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# MR. BANDARANAIKE EXPOUNDS NEW HEALTH POLICY

## No More Cottage Hospitals

MR. BANDARANAIKE in the course of his Budget speech made a masterly survey of the health aspect of his Ministry. He grasped the fundamentals with his usual thoroughness and

clearly set out the programme of development for the future. High lights of the new plan were:—

1. No more cottage hospitals.
2. New staff to be recruited from abroad and red tape to be slashed in order to make this possible.

3. Central dispensaries to be the units which will meet rural needs.
4. Efficient ambulance services to cover such dispensaries.
5. Curative work to be accompanied by a vigorous drive on the preventive side.
6. The anti-malaria campaign initiated by his predecessor in office, the Hon. Mr. George E. de Silva, to be carried on with renewed vigour with the ultimate object of eradicating malaria from Ceylon.

Mr. Bandaranaike pointed out that although 3,000 doctors are necessary in this country there were not more than 600 for the moment and that it was impossible to turn out doctors like sausages from a sausage machine. He had no intention of letting semi-qualified people with inadequate experience to handle the sick. It was necessary to see that those who had the task of tending the sick had a thorough knowledge of the subject of medicine. Therefore it was

imperative that the lack of staff should be met by recruiting qualified people from abroad. He had heard that such men were available in Austria but the Department had felt that it would not be practicable to obtain them because the British Medical Association would not approve of Austrian qualifications.

When the papers came up to him he decided that whatever the British Medical Association may say on the subject the country had a right to have the best medical talent it could have whether it be from Austria or any other country.

The Minister proceeded to describe the appalling conditions in the main hospitals in Colombo. The most touching description was of the Children's Hospital where he said "little toddlers were kept in cots on the corridors and verandahs open to the sun and the winds and the rain."

The Permanent Secretary of his Ministry, if he was present as he should have been, could not have done better than to have taken the Minister's remarks to heart. The public would be justified if it asked him the question "What have you been doing all these days, Dr. Chellappah?"

It was heartening, however, to find the new Minister for Health and Local Government determined to wipe out such conditions from this country.

## JAYEWARDENE BUDGET PRESENTS MASTERLY SURVEY

### Minister Made of Stern Stuff

THE Hon. Mr. J. R. Jayewardene, Minister for Finance, has been congratulated by all sides of the House on the able manner in which he presented his Budget. It must be appreciated that this was his maiden speech as Minister for Finance and although he had some Parliamentary experience as a back bencher in the last State Council it would have taxed the ability of a very much more experienced politician than he to present the Budget so ably as he was able to do this month.

It is a pity that the Opposition moved a cut in his salary because in Parliamentary practice that meant a vote of no confidence. Even making allowance for our present Opposition which is composed of a higgardly-piggardly group of nonentities scattered here and there with an able man in leadership one would have expected a greater sense of justice from those who claim to have been elected as representatives of the people.

Mr. Jayewardene made an excellent survey of the financial position of the country and his speech should rank with the best Budget speeches that have been delivered in this country and certainly as good as the speeches that we read in the Indian Press.

It is fervently to be hoped that the House will co-operate with him to the full, for it is invidious to single out the Finance Minister when charges are made on matters of general policy which are the concern of the entire Cabinet and not of one single individual in it.

Whatever his traducers may say Mr. Jayewardene is one of the ablest and most promising politicians of our time.



Mr. J. R. JAYEWARDENE

Fortunately for him and for the U.N.P., he is made of sterner stuff than would melt before a concentrated attack.

It was heartening to hear him rise at 9.45 p.m. on Monday, the 15th instant and say to the House that he did not desire in any way to minimise the gravity of the cut that had been proposed and that he took it to mean no less than a vote of no confidence. He added that he maintained the position that he originally had taken up and that he was prepared to stand or fall by it. That is the mettle that we expect to see in all those who desire to make their contribution to this country in the political sphere.

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BEWARE OF IMITATIONS



# PERISCOPE VIEW OF ROYAL WEDDING

Wednesday, Nov. 19th

**S**HORTLY before midnight we decided to watch the Royal Wedding, after all. Belated though our decision may have been, it was a brave one. We were emphatically not privileged Pressmen who had wangled points of vantage on the route; nor were we film stars or foreign celebrities who were allowed to perch on the specially reserved roof gardens on noble old buildings along the Mall. A tiny speck in an anticipated crowd of 500,000 people, what could we hope to see? Some daring new hair do's? A row of balding heads in front of us? A mole on a policeman's neck?

Earlier in the day we had consulted the milkman, a born Londoner from whose past experience of great ceremonial occasions we expected some help. "I aint goin to no Royal Wedding," he said moodily. "I'm working, if I were you I'd stay at 'ome an listen to the radio. With all them crowds you won't see much," he said with a sardonic chuckle.

Well! That didn't help at all. Returning from town we had an inkling of the more gruesome experiences we were in for the next morning. Thousands of people had already taken up their positions all along the wedding route on Wednesday evening. In the beautifully worn out clichés of the newspapers they had come from all parts of the Empire. But though this had a certain element of truth, we alas could not help having a sneaking suspicion that most of them hailed from suburban homes around London and such prosaic and far flung outposts as Woking, Colchester, Birmingham and South Wales. They gave their impression of being armed for some cosmic disturbance or refugees from a stricken planet; with umbrellas, thermos flasks, mackintoshes, picnic baskets, wicker chairs, dumpy iron stools, children, magazines and all the innumerable weapons against hunger, boredom and the eccentricities of the English weather.

Against powers of endurance so colossal, we could only stand amazed, and returning home we decided that it would be just too plain dumb silly if we did not rush out of bed the next morning at 6 the latest.

It was then we discovered with some disgust that we had no alarm clock. In such a predicament, we thought it best to dial operator, and we did.

We: "Can you kindly help us" we started off gropingly.

Op.: "Don't be frightened! You can tell me," said a male voice.

Which sounded like a benign confessor's. We confessed. The voice complied: and at the end of the line there was a sprightly crackle. It hadn't been, surprisingly enough the formal slot machine voice that enquired solicitously after our distress. In one of those rare moments we had seen a look of mischief on smug cast iron features of officialdom!

Thursday, November 20th

**S**HARP at 6 the telephone shrieked. The view beyond the window at our flat was enough to chill the heart of any bride. Early winter morning though it was, it need not have been so indecently threatening and dull. What was left of the trees in the garden swam in a thick fog. The wet glass panes were an indication of heavy night showers. We wondered with sudden panic what would happen to us! Would we be drenched? Would the crowds stampede and crush us to death? Would we disappear into the fog? We muffled ourselves to the ears and strode bravely out into the morning mist.

The underground too was packed with muffled humanity. It was a pleasure to note that the Englishman, generally so discreet in his dress, can really let himself go when the weather becomes acutely uncomfortable. The pin striped black suit and bowler hat, the ubiquitous Machintosh, the tweedy sports jacket and grey flannel, bags had to a conspicuous extent vanished. In their place, tartan shawls, gay silk scarves, flowing capes, overcoats with monkish cowls sheep-skin lined leather jackets, flying boots and even Balaclava caps made a brave flash in the dull wintry landscape. Even the women were more defiant. They couldn't have harassed themselves wondering whether one colour clashes with another or whether the shape of their hats insulted the shape of their booties. The tube trains from Hampstead, near where we live, roared in, packed tight with crowds. Looking mildly reckless, conscious perhaps or being insanely late even at 6.30 in the morning for a ceremony scheduled to begin at 11.04 a.m. Wedged in between the crowds standing in the corridor of the tube train, buttoned up to the neck in our thick overcoats, we felt like lunatics clamped into strait jackets. Among the folding chairs and picnic baskets and woollen rugs we could see the flushed happy faces of little children. Most of them had paper caps; rosettes; commemoration badges of the princess; and Union Jacks in their hands.

## In Town

**L**ONDON wasn't as extravagantly bedecked and festive as we had anticipated. Here and there in rather forlorn splendour, bunting were stretched across the streets, and coloured flags fluttered in the cold wind. This may have been due partly to the fact that it wasn't a national holiday. We could not help but feel how great a pity it was that a country already groaning under a surfeit of controls should also have her innocent pleasures (tax free) rationed. Was the austere Gospel according to St. Cripps justified?

The bulk of the nation's population clocked into work as usual. It was much later in the morning that we felt this most forcibly. Among the great crowds the women grotesquely outstripped the men. One newspaper made a wild guess and placed the figures a 4 to 1, the accuracy of which we are not prepared to swear by. Nevertheless, the Labour Government must have wept to see so many idle male hands, so many spins at large, among whom we may presumably have been counted.

On the other hand almost all the West End shop windows had been very felicitously decorated for the occasion. Invariably the decor was related to the business the shop specialised in. For example: An eminent photographer had displayed a photographic record of the Royal bride from her childhood right up to her engagement. A dress-making establishment had dressed a statue of the Princess in a shimmering bridal gown. It was, some of us considered, a rather reckless prophecy. Despite the constant chatter of the newspapers the Princess's outfit had been a jealously kept secret and Norman Hartnell, the designer, had been protected with all the vigilance normally reserved these days for monarchs threatened with their lives. Most of the shop windows were full of souvenirs and huge coloured reproductions of the Royal pair, flanked by satin ribbons and silver wedding bells pealing silently behind the glass panes. One could not help but wonder with what exquisite harmony business and loyalty had been so successfully combined.

**H**OW we came to line the Mall with thousands of others we cannot say. There is perhaps something about a hurrying crowd that paralyses the will. It was almost 8 by the time we found ourselves there. It didn't surprise us therefore to find ourselves

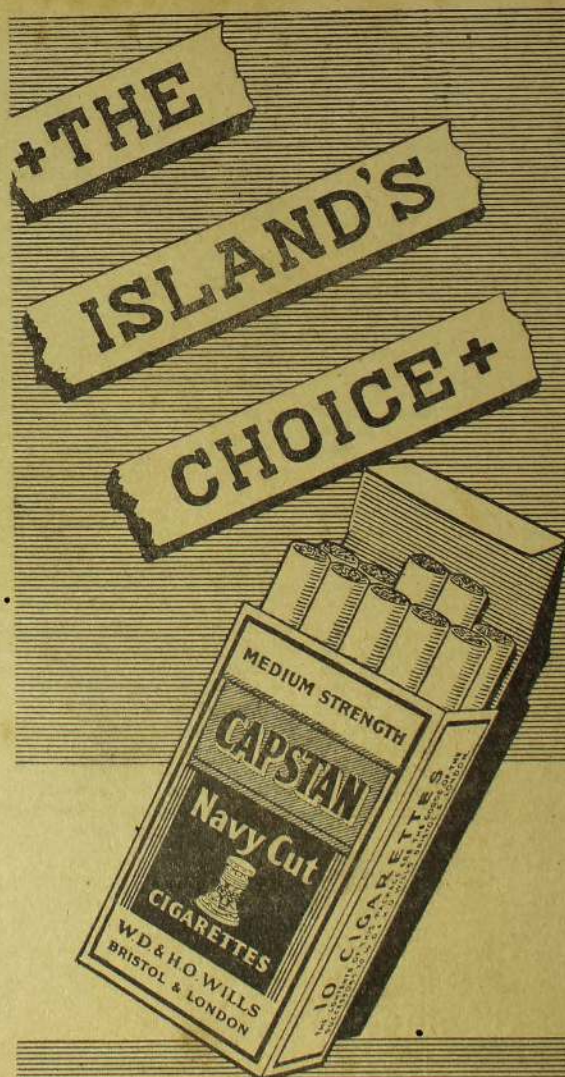
in a line ten deep from the road. In front of us was a sea of bobbing heads and above them a policeman's helmet moved up and down, and all around us the grey old buildings were filling up with the smartly dressed and the lucky few who had paid as much as £100 for a seat. On the Mall route on one side of us the avenue of trees whose delicate tracery of bare branches was thinly veiled by mist, stretched far down towards Buckingham Palace. On the other side it stopped abruptly at the colossal granite canopy—the Admiralty Arch. Here a battalion of cameramen had taken up their stand and focussed those sharp eyes through which the world would see the Royal procession. In the far distance one could see tiny microscopic human figures perched on some national monument or other, defying both the laws of gravity and the land. From 8 to 11.03, at which time Queen Mary was scheduled to leave Marlborough House, was a long, long wait.

Wondering whether we could see anything when the great moment arrived, except the aggressive bulk of a British matron in front of us and her restless brood; conscious of our small stature among the heftier European nations, we bought with obvious disgust..... a periscope. What an amazingly considerate and ingenious instrument it is. You may be sunk and flounder in the middle of the tallest crowd and it stunts everybody around until the scene beyond clearly comes into view. We remembered with pardonable relish of a tall cadaverous individual who parked himself right in front of us until we saw little else besides the quality of his tweed pants and raising our periscope we had him mown down until he was no larger than a Lilliputian and all the rest with him.

**O**N the road we saw the convolutions of a gold mace wink dully and a regiment of bandmen came marching down the Mall. Between 8.30—10.30 nothing very much happened. The crowds stood in orderly groups with indomitable patience and great good humour. They chatted perfunctorily, joked, laughed, chewed sandwiches. Right in the midst of this organised chaos a few women put on their bifocals and knitted away as though they were in a rocking chair by the cosy fire. Once a woman of stupefying girth caused a welcome diversion when her fragile stool cracked under her weight and she crashed to the ground; and once over a case of mistaken identity the crowd nearly broke up into a hysterical mob. Right behind us, on the balcony of a tall grey building, the reserved seats were being occupied by celebrities and film stars. From below it was more or less impossible to recognise anyone with certainty from the rich kaleidoscope of costly furs, bizarre headgear and stylish morning suits. But once a slim figure cloaked in black, with black felt drawn sullenly over his brows, a sadistic looking cane under his arm and a look of refined menace on his face came on to the balcony and took his seat. Immediately there was a hushed awed whisper of 'James Mason' and the women lost their heads. But for a man who shouted with extraordinary distaste that the figure belonged not to the cinema but to the dubious activities of the Russian Ministry in London, there may have been under our feet, a few trampled bodies.

By 10.30 an almost unending stream of Rolls Royces poured by with the wedding guests. Occasionally a powdered face or pomaded head swam into

(Continued on page 3)



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# T. S. ELIOT

By Quintus Delikhan

T. S. ELIOT undoubtedly marks the peak point in the modern world of poetry. He has created a school which no doubt thinks it easy to imitate him, but every such attempt appears a little thin and disappointing. To concentrate on the work of Eliot is to have a new experience. His poetry is challenging, but whether it is as much laden with meaning as his devout admirers believe is a matter still open to dispute. It might be safely assumed that even a most intellectual poet, such as Eliot undoubtedly is, does not load every rift of his poetry with meaning. Symbolism does not mean necessarily that everything he writes is capable of a deep symbolical significance. There must be a sensuous element in poetry in which the poet finds himself involved in the very substance of poetry. There must be moments in which the poet is conscious of employing symbolism with deliberate intent but once the passion of creation has definitely seized his mind it is not possible to attribute to him anything more than the operation of ideas subconsciously. His allusions are not deliberately worked into a poem but they come from the various sources of his reading, as ideas which are gathered together by an inherent law of association. No critic could possibly say from whence these ideas individually come, but the poet himself can indicate his main sources. In reading the poetry of Eliot we are confronted with many difficulties. It is not like the obscurities of Browning which a knowledge of the background of his ideas in some sense reveal. This is what happens in "Sordello." As Chesterton points out in this poem which is the despair of the general reader, Browning paid the

highest possible compliment to the ordinary man by assuming that he knew the history of an obscure Italian poet as well as the poet himself who had a memory like the British Museum. The obscurity of Eliot springs from a different source. He is a poet far withdrawn from the common ways. He is a wearer of the intellectual purple. He is aloof and is curious of learning. But he has the authentic voice of the poet. His poetry is an adventure though a risky adventure if you hope to be comfortable and to understand all that you read. T. S. ELIOT—A STUDY OF HIS WRITING BY SEVERAL HANDS—edited by B. Rajan (Colombo Book Centre) is a valuable contribution to the understanding of this recherche poet who had made a definite impression on the mind of the age, scoured its emptiness, regarding contemporary modes of living as real forms of death because it is lived in a waste land in which the will is feeble and nothing worthwhile ever happens. "The primary theme," says Philip Wheelright, "is a study of Eliot's philosophical themes, 'which stirs Eliot's poetry into intellectual movement is the bareness of man's contemporary spiritual taste. It assumes many imagistic forms—sand and dry rock, gas-house ugliness, sandwich-paper litter, parvenu vulgarity, prostitution, hysteria, betrayal, death and half-death; underlying all of which are the two main tokens of spiritual failure—neutrality and separation. The crowd that flows over London Bridge each morning to the drab necessities of urban employment is likened to the ruined souls whom Dante's Hell rejects—moral isolationists who could not make a choice, damned followers of a wavering banner." This is the indictment of an age, and no one can afford not to be acquainted with what a great poet feels about the contemporary world. This is apparently the first

## How They do It

### U. S. Delegates to Havana

WILLIAM L. Clayton, former Under-Secretary of State for Economic Affairs, will be Chairman of the U.S. delegation to the United Nations Conference on Trade and Employment in Havana to consider a charter for an International Trade Organization. Vice-Chairman will be Clair Wilcox, director of the Office of International Trade Policy of the State Department.

There are 27 officials from seven departments and agencies of the U.S. Government on the list of advisers and assistants, with non-governmental advisers from business, labour, agriculture and women's organizations and other public interest groups.—(USIS).

### U. S. RUBBER POLICY

WASHINGTON, NOV. 17

GOVERNMENT controls over the use of natural rubber in the manufacture of some 30,000 non-transportation items have been removed in the United States. The use of synthetic rubbers will be concentrated in the transportation field, principally in tires and tubes, until Congress enacts legislation establishing a long-term national rubber policy.

Adequate quantities of natural rubber available for non-transportation uses led to rescinding of the controls. June 50 stocks of natural rubber were 314,109 metric tons, despite an increase of more than 13 per cent. in consumption in the first half of this year compared to the corresponding period in 1946.

The new control formula will result in estimated consumption of the principal synthetic rubber, GR-S, at a rate of one-third of the total GR-S and natural rubber processed. Synthetics represent about 42 per cent. of the total consumption.—(USIS).

attempt made in a serious and substantial way to help students and readers to find their way along the precipices of Eliot's poetry and one should be grateful for the immense labour of interpretation which gives significance and value to this study. By reading it Eliot will become less a hieroglyph than he is without such learned aid. This book is a real guide amidst the labyrinths of Eliot's difficult, allusive and symbolical poetry.

## Royal Wedding

(Continued from page 2)

the mirror of the periscope but one never knew to whom they belonged. Among the limousines a few taxis snorted by, looking like poor relations gate crashing a party. And then the cheering and applause began. The Prime Minister and Ministers of State and the war leaders were on their way. We missed most of them as they flashed by, even the flamboyant figure of Churchill who, we learnt later, had characteristically entered the Abbey later than the others and strode down the aisle forming a procession all his own. One man of whom we had an uninterrupted view was Mr Anthony Eden. His car was held up just in front of us and his toothy handsome face clearly imprinted itself on the periscope's mirror. The crowds waved and cheered. He turned his smiling face and an outstretched hand, now to one side, now to the other and suddenly the car whisked him off.

the pale oyster grey winter morning. In spite of the fact that so many foreign Kings (5) and Queens (6) rode in the Royal procession, all eyes were trained on the carriage of the Royal bride—for the morning belonged to Princess Elizabeth. She was the central character of the day's colourful and historic pageant.

As the swell and roar of the crowd increased, and the clapping became a tumult, and thousands of Union Jacks and handkerchiefs and hats fluttered dizzily everywhere, she rode slowly by with the King her father in Navy Blue and Gold, a pale, slightly tense figure in shimmering white, beautifully visible in the glass windows of the Royal Irish coach. For a moment we could see her face turn, a grateful smile flicker on her lips, a white gloved hand raised in salutation, silhouetted against the glass. It was all over. As we tore ourselves out of a crowd which moved with an almost mechanical efficiency toward the gates of Buckingham Palace, we fell to speculating, not too deeply, we admit about a scene which must mean so many different things to different people. Could it have been a solemn ritual. An oasis of security and order to the old man who neither shouted nor cheered nor agitated himself in any way but silently lifted his hat and bared his head? And what about the amiable matronly lady in shabby furs distributing sandwiches to everyone around who wept unabashedly as the cavalcade passed? Wasn't it something as intimate as a family wedding? And surely, to the little girl who clambered on her father's shoulders and shrieked herself hoarse with an almost insane glee, wasn't it all an elaborate fairy story. The armed knights on horseback—the gilded carriages—the sparkling jewels—the beautiful Princess and her Prince Charming.

To us foreigners, it was a vivid coloured illustration of a history book come to life, scenes whose pomp and dignity and regal splendour we would find it difficult to forget; details of which, we would hoard to bore our descendants with when our hair had turned to silver and the grave was ready to receive us.

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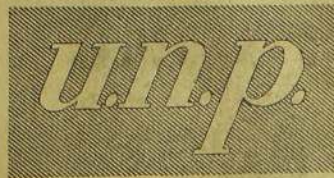
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Friday, December 19th, 1947

### OPPOSITION FUTILITY

THE Budget speech of the Minister for Health and Local Government was a lucid exposition of the policy of the United National Party. In his usual commanding style he related principle and ideology to the broad economic background of our country and explained the various issues that are interconnected. He spared the Opposition the flaying they must have feared when he rose to speak one reason being that the Opposition had miserably failed to put up anything like a fight worthy of his style, and the other reason was the fact that the Minister for Agriculture and Lands, Mr. Dudley Senanayake, had belaboured the Opposition so thoroughly that nothing was left to be done in that direction.

Mr. Bandaranaike explained that the purely Marxist technique of crying out for a revolution which Left-wing speakers had assumed was a necessary prelude to social re-

construction was in reality a lot of moonshine. He pointed out that according to the textbook of politics of the Member for Wellawatte-Galkissa any international connection that Ceylon may have is of the exploitative variety because most of the countries of the world are capitalist. We find ourselves in this "wicked capitalist world. We are struggling into some semblance, may I say, at last of freedom—of political freedom. We have to join, if we are permitted to do so, whatever international organizations that exist and to try and shape our course in circumstances of an international nature over which we have no control."

Surely, as Mr. Bandaranaike pointed out, all these generalisations are so much moonshine when we come to discuss the internal budget of our country, for we cannot fold our arms and wish for world revolution while the innumerable functions of Government go on. We must build our roads and maintain them in good condition. We cannot wait for the world revolution to coordinate our road system with the rest of the "communist world."

We have to build our hospitals, train our Doctors, develop our agriculture, build new industries, develop the educational facilities in our country, maintain our food sup-

plies and the necessary methods of distribution, run our railways, speed our aircraft, maintain the facilities of our harbours, tax the sources from which taxation can bring an increase in revenue—all these are functions of a Government and we submit in all humility to the learned Doctor that we are unable to accept the view that we should wait until "the wicked capitalist world" changes its heart and votes for him as President of a World Federation of Soviet Republics. The kind of silly speech indulged in by leaders of Marxist Parties may seem very impressive at the moment and for a moment but they reduce the Parliament to the level of a secondary school debating society where all that matters is how a thing is stated and not what is said. Reg Leaders like Dr. N. M. Perera and Pieter Keuneman sometimes make the grade because they abandon Marxist dialectics and come down to earth in order to deal with practical problems of Government and administration. We are not surprised that Dr. Colvin R. de Silva has lost that unquestionable leadership that he once possessed of those who claimed to be followers of the Gospel According to Marx. He has a thoroughly unpractical mind and betrays an appalling lack of common sense. He can never be a useful parliamentarian.

### Letter to the Editor

The Editor, U.N.P.,  
Colombo,

Sir,—

CEYLON'S political status and our future is the subject of a short but weighty leading article in a recent issue of "The Hindu." This organ of Indian Nationalism and Asiatic Independence refers in its issue of the 26th instant to the fact of our having obtained the substance of independence in the following words:—

"The inauguration of the new Constitution in Ceylon and the fully responsible status that she now acquires will be an occasion for rejoicing in the Island and a source of satisfaction to the Prime Minister, Mr. Senanayake, and his colleagues of the United National Party who worked hard to achieve their goal."

We might add that it is a source of satisfaction not only to the Prime Minister and the members of his Party but to a very much wider circle.

With regard to the Defence Agreement, the words of the journal are particularly useful and instructive:—

"It is not wholly surprising that, in the circumstances there should be some criticism of the Defence Agreement by Opposition groups in Ceylon who fear that Ceylon's foreign policy will be dominated by the bigger partner and that the country will not be free of the leading strings of the British Foreign Office. The arguments of such critics might have some force in the future when Ceylon's neighbours such as India, Burma and Indonesia will have developed their strength to the point of being able to work together as a powerful bloc in Asia. But in the world of today, Ceylon's close adherence to Britain is intelligible and her defence must necessarily depend upon British assistance."

"The Hindu" occupies a place all its own in Indian public life and has been distinguished by a unique combination of several qualities, all of which are not always found together, of sturdy and unbending independence, ardent and thorough-going nationalisms, knowledge of constitutional law, practical realism, and an invariable soundness of political judgment. The opinion of such a competent authority, which has also been a

## COMMUNIST COLD WAR

THE House Foreign Affairs Committee (of the U.S.A.) heard representative Frances Bolton (Republican, Ohio) make a plea for prompt action to aid the people of France, Italy and Austria. These peoples must be helped, she said, to help them counteract the "cold war" which has been launched against them by Communist forces.

Mrs. Bolton headed a sub-committee on national and international movements which made a study of European and Middle Eastern conditions last summer.

She said the "cold war" is not a contest between the great people of Russia and the freedom-loving people of the United States and the world. Rather, she said, it is "a cold, ruthless struggle for the complete domination of the entire world by a small group who, when they made the state their god, allied themselves with the terrible forces of destruction."

Representative Karl Mundt (Republican, South Dakota) emphasised that the European recovery program must be compatible with the ability of the United States to provide the funds and materials involved and that the pro-

gram should assure the maximum use of food and supplies from countries outside the sphere of Communist influence. The program must be flexible enough to meet changing conditions, he said, and should be accompanied by an adequate U.S. information program abroad to set forth the facts and reasons behind U.S. participation in the recovery program.

Representative John Lodge (Republican) warned against an attempt at a coup in Italy by the Communists after Allied troops evacuate.

Following Dulle's testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Chairman Vandenberg read a portion of a State Department memorandum submitted in response to his question Thursday as to whether lend-lease goods are still being shipped to the Soviet Union. The memorandum states that "no lend-lease goods of any kind are going to U.S.S.R. at this time nor has any been going for some months."

A Department spokesman said that lend-lease settlement talks with Soviet officials in Washington had been suspended for the time being but would be renewed upon the arrival of the new Soviet Ambassador.—(USIS).

great supporter of Ceylon's efforts towards Freedom and National emancipation, is worthy of consideration by our own politicians, patriots, anti-imperialists and constitutionalists.

"The Hindu," in addition to the expression of opinion referred to above, has furnished some valuable suggestions, all in the space of a brief article, towards the consolidation of our position, both internally and externally. The points suggested for the attainment of this object are:

1. Full diplomatic representation abroad and membership of the United Nations.
2. A stable Parliamentary system.
3. The settlement of outstanding points of differences with Indians in Ceylon, such as immigration and franchise, and

4. A spirit of moderation and compromise in working the new regime.

"The Times of India" also expresses the opinion that Ceylon has practically got Independence.

It is trusted that some Members of Parliament, between whom and Mr. Senanayake no love has been lost, will not out of a sense of personal or party feeling argue away the substance of the Independence that we have regained—in which event we could only pray in all humility "God save us from our best debating talents," if I might borrow an expression used in another context by one of the leaders of the Opposition Groups in describing the leading members on the Opposition benches.

"TRUTH."



# Flames of Communalism are Fanned by Ponnambalam

(By A Patriot of Lanka)

IT was in Colombo itself that Mr. Ponnambalam expressed his fear of losing the culture of the Tamil people. He declared that the Tamils must lean against some body. He also declared that the Sinhalese have nothing in common with them.

This is the very same fear that many Sinhalese have of the Tamils. Although the Sinhalese are fortunate enough to be the majority of the people of this country, they have the misfortune to be one of the smallest races of the world. There are about twenty-five million Tamils in the world whereas the Sinhalese are not even a fifth of that number. This is a fact well-known to Mr. Ponnambalam and his colleagues, who rely on their brethren in South India, for their salvation.

The Tamil Congress is not aware of the fact that the wise and impartial lot of our Tamil brethren among us in the South are in fear of being driven back to the North if the Tamil Congress is much opposed to the Sinhalese, but the Tamil Congress outlined their policy in the South itself. He is sure of help from the Russian Sinhalese in his attempt to oust the Sinhalese.

It seems Mr. Ponnambalam is similar to Bismarck in his opinion of the position of his people and country. Bismarck thought it wise for Germany to be awake to frighten the other nations around her. Mr. Ponnambalam seems to think it advisable on the part of the

people of Jaffna to be awake and to frighten the people of the South, the Sinhalese, with the might of his Reich, the Tamil Congress. He praised the Leftist parties and the Ceylon Indian Congress for being helpful to the Tamil Congress. Undoubtedly they are all the enemies of Ceylon, but they all want it for themselves. They must, therefore, join hands to beat their opponent.



HOWEVER even if there be a cursed lot of traitors to the country there is yet a handful of the true sons of Lanka, who will shed their last drop of blood to save their country. The Sinhalese need not take the hand of friendship which Mr. Ponnambalam says the Tamil Congress will offer, once they get what they want. It will be no use to the Sinhalese and it will never be a "hand of friendship." Perhaps there may not be any Sinhalese to accept it, for they will first exterminate the Sinhalese, including the Russian Sinhalese who helped them to get what they wanted. Why? Because although with Russian ideals these one-time allies too are Sinhalese. They will then be guilty of an offence of which they are not guilty; their Sinhalese birth. Their socialism which in time of need to the Tamil was a tool will no more be of use to the Russian Sinhalese for the Tamils of the Congress are not Socialists, not Communists but Communalists out and out, and are more than selfish to believe that every good thing on earth must belong to them.

THE reception given to the Tamil M.P.s by the Tamil Congress is in a way a threat not only to the Sinhalese but to the other Tamils too who are in sympathy with the major race and who see things in the correct light. As I have said before, I need repeat that the Sinhalese were never communal-minded until a good many of our Tamil brethren compelled them to be so, by showing themselves communal-minded. Yet they (Sinhalese) did not like it. They want to share their country on equal terms with their Tamil brethren, but Mr. Ponnambalam and his colleagues do not agree to it for they want the lion's share. They say that the "Tamils cannot be bought over with loaves and fishes of office." But if Mr. D. S. Senanayake had requested of Mr. Ponnambalam to take up the Premiership what then would ensue? Hundred per cent. of the loaves and fishes of office would belong to the Tamil Congress. Why then does Mr. Ponnambalam blame Mr. Senanayake, his colleagues and the other Sinhalese?

MR. P. RAMANATHAN was returned to the Educated Ceylonese Seat in the Legislative Council in 1912 by a majority of the Sinhalese against their own man, Dr. H. M.

Fernando, for the former was more suitable for the job. In 1915 Mr. Ramanathan showed the Sinhalese his gratitude by fighting their cause out in Council. This noble deed of his cemented the good-will of the two races until six years later, when in 1921, there came about the first Reformed Council, in which the late Sir James Pieris was returned uncontested for the Colombo Seat. It was rumoured that the late Sir P. Arunachalam also was to come forward for it but when Sir James came forward Sir Arunachalam did not come. This was misinterpreted to our Tamil brethren by somebody. This formed the spark to set aflame the dangerous fire called the Sinhalese-Tamil Rivalry or Enmity, which still continues, for the last twenty-seven years nearly.



MR. PONNAMBALAM and his colleagues are fanning this flame until the Sinhalese are burned to cinders and are no more. So they hope but are unaware of the fact that in this flame may be burned a good many of the Tamils too or Mr. Ponnambalam and his colleague themselves if it continues to burn. It is therefore high time that this flame is extinguished by the true, sincere and the patriotic sons of Lanka who wish to see their people happy and peaceful.



## DONOUGHMORE ERA ACHIEVEMENTS

Someone Must Write of Them

RAPIDLY drawing to its close is this eventful year of grace, nineteen hundred and forty-seven. And this year, too, as in years gone by, I have already begun to be smitten by fits of retrospection, retrospection which carries my mind way back to the things of the past, and retrospection which usually assails me only at the end of each year. And suddenly I realise that in grave danger of being consigned to the limbo of forgotten things is the term "Board of Ministers" and all it stood for in the past sixteen years.

We forget easily. If, therefore, people display the same lack of interest in the mighty achievements of the now defunct Board of Ministers as they do when once converses of the dodo, there is some excuse for them. Badly wanted, therefore, are chroniclers who can remind us constantly of the part played by Ministers appointed under the Donoughmore Constitution in the progress of the Island. Their contribution in moulding the pattern of Free Lanka should never be forgotten.

Top flight record of labour of the Board of Ministers is easily the continuous, persistent struggle with the Colonial Office for the conferment of full Dominion Status on the Island. Ceaselessly battling, badgering and bargaining the Board, step by step, wore down the Opposition, giving us today the freedom any self-respecting nation desires. It was a hard fight with no quarter given and none asked. But persistence and political maturity had in the end to be rewarded. And remember, this struggle was carried on while the Ministers attended to their day to day duties of running the Government. There was no respite for them. They carried on the fight in the teeth of criticism, crises, depressions and a world war.

COLLECTIVELY as a Board, the Ministers achieved much.

As individual Ministers, as well, their contribution towards the progress of the Island has been outstanding. Indefatigable, nationalistic Don Stephen Senanayake's land policy opened up acres and acres of jungle wasteland. Already smiling paddy sheafs littler former dense malarial swamps. Don Stephen has put Ceylon well on the road to agricultural self-sufficiency. He was bitterly criticised in the early days but even his critics now admit the wisdom of his schemes.

GENIUS behind local administration was suave, cultured "Sonny" Dias Bandaranaike. Pontifically presiding over municipal policy, he nurse-maided Colombo, Galle and Kandy to such good effect, that these Municipalities are today tributes to his ability. Besides, the network of Urban Councils scattered throughout the Island, most of them functioning most efficiently, bespeak Bandaranaike's skilful direction.

To virile, happy-go lucky John Lionel Kotelawala goes all the kudos for an island-wide communication system that would bring credit to any country in the East.

AND then the Board of Ministers had on it health expert George E. de Silva who dotted Ceylon with cottage hospitals to give the Island a health service unrivalled in the East. And Minister Kannangara hot-gossiping for free education and seeing it introduced even in a modified form. Also on the Board was pious Claude Corea with his dream of an industrial Ceylon, dreams now coming true.

Yes, that Board of Ministers was a grand band of workers. Forget if you like the name "Board of Ministers" but remember always the men who formed the Board. "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." These Ministers have no "evil" to live after them. Their "good" will be remembered for all time.

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# SPORTS

## Commentary

### COVER-POINT

IT never rains but it pours. The Indian cricketers must have had the truth of this trite old saying brought forcibly home to them in Sydney. By some vicious twist of fate, the Indians faced on the opening day of the Second Test as gloomy a prospect after winning the toss, as they did in the First Test at Brisbane after losing the toss. For, whereas at Brisbane the tourists had to bat on a "glue pot" after Australia had first lease of an easy wicket, at Sydney, Amarnath had the mortification of being balked of the advantage of calling right by having to bat on a wicket, which rain had converted, overnight, into a bowlers' paradise. And what is more, when it was time for the Australians to take their turn at batting, the devil had been exorcised from this same wicket.

Rain washed all prospect of play on the third and fourth days and at the moment of writing it looks as if the match would peter out into an undecisive draw. I happened to lay my hands the other day on a Madras paper in which Jack Fingleton gave his impressions of the Indian bat. Contrary to what I have already stated the wicket in his opinion was not a new? and the Indians' poor showing was due to poor batsmanship. Even Amarnath was so scrappy in collecting his 25 runs and was finally bowled by allowing his pads to be where they should not have been. Fingleton emphasises more than once that the wicket was not difficult and that it was poor batsmanship by the Indians that produced the collapse. In his opinion it was Phadkar alone who shaped like a Test batsman.

While listening in to Radio Australia last Saturday, I had the pleasure of hearing my old friend, S. P. Foenander, giving a summary of the match as it stood at tea time. Reception at the

time was unfortunately not too good but I heard him pay a fine tribute to Kishenchand and Phadkar, whose heroic seventh wicket partnership of 70 alone saved India from a rout as decisive as their dual collapse at Brisbane. Commenting on Phadkar's innings Foenander said that he treated every ball on its merit while Kishenchand used his feet well. Considering that Kishenchand has before now come to India's rescue, it is passing strange that Amarnath has not tried him higher up in the batting order. Though strictly on book form, Kishenchand may rightly belong to the tail, in actual practice he has staked a claim for batting promotion and he may even be the answer to Amarnath's prayer for a batsman to open the innings with Mankad.

THE main racing news of the week comes from Calcutta where the first of the classics, the King's Cup, was run last Saturday. Time was, earlier this year, when Ceylon's representation in this mile race was quite on the cards through the medium of our champion Kunj Lata. But the fates decreed otherwise and Kunj Lata (who, incidentally, has been re-classified by the R.C.T.C. and is now in Class I, as is Baldowie) is to make the Bombay plums his target.

The King's Cup was fought out by fifteen of Calcutta's best horses, including two Indian breeds in Push On and Pretty Star. On last year's form as well as on his showing two weeks ago, Combined Operations must have had the market call but once again he came up against one a trifle too good for him. This was the Maharajah of Parlakimedi's Ocean Way, who, if I remember aright, was the runner-up in the Viceroy's Cup twelve months ago. Ocean Way was ridden by Jockey Davis, who was in Ceylon during the recent August Meet. I believe he is by Fairway and should stand a good chance of completing the Double on Boxing Day.

If Ceylon was denied representation at Calcutta, she was put on the map in Bombay last Saturday when Mr. W. D. Fernando's The Eagle won over 6 furlongs at nourishing odds. The Eagle left Ceylon recently with Kunj Lata and even before he left, he was thought to be forward enough to win a his debut.

THE local racing news is provided by the closing of entries for the Galle Meet which begins, on the palm-fringed Boosa Course, on Christmas Eve. There were over 400 entries for the five days and only one race, of the 35 framed for the Meet, has not been well supported. The Governor's Bowl, which is on the last day of the Meet, i.e., January 3rd, has attracted seven Class I stayers but it is more than likely that some of the horses at present in Class II would have earned promotion by then and with it, eligibility to have a tilt at this very valuable trophy. At first blush, Senator Gardiner's Cosy Corner looks, on paper, to be the hardest to beat but it is far too early to make any sort of prediction. Second only in importance to the Governor's Bowl is the Southern Cup

which figures on the opening day's programme. Eight good Arab sprinters in the top class are due to fight out this 6 furlong race, the only notable absentee being Miss Irene. The Gwalior's colours can, however, be carried by Gold Flake but the same stable has also a call on three other good "fliers."

There are two Cup events on each day's programme and it is certain that characteristically interesting racing will mark the post-war resumption of the sport of Kings down South.

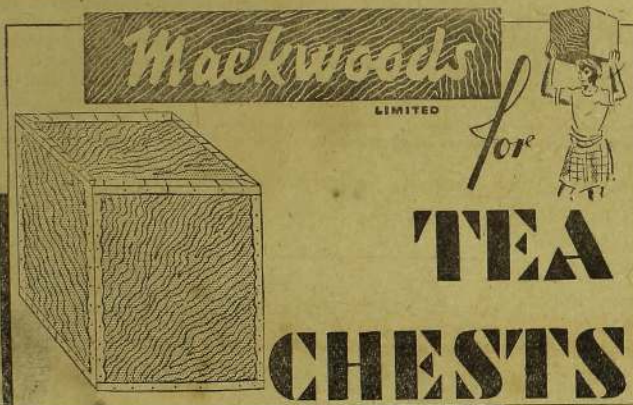
Incidentally, I had a peep at, the Guindi Racecourse in Madras Wednesday before last when, on the invitation of the Director of Civil Aviation, I flew across to Madras on the Sita Devi on the inaugural flight of Ceylon's first regular air service between Colombo and Madras.

As a racecourse Guindy is a very long way behind Colombo while the sand track on the outside of the grass, one detracts further from its appearance. In the course of conversation with the Station Director of the Madras Radio, I learnt that there was little chance of the Government's proposal to ban betting on the course being rejected and that, consequently, the current season in Madras may be the last ever in the Presidency. This does not mean, however, that racing in South India will be completely done away with, as Mysore and Bangalore are likely to step into the breach with more attractive programmes than in the past.

I was also told while in Madras, that the Governor's Cup, to be run on New Year's Day, is one of the most open in recent years. It will be remembered that Sir Oliver Goonetilleke's Wanderer won the race last year on going that was oozing mud at every stride. The aged waler, who has now changed ownership, is not expected to make any sort of show this time.

IT is not in racing alone that Ceylon is to be represented this season in the realm of Indian Sport. The All-India Lawn Tennis Association has invited the Ceylon Lawn Tennis Association to send out three players from the Island to participate in the forthcoming Indian Tennis Championships. I understand that Miss Sheila Roberts was one of those specifically invited but it is not quite certain whether she will be able to accept the invitation. The Ceylon champions, "Koo" de Saram, is hard at practice and I hope that he will be at the peak of his form if and when he goes across to India. I remember that last year he fell ill just before the Ceylon team was due to go to Madras and he was only a shadow of his real self in the South Indian Championships.

THE battle for entry into the third round of the English F.A. Cup, which is to be played on January 10th with prospects of "golden" gates for the smaller clubs, began last Saturday and brought the usual shocks and surprises in the second round. Ground advantage did not prove beneficial in 17 cup ties, and only five home teams got through.



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that these were "paper" houses. I do not think they will be happy to see these buildings; for they are concerned only with destruction and not with construction of any kind.

"I want to see you run your own affairs. That is the democratic way. Do not allow others to ride on your backs to power.

"It is my intention to see that other amenities are provided for workers. The welfare of workers under my charge will become a high priority task in the future. To do this I intend to appoint a Welfare Officer who will work under my direct control and he will get instructions from me to see that every genuine grievance is given a hearing and that justice is done to all irrespective of his position.

"YOU, for your part must adopt a new attitude. We are now a free country and what we do for ourselves. Anyone who is paid to do his job must work with a will for he will be working not for his superior or for me but for the nation to which we all belong."

I AM aware that certain people went about saying



# THE MUSES IN TOUCH WITH THE WORKADAY WORLD

## Trends of Malayalam Literature

(By V. M. Nair)

A SURVEY of modern Malayalam literature reveals the forward steps it has taken from sheer fancy to the hard facts of life. The old masters are still there, unforgotten and cherished, but there has sprung up a group of enthusiastic young writers to whom the earth and the common man with his miseries have more appeal. In short stories as well as in poetry and prose, a general break with the past is clearly visible.

Probably few people outside Malabar are aware of the fact that Malayalam literature, which reflects the thoughts, emotions and aspirations of no less than twelve million people in the south-western corner of India, is growing with great rapidity.

The most obvious tendency, apparent even to the casual observer is the breaking away from tradition and established convention. There is almost a spirit of iconoclasm pervading the works of younger authors. This is due in a large measure to the impact of western, particularly Russian, literature.

### CHANGE IN FORM

Progressive literature has been the subject of many a controversy. The recent conference on progressive literature held at Kottayam bore witness to its tremendous effort to establish itself. The old classical moorings are thus becoming more and more discarded. The problems of the day are given more prominence than pure fantasies of the mind with the result that there is a great change in both form and content. Men and women of the lower strata of society take the place of the celestial beings of classical works. It may be said that literature is gradually descending to this sordid earth.

This is not to say that the old masters have lost their hold on the read-

ing public. The 'bhakthi rasa' brimming in the works of that great seer, Ezhuthachan and the 'hasya rasa' of Kunchan Nambiar bubbling with wit and humour, still retain their old charm and vigour. Even now in every Malayalee home their imperishable works are being read with veneration. The peculiar charm Malayalam possesses, influenced as it is by both Sanskrit and Tamil, has mostly been discovered and handed down to posterity by the group to which both these masters belong. But it may be said that none now follows in their footsteps.

### YOUNG AUTHORS

A leftward swing is particularly visible in the works of young authors, some of them of indisputable merit. Their works, often produced with consummate art, echo the feelings of the downtrodden and the hungry. The popularity of these authors is a measure of the poverty stalking the land in spite of its loveliness.

The ordinary Malayalee has become so sensitive to the problems and trials facing humanity that every movement in the outside world, political, economic, or social, finds a ready echo in his heart. Almost every point of view, shade of thought, is given expression to by the young authors. The conflict between Communism and Fascism, imperialism and spirit of freedom, the implications of class war and economic exploitation, find expression through the medium of short stories, poems and essays.

### THE SHORT STORY

The short story, naturally, agords the best medium to drive these ideas home; and the Malayalam short story has attained a standard of which any literature may legitimately be proud. The art of the short story has been master-

ed by many young writers, three of whom stand out prominently—Thakazhi, Kehav Dev and Mohammed Basheer. Each of them has seen the bitter aspects of life, seen poverty at its worst, sugared and yet fought on in the battle of life with great determination.

The novel as such has definitely declined in popularity. The historical novels of C. V. Raman Pillai and the social novels of Chandu Menon are still ready but not imitated or followed; and they shine in splendid isolation. A bulky novel is generally looked upon with disfavour and the novelette is gaining in popularity. They are generally expanded short stories. One of them, the "Balyakalasakhi" by Basheer, should be an adornment to any literature.

### NEW FORMS OF POETRY

But poetry still occupies the pride of place in Malayalam, and its horizon is ever widening. One is apt to be surprised at the shapes it has assumed in this generation both in content and in form.

Fifty years ago, the Malayalee looked for inspiration and guidance to the literary lights of ancient days. Their poetic attempts were modelled on the works of the old masters, their outlook seldom emerging beyond the forbidden limits. Today the Malayalee poet feels he is a part of the world around him and he is alive to the ideals and ideas propagated by great men in the outside world. Even Vallathol, the greatest living poet of Kerala, though admired is not much followed by the younger aspirants to fame. Such is the case with that immortal poet, Kumaran Asan, too.

Of the younger school of poets Sankara Kurup occupies a high and en-

viuable position. Combining as he does deep thoughts with chiselled expressions, his poems are read with avidity by the intelligents. In him qualities of the head are more evident than pure emotion. The reader has sometimes to think hard before he finds out the inner meaning hidden in honeyed expressions. Some of his best pieces are on the defeat of Nazi Germany, the success of Russia, and the bitter struggle of China for freedom. Malayalam poetry is not stagnant but move with the times.

### A SENSITIVE SOUL

There are various schools of poetry enjoying varied measures of popularity. The defeatist and escapist movements were given added impetus by the suicide of Edappalli Raghavan Pillai some years back. His poems, the outcome of an extremely sensitive mind, pursuing ideals which could not be attained, steeped in pathos and brimming with passion were enjoying immense popularity when he took his own life. The short poem he composed just before death—his last message to the world—entitled "The Gong of Death" wets the eyes of the reader even to this day.

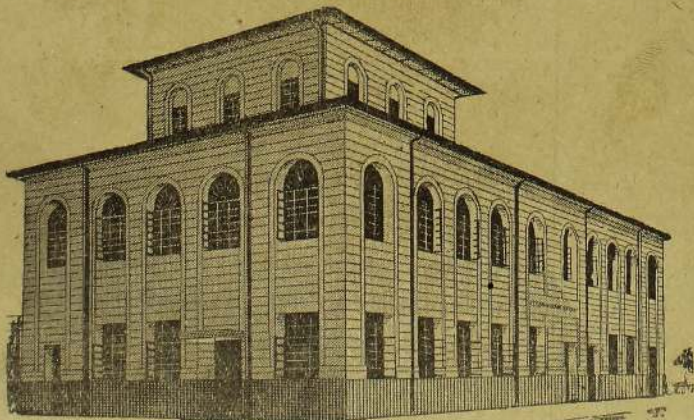
The tradition of poetry he created has well and truly been followed by his friend Changampuzha Krishna Pillai. Keenly sensitive, wounded at the ingratitude of the world, angry at the inequalities of society, his poetry protests against the order in which he is forced to live. This trait is particularly evident in his "Ramanan," a pastoral tragedy he composed on the death of his beloved friend. The tirade that pours from his heart against the world, coupled with a sense of tragedy which sometimes raises to Sophoclean heights, has made it one of the best poems in recent years.

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