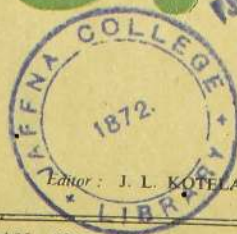


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VOL. I. No. 9.

FRIDAY, 9th MAY 1947

PRICE FIVE CENTS

SAMA SAMAJISTS ROUTED AT POLGOLLA Propagandists Turn Tail: Sceptics Converted

By

Peter Mellaaratchy

AN year ago the Polgolla Camp was the Headquarters of the Air Arm of the SEAC to put down ruthless oppression and establish the freedom of the world. A few days ago this very Camp was the Training Centre for a band of Rural Workers to fight against ignorance and illiteracy in our land and thereby win the freedom from ignorance.

The Adult Education Section of the Education Department under the able direction of Mr. T. D. Jayasuriya, and the whole-hearted support of Mr. A. Ratnayake, Member for Dumbara, who champions the cause of the poor and the illiterate, left no stone unturned in the fight for this freedom, but their road was not without obstacles, and fifth columnist activity. The fifth columnists being a few so-called Sama Samajists among the delegates who had come there with the deliberate intention of wrecking the proceedings with the help of their local sympathisers.

They started well according to plan. The Hammer and Sickle appeared on the road very prominently displayed. Perhaps they expected it to act like the proverbial red rag to the bull—as the impression given to these delegates by their High Command was that the Board of Ministers was a capitalist caucus, that there was a ruthless class war planned, that they pursued a policy of oppression and exploitation of the masses for capitalistic ends.

With these prejudices in their minds they took up residence with a cut and dried programme. A few of their party men took up residence quite close to the Camp having fixed up as to when they were to meet the delegates, etc. The meeting place, according to them, was the theatre hall where the first Sinhalese film "Broken Promise" was screened. The seats were arranged inside the hall for the delegates and the visitors but the accommodation proved totally inadequate.

The authorities rose to the occasion and screened the film in the open air and thereby enabled the thousands assembled to enjoy free of charge an entertainment for which one and all would readily have paid. This was the first eye-opener (to the wreckers). As even "Chitrakala," a capitalist organisation, was out to join in promoting a worthy cause. The "Broken Promise" needed no advertisement by free shows.



Photograph taken just before the hoisting of the National Flag by Mr. D. S. Senanayake. In the picture are Mr. Geo. E. de Silva, Col. J. L. Kotelawela, D. S. Senanayake, R. E. Jayatilleke, A. Ratnayake, Peter Mellaaratchy and W. A. B. Soysa.

The following morning the delegates went round the respective Units of the Exhibition and later took part in the various discussions, including open criticism of the Ministers and their policies. These discussions were absolutely free of any restraint imposed by the authorities. This freedom of discussion should normally have enabled the Sama Samajists to throw cold water on the Government. But in the course of the discussions they found that the impressions they had of the present Government were totally different to the actual facts, in other words that the truth had been distorted by their High Command.

At the end of the day, as planned, the leftist delegates met their friends and nearly had a row. That was the end of their plans. The events during the week enlightened them of the policy and the motives of the Board of Ministers—this capitalist caucus as they called it before. These leftists learnt by slow and convincing stages that the sole interest underlying the efforts of the Board was the improvement of the social and economic condition of the masses—the aspect which the Marxists clouded by pointing out to the masses certain trivial discrepancies in wages and elevating this to a national calamity. These delegates realised that things were not in the mess that the Marxists made them believe they were. They learnt that the policies of the Ministers were co-ordinated towards one purpose, the upliftment of the condition of the masses.

At the end of the course the very people who had come there with the purpose of wrecking the proceedings turned out to be the most ardent supporters of the Adult Education Scheme. They declared publicly that when they got back to their respective areas they would disseminate the knowledge they had gained here and thereby enable their ignorant neighbours to see things in the correct perspective and not judge according to the cheap and vulgar propaganda of the Marxists.



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THE Jaffnese have been compared to the Scots because of their thrift. Their industry and capacity for work are well known. On the other hand they have also been stated to be insular, conservative and not "modern". To understand the characteristics of these people one should make a careful study of the Jaffna peasant. It is he who is the backbone of Jaffna. It is his basic character and outlook in life that you find predominant in any Jaffnese whatever his present occupation may be.

One would then ask why should these characteristics be so marked in the Jaffna peasant alone. To answer this question one should visit the peninsula where these people live and work. This part of the country is one of the driest; it has very little rainfall. There are no rivers or irrigation tanks. Water has to be drawn from wells ranging from 20 to 60 feet deep. The soil too is not fertile enough. It is against these odds that the Jaffna peasant has to fight to merely exist. All that Nature has denied him has to be provided by his toil. If he does not put in his maximum effort he cannot exist. That is why he is so hardworking and industrious. He simply cannot afford to be otherwise. He has got to be thrifty as there is no alternative for him as his return, in spite of all the hard work he puts in, is hardly sufficient to meet his minimum needs. These characteristics which he has of necessity cultivated are now his greatest virtues. It may be that all the Jaffnese are not so; but these characteristics are there in all of them, perhaps in some more marked and in others less.

THEN one usually hears that the Co-operative Movement has been an outstanding success in the peninsula. The reason for this can also be traced back to the common man of Jaffna—the peasant. Owing to the nature of the country he cannot cultivate his land all alone by himself. He requires assistance both financially and in labour. It is not all the peasants who have grown up children to provide the necessary labour. So he has to engage labour; but for this he has not enough resources and even if he had, it would be quite uneconomic for the majority of them to do cultivation by hired labour. Therefore he has to ask his neighbour to assist him particularly in drawing water out of those deep wells and during periods of harvesting, etc.

Again, none of them have accumulated funds to draw upon. Whenever somebody is in need he has to borrow from a number of his neighbours. Of course now he can borrow from his agricultural credit societies but then the members of these societies will be his neighbours themselves. It all means the same thing. He pays all his debts promptly however hard he may have to work for it. If he does not, on the next occasion he requires financial assistance he won't get it. It will thus be seen that the spirit of co-operation and honesty are two other great virtues of his. Well it may be that these too have been cultivated out of necessity, but this does not matter. The fact remains these people possess these great virtues of which any class of peasantry in whatever part of the world they may be, may well be proud.

What of his shortcomings? It is quite true that he is very insular and conservative. How could he be otherwise? He has never had a liberal education. He has not the facilities nor the time (for his work keeps him fully occupied all the time) to know what is happening outside his sphere of life. To him the world is Jaffna. He may do a trip once a year to Kataragama and that is all he sees of the outside world. In whatever he does he blindly follows the customs and traditions handed to him by his forefathers. How then can we expect him to be broader in outlook and "modern"? Breadth of outlook is a result of education, knowledge of what is happening in other countries, etc.



JAFFNA CIGAR FACTORY

HIS only passion in his life is the well-being of his family and his dependants. He toils so hard all his life not for himself but for them. It is they who matter to him most in life. It may be a son whom he wants to educate to enable him to secure a 'Government job' or it may be a daughter for whose dowry he has to set aside a good portion of his earnings. Only a Jaffnese can understand fully the amount of hardships, sacrifices and toil these poor people undergo for the sake of their children and dependants. To him the well-being of his children is a sacred duty and to many the only duty. This is why the Jaffna man is so attached to his parents and rushes back to his home immediately his job is over in another part of the country.

Although he does not realize it, the Jaffna peasant has many serious problems to face in the future. He toils on as his forefathers have done in the past; but all the same he is, unconsciously, losing his grip on the situation. The whole difficulty is that we are all living in an age of revolution and changes; but the Jaffna peasant is not moving with the times and is remaining static. It is not his fault. He does not know this; and even if he knows a little he cannot understand all these vast changes that are taking place around him. He has not the education nor the breadth of outlook to understand these things.

The most serious problem is the problem of land. His holding is a small bit of land and as such it is an uneconomic holding. But then when it is divided and divided again among children and grandchildren and so on, one could just imagine what the position would be. The peninsula is too small for expansion even if this is possible. But what is the purpose of developing an area to which nature has denied so many of its blessings when there are vast possibilities of developing much more fertile areas in other parts of the Island. It is true that the Jaffna man is too attached to the land of his birth to consent to migrate to other areas, but he will have to face this problem one day or other very soon if he has not already felt the initial effects of it.

THIS suggestion of migration has many other possibilities in it. By going out and mixing with the other communities he gets the opportunity of knowing their way of life, acquires a broader outlook and tolerance which no amount of education can possibly give him. The problems of the peasant whether Sinhalese or Tamil is the same—poverty and sickness. There is no reason why they cannot live side by side and fight their common battle for their mutual benefit. One has got to learn a great lot from the other and profit by it. It is only when you fight for power and jobs that this communal cry is raised. There is absolutely no trace of enmity between the Tamil peasant and Sinhalese peasant. Their common enemy is their poverty and misery and it will profit both of them to pool their resources in this battle of theirs to exist.

Then there is the other problem of tobacco cultivation. This is the only main cash crop the Jaffna peasant cultivates. It is from what he gets out of tobacco that he pays the rent of his holding if he is a lessee, buys the manure, pays his children's school expenses, saves for his daughter's dowry, etc., etc. His tobacco is entirely exported to Travancore and thus he is at the mercy of that State for the value he secures for his crop. Travancore is a fast developing and ably guided State and

one day even may find that the State produces all the tobacco it requires and thus have no market for the Jaffna tobacco. The method of cultivation is just as ancient as the Jaffna man's forefather's and unless more improved methods to meet the ever-changing needs are adopted, the Jaffna farmer has a very gloomy future.

Nature's most cruel blow to the peninsula is the absence of any form of irrigation facilities. As stated earlier there are no rivers or tanks and the rainfall is comparatively little. The peasant entirely depends on deep wells from which water is drawn for irrigation purposes. The drawing of water is entirely done by human labour without any mechanical aid. One must only see to realize how much these men toil and spend so much of physical labour and energy over the irrigation of their farms. And we say that we are living in an Age of Science! Recently mechanical methods have been tried but the ordinary peasant cannot afford the expense of it. Some enterprising people have bought small pumping units from Service stocks and installed them on co-operative lines to pump water for their farms. It is too early to say how far this will succeed but it is an experiment worth trying and one which would give us a pointed as to how we should set about to solve this problem.

By
A "Jaffnese"

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THE "Hope Diamond" which claimed its latest victim recently is not so unlucky after all. Mrs. Evelyn McLean, the latest owner, had a spot of luck in 1920 when, wearing it at the races she backed a horse called *Pride of India* (inspired by the land of the gem's origin), and it won.

In 1934, while on a trip to England, she said: "I have had the diamond for more than twenty years and it has not brought me any bad luck although it seems to hurt people around me. Ten years later, however, she said: "I am convinced that the diamond is unlucky. I will wind up in an old ladies' home. I will die broke."

She died at her home, while suffering from pneumonia. But the cause of her death is uncertain. She died from an overdose of sleeping tablets. It was only last October that her daughter, Mrs. Evelyn Reynolds, died from an overdose of sleeping tablets!

Since it was stolen 300 years ago by a Burmese from a temple where it had formed the eye of an idol, the gem has claimed the following victims (besides the other lesser known ones): Tavernier, the French explorer (died a pauper), Fouquet, French Finance Minister (died in prison in disgrace), Queen Marie Antoinette (died under the guillotine), Princess Lamballe (killed by the mob), May Yohe, the actress wife of the Duke of Newcastle (died penniless), and Abdul Hamid II, ruler of Turkey (desposed). And so it goes on.....leaving a tragic trail behind.

Beef-Eating

THOSE misguided enthusiasts who have resorted to force to vaunt their religious fervour in their campaign against beef-eating should take a lesson from the saint-king, Sri Sargabo.

As a true Buddhist he practised the doctrine of "ahimsa". It is a common story that he would even strain his drinking water in order not to take the lives of the small insects that may be in the water. His kindness to animals and to men was exemplary.

This compares drastically with the enthusiasm of the so-called "saints" who tolerate stabbing of fellow-men and the beating of cart-bulls but howl at the killing of cattle for the lawful purpose of eating. It's so elementary, my dear Watson. There's another story behind all this. But let us hope that this all a passing phenomenon—like the anti-capitalist blood-cries and demonstrations on May Day.

It is also rumoured that some people who back this campaign have invested large sums of money in the fish trade! An ex-rural revolutionary is widely mentioned in this connection.

More of Henry Ford

CONSEQUENT on my references to Henry Ford in these columns, a reader has sent me the book "Life and Work" (the Autobiography of Henry Ford).

In it, Ford says that in 1895 he was the "only licensed chauffeur in America."

His "gasoline buggy" was the first, and for a long time, the only automobile in Detroit. It spluttered oil, rattled, scared horses and blocked the traffic.

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He describes his desperation: "If I stopped my machine anywhere in town a crowd was around it before I could start up again. If I left it alone, even for a minute, some inquisitive persons always tried to run it."

"Finally I had to carry a chain and chain it to a lamp-post whenever I left it anywhere."

His troubles did not end there. The police thought he was exceeding the speed limit! So he had to get a special permit from the Mayor of Detroit—the first car licence ever issued in America.

Manel-Mal

HAVE you seen the "manel-mal" (Sinh.)? That is the Ceylon equivalent to the hyacinth. What is noteworthy is that it, like the hyacinth, has a classic legend behind it.

The hyacinth, it is said, sprang from the blood of Hyacinthus, the Spartan.

But another legend says that Ajax, the Telamorian, killed himself and from his blood sprang up a purple flower bearing some Greek letters on its leaves, which were at once the initials of the name and the expression of a sigh.

The manel-mal has a more romantic legend.

A pretty damsel was on the point of being ravished by a rakshasa when by divine intervention she was changed into the flower, manel-mal.

During the time of Ravana it was chronicled that the fragrance of the flower could be smelt five leagues away!

"Parting Is Such Sweet Sorrow"

WHICH, do you think, is the nicest goodbye in literature? This is not a competition and no prizes are offered. But it will be a thrilling game—your choice may be as good as mine.

At a competition held in London some choice examples were offered.

Juliet's farewell to Romeo: "Parting is such sweet sorrow. That I could say goodnight till it be morrow," was popular.

So was Horatio's "Now cracks a noble heart. Goodnight sweet prince, and flights of angels sing three to thy rest" and the leave-taking of Brutus and Cassius.

But it was not all Shakespeare. Others had Drayton's "Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part."

But one competitor claimed that the "only perfect farewell" was the parting of Boswell and Dr. Johnson on Harwich Beach.

It went thus:—
Boswell: "I said, I hope, Sir, you will not forget me in my absence."

Dr. Johnson: "Nay, Sir, it is more likely you should forget me than I should forget you."

Which, I think, is mere tripe.
Any further examples from readers are welcome.

I personally like: "Good Night, God Bless You and keep you safe, my love".

Historic Rock

A WOMAN'S place is not in the home. An antique's place is apparently not in the museum! It is time some one thought of removing the historic rock with the Portuguese coat-of-arms on it to the Colombo Museum. Why it was placed in the Gordon Gardens no one knows.

The Gordon Gardens was not built round the rock. The rock was placed in the Gardens. So there is no special reason why the rock should not be removed to its rightful place.

The rock was brought to light in 1898. On its discovery the Apostolic Delegate of the East Indies residing at Kandy, Mgr. Ladislaus Zaleski, pointed to the Governor of Ceylon that this was the very rock on which Dom Lourenco de Almeida ordered the "Quinas of Portugal" (the Portuguese coat-of-arms of five shields with five points on each shield) to be engraved in 1505. On his authority the rock was accepted as a historic relic.

Rather than be exposed to wind, storm, sea spray and rain, this historic rock could be better preserved in the Colombo Museum.

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TACTICS OF REVOLUTION

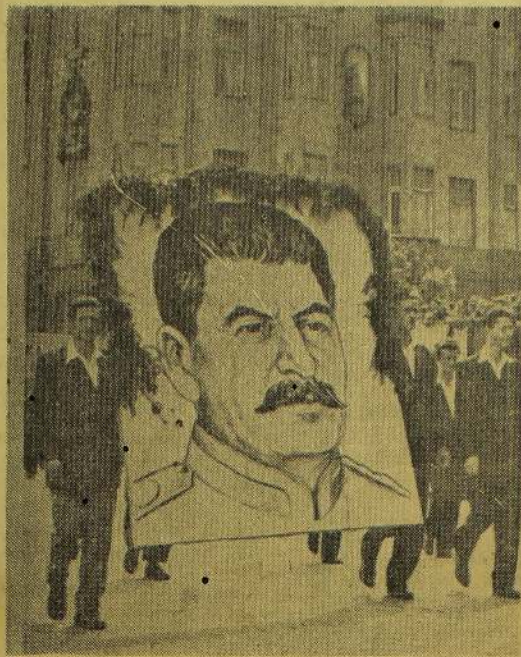
MARXISTS in Ceylon have lied, slandered, lampooned and made much ado about little, while others have worked to keep the country fed and clothed. Their campaign of lying has known no rules, no codes. They have lied not only about the Board of Ministers, the State Council and the "Capitalist classes," but even about themselves. They are even now circulating a lie that the Ministers do not like the "Asoka Mala" film because it portrayed Sinhalese-Tami unity! Readers of this paper will remember the prominence we gave to that film and the emphasis we placed on the aspect of unity.

Sama Samajists are born liars, and they have thus far given a very consistent performance in that direction. They went about the country calling on the Board of Ministers to hold a General Election, and that at a time when we were awaiting the New Constitution. Then, when the Delimitation Commission began its sittings, they raised this issue again, knowing as they did, that no elections were possible until the Registers were ready.

Everyone knows that the Registers are being rushed through the presses both here and in Britain. But now there is a strange lull because the Sama Samajists are not as confident as they were. They want the elections held back. They are therefore planning to spring a GENERAL STRIKE on the country to (1) delay the printing of the Registers, which will mean a delay in the holding of the elections; and (2) to whip up the dying embers of working class support.

The truth is that they are scared and are looking for funk-holes. We can assure them, they will find the refuge they seek.

The worker will not allow himself to be deceived always. The first sign of his awakening was at Maligawatte on the occasion of the laying of a foundation stone for the Government Workers Housing Scheme. The President of the local Trade Union was forthright in his denunciation of professional agitators. That is a warning and the Sama Samajists had better heed it.



RUSSIA
1946

By Brooks Atkinson

"The Modern ikons are the heroic statues and portraits of Lenin and Stalin. 'Believers' carry these portraits in procession."

When the Soviet representatives meet ours at the conference table they are in effect meeting the last tottering prince of original sin; and they cannot give way to us without yielding divine principle. That is one reason why the Russians are so difficult to get on with in pagan assemblies that do not worship Marx, Lenin and Stalin.

In the flush of victory last autumn the Russians opened a war of nerves against Turkey. Russia had enormous military strength in the vicinity, as she still has, and could have "liberated" Turkey from Turkish sovereignty, although not without fighting. But Turkey's nerves were strong, public opinion abroad began to grow restless, and the United States, taking a bland part in the war of nerves, sent a powerful battleship to Turkey bearing the ashes of a former Turkish Ambassador, as well as a few unspoken implications.

* * *

THE U.S.S.R. AND THE FUTURE

After ten months in Moscow I started for home several weeks ago very low in mind. On a basis of personal experiences and personal observations, I could see no prospect of cordial relations with the great Power of Europe and Asia. To put it in the simplest terms, that is a pity because it would be pleasant and enriching to have friendly association with these people.

(Condensed from "Life")

IN America, there is a kind of old wives' tale to the effect that the leaders of the Soviet Union are shrewd, cunning and realistic men who always know from one moment to the next where they are going. But I suspect that they are rather commonplace men who have had no experience of democracy at home and are confused by manifestations of democracy abroad. After successfully destroying differences of opinion at home for the holiest Marxian reasons, they instinctively regard differences of opinion abroad as treachery to the Soviet Union and to the common people. Marxism is a splendid science that has purged itself of the unscientific spontaneity of human nature.

* * *

IN the case of so vast and varied a country as Russia, which has many nationalities to group together, socialism is probably the only system that can open the way to material progress. If there were any way of distinguishing between Soviet socialism and Soviet totalitarianism every man would watch with interest and hope the development of socialism inside Russia for the light it could shed on the problems of the rest of the world.

As a matter of fact, every thinking man will watch it with interest because, whatever else may be true of Russia, the achievements of socialism there so far have had the most profound effect on the rest of the world. People everywhere profoundly want to believe that some economic system is ideal, and, knowing nothing about the misery of life in Russia, they want to believe that Soviet Russia has found the ideal solution. By our standards, the Soviet Union has so far not solved any of the problems of freedom—including freedom from want and freedom from fear.

To anyone who is attracted by the theory of socialism, the police regimentation of the Soviet people is not only disillusioning but frightening. But again, in my opinion, socialism in itself is not the source of the trouble between the Soviet Union and the United States and Great Britain. Other things being equal, the two Western democracies could get on with the Soviet Union more profitably than Nazi Germany did. Indeed, I expect that they will.

But that is not the point of view of the Soviet leaders. They regard themselves as custodians of the future of the world. In their opinion, everything is going their way; as leaders of a Socialist State with a Communist goal, they regard themselves as the advance agents of manifest destiny. In Poland and the Balkans they believe that they are helping manifest destiny along, although the resistance is terrific from the "unenlightened, who are in the vast majority.

For communism is not only a political science but a religion, and its conduct is governed by dogma as well as by reason. The believers have to accept it without reservation. This religious fervour underlies the Soviet attitude toward foreign countries, and is assiduously cultivated at home. The modern ikons are the heroic statues and portraits of Lenin and Stalin in every public building and the huge portraits of the minor prophets carried by the believing multitudes on holidays.

The literary style of Soviet propaganda overflows with religious expressions of love, gratitude, high resolves and sacrifice for a future life; Moscow is not only the capital of Soviet Russia but the holy city of the Communist faith; and Lenin is the father and Stalin is the son. The parish letters to the faithful, which are the leaders on the front pages of the newspapers, solemnly declare that the Soviet Union is the most blessed nation in the world because it has embraced the one and only true faith, and that the future will overflow with love, joy and singing.

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What Really Is PAKISTAN?

M. A. JINNAH gives his answer

HERE is in one place all that the Muslim League leader, Mr. M. A. Jinnah, has said while expounding his pet theory of Pakistan, in the course of the past few years.

In a jumble of ideas Mr. Jinnah tries to put forth in these sentences his hopes and aspirations, ambitions and fears and dire threats if he is prevented from establishing a separate nation for the Mussalmans.

"People ask me what is our goal. If you do not understand that even now, then I say you will never understand what our goal is! The whole question is very simple. Great Britain wants to rule India. Mr. Gandhi and Congress want to rule India and the Mussalmans. We say that we will not let either the British or Mr. Gandhi rule the Mussalmans. We want to be free."

"We want the establishment of completely independent states in the N.-W. and eastern zones of India with full control finally of defence, foreign affairs, communications, customs, currency and exchange, etc. We do not want in any circumstances a constitution of an All-India character with one government at the centre. We will never agree to that. If we once agree to that let me tell you, the Muslims will be absolutely wiped out of existence. We shall never be tributaries of any power of any government at the centre so far as the north-west and eastern zones of our free national homelands are concerned."

ORIGIN

"Pakistan started the moment the first non-Muslim was converted to Islam in India."

"As soon as a Hindu embraced Islam he was outcast, not only religiously but also socially, culturally and economically. As for a Muslim, it was a duty imposed on him by Islam not to merge his identity and individuality in any alien society. Throughout the ages, Hindus had remained Hindus and Muslims had remained Muslims and they had not merged their entities—that is the basis for Pakistan."

BASIS: TWO SEPARATE NATIONS

"The Hindus and Muslims belong to two religious philosophies, social customs and literatures. They neither intermarry nor inter-dine together and, indeed, they belong to two different civilizations which are based mainly on conflicting ideas and conceptions. Their outlook on life and of life is different. It is quite clear that Hindus and Mussalmans derive their inspiration from different sources of history. They have different episodes. Very often the hero of one is a foe of the other and likewise, their victories and defeats overlap. To yoke together two such nations under a single State, one as a numerical minority and the other as a majority, must lead to growing discontent and final destruction of any fabric that may be built up for the Government of such a state.... We (the Mussalmans) are a nation with our own distinctive culture and civilisation, language and literature, art and architecture, names and nomenclature, sense of value and proportion, legal laws and moral codes, customs and calendar, history and traditions, aptitude and ambitions, in short we have our own distinctive out-

look on life and of life. By all canons of international Law we are a nation."

SELF-DETERMINATION FOR MUSLIMS

"We maintain that the right of self-determination of Mussalmans is their birthright and we have definitely decided that in order to secure our freedom and live with honour and self-respect, there is only one solution of the problem of this great sub-continent and that is that we should be free to establish Pakistan in our homelands in all those provinces where the Mussalmans are dominant—the north-west and the north-east zones of India. This means freedom to both Hindus and Muslims; and the Hindus should like to have the same position in Hindustan, which will give them three-fourths of the sub-continent and, what is more, the best part of India."

WESTERN DEMOCRACY UNSUITED FOR INDIA

"Western Democracy is totally unsuited for India and its imposition is the disease in the body."

"Muslim India will never submit to an unitary or united self-Government for all India taken as one single unit as that will immediately bring the North-western and Eastern zones. (The Muslim homelands where Mussalmans are in a majority), entirely under the yoke of Hindus."

"To my mind the new constitution with its idea of a single Federation is completely hopeless. A single federation of Muslim provinces is the only course by which we can secure a peaceful India and save Muslims from the domination of non-Muslims. Why should not the Muslims of North-West India and Bengal be considered as nations entitled to self-determination just as other nations in India and outside India are?"

ONLY SOLUTION

"There is only one solution to this and no other, that is, that the Hindus must trust their minorities to the Pakistan Government and we must trust the Hindus with our Muslim minorities, with all such safeguards as possible for any civilised Government to provide for. In that case, there will be stable Governments in Pakistan and Hindustan."

The quickest and shortest route to India's freedom and the liberty of all the peoples of India lies in our agreeing to the establishment of Pakistan."

"It should be made clear that Mussalmans do not want separation in order to link their destinies with States outside India. They are not inspired by any such extra-territorial ideals. They desire separation, simply because they want to evolve a happier and more contented India. They want Pakistan to secure an honourable position and place for the hundred million Muslims in the sub-continent of India and to achieve the goal of Free Islam in a Free India."

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SPORTS

Commentary

COVER-POINT

TEST matches in any country are a never failing attraction to all sports fans. Ceylon is no exception. And so it was that the visit of the Indian Olympic Team to Ceylon this week and the two resulting tests made the sports headlines.

From the days of Dyan Chand, India has been in the forefront of World Hockey while the game in Ceylon is still in the chrysalis stage. An Indo-Ceylon Hockey test was therefore on paper no match at all and so it proved in the result of the first test on the Police Ground on Tuesday. Except for a solitary breakaway which ended in a snap goal Ceylon seemed content to be on the defensive, and against the well-knit Indian side this negative attitude was fatal. The tourists are due to play two more matches in the island and I shall refer to these next week.

THAT France is again going to have a big say in the major races of the English turf was proved two days after the 2,000 Guineas when the first fillies' classic, the 1,000 Guineas, went to the French trained *Impudence* and *Rose O'Lynn*. I wonder if, like last year, this victory will be "the cloud no bigger than a man's hand," which swept across the channel and, gathering moisture as it went, drenched the Royal Heath at Ascot and continued to drown the hopes of the home brigade in most of the big races that followed.

Hard on the heels of the two Guineas, we were introduced to another of Trainer Darling's Derby fancies in His Majesty the *King's Blue Train*, who gave Newmarket a miss and appeared at Esher yesterday to win a mile race in a common canter. A son of *Blue Peter* out of *San Chariot*, *Blue Train* is faultlessly bred and it is significant that even before his race yesterday he was installed as second favourite for the Derby.

A warning would, however, be in season, and that is that never in the long history of the Derby has victory gone by a horse who claims a Derby winner for his sire, and an Oaks winner for his dam.

Yet another race comes within the ambit of this review and that is the Kentucky Derby, which was won yesterday by *Jet Pilot*, who collected nearly 1000,000 dollars for his victory at the expense of the favourite, *Phalanx*. *Jet Pilot*'s success must be particularly pleasing to the Aga Khan as he is a son of the Indian Prince's first Derby winner, *Blenheim*.

AS for the resumption of racing in Ceylon, local turfites, who were counting the days till June 21st,

are in for a disappointment. The Stewards of the Ceylon Turf Club have decided to cancel the June meet, primarily in the view of the fact that transport difficulties have held up the arrival of more horses in Ceylon. According to the new arrangements, racing will not start till the second Saturday in July but in the meantime there is quite a bustle of activity on the tracks every morning with the trainers getting their charges ready for the fray.

So much for racing. Cricket also figures largely in the news. The South Africans began their English tour, like the Indians, with a defeat at the hands of Worcestershire. Intermittent showers resulted in a sporting wicket and the Springboks unaccountably failed in the fourth innings to make the 140 odd runs needed for victory. They are now engaged of Leicester and have, so far, had the better of the exchanges. Of the tourists' bowlers Athol Rowan and Lindsay Tuckett have already shown to advantage and, if their other bowlers also strike form, the tourists should go from strength to strength.

The County cricket season opened yesterday and it was pleasing to see Dennis Compton and Alec Bedser take so well off the mark, so soon after their strenuous tour of Australia. Both these players still have many more years of representative cricket ahead of them and it is a happy augury for England that they have lost no time in settling down.

At the Colombo Oval yesterday, an all Tamil Combined Colleges team took on the club and were, quite naturally, outplayed. Sathasivam gave an object lesson of fluent scoring, while the Royal Captain, Kasipillai, batted well in both the innings of the combined team, suggesting that it will not be long before he finds a regular place in the club side.

A BOXING championship meet always draws a big crowd in Ceylon and the Layton Cup competition was no exception. In all but one of the weights, the finals went the full distance and some hard punches were exchanged. Sub-Inspector Gray of the Police gave a great display to win the Layton Cup but Perera traded blow for blow with him before conceding victory to his more experienced opponent.

No better tail-piece to this summary could be provided than a reference to the first post-war Women's Golf championship, which ended last Saturday in a victory for Mrs. Tredennick. When the finalists were up in Switzerland for the second time, Mrs. Cameron had what looked like a winning lead of 3 up. Mrs. Tredennick then brought out some grand shots. She pulled back a hole at the 32nd, halved the next, and cut down the lead to 1 up at the 34th. She then proceeded to win the penultimate hole to make the match all square, and, finally, took the title on the lost green.

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THE AMERICAN SHORT STORY

THE publication of an anthology of American Short Stories in England is something of an event; or so the publishers of the P.L. Book of Modern American Short Stories would have us believe. "It is the first representative collection to be printed in England" brags the blurb.

In spite of certain conspicuous defects this book which at the moment is for sale in our book-stalls is still worth talking about. Let us begin with the defects. The editor of the anthology is Mr. Nicholas Moore, a well-known young poet of the youngest generation in England, and like all anthologies which reflect the very idiosyncratic tastes of the selector we begin to find fault with Mr. Moore right away.

Scanning Mr. Moore's list we find many old favourites here, all sure fire hits in any anthology. There are stories by Hemingway and Palkner, Katherine Ann Porter, Sherwood Anderson, O Hara, Endora Welty and Saroyan. Mr. Moore draws attention to the flourishing condition of the short story in America at the moment and with a rather whimsical disregard plumps for the very early stories of these authors, stories which, in spite of their excellence, other collections have made us unfortunately familiar with and may lead the reader to suppose that the progress of these authors has been a steady deterioration. And what about the rejectees?

Where we begin to wonder is the incomparable Miss Dorothy Parker? Where is Richard Wright and Erskine Caldwell and John Fante and Tess Slesinger and Jerome Weidman? And the disturbing levity of James Thurber? Runyon and Thurber are lumped together as humour-

ists, and as such warns Mr. Moore, have no place in his anthology. I still find it hard to believe that Thurber is considered to be an incorrigible funny-man. In his stories many things happen that seem to be far from amusing. His timid witing little men are perpetually being overwhelmed by large predatory females with the light of battle in their eyes. Death barks over the head of sleeping couples in the middle of the night. There are sudden moments of panic when houses mysteriously transform themselves into brooding sinister spirits and there is quite a number of catastrophes, dire complexes, murders and sudden deaths as in any other serious American writer.

MR. Moore explains that he has omitted these writers because he wishes to make room for others whom he considers equally important. As a result of the very praiseworthy motive we have three harrasingly long stories by Henry Miller, Ben Hecht and an author called Walter Pilbury Clark, which unfortunately makes one doubt the soundness of Mr. Moores literary judgment.

To many people Henry Miller's reputation seems to have been established on two books which they haven't read. Nothing in his more recent writings can explain satisfactorily the lofty estimation in which he is held, the veneration of his numerous disciples, the paens of praise in these frequent panegyrics on him. True enough there is a gusto, an anger, an almost ghoulish exuberance in certain passages which are unequalled by any other contemporary prose-writer. But Miller's explosive gifts do not seem to be attuned to the quieter intensity of the short story. They seem to blow up its delicate structure sky-high. The

"alcoholic veteran," the story by which he is represented, is a piece of autobiographical writing, a slice of experience, carved out of the agony of his impecunious Paris days, but right in the middle of it Miller quite calmly shoots off into a violent discussion on civilisation, the soul, suicide and numerous other harrowing topics. Nor do these discussions inspire one to share his belief in himself as a world-shaking thinker. Mr. Ben Hecht's contribution is an even sadder affair. He takes six pages of impassioned, tortured prose to get to his story—which is the plight of the Jews. Here is an eg. of his rather hysterical tone: "The Jew was no more. His back had been broken. Like a dog run over he would writhe awhile in the dusty roads of the world—and then expire for ever."

There are other passages more excruciating and the story ends with a very embarrassing miracle.

THE USE OF "DIALECT"

THIS indeed has been the greatest discovery of American writers. For instance, the cockney dialect has not been used by English writers with the same artistic success and the same high seriousness. It has also been important to America even as a nation. It has made them conscious of themselves as a separate and distinct race from the English and it has been a kind of artistic declaration of independence. Which makes Oscar Wilde's observations that America and England have everything in common except the language, more than a clever paradox.

The more one reads American stories the more one is struck by an apparent contradiction. In their style the American writers have moved closer than

their predecessors ever drew before to the living speech of ordinary people but the incidents they relate seem to be far removed from the experience of normal human beings. They are more preoccupied with the pathological ills of mankind, with congenital idiots and perverts, with violence and brutality than other writers. There is, its true, a greater preponderance of crimes and violence in the States than elsewhere and to an outsider the average American seems to live in a vicarious way on the screaming headlines of the yellow press. Quite apart from this, if for instance, a writer has to choose between writing about his neighbour Mr. X who potters about his garden each evening at 6 and the man down the street who butchers his wife with an axe, its inevitable that he choose the latter more dramatic episode.

As you read these stories you realise why the older writers great as they were, could never describe the American scene with the same vitality and verisimilitude. These short stories, at least the best of them, draw you into a world of gangsters, thugs and criminals, the talk of the hard-boiled sport writers, the cynical columnists and the smart spots and the atmosphere of honky tonks cheap cafes, saloon bars and drug-stores. To those of you whose knowledge of the American story is confined to the Gothic terrors of Poe and the cheap marvels and illusions of O. Henry this anthology and the penguin collection should serve as a valuable introduction.

"In comparison to the Modern English story they stand up very well," comments Mr. Moore with a hint of patronage. One only hopes that this volume will help the English Story to rid itself of its stodginess, its dreary fish and chips atmosphere, its morbid little dramas in suburban homes and encourage English editors to print the stories of writers who haven't had the privilege of being born in slums or having worked in mines and can't possibly enjoy the distinction of having lost their lives in the Spanish Civil War.

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