be complete without a reference to BRUCE WOODCOCK'S ill-fated tilt at the GIANT JOE BAKSI. Not only was Britain's heavy-weight hope roundly beaten but he had the misfortune to run into a sledge-hammer blow, which has resulted in a broken jaw. Whatever Woodcock's faults may be, he is as game as you make them, but it might have been to his advantage if he had remained on in the United States, after his fight with TAMI MAURIELLO, and got toughened. After his victory, Baksi threw a spanner into the works by declining to fight Joe Louis for the world title this year. The decision seems to me to be a wise one, as at the moment, Baksi is no match for the "Brown Bomber" whereas a year hence Louis will be—well, an year older!

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Junior to the Minister

By
Beverley Baxter

WHEN playwrights want a colourful political hero they make him an under-secretary, and never by any chance a Secretary of State.

In *The Ideal Husband* Oscar Wilde chose as his principal character the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs—not only chose him, but made him behave as no junior Minister ever did in the whole of political history.

Now Oscar Wilde was a man-about-town who must have constantly met the politicians of his time. Yet he made the absurd blunder of creating a junior Minister who could alter the Government's decision without consulting the Prime Minister or anyone else.

And what was the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs doing all the time? As the responsible head of the Foreign Office, he did not figure in the situation at all.

It was one of Wilde's verbal caprices to say that life copies art, and oddly enough his preposterous picture of a junior Minister nearly came true twelve years ago when Anthony Eden was appointed Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, with a special assignment as Minister for League of Nations affairs.

Up and down the continent of Europe he went as Sir Galahad in a black hat and a perfectly-fitting suit from Savile Row. Moscow fêted him, Berlin dined him, Geneva prostrated itself to him, the American newspapers glorified him into an idol.

When in 1936 he was promoted to Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs the headlines were reduced by an inch. Berlin snarled and Geneva lost its hysteria. He had become a statesman and was clothed in authority; therefore he was no longer Sir Galahad.

PERHAPS at this point it might be useful to explain just what comprises the hierarchy of a Ministry. It consists of the Minister, who is responsible for the Department to the Commons or the Lords; the permanent Civil Service head who plays Montgomery to the Minister's Eisenhower; and the junior Minister, known as the Parliamentary Secretary or the Under-Secretary.

Finally, there are the two unpaid Parliamentary Private Secretaries, attached to the senior and junior Ministers, unpaid, that is, except for their stipends of £600 a year as M.P.s.

The discrimination between the Minister in charge of a department and the Under-Secretary is a delicate one. Let us take, for example, any labour debate in the House of Commons opened by the Minister at the head of the appropriate department.

During his speech he may be asked many questions to which he will reply: "No, I cannot agree to that," or "I shall give it my consideration," or "I thought of that but decided it was impossible." He holds absolute authority and does not need to dissemble.

But watch what happens when the debate is wound up by the Parliamentary Secretary. When he is interrupted he makes exactly the same replies as his Chief, but with variations: "My right honourable friend could not agree with that," or "I shall put that before my right honourable friend for his consideration" or "my right honourable friend thought of that but decided it was impossible."

Occasionally he can venture on "We have decided," but not too often. He is supposed to have no policy of his own, but is there simply as the mouth-piece of his senior.

LIKE all things in Parliament, there is a reason for this. You cannot have two Ministers expressing individual policies, and therefore the Chief is given all the credit and all the blame. The only way the Under-Secretary can score a success is in his choice of language, the quickness of his wit, and his general style. Even then he must not try to diminish the stature of his Chief.

If this is logical and necessary, it must be admitted that the system also has its drawbacks. I have seen men remain under-secretaries so long that they develop a permanent second-in-command complex and eventually disappear from the political scene.



MR. CREECH JONES
(Once a Junior Minister)

They become so used to someone else taking responsibility that they cannot face the thought of doing so themselves.

There is another thing that tends to break the spirit of a junior Minister. As an ordinary M.P. he draws £600 a year on which he pays little or no income tax, since he charges his constituency tax, since he charges his constituency expenses, such as postage, stationery, and secretary's salary against the amount.

As an M.P. he can carry on any activities he likes outside, holding directorships, practising at the bar, doing journalism, banking or even preaching. He may earn £5,000 a year or £10,000 a year; there is no statutory limit.

MR. WILLIAM MABANE, as Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Food, was an example of how much better it is to have one's chief in the House of Lords. Mabane served under Lord Woolton, with the result that he was the sole spokesman for the Department in the Commons.

It is true that he referred constantly to "my noble friend," but he did not have him sitting right behind him when he addressed the Commons. So Mabane's stature grew, and he was rewarded with a Privy Councillorship, which meant that he was no longer merely Honourable but Right Honourable.

Then one sad day Lord Woolton was given another job and Colonel Llewellyn took his place. Mabane had his chief in the Commons instead of the Lords, and his glory dwindled like the setting sun.

Sometimes merit stands in the way of promotion. Captain Harold Balfour was Under-Secretary to the Air Ministry for so many years that he became indispensable. He served under Sir Kingsley Wood, Sir Samuel Hoare, and Sir Archibald Sinclair, all of whom found his services invaluable.

"I am always the blasted bridesmaid and never the blushing bride," said Balfour with a shrug. At last he was given full ministerial rank and sent to Africa, and when he returns will go to the Lords. But his heart and his ambitions will stay buried in the Commons. A lesser man might have won promotion earlier.

ONE of the mysteries of the Under-Secretary group was Ralph Asheton. He never put a foot wrong, and the newspapers hailed him as a classic winner of the future. Finally he was made Financial Secretary to the Treasury, a post which is always regarded as the threshold to the Cabinet.

Then to everyone's astonishment he accepted the honoured but unpaid position of Chairman of the Conservative Party, and left the Front Bench.

Thus you will see that to be made an Under-Secretary is gratifying to one's

vanity, impoverishing to one's purse, but by no means a passport to Cabinet rank—unless of course one is an under-secretary in a play, in which case one will probably be Prime Minister within six months.

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