

# U.N.P

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JUN 16 1947



Editor: J. I. KOTELAWELA

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VOL. I. No. 8.

FRIDAY, 2nd MAY 1947

PRICE FIVE CENTS

## New Menace to Lanka Ceylonese Party with Indian Interests

(By J. R. Jayawardene)

THE news that Dr. Colvin R. de Silva and Mr. S. C. C. Anthonipillai were arrested in India for participating in a strike of labourers of one of the largest textile mills in South India is an event of more than passing interest.

I do not think we need go into the merits of the strike, for though it is notorious that Indian workers are very poorly paid in comparison with the wages paid in Ceylon, we have not the information nor the power to interfere in a matter coming within the province of the Madras Government.

What concerns us is that the strike, though ostensibly under the leadership of the Madras Labour Party, is controlled by the Bolsheviki-Leninist Party of India, four of whose leaders in India are Ceylonese, namely Messrs Colvin R. de Silva, Leslie Gunewardene and Mr. and Mrs. S. C. C. Anthonipillai.

This then is an Indian political party. Its work lies mainly with the Indian workers. To establish itself it must work for and put in the forefront the interests of Indian workers.

Their objects are no doubt laudable. They follow in the tradition of Mahatma Gandhi and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru who have devoted their lives to raising the Indian masses, including the worker, from poverty and misery. Similar movements exist in other countries too. In Ceylon we have the Labour Party and the various Socialist parties which have worked for several years to improve the lot of the worker. It is, however, when the Bolsheviki-Leninist Party seeks to establish itself in Ceylon, too, and work in Ceylon through its Ceylon Unit that the workers of Ceylon as well as the millions of others who call this land their motherland should begin to ponder on how the activities of this Indian Political Party will affect the people of this country.

\* \* \*

THOUGH the slogan "Workers of the World Unite" is painted in Red at meetings of this party no country in the world has yet adopted such a slogan as its national policy. For the interests of the workers of different countries conflict; they conflict not only culturally but economically. The wages of Indian workers is far below the wages of the Ceylon workers, and if this slogan is put into effect and Indian workers invited to Ceylon, not one Cey-

lonese worker will be able to compete with them. If then the Bolsheviki-Leninist Party of India is true to the workers of India, they must sacrifice the workers of Lanka. It was this that prompted Dr. Colvin R. de Silva to say to an Indian paper, that "he and his party welcome the unrestricted immigration of Indians into Ceylon and once they come here he was prepared to give them full citizenship rights."

Place in the balance the 400,000,000 of India and the 6,500,000 in Ceylon and you will realise what the fate of the Ceylonese will be, if the badly-paid, ill-nourished and poverty-stricken worker of India, neglected for centuries, is allowed to compete with our own kith and kin here. I will give an example. The other day a Fort firm advertised for three shorthand typists. Since the wages demanded by the Ceylonese applicants were too high, the firm imported three typists from Madras at much lower rates of pay.

Another example: Several publishers of books have sent their printing to be executed in India, since it is cheaper to print them there, than in Ceylon, owing to the low wages paid in India.

If those Indian compositors and other printing trade workers are allowed to come over to Ceylon without restriction, what would be the fate of the Ceylonese worker? A Government teacher in India was paid Rs. 15 per month before the Congress Government took charge and now their wages have been doubled. A Ceylonese teacher of the same status is paid not less than Rs. 100 per month, including war allowance when he joins Government service. A peon in Travancore is paid Rs. 15. He must find the balance money to live from tips. A peon in Ceylon is paid over Rs. 75 including war allowance.

\* \* \*

THE workers of Ceylon know as well as I do what will happen to them if Indian labour is permitted to compete with them; it means not slow, not partial, but quick and complete extinction.

The point I wish to stress is, are we then, the people of Ceylon, going to permit an Indian party to function in Ceylon, and by false promises of a new era for the workers, win their sympathies and seat themselves in power? Will Dr. Colvin R. de Silva, if he becomes a Minister in Ceylon, be able to represent the workers of this country in our talks with India on the position and status of Indians in Ceylon? If as he says he is leader of the Bolsheviki-Leninist Party of India, would he not be an appropriate person to be included in the Indian delegation, to speak on behalf of the Indian workers as against the Ceylonese workers?

It is time we faced the issue fairly and squarely. We who want to create

a socialist Lanka, where the means of production, distribution and exchange will be state-owned; where the workers and peasants own the state and not a few capitalists; where the manifold resources of this land are used for the common benefit of those who dwell here, we must decide whether the benefits we contemplate will belong to the Ceylonese or to the vast hordes of India if they are permitted to come here without limit.

No free country in the world permits a political party functioning in another

country, with its headquarters in another country to carry on activities within its territories. If Dr. Colvin R. de Silva and his friends go to Russia, they will not be imprisoned, they will be shot by the representatives of that workers and peasants' State and the only socialist State in the world. Russia, England, America and the other free countries have their own independent socialist movements. Can we, a small country and a small race, just emerging from slavery to freedom, can we afford to have leaders of a foreign political party meddling in our affairs? Can we dare entrust to them the destinies of the people of Lanka? If we do not quickly realise that this Bolsheviki-Leninist Party of India and its Ceylon Unit, the Sama Samaja Party, is a national menace, it may be too late for us to take effective steps to safeguard ourselves from being submerged in the Indian Continent.



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# "There Are No Freedoms Inside the Soviet Union".

Until four years ago New England-born, Harvard-bred Brooks Atkinson was best known as the learned drama critic of the New York "Times." In 1942 he left Times Square for Chungking, where he served for the next two years as the "Times" correspondent in China. In July, 1945, he went to Moscow for ten months. Returning to the U.S. a few weeks ago, he wrote a series of three articles on Russia. They constitute perhaps the most illuminating report on the Soviet Union that has yet appeared in the U.S. Press.

Three days after the publication of this series "Pravda," official organ of the Soviet Union's Communist Party, carried a violent attack on Mr. Atkinson, containing some of the angriest billings-gate ever hurled by the Russian Press at an accredited U.S. correspondent. The heat and venom—and the incoherence—of the "Pravda" attack plainly showed that the validity of the Atkinson article had stung the Kremlin to the quick. Written by David Zaslavsky, political commentator, and entitled "An Untalented 'Calumniator,'" the "Pravda" article denounced Mr. Atkinson as a "bandit" and a "savage" with a "depraved soul." Particularly stung by his observations on the stagnation of Russian art and letters, "Pravda" declared sardonically that Mr. Atkinson "understands as much in ideas and art as any other 'our own correspondent' from a Chicago meat-packing plant understands about oranges." The day the "Pravda" attack was published, Mr. Atkinson was visiting the White House at the invitation of President Truman.

IN the attempt to establish workable relations with the Government of the Soviet Union we have to abandon the familiar concepts of friendship. Friendship in the sense of intimate association and political compromise is not wanted, is not possible and is not involved. For the Soviet Government "apparatus," as the Russians use the word, is a political machine; and human approaches, like those implied in the word "friendship," are wide of the mark.

On the whole, the Russian people are admirable people—genuine, hard-working and practical. You can trust their strength, native intelligence and courage. But between us and the Russian people stands the Soviet Government. Despite its sanctimonious use of the word "democracy," it is a totalitarian government. The familiar dictatorship of the proletariat is actually the dictatorship of the thirteen members of the Politburo of the Communist party.

There are no freedoms inside the Soviet Union. As far as I know, the Government is not imposed on the people against their will, nor is it a corrupt government that puts the personal interests of any one group ahead of what are regarded as the true interests of the State. Despite many internal disorders and disloyalties, like the factory frauds recently penalized and the treason of large groups in the Crimean and Chechen-Ingush Republics, my impression is that the people of the Soviet Union generally trust and respect the wisdom and integrity of their leaders.

But, by nature, the Government is a machine for generating power inside the Soviet Union and as far outside as the power can be made to extend; and all attempts to deal with it in terms of friendship are doomed to failure. Although we are not enemies, we are not friends; and the most we can hope for is an armed peace for the next few years.

Where our interests lie, we have to apply equal power in the opposite direction. This is the most reactionary method of arranging world affairs. But the spirit of the Soviet Government is fundamentally reactionary, as its attitude toward defeated nations and the behaviour of the Red Army in Manchuria suggest. Accustomed to the use of force inside the Soviet Union, the Soviet Government instinctively thinks in terms of force in its external affairs.

Westerners who have seen that force in action are shocked by the mechanical power with which it crushes opposition, bulds political bases and pushes people around.

## RUSSIA 1946

By Brooks Atkinson

(Condensed from "Life")

AMONG other things, they adhere to the vicious doctrine that the end justifies the means—which, incidentally, may be the reason why the first Socialist state in the world has not released the workers from slavery but has reduced them to totalitarian slavery that includes the mind as well as the back.

The revolution was created in an underworld of planning, strategy, deceit, secrecy and violence. Since by force of circumstances the revolutionaries are not law-breakers now but are law-givers, they can afford to relax, and they do. But much of the old tradition survives. They still conduct the affairs of state in secret. Soviet citizens have no more information about the current affairs of the Soviet Government than foreigners do.

In some cases they have less, because information that is not commonly known inside the Soviet Union leaks out through foreign channels. Although the most violent period of the Soviet revolution has probably passed, a streak of violence persists. No one knows how many million political prisoners are now living in jail or in exile. The estimates run all the way from 10,000,000 to 15,000,000. No government in the world has so many internal crises and problems to face as the Soviet Government, which must conduct an industrial revolution simultaneously with its political revolution, and educate its people swiftly and effectively.

In view of the success of the Soviet Government inside the huge area of the Soviet Union, it is a little difficult for foreigners to understand the feeling of insecurity that the Soviet leaders have. Premier Stalin is probably the most heavily guarded person in the world.

No foreigner knows much about what goes on throughout the length and breadth of the Soviet Union; as Paul Winkerton has expressed it, there are only varying degrees of ignorance about the Soviet Union. But I know of no active, organized opposition to the government, although it is rumoured that "certain circles" (a common Soviet newspaper phrase) in the Ukraine are restless and need watching.

"Certain circles" there are said to believe that they have paid too high a price for the war and, no doubt irrationally, hold the present government responsible for their disasters. The imposing Communist headquarters in Odessa was burned last December in a fire that is thought to have been sabotage. There is active anti-Semitism in the Ukraine. But the Central Government should be able to cope with dissident groups. As far as a foreigner can tell, the Soviet leaders are in a strong position. They have led their people to a remarkable victory over an efficient, modern foe; and the Communist party is naturally taking full credit for winning the war—in various degrees ignoring the contributions the other Allies made to the defeat of Germany and taking credit for the knock-out blow against Japan.

A PART from normal grumbling about the hardness of living, the people seem to believe in their government. But it is not in the nature of men like members of the Politburo to feel secure. As leaders of a backward, poorly fed, loosely organized country that is trying to lift itself by its bootstraps in a hurry, they have many unpleasant duties to perform and many labours to lay on the backs of their people. No doubt they feel that the circumstances require that they have freedom to act at the top without criticism, opposition or observation. Their behaviour abroad is the same as it is at home, except that they do not have abroad the protection of a controlled press and the means of silencing opposition.

Part of our difficulties with the Soviet Union are owing to the ignorance of the Soviet leaders. Very few of them have been outside the Soviet Union. After many years of isolation, and also some bitter experiences with foreign countries, they have developed a phobia about the rest of the world. The spirit of the Soviet Government is anti-foreign. Ever since the bloody purges of 1936 there has been a nameless terror about foreigners, who are regarded as spies and enemies of the Soviet Union.

Association with foreigners and active interest in foreign countries has in some vague way come to be regarded as treachery to the Soviet Union. Even the leaders are not immune. Leaders who get on too well with foreigners or who rationalize foreign points of view are treading on dangerous ground. They may find themselves in the dog-house before they know it.

Even Mr. Stalin, who is regarded as having more common sense and balance than most Soviet leaders, does not understand freedom or democracy; in addition to his training in the doctrines of Marxism, he probably develops his ideas about foreign countries from prejudiced and incomplete information supplied by Soviet diplomats and journalists.

The Soviet leaders are the victims of their isolationism. Although they have access to an enormous mass of information from abroad, they lack the experience to analyze it. Having lived all their lives behind the "iron curtain" (a marvellously apt phrase) they cannot meet foreign problems of foreigners on what we regard as a normal basis.

AFTER the Moscow Conference of last December, many foreigners believe that the Politburo made a deliberate decision to return to the "status quo ante bellum" and to regard foreign nations with a capitalist economy as inevitable enemies of the Soviet Union. Whatever the sincerity of such a point of view may be, it obviously creates inside the Soviet Union an atmosphere that is easier for a dictatorship to dominate. It is easier to rule a people who believe that a hostile world is organizing to exterminate them. As we have learned by our own experience during the war, people work better when they believe that they are working to save their national life.

### THE GENERAL LEVEL OF THE ARTS IS LOW

THE atmosphere of Moscow is abnormal. All normal communications being cut off with the outside world, the intellectual climate is stagnant. Behind the iron curtain of censorship, the emotional reactions to rumours and also to facts are neurotic. When news is removed from its normal background in the day's events and manipulated for the purpose of conditioning opinion, specific items often come as a shock.

(To be continued)

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**S**OMETHING has to be done about the disgraceful treatment accorded our Ceylonese brethren who returned from Malaya the other day by the Messageries Maritimes ship, Felix Roussel. The passengers, on being questioned, stated that conditions were "hellish." They were obliged to travel on deck as they were refused class passages in Singapore.



UDAY SHANKER

According to them only one bathroom served 300 passengers one latrine for all the passengers, coffee was served with sugar and water was strictly rationed. Women and children were manhandled and pushed about by the crew (French and Negro). They bore this ordeal for six days (a cargo boat does this trip in four days). At the end one man and a child died on board the ship. Little wonder then that they arrived at Colombo a fagged and dejected lot.

I was told that the passengers asked the Captain permission to radio-telegraph our Minister of Communications and Works and the Chief Secretary about their plight, but permission was refused. Only after four days were they allowed permission but the cablegram was judiciously censored.

Among the deck passengers were members of the millionaire family of Alasagoffs, so well-known in Singapore. They owned the very building where Messageries Maritimes have their offices in Singapore. But these influential Malaysians, ironically enough, were refused class passages.

**ELIZABETH AND VICTORIA**

**O**N Princess Elizabeth's 21st birthday Field-Marshal Smuts observed: "We remember what her own near ancestor Victoria meant to an era which is rightly called after her." At 21 Victoria was a queen. At 21 Elizabeth is the heir-apparent. But there is no doubt that Elizabeth is fast following the tradition of Victoria and may make a successful sovereign as "her own near ancestor" did. The early life of Victoria is interesting.

Until she became queen Victoria never slept a night away from her mother's room. She was not permitted to converse with any grown-up—even though it be friend, tutor or servant—without the Duchess of Kent or Lehzen being present.

It was only at 12 that a carefully-arranged history lesson revealed to her that she was to be queen. When she realised the destiny in store for her the first words were "I will be good."

(Until some years ago Princess Elizabeth was given newspapers and magazines to read only after any flattering references or articles about her were snipped off).

William IV died in the early hours of June 20, 1837. When the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chancellor hastened with the news of the King's death to Kensington, Victoria received them at 5 a.m. in her dressing gown. In the Privy Council assembly that morning when she took her oaths the grace and dignity of her demeanour made an immense impression. "I will be good"—she was good.

**SPORTING STATESMEN**

**C**EYLON, I believe, is unique in the sense that she has statesmen who are and have always been sportsmen. If it is not hunting, swimming, wrestling, it is cricket, football or indoor games. Senanayakes, Molamures, Kotelawalas and our sporting "Free Education" Minister have excelled in cricket, not to mention many another State Councillor. It is a pity that the usual holiday cricket match between our Councillors has been abandoned.

To mark the inauguration of the new Parliament a match between the new M.P.s and the Municipal Councils may be arranged (the latter led by vivacious Mr. R. F. S. de Mel).

A little bird whispers that the "farewell" arranged for the departing State Councillors will take the form of a home-and-home cricket match.

Last week Mr. A. R. A. Razik was seen pitting his strength against seasoned competitors at the billiards tourney of the Moors' Islamic Cultural Home, of which he is President. I was told that though he had the grip of the game he relaxed and gave a chance to his youthful opponent to carry off the game. Mr. Kannangara, if rumour is correct, is to kick-off at the football match between his pet Central Schools.

**CITY PARKS**

**A** tour round our City parks in Colombo leaves one dismayed. The "lungs" of the city were blocked up with concrete, Army huts and gargantuan structures. It was all well and good during war time. The enemy was near and anti-aircraft guns had necessarily to replace cricket pitches and football posts. But it is near two years since the atom bomb finished off Japan.

The Victoria Park—whose floral beds admired by many a visitor to the Island orchid-houses and band-stand, where the C.L.I. Band rendered soft airs to a relaxing crowd on Sunday evenings, are a memory, is still commandeered by our local Army.

Campbell Park, though evacuated, is still being "bull-dozed" off its concrete and wooden obstacles. Work on the other parks is slow.

Grown-ups, deprived of their evening sojourn in these parks for years, have learnt to put up with it—"But what are the children to do?" they ask. Besides the question of fresh air and games the children need some recreation ground where they could meet and play with others of their own age. Give us back our parks.

**DANCE FESTIVAL**

**W**ITH so much talent among our young Oriental dancers it is time some one sponsored a Dance Festival (I have in mind that great Oriental art enthusiast, Mr. Daya Hewavitharne and a few others). Indian cities like Calcutta, Bombay, Lucknow etc. have annual festivals in which the best aspirants perform.

We could invite Ram Gopal, Gopinath, Srimathi Shanta, Uday Shankar and other big names in Indian dancing (who have all visited Ceylon) to judge these contests and also give exhibitions. One need go to any Oriental dance recital in Ceylon to judge what a tremendous appeal this traditional art has—the houses are usually packed.

Along with these, song and art contests could also be held. The dances may include Manipuri, Kathakali and other techniques of Indian dancing plus our own Kandyan dancing (Ves) and folk-dances.

At a glance I could spot the following to give good impressions at any contest in Oriental dancing: **Chitra Sena School:** Chitra Sena, Ganga Nath, Premilla, Kamini and Chintha. **Shanti Kumar School:** Shanti Kumar, Kunchunni, Sujata de Silva, Sita Jayawardene (now in England) and Sidat Sri Nandalochana). **Molligoda School:** Surya Shankar Molligoda and Nalini Edirisinghe. **Kaisiki School:** Noble Paulickpille and Vivienne Daulagalla.

Besides we have two Indian dancers who have come to stay in Ceylon—Sukhendututt and Kelu Nayar.

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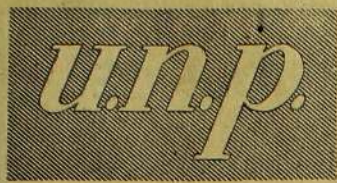
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**TOMORROW**

"THE morrow of Victory has greater perils than its eve." This was a profound observation of MAZZINI, the Architect of the Unification of Italy. It was the sum of his ripe experience. Italy in the throes of the struggle for Independence rallied to the cry of country before personal advantage. She produced a thousand volunteers to follow GARIBALDI across the Straits of Naples, even when he said: "I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears and sweat." But Independent Italy was confused, and the strong national will was replaced by a wilted and rapidly withering spirit.

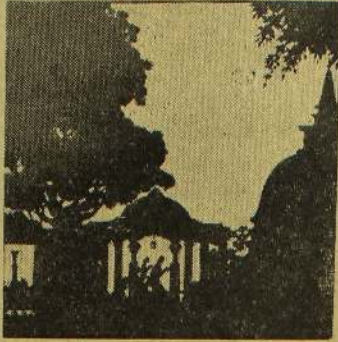
We are now on the threshold of Victory in our battle for freedom, and we must prepare for tomorrow. That tomorrow can bring us the opportunity to build a new Lanka in which we shall have a united people when we shall have the full power of our national energy directed to productive tasks. That tomorrow can also produce a state of chaos when a free nation becomes obsessed with the strength of its newfound freedom, when the novelty of self-rule may make us rash and impetuous. History is strewn with the debris of wasted opportunities when nations failed to sustain their national efforts and were either over-run by powerful neighbours or ruined by civil strife.

Although we anticipate the problems of tomorrow we are also heartened by the experience of yesterday. We have some cause to be self-confident, for we faced the crises of war years and came through the ordeal of the battle for food with credit. It has already been recognised at an international level that Ceylon's system of food distribution and the organisation of its internal economy is the pride of the British Commonwealth and a model for the Colonies.

Our own struggle for independence has been fought with such restraint and dignity that we have been able to win the respect of nations overseas. The United National Party has determined that the freedom we have won shall be used to the fullest advantage, and that the twin monsters of communal and class hatred shall be stamped into the dust.

We cannot allow communal hatred to strike a death blow to the newly burgeoned flower, of our political development. We must realise that communal antagonism carried to its logical end must result in open warfare. This is not an empty fear, and the events in India bear striking testimony to the truth that communal bitterness can only end in national suicide.

**Without Comment & Comment**



LOCAL ARTIST'S EFFORT



DRAWING BY DESAI

**HOW TO LOOK AT A PAINTING**

Lionello Venturi proved that youth is no bar to greatness. At 22 he obtained his Ph.D. from the University of Rome. At 24 he was Vice-Director of the Academy of Art in Venice and of the Borghese Gallery in Rome. Before he was 30 he was Director of the National Gallery in Urbino; then, for 17 years, Professor of History of Art in the Turin University. In 1940, 1941, 1942 and 1943 he was Visiting Lecturer in Art at Universities in America and France and England.

WHEN looking at a painting, you may be indifferent to it; but if you are moved by it you either say: "I like it," "I don't like it." And you are neither right nor wrong, because individual preferences are beyond discussion. If you like a girl that I do not, it would be stupid or even worse for me to interfere and try to convince you that you must not like her. Individual preference is always arbitrary.

In forming a judgment on art, individual preference cannot be avoided. A "nice girl" by Renoir will appeal more to many people than a rough peasant by Cezanne. But many people, in spite of their references for Renoir, will admit not only that the rough peasant by Cezanne deserves attention, but also that there is something in the picture of a peasant that is not in Renoir's painting. At this point, you become aware that the qualities of the two painting can be different: one more appealing; the other less so. Nevertheless each has its quality. The quality of a work of art therefore is not entirely dependent upon its having an appeal to you, since it is a quality pertaining to the painting itself, and not to your liking or disliking. It is an objective quality, a quality itself. And this quality is called Art.

What matters in painting is not the canvas, the line of oil on tempera, the anatomical structure, and all other measurable items, but its human contribution to our life, its suggestions to our sensations, feeling and imagination. An artist's imagination is not an abstraction living in a vacuum outside his mind. Imagination does not work in a void; it works in the whole life of the artist, and it is the form of the artist's life. Thus the particular visualising which is the characteristic style of an artist, is also the physical symbol of that artist's imagination.

The best way of looking at a picture is to strive to understand, and thus appreciate, the intimate relationship existing between the lines, forms and colours we see in the picture and the feeling and the imagination of the artist that we do not see but which we can sense and re-construct by or through our feeling and imagination. So that, finally, the analysis of a painting reveals not only the artistic activity of the painter, but also the whole of his human activity.

**"CUBISM AS A FORM OF MODERN ART"**

An object has always been represented from only one point of view, but the Cubists wanted to represent it from many sides. So they cut it into parts, reduced each part to its simplest form, which is approximately a geometric form, and juxtaposed the other parts like projections of the first one. Then they transposed on the surface of their painting all elements which in their perspective arrangement has represented space and depth. This dissection of an object into parts, and their arrangement on the surface, was an attempt to suggest both the view of the object from all possible sides and the exposi-

tion of its parts on the surface. The result, of course, was that human perception of the object utterly failed, and that an interpretation was needed to reconstruct in the imagination the dissected object.

The arrangement of the parts of the object, which were partly geometric and partly verisimilar in form, followed the geometric projections only partially and generally was due to free imagination. If this imagination was arbitrary, that is, detached from the senses, the result was a failure. But if the imaginative arrangement included a pattern, a sense of proportion—a sense of balance, of relation between form and colour, of harmony of colours and so on—then the result could reveal the personality of the painter, his interest in life, how, for example, he felt, loved and hated. Then the result would be a work of Art.

(From "Painting and Painters" by Lionello Venturi, Charles Scribner Sons Ltd., London. Rs. 18).

I HAVE seen two Vesak numbers, the one produced by the "Daily News" Press and the other by Messrs M. D. Gunasena and Co. I have examined the latter with unusual interest because there is a sad lapse on the part of an artist. The two pictures reproduced on this page tell their own story. One is a drawing by the well-known Indian artist, Kanu Desai, taken from his book of "Silhouettes." The other is by a local artist and is printed in black and silver (a colour combination recommended by John Kidds, the makers of printing inks). The two pictures are substantially the same, although the local artist has substituted a Dagoba for a tree, a full moon for a moon crescent, and two figures for the one in Desai's drawing.

This might have been passed over as a curious coincidence but for the somewhat inconvenient fact that Desai's book arrived in Ceylon months ago. This might have been described as clever if it were not better described as a cheap copy. The Gunasena Vesak Number is not a schoolboy effort. It is a piece of serious journalism, and the public must not let itself be fooled by cribs, clever or otherwise.

As for the rest, I must say that the general standard of the articles is fair. The layout is an improvement on past attempts of this kind, and one sees the impetus of the famous "Lanka" magazine styles on printing in the Pettah. This is to be encouraged. Here and there, however, the traditional Pettah styles come to the surface.

A.

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# MAUGHAM HALF-TONES

MR. MAUGHAM, on the other hand, adopts a completely different point of view. He is pre-eminently the reader in the sitting room, relaxing in the most comfortable easy chair, ready to snore if the book is boring, settling down in dressing room, with no pads and pencils and all the paraphernalia of the study.

"The first thing I have asked of a book before I put it on my list is that it should be readable; for I want you to read these books, and readability is something the professors and critics take for granted. I have asked you to read them for yourself and decide their value for you, regardless of the opinions of authority. The only thing that signifies in a book is what it means to you, and if your opinion is at variance with that of everyone else in the world it is of no consequence. Your opinion is valid for you."

That sounds like a flat contradiction, even a refutation of everything the Professor has tried to instil in us. Maugham is eminently commonsensical. He knows the limitations of the ordinary reader. The virtue he values most in a book is readability....commonsense, readability, incidentally the two qualities that have pushed Maugham time and again up on the list of best-sellers. He would have little patience with the fussy ritual, the secluded silent corner of the study, the intense concentration, the pad, pencil and dictionary which Adler recommends for a session or rather bout with the masters. In its place he would have the cosiest chair, the feet flung up, the most comfortable dressing gown, or sarong, the window conveniently wide open through which the reader, if so disposed, can fling both author and book to the limbo of the forgotten and the damned.

To Adler the ideal reader is a martyr, the great book an enemy who discloses his wealth of hidden treasures after the most persistent and unremitting effort. To Maugham, on the other hand, he is a normal, sane and very reasonable mortal with no fanaticism about him and no theories. All he asks of a book is that it amuse, delight and please. But is there no flaw in Maugham's standpoint? Against the dictatorship of the highbrows, the specialists and the dons, does he not set up the anarchy of the man who knows that what he likes is good and "to hell with the others." And then what happens? The pulp magazine story, the shoddy boy meets girl romance, the cheap hackneyed thriller, by the rule of individual caprice continues to exert a pernicious influence and by reason of it "being valid for you" usurps the place of the classics. There are few who would embrace the theories of the professor but at least they would be well read—many no doubt would agree with Maugham and none of them would be literate at all.

Between these two points of view, so contradictory to each other, expressed with all the discipline and authority of the lecture hall by Adler and with all the sympathy of a worldly, cynical novelist (with a genius for the insight into the frailties and weakness of ordinary people) on the other, is there no moderate, middle way? And this is where Mr. Montgomery Belgion steps in. His guide to good reading is contained in five simple rules, they are these. Assuming that we need an acquaintance with the great Literature of the past, we should seek it, he says, "not from histories of Literature, not from anthologies, not from biographies, and psychological theories (this being the fashion of the moment) but from the actual pieces of writing themselves." In other words the book is the thing. "Second, we should go to these books in a spirit of humility. Third, we should derive from them pleasure (and he adds this warning, that the acquisition of this pleasure will neither be brief nor easy). Fourth, we should organise our reading: freak sentences, haphazard and promiscuous reading won't help—and lastly we should read books by the critics in order to distinguish between what is not Literature from the real thing."

• The special virtue of Mr. Belgion is his restraint, his admirable moderation. He would not have us break up a book and see how it works as though it were a watch or examine it as we would an insect. He would, I have no doubt, disapprove of the methods of the mechanic, the laboratory scientist, the ornithologist. Literature is as he repeatedly asserts, a living force, a living thing, to be apprehended by a delicately attuned sensibility, and not dissected by the cold logic of the intellect only. Nor would he on the other hand treat it with the casualness and flippancy and contempt generally reserved by the ordinary reader to the scrawlings of a savage. Beside Mr. Belgion is at pains to emphasise a point with which I for one am in complete agreement. He disapproves of the new psychological school of critics. For the past few years we've been swamped by the most fantastic and ingenious theories about the private lives and habits of the great writers, quite justifiable in biography but the most pretentious bosh when masquerading as literary criticism. "How often have we been asked to consider the effect of author X's weak lungs on the leading characters in his work for haven't we noticed how susceptible they've been to hay-fever? What about the effect of author Y's asthma on his prose style? Why you can positively hear it wheeze? Books, as Mr. Belgion asserts, must be judged by pure literary standards and not by the multifarious diseases, complexes and inhibitions writers have been unfortunate enough to suffer from.

Well...there are the three books. All three are valuable for they have been the most important contributions on the subject of reading which have been published for the ordinary reader in recent years. Quite apart from this, a perusal of all three books should give you a three dimensional view as it were of the subject for most writers approach it, and view it from three different angles and each acts as a corrective one on another. To Professor Adler we must be grateful for having brought us to a realisation of the seriousness, the intensity, concentration and sheer hard work which we must bring to a reading of the great books; to Mr. Maugham for having treated an aspect of it which the more portentous critics ignore, viz., the absolute necessity of reading, and reading anything at all sometimes for an addiction to it is akin to the dope addicts love for his drug—its an escape, a refuge from the irritations of daily living; and to Mr. Belgion for his five simple rules which constitute as reliable and not too intimidating a guide to good reading as any other.

The whole problem of reading is a very personal one, and a very complicated one. As you may have experienced yourself choosing a book for a friend is as dangerous as choosing a tie for a man or a hat for a girl—anything may happen—anything from ecstasies of delight and rapture to sheer disgust, concealed by the politest, well bred scorn. No wonder ours is an age of the gift voucher, and the book token. And it is a complicated problem because good reading depends on so many things—on leisure—the desire to read the classics at all; the intellectual capacity to tackle them and the analytical gifts to enjoy them critically; sensibility, your purse, how far away the nearest library is, the kind of person you are.

A writer, for instance, will read so as to absorb everything that can enrich his art; the serious reader to enrich and deepen his experience; the bored and the tired to be titillated. You cannot possibly expect the bullied, harassed bank clerk to beguile his leisure with the theorems of Euclid, which by the way is one of the 100 best books Professor Adler would have us read, or the disgruntled schoolboy tussle with Tolstoy, when all he desires is to take his mind off his disgusting texts and the exploits of Superman accomplish it best of all, or the sentimental convent school girl to grapple with the philosophers when...but let's not go into that.....

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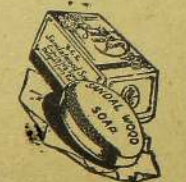
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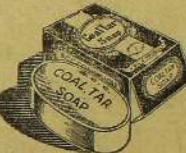
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# SPORTS

Commentary

COVER-POINT

**T**HE Nuwara Eliya Golf Club links provided an ideal setting for the Ceylon Title Meet. Golf may be an old man's game, but youth cannot be denied and young W. P. FERNANDO fulfilled the promise of his early teens by becoming Ceylon's new champion. In wresting the title from last year's winner, J. B. McLACHLAN, Fernando set the seal of class on his golf. As usual he drove a very long ball and always seemed to have the measure of his opponent on the greens. Once he took the lead at the 5th hole, he never lost it either in the morning or afternoon session. McLachlan did make a bold bid, on the two occasions in which they were up in "Switzerland," to win back lost ground but it was of no avail and a state of dormy 6 led eventually to a 4 up and 3 victory for the Ceylonese challenger.

Fernando made his way into the final at the expense of LT.-COL. TREDENICK, LT. BAKER and R. A. G. McMICHEN, none of whom could match his brilliance. McLachlan, on the other hand, had a very stiff hurdle in the penultimate round in the person of the ever-green ARCHIE AITKEN, who took him to the 18th before conceding victory.

Fernando has now won the Triple Golf crown at Nuwara Eliya, having earlier annexed the Club Championship and the Gold Medal. On current form he is a worthy holder of the Island's title.

**T**HE Cup Final at Wembley drew a mammoth crowd of 100,000 including the Duke of Gloucester and the Prime Minister and the other members of the Cabinet. They were treated to a grand display of defensive soccer and, like last year, the scheduled period of play proved insufficient and extra time had to be played to enable a decision to be reached. Charlton was certainly not winning out of turn when, in this spell of extra time, they scored the only goal of the match to win the Cup for the first time in their history and to become the third London team to secure the trophy. Charlton is a young club which, not many years ago, was a humble Third Divisioner. Their steady rise in the soccer world has been one of the romances of the game and their success is all the more welcome in that they did not go round the country with an open cheque book for the transfer of the stars of other clubs but have rather been content to rely on their native talent to weld their team into a match-winning combination.

**W**HILE the interest of the football world was centred in the Cup Final, there were some grim promotion and relegation battles fought elsewhere. One of these problems was settled by the defeat of Leeds United who, even if they win their last five outstanding games, MUST be relegated to the Second Division.

The Wolves continue to lead the upper division, a point to the good of Manchester United. In the second division, Manchester City have a 5-point lead over Burnley but neither of them was engaged in a League game yesterday. Cardiff City still show the way to Queen's Park Rangers in the southern section of the Third Division, while Doncaster Rovers have assured themselves of the northern section championship being 10 points ahead of Rotherham. The Scottish champions are, once again, the Rangers who have the title in safe-keeping.

**R**ACING made the headlines this week when Mr. J. A. Dewar's Tudor Minstrel confirmed the brilliance of his first season by putting plenty of daylight between him and his challengers in the 2,000 Guineas. Before the first of Classics was run on Wednesday, racing pundits were of opinion that the race was a match between Mr. Dewar's colt and Sir Alfred Butt's Petition. They were correct only as far as Tudor Minstrel was concerned, for whereas the son of Owen Tudor made the Guineas field look like so many donkeys from Donegal, Petition finished out of the money. It was left to two Indian owned colts in Prince Aly Khan's Saravan and the Gaekwar of Baroda's Sayaji Rao to follow the champion home. Saravan is the winner of the Middle Park Stakes and Sayaji Rao is of course the "Young Dante" for whom Baroda paid the record price of 28,000 guineas. Readily as Tudor Minstrel made the Guineas his own, he may not be quite as good a proposition for the Derby as his stamina limitations may be made apparent by the Epsom course. More of this in a later issue.

**T**HE South African tour of England opens with their match against Worcestershire. The Springboks have been in England for some weeks and the dry spell, which has been recently experienced in Britain, must have helped them to put in all the practice they need. Worcestershire, on paper, is hardly up to the standard of the tourists but it will be interesting to see how they will tackle Melville and his men.

**I**N Ceylon, the final of the "A" Division of the Mercantile Cricket Tournament was completed during the week and gave Cable and Wireless their second championship in successive years. They were indebted in the main to D. Ludowyke and E. C. N. Walker, who excelled with bat and ball to the undoing of National Mutual.

A Darrawella team made Colombo over the week-end and in a whole-day match on the S.S.C. ground, in which a holiday spirit prevailed, had the better of the exchanges. The club rattled up 218 for the loss of 8 wickets, Sargo Jayawickrema hitting out breezily for 86. The visitors, going for the runs from the start, had scored 228 for the loss of 6 wickets, when time intervened.

# PARLIAMENTARY FLASH-BACKS

By Megan Lloyd George

FIFTEEN years is only a short time to have been in the House of Commons, but what a procession of great events there has been in those years—the crisis of 1931, the Abdication, the attack on Abyssinia, the Spanish Civil War—all culminating in the greatest climax of all—World War No. 2.

Running through all those years are the memories of innumerable question times—those precious hours when Ministers, including the Prime Minister, are put in the box, so to speak, and bombarded by Members with questions. The "Grand Inquisition" as it has been called. There is nothing, we are told, that so impresses visitors from other countries about the British Parliament as this much-cherished right of the private member. And they are right. It is one of the most vital parts of our democratic machine, a most valuable check-up on the efficiency of the Government of the day; and above all a safeguard for the individual man or woman against the petty tyrannies of bureaucracy.

I remember on one occasion, long before the War, a much criticised Minister who was charged with the immense task of solving Unemployment, which then stood at a figure of a million and a half, proudly announcing that the level of the Serpentine was to be raised by 2 ft. thereby providing employment for 200 men.

Mr. Maxton rose: "Would it not be better," he asked disingenuously, "to raise the level of the Serpentine by 4 ft. and provide employment for 400 men?"

I remember another direct hit on the target—the bomb-aimer Miss Wilkinson, small and fierce—then always on offensive operations. It was at the time of the Spanish Civil War when Italians, Germans and Russians were notoriously leading a double life in Spain publicly non-intervening, and privately intervening in the way with might and main.

"Would it not be better," she asked, "to withdraw all Spaniards from the country and let the others fight it out?"

Another incident of a very different kind stands out from those years. It was the day when Mr. John Beckett seized the Mace, sacred symbol of the Constitution, and before members realised what was happening, was charging with it down the floor of the House. He reached the bar, but there the Sergeant-at-Arms, a slight but stately figure, retrieved it from him and restored it to its customary resting place on the table. Only once before had irreverent hands been laid on the Mace, and that was 300 years ago when Cromwell ordered its removal.

LIKE most other communities, the House of Commons has got its standing family jokes. They go on through crises and very often break the tension and restore good humour. In the old days the one that always brought the House down was when a member sat down on his top hat, sometimes, alas, shattering beyond repair a glowy perforation. Now the glory of the top-hat is departed with the frock-coat and the three-hour speeches. Others have stood the test of time. One that never wears threadbare is the friendly barracking of a new member when he is first introduced after a bye-election to the House. Sponsored by two colleagues he has to walk up the floor, a few steps then a bow, more steps, another bow, a procedure repeated yet a third time. No sergeant-major watches with a more critical eye than do the Members this drill, and if either of their three colleagues default a shout goes up "one, two, three, bow, bow." There was the classic occasion when a small and



MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE

very rotund member by the name of Sir William Bull, was accompanied by a repentant rebel. A member shouted: "Ah! here comes the Prodigal Son and the Fatted Calf."

IN the early 30's, the time of Parliament was taken up almost entirely with domestic affairs, more particularly with the serious human and economic problem of unemployment, but later a gradual change began to take place. Coming events were already beginning to cast their sombre shadows

I can still see the tall, elegant figure of Sir Austen Chamberlain rising in his place, and the splendid gesture with which he swept off his top-hat. I can still hear the solemn words of warning uttered to the House of the growing menace of Germany. Sir Austen was one of the very few who kept alive in speech and style the grand manner of an earlier political age. On the Government Front Bench below, a succession of Foreign Secretaries made their appearance—and their exists—some into the wings, one to the Woolsack, others to reappear in other, and less important parts. There was Sir John Simon, as he then was, who spoke with brilliant agility, Sir Samuel Hoare, and Mr. Eden, whose exit was the most dramatic, and whose come-back the most complete.

Two among many vivid flashes, widely differing in character, come to mind about Mr. Churchill. The first was during one of the Budget Debates on the 30's. Mr. Snowden, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, was a fervid teetotaler. Mr. Leif Jones, Liberal who had been giving him considerable trouble during the passage of the Finance Bill, was equally fervid and was indeed known to his friends by the nickname of Tea-Leaf Jones. The last stage was now reached. Hostilities were forgotten. The two were complimenting each other on their respective performances during the Budget Debates—Mr. Churchill, much amused at this belated exchange of bouquets, remarked how pleasant it was to see the two Rt. Hon. Gentlemen "pledging each other in libations of cold water."

THE second is Mr. Churchill, Prime Minister, sending out the challenge of his country to the enemy, on that black day in 1940: "We shall fight in the fields, and in the streets — we shall fight in the hills; ... we shall never surrender."



NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN

But of all the debates of those fateful years, there is none to equal that parliamentary blitzkrieg which brought about the fall of the Chamberlain Government. I do not think that anyone who was there that day will ever forget the scene.

how Mr. Chamberlain made his final appeal for support in a crowded, excited House, or the moment when Mr. Amery, diminutive and resolute, rapped out with deadly effect the words of Cromwell to the Long Parliament: "You have sat here too long for any good you have been doing — in the name of God, go."

Finally, what was acknowledged on all sides to be a devastating broadside from my father: "The Prime Minister should give an example of sacrifice. There is nothing which can contribute more to victory in this war than that he should sacrifice the seat of office."

The flood-gates were open. The repressed emotions of years had been released. The division took place in an atmosphere of tense excitement. When the Whips advanced to the table and read out the figures, it became clear that not only Labour, but a substantial number of Conservatives had voted against the Government. As Mr. Chamberlain rose to leave the Chamber, his supporters leapt to their feet and waved their order papers, while the Chamber rang with the shouts of his opponents "Go, go."



LLOYD GEORGE

The House of Commons, like all other institutions in this free country of ours, is the subject of criticism. How often have we not heard it pilloried in private and public as the "talking-shop" and yet on that day an action had been fought which was as vital a part of the winning of the war as the campaign in North Africa.

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