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VOL. I. No. 36

Organ of the United National Party  
Rg. Office: 32/3 Flower Road, Colombo

FRIDAY, 14th NOVEMBER, 1947

Registered at the  
G. P. O. as a Newspaper

PRICE 5 CENTS

# DR. COLVIN ON THE RUN

## Carolus is ready to take him on

By Our Political Correspondent

WE have repeatedly challenged Dr. Colvin R. de Silva to make good his claim (made by him after his election and not before) that the people want the "internationally accepted view (sic)" that Indian Immigration should be unrestricted. We challenged him to resign and re-contest the same seat which he now represents on the single issue of Unrestricted Indian Immigration. He has been silent but he was forced to say something and

he made a clumsy retort and challenged Mr. Senanayake to resign also and give him a fight.

This is stupid logic, the stupidity of which cannot be pardoned merely because a Doctor of Philosophy is the perpetrator. This shows that merely because a man writes a thesis on a small period of Ceylon history and gets a Doctorate for it he cannot thereby attain that level of intellectual eminence from whence he can get away with anything he says.

Mr. Senanayake beat in convincing style the second-in-command of the Doctor. Mr. Senanayake's views on

Indian Immigration are well known and have been well known for years. The Doctor's views were carefully concealed until after he won his seat, and even then when he tried to express them he was hooted by the crowd that gathered at the Registrar General's Office.

We have, however, a candidate for Dr. Colvin—Mr. Senanayake's Butler, Carolus. Carolus sends his greetings to Dr. Colvin and challenges him to resign tomorrow. If he is afraid to contest, let him say so.

We also have another candidate who writes:—

"Let Dr. Colvin resign tomorrow and I will fight him even if I have only one month in which to prepare for my campaign. I am opposed to Indian Immigration, and I am certain that Dr. Colvin can be beaten out of Wellawatte-Galkissa with minimum

effort. I am also of the opinion that the menace of the future of Asia is the menace of Indian Imperialism. Thank God we can look after ourselves, otherwise we too would be driven from our homes, just as millions are being driven from their homes in India at this very moment."

The L.S.S.P. and the C.P. are trying to pass the baby to Dr. Colvin's hands and thus put themselves right with the enraged masses. They will not forget how these parties misled the Knave-mire workers and tried to take the land away from our own people.

Nor will they forget how Comrade Philip supported Mr. P. Saravanamuttu at Colombo South against two Left-wing candidates and how the L.S.S.P. and the C.P. appeared on Tamil Congress platforms in the North.

Nemesis will come.

# "RED" M. P.s Scramble

## For "Big" Cars

### Also Wants Higher Salaries

IT is learned that the biggest scramble for luxury limousines is by the Red M.P.s. Telephone calls, threats of serious "action" if "big" cars are not allotted to them and such antics are becoming increasingly rampant.

One such telephone caller was mildly told that all cars 9 h.p. and under had been de-controlled and he could buy any such car at any time. Back came the reply: "What the hell do you think you're saying. Don't you know I'm M.P. for —?"

Truth is, some of these peeditha panthiya chiefs have already arranged for buyers for their cars—(second hand cars can be bought and sold, without a permit, you see!)

If a second-hand car racket begins we shall know who started it, anyway!

Several "Red" M.P.s and most of the Independants are grousing about the "low" salaries assigned to them.

"Can an M.P. keep his status on Rs. 600 per month?" was the indignant question asked by one of them who was known in the country, as one who advocated Indian standards of Rs. 50 per month for a Minister. This reference, made during his election campaign, was to the Indian National Congress Ministers who first took office ten years ago. Modern India has abandoned these Gandhian principles.

It will be a bitter blow to those who always refer to India as a model to learn that four Ministers in the new Government of Madras have drawn sums of money ranging from 4,000 to 2,000 rupees during a period of 44 days on account of travelling alone.

These Indian models have taken to travelling on a vast scale. They have flown to Calcutta, Delhi, Bombay and other spots and thought nothing of finding State business to do on these occasions!

Our Ministers are hauled over the coals if they even think of hopping over

# 'SRAVASTI'

## Will have no

### Swimming pool

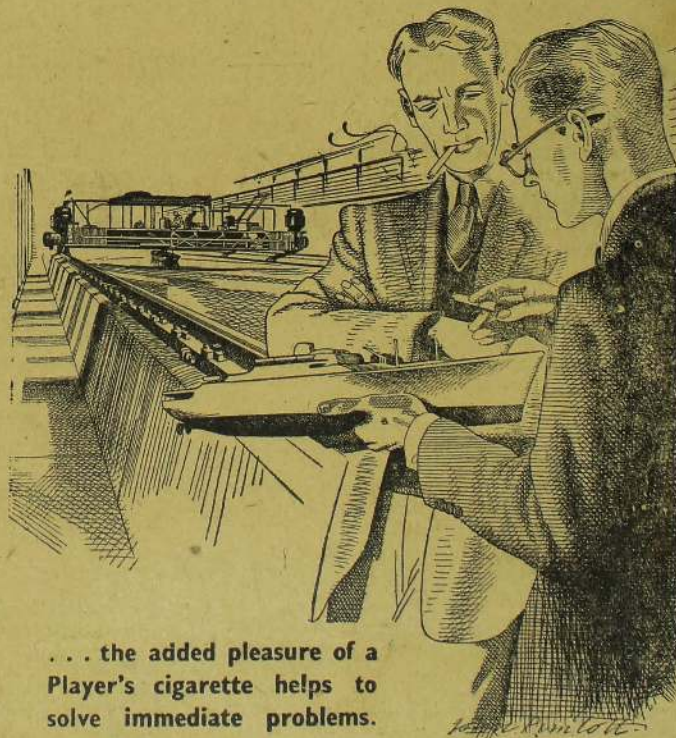
THE "Times of Ceylon" recently gave its readers a piece of juicy misinformation. "Sravasti," the building chosen to be a hostel for M.P.s was to have a swimming pool de-luxe. It is all a lot of hooey. There is no such proposal. "Sravasti" will have no swimming pool.

Another canard published in the same paper, was that the Speaker of the House of Representatives was to be given "Mumtaz Mahal" and that the Government would buy the house and property for two lakhs of rupees and furnish the building.

The facts are as follows: (1) The Speaker will live at Mumtaz Mahal. (2) The rent will be paid by Government. (3) No attempt is being made to buy "Mumtaz Mahal."

to India to see how things are done. When they don't travel they are accused of being insular and not caring to learn from the experiences of other lands!

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# SUNDOWN PANTOMIME ON GUY FAWKE'S DAY

## Galle Face Green Littered With Debris of Crumbling Opposition

By  
Vernon Phelps

CONVINCING evidence that the Opposition in Parliament is already crumbling was provided at the Galle Face Green meeting on November 5, which in spite of it being Guy Fawkes Day, fizzled out like a damp squib, with the public witnessing the pathetic spectacle of five Opposition groups singing in the deepening twilight, a discordant quintette, each on a different key.

Mrs. Ayesha Rau, the only woman speaker at the meeting (who hit the headlines recently as an anti-dowry crusader) with womanly intuition scented what was coming, when she earlier appealed to the Opposition leaders to settle their differences and present an united front in carrying out a creative Parliamentary programme as the electors who returned them expected them to do. But her appeal failed to prevent the curtain going up on the sundown pantomime.

Hope ran high when the Communist leader in Parliament, Mr. Pieter Keuneman, referred to the need for an united front of the Opposition groups in Parliament to the extent of being able to form an Alternate Government if the present Government in power failed to deliver the goods. The attitude of the Communist spokesman, at least, displayed a willingness to vest the Oppo-

sition with a vestige of responsibility. The burden of his song was that if the Opposition felt that the Government was not giving the people the right kind of Government it deserved, the Opposition should not be merely a nebulous body exposing the shortcomings of the Government, but should also be ready and able to take positive action by taking over the reins of the Government and giving the people the kind of Government which they felt was due to the people. Towards that end, he appealed for unity in the Opposition ranks.

BUT the reception to this appeal by the other Opposition groups was most devastating. Spokesmen of the Sama Samajist and Bolshevik groups declared that their Parliamentary functions were but ancillary to their extra-Parliamentary function which was, of course, the preparation for the Revolution.

Dr. Colvin R. de Silva, the Bolshevik Leader, scouted the Communist appeal as a belated realisation on the part of the Communists for unity among the Left Parties, which lapse (he recalled with much bitterness) had made the country decide to put the United National Party in power. The reference was, of course, to the comedy witnessed during the General Election when Communist candidates contested candidates of the other Left parties and who between them failed to prevent the return of United National Party nominees with smashing majorities. Besides, was it not only last week, that the Communists held a meeting in Dr. de Silva's constituency where the Bolsheviks were torn to shreds by Communist speakers?

The Sama Samajist spokesman too dismissed the Communist appeal for an

united front as mere crazy prattle quite incompatible with their "undiluted principles of Marxism." The Ceylon Indian Congress and Tamil Congress spokesman who indulged in communal croaking with a vengeance hinted darkly of a "conditional coalition" on terms that were far removed and remote from "undiluted principles of Marxism."

That then, was the five-piece Opposition (the Independents were conspicuous by their absence) that sang a discordant quintette at sunset at the Galle Face Green on Guy Fawkes Day. Each choir sang its own tune on its own key and the chorus produced a harmony that was positively hellish.

The public now know that the Opposition in Parliament on which they depended to do such wonderful things will, on their own showing and admission remain compartmentalised and incapable of making any united move on any issue. Doctor Colvin R. de Silva proved himself a better physician than a politician when he diagnosed the ailment not only as being lack of unity but the inability even to produce a semblance of unanimity.

tragi-comedy in which Doctor Colvin R. de Silva played the leading role.

I refer to the Doctor's conditional acceptance of the challenge thrown out to him in this journal some weeks ago and to which I referred subsequently in an open letter to the Doctor.

The Doctor's conditional acceptance of the challenge, namely that he would resign his seat and re-contest his constituency if the Prime Minister did likewise, is so illogical a position that it threatens to do considerable damage to the Doctor's reputation for lucid reasoning!

The challenge was straightforward enough. The Doctor has declared that his constituents have elected him on the mandate that the entry of the nationals of another country into this country should NOT be restricted. There are a large number of people in the country and in his constituency (besides the United National Party) who repudiate the Doctor's claim. If the Doctor is so certain of his mandate he should have no qualms about accepting the challenge "on the level," resign his seat and challenge all-comers.

But I must add a word of caution. If the Doctor is as certain of his mandate as he was of my identity at the Guy Fawkes Day meeting, my advice to him is—Chuck it!

THE Guy Fawkes Day meeting was also noteworthy for a

## ON THE LEFTIST BANDWAGON

By  
"Rex"

THE mass-meeting-coccus has again begun to disturb the blood streams of our fire-eating Leftists. To satisfy the itch, Galle Face Green was a few days ago again commandeered for a monster welcome to Leftist Parliamentarians.

Thumping the tub to the same old tunes, speaker after speaker unleashed many a blood curdling threat into the pure unsullied Galle Face air. Prize effort, however, was "Herr Doktor" Colvin R. de Silva's soap-boxing into the hearts of various homines sapientis.

In a masterpiece of equivocation, the learned Doctor red-herringed this and red-herringed that in such a manner as to make many wonder, what ailed this usually over-precise gentleman. But once the shadow boxing was over, came that mighty challenge. "Let the Prime Minister resign and contest me in Wellawatte-Galkissa." The crowd cheered as crowds will cheer. This was the kind of talk they liked.

But later that night or perhaps the next day the members of the same crowd began to see and smell the nigger in the woodpile. "Why in Wellawatte-Galkissa and not in Mirigama should the contest take place?" Why, when the U.N.P. challenge was for the Doctor, to resign, should he now seek to get someone else to resign? These were the questions they asked themselves. Which just shows how histrionic can work on a sub normal crowd!

### THE FLAG OF LANKA

ONE wonders when and for what purpose the next Leftist mass meeting will be called. Strange that they have no strange views on the

national flag. Or have they? And is the next meeting to be held for the express purpose of passing resolutions regarding the flag of Lanka? Can it be that even now artists are painting huge specimen flags with lions being beheaded with sickles or hammers beating up coconut-pluckers, all this superimposed on a gigantic "4"? Or are we to have fascimiles of red leaders printed on red cambric and hoisted on red flag-staffs? What's cookin, Colvin? Splash that original idea before dear, dear N.M. steals your thunder.

### A QUESTION OF NAMES

WHICH brings me to the queer names of Leftist publications. I have come across "LEFT," "STRAIGHT LEFT," "FORWARD" and so on. Nice names, what? Noted for new publications are the names "RIGHT," "STRAIGHT RIGHT" and "BACKWARD." For any parliamentary journal that may be published a name like "OPPOSITION JAUNDICE" would be appropriate. The leader column may have the permanent heading "We've had it again."

### TAIL-PIECE

SUGGESTED slogans for next

Leftist procession:  
"India for the Ceylonese."  
"Bugs for the Bourgeoisie."  
"Ceylon for the Indians."  
"Colvin R. for Red Silva."  
"B.L.P.I. for India."  
"1 + 3 International equals the Fourth International."

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**T**HE Nattukottai Chettians of Ceylon are grousing over the fact that none from their community were nominated to the Senate. Their political sense was aroused over a decade ago, when, I remember, they pleaded for the nomination of one of their community to the State Council. But nothing came of it. Their arguments are the same as what they put forward on the previous occasions.

The Nattukottai Chettians own over 50,000 acres in the country. With their substantial payment of income tax, they believe, they have a greater right for representation than any other Indian community.

For the past two centuries, they claim, the Chettians have occupied a peculiar and prominent position in the economic life of this country—"we form, so to speak, the backbone of the economic and industrial enterprises of the Island, and as merchants and financiers, we have made for ourselves a name and a reputation."

Their pre-eminence in the economic world was recognised when a member of their community was invited to take part in the deliberations of the Washington Conference in 1931.

I have given their arguments for what they are worth.

#### Pretty Landmark

**O**NE of the prettiest landmarks down Galle Face way is not the sea, the promenade or the stately buildings, but the cosy little church there. "So said a French tourist to me, praising the design of the building which is in the early English style of Gothic architecture."

Our friend, who is no mean artist, says: "To an artist this church represents everything that is sublime. Credit for the design should actually go to the Rev. G. Pettit. Expert opinion, over fifty years ago, testified to the architectural correctness of the design so far as the ensuring of stability went."

But, unfortunately, the materials used for the building were not too good. As a result, dangerous cracks appeared in the west wall, where the cabook was most exposed to the violence of the south-west monsoon, with its beating rains. On August 10, 1896, a large portion of the wall fell with a crash, carrying with it two larger pinnacles by which it was surmounted.

The whole church was pulled down and rebuilt it on its foundations.

#### Sniping

**I** HOPE that "sportsmen" of Ceylon are not going to lay out their claim: "I shot the first snipe of the season" as they annually do in a certain local journal. In one year I read ten claims, within a week, for this doubtful honour.

If those who expended their energy and time in the abortive anti-beef campaign (an excellent piece of election propaganda, though) could canalise their efforts in a campaign against wanton shooting of game, they will be doing something useful.

The Game and Fauna Protection Society has set itself the splendid task of checking slaughter carried out in the guise of sport by encouraging true sportsmen to "shoot" with the camera rather than slay with the rifle, but without placing obstacles in the path of those who desire to take genuine risks in bringing down dangerous game and predatory herds.

At a meeting of the Society one year, I remember, Dr. R. L. Spittel deploring the acts of our sportsmen said: "It is a great pity that sportsmen from the towns adopt a most unsportsmanlike method of shooting at night with the aid of electric torches. It was not the ignorant villager who indulged in this kind of slaughter but people who ought to know better."



**Mrs. AYISHA RAUFF**  
(anti-dowry crusader)

#### What They Said

**T**HE last week brought forth some interesting utterances by some of our public men and women. Here is a pick of the lot:

"The cursed dowry system is killing our homes. Tell your parents that you don't want dowries. Ask for educated girls as your wives if you want happiness."—Mrs. Ayisha Rauff.

"Everything Western should not be thrown in the dustbin. The West has given and can give us a great culture. Our fault has been that we have adopted more bad than good parts of the West."—Sir Francis Soertsz.

"The only way to make teaching attractive to brilliant minds is by raising the pay and prospects of the higher grades of the teaching profession."—Mr. L. H. Mettananda.



**COL. HALLAND, Former I.G.P.**  
(Discovered J. A. A. Perera)

"Power is a sacred thing. It is a trust. No Government vested with power has a right to manipulate it to further sectional interests."—Rt. Rev. S. Kulendran.

"No one can sing without enjoying himself in the process. It has a tonic effect."—Mr. G. C. Edirisinghe.

#### C.I.D.—"Smartest in the East"

**I** SHALL not disappoint a reader who grousing against my having mentioned in these columns the work of the Ceylon Police without reference to the Criminal Investigation Department. No doubt the C.I.D. is a brilliant body with a grand record of achievements to its credit. I believe, an European visitor once said that the C.I.D. of Ceylon was "the smartest in the East."

Inspector Thalayiastingham, the sporting young Ceylonese "tec" who is now under training in Scotland Yard, has won credit from his tutors at the Yard.



**SIR FRANCIS SOERTSZ**  
(wants a synthesis)

He was one of those band of 'tecs' who brought to book many wanted criminals and men of doubtful character especially during the war period.

One of them, I know, even pulled a rickshaw, in the guise of the wallah, and detected an European spy, who was riding in that rick in the guise of a planter! So the story goes.

The C.I.D. was actually formed in 1896 by the then Inspector-General of Police, Major L. F. Knollys. "It was with great reluctance that I formed this department, as the extreme danger of anything like a detective service in the East is well known. It however became necessary to do so owing to the

numerous calls for assistance in the investigation of crimes from the Princes," said Major Knollys.

Unobtrusive, courteous, J. A. A. Perera, S.P., C.I.D. (Special Branch), is one of the cleverest brains in the Department. He was discovered by Col. Halland.

#### "Worked Well"

**H**OWEVER at the end of a year of existence, Major Knollys was satisfied with the C.I.D.: "The department has worked well and has done some excellent services both in Colombo and the provinces in the detection and suppression of crime, especially in regard to crimes of violence, counterfeit coins and currency notes, house breaking cases, theft of cattle, gambling houses and offences under the licensing laws."

The recent discovery of the body of a murdered man in an abandoned plum-bago pit emphasises what refuges such pits can supply to criminals. Major Knollys saw the danger of such pits, not only as a screen for those crimes, but for the criminals themselves.

Major Knollys found such pits a common refuge for those evading arrest.

#### Sita Jayawardene

**P**ROBABLY the cleverest young Ceylonese woman today is pretty, chic, Sita Jayawardene, daughter of Col. and Mrs. C. P. J. She returned to Ceylon a few weeks ago and walked straight in to the editorial chair of the Women's Section of the "Ceylon Observer." Sita abandoned medical studies for journalism—a courageous decision. She has chosen what is still in Ceylon the Cinderella of professions. She is, on the contrary, any one but a Cinderella.

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'Friday, November 14th, 1947

### POOJA TO RUSSIA

THE General Secretary of the Ceylon Communist Party, Mr. Pieter Keuneman, M.P., has said his annual piece about the Soviet Union. "The date on which the October Betrayal of the Russian people took place is celebrated by our Communists every year and by their Indian counterparts. On this day the Communists rant against so-called imperialist plots against Marshal Stalin. They affirm, with hands on their hearts, that the Russian Wolf is a wolf no longer but has taken 'Sil.' Marshal Stalin, they would have us believe, has buried the butcher's knife which he ruthlessly wielded not only during the pre-revolutionary period but also afterwards when he wished to get rid of more brilliant colleagues, like Leon Trotsky. The Kremlin OGPU, or in plain English, the national and international spy service of the new 'free-

dom," spies today only in order to help other countries to achieve real democratic forms of Government by foisting minority Communist Parties on the respective peoples with the aid of Russian bayonets! Even in 1947 Comrade Keuneman will repeat the same old Pat Sloan bilge about what a peoples' own country Russia is.

He attacked the rest of the 'capitalist' world for attempting to force another war, on the poor, innocent, Mr. Stalin. He forgot to explain why it is that Russia has scared Turkey and forced that country to ask for international guarantees of her independence; why it is that no visitors are allowed in the Russian occupied zone in Germany; why it is that the Cominform has been started to take the place of the disbanded Comintern; why it is that Russian spies were driven out of the United States and what it was they were spying for; and why it is that the old, decrepit Stalin never gives up office or stands for election, or how it is that in everything else Russia has advanced ahead of the 'capitalist' world except in her capacity to find someone to succeed the Dictator.

It was more amusing to see Comrade Philip Gunawardene, a loyal and unquestioning fol-

lower of Dr. N. M. Perera, pre- side over a meeting to celebrate the same occasion. This was a backward somersault. In 1935, Dr. N. M. Perera, Comrade Philip and Dr. S. A. Wickremasinghe, under the leadership of Dr. Colvin R. de Silva, started the Lanka Sama Samajist Party. They praised the Soviet Union as a Workers' State. Comrade Dr. Colvin, to whom a phrase is greater than truth, paid fulsome tributes to the Soviets. A few years later they somersaulted. They became converts to Trotskyism and parted company with Dr. Wickremasinghe, who formed another party. The Trotsky-Stalin split made it impossible for these few "world thinkers" to get together on a common programme. Nearly a million words must have been spoken by them since then in bitter attacks on the "Betrayal" of the revolution by the Soviet Government. Last week, mild mannered, platform-theatrical Comrade Philip Gunawardene backsomersaulted. He too held a meeting and stole a little of the Communist thunder. Such are the strange ways of our pocket revolutionaries. The B.L.P.I. alone remained silent on this day. Even their "international" views were not made known!

# COURTS FOR JUVENILES TO SAVE OUR CHILDREN

When Parents Instigate Crime

By  
Mohammed

WHEN a young lad was caned at a school for absenting himself his excuse was: "My dad sent me to fetch arrack as he is having a birthday party soon. I joined the queue at six in the morning and it was nearly eleven when I fetched the bottles. I was so tired afterwards that I could not attend class." This boy was not lying. Unfortunately it was all true, though the incident was in the war days.

Parents have been the main cause of juvenile crime and it is they who should be punished and not the children. We should in fact crusade for the welfare of the children and save these young promising lives.

I know of many cases where children are employed by parents to procure opium for the male parent. On the threat of a beating from the parent these children venture out on these risky and highly dangerous jobs. After some time they grow curious and taste the stuff which makes their parents so eager to procure. Very soon the children too are opium addicts, or at least they find it a profitable job and thus start their career as opium-dealers.

The use of swear words and expletives by women especially, with bad reflections on the parentage of the victim of the outbursts, is another cause of juvenile crime. These prepare the young criminal for his career.

In some cases I have seen young boys pulling out pen-knives on the slightest provocation by their comrades. This is in blind imitation of their hero-worshipped parents to whom stabbing is just another word for revenge.

We should follow the same. It is an interesting procedure.

Firstly the facts are ascertained. Let us apply it locally. Did Juanis steal the basket on the cycle carrier? Is Jane Nona beyond her parents' control? Having found that Juanis did steal the basket the child is sent to his home, or if life is impossible there, to a remand home. Probationary officers in the about the child and his home.

The picture is drawn. Take a typical case—of Juanis. His father is unemployed, his mother does odd jobs, besides baking hoppers. The house is overcrowded with eight more children. The parents are feckless people taking the running of the home as just a matter of course. Juanis is a hero at school, brave and fearless. He does not care for religion. Next the probationary officers find out all the good things about Juanis.

Juanis is next placed on probation. He is told to do everything the probationary officer asks him to do, on the threat that he will be severely birched by the court the next time he gets into trouble.

In extreme cases birching is necessary unless, of course, the parents protest. In such an event the whipped child "goes home not as a chastened youngster anxious to do better, but as a popular hero. All the neighbours have been told of the awful punishment he has received with much artistic exaggeration."

Perhaps we may also avoid the case of a juvenile offender in London who made a substantial income for a fortnight calling on the neighbours and

charging a half-penny a time to take down his knickers and show the birch marks!

★ ● ★

BUT it is not enough to punish the children. The parents must be reprimanded or punished. They must be made to understand that it is the atmosphere they create at home that affects their children ill. If any child is convicted the parents must share the blame and the punishment.

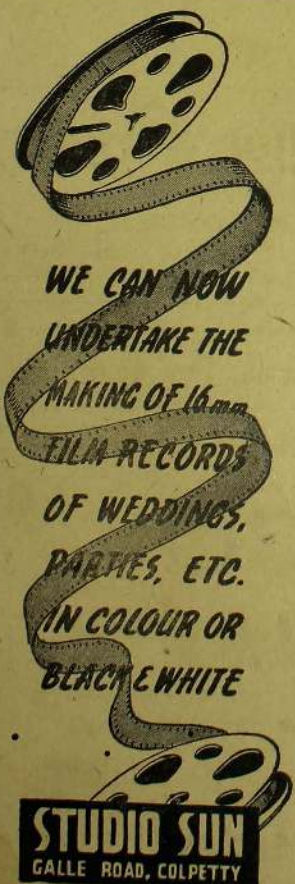
Mr. John Watson, J.P., Metropolitan Juvenile Court Magistrate, once said that his prescription for reducing juvenile delinquency is lasting peace, full employment, better housing, more enlightened education, better juvenile courts, wiser and more experienced magistrates. But before everything, Mr. Watson emphasises, better fathers and better mothers.

Lack of proper housing methods is one of the causes, according to Mr. B. E. Astbury, General Secretary, Family Welfare Association, London.

"It seems to me that the present day social problems, including that of juvenile delinquency, have their roots in two fundamental causes: bad housing and marital disharmony," he said. "The latter is bound up in the former and until the problem of housing is solved one will never solve that of marital disharmony."

"When one asks for the address of the children's families the answer is that the wife is living with her people, the husband with his, and the children elsewhere."

It is the same in Ceylon. Children are even taught to spread calumny for the sake of one parent against another, to carry tales, and to quarrel with the neighbour's children as an opening parry before the parents join in to take revenge on the neighbour—which being their chief and ultimate aim. The children are again used as pawns in the battle.



# A New Deal for Workers

By Maha Amarasingha

IT is to be expected that the U.N.P. Government will give a new deal to the workers of this country. That deal must come from the top, from Ministerial level and should form part of Government policy. It is not sufficient to provide minimum wages, dearness allowances and in some cases special area allowances of a few cents here and there. Contentment of workers can never come from the mere granting of various demands, but must come as a spontaneous reaction to the Government's attitude towards workers.

It must be realised that money cannot produce wealth except by the toil and sweat of those who work. That toil and that sweat constitute a very substantial portion of the country's power. Therefore it should be the duty and a top priority concern of Government to consider the welfare of the workers in more ways than from the point of view of wages alone.

Welfare can be classified into two categories:—

## (1) During Working Hours:

There are certain minimum requirements laid down in factory regulations but it must be appreciated that in approving such rules the employers' points of view have naturally been the main consideration. Officials who lay down regulations for what have so far been treated as workers amenities are not very much concerned with the workers' point of view. Bourgeois attitudes to what was considered satisfactory for workers very often vitiated the plans of Government. In the old days it was not considered the business of Government to provide homes for workers. So long as there was no organised effort by the workers themselves to demand rights they were treated with anything but courtesy. Foremen and overseers were lords of all they surveyed and had powers of dismissal and punishment far in excess of their capacity to arrive at some decision. At that time a man was considered fortunate if he succeeded in getting a job, and he spent more nervous energy trying to bow and scrape in order to keep his job than on doing the job itself. The first thing that was necessary in such circumstances was a guarantee of complete security of tenure. People tell me that if you did not have the power to sack labour without having to answer questions you cannot get them to work. I would say that if a position of that kind is accepted, then not only must workers be employed on the understanding that they can be sacked at a moment's notice but the same rule must apply from the Civil Service downwards. The moment this is suggested members of the Public Service will rise up in arms against an "iniquitous" Government.

May I ask whether those public servants who draft rules and regulations for workers should not themselves realise that workers are as human as themselves and any privileges accorded to one group should also be accorded to any group of the same society?

TODAY we have a semblance of justice for workers but that justice has been obtained by a hard struggle of the workers themselves form-

ing themselves into trade unions and seeking the leadership, advice and authority of political leaders outside the working class. We are told by some experts on Trade Unions that workers should lead themselves and should not allow politicians to control their organisations. I must say that this would be very fine if the Government was composed of people who are willing to be sympathetic and act on their own initiative without waiting to be prodded by strikes, deputations, memorials and meetings on the Galle Face Green. We must bring out Trade Union experts not so much to inquire into the Trade Union movements in this country but into the working of the Departments which have been responsible for the initiation of labour policy in this country during the last few years.

What have we got in the form of Labour Legislation? It is true we have a minimum wage ordinance. It is true that we have a Workmen's Compensation Act. Who produced these things? The Workmen's Compensation Act was a result of the agitation of the Ceylon Trade Union under the leadership of Mr. A. E. Goonesinha. The Minimum Wages Ordinance was a result of the agitation of the Ceylon Trade Union Federation under the leadership of the Ceylon Communist Party. Nobody can say that these progressive measures, as indeed we must admit that they are progressive, were inspired by any Commissioner of Labour we have had so far.

A completely new deal is necessary from now on. We must not wait to be prodded by public agitation to consider the grievances or the hardships of those who have to work on daily and monthly wages.

We must regard labour as an integral part of the Government of the country. A recognition of the human element in dealing with labour problems must be the first step towards the achievement of contentment which will inevitably produce increased efficiency.

I have seen many factories where the letter of the law has been followed in providing wash rooms, lunch rooms, etc. But no law can regulate cleanliness and types of furniture. It is impossible to have an ordinance by which you can describe the kind of lunch room that is to be provided in any particular factory. The old audit-querying financial regulation hunting kind of fossil in the Public Service must be told that his main concern is not to show his superiors how clever he is in saving a few cents by neglecting the larger aspect of providing a pleasant atmosphere in which the workers can have their meals and wash up after the day's work is done.

## (2) After working hours:

The second category of welfare can be considered as falling outside the working hours of labour. To decide what kind of amenity should be provided out of working hours one must have imagination. Let us take a specific example. Assume for a moment that we have to deal with workers in the Ratmalana Railway Workshops. The old Ministry of Communications and Works began a Housing Scheme which is now nearing completion. Hundred houses will be ready by 1st December this year which will naturally mean that one hundred

families will come into residence within a stone's throw of the Ratmalana Workshop.

In my view the welfare of the workers does not cease at this point. The fact that a habitation has been provided for them close to their place of business does not end the responsibility of Government. I take it that a Progressive Government will want to look after the mind of the workers as well as their pay.

It is believed that the mind of a person is conditioned not only by the environment in which he lives but equally by the type of recreation that is provided for him. I understand on good authority that the Minister for Transport and Works is determined to provide a playground where sports of different kinds can be indulged in not only by those who come into residence in the Ratmalana homesteads but also by other workers in the vicinity. Healthy open air competitive games are to be organised under his direction so that the

worker will find new interest after his work is done and a different kind of physical exertion than to which he is accustomed during working hours.

There are to be other amenities like regular lectures on non-political subjects, "Dramatic Performances", showing of cinema films on general themes. The women who will be resident in the area will join their husbands in some form of co-ordinated common recreation so that there will be all the time pleasant reactions on them producing in the end a feeling of goodwill and co-operation the results of which will be noticeable in increasing measure by a higher standard of efficiency in the workshop.

This kind of scheme cannot be worked if a parsimonious and unimaginative attitude is taken by those in authority. It needs drive and imagination and above all the desire to sincerely concern oneself with the welfare of large masses of our countrymen.

The new deal for workers which the Minister for Transport and Works has in mind must naturally evoke a response from the workers themselves and we can look forward with confidence to a greater understanding of the problems of workers and employers when they can come together in an atmosphere of friendship and goodwill.

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# SPORTS

## Commentary

### COVER-POINT

**FOREIGN** sport underlines this week's sport round-up and pride of place once again goes to the Indian cricket team now touring Australia.

After rain had robbed their match against Victoria, at Melbourne, of the prospect of a close finish, the Indians flew across to Sydney and kept their engagement with New South Wales.

The loss of the toss on a plumb wicket coupled with unpardonable fielding lapses gave the tourists the wrong end of the stick. Morris showed the way with a lucky 162, Moroney displayed impressive form in scoring 95, and then Miller and Pettiford added nearly a 100 runs for the 5th wicket. The State eventually found itself in a position to be able to declare with the mammoth total of 561 for the loss of 8 wickets.

The Indians, as usual, started disastrously losing their first two wickets for 35 runs. Duleep's nephew, Ranvir-singhi, was tried out as an opening batsman but found Lindwall too much of a handful. Phadkar played too late to Miller and then Mankad and Hazare came to India's rescue. Scoring at the rate of over a run a minute and, with fortune smiling at them in the form of one or two dropped catches, they added 99 runs before Mankad's patient innings came to an end. Rangnekar again proved a failure but Adikhari helped Hazare to withstand the mixed barrage of speed and spin, on which New South Wales has a call.

The Indians, however, tasted their first defeat when they were beaten by an innings.

**S**HEFFIELD Shield cricket is now well under way and the match between South Australia and Victoria gave Bradman yet another century, which is incidentally his 99th hundred in first-class cricket. If he doesn't complete his century of centuries in this match, he has a good chance of doing so before the end of next week when he leads an Australian XI against the Indians at Sydney.

The Australian Vice-Captain, Lindsay Hassett, is also striking his best form. He has followed up his 60 odd against the Indians with a score of 118 against South Australia. With batsmen like Bradman, Morris, Hassett and Miller all finding their form, the Test outlook for the Indians cannot be anything but gloomy.

**T**HE Burdett Trophy golf match between Colombo and Up-country, which was played last week-end on the Nuwara Eliya links, proved as one-sided as the recent Ryder Cup match, Colombo winning by 9 matches to 2, with one halved.

The Up-country team was weakened by the absence of J. B. MacLachlan and the inability of W. S. Burnett to turn out for the hillsmen in the Foursomes.

Colombo called the tune in the Foursomes of the first day, the Ceylon champion, W. P. Fernando, and B. J. Lallyett being seen to great advantage.

The Singles saw Fernando again in

great form when he beat Burnett 4 and 3 to give Colombo first blood. Anderson followed with a 3 and 1 victory over Spurrier, but Thornton was taken to the last hole before he beat Blair. The match between F. C. de Saram and the evergreen veteran, Archie Aitken, produced excellent golf before the younger Oxford Blue claimed the victory. McMichen was not hard put to it to beat Beaden, but Lallyett and P. N. Bartholomew fought a ding-dong battle all the way to finish all square. The only two Up-country victories were chalked up to the credit of Moberly and Hampson, who beat Turner Green and Hutton respectively.

**T**HE crushing defeat served out to Britain by America in the Ryder Cup made me more than ever anxious to get to know as much as possible of this band of super American golfers, who had driven a coach and four through a British team which, on paper at all events, looked capable of better things. I would not, however, have been able to satisfy this desire but for the good offices of a friend, who made available for my use a set of the latest American golf magazines, which gave me all the necessary information which I now pass on to you.

The best that Britain has done in Ryder Cup matches played in the States is to go under by 8 matches to 2 in 1935 but America took no chances last week. They fielded a team of top money-spinners, who made circles round the British invaders, who laboured under the further handicap of having to play with a larger ball and not being accustomed to the four-paced American greens.

In the Singles the British captain, Henry Cotton, who won the British Open in 1934 and 1937, was paired against Sam Snead, the West Virginian ace, who won the British title last year. Cotton never looked like winning at any stage and Snead, who is one of the biggest hitters in the game, came home on his own.

Fred Daly, who earlier this year had followed in the footsteps of Jimmy Braid in winning the British Open and Match Play Championships in one and the same season was pitted, strongly enough, NOT against his American counterpart, Lew Worsham, but against an old-timer in "Dutch" Harrison, who used to be in the top flight years back. Daly, like Cotton, was never in with a chance and had a 5 and 4 verdict against him.

Worsham, who was an unknown quantity till he won the American Open this year, took on James Adams, the Scottish champion, who had been runner-up in the British Open in 1936 and 1937. The Scotsman made a fight of it, but in the end was beaten 3 and 2.

Last year's American Open champion Lloyd Mangrum, who won the title after a play-off with Byron Nelson, had as his opponent one of the younger British challengers, Max Faulkner, who had finished within the first ten in the 1938 British Open. Faulkner was no match for Mangrum, and was beaten 6 and 5.

Ed. Oliver, the 1940 Open Champion, was not unduly extended to beat another British youngster in Charles Ward 4 and 3 and then Byron Nelson, one of the biggest money-spinners before he became a gentleman farmer, was taken to the 17th, before getting the better of Arthur Lees. Lord Byron Nelson, as he is locally called, won the American Open in 1945 and was runner-up last year. He took to farming as he found top-flight golf too nerve-racking.

The most colourful golfing personality in the States, Jimmy Demaret, the happy-go-lucky crooner, whose striking hats and fancy slacks made him the playboy of the links, was opposed to the Welsh golfer, Dai Rees, who had been runner-up to Sam Snead in last year's British Open championship. Demaret, who has won the Masters Tourney twice—in 1940 and this year—served out a 3 and 2 beating to the Welshman.

Britain's sole victory came through the medium of Sam King who beat Herman Kaiser, who had won the Tam O'Shanter last year.

The Americans went nap in the Foursomes. Oliver and Worsham had Cotton and Lees beaten before the turn for home. Snead and Mangrum won 6 up and 5 against Daaly and Ward. Demaret paired off with Ben Hogan, regarded as the last word in golfing perfection, to beat Adams and Faulkner and finally Byron Nelson and Herman Baron, who had won the Western Open in 1942, beat Rees and King.

Hogan's absence from the Singles was the principal surprise in the American team. Reckoned to be one of the greatest golfers in the States, Hogan has, strangely enough, never yet won the Open. The glamour, and prestige of the open may inspire lesser golfers to great deeds but the same glamour and

prestige seems to tighten Hogan up and, by trying too hard, he just misses the boat.

**R**ACING fans in Ceylon will, I am sure, welcome the news that our champion thoroughbred, Kunj Lata, is to have a tilt at the Indian cracks, after all. As the situation in Calcutta is still not too settled, she has been sent to Bombay, in the company of Sir Oliver Goonetilleke's Baldowrie and Mr. W. D. Fernando's The Eagle. Her two companions have not raced in Ceylon but have excellent home credentials. They will be in charge of young Renga Selvaratnam. They will be ridden in their Bombay engagements by Jackey Sawyer, who will fly across when his services are needed.

The majority of horses now racing in Bombay are Indian bred. However good such Indian breds as Her Majesty, Bucephalus or Flying Home are, I, for one, cannot see them lowering the colours of Senator Gardiner's mare provided, of course, she takes to the Bombay climate as kindly as she did to the conditions in Ceylon. I have no information as yet as to what class the R.W.I.T.C. has placed Kunj Lata but what I DO know is that it will be some time before the Bombay Handicapper takes her measure.

The back-end of the flat racing season in England coincides as usual with the opening of the season in the three principal Indian centres, Calcutta, Bombay and Madras. The Bombay Meet began today; Calcutta opens on Wednesday; and the Madras season, which might be the last ever to be held in the Presidency, commences a fortnight from today. The peak of the Bombay season will not be reached till next February, but the two Calcutta classics—the King's and Governor-General's Cups—are to be run next month, while the Madras Governor's Cup will, as usual, usher in the New Year.

**W**HAT the Derby is to England, the Melbourne Cup is to Australia. At one stage this year it looked as if it would be necessary to draw lots as to what horses should be withdrawn so as to restrict the field to the safe limit of 35. This, however, was eventually found to be unnecessary as there were enough scratchings to reduce the field and finally a batch of 30 of the best stayers in the Commonwealth lined up at the barrier. As some of you may not have listened in to the running commentary which was broadcast, a brief description of the race may not be out of place. Once the field settled down Royal Scot set a cracking gallop and had Gayness, Proctor and Hiraji in fairly close attendance with Red Fury heading the others who were bunched. For over 13 furlongs of the long two-mile course Royal Scot bowled along in front but when the heat was turned on, he dropped out of the reckoning. Fresh Boy with a fast run round the turn for home, Hiraji always lying handy, and Red Fury then drew away from the rest of the field and fought out a grand finish. At one point it appeared as if Fresh Boy would reverse the Caulfield Cup placings but he swerved a little under pressure and Hiraji, well handled by Jockey Purtell, went on to win by the better part of a length. Red Fury was a very fair third, two lengths further away. For a horse who had run Colummist to a neck in the Caulfield, Hiraji was strangely neglected and his odds of 12 to 1 could not have been more generous. Once Colummist was withdrawn, Hiraji seemed to be the best proposition, particularly after his second to Dark Man, the previous Saturday, over 13 furlongs. Hiraji is a grey colt and is, I believe, the only grey to have won the Melbourne Cup. Greys as a rule are suspect in the matter of stamina but Hiraji like Mahmoud, winner of Epsom Derby, must be the exception that proves the rule.

While listening-in last Saturday to the excellent sports round-up broadcast by Radio Australia, I was fortunate enough to pick up the running commentary on a race called the Fisher Plate over 1½ miles. Among the runners were last year's Melbourne Cup winner, Russia, this year's Caulfield Cup winner, Colummist, and the champion miler in the Commonwealth, Money Moon. The result showed how unfortunate it was that rain had caused the connections of Colummist to withdraw their colt from the Melbourne Cup. Coming with a beautifully timed run, Colummist easily disposed of the attentions of Russia, while Money Moon only just saved place money. What a grand double Colummist would have completed had he taken his chance with top weight Tuesday before last.

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# AN ANTHOLOGY

DIPPING into an Anthology is sometimes a relief from going through books entire. It has an exhilaration which comes from brevity. Extracts bring home to the mind the beauty of passages which are somewhat obscured when they are embedded in long books. Also most of us wish to make anthologies of our own of favourite passages, but we are incapable of the sustained effort which is required to enable them to grow into substantial proportions. An anthology saves us the trouble because it is generally the work of an enthusiast who has determinedly set himself to do for us what we do not do for ourselves.

There is also the charm of the unexpected in other peoples anthologies. You find there the results of curious reading, and it might be very different from your own beaten track. The world of literature is multifarious and passages which are familiar to you and seem to sum up the main trends of literature suddenly widen over regions which give you a thrill of discovery. The later anthologist also avoids those poems and prose passages which everybody knows and which are part and parcel of the more popular and ambitious anthologies. It is strange into what company of unexpected authors one can be brought in the favourite selections of other men's tastes.

Every reader of literature reveals himself in his preference. Nature, of course, is the inevitable first love of all those for whom literature has its spell. We know the romantic response of the Lake School to nature and of the moderns, but it is well to remember that unknown authors of the Greek days also loved to dwell with lingering tenderness upon the sylvan scenes which lay around them.

Here is a piece entitled "Counsel from Pan" which an unknown Greek author composed centuries ago, and which has a freshness and charm which make themselves felt as keenly today as when they were first written:

"Here fling thyself down on the grassy meadow, O traveller, and rest thy relaxed limbs from painful weariness; since here also, as thou listenest to the cicadas' tune, the stone pine trembling in the wafts of the west wind will lull thee, and the shepherd on the mountains piping at noon nigh the spring under a copse of leafy plane; so escaping the ardours of the autumnal dogstar thou wilt cross the height tomorrow; trust the good counsel Pan gives thee."

THERE is an essential directness and simplicity about this poem which is in strict accordance with the characteristics of the Greek mind, but the modern mind is more complicated in its approach to Nature and sometimes shows richer results, and a more emphatic sense of beauty.

A poem by Percy Pinkerton entitled "The Shrine" shows a delicate perception of more recondite aspects in Nature than the Greeks cared for as they wanted the things which could be enjoyed directly, rather than letting their mind run on associations which the object before them calls up in poets

nearer our day. Pinkerton's lines are genuinely beautiful:

"Within a wood I wrought  
In Passion's praise a shrine;  
And as oblation brought  
Red blossoms, amber wine,  
That so I might appease  
The ruthless god with these.

And gazing thro' the boughs  
With grave appealing eyes,  
A young faun heard my vows  
In reverent surprise;  
Intent perchance to guess  
The cause of my distress.

Ten, with resistless charm  
To me did he incline;  
Encircled by his arm  
I felt his lip touch mine;  
They made my spirit to be  
At one with wind and tree.

So with him now I share  
Sweet Nature's subtle moods;  
The secret of the air,  
The music of the woods;  
Red Passion's trophies rust  
The shrine I made is dust.

THERE are other extracts from such different writers as John Davidson, Christina Rossetti, Ebenezer Jones, Wilt Whitman and they all demonstrate how very searching is the approach which we make to Nature today watching every change of mood and reading into its face every fancy which wakes in our own minds. It is interesting to contrast a passage on the stars by Robert Louis Stevenson, a master in the delicate technique of using words with skill and the sombre magnificence of Sir Thomas Browne on the mighty subject of sleep and death. Here is Stevenson:

"The sun that sails overhead, ploughing into gold the fields of daylight azure and uttering the signal to man's myriads, has no word apart for man the individual; and the moon, like a violin, only praises and laments our private destiny. The stars alone, cheerful whisperers, confer with each of us like friends; they give ear to our sorrows smilingly, like wise old men, rich in tolerance; and by their double scale, so small to the eye, so vast to the imagination, they keep before the mind the double character of man's nature and fate."

THERE is a tremendous weight of power in the utterance of Sir Thomas Browne whose sentences march forward with the tramp of armies in action:

"We term sleep a death; and yet it is waking that kills us, and destroys those spirits that are the house of life. 'Tis indeed a part of life that best expresseth death; for every man truly lives so long as he acts his nature, or some way makes good the faculties of himself. In fine, so like death, I dare not trust it without my prayers and an half adieu unto the world, and take my farewell in a colloquy with God. This is the dormitive I take to bedward; I need no other laudanum than this to make me sleep; after which I close mine eyes in security, content to take my leave of the Sun and sleep unto the Resurrection."

OF love, lovers and friends there are ample selections but it is hard to avoid bringing in some of the more familiar names in literature into this section, as all literature is crowded with the sentiments properly springing from this great source of universal emotion. Among the lesser known poets is C. Kennett Burrows whose "To My Lady: In Autumn", the opening and last two stanzas of which are perfectly lovely in their felicitous phrasing, and lacking only an element of great energy of thought to place it amongst the sig-

nificantly great love poetry of English literature:

"Now must I woo thee in autumnal ways,  
And bind for coronal about thy brows  
A fading garland for love's fadeless days,  
And strew before the portal of love's house  
The fallen leaves of praise.  
And I will gird thee with a girdle fair  
Wrought of youth's gold and passion's perfect red,  
And set within the shadow of thy hair  
The fast white rose that wistful Autumn shed,  
A blossom pure as prayer

Thus being clad in Autumn's fashioning,  
Thou movest through a world by change made wise!  
Yet, though the woods with mournful music ring,  
Still ever leaps and lives within thine eyes  
The light and lure of Spring."

Other aspects of life are dealt with from all points of view, making this anthology entitled "A Coronal" with the passages chosen by L. M. Lamont a really fine book in the pages of which one can browse wisely and contentedly, getting glimpses of the minds of men faced with the problems of life and not subdued by them, but uttering their brave or gracious thoughts in forms which have the freshness and bloom of beauty, and a searching sincerity, which raises the mind from life's fitful cares to the serener regions of literature.

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